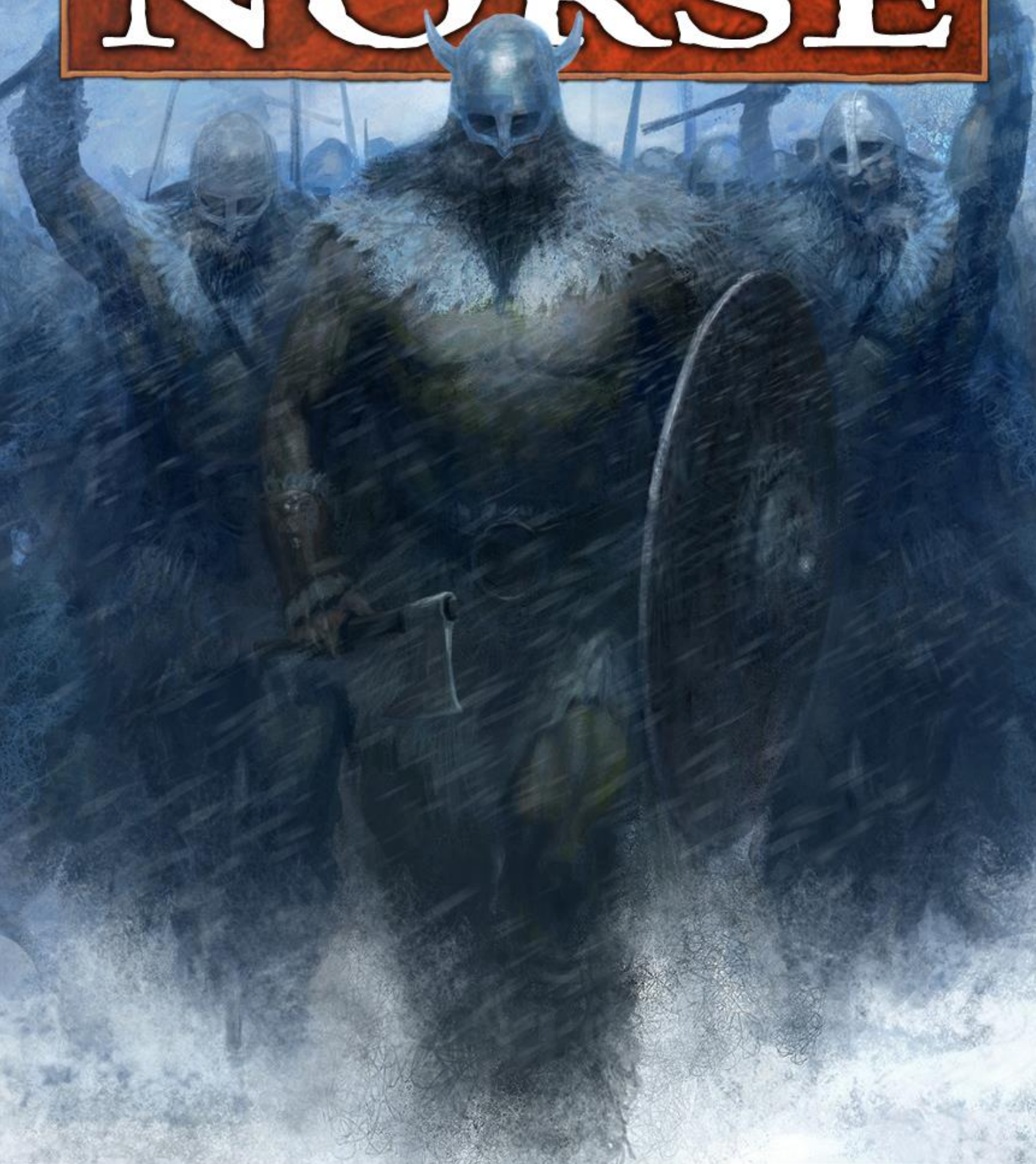


WARHAMMER

NORSE



WARHAMMER ARMIES





Rellis
2011

NORSE



By Mathias Eliasson

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to *Warhammer: Norse*, your indispensable guide to the men of the North. This book provides all the information you'll require to play with a Norse army in games of Warhammer.

WHY COLLECT NORSE?

The Norse are great warriors, and their Reavers are feared all over the world. Working themselves into a battle frenzy, an enraged Norseman is a terrifying opponent to face. The Norse Warhirds consists of all manner of terrifying warriors and monsters, from the lowly Bondsmen and Marauders that makes up the core of the armies, to the mighty Frost Giants and War Mammoths that makes the earth shake as they pass. Huscarls make up the elite, supported by immortal Einherjars, ferocious Ulfwerenar and frenzied Berserkers. Shield Maidens make stoic defenders, while the magical Valkyries swoop down upon their prey. When the armies of the Norse go to war, you better be prepared to run!

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

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

- **Men of the North.** This section introduces the Norse and their part in the Warhammer world. It includes their society and history. You will also find information on the land of Norsca, the cold land in the north.

- **The Norse War Hird.** Each and every troop type in the Norse 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 Midgard – magical artefacts that are unique to the army – along with rules to use them in your games.
- **Norse Army List.** The army list takes all of the characters, warriors, monsters and war machines from the Norse War Hird section and arranges them so that you can choose an army for your games. Units are classed as characters (Lords or Heroes), Core, Special or Rare, and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of the game you are playing.

FIND OUT MORE

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

www.warhammerarmiesproject.blogspot.com







THE MEN OF THE NORTH

The land of Norsca lies right on the edge of the Old World by the frozen fjords that adjoin the western shores of the Sea of Claws. Towering mountains of ice and bleak rock keep the menace of Chaos at bay, while deep harbours provide anchorage for the feared Dragon Ships of the Norse Raiders.

The Norse are hardy barbarians whose wild drinking and fighting are legendary in the civilised lands to the south. The Norse raid the shores of the Old World and waylay any ships they can find.

Although violent they are also honourable, but only to other Norse, and a Norse without honour is an outcast not worthy of living. This is part of why Norse despise other races so much and would never befriend them, as they are too false and dishonourable. Besides, if they befriended them, there would not be anyone left to fight and plunder...

THE NORSE

In the cold north of the Warhammer world, across the stormy Sea of Claws, lies the country of Norsca. This is a harsh realm of snow, where deadly forests of ice and mountains of frost reach skywards to the heavens, marching down to its impregnable coast.

The northern regions of the Old World suffer from extremes of climate and geography unlike anywhere else. The dense dark forests, high barren mountains, icy seas and long winter nights conspire to make life here both hard and short. Cold and forbidding, it would seem unlikely that people could live there in any significant numbers. This cruel land is home to the Norse - a race of men that are as fierce, brutal and unforgiving as the landscape itself. The Norse are a populous race and their settlements reach towards the pole to the very borders of the Chaos Wastes.

Norsemen are a distinctive race; they have large frames and are extremely muscular. They have the pale skin of the men of the Empire, but are taller and stronger. Norsemen tend to be fair-haired – blond and red being the most common. All wear their hair long, keeping it in braids, and sometimes weaving feathers or beads in the knots. The Norsemen don furs and hides as armour, though some have taken to wearing the mail of their southern kin. They are much given to singing, drinking and laughing, but are also quick to anger and are relentless opponents.



The Norsemen are bloodthirsty people whose society is based entirely around battle. Because little grows upon the rocky soil of the North, the Norse have traditionally turned to the sea for their livelihood. They craft or produce very little in their inhospitable homeland. Instead their custom is to seize whatever they might need from foreign soil. Many times have their dreaded longships brought terror and destruction to the shores of men and the older races.

All Norse warriors are trained in the art of war at a very young age and become skilled in the use of sword, axe, and shield for theirs is a brutal society where only the strongest survive. The Norsemen have few allegiances apart from to their families and tribal ancestors. Due to their well founded fearsome reputation they make excellent mercenaries.

The Norse people live in Marauder tribes, much like the Unberogens who were, centuries earlier, the founders of the Empire. It is for these reasons that they are viewed as a very primitive and uncivilised race by their neighbours. Indeed many Norse tribes openly worship the Dark Gods of Chaos.

Alongside the Human Norse live the Norse Dwarfs in their hold at Kraka Drak, and they share many common traits and traditions. It is unsure whether the Norse grew more like the Dwarfs or vice versa, but it is a relationship that appears to work very well.

Whether Dwarf or man, the Norse are a warrior race and love nothing better than a good fight. When not gathering for a battle or raiding down the coast, the Norse spend their time hunting, drinking and fighting amongst themselves.

The Norse are raised from an early age to wield a sword and shield, and many of their youngest warriors are but 14 or 15 years old. The harsh climate and rugged lifestyle of the Norse means they are used to hardships, and their love of battle means there are few inexperienced warriors in a Norse Warhird.

THE NORSE REAVERS

Despite their brutish behaviour the Norse make superb natural sailors rivalling even the High Elves, given to great voyages and adventures. Norse raiding parties plague the coastline of Lustria attacking many offshore settlements but it is their desire for riches and adventure that has driven them further inland to pillage the ancient temples of the Slann, bringing home tales of strange lands, immeasurable wealth and wild creatures.

The coastal clans of the Norse lay claim to large fleets of Longships and Kingships which carry their war parties all over the known world. The Norse Reavers are the scourge of the Sea of Claws, pillaging towns

and villages all along the Empire and Norscan coasts. Their raids and attacks are not just restricted to north either. Norse Reavers have attacked fleets around the Southlands, and even as far away as the coast of Lustria. Their Kingships and Longships set out for the shores of Albion, the coasts of the Old World and even further afield, sailing as far as Ulthuan and the Southlands, bringing warriors to pillage and extort what they require.

Occasionally they will trade with other races or hire themselves out as mercenaries in return for goods but most of the time they will simply fight to get what they want. It is said that the Norse love war song and ale but most of all they love war.

The Reavers are utterly fearless, and their pride rests on how much booty they can take during a raid. Most of the time the Norse Reavers ply the seas, raiding convoys and lone ships foolish enough to be out on their own. Now and again though, the Reavers gather in a large fleet and mount a raid on some isolated coastal town. The pattern is simple and has worked for them on countless occasions. The Reavers defeat any seaborne force on the water and then run their ships aground. With characteristic Norse enthusiasm they then storm the town or village, burning the houses, stampeding the animals and killing all who try to stop them.

A favourite tactic of the Reavers is to kidnap some local dignitary and hold them to ransom. They return to their ships with the burgomeister or noble and demand that the settlement empty their coffers for his safe return. There have been occasions when the Norse have been forced to execute their captive, purely to maintain their reputation.

When not fighting in a raid, the fleets sail back and forth across the seas searching for merchant fleets and convoys crossing to Marienburg or Erengard. These are prime targets for Norse attacks and of late the Emperor has decreed that convoys on the Sea of Claws must be accompanied by an appropriately sized Imperial War Fleet. This has not deterred the Norse at all, who enjoy the prospect of fighting the Greatships, Wolfships and Galleys of the Empire. Beacon towers along the coast light huge fires to warn nearby settlements whenever a Norse war fleet is sighted. Old Worlders tell horrifying tales of these berserk warriors from over the Sea of Claws looting and burning from their dragon headed vessels and ravaging the northern coasts of The Empire and Kislev.

THE NORSEMEN AND THE OLD WORLD

Since the earliest migrations, the Norsemen have retained a strange relationship with the rest of the Old World. They straddle the line that divides the bloodthirsty hordes of Chaos that lie in the Shadowlands from the huddled masses who fight to defend their homes and way of life from the Incursions of Chaos. In short: To the Empire, the Norsemen are antagonists, sometime allies, and explorers.

Norsemen as Antagonists

The most common encounter between the Old Worlder and Norseman is in battle. Norsca is not a land renowned for its food and comfort; it is a place of violence and scarcity. When the Norsemen's population increases beyond their capacity to feed themselves, they set out to raid settlements along the imperial and Bretonnia's coastlines, sacking the small towns they find and carrying off livestock, grains, and new slaves.





Depending on the need, the Norsemen have attacked Erengrad and Marienburg, though both cities boast defences enough to repel all but the largest attacks. More often than not, when a Norse fleet approaches a community, they offer to take foodstuffs and booty in exchange for not burning the community to the ground. Though it may mean starvation through the winter, many Old Worlders give up a portion of their foodstuffs and even a child or two to ensure they have a chance to make it through to the next season.

Many Norsemen attack the Empire and other communities out of spite. Long have the Norsemen believed their lands were taken from them by Sigmar and his allies, so each raid pays back a little more of the debt they feel the Old Worlders owe. To make matters worse, they also find the Imperials lacking in courage and skill, hearkening to soft Gods, and lacking in honour. For them, it is their duty to purge the land of such weak men and pave the way for the Incursion that will mark the final and glorious end to all things.

Raiding is also a part of life. Among the Norse, a man gains honour simply by being a warrior. Excellence in fighting not only honours the Norsemen but also brings honour to all of their forbears. As a result, young men raid coastal villages as a means to prove themselves, and many are goaded to greater acts of daring by their Jarls – the lords of the Norse are well aware that ambitious young warriors grow up into restive, dangerous, ambitious, experienced warriors. Finally, Norsemen attack other settlements because they are compelled to by their Gods. From time to time, the Seers receive visions that they interpret as invocations to war. The black Winds of Chaos blow south, pushing

the Kurgan into Norsca and forcing the Norsemen to venture south to avoid being devoured or sacrificed on the bloody altars of their cousins.

Norsemen as Allies

Though these people strike fear into the hearts of men, not all Norsemen are bent on rapine and slaughter. Many deal with their neighbours honestly and fairly. Part of this "civilised" approach stems from Marienburg's efforts to establish mercantile inroads to expand their own trading influence. Marienburgers hope to cultivate a buffer state against the Kurgan and the more savage tribes of the Norsemen.

As a result of this new era of prosperity, Norsemen have slowly returned to the ports of the Old World, signing on as mercenaries or even as merchants, selling whale oil, ivory, and lumber. In some parts of the world, the Norse warrior has become something of a novelty. The brave savage warrior is made all the more attractive by the stories and romances that circulate among the ladies of the courts. It's now fashionable in Marienburg to have a Norseman employed as a personal guard among the families of the upper class – and who can say, really, what goes on behind closed doors.

Norsemen as Explorers

As some of the oldest seafaring Humans in the Old World, Norsemen are at home amidst the waves and the spray of salt water. They are master shipbuilders, capable of constructing sleek ships famous for their speed and durability. They have a keen sense for navigation, can read the stars, and have a natural wanderlust that carries them across the oceans. It's true they undertake some voyages out of curiosity or because they were instructed to do so to appease the Gods, but most are opportunities for warriors to prove their mettle in battle against whatever new enemies they encounter. And if they acquire new thralls, weapons, gold, and silver, even better.



It's believed there's nowhere in all the world the Norsemen have not travelled. Legends tell of courageous seamen crossing the Great Ocean to found colonies in far-flung Lustria, or to wage war against the foul Dark Elves. There are tales among the Norse of crossing the Sea of Chaos to reach the lands of the Hung, to battle the treacherous Chaos Marauders and bring back untold treasures. Merchants travelling the Silk Road make mention of blond giants amidst the cultured people of fabled Cathay and Nippon. While these tales spark the imagination, who can say if they are true or not? Still, the Norsemen have great confidence in their skills at sea, and point to Losteriksson, who was the first Old Worlder to set foot on the shores of Lustria and live to record the event. There, he founded Skeggi – named for his daughter who was the first Norse child born in the New World.

NORSE SOCIETY

Norse society is made up of distinct tribes that venerate their own heroes and their own visions of the Gods, but all share similar social structures.

Society Levels

Each tribe is ruled by a King who distributes hunting grounds and territory to his lords, Jarls. The Jarls bestow favours' and gifts onto their loyal warriors, who occupy a vaunted place among their fellows. The rest of Norse society consist the elderly, infirm, and women. At the very bottom are the thralls, slaves, taken from raids for use as sacrifices, menial labour, or worse, as consorts.

Peasants

Norsemen who lack skill or ability at arms fill a low place in Norse society. Reviled as weak and inferior, they are relegated to serving the Jarls, tending the fields and thralls, and herding animals. They are builders, farmers, and craftsmen. They may not have the prestige of the warriors, it's understood that without them, Norsca would surely die.

Warriors

The ideal person in Norscan culture is the young, virile slayer. He's courageous, skilled, and tough. He is the warrior. He is the hunter, the defender, the raider, and the hero. He defines the youthful aspirations of the young. Skalds recount his exploits in song and tale to the rapt children who dream of one day joining the other warriors, fighting not only for honour and glory but for the respect of their ancestors and the favour of the Dark Gods.

Becoming a warrior is, at heart, a simple matter. Anyone can pick up a sword and fight. But to gain the status and the attention coveted by would-be fighters, one must undertake certain rites of passage. Different tribes have different rites. Some require three tests: a test of strength, a test of skill, and a test of courage. Others may send out candidates armed only with a spear to hunt down and slay a dreaded beast. Some clans erect a fake village and populate it with thralls armed with shields and clubs. The warriors must then raid the village to recover a prize, perhaps gold, ale, meat, or a beautiful thrall.

Jarls adopt the new warriors, binding them with oaths of loyalty. The bonded warrior protects the noble, enhancing the Jarls prestige and power. In exchange for his service, the warrior receives gifts such as arm rings, weapons, armour, golden jewellery, and of course, thralls.

The life of a warrior is often brief, but it is always exciting. Between raids, these men provide flesh for the clan by hunting the wild beasts of Norsca. They gain prestige when they return with an ice boar, moose, or some massive shark pulled from the seas. In times of war, they clamber onto the Longships, bravely setting sail for whatever battlefield awaits them, knowing their destiny is at hand. From their exploits, they take

various titles, such as Bloodaxe, Beasthunter, Manslayer, Hatewrath, and so on.

When not hunting or fighting, warriors enjoy the finer aspects of Norse culture. They spend their time in sweat lodges, swapping lies, and telling tales of their contests. At night, they engage in drinking contests from which they can gain new and evocative titles – Alespew, Rockson, and the Glutton. Norsemen warriors are also unforgivable boasters, claiming impossible things to outdo their rivals. Sometimes these boasts lead to physical contests of arm wrestling, knife fighting, or brawling. These fights are rarely lethal since killing a warrior in times of peace is a grave crime.



To the outsider, Norsemen warriors are all the same: bloodthirsty bands of killers. But there are distinctions even among the various clans. Loyalty to a particular Jarl engenders peculiarities that all his bonded warriors embrace. Some warriors have a particular fighting style, perhaps using only axes, or fighting with shields whose edges are sharpened to a razor edge. Others are incredible leapers, while some wear armour only on the fronts of their bodies so they may never retreat. Unusual haircuts, topknots, a particular braid of beard, or lack of a beard altogether characterise the differing groups of Norsemen.





Line of Kings

The Line of Kings was established by Hunlaf Wolfclaw Thorsson and the leaders of the Wolfclaw clan have inherited the title of High King ever since.

The High King rules from the fortress of Heorot and commands the allegiance of thousands of Norse. However, only in times of great peril does the High King need to assemble the clans, as each clan under his control is almost independent and can raid and protect themselves without outside aid.

Every so often a High King seems to be appointed by the gods, and a great destiny is laid down for him. When this happens the Norse gather together in a great Warhird and set off on a great raid or conquest. These High Kings have the name Thorsson added to their list of titles and they are charismatic leaders. In battle they seem invulnerable to normal weapons and can cut down swathes of their enemies singlehandedly.

Fortunately for the rest of the world these God-like beings are few and far between, and their time in this world is brief, for they only touch upon the lives of other men for a short time. The first of these was Hunlaf Wolfclaw Thorsson, and his son Beowulf was also such a gifted individual. Eric Redaxe, who led a great raid on Ulthuan, is said to have been a child of Thor, and he was the latest of these men to change the histories of the Norse.

Even the High Kings that do not share the honour of being Thorsson are reputable leaders and fighters, and

lead by example. They reward the worthy with valuable gifts and dispense justice with an even hand. The heritage of a High King is a source of pride for all the Norse who live under his protection and the leaders of the clans have sworn binding oaths of fealty and honour.

The domain of the High King, known as Midgard, stretches from the huge iron-clad walls of the fastness at Heorot on the Sea of Claws in the south, to the great glacial valley of Thorfrost, some three hundred miles away.

Compared to most kingdoms in the Old World, the rule of the High King does not stretch far, but the Emperor and the King of Bretonnia do not have to enforce their law across windswept tundra and sharp peaked mountain ranges. The High King's messengers and enforcers must journey across deep ice-veiled rivers and through the many folded fjords of the coast. Despite the seemingly impossible odds of seeing that his law is upheld throughout Midgard, the High King manages to rule with an iron grip.

The clans within the realm are free to run their lives pretty much as they wish, as long as the tithes are paid and they do not hinder the servants of the High King. However, sometimes a feud or dispute erupts into inter-clan war that threatens to engulf more and more neighbouring clans. At these times the High King leads his personal army of Wolfclaw veterans to settle the matter. If the disputing clans do not heed the High King's arbitration then he does not hesitate to enforce his ruling with the sword and axe.

NORSE SETTLEMENTS

The Norse live in clans, each of which consists of a number of settlements. The smallest clans have but a single settlement, but some of the most dominant clans, such as the Stormravens und Thunderbears, number over a hundred settlements and thousands of warriors.

Each settlement is a wholly self-contained entity, but the leaders of each settlement owe fealty to the clan leader. In this way the running of the day to day life of the clans is supervised at a local level, but overall hunting rights, organisation of Warhirds and similar large scale enterprises is made at the council of elders who advise the clan King.

In order for a city to thrive and grow, it must have substantial farmland and natural resources. Considering the harsh climate and the rugged terrain, Norsca cannot support the same sized settlements the Empire can. Instead, the Norsemen congregate in small communities consisting of three to five families scattered throughout the territory controlled by their tribe. Each community is led by a Jarl who is often advised by a Seer or Vitki and propped up by a cadre of loyal warriors. Certainly, there are larger and smaller settlements, with the bigger ones being held by the tribe's King and the smaller ones struggling to survive until they are eventually wiped out by the elements, a rival tribe, or some man-eating horror.

Sites

When selecting a new site for a settlement, Norsemen have three things in mind. First, the site must have access to a resource: good fishing, forests for timber, or an area of rich soil suitable for farming. Second, the settlement must be defensible; areas nestled in the mountains or hidden in dense forest are preferable. The



last consideration is the ability to see in all directions. What good is a village nestled in a gorge of the mountains if one cannot see the approach of one's enemies? To make otherwise unsuitable sites useful, the Norsemen construct watchtowers to holding piles of wood drenched in oil to serve as a signal fire for the nearby community. These watchtowers may serve one or more settlements, and should the tribe fall under an attack, the signal fires can erupt all over the territory, calling the Jarls to muster their warriors and make ready for war.

Structures

Norsemen architecture is built with utility as the Forefront concern. A structure must be warm and big enough to accommodate a large family. Also, these structures should be low to the ground so the falling snow can conceal the structures from predators. In the spring and summer, their roofs are seeded with grass so they blend in with the surrounding land.

Most structures in these settlements are longhouses: long and large, single-storied buildings covered in thatched roofs. Most have some additional adornment, featuring whorls and knots and working in beautifully carved images of Dragons and other mythological creatures.

Within the longhouses, there's a central common room where meals are cooked, Skalds tell tales of the Gods and ancestors, and most of the family sleeps for warmth. Other areas attached to the common room serve as storage, private bedrooms, or as pens to hold animals.

Thralls live in hovels, little more than a collection of stitched-together skins hanging on a wooden Frame. To keep out the cold, the slaves smear mud or excrement on the walls. The thralls are free to come and go as they please, as the Norsemen know there is nowhere for their captives to run. The Norsemen may sacrifice their slaves, but at least it's a quick death – something not often found in the trackless wilds of Norsca.

Each community has a holy site of some kind. Most are caves burrowed into the side of a hill or mountain, but a few are freestanding structures. Such sites can be identified by the altar and bonfires, mounds of skulls, and sacrifices of plunder. Strange runes mark the entryways, forbidding all those who are not blooded warriors from entering, but even the most courageous fighter fears what lies within. Maintaining the temple is a Seer or Vitki, who either lives in the holy site or in a hovel nearby. Those familiar with the signs of Chaos can see their workings throughout these structures, from the bloodied altars to the strange paintings on the cave walls. The symbols of the Ruinous Powers are worked into everything, charging the air with raw power.

Last are the fortresses. Whilst in no way as magnificent as those found elsewhere in the Old World, these are defensible strongholds, built to withstand the worst of

assaults. Some strongholds are old Norse Dwarf enclaves, while others are man-made, carved out of the very rock itself. These strongholds pepper the coastline, and are almost always held by a tribal King or particularly wealthy Jarl.

Industry

It may seem the land of the Norsemen is a bleak place with little to offer, but the mountains are rich with veins of silver and iron. In addition, where farmland does exist, it is always fertile, enriched by the minerals carried down from the mountains by the snowmelt. Norsemen are skilled fishermen, and whalers brave the tempestuous seas to harvest the greatest bounties of the ocean. Ivory, iron, fine woods, and other materials are readily available for the raking. But given the importance of warriors in Norseman society, much of the labour falls to the thralls taken from raiding and the peasants who manage them.

NORSE CULTURE

To most, the Norsemen are nothing more than bloodthirsty barbarians, no different from the savage peoples of the Chaos Wastes. Admittedly, many Norsemen embrace the same forces of decay, blood, and death as the Kurgan and the Hung, but their culture is more than an endless series of battles. They have a rich society with traditions passed down intact since the time of Sigmar. They are unsullied by the machinations and plotting that so plagues the Empire, being free spirits who form a nation built upon the foundations of honour, loyalty, and respect.

A Spiritual World

The Norsemen live in two worlds: one is visible, tangible; the other is the world of spirits and Daemons, lying just beyond the senses. Though current philosophical trends of Tilea and elsewhere emphasise the empirical, that which can be studied and interacted with, the Norse believe what they see around them is the lie, a deception created to test them. Instead, the Spirit World is the truth, and only through the guidance of their mystics and the blessings of their Gods can they penetrate the veil of the senses and peer into the true reality.

Since life as experienced by the senses is a deception, the Norsemen do not cling to life like other races. They throw themselves into the thick of combat to show their worth to their Gods and their ancestors, all in the hope of receiving a blessing, or to be plucked from the dream in death by one of the shadowy Warrior Hags to join their fellows in the Halls of Glory. Pain, suffering, and other physical maladies are all illusions and are accepted as part of their existence.

It is believed Norsca's proximity to the Chaos Wastes lends itself to this way of thinking. The Shadowlands are strange and ever-changing. An ordinary boulder may stay in the same place for a thousand years, and then one day pick itself up and move to another spot. Birds may fly through the air one moment, and then slither as a serpent on the ground the next. Storms

come and go with no warning. The sun may rise or not, and even the very stars seem to change. The world of the north is perpetually in a state of flux, and no laws apply to this land, lending a dreamlike quality to this wild land. Hence, life and death, health and sickness are all just aspects of this great dream they collectively experience.

So when a Vitki conjures up a Daemon, the Norsemen believe they are getting a glimpse of reality. And given these essences have mutable forms, it is no great logical leap to suggest the manifestation of mutations is a mark of divine favour – a blessing granted by the Gods to set the chosen apart from the mundane.

Battle

Since the "real" world is naught but a dream, it is the goal of every Norseman to reach the truth, the life beyond the nightmare. Death is the door to this new world, but passage through it is not easy, for it is guarded by the Warrior Hags. A Norseman may only journey into the Realm of the Gods by proving his worth in the dream, and to prove it, he must die a glorious death in battle. Those who beg for mercy or cling to the world of the living are found wanting and cursed to wander the world as disembodied spirits, or worse, fed to the Great Dragon that Squats, where they are reborn as slaves, women, or worse, Old Worlders. And so warriors occupy a place of honour amongst the Norse, for it is they who have the chance to receive the rewards awaiting them in death. The rest are condemned to spend their days in the dream, never knowing the glory that could be theirs.





This emphasis on death in battle bears many similarities to the customs of the Dwarfs. A dishonoured Dwarf commits himself to death in battle, to seek out powerful foes until he is slain. Only through honourable death can the shame be absolved, allowing the Dwarf to find a place in the afterlife. It's theorised the Norsemen's emphasis on death in battle may be somehow related to the Dwarf custom, which might suggest some ancient pact or mingling of their races in the distant past.

It's easy to romanticise Norsemen's notions about glory in death, but the truth is they are raised in a culture that values the masculine. From birth, Norsemen are raised to be heedless of death, to form no attachments to life, and embrace everything that is strong, virile, and dangerous.

Other Customs

Aside from a disturbing obsession with death, the Norsemen have a strange assortment of practices that damn them in the eyes of many Old Worlders. Ranging from the curious to the downright disgusting, the manner and nature of these customs largely depends on the tribe.

Battle Customs

The sacrifice of thralls is by and large the most common act prior to battle, but it is by no means the only custom. Most battle customs involve complex and disturbing rites, including the spilling of symbolic blood, consuming the flesh of Chaos, and even a preliminary battle using blunted weapons.

In one northern tribe, they practise a disgusting ritual to consume the power of Chaos. They first take a living Beastman and drain its blood into a large iron cauldron.

They pile wood around the vat and bring it to a boil, then add psychedelic herbs and tinctures to create a noxious mess.

Next, each warrior cuts a lock of his hair and drops it into the bubbling fluid. Once all the warband has contributed the Vitki ladles out measures from the cauldron and fills a skull goblet. Each warrior then drinks the draught to the dregs and spends the rest of the night awaiting the visions of his Gods. Much retching coincides with such rites.

Birth

Among some Norsemen tribes, a birth cannot occur without a death. The arrival of a newborn signifies doom for the tribe, so to appease the hungry spirits, the Norsemen butcher a thrall. Other tribes see birth as the truest sign of the Dark Gods' will. At least one tribe has a foul practice, where fathers consume the fluids and flesh of the afterbirth. It's believed this material contains the essence of change, and by devouring it, one can draw strength from it.

Mourning

Since death in battle is the ideal fate for any warrior, women in Norsca are forbidden to mourn the loss of their husbands and sons. Instead, they are to celebrate the event in a revel of feasting and drinking. Amongst some tribes, it is customary for the matron to cut away a portion of her finger as a sacrifice to the Warrior Hags, who they believe will lead their loved ones to the Halls of Glory.

Wergild

Instead of a complex set of laws, like those favoured in the Empire and elsewhere, the Norsemen resolve crimes simply. Any crime, no matter how small, incurs a debt, or wergild. When a person is wronged, they may seek recompense from the Jarl. They state their case, and the accused is given a chance to defend himself. Witnesses testify to their perspective on the matter, and once all evidence is presented, the Jarl will offer judgement. Such decisions never come easily and are rarely fair, depending on the quality of the arguments and the Jarl's mood. For instance, if the Jarl deems the plaintiff wrongfully accused the defendant, he may force the accuser to pay recompense to the accused. In any event, the Jarl sets the wergild for the offence. Sometimes, usually in the cases of murder, the debt can be met by paying a fine (wergild means man-gold: how much an individual is worth).

Over the generations, wergild has been expanded to deal with any wrong, and if no one was killed, the Jarls must be creative when dispensing justice. Each Jarl, depending on his wit and cunning, will devise appropriate values of recompense, based upon the crime. In the case of a false accusation, the Jarl might take the tongue of the accuser. Assaulting another man's wife might be punishable by being made into a eunuch for his uncontrollable passions. The taking of limbs is also common, especially when the accused cannot pay the wergild.

Especially heinous deeds might result in the criminal being forced to undertake a dangerous quest to some obscure place to do some bizarre act that will ultimately lead to his death. These are especially popular when the quest itself brings honour to the criminal and is reserved for Bondsmen and warriors who commit some wrong within their tribe, usually against someone of a lower station. Since the warrior cannot retain his honour by paying a debt to a non-warrior, he will instead undertake a dangerous quest that puts his life at risk but also brings glory and honour if he succeeds.

In some cases, the wergild may be placed on someone other than the guilty party, often when placing it on the accused would have serious repercussions.

In such cases, a wife or child may have to bear the burden, losing a limb or eye to pay for the crimes of the patriarch. Or, better still, the wergild may fall upon the next person to enter the village, something that's preferred by the guilty party but is risky if the tribe's king happens to pass through the area.

Other examples include the transference of titles and station to the wronged party. There are even cases when another Norseman takes the wife, children, holdings, and thralls of his enemy as recompense for losing his own. In short, there is something of an eye-for-an-eye system in Norsca. The severity of justice is usually enough to keep most Norsemen in line.



Currency

Norsemen do not use gold for currency, rather they melt down gold coins to make jewellery – arm rings, torques, and brooches. In recent years, thanks to vigorous trade with Marienburg, the Norsemen have begun to mint small silver coins called sceattas.

The coins feature the crude likeness of the tribal King from which it originates. These coins are widely considered to have less value than other currencies. Hence, the Norsemen still resolve most of their dealings through barter, trading in lumber, slaves, livestock, and ivory.

Norse Language

The Norse tongue is a complex language with over a dozen tribal dialects. Structurally, it bears many similarities to Khazalid, the language of Dwarfs, but it's corrupted by the intrusion of words from Old Reikspiel and the Dark Tongue. Essentially, Norscan uses a small sample of root words and creates new words by adding prefixes and suffixes and creating compound words out of simple ones. What makes this

language difficult to learn is that each tribe joins different words to define the same thing. A southern tribe might call a bear a bee-wolf (bee for honey, wolf for shape and appetite) while a northern tribe, where bees simply don't exist might refer to bears as waterwolves, since the bear snatches fish from mountain streams. To master this language, one must not only learn the basic words but also be able to understand the implied meaning when the words are joined together in the context of where they are spoken.

Norsemen Insults

Norsemen insults are crude and disgusting, of the types of things that an adolescent boy would conceive of the ribald laughter of his peers. Norsemen venerate all things masculine; thus disparaging another's manhood is not only demeaning, but infuriating. Common quips are to speak of another man's sword, impugning both his skill at arms and the size of his manhood. Comparing men to Imperials is another sure way to provoke a fight. And if a person really wants to face a frothing berserker, they merely have to suggest that the Norseman was used as a woman in the bed of another man. Most Norse insults are too profane and base to mention here, but suffice it to say, the Norse lack subtlety.

NORSE RELIGION

It would be easy to say that the Norsemen worship the Dark Gods, even easier to say that they are a soulless horde with no regard for life or the suffering they cause. It is true Norsemen see mutations as blessings from their Gods, and they festoon their bodies with tattoos and symbols of the Dark Gods to attract their attention, but to say the Norsemen are unthinking slaves to the Ruinous Powers is simply false.

The Norsemen see themselves as honest men, strong, mighty, and courageous. And for these virtues, they thank the Gods. They worship the Gods they do because they see their power in all things, and are vividly reminded of their potency. Southern Gods, like Sigmar, are weak in comparison to the primal forces of life and death represented by their deities. To the Norsemen, the blessings of their Gods are the clearest sign of their power, proving to them that the Gods of the Empire are weak and impotent.

Norse religion is dynamic and complex, featuring a broad pantheon of Ancestors, Heroes, Daemons, and Gods. The Gods themselves vary from tribe to tribe, but each group of Norsemen embrace a pantheon that reflects four central themes: War, Desire, Decay, and Hope. Norse pantheons rarely feature just a single God per theme, rather they may have several. Instead of a single God of Battle, they might have three: one for wrath, another for death, and a last for excellence in arms.

Though they have broad pantheons, these Gods are but aspects of four Dark Gods. They go on to suggest the various heroes are those mortals who likely gained a Mark of Chaos or were transformed into Daemons.



Clearly, there are many parallels between the beliefs of the Norse and those upheld by the Kurgan and others in the Chaos Wastes. But some Norsemen also venerate some Imperial Gods like Ulric and Taal, giving the theologians of the Empire no shortage of religious frustrations.

Naming all the Norse Gods is impossible, as each community adds their own idols and heroes to the core set of deities worshipped by most Norsemen. Even the most popular divine figures are not universally upheld, since the northern tribes worship the Gods that are closer approximations to the Dark Gods than the southern tribes do. Still, there are some similarities. All pantheons feature a King of the Gods, who reflects the mortal King of the tribe. He is usually a war leader, powerful in battle but also wise. He typically has a wife who upholds womanly concerns such as home and hearth, marriage and motherhood. In addition, there are a number of Gods to represent the elemental forces of fire, water, wind, and earth – these tend to correspond to the four Chaos Gods, one of which is often the trickster God (almost always a parallel so Tzeentch). The rest of the Gods reflect the particular concerns of a community. Add to this hundreds of Hero-Gods and Daemons, and you come close to assembling a typical tribe's pantheon.

