

WARHAMMER ALBION

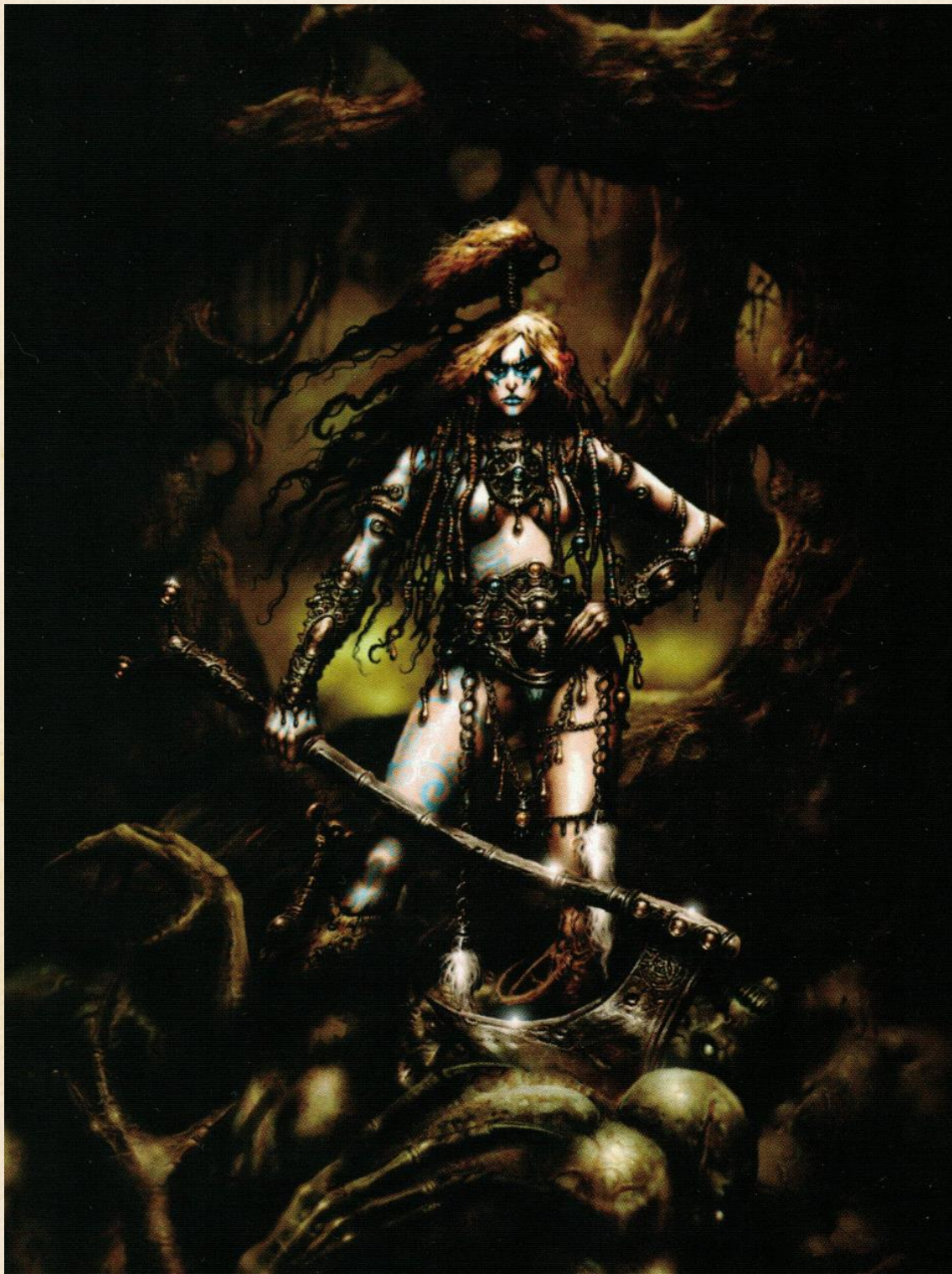


WARHAMMER ARMIES





ALBION



By Mathias Eliasson
v.1.4

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to *Warhammer: Albion*, your indispensable guide to the Misty Isle. This book provides all the information you'll require to play with an Albion army in games of Warhammer.

WARHAMMER – THE GAME OF FANTASY BATTLES

If you are reading this book, then you have already taken your first steps into the Warhammer hobby. The Warhammer rulebook contains all the rules you need to fight battles with your miniatures, and every army has its own army book that acts as a definitive guide to collecting and unleashing it upon the tabletop battlefields of the Warhammer world. This book allows you to turn your collection of Albion miniatures into a host of brave warriors ready to fight to defend their homeland against any would-be invaders.



ALBION

The mysterious, mist-bound isle of Albion is a dangerous place. On the one hand it is a land of endless opportunity, the battle-hungry eager to carve a niche for themselves into its hallowed ground. On the other it is a bleak expanse of moorland full of pitfalls for the unwary.

The armies of Albion is filled with barbarian warriors and mystical creatures. The core of any Albion army

comprises nobles in chariots and warbands of warriors on foot, screened by youths armed with slings and javelins led by the local chieftain. Poorer nobles and richer warriors are mounted on hardy native ponies and form the cavalry used to both scout and to support the noble chariot warriors. Ranks of spearmen and woad-painted heroes, droves of scythe-bladed chariots and enormous Mastodons bred for war emerge from village and dun to follow the Sun Banner of the old High King.

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

Warhammer: Albion contains the following sections:

- **The Misty Isle.** This section introduces the Albionites and their part in the Warhammer world. It includes their society and history. You will also find information on the island of Albion, the Misty Isle.
- **Warriors of Albion.** Each and every troop type in the Albion army is examined here. You will find a full description of the unit, alongside the complete rules for any special abilities or options they possess. This section also includes the Artefacts of Albion – magical artefacts that are unique to the army – along with rules to use them in your games.
- **Albion Army List.** The army list takes all of the characters, warriors, monsters and war machines from the Warriors of Albion section and arranges them so that you can choose an army for your games. Units are classed as characters (Lords or Heroes), Core, Special or Rare, and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of the game you are playing.







THE MISTY ISLE

From time beyond memory, the isle of Albion lay shrouded in mists so dense and disorienting that many sailors said they were not ordinary drizzle and vapour but mists of pure sorcery. Some people, and many fine sailors amongst them, said that the isle of Albion was nought but mist and that the cloud and chill concealed only miserable grey water.

Yet all that time, and it was a long while even as Elves reckon time, Albion stood amongst the sullen seas hidden beneath its vaporous cloak. For century after century the sky was not seen, and neither tree nor plants grew, except the stubby bog grasses that cling to mire and mud. The land was sodden beneath a perpetual drizzle, and, because the sun's rays never reached the ground, it was cold and damp and always grey.

Thus was the ruin of Albion – a land polluted by sorcery in the distant Age of Magic. A land whose immense menhirs and arcane stone circles once served to control and contain the gateways between the worlds, which to this day might still open and bring ruin to the whole world. Yet thanks to the mists and the island's mysterious inhabitants, guardians of nature unimagined beyond those rocky shores, that possibility appeared as remote and mythical as the isle of Albion itself.

THE ORIGIN OF ALBION

In a time long before Man first discovered the secret of fire, millennia before the first Elf learned the art of the bow, a race known only as the Old Ones forged the world. Legends tell of how they manipulated the ebb and flow of magic to mould the land to their will and of how they sowed the seeds that would form into the vast forests that cover the world. The races of Elves, Dwarfs and Men were like children to them, whom they nurtured and taught. It is said that even the great Dragons were mere playthings to these godlike beings.

In time, the Old Ones chose the island of Albion as one of the locations to build their homes. Little is known of their settlements for few have ever visited Albion, let alone returned from this mysterious place. They forged an island paradise where the sun shone bright and the crops flourished. Gathering together the wisest and bravest individuals of each race, they taught them magic and other skills. They demonstrated the secret of forging runes to the Dwarfs and to the Elves they taught the mastery of spellcasting.

The Old Ones believed that the race they called Man was too primitive to learn, but they were quickly surprised at the speed Mankind adapted to his surroundings. They were so impressed that they chose to teach a select few of the cave dwelling tribesmen some of their secrets. Those they taught went by the name of Truthsayers for it was their duty to teach the other tribesmen the true path to enlightenment. They instructed their students to spread across the world and populate the continents, whilst all the time the Old Ones kept a watchful eye over their subjects. They, in

turn, were worshiped as gods, and temples were erected in their honour. The race of Man impressed the Old Ones the most for he seemed to be able to adapt to any climate, and small tribes quickly flourished in every corner of the world.

Carvings upon the Slann pyramid temples found deep within the jungles of Lustria and the earliest songs of the High Elf bards tell of a great disaster that befell the noble Old Ones. A magical gateway, their portal to other distant worlds, collapsed, and they were forced to flee the fledgling world that they had created lest they become stranded. Unable to help those races they had brought into the world, the Old Ones had little choice but to leave them to fend for themselves. Their parting gift was to create a race of giant warriors to protect the people of Albion.

The collapse of the gateway tore a great hole in the fabric of the heavens allowing the forces of Chaos to pour into the world. As the Chaos mists enveloped the land, hordes of gibbering Daemons and all manner of foul beasts descended from the north in a bloody rampage. Many of the wise Slann, the highest servants of the Old Ones were the first to fall. A brave race, they tried to fight off the first wave of attackers, but were too few and too weak. They fled into hiding within the dense jungles of Lustria. Next, the Chaos hordes turned their attentions to the High Elves, but the Old Ones had taught their children well. The High Elves constructed a vortex at the centre of the heart of Ulthuan to contain and drive back the dark mists. The mages of the Elves created this vortex by building a series of stone circles to absorb and diffuse the Chaos energy. In their arrogance the High Elves thought that they alone were the saviours of the world, but it was not so.

By concentrating their attack on Ulthuan and leaving the isle of Albion, the Chaos hordes made a fatal flaw in their plan of conquest. The Truthsayers gathered together the Giants and bade them also to construct a series of stone circles. With such immense strength at their disposal, the Truthsayers soon had a great many of these circles whose mystical properties would allow them to channel their spells and bind the forces of Chaos to the north.

In many ways their mastery of this form of magic was better than that of the Elves. Not only were they able to contain the Chaos mists, but they were also able to use the stones to weave their own veil of fog around their island, protecting what they called the Ogham stones from danger. The Elves would certainly have been overrun had the Druids of Albion not stemmed the flow. But the mist that shrouded the isle also blocked out the sun. Something in the nature of the stone circles attracted rain and storms, and over a short period of time the fertile land of Albion became a boggy region where few crops grew.



In absorbing much of the Chaos energy, the soil of Albion itself became tainted and once fertile fields quickly changed into quagmires where a man could sink without trace. The thick woods and forests became wild places where hawthorn and poisonous plants choked the life from the trees. Many feared to enter these once beautiful glades, and many of those who did were never seen again. Even the creatures of Albion were not able to escape the mutating effects of Chaos and after only a short period of time the tribesfolk told tales of terrible monsters lurking in the darkest reaches, emerging at night to prey upon the unwary.



It was a price the Truthsayers had little choice but to pay. If the dark forces of Chaos were to be contained, then Albion had to remain hidden. The Truthsayers gave the task of guarding these stone circles to the Giants who had constructed them. Said to have been formed from the earth itself, these Giants were highly intelligent beings and knew the importance of their vigilance. For a while stability was created. The High Elves flourished as a race, learning much of the world through their contact with other more primitive races such as the Dwarfs and Man.

The Truthsayers of Albion, on the other hand, were isolated. They preferred the safety of their remote isle to the danger of the outside world and became introverted and reclusive, the Giants also suffered from their imposed isolation. Centuries of inbreeding dulled their minds. When the danger of Chaos vanished, they became bored and restless and resorted to mindless displays of strength in order to pass away the time. The tribes of Men on the island also suffered a similar fate. With the disappearance of the Old Ones and a distinct lack of contact with the outside world they degenerated into a race of warring tribesmen.

During all this time the Truthsayers continued to teach a chosen few of each successive generation their secret magic, waiting for the day when their masters would return. Each Truthsayer would be taught in minute detail the ritual ceremonies that were needed to maintain the mists that enveloped the island. They would each learn of the nature of the stones and the

offerings that must be made so that the magical power of these circles never waned. Over time, though, the ancient lores were slowly forgotten and, although the Truthsayers still practiced their art, it was but a shadow compared to the powers that used to be at their command. Some practices still survived, though, and on the night of each full moon the Truthsayers would gather and perform ceremonies in order that the mystical energies stayed bound to the stones.

So it came to be that Albion remained a mysterious island. Many tales tell of raiding ships that have vanished into the mists never to be seen again. For generations the legendary isle of Albion has been just that – a legend. Occasionally a weary traveller will tell an outlandish tale of terrible creatures stalking the Albion marshland or of ships lost without a trace in the swirling mists. A counterpoint to these fell stories is rumours of fabulous riches and powerful magics being brought back from an island swathed in fog. Rumours circulate that the mires and swamps of Albion house huge menhirs, standing stones that control the flow of magic across the world. It has even been suggested that should the ancient stones fall, the world itself will be torn apart by the raw forces of Chaos. The name of Albion inspires fear, greed and wonderment in equal measure.

Occasionally the gossip in a tavern will turn to the tale of a friend of a friend who was shipwrecked on the isle and returned to tell stories of creatures that were half horse, half man or of terrible one-eyed beasts that stalked the mists. Some even claimed to return with riches beyond a man's wildest dreams.

No truth to these stories had ever been proven, and the rumours of Albion remained little more than fantastic tales told by drunks to any who would listen for thousands of years.





HISTORY OF THE ALBIONITES

After the first war against Chaos, the Isle of Albion was spared more woes for many years, though these were hardly times of joy. With the departure of the Old Ones, the development of tribesmen, tall and proud and far more advanced than the men of today, degenerated into a more primitive state. Only the Truthsayers were the ones to remember the old teachings, while the rest of the people withdrew to mountain caves in search of cover from the harsh climate.

This degeneration did not happen overnight of course, and the Albionites, as the men of Albion called themselves, still retained much of their culture for many years, including the crowning of a High King. Thus the Albionites of Albion would continue with their existence in relative peace for thousands of years, until a new great threat would emerge.

CUCHULAINN, THE SUN KING

Around -1200 IC, the armies of Balor, a god of the Fimir and a mighty Daemon Prince, had grown large, a swollen mass of demon-spawn drunk with blood and fat with conquest. Like a brackish tide they waxed strong, seeping through the centre lands of Albion to overwhelm and engulf all that stood before them. From swamp and fen, bubbling up from hidden pools and bursting forth from breeding pits, the Fimir came hungry for slaughter. Their great lord, the evil-eyed Balor, cast his baleful glance over uncounted hordes and all in Albion trembled at his approach.

Never had the wicked race of Fimir assembled such a mighty host. Onto the Plain of Battles, that desolate expanse, did Balor drive his minions and amass his army to strike at the heart of Albion. But ever-watchful were the warriors of Albion; their great king Cuchulainn, called by his people the Ard Righe, was vigorous and full of princely virtue. Energetically and with skill he prepared his forces, summoning the warriors of his great clan and from all the tribes and houses of Albion drawing strength and aid.

Matching force for force, the armies of Albion emerged from village and from Dun to follow the sun banner of the High King. Under a standard of crimson came King Conchobar Mac Nessa commanding warriors proud and strong as the great walls of their city, towing many ingenious engines of war. From the south rode Lord Cormac and the horsemen of Tir na Airt flying a banner of white and verdant green, the hooves of their magnificent battle-steeds thundering upon the plains. The beleaguered north lands of Clan Lyr sent wild huntsmen and fierce hounds of war, and innumerable arms from the forges of Morn. All joined the bright columns of Magh Lahmfada; ranks of spearmen and woad-painted heroes, droves of scythe-bladed chariots and enormous mastodons bred for war.

The Sun King rode at the head of his armies in a fine chariot of glowing bronze and shining steel, its sides bedecked with the heads of his vanquished foes. His muscled form was over woven with deep blue bands in swirling runic patterns, his hair spiked stiff with goose fat and red clay. The finest steeds in his kingdom, grey Macha and black Saingliu, pulled his chariot with effortless grace while Loeg his charioteer skilfully drove them. Cuchulainn's left hand rested on the brawny shoulder of Cethern, his bodyguard and shield bearer. In his right throbbed the Gai Dearg; the potent spear that was Danu's gift to Lugh, the Sun God, its unquenchable thirst for souls a palpable radiance. Surveying his majestic force with bright and piercing eyes the Ard Righe burned to bring war and ruin upon his hated foes.

The fiends of Balor numbered twice ten thousand, they clumped like slime on the blasted plain and their glistening hides shone pale in the damp air. Gibbering and writhing they slithered in the pools and stagnant tarns that dotted the tortured land; the blasted plain called the Plain of Battles. Balor swept a ruinous gaze over his unwieldy host and readied it for battle, placing his flank against a festering bog that stretched for many leagues. The lesser of his troops he positioned to clog the hard plain to his right, while he himself and his strongest warriors occupied raised ground at the centre of his line. Balor then bade his shamans to call upon both fog and storm, blanketing the horde in sheets of rain and obscuring mist.

Cuchulainn spied the Fimir line through the driving rain and disposed his forces with alacrity as befits a king of battles. On the hard ground of his left flank he placed the swift cavalry of Clan Airt, their bold steeds



stamping with impatience. For his right the High King chose the forces of Magh Nessa; arrayed in a solid line of infantry between their vulnerable war machines and the putrid swamp.

Cuchulainn himself commanded the centre, the potent warriors of his house and the wild huntsmen of Albion, alongside all the warriors of Albion from clans great and small who had chosen to fight for their king this day. Mindful of his destiny, heedless of wind and storm, he struck.

As the first stones of Nessa's batteries smashed the dense mob of the Fimir centre the swift horsemen of Clan Airt stove in the ragged swarm of Daemons which thronged the plain. Cuchulainn's own skirmishers screened the advance of his centre and disrupted the foe until Albion's infantry were committed to battle with the Fimir; savage killers of the swamps wielding notched blades and cruel hatches. It was then, with the battle for the centre underway, that Balor sent his monstrous cavalry of Marsh Reavers speeding through the marshy flats into Conchobar's thin line in a bid to sack the stone throwers of Nessa and turn the warriors of Albion's right flank.

Foreseeing this strike over the blighted fen the High King had anchored his flank with the warriors of the Red Branch. These brave and unflinching nobles of Magh Nessa were descended from those who had given good service to Lugh, on these very plains. From that day to this, no member of the Red Branch had shown his back to an enemy, and though fierce Balor's reavers broke upon this rock of Nessa and rolled back.

The great clot of rabble on the left dissolved under the onslaught of the mighty cavalry of Cormac, and even the beguilement of the siren's song was but a buzzing in the ears of so stern a soldier. On the centre of the

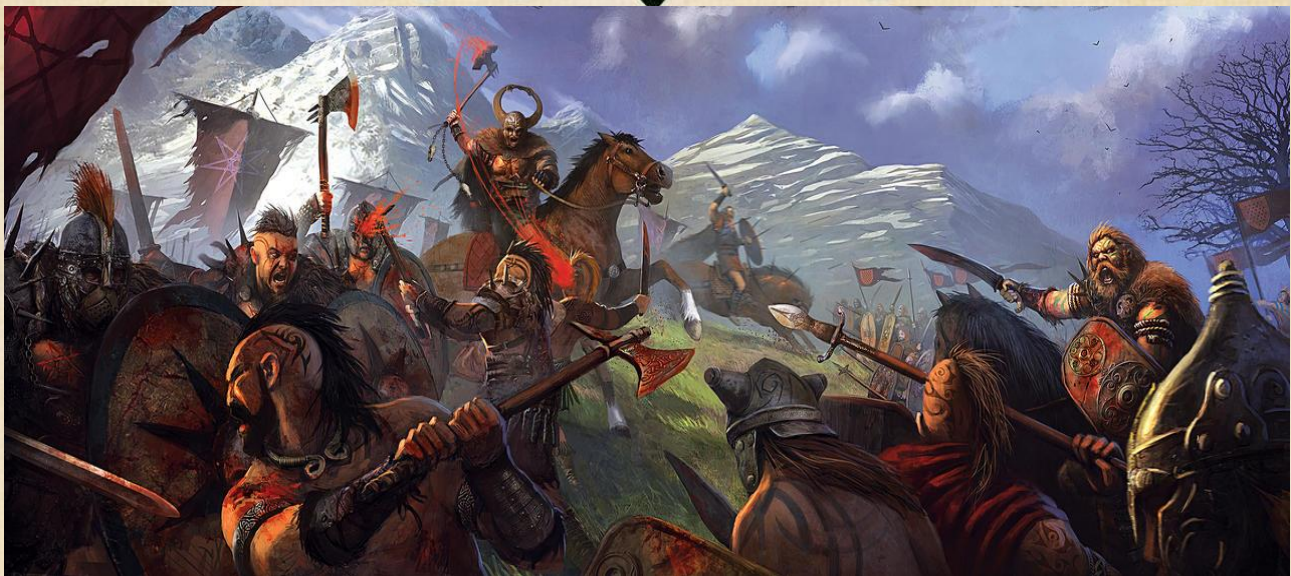
field the prowess and the passion of the warriors of Albion pushed the Fimir ever backward and pinned their rear under the crushing bombardment of stones, until the great conflicting press of that disordered horde erupted in panic. Choosing this moment to strike Cuchulainn lead the charge to break the Fimir line; his troop of fell-bladed chariots ploughed into that unsteady mass, their spinning scythes spitting black blood and trailing plumes of gore. Straight on he bore, like a comet in the eastern sky Cuchulainn outpaced his escort until he alone cut through that heaving boil of fiends; shooting irresistibly toward the hulking Balor, Dread Lord of the Fimir.

It was then that the High King took up the Gai Dearg, the thirsting spear, and cast it into the seething ranks of daemon spawn as had Lugh in ages past. The black spear rent and pierced and maimed all that it encountered, neither stopping nor slowing as it cleaved through the howling mass to fly directly for the King of Fiends. But Balor, though his broken army now fled in panic and defeat, had unearthly vision through his sorcerous eye, and he escaped the barbs of Lugh's spear and slunk toad-like into the swamps.

The strength of the Fimir was broken that day, but Balor still lurks in the dank wild lands of Albion and his thirst for revenge is unslakable. Cuchulainn's victory affirms the undiminished vigour of the Children of Light, but always the High King pondered the evasion of Balor and the knowledge that the Albionites must meet him again on the field, and that they must draw upon a power other than that which defeated Balor the first time if they are to prevail.

Today the Fimir remain a menace in Albion but not so much as to pose a threat. The ruling Kings know how to deal with them and have so far kept them hemmed in the swamps.





NORSE INVADERS

Even though Albion was sparsely populated, and lacked much of the wealth of the Old World, the Norse came to invade around the year 800 IC. They had an unwholesome reputation for atrocities and would regularly dabble in the slave trade. Their treatment of Albion was no different. The Norse would burn, rape, and pillage and take what they could back to Norsca in their longships.

At this time the Albionites of southern Albion cared little for the north-east, in fact they did not mind the Norse occasionally raiding the settlements of northern Albion because only rival tribes existed there; with constant Norse raids the ability of them threatening the south would never come to fruition, as long as the south remained strong and the Norse did not redirect their assaults southward. But Losteriksson, a great explorer from Norsca, desired to own a piece of Albion and obviously had visions of eventually taking the entire island. The Norse Chief was partly successful and established a small colony there.

For the next years, war never ceased between the Albionites and the Norse, the latter attempting to establish a beachhead and a stronghold while the former would drive them off the shores again and again. Losteriksson made landfall on Albion nothing less than four times, before finally sailing off to Lustria.

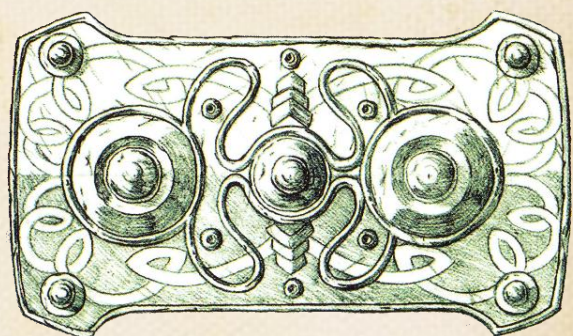
Although the Norse continued to invade Albion they would never attempt to settle the isle again.

CURIOUS GEASAR

Albion remained shrouded in the dark mists of legend until the renowned Tilean general, Curious Geasar, first citizen of Remas, set foot on the island, leading his invincible army. Geasar sought fame and power in Remas and how better to win it than to conquer misty and mysterious Albion, rumoured to be full of gold and pearls and the treasure of the legendary Triton himself. As the galleys ploughed through the surging surf onto the shingle of the beach, Cachtorr and Bologs stood on

the cliffs, hurling rocks down onto the ships, smashing them to pieces. The men were filled with horror and were scared to wade ashore. So Geasar heaved the army pay chest over the side of the ship into the surf, scattering the gold among the pebbles and jumped ashore after it. Seeing this, the entire army did likewise until the pay chest was safe behind their battleline.

Ignoring the boulders of the Giants and stepping over the fallen, Geasar and his army marched up the beach. Soon they found themselves confronted by all the savage tribes of Albion, numerous Giants and demented Druids uttering dire curses, formed up in battle array on the cliffs – and then it rained. The mercenaries stubbornly refused to go any further! Curious Geasar was enraged. How could he return to Remas in triumph now? What exotic booty could he bring back to awe the multitudes? How could he boast his conquest of distant and mysterious Albion?



Angrily Geasar strode forward and harangued the multitudes of savage tribesmen. "Oh foolish barbarians! I offer you all the benefits of civilisation: roads, hot baths, money, public buildings and Tilean poetry. Submit and all these things can be yours!" The tribes of Albion just glowered at him. Then he heard a single word bellowing back at him out of the fog and driving rain: "BOLOGS!" All at once the Giant's battle cry was taken up by the tribesmen banging their clubs and stone axes against their shields and the sides of their chariots and chanting "Bologs, Bologs, Bologs!"

Geasar was dismayed and ordered his men to charge. The battle was fierce with victory going to neither side. After a day's fighting, with the mist-shrouded sun descending into the sea, the two sides paused a few yards apart, utterly exhausted. Geasar tried one last gamble to save face. He could not return to Remas humiliated and empty handed. He needed something awesome to parade in his triumph, in order to win popularity with the mob. Geasar strode forth and shouted: "Give me Giants as hostages and I will go away." The Druids who knew Tilean from their occasional contacts with merchants considered his offer. They knew that their iron axes were no match for Tilean steel. At long last old Hengus volunteered to go and choose two of the smaller Giants to go with him. As they strode forward, Geasar shouted "I want the big ones!" and pointed to Cachtorr and Bologs, greatest of Giants. Despite the protests of the tribesmen, the Druids sent forth the two mighty Giants to be hostages in Remas in order to save old Albion from conquest and the tribes from enslavement or worse, the decadence of luxury and civilisation.

Geasar repaired half his fleet and sailed away with his Giant hostages wading in the sea behind him, tied by anchor chains. The moment Geasar's fleet arrived in Remas, word spread throughout the city. Geasar's political opponents had awaited this very moment and hastily made way to the harbour. They gathered around the mighty conqueror as he came ashore and showered him with the usual grovelling praises. This was just to put him off his guard for instantly he was horribly done to death with many daggers. Up came the cry "Geasar

is dead, long live the republic!" Geasar's battered and seasick soldiers panicked and scattered, seizing what gold they could in the confusion. One of them, out of spite against the city rather than pity for their plight, broke the chains that bound the Giants and released Hengus from the hold. Moments later Cachtorr and Bologs stormed ashore and went on the rampage through the streets of Remas, causing the citizens to flee in abject terror. Soon the Giants were in open country, spreading fear and panic throughout Tilea with Hengus close behind.



Since that day, Hengus and the Giants of Albion have lurked in the landscape, lost and confused, seeking shade from the hot sun and pining for the fog. Not surprisingly, various mercenary generals have sought them out to hire them as dogs of war. Hengus willingly agrees to fight in the hope that the campaign will lead him near to the great ocean and ultimately to Albion.



duel of the guardians

The charred timbers of a small tower, half buried beneath the wet marshes, were all that remained of the ancient fishing village of Ohbuhu. Similar sights were now commonplace across the moors and fens of Albion.

The island, which had remained untouched for countless centuries, had been ravaged by the onset of war. Entire communities that for generations had lived in harmony with the land were forced to flee their settlements as battle spread across the isle. Sacred sites that had stood undisturbed for millennia had been destroyed overnight. Even the Truthsayers, who had for so long acted as guardians of the isle, had been unable to prevent the wanton destruction that had fallen upon their homeland.

Beneath a ragged cowl, Kh'nar let a malicious grin spread across his face. All was as planned; even the Dark Master could not have foreseen such devastation. Each drop of blood spilled in violence tainted the sacred earth and brought the plans of his master a step closer to completion. With the fall of Albion, no one would be able to prevent the tide of darkness enveloping the world. It would sweep all before it, and the world would be helpless against the wave of terror and despair that would follow.

Kh'nar dug the tip of his crooked staff into the soil, tracing a mark into the wet earth. It was a simple spiral, the symbol of his dark brethren. All who saw this symbol would know that this village had been claimed by his kind. Across the whole of Albion more and more of these marks appeared each day. Victory was in their grasp. As he completed the spiral, a voice called out from the rocks in front of the Dark Emissary.

"This village is not yours, dark one." It was spoken in the native Albion tongue, a crude, simple language which Kh'nar had grown to despise. He looked up and spied a halfnaked warrior staring down from outcrop of stone.

"You have no army to protect you now, dark servant of evil. I am the one they call Dural Durak, and I command you to leave my isle lest I am forced to pollute the soil with your vile blood." The stranger motioned for Kh'nar to leave, pointing his staff out to the stormy sea.

"Fool! Do you really think that I fear to wander these paths alone?" Kh'nar spat. He recognized him as one of the Truthsayers, the protectors of Albion.

This man was easily capable of killing Kh'nar, but the Dark Emissary would not give him the chance. With a quick motion of his hand a thick mist instantly rose from the earth. It enveloped the Emissary, hiding him from the Truthsayer. The few seconds of distraction he had created allowed him time to throw a carved stone into a nearby bog, completing the ritual the Truthsayer had interrupted. There had been a battle here and Kh'nar could sense the souls of the dead trapped in the magic-saturated moors.

Seconds later the Truthsayer burst through the fog, his staff now wielded as a weapon, and Kh'nar had little doubt that it would be aimed for a killing blow. As the Truthsayer closed in, an inhuman moan froze him where he stood.

From the moor behind Kh'nar a great shadow loomed from the mist. It was as though the ground itself had woken and was intent on destroying the Truthsayer. Long tendrils of weeds clung to rocks, ancient bones and clumps of soil. Easily twice the height of a man, the nightmarish creature bore down on the one called Dural with a speed belied by its appearance.

"Kill him, kill him now," Kh'nar shouted at his creation. It was a Fenbeast, an earthly manifestation of the tormented souls of the dead.

Whilst Kh'nar lived this beast would be held under his spell. It would obey his every command, a mindless being serving the Dark Emissary until it was destroyed or Kh'nar wished it to collapse.

Dural dodged to one side as a huge arm-like protrusion ruptured from the monster's side and thrust out at the human warrior. Again the Fenbeast lunged at the Truthsayer, this time the blow striking him squarely in the chest. As the powerful blow stuck Dural, a circlet on the brow of his head glowed brightly. The beast's arm disintegrated instantaneously, sending small fragments of soil and rock scattering to the ground. To Dural's horror, the mud and soil beneath his feet rippled and flew upwards, weeds binding it in place as the Fenbeast regenerated its destroyed limb.

The Fenbeast barrelled forward with the force of a battering ram, smashing Dural to the floor. A limb as thick as a tree trunk burst from its chest, lifting for the killing blow as a mire-encrusted skull embedded in its shoulder chattered madly. Thorned tendrils tore at the Truthsayer as the beast loomed over him, blotting out the weak rays of the sun.

With an upward thrust Dural drove his staff into the midriff of the Fenbeast. It was not powerful enough a blow to destroy the creature, but it gave him some valuable time. He stretched out his arm and mouthed words of power taught to him as a child. The air around his hand sparked with magical energy. A small flock of grey-feathered birds coalesced from thin air, flying around the monster and diving at it, each one furiously pecking at the beast. A single bird could do little damage to such a huge creature, but the flock worked together, targeting it in a frenzy of attacks. The flock dispersed, and in a matter of seconds the creature collapsed to the floor leaving just an oozing puddle of mud, rock and bone.

Dural turned to face his foe, but there was no sign of the Dark Emissary. Raising his staff he chanted a few words and the fog dissipated instantly. Still he could not spot the sorcerer, but the parting of the mists had revealed a

small cave beneath the rocks on which he had earlier stood.

Dural cautiously stepped into the shadowy tunnel. Even though the Dark Emissaries were weak and frail, Dural knew from experience that they were as deadly a threat as the Fenbeast that he had just fought. They had a tinge of magic, better even than his own, and he had little doubt this one could destroy him if he let his guard slip.

At his command the Truthsayer's staff shone bright, illuminating the cavern. Crude glyphs had been gouged into the walls and the stench of death hung in the air. The tunnel opened up into a large cavern. The bloodied bones and rags of humans recently killed were scattered across the floor. Dural guessed that these men must have fled from battle only to be discovered and brutally killed. In a far corner, the Dark Emissary crouched, hunched over a strange metallic glowing chest.

"There will be no escape for you now, evil one," Dural spoke calmly. The Emissary stood and turned to face him. His right arm was encased in a huge gauntlet that glowed with an unnatural light. The gauntlet hummed menacingly as the Dark Emissary brought his arm down in a sweeping punch aimed at Dural's broad chest. The Truthsayer raised his staff to deflect the blow, but as the enchanted wood met the gauntlet, it was blasted into splinters. Dural was sent flying across the chamber, smashing with considerable force into the far cavern wall.

As he regained his senses he knew instantly the blow had broken his ribs, but, with pain wracking his entire body, he forced himself back on his feet. Again the Dark Emissary threw another punch at Dural, this time aimed at the Truthsayer's head. Dural ducked and the gauntlet smashed into the cavern wall. The force of the blow shook the ground on which Dural stood, and the whole cave trembled with the impact.

Chunks of rock fell from the roof and a great crack split up the length of the wall. The malicious smile on the Dark Emissary's face was replaced by a look of sheer horror as he realized that the gauntlet had become wedged deep into the rock.

Dural sprinted from the cavern as the tunnel behind him collapsed, diving into the light with a cloud of dust in his wake. When the debris settled he walked over to the pile of rubble that had once been the cave mouth. What was the mysterious magical artefact the Dark One had used? Now it was lost, sealed forever in the collapsed cave. He knew he must travel at once to the Forge of the Old Ones and report his find to the council. Other Truthsayers had reported such finds, and within the deep vaults of the Forge they guarded many similar relics. Where they came from and why these strangers so eagerly risked their lives to possess them, Dural could not guess, but whilst he was alive he would make sure that they remained on Albion.



DARK SHADOWS

In 2518, a new legend spread across the Old World. Sailors talked of an island which had suddenly appeared to the far north. Huge white cliffs loomed out from the sea but the sailors also spied beaches where a small boat may possibly make a landing. It seemed that the mists have parted, and the land lay open to explore. All memories of the dangers that lurk upon the island have vanished as the thought of treasure occupies the minds of many across the Warhammer World. Whilst the coasts of Albion had once again come into view as the mists recoiled, the central area of the island was still obscured by heavy fog. Landing places were few and far between, and this was well noted by interested parties eager to explore and conquer this mythical isle.



All talk across the Warhammer World was of the riches that lay in waiting on Albion. The struggle for power and treasure awaited those who would venture into the mists, but death and desolation also awaited the foolhardy, for not only did the indigenous dangers pose a significant threat to the unwary, but every race from across the world is landed on Albion. Every race across the Warhammer World gathered its armies to seek the treasures of Albion and claim the island as their own. Each vied for control of the island with the other.

More than racial pride was at stake, however. A backdrop to this clamour for power and material gain was a greater battle – between the forces of light and dark. Mysterious shamans known as Truthsayers, native to Albion, were seen traversing the Warhammer World warning army commanders who would set out for Albion of the harsh weather conditions, hideous sea beasts that inhabit the coastal waters and the Giants who liked nothing more than to hurl huge boulders at incoming ships. The Truthsayers declared themselves keepers of the knowledge and power on the inherently magical island and warn of the dangers posed by these fell adversaries.

SHADOWS GATHER

During this time, a dark shadow was spreading across the Warhammer World. An evil presence had awoken and sought to enslave each and every race to its malicious will. Also told in hushed whispers were disturbing, shadowy rumours of dark strangers who were traversing the length and breadth of the world. Speaking of the Dark Master who was to return to conquer all, they were named Dark Emissaries. These so called Dark Emissaries stalked the land, offering their services to any who would join their cause. They whispered rewards of untold power and wealth to those who will fight for the Dark Master, one who would lead the strong to conquer the weak. Of this mysterious

lord, little was known bar his clarion call for his followers to join him at Albion, but these Emissaries allied themselves with the forces of Chaos and Darkness. They roused all those with malice-filled hearts to march unto war. How many of these Dark Emissaries that spread the seeds of corruption in the Old World none can say, but the people still speak in hushed whispers of their passing and of the terrible magics they possessed. Few dared to challenge these sorcerers, and those who did perished before they have had a chance to regret their folly.

Greenskins pouring down from the World's Edge Mountains gathered in number marching to war, forming a green tidal wave as they laid claim to the distant isle of Albion and challenging any who say otherwise. The green horde was not the only threat poised to strike the Old World. A vast Dwarf throng, lured by the rumour of hidden treasures, had boarded their ironclad steamships and set sail from the hold of Barak Varr.

The flights of Black Dragons and the dreaded Black Arks of Malekith, the Witch King, had been seen abroad once more as the Dark Elves turned their attention towards the isle. It is rumoured that he had turned his attention towards Albion in the hope that its hidden treasures will lend him the power to destroy his most hated enemies, the High Elves of Ulthuan, whom had already pledged themselves to the Truthsayers' cause.





Once again the dead rose from their peaceful slumber and gathered together in a fearsome, unholy union of death. Even the Skaven crawled out from the sewers in vast numbers. Each witness spoke of different horrors but all who spied these dreadful hordes say that they marched northwards, their destination the Isle of Albion. All eyes turned upon this mysterious place, as the mists parted, and its secrets would be revealed for those who dared venture past the storm battered beaches.

All was not lost, though, for even as the Dark Emissaries spread disorder across the face of the world, a beacon of light shined forth, calling for those who are good of heart and true to the cause of righteousness to rally together. The Truthsayers braved the perilous crossing over the Sea of Chaos to seek out noble civilisations. They foretold of great danger should their homeland of Albion fall, the forces that bind the Chaos mists to the northern realms will weaken and in so doing, Daemon armies would be able to descend upon the world. To those who would help protect the isle they promised to teach secrets lost to civilisation since the disappearance of the Old Ones.

The High Elves of Ulthuan pledged their allegiance to the cause, and the Elector Counts gathered in council and after a surprisingly close vote also agreed to provide support. The knights of Bretonnia formed a crusade and speedily headed north where they will embark on the perilous sea crossing. It would seem that the Truthsayers have managed to spread the word of warning far and wide across the Warhammer World.

Even the elusive Lizardmen marched forth, their divination of the constellations forewarning them of the peril. Though none have spied any fleets on which they have could have made the long journey, a number of armies have been seen crossing through the lands of the Empire, and others report that they are already on Albion in numbers. The marshes and fens are ideally suited to them. Only time will tell whether the chill climate will affect their cold-blooded nature. With the possibility of discovering a link to their distant past, perhaps they of all the races had the strongest interest in the isle.

