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FOREWORD

“True Legends never die.”

- Origin unknown

Here it is as promised—the icing on the cake! For five years and over a thousand pages, we have built upon the WARMACHINE experience layer by layer and brick by brick. Each installment expanded the options available to you as a player. Each new component multiplied the number of combinations within this complex box of tools, challenged your mastery of the game, and heightened that euphoric feeling of victory that comes with every success. For many, however, perhaps the most important and exciting aspect of each new volume in the WARMACHINE series of books is the epic tale we have woven with words and pictures that brings to life a pantheon of characters that have become institutionalized in the minds of thousands of players around the world.

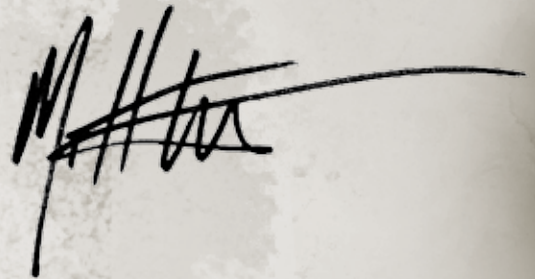
Our goal since the beginning has been quite simple: make you believe. The characters we created and the world we shaped is so vividly realized in our own imaginations that we are compelled beyond control to share it with you. Because of that, we must strive with every ounce of passion and perseverance we possess to immerse you in this universe so that you may experience it as lucidly as we do.

If we can make you believe that an invented hero can rise as a champion, fall before adversity, and find redemption once more in the eyes of his people, then we have succeeded. If we can engage you in the tumultuous affair of two imagined lovers and make you feel the isolation they must endure, then we have accomplished our objective. If we can transport you to a fabricated world embroiled in a conflict so palpable that you are driven to stand behind one faction so completely and with such tangible conviction that the woes of our real world all but fade from your awareness, then we have triumphed beyond measure.

Whether it is a man, an event, or a story spun from a hyperactive imagination, for a thing to reach mythical status it must resonate clearly in the consciousness of a substantial and unified collective. We have labored to manifest these fictitious personalities, these make-believe dramas, and this fantastic world as incarnate phenomena. To us they are as precious as any material or living being, but only you can elevate their existence from a fashioned concept to a corporeal permanence. We have endeavored with such purpose to assemble you, the players of WARMACHINE, so that you would keep our dreams alive and bestow upon them the greatest distinction a concept can realize.

Thank you for indulging us in five years of unrestrained creativity. Thank you for believing, and thank you for making our creations *Legends*.

Though this book represents the final climactic chapter in this first WARMACHINE saga, in truth *Legends* is but a moment to catch your breath. The muse that inspired the story so far still moves us with clarion direction, and these characters strain within our psyche to venture beyond the known limits of imagination. There are miles to go before we sleep, and we look forward to bringing you the continued epic and the opportunity to keep these legends alive.





PAGE 5

PERHAPS we have underestimated you.

For five years, we have denounced your steer-like lack of **CAJONES** with ego-rending verbal assaults in an attempt to break your fragile, **MALNOURISHED SPIRIT**.

You have **NOT FALTERED**.

For **FIVE BOOKS**, we have berated your **BABY-SOFT PSYCHE** with uninhibited observations about your spineless demeanor that would shame any parent into disowning such an **EMBARRASSING ACCIDENT** like yourself.

You have **PERSEVERED**. Through **COUNTLESS BATTLES**, you have unflinchingly stared adversity in the eye, and whether victorious or beaten to a **BLOODY PULP**, you have returned with steely resolve and unquenchable determination.

You are a **CONQUEROR**. You are a **MASOCHIST**. You are a virtuoso of **STRATEGY**. You are the maestro of **TACTICS**. Your battle craft is unequalled by **MAN AND MYTH** alike.

Napoleon? **WUSS**.

Sun Tzu? **HACK**.

Julius Caesar? Unfit to shine your **BOOTS**.

For at this moment, you hold the completion of your training—the culmination of the blood, sweat, and tears you have poured into a quest for **ULTIMATE DOMINATION** of the battlefield.

You have passed the test. You have arrived. **YOU ARE A LEGEND**.

Go forth and **KICK ASS**.

YOU HAVE EARNED YOUR PAIR.

THE PRICE OF REDEMPTION

PART ONE

The roar of a blazing inferno swallowed the screams of dying soldiers. Choking smoke blinded the survivors. Cygnar's 16th Heavy Infantry Battalion pressed on despite the heavy losses. They had pushed too far into the heart of Sul to turn back. Sporadic rocket fire erupted nearby, but they could clearly see the Menites withdrawing to seek a better-fortified position. The blaze that consumed so many brave young men and women had been Feora's last effort to break their resolve. Lord Commander Coleman Stryker marched forward determined not to give her that satisfaction. Fear showed clearly on the faces of many of his men as Stryker rallied the 31st Storm Company back to readiness.

Stormblade Captain Niels Waverly of the 31st "Storm Chasers" caught up with his commander. "Sir, we must pull back. The fire has cut us off from reinforcements, and the street ahead is thick with Flameguard."

Commander Stryker shook his head. "No. Push on captain. We will not give up the ground your men died to gain." The smell of charred flesh hung thick in his nostrils and riled his anger and determination. "Feora is retreating. We have her cornered. This is the time to end her."

I WILL SEE HER GASP HER LAST
BREATH BEFORE SHE BURNS EVEN
ONE MORE CYGNARAN SOLDIER.

Feora's escort of Temple Flameguard attempted to recover but could not preserve their ragged and incomplete line. They pulled back into an ancient looming Menite temple, one of the larger buildings still standing in this quarter.

"Onward! You men, take the Flameguard!" Stryker drew his pistol and fired into the retreating wall of shields. A Flameguard fell only to have another fill the gap. Stormblades, their weapons crackling with lightning, rushed forward to engage the Menites.

Stryker sent Ol' Rowdy charging into a limping Crusader covering Feora's retreat. The Ironclad finished the Crusader with a heavy blow and returned to the warcaster's side. Stryker vowed, "I will see her gasp her last breath before she burns even one more Cygnaran soldier." Together with Rowdy, Stryker left his men to the fight outside and followed after Feora.



Ol' Rowdy battered through the large barred doors with a single great blow. Warjack and warcaster burst into the vaulted central chamber. Stryker stopped in his tracks. Hundreds of civilians huddled in the temple. They packed in tight between the shattered pews as they scrambled to get out of Feora's way. She and her ragtag battlegroup backed through the crowd and scrambled up a dais at the far end of the chamber. For once he had caught her alone, separated from her escort, only to find her hiding behind a mass of terrified men, women, and children. Their fearful visages showed them as frightened of the Priestess of the Flame as of the Cygnaran attacker.

Feora took advantage of his surprised hesitation. Her Vanquisher came at him with its massive flail sweeping in a wide arc. Civilians dove to the ground to avoid the weapon. Stryker ducked low as the metal balls swept through the wall and support columns behind him with an explosion of stone and sparks. Sparing no time, Feora's Castigator came in low with its fists ablaze to smash into Ol' Rowdy.

The Castigator and Rowdy tumbled through an interior wall in an avalanche of masonry. The cascading rubble buried an elderly couple. Panic erupted throughout the crowd. Stryker froze, conflicted. Instincts to save these blameless lives railed against his heart filled with hatred for everything they represented. He looked at the blood seeping from under the pile of stone and knew there would be more if this battle continued.

Stryker's hesitation proved short lived as the Vanquisher continued its assault. The wildly swinging flail careened off supporting pillars and walls. The great temple shook to its very foundation. Stryker mustered his power and laid into the already damaged Vanquisher with a powerful flurry of chopping blows from Quicksilver. The first took the 'jacks legs from under it, the next battered its head into useless scrap, and the third thrashed the pistons powering its whirling flail. It collapsed in a heap of twisted iron and steel. Keeping pace, Ol' Rowdy rose to its feet and backhanded the Castigator. Dust and rocks fell liberally from the compromised ceiling. Stryker saw that the building could take little more abuse and remain standing.

In the chaos of his skirmish with the other 'jacks, Stryker had failed to notice Feora moving a badly damaged Redeemer into position on the dais. She charged the 'jack with all her power, its one operational weapon glowing with visible mystic runes. A barrage of rockets hissed out



of the skyhammer launcher and spiraled wildly through the great sanctuary like a storm of angry snakes. One detonation sent bodies flying through the air. A second projectile ripped Rowdy's right shoulder casing from its fasteners in a fantastic explosion. The third rocket missed Stryker by a yard before gaining altitude and corkscrewing into the wall above the entry. The massive iron doors buckled and blocked any escape. Fire raced across support beams and masonry rained upon the civilians. Many of their shrieks ceased instantly.

Stryker stared at the Protector of the Flame in disbelief; her willingness to sacrifice her people confounded his logic. Her gambit had failed, though. The damaged Redeemer had missed its mark, and her effort had left her weak with no assets to aid her. It came down to him and her, but he could not ignore the screams and wails of the refugees. The temple was collapsing.

He stepped toward Feora. Quicksilver hummed as she retreated behind the altar. Rowdy's boiler chugged beside him, the warjack ready to do his bidding. In a moment,

Stryker would destroy his quarry and seal her in a tomb of broken rubble alongside her callously abandoned followers. The Lord Commander looked around him and saw the eyes of the sobbing, screaming masses of Menites. His jaw clenched. He turned on his heel and clapped the great warjack on its iron arm. "The door, Rowdy!" he yelled over the cacophony and quickly pushed his way into the crowd of innocents.

The sea of refugees parted as the warjack stomped past his commander. Ol' Rowdy wound up with a mighty side swing and crashed the hammer into the temple's doors. They flew from their hinges, but the act dislodged even more rubble. The entry arch could not support the weight of the collapsing wall. Dropping his sword, Stryker braced himself against a support pillar. He overpowered his armor to muster all its strength and keep the massive vaulted ceiling aloft. Rowdy spread its arms across the entry to prop the arch up as stone fell around them.

"Go! Go! Hurry!" Stryker yelled. The panicked Menites rushed the doors. Some knocked others down in the



press. He saw others lift the wounded before scrambling out under Rowdy's arms. The ceiling groaned. He could feel it begin to give way. Fire ate through the beams in the awkward arrangement above his straining arms.

Stryker's eyes locked with those of his enemy across the sanctuary, safely hidden behind a featureless bronze mask. As she intoned one last prayer, Stryker knew he would never have the satisfaction of defeating her. Even so, a grim smile spread across his face as he strained with all his might to keep the temple standing for a few more seconds. "You didn't beat me," he whispered. For the briefest instant, Feora seemed to pause as if she'd heard him. Then she vanished in a flash of fire.

He felt a sense of relief as the last of the fleeing refugees cleared the doors and the final crack sounded. The pillar crumbled. Lord Commander Stryker fell buried beneath stone and burning wood.



Great Prince Vladimir Tzepesci stood on the slight rise overlooking the new barracks east of Laedry and watched older soldiers instruct younger ones on the new training grounds. Gathering the household liegemen of his vassals had proved neither quick nor easy. Many already served the army as officers, but Vlad asked them to fulfill older ideals, feudal promises oft forgotten in the modern era.

"They make good progress," Vladimir said to the hulking man mounted on a horse at his side.

Viscount Barak Ushka grunted noncommittally. An Umbrean Uhlan of the ancient tradition—his line had borne that title long before the rise of the Iron Fangs—he sat astride his Karpathan Destrier layered in the armor of his ancestors. "Our infantry is ready, but we need more heavy horse. Some of your vassals have been slow to answer your call."

"They will answer." Over a century had passed since a great prince had exercised his feudal rights to organize an army for war. Reconciling those oaths with the military chain of command occupied an ambiguous space in Khadoran law. It brought to sharp relief the confusion engendered by Vlad's noble title and his lack of official rank in the army. By unwritten custom, his recognized warcaster status granted rank equivalent to a kommander, but his bloodline complicated the issue.

A young runner brought word that the newly elevated Supreme Kommandant Gurvaldt Irusk had come to pay his respects. "Stay with the men," Vladimir instructed the viscount. The horseman had a temper and occasionally grew too vocal in defense of his liege lord.

Irusk and his entourage had clearly come to survey Vlad's mustering army. Vladimir scanned the senior officers accompanying Irusk and immediately saw Forward Kommander Sorscha Kratikoff. The two exchanged a silent look, and Vlad allowed himself a small smile. He saw a warning in her eyes, not that he needed it.

"Supreme Kommandant Irusk, welcome. You honor me with your presence."

"Great Prince Tzepesci." Irusk offered the smallest bow etiquette allowed. "You have mustered a sizable force. I was not informed of any imminent threat."

"These men are not for defense. I hope to deal the eastern rebels a decisive blow. A sizable force is moving toward Leryn, including a well supported contingent of southern Menites."

"Yes, I have that report. Yet what I see here is the result of months gathering Umbreans to your banner. Some of these are from our new lands, and they have no great love for the Khadoran Empire."

"I felt it my role to inspire in them a greater sense of patriotism and duty. We must reassert the old blood ties that bind them to our empress."

"Is it the empress to whom they are bound, or to you? An important distinction, I think. I have been having difficulty recently gaining soldiers and supplies from Great Prince Rolav Mulesci, yet I see some of his men here. Quite unusual."

Vlad's eyes went cold and his hand strayed near the hilt of Dominion. Behind Irusk his officers seemed similarly tense and glanced between the two men. "It appears you have something more to say, supreme kommandant. Let us dispense with the extraneous rhetoric and come to your point. We have wars to fight on the battlefield instead of in your councils."

Irusk smiled without warmth. "My concern is simple. You appear to have put the needs of Umbrey before those of the empire."

Vladimir gritted his teeth. "I seek to safeguard lands we have already won. What is conquest if we do not hold what we seize?"

Irusk was not persuaded. "Your perspective has become too provincial. Understandable since you do not have regular contact with the High Kommand. We will be reassigning a number of your soldiers to assist in the imminent attack on Northguard. I have a list of men, warjacks, and provisions." He waved and a subordinate kommander stepped forward and offered a thick ledger for Vladimir's perusal.



Vladimir scowled. "This represents over half of my veteran forces and the majority of my operational warjacks. Completely unacceptable."

"With respect, this is not a request. It would serve you better to inform the High Kommand of your plans. Were they integrated into our ongoing operations, we could have avoided this confusion."

The two warcasters stared at one another. "I will comply with the wishes of the High Kommand, but I will need to compensate for this deficit in my forces. I request Kommander Kratikoff and her battlegroup be given leave to join my assault." Vladimir nodded in her direction.

Irusk considered this and looked to Sorscha's carefully blank face. "I have given the forward kommander an important task for the upcoming engagement. Let us ask her. Kommander Kratikoff, where would your talents best serve the Motherland?"

She hid her distress well, but Vladimir could see it in the rigidity of her posture and the fact that she avoided looking at him directly. Sorscha spoke after a short pause. "The attack on Northguard is clearly the higher priority." The supreme kommandant nodded, satisfied.

Vladimir said, "Zoktavir, then."

Irusk sighed regretfully although he did not seem sincere. "Would that I could loan Kommander Zoktavir to you, but he is detailed to deal with Fellig's garrison. Perhaps Zevanna Agha? I was told she supported your efforts."

"She is with the Third Border Legion rooting out certain...interior difficulties." He knew full well that the supreme kommandant knew the details of her movements better than Vladimir did.

"In that case, Great Prince Tzepesci, I am afraid you are on your own. Your talents, however, would be very welcome in our operation. Say the word and I will provide you with a significant role in the battle ahead."

A thin, young rider wearing the colors of the Khadoran Kommand Dispatch Service interrupted the coolly polite discussion. His horse stood lathered and breathing hard, clearly pushed almost to death. He dismounted and knelt with an extended leather case. "Urgent news from Ravensgard, supreme kommandant!"

Irusk read the message quickly and frowned, lost in thought. He turned to his officers. "Our spies have brought word that General Sebastian Nemo has left Northguard quite abruptly, riding south toward Bainsmarket. He seems likely bound for the train station there and hence Caspia."

Kommander Strasvite of the 4th Assault Legion noted, "That is good fortune, sir."

"Yes. This shall greatly increase the odds of our success." Irusk sounded almost disappointed. "Though I would have enjoyed the opportunity to face him again. We shall exploit this opportunity."

Vladimir offered, "It would seem you no longer require all of the men and supplies you demanded."

The supreme kommandant shook his head sharply. "Quite the contrary. I require every available man and machine. I will take no chances with this assault. I suggest delaying your action until after we have taken the fortress. I am certain some forces could be allocated to deal with this eastern uprising at that time."

"MY CONCERN IS SIMPLE. YOU APPEAR TO HAVE PUT THE NEEDS OF UMBREY BEFORE THOSE OF THE EMPIRE."

"By then it will be too late." Vladimir felt his temper start to get the better of him. He nearly told Irusk of Zevanna Agha's warning regarding the importance of Leryn, but he refrained. He knew the supreme kommandant placed no weight on portents.

Irusk shrugged. "Do as you must. Leryn is unassailable and has ample food stores. It can easily endure a few months against the Menites, with or without you. Conserve your strength and delay. That is my advice. But I know you will heed your own compass." He offered the same nominal bow and took his leave. His subordinates began to gather men, warjacks, and supplies from Tzepesci's army. Umbrey's dark champion could do nothing but fume, yet the lost soldiers did not occupy his thoughts. Rather, he thought of Sorscha's eyes and the pain and worry he saw in them before she turned to leave.



Cylena Raefyll could imagine few things more unpleasant than the crowded press of humanity that choked the bustling streets of Korsk. She had recently endured the company of the dead, she reminded herself, and the throngs of the living were no worse. She drew stares as she made her way along the streets, but the scrutiny proved less intense than she expected. The city's



residents had clearly grown accustomed to the sight of Nyss refugees, perhaps finding it quaint that so many of these once fearsome northern elves huddled on the outskirts of their capital.

Cylena had come so far south, against her instincts, partly in search of them. She had also come seeking new allies. While she had expected the eldritch Goreshade to turn on her eventually, the depths of his treachery had taken her by surprise. She had not anticipated that the black-hearted creature would enter an unholy pact with the dragon Everblight. She had narrowly escaped with her life, and several of her kin had paid the ultimate price for this harsh lesson.

She hoped the Khadorans would make better allies. She had heard enough during her travels south to know Everblight's deprivations had become a concern to these northmen. The blighted perversions that had once been Nyss had put many northern villages to the sword. In fact, these attacks had forced her to observe greater caution when nearing such afflicted regions, as the terrified locals could not differentiate between true Nyss and the corrupted monsters. When she learned that the bulk of the Nyss refugees had found some welcome in Korsk, it occurred to her she could perhaps restore her numbers

have seen nothing to dispute this." He lowered his voice conspiratorially. "They have taken the Winter Father to a well guarded place. We could not have hoped for a more secure stronghold to preserve Him."

This revelation shocked Cylena in more ways than she could express. The priest breached custom just by speaking aloud of the Winter Father while near to non-Nyss. That the priests allowed humans to come in contact with their god defied belief.

The appalled look on her face made her thoughts clear and turned the priest peevish. "Do not look at me that way, child! The humans know not what they help us protect. To them it is simply a sacred block of stone, a curiosity of a simple people. We have been careful in our dealings. The last of the Maelwyr Aeryn stand vigil."

The conversation left her feeling troubled, and she quickly took her leave. Though kindly, she decided the priest was a fool. It filled her with despair to reflect that the strongest and wisest of her people had died fighting the forces of Thagrosh in those early days of the upheaval.

On her way out of the Nyss ghetto, an older man scrambled after her and called her by name. One of the nearby women waved Cylena off as she turned. "He is mad," she insisted. "A hermit we found and cared for. He means no harm. Do not listen to his words, he makes no sense." Cylena nodded to the woman but knelt by the old man, intrigued.

He came closer and hissed, "The Deathbringer and his shadows have come to this city! He who draws screaming souls from the rift and sheaths them in steel. He who crushes the skulls of empty-eyed infants while their mothers wail! He is drawn here, and doom walks with him." Cylena felt a chill that raised the hairs on the back of her neck. She knew precisely who the blind Nyss described. The elders among her people said that the blind sometimes possessed a different sight, their minds open to true visions. "Listen to me, child of Raefyll. In times forgotten, the Winter Father sent emissaries to the forest dwellers to deliver a treasure of lore so great it might have ended our shared ills."

Cylena worked to follow this shift in topic, too fascinated to pull away. "The inheritors of Lyoss spurned our people and bitterness fell between them," the old man continued. "This threatens to destroy us all! You can bridge this divide. Find the one they call the Angel of Retribution. Her people are here, in the smoking den where outsiders linger. Go to them and seek him with the face of lines. The Angel must know the Deathbringer is here. Someone must stop him before it is too late." His words faded, and he fell asleep in mid sentence.

"THE DEATHBRINGER AND HIS SHADOWS HAVE
COME TO THIS CITY! HE WHO CRUSHES THE
SKULLS OF EMPTY-EYED INFANTS WHILE THEIR
MOTHERS WAIL! HE IS DRAWN HERE, AND
DOOM WALKS WITH HIM."

by traveling there.

She found her people amid the slums where they looked woefully out of place. They did not greet her as warmly as she expected. The Raefyll tribe, living on the far fringes, had always engendered distrust, yet they warmed to her after she shared stories of her shard's travails. She carefully did not mention her partnership with the eldritch. "Why are you here?" she asked a priest who seemed to have influence among the refugees.

"The humans came to *us*," he explained. "I do not know why, but they offered sanctuary. We had gone too far without food or shelter, so their aid was welcome. One of the human faiths opened its arms." He shrugged. "They say it is their doctrine to assist those in need. We



He might have spoken nothing but the ravings of a madman, but too much of what he said he could not know. Cylena could not stop thinking about his words and knew he must have seen some glimmer of truth.

She walked the crowded streets of Korsk asking Nyss and those humans who understood where to find the place and the man the hermit had described. She eventually found a dark and dank, smoke-filled basement tavern, shunned by the locals but visited by foreigners, where strange music played and an unusual assortment of outcasts lingered. Smoke stung her eyes and made breathing a labor.

She nearly fled, but a hand clasped her arm and pulled her back. She reached for the short skinning blade strapped to her thigh before she locked eyes with the man. She paused. While neither Nyss nor human, she could instantly tell—despite his concealed features—that he more closely resembled the former than the latter. He took her to an enclosed table surrounded by a thick curtain and unwrapped his face. His shaved head and rugged features struck her as strange, similar to the Nyss and yet distinctly different. Several thick scars, the marks of many battles, crisscrossed his face. She knew him as Iosan, the distant kin of the Nyss, and undoubtedly the man the hermit spoke of.

“I am Fes Elyssar. Your incautious inquiries make my mission here more difficult. Why do you seek me?”

She got quickly to the point. “I was told to find the woman you call the Angel of Vengeance.” The words felt awkward to her tongue, for she spoke the Shyr language haltingly, and she feared she did not get them quite right. “She who hunts those born to power. She must come here, quickly. She must bear witness to our plight.”

The scarred elf tapped slender fingers on the table and scrutinized her closely. “That can be arranged, but first I must know more. Who are you, and what has brought you here?”



Anastasia di Bray made her way silently through the motley assortment of fighting men and women that constituted the Resistance to find the warcaster who had brought them together. Anastasia had rarely seen so many patriots gathered in one place, and she found it simultaneously inspiring and worrisome. Here waited former members of the Llaelese Army, exiled sons and daughters of executed nobles, stranded Cygnaran soldiers who now called Rhydden home, remnants of the High Royal Guard, gun mages of the Loyal Order of the Amethyst Rose, and sell-swords from mercenary

outfits with loyalty to nothing but gold. She even heard the hearty laughter of dwarves, likely a notoriously bloodthirsty company from Horgenhold that she heard had developed a taste for Llaelese wine.

The strength of this host might have impressed her more if she had not just seen the progress of Severius’ Northern Crusade gathered north of this position. The ranks of gleaming armor from the perfectly disciplined Knights Exemplar and even the silently devoted throngs of zealots had seemed to her the embodiment of a truly dedicated army. Her peers looked like a disordered rabble. Considerable tension had arisen between the Menites and the Resistance in recent weeks, but this action had them united for the moment.

Anastasia found Ashlynn D’Elyse checking the deportment of her warjacks amid mechaniks hired to keep the machines running properly. The two Rynnish women ducked into a nearby field tent to talk and ousted a Steelhead supply sergeant trying to catch a few winks.

“Thanks for coming so promptly,” Ashlynn began. “I take it you know the situation and the arrangement we’ve made with Grand Scrutator Severius?”

“Yes,” Anastasia replied cautiously. “It makes me uneasy. I think it’s a bad idea to bring that army into Leryn. We have no assurances they will keep their word.”

The warcaster smiled ruefully. “Without them, we have no way into Leryn at all. The Resistance has done everything it can within the city, but the Greylords have the place sealed up tight. Other than passing messages, our hands are tied. This is our only chance. That city will be the stronghold we need. Rhydden is indefensible from Khador in the long term.”

Anastasia looked unconvinced, but she remained professional. “How can I help?”

“We are locked into this partnership, but I do not trust Severius either. We need a better idea of what he intends. Go to him, and make your services available. I know he lacks intelligence on the current state of affairs in the city. He should jump at the chance to learn more.”

“He will fully expect I’ll be reporting back to you,” Anastasia noted.

“True, but in this case he will have no other better options. He does not hold me in particularly high regard. We are tools to him, but once paid for a tool is only worth its price if it sees use...”

“...And once a tool’s purpose is finished, it is discarded,” Anastasia finished the thought.



Ashlynn smiled in approval. "Just so. I am making arrangements to ensure we are not so easily thrown away." She leaned closer and said in a lower voice, "We have secret friends in Rhul."

Anastasia felt a sudden surge of respect and affection for the warcaster and clasped her hand. "Be careful in the battles ahead. Llael needs you."

"There is no Llael," Ashlynn reminded her. "It is a memory of a dream. Do as Severius bids and be cautious. Do not deceive him; he can smell lies and half-truths."



"How in blazes do they get used to this cold?" A man in gleaming armor attempted to huddle steel-clad arms to his chest, his breath pluming.

"It's not even winter. Just imagine what it's like in those mountains up north." An identically armored man flexed the numb fingers on his right hand within his gauntlet.

The Morrowan Precursor Knights stood watch outside the Katrinksa Cathedral in Korsk. Battle Chaplain Giles Relford allowed them the indulgence of griping while at their post from sympathy for their unusual assignment. While first and foremost Morrowans, they were Cygnaran born warriors on foreign soil forced to endure the hostile stares and suspicious scrutiny of the locals.

Primarch Arius had sent them to this post, but the knights did not understand the necessity of their vigil. The Church currently provided sanctuary to a group of northern refugees, understandable and certainly admirable, but the Precursor Knights had a more specific task. They stood guard against any "forces of darkness" that might threaten this cathedral. Battle Chaplain Relford insisted that the direct command of a holy archon of Morrow had directed them here. No mortal could comprehend the fullness of the Prophet's plans or His ongoing struggles against darker gods envious of His domain and influence.

Katrinksa Cathedral lay adjacent to Stasikov Palace at the heart of Korsk. The knights could see the palace from where they stood. One of the most imposing structures in western Immoren, Stasikov served as the fortress-home of the recently self-proclaimed Empress of Khador. No wonder that the locals believed the Precursors had come as spies, given the proximity. Agents of the Greylords Covenant had restricted the knights' movements to a small radius around the cathedral. The kapitan of the palace guard had enforced strict limits on the number of knights that could patrol the cathedral grounds fully armed.

The waiting might have gone easier with a clear threat, but the knights had difficulty imagining a more secure location. Katrinksa, as the largest cathedral in Khador, saw hundreds of visitors every day and thousands on days of high worship. Any hostile force seeking to reach its arched doors would need to fight through the Korsk city garrison and withstand attacks by the personal guard of the Empress stationed at the palace not two hundred yards away.

As Relford had put it, "Ours is a trial of patience." Countless times angry relatives of those who had died in battles against Cygnar accosted the Precursors. The shared faith did not matter to such people. The Precursors had no choice but to endure the scorn stoically.

"Did you see that?" Sir Edgers' question shook Relford's subordinate chaplain Canthor from his thoughts. Edgers pointed across the open courtyard in front of the gas-lit cathedral entrance to the shadows near a tall hedge.

"No. What did you—? Wait, yes something moved." Chaplain Canthor pushed up the visor of his helmet to peer at where a large shadow had crossed to the right. The time had passed midnight. It would have been peculiar for anyone to approach the cathedral at this hour, particularly since the Korsk Vicarate Council was attending the Empress at the palace. "Step lively. Everyone stay alert," Canthor ordered in a low but clear voice.

To their credit, despite months of inactivity, the men responded crisply. They stepped forward into line, held their shields marked with the shining sigil of the Radiance of Morrow before them, and each readied the blessed mace of their order. "Likely nothing, but—" Battle Chaplain Relford cut off as horrific figures burst from the darkness in front of them.

Hulking dead creatures wearing spiked armor, wielding axes, and enshrouded in writhing shadow charged forward smoothly as if gliding on the darkness pouring from their lower bodies. The undead crashed their axes into the line of shields. The Precursors' polished silvery armor gleamed in the light of the gas lamps, but clinging darkness dampened that light as the dead entangled them. Several knights fell immediately to the cruel barbed edges of those axes, but the rest stood firmly in formation and shattered undead flesh and bone with blessed maces. The night's chill took on a sickly and unnatural edge. The knights found breathing difficult.

Battle Chaplain Relford chanted prayers praising the Prophet and invoking the Lord of Light. Confidence surged through his limbs as he waded into battle. Their order prepared well to fight the walking dead. He had no time to consider how they had arrived.



His hope ended when he saw what approached behind the thralls.

A hulking, armored undead creature with eyes that gleamed with an inner fire stepped forward. Smoke poured into the night's sky from the pair of curved stacks on its back. The creature carried a huge brutal-looking cleaver, its bronzed frame inscribed with green runes. Indistinct silhouettes strode on either side of this creature, and they leaped forward with impossible speed on spider-thin legs. Relford's prayers choked in his throat.

The Stalkers tore Precursor shields free on either end of the line and plunged the pointed tips of eviscerators through gaps in armor. Goreshade's ghastly smile was the last sight several of the men had as Bloodcleaver chopped into them. In seconds the line had shattered and those who remained drew back around their banner and their chaplain, faces wan. Relford's holy words no longer comforted as the knights saw their death made manifest. The vile creature hacked them down one by one and took clear delight in their pain.



It ended so quickly it seemed a nightmare. Precursor Harlus Vaneway lay against the stones at the foot of the sweeping stairs, among the first to fall beneath the piercing thrusts of the ghastly machines. He saw the entire morbid spectacle from where he lay bleeding, and his faith trembled and nearly shattered. He wished for death to spare him the sight of the blasphemy now inflicted on his brothers in arms.

It seemed the horrible creature had not noticed him. The thing quickly chopped the heads from the dead with cold, ruthless efficiency. It gathered these grisly trophies and moved out of sight toward the cathedral entrance.

Why had they been sent here to be slaughtered like sheep? This question plagued Harlus' mind as his life seeped onto the cold Khadoran marble. The Prophet would not send them to their deaths for no purpose, yet Harlus could find no reason. Just as his eyes began to close on this miserable thought, he jolted awake. "No." His voice came as a whisper filled with resolve. He would not abandon his



faith, the pillar of his life, not at this final hour. The fact that he yet lived must have meaning.

He looked toward the light of Stasikov Palace and somehow found the strength to stand. He felt the world sway, and dizziness almost overcame him. Leaning so that gravity helped his steps, he staggered forward. "Help," he tried to shout, but it emerged as a whisper. He wove almost sideways and trailed blood as he went. He focused on Morrow's light and tried to feel its warmth in his

"THE PATH IS CLEAR FOR US TO STRIKE AT THE HEART OF CYGNAR. NOW IS THE TIME TO BRING DOWN THE HERETIC KING..."

numb legs. He prayed to Ascendant Katrena for strength for just a few more steps.

His face had the pallor of a corpse as he entered the gaslight, and the palace guard saw him. "The dead," he gasped. The knight's armor clanged loudly as he toppled to the pavement. The guards overcame their surprise, ran over, and discovered the gaping wound in his side. He gasped with his last breath, "Cryx comes," and pointed to the cathedral. With that he slumped and knew no more.



General Adept Nemo's subordinates waited for him in the antechamber outside the private recovery rooms and gawked at the looming architecture, stained glass, and intricately carved columns of Archcourt Cathedral, the heart of the Sancteum in Caspia. The glory of the cathedral contrasted with the groaning of the injured. The priests had converted much of the large hall into a vast hospice. Nemo had told them little, but they had learned of the grave injuries sustained by Lord Commander Stryker. Those who knew what had happened to him all expressed their doubts that the warcaster would live.

"With the Church on our side, I reckon we are destined to win the war. The Menites can't recover their wounded as quickly as we can," opined young Major Les Mallerby, an enthusiastic Stormguard officer who had accompanied Nemo south on his hasty trek from Northguard. When not in battle, Mallerby served as an aide overseeing the flood of paperwork that inevitably followed a Cygnaran general.

The seasoned Trencher Captain Dalt Larvet grunted in disagreement. "Remember, they pushed us out of Sul."

The trip had been a welcome diversion to both of them, particularly the comfort of traveling by train. The immense distance and rugged landscape between Northguard and Caspia had passed at dizzying speed. Once arrived in Caspia, they had eagerly sought news of recent fighting from their counterparts in the Second Army, which proved easy since every soldier in the city seemed to talk of nothing else.

Mallerby insisted, "I've heard the Menites are contained. We'll be back in Sul soon enough."

General Adept Nemo's return interrupted their conversation. He appeared lost in thought, his brow furrowed, and he did not look them in the eye. Mallerby and Larvet exchanged glances. Nemo's demeanor seemed to confirm their worst fears. Neither had the nerve to question the general as they marched from the cathedral, certain that inquiries would intrude on a moment of private grief. Nemo said nothing to either of them. Possibly he had grown so used to their presence that he had ceased to think of them as people.

As they made their way back toward the central garrison, a messenger approached with some haste. He bore a satchel bearing the seal of the Cygnaran Army. "Urgent telegraph message from Northguard for General Adept Nemo!" The notion of such messages transmitted by wire remained a novelty worth savoring among the military. As yet this new means of long-distance communication connected only a few wired stations. The notion of almost instantaneous contact between Caspia and the northern theater was a boon they were still learning to appreciate.

Nemo shook off the distraction of his private thoughts to seize the satchel and break its seals. He squinted at the tightly scrawled script. "Curse and damn it all! Did Irusk sit there with a spyglass watching for me to leave?" He looked to his two aids as if recognizing their presence for the first time. "Northguard is besieged again. We were hardly out of the Thornwood when Ravensgard opened its gates. Morrow help us, I didn't think they could muster a force so quickly."

Nemo considered a moment and then began issuing orders. "Larvet, track down Captain Jeremiah Kraye. I believe he's based at Eastwall. Mallerby, contact Captain Dominick Darius who should be fighting under Major Brisbane. I need both of them to rendezvous and head north by train. They'll need every jack Caspia can spare. I don't expect we'll get many, but every one will help. Tell Darius to quit lollygagging and get the Thunderhead cracking again. I'll talk to the Warmaster General directly. We'll go ahead of them. We must return as quickly as possible."



"Their resolve has been an inspiration, your Holiness. They held the gates against several assaults, letting their bodies be the bulwark against which the enemy crashes—"

"Enough!" Hierarch Garrick Voyle slammed an open palm down upon the stone ledge in front of him and caused those gathered to jump as the stone cracked. "You say they are stalled. I do not need your report softened or their lack of progress excused."

The senior monk of the Order of the Fist addressing Hierarch Voyle and the gathered visgoths of Imer prostrated himself on the cold floor before the priests. The Harbinger floated near him. The monk spoke again, "Forgive me, your Holiness. It is true they have made no further progress into Caspia."

Visgoth Jasrun spoke, "Yet Sul is reclaimed. A victory worthy of rejoicing."

"No." Voyle's voice was harsh. "The gates of Caspia stand open, controlled by the faithful. The path is clear for us to strike at the heart of Cygnar. Now is the time to bring down the heretic king, to seize the Sancteum, and submit its priests to the True Law. Reclaiming Sul is no victory. It only reduces an earlier shame."

The Harbinger spoke, "I will go to them to lend my aid."

"Yes, you should be there," Voyle nodded agreement, "but you will not go alone. The knights and garrison of Imer will also come, and I shall lead them."

At these words the visgoths stared in silent disbelief at their hierarch. None of them dared to speak. The Harbinger drifted closer to him, her voice as quiet as a whisper, "Remember the words of Sulon as he lay dying. He said doom would befall any hierarch who entered Caspia before the divided city is made whole."

Voyle spoke to her with greater patience than he would have shown to anyone else. "That prophecy holds no weight. Too frequently my predecessors have used its warning as an excuse for inaction. The time is at hand. Only by sword and fire will Caspia and Sul be rejoined."

The visgoths hesitantly voiced their own objections, but Voyle made a sharp gesture to silence them. "I will not wait in Imer as victory slips from our grasp. Menoth summons me to war and I will answer His call. The divided city shall become one and its people will prostrate themselves or perish in flames." He faced the visgoths and commanded, "Gather the collective might of Imer, and send word to Tower Judgment. When our forces are ready, we march on Caspia."



The ruins of a nameless village in the northern Thornwood, long since raided, burned, and plundered, concealed the entrance to the upper caves. Hidden behind a number of charred and easily moved timbers, lay a large cave capable of accommodating the bulkiest helljack. Mortenebra glided forward on her multitude of legs into the tunnel, followed by her escort of bonejacks and Harrowers.

The tunnels descended rapidly through a confusing hive of switchbacks and dead ends, several of which concealed sentries with the patience of the dead. The enormous bloat thrall occupying one such passage raised its weapon toward her until it recognized her as an iron lich. The uninitiated would easily get lost in these tunnels, and a few defenders could hold its chokepoints against any larger force. A trace quantity of necrotite subtly marked the proper way forward, invisible to ordinary mortal eyes, yet as clear to Mortenebra's sight as a beacon.

The lower caverns resulted from more careful engineering, and the extensive metal support beams and piping running along the ceilings suggested this facility had operated for many years. Mortenebra recognized cephalyx handiwork, particularly the odd specific angles where the corridors met. From her time among the Cult of Cyriss, which had long opposed the subterranean race, Mortenebra knew that cephalyx preferred joints at increments of fifty-five degrees to avoid right angles.

The air held a redolent reek Mortenebra knew well. The complex smell combined putrescence, worked metal, the heat of forges, burning oil, and noxious chemicals mixed without care for the delicate sensibilities of mortal respiratory systems; the odor of necrotechs at work.

A trio of dark figures robed in black that set off their gleaming white skulls swept into the chamber to confront Mortenebra. They offered her gestures of deference. She inclined her head slightly and lowered the clawed manipulators on her back in a pattern of recognition and respect. The creature at the fore, wearing a hooded cowl, spoke. "Welcome, Master Necrotech Mortenebra."

"Greetings to the Withershadow Combine." She turned to each in turn, "Maelovus, Admonia, Tremulous."

Lich Lord Asphyxious entered the chamber from the opposite hallway, the gleaming green lens of his eye briefly scanning along the trio. He clutched a weapon of power—once Lich Lord Daeamortus—and his posture suggested a certain agitation. A female shadow followed closely behind the lich lord, one whom Mortenebra knew rarely strayed far from Asphyxious' side.



Mortenebra genuflected to Asphyxious, a complex movement that involved the splaying of her many legs and the unfolding of her arms and the manipulators behind her. Even the wriggling vertebra that comprised her black-iron spinal cord opened in supplication. "Lich Lord Asphyxious. I present myself to you in the name of Lord Toruk, our master. Use me as you will."

The witch made a noise, clearly finding the connotation amusing, but Mortenebra ignored this impertinence. Asphyxious made a gesture that traced his personal glyph in the air as a show of welcome. "Master Necrotech Mortenebra, thine arrival could not have been better timed. Allow me to introduce Wraith Witch Deneghra." His claw gestured to indicate his female shadow, who offered a human curtsy and an insouciant smirk.

The witch's mannerisms created a note of disorder, but Mortenebra had learned to ignore such mortal remnants. She accepted the fact that most of her peers seemed strangely reluctant to cast aside the anachronisms of their former lives.

Mortenebra addressed him, "Have the cephalyx been able to exploit their access to these depths to open the way to your lost temple?"

Asphyxious tilted his head to one side as he scrutinized Mortenebra. "The Temple Garrodh is lost, sunk beyond reclamation, and of no consequence. Its power is no longer required. Let us speak now of the task I would ask of thee."

"How may I serve? I had hoped to view the extent of your operations here and—"

Asphyxious held up a clawed hand, "There will be time for that after the nonce. First, there is a slaughter to arrange. We must sow the seeds of ruin by ensuring no stronghold exists where mortals may find succor beneath the boughs of these accursed trees. Go forth with Deneghra and intercept the reinforcements rushing even now to provide deliverance. Thou wilt find them amid the Bloodsmeath. Delay them as long as possible. Do not concern thyself with victory, only delay."

"As you wish." She hardly spared Deneghra a glance as the wraith witch joined her, and they turned to make for the surface. The retinue of helljacks and bonejacks following after them doubled and then tripled as machines joined them from the ancillary passages.



Supreme Kommandant Irusk walked the lines of massive cannons brought forward for shelling the outer bulwarks and trenches defending Northguard. The booming

guns on either side created an unrelenting thunder. The central fortress, a castle in its own right, had elevation on their side, and its massive cannon batteries outranged even his pieces specifically manufactured for this assault in the foundries of Korsk. The largest fortress cannons remained constrained by certain angles of fire and their inability to ascertain the exact positions of Irusk's forces. More dangerous incoming fire came from numerous outer redoubts constructed to prevent easy approach.


Irusk's artillery hammered on these star-shaped fortifications, but their thick, steeply sloped walls deflected direct artillery fire. The forts stood at various intervals around the central fortress to support the rows of deep trenches and associated bunkers from which came the periodic report of return rifle fire as Irusk's snipers probed the lines.

His expert eye plainly saw that Northguard had not entirely recovered from the last battle. Thick smoke along the lines made accurate appraisals difficult, but the story told in the number of unoccupied watch towers and the empty bunkers which previously had bristled thick with Trenchers and chain guns.

Irusk conducted a slower and more deliberate assault than the last with a precise awareness of exactly what he would face. He did not like to think of the lives spent to gain this education, but he remained determined to make use of every painful lesson. He generally preferred to strike the enemy as swiftly as possible and exploit their inability to adapt. He had revised this doctrine for the first stage of his assault. Despite the High Kommand's propaganda that Northguard would fall easily, the southerners had designed this fortress admirably and defended it with soldiers every bit as dedicated and skilled as his elite assault legions. He had to peel this fortress' layers each in turn like an onion. Confronting them directly would only bury more of his countrymen in the blood-soaked mud.



General Adept Sebastian Nemo and his retinue had pushed hard to return to Northguard with all the haste they could muster, a task made harder by the incomplete rail lines through the Thornwood. Fortunately, the same difficulties that slowed his pace and kept Northguard's supply lines ever troublesome also formed a serious impediment to invaders. For several hours the Cygnarans had heard the intermittent sound of great booming cannons that proclaimed the siege well underway. At last Nemo's escort broke through one dense knot of trees and saw the southern supply fortress, the last significant outer redoubt protecting the main road.



As they hastened forward toward its sloping walls, woodsmen and manhunters leapt out from ambush. Rifles crackled and several Trenchers along the left side of the road toppled to the dirt. Nemo's Stormguard moved forward to intercept as the remaining Trenchers ducked down behind the nearest trees to return fire. The accompanying squad of Rangers vanished swiftly into the woods, their own rifles ready as they moved to find those who fired on their exposed position.

Nemo felt naked without a single warjack at his side. His haste required him to travel light and leave the walking iron with Kraye and Darius. He took to the cover of a massive, moss-covered boulder shoring up the earthworks of a steep incline down to the road.

Looking up the slope, he saw a flitting shadow. A man in furs leapt down the hillside through the trees toward him with axes raised. Nemo calmly lifted his hand and enveloped the would-be assassin in a pulsing surge of lightning. Dispassionately Nemo watched the hulking Khadoran fall, tumbling and twitching, and expire just inches from the warcaster's left boot.

After a few minutes, the ambush collapsed under Cygnaran rifle fire, and they found their losses light. Rather than a strongly organized war party, the Khadorans seemed a sweeping scouting expedition likely hoping to intercept supply wagons on the road. Storm Lances rode out from the southern fortress and exclaimed happily at the sight of General Nemo. The general's party reached Northguard proper without further incident.

Hagan Cathmore, Lord General of the First Army, Earl of Bloodsmeath, and Lord of Northguard waited in the entry hall to greet Nemo warmly. The middle-aged but still hale nobleman dressed in the armor of the northern Sword Knights. Nemo could tell from the dark lines around his eyes that the man had not slept. "Old friend," Cathmore greeted him, "you are a welcome sight. I'm glad you got our message. I'd not thought to see you for some weeks yet."

"And leave you to wrestle Irusk by your lonesome? Never." Nemo chuckled. Now that the excitement of the ambush had faded, he began to feel his own weariness return. "It looks like neither one of us has gotten any rest."

"And why should we, when there's work to do?" Cathmore drew Nemo closer and moved apart from their subordinate officers, who gave them space. Away from his men, the lord general's expression revealed the worry that absorbed him. "This assault by Irusk, I am not sure we can weather it. We are nearly surrounded. Our strength remains reduced. I dislike how much of the

outer trench works we've had to give up to them. The winter fox has clearly learned the range of our cannons. At times I think all we accomplish is wasting powder."

Nemo nodded, his own expression turned serious. "I did not expect to find them so near the southern fortress."

"I had to pull the men closer in. We had Cryxian attacks as well along the outer western edge. It almost seemed the two forces worked together. As Cryx attacked the western flank, Irusk's new kommandos attacked the middle lines near Lager Creek, dividing them."

Nemo sighed. "Irusk would not work with the dead, but they are vultures and ever ready to exploit weakness." Seeing the gloom in Cathmore's eyes and the slump to his shoulders, Nemo made an effort to sound more cheerful. "Have heart, my friend. We will beat them again, you and I. There are still a few tricks up my sleeve."

Cathmore allowed himself a small hopeful smile and raised an eyebrow. "Oh?"

"THIS ASSAULT BY IRUSK, I AM NOT SURE WE CAN WEATHER IT. WE ARE NEARLY SURROUNDED."

"We've got Captains Darius and Kraye coming swiftly up the river with additional warjacks from Caspia. Not as many as I'd like, but I think it will suffice. They should help us see this through."

"That is excellent news." Cathmore's relieved smile made him seem a younger man. "Here, I know you are exhausted, but before you retire I wanted to show you the most recent maps of their positions, as best as we can determine." Nemo nodded and followed. He put aside thoughts of a warm bed and worked to focus his mind.



"Damn you, Irusk. Damn you to an eternity wandering Urcaen!" Vladimir Tzepesci swore under his breath at a man hundreds of miles away. The sharp and jagged edges of his sword Dominion dripped with gore. He swung in great arcs of sweeping death with both hands. It shattered armor, parted flesh and bone, and slew in screaming agony men bearing the Menofix. He could feel a line of blood trickle down his side from an earlier wound. It was a cold and rainy day for battle. The grassy hills had



become blood-churned mud underfoot, and dark clouds seethed above.

Vladimir stood at the center of a tide of destruction. Fighting at his side, the ancient Berserker Drago's executioner axes had killed men beyond counting this day. Two other Berserkers had earlier exploded like tremendous bombs deep within the ranks of the enemy from the exertion placed upon them. His Destroyer held its own at the terminus of his left flank, but Knights Exemplar surrounded it, enraged and emboldened by the mounting casualties of their brothers in arms.

To his left stood a battered but intact line of veteran Iron Fangs and to his right a virtually impregnable wall of Man-O-War Shocktroopers. His larger force of Uhlans and a Drakhun, led by Viscount Barak Ushka, moved swiftly back and forth to run down enemies trying to flank their position. They had fought valiantly and soaked their horses in Sul-Menite blood, but they were tired nearly to exhaustion. Everything they engaged perished, but the situation remained grim. A large number of their horses had tried to cut off the enemy where the valley narrowed only to run into a rebel warcaster and her ragtag army. Several steam cannon blasts fired by Mules had disrupted

VLAD FELT SOMETHING AT THE CENTER OF
HIS BEING TWIST IN AWE AND AMAZEMENT AS
HE BEHELD THE GRAND SCRUTATOR INFUSED
WITH THE POWER OF THE CREATOR.

the charge, and out of the smoke had poured heavily armored dwarves bearing massive hammers. He could see the remnants of that force still battling far off to his right, but he could not move to their aid.

Vladimir watched as a swiftly charging force of Exemplar Vengers swept past. Ushka and the Drakhun crashed into the leftmost knights like a moving wall of granite that sent horses and riders toppling. The rest of the charging line continued straight on into the defenseless mortar crews firing into the ranks of the Menite army. Those guns went silent as Venger lances impaled their crewmen. Most of their Winter Guard and freshly trained Umbrean pikemen had earlier routed and fled.

Vladimir rallied his remaining men and fought to a position atop a rise where he could look down on the valley below the mountains within which Leryn nestled. The scope of the Menite army sprawled across the field ahead beggared belief. He had marched his men as

quickly as possible hoping to get to the walled city ahead of them, but he had walked into an ambush.

"They used that first small force and an easy victory to spur us on," he muttered. The greater force did not reveal itself until the Khadorans could not escape. He had hoped to divert the Menites back toward Khadoran fortified lines, but the enemy reacted too swiftly. Counting the Llaesele renegade, he faced three warcasters at the least. He felt deep bitterness at the thought of the soldiers Irusk had taken from him. Those men might have turned the tide here. He thought of Sorscha.

Vladimir caught sight of Grand Scrutator Severius and his warjacks heading straight toward Vladimir's position. Where Severius pointed his staff, fire and destruction followed. Vladimir recognized the heavily armored Menite marching near the scrutator as High Executioner Servath Reznik. The enormous book carried on the back of several supplicants drew Vladimir's eyes from the warcasters. The sight of it filled him with a sense of awakening dread. Surrounded by an entire choir of chanting priests, the book seemed to shimmer golden with a light that reflected the hidden sun.

The voices rose up in a chorus that boomed across the valley with the strength of the thundering sky. Severius stepped up to the book as its attendant bowed and backed away. The ringing voice of the grand scrutator rose up, "By the litany of the Seal of Sorrows, bestow upon me the Mark of the Lawgiver to guide the faithful who stand in the wilderness of the faithless. Open the path to a new dominion, and bring order where chaos reigns!" A whirlwind of dust and stone spun around Severius and those nearest him as if they stood at the center of a tornado. Vladimir thought he could hear a deeply resonant tone from some unfathomable instrument, like the ring of a deep gong impossibly sustained.

The churning clouds above their heads parted and a pure beam of golden sunlight flashed down onto the grand scrutator and the Covenant. The light fell upon the Khadorans with curtains of flame. Men-O-War instantly boiled in their armor. Vlad felt something at the center of his being twist in awe and amazement as he beheld the grand scrutator infused with the power of the Creator. Lancets of fire poured forth from Severius' mask as if the essence of Menoth pierced the veils separating Caen from Urcaen and peered through those mortal eyes.

"Retreat!" Vladimir Tzepesci shouted without hesitation. He had no fear of his own death, but in those eyes he saw the doom of all the men he led. "Back! This day is lost!" They withdrew with surprising ease. As soon as they began to pull back, the Menites broke off and did not pursue.

They turned instead to behold the golden glory of Grand Scrutator Severius. He was lit by the sun shining through the cracked clouds while rain and lightning smote the earth around him and the wind howled. As Vladimir urged his men away from the field, he saw the Menite army kneel all at once as if of one mind. The sight turned his blood to ice.



Captain Dominick Darius stood at the end of the main road and looked into the fetid fen with a grimace. The road literally ended here but not by any design of its engineers. "I recall the last time I was out this way, this road went quite a ways further north," he remarked. He could see the road pick up again for a few yards before a series of sinkholes created a chain of deep ponds. Around him raged the almost deafening buzz of forest birds, insects, the croaking of frogs, and other less easily identified sounds. "So Kraye, got any brilliant ideas?"

Captain Jeremiah Kraye sat astride his horse Malagant and looked at the end of the road. Darius had grown accustomed to during their journey the stoic expression on Kraye's weathered face. "Looks like we should have taken a boat all the way after all." Behind them stretched a long line of wagons hitched to teams of draft horses panting from hauling warjacks and ample loads of coal and water.

"Not with those Khadoran gunboats that the Corvis boys say are patrolling the upper river," Darius said. They had put their cargo on fast steamships up the Dragon's Tongue River to Corvis and then as far up the Black River as the Corvis garrison intimated was possible before encountering cannon-laden Khadoran river boats. Kraye called the loss of the northern river a "bad sign" in the sort of understatement that characterized his personality.

Kraye sniffed philosophically. "We knew we'd have to give up hauling the 'jacks through this swamp sooner or later."

Darius sighed. "I guess it's going to be sooner."

"Nemo picked us for a reason. Let's get these 'jacks moving. About time, if you ask me. The pace of these wagons was trying my patience. We can redistribute the fuel and supplies to the horses. I know a good trail that should have survived the recent rains."

Darius signaled back to the porters and mechanic crews. "Unload the 'jacks! Fire them up! And move like you've got a gorax on your tail!" The several small units of young Trenchers and long-gunners accompanying them, sent straight from training at Point Bourne, also went scurrying. Kraye had contacted a southern post of the Reconnaissance Service and obtained a squad of rangers

who had already proven their worth on the trip.

Kraye suggested, "How about you get into that armored suit of yours? Remember what happened the last time you decided to muck about in your overalls."

Darius grimaced, and his hand went to the side of his face. "Point taken."

Moments after Darius sealed himself into his steam-armor rig, the swamp around them went ominously silent. Every insect, bird, and reptile suddenly stopped its racket and left them with only the chugging of their steam engines and the nervous whinnying of the horses.

Darius knew the Thornwood well enough to take that as a bad omen. "Okay people, look sharp! Kraye has the lead. If you don't want to drown in mud, follow him and do what he tells you. I'll be at the rear with the heavies." He mentally directed the two Ironclads, a Centurion, and a Defender to move out. The Thunderhead fell into line without prompting. The only 'jack among them that did not require traditional refueling, it had remained active the entire trip. Its only material needs lay in periodic replacements of the galvanic flow cells feeding its massive storm chambers, each cell a sealed metal canister containing layered zinc, brass, and copper strips bathed in alchemical fluids. Across the mental link Darius shared with it, he sensed again the crisp intelligence of its superior cortex. The Thunderhead hardly needed any direction at all and boasted an uncanny knack for doing just the right thing at the right time.

Kraye had his carbine rifle in hand and stared out into the murky darkness between the trees. He looked back and nodded. "Let's not leave Northguard waiting." His retinue included two Chargers, two Hunters, two Sentinels, and a Grenadier.

Darius directed the heavy 'jacks to follow the more solid trail Kraye insisted lay only a short detour from the main road. Now that the racket from local vermin had settled down they could hear the sound of cannons, although from this far away it sounded like the rumbling of a distant storm.



Kraye had an exhaustive knowledge of Cygnar's wilderness areas, but one man can perform only so many miracles. Despite their best efforts, the swamp began to get the better of them as tenuously solid ground became sucking mud. They kept the 'jacks in motion to fight the constant slow sinking.

The light 'jacks fared better than the heavies, particularly benefiting from Kraye's masterful touch. Darius had



never seen 'jacks move with such life-like ease and nimble steps. Darius poured his arcane energies into his machines and pushed their articulated propulsion to the limit. Kraye employed his own breed of magic to tighten up the ground and lend each warjack a degree of surefootedness, but it remained a trial. Darius' rig faced similar peril depending on where he stood since, he carried nearly the weight of a light warjack. When he could get solid footing, he used his steam-powered crane to help pull the 'jacks loose.

"Bad idea to travel at night," Kraye muttered, but the cannon fire had not ceased and men's lives lay on the line. He urged his warjacks to greater speed.


They heard a terrible shriek a pulsing white and green light flashed between the trees and exploded into one of the Trenchers near Kraye. A cloud of pure darkness erupted and consumed the men standing nearest.

"Harrower!" Kraye yelled and raised his carbine to fire as blue runes of arcane force swirled around him and

the light warjacks leading his group. As he and the nearest Hunters fired unerringly at the helljack, the mud on either side of the trail erupted, and Helldivers sprung forward to attack. One of these squat and alien constructs threw its full weight into the nearest Charger. The Cygnaran machine toppled back into the murk. The bonejack followed up with its powerful jaws and tore off large pieces of metal. Another surged toward the nearest Ironclad and rammed into its leg with a shriek of crumpling metal plating. Numerous shadows closed in.

"Ambush!" Kraye shouted, but rifle fire had already commenced. The Sentinels' chain guns whirled into action and cut into the indistinct forms coming toward them. Darius urged the Defender to fire at will. It launched a shell into the Harrower crippled by Hunter fire. Another Harrower skittered toward them oblivious to the sucking mud. Darius compelled the second Ironclad to intercept the bonejacks surging toward the nearest knot of long gunners. He heard the distinct sound of





the Grenadier's grenades launching while Trenchers hastened to reload it.

Darius lobbed a steam cannon shot toward one of the helljacks approaching from the perimeter, but the canister flew wide and sunk into the mud. He had to stop and pull a Centurion from the muck with his crane. Cursing under his breath, Darius labored to get it out of the mire or at least prevent it sinking so far its heartfire went out. He fortified the Thunderhead with a ring of thick runes around its frame and sent it ahead to aid Kraye, even as the cavalryman rode back and twisted in the saddle to fire behind him. Lightning streaked out from the Thunderhead's coils and revealed dozens of swiftly moving forms coming out of the darkness.

Several ghostly forms coalesced, including the floating shape of a strangely crowned woman who carried a long and cruelly curved polearm. Her movements possessed a distinct sensuality despite the pallor of her flesh, and Darius started as he recognized her as the ghostly witch from the battle at the Temple Garrodh. Alongside her stalked a creature of pure darkness that melted forth from the shadows. Only as it approached him did Darius recognize it as a Slayer gleaming with green runes. He righted the Centurion and sent it ahead to block the helljack. That monstrous machine charged past the Centurion straight for Darius. The Centurion stabbed with its piston spear, but the weapon passed entirely through the Slayer. Despite Darius' power field, the helljack raked huge gaping gouges through his thick armor. He felt startling pain as its claws penetrated the flesh of his abdomen.

The Ironclad nearest to him grabbed hold of the now solid machine and hurled it into the mud. Unfortunately the landing spot proved too shallow to threaten the nightmare's necrotite fires. Darius saw an even stranger creature emerge from the gloom and cross the swampy ground on a mass of metal legs. Its form suggested feminine curves, but it had insect-like appendages. It took Darius a moment to identify it as a Cryxian warcaster, something far worse than a new type of helljack. "Kraye! Look out!" Two more Slayers and an army of murderous thralls with steam-powered fists poured from the shadows, and the skirmish became a true fight.

The sound of Sentinel chain guns seemed like music as they tore through two more bonejacks attacking on the left. The Hunters sent armor piercing rounds into the larger Cryxian machines, but only one of the approaching Slayers toppled.

Darius sent his power into his gathered warjacks. The Thunderhead's coils fired a massive fan of electrical

energy that filled the air with sudden light. Darius ejected his half-jacks and sent them ahead to dig in and prepare to explode. "Fall back toward better ground! Get to the rock wall!" He directed his men and 'jacks toward the relative shelter of a tumbled wall they had passed on the road, the shattered remnants of some abandoned fort. He waited for Kraye's horse and their soldiers to get past the line. "Hope you didn't expect to reach Northguard without some action." His warjacks lined up ahead of him as a rumbling wall of steel.