Curiously, many Norsemen believe in Gods with strong parallels to those worshipped in the Empire, although no Norseman believes in Morr, since the afterlife is closed to all but the most courageous warriors. The Norse versions are always more savage and vicious than their southern counterparts. For example, the Skaeling tribe claims a Daemon God named Mermedus, often believed to be a dark reflection of Manaen, dwells beneath the Sea of Claws.

They depict him as a bulbous and ghoulish figure, bloated in death, and covered in bulging eyes. It is said he walks on the sea floor, causing stormy waters to capsize ships and drown sailors. To appease this vile God, the Skaeling make human and animal sacrifices, casting the weighted bodies down to distract the God from their voyage.

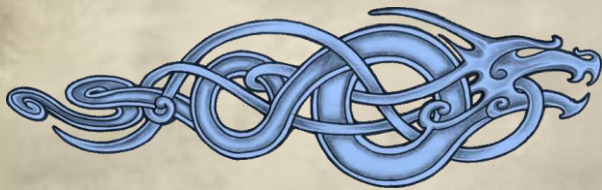
Though not particularly pious, the Norse beliefs are very strong. They believe that when they die they will either go to Valhalla or to a limbo. In Valhalla, where those warriors who were brave and strong and met their death fighting go, it is the eternal destiny of the Norse soul to continue fighting and feasting in Asgard, the Norse equivalent of paradise. In the limbo-like realm of Hel, the god of death, the spirits of Norse who die in their beds of illness or old age are tormented with physical and spiritual pain, turning their afterlife into a monotonous series of mind numbing tortures. Needless to say, the Norse have no fear of death in battle, because they know that if they fail to fight at their best their soul will be eternally tormented by Hel. This leads them on to great acts of daring and heroism that would seem insane to an ordinary man.

Worship

Norscan religion can be divided in four parts: worship of Ancestor spirits, of the spirits of dead Heroes, of Daemons and finally of Gods (this includes the Chaos Gods). Some also worship various nature spirits. All these are worshipped as equally important and even the spirits and daemons (including Daemon Princes) are not anyway higher than actual divine beings. The Norse pantheon is very large and all these are considered part of Raenir. These are the reasons why Old Worlders usually view Norse religion as primitive and strange.

The Norse worship the spirits of their ancestors who they believe still watch over them from Doedigard. Ancestors don't usually have any special holy days or symbols. They are just remembered during other festivals and when their guidance is needed.

Because the Norse live close to the Chaos Wastes the influence of Chaos is very strong. This also results in daemonic manifestations. Daemon summoning is also more common in Norsca than in the Old World. Some of the daemons are powerful and influential enough that people have actually started to worship them. Daemon Princes particularly like to gather followers. The Norse do not view daemons differently from the Gods. For them both come from the Spirit World, Raenisheim.



The Norscan Pantheon (the Raenir) is large. It includes both the normal Gods (the Æsafólk) and the Chaos Gods (the Vanenes). The distinction between them is far less pronounced than in the Old World. Most Norse heroes are remembered through the Sagas

told by the tribes. In their view these great heroes watch over, and even help, the living from the Spirit World. Whilst some were actually great Champions of Chaos there are also many "normal" heroes. Heroes don't usually have any special holy days or symbols; they are just remembered during other festivals and when their guidance is needed (a small prayer or sacrifice can then be given by the worshipper). Heroes are considered to be "Venerated Souls".

The End of the World - Ragnarok

Ragnarok is the End of the World to the Norse. This is when Olric will ask all Einherjar to join the Raenir in the last Great War against Chaos. Of course worshippers of the Chaos Gods do not believe in this part. To them this is the day their masters will finally devour the world.

Ragnarok will be preceded by the Fimbulwinter, "The Winter without End". Three successive winters will follow each other with no summer in between. As a result, conflicts and feuds will break out, and all morality will disappear. It is said that during this time both the Sun and Moon will fall. Then the stars will vanish from the sky and the Real World will fall into darkness. Only the Roedredsel, or Morrslieb, will give light at this time. The earth will shudder so violently that trees will be uprooted, mountains will fall, and every bond and fetter will snap and sever. After this the final battle will begin...

"Bow before me, for I am Thrombard Broadoak, Jarl of the Great Thane Aegsarl of the Tribe of the Great Eagle, and none will join my warhird without swearing their loyalty to me as my bondsman. We sail on the next high tide, off to the land of the Scaled Beasts, the land of gold aplenty, the land they call Lustria..."

"This is my warhird, blessed by our dark lord. Here is a thread for Skyr's spindle - see how it glows when I honour my forefathers in battle. In a dream inspired by Hraki the Trickster I received it - well has it served me as I serve Tchar, the Great Eagle. Here are Dreki and Raersk, my favoured champions - Dreki lost his eye in the Rite of Age.

Well, little boy, do you still wish to take the Rite of Age? Of course you do. Those who will not take it are fools and cowards - aye, Dreki, even the Seers. I do not trust magic. Little still do I trust Rornir, that Hraki-spawn. Boy, don't look at me like that. Yes, you may come from the foothills, but you are soft in the head if you do not believe in the Wulfen".

"But come, now is the time for your Rite. Here is the tallest point of the Hrakorn Harbour. At

the bottom of the ocean bed is a cave, full of sweet air. Do not ask me what magic it is. The Seers started it when the Tchar walked the land with his ravens. Dive into the sea, and find it. Inside you will find a horn. Blow on it twice. Then wait. Tchar be with you. Boy, if I do not hear the sound from here".

The boy stood, not shivering despite the cold. To do so would be shameful. He looked down the cliff face, into the churning sea thousands of feet below. Then he ran, jumping to throw himself far from the cliff that would dash his brains out. He fell down, into the sea, and, not even stopping for air, dived downwards.

"Thrombard, do you think he'll make it?"

"Of course not. Did you, or I? Did anyone? When he emerges, he'll see that the bravery was not the deed but taking on whatever we said, He'll make a fine addition to our warhird."

The Jarl waited, waiting for the boy to come back. Some of the boys were so fearful of shame that they never came back. They were no use. A warrior without brains is as useless as a broken axe.

SAGA OF ULFRIC GRONDAL

Leaning far out over the Dragonprow of his Kingship, Ulfric Grondal shielded his eyes from the spray and pulled his furs around him. Four months earlier he and three other captains had set sail from Norsca in search of booty, plunder and more hospitable climes; three Kingships crammed with proud Norse warriors and their war gear, with enough supplies to last and eventuality. The Legends of the Southlands beckoned them, telling of riches beyond measure that were theirs for the taking.

No one could have foreseen the wild shifts in temperature and changes in the weather as the ships had skirted the seas of Chaos, nor the allconsuming storms which ravaged the fleet, ripping sails from masts and snapping oars as if they were matchwood. No one had expected the distorting effect of these dread waters on the fabric of time itself and its effect on the men. The three ships had drifted through storms and had been becalmed for months.

Disorientated, tired and hungry the proud warriors had run the gamut of emotion from frustration and wild-eyed anger, to despair and hopelessness. Now all thought of the Southlands were gone from their minds. Their only hope lay in finding land - any land. After months at sea, the Norsemen resembled wildmen or animals; their furs were matted, their chainmail battered and rusty, their faces weather-beaten, and their hair straggling and unkempt.

Squinting through the murky fog bank, Ulfric's suspicions were confirmed: he spotted the hazy outline of a headland, no more than two leagues distant. Turning to face his crew, he cupped weather-calloused hands in front of his mouth to help his words carry over the crash of the waves and the harsh shrieking of the wind, "Land ahead lads. Make fast for beaching!"

The words had a profound effect on the crew; where there had been tired, beaten men, rowing mechanically with no aim or direction, now there were ranks of steely-eyed warriors, shrugging off their fatigue as if waking from a terrible dream.

A wild-looking warrior, clad in thick, matted pelts leapt up beside Ulfric.

"Where are we by your reckoning, Lord?" he addressed Ulfric. His eyes gleamed in anticipation.

Ulfric pointed towards the land, now scarcely ten ships lengths away, before replying in a fierce whisper.

"I know not, Haftagg, but be sure that whatever lives on these accursed shores will fell the wrath of the Ulfwerenar before the day is out."

Haftagg grinned wildly, revealing sharply pointed canine teeth. Throwing his head back, he let out an ear-splitting howl - a feral hunting scream to any that might hear. As one voice his hunting pack in the bows replied, and the sound of howling carried over the water from the two other Longships.

Soon swords were drawn and shields buckled on, with all thoughts of fatigue or despair forgotten.

The Berserkers were nearly uncontrollable; their hideous warcries joined the rising battlesong of the Huskarls and Vikings standing ready at their battle stations.

As the hulls of the ships grated on the sands, Ulfric could see no sign that any alert had been raised by the inhabitants of this gloomy island.

The Norse warriors leapt over the side into the freezing high waters as the ships ground to a stop.

Fog swirled about them, and a sharp tide tugged at his legs, but Ulfric laughed and led his men up the beach towards the lights. With swords drawn, and battle lust coursing through their veins, they ran.

There were over a hundred Norse warriors in all - as fine a fighting force would he see anywhere in the known world. The shadowy forms of the werewolves hounded ahead of the main force, closely followed by the screaming, enraged Berserkers.

The lights of the building loomed near, and through the fog Ulfric discerned a wall. Beyond it huddled what could be a temple. Pale lights gleamed in the window and a sad, mournful chanting carried on the wet air. Ulfric urged the Berserkers to smash down the stout gates.

"Take the gold from their foul Gods and sack the temple. It is their curse which has caused us such hardship, and now they must pay!" Ulfric's voice was a frenzied roar, urging his warriors to heedless violence and retribution.

The gates collapsed inwards under the force of the blows, and the Norsemen streamed into the darkened courtyard beyond. Dimly lit figures emerged from the building, their heads bent as if in prayer. Not one of the Norsemen noticed the great gates swing shut behind them, so intent were they on revenge.

Ulfric ran at the head of the Berserkers, screaming with rage and hate. Reaching the cowed figures, his great sword fell in a glittering arc, as it thudded into them again and again. In a few seconds it was done; Ulfric and his men stood panting amongst the bodies of the priests, the mist swirling about them.

"Now" rasped Ulfric. "Now we burn the temple and take the gold within. Geimdall, you and your Huskarls, take the..."

Ulfric's voice was cut off abruptly as he felt something cold and hard grab his leg. He stabbed at it with his sword. Then the fog cleared for a moment, and Ulfric screamed. He stared at the rictus grin of a long dead skeleton, whose grasping fingers had a firm grip on his ankle. Around him, the cowed corpses began to move. His men backed off, fear in their eyes.

Around the Norsemen the earth was moving, fingers poking through the soft soil like worms surfacing after a rain-shower.

"Make for the ships. This is the island of the Lord Hel Himself," Ulfric shouted. He knew he had to stop the retreat becoming a rout. Grabbing the skeleton hand at his ankle free, he held it aloft and hurled it into the air.

"Stick together, for our sword smash bone as well as flesh," he shouted, grinned at the nearest Warriors.

Taking heart, they re-grouped and began a swift retreat to the gates.

But the gates had locked behind them, and this time, Ulfric realised they would not open so easily. All around, cowed figures staggered towards them through the fog.

"Form a shieldwall," he cried. "If we are to die, let us go to the Gods with honour, standing on a pile of bones and broken skulls. Unfurl the banner and sound the Warcry; we are Norsemen and will not be taken lightly!"



Artozi
arfozi

NORSE HISTORY

The history of the Norse is disjointed and unrecorded except by the Sagas. The Sagas are epic poems of the deeds of great leaders and warriors, but even these are not committed to paper but are handed down from soothsayer to son. They detail the conquests of Norscan heroes, the slaying of mighty dragons and other beasts and heroic battles against the elements and the enemies of the clan. These Sagas are told in the fire lit glow of the winter nights and have been passed on from storyteller to son, down through the ages. It is every Norseman's dream to have his life immortalised in a Saga, though few succeed. However, there are a few indisputable facts, chronicled by outside sources.

NORSE DWARFS

Some 4,000 years before the birth of Sigmar, the Dwarfs were still experimenting with Rune Magic, and some of their kind pushed the boundaries of their craft too far. Though bound through ties of kinship, this led to great strife and arguing amongst the Dwarfs. Thinking to harness the greater magical energy found in the north near the Chaos Wastes, many of these Dwarfs moved into the northern reaches of the World's Edge Mountains until they came to Zorn Uzkul, the Great Skull Land. Fearing this bleak place, many Dwarfs retreated back the way they came or travelled further north into Norsca to found new holds, whilst the rest remained in the Dark Lands. Those who went north founded Kraka Drak (Dragon Hold) in a mountain rich with veins of iron and precious metals.

Earthquakes, Greenskins, and the coming of the Skaven thrust the Dwarf Empire into disarray, severing contact with its most far-flung holds. Those not destroyed outright were forced to contend with their new environment and the people that lived there. Not willing to lie down and die, these Norse Dwarfs spread out into the mountains, carving new holds for their people. Although Chaos remained an ever present threat, the Dwarfs' isolation served them well. They slowly replenished their losses, being spared the destruction of the War of Vengeance and the Goblin Wars. Lacking such enemies, however, they did not advance in military and civil engineering at the same rate as their southern brethren.

Over the centuries, they evolved a culture and language different from that of the Dwarfs that lived further south. In many ways they resemble the Norsemen in expression, arts, and temperament. It's not certain if these Dwarfs have given over to Chaos as did their Darklands brethren, though it is said they have odd customs.

ORIGINS OF THE NORSEMEN

There are many ridiculous beliefs regarding the origins of these people. Some claim they are the spawn of Man and Daemon, creatures whose very nature is at odds with the natural order. Others claim the Norsemen are descendants of Giants, kin to the foul creatures of the Ogre Kingdoms. Some have gone so far as to claim Norsemen are creatures of snow and ice, as unforgiving as the winter winds. But the truth, as shaded by myth and legend as it is, is far less fantastic.

Despite the claims of many Imperial historians, the twelve tribes that would one day form the Empire were not the first men to occupy the Old World. The Tileans, Estalians, Bretonnians, and even the peoples of Araby and ancient Khemri have held portions of what would become the Empire. Other kingdoms rose and fell, leaving behind the ruins of their civilisations. Among these people, there was a race of Humans who held the lands north of the Forest of Shadows, a tribe now called the Norsii.

Large, well-formed, and nomadic, they lived from harvesting the bounty of the seas, hunting in the woods, and eating what they could coax from the ground through crude farming techniques. Never populous, they remained content in their lives, worshipping their strange Gods and following stranger customs.





The Norsii's peace was disturbed when other tribes boiled into the Reik Basin. The worst of these was the tribe called the Teutogens. They were warlike and murderous, and swept across the land like an axe-wielding tidal wave. The Norsii people were forced to take up arms and fight for their lives. All too quickly, they were pushed back from their lands and forced eastwards into conflict with other tribes, including the Udoses and the Ungols. Many minor conflicts ensued, but, eventually, an uneasy peace descended, and the Norsii settled again; although, this time with weapons ready. One of the principal difficulties they now faced revolved around the differing religious beliefs. The nearby tribes mostly venerated

Ulric and Taal, the Gods of the Teutogens and the Taleutens, while the Norsii worshipped primal forces of blood, death, and, more importantly, their ancestors. The challenges of their opposing faiths, as well as the Norsii's savage ways, put them at odds with the other tribes. The land was not big enough for all, so, eventually, a trickle of Norsii began to leave their hunting grounds to find a safe harbour elsewhere in the north.

The Greenskin races had long proved problematic for the people of the Old World. Their constant raiding weakened the tribes of Men, and even troubled the fortress holds of the Dwarfs. When Sigmar emerged as chief of the Unberogen tribe, he brought together twelve other tribes under his banner through diplomacy and war, even conquering the warlike Teutogens. However, not everyone saw this as the way of the

future, and shortly before the founding many of the Norsii people left their ancestral homes and moved northwards, away from the brewing trouble between Sigmar and the Orcs and Goblins. They were proud people and the rule of the Unberogens was not to their liking. Once united, Sigmar led the tribes to face the Orcs and Goblins, and pushed them from his lands. When he was finished, he forged the tribes into a new Empire to bind all to his vision of the future.

But not everyone was content to swear their allegiance to what they saw as a lucky, albeit brave, warlord. Those who would not submit to Sigmar's rule were forced from the newborn Empire to find homes in other lands. The remaining members of the Norsii, along with the disaffected members of the other tribes, fled the Empire, heading north.

These nomadic people eventually crossed through what is now Kislev and met with the scattered settlements in the far reaches of the Troll Country. Through many hardships they toiled, their people assailed by marauding beasts, the bitter winter blizzards killed the young and the old, and hostile tribes of Orcs and other humans attacked them at every turn. Only the toughest people survived, those with the will to live and the energy to tight on even when hope had gone.

However, these lands were populated by the Ungols, who were not pleased to have refugees in their lands. The arrival of such a large body of warriors in Kislev was met with understandable hostility, and the Ungols made war on the Norsii, driving them further north

still, into the frozen, ice-choked mountains; the land now known as Norsca, breaking the host of their greatest hero, Ekil Bloodheart, in battle at the edge of the Chaos Wastes. Tales are still told of this giant, bearded warrior who hacked off his own head to deny his enemies the pleasure. Impressed with his bravery, the Ungols carried his remains south into the Troll Country and built a great cairn to house his body. Some say this cairn has long since vanished, while others maintain it remains undiscovered in the depths of the Troll Country. Whatever the truth of the matter, Ungol legends say that the spirit of Bloodheart still howls across the steppe the night before a battle judging the warriors who are to fight and ensuring they are worthy of travelling to the next world upon their death.

When they arrived in Norsca the summer of Imperial year -2 the wandering tribes engaged in a series of wars to sort out their territories and rights. These wars lasted for roughly 350 years, during which time the native Norscans became embroiled in the affairs of the newcomers and were forced to protect their homes from the invaders.

More and more people fled to Norsca, and there they found the descendants of the early emigrants who had largely embraced darker aspects of their primitive beliefs. This new land was dangerous and harsh, and the death toll was high from the environment as well as from the depredations by the roaming bands of Kurgan who wandered down from the Chaos Wastes even further north. Added to this new mix of peoples were strange men, believed to be kin to those who were changed into Beastmen in the earliest days of Mankind.



It was from this clash of cultures and races that a new people were born: the Norse. It was at this time that many of the newer settlers of Norsca became part of existing Norse clans and gradually the entire migration settled down and the newly arrived Norse started to mix elements of traditional Norse culture with their own customs.

The Norse Dwarfs historical records made brief mention of the Norsii arrival to the Norsca, noting that the newcomers were few in number, and relied upon roofs and weapons made of stone and wood. The Dwarfs avoided any contact until they were certain that these humans were not in the service of Chaos. In time, however, contact was made, and the two races grew close. Their cultures influenced each other; art styles became similar, and they found they shared a clannish, independent nature and a love for drinking, hand-to-hand fighting and very long poems.

For the next few centuries the Norse concerned themselves primarily with establishing power within their own lands, exterminating monsters in the surrounding countryside and 'agreeing' hunting territories. The outside world was largely unaware of the sudden increase in the Norse population. When things had settled down again in Norsca (which means that neighbouring clans were only fighting each other about twice a year instead of five or six times) the Norse started to be struck by their warrior Spirit.

EXPLORERS AND REAVERS

Circa 200 the Norse boat building techniques steadily improve, allowing Norse to travel beyond coastal waters. In 221 many Norse successfully sail to Chaos Wastes and join great Chaos Horde that attacks Naggaroth. This horde is defeated. 224 The Hjatland Islands are discovered, but it's not until 460 that the Norse discover the Albion first time (this could be because the protecting mists common in the Hjatland region also). During this time they also make small raids on the coastline of the Old World.

The first Dragonships and Kingships were built by the Wolfclaw clan around the year 514, and within 75 years nearly every coastal tribe had ships ploughing backwards and forwards across the Sea of Claws on raids. Most of these raids were directed against other Norse ports, but fleets were also known to mount attacks against towns within Kislev and the Empire. In 718 a large fleet combining ships from the Wolfclaw, Stormfang and Thunderbear clans descended upon Erengrad, the principle port of Kislev. They run their ships aground and razed most of the settlement.

A punitive force of Kislevite cavalry was repelled twice, and the rampaging Warhird only took to their ships again when their army broke into the various clan factions and the Norse began fighting amongst themselves. The Norse had made their presence truly felt for the first time in seven hundred years, and their raiding Parties continue to be a threat to the present day.

INFLUENCE OF CHAOS

Unfortunately, the influence of Chaos pulled the two races, the Norse and the Norse Dwarfs, apart. Given their proximity to the Chaos Wastes, the Norse began to revere the Chaos Gods. Some of the Norse tribes resisted this "surrender" to the Ruinous Powers, but these were eventually forced to migrate to safer lands to the south. Thus, the migrations of the sixth and late eight-ninth centuries to the northern shores of the Empire can be traced to this pressure, as well as the better known migration of the Ropsmann tribe to the Erengard area circa 1500. The closeness that once existed between the Norse Dwarfs and their human neighbours was replaced with unease and mistrust. The Dwarfs discontinued trade with their neighbours, and began to refortify their holds. They destroyed the trails that led from their settlements and mines to those of the Norse, and erected huge sarsen stones around the borders of their land. A powerful Master Rune was inscribed upon each stone, to protect the Dwarf lands within their borders. Though now isolated, the Norse Dwarfs knew that it was only a matter of time before the power of their protection was overwhelmed. Thus, they constructed Ungruvalk, an underground link from the Draksfjord to the River Dypvann, which separates south-eastern Norsca from Troll Country. In 2292, the Dwarfs completed this link with warded entrances at both ends. Norse Dwarf ships could now journey to the Sea of Claws without circumnavigating the whole of Norsca.



HUNLAF AND BEOWULF

800 years ago arose a strong leader of the Wolfclaw clan, named in the Norse Sagas as Hunlaf Thorsson. He forged an alliance with the warriors of the Stormraven clan, and between them they numbered many thousands of warriors. Hunlaf was said to be touched by Thor, the Norse god of storms and war, and with the aid of his allies he managed to subdue most of south eastern Norsca to his rule. Hunlaf was the first High King of Norsca and founded the Line of Kings, which have continued to rule Norsca, in name at least. Hunlaf's successor was Beowulf and he was one of the greatest leaders ever to grace the clans of Norsca. He forged an army from the warriors of twenty four clans, ranging from the Fremens in the south to the Iceblade clan in the north.

This was the first Norscan national army, and Beowulf led the men north towards the Chaos Wastes, fighting beside his brother Ingrim at the battle of Norduven, where the two of them slew a Greater Daemon of Khorne and then headed their army after the fleeing



Chaos Warriors and Beastmen. Beowulf and Ingrim pursued the Chaos host into the depths of the Chaos Wastes and were never seen again.

It is said that they will continue to fight Chaos until the time of Ragnarok, when the gods will walk the earth and Chaos will be defeated or victorious in a final cataclysmic battle. When Ragnarok comes, Beowulf and Ingrim will emerge from the Chaos Wastes and once again lead the combined might of the Norse against their most deadly enemies.

THE IMPERIAL INVASION

In 2201, during the reign of Norse High King Lars II the Feeble, the Imperials suddenly invaded southern Norsca attacking the Baersonlings, Sarls and Skaelings with full force. Imperial forces took over parts of the Sarl territory making their camps close to the River Dypvann, allowing them to control parts of the Troll Country and southern Norsca. They also secured the Gulf of the Maelstrom and eastern parts of the Sea of Claws.

The Imperials kept their armies and navy ready and their camps turned into wooden fortresses and finally to fortress-towns. Town of Gotland was build and this new colony was called Gotland. After a year of hard fighting Imperials controlled large area. Then the Imperial and Kislev settlers started to migrate to this northern colony with a dream of a better life. Even though harsh climate, monsters, fights against the Norse and mutation were constant threats, many still chose to stay in this inhospitable land. After a decade the Imperial colony of Gotland was powerful force securing area and making counter attacks further into Norsca.

In 2270 began the rebellion against the Imperials, led by King Erik Olavsson of the Bjornlings. Among his advisors was the now legendary Väinö, the Song-Vitki of the North. Erik united all the southern tribes to his cause, and was also aided by some of the northern tribes. After three years of guerrilla fighting the Imperial forces were finally defeated and they had to retreat back to the Empire. Most of the settlers and settlements were razed by the Norse, but the town of Gotland was taken by the Sarls. At the end of the rebellion, Erik Olavsson was crowned as the High King of Norsca.

GREAT WAR AGAINST CHAOS

While the Empire languished, a great war for dominance took place in the Chaos Wastes. Among the many tribes of the Kurgan people, the Kul tribe emerged as the dominant force, in no small part due to the efforts of Asavar. This mighty chieftain had proven himself a capable warrior and great leader among his kind. For years, he and his tribe wandered the Shadowlands, waging war with rival tribes and bending their leaders to his will. His armies grew, and soon he was the greatest power in the north. Accounts of this Champion say that the light of the Dark Gods burned in his eyes, and his red-lacquered armour glowed with malevolence. With each victory, warbands clamoured to his banner, swelling his legions until he was ready to take the prize that stood in the south. He and his armies turned south and passed through the Great Skull Land, where they sold slaves for Daemonic war machines crafted by the expert hands of the Chaos Dwarfs. They

then turned to the High Pass, where they gathered hordes of Beastmen and Dragon Ogres to aid their cause.

During the summer months Valmir Aesling, the Emperor of chaos, launched huge assault against the Norse Dwarfs attacking Icicle Pass and Kraka Drak. Both sides suffer huge losses during this invasion. Autumn gave way to winter, and the Chaos armies finally marched south. The combined forces of Kislev and Ostland marched north to meet them, though they knew in their hearts they were too few to stop the enemy. The Empire and Kislev were crushed by Asavar's horde, and few escaped to spread news of their defeat. Kislev recoiled in horror as the Chaos Marauders despoiled their northern territories, and with a few decisive moves, they crushed the last of Kislev's armies, turning hungry eyes to the fertile heartland of this defeated nation.

Facing almost certain destruction, the people of Praag readied their city for the inevitable siege. Thousands abandoned their homes in the countryside for the protection offered by the city, bringing all the livestock they could. In the end, the preparations were too little, and disease broke out amongst the refugees. Asavar's host camped around the city and launched the occasional foray but seemed content to just harass them. The people fought as best they could, barely manage to repel the invaders with each new assault. Then word of a new hero reached them, and they learned Magnus was coming with an army to destroy the forces of Chaos and save their city.



In 2302, the attack Praag had dreaded finally came. Asavar used his entire force to destroy the city. They triumphed over the defenders, taking the city in the name of their blasphemous masters. With its fall, a Black Wind from the Realm of Chaos screamed through the streets of Praag, changing and mutating everything it touched. Men and stone twisted and became as one, their souls screaming from the twisted stones of the city. From its walls, distorted faces gnashed and pleaded for death. Praag had become Hell, a living symbol of what lay ahead for the Empire. A few escaped to bring word to Kislev, reporting all they had witnessed. The Tzar was frantically training a new army to defend the capital. Magnus pushed his forces ahead to aid the last city of the north and stop Asavar from entering the Empire. But, Chaos reached Kislev first. They encircled the city and launched a terrible attack remembered to this day as the Battle at the Gates of Kislev. Aided by the Dwarfs from Everpeak, the city of Karaz-a-Karak, the ill-equipped and poorly-trained defenders faced the Beastmen, grudgingly giving up ground until they were forced to fall back into the city itself. The Kislevites delayed Chaos just long enough for Magnus and his forces to arrive.

Asavar divided his force into two armies. One continued the attack against the city, while the other faced Magnus. The Empire's forces descended like a righteous hammer, cutting a swathe through the Beastmen and Mutants. Despite these early victories, the forces of Chaos were innumerable. The tide of battle ebbed and flowed, and it seemed that all hope for the Empire was lost in the face of the great hordes of the Dark Gods.

Magnus' military genius would save the day. He launched a separate attack with his cavalry and pinned the Chaos armies between three forces, throwing them into confusion. On this assault, Magnus managed to slay Asavar Kul in single combat, crushing the will of the host. Slowly the horde disintegrated and the Mutants, Beastmen, and Warbands melted away, fleeing back the way they came.

Not all the Norse joined Asavar Kul's horde. Some champions rise to lead some southern clans against the invasion. Harald the Wolf led both the Norse and Norse Dwarfs against the Chaos hordes. Also legendary Norse heroes Juti Kaleva and Väinö joined the battle to fight the invading Chaos Hordes. With them was legendary Norse Dwarf Runesmith Magmar Fimbursson.

During the Great War against Chaos in 2302 Norse Dwarf forces sailed through the underground passage from the port of Sjuktraken to the Sea of Claws, where they harassed the flanks of the Chaos hordes that descended upon Kislev. And it was then, in the final battle of Grovod Wood, that the Norse Dwarfs and Imperial Dwarfs of Karaz Ankor greeted one another for the first time in nearly 7,000 years.



LORD MORTKIN - THE BLACK-IRON REAVER

It all began with Valmir von Raukov, the fiery Elector Count, and the grand principality of Ostland preparing for the onset of war. Von Raukov was everywhere, mustering new state troops, bolstering the border forts, and rallying his troops to meet the enemy head on. It was he who suggested reprisal raids against the Norse reavers, taking the fight into Norsca itself.

The first counter-attack set forth in 2513, returning late in the year with the broken prows of seven longships and the carved beams of a Great Hall as proof of the destruction of several coastal villages. Many of the Empire-folk hailed von Raukov as a true hero of Ostland and toasted his name. Others protested, saying such audacity would draw the ire of the barbarians, or even, some dared to whisper, the attention of their foul gods.

It was Oleg van Raukov, son of Valmir, who led the second retaliatory raids into Norsca, including the ruthless attack of 2514. The timber and leviathan-bone longhouses of the Sea-kings were cast down and the chief coastal towns of Aarvik and Ulfennik were razed to the ground. No longer would the dragon-prowed longships launch in reaver fleets from those ports. All of Norsca cursed Oleg's name, and many were the vows of vengeance proffered to the brutal gods of those savage people.

Knowledge of the Empire's reprisal attacks along the coast of Norsca had travelled throughout the Northern Wastes. Some tribes howled in rage and indignation,



others welcomed the attacks, pleased to fight against men anxious for battle.

Lord Mortkin, leader of the Fell Legion, and ruler of many warriors, had not spoken since hearing of the raids. By chance, the coastal town of Ulfennik, the place he had once called home, had been razed to the ground. Locking himself away, he brooded deep within his fortress of blackest iron.

There are many rumours about Lord Mortkin, including the tale that he was fathered by a tribal king union with a Daemon-succubus and born under a blood-red sky. The most likely of the legends is that Lord Mortkin was one of the Sea-kings of Norsca, beguiled by the lure of power. In those tales the king returned from voyages covered in glory, yet he longed for more. When the man that was to become Lord Mortkin ventured into the true north, he changed beyond recognition.

Whatever his previous life, Lord Mortkin won much renown in the twilight lands. Time passes strangely near the peat rift and perhaps years, decades, or even centuries passed. In that time he continued his search for ever-greater challenges: casting down the league of Pox Sorcerers known as the Leprous Council, binding Skulex the Great – fiercest of Fire Dragons – to his will through trickery, besting a two-headed Giant in a contest of strength, and fighting Valkia the Bloody to a stalemate, earning the grudging respect of Khorne's

Shieldmaiden. The Gods clearly favoured Lord Mortkin and many warriors followed him. Yet occasionally the Black-iron Reaver sank into despondent gloom, perhaps feeling a pang for his lost humanity — a tug from distant years, from a life he left behind.

It is said that in a bitter fury Lord Mortkin made a pact with the Chaos Gods. When he emerged from his self-imposed solitude, he did so with a single-minded purpose. Lord Mortkin strode forth, with the full might of the Fell Legion, to stop the aimless fighting, unite the Hordes of Chaos and lead them southwards to destroy the weakling nations of men. Already at his bidding marched a legion of black armoured warriors, a host of Daemons and even a mighty Dragon flew to join his cause. Many lesser lords and barbarian kings also bent a knee to their new leader, but others defied and were soon destroyed. After eight days of butchery, Lord Mortkin led a unified host southwards.

The attacks on the Empire in the year 2515 were unlike anything seen in recent memory. The roiling storms within the Realm of Chaos burst forth with unbridled fury. The skies blazed with multi-coloured lightning, seemingly vibrant against the oncoming blackness. Spring meltings brought a wave of northern barbarians, although in fact this was little more than the displaced tribes that had been driven away by the growing wars further north.

Encouraged by the rampant Winds of Chaos, more attacks followed. An army descended from Norsca across the Sea of Claws. It set towns along the coasts of Nordland ablaze, but was not large or bold enough to threaten the major cities and keeps. Another even larger host plunged southwards on a broad front into Kislev, causing a swathe of destruction. Although much momentum dissipated in the endless steppes, some of the far-flung warbands of that wave bypassed the border forts of Ostland and caused much havoc in that province. The third attack was led by Prince Sigvald the Magnificent. Sigvald's army blazed through Kislev and into Ostland on a three month rampage until it was finally blunted at the battle of the Temple of Skulls. A coalition of many Imperial states had come to aid the beleaguered province of Ostland, who, beset by so many dangers had put forth a call for help. But these attacks were just a foreshadowing of what was to come.

The most powerful thrust, the true black-heart of the invasion, followed hard on the heels of its forerunners. This was no warm-weather raid, content merely to plunder the rich lands of the south. At its head was Lord Mortkin, a favoured scion of Chaos, a king of kings and leader of many tribes. This horde of iron-bound warriors, barbaric tribes, and hell-spawned Daemons was the most powerful army to cross the borders of the Empire in an age. Fear ran before the Chaos host and in their wake was left only smouldering ruin and grisly tributes to their bloodthirsty gods. It seemed that naught could stem this evil tide and that a new era of darkness was about to descend upon the Old World.

It was at the town of Volganof where the invasion would finally end. Oleg von Raukov led the armies of Ostland. Rumour of the advancing Chaos armies ran rampant through the over-crowded streets of Volganof. Every refugee that came through the gates brought a new tale of horror – that the barbarians were burning everything as they advanced, that prisoners were eaten alive. Survivors from the towns of Bohsenfels and Zundap claimed that Daemons and monstrous creatures had joined the Northmen, while towns to the south added that the Beastmen had risen out of the Forest of Shadows and that no roads were safe. The few survivors from Kludburgh refused to recount the atrocities they had seen. All were now trapped in Volganof.

After hours of hard fighting, the armies of Chaos were finally winning. Only the Stalwart Bulls, von Raukov's bodyguard, remained outside the walls, and they were soon pressed back into the gap. Twice the Black-iron Reavers charged and twice they were repelled with much loss of life. Panting heavily, the battle-worn Greatswords waited for the next attack.

Then the hordes parted and all saw why the defenders were granted a brief reprieve. Lord Mortkin, at the head of the Crimson Reavers, had arrived.

Slicing through swords, platemail, and bodies, Lord Mortkin made his way straight for von Raukov, who, although weary with a long day of battle, did not flinch, but leapt forward to meet the attack.

Three times Oleg von Raukov struck Lord Mortkin, but it was not for mortal man to destroy the commander of the Fell Legion. Having weathered the smaller man's flurry of desperate blows, it was time to unleash his own. With a single swipe that would have felled a Giant, Lord Mortkin smote Oleg, whose body crumpled. Although mortally wounded, the valiant man struggled to rise, to strike once more. Mercilessly, the Chaos Lord strode upon him, snuffing out the last of his life beneath an armoured heel.

Lord Mortkin stood over the body of the fallen Oleg von Raukov, gazing down upon the broken man. Oleg was the pride of Ostland and had fought bravely against a foe he could not hope to best. In the distance the horns of the Reiksguard trumpeted clearly. It was as the Daemon-whispers had promised. He had been forewarned they would arrive at such a time and Lord Mortkin had held back half of the Beastman warherd of Ul-Ruk the Red to deal with them, although this command had rankled with the bloodthirsty Children of Chaos.

All he had to do was give the signal for the Beastmen to advance out of the woods against the cavalry and final victory was assured. He felt power flow in his veins, the Winds of Magic supplying so much dark energy he could feel it throbbing in a corona around him. This, Lord Mortkin knew, was only the beginning of the real battle. Already, far to the north, an even larger host of Daemons was tearing through the ever-



thinning veil between the worlds. An even greater gathering of the tribes was congregating, ready to march south and join him. He was the mighty vessel chosen to enact the great plans of the gods. And yet, now his mind was clear. He had taken the vengeance he sought and now his part was over. Lord Mortkin had met every challenge. He had heard a hundred thousand voices chant his name. Now all he longed for was an ending. Lord Mortkin dropped his axe. With both hands he removed the helmet from atop his head, tossing it onto the piled mounds of the fallen. Loud, he spoke these words for all to hear:

"Wergild is paid. Let Volganof burn to pay for my home of Ulfennik. Never again will I return there. My saga is ended. I choose now to die as a man, my will my own. I go now, too late mayhap, to the halls of my fathers."