Possession of the many ancient Ogham stone circles was the key to conquering Albion, but with both the Truthsayers and Dark Emissaries counselling the invading armies, such control wouldn't be an easy task. Each race knew of their importance and would attempt to wrest the stones from those who were currently in possession of them. For those that would succeed, immeasurable power beyond any other that has existed on the Warhammer World would be theirs to control, and the fens and bogs of Albion would be the lonely resting places for those that fail, their decaying corpses sinking silently into the fens and moorland that cover so much of Albion. The Warhammer World is once again in great danger, for the immense power held in the isle of Albion is the prize for those who win out. The fate of the Warhammer World was in the hands of the generals and commanders of the armies whom travelled with all haste to the mist enshrouded island, and only one race would win. The call to arms had truly begun!

THE STORM BREAKS

Although the mists had only recently parted, in that short time combat had already begun on the mysterious isle of Albion. Tales of great battles had already started to circulate in each and every town and village across the Old World. News of the fate of Albion was the main topic of conversation in the inns and taverns. The garrisons were overflowing with eager volunteers, all of whom wished to join the armies to seek fame and fortune in the distant northern realms.

Nobody could say with any certainty which of the races was the first to make landing upon Albion, but it was the Empire who were the first to establish a beach head on the mysterious island. Upon hearing that the mists had cleared, a fleet of ships, loaded with troops and equipment, immediately set sail from Marienburg. After hastily constructing a large wooden fort on a beach area known as Muddy Point, they reinforced the strategic location with cannons, mortars and the deadly Helblaster volley guns. The cannons were clearly visible bristling from the ramparts from far out to sea. More than one raiding party has kept a wide berth of the beach, preferring to risk the storm-lashed seas to find a less well defended landing place.

To the Orcs, encouraged to head towards the mud flats by a mysterious robed stranger, the prospect of attacking the well manned fortress served as all the

more reason to land at Muddy Point. It was a challenge, a place where they knew a fight was to be had. A vicious and bloody assault on the beach ensued. The first wave of Orc attackers was destroyed by the massed firepower of the Empire's guns. A second Orc invasion force succeeded where the first had failed, and the Orcs were able to breach the defences. They slew every man and destroyed the fortress in a victorious rampage. So numerous were the dead that it is said that the Orcs feasted for two whole days and nights.

During the festivities the army was approached by a Dark Emissary. He persuaded some of the Orcs to fight for his master with the promise of great battles and untold riches as their reward. Ever eager to shed more blood the Orcs followed him inland, but it wasn't long before the various tribes began to bicker over who would lead the force. Soon the huge horde had split apart into a number of smaller tribes, all making their own way through the treacherous fens, eagerly seeking the next bloody fight.



Now other armies took possession of the landing point and tried to defend the beach from attack, but the Orcs had already gained a strong foothold upon the island. Although a costly blow to the forces of the Empire, reinforcements were already heading towards the rugged coast and would make landfall soon.

The first scouting parties to report back talked of a cold wet swamp land. Thick mists hampered all reconnaissance attempts and many brave warriors had disappeared into the fog never to be seen again. Progress inland was slow — the swamps, fens and marshes were a severe hindrance to any marching army. A Dark Elf raiding force was quick to exploit the speed at which their Cold Ones could traverse the bogs and fens. Had it not been for an ambush by a large Lizardman force, the Dark Elves would now have commanded some of the finest strategic locations. Instead the small, reptilian Skink warriors used the cover of the mists to lure the Dark Elf scouting force deep into the swamps. Once separated from the main force they were quickly surrounded and slaughtered by overwhelming numbers of massive Saurus warriors and the mighty Kroxigors. The few survivors that returned told of monsters that surfaced from the dark swamps to prey upon any who had fallen behind the retreating force. The creatures were called Fenbeasts and those who had survived seeing one talked of a foul beast that was half plant, half monster. Rumours abounded of sightings of the dreaded Black Arks floating menacingly off the North coast; ultimately the Dark Elves losses were but a minor setback. News that Lizardmen were patrolling the inland of Albion came as a surprise to many. No sign of any fleets sailing from Lustria had been spied and many feared that strange magics were at play.

As more and more troops gained a valuable foothold on the island, encampments begun to spring up. The initial high spirits of the treasure seekers were dampened by the harsh reality of a long and hard campaign of war in this inhospitable land. A constant drizzle soaked the troops and it was nearly impossible to light campfires.

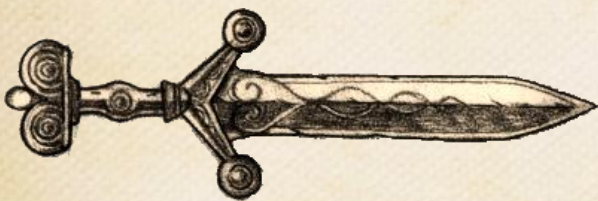
As each of the armies tried to cross the fenland to the solid central plateau of Albion, they were stumbling into other forces attempting to outflank them. The newly discovered realm of Albion held the promise of great riches and, as a result, vicious fighting ensued, aimed at preventing the enemy from reaching the mysterious treasures first.

Wild rumours were spreading around the camp fires, centring on the existence of a series of massive stone circles. Known locally as the Ogham stones, these mysterious places were said to be haunted, and many warriors feared to go near them. The mages, sorcerers and wizards of the varied forces each sought to investigate these stones with the utmost urgency. Their curiosity was aroused by the appearance of a small group of native Shamans who go by the name of Truthsayers. All were keen to glean knowledge from these noble warrior wizards, who were eager to ally themselves with those armies they deem worthy. Now the armies were mobilizing themselves to gain control of these areas of the island. It was already common knowledge amongst those who understood the winds of magic that these stone circles had great potential for harnessing magic and channelling it with an increased potency. Yet rumours spread that magic on the island was highly unstable. Some talked of their spells being cast with amazing results whilst others talked of impotency; they found themselves unable to shoot even the smallest fireball from their magic wands.





At that moment, all the armies were marching to gain possession of these ancient monuments. The Orcs had already managed to gain possession of one such place, but, ignorant of the power of the stones, they toppled them. Would such wanton destruction be allowed to continue, the wizened sages predicted that a disaster could fall upon Albion which would have repercussions for the whole world. The stone circles drew much of the Chaos energy from the winds of magic, harnessing it safely to the earth. Of the few stones that had been discovered by the passing armies, the wizards claim that the runes were from a time before even the ancient High Elves knew of such magics. If these stones were truly created by the Old Ones, who dared guess at the secret powers they may have held within. The High Elves were eager to investigate the wild claims that their own watch stones were pathetic copies of these powerful stones, and they were sending their best mages to lay rest to these unfounded rumours.



The Truthsayers talked of the dormant power of the stones, but it is dear that they know far more than they are willing to reveal. They mentioned a fantastic citadel located at the heart of the island. Other than its existence, nothing more had been unveiled, but this legendary fortress had become the target for all invading armies. Each general knew that the stone circles held the key to power. For now they were content to risk their soldiers' lives for the possession of the ancient structures. Soon, though, the armies would head further inland and, when they did, the mysteries of Albion would finally be exposed. But only to the victors would go the spoils.

THE FINAL CONFRONTATION

After nigh on a year of fighting, the war for the conquest of Albion reached its final hour. Weary and hungry, countless armies had battled desperately against each other and the people of Albion for months on end, struggling through pouring rain and icy winds to gain and maintain a foothold on the mist-shrouded island. The desolate moors and great Ogham stone circles had been soaked with blood, the land tainted by the overwhelming scale of death and misery.

Led by the Truthsayers and Dark Emissaries, the armies finally came to the mythical Plain of Battles. Here, under the constant storm flaying this miserable place, hosts clashed in their final confrontation. Steel rang against steel as warriors struggled desperately in the mud, their blood tainting it dark red. Here, fate and valour would decide who lives and conquers, and who dies. The High Elves and Albionites accompanied by Dural Durak faced off against the Dark Elves led by their Dark Emissary, and after a huge and bloody battle, the forces of Order had won, pushing the Dark Elves back to the coast. With that victory behind them, they marched onto the Citadel of Lead, and the Dark Master himself.

A protracted full-scale siege would have been both bloody and extremely costly for the attacker, so a daring plan was attempted. A small, lightly equipped assault force of Shadow Warriors and Hunters sneaked its way by night to a secondary gate in the walls and readied themselves to assault it at the first light of dawn. They stormed the walls and seized control of the gate, holding it long enough for the rest of the army to reach it and enter the fortifications. The battle within the fortress was long and brutal, where High Elf and Albionite clashed against the Skaven and Daemons of the Dark Master. Both sides suffered horrible losses, but the plan had worked – the Forces of Destruction had been caught off guard by the sneak attack, and eventually fell to the magic of Dural Durak.

He wasted no time, ordering the rest of the Council of Truthsayers to immediately march into the Citadel of Lead and break the flow of magic cascading over Albion. Soon, the chamber deep within the Bastion of the Old Ones resounded with chanting, the bass notes reverberating off the carved reliefs that decorated the high stone walls. Lit by blue and purple flames that danced in front of two dozen braziers spaced around the hall, the assembled Truthsayers sat in a circle, their heads bowed, as they focused their minds on restoring balance to the winds of magic flowing across Albion.

At their centre stood Dural Durak, leader of the council. Arms spread wide, he stood at the focus of the converging spirals and lines drawn on the floor with goat's blood, feeling the energy of his brethren channelled into him. The ebb and flow of magic surged through his body and his ghost sight could detect the tiny wafts and breezes of the different colours of magic. But something was still astray. A storm of darkness, of raw magic and Chaos, still battered the beleaguered isle. The damage to the standing stones, though halted for now, might still prove to be irreversible. And so he and the other Truthsayers prayed to the spirits of the Old Ones, desperate to seal the rift in the magical realm that threatened to tear their homeland apart. Despite this, the forces of light prevailed, if only barely.

SHADOWS DEPART

With the defeat of the Dark Master's forces, the Dark Emissaries slunk away into the darkness to lick their wounds, their bid to overthrow the Truthsayers over for now. Some remained on Albion, hiding within remote mountain caves and deep, fog shrouded swamps, but many more fled the isle, seeking a safe haven where they could recoup their strength. They are plotting their revenge, working towards another attempt to secure the Ogham stones, but their power base has been severely damaged, and they are scattered across the lands and isolated.

It is widely rumoured that the Dark Master himself left Albion, driven forth from his fastness in the Citadel of Lead. Whether the growing fear that his plans had merely been set back rather than totally thwarted is true, remains to be seen.

With the Dark Master's departure, large numbers of Lizardmen was seen occupying the Bastion of the Old Ones. However, despite this overall victory for the forces of Order, the massive Dark Elf host that landed on Albion has established a sizeable enclave, anchored by several Black Arks that have beached upon the shores of the island. The High Elves patrol much of the coasts, guarding against further Dark Elf forces, while the armies of the Empire are busy creating a new state around the south-east.





Still, though the armies of the Truthsayers have proved victorious and held off their dark enemies, these were not days for rejoicing. The number of Truthsayers has been severely depleted, many of the noble Druids having become lost in brave defence of their homeland. Worse, the Ogham stones were so defiled and subjected to such intense dark energies and corruption that their powers have been seriously weakened. There was not enough power within the stones for the Truthsayers to re-conjure the protective mists around Albion, and the Truthsayers feared that their homeland would come under constant attack. The magic of the stones may never return to their full strength, and this may prove cataclysmic in times to come.

The defacing of the stone circles might yet prove harmful further afield too, across the seas. Already the budding mystical pressure can be felt by the High Elf Mages of Ulthuan. With the Ogham stones of Albion not operating to their full potential, vast waves of raw energy swept from the north, and a great magical strain was placed on the stones at the heart of Ulthuan which are also used to hold back the amorphous tide that is Chaos. Some say that the Great Gate has opened wider once more and that the boundaries of the Chaos Wastes are creeping further south with every passing day. Perhaps this was the Dark Master's intent all along. Few doubt that another great incursion of Chaos is about to spill upon the world, and some thank the gods that Albion was held against the forces of darkness, otherwise the Storm of Chaos may have crashed upon the world even sooner and with even greater force.

The cruel Dark Elves pushed into the interior of Albion at an early stage, their experienced raiding parties, guided by many Dark Emissaries, securing strong vantage points on the north western coastline. Mighty Black Dragons of the Witch King Malekith descended

through the clouds, striking without warning against their enemies, scattering their foes before them. None, it seemed, could stand against the dark natured folk of Naggaroth, and the kin of Malekith rejoiced in the bloodshed that ravaged the lands. Despite suffering horrendous losses, the Dark Elves fought on and marched further and further inland, pillaging many ancient barrows and tombs and sending the spoils back to Naggaroth. To further bolster their position, several Black Arks have now beached themselves on Albion, providing fortified strongpoints from which the Dark Elves can launch further raids, or retreat to when the enemy comes against them in force.

While the Dark Elves established a growing kingdom, their kin of Ulthuan, the High Elves, tried all they could to hold back the Druchii. By seizing the stone circles, the forces of Malekith threatened to strengthen the magical power of the armies invading Ulthuan, and this could not be allowed. With many of their warriors engaged in the bitter struggle back on their homeland it was left to the crews of the great Ulthuan fleet to contest the Dark Master and the servants of the Witch King. And this they did valiantly, wresting control of the Ogham stones from their dark kin where possible, harrying their supply columns, and cutting them off from the shores of Naggaroth to leave them isolated and starved in the hostile climate of Albion. Even now the Eagleships and Hawkships of the High Elves patrol the coast, preventing more enemies from landing, and ensuring that the Dark Elves have difficulty sending back the spoils of their victories to the armies fighting on Ulthuan.



Whilst the two Elven kindreds battle each other fiercely, a battle that is far from over, another kingdom is being built. Driven by the fiery Lord Ravenbrandt, servants of Emperor Karl Franz have established a strong enclave east of Bol-a-Hat. As the Empire enclave begins to establish itself, the men of the Emperor have started to try and cultivate the lands east of Bol-a-Hat and towards the site of Losteriksson's third landing. The peasants who arrived after the armies have begun to dig drainage ditches, and a few farmsteads have sprung up. However, these are still fairly scattered. Though their expansion has not been rapid, thwarted by enemy forces and the boggy land itself, troops continue to arrive as news reaches the home shores of the Empire. Known unofficially as Neuland, this enclave is still a fledgling state and it remains to be seen whether its ruler will gain any real political power in Altdorf. Also, Ravenbrandt is facing strong opposition from Leopold von Stroheim for control of the growing province, and many think that before Neuland ever receives any official recognition, the two factions will kill each other in civil war.

THE LIZARDMEN PURGE

The Lizardmen were forced to act more directly to safeguard the ancient fortress of the Old Ones and, using mystical paths left by their creators, they sent a powerful army led by the ancient Saurus Scar-Leader Kroq-Gar to drive away the warm-blooded interlopers, earning him a fearful reputation as hundreds of enemies were slain at his hands. The native tribesmen believed him to be a spirit of destruction that was roused and angered by the disturbances on the isle, and regularly left devotions for him to appease his furious anger. Nevertheless, Kroq-Gar had no sense of mercy within his coldblooded heart for any who obstructed his duty, even if they have no knowledge of doing so.

Kroq-Gar's fast-moving raiding attacks slowly drove back the inhabitants of Albion, both native and those recently arrived. Whether he slaughtered every warm-blood on the island, or merely drove them from the shores, he cared not, for his duty would be fulfilled. As their gods did at the dawn of the world, the Slann have begun to shape the island to suit their needs and restore the protective wards that guard against invasion. Using their great magics, the Slann Mage-Priests of the Lizardmen have begun to alter the climate of Albion and a new jungle is beginning to appear north of the Forge of the Old Ones. With the new city of Konquata under construction, and jungle

spreading through the interior of Albion, Kroq-Gar had secured a strong holding point for the Lizardmen, and a place from where they could begin their own offensive. However, only one year later the Lizardmen were largely forced to withdraw back to Lustria to combat the presence of Chaos raiding forces in their homeland, thus allowing the remaining Albionites to emerge from hiding and reclaim their old sites.



ALBION TODAY

No single power controls all of Albion and the island is set for many more battles to come. It is unlikely that any one race will ever achieve total supremacy. With the main fighting over, the Albionites of Albion will once again try to re-establish their rulership over the isle. Though not as many in number as they were, they are rebuilding their armies, and prepare to drive out the remaining invaders and fight anyone who tries to take their land again. Unfortunately, they have been unable to fully raise the protective mists which once shielded the isle and now all manner of adventurers and ne'er-do-wells can still land for treasure hunting and pillaging.



Dural Durak could sense the humming vibration of raw magical energy pulsating through his body. The stone circle was close by, and with each step closer he could feel his powers strengthening. The Truthsayer marched at the fore of column of Elves. He had guided the fair folk of Ulthuan's fleet to the sacred island. After days of fighting their way through marauding tribes of Beastmen they had broken through to the heart of the island. Dural could now spy the stones through the thick mists.

A sudden wracking pain caused him to fall to the floor. A feeling of hopelessness and despair flooded through his mind; never before had he felt such dark powers take control of his will. Forcing himself back up with his staff, Dural quickly concentrated on focusing his thoughts. The Triskele harnessed his thoughts, and an aura of peace was created around him, a small bubble of protection through which the dark sorceries could not pass. Something evil had entered the sacred stone circle, and a menacing presence was manipulating the power of the Ogham stones, bending them to its dark will. Dural knew they must get to the sacred place before whatever had taken control became too powerful to destroy.



He signalled to the High Elf Commander to spur his army forward. As one the Elves advanced, their bright banners held proudly high. As the ithilmar-clad regiments surged forward, the skies grew dark. Black clouds appeared in the already grey skies, turning day into night. Drawing close to the edge of the circle, the Spearmen began to scream.

Dropping their weapons, some began flailing their arms wildly in the air as if trying to fight off some unseen foe. Others ran away, expressions of sheer horror crossing their faces. Dural raised his staff high, and from its tip a dull light grew in brightness, its rays piercing through the darkness.

"Fear not these nightmare visions, they cannot harm you!" Dural called out. His voice was strong and clear. It had a depth to it that broke through the terror-filled minds of the Elves. Dural strode to the fore of the army, his staff of light serving as a beacon to the Elves. Gathering their courage, the host of Ulthuan resumed the march forwards, the musicians rounding their horns in defiance of the evil that assaulted them.

As they passed through the massive stones that marked the boundary of the magical area, each Elf stared in

awe at their size. They dwarfed their own witch stones, and each one had strange primitive symbols carved into its surface. Dural could feel his own strength growing immeasurably. A great power coursed through him and, as he crossed the border of the circle, the light of his staff shone even brighter.

Within seconds of entering, Dural spied the evil presence that had polluted the energy of the stores. From the mists hundreds of small creatures charged towards the Elves. Evil rat-like beasts, they swarmed around the Spearmen, drowning the regiment from view by sheer numbers. In the distance Dural could hear that the other regiments of the army were engaged in combat. A sudden vision appeared in Dural's mind, emanating from his Triskele. He turned instantly, just in time to deflect the blow of a large rat creature who had crept up on him and was attempting to thrust a knife into the base of his spine. Dural brought the staff down on the skull of the foul thing, crushing it easily.

A sudden burst of energy sent the Truthsayer flying backwards, and as he fell to the ground he knew that was a sorcerous blast. Fortunately, the aura of the Triskele had absorbed much of the harm. Before he had a chance to stand, Dural felt something wrapping itself around his torso. A magical mist resembling a serpent had coiled itself around him and was squeezing tighter with each second. Dural could no longer breathe, and within seconds the pressure on his chest was unbearable. Helpless against the magical attack, Dural slipped into unconsciousness.

The sharp features of an Elf, bathing Dural's forehead with a warm cloth, met him as he opened his eyes. He tried to sit upright, but a sharp pain in his chest prevented him from doing so.

"Rest my friend. You are badly bruised, but you will recover." The Elf's voice was calm and soothing, and Dural lay back.

"It was only the timely charge of the Silver Helms that saved us, my Lord. The Skaven flank fell apart, and they fled from the circle. We slew most of the vile creatures, but their mage escaped us."

Dural shook his head. "That was no Seer of the rat folk. I have heard of their dark magic and, though it is powerful, none have the ability to cast such magics." Dural closed his eyes. He needed to recover quickly and that meant some well-needed rest.

"No, some other dark force works against us, and I fear it has a greater knowledge of magic than myself. We must act fast if we are to reach the citadel before him."

Dural let fatigue overcome him, but his dreams were haunted by a mysterious foe.

TIMELINE OF ALBION

c.-5,600 to -4,500

Before the Old Ones leave the Warhammer World behind, they create a new intelligent species, the Giants, to protect the island of Albion, a small, windswept island off the coast of Norsca in the Great Ocean.

c.-4400

The Ogham Circles that dot Albion are erected by the giants of the land, under instruction from the human Truthsayers during the First Great War against Chaos and work to calm down the winds of magic that blow from the Realm of Chaos at the north pole of the Warhammer world. The really awful weather and the degeneration of man on the island to barbarians are consequences of this magical influx.



c.-1250

Great War with the Fimir. Thousands are killed on each side, but the Fimir bear the brunt of the losses and are repelled back to the swamps to lick their wounds. Most of the older warriors of the tribes fight in this war.

c.-1200

The Plain of Battles. High King Cuchulainn slays Balor, the god of the Fimir, and sends him back to the Realm of Chaos. The Fimir forces disperse back to their swamps.

460

The Norse discover Albion. They also make small raids on the coastline of the Old World.

800

High King Knut of Norsca raids Albion.

822

High King Knut perishes in battle on Albion.

c.880

Losteriksson makes multiple landings on Albion. He both raids the land and attempts to create permanent Norse colony there. All these attempts are foiled by the Albionites.

c.900-2300

With the First Great War against Chaos over, the tribes of Albion have few foes save each other. They begin a long cycle of cattle raids and warfare, fighting one another in countless feuds and skirmishes. They are still occasionally raided by the Fimir from the swamps and Norse from the Sea of Chaos, but have little desire to raid such inhospitable lands in return.

1863

The Tragedy of McDeath. The sadistic and thoroughly unpleasant McDeath murders the rightful King Dunco and usurps the throne of east Albion. He is slain in revenge by Donalbane, King Dunco's oldest son, who leads Clan McCoughlagan to battle in a siege against McDeath's fortress.

2066

High King Harald of the Norse is defeated by the Albionites.

2305

After the second Great War against Chaos the cursed Daemon Prince Be'lakor manages to escape his fate of madness and imprisonment and starts to materialize in the Citadel of Lead in the north-eastern part Albion. He misguides some of the Truthsayers to become his Dark Emissaries to help him regain corporeal form.

2502

A Tilean explorer and conqueror, Curious Geasar, reaches the shores of Albion and tries to bring the native barbarians his view of Tilean culture. He is not successful, and takes Hengus the Druid and the two biggest Giants of Albion with him as hostages. Back in Tilea he is assassinated and the giants now roam the Old World as mercenaries.



2506

Gotrek and Felix travel to Albion using a magical gateway of the Old Ones. There they meet Loremaster Teclis and again face the powerful twin sorcerers Kelmair Blackstaff and Lhoigor Golderod.

2517

The Dark Emissaries roam the Warhammer World in search of any evil, warmongering, ambitious or at least greedy leader and bring them to of Albion to divert the energies of the Stone Circles and allow their Dark Master to materialise. On the other hand, those Truthsayers that are not corrupted also travel the world to find help against their fallen brothers.



2518

The Dark Shadows. Fleets of all states and races set sail to reach the shores of Albion to help or to stop the Dark Master and to find the artefacts of the Old Ones. Both Dark Emissaries and Truthsayers summon the mindless Fen Beasts to do their bidding. The Forces of Order eventually prevail, and the Dark Master is forced to flee the island.

2519

In the aftermath of the Dark Shadows, the Dark Emissaries flee from the island and the Truthsayers follow to hunt them down. Both sell their service to other armies in the whole Warhammer World as mercenaries, using their ability to raise and control Fen Beast for the benefit of their employers.

2520

Scar-Leader Kroq-Gar leads the first war parties to cleanse the isle of warm-bloods. Under the manipulations of Lord Mazdamundi, the climate of the isle is altered, and the start of a new jungle is formed. Work begins on the founding of the new temple-city Konquata, Place of Resistance, in the interior of Albion.

2521

The sacred mists of Albion are partly restored.

2522

The Lizardmen leave Albion, allowing the Albionites to retrieve their land. They now fight to drive out the remaining invaders and reclaim their island.



THE CHILDREN OF DANU

The Albionites are a tall race, warrior race, a proud and mighty race. They are quick to anger and remember long, they are fearless in battle and generous of heart.

Albionite society is essentially tribal with a hierarchy of clans all owing allegiance to the king of the dominant clan. Each clan has its own settlement; these vary from a cluster of caves and huts with a wooden palisade, to sturdier forts built on hill tops.

Honour is important to almost everyone in Albion. Without it, you face exile from your tribe and kin, and the very real possibility of being slain out of hand by anyone you meet. On the other hand, the benefits of honour are many – respect, reputation, gifts, hospitality wherever you go, a share in your kin's land-holdings, and recognition of your place in society. As far as the values of the Albion tribes go, honour and reputation are one and the same thing.

SOCIAL CUSTOMS AND CULTURE

The people of Albion wear plaids and kilts with each clan having its own particular colours. These are woven on great looms from sheep's wool and are heavy and coarse. In all cases the colours are sombre and subdued because when on the hunt it is important that the tartan allows them to blend in with the land. Dark browns, deep reds, greys, pale or dark blues and forest greens are typical colours which take their colour from mineral, seaweed and lichen dyes and stains. The plaids are fastened at the shoulder by elaborately wrought broaches called Fibulae.

Tattoos are commonplace with the people of Albion, some having religious significance but more often they are used as wards to protect them against the weapons of the enemy. Blue war paint, in the form of woad, is applied before battles in a variety of styles either as blocks, bands, stripes or swirling patterns. Woad is a special preparation made by the Druids from a coniferous plant extract. Red war paint is also used, its colour derived from a herb called Ruaim. It is also common for warriors to spike their hair up with goose fat or lime.

Men and women of Albion are bound by their word and their word is their bond and is sufficient in any transaction. However, there are many blood feuds arising from such bonds; broken oaths are not taken lightly and death can be the ultimate cost in such disputes. A wronged warrior can challenge the wrong doer to a battle of arms to the death. More often though Druids arbitrate and penalties are imposed on the guilty party.

Albionites believe a measure of a man, or a woman, is not only how he or she lives, but also how they die. It

is better to have your deeds immortalised in song than to disgrace the honour of your house. With a glad heart a father would recount the deeds and death of his only son for he knows he will have travelled to Magh Melld and have the favour of the Goddess.

Honour or War belts are a sign that a warrior has come of age and torcs are given as gifts between warriors of higher standing to lower orders as a sign of appreciation and service. However, in accepting these gifts it binds them to their kinsmen. These are forged and fashioned by the local craftsmen and are presented at local festivals after the rites of passage. The rites vary from clan to clan from feats of endurance or strength to the hunting and killing of an animal or at times of war enemies in battle. Elves are highly prized as "gift" offerings with the Goblins ranked low on that scale. The people of Albion are renowned for their skill at metalworking. They forge great iron swords with the keenest edge, meticulously incised with details and often inlaid with precious metals and stones. Their helmets are beaten from sheets of bronze into perfect domes, with hinged scalloped cheek pieces, often adorned with images of the goddess and animal hunting scenes. They have beautifully wrought torcs and bracelets. They skilfully fashion bronze honour belts with fine mouldings set with amber, jet and other gems.



Marriage

Marriages are generally made for love, though in some cases they will be arranged by the two families. Certainly the women of the tribes are for the most part far too proud and wilful to submit to marrying against their will.

The bride's father sets a bride-price, which is usually around the value of his daughter's sarhaed. Particularly pretty or plain daughters, or miserly or generous fathers, may alter this amount up or down quite significantly. It is also quite possible for a traditionalist father to demand a bride-price in some other form than money, such as a quest or other task the would-be bridegroom must perform to demonstrate his worth. Examples might be that he must capture a particularly famous bull owned by another tribe, or bring the skin of a notoriously fearsome boar as a bride-price. The bride-price is always paid directly to the father. Traditionally he will give a portion of it to his daughter, usually between one-seventh and one-third – this is not a legal requirement, though he may lose Enech if he is considered to be stingy.

Annual marriages are quite common, with a sensible couple choosing to commit only for a year. This allows them to try out their marriage without being tied to one another for life. They can choose to renew their vows after a year, either for another year or for life this time. The bride-price for an annual marriage is only paid for the first year, so it is often as high as it would be for a life marriage since, if the couple remain together, the father will not get another bride-price from his daughter.



Marital quarrels are considered to be a major annoyance and disruption to the rest of the tribe, so if a couple regularly quarrels in public (or too loudly in private) they are taken into the nearest forest and tied to a tree together till they sort out their differences. This can be dangerous, given some of the natural and other creatures who live in the forests, so most couples attempt to resolve their differences quietly and in private.

Child-Rearing and Fostering

In the days when the Earth Goddess reigned supreme, before the coming of the Sun God, only mothers were recognised as parents. Children were raised in common, and a child's father was unknown – and irrelevant. An echo of this persists today, in that if a father is not present at his child's birth to share the birth pains with the mother, he is not legally recognised as the father, even if the couple are married.

The tribe's witches are the most common midwives, since they are expected to have a detailed knowledge of women's mysteries and healing. When the witches are present, the father of the child is usually placed under the effects of the ligature curse for the duration of the labour and childbirth, so that he can properly experience the mother's birth-pangs. If the ligature spell is unavailable, the midwives will assist the expectant mother with an older method of ensuring the father knows just what his partner is undergoing – they tie a cord around the end of his manhood, and the woman tugs on the cord whenever she experiences pain.

Children are usually fostered out to a family of a different kin at the age of around three or four, for a variety of reasons. Fostering is a way to strengthen the bonds of a tribe and avert disharmony – a pair of warriors who were foster-brothers are unlikely to quarrel over the spoils of war, for example. In addition, it is thought to ensure fairness and strong discipline during the child-rearing process. Finally, fostering can be used as an inter-tribal political tool, with the children of high-ranking tribal members reciprocally fostered out to another tribe as part of the process of forging an alliance. In this case the foster-children are effectively hostages, though they will be treated just as would any other foster-child so long as faith is kept with the alliance. Indeed, there are several tales of foster-families growing so close to their hostage foster-children that they will not kill them when the alliance turns sour. This usually leads to great epics of kin-slaying and enormous tragedy for the tribe, as kins fragment and go to war with one another.

From thirteen years of age onwards children are legally treated as adults, and are subject to the adult system of fines and punishments. Underthirteen's are instead disciplined by the foster family or kin. Traditionally, children between the ages of seven and twelve are punished by being starved until they behave themselves, while children under seven are beaten as a punishment. Children will be punished for the usual

pranks and mischief, and of course for neglecting their education – for example, one of the most common reasons children between seven and twelve are starved is for failing to achieve a high standard of accuracy when hurling slingstones. They will be given slings and ordered to use pieces of bread as targets on a wall or fence, and will not be permitted to eat anything other than what they knock off with their slingstones.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT

The laws of the Albionite tribes are complex and closely bound up with ideas of personal honour. On the other hand, punishments are relatively simple. Almost all crimes, up to and including murder, are punished by fining the criminal.

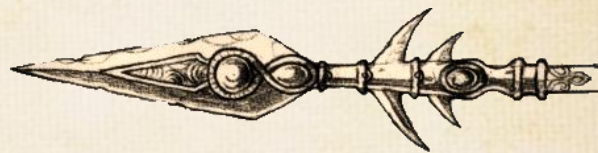
The Tribe

The basic legal entity is the tribe. The first distinction the law makes is between a member of the tribe, and an outsider. A member of the tribe has full legal rights, as defined below. An outsider has no legal rights, and may be ill-treated or killed without compunction or punishment. Despite this, in most cases tribes are reasonably friendly to outsiders, so long as they are not from tribes they are currently at war with. While receiving hospitality from a member of the tribe, an outsider is considered to be under that tribesman's protection, but only within the house he is staying at. An outsider who particularly impresses his host may even be placed under the host's protection while outside his walls. In addition, members of formally allied tribes are given full legal rights; in effect they

are treated as members of the tribe, rather than outsiders. Of course, their position could become as precarious as any other visitor's, if the alliance ends unexpectedly.

The Kin

Each tribe is made up of a number of kins. A kin is a family descended from the same great-grandfather, encompassing four generations of relatives. The kin is the legal entity to which a fine is paid if one of their number is illegally killed. In addition, the kin is responsible for the actions of all its members. If one of the kin commits a crime, all his kin are just as legally responsible for paying the fine as he is, although in most cases they will ensure he ends up paying one way or the other. Every member of a kin is also responsible for fulfilling a blood feud caused if one of their number is killed, and the murderer will not pay a fine. The victim's maternal kin may also become drawn in-to such a feud, and will likewise receive a small portion of any fine paid for his death.



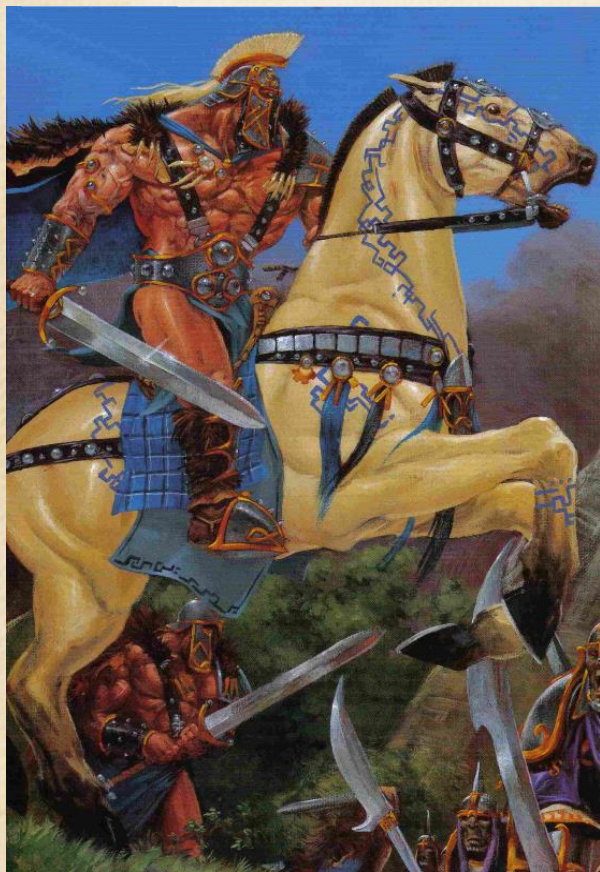
The head of a kin is called a Conn, and is usually the member of the kin who has the highest Enech, meaning honour, although some kins prefer to elect their Conn from among all the members. The Conn speaks for the entire kin, and is ultimately responsible for such decisions as banishing a member of the kin.

A kin member may be banished from the kin, usually for failing to pay a fine and thus causing the rest of his kin to have to pay it, or worse, for the enormous crime of kin-slaying. Banishment from the kin in effect means banishment from the tribe, too, unless the banished party can somehow persuade another kin to take him in.

Children are largely considered to be the responsibility of their kin, though they are not punished by fines until they are aged thirteen or more.

Fines

Most crimes in the Earth Goddess tribes are punishable by the payment of a fine to the victim or his kin. Payment of the fine is considered to completely absolve the guilty party, so long as the victim (or his kin, in the case of murder) is willing to accept the payment. If the victim (or kin) refuses the offer of payment, it is usually because he considers the crime to be so grave he can only honourably be compensated by the death of the criminal. In this case, the criminal may either give himself up and accept death (which does happen occasionally, if he wishes to avoid drawing his kin into the situation), or the two kins will begin a blood feud that can only be ended with either the death of one entire kin or some tortuously complex negotiation.



There is a standard system of fines, as laid down by Druidic tradition, but it is always possible for the wronged party to demand a greater or different payment. The sagas are full of tales of victim's kins demanding that certain tasks or quests be fulfilled by the guilty part as payment for their crimes. The price of a man's life (whether paid in money or in some other form) is known as his sarhaed.

Sarhaed

Sarhaed is a man's honour-price, the direct monetary value of his life, and affects both the compensation paid for killing him and the worth of his promises. Sarhaed varies widely, depending on the importance of the person, and is tied directly to his Enech.

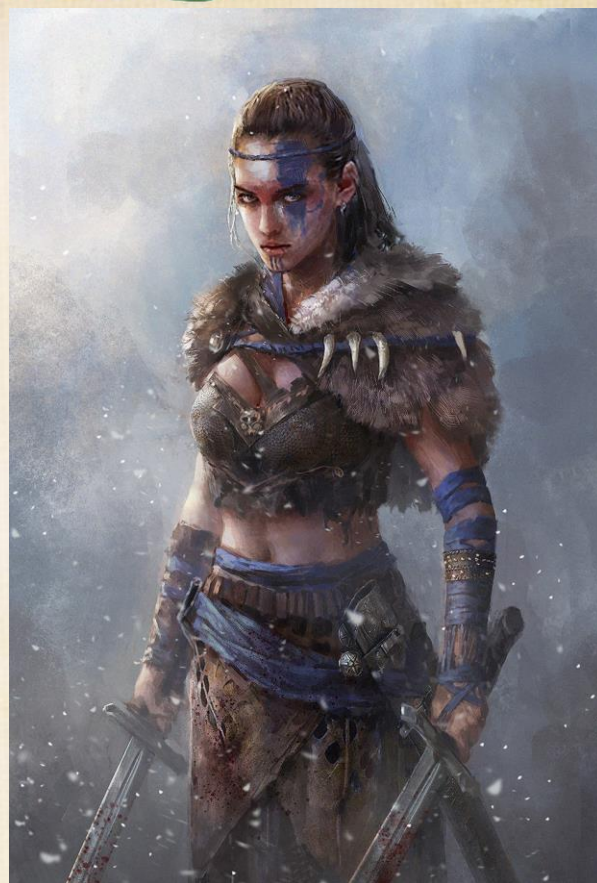
Sarhaed is also important as a way to put a value on a man's worth. He can only enter business deals, oaths or contracts of any sort up to the maximum value of his sarhaed. Thus, if he ever breaks a contract, the most the wronged party can claim from him is the value of his sarhaed, even if breaking the contract cost the wronged party more than that.

BATTLE AND COMBAT

Fighting of every sort is an integral part of life among the Tribes of the Earth Goddess, particularly for warriors but little less so for other folk. Only Druids and bards are exempt from the constant cycle of brawling, taunting contests, honour duels, cattle raids and all-out war. Every other able-bodied member of the tribe is expected to be ready to defend his honour, his tribe or his kin at any time, whether with his fists or with an iron sword. This applies to the women no less than to the men, and women warriors are an ordinary sight in warbands. Even women who are not technically warriors are frequently a force to be reckoned with, and in large battles the wives of the warriors will stand at the back of their army, yelling encouragement – and insults – at their menfolk, ready to give them a good beating if they show any signs of cowardice.

Cattle Raids

When the Earth Goddess tribes are not actively at war, they keep themselves in a good state of practice and constantly test the mettle of their neighbour tribes by cattle raiding. Many raids involve little or no combat, with a raiding party managing to slip past the patrols of the rival tribe and carry off many of their cattle unnoticed, or with the warbands of the two tribes clashing only briefly, perhaps with no more than an exchange of javelins and slingstones till honour is satisfied and the raiders can retreat. That said, the Tribes of the Earth Goddess are a bloodthirsty lot, and it is also common for raids to culminate in minor skirmishes that escalate into full-scale battles, with neither side willing to give in. These are frequently bloody affairs for both sides, since a cattle raiding party will typically be lightly armoured to allow them to move fast, and the defenders often have little or no time to get armoured-up either.



