

WARHAMMER
LIZARDMEN



WARHAMMER ARMIES









LIZARDMEN



By Mathias Eliasson
v.1.3



CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION.....	7	Razordon Hunting Packs.....	158
CHILDREN OF THE OLD ONES	9	Bastiladons	159
The Lizardmen.....	10	Stegadons	161
The Coming of the Old Ones	23	Horned Ones	149
The Great Catastrophe	27	Carnosaurs.....	164
The Age of Isolation	33	Troglodons	166
The Rat and the Serpent.....	39	Dread Saurian.....	167
The Age of Strife	51	Coatl.....	168
The Awakening.....	70	Lord Kroak.....	169
Chronicles of the Lizardmen.....	79	Kroq-Gar	174
Lustria	87	Lord Mazdamundi.....	169
The Temple-Cities	95	Chakax	176
The Southlands	111	Gor-Rok	177
Gods of War.....	120	Nakai The Wanderer	178
THE FORCES OF LUSTRIA.....	131	Tehenhauin.....	179
Army Special Rules	132	Tetto'eko.....	181
Slann Mage-Priests	133	Tiktaq'to	182
Saurus Leaders.....	136	Oxyotl	183
Saurus Warriors	138	Inxi-Huinzi.....	186
Saurus Cold One Riders.....	139	The Lore of High Magic	187
Saurus Temple Guard	141	Sacred Spawnings	188
Skinks	143	Disciplines of the Old Ones	189
Skink Priests	145	Treasures of the Old Ones.....	190
Skink Chiefs	147	LIZARDMEN ARMY LIST	193
Chameleon Skinks	148	Lords	195
Jungle Swarms	149	Heroes	198
Kroxigor	151	Core Units	201
Terradon Riders	152	Special Units	202
Ripperdactyl Riders	154	Rare Units	204
Salamander Hunting Packs	156	SUMMARY	206



www.warhammerarmiesproject.blogspot.com

Compiled & Edited by: Mathias Eliasson

Cover Art: Paul Dainton

Art: John Blanche, Alex Boyd, Robin Carey, Paul Dainton, Dave Gallagher, Neil Hodgson, Nuala Kinrade, Karl Kopinski, Paul Jeacock, Mark Gibbons, Des Hanley, Toby Hynes, Paul Smith, John Wigley, Daarken, Stoyan Stoyanov, Jonathan Kirtz, Jim Russell, Diego Gisbert Llorens, Andrea Uderzo, sumerky, Jasper Sandner, Stefan Kopinski, Milek Jakubiec, Mathias Zamecki, Sam Flegel, Mark Bulahao, Lucas Parolin. **Book Design:** Mathias Eliasson. **Additional Material:** Graham McNeill, Mark Havener, Andy Hall, Chris Gambold, Phil Kelly. **Previous Editions by:** Jeremy Vetock, Andy Hoare, Anthony Reynolds, Nigel Stillman.

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

This book is completely unofficial and in no way endorsed by Games Workshop Limited. The Chaos devices, the Chaos logo, Citadel, Citadel Device, the Double-Headed/Imperial Eagle device, 'Eavy Metal, Forge World, Games Workshop, Games Workshop logo, Golden Demon, Great Unclean One, the Hammer of Sigmar logo, Horned Rat logo, Keeper of Secrets, Khemri, Khorne, Lord of Change, Nurgle, Skaven, the Skaven symbol devices, Slaanesh, Tomb Kings, Trio of Warriors, Twin Tailed Comet Logo, Tzeentch, Warhammer, Warhammer Online, Warhammer World logo, White Dwarf, the White Dwarf logo, and all associated marks, names, races, race insignia, characters, vehicles, locations, units, illustrations and images from the Warhammer world are either ®, TM and/or © Copyright Games Workshop Ltd 2000-2018, variably registered in the UK and other countries around the world. Used without permission. No challenge to their status intended. All Rights Reserved to their respective owners.



INTRODUCTION

Welcome to *Warhammer: Lizardmen*, your indispensable guide to the cold-blooded defenders of the world. This book provides all the information you'll require to play with a Lizardmen army in games of Warhammer.

WARHAMMER – THE GAME OF FANTASY BATTLES

If you are reading this book, then you have already taken your first steps into the Warhammer hobby. The Warhammer rulebook contains all the rules you need to fight battles with your miniatures, and every army has its own army book that acts as a definitive guide to collecting and unleashing it upon the tabletop battlefields of the Warhammer world. This book allows you to turn your collection of Lizardmen into a single-minded force of destruction that stops at nothing to defeat their enemies.

LIZARDMEN

From their jungle-continent of Lustria, the Lizardmen look outwards and see a world gone awry. As the ultimate enemies of the Dark Gods and the true inheritors of the planet, the Lizardmen have determined their only recourse is to go to war to set things right. It is their sacred duty to fulfil the enigmatic plans of the Old Ones, and any who stand in their way can expect no mercy. Heed the drums and the reptilian roars of the jungle and join the gathering Lizardmen armies as they march forth for battle.

A Lizardmen host deployed for battle is a formidable sight, a striking battle force filled with colour and variety. A screen of nimble skirmishers that harass the enemy with blowpipe and javelin spreads out first, followed by rank after rank of merciless Saurus warriors, and their war leaders are battle-scarred veterans who will fight to the end. Saurus riding the slow-witted yet powerful Cold Ones form devastatingly powerful cavalry regiments. They are guided by the mightiest of mages, the Slann Mage-Priests, who unleash blasts of sorcerous energy the likes of which few other wizards can equal. Terrifying creatures such as the vicious, fire-breathing

Salamanders, the towering Kroxigor and the gargantuan Stegadons fight alongside the Lizardmen. In the air above winged beasts screech, while out of the jungles stomp hulking reptilian monsters. They are pitiless killers, savage creatures of an elder age. Yet the Lizardmen do not war for plunder or territory, but instead fight for a higher cause – a world order laid out ages ago by their long-lost cosmic masters.

HOW THIS BOOKWORKS

Warhammer: Lizardmen contains the following sections:

- **Children of the Old Ones.** This section describes the history of the Lizardmen, from their mysterious creation by the god-like Old Ones long ago, through the cataclysmic upheaval that changed their world forever, to their current battles against their age-old nemeses. It includes a descriptive account of their lush and dangerous jungle continent, including a map and details of their most famous battles.
- **The Forces of Lustria.** Each and every troop type in the Lizardmen army is examined here. You will find a full description of each unit alongside complete rules for any special abilities or options they possess. This section also includes the Treasures of the Old Ones and the Lore of High Magic – magical artefacts and spells unique to your army, and the rules to use them in your games.
- **Lizardmen Army List.** This section takes all of the characters, warriors, and monsters from the Forces of Lustria section and arranges them so you can choose an army for your games. Units are categorised as characters (Lords or Heroes), Core, Special or Rare choices, and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of game you are playing.








CHILDREN OF THE OLD ONES

Since the days of their creation, the Lizardmen have been at the forefront of the battle for the world's survival. Their armies are anchored by savage warriors spawned for the sole purpose of war and augmented with titanic reptilian beasts whose tread shakes the earth. Their enigmatic leaders are powerful wizards and wield magics beyond the ken of mere mortals. While much has been lost over the long ages of warfare against the many foes of order, the Lizardmen still fight on – unleashing their cold-blooded savagery upon any who would stand in the way of their sacred mission. As carved upon the pyramid blocks, this is the tale of the Lizardmen and their defence of the world.



THE LIZARDMEN



The jungle continent of Lustria is home to the crumbling, ruined empire of the Lizardmen. Lustria was once the realm of gods, for aeons ago the mysterious Old Ones ruled and the Lizardmen were their servants. Long before the rise of Elves, Dwarfs or Men, the Lizardmen existed in the oppressive depths of the steaming jungles, where their mighty temple-cities rise amid the ancient trees and cloying swamps. The Lizardmen were the first race created to be the guardians of the Warhammer world by the mysterious Old Ones, who came to the world and recast it according to their Great Plan. This is the oldest of the sophisticated races, and their cities were thriving centres of activity long before the first ancestors of Elves and Dwarfs had been born into the world. Coldly alien and enigmatic, the Lizardmen pursue the mission of their long-lost masters, seeking to restore the order in the world that their Old One creators envisaged before their mysterious disappearance. They are a dangerous and powerful civilisation, and any who enter their lands do so at their own peril.

Beneath totems of gold, the Lizardmen march to war, the ground trembling from the approach of their armies. They go to battle for reasons indecipherable to others, an ancient plan known only to themselves. For they are the rightful inheritors of the world and it is their sacred, if inscrutable, duty to restore order across the planet. The most vital task given to the Lizardmen was to impose the law of their masters the world over, and as such they strive to hold back the seething tides of Chaos that threaten to consume everything in their path. If this means the wholesale eradication of races outside of the Great Plan, then so be it.

The Old Ones departed the world in the wake of a terrible calamity and their enigmatic servants, the Lizardmen, have been stranded by their creators, left to

contemplate a world irrevocably changed. Over the millennia, the Lizardmen have sought after the clear guidance once supplied by their almighty creators. Without the guidance of their creator-gods, they work to interpret the Great Plan that their masters were working towards and attempt to continue the cause, restoring the order that was present before the coming of Chaos. Against the growing threat of an age-old enemy, the Lizardmen have slowly come to the realisation that there is no gain in lamenting a bygone age, and that the time to enact the Great Plan is upon them. From temple-cities and ancient ruins they issue forth, emerging out of the jungle to coldly implement their vision upon the world, and mercilessly punish any who stand in the way of their sacred mission.

THE LEGACY OF THE GODS

Feared and misunderstood by all who know of their existence, the Lizardmen are not a single race but rather a cohesive society composed of distinct species: Slann, Saurus, Skinks and Kroxigor. All are considered alien by the other races of the world – for they are weirdly impassive, coldly steadfast, and completely without mercy – yet savage and entirely devoted to their long-lost creators, each of the species perfectly evolved to fulfil a different role in the Great Plan and a specific function within their alien society.

The Slann

Although the Old Ones were gone, the lands of Lustria were not left completely uninhabited, for the Old Ones had not come to the world alone. They had brought with them their slaves and servants, creatures whose minds and bodies the Old Ones had found useful. Of these, the most intelligent were the Slann, bloated and barely mobile toad-like creatures. The Slann are the undisputed leaders of the Lizardmen, and it is they who oversee the entire Lizardmen civilisation, guiding them forwards towards their goal. These were the organisers, architects and techno-mages who had built the cities to the design of their masters. They had also shaped the world itself as commanded by the Old Ones. It was the Slann who built the polar portals and their magic had maintained them until the catastrophe. The Slann had even changed the original orbit of the world to bring it closer to the sun. In doing this they warmed the atmosphere and caused the continents to tear apart and drift to create the seas and lands of the world today. It was because the Slann were second only to the Old Ones themselves in wisdom and understanding that they were able to do these things.

From the beginning, the Slann were always few in number and since those days their numbers have dwindled further, with perhaps only a few hundred in existence and no sign of their numbers ever being replenished. The knowledge they inherited from the Old Ones has gradually been forgotten, remaining only as a dim memory of a golden age of wisdom,





superstition and a vast mass of arcane and inscrutable ritual. Even the Slann no longer know what their rituals are for, but they observe them nonetheless. The shock of the great catastrophe has imprinted itself upon their consciousness and who knows what might befall the world if any of the rituals were altered or neglected? Nevertheless, the Slann are still the greatest mages in the Warhammer World, even though they no longer possess the awesome power of their ancestors. The Slann Mage-Priests are even more potent than the greatest of the Elven Mages, who learned all they know ultimately from the Slann themselves long ago. When roused, the long-lived Slann can move mountains with their minds, displaying a mastery over the sorcerous arts that belies their sluggish physical appearance.

The Saurus

While the Old Ones relied upon the unique mental powers of the Slann, these creatures lacked physical energy and made poor warriors and workers. They were not very numerous and their bloated toad-like bodies were sluggish and vulnerable and they lacked aggression. To serve them as their soldiers, the Old Ones found another race –the hulking reptilian Saurus, the soldiers of the Lizardmen, spawned solely for the purpose of war. They are strong and obedient warriors, protected by natural scales and hard bony plates. In battle, they wield heavy clubs spiked with jagged stone or metal. Their claws, tails and powerful jaws are weapons as well, their mouths opening wide to reveal

rows of sharp teeth. It is the Saurus' role to attack any whom the Slann declare are foes, and they follow these orders with a single-minded savagery that is frightening and efficient in equal measure. They are revered as sacred warriors of the gods, and each temple-city has an army of them dwelling beneath the temples, ever ready to march against their foes.

Whether the Old Ones brought the Saurus with them or bred them for their purpose after they arrived remains unknown. It is likely that the Saurus were adapted from the reptilian life that already dwelt in the primeval jungles and that they were one of many such breeding experiments of which the descendants persist to this day.

It is possible that the Saurus were the first race the Old Ones bred on this world, but never developed to a satisfactory stage, and were eventually superseded by the Elves. The Saurus are brutish creatures, possessing slow minds capable of little emotion except single-minded savagery. They can utilise crude weapons and fight well with them, but cannot accomplish more complex tasks. As soldiers to guard the temple cities, the Saurus were however exactly what the Old Ones needed.



LIZARDMEN WEAPONS

The savage cutting edges of Lizardmen weapons are made from a material unknown outside Lustria.

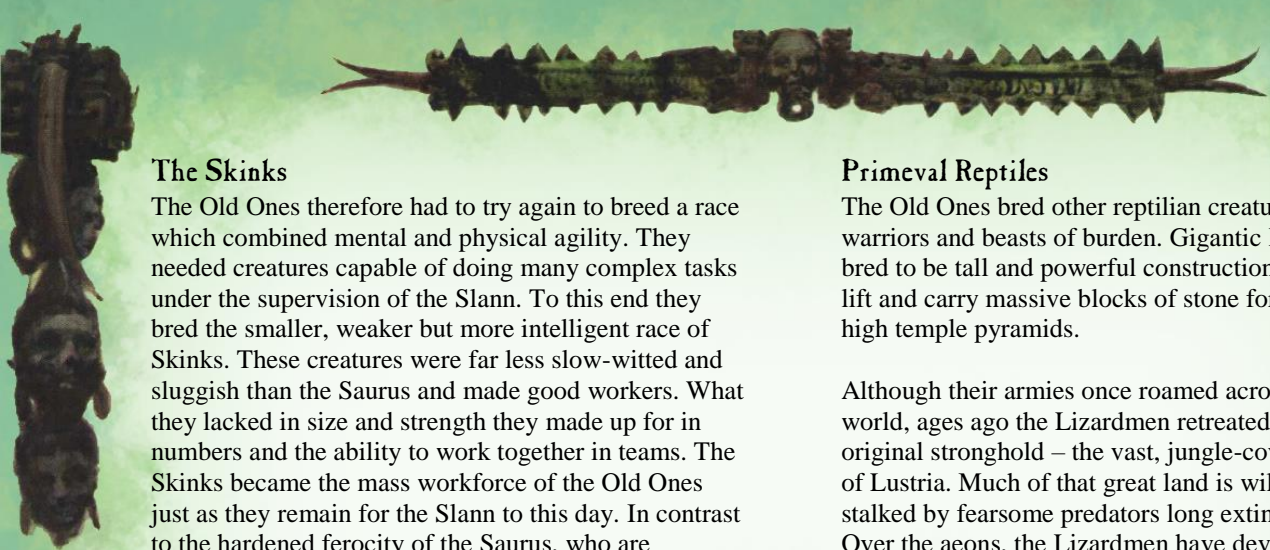
Outsiders have dubbed the material 'obsinite'. Neither the metallurgists of the Imperial College of Engineering nor the wizards of the Golden Order in Altdorf have been able to identify it.

Obsinite appears to be some form of super-hardened stone, yet it is not brittle or fragile like the stone weapons of other crude, warm-blooded races. It is a glossy jet black in colouration, although some obsinite quarried from the Watchtop Swamp bears a tinted marble-like quality.

The secrets of the manufacture of obsinite have thus far remained hidden from the jealous eyes of strangers, guarded carefully by the caste of Skink artisan-priests responsible for constructing the weapons. Indeed, it is said to be more durable even than the highest quality steel and capable of smashing any armour it strikes. Though they may look primitive at first glance, the clubs and maces used by the Saurus are immune to the rigours of the passing centuries. They are never rusted or dull of edge, and each is capable of crushing a man's bones with a single hammer blow.

Skink artisans often reinforce or decorate the stone armaments with bands of bronze or gold, sometimes inscribing upon them the glyphs of the Old Ones. Fanged spikes of metal or cruelly shaped pieces of jade are added to ensure the heavy, blunt weapons can punch through armour and cause maximum damage to flesh. Skink Priests will often offer blessings over favoured weapons, adding feathers or gemstones in order to attract the favour of Sotek, or of the Old Ones.





The Skinks

The Old Ones therefore had to try again to breed a race which combined mental and physical agility. They needed creatures capable of doing many complex tasks under the supervision of the Slann. To this end they bred the smaller, weaker but more intelligent race of Skinks. These creatures were far less slow-witted and sluggish than the Saurus and made good workers. What they lacked in size and strength they made up for in numbers and the ability to work together in teams. The Skinks became the mass workforce of the Old Ones just as they remain for the Slann to this day. In contrast to the hardened ferocity of the Saurus, who are spawned for combat and guardian duties, the Skinks are more mentally and physically agile. It is they who are the artisans and administrators of Lizardmen society. Although diminutive and skittish, Skinks also have a role on the battlefield, where they make fast and nimble scouts. In potent cohorts, they rain poisoned darts and javelins upon their foes, proving a useful complement to the Saurus. Skinks are highly organised and the most sociable of the Lizardmen; it is they who direct the Kroxigor, hulking bipedal crocodilian creatures whose strength is used to build temple-cities and smash foes to a pulp – what they lack in intelligence they more than make up for in brawn. Skinks also capture and train many of the reptilian beasts found in the surrounding jungles.

The empire of the Lizardmen is quite unlike any other. The Lizardmen are not born into the world as most other creatures are. Entire generations – called spawnings – spontaneously crawl forth, fully formed, from spawning pools in the jungle or in the dank caverns beneath the temple-cities. The entire spawning will share the same purpose and fate, whether it is a regiment of Saurus Temple Guard tasked with defending the Mage-Priests, or a generation of the hulking Kroxigor destined to rebuild a fallen temple-city. Whatever mission they are spawned to fulfil, the Lizardmen are perfectly adapted to it, according to the Great Plan of the Old Ones.



Primeval Reptiles

The Old Ones bred other reptilian creatures as workers, warriors and beasts of burden. Gigantic Kroxigor were bred to be tall and powerful construction slaves able to lift and carry massive blocks of stone for building the high temple pyramids.

Although their armies once roamed across the whole world, ages ago the Lizardmen retreated back to their original stronghold – the vast, jungle-covered continent of Lustria. Much of that great land is wilderness stalked by fearsome predators long extinct elsewhere. Over the aeons, the Lizardmen have developed or learned to harness many of these reptilian creatures, using them both as beasts of burden and as devastating shock troops in war, such as Cold Ones as fast mounts for the Saurus to ride into battle and the flying Terradons that enabled Skink messengers and scouts to glide over impenetrable jungle, swamp and mountains from one pyramid temple to another. Huge monsters like the dreaded Stegadons and Bastiladons were harnessed to carry heavy burdens for many miles, use their bulk to clear pathways and crude roads, ploughing over full-grown trees as if they were reeds. Crashing through dense undergrowth, they were dragging gigantic boulders behind them or felling the tall trees of the rain forest with their horns and tusks to make clearings for new temples and cities.

There are venom-spitting lizards larger than horses, spike-covered beasts and colossal saurian that tower over even the Giants of the north. From the bloodthirsty roar of the Carnosaur to the undulating shriek of the Troglodon, the jungles are filled with the primordial sounds of reptilian monsters.



THE GREAT WORK CONTINUES

The Lizardmen were once a perfectly functioning society, shaping the developing world that had become central to the Old Ones' cosmic plans. Since the coming of the Cataclysm, however, their empire has fractured in the constant battle against Chaos. The Lizardmen of today can only guess at what their absent creators intended, for those Slann with intellect prodigious enough to truly comprehend the grand plans of the Old Ones bore the brunt of the daemonic invasion, and none survived. Although the younger Slann were spawned in the time of the Old Ones before the Great Catastrophe, they never actually saw the Old Ones. The Slann of the first spawning acted as intermediaries. They were the only Slann wise enough and mighty enough to be permitted into the presence of the Old Ones. All lesser Slann faithfully and unquestioningly worshipped and obeyed the Old Ones as though they were living gods, but had no idea what they actually looked like. They represented them with various carved images, totems and idols derived from the hearsay and imagination of the Mage-Priests. As far as the lesser Mage-Priests and the mass of the Lizardmen were concerned, the Old Ones were indeed gods.



ARTEFACTS

Lizardmen do not forge or use iron. They are not very skilled in the use of heat or fire to make artefacts, preferring to cold-hammer objects from nuggets of native copper and gold. The limit of Lizardman metal technology is the making of bronze, which does require the heat of a furnace. Bronze is therefore a rare metal reserved for equipping elite regiments. Lustrian gold ranges from pure gold to a kind of coppery gold. The purest gold is naturally reserved for sacred artefacts.

Weapons are also fashioned out of stones such as obsidian, jade, yellow quartz and red carnelian. Skinks are skilled in the working of these hard stones and their stone weapons are every bit as effective as metal blades.

To mark them out in the confusion of battle, leaders and dignitaries wear many bangles and trinkets and their head-dresses and helms are embellished with vividly coloured feathers from various tropical birds.

Leaders carry ceremonial maces made of huge gemstones or stone sacrificial daggers carved in the shape of the forked tongue of Sotek, as symbols of status.

When the Old Ones perished, so too did the Slann of the first spawning. Yet the network of temple-cities at the heart of Lustria is still many times more wonderful than the achievements of the younger races, and their rulers are still possessed of god-like power. Guided by the Slann, the survivors of the Lizardman civilisation labour ceaselessly to interpret and enact the grand plan of the Old Ones, yet this plan has become blurred by time.

Struggling to regain their lost power and pre-eminence, the Slann existed in isolation for thousands of years. The fledgling races which were nurtured by the Old Ones now dabble with forces far beyond their comprehension, and engage in dangerous practices that were never intended. The world of the Old Ones was one of order and stability, and it is this regulation that the Slann long for. They look at the world with cold, unreadable eyes, seeing the disorder that thrives throughout the lands. Still, they work to restore the imbalance of Chaos, hoping for the day when the Old Ones return from across the stars for their lost children. The Slann who remained continued to venerate the Old Ones as gods.

The last of the first-spawned Slann had inscribed the great world plan of the Old Ones onto sacred plaques of gold before they themselves perished in the cataclysmic battles of ancient times. These plaques were copied by the remaining Slann and recensions of the sacred plan were created in all the temple-cities. It is not certain whether all the copies were faithful in every detail to the master copy, half of which has now vanished through the predations of plundering invaders. For this reason, every sacred plaque is precious to the Mage-Priests, because it may reveal

unknown, details of the divine plan of the Old Ones. The Mage-Priests will go to any lengths to retrieve sacred plaques which are plundered from their temples. They search out the plaques of the Old Ones from the deep jungle and the hidden places of the world, hoping that one may hold a clue to the planet's intended destiny. When they find such a prophecy they meditate upon its meaning and then shape the world according to their conclusions. A single mistranslation from one of these time-weathered plaques can result in tectonic upheavals that collapse cities, or even the eradication of an entire race. The Lizardmen are powerful indeed, and they are as single-minded as they are mercilessly efficient in the execution of their masters' will.

The invisible network of power that stretches across the world is still the primary tool of the Slann in their ongoing quest to restore cold order to the world. It is this network that allows the Lizardmen armies access to the farthest reaches of the planet, travelling along hidden paths from temple-city to temple-city and falling without warning upon those who stand in the way of their master plans. Though their empire is but a reflection of its once godlike majesty, the survivors of the Lizardmen are relentless and implacable in their pursuit of their goals, and when they marshal the grand armies of Lustria they are capable of changing the course of history. Should the Lizardmen unearth a plaque that demands it, they would march forth to scour the world clean of all other races without a moment's hesitation or respite.



The race of Lizardmen exists to further the work of their creators, no matter that those creators have long since departed the world. Many of the world's races have emerged in the age since the departure of the Old Ones, their presence unnatural and contrary to the proper order of the world. The Lizardmen make it their mission to eradicate such races, to restore the balance lost with their gods. The greatest battles have been fought against those who covet the riches and power of the Lizardmen and attempt to penetrate the sacred domains of Lustria.

THE SACRED PLAQUES

Most holy of all the wondrous relics the Lizardmen guard are the Sacred Plaques. Each plaque is wrought from gold, a substance chosen not for its value but for its longevity. Cast upon each plaque is a series of glyphs, the written language of the Lizardmen, describing an event that occurred in the past or has yet to occur in the future. Future events described on the plaques are treated as both prophecy and instruction. If an event is described, the Lizardmen will ensure it comes to pass, at the prescribed time. Each temple-city maintains its own sequence of plaques, yet none have possessed a complete sequence since before the Great Catastrophe.

THE LEGIONS OF LUSTRIA

The Lizardmen are on the warpath, marching abroad into the world once more after millennia of isolation. From the primeval jungle continent of Lustria they come, disciplined cohorts of saurian warriors with giant scaly beasts in their midst, led to war by the unbelievably powerful wizards known as Slann Mage-Priests, born aloft upon his arcane palanquin and surrounded by his utterly loyal Saurus Temple Guard.

Small raiding forces are often led by a Skink Chief, while simple tasks of guarding or destruction can be entrusted to a Saurus leader. However, a Lizardman army of any size tends to be commanded by a Mage-Priest. It is his personal army, which defends him in his pyramid temple. A great Mage-Priest may well have lesser Mage-Priests under his command, who reside in smaller temple-pyramids of their own clustered around the great temple. Any of the lesser Slann may be dispatched with a force proportional to his status to accomplish a task, or to deal with small groups of invaders so that the mind of the great Mage is not disturbed or distracted from the contemplation of space and time. If a great task needs to be done, or a powerful and numerous enemy force has to be defeated, then the mightiest Slann takes to the field. The organisation of the fully mustered army of a temple-city resembles the steps of a temple-pyramid, with the lesser Slann commanding the lower tiers, with the single most powerful Mage-Priest in the city at the apex.

A Lizardmen army arrayed for war is a truly awesome sight to behold. Serried ranks of unshakeable Saurus march beneath shining totems of gold, the pounding of

their war drums striking fear into the heart of the boldest foe. Their heavy-set frames enable them to hack through the dense jungle of Lustria using sheer brute force. Like all the servitor-races of the Lizardmen, the Saurus are not birthed but instead spawned, crawling full-grown from subterranean spawning pools one military unit at a time. All Saurus in a given regiment have been spawned together, and bear the same colouration and markings as their brethren. They act with an eerie, reptilian synchronicity that speaks of a primal connection with their comrades, and there is no room in their simple brains for notions of doubt. Indeed, so alien are the Lizardmen that it is questionable whether the Saurus feel any emotion at all.

Their martial prowess is not learned but coded into the very bodies and souls of the Saurus. They instinctively know how best to fight, snapping and crushing with their long crocodilian jaws and swiping with great muscular tails even as they lay about themselves with wickedly-barbed clubs. Their clammy, cold-blooded bodies are as well suited to defence as they are to attack, and each spawning of Saurus knows how to lock their crested skulls and bladed crescent shields into a scaly wall of bone, horn and metal when the enemy musters a counter-charge.

The elite of the Saurus species, known as Temple Guard, exemplify the dutiful but lethal nature of their kind. Wearing horned helmets fashioned from the skulls of ferocious beasts, the Temple Guard not only act as bodyguards for the Slann upon the battlefield but also stand sentinel over the sacred places of their





homelands. Temple Guard can stand statue-still for years at a time, their only movement being the occasional flicker of an eyeball. Should an interloper approach they blur into motion, chopping and slashing until the intruder lies dead at their feet before resuming immobility. Perhaps the only true weakness of the Saurus is their slavish obedience – a unit of Saurus would resolutely march into the fires of hell if it was ordered to do so by one of their Slann masters.

The war-leaders of the Saurus, known as Scar-Veterans and Oldbloods, also have a limited intellect. Their vocabulary is but a few hundred words strong, and almost all of these words are related to simple concepts such as 'hunt', 'kill' and 'defend', although 'itchy' and 'dinnertime' are also in there somewhere. Nonetheless, they are gifted tacticians on the field of battle. Oldbloods have an inherent mastery of how to engage the foe, how to outflank and entrap, when to feint and when to roar the signal for an unstoppable charge. It is the Saurus warrior elite that ride the colossal reptilian terrors of Lustria to battle. Entire spawnings of Saurus thunder across the battlefield on ferocious, fang-toothed Cold Ones, whilst their Oldblood leaders charge forward upon gigantic Carnosaurs, the fiercest of all Lustrian predators, capable of tearing out a Dragon's throat with a single bite.

The Old Ones knew that true civilisation needs its functionaries as well as its warriors. Small and nimble, the Skinks are the scribes, orderlies and priests of the Lizardmen empire, but they also make excellent scouts and skirmishers. It is the Skinks that see to the needs of their obese Slann masters as the Mage-Priests cast their minds along the tangled web of futures that may yet befall the world.

Before the Saurus march regiments of the smaller Skinks, who use their speed and familiarity with the jungle to outmanoeuvre the enemy, raining down poisonous darts and javelins from unexpected quarters. The Skinks' diminutive size belies their potency upon the battlefield. They are masters in the art of using

poisoned weaponry, their blowpipes and javelins felling even the largest of foes with the concentrated venom of the bloat-frog and the toxic devilbug. It is common for the Skinks to coax the crocodilian construction-beasts known as Kroxigor into their ranks, creatures so large they are capable of crushing several enemies with a single swipe of their heavy obstinate maces.

Even the beasts of the jungle heed the will of the Mage-Priests. Above the battlefield swoop flocks of leather-winged Terradons, Skink riders guiding their mounts to drop crushing boulders upon the enemy. Furthermore, the intelligent and adaptable Skinks are adept at guiding the war-beasts of Lustria into battle. Teams of especially bold Skink handlers goad fire-breathing Salamanders, great goutts of burning venom arcing through the air towards the enemy lines to immolate the foe. Others harry the irascible Barbed Razordon towards the foe, hundreds of lethal spines impaling any foolish enough to approach. Waves of snakes and lizards rise from the undergrowth to overwhelm those who would intrude in Lustria.

Striding through it all are the mighty Stegadons, the ground shaking as these monstrous horned beasts stampede towards the foe. Mounted upon their backs is a swaying howdah, bearing a giant bow or huge blowpipes crewed by the boldest of Skinks. Others bear the ancient and arcane Engines of the Gods, bizarre war machines that harness the power of the Old Ones in blasts of blinding sorcerous power. Some Skinks ride to war on even stranger jungle creatures, soaring through the skies on winged lizards or mystical feathered serpents.

Though mighty in arms, the army is unsurpassed in its magical potential. The Slann are amongst the oldest beings in existence, and learned the art of magic at the feet of the gods themselves. Few wielders of magic in the entire world can hope to prevail in a duel against a Slann Mage-Priest, for their minds are as dams harnessing vast reservoirs of mystical energy. With the slightest gesture, a Mage-Priest can summon

TOTEMS OF THE GODS

The standard of every Lizardman cohort indicates its identifying number and also depicts a sacred totem of one of the Lizardman gods, such as Sotek. The cohort is therefore dedicated to that god, who is invoked as protector of the unit.

As Sotek is a pre-eminent god associated with the destruction of the Lizardmen's enemies, standards depicting the sacred serpent totem are very common. Totem heads of the jaguar god Huanchi, noted for savagery, are also favoured.

If a cohort does well in battle, such as capturing an enemy standard, the unit's totem standard will be embellished with a gold or bronze glyph-plaque as a kind of battle honour. The foes defeated by a cohort are considered to be a sacrifice or offering to the totem god depicted on the standard.

LIZARDMEN CIVIL WAR

Even the strictly-structured nature of the Lizardman civilisation, and the determination of the Slann Mage-Priests to carry out the divine plan of their ancient, alien gods, has in itself led to civil war amidst the jungles of Lustria. Many thousands of years before the founding of the Empire and the settling of Bretonnia, the last of the first-spawned Slann inscribed the great world plan of the Old Ones onto sacred gold plaques before they perished along with their gods when the polar warp gate collapsed.

However, over the many centuries that have since passed, the plaques have been copied and recopied so many times that occasional mistakes may have entered the sacred plan and subtle details altered. Half of the sacred plaques ever created now no longer lie within Lustria at all, having been plundered by invaders of many races. As a result, every sacred plaque in the possession of the Mage-Priests is precious as it might contain vital pieces of information concerning when the continents are due to shift or when volcanoes should erupt.

Unfortunately as not all the plaques under the protection of the various Mage-Priests relate the same aspects of the great plan, inconsistencies in the Slann's interpretation of what the Old Ones intended can and do arise. Each Slann will then do all in his power to make sure that the plan, as he sees it, is carried out.

unfathomable sorcerous power and bring about the doom of entire armies. With but an uttered syllable of command he can muster the cold-blooded armies of the Lizardmen to march to war against those who would defy the will of the gods.

The armies of the Lizardmen are very exotic and colourful. The cohorts of Skinks and Saurus warriors line up in their serried ranks, each with a standard depicting one of their ancient jungle gods and led by officers bedecked in feathered headdresses. Regiments are distinguished by the vivid colours and markings of the warriors' scaly skin and everywhere is the glint of gleaming gold and bronze weapons and armour.

LANGUAGE OF THE GODS

The language spoken by the Lizardmen is known as Saurian, a primaeval reptilian tongue, which is incredibly versatile and rich. In its most pure form it is a highly complicated tongue that has proved impossible for other races to understand or pronounce, because it contains so many sound values that occur in no other language. Only a Lizardman can voice these or interpret them as words or sentences.

As a form of speech, it was taught first to the Slann by the Old Ones themselves, that their servants might understand their place in the Great Plan. It is doubtful that the Old Ones used or had need of this language, communicating amongst themselves and the Slann using silent, telepathic means. Nevertheless, they had

need for their minions to speak, and so the Saurian tongue was developed. The Saurian language is therefore unique to the Lizardmen races that they bred. Every member of the race, from the Mage-Priests to the Kroxigor is spawned able to understand the words and associated concepts needed to fulfil their role.

Although Saurian can be a complex form of speech, it is also a tongue that any of the Lizardmen can use. Particular types of Lizardmen use only what they need to effectively communicate in their arena within their society. There are three dialects of Saurian. These are spoken by the Slann, the Skinks, the Saurus and the Kroxigor.

The language of the Slann is the most eloquent form of Saurian. The Slann Mage-Priests, although undoubtedly having the greatest understanding of the Saurian tongue, use it only sparingly, usually preferring to communicate solely with their powerful minds telepathy, and so restrict their speech to dictating their prophecies to the Skink scribes and issuing their directives, who must record it accurately using the glyphs that form the written language of the Lizard. Attending to the oldest of the Slann may be dozens of Skink scribes, all expectantly awaiting but a solitary syllable from their master, though he may never utter a word in their lifetime. When the Mage-Priests do speak they often use phrases and words long since forgotten, fallen out of use, or just unknown outside of the Slann themselves, couched in impenetrable metaphysical terminology. Even so, their spoken proclamations are often reduced to a bare minimum of enigmatic words. It is then up to the Skink interpreters to attempt to decipher these profound words of wisdom. Thus, around each temple pyramid, there are often huddles of Skinks debating different interpretations of the dictates of their master so that they can faithfully carry out his instructions. The Skink Priests often debate the exact meaning for days, even weeks before acting upon a Mage-Priest's command.

The Skinks are the most vocal and social of the Lizardmen, and they speak Saurian utilising long, eloquent and laboriously constructed sentences in staccato bursts. Their speech is peppered with clicks and vibrating croaks, with subtle inflections communicated by sharp hisses, as well as being enhanced through constant, gesticulation and subtle changes in the attitude or crest hue to help communicate because all Saurian words are vague in precise meaning and yet must be used to convey the profound thoughts of their masters, the Slann. Despite seeming chaotic and indecipherable to outsiders, the Skinks usage of Saurian is precise and well articulated, with the slightest change in inference and tone able to dramatically alter their meaning. The Skinks are capable of discourse on a wide range of subjects, for they are the artisans and administrators of the Lizardmen. In addition, it is the Skinks who deal with outsiders brought before their lofty-minded Slann masters, acting as intermediaries and translators, a task only the most nimble-minded of Skink Priests can hope to achieve.



The Saurus speak the most limited form of Saurian. Their simplified version consists mainly of short, one or two word sentences and commands. Invariably, their speech centres around warfare, and its application. The Saurus are not really capable of pronouncing many words at all. They are far better at fearsome roars and blood-curdling battle cries. They seldom speak otherwise and their words come out deep and harsh. Saurus Warriors have little use for speech themselves, but understand a range of commands that may be given to them in battle. Thus, the rank-and-file Saurus have no words for many mundane terms, yet can comprehend, and act upon, relatively complex battlefield orders. Saurus vocabulary is limited to about fifty or so words mostly to do with fighting and their leaders are those who can string these together into rudimentary orders and instructions to keep the rest drilled and trained ready for battle. Their understanding of words outside this arena is simple and limited at best.

The Kroxigors display the lowest capability of speech of the Lizardmen. Nevertheless, they understand simple orders surprisingly well, and unlike the Saurus, they comprehend Saurian speech that does not just centre around war. This is because they were created as beasts of burden, and so will dutifully understand and carry out orders involving heavy labour. In fact, many terms are interchangeable between the two, whether instructing a Kroxigor to use its club to clear a path through the undergrowth or through an entire regiment of enemy warriors!

SPAWNINGS

Lizardmen do not reproduce, give birth or parent young in any conventional sense. Instead, entire generations – or 'brothers of the same water' – simply emerge, fully formed, from spawning pools. There are spawning pools beneath each temple-city, even those otherwise ruined, their dark waters stretching deep below into vast caverns. These pools have existed since the age of


the Old Ones, and contain a weirdly glowing, magical, primordial soup. Many spawnings are predicted in the Sacred Plaques, while others occur without warning, and are always treated as holy portents of great significance.

Slann, Saurus, Skinks and Kroxigor are spawned in ponds and swamps whereas the various reptilian beasts which serve them, such as the Stegadons and Terradons, are hatched from gigantic eggs. Salamanders are like Saurus in that they are spawned in the swamps. The main difference between the huge reptiles that hatch from eggs and the aquatic creatures that are spawned is that the former have dry, scaly skin right from the start, whereas the latter creatures have smooth, shiny skin, especially when newly spawned.

Every Lizardman city has its sacred ponds and expanses of marsh where the spawnings occur. Skinks and Kroxigor tend to spawn in ponds and swamps open to the sky, whereas Saurus are usually spawned in dank subterranean caverns. Pyramid temples are frequently built over the top of the entrances to such caverns and outlying swamps are sometimes made into rectangular sacred ponds. Some days after the spawn has been laid it hatches into tadpoles, which grow larger and more powerful by the day, feeding on the enormous number of tropical insects that hover above the waters. When the Lizardmen are fully developed they emerge onto dry land in enormous numbers.

The interval between spawnings can be very long and usually a spawning will not recur in the same pond within the lifetime of the last generation to be spawned there. Thus each city is surrounded with ponds which spawn at different times, so that a particular pond will be given a name such as 'Sacred Pond of the First Generation' referring to the first spawning of a new cycle of spawnings. Since generations emerge from different ponds at different intervals of time, there are always several age-groups of Lizardmen living in the





population of a city at any time. The Mage-Priests keep detailed records of the spawnings but can still be taken by surprise by sudden spawnings occurring in ruined cities where the records have been lost in antiquity!

All Lizardmen belonging to the same generation tend to have hides marked with variations of the same colour. This can be seen in the most recent spawning at Pahuax, where all the Saurus of the new generation had mainly dark blue scaly hides and the skins of the generation of Skinks spawned shortly after tended to be a lighter blue.

The few Kroxigor that emerged were also blue. This was in contrast to the previous generation in that part of Lustria which had reddish hides. Regiments of both generations fought side by side at the Battle of the Xchutli Causeway, where the smaller units of the older veteran red-backed Saurus formed the rearguard.

The spawning which occurred more or less at the same time at Oyxl in the far south of Lustria produced dark green Saurus and lighter green Skinks. There is actually no way of telling what the predominant colour of a generation will be before it emerges from its spawning grounds. The Slann Mage-Priests eagerly await the advent of the spawnings and speculate about the hidden meanings of the colours of each new generation.

The spawning places were chosen or created by the Old Ones, who also determined the exact times at which new generations of Lizardmen would be spawned. The spawning times are linked to astrological cycles and

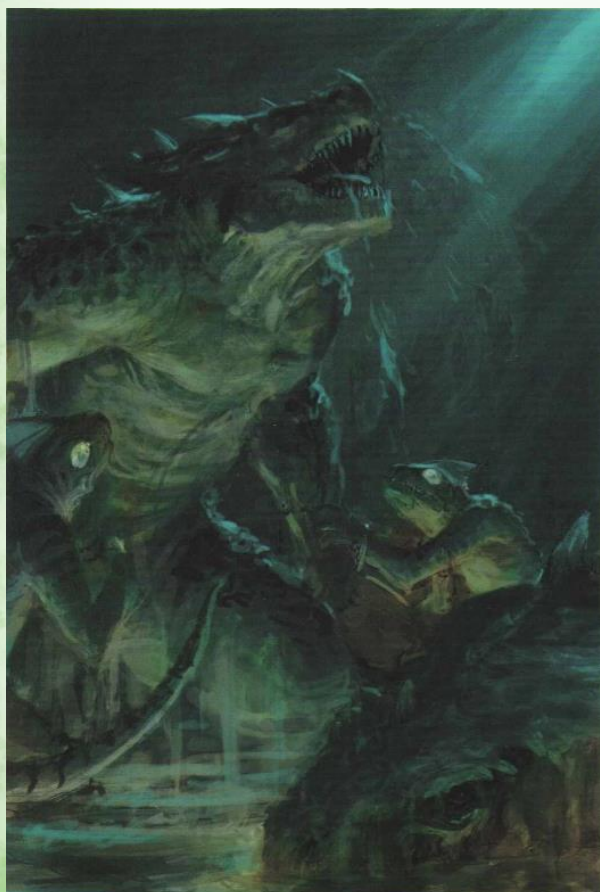
always begin at certain conjunctions of stars and planers.

Thus the creation of new generations of Lizardmen continues as a natural process, long after the Old Ones themselves have disappeared from the earth. Even after a city has been abandoned by the priests or fallen into ruins the spawnings will continue to occur at the preordained times.

Each generation of Lizardmen provides enough warriors for several regiments. Fewer Saurus are spawned than Skinks and all become warriors, whereas only some of the Skinks become warriors. The rest are destined to be workers or scribes, only fighting if the city itself is attacked.

Each generation of Lizardman warriors is divided into several cohorts, each dedicated to one of the Lizardman gods. These large cohorts gradually diminish in number over time, as they fight battles and suffer losses. Losses are not replenished by new recruits from later spawnings. This is because warriors of the same spawning fight well together because of their close kinship, but this effect is diluted if the unit contains a mixture of different spawnings. They would in any case be of variant colours, causing problems of recognition and much confusion on the battlefield.

The war against the Skaven Clan Pestilens was heralded when the Sacred Pools of Reflected Rain Clouds were poisoned by the foul ratmen, cruelly malformed Lizardmen crawling forth to die within hours. Spawning pools are amongst the most sacred of places to the Lizardmen, and they will protect the weirdly glowing liquid with their lives – the loss of even one is a great tragedy.



AGE MARKINGS

As Skinks, Saurus and Kroxigor grow older, the scaly skin on their backs becomes harder and some horny plates may ossify completely. The scales and horny areas therefore become lighter and may even take on a tinge of yellow, brown or white, a marking considered blessed by the Old Ones.

The natural armour of the Lizardman improves with age, thus making the hoary old veterans harder to slay in battle, their scales thick and covered in lethal protrusions. Newly spawned Lizardmen tend to have glistening skin, which appears wet or slimy.

Although there have been no more spawnings of Slann for many centuries, all the same observations concerning colours, markings and patterning apply to them also. Thus Slann of different spawnings will show different coloured hides and old ones have hornier hides than relatively younger ones.

Slann often display portentous individual markings. Unlike other Lizardmen, a Slann's markings may only appear later in life and may change within the lifetime of that individual.



Only the slightest of ripples spread outwards as a smooth-skinned reptilian head broke the surface of the swamp. No movement escaped the slitted yellow eyes of the patrol leader.

These days, the floating ruins of the Toradotek pyramids were little more than tumbled stone hovering low over the jungle, tethered by innumerable creeper vines. Yet the site was reserved for Mage-Priests – an unquestionable decree for which the Lizardmen sentinels dedicated their lives. With calm precision, Tenehuac allowed the lead elements of the enemy force to pass his position, even though they were headed directly towards that sacred place. His tongue darted out to taste the air, catching the scent of more warmbloods on the way. He emitted a single shrill call before sinking back beneath the film-covered surface.

Deeper in the jungle the air hung thickly, the dense canopy creating a gloom through which few sunbeams could pierce. The usual cacophony of droning insects faded, a lack of sound ominous to any creature that could read such signs. Yet the invaders were heedless – human barbarians from the north, followers of the Dark Gods. They pushed forward, on the trail of some unseen eldritch power.

Then, with a shocking suddenness, the jungle came alive. The rhythmic beating of drums began as three separate lines of Saurus emerged to form a wall of scaled shields across the invaders' path. Tenehuac could distinguish each formation – the stipple-scaled warriors under Tok-Ar, the spear legion of Pok-Hopak, and the unbeaten ancients of Scar-Veteran Ul-Chak. Rising partially out of the murky waters, Tenehuac

and his patrol shot darts from their blowguns, some whirring harmlessly over their foes, others burying themselves into exposed flesh.

Even as the warmbloods turned to face this new threat rising from the swamp, larger forms burst from the murky waters. Salamanders spat goutts of flame – the flaring brightness illuminating the dim surroundings. In the flash of light, other Skink bands could be seen slinking amidst the massive ferns, stopping only to send enfilading clouds of poisoned darts into the barbarians. Above, the screeching of Terradons announced the arrival Lojineta and his aerial patrol. Enormous rocks plummeted downwards to crash into the ranks of the invaders.

As nerve-shattering as these attacks were, Tenehuac knew they were as nothing to what was coming. He felt vibrations beneath his feet and heard the distant sound of uprooted trees long before the Carnosaur bounded from the treeline to wreak carnage amongst the enemy. From its back, their war leader, the Saurus Oldblood Ax-Hotl, drove his spear through the bodies of the foe. Following this king of predators was a living wall of armoured monsters whose tread flattened a path as easily as it shattered shieldwalls. If the Dark Gods heard the desperate pleas of their mortal minions, they did not acknowledge them.

In a few short, savage minutes, it was over – the sounds of battle replaced by the crunching of bones. Tenehuac led his Skink patrol onto the trail of the few survivors who escaped the slaughter. None could be allowed to escape, for such was the merciless law of the Lizardmen.







THE FORKED TONGUE



The tongue flicked in and out, tasting the humid air. All skinks did this, but this one's tongue flicked even more rapidly when he was nervous. The skink stood alone in the centre of a large auditorium. The Astromancers looked down upon him from their elevated positions. The Second of the Order stood by an empty palanquin, giving the skink in the centre a stern look with lidless eyes. The Second would be the Order's voice in the Chief Astromancer's absence.

"Yukannadoozat, you come here without the leave of your master", spoke the Second, his saurian dialect heavily inflected with the chirping characteristic of those that reside in Tlaxtlan. You speak ill of the Great Warding."

"No, my intention is not to deride the Great Warding. I mean only that it is vulnerable to forthcoming events", said Yukannadoozat. His tongue rapidly flicked out once more.

"These events are stellar in nature, yet we are unaware of any omen", said the Second, gesturing to the audience. "...and we read the skies. That is what we have been tasked by our Lord since the second generation, and yet you presume to know more than we do? Your crest denotes you are of the translator caste." Derogatory hisses from around the chamber accompanied those last words. Yukannadoozat involuntarily shrank back.

"I am. That is how I came across this portent. By transcribing an ancient plaque displaying the Forked Tongue..."

"Silence now! It is your designated role to transcribe and relay such findings to your Lord, who then deigns to share with all the other revered masters through the Geomantic Web. Your circumvention is against the Great Plan. Then you dare invoke the Forked Tongue. This is discordance!"

"My master sleeps; he will not wake."

"Then wait until he stirs. That has always been our way", said the Second. The hisses of the others stated agreement.

"Time is a factor", pleaded Yukannadoozat.

"Irrelevant! Perhaps it is part of the Great Plan that this event should occur without intervention."

"If I could just look through the astral-scope?"
The hisses turned into chirps of protest at this request. The gathering became

agitated, even hostile. The Second calmed them by opening his crest to its fullest extent.

"You are discordant! Your life is forfeit, but it is not ours to take; I shall inform our Lord Adohi-Tehga to demand your immediate sacrifice. He will commune with your master – I have no doubt that both revered Mage-Priests will agree with the sanction."

Yukannadoozat's tongue flicked out. "I will, of course, abide any demands from my Lord. But he sleeps. As you advise, I await his order when he awakes. Until then I shall continue with my duties."

The Astromancers hissed in impotent agitation, for Yukannadoozat's logic was sound.

The skink scuttled from the Temple of the Eclipse. If the Astromancers would not aid him, he was keen to be away. He would check in on his master, try and rouse him from his trance-slugger again. If, as he expected, his master remained dormant, the skink was unsure what his next move should be. He knew he had to share his findings with someone of import.

He made his way along the Plaza of the Constellations and then down a smaller avenue towards his master's temple within the Dome of Huanchi. The skink braves dropped from a ledge above, landing nimbly onto the stoneway. All were wearing war feathers and armed with blades of curved bronze.

"Discordance!" hissed one "We bring clarity to the Great Plan", it chirped in gutter-saurian. Yukannadoozat backed away. He had foreseen many things in the plaques he studied, but not this.

Behind the cohort, from the shadows of a nearby ziggurat, a kroxigor emerged. Even for a kroxigor it was massive: a living tower of scales and muscle. It issued a crocodilian growl – a deep rumble that Yukannadoozat felt in his crest.

"No, Tar-Grax, they mean me no harm, said Yuk. "They are here to simply escort us back to our master's pyramid."

The skinks flicked their tongues and looked to their Brave for guidance. Tar-Grax growled once more. The brave signalled, and the cohort took a loose formation around Yuk and Tar-Grax. As one, they made their way along the avenue.

As Yukannadoozat feared, his master remained latent. It had been a decade since he had last roused, but Yuk thought this was more than mere contemplation. The Mage-Priest's eyes wept ooze.

"Grrr", rumbled Tar-Grax.

"No, our revered Lord remains silent."

"Grrr..."

"What do you mean trapped? He is free to leave the temple as soon as he awakes."

"Grrr..."

"Imprisoned in the aether? What do you mean?"

"Grrr..."

"I know, we must leave him and seek aid elsewhere."

"Grrr..."

"There is one who may listen without an entreaty from our Lord. The Astromancers made the connection for me. They mentioned the Second Generation. I see now; the Great Plan aligns. We will travel from night to day; from the City of the Moon to the City of the Sun. We shall seek audience with Lord Mazdamundi himself, the greatest Slann of the Second Generation."

The axe flew past Yukannadoozat, missing his elongated head by inches. It implanted into the trunk of a tree, the fell runes carved on its blade glowed for a few seconds before dying out. The harsh barking of the warmbloods could be heard through the undergrowth, getting closer.

"Move!" hissed Yukannadoozat to Tar-Grax. The skink and kroxigor raced through the jungle, unimpeded by the dense undergrowth, unlike their pursuers. Soon the shouts of the warmbloods were distant. Yukannadoozat took it as an ill omen that the untamed warmbloods had ranged far from their colony on the coast and into Hexoatl's sphere of influence. Surely this was not part of the Great Plan? The skink tasted the air in search of his companion, but could not locate the kroxigor's scent. He must have found some water, thought Yukannadoozat. Tar-Grax was notoriously difficult to get back on dry land once he had gotten wet.





The skink moved on, the plaque that had spurred this whole course of action tucked away in a warmblood-skin satchel, which he dung close to his body. He emerged from the undergrowth into a clearing by a fast-flowing river. The warmbloods were waiting for him.

"Chasos scalf rak Skeggil!" shouted a large specimen. They were ugly creatures, devoid of scales, coated in pinkish flesh with symbols of the Ancient Enemy carved into them. On top they wore hides of scales and fur no doubt harvested from the jungle. There were twelve of them and they looked upon Yukannadoozat with hate.

One screamed a word – a name he had come across before, etched with fearful reverence in sacred plaques. A name the Old Ones had given the cosmic entities that had formed the Ancient Enemy. The skink had no time to muse further and dodged aside as the warmblood charged. Yukannadoozat produced a dagger and pounced on the trespasser as he ran past. He jabbed it repeatedly into the untamed warmblood's back, letting its blood flow, covering the scars and forbidden tattoos on the creature's back. It fell to the ground. The skink quickly dismounted and spun in time to see the other warmbloods charge.

Yukannadoozat ran towards the riverbank and the warmbloods followed. As he came within a tail's reach of the water, he heard a mighty splash from behind. Tar-Grax emerged, roaring and grabbing three warmbloods, dragging them back into the river. The kroxigor spun in the water without letting go of his victims. His maw opened wide and the water ran red. The warmbloods stopped their pursuit of the skink, one running into the river in a fit of rage. He quickly disappeared beneath the surface – wrenched down – but Yukannadoozat was unsure whether it was Tar-Grax or something else.

While the warmbloods were distracted, the skink scampered away from the riverbank into the undergrowth and up a tree. He tasted the air, and found what he was looking for. A leech-fly nest hung from a high branch.