With his oath spoken, the aura about Lord Mortkin dimmed, the bitter gods, perhaps, taking back that which they had given. The Crimson Reapers awoke from their amazement too late to safeguard their lord. The tide of battle swept over the Chaos champion. Once again, battle was joined. As Lord Mortkin fell, the veil of gloom was rent and slanting rays of sun shone down upon the battlefield.

While the final clashes occurred on the plains outside the gates, inside Volganof swirled a maelstrom of many smaller battles. Warbands roamed the streets and desperate defenders manned hastily constructed barricades. But too many of the invaders had stormed within the walls and everywhere the city burned. Citizens and soldiers alike streamed out of the gates eager to escape the hell within the walls.

For many long hours the Crimson Reapers fought off Empire soldiers, Beastmen and fellow Northmen who accused them of turning traitor. But they made no effort to leave, even as the flames, grown unchecked, washed over the whole of Volganof. Eventually the tall towers and proud walls collapsed and the flames scoured the city, utterly consuming the last faithful remnants of the Crimson Reapers. And so, in the end, the very city of Volganof became a funeral pyre for the last of the Fell Legion and their mighty Lord.

THE GATHERING STORM

A former Templar of Sigmar, the man who would become Lord of the End Times ended the quest he began over a century ago in 2519. Archaon wrested the six Treasures of Chaos from their guardians and proves himself worthy to become the Everchosen, Champion of Chaos. Archaon faced further tests to retrieve the final Treasure, the Crown of Domination, and bested each challenge the Chaos Gods issued. Finally, Be'lakor was forced to crown Archaon as Lord of the End Times. Archaon thirsts for revenge against the Empire, and so, his first command rang out to his followers. Archaon ordered them to gather their strength before heading south and taking war to Archaon's homelands.

Archaon Gathers the Four

Haargroth, a goat herd in one of the Norscan tribes, found an ancient axe belonging to a Beastmen raider. Taking the axe, Haargroth killed its previous owner and began a career of bloodshed and violence. Touched by Khorne, Haargroth grew in power to become a great Champion of Chaos and eventually challenged Archaon to single combat. Defeated, Haargroth joined Archaon to lead one of his armies.



Feytor, a young farm boy, watched his fellow villagers die of the plague. Mysteriously, he was spared the plague's effects, as is his family, once he pleaded for aid from any source. Symptoms of the disease marked Feytor and his relatives, but they remained alive where others did not. Eventually, Feytor's family was driven out of the village and then slain by witch hunters. Feytor took his revenge on the witch hunters and then wandered into Norsca, where he became a great Champion of Chaos. Touched by Nurgle, Feytor saw the sign of the twin-tailed comet and followed visions toward the mountains, where he joined Archaon's forces to lead one of his armies.

Styrkaar, the son of a Norscan chieftain, was visited by an unearthly voice from birth. Guided by this voice, Styrkaar learned how to influence other people and killed his own father for leadership of the tribe. Styrkaar led the tribe to victory after victory in the name of Slaanesh, attracting the attention of Archaon. The two warlords met and formed an alliance on the spot, as Styrkaar pledged to lead one of Archaon's armies.

Melekh, son of a Norscan tribe's blacksmith, fathered a mutant child of his own. The child's name is Cyspeth, and he is hideously malformed, bearing the shape of a

bird's head in place of his own. Melekh was charged by the tribe's shaman to learn the true name of a Greater Daemon of Tzeentch. After many trials, Melekh was successful and returned to his tribe only to face the shaman in battle. Cyspeth betrayed the shaman and killed him, fulfilling an ancient prophecy as father and son unite. Archaon watches the battle and rode down to offer leadership of one of his armies to the duo.

The anticipated attack finally came in 2521. A vast army of Chaos Warriors, Daemons, and Marauders, under the leadership of Surtha Lenk and Aelric Cyanwulf, attacked Kislev, crushing the brave defenders before driving south into the Empire. They pushed onwards, razing Wolfenburg, crushing the army of Hochland, and then moving on. It was only at Mazhorod where the Empire finally broke the invaders, forcing them back the way they came. The Old Worlders breathed a sigh of relief, thinking they had repelled the threat. They were wrong. Lenk's army was just the vanguard.

Archaon is now gathering his true army in the North, with each of his five armies being lead by a Champion of the Norse while Archaon leads the main force. Soon the Old World shall burn, and the Norse shall heed the call of the Dark Gods.

In a corner of the only tavern in the mountain village of Skogenberg, a large stranger sat awaiting his dinner and tankard of ale with which to wash it down. Soon, a corpulent barkeep arrived with the steaming meal and frothy drink.

"Pardon my forwardness stranger, but what brings you to these parts? Do you have any news from the lowlands?" inquired the barkeep. "I hope you don't think us nosy or some such. It's just that we don't get many travelers in these parts being that we are some way off any well traveled road."

"No real news to tell about," replied the stranger. "I'm just a wanderer seeking information so I can go about my business."

"If don't mind my asking, what might that business be?" the barkeep asked with a slight hint of concern in his voice.

"Hunting down rumors of any Byttingen. Should I encounter any, I will - after a fashion - send them back to their masters."

"I see. Well, sir, it's getting late and I need to close up for the night. May I show you to your room?"

"By all means," replied the stranger while stifling a yawn. "I find myself far more tired than I thought I'd be."

The barkeep escorted the stranger up the creaky stairs to a room best described as cozy and unkempt (i.e., small and dirty). Bidding good night, the barkeep closed the door behind the yawning stranger. After taking off his traveling cloak, the stranger blew out the candle and settled down for the night.

An hour later, footsteps slowly ascended the stairway minimizing any sounds from the dilapidated steps. Four misshapen figures armed with clubs shuffled up to the door of the stranger's room. On the mark of a clawed hand, the

four burst into the darkened room and began beating the shape in the bed. After several minutes, an order was barked out and the beating stopped. As the leader stooped down to examine the victim, a light blazed from the far corner behind the assailants.

"Well, what have we here? Looks like I did not need to seek out the vile Byttingen after all. They have come for me instead," mused the stranger. Overcoming their initial surprise, the four mutants attacked the stranger. They were no match for him. With his large sword, the stranger dispatched the would-be murderers.

Cleaning his sword as he descended the stairs, the stranger spotted the barkeep hurrying towards him. "I don't know this could happen! Please don't think ill of us! It's not our fault..." The barkeep was stopped by the point of the stranger's sword at his throat.

"Only a fool would believe your lies. If nothing else, your clumsy attempt at poisoning my food and drink confirmed my suspicions of this place. Did you think that any poison in this world could effect Freinar Kaosjeger, chosen of the god Taldur? Did you think that in due time I would not have recognize you as one of the mutated Byttingen? Or, that this village was rife with your kind? Damned fool, I'm here to exterminate all of you Chaos spawn," explained Freinar. With that, the chosen of Taldur cleaved the barkeep's head from crown to chin.

By morning, the village of Skogenberg only stood as a smoky ruin. Its inhabitants no longer walked in this world. Only one figure stood among the charred remnants. After taking stock of his handiwork, Freinar departed from the village.

LEGEND OF VÄINÖ: SONG-VITKI OF THE NORTH

One of the legendary heroes in the lands of Norsca is the Bjornling champion called Vüinö. "Song-Vitki of the North", "Northern Druid" or "Forever Skald" are amongst his titles Aeslings also call him "the Dog of Valdin", which is more an insult from what I understand. During my travels in Norsca I incidentally heard many legends told about Vüinö, and I must say I was intrigued by this person. He is a feared and very respected Wizard among the Tribes of the Northlands. Yet, there are many stories where it is revealed that he is also famous singer, storyteller, drunkard and womanizer. Many of these stories are about different drinking contests and involve a wide variety of women.

Now I have spent years scouring his legends and have connected diverse tales about his travels finding them in many mysterious places. These legends and stories (or sagas if you will) are found in Norsca, the Empire, Kislev, among the Dwarfs, and even more distant lands. One story, which I accidentally came across in the diary of a Tilean scholar, tells of a "Northern Druid" that travelled with him in the lands of Araby and ancient empire of Nehekhara. This Druid, who was called Vaino by the Tilean, had been taught by the Elves in the Empire.

Sagas commonly place Vüinö's birth at the beginning of 23rd century, by the Imperial Calendar, in the Kalevan clan which is part of the Bjornling Tribe, but evidence suggests to me that he was actually born in the middle of that century. Stories tell that he was the son of a Freeholder, who was a former Bondsman to the Jarl. Even as a child Vüinö was marked as special because his ability to "feel" and "sense" things that others didn't notice.

When Vüinö matured, he was taken as an apprentice by clan's Skald, who noticed his sharp memory for stories and a natural ability to sing and perform. Vüinö was soon a famous entertainer and was desired by every girl in the clan. This caused problems among the warriors of the clan and he was soon challenged to kill either a Ymir or a Troll. Young Vüinö travelled to the mountains and many believed he would never return. But he did, with the fur of Ymir. But that was not all. When he returned he was followed by a wild white owl. This was seen as a sign from the God Valdin. Clan Vitki (worshippers of Valdin) had observed Vüinö for some time and took him now as an apprentice. The Vitki noticed his natural ability for magic. Soon Vüinö was a well respected holyman among his clan.

The clan Vitki was believer in the "True Gods", not the Dark Gods. Stories tell that he took the young Vüinö to Heimseter Sicidi Stonehenge to meet the guardians of that site. There Vüinö met Albion-born Druids, or Truthsayers as they are called in the Misty Island, for the first time. After this meeting Vüinö travelled to the island of Albion and remained there for a few years among the Truthsayers. It is said, that during this time he also sailed around the Norsca and visited the Shadowlands, or Chaos Wastes as they are called in the south.

During the years 2270 to 2273, by the Imperial Calendar, Vüinö joined King Erik Olavsson (Bjornling), when King Erik started a "Rebellion" against the Imperial rule of southern Norsca (mostly just Sarl territory). Imperial records, kept by a Middenheim-born general, mention King Erik's advisor. This advisor was a young, respected shaman called "Song-Vitki of the North". The general mentions that this shaman was not a Sorcerer of the Dark Gods and described him as wise beyond his age. When this war ended Imperial folk were driven away from Norsca and they had lost the town of Gotland to the Norse. After the war Erik Olavsson was named as the High King of Norsca and sagas tell that Vüinö was named as his permanent advisor. During

this time Vüinö became known as the "Song-Vitki of the North" in the sagas. But it was very soon after this, that he disappeared.

Nobody really knows what happened to Vüinö after the "Rebellion" of Erik Olavsson. Some tell that Vüinö travelled to the highest of peaks and lived for decades among the mighty Jotuns. He is connected to the legendary Jotun Vipunen in one saga. There is, however, a strange saga told by a Jotun Giant to a Kislevite explorer after the Great War Against Chaos; something that this Jotun witnessed before the war. This story tells how the Norse "Song-Vitki of the North" discovered a mysterious magical "Gateway" left by the Gods, or Old Ones as some Elves like to call those that were before. The Jotun saga tells that Vüinö saw the future and that there would be a great Chaos Incursion, which could burn the world. With the magic of this mysterious "Gateway", he travelled to future to warn of the coming of Chaos. Whatever the truth, Vüinö "Song-Vitki of the North" disappeared for many decades.

Next, and maybe the greatest, legends tell about Vüinö in the time of the Great War Against Chaos. They tell how he suddenly appeared to warn his Tribe about the coming war; and then travelled to the Empire to warn them as well. During this time he joined Jade Wizards, Druids of the Empire. With them he came to the great city of Talabheim. It was at this time when mighty Elven Loremasters, led by Teclis himself, came to the Empire to teach Humans the correct use of the Winds of Magic. College records tell stories of a "Northern Druid" that was one of the first humans that was taught by the Elven Loremaster about the ways of magic. This way he also became one of the first Magisters of the Empire. There are many stories about his involvement in the war, but also Norse sagas about his travels during this time in Norsca. One of these sagas connects him to two other famous heroes – Juti Kaleva, wielder of Kalevala Hammer, and his loyal friend Magnar Fimbursson, the Dwarf Runesmith. The last Imperial records about Vüinö are written many years after the war. He is then in Altdorf helping to create the new schools of magic – The Colleges of Magic. "Northern Druid" was one of the Magister-Druids that wanted to create the new schools. This divided the magical orders as some old Hedge-Druids and Elementalists remained in the wilderness. Then after this he is then said to have travelled in the Northlands. Then he disappeared again.

But, there is also the saga of Thorleif of Skeggi. Thorleif was a Norseman born in the far-away colony of Skeggi. He was a young boy during the Great War Against Chaos and his saga begins decades later. Thorleif travelled to both Albion and Norsca. The saga also details his war against Lizardmen from the jungles of the New World. Also mentioned in that saga is the powerful Vüinö, the Song-Vitki of the North, that was part of Thorleif's crew around that time. It is very possible that Vüinö disappeared to the jungles of Lustria, or remained in the Norse colony of Skeggi in the New World. Either way, his story doesn't end there.

The final story starts a few years before the Storm of Chaos. It is said that Vüinö had returned to Norsca again to warn the Tribes about the coming of the Chaos. It has often been noted that the strange flows of the Winds of Magic alter its' users and many Magisters have lived far beyond normal human age. My belief though is that there is something else to the story of Vüinö. Answers to these questions may lie deep in the mountains of Norsca where this mysterious "Gateway" could be hidden. This can only be known by the Jotuns and Vüinö himself. I truly believe that Vüinö still walks in the frozen lands of North, or perhaps in Albion. I still hope to hear something more. Perhaps I am to finally find this legendary figure and record his tale myself.

NORSE TIMELINE

C.-1500

Human tribe called Norsii live peacefully in the Empire lands now called Forest of Shadows.

C. -500

Norsii tribe must flee the Empire-lands due to conflicts with the Teutogens. Most Norsii migrate east to Kislev-lands.

-380

Norsii humans must again leave their current home in Kislev-lands, due to conflicts with the Ungols. Now they migrate north. This is the time when first humans migrate to southern Norsca.

1

The Empire is founded by Warrior-King Sigmar. He scatters the ancient Norsii people who still live in the shores of the Sea of Claws. These people flee to Kislev, where the Ungols drive them to north into Norsca. Greatest hero of Norsii Ekil Bloodheart is killed during these battles. Norsii refugees find the original Norsii people from Norsca. With wandering tribes of Kurgans that have migrated from Chaos Wastes, all these people mix, creating the Norse people.

632

Norse raids commence. Marienburg sacked for the first time.

718

Large Norse fleet combining ships from the Wolfclaw, Stormfang and Thunderbear clans descend upon Norvard (Erengard). Norse run their ships aground and raze most of the settlement.

792

Knut Thorisson begins 5 year campaigning to unify Norsca. He becomes the first High King of Norsca and truly unites first time all the tribes for few years.

C.800

First Norse travel as far as Tilea. Their raids against Estalia and Tilea start.

810

Norse occupy Norvard (Erengard).

822

High King Knut perishes in battle on Albion. Unified Norsca breaks apart.

875

The Norse adventurer Erik the Lost learns of a land full of gold across the Great Ocean from High Elf captives and sets out to find it. Instead, he ends up in the Southlands, but his son, Losteriksson is inspired later on to attempt the passage to Lustria.

C.880

Losteriksson makes multiple landings to the Albion. He both raids the land and attempts to create a Norse colony there. All these attempts are failed by the natives.

888

Losteriksson lands upon the shores of the New World and establishes the colony of Skeggi to begin an era of Norse raiding throughout Lustria.

891

Norse Shield Maidens are expelled from Skeggi and disappear into the jungle, thereby giving rise to the legends of the Amazons. The Norse begin heavy raiding in the northern coastal regions of Bretonnia.

1017

Norse raiders establish a stronghold on Sartosa.

1035

High King Magnus Lawmaker recreates the Kingdom of Norsca, with all tribes under one strong leader. The rune language of the Norse is created along with the Norse laws, called Wergild. This is second time all tribes are united under one High King.

1109

The Norse resume raiding. Marienburg is sacked and occupied by the army of Snorri Half-hand, who proclaims himself Jarl of Vestland.

1111

Black Plague strikes Old World. Norse abandon Marienburg.

1240

Corsairs of Araby gather a huge fleet and attack the Norse stronghold on Sartosa, which is captured with great slaughter. The Norse fight to the death, but Sartosa is lost to the Corsairs.

1323

Chieftain Kjell Red Fist travels to the distant Lustria to find so-called Fountain of Origins from the the River Qurveza. It is said that this site is well guarded by the Lizardmen. Kjell and his crew are never heard again.

1360

Defenceless Marienburg sacked again by the Norse.

1499

The army of Ungol Warlord Hethis Chaq defeats the Norse princes of Ropsmenn led by King Weiran on the cliffs overlooking the Sea of Claws. The Ropsmenn are scattered and the Ungols take their lands.

1635

Battle of Castellet. Norse raiders attack L'Anguille and are met by an army led by King Philippe the Strong. Norse are slaughtered by King Philippe the Strong and an army of 10 000 knights.

1703

Norse raids begin against Ulthuan. Magnus the Mad besieges Lothorn with 200 men. Confronted by the 10,000 strong Sea Guard of Lothorn he orders his men to charge.

c. 1710

Time of High King Hunlaf Thorsson of the Wolfclaw clan. Hunlaf soon rises to become king of all Skaelings. After this he makes alliance with the warriors of the Stormraven clan and with this alliance subdues most of Norsca.

1722

Siege of Zorastra. Egarl Bloodhard quickly grows tired of besieging Zorastra, the great wharf of Tilea. Plague-ridden meat is fed to the seabirds who nest in the seaborne city. The resultant outbreak of disease sees the city's chain-gates dropped by refugee ships attempting to flee, allowing the murderous Chaos fleet to sail in. Zorastra falls within the hour.

1741

After the dead of High King Hunlaf Thorsson, from the Wolfclaw clan, his son, Beowulf, takes the title of High King. He unites the Norse tribes again.

1755

High King Beowulf leads his men to north towards the Chaos Wastes, fighting beside his brother Ingrid at the battle of Norduven, where the two of them slew a Greater Daemon of Khorne and then headed their army after the fleeing Chaos Warriors and Beastmen. Beowulf and Ingrid pursued the Chaos host into the depths of the Chaos Wastes and were never seen again.

1848

Norse raiding along the Sea of Claws and Middle Sea continues. Marienburg is sacked for the final time.

2103

The Gorehunt clan decides to offer skulls from far-off lands unto the Blood God, and heads south eventually landing in Araby. This is the beginning of a historical massacre and war, even though the Chaos force is less than a hundred men strong.

2220

Reign of the High King Lars II the Feeble. Frustrated at home, the Emperor of Middenheim invades southern Norsca.

2270

Start of three year "Rebellion" against the Middenheim Emperor led by the King Erik Olavson of the Bjornlings. All Norscan tribes take part.

2286

Valgar the Butcher leads his warband to the deserts of Khemri to raid the tombs of ancient kings. The Chaos horde is ambushed on its return by Settra the Imperishable. Barely a dozen Marauders make it back to Norsca, bloodied, yet rich beyond their wildest dreams.

2290

The Middenheim Emperor recognized the sovereignty of each of the Norscan tribes and trade between southern tribes resumes.

2298

The merciless raider Scyla Anfingrimm is brought to battle by an army of vengeful dispossessed villagers. Scyla is victorious and takes the enemy leaders as trophies, tying them to the prows of his longships as grotesque figureheads.

2301

The Great War against Chaos. Hordes of chaos creatures pour down from the north, crossing the frozen sea as far south as the Kislevite Oblast. Many Norsemen join the Chaos horde led by Everchosen Champion of Chaos Asavar Kul. Norse Dwarfs are attacked by the forces of Valmir Aesling, and Kraka Drak is destroyed.

2302

Those tribes that have not joined Asavar's Chaos Horde ally themselves with the Empire and Magnus the Pious.

2303

Magnus the Pious meets the Chaos Horde. Imperial and Kislevite forces with Norse allies drive Chaos forces back. Harald the Wolf leads Norse and Norse Dwarfs against Chaos Hordes and drive them back. In the final Battle of Grovod Wood both Imperial Dwarfs from Karaz Ankor and Norse Dwarfs are united finally.

2350

With the help of the Emperor Magnus the Pious, Norse tribes of Bjornlings and Skaelings are helped to rebuild their lands and trade relations are re-established. Magnus sees friendly Norse as a first line of defence against any Chaos invasions from the North.

C.2420

Huge attack from the Dark Lands against Norsca. Orc hordes raid Baernsonling lands and continue against the Norse Dwarfs. Remaining Orc forces move through Sarl lands and finally enter to Skaeling lands. Final battle is fought in the village of Kodradfief, where the Orcs are finally stopped.

2502

Erik Redaxe raids Cothique in Ulthuan at head of a great fleet of Norse reavers. An Elf fleet led by Tyrion defeats the Norse in a huge sea battle and drives them away from the coast. Erik's longships are smashed to kindling by the pale-skinned Merwyms that prowl Ulthuan's coast, trapping Redaxe between the Elves and the merciless ocean.

2515

Lord Mortkin leads a huge invasion force into the Empire and burns the city Volganof to the ground before falling in battle.

2520

Rise of Archaon, Lord of the End Times. Archaon gathers The Four from Norsca. Norse tribes are subdued under Archaon and his Four. High King of Norsca is killed.

2521

The Norse longships begin to raid the northern coast of Bretonnia, sacking isolated villages within the dukedoms of the L'Anguille and the Couronne. Great battle between the Bretonnians and the Norse near L'Anguille. A group of knights arrives unbidden at a battle against the Norse raiders near L'Anguille. Their standard bears the heraldry of a gold snake on a black field. The group leaves midway through the battle without explanation, and many brave knights die at the hands of the Norse Berserkers as a result.

2522

Erik Redaxe returns home from his many years of raids, and is quickly crowned High King. The Storm of Chaos is brewing in the north, with many Norsemen heeding the call of the Dark Gods.

The badlands were desolate. So desolate that, not even carrion birds flew overhead in the ever turbulent smoky skies. To Einarr Svengarsson's eyes that would be an ill omen, for where not even the carrion dare fly, nothing lived and therefore everything died. It was likely that no oasis or civilisation existed for many leagues or that something surrounding made sure that there were no corpses. The warriors of the Stormraven clan had sensed that, readying their weapons.

"Steady yourselves, clansmen. We are deep in the lands of the Tainted Ones. Skaeling blood will not spill from their altars when the end comes."

Yet the Jarl had scarcely finished the warning when a blood-curdling bellow came from over a slag-ridge accompanied by the sound of loud continual roaring, followed by a large metal beast that the Norsemen could not describe, except that they could recognise various decorative glyphs as being sigils of the Dark Gods. Other markings came from no identifiable source, another dark power perhaps.

Following the metal beast, came the twisted metal-clad dwarfs who lived and enslaved in the desolation. The dwarfs could not keep up with the speed of the chariot but were armed with black powder weapons and already forming a line to take shots at the clan. A small gully running parallel to the track spawned three more of them carrying spiked tridents accompanied by a taller figure covered in many tattoos and piercings. This new detachment surprised the Marauder's flank.

Einarr targeted the taller warrior, recognising the skilled combatant, as greater adversary than the twisted dwarfs. They would sell their lives dearly this day, for honour would be found in death, not as another's slave. The warrior, armed with a muddied blade, received Einarr's charge, swinging to remove the Norseman's head. Einarr ducked and thrust forward to impale the warrior, who responded by side stepping the Jarl's axe swing, thus dodging a killing blow while preparing for the next blow that would slice through Einarr's torso.

Leaping clear of the tattooed warrior, he took a moment to regard his clansmen. The dwarfs

from the gully ambush were already dead, felled by throwing axes, and in one case, a poorly judged shot from his corrupted brethren. The metal beast now chugging into their midst, Einarr would need to deal swiftly with the savage attacker.

Barely blocking the next blow, the sheer force of it dropping him to one knee to avoid losing his arm, then holding his weapon up as the savage pushed it down. It was a test of strength!

"Yield, Norscan." The attacker said in a heavy accent.

"Ugh, you... you're Kurgan." Einarr grunted out, feeling his strength starting to give.

"I said yield, or die."

"I choose death!" Einarr found new strength in his burning limbs. It was enough for him to push upwards, enough to force the savage back. He dodged the next strike. The two warring tribesmen fought on, axe on blade, turning aside lethal attacks and accumulating bloodied scratches to decorate their hairy bodies. The rest of the fighting raged on around them, but it could have been as distant as Lustria so far as they were concerned, so it was with some surprise when another of his clansmen came to Einarr's aid, then another and another, until the Kurgan was completely surrounded by Stormravens.

Sensing there would be no escape, the Kurgan lay down his sword. He looked around to see butchered bodies of the dwarfs scattered around, their unmoving juggernaut unmoving silenced.

To their surprise, he smiled at this devastation.

"If you kill me now, I would be merely grateful for avenging my kin's deaths and my bondage. Free me and I shall fight as one of you."

Einarr looked sceptically at the savage. "Swear to Those-That-Be."

"I swear by He on the Throne, He in Pestilence, He who Lusts and the Ever-Shifter to follow you as the path winds."

"Then Kurgan, welcome to the Stormravens."

TRIBES AND CLANS

Norsca is not an organized nation, but rather a collection of petty states ruled by warlords, although even "state" is perhaps too strong of a term. In actuality, Norsca is loosely divided into different territories held by each of the seven dominant Tribes, which are Aeslings, Baersonlings, Bjornlings, Graelings, Sarls, Skaelings and Vargs. Within each, there are dozens of smaller communities divided into households, clans and even smaller tribes. Even civil-war troubles are common inside tribes; the High Tribes are usually something that unites these shattered communities in the end. And all these communities inside the High Tribe swear fealty to their High Tribe's King.

Originally Norse people were divided in four different territories that are still known by their ancient names: Fjellsende, Soerligslette, Taaketskog and Vestligkyst. These became lands of Baersonlings, Sarls, Skaelings, Bjornlings and Graelings. Eventually some tribes wandered even further to the Chaos Wastes and settled in the northern parts of Norsca. They were loose tribes that mixed more with Kurgans from the Wastes. The rest of the Norse started to call their lands Nordlig, which became the lands of Aeslings and Vargs.

Norsemen as a cohesive people do not exist. The name means "men of the north," and it is a term used by Old Worlders to collectively define the various tribes that occupy Norsca. Within each tribal group there are important differences that make each unique, with particular customs and beliefs to set them apart from the other men of their country.



Kinship to a tribe is vital to an individual Norseman's identity. The tribe provides security, a home, and purpose. To anger one's tribe means being cast out, not only from the settlement, but also from everything he believes in. Those few exiles may travel north to seek the favour of the Dark Gods, or become truly despised, heading south for the comfort of the decadent Empire. Unless the exile can prove himself (typically through some fabulous quest), he is forever after seen as an enemy of his people, and should he wander back into his lands once more, his former brethren do all they can to slay him where he stands.

NORTHERN TRIBES

Standing in the Shadows of the Chaos Wastes, Norsca is a land touched by Chaos. Whenever the rolling Eye widens, the tongue of darkness lick the dizzying peaks of this frozen land, altering all and everything it touches. As a result, those tribes living on the coast of the Frozen Sea are more deeply affected by Chaos and, as a result, develop more mutations and more variety among their kind than the rest of the Norsemen. In addition, they are quite a bit more savage since they regularly come into conflict with the Kurgan tribes of the Wastes.

The northern tribes have forsaken their old spiritual beliefs, and have rather succumbed and embraced the gods of chaos, daemons and spirits. The Northern Tribes are often at the forefront of the Chaos Incursions, leading the way into the fat lands of the Empire for the Kurgans tribes. They are a brutal and bloodthirsty lot. Merciless, they kill for the love of killing. Northern Tribes include the Graelings, Vargs and the dreaded Aeslings.

Aeslings

On the huge grass tundra, north of the Shadow Pass, live the merciless high tribe known as the Aeslings. They are the most barbaric and simple of all Norse tribes, peerless brutality and unquenched thirst for blood; they are the ideal minions of the great powers from the Chaos Wastelands. The countless of times the tide of Chaos have sweep over the southern lands, the Aeslings have filled the first wave of destruction sweeping over whichever lay in their course.

Of the Norse, the Aeslings are the tribe living closest to the Chaos Wastelands, and as a consequence, been able to indulge themselves in more blessings, gifts and powers from their gods. They have also established a reasonable good relationship with the Kurgan. Trading, raiding alliances, and even taking each other's women as wives. Over the many years, the Kurgan and Aesling blood have mixed, which is why the Aesling have become darker in their complexion compared to other Norse.

Like all other Norse tribes, their children are trained as merciless warriors from the moment they are able to walk. The weak are placed, and left, in the woods to their own fate, usually killed by wolves or wild dogs, while the strong grow up to become as tough the society of the Aesling demands. Because of this harsh environment, the Aeslings see themselves as superior to all other tribes in Norsca, and it is their duty to raid and pillage their neighbouring tribes to show their dominance.

The Aeslings have a long and ancient hatred towards the Norse Dwarfs. What started as mistrust and unease, have been replaced by constant ongoing Aesling attacks, especially towards the Dwarfen Strongholds of Dumund and Dorden. The Dwarfs have tried to ward themselves with huge runic sarsen stones around their borders, but because the Aeslings trust more the power of cold steel they still advance beyond the stones.

Graelings

Graelings are like other northern tribes; compared to the southern tribes, they are more aggressive, bloodthirsty and serve the Dark Gods and Daemonic creatures. Graelings are however the only northern tribe who still worship the old gods to a very minor degree, although these religious traditions are rapidly dying out.

When the first Norsemen migrated to the northernmost areas of Norsca, Graelings lead the way and settled on the western coast in an area which is covered with deep forests and towered by the Hellspire Mountains. Graelings tribe are probably most famous for their feared reavers. Their Longships sail faraway lands to murder, pillage and to enslave their victims. On these raids they are often accompanied by their allies, Aeslings and Vargs. Graelings most common victim, the Kurgans, live very close to Naggaroth, the homeland of the dreaded Dark Elves. Over the years the two have engaged in hundreds of naval warfare, raids and battles, but also allied their forces to spread terror on the southern lands of the Old World.

Graelings are fierce rivals with their southern neighbouring tribe of Bjornlings. There is age's old rivalry and hate among these tribes and many wars have been fought between them and a lot of blood has already been bled, but more will surely follow.

Vargs

For many generations the Vargs were a nomadic people that wandered the most northern parts of Norsca. Their land of choice was the great tundra, named Norscveg Plains, shoring to both the Kraken Sea and the Sea of Chaos. The landscape of Norscveg Plains is rough and brutally unmerciful; its weather can be described as extreme, especially during the long dark, cold winter months. On these rugged plains have the Vargs wandered with their herds of reindeer and Aurochs for a long time, but so have other more sinister creatures; Beastmen, Giants, Chaotic Monsters, and the mighty Mammoths roam the lands of the Vargs.



In their many struggles to keep their lands from being overrun by monstrous creatures, the Vargs built strongholds, fortified settlements, which the Norse calls Borgs. During the summer months, these fortresses operated more as simple trading posts, but as the winter chill emerged, even the most hardened tribes made these fortresses their home, where they could easily defend themselves. Eventually these fortresses became permanent settlements for many tribes, but still, to this day, some tribes choose the nomadic life.

The Vargs have old grudges against the Kurgan tribes on the other side of the Kraken Sea. During the winter time, when the sea is frozen, both sides mount great raids against each other. The Aeslings often join the Vargs on their raids, and there have been many epic battles when these Marauders have met on the icy fields of Dreggen Mort, which is situated at the northernmost tip of Norsca.

SOUTHERN TRIBES

The southern tribes are somewhat milder than their savage brethren to the North. Whilst these barbarians' raid and plunder like all the rest, it is from these tribes that new efforts for peaceful communications originate. They raid when necessary for survival, but are most interested in acts of heroism and adventure over the carnal slaughter embraced by their kin. This said, during the Chaos Incursions, these Norsemen banded together to wage war against the Empire as it was demanded by their Gods. Refusing the call of battle is grounds for annihilation.



Among the southern tribes are counted the Bjornlings, Skaelings, Baersonlings, and Saris. Though seen as most civilised that their northern neighbours, they have been known to fight with rival tribes. In fact, the Bjornlings are fierce rivals with the Graelings, and the Saris regularly fight the Aeslings and Baersonlings - the rivalry between Saris and Baersonlings have quelled under the rule of King Redaxe, but would undeniably blossom if Eric Redaxe should lose his ruling.

Baernsonlings

Baersonlings are a fierce, unfriendly and savage barbarian who doesn't really have any trade contacts. There are many frightening stories about Baersonling berserkers and especially their werekin, which are common among them. Baersonlings are very proud for their martial skills, which are famous even among the Norse.

Baersonlings live in the harsh mountain range of the Goromadny and also partly in Troll Country. They are in constantly warfare with the marauding Aeslings and Kislevian Tribes. In addition, their relationship with Dwarfs and Kurgans are considered bad and cause some hostile encounters from time to time. Mountain ranges of the Goromadny and the coastline of southern Frozen Sea are full of small Baersonling villages, but still, half of the clans are nomadic, moving into the Troll Country and even as far as Kul lands. Like other Norse, the Baersonlings raid the southern countries when times are grim. Because of the Frozen Sea usually freezes during the winter time, small Baersonlings raiding parties move through the lands of Kislev and the northern parts of the Empire.

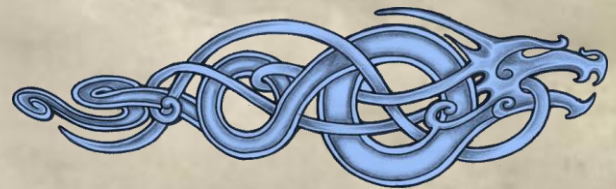
Baersonlings are famous for their werekin or Ulfwerenar. Ulfwerenar are most common among them than any other tribe in Norsca. To Baersonlings mark of Bear Ulfwerenar is one of the greatest marks from the gods. Most have bear-like mutations are marked by the Ursun. But those that can truly change to bear are actually Bearstruck – The mark of Lordship.

Bjornlings

Bjornlings are one of two of the more cosmopolitan and less Chaos influenced tribe in Norsca, due to their lands lie farthest from the Chaos Wastes. They are brave traders who always had connections to all the lands in Old World. Many of the famous Norse explorers have risen among them.

Even though Bjornlings are traders and explorers, it doesn't change the fact that they are also reavers. Chaos marks are less common among Bjornlings and they do not commonly worship the Dark Gods, there are times when they have been forced to join the forces of Chaos, but luckily it is a rare event. Bjornlings have a very good relationship with Norse Dwarfs, probably because of their non-Chaotic nature. Dwarf trade caravans' travel through the Norsca using secret underground passages to trade with them time to time.

Bjornlings are fierce rivals with their northern neighbours' Craelings. This is an ancient hatred with an unknown cause that has caused many wars and useless deaths. Even though Bjornlings usually consider Aeslings as enemies too, it does not come close to hate between Bjornlings and Graelings.



Sarls

Saris are actually very barbaric, rugged and harsh people. Much like their home, Fjellsende, a name that suggest they inhabit the rough ranges of Trollheim Mountains. In addition, the Gulf of the Maelstrom is located right outside their coastline. They are fearless seamen and whalers who dare to hunt the greatest of sea monsters.

Living between Chaotic tribes, Kislev tribes, Aeslings and many monstrous denizens in the Troll Country area has made them what they are – a warrior-like people with a straight forward attitude to solving problems. Their main God, Olric, also forms their rough edged way of life.

In the North of Sarl land, some minor Norse tribes have begun the worshipping of the God of Pestilence, Nurgle. They live mostly in the caves and are shunned by the Saris. Many Nurgle Champions have risen amongst them – most famous is the General, Feytor the Tainted.

Skaelings

As one of the southern tribes, Skaelings are also one of the more cosmopolitan and less Chaos influenced tribe. They are explorers and traders like their neighbours' Bjornlings. Skaelings are also the most powerful Norscan tribe in wealth, commerce, size and by fleet. Because this, the High King of Norsca has many times risen among them through the history of Norsca, even the current High King Eric Redaxe. But Skaelings are still reavers and raid when they must. Seafaring and raiding is in Skaelings blood.

OTHER TRIBES AND COLONIES

The intrepid and daring Norse have sailed almost everywhere in the World. When they have found some new realm they have tried to establish small colonies that can be used as winter settlements, bases to shelter in after raids, and sometimes even permanent settlements if the Norse choose to stay in that place. Most of these colonizations have failed, but some of these places have thrived and become independent tribes over time.