A Fair Fight

There is nothing in the warrior tradition that requires a fair fight, in any modern or chivalric notion of the phrase, particularly if the foe is not human. So long as your enemy is dead and you are alive, little else matters – even if one used trickery and deceit to slay him they will not lose Enech for doing so. On the other hand, the tradition of the honour duel (sometimes called Fir-Fer) is respected – two warriors with a grievance, or merely a desire to prove forever who is the most mighty, arrange a time and place to fight, and agree to equal weapons. A few warriors, facing a worthy foe, may decide to fight by similar 'rules' even in the middle of a raging battlefield, demanding that others stay out of the duel: 'This one's mine!' Such an impromptu honour duel will often be respected or even enforced by the fighters around them, but nothing is certain in a situation like that.

Head-hunting and Brain-balls

Victorious Celts measure their success not so much by the amount of loot they are able to carry off, but by the number of heads they collect from their fallen foes, so as to have suitable decorations for their chariots or homes. The heads of minor enemies will be allowed to rot, but heads of particularly notable foes are usually pickled and preserved, so the warrior can taunt them on long winter evenings and show them off to his friends. Usually the kin of a high-Enech foe will offer money equal to his sarhaed if his head is returned to them, so part of the honour of retaining heads is that you have chosen to refuse mere money and keep your glory.

The Champion's Portion

All four tribes practise the custom of the Champion's Portion. After every battle (including the more bloody cattle raids), a huge feast is held for the warriors of the tribe. One prize animal, usually a tender-fleshed cow, is roasted whole as the focus of the feast, and the warriors argue and compete over which of them will have the honour of carving and eating the best meat of the hindquarters, known as the Champion's Portion. Sometimes one warrior will claim the Champion's portion without contest, because his fellows either agree that he deserves it or simply recognise that he is tougher than them. More often, one warrior claims the prize and others dispute his worthiness to receive it, arguing that they collected more brain-balls or captured more cattle. This can be resolved by simple boasting, or a full contest of taunts. Not infrequently it finishes with a brawl or all-out duel between the two disputants.

RELIGION

Religion on Albion is bound up with almost every aspect of society, culture, magic and day-to-day life. Most ordinary folk pay their respects both to the private gods of their household and kin, and to their tribe's pantheon of deities. Those of high status often worship one or more gods or goddesses in particular, as well as paying lip service to the other deities.

Gods and Goddesses

Though the Albionites were originally created by the Old Ones, over the millennia they have all but become forgotten and replaced by newer reinterpretations of their old names. It is likely that only the Truthsayers still have any recollection of the Old Ones, and even then, they still pay tribute to the Albioniteic gods. Among these gods, Danu, Carnun and Lugh are the most widely worshipped.

The Albionites of Albion believe themselves to be the second of the mother goddess Danu born race. Danu's first husband was the Horned God, and he was a force of nature and fertility, but the father of the people of Albion, Lugh, was a bright burning star, and he was called the Sun God.

The Albionites have much of the spirit of the Goddess, though their life spans are short they live them to their full, attacking life with vigour and gusto whether they are fighting, revelling or conducting religious ceremonies.

The Goddess Danu is the original deity, the Earth herself. This primal nature means that she has many forms and many areas of responsibility, which can be confusing for an outsider. Her worshippers believe her to literally be the Earth beneath their feet, the entirety of Albion. Yet she is also the Moon above in the





heavens, counterpart to Lugh the Sun God just as the Earth is counterpart to Carnun the Horned God. Some of the most knowledgeable Druids believe she is even the ancient Serpent Goddess, so that all the goddesses are simply other aspects of Danu. Certainly those who delve even a little way into her mysteries know her as the triple goddess, Blodeuwedd, Morrighu, and Ceridwen. These three aspects, like the three phases of the Moon, show her as goddess of constant change – or as she puts it, ‘sometimes I am your mother and hold you... sometimes I am your sister and befriend you... and other times your lover who will stick a dagger in your back.’ Worshipping Danu can be somewhat random in its results, but when she does give of her full favour it is likely that her worshippers will be very grateful for it. Many of her worshippers also worship one or more of her aspects, although it is also possible to worship Blodeuwedd, Morrighu, or Ceridwen as goddesses in their own right.

Carnun, the Horned God is worshipped by many hunters, though at one time all members of the tribes also revered him. He is the consort of Danu. Carnun is the god of nature and fertility, the spark of life that gives the Earth her reason for existing. He is the laughter in the woods, and the bringer of peace and co-operation; yet his is also the god of the underworld and death. He is worshipped by dancing and revelry. Unlike most of the other deities of Albion, Carnun does not appear to mortals in his own right, even at moments of divine intervention – he comes in the form of his earthly representative, the Horned God. The Horned God is an office that any male human warrior could potentially fulfil, though there are only ever one or two at a time – either simply the Horned God, or the Old Horned God and New Horned God. Usually the Horned God is also High King of the lands of the Earth

Goddess tribes, though sometimes another great hero may be given the role. The Old Horned God may be ritually slain by the New, or may go into the earth of his own accord. At present this cycle is disrupted, for the Old Horned God, Slough Feg, has retained his position for twenty thousand years, destroying any challengers. For his earthly worshippers the Horned God seems to do little, for to him existence itself is pure joy. He feels his worshippers should be content simply to be alive, and to occasionally see the cosmic joke – yet this gift of laughter can be more precious than the mightiest sword, for the hero who cannot laugh at his own foolishness is in dire straits indeed.

Lugh is the Sun God, as serious, grim and bitter as the Horned God is humorous, gentle and peaceful. Lugh’s areas of responsibility are authority, conquest, and systematic violence up to and including genocide. Those who worship him are often given great powers in combat, but tend to live short and humourless lives filled with the sound of others screaming.

Fire-Festivals and Solstices

Six major festivals are celebrated on Albion every year. These are Samhain, the winter solstice, Imbolg, Beltaine, the summer solstice, and Lughnasadh.

Samhain is the time of the first frost and the last of the autumn fruits and berries. Samhain is sacred to the Goddess in her aspect as Ceridwen, the crone of death. It is the festival of death, for winter is approaching and many of the older folk, young children and diseased or injured tribesmen will die before the sun is reborn in the spring. Likewise, most of the cattle must be slaughtered, for there is not enough fodder to keep the whole herd through the winter – just a small breeding stock. Some of the meat will be salted and laid down

for the winter, with the remainder being consumed at the great Samhain festival. Many of the cattle, though, will be sacrificed rather than eaten. Great bon-fires are lit and the cattle burnt atop them, sending their spirits out to the gods. These fires are also a feature of Imbolg, Beltaine and Lughnasadh, giving the four festivals the name Fire-Festivals.

The Winter Solstice is more important to the Druids than to ordinary folk. It is a time for powerful magic and secret ceremonies, not for public celebrations. The sun god Lugh is at his weakest, yet from this point on his power will rise and continue to rise for the next six months. For this reason, the Druids of the northern tribes find much to rejoice in at midwinter, and carry out many of their most important rituals to Lugh.

Imbolg honours Danu as mother of creativity, crafts and new life, as it is the time when the first signs of spring can be seen amid the worst weather of the winter. Fire here represents the fire of the hearth, the cooking fire – yet also the creative fire that gave the first woman an insight into metal-working as she cooked her tribe's food.

Beltaine is the festival of spring at its height, heralding the onset of summer. This fire is sacred to Blodeuwedd, for it is the flame of love and lust. Many a child is conceived during the celebrations round the Beltaine fires. In the southern lands, this festival is also sacred to Carnun as Horned God and symbol of male fertility.

Like the Winter Solstice, the time of the sun's greatest strength is more of a mysterious Druid festival than an excuse for a party. Their magicks here are for the benefit of the entire tribe, however – the whole harvest depends on the success of the Druids' midwinter ceremonies, for it is entirely reliant on the power of Lugh the sun god.

Lughnasadh honours Lugh as sun god and bringer of the harvest. His fire has kindled the crops into bountiful flowering and fruiting, and Lughnasadh celebrates the success of the harvest, giving thanks to Lugh for providing the good weather of summer. This is also a sacred festival to the Morrighu, for once harvest is in the time is ripe for war. The tribe have little work to keep them from raiding, and the prizes are rich, for the other tribes will have stored their harvests too.

Druids

If the warriors are the body of Albion's society then the Druids are surely the blood. They course through every aspect of their lives, permeating it to the core. The Druids train the Fili, bards, who tell colourful and vibrant tales of valiant heroes and great deeds, which inspire and fire the imagination of the race. They keep alive the souls of men, adhering to the practices of the Goddess, and to look over them with rites and customs to ensure their re-birth and final journey in the afterlife to Magh Meild, the delightful plain and the land of the righteous dead. They breathe life into the land helping

the people overcome the hardships of life with their knowledge, carefully handed down for generations.

Druids oversee all the rituals of the people of Albion's life, celebrating the changing seasons, marriages, blessing of land and giving advice to farmers as well as deliberating in questions of state and helping to resolve disputes amongst common people and nobles alike.

One of their most important roles is the Tarbfeis, a great feast to inaugurate a new king. At his time of succession a Druid is appointed to the king to be his Ildanach, High Druid, this Druid then carries out the ritual. The Druid connects the king to the Goddess.

The Ildanach's first task is to collect a crown of leaves from the Tree of Life in the Nemetan, the sacred groves. The location of the tree is kept secret even from the king, only the Council Elders of the Draidecht know where it grows. According to legend, when Danu returned to Albion, with her consort Lugh, she wept for the land that once was. The Crann Bethadh, the Tree of Life, sprung from the ground where her tears fell, its leaves were golden as if gilded and its bark shimmered in starlight like polished silver. Since the beginning of the age of men, these leaves are collected on auspicious eves and wrought into laurel crowns to adorn the brows of the great kings of men.

On the day of Tarbfeis a sacred white bull is sacrificed and served at the great feast. Then a broth is made from its bones and blood, watched over at night by the chanting Ildanach. This broth is used to break the fast of the king on his first day in office. Portions are sent around the king's lands to all the holds, to be added to the cauldrons of the morning meal so that the entire nation can partake of the inaugural broth.

Druids train the Fili, the bards and poets, and like them they are not constrained by the normal boundaries of the kingdoms of men. They are free to travel where they wish, carrying the aegis of the Goddess and every king is charged with their protection. It is considered extremely unfavourable for Fili or Druids to suffer harm in their land. Slaying a Druid is an unimaginably evil crime, and even striking one is absolute anathema to commoners and nobles alike.



ALBION LEXICON

My most honoured Lord,

Since arriving on this dismal and rain-soaked island, I have integrated myself into the one of the local, cave-dwelling tribes of the primitive native people in an effort to learn of their customs and language. They are a very backward people, and my advancement in this area has been slow, despite my best efforts. It seems, however, that even the natives themselves have trouble understanding each other's speech, and misunderstandings are common. On several occasions I have witnessed firsthand these misinterpretations, erupting into a scuffle from the most innocent of comments. Below I have scribed initial translations as best as they can be made:

<i>Abav</i>	Mystery, Luck, Sky, Heaven, Sun Moon [Blue Skies] (Very uncommon)
<i>Ag</i>	Me, I, Selfish, Chest, Heart [Light rain that doesn't quite soak through clothes]
<i>Beccha</i>	Exclamation, Surprise, Fertility [Sudden light shower]
<i>Bilo</i>	Ground, Fear, Fire, Hell, Darkness, War [Exceptionally loud thunder]
<i>Bunga</i>	Small, Short, Weak, Pit [Rain that makes you feel oily and itchy] (This word is used as the negative in any conversation and where no word exists can be added as a prefix to mean the opposite of the original word.)
<i>Caff</i>	Narcotic, Stimulate, Adrenaline, Awake, Night [Morning rain that makes little puddles]
<i>Cha</i>	Medicine, Relax, Midday, Afternoon, Dusk [Dark, rumbling clouds]
<i>Cupa</i>	Hot, Cup, Bowl, Lake [Rain that causes big puddles]
<i>Er</i>	Cunning, Smooth, Danger, Unpredictable, Female [Storm]
<i>Ga</i>	You, Them, Multiple, Distance [Approaching rain clouds]
<i>Gaz</i>	Circular, Round, Attractive, Prize [Big fluffy clouds]
<i>Gig</i>	Drum, Music, Gathering, Loud [Thunder]
<i>Grog</i>	Drink, Lost, Talkative, Dizzy, Exaggeration [Wind that makes the rain hit you side-on]
<i>Gu</i>	Goodbye, Dead, Disappear, Leave, Enemy [Sudden downpour lasting for hours]
<i>Ham</i>	Hard, Solid, Tough [Hail]
<i>Im</i>	Male, Strong, Hair [Heavy rain that causes floods]
<i>Inni</i>	Curse, Nasty, Sleet [Rain that soaks to the skin]
<i>Leggit</i>	Run, Hide, Coward, Live, Fast [Thick fog]
<i>Og</i>	Ancient, Time, Magic [Rain that you can see, but can't feel on your skin]
<i>Pud</i>	Sweet, Well-fed, Rich, Tasty [Rain that makes the ground a bit squishy]
<i>Uch</i>	Pain, Hurt, Wound, Bleed, Illness [Soul-destroying bleak weather that lasts for weeks]
<i>Ug</i>	Hello, Enter, Fried [Rainbow]
<i>Unga</i>	Big, Tall, Mighty, Mountain [Deluge] (This word is the positive affirmation in conversation or can be added as a prefix to emphasise the original context, i.e. Unga-Pud = Very Fat.)
<i>Yub</i>	Animal, Fur, Food, Teeth, Claw, Child [Rain that blows in your face]
<i>Yuk</i>	Bitter, Tasteless, Poor, Dung [Rain that smells bad]
<i>Zag</i>	Sharp, Pointy, Repulsive [Gale force winds]

Translator's note:

The Albion tongue consists of a multitude of guttural grunting sounds that are almost unintelligible, even amongst their own people. Compounded with this is the fact that each word (I use this term in the broadest possible sense) has a series of different meanings. As such, the native savages of Albion have great trouble communicating with each other, and the meanings of their words is often confused and misinterpreted, which more often than not leads to violence. Below, I have given several examples of common Albion phrases, as well as a seemingly simple sentence and the range of possible interpretations that one can take from it. It is understandable that the people of Albion seem to live in a state of constant confusion!

Ga Yuk Yuk

Traditional challenge

Zag Yuk Im

Terrible insult

Ga Bunga-Im. Ga Leggit Gu. Ag Unga-Im. Ag Bunga-Leggit Gu. Ag Uch Ga!

This is a fairly complex sentence for one of the Albion cave-dwellers, and it took almost an hour for it to be understood. To explain this more fully, I shall endeavour to give the desired translations, along with some of the other possible translations.

Intended translation:

"You are not a man. You ran from the enemy. I am a real man, I did not run from them. I made them bleed."

Other possible translations:

"They are weak and hairy. They are also fast, though they are dead, as well as selfish, tall, and hairy. I feel quite ill, for rain clouds approach."

"In the distance is a small male. In the distance there is also thick fog. Goodbye, I am a big man, and not very fast. Goodbye, my heart is sore."

In my time amongst the people of Albion, I have found that the most commonly used expression, as well as the most useful is *Ag Unga Grog*-- "I am very confused." (or "I need a big drink.")

I send this letter to you now, for tomorrow I journey northwards with great trepidation in my heart, as I intend to seek out and learn of the fabled Giants of this land.

Your Devoted Servant,
Jakob

TRIBES OF ALBION

It is said that the Earth Goddess once gathered all four of the tribes together and asked them how they might best defeat their foes, the forces of Chaos. The Finians muttered that they had best retreat to the Tower of Llenog and hurl spears over the walls at the Daemons when they came to lay siege to it. The Falians crawled off into the darkness, whispering promises to slay the Chaos leaders in their sleep. The Fir Domain sat down and talked things over, trying to puzzle out the best plan according to their knowledge of military tactics. The Sessairs simply stood up, their axes on their shoulders, and waited for the attack, confident that they could defeat any number of Daemons. The Goddess dismissed all four tribes, never revealing which answer, if any, was the correct one; but ever since that day the Finians have focused their energies on thrown spears and outlasting sieges, the Falians on stealth, the Fir Domain on careful planning and defence, and the Sessair on pride and simply withstanding any amount of attacks and damage.

Although there are many minor differences in culture and tradition between the four great tribes, there are also strong similarities. These similarities come both from their long history of warring, allying, and intermarrying with one another, and perhaps more importantly from the Druids. Their twenty-one years of training to become full Druids makes them the most educated class in all of Albion, and creates a shared culture of magic, bardic tales and poems, and law among the tribes.



THE FIR DOMAIN

The Tribe of the Growling Shield

The Fir Domain are one of the fiercest and most troublesome tribes of Albion. Whereas the Sessair and Finians will go to war as soon as look at you, the Fir Domain are just as eager for trouble but always with an eye to the main chance. Likewise, they can be as cunning as the Falians, but are quite prepared to apply that intelligence and planning to a frontal assault or even an entire war, rather than relying on night raids. If they cannot profit from war, and with minimal casualties, they have no great interest in it. Of course, this could be long-term profit – taking over fertile farmland can be better in the long run than capturing a rich town or fort.

Whatever their origins, the Fir Domain have a reputation for civility and sophistication. Their wisdom is not only in counsel. The Sessair may enter battle counting on strength, the Falians depending upon their dark magics and the Finians on their ability to endure,

but the Fir Domain fight using that most unlikely of Albioniteic weapons; a plan.

The Fir Domain are a proud and noble tribe, with a long tradition of war and conquest. Though they are rather notorious among the Tribes of the Earth Goddess for their suspiciously un-Albioniteic tendencies to plan their battles and organise their troops, most of them retain the old traditions of honour and a certain amount of chivalry.

Many have judged the refined, almost urbane, attitudes of the Fir Domain as a sign of softness. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Fir Domain are also known as the Tribe of the Growling Shields for their fearsome battle feat of shield-growling, when they use specially shaped metal shields to amplify their war-cries. When the tribe's warriors approach battle, each of them snarls or growls into the metal bowls of their shields and, as the roar swells by echo to fill the air, the Fir Domain walk with deadly deliberation towards their enemies. This feat reveals a great deal about the tribe in general for they are geared towards defence, and their warriors make great use of shields. Yet they use the shields for offence too – the shield-growl instils terror into the hearts of any who face them in battle, and





many wield razor-edged shields which can be hurled at foes or used to slash and slice. This combination of attack and defence, or perhaps more properly attack from a position of protection and strength, runs through many of the tribe's activities in both peace and war-time. Even their traders are cautious, yet quick to take advantage of any opening.

However, their focus on defence should not be taken as an indication that The Fir Domain are cowards. A Fir Domain warrior sees his shield as his most crucial piece of equipment, but it is closely followed in importance by his sword or spear. Once the Tribe of the Growling Shields have decided they will fight, they advance in an implacable, well-drilled mass. This is in sharp contrast to the typical Albioniteic charge used by most of the other tribes, but it works. The Fir Domain themselves consider that charging into battle is a sign of weakness and fear, not strength. They would say such a weakness is only to be expected among the other clans but can never be forgiven among themselves. So far as they are concerned, their more considered approach, even under a hail of javelins and sling-stones, demonstrates true courage.

The shield of a warrior of the Fir Domain is his most prized possession. When adulthood is reached, he will be given his own shield by the greatest warrior in his family. When the druids bless him, they will smear his blood on the shield so that it 'sings his song' with pride. When he weds, his bride will be the one who arms him with it for war. When he kills, the blood of his foes will be poured upon it to feed its battle-hungry spirit. And when he dies, it is upon his own shield that he will be brought home. Great is the sadness if a shield is destroyed but this is nothing compared with the shame of a warrior who has lost his shield to a stronger foe. Under these circumstances, the warrior can return to the tribe only when he has regained both honour and vengeance. Nothing else will recover his status among the Fir Domain.

Personal honour apart, most Fir Domain do not think of fighting in emotional terms. Heroes they can be, but practical heroes always. Their approach is seldom personal and, though warp spasm is not unknown among them, most prefer to keep their heads. Warlike and ferocious, the war leaders of the Fir Domain prefer practical victories to glorious defeats. Tales of valiant last stands do not impress them at all; they like to win! There is an ability to fight not only bravely but with great strategy. Now and then the Fir Domain lose battles. It is seldom, very seldom, that they lose wars.



The Choosing of a King

The choosing of a ruler never changes. Once the seven year reign of the King is ended, he is killed, his body dismembered to feed the tribe, and his blood gathered by Druids in a sacred cauldron. In honour of the gift given to the Fir Domain by the Goddess, this is always done on the night of a full moon. In a grove of sacred oaks, the priests call to the Goddess to show them the next ruler of the tribe. They pray to her in her guise as Moon Queen to show them who is best suited to bear her gift of the Silver Sword. Then they call upon her as Earth Mother to show them who will be best for the land, and finally they ask her as Woman of the Sea to show them whose bloodline shall next be called royal. The blood is then poured on the earth under the moonlight, and all watch, marking its flow. The person in front of whom it stops will be the next King or Queen of the Fir Domain.

King and Council

On Albion, the King's rule is very nearly absolute, though it is considered at least polite that he listens to his councillors. Whenever a King dies, it is required that his council steps down, allowing the new chieftain to choose his own advisers. However, most would expect to be invited to resume their place. This all comes down to the preference of the King, but almost all councils will include the Queen, clan family, royal fool, greatest warrior (apart from the King himself), chief bard, chief war-witch, chief smith and, of course, Druid adviser.

The one member of a King's council who never steps down is the Druid adviser. Short of complaining to the uppermost reaches of Druidic authority, or proving a Druid's incompetence or corruption, they are impossible to get rid of. Besides, as many have commented, what is the point of replacing them? They are all as bad as each other! As with the other Albionite tribes, there is a strong tradition that at the very least a King should obey his Druid, but the Fir Domain royalty frequently get angry and even occasionally violent if a Druid adviser oversteps the mark.

Foes and Allies

It should never be forgotten that, for all their courtesy, the Fir Domain love extending their influence into the territories of the other tribes. The expansionist behaviour of the Tribe of the Growling Shields is a constant source of bafflement to all except the Fir Domain themselves. If they are such great tacticians, why make more enemies? Do they not have enough trouble on their borders? In several areas of Albion the Fimir roam, and to the east across the ocean lies Norsca, land of berserker warriors. Nor is there respite to be found along the coasts, where the Old World colonies wait for the day when, exhausted from needless battles with other clans, the powers of the Fir Domain will crumble, allowing the Old Worlde armies to walk into their realm and claim it for their own.

THE SESSAIR

The Tribe that Stands Up

The fame of the Sessair carries all before it. When Albion meets the end of days, it will be the warriors of the Sessair who are remembered, or at least this is their opinion. These people consider themselves the strongest, the fiercest and the most valiant of the four tribes and theirs are the vices and virtues of Danu's people written large. They can be gentle people, but no tribe is more prone to fighting for fighting's sake and their love of battle is very well known. They are passionate and compassionate, hot in anger, cold in revenge. Self-publicists to a man, bashfulness and modesty are not widely appreciated among these people. They will tell you they have the biggest hearts on Albion, while others claim they have the biggest mouths. 'Extreme' is the word to sum up the Sessair, for there is nothing temperate or even vaguely moderate about them. They are easy to love or hate but living with them from day to day can be wearing on the nerves, unless one is brought up to it.

The Sessair claim theirs is the earliest clan culture across all the lands. Certainly, the oldest traditions of weaving tartans seem to have originated among all over Albion. In brightly dyed plaids and kilts, with bare arms and necks encrusted with torcs and hair spiked upright with pig fat, the Sessair cut a dash. They are a wild and fine-looking folk. Woad tattoos are very popular and the Sessairs in particular like to mix chalk with fat in order to whiten their hair, and then have a band of blue woad tattooed around the eyes. Adornment is important to them all, men as well as

women, and much time is spent on it. After all, there is no point winning a thousand battles only to hide in the shadows around the opposite sex!

The Sessair are the most battle-crazed of all the Tribes of the Earth Goddess. They are renowned for their eagerness to go to war – even without provocation – simply because they like to fight. However, they are not generally interested in conquest or rulership of other tribes for they value freedom above all else and barely tolerate the ambitions of their own Kings, let alone those of any hypothetical High King. Thus it is rare to find them pressing their advantage – they could probably conquer the whole of Albion if they could be motivated to do so, but are likely to stop for a feast as soon as they have plundered a barrel of ale or cauldron of mead.

The Sessair are also known as the tribe that stands up, for their constant willingness to 'stand up and be counted'. Whenever there are heroic deeds to be done or brave adventures to be had, you can be sure that the Sessair will be first to get involved. Whenever there is tyranny and oppression in the land, it is the Sessair who will rise up and fight it off. Even exiled Sessair retain an incredible pride in their tribal background, and are rarely quiet or unassuming. This pride in their own strength leads a great many Sessair to an early death





when they attack more powerful foes, but those who survive begin to live up to their own self-images and truly become the mighty heroes the Sessair are famed for.

The Sessair are rightly feared as one of the most savage and warlike tribes of all of Albion. They are a savage people, with harsh laws and a stern pride, though they are also ready to laugh and joke if the situation calls.

The Choosing of a King

The Sessair use the divination by entrails spell to give them guidance when choosing a new King, with the chief Druid sacrificing the old king in this manner if available, or a volunteer if not. This does not provide an absolute answer, but is intended merely to guide the Tribal Assembly, made up of the cenns of all the Sessair kin. The Tribal Assembly always has the final say, and if the blood spurtings indicate a king they do not approve of, they will choose another. Generally, though, the divination by entrails is considered to be a strong enough omen that the Assembly rarely go against its suggestion.

The Sessair's coronation ritual is somewhat disconcerting to watch for an outsider, though they themselves say they have always done things this way and see nothing unusual in it. The other tribes, with their Royal Hunts and strange labyrinth-quests when they crown a King, are the strange ones according to the Sessair. There are two stages to the coronation: the marriage to the Earth Goddess, and the coronation itself.

Every Sessair King is regarded as a Sun King, a personal representative or even incarnation of Lugh the

Sun God. Thus it is only fitting that he should marry the Earth Goddess, Danu herself. If the Cauldron of Plenty, the great tribal treasure of the Sessair, is available, this ritual is done in actuality – Danu is called forth from the Cauldron by the tribal Druid, and is legally married to the new King just as though they were an earthly couple. In times when the Cauldron is lost, another cauldron is used, and filled with sacred herbs and mushrooms whose smoke the chosen King inhales so as to see visions of his bride and wed her symbolically, in the waking dream provoked by the magical vapours. Afterwards he is reminded that among his duties is to be ever-alert for any indication as to the whereabouts of the Cauldron, and ever-ready to quest for it if necessary.

The coronation proper involves the ritual sacrifice by the chief Druid of a flawless white mare, which is chopped up and boiled in a great stew. The chosen king is disguised as a stallion and steps out before the Tribal Assembly neighing and whinnying on all fours, making a ritual circuit of his hall. Next he climbs into the cauldron of stew, offering the people the horsemeat and eating of it himself. Finally, he is confirmed as King, swearing an oath to be fearless and being given a cloak of golden eagle feathers by the tribal Druid.

King and Assembly

The Tribal Assembly is a powerful force in Sessair life – often more powerful than the King himself. It comprises all the Connns of the clans, along with every member of the Red Branch. The Sessair are so keen to avoid dictators and tyrants that they sometimes go too far in the other direction, allowing their natural suspicion of their King to dominate their politics. This can mean the king is far too restrained by the Assembly even when his motives are good, and many a strong Assembly has kept a foresighted but weak king from achieving great things. The more conservative among the Assembly would prefer to risk that than chance a strong king dominating the tribe.

On the other hand, the Assembly is not known for its powerpolitics either. It has long been a law of the Sessair that any discussion about politics must be in public, at the Assembly itself, with a punishment of ritual sacrifice by suffocation for anyone who break the law. Thus, few are willing to engage in conspiratorial activities of any kind. The tribal Druids and other lawyers are particularly stringent if it comes to pass that slander or accusations of criminality have been spoken in private, and any such offenders will certainly find themselves face down in the nearest bog with a garrotte for a neck-tie if they are caught.

Foes and Allies

The Sessair rarely ally with any other tribe, for two main reasons. Firstly, they are wary of empires, and very concerned lest an alliance become a merger, which could be the beginning of one king growing too powerful and taking away the liberty of the ordinary members of the tribe. Secondly, they love fighting too

much to ever wish to reduce the number of possible foes. Despite this, they have no long-term wars with the other Albionite tribes, perhaps because they prefer fighting to actual conquering. Their enmity for the Fimir, though, is legendary. The Fimir have been their most hated foe for as long as the most knowledgeable Sessair bards can remember.

THE FALIANS

The Tribe of Shadows

Unlike the other Earth Goddess Tribes, the folk of the Falians place little importance on directness as a virtue. They will happily sneak up behind an enemy and strangle him, not thinking it the least bit dishonourable. Before an army brings them to battle, they may find their general assassinated and warriors out of action through a dose of hallucinogenic fungi in the mead cauldron. Once in combat they will not shirk from stabbing in the back if the opportunity arises, but their courage on the open battlefield is no less than that of any other Earth Goddess tribe and they will proudly fight to the death in honour duels or battles alike.

If they decide to attack in return, be sure that this too will be no fair fight, though again the Falians find it perfectly in keeping with their honour to leap town walls in the dead of night and burn the place down – women, children and all. If they are at war with a tribe, they are at war with the whole tribe; there are no innocents. However, most are not deliberately cruel and will certainly not go out of their way to attack a non-warrior – they will just not worry overmuch about the casualties of war.



The Falians are one of the most feared tribes in all of Albion, not so much for their prowess in battle (which remains considerable) but for the suddenness and unexpectedness with which they strike.

Few things can unite the Sessair, Finians and Fir Domain in a unanimous opinion, but the Tribe of the Shadows, or Falians, is definitely one of them. ‘Crazy’, sums up the general consensus; the Falians are mad, their villages are mad their country is mad, and any poor devil who has to share land with them is mad. The Falians would love to use this legendary insanity to get off the many hooks their political shenanigans land them in, but it never works that way. The other tribes have known the Falians too long to be duped. They realise the Lords of Shadow are sane enough to know exactly what they are doing, and mad enough not to care.

This is, of course, a hopelessly biased view of the Falians, who value intelligence as highly as physical strength and prowess. Perhaps it is this cerebral quality which makes other tribes suspicious, claiming the Falians are at best addle-headed and at worst untrustworthy. For their own part, the Falians scorn the other tribes for lack of imagination and intellectual curiosity. Certainly no-one could ever accuse Falians of these flaws. Falians are generally open to new ideas and are intensely interested in everything, including other people’s secrets. Politically they are astute, with a unique understanding of how to manipulate the weaknesses of others for their own gain. They number among their clansmen some of the most powerful sorcerers, inspired bards and imaginative torturers. All in all, they are an interesting people.

The Falians are thought to earn their epithet ‘Tribe of the Shadows’ from their ancient tradition of painting their bodies and weapons black. Their strengths are not obvious, for they have neither the military training of the Finians, nor the quantity of weapons of the Fir Domain, nor the passion for war of the Sessair. They do, however, count among their number magnificent spies and covert attacker. Not surprisingly their preferred style of fighting is to ambush by night, a method at which they excel. Falian warriors can be mighty with sword, axe or spear but most carry a slim rope or wire line in case they are required for ‘up close’ work. Strangling and garrotting are popular means of enemy disposal among the Falians. They are not always the most organised of armed forces but, as individual warriors, they often possess cunning verging on brilliance, powerful magic and an infamous capacity for cruelty where enemies are concerned.

The Choosing of a King

Like the other Albionite tribes, the Falians use the divination by entrails spell to give them guidance with the choosing of a new King. The chief Druid sacrifices the old King at the end of his seven-year reign and uses his entrails to determine the best candidate for the new King. A King chosen in this way cannot be argued with or gainsaid in any respect, and is King from the

moment the blood-trails indicate him - there is no debate among the Tribal Council, as there is with most tribes. If the old King is not available for sacrifice, every member of the Tribe of the Shadows has an obligation as strong as that of a blood-feud to capture alive his killer, who will be sacrificed in his place. If the killer is unavailable, the killer's killer will do; or the closest relative of the King, or of his killer. A King chosen in this manner, by a sacrifice who was not himself a Falian King, is regarded as not quite so infallible as a 'true' King who has been chosen in the correct way.

The Tribe of the Shadows do not have a coronation ritual as such, unlike the other tribes. The moment a King has been chosen, he is King – the Faliens have no need for ceremonies to know who rules over them.

King and Council

Among the Tribe of the Shadows, the Tribal Council has a fair degree of power, though perhaps not so much as its equivalents in the other tribes. The King's word is law, but it is up to the Council to interpret that law. Like the treacherous sneaks the other tribes claim them to be, the Council will happily twist the King's words in whichever manner seems most appropriate or useful to them. Many Falian Kings are driven very nearly to despair once they realise that the only way for them to wield real power is to either have a team of experts ensuring nothing they say can be misinterpreted, or ensure they take direct personal control of anything important to them.

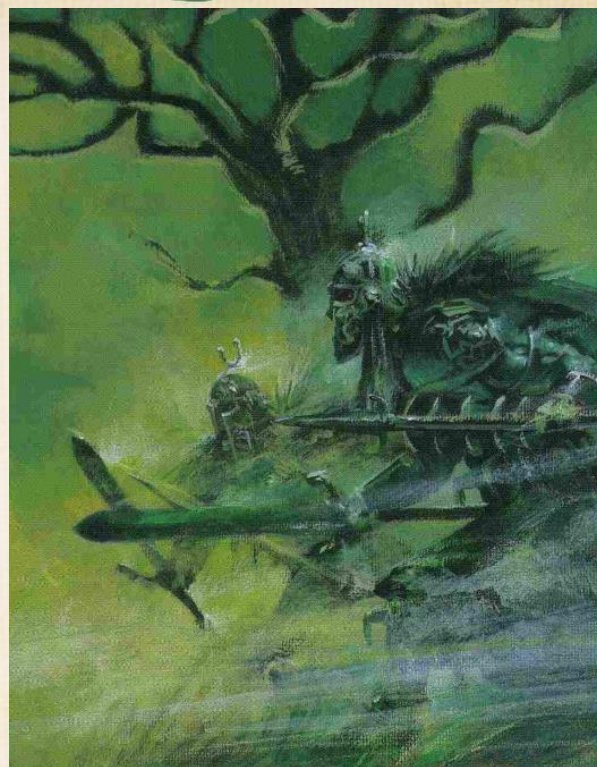
Foes and Allies

The Tribe of the Shadows has had various short-term alliances with each of the other Albionite Tribes at one time or another, but in recent decades their growing treachery and nocturnal tendencies have proved antisocial enough that few serious negotiations have taken place with the other tribes at all. Certainly now the Fir Domain are under King Osdann, the Faliens have a definite enemy in the form of that tribe, whose expansionist tendencies currently seem to be focused on southern Albion. The Tribe of the Shadows would not usually be too worried about this – they have faced aggressive, conquering tribes before, and know that as the wheel of fate turns, territories expand and contract accordingly, with permanent gains being a rarity for any tribe. Somehow though they know this time is different – the Fir Domain King, after all, is said to be immune to arrows and blades alike...

THE FINIANS

The Tribe that Endures

The Finians are a somewhat mysterious tribe, not so much due to deliberate efforts at obfuscation as in the case of the Faliens, but simply because of their geographic isolation to the far north of Albion. Despite harsh winters and brutal sieges, they have learned to survive in these hostile lands. What the other tribes know for certain is that the Finians are as fierce and valiant as even the Sessair in battle. Over the centuries



they have acquired a reputation for being exceedingly dour, and relatively indifferent to what the other tribes regard as the essentials of life. It is said that a Finian warrior could last a week without loving a woman, a month without food, a winter without a fire or a year without clothes such is his astonishing fortitude.

They are fatalistically sworn to hold their place under these insurmountable odds, stoically defying war, starvation and disease. Both proud and stubborn, Finians do not budge when their beliefs and customs are attacked and they have a long history, with many tales and songs about men who meet grisly fates from attempting to defy tradition.

For this reason the Finians are also known as the Tribe That Endures. Where the Sessair might win wars by swift, decisive and violent action, the Faliens by stealth and treachery, and The Fir Domain by military tactics and the application of overwhelming force, the Finians rely on their ability to simply outlast the enemy. Many an invading army up from Muddy Point in the south has made it as far as the Finians, only to realise that they will never take the great tower of Llenog in a long siege. The Finians would sooner starve to the last man, woman and child than give in, and due to their unmatched endurance it seems likely that their besiegers would run out of food or fall victim to ice-cold winter long before even the first Finian died of starvation.

The Finian tribe is made up of thousands of family clans, each of which maintains long histories they can trace back to common ancestry. Clans group together for support. In the wilder territories, clans tend their own lands and do their best to fend off marauders. Clans residing in more civilised settlements are often



granted their own sections of town, for which they are expected to take responsibility. Most Finian surnames are the clan name – Mac Conon, or Mac Inna, for example, literally meaning ‘son of...’, but here used figuratively to denote the remote ancestor. This should not be confused with the Sessair practice, again using ‘Mac’ to mean ‘son of’, but here used literally to give the son his father’s forename as a surname.

Each clan is typically made up of a dozen or more kin, operating much as in any other tribe, with responsibility for paying one another’s debts and prosecuting bloodfeud, but the clan is in effect a further social unit between kin and tribe in size. The clan tends to leave kin business well enough alone, except in the most dire cases – for example, a kin feuding against a much more powerful enemy will typically be given assistance by the clan and, if a kin ever has so many of its members slain that the remaining kin cannot avenge the dead, the clan will go to war on their behalf.

Fanatically independent, the Finians have often been forced to rely on ingenuity for survival; this has helped them become more technologically advanced than most of the other tribes. Specifically, these advances have occurred in fields such as medicine, architecture and agriculture, all of which are directly affected by their hard lives and war-beleaguered lands.

As a people, Finians tend to be distrusting of outsiders that have questions about their technologies, and are not eager to share or trade them. The need for self-sufficiency has also created a demand for skilled labourers, and while the capital city still boasts a sizable army, the Finians have a higher percentage of traders and craftsmen than any of the other tribes. While the other tribes view their diversification of labour as a weakness, the Finians consider it to be a great strength, especially in times of crisis when they need to fend off sieges that would otherwise cripple the tribe or trap them behind their city’s walls for entire seasons. During these times, Finians are heavily pressed by starvation and disease, so the need for full grain silos and better medicines has become crucial to their survival.

Though the Finians are not quite so noted for their warped ones as are the Sessair, they do have their fair share of warped warriors, far more so than the Fir Domain or the Tribe of the Shadows. The Fianna, tribal elite of the Finians, are often warped warriors by virtue of race. Experts in guerrilla warfare as well as open battle, the Fianna are a major reason for the Finians’ fierce reputation in combat.

The Finians are widely regarded as the most humourless of the northern tribes, though this is unreasonable – it is simply that their grim sense of humour is in marked contrast to the jesting and jollity favoured by the other tribes. When a Finian cracks a joke, members of other tribes may find themselves wondering whether it was intended to be funny, or insulting, or a threat – or they may just be surprised that the Finian spoke at all about something other than his beloved turnips.

The Choosing of a King

A new Finian king may be chosen in one of two ways – by the old king, when abdicating or coming to the end of his term, or by divination. In either case, the choice must be ratified by the tribal assembly. The first method allows the Finians to avoid the danger of a new king being chosen simply because he is very different in style from the old one. They would regard this as a waste of time and effort, since he would likely attempt to undo his predecessor’s best achievements. The assembly would prefer to ensure that a new king will have the wisdom to continue with his predecessor’s programmes, and so the Finians have for centuries listened to the outgoing king’s opinion when it comes to choosing his replacement. They rarely appoint an inappropriate king in any case; if a leader was good enough to rule them, he is also good enough to pick his successor.