The warmbloods stood around the riverbank, unsure what to do after witnessing the fate of their companion. They screamed at Tar-Grax from the shore and threw the odd axe at the kroxigor, which bounced off his scaly hide. Tar-Grax had just about finished with his first batch of prey.

Suddenly a wax-like ball dropped in amongst the warmbloods. It shattered on

the back of one and the screams started soon after. Enraged leech-flies exploded from the smashed nest and began ravaging the warmbloods. Each fly was the size of an outstretched hand, its membranous wings carrying a creature with a hard exoskeleton, needle-like legs and a round, tubular mouth, similar to a lamprey. Such mouths could break apart scales, but these warmbloods were made of sore pink flesh...

As the warmbloods rolled upon the ground or flailed uselessly at the air, Tar-Grax charged the shore. He was still hungry.

Yukannadoozat was drawn to the corpse of what he suspected had been their Brave. He carefully picked around the furs and shredded skin. He swatted a bloated leech-fly that was still feeding and grunted as he moved the puckered torso. Underneath he found what had called to him. It was a plaque, an ancient one by the look of it and marked with the Forked Tongue. He compared this plaque to the one in his satchel and gave a chirp of anxiety.

"Quick!" he said to the kroxigor. "No more delays – we must get to the Solar-City!"

They stood before the Vaunted Temple of Chotec at the centre of Hexoatl. Six thousand steps scaled the great ziggurat's exterior leading to the Star Chamber at its peak. Not that Yukannadoozat and Tar-Grax had started the ascent. A skink wearing a richly-adorned feather headdress and flanked by a kroxigor in golden armour stamped with the sigil of Chotec, stood in the way.

"No audience!" snapped the skink in the feathers. This is circumvention! Lord Mazdamundi shall commune with your master and your fate shall be decided!"

"My master's will swims in the aether."

"Then you must wait until he returns to his mortal shell."

"But I have read plaques that foretell a disturbance to the Great Warding, one of which was taken from warmblood raiders."

"Silence!" The skink suddenly became stock-still. His eyes took on a different aspect and his tail went rigid. He spoke again, but this time the voice was not his. "You will ascend and attend me at once."

The skink's tail relaxed, his eyes returned to their normal colour and he stepped aside without a further word or glance in

Yukannadoozat and Tar-Grax's direction. They took their cue, and began the climb.

Lord Mazdamundi sat patiently upon his palanquin in the middle of the Star Chamber. Skink attendants waded back and forth, ignoring the visitors. Mazdamundi's eyes flitted open for a moment and then snapped open again.

"Your master cannot be reached. I Fear he may be lost. Or caged", said a voice that could not be heard but was felt deep in Yuk's head. To warm-blooded creature such an intrusion would almost certainly be disconcerting; for skinks, it felt as natural as swimming.

"You have done right, servant. These plaques must be studied. The scripts on them contain new incants of power. The Vortex of the island-serfs is repeated in the numeral codex on each plaque. This is of concern. The younger races – especially the Khanx – must not be allowed to access them. I will summon Kroq-Gar and send him across the World Pond, for these plaques are scattered far and wide."

"You are wise, revered Lord. I shall return to my master and see if he can be roused."

"No! The Slann's ancient eyes closed for a moment and then snapped open again. "You made mention of the Forked Tongue. We have not forecast such an appearance for another two decades — this is discordance!"

"I apologise my Lord, I offer my head as sacrifice", said Yuk, his crest fully folded in submission. He did not want to end his existence, but was not afraid to die, and Mazdamundi's temper was legendary.

"Foolish servant. I have not done with you yet. While your master is indisposed, you will serve me. Begin by solving this discordance. Search the sky."

"As you wish, my Lord of the Solar-City, but the Astromancers have forbade me from using the astral-scope."

"Then you will use mine."

The skink looked through the astral-scope, scanning the cosmos. Then, he focused the lens, his tongue flicking out in anxious excitement. "I see you", whispered Yukannadoozat. "The Forked Tongue of Sotek hangs low in the sky, its hiss disturbs the Winds of Magic."

He looked again through the lens and saw the twin-tailed cornet arcing across the firmament.



THE COMING OF THE OLD ONES

The origin of the Lizardmen is a tale that goes back to a primeval era when the world was a cold, dark and windswept place. Ice sheets covered much of the surface, and endless blizzards and storms raged across the skies, while in other areas volcanoes spewed hot lava and poisonous ash into the atmosphere. A thin equatorial band was the only region capable of sustaining much in the way of life. Savages roamed the land, battling the elements and other, more ancient and evil things, for survival. Who knows what inhuman civilisations rose and fell in that forgotten age, their remains now buried by the passage of time.

Many thousands of years ago, long before Chaos came to the world, in a time before Elves, Dwarfs or Men, the land was ruled by titanic monsters. These enormous creatures battled for dominance and the warmest regions, those nearest the equatorial band, became the most highly contested zones. Some of these life forms were unthinking creatures of pure instinct, others were established civilizations that rose and fell in that forgotten age. Of that time of eternal twilight there is little knowledge, although buried ruins and descendant creatures still remain.

All this changed when the Old Ones came to the world. Into this brutal age came a mysterious race of god-like beings that plied the heavens in silvered ships. These godlike beings were born when the universe itself was young. These aloof and mysterious beings wielded unfathomable power and intellect. They were able to twist the fabric of space and time to their will, and could summon vast energies that they manipulated in the form of devastating magical spells and powers. The



Old Ones came from beyond the stars where they ruled an empire that spanned not just the cosmos, but time itself. Each world in the Old Ones' empire was linked by a gateway. Some were small portals, allowing an individual to travel inconceivable distances with but a single step. Others, often situated in the cold void of space, were portals so large that vessels the size of moons could pass through. In their travels across the endless expanse of the universe, one planet caught their eye, for they saw in it a unique and boundless potential.

The Old Ones looked upon the world and saw its unique, boundless potential. They decreed that this world would have a central place in their unknowable plans and stellar gates at either pole were created to allow easy access to this hopeful new colony and allow the Old Ones' stellar ships to come and go, bringing with them many wondrous things, and many new races. These immense constructions hung like moons above the northern and southern poles – gateways that enabled instantaneous travel through rifts in space, doorways to uncountable realities.



The Old Ones were masters of the world in those days, and perhaps even masters of the entire universe as well. Their technology was advanced beyond imagination and their command of the power of magic was complete. Both were just different aspects of the same galaxy-spanning arcane technology which is beyond our comprehension. The polar gateway was a device created by means of this technology as a portal between the dimensions of reality.

Before the designs for their newest planet could be fully set in motion, the Old Ones had to reshape it to better fit their needs. Under the Old Ones' influence, the world was irrevocably changed. The planet was moved closer to the sun, its orbit altered and its axis shifted to make the climate warmer and more habitable. Plants and life forms of infinite variety were introduced. In time, the ice sheets retreated, verdant forests soon growing to cover over the newly revealed land.

The next stage of the Old Ones' plan was the realignment of the tectonic plates. From the single mega-continent revealed by the retreat of the ice sheets, the Old Ones set into motion a plan that would see the formation of entirely new lands and seas. The mega-continent was split apart under the Old Ones' will, and the shifting plates came to rest in a manner more compliant with their design, making the world conform to an established pattern compatible with their ends. This realignment would take many millennia, none other than the Old Ones knowing its final form or purpose.

THE SLUMBER OF THE DRAGON

When the Old Ones first came to the world, a yet more ancient race already dwelled there – the Dragons. As the world's orbit was shifted the Dragons retreated into hibernation, hating the warmth so beloved of the Old Ones. Many still slumber, awaiting a colder age, dreaming of a time when the creations of the Old Ones will be but a memory, and the Dragons will rule the skies once more.

CHILDREN OF THE GODS

The Old Ones created servants to tend to their needs. Thus was the first spawning of the Slann Mage-Priests begun. These were the grand viziers of the Old Ones, trusted companions who would administer their realms. The Slann were the only beings able to withstand the presence of the godlike Old Ones, being themselves creatures of prodigious intellect and magical power. It was the Slann who were to guide the lesser races whose creation would soon follow. For upon the plains of the world, the Old Ones had encountered many primitive creatures, including those that would one day be transformed into the first Elves, Dwarfs and Men. Powerful and farsighted, the Old Ones could shape new life forms even from these imperfect materials, remoulding them into beings that fitted their desires and needs. However, they did this secretly, always remaining hidden and only revealing themselves to give guidance and teach the arts of civilisation. Thus they were worshipped and passed into legend as creator gods. For what purpose the Old Ones did these things remains a total mystery.

The Old Ones found other creatures too, beings whose existence the Old Ones considered incompatible with their plans for the world. They created the Saurus, a new life form designed and spawned to act as warriors to march forth and pacify the lands, as well as acting as

the guardians of the temple-cities and their Slann. As the climate warmed, vast armies of Lizardmen marched to do war with those native races the Old Ones wished removed, fighting a devastating series of wars long ago passed from memory. Entire species were exterminated by the Saurus. After the Saurus, the first spawning of the Skinks were created – the Old Ones had need of dextrous, quick-witted servants to ensure the smooth running of day-to-day life, as well as to nurture and tend to the races which the Old Ones had chosen to flourish. Also at this time, the Kroxigor were spawned, mighty Lizardmen upon whose labours the first of the mighty temple-cities would be built. From the initial fastness established in the lush equatorial jungles of the region that would become Lustria, the Lizardmen built cities and other structures across the entire globe, each a vital nexus in a world-spanning web of arcane power.

Under the guidance of the Old Ones, the world became a paradise. The Old Ones frequently used the polar gateways to travel the cosmos, but in the meantime they created further spawnings of Slann to execute their plans. Blessed with considerable abilities of mind, the Slann were gifted creators, able to manipulate matter, time and space with the aid of their masters. While the Saurus brought order to the world with their brutal campaigns of destruction, greater projects were undertaken.

By command of the Old Ones, the Slann established the rainforest temple-cities in the region that would one day become Lustria, far away from the regions inhabited by the developing races of the Warhammer World. The cities were secluded and hidden deep within the equatorial rain forests where the climate and humid conditions best suited the alien metabolism of the Old Ones. Other cities were built across the world, in what is now known as the Southlands and Cathay, for in that time all the continents were more humid and wet, and jungles spread across much of the world. The Skinks were the technicians and the overseers; it was





their role to direct the beasts of burden to haul and heft the heavy loads. In this manner, the Lizardmen built fabulous structures that rose high above the steaming jungles.

The Old Ones' instructions to the Slann were very specific as to the locations where the temple-cities, and the many other architectural wonders, were constructed across the globe. Each one was raised up purposefully to form a vital nexus in a world-spanning 'geomantic web', an interlinked matrix of natural earth-energy that encompassed the planet. Each site was linked to the next and the Old Ones were able to draw upon this vast reservoir of energy to manipulate untold devices and enchantments of great power.



The Slann Mage-Priests were also able to tap into the geomantic web, and with its energies they could shift continents and further aid the unknowable plans of the Old Ones. So long as each link remained connected, they could be used to telepathically communicate with one another over vast distances, though not with the casual ease of their god-like masters. By entering a deep trance, the Mage-Priests could transmit pure thoughts from one to another throughout the entirety of the web, enabling them to hold councils of 'sublime communion'. The oldest and most powerful Mage-

Priests are able to send their spirits soaring along the geomantic web, allowing them to bring their prodigious magical powers to bear far from their otherwise weak and vulnerable bodies.

The Old Ones continued to direct the advancement and evolution of their chosen fledgling races for countless turnings of the moons, for time had little meaning to them, and they watched as the world was altered to their desires. They taught the ancestors of the modern races how to manipulate the essence of magical energy, and gently edged them towards civilisation and learning.


LOOMING CATASTROPHE

For untold millennia, the Lizardmen were the undisputed rulers of the world. Their technology was masterful, as was their skill at manipulating the forces of magic, though to the Old Ones magic and technology were one and the same. All was not well with the world, however. The source of their magical powers was the dimension of pure spirit later called the Realm of Chaos. Distressing signs began to manifest outside the gateways at the planet's poles. Their extra-dimensional gateways led through the darkling halls and stygian depths of this impossible realm, and it was from there that trouble arose. In the swirling madness of that otherworldly realm, nascent beings stirred, malign intelligences that resented the Old Ones' trespasses. As life flourished throughout the galaxy, often brought into being by the Old Ones themselves, so the dimension of Chaos became turbulent and troubled as it echoed new passions and emotions born in the universe.





CIVIL WAR



The inscrutable Lord Bloch surveyed the army of the venerable Lord Skrin arrayed before his pyramid-temple on the Plaza of Broken Bones. Behind the rows of Skink archers and alligator-headed Saurus, great ancient reptiles lumbered along the Avenue of Scorpions carrying howdahs packed with yet more javelin-wielding, crested lizards.

Cold One Riders darted on their steeds between the fallen columns of the barrios and the shadows of Terradons swept over the jungle-reclaimed ruins at regular intervals. At the back of the lines, Skink runners were goading Salamanders into disgorging their venom, by prodding their bellies and sides with blunted spears.

Lord Skrin was confused. The inscribed golden plaques that lined the walls of the vault deep at the heart of the Temple of Chotec made it clear that it was part of the Old Ones' world plan that the Totem of Stiqinsekt should remain within the city of Pтели-Sevaaliz. The poor, misguided Skrin believed that it was time to lead a crusade against the Realm of the Dead to the south, and required the Totem for its potent powers of protection against necromantic magic.

But such an action was not yet to be considered before another twenty-two revolutions of the world around the glorious orb of the Sun God. Why Lord Skrin was under this delusion Bloch did not know. Perhaps even a creature as old and wise as the Slann was fallible and had made a miscalculation, or perhaps there was a more sinister reason. Could it be that the corrupting influence of a Xlanax was disturbing and disrupting Skrin's thoughts?

As he contemplated his rival's error, the Mage-Priest whipped out his tongue, catching a buzzing, long-legged insect on its sticky tip before recoiling it back into his cavernous frog mouth.

Marshaled on the steps of the temple were a host of Saurus wearing the skulls of Stegadon young on top of their own scaled and bony heads. There was movement among the ranks as Bloch's warriors shuffled impatiently or adjusted the weight of the bronze halberds they gripped in their clawed hands. The brutish Lizardmen were not used to thinking deeply about anything, whereas Bloch had spent a decade considering the ever-changing spectrum of colours visible within the faceted eyes of a dragonfly.

Ryodejanero, the captain of the Bloch's Temple Guard snorted and the orange patches on his mottled blue skin turned a brilliant red. Truly Chotec was lending his divine inspiration to the defenders of Pтели-Sevaaliz. The Sun God had spoken. Bloch croaked the command for his elite warriors to attack.

A blood-curdling roar issuing from its throat, a Kroxigor twice as tall as any Saurus warrior swung its bronze-bladed axe through the line of Skinks, decapitating the Shaman Rikkimhatinn. The battle-roar became one of triumph and the crocodile-mouthed monster advanced into the ranks of Mage-Priest Bloch's army.

A deep rumbling like distant monsoon thunder, became audible below the clamour of battling reptiles and the ground became like rippling sand. With a crash, trees and huge blocks of masonry disappeared into the earth as it was split open by the quake. Bellowing in fear and anger, a Stegadon keeled over into the newly-opened fissure that yawned beneath its feet.

Lord Skrin felt his amphibian skin pimple as the magical energy of the ley line poured through him. The Slann's mastery of magic was total, making them the greatest sorcerers in the world. So great was their power that they could tear continents asunder, raise mountains where before there had been level plains, and, where once there had been scorching deserts, create vast oceans.

Before him the destruction of Pтели-Sevaaliz continued. Pillars were toppled and statues shattered. A boom signalled the collapse of the pyramid vaults and clouds of dust were thrown up into the humid air. Skrin could feel the energy radiating from the Totem of Stiqinsekt now stronger than ever. It poured from the pinnacle of the pyramid in a torrent. The sacred treasure was within his grasp at last.

Bloch was an arrogant fool. When his misjudgement had been corrected, the Slann of Lustria would be able to continue with the implementation of the Old One's ancient plan for the world.

Only dimly aware of the battle raging between the two Lizardman factions all around him, Lord Skrin allowed his Saurus bearers to carry his palanquin across the root-broken stones of the plaza into the shadow of the once great Temple of Chotec, now no more than a ruined shell. It was time, he decided, for a meeting of minds: one from which only the strongest, purest and most logical would emerge unscathed.





THE GREAT CATASTROPHE



No-one knows what terrible catastrophe befell the Old Ones and destroyed the ordered world they had created. Since their knowledge was complete and their technology perfect, the answer must lie with the Old Ones themselves. The Old Ones were beings of order and near-omnipotence, but it is unknown when they first detected the impending disaster, or if they realised its magnitude. Although they tapped into the energies of the realm beyond their portals, they had always struggled to contain that power. An enemy appeared, an adversary of pure energy. It was the source of the Old Ones' magical power, yet uncontrollable and utterly destructive – what was known in later days as Chaos. Soon the Old Ones found themselves embattled with creatures spawned by these emotions deep within the sea of Chaos, fighting a constant war for mastery of that impossible dimension. Having glimpsed some future portent, it is probable that the races the Old Ones created were intended to fight against the creatures from the Realm of Chaos.



After the Lizardmen, the first of the newly created races was the Elves, and they learned the lore of magic in the lap of the gods themselves. The Dwarfs soon followed, although their magic was insular and intrinsic to their craftsmanship. As the pressures of their cosmic war intensified, the Old Ones created the prolific and adaptable race of Man, and, seemingly in haste, finally the Halflings and the Ogres were risen up from the lesser things that roamed the world, to take their place at the feet of the gods.

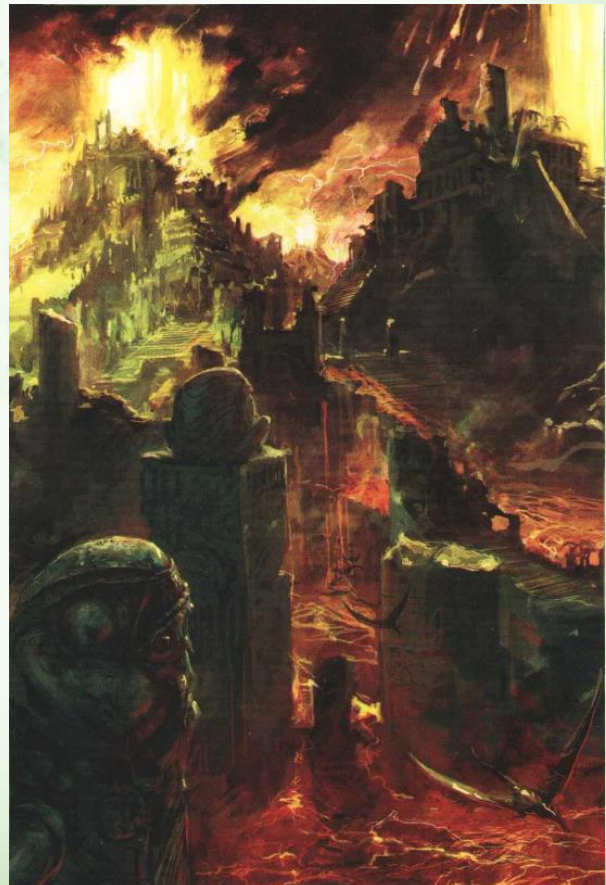
However, a nightmarish time of terror was soon to come, an occurrence that would doom the world to certain and eventual destruction. A mighty battle raged for many centuries as the creator Old Ones struggled against Chaos for control of the inter-dimensional gateways in the skies above the world. The energies unleashed during this time wracked the lands, but slowly the Old Ones began to gain the upper hand in this titanic struggle. Attempts were made to close the gateways, for they were the doorways through which Chaos could enter the world, yet this task proved impossible.


THE COMING OF CHAOS

Disaster came suddenly. In a catastrophic explosion of absolute darkness, the gates above the poles collapsed in on themselves and were utterly destroyed. It is unknown whether the Old Ones demolished the gates themselves or if they were torn apart by the immense pressure of energies exerted during the struggle against Chaos. The eldritch machineries of the gates crashed down upon the world in a burning hail of star-metal. Simultaneously, the poles of the world imploded, opening rifts into the beyond. Chaos spewed forth from

the spirit realm. Meteors of congealed magic, a substance known as warpstone, left weirdling contrails that set the skies aflame. The planet shuddered under thunderous impacts, with some meteorites burrowing like animals, gnawing deep into the world's foundation. A layer of warpstone dust was cast into the air, its mutating properties causing untold atrocities. Across the globe, the seas churned and the forest canopies shook, convulsing with grotesque growth. Where the northern gateway had once been, there now throbbed a second moon, a green satellite made of pure warpstone. Many cries were lifted to that sickly orb, as hideously twisted creatures were born, howling in their agony.

Even as the gateways collapsed, the Old Ones departed from the world. No one truly knows what happened to these supreme beings, even amongst the Slann. Some believed that they were instantly destroyed by the influx of chaotic energy, the ultimate antithesis of the highly ordered Old Ones. Others speculated that the Old Ones, divine as they were, were dangerously vulnerable and susceptible to the attentions of the daemons, and say that they were possessed and torn asunder. Others believe that they realised that the world was doomed, and so abandoned it to its fate. Whatever the case, the Old Ones left the world, leaving their favoured servants, the Slann, stranded, cut off from their people across the stars and facing imminent destruction from the rampant forces and energies of Chaos.





Yet the disaster could have been worse, if the Old Ones' most powerful servants, the Slann, had not staved off complete destruction by sealing much of the rent in reality. Many Slann sacrificed their lives and their souls in the span of a few seconds to stave off the immediate, total destruction of the planet. So great was the strain of that undertaking that half of their number were slain – their brains melted by the incongruity of Chaos. Despite their sacrifice, the Slann could only shrink the gap; they could neither close it nor stem the tide of magical energy that swept the planet. Chaos energy spewed across the lands in an explosive surge, destroying many of the Lizardmen cities instantly. The fabric of reality was ripped apart in a terrible series of tears that could be felt in the soul of every living being the world over. The largest of these gaping wounds lay in the extreme north and south, and what emerged through these rents would eventually doom the world. A billion gibbering fiends forced their way through the crack in the stuff of reality, forcing open a gateway from hell. From these Realms of Chaos came all manner of daemons – nightmares given form, devouring all in their path. Raw magical energy flowed through these fallen gates, washing over the world in immense and ever increasing tides. The Old Ones were gone, and the Lizardmen and the fledgling races were now abandoned before a new and diabolical foe.

THE WORLD BESIEGED

In the wake of the clouds of magic came the daemonic legions of the Chaos Gods. At the poles, great chunks of the stuff fell to earth, the remnants perhaps of the gateways themselves. Further afield smaller rocks

plummeted through the sky upon wierdling contrails, setting the air afire with pulsating, eerie lights. No region escaped, as a fine layer of warpstone dust settled across the entire world, bringing mutation to all. Where the gateway had once been, now there throbbed a second moon, a malevolent, green satellite made from the very stuff of Chaos.

The raw stuff of Chaos coalesced into solid form, to rain down upon the world, poisoning life and bringing into being all manner of twisted and unnatural creatures. They crystallised out of the swirling madness, materialising in numbers beyond count. Each Daemon was a powerful facet of its master, an unnatural being that burned with the urge to destroy. And so the war for the mortal realm was begun. Faced with annihilation, the remaining Slann rallied, mustering armies the sizes of which have never been seen in the world since. The Daemons attacked everywhere, but the Lizardmen bore the brunt of the attack. Many cities were lost in those first terrible days, overrun by untold hordes of Daemons. Yet others stood, tenuous redoubts of order amongst the boiling ocean of abomination.

Still reeling from the shock wave that the destruction of the polar gates caused and the horror of the loss of their divine masters, the Slann were forced into immediate action. Their magic, weak in comparison to the powers of the Old Ones, yet still far in advance of what any other species had mastered or ever would, became increasingly difficult to control. The unpredictable waves of Chaos energy pulsing around the world





caused havoc with the Slann's spellcasting, and some of them were overcome by the excess of power. Those that survived frantically began to set up a series of protective bathers in an attempt to hold back the raw Chaos energy surging around the world.

The Slann knew that if left unchecked the unpredictable winds of Chaos would return and eventually destroy the world, all life stolen by the daemonic entities and the planet itself ripped asunder. They frantically attempted to re-awaken the shattered series of wards that were scattered across the world in areas of power, usually where the lines of energy that criss-crossed the world met. Further strong points to hold back Chaos were restored in scattered pockets all over the world, including within Lustria itself, deep in the jungles of the Southlands, and along the islands circling the southern pole.

And so it is that the Slann took on themselves the role of protectors of this world that was carved by the will of the Old Ones. As their numbers dwindled, the Mann retreated further into the depths of their jungle homelands, struggling to hold their own temple-cities from the onslaught of Chaos. Attempting to maintain control over their own domain, the Slann were forced to leave the rest of the world to its own devices while they struggled for survival, and ultimate doom seemed certain.

LOST TREASURES OF THE GODS

The Old Ones were said to have been masters of the mystic arts, engineers of reality who could manipulate the very fabric of space and time with but a thought. They created a great many devices which they gifted to their subject races, so that their servants might wield but a portion of the Old Ones' own powers in the pursuance of the Great Plan.

When the Old Ones departed the world, a large number of these devices were lost with them or destroyed when the delicate workings were overwhelmed in the magical hurricane that followed the collapse of the polar gates.

Other such devices did survive the Great Catastrophe, however, and these are commonly wielded in battle by the greatest of the Lizardmen's warriors and leaders.

The operation of many of these magical artefacts has long ago turned from science to superstition. The Lizardmen have no idea how the Staff of Light is powered, for example, only that by gripping the haft strongly whilst pointing it towards their enemy and invoking the name of Chotec it will unleash a blast of blinding light that will vaporise foes and reduce them to ash. Other items require no specific knowledge to utilise, such as the Maiming Shield, which appears to strike out at the wielder's foes with a volition all its own.

It is recorded that there exist great repositories of magical devices that the Lizardmen have lost all knowledge of operating. Each of the temple-cities houses such places, and they are guarded by resolute Temple Guard. Furthermore, some Skink Priests hold that there exist places outside of the Lizardmen's control, such as the legendary Temple of Kara where the most powerful of artefacts are stored, attended by the warrior-women of the jungle tribes and kept secret even from the servants of their creators.

What followed was a series of terrible wars, titanic clashes that spanned continents, lasted centuries and claimed untold lives. The Saurus met the daemonic tide, able to match their ferocity and return it in kind, but the might of the Lizardmen did not rest solely with its armies. The Slann, atop their pyramid-temples, gathered the rampant magical energies to fuel spells of unprecedented destruction. They gulped in the magic-infused air and belched forth firestorms, unleashed tidal waves, or split the earth asunder to lay waste to the invaders. In the war's opening stages, the Slann proved more powerful than even the most magically adept of the Daemons. However, as the Chaos energies and unending reinforcements continued to flood into the world, the balance began to shift.

THE CRUMBLING OF CIVILISATION

As the Chaos energies ebbed stronger, the Slann felt their powers dim, their spells growing harder to control. Even a minute error while manipulating magical forces resulted in horrific mishap – many Slann suffered mind-shredding backlashes or were lost to their own incandescent miscues. While the unconstrained Winds of Magic sapped the Slann, it conversely invigorated the Daemons, for they were born of the unnatural stuff and could readily shape it for their own use. As the magical supremacy shifted, so too did the war.

On the battlefields, titans made of pure fury smashed into the Saurus cohorts until the land was awash with blood. Plague monsters and beasts of living brass hurtled headlong into cold-blooded colossi, while above, flying reptiles battled bat-winged behemoths for control of the skies. Despite mauling their daemonic foes, the Lizardmen were driven back. The Slann drew ever more upon their nexus of power, using its grounding to steady the unstable energies swirling around them. In desperation, they enchanted the jungle, turning their surroundings into a deathtrap full of carnivorous plants, living quicksand pits and teeming swarms of insects whose stings could crack Dragon scale. Rivers were redirected to impede the daemonic advance and volcanoes rose and erupted to slow their hellish progress. Yet still, the fell legions rampaged onwards. The Lizardmen withdrew to their temple-cities, bastions of order amongst a sea of Chaos.

For a time, even the relentless minions of the Dark Gods were checked as the Lizardmen exacted a tremendous toll. Giant reptilian beasts waded into the tumult, crushing paths through the hellish hordes before being lost to sight beneath the writhing masses. Strange devices left by the Old Ones were unleashed, artefacts of power that melted away the opposition by the thousands. Heedless of their losses, the Daemons continued to batter away at the protective barriers conjured by the Slann to protect each temple-city.

Eventually, the Daemons devised a way to breach the wards and Xahutec was the first to fall, its inhabitants slaughtered and its sky-scraping pyramids cast down. It





began a chain reaction, weakening the magical barriers erected over each other temple-city in turn. So Huatl, Tlanxla, and Xhotl fell in quick succession. At Xhotl, the Slann Mage-Priests managed to hold out long enough to send warnings to the remaining cities, allowing them to employ suitable counterspells. The Daemons were stymied for a period, yet they were unrelenting. They devised new devilries to defeat each defence, unleashing a plague to overcome Chaqua, levelling Quezotec with the sonic barrage of a billion slaughtered souls in agony, and summoning shadowy tentacles to drag the great triangular temple-city of Zarmuda deep under the sea, where its force dome eventually cracked. After a thousand years of battle, only a handful of temple-cities stood, each a bastion protected by the greatest of the remaining Slann.

THE DEFENCE OF ITZA

As temple-cities fell to the daemonic hordes, increasing pressure was put on those still standing, and the web of power encircling the globe began to collapse. At last the way was clear for the Daemons to besiege Itza, the First City and lynchpin of the Lizardmen's arcane defences. This city was of utmost importance, for if it fell then a vital link would be broken. Itza was under the protection of Lord Kroak, first of all Slann spawned upon the world and the mightiest of mages. With the fate of creation itself hanging in the balance, Lord Kroak mustered his defences. Tapping in to the collapsing web of magical energy, Kroak erected a total and enclosing field of power around the city. The enraged daemonic horde battered against it for days on

end, expiring even as they clawed at the crackling magical dome. Yet after years of strain, even Lord Kroak could sustain such mystic walls no longer, and with a final, thunderous surge of power, he exploded the barrier outwards, flattening the surrounding jungle for miles all around. A hundred thousand Daemons were banished in an instant. Nevertheless, there were still countless more, and the screaming masses of Chaos engulfed the city, and Lizardmen battled daemons in the streets of the First City.

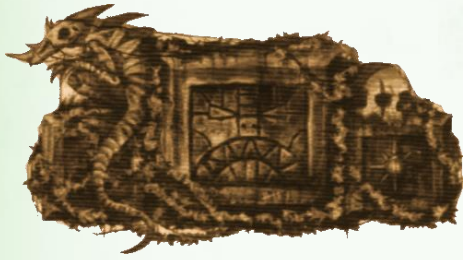
Of all that long war, no battle was more fiercely fought than the one amongst the streets of Itza. In this titanic battle, the Kroxigor Nakai, known as the Wanderer, rose to pre-eminence. His own temple-city in ruins, he journeyed to Itza to aid its defence. He killed four score of the foul daemons, holding the vital Bridge of the Stars on his own until reinforcements arrived, earning him great honour. He was thought slain, until his reappearance nearly three thousand years later.

Only an epic stand by Lord Kroak's army of Temple Guard prevented the Daemons from overrunning the Great Pyramid. Even as Itza appeared doomed, Kroak's entire Temple Guard marched out to block the lofty Bridge of Stars which led to the Great Pyramid. They formed a line as wide as the bridge and a hundred warriors deep, barring the Daemons' path just as they began to swarm on to the bridge. As one, a thousand daemonic abominations gave a savage war cry, and battle was joined. The Temple Guard were grievously outnumbered, but not one step back was taken. For many days and nights, the elite Saurus warriors stood firm on the lofty Bridge of Stars. The sun rose high in the sky, and still the Temple Guard held the centre of the bridge. By the time the sun had set, the line was thinning, but when the morning came, it held still. By noon on the second day the chasm below the bridge was choked with ruined Daemon-flesh, but only a tenth of the Temple Guard still stood. Inexorably, the Temple Guard were cut down as wave after wave of Bloodletters and Daemonettes, the foot soldiers of Chaos, broke upon their ever-thinning line. As the sun set that second day, so the last Temple Guard fell, and the daemonic horde surged across the bridge. Yet, the stout defence of the Bridge of Stars had bought Lord Kroak time to enact one, final incantation.

Lord Kroak's Great Pyramid was a serene island of calm at the eye of the hellish storm. Using the Slanns' web of power, he tapped into untold reservoirs of energy, Slann in other temple-cities expending their very life force to aid him. As the last of the Temple Guard was cut down, Lord Kroak spouted forth spells that were the preserve of gods, raining fire from the heavens to vaporise the foe. With a word, he forced the River Amaxon to change course and sweep away thousands. With a gesture, he blasted the land with searing winds. With a thought, he caused earthquakes to tear open gaping chasms, engulfing entire daemonic legions before closing once more. Time itself stood still and the fabric from which the universe is woven became strained and threatened to tear apart at the outpour of sheer power.



Yet, eventually Lord Kroak succumbed. A dozen Greater Daemons of Khorne, protected from Kroak's magicks by the favour of their god, fought their way to the top of the pyramid and fell upon his serene form, ripping him apart in an instant of savage bloodlust. So powerful was Kroak's undying spirit however, that he fought on. Such was Kroak's determination and dedication to the temple-city that he refused to let even death hinder him. Set free from his flesh, Lord Kroak's radiant spirit soared high above the embattled city, scourging the attackers with a divine light so bright it appeared as if a second sun had appeared in the heavens. The First City, the keystone in the global web of power was saved, but at tragic cost.



THE END OF AN EPOCH

Although Itza was delivered, the war against Chaos raged for many more years, the Lizardmen forced back to Itza, Hexoatl and a handful of other stronghold temple-cities. Tragically, they were unable to intervene as elsewhere the Dwarfs and Elves were decimated, these young races never before having faced the terrors of war. At the last, it was the Elves of Ulthuan that saved the world from total destruction. Under siege from the daemons overrunning their island, the Elves enacted their Great Ritual and created a powerful vortex of energy that sucked away most of the magical winds in a devastating maelstrom, maintained at the centre of their isle to this day. Only by the Lizardmen's stand against the Daemons was Chaos held in check

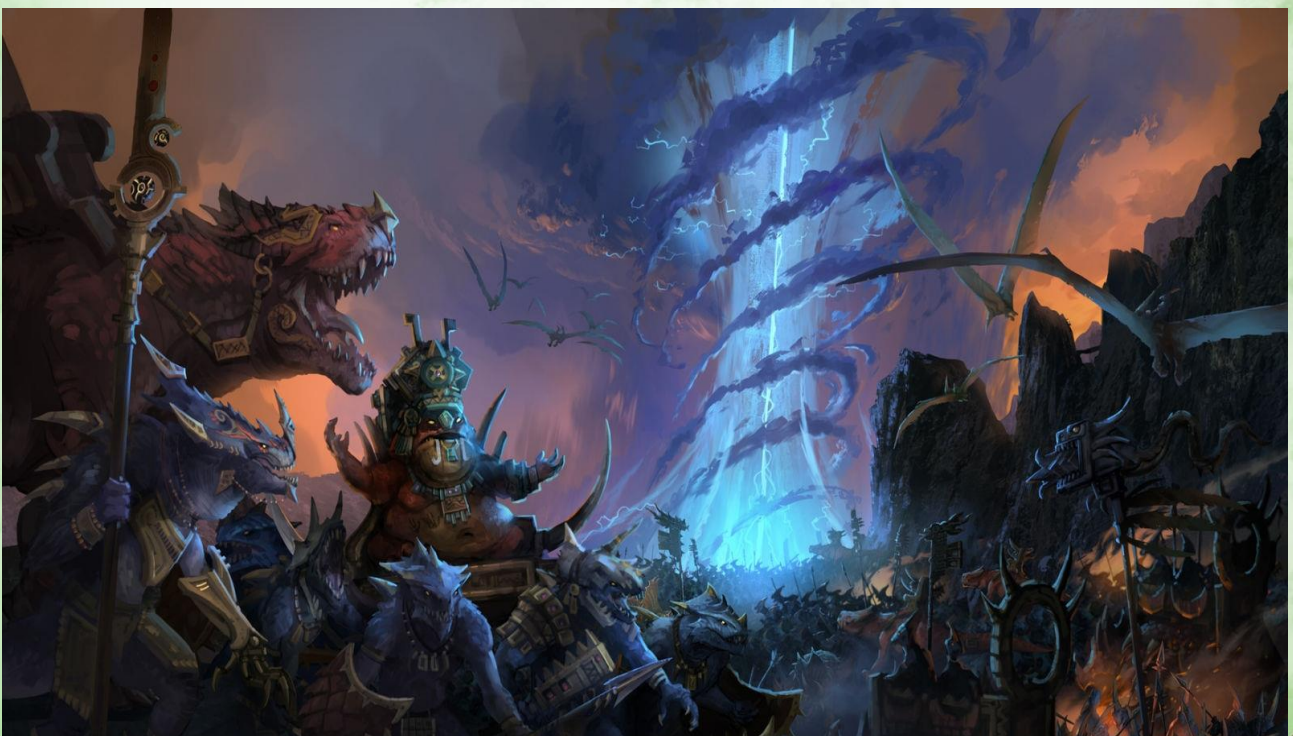
RELIC PRIESTS

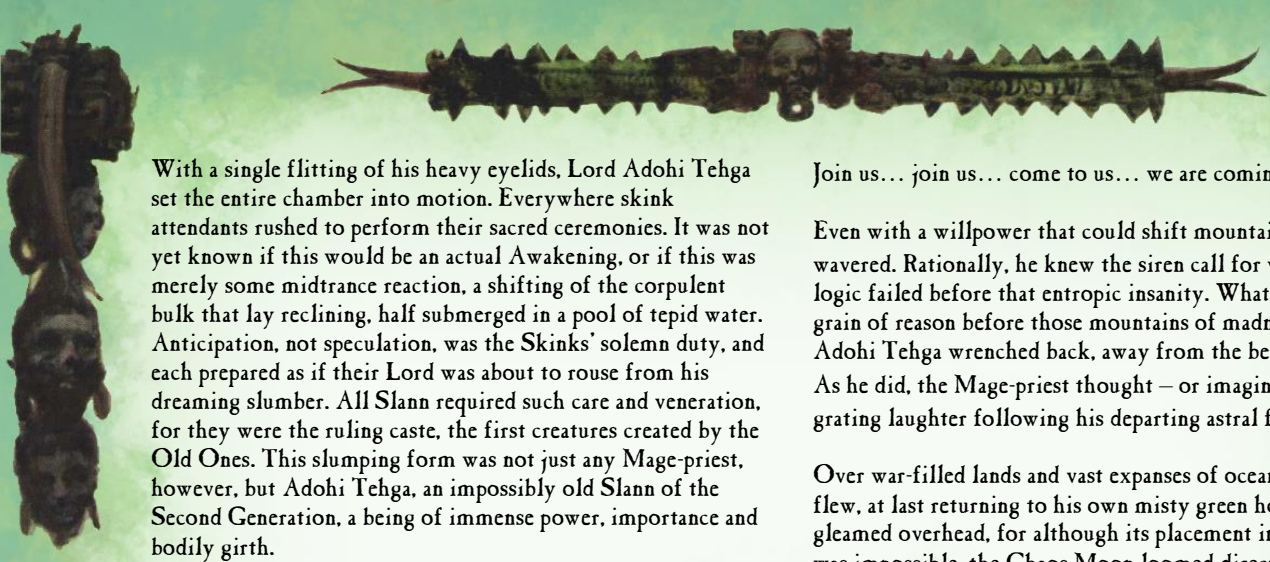
In the wake of the defence of Itza, Lord Kroak's Skink attendants lamented the death of their master, whose body had been ripped asunder and scattered across the steps of the Great Pyramid. The Skinks collected every last scrap of his body, and with great reverence sewed it back together and swathed it in resin-soaked wrappings. Thus was created the first Relic Priest. The Lizardmen found that the spirit of a departed Mage-Priest is so powerful that it lingers near its erstwhile body. In times of great need therefore, the Relic Priests are brought forth from their hidden crypts, to enact once more the Great Plan of the Old Ones.

long enough for the ritual to be performed. The magic that sustained the horde was blasted back to the poles, where the Daemons merged once more with the seething, unchecked energies of Chaos. Without the magic surging across the landscape, the daemons were unable to remain in existence, and began to disappear, their physical forms merging back into the stronger collections of chaos energy in the extreme north and south.

The Elves had learned their magical art from the Old Ones and the Slann over many generations, and they were remarkably adept at manipulating the magic winds that now blew. Indeed, they could control the magic in ways that the Slann could or would not. The hugely powerful spell that the Elves cast was extremely costly, unselfishly dooming their most powerful mages to an eternity of torment for the benefit of the entire world.

The first, great war against Chaos was over, but alas, the age of the Old Ones was ended. The world was irrevocably damaged, now transformed into a world saturated with magic and monsters.





With a single flitting of his heavy eyelids, Lord Adohi Tehga set the entire chamber into motion. Everywhere skink attendants rushed to perform their sacred ceremonies. It was not yet known if this would be an actual Awakening, or if this was merely some midtrance reaction, a shifting of the corpulent bulk that lay reclining, half submerged in a pool of tepid water. Anticipation, not speculation, was the Skinks' solemn duty, and each prepared as if their Lord was about to rouse from his dreaming slumber. All Slann required such care and veneration, for they were the ruling caste, the first creatures created by the Old Ones. This slumping form was not just any Mage-priest, however, but Adohi Tehga, an impossibly old Slann of the Second Generation, a being of immense power, importance and bodily girth.

Unbeknownst to his Skink attendants, the mind of Adohi Tehga was far, far away from his slumping form. His mind had wandered far since the Great Mazdamundi – the only Slann older and more powerful than Adohi himself – had declared Exodus. Those words triggered something in Adohi Tehga. Plans older than the Slann himself arose; implanted memories flooded his mind, visions that were ancient before the founding of his world.

Adohi Tehga's spirit-self walked amongst distant stars before returning to his own troubled world. From a distance, Adohi's planet looked blue and peaceful, yet he knew that serenity was the deception of great distance. As the Mage-priest's eyes closed, his mystic sight circumnavigated the globe, penetrating cloud, mountain and illusion alike.

The Slann saw just what Lord Mazdamundi had foretold: the only kingdoms not beset by war had already been ravaged by it. Armies beyond count were on the march and everywhere the power of Chaos grew, like the tentacles of some great beast slowly enwrapping the entire planet.

A great lunamancer and reader of the stellar signs, Adohi Tehga looked upon the heavens. Above the island of the Elves the stars proclaimed stark oblivion and torment. Already the isle burned with war. Further afield, no starlight pierced the Black Pall that surrounded the lands of the Great Necromancer, but that barrier could not halt the Mage-priest's gaze. He saw within the Black Pyramid noting but the swelling power and desperation that lurked behind the hollow sockets of the King of the Dead. Smoke hung over the lands of Mankind, and, above that, more portents of ill omen; the Red Star, the war star, the doom of all.

In the mountains, the Dwarfs resisted, but their star-pattern was all of woe and tragedy. Underground, deep beyond reckoning, the rat-creatures flowed through tunnels in living rivers. They would strike soon. The green-tinged and leering Chaos Moon was their sign, and it waxed impossibly large, blocking out all stars from Adohi Tehga's vision. The Magepriest turned his eyes away, turning them at last to the north...

The frozen wastelands. The doom of the world. Fur-clad barbarians followed by black-armoured brutes; relentlessly they marched south carrying the fell totems of the Dark Gods. So much Chaos energy swirled about them that they warped the very ground they strode upon. Yet Adohi Tehga's vision was drawn further north, drawn as if by some unseen power. There, amid the swirling corruption, was a rent in reality itself. Beyond the veil shadows writhed and contorted. Whispers urged Adohi Tehga to drift closer, to see more. Words not spoken filled his spirit-mind.

Join us... join us... come to us... we are coming...

Even with a willpower that could shift mountains, Adohi Tehga wavered. Rationally, he knew the siren call for what it was – yet logic failed before that entropic insanity. What good was his grain of reason before those mountains of madness? Straining, Adohi Tehga wrenched back, away from the beckoning voices. As he did, the Mage-priest thought – or imagined – hoarse, grating laughter following his departing astral form...

Over war-filled lands and vast expanses of ocean his projection flew, at last returning to his own misty green home. No stars gleamed overhead, for although its placement in the night sky was impossible, the Chaos Moon loomed directly above Lustria also, as if the luminous mass was watching over the lands.

Truly Lord Mazdamundi was correct. The Great Plan had failed.

Adohi Tehga sped over the sprawling city of Tlaxtlan, passing through the stones of the Great Temple of Tlaxcotl, with a final jolt coming to rest within his corporal form reclining in the Chamber of Balanced Serenity. The Mage-priest was surrounded by Skinks, peering at him with unblinking eyes. The moment his eyes jolted open Adohi Tehga was barraged by his Skink advocate, his befeathered headdress bobbing. Adohi Tehga raised a hand upwards to command silence.

"Lord Mazdamundi has called Exodus," said Adohi Tehga, his voice croaky and rasping.

"Awaken the Opener of the Ways, send for the Golden-crested spawning."

The Skink Advocate and all the surrounding attendants were awed by the least sound made by Adohi Tehga, for even his grunts were to them divine enlightenment. Yet this was an almighty command. They knew how to respond to this command, yet since the first spawning of their kind, none had ever yet heard it given. With much bowing and feather-bobbing, the Skinks scampered away.

Deep below the vast temple-pyramid, ancient patterns were traced, sequence codes tapped into stone-carved glyphs. Sealed doors of stone, closed for ages of the world, were unlocked and deeper chambers revealed. A Golden-crested Skink alone entered the last vault, the ponderous door swinging closed behind him. At his presence, lights running through the stone flickered and hummed, bathing all in a blue-tinted light. Spawning for this purpose, the Skink knew what to do, despite having never entered a chamber such as this. Tracing swirled patterns upon a panelled wall, the Skink was surrounded by holographic controls. By his motions, the temple-pyramid was brought to life; it thrummed with unknown energies that shook its foundations.

Far up in the pinnacle, Lord Adohi Tehga rose up on his floating stone palanquin and travelled out to the temple-pyramid's star-gazing roof, many thousands of feet above the ground. A lone star twinkled through the greenish haze of the Chaos Moon. A portent, thought the Mage-priest. A fleeting sign, some last vestige of hope?

Adohi Tehga felt the tremors as the whole temple-pyramid trembled. The Exodus Engines had been engaged. If doom was indeed upon the world, thought Adohi Tehga, then the last gift of the Old Ones would not fail them...





THE AGE OF ISOLATION



With the Daemons of Chaos banished, a new day dawned over the jungles of Lustria. The Lizardmen found their domains reduced to blasted, smoking ruins. Though the scorched jungle would soon grow anew, the survivors knew the temple-cities might never be rebuilt. The Mage-Priests looked upon a world irrevocably changed, twisted beyond recognition by the taint of Chaos. The Lizardmen faced the immediate challenge of survival, for now was the time of the younger races, whose nascent empires were rapidly spreading to cover the entire globe. The Lizardmen sealed themselves within their domains, making Lustria a nigh impregnable realm. To tread there was to invite certain death from myriads of predatory beasts, carnivorous plants, tropical diseases and the armies of the Lizardmen themselves. No matter how the ebb and flow of conquest touched the world, Lustria would endure, a haven in which the Mage-Priests could shelter, meditate upon the plans of the lost Old Ones, and century by century rebuild their powers.

For thousands of years after the collapse of the polar gates, with the immediate threat of Chaos thwarted, the Lizardmen existed in relative seclusion while the world changed around them. The numbers of the Slann had been greatly reduced while fighting back the tide of Chaos, and the survivors had retreated deep into the jungles. Many of the great temple-cities were ruined, and the Slann had detached themselves from the affairs of mortals.

Lustria existed in isolation for several thousand years, cut off even from the Lizardmen across the seas. The Slann became increasingly dormant, entering longer and longer trance-like states as they tried to divine the best course of action. Having never been privy to the full subtlety and intricate details of the Old Ones' plan for the world, the Mage-Priests now had to decide what they thought the Old Ones would have wished. As the older Slann dropped into their timeless contemplation-sleep, the younger Slann were left to divine the Old Ones' intent.



RUMINATIONS ON A NEW AGE

The Slann ordered their minions to begin reconstructing that which they could. This task was urgent and gave the Mage-Priests time to meditate upon the proper way to advance. The struggle for survival against the Daemons had allowed no time to contemplate a future bereft of the Old Ones. The Lizardmen were uninterrupted during their rebuilding as the rest of the civilised races were also recovering from war, and because Lustria had grown treacherous. To tread upon that continent was to invite death, as predatory beasts, tropical diseases and all manner of deadly flora still remained – the residual effect of the Slann's many defensive spells and perhaps the corrupting taint of Chaos.

It was the intention of the Slann to fortify their own defences before re-establishing contact with the younger races. They certainly intended to continue their monitoring duties and most probably their mentoring roles to those under-developed projects begun by the Old Ones. But in this new age, the Slann soon discovered that even their best-constructed designs now seemed error-prone and displeasingly flawed. Details slipped away from the leaders of the Lizardmen and they spent much time contemplating why.

The Slann struggled to remember the rituals they had routinely performed before the coming of Chaos. Over a thousand years had passed since those days, and there were no longer any Slann of the First Spawning to guide them – none had survived. Of those Slann that remained, there was not one amongst their number that had entered the presence of an Old One. It was a lengthy task simply establishing which nodes of the geomantic web were still serviceable, as many sites had been damaged or destroyed. The Great Cataclysm had a lingering effect upon the Slann, for they had looked into the swirl of pure Chaos and that image had imprinted itself upon their orderly minds. It clouded their consciences and dimmed their memories. Long rests were required to sustain them after serious bouts of deeper thinking. Yet despite the fact that they were but shadows of their former selves, the Slann remained masters of the mystic arts, their arcane skills unsurpassed by other mortals.

Although the Great Ritual of the Elves had driven much of the power of Chaos away, it had not banished it entirely. The poles of the world still writhed under its corrupting sway and the world still suffered an influx of its energies, ebbing and flowing in a patternless way. The Slann identified the tremendous threats already seeking to undermine the Elves' vortex at the centre of their island home of Ulthuan. Were it to stop draining the world's magic, the Daemons would soon reappear. Thus did the Slann begin their greatest undertaking of this new age. Of utmost importance was the maintenance of what remained of the geomantic web.



What remained of the geomantic web was used to strengthen the Great Warding – a string of lesser siphons, defences and sentinels that would keep the Realm of Chaos at bay and secretly lend its power to the vortex of the Elves at the centre of Ulthuan. Many Mage-Priests would spend centuries attending exclusively to this task, their ceaseless watch ensuring that the Great Warding remained intact, even though the watchers appeared immobile or even slumbering to their servants.

The remaining Slann Mage-Priests set about piecing together the Great Plan of the Old Ones. Immediately before the Great Catastrophe, the Old Ones had dictated instructions and predictions onto many plaques of stone or gold. The remnants of the god-like beings' intentions were now scattered throughout the world, often buried in ruins, clues left in plaques or other items of alien manufacture. Those sacred plaques that were recovered were studied and their meanings mulled over. Since those days, the Lizardmen have continued to scour the world in order to recover more such artefacts and compile these writings into a mighty archive of plaques, some predating the coming of Chaos, others written since and taking the form of predictions, prophecies and portents. Even the suspicion of such an item being found was sufficient to rouse a Mage-Priest from deep contemplation, and for a mighty host to be dispatched to retrieve it.

A LONG, STEADY DECLINE

While the daily activity of the long-lived Slann slowed, new spawnings of Skinks and Saurus were continually generated at all the remaining temple-cities. As the Slann withdrew into their own cerebral worlds, the Skink Priests – the most intelligent of their kind – became the daily leaders of the Lizardmen. It was their ceaseless industry that restored the temple-cities,

rebuilding everything for which they had architectural plans. It was they who ordered the overgrown jungle cut back to develop the roads between temple-cities.

While the Slann Mage-Priests meditated, dreaming of their lost realms and their lost creator-gods, their society began an inexorable slide towards barbarism. Much knowledge had been lost in the long war against Chaos, and every Slann of the First Spawning had been slain. None of the remaining Mage-Priests had so much as entered the presence of an Old One. The Old Ones took on the aspect of distant gods, worshipped by the Lizardmen and called upon in times of need by the Skinks. The Lizardmen even began to make bloody sacrifices, offering up the lives of captured enemies to their creators in an effort to attract their blessings. The Lizardmen possessed a great many relics, remnants of the Olds Ones' arcane technology, yet understanding of them slipped from the knowledge of those who remained. To the Lizardmen, these devices became objects of veneration and superstition, all hope of understanding the technology of their function lost, replaced with superstitious ceremony and ritual.

THE RISE OF THE WARMBLOODS

The first of the younger races to set foot upon the hallowed ground of Lustria were the High Elves. In the wake of the Great Catastrophe as the war against Chaos became known, an eerie, expectant silence had descended upon the world. The High Elves had seen that all had changed, and that there was much to explore beyond Ulthuan. With the Old Ones gone, a new age dawned. Only the most learned of Elven Loremasters had even an inkling of the beings that dwelled within the jungles of Lustria, though they knew not whether any could possibly have survived the war against Chaos.