Kraye offered the hint of a smile as he reloaded his carbine, slammed its breech shut, and sighted down the barrel at the approaching horde. "That's presuming we reach Northguard at all." He looked out to where the forest seemed almost to seethe with hostility. "I won't wager on our chances just now."

Darius triggered his mines and savored the sight of Cryxian black steel raining down amid the blasted landscape. The undead assault never slowed.

Kraye fired again into the darkness, and a shadowy form pitched over into the muck. "I do believe we're outnumbered."

The mechanik gave Kraye a sour look. "You think?" They had no more time for words as both of them braced to endure the onslaught.





NEW RULES

AFFINITIES

Affinities are special abilities granted to some unique warjacks when the warjack is part of a specific warcaster's battlegroup. The warjack gains the affinity when controlled by any version of the warcaster listed in the name of the ability. A unique warjack with an affinity may be bonded to the warcaster listed in the name of the affinity. The warcaster referenced always refers to the warjack's controller.

ALLIES

Allies are faction models that can also be fielded with mercenary contracts that include the line "models that will work for" followed by the Ally's faction. For example, the Highborn Covenant mercenary contract may include "Mercenaries that will work for Cygnar", so Precursor Knights (Cygnar Allies) can be taken in Highborn Covenant contract armies. Allies are Mercenary models when included in a mercenary army.

COHORTS

Some models grant abilities to other models of a certain type in the same army. Models that gain abilities from a Cohort rule retain them even after the model that granted these abilities is destroyed or removed from play.





EPIC SOLOS

Epic solos are variations of character solo models with fresh abilities, strengths, and weaknesses. Epic solos do not replace the original solos upon which they were based but instead offer players the opportunity to play whichever version they prefer.

Because all versions of a solo are the same character, an army or team may include only one version of a solo. Just as a player cannot field two Bane Lord Tartarus models in the same army, he cannot field both Eiryss, Mage Hunter of Ios and epic solo Eiryss, Angel of Retribution at the same time.

To reflect the nature of epic solos and to preserve game balance, players may not include an epic solo in games with an army point limit smaller than 750-points.

IMPRINTS

Some warjacks have Imprints representing a partial awakening of the warjack's cortex. A warjack with an Imprint may activate the Imprint at anytime during its activation by spending one focus point. A warjack cannot use its Imprint while its cortex system is disabled.

LIGHT CAVALRY

Some cavalry models are designated as **Light Cavalry**. They follow all normal Cavalry rules with the following alterations. A light cavalry model may move up to its current SPD in inches after completing its combat action. A light cavalry model cannot be targeted by free strikes. A light cavalry model cannot make Ride-By Attacks and does not make impact attacks. A light cavalry model may make initial attacks with its mount. When making additional attacks, a light cavalry model may use its mount.

TACTICS

Tactics are abilities granted to units by some Unit Attachments. The unit retains these abilities even after the model that confers them is destroyed or removed from play.

WARCASTER ATTACHMENTS

Warcaster Attachments are sidekicks or attendants that follow a warcaster into battle. Before the start of the game, the Warcaster Attachment's controller assigns it to a single warcaster. The Warcaster Attachment cannot be reassigned during a game. Each warcaster may only have one Warcaster Attachment. A warcaster attachment is part of its warcaster's battlegroup.

A Warcaster Attachment is a solo model that activates at the same time as its warcaster. A Warcaster Attachment may perform its normal movement before or immediately after the warcaster performs his normal movement but before either model performs an action, similar to the way that units activate. If a Warcaster Attachment is not in melee or within 3" of its warcaster at the start of the warcaster's activation, the Warcaster Attachment must run.

The warcaster and his Warcaster Attachment do not form a unit.

MERCENARY CONTRACT ERRATA

Magnus' Agenda Contract Army Composition

- An army constructed under the Magnus' Agenda contract must include either Magnus the Traitor or Epic Warcaster Magnus the Warlord. The army also includes the warcaster's battlegroup.
- The army may also include Boomhowler & Co., Croe's Cutthroats, Gorman di Wulfe, Kell Bailoch, Orin Midwinter, any Idrian models/units, and any Steelhead models/units.
- A single unit of Cygnar Trenchers or a single unit of Cygnar Long Gunners may be included in the army. This unit cannot be a weapon crew, nor can it include attachments. The troopers in the unit are deserters. They are considered to be friendly mercenary models instead of Cygnar models.





CYGNAR

Blackness. Momentary interruptions of haze and pain. Each time his mind struggled to the surface he felt like a drowning man seeking air. At first these moments of consciousness felt like disconnected bubbles of time.

Coleman Stryker's first memory after his clash with Feora was awakening with his face pressed against steel, dizzy enough to vomit if he had had anything in his stomach. He watched with a horrible vertigo as the ground passed below him and slowly realized Rowdy was carrying him. Blood dripped into his eyes while smoke choked his nose and lungs. Around him he heard the sound of roaring fire, crackling wood, and screams of confusion. He recognized gunfire and shouting as the world faded.



Pain. Arms strapped to a stretcher, struggling futilely to get free. His arms. He could tell he lay in the Storm Division field headquarters, a converted building near the wall of Sul and his only home for the last year. A bustle of frantic movement surrounded him, junior officers with anxious expressions packing up everything they could carry amid a flurry of shouted orders. Soldiers lifted his stretcher and carried him out of the room. He tried to speak but could only manage a rasp. There was a bad jolt as they rushed him around a corner prompting a flash of pain and bright white light.



Dizziness. Nausea. He stared up at ornate frescos on a ceiling very high above him, surrounded by the sounds of groaning men. His ears told him he lay in a hospital, but the vaulted ceiling made him think of a cathedral. He would eventually discover both of these conclusions correct, but the dissonance proved almost overwhelming at the time.

These sights grew more familiar over the passing days as he faded in and out of consciousness with no regularity. Sometimes he awakened at night, other times during the day. At some point they moved him to a smaller chamber away from the other wounded, a fact he noticed with regret. He had felt better among his fellow soldiers.



Light. Shocked to consciousness by a shadow gliding through the filtered sunlight that blinded his vision, he reached out to grab the older man's arm. "Where..." His hoarse voice and painfully dry throat failed him. The man leaned down to lift a water flask to Stryker's lips. He drank eagerly before speaking again. "Where am I?"

"The Sancteum." Stryker must have looked baffled since the

man's face softened and he lowered his voice as if speaking to a child. "This is the Archcourt Cathedral." The stranger wore priestly vestments, and Stryker thought about last rites.

"Am I dying?"

"Do not dwell on death, my son. We have done what we can." The priest hesitated but seemed to decide on frank honesty. "By all rights you should be dead. Your back was nearly broken. Many of your bones were shattered. Our ability to heal these injuries is limited, and it will be slow. Our most extreme intervention is only possible immediately after mortal wounds are dealt. By the time they brought you to us it was too late for that. Your body needs to do most of the work. Rest in Morrow's hands."

When at last he slept, he dreamed of the sensation of a hand pulling a shroud over his face while he lay paralyzed, but he offered no protest and welcomed the slow slide into oblivion.



Regret. Stryker opened his eyes to the last face he could have hoped to see and immediately wished that he could return to the numb embrace of darkness. He had to acknowledge at last that indeed General Adept Sebastian Nemo sat by the bed, and guilt welled within Stryker's chest. "Nemo?" His tone sounded disbelieving. "Now I know I must be dying."

"That was the rumor." Nemo sighed. "They misled me. Traveled all this way, riding on trains not even meant to carry people, not good for a man of my age or condition, and now they say you might make it through after all. Looks like I could have stayed at Northguard."

"It'd probably be better if the rumor was true." Stryker's words provoked a racking cough.

Nemo's expression turned stony. "Death in the face of despair is surrender, a coward's escape. I expected better from you."

Stryker winced at his mentor's words. "You are right; dying would not set anything right."

Nemo paused for a time. "We have both known soldiers turned meek while laid low who returned to their customary bluster when recovered. I need to know that this turn is genuine."

"I will make no excuses. I have done terrible things." The words came slowly, with labored breathing.

"That's true. And you're the only one who can fix them."

Stryker's eyes conveyed the pain of the crumbling of a mental wall he had erected to harden himself. "How can I fix anything? I've dishonored my countrymen, my king, my station, myself...you. I have no honor left."

"Honor is not a shield, Coleman. It does not protect you.



Honor is a fragile beacon that guides our actions. You must protect it.”

“A poor protector I have been.”

“Stop that. Self-pity doesn’t suit you, boy.

Leto had you brought here so you could think. If that’s the best you can do, you might as well be dead. Morrow denied you the mercy of a death in battle, and I do not believe the Prophet let you live so you could rot in a dark room feeling sorry for yourself.”

“It’s not that—”

“Coleman!” His old master’s bark silenced Stryker. Nemo paused and stared at the floor with blank eyes for what seemed a long time as he carefully pondered his next words. Finally he cleared his throat and his voice trembled, barely above a whisper. “I thought I lost you, son. Not to the Menites, but to the corrupting horror of war. It eats at every man who ever set foot on a battlefield. It gnaws at us all, and I have seen it consume better men than you. But you beat it. You’ve beaten it and don’t even know it, you mop-headed fool. Take strength from that. I have. I knew I didn’t train a tyrant. I know what you did to land here. There’s good in you, and plenty more where that came from.”

Stryker’s voice ran thick with emotions he fought to contain. “I won’t let you down again. I promise.”

“I know.”

A knock on the door preceded two field mechanics entering with Stryker’s armor set erect on a simple rack. Nemo waved to the floor nearest the door, and they placed it there. They bowed quickly to both the general adept and the bedridden lord commander and took their leave.

“Ah, one last object lesson. Again, I’m sorry. What I said to you outside Corvis—”

“Don’t be daft! I didn’t bring this to solicit apologies. You’ll be doing plenty of that in the days ahead. I wanted to give you something to motivate your recovery. While I was waiting for you to awake, I made a few tweaks to work out some of the problems. The solution came to me not long after you took it. Won’t have as much raw potency, but it should prove more stable.”

“All this time you’ve known how to fix it?”

“Well, it was just a theory until I put it in practice.” Nemo chuckled. “You could have brought it back anytime.”

This more than anything else humbled Stryker, and he understood the message. “Can’t say I wouldn’t be more comfortable in my old steam armor, but if you think it’ll work now, I’ll give it a try. You sure you wouldn’t prefer to keep it?”

“It was always meant for you. It just wasn’t ready yet. It wouldn’t fit me anyhow.”

Seeing the armor made Stryker itch to get back in action and reminded him of his confused memories on the heels of his injury. “I wish they would tell me what’s going on. The priests seem determined to keep me in the dark.”

“King Leto’s orders.” Nemo’s slight smile showed by the movement of his white moustache. “I believe he worried you might get out of bed to rejoin the fighting unless he kept you isolated.”

“I know we were pushed out of Sul,” Stryker said as if he still could not believe it.

“That much is true.”

“But how did they get through our gates?”

Nemo cocked his head and asked, “What makes you think they got through the gates?”

Stryker sighed. “The Archcourt Cathedral would not be stacked with wounded if we were not fighting in the streets of Caspia.”

“They launched a major offensive immediately after you fell. From what I gathered, there was little your men could have done to prevent it. The Menites attacked with everything they had. They kept Major Brisbane tied up in the southern quarter, and by the time he got back it was too late. They drove your men across the bridge and past the arches before seizing and destroying the main gate mechanisms.”


“And now? Where do things stand?”

“It’s a stalemate. Siege has kept them bottled up in the Black River Courtyard, but they have a solid defensive position using the interior walls against us. Everyone is playing a waiting game right now. I believe Lord General Heltser is preparing an offensive to reclaim the gatchouse. The Second Army will see it through. Wish I could stay to join the fight, but they need me back on the northern front.”

They sat in silence for a long time but a far more comfortable silence. At last Stryker felt Nemo’s hand on his shoulder and looked up to see the older man standing to leave. “I’ll let you rest. You have recovering to do. Siege said the men were asking after you; I’ll tell them you’re still on this side of Urcaen. Make me proud, son.”



Stryker awoke to sounds he recognized as the dull thuds of explosions. His body remained a mass of pains and aches, but they did not feel as urgent. He forced himself to rise from the bed. This prompted a dizzy spell, but he soon found he could



stand if he ignored the shooting pain in his back. He tested his weakened legs by walking across the room.

Not long thereafter the door opened and a priest entered wearing more ornate attire than the others. He started in surprise to see the Lord Commander inspecting his armor. This priest bore an oak staff wrought with silver and topped by the Radiance of Morrow. His other hand held a stack of parchment and a fountain pen. A thick silver bracelet inscribed with swirling looping patterns encased the man's entire right forearm, an exarch's distinct emblem of service. "Lord Stryker? You shouldn't be out of bed yet." His voice had a subtle Llaelese accent.

Stryker at last recognized the man. "Exarch Dargule?" Though they had little contact, Stryker could not have recognized any other exarch by sight. King Leto occasionally invited Exarch Dargule to war councils since he served as the unofficial head of the Church's information network. The priest leaned his staff against the wall so he could shake Stryker's hand, and the warcaster waved the priest to the chair. "I can't stay in bed forever. It sounds as if there is fighting closer in Caspia now."

Exarch Dargule nodded. "Yes, I am afraid so."

"I was given the impression we had them contained."

Dargule sighed. "Things have taken a turn for the worse. There is fighting in the streets, but the garrison holds. Reinforcements from Eastwall should arrive soon. We will ensure the Menites never reach the Sancteum."

"How long have I been here?"

"Almost six weeks." Seeing the outrage and surprise on Stryker's face he added, "A short time, given the extent of your injuries."

Stryker scrubbed his face with his hands and crossed to his armor. "I must go see to my men."

"You will do them no service as you are. There are others defending the city. Allow them the honor to buy you the time you require to mend."

Stryker unclasped the breastplate of his armor and winced as he almost dropped it. His muscles had clearly atrophied during the bed rest. "I cannot wait here while the city burns."

The exarch sighed, but it seemed clear the lord commander had no desire to heed priestly advice. Dargule raised his pen and asked, "The attending priest said you wanted a witness and a scribe?" He smiled as if entertained by serving as a clerk.

"Yes. There are important matters to put in motion. After you transcribe them I'll need to have orders sent south by a fast ship. Would you be willing to attend to the details?" The

exarch nodded and transcribed Stryker's next words upon the parchment with quick, economical strokes.

With that business taken care of, Stryker asked, "What happened to break the stalemate? How did the Menites regain the upper hand?"

"Word has it Hierarch Voyle has arrived from Imer with all of the forces once kept back to guard their capital."

"Voyle is here?" Stryker forgot his weariness.

Dargule shrugged. "No one has seen him. I expect he is at the temple in Sul, but Visgoth Rhoven *is* here, fighting alongside Grand Exemplar Kreoss and the Protector of Flame. Word of the hierarch's arrival sent the zealots into a maddened frenzy. They broke the containment of the courtyard and began to seize gatehouses along the inner walls. They have laid siege to the Strategic Academy. Castle Raelthorne is still safe." This reassurance sounded hollow. "Likely I should not have told you even this much."

The lord commander could feel every muscle in his body aching. His back burned in constant agony, but his mind filled with images of Menites rampaging through Caspia. He gritted his teeth and looked at his armor again. He asked, "Can you help me put this on?" The priest shook his head at Stryker's stubborn resolve but acquiesced.

"Now," Stryker asked, already feeling better as the voltaic coils charged to life, "where is my sword?"



GENERAL ADEPT SEBASTIAN NEMO

That our enemies tremble at the sound of thunder and fear the flash of lightning is the legacy of one man, and his name is Sebastian Nemo.

—KING LETO RAELETHORNE, APPROVING THE WARMASTER GENERAL'S REQUEST FOR PROMOTION

General Adept Sebastian Nemo has given three lifetimes of service to his nation. He has fought in Cygnar's wars for nearly fifty years, dealt with the loss of his wife and the estrangement of his daughter, and witnessed the deaths of countless brothers in arms. Despite these sacrifices and his weary old bones, Nemo still answers duty's call.

The promotion of a warcaster to general during peacetime often served as a prelude to retirement. The honorific bestowed upon a veteran commander after decades of service provided a chance to quit the field and leave the next battles to the young. Sebastian Nemo has defied this tradition. His promotion demonstrates that his nation needs his leadership on the front lines now more than ever. So long as he has

the strength to lift a weapon and his warjacks heed his call, Sebastian Nemo will never quit the battlefield.

Some of the men complain that Nemo's temper has turned more acerbic in recent months, a feat hard to credit. Whatever his temperament, the general's mind remains at its peak. No one can match Nemo's deep and fundamental understanding of warjacks and the voltaic technologies empowering Cygnar's greatest weapons. His schematics race decades ahead of peers content to slowly refine older technologies. Sebastian Nemo's intellectual leaps have created new power sources and provided unanticipated innovations in warjack cortex and weapons technology. The most brilliant minds of other nations continually struggle even to understand Nemo's simplest creations as his genius moves on to the next level of invention.

Many of Nemo's fighting techniques and tactics evolved from the period when he served as a respected warcaster leading a brigade of the Third Army against the Cryxian menace during the reign of Vinter IV. Nemo learned to wrestle with an elusive enemy capable of striking anywhere, and these tactics served him well when he aided Prince Leto in overthrowing his tyrannical brother. Recent years have seen Nemo on the northern front, and the battles against Khador have prompted him to rethink his tactics. Accustomed as an inventor to tearing



CYGNAR EPIC WARCASTER CHARACTER

up old schematics and starting fresh, Nemo has taken the same approach to his methods of war.

Nemo fell from the summit of the Orgoth temple of Garrodh during the recent battle and suffered trauma that necessitated his return to Caspia alongside the wrecked Thunderhead. It seemed appropriate that they should recover together, and Nemo supervised repairs to his masterpiece even as others attended to his severe internal injuries. He also found the time to implement other significant projects, the fruits of which have not yet fully come to light.

War does not allow men like Sebastian Nemo long rest. The War Council returned him to active duty just in time for the now famous Relief of Northguard. Nemo reminded the weary defenders and confident attackers just what impact Cygnaran warjacks could deliver. Without Nemo's iron giants and his ability to push them past their normal limits, the fortress would have fallen months earlier.

TACTICAL TIPS



REMOTE ACTIVATION: This just means Nemo does not have to be in base-to-base contact with a warjack to reactivate it. This ability changes no other rules.

PULSE LIGHTNING: Apply the damage all at once.

SYSTEM BYPASS: If System Bypass expires on a warjack that has lost three systems, that warjack immediately becomes disabled.

SPELL	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
ENERGIZER	*	SELF	CTRL	-		
Nemo spends one to three focus points when this spell is cast. Models in his battlegroup currently in his control area may immediately move up to 1" for each focus point spent. Energizer may be cast once per turn.						
FORCE FIELD	3	SELF	CTRL	-	X	
Nemo does not suffer blast or collateral damage and cannot be knocked down. When an enemy AOE ranged attack deviates from a point in Nemo's control area, after the deviation distance has been rolled Nemo's controller chooses the direction the AOE deviates.						
LIGHTNING SHROUD	2	6	-	-	X	
When target friendly Cygnar model directly hits a warjack with an attack, the model hit suffers Disruption. When the affected model hits an enemy model with a normal melee attack, lightning arcs to and automatically hits the nearest enemy model within 4". That model suffers an unboostable POW 10 damage roll. A warjack suffering Disruption loses any unused focus points and cannot be allocated focus points or channel spells for one round.						
POLARITY SHIELD	2	6	-	-	X	
This spell targets a friendly model/unit. A model affected by Polarity Shield cannot be targeted by charges or slam power attacks made by a model that began its normal movement in the affected model's front arc.						
PULSE LIGHTNING	3	10	-	11		X
A model hit by Pulse Lightning suffers d3 damage rolls.						
SYSTEM BYPASS	3	8	-	-	X	
Target warjack in Nemo's battlegroup does not suffer the effects of disabled systems. The affected warjack is not disabled until four or more of its systems are disabled. When cast on a disabled warjack that has lost three systems, the warjack is no longer considered disabled.						
VOLTAIC STRIKE	3	8	-	14		X
Models within 1" of target enemy warjack suffer a damage roll equal to the warjack's current STR. Models damaged by Voltaic Strike suffer -2 SPD for one round.						

Khador withdrew, but this proved a short reprieve. Now they knock again on the gates of Cygnar's mightiest northern fortress, and Nemo knows Gurvaldt Irusk comes to deliver a reckoning. Even knowing the odds are against him this time, the general adept's resolve remains firm. Prepared to utilize every stratagem and trick learned from a lifetime of soldiering to make Khador pay dearly for every inch of Cygnaran soil, Sebastian Nemo stands as an inspiration to his men, a legend to every mechanic lifting a wrench, and a god to the smiths of storm who see in his eyes the promise of the lightning's wrath.

Focus 7				Cmd 9	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	4	5	5	14	16
		Galvanic Bolt			
		RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
		10	1	—	13
		Fulger			
		SPECIAL	POW	P+S	
		Reach	7	11	
Damage					14
Field Allowance					C
Victory Points					5
Point Cost					84
Base Size					Small

Feat: High Voltage

General Adept Sebastian Nemo boasts supreme mastery over the voltaic energies provided by the thrumming coils of his warcaster armor. Where once he unleashed a random disruptive explosion, he has refined these energies to provide a precisely controlled surge channeled straight into his warjacks' cortexes. Nemo's empowered warjacks advance in perfect coordination to unleash a crushing offensive strike.

Warjacks in Nemo's battlegroup currently in his control area each receive up to 3 focus points. A warjack cannot have more than 3 focus points as a result of High Voltage.

Nemo

Arcane Amplifier - Nemo gains +1 STR for each unspent focus point on him.

Automatic Regenerator - At the beginning of his controller's Control Phase, Nemo removes d3 damage points.

Cohort: Expert Forecasters - Stormsmiths included in an army with Nemo have Stormcall [9] and gain +2 on Stormcall damage rolls.

Focus Matrix - Nemo can allocate focus points during his activation. Additionally, once per turn during Nemo's activation, his controller may remove focus points from warjacks in his battlegroup in his control area and place them on Nemo. Nemo cannot exceed his current FOC stat in focus points as a result of Focus Matrix.

Remote Activation - Nemo may forfeit his action to reactivate one inert friendly Cygnar warjack in his control area.

Warjack Bond - One warjack, which can be a unique warjack, in Nemo's battlegroup may begin the game bonded to him. Nemo can allocate up to 5 focus points to this warjack. When Nemo suffers damage from an enemy attack while his bonded warjack is in his control area, immediately after the attack has been resolved, the warjack may move up to its current SPD in inches.

Galvanic Bolt

Tractor Field - A warjack directly hit by Galvanic Bolt cannot move and suffers -4 DEF. While within 3" of the affected warjack, warjacks cannot run, charge, or slam and can only move directly toward the affected warjack. Tractor Field lasts for one round.

Fulger

Reach - 2" melee range.



CAPTAIN JEREMIAH KRAYE

That man brings single-minded determination and dogged persistence to any fight. He will find the enemy, engage, and overcome.

—MAJOR MARKUS “SIEGE” BRISBANE OF CAPTAIN KRAYE



In previous centuries, the sound of galloping hooves on the battlefield heralded salvation or doom. The proud riders of heavy horse retain their reputation for turning the tide of battle, but the modern battlefield boasts the more fearsome sound of warjacks shaking the earth underfoot. Captain Jeremiah Kraye of the Cygnaran Reconnaissance Service blends these old and new fighting disciplines into a personal doctrine of rapid, devastating assault. Kraye prefers to strike against an exposed flank or to harass an enemy's reinforcements, and he instills his 'jacks with unprecedented mobility and crushing momentum.

Jeremiah Kraye comes from a long line of Cygnaran officers. His father Sheridan retired as a respected colonel, and history records Jeremiah's grandfather Nathan as one of the finest generals to serve King Vinter III. Kraye continued this tradition by graduating with the highest honors from the Strategic Academy and entering the Cygnaran cavalry. His early career coincided with the Scharde Invasions, but he did not join in the fighting. He served instead with Cygnar's border defenders, whose heroism the war with Cryx has largely overshadowed.

As Cygnar allocated more and more forces to the Broken Coast, fewer and fewer soldiers had to guard the hundreds

CYGNAR CAVALRY WARCASTER CHARACTER

of miles of borderlands. The cavalry proved vital, and Kraye demonstrated he had the mettle to deliver blows the enemy would not soon forget. He learned how to make due with whatever supplies and resources the army could provide, and relied on foraging just to survive. Kraye learned to make best use of lighter warjacks as the heavier machines shipped south for the coastal wars. He always found a way to achieve victory against all odds.

In a move that did lasting damage to his career, Kraye resigned his commission in 589 AR after Vinter Raelthorne IV incarcerated Kraye's uncle for treason. This was at the peak of the Inquisition's power, when they could arrest and execute any man speaking out against the king. Not until after the overthrow of the tyrant and the rise of Leto did Kraye return to active duty. His return came at the urging of Scout General Bolden Rebal in 595 AR, at which time Kraye avenged his uncle by running many Vinter loyalists to ground. He joined the Cygnaran Reconnaissance Service and brought his extensive experience along Cygnar's borderlands to that fledgling organization. With Cygnar's defenses once more stretched thin, the Warmaster and Scout General kept Captain Kraye busy leading men from one battlefield to the next.

Kraye is an outspoken man of intelligence and education. His refined breeding shows through despite his dusty and road-weary appearance. He enthusiastically debates tactics or strategy but has no patience for politics and claims no

ambition to higher rank. He has a unique rapport with his trusted and expertly trained war-horse named Malagant who responds with almost empathic awareness to his rider's will. Malagant heeds subtle shifts in weight and pressure as instructions to rear up and shred enemies with strikes of his iron-shod hooves.

Kraye requires no accolades or praise for his service to the army and King Leto, only the opportunity to lead his 'jacks to war and deliver swift retribution against Cygnar's enemies. Officers who have fought beside him claim Kraye can find the best fighting ground anywhere along Cygnar's borders, which he roams as a tireless and vigilant guardian. He needs only his horse, his warjacks, and soldiers courageous enough to plunge into peril when he sounds the charge.

TACTICAL TIPS

When Kraye makes a Ride-By attack, he can cast a spell before moving or after completing his movement, but he cannot cast a spell during the Ride-By.

SPELL	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
ARCANE BARRAGE	3	8	3	13		X
Models/units hit suffer -2 CMD and cannot run, charge, or perform special attacks for one round.						
EASY RIDER	3	SELF	CTRL	-		
Friendly Cygnar models/units currently in Kraye's control area ignore movement penalties from, and may charge and slam across, rough terrain and obstacles during their activations. Easy Rider lasts for one turn.						
FULL TILT	2	6	-	-		X
Target warjack in Kraye's battlegroup doubles its SPD during its normal movement. The affected warjack cannot make ranged attacks.						
GUIDED FIRE	2	SELF	CTRL	-		
Models in Kraye's battlegroup currently in his control area gain boosted ranged attack rolls. Guided Fire lasts for one turn.						
HOT PURSUIT	2	8	-	-		X
Immediately after target enemy model/unit ends its normal movement, a model in Kraye's battlegroup in his control area may move up to its current SPD in inches.						
MAGE SIGHT	2	CTRL	5	-		
Place a 5" AOE completely within Kraye's control area. Models in Kraye's battlegroup ignore forests and cloud effects when drawing LOS to models in the AOE and ignore Camouflage, cloud effects, concealment, cover, Invisibility, and Stealth when making ranged and magic attacks targeting models in the AOE. This spell lasts for one turn. This spell may be cast once per turn.						

Feat: Horsepower

Jeremiah Kraye can send forth a wave of charged energy to the warjacks around him that infuses them with his own predilection for mobility and grants toppled 'jacks the strength to stand. They follow Kraye's lead in a thunderous assault across the battlefield that grinds anything caught in their path into the mud.

Friendly knocked down Cygnar warjacks currently in Kraye's control area may immediately stand up. Friendly Cygnar warjacks currently in Kraye's control area may immediately turn to face any direction. Affected warjacks may charge at SPD+5" without spending focus during their activations this turn. Melee attack rolls made by affected warjacks are boosted. Horsepower lasts for one turn.

Kraye

Expert Rider - Kraye cannot be knocked down.

Intelligence - Kraye's controller gains +1 on the Starting Roll to determine the order of deployment and play.

Iron Horse - Warjacks in Kraye's battlegroup gain Cavalry model rules. Light warjacks in Kraye's battlegroup gain Light Cavalry model rules and can run without spending a focus point. When a heavy warjack makes an impact attack, use the model's current STR for the POW of the attack. The melee range of impact attacks is 1/2". Warjacks may spend focus points to boost impact attack and damage rolls.




Pathfinder - During his activation, Kraye ignores movement penalties from, and may charge across, rough terrain and obstacles.

Reposition - When Kraye destroys an enemy model with a non-impact melee attack, after the attack is resolved he may turn to face any direction.

Bitter End

Brutal Charge - Kraye gains +2 to Bitter End charge attack damage rolls.

Parry - Kraye cannot be targeted by free strikes.

Focus 6	Cmd 8
SPD	STR
8	6
MAT	RAT
6	6
DEF	ARM
14	17
 Radcliffe Carbine	
RNG	ROF
13	2
AOE	POW
-	11
 Bitter End	
SPECIAL	POW
Multi	6
P+S	12
 Mount	
SPECIAL	POW
-	10
P+S	-
Damage	
18	
Field Allowance	
C	
Victory Points	
5	
Point Cost	
87	
Base Size	
Large	



THORN

Thorn is not just a machine. It is an extension of my will. You can borrow it, but I will require your right leg as collateral.

—MAJOR VICTORIA HALEY TO LASSITER POLK OF THE CYGNARAN ARMORY

Height/Weight: 9'1" / 3.25 tons

Armament: Disruptor Spear (right arm), Shock Shield (left arm), Grade IX Arc Node

Fuel Load/Burn Usage: 410 Lbs / 10 hrs general, 1.5 hrs combat

Initial Service Date: 601 AR

Cortex Manufacturer: Fraternal Order of Wizardry working with the Cygnaran Armory

Orig. Chassis Design: Cygnaran Mechanics Coalition at the Royal Cygnaran University



CYGNAR UNIQUE LIGHT WARJACK

Even the most skeptical wizards of the Fraternal Order admit there is something exceptional going on in the cortex of this Lancer for it to demonstrate intelligence so considerably above normal. Given Major Haley's prodigious arcane talents, it seems likely Thorn's singular capabilities result from nearly continuous exposure to her and in particular the countless times she has channeled her powerful magic through its arc node. Experts on cortex development at the Strategic Academy theorize the strength of Haley's mental influence has imprinted additional arcane connections on the intricate machinery and burned in myriad new pathways its creators never anticipated. The only 'jack Haley has retained from her impetuous first years in the service fighting Cryx along the Broken Coast, Thorn has stayed at her side for virtually her entire career.

Thorn's transformation into one of the most efficient 'jacks in Cygnar's arsenal did not happen overnight. In several battles, both Cryxian and Khadoran forces nearly battered Thorn into an almost unrecognizable heap. Haley felt a special connection to its cortex and made it a priority for her mechaniks to salvage and rebuild the 'jack on each occasion. She immediately noticed a dramatic improvement in subsequent combat behavior, a demonstration of Thorn's singular ability to learn from its mistakes. Haley pushed for additional technological improvements to the 'jack's chassis as part of these reconstructions to expand Thorn's capabilities.

The most recent rebuild included an experimental reaction drive that utilizes a high-end accumulator and reflexive trigger relay to translate overflow arcane energy into motive power. So long as Thorn regularly receives channeled spells, it can perform short bursts of exceptional speed. Thorn's reaction drive allows it to deliver Haley's magic exactly where she needs it the most and then reposition itself behind cover to avoid incoming fire. This has made pinning Thorn down in combat almost impossible.

A number of mechaniks at the Cygnaran Armory hope to use Thorn as a prototype for the next generation of arc node technology but have found their efforts frustrated. Warjacks with less refined cortexes cannot operate the reaction drive, and the overflowing arcane power often causes an overload explosion of the delicate arc node. These researchers have demanded that the Warmaster General requisition Thorn for closer inspection, but the importance of Major Haley's presence on the front lines has kept the 'jack out of their hands. Haley has flatly refused to allow Thorn to leave her side and would never endorse its disassembly by "curious gearheads".

Thorn

Affinity (Haley): Combat Channeling -

Haley can channel spells through Thorn while Thorn is engaged.

Arc Node - Thorn may channel spells.

Disengage - Anytime other than its activation that an enemy melee attack misses Thorn, Thorn may move up to 2". During this movement, Thorn cannot be targeted by free strikes.

Imprint: Clarity - During its activation, Thorn may spend one focus point to use Clarity on an enemy model within 8". Thorn's controlling warcaster ignores intervening models, Invisibility, and Stealth when making magic attacks against the affected model. Clarity lasts for one turn.

Reaction Drive - Once per turn, immediately after Thorn's controlling warcaster casts a spell channeled through Thorn, Thorn may move up to its current SPD in inches.

Disruptor Spear

Disruption - Warjacks hit by the Disruptor Spear suffer disruption. A warjack suffering disruption loses any unused focus points and cannot be allocated focus points or channel spells for one round.

Reach - 2" melee range.

Set Defense - Thorn gains +2 DEF against charge and slam attacks originating from its front arc.

Shock Shield

Shock Field - If Thorn hits a warjack with the Shock Shield, or if a warjack hits Thorn with a melee weapon and its Shock Shield is not disabled by the attack, its opponent takes one damage point to its first available Cortex system box. When Thorn attacks with the Shock Shield, mark this damage before rolling damage.

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	8	6	5	13	16
					18
L					
Shock Shield					
SPECIAL		POW	P+S		
Shock Field		1	9		
R					
Disruptor Spear					
SPECIAL		POW	P+S		
Multi		5	13		
1	2	3	4	5	6
	L	A	A	R	
L	L	M	C	R	R
	M	M	C	C	
Field Allowance					C
Victory Points					3
Point Cost					93
Base Size					Medium

To bolster its ability to evade opposing 'jacks, Haley had Thorn outfitted with a disruptor spear, which it has used to fend off 'jacks three times its weight. Thorn behaves with almost reckless aggression in battle as if it enjoys taunting the enemy to try to catch it while it rushes forward. Haley's soldiers believe its willingness to go for the throat comes directly from the warcaster herself.



OL' ROWDY

That 'jack of Stryker's is as stubborn as a mule, but it puts up one hell of a fight.

—CAPTAIN DOMINICK DARIUS

Height/Weight: 12'3" / 6.75 tons

Armament: ESI Quake Hammer (left arm), Buckler (right arm)

Fuel Load/Burn Usage: 650 Lbs / 8 hrs general, 1.5 hr combat

Initial Service Date: 557 AR, Refitted 604 AR & 606 AR

Cortex Manufacturer: Fraternal Order of Wizardry

Orig. Chassis Design: Engines East



CYGNAR UNIQUE HEAVY WARJACK

The image of Lord Commander Stryker fighting back-to-back with the 'jack affectionately named Ol' Rowdy has indelibly imprinted itself on the minds of those who fight under the banner of the Cygnus. Rowdy looks like any Ironclad at first glance, but the eye notices the many decorations and honors marking service in numerous wars, the massive plates adorning the warjack's shoulders and right arm, and the bulk of its extra smoke stacks. It is as much a simple Ironclad as Coleman Stryker is a simple Cygnaran warcaster. Rowdy's eyes smolder with the eagerness to charge into the heart of the battle and reduce anything in its path to scrap.

Ol' Rowdy has five decades of service under its chassis. It hails from the first generation of Ironclads hammered together at the Cygnaran Armory. Many of the 'jacks produced that year possessed an unfortunate flaw in their cortexes that only emerged in the pressure cooker of battle. Not until after years of fighting with distinction during the Scharde Invasions did the ornery temper that would characterize Ol' Rowdy come to the fore. Of all the personality quirks a warjack might develop, warcasters and commanders consider the habit of charging into battle without mental prompting or verbal command among the worst.

A 'jack found to have this type of flaw generally has its cortex wiped clean, but Rowdy's service record caused the mechaniks to take a risk and leave it unaltered. Few veteran 'jacks survived the war, and each boasted valuable combat experience impossible to replicate. Eventually commanders decided to "retire" Rowdy to serve in the training of young warcasters at the Point Bourne Strategic Academy. Rowdy served in this capacity until a twenty-one year old Lieutenant Coleman Stryker received the 'jack as a test of skill during his journeyman tour. Stryker's instructors thought that he would learn humility from Rowdy, but Stryker enjoyed the machine's spirit and will to fight.

In recent years Stryker has invested a large portion of his officer's wage in this warjack, most significantly in the dynamic capacitor controlling layers of redundant coiling and system bypasses that allow Rowdy to fight at full effectiveness even after enduring spectacular damage. Stryker has lost count of the number of times Ol' Rowdy has saved his life, as often by interposing itself in harm's way as by simply refusing to stop fighting no matter how much punishment it takes.

Ol' Rowdy

Affinity (Stryker): Protective - When Stryker is screened by Ol' Rowdy, Stryker gains an additional +2 DEF from magic and ranged attacks. Attacks that ignore screening also ignore this bonus. While in base-to-base contact with Ol' Rowdy, Stryker gains +2 DEF versus melee attacks and cannot be knocked down. While in base-to-base contact with Stryker, Ol' Rowdy does not move when slammed.

Counter Charge - Ol' Rowdy may charge an enemy model that ends its normal movement within 6" and LOS of Ol' Rowdy. Resolve this charge immediately after the enemy model completes its movement. If Ol' Rowdy makes a counter charge, it cannot make another until after its controller's next turn. Ol' Rowdy cannot make a counter charge while engaged.

Dynamic Capacitor - When Ol' Rowdy suffers damage, its controller chooses which column takes the damage.

Gung Ho - While in its controlling warcaster's control area, Ol' Rowdy may charge or slam an enemy model in its controlling warcaster's control area without spending a focus point.

Hyper Senses - At the start of Ol' Rowdy's activation, before its normal movement it may turn to face any direction. When Ol' Rowdy destroys a model with a melee attack, it may immediately turn to face any direction. When an enemy model ends its movement with Ol' Rowdy in its melee range, Ol' Rowdy may immediately turn to face the model directly.

Imprint: Best Defense - During Ol' Rowdy's activation, it may spend one focus point to use Best Defense. When Ol' Rowdy is hit by one or more melee attacks made during an enemy model's combat action while Best Defense is in effect, immediately after that model's combat action ends Ol' Rowdy may make one melee attack targeting that model. Best Defense lasts for one round.

ESI Quake Hammer

Critical Quake - On a critical hit, all models in Ol' Rowdy's melee range may be knocked down.

Tremor (★Attack) - Roll 2d6 and add the weapon's POW. This roll cannot be boosted. Compare the result to the DEF of every model within 2". These models are knocked down if the total equals or exceeds their DEF. This effect causes no damage. A Tremor special attack cannot be made after a charge. A Tremor special attack does not need a target.

Open Fist

Buckler - The Buckler grants +1 to Ol' Rowdy's ARM. This bonus does not apply to damage originating in the model's back arc.

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	11	7	5	12	19
					20
L					
ESI Quake Hammer					
SPECIAL POW P+S					
Multi 7 18					
R					
Open Fist					
SPECIAL POW P+S					
Buckler 0 11					
1	2	3	4	5	6
	L			R	
L	L	M	C	R	R
	M	M	C	C	
Field Allowance					C
Victory Points					4
Point Cost					121
Base Size					Large

TACTICAL TIPS

COUNTER CHARGE: Rowdy does not spend a focus point to use Counter Charge.

CRITICAL QUAKE: Rowdy's controller chooses if all models are knocked down or if no models are knocked down. It's all or nothing.



BLACK 13TH GUN MAGE STRIKE TEAM

After awhile killing becomes easier than breathing. In fact, sometimes killing one more of theirs means drawing one more breath.

—CAPTAIN DIXON LYNCH, BLACK 13TH



The Black 13th is a well-honed weapon of war sharpened to a razor's edge by relentless service to the crown. It serves as the elite strike force of the Militant Order of the Arcane Tempest. The exact number of men and women serving in this tight knit organization has waxed and waned since the team's founding but has always consisted of a select few who demonstrate deadly skill with the magelock pistol.

The Black 13th has operated out of Northguard in recent years and typically undertaken missions deep into Khadoran and occupied Llaese territory. These sensitive missions vary between lightning raids, daring rescues, and flawless assassinations. The army never acknowledges this group's greatest accomplishments, and their dead receive no special honors or recognition.

The Black 13th covered Cygnar's withdrawal from Llael in 605 AR by harrying vast numbers of Khadoran forces after the fall of Merywyn and buying time for weary soldiers to regroup at the northern fortresses. Since that time, intense fighting near Northguard has cut the unit's compliment to three. Captain

Dixon Lynch is the only surviving member of the original Black 13th, although Sergeant Watts has fought with him for over seven years. Dixon does not talk about the team's history, either from a desire to preserve their secrets or due to an abundance of painful memories, and will not identify the ultimate source of their sometimes-enigmatic orders. While not part of the Cygnaran Reconnaissance Service, Captain Lynch does not report to the First Army at Northguard, and his place in the army hierarchy remains murky at best.

Even excepting his service to the Black 13th, many at the Tempest Academy see Lynch as a legend. Perhaps the eldest gun mage still serving in the field, Lynch once belonged to the Brothers of the Tempest, the secretive fraternity that predated the founding of the Militant Order and its formal adoption as a branch of the Cygnaran Army. He has a reputation as a man of few words, and his cold but steady leadership has earned him the unshakable loyalty of his team.

CYGNAR CHARACTER UNIT

Those who see Lynch as taciturn view Sergeant Samuel Watts as downright unfriendly. The gaunt and scarred gun mage, infamous for his biting wit and an inability to keep his opinions to himself, has few friends. Rumor has it Watts remains a sergeant despite his seniority after earning the ire of Lord General Olan Duggan, who allegedly pronounced the edict, "That man will never be an officer so long as I am still breathing." Those who know Watts' reputation carefully avoid responding to his baiting. He has an infamous reputation for taunting fools into reaching for a weapon as an excuse to demonstrate the speed of his lighting-fast draw.

This might lead people to think of Lieutenant Darsey Ryan as the friendly face of the team. A coolly polite and professional duelist par excellence, Ryan joined the team just before the invasion of Llael and remains a tough nut to crack. Even Watts admits she once beat him at his own game. She attracts challengers like a flame attracts moths and has left dozens of would-be pistoleers dead in the dirt. In battle, she wields a magelock in each hand with no apparent inhibition to her sorcerous power. When she focuses her arcane energy into striking down a hard target, the bullets from her pistols erupt into a blinding flash and an explosion of devastating power.

When these three fight together, each effortlessly watches the blind spots of the others while combining their fire to tear apart any opposition. Vaporized enemies linger as clouds of ash, while even ghostly Cryxian wraiths shriek in pain as glowing, rune-carved bullets hit home. Other targets expire in a flash of powder and the echo of thunder as they take as many of the enemy with them as possible. For the Black 13th, there can never be capture or surrender; only victory, escape, or death.

TACTICAL TIPS

FIRE BEACON: You cannot choose an Arcane Effect when making a Fire Beacon special attack.

PRE-EMPTIVE FIRE: If the enemy model is destroyed, its attack is not resolved.

CHAIN FIRE: Remember, if Ryan's Mage Storm chain attack hits, it counts as a Chain Fire direct hit.

Lynch

Fire Beacon (★Attack) - Fire Beacon is a RNG 12, AOE 5" ranged attack. Models hit suffer no damage. The Fire Beacon AOE remains in play for one round. While within the AOE, models lose all benefits from Camouflage, cloud effects, concealment, cover, Invisibility, and Stealth.

Leader

Pre-Emptive Fire (Order) - When a model in this unit is targeted by an enemy ranged attack, before the range is measured, one model in this unit that received this order and has LOS to the attacker may immediately make a ranged attack targeting the attacker. Pre-Emptive Fire lasts for one round.

Ryan

Chain Attack – Mage Storm - If Ryan hits the same target with both initial Magelock Pistol attacks during the same activation, after resolving the attacks she may immediately make an additional Magelock Pistol attack against the target regardless of ROF. If the attack succeeds, instead of rolling damage normally, center a 4" AOE cloud effect on the model hit. Models in the AOE when it is placed suffer a POW 14 damage roll. Models entering or ending their activations in the AOE suffer a POW 12 damage roll. Ryan never suffers damage from Mage Storm. The AOE remains in play for one round. Do not choose an Arcane Effect when making a Mage Storm chain attack.

Watts

Clandestine - While Watts is in play, models in this unit gain Prowl. While within a terrain feature that provides concealment, the AOE of a spell providing concealment, or the AOE of a cloud effect, a model with Prowl gains Stealth. Attacks against a model with Stealth from greater than 5" away automatically miss. If a model with Stealth is greater than 5" away from an attacker, it does not count as an intervening model.

Unit


Chain Fire - Models in this unit gain a cumulative +1 to ranged attack damage rolls for each direct hit on an enemy model made by a model in this unit this turn. Apply this bonus after resolving each attack. This bonus lasts for one turn.

Gunfighter - A model with Gunfighter has a melee range of 1/2". It may make Magelock Pistol attacks targeting models in its melee range. These attacks do not suffer the normal attack roll penalty for targeting a model in melee and cannot hit another combatant if they miss their intended targets. A model with this ability does not gain an aiming bonus when targeting models in its melee range. A model with this ability may perform free strikes with Magelock Pistols. A model with this ability may charge and make his initial attacks but does not make a charge attack.

Arcane Effect - Each time a Magelock Pistol is used to make a ranged attack, choose one of the following effects:

- **Blaze** - When this attack hits, roll an additional damage die.
- **Long Shot** - The Magelock Pistol gains +6 RNG for this ranged attack.
- **Mage Killer** - Mage Killer attacks may damage models only affected by magic attacks. When resolving Mage Killer attacks, ignore unspent focus on target models with the Focus Manipulation ability.
- **Smoke 'em If You Got 'em** - Replace enemy living or undead models destroyed by a Smoke 'em If You Got 'em attack with 3" AOE cloud effects that remain in play for one round. Models destroyed by this attack are removed from play.
- **Thunderbolt** - An enemy model hit by this attack is pushed directly back d3". On a critical hit, target model is also knocked down. A pushed model moves at half rate in rough terrain and stops if it contacts an obstacle, obstruction, or model. The pushed model cannot be targeted by free strikes during this movement.

Second Magelock Pistol (Ryan Only)

Lynch						Cmd 9	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM		
6	4	5	8	15	12		
Ryan & Watts						Cmd 7	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM		
6	4	5	7	15	12		
						Magelock Pistol	
						RNG	ROF AOE POW
						12	1 — 10
						Second Magelock Pistol	
						RNG	ROF AOE POW
						12	1 — 10
Lynch's Damage						8	
Ryan's Damage						5	
Watts' Damage						5	
Field Allowance						C	
Victory Points						2	
Point Cost						77	
Base Size						Small	



TRENCHER CANNON CREW

CYGNAR TRENCHER UNIT

Put some cannons on that hill today, and I guarantee you we'll own it next winter.

—CAPTAIN MAXWELL FINN OF THE 95TH TRENCHER COMPANY TO HIS LIEUTENANTS

Gunner Cmd 8

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
2	6	6	5	13	13

Crewman Cmd 8

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	6	6	5	13	13



Cannon

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
15	1	3	13



Military Rifle

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
10	1	—	11



Hand Weapon

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
—	2	8

Field Allowance 2

Victory Points 1

Gunner and 2 Crewmen 32

Gunner's Base Size Large

Crewman's Base Size Small

Crewman

Targeting (★Action) - The Gunner gains a cumulative +1 RAT when attacking with the Cannon for one round. The Crewman must be in base-to-base contact with the Gunner and not be engaged to use Targeting.

Unit

Dig In (★Action) - Models in this unit may dig a hasty battle position into the ground, gaining cover (+4 DEF) and +4 ARM. A dug in model remains dug in until he moves or is engaged. A model cannot dig into solid rock or man-made constructions. Models in this unit may begin the game dug in.

Rushed Deployment - The Cannon Crew may advance deploy, but if it does so it cannot activate the first round of the game. If the Cannon Crew advance deploys, place models in the unit after normal deployment, up to 12" beyond the established deployment zone.

Weapon Crew - The Cannon Crew is made up of a Gunner and 2 Crewmen. The Gunner is mounted on a large base with the Cannon.

The Gunner is treated as a small-based model rather than a large-based model. A weapon crew cannot run or charge. The Gunner gains +2" of movement per Crewman with which he begins his activation in base-to-base contact. When the Gunner is destroyed or removed from play, a Crewman within 1" can take the destroyed Gunner's place immediately and become the new Gunner. Remove the Crewman from the table instead of the Gunner. Any effects, spells, or animi on the damaged Gunner expire. Any effects, spells, or animi on the removed Crewman are applied to the new Gunner.

Cannon (Gunner Only)

Light Artillery - The Cannon cannot be used to make ranged attacks if the Gunner moves during his activation. The Gunner does not receive an aiming bonus for forfeiting movement. The Gunner cannot make ranged attacks with the Cannon and another ranged weapon during the same activation.

Battling their way forward despite incoming mortar and rifle fire, Trencher artillery crews haul their cannons into the fray across any terrain. The crews dig hasty positions on high ground, throw up sandbag barricades, and prepare to fire. These cool, professional gunners, chosen as much for their steady nerves as their killer's eye, calmly consult tactical maps and shout orders above nearby explosions. The crews fall into smooth, practiced actions: One unpacks a cannon shell as another opens the hinged breach. The first rams home shell and powder bags, and the second slams the hatch shut and cranks the wheel to tighten its spring-loaded steel pin. The gunner checks wind, elevation, and the range finder before launching the shell with a muffled explosion. The cannon crews have gained a reputation among their fellows not so much for turning the tide of battle themselves but for sending the enemy flying with tremendous precision and clearing the way for Trencher platoons to pour forth from cover and end the exchange with a rush of cold steel.

Some who have seen the short barrels of the Trencher cannons have mistaken them for close-ranged naval ordinance. In truth, the Cygnaran army engineered these quite modern cannons to maximize portability and accuracy. They enhanced the latter with a conical shell and rifled barrel instead of the older ball shot and smooth bore guns. Though the range cannot equal the Khadoran mortar, it remains impressive and comes with no appreciable loss of precision. The Khadorans have learned a grudging respect for these cannons, particularly after discovering them dug-in and fortified right up against the forward lines.



ARCANE TEMPEST GUN MAGE OFFICER

CYGNAR ARCANE TEMPEST GUN MAGE UNIT ATTACHMENT

It is not enough to be quick or accurate. Your weapon must be guided by your will alone.

—ARCANE TEMPEST CAPTAIN LARSTIN JORIMY



As battles intrude on Cygnaran soil, the Militant Order of the Arcane Tempest has stepped up to answer their nation's call. Officers lead handpicked teams of war-honed gun mages to prove that no greater masters of gun sorcery exist in Immoren than these veterans of the Arcane Tempest. Bringing a well-rounded arsenal of arcane abilities together with deadly accurate magelock pistol fire, such captains and their teams are highly prized for their versatile fire support.

The Militant Order has expended considerable resources to requisition warjacks for these veteran teams. Research has demonstrated that experienced gun mages can prepare warjack ammunition to transmit arcane energy with the same techniques used to create rune bullets, and the Arcane Tempest has trained a number of its officers to master this process. Channeling this power through warjack weaponry requires a sufficiently accomplished officer in close proximity to the 'jack. Since warjack armament is not constructed from the same alloy as magelocks, firing rune-carved ammunition damages the 'jack's weaponry. A single battle usually does not render such weapons ineffective, however, and the benefits can mean the difference between victory and defeat.



Captain

Arcane Inferno (Order) - See Arcane Tempest Gun Mage card for description.

'Jack Marshal (1) - The Captain may start the game controlling up to one Cygnar warjack.

Officer - The Captain is the unit leader.

Quickening - Once per game during his unit's activation the Captain may use Quickening. When a model in this unit is targeted by an enemy ranged attack, before the range is measured, one model in this unit with LOS to the attacker may immediately make a ranged attack targeting the original attacker. Quickening lasts for one round.

Rune Shot - When a warjack controlled by the Captain makes a ranged attack, its controller may choose one Arcane Effect or Arcane Adept Effect.

Tactics: Arcane Adept Effects - Models in the Captain's unit gain Arcane Adept Effects. When a model in the Captain's unit makes a Magelock Pistol attack, it may choose one of the following effects instead of an Arcane Effect:

- **Black Penny** - The attacking model does not suffer the firing into melee penalty and ignores concealment and screening.
- **Ricochet** - After directly hitting a target with a ranged attack, the attacking model may immediately make one additional ranged attack targeting another model in the attacking model's LOS and within 4" of the original target. Do not choose another Arcane Effect or Arcane Adept Effect when making the additional attack. Attacks gained from this ability cannot generate further additional attacks.
- **Wraith Bane** - This attack can damage models only affected by magic attacks.

Tactics: Combined Ranged Attack - Models in the Captain's unit gain Combined Ranged Attack. Instead of making ranged attacks separately, two or more models in this unit may combine their attacks against the same target. In order to participate in a combined ranged attack, a model must be able to declare a ranged attack against the intended target and be in a single open formation group with the other participants. The model with the highest RAT in the attacking group makes one ranged attack roll for the group and gains +1 to the attack and damage rolls for each model, including himself, participating in the attack.

Magelock Pistol

Arcane Effect - See Arcane Tempest Gun Mage card for description.

Captain						Cmd 9
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
6	4	6	8	15	12	
Magelock Pistol RNG ROF AOE POW 12 1 — 10						
Sword SPECIAL POW P+S — 3 7						
Damage						5
Field Allowance						1
Victory Points						+1
Point Cost						27
Base Size						Small

TACTICAL TIPS

ARCANE INFERNO: If the Captain is still in play, he is the leader of the unit.

BLACK PENNY: Models in this unit still cannot make combined ranged attacks into melee.

RICOCHET: A combined ranged attack bonus only applies to the first attack.



SQUIRE

CYGNAR WARCASTER ATTACHMENT

The fulcrum of our military strength is the warcaster. Magnify that power and our might increases exponentially.

—MASTER MECHANIK LASSITER POLK OF THE CYGNARAN ARMORY

Squire

Cmd —

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	3	4	1	14	14

Damage 5

Accumulator Circles ●●●

Field Allowance 1

Victory Points 1

Point Cost 18

Base Size Small

Squire

Arcane Realignment - While within 5" of the Squire, the Squire's warcaster may re-roll one failed magic attack roll each turn. A roll may only be re-rolled once due to Arcane Realignment.

Arcane Repeater - While within 5" of the Squire, the Squire's warcaster's control area is extended by 2".

Disbinder (★Action) - Enemy upkeep spells on the Squire expire. If the Squire's warcaster is within 3" of it, enemy upkeep spells on the warcaster also expire.

Field Transfer - While in base-to-base contact with its warcaster, the Squire gains +1 ARM for each focus point on the controlling warcaster.

Mechanikal - The Squire is not a living model, never flees, and automatically passes command checks.

Reserve Accumulator - Once per round during the Squire's controller's Control Phase while the Squire is in its controlling warcaster's control area, the Squire's controller may mark one unmarked accumulator circle on the Squire's card to place a focus point on its warcaster.

TACTICAL TIPS

RESERVE ACCUMULATOR: This allows the warcaster to exceed his current FOC in focus points.

tap into the enigmatic mental field used by warcasters to control warjacks in combat. The Squire uses modified arc node technology to expand this field and allow warcasters to control 'jacks at significantly expanded distances. The engineers also managed to add a number of other significant tools, such as technology that enhances spell targeting and a refined accumulator that temporarily stores arcane energy reserves. The Squire's tremendous development and production costs include a compact variant cortex and many components difficult to engineer, which means very few production models exist. Everyone who has witnessed the Squire on the battlefield, however, considers this cost ultimately trivial when compared to the extraordinary aid the Squire provides to a warcaster.

The recently unveiled Squire represents the culmination of decades of painstaking work by the experimental engineering branches of the Strategic Academy, the Royal Cygnaran University, and the Cygnaran Armory in Caspia.

This compact, steam-powered drone utilizes an advanced arcane turbine similar to those found in warcaster armor. The Squire entirely lacks weaponry, as its designers intended it for neither labor nor warfare. Instead, this compact mechanical marvel enhances the innate powers of the warcaster attached to it.

While its designers admit this only reluctantly even in their most secret reports, some of the final pieces needed to assemble the Squire fell into place only after an undisclosed agreement between King Leto and the Cult of Cyriss made available certain key technologies. The main difficulties on the project involved finding a way to miniaturize a tremendous volume of extremely sensitive and fragile equipment into a portable armored shell that would hold up when exposed to the hazards of the battlefield.

The designers ultimately wanted to create a platform that would



SWORD KNIGHT OFFICER & STANDARD BEARER

CYGNAR SWORD KNIGHT UNIT ATTACHMENT



Let me awaken in Urcaen with my sword in hand. Let the Beast beware my coming, for I am armed eternal in life and in death.

— PART OF THE “VOW OF STEEL” SWORN BY SWORD KNIGHT OFFICERS

Sword Knight majors carry forward the proud tradition of their order and prove that some methods of waging war never become obsolete. Such warriors fight unrestrained by reliance on charged accumulators, storm chambers, or mechanically insulated armor and require nothing but a stout shield, a sharp blade, and their amazing skill. No man wearing the Cygnus can compare with these senior knights' ability to coordinate precise and devastating strikes that tear apart rushing warjacks or hulking warbeasts with surpassing ease. Their heroic legacy has assured their order's immortality in the annals of Cygnaran warfare.

Most Sword Knight companies serve alongside other heavy infantry, but several battalions in each army remain composed solely of Sword Knights and lead by a major boasting decades of decorated service to the crown. The men holding this esteemed rank descend from the noble blood of the ruling families comprising the Royal Assembly. Some are in household service to the dukes and earls controlling Cygnar's provinces. Sword Knight officers own lands even now threatened by Cygnar's enemies, and their desire to preserve their legacy for their own heirs motivates them as much as honor and duty. Years of experience fighting and leading knights has given



Major

'Jack Marshal (1) - The Major may start the game controlling up to one Cygnar warjack.

Officer - The Major is the unit leader.

Pronto (Drive) - The Major may attempt to Drive the warjack under his control in his marshaling range. To Drive a warjack, the Major must make a command check at any time during his activation. If the check succeeds, the warjack immediately moves up to its current SPD in inches. If the check fails, the warjack does not benefit from 'Jack Marshal this turn.

Tactics: Dismantle - Models in the Major's unit gain Dismantle. When a model with Dismantle hits a warjack with a melee attack, roll an additional damage die.

Tactics: Dismember - Models in the Major's unit gain Dismember. When a model with Dismember hits a warbeast with a melee attack, roll an additional damage die.

Unit Abilities - The Major has Sword Knight unit abilities.

Standard Bearer


Defensive Line - See Sword Knight card for description.

Practiced Maneuvers - Once per game during the unit's activation the Standard Bearer may use Practiced Maneuvers. Models in this unit ignore other models in this unit and friendly Cygnar warjacks when drawing LOS and can move through other models in this unit and friendly Cygnar warjacks if they have enough movement to move completely past the models' bases. Practiced Maneuvers lasts for one turn.

Unit Standard - Models in the Standard Bearer's unit do not flee while the Standard Bearer remains in play. If the Standard Bearer is destroyed or removed from play, a Knight in this unit within 1" can take the Standard Bearer's place immediately and become the new Standard Bearer. Remove the Knight from the table and replace it with the Standard Bearer model. Effects, spells, and animi on the replaced Knight are applied to the Standard Bearer model. Effects, spells, and animi on the destroyed Standard Bearer expire. If the Standard Bearer is not replaced, the unit must immediately pass a command check or flee.

Battle Blade (Major Only)

these officers tremendous insight into the best way to direct their soldiers and 'jacks in battle and to coordinate complex and precisely timed maneuvers that allow man and machine to strike with perfect harmony and bring untold destruction onto the enemy.