The other method, that of divination, sometimes works parallel with the first method rather than instead of it. For such a major decision, it is inevitable that many ordinary Finians and professional seers alike will have prophetic dreams on the subject. It is their duty to bring these dreams to the attention of the assembly. In most

cases, the dreams will strongly confirm the old king's choice for his successor.

Occasionally the old king will die or become incapacitated before having a chance to name his replacement. In this case, divination of any kind is acknowledged as the only effective way to find the best king. The Alban tradition of the 'second sight' or simply 'the sight' usually means that there are a great many different Finians who can and generally will come forth with their visions or dreams of the new king. Again, these divinations almost invariably concur.

Kings and Assembly

In Finian society, the King is certainly not regarded as having absolute power. He rules by consensus, not by tyranny. Fortunately, most of his followers usually agree with his political views anyway.

To an outsider, particularly another northern tribesman, the Finians often seem too agreeable. A character used to the constant argument and debate of the Sessair tribal assembly may find the apparent meek acceptance of the Finian assembly somewhat unnatural, even worrying. In fact, the Finians are just as apt to become loud and aggressive with those who do not share their point of view as the Sessair are; it is just that most Finians do happen to share the same point of view. With somewhat less wanderlust than their Sessair cousins, and a rather more hostile environment, Finian adults tend to think there is only one possible answer to most political questions -to endure. To outlast the enemy. This has worked so often for the tribe that many of them seem unable to conceive of any other tactic. The only time a major disagreement between king and assembly is likely is when the king is mad or otherwise lacking his full competence.



Foes and Allies

The Finians still feel an odd connection with the Sessair, and the two tribes are certainly similar in culture and even share some of the same legends. However, each tribe is also fiercely independent, and in most cases this connection is expressed in mutual cattle-raiding and the utmost rivalry. The Fir Domain are generally disliked too, though the raiding here is a little more one-sided – the Finians make raids incessantly, whereas the Fir Domain do not so much raid the Finians' territory as make occasional attempts to invade it outright. The Finians rarely ally with any of the other tribes, though occasionally they will negotiate a joint raid with the Sessair against another foe, such as the Fimir or Fir Domain.



For the Finians, the main foe is and always will be the Norse. The Norse often make raids on Albion, especially the northern and eastern coast. For this reason they are an ever-present threat, not even needing to sail around Albion to get to Finian lands, as they do to raid the Sessair. Being sea devils, they also infest the icy seas around Albion, making fishing or sea trade fraught with danger for the Finians. For many Finians, battling the Norse is an almost religious duty. In defence against them, every man, woman and child will take up arms and fight to the last, knowing that being captured would be worse than death.

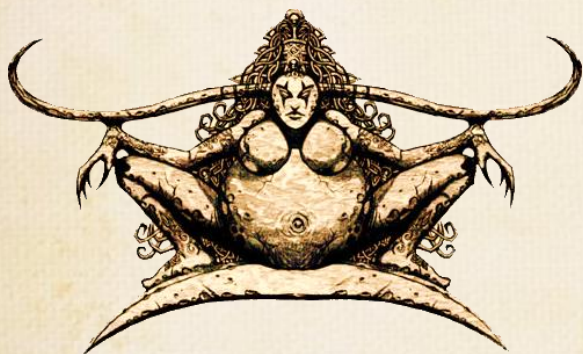
THE INDEPENDENT TRIBES

There are far more minor, independent tribes in southern Albion than in the rest of the island. The Falians will say this is because they do not much care what goes on outside their realm. The Sessair or Finians, looking for a fight as usual, will say this is because even the ordinary farmers and fishers of southern Albion are more than a match for the weakling Tribe of the Shadow's warriors. The Fir Domain, for the most part, look on the independence of these smaller tribes as an opportunity for Fir Domain expansion. Few in any tribe, even the Falians, realise that most of these tough, self-reliant local tribes would sooner die to the last warrior than submit to rule from anyone. Many are no larger than a single village, and would steadfastly resist rulership from even the next village, let alone a great tribe hundreds of miles away. Most are highly insular, and though all will practise the Albionite traditions of hospitality to a greater or lesser extent, all tend to have bizarre local customs that are very easy for an unwary traveller to fall foul of.

WINTER BORNE ON A FROZEN TIDE

The first thin rays of dawn tinged the leaden sky but brought little warmth to the defenders of Dun Danaan. On bluffs overlooking the beach, behind hastily erected barricades and makeshift impediments, crouched the meagre force of some three score. To their backs the village stood silent, empty now as the people fled inland toward the safety of Dun Morn. But before them on the ice-choked sea, just visible now in the rising light, sped the terrible black ships of the Norse; the wolves of winter come to raid and rend and satisfy the hungers of their icy hearts.

Conn strained to see the approaching vessels, his first glimpse of his clan's greatest foe. In his thirteenth year, Conn stood tall and straight as the best of his people and viewed the world with eyes bright and clear. Self-consciously he adjusted his axe, more tool than weapon, girding it snugly within his newly bestowed honour belt. He marvelled at the profound heaviness of the bronze-faced belt, the tangible sign of both the rights and burdens of manhood. It had been given to him suddenly, seemingly moments before, in the frantic pre-dawn hours following the messenger's dire warning. Up and down the barricades the warrior stamped out their fires and let the chill gusts blown off the Frozen Sea sting their flesh to keen awareness. Cold winds could not stifle their hot blood on this day.



Closer now, and the vast dimensions of the dragon-prowed ships tricked the eye and startled the senses. Like three immense fortresses they were, plowing through the treacherous swells with implacable straightness. Slicing the sea like a knife cuts flesh, the longships smashed icebergs and cleaved the churning wave tops without slackening their pace. So monstrous was their size and so even their approach that many who watched felt that it was they that moved to meet the ships, that the land itself was being sucked over the misty waters toward frozen mountains of black ice.

Turning from the sight, Conn hefted his javelins and readied his shield. He watched his grandfather, standing amongst the elders, reverently lift his bright blade to his lips and with that one gesture Conn glimpsed the fierce warrior which had but slept in the old man's waning years.

Once more he thought upon the grave elder's instructions for the coming battle, "Throw twice and run. The winter lords are hard as ice, but slow. You must keep your distance for Lugh favours the quick!" His voice had then grown thick with feeling, "You will loose your shafts then flee this place. Flee

without pause for you will yet accomplish great things in life, and the greater victory this day would be to see the son of my son spared winter's heavy toll in the spring of his youth".

With impossible speed the Norse ships swelled to fill Conn's field of vision, the carven dragon heads parting the sea's misty shroud as the great vessels, many-tiered and massive, neared the shore. Now the dirge-like droning of the Norse could be heard, the stern and bloody issuance of ten score throats. The deep note of their enormous horns buttressed the rhythmic chant, and the power of that terrible paen shook great flakes of ice from the ships' frozen sides to fall scraping into the sea. Soaring amongst the rigging and sails of each vessel were the Valkyries, the warrior women of the Norse, their armour gleam sheathing each in a halo of frigid light.

The huge ships came on fast, right up to the beach till they ran aground on their shallow drafted hulls. Beneath the looming dragon heads the mammoth gate-fronts were thrown down; drawbridge-like landing planks encrusted with an icy rime which froze the ground beneath them. This ice began to spread as the Norse poured forth from each ship, howling like beasts and bellowing their bloody challenge. In answer rose one pure note, a warm and liquid tone which cut through the raider's din and fortified the heart of each defender. A single warrior had leapt the barricades, and sounding his hunter's horn had brought a momentary brightness to the dark and wintry scene.

Throw twice and run. Conn and the other youths darted onto the beach on trembling legs. Spreading out they prepared to harry the enemy with javelin and with stone before ducking back behind the barricades. Conn focused on the black maw of the nearest ship as it disgorged its ferocious contents.

Now emerged from those cyclopean gates the powerful forms of the Jotun, giants five times the height of men, encased in thick iron scale and wielding axes the size of temple beams. They strode forth on the expanding ice and their roar was as the clap of thunder. Behind them came the wolf-drawn chariots of the Norse, cutting the ice on sled-like runners and building up speed on the frozen ground. The Norse raiders now began their slow charge up the beach, their steely forms compact and hard as frozen rock. Beneath shaggy pelts and wolf skulls the frenzied snarls of the Norse bespoke their bestial lusts; the savage glee of a blood-maddened predator. Clad in furs and fine scale, swinging axes broad and mattocks weighty, the scourge of the north surged toward the warriors of Albion like a killing tide.

Throw twice and run, Lugh favours the quick. Conn threw his javelins into the murderous mass, but did not run. Sparing one last backwards glance, Conn met the charge of the Norse with defiance but was swept under that irresistible gleaming wall and broken in the grinding surf of their advance.

Lugh favours the quick, but he loves the brave. As Conn lay ruined on the shore the first snow of winter melted upon his cheeks and wetted his sad smile, until at last all warmth left him and he succumbed to winter's final embrace.

Sea of Chaos

Nagronath
Dark Elves

Plain of
Battles

From
The Lost Valley Norsca
Lizardmen

Here be
Whales

From Lustria
and the
New World

Tower
of
Llenog

GIANTS
Causeway

Bol-A-Hut
(Huties)

Pillar of
Og-Agog

Great
Ogham

Neuland
The Empire

Isle of Wights

Many Barrows here

The Great
Ocean

ALBLON

Lastenkson's
fourth Landing

Lastenkson's
second Landing

Lastenkson's
first Landing

Lastenkson's
third Landing

From The Empire

From Bretonnia
and Tilea

Troglano
Orcs and Goblins



THE ISLE OF ALBION

Perhaps the most infamous part of Albion is the harsh climate that faces anyone who would wander it. The potent raw Chaos energy which has been absorbed by the earth of Albion creates highly unstable weather conditions. Albion is constantly bombarded by heavy rain and lashing gales which has led to the ground becoming boggy and infertile to all but the hardiest of plants. The rumble of thunder has become an everyday sound and torrential rain whips the face of all who walk the land. Some parts of the island are so wet that they have become deep quagmires where any who wander off the muddy paths soon sink without trace.

The dense mists that have parted from the coast are still thickly concentrated at the centre of the island, and it is all too easy for individuals to become separated from their comrades and wander blindly into one of the treacherous marshes. These same mists hide a myriad of fearsome beasts, ready to strike at any who pass by before vanishing back to their lairs.

Although a relatively flat land, the coast of Albion is rugged, and the great white cliffs that surround the island tower high into the sky. The waters of Albion teem with a vast array of hideous sea beasts, some of which are fully capable of pulling even large galleys to a watery tomb. Landing places are few, and those beaches which do reach down to the turbulent storm lashed waters are difficult to find, let alone land upon. Jagged rocks rise out from the water, but it is the rocks that lie hidden beneath the foaming sea that pose the greatest threat. They will tear through the hull of a boat as easy as a Dwarf axe cleaves through a Goblin's neck.

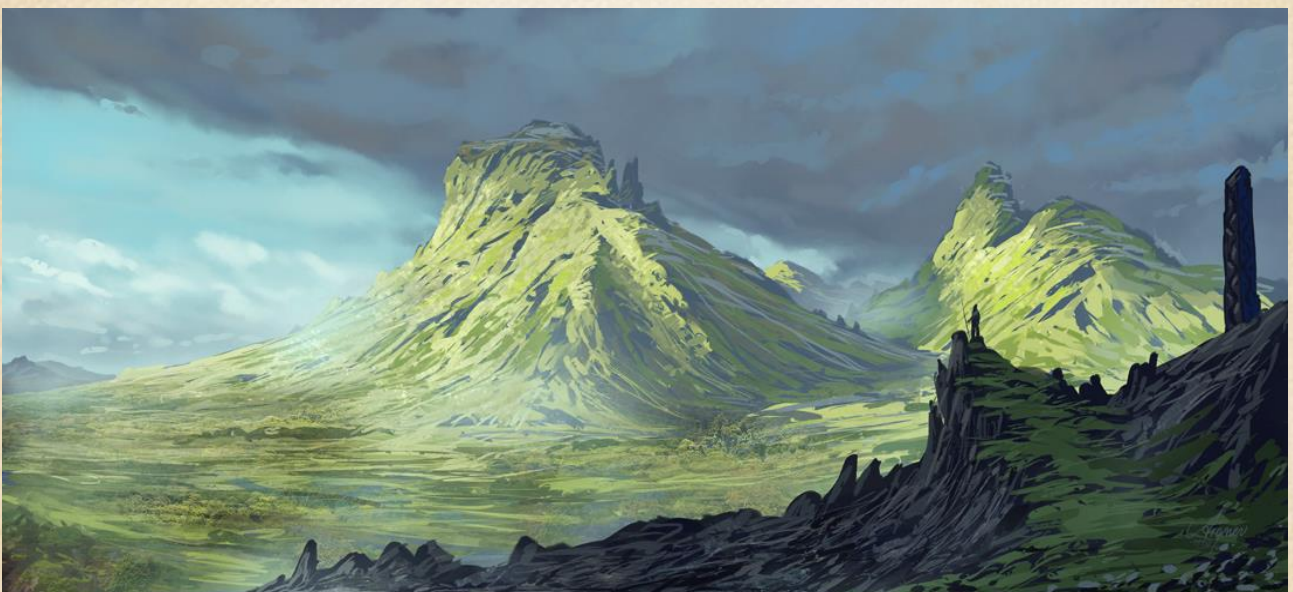
The legacy of the Old Ones still remains strong on Albion. Something deep within the ancient nature of the Ogham stone circles intensifies the power of magic and makes the isle a powerful vortex for magical energy. There are many of these mysterious circles

located across Albion. These ubiquitous monoliths are the symbols of power in the land of Albion. They are potent magical conduits capable of channelling a wizard's strength to a horrendous magnitude. The winds of magic blow with the strength of gales across the island, causing havoc amongst the mages who are exploring the land. Spells that are supposed to simply light a camp fire become deadly fireballs, whilst the most powerful sorcerous blasts might merely spark and fade from the caster's fingertips.

Most of the time battles are fought in fairly good weather with perhaps a slight drizzle or high winds, but nothing to really dampen the murderous enthusiasm of the troops. On Albion things are different. Perhaps it is because it is an island, perhaps it is due to the ancient wards of the Old Ones, but whatever the cause the weather on Albion intrudes into every activity. In fact, the locals are famous for their continual whining about the weather – whatever it does it's too hot, too windy or, more often, too wet!

The only time the drizzle stops is when the storms take hold and great lightning bolts arc across the dark skies. There is a polluted nature to the freakish weather; even the rain feels wrong. This is due to the fact that the foul climate is a product of the magical nature of the island which soaks up Chaotic energies, drawing them to the stone circles. Something in the nature of the Ogham stone circles draws storms and all manner of foul weather to Albion.

If the creatures of Albion and its inhospitable countryside are deterrents to explore the land of Albion then the weather is another powerful adversary. Fraught with terrible storms, beset by raging winds and battered by rain and hail, the weather of Albion is as inhospitable as its denizens.



BEAST PEAKS

The Beast Peaks are a clump of mountains deep in the interior of Albion. Their heights are enshrouded in low cloud, obscured by constant rain and storm, so that the actual size of the mountains is unknown. They are known as the Beast Peaks due to the high number of monstrous creatures that live in the mountains, whether they live in the high altitudes above the cloud-line, or within the innumerable caves and labyrinthine caverns that riddle the mountains like honey-comb.

The mountains are greatly feared by the Albionites of Albion, who will travel many miles, even weeks out of their way to avoid approaching them. The superstitious Albionites see the Beast Peaks as a link between their world of Albion and the realm of the gods, and that the rumbling of the dark storm clouds hanging ever present over the range indicates their fury and power. They see the various monsters that occasionally foray out of the mountains on destructive rampages as pets or messengers of these powerful, wilful deities, servants that have travelled down the mountains from the heavens to display the displeasure of the gods.

The Giants of Albion perceive the Beast Peaks rather differently. They see the mountains as a great hunting ground, a place where they can match their strength against the various creatures inhabiting that realm. Amongst the Giant tribes, the Great Hunt is a time of festivity, each Giant competing to catch and overcome the mightiest beast. Many travel the length of Albion to take part in the Great Hunt, and at this time, the mountains echo with their bellowing cries of child-like excitement. Many Giants meet their fate in this contest of might, rolling off treacherous cliffs while wrestling ferocious griffons, or trying to overcome one of the great Dragons awoken by their noisy antics.



Rumours have spread amongst the newly landed armies on Albion of great riches and powerful artefacts hidden within the labyrinthine passages deep within the Beast Peaks. Many of these forces have begun moving towards this location, and already several Dwarf expeditions have entered the twisting caverns. Beset by a myriad array of nightmarish and deadly creatures as they entered the twisting underground realm, the stubborn Dwarfs continue to push further into the mountains, hungry for the rumoured treasures hidden within. Tribes of Goblins have also been gathering in great numbers beneath the Beast Peaks, hoping to beat the Dwarfs to their prize. The fiercely territorial Giants, outraged at the sudden appearance of so many short creatures overrunning their hunting ground, have gathered in force, and attack the Dwarfs and Goblins from high in the Beast Peaks, hurling great boulders down the steep mountainsides, creating thundering avalanches. Nevertheless, the relentless Dwarfs push on. Likewise, the Goblins continue to stream into the area, greed driving them forwards.

BLEAK MOOR

Bleak Moor is a large expanse of desolate land situated on the north-eastern side of Albion. This treeless expanse is perpetually covered in a thick fog that is said to never lift. The landscape within the mists seems to change alarmingly, confusing travellers and making maps of the region useless. Paths that exist one day are gone the next, and even the most experienced scouts find it almost impossible not to be turned around in the foggy moorland.

Amongst the local people, Bleak Moor is avoided whenever possible, for they recognise it as a highly dangerous and unpredictable region. Countless stories abound of people wandering into the mist and losing their way, never to be seen again. Some say that they wander the moors in confusion for eternity, forever seeking a way to return to their homes. Others say that in the thick mist of Bleak Moor time has no meaning. Legends abound of people having become lost in the moorlands for decades on end and returning not looking a day older, thinking that only minutes had passed. In a similar fashion, these stories tell of people wandering within the mists for a lifetime, growing old and grey as they wander the moors, only to stumble out to find that in the real world no time has passed.

Scattered through the moors are a series of ancient stone relics and monuments. These include several towering standing stones, and a large stone disc with a hole carved through its middle. The original purpose of these monoliths has been long forgotten, lost in time. As the landscape of Bleak Moor is constantly shifting, it makes a detailed study of these stones almost impossible, for their actual locations are always changing. Several stories are told of these stone relics, though it is unknown whether there is truth within them or if they are just fanciful tales. One of these stories explains that the large circular stone can act as some sort of gateway. It is said that if one performs the correct movements, walking anti-clockwise around the



stone nine times on a full moon, that a gateway will appear within the hole in its centre, a doorway to *abav*, meaning the heavens or otherworld.

At night, the moors become even more unpredictable and hazardous, and anyone wandering into the region is never seen again. The local people tell of fey lights that can be seen within the fog at night, glowing spheres that seem to dance across the heather. Many people who have become lost within the moors follow these lights, mesmerised, and are led further and further astray.

Some say that these lights are the spirits of those who have perished while wandering lost within the mists of Bleak Moor. They hover over the land, enticing and bewitching, leading unwary people to join them in their mysterious and sinister hauntings of the night.

BOL-A-HAT

Bol-a-Hat is the largest concentration of native people on Albion. Whereas across the rest of the isle, the people are primarily cave dwellers, in Bol-a-Hat the Albionites have begun to erect crude huts and tents. Indeed this was a necessity, for the population soon outgrew the caves within the area. Vicious territorial fights broke out as rival family groups battled to secure safe shelter, until one inspired inhabitant decided he would make his own cave out of sticks and leather. From this, the huts and tents have become increasingly popular in Bol-a-Hat, to such an extent that the more important one's standing within the community, the

bigger their tent. Now, only the lowliest of inhabitants reside within the caves.

Trade, a newly formed concept on Albion, is centred in Bol-a-Hat, and people travel from many miles around to barter meat and furs in exchange for new technological wonders like tools and weapons. Trade is a long and drawn out process, leading to great frustration and frequent outbursts of violence. It is a common sight in Bol-a-Hat for merchants to pummel each other, which will often give the victor a better exchange. Misunderstanding and misinterpretations are frequent, for their language is a distinct barrier to simple communication.

Those native people of Albion who travel to Bol-a-Hat gape in awe at the advancements made by their countrymen, and they walk around the man-made huts in wide-eyed astonishment, pointing and hooting. They are particularly impressed with the dwelling of the Unga-Er, translating to 'Big Woman', the self-proclaimed female chieftain of Bol-a-Hat and Albion as a whole. She causes some confusion amongst them though, for they are not actually sure what she really does, seeming to spend most of her time in her great hut waving to her subjects. One of the most popular sights of Bol-a-Hat is the great flocks of grey birds that gather in the centre paddock, perching on tents and stone statues, as well as on the shoulders and heads of passers-by. The people of Albion take great delight in this sight, for these birds are considered a great delicacy, and it seems the birds always return, no matter how many of their number are eaten.

Most travelling to Bol-a-Hat are quite exhausted by the fast pace and cramped living conditions, and are happy when they are able to return to their caves. Bol-a-Hat has, however, become a mecca for the young people of Albion, and they flock to the growing region in great numbers. The people of Bol-a-Hat look down on their countrymen, seeing them as somewhat backwards. In turn, many of the traditional cave-dwellers scorn the people of Bol-a-Hat, for they seem stressed and to have little free time while claiming they are more advanced.

CITADEL OF LEAD

Once the sacred temple of the Truthsayers, the Citadel of Lead is a mighty bastion towering high into the sky. Unlike most castles or fortresses, the Citadel of Lead is made from metal. None know why it was constructed or who built it, but the Albionites say that it has always been here. For many millennia it remained closed to all as none could ever find an entrance to the fortress, and legends of mysterious occupants were recounted around the campfires of each village. Some said it was the abode of the gods; others that it was the dwelling place of a long vanished race. Even the giants were reluctant to venture near the ominous Citadel.

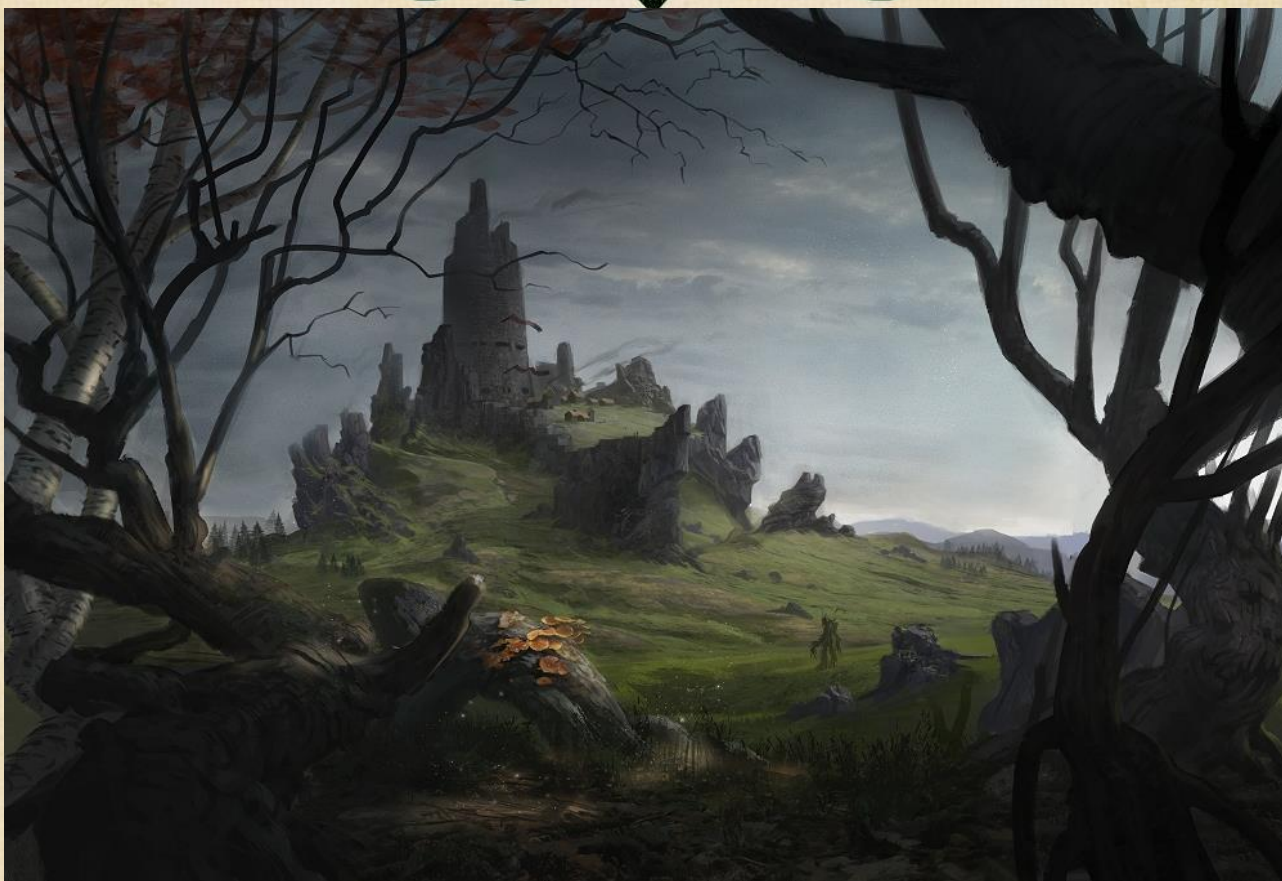
Shortly before the mists first started to clear a Truthsayer known as Kheciss, one of the most respected amongst his kind announced that he had deciphered an ancient text on how to open a portal to the Citadel. He called a council of the Truthsayers and announced that he would go to the Citadel and attempt

to enter the fortress. For many months no one heard from Kheciss and a number of Truthayers all set out on quests to discover what had happened to their spiritual leader. None ever returned, but on one dark night lights were seen emanating from the fortress. It was an unnatural light which pulsated from the few windows and it was shortly after this that the mists began to clear. The Truthsayers who had entered the Citadel emerged. They were changed; their once powerful muscular build had become hunched and crooked. They hid themselves beneath layers of robes and each wore a cowl hiding their faces.

They called a council and bade that all the Truthsayers join them in the worship of a new master. They talked of the powers that they would be able to unleash if they were to draw from the energies contained within the Ogham stone circles. At this the Truthsayer council was horrified. They were guardians of Albion, protectors of the stones and to use these energies in any other manner than the Old Ones had decreed was shunned. The outraged council cast the Dark Emissaries from Albion, but as they left each of them vowed to return to wreak vengeance.

Now it is believed that the Dark Emissaries have returned to Albion and within the Citadel they plot the demise of the Truthsayers, and ultimately Albion. None know what secrets or horrors lie within the metal walls but few have the courage to enter and find out.





FORGE OF THE OLD ONES

On top of a great hill and only accessible by a treacherous path which winds through a deadly swamp lies the Forge of The Old Ones. It is an ancient pyramid and on each tier are carved numerous symbols of the ancient people that once inhabited the island. Now the Forge lies in a ruinous state and even the labours of the Truthsayers have not succeeded in stopping the ferocious weather conditions which exist on Albion from eroding the stones from which it was made.

From the outside it now resembles little more than a forgotten monument, but inside the tunnels that twist and climb through the Forge it is a sight to behold. Glyphs and images painted on the walls hint at ancient technologies that the Old Ones once had at their command. They show of a time when only light existed in the world, a time before the coming of Chaos. They also tell of a great tragedy and how the gods were forced to leave their mortal realm.

Within the chambers of the forge are kept the tomes of the Old Ones, huge books which contain the secrets of magic and the art of casting spells. Only a small amount of this vast storage of information has been deciphered, as the language remains a mystery lost to the halls of time. Also kept in sacred containers are the forbidden weapons of the Old Ones, magical artefacts whose power is so great the Truthsayers must hide them away lest they fall into wrong hands.

It is within the great central chamber of the forge that the council meets to discuss the future, the past and the present. Now they are totally focused on the present invasion of Albion and opinion varies greatly as to what course of action they see as the right one to take. Dural Durak, the new leader of the council, has decided that each Truthsayer should follow his heart and ally himself with the forces of good to fight against the tide of evil that approaches.

A few Truthsayers remain at the Forge to guard the sacred treasure of the Old Ones but a handful of these powerful warrior mages is enough to deter anything but the strongest opponent from attacking the pyramid.

THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY

The most feared natives of Albion are without doubt the towering giants that walk the land. Whilst these lumbering behemoths dwell throughout Albion, the majority gather to the North of the isle at a place known as the giants' causeway.

This area of Albion is made up from a chain of volcanoes which are very much active. Whilst most people would flee from the intense heat and the constant threat of eruptions the giants revel in this habitat. They find the sweltering thermal heat comfortable and a welcome respite from the cold, damp climate that exists on the rest of the island. The lava streams which are as wide as rivers prove only a minor hindrance for them to cross and the hot rocks which would char the soles of a man's foot prove only a minor irritation to the thick skin of a giant.



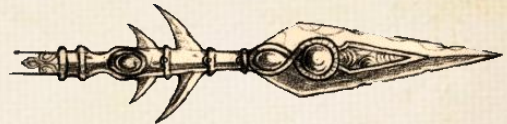
The giants make their home in the caves of the volcanoes and have developed a large community. Little is known of the social activities of the giants as those who have summoned the courage to venture into their realm never return. The giants do not pose any great threat to the Albionites of Albion, and except for the rare occasions when giants accidentally tread on a human, the two live in relative harmony with one and another. The giants hunt the terrible beasts that dwell within the mountains of the Beast Peaks, killing the creatures that would threaten to destroy local native villages. In return the Albionites sew together hides of these beasts for the giants to wear as clothing, a task not suited to a giants huge clumsy fingers.

On certain nights the thunderous rumble of gigantic boulders being thrown and the booming roar of the giants can be heard for many miles. The Albionites talk of a brutal game that the giants undertake in ritualistic fashion. They say that a huge arena has been constructed within a crater of a dormant volcano. In this pit, surrounded by enormous chairs made from stone, the giants gather in great numbers to challenge each other to unarmed combat. It is a spectacle that few people have witnessed and those that have are reluctant to speak of their experience.

With the invasion of Albion the giants that dwell within the causeway have begun to emerge from their caves. Their way of life which has been unchanged for millennia is now threatened and the giants all seek to investigate this new disturbance. Their once carefree existence has now vanished and as a result the giants now fight amongst themselves deciding the best course of action. Most follow the Truthsayers, obeying their commands without question, but there are those who have been persuaded that their interests are best served allying with the Dark Emissaries.

THE GREAT HOGS

There are many native customs and beliefs which flourish amongst the primitive tribes of Albion and one of the central beliefs is that the hog is sacred. The villagers will not ever kill a pig for its meat or hide and they are allowed the freedom to wander the realm untouched. It is believed that when a giant dies his spirit is transformed into the body of a great boar. As the giants are protectors of Albion then these creatures must be left alone. Such is the extent of this strange worship that all over Albion there can be found effigies and statues carved into the shape of hogs. One of the largest sites of dedication to the pig is the Great Hogs. These are a series of huge drawings carved into the very hills themselves. They are hundreds of feet in length and each one is formed in the image of a huge pig. These crude drawings are the work of the giants and each one is drawn in the memory of one of the legendary giant kings of Albion who have since passed away. These giant kings hark back to a time when the giants were not the degenerate individuals that they have now become, but when they were a mighty race. They once served the Old Ones with loyal hearts. They were the guardians of the laws and protectors of the faith but now they are little more than lumbering primitives.



Amongst the tales that the giants tell each other on the rare occasions they gather is the legend of the Big One, a giant who will return to save their kind and lead them to glory untold. The Big One will ride from the skies on a mighty hog and carry the giants to the lost kingdom, a mythical realm where the trees tower over the giant's heads and cattle as large as mammoths roam the rich grasslands.





THE GREAT OGHAM

The Great Ogham was the first of the stone circles to have been constructed on Albion. As well as being the oldest, it is the largest and most powerful of the Ogham sacred sites, and as such is the most fiercely defended by the Truthsayers. It is positioned in the southern region of the Isle, and is an imposing and awe-inspiring sight. The native, cave-dwelling people of Albion keep away from this place, for even they can feel the hum of power that hangs over the imposing monoliths. The great stones stand atop a mound that rises out of the flat lands, dominating the landscape for miles around. Each gigantic stone is perfectly fitted to interlock with its neighbour, creating a stunning spectacle of architectural precision that seems somewhat out of place in the otherwise primitive land.

Each night of the full moon, Truthsayers meet within the Great Ogham to conduct their secretive and mysterious ceremonies. On nights of particular ritual significance, times when there is a rare convergence in the stars above, Truthsayers gather at all the stone circles scattered across Albion, the most powerful of their order taking their place within the Great Ogham. Across all of Albion the Truthsayers chant in unison, and mystical power streams between the various stone circles, flowing around the entire isle. Swathed in humming energy, the mists concealing Albion from the outside world strengthen in their intensity, and great lights can be seen shooting into the black sky from the stone circles. On these nights of power, the native people hide deep within their caves, fearing that spirits roam the night. Even the Giants feel something strange in the air, and become unusually quiet, seeking shelter until it passes.

The Great Ogham is the most powerful of the ancient stone circles, and as such its safety is of paramount importance for the Truthsayers. It has already been the sight of a number of intense battles, for many armies are being drawn towards it. The Dark Emissaries continue to spread their manipulative rumours, appealing to the greed of their allies, directing their forces towards the Great Ogham. In response, the Truthsayers lead their allies towards the defence of the powerful stone circle. Some are even saying that the fate of Albion rests on who takes eventual control over the Great Ogham, although this may be just another cunning rumour, spread by the insidious Dark Emissaries to further their own aims, whatever they might be.

THE ISLE OF WIGHTS

The Isle of Wights is located off the southern coast of Albion. It is an inhospitable land, with sharp, jagged rocks guarding its coastline. The currents passing through the strait between the Isle and the mainland are treacherous, and the short journey across the icy-cold seas is extremely dangerous. The island is wind-swept and treeless, with only a few hardy plants clinging tenaciously to life. The interior of the Isle hangs heavily with fog and mist, as it does over much of Albion, making the air particularly cold and dank.

The one distinctive feature across the otherwise unremarkable Isle is the series of great, grassy mounds dotting the landscape. These ancient man-made hills are the ancient burial tombs of mighty kings and warriors of Albion, from a golden period of time when the people of Albion were cultured and strong. These barrows have remained untouched and undisturbed for

countless centuries, for the native people of Albion have no capability, or desire, to cross the treacherous strait into this realm of the dead.

It is said that spirits crowd the Isle of Wights, their ghostly wailing filling the night. Spectral apparitions stalk through the mist, refusing to give up their link to the physical realm, seeking the warmth of living bodies. The barrows themselves each house an ancient, long dead warrior of high standing and his elite bodyguard, entombed within to serve their lord for eternity. Adorned in decaying armour of bronze, these ancient warriors lie unmoving for hundreds of years, until such a time when a living being is sensed nearby. Rising uneasily on skeletal limbs, they confront intruders with their darkly powerful, ancient blades, weapons that can suck the life from a living body with just the smallest of wounds.

The barrows covering the ghostly Isle of Wights are rumoured to hold ancient treasures, as well as artefacts of great power. As the mists of Albion lifted, the first treasure seekers arrived on the tiny, inhospitable Isle, the first living souls to have trod the ground for countless centuries. Their presence has been resisted at every step by the undead spirits that stalk the night, and the Wights guarding the barrows march from their tombs to face the intruders on the field of battle. Many of these would-be grave robbers have fled the Isle in terror, their sanity shattered. Those who have fallen beneath the rusted weapons and icy touch of the undead rise to defend the Isle from further intrusions.

MUDDY POINT

The most southerly point on the coastline of Albion is known as Muddy Point. Named after the sweeping mud-flat plains, it is one of the few areas on the coast of Albion that provides an easily accessible landing point. A large portion of the rugged coastline is made up of imposing white cliffs or treacherous rocky beaches. The turbulent seas that surround the coast hide jagged rocks and sandbars, which can prove deadly for ships whereas the waters to the west are far less perilous. Muddy Point is not without its own dangers though. The seemingly flat sands hide a number of hazards the most common of which are the deadly pools of quicksand. Many brave adventurers on the mysterious island have taken a wrong step and sank beneath the sand leaving only bubbles on the surface as a trace of their passing.

At night all manner of strange creatures emerges from their hiding places to seek food. One of the more dangerous of these native beasts are the giant crabs. Vast swarms of them scuttle up the beach in the darkness, the gnashing of their razor-sharp claws, an eerie noise that fills the night. The hard carapace of these terrible monsters is virtually impenetrable to all but the sharpest blades. The giant crabs feast well on the corpses of those slain in battle, but they have been known to attack the living for they are a highly territorial creature.

Muddy Point was the focus of much of the early fighting on Albion. Possession of the important





strategic location has already changed hands countless times. The Empire troops of Carroburg were the first to make landfall on the beaches and built fortifications to protect their foothold. Unfortunately, before reinforcements could arrive, Orcs and Goblins attacked in overwhelming numbers, destroying the Empire camp. Since then possession has fallen successively into the hands of the Dwarfs, Bretonnians and Skaven. Now it is rumoured that a Vampire Count has taken hold of the beach and with his dark necromancers, raises the bones of those fallen in battle. The skeletons of the dead, stripped clean by the scavenger crabs, surface from their sandy graves ready to fight once more on the isle of Albion.

As the battle for Albion moved further inland the horrors faced by those landing at Muddy Point would be forgotten. New dangers must be overcome but the beaches of Muddy Point will be recorded in the histories of each race that has fought on the sands as one of the bloodiest sites in their campaign.

OCHNESS

Ochness is a deathly cold, black lake that the native inhabitants of Albion fear greatly. Many myths and legends surround this lake and the monster that is said to reside within its depths. The creature, Buuhn-yip in the Albionite tongue, is said to have lived within the mass of water since the beginning of time, and that it will remain there until the world ends. It preys upon unwary travellers, particularly women, plucking them from the shore before descending into the icy depths of its home to devour its meal. It is rumoured to be a very secretive creature, and sightings of it are extremely rare. It is even rarer for someone to see the creature and live to tell of it.

The surface of Ochness is black and glassy smooth, so that it appears like polished, reflective obsidian. The depth of the inky-black water is unfathomable, and it is rumoured that the lake has no bottom. Some say that the lake travels far underground, opening up into the ocean. If this is the case, then Buuhn-yip, the monster of Ochness, could be a number of different sea-dwelling monstrosities that have travelled into the lake from the seas over the centuries, rather than a single, ancient creature. Images of Buuhn-yip have been scratched and drawn onto the cave walls in the mountains surrounding the lake for countless generations, and these pictures vary quite considerably. Some pictures show a tentacled monstrosity, while others depict a long-necked creature with flippers. One bizarre engraving shows a strange, feathered creature with oversized teeth. However the most common images of the Buuhn-yip show an immense creature, scaled and sinuous, with a gaping maw filled with row upon row of teeth. The serpent-like creature has four powerful, webbed limbs, and is usually drawn with long strands of weed or hair draped over its body.

A tribe of the cave-dwelling Albionites has made its home in the hills nearby to Ochness, and its culture has been formed with Buuhn-yip playing a significant part. Young men travel to the lake as a rite-of-passage to manhood. In this test, the young man must walk slowly around the edge of the lake an hour before dawn. If the young man breaks into a run, he is dishonoured and will be outcast by the tribe. When he returns home, having not been taken by the Ochness monster, he is regarded as a man. These tribe of the cave-dwelling carve Buuhn-yip shaped totems, which they sell to ignorant travellers in great numbers, claiming they are authentic protection charms.



Ochness is a place of great significance to the people of Albion, for while they fear it greatly, it is rumoured to be a place of great natural power. Truthsayers travel from all over Albion to gaze on the surface of the lake, and it is said that they can divine the future from what they see. On the night of a new moon, the Truthsayer will sit chanting for hours on end until he enters a deep, dream-like trance.