Kuldevind Islands

Kuldevind Islands are a few small islands north-west of Norsca. They are very close to Chaos Wastes, but still far enough from the shores that they are safe-haven for the Norse, as most monsters or roaming people in the Chaos Wastes cannot reach these islands. These islands have very rough weather and extremely cold winters because the strong winds on the seas, but the warm currents from the Great Ocean help a little. Chaos monsters from the Sea of Chaos and flying beasts sometime harass the Norse living in these islands. In the coldest years, the sea may freeze from the shores of the Chaos Wastes to the shores of Kuldevind Islands, and moving across the ice is possible. Yet the most dangerous threat to these settlements are the Dark Elves from Naggaroth. The Dark Elves sometimes raid the Norse lands for slaves and the Kuldevind settlements have been destroyed a few times during the centuries by Dark Elven Corsairs.

The Norse founded Kuldevind Isles around year 1000, and soon created the trade town of Funniguur. Originally this small settlement was a gathering point for the Norse before they would mount raids to the Chaos Wastes or to the lands of Dark Elves. It was also the way-point when the Norse tried to establish a permanent base to Ildelver, which was even further to the west, close to Naggaroth and the Sea of Chill. A few clans always kept a permanent settlement living in the islands, mostly by fishing and whaling.

During the centuries, the clans of the Kuldevind Islands have mixed and their tribal origins are not that easily seen. There is one King who is chosen among the four from the tribes of Bjornlings, Graelings, Sarls and Jarls of the Island. Among them is also the Holyman, oldest and wisest Vitki in the Islands, who is the fifth member of their council. This council of five is the ruling body of Kuldevind, whose politics are actually very different from these commonly seen among the Norse.

Byttigen

According to ancient Norse folklore, there is a race of dark creatures, the "Underjordisar" who prey upon the newborn of the Norse. In order to cover their heinous crime, these creatures substitute their own babies for those taken. These Byttingen look exactly like those taken until they get older, at which point they begin to change into something far uglier and malformed. Many Byttingen are killed outright by the grieving parents, but some are either abandoned in the wilderness by Norse unable to slay them, or escape in fear of their lives. Although the majority of the latter group dies in the wilderness, a few find refuge with other Byttingen or Beastmen. It is now known that the Byttingen are not the changelings of folklore, but rather unfortunates who have been tainted by Chaos. In the Empire, these creatures are called "Mutants". Once with bands of Beastmen or other Byttingen, the Bytting is hardly safe. Many of the Norse heroes of old, such as Freinar Kaosjeger and Thoramir Ulfenblod, made their reputations destroying servants of Chaos, including Byttingen.

The history of the Byttigen starts with the beginning of Norsca, when the Norsii people had just migrated to the north. There was a tribe of Norsii that found their home far north in the mountain ranges long before other the Norsii inhabited those parts. Their home was a strange valley with mysteriously mutated trees and plants. What they did not know was that their home was infested by Warp-stone which in a few generations mutated their race so badly that other Norsii started to shun this "Race of the Dark". So the Byttigen remained hidden, living in the dark cave-systems and trying to conceal their mutations. They also found a new god – Nurgle.

Mutations are very common s in Norsca nowadays and not shunned as they were during the time of first the Norsii people. Many tribes consider them to be blessings from the Gods. Even so, the Byttigen people are still despised, and dark legends have given them an ill repute that other Norse fear and hate. Byttigen are basically just normal Norse who are badly mutated. Their "race" or tribe was so corrupted by the Warp-stone that every generation of Byttigen since then has had multiple mutations from birth, and they usually gain even more when they get older. Truth is that the Byttigen are very bitter race, with their minds being corrupted as much as their bodies by Chaos. They hate other Norse, and have stolen their newborn time to time for revenge.



Even though the King is always the strongest and most feared Jarl at the time, decisions are usually made by the council by a democratic voting system.

All the tribes are welcome to Kuldevind and all the tribes use this as port to the west and north. It is common knowledge that island and port of Funninguur is neutral territory. Kuldevind people do not want any tribal indifferences or wars in there. Some clans in the island may remember their origins and are friendlier to any tribal members from same tribe. But all Kuldevind people commonly consider themselves to be from Kuldevind Islands, as also other Norse consider them to be from there.

Traders from the Old World countries rarely come to Kuldevind. This is probably mostly because they do not know that it is out there. But few traders and whalers that have heard about it visit time to time. Even so Old World people are very rare in Funninguur. Port town of Funninguur is only settlement in the islands. Population is about 600 people, but there are almost always 50-100 visitors. And if there is some sort of huge raid to Dark Elf lands or Chaos Wastes it may bring hundreds of visitors and huge number of ships. There are many isolated farmstead in the Islands and permanent population of Kuldevind Islands is probably close to 700 people.

SKEGGI

Skeggi is the oldest and largest human settlement in the New World, the gateway to Lustria by which adventurers and plunderers seek their fortune. Foremost amongst these are the Norse, whose greed for gold is as great as their lust for battle.

Through countless generations of raiding, the men of Norsca have become prodigiously skilled seafarers, boasting (occasionally truthfully) the ability to out-sail even the fleets of the High Elves of Lothorn.

Among the greatest of the Norscan seamen was the legendary Losteriksson, who, in the year 888 by the Imperial Calendar, made landfall upon the coast of the New World, opening up the unexplored continent of Lustria to the predations of Man and forever altering the course of the plans of the mysterious Old Ones.

The Founding of Skeggi

Upon anchoring his three ships off the coast, Losteriksson and his men were plagued by sickness caused by insect bites. Leaving the stricken warriors behind to guard the ships, Losteriksson decided to head inland with the rest of his men in search of treasure.

He had no idea what this unknown land contained, but assumed that there would be temples and cities to plunder just like there were in Ulthuan and Naggaroth. After a long trek through the jungle, and with only half his party still alive, he emerged among the overgrown ruins of a deserted temple-city. This was what Losteriksson had been hoping for, and his men spread out to begin ransacking the place. Some meagre items of gold were found in various vaults and crypts after a full day's search, although several men disappeared in the process. With the going good, Losteriksson decided to return to his boats, intending to return again later with a bigger expedition to probe deeper into the jungle.



Returning back to the beaches, the handful of survivors was surprised to find their boats deserted. The men had gone; not even their bones were left, their fate unknown. There were now so few Norse left that the share out of the gold made all the survivors quite rich. Losteriksson could now return to Norsca with honour and the dowry for his beloved Inga. Norse being excellent seafarers, all the ships returned safely, despite the diminished crews. Soon word spread throughout Norsca of a new land overflowing with treasure. Warriors flocked to Losteriksson's new and magnificent hall, built with his share of the gold, and clamoured for him to lead a new expedition to Lustria. The tale of Losteriksson convinced many that Lustria was a place to discover wealth, though none stopped to consider the odds of surviving to enjoy said riches. At length, Losteriksson ordered many ships to be built and under his leadership, these sailed southwards loaded not only with Norse warriors, but also their wives and farm animals. After a long and arduous voyage, in which some of the ships were lost, they reached Lustria. Losteriksson navigated along the coast

to find the great cairn which his men had raised to mark their previous landfall. The place was found and the ships beached. Within a few days, the Norse had built a solid stockade around their longboats.

This new land was rich in timber and the human axes were sharp, so it was not long before a true Norse settlement had taken shape complete with a timber hall. The jungle was also cleared back for hundreds of yards, which did much to alleviate the sickness brought on by the countless insects. The Norse fed on fruit instead of the stodgy porridge of their homeland, and the meat of the great reptile beasts that were hunted in the jungle roasted well on their spits. Lack of ale was a serious problem, until the first crop of corn was harvested. However, the hives of the huge tropical bees provided honey to make mead which surpassed anything in Norsca.

The new Norse colony was called Skeggi, in honour of Losteriksson's daughter, the first child to be born in the new land. At first Losteriksson forbade anyone from going into the jungle. This was a great annoyance to the young warriors eager for riches and many

disobeyed him. Small groups went their own way and never returned. At least one or two bands did find riches elsewhere, however, and returned to Norsca, encouraging more Norse to make the voyage to Lustria. Thus ships laden with more settlers turned up from time to time at Skeggi to swell the population. Within a decade, the settlement was a thriving town, the gateway to the New World. Each year, ever more adventurers would pass through its port, and ever more gold and slaves would return through it to the Old World and Norsca.

Over the centuries since its foundation, Skeggi has become a prosperous port, thanks to the tithe its inhabitants enforce upon all who pass through it. But it is a lawless place, where petty chieftains rule and bands of itinerant adventurers hold sway. The many drinking dens, brothels and slave markets are the centres of power, lairs from which the brokers of such power rule their small empires.

The streets of Skeggi throng with two-way traffic. In one direction pass those fresh ashore after many weeks of sailing across the Great Ocean, impatient to find



their fortune within the gold-strewn depths of the jungles. In the other direction pass those returning from the green hells, and these either bear the thousand-yard stare of those who have seen friends killed by unspeakable horrors for no gain whatsoever, or the furtive visage of those who carry untold wealth secreted under stinking rags. More often, the former is the case.

The Warbird of Skeggi

Though no one man has ruled over the people of Skeggi since the days of Losteriksson, there have been moments in the settlement's long history when its fractious inhabitants have united, if only for a short time, behind a single strong warleader. Given its status as a refuge for the most bloodthirsty and piratical of Norse warbands, Skeggi has found itself the target of punitive attacks by the Lizardmen and other races, often seeking the return of some priceless artefact stolen from their most sacred of sites. As great as the righteous anger of such a party may well be, the zeal with which the Norse will defend their collective honour and general right to plunder is invariably

greater. Many a besieger has sought to reduce Skeggi, only to be driven off into the jungle by hordes of very angry, and often very drunk, Norse.

Skeggi and Environs

Skeggi has been described as a 'rotten sinkhole', and there are two main factors that combine to make this a wholly accurate description of the place. Firstly, the site chosen by Losteriksson for his landfall was in fact one of the wettest on the entire stretch of coast, to the extent that many buildings must be constructed upon tall stilts in order to keep their occupiers at least partially dry during the biannual flood season. The second reason is that the Norse rarely build in stone, preferring instead their traditional timber buildings. Unfortunately, where the good old ways of doing things worked fine for their ancestors, they are not quite so effective in the stinking mire in which their descendents chose to establish the settlement, and hence the dwellings of Skeggi are invariably ramshackle and rotten to the core, and in constant need of rebuilding.





The greatest and most stable feature of the settlement is the stockade built by Losteriksson himself at the time of his second landing, and this has been expanded over the centuries to create a formidable fortification surrounding the port, and extended outwards into the sea to form a seawall within which vessels may gain a measure of safe harbour (at a cost of course). At the centre of the bustling port still stands the original mound of stones placed there by Losteriksson to mark the location of his first landing, and this too has been greatly built up, making it a mighty monument to the Norse gods. Upon the founding of the settlement,

Losteriksson cleared the jungle surrounding Skeggi, and this has had to be carried out annually ever since, lest the voracious jungle flora reclaim the land. This is a task generally forced upon prisoners and slaves, for the diseases spread by the insects of the marshes generally make it lethal duty. Over the centuries the area of jungle cleared has expanded as the settlement has grown, and Skeggi now accounts for a great swathe of land.

Due to the nature of the land around Skeggi, the only dependable route into and out of the settlement is by sea. The marshes all around are in a constant state of flux as the water table rises and recedes, flooding any roads anyone is foolish enough to have built. As a consequence, the jungles around Skeggi are criss-crossed with a network of small tracks and pathways, but very few usable roads. The moment a traveller leaves the dubious safety of the clearings surrounding the settlement, he is

plunged straight into the dense jungle, and all the perils that reside therein.

The Marauders of Skeggi

From their coastal stronghold the Norse of Skeggi launch raids that reach into every corner of the continent and beyond. To the north lies Naggaroth, and numerous Norse chieftains have proved insane enough to launch raids against the vicious Dark Elves. To the west the jungles are packed with Lizardmen sites ripe for the plunder, and some Norse have even survived the deadly traps planted within to deter treasure hunters such as themselves.

Further west still lies the temple-city of Hexoatl, a vast metropolis teeming with Lizardmen - to date, no Norse has been foolhardy enough to attempt an attack upon it, though it is only a matter of time before some blustering warleader decides to gather an expedition.

For those Norse who have grown up in Skeggi, the sweltering climate is of no great detriment to them, as it often is to newcomers to Skeggi. Instead, they have become adept at negotiating the jungle pathways and at survival through hunting its beasts.

A few have even braved the dank caves within which Cold Ones lay their eggs, stealing away with one of their vicious young, to rear it and break it, and to ride it to battle. Such a thing is rare, and causes great consternation amongst the Lizardmen, who see it, and the very presence of the Norse in Lustria, as a disruption of the plans of the Old Ones.

The roar of laughter drifted through the crisp, cold air. Ulfar trudged through the snow drift towards the tavern. Passing a frozen puddle, he looked at his reflection. His dark eyes stared back at him, framed by his mane-like hair. He noticed the red stain around his mouth, and he washed his face with some melted snow. Looking up at the darkening sky, he tried to remember the battle. He recalled accompanying Haraldur and his regiment of Huscarls to the village of Kodradfief. His recollections also went as far as the Norse lining up against the Orcs.

The jeers and shouts had echoed along the valley, both armies chanting madly, running along to the savage beat of pounding war drums. Then his memory failed. His last vision had been a huge Black Orc wielding a brutal two handed axe. He stopped his reverie and decided to find out what had happened next.

The tavern was full, the clan celebrating the day's victory and the expectation of tomorrow's Orc hunt was evident. In the corner two Berserkers were engaged in a head-butting contest. They squared off a few paces apart, heads bowed down. Then, as a comrade shouted to start, they charged headlong at each other, their skulls clashing with an audible thud. The man who remains conscious the longest is deemed the winner, and contests could last for hours.

Shouting for a jar of mead, Ulfar strode across the dimly lit hall to Haraldur and his fellow Huscarls. They were engaged in a loud game of knuckle-throwing, and a large pile of treasure was laid in the middle of the table as a bet. As Jarlik tossed the rune-enscribed knuckle bones against the far wall, Haraldur noticed Ulfar's approach.

"By Thor's beard Ulfar, you look worse than I will tomorrow morning! Anyone would think you'd had to fight those snivelling greenskins by yourself."

Ulfar sat down on the long bench beside the table and grinned wolfishly.

"I probably did! Seriously though lad, how did I fare against the scum?"

Haraldur settled back, obviously preparing to recount an epic speech. He was well known for his skills with words as well as the mighty axe he wielded in battle.

"The Wolfclaws set out with the dark of night, their hearts full of rage at the thought of the Orcs on their lands. With Fenris Fang and Odin Shield they marched to war..."

"I know what we damn well did lad, just tell me how many of the Orcs I killed!"

"Some people just don't appreciate tradition. You have to do things the proper way, otherwise you lose the whole feel of the baulc."

"Look lad, I was killing people when your father was learning which end of a sword was the sharp bit, so shut up about tradition. If you don't tell me how many of the scum I killed I'm going to bite your damned head off!"

"Don't think you can scare me! My Huscarls killed forty Black Orcs, and then we cut down a handful of Trolls. But that wasn't

all, we also scared off their chieftain, just by looking at him! You started on the Black Orc boss, damned near pulled his arm off and choked him with the wet end! Then you bit the faces off a few Trolls, but they didn't seem to notice too much. After that it was all getting a bit hectic. I saw you chasing after some greenskins on large pigs, and then you were lost in the crowd."

"See lad, that wasn't too difficult for you was it!"

Ulfar wandered off to find somebody else to tell him how he had fared against the boar riders. He spied Frund the Dwarf by the fireplace, arguing with another of his kin. He walked over to them and slapped Frund heartily on the back, almost knocking him over. The Dwarf turned round, frowning murderously. His expression eased when he saw the Ulfjarl standing behind him.

"Ah. Ulfar, just the person to see. My cousin Snorri is from Karaz a Karak in the Worlds Edge Mountains by the Empire. He says it's biologically inviable for a human to turn into a wolf, and I think you could prove him wrong."

"Say that again shorty, it sounded like gibberish to me, and if it was an insult you better start running!"

"My cousin Snorri here reckons that you can't turn into a wolf." Frund's eyes twinkled with a mischievous glint. "He's also wagered a silver inlaid scabbard and a gold drinking horn on the matter. We might be able to split the loot up somehow..."

Ulfar turned on the stranger and bent down to growl in his ear.

"Can't go wolf, eh? I hope you believe the evidence of your own eyes."

Ulfar began breathing deeply, and closed his eyes. He felt the taint roaring through his veins. His heart hammered in his chest and his skin tingled and itched. He felt the hairs pushing through the pores of his flesh, and he tasted the blood in his mouth from his fangs ripping through his aching gums.

Letting out a howl of triumph and rage, he opened his eyes. The red haze was there, tinging the edges of his vision. He could smell the sheer terror of the small form standing in front of him. His ears picked up the faintest sounds; the heavy breathing of the taverns occupants, the whistle of the wind outside the thick wooden walls.

A surge of energy rushed through his body, and he felt like pouncing on the hapless Dwarf. He felt his own blood trickling down the long claws that now tipped his elongated fingers. His muscles were swollen and adrenaline flowed throughout system. The body was in prime condition, despite his human age, and he knew what it was like to be immortal. The call of the night hammered away at the back of his mind, constantly trying to seduce him. He wished to break down the doors and race off on the hunt.

Applying his willpower Ulfar managed to control the animal emotions raging through his mind. He adapted his form again, allowing himself to talk more easily, though he knew from experience that to others his voice would sound slurred and basic.

"You take scabbard, and I'll drink from goblet!"

LAND OF NORSKA

SEA OF CHAOS





EJSGARD

Gharhans

AESLINGS

JOTUNHEIM MTS

SARLS

NORSE DWARFS

BAERSONLINGS

TROLL COUNTRY

KISLEV MARCHES

KISLEV

RDLAND

OSTLAND

MIDDLE MTNS

THE FROZEN SEA

GORGE OF THE DAMNED

Coven of Decay

EVERTHUNDER PASS

Suderholm

Stormstaad

Thorshavn

Gotland

Chamon Dharek

Castle Alexandronov

Zoishenk

RIVER TOBOL

Erengard

Leblya

Zoishenk

Zhedevka

Choika

Bolsenfels

Petragrad

Dushyka

Bolgasgrad

MIKAL'S FORD

Vdorya

Kislev

RIVER UGRY

FALD UESSY FORD

DRACE FORD

USSY FORD

Urslo

Hell Pit

Volksgrad

FOREST OF SHADOWS

Neue Emskrank

Norden

Dietershofen

Saltmunda

Schoenen

Fortlangen

Bruckhofen

LAND OF NORSCA

Norsca looms large in the minds of Old Worlders. To some, it is the roof of the world, the birthplace of all evils, and the heart of Chaos. To others, it is a buffer – that which stands between the lands of civilisation and the Chaos Wastes and the madness beyond.

There are many reasons not to make the journey to the lands of the Norsemen. It is difficult, dangerous, and rarely worth the risk. To the north and west, the Sea of Chaos laps against its rocky shores. In these haunted waters, strange creatures swim, monsters spawned by the Winds of Chaos blowing south from the unstable lands beyond the Chaos Wastes. Massive ships crewed by the corrupted, mastered by Chaos Champions, prowl the seas in search of coveted artefacts and attack any ship they encounter.

To make matters worse, the Black Arks of Naggaroth roam the waters to harvest slaves for sacrifice on their bloody altars. And who can really predict the odd storms that erupt unexpectedly with no sign of warning, lashing the sails and capsizing ships with their violent intensity? To the south, the Sea of Claws is little better. These frigid waters are the bane of many a sailor, with winds so cold that the very spray freezes, each gust sending sharp knives of ice to bite the flesh and freeze the extremities. Many of the horrors found in the Sea of Chaos swim over into these waters, setting upon merchant vessels and military ships with abandon, dragging fools to terrifying deaths beneath the dark swirling waters. Considering the dangers, one might think to make an overland journey instead. But, there is little safety to be found by crossing the dreaded Troll Country, and travelling through the northern wastes, only to find glacial expanses and territory haunted by all manner of warped and terrifying beasts.

As the journey to this frozen land is fraught with many dangers, it's a wonder anyone would ever risk their lives (and their very souls) to explore a land so clearly antagonistic to the living. Part of Norsca's appeal is its trading value. The land is home to extensive forests of rare breeds of wood. The mountains hide veins of gold, silver, and other precious metals.

And then, there's the Warpstone – the very land seems infused with it. As a result, many merchants and travellers spend exorbitant funds to assemble an expedition to explore the land of the Norsemen and harvest its riches to retire in luxury in the comforts of their decadent cities.

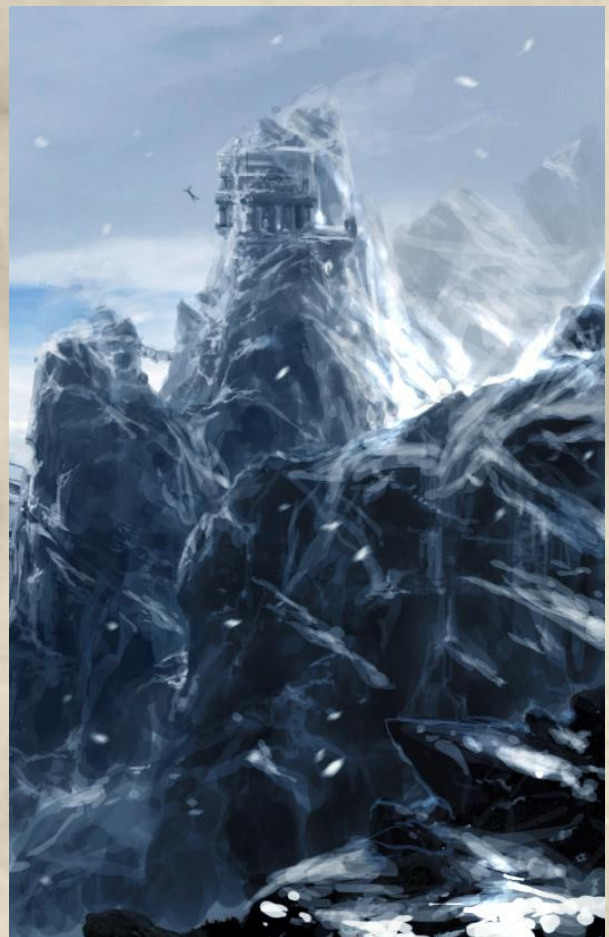
CLIMATE

Norsca is every bit the inhospitable place Old Worlders think. Thanks to its latitude, about half the year is a dim twilight, with the sun nothing more than a faint disk hovering just below the horizon, shedding its feeble light across the land. The temperatures are

continually below freezing, clutching the mountains in a frozen grasp. Snow falls almost constantly, worsened by the icy spray blown by the winds over the Sea of Chaos. The other half of the year, the sun warms the lands, bringing temperatures above freezing and allowing the Norsemen's thralls to work the few arable fields to produce meagre crops.

THE MOUNTAINS

Norsca is famous for its daunting mountains. Bordered on all sides by these magnificent peaks, travel into the heartland borders on the impossible. Most travellers keep to the sparse, fortified villages dotting the southern and western coastlines. The mountains themselves are steeped in local myth, often named for the legendary giants and icy fortresses on the peaks, such as the Mountains of Thjazi and the Jotunheims. Although the mountains dominate the terrain, it is false to say they are all there is of Norsca. This harsh land is also home to dense forests of spruce and pine, mostly blanketing the interior slopes where they are protected from the worst storms descending from the north. In addition to the dense forests and high mountains, Norsca also has glacial seas that stretch down from the Chaos Wastes, forming the Frozen Sea to the northeast. These massive ice fields are responsible for the jagged mountains forming the northernmost boundaries that





offer some shelter from the changing forces occasionally blowing south from the chaotic north. During the summer months, the air warms just enough to drain the land and enliven the few stretches of plains that serve to supplement the Norsemen's diet of fish and bear meat.

The Hellspire Mountains

The Hellspire Mountains forms a southern border between Nilfheim region and the southern parts of Norsca, running from the Sea of Chaos in the east until it blends in with the Nilfheim Mountains.

The mountain range is composed of some of the tallest and least accessible mountains in Norsca. Most of the mountains are little but sheer rock faces with very little in the way of scaling them, and those passage-ways there is, are usually treacherous or subject to the full force of the harsh winds blowing in the area.

A few passes wind their way through the Hellspire Mountains, but these are only passable during the non-winter months – when the snow begins to fall, they block up or become very dangerous due to the dangers of avalanches, where thousands of tonnes of snow sweeps everything away in a white rush of death.

The Vanaheim Mountains

The Vanaheim Mountains in the south-western part of Norsca are some of the most populated in the entire land – the majority of the permanent Norse settlements are situated in or about these mountains. In addition, their geographic location means that they have a relatively mild climate (for Norsca) for most of the year, making them less hostile to mere mortals.

Quite a few valleys and gorges cut through the mountains, offering respite from the winds and some protection from the elements in general. This is where the majority of sheep and the huge Norse oxen are kept, as there is plenty of green to eat here for most of the year. In addition to this, the Vanaheim Mountains are rich on iron, silver and gold and some of the richest mines can be found in this area.

The Jotunheim Mountains

The Jotunheim Mountains are the largest range of mountains in Norsca – running from the Sea of Claws in West to The Frozen Sea in the East, only divided by the huge Gorge of Khar that zigzags through the mountains like an enormous scar from north to south. The Gorge of Khar is the Chaos highway when it comes to invasions – Entire armies being able to travel side by side in the vast gorge, which only narrows down at the Aesir Pass before mountains spill unto the Steppes of Kislev to the far south. Many consider also Trollheim Mountains as part of Jotunheims.

Being close to both Troll Country and the routes taken by the armies of Chaos, the Jotunheim Mountains is home to the most vicious and dangerous monsters in the Old World. Aside from Trolls, a variety of Chaos monstrosities, and the odd wandering Chaos Warbands, the mountain range is also home of the Frost Giants, or Jotuns. Besides Jotuns, there are many Half Giants living in the mountains.

The Frostheim Mountains

The Frostheim Mountains are a rugged landscape of bare mountains, snow-covered peaks and the bitter

wind blowing in from the Sea of Chaos. Very few creatures live in this mountain range as it offers very little in the way of vegetation and eatable things in general. They also form northern border to the Nilfheim region. The lower reaches of mountain ranges are the hunting ground for some of the Chaos monstrosities, and this makes that area very dangerous to all but heavily armed groups of travellers. There are rumours that Dragon Ogres have been sighted in the Frostheim ranges also. In the most eastern parts of the mountains is the lost Dwarfen hold of Kraka Ungrim – The Foul Fortress. Common knowledge is that it is inhabited by the Chaos mutated Ogre-tribe and also some Trolls. But dark stories tell also about changed dark Dwarfs living in the deep bowls of the earth...

Skadi Mountains

The Skadi Mountains are home of the northern Norse Dwarf holds, which support many slayers. Here can also be found one of the last remnants of the Frost Giant kingdoms. Overlooking the Plain of Fimbul, travellers can find the gigantic ruins of the Morghaar Fortress. The fortress was swallowed up in the First Storm of Chaos, and its Jotuns inhabitants were either killed or warped horribly by the mutating power of raw Chaos. The stones of the fortress have flowed like water and in several places it is evident that the Jotuns who was present have been sucked into the stones and trapped beneath the surface – the true horror of Chaos is clearly visible here.

The Mountains of Hel

The Mountains of Hel is the frontier and gateway to the Hellands region, which is the home of the Aeslings. The mountain range holds mighty active volcano – Mount Barak – which can be seen from leagues away

venting great clouds of smoke and ash. The whole mountain range is rich on metal ore, and the fiery magma of Mount Barak supplies the heat for countless forges alongside its ridge – Where weapons and armour is being forged.

All manners of Chaos creatures live in the Mountains of Hel, and since their diet consists of each other and anything else that might wander by, the mountains are an extremely dangerous place to be. Regularly large groups of slave drivers will enter the mountains looking for fierce creatures to be captured and used for war – quite often with many casualties as a result. Situated in the north-east, the Mountains of Hel is a freezing cold environment, and covered in snow most of the year. The snow both makes it difficult to traverse the mountains, but also makes it much easier for the dangerous creatures living there, to track new prey.

Iron Mountains

Iron Mountains is the calling name for separate small mountain ranges in the Skaeling lands coastline. These mountains are small and between them are large valleys where huge rivers flow. Most prominent feature is the volcano – Mount Vanir.

The legendary Battle of Skorlm was fought next to the Mount Vanir. Suddenly Mount Vanir exploded doing much damage against invading Graeling and Aesling force. It was said this was act of Olric himself. Since then, the volcano is holy place dedicated to Olric. In 2515, Middenheim sent an Ulrican delegation to the Mount to build a temple of Ulric where the Fire of Ulric is located. There is now a small holy shrine in the mountain and pilgrimages from the Old World visit this place from time to time.



THE WILD LANDS

Beyond the shifting borders of Midgard lies the rest of Norsca - the Wild Lands. These lands are populated by the older Norscan clans, those that have lived there for much longer and were not part of the exodus from the founding of the Empire. Many strange beasts also roam the wastes and mountains, preying on each other and also unwary travellers. Of these the Snow Trolls are the most common, though Cave Bears, Dire Wolves and Frost Giants often make their presence felt too.

Since they do little farming, the autumn sees the Norse hunters leave their settlements on long trips, dragging back their huge prey, such as the mammoth and elk, on wolf drawn sleds. The carcasses are then salted and cured to preserve them over the next eight months. As the autumn of Norsca is so short this hunting frenzy leads to most of the inter-clan battles that take place, as the warrior-hunters fight for the scarce resources available.

During the long winter months Norscan life is very introverted. The clans set aside their feuds for the season and look to their own survival against the blizzards, avalanches and Ice Tempests that threaten them. The food stores are the main resource during the winter, and any rival clan that destroys a settlement's food supplies is usually destroyed by other neighbouring clans. Death on the battlefield is an honourable end, but lingering starvation and hunger for both the warriors and their families, is a doom that no clan should force upon another.

Occasionally a Norse settlement is beset by the variety of ravaging creatures that live in the Wild Lands. In the harsh winter of 1986 the town of Durfang in the northern reaches of Midgard was devastated by the starving timber wolves, bears and monsters moving south to find food. Since then it has been the High King's responsibility to send hunters into the woods during the autumn to kill these savage beasts before their hunger drives them to attack another settlement.



REGIONS OF NORSCA

Norsca can be roughly divided to five ancient Norse-named areas. Originally the Norsii people inhabited the areas close to the Troll Country (or River Dypvann) and then the coastline of the Norsca as north as Vestligkyst (that became the Graeling lands). Northern parts of the Norsca, that lie closest to the Chaos Wastes and coastline close to the Frozen Sea, were left alone. The northern Norsca had even harsher climate than the southern. Only the bravest hunters visited these areas.

But eventually some nomad tribes started to migrate to these parts. During the centuries these tribes became accustomed to these harsh regions. Also they mixed more with the Kurgan becoming little darker in appearance than other Norse. These northern parts were called simply Nordlig by the other Norse.



Taaketskog

Taaketskog is the area situated in the southwestern part of Norsca and is mostly forest-clad hills and mountains. It basically ends in the River Halkild, but usually the Norse consider the Bjornling lands as Taaketskog.

Soerligslette

Soerligslette is on the southern coast of Norsca on the shores of the Sea of Claws. It has large valleys with dark forests and long rivers. Basically it ends in the Trollheim Mountains in the middle of the Sarl lands. The Norse usually think of Soerligslette as the Skaeling lands.

Fjellsende

Fjellsende It is the northern part of the Troll Country, mountainous regions beyond the River Dypvann and the similarly precipitous Goromadny Mountains. Usually Sarls and Baersonlings are considered to be Fjellsende people, but the Aeslings' lands have also expanded through the Gorge of Khar into the River Dypvann area. The middle of the Fjellsende area is partly controlled by Kislevite tribes.

Vestligkyst

Vestligkyst is commonly considered to be Graeling lands. It includes the western coastline of Norsca and also a little of the northern coastline (lands that the Norsii didn't initially inhabit). This area is the furthest from the Chaos Wastes of all those ruled by the northern tribes, but still close enough that it has changed the Graelings there into a race more suited to the service of the Dark Gods.

Nordlig

When nomadic tribes started to move into northern parts of the Norsca the Norsii people started to call whole region Nordlig. It means the rest of Norsca beyond coastlines, the Troll Country and the Goromadny Mountains. Most Norsii feared these areas because they were closer to the feared Umbra Chaotica or the Shadowlands. This caused more mutations and the lands were filled with Chaos monsters. There were also problems with the Kurgan and Hung tribes from the Chaos Wastes. Yet the Aeslings and Vargs survived and became feared tribes of the Nordlig region. Norse Dwarfs also live in the Nordlig.

The Troll Country

Between Norsca and Kislev is the desolate, icy tundra called the Troll Country. A land twisted into unnatural forms due to its proximity to the Chaos Wastes. None dare claim this land, for it is infested with ferocious Beastmen, Trolls, and many other creatures so warped as to defy any classification of form. The Troll Country is also home to warbands of Chaos, who fight their battles for supremacy here before marching south to raid Kislev and the Empire. Besides the followers of Chaos, the only inhabitants in this desolate region are debased, semi-nomadic tribes said to be the descendents of those who were driven northwards by the migrating Gospodars who first settled Kislev.

THE NORSE SEAS

Norsca is surrounded by seas to all sides, and the sea provides a very important share of the Norse economy and way of life. Traders, fishermen and raiders make their living from the sea, and Norsca produces some of

the best sailors in the world – as they have to best the fierce seas around their homeland to survive.

The Sea of Claws

The Sea of Claws is the storm-tossed sea that extends northwards from the Empire's coast to the shores of Norsca, and east from the frozen lands of Kislev and the Troll Country to the west, where it joins the Middle Sea off the coast of Bretonnia. In the north, the sea laps against chaos-tainted lands, and few sailors will brave the northern waters except the Norse, who are hardened boatmen lusting for battle and danger.

The Sea of Claws is an important body of water, both historically and economically, with trade routes crossing the treacherous waves, and sea battles and raids impacting on the coastal peoples who eke out a living from the sea. Marienburg lies at the delta of the Reik in the Manaansport Sea, which opens out into the Sea of Claws, and the lands of Norsca have their major settlements located on the fjords of the coast.

Sea of Chaos

The Sea of Chaos is feared by all sea-going people in their right minds - it is both turbulent and difficult waters to traverse, but it is also the main route of invasion by the forces of Chaos sailing from both the lands of Norsca as well as from the Chaos Wastes themselves.

The waters are bitterly cold; as is the wind that is always blowing here and a man who falls into the waters have virtually no chance of survival, as the cold waters and the strong currents are deadly killers.





The Kraken Sea

In the Old World the Kraken Sea is not even considered to be separate area, but part of Sea of Chaos. But for the Norse difference is huge. The Kraken Sea is situated between Sea of Chaos and the Frozen Sea. The Kraken Sea is monstrously deep and only to the furthest northern parts of it, is any trace of Chaos evident. Strong currents and the very depths of the Kraken Sea seem to make away with any traces of the Wastes to the north.

The Frozen Sea

Coldest of all the waters around Norsca is the Frozen Sea. Icebergs can be seen in its waters most of the year, and during cold winters (most of the year) the entire stretch of water has been known to freeze up - providing the Hordes of Chaos any easy march across its frozen water. The waters are home to both whales and large shoals of cod and salmon, but a number of giant octopuses have also been spotted in the area. Any man falling into the icy waters of the Frozen Sea is dead in a matter of seconds!

FOREST OF TANNNGNIOST

Dark, grim and foreboding – The Forest of Tanngniost is an imposing sight, and is one of the oldest forests in the world. It is also the largest forest in the Norsca. Many of the trees in the forest are gigantic in size, and even though the Norse take trees from the forest, they also make sure to plant new ones to replace what they take; therefore the outer reaches of the forest is filled with more recent trees, whereas the trees grow older and larger, the deeper into the forest one goes.

The deepest, darkest parts of the forest is virtually unvisited by Man, and the few people who venture that far into the Old Green whisper of strange creatures straight from the powerful sagas of the Norse. It is rumoured that the forefathers of all the wildlife in Norsca still lives in the heart of the Tanngniost Forrest – gigantic specimens of their current day family, such creatures would be as Animal Gods, and would probably not take kindly to intrusions into their domain. The Forrest Tanngniost keeps silent vigil over its secrets, and one can only speculate what or who might be hidden deep within its borders.



PLAIN OF FIMBUL

The Plain of Fimbul is believed to be the coldest place on the face of the World, and anyone who travelled the reaches of this arctic ice desert will certainly agree on this.

Stretching hundreds of miles between the mountain ranges of Jotunheim, Ulfwerenar and the Naglfari, the Plain of Fimbul is an awesome reminder of the raw power of nature. The outer reaches of the plain is always a bit gusty due to chill winds blowing out from the cold heart of the icy wastes, but visibility is often good, allowing travellers to view tens of miles into the

freezing region. However, visibility can drop to nothing very fast, as heavy winds come and go on the plain itself – blowing loose snow around, obscuring tracks and making all the world seeming to be made of whirling white.