Major						Cmd 9
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
6	6	8	4	13	14	
Standard Bearer						Cmd 6
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
6	6	6	4	13	14	
 Battle Blade						
SPECIAL						POW P+S
-						4 10
Major's Damage						5
Field Allowance						1
Victory Points						+1
Point Cost						27
Base Size						Small



CAPTAIN ARLAN STRANGEWAYES

They say that if you want to learn how to put 'jacks together, go and sit at the knee of Arlan Strangeways.

—CAPTAIN DOMINICK DARIUS

The arcane mechanik Arlan Strangeways views every challenge in life or battle as a knotted puzzle with a corresponding actionable solution. Whether handling an arrogant superior officer, repairing a hopelessly mangled arcane turbine, or facing the looming peril of a charging Khadoran Juggernaut, Strangeways discovers and executes the best course of action. He finds the chaos of battle and the complex inner workings of warjacks easier to fathom than

military politics, and he boasts to have “solved” many of his most difficult dilemmas by swinging his enormous mechanical wrench.

Strangeways is first and foremost a battlefield mechanik. While some of his colleagues enter the fray only reluctantly, Strangeways seeks out danger. Younger men have often mistaken Arlan’s recklessness in battle as a death wish, but his



CYGNAR CHARACTER SOLO

behavior actually arises from his complete and utter faith in Cygnaran warjacks. With a Defender, Stormclad, or even a simple Charger in front of him, Strangeways becomes oblivious to peril. He concentrates only on the 'jacks in his charge, observing pressure gauges and weighing the impact of damaged systems, and stands ready to use his potent magic to enhance the capabilities of these machines. With a little arcane boost, 'jacks near him spring into a blur of motion and nimbly evade blows or destructive magic.

When not on the battlefield, Strangeways focuses on lovingly repairing the machines in his charge. He takes every shattered piece of armor plating, every torn connecting rod, and every burst conduit as a personal insult. Strangeways can ignore many ordinary perils in combat because of the safety afforded him by his massive, customized, steam-powered armor. While not as elaborate as the full rig preferred by Captain Dominick Darius, Strangeways' suit grants considerable protection and allows him to shrug off explosions or blows that would easily fell an unprotected man. He has become quite comfortable in his armor despite the hassles of keeping it refueled and maintained and sometimes forgets he has it on. He relies on its enhanced strength to manipulate oversized warjack parts during field repairs. Adding to the armor's utility, he adapted Cygnaran disruption technology into a voltaic gauntlet that sends forth a powerful electrical surge to fry men and machines.

Strangeways comes across as gruff and difficult to please, a man of action and few words. His eyes bore into anyone addressing him as if suggesting he has more important things to do than waste time in conversation. Strangeways is a paragon of the field mechanics serving the Cygnaran army, and most of the army's best mechanics heed his advice. Those who spend time under his tutelage find him a grueling taskmaster unforgiving of mistakes and prone to demonstrating design or repair flaws in the most painful fashion possible. Though few enjoy such harsh lessons, they rarely forget them.

One might expect a sense of kinship between Sebastian Nemo and Arlan Strangeways, but while they have fought together, the two older men share an uncomfortable awareness of their differences. Nemo is an inventor, warcaster, and theoretician, while Strangeways is a pragmatic nuts-and-bolts man focused on keeping warjacks running in the field. That Nemo has heard that Strangeways called the Thunderhead an "overly complicated and impractical bit of business" has only strained their tense relationship. Even with his voltaic gauntlet, Strangeways vocally advocates steam power and has a keen admiration for the older 'jack chassis, particularly the Ironclad and Defender. This has added to his reputation as a curmudgeon, but he remains the man every Cygnaran warcaster wants girding his 'jacks for war while marching into battle.

Strangeways

Arcane Mechanik - As a special action, Strangeways may cast one of the following spells on a friendly Cygnar warjack within 5" of him during his activation.

• Arcane Reinforcement ★Action) -

Attacks made by the affected warjack can damage models only affected by magic attacks. The affected warjack may charge incorporeal models. Ranged attacks made by the affected warjack may be considered magic attacks but use the warjack's RAT to resolve the attack rolls. Arcane Reinforcement lasts for one turn.

• **Evasive Action (★Action)** - The affected warjack gains +2 DEF against ranged and magic attacks, cannot be targeted by free strikes, and does not suffer blast damage. Evasive Action lasts for one round.

• **High Performance (★Action)** - During the affected warjack's next activation this turn, it can make one normal ranged attack with each of its ranged weapons before its normal movement. The warjack cannot attack again with its ranged weapons that activation. The affected warjack may also charge or slam without paying a focus point that activation.

Expert Repair [10] (★Action) - Strangeways may attempt repairs on any friendly Cygnar warjack that has been damaged or disabled. To attempt repairs, Strangeways must be in base-to-base contact with the damaged warjack or disabled wreck marker and make a skill check. If successful, remove d6+1 damage points from anywhere on the warjack's damage grid.

'Jack Marshal (2) - Strangeways may start the game controlling up to two Cygnar warjacks.

Voltaic Gauntlet



Disruption - A warjack hit by Voltaic Gauntlet suffers disruption. A warjack suffering disruption loses any unused focus points and cannot be allocated focus points or channel spells for one round.

Fixer

Reach - 2" melee range.

System Lock - When a warjack is hit by Fixer, Strangeways' controller chooses one of the warjack's systems to be locked. That system suffers the effects of being disabled for one round. The warjack may not be disabled as a result of System Lock.

Strangeways Cmd 8

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	7	5	5	12	16
					
Voltaic Gauntlet					
RNG	ROF	AOE	POW		
SP	1	—	10		
					
Fixer					
SPECIAL	POW	P+S			
Multi	5	12			
Damage					8
Field Allowance					C
Victory Points					1
Point Cost					32
Base Size					Small



MAJOR KATHERINE LADDERMORE

Thunder peeled as lightning lit the night and smote the enemy. She came through the clearing smoke astride her horse like an answered prayer.

—TRENCHER SERGEANT ALGER FULLET

Katherine Laddermore demonstrates her unflinching loyalty and dedication to the ideals of the Cygnaran Army on an almost daily basis. A superlative, battle-proven cavalry officer, she often volunteers for high-risk assignments and extra patrols, and her combat skills while leading the charge inspire all serving under her command.

To understand Katherine Laddermore, one must realize that every day she serves in uniform, she does so in open defiance of her father Archduke Fergus Laddermore, the most powerful landed noble in Cygnar. Katherine would be the first to insist that others not judge or treat her differently because of her family name, yet some names carry such inherent power as to make this impossible. Her



CYGNAR STORM LANCE DRAGOON CHARACTER SOLO

father, the Lord of Durnkeep and ruler of the Southern Midlunds, controlled all of the Midlunds during Vinter's reign. This gave him governorship over a substantial portion of Cygnar's most prosperous lands. Even reduced in power under King Leto, her family controls the breadbasket of Cygnar and the lands that feed Caspia. The archduke has plagued King Leto since he took the throne. Fergus Laddermore would lose his life if the king discovered that the archduke had betrayed the crown by secretly aiding and abetting Asheth Magnus and the Skorne. Such a man does not appreciate defiance. It speaks volumes to Katherine's strength of will and sense of identity that she defied his wishes by enlisting in the Cygnaran Army and qualifying to join the Storm Lances.

While ignorant of her father's treason, Katherine did discover her family's reprehensible actions during Vinter IV's reign despite efforts to shelter her from this truth. While history remembers her grandfather for endorsing the creation of the Tempest Academy during his time as Vinter's first Warmaster General, his son Fergus helped foster the rising power of the Inquisition. The more Katherine found the more appalled she became at her father's actions and amazed that King Leto had not stricken her family from western Immoren entirely. She vowed to redeem her family name through service to this righteous king. Her drive to rectify these misdeeds adds to the uncompromising zeal with which Major Katherine Laddermore executes her duties. She vigilantly patrols Cygnar's eastern border with the handpicked members of the 33rd Heavy Cavalry Battalion.

Laddermore's interests in the technology empowering her knights' weapons eventually brought her in contact with Sebastian Nemo, who found her an enthusiastic testing platform for his experimental new Voltaic Lance with its powerful internal Electro Charger. This weapon, too expensive and finicky for mass production, enables Major Laddermore to conduct devastating lightning-imbued charges alongside her knights. The coils of her lance whirl to screaming power with the pounding of her steed's hooves as arcs of electricity flicker between her and the Storm Lances riding nearby. Bolts of lightning fired from the tips of these empowered lances strike deep into the enemy ranks and clear paths through swaths of opposing infantry to lay bare the enemy's heart. The weapon becomes painfully hot after several uses and sizzles through her gauntlets, but Laddermore never allows this discomfort to deter her from turning her horse around to deliver another crippling blow to the enemy.

Laddermore

Assault - As part of a charge, after moving but before performing her combat action, Laddermore may Assault. When making an Assault, Laddermore makes a single ranged attack targeting the model charged. Laddermore is not considered to be in melee when making the Assault ranged attack, nor is the target considered to be in melee with Laddermore. If the target is not in melee range after moving, Laddermore must still make the Assault ranged attack before her activation ends. Laddermore cannot target a model with which she was in melee at the start of her activation with an Assault ranged attack.

Commander - Laddermore has a command range equal to her CMD in inches. Friendly Cygnar models/units in her command range may use Laddermore's CMD when making command checks. Laddermore may rally and give orders to friendly Cygnar models in her command range.

Dragoon - While mounted, Laddermore has base SPD 8 and base ARM 17. Dismounted, Laddermore has base SPD 6 and base ARM 14.

Electro Charger - While within 5" of Laddermore, friendly Storm Lance models gain +2 RNG on Electro Bolt Attacks. When an affected model hits a model with an Electro Lance attack, lightning arcs to and automatically hits the nearest enemy model within 4". That model suffers a POW 10 damage roll.

Fearless - Laddermore never flees.

Field Marshal - Friendly Storm Lance models in Laddermore's command range, including Laddermore, ignore friendly Storm Lance models when drawing LOS and can move through other friendly Storm Lance models if they have enough movement to move completely past the other models' bases.

Voltaic Accelerator

Kinetic Discharge - While mounted, Laddermore gains +2 RNG and POW on Voltaic Accelerator attacks when she moves during her activation. Kinetic Discharge lasts for one round.




Lightning Generator - When a model is hit, lightning arcs from the model hit to d3 additional enemy models. The lightning arcs and automatically hits the nearest enemy model within 4" of the last model hit, but it cannot strike the same model more than once. Each additional model hit suffers a POW 10 damage roll.

Voltaic Lance

Mounted Charge - While mounted, Laddermore gains +2 to Voltaic Lance charge attack damage rolls.

Lightning Generator - See Voltaic Accelerator above for description.

Reach - 2" melee range

Laddermore						Cmd 9
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
8/6	6	8	6	13	17/14	
						Voltaic Accelerator
	RNG	ROF	AOE	POW		
	6	1	—	12		
						Voltaic Lance
	SPECIAL	POW	P+S			
	Multi	8	14			
						Mount
	SPECIAL	POW	P+S			
	—	10	—			
Mounted Laddermore's Damage						8
Dismounted Laddermore's Damage						5
Field Allowance						C
Victory Points						2
Point Cost						59
Mounted Base Size						Large
Dismounted Base Size						Small

TACTICAL TIPS

KINETIC DISCHARGE: This bonus does not apply to Lightning Generator damage rolls because Lightning Generator damage rolls are not Voltaic Accelerator damage rolls.



PRECURSOR KNIGHTS

CYGNAR MORROWAN ALLY UNIT

Victory won without faith or honor is, in truth, a lasting defeat.

—MOTTO OF THE PRECURSOR KNIGHTS, DRAWN FROM MORROW'S WORDS IN THE ENKHEIRIDION

Chaplain Cmd 9

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	6	8	4	13	14

Knight Cmd 7

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	6	7	4	13	14



Blessed Mace

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Multi	6	12

Field Allowance 2

Victory Points 2

Leader and 5 Troops 67

Up to 4 Additional Troops 10ea

Base Size Small

Ally

Precursor Knights are Cygnar models that will work for mercenary contracts that include mercenaries that will work for Cygnar.

Animosity - Precursor Knights cannot be included in an army that includes undead models.

Chaplain

Leader

Shield Wall (Order) - Every Precursor Knight who received the order who is in tight formation with the Chaplain at the end of the unit's movement gains +4 ARM. If the Chaplain is no longer on the table, the largest tight formation group forms the shield wall. If there is more than one group with the largest number of troopers, the unit's controller

decides which group forms the shield wall. A trooper that did not receive the order cannot join the shield wall. This bonus does not apply to damage originating in the model's back arc. Models that do not end their movement in tight formation do not benefit from the shield wall. This bonus lasts for one round.

Unit

Fearless - Precursor Knights never flee.

Healing Touch (★Action) - Remove one damage point from a friendly living warrior model in base-to-base contact with the Precursor Knight.

Spell Ward - A Precursor Knight cannot be targeted by spells, friendly or enemy.

Blessed Mace

Balefire - Blessed Mace attacks gain an additional damage die against undead models.

Blessed - The Blessed Mace may damage models only affected by magic attacks. When making a Blessed Mace attack, ignore spell effects that add to the target's ARM or DEF. A Precursor Knight may charge incorporeal models.

Knock Back - Enemy models hit by a Blessed Mace may be pushed 1" directly away from the attacking model immediately after resolving the damage roll. The attacking model may then move up to 1".

Precursors follow a strict code of honorable conduct that brings to the battlefield the virtues taught by the warrior-philosopher Morrow and his martial ascendants. These knights hold to the conviction that war does not excuse depravity, and victory cannot excuse immorality. The Precursors' sacred duties include ensuring the proper burial of the dead, and they take equal care with the corpses of enemies and comrades alike. Precursors gladly lay down their lives in battle to preserve the safety of innocents or to bring Immoren even one step closer to a lasting peace.

While Morrow is worshiped across the region, Precursors are a distinctly Cygnaran knightly order. Originally sanctified on the holy grounds of Caspia's Archcourt Cathedral, they occupy a number of far-flung fortress monasteries. Precursors dwelling in these strongholds watch Cygnar's rugged western coastline and add their strength of arms to the Third Army's vigil against Cryx. The pious men and women of this order join Cygnaran soldiers in the field and follow their path to wherever Morrow's faith is threatened or the innocent require protection. By the blessings of Ascendants Katrena, Solovin, and Markus, the knights' prayers knit injured flesh together and protect them from malignant magic. Hope is a rare commodity in these troubled times, but so long as the Precursor Knights endure, they will remain a shining beacon keeping the darkness at bay.

Western Immoren has seen its share of horrors, but the violence of this war has challenged the faith of even veteran soldiers. The Precursor Knights stand resolutely at the forefront of the worst battles. These armored warriors serve the Morrowan faith in the bloody clashes between mankind and the unholy terrors preying on body and soul. Precursors value peace but know well that only bloodshed can resolve some conflicts.



PRECURSOR KNIGHT OFFICER & STANDARD BEARER

CYGNAR MORROWAN PRECURSOR KNIGHT ALLY UNIT ATTACHMENT

A wise leader loves peace but does not shirk from war. He serves as an example of righteousness to guide his men in battle and fears not death.

—ENKHEIRIDION, MORROWAN CANTO 5, 17:3

Precursor Knights blur the line between priest and knight. These stalwart holy warriors defend Cygnar and the Morrowan Church against numerous reprehensible enemies. This potent combination of holy and martial disciplines reaches its ultimate expression in the renowned Morrowan battle-chaplains. Pious leaders who carry forth the example of the martial ascendants, these warrior-priests march to war by the bidding of the primarch preaching the word of their god. They swear their lives to preserve the souls and bodies of their comrades from the rapacious clutches of Cryxian horrors, to grant the injured surcease from pain, and to crush and drive the wicked from Caen, never more to trouble the innocent.

Any who think Morrowans meek lose this misapprehension upon confronting the Precursors and their tireless battle chaplains on the field. These leaders of the faith have taken it upon their shoulders to earn peace by conducting honorable war. By the protection of Ascendant Katrena, those who fall in battle near these warriors will find their way in peace to Morrow's domain. Before battle, the chaplains



Battle Chaplain

Morrow's Name - Once per game during his unit's activation, the Battle Chaplain may use Morrow's Name. Models in this unit roll an additional die on melee damage rolls this activation.

Officer - The Battle Chaplain is the unit leader.

Shield Wall (Order) - See Precursor Knights for description.

Tactics: Kneel - Models in this unit gain Kneel. Models with Kneel do not block LOS when determining LOS for friendly models.

Tactics: Sanctified - Models in this unit gain Sanctified. When a model with Sanctified suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, it is removed from play. When a friendly model within 3" of a model with Sanctified is destroyed, it does not generate a soul token.

Unit Abilities - The Battle Chaplain has Precursor Knight unit abilities.

Standard Bearer

Holy Standard - Undead models in melee with a model in this unit that is in a skirmish formation group with the Standard Bearer roll one less die on damage rolls.

Unit Abilities - The Standard Bearer has Precursor Knight unit abilities.

Unit Standard - If the Standard Bearer is destroyed or removed from play, a Knight in this unit within 1" can take the Standard Bearer's place immediately and become the new Standard Bearer. Remove the trooper model from the table and replace it with the Standard Bearer model. Effects, spells, and animi on the replaced trooper are applied to the Standard Bearer model. Effects, spells, and animi on the destroyed Standard Bearer expire.

Blessed Mace (Battle Chaplain Only)

Balefire - See Precursor Knights for description.

Blessed - See Precursor Knights for description.

Knock Back - See Precursor Knights for description.

Battle Chaplain Cmd 10

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	6	8	4	13	14

Standard Bearer Cmd 7

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	6	7	4	13	14



Blessed Mace

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Multi	6	12

Battle Chaplain's Damage 5

Field Allowance 1

Victory Points +1

Point Cost 31

Base Size Small



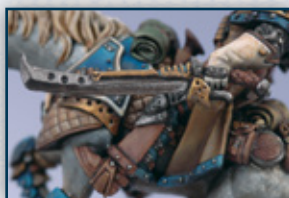
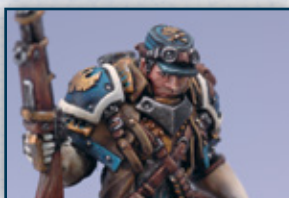
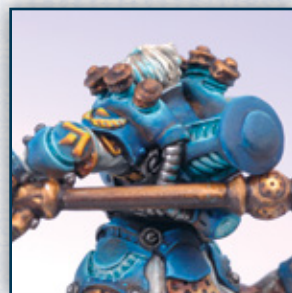
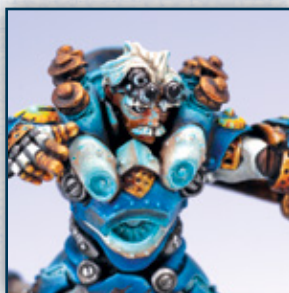
bless their banners and infuse them with the prayers of the gathered Precursors. The elevated and gleaming Radiance of Morrow pains the walking dead and saps away their strength. Standing shield to shield beneath these inspiring banners, the Precursors do not shirk from waging war even against other Morrowans. By invoking the name of their god their blows resound with the weight of holy power.



CYGNAR



General Adept Sebastian Nemo
EPIC WARCASTER



Captain Jeremiah Kraye
WARCASTER



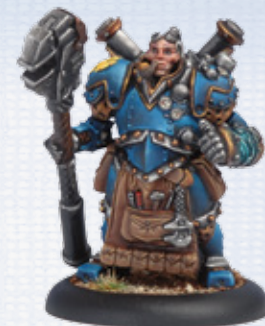
Ol' Rowdy
UNIQUE HEAVY WARJACK



Black 13th Gun Mage Strike Team
CHARACTER UNIT



Major Katherine Laddermore
DRAGOON SOLO



Captain Arlan Strangeways
SOLO



Precursor Knights
UNIT



Precursor Knight Officer & Standard Bearer
PRECURSOR KNIGHT UNIT ATTACHMENT



Trencher Cannon Crew
UNIT

CYGNAR







Andreas
Gutierrez



PROTECTORATE OF MENOTH

While normally adept at concealing her emotions, the young Ryn woman named Anastasia di Bray appeared obviously uncomfortable in the company of Grand Scrutator Severius. She had hoped to convey her report through an intermediary, but he had summoned her directly. She stood before him now with her cheeks flushed and her eyes averted. In the silence she felt an irrational fear that her heart was beating so hard that the scrutator could hear it.

She found it almost impossible to look directly at Severius, although she could not have explained precisely why. It felt as though a heat poured from him, and even with her eyes averted she had a sense of light. There was no actual glow, and yet she felt as though there must be. Ever since Severius had invoked the words of power and fire had erupted from the Covenant on the bloodied fields before Leryn, something had changed in the scrutator's presence. Anastasia found it inexplicably terrifying.

His voice also sounded deeper and more resonant than she remembered. "Tell me what you have learned."

Anastasia was not timid or easily awed by self-important men in high position. She tried to remind herself of this, but her voice betrayed her and quavered when she spoke. "T-they have omitted it from their service records, but I am reasonably c-certain that both Magzeiv Akina Kazanovo and Magziev Kasia Zevschenzo were raised as Menites. Confirming this was easier with Akina. The Kazanovo family has belonged to the Old Faith as long as anyone can remember."

"And Kasia?"

Anastasia felt compelled to close her eyes and discovered this helped as she fell into a familiar cadence while reciting facts. "There is little record of the religious affiliation of the Zevschenzo family, but I did discover Kasia's parents lived in a primarily Menite village south of Great Zerutsk. She has had almost no contact with her family in the years since she joined the Greylords Covenant; they have shunned her, in fact. There has been no reconciliation despite her record of service to the Khadoran Army. Yesterday I learned from a servant who cleans her quarters that she keeps a Menofix in a small private shrine consistent with the Old Faith."

"Thank you. Your services have been adequate. You may collect your payment from Preceptor Kantis Loron and leave." The grand scrutator waved a gauntleted hand, and Anastasia gratefully fled the tent.



Even with his gleaming robes of station, the grand scrutator and those who accompanied him seemed like motes before the rising walls of Leryn. The placement of this walled city, set within the steep rocky slopes of Mount Borgio and the nearby southern Silvertip Peaks, appeared singularly imposing and formidable. The Oldwick River rushed through the valley before the great gates of the city, and on this day the sky burned a harsh clear blue with a cold wind rifling down out of the northern mountains. A hawk flying north into those towering peaks would soon pass the sprawling Rhulic fortress of Horgenhold and, two hundred miles of imposing mountains further on, reach Lake Armsdeep and Ghord, the heart of Rhul.

The winding road leading up to the front gates of Leryn along the western side of the river required multiple passes within bow or rifle range of the defenders the ramparts of the walls protecting the outer city. Those defenders were clearly in a state of high alert despite the small size of Severius' entourage of Exemplar Knights, the Revenger named Blessing of Vengeance, a Devout, and a small cluster of robed choir. At least a score of Widowmakers and countless Winter Guard had their sights on him, as did those manning the wall's myriad cannons and other weapons. The Menites advanced without apparent concern, and the Seneschal at their fore held two banners. One bore the fire and impaled serpent of the Northern Crusade, while the other communicated their desire for parley. Severius had sent a message ahead of his arrival, lest some over enthusiastic sniper decide to earn his fame.

The gates remained closed but uniformed Khadorans waited just outside their bulk, safely covered by sentries occupying the looming gatehouse. Grand Scrutator Severius approached them at a sedate, unhurried pace as he leaned upon his staff. At the center waited a trio wearing the distinctive fur-lined coats and blood-red uniforms of the Greylords Covenant. An older man with a thick white beard, its length divided in two by jeweled golden clasps, stood at the fore. His wide frame and broad shoulders belied his age, and his stern eyes as gray as the cloak he wore watched Severius closely. Such a commanding figure made it easy to overlook the two women, both striking in their own way, standing in similar uniforms just behind him. The younger of the two had raven-black hair and green eyes that contrasted with the older woman's pure white hair and eyes of cold blue. These eyes followed every step Severius took, but their blank expressions gave away nothing.

The leading Greylord spoke first, his voice deep and thick with barely restrained anger. "Grand Scrutator Severius. You will forgive me if I do not extend warm greetings to you. Fresh Khadoran blood is still drying on your hands."



"Greetings to you, Koldun Lord Volkh Lazar," Severius offered. "I was treated with more courtesy the last time I visited these walls ten years ago. Tell me, does the priest Zayiv Ryledor still preach at the Temple of the Lawgiver and attend to the faithful here?"

This time the white haired woman spoke, "Visgoth Ryledor is still here." She blinked after answering as if she had not meant to speak. The koldun lord looked to her with a disapproving scowl, and she lowered her eyes and compressed her lips.

Severius spoke, "Ah, please send him my regards. We have had our disagreements, but I know his unwavering faith has been a beacon to his people."

"I do not think you came to deliver messages to Llaelese priests," Lord Lazar noted. "Why are you here?"

It did not seem as if the scrutator raised his voice, yet his words carried far. "Know this. Three nights past I spoke the revelatory passages of the Covenant of Menoth. I invoked this revelation and sealed it with the blood of the faithful and the purgation of the faithless. We stand here by the Creator's will, not mine. Your ignorance will not change the certainty that this city now belongs to the Lawgiver. I am not without compassion. Those who would not welcome the faithful have a day and night to vacate the city. I vow no harm will come to those who leave. On tomorrow's dawn we will come again to claim this city for Menoth. Those who deny us will be punished."

As Severius spoke, Koldun Lord Lazar's face had become increasingly red and it looked as if he struggled to restrain the urge to leap across the space between them and strike the scrutator. "Listen to me. I will only say this once. The outside of these walls is all you will ever see. This city has never been seized by strength of arms, yet I hope you are foolish enough to try."

"And yet it has been seized," Severius answered calmly. "Not through strength of arms, but by offering the toll of a river of blood. It is a toll that can be paid again."

"Begone!" Lazar shouted and pointed down the road. Those standing nearby could discern that the air temperature had dropped sharply, and their breath now emerged as visible plumes of vapor.

Severius offered no further protest and simply turned to make his slow way back down the road away from the city. To those watching from atop the walls it seemed as though the wind did not return until the grand scrutator had gone from sight.



A far larger procession marched up those same roads as the sun broke over the horizon the next morning. A long train of shining Knights Exemplar, led by hundreds mounted astride lean desert horses, preceded the perfectly disciplined lines of thousands of Temple Flameguard, thousands more robed zealots, uniformed Deliverers, and lesser priests. Dozens of warjacks and the wagons that supplied them with coal and water were scattered amid the column.

Allies from the Llaelese Resistance followed more reluctantly toward the rear. They gazed up at the looming walls with distinct uneasiness and wondered at the lack of caution or any apparent strategy. On those first early steps when they came close to the walls it seemed that they walked toward their certain deaths.

An eerie silence greeted them as they marched; neither cannon nor rifle thundered from behind the upper crenellations. Greasy smoke rose in numerous plumes behind the walls. Strange sounds had come from the city during the previous night, such as gunfire, the clashing of metal, and shouts and screams. This racket had not lasted terribly long and had left many of the lower ranks amid the Protectorate forces curious and puzzled, but their superiors told them nothing.

Even as they marched directly up to the impossibly tall gatehouse, they did not endure even so much as a curse. Grand Scrutator Severius walked silently at the head of the line. Blessing of Vengeance marched next to him on one side, and the imposing bulk of High Executioner Servath Reznik stood on the other. As they stepped forward there came a loud and low scraping sound combined with the clattering of quickly moving chains, and the gates began to yawn open. A great spontaneous shout went up from the gathered Protectorate forces as the warcasters led the way into the city.

Even more surprising, cheering people lined the sides of the streets. From deeper in the city came the tolling of bells, and the air erupted with colored streamers and bits of cloth. Where many had expected to march into a hail of gunfire, they instead walked into the festive atmosphere of a city screaming its welcome to them.

Looking closely it was not difficult to see that the welcoming faces were not universal. Only the forward thrust of those gathered excitedly at the fore of the main road from the gate, most of them wearing Menofixes, demonstrated their approval. Among them stood some in Khadoran uniforms, although it did not take long to see that they had torn the symbols of their nation from their sleeves. Behind the front ranks lining the streets, darker faces watched either impassively or with dread as the Grand Scrutator, the High Executioner, and scores of Knights Exemplar poured into their city. Even among those who cheered it seemed clear that

more of them celebrated the overthrow of the Khadorans than actually welcomed their new visitors.

In stark contrast to the jovial and parade-like atmosphere, a row of wagons stood lined up alongside the widest part of the entry road a hundred yards up the main thoroughfare. Flies had already gathered, and a thick flow of residual blood seeped out and down into the gutter from these wagons. Bodies wearing Khadoran uniforms lay stacked like cordwood in each wagon. Most had gaping gunshot wounds, but others had their throats cut; some had limbs bound so tight the cords cut into wrists and ankles where they had clearly struggled before their executions. Among the soldiers lay the bodies of men and women in civilian clothing, their faces frozen in expressions of fear. The Protectorate army marched past the charnel wagons without acknowledging them.

At the top of the first long incline lay an open courtyard, clearly a market for the outer of three walled rings comprising the fortified city. Severius and Reznik strode into this space to the accolades of the crowd. People packed into the area except for an elevated platform at the center. Likely an auctioneer's stand in other times, it now held a single cage and two figures in white robes who knelt with heads bowed at the approach of the warcasters. The cage trapped an older man, stripped to the waist and chained to the bars, with a thick rag tied into his mouth and countless bruises discoloring his flesh. The man struggled against his restraints. Blood flowed down his arms from where the cruel metal shackles bit his wrists. His wild eyes and the crudely hacked remains of his once proud beard made it difficult to recognize the great Koldun Lord Volkh Lazar.

Severius and Reznik mounted the platform. The grand scrutator raised his hands to the crowd, who yelled their praises. Letting Reznik hold his staff for a moment, Severius leaned forward to touch the brows of the two bowing figures. "Bless you, my children. You have answered the call of the Creator." The faces that looked up to him reverently were familiar despite the lack of their previous attire. One had black hair, the other white; one green eyes and the other blue. Those eyes seemed half-maddened now. Tears poured down the former Greylords' cheeks, although onlookers could not discern if the women wept from grief, some lingering guilt, or spiritual rapture. They prostrated themselves before the grand scrutator.

Severius waved his hand. Servath Reznik opened the cage and pulled forth the still struggling koldun lord. At a sign from the grand scrutator, Servath yanked loose the gag. Severius asked Lazar, "Do you repent and forsake your misguided loyalties? Do you admit the crimes you have committed while betraying the Creator?"

"Damn you, damn you all! Empress Vanar will crush you!" Lazar ranted. Severius made another gesture, and Reznik

quickly unlimbered the tremendous folding wrack slung across his back. He found a sunken hole toward the back of the platform where some previous use had required setting a post and here situated and braced the wrack. He attached chains to the shackles at the koldun lord's wrists and hauled him up onto the frame with quick and practiced motions. Reznik pulled forth another chain weighted with a heavy censor and strapped this to Lazar's neck. The entire operation took very little time.

Despite the chain painfully pulling on his throat and his body stretched by his arms chained above his head, the koldun lord's eyes filled with hate as he began to chant in a powerful voice. Cold air moved around him, and frost began to rime the chains that bound him. His eyes bore into the back of Servath Reznik, who appeared to pay him no mind. Before Lazar could utter more than a dozen words, there came a sudden low sound like an indrawn breath followed by an explosive thump as fire ignited along the Greylord's body. He began to scream. He fired like a torch while the crowd chanted their prayers and adorations even louder. Severius stood before the burning wrack on the platform and allowed them this moment of glory. "Menoth be praised," he said, and a chorus of voices picked up and repeated this prayer.



HIERARCH SEVERIUS

Death and destruction are not our purpose. We require only submission to the Creator, but those who refuse to bow will burn.

—HIERARCH SEVERIUS TO HIS NEW NORTHERN CONGREGATION



Severius' voice has always resonated with sacred power when invoking miracles on the battlefield. He inspires his followers to transcend their humanity and become an extension of the Creator's will. He demonstrates a strength and surety that belies his age. Those who attend him can see and hear the power of unchecked divinity conveyed through his words and deeds. When he raises his staff against his enemies, righteous fire blazes forth to teach them a final lesson in pain and humility. While the believers look on his robed form with an awe and adoration that gives rise to tears, others see him as an incarnation of pure terror and a reminder that The Shaper of Man can just as easily reduce His creation to ash if it displeases Him.

The priesthood froze in shocked, despairing disbelief in those first terrible hours after Hierarch Voyle's death. The visgoths and senior priests remembered too well the years of chaos and uncertainty in the wake of Hierarch Ravonal's passing and the bloody struggle that followed as Voyle seized the reins of power. Voyle's death caused the visgoths even greater concern, for he died in the hour of their faith's ascension. The Harbinger's presence reassured the priests in Sul and reminded them that they did not lack for guidance. To them she said, "The next hierarch walks among you, carving a new domain in the north, uniting the faithful in His name." Her absolute certainty convinced them that she spoke Menoth's will.

The Protectorate has sometimes endured for many years before a man proved worthy of the title of hierarch while the Synod of the Visgoths ruled instead. The rise of Severius marks the first time a hierarch gained power so quickly and with such clear and irrefutable approval from the Creator. During his service under Hierarch Voyle, Grand Scrutator Severius deliberately refused the title of visgoth and removed himself from the political arena to demonstrate his determination to remain on the battlefield.

With the passing of Voyle and the unanimous endorsement of both the Synod and the Harbinger,

Protectorate Epic Warcaster Character

Severius no longer refuses such authority. He takes the heavy mantle of leadership in stride knowing that the Protectorate must heed a single voice in this time of war. Likewise Severius knows his place lies at the fore of his crusade. He will never step from the field of battle and his role as the anointed priest-general who brings fire and the wrack to the enemies of his faith. His hierarchy shall differ dramatically from Ravonal and Voyle. Though both were visionaries and great men, theirs was a time of preparation, of building the machinery of war, readying the martial orders, and constructing factories and mines to support the coming crusades. Hierarch Severius will take up the weapons his predecessors forged and leave the trivial matters of running the Temple bureaucracy to the Synod.

Severius has spoken the words inscribed in script of blazing fire within the Covenant of Menoth, invoking its terrible

power as foretold by prophecy and confirmed by the visions of the Harbinger. He has witnessed the return of the Testament after his sojourn in Urcaen. The path of the future lies open and clear to Severius. He has vowed to make it his life's work to unite the Menites of western Immoren and spread the True Faith to all of humanity. Those answering his call will usher in a new age by hammering the cathedrals of Morrow to rubble and erecting new temples to the Lawgiver. The younger wayward faith will bow to Menoth or perish utterly.

TACTICAL TIPS

FIRES OF COMMUNION: While they are friendly solos, affected models are not affected by any effects on their original units.

SCOURGE OF THE LAWGIVER: This does not affect models with focus.

HEX BREAKER: A warlock cannot use the animus of a warbeast affected by Hex Breaker.

SPELL COST RNG AOE POW UP OFF

CALL OF THE CREATOR 1 8 - - X
Target living enemy non-warcaster/warlock warrior model must make a command check. If the model fails its command check, Severius' controller takes control of the model and immediately makes one normal attack, then this spell expires.

COURAGE OF FAITH 2 SELF CTRL -
While in Severius' control area, friendly Protectorate warrior models/units do not suffer the effects of failed command checks. Once per turn during an opponent's turn while in Severius' control area, when a friendly Protectorate model/unit passes a command check caused by an enemy model, the affected model or each model in the affected unit may make one normal attack. Courage of Faith lasts for one round.

CREATOR'S WRATH 2 SELF - - X
Severius gains an additional die on melee attack and melee damage rolls. Severius' attacks may damage models only affected by magic attacks. When making a melee attack, Severius ignores spell effects that add to the target's ARM or DEF. Severius may charge incorporeal models.

FEAR OF GOD 2 8 - - X X
When this spell is cast, target enemy living model/unit must pass a command check or forfeit its movement or action during its next activation. While the spell remains in play, affected models cannot give or receive orders.

HEX BREAKER 3 10 3 13 X
A model damaged by Hex Breaker cannot cast spells and loses its animus for one round.

HOLY WARD 3 6 - - X
Target friendly Protectorate unit gains +2 DEF and cannot be targeted by spells or animi.

IMMOLATION 2 8 - 12 X
On a critical hit, target model suffers Fire. Fire is a continuous effect that sets the target ablaze. A model on fire suffers a POW 12 damage roll each turn during its controller's Maintenance Phase until the fire expires on a d6 roll of 1 or 2. Fire effects are alchemical substances or magical in nature and are not affected by water.

LIGHT OF TRUTH 3 SELF CTRL -
The front arc of friendly Protectorate warjacks currently in Severius' control area extends 360°. Affected models ignore intervening models, cloud effects, and forests when determining LOS. Light of Truth lasts for one round.

Feat: Fires of Communion

With his divinely appointed authority, Hierarch Severius can invoke the most sacred rites of his faith to prompt curtains of holy fire to descend from on-high. Unholy blasphemies cannot endure this light and are transfigured to ash. The living who have followed false gods feel overwhelmed by shame as they witness the manifestation, and they are compelled to prostrate themselves before the hierarch and obey his commands.

Either d3+3 undead models in Severius' control area chosen by Severius' controller suffer a POW 12 damage roll, or Severius takes control of d3+3 living enemy non-character warrior models chosen by Severius' controller currently in his control area. Controlled models become friendly solos and may activate normally this turn. Fires of Communion lasts for one turn.

Severius

Absolute Authority - Severius may issue any number of orders during his activation and may issue any order to a unit that its original leader or officer could issue.

Admonisher - When Severius directly hits an enemy model with a melee or ranged attack, the d3 nearest enemy models within 5" of the enemy model hit suffer a POW 10 damage roll.

Presence of the Creator - Severius' command range is equal to twice his current CMD in inches. Enemy models in Severius' command range suffer -2 CMD.

Warjack Bond - One non-unique warjack in Severius' battlegroup may begin the game bonded to him. Severius may allocate one additional focus point to the warjack. Once per turn when the warjack is directly hit by an attack, it may immediately spend one focus point to suffer no damage or effects from the attack.

Reign of Fire

Spiritual Channeling - Reign of Fire may be channeled through an arc node like a spell.

Staff of Authority

Reach - 2" melee range.

Scourge of the Lawgiver - Add +1 to Staff of Authority damage rolls for each fury point on the model hit.

Focus 8						Cmd 9	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM		
5	5	4	6	14	14		
						Reign of Fire	
						RNG	ROF
						8	1
						Staff of Authority	
						SPECIAL	POW P+S
						Multi	8 13
						Damage	
						16	
						Field Allowance	
						C	
						Victory Points	
						5	
						Point Cost	
						92	
						Base Size	
						Small	



HIGH EXECUTIONER SERVATH REZNIK

He is nothing but a blunt instrument of the hierarch released to obliterate any who offend. Pray your name never earns a place on his writs.

—GRAND EXEMPLAR KREOSS, SPEAKING TO FEORA, PRIESTESS OF FLAME

Those who have spurned the Lawgiver enjoy a false sense of security outside the Protectorate of Menoth. They think themselves safe from the scrutators who brought the white-hot brand to the faithless in ancient times. These unbelievers learn their mistake at the edge of the High Executioner's sword. Servath Reznik readily imposes his will on foreign soil. He brings sworn writs demanding the execution of those guilty of sacrilege, sorcery, or religious treason. He is a terror let loose on the enemies of the True Faith within and without of the Protectorate's borders.

The High Executioner embodies ancient ways of the faith, and his masked visage recalls the time before the rise of the Twins when priest-kings reigned and citizens knew that impiety earned suffering and death. Born in an isolated village in Khador's northern mountains among the strictest sects of the Old Faith who saw the local scrutator as judge and jury, Reznik learned that the ministrations of wrack or execution invoked with the proper prayers might divest a soul of sin as it fled to Urcaen and gain redemption in the City of Man despite mortal failings.

As a youth Reznik stumbled upon a gathering of cultists of the Devourer Wurm near his village. Without hesitation he threw himself against the throng armed with only a torch and his fists and brought them down. He recognized among the burnt and battered bodies several youths from his village who obviously feigned piety in daily temple services and embraced blasphemies at night. He took it upon himself to root out the impious before such



Protectorate Warcaster Character

corruption could take hold. He proved so capable that the scrutator adopted Reznik as an apprentice.

The way of the priest did not suit Reznik, and he soon abandoned the north. It sickened him that so many of his own people seemed content to live amongst those who praised false gods. He sojourned south to where he had heard that those of purer faith had carved a nation amid sun-blasted sands. The timing of his arrival proved fortuitous, for he met Garrick Voyle before he became hierarch. The priest-monk saw in Reznik's eyes the truth in his soul: here walked an instrument of execution who could kill for his faith eagerly and without mercy. In this hour did Servath Reznik become High Executioner, and in the early days of Voyle's hierarchy Reznik stayed busy proving by example that the hierarch would brook no insubordination or lack of resolve. Where Reznik went death was his sole purpose, and he brought a sudden and unavoidable end to those who refused to see that a new hierarch had arisen. Stories still circulate of Menite villages burned to the last woman and child at Reznik's hands, with none left to describe the reasons for such punishment.

TACTICAL TIPS

EXCRUCIATOR: The Wracks do not have focus when they are put in play.

FIRESTARTER: If the model hit by Firestarter is in base-to-base contact with a friendly model not suffering Fire, the model hit does not move. If the model is in base-to-base contact with two or more models not suffering Fire, randomly determine which model is set on Fire.

SPELL	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
BRAND OF HERESY	2	8	-	-	X	X
Target enemy model/unit becomes Branded. Models in Reznik's battlegroup gain boosted attack and damage rolls against Branded models.						
FIRESTARTER	1	8	-	-	-	X
Nothing happens if the model hit cannot be affected by Fire. Otherwise, target enemy model suffers Fire. When a non-warcaster/warlock warrior model is hit, it immediately moves 3" directly toward the nearest enemy model that is not suffering Fire, stopping short if it contacts an obstruction or another model. When the hit model contacts another enemy model, that model also suffers Fire. Fire is a continuous effect that sets the target ablaze. A model on fire suffers a POW 12 damage roll each turn during its controller's Maintenance Phase until the fire expires on a d6 roll of 1 or 2. Fire effects are alchemical substances or magical in nature and are not affected by water.						
HATE MONGER	2	SELF	-	-	-	-
Reznik gains +3 STR and may make d3 initial melee attacks during his combat action. While in melee, Reznik gains +2 ARM. Hate Monger lasts for one round.						
PERDITION	2	10	-	10	-	X
When an enemy model is damaged by Perdition, immediately after the attack has been resolved one model in Reznik's battlegroup may move up to its current SPD in inches. The model cannot end this movement farther from the nearest enemy model than it began.						
WITCH HAMMER	3	8	3	13	-	X
Models hit by Witch Hammer cannot give or receive orders or cast spells for one round.						
ZEALOT'S RAGE	2	6	-	-	X	-
Target model in Reznik's battlegroup can charge or slam at SPD +5" without spending a focus point. During its activation, the affected model ignores movement penalties from, and may charge and slam across, rough terrain and obstacles.						

The Protectorate's leaders have little love for Reznik. Only Hierarch Severius understands what sort of weapon his predecessor wrought in Reznik and tolerates his presence. Reznik's single-mindedness and almost inhuman appetite to punish the wicked has earned the enmity of Grand Exemplar Kreoss. Feora, Protector of the Flame, sees him as a man immune to persuasion, utterly without ambition, and therefore beyond her influence. Word of his purpose has spread to every Menite community across western Immoren. He has earned a kind of fearful adoration from those who relish divine retribution, and they bring him the names of those suspected of heresies against the faith.

Severius' great work in Llael has drawn Reznik's attention and prompted him to swear anew his vows of service. He has joined his strength to the Northern Crusade to carve a stronghold from this stubborn soil. The days ahead will provide ample opportunities to exercise his function and spread the fire of the Lawgiver across the darkened lands.

Feat: Judgment Day

Heresy and blasphemy invoke the righteous wrath of High Executioner Servath Reznik. He delivers the final fire of judgment to those who would draw upon sorcerous power in defiance of the Lawgiver. Calling upon Menoth, Reznik strips away the arcane strength of his enemies and leaves them quaking and frail, awaiting the sentence of death.

Enemy models currently in Reznik's control area lose all focus and fury points and cannot upkeep spells or be allocated focus. Enemy models casting spells while within Reznik's control area suffer Fire. Judgment Day lasts for one round.

Reznik

Excruciator - Once per turn during Reznik's activation when he destroys a living enemy warrior model with a melee attack, after the attack has been resolved, his controller may place a Wrack into play within 3" of Reznik. There must be room for the Wrack's base.

Exorcist - Melee attacks made by Reznik can damage models only affected by magic attacks. Reznik may charge incorporeal models.


Terror - Enemy models/units in melee range of Reznik and enemy models/units with Reznik in their melee range must pass a command check or flee.

Witch Hound - When a model in Reznik's battlegroup in his control area is hit by an enemy magic attack, immediately after the attack is resolved one model in his battlegroup in his control area may move up to its current SPD in inches and make one normal attack.

Confessor

Purgation - Reznik gains an additional die on Confessor attack and damage rolls against a model with an animus or enemy upkeep spell on it.

Reach - 2" melee range.

Focus 6				Cmd 7							
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM						
5	7	7	4	14	17						
<div></div> <div>Confessor</div> <table><tr><td>SPECIAL</td><td>POW</td><td>P+S</td></tr><tr><td>Multi</td><td>7</td><td>14</td></tr></table>						SPECIAL	POW	P+S	Multi	7	14
SPECIAL	POW	P+S									
Multi	7	14									
Damage					17						
Field Allowance					C						
Victory Points					5						
Point Cost					70						
Base Size					Medium						



BLESSING OF VENGEANCE

Pity and mercy are gifts reserved for those of faith making forgivable mistakes. Those who violate the True Law earn only righteous vengeance.

—GRAND SCRUTATOR SEVERIUS DURING THE ANOINTING OF THE BLESSING OF VENGEANCE

Height/Weight: 9'8" / 4.7 tons

Armament: Halberd (right arm),
Heavy Repulsar Shield (left arm)

Fuel Load/Burn Usage: 165
Lbs / 5.5 hrs general, 1.2 hrs
combat

Initial Service Date: 574 AR

Cortex Manufacturer: Greylords
Covenant (smuggled, modified)

Orig. Chassis Design: Sul-
Menite Artificers (including
components designed by
Engines East and the Khadoran
Mechaniks Assembly)





FIRE OF SALVATION

The Fire of Salvation can manifest as either a blaze within the soul of the faithful or as a punitive flame turned on the heretic.

—HIERARCH LUCTINE ON THE IMPORTANCE OF CRUSADE

Height/Weight: 12' / 8.3 tons

Armament: Absolver (right arm)

Fuel Load/Burn Usage: 253
Lbs / 6 hrs general, 1 hr combat

Initial Service Date: 590 AR

Cortex Manufacturer: Vassals
of Menoth (liberated, wiped, and
reconditioned)

Orig. Chassis Design: Modified
variant by the Vassals of Menoth



Protectorate Unique Heavy Warjack

Those who have stood before this aureate Crusader say its eyes carry a weight of presence more akin to a zealot than a soulless construct. Those who have joined Grand Exemplar Kreoss in battle and fought alongside this peerless machine describe its dedication and loyalty as if speaking of another soldier of the faith. Its fervent wrath strikes terror in unbelievers and kindles rapture in followers of the True Law as they witness Absolver sweeping through entire ranks of heathens and incinerating them. The death of the faithful around it drives Fire of Salvation toward the enemy to seek vengeance for the dead. Every swing of its flame-wreathed mace increases its momentum. It hammers blows one after another until every foe lies shattered and burned. In the aftermath, Menites of other nations who witnessed Fire of Salvation have at times fallen to their knees, laid down their arms, and forsaken old loyalties. They grovel before Mikael Kreoss and beg him to show mercy and restrain this relentless warjack from executing its just punishment.

The choir priests attending Fire of Salvation know every detail of its chassis. Each rod, piston, and steel plate forms part of a proud legacy, and reading its densely inscribed surface reveals the history of this Crusader's participation in the wars of the Protectorate. After every battle, armorers etch new lines describing its deeds into the layers of decorated armored plating. Priests have affixed blessed parchments illuminated with passages from the Canon of the True Law onto its chassis to formalize and recognize the sanctity Fire of Salvation has earned by righteous conflict.

While it uses a cortex and weaponry of more recent design, several of the 'jack's armored plates once protected machines that fought in the original crusades in which the faithful brought conversion or death to the savage Idrians who foolishly opposed Menoth's will. Many of these warjacks were lost to the southern sands in battles north of Ancient Icthier, including the desperate last stand where Hierarch Luctine fell in 521 AR. These blessed artifacts lay buried beneath the dunes for decades alongside the bones of Luctine, and the proximity to this vaunted leader imbued in them an almost palpable sanctity. The priests of Sul considered it only proper that such relics should gird a warjack that has fought faithfully alongside Grand Exemplar Kreoss since his earliest days of service to the Protectorate.

Fire of Salvation has learned much from fighting alongside Kreoss for almost two decades, and it echoes his footsteps in battle. This fact inspires the Knights Exemplar when the

Fire of Salvation

Affinity (Kreoss): Spiritual Conduit -

While Fire of Salvation is in Kreoss' control area, Kreoss can target it with upkeep spells regardless of range or LOS, and enemy models cannot upkeep spells on Fire of Salvation. Kreoss can upkeep a spell on Fire of Salvation without spending a focus point.

Glyphs of Reprisal - When Fire of Salvation is directly hit by an enemy magic attack, the attacking model suffers d3 damage points after the attack has been resolved. The attacking model suffers this damage even if Fire of Salvation is destroyed by the attack.

Imprint: Holy Fervor - During its activation, Fire of Salvation may spend one focus point to gain boosted melee attack rolls and when it destroys an enemy model with one of its melee weapons, it may immediately make one additional melee attack. Holy Fervor expires at the end of Fire of Salvation's activation.

Relentless - Fire of Salvation is not disabled until four or more of its systems are disabled.

Righteous Vengeance - Once per turn, when an enemy attack destroys or removes from play one or more friendly Protectorate warrior models within 5" of Fire of Salvation, after the attack has been resolved Fire of Salvation may immediately move up to its current SPD in inches and make one normal attack.

Absolver

Fire - Target model hit suffers Fire. Fire is a continuous effect that sets the target ablaze. A model on fire suffers a POW 12 damage roll each turn during its controller's Maintenance Phase until the fire expires on a d6 roll of 1 or 2. Fire effects are alchemical substances or magical in nature and are not affected by water.

Dispel - Upkeep spells on target model/unit immediately expire when hit by Absolver.

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	11	6	4	10	19

L	Open Fist
SPECIAL	POW P+S
-	0 11

R	Absolver
SPECIAL	POW P+S
Multi	7 18

1	2	3	4	5	6
	L			R	
L	L	M	C	R	R
	M	M	C	C	

Field Allowance	C
Victory Points	4
Point Cost	113
Base Size	Large

TACTICAL TIPS

GLYPHS OF REPRISAL: If an attack that directly hits the Fire of Salvation is considered a magic attack, the attacker suffers the damage.

HOLY FERVOR: The Fire of Salvation does not receive additional attacks after trampling.

'jack joins them in engagements. It fights as a brother knight, becomes enraged at the sight of allies laid low, and moves to intercept enemies and deliver blazing retribution.



VISGOTH JUVIAH RHOVEN & HONOR GUARD

Let the wrath I see in your eyes ignite a fire of faith with your blades. Drive the enemy back from our holy righteousness!

—VISGOTH RHOVEN TO THE GATHERED FAITHFUL BEFORE THE ASSAULT ON CASPIA

Visgoths are the ranking priests of the Protectorate who serve the hierarchy directly. Their position in the theocracy affords them almost unparalleled influence and the power of life and death over every citizen. Such men rarely take to the battlefield, but the stakes in the current crusade have simply risen too high. More than ever the strength of the Protectorate's war effort rests on the shoulders of its greatest priests. Visgoth Juviah Rhoven has spent a lifetime upholding the True Law in the walled city and preparing its garrisons for the crusade. Sul is his domain, and he has taken its invasion as a personal affront. He walks now into war as a living example to the faithful and proof that even the highest clergy should bear arms against the faithless.

In addition to his authority as visgoth, Juviah Rhoven serves as one of three vice-scrutators and therefore has access to the inner circle of the faith's dark protectors. He came to this pinnacle of power as the first among the visgoths to support Garrick Voyle in his bid for hierarchy. Rhoven immediately recognized the divine mandate that had called Voyle to act. If he ever spoke of those days, Rhoven could take credit for many of the countless corpses left in the wake of Voyle's consolidation. He personally added scores of names to High Executioner Reznik's death warrants. While Voyle appreciated Rhoven's ruthless support, the visgoth's leadership in the aftermath of these struggles truly earned him his place governing this strategically vital city. Sul prospered under



Protectorate Character Unit

Rhoven's uncompromising direction and became a shining example of industry and faith, a pillar of the Protectorate.

Juviah Rhoven has spent most of his tenure as a man more feared than loved, as expected of a vice-scrutator. The silence in Sul's streets after curfew and the pristine cleanliness of its walls and avenues served as an outward sign of the terror Rhoven inspired. Most who lived there knew of friends or family who had vanished for small violations of laws or even the suspicion of impiety and suffered brutal penance in dungeons below the visgoth's palace. After Cygnaran soldiers shattered the city walls and marched through the rubble-strewn streets, Rhoven's merciless nature became his most lauded quality and fear transformed to adoration.

Visgoth Rhoven's tireless honor guard accompanies him wherever he marches. These veteran exemplars bear consecrated halberds anointed with holy oil drawn from the same reservoir that feeds the sacred flame in the Great Temple of Sul. Two decorated senior Sulese knights lead the honor guard. Darvik Gius and Martus Cassian never stray far from Rhoven's side, ready to intercept any enemy attempting to harm the visgoth. Both quiet, stern men enjoy wide admiration. Many know the story of how Cassian nearly lost his eye to the blow of a Caspian battle blade during an engagement near the Marchfells. Cassian has refused to repair the damage to his helmet in memory of the event and to ensure he stays ever vigilant.

Rhoven has fought tirelessly since Cygnaran forces first besieged and then invaded his sacred city. Street-to-street fighting in its defense has occupied Visgoth Rhoven's attention for months. He has appeared at most major engagements and raised the Staff of Sulon to inspire the faithful with memories of this martyred hierarch. He has conducted a fervent defense of the city's holy sites, in particular Sulon's Remembrance and the seat of his authority at the ancient Great Temple of the Creator.

Rhoven led the Protectorate vanguard during the assault on Caspia alongside his hierarch. He has ignited the fires of faith quite literally, praying for winds of fire to sweep through the heretics, piercing their deceptions with his unerring sight, and dismissing enemy magic by invocations of anathema. To the faithful, Rhoven embodies grim and unyielding resolve and stands as the unwavering fire of Sul.

Rhoven

Commander - Rhoven has a command range equal to his CMD in inches. Friendly Protectorate models/units in his command range may use Rhoven's CMD when making command checks. Rhoven may rally and give orders to friendly Protectorate models in his command range.

Creator's Mercy - While Rhoven is in play, when a living enemy warrior model suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed as a result of an attack made by a model in this unit, the enemy model must make a command check using its base CMD. If the check fails, the model is removed from play and Rhoven's controller may add a non-leader trooper model to a friendly Deliverer, Holy Zealot, or Temple Flameguard unit within 10" of the attacking model. The model must be placed in formation and may activate normally this turn.

Flames of Wrath - An enemy model directly hit by a melee attack or ranged attack made by Rhoven or a friendly Protectorate model within 3" of him suffers Fire. A model on fire suffers a POW 12 damage roll each turn during its controller's Maintenance Phase until the fire expires on a d6 roll of 1 or 2. Fire effects are alchemical substances or magical in nature and are not affected by water.

Leader

Menoth's Sight (★Action) - While in Rhoven's command range, enemy models lose Incorporeal, Invisibility, and Stealth. Menoth's Sight lasts for one round.

Sanctuary (★Action) - Continuous effects, animi, and enemy upkeep spells on friendly Protectorate models currently in Rhoven's command range expire. While in Rhoven's command range, friendly models/units cannot be affected by continuous effects, animi, or targeted by enemy upkeep spells. Sanctuary lasts for one round.

Gius and Cassian

Exemplar - Gius and Cassian are Exemplar models.

Weapon Master - Gius and Cassian roll an additional die on their melee damage rolls.

Unit

Crusader's Blessing - A model in this unit gains a cumulative +3 ARM bonus for each other model in this unit with which it is in base-to-base contact.

Fearless - Models in this unit never flee.

Staff of Sulon (Rhoven only)

Reach - 2" melee range.

Critical Stagger - On a critical hit, the model hit by the Staff of Sulon loses its initial attacks for one round.

Consecrated Halberd (Gius & Cassian only)

Reach - 2" melee range.

Shared Defense - This model and friendly warrior models in base-to-base contact with it gain +2 DEF against charge and slam attacks originating from their front arcs.

Rhoven						Cmd 9
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
5	6	6	4	12	15	
Gius & Cassian						Cmd 7
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
5	6	8	4	12	15	
						Staff of Sulon
SPECIAL				POW	P+S	
Multi				6	12	
						Consecrated Halberd
SPECIAL				POW	P+S	
Multi				5	11	
Rhoven's Damage						5
Guis' Damage						8
Cassian's Damage						8
Field Allowance						C
Victory Points						2
Point Cost						71
Base Size						Small



EXEMPLAR BASTIONS

Protectorate Exemplar Unit

I feel no weight but the eyes of the Creator upon me.

—EXEMPLAR WARDEN JORIAH MASVAN

Warder Cmd 9

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
4	7	8	4	11	17

Knight Cmd 7

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
4	7	7	4	11	17



Bastion Glaive

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Reach	4	11

Warder's Damage 8

Knight's Damage 5

Field Allowance 1

Victory Points 3

Leader and 2 Troops 66

Up to 2 Additional Troops 20 ea

Base Size Medium

Warder

Leader

Unit

Fearless - An Exemplar Bastion never flees.

Hold Strong - A model in this unit in base-to-base contact with another model in this unit cannot be knocked down.

Sanguine Bond - When a model in this unit suffers damage from an enemy attack, the Bastion's controller may assign the damage points to one or more other models in the unit, dividing them at his discretion. A model cannot be assigned more damage points than it has wounds remaining.

Vital Force - When a model in this unit hits with a melee attack, add the number of marked damage boxes the attacking model currently has to the damage roll.

Weapon Master - An Exemplar Bastion rolls an additional die on his melee damage rolls.

Bastion Glaive

Reach - 2" melee range.

though some suffer crippling injuries. Those who succeed prove they have the fortitude to last the training by which they learn to fight within the impossibly heavy bastion armor, comprised of ancient steel plates borne by past brothers and engraved with lines of holy writ from the True Law.

The bond each Exemplar Bastion shares with his brothers in arms grants him their strength even as injuries threaten to wear them down. Side by side bastions become rooted by their faith and impossible to topple. Bastion knights sleep standing in their armor and can ignore the mundane needs of the body and endure days or even weeks without stepping forth from their thickened shells. Their stalwart resilience causes enemies of Menoth to despair as the bastions take up their glaives, their eyes lit with inner flame, and march forward imperturbable. Their punishing blows grow stronger even as wounds threaten to overtake them, as if their spirit's looming reunion with the Creator empowers their dying bodies.

A select few who take up the vows of the Exemplar hear a special calling. During their initial fasting these exemplars experience a dream wherein they find themselves interred below the earth. They feel its weight pressing down yet remaining calm and unafraid. All exemplars are brothers in arms, yet those destined to follow the path of the bastion are admired for the additional weight that quite literally rests upon their shoulders.

Potential bastions endure a cruel but necessary trial. They stand in the temple courtyard for two days and nights with weights loaded upon them and no food or water. At the end they must find the will to ignore the pain and march across the temple grounds, even



HIEROPHANT

Protectorate Warcaster Attachment



Let the sound of prayer and the litany of the True Law be the only music your ears apprehend.