Then, as the hidden moon reaches its zenith, the Truthsayer will be able to read the future in the stars reflected off the lakes surface. It is said that if the Truthsayer is pure of heart and without doubt, he will be gifted with wisdom. If not, then Buuhn-yip will rise to the surface of Ochness and devour him.



THE PILLAR OF OG AGOG

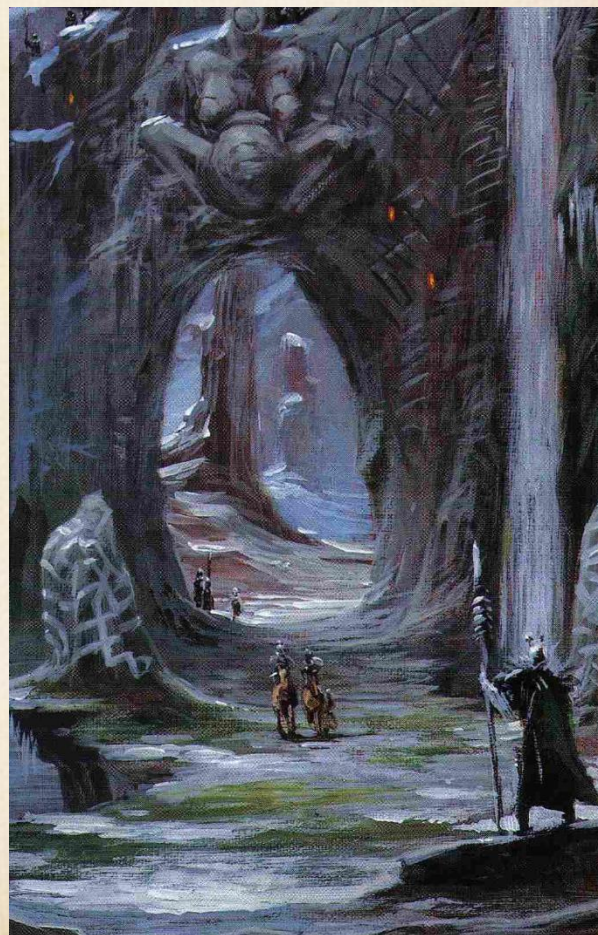
The Pillar of Og Agog, which in the native tongue of Albion translates as 'The ancient pillar of Heart Magic', is built at the very centre of Albion. It can be seen towering high into the sky for many miles around and has become the gathering point for the native tribes of Albion. Legends say that long ago the image of a god was carved from stone at the top of the pillar, a statue that the Albionites worshiped with devotion. He was said to be a leader amongst the immortal Old Ones and stories told of how his winged chariot soared across the heavens.

The Albionites would gather each year at the foot of the pillar and the most skilled warriors of each tribe would compete against each other. Wrestling, spear throwing and shows of strength were common but by far the most impressive event was the chariot race. A rough track still exists around the pillar and the winner of these races would bring immeasurable respect for

himself and his people. Except for those times when the Albionites gathered, the pillar was solely the haven for the flocks of small grey birds that are so common on the island. For some reason they were drawn to the pillar in vast numbers and on some days it appeared as though a great tide of grey feathers flows around the foot of the pillar.

The pillar now lies in a ruinous state. Shortly before the mists that shrouded the island parted a great storm, the likes of which even Albion had never encountered, struck the island. For days and nights gale force winds tore across the plains and thunder boomed across the moors. Great bolts of forked lightning briefly lit up the darkness and even the Albionites of Albion, accustomed to terrible weather cowered in their primitive shelters. When they emerged they found that the pillar had been destroyed and even worse the mists which had so long kept their island safe from invasion had vanished. The statue, which for millennia had looked over the land, now lay broken at the foot of the pillar and even the giants were unable to lift the huge chunk of marble. The birds which were once so numerous around the pillar have deserted it and none know where these flocks have scattered.

The Truthsayers have now met in council and all agree that the broken pillar is an omen from the gods of a darkness that will descend on their island. The Albionites now shun the pillar and it remains a fallen monument of a time when relative peace ruled in Albion.



DARK HEART OF THE FOREST

Slaic watched his pursuers cautiously from the verge of a great wood, watched as the fifty warriors of Albion who had chased his band for leagues stood motionless just out of bowshot. Though numerous they had learned to respect the deadliness of the Elven bows, for Slaic and his band of ten had sent many of the pursuers spinning to the turf from the force of their black fledged arrows. Still the warriors of Albion came hard after them, shouting in anger and promising vengeance for the foul deeds of the Dark Elves; the serpents of Albion who had this day razed their village and sent it blazing into the clear, midsummer sky.

"They fear us, they cannot match us in the forest and their quickly heated passions just as soon grow cold." Disdainfully Slaic turned his back on the unmoving warriors of Albion and sauntered further into the forest to face his band's newly won captives; seven maidens numb from the flight's cruel pace and the inhuman horrors they had witnessed at dawn. Slaic jerked the closest women to her feet, his ferocious strength evident in the ease of the action. A sneer distorted the smooth lines of his face as he distastefully regarded his prisoner.



Discarding the terrified girl, he turned to address his cohort. "We go west. On the further edge of this wood is the stone circle we saw from the air, from that point it is but an arrow's flight to the barge. Four of you take these," Slaic made a dismissive gesture toward the bound women, "beasts, and don't allow them to slow our pace." Without hesitation the lithe Dark Elves sprang into action; nimble runners darted forward as a vanguard, retainers cruelly goaded the prisoners forward at sword point, and keen-eyed archers kept watch to the rear. Speeding west the party penetrated ever deeper into the gloaming wood until the sun's rays could no longer find them.

For hours they ran with easy strides, never slackening their pace or allowing rest to their prisoners. Trees grew tall and wild around them, old wood rooted to the bones of the world since an age before even the immortal Dark Elves had sprang, serpent-like, from the earth. Gnarled and moss grown trunks supported dense leafed canopies, blotting the light of the outside world and smothering the intruders in a stifling gloom. But the Dark Elves were accustomed to the shifting dark of the deep wood, and with undiminished purpose they moved ever forward.

Slaic was a strong runner, and with languid grace he bounded over roots and tangles and drew satisfaction from the exercise of his tireless limbs, the fluid movements of his body calming his mind in a kind of meditation. This trance like state was broken when he came upon a halted scout, crouching low with arrow flocked; his eyes intently searching the space ahead. Unslinging his broad blade Slaic rushed to the bowman's side whispering, "What do you see?" In response the scout pointed toward a gray-barked tree, the black wing of a raven nailed to its trunk. Slaic's eyes narrowed, "A warning of some kind?"

The Dark Elves approached the path ahead with caution, for now it could be seen that they had come upon a well-used trail running westward. Their captives were thrown down to lie still in quiet exhaustion. Weapons drawn, the quick limbed Dark Elves fanned out with silent precision, ready for battle. Their questing eyes pierced the dim colonnaded world of the forest, each suspecting something near-perceptible lurking in the enfolding dark. Their sharp ears heard only the murmur of foliage. After a time with nothing seen Slaic, eager to push ahead as evening approached, re-gathered

his troop near the bole of the ominous tree. "It merely marks a deer run, we have wasted enough time with this. Come, we must—where are Kaenin and Gaudhec?"

Frowning, Slaic surveyed his band, then peered expectantly back the way they had come, but he could neither see nor sense his rearguard. As the Dark Elves looked accusingly about them, alarmed and eager for an explanation for their missing companions, the strange sound of laughter broke the eerie stillness beneath the trees.

It was Eirea who laughed, the captive whom Slaic had so contemptuously handled. She stared at the raven's wing pinned to the tree with a spike of bone, a dire warning in this sacred space. Slaic leapt at her and silenced her hysteria with a backhanded blow that sent Eirea reeling. Threading his iron fingers through her hair he wrenched her head back and brought his stinging blade to rest against her throat. In her tongue he demanded answers, but she only choked the words "Draidecht, Draidecht."

Just then the twang of a bowstring called his attention, one of his archers had fired into the wood. Releasing the women he flew to investigate, his blade now rippling with his own focused energies. "It, it was nothing lord, only a stag. I thought I saw something...other." "Kynea!" Slaic whirled to confront the cry, one of his retainers was shouting into the wood and frantically moving back the way they had come.

"She was behind me, she was right here. Kynea!" He stumbled away and was lost in the trees, his cries vanishing with him.

His senses attune and hyper-acute to this unseen peril, Slaic strained to perceive anything in the arboreal gloom. His captives remained on the ground paralyzed with fear, but of his ten companions only four remained; suddenly and silently the others had disappeared. A wave of panic welled up within him; he feared nothing he could comprehend but the prospect that his eternal existence could be removed in an undetectable instant pushed Slaic dangerously close to madness.

"Ready your bows and follow me, I go west and will not stop for any of you." Slaic ran hard and did not turn back, weaving through the trees and hearing nothing but his own breath. He ran now toward a warm and flickering glow in the west, his superb senses sending him straight toward the ring of stones that he had noted as his sky barge had landed that morning. Bursting from the forest he stood on a tangled ridge overlooking the henge, and what he saw horrified him.

Around a great blazing fire men capered and danced in the cool night air, painted people of Albion clad in skins and bedecked with horns and skulls. In their midst, trussed like pigs and lying prone on great flat stones, Slaic recognized his retainers Kaenin and Gaudhec. Turning he saw that only one of his archers had made it clear of the cursed wood, and she gaped with fear and incomprehension at the ritual before her.

"Snakes in my grove, come in time for midsummer's rites," came a resonant voice behind them and the Dark Elves spun to face the figure emerging from the wood. In the flickering light he seemed a beast of the forest, his broad form tattooed and decorated, his shaggy head topped with a crown of antlers. In his hand a hooked sickle dripped darkly. With a blur Slaic's companion sent a shaft streaking into the Druid's chest, only for it to scrape harmlessly off his enchanted bark-hard skin. Slaic tasted madness as he looked down at his imprisoned legs, held fast and thickly overgrown with clinging brambles.

The Druid spread his arms and in a ringing voice called to his followers, "Prepare the sacrifice, two more for the pyre," while behind him seven maidens emerged from the wood, their fear forgotten and retribution in their smiles.





WARRIORS OF ALBION

The warriors of Albion are ferocious fighters. Where most men would turn their tail and run, the people of Albion fight on, protecting their lands at all costs. As the guardians of the Ogham stones, they fulfil an important role in the world, for should they fall, the magical balance would shift and Chaos would spill put into the world with even greater force.

They are athletic and capable fighters and rely on flank tactics to lure enemy units from the battle line, and then to overpower them with heavy units such as Swordmaidens, Aonbarr Horse Warrior and Chariots. While less technologically adept than most other races, the warriors of Albion make up for this with sheer combat prowess and courage. They are quick to anger and remember long, they are fearless in battle and generous of heart, they are the children of the All Mother.

In this section you will find details for all the different troops, heroes, monsters, and war machines used by an Albion army. It provides the background, imagery, characteristics profiles, and rules necessary to use all the elements of the army, from Core Units to Special Characters.

ARMY SPECIAL RULES

This section of the book describes all the different units used in an Albion army, along with any rules necessary to use them in your games of Warhammer. Where a model has a special rule that is explained in the *Warhammer* rulebook, only the name of that rule is given. If a model has a special rule that is unique to it, that rule is detailed alongside its description. However, there are a number of commonly recurring 'army special rules' that apply to several Albion units, and these are detailed here.

WAR FURY

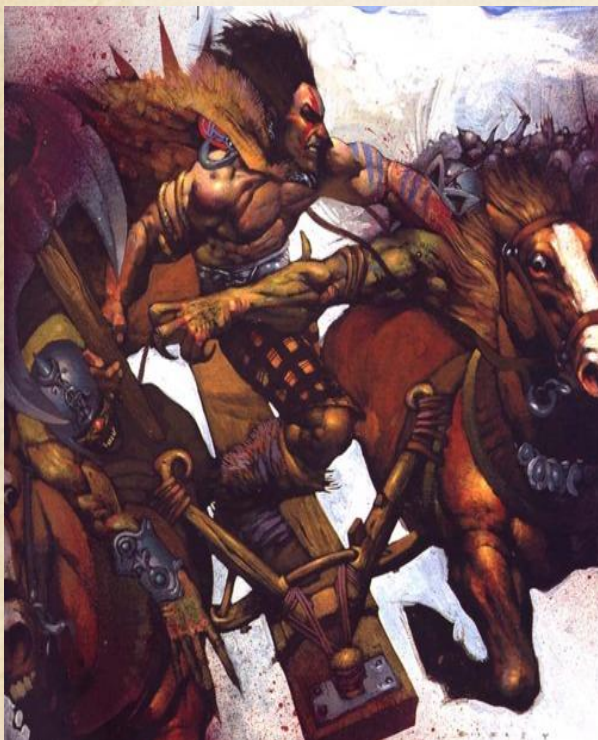
The warriors of Albion have gained a reputation as very emotional fighters, capable of wide swings in their morale. War Fury is a state of highly charged aggressiveness that all enemy armies seek to escape. If the fury can be withstood, it might vanish suddenly and turn into panic. If the fury of Albion's warriors can be managed and directed, it is a daunting force multiplier.

All models with this special rule re-roll failed charge distances and gain the Hatred special rule on any turn that they declare a charge or pursue a fleeing enemy. This lasts for the duration of the turn. However, the models suffer an additional -1 to their Leadership when taking Break Tests.

WOAD PAINT

Woad Paint is drawn upon the body in holy markings and symbols of the Goddess, protecting the wearer from harm.

Any model wearing Woad Paint gains the Ward save (6+) special rule.



TRIBAL AFFILIATION

Your army may be associated with one of the Tribes below. Having a Clan Affiliation will allow your army to use special abilities on the battlefield that reflects their famous Tribe. Certain units in your army may have a Tribal Affiliation, as detailed in the army list. However, you may not have multiple Tribal Affiliations in the same army.

Fir Domain: Models with this special rule gain +1 armour save when using shields.

Sessair: Models with this special rule re-roll 1's when rolling To Wound in close combat.

Finian: Models with this special rule roll 3D6 for Panic and Break tests, discarding the highest dice rolled.

Falian: Infantry models with this special rule may deploy as Ambushers, and get +1 To Hit in close combat when attacking enemies in their flank or rear.

On the ramparts of an isolated Dun two figures stare hard at the threat their tiny force must ward against; a Warp Gate, a sluggishly swirling field of dark energy suspended between graven black pillars as tall as trees.

The sable edifice stood in silence on the windswept flats, a remnant of the ancient evil of the powers of Chaos, and a link to their hellish domain. Dinnadh looked pityingly at his companion, "I can see no change, Taenn. Trouble your thoughts no further."

Taenn took no comfort in these words, for twice now had he seen the swirling patterns of the Warp Gate change their course like black snakes writhing in an oily stew, and he feared he had glimpsed some hidden depth beneath that veil of shadow. Nervously he surveyed the handful of bondsmen left to defend the palisaded Dun, wishing beyond reason for reinforcements. Tracing his thoughts, Dinnadh placed a hand on his friend's shoulder. "Our chief comes this day with many warriors and you will be home for the solstice with all cares forgotten. Look, here now comes a scout out of the east! No doubt we are relieved."

Running with panicked speed the scout waved and shouted warning, his cries torn from his throat by the howling wind. Dinnadh sped from the gates to meet him, two words becoming clear as he neared; "Daemons."

The Dun came alive now as men and women armed themselves and leapt to the walls to make ready for battle, the gaunt forms of the living dead just visible in the east. Dinnadh counted the number of his foe and smiled, "This is no challenge."



WARLEADERS

All Albionites believe that great deeds done in life will be rewarded after death and that their spirit will part to Magh Melld, the land of the righteous dead. It is this belief system that engenders the heroic spirit in the Albionite psyche. As a result the Albionites do not fear death but launch themselves at their foes fearless abandon caring not for their safety but looking to do deeds of great valour. Heroes are not only great fighters in their own right but are inspirational leaders too.

Each of the tribes has its own King. The King is almost always chosen by Druidic divination – the favoured method being divination by entrails, since that can be carried out in a public place with all the important members of the tribe watching and waiting to see where the blood-trails point. The northern tribes are wary of Kings, considering that they tend to become crazed by power, and so they ensure that their rulers are always either truly worthy, unwilling, or both, by the simple expedient of enforcing a seven-year rule at the end of which the King is sacrificed to the Goddess. A King who continually fails his people – either directly, such as by losing in battle, or indirectly, such as by failing to make the crops grow – may be sacrificed even before his seven years are up.

Occasionally, when the Albionite tribes face a particularly powerful and implacable enemy who threatens them all, they will come together to choose a High King or Ard-Ri. Such a High King is a warleader first and foremost, and is not expected to rule the tribes in any respect – he simply organises their warriors until the threat is defeated.

The Albionite tribes are very suspicious of power and politics in every form, and so a High King who does not already possess a great deal of political power is preferred. That said, the tribes do not always get what they want – the Ard-Ri is chosen by the Goddess herself, through the magic of the Stone of Destiny, the great treasure of the Tribe of the Shadows.

The warleaders of Albion are ferocious men indeed, their whole lives being devoted to fighting and war. They are selected by each clan by means of "the strongest shall rule" which decrees that to lead your people, you must be the most competent fighter in the clan. They are out to win fame for the martial prowess in the service of the Goddess, and to lead the warriors of Albion to battle.

The most deserving warriors or those of high lineage are given the privilege of bearing the tribe's emblem on the battlefield. These signs are usually in the form of stone or wooden totems sculptured and decorated with sacred symbols. Their totems are most often effigies of Morrighu, the war goddess of the Albionites. But it happens that these emblems honour the other faces of Danu personified by her daughters, meaning Fertility and Death.



The leaders of the Albionites are often impressive individuals capable of boosting the prowess of other troops on the battlefield who look to them for guidance. One way they can do this is to bellow one of the war calls of their tribe or kingdom, causing all Albionites within earshot to fight with great vigour and conviction.

Albionite heroes are the most skilled warriors of a warrior culture. In battle Albionite heroes are experts in the various cuts, thrusts and chops that get around an enemy's guard and at the highest peak of their art they are an inspiration to all their tribe, giving heart to warriors that would otherwise flag.

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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: War Fury.

War Cry: All friendly units within 6" of a Hero or 12" of a Lord with this special rule may add D3" to their charge range.

SHILDBEARERS

Some Warleaders goes to battle carried aloft by two warriors charged with protecting the character with their lives.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Shieldbearers	4	4	3	4	-	-	4	2	-

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: War Fury.

Note: Shieldbearers should be placed on a 40x20mm base and add +2 to the Unit Strength of any model mounted on them.





TRUTHSAYERS

Of all the mysteries of Albion perhaps the greatest is the purpose of the enigmatic figures known as Truthsayers. Known as the true Druids by the people of Albion, when the Old Ones still walked the Earth they selected a few of the most promising of men and taught them many arcane secrets, with the intention that they pass these on and guide mankind to enlightenment. After the disappearance of the Old Ones they have bound Chaos to the north with the Ogham stones. During the deterioration the Truthsayers continued to remain in seclusion passing on their secrets in isolation. But with the advent of the Dark Shadows they have been forced to take a more active role, guiding their most reliable allies in both the defence of Albion and the oppression of Chaos marching to war with their fellow inhabitants of Albion.

Truthsayers are strange people, red haired, muscular individuals with spiralling blue tattoos and their mystical rods of command, inscribed with Ogham signs. They are able and skilled magic users that try to protect the artefacts of the Old Ones. Sometimes they utilise the Giants to move some of the large and heavy Ogham Stones following their visions of fulfilling the great plan of the Old Ones.

During the Dark Shadows, the Truthsayers braved the perilous crossing over the Great Ocean to seek out noble civilisations. They foretold of great danger should their homeland of Albion fall; the forces that bind the Chaos doing so, Daemon armies would be able to descend upon the world. To those who would help protect the isle they promised to teach secrets lost to civilisation since the

mists to the northern realms would weaken and in so disappearance of the Old Ones. Fleets of adventurers and conquerors of all races set sail to the shores of Albion, while the mist and swirling fog around the island vanished, and the events of the Dark Shadows took place. In the end, the Truthsayers and the Forces of Order won.

In the aftermath of the events of the Dark Shadows, many of the surviving Truthsayers followed their fallen brethren that fled from Albion to hunt and track them down. They have since travelled all around the Warhammer world and sold their services as Dogs of War to the local leaders of men. They live as hermits, preserving the sorceries of their ancient land through ritual and ceremony, waiting for the day when the mists will rise and they can return home once more.



It is rare to knowingly encounter one of the reclusive Truthsayers, for they are naturally suspicious of all that walks on two legs. Being masters of natural magic, Truthsayers are able to shape shift into beast of all sizes. Thus do they avoid unwelcome company – by evasion in the form of a hawk, or by bloodshed in the form of a raging dragon. Yet if the Truthsayers themselves are seldom encountered, the same cannot be said of their domains, which are scattered through the wilderness. In such remote places, even the lowliest beasts show glimmerings of intelligence and the vegetation grows wilder, stronger and hungrier than it ought.

When a storm of magic occurs, the Truthsayers steal away from their hillside hermitages to seek out allies. Only with aid can they hope to marshal enough magical power to fully restore the spells of shrouding that conceal their homeland. Driven by this desperation, many a Truthsayer has found himself battling along unsavoury allies, harnessing his mastery of magic to a destructive cause. The goal on these occasions is to work a greater good by committing a small evil, but with every step along this path, the reclamation of their home becomes ever a distant dream. Only a Truthsayer of purest actions has any hope of annulling the shroud of mists, and in such matters there can be no such thing as a minor taint.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Truthsayer	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: A Truthsayer is a Wizard that uses spells from the Lore of Life, Lore of Beasts, Lore of Light or Lore of the Truthsayers.

SPECIAL RULES: War Fury, Woad Paint.



WYRD DRUIDS

In the society of the Albionites, the Wyrd Druid is probably the most well-known and respected individual next to the Truthsayer. They are the seers, sorcerers, prophets and priests of Albion, raised above ordinary folk and touched by the gods. The Wyrd Druid is a spell caster, a channeller, a healer and a teacher. To the Albionites he is their link to their past as well as the promise of their future. He is beyond reproach and sought after to preside over many types of ceremonies and services.

Unfortunately for his people, the Wyrd Druid is also a wanderer, seeking wisdom from his travels and communing with his Goddess in the sacred areas he finds. When a Wyrd Druid is away "walking with the Goddess" his clan is eager for his return and that return is usually met with great celebration followed by a recounting of the lessons he has learned. Like the Woad Raiders who have embraced their faith with absolute commitment, a Wyrd Druid is a dangerous opponent, slow to anger but decisive in his wrath. There is a distinctly otherworldliness about a Wyrd, it cloaks him like a shroud. His eyes hint at the wonders he has seen and his voice carries with it the certainty of his faith, an echo of the Earth Goddess herself.

Wyrd Druids do not fight against their own kind, ever. No Wyrd Druid has ever shed the blood of another Wyrd Druid. They are attuned to their Goddess on a level most of cannot understand and see harming one of their own the same as mutilating themselves. Proficient in life magic and the spells of the Truthsayers, the Wyrd Druid will opt for peace first in all things. War is only a last resort; a path that if not carefully watched could allow the Albionites to suffer the fate of the Old Ones.

Druids tend to be concerned with the affairs of the mighty and so often dabble in politics – they are second choice only to bards as the ideal messenger or representative to another tribe. Frequently they accompany bands of warriors as guides or advisors, particularly if said warriors have a Geas or other obligation to fulfil. Druids also wander the land, attempting to keep abreast of any strange developments and always on the look-out for youngsters with the potential to learn the Druidical arts.

THE SICKLE OF THORNS

It is custom that the Druids be the guarantors of the harmony between then members of their clan and Danu. This is why they always accompany the men during the great hunts, so that they can perform the rites necessary for the continuation of the lifecycle.

The Sickle of Thorns is the ritual weapon with which the Druid symbolically puts an end to the vanquished animal's life while thanking Danu.

This artefact also plays a more profound role, that of persuading the Hunters that they carry death with them and that they have the Goddess's permission to kill her animals for the good of the clan.

Wyrd Druids are knowledgeable about almost every subject, from astronomy to herb lore, and can supplement this knowledge with their highly effective divination skills. As they become more experienced, they are capable of channelling more and more Earth Power through their bodies, so long as it is available to them from their environment. This can make them devastatingly effective with sorcery of all kinds.

Wyrd Druids are judges and wise men and women of their tribes. They are favoured amongst Danu's Albionite children and as such they are held in as much esteem as the warriors of Albionite society. Druids have a strong link to the earth, and have earned powers to command the forces of nature to assist the Albionites against their enemies. They are also capable fighters able to defend themselves against assailants.

Empowered by gifts from the Goddess Wyrd Druids are formidable leaders on the battlefield. Although they do not excel at hand-to-hand combat they have other skills and weapons at their disposal. It takes a Wyrd Druids over twenty years to become fully fledged in the arts passing through three distinct phases: Apprentice, Draidecht and then Clan Draidecht.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wyrd Druid	4	4	3	4	3	2	4	1	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: A Druid is a Wizard that uses spells from the Lore of Life, Lore of Beasts, Lore of Light or Lore of the Truthsayers.

SPECIAL RULES: War Fury.





TRIBAL WARRIORS

The warrior caste of Albionite society is where its kings, queens and chieftains are drawn from, and most start their professional warrior career as a bondsman in the service of a lord, hoping to one day be the leaders of their own warbands.

Of the vast armies of the Albionites, the Tribal Warriors are the most numerous. Lead by a veteran warrior referred to as the Clannach, these fanatic warbands serve the needs of their people in every way. For the fierce Albionite barbarians, war is an integral part of life. When a peril threatens the sacred lands of Albion, every valid man grabs his weapon and joins his companions to defend the goddess Danu. Albion is usually in such a constant state of turmoil and upheaval that war is almost inevitable for all Albionites; whether defending his tribe against the Fimir or forced from his homeland by invading Norse, the Tribal Warrior is almost certain to get into some kind of trouble.

The ordinary fighting forces of the Albionites, these men and women come from all backgrounds in peacetime, and so are generally skilled in at least one craft or profession as well as in war. Tribal warriors all have another profession or craft they follow in peacetime but as able-bodied adults who have their own weapons, they are part of the tribe's fighting forces in times of war.

Warriors are required to train with their warbands for three months out of every year and after this, when they have gone back to their families and farms, they still train once a week. Meetings within a tribe frequently feature reports on the progress, growth and exploits of their Tribal Warriors. As family men, these warriors realize that they are not simply fighting for the whim of their leaders, but for hearth and home as well. This makes them a spirited and powerful group.

Tribal Warriors make up the standard infantry of Albion's tribes. These men and women hold land from the kings and chieftains of their tribes in lieu of military service. Although essentially farmers they have experience in warfare and make excellent fighters, only a foolish foe would underestimate their skill in arms. They are equipped with axes, swords and shield, and often wield spears.

Discipline is not the Albionites strength. Where other people use complex formations and base their strategy on the ability of their soldiers to act as one, the Albionites only swear by the valour of individuals. Thus each one of them throws himself into the fray with the hope of accomplishing a great feat that will sway the outcome of the battle to their advantage. The tactical role of the musicians is generally limited to giving the attack signal and delivering hateful messages to the enemy chiefs.

Each tribe has its own particular fighting style, and so tribal warriors have a variety of special abilities depending on the tribe they hail from. In addition, all can work themselves up into a state of rage, in which they hit harder than usual and can shrug off blows. Raging weakens

them, so they need to be able to destroy their foes before their fury wears off. Most prefer to use melee weapons rather than attacking their enemies from a distance, with their only concession to ranged combat being the use of a javelin or two hurled at close range just before charging home into the enemy. Youths are encouraged to use missile weapons such as slings or bows to give them a taste of war, but as soon as they grow to their adult strength they tend to give up such impersonal weapons and take up swords or axes.

In battle Tribal Warriors are good quality troops armed with a variety of swords, axes and other hand weapons, and they often carry shields too, to protect them from enemy blows. Some have earned the right to carry heavier weapons into battle, capable of inflicting far worse wounds and thus increasing their enemy head count and reputation. Others are charged with guarding sites of key importance, for which they use spears. The length of the weapon is good for keeping foes at bay with, and for additional defensive capability they often carry shields.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warrior	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Clannach	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: War Fury.



WOAD RAIDERS

Most Albion tribal armies are infantry first and foremost, a howling mass of maddened flesh hurling itself at the enemy with no worry about injury or death. Woad Raiders are the shock troops of the armies of Albion. They are chosen from the ranks of warriors who want to prove themselves in battle.

To die of old age or of disease, that is what the Albionites fear more than anything else in the world. These are shameful and almost unnatural ways to die according to their philosophy of life. For the valiant Albionites, a violent death in battle is to them the most natural way to leave the realm of the living. But their instinct for survival is usually the stronger and only the most courageous of warriors are really able to throw themselves headlong into battle without heed for their own lives, willing to sacrifice themselves for the survival of this ancient people. This is why the most seasoned fighters always take more risks during confrontations. Cutting down the enemy ranks with their swords and spears, the Woad Raiders hope to find an adversary worthy of giving them a glorious death.

A Woad Raider is a Albionite Warrior who has spent considerable time in battle during his life and through these experiences he has come to see the handiwork of the Goddess first hand. He has been reminded of her vast power throughout his career and at some point when his faith is absolute, he dedicates himself to the Goddess directly. Spending weeks in training with the clans Wyrd Druid, the aspiring Woad Raider will have his faith honed into a sharpened instrument to be turned upon the clan's enemies.



Before taking the field the warriors discard their armour and attendants decorate their bodies with war-paint and spike their hair up with lime. Painted with the Woad tattoos, a Woad Raider is armoured in the power of his faith, his battle skills accentuated by his unflinching beliefs. You will not see a Woad Raider show fear or ask for quarter for they know not these things. They know only service to their Goddess and are absolutely certain she protects their souls and guides their hands. Druids then feed them a brew made from a special preparation of herbs and fungi mixed with honey. The brew imbibes the warriors with a sense of invincibility and they are filled with an all-consuming rage for the enemies of the Goddess.



Mood altering drugs and pagan rituals usually play a part in their killing frenzy and, although potent, they can be impetuous and disorganized. The sight and smells of battle can make them lose their critical faculties and launch themselves at the enemy regardless of strategy or consequences. When they let themselves be taken by this savagery the Albionite warriors become like enraged beasts that only can be stopped by death. They don't care about their own lives anymore as they let an avalanche of blows fall onto their enemies. They are formidable foes on the battlefield, difficult to control but deadly once they close with the enemy.

When the Woad Raiders let the fury of war take control, they stop caring about defending themselves. They use all their energy to overwhelm their opponents with a deluge of furious assaults that almost always manages to break their defences. That is why some barbarians fight with two weapons in order to increase their offensive potential.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Woad Raider	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Fíochmhar	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Frenzy, War Fury, Woad Paint.

"Danu isn't a goddess without mercy and she always gives a second chance to those that worship her. The one that benefits from such a favour must then prove himself worthy of it, for even though she is not intransigent, Danu abhors the weak!"

- Orhain the Erudite

YOUNGBLOODS

Albionites are athletic and skilled fighters who rely on skirmish tactics to draw out an enemy's forces so that they can be hit by heavier units such as Albionite warriors and cavalry.

Youngbloods are apprentice warriors sons and daughters of war leaders, or peasants and followers hoping to be elevated to the ranks of bondsman and be allowed to join the Tribal Warriors. The poorer farmers that cannot afford swords and armour are recruited into the ranks of slingers. The slings are relatively inexpensive and are often constructed by the warriors themselves.

Youngbloods who are hoping to share in the glory and riches of their conquests are often sent out ahead of the main battle line to draw out enemy forces, before scuttling back to safety. These missile troops are essential in battle. They are used to skirmish in front of the fully-fledged troops, harassing the enemy from afar, disrupting the enemy's advance and giving eager youngsters a taste of battle. Such troops are a nuisance that enemy commanders can ill afford to ignore, but are easily dispatched if caught by trained warriors. If heavily armed warriors or cavalry catch them then they are almost certainly doomed, so they tend to retreat once battle is joined.

The Youngblood is a stealthy model, prone to subtlety and cunning. While imposing figures, they are not as powerful as their warrior brothers and have adapted an art of war to suit their limitations. Usually armed with leathered slings, these warriors have taken their Clan

hunting technique and perfected it in battle conditions, allowing them to sneak up on an enemy and unleash a volley of death bringing missiles into their midst.

Youngbloods need to prove themselves as warriors, and their fellows sometimes taunt them that they are unproven youths not yet ready to move on to real weapons. This can make them very self-conscious, and most learn to handle themselves more than adequately in melee combat to make up for this alleged lack.



Youngbloods adventure for the same reason any other warrior does to gain loot and renown. They can be very useful, particularly if the opposition does not expect any missile capability beyond the occasional javelin. The combat technique of the Albionite skirmishers privileges discretion and attacks from a distance. They handle their javelins and slings with great skill and use them to wound their opponents before finishing them off in hand-to-hand combat.

Unlike the skirmishers of other armies, Albionite chieftains treat their skirmishers as a valuable resource, not to be squandered needlessly on suicidal shielding missions for the better quality troops. Once battle is joined the skirmishers usually retreat to a safe distance where they're ready to slow down enemy flankers or stragglers.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Youngblood	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6
Shaothrú	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Skirmishers, War Fury.

THE STAG'S ANTLERS

According to Albionite legend, Carnun turned himself into a stag one day to seduce Danu. Ever since, the antlers of this animal has been the symbol of royalty among the Albionites. It sometimes happens that a Druid manages to attract the Goddess's attention to a particularly valiant war chief.





HUNTERS

The Hunters form a separate caste within the clan. This is because of their dual role within the tribe. They are at once hunters and fighters and thus belong neither to the laborious class nor to the warrior class. However they do mainly make up a warrior elite of which the talents as scouts and fighters have allowed numerous battles to be won.

The bow, once reserved for hunting, is now a weapon of war among the Albionites. Some of the warriors continue to regard it as a weapon of a coward. Others remember the pain of their brothers chopped up by volleys of arrows before the fighting began. The Albionites have the sense of honour, but they are resilient: only the living can worry about honour.

In times of peace, the Hunter is chiefly responsible for the gathering of the tribes' meat. He will range far into the wilds looking for prey for the tribe, often alone and sometimes in the company of trained animals or Slingers. A Hunter in war is a savage opponent, given to terrible fits of rage and capable of great feats of ferocity. A Hunter is never a welcome sight unless he is part of your tribe.

In addition to his considerable skills, a Hunter is also a cunning trainer of a Clan's animals. A Hunter is usually seen in the company of the powerful Hawks he has trained for the tribe's defence. While they are frequently seen with him, he seems able to command them great distances as well. Tales

tell of roaming packs of War Hawks that seem to know what they are supposed to do even while their Hunter is preoccupied with his own killing.

Warhawks are specially trained predatory birds that some Hunters breed. The higher peaks of the mountains are dangerous for Hounds, but pose no problems for the winged attack birds of the Albionites. Warhawks are usually trained to act in small groups called "flights" and assume the same roles in the community that a pack of Warhounds would. Because of their speed, Warhawks are able messengers and easily capable of passing along information from Hunter to Hunter.

Once Warhawks training is complete it is taken to the Wyrd Druid who adorns it with a Woad inscribed tether and fashions the small raptor claws that the bird will use in defence of its people. These wicked blades are incredibly sharp and the Warhawks have been trained to attack the uncovered areas of an opponent. Many a foe has found its eyes the target of a warhawk's talon claws and because of this threat the wearing of helms has become common practice on Albion.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hunter	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7
Tracker	4	3	5	3	3	1	3	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: War Fury, Skirmishers, Scouts.

War Hawks: Each Hunter may use his War Hawk in addition to another missile weapon during the start of the Shooting phase. Each War Hawk can be directed against any enemy unit within line of sight, regardless of range. The enemy unit must take a Weapon Skill test for each War Hawk targeting them; if failed, the unit takes a Strength 3 Hit.



THE ROYAL HUNT

Hunting is very popular among the Albionites, especially when Fimir are the quarry. This sport is relished all across the land. The greatest hunts are organised after the inauguration of a new chieftain. Druids, friends and warriors will all be part of the hunting party, but the King must ensure he makes the most impressive kill. It is important to show himself as the greatest warrior among them. He must be the best.

Typically a hunt consists of twenty to thirty mounted hunters, sixty to eighty hounds, and forty to fifty footmen to assist with beating, tracking and general support. Often the footmen will be left far behind if the hunt pursues a particularly swift quarry.

The Hunt need not reserve itself to Fimir; any beast can be pursued along the way, so long as the ultimate prey is not lost. Creatures crossing the path of the hunt are portents for the future of the King and the country under his rule. The signs are very ambiguous, and often have multiple meanings to be decided by the Druids.

WAR HOUNDS

The people of Albion are very close to nature, which is not surprising as the country's religion is nature dominant. Young warriors of Albion who display an affinity with animals are encouraged by the local Druids to enter into the service of the hunters. These warriors are superlative trackers and hunters. They undergo instruction from the Druids as part of their training and special bonds are created between them.

The tribes of Albion are noted for cross-breeding large and powerful mastiffs with wolves to create lethal wardogs. These have all the aggression and strength of wolves, but are capable of being trained and domesticated. Hunters often go into battle with their hounds; these dogs not only enhance their tracking skills but are formidable fighters too. Many a Hunter owes his life to the tenacity and ferocity of their hound.

THE THEFT OF THE HOUNDS

It is said that at one time the Fianna warriors were more famed for the quality of their hounds than their horses, particularly two fine specimens, Bran and Skolan. Today though their horses are the envy of the tribes of the Earth Goddess, whereas the large mastiff-wolf-cross dogs of the old days are now found throughout northern Albion. This all stems back to a fateful hunt between the Fianna and a royal party of the Fir Domain which took place during a brief interlude of peace many hundreds of years ago.

A young prince called Arthyr, son of the Fir Domain king, took a fancy to Bran and Skolan and stole them from the Fianna during the hunt, drawing them off then capturing them with heavy nets. The Fianna inevitably pursued, and after a fierce battle with many dead on both sides the Fir Domain king sued for peace with the Fianna warriors. As part of the settlement, Bran and Skolan were returned to the Fianna, though Arthyr was permitted to breed a litter of puppies from them on a pair of powerful mastiffs of his own. In return he had to give over the prize horses of Albion to the Fianna, a chestnut mare and grey stallion of exceptional quality.

From the puppies of Bran and Skolan sprang the war dogs of the Fir Domain, and later through captures in war and trickery the war dogs of the Tribe of the Shadows and Sessair as well. From the chestnut mare and grey stallion came the steeds of all the Fianna, and these are guarded with great care, for the Fianna are determined not to let other tribes breed from these superb horses as they bred from the Fianna's dogs.

In the wildlands there are groups of dogs that are trained and bred by the clans for more than just companionship. The War Hounds of the Albionites are raised in packs to help the tribe not only gather food and maintain vigilant security, but to wage war as well. Trained by the clan's Hunters, War Hounds are a common sight in the wildlands. While they are tended to by the whole tribe, it is with the Hunter that the Hounds share a special bond. The Hunters, more than any other Clansman, seems to be able to communicate with the Hounds on a deeper level and it is he who will take packs of them to gather food for the tribe.

The Hounds are perfect for carrying messages between clans and Hunters frequently share messages and transfer small parcels this way. Because a War Hound has such perfect hearing and a keen sense of smell, it will easily detect the approach of stealthy adversaries. They are frequently kept in open kennels around the perimeter of the Albionite settlements ever watchful of dangers and threats to their human masters.

In times of war these wolfhounds are deliberately starved before to make them all fiercer, before being gathered into slaving packs and are used to supplement the cavalry, screening attacks and harassing vulnerable enemy flanks. They are trained to target the hamstrings of their foes, making them quite a threat to lightly armoured targets.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
War Hound	7	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5
Handler	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

TROOP TYPE: War Beast (War Hound), Infantry (Handler).