And so, on a mist-shrouded, mangrove-choked shore on the isthmus of Pahuax, a graceful, silver-prowed ship pierced the salty miasma. To tread the loamy soil of Lustria must have been deeply significant for the company of explorers. It was as trespass in the halls of the gods who had forbidden them to dwell anywhere other than Ulthuan. The Elves' coming was marked before they had travelled a hundred paces. Runners were dispatched to the temple-city of Pahuax. The Mage-Priest Lord Huinitenuchli was roused from the recuperative slumber in which he had lain since narrowly defeating the Daemon Slaa'Ulann at the battle of Xuhua Lake. The Mage-Priest had yet to fully recover from wounds sustained in that battle, and it would be many days before he was sufficiently attuned to converse with his attendants. In the meantime the Skink Priests were shorn of their master's wisdom and forced to deal with the arrival of the High Elves as best they could. As such, they adopted a watch to see what the fair-skinned trespassers would do.

The Elven explorers pushed onwards through the fly-infested coastal swamps, heading westwards, towards the temple-city. Many sickened in the cloying heat, their constitutions unsuited to the jungle environs. Soon, the first of the Elves fell to the vampiric, poisoned bite of bloodwasps the size of large birds. Still more Elves, wading through shallow, fast-flowing streams, fell to the flesh-stripping bite of piranha-lizards. After twenty days, only a score of Elves survived to stand in the shadow of the mighty, bronze gates of Pahuax.

By this time, Lord Huinitenuchli had been awakened and carried upon his palanquin to the Star Chamber at the apex of the Golden Pyramid. The Mage-Priest was displeased that his slumber had been disturbed and had uttered a number of orders entirely indecipherable, yet undeniably offensive, to his attendants. As he became more aware, however, the Mage-Priest gained some understanding of the situation, and became more lucid in his commands. These intruders, Huinitenuchli ordered, must be brought before him, so that he might

look upon them and determine their place in the Great Plan.

With proper ceremony, the Elves were brought into Pahuax. They walked what remained of the city's processional avenue. Even in its ruined state, the Elves gazed in awe at the majesty of the architecture and the hulking Temple Guard that flanked them. They climbed the steep stairs to the top of the Golden Pyramid, their skin tingling from the powerful confluence of the geomantic nexus. Complete silence fell, as Huinitenuchli appeared not to register their presence. At long length, the Mage-Priest's eye focused upon the beings before him and he croaked out a single sentence before lapsing into unmoving repose. The Skink Priests attending Huinitenuchli erupted in excited chatter as they debated the meaning of the Mage-Priest's utterance. Finally, the most senior of their kind pointed at the High Elves and declared that Huinitenuchli had said, 'They should not be here'.

In an instant, the Temple Guard closed in around the Elves, their mighty halberds raised. Seeing their peril, the Elves drew their own weapons, and bedlam erupted in the Star Chamber. The instant the Elves' weapons were unsheathed, the Temple Guard moved to protect their master. Fully half of the Elves were cut down savagely in the first confused minutes, but their captain led a desperate fighting retreat, leading his warriors down the steps of the pyramid and towards the city gates. The Elves were pursued throughout their flight, and only their captain and a handful of his warriors reached the tree line.

Three months later, the Elf captain returned to Ulthuan, wracked by disease and crippled by infected wounds that refused to heal. He carried word to the Phoenix King Bet Shanaar of the creatures dwelling within the jungles of Lustria. It would be many years before the Elves of Ulthuan set foot in the New World again, and they did so many hundreds of miles to the north, where they established their colony of Arnheim, lest the cold wrath of the Lizardmen descend upon them again.





The Slann Mage-Priests were content for the Elves to take over the care of many of the Old Ones' protective sites, and in time the Elves forgot that they had not always belonged to them. Some of these were renamed and built over by the Elves, and include the Citadel of Dusk, the Tower of the Rising Sun and the original site of Tor Elasor. They were defences originally constructed by the Slann to hold the southern Chaos Wastes at bay, and to this day the High Elves continue to perform the tasks that enable these sacred places to operate as intended. The High Elves know of the existence of the Slann, but are content to keep away from their jungles.

In time, the other younger races discovered the hidden continent of Lustria and attempted to penetrate its depths. The fleets of the Elves of Ulthuan plied the seas, intercepting many ships of other races that attempted to cross the Great Ocean. Yet, some slipped through, drawn by the lure of treasures beyond imagining. Most that set foot upon its golden coastlines died a gruesome death before travelling far into the jungle. Others succeeded in plundering outlying sites, stealing away treasures sufficiently valuable to establish entire empires in the lands from whence they came.

The coming of these young races was, to a degree, predicted. Where once the Slann had been tasked with controlling every step in the development of the approved mortal races, now they could plainly see that entropy had crept into the Great Plan. Were it not for the influence of Chaos, then perhaps the Slann would have been able to predict and control every step in the development of the mortal races. Instead, imbalance and entropy crept into the Great Plan, spreading ever further as ripples on the surface of a pond. The races of the world acted in increasingly unfathomable patterns, until the Mage-Priests could scarcely predict where they might trespass next.

THE DOOM OF CHUPAYOTL

Ages passed, the High Elves sending their fleets to every corner of the globe. Malekith the Great befriended the Dwarf King Whitebeard, and the Slann pondered the meaning of these events. Meanwhile, a long-perceived threat was manifesting to the south. The city of Chupayotl had started to slip inexorably into the sea during the war against Chaos. Whether this was part of the Great Plan was a subject on which the Slann had meditated for some time, and had yet to reach a consensus.

Whatever the cause, it was on the eve of the alignment of the Fire Stars that a great tremor struck the eastern coast of Lustria. The ocean receded, exposing the seabed as far as the distant horizon. Vast leviathans not touched by sunlight since the creation of the world thrashed upon the steaming mud flats.

Even as the seas drained, the Skink Priests announced that the city was to be abandoned. It fell to the Temple Guards to lead Chupayotl's Mage-Priests to safety. It took many hours to rouse them all and to disinter the

mummified bodies of the Relic Priests. It is written that the Mage-Priests would have preferred to meditate upon events, but the Temple Guard simply hefted their ruminating charges' palanquins upon their broad armoured shoulders and bore them away from the city.

As the last of the Mage-Priests left, a mighty wall of water arose to block out the very sun. The waters that had receded now returned as a tsunami many hundreds of yards high. The seas broke not only upon Chupayotl, but the greater part of its population too. The waters carried many miles into the jungle, flattening a vast area before its force was spent. As the waters swept back to the ocean, the sea level finally equalised and Chupayotl was gone, swept into the ocean along with thousands of its former occupants. Tragically, the Mage-Priests of Chupayotl fell too that day, dashed against the ruins of their own temple-city.

The sinking of Chupayotl heralded one final disaster. The city had served as a nexus in the geomantic web. Communion with those few outposts beyond Lustria was now impossible. Those distant Mage-Priests who had survived the Great Catastrophe were cut off. Henceforth they would be left to their own devices to pursue the Great Plan as best they might.

Chupayotl, it is said, now sits upon the seabed, having come to rest at the bottom of a deep, stygian trench. Perhaps others now occupy its temples, to creep ashore by moonlight and devour the unwary with mouths filled with row upon row of shark-like teeth. Many and strange are the tales told of sunken Chupayotl.



DESTRUCTION IN THE WORLD'S EDGE MOUNTAINS

The sinking of Chupayotl caused great consternation amongst the Mage-Priests, for it introduced into their unknowable thought patterns something akin to self-doubt. Surely, the Old Ones could not have intended the death of the Mage-Priests of Chupayotl? If they had not, then had the Slann themselves somehow erred in their mission? Perhaps previous realignments had been carried out incorrectly, infinitesimal errors in the calculations having been amplified over time with tragic results. The Mage-Priests saw that entropy had somehow crept into the cosmic order of the Old Ones. Over the coming centuries, the meditations of the Slann were riven with turmoil. Many counselled that no further realignments should yet be made. They pondered while in the world beyond Lustria the Sundering split the Elven Kingdoms in twain, and Caradryal, called the Peacemaker, became Phoenix King. Others, notably those of the more recent spawnings, voiced the opinion that action should be taken sooner, that the errors should be corrected while there was still time.





Two of the Mage-Priests engaged in what, to the Slann, was a raging and bitter dispute. Lord Quex of Pahuax believed that a drastic realignment was now overdue, and that it should be instigated right away. Lord Itz-Xloc of Itza believed that no such realignment should be undertaken. Each lay recumbent on his throne while attendants wiped saliva from his lips, yet the sublime communion resonated to the sound of their argument.

At length, the debate escalated into a manner of arcane duel. Mystical lightning arced from the tops of temple-pyramids, the air became charged as the magical pressure grew to staggering proportions and the beasts of the jungles bellowed in anger and confusion. Then, in an instant, the matter was decided and the debate was won. The will of Lord Quex prevailed, and, drawing upon the staggering reservoirs of power within the geomantic web, the Mage-Priest caused the continents to move.




Earthquakes struck every corner of the globe. Skycastles tumbled in the Mountains of Mourn and a ragged breach appeared in the Great Bastion of Cathay, through which a hundred thousand vengeful Hung Marauders swarmed. The lands about ancient Kavzar were blasted apart, before being drowned by the sea. Worst hit of all were the Worlds Edge Mountains, for beneath this range was to be found the great Underway of the Dwarf Empire. Lava surged up from the world's depths to flood the halls of the Dwarfs, and untold numbers were incinerated in an instant.

The continent of Lustria itself was not spared the destruction. The great pyramid of Itza, atop which sat Lord Itz-Xloc, collapsed to the ground, killing the Mage-Priest in an instant. The venerable Mage-Priest's death sent shockwaves resounding through the sublime communion, violently awakening the meditating Slann. Soon after, word came that amidst the rubble of Itz-Xloc's pyramid had been found the long-lost plaque of Otlzi-Potec. The awakened Mage-Priests of Itza ordered this plaque brought before them, and having read it, they pronounced that Lord Quex had been correct in his interpretation of the will of the Old Ones. The realignments would continue, the Slann Mage-Priests ordered, no matter the cost, lest the Lizardman race ever again stray from the true path, or deviate from the Great Plan of the Old Ones.

CHAOS INCURSIONS

This Age of Isolation was interrupted several times as the powers of Chaos waxed and waned like hateful tides. Every few thousand years, the roiling powers of Chaos grow to such potency that they overwhelm the defences of the Slann and spill out into the world. As the dark tendrils of the Chaos powers snake their way south of the northern Realm of Chaos, the minions of the Chaos gods launch massive, devastating incursions. In these times, some slum stir from their contemplations to fight, while others enter an even deeper state of torpor, linking themselves to their brethren to reinforce the pressure exerted against the energy binding the Chaos forces, slowly wearing it down and pushing it back. The Slann generally remain separate from the physical struggle, for Men, Elves and other races were intended to act as the predators of Chaos, and to fight on the front line in these wars.





With a flourish the standard bearer plunged the banner pole into the hot sand, the golden threads of the flag glinting in the morning light. Beside it El Cadavo stood proudly with one foot on the pay chest, wishing that one of those fancy court painters was there to capture his moment of glory. New lands! Riches aplenty! All would be his. There just remained the small formality of quelling the natives.

He eyed the treeline at the edge of the beach. Nothing there, even the birds in the palms had stopped their shrieking to admire his army as it came ashore. And a splendid sight it was too. El Cadavo's heart swelled with pride.

"Alright men" he called, a smile splitting his gaunt features, "let's get these boats unloaded and the tents set up."

An hour hadn't passed when one of the sentries came running into the growing camp. "Sir, sir! Lizardmen, dozens of 'em!" El Cadavo emerged from his tent and blinked in the noonday sunshine. "Time to amaze the natives," he said. "Enrico, bring that chest." With that he strode off to meet his guests.

The Lizardmen deputation was a dramatic sight. In the centre was their leader, a vast bloated toad of a creature on a palanquin, surrounded by bone-crested warriors and borne up by more of their breed. Around them swarmed dozens of smaller creatures, all the same blue-green hue as their larger brothers. Several Lizardmen carried brilliantly coloured feather banners and crests, and the whole group was laden with golden jewellery. They were a feast for the eyes.

As El Cadavo stared at this spectacle, one of the smaller creatures stepped forwards and in heavily accented Tilean said "Greetings most glorious master-of-warriors, most noble of travellers on the

World Pond. My lord Xtinki bids me welcome you to the hospitality of our sun-kissed shores. Did you have a nice trip?"

"Greetings to your noble lord" replied El Cadavo, bowing to the toad-thing.

"I have come from across these wide waters to bestow wondrous gifts upon you." With that he took the chest from Enrico and carefully placed it in front of the palanquin. "Such valuables are plentiful where we come from," boasted the grizzled general, winking to Enrico and opening the chest. Inside were all manner and colour of cheap glass beads.

"Behold" cried El Cadavo, "Riches to decorate your... er... majestic brow." He began to hand the baubles to the nearest Skinks who looked decidedly unimpressed, but handed them round nonetheless. "And these looking glasses" said Cadavo, waving a piece of broken mirror to catch the light. "Their like has never been seen on these shores. All I ask in return is that we be allowed to march inland unmolested and perhaps collect a few mementos to remind us of our visit."

The Skink interpreter spoke again. "My lord Xtinki instructs me to thank you for your most generous gifts, but is afraid that he cannot possibly accept offerings of such... quality." As if on cue, the Lizardmen dropped all the trinkets into the sand and turned to stare at El Cadavo.

"Why, you ungrateful wretches" cried El Cadavo. "Enrico, bring up the cannon. That'll impress them." Then, turning back to lord Xtinki, he said "I'm sorry you dislike my gifts. Perhaps this will be more persuasive." He turned and nodded to Enrico who had readied the cannon. There was a deafening roar.

"There" said El Cadavo, turning back to the Lizardmen with a wolfish grin, "That is the power we bring with us. Why don't you take your stone spears and feather skirts and run along now. I promise you shan't be hurt if you stay out of our way." Lord Xtinki blinked slowly, obviously unimpressed.

Stepping forward, the Skink interpreter pointed to the sky saying "You have insulted our gods. To show his displeasure Lord Sotek will swallow the sun. All will be in darkness and the world will fall into perpetual night."

As one the Tileans burst out laughing, clutching their sides and roaring until tears poured down their cheeks. Eventually El Cadavo managed to pull himself together long enough to blurt out "Alright lads, enough of these primitive savages..." But before he could finish the command a cry went up from his men.

"Look! The sun!" Everyone turned to follow the pointing finger. As they watched, a black stain began to cover the sun. "Sotek, Sotek" chanted the Lizardmen.

"Aaaaaaagh!" cried the Tileans. "Save us!", "Help!", "Disaster!", "The end of the world has come!"

Panic spread through the Tileans as the air grew chill and the darkness became complete. El Cadavo stood frozen among his panic-stricken men who dashed about tearing their hair, screaming for forgiveness or offering up prayers.

"Ye gods! What have we done?" muttered El Cadavo under his breath. Then louder, "Back to the boats!" There was a stampede.

As the Tileans frantically rowed away the sun began to show its face once more, but there weren't about to stop. "Row, damn you! Row!" cried the captain, and the rowed even harder. On the shore the Skinks watched the eclipse complete its divine cycle, grinning as only Lizards can.





THE RAT AND THE SERPENT

One of the most significant events in the history of the Lizardmen was the rise of the cult of the Serpent God, Sotek. Traditionally, the gods of the Lizardmen were, and still are, the Old Ones: such shadowy entities as Tlaxcod, Chotec, Quad, Tzunki, Xapiti, Huanchi and the inscrutable Tepok. Sotek was a new god, an upstart god of the Skinks who has now risen to reign as the pre-eminent god of the Lizardmen, eclipsing much worship of the mysterious Old Ones.

Amongst the sacred plaques of Chaqua there existed a passage not found in the inscriptions of any other temple-city. This was known as the Prophecy of Sotek, and it predicted a cataclysmic invasion when a twisted strain of rats, walking upright in parody of the Lizardmen, would come to Lustria and infect the land with terrible plagues. It said the ruination would last centuries and must be borne. It foretold of the fall of many temple-cities, including Chaqua, and the spreading of a terrible plague. However, this Time of the Rodent would be brought to an end when the mighty Sotek would appear, and his coming would be heralded by the forked tongue of the serpent.

Only the Mage-Priests of this city knew about it and never pondered its meaning for very long in case the other Mage-Priests should read their thoughts and demand that it be rendered up to them or, worse still, demand that it be purged as corrupt. The Mage-Priests of Chaqua believed that this prophecy was the true

words of the Old Ones but since it was to be fulfilled in the distant future, like so many of the other intentions of the Old Ones, they did not concern themselves with it before the appointed time.

The Prophecy of Sotek not only predicted the collapse of the warp gates but also the cataclysmic invasion of Lustria by the Skaven. As the Skaven were not part of the Old Ones' sacred and enlightened plan they are treated as enemies by all those who follow the Old Ones.

This cataclysm had to be endured. It would come, it would rage for many centuries and in due course it would pass. The prophecy predicted the ruin of many cities, including Chaqua, and the spreading of a great and terrible plague.

The time of the rodent spawn would eventually be brought to an end when the mighty serpent Sotek would appear. Sotek was destined to prevail over the rodent spawn and would be heralded by the appearance in the sky of the forked tongue of the serpent. The Mage-Priests of Chaqua considered Sotek to be none other than one of the Old Ones who would return to save his faithful servants from the dire peril that beset them.

THE COMING OF CLAN PESTILENS

The first sign that the prophecy might be fulfilled appeared with the coming of the vile Skaven to the world. They were rat-men that walked upright and bore the taint of corruption. The Skaven were already established in Lustria; the pox-ridden Clan Pestilens, disease-worshipping monks of their loathsome race, had gnawed out vast warrens and undertunnels. Some Mage-Priests believe the ratmen were cast to Lustria by some terrible magical accident in their homeland on the other side of the world, or were perhaps fleeing a great catastrophe that had befallen their kind. The true reason may never be known, but the Skaven appeared in the ancient caverns beneath the ruined temple-city of Quetzta and there made a dank, putrid home.

It was not long before the Skaven began to fall prey to many and varied tropical diseases. The tunnels and caves beneath Quetzta soon became a stinking charnel house as squealing Skaven implored the Rat God for aid. Perhaps that vile deity heard the prayers of his subjects, for the last few of their number were blessed by apocalyptic visions. In fevered nightmares, they were told to go out into the jungles and to take captive any Lizardmen they should encounter. These were sacrificed in week-long rituals, the Skaven chanting the praises of the Rat God.

The Skaven that carried out these vile rituals were granted the blessing of their god, embracing plague and



"AT THE TIME OF THE THREE HUNDREDTH CYCLE OF THIS WORLD, THE TWO MOONS SHALL UNITE AND SUMMON FORTH THE RODENT GOD AND HIS EVIL SPAWN TO DELIVER PLAGUE AND PESTILENCE UPON THE LAND NAMED LUSTRIA."

Extract from the Prophecy of Sotek

suffering. Their pox-ridden bodies became preternaturally tough while hosting the most virulent and contagious of plagues. These priests of pestilent ritual became the Plague Monks, and from them grew Clan Pestilens.

This new clan dwelt unseen beneath the ruined temple-city of Quetzta for an age, its numbers swelling as only those of rats may. The vermin adapted well to the jungles, and bred with such staggering speed that within a few decades they had spread across Lustria like a plague. The caverns beneath the city were enlarged to form a vast warren, the ratmen ruled over by the pustulant Plague Monks. First amongst this abominable order was Nurglitch, the bloated, pus-ridden lord of the clan. The Mage-Priests of nearby Chaqua knew nothing of the evil that lurked beneath Quetzta, until word reached them of the corruption of the spawning pools south of the city. Instead of fully formed Skinks emerging from the holy waters, foul, malformed creatures had crawled forth to mercifully die within a few hours.



THE FALL OF CHAQUA

It was not until a virulent pestilence arrived in Chaqua that the Prophecy of Sotek was brought forth from long neglect and scrutinised in detail. A careful analysis required months of study, and in the meantime, thousands of Skinks sickened and died. Chaqua's Slann Mage-Priests were alarmed, sending war patrols to sweep the nearby jungle. South of the temple-city they discovered a vile new race that had infested the nearby ruins of Quetzta.

At the Sacred Pools of Reflected Rain Clouds, the Lizardmen encountered the Skaven for the first time, and were unprepared to face their foe having no knowledge of their ways. The Plague Monks however had spied upon them for some time, gauging their weaknesses and refining their maladies. Despite their noble efforts to defend the Sacred Pools, the Lizardmen cohort was cut down by the vile rat-spawn. At the end, the brave Saurus made a last stand so that one single Skink could escape to carry a warning back to Chaqua.

Within days, a series of bitter skirmishes had been fought south of Chaqua. Captives were brought back to the temple-city, to be sacrificed in the hope of securing the blessing of the Old Ones. The Slann knew these twisted beings were not part of the Great Plan and said so. The Skaven were to be studied in hopes of finding a cure for their entropic maladies. However, unbeknownst to the Lizardmen, the captives brought something else to Chaqua.





The temple-city was soon fully in the grip of plague, and even the Mage-Priests showed the unmistakable signs. The Skinks and Kroxigor sickened first, before, tragically, the Mage-Priests themselves showed signs of the malady. They withdrew into council to consider the matter and to consult the plaques, while the population sickened and died all around.

After several days of fevered contemplation, the sickly Mage-Priests agreed that the time spoken of in the plaques of Chaqua was at hand. Looking to the sky, they saw through eyes made rheumy by contagion, the distant, yet clearly visible glimmering of a heavenly portent. It was a serpent-tongued comet as foretold by the plaques. While the Slann had contemplated, the population had been wracked by disease, and scarcely one-tenth of the populace still lived. When the light was visible even in the daytime, the Mage-Priests succumbed to their maladies, incoherent prophecies of a Serpent God their last words. The remaining Temple Guard bore their masters into the pyramids, sealing them from within, determined to defend their masters to the bitter end. So passed the venerable Mage-Priests of Chaqua forever from the world.

While this was going on a new sight appeared in the sky, a comet with a two-tailed shaped like the tongue of an enormous serpent. The last Mage-Priest left alive at Chaqua witnessed its coming through rheumy, upswEEPing eyes, before being sealed forever within his temple. He attempted to communicate the prophecy to his peers, but his body was wracked by plague and his prodigious mind gripped by fever and his message was garbled and incomprehensible to his fellows. This sign was viewed with awe and consternation in all the Lizardmen cities, but try as they might, none of the Slann Mage-Priests could interpret the omen. It was not predicted in the glyphs on any of their sacred plaques. Only on the plaque in Chaqua was this event predicted and its meaning made clear. The Slann of Chaqua were dead and none of the Slann Mage-Priests in the other cities were even aware of the existence of such a prophecy.



Of those that had not yet succumbed to the plagues, most were Skinks. Leadership of the city's survivors fell to the Skink Priests who had, until recently, served the Slann. The Skinks of that generation were red crested and the greatest among them was Tehenhauin, who recovered the plaques that related to the Prophecy of Sotek. Tehenhauin declared that the sign of Sotek had appeared in the sky as predicted by the sacred plaque of Chaqua. He sought to warn all Lizardmen of the impending danger and rally them for revenge. The sacred plaque of the prophecy was placed in a reliquary and taking this with them, the entire population of Red Crested Skinks deserted Chaqua and migrated ahead of the plague, bringing news of the new god with them to spread hope and inspiration among the Lizardmen.

The Saurus of Chaqua, and a few other elements of the army remained to guard the deserted city until the bitter end if need be. Suddenly the Skaven arrived, infiltrating the squalid and deserted Skink barrios and closing in on the central plaza. Eventually they made an assault across the plaza to the temple precinct. Opposing them were the last remaining Lizardmen in Chaqua acting as a rearguard while the tombs of the Mage-priest mummies were sealed and the Skinks escaped. The Saurus defied the Skaven for long enough for the last Skinks to seal up the tomb vaults beneath the pyramid with colossal blocks of the hardest stone.

A CENTURY OF BATTLE

Tehenhauin travelled across Lustria, preaching the Prophecy of Sotek. He claimed that the Serpent God would rise to deliver the Lizardmen from plague and rat-spawn, but the god could only become manifest if given his proper due and as payment Sotek demanded millions of ratmen to be sacrificed in his name. All Skinks were swayed by this new cult, especially as it was the Skinks who were the main victims of the Skaven plagues. However, the Mage-Priests held it in

LOTL - DELIVERER OF THE RUBY SANCTUM

Though the Age of Strife was undoubtedly the era in which the Skinks played the greater role in the plans of the Old Ones, the remainder of the Lizardmen did not sit idly by while war raged across their realm. Though great numbers of Saurus were cut down by the plagues of Clan Pestilens, many did resist its virulence and fight the Skaven. One such warrior was the mighty Lotl, a Saurus leader from the temple-city of Xlanhuapec. Though many of Lotl's spawnings were struck down by vile plague, the warrior himself displayed a prodigious constitution. This was fortunate, for it was Lotl alone who held the gates of the Ruby Sanctum when the most vile of pestilent winds decimated his cohort. When Tehenhauin led a relief force to join up with Lotl, the prophet found the Saurus surrounded by many hundreds of slaughtered Skaven, and declared that the Serpent God was well pleased with Lotl's offering. From that day forth, Lotl marched alongside the Prophet, and was present at every major battle of the era.



disdain, refusing to acknowledge Sotek, for no mention of his name could be found in any other of the ancient plaques. This disbelief became increasingly difficult to maintain in the face of the plague's devastation and the oncoming tide of ratmen. All across Lustria, Skaven armies emerged from the underground, bursting forth to overrun outposts, ruins and even fully occupied temple-cities.

All of Lustria was soon plunged into an age of war, pestilence and bloodshed. It was a time of unprecedented slaughter and rivers of blood. As total war raged across Lustria, the Mage-Priests withdrew to meditate. The prophecy demanded that the rat spawn be sacrificed in prodigious numbers in order to bring Sotek to his full power, but with the Mage-Priests having forbidden the bringing of sacrificial victims into the great altar-ziggurats of the temple-cities, the power of Sotek went unrealised for many centuries while the Mage-Priests contemplated and the Skinks, particularly prone to the virulent plagues, died.

As for the Mage-Priests of the other temple cities, they viewed the prophecy with disdain and ignored it, despite the heavenly portent. Perhaps wisely, they forbade the bringing of rat captives into their temple cities for sacrifice for fear of plague. This frustrated the Skink followers of Sotek who were, at great cost and suffering, succeeding in capturing Skaven chiefs in skirmishes and raids. It was not long therefore before Skinks began conducting their own rituals to invoke Sotek among the ruins of their stricken cities.

Sotek heard their invocations, although it took many more years of sacrifices to build up his power. Although the coming of Sotek was foretold, and the moment of his coming was heralded by the comet, it

was still necessary for his followers to make him as strong as possible for when he was due to appear.

The appearance of Sotek was hinted at in the prophecy and by the comet. He was a mighty serpent, the swallower of all rodent kind. A serpent of such awesome size and appetite that he could swallow the Rat God himself and spend a thousand years digesting him. The rodent god would be crushed within his coils. So said the prophecy.

As the Slann meditated on the right course of action, it was Tehenhauin who rose up to lead the Lizardmen. He proclaimed himself the Prophet of Sotek and his fiery oratories – consisting of much chattering on the subjects of Skaven-slaying and growing the power of the Serpent God – became very popular amongst the Skinks. He gathered an army around him and fought wherever the Skaven were most numerous. Neither side showed the slightest mercy towards the other, each committing unspeakable acts. Screeching Skaven hordes threw themselves upon the temple-cities, their priests unleashing terrible plagues that scoured the jungle for miles around of all animal life. Meanwhile, Skink war-parties scoured the jungle, seeking out entrances to the ratmen's underground lairs. Without consulting the Mage-Priests, Tehenhauin ordered forth the Engines of the Gods, arcane devices of great destructive power left behind by the Old Ones. The Skaven were blasted into ashes by the thousands.

The years turned to decades and still the conflict raged on, the comet waxing stronger. Tehenhauin exhorted his followers to capture and sacrifice more of the cursed vermin. With each battle, the number of Skaven rendered unto the Serpent God swelled. Although the coming of Sotek was foretold by prophecy and

heralded by the comet, Tehenhauin claimed it was still necessary to grant the new god many sacrifices to assure his full might upon his arrival.

The Slann saw that the ratmen had no part to play in the Old Ones' plans and no right to tread upon the holy ground of Lustria. What corruption could have entered the Great Plan to bring such twisted creatures into being? If any of the Mage-Priests realised that the Skaven were the creations of Chaos, then none gave voice to such a thought. And yet the rat spawn were, according to the Skinks of fallen Chaqua, spoken of in the plaques of that city, as was the being who would deliver the Lizardmen from the plagues; the mysterious Sotek. The Mage-Priests refused to acknowledge this being, for he was not spoken of in the plaques of any temple-city other than Chaqua.

And so years of war turned to decades, and still the conflict raged on. Tehenhauin exhorted his fellows to take ever more captured rat spawn and offer them up to Sotek in rituals of mass sacrifice.

THE RISE OF SOTEK

With each battle the number of foul ratmen rendered unto the Serpent God Sotek swelled, and the comet waxed ever larger in the sky. Finally, after a century of strife, the war reached its bloody climax. Although Tehenhauin led his host to many victories in that time, it was the battle of Gwackmol Crater where he caused the most slaughter. He set a cunning trap for the rat spawn. The battle raged for days, but the Lizardmen eventually defeated their foe, though at great loss. There, so many cowering Skaven were captured that their long columns took days to pass as the Lizardmen



'ON THE CYCLIC TURNING OF THE MOONS, THE SHRINES OF SOTEK ARE TO BE DRENCHED IN BLOOD TO APPEASE THE GREAT SERPENT'S UNQUENCHABLE THIRST..!'

Translated from the Blood Plaque of Sotek after a two hundred year debate about the finer points of its meaning.

herded them deeper into the jungle. Upon the crumbling altar of some long-lost and forgotten god, Tehenhauin began the most potent ceremony he had yet led. So many Skaven were sacrificed in that terrible ritual that it is said the wide River Amaxon ran crimson with their blood.

The time of Sotek was nigh. In the Skaven stronghold, the comet had been observed and it was seen as an omen of another kind. Soon afterward, a snake infestation drove the Skaven up from their tunnels into the ruins. The serpents proved virtually immune to any pestilence which the Plague Monks unleashed upon them. From that day onward, the power of Sotek coursed through Lustria and Tehenhauin's forces proved to be all but unstoppable.

The Prophet of Sotek, and his armies, drove the Skaven back, breaking their armies and slaughtering them as they fled. The many armies of ratmen retreated back to their last remaining stronghold, the ruins beneath Quetza, where the Skaven were encircled by the sacred hosts of the temple-cities. There, Clan Pestilens' leader, Lord Nurglitch, gathered his Plague Lords for desperate council. The warren beneath stinking Quetza was choked with writhing reptilian forms. Those Skaven not overwhelmed in that instant were driven from their lair, fevered with the effects of poisonous bites. The Plague Lords of Clan Pestilens had but one

recourse if they wished to live. Mustering their armies into a single horde, an ocean of rat spawn stretching from one horizon to the other, Nurglitch led the entire clan in a breakout that ground through the Lizardmen armies. Suffering enormous losses, they pierced the encircling Lizardmen and fought their way many hundreds of miles to the coast. Every step was contested, for Tehenhauin strove for nothing less than total annihilation of the vile ratmen.

The Skaven were pursued all the way to the coast, where the last battle was joined upon the vitrified shores of Fuming Serpent Island. There, the Skaven attempted to flee the continent, for Lord Nurglitch had seen enough of Lustria and hoped to establish a new base in the Southlands. By tricking a quarter of his army into performing a sacrificial delaying action, the rest of the ratmen deserted their kin and sailed eastwards on a ramshackle fleet. What happened next is the stuff of legend. With a menacing hiss, the Skinks claim that a serpent of unimaginable size, none other than Sotek himself; rose from the bubbling volcano. Accompanied by slithering snake-spawn, the Serpent God plunged into the sea in pursuit of the fleeing Skaven. Such is the myth of Sotek.

THE ENGINES OF THE GODS

At the height of the Siege of Quetzta, the Prophet Tehenhauin led a small, select group of his disciples deep into the steaming jungles surrounding the temple-city. As the sun rose on the third day following his departure, the Prophet of Sotek returned, mounted upon a mighty beast akin to a Stegadon. Upon the beast's back was mounted an artefact of incalculable age and power, one crafted according to the mysterious ways of the Old Ones themselves. Upon the prophet's command, the device became bathed in actinic rays, and a mighty, twin-tailed cornet descended from the sky, to impact with an almighty explosion within the hordes of Skaven, killing hundreds of rat-spawn in an instant. This mighty war machine of the Old Ones proved to be the first of a dozen, which Tehenhauin awoke from their eons-long sleep within the most hidden of places within the jungle. It is said that only one truly chosen by the Old Ones may employ such a weapon, and they remain the rarest of sights upon the battlefields of Lustria.

With the Skaven defeated, the Slann Mage-Priests could no longer ignore the power of the new Skink god. They declared a Great Convergence – a physical meeting of the Mage-Priests, as had not been done since the age of the Old Ones. Every single Slann was conveyed to Itza, where they gathered in solemn convocation. Tehenhauin, the Prophet of Sotek, was summoned to speak before the Slann, although by their orders his words were not recorded. None but those present know what truths were revealed, but in the council's wake, the Mage-Priests declared it was fitting that Sotek be venerated and that pyramid-temples be built in his honour.

REOCCURRING MALIGNANCY

Clan Pestilens had been expelled from Lustria, although there were still many signs of their malignancy passing. The temple-city of Chaqua was re-opened, although the sealed pyramids were left untouched. The warrens beneath Quetzta remained tainted beyond redemption. Swarms of serpents guarded the twisting tunnels, but no Lizardmen could set foot therein and

survive the plagues that still lingered there. Henceforth, Quetzta would be called 'the Defiled' and left to the jungle, although Skink patrols assured nothing escaped in or out of that cursed region. The Lizardmen believe that as long as Sotek remains lurking in the tunnels beneath Lustria, then the Skaven cannot return, so every effort is made to placate Sotek with his deserved tribute of sacrifices.

The long war had instilled in the Lizardmen a cold contempt for the twisted ratmen that would long endure. Having taken each other's measure, the two races would clash many more times. Whenever the Lizardmen and Skaven face each other, Sotek and the Horned Rat, the verminous god of the Skaven, enact once more their eternal struggle. Even in their deepest trances, the Slann still listen for the gnawing below.

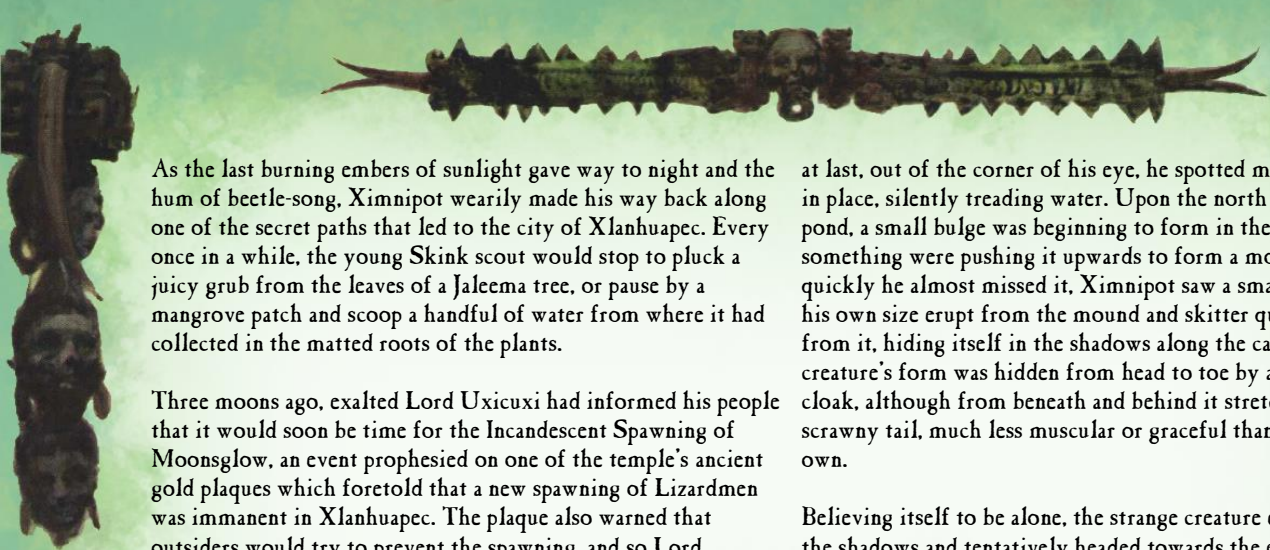
In the Southlands across the World Pond from Lustria, the Lizardmen city of Zlatlan is under far greater threat from the Skaven, being much closer to the heart of the Skaven Under-Empire. Here, as might be expected, the cult of Sotek is particularly strong and Sotek is especially venerated. Encounters with Skaven raiders seeking to infest and pollute the city occur often, and this results in captives for sacrifice in the snake-pits of Sotek. So far, Sotek has protected Zlatlan from a Skaven onslaught.

The Lizardmen no longer stood upon the cusp of a new era, but had fully entered it. This was to be an age of blood, sacrifice, and the worship of savage and inscrutable gods.

AT THE CONJUNCTION OF THE TWO MOONS, ON THE FIRST RISING OF THE IZTL-STAR, IN THE ERA OF SOTEK, LORD QERM-ITT WILL ACCOMPLISH THE DEFEAT OF THE RATSPAWN AND THE STRIFE IN XHOTL WILL BE ENDED.

From the prophecy of Mage Lord Ztlocutec, translated from a recovered tablet of Itza. Imperial Scholar Hubris's footnote: 'It is believed this prophecy is still to pass.'





As the last burning embers of sunlight gave way to night and the hum of beetle-song, Ximnipot wearily made his way back along one of the secret paths that led to the city of Xlanhuapec. Every once in a while, the young Skink scout would stop to pluck a juicy grub from the leaves of a Jalcema tree, or pause by a mangrove patch and scoop a handful of water from where it had collected in the matted roots of the plants.

Three moons ago, exalted Lord Uxicuxi had informed his people that it would soon be time for the Incandescent Spawning of Moonsglow, an event prophesied on one of the temple's ancient gold plaques which foretold that a new spawning of Lizardmen was immanent in Xlanhuapec. The plaque also warned that outsiders would try to prevent the spawning, and so Lord Uxicuxi had placed the city's warriors on a state of heightened alert. As the time of the spawning grew nearer, scouts were being despatched to search the perimeters of the city for any sign of intruders. Now, the night before the ceremonial Ritual of Welcoming, Ximnipot, like many others, had to report that he had failed to detect any sign of the presence of interlopers.

Partly on impulse and partly to stave off the humid evening heat, Ximnipot decided to enter the city via one of the many jungle streams which flowed through or under it. The Skink lowered himself into the cooling waters of a stream his people called the Inward Underspiral, for it was one that led underground and collected into one of the vast sacred ponds beneath Xlanhuapec, where previous generations of the city's Saurus had been spawned. Ximnipot had decided earlier that he would perform his ceremony of welcoming tonight by the sacred pond, for he was due for scout duty again the next day, during the city-wide ceremony.

Reaching the small fissure which marked the entrance to the underground river system, Ximnipot took a deep breath and dove beneath the water. Like all Skinks, Ximnipot felt equally at home in water as on dry land. Unlike most of his kin however, Ximnipot still possessed vestigial gills, and thus was able to stay under water for hours at a time without having to resurface for air. Under water, Ximnipot could not see very far in the dark and so relied instead on differences in water temperature to determine in which direction to swim. The Skink knew that the colder the current of water, the further underground he was, so navigating by these colder currents, he dove deeper towards the sacred pond.

Eventually, Ximnipot felt he was swimming more upwards than forwards, which meant he was close to the sacred pond. Here the water was slightly lighter than elsewhere, thanks to the many phosphorescent mosses which grew on the walls of the cave complex. Although not really enough to see by, Ximnipot was aware that there were signs of life in the water all around him, for every once in a while dark shapes would loom into sight and brush against his scaly skin as he passed them. Finally, just as he was beginning to feel the uncomfortable need for oxygen, the Skink silently broke the surface of the water and breathed in a lungful of slightly stale air. Blinking a few times to adjust his vision to the lighter environment, Ximnipot started to make for the edge of the pond and then froze suddenly, startled by a strange noise coming from the far bank.

At first he could not pinpoint where the strange scabbling sound was coming from. Looking about, he could see no sign of movement. Yet the sound steadily grew louder, and so deciding upon caution, Ximnipot lowered himself back into the water until only his yellow-slitted eyes were visible above the waterline. Slowly he swam towards the origin of the sound until

at last, out of the corner of his eye, he spotted motion and halted in place, silently treading water. Upon the north bank of the pond, a small bulge was beginning to form in the earth, as if something were pushing it upwards to form a mound. Then, so quickly he almost missed it, Ximnipot saw a small figure about his own size erupt from the mound and skitter quickly away from it, hiding itself in the shadows along the cave wall. The creature's form was hidden from head to toe by a shapeless black cloak, although from beneath and behind it stretched short, scrawny tail, much less muscular or graceful than Ximnipot's own.

Believing itself to be alone, the strange creature emerged from the shadows and tentatively headed towards the edge of the pond. Crouching by the side of the water, the creature began fumbling in its cloak for something. It all began to make sense to the Skink now. No interlopers had been found outside the city, for the enemy had penetrated beneath Xlanhuapec and into the one place the Lizardmen had thought was impregnable. No guards had been posted by the sacred pond, for no-one had thought there was a need for them, and now Ximnipot had no time to warn the others that the city's defences had been breached.

Whoever the intruder was, Ximnipot was not about to wait and see what they might do. Quietly, he made for the side of the pond, where it formed a natural lip beneath which the Skink hoped he could edge towards his enemy unobserved. When he had gotten within a few metres of the creature, Ximnipot stopped and hesitantly peered over the lip. The creature had set a strange sickly coloured globe by its side and was again nervously scanning the area to reassure itself it was alone. Then, taking the globe in its furry, clawed hands, it brought it down with a loud crack against the ground, much as one would crack open an egg.

From the cracks in the globe, a noxious smell assaulted Ximnipot's senses. Realising the creature intended to spill the globe's foul contents into the sacred pond, the Skink acted without hesitation. Ximnipot launched himself out of the water and sprang upon the intruder, taking it by surprise and knocking the globe out of its hands. Rolling around on the bank, the two grappled with each other, each trying to lever his opponent into a position of weakness. Ximnipot could feel the creature raking its claws against his scaly hide, but it was too weak to cause any significant damage. Then, just as the Skink was gaining the upper hand, his opponent withdrew a wickedly barbed blade from the folds of its cloak and raised its hand to bury the dagger in Ximnipot's soft, unprotected throat. As the blade plunged towards him, Ximnipot lashed out with his tail in desperation and landed a resounding blow against the side of the creature's head. With a shrill groan, its eyes glazed over and it collapsed, dropping the dagger to the floor.

Pulling himself from beneath the unconscious form, Ximnipot caught his breath and then curiously pulled back the intruder's hooded cowl. The Skink hissed sharply when he saw the vile rodent features of his Skaven captive. After binding the rat-things' paws with strips torn from its own cloak, Ximnipot slung the senseless form over his shoulder and began making his way to the surface of the city. There would be much celebration come the morrow. Not only could the city perform the Ceremony of Welcoming without fear of interruption, but now that Ximnipot had captured the Skaven, the Lizardmen would have a suitable sacrifice to dedicate to Sotek and make the spawning all the more auspicious. The only thing that bothered Ximnipot was the thought that more Skaven might attempt to infiltrate the city, but that was a matter for exalted Lord Uxicuxi to consider. For the time being, the city was once again safe.







THE CHRONICLE OF ITZA

The meaning of time preoccupies the minds of all Slann Mage-Priests. Their knowledge and understanding of time is infinitely more profound than that of any other race upon the Known World. This is not only because much was revealed to them by the Old Ones, but also because of their own endless study of the remaining unanswered questions. One result of all this is that the Slann have many calendars and chronological charts for different purposes. These are inscribed in glyphs on plaques of stone or precious metal and kept in secret vaults in the pyramid temples of Lustria.

The 'Chronicle of Itza' was one such plaque, said to be of gold, which was brought back from Lustria by the Norse explorer 'Haakon the Reckless'. The glyphs were hastily copied down onto parchment by an anonymous Elf scholar in Haakon's retinue, before the plaque was melted down to make a shield boss. The parchment eventually ended up in Bretonnia, where in the year 2499 it was purchased by Mendoza, an Estalian wizard attached to the court of the Duke of Brionne. The duke was anxious to find out if the document revealed the whereabouts of treasure hidden in Lustria and set Mendoza the task of deciphering the glyphs. After many years shut up in a tower to avoid being distracted from his work by temptation, Mendoza completed the task. The document was revealed to be a concise chronology of the city of Itza, and significant events in the history of the Lizardmen up to a few centuries ago. The duke was rather disappointed because it gave no hint as to the location of any riches and so he used the fleet that he had been gathering for an expedition to Lustria to raid the coast of Araby instead!

This rendering of the chronicle follows the translation of Mendoza, but the words and style are of course those of the Slann Mage-Priests who compiled the chronicle. For convenience, Slann dates have been approximately converted into Imperial reckoning. The chronology records many events which although significant to the Slann, remain totally inscrutable to us. Mendoza spent the rest of his life questioning adventurers returning from Lustria and added their information in the form of explanatory notes, which are rendered in italics.

Mendoza's Dedication:

For my Lord the Duke Jonquille de Brionne. May he win honour and riches in the land of Lustria!

THE TIME OF THE OLD ONES (Circa Imperial Years - 15,000 to -5590)

Itza is the first of all cities. The Old Ones dwelt there in the time before time. But the city was merely an intention in their minds. So it was that they caused the Slann of the First Spawning to come forth. And the Slann measured the lines of the city according to the will of the Old Ones, and the Old Ones were satisfied and content.

Then came the moment of correcting the orbit of the world. The Old Ones caused the Slann of the Second Spawning to come forth so that they might accomplish this task. When the world was in the correct alignment the Old Ones brought forth the Saurus so that the city might be built upon the lines that had been marked out for it.

Then the Old Ones caused the Skinks to be spawned, so that they might direct the work of the building of the city, because the city rose up slowly. Afterwards the Old Ones brought forth the Kroxigor so that the great stones for their mighty pyramid might be raised up, one upon the other, for the Old Ones desired to survey the entire earth from on high. Thus it was that the city of Itza was founded in the five-thousandth cycle of the sun since the coming of the Old Ones into the world. Then the cities of Xlanhuapec and Tlax were founded after the same design.

Then the Slann of the Third Spawning were brought forth. They accomplished the founding of Tlaxtlan and Quetza and Zlatlan. After this time the Old Ones began the spawning of the New Ones in the lands beyond Lustria which had been prepared for them (*Mendoza: I believe these to be the ancestors of the Elves, Dwarfs and Men.*)

The Old Ones perceived that the gate was in need of correction. (This is undoubtedly a reference to the polar

warp gate, although Mendoza did not know this and refrains from any comment as to what this might be.) So they brought forth the Slann of the Fourth Spawning to attend to this task. After the Slann accomplished the task set for them, they founded the cities of Chaqua and Axlotl, Oyxl and Xhotl, Hexoatl and Xahutec, Tlanxla and Pahuax. Then the Old Ones perceived that the time for opening up the World Pond had come. And the Slann set about this task and it was done. (*Mendoza: Undoubtedly this refers to the separation of the continents of Naggaroth and Lustria from the Old World and the South Lands.*)

Once more came a moment when it was not well with the Gate. The Old Ones brought forth the Slann of the Fifth Spawning in great haste!

THE CATASTROPHE

The Collapse of the Polar Warp Gate, circa -5589 to -4420.

The Slann of the Fifth Spawning did not accomplish their task in time. The mighty Gate crashed down in the ten thousandth cycle of the sun. Then came the time of Great Catastrophe. The Spawnings of Chaos came forth. This was a thing which the Old Ones did not intend. The plans of the Old Ones were confounded. Then came the moment when the Old Ones perished. (*Mendoza: Undoubtedly the Old Ones are the gods worshipped by the Lizardmen, whom they believed once dwelt among them on the earth.*)

When the Old Ones perished, the Slann of the First Spawning also perished. Lord Kroak of Itza was the last of the Slann of the First Spawning to perish. Afterwards there was a time of the ruin of cities which lasted until the prophecy of Lord Itz-Tepec.

(*Mendoza: I have discovered that this Itz-Tepec uttered a prophecy that the Vann were destined to continue the work of the Old Ones. This means that the Slann believe that they are custodians of the world on behalf of their dead gods!*)



THE COMING OF THE NEW ONES

The Time when Elves discover Lustria, circa -4419 to -1400.

The coming of the New Ones for the first time in Lustria and there was strife at the city of Pahuax. *(Mendoza: According to the annals of Ulthuart, this must be a reference to the first High Elf seafarers to reach Lustria.)* At the moment of the conjunction of the two moons, the invaders were vanquished by Lord Huinitenuchli.

The alignment of the Itx-star was accomplished in Itza, thus fulfilling the first part of the prophecy of Itz-Tepec.

The coming of the new ones for the second time *(Mendoza: I believe these to be Dark Elves from Naggaroth).* There was fighting upon the steps of the Pyramid of Tlax. Lord Zitlocutec prevailed over them.

The dispute of Lord Quex and Lord Itz-Xloc in Itza and the confusion of the Skinks. At this time the great pyramid of the Old Ones fell down and the hidden plaque of Otzli-Potec was revealed.

THE TIME OF TRIBULATION

The Skaven Infestation of Lustria circa -1399 to 100.

The Time of Tribulation begins as foretold in the prophecy plaques of Chaqua. At this moment the rat spawn appeared in Quetzta and pestilence spread across the land. Thereafter happened the desertion of cities and the Skinks were diminished.

The Prophecy of Sotek was discovered in Chaqua. Then began the migration of the Red Crested Skinks. It was Tenuhuini who led them. At this time Sotek stirred *(Mendoza: Sotek is the great god of the Lizardmen. To placate him they sacrifice untold thousands of their enemies).* Afterwards, Sotek became manifest and the rat spawn diminished in the land, until the time of their migration.

The rat spawn went into the land across the World Pond, and the wrath of Sotek was upon them. *(Mendoza: The rat spawn are doubtless none other than the Skaven. Indeed a powerful and wicked clan of theirs is rumoured to have come into the Old World from unknown lands in the Imperial Year 100.)*

The great Pyramid of Sotek was begun in Itza.

(Mendoza: I have questioned some who claim to have seen this edifice. It is said to be a mountain of stone with a labyrinth of vaults concealed within. ND-one knows if there are treasures hidden in these vaults, and no-one who has set out to find this place has ever returned!)

THE ERA OF SOTEK

Circa 101 to the Present.

The council of the High Slann was held in Tlaxtlan at which Tenuhuini proclaimed the Prophecy of Sotek.

The Pyramid of Sotek is completed in Itza. Ten thousand rat spawn are sacrificed upon its altar *(Mendoza: Surely there must be great treasure heaped up in this temple!).*

The zenith of Xla-Tepec which was also the time of correcting the continents according to the will of the Old

Ones. *(Mendoza: It is said that the Slann Mage-Priests are able to alter the shape of the world by their magic. This must undoubtedly be a fantasy! However it is known that there were earthquakes in Araby and Cathay in the Imperial year 271 and I can find no maps showing these regions before that time.)*

The coming of New Ones for the third time in Lustria. *(Mendoza: It seems that each time the Sloan mention the arrival of New Ones' it refers to a new race which they had not previously encountered before. This must be a reference to the discovery of Lustria by the Norseman Losteriksson which is claimed to be the first occasion that men set foot on Lustria. I calculate this to have happened in the Imperial Year 888.)*

Lord Xltoc accomplished the defeat of the Skeletons according to the prophecy of Huanca-Xlanpec. *(Mendoza: This must be a reference to a battle against the Undead forces of the Vampire Coast. I date this event to the years around 930 by the Imperial reckoning. The Vampire and his forces washed up on the coast of Lustria some time earlier.)*

The Eclipse of Zia... Strife in Xhotl... *(Mendoza: this entry is unreadable due to the worm eaten condition of the manuscript at this point.)*

The star stela of Quetli was brought back by the mighty army of Lord Tepec-Inzi. Between the rising of the sun and the descent of the lzt1-star the five armies were vanquished. Sotek was satisfied. *(Mendoza: As to where these armies came from into Lustria is a mystery. Perhaps they were from Ulthuan or Naggaroth, or from the old Dwarf realms or even the accursed land of the Undead?)*

Lord Xuatep spoke... *(Mendoza: Much of the manuscript is obliterated here and am therefore unable to account for events over many centuries.)*

Manuscript ends here.

Mendoza's Footnote:

Here ends my translation of the Chronicle of Itza. The poor state of the latter half of the scroll means that the events of the last thousand years are illegible. Those who would learn more must consult the works of Ibn Jellaba and Marco Colombo, the Norse and Dwarf sagas, the Annals of Ulthuan or listen to the tales of adventurers.







THE AGE OF STRIFE



The long war against Clan Pestilens heralded a new age for the servants of the Old Ones. For ages, Lustria was a hidden continent, a high-impregnable realm whose forbidding jungles deterred almost all invaders. Throughout the coming epoch, the younger races would become ever more covetous of the wonders of Lustria. Wishing to see for themselves if the rumours of cities of gold were true, they became ever more violent in their attacks upon the Lizardmen and one another. In the wake of their victory over the Skaven, however, the Lizardmen were invigorated, ready to meet any threat that the upstart young races might pose.

Many such threats took the form of raids, but the greatest of Lustria's treasures were well protected from the thieving grasp of the younger races. The Mage-Priests were little troubled by the loss of trinkets, so long as the sacred plaques remained safe. They used such opportunities to observe the younger races. While Mage-Priests were wholly obsessed with the discovery and protection of the ancient plaques and sacred sites, they were dismissive of golden trinkets or baubles. Thus, the most tumbledown, vine-choked ruin in the depths of the wilderness might be under heavy guard, while jewel-encrusted statues of purest gold were wholly abandoned to the jungle. Their Skink underlings were far less forgiving, however, and would seek to obtain orders to retrieve objects of even the

least significance. In most instances, small bands of Lizardmen commanded by Skink Chiefs were sufficient to repel intruders.