Much worse are the dreaded Ice Storms which turn the Plain of Fimbul into an icy hell; winds of an almost sonic velocities seems to blow from all directions, carrying with them blinding snow and sharp shards of ice torn lose from the landscape, and only the most experienced travellers have a chance of surviving if caught in the jaws of an ice storm. The landscape of the Plain of Fimbul is ever-changing due to the harsh weather, the heavy snowfall and the monstrous winds capable of changing the vista in a matter of hours. Mountains of pure ice, massive glaciers consisting of hundreds of thousands of tonnes of ice that sometimes flow like they have a mind, treacherous crevices that seem to have no bottom, frozen lakes miles across and vast reaches of featureless icy desert make up the face of the Plain of Fimbul. The only permanent feature of the Plain of Fimbul is a range of mountains called the Gates of the Gods which supposedly stands at the centre of the icy wastes; supposedly because they apparently disappear from time to time – Lost in the suffocating blanket of ice and snow that make up the base component of the plain. How that is possible when the mountain range is piercing the very skies is anybody's guess.



The Gates of the Gods is said to be a direct gateway Raenishheim, the home of the Gods, and only the mightiest of heroes and purest of heart can walk here – Terrible guardian creatures are said to keep a vigil over the mountains, ready to remove anyone found unworthy.

However, generally speaking, any number of unknown creatures could be living deep within the Plain of Fimbul, as the constantly whirling snow masses and inaccessible regions of its inner lands are both vast and largely unexplored due to the harsh conditions of the environment.

Even amid the troll-haunted, Chaos-tainted wastes of Norsca, few creatures are as feared or hated as the Cursed Ettin. Renowned in dread Norscan sagas, the twin-headed, hulking Ettins are terrors of the high moorlands and mountains of the Northlands. Hulking and twisted, these monstrosities are easily distinguished from the lumbering giants of the Old World by their singular deformities and cruel intellect, although they share both their size and great hunger for flesh.

Believed to be a single clan, the Cursed Ettin shun even the company of their own, and - if the dark tales of the Chaos-worshipping tribes are to be believed - never die, save by great violence done to them. Although they have clearly been touched by the mutating hand of Chaos, each Cursed Ettin share certain warped traits, carrying their stigma as a curse under whose torment they are bound to eternally suffer, and despise all that walks and crawls in this world, but save their vilest enmity for the Chaos gods who made them.

The Cursed Ettins' origin is lost in tides of blood and time, but many stories speak that they were once men, not giants, and theirs was a curse born of a foolish pride, treachery and bargain with dark and fickle powers. The Cursed Ettins' bloodline was headed in those times by their warlord-king Jorundr who bargained with the Daemons of Chaos for mighty and power for him and his lot, and many were their victories bought in coin of blood and sacrifice. According to the sagas, as Jorundr's glory grew so did too his pride, until at last in hubris he refused to call a prophesied invasion of the Southlands, betraying his Daemonic lords to conquer the lands of those instead to those who had paid heed to their call of war, treacherously ravaging the length and breadth of Norsca, ransacking Chaos altars and bringing back his prisoners as thralls. Thus were the Chaos gods angered and their cruelty was visited upon Jorundr and his kin a hundredfold.

Jorundr and his descendants kept the might they so craved, but in horrific form, cursed now to be riven of soul and twisted of body, fused kinsman to kinsman, greater and lesser in constant struggle for mastery, horrific to look upon and denied the blessed mindless oblivion of spawnedom. Driven from Norsca's towns and villages they learned to hate all that lived and their works, for their only served to remind them of what they had lost. Over time as they grew in hatred they grew to in size, and those that survived the terrors of those lands became a terrifying race of giants, bitterest of all the monsters under the shadow of the Dark Gods.

YAGAMIR SAGA: DOOM OF THE GIANTS

According to the sagas, it is said that before the coming of Chaos the land was covered in ice and all seasons were winter. No Humans walked the world as the gods had not seen fit to create them. The Jotuns peopled the ice bound mountains and forests. Large, pondering, and cunning, these giants preyed upon the great beasts of winter and strove against each other. Soon the strife ended as the strongest came to rule over the rest. His name was Yagamir the Strong and he ruled with an iron fist for hundreds of years.

One day a stranger clad in the skin of the vicious Giant White Wolf and armed with a mighty axe appeared before Yagamir. Although smaller in stature than any Jotun, the stranger radiated a power that any, but the most blind, can sense. "You have a message for me, stranger?" grunted the Jotun king. "Spit it out and be gone. I have other things to do."

"Have you noticed that the ice which dominates the land is retreating northward? Or that the world has become warmer?" replied the stranger.

"What care I for such things? It is of small consequence. And who are you to bother one such as I with trivial matters?" Yagamir asked testily.

"I am 'Winter's Fury'," responded the stranger. "I came to tell you that a time of testing approaches. The large-eyed gods that you worshipped have failed, and through their failure a time of strife is assured. Soon a great enemy will appear in the North. You and your people will be the first to feel the weight of their presence. Upon your shoulders will the outcome of the ensuing war be determined. Great will be your honour should you throw them back into the darkness. Far will be your fall should you fail. And with your fall, others will come to rule your realm."

"Begone, 'Winter's Fury', I care not for your warnings! They be naught but the ramblings of a madman or a drunkard!" taunted Yagamir.

In response, a blast of icy wind tore open the doors of Yagamir's stronghold and filled the audience chamber. Undisturbed amid the wind, 'Winter's Fury' replied in a cold, harsh voice edged with anger, "Mock me at your peril, fool! Heed not my warning if you choose! It is by your own actions that your race will be judged!" The stranger then vanished with the wind.

As 'Winter's Fury' foretold, the Jotuns were the first to face Chaos when it entered the world. Too confident were they that the Jotuns were overwhelmed by Chaos. The surviving Jotuns were scattered, their minds snapped by the horrors of Chaos. No longer would these giants be noted for their cunning, nor would they join together as a common people. Instead, the Giants became a dying race noted for their dim-wittedness.

Only Dwarves and Elves remained to oppose Chaos in the world. In the worlds beyond, the Raenir led by Olric fought the Four Powers of Chaos. Great was the fury of the battle that Chaos was driven back to the Northern Wastelands whence they entered the world.

With his cloak about him, Olric surveyed the land from which Chaos retreated and found it empty save for the Dwarves who fought the Great Enemy. The leader of the Raenir did not find this to his liking. He knew that Chaos would again threaten the world. He also knew that the great alliance between Dwarf and Elf would not be seen again. Even then, he could see that the relationship of the two Elder Races would begin to fray, then break, in the near future.

Long did Olric hold council with the rest of the Raenir upon the eventual return of Chaos. Another race would be needed to stand against those would plunge the world into eternal darkness. One that would be more adaptable than Elf and Dwarf, one whose very diversity would create the Great Heroes would oppose Chaos in this unforgiving land. Thus it was that the Norsean race came into being. The first Norse learned to survive in the harsh land from the Raenir themselves and the heroes that they spawned.

For some time the warrior trekked across the Jotunheimen Mountains, seeking any sign that his quarry survived the onslaught of Chaos. He

seemed oblivious to the frigid winds and driving snow which marked winter's fury. Clearly, the warrior did not need to seek shelter behind his cloak made from the pelt of the Great White Wolf. Now and then he stopped to sniff the air as if searching for a familiar scent.

Finally, Olric came to a large opening on the northern face of a large mountain peak. His quarry's scent was strong at the opening. Armed with his great axe, Kaosfaenir, the Raenir descended into the darkness. His journey into the heart of the mountain twisted ever deeper until Olric came upon a cavern illuminated by the fungi within.

"So you have come," rasped a voice from the darkness beyond the dim light. "Have you done so to gloat at my failure? Or, do you have some other business?"

"Failure would be too light a word to describe your feeble efforts against the Great Enemy. Nor do I need to gloat over one who would hide in the darkness to lick their wounds. My sole purpose was to seek you out, Yagamir, and warn you to stay far from the lands along the sea. They will be given to a race which will not repeat your utter failure," replied Olric.

"The Dwarfs? Hah! I will make the sea run red with their blood. Those diggers and tinkers cannot withstand my wrath!" roared Yagamir.

"You may have been able to defeat the Dwarfs in your prime with your army. Now, I doubt if you can make them quiver. Your kingdom has been destroyed, your people struck dumb and scattered, and you hiding here having fled battle. The Dwarfs mock you and your name rather than fear you. In fact, their Slayers seek you even now," stated the Lord of the Raenir. He continued to the shifting shadow, "the Dwarfs are not the ones to inherit the land you forfeited. A new race, one of my choosing, will be the guardians of this land."

The once Jotun King leapt into the dim cavern light roaring "they will be crushed by me as surely as the darkness swallows the light!" Olric faced the giant and noted that the struggle against Chaos had greatly changed Yagamir. His flesh was covered with oozing blisters and his hair streaked with unearthly colours. Odd bones, skin protrusions, and twisting muscles erupted and changed continuously over the giant's flesh. The eyes burned with a fire that would not be easily quenched.

"Unlike the others who died fighting your enemy, I grasped where the true power awaited and knew that it was destined to be mine. A pact did I make with the Powers to see your precious race destroyed before you. But now I look upon you and realize how truly puny and insignificant you are. How much greater would be my reward if you were dispatched!"

A multicoloured bolt of energy raced from Yagamir's fingertips towards Olric. The Raenir Lord merely raised Kaosfaenir before him and dispersed the bolt into shards of coloured light. The lights flickered briefly before they were absorbed into Kaosfaenir.

"Your newly-found allegiance to Chaos, coupled with your foolish attack, is proof enough that I cannot let you live. Yet, I will not give you the gift of death which would release you from your torment. There is, of course, a third choice."

From his sack, Olric brought forth heavy chains and said, "These were crafted for me by the Dwarfs you so despise. Mark you that these chains carry not only Dwarfen runes of power, but also runes of my devising. Thus, you shall spend your misbegotten life bound in these chains. Even your new patrons have not the power to free you before I return to pronounce judgement upon you."

Although Yagamir struggled with all his titanic might, he could not prevail against the will of Olric. The mutated giant was bound and sealed in that cave by the God of Wolves. Moreover, Olric placed wardings on the seal of the cave to ensure that the servants of Chaos could not enter. The exact location of the mountain was not even revealed to Olric's most devout follower and is only known by its name: Steinfensor.





THE NORSE WAR HIRD

The Norse are a warrior race that live in the most northern lands. They are famous throughout the Old World as great fighters and magnificent sailors.

Norse Longships and Kingships have crossed the oceans to raid Ulthuan, land of the High Elves, and constantly attack small settlements on the coast of the Sea of Claws. In battle Norse manage to sweep away their foes simply by the raw aggression they unleash, screaming shrilling battle cries as they charge across the field. The reason they excel at war is due more to the fact that they are ferocious and well trained fighters, rather than any particular wealth of tactical skill or strategic knowledge.

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

ARMY SPECIAL RULES

This section of the book describes all the different units used in a Norse 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 Norse units, and these are detailed here.

COUNTER CHARGE

Norse Warriors are adept at meeting foes head on, and can react to charging foes with astounding speed and determination.

A Norse unit with this special rule can declare to use Counter-Charge as a charge reaction if they are charged to the front by an enemy that is more than its Movement value away from the Norse unit.

Before the enemy roll their charge distance, the Norse unit must take a Leadership test. If failed, treat the charge reaction as a Hold. If passed, the Norse unit moves 2D3" forwards using the Random Movement special rule, but stopping within 1" of any enemy unit.

The enemy unit then rolls their charge distance and complete the charge as normal. If the charge is successful, then both units will counts as charging in the ensuing combat phase.

BERSERKERGANG

A fully enraged Norseman is a terrifying site, howling like a wild animal, going mad, and cut down everyone they meet indiscriminately.

Whenever a unit of Norse makes a successful charge (including Counter-Charge, Pursuit and Overrun), the unit is subject to Frenzy in the following first round of close combat.

*When Fenris swallows the sun,
When Odin's Shield darkens and dies,
When Thor's bane sweeps the deaden skies,
This is the time when the Wolves of Ragnarok run*

*When Ice Tempest covers the land
When Hel's breath freezes blood
When war rages in all the worlds
This is the time when Ragnarok stalks*

*When Hunlaf bellows his mighty cry
When Beowulf strides from blasted waste
When Keorl casts bloody spear
This is the time of the hero*

*When Grinnir adorns golden harness
When Askur howls anger again
When Eric swings embattled axe
This is the time for Ragnarok to die
Ragnarok and the time of heroes*

As predicted by Dagur Ironspear



WARLEADERS

After long years of extensive travel or seemingly endless marches from battlefields never heard of, a grizzled and hardened Norse warrior sometimes rise to lead his blood-kin against a hated enemy. Most often, this is done when the need of a unifying and strong leader is dire, and a threat to the people is imminent, and the result is seldom without bloodshed and suffering.

Norse society is very provincial, and Norse only have a nominal capital and ruling body. Instead of such rigid organisations, the Norse have their own tribal leaders and chiefs. Sometimes two or more tribes unite for a common cause or against a particularly dangerous foe and one of the chiefs has to become the overall general of the hird. This is usually sorted out fairly quickly. Each leader aspiring to the position simply states to the assembled warriors why he should be in charge, what victories he has won before and tells them why he thinks the other aspirants should be under his command. The other warriors then choose which of the leaders they want. If the decision is still disputed the contested chiefs sort out their rights by trial of combat. If one manages to kill the other he gains the position of Jarl, as it is known in the Norse tongue.

The Jarl is a great warrior loyal to the tribe's King. In exchange for his devoted service, the King grants the Jarl hunting grounds, warriors, treasure, and thralls. The Jarl is the absolute lord of his lands but is expected to be subservient to his master, and when the winds of war blow, the Jarl is expected to come to the aid of his King, and lend his warriors for the cause. Should the King die without an heir, the Jarls fight a bloody contest to take the throne. Whilst it is expected that Jarls be utterly loyal to their monarch, it's not unheard of for a Jarl to slay his master and usurp his position. Such a coup is always dangerous since it invites reprisals and further treachery. But in times of weak leaders, it is expected for a Jarl to step up and seize power.

The Jarl of a Norse army is the most battle hardened veteran of his group and often a lesser clan chieftain of his tribe. He has seen many battles and is used to the bloodshed. While some Jarls choose to command their forces with strategy, most just run into the fray with the rest of the warriors. However the Jarl decides to run his force, all of the other warriors respect him and look up to him.

The most powerful Norseman in every tribe is the King. Most Kings were once Jarls, but occasionally, one inherits the title from his father. Rules of succession vary a great deal. In the north, the tribal leader is always the victor of a bloody contest, with all claimants battling for control. In the south, Kings inherit their titles in a way similar to those used in the Empire. Celebrated champions, they prove their worth and might in war time and again.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
King	4	7	4	5	4	3	6	4	9
Jarl	4	6	4	5	4	2	5	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Counter-Charge, Berserkergang.

The Dragon Fleet of Valbrand Fireblade

The fierce Norse Jarl, Valbrand Fireblade, leads a band of notorious Graeling slavers, who board their longships every summer and mercilessly raid the Old World from their northern strongholds in search of gold and thralls.

These brutal Norsemen are without remorse or pity for their prey. Each of their longships bears the figure-head of a red dragon breathing flame, a symbol that has come to be feared throughout Kislev, the Empire and beyond. Their raids become more daring with each passing year, and no one seems able to repel them.

The source of Valbrand's might is his devotion to the daemon prince, Surthron, rumoured to be a fearsome half-giant, half-dragon minion of Khorne. According to the rumours, Surthron has granted Valbrand a flaming sword as a reward for his loyalty. Such is the Jarl's renown that whenever he requires crew for his raids, he simply has to visit any Graeling settlement and hold aloft his fiery blade to attract a flock of young warriors eager to set sail with him.

The slavers sell their captives as thralls to neighbouring tribes. There are tales that they sometimes have dealings with the infamous Druchii of far-away Naggaroth. It is also rumoured that Valbrand sacrifices the choicest slaves before a great pyramid of burning skulls in the remote tundra of the Graeling lands.

SEERS

Seers are self-appointed authorities on all matters involving the spiritual world. They can be found in marketplaces of any town, proclaiming their latest revelation to anyone who will listen. Since Seers operate outside the bounds of sanctioned religious laws, and purport to understand the will of the Gods, they are easy targets for persecutions by Witch Hunters, who don't draw a line of distinction between the authentic Seers and the charlatans. In Norsca, however, Seers are valued members of a Jarl's entourage, reading the signs and portents in the entrails of their sacrifice or translating the flickers of fire to divine some glimpse of future events.

Seers advise the Jarls in matters pertaining to the will of their ancestors and the Gods. It falls to these privileged men (and occasionally women) to interpret the movements of the Winds of Magic, the whispers of Daemons, and the spirits of fallen warriors to guide the Jarl to choose the proper course for the tribe. Vitki fulfil a role similar to the Seers, but are steeped in the arcane traditions of the Ruinous Powers. Many advisors in service to the Norsemen tribes are former cultists, forced to flee their native lands after being uncovered by the Witch Hunters. These individuals are highly regarded, and are valued members of their adopted communities. With a word, a Vitki can order any peasant's death, and thralls die by the scores to fuel the dark magic needed to perform their profane rituals.

A Seer is a useful source of information, ranging from arcane matters to mundane occurrences. As such, they are in constant demand by people of all walks of life.

Seers often accompany the retinue of a Jarl. If a Jarl has had a weird dream, witnessed a star falling from the heavens, or experienced any other portent, he will approach his Seer for an interpretation of the omen. No Seer is foolish enough to give an answer that might displease their master, so the truth is always caged in platitudes.

Those Seers who live among the community face a tide of petitioners throughout the day. To weed out those who might come with trivial questions, Seers often dwell in remote locations; only the most persistent will bother making the journey. The gifts that visitors bring sustain the Seer in food, drink and clothes.

A few Seers see themselves as prophets, speaking for the gods, and travel from settlement to settlement preaching about the omens that they have seen. However, when their words warn of doom and woe, they quickly outstay their welcome and are often driven into the wilderness by an angry mob.

Some Seers take up a wandering lifestyle, travelling between farms and villages to offer their esoteric services in return for food and shelter; for example, they might divine the future of a farmer's crop or the success of a trader's impending voyage. They also present themselves at the birth of a child and search it for marks that betray the gods' favour... or displeasure.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Vitki	4	3	3	3	4	3	3	1	8
Seer	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: A Seer is a Wizard that uses spells from the Lore of Fire, Lore of Beasts, Lore of Heavens, Lore of Shadow, Lore of Death or Lore of the Seidr.



Yngve Aarseth is a deranged and powerful Seer. He is greatly respected – and feared – throughout Norsca. His eyes were torn out long ago when he was held captive by a malicious band of goblin raiders. Aarseth claims that his physical blindness allows him to "see all truth."

The wizened old Seer refuses to serve any of the Jarls, even when they threaten him with torture or imprisonment. He knows that the Jarls are too frightened of his powers to carry out their threats.

Aarseth can be found roaming the streets of Olricstaad, answering any question that is asked of him – by anyone – in his hoarse, gentle whisper. This changes, however, in the dark of night ... especially during a full moon. During such times, the Seer goes to the town square of Olricstaad, and sacrifices a young goat with his strangely curved silver knife. In the pools of blood that spatter the cobblestones, Aarseth draws out pictures of men, all of whom he claims shall die within the coming year. While this claim seems preposterous, no one has been able to dispute his prophecies.

SKALDS

While the Norse may seem like a barbaric and uncivilized people without higher understanding, they are not without own traditions. Only the greatest events or stories are engraved in stone, the rest of the knowledge is passed down by storytellers known as Skalds. Skalds are the keepers of lore, the chroniclers of the histories of the Norse. Part entertainer, part warrior, these individuals are held in high esteem for their wisdom and knowledge.

As storytellers, the Skalds are responsible for learning them word by word and later passing them on to the next generation. There are a few Skalds who are chosen to fill their role as mere children who are really interested in stories and able to absorb even the smallest details told to them. When such an ability is recognized, the child is generally attached local Skald's retinue where anything worth to know is passed down, a progress which may take decades.

A skald is a learned man, contemplating the written sagas of the Norse and talking to his elders about their recollections. He may also be a musician and, if so, will spend time practising his craft. The skald has his ears open for news of recent events, and his eyes on any behavioural quirks of members of the Jarl's court. The skald performs one function above all others – offering entertaining and irreverent commentary on current affairs.



When the night draws in the Jarl may preside over a feast and call the skald to perform. The skald sings the sagas of the Norsemen and plays sweet music. As mead flows the Northmen call for more ribald entertainment and the skald employs his skills as a mimic and comedian, mocking those in attendance, and even parodying the Jarl himself.

The skald treads a fine line. If he's careful, he will be heaped with praise and fame, and even given the honour of bearing the Jarl's banner in times of war. Most Northmen pride themselves on being able to take a good joke, so the Skald is confident that his targets will probably take it in good humour. However, if he takes his act too far, he may find himself hewn apart by an offended reaver.

Skalds are almost always members of a Norse lord's court, and so enjoy the patronage of a Jarl, king or warlord. This provides much needed protection for the skald. This is a liability to, for if the skald seeks a life of his own) he will have effectively snubbed a very important Norseman. Members of Norse society such as Seers and Vitki will tend to give skalds a warm reception out of respect for their learning.

All Kings keep Skalds in their retinues, as do most Jarls. When the call for war is sounded, the Skald bears the banner and marches to battle with his comrades. When they sing their songs and tell their tales, the Norse Warriors who listen to them become enthralled and inspired of whatever motif the story is about, they fight on even harder in according to it.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skald	4	4	4	4	4	2	4	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Counter-Charge, Berserkergang.

Skald: A Skald counts as a Musician in all aspects, and may not be the army's General. At the start of the Norse turn, the Skald may choose one of the following songs or tales to tell to his unit. A unit can only be affected by each ability once per battle, and one per turn. Each effect lasts until the start of the next Norse turn.

- **The Ballad of Three Heroes:** All models in the unit gains +1 Attack.
- **The Tale of Beowulf:** The unit is subject to Stubborn and Immunity (Psychology).
- **The War Chant of Olric:** The unit gains +1 To Wound in close combat.

BONDSMEN

The Bondsman is a young fighter who is still inexperienced. He is warrior in service to a particular Jarl, expected to live in the Jarl's Hall, share the Jarl's food, and be steadfastly loyal. In exchange for his pledge of loyalty, the Jarl rewards service with gifts, such as weapons and armour, and to the very best, land and title. The worth of the gift is never measured in actual value, but rather the prestige it bestows on the Bondsman. It's important to remember such gifts do not make the Bondsman a mercenary; rather, it is a reward for constant and loyal service.

Two relationships are of significant importance to Bondsmen: their loyalty to their Jarl, and their relationship with their Jarl's other Bondsmen.

Loyalty is everything to a bondsman, because it is only through his loyalty that he can advance. Jarls value insight, endurance and, especially, martial prowess, but consider loyalty more important than any of them. A bondsman with little talent beyond loyalty can advance to die a freeholder, while a superb warrior whose loyalty is suspect will find only an early death. A bondsman who betrays or fails his Jarl risks losing everything, so Bondsmen obey their Jarl's orders without question.

Relationships between Bondsmen in the same clan are far more complex. On the one hand, they must rely on each other during times of war, and all are loyal to their Jarl, making them natural allies. On the other, they are in competition for the Jarl's favour; a Jarl has a limited number of gifts to distribute between his Bondsmen.



The Norse are a quarrelsome breed, but a Jarl keeps order by punishing infighting between his Bondsmen with death. If a bondsman wants to advance at the expense of a rival, he must be subtle. A Jarl may reward a bondsman who exposes disloyalty in another. There are always casualties in battle, and sometimes a bondsman might engineer an "accident" to befall a rival. However, anyone caught doing so may face a life of slavery or a swift death.

Bondsmen are interested in their Jarl's success, because it directly increases their prosperity. This self-interest reinforces the oath of loyalty, and has made the system very resilient.

In some remote holds, where there is little wealth, few resources or no tactical defences, there may not even be a true Jarl. Instead, the Bondsmen swear loyalty to each other, and the fruits of plunder are distributed by the vote of all the warriors. The warriors must be devoted to a single ruinous power or to none, as mixed loyalties would soon tear the group apart.

Bondsmen swear loyalty to their Jarl over a weapon, called an oath weapon, and traditionally use that weapon in their Jarl's service. However, tradition holds that anyone who loses their oath weapon will be cursed with ill fortune. When a bondsman is not wielding his oath weapon in anger, he keeps it close, even taking it to bed with him at night.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bondsman	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Herse	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Counter-Charge, Berserkergang.

Seven foot tall and near as broad, Eirik Longaxe is almost as legendary as the longship he is steersman of, Hrafnen. A mighty Skei of sixty oars, Hrafnen bears the raven's head on its prow, a powerful symbol of Odin's favour and a reassuring presence to Hrafnen's crew - but a terror to the villages and towns that the mere sight of Hrafnen brings. Eirik himself believes that the wrath of Odin travels with him upon his raids, a belief that holds greater the further he sails and the more treasure he plunders, for he and his crew have always returned home, bruised and battered maybe, but always with gold and silver from the monasteries and halls and villages of the weaker peoples to the west. Indeed, such is his reputation in the shieldwall and on the seas that many other longships and steersmen are drawn to his banner, greedy to take a slice of the pickings from his raids and his battles, for all know that Eirik understands the sailing of all Midgard and where to strike for plunder like no other Norseman.

MARAUDERS

Most Norsemen are great warriors, blessed with strength at arms and fierce demeanours, but it is the dream of nearly every Norsemen to join the ranks of the greatest warriors, to become Champions of Chaos and bear the marks of their Gods' favour. Until they can prove their value to the Dark Gods, they are simply Marauders. Marauders are the standard warriors in any Norse warband. They have experienced bloodshed and have been trained to fight since they were children. They flock to the banners of their Champions, throwing their weight behind any cause, whether it's the bidding of their Gods or the call to battle. When not part of a great army, they spend their time raiding villages of the Empire. Natural fighters, they are hardened by the bleak land and bred for battle. They hold all others in contempt.

True to their racial ideals, warriors aspire to a bloody death in battle, thereby ascending to an afterlife of perpetual fighting and boozing. Such are the attractions presented by an eternity of drunken violence that the Norse holds few qualms when it comes to laying down their lives in battle.

A Marauder lives solely to become a champion of chaos. He knows that many are called, and most die on the way – but that will not happen to him. The belief that he will be one of the few elite, one anointed by Chaos, drives him in every way. There is no doubt possible.

To that end, he exults in death and destruction, as bloody and purposeless as possible. Raids are executed with raw, overwhelming force, not cunning and planning. In the raw, red, fury of battle, there is nothing but the whirling of blades and the pure joy of feeling a fallen foe's heart blood spray across your face. After the fight is done, there is time for a breather, a chance to slay the survivors in gory games of torture and death. After that, the Marauder packs up and moves on, pausing only to occasionally drink and squander his

self. Eventually, the call will come to join a warband of Chaos, and this is where the Marauder can truly show all he has learned on his raids, battling alongside and beastmen as he strives to outperform them in acts of debauched, violent, savagery. It's a good life.

No matter how skilled he may be, the Marauder cannot last long on his own. One Marauder is simply a heavily armed madman running loose in a town – he may bring down five or even ten opponents on his own, but he will soon be overwhelmed and slain. Even worse, he may be taken prisoner and forced to die by hanging, not by the blade. So he relies on his band.

A Marauder band is constantly torn by savage violence and bloody fights over the most trivial of causes, or no cause at all. It takes a leader of almost supernatural charisma to hold one together for long.

Bands regularly splinter into new bands, or sometimes merge with others. It is possible, though rare, for some friendships to form among pairs or very small groups of three or four, and these bonds of shieldbrothers will stick together as the larger band divides or grows.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Marauder	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Jerg	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Counter-Charge, Berserkergang.



*Though ale is good and evening long..
I will not say that drink and song
are best whilst there an, foes to fight
slay them all before I rest
at night I'll drink and sing and fight!*

Norse drinking/fighting song

REAVERS

The seas of the Old World are full of terrors, some Human, others subhuman. Among the most feared mariners are the Norse Reavers, brutal warriors who plunder the coastlines in search of foodstuffs, gold, and slaves. They are a merciless lot, hardened from their frequent battles with Imperial sailors and the feeble militias that stand against them. Reavers sail the seas to bring booty back to their settlements in their frozen lands.

The Norse Reavers are the feared wolves of the sea, men who have dedicated their lives to battle, sailing to hostile lands to raid and endangering life and limb in hostile weather and raging storm, just to live life to the fullest and earn their place in Valhalla. These men are great fighters, their skills unequalled and feared by many. Their favourite tactic in sea battles is to board the other ship, slaying them in honourable combat.

The Reavers are often the source of the tales of frenzied Norse pirates scourging the northern coast of the empire, even though they do not represent even small part of the pirates in the Sea of Claws. Raiders are in reality nothing more than pirates, originating from the less civilized parts of the Norse peninsula, where violent traditions are more common and raiding is more of a lifestyle than elsewhere. Raiders are not evil per se, even though there are numerous of blood cults dotted along the Norse coasts, formed by Chaos infiltrators from the Chaos Wastes.

The Norse Reavers live by the sword, and often die by it too, even though their aim is neither to expand any borders nor put themselves on the top of any hill. Their legacy is violent, so are their songs and tales of heroism,



which during the ages has just formed their way of life. Gold attracts them, as do stories of successful trade routes and rich unguarded lands. The Norse Reavers are truly the image of a Norse warrior.

The life of a Reaver is tightly woven to the ship he works on, and the long days often start as the Reavers guide the vessel through the fierce northern seas. Breakfast is gulped down in a corner that gives some protection from the wind, and normally washed down with strong spirits to keep a fire in his belly. Unless some prey is sighted, the day continues as it began, until the Reaver has the chance to eat an evening meal and tie himself in to grab some sleep.

However, once a suitable target is spotted, whether it is a ship or a coastal village, everything changes. The Reavers quickly bring the ship around to fall upon their target at full speed, seeking gain the element of surprise and overwhelm their opponent quickly. As they approach, the bare minimum of men are assigned to continue crewing the vessel, while everyone else gears for battle and readies weapons.

When the ship comes close, Reavers leap from their deck straight into the action, charging in with battle cries and cutting down any who stand in their way. Even those who try to flee are chased down; Reavers enjoy their bloody work and seldom leave survivors.

Once everyone is dead, or fled, the Reavers gather their loot. Valuables are stored in the hold of their ship, while food and drink is consumed in great celebratory feasts. The crew sets out again from land, out of the reach of those who might seek revenge. Once back on the seas, many of the Reavers who participated in the raid drink themselves into a mighty stupor, which may last until the next raid.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Reaver	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Helmsman	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Counter-Charge, Berserkergang, Ambushers.

Hidr

Hidr is a rarity, a female Reaver. She is a beauty, with long blonde hair and a feminine figure that belies her strength. Some whisper that she is actually blessed of the Ruinous Powers, and bears a mark of their favour somewhere on her lithe body, but she does not claim that glory. She enjoys challenging the most stalwart opponents on the battlefield to single combat. Her victims rise to the challenge, since many would be dishonoured or horribly shamed to admit they had balked when confronted by a mere woman. But the victory notches on her fearsome twin-bladed axe Maiden's Kiss count dozens of men for whom discretion would have been the better part of valour.

WHALERS

Whaling is an important trade for Norsca, and Whalers are respected even among the warriors. Swimming through the dark currents of the Sea of Chaos are massive whales, many of which bear strange markings, and odd colouration, twisted and warped as they are by the power of Chaos. These monsters can capsize ships and swallow hundreds of men in a single gulp. Thus, Whalers must be made of sterner stuff than ordinary fishermen.

Whales provide not only meat but also blubber which can be processed into oil for fuel. Not an ounce of a whale is wasted: the skin is used to manufacture rope, the gullet to make shoes, and the stomach used as floats. Even the lungs and intestines are eaten. Demand from Imperial cities for whale oil to fuel street lamps has made whaling a very profitable venture.

The easiest way to hunt these creatures is for whalers to embark in rowing boats and herd schools of small whales ashore where they can easily slaughter them. However, there is no honour in such methods, and Norsemen prefer the thrill of setting sail in a longship to chase the giant whales that plough the ocean. Many young men join such expeditions; it is the custom in many settlements that a girl should spurn a suitor who has not killed his first whale. A captain is careful to vet his crew, due to the belief that whales will attack boats crewed by dishonourable men.

Norsemen relish the danger of hunting these monsters. When a whale is sighted, the rowers speed their vessel towards it. Harpooners gather at the prow and, when in range, hurl their weapons at their quarry. The bravest men leap from the boat onto the whale's back, thrusting their spears deep into its flesh before swimming back to their vessel.



A skewered whale can easily capsize a longboat, or tow the vessel by the harpoon lines until it shudders apart. Its tail can sweep a man overboard, where he will be swallowed whole in its maw. Few ships return home with a full crew. The harpooners must ensure a swift kill – the best can pierce a whale's heart with a single throw. If this is impossible, whalers aim to embed their harpoons in the monster's ribs, enabling the crew to drag it to the ship's side where they can kill it with hooks and skewers.

A whaling vessel will not return to shore unless it is towing a slaughtered whale. Whalers prefer a watery grave to the dishonour of returning empty-handed. When a whaling ship does return after a successful hunt, the gods are praised and celebrations continue for many days, for the survival of the settlement is ensured for the next few months.

Although the Norse sagas romanticise whaling expeditions, much of a whaler's time is spent waiting until a quarry is spotted. Many spend the long hours whittling whalebone or teeth. Their work involves complex interlocking patterns, sinuous shapes, and heroes and animals of legend. Soot is rubbed into the etching to bring it to view. This method of engraving is known as scrimshaw, and those who practise it are known as scrimshanders. Most whalers wear a scrimshaw necklace or earring, as they believe that these talismans bring good luck. Some even have scrimshaw designs tattooed on their flesh. Their profession is a dangerous one and any form of protection is not to be scoffed at.

On the battlefield, Whalers form small units that run forward and harass the enemy lines with their javelins. Though they are more used to using them on the creatures of the Sea of Claws, any target works just as fine.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Whaler	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Kraken Slayer	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Counter-Charge, Berserkergang, Skirmishers.

Ja, it is dangerous to hunt down the greatest of sea creatures, like Whales, but they are easy compared to the true horrors that lurk in the deeps. I have travelled to the other side of Norsca. Deep in the northern seas. We call that part of Sea of Chaos the Kraken Sea. In there lives the true monsters. Maybe they were once tentacled monsters you call Squids, but they were changed by the Dark Gods. They are no longer children of Malor. Now they serve Stromfels and hunt down us. They are the Kraken.

- Knut Whalerider, Norse Whaler

THRALLS

The most wretched existence facing any Old Worlder is a life of forced servitude, whether it's in the mines of the horrid Ratmen, serving in the Pleasure Palaces of distant Araby, or being subjected to a life of pain and misery as a thrall to a Jarl. Each raid against the coasts of the Empire and Bretonnia find more and more people captured and brought back and forced into a life of endless toil and service to their masters. Such thralls are not contained to just the women and children abducted, but also include warriors captured on the field of battle. This is an immense dishonour to the Norse, and such captives are not treated well, forced into a life of monotonous drudgery.

The thralls of the Norse people are a very unfortunate lot. By birth a thrall is deprived of all rights as a man, and put under the whims of a Norse freeholder or chieftain, and most thralls never see another place in life. If defeated in battle, a Norse warrior can sometimes be spared by his enemy and used as a slave instead. If so, the thrall is often treated worse than if he would be born into thralldom. As the Norse societies are very harsh and trying, the thrall's everyday life inflict pains beyond a normal Old Worlder's comprehension.

Made up of the indebted, the landless, and prisoners captured in battle, thralls occupy the lowest rank in Norsca society. They have no rights - indeed, they are property. Thralls from other tribes are accorded some rights however. A thrall is the property of another, as such the outright killing of one is frowned on, and furthermore the slayer of the thrall must compensate the owner.



Thralls work the fields in hard labour, mine the mountains of Norsca for ores, and perform more of the mundane tasks in Norse society. A thrall is owned by a Norse noble until he has earned his freedom by being a thrall for an allotted time or performing some greatly redeeming deed. Norse Thralls that distinguish themselves have the chance to earn their freedom, in essence to begin their lives afresh.

The Reavers capture many slaves during their raids against the Old World, trading them as one would for other commodities. Thralls are numerous on the west coast, where good land is scarce. Most thralls are servants, farm hands or general labourers. These wretches are worn by physical labour and stunted by poor diet. The skilled craftsmen among them live rewarding, if servile, lives. Thralls normally wear iron collars, both as a sign of their station, and as a means of locking them up if they become unruly. While the son of a thrall is also a slave by birth, sometimes his descendants may earn their freedom. A thrall might free himself through payment, or receive freedom as a reward from a generous master.