SPECIAL RULES: Expendable, Mixed Unit, War Fury (Handlers only).



AONBARR HORSE WARRIORS

Wealthier warriors prefer to ride their steeds into battle. Aonbarr Horse Warriors favour horses over the more common chariots as transport. This is due to the versatility of the horse when not on the roads of Albion, which do not extend far into the isle in any case, and also due to the sheer speed of a horse that is not too over-burdened by pulling a chariot.

Riding swift horses which often bear Woad paint, the Aonbarr Horse Warriors are an honoured addition to any clan. Awarded a swift horse and the other accolades that accompany such a promotion, the warrior that becomes an Aonbarr Horse Warrior is looked upon as a natural born leader. He will drive his horse headlong into the enemy, its powerful hooves shattering jaws and arms all while he cleaves into the enemy with his blessed Sword of Dawn.

The Sword of Dawn is one of the four badges of office an Aonbarr Warrior receives at his naming ceremony. This blade is fashioned by the blacksmiths of the tribe and blessed by their King. The other badges of his post are: the horse he selects for his mount, the helm that adorns his brow and the brand he accepts on his right palm, a brand that seals his allegiance to his King and Tribe.

Aonbarr Horse Warriors are out to win fame for their martial prowess in the service of the Goddess. They live for adventuring, spending all their time fighting mighty monsters and tribal enemies to hone their already powerful combat skills to a lethal edge. It is rare indeed that they will turn down any opportunity to cover themselves in glory, however perilous the task.



Aonbarr Horse Warriors are usually arrogant beyond belief, even in comparison to the proverbial pride of typical Albion fighters. This is almost inevitable, considering that they sincerely believe themselves to be the very best of the best, the elite warriors of the tribes of Albion. Their constant drive to prove themselves mightier, more frightening, and simply better than anyone else can become tiresome after a while.

Aonbarr Horse Warriors are fast, manoeuvrable, heavy hitting units. The horsemen of the eastern coasts of Albion favour a breed of heavy warhorse that is nearly as fierce as a giant wolf. In battle Aonbarr Horse Warriors riders are armed with cavalry variants of Albionite hand weapons, to run down enemy units in particularly devastating charges.



Aonbarr Horse Warriors fulfil important strategic as well tactical roles on the battlefield. They offer great speed and manoeuvrability over foot soldiers and act as excellent flank troops. Combined with the ferocity of their warhorses they can also make as shock troops towards weaker foes. These cavalrymen are as excitable as their counterparts from any other nation, but are not a particularly disciplined force on the battlefield. However, they can be used for scouting, for ambushes, for cutting down fleeing enemy troops. These brave warriors ride down their enemies beneath the iron shod hooves of their sturdy mounts.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Aonbarr	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	8
Marcach	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Fast Cavalry, War Fury.

THE TOTEM OF THE MATRAE

The Totem is the stylized representation of the Matrae, the three aspects of Danu under her respective attributes. The child bearing belly symbolizes Blodeuwedd, goddess of life and nature. The horns are the mark of the beast associated to Morrighu, the goddess of war. And finally the mask is a mortuary emblem evoking the presence on the battlefield of Ceridwen, the one who walks among the shadows.

CHARIOTS

Although most tribal warriors learn at least the basics of driving a chariot, the charioteer has no parallel in either his loyalty for his chosen warrior or his mastery of chariot battle tactics. Devoting his life to driving one warrior's chariot, the charioteer soon becomes almost as feared and renowned as his passenger, even if the latter is a mighty hero. His expert control of his horses allows him to perform manoeuvres with his chariot that seem impossible to onlookers, and he becomes adept at driving his chariot into the heart of a raging battle to rescue his chosen warrior from danger. As for his chariot scythes, they can reap a red ruin straight through a seething mass of enemy warriors. This staggering mastery of chariot driving is what has rendered the chariots of the tribes one of the most feared sights on any battlefield on Albion.

One of the closest bonds imaginable in Albion is that between a warrior and his charioteer. It is quite common for a charioteer to refuse to work for anyone else, even if his warrior is dead or banished. Likewise, a warrior who is used to one particular charioteer will find it difficult to work with another. The degree of mutual trust between charioteer and warrior is almost supernatural, with each trusting the other to do his job perfectly and bring both of them through any battle alive and victorious.

The great plains are home to regular chariot races, and an astute charioteer can make a good living here as a racer. Chariot racers are often tempted away from the races by the prospect of glory and booty as a charioteer

for a noble warrior. Those who prefer to stay in and race often find themselves mixed up in various scams or quarrels revolving around the races themselves.

Chariot racers are often a breed apart, spending more time grooming their horses and polishing their chariots than interacting with other people. Those who do deign to socialise with their fellows are usually inordinately proud; especially if they are particularly renowned racers, or have taken on work as the charioteer of a famous hero.

Albionite chariots also act as war platforms for champions. Mighty steeds pull these carriages of polished bronze and bright steel with wheels inset with cruel curving scythes, posing a dire threat to any force too close to its passing. Chariots are awesome machines in close combat, capable of cutting great swathes though enemy units and quickly delivering the champion to the thick of the fighting. Proud warriors bedeck these engines of war hurling taunts and goading their enemies to engage them in mortal combat. The chariot is controlled by a seated driver who is responsible for its maintenance, the care of the mounts, and the provisioning of its rider. The chariot is usually manned by a warrior who is proficient in the use of javelins as he will unleash them into his enemies as the chariot moves across the battlefield. Only the bravest of adversaries would stand their ground to face the thundering onslaught. A Chariot is a fast moving killing machine, which the Albionites uses to great effectiveness when the terrain and weather permit. Albion's chariots are of a lighter and more nimble construction than others, which enables them greater speed but sacrifices durability.

In chariot fighting, the Albionites drive all over the field hurling javelins, and generally the terror inspired by the horses and the noise of the chariot wheels is sufficient to throw their opponents' ranks into disorder. Then the noble warriors jump down and engage the enemy on foot. In the meantime the charioteers retire a short distance and place their chariots in such a position that their masters, if hard pressed, have an easy means of retreat. By daily training and practice they attain such proficiency that even on a steep slope they are able to control the horses at full gallop, and check and turn them in a moment. They can run along the chariot pole, stand on the yoke, and get back into the chariot quick as lightning.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chariot	7	-	-	4	4	3	-	-	-
Charioteer	-	4	3	3	-	-	3	1	8
Chariot Master	-	4	3	3	-	-	3	2	8
Warhorse	-	3	0	3	-	-	3	1	-

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 6+).

SPECIAL RULES: War Fury.

HEARTHGUARD

Hearthguard are the military aristocracy of Albion. These are handpicked by the nobles from the pool of bondsmen for their martial abilities. They are retained by the nobles, which allows them to focus all their energies in training in the arts of war. Unlike Tribal Warriors, they tend to have no profession or skill that is not directly related to war. The Hearthguard are full time warriors, often being assigned the most precious duties and tasks. A select group of these men always act as guardians over the clan's Chieftains while others take up patrols across their territory or garrison their strategic places. Every tribe maintains a core of Hearthguard to lead everything from war parties to cattle raids. All Hearthguard are accorded special respect wherever they go, if not for their honour then at least for fear of their quick tempers and deadly fighting prowess.

Hearthguard are generally right in the thick of every conflict taking place on Albion. If still with a tribe, they will find themselves almost constantly on duty, whether dealing with fog beasts and monsters wandering out from the swamps and moors, repelling a Fimir invasion or attacking a neighbouring tribe. Exiled and renegade Hearthguard often seem to attract danger and trouble by their very presence, with other would-be toughs wanting to prove themselves in mortal combat with them, and other influential types constantly cajoling or forcing them to do a variety of perilous tasks.

Hearthguard usually back the status quo very strongly, since they benefit from the same kinds of privilege and status that Druids and bards do. Thus they are generally at least sympathetic to the Druid religion. Hearthguard from other lands tend to have a similar respect for their own priesthood. In any case, like warriors and soldiers throughout history and like almost everyone on Albion, they are at least superstitious even if not actively religious.



Hearthguard from the tribes tend to have been born to the role and sent away to military training at a young age to learn fighting skills. These tribes draw no distinction between nobles and elite warriors; if you are expert with the sword and axe, you are accorded almost as much respect as the king. A few Hearthguard may be of more humble origins, but once they have completed their training they might just as well have been born into the elite. Regardless of their origin, all tend to consider themselves above tribal warriors because of their lengthy specialist training in all the arts of war.

The Hearthguard's main duty is the defence of Albion. Unlike the ordinary tribal warriors, they can rarely be found on cattle raids into their rivals' territories. It is felt that protecting the land and its people from the raids of other tribes, the attacks of the Fimir, and the plundering of the Norse, is far more important than showing off one's supposed valour by stealing a few cows.



Every Chieftain on Albion has their own personal guard, the chosen of the warriors who have proven their skill in battle over the years and given the very best weapons and armour to protect their lords. The Hearthguard are sworn to defend the body of their tribal king or queen and would gladly give their lives in defence of them. They can be counted upon in the direst of circumstances to hold their lines and slice through the enemy. However, these men are not always as loyal as they seem, as all men crave power and their charge often has it. The elite warriors of the tribe, the Hearthguard are unfortunately just as poor at following orders as anyone else – even more so, in fact, since they feel the need to prove their prowess in battle.

They disdain the use of heavy armour, preferring light armour and shields or heavy two-handed swords and axes to cut down swathes of enemy foes that dare to stand before the armies of the Goddess. Armed with these massive weapons, the Hearthguard are an imposing sight on the battlefield, capable of cutting huge swathes through an enemy in a tireless attack of sinew and steel. When a Hearthguard warband takes to the field of battle, they are almost always accompanied by a horn blower and standard bearer. On those rare times these troops are missing, it is usually because of a recent, as yet replaced, death. The Hearthguard prize these warband positions highly and superstitiously cling to their presence as a sign of their favour in the eyes of their patron.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hearthguard	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8
Oathsworn	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Stubborn, War Fury.

SWORDMAIDENS

The Albionite society gives the same rights to the men and women. The law of the tribe is neither stricter nor more lenient towards one or the other of the two sexes. It is traditional in Albion's society for females to hold honorary warrior positions. Many women among the Albionites are as fierce and hardy as the menfolk, and the women gain just as much respect as the men in combat. Amongst the warriors of Albion, women fight alongside their men and are some of the fiercest fighters, making up what they lack in strength with pure ferocity. The Swordmaidens form a caste of warriors that is extremely respected by all members of the clan.

The Swordmaidens are chosen for their martial abilities from the ranks of warriors. They are often as well-trained and well-armed as the warriors of other tribes, learning advanced combat techniques with their preferred arms and coming from much the same military aristocratic background as Hearthguard. These fighters are not only formidable in combat; they also play a primordial role in the warriors' education. They are the heiresses of Morrighu, the war goddess of the Albionites, and as such it is they that instruct the art of war to the fighters.

The Swordmaidens follow the same path as Morrighu and choose to follow the High King in all things. They are dedicated to his vision and serve their Ard-Ri with a similar devotion. Traveling their lands in small warbands, these warrior women keep very strong ties with their clan and are superior mothers and wives when they are not on patrol or tending to the Tribes business. Though the call of family is important to these women, it does not compromise their devotion to the High King and they are always the first to charge into battle in his name.

Swordmaidens can be found everywhere there is blood to be shed and honour to be gained. Many spend their time in Bol-a-Hat, regarding it as their duty to defend the village at all costs. Others roam Albion, seeking out fell beasts to slay and mighty deeds to perform. The Swordmaiden goes adventuring to test herself against new foes, honing her already expert weapons skills to perfection. She may also wish to seek out other experts with the sword to see if they are willing to teach her any new tricks. Their skill with the blade can make them a powerful addition to any army.

The typical Swordmaidens is determined to prove herself as capable in battle, and delights in showing off her combat prowess. Many Swordmaidens are determined to join an all-women band of true Swordmaidens at the earliest opportunity. Few Swordmaidens have anything to prove where men are concerned – as far as the Swordmaiden can see, men are simply inferior in war – and often, this is true.

The Swordmaidens wield two-handed swords made from the keenest steel, with pommels inset with precious gems. Emblazoned with the monarch's device, the blade serves as their badge of office. Training from a very early age with the typical great sword, she disdains other arms and has an almost mystical relationship with her blade.

A unit of Swordmaidens charging into battle is an awesome sight indeed, wailing their battle cry, ready to strike. They delight in hurling themselves into battle. They will try just about anything once, whether a quest, voyage, treasure-hunt, or divine mission. Swordmaidens enjoy the feeling that there is little or nothing they cannot achieve, and in many cases they may well be right, too. Swordmaidens live to do battle and will never back down from a challenge.

Of the woman that take the oath of Swordmaiden, there are those amongst their number what are accorded particular honour for their skills and dedication. In a ceremony presided over by the High King himself, the Swordmistress in a testament to her kind. She is a warrior of consummate ability and everyone who sees her torc of honour affords her great deference. A Swordmistress is not known for her way with people and as result she prefers to keep to her own, living a life in service to her King and her Tribe.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Swordmaiden	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	8
Swordmistress	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Devastating Charge, War Fury, Woad Paint.



DRUID NEOPHYTES

The Druids are in tune with the mother goddess. Danu instilled in them an intuitive understanding of the workings of creation. There is no fixed structure to enrolling as an apprentice Druid. Neophytes are chosen from amongst the brightest of Albion's children to learn the secret ways of the Druid. Although being a long way from being an accomplished Druid, these men and women have started to master the mystical ways and the battlefield is as good a place as any to hone their skills. Many Druids are chosen when they show aptitude for the role as a child, though more join as adults, some because they seek wisdom, others because the path of the Druid is one of high status and privilege. It takes around twenty years to become a fully-fledged Druid; it is a long and hard apprenticeship.

Druid Neophytes are sent to the Great Ogham for appraisal by the heads of the Druidic order. Many return having only had a brief audience. There are a few, however, that stay and undergo the secret instructions in rituals and the mysteries. Little is known of what rites take place since no one speaks of what goes on in those sacred myrtle groves. Druids are sworn to secrecy on pain of some terrible forfeit, worse than death itself some say.

Druids conduct their rituals usually within scared groves of oak and myrtle. These are quiet places away from human settlements and are marked by menhirs, great pillars of stone carved with the spiralling runes of the Druids.



The knowledge they acquire is known as Ecne. They learn about the stars, the universe and the gods. They believe in the immortality of the soul, reincarnation and that debts can be repaid in the afterlife. The Druids acquire Ecne by the rituals of the black wheat. They travel to otherworldly realms learning the secrets of the universe and the ways of the Goddess, fathoming the depths and truths of creation.

Neophytes also fight in battle, armed with sickle swords or bladed staffs. Empowered by gifts from the Goddess, Druids Neophytes are formidable units on the battlefield. Although they do not excel at hand-to-hand combat they have other skills and weapons at their disposal. Skilled in the art of nature magic, they have learned many spells to not only bolster their allied forces, but cause havoc and disruption amongst the enemy forces.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Druid Neophyte	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	8
Draidecht	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: War Fury, Skirmishers.

Druidic Rites: *Albionite Druids can call upon Danu to grant them temporary powers over nature.*

A unit of Druid Neophytes is considered to be a Level 2 Wizard that knows the spells *Awakening of the Wood* and *Shield of Thorns* from the Lore of Life. This doesn't stop other Wizards from knowing those same spells. The unit receives an additional +1 to cast for For every 5 models of Druid Neophytes in the unit, to a maximum of +3. Each time the unit casts a spell, you must nominate one Druid Neophyte or Draidecht as the caster for the purposes of line of sight, range, etc. In the event that a Druid Neophyte unit rolls a miscast, do not roll on the Miscast table. Instead, the unit suffers D3 Wounds which Ignores Armour saves. If the unit is targeted by a rule that affects a Wizard, your opponent must choose one Druid Neophyte or Draidecht as the target.

BEWITCHMENT OF THE GESAS

The Druids are specialised in the production of Gesas, little ritual objects giving certain magic properties to their bearer. A Gesa's power largely depends on the Druid that made it. Each of their production methods is among the clans' biggest secrets. Every tribe closely guards the secret of Gesa production. The only way to get Gesas us by becoming a Druid, or by having two tribes form an alliance or confront each other.



WARRIORS OF DANU

Warp-spasms are a special gift from the Earth Goddess, and so in general only the Albionites have any chance of having them at all. At one time, most of the heroes of the Albionite tribes had warp-spasms, the most famous among them being Cuchulainn himself. Such times are only legends now, and very few warriors are able to warp the power of the Goddess through their bodies. Those who can, the Warped Ones, are not entirely human, though they may not know it.

Warped ones are a sub-race of humans, descended from ancient matings between powerful beast folk and humans. Over the thousands of years since the beast folk died out, their blood has run thinner and thinner in humanity, so that now only a small number of true warped ones are left. Almost all are born into one of the Albionite tribes. Indeed, most of the ordinary members of the tribes have a little Warped One blood flowing through their veins, though not enough that they might be considered a true Warped One. The main difference between Warped Ones and ordinary humans is their ability to warp the magical power of the land through their bodies, causing them to swell and warp out of shape into monstrous new forms.

During their training among the clan's fighters, all young warriors learn above all to channel the energies to make the War Fury rise in them. The Albionites call this savagery "Morrigu's Blood", referring to their goddess of war. Every year, during a ritual feast celebrating Danu, the best warriors of all Albionite tribes confront each other blindfolded in honour of their goddess. They wish to show off their bravery and strength, but they also crave for the greatest of honours; to become one of Danu's lovers. The Priestesses of Danu then select the warriors in which they have detected "Danu's Blood", meaning those who are true Warped Ones. Only those that are victorious in these trials are given the honour of being chosen by the

Goddess and becoming Earth Lovers. This divine gift's power is such in these warriors, that the War Fury can make the Spasm of Fury appear in them, which is a state of murderous madness so extreme that the fighter's body undergoes incredible metamorphoses. These elite warriors are transformed by this symbolic union: consumed by Spasms of Fury, their bodies are torn and twisted and become true wild beasts animated by a pure spirit of vengeance. They will, from then on, live apart from their families and tribes. They will never fight the same way any more for they will be consumed by the Spasm of Fury.



The Warriors of Danu, known for their violent, bloody work and the nature of the test that must be passed to join, is composed of the most honoured warriors of each tribe. The Warriors of Danu are feared throughout Albion for their unparalleled mastery of the Albionites' lethal battle feats, and for their notoriously short tempers and extreme concern for their own honour.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warrior of Danu	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8
Spasm Warrior	4	5	3	5	4	1	5	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Skirmishers, War Fury, Woad Paint.

Spasms of Fury: At the start of each round of close combat they are involved in, Warriors of Danu may take a Leadership test. If successful, the entire unit will use the Spasm Warrior profile and gain the Frenzy and Hatred special rules for the duration of the close combat phase.

IDOL OF DANU

When the anger is too great, when the spasms of fury invade the warriors' body and mind to the point of prohibiting him any hope of return, it sometimes happens that he loses his humanity and remains a prisoner in his bestial form. Most of the time the uncontrollable berserk has to be put to death by his own brothers. Yet some Druids are able to channel this rage and open the doors of his mind to give the fight enough lucidity for him to distinguish his friends from his foes. Such fighters are rare and are considered the favourites of Danu.

Strengthened by this particular bond, the often wear amulets blessed by the Druids to attract their goddess's attention to themselves.



VIRIDIAN LORDS

There comes a time when a warrior has seen his share of battles and is gripped with a weariness of the soul that he cannot shake. The Truthsayers call this the "Comach" and when a warrior develops it his time among his people is nearing an end. The Earth Goddess knows too well the price that war exacts on her children and she has an honoured place for them that have paid the price for their Tribe. In a private ceremony attended by the warrior's family and the Wyrd Druid, the warrior is made ready to take the next step in his journey and know the peace and love of the Earth Mother.

With the blessing of the Tribal Wyrd Druid the consecrated warrior will bid his farewells to friends and family and journey to the closest Sacred Grove. Sometimes this journey can take weeks though he will make it alone. Once there, he will take one last look at his lands and at the heavens and enter the towering copse of black trees, never to return.

Here, deep within the arms of the Goddess the warrior will find a comfortable place to lay his head and he will at last rest, the Comach finally leaving him. His body will slowly be absorbed into the earth and he will rest here, cradled in the arms of the Earth Mother until called upon to defend his people again. When this happens, he will emerge from the earth, refreshed and part of all things around him, seeking to aid his people however he can. Whether called upon by the Truthsayers or directed by the will of the Goddess, a warrior who undergoes this ritual is forever after a Viridian Lord, a Chosen of the Goddess, her Verdant Guard.



As with all things, ones action echo throughout eternity, reminding all who have come before and will come after what you have achieved. When a particularly valiant and noble soul is overcome with the Comach, he too takes the sleep of the Goddess. When called upon again to serve, he is returned as a Viridian Lord Champion, the pinnacle of his brethren, the Verdant Champion of the Goddess.



A powerful body house his recharged spirit, a body born of the Earth and attuned to its every tremor. A Champion does not command other Viridian Lords; its status is more a reflection of its past deeds. As such, Champions act autonomously though all their kind holds a Truthsayer in the highest regard, often conferring upon them secret pieces of wisdom passed to them by the Goddess.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Viridian Lord	4	5	3	4	4	1	4	2	9
Viridian Champion	4	5	3	4	4	1	4	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Flammable, Regeneration (4+), Skirmishers, Unstable, War Fury.

UNLIVING

Not all Albionites live to feel the weight of the Comach. Some die too early, cut down with some great desire still left unfulfilled. These warriors go to their grave with restless spirits, unable to continue the cycle of rebirth that is their legacy. The Faliens looks eagerly for these souls and returns them to the lands of the living for their own purposes.

Urged on by the pain and shame they bore with them to the grave, the Unliving shamble about the battlefields eager to spill blood. Whatever powers used to bring these warriors back from the dead has made them dark and vindictive, more than mindless zombies but less than tormented souls.

PIXIE SWARMS

On a magical land such as Albion fey creatures thrive. Perhaps the best-known and most elusive of all fey creatures, Pixies live in the deepest, most pristine forests, swamps and marshes on Albion, but their insatiable curiosity often leads them far from home. They scavenge off the tribes as an efficient way of living and love nothing more than to irritate humans. Such nuisances are often nothing more than that – nuisances. Pixies tend to blow out candles, feed the fire of a soup cauldron until the soup starts boiling over or waking up toddlers in the middle of the night. Fortunately, their nasty tricks rarely seriously harm anyone. Like many other scavengers they are malicious and childish, though they display a fair degree of intelligence which has emerged since the coming of chaos. Most Pixies stand just over five inches tall; though they typically fly about the eye level of creatures they're conversing with in order to maintain eye contact. Pixies talk quickly and easily become overexcited.

Pixies are magical beings who mostly keep to themselves, but in times of dire needs will gather together and follow the armies of Albion under the guidance of the Truthsayers. One of the most marvellous spectacles a mortal can witness in the Warhammer World is the Pixies' gathering for war. Hundreds if not thousands of the little creatures join together, following the magical call of a faraway Truthsayer and scurry along paths unseen to others towards their goal. Such a mass of magical creatures

brings with it also a great amount of magical energy. Thus all the little beings and the paths they've taken shine bright of magic, whether it's night or day does not matter. Sparkling in indefinite colours, the spectacle is a truly awesome sight to behold. Man and beast alike are befuddled by this rare display of raw magic and stop their chores and whatever they were after.

Strange beings both of and beyond the natural world, Pixies have magic that occasionally favours them in strange ways. This tiny, whimsical-looking humanoid darts about swiftly on wildly coloured gossamer wings. Spreading a magical dust around them, they can befuddle enemies looking right upon them, causing them to stumble aimlessly forward, transfixed by the magic.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Pixies	1	3	3	1	1	8	5	10	8

TROOP TYPE: Swarm.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly (6), Ward Save (5+).

Befuddling Glamour: All enemy units within 12" and with line of sight to one or more units of Pixies at the start of their turn must take a Psychology test. If failed, the unit is transfixed by their magic and must move straight towards them, following all the rules for Stupidity.



"Blue paint. I remember that the most, I do. His blue inkings. Well, that and his thing, of course. See, this fellow was passing through the village I was trading in, not the biggest market, it being out of the way and all, but the Stout Boar is as fine a tavern as you'd ever want. Anyway, this young traveller was covered in the most intricate blue marks I'd ever seen. I've been to Marienburg, so I know a thing or two about sailor tattoos, but the symbols that adorned that one put them all to shame. He had this... thing with him. It was taller than a draft horse and covered about in a stained robe that could barely contain it. Fortunately, he had it wait out in a stable, or there would've been trouble. Why, as it was, some of the locals were fixing to send him on his way. Fortunately for them, his calm words talked them out of it. Yes, I said them and me, too, for that matter. See, that night foul Beastmen attacked the village and the blue inked wanderer and his, er, travelling companion, put them to rout almost by themselves. Why, I even saw the thing uproot a tree and impale a bull-headed creature with it!"

- Joachim, Peddler



CENTAURS

The terrifying children of the goddess Danu, the Centaurs roam the plains of Albion at the sides of the Albionites. Ready to fight in the name of their ideals, they are the symbols of fierce and limitless freedom. According to Albionite mythology, the Centaurs are the last beings, along with the Giants, to have been created by the goddess Danu. These half-human, half-horse creatures are among the most feared fighters of Albion. In spite of their imposing size, the Centaurs don't only rely on brute force. On the other hand, they handle their mighty axes with a remarkable dexterity, using them as projectile weapons as well as in hand-to-hand combat.

Legendary hunters and skilled warriors, Centaurs are part man and part horse. Typically found on the fringes of civilization, these stoic people vary widely in appearance, their skin tones typically appearing deeply tanned but similar to the humans who occupy nearby regions, while their lower bodies borrow the colorations of local equines. Centaur hair and eyes trend toward darker colours and their features tend to be broad, while the overall bulk of their bodies is influenced by the size of the horses their lower quarters resemble. Thus, while an average centaur stands over

seven feet tall and weighs upward of two thousand pounds, there are vast regional variations – from lean plains-runners to burly mountain hunters.

Aloof with other races and at odds even with their own kind, the Centaurs are an old race only slowly coming to accept the modern world. While the majority of Centaurs still live in tribes roaming vast plains or the fringes of eldritch forests, many have abandoned the isolationist ways of their ancestors to walk among the humans of Albion. Often such free-spirited Centaurs are considered outcasts and are shunned by their own tribes, making the decision to leave a heavy one. In some rare cases, however, whole tribes under progressive leaders have come to trade or make alliances with humans or Elves. Many races remain wary of centaurs, though, largely due to legends of territorial beastmen and the regular, violent encounters the Centaurs have with stubborn settlers and expansionist factions.

Their overall organization of the Centaurs is tribal, with a tribe divided into family groups living together in harmony. The lairs are located deep within the forests, and consist of a large, hidden glade and pasture with a good supply of running water.

Centaurs survive through a mixture of hunting, foraging, fishing, agriculture and trade. Though they shun dealings with humans, Centaurs have been known to trade with the High Elves for food and wine. The Elves are paid from the group treasury, which comes from the booty of slain monsters.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Centaur	8	4	3	4	4	1	4	2	8
Centaur Chief	8	4	3	4	4	1	4	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Fast Cavalry, War Fury.

According to legend, Baal has not always been a Centaur. He was once the son of Lochnan of the Faliens. They say he lost his humanity while bringing down a Fimir Daemonomaniac whose evil aura sealed Baal's destiny with that of his mount. That day, Baal saved his people and this feat should have let him claim leadership of the clan. But the law of the Albionites prohibits anyone with a physical imperfection from becoming king. Baal bowed to the law without objection. Yet his desire to lead was too strong, so he left to join a herd of Centaurs to defy his chief.



FENBEASTS

The land of Albion is steeped in magic. The Ogham stones draw magical energy to the isle, and the soil, rocks, plants and even the fog, air and rain are saturated with this. The Truthsayers and Dark Emissaries can harness this energy in a number of ways, either harnessing it through the Ogham circles or drawing it in its raw state from the air and ground itself. One such way these wizards of Albion use this magical energy is to summon forth the elemental monsters known as Fenbeasts.

Albion is riddled with marshes and bogs, and many creatures founder whilst trying to cross them, being dragged down to a murky grave. At such places the mystical forces of Albion gather, drawn by death. When a person dies, it is said that their soul is trapped in the fens, unable to escape. At these places a wizard can perform certain rituals to summon forth that trapped spirit. A fist-sized stone inscribed with magical Ogham symbols is dropped in the mire at the place of the soul. A ritual involving the blood of the summoner binds the soul, the magic and the marsh as one, giving the wailing, insane spirit a form. The Fenbeast then bursts forth from its muddy grave, the Ogham stone pulsating with energy at its centre. These creatures are totally without their own will, instead they are driven forth by the mind of their creator, to do their bidding.

Formed from mud and the detritus of the marshes, rotting vegetation, swamp mud, and the bones of men who have drowned in marshes, Fenbeasts are not living creatures in any true sense. The resulting monstrosity is roughly the size of a troll and vaguely humanoid in form, with two legs, two arms, and a small head atop its hulking body. An unmistakable air of death and decay surrounds these creatures. They feel no pain and can reshape themselves to reform limbs that have been blown or chopped off. So hardy is a Fenbeast that it can withstand the strike from a cannonball, reforming its sodden flesh around the wound and even re-growing limbs, should the need arise. They have an elemental strength, drawing power from the ground beneath them to smash the enemy with fists as powerful as battering rams. They are without emotion, fearless beasts which will not stop as long as their master's will endures. They are unnatural creatures that reek of stagnant marshes and have the touch of the grave about them. Fenbeasts, being all but devoid of will, are not imaginative opponents, but this can change with a skilled handler.

"It smelled of decay. Like stagnant water or loam from a foul bog. It didn't walk so much as roll forward, rancid sludge continually dripping from its hide, corrupting the ground were it walked. Peter soiled himself and ran at the sight of it. I've never thought the less of him for it; most of the strength left my limbs when what passed for its gaze fell upon me. Still, I managed to get in a swipe or two, but my sword had about as much effect as it would have if I poked it into a swamp. It wasn't until Thiokol gave it a taste of his warhammer that it really took notice of us. It killed four men before we took it down. Even when it was on the ground, it kept trying to get back up. Only when Diehl stuck a length of fine Tilean steel through its master's backside did it stop twitching."

- Leonard, Mercenary

Such is the durability of the Fenbeast that the only thing preventing its widespread use by wizards and sorcerers is the immense magical energy needed to create one out of the living earth and keep it functioning. Away from a site of magical power, a Fenbeast will last scant minutes before consuming all the eldritch energy and crumbling to mud and rotten ruin once again. Of course, once a storm of magic descends upon the world, a Fenbeast's appetites are easily maintained, even by a sorcerer of little skill and less learning. Though, as with all magical constructs, a misspoken word in the Fenbeast's binding can prove quite fatal to its erstwhile master – as a direct conduit to the winds of magic, a wizard can serve as a most adequate meal for a famished Fenbeast.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Fenbeast	5	3	0	5	5	4	1	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animated Construct, Marsh Strider, Regeneration (4+), Stupidity, Unstable.

UPGRADES:

Born of Bloodmarsh: The Fenbeast gains +1 Attack.

Leechloam: During any turn in which one or more spells from the Lore of Life or Lore of the Truthsayers is successfully cast within 12", the Fenbeast gains +1 Strength.

Lifebloom Silt: The Fenbeast's Regeneration special rule is increased to Regeneration (3+).

Fly-Infested Rotweed: All enemy models in base contact with the Fenbeast suffer -1 to their Weapon Skill.





FENHULKS

When dark shadows loomed over Albion, the misty island witnessed countless battles on a scale never before seen, paled only by the daemonic invasions of ages forgotten. The swamps and fens choked with the bodies and bones of the fallen; the earth saturated with their blood; and their souls sunk deep into the lightless mires, trapped and unable to escape into the afterlife. Most contested where the lands steeped in magic around the great Ogham stones, where the forces of order and destruction vied for control over the vast repositories of arcane energies.

In those battles where Truthsayers have been slain, their souls too suffer from the same inescapable fate. Bound to the land around a great Ogham stone, their heightened attunement to magic allows them to retain a tiny shred of consciousness. Should a ritual of awakening be performed at the base of their magical entrapment, it is the spirits of Truthsayers who hold the wailing chorus of souls together and bind it to the Ogham stones. The marshes then rise, engulfing the monolithic Ogham stone to form an avatar of Albion itself.

The Fenhulk is a gargantuan animated elemental of roiling mud, dead oaks, massive stones, rotting vegetation, and countless bones. Just as ponderous as their smaller counterparts, Fenhulks stride across the land with a primitive will, undoubtedly the result of the link between Ogham magic and the remnants of a Truthsayers soul. Like a Fenbeast increased to titanic proportions, Fenhulks are not bothered by the chaos of battle around them and stride through the enemy troops without paying heed to cleaving axe and cutting sword alike. Entire cannonades have sunk into their marshy bodies without leaving a trace.

A Fenhulk's presence on the battlefield will unavoidably have its effects on the winds of magic. A misty haze surrounds the creature, as if it had brought the protective shrouds of Albion with it. Magical energies of the Ogham stone at the Fenhulk's core pulsates, causing enemy spells directed at it to dissipate. Every wide stride turns the surrounding ground into murky swampland, the Ogham stones magic seeping into the land around the Fenhulk.



The Truthsayers have not let the opportunity to summon forth such a powerful ally, especially now that Albion has still to expel the last enemies from its mist-shrouded shore. It takes great efforts to awaken and bind a Fenhulk and it is not unheard of that some Truthsayers have willingly given up their lives in the process, the magical taxation being too much to bear. The price is an unstoppable behemoth, who will eventually collapse in on itself and reveal the Ogham stone at its core, now standing once more surrounded by marshland.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Fenhulk	5	3	0	6	6	6	1	5	8

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Animated Construct, Magic Resistance (1), Marsh Strider, Regeneration (4+), Stupidity, Unstable.

Embodiment of Albion: A Fenhulk is an animated embodiment of the Isle of Albion. The Ogham stone at its core continues to channel the mists of Albion and it slowly corrupts the soil around its bearer, each footstep oozing swamp water into even the driest patch of land, turning it into a murky fen.

Every model in base contact with a Fenhulk must take a Dangerous Terrain test as if they are moving through Marsh Terrain in the first round of close combat.

Conduit of Power: The Ogham monolith at a Fenhulk's base still radiates with magical power, animating the marsh colossus and attuning nearby casters' senses to magic.

Friendly Wizards within 6" receive a +1 modifier to their channelling rolls.

"I tell you they are sorcerous constructs, lacking volition of their own. Without another's will to drive them, they would stand nearly motionless for hours, though I grant their oozing forms may continue to churn slowly, but that is only indicative of their natural state. They are mindless killers, not unlike certain of the lower forms of the undead. However, I think their elemental nature makes them far more dangerous than any mere skeleton. Their recuperative properties are said to rival a Troll's and this makes sense, though I suspect they would require emersion or at least exposure to a swamp to effectively replace lost 'tissue'."

— Waldemarr, Scholar of Nuln

STONE THROWER

The Albionites invented these towering stone throwing machines based on enemy siege engines during the Dark Shadows. These mighty engines of war launch enormous granite boulders over great distances to cut crimson swathes through enemy ranks crushing and dashing all in their path.

Initially, the warriors of Albion faced difficulties in finding proper, dry wood in the marshes of Albion, out of which the sturdy beams for these war machines could be crafted. Their search eventually led them to the forest glades of the Centaurs. In their effort to quickly amass the materials and assemble the Stone Throwers, the Albionites started to cut down the Centaurs' homes on a scale never before seen. This led to several run-ins and outburst of violence on both sides, something which the Albionites could ill-afford in this dark time for Albion. Fortunately, the Wyrd Druids came to the aid of both sides, brokered a tentative peace and used their earth magics to hasten the growth of newly planted saplings.

What the Albionites were unable to foresee was the curious and more than unsettling effect the Stone Throwers would have on the allied Giants. Now being able to emulate the strength of the brutes, the people of Albion were more than happy to rely less on them to pepper their foes with boulders from afar. More often than not, one of the Giants in his drunken stupor would misjudge his aim and hurl his rock into their own ranks, causing massive unrest and costing the Druids every ounce of their skill to calm down the Albionites.



On other occasions, the weight of their quarry would cause them to lose their already shaky balance and stumble dangerously close to their allies, threatening to crush them underneath their bulk. Thus, the Albionites started to rely more on the mechanical power of their new creations and less on their trusted allies of old.



For the Giants, in their child-like nature, this was a grave insult and many of them openly displayed their jealousy. During the battles they attended, they strived to hurl their boulders even further than before, taking great care in their aim and to surpass the reach of the Stone Throwers. After each successful hit they would secretly glance over to the Stone Throwers' crews, assuring themselves that their impressive feat didn't go unnoticed. Some even went so far as to smash the war engines to pieces when they were standing unsupervised during breaks during the campaign. However, when the Albionites started to withhold the Giants' share of food and booze, these acts of vengeance quickly ceded.

Recently the Albionites have started to further utilize the unique and inhospitable nature of their land, by filling clay pots with tar, which can be found in abundant amounts in Albion's marshes. These pots are then lit on fire during the battle and catapulted into the enemy ranks, shattering upon impact and spewing their flaming content everywhere with devastating effect.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Stone Thrower	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Stone Thrower).

SPECIAL RULES:

Stone Thrower: Stone Throwers uses the rules for normal Stone Thrower with the following profile:

Range	Strength	Special Rules
12-60"	5(10)	Multiple Wounds (D6)

Once deployed, the Stone Thrower cannot move, though it may pivot on the spot as normal.

UPGRADE:

Fire Pots: A Stone Thrower with Fire Pots may choose to use the large template with the following profile (this replaces their normal profile):

Range	Strength	Special Rules
12-60"	3(6)	Flaming Attacks, Multiple Wounds (D3)



MASTODONS

The mighty and ferocious Mastodons are native to the lands of the Albionites. Their massive tusks rend and their jaws crush and tear the foes of the Albionites. They are fed a mix of crushed berries and herbs before battle that maddens them and numbs them against the weapon cuts of the enemy. On their backs they support wooden towers, faced with bronze and edged with iron, that carry a clutch of warriors that hurl down a rain of javelins onto their foes below.

Mastodons are huge and lumbering beasts that traverse the marshy flats of Albion in great herds, constantly ploughing the ground with their mighty tusks in search for grass and edible roots. Anything edible then disappears in their cavernous mouths and the beasts do not rely on a plant-based diet only. More often than not, small rodents or Goblins happen to be caught by surprise and are then devoured together with copious amounts of greens, all the while the Mastodon continues trudging along.

A Mastodon herd is usually made up by a lead female, guiding the other females and their young through the treacherous terrain. A monster the size of a Mastodon might be considered as safe in other places of the Warhammer world, but not so on Albion. Vicious beasts descend from the Beast Peaks, their ravenous hunger driving them in search for large prey and their appetite only being stilled by the massive carcass of a Mastodon. A herd will always protect its young, ushering them into their middle and forming a defensive circle around them. The attacker is then presented with an assortment of gigantic tusks and horns and oftentimes the ferocious creatures

themselves charge the hunter. Confronted with a rolling stampede of several tons of furious and foul tempered flesh and fur, only the most stupid brutes brace for the impact.



Mastodons are also bred for war by the Albionites. Hunter parties will stumble upon a lone individual, sunken into the mud and roaring in frustration at its predicament. With the calming aid of the Druids the beasts are then freed and brought into a settlement, where they are slowly taught to accept the presence of mankind, before being introduced into the local herd. After some more time, the Albionites then start to train the Mastodon as both beast of burden and of war. However, the mighty Mastodon seldomly feels the incredible weights attached to its back, no matter if it is the tribe's provisions or a battle howdah.