When denied their wont, the boldest leaders of their kind fabricated excuses to attack invaders, tolerating no others in their domain. When enemies came in greater numbers, as they began to do with more frequency in this new era, it was the job of the Skink patrols to alert the armies of the nearest major outpost or temple-city. None of the invaders could stand before the might of a fully deployed Saurus host, and most simply dropped their ill-gotten loot and fled for their ships as swiftly as they might. However, these larger-scale attacks upon Lustria shook the lethargy from the Slann Mage-Priests. The world was changing again.

THE THEFT OF THE STAR STELA

The most prolific raiders were the Dark Elves of Naggaroth. Using their far-seeing ability, the Mage-Priests had watched the civil war on Ulthuan and had long pondered its meaning. For centuries, the Mage-Priests had meditated upon the nature of the Elves' dark kin, attempting to discern their place within the plans of the Old Ones and whether their actions should be tolerated or punished. To the Mage-Priests, these twisted creatures were scarcely distinguishable from any other of their kind, seeing them as the Old Ones had originally intended – as a single, balanced race.





The Lizardmen had scant contact with any Elves following the disastrous encounter at Pahuax. The Slann Mage-Priests had, at first, allowed the Dark Elves to enter Lustria unopposed, or rather, not faced by the Lizardmen themselves – the jungle's natural defences were unavoidable. In this way the Slann hoped to gain insight on the Elves' intentions. Yet, the newcomers appeared interested only in plundering the magical riches of the Lizardmen's realms. The Dark Elves showed complete disregard for the wisdom and sovereignty of the Slann, striking with precision into the heart of Lustria. What the Mage-Priests saw only served to confirm their opinion that the younger races had deviated far from the Great Plan. It was their shared telepathic determination that any contact with such a race of creatures could only lead to conflict.

The Dark Elves were arriving in Lustria in larger forces since their discovery of the Black Way, a vast underground network of subterranean rivers and seas that stretched all the way from the cold lands of Naggaroth. Armies of Dark Elves had been using this route to emerge in the heart of Lustria, allowing them to avoid the lethal dangers of the jungle. The passive approach of the Slann came to an end with the desecration of the Monument of Izzatal and the Elven attempt to capture the Skink Priests from the floating temple of Chotec, but perhaps the most damaging of the Dark Elf assaults was the theft of the Star Stela of Quetli, one of the most sacred of artefacts from perhaps the best guarded vault in the entire land.

The stelae are stone slabs inscribed with eldritch symbols and the Star Stela was an especially prized artefact, for the stone held the secrets of star alignment. To what use the Dark Elves intended to put the sacred artefact was beyond the Slann, but they could not allow the Druchii sorceresses to harness its power, nor to sully its purity with their dark magicks. Even as the Dark Elves hauled their plunder through the Black Way, the Mage-Priest Tepec-Inzi of Itza was startled awake, roused from a decades-long trance by the turmoil of his fellows' thoughts, determined to recover the Star Stela and thwart whatever malice the Dark Elves had in mind. He sensed the ramifications of the Star Stela in the wrong hands.

Acting in great haste, the Mage-Priest mustered the host of Itza, and travelled northwest, to the northernmost temple-city of Hexoatl. The Chronicles state that the journey was accomplished in an impossible time, suggesting that the Mage-Priest impelled his army to travel faster than any mortal could hope, or that he employed some manner of grand spell in order to cover the 1,500 miles between the two.

At Hexoatl, Lord Mazdamundi granted Lord Tepec-Inzi the greater part of the Sacred Host of his city. His force thus doubled in number, the Mage-Priest led a vast horde of Lizardmen north into the Forest of Ash and along the grey shores of the Ashen Coast. At the mouth of the Witch Sea, the Mage-Lord intercepted the Dark Elves, whose raiding vessels were emerging from the Black Way, having surfaced at the Witch Gate. As

the raiders passed the narrow straits leading into the Boiling Sea, Tepec-Inzi struck, unleashing a sorcerous blast of such potency that the waters rose and dashed the Dark Elves' ships against the rocks, killing many hundreds of Druchii in an instant and forcing the survivors to form hasty lines upon the beaches.

The battle that ensued was remarkable for its ferocity, for the Dark Elves had no intention of being cheated of their prize. The Lizardmen cornered the Dark Elves, forcing them back against the breakers of the cruel sea, and could expect no quarter from those whose holiest of artefacts they had plundered. Tepec-Inzi left the battle plan in the hands of his trusted Saurus leader, Gor-Rok, whose albino scales marked him as blessed by the Old Ones. Given the suitably blunt order to 'retrieve', Gor-Rok bowed his head and strode off towards the battle lines of the Dark Elves to meet their assault head-on.

The Dark Elf leader, a nefarious Dreadlord, mounted his scythed chariot and charged head-on at the Saurus, the Dark Elf cavalry following in its wake. Gor-Rok stood his ground as the warmachine thundered towards him, not once flinching. At the last moment the White Lizard planted his massive stone shield into the earth and as the wicked construction collided it was utterly smashed asunder. Before the broken debris had settled, the Dreadlord ran the Saurus through the chest with an iron lance. Gor-Rok stubbornly refused to die, however. He pulled the Dark Elf towards him by drawing the lance further into his own body and then ripped open his throat with powerful reptilian jaws.





Steadily, the Lizardmen forced their foe back against the cruel breakers of the underground sea. Only after the battle had ended and Gor-Rok had retrieved the Star Stela was the Dark Elven weapon removed from the mighty Saurus' blood-slicked form. The sacred Star Stela was returned to its rightful place in the temple-city of Itza. It was ordered that from henceforth the Star Stela would be watched over by the most devoted of the city's Temple Guard, lest any dare attempt to steal it again. Furthermore, all Dark Elf raids into Lustria from that time onwards were to be met in force and Skink patrols were assigned to scout deep into the Black Way.

Thus began a new era of hatred and mistrust between the Lizardmen and the Elves, resulting in thousands upon thousands of sacrifices on either side, and the Lizardmen becoming ever more aggressive and mistrustful towards all warm-blooded creatures invading their realm. This marked the first time in thousands of years that Lord Mazdamundi led his armies out of the jungles, sweeping northwards by the hidden paths into Naggaroth to retrieve their stolen artefacts.

Returning victorious to Hexoatl, Mazdamundi exerted his vast power to raise a new mountain, effectively closing a valley behind his armies and cutting off the pursuit of the Dark Elf army of Clar Karond. Dark Elf raids have continued for thousands of years, met with savagery by the Saurus and occasional retaliatory attacks northwards from the jungles.

THE COMING OF MAN

Five centuries after the recovery of the Star Stela, many new empires had risen across the globe. The High Elves of Lothorn were rulers of the seas, interdicting any vessel that attempted to cross the Great Ocean. One race succeeded in running the High Elves' blockade: Man.

Passing decades turned into centuries, and entire civilisations were born and destroyed. The coming of Men to the lands of Lustria had been predicted thousands of years earlier, carved into the plaque of the Three-Hundredth Cycle of the Two Moons in Itza. Nevertheless, the Old Ones had nurtured them, raising them from savagery. Their favoured Human children gave birth to the first great civilisation of Men in the Land of the Sun, as recorded on plaques from the temple-city of Zlatlan. It had been predicted that Men would arrive in the lands of Lustria in increasing numbers and a time of darkness would begin; they knew of Man's lust for gold, even if they did not understand it. Nevertheless, the race of Man had been created by the will of the Old Ones, and formed a major part of the enigmatic Great Plan, and so they were not preyed upon unless their greed pushed them too far.

The first humans to land upon the coasts of Lustria were from Norsca, led by an infamous adventurer by the name Losteriksson. His expedition stumbled upon Lustria after his longships were blown far off course by brutal storms. The Norse were fortunate to discover an





overgrown ruin not far from the coast, and had soon ransacked the holy place. There they found wealth beyond their imagining, though he lost almost his entire crew within weeks due to the cruel environment.

The share of the gold they found made all the survivors staggeringly wealthy. Heedless of the blasphemy they had just committed against the Old Ones, the men loaded their longboats with golden artefacts and sailed for home.

It was not long before word of their riches spread throughout the growing realms of Men, and many ships sailed west to find their fortune. Few survived the perilous journey and most that did were slain in the jungle – eaten by enormous reptilian creatures, swallowed by sentient quicksand or overcome by tropical disease. The Norse, however, led by the returning Losteriksson, succeeded in establishing a settlement on the isthmus – a colony named Skeggi, in honour of Losteriksson's daughter who was the first child to be born in the new land. Fearing what might lurk in the hinterlands, Losteriksson forbade his followers from entering the deep jungle, instead concentrating on building a stockade fort and collecting the gold and precious stones from the ruined watch posts along the coastline. Not all of his followers listened however, and soon young warriors eager for riches were disobeying him. Most never returned.

One reckless band probed the thick jungle, stumbling across a site of great riches that was guarded by the Lizardmen. The humans seized what they could before fleeing to their base. Losteriksson only discovered what had happened when an army of Lizardmen emerged out of the jungle, encircling the settlement. The Norse believed themselves doomed, but Losteriksson ordered all treasure to be cast over the log ramparts. Recovering only a single glyph-inscribed plaque, the enigmatic Lizardmen left without a backward glance. Unbeknownst to the humans, the army had been sent to recover a particular item; gold and jewels did not concern the Lizardmen, though they represented a fortune.



And so Skeggi survived, in time becoming a prosperous base from which the men of the north would launch many ventures. Although raiding parties that intruded deep into the jungles never returned, those that stuck to the coastlines found sites ripe for plunder. The wonders, and treasures, of the great temple-cities of the interior of Lustria remained hidden. On the orders of the Slann Mage-Priests, the Lizardmen endured the minor raids, for they had far greater matters on which to focus their much-needed meditations.





TREASURE HUNTERS

The Norse were but the first Men to make the arduous journey across the Great Ocean to the so-called 'New World'. While the High Elves of Ulthuan had retained at least a vestige of knowledge of their heritage and were aware of the Lizardmen within the jungles, even if their memories had been tainted and warped over countless generations of arrogance, the young race of Mankind had no recollection of the ancient civilisation hidden within Lustria, nor did they remember the servants of the Old Ones that weaned them towards civilisation. To these people, Lustria seemed a new world full of danger and riches, a land that could make a man's fortune or bring him death, for Lustria was plentiful in the precious metals that the young race of Man coveted in its greed. Indeed, on many man-made maps, the isthmus of Lustria is named the New World of Gold. And so, in his lusty greed for gold and treasure, Man came to Lustria from every corner of the Old World and beyond. Yet, although many came, few found anything more than a painful death in the alien jungles.

Hundreds of years after the Norse came upon Lustria, word of this continent of gold had spread far and wide, and the interest in it grew. Treasure hunters and explorers began to travel to Lustria from the realms of Tilea, the Empire, Bretonnia and Cathay. Though many of their ships were stopped by the High Elf fleets that patrolled the waters, some ships managed to slip through, particularly from the states of Tilea, whose smugglers and sailors are adept at avoiding unwanted attention. The New World of Gold has become a haven for pirates and reavers, who use its inlets and coves to hide while preying on the trade vessels plying the seas.

The raiders and explorers found the jungles strewn with sites ripe for plunder. Many such places were of great importance to the Lizardmen, and to trespass within them was, inevitably, to bring down swift and terrible violence.

For a thousand years, the Lizardmen endured these raids. Few penetrated more than a dozen miles inland, while the Dark Elves remained a threat due to their use of the Black Way. In the grand scheme of things, most of these raids were of little consequence to the Mage-Priests, who barely registered the presence of the intruders. They had far greater matters on which to focus their meditations. The Slann Mage-Priests could not fathom the young races' taste for gold, but in general refrained from violent action unless an item of true significance was stolen.

For almost a thousand years after the Norse colony of Skeggi was built, the Human presence within Lustria was fairly inconsequential to the Lizardmen. Explorers and adventurers made no major impact on the lands, while the seafaring Norsemen rarely cried to penetrate deep into the jungles; the hill-fort's small population also posed no real threat to the might of the Lizardmen of Hexoatl. It was only when the Men of the Old World started to journey in large numbers to the New World that they began to make a significant impact, founding a number of ports, such as Swamp Town, Cadavo and Port Reaver. With the increase of seafaring traffic arriving on the shores of the New World, the greed of the Humans has pushed them to ever increasing raids inland. Such threats are ruthlessly quashed from time to time as Lord Mazdamundi sends forth his armies to smash the Humans' ramshackle towns, and eliminate those who press too close to the ancient temples, their greed spelling out their own doom.





THE DEFEAT OF LUTHOR HARKON

In the year 888 by the Imperial Calendar, the Vampire Lord Luther Harkon arrived upon the shores of eastern Lustria. He immediately began a campaign of destruction and desecration that saw him plunder scores of the most sacred of the Lizardmen's sites. It was Lord Xlotc of Itza who committed the formidable weight of a Mage-Priest's intellect to discerning the Vampire's intentions, and formulating a plan to put an end to them.

Xlotc wove a spell that would stretch Harkon's desire for mystical artefacts to the extent of his sanity, causing the Vampire Lord to lose all grip on reality as his search consumed him. At length, Lord Xlotc drew Harkon and his horde of Undead pirates towards the ruined city of Oyx1, having seeded the notion within his fragmented mind that its temples and vaults overran with treasures. Harkon and his armies never reached their goal however, as Xlotc's own cohorts intercepted him several hundred miles to the northeast of the city, and at the appointed hour launched a devastating attack that decimated the Undead hordes, and put paid to the Vampire Lord's plans for many centuries to come.

THE FALL OF KJELL RED FIST

One raid occurred in the year 1323 when Kjell Red Fist, a chieftain of the Skaeling people, navigated his longship the length of the River Qurveza in search of the so-called Fount of Origins, a legendary sacred place where Kjell hoped to gain a measure of the power of the ancients.

But Kjell's passage was noted, and stealthy aquatic Skinks dived beneath Kjell's longship as it lay at

anchor by moonlight, loosening beams and crippling her rudder. Kjell was faced with the choice of abandoning his voyage, or of continuing on foot. There was only one choice for such a man as he, and he pressed boldly on through the jungle.

Kjell's shaman informed him that the party would need to bear north to reach their destination, and this would necessitate making a river crossing. Taking his seer's Counsel, Kjell led his men across a ford, greed overcoming caution as he felt his goal within reach. As the party reached the deepest point, the jungle came alive — deadly poisoned darts rained down upon the Norsemen.

Kjell bellowed in rage and charged across the ford, his remaining warriors following. At that moment, the legendary ancient Scar-leader Kroq-Gar appeared on the bank, flanked by rank upon rank of Cold-One mounted Saurus. In an instant the two were locked in a mighty, though ultimately one-sided duel while their warriors knight and died upon the riverbank. Though Kjell fought with the berserker frenzy of his people, he was laid low by a savage bite from Kroq-Gar's mighty Carnosaur. As the ancient Scar-Veteran held aloft the chieftain's severed head, the Norsemen broke and made to flee back across the river, but were run down by the mounted Saurus before a single warrior reached the opposite bank.

Though the fate of Kjell Red Fist could only be speculated at amongst the battle-hungry Norse, many others have sought to retrace his steps and locate the fabled Fount of Origins. To date, none have made it anywhere near as far upstream as did Kjell. Lord Mazdamundi has decreed that none ever shall again.



THE FOLLY OF PRINCE RODRIK

In the year 1847 (by the Imperial calendar) the Bretonnian King Jean financed an expedition to Lustria. The Bretonnian noble Duke Tudual of L'Anguille dispatched his much-loathed bastard son, Prince Rodrik, on this expedition deep into the jungle, hoping, some say, that the obnoxious youth would not return.

The expedition set off a year later under the command of Prince Rodrik, and consisted of six Bretonnian men-o-war, several smaller auxiliary craft, and just over 500 Bretonnian Knights and Men-at-Arms. The journey to Lustria was filled with peril. The High Elf navy and the monsters of the High Seas took a heavy toll on the Bretonnians, but three months after setting sail from Bordeleaux the coast of Lustria was sighted.



The Bretonnians made their landfall close to the ruined pyramid-city of Huatl. Many tales are told of the young prince cutting a swathe through the eastern jungles of Lustria, plundering Lizardmen ruins and even attempting an ill-advised assault upon Amazon Island. Prince Rodrik was a brave and bold warrior, but was also rather rash and not noted for his tactical brilliance. Forgoing any form of reconnaissance, he plunged into the Lustrian jungle, heading towards the ruined pyramids whose peaks could be seen jutting up above the forest canopy. Huatl is close to the Lustrian coast, and Rodrik's army reached the ruined city very quickly. Even so the Bretonnians had already attracted the attention of the Lizardmen. Unfortunately Rodrik's and his men were unaware of this fact as they started to explore and loot Huatl, not realising that it was in fact a fully functioning city and not some poorly guarded ruin. Distracted by the prospect of loot Rodrik's army scattered, as men split up to roam the city in search of booty. Then, as night fell, the Lizardmen moved in. The Lizardmen had observed his nonchalant approach, and allowed the army to enter their city before launching a devastating ambush that wiped out the bulk of the invaders' forces in moments.

The result was a massacre. When the sun rose, a mere fraction of the once mighty Bretonnian army was still alive. Prince Rodrik and his officers survived the slaughter, but still had to escape Huatl – and hundreds upon hundreds of enraged Lizardmen. The tattered survivors fled from Huatl carrying what artefacts and treasure they could. But the dawn brought no respite and the Bretonnians were harried all the way from the city to their boats by Lizardmen lurking in the dense jungle. Rodrik died mere hundred yards from the beached longboats of his fleet, in a heroic last stand that bought enough time for the handful of survivors remaining to make their escape.

However, those that did manage to escape did not leave empty handed. In their possession were many ancient artefacts and dozens of the golden glyph plates that

adorned the Lizardman temples. The fabulous treasures proved too much of a temptation for the crews of the Bretonnian fleet, and without the strong, if misguided, leadership of Prince Rodrik's it was not long before trouble started during the return voyage. Rather than return to Bretonnia and hand the booty over to their King, the fleet mutinied and its ships scattered to ports all over the Old World. And with that the artifacts looted from Huatl, including the coveted glyph plaques, were scattered far and wide across the Warhammer World as well.

THE STANDING STONES

Quntacl, the mighty Saurus Champion, stood in the front rank of his warrior regiment. These Lizardmen were of the same spawning as he, and each one of them brandished a long spear with a sharp bronze tip, and carried a shield made of beaten bronze decorated with gold. The only thing that marked him apart from his brothers was his albino skin and the enchanted blade presented to him by Lord Yermict. His regiment was dozens strong, but only one amongst the large Lizardmen contingent that had gathered at this place, summoned by the Slann Mage-Priest.

The Lizardmen stood in the middle of a gigantic stone circle, decorated with carvings and sigils of power. A Skink swarm, more numerous than Quntacl could count, stood next to his Warriors, with two great Kroxigors amongst them. To his right was a regiment of Cold One riders. The great beasts croaked restlessly, sensing the magic in the air. Quntacl studied the ancient stonework that dated back from the time of the Old Ones. As his gaze settled on the engraved monoliths that circled the Lizardmen, they suddenly started glowing with an otherworldly light. It was the magic of Lord Yermict of Tlax, chanting the Words of Power in the long-forgotten language. This had activated the magic of the standing stones.

The Skink Shaman Xiin had explained to Quntacl that once in a ten thousand years this circle of standing stones existed in two places simultaneously; here in the heart of Lustria and in the distant land of the young man-race, on the other side of the World Pond. How this was possible Quntacl did not know, but he did not care either. He had been told to gather his weapons and be ready for battle, and that was enough for him. Whatever it might be, the will of the Slann Lards was to be obeyed, not questioned.

When Mage-Priest Yermict had performed the rites of the Moon and the Stars, the light emitting from the stones grew more intense until it blinded the Lizardmen. When their reptilian eyes adjusted to the darkness again, they were gazing at different stars. A human being might have been driven mad by such experience, but Quntacl just gazed at the mighty Slann Mage-Priest, waiting for orders, confident in his master's wisdom.

Deep in the forest of Chalons, the ancient stone circle glowed with an eerie light. The terrified peasants of Bastonne locked their doors and prayed to the Lady of the Lake, but in the darkness of the night the Lizardmen disappeared into the shadows of the forest to begin their long search.

THE ANCIENT ENEMY

It was not only greedy treasure hunters that the Northmen brought with them to Lustria when they established their settlement of Skeggi. The fierce tribal men carried with them their warlike gods – erecting crude idols and performing barbaric ceremonies in their honour. The names attached to these deities by their human worshippers had not been previously heard upon Lustria, but the continent had felt their power before. Strange stirrings not sensed for millennia disturbed the meditations of the Mage-Priests, echoes from the distant past reverberating from the mind of one Slann to another. Chaos once more walked upon the shores of Lustria, this time carried in the souls of the men of the north.

Across the Great Ocean, the domains of Men waxed and waned. Unbeknownst to the Slann, the Skaven race had brought the Empire to its knees with the Black Plague, as once they had with such devastating effect in Lustria. In the lands of the Lizardmen, however, a very different threat to the Great Plan was developing.

What awakened the Slann to the re-emerging threat of Chaos was the tragedy of Lord Zhul, the master Mage-Priest of Xahutec. Lord Zhul was especially steeped in the lore and study of the Old Ones and his wisdom was legendary, yet during his few waking hours, he began to issue irrational orders. When Lord Zhul's Skink attendants considered his latest words, it was observed that he made contrary pronouncements only when his palanquin was positioned to face the rising of the northern constellation at the zenith day of each month. The alignment, as tracked along the geomantic web, passed directly over the ruined pyramid-temple of Tlencan, for there was no other place on the line of power of the geomantic web. Suspecting this might be the root of the confusion, an expedition in strength was launched to discover what marred the tranquillity of Lord Zhul's thoughts.

The overgrown ruins of Tlencan were located on an island off the Scorpion Coast of northern Lustria, many days travel from Xahutec. Led by Skink Chief Quzipantuti, the Lizardmen force travelled quickly, mighty Bastiladons crushing paths through the jungle while a flight of Terradons scouted the path ahead. The force reached Tlencan after many days travel through the jungles of the Scorpion Coast, and crossed over the channel. The ruins were found to be deserted and overgrown with vines, as of old. Once there, an investigation of the ruins ensued. Quzipantuti stealthily infiltrated the sacred chamber in which the palanquin of the Mage-Priest was by custom rested on a plinth in the middle of the glass-like sacred pool. In the uppermost chamber, in the holy pool of power reserved for Mage-Priests, there slumped a vile Daemon Prince or a 'Xlanax' in the sibilant tongue of the Lizardmen.

Quzipantuti saw that an Elven blade of magical forging transfixing the Daemon Prince through the torso, its innards glowing like lava. The sword had not slain the vile creature, but had mortally wounded it. It was later surmised that the Daemon had been wounded in a great

battle against the Elves in the lands of Ulthuan. Defeated, the Daemon Prince had fled across the sea, following the lines of the geomantic web, hoping perhaps to leech the power of the web and restore its own. Finding refuge within the pyramid it would either recover or die a slow, resentful death. When Lord Zhul had aligned his thoughts towards the pyramid of Tlencan, the malign influence of the servant of Chaos had polluted the purity of his contemplation.

Quzipantuti knew that the Daemon must be destroyed, and that only the power of the Old Ones could consume such a creature. The Skink Chief made his way from the pyramid chamber, and attended Tlencan's altar. There the rituals of summonation were performed.

As dawn approached, the Skinks heard an infernal howling from the pyramid. Balefire spewed from its portals, and a swarm of crimson Daemons emerged from out of the air itself to do battle. The Daemon Prince had called upon its patron. Quzipantuti rallied his cohorts and ordered them to unleash a storm of javelins and barbed darts at the oncoming Daemons and though many fell, the Daemons pressed home their attack, tearing through the Skink cohorts and crashing into the Saurus lines.

So fierce was the Daemon attack that they cut down half the reptilian warriors and would have swept them away altogether were it not for a timely charge by the Bastiladons. Thick armoured plates protecting them from harm, the enormous beasts waded through the Daemons, crushing more with every stride of their trunk-like legs. Twin Arks of Sotek borne on the creatures' backs poured forth serpents beyond number. Perhaps Sotek, or the Old Ones themselves, took outrage at the contamination of the temple, for the serpents were joined by further swarms from the





jungles. A living sea of serpents, a veritable tidal wave not seen since the wars with the ratmen, swept over the Daemons and into the pyramid-temple itself, ascending the pyramid by its secret shafts. There, they entered the topmost chamber and assailed the wounded Daemon Prince. The struggle was violent, but the serpents' venom was so potent that even the unnatural body of the Daemon was overcome. With their leader gone, the Daemon army vanished completely, mere feet from their charge hitting home.

At the very moment the Daemon Prince succumbed, Lord Zhul gave a feeble croak and perished. The mental duel to keep his thoughts pure had finally defeated him. For many cycles of the sun Lord Zhul had striven to keep his thoughts pure, failing only when his powers weakened. The Skink attendants pronounced their master's death, recording that he had transcended mortal existence and become one with the Old Ones. His body was prepared with resin and bedecked in gold and set to rest within the crypt of the Great Pyramid, to be honoured as a mummified Relic Priest as long as the Lizardman realm shall stand.

With the coming of the Xlanax, the Mage-Priests' minds were opened to the return of Chaos. No longer was it just a malign influence that had brought into being the vile Skaven, or the evil stain on the souls of foolish younger races. Chaos was now tangible. If a single, dying creature of Chaos could so disrupt a Slann as to cause his death, what tragedy might occur if greater numbers of such beasts manifested? The Slann saw that the very oldest of threats had now fully returned to the world. Quite apart from the Skaven,

Dark Elves and Men, the Lizardmen now faced the very enemy that had laid the Old Ones low and nearly destroyed the entire world. The Daemons of Chaos.

LORD MAZDAMUNDI AWAKENED

Despite the upsurge of invaders entering Lustria, some of the eldest and most powerful of Slann Mage-Priests could not be roused. The great Lord Mazdamundi, the oldest Slann still alive, was especially groggy and his Skink Priests despaired of ever wholly waking their exalted charge. It took a spectacular display of greed and hubris to finally impel Lord Mazdamundi to a fully awoken state.

Some time after the death of Lord Zhul, another intruder provoked war with the Lizardmen - a disgraced Tilean noble named El Cadavo. For decades, Norse raids had been increasing all over the world, forcing the mages of Ulthuan to enshroud their island in thick, magical mists. Where the settlers of Skeggi had learned how to avoid the retribution of the Lizardmen, El Cadavo and his followers showed only a foolish lack of caution.

On three separate occasions, El Cadavo, a mercenary captain, established a settlement upon the Isthmus of Pahuax, always naming it 'Cadavo' after himself. Each time, Skink patrols eagerly sent back word and the Skink Priests climbed high onto the Great Pyramid of Hexoatl. There, Lord Mazdamundi reclined - slumped in concentration, his eyes glazed and his prodigious tongue lolling. None of those wakings went well, but each ended with the groggy Slann acquiescing to the Skink request to drive off the invaders. It was like a Stegadon tail swatting away a bloodwasp. None believed the humans would be so foolish as to return.

When the Skink Priests, with anxious glee, reported that El Cadavo had, indeed, returned and established a new settlement again, Lord Mazdamundi's eyes opened wide for the first time in ages. His contemplations had now been disturbed three times in a decade - to a Slann but the blink of an eye. So Lord Mazdamundi made his preparations and read the constellations, learning that he was destined to be awoken yet again unless he took matters into his own hands. The Mage-Priest ordered his throne placed upon the back of the largest Stegadon and marched to meet the intruders.

Lord Mazdamundi was determined to see the settlement destroyed once and for all, as a warning to all those who would dare invade the realm of the Lizardmen. The Slann unleashed such immense power that the tectonic plates shifted beneath the human encampment. A terrible earthquake shattered the region, reducing Cadavo to ruins. When the dust settled, not one of the town's stones stood upon another and all its defenders were crushed to a bloody pulp. Satisfied that the troublesome warmbloods would trouble him no more, Lord Mazdamundi returned to Hexoatl, with a mind to resume his contemplation of the great mysteries of the universe once again. Yet his blood was stirred, and his slumbers were not again so deep.





THE BATTLE OF THE OBSIDIAN COLUMN

In the year 1944 of the Imperial Calendar, the adventurer and pirate El Cadavo made his third attempt to penetrate the jungles south of Hexoatl, searching for the so-called Obsidian Column, a massive monument supposedly located some 500 miles into the interior.

After the first two failed attempts, Lord Mazdamundi of Hexoatl had punished El Cadavo by invoking mighty earthquakes to ruin the port named after him.

El Cadavo's third attempt, however, met with success; proving that the tales of precious stones set within the monolith were true. The raiders loaded their wagons with chests overflowing with riches, but in their greed angered too long. Lord Mazdamundi had foreseen the expedition and dispatched a large force from Hexoatl, which arrived at the Obsidian Column the very morning El Cadavo was planning to leave.

The eyes of the Skink Priest were cold and unforgiving as he squatted over the charred, smoking remains of the human thief that had tried to steal the artefacts of the gods. The burned tabard depicted some kind of sea dragon, but it was impossible to tell for sure, so badly burned was the body.

A shield wobbled slowly on the ground, its mirrored surface blackened and stained. The priest picked it up and handed it to a nearby Saurus that was gathering up the trespassers' corpses.

"Clean this and return it to the temple," he said, the warm, succulent aroma of seared human flesh filling its nostrils. The Skink leaned down to take a bite from the corpse, gulping down the soft meat in one go and relishing the tangy flavour.

It sensed the hungry scrutiny of the Saurus and said. "Worry not, there will be plenty of meat for everyone. The human army lies dead beyond the walls of Xlanhuapec and I am sure the gods would not begrudge us a few morsels for what we have done here."

The Saurus nodded, thick drool dripping from its fanged jaws at the thought of such a feast, and turned away to rejoin its fellow warriors.

The men had almost got away and, were it not for the wrath of the jungle rising up in answer to the call of the Old Ones, several ancient treasures might have been lost. The crackling staff in the Skink's hand hummed with power, its mysteries filling it with lightning once more and he pressed the combination of smooth gems that caused the weapon to become dormant. To allow it to continue to gain power would be unwise...

The Skink Priest scurried over the ruins, squatting atop a snarling effigy of Sotek, and cast its gaze over the battlefield. This was a dangerous place, even for the Children of the Gods, and the men had thought to escape their vengeance by coming this way. The Skink shook his head in disbelief; truly men were a stupid race, yet still they kept coming to this land of ancient gods and death. Let them come, thought the Skink, if they wish death, then he would ensure their wish was granted.

The Lizardmen attacked before El Cadavo could form his army into a defensive line, and though his men fought bravely to defend their treasure, they were slowly ground down by the inexorable might of the Saurus Warriors. His army died to a man in defence of their cursed gold and precious stones, though the pirate lord himself escaped the slaughter and made his way back to the coast, a ruined man – physically, mentally, and most definitely financially.

The bodies of El Cadavo's men hang from the sides of Obsidian Column to this day, the jewels they had attempted to plunder set within dead eye sockets as a dire warning against incurring the wrath of Lord Mazdamundi.

LORD MELCHIN'S GRAND ADVENTURE

In the late 2100s, the famous Lord Melchin, favourite of the Imperial Court, launched an expedition to Lustria to prove his courage to his noble rivals. Though the voyage saw the lord's fleet taking a somewhat circuitous route through many hostile regions. He did eventually make landfall in the spring of 2185 with a, by then, ragged group of adventurers. The band spent a year exploring the inhospitable lands around the Ayamara Swamps, attempting to find their fortune in a land fabled to be strewn with gold-filled temples. Unfortunately for Lord Melchin, his band had made landfall upon a stretch of coast sparsely populated of ruins they might plunder, and they soon despaired of making their fortune in the land of the cities of gold. The final straw came when Lord Melchin and his force encountered the Lizardmen, who launched a punitive assault upon his camp in the dead of night, intent upon wiping out the intruders before they discovered the nearby Temple of the Eclipse. Ironically, the temple contained enough gold to purchase Altdorf several times over, but Melchin never found it and by that stage in his expedition had had his fill of Lustria. He took the hint, setting off for home the very next day.

Despite his failure, Lord Melchin returned to the Imperial Court a hero, for his inflated tales of his heroic expedition, combined with the potent Lustrian wine he had purchased from the diminutive Wayarhui tribesmen of the Ayamara Swamp region, made him the host of many an aristocratic bacchanal and the toast of the nobility for years to come.

THE NETHER-THING

It was during the year of the Jade Star Sea (2223 by the calendar of the Men of the Empire) that the largest Daemon incursion since the Great Catastrophe came to Lustria. Its leader was Slaa'Ulaan, a Daemon referred to in ancient stone tablets as 'the nether-thing of the second moon'. Slaa'Ulaan was amongst the most destructive and vile of fiends during the Great Catastrophe. He had committed what to the Lizardmen was surely the most heinous of blasphemies, taking particular delight in the defeat and capture of a number of Mage-Priests, all of whom were sacrificed in obscene rituals. It was only by the efforts of the Mage-



Priest Lord Huinitenuchli of Pahaux that Slaa'Ulaan had been defeated, at the Battle of Xuhua Lake, though the Slann's body was grievously wounded and he took many years to recover from the harm done to him.

When Slaa'Ulaan returned to Lustria many thousands of years later, Lord Huinitenuchli, who had relocated to Xlanhuapec, could not be roused from his slumber despite his attendants' persistent efforts. Only Lord Tenuchli, subordinate Mage-Priest to the great Lord Huinitenuchli, could be awakened. Tenuchli was attended by his Eternity Warden, the mighty Chakax, Prime Guardian of the City of Mists. Together they led an expedition to the Pillars of Unseen Constellations and there found the full might of Chaos assembled.



The pillars had been daubed with blasphemous runes and obscenely pulsing chains were wrapped about them. Waves of impure energy radiated from the defiled masonry, stunning the Lizardmen and dulling their senses, making their steps sluggish and sapping their strength. Slaa'Ulaan led the slaughter-filled charge and strode amongst the Lizardmen, snipping off heads

and striking down whole ranks at a time, while the Saurus struggled to raise their weapons, so sapped were they of strength. In scant moments, only Lord Tenuchli remained, with Chakax immobile by his side.

Slaa'Ulaan charged the Prime Guardian, believing him incapacitated by magic, but Chakax was able to shrug off the disorienting spells and was only static because as of yet there was no direct threat to himself or the Mage-Priest he guarded. As Slaa'Ulaan neared, Chakax exploded into violent motion, pulping the Daemon into a steaming mass of bubbling daemonic ichor before returning to immobility at his master's side. But the Daemon had one last deception to weave. Even in its death throes, the great Daemon directed its last energies into an arcane blast aimed at Lord Tenuchli. Chakax saved the Slann from instant death by stepping in front of part of the blast, yet Lord Tenuchli was badly wounded, his throne crashing to the ground. With Slaa'Ulaan's death, the daemonic host dissipated, leaving only Chakax and the wounded Lord Tenuchli alive. With orders to stay by his Mage-Priest's side, Chakax could only stand immobile, unable to seek help. A cycle of the moon passed before a patrol found them and escorted the unconscious Slann back to the City of Mists upon the back of a Stegadon, the faithful Eternity Warden keeping pace every step of the way.





THE TALE OF MARCO COLOMBO

Circa Imperial Year 1492

Marco Colombo was a Tilean merchant who 'acquired' a map from a drunken Norse adventurer in a tavern. Inspired by the map, he set about planning an expedition to Lustria. After trying for several years to raise funds from the Tilean cities, who were often too preoccupied with civil wars to be bothered, he obtained finance from one of the Condotteri mercenary lords and fitted out three ships. Unfortunately he had to hire some rather dubious crew who caused him a lot of trouble. Marco reached Lustria and after many adventures, returned to Tilea with enough treasure to fit out an army of his own and make himself lord of a minor city state. He then found the leisure to recount his exploits. Marco was extremely clever in his dealings with the Lizardmen and attempted to establish friendly relations based on trade rather than pillage. What follows are some of the highlights of his tale of adventure in the land of the Lizardmen.

Amazingly, the Lizardman account of Marco's expedition also exists. Skink scribes wrote down an account of the events on clay tablets and Marco managed to acquire several of these which he brought back with him to Tilea. He went to great effort to translate the glyphs as best he could. When compiling the tale of his adventures he included extracts from the Lizardman version of events to show both sides of the story.

Marco Lands on the Coast of Lustria

Marco: 'On the eve of the feast of sacred Myrmydia, our lookout in the crow's nest sighted land. I was sure it was Lustria at last. We had been at sea for one hundred and forty-four days and the men were getting restless. For the last few days I had seen mutiny in their eyes. Now everybody cheered and the prospect of fresh water, food and perhaps riches banished all thoughts of mischief from their minds. We anchored offshore and prepared to land the next day.'

Skink scribal archive: 'At this time Lord Xtli mentioned the prophecy of ZhocI-Tlapoc. This plaque was consulted. Then it was revealed that the barbarians would appear with the rising of the sun on the fifteenth day after the zenith of the Itchli star. Itzi-Tepl kept watch with the green crested ones.'

Historian's time: Marco's three ships reached Lustria far to the south of the Norse colony. Skeggi, but fortunately, also much further north than the Vampire Coast. Marco was an excellent navigator and had deliberately chosen a route that would avoid any chance encounters with pirates. Elf ships from Ulthuan or Norse longships. The landfall was made near the city of Tlax.

Marco: 'The next day I ordered the Skaven captives, that I had purchased at great expense from Giacomo of Miragliano, to be brought out of the hold. They stank and squealed their foul curses at us. All the crew were glad to be rid of them at last. Their presence aboard ship was one of the major grouses which the men held against me. However, I knew what I was doing, and the inconvenience would soon bring forth the rewards for which I had hoped. The captives were rowed ashore and staked out on the beach, together with a heap of treasures I had collected from all over the Old World. These treasures had been looted from Lustria over the centuries and again at great expense I had sought them out and bought them for this expedition. Then I ordered the men to row back to the ships. When all were safely on board again. I ordered that the great guns be fired to attract the attention of the inhabitants. I repeated this order every hour even though the men thought I was mad to waste so much gunpowder.'

Sunset was approaching and I myself was wondering whether all this effort was in vain, when they appeared. We were anchored close enough inshore to see them clearly without a spy glass. There were about fifty at least of the smaller kind which are called Skinks. Their leader was a magnificent fellow, decorated with great plumes and accompanied by a drummer and one carrying a standard in the form of a coiled serpent. We watched them inspecting the heap of treasure. They became very excited. Then their leader ordered them to take up the Skaven captives, which they did with great enthusiasm, binding them to carrying poles and disappearing back into the jungle. The treasure was likewise bundled up and taken away.


Next day, at sunrise, we observed a huge pile of fruit and gourds on the beach where our gifts had been. I sent several rowing boats out to fetch it. Our breakfast turned out to be quite a feast. The fruit was most welcome and necessary, since many of the crew had scurvy. The alcoholic beverages in the gourds were very potent – excellent stuff indeed! The dried insects were also most agreeable.'

Skink scribal archive: 'The barbarians made an offering of Rat Spawn for Sotek and returned many sacred artefacts which had been taken away from Thix as well as Huatl, Xahutec, Hexoatl and many other places. Never had anything like this happened before!'

Historian's Note: Marco had done his research well during the many years he spent trying to raise funds for the voyage. He questioned every adventurer; trader and voyager he could find concerning Lustria, and read all the written tales he could lay his hands on. Marco knew that the Lizardmen had once fought against the Skaven, and that they sacrificed them to their principle god. Most Tilean cities had to fight off the Skaven fairly regularly and could be persuaded with gold, to capture a few alive for Marco. A desire to wage war on the Skaven was at least one thing which Tileans and Lizardmen would have in common!

Marco is Admitted to Tlax

Marco: 'Our presents had been well received by the Lizardmen, so I decided to risk going ashore with a small party of men. We took only our daggers and swords in case we had to defend ourselves, yet not wanting to appear ready to make war. We made a small camp on the beach, then, leaving a few men to guard the boats. I led the rest of the party inland. We came upon a small, ruinous platform. On top of this were arrayed a group of Skinks and the larger and more ferocious warriors called Saurus. Sat in front of them on a golden carrying throne was a creature like a great, bloated toad. This I had not expected, though some Norsemen I had questioned back in the Old World had told



me that such creatures existed and were indeed the priests and rulers of the Lizardmen. They were called Skinn. I did not know whether this personage was the king of this region, or perhaps just a high official. The Skink nearest to the carrying throne spoke. At first I took his rasping words for their own language, then I realised that I was being welcomed in – of all things - Bretonnian!

Skink scribal archive: 'Lord Xtli despatched Mage Zltoc to meet with the strangers. These barbarians were like the ones which had appeared in the vicinity of Huatl at the equinox of Tlac-Ipec several score cycles of the sun before this time. We thought they might speak the same tongue so Mage Zltoc brought with him the scribe Huinipachutli who knew many words of this strange language.'

Marco: 'Fortunately I knew Bretonnian quite well, although it was very difficult to understand the Skink interpreter who could not get his reptile tongue around the words easily! First of all he informed me that the offerings had been most acceptable to their god, Sotek. I replied that I was Marco Colombo of Remas, a Tilean and that I came in peace and friendship to trade. The Skink spoke in his own tongue to his master. The inscrutable expression of the face of this dignitary remained unchanged.'

Indeed he seemed far more interested in the mosquitoes buzzing around in front of him, than in us! Upon asking who this great dignitary was the Skink replied that I was in the august presence of Mage Sletoch of Tlash (Historian's note: Marco is trying to spell Zltoc of Tlax as he would have heard it). Then Sletoch uttered a single word. The Skink nodded and asked me why I had come to their land. To this I replied that I wished to discuss trade. Sletoch croaked once more and the Skink translated "We do not need to trade!"

This was something I had not bargained for. I had to think on my feet. So I said "Hey! I can make you an offer you can't refuse." The Skink looked interested, in so far as I could tell. "You have many enemies: the Ratmen, the Norse, the Naggarothi, the Araby corsairs and the rest". The Skink nodded in agreement, spitting vehemently at the mention of the names of his people's enemies. "I have three ships, with many mighty cannons. You have heard them firing. With these I can sink the ships of your enemies before they reach the shore. If we catch any that are returning from your land, we will recover the treasures which they have taken and return them to you".

The Skink explained all this to his master who was observing a large fly hovering in front of his face. Then he quickly gobbled it up and assuming a satisfied countenance, croaked once. The interpreter then asked me why we should bother to fight their enemies for them. I replied, "We will do this for two reasons: they are also our enemies and... in return for gold or gems."

At this point the Lizardmen stopped the negotiations and carried their leader back into the jungle. A strong contingent of Saurus guards remained behind to bar us from going any further inland. We therefore returned to our camp.'

Skink Scribal Archive: 'I, Huinipachutli, spoke with the barbarian leader. He expressed a desire to exchange goods with us. How foolish! How ignorant! What do these barbarians have that we might need!'

Then he offered to overthrow our enemies upon the sea and return stolen sacred artifacts to us. This was a sign A of intelligence. Did he know that these artifacts were very important things which belonged to the Old Ones? Then he asked for gold or gems in return for this service. How rude! How predictable! Did he not know that gold is only for Mage-Priests and the Old Ones? Why do they always want gold? What do they do with it? Do they eat it? Why did he not ask for Xtchoc Grubs, or cactus beverage which he would find much more useful?

Later Mage Zltoc said "It is as impossible to understand their minds as it is to see the deep blue in a shallow pond". Lord Xtli instructed that the negotiations should continue because there were three things he wished to learn from the barbarians which vexed his great mind. These were; the exact width of the World Pond on the meridian of Xochutl, whether Sotek has appeared in their lands and how do the 'New Ones' spawn?'


Marco is Questioned by the Mage Priests

Marco: 'Some days later, a contingent of Skinks, together with the interpreter I had spoken with before, approached our camp. I was summoned to follow them to their city. Apparently I was to be honoured with an audience with their ruler. Sletoch, it appeared, was merely a lesser ranking priest in their hierarchy. I was to go alone, but several of the Skink officers were to remain behind to demonstrate that they intended me no harm, and to reassure my men that I would be allowed to return. I left Giovanni in charge of the men with instructions to flog anyone who broke discipline. I knew he would be only too vigilant for an opportunity to use the lash!

They took me to their city called Tlash (sic: Tlax) upon a carrying chair, which I took to be a great honour. The route followed winding jungle tracks and causeways across wide expanses of swamp. Then we proceeded along a straight, wonderfully paved road, flanked at intervals with ancient mould encrusted statues carved in the form of grimacing lizards and toads. After a long time we entered into a wide plaza, teeming with Skinks engaged in all manner of activities. As a stranger in their midst I aroused a great deal of interest. I was conveyed across the broad paved area towards one of the enormous pyramids which it flanked on three sides. The bearers carried me up countless steps towards the highest platform of the pyramid.

Looking around I could see the entire plan of the city from above. There were many small pyramids clustered around the larger pyramids, and as well as these there were terraces, numerous rectangular pools glinting in the sunlight, tall obelisks and other structures. All of these were intricately carved and painted. One building I was still under construction. I could see huge beasts which looked like a cross between a dragon and an elephant, dragging massive blocks of stone up large ramps. The din of thousands of Skinks chipping away at the stones with chisels reached my ears, as well as the rasping orders of the foremen directing the work.

The smell of incense wafting in the breeze, drew my attention to the great doorway which we were about to enter. It was flanked by several of the Saurus warriors, clad in bronze and copper breastplates and greaves embossed with snarling lizard faces. The room was lit by means of shafts, and all around I could see wall paintings depicting glyphs,



lizard-creatures and what appeared to be maps of the heavens and the earth.

At the end of the long chamber I dimly perceived an impressive creature enthroned upon a golden palanquin. It was set on a carved plinth which formed an island in the middle of a small rectangular pond. There were several guards and Skinks in attendance around him, and numerous fan-bearers in ranks behind. As I was taken closer, I could see that it was another of the Mage-Priests, except that he was even bigger and more bloated than the one I had met before. It was obvious that these gigantic toads acted as high priests and rulers over the Lizardmen, and I assumed this one to be the big chief of the city himself. My palanquin was set down before the potentate and he began to regard me with intense concentration, blinking first one eye and then the other.

Huinipachutli, the interpreter, began to speak to his master in his outlandish tongue. Occasionally, the Great One responded with a rather cursory and dismissive croak and a blink, or simply wafted his elaborate fly whisk. Then Huinipachutli introduced us; "Lord Xtli welcomes you". I replied that I was greatly honoured to be received by such a majestic and mighty prince and ruler of this strong and prosperous city". This went down very well, thank goodness!

This ritual of exchanging diplomatic pleasantries continued for some time, until I became impatient to proceed with some proper negotiations and to strike a deal. "Lord Zee-tee, I want to make you an offer you can't refuse!" The interpreter paused for a moment, then spoke a few words to the big toad. He seemed pleased. I continued with the details of my offer and what a bargain it would be for a nation who had no ships to guard their shores, but a lot of treasure attracting thieves like flies to a carcass.

Huinipachutli continued translating, and all the time the great toad just blinked and looked pleased with himself. I was becoming frustrated. Did he like the deal or not? Then I realised what the Skink was doing "You're not telling him what I'm saying are you? What did you say to him?". It was true for Huinipachutli replied: "I told him you said 'Isn't that a nice amulet you are wearing' and 'May the lord's pond always be deep'. This angered me. "Why don't you tell him exactly what I say. I thought I was brought here to make a deal!" Huinipachutli winced and became agitated. "You are a very rude barbarian. Very ignorant? It is not polite to ask Lord Xtli a direct question, especially concerning such mundane matters!" I resigned myself to allowing the Skink to take charge of the negotiations, before I ended up offending the big chief, and then who knows what might happen? Huinipachutli then said "Lord Xtli wishes to ask you some questions".

Skink Scribal Archive: "The barbarian answered the questions put to him by Lord Xtli. The answers to the first two questions were most satisfactory to Lord MIL The barbarian produced his chart and demonstrated the width of the World Pond. Thus Lord Xtli was content that the separation of the continents had remained unchanged since the time of the Old Ones. The barbarian said that Sotek, the mighty world-serpent had never appeared in his lands. Lord Xtli was content for this meant that Sotek had returned to his abodes beneath Lustria. The barbarian answered the third question with much gesticulation. Lord Xtli was greatly intrigued as to why darkness, loud music and intoxicating beverages should be essential before the New Ones could attempt to multiply. This is exactly the same answer given

by the Dwarf questioned on this matter in the time of Lord Zetec. Obviously the Old Ones never intended these creatures to inherit the earth!"

Marco is Granted an Island as a Stronghold

Marco: "As it happened, I did not need a further audience with Lord Zlee-Tlee to clinch the deal. Instead in the days that followed I met with the High Skinks, who took care of everything so that the Mage-Priests were not troubled by such trivial matters. Huinipachutli translated everything, rather more accurately this time. The High Skinks, Ylopulqua, Manquoxutni, Anquipanqui, Dotpechuini, and Mancixapati, debated my offer for a long time. Then they said that they had consulted their oracles and were expecting further visits from barbarians, and that these would not be reasonable people like me. This being so, they would hire my services, but not for gold, which was reserved for sacred artefacts. I asked what they were prepared to offer. They showed me many products of their land including spice, grubs, various potions and tusks from the great reptiles that they used as beasts of burden. Some of these looked like they might fetch a high price in the Old World, but it would be a gamble, and my men were expecting gold.

Then I noticed that one of the Skink scribes had an abacus for doing his calculations. I looked closer at it and could not believe my eyes. The beads on it were the most perfect and enormous pearls I had ever seen. Immediately I asked. "Have you got any more of these?" To this they replied that they had countless amounts. They were even in the habit of spitting them out after a good meal of freshwater clams. "They will do very nicely – and to my surprise they offered me as many as I wanted. With my usual quick thinking, I added "Throw in the spices and potions and it's a deal." They seemed amazingly satisfied with this arrangement. As well as this Huinipachutli said that I could occupy a small offshore island as a base for my ships, and that all provisions would be provided. Furthermore, payment would be delivered for every enemy captured and rendered up to Sotek and a hefty reward for every sacred artefact returned to its rightful owners."

Skink Scribal Archive: "The High Skinks decided to come to an arrangement with the barbarian. Manquoxutni said "We dare not allow him to return with treasure for he would surely tell others, and they will come with great greed in their hearts. Nor can we allow him to go away empty handed, because he may return with greater forces. If we sacrifice him and his men to Sotek, we will need to fight a battle to capture them all and one may escape, and bring others." Ylopulqua said "The correct solution to this problem is to keep them here where we can watch them. If they are as good as their word, they will attack our enemies for us. Even if they win, eventually there will be less of them. In the meantime, they keep others away from our lands." Huinipachutli said "Furthermore the barbarian is willing to do this for a handful of beads!"

Marco observes a Battle between the Lizardmen and the Dark Elves

Marco: "I remained in Tlax for two more days after clinching the deal, and was about to set off on the third with many Skink bearers carrying a down payment of pearls, spice and potions with which I hoped to impress my comrades and damp down their mutinous hearts! Unfortunately this was the day that the Dark Elves, the same evil brood that had sacked Remas in my own country, fell upon the city of Tlax.



The city was taken by surprise. The raiders, a strong force, had penetrated up river to the north and approached the city from the west. At least that meant that my men were probably safe. Indeed they would not know my predicament and could not intervene to rescue me.

It was Huinipachutli who informed me what all the commotion was about. We both took up position on one of the pyramid platforms to observe the battle. All the Skinks had hurriedly marched out at daybreak with their standards, to the sound of the drum. It was a fantastic sight to behold. Behind them had gone several cohorts of Saunas in massed ranks, growling menacingly. Last of all came a lumbering monster, with huge horns and a great bony crest. On its back, swaying precariously was a tall structure, overloaded with Skinks armed to the teeth with bows and javelins. Huinipachutli said that there were other troops going into action as well, but these were far out on the flanks, and would approach stealthily through the swamps. Command of the army had been delegated to Mage Zltoc whom I had first encountered. This was because Lord Xtli was too deep in thought to be disturbed. The left and right wings were to be commanded by the Skink captains: Copaceti and Wochuluinat.

The Lizardman army vanished from view into the jungle but we could hear the din of battle in the distance. This went on for some time and gradually seemed to be coining nearer. Suddenly scattered groups of Skinks rushed out of the forest across the plaza, followed by depleted groups of Saurus, retreating rather more reluctantly, turning to face the jungle then falling back and turning to face the jungle again. Agitated Skink officers were rushing to and fro rounding up their men and brandishing standards. Eventually they managed to form some sort of battle line across the plaza facing the jungle. Huinipachutli was very agitated, swaying from side to side and gnashing his teeth. "Not good!" he kept saying to me.

Then the enemy surged out of the jungle onto the plaza and hesitated, forming up into a massed wall of warriors clad from head to foot in dark blue robes and black armour. Deep red banners fluttered over their heads and their shields were engraved with hideous skulls. In their midst and easy to pick out were a throng of demented Witch Elves. Oh yes, I had seen them before, and I knew to fear and loathe them. Here they were prancing and taunting the Lizardmen, already smeared with blood, they urged on the rest. Clustered together among them were a group of sorcerers, both he and she-elves distinguished by the crackling energies emanating from the rods and orbs which they brandished menacingly. One of these was clearly their commander.

The dark horde ignored the hail of arrows discharged by the Skinks and began to press forward with great discipline. They clashed with the Saurus and swept away the Skinks who once again began scurrying away. This time there was no room to retreat in the confined space of the plaza so the Skinks fled up the steps of the pyramids. The Saurus were now falling back also and I witnessed at least one unit of these brave warriors refusing to give way and disappearing beneath the blades of the Dark Elves.