The life of a thrall varies depending on the capturing tribe. Mostly, thralls are used as labour, building Longships or working in the frozen fields. Some thralls are taken as fourth or fifth wives, selected for their appearance rather than their station. But for most, their fate is to be sacrificed to curry the favour of the Dark Gods. When a new longship is finished, the Norsemen line the approach to the sea with screaming slaves, to crush the life out of them as the warriors push the boat into the waters. Before a new raid, a thrall may be disembowelled, his guts flung out to the seas to appease the Daemons of the waters, whilst his corpse is strung up on the mast to feed the crows and other spirits of death. Seers kill thralls with impunity, using innocent blood to conjure spirits from the Otherworld. Though some thralls may receive decent treatment, most face a gruesome fate.

Thralls are often used as dogs in the front of battles, whipped to submission, begging for the sweet release of death. The lives of the Thralls mean nothing to the real Norse Warriors, and rather find their deaths encouraging. The Thralls are usually armed with crude missile weapons such as slings, as the use of such cowardly devices would stain the honour and warrior soul of a full blooded Norseman.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Thrall	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	3

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Expendable.

NORSE HORSEMEN

The Norse are much more used to fighting on foot than in the saddle. This is due to many reasons, not the least of which is transporting horses over long distances. The larger longships are able to do so however. The fact still remains that the Norse are more comfortable fighting on foot or on the deck of one of their ships than on horseback. The ones that do learn to fight from horseback usually became rather proficient at it however. Norse Horsemen are skilled horse riders that can cause much havoc and disorder in enemy troops. These fast horsemen are fairly common in the southern tribes, trained for war on a horseback from early childhood.

The Norse Horsemen are experts in wilderness lore, tracking and scouting. Kings and Jarls sends these warriors up in the northern forests – Forest of Knives, Thorfrost Valley, Valley of Blind, to mention a few, all bordering to the three chaos influenced neighbouring tribes. The southern Kings and Jarls need to stay alert concerning their northern kin activities – an invasion is ever threatening.

The mounts of these skilled riders are the Norsca Warhorse. The harsh conditions in the cold regions of Norsca where the Norse make their home have created a breed of horses different from their southern brethren. This is not only due to cold but also because of the rough terrain in the mountains and the fact that the Northern steeds are more attached to their owners. Even though the Norsca warhorse considered being small in size compared to other breeds used in war, its size mean nothing if you possess great strength and endurance.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Horseman	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Horsemaster	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Counter-Charge, Berserkergang, Fast Cavalry.

Juti Kaleva's Saga: The Tale of the Golden Horn

After the Great War against Chaos the famous Bjornling hero, and Jarl of the Kalevala clan, Juti Kaleva heard about the mysterious Golden Horn and how a Varg Marauder had seen it in the Frostheim Mountains during the war, and had lived to tell the tale. The Varg had seen this horn in the possession of a mighty Chaos Ogre chieftain that headed tribe of both Ogres and few Trolls as well.

Legends among the Norse tell about the Dragon Callewyr, a mighty Frost-Drake that once flew to the far north and into the Shadowlands. This was ages ago in the time when mighty wyrms challenged the wrath of the Gods themselves. They flew from their homes in Drageberg to the north to meet the Gods. Yet no creature, not even the Dragons, can challenge the might of the Gods. It is the saga of the Raven God which tells the destruction of these arrogant wyrms that flew to their deaths. However it is the saga of the Norse High King Gustav Goldhair that tells about the Golden Horn of Callewyr, which he possessed. It was a mighty artefact from the Shadowlands, blessed by the Gods themselves that in legends can create gold. The Golden Horn is renowned amongst the Bjornlings and there are many tales about people who have briefly possessed this mighty item.

Juti Kaleva took his mighty Kalevala Hammer and requested the aid of his loyal Dwarf friend Magnar. With Magnar came the Dwarf tracker Nargrim and a Slayer called Storri the White. The saga also tells how they were joined by Väinö the Song-Vitki of North. The five companions then headed to the Frostheim Mountains.

On the slopes of the Frostheim Mountains died the Dwarf Nargrim. At the hands of the Chaos Ogre chieftain the fearless Slayer Storri the White fell, but Juti Kaleva finally slew the Ogre Chieftain with his hammer. Once all the Ogres and Trolls had been slaughtered, there were only three wounded heroes left; and the legendary Golden Horn of Callewyr.

It is told that Juti Kaleva was rich man when he returned to his kindred, his packs full of gold. Yet, the Golden Horn was never again seen in the lands of the Bjornlings and nobody knows what happened to it. Did the Dwarf Magnar take the Horn? Perhaps; Dwarfs are known for their greed. Did mysterious Väinö take the Horn? It is well known, that he is Vitki whose name the Dark Gods curse most in Raenishheim. That is why he cannot be trusted either. Yet somewhere the Golden Horn is waiting for its claimer...

HUSCARLS

The Huscarls form the warrior elite of the Norse armies. They vary in background from accomplished veterans to minor nobles. Of all the Norse, the Huscarls have the most flexible tactical possibilities. They can charge headlong into the foe with the rest of the army, or they can slowly advance under the cover of a well made shield wall, allowing them to penetrate deep into the enemy's battle line.

The Huscarls are the upper warrior class of the Norse. They are fierce men who earned a place in the hall of a chief who values their skill in combat. The chieftain will call upon them to fight along his side in battle. For their service they are rewarded with gifts and their lord's protection. Among the Norse, this is a very good and secure lifestyle, compared to many less fortunate ones.

The Huscarls have no formal organisation in social terms, but are simply a unit formed when the rest of the army's warriors get together prior to the battle. They greet old friends, swap boasts and generally look forward to the coming fray with delight.

When a Norse army gathers for war all the nobles will join together to form the Huscarls. The Huscarls are the best fighters in the Norse army, trained in the use of a variety of weapons and experts with their shields. Most Huscarls bear the scars of many combats and have tales to tell of many wars.



The Huscarls are highly trained and motivated, and although they are an informal unit they can act together with perfect coordination, only achieved by years of battlefield experience and mutual trust. When they march to war, they march to win, and the timely intervention of the Huscarl has swung many battles in favour of the Norse.

On the attack or while defending an area, the Huscarl are equally formidable. Their blood freezing war cries as they charge makes seasoned opponents pale, while their stubbornness makes them virtually impossible to shift once they have taken ground.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Huscarl	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8
Hersir	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Counter-Charge, Berserkergang, Stubborn.

Shieldwall: *The experience of the Huscarls allow them to use their shields to create a solid wall of wood, metal and leather around them. Each warrior knows exactly where to hold his shield in the formation, which covers the entire front, sides and top of the unit.*

A Huscarl unit may Reform into a Shieldwall during the Remaining Movement phase. While the Huscarls have the Shieldwall formed they add +1 to their armour saves against missile attacks, but cannot march or charge. If the Huscarls do not move at all they add +2 to their armour save against missile attacks. In a turn in which they are charged, all models with this special rule receive a +1 bonus to any Parry save they are eligible to make.

Call us savages because we strike at you, but know this - it is we who are closest to the ruinous powers. We most favoured by the gods shall raid your lands, revel in your suffering in and destroy you. Despair! For all that remains for you is the taste of northern steel and the end of your world. Such is the will of the Gods. I pity you and all the world, that of all the races of Men, the Gods favour we Norse alone."

- Haubr, Norse Huscarl

ULFWERENAR

Deep in the forests and mountains of Norsca are many strange things and, like the rest of the Old World, Warpstone can be found there. One of the strangest effects it has is on the wolves of the area. They eat contaminated food and their blood and saliva becomes tainted. After this their bite brings a curious infection to the sufferer. When Morrslieb is high the warped moon begins to have its affect on the traces of warpstone in the victim's blood. The victim rapidly changes form, becoming a large wolf with red eyes and an insatiable hunger.

The Ulfwerenar, as they are known, can learn to control their tainted lives and can bring on the transformation themselves. Many of them lead perfectly normal lives, and the most experienced and oldest can even resist the change when Morrslieb shines full. Such individuals are quite common in northern Norsca, where whole families of these shapechangers live in forest settlements.

The War Chiefs of the Norse hold great respect for the Ulfwerenar, and they are considered partly blessed by their kin. It has also been known for the children of an Ulfwerenar to inherit the taint, and some Norse noble families have a strong tradition of being Ulfwerenar.

The Ulfwerenar are incredible fighters, having long fangs, sharp claws and inhuman speed. This, coupled with their sheer power and ferocity, turns them into whirling, snarling shadows of death which strike sudden and bowel-churning fear in their opponents.



After the battle the Ulfwerenar congregate in a peaceful spot away from the battlefield, and lope of into the wild together to gorge the ravenous hunger aroused by their fighting. They return to their companions late in the evening with no recollection of their performance in the battle, eager to find out how many enemy they have killed and other great deeds they have performed.

Ulfwerenar are much feared throughout the Warhammer World as fearsome fighters, whether in man or wolf form. The black and terrible deeds of the Ulfwerenar over the years have led to many of the horror stories about the Norse, and have given them a well-deserved reputation for ferocity in battle.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ulfwerenar	7	5	0	4	4	1	5	2	7
Pack Leader	7	5	0	4	4	1	5	3	7

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Frenzy, Skirmishers, Regeneration (4+).

Blood Thirst: When the Ulfwerenar wipe out a unit, there is a chance that they will stop to feed on the corpses. Make a leadership test if the Ulfwerenar destroy a unit. If it is failed the Ulfwerenar go into a feeding frenzy and may not move voluntarily in the next turn.

Ugrot watched as the humies marched across the valley floor. Kicking his boar he guided his unit left of their line, determined to charge them in the flank. His second in command, Shaka, yelled over the noise of the boars galloping through the snow.

"We'z on our own out 'ere, what if dey turn round and attack us?"

"Don't be stoopid, humies can't move fast enough to catch us now!"

Ugrot slowed down to negotiitate a stream and then looked out across the Norse line again. The humies were 'still advancing into the Centre of his army and he grinned.

"Sec Shaka, dey haven't even seen us, dere's no way dey's gonna stop us now!"

It was then that he noticed the group of Norse warriors at the end of the line stop and turn towards him. He saw them crouching down and they seemed to get darker.

As the Werewolves loped across to cut him off, Ugrot smacked Shaka round the back of the head and yelled:

"Why didn't yoo tell me dey had blokes who could do dat sort of fing!"

ULFJARLS

Many are the dark and nightmarish horrors that the Ruinous Powers have visited upon the world, yet few are as strange as the Ulfjarls of legend. The witch-cursed and Chaos-tainted men and women afflicted with this gift from their unholy gods bear a mutation that does not show as a stigmata of the flesh, but instead lurks in the blood, a slumbering beast to be roused by dark sacrifice and unspeakable ritual.

Ulfjarls are the princes of the Ulfwerenar. They are descendants of some of the most ancient and honoured families in Norsca. They have been Ulfwerenar for so long they have completely mastered the control it requires to change form and can even stop at middle stages to become half-man, half-wolf.

Ulfjarls in human form are undistinguishable from other Norse - to an outsider at least. To another Norse, however, it is a different matter; from an early age the Norse are taught how to recognize these Children of Olric so that they may be treated with the respect that they deserve.

Although Ulfjarls have been known to accompany regiments of Ulfwerenar, they are equally at home with other warriors as well. Before the battle they can be seen sitting in a quiet corner summoning the mental energy and willpower for the change, or carousing in the beer tents with the other warriors, building up a state of mind that will bring about the transformation in the midst of the battle.



When this horror is unleashed, there is no mere transformation from man into beast; instead a great humanoid wolf-thing bursts fully-formed from the body of the human. Lean and half-insane with Chaos-tainted hunger, the Ulfjarl is so-named for the scraps and tatters of flesh and chunks of gristle that cling to its hulking frame; all that remains of the human form it once bore.

In battle the Ulfjarls accompany units of ordinary warriors, hiding within their ranks until they are close enough to strike. The Ulfjarls take to the field in their human form and as the battle progresses their blood runs faster and the scent of the enemy fills them with a thirst for blood. Just as the opposing army comes into contact and the change would be most devastating they invoke their powers, take on their wolf form and charge in, tearing into the enemy with reckless ferocity. Slashing left and right, they leap into the opposing unit and gorge themselves in an orgy of bloodletting, letting the wild side of their minds free for a short while.

Once the battle is spent and their voracious hunger sated will the transformation be reversed, the flesh of the Ulfjarl collapsing into a pallid and terrible mass from which the human must tear itself free.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ulfjarl	7	6	0	5	5	3	5	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Frenzy, Hidden, Regeneration (4+).

"To be chosen by Tchar to receive his blessing and thus becoming one of the Were is not a thing to be taken lightly. It is an honour beyond all others, though at times a heavy burden. Those marked with the strength to fully transform are always destined for lordship and greatness among my people. I received Tchar's touch upon me two winters after my beard had filled in. During a battle with some Graelings, I felt the urge to bury my teeth in my foe's throat and so I did. His warm blood coursed over my tongue, pouring down onto my armour and I howled my victory to the skies. It was only after he fell lifeless at my feet that I realised my jaw was a foot longer than it had been at the start of the fight to say nothing of the brown fur on my muzzle. The changes receded as the battle din faded, but now they come at my call. Some of the other Were have lost the ability to still walk as men, but not I. At least, not yet. Were who hear the call of the beast too strongly must be confined until they are needed. Perhaps one day I too will howl for blood from the high caves and await ever the chance to kill for my people, but not today."

— Sorgrim Olafsson, Bjornling Warrior

EINHERJAR

When a true and honourable warrior dies a warrior's death his spirit will go to Valhalla where he will live forever. They will rise each morning and fight each other the whole day, and at the end of the day all shall attend a great feast which will last the whole night. Einherjar are immortal warriors who have already been chosen by Olric to join them in Valhalla as their hirdmen. Usually, warriors who are selected as an Einherjar immediately journey to Valhalla to serve. But sometimes the spirit of these chosen warriors is too strongly attached to the Old World, usually due to unresolved injustice towards the warrior's God, family or himself. In these cases, the warrior rises from his death soon after his final earthly breath, and continues his life as an immortal warrior in search of his destiny, which will release him from the Old World and send him to join his forefathers in the preparation of the final battle in Valhalla. Some Einherjar are known to have fought for decades before finding their destiny.



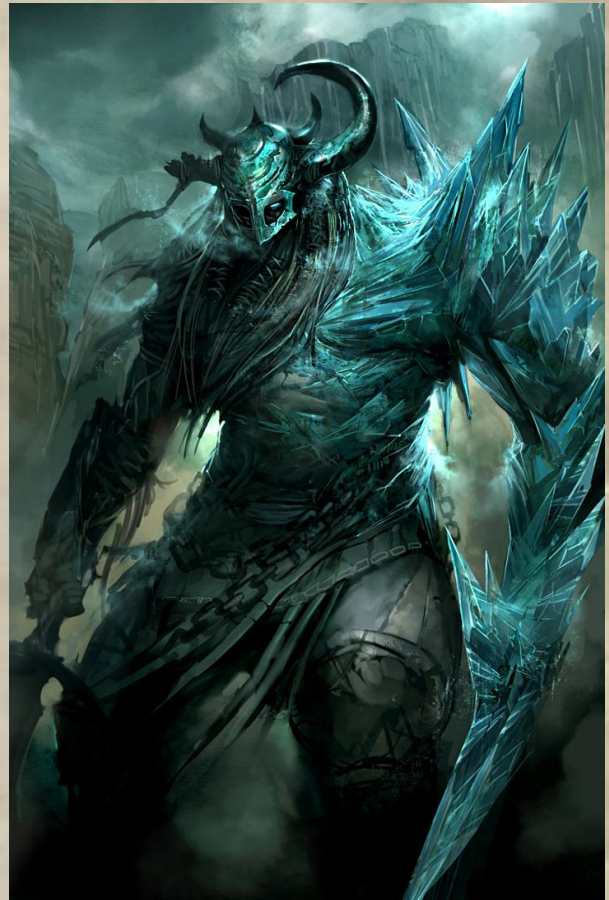
The Einherjar can never be permanently killed until they have fulfilled their destiny, although they can be hurt enough to put them out of action they will eventually heal all damage they suffer. An Einherjar will immediately start to regenerate his wounds the moment he goes unconscious and will be fully healed the moment he wakes up. How long this takes all depends on how grievous their injury is – a deep cut can heal in a manner of minutes, whereas arms, legs and even heads takes hours or days to grow back. The only way to kill an Einherjar before his time is to destroy the body completely, thus making him unable to regenerate. What happens to those warriors unfortunate enough to befall such a fate is unknown.

Over time their bodies begin to mutate, often sprouting spikes or sharp crystals from their arms and shoulders due to the time spent in the Chaos influenced lands. This makes them even more imposing and dangerous; allowing them to withstand more punishment as the crystals form a natural armour of sorts. Their future holds nothing but blood and slaughter, and they know it – when battle is calling, they are always the first to join the Norse hird, hoping to finally earn their place in Valhalla by dying one last time.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Einherjar	4	5	0	3	3	1	4	1	10
Lone Warrior	4	5	0	3	3	1	4	2	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Counter-Charge, Berserkergang, Natural Armour (5+), Regeneration (5+), Unbreakable.



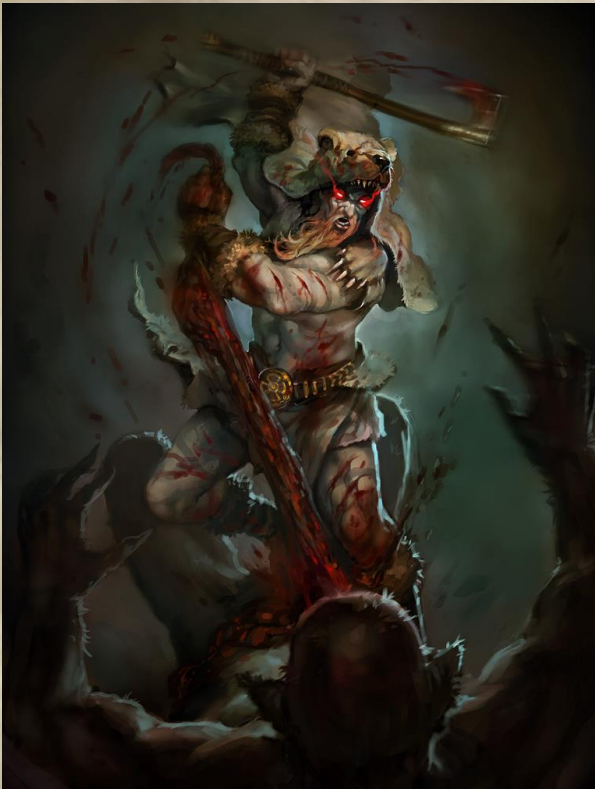
The battle went well, Olaf thought to himself as he cut down yet another foe. He had lost count of how many he had killed at this point. It mattered little anyway.

For fifty years, he had been one of the Einherjar; for fifty years he had walked the earth, fighting, bleeding, killing and dying, over and over again. Fifty years of never ending war and bloodshed. It was tiring, even for a Norseman. Would he not soon have proven himself worthy of being chosen by the Valkyries to go to Valhalla, to feast on meat and mead?

A sharp pain surged through his mind - a spear had just protruded his leg. He pulled it out and sent it back flying to its owner, before falling down to one knee. Several other enemies rushed at the wounded warrior, but Olaf brought them all down without battering an eye. Weaklings.

Just as he killed the third of them, his mouth tasted blood and he felt the cold touch of steel, an axe buried deep in his back. Finally, Olaf thought as his vision was getting blurry, and he slowly closed his eyes. Maybe this time he would finally go to Valhalla to meet his ancestors before the arrival of the final battle?

BERSERKERS



A hoarse roar, like that of a wild animal, came from the berserker. Standing in the midst of a dozen enemy corpses, he brandished a fist towards the reddening sky, thanking Thor for this new victory. In his other hand, he spun his axe, a weapon so heavy that most men of the Northern Kingdoms could barely have lifted it. A groan rose from his right, drawing the wild warrior's attention. Despite the hideous wound in his stomach, one of his enemies was attempting to crawl away. A savage grin deformed Thorgrim Olavsson's features. Slowly, like a predator who knows its prey cannot escape, he closed upon the dying man.

Keeping his eyes locked on his foe, he raised the haft of his axe over his body. The wounded man looked up at the warrior as he realised escape was impossible. He made a final desperate attempt to preserve his life, begging for mercy, tears streaking his face. Thorgrim Olavsson deliberately lifted his axe and, swinging it three times, let the blade fall on his victim. He spat on the mutilated corpse. Let him rot with Hel, there was no place in Valhalla for the weak!

Norsca is a grim northern land, full of fell beasts such as Ice Trolls and Chaos Spawn, and it breeds tough fighters. The Berserkers are a rightly feared warrior cult. Their feats fill the sagas and loom large in the stories of those Imperial soldiers that have faced them. The Berserkers are the most ferocious warriors in any Norse hird, raving nutters who chomp on their axe handles, foam at the mouth and howl with an innate fury that few other troops can match. They have proven their worth over countless battles and have learned that death is nothing to be feared. These lawless, near uncontrollable, warriors are considered maladjusted even by other Norse warriors.

They can work themselves into a killing frenzy that makes them terrifying opponents in hand to hand fighting. Before a battle they have head-butting contests and vast quantities of strong beer, which leaves them wild-eyed and frothing. In this state they are highly dangerous - not only to the enemy, but sometimes to their own side! In combat these madmen work themselves up into an almost suicidal fury in eagerness to come to grips with the foe. Once they see their enemies they lose control completely, attacking foes many times more powerful than themselves.

Berserkers have little care for their own personal well being, adorning themselves with nothing but war paint and a bear skin to prove they have no fear. They disdain armour as a sign of weakness and some even fight with weapons in both hands, more often than not however they simply use big axes to cleave through their foes. They have no regard for their own lives and throw themselves at the enemy without a trace of fear.

Once a Berserker reaches an enemy regiment he turns into a human whirlwind of blades, spinning, slashing and chopping with a strength only possibly achieved by a madman. Because of their complete immersion in their psychotic state of mind, the Berserkers have no comprehension of the rest of the battle, and sometimes come dangerously close to attacking their compatriots in their fury.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Berserker	4	4	3	4	4	1	4	1	8
Ulfhedner	4	4	3	4	4	1	4	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Counter-Charge, Frenzy, Skirmishers.

Feel no Pain: All successful rolls to Wound against Berserkers must be re-rolled.

Blood Crazy: As long as the Berserkers are still Frenzied, they also have the Devastating Charge special rule.

SHIELD MAIDENS

The Norse have strict customs and traditions about women. The men are the hunters and fighters, while the women's duty is to look after the homes and bring up the next generation of warriors. Many Norse wives run whole estates of farms and hunting lodges, their husbands too occupied with defending his land and rights to worry about things such as crops and cows. Though Norse society is patriarchal, women have a stronger place in these lands than many might suspect. A woman may own property and can become a Jarl if her husband dies and has no male offspring. It is up to the woman to decide whom she weds and if she divorces. Whilst women are expected to stay behind during raids and wars, it falls to them to protect the home, so most are competent, if not outright-skilled warriors.

Occasionally settlements are attacked when the men folk are away, and the Norse women are forced to take up weapons to defend themselves. Though there is no direct problem with this, it does awaken the latent Norse warrior blood that pumps through the women's veins. The women become restless afterwards, looking forward to the next battle just like the men.

To the Norse this is a bad state of affairs and almost all the women affected in this way eventually leave the settlement. In the wilds they find other women with the same battle craving and they form bands of Shield Maidens. The Shield Maidens are skilled fighters, and their lithe grace and effortless economy of movement moves them swiftly from one foe to the next.



The Norse are a strong-willed race and the fury of war and battle flows in their blood, this goes for both the male and the female. Many times during bloody civil wars have the settlements of Norse clan been attacked while the men are away fighting on another front. When this happens it is left to the women to defend the settlement. For these women there lies a rather unfortunate fate for once a Norse feels the blood rush of mortal combat they crave for more. Female Norse who desire to be warriors are banished and join nomadic groups of warriors known as Shield Maidens. Shield Maidens are known throughout Norsca to be deadly warriors swift of movement and of blade. They are respected by the Jarls of many Norse clans.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Shield Maiden	4	4	4	3	3	1	3	1	7
Shield Sister	4	4	4	3	3	1	3	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Counter-Charge, Berserker-gang.

Shield Parry: Shield Maidens train constantly in the use of their shields, using them to parry both blows and arrows with ease. Shield Maidens gain +1 to their Parry saves in close combat, and +1 to their armour save against missile attacks.

The young Shield Maiden took off her helm, wiped the blood from her sword and sheathed it in the leather scabbard at her side. Spotting a nearby boulder covered in moss, she sat upon it, exhausted.

Jorunn passed a hand over her face. The feeling of wet blood on her face made her jump. At least it was not hers. Besides a light cut on the calf of her leg, she had not been wounded. Even so, she felt weak and shaken.

She had always been in close contact with violence, so inevitable in the life of the northern peoples; in the recitals of sagas by skalds, when the men returned from an expedition or battle, in the death of a friend at the claws of some monster haunting the forest around their domain. But this time, she had been at the centre of the battle. She had killed. Maybe to defend herself and her companions, but she had still killed. Of course, she had trained for this, but this reality had nothing to do with the training she had done since childhood with a wooden sword.

She needed to get a hold of herself. After all, the king, her father, had given her command of this expedition. She could not show any weakness. A chief had to be strong, so her companions could be too. Jorun Hrolfsdottir quietly drew in a deep breath and stood up straight. It was not a time to think about herself, but of making the most of this fight!

NORSE HUNTERS

The Norse have few laws, and none of them are written. They do have quite a few unspoken customs and taboos, however, and many young warriors find they have fallen foul of some tradition they have never heard of and are cast out of the settlement and banished. Other banished individuals are fully guilty and many a rash Norse has been thrown out for having an illicit affair with a noble's wife or daughter.

A clan would never take in the outcasts of another, as this would be a great insult to the clan who turned them out, and a blow to the dignity of the clan that accepted them. No Norse would ever want to take in somebody who had besmirched their honour. These young men grow older, living in the wilderness and learning the ways of nature. They form their own communities far from the other and scratch out their existence by hunting and foraging.

When battle comes the outcasts gather and use their woodsmanship and hunting skills to ambush the enemy and strike deep into their battle line. For this reason the hunters are pardoned for a short period during the battle, but nobody trusts them entirely. After the battle the Hunters do not join in with the drinking and boasting with the other Norse, they quietly make their way back to their own camp, taking with them any loot they managed to snatch from the fallen enemy.

The Hunters are treated by the rest of the army as an unpleasant but useful element, and they receive no thanks or reward for risking their lives on the field of battle. This does not bother them at all, as they are still Norse and the call of battle still flows strongly through the blood in their veins.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Norse Hunter	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	7
Hunt Master	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Counter-Charge, Skirmish, Scouts.

Frealaf glanced up at the trees again, and almost stumbled as he ran into a snow-covered rock. Regaining his balance he concentrated on running. He took a deep breath with each stride, his long loping steps taking him effortlessly down the mountainside. He heard a keening howl behind him, and risked another look over his shoulder.

There, just coming out of the trees, he saw his pursuer. It was easily twice as tall as a man, and its thick shaggy fur trailed behind it as it bounded through the snow drifts. It had been steadily gaining on Frealaf for the past hour, and he knew he would not be able to outdistance it.

Leaping a few feet into a crevasse, Frealaf changed course and headed west, towards the Frostflood, which cascaded down the valley five hundred paces to his left. Hoping to mask his scent in the fast flowing waters, Frealaf spurred himself to a burst of speed and sprinted for the icy river. Frealaf then saw another Snow Troll closing in from the other side of the river. Almost wild with fear he swerved downhill again and sprawled headlong in the snow as his foot touched a patch of ice.

The Snow Troll that he had originally been fleeing from was now only a hundred paces away, and he could see its rank breath issuing from its mouth in blasts of vapour. The smell of the creature drifted down wind and Frealaf gagged. Fighting the nausea he got up and pulled his small hunting spear from its strap on his back. Taking this in his right hand he stood, feet shoulder width apart, and faced the onrushing creature.

When it crouched for its killing leap ten paces away Frealaf hurled the spear. As if guided by Thor's hand it flew true, straight into the creature's open mouth. The barbed head protruded from the back of its skull as it crashed to the ground in front of him.

Hearing a bellow Frealaf turned to see the other Snow Troll bearing down on him. He leapt to the fresh corpse and tugged at the spear. It was stuck firm and Frealaf knew he wouldn't be able to free it in time. Whirling around once more, he set off running again. There was a small copse of trees, two hundred paces down the valley, and Frealaf headed for this somewhat temporary sanctuary.

Reaching the trees Frealaf dived in and grabbed a branch. Swinging himself up with ease, he crouched next to the trunk, waiting for the Snow Troll. It was a few heartbeats and then the ragged beast crashed into the copse and stood below him sniffing the air.

Drawing a long hunting knife from his belt, Frealaf stood up on the branch. When the creature turned away from him and bent to sniff the ground he dropped onto its back. Bringing his arm round he plunged his knife into its eye. The Snow Troll threw him to the ground and reared up above him.

The creature took a step towards him and then staggered. As its slow nervous system registered the knife sticking from its eye it bellowed with pain and slowed. When it realised how fatal the injury was it tumbled to the snow, almost crushing Frealaf. Sighing with relief Frealaf retrieved his knife and started to skin the body.

SONS OF THOR

Long ago, there were those warriors, champions among men, who sought to display their skills above others by finding and taming mounts worthy of their status - thus literally raising themselves above their peers from atop the backs of their chosen steeds. Not content with common horses, these mighty fighters ventured out to find and tame a beast, worthy enough to carry them into battle. But trying as they might, nothing could match the ferocity and wildness in their blood or quench their thirst for speed. Thus the warriors kept roaming the vast expanses of Norsca, in search for a worthy steed. And in the mystical Sleipnirs, they found what they were looking for.

Sleipnirs are a legendary breed of eight legged horses, only found in the far north of Norsca, beyond the vast range of mountains covering the peninsula, roaming the open expanses between the sea and the mountains. Faster than any horse, even those of Elven descent, they can outpace anything on land. Most Sleipnirs have jet-black coats and long, flowing manes and tails, though occasionally a Sleipnir foal is born with a white or shimmering silver coat.

Their origins are shrouded in Norse myths, reaching back to a time when the gods still walked among men.



Legends tell, that the grandfather of the Sleipnir race was created as the result of a gamble the gods had taken. More likely, they are the result of Chaos' influence in the northern lands, causing some of the

horses there to mutate and grow additional legs, as well as growing to immense sizes. Whatever their origins really are matter little to their riders; their only concern being able to ride them into battle and display their might for all to see.

Sleipnirs are highly prized as steeds, and very difficult to tame, those trying to do so often finding them intractable and even violent. It takes time to truly tame a descendant of the great Sleipnir, for his heirs are proud beasts and will put on a good fight before subjugating themselves to their new master – a trait which is respected by the Norse and they therefore take as much pride in taming a Sleipnir as in winning any sort of competition. Thus, although the warrior might have broken the steed's will, it may take him many months until he can rightfully call it his mount. Those who succeed avoiding being trampled by the Sleipnir's many legs while doing so, will find themselves with the fastest horse imaginable, and bask in the glory of the Gods.

While the Sons of Thor, so named for the sound of their mighty charge being like the thunder of their namesake God, are considered most arrogant by other Norse – either due to jealousy or their constant boasting – none can deny that they are a useful addition to the war hord. For when the charge of the Sons hit home, it is as if Thor himself is fighting with them.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Son of Thor	4	5	3	4	3	1	4	1	8
Asator	4	5	3	4	3	1	4	2	8
Sleipnir	10	4	0	4	4	3	4	2	6

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Counter-Charge, Berserkergang.

"The only men the gods speak to are the Seers! And they pay a dire price for such a gift. Their minds go strange, the strength passes from their bodies and their seed withers unspent inside them. Perhaps the gods understand that the Norse are a strong people. They do not need to watch after us like a shepherd watching his herd. I pity the Kurgan that the gods must watch them with such vigilance. Perhaps one day your people will be as strong as the Norse."

**- Einar "Steelfist" Sigdansson,
Baernsonling Champion**

HALF GIANTS

Deep in the frostbitten realms of Norsca, a race borne of ice and steely hatred lays claim to the frozen lands through conquest and domination. Their brutality knows no bounds, and with each town or small city crushed by their axes and hammers, these raging behemoths threaten to overwhelm the natives of the tundra and establish themselves as the rightful inhabitants of the northlands. These towering, relentless warriors are known to those who fear them as Half Giants.

Physiologically, Half Giants are similar to humans, but are far larger, standing twelve feet tall with wide jaws and fanglike teeth. They are heavily muscled, with incredibly thick skin that allows them to withstand a huge amount of punishment. Half Giant warriors don iron plates and steel helmets of their own making, their armour festooned with horns, feathers, and skulls of their prey and enemies.

Half Giants are brutal, superstitious warriors among whom only might makes right. The title of Chieftain inevitably falls to the strongest and most worthy warrior of the tribe, who leads his people to glory through intimidation and violence. At any time, a Chieftain may be challenged in combat by one of his peers. The winner of such fatal duels is deemed the rightful ruler of the tribe — at least until the next challenger approaches.



Those who lose the duel are treated as little better than traitors, their bodies desecrated and some part of their skeleton mounted on the Chieftain's throne or the hilt of her weapon.

The influence of a particularly charismatic Chieftain can often extend to clans outside his own tribe. In such cases, the leaders of the lesser tribes are typically known simply as chieftains or warlords. These allied tribes often meet to trade goods and arrange marriages, and especially organized collaborations have been known to form massive war bands for devastating campaigns that can span entire mountain ranges before disbanding.

Half Giants survive on hunting and raiding alone, as they live in desolate, frigid environments. Half Giant groups are split almost evenly between those that live in makeshift settlements or abandoned castles and those that roam the frozen north as nomads in search of spoils and provisions. Half Giant leaders call themselves Chieftains and demand absolute obedience from their followers. At any time a Chieftain may be challenged by combat for leadership of the tribe. These challenges typically result in the death of one of the combatants. A single Chieftain can often count a dozen or more small Half Giant tribes as part of his extended tribe. In such a situation, the leaders of the lesser tribes are known simply as chieftains or warlords.

They are often driven into combat at even younger ages by their fellow tribes people; older Half Giants steadfastly believe that adolescence and inexperience are hardly excuses for prolonging the invigorating joys of war. They are taken onto the battlefield to taste the blood of their enemies and to feel the rush of victory.

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

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Berserkergang.

"We are warriors brave. We are conquerors, and brothers we stand together without fear, to offer each other strength and common purpose. If one of our brothers shall fail, we dine on his body, and his sacrifice fuels our rage. Stand with us now brothers, and seize the triumph that is ours by right!"

— Chieftain Acfuiren

VALKYRIES

A brooding deity, Hel is not worshipped as other Raenir. She has no holy days, or celebrations in her honour. Rather, Hel is only invoked whenever someone is dying or has died. It is to her that prayers for fair judgement and safe passage for the souls of the deceased are directed. Hel is also called upon to protect the innocent whenever some evil-being raises the dead from their rest and sends them to harm the living. Hel response is often to send her Valkyries, the Warrior Hags, to her worshippers' aid.

The Valkyries are sent to decide the course of battles and harvest the souls of brave fallen warriors. These spiritual beings are sent from Gods to aid the Norse warriors in war, help the Einherjar to fulfil their purpose and to guide those who have fallen with honour home to the hall of the Gods. Valkyries love animals, especially birds, but are generally scornful of humanoids as weak and cowardly. All Valkyries love battle and bloodshed, and many are savage and callous. They rarely interfere in the affairs of mortals, save to ensure the proper course of battles.

Valkyries are well respected by the righteous warriors of the world, and those of a darker nature tend to steer clear of them. Legend has it that those chosen to be the Valkyries were once Shield Maidens slain in battle; reborn and repurposed as mighty warriors with the purpose to fight in the name of righteousness, gathering souls for Endeslagok. They must have a strong will and a strong body to withstand some of the intense battles they will be sent into, but they will do their duty gratefully without complaints.

The Valkyries descend upon battlefields to do their master's will, surrounded by crows and ravens. Valkyries typically stay in an ethereal form as fate decrees, impervious to the weak weapons of mortals. Valkyries scour the battlefields for warriors of great prowess and legendary renown. With a glance, a Valkyrie can tell who is near death and ready to give up life and who fights on to live another day, and can either claim the soul of the slain or aid the living to continue the fight.