In battle, the Mastodon swings its massive head around, ploughing with its giant tusks through the enemy ranks and tossing their warriors aside like leaves before a storm.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Mastodon	6	3	0	5	6	6	1	4	6
Crew	-	3	3	3	-	-	3	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Immunity (Psychology), Impact Hits (D6+1), Natural Armour (4+), Stubborn, War Fury (Crew only).



Firelight played on the walls of the roundhouse as the heroes of the clan sat and passed the drinking horn, boasting of their prowess. Outside the wind moaned and the sentries shivered on the rampart, glad that a high bank and a good stockade stood between them and the creatures of the night. Fergus the Red climbed the ladder to the platform over his gate and scanned the horizon. Even as his men roared with laughter below, a movement in the woods caught his eye. A movement that might have been made by a hunting fox or might have been made by something... Fergus made the sign to avert evil and scrambled down to double the guards.



HALF GIANTS

The Giants were the first living beings with which the Albionites established contact when they settled on Albion. Their relationship was at first that of conflict, as is told in Albionite mythology. But today the Giants and the Albionites live on good terms with each other. The vast majority of Giants have even adopted the way of life and the customs of the Albionites.

Over the decades, the blood of the Giants has been diluted, and those that today fight at the sides of the Albionites have nothing to do with the Giants mentioned in the Albion myths. Some however claim that a clan of pure-blooded Giants still live in the rocky cliffs of the Giant's Causeway.

Most of the Giants inhabiting Albion today are commonly known as Half Giants or Halfbreeds. Their origin is not wholly known, and the theories are many of how they came to be. Some say they are the offspring of a union between Albionite and Giants, others that they are the result of continued inbreeding among the Giant clans for many thousands of years, yet others mean that the strong winds of magic on Albion have mutated men into these beings; while some claim their existence is a combination of all three theories.

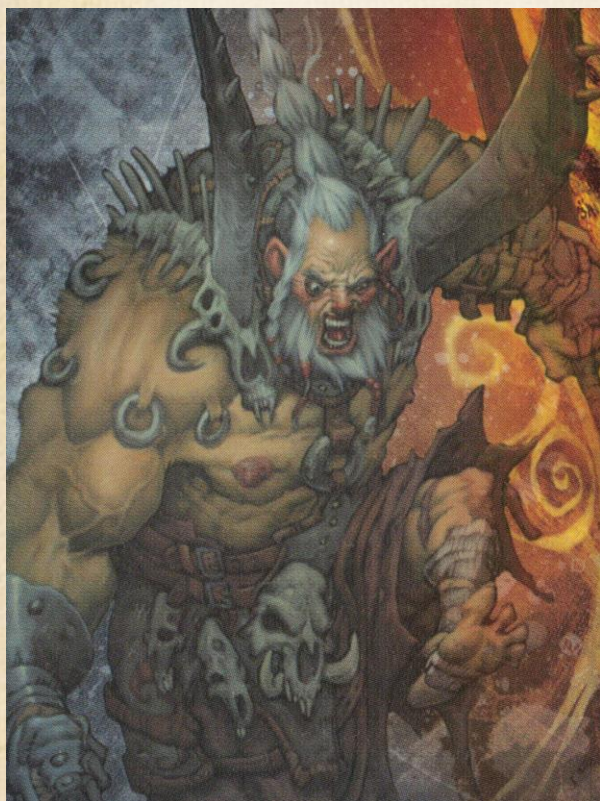
Though the Half Giants are but a shadow compared to their larger cousins still roaming the plains, they are still much taller and stronger than a human. Despite their impressive muscles, these colossuses may seem affable at first. They are far from being stupid, yet their moves are measured as if time flowed more slowly in

their eyes. They are slightly handicapped by their relative slowness, but when they act in unison with their Albionite brethren, their colossal strength causes great devastation. Many foes are surprised when these Half Giants turn into bloodthirsty beasts.

When the Half Giants let the War Fury take control, they stop caring about defending themselves, nothing seems to be able to break their bones. They use all their energy to overwhelm their opponents with a deluge of furious assaults that almost always manage to break their defences. That is why some Half Giants fight with two weapons in order to increase their offensive potential. Their weapons, which are bigger than a man, are spun around again and again, flattening their enemies like a tornado flattens wheat.



The very largest of the Half Giants call themselves the Sons of Ogmios, believing themselves to be the descendants of the legendary chief of the Ogmanans, a great Giant clan of old. Whether or not this is true has yet to be proven, and those that would try to debate the legitimacy of their claim are few in number, for fear of having their words met with an axe to the face.



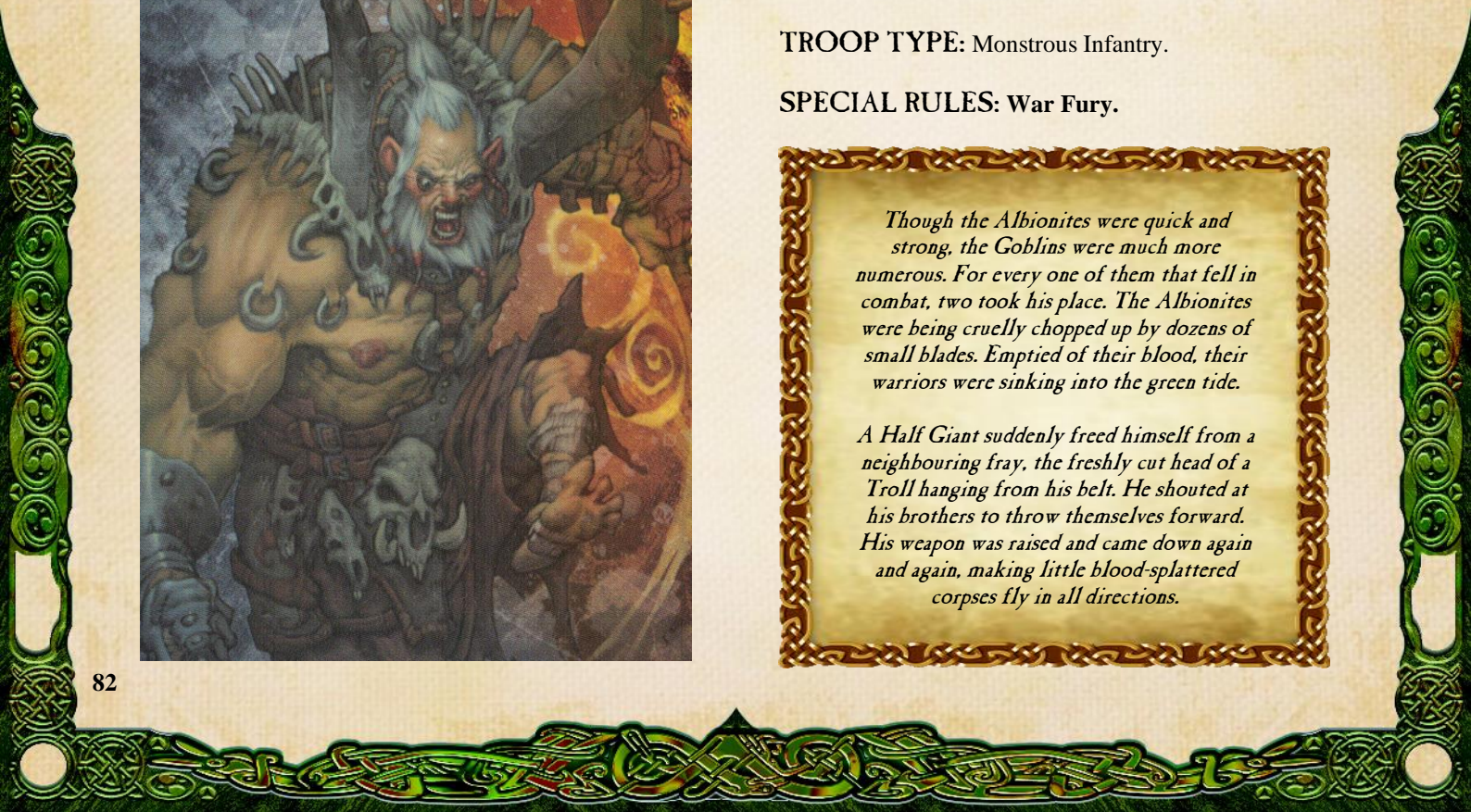
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Half Giant	6	3	2	5	4	3	2	3	7
Son of Ogmios	6	3	2	5	4	3	2	4	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: War Fury.

Though the Albionites were quick and strong, the Goblins were much more numerous. For every one of them that fell in combat, two took his place. The Albionites were being cruelly chopped up by dozens of small blades. Emptied of their blood, their warriors were sinking into the green tide.

A Half Giant suddenly freed himself from a neighbouring fray, the freshly cut head of a Troll hanging from his belt. He shouted at his brothers to throw themselves forward. His weapon was raised and came down again and again, making little blood-spattered corpses fly in all directions.





GIANTS

Forged from the earth itself the Giants of Albion are its guardians. The Druids of Albion say that the race of mighty Giants that inhabit their island were put there by the Old Ones to guard the island and the Ogham stone from intruders. Whether this is true, who can say? Yet the Giants prowl the rugged coasts to this day. They wander along the fog shrouded cliffs and enjoy nothing more than to stand at the top of these cliffs and hurl boulders down onto hapless ships which come too close to the shore or tries to land, taking a childlike joy in watching them splinter into matchsticks and the doomed crew struggling in the fierce waves. The Druids have a strange power over the Giants and can goad them into lifting up and carrying huge boulders and monoliths. With the help of the great strength of the Giants, these huge stones are arranged in rows or circles in order to measure the movements of the sun, moons and stars.

The sight of one of these Giants is often enough to ward away would-be treasure hunters. The Giants are very protective of the land and attack all intruders who set foot in their realm, and only the Albionite tribes have gained the Giants' trust, and they, too, are a territorial race. What exactly they fight to protect is unknown, but the arrival of other more advanced races on Albion signals a very real threat to their way of life, which has remained unchanged for millennia.

They are powerful creatures given to rage easily and often rampage throughout the land to deter any would-be adventurer. Most of the larger Giants of Albion slumber in caves and are seldom ever seen by the eyes of man. Some of the younger, more naive beasts are given to sleeping in the open however, prey to monster hunters and thieves, which is of course if the young Giant does not wake.

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

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Immunity (Psychology), Stubborn.



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

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

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

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

To determine in which direction the Giant falls, roll a scatter dice. Place the small template in base contact with the Giant in the direction of the scatter dice, measured from the centre of the Giant's base. A model hit by a falling Giant suffers a Strength 6 Hit with the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. If the unit is in combat and the Giant has fallen over whilst attempting to Jump Up and Down, wounds inflicted by a falling Giant count towards the combat result.

A Giant that falls over automatically suffers 1 wound. If the Giant is in combat then this wound counts towards combat resolution.

Once on the ground, a Giant may get up in his following Movement phase, but may not move in the Movement phase that turn. Whilst on the ground a Giant may not attack, but he can still defend himself after a fashion so the enemy must still roll to score hits on him. If forced to flee whilst on the ground the Giant is slain – the enemy swarm over him and cut him to pieces. If the Giant gets the opportunity to pursue his foes whilst he's on the ground he stands up instead. A Giant may attack in close combat as usual on the turn he stands up.

THE GIANT BASH

Every season, sometimes more often, the Giants gather in the stone circles to bash each other's brains out. Nobody is really sure why the Giants do this, and few people care very much. It's just a nice change from the Giants bashing everyone else's brains out. Over the years the locals have come to accept the Giant Bash as just another example of how deranged and violent Giants can be. More tolerant souls suggest that it isn't nice to meddle in other folk's culture and that it might even be part of the Giant's religion. These people generally get their brains bashed out.

***Giant Special Attacks:** Giants do not attack in the same way as other creatures. They are far too large and fractious to take orders and much too scatter-brained to have any sort of coherent plan. To determine what happens in each Close Combat phase, pick a unit in base contact with the Giant and roll a D6 on one of the following tables. Which table you use depends on the size of the Giant's victim. If no suitable target is in base contact, roll again on the chart until you get another result.

Man-sized Things Chart

Use this chart when fighting Infantry, Cavalry, War Beasts or Swarms.

D6	Result
1	Yell and Bawl
2	Jump Up and Down
3	Pick Up and...
4-6	Swing with Club

Big Things Chart

Use this chart when fighting Monsters, Monstrous Beasts, Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Cavalry, Chariots, War Machines, and Shrines.

D6	Result
1	Yell and Bawl
2-4	Thump with Club
5-6	'Eadbutt

Swing with Club: The Giant swings its club across the enemy's ranks. The Giant fights using the Random Attacks (2D6) special rule this round.

Yell and Bawl: The Giant yells and bawls at the enemy. This is not a pleasant experience, as Giants are deafeningly loud and tend towards poor oral hygiene. Neither the Giant nor models in contact with it actually fight if they have not already done so this round. The Giant automatically wins the combat by 2 points or more. This result has no effect against Animated Constructs.

Thump with Club: The Giant brings down its club on a single model from the target unit that is in base contact. The target may attempt to avoid the blow by passing an Initiative test (use the lowest if the model has several different values). If the test is failed, the model takes 2D3 wounds which Ignores Armour Saves. If a double is rolled the Giant's club embeds itself in the ground and the Giant cannot attack at all in the following round of the same combat whilst it recovers its weapon.

'Eadbutt: The Giant head-butts a single enemy model from the target unit, automatically inflicting D3 wounds which Ignores Armour Saves. If the victim is wounded but not slain, then it is dazed and loses all of its following attacks. If the target has not yet attacked in that combat round, it loses those attacks; if it has already attacked, then it loses the next round's attacks.

Jump Up and Down: The Giant jumps up and down vigorously on top of the enemy. Before it starts, the Giant must test to determine if it falls over (see previous page). If it falls over, work out where it falls and calculate

damage as already described. Any wounds caused by the fall (on either side) count towards the combat result. If the Giant remains on its none-too-nimble feet, it will inflict two Stomp attacks.

Giants enjoy jumping up and down on their enemies so much that a Giant that does so in one combat round will automatically do so in the following round if it is able to, assuming that it did not fall over in the previous round. A Giant that starts to Jump Up and Down will therefore continue to do so on the same target until it falls over, the target is destroyed, or the combat ends.

Pick Up and...: The Giant stoops down and grabs a single Character in base contact from the target unit (Giant player's choice). The Giant grabs the model and the player rolls a D6 to see what happens next:

D6 Result

- 1 Stuff into Bag.** The Giant stuffs the victim into its bag along with sheep, cows and other plunder. The model is effectively removed as a casualty and can do nothing whilst in the bag, but if the Giant should be slain, any enemy trapped in its bag are freed at the end of the battle, and no longer counts as casualties.
- 2 Throw Back into Combat.** The victim is hurled into its own unit like a living missile. The victim suffers D3 Strength 6 Hits which Ignores Armour saves, and D6 Strength 3 hits are inflicted on the unit (save as normal).
- 3 Hurl.** The victim is hurled into an enemy unit within 12" of the Giant – randomly determine which. The victim is removed as a casualty, and the unit takes D6 Strength 3 hits. Unsaved Wounds from these hits count towards the Giant's combat result. If no enemy units are in range, treat this as a Throw Back into Combat result instead.
- 4 Squash.** This doesn't really bear thinking about. Suffice to say the model is removed as a casualty.
- 5 Eat.** The Giant gobbles its victim up, swallowing it whole. The model is removed as a casualty.
- 6 Pick Another.** The Giant hurriedly stuffs the victim into its bag or under its shirt (or down its trousers if they're really unlucky). Treat the attack as if the Giant had rolled the Stuff into Bag result above, and then choose another victim. Roll again on this table to see what the Giant does with it.

UPGRADES:

Throw Rocks: A Giant with this upgrade may throw a rock in the Shooting phase as long as it did not charge or march that turn. This works just like a Stone Thrower with a range of 18" and the Slow to Fire special rule. If a misfire is rolled, the Giant suffers 1 Wound as it drops the rock on itself by mistake.

BONEGRINDER GIANTS

Giants whose sheer size, stupidity and propensity for drunken, ill-tempered violence makes others of their kind seem positively mundane by comparison, Bonegrinder Giants are walking catastrophes capable of levelling an entire town without breaking a sweat – assuming they can stay on their feet long enough. Most carry colossal clubs of one sort or another with which to smash aside foes, and can also deliver a brutal kick capable of toppling a fortress wall when riled, which is most of the time! Bonegrinder Giants are also fond of pulling up boulders out of the earth and hurling them at anything moving (though an uprooted tree or screaming horse is just as handy as a missile).

"You'll not hear me say this often, but I'm glad they don't make them like they used to!"
- Brakki Dourbeard, Veteran Dwarf Ranger

Bonegrinder Giants are very old and incredibly rare. These days they're thought to have been completely vanished from the Old World, though there are a few, persistent rumours of a handful of Bretonnian mountain villages where Bonegrinders have eaten all the local knights and claimed the villages (and peasants) as their own. On Albion however, they still remain in fair numbers, though certainly less so than in the past.



Bonegrinder Giants are at least twice the size of their lesser cousins, who themselves stand many times the height of a Man. Accordingly, a Bonegrinder Giant doesn't need to feel particularly malicious in order to wreak untold ruin – he simply needs to go for a gentle walk whose path inadvertently leads him across an army or town.

Whilst Bonegrinder Giants aren't necessarily evil, they are bullies of the first order – a situation perpetuated by the fact that they are bigger than anyone else and regularly feel obliged to "do a little bullying to show o' is boss". Though a Bonegrinder Giant's victims may not realise it through their wholly understandable haze of terror, the big galoot is really just trying to impress them with how big and strong he is. From the Bonegrinder's point of view, it's far more practical to intimidate "titchies" into scaring up a few dozen head of cattle and barrels of beer than it is to go searching for them himself. Alas, Bonegrinder Giants are so clumsy that they often misjudge the fine line between intimidation and dead-from-fright. At which point, with no food forthcoming, the Bonegrinder stomps off to fight a Dragon, just to raise his flagging spirits.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bonegrinder Giant	10	3	3	8	8	10	1	*	10

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Immunity (Psychology), Stubborn.

Fall Over: Bonegrinder Giants are subject to the 'Fall Over' rules of normal Giants, but uses the large template and causes Strength 8 Hits with the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule.

THE ROYAL RUBBLE

Traditionally played at the summer festival of Beltem, this variant of the Big Bash was started by one-time King of the Giants, Gogrogagog. Gogrogagog was very impatient and hence the crowd now follow his example by throwing a rock into the fight every now and then. Hence the title, the Royal Rubble. The games start as normal, with the first four giants in the circle.

As soon as one Giant is taken out, by any means, the next contender enters. They keep fighting until there's only one giant left standing.

***Bonegrinder Giant Special Attacks:** *Bonegrinder Giants don't fight with any real rhyme or reason, and tend to base their actions on what seems like a good idea at the time, or else what appeals to their brutal sense of humour.*

To determine what happens in each Close Combat phase, pick a unit in base contact with the Bonegrinder Giant and roll a D6 on one of the following tables. Which table you use depends on the size of the Bonegrinder Giant's victim. If no suitable target is in base contact, roll again on the chart until you get another result.

Man-sized Things Chart

Use this chart when fighting Infantry, Cavalry, War Beasts or Swarms.

D6 Result

- 1 Yell and Bawl (see Giants, but the combat is won by 3)
- 2 Jump Up and Down (see Giants, but causes 3 Stomp Attacks resolved at Strength 8)
- 3 Pick Up and... (see Giants but resolved at Strength 8 rather than 6)
- 4 Vomit
- 5 Kick
- 6 Crush

Big Things Chart

Use this chart when fighting Monstrous Beasts, Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Cavalry, Chariots, War Machines, and Shrines.

D6 Result

- 1 Yell and Bawl (see Giants, but the combat is won by 3).
- 2 Jump Up and Down (see Giants, but causes 3 Stomp Attacks resolved at Strength 8)
- 3 Pick Up and... (See Giants but resolved at Strength 8 rather than 6. If the Bonegrinder Giant opts to Hurl or Throw Back Into Combat, resolve hits at Strength 5)
- 4-6 Swing with Club (see Giants, but using the Random Attacks (3D6) special rule)

Bigger Things Chart

Use this chart when fighting Monsters.

D6 Result

- 1 Yell and Bawl (see Giants, but the combat is won by 3).
- 2-3 Thump with Club (see Giants, but causes 2D6 Wounds)
- 4-5 'Eadbutt (see Giants, but causes D6 Wounds)
- 6 Grapple and...

Vomit: Peering down at such tiny creatures makes the Bonegrinder Giant dizzy and messily sick! Place the flame template so that the narrow end is in base contact with the Bonegrinder Giant and the body of the template is over at least one other unit. All models (friendly and enemy) under the template suffer an automatic Strength 5 hit which Ignores Armour Saves. All unsaved Wounds from these hits count towards the combat result (unsaved Wounds on friendly models count to your opponent's combat result). Once damage has been resolved, roll a D6. On a roll of 1-3, the Bonegrinder Giant falls over.

Kick: Choose a model in base contact with the Bonegrinder Giant That model immediately receives a brutal toe-punt and

is removed as a casualty. However, the victim's remains hurtle through its unit in the same manner as a shot from a bolt thrower (Look Out Sir! Applies as normal). The model immediately behind the victim suffers a Strength 8 hit with the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. If he is slain, the model behind him suffers a Strength 7 hit with the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule, and so on, until the soggy remains fail to cause a casualty; or the unit runs out of ranks/files.

Crush!: The Bonegrinder Giant raises one mighty foot and slams it down on the troops scurrying below. Place the small round template so that it is at least partially covering one or more models in base contact with the Giant, but not the Giant himself. The model under the centre of the template suffers an automatic Strength 10 hit with the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule. Models around him might get lucky – the Giant's aim may be off; and only strike them a glancing blow (not that a glancing blow from a Giant is anything to be thankful for). Roll an artillery dice and halve the result – all other models (friendly and enemy) under the template suffer an automatic hit of this Strength. If the roll is a: misfire, the Giant manages to miss the rest of the unit – lucky them!

Grapple and...: The Bonegrinder Giant grabs hold of his opponent in preparation for a particularly impressive attack. Roll a D6 and consult the table below:

D6 Result

- 1-2 **Knobbly Knee.** The Bonegrinder Giant slams his knee up into a vulnerable area. The victim immediately suffers D3 Wounds which Ignores Armour Saves and has their Weapon Skill and Initiative reduced to 1 until the end of the next player turn.
- 3 **Slam.** The victim is slammed into the ground (or a nearby unit) with crushing force. The victim immediately suffers 2D3 Wounds which Ignores Armour Saves. If there is another enemy unit in base contact with the Giant, that unit also suffers 2D3 Wounds which Ignores Armour Saves. If there are two or more other enemy units in base contact with the Giant, randomise to see which is slammed.
- 4 **Bear Hug.** The Bonegrinder Giant throws his arms around his enemy and squeezes until its bones pop and crack. Roll 2D6 and add the Giant's Strength. Your opponent rolls 2D6 and adds the victim's Toughness. If the Bonegrinder Giant's score is higher, the victim is removed as a casualty with no saves of any kind allowed.
- 5 **Fall Over.** The Bonegrinder Giant topples over, but manages to place his opponent between him and the ground. Roll 2D6 and add the Giant's Strength. Your opponent rolls 2D6 and adds the victim's Toughness. If the Bonegrinder Giant's score is higher, the victim is removed as a casualty with no saves of any kind allowed. Then continue to resolve the Giant falling over, in the direction of the target.
- 6 **Punch, and...** The Bonegrinder Giant plants a meaty fist directly into his opponent's face before considering his next move. The victim suffers D3 Wounds which Ignores Armour Saves, then roll again on this table. If the Giant rolls a succession of 6's it is possible for him to repeatedly punch his victim. Of course, if the punches kill the victim, the Giant immediately drops the corpse – there's no further need to roll on the table.



GWENLAEN

The Warrior Queen

Gwenlaen is hailed as the greatest warrior of her age, her tousled red hair frames her countenance like a lion's mane and her cold grey eyes are sharp and piercing. Gwenlaen is a direct descendant of Cuchulainn, the first Sun King who came down to Albion with the Goddess Danu to reclaim her kingdom for her. As High Queen, Gwenlaen is charged with this same task.

In battle, she is a true force to be reckoned with, slaying her foes with no pardon or mercy. She always seeks to find a worthy opponent to battle, but so far, she is undefeated. It is under her leadership the armies of Albion will go to war, and with the blessing of Danu, she will prevail.

Gwenlaen often rides a chariot of polished bronze and bright steel, with cruel curving scythes that can cut down several men to each side. The carriage is drawn by two mighty steeds, a grey mare named Macha and a black one named Saingliu. On the front of the chariot hangs the skull of a large stag, killed by the queen on the inaugural wild hunt, and the heads of her defeated foes hang from banner poles on either side. Many times she has led an army through the gates of Bol-a-Hat to make war on the enemies of the Goddess.

Gwenlaen's presence on the battlefield inspires her troops to greater glory. She emanates confidence and has a clear head in the heat of battle allowing her to command and direct her troops with incredible effect.



Gwenlaen has a healthy fighting spirit and has demonstrated a keen sense of battle awareness and an ability to effectively devise and execute actions on the field. Sure of her strength and her talents as a fighter Gwenlaen truly deserves her nickname as Warrior Queen. Cold and inaccessible, she fancies herself in Cuchulainn's image and is ready to make others give her the respect that is up to her pretensions. She leads her tribe's female warriors as well as males, and rare are those that dare question her authority.



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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Sessair, War Fury, War Cry, Woad Paint.

Warrior Queen: Gwenlaen, and all friendly units within 12" of her, may re-roll failed Psychology tests and automatically pass Rally tests. In addition, the restriction on Tribal Affiliation is lifted – you may field units from any of the four tribes in the same army if you wish.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Sword of Ogma (Magic Weapon)

A relic of the Sun King, the Sword of Ogma was used to "guide the passage of the invisible sun". It contains the very essence of battle within it.

The Sword of Ogma gives Gwenlaen the Strength Bonus (2) and Devastating Charge special rules.

The Black Shield (Magic Armour)

This shield contains the very essence of darkness, clouding the view of anyone who tries to target the bearer.

Shield. Enemies must re-roll all successful rolls To Hit against the wearer (both shooting and close combat).

Torc of Protection (Talisman)

Worn around the neck, this torc grants the wearer invulnerability, but only for a short while.

One use only. Declare if you want to use the Torc at the start of any phase. When used, the wearer cannot be harmed by any Spell, Shooting or Close Combat attack for the duration of the turn.

DURAL DURAK

Leader of the Council of Druids

Dural Durak is the High Druid of Albion, the highest position an aspiring Druid can hope to achieve. He is the leader of the Council of Druids, protecting the Bastion of the Old Ones and the whole of Albion. Dural Durak often acts as a councillor between the tribes and he even travels across the sea to far-away nations, to speak for Albion. He is the wisest man in Albion, said to be able to see into the future. He is a close friend and confidant of queen Gwelaen, as he was with the predecessor of the current queen, as well as with the military leaders of Albion dating back a few generations.

Dural has been High Druid for as long as anyone can remember, blessing babies, entombing old kings and ordaining new, divining geases, initiating warriors, and generally being Albion's spiritual leader. Dural is fully versant in potion and herb lore and can read and write Ogham fluently. He is well respected among the tribes and the inhabitants of Albion take great efforts to seek him out and ask for advice. Although he can be secretive and puzzling at times, no one takes this as an offence – as far as Dural is concerned, he is the supreme authority of the land, over and above even the queen. In practice, he does not always assert this authority, preferring to let his queen make her own mistakes.



Dural has travelled to many places and battled foes beyond number during his long life. Before being elected to become the current High Druid, which occurred at a time when the grandfathers of this generation's grandfathers were mere infants, Dural served Albion as a simply Truthsayer, one among many. It was this determination in his younger years, the will to purge the Forces of Darkness from the world, and to aid the Forces of Light wherever he could, which brought him into the Council of the Druids. During the Dark Shadows, he was appointed Leader of the Council, giving the Truthsayers the strong leader they needed to rally behind. He was the one who defeated the Dark Emissary Kh'nar, who led the Forces of Order to victory on the Plain of Battles, whose magic brought down the Daemons of the Dark Master, and whom managed to balance the winds of magic on Albion in the aftermath of the Dark Shadows. Dural has watched with ever-vigilant eyes over Albion since then, protecting it from any harm and when possible, turning his attention towards the nations across the sea and aiding his allies among the other races and peoples.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dural Durak	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Dural Durak is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Life, Lore of Beasts, Lore of Light or Lore of the Truthsayers.

SPECIAL RULES: War Fury, Woad Paint.

High Druid: Dural Durak may reroll all Power Dice when casting a spell once per turn, as long as it wasn't a Miscast result. This is done after resolving any Unlimited Power rolls.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Heartwood Staff (Arcane Item)

This staff is passed down from the old High Druid to the new one on his retirement or death. This simple staff of oak allows the Druid to draw upon the natural energies of the world around him.

The Heartwood Staff gives Dural Durak +1 to cast, and +2 to cast if he is within 6" of a wood.

The Triskele (Talisman)

The magical symbol of the Truthsayer's calling, this protective amulet also focuses positive energies onto Truthsayers, protecting them from harm.

The wearer of the Triskele gains the Ward save (5+) and Magic Resistance (3) special rules.



MORRIGAN

The Phantom Queen

No one knows the origin of this mysterious individual, known only as "Morrigan". Some Albionites say she is the Goddess of War, or at the very least the essence of it, whereas others say she was once a beautiful maiden who died a violent death, whose spirit still clings to life. Some even worship her as a god, hoping to be made mighty in war, either personally or by being given great armies to command. Adding to the superstition that Morrigan might be god-like creature is the fact, that she seems to reside somewhere within the Beast Peaks – a place on Albion which signifies the connection of the mortal world with that of the gods above.

Another person who might know something about her is Dural Durak but every time Morrigan is mentioned while him being within earshot, he turns either uncommonly aggressive or more introverted than usual. Some people and even some fellow Druids interpret his wits concerning this topic differently. Rumours range from him having an affair with her or that they once were even very close to each other and that he didn't get over her new calling.

Others claim that they are sworn enemies, always competing who of them both might be the greater magic wielder. Dural himself won't say a word on these rumours but he can be seen from time to time wandering into the Beast Peaks, with an almost insane sparkle in his eyes. Whenever he returns after such

ventures he is either even more absent than usual or has an air about him of newly gained wisdom. Whether this might have something to do with Morrigan remains an open question no one among the people of Albion dares to ask their High Druid.

Whatever this Morrigan might be, she appears as a fierce woman, or as a monstrous raven, or as some combination of the two. She can be seen above every great battlefield, in the form of the carrion birds who watch such places hopefully. When appearing on the field of battle, she soars high in the air, borne aloft on the black wings of the raven, able to summon her children to do her bidding and claw out the eyes of her foes. She is seen as an omen of war by the tribes of Albion, raising the spirits of nearby troops, while inspiring fear into the hearts of their enemies.

Morrigan never stays long after a battle, oftentimes wandering around the fallen. As no one dares to approach her while she walks around the field of battle, her purpose there is an unsolved mystery too. Some claim that she is in search for some artefact, although no one can give a clue to what kind of artefact that might be and what powers it houses. The majority of the warriors has settled with the explanation that she prepares the fallen spirits on their journey to the gods. She then leaves the battlefield, soaring high into the air on her raven wings, accompanied by her numerous crows. This is always a moment of deep reverence, for it represents to the warriors of Albion the guiding of the fallen to their gods, with each of the crows carrying the spirit of a fallen warrior.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Morrigan	4	4	4	4	3	3	4	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Morrigan is a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Beasts, Lore of Shadows or Lore of Death. She always knows the Lore of Beasts spell *The Flock of Doom* in addition to her other spells.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Fly (10), Ward Save (4+).

Omen of War: All friendly units with the War Fury special rule within 8" of Morrigan gain +1 To Hit in Close Combat, and enemy units suffer -1 to their Leadership. However, Morrigan may never be the army's General.

Murder of Crows: Whenever Morrigan charges into combat she inflicts 2D6 Strength 2 hits with the Magical Attacks special rule, distributed as Hits from shooting.



CORMAC CHATH

Hero of Albion

Cormac Chath is the champion of the Fir Domain, a sworn defender of the people of Albion. He serves his king in the war against the Old World invaders. He loves battles, especially if he gets a chance to use his battle cry, for he loves to see his foes fleeing the field in terror. When fighting, he gives himself wholly to the divine rage that emanates from him like an invincible aura of hatred. Peace is anathema to him; he lives only to kill as many enemies as he can – only the Truthsayers are able to temporarily appease his murderous rage.

Off the battlefield, he can be cautious, even somewhat timid at times. Although a very commanding leader if he let himself be, he fears responsibility and dislikes decision-making. In many respects this is a strength of his, since he recognises that he is not really clever or sensible enough to be a good king.

Cormac is one of the fiercest warriors of Albion. Many tales are told of his deeds in battle, and almost as many of his extraordinarily irascible nature. He is widely regarded as the most quarrelsome of Hearthguard, if not the most quarrelsome of all warriors. He has slain hundreds of foes in battle, and hundreds more for looking at him disrespectfully, or just being in the wrong place at the wrong time. He can be seen on the battlefield wading through the ranks of the enemy with his great two-handed sword splintering and crushing the bones of the enemy with graceful ease. Woe to any foe that stands in his way.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Cormac Chath	4	6	5	4	4	2	6	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Fir Domain, Frenzy, War Fury, War Cry, Woad Paint.

Hero of Albion: A fierce opponent, the deeds of Cormac Chath inspire the warriors around him.

For every unsaved wound caused by Cormac Chath in Close Combat, all friendly units in combat within 6" receive +1 to their combat resolution bonus (to a maximum of +3).

MAGIC ITEMS:

Caladbolg Claymore (Magic Weapon)

This two-handed sword makes a circle like an arc of rainbow when swung, and has the power to cut the tops of hills and slaughter an entire host. It was granted to Cormac Chath by the king of his house after he successfully defeated a Dark Elf raiding force preying upon the villages of the coast.

Great Weapon. All hits with this sword are multiplied by D3.

Mail of Morrigan (Magic Armour)

Said to have belonged to the Goddess of war, Morrigan, the Mail gives the wearer considerate protection in battle.

Heavy armour. The Mail of Morrigan gives Cormac the Ward save (6+) special rule.

Seal of Chath (Talisman)

A powerful talisman from the House of Chath, the Seal makes anyone who wears it highly resistant to any blow.

Enemies suffer -1 on all To Wound rolls against Cormac Chath.



CONOR MAC FEUD

The Highlander

Conor Mac Feud fancies himself the best swordsman in all of Albion, and his foes have so far been unable to argue the validity of his words. He often travels high up in the Beast Peaks seeking worthy foes to slay, giving him the moniker "the Highlander". He lives only for battle and to prove himself beyond and above any mortal in combat.

Yet it was not always thus; in his younger years, Conor was a happily married man, until one day when a Fimir war party raided his village and captured his wife while he was out hunting with some of the village greatest fighters. Enraged, he set out after the Fimir himself, never stopping to rest, until he found them. Conor let upon the foe with a bestial howl, cutting down a dozen Fimir before their leader showed up. Conor challenged the foul creature to a duel where he decapitated the Fimir leader with a single strike, causing the remainder of the Fimir war party to flee in panic without their prisoners.

Almost passing out from overexertion, Conor searched the camp for his wife. And found her he did, but it was too late; the Fimir had already ravaged the poor woman, leaving her for dead. Conor held her in his arms, letting out an agonizing cry. He swore revenge for her death and cursed the vile Fimir.



After his wife's burial, Conor was never the same again. He became a loner, spending more and more time by himself, until Conor one day left the village to go his own way. His thoughts were only those of vengeance, and he sought to get it by killing anyone or anything in his way.

Calling out to the strongest of opponents, he focus only on the challenge of one on one combat, where he can prove himself in the eyes of his Goddess as the sole worthy fighter on Albion. As he says himself, "There can be only one!"



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Conor Mac Feud	4	6	5	4	4	2	6	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Finian, Hatred (Fimir), War Fury, War Cry.

'There Can Be Only One!' Conor must always issue and accept challenges when possible. In addition, he may choose one character in the enemy's army to be his nemesis. If Conor slays this character in a challenge, the Albion player receives +100 Victory Points. While in a challenge, Conor has the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.

Fateful Destiny: Conor has the Ward save (3+) special rule against all attacks except successful Killing Blows.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Great Fury (Magic Weapon)

Great Fury was the sword of Conor's father, who only used this sword in adventures that were matters of life and death. It is said of Great Fury that it left no stroke nor blow unfinished.

This sword allows Conor to re-roll all failed rolls To Hit and To Wound.

ROTH MAC LYR

Champion of Danu

Roth Mac Lyr is the chosen champion of the Earth Mother Danu. A mighty warrior, Roth defends the misty isle against its many foes the only way he knows – with unbridled fury, surrounded by enemies and standing knee-deep in their slain corpses.

As the son of a Chieftain, Roth was destined from birth to follow the way of the Albionite warrior and to live a life full of adventure and battle. In his early years, he was already an impressive fighter and his feats of strength and agility caught the eye of High Queen Gwenlaen. She invited the young man to a feast to entertain her with his stories about his forays into the wild lands of Albion. During the feast, while Roth was immersed in a tale about him tracking a great elk in the Giant's Causeway, the gathering was assailed by a war party of the age-old foe of the inhabitants of Albion, the Fimir. Without hesitation, Roth sprang into action, grabbing his great axe Brainbiter – of which he had promised to share his adventure in the Forge of the Old Ones, where he had found the mighty weapon – and vigorously joining the High Queen in battle.

Like all Albionite Warriors, Roth was soon overcome with the War Fury, typical for his people. However, he mounted himself into the rage on a scale never before seen. The other Albionites had to retreat and form a protective circle around their High Queen, out of fear that he might turn on his own people. A present priestess of Danu recognized Roth's feat for what it was and bade him to attend the yearly ritual in Danu's honour. There Roth had to duel with other Albionites, in whom Danu's Blood had been detected.



Here it was that Roth's greatest tale took off. He not only emerged victorious at the end of the celebrations, having bested each and every one of his opponents without even a scratch, but his insane fits of rage made him well known across Albion within one day and night. His impressive victory earned him the recognition as Champion of Danu and the goddess ensured that her gift was a fitting one for Roth.

In every fight, no matter if mere brawl or grand battle, Roth undergoes the transformation of the Warriors of Danu. At the end of his metamorphosis then stands a ten feet tall aberration, with bulging eyes, wild hair and grotesquely enlarged muscles. More akin to a Half Giant than a man, this monster hurls itself at the enemy, gleefully tearing through man and monster alike.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Roth Mac Lyr	4	6	5	4	4	2	6	3	8
Spasm Form	4	7	0	6	5	4	7	4	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Sessair, Spasms of Fury, War Fury, Woad Paint.

Champion of Danu: When turning into his Spasm Form, Roth becomes a Monstrous Infantry model. Any Wounds suffered in either form are carried over when Roth changes form.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Brainbiter (Magic Weapon)

A great, double-headed axe, cast in one piece from an alloy, Brainbiter, as Roth lovingly calls it, was found by him on a foray into the Forge of the Old Ones. Although too large and cumbersome to be wielded single-handed, Roth Mac Lyr lets his unbridled fury guide his strikes and cleave through his foes with an ease, as if he was swinging a mere branch.

Great weapon. All Attacks made with this weapon has the Ignores Armour Saves and Killing Blow special rule.