The cries of the Elves and the roaring of the Saurus was a terrible sound. The remnants of one cohort of Saurus retreated up the steps of our pyramid. There would be no escape for me or Huinipachutli. If these Saurus fell, so would

we. "Are we doomed?" He shook his head vigorously and said "Not yet! Not yet!" The enemy had advanced across the plaza and forced the Lizardman line to swing around, pivoting on our pyramid where the Saurus were putting up a spirited fight from the steps, savagely striking down on their assailants pausing only to tug the crossbow bolts from their thick hides. Despite this, the situation looked grim. The Great Pyramid to the right of us seemed to be overwhelmed with Dark Elves, and looked as though it was lost.

Suddenly we heard the haunting sound of many reed pipes and the thunder of great resonant drums. A procession of Skink musicians and bronze clad Saurus brandishing halberds appeared from a great dark portal on the platform of the pyramid. Behind these came an extraordinary sight. Four Saurus wearing armour made from the bones of gigantic monsters, bearing on a palanquin what appeared to be a bundle of rags tied up with string and bedecked with colourful plumes and glittering gold objects. Strapped to the head of this object was a golden mask fashioned in the form of a grimacing Slann. Its huge, staring inlaid eyes of shell and topaz were very disconcerting. The palanquin swayed and lurched from side to side as the bearers danced to the rhythm of the drums and pipes. It was a strange hypnotic tune which I shall never forget. Even to this day it still haunts me!

This bizarre group descended the steps towards the enemy. Huinipachutli was now beside himself with excitement. His cheeks and throat were swelled up as he let out a bellowing croaking sound. On all the steps of the Great Pyramid, the Skinks and Saurus who were fighting in small beleaguered groups seemed to take bean at the sight of the advancing bundle. I later discovered that this bundle was really a mummified Mage-Lord, a very ancient and venerated totem. Suddenly the palanquin bearers and the bronze-clad Saurus surged into the hesitating ranks of the foe with such force that Dark Elves toppled over the edge of the pyramid steps and plummeted to the plaza below, impaling themselves on the spears of their comrades who were pushing up the steps. The Dark Elf regiments flinched and recoiled as one, like some gigantic wounded beast.

Seeing this, the band of enemy sorcerers directing the battle advanced, and unleashed a storm of fireballs and crackling energy towards the mummy. For a moment the whole scene was blanketed in dark fumes. The pipes and drums fell silent for a second, then started up again, if anything, louder and faster than before. The fumes dissipated revealing the palanquin and its long dead occupant still there, although looking rather tatty after the assault. Its bearers were now triumphantly struggling with it over heaps of slain enemies, mercilessly cutting down the reckless and demented Witch Elves who rushed at the palanquin with their daggers.

I gazed around myself once again. On all sides the remnants of the cohorts of Skinks and Saurus were rallying to their standards and were forcing the Dark Elves back. The enemy sorcerers were cursing with rage and all but [he commander himself charged out from the midst of the Witch Elves to attack the palanquin. Then there was the eerie sound and searing flashes of magical weapons striking bronze and gold. Bits flew off the ragged mummy. There were more blasts and flashes of light; the sorcerers were flung shrieking in all directions and were rapidly despatched by the halberds of the Saurus.

The palanquin heaved relentlessly onward, with serried ranks of Saurus on its flanks. They were in the plaza now, pressing





the Witch Elves and a mixed mass of what remained of their other regiments, backwards towards a great rectangular pond. There was no escape for the Dark Elves now! They were hemmed in on all sides with their backs to the pond. This made them fight even harder, but to no avail. Each time the Lizardmen surged forward a few steps, the rear rank of Witch Elves and warriors were shoved off the edge of the pond and plunged into the water. The screams of the Witch Elves were diabolical as the water frothed and grew redder and redder.

Beside me the jubilant Hunipachuth was swaying from side to side and bobbing up and down with excitement: "Piranha! Piranha!" he yelled. I joined in with his jubilation, shouting out: "Bathe in your own blood for a change!" and "Let's see you jump out of there looking younger!" The slaughter continued until the last wailing rank of Dark Elves met their doom in the pond, now coloured the deepest darkest red. Truly I saw the fish leap into the air to bite their victims before they even hit the water. The enemy commander was the last to plunge to his deserved doom and one could see his evil soul hanging for a moment like a dark cloud above the boiling pond before it vanished forever.

When there were no Dark Elves left alive in the plaza, the Saurus bore the palanquin reverently back up the pyramid to the sound of the Skink musicians playing a different tune. I must admit I shared Hunipachutli's satisfaction in witnessing the destruction of the dark horde of Naggaroth. "At last! Remas is avenged!" I rejoiced.

Marco Recovers the Sacred Artifacts of Tlax

There was a hectic time in the city following the battle. Hunipachutli rushed about with me beside him, exchanging words with various officers gathering together their men. I saw a group of captured Dark Elves being dragged spitting and cursing up the steps of a temple by several angry Saurus. "For Sotek!" explained Hunipachutli. He also told me what had happened. In Hunipachutli's opinion, there was never any question of defeat. I thought it was a close thing, but kept that to myself. According to my interpreter, they never had a chance after Venerable Lord Zepec had been brought forth. As for Lord Xtli, he had not been disturbed throughout the battle, as he was pondering an important calculation!

Several Skink officers approached and spoke with Hunipachutli. Apparently, some of the wretched enemy had escaped and, worse than that, they had looted one of the subsidiary pyramids whilst the haute raged. They had of course been pursued by Terradon riders, but had put to sea in one of their sea serpents. You must know these Terradons are giant flying reptiles which can bear two riders on their backs. The Terradons had slain the others in the shallows by dropping rucks on them, but if the escaping ship was attacked in this way the sacred artefacts would be lost forever at the bottom of the sea. "You have ships, you must recover the artefacts for us!" they said. Well, we had made a deal, and they were right! But I could not get to my ships in time to catch them. Hunipachutli suggested a solution. "We fly there on the Terradon, you will accomplish your task!"

Skink Scribal Archive: "The barbarian made ready his ships and men very quickly. The ships of the barbarians were very fast. Our Terradon riders directed him to the enemy. The thunder weapons of the barbarians were brought to bear on the enemy vessel and it was slain. Afterwards, the barbarians captured the vessel and slew every enemy on board it except

for the leader, who was rendered unto Sotek. They also returned the sacred artefacts to us. Lord Xtli was satisfied and the barbarian leader was rewarded with all the heads and spices that he desired. He was greatly contented with so many heads! His men spent hours counting them over and over again. Such tadpoles! On the next day venerable Lord Zepec was restored and the sacred pond of the Piranha god was purified with fresh water.'

Some of Marco's men Mutiny and Desert

Marco: 'After we had been on the island for several weeks. Giovanni and some of the other men came to me and said that they were going to take their share of the pearls, spices and potions and go home. I told them that they should stay because there was a lot more riches to be had. My motives were of course entirely selfish because without enough men and ships. I could not hope to defeat many raiders and therefore collect more rewards. Giovanni and the others were not impressed, they said they had enough riches already. This was strange coming from such greedy villains, but really the fools were just bored and eager to spend their wealth gambling in the taverns of Mirigliano. I told them that when we go, we should all leave together, but not until after the monsoon season. Next day I awoke to find two of my ships gone, together with Giovanni and three quarters of the crew. Also gone was a far greater share of the treasure than they were entitled to!

Several weeks passed. Even with one ship and only half a dozen guns I succeeded in chasing three passing Norse longships and recovered various sacred objects which had been looted from cities further south. The Slann Lord of Tlax sent on the loot that I recovered to its rightful owners who sent presents to him in gratitude. And he passed on a share of the reward to me. Soon my treasure chest was as full as before.

Around that time Hunipachutli informed me that my mutinous deserters had turned up to the north raiding the coast near Pahuax. They had been captured and sacrificed to Sotek. This message had come to Tlax together with bearers bringing the treasure that the scurvy dogs had run off with. The lord of Pahuax assumed it had been looted from Ilex because of the glyphs painted on the great gourds in which the precious spices and potions were kept. Other sealed gourds contained the pick of the pearls.'

Marco Returns to Tilea

Marco: 'I was now very wealthy with less men to share the rewards with. The monsoon winds had changed and were blowing towards the north east. It was time to quit whilst the going was good. I waited until the entire city of Tlax was engaged in one of their many rituals and all the Skinks including Hunipachutli were not around. Seizing this opportunity, I made haste to be gone and set sail.'

Historian's note: 'Marco Colombo returned to Tilea where he was able to use his fabulous wealth to hire an army of mercenaries and overthrow the corrupt republic Trantio to make himself prince of that city.'







THE TYRANNY OF LORD ZHUL

SECRETS OF THE SCROLLS

The Skink scribes in the temple cities of the Lizardmen make scrolls from the reeds that grow in the surrounding swamps. The pith from the reeds is sliced into thin strips which are gummed together into a kind of paper. It is upon these scrolls that the scribes write down anything of importance – records, annals, reports, astronomical observations, mathematical calculations and details of their ceremonies and rituals. The scrolls are perishable and in the humidity of the jungle, thousands of scribes spend the day copying out the old decaying texts onto new scrolls. The most important texts are of course also inscribed onto durable materials like stone and metal plaques. The scrolls are much more fragile than the parchments used by all the other races of the world, but parchment is made from animal skins and the right kinds of hides cannot be obtained in the tropical lands of the Lizardmen.

Although many scrolls have been looted from the Lizardman realms over the ages, they seldom survive for very long in the hands of barbarians. Elf scholars and wizards in the Old World are eager to acquire them to learn whatever secrets they may hold and so will pay a high price. Therefore adventurers and raiders who go to Lustria and the South Lands in search of treasure regard scrolls as equally valuable and worth taking. Elves and wizards diligently copy the texts of any decaying fragments of Lizardman scrolls they can acquire, before the scroll itself perishes.

Amazing though it may seem, some Elven scholars and a few Old World wizards have managed to translate some of the texts found on Lizardman scrolls. It is said that the Dark Elves are very good at it, but then, they take Skink captives from Lustria on their raids and no doubt force them to reveal the secrets of their language, such is their thirst for arcane knowledge to further their evil intentions. Some of the scrolls record tales of events in various temple cities. One scroll records the tyrannical rule of Mage-Lord Zhul in the city of Xahutec and dates to the period before that city was abandoned. The excellent Elven translation of this tale is given here in its entirety. The translator made a great effort to preserve the distinct archaic and hieratic style of the Skink scribe who compiled the report.

"Master Tenoq instructed that the occurrences in the time of his predecessor, Lord Zhul, should be recorded, so that those who come after may learn from it. For there are now many things seen and unseen in the world, which have entered it from the time of the Great Catastrophe. These were things of which the Old Ones did not speak, or if they did, the records have not survived. We must make our own observations of new phenomena and record the methods which are seen to be effective to correct the erratic tendencies in the great plan. We must diligently pursue our work as ordained by the Old Ones. So said Master Tenoq. May Sotek watch over our endeavours!

Lord Zhul was deep in wisdom. His thoughts were pure. Then came the time of renewing the great Pyramid Temple of the Sun in which the Mage-Lord resided. In order to commence the work, Lord Zhul was conveyed into the pyramid temple of the Northern Constellation, which was made ready for him. This place was formerly a ruin and had not been occupied by a Mage-Priest for two hundred and fifty cycles of the sun.

After Lord Zhul had resided upon the lesser pyramid for a short time, he gave instructions to stop work on the renovation of the Great Pyramid of the Sun. It was not understood why he should give such an instruction, but he was nonetheless obeyed. On another occasion Lord Zhul asked why the work on the Great Pyramid had been stopped. Why were the chisels silent and the great stones not moving up the ramps? His servants replied, "It is according to your instructions revered one!" Lord Zhul said, "I have given no such instructions, let the work be continued at once!" The chief overseer of works was dismissed and set to oversee the gold mines.

Sometime afterwards this happened again. Lord Zhul ordered the work to be stopped and then ordered it to begin again as if unaware of his previous instruction. This occurrence repeated itself many times. Each time Lord Zhul became

more irritated and more angry. Three overseers of works were executed. Such a thing was unheard of! Lord Zhul even ordered that an overseer be sacrificed to Sotek. Such an offering is unacceptable to the Snake God and the order was not carried out.

When he heard that the order was disobeyed, Lord Zhul became even more angry. Then Lord Zhul began a revision of the sacred texts and ordered many to be destroyed and words to be changed. The scribes did not obey. Instead the scrolls were hidden, or sent away to another city.

When Lord Zhul became inconsistent in his pronouncements his servants divided into two schools of thought concerning the matter. Some, led by old Copaqueatl, were for following the instructions of the Mage-Lord whatever they might be, for was not his wisdom more profound than theirs and was it not foolish to question it? Others, led by Anqipariqi, suspected that an anomaly in the order of the world was manifesting itself through the erratic utterances of Lord Zhul himself! It was the latter faction who hid the scrolls which Lord Zhul ordered to be destroyed.

At that time there were no other Mage-Priests in Xahutec because Master Tenoq (later to succeed Lord Zhul as Mage Lord) and the other priests had moved to Huatl to re-found the city. It was decided to consult Master Tenoq concerning Lord Zhul, and this was done in secret. Master Tenoq found that he could not hear the thoughts of Lord Zhul. The mind of Lord Zhul was closed to him and also to all the other priests. Master Tenoq said, "The mind of Lord Zhul is focused on a far distant place. There is something which holds his attention."

Those scribes and acolytes that had consulted Master Tenoq then returned and persuaded the others that the matter should be investigated. It was observed that Lord Zhul made contrary pronouncements only when his palanquin was positioned to face the rising of the northern constellation at



the zenith day of each month. The alignment was therefore towards the wined temple pyramid of Tlencan. Indeed, there was no other place on the alignment. Thus it was understood that Lord Zhul's thoughts were focused upon the pyramid of Tlencan when he became irritated and confused.

The ruined pyramid of Tlencan is located upon an island a great many days distance from Xahutec. It was decided to send an expedition of Skinks to that place to discover what it was that held the Mage-Lord's attention and disturbed the tranquillity of his thoughts. The expedition was led by Quzipantuti. He took with him the First Cohort of green-backed Skinks on account of their reputation for bravery and endurance, and also because they were willing to swim across salt water to the island.

Quzipantuti reached Tlencan after many days and crossed over the salt water. He found that the ruins were deserted as of old. Then the pyramid itself was investigated. Quzipantuti himself entered the sacred chamber by means of stealth. He saw that the plinth in the middle of the sacred pool, upon which the palanquin of the priest was by custom placed, was occupied by a vile Xlanax!

Translator's comment: The Elf serge, Aradhel of Saphery, made a commentary to accompany his translation. In this he stated his belief that the Xlanax was a Chaos Daemon, although the exact meaning of this obscure Lizardman word cannot be known for certain.

Quzipantuti reported that the Xlanax was transfixed by an Elven blade inscribed with sacred marks. This had not slain the Xlanax, but yet had mortally wounded it. Who can say how long it takes a Xlanax to die from such a wound? The scribes have since agreed that the Xlanax was undoubtedly wounded in a great and ancient conflict between the enemies of the Old Ones and the Elven-spawn in the lands of Ulthuan. From there, the Xlanax escaped and came into the

pyramid upon the island of Tlencan to die a slow death, deep in resentment. When Lord Zhul occasioned to align his thoughts towards the north, the profane instincts of the Xlanax were opened to him and polluted the purity of his contemplation!

Quzipantuti was alert in his judgement and understood that the Xlanax must be destroyed. Only Sotek could consume such a creature! Thus with stealth did Quzipantuti make his way from that place. Together with other scribes and acolytes he attended the altar of Sotek which is in Tlencan and performed the rituals on invocation.

Upon the rising of the sun, Sotek manifested himself in his aspect of a mighty serpent. He issued forth from the depths and ascended the pyramid by means of secret shafts. He entered into the chamber upon the pyramid and consumed the Xlanax. That was indeed a mighty struggle when Sotek in his wrath consumed the Xlanax, but the venom of Sotek prevailed. It took many days for Sotek to digest his prey, before he returned, satisfied, into his ancient abode.


Quzipantuti returned to Xahutec having incurred no loss among his expedition and having succeeded in purging Tlencan of the polluting presence. Before this and at the very moment at which Sotek had taken the Xlanax as his justified tribute, Lord Zhul had perished upon his palanquin. It was the effort of mental strife with the Xlanax which had caused his demise. For many cycles of the sun had Lord Zhul striven to keep his thoughts pure, failing only when his powers weakened. When he transcended this mortal existence and became a revered one, as one of the Old Ones, he became pure again. Thereupon Lord Zhul was prepared with resin and bedecked in gold and set to rest within the crypt of his pyramid, his magic restored and potent. May Sotek guard him!"

As translated by Aradhel of Saphery





THE AWAKENING



A new era was beginning, for more and more often the Slann were awoken from contemplation by nightmares; beset with waking visions and ancient memories of daemonic attack. Ever since the passing of Lord Zhul, the Mage-Priests have set their attentions upon the world at large. Though they have little first hand knowledge of the lands beyond Lustria, the Slann know that great forces stir over the seas. Chaos, they sense, waxes ever stronger at the poles, and a time of great tribulation is at hand. Although still troubled by soporific fits, the Mage-Priests committed themselves to opposing Chaos, and sought to counter its influence wherever it was discovered.

At any given time, up to half of the Mage-Priests still living are engaged upon the monumental task of confronting Chaos. From their places of power – most often atop pyramid-temples – the spirit-selves of the Slann Mage-Priests battle in the ether against foes that would expand the Realm of Chaos over the entire world were it not for the Slanns' unstinting efforts.



It was not coincidence that as the strongest surge of mystical energy seen in millennia erupted out of the north, the largest horde of mortal servants of Chaos invaded the northern reaches of the Old World. Though the Lizardmen did not march against the forces of darkness, every Mage-Priest pooled their powers so that the Chaos incursion might be repelled. Through their combined wills, the Slann dampened the influence of the Chaos Gods and denied Daemons the chance of entering the fray themselves. Though Magnus the Pious – the great hero of the Empire who led the defence of the human realms – never knew of it, without the endeavours of the Slann, his armies would have been ravaged by Chaos Sorcerers with unlimited powers, as well as beset by the full might of the Daemon legions.

Furthermore, the Slann Mage-Priests have detected a subtle instability in the mystic vortex maintained by the High Elves at the centre of Ulthuan. The workings of the Great Ritual were weakening, in danger of ultimate collapse. The Slann leant their own efforts to form mighty magical bulwarks around the Elven spell, helping to maintain the vortex with power drawn from the geomantic web. To date, the High Elven Loremasters remain unaware of this mystical aid, though perhaps the wisest of them suspect that a power other than their own is also at work.

THE SERPENT GOD'S DUE

While the hordes of the Chaos assailed the Old World in 2302, Morathi, the first Hag Queen of the Dark Elves launched her own offensive upon Lustria, intent upon plundering its treasures.

One of Morathi's most trusted lieutenants was a sorceress named Kharlissa, who Morathi loved above all her followers. Kharlissa attacked south along the western coast of Lustria and crossed the Spine of Sotek mountain range into the temple-city of Xhotl, expecting to find the ruins undefended. This misjudgment almost cost the Sorceress her life, for she was ambushed, her army slaughtered and she herself captured.

When Morathi received word that her favoured servant had not only failed in her task, but had allowed herself be taken prisoner and was to be sacrificed, she flew into a terrible rage. She ordered a cadre of her finest warriors to rescue the sorceress, and bring her back to face the wrath of her mistress.

This they did. Summoning forth a great horde of the daemonic servants of Slaanesh, the Dark Elves cut a swathe through the Lizardmen army at Xhotl, breaking through the cohorts gathered: at the ruined city's central plaza to witness the sacrifice. At the moment of the configuration of the Fire Stars, it is said that a flock of Furies swooped down upon the high altar, their cruel claws ripping the Skink Priest asunder and taking up the dazed and drugged Kharlissa. As the sorceress was carried off in the daemons' claws, she awoke and realised her predicament.

Kharlissa screamed every mile of her journey back to face Morathi, knowing the punishment for failure would be far worse than death at the hands of the Lizardmen.





THE RETURN OF THE RATMEN

Skink patrols had watched the boundaries of Quetzal, the Defiled City, guarding against the return of Clan Pestilens but daring not to approach too closely lest they contract and spread the plagues that lingered there still. With no apparent cause, these patrols suddenly encountered large numbers of Skaven attempting to penetrate the jungles around the ruined city.

Suspicious were raised when many of these patrols suddenly went missing: the Skink Astromancer Tetto'eko had foretold the Skaven's return, and had seen in the stars that the Lizardmen were quickly coining to a junction in the course of the Old Ones' plans. If events were not guided and fulfilled according to the plans of the Old Ones then a second Age of Strife would descend upon the Lizardmen. When no Slann could be awoken, he led a mighty force out of Tlaxtlan himself to investigate the unusually high number of Skaven incursions.

The army approached the Defiled City in the light of the misty dawn, Tetto'eko at its head, mounted atop his stone palanquin, when suddenly he relayed a series of sharp commands and ordered the Saurus to halt and form ranks in the tree line. Dutifully, the Saurus shifted from their marching columns into fighting ranks and none too soon. Scant moments later there was a rumble in the earth and the jungle floor caved in, a tide of filthy ratmen erupting from underground tunnels. The Skaven had returned to Lustria, and in numbers beyond counting. Were it not for Tetto'eko's foresight, the Lizardmen cohort would have been instantaneously surrounded and overwhelmed by the vermintide.

As it was, the Skaven were forced to attack the front of the Lizardmen battle lines and many of the degenerative ratmen were slain. However, it was a price the invaders were willing to pay, for not only did

they outnumber their reptilian foes a hundred to one but, during the tumult, their secret weapons were able to deploy. Small teams of ratmen carrying devious fire-throwing devices came forward, unleashing torrents of tainted flame to incinerate many Saurus. As the brunt of their numbers slowly pushed the Lizardmen back, a strange portent occurred. The Chaos Moon, hanging low in the sky, slipped from view as the true moon eclipsed it. This sign gave hope to the Lizardmen, and in it, Tetto'eko read many things – including the key to victory and the dire consequences should his Lizardmen army fail.

For the next few hours, Tetto'eko chattered out high-pitched commands, all of which were followed to the letter by the army, and each manoeuvre came just in time to blunt a forthcoming Skaven attack or counter some devious trick of the ratmen that was otherwise destined to overtax the precarious Lizardmen defence and turn the battle into a rout. A warning halted the advance of the cavalry. Hidden from view, packs of monstrous Rat Ogres had dragged a battery of warpstone-powered war machines into a jungle clearing. Learning of the threat, Scar-Veteran Bok-Ax immediately redirected his Cold One Riders to meet the Skaven artillery, charging through the foliage and slaughtering the crew before the weapons could open fire and reduce the Saurus to little more than burnt flesh. Skaven tunnelling teams bored up from below to discover not vulnerable flanks, but waiting Salamander hunting packs. Soon, the smell of burnt rat filled the battlefield. Again and again, the outnumbered Lizardmen staved off defeat with timely counter-attacks, each time mustering the ideal retaliation. Infiltrating Skaven Assassins were revealed and slain before they could employ their poisoned blades, and Skaven weapon teams were destroyed even as they prepared to fire – their own demise often causing a chain reaction of explosions that ran down the Skaven lines as further diabolical devices burst into flames.



Lord Mazdamundi of Hexoatl stirred. It was the first time he had stopped his contemplation of the universal plan of the Old Ones for over a century. He blinked and slowly turned his gaze towards the High Skinks who were his attendants. His High Skink attendants prostrated themselves before him as he turned his gaze towards them.

"The planets are aligned. The Time of Destruction approaches. Retrieve that which was taken. The key that is held in the Southlands must be returned. The time for subterfuge has passed."

His orders made, Mazdamundi blinked once more, and then returned to his trance-like meditations to contemplate the Old Ones' universal plan. His attendants, bowing low in supplication, backed slowly from the room and prepared to carry out his instructions.

With the immediate threats stymied for the moment, Tetto'eko closed his eyes and drew upon the Winds of Magic, reaching out to the heavens. Employing his prodigious will, the mighty Skink Priest pulled an unseen giant celestial object from out of orbit in the heavens above, bringing it crashing down upon the deserted city of Quetza. With a thunderous impact, the comet fell to earth, collapsing the tunnels underneath the city and stemming the endless tide of Skaven reinforcements. The remaining ratmen, a cowardly lot, sprayed their musk and fled – only to be cut down by the pursuing Saurus or preyed upon by the many hungry creatures awaiting in the surrounding jungle.

Once again, disaster had been avoided. By his mighty deed, Tetto'eko won the battle and steered the fate of the Lizardmen to victory where their defeat had seemed inevitable. However, the Astromancer scried the stars, and the message was unequivocal: the rat stars waxed strong. The Skaven had not all been destroyed by the Prophet of Sotek. A vast network of tunnels was revealed to Tetto'eko; far beneath the surface of the earth, it stretched across the world, and each passage was choked with malevolent vermin kind. Led by their loathsome god, they were coming to Lustria; indeed, many of their agents were already in place. The Lizardmen must ready themselves for another war against the Children of the Horned Rat.

SHADOWS EMERGE

In 2520, the threat of Chaos has risen, and the winds of magic blow strongly. The first harbinger of the coming darkness was the battle for the isle of Albion, an ancient seat of the Old Ones' power. Corrupted by the powers of Chaos, some of those left to protect the isle turned to the Dark Gods and the protective mists that had hidden Albion since its creation began to fade. Mercenaries and enterprising treasure hunters flocked to the island from across the seas, precipitating a bloody war for supremacy.

The Slann were forced to act more directly to safeguard the ancient fortress of the Old Ones and, using mystical paths left by their creators, they sent a powerful army

led by the ancient Saurus Scar-Leader Kroq-Gar to drive away the warm-blooded interlopers. As their gods did at the dawn of the world, the Slann have begun to shape the island to suit their needs and restore the protective wards that guard against invasion.

Thus begins the latest chapter in the history of the Lizardmen and the world as a whole. The Slann have divined that now is the time for them to start to put things in their proper order, to begin to curb the actions of the ignorant younger races, and to combat the hated threat of Chaos head-on.

GROWING DISORDER

The Lizardmen's increased watchfulness proved most wise, for the Mage-Priests, ever cautious of a repetition of the fate of Lord Zhul, detected a subtle ripple in the geomantic web and a concomitant straining of the Great Warding. As one, the Slann of Hexoatl raised their defences and sought out the cause of the disturbance. Their spirit-forms soared through the ether, following the great lines of the geomantic web crossing Lustria, and converged upon the Spear of the Gods, a mighty column of glittering crystal rising a mile into the sky from the stormy waters of the Sea of Squalls. From their vantage point, the Slanns' spirit-selves looked south, and knew that the source of the disturbance lay in the Turtle Isles, the thousand mile-long chain of islands skirting the jagged western coast of Lustria.

The Turtle Isles were located hundreds of miles from any of the intact temple-cities, and separated from the mainland of Lustria by monster-infested seas. It was decided that a force of Terradon Riders would be sent, led by the Skink leader Ten-zlati, regarded by the Skinks as an Oracle and most worthy servant of Lord Kroak. Through the Oracle's eyes, the Slann would see all that transpired. From the towering eyries of the First City, a hundred Terradons went forth, the Oracle of Lord Kroak at the head of the formation.

Lord Mazdamundi stared through the falling rain at the circle of standing stones before him. Each arcane obelisk was carved from solid rock and measured at least ten feet high by five across. They glistened darkly in the gathering twilight gloom, making even the ancient Slann Mage-Priest uneasy.

The journey to the northern shores of Albion had been long and hard Mazdamundi's spells had been able to transport the Mage-Priest and his retinue within 50 miles of the standing stones, but they had needed to march the remaining distance. The inhabitants of the mist-shrouded island of Albion had not allowed this to be an easy journey, attacking the small Lizardman party repeatedly. Over half of Mazdamundi's followers had fallen beneath the rocks and clubs of the islanders before they had been driven off.

But this trial of physical strength and endurance was now past. Mazdamundi knew that the true trial, a trial of magical strength and willpower, was about to begin...



It was many days before the Terradon Riders reached their destination. Then, visible over the horizon, there rose a pillar of golden light so tall it transfixed the very clouds. Ten-Zlati ordered his force to follow the night-blinding light to its source, which they found to be the highest peak at the very centre of a long island.

At the base of the incandescent pillar of light Ten-Zlati found a ziggurat made of shining gold. The structure was undoubtedly Lizardmen built, yet it was flawless, as if the millennia since the Great Catastrophe had taken no toll upon it at all or had passed in the blink of an eye. The flanks of the shining structure were studded with gems of every possible hue.

Ten-Zlati bade his Terradon land before the gleaming ziggurat, spying as he did so a dozen or more bloody bodies scattered across the mountainside. Upon investigation the remains proved to be those of Men. They were the barbaric seafaring warriors, Ten-Zlati knew, of the far north. It took the Oracle but a moment to deduce that the humans had been killed by blasts of arcane energy, for each bore terrible burn marks the like of which Ten-Zlati had never before seen. A site of great power in the days of the Old Ones, this once-sacred nexus had become uncoupled from the grid and long been forgotten by the Slann. Yet it had not gone undetected by the Dark Gods, who had sent their minions to befoul it.

The sea-faring human tribes, Marauders of the north, had defiled the pyramid, unleashing ancient powers that they did not understand. At the end of their ritual, the barbarians had been slain by the forces released, yet the pawns had played their part. With its corruption, the Golden Ziggurat was fully unlinked from the geomantic web, and the spells weaving together the Great Warding grew a fraction weaker.

Instructing his warriors to spread out and search the mountain for more Men, and to locate the vessel upon which they must have arrived, Ten-Zlati approached a portal at the base of the ziggurat. As he did so, the gems pulsed with unknowable power. Passing through the portal into the ziggurat, the Oracle came across yet more horribly burned bodies. These he stepped over with some distaste, for the stench of scorched flesh was cloying in the cramped environs within.

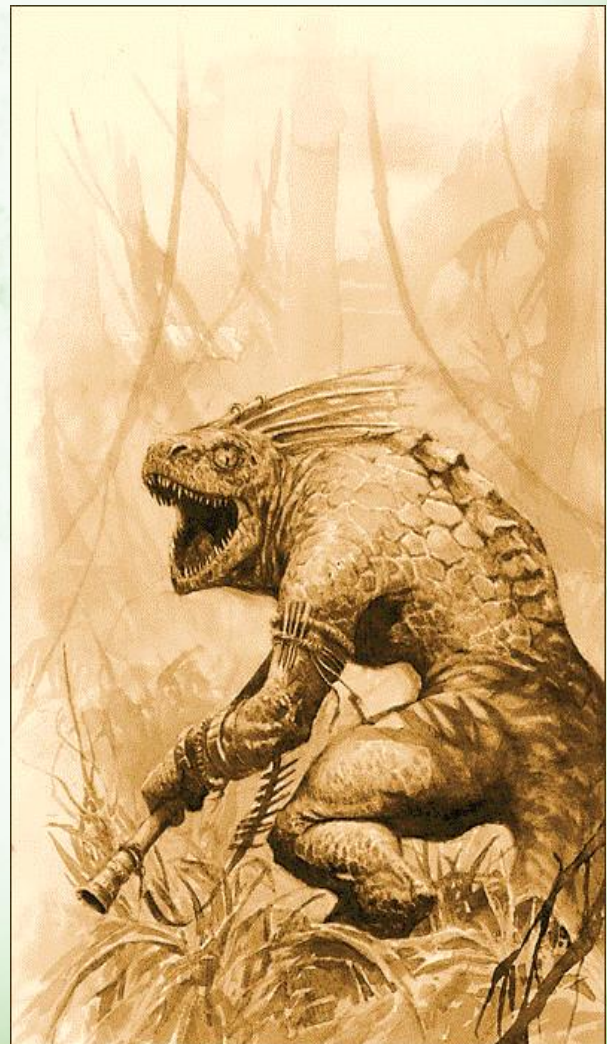
Then, as he passed through the narthex and entered a golden, gem-studded chamber, Ten-Zlati's crest rose and he gave voice to a sibilant hiss. Deep in the innermost chambers of the structure, the Skink Oracle found a plinth whereupon foul sacrifices had recently taken place, with scorched human body parts scattered all around. There also was a scattering of sacred plaques; the relic crypts had been opened in the barbarians' quest for treasures, but they had not recognised the glyphs or the inherent value in the stone tablets. The Oracle, however, did – instantly identifying that these were a segment of the Great Plan of the Old Ones left forgotten on this forsaken island many ages ago. For the Lizardmen, some unintentional good came out of the defiling of the Golden Ziggurat.


In that instant, Ten-Zlati felt his consciousness pushed aside as the Mage-Priests took control of his body. He looked on as a mere bystander as his hands reached out to touch the glyphs. He knew then that here was a segment of the Great Plan of the Old Ones long thought lost, and that with its discovery a great moment in the history of the Lizardmen had arrived.

THE GREAT WARDING FALTERS

No sooner had the lost plaques been delivered to Hexoatl than other disturbances reverberated across the geomantic web. But this time, the Mage-Priests could not locate a single source. It appeared as if the entire Great Warding was being attacked, and was beginning to fail.

Over the course of several months the pressure upon the Great Warding steadily grew, yet still the Slann could not pinpoint the origin. Meanwhile, those Mage-Priests not engaged in shoring up Lustria's mystic defences studied the lost plaques and debated their significance, seeking out that which was increasingly putting pressure on the arcane sentinels that helped keep the power of Chaos at bay. Foremost among those intent upon deciphering the sequence was Lord Mazdamundi, who withdrew to a distant jungle temple to consider their meaning. Mazdamundi had glimpsed within the obscure passages the potential to restore the Great Plan of the Old Ones.





There was no single answer, for at dozens of points across the globe, the sea-faring human tribes of the northlands sought out ancient waystones, crucial points in the Great Warding. Many such sites were long lost to the Lizardmen and beyond their capacity to defend. Some sites, like the Golden Ziggurat, were left deserted in the wild places of the world, while others were defended by various creatures or races; in many cases, Elves, attracted by the unseen power, had established colonies atop the older ruins, unintentionally serving as guards over the distant nodes. With fire and slaughter, the Northmen stormed these garrisons, and cast down the standing stones, rededicating them to their own dark gods. The effect on the geomantic web was felt keenly, as each lost site weakened the whole. The effect was felt keenly, for the network of power became unstable while the Mage-Priests fought bravely to keep it from collapsing entirely. The attacks were not merely physical, the Slann knew. Sorcerers of great power were accompanying the Marauders, committing unspeakable blasphemies in the name of the Dark Gods at each site.

Furthermore, many of the sites were actually occupied by others. Many of the High Elves' colonies had been built upon the ruins of far older, Lizardman sites. Although the High Elves had not done so deliberately, they had found themselves maintaining, and defending, pivotal nexus points in the Great Warding. Now, these scattered colonies and distant garrisons came under sustained attack, and the scant forces occupying them were hard-pressed to defend themselves.



While the Slann studied the plaques and struggled to maintain the Great Warding, the true nature of the new threat gradually emerged. It soon became clear to the Slann that Chaos was ascendant. In response, the Mage-Priests ordered the hosts of the temple-cities mustered. They predicted that an attack upon the nexus points of the Great Warding could only be followed by a direct assault upon Lustria itself.

Yet, Lustria is a vast land, and exactly where the foe might strike the Mage-Priests could not predict. Over the course of several cycles of the moon, the pressure on the Great Warding intensified while the attacks upon outlying nexus points increased. The mind-miasma that had affected the Mage-Priests since the Great Catastrophe was intensifying, and each Slann felt his orderly and tranquil thoughts pulled in all directions. As the Lizardmen armies gathered, the enemy closed in upon Lustria until the Monument of the Sun and the Monument of the Moon, both huge, monolithic structures off the coast of the Isthmus of Pahuax, were desecrated. The Mage-Priests struggled to restore the Great Warding, but with these two nexus points so weakened, all balance was lost. With the loss of so many sacred sites, the Mage-Priests were all but blinded to what was about to occur.

From the jungles north of Hexoatl came a vast army, a force composed of thousands of mortal servants of Chaos. A mercenary throng of Dark Elves from Naggaroth, each promised a hundred slaves as payment, acted as scouts and guides for the hordes from the north. At the head of the force, atop a smoke-belching Dragon the shade of midnight, rode a being of purest evil – Vashnaar the Tormentor, an anointed Champion of the Dark Gods.

Following the counsel of his Dark Elf allies, Vashnaar led his horde through the winding paths of the Forests of the Viper and across the Serpent's Tongue river, crossing at a wide fording point a mere hundred miles north of Hexoatl. It was not until Vashnaar's forces moved past the monolithic wards surrounding the temple-city that the defenders became aware of them. By that point, it was almost too late to respond.

THE SIEGE OF HEXOATL

With the sentinel stones not functioning, the Chaos armies marched undetected into Lustria. It was Hexoatl's Master of Skies, a Skink Chief named Tiktaq'to, who first sighted the invaders. Atop his Terradon, he swiftly sent word to Hexoatl but, to his dismay, Lord Mazdamundi was absent; secreted atop a jungle ruin contemplating the recently discovered plaques. All of the other Mage-Priests were in trances and would not awake for days, so deep were they in their contemplations. Tiktaq'to sent his fastest riders to find the Slann Lord and to bring back reinforcements.

Assuming command of the remaining cohorts, Tiktaq'to prepared the city's defences, marshalling the city's Saurus to defend the gates. In a series of coordinated hit and run attacks to slow the foe down he and his Terradon Riders harried the foe for three days



and three nights, outflanking the approaching columns and striking from above before falling back and regrouping in the jungle canopy.

For three days and nights, Tiktaq'to and his aerial army of Terradon Riders harried the approaching advance. They struck from above, launched counter-attacks and dropped boulders to crash into marching columns. On the fourth day, with his enemy seething with rage and seeking an opportunity to swat the irritating nuisance, Tiktaq'to lured the vanguard of the Chaos army consisting of many tribes of barbarian horsemen and Naggarothi cavalry into the Bloodleech swamp, where they were cut down in carefully prepared ambushes, their advance blocked by two-score powerful Kroxigor who the Sky Master had positioned beneath the swamp's murky surface. Despite the losses, the Chaos forces advanced to dominate all approaches to Hexoatl.

Even as the two armies clashed in earnest, the first of the Slann awoke and saw that the horde fought in the service of Chaos. The battle soon escalated, sprawling from the eastern to the western horizons, and terrible blasts of sorcerous power rent the very skies asunder. In the midst of the sprawling carnage was to be found Vashnaar the Tormentor upon his ebon mount, dealing death to all who challenged him. Backed by the Chaos Gods, none could stand before him. Although the Saurus fought with cold-blooded discipline and a courage born of their sacred duty, they were driven backwards until the Chaos host was at the gates of the temple-city, and the siege of Hexoatl began.

The walls of Hexoatl were lined with implacable Saurus while Skinks rained their poisoned darts and javelins onto the horde swarming below. While Chaos Sorcerers and Slann lit the air with mystic duels, Vashnaar the Tormentor ordered up batteries of war machines the like of which had never been seen in Lustria – the Hellcannons of Chaos. All gears, cogs and vast rune-etched barrels, they were siege engines twisted to contain the tortured souls of Daemons. These terrible weapons fired arcane blasts of Chaotic aspect that the energy shield surrounding the temple-city was hard-pressed to repel. Their fire was fury made manifest, and they rained blazing hellshot to smash apart the stone blocks of Hexoatl's walls, creating gaping holes. Into those breaches, Vashnaar ordered his heavily armoured warriors, the elite killers of his army. In their vanguard raced mutated behemoths, muscle-bound monsters made of teeth and rage.



Time and again, the defenders of Hexoatl repulsed the Chaos attacks at the walls. In a desperate attack, Tiktaq'to directed his Terradons towards the lumbering Chaos war machines. At the Sky Master's command a host of Terradon Riders erupted from the jungles, a swarm that blotted out the sun and rained boulders upon the daemonic artillery, shattering the iron frames of every one of the twisted machines. This small respite seemed to be no more than a token effort, for the full might of the Chaos horde now stood prepared, eager to spill the blood of their elusive foes.



The siege of Hexoatl ground on for two cycles of the moons, the Chaos horde swelling all the while. The Mage-Priests bent their formidable will to the maintenance of the energy shield, while the armies of the southern temple-cities began the long march north to relieve Hexoatl. Though the Lizardmen maintained a stolid defence and mounted many bold counter-attacks, it was becoming clear that Vashnaar's horde must eventually prevail through sheer weight of numbers and it could only be a matter of time before the forces of Chaos entered the city. However, on the sixty-third day of the siege, everything changed.

As the sun rose over the margin of the world, a saurian roar came from the mist-wreathed jungle. The forces of Chaos stood dumbfounded as they sought the source of this bellow, and the earth shook as with the heavy tread of some enraged god, and a second roar pierced the still morning air, this time far closer than the first. Confused shouts went up from the assembled servants of Chaos and, in an instant, the jungle itself erupted.

A mighty Carnosaur surged from the misty treeline, a huge Saurus upon its back. It was the ancient Scar-Leader Kroq-Gar of Xhotl, returned from a mission far from the temple-citt, in its hour of direst need. From behind him emerged Kroq-Gar's army, a mighty host of Saurus Cold One cavalry ready to enact vengeance upon the servants of Chaos.

Even as Vashnaar the Tormentor strode from his pavilion to confront this threat, a low rumbling became audible. The ground beneath Vashnaar's feet shook violently, and split to form a wide, jagged wound. Vashnaar staggered at the precipice, before catching the extended claw of his dragon as it swept from the air to save him.

Gathering the might of Lustria about him, in an army whose power had not been seen since the Great Catastrophe, came Lord Mazdamundi. He rode upon a Stegadon so large that the jungle parted in its wake. It crashed into the open, to stand, stamping and snorting, beside Kroq-Gar's mount. The ancient judgement of the Old Ones burned in the Slann's eyes.

Tiktaq'to's actions had delayed the Tormentor's advance, buying precious time for Lord Mazdamundi to return.

With a flick of a multi-jointed hand, Mazdamundi caused a second rent to appear, splitting the Chaos horde in two before the true battle began. Hundreds plummeted to their doom as they fell into the vast crack. Vashnaar swept down upon his Dragon, and in an instant, battle was joined.

The battle that ensued was perhaps the largest the Lizardmen had fought in a thousand years and more. Kroq-Gar and Vashnaar were locked in combat, each the equal of the other. Reptilian titans of an elder age clashed with the monstrosities of the north. With a blaring of war horns, the gates of Hexoatl were flung open and the entire host of defenders sallied forth,

crashing into Vashnaar's army even as it turned to face the charge of Kroq-Gar's cavalry. Steel-clad barbarians crashed into the scaled Saurus warriors and the carnage was total. All the while, Mazdamundi pounded the Chaos horde with his sorcery, drawing deep of the power of the geomantic web to expel these intruders from his realms.

At the height of the battle, the armies that had marched north to relieve Hexoatl arrived. Serried ranks of Saurus marched forth, splendid Temple Guard leading the way. Swarms of Skinks rushed forwards, turning the sky dark with a rain of javelins. Against the sun were silhouetted formations of Terradons, which swept clown to drop mighty boulders upon their foes. As the sun dipped towards the horizon the long shadows were banished by the blinding sorcerous energies unleashed by the Engines of the Gods.

As dusk came to Hexoatl, Lord Mazdamundi and Kroq-Gar stood upon the battlefield and surveyed their victory. The jungle was flattened in a twenty-mile ring and the dead lay in mountainous piles. Vashnaar's severed head hung from Kroq-Gar's saddle as a grim trophy, and the hooves of Mazdamundi's Stegadon were crimson with the blood of those crushed beneath them. The forces of Chaos had been defeated and Hexoatl was saved.

THE MESSAGE FROM THE OLD ONES

With Vashnaar's defeat and the lifting of the Siege of Hexoatl, the pressure upon the Great Warding lessened, but did not disappear. The Slann reasoned that Vashnaar had taken advantage of an upsurge in the power of Chaos and that others would follow in his wake. But it was Lord Mazdamundi who decided the issue. Lord Mazdamundi announced via the sublime communion that he had deciphered the meaning of the plaques found on the Turtle Isles related to the Old Ones' intentions for the world, and had been composed mere days before the Great Catastrophe.

The message of the lost plaques, Lord Mazdamundi stated, was incontrovertible. They stated that the Great Plan could not proceed until all the corrupting elements that were sure to be introduced by the looming disaster were eliminated. Foremost amongst these would be the followers of Chaos. All such creatures, the plaques claimed, must be expunged, no matter the cost. Anything less, the Mage-Priest pronounced, would be tantamount to a failure of their duty to the Old Ones. The true power of Chaos, Mazdamundi declared, stirred once more, and so too must the Mage-Priests and the entire Lizardmen race. The Slanns' very dreams would have to cast a warding against the return of the scions of Chaos. Those conflicts the Lizardmen had fought against the younger races would be as mere skirmishes once their powers were fully realised. Those that would not join the Lizardmen against the common foe must be considered enemies. The final battle against Chaos, Lord Mazdamundi pronounced, was finally at hand.





WAR AGAINST CHAOS



Harsh cries of exotic birds and the constant hum of insects filled the steaming jungle air. An occasional hiss from a flock of small, winged pterosaurs picking at the rotting remains of a giant crocodile cut through the buzzing as something stirred in the distance. They looked up from their gory feast, blood dripping from their razor-toothed beaks. A sound like rumbling thunder reverberated through the ground, causing a cacophony of noise to erupt from the jungle canopy. Birds screeched in alarm and monkeys howled in warning as they bounded from branch to branch in agitation. Adding to the tumultuous alarm of the jungle, the pterosaurs squawked shrilly and wheeled into the air. The booming became louder, accompanied by the crack of splintering tree trunks and the rasping of massive lungs. With a low-throated growl, the Carnosaur burst through the jungle, smashing aside the branches of the ancient chaquan trees and trampling young saplings underfoot.

Ignoring the branches and Wain that whipped at his heavily scaled and pitted face, ancient Scar-Leader Kroq-Gar rode through the trees on the back of the mighty Grymloq. The vicious Carnosaur, whom he had ridden into battle for nearly six centuries, snapped its massive jaws at the fleeing pterosaurs. Without breaking stride, the colossal predator caught one of the winged creatures, gulping it down whole. Raising his heavy head, Kroq-Gar let out a throaty roar. Grymloq bellowed in response, the deafening sound echoing through the heavy, moisture-filled air, warning the now silent jungle that its king was hunting. Kroq-Gar hefted his long-bladed spear high into the air, rejoicing in the thrill of the chase, eagerly anticipating the slaughter he would unleash upon the despised interlopers who had dared encroach upon his domain.

A dark green crest stealthily broke the mirk amongst the mangroves, followed by a pair of slitted yellow eyes, as Tenoqual raised his smooth-skinned head slightly above the water level. He blinked once, eyes picking up movement through the heavy fog hanging over the murky water. He could see dark shapes through the gloom on the shore nearby, and knew it was the hated enemy. His sensitive nostrils flattened as their tainted stench was carried to him on the slight breeze. Tenoqual had been stalking the foe for five cycles of the sun, waiting for the perfect moment to attack. That time had arrived.

The enemy were wading through the mud of the swamp, their heavy black armour caked in filth, concealing some of the hated symbols daubed onto the thick plates. Foul, sucking sounds accompanied every difficult step, yet the vanguard of the Chaos warband continued on grimly. Some of the warriors had removed their enclosing helmets, revealing faces tinged a sickly pale-blue. Their cheeks were covered in symbols carved into flesh, their eyes purest black. Tenoqual regarded them coldly as they continued to labour through the heavy marsh, and his crest subtly changed colour to warn those of his spawn-kin behind him.

A distant, echoing roar reached Tenoqual's ears, and he paused in readiness. He flicked out his blue tongue, tasting the air. After a moment's silence, he let out a shrill chirruping call, and cocked his head to the side, listening. A low, rumbling growl answered him, rolling out across the water from further up the bank. Recognising the resonating attack command of Scar-Veteran Bok-Ax, he slipped silently through the water towards the Warriors of Chaos. Barely a ripple disturbed the water's surface as he and his Skink spawning-kin swiftly approached their enemies.

As he rose from the water in the shallows, Tenoqual pulled a long dart from his Salamander-skin armband, its tip smeared with a dark green resin, and pushed it into the mouth of his blowpipe.

Bok-Ax snarled as he broke into a loping run towards the Chaos Warriors, raising his toothed weapon, stronger than any man-made steel, into the air. His Saurus ran at his side, their lean, powerful bodies angled forwards, eager for the taste of blood. Nothing entered his mind save the battle. One group of Saurus broke away to his right, instinctively encircling their prey. He saw the Skinks emerging like wraiths from the water on the enemy's other flank.



The Chaos Warriors yelled their defiance as thin-braced themselves for the impact of the Saurus. Bok-Ax roared as he struck the first blow. His weapon smashed into a horned helmet, cleaving through metal and bone. The Scar-Veteran's shield arm lashed out, the barbs on his crescent-shaped shield ripping open the chest armour of a second warrior in a spray of blood.

As the sound of battle erupted, Tenoqual exhaled sharply, spitting a final dart at the enemy before nimbly spinning around and pouncing lightly back towards the safety of the water. A block of warriors had turned to confront the Skinks after their first volley of darts, and they plunged after them deeper into the mud, sinking past their knees. With a leap, Tenoqual and the other Skinks dived into the shallows.

The frustrated Chaos Warriors pursuing the Skinks slowed, finding themselves sinking further into the clinging mud. Screams and inhuman roars accompanied the sound of weapons clashing behind them, and they turned to wade back out of the mangroves. A huge eruption from the water halted them.

Massive, scaled shapes burst from the river's edge with speed that belied their bulk, spraying water and mud in all directions and filling the air with deafening roars. There was a fleeting impression of strongly muscled creatures as they powered through the churning morass. They hefted huge weapons in thick hands and their jaws were wide open to display a fearsome array of serrated teeth. The Kroxigor in the lead chopped scythe-like with its





immense weapon, hacking down into a Chaos Warrior's hip and smashing through dark armour as though it were cloth. The weapon clove the man in two and embedded itself deep into the mud. The powerful blow swung the Kroxigor's body around, and it used this momentum to smash another warrior from his feet with its thick, spike-strapped tail. With its weapon trapped in the mud, the Kroxigor lunged forwards, crushing another enemy's helmet with powerful teeth, metal wrenched out of shape under the pressure. The Kroxigor shook its heavy jaws from side to side, ripping the warrior's head from his shoulders.

Scar Leader Kroq-Gar looked through the shady, twisted branches of the chaquan tree with the hungry eyes of a predator. Grymloq let out a dangerous growl and flared his nostrils, filling the air with steaming breath. Kroq-Gar could feel the Carnosaur tensing beneath him at the sight of the prey. The Star-Leader yanked sharply at the skin of the Carnosaur's neck with his ensorcelled, gauntleted hand to keep the beast from launching into the open immediately.

Kroq-Gar's attention was torn from the main battle by the sound of pounding hooves. A group of black armoured knights thundered along the firmer ground near the treeline, kicking their snarling steeds onwards to attack the flank of the Saurus. Grymloq strained under Kroq-Gar's hold, the scent of blood overpowering his senses, and thick ropes of saliva dripped from between his serrated teeth. As the knights passed them, Kroq-Gar released his hold and kicked the Carnosaur forwards.

With a deafening, blood-hungry roar, Grymloq burst from the jungle, his powerful claws ripping great rents in the muddy earth. The knights' steeds reared in terror as the mighty predator closed on them. With a swipe of one of its forelegs, the Carnosaur broke the legs of one of the steeds and closed its immense jaws around another's neck, cutting its cry short. Kroq-Gar lanced his spear downwards, thrusting it through the body of a knight. The barbed blade exploded through the heavily armoured warrior's chest in a spray of gore.

Grymloq swung his heavy head, smashing a steed to the ground. The knight fell heavily into the mud, and a thrust from Kroq-Gar's long, barbed weapon ensured that he would not be rising. Pinning another of the Chaos mounts with its forelegs, Grymloq raked its flanks with one of his powerful hind legs, curved claws ripping skin and flesh to ribbons before he ended the creature's torment with a powerful snapping of his jaws. Dark-bladed weapons hacked into the Carnosaur's flanks, yet the creature barely registered the blows in its furious lust for slaughter. Dripping with gore, the Carnosaur rose up on his hind legs and roared once more, revelling in the glorious fulfilment of the hunt. Kroq-Gar's own feelings of exultation mirrored those of Grymloq, and he dispatched another for with a brutal thrust through the neck. Glancing around, searching for more opponents to vent his rage, he saw the enemy scattered and fleeing into the jungle.

This day, they would hunt well.





CHRONICLES OF THE LIZARDMEN

The Lizardmen track time by the alignments of celestial bodies and their sacred plaques form a calendar stretching back to the creation and forward to the end of time. For example, a particular event might be said to have occurred 'at the seventh co-alignment of the Fire Stars'. Furthermore, the Sacred Plaques could be considered as a calendar of events stretching back to creation and forward to the end of time itself. As this slew of celestial data is mind-bogglingly complex, all dates that follow use the Imperial Calendar, as used by the Men of the Empire.

THE DAWN OF CREATION

c.15.000

The prehistory of the world is shrouded in the mists of half-truth and legend. Great change is brought to the primeval planet by the beings known as the Old Ones. They descend from the skies and begin to re-order the world.

To execute their designs, the Old Ones made the First Spawning of the Slann and, under their direction, the Lizardmen are created: the Saurus as living weapons, the Skinks to carry out complicated orders and the Kroxigor to aid in building. What follows is a long age where the Lizardmen rule supreme, creating vast temple-cities and landmarks of unsurpassed wonder.

-c.10.000

Founding of the First City, Itza. Soon followed by the founding of Xtanhuapec and Tlax. The second generation of Mann are spawned. The orbit of the world is altered to affect weather patterns and temperature, making it more conducive to life.

During this time, the Old Ones begin to enforce their domination over the inhabitants of the world, radically altering the future of these races.