When the Valkyries takes to the battlefield, they are an awesome sight to behold. Valkyries are always female, and appear as strong and beautiful women, graceful, yet fierce. Surrounded by lightning, these impressive warriors wear gleaming golden breastplates and carry shining spears. Born aloft on their dark feathered wings, they soar above the armies of the Norse, swiftly striking down on the enemy with their spears in an unmatched display of deadly skill.

For the Norse, fighting with the Valkyries on your side is a good omen for those brave of heart; if slain, they will go to Valhalla, and if their time is not yet up, the Valkyries might see them return to life to fight another day.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Valkyrie	4	5	4	4	3	2	5	3	10
Chooser of the Slain	4	5	4	4	3	2	5	4	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly, Fear, Ethereal, Unbreakable, Unstable.

Valkyrie Spears: Valkyrie Spears give the Valkyries the Charge Bonus (2) and Flaming Attacks special rules.

Resurrection: Each unit of Valkyries can cast the Re-growth spell from the Lore of Life as an innate Bound Spell, power level 5. Each Valkyrie in the unit gives +1 to the casting total.

"Servants of Hel are sent back to the Real World when we need powerful help. But you should always be aware of the Valkyries. They do travel the land in the darkest of hours like Eternal Twilight, and may take with them any soul they meet."

- Vilhjajmur Trollhand, Norse Vitki

SNOW TROLLS

At the peaks of the mountains in Norsca there are many creatures that rarely ever venture below the snow line. Of these, one of the most common types is the Snow Troll. Snow Trolls are excellent trackers and can follow their prey for hundreds of miles if necessary. They do not carry weapons of any kind, and instead they rely on their wickedly barbed claws to slice through their prey with a single sweep of their long arms. Some of the Norse settlements deeper within the mountains actually have small communities of these simple creatures.

Trolls are hulking creatures whose hunched appearance belies their powerful nature. Trolls physically adapt to their environment and, depending on where they live, their skin can be warty, rocky, slimy or scaly. Despite their many physical differences, all Trolls are hideous, slow witted and eternally hungry. Being dim creature with indiscriminate appetites means Trolls will eat wood, rock or bits of metal. Not surprisingly, the stomach of a Troll contains incredibly powerful digestive juices. This potent bile is highly sought by alchemists, potion-makers and dark sorcerers.

Snow trolls enjoy the taste of human flesh, and those not working with humans frequently set primitive traps near civilized areas to catch their favorite prey. They will also raid isolated settlements for food, often bringing captured humans back to their icy lairs, where the unfortunate victims are caged and fattened up before finally being devoured by the voracious trolls. They do not excel at mental gymnastics and

remembering what part of the body they stuff food into can be a bit of a problem sometimes. However, when they are fighting, Snow Trolls are inwardly reassured by the fact that they know what they are doing and try even harder to do it properly.

Trolls are remarkable strong despite their lanky-limbs. The hands of Snow Trolls end in long serrated claws that have specifically evolved for the purpose of tearing through things with relative ease. Perhaps the best-known characteristic of Trolls is that their hide is able to re-grow almost as quickly as it is damaged. If a Troll's clawed hand is severed, a fresh one will grow from the stump. If a Troll is decapitated, a new head forms on its shoulders. One has to cause a great deal of damage to a Troll to stop it regenerating and even then it might reform the following day. The only thing Trolls cannot endure is fire, so burning a Troll is the one sure way of killing it.

The Snow Trolls appreciate the warlike tendencies of the Norse, and realise it is much easier to have someone bring your food to you than to run after it for hours before eating. The Norse bring the Snow Trolls with them to battle, and the special handlers point them at the enemy and try to stop them doing anything completely stupid. Once in combat Snow Trolls are devastating opponents, felling foes all around them.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Snow Troll	6	3	1	5	4	3	2	3	4

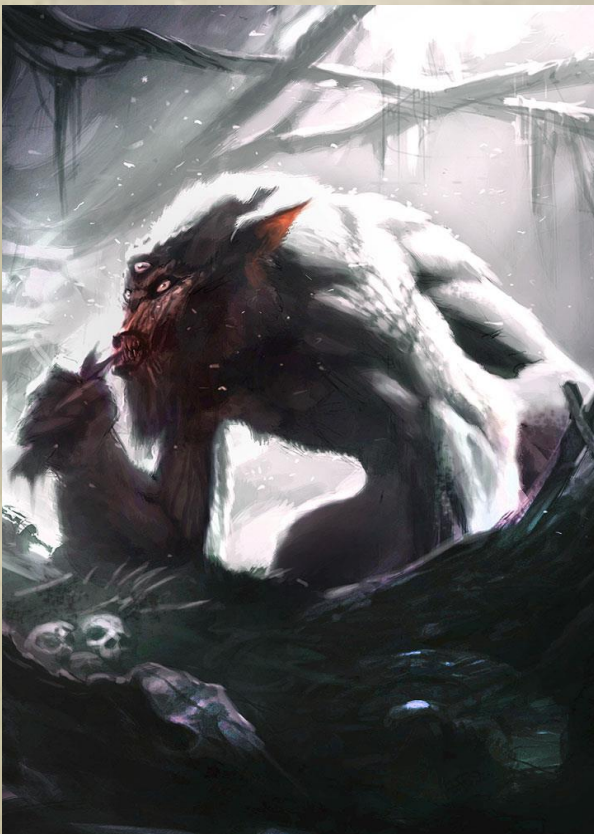
TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Frenzy, Stupidity, Regeneration (4+), Armour Piercing (1).

Troll Vomit: A unit of Trolls can make Vomit Attacks instead of their ordinary attacks in close combat. Each Troll that is allowed to attack makes a single Vomit Attack at Strength 5. Trolls that are allowed to make supporting attacks can make a Vomit Attack. A Vomit Attack hits automatically with the Ignores Armour saves special rule.

In the remote Norsca, Troll-kin is very common and comes in many different shapes and forms. Common Trolls are usually larger and stronger than their southern cousins, but then there are smaller variations like Spissemuns.

Spissemuns are similar to normal Troll, but they are a lot smaller. They have thick skin like Trolls and may have some body hair. This would be matted and dirty with coloration from grayish-black to green. Spissemuns are probably some Chaos mutated variation from original Troll and are never seen southern than Troll Country. They are very susceptible to Chaos mutations. Also they have similar digestive system as Trolls. Because this they can easily eat anything, preferring fresh meat and carrion above all else. While occasionally taking down prey such as deer and bear, the Spissemuns favor slower prey like Humans and Dwarfs.



WAR MAMMOTH

Of all the terrible beasts that roam the wastes of the uttermost north, few are as dangerous as the great primeval creatures tainted by Chaos, and known to the scholars or the Old World as Mammoths. These massive creatures, whose footfalls shake the earth like thunder, are capable through sheer bulk and roused fury of demolishing buildings, trampling forests flat and crushing anything smaller than themselves (which is just about anything alive) into an unrecognizable, bloody smear. Although not actually evil as such, they are entirely belligerent and uncaring beasts that cut a swathe of destruction wherever they go, a factor magnified a thousand-fold by the fact that when they have young they travel in communal family herds, are fiercely territorial and respond to any other creature that manages to gather their notice by smashing it into the ground, or if it is a large enough monster in its own right, impaling it with huge tusks the size of mighty tree trunks.

The mammoth is one of the largest land bound creatures in the Warhammer world. Descended from the truly huge Maakil of the time before the Elves, mammoths are terrifying monsters to fight against. In Norsca, where clouds of Warpstone dust occasionally spread across the mountains and valleys, there are certain types of mammoth (called Uronjir by the Norse) that are even larger and more fearsome than their normal kin. These mammoths are much sought after by wealthy Kings, who train them for battle, or command their Vitki to enchant the mammoths to their service.



To the Chaos-touched tribes of the Northern Wastes, the Mammoths are living totems of might and power – beasts which go where they will and destroy what they will, and are so considered sacred creatures in their own right, and to tribes which through fortune, sorcery or the favour of the gods come to bring one of these creatures into the fold (for none can ever be truly tamed) great honour and fear is attached. The Mammoths roam all across the north, feeding off blasted scrubland and thorny barrens and, from the shores of the Sea of Claws to the cold wastes of K'dathi they are venerated by the Norse. These War Mammoths make fearsome foes in battle against which little mortal has a hope of standing firm against. The greatest warriors of the tribe ride into battle on their backs, fighting from fortified wooden platforms.



A War Mammoth is often decked out in armour plates, with serrated steel sheaths on its tusks and spiked collars around its neck and ankles. They have a lone rider who steers his mount as much as he can, prodding the beast in the fight direction and letting the animal's own ill temper drive it into (and usually through) the other army. Another use for War Mammoths is as carriages for huge battle towers that contain archers. These war “machines” trample into the midst of the enemy, causing havoc with cavalry as horses are terrified of the beasts.

Mammoths are very thick skinned and their layers of fur also prevent them from damage, but their truculence and difficulty to control makes them less useful than many outsiders suspect. Despite their disadvantages, the War Mammoth is extremely dangerous, especially against heavily armoured foes, which it crushes underfoot.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
War Mammoth	8	3	0	7	6	7	1	*	5
Battle Howdah	-	-	-	-	5	5	-	-	-
Crew	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

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

Ja, they call me son of mammoth because I have been with those animals since I was youngling. My father trained them and so did his father. Our clan has hunted and captured these animals many generations in the northern tundra of Norsca. We know how to find and train the meanest and the biggest of these animals when they are still young. Those that are mutated and have grown far larger than normal mammoths. And when they are trained finally there is no Jarl in Norsca that wouldn't buy them as War Mammoth.

- Lars Hronjirson, Varg Beastmaster

Mammoth Attacks*: War Mammoths are huge beasts who rely on their near unstoppable mass and tree trunk sized tusks to gouge and crush their foes. When the War Mammoth attacks, roll on the appropriate following table to determine its action:

Mammoth attacking Swarms, Infantry, Cavalry or War Beasts:

D6	Attack Type
1-2	Trample
3-4	Stomp
5	Bellow
6	Pick up and...

Mammoth attacking any other target:

D6	Attack Type
1-2	Butt
3-5	Gore
6	Bellow

Trample: The Mammoth tramples and crushes the enemy, splattering its victims like over-ripe fruit beneath its feet. A single enemy unit it fights suffers D6 Strength 7 hits for each rank of five or more models it has.

Stomp: The Mammoth does not make a normal attack this turn, but its Stomp Attack causes 2D6 hits this round.

Bellow: The Mammoth trumpets and roars with deafening force. Neither the Mammoth nor any unit in contact with it fight if they have not already done so this turn. The army fielding the Mammoth automatically wins the combat by 3 points.

Pick up and...: The Mammoth uses its agile trunk to grab a helpless Victim. This may be a target model in base contact or touching a model in base contact (the trunk has a long reach!). The target may make a single attack to fend off the trunk: If this attack hits and wounds the Mammoth, then the Mammoth's attack fails. If not then the Mammoth grabs the model. Roll a D6 to see what unfortunate fate befalls the victim.

D6 Result

1-2 Throw back into combat: The victim is hurled back into their own unit like a missile. This causes D6 wounds on the grabbed model which Ignores Armour saves, and 2D6 Strength 4 hits (saves as normal) on the enemy

unit. If the thrown model survives, place it back in the unit where it may carry on as normal.

3-4 Hurl: This works as per the 'Throw back into combat' result above except that the target unit may be any chosen enemy unit within 18" If no such unit is available, treat this as a 'Throw back into combat' result instead. In either case should the hurled victim survive, it is placed in the back rank of the impacted unit.

5 Eat: The Mammoth swings the victim into its maw and bites down. The victim model is removed as a casualty, and the Mammoth may immediately recover a single wound it has lost previously in the game.

6 Squash and grab another: The Mammoth's trunk constricts around the target, crushing their bones to splinters. The model is removed as a casualty and the Mammoth then picks another victim. Roll again on the 'Pick up and...' chart-to see what happens.

Butt: The Mammoth charges, ramming its victim with its massive head. The Mammoth inflicts one automatic hit against one model in base contact (your choice), causing D3 Strength 7 hits with the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

Gore: The Mammoth gouges at the enemy with its massive tusks. The Mammoth makes D6 attacks against a chosen unit in close combat with the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.



FROST GIANT

The Frost Giants, or Jotuns, are now the rarest of the Giant races that can still be found in the World. They are also the largest and most intelligent of the Giants. Common normal Giants are considered to be more primitive version of Jotuns. Also so called Sky Titans might actually have been ancient Jotuns. A lot of knowledge of the ancient Jotuns was lost after the coming of Chaos, as were their settlements.

Frost Giants live in the forests and caves along the coastal mountains of Northern Norsca where access to the sea away from Humans and Dwarfs is available. These Jotuns spend many hours alone at sea fishing for their favourite prey: Whales, Krakens, the occasional Sea Dragon, and other monsters of the deep. Even though there's only enough room for them and their catch, a Frost Giant's fishing vessel rivals the Norse longships in size. In lean times, such as winter, isolated fishing villages may be a more appealing source for a meal. Most Frost Giants are found in the Ejsgard area and the mountains of Nordlig. Some are also found in the Frostheim Mountains.



Jotuns look like the Norse of old, only much larger. Also, they tend to have a more stout build than their southern cousins. Frost Giants tend to be very light in complexion because mutations that have changed their line since the coming of the Chaos, and reach a height of 20 feet. Frost Giants are still subject of mutations, like normal Giants, they do resist the changing energies better.

Jotuns dress in leather made from the hides of the great woolly beasts that roam the frozen tundra and northern forests of Norsca. While the majority is armed with clubs, some Jotuns use the great weapons wielded by their ancestors from the time before the coming of Chaos. Ancient Jotuns were great inventors and smiths. With magic they actually were said to forge even magical weaponry. Nowadays they are only few smiths among the Jotuns, which use ancient forges in the high mountains. But there are legends that some of these can actually still forge magical weaponry. These could be just legends.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Frost Giant	6	4	3	6	5	6	3	5	10

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Stubborn, Immunity (Psychology), Hill Strider.

Jotun Weaponry: All enemy models in base contact with the Frost Giant suffer a -1 to hit in Close Combat. In addition, the Frost Giant have Magical Attacks.

Throw Rocks: Frost Giants may throw rocks in the Shooting phase as long as they did not charge or march that turn. This works just like a Stone Thrower with a range of 18". If a misfire is rolled, the Frost Giant suffers 1 Wound as he drops the rock on himself by mistake.

Ja, generations ago my people attacked mighty Jotuns in the mountains to please our God Tchar. Our Vitki said this was the will of Tchar. Jotuns revenged. Army of Jotuns came down from the mountains. With them were great White Wolves and lesser Giants. Our Vitki was full of the power of our God, but Jotun mage was even more powerful and destroyed our Vitki. Then they destroyed our villages and farmsteads, killed most of the warriors and took many of the people as slaves. They even ate our children for revenge. Since then we have left them alone and even sacrificed to please them. Yet, there are many sagas of mighty treasures in the mountains for those that dare to challenge the wrath of Jotun. So, do we go there?

- Arnvid Olafson, Norse Adventurer

ICE DRAKE

In the cold and dark north, and in the highest of peaks, lives Drakes that love the coldness found from those places. They are hard to find, and that is a good thing. An Ice Drake is capable of smashing apart an entire village, and even the Norse warriors are hard put to drive them off.

The first thing that anyone knows of the presence of an Ice Drake, is the air turning frigid, icy wind whipping down, cutting through armour and clothes, freezing the dragon's prey to bone. Snow falls from a previously clear sky, now covered by black clouds. Then, the world explodes, as the dragon drops into the midst of its lethargic foes, and rips them to shreds.

Occasionally, a Norse army is lucky enough to have one tag along, should the Drake itself deem the intent important enough to join it. However, there is no bargaining with an Ice Drake – don't make the mistake of thinking them intelligent, like the mythological Elven firedrakes, they are little more than cunning predators, who will make the best of any occasion. They cannot be controlled, and unlike the other dragons, is impossible to ride, even if trained from birth.

It is thought that the Old Ones created these Dragons as guardians against the Daemons before they left this existence. They are described as being as large as a house, with wide bat-like wings. Their legs are reptilian, and their short snouted horn ridged noses are always stained red, green, or black, depending on the types of enemies they usually face. However, the rest of their bodies range from a pure white, to a mottled grey, the better to hide in the barren, snow swept wilds of the North.

Aurora Polaris

This mesmerizing, dynamic display of night light appears on cold, clear nights. An aurora lasts for several hours and can appear in many different forms: streaks, haloes, pale curtains, pillars, or wisps of vibrating color that continually sway and undulate. Aurora displays are most commonly pink and pale green, but also feature shades of red, yellow, green, blue, and violet. An Aurora Polaris provides an amount of illumination equivalent to moonlight, but does not significantly increase the amount of light if more than one-quarter of the moon is visible.

It is said, by the scholars of the Old World, that the origin of the Aurora Polaris is the polar reaches of the Chaos Wastes and that they are actually the Winds of Magic in their strongest flow. The part about the Winds of Magic is untrue, but the flow of Aethyr is very strong during the Aurora Polaris. Some also believe that they are part of Change Storms that are common in the Chaos Wastes, but those are actually different manifestations of weather.

The Ice Drakes love the Aurora Polaris and may even sing when it occurs. The Norse believe that the Aurora Polaris reflects the souls of the unborn children.

They are comfortable in the places where most of the races would die for cold. Ice Drakes try to stay above the snowline during the warm summer months, but in the winter they descent even to the sea level, if it is cold enough. Ice Drakes are known to be seen in the drifting Icebergs on the northern seas. Ice Drakes love Aurora Polaris, which are common sight in the northern winter sky. They seem to be mesmerized by the sight of these lights and gather to watch this phenomenon.

Whenever a Frost Dragon is preparing to make an attack, it is said that air goes cold, freezing the air in the lungs and sticking skin to metal. No one is safe, and entire regiments can be ripped asunder by a single Frost Dragon's charge. An Ice Drake embodies the landscape like no other creature, save perhaps the Frost Giants, in so far that the attack of the beast is so cold that it burns.

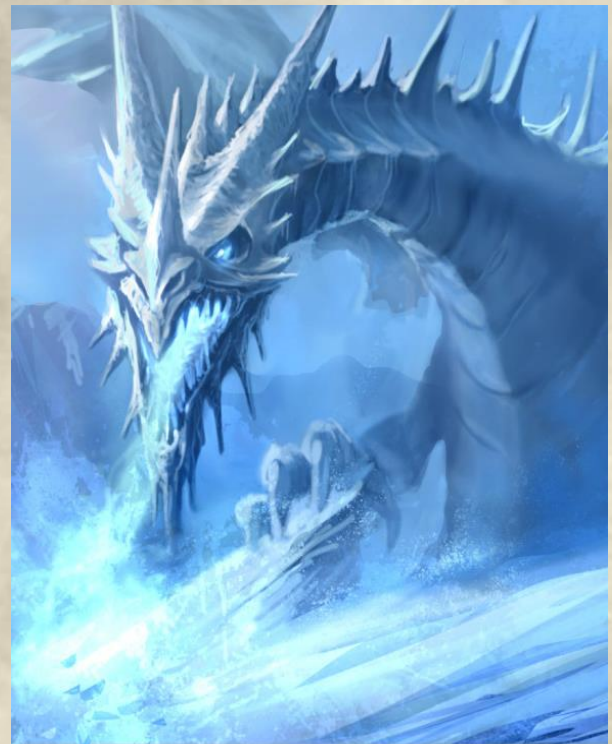
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ice Drake	6	5	0	5	5	5	4	4	7

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

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

Frost Aura: All models in base contact with an Ice Drake suffer -1 to their Strength and Initiative.

Frost Breath: An Ice Drake can make a Breath Attack. All models hit must pass a Toughness test, or take a wound which Ignore Armour Saves and Regeneration.





GIANT WOLVES

The Giant Wolf is a large and dangerous creature that roams the mountains and deep forests of the Old World and beyond. The hunting packs of these beasts have been known to attack well armed caravans and destroy them. They are used by goblins as mounts and most are slain whenever they are seen. To the Norse, however, the wolf plays an important part in their mythology and religious beliefs and is worshiped and respected as a great hunter. The Giant Wolves of Norsca are incredibly fast and vicious, and Norse tribes have trained packs that they lead into battle.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5
Dire Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	2	5

TROOP TYPE: Warbeast.

FENRIR WOLVES

Another effect of Warpstone contamination is the existence of Fenrir Wolves. Similar in physical terms to ordinary Wolves, they are much larger than their untainted cousins and can easily be ridden by a full grown man. As well as having enlarged bodies, the Fenrir Wolves of Norsca are ill-tempered and vengeful creatures that delight in the hunting and slaying of other creatures. Wild Fenrir Wolves roam around in packs of three to ten strong, which is more than enough to see off most prey, even the gigantic mammoths of the Norscan glacial valleys.

Fenrir Wolves have incredibly strong jaws, which can tear flesh and snap bones with ease. Their powerful shoulders and back legs move them along at an astounding speed and when they pounce onto their prey they are usually certain of a kill. Some particularly vicious Fenrir Wolves are cast out of their packs for being too mad and warp-tainted for even these cruel and merciless killers. While other Fenrir Wolves have a healthy respect for the Norse, these outcasts often raid villages and towns. They break down the gates in the dark of night and rampage through the streets slaying anything they encounter and destroying huts and fences with their mad headlong charges.

Fenrir Wolves can cause horrendous damage to their prey, but it is when they charge in, claws flailing and jaw snapping left and right that they are at their most devastating.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Fenrir Wolf	9	4	0	5	4	3	4	3	7



TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Charge Bonus (1).

The largest of wolf-kind come from the frozen valleys of north. Fenrir Wolves are the pets of God Olric himself. Are you scared of pack of hungry wolves? You haven't witnessed the fury of hungry Fenrir Wolf. Mighty and intelligent beings they are. Jotuns train them for their pets as we train normal wolves.

- Lars Hronjirson, Varg Beastmaster

ERIK REDAXE

High King of the Norse

The Norse sagas speak of many great heroes, some were greater than Erik, while some were less, most however are unknown to any but the Norse themselves. Where Erik Redaxe differs is the profound effect he had on the other nations of the Old World. Erik Redaxe is the first Norseman to unite the many clans of the Norse under one banner.

His career began as do most Norse sagas, when Erik grew restless of life in the cold realms of Norsca and decided to go raiding, together with some close comrades. Erik left Norsca with only one longship and a score of men, Erik arrived two years later with a dozen ships all loaded down with booty, he had sailed and raided all along the coasts between Kislev and the Bay of Corsairs, having beaten off the foul pirates, smugglers and vile criminals that inhabit the isles of that region, Erik's Reavers were finally turned aside by a determined Sea Elf fleet.

But his final raid that earned him most and set him on the path of becoming a great leader, was one on the free city of Marienburg. Hearing of Erik's defeat in the Bay of Corsairs, Guy du Lac growing tired of the countless Norse raids, ordered the Marienburg Warfleet assembled in order to ambush Erik's fleet as he returned to Norsca.

Upon hearing this news Erik knew he must act or face destruction by the better and more numerous war-fleet. Erik planned a daring night raid on the city of Marienburg itself. The raid was a tremendous success, before the night

was over half of Marienburg was bathed in the light of burning ships; but best of all Erik had managed to capture Guy du Lac, the Duke himself. Erik sailed out of the Marienburg estuary with all of its remaining War-fleet and its Duke.

It was now that Erik's rise to power amongst his own people began. The Norse had been more than a Century with no High King and the increased frequency of Chaos Marauders in the north and cold hard winters were beginning to take their toll on the Norse. Erik returned home with untold riches, but he realised quickly that gold didn't feed people. Knowing that the Empire would pay dearly to get a strangle hold on its former city state, Erik sent word immediately to the leader of the Empire, then Wilhelm the third. Erik ransomed the Guy du Lac to the Empire, not for gold, but for full food Stores. Erik was hailed as the saviour of the Norse people and when he assumed the title of High King no one stood to oppose him.

The exploits of Erik's Reavers are known throughout the Old World. Erik is known for his quick wit and cunning tactical mind, making him a much feared general, leading his army from the front, where most generals would watch from the safety of a defended hill.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Erik Redaxe	4	7	4	5	4	3	6	5	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Counter-Charge, Berserkergang, Fear.

Ignore Pain: Erik's constitution is awesome and he able to ignore blows that would normally cripple a man.

All successful rolls To Wound him must be re-rolled. If Erik is slain, roll a D6. On a 4+, Erik has managed to recover from his wounds, and continues to fight with 1 Wound. Repeat this every time he is slain.

Invocation of Thor: Once per game, at the beginning of the Norse player's turn, Erik may call upon the Invocation of Thor. The effects of the Invocation last until the start of the next Norse turn. All missile fire during this time suffers -1 to hit. One enemy unit, chosen by the Norse player, suffer D6 Strength 4 hits which Ignores Armour saves.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Battle-Troll (Magic Weapon)

No one knows where or when Erik got his axe, but Erik rarely goes anywhere without it. Erik claims that while he is armed with axe he is blessed by the Gods and none shall defeat him.

Attacks from this weapon Ignores Armour saves. In addition, it gives Erik a Ward save (4+).



STURMJARL

Shaman Lord of Ejsgard

Stürmjarl is a solitary character who lives deep in the realm of Ejsgard in the north of Norsca. Ejsgard is largely uninhabited even by the hardy Norse, it is the realms of packs of wolves, Snow Trolls, and the hunting grounds of Dire Wolves. Stürmjarl lives there however, high on the mountains that border the Realm of Chaos, where days and nights last a whole season. During long periods of solace he studies ancient lore, composes sagas and worships the gods. Stürmjarl uses his great spellcasting abilities to shroud his home in thick fogs and spells of illusion to keep the wild animals and unwanted guests away.

Very few Norse know about Stürmjarl and those that do consider him a madman and steer well clear, although many Norse have sought his help in the past. Stürmjarl considers the trip to his home an arduous enough test of one's worthiness, and so will always help any who make it to his door. Stürmjarl is not however in complete control of his destiny. However, many years ago Loki, the Norse god of mischief, saw

fit to bestow one of his gifts upon Stürmjarl. For Loki it proved a bad choice, for Stürmjarl has tremendous willpower and has managed to maintain control of himself while the gift has been in his possession. Stürmjarl has however benefitted from the great powers the gift offers.

If the need is great, Stürmjarl would never shirk from helping his people and has been seen in battle many times. Striking down foes with his staff of storms and using the enemy's own evil magic against them, Stürmjarl is much feared foe.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Stürmjarl	4	5	3	4	4	3	5	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Stürmjarl is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Fire, Lore of Beasts, Lore of Heavens, Lore of Shadow, Lore of Death or Lore of the Seidr.

SPECIAL RULES:

Hymns of Malice: *The hymns and songs of Stürmjarl unleash the Norseman's primal instinct, and as the Norsemen join in, the magic of the songs reach its climax and cause the Norsemen to burn with hatred.*

If Stürmjarl is in a unit with the Berserker gang rule, then the unit is subject to Hatred.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Gift of Loki (Arcane Item)

Loki is the Norse god of mischief, he is an evil being, much taken to cunning schemes, intrigues and causing trouble, all purely for his own entertainment. If Loki sees a mortal as a promising prospect then he will grant him a gift. The gift can take any form, although it is usually a mask.

Every time Stürmjarl casts a spell he may use one additional free power dice. If you roll a 1 on this dice, Stürmjarl is overcome by the mischievous schemes of Loki and must immediately pass a Leadership test or suffer a miscast.

Runes (Arcane Item)

The Runes are usually carved out of stone or the knuckle bones of a beast from the Chaos wastes. The Runes are commonly used by all Norse shamans, the shaman cast them in a ritual, and reciting words of power, he can then interpret the way they fall to predict futures and probabilities.

Stürmjarl may reroll one failed attempt to dispel a spell once per Magic phase.



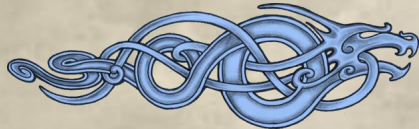
KEORL THUNDERHAND

The Dragon Slayer

Keorl is a great Sarl hero and the ring-giver of the Stormraven clan. The most famous Beast-slayer in all of Norsca, Keorl is the epitome of a Norse hero. He has tamed the fiercest of Fenrir Wolves, slain the greatest of Trolls, and even swam with the Kraken. His most famous accomplishment however, was in slaying the great Ice Drake that plagued the land of the Sarls. Upon rocky shore, glimmering in twilit gloom, the fell breath vented from the mound.

Keorl snuck into the Drakes cavern while it was sleeping, where he found the aptly named sword Dragon Slayer. In order to give the Drake a fair fight, Keorl woke up the Drake first by kicking it in the head. The Ice Drake, furious for being been disturbed in its sleep, lashed out against him, but Keorl swiftly jumped away from its snapping jaw. The drake, fire enveloped and soaring high, rose upwards like a thunderbolt to the clouds. Keorl thrust out his spear, challenging the dragon to return.

A howl of rage greeted the challenge, and lightning streaked the silvery hide, as Thor's bane swept mighty pinions out and fire-blast wreaked revenge upon the battle-harness of the brave Keorl. The Jarl of Stormraven raised his head, his gilded helmet protecting him from the blaze tempest of the dragon's wrath.



The Spear of Odin, Halrir daemonsbane, streaked forth through the smoke and sought that vital spot within the dragon's breast, where the giant heart that gave it life beat. The spear struck home, but the blade shattered on the scales of the monstrous denizen of the mound. At the last loyal Halrir had failed, and in doing was destroyed, a fitting end to a weapon forged from honour and slaked in blood since Thor first stepped up to Craugnir, the beast of Hel, and struck down that evil being with a single blow.

Keorl was not dismayed, and drew his sword, the fang of Fenris. Icy cold was the light of the sword, bane to foes across the worlds. Once again the breath of the drake spewed forth, fiery ruin blazing around the bold ring-warden. As the beast closed in, Keorl leapt to the attack. The sword swung and ichor spewed from the ruined eye.

Fury unbounded, the dragon swept Keorl with claws like daggers, and his lifeblood started to pour from the crack in his harness. With one desperate cry, Keorl lunged once again, and brought his hands about the drake's neck. Sinews of steel matched against timeless stone of evil. Keorl's hands touched and he clasped them together.

The dragon thrashed, and spewed forth more burning doom, but Keorl strengthened even as the drake felt the darkness of Hel descending upon its eyes. With a final spasm of strength Keorl twisted its neck cracked and broken, and Keorl leapt aside to avoid the poison dragon blood that bubbled from empty shoulders.

For his skill and bravery, Keorl was given the title Thunderhand and was crowned king of the Sarls, despite his young age. Now, Keorl is looking for his next opponent.

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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Counter-Charge, Berserkergang, Immunity (Psychology).

Beast-Slayer: *Keorl loves the challenge of slaying a huge monster and is completely psychotic and utterly fearless when faced by one. Keorl best tactic is literally to leap onto the monster's back driving his huge sword between the monster shoulder blades, piercing its heart.*

Keorl has the Heroic Killing Blow when fighting Monsters.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Fang of Fenris (Magic Weapon)

This sword has been warded against dragons, able to slay them in a single strike.

Fang of Fenris gives the wielder +3 to his Strength and the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. When used against Dragons, it Wounds on a 2+ and has the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule in addition to his Heroic Killing Blow. In addition, it causes Fear against Dragons even if they are normally immune to it.

Thorgrim's Ring (Talisman)

This magical ring has been in the Thunderhand family for generations. It is rumoured to have been a gift from the Norse Dwarfs as a token of a blood debt owed to one of Keorl's ancestors. The gold ring is inscribed with ancient runes and a bright red ruby is set in it. When the ring's wearer is attacked with fire the ruby glows with burning fire, reflecting the flames back towards their source.

Keorl gains Immunity (Flaming Attacks, Breath Weapons). In addition, due to the reflecting qualities of the ring the model making this kind of attack is hit by its own attack on a 4+.

THE RAVENSWYRD

Chosen of the Gods

Many sagas spanning many centuries record appearances of a strange and mysterious character. No one knows his origins, but scholars of ancient lore will know that the Ravens that always accompany him are the key to his existence and special powers.

He always appears at the Norse's darkest hour, when their need is greatest and he is always accompanied by a black raven. He has become known as the Ravenswyrd, meaning; the raven that turns the tide of battle, or the raven that commands the faith of men. Many a time has the Ravenswyrd entered the battlefield in the darkest of hours to help the Norse to victory, and as swiftly as he came - he disappears.

The Norse do not worship the Ravenswyrd and do not believe he is the one who controls faith, but they hail him as a hero chosen by the Gods to protect the Norscan lands. The Ravenswyrd is truly a guardian of the high, cold mountains of Norsca. He is believed to be a warrior chosen by the Gods to guard the people of Norse until the final battle, until Ragnarok.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ravenswyrd	4	7	5	5	4	2	6	3	10
The Ravens	-	3	0	2	-	-	4	1	-

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Counter-Charge, Unbreakable, Ambusher.



Loner: The Ravenswyrd may never be the army's General, and he cannot ever join any unit.

The Ravens: *The two Ravens soar around the Ravenswyrd at all time, lending him great power on unknown origin.*

The Ravens may attack models in base contact with the Ravenswyrd in close combat. They may not be targeted by enemy attacks.

If the Ravenswyrd is wounded then roll a D6 for each wound suffered. On a 2+, the Ravenswyrd may ignore the wound and reduce his Strength, Toughness or Attacks by 1 instead. On a 1, one of his Ravens are slain instead. If both Ravens are killed then the Ravenswyrd will also die and is removed from the table.

In addition, roll a D6 at beginning of the Norse turn. On a roll of a 6 the Ravenswyrd may increase his Strength, Toughness or Attacks by 1. This increase may not take it above the Ravenswyrd's starting statline.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Gram and Balmung (Magic Weapon)

The origins of the sword and mace carried by the Ravenswyrd are unknown, though people say they were a gift from Olric himself and were allegedly used to slay the Dragon Fafnir long ago. When used together, they can create a whirlwind of destruction between them.

Paired weapon. Gram gives the Ravenswyrd the Always Strikes First special rule, and Balmung gives him the Strength Bonus (1) and Armour Piercing (1) special rules.

Helm of the Norns (Magic Armour)

This helm is said to have been made by the Norse Norns of fate, three witches the Norse say spin the treads of life. The helm is said to give those worthy visions of the future but only for a few moments.

6+ armour save. Any missile attacks targeted against the Ravenswyrd suffer -1 To Hit.

Ja, I saw him myself. Fighting like the greatest of warriors, slaying all before him, seemingly invincible. And always accompanied by those Ravens of his. He is a strange character indeed, but as long as he keeps fighting on our side, he is more than welcome!

- Harald Olafson, Norse Reaver

DRENOK JOHANSEN

Wielder of the Great Axe

The great sagas of the Norse tribes tell of a mighty warrior known as the Wielder of the Great Axe. Long ago in the icy, inhospitable tundra of the Nome land a young clansman with fire in his eyes and passion in his heart left his clan in search of his father's fate. His father was Johan warrior-prime, Chieftain of the Clan Icefang, possessed by a demon of Khorne. His father had disappeared rumoured to have travelled across the seas. Leaving the clan in a self-imposed exile he was never seen again in the lands of his birth.

After many a long year within the realms of the Old World Drenok took ship to the New World in search of his father. Weeks dragged on into months and months into years until finally the day came when the two mortals finally crossed paths. Only then did Drenok truly know fear. For when Drenok looked into the face of his father he saw the Daemon within. A titanic struggle ensued between father and son. The battle was fierce and long, lasting for many hours. With each wound Drenok inflicted upon this demon, his father, anguish and rage consumed his soul. Finally his father fell and the battle was won. But this was no true victory this was a day of mourning. For Drenok had now lost a part of his soul he could never reclaim. He gazed upon the great axe, which lay at the feet of his father's corpse and realised it to be the legendary axe of the Icefang, his clan. Lifting the mighty axe above his head, his hair braids blowing in the wind he roared in defiance of the world. His new quest would be to bring honour to the death of his father.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Drenok Johansen	4	6	4	5	4	2	5	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Counter-Charge, Berserkerang, Feel no Pain.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Ice Fang Axe (Magic Weapon)

It is said that this axe, a gift from by dwarven smiths as payment for saving their king's life, was used by a revered ancestor to slay a great Ice Drake many centuries ago. A massive double-handed axe, this weapon has been handed down through the ancestors of Ice Fang throughout the generations. The weapon is razor sharp, and its blade has a soft blue glow.

Great Weapon. The Ice Fang Axe gives Drenok +1 Attack for each model in base contact with him, as well as the Armour Piercing (1) special rule.