—HIERARCH SEVERIUS

TACTICAL TIPS

EXTENSION OF WILL: This does not modify the range of a spell.



Hierophant

Extension of Will - While within 3" of the Hierophant, the Hierophant's warcaster may target friendly Protectorate models in his control area with spells regardless of LOS.

Fearless - The Hierophant never flees.

Field Transfer - While in base-to-base contact with his warcaster, the Hierophant gains +1 ARM for each focus point on the warcaster.

Harmonious Exaltation (★Action) - The Hierophant can make a Harmonious Exaltation special action while within 3" of his warcaster. Once during this activation, the warcaster spends one less focus point to cast one spell.

Holy Restoration (★Action) - The Hierophant can make a Holy Restoration special action while within 3" of his warcaster. Remove d3 damage points from the warcaster.

Spiritual Conduit - While the Hierophant is within 3" of his warcaster, spells cast directly from the warcaster gain +2 RNG. Channeled spells and spells with a range of Self, CTRL, or SP do not benefit from Spiritual Conduit.

Staff

Reach - 2" melee range.

Hierophant						Cmd 7
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
5	4	5	3	13	12	
						Staff
						SPECIAL POW P+S
						Reach 3 7
						Damage 5
						Field Allowance 1
						Victory Points 1
						Point Cost 19
						Base Size Small

From among the senior warpriests leading the choirs of Menoth arise dedicated and fervent spiritual leaders who have bolstered warjacks with hymns for decades. As these individuals reach an advanced age, some demonstrate a powerful affinity for the warcasters with whom they have long served. Such respected priests learn through exposure and practice to harmonize their prayers with the warcaster and use faith to provide a bulwark for these battle leaders. These warpriests, called hierophants, form a small but revered company that remains close by a warcaster to chant prayers or offer council.

Each hierophant bears scrolls of selected excerpts from the Canon of the True Law with the greatest bearing on war. As the warcaster fights, the hierophant adeptly finds the hymn or passage most applicable to the situation and elevates his warcaster's mindset and power through the inspiration of faith. These chants revitalize the warcaster's flagging energies, lift spirits, and speed prayers of power outward to strike even distant targets. All these benefits, almost intangible in themselves, have a palpable combined impact.



ALLEGIANT OF THE ORDER OF THE FIST

Protectorate Solo

If I do not allow you to strike me, you cannot. Will is stronger than flesh.

—GARRICK VOYLE SPEAKING TO THE FIRST ALLEGIANTS

Allegiant Cnd 9

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	7	7	4	15	12



Punching Gauntlet
SPECIAL POW P+S
— 2 9



Punching Gauntlet
SPECIAL POW P+S
— 2 9

Damage	5
Field Allowance	2
Victory Points	1
Point Cost	25
Base Size	Small

Allegiant

Circular Vision - The Allegiant has no back arc, and his front arc extends 360°.

Fearless - The Allegiant never flees.

Fists of Fury - When he makes an attack, the Allegiant gains a cumulative +1 STR and MAT for each enemy model after the first with which he is in melee. While in melee with two or three enemy models, the Allegiant may push models hit by a Punching Gauntlet attack 1" directly away. While in melee with four or more enemy models, the Allegiant may slam models hit by a Punching Gauntlet attack d6" directly away. A slammed model suffers a damage roll equal to the Allegiant's current STR plus the POW of the Punching Gauntlet. If a slammed model contacts or moves through a model with an equal or smaller-sized base, that model

is knocked down and suffers a collateral damage roll of 2d6 plus the Allegiant's current STR.

Flying Kick - The Punching Gauntlets have a 2" melee range on charge attacks.

Perfect Balance - The Allegiant cannot be targeted by combined melee attacks, combined ranged attacks, or free strikes. Perfect Balance negates back strike bonuses against the Allegiant. When knocked down, the Allegiant may stand up during his activation without forfeiting his movement or action.

Pugilist - The Allegiant may make one additional melee attack.

Shifting Winds Stance - After his normal movement, the Allegiant may forfeit his action to enter the Shifting Winds Stance. While in the Shifting Winds Stance, the Allegiant gains +2 DEF, and when an enemy attack misses him, after the attack has been resolved, he may move up to his current SPD in inches. Shifting Winds Stance lasts for one round.

Tough - When the Allegiant suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, his controller rolls a d6. On a 5 or 6, the Allegiant is knocked down instead of being destroyed. If the Allegiant is not destroyed, he is reduced to one wound.

Weapon Master - The Allegiant rolls an additional die on his melee damage rolls.

No warrior looks more unassuming at rest or so devastating in motion than a monk of the Order of the Fist. Disdaining weapons and wearing little armor, these expert pugilists effortlessly evade rifle fire, deflect enemy blades, and counterattack with a series of rapid kicks and punches. By the time a monk reaches the vaunted rank of allegiant, he has fused his faith with unwavering discipline and absolute self-control to become one of the most dangerous weapons in the Protectorate arsenal.

Their order is young by Menite standards, founded by Garrick Voyle during the reign of Hierarch Ravonal a decade before Voyle seized rulership of the Protectorate. Allegiants served

as his inner guard in the bloody months when he consolidated his power and proved their unique strength to the other martial orders. These monks walked the streets listening for treasonous plotting and rooted out insurrection before it could begin. The men and women dragged from their homes by monks in the middle of the night simply vanished forever. Allegiants study the strength of stone and the fluidity of sand until the application of deadly force becomes as simple to them as breathing.

While lesser members of the order still serve the Temple by blending among the populace and staying alert to hints of sedition, allegiants have joined the active war against the unbelievers. They accompanied Hierarch Voyle in his attack on Caspia and will not return to their monasteries after his death.



VASSAL OF MENOTH

Protectorate Solo



Chain my arms, but you cannot shackle my mind. I loan you my power, but I refuse to pray to your god.

—VASSAL DOMINIGO MARSHALL, FORMER MEMBER OF THE ORDIC FRATERNAL ORDER

Creating the Vassals of Menoth constituted one of the most significant pragmatic measures Garrick Voyle initiated to modernize the Protectorate's army. The Synod granted the wizards and arcane mechaniks of the Vassals the sole sanction to pollute their souls with arcane energies in order to create and maintain the machines of modern war. The clergy never entirely trusts the Vassals, due to their immersion in profane forces, and watches them constantly. Foreign-born wizards "liberated" to serve the Creator constructing warjack cortexes and lending them power in battle comprise many of the most talented Vassals. These pampered slaves and prisoners receive certain luxuries but remain guarded lest they slip their restraints to flee to their homelands. Even native-born Vassals suffer these restraints though they daily prove themselves fervent believers.

Vassal

Gird - While within 3" of a friendly Protectorate warjack, the Vassal gains +3 ARM.

Prisoner - The Vassal never flees and automatically rallies when within 10" of a friendly Protectorate model. When the Vassal is not within 10" of a friendly Protectorate model at the start of his controller's Maintenance Phase, the Vassal immediately activates and flees.

Magic Ability

As a special attack or action, the Vassal may cast one of the following spells during his activation. Determine the success of a magic attack by rolling 2d6 and adding the Vassal's Magic Ability score of 7. If the roll equals or exceeds the target's DEF, the attack hits. The Vassal cannot make additional attacks after making a magic attack.

- **Ancillary Attack (★Action)** - Target friendly Protectorate warjack within 5" immediately makes one normal melee or ranged attack.
- **Arcane Bolt (★Attack)** - Arcane Bolt is a RNG 12, POW 11 magic attack.
- **Enliven (★Action)** - Anytime other than its activation that target friendly Protectorate warjack within 5" suffers damage from an enemy attack, if it is not stationary, it may immediately move up to its SPD in inches, then this spell expires. The warjack cannot be targeted by freestrikes during this movement. Enliven lasts for one round.

Vassal						Cmd 6
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
6	4	5	3	13	13	
Damage						5
Field Allowance						1
Victory Points						1
Point Cost						19
Base Size						Small

Menites have always harbored hostility toward arcane magic as its use violates the will of the Lawbringer. Even during the civil war, however, Menite leaders recognized the necessity of warjacks in the post-Orgoth age. Capturing Vassals to construct and attend these weapons has proven a wise expedient. Vassals demonstrate their worth on the battlefield with spells that can annihilate the enemy directly or bolster a warjack's power.

The demands of the crusades have forced the Protectorate to increase their efforts to discover native-born talent. It seems strange to outsiders that any man would volunteer for slavery, yet Sul-Menites born to these skills are often deeply ashamed of the ungodly origins of their power and accept their chains as penance. They enter the House of Truth in Imer to learn how to master their powers and to pray daily for forgiveness for their innate corruption.





HIGH EXEMPLAR GRAVUS

May I lay down my life so my brothers can fight to victory in His name.

—HIGH EXEMPLAR GRAVUS

Members of his order describe High Exemplar Sarvan Gravis as the unbreakable weapon of their faith. He shirks from no order, no matter how bloody or terrible. In his time he has shattered the weak flesh of both Devourer worshipers and Cygnaran soldiers and sent their souls screaming to Urcaen.

He leads the Exemplar Vengers to battle shouting resounding prayers to the Creator of Man that rise above the thundering sound of hooves.

When Grand Exemplar Baine Hurst met his end defending the Harbinger, many among the Synod supported High Exemplar Gravis to succeed him. Though Mikael Kreoss eventually took command of the Exemplar order, Gravis was the only other knight who could have risen to this esteemed post. As the people admire Kreoss for his dignity and defense of the faithful, they respect Gravis for his merciless pragmatism and his unwavering adherence to the Exemplar code. Gravis hopes to die in battle and only fears that he might outlive his usefulness as a warrior. Any who



Protectorate Exemplar Dragoon Character Solo

have witnessed him riding into the throng of the enemy while his blessed flail crushes one skull after another know that that time has not yet arrived.

Gravus will admit age has taken its toll. Riding to battle every day puts a difficult strain on a man of his years, but his will to fight remains undiminished. Gravus considers himself a cavalry knight first and foremost and refuses to surrender his steed. He claims he daily takes new strength from the youth and vitality of his faithful mount Fidelitus. This horse springs from a distinguished lineage that has served the Vengers over many decades.

Gravus rose to prominence during the reign of Hierarch Ravonal, when the Knights Exemplar transformed from a small order into a true force of war. Cygnaran soldiers on the other side of the Black River learned well his name and recognized him as the Protectorate's premiere cavalry leader for his bold strikes. On several occasions he led small forces of Knights Exemplar against far greater numbers, inflicted tremendous casualties, and emerged victorious.

Gravus earned a different reputation among the northerners who once inhabited the lazy town of Fisherbrook. Then Grand Scrutator Severius ordered Gravus to sweep through the eastern portion of town and raze its structures to the ground, thereby stirring up the garrison defenders who might have otherwise retreated to Stonebridge Castle. Gravus at once took his men into the outskirts of town and killed every man, woman, and child he could reach before sending his Vengers to ride down those who fled.

Gravus has never questioned the will of the clergy in his lifetime of service. He believes it their role to interpret the will of the Creator and his role to obey. The only time he has ever evidenced even the slightest displeasure with his superiors occurred on hearing word of the Protectorate's withdrawal from Caspia after the death of Hierarch Voyle. Even here he has not spoken against the visgoths, though his eyes burn with anger and a desire to avenge his fallen leader. Now he has turned north past the desert sands to renew his oaths of service to the new hierarch and lend his strength to the Northern Crusade. He feels his good death approaching with a sound like hooves on stone, and he will not shrink from it.

Gravus

Commander - Gravus has a command range equal to his CMD in inches. Friendly Protectorate models/units in his command range may use Gravus' CMD when making command checks. Gravus may rally and give orders to friendly Protectorate models in his command range.

Dragoon - While mounted, Gravus has base SPD 8 and base ARM 17. Dismounted, Gravus has base SPD 5 and base ARM 15.

Fearless - Gravus never flees.

Grim Resolve - Gravus gains a resolve token for each friendly Exemplar model destroyed or removed from play by an enemy attack within his command range. Gravus may have up to five resolve tokens at any time. Gravus may spend resolve tokens during his activation for additional attacks or to boost attack or damage rolls.

Inspiring Charge - When Gravus hits an enemy model with a charge attack, friendly Exemplar Venger units currently in his command range may charge without receiving the charge order this turn. Affected models that charge, charge at SPD +5" and gain boosted attack rolls this turn.

Requiem's Prayer - During his activation, Gravus may spend one or more resolve tokens to perform one of the following prayers for each resolve token spent. Each Prayer may be performed once per activation and lasts for one round.

- **Brother's Keeper** - Friendly non-warcaster Exemplar models currently in Gravus' command range, including Gravus, cannot be knocked down or made stationary.
- **Eye for an Eye** - When Gravus is damaged by a direct hit from a magic attack, after the attack has been resolved the attacking model suffers an equal damage roll. Then Eye for an Eye expires.
- **Resolution** - When Gravus suffers a damage roll that exceeds his ARM, he may use Resolution. When Resolution is used, Gravus only suffers one damage point regardless of the total rolled, then Resolution expires.

Weapon Specialist - Gravus rolls an additional die on Reverence damage rolls.

Reverence

Blessed - Reverence may damage models only affected by magic attacks. When making a Reverence attack, ignore spell effects that add to the target's ARM or DEF. Gravus may charge incorporeal models.

Chain Weapon - Reverence ignores shields and Shield Wall.

Reach - 2" melee range.

Gravus

Cmd 9

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
8/5	5	8	4	12	17/15



Reverence

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Multi	6	11



Mount

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
—	10	—

Mounted Gravus' Damage	8
Dismounted Gravus' Damage	5
Field Allowance	C
Victory Points	2
Point Cost	62
Mounted Base Size	Large
Dismounted Base Size	Small

TACTICAL TIPS

REQUIEM'S PRAYER: Take note that Gravus can perform more than one prayer per turn.



IDRIAN SKIRMISHERS

Protectorate Idrian Ally Unit

Walk alone into the sands where the nomads dwell. Only if you return alive will you earn my respect.

—AMON AD-RAZA TO A SULESE PRIEST

Rhaz						Cmd 8
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
6	6	7	6	14	12	
Nomad						Cmd 6
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
6	6	6	5	14	12	
<div> Rifle RNG ROF AOE POW 12 1 — 10 </div> <div> Kopis SPECIAL POW P+S Brutal Charge 4 10 </div>						
Field Allowance						2
Victory Points						2
Leader and 5 Troops						70
Up to 4 Additional Troops						11ea
Base Size						Small

Ally

Idrian Skirmishers are Protectorate models that will work for mercenary contracts that include mercenaries that will work for the Protectorate.

Rhaz

Intercept (Order) - Every Idrian Skirmisher who receives this order must advance. When an enemy model ends its normal movement within 6" and LOS of an Idrian Skirmisher who received this order, the Idrian Skirmishers in this unit may intercept. All unengaged models in the intercepting unit who received this order must immediately run or charge. This order then expires.

Leader

Unit

Advance Deployment - Place the Idrian Skirmishers after normal deployment, up to 12" beyond the established deployment zone.

Bushwhack - The Idrian Skirmishers may make ranged attacks before moving. After all Idrian Skirmishers in the unit have completed their attacks, Idrian Skirmishers in the unit may advance normally but can take no additional actions.

Camouflage - An Idrian Skirmisher gains an additional +2 DEF when benefiting from concealment or cover.

Coordination - Idrian Skirmishers in this unit can ignore other models in this unit when drawing LOS. An Idrian Skirmisher can move through other models in this unit if he has enough movement to move completely past the other models' bases.

Pathfinder - During his activation, an Idrian Skirmisher ignores movement penalties from, and may charge across, rough terrain and obstacles.

Swordmaster - An Idrian Skirmisher may make one additional melee attack.

Kopis

Brutal Charge - An Idrian Skirmisher gains +2 to Kopis charge attack damage rolls.

Western Immoren holds few more dangerous or unpredictable regions than the sweeping barrens east of Cygnar and the Protectorate of Menoth known as the Bloodstone Marches. For centuries only the Idrian tribes have lived amid these dunes. These brave nomads carve out a life amid the many hostile creatures stalking the sands. Skirmishers, noted for skill with both rifle and blade, have long served as the guardians of their homeland.

Years spent leading ambushes in silence among shifting sands have given the rhaz who lead these warriors a remarkable level of deadly coordination and adaptive cunning. They rise up from the sands to intercept enemy forces sent to root them out. They close swiftly with a startling battle cry and often slay

their enemies before they can react. While many skirmishers' *kopis* blades have passed from generation to generation for centuries, these warriors have more recently mastered the rifles picked up in trade at border towns such as Ternon Crag.

Though the majority of the varied Idrian peoples converted to the worship of Menoth in 504 AR, not all of these men and women joined the Protectorate. Some tribes heeded the word of Menoth but kept to the dunes and oases of their ancestors. In recent years, settled Idrians within the Protectorate have gone forth to convince with these distant kinsmen of a common cause. While some skirmishers fight pragmatically for coin, others display true faith. They eagerly strive to end the lives of blasphemers by the explosive report of their rifles or the silent strike of a *kopis* deep into vitals.



IDRIAN SKIRMISHER CHIEFTAIN & GUIDE

Protectorate Idrian Skirmisher Ally Unit Attachment

Do not forget that Menoth was the first great hunter, tracking the spoor of the Devourer Wurm across the skies.

— RETEK SABUKHARI, GUIDE OF THE PALM SHROUD OASIS TRIBE



Only a man who has won many victories and possesses great force of will can hope to unite multiple rhaz under his leadership. Such a leader can use these greater numbers and his followers' ambitions to carve a sovereign region among the borderlands and defend it against his rivals. These great chieftains lead skirmishers in coordinated ambushes and timed assaults. Each chieftain must win his rank through combat rather than birth. Ultimately skirmishers have little use for history or lineage beyond the deeds of heroes, the spoils of battle, and the victories each recounts around the campfire.

The support of a knowledgeable guide is key to the successful attacks that support a chieftain's position. These desert guides have learned the skills to follow an enemy back to his lair and to find the perfect ground to lay an ambush. Some say the greatest guides have an almost intuitive ability to predict the coming weather and senses so keen they can translate the slightest trembling of the sands underfoot into a precise count of an approaching army. Pious Menites sometimes feel



Chieftain

Assault & Battery (Order) - Every Idrian Skirmisher who receives this order may make one ranged attack, after which he must charge or run. The ranged attack is made before declaring a charge target.

Intercept (Order) - See Idrian Skirmishers for description.

Officer - The Chieftain is the unit leader.

Tactics: Combined Melee Attack

Models in this unit gain Combined Melee Attack. Instead of making melee attacks separately, two or more models with Combined Melee Attack in melee range of the same target may combine their attacks. In order to participate in a combined melee attack, a model must be able to declare a melee attack against the intended target. The model with the highest MAT in the attacking group makes one melee attack roll for the group and gains +1 to the attack and damage rolls for each model, including himself, participating in the attack.

Unit Abilities - The Chieftain has Idrian Skirmisher unit abilities.

Guide

Go To Ground - Once per game during his unit's activation, the Guide may use Go To Ground. Models in this unit gain cover (+4 DEF) and +4 ARM. An Idrian Skirmisher loses the benefits of Go To Ground if he moves or is engaged. Go To Ground lasts for one round.

Huntsman - After deployment and before the first player's turn, the Idrian Skirmishers' controller declares an enemy model/unit to be the unit's prey. While the Guide is in play, models in this unit gain Huntsman. A model with Huntsman beginning its activation within 10" of the prey gains +2" of movement and +2 to attack and damage rolls against their prey. When the prey has been destroyed or removed from play, the Idrian Skirmishers' controller may immediately select another model/unit as their prey.

Unit Abilities - The Guide has Idrian Skirmisher unit abilities.

Kopis

Brutal Charge - An Idrian Skirmisher gains +2 to Kopis charge attack damage rolls.

Second Kopis (Chieftain only)

Brutal Charge - An Idrian Skirmisher gains +2 to Kopis charge attack damage rolls.

Chieftain Cmd 9

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	6	8	7	14	12

Guide Cmd 6

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	6	6	5	14	12



Rifle
RNG ROF AOE POW
12 1 — 10



Kopis
SPECIAL POW P+S
Brutal Charge 4 10



Second Kopis
SPECIAL POW P+S
Brutal Charge 4 10

Chieftain's Damage 5

Field Allowance 1

Victory Points +1

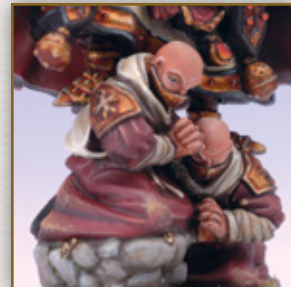
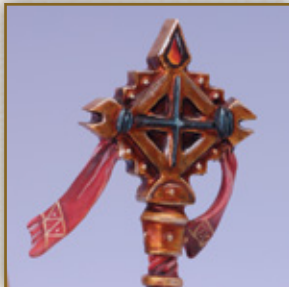
Point Cost 40

Base Size Small

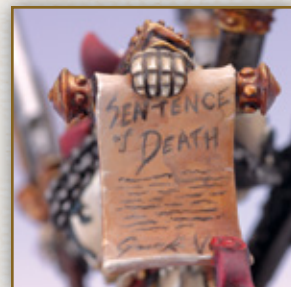
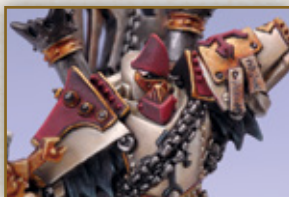
uncomfortable around these guides, as their long hours by themselves amid the dunes gives rise to a wildness in their eyes and a skill at predation that borders on the preternatural. They prove their worth, however, by finding and stalking the enemy with unerring precision.



PROTECTORATE OF MENOTH



Hierarch Severius
EPIC WARCASTER



High Executioner Servath Reznik
WARCASTER



Hierophant
WARCASTER ATTACHMENT



Vassal of Menoth
SOLO



Idrian Skirmisher Chieftain & Guide
IDRIAN SKIRMISHER UNIT ATTACHMENT



Fire of Salvation
UNIQUE HEAVY WARJACK



Idrian Skirmishers
UNIT



High Exemplar Gravus
DRAGOON SOLO

PROTECTORATE OF MENOTH









KHADOR

The clock was ticking. Irusk knew it as soon as his forces moved into the killing range of Northguard's main cannons. He had a limited time to execute a five-prong attack on the outer redoubts surrounding Northguard and protecting its network of trenches. All of his previous efforts led to this.

As soon as the assault began his mortars became vulnerable to the cannons in the great fortress, which roared thunder and hurled death amid the muddy fields. The odds guaranteed at least one and possibly two of these attacks would falter and require additional waves. Irusk watched Assault Kommandos surge through the smoke to attack the outer trenches, and he sent Destroyers forward to lend fire to the assault. The powerful fortress guns raked the 'jacks with armor-rending blasts.

The Cygnarans relied on the overlapping cover from their outer fortifications to support the trenches and could not allow these positions to fall. Furthermore, the defenders knew the danger of circumvallation. If Irusk gained control of the redoubts, he could use them as a fortified line to shield his men while he pressed the attack. Nemo would soon feel compelled to challenge the Khadorans with sufficient force to break the assaults, Irusk knew. He was, in fact, counting on it.

The chaos of a command post, of senior officers shouting orders and coordinating incoming messages while subordinates frantically updated the map with tokens representing the shifting tides of the battle, surrounded Irusk. The clamor of rifle and cannon fire made communication difficult, yet Irusk watched with a serene expression as if listening to an orchestral arrangement.

"Maintain pressure on the western face," he instructed an older kommandant, whose face shone slick with sweat as he listened to the appalling casualty reports from the brutal enemy shelling in that quarter. Major Victoria Haley, the Northguard Gravediggers, and veteran long gunners from Cygnar's First Army held the center there supported by Grenadiers, Sentinels, and several Defenders. Haley's Lancers stalked those trenches to extend her power deep into the attacking forces.

Irusk looked up sharply as he heard one kommander conferring with a messenger. The kommander spoke so the room could hear. "General Nemo is out, moving to support the southeastern position with the Northern Thunder storm knights and at least a dozen heavy warjacks. They are coming up behind the occupied trenches there." Subordinates hastened to adjust the map markers.

Irusk had everyone's full attention, though he spoke at first to himself. "Nemo must expect reinforcements from the river." He nodded as the final piece of a vast mosaic clicked into place in his mind. "Forward Kommander Kratikoff." She looked up to him, her body tense. "Move against the western approach. Let Major Haley see you when you strike her line. Push as hard as

you can until you receive my signal, then withdraw south toward Nemo's position. When you withdraw, have a portion of your flank move north. Time it to appear to be a rout."

"What if I actually break her line?" Sorscha asked, her eyes flashing with confidence.

"No, you must withdraw. If you see the chance to neutralize Major Haley quickly, do so. But if the chance does not come, withdraw on my signal. It is imperative. Go." She seemed disappointed at these instructions but saluted and left. The white Juggernaut called Beast idling outside the kommand tent moved to follow her. The tent rocked from a nearby explosion, and dirt sprayed onto its canvas. Several of the markers shifted from the close impact.

Irusk spoke to Kommander Kigir Villislovski of the 1st Border Legion as if nothing had happened. "Send my compliments to Kommander Karchev, and tell him to move as quickly as possible along the river to attack the southeastern fortification. He will find General Nemo there. Have the Widowmakers currently covering the northern mortars advance and concentrate fire on Nemo's storm knights. Tell Kovnik Grigorovich the trench line on the flank of the Northern Thunder must fall, no matter the cost. I have faith in the Unbreakable 111th." The kommander saluted and left.

"Kovnik Markov." The veteran Iron Fang Uhlan stood to attention. "Now is the time. Take your Iron Fangs and strike between Nemo and the trenches, here." Irusk indicated a sweeping line between Northguard and the southeastern redoubt. "This will be a difficult position. Flank Nemo on the right with Uhlans while your pikemen sweep left. You will suffer enfilade rifle fire from these trenches, and the cannons will have an angle on you from the heights. Instruct the Greylords to cover you as much as possible with fog and snow."

Markov's face remained stoic, but his voice betrayed his confidence. "We will persevere, supreme kommandant."

"This all rests on you, my old friend." Irusk's demeanor softened and he clapped the kovnik on the shoulder. "We must convince Northguard that Nemo is cut off. You will receive the brunt of their retaliation. Wait for my signal to break free and come to the western advance. I warn you, it may not come in time."

Markov saluted. "I understand, sir. The 29th will hold." He strode quickly from the tent to mount his steed and rejoin the 29th Assault Battalion, a core element of Irusk's favored 4th Assault Legion. As Markov rode away, the supreme kommandant watched and knew that most likely his old friend and comrade would die in the next few hours. Such was war.



Gurvaldt Irusk touched the cavalry saber at his waist and remembered the lessons of his father. He found not witnessing



the battle with his own eyes the most difficult part. He could not watch Karchev's clash against Nemo. He could not see Markov's diversionary attack. He could not observe Sorscha's careful feint.

Northguard stood before him like a jutting stone tooth, its top ringed in smoke from firing cannons. The air itself had become difficult to breathe from the burning powder and tides of smoke put forth by Trencher grenades. The forest behind the fortress seemed another world compared to the barren stretch of blasted mud, wire, and fortifications.

At Irusk's order, the Khadorans slackened their attack on the western face and pulled forces away just as Sorscha shifted toward Nemo. Irusk had not realized how tense he felt until he heard that Major Haley had taken the bait. He watched the Cygnaran lines for the subtle signs of moving troops as Haley went to relieve Nemo with whatever forces she could spare from the trenches. Irusk knew Nemo would fight toward the southern supply fortress to preserve Northguard's best chance of relief. The supreme kommandant had left the general adept no other choice.

The great cannons still fired, however, and Irusk knew his soldiers could not long endure such shelling while constrained by the narrow bottlenecks into which the carefully engineered defenses funneled his assault teams.

Irusk turned to the three men freshly arrived at his position. He clasped the arm of Kapitan Joreslev Volkov and nodded to the two men with him. "Kapitan Volkov, Lieutenants Kolsk, Yarovich. You do me honor with your presence, and I will not keep the Greatbears long from the battle. I need you three to carve a way to the very gates of Northguard, drawing as much attention as possible. A Defender stands near the center and provides ancillary cover fire on that approach. Neutralize it. I will be blunt. This is a suicidal task."

Volkov smiled. "This is the reason we put on our armor today. We were born for this." The Greatbears of Gallowswood, counted among the greatest of Iron Fangs, unlimbered their axes and left.

Irusk turned next to Underboss Sarkol Maskovich of the *kayazy*-hired assassins that had joined the battle. Irusk disliked using such men but found them expedient. He pointed at red marks on another map. "These are lesser powder stores, and this is the chain by which they supply the redoubts. The central store is here." He pointed to an incomplete diagram of Northguard's interior based on the reports of spies.

The underboss crossed heavily muscled arms across his ample stomach and frowned. "You expect my men to get inside there?"

"The pressing need to keep powder running to these outer positions has resulted in sloppy security. With supply runners

coming and going, the gate is always open. That powder is your target. Ten times the usual pay for those who live."



As the assassins ran forward unseen amid the smoke, three apparent madmen in Iron Fang armor and wielding enormous axes confronted the enemy. They leapt into the trenches and tore through the defending Trenchers and long gunners with sickening wet thuds of their axes. The Greatbears moved like phantoms through the smoke. A hulking shadow in the gloom was the only warning Cygnaran soldiers had before an Iron Fang appeared with an axe to strike a killing blow.

Three men did what ten thousand could not: They carved a narrow path to the center. Sword Knights and Stormguard converged only to meet their end. The assassins darted unseen through the opening, leapt nimbly across trenches, and raced toward the powder supply. A Sword Knight tried to intercept them, swinging his heavy blade low and wide, but the underboss parried the blow with his shorter sword and drove the narrow point of his other weapon straight through the gap in the knight's visor.

The surprising attack ended as quickly as it started. The assassins melted away. The Greatbears vanished into the smoke like a dream. Only the dozens of corpses gave any evidence of a fight. In the following period of relative calm, Cygnaran officers took stock of the situation and reorganized their lines. Then the air erupted with a bone-rattling explosion that shamed even the cannons atop the fortress. The ground shook as if from an earthquake, and the rumbling and crunching sound of falling stone echoed across the field.

From his position at the head of the 4th Assault Legion, Irusk watched a large portion of Northguard's outer western wall crumble. Several secondary explosions followed, and the western cannons fell silent. Irusk had only sought a reprieve from their fire; he had not expected an explosion sufficient to breach the wall. He raised his saber and shouted, "Forward! Attack!"



Karchev joined the supreme kommandant as they pressed their final attack into the confused chaos that gripped the western defenses. Irusk had his father's sword in one hand, his hand cannon in the other, and his Kodiak and a Spriggan at his side. Enemy warjacks soon poured from the interior over the rubble where the western face had come down.

An Ironclad rushed toward him, quake hammer raised. Irusk sent his Kodiak to slam it back against the wall. Before the 'jack could regain its feet, Irusk's Spriggan charged forward and finished the Ironclad with its heavy lance. Karchev and his escorting Juggernauts and Marauders made quick work of the other 'jacks that emerged. Irusk ordered his Man-O-War into the breach. Bullets clanged off their armor while they continued forward unperturbed.

A panting messenger approached Irusk. “General Nemo has formed a defensive corridor from the lower southeastern exit. They are evacuating men toward the supply fortress.”

“Let them. Northguard first. Every man who flees this castle is one fewer we must kill to claim it.”



At the half-broken summit of the fortress, Irusk and Karchev confronted the Lord of Northguard as the sun set behind the keep and lit the smoke-filled sky with the colors of fire. Climbing the heights had taken time with Karchev's bulk, but the Cygnarans had designed the stone stairs to accommodate warjacks, and Irusk believed it important to have the former Greylord present. Irusk found it eerily quiet on the heights. The last defenders stood at the center of the upper tower of the central keep amid the great cannons that had hurled punishment on the Khadorans below. Northguard's Lord General and his escort had retreated here as the fortress below succumbed floor by floor. They had held long enough to spike the cannons and thereby deny their use to Irusk's forces. A Cygnaran flag hung listless in the still air.

At the center stood a man wearing heavy armor festooned with a variety of military awards, Lord General Hagan Cathmore, Lord of Northguard and the Earl of Bloodsbane. Every member of the escort of decorated Sword Knights surrounding him clearly held an elevated standing, with the major leading them certainly a titled vassal in the service of the earl.

“Lord General Cathmore?”

The slender man, perhaps in his late forties, had proud features, and his nobility shone through despite his lined and tired eyes. “Yes, I am he.”

“I am Supreme Kommandant Gurvaldt Irusk. I claim this fortress in the name of Empress Ayn Vanar of the Khadoran Empire. I ask you to surrender your arms.”

Earl Cathmore looked down for a moment. He reached to the hilt of the sword at his waist. He drew the blade slowly from its sheath, and in the quiet atop these heights, Irusk heard the whisper of metal. Cathmore did not reverse his grip to deliver the weapon but held it level, the point directed towards the supreme kommandant. “No. There will be no surrender.”

“Very well,” Irusk said and sighed. Things happened quickly after that. Irusk's saber flashed as the Sword Knights leapt forward to strike with their battle blades. The supreme kommandant confronted their major, parried the first swing, ducked under the second, and delivered a perfectly executed blow that cut cleanly through the man's neck. His head flew over the ramparts while the body stood a few heartbeats before toppling. Irusk made quick work of the next few that rushed him.

Karchev moved with astonishing speed. He knocked aside several Sword Knights with a few swift blows before slamming his great axe down at the Lord of Northguard. Cathmore raised his sword in a futile attempt to deflect the blow. Sunder cut straight through Cathmore's blade and nearly divided the man in two. The remaining Sword Knights met similar fates in the next few seconds.

Irusk gazed at the mutilated remains of Hagan Cathmore, the distant descendant of the colonel who had defeated Karchev at the Battle of the Tongue a hundred years before. That warcaster had died in the explosion that cost Karchev his limbs, and the Khadoran claimed he sought no further vengeance. The grim satisfaction in Karchev's voice belied that assertion, however, when he turned to his supreme kommandant and said, “I think that will not be the last Cathmore I kill.”

Irusk felt a strange sadness. Lord Cathmore had proven himself a worthy adversary and came from as distinguished a lineage as existed in these southern climes. The man had chosen his death and faced it bravely.

With one quick motion Irusk cut through the flagpole. He pulled the wooden shaft from its mounting as he shouted an order behind him. One of his junior officers rushed up the stairs with a tremendous banner bearing the Anvil of Khador. In silence and with solemnity, Gurvaldt Irusk planted the Khadoran flag atop Northguard.



SUPREME KOMMANDANT IRUSK

A general must act decisively in battle. He who stands on the defensive does not conduct war, he endures it.

—SUPREME KOMMANDANT IRUSK

One man has stood for decades at the forefront of the Khadoran Army as perhaps the greatest military genius born in an age and an example all soldiers strive to emulate. The High Kommand has named Gurvaldt Irusk “the Empire’s perfect officer”. His accomplishments impress warriors of all creeds and nations. His treatises on battle and war top required reading lists in military academies across the Iron Kingdoms, including the capital of Khador’s traditional enemy. He exercises absolute control over men in the chaos of battle and the uncertainties of war. For all this, however, his elevation to Supreme Kommandant brought a reminder of recent defeat and cemented his resolve to redeem himself in the eyes of his sovereign.

Irusk’s successes have never satisfied him. He remains critical of any plan and willing to find ways to refine his techniques, yet even this habit of frank self-appraisal did not prepare him for the scathing words of his empress after his initial failure to capture Northguard. Her indictment shamed him more than he had ever felt in his lengthy military career. He took a short leave and returned to his neglected family home north of the capital. Here he realized that the accusation of wasting the lives of his men troubled him most. As an officer, he had learned to measure lives as a resource. He had reduced his countrymen to abstract quantities of force and valued them too little.

Uncertain how best to reclaim his honor, Gurvaldt Irusk considered falling on his sword, a rare act still considered a brave death for a failed solider. He found a well-worn cavalry saber among the neglected relics of his father’s military career—a lifelong officer noted for his quiet humility and deeply-held kinship with his brothers in arms—and this brought to mind forgotten lessons from his gruff sire. A summons from the empress forestalled Irusk’s hand. The last thing he expected when he answered this call was that she would promote him to the rank of Supreme Kommandant. All through the ceremony, her eyes bored into his with a message that required no words.

KHADOR EPIC WARCASTER CHARACTER

Irusk understands that Empress Vanar presented this rank to him as a challenge delivered to hammer home the nail of his failure. In her way, she indicated that his death would not serve as an acceptable atonement. Irusk's new rank grants him the absolute authority to wield whatever forces Khador can muster. Looking into the empress' eyes, Irusk knew that she would accept nothing less than total victory.

Before his march back to Ravensgard, Irusk put aside Onslaught and took up his father's sword. Mechaniks at the Rigevnya Complex extracted the blade from its battered, rusted hilt and integrated its finely balanced length into a worthy mechanical housing. Irusk wields this blade as a reminder that he has promised to deliver a victory to his empress.

On his return, he gathered his men to where he stood illuminated atop the inner ramparts and told them of the battle to come. The ringing tones of his voice echoed from the sky and quickened the blood in every listener. A ripple of revitalized enthusiasm spread through the army like an explosive shockwave. Even men recuperating from crippling

injuries at the fortress infirmary limped back to their units, eyes filled with an unshakable resolve.

When entering battle, Irusk imagines the assets in his war arsenal meshing together in absolute harmony like thousands of gears. He has outlined a perfect plan to assault the unassailable, to turn the weapons of his adversaries against them, and to deceive them into seeing what he wishes while obscuring his killing thrust. A symphony of destruction lies ahead, orchestrated and conducted by a maestro born to lead men in battle.

TACTICAL TIPS

CROWD CONTROL: Attack rolls are based on Irusk's LOS.

TOTAL OBEDIENCE: Irusk does not gain Tough from Total Obedience because he is not within his own command range.

SPELL COST RNG AOE POW UP OFF

ARTIFICE OF DEVIATION 3 CTRL 5 -

Place a 5" AOE template anywhere completely within Irusk's control area. During their activations while in the AOE, friendly models ignore movement penalties from, and may charge and slam across, rough terrain, obstacles and may move through obstructions and other models if it has enough movement to move completely past the obstruction or model's base. Enemy models treat the AOE as rough terrain. Artifice of Deviation lasts for one round.

BATTLE LUST 3 6 - -

Target warrior model/unit becomes Fearless and rolls an additional damage die on melee attacks for one round. Fearless models never flee.

BLITZKRIEG 3 SELF CTRL -

Models in Irusk's battlegroup currently in his control area may charge or slam without spending a focus point. Affected models charge or slam at SPD +5". Blitzkrieg lasts for one turn.

CROWD CONTROL 3 CTRL 3 10 X

Place a 3" AOE anywhere in Irusk's line of sight completely in his control area. Irusk then targets each model in the AOE with a magic attack in an order chosen by Irusk's controller. Irusk gains a cumulative +1 bonus on these Crowd Control attack and damage rolls for each model destroyed by this casting of Crowd Control. Completely resolve each attack individually and apply the targets' special rules immediately as each attack is resolved. When making Crowd Control attack rolls, Irusk ignores Invisibility and Stealth.

FIRE FOR EFFECT 3 6 - - X

Target friendly Khador model's first ranged attack roll each activation is automatically boosted. If this ranged attack is an AOE attack, its blast damage rolls are boosted.

GRIND 3 10 - 14 X

Target warjack damaged by Grind takes one additional damage point to its first available Movement system box. Mark this damage after marking the normal damage from Grind.

TACTICAL SUPREMACY 2 6 - - X

Target friendly model/unit may move up to 3" after all friendly models have completed their activations.

Feat: Desperate Ground

After a lifetime of innovating tactics across countless battlefields, Supreme Kommandant Irusk has learned how to wrest the initiative away from his enemies and turn formerly untenable ground into an advantage. Backed by a palpable aura of authority, Irusk strikes at the crucial hour and raises the Khadoran standard as he leads his army through any obstacles to seize total victory.

Friendly Khador models currently in Irusk's control area ignore cloud effects and forests when determining LOS. During their activations, affected models ignore movement penalties from, and can charge and slam across, rough terrain and obstacles. Affected models that are currently knocked down immediately stand up. Enemy models/units currently in Irusk's control area suffer -2 SPD and cannot give or receive orders. Desperate Ground lasts for one round.

Irusk

Absolute Authority - Irusk may issue any number of orders during his activation and may issue any order to a unit that its original leader or officer could issue.



Martial Discipline - While in Irusk's command range friendly living Khador small and medium-based warrior models, including Irusk, benefit from Martial Discipline. A model benefiting from Martial Discipline may ignore friendly Khador warrior models when drawing LOS. During its activation, an affected model may move through other friendly Khador warrior models in Irusk's command range if it has enough movement to move completely past the model's base. Affected models may make melee attacks through other friendly Khador warrior models in Irusk's command range.

Total Obedience - While in Irusk's command range, friendly Khador warrior models gain Tough. When a model with Tough suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, its controller rolls a d6. On a 5 or 6, the model is knocked down instead of being destroyed. If the model is not destroyed, it is reduced to one wound.

Warjack Bond - One non-unique warjack in Irusk's battlegroup may begin the game bonded to him. Irusk may allocate one additional focus point to the warjack. The warjack cannot be knocked down.

Endgame

Critical Decapitation - On a critical hit, damage exceeding the target's ARM is doubled. A model suffering sufficient damage to be destroyed cannot make a Tough roll. When this attack destroys an enemy model, friendly Khador models currently in Irusk's command range gain an additional die on melee attack rolls this turn.

Focus 7						Cmd 10	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM		
6	6	7	6	15	15		
							
						Hand Cannon	
						RNG	ROF
						12	1
						AOE POW	
						- 12	
							
						Endgame	
						SPECIAL	POW P+S
						Critical	7 13
						Damage	
						17	
						Field Allowance	
						C	
						Victory Points	
						5	
						Point Cost	
						80	
						Base Size	
						Small	



HOLDUN KOMMANDER ALEKSANDRA ZERKOVA

I thought I had known cold, then I looked into Zerkova's eyes.

—GREAT PRINCE VLADIMIR TZEPESCI

For years the Greylords Covenant has plundered buried crypts and forgotten tombs for ancient Orgoth secrets and weapons to employ in the name of the Motherland. Aleksandra Zerkova is the greatest among these wizards. Demonstrating an unrelenting thirst for knowledge and willingness to destroy any who stand in her way, Zerkova has become a living repository of unholy lore. Her name carries an ominous edge even among her peers, who know she has allies among the hidden Prikaz Chancellery.

The Zerkova family name resounds with envy or fear in the ears of northerners and southerners alike. This long line of distinguished officers noted for service to the crown includes commanders and kommandants who added to the strategic legacy taught at the Druzhina military academy. A Zerkova led the attacks against Ord during the Second Expansion War, and that kingdom remembers them as sadistic villains. Some

Khardorans, however, associate the Zerkovas with a darker legacy and an obsession with lost secrets and dubious shortcuts to power. For the last four generations in particular, an interest in occult studies has gone hand in hand with their patriotic zeal.

Aleksandra's father set her to the mastery of dead languages, and her childhood passed amid the dusty tomes of their private library. Inculcated in arcane lore as a youth, the ways of magic came naturally to her and expanded with extensive study. Aleksandra demonstrated early in her education the beginnings of a lifelong interest in ancient civilizations and their mysteries, particularly those of the Orgoth and ancient Morrdh. She eventually broadened her studies to include investigating the cursed people of Acrennia, ancient Calacia, and searching amid ruins predating the Khardic Empire.

After she passed the exhaustive loyalty tests required by the Prikaz Chancellery, High Obavnik Arbiter Dmitrilosk granted Aleksandra authorization to travel abroad unsupervised in search of weapons for the Motherland. She has spent over a decade venturing into ruins like those of Uld Vroggen and descending deep into the uncovered Orgoth chambers within the mines of Khardov. She keeps her warjacks and subordinate Greylords at her side as she fearlessly trespasses onto foreign soil and batters aside those who would forbid her.

KHADOR GREYLOARD WARCASTER CHARACTER

During the “Night of Howling Wolves” preceding the siege of Merywyn, Aleksandra led a strike force against the city’s lodge of the Fraternal Order of Wizardry. She obliterated these arrogant wizards with such thorough efficiency that the means by which they vanished remains a mystery. Zerkova stood among the first volunteers to join the expedition in 606 AR to sneak into the southern city of Sul and plunder its secrets amid the chaos of battles between the Protectorate and Cygnar. Aleksandra alone knows the exact inventory of ancient secrets and relics gathered during these raids. She carries on her person several significant items of power, some of Orgoth origin, gathered from across western Immoren. These lend her magic an almost unparalleled flexibility and let her reach beyond her normal limits.

Few people in the Khadoran Empire have more drive than Aleksandra. Most of her peers, including her subordinates, see her intensity and passion for the occult as unsettling. She employs soldiers and warjacks with equal dispassion, and most who come to know her deem her heartless and cruel. On more than one occasion, the family of an officer who failed Zerkova has inexplicably vanished. No one can link her to these events,

but those who serve her never doubt her willingness to go to any length to enforce discipline and loyalty.

Aleksandra’s voice commands respect in the halls of power, and her colleagues see her as a woman of destiny. Whether that destiny leaves a legacy of triumph or leads to a terrible fall remains a mystery. Certainly she has the will and the courage to walk into the darkness without flinching, a talent that may prove vital to Khador’s triumph in the months and years ahead.

TACTICAL TIPS

LENS OF TARVODH: Spells with a RNG of Self, SP, or Ctrl are not affected.

ORGOth SEAL: Reduce the RNG of the attack before checking to see if the attack is in range.

FORCE BLAST: Roll separately to see how far each model is moved.

SPELL	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
BANISHING WARD	2	6	-	-	X	*
Enemy upkeep spells on target model/unit hit expire. Affected models cannot be targeted by spells or animi by models other than this spell’s caster. When this spell targets an enemy model, it is an offensive spell and requires a magic attack roll.						
FORCE BLAST	2	SELF	*	10		
Models within 1” of Zerkova suffer a POW 10 blast damage roll. Zerkova may increase the radius of Force Blast by spending focus points, adding +1” per focus point spent. Enemy models damaged by Force Blast are pushed d6” directly away from Zerkova in an order determined by her controller.						
FROST STORM	3	10	4	12	X	X
The Frost Storm AOE is a cloud effect that remains in play as long as its upkeep is paid. While in the AOE, enemy models suffer -2 to attack rolls.						
ICY GRIP	3	8	-	-	X	X
Target enemy warrior model/unit suffers -2 DEF and cannot run or perform special attacks. If an affected model does not end its normal movement at least 1” from where it began its normal movement, it suffers d3 damage points.						
RAZOR WIND	2	10	-	12		X
A blade of wind slices through the target model.						
SIGIL OF DOOM	3	6	-	-		X
Target enemy non-warcaster/non-warlock warrior model/unit must make a command check. If the roll fails, Zerkova’s controller takes control of the affected models. Affected models immediately charge and may make one normal attack. After resolving all charges, Sigil of Doom expires. Sigil of Doom may be cast once per turn.						
WATCHER	3	6	-	-		
When an enemy model ends its normal movement within 6” of Zerkova, target warjack in her battlegroup may immediately move up to its SPD in inches and make one normal melee or ranged attack with boosted attack and damage rolls targeting the enemy model. After resolving the attack, this spell expires. Watcher lasts for one round.						

Feat: Howling Wind

With a call Aleksandra Zerkova summons a tornado of icy-cold wind that howls in answer to her. The shrieking vortex moves like a living creature as it pushes against Zerkova’s enemies, drowns out their voices, and makes concentration all but impossible.

Enemy models currently in Zerkova’s control area cannot run, charge, make special attacks, give or receive orders, or perform special actions, and they lose their initial ranged attacks. Howling Wind lasts for one round.

Zerkova

Field Officer - An additional Greyloard unit may be fielded over normal Field Allowance limitations if Zerkova is included in the army.

Inner Silence - Friendly Doom Reavers never attack Zerkova.

Orgoth Seal - When a magic attack targets Zerkova, the attack suffers -3 RNG. If a magic attack hits Zerkova, after the attack has been resolved the attacking model suffers d6 damage points.

Pathfinder - During her activation, Zerkova ignores movement penalties from, and may charge across, rough terrain and obstacles.

Arcane Artifacts

Each time Zerkova casts a spell, she may choose one of the following abilities. Each ability may only be used once per activation.

• **Focus Sphere** - The cost of the spell is reduced by one.

• **Ghost Stone** - When casting the spell, Zerkova’s front arc extends 360°, she can target a model in her control area regardless of LOS, and she ignores Invisibility and Stealth.



• **Lens of Tarvodh** - The spell gains +3 RNG.

Rod of Whispers

Soul Lash - After completing a combat action in which she destroyed one or more enemy models with melee attacks, Zerkova may make one Rod of Whispers attack if she is not engaged. Add +1 RNG and POW for each enemy model Zerkova destroyed with a melee attack during this activation.

Quietus

Stall - Target warjack hit by Quietus suffers Stall. Stall is a continuous effect that reduces the warjack’s current SPD to 1 and DEF to 7. Stall expires in the model’s controller’s Maintenance Phase on a d6 roll of 1 or 2.

Focus 7						Cmd 9	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM		
6	5	6	5	15	15		
						Rod of Whispers	
				RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
				6	1	—	12
						Quietus	
				SPECIAL	POW	P+S	
				Stall	6	11	
Damage						16	
Field Allowance						C	
Victory Points						5	
Point Cost						70	
Base Size						Small	



BEAST-09

I have had many warjacks. In time they all fall, and I send the wreckage away. This one, this Beast, is not like the rest. This one I will keep.

—FORWARD KOMMANDER SORSCHA KRATIKOFF

Height/Weight: 12' / 9.75 tons

Armament: Ice Breaker (right arm)

Fuel Load/Burn Usage: 530 lbs / 6 hrs general, 1.5 hr combat

Initial Service Date: 600 AR (Cortex & original chassis), 605 AR (enhanced weaponry and rebuilt boilers)

Cortex Manufacturer: Greylords Covenant

Orig. Chassis Design: Khadoran Mechanics Assembly



KHADOR UNIQUE HEAVY WARJACK

It begins with a low, rumbling growl more felt than heard, and then comes the sound of air escaping like the grunt of a hunter that has caught a scent. The crushing sound of something massive treading through thick snow and ice follows, and the ground trembles beneath its steps. When it breaks through the trees with the splintered crack of exploded timber, its prey already knows that a monster approaches. This is the hulking Juggernaut called “Beast”. Its posture more than anything else conveys animal menace, and its frame quivers with the raw power of its oversized boilers. The ‘jack only becomes docile and still when Sorscha Kratikoff calls it to her side, and in battle it seeks her approval like a faithful hound.

Beast was assembled at the Rigevena Complex in 600 AR. Like countless others of its design, it shipped south by rail to one of several supply depots and soon received assignment to Kommander Sorscha Kratikoff. In her typical pragmatic fashion, Sorscha gave the warjack an identifier number based on the order of allocation to her kommand. It still bears the 09 designation to this day, even though it has long outlasted those that came before.

Sorscha found 09 a tenacious fighter and kept it at her side throughout the following years. The intense crucible of the ongoing battles during the invasion of Llael tested the warjack’s limits and brought it truly into its own. More than mere survivability set 09 apart as it drove forward at the vanguard of one battle after another. It possessed a battle instinct that made it seem a living beast of iron. It did not rely solely on the orders of its master and would sometimes act on its own initiative.

In early fighting outside besieged Merywyn, Sorscha found herself cut off from the bulk of her kommand and driven into a ravine during a Cygnaran counteroffensive. She had sent 09 to refuel and resupply, but it lingered against her directives, perhaps spotting the smoke of approaching enemies. Despite its low fuel, the warjack moved to the far side of the ravine and joined Sorscha as she engaged. Sorscha used its sudden arrival to turn the tide of battle, keenly aware of its nearly exhausted fuel supply and her very limited time. With its last bit of steam the ‘jack charged forward to intercept the enemy and swept its axe in wide killing arcs. Sorscha saw the will of the defenders crumble and fail just as Beast itself ran dry. They broke and ran from the field, unaware that the ‘jack was spent.

This nascent bond deepened during the battles that followed. Eventually Sorscha named the machine ‘Beast’ as an endearing reminder of how it had earned its place at her side. It has picked up an inherent ruthlessness from its long association with her and seems to take some enjoyment from each kill. Blows striking its armored plates only encourage its destructive frenzy. Sorscha has found these qualities a

Beast-09

Affinity (Sorscha): Eager - While Beast-09 is in Sorscha’s control area, Beast-09 can re-roll failed charge and slam attack rolls. Attack rolls may only be re-rolled once due to Eager.

Brute Force - Beast-09 gains an additional die on head-butt, slam, and trample damage rolls.

Head Spike - Beast-09 gains +2 POW for head-butt attacks.

Heavy Boiler - Beast-09 may run without spending a focus point.

Hyper Aggressive - Anytime other than its activation when Beast-09 is not stationary and suffers damage from an enemy attack, after the attack has been resolved, Beast-09 may immediately move up to its current SPD in inches directly toward the attacking model.




Imprint: Murderous - During its activation, Beast-09 may spend one focus point to gain an additional die on melee attack rolls against living enemy warrior models for one round.

Ice Breaker

Critical Freeze - On a critical hit, target model becomes stationary for one round.

Reach - 2” melee range.

Thresher (★Attack) - Beast-09 may make one melee attack with its Ice Breaker against every model within melee range in its front arc. Completely resolve each attack individually and apply the target’s special rules immediately as each attack is resolved. Determine damage normally. A model is ineligible to be hit if it has a special rule preventing it from being targeted or if the attacker’s line of sight is completely blocked by terrain.

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
4	12	6	3	10	20
L					
					
Open Fist					
SPECIAL POW P+S					
— 0 12					
R					
					
Ice Breaker					
SPECIAL POW P+S					
Multi 7 19					
HD					
					
Head Spike					
SPECIAL POW P+S					
— 2 14					
1	2	3	4	5	6
	L			R	
L	L	M	C	R	R
	M	M	C	C	
Field Allowance					C
Victory Points					5
Point Cost					126
Base Size					Large

particular boon in battles where she has faced a numerical disadvantage, as Beast has always evened the odds.

In recognition of its merits, Sorscha requisitioned an extensive overhaul of Beast’s armament and engine design after the Empress declared Llael’s occupation a success. Sorscha claimed the massive engine and boilers from a spent Kodiak and ordered Beast’s weapon replaced with an enhanced Ice Breaker axe. Beast has never let Sorscha down, and despite her often-cold demeanor she speaks of the machine with undeniable fondness.



DRAGO

War is cruel, and we who master it know our hearts are savage. That machine fights with the spirit of our people.

—VLADIMIR TZEPESCI

Height/Weight: 10' 11" / 8.6 tons

Armament: Executioner Axes (left and right)

Fuel Load/Burn Usage: 350 Lbs / 10 hours general, 1.5 hr combat

Initial Service Date: 427 AR (original), 605 AR (weaponry upgrade)

Cortex Manufacturer: Greylords Covenant

Orig. Chassis Design: Khadoran Mechaniks Assembly



KHADOR UNIQUE HEAVY WARJACK

All Berserkers have the roughened look of decades of service, but Drago stands out even among such company. While it has a cortex as old and unstable as any Berserker's, the passing of long years has removed many of the limited restraints that once held the machine back in battle, and it unleashes unmitigated violence at the slightest provocation. Drago serves as a prime example of why mechaniks traditionally wipe most old cortexes clean. This machine, however, has fought alongside warriors of the Tzepesci line for almost two centuries, and their family clout has kept it in service. They have gone so far as to keep the machine chained up like a wild beast when not engaged in battle, lest it lash out against its keepers. Although its connection to the Tzepesci warcasters means it will heed them, and them alone, even when the frenzy takes it, these soldiers see the warjack as a weapon they unleash rather than control. Drago boasts tenacious resilience and never gives up the fight. It will crawl toward its opponents even if its legs lay shattered beneath it.

Almost certainly Drago is the oldest warjack still seeing regular service in the Khadoran military. The Tzepesci family provided a large part of the coin to develop the Berserker chassis. Even in those years the family demonstrated a proclivity for siring potent sorcerers and warcasters. Drago received its name in homage to a Tzepesci ancestor for whom Vladimir has always felt a particular affinity. The warcaster Drago Tzepesci, who fought in the horrendously bloody battles to overthrow the necromancer Ivan Vladykin the Frenzied when he briefly seized the Khadoran throne, had a reputation for martial prowess, blood lust in combat, and a tendency toward recklessness that eventually cost him his life.

Some of Vladimir's vassals find it peculiar that their well-disciplined and noble lord enjoys the company of this savage and seemingly untamable machine, but to Vladimir, Drago represents his bloodline's warrior spirit given mechanical form. While he carefully prevents it from harming his men, Vladimir understands that victory sometimes requires unchecked violence. Those who fight next to Drago describe it as capable of threshing through numerous enemies while its engines roar with lusty enthusiasm for each spray of blood and gore.

By long tradition for older jacks that serve often in battle, Drago sees frequent repair, but the mechaniks do not expend unnecessary effort keeping it "neat" or "clean". Its armored plates and spikes bear the evidence of countless battles. Each nick and dent is a battle honor as valuable as any medal or ribbon and a reminder of near misses or the close hint of destruction that sometimes follows the machine. After Cygnaran defenders disabled several Khadoran warjacks during the siege of Merywyn, Drago took it upon itself to replace its old and battered axes with a pair of Executioner Axes salvaged from wrecked Destroyers. Fighting with these

Drago

Affinity (Vladimir): Familiarity - While Drago is in Vladimir's control area, Drago's controller may choose not to make Unstable rolls. When Drago is in Vladimir's control area and makes an attack, roll an additional die on attack and damage rolls. Discard the lowest die in each roll.

Berserk Frenzy - Drago may charge without spending a focus point. Each time Drago successfully hits a target during its activation, it gains a cumulative +1 to its attack and damage rolls for all subsequent attacks that turn.

Chain Attack – Bloodbath - If Drago has both arm systems functional and hits the same target with both of its initial Executioner Axe attacks during the same activation, after resolving the attacks it may immediately make an additional melee attack against every model in its melee range without spending a focus point. Completely resolve each attack individually and apply the targets' special rules immediately as each attack is resolved. A model is ineligible to be hit if it has a special rule preventing it from being targeted or if the attacker's line of sight is completely blocked by terrain.

Head Spike - Drago gains +2 POW for head-butt attacks.



Imprint: Run Riot - During its activation, Drago may spend one focus point to use Run Riot. When Drago destroys one or more enemy models with a normal melee attack during this activation, after all attacks generated by the attack are resolved, Drago may immediately move up to 2".

Tenacious - Drago can charge and slam while its movement system is disabled.

Unstable - Drago's cortex is dangerously unstable and can explode catastrophically. Roll a d6 at the end of any activation in which Drago spends one or more focus points. If the roll is equal to or less than the number of focus points spent, Drago explodes. Models within 3" of Drago suffer an unboostable POW 14 damage roll, and Drago is removed from play. Do not replace Drago with a wreck marker.

Executioner Axes

Critical Amputation - On a critical hit, each arm and weapon system that takes damage is automatically disabled. After marking regular damage, those systems that took damage have their remaining system boxes marked as well.

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
4	11	5	3	11	18
L					
					
Executioner Axe					
SPECIAL POW P+S					
Critical 6 17					
R					
					
Executioner Axe					
SPECIAL POW P+S					
Critical 6 17					
1	2	3	4	5	6
	L			R	
L	L	M	C	R	R
	M	M	C	C	
Field Allowance					C
Victory Points					4
Point Cost					105
Base Size					Large

great weapons in hand and under the direction of the Dark Champion, Drago's instability seems to fade while retaining all of its rampant ferocity.