Pelt of Chogor (Magic Armour)

Taken from a massive Jabberslythe which descended from the Beast Peaks and left a bloody trail across Albion, slaughtering Albionite and Giant alike and sowing chaos and madness in its path it was Roth who finally brought its rampage to an end. Reverting into his Spasm Warrior form, he choked the life out of the beast, his fury rendering him immune to the madness exuded by the foul creature. It is said that a portion of Chogor's insanity still resides in the pelt.

The pelt grants Roth the Natural Armour (4+) special rule. In addition, enemy units within 6" of him must re-roll successful Psychology tests.

Vambraces of Danu (Talisman)

A gift from the Earth Mother for her champion. These intricately carved vambraces are bestowed by the High Druid himself and contain a portion of Danu's earth power.

The Vambraces of Danu give Roth Regeneration (6+).



AMANTHAS

The Huntress

Amanthas is a reclusive woman, preferring the vastness of the land to the company of other people. However, this wasn't always the case. Amanthas was a very joyful child, always the focus of attention and beloved by her whole tribe, which was a part of the Falians. The people claimed that she was favoured by the gods, chosen for great deeds in the future. Part of that claim is true today: Amanthas is renowned throughout all of Albion for her tracking skills and the proficiency with her bow. No man on the isle can match her ranger skills, yet it is not a fate she chose on her own.

Years ago, when Amanthas was only weeks away from being regarded as a full-grown member of her tribe and thus being granted the right to marry, her village was ambushed by a Dark Elf raid during the night. Her father hid her together with her mother and the other children of the village, before venturing out into the night to face the intruders. Unfortunately, the Dark Elves found the hiding place and dragged the children and Amanthas' mother outside. Miraculously, the foreign warriors overlooked her in her hiding place. Unable to escape, she was forced to watch the cruel Dark Elves toying with her mother and friends, torturing them and denying them a quick death. They then ventured further into the land of Albion, in search for more slaves and torture victims. That was the turning point in Amanthas' life. It took days until she managed to shake off the shock. Coming out of her hiding place, she gathered all equipment she deemed useful and necessary for her oncoming task, and set off after the Dark Elf party, neither looking back nor burying her tribe members, for she was unable to look at her tortured relatives without the dark memories being summoned in her mind.



As a member of the Falians, Amanthas was already skilled in reading tracks and hunting, and over the past weeks, during when she followed the Dark Elves' trails, she honed her skills even further. Eventually, after following the trail of devastation, she came upon the hated intruders. Like she was taught by her father, and following the Falians creed for stealth and ambush tactics, she slowly started to thin out the Dark Elf raiding party. The Druchii lost members to traps, stumbled into marshes by being fooled by faulty signs, and some of them just disappeared when no one was looking. Eventually their morale was so low that they decided to return to their ship and abandon this clearly cursed journey. However, it was just on the way back the unseen threats grew even greater, and none of them returned to their ship alive.

Amanthas has learned the ways of the hunt and is one of the most accomplished on Albion at stalking her prey. Amanthas is a fierce and proud warrior, but she is also highly intelligent and inventive. Across the misty hills and fens of Albion she sits on her haunches, watching the flight of the birds over the crags. She cures her own hides, wearing skins of animals she has trapped, fashions her own flint arrowheads and fletches her arrows with eagle feathers. Around her neck she wears necklaces of bones and feathers, and spirit bundles. Amanthas has little time for gods and goddesses, honouring instead the spirits of the animals she hunts, and the landscape in which she lives.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Amanthas	4	4	6	4	4	2	5	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Falian, Hatred (Dark Elves), War Fury, Woad Paint, Scouts, Sniper.

Master of the Hunt: Amanthas may deploy within 5" of the enemy instead of the normal 10" and is at an additional -1 to hit with missile weapons when in Forests. In addition, she cannot be march blocked and can fire even if she marches.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Bow of the Sidhe (Magic Weapon)

Amanthas took this bow from the slain Dark Elf raiding party she pursued. Apparently loot from a previous raid, this bow is a potent weapon indeed.

The Bow of the Sidhe is a missile weapon with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
30"	5	Multiple Shots (2), Killing Blow



AGUM THE WATCHER

Guardian of the Coast

Among the many Giants that roam the island of Albion, one especially has gained a reputation not only among his own kin but also among the tribes of Albion. As far as the Druids and Truthsayers interpret the Giants tongue right, that individual's name is Agum. To the people of Albion however he is known as the Watcher or Guardian of the Coast. Agum, like the rest of the Giants, enjoys little more than standing atop the huge white cliffs of Albion which loom out of the sea, waiting and watching for ships to appear on the horizon. It does not matter whether those ships belong to an ally or the foe, for as soon as they are within reach, the Giants are ready to bombard it with rocks and watch with a child-like joy how the unfortunate ship is smashed to splinters, the crew crushed under huge boulders or tossed overboard. Agum is known to have a very keen eye and aim, a very unusual trait for a Giant which usually just keep throwing boulders and rocks until they eventually hit their target. Countless ships have found their voyage's end at the hands of Agum and countless more have been forced to alter course and return home to escape the relentless bombardment. However, Agum's skill wasn't always that great and it took long years of frustration, patience and practice – traits Giants usually lack.



As a young Giant he would stand among the elderly ones and imitate them at tossing boulders into the sea at whales, which surfaced to inhale air, sea serpents and leviathans which would ascend from the icy depths to bathe in the sun, and of course at ships. Although his enthusiasm was great, his aim was less than accurate. Not only that he missed his targets by leagues, he also managed to constantly drop boulders on his companions' toes, or he picked up a boulder too big and heavy and would then start to trample out of control among the other Giants, knocking them over and stepping on their belongings and food stocks. Thus, more than once, he earned the anger and laughter of his companions and was put aside after a few hefty head-butts. Usually a Giant will lose his interest in any matter which exceeds his intellect or skill, but not Agum. With a persistency untypical for his race, Agum started to spend all his time tossing rocks, boulders, cows and generally everything within his grasp at whatever would suited him as a target.

After long years he finally was on par with the other Giants and it took more decades for him to surpass his brethren. Still, the others kept mocking him, reminding themselves and Agum of the time when he only caused mayhem and laughter whenever he picked up a boulder. Angered and frustrated, Agum settled the issue the way Giants settle issues – by starting a fight, with the one who remains standing being the winner of the argument. Unexpectedly, Agum was really good at bashing his opponents' brains out with a mighty blow from his head and he soon emerged victorious from all the brain-bashing gatherings. Strangely, although showing the signs of becoming a great fighter among the Giant kin, Agum was drawn back to the cliffs of Albion, where he spends most of his days, still practicing his throwing skills. For ages now has Agum defended Albion's shore, sinking countless ships and saving Albion from invasion more than once.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Agum the Watcher	6	3	3	6	6	6	3	*	10

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Special Character)

SPECIAL RULES: Fall Over, *Giant Special Attacks, Immunity (Psychology), Stubborn.

Guardian of the Coast: Agum has the Throw Rocks upgrade (see Giants). In addition, Agum's skill is so great after years of practice that he may re-roll the scatter dice.

Steel head: Having won the brain-bashing gatherings for several seasons now, Agum's 'Eadbutt attack has the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule.

LORE OF THE TRUTHSAYERS

MISTS OF ALBION (Lore Attribute)

The Druid breathes out some of the mystical mist that surrounds his enigmatic homeland and envelopes his compatriots, making them hard to target by enemy missile troops.

Whenever a spell from the Lore of the Truthsayers is cast on a friendly unit, enemy units targeting that unit suffer -1 To Hit with missile weapons until the start of the caster's next turn.

BLESSING OF VALOUR (Signature Spell)

Cast on 6+

The prayers of the Truthsayer are heeded in the heavens and his warriors are filled with the strength and skills of the gods of hunting and battle.

Blessing of Valour is an **augment** spell with a range of 24". The target unit gets +1 To Hit with shooting and close combat attacks until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to have this spell target all friendly units within 12". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 12+.

1. ELEMENTAL POWER

Cast on 5+

Elemental creatures like Fenbeasts thrive on the magic which suffuses the isle of Albion. This can be boosted by magical energy from the Truthsayer.

Elemental Power is an **augment** spell with a range of 24" that targets Fenbeasts, Fenhulks and Viridian Lords. The target unit immediately regains D3 Wounds worth of models lost earlier during the battle up to their starting value, or it may choose to make a normal additional move as if it were the Remaining Moves sub-phase.

2. WINGS OF FATE

Cast on 6+

The Truthsayer conjures a flock of enchanted birds to attack his enemies.

Wings of Fate is a **magic missile** with a range of 24" and causes 3D6 Strength 2 hits. The Wizard can choose to increase the number of hits to 4D6. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 8+.

3. GIFT OF LIFE

Cast on 6+

Dying warriors that are lying broken on the battlefield are granted a new chance, their bodies are healed of all wounds and their strength returned to them.

Gift of Life is an **augment** spell that targets all friendly units within 12". Each unit within this range instantly recovers 1 Wound worth of models slain earlier in the battle, following the rules of the *Regrowth* spell from the *Lore of Life*. The Wizard can choose to have this spell recover D3 Wounds per unit rather than 1. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 12+.

4. SHIELD OF LIGHT

Cast on 10+

A chosen regiment of warriors is protected by a shimmering barrier that deflects enemy missiles and blows.

Shield of Light is an **augment** spell with a range of 18". The target unit receives a Ward Save (5+) until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to increase the range of this spell to 36". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 13+.

5. BOON OF COURAGE

Cast on 12+

The warriors hear the commanding voice of the Truthsayer in their minds, calling upon their honour and bidding them to fight on, no matter how desperate their situation has become.

Boon of Courage is an **augment** spell with a range of 24". The target unit gains the Unbreakable special rule until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. If cast on a fleeing unit, the unit immediately rallies, regardless of how many models are left in it. The Wizard can choose to have this spell target all friendly units within 12". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 24+.

6. VOICE OF COMMAND

Cast on 13+

Hearing the booming voice of the Truthsayer, an enemy regiment suddenly stops in its tracks, doubt filling their minds, hesitation paralyzing their limbs.

Voice of Command is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". The unit immediately loses all its fighting spirit and cannot voluntarily move in its next Movement phase or shoot in its next Shooting phase. The Wizard can choose to increase the range of this spell to 48". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 16+.



ARTEFACTS OF ALBION

This section contains the rules and background for some of the most iconic and powerful magical artefacts used by the Albionites. These may be used in addition to the magic items found in the Warhammer rulebook.

GAIDEARG, THE SUN SPEAR

100 points

Magic Weapon

To Cuchulainn, the Goddess Danu gave the magical spear called Gai Dearg. The spear had an unquenchable thirst for the souls of the enemies of Danu. The spear need only be thrown and it will seek out its enemies, killing all in its path until its barbs prevents it from freeing itself from the corpse of its last victim. With Gai Dearg, Cuchulainn slew Balor, lord of the Fimir, on the Plain of Battles. It is now kept in the armoury of Gwenlaen's hall at Bol-a-Hat. It lies in a broad brimmed cauldron of silver filled with a brew of soporific herbs to sedate its thirst for blood. There it lies waiting until called upon again.

Spear. All attacks (including shooting) with this weapon Hit automatically and give the wielder +1 Strength. In addition, it can be thrown in each Shooting phase following the rules for javelins. Any Hits from Shooting penetrates ranks as if it were a Bolt Thrower.



FRAGARACH, THE ANSWERER

75 points

Magic Weapon

Said to have been forged by the gods, Lugh the Sun God once wielded this as his weapon. It was said that no one could tell a lie with Fragarach at his or her throat, thus the name 'Answerer'. It was also said to place the wind at the user's command and could cut through any shield or wall, and had a piercing wound from which no man could recover.

This sword has the Ignore Armour Saves special rule, and for every Wound caused, the enemy model must pass a Toughness test or suffer an additional Wound. In addition, the wielder may cast *Wind Blast* from the Lore of Heavens as a Bound Spell at Power Level 3.

WHITE HILT

30 points

Magic Weapon

The Sword of the High King, handed down through the generations since it was granted to him from Danu. A beautiful two handed sword made of an unknown metal reminiscent of silver, the cross piece is in the shape of a pair of crescent moons. When drawn by a worthy or well-born man, the entire blade would blaze with fire.

Great weapon. The wielder of this sword gains Flaming Attacks. Against models with Toughness 5 or more, he may re-roll failed rolls To Wound.

OCHAIN, THE EAR OF BEAUTY

50 points

Magic Armour

Ochain, the Ear of Beauty, is a magnificent shield with its four ears of gold and its four bracings of red gold. It once belonged to King Conchobar. Conchobar challenged his rival, Fergus Mac Roig, in single combat, and bade him attempt to strike him. Fergus gave three stout blows on the shield, so that it rang aloud. Whenever Conchobar's shield rang out, the shields of all the Albionites did so as well. However great the strength and power with which Fergus smote Conchobar's shield, so great also was the might and valour wherewith Conchobar held the shield, so that the ear of the shield did not even touch the ear of Conchobar. Since that time, the shield has been passed around to many great heroes of Albion.

Shield. The wielder gains the Ward save (4+) special rule from his Parry save. For every successful save the wielder makes in close combat, he may make an extra attack back immediately against the model/unit that struck the blow.

THE TRISKELE

50 points

Talisman

The magical symbol of the Truthsayer's calling, this protective amulet also focuses positive energies onto Truthsayers, protecting them from harm.

Truthsayer only. The wearer of the Triskele gains the Ward save (5+) and Magic Resistance (3) special rules. The Triskele is not a unique magic item, and one may be worn by each Truthsayer.



STAFF OF LIGHT

40 points

Arcane Item

The Staff of Light allows the Truthsayer to marshal protective magical energies, the better to thwart the spells of his foes.

The bearer gains +1 to all dispel attempts and +1 to all attempts to channel dispel dice.

CAULDRON OF REBIRTH

75 points

Enchanted Item

The Cauldron of Rebirth, also known as the Cauldron of Plenty or The Cauldron of Dyrrnwch the Giant, was a gift from the moon goddess to the people of Albion. This cauldron provides a never-ending supply of hearty broth. When the cauldron is dry it takes only a special incantation and then the cauldron will refill itself with the same nourishing sustenance. It can also resurrect anyone who has been dead for less than a day, but they will have no ability to speak.

At the start of the Albion Magic Phase, up to D3 Wounds worth of models previously slain during the battle may be resurrected and put back into the unit (following the rules of the spell *Regrowth* from the Lore of Life) as long as the bearer of this item remains in it. Any friendly character slain in this unit may also be resurrected once in this manner. However, a resurrected character does not bestow his Leadership onto the unit, nor can the unit benefit from his War Cry ability. Resurrected Wizards can no longer cast spells.



THE CHARIOT OF MORGAN MWYNFAWR

60 points

Enchanted Item

Usually found in the form of a one foot long golden model of a chariot drawn by two horses. The model is made by a master craftsman and has exquisite detail. When a command word is spoken the model transforms into a heavy chariot drawn by two white horses with golden eyes. A second command word turns it back into a model. The chariot belonging to Morgan Mwynfawr is a magical vehicle which can quickly reach whatever destination one might wish to go to.

Model on foot only. The character may transform this item into a Chariot at the start of any of his Movement phases, as long as he is not in Close Combat. This Chariot follows all the rules for normal chariots. While in it, the character can Fly (8), but may not join any units. If he is in a unit when transforming the Chariot, he must immediately leave it and be placed within 1" of his unit. The character can choose to transform the Chariot back into a magic item at the end of any turn as long as he is not in Close Combat, at which point the model will return to being Infantry. Any wounds lost in either form are carried over when transforming.

THE WHETSTONE OF TUDWAL TUDGLYD

50 points

Enchanted Item

This looks like an ordinary sized whetstone made of black stone. The stone has a crystalline texture and is provided with an iron ring at one end to hang it from a belt or pack. The whetstone magically enhances the sword of a brave man should he sharpen it with this whetstone, enabling the sword to draw the very life out of any man wounded by the weapon.

The bearer gains the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule on all his Close Combat Attacks. This may not be used with Magic Weapons.



BANNER OF THE SUN KING

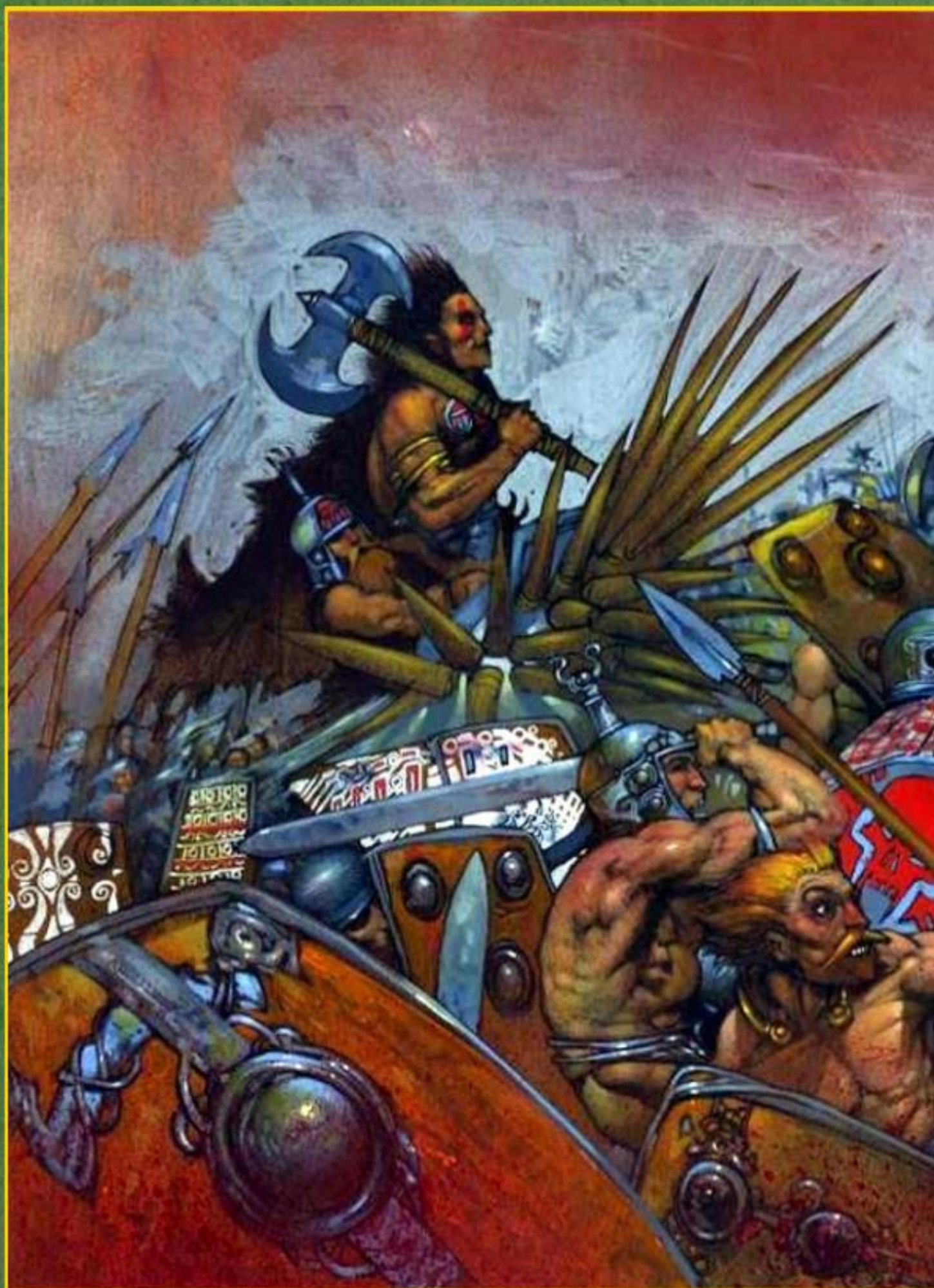
60 points

Magic Standard

The armies of the Sun King march under a sky-blue banner decorated with the sun disc and the magic spear, Gai Dearg. This standard contains the very essence of fighting spirit of the warriors of Albion, inspiring them to ever greater deeds.

All models in the unit will always Wound enemies on at least a 3+ in close combat. Armour saves are affected by the unit's normal Strength. In addition, the unit receives +D3 to its Combat Resolution bonus in any turn that they charge.







ALBION ARMY LIST

The mist wreathed isle of Albion has seen as much bloodshed and warfare as the rest of the known world. Albion is seen as a damp, bog-ridden backwater and reports of recent incursions have concentrated on the clashes between the supposedly more advanced invaders. However, a closer examination of the campaigns in Albion show that its native armies are every bit as lethal as those of any of the more so called 'civilised' nations.

This section of the book helps your turn your collection of Albion miniatures into an army of valiant warriors, ready for a tabletop battle. At the back of this section, you will also find a summary page, which lists every unit's characteristics profile, for quick and easy reference during your games of Warhammer.

USING THE ARMY LIST

The army list is used alongside the 'Choosing an Army' section of the Warhammer rulebook to pick a force ready for battle. Over the following pages you will find an entry for each of the models in your army. These entries give you all of the gaming information that you need to shape your collection of models into the units that will form your army. Amongst other things, they will tell you what your models are equipped with, what options are available to them, and their points costs.

UNIT CATEGORIES

As described in the Warhammer rulebook, the units in the army list are organised into five categories: Lords, Heroes, Core Units, Special Units and Rare Units.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Each army list entry contains all the information you need to choose and field that unit at a glance, using the following format:

TRIBAL WARRIORS										4 points per model
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Tribal Warrior	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry
Clannach	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- War Fury

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield

- May upgrade one Warrior to a Clannach.....10 points
- May upgrade one Warrior to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Warrior to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may choose one of the following:
 - Spears.....½ point per model
 - Replace shields with great weapons.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may have javelins.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may wear Woad Paint.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may have one Tribal Affiliation.....1 point per model

- Name.** The name by which the unit or character is identified.
- Profiles.** The characteristic profiles for the model(s) in each unit are provided as a reminder. Where several profiles are required these are also given, even if they are optional (such as unit champions).
- Troop Type.** Each entry specifies the troop type of its models (e.g. 'infantry, monstrous cavalry' and so on).

- Points value.** Every miniature in the Warhammer range costs an amount of points that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield.
- Unit Size.** This specifies the minimum size for each unit, which is the smallest number of models needed to form that unit. In some cases units also have a maximum size, or can even comprise just a single model.
- Equipment.** This is a list of the standard weapons and armour for that unit. The cost of these items is included in the basic points value.

- Special Rules.** Many troops have special rules that are fully described earlier in this book or in the Warhammer rulebook. The names of these rules are listed here as a reminder.
- Options.** This is a list of optional weapons and armour; mounts, magic items and other upgrades for units or characters, including the points cost for each particular option. Many unit entries include the option to upgrade a unit member to a champion, standard bearer or musician. Some units may carry a magic standard or take magic items at a further points cost.





LORDS

GWENLAEN

250 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Gwenlaen	4	6	5	4	4	3	6	5	9	Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Javelins
- Light armour

Magic Items:

- Sword of Ogma
- The Black Shield
- Torc of Protection

Special Rules:

- Sessair
- War Fury
- War Cry
- Warrior Queen
- Woad Paint

Options:

- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Shieldbearers.....5 points
 - Warhorse.....18 points
 - Chariot (replacing one of the crew).....50 points

DURAL DURAK

375 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Dural Durak	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	2	9	Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Heartwood Staff
- The Triskele

Special Rules:

- High Druid
- War Fury
- Woad Paint

Magic:

Dural Durak is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Life, Lore of Beasts, Lore of Light or Lore of the Truthsayers.



MORRIGAN

305 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Morrigan	4	4	4	4	3	3	4	2	9	Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Fear
- Fly (10)
- Murder of Crows
- Omen of War
- Ward Save (4+)

Magic:

Morrigan is a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Beasts, Lore of Shadows or Lore of Death. She always knows the Lore of Beasts spell *The Flock of Doom* in addition to her other spells.

AGUM THE WATCHER

250 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Agum the Watcher	6	3	3	6	6	6	3	*	10	Monster (Special Character)

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Big club

Special Rules:

- Fall Over
- *Giant Special Attacks
- Guardian of the Coast
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Steel Head
- Stubborn

Options:

- May wear Woad Paint.....20 points

Note: Agum the Watcher may never be the army's General.



LORDS

WARLEADER

110 points

Profile

Warleader

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

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- War Fury
- War Cry



Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....3 points
 - Spear.....3 points
 - Great weapon.....8 points
- May be armed with javelins.....5 points
- May wear light armour.....2 points
- May take a shield.....3 points
- May wear Woad Paint.....15 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Shieldbearers.....5 points
 - Warhorse.....18 points
 - Chariot (replacing one of the crew).....50 points
 - Mastodon (replacing one of the crew).....200 points
- May have one Tribal Affiliation.....5 points
- May take magic items up to a total of100 points

TRUTHSAYER

240 points

Profile

Truthsayer

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
4 4 3 4 4 3 4 2 9

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- War Fury
- Woad Paint

Magic:

A Truthsayer is a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Life, Lore of Beasts, Lore of Light or Lore of the Truthsayers.

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 4 Wizard.....35 points
- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
 - Polearm.....2 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Warhorse.....12 points
 - Chariot (replacing one of the crew).....50 points
- May take magic items up to a total of100 points





HEROES

CORMAC CHATH

180 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Cormac Chath	4	6	5	4	4	2	6	3	8	Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Caladbolg Claymore
- Mail of Morrigan
- Seal of Chath

Special Rules:

- Fir Domain
- Frenzy
- Hero of Albion
- War Cry
- War Fury
- Woad Paint

CONOR MAC FEUD

175 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Conor Mac Feud	4	6	5	4	4	2	6	3	8	Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Great Fury

Special Rules:

- Fateful Destiny
- Finian
- Hatred (Fimir)
- "There Can Be Only One!"
- War Cry
- War Fury

AMANTHAS

115 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Amanthas	4	4	6	4	4	2	5	2	8	Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons

Magic Items:

- Bow of the Sidhe

Special Rules:

- Falian
- Hatred (Dark Elves)
- Master of the Hunt
- Scouts
- Sniper
- War Fury
- Woad Paint

ROTH MAC LYR

200 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Roth Mac Lyr	4	6	5	4	4	2	6	3	8	Infantry (Special Character)
Spasm Form	4	7	0	6	5	4	7	4	9	Monstrous Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Brainbiter
- Pelt of Chogor
- Vambraces of Danu

Special Rules:

- Champion of Danu
- Sessair
- Spasms of Fury
- War Fury
- Woad Paint



CHARACTER MOUNTS

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Shieldbearers	4	4	3	4	-	-	4	2	-	Infantry
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	War Beast
Chariot	7	-	-	4	4	3	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour Save 6+)
Mastodon	6	3	0	5	6	6	1	4	6	Monster

Special Rules:

- *Mastodon*: Immunity (Psychology), Impact Hits (D6+1), Natural Armour (4+), Stubborn.



HEROES

CHIEFTAIN

60 points

Profile

Chieftain

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
4 5 5 4 4 2 5 3 8

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- War Cry
- War Fury

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
 - Spear.....2 points
 - Great weapon.....6 points
- May be armed with javelins.....5 points
- May wear light armour.....2 points
- May take a shield.....2 points
- May wear Woad Paint.....15 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Warhorse.....12 points
 - Chariot (replacing one of the crew).....50 points
- May have one Tribal Affiliation.....5 points
- May take magic items up to a total of50 points

ARMY BATTLE STANDARD

One Chieftain in the army may carry the Battle Standard for +25 points. The Battle Standard Bearer can have a magic banner with no points limit. However, a model carrying a magic standard can only carry other magic items up to a total 25 points.

WYRD DRUID

90 points

Profile

Wyrd Druid

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

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Druid is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Life, Lore of Beasts, Lore of Light or Lore of the Truthsayers.

Special Rules:

- War Fury

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
 - Polearm.....2 points
- May wear Woad Paint.....15 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Warhorse.....12 points
 - Chariot (replacing one of the crew).....50 points
- May take magic items up to a total of50 points



CORE UNITS

TRIBAL WARRIORS

4 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Tribal Warrior	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry
Clannach	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- War Fury

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield

Options:

- May upgrade one Warrior to a Clannach.....10 points
- May upgrade one Warrior to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Warrior to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may choose one of the following:
 - Spears.....½ point per model
 - Replace shields with great weapons.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may have javelins.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may wear Woad Paint.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may have one Tribal Affiliation.....1 point per model

WOAD RAIDERS

8 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Woad Raider	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry
Fíochmhar	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- War Fury
- Frenzy
- Woad Paint

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield

Options:

- May upgrade one Woad Raider to a Fíochmhar.....10 points
- May upgrade one Woad Raider to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Woad Raider to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may choose one of the following:
 - Replace shields with additional hand weapons.....free
 - Spears.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may have javelins.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may have one Tribal Affiliation.....1 point per model

YOUNGBLOODS

6 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Youngblood	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	Infantry
Shaothrú	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	6	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Skirmishers
- War Fury

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Sling

Options:

- May upgrade one Youngblood to a Shaothrú.....10 points
- May upgrade one Youngblood to a musician.....10 points
- The entire unit may replace their slings with javelins.....free
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may have one Tribal Affiliation.....1 point per model

WAR HOUNDS

6 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
War Hound	7	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	War Beast
Handler	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Mixed Unit
- War Fury (Handlers only)

Note:

You must have at least one Handler for every five War Hounds. Each Handlers costs 3 points per model.



CORE UNITS

AONBARR HORSE WARRIOR

13 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Aonbarr	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	8	Cavalry
Marcach	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	8	Cavalry
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Fast Cavalry
- War Fury

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield

Options:

- May upgrade one Clansman to a Marcach10 points
- May upgrade one Clansman to a musician.....5 points
- May upgrade one Clansman to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may be armed with spears.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may be armed with javelins.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may wear Woad Paint.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may wear light armour.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may have one Tribal Affiliation.....2 points per model

CHARIOTS

50 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Chariot	7	-	-	4	4	3	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour Save 6+)
Charioteer	-	4	3	3	-	-	3	1	8	-
Chariot Master	-	4	3	3	-	-	3	2	8	-
Warhorse	-	3	0	3	-	-	3	1	-	-

Unit Size: 3+

Equipment:

- Spear
- Javelin

Crew: 2

Charioteers

Drawn by: 2

Warhorses

Special Rules:

- War Fury

Options:

- May upgrade one Chariot to a Chariot Master.....10 points
- May upgrade one Chariot to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Chariot to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may take shields.....3 points per model
- The entire unit may wear Woad Paint.....5 points per model
- The entire unit may be equipped with scythes.....3 points per model
- The entire unit may have one Tribal Affiliation.....3 points per model



SPECIAL UNITS

HEARTHGUARD

10 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Hearthguard	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8	Infantry
Oathsworn	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour
- Shield

- Stubborn
- War Fury

- May upgrade one Hearthguard to a Oathsworn10 points
- May upgrade one Hearthguard to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Hearthguard to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- The entire unit may replace their shields with great weapons.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may wear Woad Paint.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may have one Tribal Affiliation.....1 point per model

SWORDMAIDENS

10 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Swordmaiden	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	8	Infantry
Swordmistress	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Great weapon

- Devastating Charge
- War Fury
- Woad Paint

- May upgrade one Swordmaiden to a Swordmistress.....10 points
- May upgrade one Swordmaiden to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Swordmaiden to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- The entire unit may have one Tribal Affiliation.....1 point per model

DRUID NEOPHYTES

9 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Druid Neophyte	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	8	Infantry
Draidecht	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

- Druidic Rites
- Skirmishers
- War Fury

- May upgrade one Druid Neophyte to a Draidecht.....10 points
- May upgrade one Druid Neophyte to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Druid Neophyte to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons.....1 point per model
 - Polearms.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may wear Woad Paint.....1 point per model

HUNTERS

8 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Hunter	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry
Tracker	4	3	5	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Javelin

- Scouts
- Skirmishers
- War Fury

- May upgrade one Hunter to a Tracker.....10 points
- May upgrade one Hunter to a musician.....10 points
- The entire unit may replace their javelins for bows.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may take shields (javelins only).....1 point per model
- The entire unit may take War Hawks.....3 points per model
- The entire unit may wear Woad Paint.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may have one Tribal Affiliation.....1 point per model



SPECIAL UNITS

WARRIORS OF DANU

13 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Warrior of Danu	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8	Infantry
Spasm Warrior	4	5	3	5	4	1	5	2	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:

- Great weapon

Special Rules:

- Skirmishers
- Spasms of Fury
- War Fury
- Woad Paint

Options:

- The entire unit may have one Tribal Affiliation.....1 point per model

PIXIE SWARMS

40 points per base

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Pixie Swarm	1	3	3	1	1	8	5	10	8	Swarm

Unit Size: 3+

Equipment:

- Sharp claws and teeth

Special Rules:

- Befuddling Glamour
- Fly (6)
- Ward save (5+)



FENBEASTS

38 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Fenbeast	5	3	0	5	5	4	1	3	8	Monstrous Infantry

Note: You need to include at least one Wizard in order to field Fenbeasts in your army.

Unit Size: 1+

Special Rules:

- Animated Construct
- March Strider
- Regeneration (4+)
- Stupidity
- Unstable

Options:

- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Born of Bloodmarsh.....3 points per model
 - Leechloam.....3 points per model
 - Lifebloom Silt.....3 points per model
 - Fly-Infested Rotweed.....3 points per model

VIRIDIAN LORDS

16 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Viridian Lord	4	5	3	4	4	1	4	2	9	Infantry
Viridian Champion	4	5	3	4	4	1	4	3	9	Infantry

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Flammable
- Regeneration (4+)
- Skirmishers
- Unstable
- War Fury

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons

Options:

- May upgrade one Viridian Lord to a Viridian Champion..10 points
- The entire unit may replace their hand weapons with great weapons.....2 points per model





SPECIAL UNITS

CENTAURS

21 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Centaur	8	4	3	4	4	1	4	2	8	Cavalry
Centaur Chief	8	4	3	4	4	1	4	3	8	Cavalry

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Fast Cavalry
- War Fury

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Spear
- Shield

Options:

- May upgrade one Centaur to a Centaur Chief.....10 points
- May upgrade one Centaur to a musician.....5 points
- May upgrade one Centaur to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may replace spears & shields with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons.....free
 - Bows.....free
 - Great weapons.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may carry javelins *or* throwing axes.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may wear light armour.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may wear Woad Paint.....2 points per model

HALF GIANTS

34 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Half Giant	6	3	2	5	4	3	2	3	7	Monstrous Infantry
Son of Ogmios	6	3	2	5	4	3	2	4	7	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- War Fury

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons

Options:

- May upgrade one Half Giant to a Son of Ogmios.....10 points
- May upgrade one Half Giant to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Half Giant to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may replace one hand weapon with one of the following:
 - Shields.....free
 - Great weapons.....3 points per model
 - Polearms.....3 points per model
- The entire unit may wear Woad Paint.....3 points per model



RARE UNITS

STONE THROWER

100 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Stone Thrower	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	War Machine (Stone Thrower)
Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	-

Unit Size: 1 **Crew:** 3 Crew **Equipment:** • Hand weapon **Special Rules:** • Stone Thrower **Options:** • May take Fire Pots.....10 points

MASTODON

200 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Mastodon	6	3	0	5	6	6	1	4	6	Monster
Crew	-	3	3	3	-	-	3	1	7	-

Unit Size: 1 **Crew:** 3 Crew **Equipment (Crew):** • Spear • Javelin **Special Rules:** • Immunity (Psychology) • Impact Hits (D6+1) • Natural Armour (4+) • Stubborn • War Fury (Crew only)

FENHULK

250 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Fenhulk	5	3	0	6	6	6	1	5	8	Monster

Note: You need to include at least one Wizard in order to field Fenhulks in your army.

Unit Size: 1 **Special Rules:** • Animated Construct • Conduit of Power • Embodiment of Albion • Magic Resistance (1) • March Strider • Regeneration (4+) • Stupidity • Unstable **Options:** • The model may take one of the following:
- Born of Bloodmarsh.....15 points
- Leechloam.....10 points
- Lifebloom Silt.....10 points
- Fly-Infested Rotweed.....15 points

GIANT

175 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Giant	6	3	3	6	6	6	3	*	10	Monster

Unit Size: 1 **Equipment:** • Big club **Special Rules:** • Fall Over • *Giant Special Attacks • Immunity (Psychology) • Stubborn **Options:** • May wear Woad Paint.....20 points • May be upgraded to Throw Rocks.....30 points

Note: You may take 1-2 Giants as a single Rare choice.

BONEGRINDER GIANT

375 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bonegrinder Giant	10	3	3	8	8	10	1	*	10	Monster

Unit Size: 1 **Equipment:** • Big club **Special Rules:** • *Bonegrinder Giant Special Attacks • Fall Over • Immunity (Psychology) • Stubborn **Options:** • May wear Woad Paint.....30 points



SUMMARY

LORDS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Dural Durak	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	2	9	In
Gwenlaen	4	6	5	4	4	3	6	5	9	In
Morrigan	5	5	5	4	4	3	5	3	9	In
Truthsayer	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	2	9	In
Warleader	4	6	5	4	4	3	6	4	9	In

HEROES	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Amanthas	4	4	6	4	4	2	5	2	8	In
Chieftain	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8	In
Conor Mac Feud	4	6	5	4	4	2	6	3	8	In
Cormac Chath	4	6	5	4	4	2	6	3	8	In
Roth Mac Lyr	4	6	5	4	4	2	6	3	8	In
- Spasm Form	4	7	0	6	5	4	7	4	9	MI
Wyrd Druid	4	4	3	4	3	2	4	1	8	In

CORE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Chariot	7	-	-	4	4	3	-	-	-	Ch
- Charioteer	-	4	3	3	-	-	3	1	8	-
- Chariot Master	-	4	3	3	-	-	3	2	8	-
- Warhorse	-	3	0	3	-	-	3	1	-	-
Aonbarr	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	8	Ca
- Marcach	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	8	Ca
- Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
Tribal Warrior	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	In
- Clannach	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	In
War Hound	7	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	WB
- Handler	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	In
Woad Raider	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	In
- Fíochmhar	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	In
Youngblood	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	In
- Shaothrú	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	6	In



SPECIAL UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Centaur	8	4	3	4	4	1	4	2	8	Ca
- Centaur Chief	8	4	3	4	4	1	4	3	8	Ca
Druid Neophyte	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	8	In
- Draidecht	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	8	In
Fenbeast	5	3	0	5	5	4	1	3	8	MI
Half Giant	6	3	2	5	4	3	2	3	7	MI
- Son of Ogmios	6	3	2	5	4	3	2	4	7	MI
Hunter	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7	In
- Tracker	4	3	5	3	3	1	3	1	7	In
Hearthguard	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8	In
- Oathsworn	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8	In
Pixie Swarm	1	3	3	1	1	10	5	10	8	Sw
Swordmaiden	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	8	In
- Swordmistress	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	8	In
Warrior of Danu	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8	In
- Spasm Warrior	4	5	3	5	4	1	5	2	8	In

RARE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Bonegrinder Giant	10	3	3	8	8	10	1	*	10	Mo
Fenhulk	5	3	0	6	6	6	1	5	8	Mo
Giant	6	3	3	6	6	6	3	*	10	Mo
Mastodon	6	3	0	5	6	6	1	4	6	Mo
- Crew	-	3	3	3	-	-	3	1	7	-
Stone Thrower	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM
- Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	-
Viridian Lord	4	5	3	4	4	1	4	2	9	In
- Viridian Champion	4	5	3	4	4	1	4	3	9	In

MOUNTS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Chariot	7	-	-	4	4	3	-	-	-	Ch
Mastodon	6	3	0	5	6	6	1	4	6	Mo
Shieldbearers	4	4	3	4	-	-	4	2	-	In
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	WB

Troop Type Key: In = Infantry, WB = War Beast, Ca = Cavalry, MI = Monstrous Infantry, MB = Monstrous Beast, MC = Monstrous Cavalry, Mo = Monster, Ch = Chariot, Sw = Swarms, Sh = Shrine, WM = War Machine.









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