Sabertusk Tiger Hide (Magic Armour)

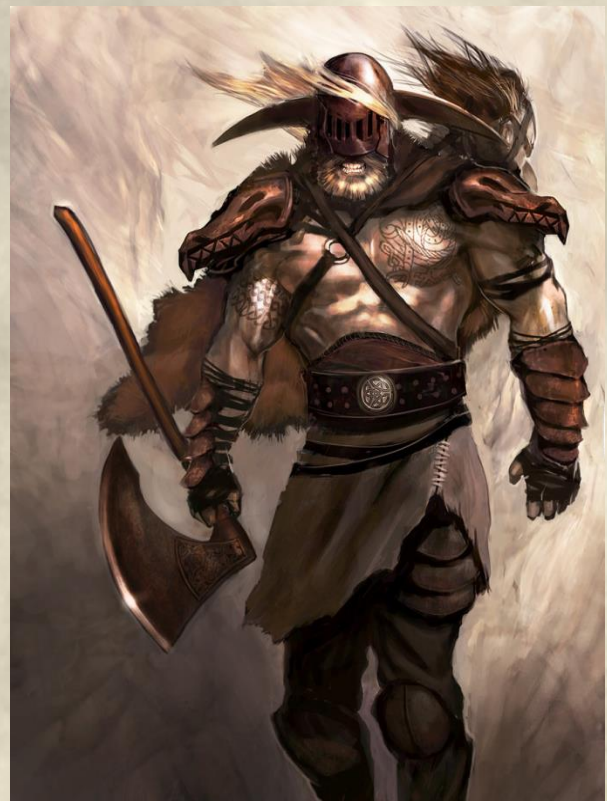
Taken from a great Sabertusk slain by Drenok, this pelt offers considerable protection from enemy attacks.

The Sabertusk Tiger Hide has the following profile:

Combat:	Missile:	Special Rules:
+1/6+	+2/5+	Fear

Sigismund's Saga: A Story about Halni

One such story detailed how the Norse hero Sigismund lost his mighty sword, Jotunidmyker, through the trickery of an evil sorcerer. Halni (who lusted after the hero) appeared to Sigismund as a fox and bargained a pact where the fox would help retrieve the sword if the hero promised a like service. The mighty Sigismund (who was known for his strength of arm and bravery, not his wit) readily agreed and the two set forth. After several adventures (the skalds know them all), Halni and Sigismund found the sorcerer's hold. Halni convinced her companion that by eating certain foul-tasting roots he can take on the outer appearance of the sorcerer's servant (Halni actually transformed Sigismund in his sleep). With his disguise, Sigismund was able to retrieve his sword and slew the sorcerer. Having recovered his sword, Sigismund owed a debt and service to Halni. Ever the jester, Halni changed shape into an old crone and had her way with the repulsed Sigismund. As Sigismund croaked out his farewell, Halni changed into her true form and then vanishing before the eyes of the startled hero.



JORA AND BJORN

The Maiden and the Bear

The Norse are a people where every individual, regardless of station and gender, strive to carve out their own legend, tales worthy enough to be recited by the skalds in the Kings' halls. These tales are mostly achieved through battle deeds and the nature of such a feat does not matter – whether singlehandedly warding off a marauding Chaos band, standing out in a raid against the weak settlements and towns of the Empire, or battling and surviving one of the many monsters which lurk in the depths of the northern seas – as long the bravery and strength of the Norse people, their two most prized values, shine bright. There have been many men throughout the Norse history who have achieved these dreams, oftentimes drawing their last breath atop a pile of slain foes, tightly clutching axe or sword in their hands. Yet there are few men, who survived and now listen to their own stories being told across Norsca. Even less are there women who do so.

Many are the tales about Jora and her monstrous companion Bjorn. The most common version tells of them being members of the Baernsonling clan. A tough people, they are famous for their were-kin and constantly fighting their neighbours in numerous raids, as well as defending their settlements against marauding Chaos worshippers, trolls and Kislevites.

Jora was part of a war band, having sworn the Shield Oath at a young age. Bjorn was a member of that war band too, possessing the ability to shape shift into a giant were-bear, a very rare gift among the were-kin. Some even claim that there was a deeper bond between Jora and Bjorn, but these are mere rumours, and nobody is foolish or brave enough to openly ask Jora to confirm the tattle.



One day, their native village was raided by a Tzeentch war band, searching for victims to be sacrificed to the Chaos god. Jora and Bjorn defended their homes together with the rest of the settlement. Although the Baernsonlings fought bravely, they did not manage to protect their homes and kin. Jora and Bjorn were the only ones who escaped through the enemy lines.

A magic curse had hit Bjorn during the battle and the foul magic of Tzeentch made it impossible for him to shape-shift back into his human form, thus making the bear transformation irreversible. Jora swore revenge for Wergild to be paid, for both the death of her tribe and the fate of Bjorn, and set out to dedicate her life to rooting out Chaos and slaying its worshippers wherever she could find it, accompanied by the fierce Bjorn.

The two companions now roam the land of Norsca in a never-ending quest, searching for the captors of their people and descending upon any Chaos worshippers with unspeakable fury. They live a solitary life, rarely engaging with other humans, for Bjorn's inability to communicate with others drives him to the borders of insanity and only Jora is able to calm her big friend when the depth of his tragedy becomes fully aware to him. She too mourns Bjorn's fate and hopes for a worthy end to his torment, preferably with her at his side when death finally comes.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Jora	4	5	4	4	4	2	5	3	8
Bjorn	6	6	0	5	5	4	5	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character, Jora only), Monstrous Infantry (Special Character, Bjorn only).

SPECIAL RULES: Counter-Charge, Skirmishers, Regeneration (4+, Bjorn only), Hatred (Chaos).

Deep Bond: Jora and Bjorn must always be in the same unit if they join one. As long as both Jora and Bjorn are alive, they have Immunity (Psychology). Roll a D6 for each Hit Jora suffers, on a 4+, Bjorn steps in to protect her; resolve the Hit against him instead. If Jora is slain, Bjorn becomes Frenzied and Unbreakable. If Bjorn is slain, then Jora becomes Unbreakable and Hates the unit that killed him.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Baernsonling Broadsword (Magic Weapon)

An ancient sword, said to be crafted by a Norse Dwarf smith centuries ago, this weapon has been in the possession of Jora's family for generations. Almost as tall as her, Jora can cleave through her foes as easy as an arrow whistles through the air.

Great weapon. Each successful Hit with this weapon is multiplied into 2 Hits.

STYRMIR RIMEFROST

King of the Frost Giants

Styrmir is the current leader of the remaining Jotun tribes. Having witnessed Yagamir's foolishness during the Great War against Chaos, and being one of the few who have survived or not fallen to the foul powers of Chaos, Styrmir has realized the importance of armistice with the men of Norsca to prevent the extinction of his dying people.

Residing in the Frost Hall in Ejsgard, Styrmir struggles to keep his subordinates in check. Although the Jotuns are not as simple minded as their southern cousins, they are a proud people and they have great difficulties to adhere to Styrmir's creeds. Would it not have been for their great losses during the Great War against Chaos and the wisdom in their king's words, they would still happily fight the Norsemen, for in their blood runs the same lust for battle as it does in the men and women of Norsca. Thus they keep regarding themselves as superior to the Norse and stick to their own business. Now and then a young Jotun would start a fight upon encountering a lone whaling boat or a hunting party. But it adds to Styrmir's reputation among the Norse that he personally takes care of such misbehaviour.

The Jotun king claimed the leadership over his kin right after the defeat against the forces of Chaos and the imprisonment of their former leader Yagamir through the god Olric. Sensing the current weakness of his kin and fully aware of the fact that their arrogance

will be their ultimate downfall, Styrmir rose to become king to save his own people from themselves. Being able to put his pride aside and seeing the potential of an ally, he has personally visited every new Norse High King to talk about peace, or at least armistice. The last meeting with Erik Redaxe lasted for many hours and some say that maybe even some sort of alliance was forged.

Many Jotuns regard Styrmir as a weak leader, not fully understanding his foresight. He has fought against many claims for his power, Jotuns who thought him to be too weak to rule over them. Until now, Styrmir has proved every one of them wrong.

The king often joins the Norse in battles and sometimes even in raids against the weaker southerners. Standing proud above the men and most of his fellow kin, Styrmir sweeps like a hailstorm through the enemy ranks, reminding the Norse why it is good to have him stand on their side and the giants not to question his authority.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Styrmir	6	6	3	7	6	7	3	6	10

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Immunity (Psychology), Stubborn, Throw Rocks, Frost Breath.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Rixbrand (Magic Weapon)

The Jotun King is not only a great warrior, but also a skilled ice-shaper. Frost Giants have the innate ability to shape cold air and water into magnificent weapons and other structures, like other races do with stone, wood and metal. Styrmir reached a proficiency in this art unmatched by his fellow kin. Rixbrand's double-sided blade is folded blue steel, intricately engraved with ancient runes that light up with electric flame in the presence of dragon-kind. The hilt is inlaid with ebony and wrapped with silver wire; the pommel features two silvered dragon heads.

Jotun Weaponry. Rixbrand gives Styrmir the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.

Glacier Plates (Magic Armour)

Crafted by Styrmir himself, these pieces of armour combine hot metal with the ever cold ice of the Frostheim Mountains and represent the pinnacle of Jotun blacksmithing.

Heavy armour. The Glacier Plates gives Styrmir a Ward save (4+) against all missile attacks and Immunity (Ice Effects).



LORE OF THE SEIDR

Fore-sight (Lore Attribute)

There is a tradition amongst the tribes of the north, where one who possesses the sight of the raven can see what is to come, and use that influence to know which way the Winds of Magic will blow.

Whenever a Seer or Vitki casts a spell successfully, they may re-roll 1's when casting their next spell.

ANGVAR'S FURY (Signature Spell) Cast on 5+

The Seer's howl rouses the anger of the warriors around him to a fever pitch, being filled with such bloodlust that all other thought is set aside.

Angvar's Fury is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target unit is immediately subject to Hatred and may re-roll 1's on their charge distance until the start of the caster's next magic phase. The caster can choose to extend the range of the spell to cover all friendly units within 12". If she does so, the casting value is increased to 10+.

1. TALDUR'S LAW OF PEACE Cast on 6+

Calling upon the old laws, spirits of ancestors, and the power of Taldur, the Seer binds enemies to a promise of peace. Those who break it will find themselves being punished by Taldur, an eye for an eye.

Remains in Play. *Taldur's Law of Peace* is a **hex** spell with a range of 18". If the target unit attack and successfully wounds a friendly unit, they suffer a Strength 3 hit back for each Wound inflicted (distributed as Hits from shooting), and vice versa. The caster can choose to extend the range of the spell to 36". If she does so, the casting value is increased to 9+.

2. FLIGHT OF SYLRA Cast on 7+

The Seer summons the power of Sylra's falcon feather cloak, allowing her allies to soar quickly forward.

Flight of Sylra is an **augment** spell with a range of 18". The target unit may immediately move a Fly move up to 10" as if it was the remaining Moves phase. The caster can choose to extend their flight range to 20". If she does so, the casting value is increased to 14+.

3. SPITE OF LOKI Cast on 8+

The Shaman makes a weird enchantment calls Loki, the trickster God, to curse the enemy with bad luck and failure.

Spite of Loki is a **hex** spell with a range of 18". The target unit must re-roll successful armour saves and Ward saves until the start of the caster's next magic phase. The caster can choose to extend the range of the spell to 36". If she does so, the casting value is increased to 11+.

4. THUNDER OF THOR Cast on 9+

A lightning bolt shoots from the Shaman's outstretched arm burning all in its path.

Thunder of Thor is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 18". All enemy units in a straight line from the caster suffer D6 Strength 4 hits which Ignores Armour saves. The caster can choose to increase the power of the spell to inflict 2D6 hits instead. If she does so, the casting value is increased to 18+.

5. GATE OF HEL Cast on 10+

The Seer call upon the Draugr, dead and undead ancestors of the Norse, to aid their living successors by opening a gateway to the kingdom of Hel, the God of the Dead.

Remains in Play. *Gate of Hel* is a **magical vortex** that uses the small round template. Place the small template within 18" of the caster. The template will then move 2D6" in a random direction as determined by the scatter dice. All enemy models touched by the template must pass a Weapon Skill test or suffer a Strength 4 hit. The caster can choose to increase the power of the spell to use the large template instead. If she does so, the casting value is increased to 20+.



6. EYE OF THE RAVEN Cast on 12+

The Seer sacrifices a sacred Raven over a mystical flame and ingests the ash that is quickly formed, giving her visions of the near future to share with her allies, allowing them to know exactly when and where the enemy will attempt to strike.

Eye of the Raven is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target unit gains the Always Strikes First special rule, and enemies must re-roll successful rolls To Hit against them in close combat until the start of the caster's next magic phase. The caster can choose to extend the range of the spell to cover all friendly units within 12". If she does so, the casting value is increased to 22+.

ARTEFACTS OF MIDGARD

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

MJOLNIR, THE CRUSHER 100 points Magic Weapon

This mighty hammer was forged by two brother master smiths, Brokkr and Eitri, and is said to be complete indestructible. Mjolnir, meaning "crusher" after its pulverizing effect, is one of the most potent weapons among the Norse, capable of killing the most powerful foe with a single blow. Rumoured to be capable of even levelling mountains, each strike of the hammer ring like thunder and send out bolts of lightning. The hammer Mjolnir was once stolen by the Jotun Trym, but, was later slain by a Norse hero named Tyr who took the hammer as its own after defeating the Frost Giant. Since then, it has been passed down from tribe to tribe among the mightiest of Norse heroes.

Great Weapon. Mjolnir may re-roll all failed rolls To Wound, and have the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rules. In addition, once per game, the wearer can throw the hammer up to 12" in the Shooting phase, causing D6 automatic Strength 4 hits which Ignores Armour saves.



GUNGNIR, THE SWAYING SPEAR 85 points Magic Weapon

Gungnir, meaning "Swaying one", was crafted from the sacred ash of the so called World Tree Yggdrasil by the Master smith Valder in the age of Sundering. Its entire shaft covered in magical runes, this magical spear is said to always hit its mark and always kill. Once thrown, it always swiftly returns to the hand of its wielder, covered in the blood of its target. The records of the Skalds tell that Gungnir killed the Dragon Nidhogg in a single strike long ago. It is the bane of Dragons and other large beasts.

Spear. All attacks (including missile attacks) with Gungnir Hit on a 2+ and have the Heroic Killing Blow special rule. In addition, it may be thrown up 18", following the rules of javelins.



TYRFANG 65 points Magic Weapon

Svafrlami, a mighty King, demanded a Norse Dwarf smith by the name of Dain to forge him a golden-hilted sword that would never miss a stroke, never rust, and could cut through even stone and iron. The Dwarf grudgingly forged this spiteful blade, and it shone and gleamed like fire. However, in revenge he cursed it so that it would kill a man every time it was drawn and that it would be the cause of three great evils. They finally cursed it so that it would also kill Svafrlami himself. When Svafrlami heard the curses he tried to slay Dvalin, but the Dwarf disappeared into his mountain Hold and the sword was driven deep into it, though missing its victim. A strike from this cursed sword would never fail to kill or cause a serious wound that never healed. This sword, which would cut through any armour, assured the wielder victory in his goals, but also cursed the owner to betrayal and downfall whenever it was used. Svafrlami was finally killed in battle against the Ungols of Kislev at the River Lynsk, the bodies of the numerous warriors choking the rivers, causing a flood which filled the valleys with dead men and horses, said to have been pierced by his own sword.

Tyrfang gives its wielder +1 To Hit in close combat, and Ignores Armour saves and Regeneration saves. If the wielder does not kill at least one opponent in each round of close combat he is in, he suffers 1 Wound which Ignores Armour saves and Regeneration saves as the sword strikes its wielder instead.

SHIELD OF SVALLINN

30 points

Magic Armour

This is a beautifully crafted artefact marked with two crossed hammers as the shield's emblem. Svalinn allegedly once protected Sol in his chariot from the sun, thus giving it the calling name: the "Sun Shield". It is said the very rays of the sun became absorbed by the shield, making whoever wields it able to unleash its light, blinding his foes.

Shield. For each successful armour save or Ward save the bearer makes, the model attacking him suffer -1 to His Weapon Skill and Attacks to the end of the next turn.

ARMOUR OF BEOWULF

55 points

Magic Armour

This is the armour worn by the Norse king Beowulf before he set out into the Chaos Wastes, leaving it to his son. The armour of Beowulf is a dark crafted chainmail coat with built-in arm and shoulder guards forged upon a fire of dragon bones by Hagmar Wyrmschlager. It is said to mirror the hardness of dragon's scales. The armour flickers with blue flames. The flames seems to burn more intensely as its user is wounded in battle, closing any wounds, or bleeds in matter of seconds. One sage tells that after a terrible battle with another tribe, Beowulf was pierced by a huge spear thrown by the enemy King. Despite his injury, he came stumbling through the battlefield, cut down the enemy general who had wounded him, and was completely healed of his wound within a few hours. As he fought on in later years, he was always known as being monstrously difficult to harm due to the armour that he wore.

Medium armour. A model wearing this armour has the Regeneration (4+) special rule and gains +1 Wound.

BRISINGAMEN

40 points

Talisman

Supposedly made by the four dwarfs Alfrigg, Berling, Dvalin, and Gerrer, Brisingamen was a beautiful golden necklace, given to the goddess Sylra in exchange for but a kiss from her. Said to reflect her beauty in every way, no man or god could withstand her charms when she wore it. Brisingamen was later stolen by the trickster Loki, who used the necklace to start a war between two Kings by offering the victor to be the one to return it to Sylra. It is said the two Kings are still fighting each other as Einherjar to this day, and the necklace has been in the hands of other heroes ever since.

A model equipped with the Brisingamen adds +1 to his leadership. In addition, all models in base contact with the wearer must pass a Leadership test at the start of each close combat phase. If failed, they will be unable to attack and will be Hit automatically.

BONE OF ULLR

15 points

Arcane Item

Crafted by the master wizard Ull Bonewise from the rib of a linnorm, this bone is used to carve spells on, allowing the user to tap into power that would otherwise be unknown to him.

Once per Magic phase, the wizard gains an additional spell from one of the Lore available to him. Choose a Lore and roll a D6; the result is the spell he receives.

GIRDLE OF MIGHT

70 points

Enchanted Item

Forged long ago by the mighty Jotun of the Norsca mountains, and said to have belonged to Thor himself, this girdle makes its wearer twice as strong as he would normally be without it.

The Girdle of Might doubles the Strength characteristic of anyone wearing it.

GJALLAHORN

50 points

Enchanted Item

Gjallahorn is said to be the property of Heimdall, the ever-vigilant watcher who stand gate near the Bifrost Bridge, and who watches as all comers enter and leaves Asgard. Gjallahorn is a huge, golden horn that, on the last day and beginning of Endeslagok, the last battle, Heimdall would blow to call everyone to the battle and to begin the end of days. According to legends, when he blows it, the horn can be heard all over the known world and beyond. Gjallahorn arouses the Norse warriors and cause panic in other races – when the Horn is sounded, the Norse warriors burst upon the enemy laying into them with the ferocity of vicious wolves.

One use only. The Horn can be used at the start of the Norse player's own turn. When the Horn is sounded, all Norse units within 12" will move towards the nearest foe using the Random Movement (D6) rule. In addition, all enemy units within 12" must take an immediate Panic test.

RAVEN BANNER

60 points

Magic Standard

The battle standard of the High King of Norsca is always that of a black raven. Every High King has carried this iconic banner since the first High King. The men of Norsca believe the gods watch them through the eyes of the raven, and in hopes of gaining gifts and rewards; they display an even more murdering fighting-lust on the battlefield. The sight of it makes the Norse even braver than normal, as well as inspiring fear into the hearts of their weak foes.

The unit carrying the Raven Banner causes Fear and all friendly units within 12" of it gain Immunity (Fear, Panic).





THE NORSE ARMY LIST

When the Norse go to war they gather in huge bands and set off to find the enemy. They have few subtleties about their tactics, preferring to rush headlong at their enemies und overwhelm them with the force of the charge und their innate ferocity.

As warleader of the Norse army, it is by your bravery and your ferocity that the men of the North will do battle to win glory for the Gods.

This section of the book helps your turn your collection of Norse miniatures into an army of brave 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:

BONDSMEN ^①												④ 5 points per model
Profile	② M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	③ Troop Type		
Bondsman	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry		
Herse	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	Infantry		

- ⑤ **Unit Size:** 10+ ⑦ **Special Rules:**
- Berserkergang
 - Shieldwall
- ⑥ **Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
 - Shield

- ⑧ **Options:**
- One Bondsman may be upgraded to a Herse.....10 points
 - One Bondsman may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
 - One Bondsman may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - The entire unit may be armed with spears.....free

1. **Name.** The name by which the unit or character is identified.
2. **Profiles.** The characteristic profiles for the model(s) in each unit are provided as a reminder. Where several profiles are required these are also given, even if they are optional (such as unit champions).

3. **Troop Type.** Each entry specifies the troop type of its models (e.g. 'infantry, monstrous cavalry' and so on).
4. **Points value.** Every miniature in the Warhammer range costs an amount of points that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield.
5. **Unit Size.** This specifies the minimum size for each unit, which is the smallest number of models needed to form that unit. In some cases units also have a maximum size, or can even comprise just a single model.
6. **Equipment.** This is a list of the standard weapons and armour for that unit. The cost of these items is included in the basic points value.

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



LORDS

ERIK REDAXE

375 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Erik Redaxe	4	7	4	5	4	3	6	5	10	Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Medium armour

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserker gang
- Ignore Pain
- Invocation of Thor

Magic Items:

- Battle Troll

STURMJARL

325 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Stürmjarl	4	5	3	4	4	3	5	2	8	Infantry (Special Character)

Magic:

- Stürmjarl is a Level 4 Wizard. He may use spells from the Lore of Fire, Beasts, Heavens, Shadows, Death, or Seidr.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Hymns of Malice

Magic Items:

- Gift of Loki
- Runes



KEORL THUNDERHAND

250 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Keorl Thunderhand	4	7	4	5	4	3	6	4	9	Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Medium armour

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserker gang
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Beast-Slayer

Magic Items:

- Fang of Fenris
- Thorgrim's Ring

STYRMIR RIMEFROST

500 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Styrmir	6	6	3	7	6	7	3	6	10	Monster (Special Character)

Note: Styrmir may never be the army's General.

Magic Items:

- Rixbrand
- Glacier Plates

Special Rules:

- Immunity (Psychology)
- Stubborn
- Throw Rocks
- Frost Breath

LORDS

NORSE KING

125 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
King	4	7	4	5	4	3	6	4	9	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserkerang

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Spear.....3 points
 - Additional hand weapon.....3 points
 - Great weapon.....8 points
- May take throwing axes.....5 points
- May carry a shield.....3 points
- May upgrade light armour to medium armour.....3 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Warhorse.....18 points
 - Sleipnir.....35 points
 - Fenrir Wolf.....55 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points



VITKI

175 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Vitki	4	3	3	3	4	3	3	1	8	Infantry (Character)

Magic:

- A Vitki is a Level 3 Wizard. He may use spells from the Lore of Fire, Beasts, Heavens, Shadows, Death, or Seidr.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Options:

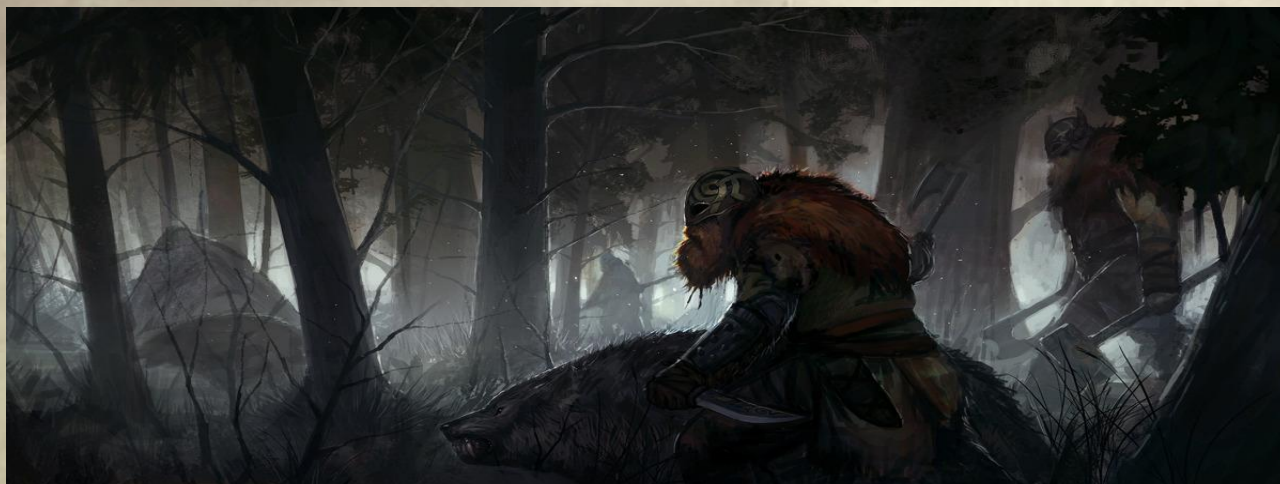
- May be upgraded to a Level 4 Wizard.....35 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points

CHARACTER MOUNTS

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	War Beast
Sleipnir	10	4	0	4	4	3	4	2	6	Monstrous Beast
Fenrir Wolf	9	4	0	5	4	3	4	3	6	Monstrous Beast

Special Rules:

- *Fenrir Wolf*: Charge Bonus (1).



HEROES

THE RAVENSWYRD

260 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
The Ravenswyrd	4	7	5	5	4	2	6	3	10	Infantry (Special Character)
The Ravens	-	3	0	2	-	-	4	1	-	

Magic Items:

- Gram and Balmung
- Helmet of the Norns

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Unbreakable
- Ambusher
- Loner
- The Ravens

DREKON JOHANSEN

190 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Drenok	4	6	4	4	4	2	5	3	8	Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Light armour

Magic Items:

- Ice Fang Axe
- Sabertooth Tiger Hide

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserker gang
- Feel No Pain

JORA AND BJORN

245 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Jora	4	5	4	4	4	2	5	3	8	Infantry (Special Character)
Bjorn	6	6	0	5	5	4	5	4	8	Monstrous Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Claws and fangs (Bjorn)
- Light armour

Magic Items (Jora):

- Baersonling Broadsword

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Skirmishers
- Regeneration (4+, Bjorn only)
- Hatred (Chaos)
- Deep Bond



HEROES

NORSE JARL

85 points

Profile

Jarl

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

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserker gang

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Spear.....2 points
 - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
 - Great weapon.....6 points
- May take throwing axes.....5 points
- May carry a shield.....2 points
- May upgrade light armour to medium armour.....2 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Warhorse.....12 points
 - Sleipnir.....35 points
 - Fenrir Wolf.....55 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points



SEER

65 points

Profile

Seer

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

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Magic:

- A Seer is a Level 1 Wizard. She may use spells from the Lore of Fire, Beasts, Heavens, Shadows, Death, or Seidr.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points

SKALD

70 points

Profile

Skald

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

Troop Type

Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Berserker gang
- Skald

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
 - Great weapon.....4 points
 - Throwing axes.....5 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points

BATTLE STANDARD BEARER

One Skald or Jarl in the army may carry the Battle Standard for +25 points. The Battle Standard Bearer can have a magic banner (no points limit). A model carrying a magic standard cannot carry any other magic items.

ULFJARL

175 points

Profile

Ulfjarl

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
7 6 0 5 5 3 5 4 8

Troop Type

Monstrous Beast (Character)

Equipment:

- Fangs and claws

Special Rules:

- Frenzy
- Regeneration (4+)
- Disguised

CORE UNITS

BONDSMEN

5 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bondsman	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry
Herse	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserkergang

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield

Options:

- One Bondsman may be upgraded to a Herse.....10 points
- One Bondsman may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Bondsman may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may be armed with spears.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may wear light armour.....1 point per model

MARAUDERS

7 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Marauder	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry
Jerg	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserkergang

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Great weapon

Options:

- One Marauder may be upgraded to a Jerg.....10 points
- One Marauder may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Marauder may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may be armed with shields.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may wear light armour.....1 point per model

REAVERS

6 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Reaver	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry
Helmsman	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserkergang
- Ambushers

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield

Options:

- One Reaver may be upgraded to a Helmsman.....10 points
- One Reaver may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Reaver may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may be armed with any of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons.....1 point per model
 - Throwing axes.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may wear light armour.....1 point per model

WHALERS

6 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Whaler	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry
Kraken Slayer	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserkergang
- Skirmishers

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Javelins

Options:

- One Whaler may be upgraded to a Kraken Slayer.....10 points
- One Whaler may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Whaler may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may be armed with shields.....1 point per model

CORE UNITS

THRALLS

3 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Thrall	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	3	Infantry

Note: Thralls do not count towards the minimum percentage of Core units in your army.

Unit Size: 20+

Special Rules:

- Thralls

Options:

- The entire unit may replace their slings with one of the following:
 - Spears.....free
 - Javelins.....free
- The entire unit may be armed with shields.....1/2 point per model

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Sling

NORSE HORSEMEN

13 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Horseman	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Cavalry
Horsemaster	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	Cavalry
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-

Note: You may not have more units of Norse Horsemen than you have units of Bondsmen, Marauders and/or Reavers.

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserker gang
- Fast Cavalry

Options:

- One Horseman may be upgraded to a Horsemaster.....10 points
- One Horseman may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Horseman may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may be armed with one of the following:
 - Spears.....1 point per model
 - Throwing axes.....1 point per model
 - Javelins.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may wear light armour.....1 point per model

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield

GIANT WOLVES

6 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	War Beast
Dire Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	2	5	War Beast

Note: Giant Wolves do not count towards the minimum percentage of Core units in your army.

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:

- Fangs and claws

Options:

- One Giant Wolf may be upgraded to a Dire Wolf.....10 points



SPECIAL UNITS

HUSCARLS

10 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Huscarl	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8	Infantry
Hersir	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserker gang
- Shieldwall
- Stubborn

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour
- Shield

Options:

- One Huscarl may be upgraded to a Hersir.....10 points
- One Huscarl may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Huscarl may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May carry a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- The entire unit may be armed with great weapons...1 point per model
- The entire unit may replace light armour with medium armour.....1 point per model

ULFWERENAR

16 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Ulfwerenar	7	5	0	4	4	1	5	2	7	War Beast
Packleader	7	5	0	4	4	1	5	3	7	War Beast

Unit Size: 5-20

Special Rules:

- Fear
- Frenzy
- Skirmishers
- Regeneration (4+)
- Blood Thirst

Equipment:

- Fangs and claws

Options:

- One Ulfwerenar may be upgraded to a Packleader.....10 points

EINHERJAR

15 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Einherjar	4	5	3	3	3	1	4	1	10	Infantry
Lone Warrior	4	5	3	3	3	1	4	2	10	Infantry

Unit Size: 5-30

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserker gang
- Natural Armour (5+)
- Regeneration (5+)
- Unbreakable

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Light armour

Options:

- One Einherjar may be upgraded to a Lone Warrior.....10 points

BERSERKERS

14 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Berserker	4	4	3	4	4	1	4	1	8	Infantry
Ulfhedner	4	4	3	4	4	1	4	2	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 5-10

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Frenzy
- Skirmishers
- Feel No Pain
- Blood Crazy

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Options:

- One Berserker may be upgraded to a Ulfhedner.....10 points
- One Berserker may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Berserker may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may be equipped with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons.....2 points per model
 - Great weapons.....3 points per model
 - Shields.....1 point per model

SPECIAL UNITS

SHIELD MAIDENS

7 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Shield Maiden	4	4	4	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry
Shield Sister	4	4	4	3	3	1	3	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Shield Parry

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour
- Shield

Options:

- One Shield Maiden may be upgraded to a Shield Sister.....10 points
- One Shield Maiden may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Shield Maiden may be upgraded to a standard bearer....10 points
 - One unit may carry a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may be armed with javelins.....2 points per model

NORSE HUNTERS

10 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Norse Hunter	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	8	Infantry
Hunt Master	4	4	5	3	3	1	4	1	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 5-20

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Skirmishers
- Scouts

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Bow

Options:

- One Norse Hunter may be upgraded to a Hunt Master.....10 points
- One Norse Hunter may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Norse Hunter may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may take additional hand weapons...1 point per model

SONS OF THOR

44 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Son of Thor	4	5	3	4	3	1	4	1	8	Monstrous Cavalry
Asator	4	5	3	4	3	1	4	2	8	Monstrous Cavalry
Sleipnir	10	4	0	4	4	3	4	2	6	-

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserkergang

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Spear
- Light armour
- Shield

Options:

- One Son of Thor may be upgraded to a Asator.....10 points
- One Son of Thor may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Son of Thor may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May carry a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- The entire unit may replace light armour with medium armour.....3 points per model

HALF GIANTS

39 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Half Giant	6	4	2	4	5	3	2	3	8	Monstrous Infantry
Chieftain	6	4	2	4	5	3	2	4	8	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Berserkergang
- Fear

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Options:

- One Half Giant may be upgraded to a Chieftain.....10 points
- One Half Giant may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Half Giant may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May carry a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- The entire unit may be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons.....3 points per model
 - Great weapons.....6 points per model

RARE UNITS

VALKYRIES

65 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Valkyrie	4	5	4	4	3	2	5	3	10	Infantry
Chooser of the Slain	4	5	4	4	3	2	5	4	10	Infantry

Unit Size: 3-10

Special Rules:

Options:

- Fly

- One Valkyrie may be upgraded to a Chooser of the Slain.....10 points

Equipment:

- Valkyrie Spear
- Medium armour
- Shield
- Fear
- Ethereal
- Unbreakable
- Unstable

SNOW TROLLS

40 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Snow Troll	6	3	1	5	4	3	2	3	4	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

Equipment:

- Serrated claws
- Frenzy
- Stupidity
- Regeneration (4+)
- Armour Piercing (1)
- Troll Vomit

WAR MAMMOTH

350 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
War Mammoth	8	3	0	7	6	7	1	*	5	Monster
Battle Howdah	-	-	-	-	5	5	-	-	-	-
Crew	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7	-

Unit Size: 1

Equipment (War Mammoth):

Special Rules:

- Prodigious tusks

- Immunity (Psychology)

Crew: 5 Marauders

Equipment (Crew):

- Hand weapon
- Light armour
- Javelin

- Natural Armour (5+)

- Mammoth Attacks



RARE UNITS

FROST GIANT

225 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Frost Giant	6	4	0	6	5	6	3	5	10	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Jotun weaponry

Special Rules:

- Stubborn
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Throw Rocks

Options:

- May be armed with a great weapon.....10 points
- May wear light armour.....6 points

ICE DRAKE

225 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Ice Drake	6	5	0	5	5	5	4	4	7	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Fangs and claws

Special Rules:

- Fly
- Natural Armour (4+)
- Aura of Cold
- Frost Breath





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Berserker	4	4	3	4	4	1	4	1	8	In	70
- Ulfhedner	4	4	3	4	4	1	4	2	8	In	
Einherjar	4	5	3	3	3	1	4	1	10	In	69
- Lone Warrior	4	5	3	3	3	1	4	2	10	In	
Half Giant	6	4	2	4	5	3	2	3	8	MI	74
- Chieftain	6	4	2	4	5	3	2	4	8	MI	
Huscarl	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8	In	66
- Hersir	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8	In	
Norse Hunter	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	8	In	72
- Hunt Master	4	4	5	3	3	1	4	1	8	In	
Shield Maiden	4	4	4	3	3	1	3	1	7	In	71
- Shield Sister	4	4	4	3	3	1	3	2	7	In	
Son of Thor	4	5	3	4	3	1	4	1	8	MC	73
- Asator	4	5	3	4	3	1	4	2	8	MC	
- Sleipnir	10	4	0	4	4	3	4	2	6	-	
Ulfwerenar	7	5	0	4	4	1	5	2	7	WB	67
- Packleader	7	5	0	4	4	1	5	3	7	WB	

RARE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
Frost Giant	6	4	3	6	5	6	3	5	10	Mo	79
Ice Drake	6	5	0	5	5	5	4	4	7	Mo	80
Snow Troll	6	3	1	5	4	3	2	3	4	MI	76
Valkyrie	4	5	4	4	3	2	5	3	10	In	75
- Chooser of the Slain	4	5	4	4	3	2	5	4	10	In	
War Mammoth	8	3	0	7	6	7	1	*	5	Mo	77
- Battle Howdah	-	-	-	-	5	5	-	-	-	-	
- Crew	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7	.	

MOUNTS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Page
Fenrir Wolf	9	4	0	5	4	3	4	3	6	MB	81
Sleipnir	10	4	0	4	4	3	4	2	6	MB	73
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	WB	65

Troop Type Key: In = *Infantry*, WB = *War Beast*, Ca = *Cavalry*, MI = *Monstrous Infantry*, MB = *Monstrous Beast*, MC = *Monstrous Cavalry*, Mo = *Monster*, Ch = *Chariot*, Sw = *Swarms*, Un = *Unique*, WM = *War Machine*.







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2011



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