GREAT BEARS OF GALLOWSWOOD

We three carry the weight of our fallen comrades, and only we and the ghosts of Kragvold are worthy to bear our kompany name.

—JORESLEV VOLKOV

The Greatbears of Gallowswood have a peelage of such stature that the mere mention of their names causes a room to hush with respectful silence. Men relate the Greatbears' stories as if witnesses to their deeds rather than hearing them second hand. The Greatbears are the survivors of an Iron Fang kompany once based out of Kragvold Fort, a rugged bastion overlooking Khador's border where it touched both the Ordic hills and Cygnar's Thornwood Forest.

Joreslev Volkov, the sixth in an unbroken chain of Iron Fangs, earned fame with this unit while still a lieutenant. He won his Shield of Khardovic and Sash of Valor in a series of bloody engagements near Fellig. This included attacks to destabilize Cygnaran border garrisons and numerous skirmishes against disreputable mercenary companies paid in Cygnaran coin to harass Khadoran citizens living near the border.

Volkov earned the honorific of "Fang of the First Bear" when just twenty-two years old, the youngest ever to do so,

by leading his squad against five times their number near Karlwine Creek. In 593 AR the craven southlanders grew tired of their losses from border skirmishes and decided to tear out Kragvold Fort entirely. Their plan relied on deception and misdirection, for they feared to face the Iron Fangs in battle. By unworthy stratagems, they managed to topple one of the towers of the fortress and breach its defenses while many of the defenders fought several miles to the east.

Volkov, foremost among those who stood against the Cygnaran attack, fought beside his trusted brother-in-arms Moskor Kolsk. A heavily muscled younger scrapper named Kartov Yarovich soon joined them. As Cygnarans poured into the breach, this trio held one of the largest passages into the open courtyard by themselves as their countrymen died around them. The three yielded their position only through pressure from the sheer profusion of Cygnaran dead accumulated into a bleeding wall pressing down on



KHADOR IRON FANG CHARACTER UNIT

them. Every foot of ground the Greatbears surrendered they soaked in Cygnar blood. Volkov eventually saw that the fortress had fallen, and they made their retreat. Cygnarans cheered in relief to see them go, weary of sacrificing their own against these bloody-minded heroes. The Greatbears watched in fury as their home collapsed to rubble and burned. Cygnar erased it and their dead comrades from the face of Khador in a great pyre, an ignoble end to such worthy men.

The High Kommand praised each of the Greatbears for having fought on past any hope of victory, yet they cared little for accolades. Volkov refused to reform his kompaniy even after his superiors promoted him to kapitan. He pointed to Kolsk and Yarovich and said that they carried the weight of the fallen dead and that only they and the ghosts of Kragvold would bear the company name. Word of their deeds spread and the High Kommand made an exception to allow the Greatbears to retain their status and exempted them from reassignment.

Seeing the trio join an engagement sends an immediate thrill through war-weary men. The Greatbears have fought in nearly every major battle and border skirmish for the last fifteen years, and on many occasions their tireless ferocity has turned the tide. Volkov, the bearded and dark-eyed leader admired by every officer, has a nose for the shifting tides of battle and an uncanny ability to arrive where most needed. The older Kolsk's Sabers of Service testify to twenty unflinching years in uniform, and he serves as the lieutenant every kapitan or kommandant dreams to have at their side. He never questions his orders and can find a way to execute the most impossible plans. Yarovich is the wilder of the three, called "the Brute" by some but with affection. A kovnik once baited Yarovich to a fight outside a drinking hall, thinking his uniform would protect him, and Yarovich killed the officer with a single punch. No one dares pick a fight with Yarovich now, and his laughter rings out on the battlefield as he sweeps his axe in killing circles alongside his true brothers of the Greatbears.

Volkov

Coordinated Strike - While Volkov is in play, models in this unit gain Coordinated Strike. Models with this ability ignore friendly Iron Fang models when drawing LOS. During its activation, a model with this ability can move through other friendly Iron Fang models if it has enough movement to move completely past the models' bases. Models with this ability can make melee attacks through other friendly Iron Fang models.

Furious Charge (Order) - Models that receive this order must charge at SPD +5 or run, and they may cross rough terrain though they suffer normal movement penalties.

Leader

Kolsk

Got Your Back - While Kolsk is in play, models in this unit cannot be knocked down.

Yarovich

Alert - While Yarovich is in play, models in this unit have no back arc, their front arcs extend 360°, and when determining LOS, they ignore cloud effects and forests.

Unit

Battle Brothers - A model in this unit in base-to-base contact with one or more models in this unit gains +2 DEF and ARM.

Fearless - A model in this unit never flees.

Overwhelm - When two or more models in this unit hit the same model with melee attacks during the same activation, the model hit loses its initial attacks and cannot make special attacks during its next activation. If all three models in this unit hit the same model with melee attacks during the same activation, that model is also knocked down.

Precision Strike - When a model in this unit damages a warjack with a melee attack, the attacking model's controller chooses which column takes the damage.

Tough - When a model in this unit suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, its controller rolls a d6. On a 5 or 6, the model is knocked down instead of being destroyed. If the model is not destroyed, it is reduced to one wound.

Weapon Master - A model in this unit rolls an additional die on its melee damage rolls.

Great Axe

Back Swing (★Attack) - The model may immediately make two Great Axe attacks.

Reach - 2" melee range.

Volkov

Cmd 9

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	7	8	4	13	14

Kolsk & Yarovich Cmd 9

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	7	8	4	13	14



Great Axe

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Multi	5	12

Volkov's Damage 8

Kolsk's Damage 8

Yarovich's Damage 8

Field Allowance C

Victory Points 2

Point Cost 76

Base Size Small



WAR DOG

KHADOR WARCASTER ATTACHMENT

Morrow preserve us from the hound that befriends the Butcher of Khador.

—UNNAMED SERGEANT WATCHING ORSUS FEED RAW MEAT TO HIS WAR DOG

War Dog Cmd 6

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
7	7	6	1	14	13



Bite

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
—	4	11

Damage	8
Field Allowance	1
Victory Points	1
Point Cost	18
Base Size	Small

War Dog

Counter Charge - The War Dog may charge an enemy model that ends its normal movement within 6" and LOS of the War Dog. Resolve this charge immediately after the enemy model completes its movement. If the War Dog makes a counter charge, it cannot make another until after its controller's next turn. The War Dog cannot make a counter charge while engaged.

Fearless - The War Dog never flees.

Guard Dog - While the War Dog is within 3" of its warcaster and is not stationary, its warcaster cannot be targeted by free strikes,

gains +2 DEF against melee attacks, and models attacking the warcaster do not gain back strike bonuses.

Return - Immediately after the War Dog completes a charge, it may move up to its current SPD in inches. The War Dog cannot end this movement further from its warcaster than it began. The War Dog cannot be targeted by free strikes during this movement.

Scent - The War Dog may ignore LOS when declaring a charge.

Tough - When the War Dog suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, its controller rolls a d6. On a 5 or 6, the War Dog is knocked down instead of being destroyed. If the War Dog is not destroyed, it is reduced to one wound.

large as a wild argus, shows great aptitude for training and demonstrates an instinctive desire to bond with and protect a human master.

With a finely trained war dog standing ready, a warcaster can focus on other matters while the hound serves as a second set of eyes in battle. Such dogs latch onto an enemy with bone-crushing jaws and refuse to let go. They tie up and hinder more dangerous threats until their warcaster can deal with them. The strength of the dog's loyalty means that they gladly give up their lives to save those to whom they have bonded.

TACTICAL TIPS

SCENT: Scent allows the War Dog to make a counter charge even if the target is not in its LOS.

The breeding of war hounds is a high art in the rugged hills and lowlands of Khador; provided one's concept of art allows for the likelihood of having one's fingers chewed off by two hundred pounds of raw muscle. Many philosophies compete to define the best execution of this time-honored breeding tradition, and entire family lines rest their reputation and honor on the fighting prowess of their dogs. Khadoran officers commonly bring these beasts to the battlefield and look to them as both companions and protectors.

While the ignorant prefer the most bloodthirsty and savage hounds, experts consider this the lowest expression of breeding. Those who know a fine war dog prize loyalty as its best asset. This holds particularly true for warcasters with their concentration necessarily divided between their warjacks, troops, and the heat of battle. Warcasters cannot afford to divert their attention to an unruly beast at their side, however deadly, and they much favor the Kovosk-bred bullmastiff as a result. This enormous hound, almost as



KOLDUN LORD

KHADOR GREYLORD SOLO



Southerners equate knowledge to a flame, but in the north we know ice preserves secrets against time's withering touch.

—KOLDUN LORD VOLKH LAZAR

Grim masters of elemental cold, Koldun Lords have icy stares that seem to freeze the blood of those who meet their gaze. These masters of axe and spell represent the true battle-wizard ideal of the Covenant and command tremendous respect from their peers, who hope one day to join their number.

Khadoran 'jacks generally accompany Greylords of this stature in battle as both weapons and bodyguards. The Koldun Lords are precious to the Motherland, both for the power they wield and the vast repertoire of occult lore they possess. These warjacks move by the Lord's will to intercept a blow or spell hurled against the Greylord and serve better than any shield or protector. Indeed, many Koldun Lords once spent time mastering the secret arts of cortex construction and know better than most how to instill superior combat performance in warjacks.

Koldun Lords often obscure themselves and their protectors in a mist filled with churning snow capable of freezing solid any foolish enough to approach too closely. So too do they instill the blade or cannon of their 'jacks with a chilling mystical rime that even the fleshless dead can feel.

Koldun Lord

Battle Wizard - The Koldun Lord gains +2 on charge attack rolls. If the Koldun Lord destroys an enemy model with a melee attack, immediately after the attack has been resolved he may cast one spell.

Boosted Attack (Drive) - The Koldun Lord may attempt to Drive each warjack under his control in his marshaling range. To Drive a warjack, the Koldun Lord must make a command check at any time during his activation. If the check succeeds, the attack rolls for the warjack's initial attacks are boosted during its activation this turn. If the check fails, the warjack does not benefit from 'Jack Marshal this turn.

Cohort: Battle Wizard - Greylord Ternion units in an army with the Koldun Lord gain Battle Wizard.

Cold Iron - Attacks made by a warjack controlled by the Koldun Lord may damage models only affected by magic attacks. Affected warjacks can charge Incorporeal models.

Iron Wall - The Koldun Lord gains +2 ARM for each warjack he controls that is in base-to-base contact with him. When the Koldun Lord is directly hit by an enemy ranged or magic attack, his controller may choose to have a warjack he controls that is in base-to-base contact with him become the target instead and be automatically hit by the attack.

'Jack Marshal (2) - The Koldun Lord may start the game controlling up to two Khador warjacks.

Magic Ability

As a special attack or action, the Koldun Lord may cast one of the following spells during his activation. Determine the success of a magic attack by rolling 2d6 and adding the Koldun Lord's Magic Ability score of 8. If the roll equals or exceeds the target's DEF, the attack hits. The Koldun Lord cannot make additional attacks after making a magic attack.

• **Freezing Mist (★Action)** - The Koldun Lord and warjacks he controls currently in his marshaling range gain concealment. Enemy models ending their activations within 2" of the Koldun Lord become stationary for one round. Freezing Mists lasts for one round.

• **Frost Bite (★Attack)** - Frost Bite is a POW 12 spray attack.

• **Ice Cage (★Attack)** - Target model within 10" suffers a cumulative -2 DEF for one turn to a minimum of DEF 5. Apply this penalty before any other DEF modifiers. If a model is hit with three or more Ice Cage attacks in the same turn, it becomes stationary for one round.

Koldun Lord						Cmd 9
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
6	6	6	4	14	14	
						Frost Axe
						SPECIAL POW P+S
						— 6 12
						Damage 5
						Field Allowance 1
						Victory Points 1
						Point Cost 30
						Base Size Small





FENRIS

He is a living nightmare. Send him to haunt our foes rather than menacing our own sons and daughters.

— KOLDUN FEDOR RACHLAVSKY OF THE GREYLORDS PRIKAZ



KHADOR DOOM REAVER DRAGOON CHARACTER SOLO

No Doom Reaver however fearsome compares to the one called Fenris. Some call him “the Unbound”, for even the Greylords Covenant cannot govern his actions, and he has become a force unto himself. He rides to war atop a nightmarish steed and wields a pair of fellblades as if some harmony in their combined voices gives him insight into his own inner darkness. Few men have the courage to stand before this living horror. The Doom Reavers follow him as though his bloody mindedness gives purpose to their lunacy.

No one knows the true history of the mortal man who became Fenris. The records of his crimes vanished decades ago. Most assume that he killed many, but none know their names or true numbers. Some say he was a cannibal raised by the mountain berserkers. Others call him an assassin and say that the love of killing overwhelmed him. Whatever the truth, he took to the fellblade like a man discovering a missing part of himself.

An expectant silence falls over the Doom Reavers when Fenris and his steed arrive on the battlefield. At his charge, shrieks rend the air as the berserkers he leads to battle leap forward across the broken earth to keep up with the flashing hooves of his steed. Fenris seems the very embodiment of a reborn Orgoth warlord come once more to conquer and leave nothing but fields of rotting flesh and bones for scavengers.

His ability to ignore the careful conditioning and mystically reinforced restraints imposed on all Doom Reavers by the Greylords proved troubling from the start. He disappeared for days when it suited him and returned to the camp drenched in blood. The army would have ordered his destruction if not for the outbreak of war. His skill at arms and the ease with which he shrugs off injury might have made his execution difficult, and some believe him possessed of witch-born immortality.

Khadoran military officials speak of Fenris only reluctantly, like a dirty secret best not aired, yet he has found his place with the one man to whom he has something close to kinship. Knowing no other mortal could control him, the kommandants remanded Fenris to the command of Orsus Zoktavir, the Butcher of Khardov, and in this company the wild savage has seemed content. The bond between them cannot be friendship, for they share only the joy of annihilation.

The creature Fenris rides is barely recognizable as a horse and more resembles a wild and half-mad nameless monster. Winter Guard found the crazed thing wandering after a bloody battle near Ravensgard and their lieutenant ordered it put down after two men died trying to restrain it. Fenris arrived at the slaughter field just before the execution and, for reasons impossible to articulate, put a halt to the killing and has ridden the creature since that day. It will linger after a

Fenris

Abomination - Models/units – friendly or enemy – within 3” of Fenris must pass a command check or flee.

Doom Reaver Commander - Fenris has a command range equal to his CMD in inches. Friendly Doom Reaver models/units in his command range may use Fenris’ CMD when making command checks. Fenris may give orders to friendly Doom Reaver models in his command range. While in Fenris’ command range, friendly Doom Reavers will not attack other models in their unit.

Dragoon - While mounted, Fenris has base SPD 8 and base ARM 16. Dismounted, Fenris has base SPD 6 and base ARM 14.

Fearless - Fenris never flees.

Field Officer - An additional Doom Reaver unit may be fielded over normal Field Allowance limitations if Fenris is included in the army.

Mad Howl - Once per activation immediately after an attack in which he destroys an enemy model, Fenris may use Mad Howl. Enemy models/units in his command range must pass a command check or flee. Friendly Doom Reaver models in his command range may immediately move up to 3”. A model cannot end this movement out of formation or cause other models in this unit to no longer be in formation.

Relentless Charge - Fenris may charge across rough terrain and obstacles without penalty.

Tough - When Fenris suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, his controller rolls a d6. On a 5 or 6, Fenris is knocked down instead of being destroyed. If Fenris is not destroyed, he is reduced to one wound.




Weapon Specialist - Fenris rolls an additional die on his Fellblade damage rolls.

Fellblades

Berserk - Every time Fenris destroys another model with a Fellblade attack, he must immediately make one Fellblade attack against another model in his melee range, friendly or enemy.

Spell Ward - Fenris cannot be targeted by spells.

Reach - 2” melee range.

Fenris				Cmd 8	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
8/6	7	8	4	13	16/14
		Fellblade			
		SPECIAL	POW	P+S	
		Multi	6	13	
		Fellblade			
		SPECIAL	POW	P+S	
		Multi	6	13	
		Mount			
		SPECIAL	POW	P+S	
		—	12	—	
Mounted Fenris' Damage					8
Dismounted Fenris' Damage					8
Field Allowance					C
Victory Points					2
Point Cost					74
Mounted Base Size					Large
Dismounted Base Size					Small

TACTICAL TIPS

TOUGH: Do not make a Tough roll when Fenris’ Mounted damages boxes are filled and he becomes Dismounted.

SPELL WARD: Spell effects that do not target Fenris can still affect him.

battle has ended to tear flesh from the bodies of the slain, this ghoulish repast the only sustenance it seems to require.



KOVNIK MARKOV

Some men are stone, solid but brittle. Others are wood, bending in the wind but snapping under pressure. Markov is steel; the steel which makes the finest swords.

—SUPREME KOMMANDANT GURVALDT IRUSK

The blood of ancient horselords flows in the veins of Kovnik Dorek Markov. The beloved kovnik has come to represent everything the Iron Fangs revere. Under his leadership the men of his 29th Assault Battalion advance like a single body driven by one mind. They remain unwavering despite casualties and grind down even entrenched opposition with tireless resolution. Markov sees every Khadoran soldier as kin, but the Iron Fangs—who have sworn their lives to service—are



KHADOR IRON FANG UHLAN CAVALRY CHARACTER SOLO

his brothers. He knows the grim work and endurance required of them, and he does not suffer casual dilettantes or citizens reluctantly fulfilling their national obligation to breathe the same air as his battle-hardened veterans.

Markov had the rare honor of serving directly alongside his father, also an Uhlan kovnik. Dorek Markov grew up with the expectation that he would sit in the saddle and wield the blasting lance. His father trained Dorek from sunup to sundown to care for his steed and learn the traditions of the Uhlans. Years after joining the service and earning his commission, Markov received assignment to the same battalion as his father, and they fought together in skirmishes against Cygnaran border defenders. He will always remember the last brutal battle where he saw his father fall from his horse in a clash against Cygnar's Storm Lances. Markov rallied his troops and drove the Cygnarans from the field but could do nothing for his father save attend to him in those final minutes. The quiet dignity with which his father accepted death in battle left a lasting impression on Markov, and he endeavors to do justice to this legacy.

Markov serves alongside the Iron Fangs of the 2nd Army with distinction. He has earned nearly every award and accolade offered by the Khadoran Army. His battalion played a key role in the early Riversmet battles during the invasion of Llael and proved their merit during the siege of Merywyn. Some say the record of this battalion more than anything else prompted Irusk to choose the 4th Assault Legion to spearhead his attacks on Cygnar's border defenders.

Markov leads the famous uhlan charge with his brothers almost as a first among equals. His *Pozdyov* steed Gorvech carries Markov into battle alongside the formations of pikemen under his command. Gorvech wears reinforced barding and Markov has conditioned the steed to endure the chaos of battle unfazed. Markov wields a customized concussion lance armed with an incredibly powerful explosive tip. As he hammers into the enemy, this charge detonates with an earth-shaking explosion that sends men, beasts, and even warjacks tumbling while Markov and his steed emerge unharmed through the ensuing cloud of gore and debris.

Markov has proven as adroit with battlefield tactics as any kommandant. Supreme Kommandant Irusk counts Kovnik Markov among his most trusted officers, and they frequently dissect recent skirmishes at Irusk's table. When preparing for the massive second attack on Northguard, Irusk entrusted Markov with leading the sizable diversionary force whose successes proved crucial for ultimate victory. The senior Uhlan expects and receives tremendous efforts from his men, exhorting them to push themselves harder. Markov has gained the respect of the men through his willingness to share their dangers and has engendered in them a keen desire to earn his approval. A single scornful look or a shoulder slap of

Markov

Cohort: Fearless - Iron Fang Uhlans in an army with Markov gain Fearless.

Combat Rider - Markov may make one melee attack with his Mount during a combat action in which he did not make a charge attack.

Fearless - Markov never flees.

Iron Fang Commander - Markov has a command range equal to his current CMD in inches. Friendly Iron Fang models/units in his command range may use Markov's CMD when making command checks. Markov may rally and give orders to friendly Iron Fang models in his command range. Markov may issue any order that the unit's original leader or officer could issue.

Precision Strike - When Markov damages a warjack with a melee attack, Markov's controller chooses which column takes the damage.

Relentless Charge - Markov may charge across rough terrain and obstacles without penalty.

Concussion Lance

Blast - Center a 4" AOE on a model directly hit by the Concussion Lance. Models in the AOE other than the model directly hit suffer a POW 10 blast damage roll. On a critical hit, models in the AOE are knocked down. Markov is not affected by Blast.




Lance - The Concussion Lance may only be used to make charge attacks. If Markov has charged at least 3", his Concussion Lance has 2" melee range until the end of his activation.

Short Spear

Close Combat - Markov may not make an initial attack with the Short Spear during an activation in which he charged at least 3".

Mount

Critical Knockdown - On a critical hit, target model is knocked down.

Markov					Cmd 9
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
8	6	8	4	13	18
					
Concussion Lance					
SPECIAL POW P+S					
Multi 10 16					
					
Short Spear					
SPECIAL POW P+S					
Close 4 10					
					
Mount					
SPECIAL POW P+S					
Critical 12 —					
Damage					10
Field Allowance					C
Victory Points					1
Point Cost					48
Base Size					Large

congratulations from Markov carries more weight than the most inspiring speech from lesser officers. Markov's quiet strength serves as an inspiration and a reminder of the ancient nobility that still rides forth in the name of Khador.



YURI THE AXE

Let him earn his amnesty by spilling southern blood.

—GREAT PRINCE BOLOVRIC, AGREEING TO PARDON THE CRIMES OF YURI THE AXE

Khadorans have a reputation as hardy and rugged people, each and every one descended from the blood of old warriors and toughened by their unforgiving land. It speaks to something that even stoic Khadorans describe the wild mountain men with a respect born from fear. They hail from a harsh and bitter landscape whose inhabitants must survive extreme cold, unforgiving terrain, and bloodthirsty creatures prowling the Nyschatha Mountains. Among those who call the frozen north home is a brutal killer named Yuri the Axe.

This man loves his Motherland with fierce devotion and sees no contradiction between his patriotism and scornful disdain for the law.

Many Khadoran families consider it nothing short of criminal that Yuri walks the world as a free man. They would gladly put an end to him if they could. The widows and orphans he has created take no comfort from Yuri's insistence that he has never killed a man who did not earn it. Yuri does not kill from



KHADOR MANHUNTER CHARACTER SOLO

deeper malice, but as a hunter by nature, he finds killing an easy and often expedient solution to any given problem. He thinks no more of taking the life of a man standing in his way than he does of killing a bear for its hide.

Yuri moved easily from hunting animals to hunting men. He took up bounties on gangs of outlaws and rid the northern hills of bandits and poachers. The thrill of this hunt appealed to him, and eventually he set on the trail of a rogue Winter Guard kompany that had turned to extortion near Uldenfrost. Yuri hunted them for weeks, first eliminating their sentries and methodically exterminating every patrol that ventured from their barracks. In the end those he did not kill died of cold and starvation, too frightened to step outdoors. Word of his deeds spread. Even the warlike Nyss of the Shard Spires learned to avoid Yuri's hunting grounds and called him *slyeshar*, the "maddened bear".

The destruction of this Winter Guard kompany drew the ire of the Third Army, who made bringing the killer to justice a top priority. Yuri made sport of his hunters by leading them into switchback ambushes, bone crushing traps, and deadfalls. This hunt eventually included a procession of local manhunters and several highly skilled agents in the service of Great Prince Bolovric. Yuri delighted in testing the manhunters who came to slay him. He called them out before ending their lives with a quick sweep of his axe.

It required a concerted effort of the 3rd Border Legion including a team of Kossites and Widowmakers to corner Yuri. He annihilated half the force before they wore him down and dragged him in chains to a labor camp outside Tverkutsk for trial. Despite constant guard, Yuri murdered his captors and escaped into the Scarsfell.

Such a man as Yuri could suffer only one of two fates: execution or service to the state. The four northern great princes wintering at the Haus Prinkov in the city of Tverkutsk decided the latter option seemed less costly, so they sent an offer of amnesty on the condition that Yuri loan his talents to the High Kommand. Yuri accepted the bargain with surprising enthusiasm. He has proven true to his word, destroying the enemies of the Motherland where and when required. He has gained a following among Khadoran wilderness fighters, many of whom seek him out to learn the ways of the hunt and the kill. They could find no better teacher, and Yuri instructs best by bloody example.

Yuri

Advance Deployment - Place Yuri after normal deployment, up to 12" beyond the established deployment zone.

Camouflage - Yuri gains an additional +2 DEF when benefiting from concealment or cover.

Cohort: Tree Walker - Kossite Woodsmen and Manhunters in an army with Yuri gain Tree Walker.

Fearless - Yuri never flees.

Field Officer - An additional Manhunter solo may be fielded over normal Field Allowance limitations if Yuri is included in the army.

Flying Steel - Yuri may make d3 initial attacks with the Great Axe during his activation.

Pathfinder - During his activation, Yuri ignores movement penalties from, and may charge across, rough terrain and obstacles.

Stealth - Attacks against Yuri from greater than 5" away automatically miss. If Yuri is greater than 5" away from an attacker, he does not count as an intervening model.

Tree Walker - Yuri's LOS is never blocked by forests. While within a forest, Yuri gains +2 DEF against melee attacks and may move through obstructions and other models if he has enough movement to move completely past the obstructions or the models' bases.

Weapon Master - Yuri rolls an additional die on his melee damage rolls.

Great Axe

Reach - 2" melee range.

Yuri

Cmd 9

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	8	8	4	14	14
 Great Axe SPECIAL POW P+S Reach 5 13					
Damage					8
Field Allowance					C
Victory Points					1
Point Cost					32
Base Size					Small




KAYAZY ASSASSINS

KHADOR KAYAZY ALLY UNIT

They march to war with us because they have the ruthless will to do what the enemy will not.

— KOMMANDANT YEGORUV ILYEVICH, 1ST DIVISION, 1ST ARMY, TO A SUBORDINATE

Capo						Cmd 8
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
6	6	8	4	14	11	
Blademan						Cmd 6
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
6	6	7	4	14	11	
						Assassin Blade
						SPECIAL POW P+S
						— 4 10
Field Allowance						2
Victory Points						2
Leader and 5 Troops						64
Up to 4 Additional Troops						10 ea
Base Size						Small

Ally

Kayazy Assassins are Khador models that will work for mercenary contracts that include mercenaries that will work for Khador.

Capo

Leader

Unit

Parry - A Kayazy Assassin cannot be targeted by free strikes.

Riposte - When a Kayazy Assassin is the target of an enemy melee attack that misses, he may immediately make a melee attack targeting the attacking model if it is within his melee range.

Stealth - All attacks against a Kayazy Assassin from greater than 5" away automatically miss.

If a Kayazy Assassin is greater than 5" away from an attacker, he does not count as an intervening model.

Ventilate - When a Kayazy Assassin hits an enemy warrior model with a melee attack during his combat action, the model suffers a normal damage roll after which it suffers one additional damage point for each other Kayazy Assassin in this unit with the model in its melee range.

Khadoran commanders have earned their share of glory, but others seek to profit from recent conquests. The *kayazy*, the great Khadoran merchant-princes and industrialists, have supported the war with hard work and coin. These scheming manipulators have long preserved their interests by employing highly skilled killers against their rivals in the bloody games of Khadoran commerce. These deadly emissaries work together to surround and slaughter an enemy with dozens of brutally accurate thrusts from their plunging blades. On the orders of the *kayazy*, these groups of assassins have come south to bring their honed skills at swordplay and murder to the battlefield. In this fashion the merchant-princes assure that their profits continue unimpeded by the vagaries of military command.

Drawn originally from the most ruthless and skilled street gangs in the larger Khadoran cities, these grim killers survived amid harsh alleyways by slitting the throats of those who would do the same to them. Serving the *kayazy* as an assassin brings a

measure of respect and status, and these men climbed the ranks of the underworld on a rising pile of corpses to gain the patronage of their influential masters. Many soldiers feel uncomfortable around these murderous duelists, but none can fault their skill and efficiency.

These blademen mastered the duelist's art in a school where failure brought deadly consequence. They fight in the Korsk style, wielding a thrusting blade in one hand while using their cloak in the other to entangle a foe's weapon or arm before striking. Kayazy Assassins boast swordplay expertise the equal or better of pompous blade masters of noble lineage. Few can stand against the flurry of flashing blades as several assassins close at once on their chosen victim.



KAYAZY ASSASSIN UNDERBOSS

KHADOR KAYAZY ASSASSIN ALLY UNIT ATTACHMENT

He finds killing is so easy I think it requires more effort for him to let a man who crosses him live.

—CAPO GEORGI BARAYEV



Some say the ruthless underbosses who lead handpicked teams of assassins hold the true power among the killers employed by the *kayazy*. These criminal commanders achieve their status only after cutthroat competition among the Korsk gangs. Beyond being deadly with a blade, an underboss must demonstrate intelligence, patience, and the ability to accumulate and preserve wealth. Surviving long enough to enjoy one's accumulated blood money is an accomplishment in itself, but no underboss can become soft, as his underlings stand ready to replace him at any sign of weakness. The *kayazy* often set rival underbosses against one another in underworld shifts of alliances and betrayals.



Underboss

Backstab - The Underboss rolls an additional die on his back strike damage rolls.

Chain Attack – Bleed Out - If the Underboss hits the same living target with both of his initial Assassin Blade attacks during the same activation, after resolving the attacks he may immediately make an additional melee attack against the target. If the attack succeeds, instead of dealing damage, the target must forfeit either its movement or action on its next turn.

Kill Stroke - Once per game during this unit's activation, the Underboss may use Kill Stroke. This activation, models in the unit may move through other models if they have enough movement to move completely past the models' bases, and they ignore intervening models when declaring charges.

Killer Rep - While the Underboss is in play models in his unit never flee.

Officer - The Underboss is the unit leader.

Tactics: Duelist - Models in this unit gain Duelist. A model with Duelist gains +2 DEF against melee attacks.

Tough - When the Underboss suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, his controller rolls a d6. On a 5 or 6, the Underboss is knocked down instead of being destroyed. If the Underboss is not destroyed, he is reduced to one wound.

Unit Abilities - The Underboss has Kayazy Assassin unit abilities.

Underboss Cmd 9

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	6	8	4	14	11



Assassin Blade

SPECIAL POW P+S

— 4 10



Assassin Blade

SPECIAL POW P+S

— 4 10

Damage 8

Field Allowance 1

Victory Points +1

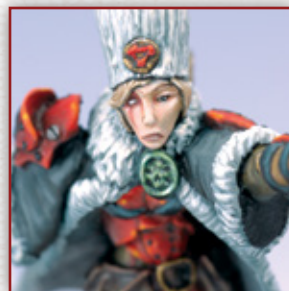
Point Cost 29

Base Size Small

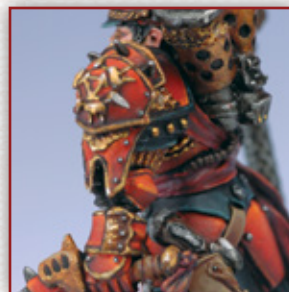
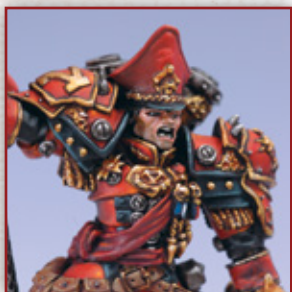
The wealth of riches that the *kayazy* offer to participate in the ongoing war effort has not gone unnoticed, and many underbosses want to claim a piece of the action. These ambitious assassins make the necessary arrangements for their kills and hand-select the best murderers among their crews. Underbosses often lead particularly important strikes personally to show subordinates exactly how to do things properly. Hiring an underboss and his crew represents a substantial investment but well worth the coin, for such a group can all but assure the murder of their target. These honed killers know no 'retirement' awaits them. Failure invites either maiming—if the underboss is merciful—or a slit throat.



KHADOR



Koldun Kommander Aleksandra Zerkova
WARCASTER



Supreme Kommandant Irusk
EIPC WARCASTER



Fenris
DRAGOON SOLO





Kayazy Assassins
ALLY UNIT

Kayazy Assassin Underboss
KAYAZY ASSASSIN UNIT ATTACHMENT



Yuri the Axe
SOLO



Great Bears of Gallowswood
CHARACTER UNIT



Drago
UNIQUE HEAVY WARJACK



Beast-09
UNIQUE HEAVY WARJACK

KHADOR









CRYX

Blood pooled thick between the corpses and cobblestone on the streets outside the Katrinksa Cathedral. The eldritch Goreshade felt the growing imperative to quickly finish his tasks within, yet he did not rush as he hacked off the heads of the slain Precursor Knights one by one. Even in death the bodies of these holy knights who died resolutely defending sanctified ground carried the stink of their god. Such remains could not be defiled easily or without consequence, but Goreshade was a master of the deepest arts of blasphemy.

The Vicarate Council of Korsk called this cathedral home, and Goreshade had carefully selected his time to strike after watching the cathedral patiently from the shadows. Tonight, some obligation had summoned the entire council and their guardians to the nearby Stasikov Palace. The Precursor Knights had proven an unexpected complication. Goreshade did not understand why this southern order had stood guard with the city's leading priests elsewhere, but it seemed the only sign that the foolish Morrowans had any inkling of the importance of what had fallen into their grasp. The knights had caused him an unfortunate delay, but he intended to make use of their presence.

He gathered the decapitated heads into a pile. He found even the touch of their sanctified blood on his unliving hands unpleasant. He invoked the words of a rite intended to break the holy threshold of the cathedral. Great cathedrals like these were anathema to the dead so long as their holy fonts remained inviolate, but Goreshade knew means around such defenses. While the faithful liked to believe their god watched over them constantly, wards like these sprang from mortal prayers. He had repeatedly dispensed with similar protections through the strength of his eldritch will while penetrating the Protectorate of Menoth's holy places.

When his rite reached its terminus he took the head of the battle chaplain and set it upon the threshold where the large doors swung open. He placed the head upright facing inward, then pulled back the lids of its eyes and spoke words in a guttural, forgotten language. Green light fired in the eyes and burned the fleshy orbs to cinders. He stepped into the main hall and pushed his way through an invisible barrier. A sensation like liquid fire washed over him. He ignored this temporary discomfort.

The holy aura of this place did not feel as strong as he had expected. Something of far greater sanctity had recently compromised it. For two thousand years these grounds had provided a gathering place for the worship of countless pious thousands, yet now an alien presence overshadowed millennia of prayer. Goreshade could sense this presence below, where these foolish humans had brought the vault of a frozen but still living elven god.



Goreshade left his Stalkers to watch the entryway while he descended. The largest chamber directly below the cathedral contained numerous steam boilers used to heat the enormous chamber above, but he eventually found the entrance to the burial chambers. A wide passage, intended to convey kings and those of noble blood to their final rest, extended below the chancel. This attached to crypts and tombs below which lay the older catacombs. Even before he neared his destination the temperature of the passages and chambers plummeted.

He expected the vault to have guards, confirmed by the flickering of light and the sound of low voices ahead. Cloaked in shadows, he entered a large domed room that served as a hub between numerous smaller burial chambers. The crumbling bricks of the walls and softened edges of the carved stonework suggested antiquity. At the center stood the vault, a large and perfectly proportioned cube of polished marble. Sigils carved in a graceful curved script decorated each surface.

It clearly did not belong here. Several torches lit the room but the vault emitted its own soft and cold blue-tinged illumination that seemed the antithesis of flame. Thirteen robed Nyss knelt in a circle around it, facing inward and chanting with their heads bowed. Another thirteen slept huddled in their cloaks on the cold stone floor against the far wall. Beside each, the sleeping and those awake, lay the gleaming length of a naked steel blade. The chamber felt as frosty as the Shard Spires where the Nyss culture had shattered beneath an uncaring sky.

Theirs seemed a poor posture to assume as a vigil, for none faced outward or kept watch on the entry chamber. As he entered the chamber, however, the torches lit along the periphery sputtered and extinguished. The cold blue light that remained brought all edges to a sharp contrast. As one the thirteen praying Nyss took up their blades, stood, and turned to face him as if they had prepared centuries for this single moment.



They fought bravely and died without ever betraying fear or the horror they must have felt at the monster they faced. Most were among the last of the Maelwyr Aeryn, a shard that had long served the frozen god until their numbers diminished, and an abomination forced them to flee their homeland. Goreshade could not deny their skill, but they had spent too long fasting. Their holy rituals strengthened their will but reduced their fighting strength. They should have spent their hours eating heartily and sparring rather than starving and kneeling on frozen stone.



Goresshade used every trick at his disposal as he dispatched them, refusing them a direct fight. They died to his blade and profane spells.

Their companions watched as those he hacked down rose as sythyss deathwalkers. At each kill a new deathwalker rose while the previous one loosed a thin wordless wail of protest and sloughed to tattered ribbons of flesh. The sleeping Nyss awoke, but they too died on his blade. Blood covered the floor and almost immediately congealed and froze into polluted red-slick pools.

Some few of the god's priests opposed him, and Goresshade found them even more contemptible. He could sense their ready latent power, so close to its wellspring, but even now they proved reluctant to sip its strength. They had trained too long to avoid straining their patron by invoking His divinity. They lacked the reflexes of the human battle-priests the eldritch had fought.

The last, an elder, matched Goresshade blade-to-blade and evoked in the eldritch something akin to respect. Goresshade had never seen an elf so aged. Marked by myriad wrinkles covering skin thin like gauze and colorless hair that looked like strands of ice, he nevertheless demonstrated a skill with his sword beyond all age and defying the frailty of his old bones. Though he struck with feeble blows, his sword's sharp edge carried holy runes Goresshade sensed could do him harm.

This was the *qyr-aransor*, "ancient elder" in their tongue, Vaeril the Wise. For four centuries he had stalked the northern wilderness and served his slumbering god. His eyes suggested he had faced worse horrors and yet lived. He proved the truth of this with a blinding sequence of lightning feints and strikes ending in one unavoidable thrust. His eyes fired with triumph as he impaled the holy claymore deep into Goresshade's chest. Goresshade shuddered in annoyance as he fell twisting to the floor and yanked the blade free from the ancient's hands.

What the Nyss took as a death shudder was actually Goresshade pulling the sword loose while forestalling his destruction by absorbing the essence of his last deathwalker. The priest-warrior stared in incomprehension as Goresshade stood again and hurled the blade into one of the darkened corridors. With an almost gentle swing he let Bloodcleaver carve into the *qyr-aransor* below the ribcage but stopping short of his spine. Vaeril slumped to his knees bleeding profusely.

"This cannot be," the ancient whispered in a barely audible hiss. "The prophecy...I shall not die until I have seen the face of Nyssor."

Goresshade offered the dying priest the slightest bow. In the Nyss' Aeric tongue he answered, "Let us fulfill your destiny." He turned and strode toward the gleaming vault.



Undoubtedly the Nyss knew an elegant procedure for opening the marble vault, but Goresshade had no time for enigmas. He took the cruder expedient of ignoring the words writ in holy script on the forward face and shattered it with several great blows of Bloodcleaver. He threw the stone shards away to reveal the core of a single block of solid ice that siphoned in every trace of remaining warmth from the already freezing chamber, as if the shell had existed to protect its bearers and not to preserve its contents.

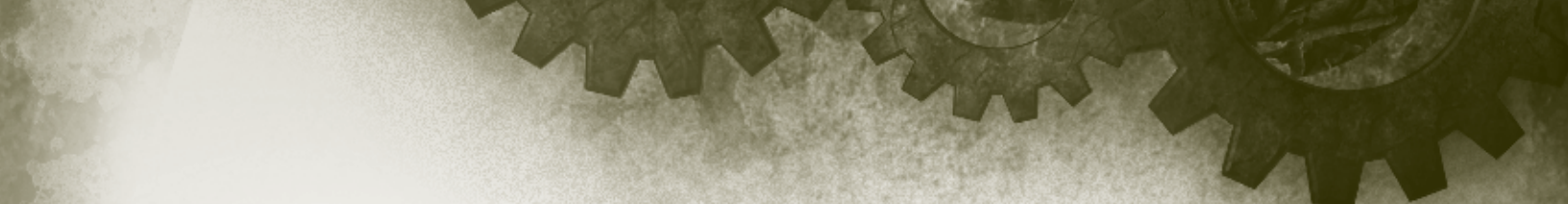
Goresshade had prepared for this eventuality and brought forth the wrought iron Torch of Lord Khazarak, a Menite relic plundered from the tomb of that ancient Khadoran horselord. The eldritch had spent some time in previous months corrupting this forgotten treasure for his purposes. When he spoke the Khurzik phrase to ignite the torch, its blaze glowed not with the clean orange and yellow of true flame but with the bright green of balefire. Its raw, undeniable, and overwhelming heat began to melt the ice wherever he held its flame. The large shadowy figure dimly visible within the crystalline depths took on greater definition.

Goresshade took care not to melt too much, first revealing the hilt of the great sword Voass. Its workmanship was finer than any he had seen and its metal bore an unfamiliar sheen. He melted more until the face of a god emerged, a face that seemed more a statue carved to represent the abstraction of an elf larger than life rather than anything alive. Even as he tried to take in the features of the god they subtly shimmered and changed, like frosted breath on a mirror. Goresshade had a sense of tremendous age and strength and coldness like the blackness between stars. Looking upon those features provoked strange feelings, echoes from Goresshade's mortal days when his heart still beat and blood still flowed in his collapsed veins. Recognizing the trap, he shook off the sensation.

He pulled back the green fire. "Awaken and heed my words, Scyir of Winter, Grand Crafter of Lyoss, Architect of Shifting Glass, Frozen Sage, Winter Father, Keeper of Secrets. Awaken Nyssor, brother of Issyr, Lyliss, and Scyrach, who sleeps."

When those eyes opened it seemed as though they did so with a sound like the cracking weight of an iceberg breaking free. The Torch of Lord Khazarak sputtered and extinguished as the silver eyes of a god fell upon Goresshade. Simultaneously Goresshade became aware that his Stalkers in the chamber above had joined battle. Through them he sensed the sudden intrusion of Khadoran soldiers into the cathedral.

A whisper behind him spoke. "My lord, I failed thee." Goresshade looked in irritation at the dying priest, enraged that the Nyss should address the awoken god first.



Nyssor spoke, "No, my son. Be whole." Goreshade felt a surge of power as the ancient priest had his life restored. This blatant waste of power angered the eldritch more than anything else. He turned to slay the Nyss again, but Vaeril had gone along with the bodies of the other fallen guardians. Goreshade, his rage burning, turned back to see the silver eyes regarding him. No wonder the gods had fallen if this one wasted His waning energy on insects. It was insufferable.

"You will answer. I have learned your secrets and know how the people of Ios can be whole again. You need only confirm it."

The eyes stared at him with scorn but the god still did not speak.

"Centuries ago you sent emissaries to Ios to bring word to Scyrah, but they were turned away. You told them you and your sister must end your lives here on Caen before your power faded entirely. You described the ceremony whereby your essence would return to the Veld. You knew your corporeal presence corrupted the divine order. You have shattered the cycle of rebirth by lingering here and brought ruin to the race beloved of Lacyr. By ending you both, the cycle will restore itself. Confirm this and I will deliver you."

At last the god spoke. "You have learned some secrets, but too few. Your comprehension is flawed. You hope to be a savior, but you are walking death."

The rage building within Goreshade flared in his eyes.

"Has your slumber made you a coward?" Khazarak's Torch clattered to the floor as he raised Bloodcleaver and swung the great blade straight at the neck of the frozen god.

The blade suddenly stopped as it touched the divine flesh, and the eldritch's straining arms refused to move it further. He saw the skin begin to part, and a single drop of blood welled against the edge. He felt a burst of cold, and a rime of frozen moisture shimmered across Bloodcleaver's surface. The god spoke again, and Goreshade felt each word like a blow. "You are anathema, beyond redemption. Your words will be unheard and your legacy ash and ruin." With a clanging protest Bloodcleaver exploded into countless tiny shards and metal powder.

Goreshade growled in denial. He grasped the hilt of Voass and pulled it loose from the sheath held by the god's frozen fingers deeper in the ice. Coldness spread up his arm and the sword screamed a keening protest. It fought him, but he clamped his will upon it even as it tried to freeze his hand. "You will die by your own blade." Emotion showed for the first time in the stoic expression of the god.

The eldritch pulled back to swing, but as his eyes locked with Nyssor's, Goreshade found overpowering the will of a deity no simple task. He began his swing, leveraging all of his strength,

but halfway through, he felt the air thicken and the slash slowed. Halfway again his arms seemed to move with almost painful deliberation, yet he still felt the sharp edge could bite. With Voass only a few inches from the god's neck, Goreshade felt as though he pushed the blade through solid stone. Each time he divided the distance in half his speed also halved, and Goreshade saw at this rate the blade would never reach its destination. Futile anger built in him as he heard shouts in the corridors and the stomping of boots. His fight with the vault's guardians had weakened him; it would not take much to destroy him. "I will master your sword," Goreshade promised. The next time we meet it will end your life."

Tearing his eyes away and holding the god's sword tight in his grasp, Goreshade cloaked himself in shadows and fled.



GORESHADE THE CURSED

You are anathema beyond redemption. Your words will be unheard and your legacy ash and ruin.

—NYSSOR, SCYIR OF WINTER, INVOKING HIS CURSE ON GORESHADE



Once known as the Iosan Lord Ghyrrshyld, Goreshade became an eldrich to escape his mortality long before he joined the Nightmare Empire. Though a captain in the armies of Cryx, his ties to Lord Toruk remain ill defined. Certain Cryxian powers once thought Goreshade a simple if powerful weapon, a convenient tool for their ambitions, but a terrible hubris motivates Goreshade. This has compelled him to confront a god. Nyssor cursed him for his madness, but Goreshade remains convinced that his path will prove the salvation of his kind. Understanding his logic requires plunging into the unhallowed depths of his labyrinthine mind.

Goreshade has never forgotten his time in Ios when he spoke words none of his people wished to hear. He confronted them with the fate of their species by demanding the lords of Ios stare into the black, empty eyes of soulless children and face the failure of their gods. Outsiders do not know that Lord Ghyrrshyld prompted a civil war that consumed Ios and closed its borders. Most Iosans have yet to recover from the shock of facing their inevitable extinction. Ghyrrshyld tried to convince them that reversing a cosmological apocalypse would require acts some would deem sacrilege, and they had not the strength of will to heed his words. Ghyrrshyld left them to their folly and sought undeath. He vowed he would embrace every dark art to buy the time he needed to do the unthinkable.

By becoming an eldrich Goreshade gained insight into the endless chasm between Caen and Urcaen. Mastery of this lore irrevocably altered his perception of reality. He

CRYX EPIC WARCASTER CHARACTER

believes that this void continually consumes the lost souls of the elven race and that he alone has the power to restore them. His solution requires removing the ailing gods from Caen, even if that means their destruction, and the sages of Ios cannot face the awful truth that salvation requires their living gods to die. Goreshade will pay any price and commit any atrocity to complete this great work.

Some of Goreshade's recent actions have placed him perilously close to openly defying the lich lords of Cryx. He has made subversive promises to the dragon Ethrunbal. Without question he has pursued his own agenda, yet ultimately he remains a faithful ally to Lord Toruk. Goreshade firmly believes that only a creature as powerful and ancient as this dragon could understand his mission. Even with the elven gods crippled, Goreshade requires the strength of the Cryxian Empire to enact his plans.

His path ultimately led him to the steps of the great Morrowan cathedral in Korsk, where he stood before a god and prepared to extinguish an immortal flame. Humans

drove Goreshade from the temple but not before he pulled the god-blade Voass from the Scyr of Winter's frozen fingers. Goreshade's eyes fire with a mad glow all the more terrifying for its unshakable conviction. Even if his people refuse his notion of "salvation", he will bring it to them by force. He stands ready to unmake Caen if he must. He sees no contradiction in destroying the world to save countless immortal souls.

TACTICAL TIPS

REANIMATOR: You cannot return models to a unit that has been completely destroyed.

SPECTRAL CURSE: This means that models can move through the affected unit, but the unit cannot move through other models. We told you Goreshade was a bastard.

SPELL	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
ABYSSAL GATE	3	8	-	12		X
When an enemy model is damaged by Abyssal Gate, Goreshade's controller may immediately place the damaged model anywhere completely within 3" of its current location, choosing its facing. There must be enough space to place the model's base.						
HEX BLAST	3	10	3	13		X
Enemy upkeep spells on model/unit directly hit by Hex Blast expire.						
PHANTOM HUNTER	2	6	-	-		X
Target friendly model can declare charges, slams, and ranged and magic attacks without LOS. The affected model ignores cloud effects, cover, concealment, obstructions, and screening when making attacks.						
PSYCHIC VAMPIRE	3	SELF	CTRL	-		X
After an enemy model casts a spell or uses an animus within Goreshade's control area, it suffers one damage point and Goreshade removes one damage point. Warbeasts forced to use an animus suffer this damage to the first available Spirit circle.						
SHADOWMANCER	3	SELF	CTRL	-		
Models in Goreshade's battlegroup currently in his control area gain Dark Shroud and Stealth. Enemy models within the melee range of a model with Dark Shroud suffer -2 ARM. Attacks against a model with Stealth from greater than 5" away automatically miss. If a model with Stealth is greater than 5" away from an attacker, it does not count as an intervening model. Shadowmancer lasts for one round.						
SPECTRAL CURSE	2	8	-	-	X	*
Target model/unit cannot make free strikes. A model may move through an affected model if it has enough movement to move completely past its base. When this spell targets an enemy model, it is an offensive spell and requires a magic attack roll.						
SUDDEN DEATH	2	6	-	-		X
When an enemy model ends its normal movement within 6" and LOS of an unengaged model in target friendly Cryx unit, a model in the unit may immediately charge the enemy model. If a model makes a charge as a result of Sudden Death, it is removed from play immediately after the charge has been resolved. A model charging due to Sudden Death ignores formation.						

ABYSSAL GATE 3 8 - 12 X
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PSYCHIC VAMPIRE 3 SELF CTRL - X
After an enemy model casts a spell or uses an animus within Goreshade's control area, it suffers one damage point and Goreshade removes one damage point. Warbeasts forced to use an animus suffer this damage to the first available Spirit circle.

SHADOWMANCER 3 SELF CTRL -
Models in Goreshade's battlegroup currently in his control area gain Dark Shroud and Stealth. Enemy models within the melee range of a model with Dark Shroud suffer -2 ARM. Attacks against a model with Stealth from greater than 5" away automatically miss. If a model with Stealth is greater than 5" away from an attacker, it does not count as an intervening model. Shadowmancer lasts for one round.

SPECTRAL CURSE 2 8 - - X *
Target model/unit cannot make free strikes. A model may move through an affected model if it has enough movement to move completely past its base. When this spell targets an enemy model, it is an offensive spell and requires a magic attack roll.

SUDDEN DEATH 2 6 - - X
When an enemy model ends its normal movement within 6" and LOS of an unengaged model in target friendly Cryx unit, a model in the unit may immediately charge the enemy model. If a model makes a charge as a result of Sudden Death, it is removed from play immediately after the charge has been resolved. A model charging due to Sudden Death ignores formation.

Feat: Reanimator

Goreshade bolsters his mastery of death magic with profane lore otherwise forgotten. As part of a dark accounting he balances the scales of death by snuffing the animating force from one soldier to loan its spark to another. Dead flesh knits and stands to fight as the once living breathe again and become unclean mockeries of their former selves.

Return one or more destroyed non-character friendly Cryx warrior models to play, placing them completely in Goreshade's control area. One friendly warrior model currently in Goreshade's control area is removed from play for each model returned. Trooper models must be returned to their original units and must be placed in formation. Returned models placed in their original unit cause the unit to lose benefits or effects that it received from the original destruction of the returned models. Returned models cannot activate the turn they return to play.

Goreshade

Elite Cadre - Bane Thrall units included in an army with Goreshade gain +1 MAT, RAT, and CMD. Each time a friendly Bane Thrall destroys a living enemy warrior model while in Goreshade's control area, its controller may add a non-leader model to the Bane Thrall's unit. Models cannot activate the turn they are put in play. The model must be placed completely within Goreshade's control area and in formation.

Siphon - During his controller's Control Phase before focus is allocated, Goreshade may drain up to either three focus points or three wound points from one friendly warcaster in his control area and add them to his current total. Goreshade cannot siphon more wound points than he has lost.

Terror - Enemy models/units in melee range of Goreshade and enemy models/units with Goreshade in their melee range must pass a command check or flee.

Undead - Goreshade is not a living model and never flees.

Voass

Critical Brittle as Ice - On a critical hit, damage that exceeds the target's ARM is doubled.

Reach - 2" melee range.

Winter's Wrath (★Attack) - When Goreshade makes a Winter's Wrath attack, before making the attack roll, he must pass a command check using his base CMD. If the roll fails, Goreshade becomes stationary for one round. If the roll succeeds, Goreshade makes a Voass attack. If the attacks hits, roll an additional damage die. If the attack destroys a model, models other than Goreshade within 2" of the model destroyed become stationary for one round.

Focus 7						Cmd 8	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM		
6	7	7	4	15	16		
						Voass	
						SPECIAL	POW P+S
						Multi	8 15
						Damage	17
						Field Allowance	C
						Victory Points	5
						Point Cost	83
						Base Size	Medium



MASTER NECROTECH MORTENEBRA

Life's births are accidents of imperfect flesh. My designs are perfection made manifest in cold steel.

—MASTER NECROTECH MORTENEBRA



The army of necrotechs who look on Mortenebra with almost religious adoration call her by a number of titles, such as the Fleshless Maiden, the Mistress of Precision, or the Cruel Shaper. These titles amuse her as a mocking echo of the names given to Cyriss, the Maiden of Gears.

This seems only proper as her necrotechs look to her as a paragon of their craft. She stands in their company as a queen amid gnats, willing to destroy any creature impertinent enough to present her with flawed engineering.

Mortenebra walks with insect-like articulation and inhuman grace on metal legs that chatter like clicking teeth as she crosses stone.

Master Necrotech Mortenebra has emerged from the smoke belching factories of Skell to lead her constructs to war. The living rarely marvel long at the horror of her appearance before her helljacks descend to slaughter. She stands out even among the evils of Cryx as singularly cold and untouched by human desires or remnant aspirations. The alien tone of her voice and perfectly calculated cadence of her words remain conspicuous even among the undead. In life, Mortenebra stood among the early practitioners drawn to the riddle of the hidden goddess Cyriss, the Maiden of Gears. She joined this fledgling cult soon after its founding and contributed to some of the cult's fundamental discoveries. She embraced and helped to define the precepts that formed the core of that religion.

CRYX WARCASTER CHARACTER

Mortenebra participated in the breakthrough work that provided the means to transfer and preserve a sentient consciousness into a clockwork shell. Mortenebra became increasingly dissatisfied with the progress even as the organization made real strides in this process. Perhaps some breed of manic perfectionism afflicted her, but she became convinced of deep and inextricable problems. She saw flaws where others saw beauty, and she proclaimed the process unready while others clamored to begin.

This created a growing rift between Mortenebra and the Cult. As she attempted to analyze these fundamental flaws, Mortenebra came to the conclusion that the vessels did not possess true free will. Some external force exercised a subtle but undeniable control on the translated consciousness. Her peers accused her of impiety and paranoia when she presented her findings, and they explained her conclusions as nothing less than the palpable guiding hand of Cyriss.

Undeterred by their platitudes, Mortenebra decided to take a more radical approach. Her plan would forever alienate her from the Cult of Cyriss. Sparing no expense, she designed a trap to capture and hold an iron lich. She knew of an ancient arcanist of Skell, an iron lich named Lorvetus, obsessed with

Orgoth lore. She bribed several disreputable merchants that frequented Blackwater to spread rumors of a buried Orgoth bibliotheca. Lorvetus took the bait. Despite her preparations, the ambush resulted in a bloody battle. Lorvetus murdered a dozen lesser members of the cult, but in the end Mortenebra secured the lich for her study.

Mortenebra tested and dissected the creature back in her laboratory, fascinated by its necrotechnology, and conducted a lengthy dialog until she isolated and expunged its animating soul. She took her findings, the lich's corpse, and a detailed analysis of its operation to the leading fluxion of the cult and recommended replicating from the abomination several new mechanisms to improve the cult transfer protocols. Her peers listened in horror as she suggested incorporating necromantic elements into their machinery.

The Cult ultimately denounced Mortenebra and cast her

TACTICAL TIPS

TERMINAL VELOCITY: Note that this movement is in addition to extra movement gained from charging or slamming

SPELL	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
DEATH RACE	2	6	-	-		
When target model in Mortenebra's battlegroup destroys one or more enemy models with an attack, one model in Mortenebra's battlegroup in her control area may immediately move up to its current SPD in inches. Death Race then expires. Death Race lasts for one turn. Death Race may be cast once per turn.						
DOOM SPIRAL	2	8	-	12		X
When Doom Spiral damages a warjack, the warjack's controlling warcaster suffers d3 damage points.						
JUMP START	2	SELF	CTRL	-		
Models in Mortenebra's battlegroup currently in her control area may immediately change their facing. Affected models that are stationary are no longer stationary. Affected models that are knocked down immediately stand up.						
SACRAL WARD	2	6	-	-		X
Target model in Mortenebra's battlegroup gains Sacral Ward. When the affected model is directly hit by an enemy ranged attack, its controller may select a friendly non-incorporeal undead model in its front arc and within 3" of it to be directly hit instead. Sacral Ward then expires. The selected model becomes the target and is hit automatically.						
SPECTRAL STEEL	3	6	-	-		X
Target warjack in Mortenebra's battlegroup gains +2 ARM and Ghostly. A model with Ghostly may move and charge through any terrain and obstacles without penalty. A model with Ghostly may move through obstructions if it has enough movement to move completely past the obstruction. A model with Ghostly cannot be targeted by free strikes.						
TERMINAL VELOCITY4	SELF	CTRL	-			
Warjacks in Mortenebra's battlegroup currently in her control area can charge or perform power attacks without spending focus. When an affected model attacks a living model with a melee attack, its attack rolls are boosted. When an affected model targets a living model with a charge or slam, it gains +2" of movement. Terminal Velocity lasts for one turn.						
VOID GATE	4	10	4	13	X	X
The Void Gate AOE stays on the table as long as upkeep is paid. While in the AOE, enemy models cannot channel spells, be allocated focus, or be forced.						

Feat: Recalibration

Master Necrotech Mortenebra is a virtuoso of the twisted occult science that gave rise to the war machines of Cryx. By extending her power she can impart mechanical perfection upon her entire army to refine their attacks and maximize their killing efficiency. Though some would protest that the walking dead need no encouragement for slaughter, Mortenebra contends there is always room for improvement.

Friendly Cryx models currently in Mortenebra's control area may re-roll attack and damage rolls. Each roll may be re-rolled once as a result of Recalibration. Recalibration lasts for one turn.

Mortenebra

Cohort: Pit Crew - Necrotechs in an army with Mortenebra gain Repair [8].

Interface - While in base-to-base contact with Mortenebra, a warjack in her battlegroup can spend focus points that are on Mortenebra.

Necromantik - Once per turn during her activation when Mortenebra gains a soul token after destroying a living enemy model with a melee attack, immediately after the attack has been resolved she may spend the soul token to cast a spell with a focus cost of three or less without spending any focus points.

Pathfinder - During her activation, Mortenebra ignores movement penalties from, and may charge across, rough terrain and obstacles.

Repair [10] (★Action) - Mortenebra may attempt repairs on any friendly Cryx warjack that has been damaged or disabled. To attempt repairs, Mortenebra must be in base-to-base contact with the damaged warjack or disabled wreck marker and make a skill check. If successful, roll a d6 and remove that number of damage points from anywhere on the warjack's damage grid.

Soul Cages - Mortenebra gains a soul token for every living model destroyed within 2". During her controller's next Control Phase, replace each soul token with a focus point.

Spider Legs - Mortenebra cannot be knocked down.

Terror - Enemy models/units in melee range of Mortenebra and enemy models/units with Mortenebra in their melee range must pass a command check or flee.