Slann of the Third Spawning are brought forth. They accomplish the founding of Tlaxtlan, Quezta and Zlatlan.

Slann of the Fourth Spawning are created to attend to the polar warp gate. They also found the remaining temple-cities, creating a grid of power across the lands

- natural lines of energy linking the cities.

The super continent is split into separate, smaller lands. The World Pond is created, and the Southlands moved around the globe, separating the temple-cities. Such physical distances meant little, for travel and communication between the cities is instantaneous.

The Old Ones send their armies of Saurus forth to lay down order. The annihilation of many undesirable races is accomplished.

Ongoing experiments are conducted by the Old Ones, as they create and destroy a number of new races, altering them from native life forms. The Elves, Dwarfs and Men are born.

The Old Ones ensure that their creations are secured a strong foundation in the lands chosen for them, to continue the slow process of evolution and the growth of civilisation with only minimal interaction with each other.

The race of Greenskins appears towards the end of the Age of Creation. There are continuing wars to try and eliminate this parasitic race from existence, though ultimately this plague seems to be impossible to eradicate.

Of this time of former glory little is recalled; stone-chiselled writings have worn away, and temples have crumbled into ruin. Down the ages, countless Skink scribes have tried to replicate those earliest records, but their copies degrade with each new translation. The Slann have forgotten much from that

age, their memories growing dim. To the younger races, the Old Ones are wholly unknown; only the Elves maintain some ancient myths of their creator gods.

THE GREAT CATASTROPHE

-c.5600

Polar Gates Collapse. The Old Ones disappear and the Lizardmen are left to defend against the largest Daemon invasion ever known. The temple-city of Xahutec is the first to fall under the daemonic onslaught, its Mage-Priests slain and spawning pools tainted.

The Lizardmen muster the greatest armies ever witnessed in the world to repel the daemonic invaders. Countless millions are slain in these titanic battles.

Throughout the world, the races formed by the Old Ones fight against the rampantly spreading Daemons, yet they are fighting a losing battle.

The entire populations of Huatl, Tlanxla, Chaqua and Xhotl are also slain by the Daemons, each temple-city weakening as more cities fall, breaking their grid of connected power. Mage-Priest Adohi-Tehga of Tlaxtlan repels the Daemons besieging his temple-city after weeks of battle, and lends his power to protecting the remaining cities and ensuring that the grid of power does not collapse utterly.

Lord Mazdamundi manages to hold the protective barrier around Hexoatl, but in doing so cannot aid his brethren of Pahuax, who are slain by a host of Greater Daemons.

With the power of the Old Ones lost from the world, contact is lost with the Lizardmen of the Southlands. One of the oldest Mage-Priests, Chicotta of Zlatlan, having been taught by the lost Old One Xholankha, manages to use his powers to destroy the daemonic legions within the Southlands in one catastrophic spell sacrificing himself in the process.

-c.5000

Lustria Besieged. Except for enclaves in the Southlands, the Lizardmen are pushed back to Lustria, which is transformed into a deathtrap to thwart the invaders.

-c.4500

The End is Nigh. Only a handful of temple-cities remain, and the Daemon onslaught threatens to overwhelm them. Pahuax is breached and its inhabitants slain.

-c.4450

Death of Lord Kroak. The Siege of Itza, which had lasted over four centuries, is broken by the eldritch might of Lord Kroak. Although slain in battle, Lord Kroak's will is so strong his spirit fights on – invoking a last spell that banishes Daemons and secures Itza from its doom.

-c.4420

The Great Ritual. The Elves of Ulthuan are almost exterminated by daemons overrunning their isle. Their mages begin a dangerous and desperate spell to push the Daemons back. The Slann add their power to those of the Elves, and together they draw the Daemons to the north and south poles. The High Elves complete their Great Ritual and the daemonic legions vanish from the world.

Defences are put into place to hold the forces of Chaos at bay. The immediate threat of Chaos has been repelled, yet throughout the years, as their powers wax, they will overrun these defences in mighty incursions.

The temple-city of Chupayotl starts to slip into the oceans of the World Pond.

THE AGE OF ISOLATION

-4419

Elven Explorers. The first High Elf explorers penetrate the Lustrian jungle, journeying northwards from the Citadel of Dusk. They arrive at the gates of Pahuax at the time of the Conjunction of the Two Moons, commonly held as a portent of ill fortune.

-3894

Chupayotl Destroyed. The temple-city of Chupayotl slips into the sea – a disastrous event that was not prophesied on any plaques. All of its Mage-Priests are slain, and its surviving inhabitants are scattered to other temple-cities. The unknown enters the minds of the Mage-Priests. Rumours in later years speak of an undersea race of beings taking up residence within this city of gold hidden deep beneath the waves.

-3127

The Thought Fog. Skink scribes record that Lord Xltep is plagued by memory loss; a fog has descended upon his once-clear thoughts.

-2374

The Great Debate. Lord Hua-Hua of Xlanhuapec claims victory in a 500 year old debate about what to do about the younger races. No other Slann speaks to Lord Hua-Hua for the next thousand years in protest.

-2000

Ancient records of Zlatlan refer to strife with the lost Dwarf stronghold of Karak Zorn.

-1500

Realignment. Lord Quex enacts his realignment of the continents. In the course of the continental fine-tuning, much of the world suffers disastrous earthquakes – most notably affecting Skavenblight and the Dwarf realm that stretches across the Worlds Edge Mountains. As far as the Mage-Priests are concerned, the alignment is carried out according to the will of the Old Ones, as written on the Plaque of Otzli-Potec. Lord Quex rewards himself with a juicy bluebottle before lapsing back into transcendental meditation.

THE AGE OF STRIFE

-1399

Omen. Undetected the Skaven Clan Pestilent occupies the ruined city of Quetza. An ill omen is recorded in the alignment of the stars, although its true meaning is not revealed to the Slann for centuries.

-951

The Green Mist. Under cover of a poisonous mist, the Skaven make their boldest attack yet, emerging to take the ruins of Conqueso.



-594

Shrunken Head War. This marks the beginning of the century-long campaign fought against the jungle Orcs of the Scorpion Coast. Kroq-Gar ends the fighting by slaying the Warbosses of all six enemy tribes.

-215

Dark Elf Raiders. The first Dark Elf raiders penetrate the Lustrian jungle to steal artefacts.

0

The Prophecy of Sotek. The Prophecy of Sotek is brought to light in the temple-city of Chaqua before it is abandoned due to Skaven plagues. The Skink Priest Tehenhauin preaches the Prophecy of Sotek as a twin-tailed comet appears in the sky. A symbol of Sotek's forked tongue, the comet heralds the migration of the Red-crested Skinks and the rise of the Cult of Sotek. The cult spreads throughout Lustria.



100

Sotek Triumphant. The Skaven are forced to migrate because thousands of serpents are sent by Sotek into their tunnels. With a climactic final campaign, the Skaven are finally driven from Lustria by Tehenhauin's armies.

The Cult of Sotek gains prominence amongst Skinks. Henceforth, Sotek is recognised by the Slann Mage-Priests as the pre-eminent Lizardmen god.

271

At the Zenith of Xla-Tepec, more continental re-alignments are made. A series of earthquakes ravage Araby and Cathay.

315

Victory in Naggaroath. In order to reclaim the stolen Star Stela of Quetli, Lord Tepec-Inzi opens a portal to Naggaroath. There, an army led by Gor-Rok defeats the Dark Elves and reclaims the Star Stela.

513

Lord Zltep of Tlaxtlan passes from the world. The last words he uttered were a prophecy which would become known as the Incantation of Xedipocutzl.

The Mage-Priest did not complete the prophecy, however, and it is said that should anyone ever do so, the world will come to an end.

535

New Spawning. The first of the twin-tailed beings known as Skink Oracles emerge from the spawning pools of Itza. They alone of all the Lizardmen are able to approach and ride upon the dreaded and ill-tempered Troglodons.

876

The Vampire Coast. Many ships plying the Great Ocean are lost, called to their doom by an eerie siren call from the west. The bodies of sailors drowned in these wrecks, including a Vampire named Luthor Harkon, are washed up on the coast. Luthor Harkon creates the Undead realm that is eventually named the 'Vampire Coast' where the bodies of drowned sailors killed in the treacherous waters off the coast rise from the cold depths to haunt the lands. High Elf naval captains report of ghostly ships in the fog, and a siren-wail that lures sailors to their doom.

888

Raiders from the North. Norse adventurer Losteriksson lands in Lustria and founds the colony of Skeggi. Norse raids into Lustria begin. Though Losteriksson himself is wise enough to avoid direct conflict with the Lizardmen, more impetuous champions attempt to penetrate the jungle. None are seen again. Other raiders from the north also begin to arrive at Lustria. The Slann take a dim view of this and crush the invaders with armies of Saurus, rampaging Stegadon and massive everbeasts. Rather than driving off the Norscans this merely serves to ensure more Warriors of Chaos make the journey across the ocean in search of glory.

901

Huatl Resettled. The Xaki Star is swallowed by the Chaos Moon, prompting a delegation of Mage-Priests from Xlanhuapec to lead a column of workers to begin re-founding the ruined city of Huatl.

912

Demise of Lord Zhul. The death of Lord Zhul follows a daemonic incursion at Tlencan. Xahutec is abandoned for the final time shortly after; its population scattered to the remaining temple-cities. The Mage-Priests finally recognise that Chaos has returned to Lustria.

930

Dead Tide. A shambling horde of Zombies raised from drowned sailors emerges from the jungle but is halted by Lord Xltep, aided by the ancient Kroxigor Nakai, fulfilling the Prophecy of Huanca-Xlanpac.

954

Return of Chaos. Allac Fellclaw leads a full-scale Chaos invasion of Lustria. His horde is defeated and driven into the sea. The few survivors that escape flee back to the northlands with much stolen gold, however, all the sacred plaques they had stolen were recovered.

1004

Invasion Thwarted. At the equinox of Tlac-Ipec, Lord Mazdamundi consults the plaques of Huatl. He raises the mountain range known as the Grey Guardians to block the path of a mighty Dark Elf invasion that is cutting a swathe through northern Lustria, causing its eventual demise in the uncharted jungle. The plaque sequence of Huatl is realigned with that of Itza.

c.1150

bn Jellaba of Araby treks across the desert searching for an overland route into the interior of the Southlands. Encounters the hidden Lizardmen city of Zlatlan.

1237

Horrors at Xahutec. The ruins of the temple-city of Xahutec are again overrun by Daemons.

Unleashing Kroq-Gar to contain the threat, many Slann work to close the magical breach once more.

1492

Marco Columbo, Tilean explorer, voyages to Lustria, arriving on the fifteenth day after the zenith of the Itchli Star. This event is predicted in the Prophecy of Zhocl-Tlapoc. The explorer is present at the defeat of the Dark Elves at Tlaxtlan.

1493

A Dark Elf raiding force attempting to sack Tlax is defeated by Mage-Priest Xltoc.



1690

Cathayan Yin-Tuan makes an epic journey across Lustria and the Southlands. He narrowly escapes sacrifice in Zlatlan.

1721

Xlanhuapec Slaughter. Dark Elves launch an attack upon the temple-city of Xlanhuapec, the City of Mists. The intruders bypass the city's defences and penetrate to the outer quarters.

Using the living mists that surround the city, the Lizardmen mount a series of devastating counter-attacks to slaughter the intruders. None escape the mists.

1801

The ousted Pirate Prince of Sartosa, Lucciano Soprania, founds Port Reaver. Despite numerous Lizardmen attacks, it manages to turn into a flourishing trading port, though it is notorious as a den of cutthroats and raiders as well as a haven for adventurers and treasure seekers.

1809

Pahuax Rebuilt. Workers rebuilding the Great Pyramid of Pahuax discover a secret chamber. Within is found the only known egg of the mysterious Quango, a creature from legend not seen in the world since the time of the Old Ones. The egg is presented to Lord Mazdamundi, who declares that it will only hatch when the Old Ones have returned.

1847

Amidst rumours of illegitimacy, Duke Tudual du L'Anguille finances an expedition led by his son into the jungles of Lustria. They land in Port Reaver, and spend several months in preparations. Nearly six months after entering the jungles, the Lizardmen temple-city of Huatl is robbed of its sacred artefacts. The young Bretonnian noble and his entourage are never heard from again. Their presence is not missed.

1883

The Volcano Gods. Skinks believe the great Krakatoa is awakening once more, but the eruptions prove to be an influx of Chaos. Daemons again stalk Lustria. Gor-Rok defeats a plague army at Itza, a massed charge of Stegadons prevents a breakout from the ruins of Xahute, and the assembled Mage-Priests of Tlaxtlan overcome a host of Greater Daemons to save their temple-city.

1910

Lord Nanahua leads an expedition to Chaqua in search of lost relics of the Old Ones, but in the process contracts a Skaven plague. Though he summons the magical strength to keep death at bay, he is covered in weeping buboes and contagious sores. He goes into voluntary exile and now resides in an isolated temple deep in the jungle, only emerging to defend Lustria against Skaven incursions.

1944

The End of Cadavo. El Cadavo, adventurer and sometime pirate, founds the port of Cadavo on his third attempt to penetrate the jungles. The town is destroyed under the order of Slann Mage-Priest Mazdamundi three times, each time being rebuilt. A devastating earthquake ensures that the town is finally abandoned. It is rumoured that El Cadavo, having escaped by ship with Lustrian treasures, is lost at sea due to unseasonably deadly weather conditions.

1977

A Skink Priest enacting the Ritual of Listening at the Sentinels of Xeti believes that he briefly hears the distant voice of the Old Ones. The Slann Mage-Priests contemplate the matter for several years, before finally denouncing the Priest's claim.

2064

A group of gamblers found Swamp Town, fleeing their debts in Port Reaver. This grows from a ramshackle shanty town into the busiest trade destination in Lustria.

2100

Skink Priests attending to the mummified remains of Lord Xhilipepa dispute the meaning of the flight patterns of mosquitoes circling his skeletal head. The disagreement escalates and opposing factions clash over possession of the remains.

2187

Lord Melchin returns to the Imperial court after spending a year exploring Lustria. He is accompanied by a copper-skinned, hairless being, barely three feet tall. Melchin claimed he came from the Wayarhui tribe, a race of diminutive people found in the jungles. Reportedly, the creature eats a high-ranking court official and flees. Rumours abound of his hiding out in the Moot.



THE AGE OF AWAKENING

Also known as the Age of Recompense.

2303

Aid Unlooked. For taking a celestial reading from the stars, the Slann bolster the power of the Great Warding lessening the influence of Chaos and thus aiding the Empire's famous hero, Magnus the Pious, in his Great War Against Chaos.

2315

The Pirate King Draven is employed to protect merchant ships arriving and leaving Swamp Town from the pirates based in Port Reaver. He uses his power to destroy the fleets of his competitors and then sacks Swamp Town himself.

2321

The Black Sun Battles. Portents of ill-omen abound on a day that the sun that rises over Lustria is coloured jet-black. The geomantic web flickers, the Great Warding pulses weakly and the forces of Chaos attack. Daemon legions manifest across the whole of Lustria and thousands of battles take place for a blood-filled week until the true sun rises once again.



2349

The Citadel of Dusk. A Lizardmen army from Itza marches south across the Culchan Plains. A bridge of magical energy is summoned and a Lizardmen army from Itza crosses to the island on which stands the Citadel of Dusk. The High Elves there are hard-pressed by a Dark Elf attack and only the timely intervention of the Lizardmen force ensures that the assault is repulsed. Without speaking a word to the survivors, the Lizardmen march back across their magical bridge.

2355

The Battle of Cholulec. The disgraced Dwarf Engineer Sven Hasselfriesian sets out from Barak Varr in his amazing steam-powered ship, reaching the Tarantula Coast of Lustria after several months and many battles with the creatures of the deep. Sven and his companions clash with the Lizardmen at the ruins of Cholulec.

2376

Growth of Ages. At this point, the spell that turned Lustria into a living deathtrap becomes yet more powerful, and the land's flora and fauna enter a new period of prolific and accelerated growth. The jungles become more dangerous and filled with more cold-blooded creatures than ever.

2418

The False Moon War. A major blow is struck in the Slann's ongoing war with the Chaos Moon. The Slann Mage-Priest Tecciztec of Tlaxtilan enacts a ritual aimed at pushing the false moon out of orbit. Although failing to muster enough power to complete the task, the Chaos Moon is sufficiently shaken that chunks of it split off and fall across the world with devastating effect upon the lands of Men across the Great Ocean.

2465

Battle of Blackswamp. This marks the end of a ten year campaign fought in the swampy woodland off the Tarantula Coast. Many Savage Orc and Forest Goblin armies are destroyed for his role in recovering lost ruins, the Skink Priest Tetto'eko is gifted a throne such as the Slann sit upon.

2471

Chokablox Defiled. Luthor Harkon and the Dark Elves unite to raid the coastal ruins of Chokablox. During the battle, Harkon is captured and imprisoned.



2489

The Skaven Return. The Skink Astromancer Tetto'eko stems a Skaven incursion from the ruins of Quetza, the Defiled City, redirecting a passing comet to crash down upon the centre of the city and destroy the ratmen's nest.

2502

Slagmire Destroyed. It is foreseen that a device being built by the Skaven in their lair of Slagmire must not be completed. Tehenhauin is chosen to lead the assault and the Slann use magic to transport the Prophet of Souk and his army into the Skaven den. A three year battle leads to the eventual defeat of the Skaven and the destruction of their rocket invention.

2512

Terrors from the Deep. A Dark Elf army emerges from the Black Way to raid coastal ruins. Kroq-Gar and his army drive the tentacled beasts back into the sea and the Black Ark Umbra's Tide is grounded by magic and destroyed.

2517

Oxyotl Returns. The long-lost Chameleon Skink known as Oxyotl mysteriously returns to Lustria, having been missing since the Fall of Pahuax during the Great Catastrophe. This coincides with the spontaneous and unheralded spawning of Chameleon Skinks in that long-ruined city, and many others as well.

2519

Battle Eternal. With the rising of each Chaos Moon, Daemon legions march out of Xahutec once more. Only the eternal vigilance of the Saurus warriors maintains a blockade around the cursed ruin, but the bitter fighting costs many lives.

2520

Lost Plaques. While seeking for the disturbance found in the geomantic web, En-Zlati, the Oracle of Kroak, recovers the Lost Plaques from the Golden Ziggurat on the Turtle Isles.

2520

The threat to Albion. Gates are opened to the island. Scar-Leader Kroq-Gar leads the first war parties to cleanse the isle of warm-bloods. Under the manipulations of Lord Mazdamundi, the climate of the isle is altered, and the start of new jungle is formed. Work

begins on the founding of the new temple-city Konquata, Place of Resistance, in the interior of Albion.

2521

The sacred mists of Albion are restored.

2521

Blinded. Chaos forces attack key sites of the Great Warding around the world culminating in assaults on Lustria. On the Isthmus of Pahuax, a Beastmen army destroys the Monument of the Moon and the Monument of the Sun is desecrated. So many key nodes are lost that Chaos powers flood the world and the foresight of the Slann.



2521

Invasion. Vashmaar the Tormentor leads an invasion into Lustria. He unites Dark Elves, Beastmen and monsters beyond count. Attacks by Tiktaq'to stall the Chaos invaders long enough for Slann Mage-Priests to wake and defend Hexoatl. By year's end, the temple-city is besieged and likely to fall.

2522


The growing power of Chaos is evidenced by increasing raids on Lustria by seafaring Marauder tribes. Dark Elves are seen guiding Chaos attacks. Mazdamundi and Kroq-Gar are forced to return to Hexoatl from Konquata to crush a particularly vicious attack, led by Vashmaar the Tormentor. Lord Mazdamundi and Kroq-Gar arrive at the head of separate armies in time to relieve the Siege of Hexoatl. An epic battle is fought there and the Chaos host is, at last, broken.

2522

Portents. The Slann Mage-Priests meet in mind-council and agree that all signs point to yet larger invasions to come. All of Lustria prepares for war.



DEATH STALKS THE JUNGLE



Reinhold swatted at his neck and swore as yet another blood-sucking insect bit him. Sweat drenched the grizzled sergeant's skin beneath his heavy armour as he struggled through the knee-deep mud, mingling with the rainwater that seeped through his mail. He used his heavy halberd as a staff, pushing it deep into the quagmire before him. It sunk deep into the sludge before striking firm ground. Each step was painful, but still he pushed onwards resolutely - the Captain had spoken to the men several hours ago, urging them to push onwards; the last thing he wanted was for his company to be stuck in these cursed, Lizard-infested jungles when night fell.

Their ship had foundered that morning, pushed onto the deadly, sharp rocks beneath the waves by an unexpected squall. They had been making towards the port of Swamp Town when the weather had suddenly changed. Most of the soldiers had survived, though some had been dragged beneath the waves by the strong currents. The cannons had been lost with the ship however, and the black powder of the handgunners was soaked. By the reckoning of the Captain, after careful consultation of the rather vague maps, they were only a few more hours march from the settlement, yet time was passing painfully slowly.

Reinhold and his regiment of halberdiers were the second unit in the column. Ahead of him, Reinhold could just make out through the rain the black and red livery of the swordsmen in front, the Captain's own regiment. They came to a stumbling halt, and Reinhold bellowed to his own regiment to stop. Standing in the rain, he leant against his halberd and ran a calloused hand over his short-cropped hair.

"Why the hold-up, Sergeant?"

Reinhold turned to the speaker - it was Michel, a burly, bearded warrior who had fought under Reinhold for nearly three years now. The sergeant shrugged his shoulders.

"Who knows. It's not for us to ask the whys and the whats."

Michel pulled out his flask, took a swig and handed it to his sergeant. Reinhold nodded his thanks, and put the flask to his mouth. The hot liquid burned its way down his throat. He raised an eyebrow, and Michel's broad face broke into a grin.

"Been saving that for months now. The Bloated Dragon's finest, all the way from Carroburg."

Movement caught the corner of Reinhold's eyes and he turned his gaze to scan the jungle. There it was again; a flash of blue amongst the gloom. He narrowed his eyes, but couldn't see anything. His attention was dragged away from the jungle by Michel's voice.

"What do you make of these, Sergeant?"

Michel was gesturing to a series of ancient looking stone blocks off to the side of the muddied path, half hidden beneath the undergrowth. Old and worn, they were painted in reds and greens, but whatever pattern or picture was once depicted had long been lost. Reinhold stared at them, his eyes following the stones up into the jungle-undergrowth. Several skulls had been impaled on sharpened sticks on the edge of the dense trees - matted black hair hung down from the scalp of one of them. He shrugged.

Movement again caught Reinhold's eyes, and he saw one of the Captain's scouts scrambling from the undergrowth near the stones. He stumbled frantically down the slope, tripping over the thick vegetation. His clothes were in tatters, and his eyes were wide and staring. As he staggered nearer, Reinhold heard a sharp exhalation of breath. A feathered dart struck the scout in the neck, and he let out a gasp. As he fell to the ground, he half twisted around, and a second - dart shot by the unseen assailant embedded itself in his face.

"Left turn!" bellowed Reinhold. His men, though tired, were well drilled and turned neatly through ninety degrees to face the jungle. They gripped their halberds firmly as they watched horrified as the scout thrashed around on the ground, his face turning a sickening purple colour only metres from them. Still, they could not see the foe.

The Captain, accompanied by a pair of bodyguards, was at the side of the scout in a moment. He knelt in the mud, beside the dying man. Froth seeped from the scout's mouth, and Reinhold saw the Captain pull something free from the scout's clenched fist. He saw a flash of gold, and heard the Captain swear under his breath.

Reinhold found himself suddenly staring into the slitted eyes of a blue-skinned lizard-creature, looking out at him from the undergrowth mere feet away, where a moment before he had seen nothing. Its skin was smooth, and as it saw him looking at it, a webbed crest on its head raised, changing hue to a brilliant crimson. It opened its jaws slightly, displaying an array of thousands of small, sharp teeth. Flicking its head to the side, it let out a shrill cry. Suddenly the jungle was alive with movement, as scores of other creatures rose from the dense undergrowth, staring at the humans with cold yellow eyes.

"Hold your fire!" shouted the Captain, as crossbows strings were quickly pulled into position.

From deeper in the jungle emerged rank upon rank of larger lizards, walking on their hind legs like men. They were powerful, lean creatures that had a line of spines running down their scaled backs, and bony plate protecting their heads. Over one arm they wore serrated, crescent-shaped shields, and clutched vicious-looking weapons. It was instantly apparent that the humans were surrounded, as more Lizardmen emerged from the jungles all around them.

As Reinhold's men fingered their weapons uneasily, a new group of lizard-creatures appeared. Larger than the others, their heads were adorned with horned skulls and their bodies were covered in armoured plates and hammered gold. They snarled and growled at the humans, reptilian lips curling back to display fearsome teeth. In the midst of these vicious warriors, borne aloft on an ancient looking platform that hovered above the ground, came creature out of legend.

The massive, bloated creature sat unmoving on the arcane platform, its legs crossed beneath it. Long fingered hands rested lightly on the smooth, mottled skin of its knees. Its head was large and sloping, and a pair of slitted, utterly alien eyes blinked slowly as it stared lazily at the human interlopers. Reinhold quickly lowered his gaze; glancing only briefly into the depthless glassy eyes of this creature, he had felt as though all



his darkest secrets were laid bare, that his very soul was under scrutiny.

A small, skittish creature hopped down from the curving back of the stone platform to the side of its master. Looking up, its eyes became locked to the deep orbs of its lord, and it became suddenly still. Some form of silent communication seemed to pass between the two and then the spell was broken. The small, crested lizard leapt down from the hovering dais and swiftly skittered towards the humans, darting around the heavier creatures that stood protectively around the platform.

Coming to a halt in front of the Captain, it began to speak quickly in a voice that was filled with clicks and hisses. It took a moment for Reinhold to realise in shock that it was communicating in an ancient version of the common tongue of the Empire.

"...unholy trespass against the most blessed divinities of the Old Ones defiling the sanctity of the Temple of the Golden Skull."

The creature paused for a moment. Behind it, the bloated creature in the midst of the ranks of warriors raised one hand and began to weave a slow pattern in the air with its multi-jointed fingers. Reinhold felt a sudden panic rising within him, and the hairs on his arms rise.

"This is not the place for warm-bloods" spoke the diminutive lizard.



Without waiting for a response, the calmly reclining figure on the hovering dais finished its hand-motions, and clenched its fingers into a fist. It blinked its heavy lidded eyes once, and when it opened them, a burning witch-light crackled at the corners. It unfurled its hand, fingers stretching out like delicate, waving branches.

With a loud crack, arcing tendrils of electricity burst from the extended digits, smashing into Reinhold's halberdiers with tremendous force. The crackling beams struck warriors in the chests, hurling them backwards into their comrades, filling the air with the stench of burning flesh.

A contorting arc of power surged into the warrior next to Reinhold, Michel, passing through his head Michel's brain burst in an instant, before the lightning continued on through his smoking body and plunged into another warrior behind him. Reinhold felt the crackling tingle of energy coursing through his metal breastplate, and his whole body shuddered involuntarily.

Just as the lightning arcs tore across the clearing, the small translator-lizard's pale-blue crest turned a startling red colour, and dozens of blowpipes were raised to reptilian mouths. Darts filled the air, and scores of them pierced the flesh of the Captain, who fell convulsing to the ground.

"Detachment Fire!" roared Reinhold, recovering his senses. The crossbowmen to the side of the halberdiers launched a volley of bolts into the undergrowth. Several of the diminutive creatures were hurled backwards as the powerful bolts thudded into their bodies. The others turned and leapt off deeper into the jungle.

Screams and roars of pain and anger echoed through the rain-soaked clearing, and the sounds of clashing weapons rose.

Glancing frantically from one side to the other, Reinhold could see the other regiments of the Captain were already engaged in brutal combat as the vicious lizards poured from the jungles. Seeing a unit of the creatures loping towards his halberdiers, Reinhold screamed above the cacophony of noise: to his men.

"Forwards!"

His men were a step behind him, still in shock from the suddenness of the attack. Nevertheless, they responded to the familiar roaring orders of their sergeant, and hefted their halberds, stepping over the smoking corpses of their comrades.

Reinhold suddenly felt the fear seep from his body, as he half ran, half stumbled through the mud towards the approaching monsters. He knew he would die here, that the entire expedition would likely be slaughtered to a man. He seemed to perceive those last moments of his life from a vantage point, seeing the battle unfolding as if it were happening to someone else.

With a snarl, he swung his halberd down from above his head as the lines of humans and Saurus collided. It impacted with the bony skull of one of the creatures, cracking open its reptilian head. Nevertheless, the Saurus snarled and swung its cruelly serrated weapon, smashing into Reinhold's left arm. The barbed teeth of the weapon ripped through tendon and bone, cleaving through the arm in spray of gore.

The Saurus Warriors fought with savage fury, hacking left and right with weapons and shields, each blow ripping deep into soft human flesh. They tore at their foes with snaps of their powerful jaws, and punched others from their feet with blows from their serrated, whip-like tails.

Drawing a short-bladed sword with his remaining hand, Reinhold pushed himself forward against the wounded Saurus, plunging the weapon into its throat. Its dark blood spilled out over his arm, gurgling from the deathblow, and he felt a surge of savage exaltation wash through him as he slew the creature. An instant later, he knew no more, as he was hewn in two by a heavy downward blow from a serrated weapon.

In moments, the battle was over.

Quana-Toc nimbly picked his way through the sea of corpses. Hundreds of warm-blood bodies were strewn across the blood-soaked clearing. The few Lizardmen who had been slain had already been removed, to be carried back to Hexoatl with honour.

Finally, the Skink found what he had been searching for. He knelt beside the body of the human leader - the warm-blood's face was purple and swollen from the amount of toxins within his body: countless darts protruded from his flesh. His delicate hands working quickly, Quana-Toc pried open the Captain's fingers and pulled a golden token from their dead grasp.

Raising it to his large eyes, Quana-Toc examined the tiny ornament carefully. Shaped in the guise of the serpent-god Sotek, its eyes were tiny, glimmering rubies and each scale had been meticulously crafted. Satisfied that the interlopers had not damaged the precious artefact, Quana-Toc reverently wrapped it in soft quanga leaves and tucked it under his armband. Then, he stood, and began to make his way towards the Temple of the Golden Skull, where the carving of Sotek would be returned to its proper place, with thousands of others crafted identically.





LUSTRIA



For millennia, the mysterious continent of Lustria has remained hidden from all the races of the known world except for the Lizardmen. During this time it has been free from the misfortunes, plagues and wars which have ravaged so many other lands. Even the taint of Chaos has remained a distant threat. Only recently, within the last few centuries, have any significant numbers of outsiders intent on plunder or settlement penetrated the dense tropical jungles of Lustria. Before the discovery of the continent by men, there were occasional visitations by High Elf adventurers and Dark Elf raiders, but these were rare events to disturb the tranquillity and meditations of the Slann.

This is not by accident or by some geographical oddity, but rather by strongly maintained magical wards, enchantments which disorient intruders. Those that manage to pass through the unseen barriers find other dangers – Lustria's coasts are home to treacherous tides, unnatural eddies and typhoons of great power. In its clear blue waters lurk scaled reptilian beasts whose jaws can splinter a ship's hull.

While the waters surrounding Lustria are perilous, the whole of the enormous continent is one of the most hostile regions in the entire world. The majority of its landmass is covered in jungle, a darksome abode where death comes in myriad guises. Mighty, prehistoric carnivores rule the forests – some actively stalking their prey, while others lurk in ambush, awaiting whatever wanders close. No less deadly are the jungle's smaller killers; everywhere, debilitating parasites lurk, awaiting their opportunity to latch onto a new host, and the humid air buzzes with swarms of blood-sucking insects so voracious they can exsanguinate a man



before his body can collapse to the forest floor. Even the weather is inimical to all but native life, for tropical rainstorms and violent cyclones lash the jungles.

Only the Lizardmen and other cold-blooded creatures can endure the stifling heat and humidity for long; other races eventually sicken and die, become idle and listless, or go mad. Settlers therefore tend to stay near the coasts, living on the beaches, where the winds can blow away the mosquitoes. Those who venture inland must attempt to clear away the jungle to have any chance of survival for more than a few years. This is hard work, and the jungle always returns.

To its native Lizardmen, however, Lustria is a haven – a deathtrap to invaders and a bulwark against the disorder set loose in the world with the coming of Chaos. The jungle is full of many primitive creatures that have become extinct everywhere else in the world. It is perhaps for this reason that the Old Ones chose Lustria for their settlements. The climate and landscape suited them and provided creatures which they could readily breed into servants and helpers. Such is the legacy of the Old Ones that the Lizardmen are perfectly adapted to the environment of their homeland.

The Slann required a safe haven in which to practice their meditations, and instead of erecting a fortress or castle in the manner of the lesser races, they altered the ecology of an entire continent until everything from the many predators of the forest to the tiniest maggot could prove fatal to an intruder from another land.

For an enemy even to look upon the works of the Lizardmen, he must labour through a green hell infested with piranha-lizards, bloodwasps and roving packs of voracious Cold Ones. Nonetheless, rumours of the legendary wealth of the Lizardmen bring armies of treasure hunters to Lustria year after year. Very few of them make it back, but those who do are usually rich beyond measure.

Lustria contains mighty rivers, vast tracts of unbroken swampland, arid deserts, soaring mountains and a vast and fertile plain – deep grasslands and savannahs that stretch beyond the horizon. Yet one feature dominates all others.

GREAT WYRMS

The Great Wyrms are enormous avian predators with wingspans to rival the dragons of the Old World.

These monstrous beasts soar above the jungle canopies, the slow beat of their leathery wings punctuated by harsh cries that carry to the far borders of the primitive jungle. Their main diet consists of adult Terradons which they hunt through the bruised skies, swooping and diving on their prey.

The fact that the existence of these beasts is practically unknown is testament to the fact that they also have a taste for the flesh of warm-blooded creatures...



THE PRIMORDIAL JUNGLES

At least four-fifths of Lustria is covered in jungle so thick that its many levels of canopy block out the sky. Even the high peaks and plateaus are blanketed, and it is said a creature, such as the arboreal razor-lizard, can cross the entire continent leaping from branch to branch without once stepping upon the ground. In places, trees older than the race of Man soar many hundreds of feet in the air and all but block out the sun, vast trunks disappearing into the tangled creepers far above an. The jungle floor is choked by dense undergrowth. Few paths cross the floor, for the Lizardmen have little need of such ways, moving unhindered through the thickest vegetation. The stifling air is so hot and humid that any warm-blooded intruder will quickly weaken and become sick. Thick tendrils of mist drift lazily above the dense mass of vegetation on the jungle floor, and it is impossible to hack a path through this sweltering hell without quickly losing all sense of direction. Few would-be explorers live long enough for disorientation and despair to be a problem, however.

To an outsider, the claustrophobic jungles of Lustria are much the same, but to its native creatures, nothing could be further from the truth. The dense fern-tree valleys, the titanic skywoods and the moss-covered flood zones each offer their own deadly perils. To creatures that have lived their lives braving such dangers, it becomes instinctive to identify the hundreds of different environments, anticipating the types of plants and creatures that might lie in ambush. In the jungle, you are always being stalked – knowing by

what can mean the difference between life and death. To intruders, it is an alien landscape, a singular green hell, where anything (or everything) is trying to make a meal of them.

A great amount of the plant life of Lustria is carnivorous. Some plants entrap a victim with grasping creeper-tentacles. Others spray acidic, digestive juices and then imbibe the rendered-down remains through questing roots. One type of fungus reproduces by choking a passing creature with a cloud of its spores, which then gestate within the victim's body, slowly transmuted into a sickening parody of mammal and mushroom!

Yet even the omnipresent dangers of lethal flora pale in comparison to the many creatures that make the jungle their hunting ground. Lustria is home to a massive array of poisonous and deadly species, from the tiniest bloodmaggot to monstrous predators similar in size and temperament to the ferocious drakes of the Old World. Every hanging vine might be home to fist-sized stinging insects, and prides of scale-maned reptilians wait in concealment ready to pounce upon passers-by. Great hunting cats, cannibalistic monkey-kin, and the buzzing swarms of enormous insect life makes the jungle a constant battle zone, where survival is an hourly struggle.

THE JUNGLE LOTUS

In hidden groves deep in the jungle, is to be found a plant so rare that an entire caste of Skinks is dedicated to locating and harvesting it. The jungle lotus is a plant of magical aspect that grows only in the wild, for not even the magic of the Slann can force it to grow elsewhere.

An intruder stumbling into a grove in which the jungle lotus grows will be overcome by the heady aromas, to drift into a dream of other planes of existence. His flesh will become one with the loamy soil from which the plant draws its sustenance. It is even said that the victim's very life essence is taken up into the plant as well, and is the source of its mystical nature.

The Lizardmen treasure the jungle lotus greatly, for it has a singular effect upon the metabolism of the Slann. Once a grove is located, the Skinks carefully gather a crop, from which is prepared using secret methods a unique, magical concoction. This is burned in censers in the eternity chambers of the Slann, allowing them to enter the deepest of meditations. It is said that when they inhale the fumes of the jungle lotus the Slann shed the manacles of their earthly existence and their spirits soar free to the ends of the universe. Such spirit-journeys may take minutes or decades, with the Slann entirely unaware of how much time has passed in the physical world while they are engaged upon their quests for the Old Ones.

Aside from the Slann, the only creatures capable of inhaling the fumes of the jungle lotus without their spirit fleeing their body never to return are the Saurus Temple Guard. For this reason, the Slann's chamber is sealed airtight before the lotus is burned, and any Skink attendant seeking entry will only do so in the direst of circumstances.



But even the tiniest, most lethal spider or insidious parasite can be detected. A far deadlier threat is posed by the toxic strains of necrotic pox that lace the thick gruel of mud and decaying plant matter carpeting the jungle floor. Even the stoutest pair of boots will eventually admit some of this cloying black muck; within hours the feet inside will have turned raw, and within days the wearer will have bled to death. The carnivorous millipedes and carrion ants that scuttle through the peaty bogs quickly reduce such corpses to skeletons, and the acidic jungle soil slowly claims each bloody shard of bone.

Yet most dangerous of all that hunts beneath the canopies are the giant reptiles. These beasts have long been extinct from the rest of the world, but in Lustria, they rule supreme. Swift-moving colonies of bipedal razorbeaks scurry through the underbrush, while packs of Cold Ones hunt the game paths, seeking fresh meat. From the canopies above swoop down Terradons and all manner of lesser winged reptiles that swoop down upon their

prey before bearing it off to consume in bone-littered eyries, and the soft flesh of a traveller is a delicacy to these sharp-beaked avian. The jungle floor trembles with the tread of the mighty Stegadons, their passage uprooting trees and making short-lived roads through the jungle. Enormous sauropods stretch their necks to pluck creatures out of even the uppermost branches, while plodding Thunder Lizards actually penetrate above the canopy, seeking to swallow entire cloud banks, altering weather patterns for miles around in order to charge the fearsome attacks they use to kill their prey. In the deepest jungle, rarely seen even by the Lizardmen, lurk strange, feather-winged serpents, multi-legged behemoths and the mysterious Arcanadon. Yet all of these creatures know fear when they hear the roar of the Carnosaur – for none are safe from the relentless ferocity of that king of savage killers.

At night, the jungle resounds to the hideous roars and earth-shaking footsteps of its monstrous denizens, making sleep all but impossible. Those who have somehow found respite or collapsed with exhaustion often awake to find some of their number missing, dragged away in the night by silent predators. The dawn air is filled with great clouds of gnats and mosquitoes; insects with wingspans taller than a man drone through the sullen twilight.

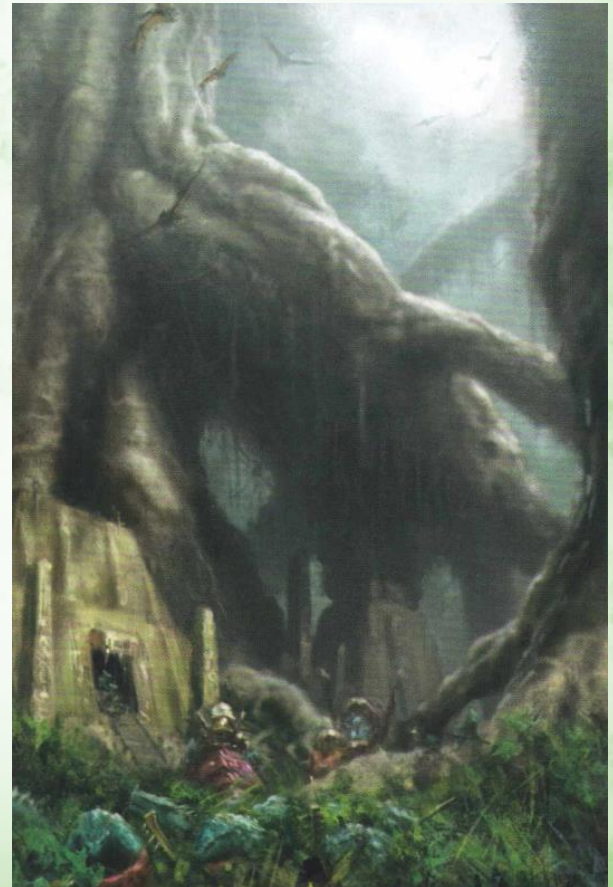
If a wanderer eventually winds his way far enough into the dark, cloying heart of the jungle he will begin to see abandoned monuments and totems punctuating the unending ocean of vegetation. These savage and brutal icons precede the few areas of the jungle where it is

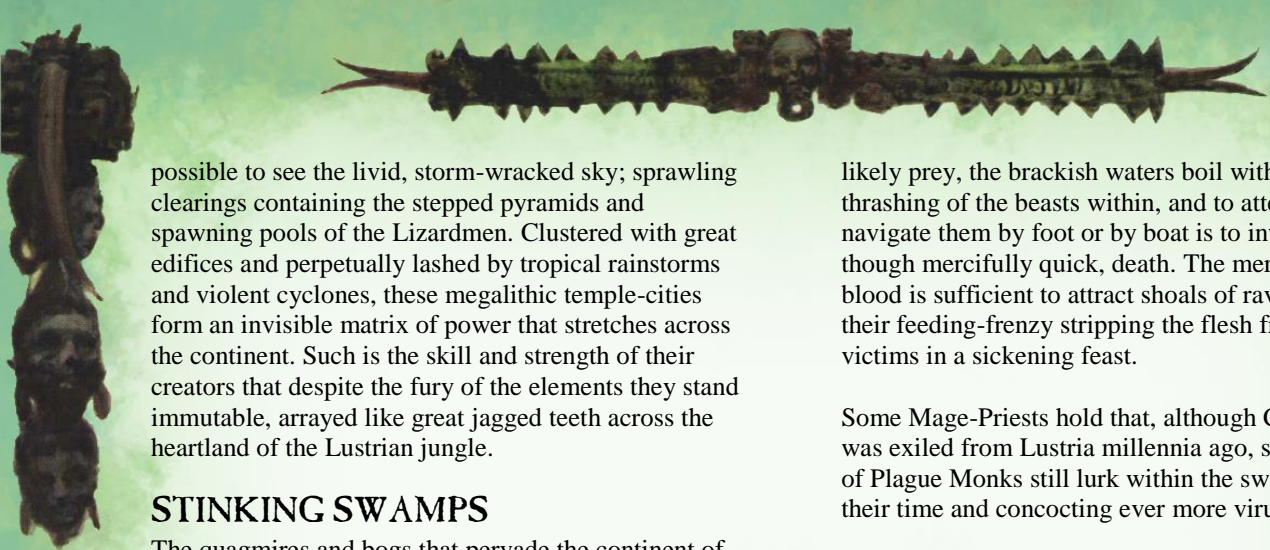
ATTACK OF THE THUNDER LIZARDS

Thunder Lizards are true behemoths, so large they dwarf even the mighty Stegadons. The tread of these beasts shakes the earth, and their deafening roars can be heard for miles around. They devastate the jungle as they pass through it, leaving a miles-long trail of broken trees and trampled vegetation marking their passage. They are omnivores, capable of consuming their own weight in a single day. Thunder Lizards have two separate brains, one in their cranium and one at the base of their spine, to better coordinate their massive frames. Unfortunately, neither of these brains is larger than a walnut. When they charge it is virtually impossible to stay upright let alone react with any discipline. Woe betide those brave or stupid enough to stand in their way.

Fortunately for the Lizardmen, Thunder Lizards are rare and the jungles so massive that the two species seldom come into contact. Should a Thunder Lizard's distant roar be heard, then runners will be sent to the nearest temple-city and the populace roused lest the beast's path take it near. A Thunder Lizard passing through a city is akin to a natural disaster of the kind that sunk Chupayotl. The chief defence against a Thunder Lizard is for a Slann to bring his formidable powers to bear on the creature's simple mind, forcing it to turn aside from the city and take an alternative path through the jungle.

There has been one instance in which a Thunder Lizard could not be turned aside. During the time of Lord Amoxixan's second ascension, one of these mighty behemoths was observed locked in deadly combat with some form of sea monster that had risen from the depths and come inland from the Tarantula Coast. The combat between the two creatures lasted an entire cycle of the moons, and destroyed vast swathes of the jungle. At the last, the combatants smashed through the outer limits of Xlanhuapec, the City of Mists. Though many Slann pooled their magical powers, the Mage-Priests were unable to penetrate the beasts' frenzied minds to steer them clear. When the warring beasts had finally passed on, entirely unaware of the destruction they had wrought in their passing, the ancient Temple of the Lost had been destroyed, along with countless numbers of the irreplaceable relics that had been housed within since before the time of the Great Catastrophe.





possible to see the livid, storm-wracked sky; sprawling clearings containing the stepped pyramids and spawning pools of the Lizardmen. Clustered with great edifices and perpetually lashed by tropical rainstorms and violent cyclones, these megalithic temple-cities form an invisible matrix of power that stretches across the continent. Such is the skill and strength of their creators that despite the fury of the elements they stand immutable, arrayed like great jagged teeth across the heartland of the Lustrian jungle.

STINKING SWAMPS

The quagmires and bogs that pervade the continent of Lustria can swallow even the most agile of creatures before it even realises the ground underfoot is no longer firm. The mire harbours pockets of poisonous gas and choking lungblight that can overcome a creature in seconds. Through the murky, stinking mud slither pallid blindworms, which attach themselves to passers-by with an anaesthetised, lamprey-like bite. They then lay their eggs in the bloodstream and condemn their victim to an agonising death as the voracious larvae hatch. Even worse is the Lustrian brainfluke, the feeding habits of which are best left unmentioned.

All manner of foul parasites buzz around the heads of those who stumble through the mangrove swamps that blend from the jungle to the coastline; a single bite can cause delirium at best and a virulent flesh-eating disease at worst. These swamps harbour nests of leeches as long as a man's arm, their anaesthetic bite allowing them to grow fat and bloated without discovery until their unwitting victim collapses into the water from blood loss. These unfortunates are easy prey for the massive crocodiles that lie patiently in wait under the shadow of the mangroves, exploding into a blur of violence when a trespasser strays into their hunting grounds.

The Piranha Swamps consist of mile upon mile of stinking mire, drowned in the shadows cast by the jungle canopy high above. The dark waters are borne to not just one variety of piranha fish, but a staggering diversity of predatory water life. At the approach of

likely prey, the brackish waters boil with the savage thrashing of the beasts within, and to attempt to navigate them by foot or by boat is to invite a certain, though mercifully quick, death. The merest drop of blood is sufficient to attract shoals of ravenous piranha, their feeding-frenzy stripping the flesh from their victims in a sickening feast.

Some Mage-Priests hold that, although Clan Pestilens was exiled from Lustria millennia ago, small enclaves of Plague Monks still lurk within the swamps, biding their time and concocting ever more virulent plagues.

SOARING MOUNTAINS

Along the entire length of Lustria's eastern coast runs the mountain range known as the Spine of Sotek. The mountains are home to hundreds of volcanoes, which make crossing the range extremely hazardous. Mighty glaciers are to be found there too, descending the valleys almost to the jungles. The mountains are dotted with Lizardmen sites, though many are disused and stand mysteriously empty despite never having been touched by war. Of vital importance to the Lizardmen however is the Chasm of the Condor, a mountain pass between the eastern and western sides, which is guarded by the temple-city of Xhotl. During the Great Catastrophe, many great battles were fought to hold the chasm from the Daemon hordes, though ultimately, it was lost and with it the city. Though Xhotl fell, its ruins are to this day home to a small cadre of sentinels, their unblinking gaze never leaving the chasm below, lest the forces of Chaos return.

MIGHTY RIVERS

The jungles are crossed by thousands of miles of waterways, from small, fast-flowing streams to the widest of rivers. Greatest amongst these is the Amaxon, which rises in the Spine of Sotek mountain range and flows down to a basin so vast it encompasses the domains of three temple-cities. At its widest points, the opposite bank is scarcely visible, and archipelagos stretch for miles along the river. What might be hidden on some of these isolated islands has never been discovered, for even the aquatic Skinks avoid them, by order of the Slann.





SOUTHERN PLAINS

To the south of the temple-city of Oyxl, the jungles give way to a vast and fertile plain stretching many hundreds of miles to the southern-most extent of the continent of Lustria. Called the Culchan Plains, this vast expanse of land has only been visited by a handful of explorers, and none can say what mysteries it has yet to reveal. The plains are named after their primary inhabitants, the huge flightless birds called Culchan which, some explorers have claimed, provide vicious mounts for the warriors of the Amazon people. If any other peoples dwell upon the endless plains, they have yet to be encountered by explorers.

Mage-Priests sometimes travel to Oyxl to sit upon the apex of the crumbling Great Pyramid, aligning themselves towards the south whereby they are afforded an uninterrupted view all the way to the horizon, and are able to cast their thoughts even further still. The plains are an eerie place, instilled with arcane mystery, and strange lights streak across the skies by night. Perhaps this is some form of fallout from the terrible energies unleashed during the battles of the Great Catastrophe.

PLACES OF POWER

The temple-cities are far from the only structures rearing above the jungle canopies or languishing in the misty darkness beneath. The vast tracts of jungle are punctuated by hundreds, even thousands, of sacred sites, the crumbling relics of the long-lost age of the Old Ones, their locales not scattered randomly but built in accordance with the geomantic web, or placed to tap into some other vital power source or alignment. Many of these sites occupy lesser nexus points in the geomantic web. Others serve a more obscure purpose, long lost even to the Mage-Priests.

Many mystical places are situated near bodies of water, such as the Wellsprings of Eternity and the Fire Bogs, where rings of carved stelae rise out of the murky swamps; each contains remnants of the powerful spells that Lord Mazdamundi once unleashed there. North of Itza, the Emerald Pools are reserved for the Slann Mage-Priests, and the glowing waters are said to have a restorative ability. At the Great Confluence, many rivers flow together and between them form the largest series of waterfalls in the world – and the ornate floating temples that rise on those mists are places of mighty contemplation indeed.

Some of the most impressive Lizardmen structures are utterly baffling to the few outsiders who have survived their trip into the jungles long enough to discover them. Most often, these were designed by the Slann in attempts to signal the long-lost Old Ones, or perhaps to scan the skies and glean some clue as to their whereabouts. In central Lustria are a series of vast symbols carved into the ground and mystically kept free of encroachment by the sprawling jungle. From the ground it is impossible to discern their shape or pattern, for they are complex patterns intended to be seen from above by the enigmatic Old Ones, in the hope that they will guide their ships to a safe return and reunite them with their long-orphaned children.

It is these so-called 'places of power' that are more often the sites of battles between the Lizardmen and those who would invade their realm. This is because few intruders have the numbers, or are foolish enough, to launch a direct attack upon so large and well-defended a target as an intact temple-city. However, many of the places of power hide riches enough to attract invaders and treasure hunters, and so most are visited regularly by far-ranging patrols of watchful Skinks.



The Treasures of Lake Xuhua

Beneath the placid waters of Lake Xuhua lie untold riches gleaming invitingly in the shallows. Yet, any who attempt to recover the ingots and gemstones meet a grim end. The instant an intruder dives beneath the surface, he is trapped and finds himself unable to break the surface. He is condemned to drown pounding hopelessly on an invisible barrier across the surface of the water. The records of the Lizardmen state that the lake rose over and drowned a fabulously wealthy temple-city. According to the plaques this place was studded with gems of all hues. When the lake rose over the unnamed city, all of its occupants drowned, and no Lizardman has ever attempted to intrude there since.

The Stellar Pyramids of the Southern Skies

These strange structures are the destination of many a Mage-Priest's pilgrimage, for to meditate in their shadow is to gain an understanding of divination surpassed only by the Old Ones themselves. Over the millennia, there have been many battles fought here, for the pyramids have been the target of a great many Dark Elf raids, the Sorceresses intent upon reading the entrails of sacrificed prisoners in order to divine their own futures. While Dark Elf sorceresses have defiled pyramids' summits by reading the entrails of their sacrificial prisoners, few have liked what they have seen, for in every case the readings have foreseen a swift death at the hands of vengeful Lizardmen.

The Ziggurat of Dawn

This sheer-sided and imposing ziggurat pierces the jungle canopy and is visible for many miles around. At its summit is a fiery beacon that burns day and night, all year round. It is said that those who touch the fire

and live are gifted with the power of the sun itself, which has drawn ambitious treasure-seekers from many realms. This legend led the insane Dark Elf Prince Kharondhel to enact a perverse and blasphemous imitation of the ceremony of the Flames of Asuryan. What the twisted noble hoped to gain from this act can only be speculated upon, but all he found was a painful and gruesome death.

The Sentinels of Xeti

West of the Spine of Sotek Mountains, upon an arid coastal plain beyond the Chasm of the Condor, is to be found one of the strangest places in Lustria. The Sentinels of Xeti take the form of row upon row of monoliths, each dozens of yards high and covered in intricately graven patterns and shimmering green inlays. It is said that the Sentinels were erected at the order of the Mage-Priest Lord Arexibo of Itza soon after the Great Catastrophe. Their purpose is to listen for messages from the Old Ones, though to date none have been heard.