Undead - Mortenebra is not a living model and never flees.

Scavengers

Reach - 2" melee range.

Focus 7						Cmd 8	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM		
6	7	6	4	15	16		
						Scavenger	
						SPECIAL	POW P+S
						Reach	5 12
						Scavenger	
						SPECIAL	POW P+S
						Reach	5 12
Damage						16	
Field Allowance						C	
Victory Points						5	
Point Cost						92	
Base Size						Medium	



DERYLISS

out. Only a fear of her growing power prevented them from assassinating her. They came to regret their cowardice. While they banished her from their inner sanctum, the cult proved incautious regarding its defensive measures. Unbeknownst to them, Mortenebra retained loyal minions within the organization, and these agents conspired against their superiors. When the cult first succeeded in transferring a priest into a clockwork body, Mortenebra returned in force. She deactivated the guardians, slew all who opposed her, seized the clockwork priest as her captive, and fled to Cryx.

Exploiting information gleaned from her examination and interrogation of Lorvetus, Mortenebra presented herself and her captive to the lords of Blackwater and offered everything she knew in exchange for asylum. The priest screamed curses at her as necrotechs laid bare his inner mechanisms. She listened to its abuse with clinical disdain and remembered the way her own servitors had dissected Lorvetus. She had already begun the gradual process of readying herself to become an iron lich, and she soon acquired the additional lore she required to complete this transformation.

Mortenebra is now entirely a creature of Cryx, her past almost forgotten. She views her new form as vastly superior to any vessel constructed by the cult of the machine goddess, and she has fully embraced the worship of Lord Toruk. Mortenebra has adapted the precepts of her former cult to the principles of necrotechnology and implemented their secretive cell structure with her cabal among the Scharde Isles. Her specialized knowledge and singular machine empathy give her unique insight into Cryxian necro-horrors. She has turned her perfectionism to the machines she fabricates and controls. Mortenebra can literally meld her mind in perfect synchronization with the helljacks at her command. The perfect transfer of arcane energy to her constructs is beyond the ken of lesser warcasters. This synergy becomes absolute and terrifying as her army moves as one extension of her unfathomably complex mind.

CRYX SKARLOCK THRALL CHARACTER SOLO

Mortenebra's skarlock Deryliss is an ever-lurking presence, always ready to loan its considerable skills to its master wherever she travels. She crafted Deryliss early in her stay on Cryx, and she has gradually improved it over the centuries into a refined and intelligent aide. By Deryliss' proximity and intercession Mortenebra can extend her control over her 'jacks even when battle has scattered them far apart. In addition to arcane power, Mortenebra has bestowed on Deryliss some measure of her authority, and the creature can speak in her stead.

Mortenebra maintains a vast network of agents on the mainland that kept her well informed of events abroad even as she remained close to the heart of the empire in Skell. For decades, Mortenebra has utilized Deryliss and her minions to collect a wide variety of Orgoth relics. She incorporates each piece of stolen occult lore she extracts into new necrotechnology. Through her intermediaries she has plundered treasures from the ruins at Nine Stones, Henge Hold, and even the mining complex below Khardov.

Mortenebra has mechanized and streamlined Cryx's necromantic processes to an unprecedented level. She improved the method of corpse collection and soul harvesting, and improved the efficiency of the methods used to deliver the divided pieces of the dead. Some rotted flesh goes to the vast roiling cauldrons of caustic chemicals to become corrosive bile. Other pieces necrosurgeons stitch together to fuse with pneumatic tubes and machinery. She has overseen the construction of great forges and smelting vats to melt ore and pound it into shape. She has built foundries and factories for turning refined materials into 'jacks. Necrotechs under her command exactly assemble Cryxian cortexes from layers of precious metals, glass, and carved slivers of bone.

Mortenebra has managed the careful equation of serving all the lich lords and yet calling none her master. Lich Lord Morbus, held accountable for the war industry of the Nightmare Empire, has directed most of her efforts, yet she has also done favors for other benefactors. The industry of her vast factories has fueled the war efforts of Terminus, Daeamortus—before his destruction—and now Asphyxious. Her decision to step onto the mainland marks a turning point for Cryx. She has gone to inspect the hidden bases expanding in the tunnels below the Thornwood and the Wyrmswall Mountains and ensure that their progress stays on schedule.

Mortenebra will erase anything she perceives as an impediment to the smooth working of her machinery, and even puissant lords do not escape her scrutiny. She remains eager to learn of discoveries made by Asphyxious that could further her craft and to pick his skull regarding the vanished Temple Garroddh. Asphyxious has been obliged to accept Mortenebra's insights even as he watches her closely. Soon the mainland armies will taste bitter ashes while watching their armies disassembled by horrors Mortenebra directs with clockwork precision.

Deryliss

Arcane Extension - While Deryliss is in Mortenebra's control area, Mortenebra may allocate focus points to warjacks in her battlegroup in Deryliss' command range. While Deryliss is in Mortenebra's control area, she may upkeep one spell without spending a focus point.

Bound to Mortenebra - Deryliss is bound to Mortenebra. Deryliss cannot be reassigned during a game. Each warcaster may only have one bound Skarlock Thrall.

Commander - Deryliss has a command range equal to his CMD in inches. Friendly Cryx models/units in his command range may use Deryliss's CMD when making command checks. Deryliss may rally and give orders to friendly Cryx models in his command range.


Companion - Deryliss is included in any army that also includes Mortenebra. Deryliss is part of Mortenebra's battlegroup. If Mortenebra is destroyed or removed from play, remove Deryliss from play.

Enhanced Recharge - While in base-to-base contact with Deryliss, Mortenebra removes one additional damage point each time she spends a focus point to regenerate her power field.

Soul Keeper - Deryliss gains a soul token for every living model destroyed within 2". Deryliss may have a maximum of three soul tokens at any time. Deryliss may spend soul tokens to boost attack and damage rolls. During his controller's Control Phase, Deryliss may spend soul tokens to allocate focus points to warjacks in Mortenebra's battlegroup in his command range. A warjack is allocated one focus point for each soul token spent.

Spell Slave (★Action) - While in Mortenebra's control area, Deryliss may cast one of Mortenebra's spells with a focus cost of three or less without spending any focus points. Deryliss uses Mortenebra's FOC stat to resolve all effects of the spell including attack rolls. Deryliss cannot channel spells or cast spells with a range of 'Self.' Mortenebra may allocate focus points to upkeep spells cast by Deryliss, and spells cast by Deryliss are considered to have been cast by Mortenebra. When Deryliss casts an offensive spell, he is considered to be the attacker.

Undead - Deryliss is not a living model and never flees.

Deryliss						Cmd 8	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM		
6	6	5	3	14	13		
						Claw	
						SPECIAL	POW P+S
						—	2 8
Damage						5	
Field Allowance						C	
Victory Points						0	
Point Cost						0	
Base Size						Small	



CANKERWORM

It made unholy congress with a Defender and then started firing shells at us from clear across the river!

—TRENCHER SURVIVOR OF THE MOST RECENT SIGHTING OF THE CANKERWORM



Height/Weight: 15' (long) / 3.25 tons
Armament: Bite, Replicator
Fuel Load/Burn Usage: UNKNOWN
Initial Service Date: UNKNOWN
Cortex Manufacturer: UNKNOWN
Orig. Chassis Design: UNKNOWN

Cankermorm slithers through battlefields on hooked claws while its armored scales rasp along its serpentine length. A carrion scavenger feasting on dead machines, Cankermorm picks their rusted carcasses clean of parts to integrate into its own mass. Its capacity to regenerate itself has allowed it to emerge from the wreckage of battle countless times and return to Asphyxious despite its near destruction. It tears limb from limb those who interrupt or seek to thwart its purposes, but it has no lasting interest in flesh. Its rear terminus houses a strange device that grafts itself to weapons salvaged from the battlefield.

Only Asphyxious knows from whence Cankermorm arose, and it seems likely the result of his own tinkering amid the mechanisms of countless war-torn fields of slaughter. Cankermorm has lurked near wherever the iron lich has battled in the last few centuries. It seems a creature more self-created than designed, the extension of acquisitive principles of bafflingly complexity, and it embodies Asphyxious' philosophy of rising from below to consume his enemies whole.

Cankermorm attacks with a breed of cunning and sense of self-preservation that makes mockery of life. Skulking across the blasted battlefield, Cankermorm waits for the mightiest of warjacks to suffer crippling damage and springs to attack the vulnerable machine. As it delivers the killing strike, Cankermorm harvests weapons and other useful machinery from the fallen construct. Its unprecedented ability to manipulate even the most sophisticated and complex mechanical devices makes Cankermorm a particularly versatile tool in Asphyxious' arsenal.

The existence of this machine has only added to the terrifying legacy of Asphyxious. Even the lich lord's servants find the machine disquieting. It has on occasion lashed out against those who displease its master. No Cryxian interferes with Cankermorm as it scours the battlefields like an enormous, malignant iron insect. Its behavior is often as inexplicable as it is abhorrent. Necrotechs have observed Cankermorm pile the dead after a battle and bury itself in their midst. It also sometimes stalks the wounded, both living and warjack, back to their camps to finish them just before they reach safety. It has dissected machinery and corpses with equal dispassion and sometimes recovers a skull or a piece of mechanika it feels them worthy of its masters' further scrutiny. How it chooses its trophies remains a mystery no one has dared to investigate closely.

Cankermorm

Ablation - When Cankermorm rolls damage against a medium or large-based model suffering Corrosion, the target's ARM stat is halved when calculating damage. Effects that further modify ARM are not reduced. Cankermorm gains +2 on damage rolls against small-based models suffering Corrosion.

Advance Deployment - Place Cankermorm after normal deployment, up to 12" beyond the established deployment zone.

Affinity (Asphyxious): Extended Control Range - When checking to see if Cankermorm is in Asphyxious' control area for the purpose of allocating focus, double the area.

All Terrain - During its activation, Cankermorm ignores movement penalties from, and may charge and slam across, rough terrain and obstacles.

Imprint: Weakness - During its activation, Cankermorm may spend one focus point to use Weakness. When a model is damaged by Cankermorm this turn, it suffers Weakness for one round. When a model suffering Weakness makes a damage roll, it rolls one less die.

Meat Grinder - Cankermorm gains an additional die on melee attack rolls against living models. When Cankermorm destroys a living enemy model with a melee attack, it gains a focus point.



Salvage (★Action) - To use this special action, Cankermorm must be in base contact with a wreck marker. Remove the wreck marker from play. When Cankermorm removes a light wreck marker, remove d6 damage points from anywhere on Cankermorm's damage grid. When the Cankermorm removes a heavy wreck marker, remove d6+3 damage points.

Scutter - If Cankermorm destroys at least one enemy model with a melee attack during its activation and is not in melee at the end of its combat action, it may move up to its current SPD in inches.

Stealth - Attacks against Cankermorm from greater than 5" away automatically miss. If Cankermorm is greater than 5" away from an attacker, it does not count as an intervening model.

Replicator

Adapt - When Cankermorm makes a Salvage special action, its controller may choose to adapt the Replicator. When adapted, the Replicator gains the abilities of one of the totalled or disabled warjack's arm weapon systems. When adapted, the Replicator becomes the type of weapon adapted, melee or ranged, and uses the RNG, ROF, AOE, and POW of the adapted weapon. When the Replicator adapts a new weapon, it loses the stats and abilities of the last weapon. Replace references to the warjack, faction, and weapon with references to Cankermorm, Cryx, and Replicator, respectively.

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	7	6	4	14	15
HD					
		Bite			
		SPECIAL	POW	P+S	
		—	3	10	
		Replicator			
		SPECIAL	POW	P+S	
		Adapt	5	12	
1	2	3	4	5	6
H	C	C	C	C	M
H	H	H	M	M	M
Field Allowance					C
Victory Points					2
Point Cost					75
Base Size					Medium

TACTICAL TIPS

WEAKNESS: Weakness affects ranged and magic attack damage rolls too.

MEAT GRINDER: There is no limit to the number of focus points Cankermorm can gain from Meat Grinder.

REPLICATE: The Cankermorm can gain +2 ARM if it adapts a shield. The Cankermorm cannot replicate a one shot weapon and fire it if the weapon has already fired this game.



NIGHTMARE

Bound in iron and death; annihilation, I give you form.

—WRAITH WITCH DENEGHRA

Height/Weight: 11'10" / 7 tons

Armament: Wicked Claws (left and right)

Fuel Load/Burn Usage: 100 Lbs (necrotite) or 200 Lbs (coal) / 12 hrs general, 2 hrs combat

Initial Service Date: UNKNOWN; Current chassis 606 AR

Cortex Manufacturer: UNKNOWN

Orig. Chassis Design: UNKNOWN

If the Slayer is a perfect killing machine, then the Nightmare is darkness and mortality incarnate. The cold shell of this helljack gives form to a bestial predatory instinct. It can become a ghostly specter and move through the rock and steel of any barrier before shimmering into terrifying reality. Striding forward alongside the Wraith Witch Deneghra, Nightmare's blackened metal chassis melds into the greater darkness until it reaches out with lengthy claws to rend its victims limb from limb.

Deneghra chose this machine as her vessel of vengeance the day its claws held her in place for her sister's killing stroke. This same Slayer later carried Deneghra's body from the field, obedient to her beyond death. After Asphyxious returned her soul to awaken her flesh, the thought of her own blood on its claws fueled Deneghra's obsession. Her training as a warwitch had taught her the power in blood rituals and black deeds done with the passions roused. Her murder had left an indelible imprint on the machine that the potency of the soul shared between these internecine twins only magnified.

Deneghra conducted careful preparations for the ritual by which she would bind this creature to her and remake it as a tool of her vengeance. By her order, necrotechs extensively modified its form to prepare the helljack for the dark rites ahead and its new role. With all in readiness, Deneghra circled the machine with a complex pattern of fell runes empowered by sacral blood. She chanted words of power as she completed the runes. Where her life's blood had spilled, cold fire erupted in a blaze and Deneghra remembered the loss of her mortality.

As her chanting reached its climax and the runes ignited to a painful intensity, Deneghra's mind and Nightmare's cortex connected with an ecstatic frisson to seal an imperishable bond. This imprinted Nightmare's cortex with her insatiable hunger for vengeance. Through this link, the helljack became the ultimate hunter, a tireless horror that would follow its quarry with infinite patience. It became the demon Deneghra would unleash upon her enemies to know that death would inevitably find them.

All hope vanishes from those who witness Nightmare materialize from the shadows to slaughter. The machine stares out at the world with unholy menace, and the fires of its eyes gleam with the cold malice that lurks in the night's outer darkness. Those who flee from Nightmare soon learn to despair as all efforts of evasion prove fruitless and the machine closes on its prey with the terrible certainty of death.

Nightmare

Affinity (Deneghra): Black Veil - While Nightmare is in Deneghra's control area, Nightmare gains Stealth.

Death Tracker - After deployment and before the first player's turn, Nightmare's controller declares an enemy model/unit to be its prey. When Nightmare's prey moves during the prey's activation, immediately after the model/unit completes its activation Nightmare may move up to its current SPD in inches. Nightmare cannot end this movement farther from its prey than it began. If Nightmare's prey is a unit, it cannot end this movement farther from the closest model in the unit than Nightmare began. Nightmare gains +2 to attack and damage rolls against its prey. When the prey has been destroyed or removed from play, Nightmare's controller may immediately select another enemy model/unit to be its prey.

Imprint: Ghostly - During its activation, Nightmare may spend one focus point to gain Ghostly for one turn. A model with Ghostly may move, charge, and slam through any terrain and obstacles without penalty during its activation. A model with Ghostly may move through obstructions if it has enough movement to move completely past the obstruction. A model with Ghostly cannot be targeted by free strikes.

Wicked Claws




Combo Strike (★Attack) - Nightmare may make Wicked Claw attacks separately, or it can make a special attack to strike with both Claws simultaneously. Make one attack roll for the Combo Strike. Add Nightmare's STR once and the POW of both Wicked Claws to the damage roll.

Fists - Each of Nightmare's Wicked Claws has the abilities of an Open Fist.

Reach - 2" melee range.

Tusks

Tusks - In addition to providing an extra weapon for attacks, Nightmare's Tusks give it +2 POW for head-butt attacks.

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	10	7	4	13	18
L					
					
Wicked Claw					
SPECIAL		POW	P+S		
Multi		5	15		
R					
					
Wicked Claw					
SPECIAL		POW	P+S		
Multi		5	15		
HD					
					
Tusks					
SPECIAL		POW	P+S		
Tusks		2	12		
1	2	3	4	5	6
	L			R	
L	L	M	C	R	R
	M	M	C	C	
Field Allowance					C
Victory Points					4
Point Cost					121
Base Size					Large



BLOODGORGERS

CRYX BLIGHTED TROLLKIN UNIT

No man shall drink the blood of another. The taste brings madness.

—ATTRIBUTED TO PRIEST-KING GOLIVANT

Kithkar Cmd 8

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	7	7	4	12	15

Gorger Cmd 6

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	7	6	4	12	15



Large Hand Weapon

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
—	4	11



Small Hand Weapon

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
—	2	9

Blood Marks ○○○○○○○○

Field Allowance 2

Victory Points 2

Leader and 5 Troops 78

Up to 4 Additional Troops 12ea

Base Size Medium

Kithkar

Furious Charge (Order) - Models that receive this order must charge at SPD +5 or run, and they may cross rough terrain though they suffer normal movement penalties.

Leader

Unit

Blood Drinkers - When a Bloodgorger destroys a living enemy model, mark a Blood Mark on his unit's card. Bloodgorgers gain the following abilities while they have at least the stated number of marked Blood Marks.

- **Blood Trance (2 Marks)** - Affected Bloodgorgers pass their tough rolls on rolls of 4, 5, or 6.

- **Gore Fueled (4 Marks)** - Affected Bloodgorgers gain +2 SPD and an additional die on melee attack damage rolls.

- **Slaughterhouse (8 Marks)** - When a Bloodgorger destroys an enemy model with an attack during his activation,

immediately after the attack has been resolved, he may move up to 3". A Bloodgorger cannot end this movement out of formation or cause other models in this unit to no longer be in formation.

Fearless - A Bloodgorger never flees.

Gang - A Bloodgorger gains +2 to attack and damage rolls when making a melee attack targeting an enemy model in melee range of another model in this unit.

Tough - When a Bloodgorger suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, his controller rolls a d6. On a 5 or 6, the Bloodgorger is knocked down instead of being destroyed.

The murderous Bloodgorgers hail from a kriel of black-hearted savages brought to violent frenzy by the taste and smell of blood. They find no greater joy in life than charging into battle to maim and rend their enemies before feasting on the warm flesh while the fresh blood steams in the air. Toruk's blight has blessed these trollkin with pronounced spurs and curving horns in their flesh, added to their muscled bulk, and in all ways enhanced their ability to commit atrocity. They lead charges to spark terror and rout, thrown away by their masters as fodder for the carnage of war. They embrace this role with reckless enthusiasm and spend their short, brutal lives bathed in gore.

This ghastly band gave rise to the terrifying General Gerlak Slaughterborn. The twisted monsters that join this kriel see him as akin to a god or at least the trollkin hand of Toruk. Only the most depraved and aggressive blighted trollkin join this company, a dubious honor. The unchecked abandon with which these trollkin slaughter is almost unprecedented.

Bloodgorgers sometimes carve off the faces of their foes and carry them as grisly trophies. Sometimes, with the enemy maimed but still alive to watch, a Bloodgorger slowly consumes the victim's fingers and hands with obvious pleasure. This sickening feasting does more than terrify, it brings the power of sacrifice and blood. The Bloodgorgers have only a crude, yet no less effective, understanding of these rites compared to the satyxis reaver witches or the Tharn. By feasting on the butchered, Bloodgorgers become nearly invincible and move fiendishly from one victim to the next. Perhaps the Bloodgorgers' only mercy lies in the fact that their raids rarely ever leave any victims alive to suffer the memories of wanton cruelty and endless hunger for flesh.

REVENANT CANNON CREW

CRYX REVENANT UNIT



Neither fortress walls, nor armored hull, nor smoke, rain, nor speed bestowed by the wind, nor Morrow's own hand shields us from the ghost cannons.

—CAPTAIN PHINNEUS SHAE, DESCRIBING THE WEAPONS OF THE ATRAMENTOUS

The *Atramentous* and the lesser spectral ships of the Ghost Fleet carry potent supernatural weapons seized from well-armed naval vessels and merchant ships boarded at sea. These captured guns undergo a foul transformation into the Ghost Fleet's unearthly ordnance. Surrounded by choking ash, revenant weapon smiths melt and re-forge these guns while chanting praises to the Dragonfather in time to their hammer blows as the dark metal bathes in the ship's flames. The hissing heat leaves its indelible mark upon these weapons and bonds them forever to the vessel and its crew.

Balefire dances just below the surface of the transfigured metal and makes these cannons fevered to the touch. Revenant crews can feel their flesh burning as they load and fire the weapons. Captain Rengrave holds claim to the souls and smoking flesh of those killed by the cannons' shrieking projectiles and curses these victims to join the gun's crew. The gleaming spectral glow of Toruk's flame lingers on shot fired from these bores and dances on the surface of anything struck as a blazing marker to revenant eyes. Ghost ships have chased many a terrified vessel despite darkness of night and the obscuring veil of storm and rain by following the trail of ghost-light lingering from earlier cannon fire.

Crewman

Targeting (★Action) - The Gunner gains a cumulative +1 RAT when attacking with the Ghost Cannon for one round. The Crewman must be in base-to-base contact with the Gunner and not be engaged to use Targeting.

Unit

Undead - Models in this unit are not living models and never flee.

Weapon Crew - The Revenant Cannon Crew is made up of a Gunner and 2 Crewmen. The Gunner is mounted on a large base with the Ghost Cannon. The Gunner is treated as a small-based model rather than a large-based model. A weapon crew cannot run or charge. The Gunner gains +2" of movement per Crewman with which he begins his activation in base-to-base contact. When the Gunner is destroyed or removed from play, a Crewman within 1" can take the destroyed Gunner's place immediately and become the new Gunner. Remove the crewman from the table instead of the Gunner. Any effects, spells, or animi on the destroyed Gunner expire. Any effects, spells, or animi on the removed Crewman are applied to the new Gunner.

Ghost Cannon (Gunner only)

Damnation - When a Ghost Cannon attack destroys a living warrior model, add a Crewman to the unit if one or more Crewmen in the unit have been destroyed or removed from play. This unit can never have more than two Crewmen as a result of Damnation. A Crewman cannot activate the turn it was put in play.

Ghost Shot - The Gunner ignores intervening models when making Ghost Cannon ranged attacks.


Light Artillery - The Ghost Cannon cannot be used to make ranged attacks if the Gunner moves during his activation. The Gunner does not receive an aiming bonus for forfeiting movement. The Gunner cannot make a ranged attack with the Ghost Cannon and another ranged weapon in the same activation.

Spectral Mark - Models hit by a Ghost Cannon attack are marked for one round. Undead models gain +2 to attack rolls against marked models.

Wraith Bane - Ghost Cannon attacks may damage models only affected by magic attacks.

Necrotite Pistol

Critical Wasting - On a critical hit, target model suffers an additional damage point.

Gunner						Cmd 6
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
2	6	5	4	13	12	
Crewman						Cmd 6
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
6	6	5	4	13	12	
 Ghost Cannon						
	RNG	ROF	AOE	POW		
	14	1	3	14		
 Necrotite Pistol						
	RNG	ROF	AOE	POW		
	8	1	—	10		
 Cutlass						
	SPECIAL	POW	P+S			
	—	3	9			
Field Allowance						2
Victory Points						1
Gunner and 2 Crewmen						32
Gunner's Base Size						Large
Crewman's Base Size						Small





THE WITHERSHADOW COMBINE

By their patient machinations these abominations tarnish our victories and magnify our defeats a hundred-fold.

—BATTLE-CHAPLAIN RENUIS OLIVEWAY OF THE HIGHGATE PRECURSOR KNIGHTS

The Withershadow Combine has served among the more subtle tools in Cryx's arsenal for the last five centuries. This trio of liches emerged from an unknown darkness to become an embodiment of the vast intelligence and premeditated malignance of Cryx. Combing through ruins and manipulating agents to penetrate mainland cabals, they have gathered a massive store of arcane lore. They alone possess many secrets of the Orgoth and other forgotten powers. The Withershadow Combine solves dilemmas for which typical Cryxian methods have proven inadequate, serving as a scalpel amid an army of threshing blades.

Few know the true origins of these necro-horrors. Recorded sightings of Admonia date back to the early rebellion against the Orgoth, which she apparently spent much time silently observing. She has a particular fascination for the origins of arcane magic on the mainland and allegedly followed the invaders to plunder the ruins of notable arcane repositories left behind them. Passages in apocryphal journals suggest her exploits include the excavation the Arcanist's Academy, which the Orgoth erased from Caen, the ruins of the tower left by Scion Nivara after her dark ascension, and the hidden gravesite of Scion Stacia. These

tales must have some truth, as the Thamarite cabal called the Shroud has declared Admonia an enemy of their faith. They eagerly seek her destruction in the hope of recovering lost relics.

The first recorded sighting of Maelovus occurred on the Sand Narrows during an outbreak of brackriver plague. While his purpose there remains unclear, locals record witnessing him reaping souls along this length of shore so often that they began to make offerings to him as a manifestation of death and devastation. In the hopes of assuaging the powers of darkness, one village sacrificed an entire generation of their children in his name, yet this bought no relief. Crude and broken statues bearing his likeness still rest in certain recessed crevices below the dark cliffs in this region.

These two antediluvian horrors founded the Withershadow Combine to investigate Orgoth occult practices yet unknown to Cryx. Tremulus joined the Combine seven decades later after a long tenure overseeing Cryx's charnel pits. He had grown weary of the company of necrotechs and become fascinated with the



manipulation of mortal minds. He set to infiltrating the sanctums of several of the Iron Kingdoms' fledgling arcane organizations to pry loose otherwise untenable secrets. By his labors in later centuries, the Combine gained a vast and deep understanding of mainland warjacks that the liches exploited to singular effect. In the centuries since the addition of Tremulus, the Combine has shown no interest in expanding their number.

Many within the inner circles of Cryxian power believe the Combine deploys at the behest of one or another of the lich lords who remain rooted in Skell close to the Dragonfather, such as Corripio, Malathrax, or Tenebrus. The Combine has served all the lich lords at various times over the last few centuries, though their ultimate agenda remains a mystery. The Combine speaks no threats or demands but offers respectful obedience and service.

Together they transcend their individual strengths. Maelovus has access to lore the ancients never transcribed in book or scroll, and many scholars among the dead envy the depth of his knowledge. The quiet Admonia, the eldest of the three, remains the true master of arcane secrets. She has proven her ability to unravel the spells of sorcerers or priests with a wave of her iron-clawed hand and a whispered sibilant word. Tremulus appears completely insane by mortal reckoning and possessed of what some might mistake for morbid humor. The twitching of his macabre marionette prompts enemies to spastically respond in kind, and he seems to enjoy manipulating short-lived mortals.

The members of the Withershadow Combine know still more enigmatic rites. These liches have become adept at tearing armored plating and shivering bolts loose from warjacks with the slightest touch of their clawed hands as they seek to corrupt the cortex within. Through coordinated incantations, the three harness a battered cortex's mechanisms and energies to unleash a shimmering distortion in the walls of reality. Through this yawning portal they can bring forth helljacks and bonejacks from the bowels of Cryx and let them loose to wreak havoc.

Maelovus

Shadowborne - While Maelovus is in play, models in this unit gain Shadowborne and Stealth. During its activation, a model with Shadowborne ignores movement penalties from, and may charge across, rough terrain and obstacles. An affected model may move through other models if it has enough movement to move completely past the models' bases and cannot be targeted by free strikes. Attacks against a model with Stealth from greater than 5" away automatically miss. If a model with Stealth is greater than 5" away from an attacker, it does not count as an intervening model.

Leader

Unit

Black Arts - A friendly Cryx warcaster with one or more models in this unit in his control area can upkeep one spell without spending a focus point.

Dark Industries - When a model in this unit disables or destroys an enemy warjack during its activation while the warjack is in melee range of all three models in this unit, instead of replacing the warjack with a wreck marker it may be replaced with a friendly autonomous Cryx warjack. The enemy warjack is removed from play. If the enemy warjack was a light warjack, it may be replaced with any non-unique bonejack. If the enemy warjack was a heavy warjack, it may be replaced with a Reaper or Slayer. The warjack may activate normally this turn.

Dismantle - When a model in this unit hits a warjack with a melee attack, roll an additional damage die.

Greater Authority - Friendly Cryx warcasters gain +1 CMD for each model in this unit in their control areas.

Soul Takers - A Combine model gains a soul token for every living enemy model destroyed within 6" of it. A Combine model may have up to 3 soul tokens at any time. A Combine model gains +1 ARM for each soul token it has. During its activation, a Combine model may spend soul tokens to gain additional attacks or to boost attack or damage rolls.

Terror - Enemy models/units in melee range of a Combine model and enemy models/units with a Combine model in their melee range must pass a command check or flee.

Undead - A Combine model is not a living models and never flees.

Magic Ability

As a special attack or action, a Combine model may cast one of the following spells during its activation. Determine the success of a magic attack by rolling 2d6 and adding the model's Magic Ability score of 7. If the roll equals or exceeds the target's DEF, the attack hits. A Combine model cannot make additional attacks after making a magic attack.

- **Dark Fire (★Attack)** - Dark Fire is a RNG 10, POW 12 magic attack. The attacking model gains the soul token for a living model destroyed by Dark Fire regardless of its or any other model's location in relation to the model destroyed.
- **Puppet Master (★Action or ★Attack)** [Tremulus Only] - Puppet Master is a RNG 10 spell. When this spell targets an enemy model/unit, it is a magic attack. The Combine's controller may make one affected model/unit re-roll one or more dice rolled for a command check, attack, or damage roll, then Puppet Master expires. The Combine's controller chooses which dice are re-rolled. Puppet Master lasts for one round.
- **Unbinding (★Action)** [Admonia Only] - Enemy upkeep spells within 5" of Admonia expire. A spellcaster suffers d3 damage points for each spell he controlled that expired as a result of Unbinding.

Maelovus

Cmd 9

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	7	7	4	14	16

Admonia & Tremulus

Cmd 7

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	7	6	4	14	16



Lich Claws

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
-	6	13

Maelovus' Damage	8
Admonia's Damage	5
Tremulus' Damage	5
Field Allowance	C
Victory Points	2
Point Cost	70
Base Size	Small



BLACKBANE'S GHOST RAIDERS

Beware corpse light on the high seas. It is by such omens that the ghost fleet sets its course.

—FIONA THE BLACK



CRUX REVENANT CHARACTER UNIT

The Ghost Raiders walk the ashen decks of the *Atramentous* as sinister blazing specters among the masses of the rotting dead. They hold themselves apart from the far more numerous carnate revenants surrounding them. The Ghost Raiders have added to their ranks over the years by reaping a terrible harvest of the souls they slay, but they lack the ability to restore themselves with the ease of their corporeal counterparts. When obliterated in battle, the ghosts' curse draws their invisible essences shrieking back to the *Atramentous* to reignite in its endless flames. By the Dragonfather's unending fire did their mortality end, and to that fire they will forever return.

When Lord Toruk fell upon the *Atramentous* sixteen centuries ago, His outstretched wings eclipsed the sky as his shadow swept across the waves. The mortal crew of the ship looked up to see a perfect and horrible creature of a scope beyond imagining closing upon them with the inevitability of death itself. They were about to pay the price for their master Pirate King Threnodax's hubris in defying the Dragon. Among those on the deck with Captain Rengrave stood his first mate Carsor Blackbane, known as the most ruthless and cruel of the Darkmoor pirates. As Lord Toruk made His offer of immortality to the captain, Blackbane stood transfixed at the prow of the vessel with his battle-ready mates—bravest and most impertinent of the crew of the *Atramentous*—and stared transfixed at the scaled manifestation of darkness. These men stood just yards from the great maw of Toruk when He breathed the undying flame that consumed the ship and provided its horrifying rebirth.

This fire burned hottest where Blackbane stood on the upper deck and completely incinerated the bodies of the first mate and his men. Reborn and bound to Captain Rengrave in his service to Lord Toruk, these men did not rise as revenants like the rest. Instead of walking on legs of dead flesh and bearing weapons of wood and steel, Blackbane and his men became less substantial manifestations of their blackened souls. They blazed in the darkness with Toruk's own fire, and their blades flowed with unholy green flame.

The Ghost Raiders come ashore as ephemeral flickers accompanied by a sound like distant howling. They roam far from the *Atramentous* when Blackbane wills it and scout well ahead of Rengrave's immortal fleet. When battle disrupts their discarnate forms, they do not vanish meekly but erupt into a searing inferno that consumes anything near them.

Blackbane remains Rengrave's first mate. While the dead do not know fear, the crew of the *Atramentous* respect Blackbane and keeps a wary distance. When his temper flares, the first mate has hurled quartermasters who displeased him into the ocean and forced them to find their slow way back to the vessel. He has a reputation as a sadist even among a crew known for inhuman cruelty. Sometimes when raiding he herds

Blackbane

Death Bringers (Order) - Models in this unit that received this order must run or charge a living enemy model. Charging models charge at SPD +5". When an affected model destroys a living enemy warrior model with a charge attack, add a Pirate to this unit. The model must be placed in formation and cannot activate this turn.

Leader


Second Wind - Remove all damage from Blackbane when he destroys a living enemy model.

Unit

Incorporeal - While Incorporeal, a model in this unit ignores movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles. It can move through obstructions and other models if it has enough movement to move completely past the obstruction or model's base. A model may move through a model in this unit without effect if it has enough movement to move completely past the model's base. A model in this unit does not count as an intervening model. A model in this unit cannot engage models or be engaged. A model in this unit only suffers damage and effects from magic attacks, animi, spells, and feats and is not affected by continuous effects. Continuous effects on an Incorporeal model expire during its controller's Maintenance Phase. A model in this unit cannot be charged, slammed, or pushed. Slammed and thrown models move through a model in this unit without effect. When a model in this unit makes an attack, all models in the unit lose the Incorporeal ability for one round.

Searing Wind - When a model in this unit is destroyed, living models within 1" suffer Fire. Fire is a continuous effect that sets the target ablaze. A model on fire suffers a POW 12 damage roll each turn during its controller's Maintenance Phase until the fire expires on a d6 roll of 1 or 2. Fire effects are alchemical substances or magical in nature and are not affected by water.

Undead - Models in this unit are not living models and never flee.

Blackbane						Cmd 8
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
6	6	7	4	13	12	
Pirate						Cmd 6
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
6	6	5	4	13	12	
						Cutlass
						SPECIAL POW P+S
						— 4 10
Blackbane's Damage						5
Field Allowance						C
Victory Points						2
Leader and 5 Troops						67
Up to 4 Additional Troops						9ea
Base Size						Small

panicked townsfolk through their burning streets like rats until finally ending their suffering by slaughtering them to the last.



DARRAGH WRATHE

Few know the meaning of true devotion, for their allegiance ends with the grave. In a thousand years, Toruk will remain my master.

—DARRAGH WRATHE



CRYX DRAGOON CHARACTER SOLO

Darragh Wrathe is among Cryx's most fearsome leaders. His arrival in a battle atop his fiendish steed of hell-wrought iron and lifeless flesh heralds the coming of his master Lich Lord Terminus. A howling wind, the disembodied moaning of Wrathe's countless victims, follows him wherever he rides. His shadow sweeps across the hills and moors as if with a life of its own. Few mortals who feel the weight of his stare survive. Most lose their lives on the razor edge of his scythe or in a sudden eruption of spectral fire.

Once a cruel and sorcerous pirate in the service of Cryx, Wrathe's blight-wracked body began to fail him as he internalized the corruption of Lord Toruk. That this mockery of life survives testifies to the tenacious influence of the blight that has slowly ravaged and consumed him. Wrathe considers this wasting disease a blessing and proof that the Dragon's energies flow through his limbs. He believes these same energies empower his sorcery.

Over the years, Wrathe has become more machine than man as he has replaced the spoiled portions of his flesh with necro-mechanical substitutes. While difficult to credit from his monstrous appearance, Darragh Wrathe technically still lives. His hollow chest contains a mass of foul pumps and black-iron organs that keep blood and bile flowing to what organs and flesh he retains. A massive breastplate and gorget protect this churning machinery. Wrathe replaced his lower jaw with bands of steel plate and speaks in a quavering buzz through a grill in this throat. The armored mechanical appendage replacing his left arm ends in sharp claws. He reinforced the bones of his right arm with pistons and stitched muscles, sinew, and skin around the structure.

Wrathe retired from the sea and came to Skell as a black pilgrim seeking necrotechs who would replace his heart and lungs. He entered the service of Lich Lord Terminus and began to immerse himself in the necromantic lore permeating the city's very air. Terminus saw Wrathe's potential as a versatile lieutenant and shaped him into an agent and vassal. Wrathe hopes in time to give up the remnants of his mortal birth and join the ageless necro-horrors he reveres. He feels immense satisfaction every time he replaces some part of himself with more impervious mechanika.

When astride his steed and given command of Cryx's swiftest horrors, Darragh Wrathe executes his orders with conviction, eager for any excuse to push his power to its limit. His devotion to Toruk arises not as an expedient to power but

Wrathe

Cohort: Shadow Rider - Soul Hunter units in an army with Wrathe gain Shadow Rider.

Dragoon - While mounted, Wrathe has base SPD 8 and base ARM 17. Dismounted, Wrathe has base SPD 6 and base ARM 15.

Fearless - Wrathe never flees.

Necromancer Commander - Wrathe has a command range equal to his CMD in inches. Friendly Cryx models/units in his command range may use Wrathe's CMD when making command checks. Wrathe may rally and give orders to friendly Cryx models in his command range. Wrathe may issue any order to a friendly undead unit that its original leader or officer could issue.

Shadow Rider - While mounted, Wrathe cannot be targeted by free strikes. Wrathe cannot make Ride-By attacks. Wrathe may move up to his current SPD in inches after completing his combat action.

Necrotheurgy

Wrathe may cast one of the following spells during his activation. Determine the success of a magic attack by rolling 2d6 and adding Wrathe's Necrotheurgy score of 7. If the roll equals or exceeds the target's DEF, the attack succeeds.

- **Beyond Death** - Living enemy models currently in Wrathe's command range suffer -2 to damage rolls. Beyond Death lasts for one round.
- **Hellfire** - Hellfire is a RNG 10, POW 14 magic attack. Model/units damaged by Hellfire must pass a command check or flee.
- **Death Ride** - Death Ride may only be cast after Wrathe ends his normal movement. Friendly undead Cryx models currently in Wrathe's command range may immediately move up to 1".

Necro-Scythe

Reach - 2" melee range.

Wrathe

Cmd 9

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
8/6	7	7	4	14	17/15



Necro-Scythe

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Reach	6	13



Mount

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
—	12	—

Mounted Wrathe's Damage 8

Dismounted Wrathe's Damage 5

Field Allowance C

Victory Points 2

Point Cost 67

Mounted Base Size Large

Dismounted Base Size Small

from zealous faith in the Dragon God. Wrathe relishes the warped strength of the Dragonfather. The constant, gnawing pain of his slowly rotting tissues reminds him of his place, but Wrathe has come to savor this agony as a spur to fire his hatred and a barb to push him to new acts of slaughter and depravity.



GENERAL GERLAK SLAUGHTERBORN

In the annals of carnage, that savage is beyond sane reckoning, his appetite the equal of the Great Beast.

—LORD GENERAL VINCENT GOLLAN, EARL OF SHIELDPOINT



CRYX BLIGHTED TROLLKIN BLOODGORGER CHARACTER SOLO

Gerlak Slaughterborn is a hulking monster of battle. His infamous brutality has caused brave men to fall to their knees in terror unable even to defend themselves at the mere sight of him. Leading his notorious Bloodgorgers, this horribly blighted trollkin has earned his name in a century of massacre. The Bloodgorgers claim the count of his slain, if piled into the deep, could create a grisly bridge from Garlghast to the mainland. The Cryxian Empire has found better use for Slaughterborn's murder toll. Necrotechs follow in his wake and pick among the gnawed bodies like carrion crows. From his detritus arise mechanithralls, brute thralls, and the other unliving soldiers of Cryx.

A walking nightmare even among the warped Bloodgorgers, Slaughterborn's regenerative tissues have gradually increased his height and bulk over the decades such that he walks among the tallest ogrun as their equal in size and strength. He shows no sign of aging and displays renowned stamina among a species notorious for endurance. Only when he unleashes himself in a frenzy of slaughter does his true strength reveal itself. He gorges on the flesh and blood of those slain by his axe, and each killing blow adds to his power. He wades into the enemy as a reaper of flesh, his axe's edge turned aside by neither armor nor bone, and his enemies fall like stalks of wheat at harvest.

Slaughterborn earned his place by blade's edge amid the scattered Scharde Islands disorganized assortment of warring trollkin kriels. These tribes have free reign to pillage coastal targets and often serve as fodder or raiding crews. Gerlak saw the chance to rise above this by his strength of arms and cunning and seized control of the Bloodgorgers, the most ruthless kriel, for himself. With them firmly in his grip, he landed on Garlghast with a bloody sack of rotting heads, trophies culled from many raids, and offered them to Lich Lord Terminus along with an oath of fealty.

Terminus first afforded Slaughterborn the title of "general"; an ironic appellation, as the lich lord did not expect the trollkin to live to enjoy it. Slaughterborn has gone to certain death countless times when the Bloodgorgers have fought as a sacrificial diversion to buy Cryxian forces the chance to pursue the knotted schemes of the lich lords. On each occasion, Slaughterborn has either won victory or limped back as the sole survivor of the latest bloodbath. He has earned his title and become one Cryx's most respected living battle leaders, famed for his irrepressible hunger for war. He now controls the entirety of the Scharde Islands' blighted ogrun and trollkin from which he recruits warriors easily emboldened by the taste of blood.

His most recent brush with death proved narrower than most. Slaughterborn and his blighted forces assaulted Cygnar's impregnable fortress city of Highgate. This massive attack distracted that nation's defenders long enough for Terminus

Slaughterborn

Blood Glutton - When Slaughterborn destroys a living enemy model, mark a Blood Mark on his card. Slaughterborn gains +1 STR and ARM for each Mark marked.

Butchery - At the end of Slaughterborn's controller's turn, after all friendly models/units have activated, each friendly Bloodgorging unit in Slaughterborn's command range with 8 marked Blood Marks may remove all its Blood Marks to activate again once.

Commander - Slaughterborn has a command range equal to his CMD in inches. Friendly Cryx models/units in his command range may use Slaughterborn's CMD when making command checks. Slaughterborn may rally and give orders to friendly Cryx models in his command range.

Fearless - Slaughterborn never flees.

Flying Steel - Slaughterborn may make d3 initial attacks with his Great Axe each activation.

Gore Charged - While one or more friendly Bloodgorgers are in Slaughterborn's command range, he gains the Bloodgorging unit's current Blood Drinkers abilities.

Terror - Enemy models/units in melee range of Slaughterborn and enemy models/units with Slaughterborn in their melee range must pass a command check or flee.

Tough - When Slaughterborn suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, his controller rolls a d6. On a 5 or 6, Slaughterborn is knocked down instead of being destroyed. If Slaughterborn is not destroyed, he is reduced to one wound.

Unstoppable Charge - Slaughterborn charges at SPD +5" and may cross rough terrain though he suffers normal movement penalties.

Great Axe

Reach - 2" melee range.

Slaughterborn				Cmd 9	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	8	8	4	12	17
<div>Great Axe</div>					
SPECIAL POW P+S					
Reach 5 13					
Damage					10
Blood Marks					4
Field Allowance					C
Victory Points					1
Point Cost					36
Base Size					Medium

to land an army on shores further to the north. After inflicting far greater casualties than anyone anticipated, Gerlak's army finally fell almost to the last, and Slaughterborn lay buried in a pile of corpses, his body mutilated beyond recognition. He rested amid the carnage for two weeks, feasting on the rotting flesh of his own dead, until the blackened stumps of a severed arm and leg sprouted anew and regenerated to make him whole. Slaughterborn returned to the islands only long enough to recruit a fresh force, eager for the battles ahead.



CEPHALYX MIND SLAVER & DRUDGE MIND SLAVES

CRYX CEPHALYX ALLY UNIT

One needn't die to be transformed into a walking nightmare. I'd fire a bullet into my own skull before letting the mind-rapers get their knives into me.

—PROFESSOR VIKTOR PENDRAKE, CORVIS UNIVERSITY

Cephalyx Slaver Cmd 9

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
6	6	6	4	14	13

Drudge Cmd 3

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
5	8	5	2	11	15



Prosthetic Blades

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
—	5	11



Drudge Weapon

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
—	5	13

Cephalyx Slaver's Damage 5

Field Allowance 2

Victory Points 2

Leader and 5 Troops 67

Up to 4 Additional Troops 9ea

Base Size Small

Ally

The Cephalyx Slaver & Drudge Mind Slaves are Cryx models that can be included in mercenary contracts that specify them as eligible participants.

Cephalyx Slaver

Anatomical Precision - If a Cephalyx Slaver's melee damage roll fails to exceed target living model's ARM, the target automatically suffers one damage point.

Fearless - A Cephalyx Slaver never flees.

Floating - During its activation, the Cephalyx Slaver ignores movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles.

Flying Steel - The Cephalyx Slaver may make d3 initial attacks with its Prosthetic Blades each activation.

Leader

Mental Static (★Action) - Target enemy model/unit within 8" of the Cephalyx Slaver cannot give or receive orders for one round.

Sacrificial Pawn - Whenever the Cephalyx Slaver is directly hit by an enemy ranged attack, his controller may choose to have a Drudge Mind Slave in the Cephalyx Slaver's unit within 3" of him and in his front arc directly hit instead. The Drudge Mind Slave is hit automatically and suffers full damage and effects.

Prosthetic Blades (Cephalyx Slaver only)

Drudge

Cephalomek - Drudge Mind Slaves in formation with the Cephalyx Slaver at the start of the unit's activation gain one of the following Cephalomek effects. All Drudge Mind Slaves gain the same effect. Cephalomek effects last one round.

- **Extension** - Affected Drudge Mind Slaves gain Reach. A model with Reach has a 2" melee range.
- **Kill Drive** - Affected Drudge Mind Slaves gain Berserk. Every time a model with Berserk destroys another model with a melee attack, it must immediately make one melee attack against another model in its melee range, friendly or enemy.
- **Wrecking Crew** - Double the POW of affected Drudge Mind Slaves' Drudge Weapons against knocked down targets.

Eyeless Sight - A Drudge Mind Slave ignores Camouflage, cloud effects, concealment, forests, Invisibility, and Stealth when declaring charges or making attacks.

Fearless - Drudge Mind Slaves never flee.

Head-butt (★Attack) - The Drudge Mind Slave makes a head-butt attack with the same effect as a head-butt power attack.

Mental Assist - Drudge Mind Slaves within 3" of the Cephalyx Slaver leading the unit gain +2 to melee attack rolls.

Mindless - Drudge Mind Slaves can only receive orders from the Cephalyx Slaver leading the unit.

Tough - When a Drudge Mind Slave suffers sufficient damage to be destroyed, its controller rolls a d6. On a 5 or 6, the Drudge Mind Slave is knocked down instead of being destroyed.

Drudge Weapons (Drudge only)

Dread creatures beyond mankind's understanding lurk in the caverns below the surface of Immoren. These terrifying creatures called cephalyx conduct twisted experiments with a unique science called cephalomek that blends artifice, biology, and enslavement. Entirely removed from the surface world and detached from the weakness of compassion, cephalyx float above the ground by inexplicable means and command a host of powerfully muscled, warrior-slaves called drudges.

Cephalyx subject their captured victims to painful surgery. The creatures saw open a victim's skull to insert cruel devices designed to sever specific portions of the mind and render the subject tractable. The resulting imposing but mindless warriors obey every telepathic impulse from their masters.

The exact nature of the arrangements between the Cryxian Empire and the cephalyx remains unknown, the goals and directives withheld from lesser servitors on either side.



CEPHALYX OVERLORDS

CRYX CEPHALYX ALLY UNIT



When beset by other horrors, a man can take small comfort knowing his mind is inviolate. The cephalyx strip even this away.

—ENUMERATOR HYLE BRYANT OF THE CULT OF CYRISS

As little as surface dwellers know of the cephalyx, even less lore exists regarding their cruel overlords. These dark beings project an alien menace as they hover out of the shadows and send lesser cephalyx scurrying on enigmatic errands. That overminds occupy a leadership position within the subterranean culture of the cephalyx seems clear, although the nature of their bizarre hierarchy remains as mysterious as their means of communication. With bulbous and extended heads protected by smooth shells of metal and pierced by multiple glowing eyes, overminds appear even more inhuman than their slaver counterparts. Few overminds have been killed and none have been captured intact, so no man knows how much is flesh and how much is machine beneath their leather exteriors.

An overmind always appears with an escort of two subordinates. As they drift near, humans feel a strangely painful sensation in their minds that builds in intensity. This shrieking sets teeth on edge and metes out sharp barbs of agony any time a person tries to concentrate. By some effort of will, the overmind and its escorts can briefly enslave lesser intelligences. Those who have survived this manipulation



Ally

The Cephalyx Overlords are Cryx models that can be included in mercenary contracts that specify them as eligible participants.

Overmind

Leader

Unit

Anatomical Precision - If a Cephalyx Overlord's melee damage roll fails to exceed target living model's ARM, the target automatically suffers one damage point.

Black Operations - When a model in this unit destroys a living enemy warrior model with a melee attack, the Cephalyx Overlord's controller may add a Drudge model to a friendly Cephalyx Mind Slaver & Drudge unit within 8" of the Cephalyx Overlord. The model must be placed in formation and may activate normally this turn.

Fearless - A Cephalyx Overlord never flees.

Floating - During its activation, the Cephalyx Overlord ignores movement penalties from rough terrain and obstacles.

Flying Steel - A Cephalyx Overlord may make d3 initial attacks with its Prosthetic Blades during its activation.

Mind Control - As a special action, a Cephalyx Overlord may use one of the following abilities:

- **Crossed Wires (★Action)** - Target living enemy model within 10" of the Cephalyx Overlord must make a command check. If the check fails, the Cephalyx Overlord's controller takes control of the model and may make one normal attack with it after which Crossed Wires expires.
- **Sap Will (★Action)** - Target living enemy model/unit within 10" of the Cephalyx Overlord suffers a cumulative -2 CMD for one round
- **Sleep Walker (★Action)** - Target living enemy model within 10" of the Cephalyx Overlord must make a command check. If the check fails, the Cephalyx Overlord's controller takes control of the model and may immediately move the affected model up to its current SPD in inches after which Sleep Walker expires.

Psychic Assault

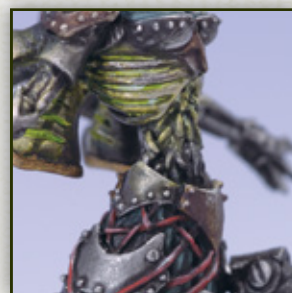
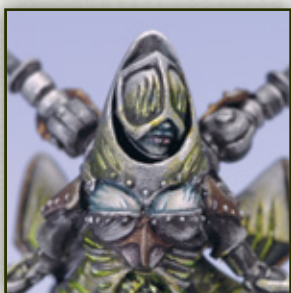
Sense Mind - A Cephalyx Overlord does not require LOS to make a Psychic Assault attack. When making a Psychic Assault attack, the Cephalyx Overlord ignores concealment, cover, cloud effects, Invisibility, Stealth and terrain.

Overmind						Cmd 9
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
6	6	7	6	14	13	
Cephalyx						Cmd 7
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
6	6	6	5	14	13	
						Psychic Assault
						RNG ROF AOE POW
						SP 1 — 12
						Prosthetic Blades
						SPECIAL POW P+S
						— 5 11
Field Allowance						1
Victory Points						2
Leader and 2 Troops						52
Base Size						Small

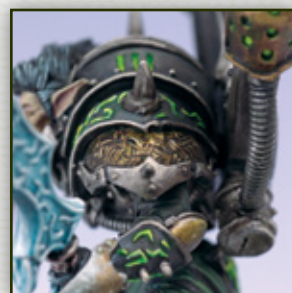
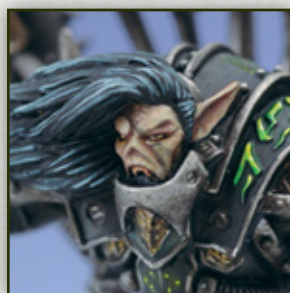
describe the sensation as like spiders crawling inside the skin while a sharpened wire penetrates the brain. As this unbearable sensation reaches its peak, the victim's mind becomes like a prisoner within his own body. He can only watch helpless as his body defies his will.



CRYX



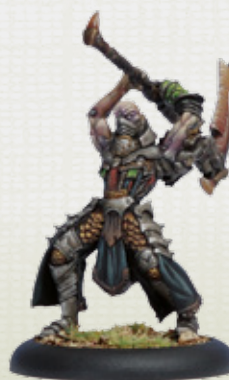
**Master Necrotech
Mortenebra & Derylliss**
WARCASTER AND SOLO



Goreshade the Cursed
EPIC WARCASTER



Darragh Wrathe
DRAGOON SOLO





Cephalyx Slaver & Drudge Mind Slaves
ALLY UNIT



Cephalyx Overlords
ALLY UNIT



Withershadow Combine
CHARACTER UNIT



Cankerworm
UNIQUE BONEJACK

CRYX







Andrea
Cavero



MERCENARIES

Asheth Magnus' almost palpable impatience and seething animosity betrayed his dark mood. He sat hunched at the improvised table in the crude tent and flipped through several worn and rough-edged maps. His left hand tapped on the surface of the topmost map while his brooding glare kept returning to the tent flap. The close, crowded confines of the tent interior sweltered, the heat made worse by the presence of several large men including most prominently Magnus himself, the hulking trollkin Greygore Boomhowler, and Stannis Bocker in his heavy armor. No one seemed inclined to speak out of turn and break the uncomfortable silence.

At last the tent curtain opened and Jarok Croe stepped inside without any sign of contrition for his tardiness. He smiled affably at Boomhowler and Bocker, but did a double take at the sight of Magnus. Thin red lines from some peculiar sort of injury riddled the warcaster's face. It looked as if someone with a particularly sharp knife had repeatedly carved Magnus' face in neat parallel lines. Though healing well, the wounds would leave a lattice of scars. Purplish bruises marked his chin and upper neck. "What happened to you?" Croe's concern sounded almost sincere.

"Shut up and sit down." Magnus pointed to a battered crate of military supplies marked with a Cygnus. "We don't have much time, and this operation will require tight coordination."

Bocker gave Croe a leering nod as the assassin pulled up next to him. "Magnus is explaining how he's going to pay us a pittance to besiege Eastwall with a bushel of rusty spears and a few empty rifles."

"Of course," Croe nodded gamely, his voice thick with sarcasm. "Sounds perfectly reasonable. Besieging invincible fortresses is my specialty. Please carry on."

"The most important thing to remember," Magnus' voice silenced the rest of them, his tone such that even Croe quieted, "is that this will be a bluff. I am not expecting you to conquer Eastwall. I am well aware of your limitations." He looked directly at Croe as he said this and the assassin shifted uncomfortably on the crate. "I only require that Eastwall feel threatened and remain distracted. We are buying time."

All of the men looked grim and more than a little skeptical except for Stannis Bocker, who seemed almost jovial. With each passing word the large man's humor seemed to grow. "Ah, to see the look on their faces when they learn they got penned in by a few hundred sell-swords."

Croe asked, "Am I to understand by your use of the term 'we' that you will be joining us?"

"No, I will be going into Caspia." Magnus told him with an

insincere smile. Croe whistled, for he knew better than most the danger implied in that simple statement. The torments awaiting Magnus should the Cygnarans capture him, while perhaps less extensive than what he had apparently suffered recently, would certainly prove more fatal. Magnus added, "I'm sure you've heard the rumors. The Menites have pushed their way into the city and are fighting in the streets."

"Bout time the swans had a bit o' turnabout, eh?" Boomhowler chuckled.

"I have informants in their ranks, and if we time this properly, I should get in and out without any particular hassle. All I need is time. Eastwall cannot feel at liberty to lend support to Caspia. If they feel properly harassed they will not quit the border. They are already undermanned and twitchy from the last skorne attack."

"I thought you said the skorne would be making some kind of major offensive here soon."

Magnus gritted his teeth. "That will no longer be happening. They have shifted further north and initiated an assault on Fort Falk instead, which will not create a diversion sufficient enough for my needs."

Croe made a sly noise. "Ah, now I see. Your bald, ugly friends abandoned you, so you hire us instead. This has the earmarks of a disaster in the making."

Magnus had clearly had enough of Croe's sarcasm. "Are you interested in fighting for pay? If not, get out of my camp."

Croe held up a hand. "Oh no. I'm here for coin, but I'm not suicidal. If we can make this bluff work without getting us killed, fine. Otherwise, I'll pass. I don't suppose you want to tell us why you need to get into Caspia?"

Magnus gave him a cold stare. "That is my business, not yours. Suffice to say it you all stand to earn a considerable fortune in due time, if you prove yourselves reliable now."

General murmurs of acceptance drifted from the assembled mercenaries, and Magnus nodded. "Good." He indicated the low table in front of him, and the men huddled close over the table to peer at the detailed maps he had gathered of the Black River at its narrows near Eastwall and the surrounding countryside and hills. Magnus outlined the best angle of approach to obfuscate their true numbers. "The trick comes in timing the arrival of several small forces from different directions and creating the illusion of more men. I've received the cooperation of a number of men from the Daggot Blades and the Black River Rovers, who will be hiding their company colors." He said no more, but the men gathered knew the rumor that these companies were in the employ of Archduke Fergus Laddermore, a highly placed Cygnaran noble from whom Magnus had received covert aid on previous occasions.



Magnus continued. "I've made arrangements with the Kardrah tribe to join us, a relatively reliable group of Idrians I've worked with before. I expect they will reinforce you not long after the initial engagement. By your movements and siege construction efforts you can confuse Eastwall's spotters regarding your purpose and force composition. They will send sorties but will be reluctant to commit so long as they have the obviously superior defensive position. It's in their interests to hold tight and wait for you to make a move."

"What of Eastwall's cannons?" Boomhowler asked.

Here Magnus allowed himself a sneer. "They will be reluctant to use them. They are trying to hide the fact that their powder supplies are low. I know this because I'm the one who's been hitting their supply wagons. If you do things properly, they will never fire."

Croe almost jumped out of his skin as a man the assassin had not seen leaned past him into the light and pointed at a line representing one of the northern hills. "I hazard I can get to here undetected. Should have a high enough vantage to provide fire into the forward area and enough mobility along these hills with reasonable cover." Croe studied the man's scared duster and weathered features as he spoke. The assassin's eyes widened as he recognized the man as Kell Bailoch. The legendary sniper had simply stood in the back with the lesser lieutenants and proven again his knack for vanishing from sight. "With a few men to spot for me, I can provide fire from multiple directions and convince them I'm an entire team of riflemen."

"I can arrange that. I have some younger lads perfect for such work," Stannis Bocker asserted. "We've brought a fair number of halberdiers and a strong force of ready cavalry." He gave a predatory smile. "Caspia was too proud to secure their services before the Menites retook Sul, and I made sure to get these lads before anyone else could hire them. They are hungry for work, and double pay goes a long way."

Magnus eyed the men around him. "Bocker will be in charge, although Boomhowler has his own business to attend. The rest of you, listen to Bocker. He knows the plan, he knows the land; he will see this through." Croe reluctantly affirmed his men would assist with harassing the fortress' incoming supply lines. "By coin and blood." Magnus nodded to them as they clasped hands in agreement. One burly soldier with a missing ear who had the look of a Cygnaran Trencher set to pulling forth dented goblets from somewhere behind the table. Someone else brought out a large clay jug of heavily fortified wine that gave forth a strong reek. Bocker liberally sloshed this into the goblets and passed the drinks around.

"By coin and blood," the rest affirmed. One by one they raised their goblets to toast the endeavor before taking hearty gulps of the strong and bittersweet wine.



Magnus approached a tent almost entirely hidden amid the trees on a small rise overlooking the main camp. The man billeted here clearly held deep suspicions of the mercenaries' company but seemed too curious to remove himself far. The warcaster understood the man's paranoia enough to make some noise during the approach. The tent's resident had a bad habit of lashing out with lightning at things that surprised him. Magnus pushed through the tent's flap into darkness.


"Asheth Magnus," a voice spoke before Magnus' eyes adjusted. The warcaster made out the robed man standing in the shadows with his staff. He had set up his small tent but seemed reluctant to light a fire. Only occasionally did he allow himself a candle within the tent, and then only to pore over a few musty and tattered books he kept in a patched satchel. Despite his wariness, however, the man's pride had clearly eaten at him, and he wore an old faded and threadbare inquisitor's uniform. Keeping company with Vinter Raelthorne IV's old allies must have inspired a certain reckless nostalgia in the man. Seeing that uniform and its lightning eye symbol called up old memories for Magnus.

"I know you must be uneasy so near to Caspia, Senior Inquisitor Midwinter." Magnus nodded a greeting with more polite formality than his normal habit. Handling Orin Midwinter required a careful blend of respect and the occasional slap for intimidation. The man perpetually had a wild look in his eyes and sometimes behaved unpredictably. "Be glad I am not taking you with me."

The mage licked his lips and scowled. "I am no coward, Magnus. I have no fear of returning to that city. Soon they will answer for their crimes."

Magnus cleared his throat. He knew better than to go down that well-worn track. "The time has come for you to be forthcoming with me. You told me he is in Caspia, but now I must know the details. No more secrets," Magnus said, and thought, *accept for mine*. "I must admit I have my doubts. You have not been there in so long. How can you be sure where to find the man I seek?"

"I have friends." Orin gave him a sly smile. "I still have friends in the city, make no mistake. You are not the only one with informants. Asler Garhaus spent too much time and effort creating that cover. It is flawless. No one knows who he is, or would recognize his face, except me." He tapped his own chest with a long finger. "He would not relocate unless he had no other choice. Of course, with the fighting in the city..."



Magnus scowled. That thought had preyed on his mind, but this remained his last, best chance. If the Menites swept through the wrong neighborhood with fire and bloodshed, the information could vanish entirely, but without the chaos of the Menite attack, Magnus would have no hope of entering the city. His voice took on an edge. "Allister Caine is gunning after inquisitors, and I'm sure he has a bullet ready for you. I must reach Garhaus first if we wish to make this right."

Fear showed plainly in Midwinter's eyes. "I know. But perhaps we can come to an agreement, a little extra to sweeten the deal? What if, in exchange for his location, you take me into Caspia with you? I would like to see it again, one more time before the return of our lord..." His expression held an unsavory hunger when he spoke of the city, his eyes distant as he remembered his time there as a man of power. "It has been so long since I walked its streets—"

Magnus stepped up and wrapped the massive grip of his mechanical hand around the inquisitor's shoulder. Magnus began to squeeze. "This is not the time. Tell me where he is."

Midwinter gasped and his knees buckled. "Stop! Stop, fine, I will tell you. I was going to anyhow. You need not manhandle me." Magnus released his hand and the magus slumped. His eyes looked hurt, and he spoke in a rush. "The Smoke District. He passes himself off as an alchemist. Has earned some prestige. He works for the Cygnaran Armory; they have no idea who he truly is. Uses the name Kiel Sanderby. Lives on Cutter Way, between Crock Alley and Sunbright Road."

Midwinter stank of terror, and his face had gone pale. He clearly expected to die now that he had given up this last piece of information. Magnus took a step back and smiled to reassure Midwinter. "There, that wasn't so difficult, was it? Thank you, Senior Inquisitor Midwinter. You serve the true king well, and he will not forget you." Magnus remained careful to avoid telling Midwinter too much regarding the warcaster's mission or his current status with the Exile. The warcaster knew better than to underestimate this wizard who had survived so long where many others had not.

"So there is no way I can persuade you to take me with you? I can be very discreet."

"No! Do not even *think* of getting near that city. It will be dangerous enough for me there alone. I need you with Broucker. Eastwall has mages who may try to disrupt our efforts. Keep Broucker safe." Magnus privately thought it more likely Broucker would keep Midwinter alive rather than the reverse. A hesitation lingered in Midwinter's eyes, and Magnus knew enough of the eccentric wizard to take this as a warning. "If I see you anywhere near Caspia, I'll kill you myself. Is that clear?"

"Yes, yes." Midwinter affirmed testily and rubbed his shoulder where Magnus had grabbed him.

Magnus' adopted a less strident tone. "You will need to seek asylum with the Menites at the end of this. There are several camps across the Black who know my name and can contact those who have hired my services. They know how to reach me."

Midwinter frowned. "They capture men such as me and shackle them as prisoners or burn them alive."

Magnus extended a thick set of folded parchment. "Show them this. Ask for Preceptor Gorran Mejers, and they will not harass you. They will make arrangements for the services of men like us, but do not linger long."

The inquisitor took the papers dubiously and eyed the waxed seal. "Very well. Give my regards to Gerhaus, if you see him."

Magnus nodded grimly and took his leave. As he limped down the hill, he felt the magus watching. Magnus contemplated his return to Cygnar's capital with a mix of conflicting emotions. The Menites might well burn it to the ground before the end of the month, and he would bear some of the blame.



HORGENHOLD FORGE GUARD

RHULIC MERCENARY UNIT

In seven centuries only the Orgoth tested our defenses. If others fear to come to us, we will go to them. March on, lest peace devour our fortunes before we bring our hammers to bear.

—FORGE MARSHAL GALTAR BRUNDERSON

Captain Cmd 9

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
4	6	7	4	10	16

Hammerer Cmd 7

SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM
4	6	6	4	10	16



Mechanikal Warhammer

SPECIAL	POW	P+S
Multi	5	11

Field Allowance 2

Victory Points 2

Leader and 5 Troops 52

Up to 4 Additional Troops 8ea

Base Size Small

Mercenary

The Horgenhold Forge Guard will not work for Cryx or Khador.

Captain

Leader

Unit

Defensive Line - Models in this unit in tight formation gain +2 ARM.

Ranked Attack - A Horgenhold Forge Guard may make melee attacks through intervening models in the same unit.

Teamwork - Models in this unit gain +2 to attack rolls when making a melee attack targeting an enemy model in melee range of another model in this unit.

Weapon Master - A Horgenhold Forge

Guard rolls an additional die on his melee damage rolls.

Mechanikal Warhammer

Critical Slam - On a critical hit, instead of rolling damage normally, a Horgenhold Forge Guard may slam the target model d6" directly away from him. The model suffers a damage roll equal to the Forge Guard's current STR plus the POW of his Mechanikal Warhammer. If the slammed model collides with another model with an equal or smaller-sized base, that model suffers a collateral damage roll equal to the Forge Guard's current STR.

Reach - 2" melee range.

The ruling Stone Lords insist on neutrality in the southern wars, but the choices of individual ruling clans clearly indicate ongoing arguments within the Moot regarding human politics. The Forge Guard have a strong rivalry with their counterparts from Hammerfall, their sister fortress watching the west of Rhul while Horgenhold watches the south. Accordingly, the warriors of Horgenhold hire to different nations than their western kin. They refuse Khadoran coin while accepting pay from the southern zealots.

A number of the clans who protect Horgenhold had kinsmen and friends in Llael, and some of these died in the attacks on Riversmet. Many in these clans have made it clear they would feel more comfortable with Llael rid of its occupiers and Rhul not shipping its trade through Khadoran territories. These stout warriors bear the same name as their ancestral kinsmen who stopped the Orgoth from intruding on Rhulic soil at a time when those tyrants found defeat an unfamiliar taste. That the renowned Forge Guard has joined the wars of men has not gone unnoticed, and already they have more offers than they can answer.

Horgenhold's heavy infantry march to war enclosed in thick armor so expertly fabricated and seamlessly constructed that it makes a mockery of lesser examples of the armorer's craft. The stalwart Forge Guard form an impervious line and wield massive two-handed, piston-driven pneumatic hammers capable of delivering blows powerful enough to topple warjacks. Having drilled for countless hours coordinating strikes alongside comrades they would lay down their lives for, the Forge Guard operate as a perfect machine of blunt destruction.



STEELHEAD HEAVY CAVALRY

MERCENARY CAVALRY UNIT



Steelheads never give up the chase once joined. Ride hard, if you value your life!

—ONE CYGNARAN ARMY COURIER TO ANOTHER, AFTER IDENTIFYING THEIR PURSUERS.

The larger branches of the Steelhead Mercenary Company often include hardened horsemen who provide the speed and power of heavy cavalry at a reasonable price. Hiring such professionals costs a fair amount more than acquiring the services of Steelhead infantry, but employers desiring the crushing impact they deliver consider these horsemen a bargain. The cavalymen have earned the respect of their peers and a reputation as tough veterans who seek out the greatest risk because it brings them the best pay. These pragmatic sell-swords readily kill for coin and have no interest in the larger reasons or implications of their battles. While some citizens in war-torn areas accuse them of banditry and looting, Steelhead officers insist their men are professionals who only take the normal liberties expected of any red-blooded soldier in a time of war.

The Steelheads have no one preferred breed of horse and gladly make use of any steed available and amenable to training. Some ride the swift, leaner horses bred near Carre Dova in Ord; others prefer the desert steeds raised among the Idrians; while the hardy, strong Midlund breeds found in northern Cygnar also commonly appear. Regardless of mount, members of this flexible fighting force carry cavalry axes and a cheaply provisioned but deadly blunderbuss.

Mercenary

The Steelhead Heavy Cavalry will work for any faction.

Sergeant

Assault (Order) - Every model in this unit that received this order must either charge or run. As part of a charge, after moving but before performing its combat action, each model in this unit that received this order must, if possible, make a single ranged attack targeting the model charged. Assaulting models are not considered to be in melee when resolving the Assault ranged attacks, nor are the targets of those attacks considered to be in melee with the assaulting models. If the target is not in melee range after moving, the Assault ranged attack must still be made before the model's activation ends. An assaulting model cannot target a model with which it was in melee at the start of its activation with the Assault ranged attack.

Leader

Unit




Flank - When a model in this unit makes a melee attack against an enemy model that is within the melee range of a friendly Steelhead Halberdier, the attacking model gains +2 to melee attack rolls and rolls an additional damage die.

Cavalry Axe

Back Swing (★Attack) - The model may immediately make two Cavalry Axe attacks.

Brutal Charge - Steelhead Heavy Cavalry gain +2 to Cavalry Axe charge attack damage rolls.

Reach - 2" melee range.

Sergeant						Cmd 8	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM		
8	6	6	6	13	16		
Horseman						Cmd 6	
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM		
8	6	5	5	13	16		
						Blunderbuss	
						RNG	ROF AOE POW
						8	1 — 12
						Cavalry Axe	
						SPECIAL	POW P+S
						Multi	5 11
						Mount	
						SPECIAL	POW P+S
						—	10 —
						Sergeant's Damage	
						10	
						Horseman's Damage	
						8	
						Field Allowance	
						1	
						Victory Points	
						3	
						Leader and 2 Troops	
						74	
						Up to 2 Additional Troops	
						23 ea	
						Base Size	Large

They practice a particularly terrifying offensive tactic whereby they unload a volley of blunderbuss fire, holster those weapons, and ready their axes just as they close with a galloping of hooves.





ANASTASIA DI BRAY

The fates of nations hang in the balance of arms and secrecy.

—LLAELESE PROVERB



Anastasia is a ghost in the night, a fleeting flicker against a bullet-pocked wall, a face glimpsed out of the corner of the eye in a crowded tavern. She has become so adept at hiding that she sometimes loses her identity in the effort of standing motionless amid shadows and listening to every whisper. A soldier unlucky enough to glimpse her and shout a challenge finds his words and air cut off by a knife thrown into his throat from the now empty darkness.

Anastasia has transformed herself into a creature of stealth who can penetrate any security perimeter, slip past the most watchful guards, and steal vital secrets from enemy headquarters. Her great skill derives from more than the professional pride of a master spy. Her dark eyes and silent stare give a hint of a passion deeper than mere success. Only her peers in the Llaelese Resistance understand the driving purpose behind her actions. A single maxim defines Anastasia's world: Nothing can be right again until Llael is cleansed of the Khadoran invaders and the traitors who aided them.

Born to a middle-class family in Laedry, Anastasia proved from an early age more interested in activities society considered better suited to men. This athletic, fearless young girl continually put herself in peril by climbing and exploring the city's rooftops, racing and jumping horses, and learning to fight in seedier neighborhoods, all to the horror of her parents. Her family despaired of ever marrying her off, but fortune intervened. Anastasia's bold demeanor caught the attention of a young bachelor son of a lofty Merywyn family, a man named Hargo di Bray. As adventurous as Anastasia with his

gambling, dueling, and back-alley intrigues, and as resistant to the designs of his family, Hargo proved the young woman's match in every way.

Despite the disapproval of his family, who considered her common, Hargo swept Anastasia off her feet. They married and moved to Merywyn. Hargo soon revealed to Anastasia his membership in a secret cabal of agents serving Llael's Ministry of Internal Security. She persuaded him to let her prove her aptitude for such work and shortly thereafter joined as well. Anastasia quickly surpassed both Hargo and her tutors by gaining fluency in multiple languages, learning to disguise her appearance and mimic the voice and posture of others, and mastering methods of gathering vital information from seemingly innocuous conversations. She traveled extensively alongside her husband and pried secrets from the wealthy and powerful of Caspia, Merin, and even Korsk. In the end, her talent proved her undoing.

After a visit to Korsk in 604 AR, Anastasia pieced together facts that pointed to Prime Minister Deyar Glabryn's conspiracy with Khador. She decided Hargo would have a better chance of finding the right ear for this dangerous information and told him what she had learned. He vanished two days later. Anastasia learned that Glabryn's agents had infiltrated the ministry to its highest offices, that they had captured, tortured, and interrogated Hargo before murdering him, but he had not revealed her involvement. She knew Glabryn would take no chances, however. Despite her years of careful preparations and killing several of the agents sent to eliminate her, she still barely escaped.

The Khadoran invasion interrupted this hunt and made all her efforts moot. Anastasia listened in horror to the stories of the attacks on Elsinberg and her home city of Laedry. Her father joined the defense of the town, and Winter Guard cut him down. Her mother died when stray mortar fire exploded near their home. The invasion killed everyone close to Anastasia and left her with a deep and profound hatred.

Eventually she reunited with certain loyal members of her former cabal and joined the Resistance gathering in Rhydden. Anastasia helped these patriots in the futile siege of Merywyn and many lesser battles that followed. She still returns to the capital frequently to learn what she can of the occupiers. Anastasia plans to one day have a reckoning with Deyar Glabryn and the other traitors who sold out their people, but for now she does what she can to aid the Resistance. She helps smuggle weapons and supplies and organizes the most effective urban cells in Merywyn, Laedry, and Leryn. She knows that throwing off the yoke of Khadoran rule will require considerable time, powerful allies, and more than a few slit throats.

Mercenary

Anastasia di Bray will not work for Cryx or Khador.

Di Bray

Acrobatics - Di Bray may move through other models if she has enough movement to move completely past the models' bases. Di Bray cannot be targeted by free strikes. Di Bray ignores intervening models when declaring a charge.

Advanced Move - Before the start of the game, after both players have deployed, di Bray may move up to her current SPD in inches.

Counter Insurgency - Enemy models with Advance Deployment cannot be deployed within 7" of di Bray.

Deep Deployment - Place di Bray up to 16" beyond the established deployment zone. Di Bray does not gain this benefit if she uses Advance Deployment.

Espionage - Once per game when di Bray ends her activation within 6" of an enemy warcaster/warlock she learns a secret. After learning a secret, the next time di Bray ends her activation within a number of inches of a friendly warcaster equal to her current CMD, friendly models/units in that warcaster's command range, including the warcaster may immediately move up to their current SPD in inches.

Hide in Sight (★Action) - Di Bray becomes Invisible for one round. While Invisible, di Bray cannot be targeted by ranged or magic attacks, charged, or slammed, and gains +4 DEF against melee attacks. While Invisible, di Bray does not block line of sight or provide screening.



Intelligence - Di Bray's controller gains +1 on the Starting Roll to determine the order of play.

Stealth - Attacks against di Bray from greater than 5" away automatically miss. If di Bray is greater than 5" away from an attacker, she does not count as an intervening model.

Vital Shot - When di Bray makes a ranged attack damage roll that fails to exceed a living model's ARM, the model automatically suffers one damage point.

Throwing Knives

Thrown - Add di Bray's current STR to the POW of her Throwing Knife attacks.

Di Bray						Cmd 8
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
7	5	6	6	14	12	
						Throwing Knives
	RNG	ROF	AOE	POW		
	6	1	—	2		
						Sword
	SPECIAL	POW	P+S			
	—	3	8			
Damage						5
Field Allowance						C
Victory Points						1
Point Cost						23
Base Size						Small

TACTICAL TIPS

DEEP DEPLOYMENT: Place di Bray during normal deployment. Wondering why the ability mentions Advance Deployment when di Bray doesn't actually have the ability? Check out the Highborn Covenant rules.



STANNIS BROCKER, STEELHEAD COMMANDER OF TERNON CRAG

The goals of great conquerors would come to nothing without men willing to heed their orders and bathe in the blood of the enemy.

—ASHETH MAGNUS, THE WARLORD



Many soldiers do not relish battle. They see their grim work as a necessary expedient to preserve the peace or to shield those lacking strength of arms. Stannis Brocker is not one of those men. He has spent long decades earning coin by dealing death and misfortune to others without regret. This hardened man makes no apology for his brutal profession and greets news of strife abroad as the promise of good business to come. Brocker feels naked without his heavy plate armor over his thick torso. He does not know, nor care to learn, how to live without earning fresh bruises and scars riding into the fray while raising his weighty sword high to strike those his employers pay him to kill. He cares nothing for the reasons behind any specific conflict; the whys and wherefores will not help him cleave or command men, so he has no use for them. He is, in some ways, the epitome of the mercenary ideal: apolitical, effectively amoral, and interested only in battle and coin.

Brocker has outlasted most who live the hard mercenary life. He has endured until his age has

MERCENARY STEELHEAD CAVALRY CHARACTER SOLO

begun to show in a variety of lasting aches. He finds these small reminders of mortality easily quenched by ample ale, the distractions of dicing and cards, or the occasional cheaply wooed female companion. He has spent two decades fighting alongside his brothers in the Steelhead Mercenary Company and has earned his own type of immortality in its rosters and annals. He has passed up numerous opportunities to retire and serve on as a functionary, including the chance to take over the coveted Five Fingers branch, in order to keep fighting. Bocker happily leaves such details to those more comfortable with books and inkpots. He seeks no comfortable retirement or death but prefers the painful one he knows awaits him someday, perhaps crushed beneath his horse or gasping out his last after feeling an enemy's lance tickling his innards in some nameless border skirmish.

Bocker makes no excuses about being an opportunist so long as the work includes the chance to get into the fight personally. He expects to be well paid for his work, and it was one such lucrative offer from Asheth Magnus that lured him east to take over and expand the Ternon Crag branch of the company. Most consider Ternon Crag barely civilized country, perched at the edge of the blasted Bloodstone Marches, but the environment suited Bocker. While not going so far as to alienate potential Cygnaran employers or get himself labeled a criminal, Stannis Bocker has nonetheless frequently associated with the renegade warcaster and made the Steelheads' services available for Magnus' use should he have need.

Bocker has transformed the Ternon Crag branch of the Steelheads from a small outpost employing a dozen poorly equipped men at best into a significant chapter house that has left its mark in the organization. In recent months, Bocker has heard less and less from his primary employer and taken on other contracts abroad from necessity. He finds that a headquarters outside national borders has its advantages. Recent fighting near Llael, in the Thornwood Forest, and along Cygnar's eastern border has offered enough opportunities to keep the men busy. Things got dicey in Ternon Crag with the recent skorne occupation of the town, but the invaders' attention has since shifted elsewhere. Bocker and the Steelheads have since stepped into that vacuum and regained some measure of their influence and clout.

Stannis Bocker lords over the local Steelheads as an undisputed tyrant, admired and feared but not always loved. He commands the outfit with a stern hand and brooks no insubordination even as he has a realistic appraisal of the appetites and mettle of his men. Bocker's employers appreciate him for his ability to turn sometimes-unruly sell-swords into an effective and deadly army. The sizable force of halberdiers and heavy cavalry he leads make even Cygnar's eastern border guard uneasy. Seeing Bocker astride his horse

Mercenary

Stannis Bocker will work for any faction.

Bocker

Commander - Bocker has a command range equal to his CMD in inches. Friendly Mercenary models/units in his command range may use Bocker's CMD when making command checks. Bocker may rally and give orders to friendly Mercenary models in his command range.

Field Promotion - Once per activation, Bocker may promote a Halberdier in a friendly Steelhead Halberdier unit that has had its Sergeant destroyed or removed from play. That Halberdier must be in Bocker's command range. Replace the promoted model with a Sergeant model. Effects, spells, or animi on the replaced Halberdier are applied to the new Sergeant.

Forefend - Bocker may make a melee attack against an enemy model that enters and ends its movement within his melee range. Resolve the attack immediately after movement ends. If Bocker makes a Forefend attack, he may not make another until after his controller's next turn.

Furious Charge (Order) - Bocker may issue this order to a friendly Steelhead unit. Models that receive this order must charge at SPD +5 or run, and they may cross rough terrain though they suffer normal movement penalties.

Steelhead Tactician - While in Bocker's command range, friendly Steelhead models, including Bocker, ignore friendly Steelhead models when drawing LOS. During its activation, a friendly Steelhead model, including Bocker, may move through other friendly Steelhead models in Bocker's command range without effect if it has enough movement to move completely past the models' bases. While in Bocker's command range, friendly Steelhead models, including Bocker, may make melee attacks through friendly intervening Steelhead models.

Thrasher

Brutal Charge - Bocker gains +2 to Thrasher charge attack damage rolls.

Critical Brutal Damage - On a critical hit, roll an additional damage die.

Reach - 2" melee range.

Bocker						Cmd 9
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
8	6	7	5	13	17	
						Hand Cannon
	RNG	ROF	AOE	POW		
	12	1	—	12		
						Thrasher
	SPECIAL	POW	P+S			
	Multi	5	11			
						Mount
	SPECIAL	POW	P+S			
	—	10	—			
Damage						10
Field Allowance						C
Victory Points						1
Point Cost						37
Base Size						Large

Gorbrute and with his greatsword Thrasher held aloft often brings to mind tales of the ancient Warlord Era, when a man like Stannis Bocker could have carved a out fiefdom with the edge of his blade.



EIRYSS, ANGEL OF RETRIBUTION

We are the blades of retribution. The time has come to mete punishments so terrible that the gods themselves will weep for our enemies.

—EIRYSS, MAGE HUNTER OF IOS

Eiryss fulfills the vow of revenge that defines the Retribution of Scyrah with every breath she takes. Like all of her outlaw sect, she blames human magic for the atrocities inflicted on the elven gods and will accept no peace or recompense from the human nations. Through an awareness of the larger cause, Eiryss has swallowed her hatred of humanity and spent years hunting spell-casters on the battlegrounds of mankind, and many who profane Caen with foul sorceries have fallen to her bolts. To her fellow mage hunters Eiryss is a shining light in the darkness,



MERCENARY EPIC MAGE HUNTER CHARACTER SOLO

an anointed angel of wrath who embodies everything the Retribution works to achieve. She became something more to her people the day she met the desperate Nyss hunter Cylena Raefyll.

A tragic divide rooted in ancient misunderstandings and missed opportunities has separated the last two surviving elven communities for centuries. The Nyss occupying the Shard Spires to the far north of Khador have had little contact with the nation of Ios, which had sealed its borders and refused all contact with the outside. Therefore the elves of Ios, while desperately yearning to understand the mystery of their vanished gods, remained ignorant that one of these gods sheltered with their winter kin. Only when faced by the utter destruction of her entire culture did Cylena Raefyll risk contact. She brought news of a growing catastrophe, and the first Iosan she found who would listen to her tale was Eirys, as each had turned to offering their services to the warring human nations. The ripples from their meeting would spread rapidly to shake the foundations of the elven race and change all of Immoren.

Eirys arrived in time to witness Goreshade's attempted murder of Nyssor, but human wizards of Khador's Greylords Covenant intervened before she could slay the eldritch. The horror of what the eldritch had attempted, and the dread of what the humans might do, eclipsed the wonder she felt at the chance to witness one of the Vanished with her own eyes. Thoughts of the deeper indignities likely awaiting a lost god of her people at the hands of the accursed Khadorans sped her steps back to her homeland and the leaders of the Retribution. She told the elders guiding her sect of Nyssor's survival, imprisonment, and capture by the human spellcasters. She spoke of her fears for His treatment and her suspicions that the Greylords would subject the Scyr of Winter to study like some rat in a cage. She vowed not to allow this sacrilege to transpire.

Word of this outrage spread rapidly through Ios and ignited an intense debate. Many Iosans found new truth in the Retribution's cause and lent their support to the order. The Retribution's leaders sent Eirys back to continue with her work, for the time she spends among the human armies provides intelligence impossible to derive in any other fashion. She fights with a renewed sense of purpose and has adapted her techniques to better suit her role as the Angel of Retribution. Many of her fellow mage hunters now choose exile from Ios in the pursuit of their quarry and have organized in the shadows not watched by mankind to prepare for the coming battle.

Mercenary

Eirys will not work for Cryx.

Eirys

Advance Deployment - Place Eirys after normal deployment, up to 12" beyond the established deployment zone.

Arcane Hunter - A model hit by an attack made by Eirys loses all focus points. When Eirys damages a warjack with an attack, the warjack suffers disruption. A warjack suffering disruption cannot be allocated focus points or channel spells for one round.

Camouflage - Eirys gains an additional +2 DEF when benefiting from concealment or cover.

Fearless - Eirys never flees.

Pathfinder - During her activation, Eirys ignores movement penalties from, and may charge across, rough terrain and obstacles.

Retribution Partisan - When included in a Retribution army, Eirys is a Retribution model.

Sniper - When damaging a warjack, Eirys' controller chooses which column takes damage. When damaging a warbeast, Eirys' controller chooses which branch takes damage. When she hits with a ranged attack, Eirys may automatically inflict one damage point instead of rolling damage.

Stealth - Attacks against Eirys from greater than 5" away automatically miss. If Eirys is greater than 5" away from an attacker, she does not count as an intervening model.




Technological Interference - While within 5" of Eirys, non-myrmidon warjacks cannot channel spells or be allocated focus.

Whiplash - When an enemy model misses Eirys with a magic attack, the attacking model becomes the target and is automatically hit by the attack instead. AOE magic attacks that miss are centered on the attacking model. Eirys is the point of origin for these attacks.

Weapon Master - Eirys rolls an additional die on her melee damage rolls.

Crossbow

Unravel - Enemy upkeep spells on a model/unit hit immediately expire and the controlling spellcaster suffers d3 damage points.

Eirys						Cmd 9
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
7	4	6	9	16	12	
						Crossbow
	RNG	ROF	AOE	POW		
	12	1	—	12		
						Bayonet
	SPECIAL	POW	P+S			
	—	2	6			
						Saber
	SPECIAL	POW	P+S			
	—	3	7			
Damage						5
Field Allowance						C
Victory Points						1
Point Cost						38
Base Size						Small

TACTICAL TIPS

WHIPLASH: If you are considering targeting Eirys with an offensive spell, read her rules completely. Twice.

Eirys forges the path ahead of her people's rising anger, ever at the forefront as the herald of the coming storm. The years ahead may see Eirys remembered as the match that ignited an unseen inferno. Such a conflagration as follows her will leave no nation of western Immoren unscathed.



ORIN MIDWINTER, ROGUE INQUISITOR

Midwinter is a mad dog born to hunt. Woe to the world that he has slipped our leash.

—THE LATE HEAD INQUISITOR DEXTER SIRAC AFTER THE LION'S COUP

Orin Midwinter may be the last of a dying breed. The word Inquisition still evokes dread in Cygnarans who lived through the end of Vinter Raelthorne IV's reign. Few remain of this once mighty fraternity of ruthless wizards that tortured and killed any who opposed their king. Among the elite of this fellowship, Senior Inquisitor Orin Midwinter held a position just below Head Inquisitor Dexter Sirac. Orin remembers the days when he walked the halls of power, and the sound of his staff on the tiles provoked terror in his captives. His minions daily dragged before him prisoners accused of sorcery, witchcraft, or treason, and Orin remembers the interrogations and punishments they endured at his hands before eventually earning the release of death. Orin remembers those

days fondly. The last thirteen years spent concealing his background and living in comparative squalor have proven difficult, but he has bided his time and maintained his uniform against the day he might resume his work.

Raelthorne originally formed the Inquisition to stamp out witchcraft, although he soon expanded the powers of its ruthless agents to root out any perceived treason. Orin made his name neutralizing rogue sorcerers and had less involvement in the torture of petty nobles or others captured for sedition. Ironically, his dedication to the core of the Inquisition's values worked against him after the coup. The more politically minded inquisitors found



shelter, and Midwinter found himself left out in the cold and forced to rely on his own cunning to survive. Many former comrades in his position failed to evade their tireless hunters. Some confessed their sins, insisted that they could redeem themselves, and pleaded for the mercy of the Church of Morrow. Orin refused to submit and stayed hidden. Consumed by outrage he lied, debased himself, and sacrificed all his current pride to hang onto the memory of his former glory. His squalid life has taken a toll, however, as he has picked up some form of consumptive disease from the back-alleys that steadily eats at his lungs, and he expects death will come to him sooner rather than later. He will no more surrender to death than to the usurper Leto's hunters, and he remains determined to stay alive as long as possible.

The paranoia that has to some extent preserved him up until now has grown over the years and magnified with recent rumors of an unknown vigilante set on gunning down the last remaining inquisitors. While he sees himself as the same great master of the arcane as in former days, Orin Midwinter has changed considerably with the passing of these years. The legacy of his travails manifests as a wild look in his eyes and the occasional explosive surge of temper before the bloody coughs overcome him once more.

No history records the number of men Orin has killed, either during his tenure as an inquisitor or in the years following, and he has acquired a taste for it. His invoked lightning has often fallen on those Orin decides show too much curiosity about his past. These occasional murders have necessitated him staying on the move, never at home in any port or town or city. Aware that Cygnar's Reconnaissance Service would eagerly snap him up, he has traveled widely, and yet spent most of his years not far from Cygnar. He feels restless anywhere else, although he has spent weeks and months hiding in Ord's ports, among the maze-like warrens where the high and mighty of Merywyn hid the lower class of Llael's capital, and more recently wandering the outskirts of the Bloodstone Marches.

Orin's desire for self-preservation has become a type of madness, but he has never entirely lost his loyalty to Vinter. He recently swallowed his fears and contacted those he believes loyal to the former king. This has led him to seek both Saxon Orrik and Asheth Magnus, for he knows

Mercenary

Orin Midwinter will not work for Cygnar.

Minion

Orin Midwinter will only work for the Skorne.

Midwinter

Arcane Executioner - Midwinter gains an additional die on damage rolls against an enemy model with an upkeep spell on it.

Magic Ability


As a special attack or action, Midwinter may cast one of the following spells during his activation. Determine the success of a magic attack by rolling 2d6 and adding Midwinter's Magic Ability score of 7. If the roll equals or exceeds the target's DEF, the attack hits. Midwinter cannot make additional attacks after making a magic attack.

- **Lightning Stroke (★Attack)** - Lightning Stroke is a RNG 10, POW 10 magic attack. Lightning arcs from the model hit to d3 additional models. The lightning arcs and automatically hits the nearest model within 4" of the last model hit, but it cannot strike the same model more than once.
- **Null Magic (★Action)** - Models cannot cast spells while within 12" of Midwinter. Null Magic lasts for one round.
- **Stealth (★Action)** - Midwinter gains Stealth for one round. Attacks against a model with Stealth from greater than 5" away automatically miss. If a model with Stealth is greater than 5" away from an attacker, he does not count as an intervening model.

Void Staff

Energy Vacuum - Midwinter gains one power token when an enemy model within 12" inches of him casts a spell. Midwinter may spend power tokens for additional attacks or to boost attack or damage rolls. Midwinter can have up to 3 power tokens at any time.

Reach - 2" melee range.

Midwinter						Cmd 8
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
6	4	6	4	14	12	
						 Void Staff
						SPECIAL POW P+S
						Multi 5 9
Damage						5
Field Allowance						C
Victory Points						1
Point Cost						24
Base Size						Small

TACTICAL TIPS

NULL MAGIC: Don't forget that Null Magic affects friendly models too.

Leto's regime hunts the latter in particular. Orin hopes the renegade warcaster can provide some safety, and the rogue Inquisitor intends to use his formidable arcane powers to prove his worth. Among such company he has put aside secrecy and donned his old robes of station in hopes of creating a new Inquisition before illness claims him. He dreams of the day the citizens of Cygnar again tremble before him and plead for their lives.



THOR STEINHAMMER

He and his wrench are worth more than a company of hired guns.

—CAPTAIN SAM MACHORNE

Thor will be the first to admit he is a disappointment to his entire family line. He admits this with a jovial smile and a hearty laugh, however, and shows no sorrow for having upset his ancestors' hopes for his generation's perfect dwarven warrior. Thor's disregard stems from the weight of gold in his pockets. As one of the best-paid mercenaries in western Immoren, his specialized talents command more coin than any duelist, rifleman, or other breed of common soldier. Unlike them, Thor can command and maintain the expensive warjacks essential to modern conflict and keep them running well past when they should collapse to scrap.

One of several fighting houses defending Groddenguard, the Steinhammer clan stands vigil against the horrors of the frozen northern plain and watches for the return of the dragon Scylfangen. Thor's family expected this second-born of eight sons to master the arts of war and take his place among their ranks of hearty and lusty champions renowned equally for drinking and fighting. They bestowed his first name in homage to a number of famous dwarves who have borne it before, such as Thor of the Last Stand who died fighting Scylfangen in 115 BR. Unfortunately for his family's aspirations, Thor discovered in his youth a lasting fascination for the mechanical, particularly the complex inner workings of Rhul's mining 'jacks.



MERCENARY RHULIC CHARACTER SOLO

Not caring that it would estrange him from his clan, Thor found work in a variety of northern mines and there became acquainted with Grundback Runners, Ghordson Drillers, Wroughthammer Rockrams, Ghordson Stonepelters, and other 'jacks integral to Rhulic mining, quarry work, and inter-clan warfare. The perils of such labor kept his services in constant demand, both for commanding the 'jacks and rebuilding them after inevitable accidents and cave-ins. Thor had inherited a hint of his family's battle-lust, however, and he found this steady, lucrative work lacking in excitement.

The warcaster Gorten Grundback introduced Thor to the mercenary life after a brief return to Rhul for resupply. Steinhammer saved the warcaster a sizable pile of coin by repairing two scrapped Grundback Gunners that Gorten had given up for salvage. Seeing the potential of such skill, Gorten used the wealth of riches he had amassed and spent and tales of adventure across the war-torn southern lands dominated by mankind to impress the younger dwarf.

Thor gladly left the cold Glass Peaks to find his fortune and has never looked back. He enjoys hiring on with fellow Rhulfolk, but he has also become a welcome sight in the taverns frequented by human sell-swords from Five Fingers to Ternon Crag. While his ability to command 'jacks remains limited to those of Rhulic origins, he has learned the ins and outs of maintaining the variety of second-hand 'jacks popular in mercenary circles. Thor has followed Gorten's advice to avoid the diamonds offered by southern zealots and to steer clear of the Scharde Isles, but the master mechanic has otherwise offered his services to a variety of paying clients. The excellent reputation he has earned with the illustrious Searforge Commission makes it easier to acquire otherwise elusive mechanical components that many mercenaries desperately require.

In addition to his fair hand with a wrench, Thor has a peerless knack for squeezing maximum performance from the machines under his command. Indeed, those witnessing the exceptional performance of Thor's 'jacks have sometimes mistaken him for a warcaster. He relishes the opportunity to correct such assumptions. He insists that his talent is not mystical or arcane but rooted in simple know-how combined with a dash of finesse.

Mercenary

Steinhammer will not work for Cryx or the Protectorate.

Steinhammer

Combat Mechanik - After performing a special action, Steinhammer may immediately move up to his current SPD in inches.

Dismantle - When Steinhammer hits a warjack with a melee attack, roll an additional die on the damage roll.

Haste (Drive) - Steinhammer may attempt to Drive each warjack under his control in his marshaling range. To Drive a warjack, Steinhammer must make a command check at any time during his activation. If the check succeeds, the warjack gains +3" of movement during its activation this turn. If the check fails, the warjack does not benefit from 'Jack Marshal this turn.

'Jack Marshal (2) - Steinhammer may start the game controlling up to two Rhulic Mercenary warjacks.

Repair [9] (★Action) - Steinhammer may attempt repairs on any friendly Mercenary warjack that has been damaged or disabled. To attempt repairs Steinhammer must be in base-to-base contact with the damaged warjack or disabled wreck marker and make a skill check. If successful, remove d6 damage points from anywhere on the warjack's damage grid.

Tune Up (★Action) - Steinhammer tunes up one friendly Rhulic warjack in base-to-base contact with him. The tuned warjack gains boosted attack or damage rolls. Tune Up lasts for one turn.




Blowtorch

Fire - A model hit by the Blowtorch suffers Fire. Fire is a continuous effect that sets the model ablaze. A model on fire suffers a POW 12 damage roll each turn during its controller's Maintenance Phase until the fire expires on a d6 roll of 1 or 2. Fire effects are alchemical substances or magical in nature and are not affected by water.

Torch

Fire

Flame - Do not add Steinhammer's STR to Torch attack damage rolls.

Steinhammer						Cmd 9
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	
5	6	6	5	12	14	
						Blowtorch
	RNG	ROF	AOE	POW		
	4	1	—	12		
						Torch
	SPECIAL	POW	P+S			
	Multi	12	12			
						Wrench
	SPECIAL	POW	P+S			
	—	2	8			
Damage						5
Field Allowance						C
Victory Points						1
Point Cost						26
Base Size						Small



MERCENARIES



Horgenhold Forge Guard
UNIT



Eiryss, Angel of Retribution
EPIC SOLO



Stannis Bocker, Steelhead
Commander of Ternon Crag
SOLO



Orin Midwinter, Rogue Inquisitor
SOLO



Thor Steinhammer
SOLO



Steelhead Heavy Cavalry
UNIT



THE PRICE OF REDEMPTION

PART TWO

Lord Commander Coleman Stryker railed against the urge to black out as he left the Sancteum. The powered armor helped, but the pain continued oscillating up and down his spine with an intensity that caused his ears to ring. He had sent runners to gather his officers, so the crowd of uniformed men and women waiting when he exited the postern gate did not surprise him.

What did take him off guard was the presence of King Leto Raelthorne, flanked by a host of Stormguard and wearing the masterfully forged armor bestowed on him by the Church of Morrow. The helmet gripped under the king's arm included a ring of gold tines representing a crown. At his side hung the gleaming sword crafted for his hand by smiths serving the Order of Illumination. Though a fine blade, its presence served to remind everyone that the Raelthorne ancestral sword remained in the hands of Leto's brother.

A cheerful shout went up from the gathered officers, and King Leto approached with a smile. "Lord Stryker. I am pleased you have defied the expectations of my pessimistic priests." His expression became stern. "I am told you are not fully recovered from your injuries."

WE NEED TO CONSOLIDATE THE DEFENDERS
AND WITHDRAW. THIS PLACE IS A DEATH TRAP!

"I've never felt better, sire, but why are you in armor?"

"I will not sit idle while my kingdom is invaded."

"Sire, there is merit in letting the men see you armed. It will inspire them. But were you to fall in battle...It is not wise for you to join the fray."

"It is reckless for you to join battle with your recent injuries. Let us both ignore such wisdom. Tell me, Lord Commander Stryker, are you willing to take up arms alongside your king?"

Stryker remembered a famous phrase credited to Leto at the time of the coup. Stryker smiled as he said, "Now is the time to gather an army and indulge in reckless deeds." The king laughed and nodded his approval.



Nemo heard a great resounding explosion and the cracking thunder of breaking stones. As his Centurion and Ironclad crashed into a line of Iron Fangs, he felt

the earth shake separate from pounding warjacks and cavalry. His Defenders unleashed fire on a badly battered Juggernaut as he looked up from the melee to see the western wall of Northguard crack and sunder. "The powder magazine," he whispered aloud in disbelief. "Morrow help us."

He had gone out to confront a force of warjacks trying to flank them along the river. The entire flow of the battle had perplexed him; it seemed that the enemy worked to intercept him and yet refused to engage him directly. Karchev had led these warjacks, but the Cygnarans could not find him even as battle joined.

Nemo spotted a familiar figure in blue fighting toward him. Major Victoria Haley had a Lancer and Defender in tow as she directed long gunners and Trenchers to secure a path to Nemo's position. Their rifle fire joined cannon shells from the nearby outer fort to explode amid the Iron Fangs. Haley extended her mechanical prosthetic and power flowed like an invisible hand to seize the cortex of a nearby Destroyer and force it to fire on the Khadorans. The air around Thorn, Haley's Lancer, shimmered as a channeled pulse of temporal distortion erupted amid a cluster of nearby Winter Guard preparing to fire on Nemo's men.

Haley stopped near the general adept. "They looked to have you surrounded, sir."

"Many thanks for the reprieve, but all our efforts may have been undone by that." He waved to indicate the grievous breach in the western face of Northguard.


Haley's expression also turned bleak as she glanced up to where stones continued to tumble down the great castle's outer wall. In the next moment she looked around her with sudden suspicion. "Where is that Khadoran ice witch? I chased her this way—"

"She is elsewhere by now. I fear they have diverted us. I should have seen it." Nemo clasped Haley's shoulder. "Come. Let us see how bad that breach is."

It seemed to take far too long, but they fought their way up the slope and eventually reached the southeastern entrance to the castle. Pitched fighting raged over numerous areas of the outbuildings as pockets of defenders battled the steadily swelling ranks of the Khadorans. Man-O-War Demolishers with massive hammers steadily widened the breach as Winter Guard and Iron Fangs rushed inward between them.

Nemo found the highest-ranking officer present, a Colonel Jiels Longbridge commanding Trenchers and long gunners in the courtyard, and ran to the younger





man's side. Nemo shouted over the din, "Where's Lord General Cathmore?"

Colonel Longbridge pointed toward the central keep, now swarming with red uniforms. "Took his personal guard up to spike the main cannons. Irusk and Karchev went through after."

Nemo grimaced and turned to shout at Major Haley, "We need to consolidate the defenders and withdraw. This place is a death trap!" He pointed to a smaller knot of Khadorans pressing in near the eastern barracks. "Break through that line and organize the men." He began to advance toward the central keep.

"Where are you going?" Major Haley asked, worried.

"I'll keep Irusk and Karchev occupied while you gather the men."

"You can't go in there alone!" she protested.

He winked at her. "I'm never alone." His eyes indicated the heavy warjacks advancing with him. "I'll buy as much time as I can. Don't wait. Get as many as you can out to the supply fort. We can regroup there and assess."

Haley nodded and turned to her men. Nemo set up an organized firing line to suppress the new arrivals pouring through the breach. "Colonel Longbridge, keep those men off Major Haley's back!" He shouted to the Stormguard and Stormblades behind him, "To the keep!"

Nemo led the charge with his Centurion and Ironclad at the front and his Defenders behind. Winter Guard and Widowmakers on the western battlements fired at the Cygnarans as they advanced, but in doing so they exposed themselves to attacks from Longbridge's line. Nemo mentally commanded his Defenders to add their fire up into the occupied ramparts.

As the Cygnarans stormed into the large central chamber, a Destroyer immediately fired on the Centurion, but its massive shield absorbed the explosive blast. Nemo did not halt for the Khadoran force fighting the last remnants of the Cygnarans defending the building, but he pulled up short when he saw Karchev and Irusk descending the huge stairs circling the inner perimeter of the keep wall. Drying blood coated Karchev's axe.

Nemo shouted to the supreme kommandant as he paused on the stairs. "Where is Lord Cathmore?"

Karchev showed his teeth in a fiendish smile. In contrast, Irusk looked almost sorrowful as he shook his head. "Lord General Cathmore is dead. He refused to

surrender. Consider it a lesson. Surrender your arms, and you will be spared."

Sebastian Nemo's eyes took in the cracked lines along the walls and across the broad stone stairs. The explosion of the fortress' main magazine had clearly made an impact even here. "To Urcaen with you!" He sent mental commands to the two Defenders and loaned his power to their heavy cannons. They fired with a deafening roar and their heavy shells slammed into the great cracked pillar below the stairs supporting the mass of Karchev. Masonry crumbled as Karchev staggered. His weight pulled him closer to the edge until the lip along the side of the stairs collapsed entirely. Karchev fell and shattered through the tiles of the floor beneath with a resounding crash of metal and stone. A tremendous dust cloud erupted as he plunged through into the lower floor.

Supreme Kommandant Irusk almost followed Karchev during the partial collapse. He threw himself to the other side and slid down several wide steps. His face red and furious, he stood, drew his hand cannon without hesitation, and fired at Nemo. The bullet exploded into sparks along Nemo's power field. Nemo's attention shifted to the Khadoran warjacks charging across the floor of the main chamber toward him. The Spriggan at the fore moved with alarming speed straight toward him with its lance extended. A Kodiak and a Juggernaut flanked the Spriggan, smoke pouring from their stacks and engines screaming. Before Nemo could urge his Centurion to intercept, red runes of power circled the Cygnaran 'jack. Nemo heard the screeching noise of metal grinding metal as the gears and pistons of the Centurion's legs seized up and locked tight.

Nemo stood calmly despite the massive lance coming toward his chest. He extended his mechanika staff Fulger. Its coils flared blue and released a massive pulse of voltaic power. This electrical knot smashed into the warjack and sent blue lightning and sparks racing along its surface while the air thrummed with power. A vortex of magnetic energy pulsed along the Spriggan's frame. The 'jack came to a jarring halt. The Kodiak and Juggernaut slid directly into it and stuck tight. They flickered with electric sparks as Nemo backed away. His Ironclad strode forward and slammed its mighty hammer down. The entire mass of fused Khadoran 'jacks tumbled to the ground.

The Stormblades behind Nemo charged forward. Their great storm glaives sizzled as they laid into the heavily armored warjacks. They carved huge scores along thick steel panels and shredded pistons and piping.



Even in this moment of temporary advantage, Nemo felt time slipping away. Khadoran soldiers had finished their individual battles with Sword Knights defending the outbuildings and now turned to confront his soldiers. The Destroyer fired its bombard again and sent several Stormblades flying from the explosive blast. Irusk reloaded and fired his hand cannon at Nemo's head, but the shot deflected off the Centurion's arm as the general adept moved behind its bulk.

"Fall back to the courtyard!" Nemo shouted. His own runes of power circled the Centurion to give its damaged gears the temporary approximation of full function. As the Defenders fired on advancing Man-O-War Shocktroopers, Nemo sent power into his warjacks to hold the line and leave just enough of a gap for the remaining Stormblades to squeeze through and out of the building. This wall of heavy 'jacks blocked the door as Nemo looked back to see the men of the First Army retreating toward the southeastern entrance. Haley shouted them on, but a wall of Khadoran red pressed ever closer to the diminishing firing line supervised by Colonel Longbridge.

Nemo called one of his Defenders out from its position at the door to send it running toward the advancing Winter Guard. It lifted its shock hammer as it trampled straight through a line of Khadorans who tumbled madly to the side in a largely unsuccessful attempt to evade its heavy steps. "Colonel! Take your men and go!" Nemo shouted.

He did not have to tell Longbridge twice. At the colonel's shouts, men picked up their rifles and ran to follow those Haley had already evacuated. Nemo stepped slowly back and lighting pulsed from his fingertips into the enemy. He raised Fulger in his other hand to fire on those that remained. Around him a great force field shimmered to deflect the explosive blasts of incoming mortar fire. Finally, he stepped back through the gate, the last Cygnaran out of Northguard.



"We sit here doing nothing while those at Northguard fight for glory. This is a waste." Yuri the Axe stood from his bench near the fire at the center of the hall to hurl a bone from the tough blackened meat he had been gnawing. One of the heavily muscled war dogs near the fire leapt for the bone and claimed it.

Sitting back from the fire but dominating the room, the warcaster Orsus Zoktavr stared into the flickering flames like a brooding king of old. His axe rested close to hand. He had not touched the meat aside from tearing off a large piece to throw to his favored war dog, a nameless hulking

brute. As Yuri complained the other officers looked at their kommander nervously. They did not speak loudly in Kommander Zoktavr's presence, but he appeared lost in his own thoughts and not listening to them.

The Khadorans had transformed a large woodcutter's lodge near Fellig into a field command station. Presently it looked more like the hall of an ancient barbarian chieftain with its roaring fire, bloodthirsty hounds, and gathered warriors feasting on spits of roasted meat.

"Why do we let him eat with us?" whispered Kovnik Androv Maslovech, the ranking Winter Guard officer. "He's not an officer. He's not even a soldier. He's a criminal. A murderer."

"A pardoned murderer," the burly Man-O-War Kovnik Bortos Pragnos said in a low voice. "What's the matter, Yuri, not enough victims since Fellig sealed their gates?"

Yuri ignored him and reached for another piece of roasted meat. "I've wrestled starved mountain cats more ready to fight than these southern cowards."

"Our orders are clear," Maslovech said. His voice gradually rose as he lost his patience. "We were sent to harass them into sealing their gates. That is what we have done." He did not notice that Orsus had begun to clench his teeth.

Yuri retorted, "Fenris and his Doom Reavers have them crying themselves to sleep, not your men." In an unnerving coincidence at that moment they heard the howling of a wolf in the distance. The officers started and shifted uncomfortably.

"Leave military matters to your betters," Pragnos suggested in an intense hiss. He was the only one looking nervously at Zoktavr.

Yuri insisted, "They could have sent anyone to watch an empty road. We are more than enough to seize Fellig. They will beg to surrender."

Maslovech spoke condescendingly. "Our force is too small. Attacking would be foolish, not brave. We are lucky they are so terrified they do not retaliate. We would be cut down in days."

"Silence!" Orsus Zoktavr finally shouted. He stood to his feet and seized Lola. His face went red and the veins on his neck and bald forehead throbbed. His officers immediately fell still. The only sound came from the dogs crunching on bones. The Butcher of Khador glared at Maslovech. "You are a coward. I should kill you where you stand."

"Kommander?" Maslovech had gone pale, his eyes wide. "I did not—"



“Yuri is the only man here worthy of being called Khadoran. No more hiding. No more games. We attack.” He did not look to see if they followed as he stalked into the night.



The 9th Iron Fang Uhlan Kompany took the expedient of riding north out of the forest and galloping west across the open plains before turning south to rendezvous with the forces laying siege to Fellig. Deepwood Tower had fallen after Northguard’s defenders retreated, which left Fellig as the last Cygnaran garrison in the Thornwood.

The cavalry arrived at the current kommand center but found the woodsman’s lodge filled with the wounded and dying, most of them Winter Guard and Kossite irregulars. Dead Cygnaran soldiers littered the road and forest outside the improvised hospital. Kapitan Yarlos Sergeivich stopped one of the men attending to the wounded. “Sergeant, where is Kommander Zoktavir? We are here to reinforce. Did Fellig’s garrison attack?”

The man looked at him with a wild smile. “No, it was *we* who attacked! Zoktavir fights them now. Things went poorly at first.” He looked to the scores of wounded and seemed to lose his train of thought. He turned back. “I am sure victory will be ours. None can stand against Kommander Zoktavir!”

Kapitan Sergeivich blinked, appalled. “You attacked? The garrison outnumbered you a hundred to one or more!”

“Oh, it is glorious! Each day Zoktavir attacks and each night he returns. They tried to follow him the first few days.” He waved to the Cygnaran bodies. “Fenris rides among them like death. If you hurry, you can join them. You should see it with your own eyes. I wish I could come,” he looked regretfully back to the bodies, “but someone must attend the dying.”

One of the mounted lieutenants leaned to his kapitan and indicated the soldier with a nod, “I do not think he is sane, sir.”

Kapitan Sergeivich nodded as he absorbed the horror of the situation. “He has seen too much. Come, Vassely, over here,” Sergeivich called to their most junior horseman. “Ride to Supreme Kommandant Irusk. Tell him Kommander Zoktavir is in peril, and stress the urgency of the situation.”



A low haze of smoke and the occasional groans of the injured clouded the eastern Caspian streets in the aftermath of the latest clash. Major Markus “Siege” Brisbane watched rubble rain to the cobblestones as a Deliverer rocket exploded into the upper floor of a nearby building. He followed the smoke trail to a shorter building down and across the street. Blue glowing runes circled the business end of his rocket cannon as he lifted it, focused explosive power into the primed projectile,



and squeezed the trigger. A silver streak sailed unerringly through the open window. A flash and a dull thump followed as the first floor erupted in a concussive flash and took with it whatever Menites had holed up inside.

Siege glared at a long gunner lieutenant. "Was that one of the Deliverers I told you to root out?"

The junior officer offered feebly, "Sorry, sir. I guess we missed one. Won't happen again, sir." He looked properly shamed.

Gunfire and rippling explosions erupted nearby. Following the sounds, they came upon a squad of gun mages hunkered amid the rubble of broken buildings and firing at Menites scattered around the square. Explosions looked to have hit several of the gun mages, who lay slumped and bleeding.

"Fire at will," Siege instructed his long gunners. He unleashed a barrage of rockets into the tightest clusters of Deliverers.

SOMETHING IN THE WEIGHT OF MARKUS BRISBANE'S STARE LEECHED AWAY THE GUN MAGE'S INSOLENCE.

The Menites disengaged and fled east. Siege let them go. He knew they were likely a ploy to lure soldiers into the Menite-occupied lane two streets away. He had earlier tallied casualties for several squads that had fallen into similar traps.

Siege's eyes narrowed as he saw a familiar face. "Captain Allister Caine!"

Caine turned to face the new arrival. "Thanks for the assist, Major Brisbane."

Siege ignored him for a moment to address the other gun mage officer. "Lieutenant, take your casualties and report back to your post. This area is not secure." Caine moved to follow, but Siege cleared his throat. "Captain, not you. Come over here."

"Major," Caine obliged the order with a lazy swagger. "That wasn't as messy as it looked."

"What I want to know," Major Brisbane growled in a low voice, "is why are you here? I told you to oversee the mustering point at the southern docks. There are soldiers and warjacks there assigned to you."

"If you hadn't noticed, Menites have overrun our posts in five different places. I got word of gun mages pinned down and came to lend a hand." Allister Caine looked particularly unkempt. His disheveled hair and bloodshot eyes suggested he had not slept.

"I have other sharpshooters in this army, captain. What I don't have are warcasters. I need you to be where I tell you to be when I tell you to be there. Have I made myself clear? The lord commander indulged you, Caine, but I will not."

Neither generals nor kings intimidated Caine, but something in the weight of Markus Brisbane's stare leeched away the gun mage's insolence. "Yes sir." He paused as he turned to go and said, "I liked you better when I wasn't reporting to you."

Siege's eyes narrowed. "Collect your men, and stand ready. We'll be moving to relieve Benewic's Gate as soon as the order comes."



While dutifully returning to the docks, a cowed beggar accosted Allister Caine and grabbed his arm. Caine's eyes squinted as he took in the disguised features. "Rebald?"

Cygnar's Scout General directed Caine into the nearby shadows of an alleyway. "There isn't much time," Scout General Rebald explained. "We have an urgent situation that requires your attention."

"Yeah, I know. Listen general, can I get back to you on this? You may not have noticed, but Caspia is under attack." Caine's sarcasm provoked no reaction.

"Our agents arrested a man trying to sneak into the city, but he escaped before we could lock him up. We have him cornered in a warehouse near the King's Gate."

"Sounds unpleasant, but how is that my concern? We have city guard for this kind of thing."

"This particular prisoner was wearing an inquisitor's uniform under his overcoat." Rebald paused to let that sink in. "His description matches a man we thought dead named Orin Midwinter. Midwinter was one of Dexter Sirac's lieutenants." Rebald looked solemn. "This could be it."

Caine smiled predatorily. "I'm on it."

"And Caine," Rebald added, "don't kill him. We have other plans for him. Get what you need to know and arrange to get him out of the city, preferably without any civilian casualties."





Caine climbed to an open window of the warehouse and squeezed his way inside. He dropped quietly to a narrow walkway not far from the opening and waited for his eyes to adjust to the half-darkness. The warehouse held only a few stacks of crates and boxes. Caine had the good fortune to spot his quarry first. The man stood below the warcaster just behind several crates and watched the main door into the warehouse. He reminded Caine of a cornered weasel.

Pistols in hand, Caine slowly and carefully lowered himself down to the main floor without making a sound. He stood twenty yards directly behind the inquisitor. Knowing the guile and craft of such characters, Caine gathered his power to sharpen his vision. Blue-white runes shimmered briefly around his head.

At just that moment the metal head of the staff in the inquisitor's hand crackled with sparks and the silver ball in the tip of its tines began to spin. The inquisitor whirled with impressive alacrity for a man of his age. He spoke a word of power and his form faded to blend into the shadows of the dark room. He dove toward the other side of the nearest pile of crates.

Caine stepped forward with his pistols pointing unerringly at the wizard. "I can still see you. Think carefully about the next thing you do—"

"Die!" Midwinter screamed and pointed his staff. A jagged streak of electricity lit the room with stark white light and surged straight at Caine. He barely tumbled to the side in time. He could feel his skin tingle as the surge flickered past. A stack of crates exploded behind him, and several caught on fire.

The air around the gun mage flickered. Suddenly he stood directly behind Midwinter with both pistols lodged into the wizard's back. "Maybe you didn't hear me. Drop the staff, and we'll have a nice little talk."

"Why should I believe you? How many of us have you killed?" Midwinter's voice had a defiant edge, but Caine could hear the fear beneath.

"Obviously not enough. Talk or die. It's up to you. I don't care either way."



Where Garrick Voyle marched, Menites surged like a wave, overcome by the worshipful rapture of their hierarch's presence. They chanted Menoth's name as they waded into the enemy with spear, sword, and incendiary explosive. Cygnarans reeled before them.

Voyle generously invoked the blessings of the Creator to set the weapons of the faithful afire with holy power.

Voyle's fighting attire resembled the trappings of the monks of the Order of the Fist rather than the many-layered robes customary when he sat at the heart of the Sovereign Temple in Imer, although he retained the scrutator mask. A cluster of subordinate priests surrounded him to attend to his orders and chant prayers. One stood close carrying the hierarch's staff of office, as Voyle preferred to keep his hands free. On each forearm he wore armored vambraces equipped with a tapered punching blade forged of pattern-welded steel by the finest artisans of Imer.

Those blades had remained pristine and unbloodied. Despite proximity to the front, Voyle's armored escort fought to prevent the faithless from approaching him. Grand Exemplar Kreoss stayed close at hand and let his warjacks sweep through the enemy as he struck with Justifier. The Harbinger floated serenely behind and shielded the forward knights with her power. Voyle had ordered Visgoth Rhoven, Feora, Amon Ad-Raza, and the Testament elsewhere to oversee other battles and thereby beset the enemy in multiple locations.

After the first few fights, the hierarch took Mikael Kreoss aside. "Your valor is commendable, Grand Exemplar, but I must take to the fore so the faithful may comprehend that Menoth stands with us. Do not interfere or shield me. My faith is all the protection I require."

Kreoss bowed deeply. "As you command, Your Holiness. Forgive my enthusiasm."