The Emerald Pools

Several hundred miles to the north of Itza is to be found a place of power named the Emerald Pools. The pools take the form of dozens of placid, lotus-strewn ponds which glow with an eerie green, inner light. The pools are especially sacred to the Mage-Priests, each of whom makes a pilgrimage to them every century or so. No Lizardmen other than the Slann are allowed to enter the waters of the Emerald Pools, the Saurus, Skinks and Kroxigor under strict instruction to await their master's return at the pool's edge. The Slann spend many days in the Emerald Pools, the sacred waters replenishing their bodies and perhaps refreshing their ancient souls.





No intruder has ever penetrated the jungles around the Emerald Pools, even during the tumultuous years of the war against the Skaven Clan Pestilens. The only warmbloods that even know of the pools' existence are the savage human tribeswomen who haunt the jungles of the region, and these hold them in as much reverence as the Slann, bathing in the glowing green waters of life.

Marks of the Old Ones

Deep in the jungles of central Lustria are to be found a series of vast geometric symbols carved deep into the ground, each describing the stylised form of a creature of the jungle. From the ground, they appear as perfectly engineered earthworks, but their true form is said only to be visible to the eyes of the gods. No mortal who walks upon the surface of the world could ever perceive the patterns, and some say they are intended only to be seen by the enigmatic Old Ones themselves.



The Citadel of Dusk

Upon an island off the southern-most tip of the continent of Lustria is the Citadel of Dusk. This High Elf garrison-port was built in the ninety-seventh year of the reign of the High Elf Phoenix King Morvael the Impetuous. Though few other than Elves have visited the port, the citadel itself is said to be an impossibly tall, needle-thin structure, the foundations of which may in fact pre-date the Elven civilisation in its origin. While the graceful structure is of Elven manufacture, it is constructed upon the site of a far older place of power. Though surely unaware of the fact, the High Elves, in occupying and defending the ancient site, are maintaining an important nexus point in the Great Warding.

The port is home to a large Elven fleet, and it is used as a base from which the Elves patrol the southern reaches of the Great Ocean and the seas beyond the Turtle Isles. From there it is said they control trade routes stretching as far as the distant islands of Nippon.

The High Elves of Ulthuan maintain a number of similar garrison-ports across the entire globe. How many of these are active parts of the Great Warding is unknown to the Mage-Priests of Lustria, though undoubtedly each is a site of enormous magical power.

THE DRAGON ISLES

The primordial jungle of the Dragon Isles is a cloying, hostile swampland punctuated by the towering trunks of ancient trees. Their canopy all but blocks out the sparse sunlight filtering through to the snake-infested morass below, but far deadlier creatures stalk through the shadows of this forgotten land. Long severed from the Lizardmen race that once sought to direct them as creatures of war the denizens of this primeval jungle have reverted to the level of pure predators. The Great Lizards of the Dragon Isles are exceptional bunters, and any who stray upon their territory quickly become their prey.

From the slenderest serpent to the mightiest Thunder Lizard, the Dragon Isles are host to an ecosystem dominated entirely by reptiles. The lost kin of the Lizardmen of the Southlands that once lived there degenerated or wiped each other out in futile tribal wars, whilst the larger species thrived at their expense. Now the Dragon Isles are host to a race of monstrous scaled beasts that lumber through a landscape that has changed little since the dawn of time itself.

Most of the Great Lizards are gigantic, some many times larger than a Stegadon and with a temperament to match. Some are so large they can cross deep lakes without becoming fully submerged, and must eat almost constantly to fuel their massive frames. Terradons soar on thermals high above the plateaus on which they make their nests, sharp eyes scanning for movement in the jungle below, and in turn the fabled Great Wyrms wheel and cry above them. Cold Ones stalk amongst the trees, senses attuned to the sharp scent of warm blood, while Horned Ones flit past them like lethal shadows. Salamanders slither through the swamplands, spitting goutts of fire at unwary prey that stray too close. Stegadons clash with Carnosaurs in the depth of the jungle in titanic struggles that can last for days on end, with the loser inevitably consumed by the victor.

But it is when invaders land upon the Dragon Isles that the true might of these beasts is unleashed. The Great Lizards of the Dragon Isles are fiercely territorial, and it is not without reason that this land, despite being rich in precious minerals such as diamonds, lapis lazuli and jade, remains uncharted. Any who stray to the borders of the forest will be met by a primal tide of claws and teeth as the jungle comes alive and either drives off or devours the interlopers.

THE WELL OF TIME

During the Second Age of Ulthuan, in the time of Bel Shanaar 'The Navigator', Elf adventurers set out to explore the world and establish trading colonies. Lustria, being not far to the west of Ulthuan, did not escape their attention and many Elven expeditions set out into the interior never to be seen again. This is the story of one of the first of these doomed expeditions, led by Sirion 'The Obsessed'. Absolutely no records of this expedition survive, neither Elven nor Lizardman, but the events can be 'seen' and 'heard' by means of the mysterious crystal skull of Hotizi-Poquz which is kept in the secret vaults of the city of Tlanxla.

A sleek Elven ship enters the mouth of the great river of Lustria. It is not a large ship, but a merchant vessel fitted out for an expedition. On board are a company of Elven soldiers, belonging to the same merchant kindred. Their leader stands at the prow. His name is Sirion and already he has gained a reputation in Ulthuan as an intrepid explorer.

Sirion's obsession is the mysterious land of Lustria. His interest in the wealth of this exotic land is superficial, that is what motivates his men and that is why the merchant kindred financed the expedition. Sirion however, has another motive for exploring the interior. He searches for secrets and hidden knowledge.

The ship glides effortlessly up the great river, the breeze blowing it against the current. The mist rises from the waters and the distant riverbanks, swathed in jungle, appear blue on the horizon. It is a glimpse of a remote age, a time before mankind, the dawn of the age of the Elf and Dwarf empires. But for the hidden dwellers of the rain forest it is the dawning of a new age, a time of contact with outsiders, new races of which their prophecies speak. The progress of the Elf expedition is being watched.

Eventually the sleek ship reaches the headwaters of the mighty river. Its shallow draught enables it to penetrate the reed choked creeks, between the menacing mangroves. The river is narrow here. After a while the ship runs aground. Sirion debates with his officers. It is decided to try and drag the ship over the mudbanks to the swamps and pools beyond. All the ship's company labour under the hot tropical sun dragging the ship inch by inch across the mud.

Elves with keen eyesight and powerful bows shoot arrows at the crocodiles as their comrades trudge thigh deep in cloying silt. At length the attempt is abandoned. Leaving a few Elves on board the ship, now high and dry on the mudbank, the rest trek onwards, with their gear strapped to their backs. A long file of Elves forces its way between the trees, deeper and deeper into the jungle.

The Elves are suffering in the humidity and heat. Their silvery armour is tarnished. Their pale skin burns under the scorching sun. Their faces are hidden under their hoods. The insects bite and delirium takes its hold. It is a bad decision, made in haste and surprise, to shoot arrows at the Skinks who suddenly appear from the trees. A small party of them are slain, transfixed with Elven arrows. None are spared, none escape.

Sirion and his Elves emerge from the forest. They enter a broad sunlit clearing. Beneath their feet the ground is paved and not even overgrown with weeds. As they continue into the centre of the plaza, they look up at the great stepped pyramids,

towering on all four sides of them. The stone gleams white in the sun. Strange carvings grimace down at them. The place is utterly deserted, yet pristine, as if some unforeseen catastrophe has overtaken the vanished inhabitants, leaving the city intact.

For a long time the Elves stay close together for fear of being ambushed. They make camp in the middle of the plaza, posting guards to keep watch throughout the dark night.

The sun rises over the summit of the greatest pyramid. Rays of light shine between the obelisks and along the paved road, cutting the plaza like a golden knife from the sky and waking the Elves. Several of their number are found to have perished overnight from bites, stings and sickness.

Suddenly an eerie sound pierces the dawn. Sirion and the others gaze up to the platform of the nearest pyramid. They see a lone figure playing a strange tune upon the pipes. It is Hotx-Potx greeting the sun as has been the custom of this place since the dawning of time. A foolish Elf, crazed with the delirium, shoots an arrow. Hotx-Potx tumbles. His greeting for the sun is not finished. Sirion glares at the Elf with the bow in his hand. His words of rebuke are unspoken, his eyes betray his dread.

Sirion orders his warriors to search the city. He tells them "If you find any scrolls bring them to me. If you find any objects which have no obvious use as tools or weapons, bring them to me as well." The Elves split up into small parties and set about searching the pyramid temples and the surrounding buildings. This takes a long time, and everyone is in fear of a sudden attack. The search is cursory, but various strange things are found. Plaques of gold are prised from the walls of a chamber on top of a lesser pyramid. These things are being shown to Sirion when another party of his followers approaches. "We have discovered something which you ought to see," they say.

Sirion accompanies them across the plaza. They enter the portal of a large pyramid. Torches are lit and the party file along the descending shafts. Lizardman glyphs and murals glimmer in the light of the torch as they pass by them. Then they enter a chamber deep beneath the pyramid. The entire chamber is filled with dazzling yellow light as soon as the torch passes through the door. The walls are covered in hundreds of gold plaques, everywhere is the gleam of gold. Sirion gasps with wonder. His Elves grin with satisfaction and no small amount of avarice.

In the centre of the chamber, set into the floor, is a circular hole that looks like a well. "What is that?" says Sirion. "We don't know!" his men reply. "We came to fetch you as soon as we found this place, we have not yet been inside the chamber." Sirion steps through the portal and peers down into the well. Suddenly he lets out a loud cry of despair. His men shudder and feel the icy chill of terror in their hearts despite the humid atmosphere of the chamber, where even the stones are sweating.

Sirion backs away from the well and pushes his warriors back into the passage. "Go back, go back!" he says. "What about the gold?" asks a plumed officer. "Leave it!" replies Sirion making his way in haste past the officer, the latter's mouth agape in disbelief. The party glance back into the chamber then quickly follow their leader back along the passage and into the sunlight.

A nasty sight meets their eyes as they emerge onto the plaza. The pavement is strewn with dead and stained with blood. Most of the bodies are Elves, horribly slain. Sirion gazes in silence, his mind is clearly disturbed. There are no traces of any enemies. Another party of Elves arrives in the plaza from the other side of the city. The plumed officer calls out "What happened?" "We don't know" comes the reply. "We heard cries so we came as fast as we could."

The two groups of Elves meet. The plumed officer turns to Sirion. "They must be around here somewhere, what shall we do?" Sirion's mind is clearly elsewhere. Then he says, "Pick up everything we have found, everything we can carry then we go!" The Elves set to work.

Suddenly they hear the rhythmic beating of a drum and gaze up in the direction of the sound. A line of Saurus warriors armed with spears and shields of bronze emerges out from behind the great pyramid. The line wheels around perfectly in step and in utter silence but for the beating of the drum. Then a second line appears, and a third. The Elves look on in awe as the Saurus bear down upon them. Then taking whatever they have got in their hands, they run. They head across the plaza and into the jungle.

Mage-Priest Xilicuncani sits upon his palanquin within his chamber. Ichipozi the Skink scribe approaches. The Mage-Priest blinks. "Speak!" he commands the Skink waiting patiently before him. "Wise one! Revered one! Focus of tranquillity! The strangers have left Traxcan. Are they to be pursued?"

The Slann is silent and then he says "Their leader has looked into the well of time. He should not have done such a thing!" Ichipozi replies "Indeed! Great One, let us slay him!" The Slann bestirs himself to utter once more. "Desist, impetuous one! His offence is his own chastisement. He has seen the doom of his own kind!"

A pitiful band of Elves staggers out of the jungle, and begin to make their way across an expanse of mud, baked and cracked by the relentless sun. They reach the ship, high and dry on the mud and held fast. The ship is little better than a wreck. The sail hangs in tatters. There is no sign of life. All those left to guard the ship have vanished. Sirion is demented. He rants and mutters to himself, declaring his intention to found a great trading port in this very spot. His troops ignore him. Under the direction of the plumed officer, they begin to make a raft from the timbers of their ship.

It is many days later. The raft is complete. Sirion has assumed command again. The raft is drifting slowly along the great river. Flies buzz over the raft. High above, vultures are circling. The Elves lie here and there, dead or dying. The head of one of them lolls over the side of the raft into the water. It is already a skull. Fish tear at the remnants of flesh adhering to the bone. The plumed officer sits, clutching his sword, awaiting death. Sirion is striding about on the raft, describing the great trading colony he is going to build, in all its splendid detail. He turns to his only surviving companion, "You don't believe me do you" he says. "You think it will never happen, but you're wrong I tell you. Wrong! You'll see, you'll see..." A gold plaque slips into the water. The vision fades.



THE TEMPLE-CITIES



Upon entering the dark beneath the canopies of Lustria, it is impossible to see more than a few dozen yards ahead, much less view more distant features. Only the most towering of creatures, or those gifted with flight, will ever witness the hidden continent's most glorious spectacles. Rising proud above the canopy and gleaming in the bright sunlight stand the great temple-cities of the Lizardmen.

Amongst the eldest structures in the world, the temple-cities were raised during the age of the Old Ones and none have been built since. For their size and simple grandeur, they have never been equalled by the constructions of any younger race. Monolithic structures and vast pyramids still stand, breathtaking in their scope, unrivalled in their enormity. In their time, each one teemed with thriving activity; the Slann Mage-Priests and their viziers were kept busy supervising the nurturing of the various races created by the Old Ones, the Skinks ensured daily operations ran smoothly and, from under the decorative arches, the Saurus legions marched on their wars of extinction. Dozens of saurian from the jungle were captured and trained for domestic uses – Stegadons hauled forwards building materials for the Kroxigor, Pliodons acted as living ferries across the wide canals, and Voxosaurs emitted their piercing screams to sound alarms. The Old Ones themselves would come and go, their star-sailing ships landing in the wide plazas.

Each of the temple-cities was constructed to be different in its own way, although all have been carefully positioned to relate to a specific celestial body or astral phenomena. As well as relating to constellations in the skies, each city lies along lines of power criss-crossing the world and serve as pivotal nexus points in the geomantic web. These ley lines link the temple-cities, forming a web of energy that the Slann are able to tap into, enhancing their own powers of sorcery and communication. This is the source of much of the Slann's power and of energy vital to the maintenance of the Great Warding. Since the coming of Chaos, and the deviations from the Great Plan, some of the alignments have drifted apart. In fact, at least one temple-city has been lost entirely, its location and the fate of its population unknown even to the Mage-Priests. Where possible, their ruins are still guarded, for they are still circuits that make up the greater whole. Yet over the ages, some sites have been left permanently neglected, their power and population lost to the Lizardmen forever.

Each of the temple-cities is dedicated to a different founding Old One divinity, although within each city there are often numerous other pyramids dedicated to other blessed Old Ones, as well as Sotek. It is at the top of these pyramids that the most sacred rituals are performed, including bloody sacrifices and dedications to the gods.





Temple-cities do not have permanent rulers. Responsibility for a city's administration falls mainly to the Skink Priests, for the Mage-Priests seldom express any interest in the details of the administration of their realm. When an issue arises that the Skink Priests cannot deal with alone, they will awaken the city's pre-eminent Mage-Priest and put the issue to him. Such problems might include the approach of an intruding army through the jungles, the discovery of a new jungle lotus grove, or the reading of a portentous omen in the migratory flight patterns of the wind frog.

All but four of the temple-cities have long since fallen, though this has not always been the case. In the ages since the Great Catastrophe, the fortunes of the temple-cities have risen and fallen according to the unknowable will of the Old Ones. Some cities have been inexplicably abandoned by their populations, their populations marching in long columns to rebuild an ancient ruin many miles distant. Even those that have fallen are far from abandoned, however, for ever-watchful sentinels peer from the jungles, guarding the treasures hidden within. Sometimes a Slann Mage-Priest will set out with an army to refound some other location – temporarily re-establishing a dwelling amidst the overgrown ruins so that he can meditate in peace upon deep matters that require thoughts from that particular alignment. This is usually done because the priests are interested in maintaining the network of astral alignments between the cities in order to continue the venerated intentions of the Old Ones. Or, it may herald the complete rebuilding of a long-ruined temple-city, a mighty undertaking that will last many centuries.

Whether intact or ruined, most cities are crumbling shadows of their former glory. Those that remain have not grown in size, but often have diminished slightly, with ruinous precincts on their outer edges, gradually being overwhelmed by the advancing jungle.



WITHIN THE TEMPLE-CITIES

Although most of the temple-cities were founded in the time of the Old Ones, they were not all built to a standard plan. Each one was laid out differently according to certain astral alignments. Thus Hexoatl is planned in line with important solar alignments, while Tlaxtlan is laid out according to alignments of the moon Men call Mannslieb and the Lizardmen call the Silvered One. Other cities are planned according to the alignments of various constellations. Two or more cities may be aligned on the same planets or constellations, but in different ways; thus Huatl is also a solar city, but is laid out differently from Hexoatl. Apart from these differences, all Lizardman cities have certain features in common.

The pyramid-temples are clustered together in cities. The tall pyramids of the highest Mage-Priests are surrounded by the smaller pyramids of the lesser Mage-Priests. Grouped around these are the huts of the Skinks, the plazas where the Saurus warriors practise their drills, store-rooms and the sacred ponds in which the Skinks are spawned.



Pyramid-Temples

At the heart of every city are the pyramid-temples. Large and majestic, these stepped ziggurats loom over everything. Each pyramid is placed in alignment with one or more stars or planets, or some other celestial body. These are arranged around the central plaza and rise up in platforms, giving a stepped appearance. Steep staircases ascend the pyramid, one on each side. The temple is on the flat topmost step. Within the pyramid-temples are sacred crypts and chambers reached through secret tunnels, and beneath the temples are labyrinths of passages where the Saurus Warriors dwell ready to defend the inner sanctums. The pyramid-temples are decorated with sculptures and sometimes painted in striking colours. These paintings depict aspects of Lizardman mythology and feature the symbols and totems of the many and varied gods.

Each pyramid temple rises steeply in a succession of diminishing platforms. A steep staircase leads up to the loftiest platform on which will be the residence of a Mage-Priest. Here the Mage-Priest sits enthroned upon his palanquin flanked by his Saurus bodyguards. Often a mirror-like pool of water surrounds the Slann, and it is said that the Slann can view far off lands through this medium. Privileged Skinks attend to the Mage-Priest, patiently waiting on the ancient beings to rise from their meditations, and they record any proclamation that is uttered, whether verbally or telepathically. There is a constant to and fro of Skink servants in the surrounding chambers and pillared porticos running up and down the staircase attending to his every need. Lesser priests also make their way up the staircase to



consult the great mind and receive such advice as the master deems worth the bother of uttering. Standing wary nearby at all times are the Temple Guard, dedicated Saurus warriors whose sole existence centres on protecting the Slann, the living embodiment of the temples themselves.

The tops of the pyramid temples of Lustria are just high enough to be seen above the canopy of tall jungle trees. At each of their summits, far above the world, sit the most ancient of the city's Slann Mage-Priests. From the platform on the top of one pyramid temple a Slann Mage-Priest can see the platform of a distant pyramid, on which sits another Mage-Priest. The Mage-Priest will also be aware of dozens of other priests upon their pyramids yet further away, beyond the horizon. Thus the great minds of the Slann are all on the same level across the landscape and they are able to transmit their thoughts to one another along invisible lines linking one temple to another.

The taller the pyramid, the more powerful the Mage-Priest; the surrounding smaller structures are for lesser priests, and so each is able to communicate by telepathy with his equals, while keeping his thoughts aloof from the lesser priests. This is not because the highest Slann want to keep their thoughts secret from their subordinates, but is done so that the elder generation can keep their mental pathways clear – undisturbed by the naive questions and less weighty thoughts of younger Slann or, worse still, the impertinent and impatient Skink Priests.

Sometimes the Slann will dwell within a temple room at the top, while others sit in their meditative states atop pillars protruding from the tip of the stepped monoliths. There they sit for years on end, protected from the wild Lustrian elements by a sphere of energy that encases them. The lines of power pass through the Slann, linking them to their brethren, and allowing instantaneous communication with other Mage-Priests on top of distant temples or even receive inspiration from the sun, moons, stars and planets to which the pyramid is aligned. In their meditative states, the spirits of the Slann fly free, merging with those of their brethren, their thoughts and feelings compounding into a single consciousness. The spirit-souls of deceased Slann join with those of the living, sharing their wisdom and collective experiences.

Although each pyramid temple is dedicated to a god, who will also be considered to be a manifestation or messenger of one of the Old Ones, it serves as a residence for a Mage-Priest. Exceptionally revered Mage-Priests may even have a pyramid temple built for them. Pyramid temples dedicated to Sotek have a deep sacrificial snake pit descending from the top platform into the depths beneath. At the bottom dwell enormous serpents, a manifestation of Sotek, fed by sacrificial victims hurled down from above. In some cities the pit is located within the pyramid or in the plaza.

Situated around the temples at the heart of the temple-cities are numerous paved causeways leading to the





grand plaza with a great pyramid at its centre. This pyramid is often flanked by a series of lesser pyramids dedicated to various Old One divinities. The causeways are bordered by towering stone carvings covered in glyphs and sculpted scenes re-enacting myths and rituals, which are kept in good order by teams of Skink artisans.

The Star Chamber

At the apex of every temple-pyramid that is the abode of a Mage-Priest is to be found the Star Chamber. Within this sacred temple space the Slann aligns his thoughts to those of his peers, taking his place in the sublime communion, though they be far distant over the horizon. When not engaged in metaphysical debate with the other Mage-Priests, a Slann can turn his attentions to the constellations above, seeking signs in the heavens that foretell of the return of the Old Ones.

There are many of these chambers atop temple-pyramids both intact and in a state of ruin, in the temple-cities and a thousand other sites across Lustria. On occasion a Slann Mage-Priest will decide that a matter of particular import may only be considered with due clarity from within the Star Chamber of some ruined and overgrown pyramid deep in the jungle, perhaps many hundreds of miles distant. Thus, even the most ancient and decrepit temple may be the abode of a Mage-Priest, if only for a brief period once in a thousand years.

The Eternity Chamber

When a Slann Mage-Priest determines to enter the very deepest of trances and to send his spirit soaring to the furthest reaches of space and time, he retires to the Eternity Chamber. Here, he seeks to attune his mind to the will of the Old Ones, to follow the strands of their consciousness, to hear even the faintest echoes of their thoughts.

The Great Pyramid of every temple-city contains such a chamber, as do a number of the smaller temple

structures aligned upon it. While the temple's Star Chamber is located at the pyramid's apex, so that the Slann might contemplate the stars above and the lofty thoughts of his fellows, the Eternity Chamber lies at the very heart of the mighty temple, beneath dozens, even hundreds of metres of rock. The thoughts of the temple-city's population are quietened, allowing the Slann Mage-Priest the peace he needs to gradually slow his metabolism, so that his heart eventually beats but once an hour.

Only when he has entered such a state can the Mage-Priest's spirit detach from his body, and soar free through the dimensions. Only then can the Slann hope to detect the distant, half-heard echoes of the voices of the Old Ones.

The Pyramid Vaults

Deep within the heart of each pyramid are many vaults, crypts and chambers built of colossal blocks of stone and accessible only through a secret passage. Saurus guards stand in constant vigilance at the portals to the vault. This vault may contain the mummified remains of a venerated Slann Mage-Priest whose spirits have left their bodies, having been struck down in battle or lost during the coming of Chaos. These vaults may also contain mirror-like pools for observing distant locations, ancient devices left behind by the Old Ones or other relics.

The walls of the vaults may be covered in gold plaques inscribed with sacred glyphs. These inscriptions record the instructions which were given to the Slann by the Old Ones when they were on the world. Each plaque gives directions for the enactment of part of the Old Ones' great and inscrutable plan for the world. These sacred plaques lie at the heart of the religion of the Slann. Their sacred task is to dutifully and faithfully complete the plans of the Old Ones. The plaques are duty consulted, and each part of the world plan is put into action at the intended moment, when the stars and planets are in the correct alignment.



Thus the Slann Mage-Priests know when it is time for continents to shift, for seas to open, for volcanoes to erupt and even for the world to alter its axis or its orbit. All these are recorded on the plaques and when they say that a thing should be done, the Mage-Priests will see that it is done. The great minds of all the priests will be turned onto this one task and the continents will move. As to the fate of those who dwell upon the continents, or the cities that will plunge into the abyss, this is of no concern to the Slann. The will of the Old Ones will be carried out unto the end of time, and only the Slann know when this will be.

The Labyrinths

Beneath each pyramid temple is a labyrinth of tunnels and crypts, which are usually half flooded with swamp water. It is here that the Saurus, Kroxigor and other creatures are spawned and were raised under the care of the Skinks. The drier chambers are the barracks of the Saurus warriors, in which are hung row upon row of vicious bronze weapons and shields. The Saurus warriors use the tunnels of the labyrinth to emerge at various points on the steps and platforms of the temple to defend it. Anyone attempting to reach the top of the temple can expect to be attacked from every side and will have to fight for every step of the way. From their subterranean cloisters they emerge, ready to fight under the direction of the Slann or the eldest of Saurus, the Oldbloods.

All the labyrinths in the pyramid city are linked, allowing for a co-ordinated defence. Any tunnel can be sealed by huge blocks of stone, rendering it impossible to invade the pyramid or the city through the labyrinth. Any enemy who try this will be entombed forever.

The Temples of the Old Ones

These temples, each dedicated to a single Old One are attended to by scores of Skink Priests, who maintain ancient plaques and artefacts housed within the secret vaults beneath. Each day ceremonies are enacted upon the altars atop each pyramid temple and at certain days of the year, or at the conjunction of portentous stellar phenomena, the air sizzles with the power of the ancients called forth by their ever-loyal servants.

Ruined Temples

Many structures in and around the temple-cities have been allowed to fall into apparent disrepair. The truth is that the Lizardmen measure such notions by different standards than Men or Elves. Some structures may be allowed to crumble almost to dust before being rebuilt to their former glory at the command of a Mage-Priest or the prompting of a prophecy. Many is the plundering adventurer who has mistaken such a ruined structure for an unguarded one, and paid the ultimate price for their ignorance as its sentinels strike to defend its riches.

Sacred Spawning Ponds

A typical Lizardman city occupies a clearing in the jungle, often bordered by swamps. The roads leading into the city often cross over these by means of paved


causeways, flanked by avenues of lizard-sphinxes carved from massive blocks of stone. The swamps are the spawning places of the city, where Lizardmen have been born from time immemorial at times decreed millennia ago by the Old Ones. Some of these places may have been enclosed by stone embankments and made into rectangular sacred ponds. Amongst the spawning ponds are other pools infested with carnivorous piranha fish. These hazards act as defences for the city, trapping unwary foes who try to approach through the jungle to circumvent the causeways' guards.

On the outskirts of the city amongst the encroaching jungles, are the Skink spawning pools – areas that the Old Ones set aside for that purpose millennia past. With almost every new moon a brood of hatchlings swarm from the waters ready to fulfil the purpose of their existence within the Slann's interpretation of the Great Plan.

Central Plaza

The causeways become processional ways as they proceed into the heart of the city. They are lined with carved stone stelae covered in gleaming arcane devices and sculptured scenes and glyphs recording various events, myths or rituals important to the inhabitants. These form a gateway that the eldest Slann can open. The air ripples like water under the subtle manipulations of the Mage-Priests, opening a gateway across the world. Entire armies of Saurus can be mobilised within hours, marching to battle against enemies in completely different continents, half a world away.





The roads may pass between tall obelisks which are positioned to define the alignment of the axis of the city on various stars and planets. At the heart of the city is a great paved plaza. The pyramid temples face onto the plaza from all sides. This place is where the population gather to observe rituals and where the army of the city musters before marching off to battle.

Skink Barrios

Surrounding the pyramids are the Skink barrios, forming the working suburbs of the city. Here the Skinks live and pursue their crafts of making the artefacts of Lizardmen civilisation that enable the city to live and breathe. There are many types of craftsmen here: the makers of scrolls, beaters of copper, brewers of intoxicating potions and the sculptors of glyphs, as well as vast numbers of workers, skilled and unskilled, and their overseers.

These dusters of small houses, courtyards and workshops are crowded and full of frantic activity at all hours of the day, with Skinks scurrying about attending to various tasks. These eighth-clustered stone buildings can hold teeming populations of thousands of Skinks. A thriving Lizardman city may have a population numbering many tens of thousands, the majority of the population being Skinks. The lives of these creatures are strictly ordered, each one knowing his duty and purpose within the whole, and day to day life is efficient and structured.

In the open spaces around the barrios are kept the Stegadons and other beasts needed for work in the vicinity of the city, or ready for marching out with the army. Others are kept in small clearings further out in the jungle, among the overgrown ruins on the edge of the city, or at the outlying stone quarries and mines.



ITZA – THE FIRST CITY

Few travellers have penetrated deep into the domains of the Lizardmen and returned, for the Hosts of Itza are to be found marching to war against any who defile their realms.

Many thousands of years ago, at the very dawn of creation, the Old Ones came to the world, and remade it according to the tenets of their own vision – a vision impenetrable to all but the most enlightened and godlike of beings. Legend states that upon the ground first trod by the enigmatic Old Ones was built a city, one that stands to this day, 12,500 years after its founding. That city is Itza, called the First, greatest of the Lizardmen temple-cities and home to some of the mightiest practitioners of magic in the world. Foremost amongst them is the venerable Relic Priest, Lord Kroak, whose indomitable spirit has guarded Itza against the return of Chaos since the Great Catastrophe. Although it has been hard-pressed on several occasions, never once has Itza yielded to an attacker. The consequences of it doing so are too terrible to contemplate, and not only for the Lizardmen.

Itza is located amidst the most impenetrable regions of the Lustrian jungle, many miles inland of any point at which explorers and invaders might make landfall upon the eastern coast. There are no easily travelled routes that may be followed, at least by any other than those native to Lustria, for Itza lies a great distance from any river. Even a party that has navigated the Amaxon or Lambada will be forced to abandon their boats and trek across the densest jungle to be found on the continent. And that's assuming the Lizardmen allow the invaders to get that close...

To the west of Itza is the great mountain range known as the Spine of Sotek, a range that stretches the length of the entire continent and is passable at only a handful of points. At the Chasm of the Condor, the pass closest to the city, the sentinels of Itza stand vigilant, ready to send back word should intruders attempt to approach from the west. Itza itself is one of the most impressive of all the extant temple-cities. The concentration of the most venerable of Mage-Priests in one location at times causes the very air to seeth with magic power, arcane energies arcing from the pyramids' summits, while at other times feeling of serene contemplation overcomes all who visit it.

"...BECAUSE THE RISING OF TOPAC WAS APPROACHING, LORD XLAL ORDERED A MIGHTY ENCLOSURE OF PROTECTION TO BE ERRECTED AROUND THE PODIUM OF SOTEK LIKE THE COILS OF THE SERPENT GOD

FOR ONE HUNDRED CYCLES OF THE SUN THE KROX LABOURED THE STONES WERE SET BY INHUI, CHIEF OF SKINKS."

From the Foundation Inscription of the Fort of Traxcan



Itza itself is one of the most impressive of all the extant temple-cities. The concentration of the most venerable of Mage-Priests at times causes the very air to seethe with arcing magical power, while at other times a palpable feeling of serene contemplation overcomes all who visit it.

The pyramid-temples clustered in the heart of Itza are taller than mountains and are great conduits of power. At times, the concentration of so many ancient Slann causes the very air to seethe with arcing magical energy, while at others, a palpable feeling of serene contemplation overcomes all who visit. Itza is a sprawling city with dozens of distinct districts, each overcrowded and bustling with Skinks who move at a frenetic pace. The skies above are filled with Terradons, each carrying messages or perhaps a dignitary from some far distant temple-city. The wide avenues are crowded with scribes and artisans, going about the business that is vital to the running of such an important city. And watching over it all are the warriors of the Host of Itza.

And watching over it all are the warriors of the Host of Itza. The temple-city's armies are second to none, for they guard the First City, the sacred ground upon which the Old Ones themselves once walked, and perhaps one day may do so again. Buried in the labyrinth beneath the city's wide streets are vaults that hold many of the Old Ones' creations. There are devices of such potential devastation that not even the Slann Mage-Priests dare dwell upon their nature for long.

The Pyramid of Sotek

At the very heart of the temple-city of Itza is to be found the largest of its pyramid temples - that dedicated to Sotek. From the altar atop this mighty structure the Priests of the Red Cult lead daily ceremonies of appeasement and veneration of the twin-

tongued serpent god. Upon the high days of Sotek, the entire population of the temple-city gathers in the central plaza - even the remains of the Lord Kroak himself are brought out - to voice their adulation of their god. It is said that the hissing chants sent up by the multitudinous congregation are amongst the most unsettling of sounds to be voiced from mortal throats, and they can be heard for many miles around.

The Sacrificial Pit of Sotek

Pyramid temples and plazas dedicated to the Serpent God Sotek have a deep sacrificial snake-pit descending into the depths beneath. At the bottom dwell enormous serpents, a manifestation of Sotek, fed by sacrificial victims hurled down from above. As the First City, Itza receives a great many of the captives taken all across Lustria, by its own armies and by the hosts of the other temple-cities. These are forced to trek many hundreds of miles through the most perilous jungles in the world, fitting punishment for the woe they would do to the children of the gods. Upon reaching Itza, a journey that may take many months, the captives are sacrificed by the thousand as due veneration to the Serpent God, lending Sotek the power to continue his eternal war against the god of the rat spawn.

The Pyramid of Lord Kroak

This huge structure houses the remnants of the venerable Lord Kroak, the first spawned Slann and most powerful of the Old Ones' servants. The desiccated body of the Relic-Priest is at most times housed deep within the pyramid, and guarded by a cohort of the mightiest of Saurus Temple Guard. At significant times, however, Kroak's body is brought to the temple atop the pyramid, where his spirit gazes out through millennia-dead eyes across the domains of his lost masters. The pyramid is decorated with sculptures painted in striking colours, depicting aspects of Kroak's life and the battles in which, even after his death, his actions have been critical.



Avenue of Lizard-Sphinxes

The great avenue that leads in to the First City is lined for many miles with great statues of mighty Lizards, hewed millennia past from single stones. Those few visitors who have returned from Itza have all told of the impression granted by these silent and unmoving sentinels, for they are all of nightmarish aspect and tower high above the mortals passing below. Some have sworn the monolithic heads have slowly moved to follow their passing. These travellers also report that the avenues are lined with cloying swamps that boil with carnivorous life reminding travellers that there is only one way into or out of, Itza – and that is travelled only at the discretion of the city's masters.

The Bridge of Stars

Located several miles to the east of Itza, the Bridge of Stars is a structure as ancient as the temple-city itself, spanning a vast chasm rent in the earth aeons ago, before even the coming of the Old Ones. Located as it is at a major approach to the city, the Bridge of Stars is heavily defended by the cohorts of Itza, and has been the site of many a defeat for the Lizardmen's foes. It was famously held by the venerable Kroxigor Nakai during the Defence of Itza against the Chaos hordes when the Polar Gates fell. So great was the tally of Daemon-things reaped by the Kroxigor that day that it is said such creatures fear the site as they do no other place in the material world, hearing the death knell of uncounted numbers of their kin, echoing down the millennia.

Pyramid of Itzl

It was during the epic defence of Itza, when the Polar Gates collapsed and Chaos engulfed the world that Lord Kroak sat atop the great Pyramid of Itzl, a calm amidst the hellish storm. It is said that the pyramid contains the most powerful and arcane machineries of destruction, and that the first of the Slann Mage-Priests unleashed these in a cataclysmic tempest of mystical power that reduced the rampaging hordes of Daemons to ashes. Such is the power still contained within the pyramid to this day wizards and others with the mystic sight can sense its latent potency from many miles away. As they draw nearer to the source, they often experience a great deal of discomfort, and it is doubtful that any but the most skilled of mages would survive standing upon the pyramid itself, so strong is its arcane, destructive potential.

The Hosts of Itza

The most well-known of the leaders of Itza is the Venerable Lord Kroak, though he only ever takes to the field of battle when the realms of the Lizardmen are under significant threat. More often, one of the lesser Mage-Priests of Itza will lead an army, though even then, it takes a dire threat indeed to rouse such a being from their deep contemplative trances. Of the Mage-Priests who reside in Itza, it is the Lords Xlotc and Tepec-Inzi who are most likely to be found leading the host. Lord Xlotc has a particular interest in defeating the forces of undeath and is highly skilled in the Lore of Life and of Light as a consequence. Lord Xlotc is a

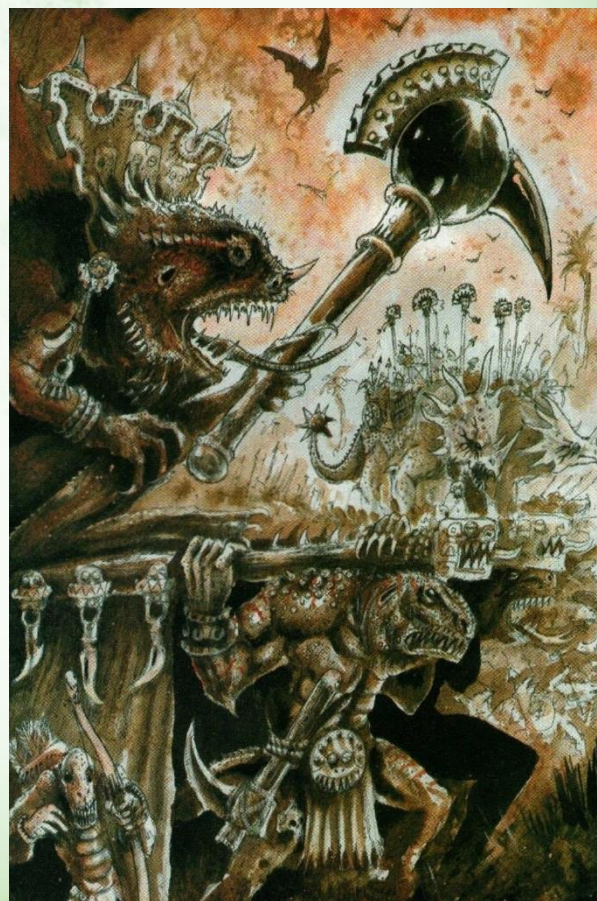
Slann of the Third Generation. Lord Tepec-Inzi is a far 'younger' Slann, being of the Fifth Generation, and his reckless (for a Slann) pursuit of the Dark Elves who stole the Star Stela.

In addition to the Mage-Priests, there are a number of Saurus generals who are actually more likely to be found leading the armies of Itza. The Saurus Oldblood known as the mighty Lord Gor-Boq is such an individual, and this leader has reportedly served the temple-city for many thousands of years.

Itza is home to an unusually high number of both Skink Priests and scribes, and so it is not uncommon for large numbers of Priests to accompany the city's armies to war. These seek to enact the will of the Old Ones by challenging the enemy's magical mastery and sensibly avoid melee to concentrate on using their magic from afar.

As with all temple-cities, the bulk of Itza's armies consist of resolute Saurus and doughty Skinks, acting in unison in the prosecution of their city's wars. On a number of occasions over the millennia, the spawning pools have brought forth Sacred Spawnings of such number that a so-called Sacred Host has risen.

Being as Itza is very much at the heart of the Lizardmen empire, it must maintain close links with other temple-cities, and numerous couriers arrive daily from all over the continent mounted upon the sky-borne Terradons. As a consequence, the Skinks of Itza maintain a tradition of rearing and training Terradons, and are famed throughout Lustria for their use.





Stegadons are prevalent in the Host of Itza as large numbers of such creatures are reared in and around the city for use as beasts of burden and of war. On very rare occasions, a Slann Mage-Priest may take it upon himself to relocate from Itza to another site, or vice versa, and will travel in a mighty cavalcade, accompanied by the largest creatures bred by the Skink beastmasters. Such processions are a sight few outsiders have ever witnessed, for the Lizardmen will allow no one to approach within many miles of their most precious cargo.

HEXOATL – CITY OF THE SUN

Though Itza can be said to be capital of the Lizardmen's domain, Hexoatl has eclipsed in importance the First City, for the City of the Sun is home to Lord Mazdamundi, the most active of all the remaining Mage-Priests.

The reason for Lord Mazdamundi's comparative vigour is to be found in the location of the City of the Sun. Hexoatl is the northernmost of temple-cities, located on the Isthmus of Pahuax. It is Lustria's first line of defence against invaders from the north. Two hundred miles to the north of the city can be found the Grey Guardians, a sentient mountain range created by the city's ruler – Lord Mazdamundi – with a single mighty thought. He raised them to block the path of an oncoming Dark Elf army that threatened to overwhelm the City of the Sun and the tactic proved so effective that the powerful Mage-Priest has made the enchantment permanent.

Throughout its history, the Isthmus of Pahuax has been a frequent landfall for warmbloods who survive the journey across the great ocean. All of the intruders' settlements have been abolished, save only for Skeggi,

whose occupants have, on the whole, proven wise enough to avoid conflict with Mazdamundi's armies.

As a consequence of its location and history, the City of the Sun is the most fortified and martial of all the temple-cities. It is encircled not just by jungle but also high walls, upon which stand many towers, while the boundaries of most other cities simply merge with the surrounding jungle. Serried ranks of Saurus and Temple Guard march down its wide avenues, and Skink patrols, reinforced by whole herds of Stegadons, sweep the surrounding land for hundreds of miles around to ensure any threat is stopped before it can ever reach the walls of Hexoatl.

TLAXTLAN – CITY OF THE MOON

Another of the currently intact temple-cities is Tlaxtlan, the so-called City of the Moon. It is significant that the temple-city's moniker refers to only a single moon, rather than the pair of satellites that actually circle the world, for the city was constructed when only a single moon hung in the night sky above the world.

According to legend, the occupants of the City of the Moon were once renowned across the Lizardmen realm as astromancers and prognosticators without peer. Their observations of the moon and stars made for stunningly accurate predictions of future events. With the Great Catastrophe, however, the second moon of pure Chaos came into being, composed of the pure stuff of Chaos, and their mastery was lost. It is not subject to the universal laws held in such high regard by the Slann, for it orbits according to no fathomable pattern – a source of unending consternation to the Slann and Skink Priests who still look to the stars to read the future.



SLAVE-WARRIORS OF THE CITY OF THE MOON

The first human invaders to brave the Piranha Swamps around the Amazon delta met with a grisly end, but not at the teeth of the region's voracious predators. A Lizardman army from the City of the Moon ambushed the raiders as they picked their way through the swamps, for Lord Chitqa-xi had foreseen their coming. This eccentric Slann ordered the intruding warm-bloods captured rather than slain. They were brought to Tlaxtlan, and lobotomised in a bizarre ritual surgery. To this day, lobotomised humans serve in the armies of Tlaxtlan, drooling and incontinent, yet unflinchingly obedient to the will of Lord Chuqu-xi.

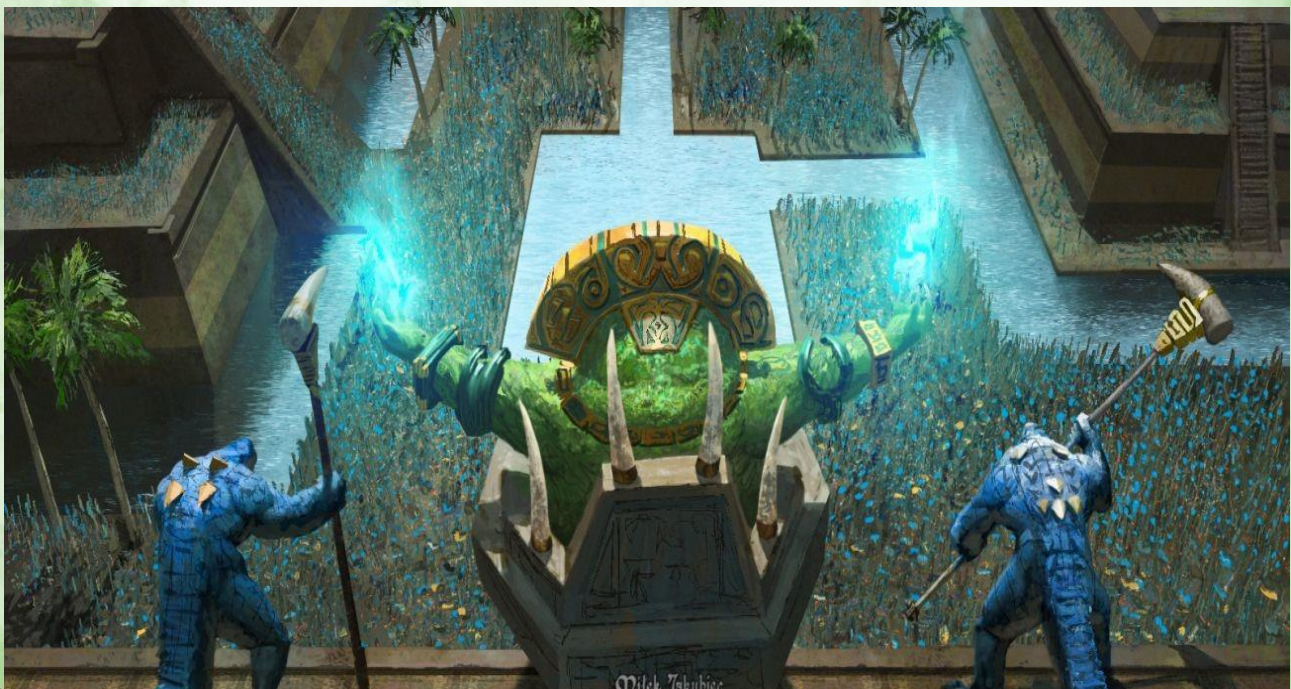
Since the Great Catastrophe and the fall of the Old Ones, the Slann of Tlaxtlan have pondered the conundrum of the Chaos Moon. They have focused all of their prodigious energies towards pushing it out of the world's orbit, directing meteorites to strike it, and a hundred other methods of restoring their once great powers, yet still the fell moon plagues them. Throughout the ages, however, other foes have demanded the Mage-Priests' attentions, distracting them from their task. Perhaps one day, when the powers of Chaos are defeated once and for all, the Mage-Priests of Tlaxtlan will complete their mission, and dispel the Chaos Moon.

XLANHUAPEC – CITY OF MISTS

The second of the temple-cities to be founded, Xlanhuapec is a mysterious place that holds many secrets left behind by the Old Ones. For its own protection, the entire city is perpetually wreathed in banks of coiling mist and it is possible to pass within a few yards of its boundary stones without noting the city's sprawling presence, so thick are those swirling vapours.

Xlanhuapec houses a number of ancient artefacts, including the Placid Pool – reflective waters that allow world-spanning visions; the Device of the Great Beyond – a communications relic through which others from far distant stars occasionally speak, and an Eternity Ship – a great egg-shaped vessel within which time does not flow. These hoarded treasures and more are jealously guarded and it is a death sentence for any outsider to so much as glimpse the city beneath its protective shroud of mists, for Xlanhuapec is ground sacred to the Lizardmen.

The Slann and Skink Priests of Xlanhuapec are especially skilled in the elemental magical arts, for the city occupies an auspicious alignment on the lines of power crossing the world. At all times, one of the city's Slann Mage-Priests maintains the shrouding mists that hide the city, chanting a grand spell that has remained uninterrupted for millennia. The Mage-Priest's words turn to creeping vapour even as they leave his lips, filling his chamber with cloying fog which spreads forth to encompass the entire city – a sprawling metropolis that extends dozens of miles in all directions from the mountainous heights of its centremost pyramid. The environs are said to be watched by magical beings made from water and air, summoned into existence by the magic of the Old Ones. These magical constructs are possessed of terrible strength and vitality near the City of Mists, but they soon dissolve to nothing the further they travel from it. Thus, an intruder heading south-west from the Mosquito Swamps would be wise to turn back the instant he glimpses in the corner of his eye some ill-defined figure tracking him through the half-light. Should he carry on, only a gruesome death in the all-encompassing mists awaits. Few invaders have ever been able to penetrate the city and live to tell the tale, although those survivors have spread many rumours of the city's matchless treasures.



A LEGACY IN RUINS

The majority of the temple-cities of Lustria are now in ruins, choked and overgrown by the jungle, although not necessarily deserted. Some still have Mage-Priests and their Skink and Saurus servants lingering, guarding the hidden mummies of ancient Slann or sacred plaques sealed within the vaults. There are many different reasons why these wonders have been reduced to such decrepit states. Most were ravaged during the Great Catastrophe, overrun and destroyed by daemonic hordes. Many cities lost in this way have since been recovered, while others remain so tainted by the Daemons' passing that they may never be habitable again. Some cities have fallen in the millennia since the Great Catastrophe, such as Quetza and Axlotl, while others have simply been abandoned. Some of the cities however were lost to invaders, who managed to reach and plunder them.

A few cities were ruined by the actions of the Slann themselves. It happens from time to time that the plan of the Old Ones requires the continent of Lustria to be shifted. When this occurs, some cities fall into ruins as earthquakes rock the entire continent. The Lizardmen abandon the city when the first tremors are felt, sometimes returning to re-occupy the ruins afterwards, sometimes migrating to swell the population of another more intact city. Thus though there were once many small temple cities, now there are a few very large ones.

Another cause of desertion of cities is the re-alignment of lines of telepathy. All cities are located on lines of telepathy. If the plan of the Old Ones requires a re-alignment of any of these lines, cities on the old alignment are deserted, their vaults sealed up, and the Lizardmen migrate, taking their masters and relics upon palanquins in a great trek through the jungle to another city.

The ruins which remain occupied are usually those which have been plundered by enemies. The plan of the Old Ones requires that the Slann remain in occupation with their Skinks and Saurus so they persist within the ruins, rebuilding slowly, guarding the vaults, maintaining their link in the web of telepathic lines across the Lizardman realm.

TLAX – CITY OF GHOSTS

Those temple-cities that were destroyed during the Great Catastrophe are often haunted by their past, such as what remains of Tlax, which is now known as the City of Ghosts. The ruined temple-city of Tlax lies close to the Tarantula Coast, a stretch of coastline upon which seaborne invaders may land with relative ease. As a result of its location, only fifty miles or so inland, many intruders have come to Tlax. Very few, however, have left.

Tlax, called with good reason the City of Ghosts, is quite literally haunted by the far distant past. It is as if the calamitous events of the Great Catastrophe were etched into the very air itself, to be replayed, over and

THE RITUAL OF WORDS YET UNVOICED

Every year on midsummer's day, the Lizardmen enact a mighty ritual atop the ruined Great Pyramid of Inscriptions in the temple-city of Tlax. A delegation of Mage-Priests, one from each of the extant temple-cities, congregates in the 'Chamber of Words yet Unvoiced' at the pyramid's apex.

Just before the sun rises, the Mage-Priests combine their vast powers, mouthing a potent invocation. At the ritual's climax, the great square before the pyramid is filled with ranks of insubstantial figures, and the ruined city and its tumbledown temples appear pristine once more. The figures are the ancient defenders of Tlax, as they were before they marched out to face the Daemons at the height of the Great Catastrophe. Though the Mage-Priests cannot communicate with the ghosts, they bestow upon them as much power as they can spare, so that the defenders might hold off the forces of Chaos that destroyed the city in ancient times.

And then the sun breaks over the horizon, and the ghosts fade away as the city returns to its ruined state once more. It is a matter of deep conjecture amongst the oldest of the Slann whether the ritual allows the defenders of Tlax to hold the city as long as they did, or whether the accumulation of power over the millennia may one day enable the past to be changed, and the temple-city to stand.

over, at the alignment of particular constellations. At certain times of day or night, when the alignments of the stars are right, the past replays itself and spectral forms battle one another for possession of the city – mighty, ghostly Saurus marching to war against hordes of leering Daemons. Those treasure hunters who have witnessed such sights have fled screaming into the jungle, their sanity hattered, most falling prey to Lustria's many deadly threats long before reaching the safety of the coast.

XAHUTEC – CITY OF ECHOES

Xahutec fell during the Great Catastrophe, was destroyed when the Daemons entered within its protective barrier through a rift; a portal that allowed troops from the nether-realm to bypass the Slann's protective wards. Like a wound that will never fully heal, that self-same hole in reality has re-opened several times, causing major incursions that have destroyed each of the attempts to resettle the ruins. Since that time, the Lizardmen made several efforts to refound Xahutec, ignorant of the curse still seething beneath the city's ruins. The Mage-Priests declared Xahutec 'lost forever' after the portal was discovered, and finally closed. Despite this proclamation, several Mage-Priests have attempted to refound the city over the millennia, if only for a time. The last of these was Lord Tenoq, who inherited rulership of the cursed city after the death of the ill-fated Lord Zhul. Lord Itnoq did not reign long however, and the City of Echoes was abandoned for the final time shortly after. The temple-city remains empty to this day. It is said that the sound



of the city's fall echoes through time and reverberates through its ruined avenues, a residue perhaps of the opening of the rift at the height of the Great Catastrophe. Now called the City of Echoes, the Lizardmen have since vacated Xahutec's cursed ruins, but post a strong guard around its perimeter to raise the alarm when the Daemons return in force yet again.

HUATL – THE REAWAKENING

Huad is a rare example of a temple-city that is in the process of being refounded, having stood ruined and nigh-empty for millennia. Three decades ago, a delegation of Mage-Priests from the nearby City of Mists agreed that the furtherance of the Great Plan required that Huad be reawakened, and set out at the head of a mighty column of Skink artisans and Kroxigor workers to do so. Hundreds of Kroxigor work to replace stone blocks in alignment, and the jungle has been beaten back. To date, the city's reconstruction is at an early stage, yet the Great Temple has been rebuilt, and its Star Chamber now houses a Mage-Priest for the first time in an age. The jungle resonates to the sound of Skink artisans carving intricate stone reliefs. The ground trembles as huge stone blocks, borne upon the backs of Kroxigors, are dropped into place with incongruous precision.