"There is nothing to forgive. You stand as a paragon of your order. Our successes in this crusade are largely to your credit. But it is important to shatter the resolve of our enemy by demonstrating the futility of opposing us. The time has come for a manifestation of the divine."

Hierarch Voyle then led the crusade to confront the entrenched defenders surrounding Benewic's Gate, the fourth great gatehouse in the winding path to the heart of the City of Walls. The Protectorate had seized other gates, but this one resisted their advance. Menite fire had exploded the banded gate and its inner portcullis, but the gate's garrison had improvised a barricade and brought up several heavy warjacks. The Menites had erected their own opposing barricades and occupied the adjoining buildings—once military living quarters—from which they kept the defenders under constant fire.

A hush fell over the Menites as the hierarch lead a wall of knights and warjacks against the barricade. An intense hail of gunfire poured upon the attackers but sputtered gradually to a halt as the Cygnarans realized



it accomplished nothing. Voyle had his head bowed in prayer and golden light suffused the street before him. All incoming fire fell to the pavement five feet before his advancing steps like accumulating hail. Two booming Defender shots caused a glittering explosion of sparks and more twisted metal on the cobblestones.

As Voyle neared the barricade, a pair of Centurions stepped forward with piston spears at the ready and massive shields held before them. A Hammersmith and a pair of Defenders stood ready behind the barricades. Chancellor Birk Kinbrace, an aging warcaster who had earned the distinguished title of commander adept before retiring from active duty to run the Strategic Academy, directed the 'jacks and lead the defenses. He stood in his old warcaster armor atop the upper level of the gatehouse, where he had an ideal vantage. At his side, his most promising apprentice warcasters loaned strength to the warjacks below.

Against these foes Mikael Kreoss directed a half dozen 'jacks including a Guardian and his own Crusader, Fire of Salvation. A variety of light warjacks accompanied the Menites further back, held by the Harbinger in reserve to join the fight after the initial clash.

The Centurions made the first move. They ignored the priest to engage the approaching warjacks. One impaled the Guardian through its armored torso with a great shriek of torn metal. The piston spear repeatedly drove into the Guardian's frame and ripped apart its engine and arc node. The other Centurion lunged toward Fire of Salvation.

Those watching gasped as Garrick Voyle interposed himself between the machines.

Voyle drew back his arms and drove his fists forward as if pushing against a crushing tide. The air shimmered between them as the Centurion, still several yards away, rocked backward. Its armored chassis collapsed under the invisible impact of some devastating force. A sudden fire erupted along its midsection as its boiler exploded.

Two Castigators and the Fire of Salvation joined the fight to make quick work of the remaining Centurion before following Hierarch Voyle to advance on the barricade.

Desperate firing resumed from rifle positions atop the gatehouse and the adjoining walls. The golden glow had faded, and this time bullets cut into the forward ranks of knights and left many to bleed in the road. Shots aimed at the hierarch never found their target, and the chanted prayers of choirs shielded the Menite warjacks from shells directed at them. The Castigators stepped up and reached with blazing hands to tear apart an enormous section of the barricade.

Voyle reached out with his fingers spread and a wall of shimmering fire consumed the nearest ranks of Cygnaran soldiers. Satisfied at the impression he had made, Voyle stepped back and waved his army forward. Mikael Kreoss shouted for his knights to charge. The hierarch calmly rejoined his entourage of priests and offered the Grand Exemplar a single nod.



Koldun Kommander Aleksandra Zerkova was awaiting her Greylord superiors at Stanislav Palace when the alarm sounded. She gathered her men and rushed to the cathedral's defense without hesitation. Her finely tuned senses detected a supernatural dimension to the attack almost at once, and the atrocity at the entrance confirmed this with grisly eloquence.

The Stalkers slowed her, but concentrated volleys of blunderbuss fire and her icy sorcery soon scrapped the bonejacks. She ordered her men to secure the cathedral and lead a small force into the tombs. At last they entered the glowing chamber to witness an inexplicable sight. A half-broken marble vault stood at the center of the room and enclosed a manlike form sealed in ice. The interior of the ice emanated the cold blue light that lit the room. As she watched, a haze occluded the ice and obscured the form within. The room felt freezing cold and painful even for one with her training.

The soldiers entering the room after her exclaimed as they discovered the floor entirely covered in frozen blood. Several slipped and fell as they moved to check the other entrances and secure the chamber. Zerkova slowly circled the ice block and inspected it closely, careful to avoid touching it.

"Kommander, the other tunnels are empty. There is no sign of anyone; not even corpses," a Winter Guard kapitan reported with teeth chattering and lips blue. He glanced around at the extraordinary amount of blood. An agitated man dressed in the simple garb of a junior priest of Morrow arrived behind the soldiers.

Zerkova glanced at the kapitan. "Search the premises. Send half your kompanya to scour the adjoining streets. Have any soldiers that come from the palace join you." She turned to a subordinate Greylord magziev. "Summon whatever of our fellowship you require and secure these premises, on my authority. Then tell Koldun Fedor Rachlavsky that we have an item of special interest we need moved to an appropriate facility." The magziev bowed curtly and rushed back the way they had come.

The priest pushed through the soldiers to confront her. "Kommandant, this relic is under the protection of the



Church of Morrow. It must remain. It is here by the order of the primarch—”

Zerkova raised the Rod of Whispers, which gleamed with a sickly greenish radiance. Streaks of rope-like blackness lashed out with a sound like rhythmic voices chanting and struck the priest in the face and chest. His skin withered and his eyes puckered and vanished in a puff of dry smoke. He fell dead to the floor. The men nearby watched the priest fall without surprise or alarm.

Zerkova spoke to a lieutenant. “Have it recorded that this priest was dead when we arrived. Be sure no other members of the clergy, including the vicars, interfere. Be polite but firm. Tell them to stay clear for their own protection, of course.”

The lieutenant nodded. “Yes, kommander.”

Zerkova turned back to stare at the block of ice with a lustful look smoldering in her good eye. She snapped at another soldier, “You! Find something large enough to cover this. And the rest of you, take hold of those poles. Let’s see how heavy that thing is. Lift slowly.”



Goresshade slipped past the Khadoran soldiers without drawing their attention, but his preternatural senses told him something followed him. He became one with the shadows as he vaulted over the outer perimeter wall and ran through the surrounding streets.

He heard a dry click. He spun to the side, but a bolt pierced his unliving flesh below his ribs. Such a weapon should have barely annoyed him, but the damage it wrought went beyond anything he expected. He felt his arcane energies evaporate. He hissed in disbelief as he realized how close to destruction the fiendish weapon had brought him in his already weakened state.

His attacker had come perilously close. She stood just behind him in the narrow alleyway, a thin-cowled figure armed with a crossbow set with a bayonet. In her other hand he saw an elegant blade. He instantly recognized the graceful woman as Iosan.

He did not pause to wonder at her presence but leapt back and slashed with Voass. The blade left a shimmer of trembling ice crystals in its passing arc. She ducked the blow, came inside his reach, and sliced up with her saber. Goresshade narrowly parried her blow by locking Voass against her slender steel as frost formed along its length.

Goresshade felt his power return as the bolt’s magic faded. He battered the saber from her hand and struck like a serpent to wrap his fingers around the woman’s throat. Her eyes widened as she choked. She dropped

her crossbow to struggle with his vice-like grip as he lifted her into the air.

“Killing you would be simple,” Goresshade told her in their native tongue. He let the points of his black-nailed fingers prick the delicate skin of her neck. Then he dropped her to the ground and rested the point of Voass just below her chin. “You are of the Retribution? Do you not realize we seek the same end?”

“Liar!” She gasped in a strangled voice. “You would profane the gods!”

“Your ignorance deceives you. It is *they* who profane *us*. The extinction of Ios looms while you flail in the darkness and spoon-feed divine invalids. You understand nothing. Death will be a release to them and to our people.”

She spat. “Monster!” The loathing in her eyes suggested denial and fear. “I will hunt you as long as I draw breath.”

He paused, bowed respectfully, recovered her sword, and drove its blade clear through her. He watched with detached curiosity as she gasped in pain. “I pierced nothing vital. Should you live, let your masters know what you have seen and heard. Tell your priests that I come to deliver your goddess from the bonds of this world.”

“TELL YOUR PRIESTS THAT I COME TO
DELIVER YOUR GODDESS FROM THE
BONDS OF THIS WORLD.”

Leaving her impaled, Goresshade disappeared into the night. Eirys grasped desperately for her crossbow, but it had fallen just out of reach.



The fighting retreat from Northguard proved a messy affair, particularly once Nemo decided to give up the southern supply fortress. Spirits rose when they ran into Captains Jeremiah Krave and E. Dominic Darius coming toward the fort. Darius, abashed, apologized profusely to Sebastian Nemo for arriving too late. Krave echoed the sentiment if not the effusive emotion.

When Nemo heard the story of their encounter with the Cryxians, he chuckled at their hangdog faces. “We’d have used you well fighting Khadorans, but by Morrow you earned your pay here. The Cryx you fought would have fallen on us if you had not discovered them.” He waved to indicate the disheartened Cygnaran soldiers including



the countless wounded. These words comforted the captains, but no one could avoid wondering what might have happened with two more warcasters and a dozen extra warjacks at Northguard.

Khador harried the Cygnarans with probing attacks on their flanks as they retreated. These attacks seemed more intended to ensure the Cygnarans kept withdrawing south than to destroy them. After one such attack, Cryxians sprung on them from the swampy forest, and the dual-pronged assault temporarily threw the column into chaos. Defending against this backed the Cygnarans against the shore of a nearby bog until they gained the upper hand. As the undead dispersed, General Nemo found they had divided his forces by driving some of his men deeper into the forest.

While taking stock of their situation, Nemo had the horrifying realization that they no longer had Major Haley with them. The general adept immediately called on Captain Jeremiah Kraye. "I need you to find her. Take cavalry, Rangers, and whatever 'jacks you need. Focus on finding her. Don't come back until you do, you understand me?"

NEMO HAD THE HORRIFYING REALIZATION THAT THEY NO LONGER HAD MAJOR HALEY WITH THEM.

Kraye nodded solemnly. "I'll find her, I promise." He touched the edge of his hat and spurred Malagant into the trees.



Captain Maxwell Finn of the Northguard Gravediggers opened his eyes and immediately wished he had not. He found himself half buried in a trench surrounded by the unmoving bodies of his comrades. As he pulled himself free from the blood-soaked mud, he saw no end to the corpses. Some slumped in various poses of agony, most still clutching rifles. Some lay atop dead Khadorans, which gave him some small satisfaction.

He eventually found a canteen, pried it loose from dead hands, and drank it dry. His thirst quenched, he became aware that he had been shot twice. One had gone straight through his side and the other had superficially grazed his upper left arm. He attended these wounds with scraps of muddy cloth.

The silence made no sense. "By Thamar's bloody teeth, where did everyone go?" He scooped up his mini-sluggers. Northguard, far away and dark, looked like a dead ruin. After a moment, he heard something that sounded like thunder to the south. "The front has moved," he considered aloud, "and I'm behind it."

A sudden groan sounded like music to his ears. He searched for the source and found a sergeant at the other end of the trench amid the corpses. Dried blood caked the soldier's armor, but his shoulder plate bore the familiar winged skull and knife insignia of the 95th Trencher Company. "Fullet? Take it easy, son. Have a drink." He put another canteen to Sergeant Alger Fullet's lips.

"Captain Finn?" The man looked incredulous.

"We have to get moving. Can you stand?"

He tried and then fell back with a groan. "Don't think so, sir. Sorry."

Finn easily discovered the break in Fullet's leg and improvised a splint from two abandoned rifles. "This will hurt." Fullet bite the sheath of Finn's trench knife as the captain tied the rifles into place. Fullet groaned against the pain.

"How about we find somewhere better to be?" Captain Finn heaved the wounded Trencher up and got him settled on one leg. They began to limp south. Finn paused at the sound of another groan from nearby.

Finn set Fullet against a tree to find and pull loose another wounded Trencher from a pile of bodies. This one looked relatively intact, only knocked unconscious when cannon fire exploded a nearby bunker. The massive dent on his bronzed helmet indicated where the armor had saved his skull. He moved unsteadily but otherwise required little tending. The two had just rejoined Fullet when they heard another voice plaintively asking for help in Caspian. Finn sighed. "Looks like it's going to be a slow walk. Let's find that soldier."



Exhausted, Vassely of the 9th Iron Fang Uhlan reported to the supreme kommandant. Irusk's army moved along a broad front to simultaneously claim the Thornwood and chase down the retreating Cygnarans. Irusk stood quietly as he listened to news of the fiasco at Fellig, but his face turned red, and he clenched his fists. He sent for Forward Kommander Kratikoff before he turned from his officers and stared at the back of his tent until he regained his composure.

After Sorscha entered and saluted, Irusk informed her, "We have soldiers at Fellig in need of relief. I cannot afford to shift my attention, but it would be irresponsible to leave those men unsupported. You are the only one who might arrive quickly enough to provide assistance."

"Yes, sir."

"You must move with all haste. Leave your warjacks, and ride with the 12th Iron Fang Uhlan. They have fought with you before."

"A fine kompany, sir. I will go at once." She turned on her heel and started to depart.

"Kratikoff." His voice caused her to pause and look back. "This force is led by Kommander Orsus Zoktavr. I presume that will not be a problem?"

He detected a certain color to her cheeks, but she shook her head. "Why should it?" She left without an answer or salute. Irusk stared after her, his eyes thoughtful.



King Leto and Lord Commander Stryker had barely joined the 18th Brigade of the Storm Division when word came of massive attacks occurring in several areas of the eastern city. Some sections of Caspia had fallen completely and their inhabitants fled deeper inside the walls. The attack on Benewic's Gate most concerned Stryker and the generals. An anxious messenger confirmed, "Hierarch Garrick Voyle led that strike personally, sir."

General Artoris Halstead pleaded, "That is a fight I beg you not to join, sire."

"That is precisely where we need to be," Leto insisted. "Let us muster these men and move out."

Stryker turned to General Halstead and asked, "Where is Major Brisbane?"

"He went to support the 25th Brigade in a clash nearer to the Armory. I'll recall him and gather the 21st Brigade to join you."

"Very well. Thank you, general." Stryker offered a respectful parting salute. Halstead hesitated a confused second before returning it. Relations between the two had grown uncomfortable since the warcaster had taken the Storm Division from its nominal commander. Halstead seemed unsure what to make of the lord commander with that tension apparently behind them.

Leto and Stryker led the marching soldiers in blue, trailed closely by Ol' Rowdy and a pair of Stormclads.

A dozen additional warjacks marched alongside them, directed by various officers.

They were grateful to receive the support of Major Katherine Laddermore and the handpicked knights she led. Street fighting severely limited the usefulness of the Second Army's cavalry, so while Laddermore remained mounted, her command consisted mostly of Stormblades and Stormguard. The cavalry had proven more useful for conveying wounded to healing stations established by Morrow's clergy. Throughout the fighting, riders pulled a constant trickle of the injured from the lines and saved the lives of countless comrades.

As Stryker's forces marched through the streets, Caspians cheered encouragement from windows and porches. Stryker saw as much fear as hope on their faces and thought again of the stakes in the fight ahead.



Gorten Grundback's dreams of a lucrative and uneventful stint of patrol duty in the scenic hills of Ord vanished on his arrival at Boarsgate. The fortress commander, an Ordic Army veteran, awaited the dwarf with a stiffly formal air. "Greetings, Commander Caralo Allesari," Gorten said as pleasantly as he could manage. "What service can I perform for Boarsgate?"

The first sign of real trouble was the fact that Allesari wore his formal dress uniform and seemed freshly shaved and groomed without a single wine stain or missing button in evidence. His boots positively gleamed with polish. "The lord castellan would like to see you himself."

Gorten glared at the man. "Lord castellan?"

"Yes, Lord Castellan Ostal Vascar, General of the Shield Division and Commander of Midfast." He lowered his voice and leaned toward the dwarf. "He's going to ask you to take a message to Fellig." Allesari liked to gossip. "We need someone to get through and deliver a letter to Cygnar's Duke Olan Duggan at Fellig. The Butcher has that place surrounded."

"Why in the name of Ghorfel do you lot care what happens to Fellig?"

"He'll explain, but betwixt the two of us, he's going to offer a bit of support to their garrison. Not just mercenaries. We can put some Ordic Regular Army in there to help man the walls."

Gorten ignored the implied slight to his profession and followed Allesari towards the fortress' inner buildings. "Let me see if I have this. You want me to fight through a cordon held by the Butcher of Khardov to ask a



Cygnaran duke if he wants to allow the Ordic Army to occupy his city?"

"We have to do something. Maybe you haven't been paying attention, but Khador is booting Cygnar from the Thornwood. We'll soon have Khadorans all along our northern *and* eastern borders. Fellig will provide as good a bulwark as any other. The Lord castellan will explain it better than I."

The Rhulic mercenary sighed, "Fine, but I'm not getting dressed up or shining my boots to talk to him. I don't care how many titles he's got."



The Iron Fangs of the 12th Uhlan suspected something unusual well before they arrived at Fellig. It started with a frosty argument between their Kapitan Kigir Tishnikov and Forward Kommander Kratikoff regarding the route to Fellig. Tishnikov confided to his lieutenants that Kratikoff took a slower route than necessary. She claimed they needed to avoid Cygnaran watch points, but the kapitan believed she intentionally did not make all necessary haste.

They found abandoned the hall that had served as Zoktavir's kommand center. The stench of death surrounded it as thickly as the swarms of flies. A soldier tasked to look inside confirmed it as a charnel house of Khadoran dead. Sorscha Kratikoff scowled. They could hardly walk a few yards before discovering more bodies and evidence of battle. Lieutenant Yurik Belavdon tried to lighten the moment, "More Cygnaran corpses than ours," but this fell flat. The mood became darker with the evidence of Iron Fang Uhlan corpses bearing the mark of the 9th Kompany, many of whom Vassely recognized.

Just beyond the city, a figure on horseback suddenly crashed through the trees in front of them. Uhlan horses reared and screamed in terror, eyes rolling. Sorscha had her quad-iron out, but she slowly lowered the weapon. Before them stood a creature out of a nightmare. Sorscha recognized Fenris, the Doom Reaver, and his twisted mount. Decapitated heads decorated his saddle. He stared at them from behind his faceless mask as his blood-maddened steed stomped and glared with wild eyes. After a short pause and without speaking a single word, Fenris kicked his steed and rode into the forest, fellblades in hand.

This grim apparition had them unsettled before they broke the tree line. All present had seen carnage but never like this. Sharpened stakes capped with severed heads and dismembered limbs thrust up from the ground around Fellig along with other signs of barbarity.

These grisly displays stood thickest near the sealed gatehouses overlooking the roads out of the city.

The Cygnus still waved from atop the gates, so Sorscha's forces kept a careful distance lest defenders fire on them. An improvised barrier of wagons and other debris occupied the space of a shattered gateway. A sizable number of corpses lay strewn across the area, most in the blue of Cygnar, but too many wore the red of the Motherland. Crows gathered by the hundreds to pick at the bodies. Several ruined Khadoran 'jacks lay by the roadway. A line of corpses continued into the trees.

Following the bodies to a hill overlooking a creek they found Kommander Orsus Zoktavir. He lay slumped on the sands on the far side of the narrow strip of water but still strained to pull forward while his bleeding legs dragged behind him. His right hand dug the butt of Lola's haft into the soil. Gore clung thick to the axe blade and corpses in Cygnaran blue littered the creek and the bloodied rocks and mud around him.

A half dozen Sword Knights stood in a semi-circle nearby, clearly staying out of reach. They looked reluctant to approach, as if they preferred to let Zoktavir bleed out instead of engaging him directly.

"Hold!" Kratikoff's order halted the Uhlans' hasty preparations for a charge. "Kapitan, take your men and check the perimeter for survivors. Eliminate any remaining Cygnaran patrols outside the city."

"But kommander, what about—"

Her lips compressed. "Do not question my orders. Go." Kapitan Tishnikov saluted and did as she bid. Sorscha looked down on the bleeding giant one more time and then turned away from him to follow the kapitan.



"Major!" A Stormguard sergeant panted as he jogged around the corner in his heavily insulated armor. He rested the weight of his nexus generator against his leg. "We've got Exemplar Bastions coming this way! They broke through the Blackwine Road blockade. More knights are ranked up behind, not sure how many."

"Form a double line! Ready for incoming!" Markus Brisbane bellowed. The Stormguard hastened into formation with halberds set along the eastern side of the street. At Siege's orders Trenchers and long gunners formed up behind with rifles ready. "Concentrate fire. Bastions do not go down easy, so give 'em everything you've got." Behind Siege a pair of battered but still intact Defenders moved up to cover the street with their heavy cannons.



Brisbane seethed but did not let his men see anything except calm. He had just received word of the situation at the fourth gate. He kept running over plans to extract his troops from fighting this column of knights, but everything hinged on his still unanswered calls for Captain Caine's forces to join him.

Bastion knights came marching around the corner in a crushing wall of heavy armor. The air erupted with the sharp crack of rifle fire and the deep boom of Defender cannons. Stormguard braced for impact.

Siege extended his hand and clenched his fist. His power rent the cobblestones at the center of the bastions' line. Huge chunks of masonry shattered into their midst and littered the street with uprooted stone. The bastions weathered the blast but it slowed them enough for another withering volley of rifle fire. The knights marched through the torn street, and bloodshed began in earnest.

Siege moved into a gap where a glaive had cut down one of his men and brought his great hammer Havoc around in a brutal blow. The shattered Bastion went flying back through the knights pressing behind him.

His temper got the better of him. "Where the hell is Caine?" He cursed. "I will strangle that man with my own two hands."



Allister Caine used a little-known passage between the inner walls as a shortcut. He shattered a rusted lock on an ancient gateway with his pistol and pushed swiftly through to the next street. He felt increasing excitement as he neared his target.

Relief washed over him when he saw they had not evacuated this street. He could hear gunfire in the near distance as the Menites pressed ever closer. He easily located the building and surprisingly found its door unlocked. Quietly, he entered the home of "Kiel Sanderby, alchemist", aka Asler Garhaus, inquisitor. He had just an instant of warning from the familiar smell of smoke from a warcaster's arcane turbine boiler.

"Stop!" ordered the familiar voice of Asheth Magnus. "Do not move a single muscle. Drop your pistols into that stove by the door. Do it now!"

Caine could see across the large entry room a thin man with wide eyes held by a mechanikal hand on his shoulder in front of a more hulking form. Magnus' living hand pointed a scattergun at Caine.

"You have one second to put your pistols in that stove or I kill Garhaus, taking with him everything he knows."

Caine could see the absolute terror on Garhaus' face. Clearly he remembered Magnus.

Caine knew he could shoot Magnus without hitting Garhaus, but the power field made instantly killing the warcaster nearly impossible. Magnus had his back against the wall near the rear door, which made flashing next to him dicey, particularly against a man who knew that trick.

A wood stove just left of the door already pumped heat into the room. It nearly killed him, but Caine had no choice. He kicked open the front grill and inserted his pistols amid the smoldering wood. Unless he recovered them quickly, the fire would quickly ruin them. Magelock alloy could sustain extreme heat, but the pistols included other less resilient mechanisms. "And the belt," Magnus insisted. Caine clenched his teeth and dropped in his ammunition belt. "Now power down your armor." Caine balked at this last indignity but finally did as asked. Though the lightest of all possible variants, his warcaster armor still became an uncomfortable weight pressing on his back. The lack of power made his arms and legs feel heavy as all the joints resisted his every move.

A SOLDIER TASKED TO LOOK INSIDE CONFIRMED IT AS A CHARNEL HOUSE OF KHADORAN DEAD.

"How did you find this place?" Magnus asked.

"Likely the same way you did."

"Ah, Midwinter. I knew I should have killed him."

Caine felt itchy to retrieve his pistols before it was too late. "What are you waiting for?" he asked.

Caine almost jumped out of his skin as the popping noise of his ammunition igniting erupted from the stove. "That," Magnus said with an ugly smile.

"What do you think you're going to accomplish?" Caine asked. Now disarmed, more than anything he wished he had brought a 'jack; a nice Hunter or a Defender.

Magnus drawled with evident good humor, "An excellent question." Caine could not remember seeing the mercenary so cheerful. "I was puzzling over why you were killing inquisitors." He looked toward his prisoner. "I couldn't decide if it was a personal vendetta or something deeper. Now I know. Vinter has an heir, however dubious his legitimacy. I doubt you have his best



interests at heart. Does your softhearted king know what you intend? I think not. A word of advice. Don't rely on old loyalties or friendships. They disappoint. Better a man carves his own destiny. Thanks to Garhaus here I know where the bastard is hiding. I'll admit I hoped to have the time to learn a few additional details, but things don't always go according to plan."

"Wait!" Caine shouted but too late. Magnus slammed Garhaus headfirst into the nearest wall. His corpse dropped to the floor as Magnus fired his scattergun. Caine rolled awkwardly out of the way as a spray of metal shredded the doorframe and wall.

THE TREES CRAWLED WITH WIDOWMAKERS AND OTHER KHADORANS SEEKING HER DEATH OR CAPTURE.

He had barely gotten to his feet when he saw Magnus draw in power. The room exploded in a massive spray of debris. The burning wood stove shredded into fire-laden shrapnel. Caine simply vanished. He appeared just outside the apartment and rolled to the cover of a nearby wall. Coughing against the dust and smoke, he scrambled back toward the rear alley on wobbly legs. He could see no sign of Magnus anywhere around the exploded residence. Caine sighed and ignited his armor's arcane turbine before turning to search the rubble for his pistols.



Feeling powerless was an unfamiliar experience for Major Victoria Haley and one she cared for not at all. She hunkered absolutely still amid the dense vegetation of the forest. She had her magic. She had her warcaster armor with its power field at utmost strength. She had her weapons. For the first time, however, this all seemed completely inadequate.

Somehow she had become separated from the entire First Army and her Lancer Thorn. She could still feel Thorn, out there and intact, but too far to use. Even now she could still issue simple commands across their link. She had sent it repeated summons but the forest terrain had probably confused its ability to navigate.

She might have exploited any enemy cortexes in range to her own benefit, but she sensed none. She wondered if the Khadorans were deliberately keeping them back. She had the sardonic thought that perhaps she had used her powers too flagrantly during the earlier battle.

The trees crawled with Widowmakers and other Khadorans seeking her death or capture. She had killed quite a few, but she held no illusions of getting them all. Her power field alone would not keep her alive if cornered. She could slow down incoming bullets, but Widowmakers remained deadly shots despite her tricks. They also navigated the woods far better than she.

Haley succumbed to impatience and began to move towards where she thought Thorn waited. She tried to stay quiet and wished she had spent more time with the Rangers among the Knights of the Vigil during her Highgate tour. She emerged at the edge of a small pond, slipped on the muck, and slid into the open. The air erupted with rifle fire.

Her power field flared as bullets barely missed her. She felt a piercing pain in her left shoulder and her right calf before she sent a pulse of arcane energy to slow the incoming projectiles while she dove for cover. She saw a hint of movement opposite and sent a blast of power that direction. A sphere of crackling temporal destruction exploded the trees on the other side of the pond, but she had no idea if it hit anyone.

The overwhelming futility of the situation almost made her scream. "I am not going to die like this," she vowed in an intense whisper.

"No, you won't," she thought she heard her own voice whispering in her ear.

Suddenly she heard screams in the forest from multiple directions. Haley risked peering out of cover. She saw a Widowmaker stagger from the undergrowth, his face and chest melting from caustic slime. She heard distinct, sickeningly wet popping noises followed by more screams and sporadic firearms fire. To her left a Khadoran woodsman leapt from the bushes as a ghostly form shimmered into being behind him and raised a pistol to fire straight into his back. A skeletal head with flaming eyes turned to her.

"Fantastic." Haley raised her hand cannon, but a voice made her pause.

"Wait, sister. If we wanted you dead, you would be." The wraith witch drifted into sight from the trees ahead.

Haley did not know why she did not simply attack in that moment. Perhaps the exhaustion and frustration stayed her hand, or the blood loss, or the fact that the Cryxians certainly surrounded her. She could hear the sounds of men dying horribly, but she could not sense even a single warjack cortex.

"Stop your gloating and come on already!" Haley screamed. She realized she was almost in tears and



clamped down on that emotion to avoid giving Deneghra the satisfaction.

"I am not here to harm you, sister."

"Shut up! You are nothing to me!"

Deneghra drifted closer and became solid as she touched the ground. She removed her helmet and Haley saw a pale reflection of her own features. A wicked scar crossed Deneghra's bare midsection where crude stitches knitted her dead flesh. "But we are sisters."

Haley realized that her heart beat frantically, and she felt excruciatingly torn. A part of her insisted, *I already mourned you. You are dead to me. You are not my sister.* Seeing this creature standing before her, however, returned a grief to Haley she had thought long past.

"I know you will not understand, but I have had a revelation." For the first time Haley heard no mocking laughter. She could almost mistake Deneghra's expression for sincerity. "My flesh is cold, but the soul we share is still with me. Death does not change our bond. When I hurt you, I hurt myself." Her fingers traced the edges of the scar.

"What kind of fool do you think I am? I cannot believe a single word from your lips." Haley insisted and tried to ignore the little kernel of doubt wriggling like a maggot in her stomach.

Deneghra smiled. "I require nothing of you. Take your life," she waved to indicate the fallen and hissing corpses of nearby Widowmakers, "as a gift. We will talk again. Goodbye." She faded into the trees with the pistol wraith. Haley stared at the darkness, and her heart beat so hard it hurt.



The fight at Benewic's Gate went poorly. Through the twisting streets, Stryker's forces arrived behind the Protectorate army to find that the Menites had broken through the outer gateway. They had penetrated deep and were killing the defenders with abandon. Stryker saw the Harbinger floating behind the nearest soldiers. Sunlight suffused her flowing garments despite the heavy shadows from the looming walls to either side of the wide street. Looking on her caused a confusing mix of emotions, so he endeavored not to face her directly.

His forces carved through the back ranks of the enemy as light warjacks rushed to confront the Cygnarans. A Repenter sprayed fire and sent several knights to painful deaths before a Stormclad crushed the light 'jack. Lightning arced from the generator blade to cook nearby

Menites. Major Katherine Laddermore then lead a mighty charge of Stormblades. The knights chanted Leto's name as they drove through the mass of Flameguard.

Stryker drove his blade into a Dervish which collapsed beneath the blow. He saw his king fighting alongside Stormguard on the left side and up the wide steps that accessed the wall. Knights Exemplar held this point, but Leto beat them back, his sword a silver blur. Once past the knights the advancing Stormblades made quick work of the Deliverers on the section of the wall beyond. Leto ordered the "King's Hailstorm" long gunners of the 80th Regiment to occupy the upper level and fire on the Menites below.

Stryker extracted himself and worked his way closer to the stairs as the king descended with a heavy but solid tread. Stryker called to him, "You're not as young as you once were, sire!"

"That took more out of me than I expected," Leto admitted. He removed his helmet and took a moment to regain his breath. "But it felt good."

The ground shuddered and the sound of crashing metal rent the air as the battered wreck of one of Stryker's Stormclads landed not fifteen feet away and crushed several Stormguard. Shocked, Stryker raised Quicksilver and instinctively stepped in front of the king. The warcaster could feel the warjack's dying cortex in his mind. A single man in a scrutator's mask walked slowly toward them as if nothing on Caen could trouble him.

"Hierarch Voyle," Stryker whispered aloud. With that recognition, Stryker felt the rise of a sudden inferno of rage. All the anger, futility, and indignation inspired by the horrors he had seen Menites perpetrate flooded him. *Here, his mind told him, here is your true enemy.*

Ol' Rowdy picked up on his anger from two dozen yards away. The warjack turned to face Hierarch Voyle. Its red eyes burned with frightening intensity, and it launched itself towards the Menite a split second before Stryker charged. With weapons raised, Stryker and Ol' Rowdy converged on the hierarch in a narrowing wedge of rapidly accelerating momentum.

Stryker sent a surge of arcane power across the space between himself and his trusted Ironclad. White lightning erupted along the warjack's entire exterior. As they neared one another, he felt a frisson as these sparks leapt back to him. A deadly corona formed around his sword, and his hair stood on end. Strength and power flowed through his body, and he activated Nemo's modified arcantrik amplifier. The coils on his back erupted with blue-white light as electrical energy surged



through his powered armor. He felt no corresponding blaze of pain.

Voyle did nothing to avoid their approach save to broaden his stance and stand with arms slightly outstretched. He bowed his masked head as if in prayer and the air around him turned golden. Across the exposed skin of his arms stretched an infinitely complex pattern of knotted black lines, the Canon of the True Law. As Voyle stood braced, it seemed as though those lines flowed and shifted.

Ol' Rowdy arrived just ahead of Stryker and slammed its quake hammer down. Cobblestones pulverized to dust instantly and a shockwave rippled through the earth. Voyle jumped with inhuman grace just before the hammer struck. He seemed to hover a moment, and the trembling ground stilled when he landed. Stryker leveraged the length of Quicksilver with all his might into a cleaving blow.

Stryker would never entirely understand what Voyle did at that moment. The hierarch raised one hand close to his chest to intercept the path of the swing and held his fingers in a rigid formation. The other hand he held back to the side but ready. Stryker watched as Voyle caught Quicksilver's crackling edge with his bare hands. In the same motion the hierarch spun and rolled with the swing to send the warcaster flying. Only Rowdy's quick reflexes prevented a complete disaster. The Ironclad lunged forward and awkwardly caught Stryker in its right fist before Voyle could hurl the warcaster clear across the square.

Even as Rowdy set him on his feet, Stryker felt his back give a tremendous jolt of protest from the wrenching motion he had endured. Stryker turned his pain into anger and whirled to strike a blow upon the hierarch. Voyle crossed his arms to intercept the blade with his vambraces. Sparks and flashes of light flew from the impact. Stryker hammered down again and again to no avail. The pavement below the hierarch cracked and his feet sank two inches into the street from the force. Stryker had torn apart steel machines with less effort, yet the hierarch glowed with health, utterly unharmed.

Garrick Voyle retaliated with almost lazy movements. Despite his seemingly casual blows, Stryker could barely deflect, dodge, or evade them, and he had to give ground simply to avoid the attacks. Quicksilver vibrated painfully in his hand despite the powered assist of his armor. Even Voyle's near misses delivered an impact Stryker felt as great punishing blows along his power field and armor plating. He had no time to counterattack.

Stryker felt his sword moving too slowly to deflect the next blow. He gritted his teeth against the expected impact. Suddenly another blade intercepted the strike and gave Stryker just enough time to fall back. His eyes widened as he recognized King Leto beside him. "Get back!" Stryker yelled. The thought of his king leaping to defend Stryker was so absurd the warcaster almost missed another parry.

Leto's brother was the infamous swordsman, but the king demonstrated considerable skill all the same. Voyle fell back from a sequence of impressively swift attacks and gauged this new threat. In the next moment, as Leto parried the left punching blade, Voyle's right fist shot in to strike the king's abdomen. The spike shrieked painfully against Leto's holy armor. It failed to penetrate, but everyone heard the cracking sound of ribs shattering. The blade slid down to the gap at Leto's waist and pierced his flesh through the mail. The knights fighting nearby saw the king struck and several came forward to his aid. Now dismounted, Major Laddermore made a desperate lunge with her sparking weapon. Voyle easily deflected her lance, but the distraction allowed Stryker and Leto to land solid blows. Neither harmed Voyle but they knocked him back several feet.

King Leto staggered, and Stryker pushed his king back toward the lines of knights. The lord commander stepped in front of Leto, ready for Voyle's vengeance. He saw Ol' Rowdy dealing with a Reckoner that had attacked from behind and had a sudden inspiration. Stryker sent power and a command to his 'jack. Rowdy obligingly seized the Reckoner and hurled it toward the combatants. Stryker stepped back and Laddermore managed to tumble aside as the massive frame of the Protectorate warjack crashed directly on top of Garrick Voyle. The hierarch vanished.

Stormguard and Stormblades rushed to surround and protect their king as Stryker shouted, "Major Laddermore, get Leto out of here!" A wash of blood ran down the king's leg, and he looked pale and unsteady. Laddermore reacted immediately. She raced to her horse and swung on as it picked up speed. She pulled the king up with her and, with her knights of the 33rd Heavy Cavalry, galloped away through the rubble. The street soon filled with sword knights, Stormblades, and Stormguard. "Regroup and fall back!" Stryker shouted as the Menites surged toward them. Knights in that line understood that protecting the king mattered above all else, even above their own lives.

As they began their fighting retreat, Stryker saw Hierarch Voyle extricating himself from beneath the nine-ton





warjack. Beyond his torn garments, he showed no blood or other sign of injury. Stryker glanced up and saw the Harbinger floating above. She looked directly at Stryker. He wrenched his gaze away and focused on expediting their retreat.



They ran into Halstead and the 21st Battalion, and the combined force moved toward the docks to regroup. They all knew that their withdrawal conceded another gatehouse to the Menites. The morale of the men had fallen low as word of the hierarch's power spread. The fear Stryker saw even on the faces of his veteran Stormblades alarmed him.

"Lord commander," Katherine Laddermore called. The stench of the docks lingered in the air behind the smell of blood and fire. She dismounted and carefully eased the king down from her steed. Stryker crossed to her and helped support the monarch down to a sitting position. She said in an urgent whisper, "I don't think his wound is closing." Leto looked very pale and dazed, and the wound continued to bleed freely.

"I thought your armor—" Stryker said, but cut himself off as he saw the pain on his monarch's face.

"It should," the king said weakly. "The priests' blessings always staunch other wounds." They had to listen carefully to hear Leto's soft voice. "Maybe I donned the wrong suit?" His feeble laughter seemed to take all his energy, and he coughed up blood. Laddermore set the king's head in her lap, but she looked as frustrated and helpless as Stryker felt.

The sound of incongruous happy exclamations distracted Stryker. He looked up to see a large group of Precursor Knights approaching, greeted warmly by the Storm Division soldiers. Stryker's heart surged with hope when he saw Primarch Arius at the fore. "Primarch! The king."

Arius knelt at King Leto's side without hesitation and took control of the situation. "Here, help me unbuckle this armor," he said to Major Laddermore.

"Can you..." Stryker stopped, unable to finish.

"I can cease the bleeding. It will take dedicated attention. This is not a normal wound. Voyle has bent all of his will to the destruction of this nation, this sovereign. The intensity of that purpose informed his strike."



Primarch Arius pulled a surgical needle and thread from somewhere on his person and began sewing the wound directly. All present found it strange to observe the leader of the Church of Morrow bloodying his fingers to sew a wound. Leto looked at Stryker's worried face and beckoned the warcaster closer. The king whispered, "Our people look to me to lead them. They look to you to save them. I know you will not fail them."

The warcaster nodded and felt stronger despite the weight of responsibility. Leto fell unconscious, but his pale face settled into a more comfortable repose. Stryker looked up to the officers around him. The sounds of fighting echoed ever closer. "Muster the men. We've saved the king; now we must save the city."

He looked to where Katherine Laddermore remained kneeling at the king's side. "I entrust his safety to you, major. Return him to the Sancteum, and then rejoin us." She nodded and carefully lifted the king back to her steed with the help of her knights.

"VOYLE HAS ABSOLUTE FAITH. IN ANOTHER MAN, THIS WOULD BE INSANITY."

Stryker expected the primarch to follow her, but the priest remained with his escort of Precursor Knights. "We will accompany you, lord commander." Stryker nodded. He could clearly see that his men all took heart from the priest's presence.

As they departed, news arrived of Voyle's army making its way toward the largest of the inner walls. Rather than march directly toward the enemy, Stryker thought for a moment and then double-timed his soldiers through a narrow passage on an indirect route to the most defensible point. He would face the Menite army at Golivant's Gate, the last and greatest inner barrier still held by Cygnaran forces before the market quarter.

As he reviewed his plans for defense and the threats facing them, Stryker could not help dwelling on his fight with Voyle. Stryker gripped Quicksilver as they walked. "No man is invulnerable," he muttered. "I refuse to believe it."

The primarch at his side spoke after a pause. "All power has limits." He sighed. "Unfortunately, Voyle has fewer limits than most. He is singularly formidable. He has been slowly gathering and conserving his power for years, like a miser hoarding gold. He was waiting for the perfect

moment to strike. Clearly he has taken Caspia's open gates as that moment."

"How is what he does even possible?" Stryker asked.

"That is not easily explained," the primarch admitted. "You must understand that he is entirely free of doubt. Voyle has absolute faith. In another man, this would be insanity. No one should believe anything without doubt. It isn't human."

Stryker asked incredulously, "Do you mean that what he believes becomes possible?"

Arius smiled. "One man's faith alone, however absolute, cannot bend the world. Only the gods shape reality at whim, and even they work slowly. Yet priests are conduits for the divine on Caen. Miracles are divine will made manifest. Garrick Voyle has overcome the constraints of his flesh. He channels the power of man's Creator and boasts unwavering faith. You are right; no man is invulnerable, but for all practical purposes Voyle's vulnerabilities, his limits, do not matter." He saw Stryker's expression and offered, "The church will lend its aid, all that we can."

"That aid is appreciated. Yet here between the walls and amid the streets of Caspia, our efforts are constrained. He can pick his fights. We both know what it means if open fighting reaches the residential area past the Market Quarter. If he breaches Golivant's Gate, countless thousands will die. We do not have the time or means to evacuate them."

The primarch nodded solemnly. "Your assessment is most likely correct."

Lord Commander Stryker paused their march long enough to address his nearest officers. "Force and strength of arms alone will not avail us here. While we will stand ready for battle if it comes, we must first try another recourse—diplomacy and an appeal to their faith. We have all lost too much to destroy each other for nothing. Listen carefully to my orders. I will need your help to get this done in the little time we have."



Like sharks sensing blood in the waters, the Protectorate forces in Caspia gave up their individual battles to gather behind their hierarchy. The chanting prayers rose like a wall of sound to raise their hearts while sinking those of Caspians. The Menites marched through the winding streets slowly but with a sense of inevitable weight. Those who secured each street cheered for the hierarchy and the clergy as they passed. All felt certain they witnessed



a time of singular glory, a moment to pass down for centuries to come.

At the fore marched Hierarch Voyle with the Harbinger beside him, priest-king and prophetess, flanked by men in gleaming armor, each a recognized hero of the faithful: the Grand Exemplar Kreoss, High Exemplar Sarvan Gravus, and High Paladin Dartan Vilmon. Just behind walked the Testament of Menoth, the chained Omegus held tight in his grasp. At his side marched Visgoth Juviah Rhoven of Sul and his exemplar bodyguards. Next strode the Avatar of Menoth with its trailing red banners, as if a temple walked on steel legs. Beside the Avatar came Feora, Protector and Priestess of the Flame, and High Allegiant Amon Ad-Raza. Their army flowed out endlessly behind them.

The streets fell strangely quiet as this massive column advanced on the tremendous gatehouse protecting the inner city. All who marched could see lines of long gunners, Defenders, Sentinels, and others along the crenellated walls above the road, but they unleashed no hail of fire. Before the sealed gates stood a hulking Ironclad and a single man in blue and white armor.



Lord Commander Coleman Stryker had insisted over the protests of the generals and his subordinate officers that he stand alone outside the gates. The Stormblades objected loudest, but he ordered them not to interfere. "We may be destined for a conflagration, but do not make me the spark. Measure my life against all those behind this gate." Major Markus Brisbane, battered and weary from recent fighting, had finally joined them. Stryker pulled him aside just before leaving. "If I should die here, the defense of Caspia falls to you. This army is in your hands." Siege had nodded and said nothing, but his eyes conveyed firm resolve.

Stryker failed in his attempt to leave without Ol' Rowdy. The scarred Ironclad developed a sudden inability to heed commands when told to stay behind the walls. In the end, the Ironclad accompanied him, although Stryker kept the machine on a short leash. He clamped his will as firmly as possible on the 'jack's cortex while the Menites closed.

The massive structure of Golivant's Gate attached to the largest of the interior barriers in the City of Walls, nearly as thick as the city's great outer wall. It would require time for any army to destroy. As Stryker had hoped, Hierarch Voyle clearly saw no threat in the warcaster and did not order him killed out of hand. Even though the hierarch appeared willing to parley, Voyle refused to speak first.

Stryker stepped forward and raised his voice. He hoped those who could hear him would pass the word to those who could not. "Greetings, Hierarch Garrick Voyle and those worthies who march with you. We have fought today as adversaries. I acknowledge the strength of your convictions. Much of what has transpired between our peoples has been tragic. We have seen too much of suffering and bloodshed and the deaths of many who sought nothing but to live their lives."

He continued after a deep breath, "I beseech you for a pause in our bitter strife. Let us take a moment to cease the destruction that has consumed both our cities. Too many innocent lives have been lost. We hurt both our peoples and our faiths. Our two cities live too closely for ceaseless violence. Though we may never agree on certain matters, and old grievances remain to be aired, let us take stock of what we have lost and find another way to settle our differences."

Stryker signaled to those inside the gates. As he spoke next he found himself looking not at Hierarch Voyle but the Harbinger. "Atop these walls, a sign of my sincerity." A long line of civilians with weary but expectant expressions gathered there, most of their eyes fixed on the gleaming Harbinger. "These people are Menites once taken prisoner. Now they are free. I offered them the choice of remaining in Cygnar or joining your cause, and those here have answered the call to cross the Black River. I ask you, in the spirit of our shared history, to allow these families to depart and begin their new lives with you. Take them to Sul while we put an end to needless bloodshed. Even should we feel obliged to take up arms tomorrow, let today be a day of peace."



Hierarch Voyle stood as unmoving as stone, and silence fell on all those gathered. The Harbinger drifted closer to him, her soft voice not carrying beyond the inner ring of those nearest the hierarch. "The souls of those faithful will be the first trickle of a larger stream. All will happen at the pace Menoth wills. Haste will be our undoing."

Voyle's said in a patient voice, "You are the spirit of inspiration and hope to our faith. Though you lead our soldiers in war, your heart is temperate, as it must be. But now is not the time for distraction. Our enemy seeks to destroy our will and halt our destiny at the hour of our triumph. This can only be answered by a heart of iron."

He shouted to Stryker, "No. You will not weaken the resolve of my people. Your cowardly ploy is transparent. We do not turn from bloodshed when the sacrifices of the righteous reinforce the True Law. The lives of a few hundred are inconsequential against the weight of the



War of Souls.” He turned to where Feora stood before a long line Reckoners and Redeemers. “Fire on the wall.”

Feora did not hesitate. She raised her hand, and the warjacks raised their weapons. Smoke blanketed the Menite lines. Rockets and incendiary shells began slamming onto the upper ramparts of the wall.

“No!” Stryker screamed to no avail. The outer crenellations began to crumble and fall as shattered masonry showered on the soldiers and civilians gathered behind the gate. Many died instantly. Stryker darted back toward the gatehouse where legions of guards manned slits in the postern entrance. Stryker yelled, “Get those people off the wall! Do it now!”

While the lord commander turned to scream, Dartan Vilmon spoke in a voice that resounded off the nearby stones. “STOP THIS!” The High Paladin of the Order of the Wall, his face livid, strode towards Hierarch Voyle.

Hierarch Voyle turned and locked eyes with the paladin. Voyle raised a hand, and Feora obediently ceased the barrage. High Exemplar Gravus leapt from his horse and strode toward Vilmon, flail in hand, but also halted at a gesture from Voyle. Grand Exemplar Kreoss stood unmoving, his helmeted head bowed. The Harbinger mirrored his posture and shook her head. Commander Stryker seemed the only one who saw her distress.

“The treachery of the Order of the Wall manifests at last,” Hierarch Voyle said, his voice laced with loathing. “You would defy Menoth?”

Vilmon answered, “I would defy you. I serve the Creator, but there is no cause for this. It cannot be His will.”

They stared at one another for what seemed a long moment. At last the hierarch declared, “You are a traitor to the faith. I declare you apostate.” Voyle stepped toward Vilmon with long strides, even as the paladin stood resolute, as if his feet were rooted in the stone. “The penalty for this insolence is death.” With a single swift movement he struck at the paladin’s impervious breast.

To Garrick Voyle’s eyes it seemed as though a flash of white obliterated his surroundings. In that flash he saw the Harbinger’s pale flesh impaled upon his weapon, saw her crumpled over his fist and arm as she coughed blood. He stepped back in confused shock, and the world reasserted itself. Before him, Dartan Vilmon staggered back and fell to one knee, but his body remained intact. Voyle followed his gaze to where the Harbinger sank to the stones with blood pouring from a massive wound on her chest. The Testament had already reached her side, the Omegus gleaming as he knelt down to her.

Garrick Voyle’s breathing labored. His eyes filled with the fire of hate as he turned to Lord Commander Stryker.



Stryker drew Quicksilver and fueled his power field as Voyle came at him, but Ol’ Rowdy charged forward to intercept without orders. The Ironclad swung its quake hammer in a mighty blow. Voyle smoothly ducked under and threw a hooked uppercut toward the ‘jack as he slid past. The air shimmered between them, and the armor along Rowdy’s underside buckled and caved. Several pistons holding up its waist exploded into shrapnel. Rowdy staggered and toppled to the side. It put its free hand down to break its fall. Voyle attacked Stryker with a rapid flurry of impossible attacks.


Rage undermined the smooth clarity of Voyle’s grace. His swings seemed almost clumsy, but that same unyielding strength continued to fuel them. It took every ounce of concentration and prowess Stryker could muster to avoid an instantly mortal blow. He recognized with deadly clarity that he was out of his depth. He gave up ground as he tried to avoid Voyle’s strikes. As Stryker ducked under one swing, the gatehouse bricks behind him exploded into dust. With a sweep of Voyle’s leg, a deep trench opened in the paved road.

One uppercut whizzed near his face and rocked Stryker’s jaw. Blood sprayed from his lips as he staggered back in pain. He twisted his back badly as he tried to regain his balance and staggered away from the gate. The next strike sent Quicksilver tumbling from his fingers and his body skidding across the stones of the street. At that moment, he accepted the fact of his imminent death. The thought did not trouble him as much as imagining Voyle and Feora breaking past Golivant’s Gate. “Morrow save them,” Stryker murmured.

Turning his head, he realized that he had fallen next to where the Harbinger lay. He looked to her blindfolded face. She still breathed, although it seemed a strain. She silently offered him the hilt of her blade Providence. “Only steel forged in faith can stand against faith. Menoth calls for him.” Without thinking Stryker grasped the hilt. A blaze of fire ran up his arm and shocked him to full alertness. He staggered to his feet.

Voyle came toward him. Behind his mask there was murder in the hierarch’s eyes. Providence felt like a searing brand in Stryker’s hands. It smoked and singed his flesh through his gauntlets. The sword would not long endure his touch. Stryker activated his armor’s arcantrik amplifier and power informed his limbs. He stood and raised the holy weapon even as his every instinct screamed to drop the white-hot blade.





Instead, he stepped at Voyle and lunged. He felt the sword guide his hand as if by its own will. The hierarch raised an armored forearm to deflect the swing, a gesture he had managed so effortlessly against Quicksilver. This time his parry accomplished nothing. The double-pronged points of Providence easily sunk deep into Hierarch Voyle's chest. For a moment Voyle and Stryker locked eyes, and the warcaster could see the anger bleed away to confusion and disbelief. Voyle pushed forward, his right hand reaching toward Stryker, but his strength left him. His head turned toward the Harbinger one last time before he fell heavily to the ground.

Stryker dropped the searing blade. His palms still burning. He fell to his knees in exhaustion and bowed his head.



As if of a single voice, a gasp went up from the gathered Protectorate army. Many of them fell to their knees in shock, while others stood frozen in disbelief. The Cygnaran defenders atop the walls looked down with their weapons loaded and ready. It seemed time had stopped entirely and not even the wind dared to move.

Feora broke out of this reverie first with something like a choked gasp. She stepped toward where Stryker knelt unarmed and raised Apocalypse. Before she could deliver her blow, Grand Exemplar Kreoss moved swiftly and grabbed her arms in his gauntleted hands. "No. Step back. This is over. At least for today."

With the rest of the crowd, she stared down at the corpse, as if sheer force of will could reverse what they had seen. She looked then to Stryker. "He must die for what he has done. We must continue the attack!" Her voice ran thick with rage.

Kreoss indicated the weeping faces of the gathered army. "Attacking now would break them. Their fight is gone. Their hearts feel only sorrow. Throwing the faithful against this gate would yield us nothing but blood and ruin." He looked toward Visgoth Rhoven, whose masked face nodded once and stayed bowed. "We return to Sul to honor the dead."

The Avatar stepped toward the corpse of Garrick Voyle and turned its shield over on the ground. Blood soaked Amon Ad-Raza's hands as he placed the hierarch's body in the inner curve of the shield with silent reverence. The Testament and Vilmon gathered up the Harbinger and her blade, and they turned from the gate.



Some days after the chaos in Caspia settled, Lord Commander Coleman Stryker had the chance to visit his king in the palace. The severe damage had persuaded certain disreputable groups to take advantage of the destruction for their own ends. Tension between the walls of Sul and Caspia remained high as workmen on both sides repaired gatehouses, mended breaches, and rebuilt. The men standing to the wall in either direction glared across the Black River as they had for over a century, their hatred now made more tangible by memory of recent fighting.

**"ONLY STEEL FORGED IN FAITH CAN STAND
AGAINST FAITH. MENOTH CALLS FOR HIM."**

Stryker had attended too many funerals, and the taint of the grave touched all award ceremonies, promotions, and recognitions of valor for those who survived. Warmaster General Turpin had fallen ill. While this affliction did not appear immediately life threatening, he could no longer endure sitting in the war council for extended periods. Many of his responsibilities fell to General Halstead, who relied increasingly upon Lord Commander Stryker and the warcaster's rapport with his men.

With so much to do, Stryker had refused to indulge his desire to check the health of his sovereign until the warcaster could come as he did now and kneel to state with confidence, "Order had been restored to the army. Caspia is secure, Your Majesty."

Leto Raelthorne seemed much better, although still pale and looking years older than he had just two weeks earlier. He remained sitting on his throne rather than standing to greet the warcaster. One hand held his mending side, but he smiled warmly. "Thank you, my friend. You have done us a tremendous service. There are not words to convey the debt your kingdom owes you." He looked to his left to a stained glass representation of the City of Walls. "Caspia came very close to destruction. Far too close. I credit you with its salvation."

Coleman Stryker bowed again, clearly uncomfortable with praise. "Even had Caspia fallen, Cygnar would endure. Our people will not bow again to a tyrant. But I am glad the city stands."

King Leto lifted from his lap a stack of papers that had clearly occupied him before Stryker arrived. "Reports and missives regarding the situation in the north. We have won the battle here, but Cygnar bleeds. Northguard



and Deepwood Tower have fallen, and the Thornwood is ours no more. The Khadoran Empire sends its regards.” Sarcasm and indignation laced his tone. “They tell me they are content to leave us Point Bourne and Corvis but warn us not to march past the Dragon’s Tongue River. All lands to the north they claim. They are a hungry bear. I am sure this meal will not long content them.”

Stryker felt the blood leave his face at these words. He could not resist asking, “Any word from General Nemo, Major Haley, or the others?”

“They have arrived in Corvis. For now that city and Point Bourne host the divisions of the First Army.”

Stryker nodded, pleased, but concern tempered his relief. “What of Fellig?”

Leto raised another letter. “Here I have salutations from King Baird of Ord who hopes I will not take offence to his sending a strong contingent of his army to Fellig as a gesture of respect between friends. He assures me that, of course, his troops will happily assist in the defense of the city should it become necessary.” Leto sighed. “Duke

Olan Duggan has asked me for instructions. I will tell him to accept Ordic support. Baird has every reason to fear Khador along his eastern border, which is so much softer than his northern one.”

“So Fellig becomes an Ordic city in all but name.” Stryker shook his head in disbelief.

“Better Ordic than Khadoran,” the king sighed. “We still retain our garrison there; this will be a cooperative arrangement. Not quite an alliance, but perhaps a small step in that direction. In time they may realize how closely the fates of our two kingdoms are linked.” Leto waved a hand as if the matter was of no consequence. “Regardless, there remains much work to be done. I will be relying on you now more than ever.”

Coleman Stryker bowed deeply. “Know that I will never give you reason to doubt my judgment or my loyalty.”

“You never have. Come, let us discuss the jackals who seek to pick at our wounds and how best to teach them the error of their ways.”





Deep beneath the soil of the Thornwood twisted a profusion of caves and tunnels. In some places they came together, and in some places they opened into vast chambers filled with movement and industry. The earth echoed with the clanking of tools, the sucking of bellows, the roar of fires, and the gurgling of pipes ushering thick fluids to heated vats and seeping bladders of sewn flesh. Figures intent on their labors, both many-limbed necrotechs and floating cephalyx accompanied by drudges, moved through the corridors.

A cavernous chamber set back from one of the central assembly rooms housed a large meeting hall accessed by sweeping stairs. A tremendous low-set platform with benches along its sides occupied the center of the room. Asphyxious turned as Mortenebra entered the chamber. He offered her a gesture of respectful greeting. "Dost thou find the facilities acceptable?"

"There are areas for improvement, of course, but the production elements are advanced. It is...most impressive, Lich Lord Asphyxious."

"I am pleased."

Deneghra glided into the room and slid close to speak to Asphyxious in low tones, obviously pleased. She smirked, settled onto one of the nearby benches, and openly stared at the delicate intricacies of Mortenebra's form. At some point the darkness in one corner opposite the larger of the two entryways receded to reveal the Withershadow Combine.

A trio of living women filed into the room a few moments later and offered low curtsies to Asphyxious. Behind them, the Egregore floated slowly above the ground. Great thick flows of darkness poured from various apertures in its bone and metal exterior. Asphyxious spoke, "The Witch Coven of Garlghast. Morgaen, Helleana, Selene. Welcome."

The ground shook as if from a very small, localized tremor and then the vastness of Lich Lord Terminus entered the chamber. Despite the great size of the hall and its entry tunnels, the space seemed too small to hold him. He hunched his shoulders and folded down his sweeping, tattered wings to their most compact configuration. The lich lord's great presence made it almost easy to overlook the smaller man at Terminus' side, a mortal mass of muscle, metal plates, and machinery. Asphyxious' voice stayed neutral. "Lich Lord Terminus, Darragh Wrathe. Please, be seated."

Terminus said nothing and surveyed the room. Even when not in motion, Terminus' form and alien skull

conveyed menace. The Coven came close to him, and Morgaen spoke to Asphyxious. "Skarre Ravenmane regrets being unable to attend. So too Captain Rengrave and General Gerlak Slaughterborn. They oversee other necessary preparations."

The assembly waited a very long time in almost unmoving silence. Only Deneghra evidenced any impatience, but she occupied herself in whispers with the Coven. The two lich lords seemed content to sit frozen and never look at one another.

At length footsteps echoed in the corridor and the eldritch Goreshade at last entered the chamber. He bore in his arms something long wrapped in heavy cloth. Asphyxious looked up sharply and rasped in an unfriendly tone of voice, "You are marked."

Goreshade waved a hand dismissively. "It is of no consequence." He set the bundle on the platform and gently unfurled the cloth to reveal an elegant sword gleaming silver in the unwholesome light. Asphyxious made a startled noise and held up a claw as if to shield his eyes. Terminus hissed and also looked away. The Withershadow Combine began chattering excitedly. Deneghra and the Coven leaned forward eagerly. Only Mortenebra seemed unfazed. Goreshade spoke in a hungry voice. "The gods will tremble."

Asphyxious moved to the table and looked to them each in turn. "An era of ceaseless work has laid the foundation for where we stand. Now we shall initiate the next and most critical phase of our master's grand design."





WESTERN IMMOREN CIRCA 607 A.R.

★ CAPITOL
 ★ TOWN
 ★ FORTRESS
 ✕ BATTLEGROUND
 ✕ RUINS
 ✕ CYGNARIN 1st ARMY GARRISON
 ✕ NORTHERN CRUSADE

0 10 20 30 40 50 60 70 80 90 100