CHAQUA – CITY OF GOLD

Chaqua is rightly called the City of Gold, for the flanks of its pyramids and temples, even the flagstones of its wide avenues, are lined with gold. Sadly, the precious metal is coated in the patina of millennia and the city is overgrown, for Chaqua fell to the plagues of the vile Clan Pestilens during the long war against the Skaven.

To date, the Lizardmen have had scant success reclaiming the city, for the presence of the ratmen lingers there still – the contamination within its walls remains so potent that its overgrown ruins still cannot be repopulated, even after so many years.

The Lizardmen do not value gold for its beauty, but for its longevity, utilising it in the knowledge that it will remain uncorroded by the march of aeons. The Mage-Priests are well aware, however, of the love the warmblooded races harbour for the substance. Many prophecies speak of the coming of Man to Chaqua and of the insatiable greed in his heart, yet the Slann have yet to connect this with the material from which the city is constructed. Because of the many warnings and portents, the ruined temple-city is guarded by hundreds of Skink sentinels. The jungles all around are haunted by Chameleon Skinks able to spend days on end motionless in the undergrowth, watching the jungle paths for any sign of intrusion.

QUETZA – THE DEFILED

The temple-city of Quetzta survived the Great Catastrophe, but was abandoned for unknown reasons at some point before the coming of Clan Pestilens. Somehow, the Skaven penetrated the sprawling network of caverns beneath the city, caves resplendent with forests of majestic gleaming stalagmites and stalactites amongst which the city's Mage-Priests would contemplate the nature of the universe. How the vile ratmen gained entrance to Quetzta's caverns remains a great mystery to the Mage-Priests, but it seems most likely however implausible, that they dug their way up from tunnels even deeper below the earth.



LIZARDMAN FORT

Although they can build some of the most impenetrable fortifications in the Warhammer world, Lizardmen are just as likely to make use of a maze of ponds and marshes crossed by causeways to defend their cities.

Many cities have several forts acting as outposts in the surrounding jungle and these are garrisoned by regiments of Saurus and may even provide fortified residences for minor Mage-Priests. The distinctive feature of Lizardmen fortifications is the serrated 'Dragon's teeth' battlements and zig-zag 'serpent's back' walls which create enfilades.

Fortifications are often in a derelict state and overgrown with jungle as they are built using Lustrian limestone which gradually erodes in tropical conditions.

Consequently blocks of colossal proportions are used and dragged up from the quarries by huge Kroxigor before being directed into place by teams of Skinks.

Lizardman gateways are typically narrower at the top than the bottom. The gates are usually made from logs of tropical hardwood reinforced by bronze or copper plates, but stone slab portcullises are not unknown. Entrances have several defensive devices ranging from boulders that roll down from shafts onto unsuspecting invaders to pits full of snakes or stakes.

Quetza formed the ratmen's greatest bastion throughout the long war between the Serpent God and the Rat God. During that time it was transformed into a sprawling, stinking warren, strewn with half-gnawed bones, rotting litter and rancid rat filth. Though Quetza was purged of its vile occupiers at the moment of Tehenhauin's victory, the city remains empty to this day. It is a place shunned by the Lizardmen, tainted beyond redemption by the diseases of the vile Skaven. However, its labyrinthine under-tunnels are now haven to serpents beyond count, and Sotek's Children have not allowed any of the ratmen to return.

CHUPAYOTL – THE SUNKEN CITY

Off the jagged cliffs of the south-east coast of Lustria lies the submerged, golden city of Chupayotl. The most southern of the Lustrian temple-cities, Chupayotl slipped beneath the waves during the ancient Age of Recovery, some four thousand years before the rise of Sigmar. The golden city lies far below the surface of this turbulent sea, in a vast, sheer-sided channel that drops for thousands of feet into icy darkness. Here dwell all manner of terrifying and vicious predators, with glowing eyes, pallid flesh and massive gaping maws filled with millions of curved teeth. It is said that an undersea empire now occupies the ancient city, an ancient, hateful race that occasionally makes forays to the ocean's surface in the dead of moonless nights to drag unfortunate sailors to their doom.

OTHER TEMPLE-CITIES

Many more ruined temple-cities languish within the sweltering, mist-wreathed jungles of Lustria. Some will stand entirely empty, not knowing the presence of the Lizardmen for centuries at a time. Others, though ruined, may be home to a small party of Lizardmen –

perhaps a lone Skink Priest maintains a vine-choked fare, or a band of Chameleon Skinks keeps silent vigil from the tree line. In some cases a Mage-Priest might take up residence amidst the ruins, attended to by a small army of guards. Perhaps the Mage-Priest was spawned in the city before its fall, and is paying tribute to his former home before returning to his duties elsewhere.

Pahuax, the City of Ash was aged many thousands of years in an instant during the Great Catastrophe, yet its pyramids stand as a defiant testament to the power of the ancients. Pahuax, the City of Ash, has been abandoned and refounded no fewer than six times; through it all, the pyramids have stood tall, a weathered but defiant testament to the powers of the ancients. Southwards of Pahuax is to be found the wondrous Tlanxla, City of the Sky.

Axlotl, the Star City fell during the Great Catastrophe, but was briefly repopulated during the long war against Clan Pestilens. Its temples were re-consecrated and attended to by hundreds of Skink Priests, before being abandoned once more soon after the Council of High Slann declared the coming of Sotek – or it appears so, as it is nearly impossible to pick out the Chameleon Skinks that keep silent vigil in the treeline outside the tumbledown city.

Further south still, where the jungle gives way to the Culchan Plains, is to be found OyxI, the Eternal City. Though ruined, the city's Great Pyramid is still attended by Skink Priests. Many of the Skink fighters who guard them have mastered the carnivorous, flightless birds that roam the plains, patrolling far from the city upon their unusual mounts.

The Lizardmen may one day reclaim some of these cities. Others may be discovered by treasure hunters and ransacked of their gold. The loss of each city is keenly felt by the Mage-Priests, no matter that the loss occurred centuries ago. Each temple-city occupied a position on the vast network of geomantic power, the reservoir of arcane potential that can only ever be entirely restored with the re-founding of all of the original temple-cities. That task seems all but impossible, even to the Mage-Priests, who do not count such things as do the mortal races.

THE HERMIT-LORDS OF AXLOTL

Each of the pyramid-temples of the ruined city of Axlotl is topped with an impossibly tall pillar made of the hardest obsinite. Atop each pillar sits a single Slann Mage-Priest, deep in meditation, his attentions fixed upon a distant star. These Slann never interact with each other or with any other Lizardmen, and gain sustenance through entirely magical means. They are protected from the raging jungle storms by a sphere of energy which glows all the brighter as the wind and rain lashes against it. Exactly what the Hermit-Lords await or seek in the distant stars is a mystery not even known to their fellows.



THE VOYAGE OF YIN-TUAN TO LUSTRIA

Circa Imperial Year 1690

Yin-Tuan was captain of one of the great war junks of the ill-fated invasion fleet despatched by Emperor Wu of Cathay to conquer and colonise the South Lands. Long before the rest of the fleet sailed to its ultimate doom, Yin-Tuan's war junk was blown off course by the typhoon that scattered the fleet shortly after it put to sea. Years later as an aged sage living in retirement in the monastery of Mount Li, he wrote down an account of the adventure which has survived as a classic of Cathayan literature. The extracts that follow contain illuminating insights into the civilisation of the Lizardmen.

YIN-TUAN REACHES LUSTRIA...

"It was in the fourteenth year of the most excellent Emperor Wu that we sighted land again, after almost ten months at sea. For two months we had fed on nothing but the poisonous Po-fish and now half the crew were dead and the rest were ill. Such good fortune at last, not to die after all! I gave orders to make sail for the land straight away.

We made camp on the shores of this strange coast and feasted every day upon its tropical fruits until we were well and strong. During this time we saw none of the inhabitants and had no idea where we were. A party of men ventured inland and returned several days later. They had found a huge statue carved in the shape of a dragon. It was not at all like a dragon of Cathay, but resembled some kind of lizard-daemon. I ordered everyone to stay near the camp. Then at length I gathered the soldiers and the sailors, numbering one hundred and twenty three men in all, and discussed what to do."

YIN-TUAN MARCHES OVERLAND...

"I told the men what I had calculated from my charts and astronomical observations - that we were on the other side of the world sphere from Cathay. Many shook their heads in despair. No one was willing to attempt the journey back the way we had come and endure the same perils all over again. Their spirits were raised when I mentioned that because it was known that the Southlands were inhabited by a race of lizard-daemons, the statue was proof that we had reached there, albeit by the longest route! If we marched overland, we would meet up with our victorious and all-conquering fleet which must by now have landed on the eastern side. We would encounter little opposition, because the army of the lizard-daemons would have gone eastwards to fight with the invincible and victorious army of the Emperor."

(Historian's note: The Cathayans knew that the Southlands were divided between three realms: Araby, the Undead and a mysterious race of 'Lizard-Daemons'. Emperor Wu's invasion was intended to capture the Southlands and secure the spice trade, motivated by intense rivalry with Araby. The Cathayans though, had not reckoned upon a powerful and flourishing Lizardmen realm.)

"After we had marched for several days, cutting our way through dense jungle and hungrily feeding on wild rice and tree frogs, we encountered more of the lizard-daemon statues. Soon afterwards we entered a wide clearing and were stunned to see three huge stone structures rising up in stepped formation. These were completely overgrown with vegetation and carved in the likeness of countless heads of the lizard-daemons. We made camp on the platform at the top of the highest edifice for safety.

"At sunrise on the next day we were suddenly awoken by a strange sound. The entire jungle seemed to be moving and quivering around us. When the jungle mist cleared we looked down upon a sea of living lizard-daemons filling the entire clearing. They were the colour of jade, with yellow crests and were marching in unison. None of them had noticed us on our vantage point.

"Tzu-Kwo, a soldier with very keen eyesight pointed out where they were coming from - a huge square-shaped lake like a vast paddy field on the edge of the clearing. They seemed to be intelligent and were making rasping noises, droning like the chanting monks of Fu-Hung. There must have been at least ten thousand of them. Fearing for our safety we hid on top of the platform for the whole day until the sun set. The next day, the clearing was empty.


"The lizard-horde had moved through the jungle without flattening the vegetation, but it was possible to see which way they had gone. Naturally, I avoided going the same way. We marched on towards the horizon of the rising sun for several days. That was until Lin-Po, a good and courageous soldier, reported that we were being followed.

"Nothing happened until we were clear of dense jungle and had begun wading through a shallow mangrove swamp. As soon as we were in the open, several men at the rear of our column were slain by arrows and javelins thrown by unseen enemies lurking among the tangled mangrove roots. I immediately gave the order to make a defensive formation. Suddenly, hundreds of the jade coloured lizards emerged from the undergrowth armed with vicious weapons. This time, luckily, their arrows fell harmlessly upon our lacquered tiger-shields. We replied with our crossbows, slaying several of them before they scurried back into the trees. The jungle fell silent.

"A flock of birds suddenly scattered out from the trees and close on their heels a much bigger creature armed with a huge bronze axe charged towards us. It crashed through our shields and began chopping left and right. It took twenty three crossbow bolts to fell this mighty lizard warrior because the thick scales which covered its carcass provided better protection than even the lacquered scale armour worn by the Emperor's bodyguard. When we were sure the enemy had gone we counted our dead. There were so many. Even those who had only been slightly wounded by the enemy's arrows had quickly died because the arrows were tipped with poison.

"These ambushes occurred every time we broke from the cover provided by the trees and had to cross expanses of open marsh. Every day we lost more men. The enemy were experts in concealing themselves among the marsh plants and were able to approach dangerously close to our men by keeping most of their bodies underwater. Only their eyes and nostrils were visible just like the crocodiles I had seen on other voyages. Then at close range, they would emerge and shoot a hail of well-aimed poisoned arrows.

After one skirmish I noticed Kuan-Wu take something from a fallen comrade and hide it in his clothing. I saw the glint of gold and ordered him to show it to me. It was a flat plaque inscribed with the symbols of the lizard-daemons. I made him confess where he had found it. Seven soldiers had taken them from a chamber in one of the buildings in the ruined city. I was furious that these men had deceived me and brought misfortune upon us, so I beheaded the remaining six myself. Is it not Tzu-Sun who



says "An army cannot be victorious without discipline?" Then I had the golden plaques left beside the executed men and the column marched on. This pacified our assailants who were only intent on recovering their sacred objects. There were no further ambushes."

YIN-TUAN REACHES THE WORLD POND

"I was surprised when we reached the sea after only seventeen days. I had not thought it possible to cross the Southlands in so short a time. Then I realised that it was not the same ocean that divides the Southlands from Cathay - it was a different ocean of which our sages knew nothing about. Everyone was in great despair, so I decided to start work on building a new vessel immediately. It was difficult without bamboo, but the trees on the shore made excellent timber and it took us only two weeks to make a very fine and large sampan with a good outrigger and three sails of woven reeds. We also made a raft and filled it with fruit and gourds full of fresh water and then put to sea in one boat and towed the raft behind us."

(Historian's note: Yin-Tuan must have crossed the isthmus of Lustria which is the narrow stretch of land which joins the continents of Lustria and Naggaroth. His party would have passed perhaps as close as within one or two hundred miles of the Norse colony of Skeggi and even closer to the Lizardmen city of Pahuax. Yin-Tuan of course had no idea that these places existed.)

YIN-TUAN ARRIVES IN THE SOUTHLANDS

"We maintained course towards the rising sun and were at sea for several weeks. We had almost eaten all the fruit, which was now rotten, before we once again sighted land. I was sure that this time it must be the Southlands. We all hoped that the entire land was by now conquered by the Emperor's invincible invasion fleet!"

(Historian's note: The prevailing winds and currents would have carried Yin-Tuan far to the south of Ulthuan, and blown him towards the coast of the Southlands.)

"I now had only seventy-three soldiers and sailors remaining in my command. We marched inland once again. The landscape was similar in many ways to our first landfall. I calculated that we were now two thirds of the way towards Cathay. After hacking our way through dense jungle, we emerged in a vast area of parched ground covered with tall clumps of grass with razor-sharp leaves.

"In the middle of this expanse the sharp eyed Tzu-Kwo spotted a creature flying high above us. It swooped down lower to take a closer look at us and to our amazement it was a flying lizard, carrying two of the lizard warriors on its back. These were not jade like those we had already encountered, but a sort of yellowish brown colour with red crests. The flying creature let out a mournful cry when it saw us, which filled the men with dread and foreboding. I ordered them to shoot at it with their crossbows to bring it down before the riders could fly off and warn their leader of our whereabouts. Unfortunately we did not hit it, but it immediately flew away. I knew this was only the start of further troubles. The enemy was certain to come for us again."

YIN-TUAN NARROWLY ESCAPES SACRIFICE

"The enemy attacked at dusk. They took us by surprise as we could not see to shoot our crossbows. The creatures which attacked us were much bigger than those we had encountered before, but not as big as the huge lizard creature which had slain so many of us with his axe. These lizard warriors came at us in ranks, armed with spears and shields, they fought savagely, thrusting with their hefty bronze and volcanic glass-tipped spears.

My soldiers could not stand against them. I was struck heavily with a mace from behind and fell to the floor unconscious.

"When I regained my senses, I found myself to be bound hand and foot to a long pole. It was being carried by several of the same lizard-warriors who had overwhelmed us. Ahead of me I could see the faithful Tzu-Kwo, also tied to a carrying pole. I shouted out to him. He replied that everyone else was dead. This shouting provoked one of the smaller lizard creatures who seemed to be in charge of the column. This officer was magnificently bedecked in gold bangles and exotic feathers. He brandished his spear and began speaking in an unintelligible tongue. I decided to remain quiet.

"We endured a terrible journey for several days. Occasionally water was poured into my mouth from a gourd. And what little food I got consisted of bitter-tasting dried grubs, but amazingly they staved off my hunger. Eventually we passed along a paved road, between rows of crouching lizard-daemon statues and entered a broad open plaza. There were ruins here like in the first lizard-daemon city - great edifices rising up in steps. These though were far bigger and in better repair.

All around there was noise and activity from the gangs of smaller lizard-creatures scurrying about on various tasks. Massive blocks of carved stone were being dragged up a vast ramp on one side of a tall stepped building. Huge creatures were bearing the strain of the ropes, while the smaller ones directed the work. In other places, groups of small lizardmen were engaged in heated debates accompanied by rows of seated scribes writing on clay plaques. Tzu-Kwo and I were taken out of the bright daylight and manacled to the wall of a dank and dark vault guarded by two of the big lizard warriors.


"The next day we were led out and taken up countless steps until we emerged into the dazzling sunlight. We were goaded out onto a platform which was half-way up the side of one of the huge stepped structures. There were guards and dignitaries of the lizard creatures on all sides. On the steps above and below us were ranks of the lesser lizard creatures beating huge drums in unison. Far below, the plaza was full of a dense mass of lizardmen of all types, arranged it seemed, in regiments. The steps of the other great buildings were also covered in rank upon rank of lizardmen.

"All the lizardmen around us suddenly turned and began making obeisance towards the top of the great edifice. High up on the top platform, a palanquin emerged from the darkness of an ornate doorway. On top sat a creature of a kind which I had not seen before. It resembled a large, bloated toad. The gold and jade ornaments it was wearing glinted like jewels in the sun.

"By the great respect being shown by all the lizardmen, I took this being to be the high priest or ruler of the city. This great one made a gesture and the lizardmen ceased their obeisance and began their rasping incantations.

"Before us was a deep pit from which rose a foul stench. Tzu-Kwo and I were prodded towards its edge. It was obvious we were going to be sacrificed to the foul lizard-daemons which they worshipped. Tzu-Kwo bravely stood to attention, preparing to meet his ancestors like a true soldier of the Emperor. He kept his composure even as he was hurled into the pit. I knew that it would soon be my turn to make peace with my own gods and face whatever laid in wait for me down there like a true noble Cathayan.

"The lizardmen warriors gripped me ready to throw me into the pit to meet the same fate as my brave comrade. As they did this, my silk tunic, which was worn and drenched with blood and



sweat, ripped open. At that moment the lesser lizardmen who had been presiding over our execution became very agitated and put a stop to the proceedings. They examined my bared back with great interest, swaying from side to side and debating amongst themselves in their strange language. I realised that the cause of their consternation was the tattoo of the Imperial dragon which had been put on my back many years ago in the opium house of Fu-Chow. It was a very fine tattoo and now it had saved me from death. My captors had taken it as some kind of omen."

(Historian's note: The Imperial dragon as depicted in Cathayan art of the period of the Wu dynasty could be mistaken for an archaic image of the god Sotek. This no doubt gave the Skinks and their Slann master a problem to ponder and delayed the sacrifice of Yin-Tuan.)

"I was dragged up the steps towards the toad—creature and was displayed before him. He examined my back for a long time and then uttered one word and gestured once more. The lesser lizardmen repeated the word and gesture and the ritual was brought to an end. The assembled multitudes began to disperse as the drums continued to beat. There was now agitated debate among the lesser lizardmen, while the larger guards looked on motionless. The august being on the palanquin blinked and was taken back into his shadowy doorway. I was led back down to the vault whilst they decided what to do.

"When I'd had time to calm my nerves after this terrifying ordeal, it occurred to me that they might flay me alive and use my skin as a decoration for their temple. I began to wish I had died with Tzu-Kwo, although I expect his fate had been equally unfortunate. I looked around for a means of escape. The vault was lit by a shaft of sunlight. As the night fell, this changed to moonlight. The vault became very dark.

"I had noticed that the guards stood motionless at the door and reacted slowly to my movements. It occurred to me that the reactions of these reptiles were not as good during the coolness of night. Summoning all the energy I had left I performed a single somersault in the way I had been trained at the school of Master Po. Although I was only a poor disciple of the martial arts, I succeeded in catching hold of the carvings on the edge of the light shaft. I moved so fast that the lizard guards were not able to stop me, and could only growl below me, jabbing upwards with their spears. I hauled myself out of the shaft and found myself out in the open, on the lowest step of the temple. I did not waste any time and ran as fast as I could towards the jungle with the bronze manacles still attached to my hands and legs."

THE FATE OF THE EMPEROR'S FLEET...

"I kept on going throughout the night, without stopping to rest until I was exhausted. I could hear the war drums of the lizardmen beating the alarm in the distance and knew that they would be following me. I suddenly came out of the jungle onto the banks of a river. I stumbled along the bank tugging at logs among the mangrove roots and debris of fallen trees until I managed to move on. I dragged it into the water and lay on top of it. Soon I was drifting with the current. It was good fortune that the river was flowing in the direction of the rising sun, I thought as I slowly drifted off to sleep.

"Suddenly I awoke, my feet were in the water and in excruciating pain. As I pulled them clear of the water I saw that carnivorous fish had attached themselves to my feet, which were lacerated with their razor sharp teeth. I had been fortunate to wake up as soon as I was bitten. Somehow I managed to stay on top of the log, keeping myself awake until the sun had risen.

"The river had widened greatly. All day I drifted with the current under the burning sun. I had escaped the Lizardmen at last, but it seemed certain that I would die anyway and be eaten by the fish. At length the log was washed up on a vast sand bank. I dragged myself ashore and slept. The next day I began to walk across the sand bank until I had reached the far side. The water was a different colour, the colour of the ocean. It tasted salty but I didn't care as I rejoiced at finally reaching the great Eastern Ocean at last I could tell from the sun that I was on the northern bank of the river mouth, and so began to walk northwards. I reasoned that sooner or later I would reach the invincible fleet of the Emperor anchored off the coast and be rescued.

"I walked slowly for days, eating shellfish and birds' eggs. I managed to break free of the manacles on my wrists and ankles by using big pebbles. As time wore on I began to see ships' timbers scattered on the sand which had drifted in on the tides. As I proceeded further northwards I saw the shattered hulks of ships. Soon I recognised them as the war junks of Imperial Cathay. At first I thought that these were other junks which had been scattered and shipwrecked in the typhoon. I found no survivors, only a few bleached bones which had been picked clean by the birds.

"I sat down in despair. Before me was a terrible sight. The whole beach was full of wrecked junks and strewn with countless bones. It was all that remained of the mighty invincible fleet of Imperial Cathay, over a thousand war junks and a hundred thousand men. I wandered among the wrecks for hours and found no sign of any survivors. The misfortune that befell the fleet had occurred too long ago."

YIN-TUAN RETURNS TO CATHAY

"I camped on the beach for several days before I saw the sails of a junk out at sea. I lit a fire of old tarred driftwood to signal to it. Soon the junk approached close to the shore. It was a trading junk, on the spice route to Araby, flying the banner of the Tei-Pings, who were well known spice traders. They sent out a sampan for me as I waved and shouted from the beach.

"The crew were surprised to see me and very anxious to be gone from that place as quickly as possible. From them I learned that the Emperor's fleet had been wrecked while at anchor by a second terrible typhoon. The survivors had marched inland and disappeared. The Emperor had therefore ordered all traders to keep watch on the coasts for any sign of their banners. I was the only survivor of that mighty expedition to be found alive. I returned to Cathay and was received into the presence of the Emperor himself to give my account. The Emperor ordered that it should be recorded for posterity and rewarded me with command of the Palace Guard."

(Historian's note: It is quite possible that the Slann Mage-Priests with their arcane power to influence the geography of the world, brought about the two disastrous typhoons which destroyed the Cathayan fleet. One typhoon struck as the fleet set out, the other as it lay at anchor. By that time the bulk of the remaining troops had already disembarked. The leaders decided to march inland and attempt the conquest rather than report failure to the Emperor.

The Slann would have needed no advance warning of the invasion. They would have acted according to the predictions of the Old Ones. Thus the typhoons would with uncanny accuracy coincide with the Emperor of Cathay's attempted invasion. It is possible that only one typhoon was required according to the predictions of the Old Ones, but that two opposing schools of thought among the Mage-Priests of different cities resulted in two typhoons separated by several weeks.)



THE SOUTHLANDS



Far to the south of the Old World, beyond the mysterious realm of Araby and the Land of the Dead, lies the continent known as the Southlands. Its northern land mass is a barren wasteland of deserts, studded with dusty and deserted tomb-cities, while further south, it is a land of unspoiled jungle and swamp, isolated from the realms of Men, Elf and Dwarf for uncounted centuries. Over the centuries, various races have set sail for the Southlands, drawn by tales of riches to be discovered within its unexplored depths, though few have returned with anything other than tales of misery and death. Many brave or foolish explorers and treasure hunters – though the two are often indistinguishable – have attempted to penetrate the thick jungles that make up the majority of its southern region of this land, but almost all have never been seen or heard of again.

The northern part of the continent known as the Southlands consists of the vast peninsula of Araby and the realms of the Undead. This latter region was formerly the ancient civilisation of Nekehara. The entire northern half of the land mass is largely barren desert or eerie wasteland. To the south are dense jungles and swamps, and these regions are almost completely unknown. Explorers and adventurers have barely penetrated a few miles inland from the coast. What lies in the interior remains a mystery.



It is said that thousands of years ago, Dwarfs journeyed along the mountain range which forms the spine of this vast continent. They reached the southern end of the mountains and built a stronghold, known in legend as Karak Zorn. If this is so, then the stronghold probably would have been situated high above the surrounding jungle among the snow-capped peaks. Here the Dwarfs could flourish in a climate not unlike that of their better known homeland. All contact with the Dwarfs of Karak Zorn ceased long ago. Perhaps only the Lizardmen of the Southlands know for sure what became of the Dwarfs, but if this is the case, then it is likely that no one will ever know for sure the Karak's eventual fate.

On the southern tip of the Southlands the High Elves of Ulthuan have established a stronghold of their own. From here, they attempt to control the passage of ships from one ocean to another. They do this partly to try and ensure Elven domination of the sea and the continued security of Ulthuan. Despite all their efforts and the quality of their ships, they have not succeeded in deterring the reckless adventurers and treasure hunters of other races lured on by the prospect of gold. At first the Norse and the Dark Elves penetrated the southern seas. More recently, Tileans, Estalians, Cathayans, Bretonnians and the corsairs of Araby have joined in the search for riches. Tales of the wealth of Lustria and the Southlands just encourage more adventurers to put to sea.

None of those who have ventured south to explore the steaming jungles of the Southlands could hack their way more than a few miles into the impenetrable web of trees, vines and swamps without becoming hopelessly lost. Despite the horrendous difficulties inherent in an expedition to the Southlands, tales persisted of the lost city of Zlatlan, and many conflicting reports as to its location were presented by those who claimed to have seen its golden, stepped pyramids and glyph-lined avenues. Such discrepancies cannot be accounted for by simple incompetence, and has led to many scholars and cartographers to conclude that there must be many more cities, as yet undiscovered deep within the jungle.

At one point, a lone temple-city and some few Lizardmen structures existed across the world pond, but as those sites have fallen off the altered geomantic web, so too have they faded from the memories of the Slann Mage-Priests. Cut off from the wisdom of the most venerable of the Slann Mage-Priests of Lustria, the Lizardmen of the Southlands have fallen prey to their baser, animal instincts and only the younger (in relative terms) Slann, those of the fourth and fifth generations, remain in the Southlands to provide any guidance to the Lizardmen. Over the centuries, the Slann on Lustria have attempted to re-establish contact with their lost spawn, but such communication is sporadic and erratic at best. In addition to the loss of their masters' ancient guidance, the few spawning pools





in existence spawn less and less frequently and many of the warrior lizards such as Saurus do not arise in any meaningful numbers. As a result, Lizardman society has begun to devolve. The spawning pools in the caverns below their cities simply do not spawn as regularly as the Slann feel they should, but they accept that this is the will of the Old Ones. Without great numbers of Saurus to fight their battles, the Slann of the Southlands are forced to rely on Skinks to defend them and use the few Saurus which have spawned to train the Skinks in the ways of war that came so naturally to them. The small number of Saurus who were spawned were primarily those destined to become Temple Guard and this has been seen as a sign that the designs of the Old Ones are unfolding as they had planned.



Similarly, the Lizardmen colonies on the Dragon Isles to the east of the Southlands were cut off from their masters many centuries ago, but the degradation of their culture was much more rapid and pronounced. Without any Slann, they have reverted completely to barbarism, becoming little more than animals and destroying what little remained of their former glory in bitter conflict. Whether the Slann of Lustria have attempted to establish communications with the lost kin or have simply abandoned them to their fate is unclear, but certainly there has been little or no contact between Lustria and the Dragon Isles for hundreds of years. None of the explorers who have attempted to establish colonies upon the Dragon Isles have succeeded, and thus the fate of the Lizardmen here is also accepted as part of the grand design of the Old Ones.

THE CREATION OF THE WORLD POND

Ancient legends tell that in the remote age of the Old Ones, the continent of Lustria was physically joined to the continent of the Southlands. This is clear from the fact that the same kind of jungle vegetation and animals, including many of the same reptilian carnivores, exist on both continents and also that on both sides of the World Pond, as the Lizardmen call the Great Ocean, there are Lizardmen. It is even possible that the hidden Lizardman city of Zlatlan which lies deep in the jungles of the Southlands had already been founded before the continents drifted apart.

When and how did these mighty continents break asunder? The Elves of Ulthuan believe that it may have occurred at the time of the birth of their own land, which rose up from the sea and split the continents apart. The Slann Mage-Priests believe that the creation of the World Pond, as they call the Great Ocean, was a fundamental part of the great world plan of the Old Ones. Indeed the Old Ones brought about the sundering of continents in order to create conditions favourable for the rise of the new races of Elves, Dwarfs and Men.

The continents may have been joined by a kind of land ridge which subsided beneath the waves. An alternative explanation might be that volcanic forces resulted in a narrow sea widening to become an ocean and in the midst of this ocean erupted the land mass of Ulthuan, pushing apart the continents and causing the rise of great mountain chains elsewhere on the globe. The Old Ones may have been able to use power derived from the movement of the sun, the moons and the stars as well as forces within the world itself, to change the shape of the continents and the oceans. Ever since the Old Ones vanished, the Slann Mage-Priests have been trying to understand and even regain some of their mysterious knowledge.



The Slann perhaps find it difficult to come to terms with the possibility that the Old Ones did not regard them as the pinnacle of creation, but a stage on the way to the evolution of the Elves, Dwarfs and Men. The collapse of the warp gates and the pollution of the world by Chaos has in a strange way given a cosmic purpose to the Slann. Whatever the Old Ones intended, they never accomplished. The catastrophe overtook them and they perished, leaving only enigmatic glyphs to hint at their intentions. The new races they had created, although evidently capable, lacked wisdom and were at risk from Chaos.

Thus it was that the Slann felt themselves to be entrusted with the ancient task of continuing the plans of the Old Ones. They seek to protect the world while the new races continue to evolve and mature. Ultimately, and perhaps according to the vision of the Old Ones, the new races will triumph over the forces of Chaos. For the Slann believe that these forces were the enemies of the Old Ones even before they appeared upon the world, part of a cosmic struggle beyond comprehension.

The Old Ones were engaged in no less a task upon the world than the creation of offspring which over countless millennia – perhaps not such a long time in the time scale of the Old Ones – would evolve to the point where they would rise up, contain and overpower Chaos forever, returning equilibrium to the entire universe. The Slann envisage the world as a great pond full of tadpoles which must be guarded until the tadpoles can emerge full grown to fulfil their destiny.

The new ones are understandably too ignorant and primitive to know that they shouldn't disturb the tranquillity of the Mage-Priests or subvert their sacred

task by pillaging the sacred plaques. Many of the new ones are already victims of Chaos, like the Dark Elves and the Chaos Dwarfs. Then there are the strange races, never intended by the Old Ones, which were spawned by Chaos or which just evolved in the changed circumstances after the collapse of the warp gate, such as the Skaven, the Undead, the Orcs and Goblins and others. It is thus the task of the Saurus and Skinks to protect the cities of the Slann.

Meanwhile, the Slann sometimes succeed in their efforts to adjust the shape of the world using what they know of the arcane powers of the Old Ones. Though this may cause floods, earthquakes and Dwarf, Elf or Human cities to disappear beneath the waves from time to time, the Slann know that this is for the ultimate good of all creation. Indeed, many of their own cities are ruined by the same process. Could it be thanks to the Old Ones and the Slann that the warp gate is surrounded by polar ice creating a barrier against Chaos? One of the great pre-occupations of the Slann is whether or not the World Pond is as the Old Ones intended it, or whether further shifts were planned.

EXPLORERS, TRADERS AND RAIDERS

The merchants of Araby were the first to probe along the coast with their dhows in search of spice, gold and all kinds of exotic tropical merchandise. When they encountered opposition from the Elves, they tried the overland route across the desert with their camel caravans. The great Arabian traveller Ibn Jellaba was the first to penetrate the jungle and encounter the hidden realm of the Lizardmen. Since then, few have followed in his wake, preferring to halt at the edge of the desert rather than risk battle with the 'Al Saurim'.

Erik the Lost, father of Losteriksson, was the first Norseman to reach the Southlands. He had been sailing towards Lustria, which he had heard about from Elf hostages captured in a raid on Ulthuan. Somehow he managed to miss the entire continent and sailed around the Southern Sea in circles at the mercy of monsoon winds and currents for weeks. Thus he rightly earned his nickname the 'Lost', which he bequeathed to his son.

Eventually he made landfall on the coast of the Southlands, which he believed was In fact Lustria. Lost Erik and his men sailed up and down the coast raiding Elven and Arabian trading settlements, then returned to Norsca with the booty. By this time Lost Erik realised that he had reached the Southlands and not the unknown continent mentioned by the Elves. Years later his son, Losteriksson, set out to raid the coasts of the Southlands. Trying to follow the old rune-map of his father he became hopelessly lost, but this time ended up in Lustria instead. It was a long time before he realised this and by that time he had encountered the Lizardmen.

The Cathayans heard about the wealth and abundance of spice in the Southlands and the Emperor of Cathay





sent several expeditions to explore the coast. Soon fierce rivalry had broken out between the Arabians and the Cathayans. This culminated in the great armada of war junks sent out by the Emperor Wu to take control of the southern coast of the Southlands once and for all. The fleet was struck by two devastating typhoons and utterly wrecked. Now only a few Cathayan traders warily make the journey to the Southlands, running the gauntlet of Araby corsairs and Elven dragon ships.

All of this goes on around the coast of the Southlands without interrupting the Lizardmen who dominate the interior, secure within the impenetrable jungle.

TEMPLE-CITIES

The precise locations of the temple-cities of the Southlands remain, on the whole, a mystery. It is said that thousands of years ago, Dwarfs journeyed along the mountain range that forms the spine of this vast continent, and built a stronghold known in legend as Karak Zorn. Contact has long since been lost. The Norse and the Dark Elves once penetrated these jungles, and since that time Tileans, Estalians, Cathayans, Bretonnians and the Corsairs of Araby have attempted to search for riches in this realm. Tales of wealth continue to encourage more adventurers to seek out the ruins hidden inland, though thus far the temple-cities of the Southlands have proven even more difficult to journey to than those of Lustria.

The Lizardmen temple-cities in the Southlands are not as old as some of those in Lustria, and as such their guardian Slann are also younger, though still over

6,000 years old. Also, the earliest spawnings of Saurus that once led the armies of the Southlands have long since been slain in sacred battle, and so only the younger Scar-Veterans are left to guide them in times of war.

The Lizardmen spawning pools in the Southlands produce Saurus only erratically, and they are much rarer than they are in Lustria. For this reason, the Slann must rely more on the Skinks to fill the ranks of their armies and to patrol the jungles. As a result of this need, the Skinks of the Southlands tend to be more aggressive and war-like than their Lustrian counterparts, even going so far as to form into fighting ranks to face the enemy directly on the field of battle.

THE HIDDEN CITY OF ZLATLAN

If it were not for Ibn Jellaba and Yin-Tuan no one would know of the existence of the Lizardman city of Zlatlan. This pyramid city has remained secret within the jungles of the Southlands since the separation of the continents. Maybe the Dwarfs of Karak Zorn encountered the Lizardmen, if so it is not recorded in any known Dwarf sagas. Almost certainly, the Dwarfs would have been interested in the gold and riches of the city, and fascinated by its stone architecture. They may have even made contact as friends. The mysterious silence surrounding the fate of Karak Zorn could be due to war with the Lizardmen, but it could just as easily be due to war with the Undead, who sealed off the route to As to the Undead legions of Settra and Nagash, they have never penetrated into the jungle to attack the Lizardmen, or if they have then





they certainly met with defeat. The mummified remains of the oldest Slann would be sought out by any power crazed Necromancer, if he knew where it was and could fight his way in and out of the Lizardman city.

There may have been a time when there was contact between the Lizardman of Ziatlan and the ancient civilisation of Nehekhara in its formative stages. The people of Nehekhara could have been influenced by the Lizardman cities in the form of their own architecture. From the Lizardmen, the rulers of Nehekhara might have taken the idea of the pyramid and the practice of mummification. The priest kings themselves could have been set up in imitation of the Slann Mage-Priests. It is possible that at some early time the Slann of Zlatlan encouraged the human population of Nehekhara to build a civilisation on the Lizardman model. They would have done this in order to further the plans of the Old Ones.



However, when things turned bad in Nehekhara, or more probably, when the Slann realised that things inevitably would turn bad in Nehekhara, they cut off all contact and hid themselves within their jungles. The Mann would have been extremely anxious to prevent their arcane knowledge getting into the hands of Nagash or others of his ilk. To this end they were supremely successful. Barely a handful of outsiders have ever encountered the Lizardman city of Ziatlan; it remains a fable and a rumour.

The Slann Mage-Priests of Zlatlan are unable to maintain contact with those of Lustria via telepathic links because of the curvature of the earth. The Slann communicate thoughts and magical energy along lines traced out across the jungle from one pyramid to another. The expanse of the World Pond and the curve of the world's surface prevent such a line between Lustria and the Southlands. This has led to the Slann Mage-Priests of Zlatlan having to make their calculations and rituals in isolation from the other Slann. One consequence of this is that, although the Slann of Zlatlan may deduce the time that an event predicted or planned by the Old Ones should occur, they are sometimes out of synchronisation with the Lustrian Slann. This may explain why the great armada of Emperor Wu was struck by two typhoons.

It is difficult to know which school of Slann Mage-Priests is most accurate. Whereas the Lustrian Slann have suffered the loss of many key sacred plaques bearing the glyph inscriptions of the Old Ones due to raids, the plaque sequence of Zlatlan is probably more intact if not complete due to isolation from raids. The Lustrian Slann are very arrogant in many ways and are loath to admit that the Zlatlan priests might be more accurate!

Despite its isolation, Zlatlan was not forgotten by Sotek. The Mage-Priests of Zlatlan observed the two-tailed comet and perceived that it represented the forked tongue of Sotek. Once again, it was their complete sequence of sacred plaques which meant that they had access to the Prophecy of Sorek and knew exactly what it meant.

At this time the Skaven Clan Pestilens washed up on the shores of the Southlands having abandoned Lustria. The rat spawn were in a vicious and aggressive mood. Plagues penetrated the jungle but fortunately did not reach Ziatlan. It was said that Sotek himself encircled the city to protect it. The Mage-Priests marshalled the Skink cohorts and Saurus legions and prepared for war.

Miraculously, the Skaven did not attack. They ignored the city, if they ever knew it was there, and instead set upon the underground strongholds of their own kind. For a long time the Slann of Zlatlan had been concerned about the rat spawn strongholds beneath mount Lhasa and Bhagrusa, now the Skaven were despoiling them in some strange frenzied rat-strife. All the priests agreed that the rat spawn had been sent mad by the magic of Sotek! Thus the cult of Sotek arose also in Zlatlan and henceforth any clashes between Lizardmen and those Skaven who yet remain in the Southlands provides Sotek with his rightful tribute of sacrifices.





IBN JELLABA'S EXPEDITION TO ZLATLAN

Circa Imperial Year 1150

Ibn Jellaba was a merchant of Araby intent on opening up a trade route into the interior of the Southlands to procure spices and gold. Around 1150 (Imperial Calendar), he trekked over the desert with a camel caravan until he reached the jungles of the Southlands, where he encountered the Lizardmen city of Zlatlan which had remained hidden for millennia. This Lizardmen realm far to the south of the Great Desert was known to the Arabians only by rumour and legend, and the uncertain reports of chance encounters between desert nomads and the dreaded 'Al Saurim'. Ibn survived the adventure and made his way back overland to Araby, where the Sultan instructed that his adventures be written down. The following extracts describe Ibn's encounters with the Lizardmen.

IBN CROSSES THE GREAT DESERT

"I, Ibn Jellaba made the trek from El-Kalabad into the interior. No one had ever done this before and lived to tell the tale. The Great Sultan of Araby provided me with fifty camels and an escort of exceptionally loyal eunuch soldiers from his palace guard, commanded by Haqim, a champion of immense size and courage. I myself hired several Tuareg scouts to lead me across the desert. I was seeking a land route to the gold and spice lands of the south beyond the great jungle.

At this time the merchants of Lasheik were in fierce rivalry with the Cathayan ships that had appeared in the southern oceans, seeking to take over the sea trade routes. As well as this the Elf ships of Ulthuan were attempting to keep the routes to themselves. It was for this reason that the Sultan instructed me to discover an overland route across the Great Desert, saying: "Find a way with the ships of the desert. (Historian's note: He means camels.) Navigate by the stars, and bring back the riches from under the noses of our rivals!"

IBN REACHES THE JUNGLE

Historian's note: Ibn goes on to mention in the account of his journey the rumour of the Al Saurim and wonders whether he will encounter them and if they will be hostile. Some of the Tuaregs he has hired claim to have seen them. He then describes the first stage of the journey across the desert and we pick up the tale where his expedition reaches the edge of the jungle.

"After trekking for three weeks across the burning void, we reached a green land covered with scrub and thorn bushes. My Tuaregs were able to smell water in the breeze, so we found several unknown oases and waterholes. I carefully recorded the position of these according to sightings upon the sun, moon and stars, so that those who might come after us shall not die of thirst. I also had these places marked with cairns of stones.

No one from Araby had ever been into this green land before, not even the Tuaregs, and so we were all on our guard against ambushes and wild beasts. I had to promise the Tuaregs more gold to persuade them to leave the desert and continue with me into this unknown land. After several days, the trees became more numerous and soon the vegetation was so dense that the eunuchs were hardly able to cut a way through with their scimitars.

Then suddenly we came upon a paved road which was open to the sky. The road was very ancient and overgrown with weeds and stretched far off towards the horizon. As it was certainly aligned upon the southern constellation, I decided that we should follow it. At that time I believed it had been made by the people of Al Nehekhariyah long ago.

(Historian's note: This is the Arabian name for the ancient civilisation destroyed by the Undead.) Later, I discovered that it had been made by the mysterious Al Saurim."

IBN ADVANCES TO WITHIN SIGHT OF ZLATLAN

"We followed the road southwards through the jungle for many days. It would not have been possible for us to hack our way through the dense vegetation on either side of the road. There were many treacherous swamps but the road crossed over these by means of causeways. It was good that we had brought camels with us because although we often came upon water, it was normally unsafe for drinking.


In one place, some camels were led to a pool and left to drink. They became irritated and all at once stampeded. In the pool we found the carcass of one of the camels, which had been reduced to a skeleton by the ferocious creatures that dwelt there. Sometimes we saw the eyes of reptiles appear above the water, as if watching us.

At length, the top of a tall tower was seen shimmering on the far southern horizon. The road was aligned directly towards it. At first we all thought that this must be a mirage of the Elven citadel on the coast of the Southlands. But it was not, for later we could see that the towering structure was in fact shaped in the form of a stepped pyramid. It was not at all like the pyramids of Al Nehekhariyah which are smooth and end in a point that pierces the sky. This pyramid ended in a flat platform."

IBN ENCOUNTERS THE AL SAURIM

"We were within sight of the city when we were spied from above by their scouts. They flew high over us riding upon the backs of great winged lizards and then circled like vultures, slowly descending lower and lower. All the time the riders were observing us. Soon they were gliding and swooping very low. Their shadows fell over the camel caravan causing the camels, which are always bad tempered, to grunt and bellow and become unmanageable.

I harangued the Tuaregs saying that no-one was to shoot arrows up at them, or they would be executed! I was anxious not to provoke fighting that would certainly end in our destruction. We carried on and the flying scouts, having taken a good look at us, swooped off towards the distant pyramids. Later that day, as we were leading the camels across another causeway, Al Saurim carrying weapons and ornaments of polished stone and gold suddenly swarmed out of the weed-choked pools from either side. They were bright turquoise with yellow crests and gathered on either side of their standard like a regiment of soldiers, barring our way with their weapons.



The camels halted, and the eunuchs stepped forward with their scimitars to form a battle-line. I stepped forward myself, making the gestures of peace and friendship of all the desert tribes that I could think of, in the hope that they would recognise one of them. Their leader, who was bedecked in feathers, edged forward towards me. It was I who spoke first. "Hail brother, we come in peace!" He spoke to me in his own tongue which I could not understand. It was time to declare the reason for our entry into his land before they decided to attack us. I beckoned bearers to bring forward all manner of good things from the land of Araby and laid them out on the causeway. Then I retreated back to the eunuchs, so that the chief of the Al Saurim could examine our merchandise.

The chief and several others were looking at our goods displayed on the causeway. They wore a great amount of gold ornaments proving that they were important officers or champions. While this was going on Haqim the eunuch had noticed that another company of Al Saurim had appeared behind us. These were much bigger warriors than the ones who stood to our front. They were armed with spears and shields of hide which glinted in the sun. These were undoubtedly the best soldiers of the Al Saurim.

Those inspecting the merchandise now turned away, leaving all of it where it was. They retreated a little way along the road and then scurried off into the trees. This revealed what was behind them: another densely packed regiment of Al Saurim armed with great stone weapons behind a huge standard surmounted by one of their idols. Our path was blocked in both directions and there was no escape across the swamps. The Al Saurim stood motionless. The chiefs, who were head and shoulders above the rest, kept them under strict discipline. All this time the hot sun beat down on us from above.

I discussed our predicament with Haqim. We agreed that it was better to wait, since they did not move to attack us. If they did attack, then he and the eunuchs would try to hack their way back along the road. Either way we would meet our fate honourably."

IBN MEETS THE SCRIBES OF ZLATLAN...

"As the sun was about to set and the moon was clear above the horizon, the ranks of warriors parted to let through a group of the smaller Al Saurim. They were dignitaries of some sort, carrying plaques and other strange artefacts. The leader began to speak in a different tongue from the one they had used before. I listened for a long time and then I knew that he was speaking in the ancient tongue of the Al Nehekharin, although he was barely able to pronounce the words. This is a very evil tongue used now only by wicked sorcerers and it is only because I am a scholar that I recognised it. I am one of the few whom the Sultan allows to read the forbidden scrolls, for I am strong in faith and will not be corrupted.

I was at first afraid that the Al Saurim might be followers of the evil ones of the Al Nehekharin, but they spoke the archaic tongue as it was spoken long before the evil came into that accursed land. Unfortunately all the efforts of the speaker were in vain because I did not know the language well enough to reply to them, and indeed, it is forbidden for subjects of the Sultan to speak out loud the words of that accursed tongue! At length, the leader of the Al Saurim gave up speaking to me, but I had understood some of what he had

said. He had asked me many questions about the shape of the world and the realms of the many nations and races. These questions had come from his overlord who presided over the city. In order to reply to the questions, and also as a gesture of peace, I ordered my boxes of charts to be brought up and opened, so that he could inspect them. The leader of the Al Saurim was most impressed and had all his servants gather up my charts and also all the mathematical instruments, including my astrolabe and compass. Assuming them to be gifts, they scurried off in a state of great satisfaction!"

THE LANDS OF THE UNDEAD


Historian's note: The Skink scribes returned having taken the 'gifts' to their leader. They escorted Ibn and his men into other parts of the city where they were well cared for. Ibn Jellaba's tale now includes a long report of his observations in the city and how through long and difficult conversations, the Skink scribes promised to help him return to his own land with gifts for the Sultan, in return for his help in a great expedition that they were planning.

The highly intelligent Skinks managed to acquire some knowledge of Arabian making communication easier. At this point Ibn was able to convey the Sultan's desire for permission for the merchants of Araby to lead caravans along the road of the Lizardmen to reach the spices and gold of the south. The Mage-Lord would not permit this, not even in return for a tribute of gold! Ibn did however manage to get back his mathematical instruments and charts, so he was once again able to navigate by the stars. Apparently, the Skink artisans had made copies of them for the Mage-Lord.

The expedition was an attempt to recover the mummified relics of one of the Lizardmen's former Mage-Priests. They believed it was hidden in a necropolis in the lands of the Undead, having been stolen in a raid many thousands of years ago. It seems likely that the reigning Mage-Priest of the city, Lord Xuaxamul, needed Ibn's first-hand knowledge of the Great Desert and the routes across it because Lizardmen, being creatures of the humid rainforest, were unaccustomed to survival in an arid land. In the next extract, the expedition is well under way. It appears that only Saurus and Stegadons, (which Ibn describes as 'giant horned beasts', but are translated here as 'Stegadons' for convenience) were selected for the expedition accompanied by cohorts of Skinks, and of course Ibn's own small contingent.

"We passed the dismal skull pillars which marked the borders of the lands of Al Nehekharayah and entered truly desolate desert. Yniminhi (a Skink hero and leader of the expedition) reorganised the order of march, placing all the Stegadons that were laden down with the huge gourds of water in the rear of the column. The Stegadons equipped with howdahs were placed in the fore, interspersed with cohorts of fierce Al Saurim. My contingent went ahead of these, with Tuareg scouts searching for the way, seeking out waterholes, and keeping a lookout for the foe. Battle with the Al Nehekharin could be expected at any time.

The column marched for several hours after sunrise and sunset each day and we rested during the night and the hottest part of the day. This was done because the Al Saurim and their beasts became sluggish in the cold of night and the heat of day and needed to rest. It was also a very sound



strategy, because the dust raised by the column would not be so apparent to the enemy in the haze of dawn and dusk.

It was revealed to me that at this time the Mage-Lord of the city was attempting to send his thoughts out across the void to entrance the minds of his great adversary. I doubted whether such a thing was possible, but Ynimirhi was utterly convinced that their lord could make him slothful and inactive even if he discovered our presence in his land."

Historian's note: The Mage-Lord had undoubtedly used his telepathic powers to search the deserts and find the place where his predecessor's relics were hidden, before dispatching Ynimirhi to recover them.

"It seems that he had managed this magical feat, because at length we saw a ruined pyramid necropolis as a mirage before us. I knew that this meant that the real necropolis was several days march further north. There were no signs of any defenders until we came close to the actual ruins. Then it was clearly only a lesser servant of the great lord of the Al Nehekharin who came out to oppose us, and not the mighty horde of his overlord."

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE LIZARDMEN AND THE UNDEAD

"Nevertheless, the army of the Al Nehekharin were numerous. It was made up of the skeleton chariotry of the former kings of that dreaded place and his evil archers. They issued forth from their tomb shafts and attacked us in the heat of the day forcing us to break camp to defend ourselves.



The Al Saurim were basking in the heat and gathered to their standards slowly, without any sense of urgency. I ordered my men to fall back to the crest of the next sand dune before the arrows fell among us, so as to delay the onset of the foe.

This tactic worked and the entire host of the evil ones followed us over the last great dune and into the massed ranks of the Al Saurim who were ready to slay them. The Al Saurim were drawn up for battle with the Stegadons to the fore. These charged into the approaching enemy. Behind them, but spaced between the monsters, were the cohorts of Al Saurim. These charged next, after the monsters had plunged deep into the enemy ranks, throwing them into disarray. Thus the Al Nehekharin were destroyed and they collapsed into heaps of skulls and bones strewn across the desert. Their numbers could not prevail against the might of the Stegadons and the rage of the Al Saurim. Although the wailing and sight of the evil hordes would have struck utter terror into the hearts of mortal men, the Al Saurim were not at all afraid, they just slew anything that came near.

After the battle, the desert was silent. There was little flesh for the buzzards to fight over, since so few of the Al Saurim had fallen. The army entered the necropolis. The pyramids of the city had been destroyed. All that was left were the dark gaping shafts leading into the Undead crypts. Without fear, the scribes entered each and every one of these in their search. Al Saurim warriors were summoned and set to work breaking open chambers and sarcophagi with bronze chisels. We made a great pile of all that we found.

On my instructions the evil scrolls were burned, and several inert mummies of the former kings were dismembered, put to the torch and scattered to the four winds. This was exactly as we had done with the corpse of the Tomb King who had led the horde against us. Then the scribes found what they were seeking - the relics of their ancient Mage-Lord. A tattered bundle was all that remained, many of the missing bones had no doubt been subjected to all manner of vile rituals by the evil necromancers. The scribes placed these upon the palanquin which they had brought with them for the purpose, with great awe and reverence."

Historian's note: The rest of the tale concerns Ibn's return journey. The Skink scribes allowed Ibn to take the gold and precious gems that had been found in the tombs or ripped from the mummies of the Tomb Kings; all the Skinks wanted was their relic lord. The treasure amounted to a great heap which was laden onto the camels. This was Ibn's reward for leading the Lizardmen through the desert, so that he should not return empty handed to incur the displeasure of the Sultan. After passing the skull pillars once more, Ibn's contingent set off westwards for El-Kalabad and the Lizardmen continued southwards to Zlatlan.

Ibn reached El-Kalabad and reported that there was no practical overland route to the southern seas. He also told the Sultan about the powerful armies of the lost realm of the Al Saurim who controlled the hinterland and that they had no interest in opening up trade links with anyone. Although the Sultan was disappointed with this news, he was delighted with the vast treasure brought back by Ibn's caravan. Not only were Ibn and all his men rewarded, but there was enough wealth left over to equip a new fleet of war dhows to challenge the High Elves and Cathayans for the southern spice trade routes.



GODS OF WAR

Many long, bloody millennia have passed since the collapse of the polar gates and the departure of the Old Ones. No living Slann Mage-Priest remains to speak of them and so they have passed from memory into legend. The enigmatic Old Ones have come to be regarded not as benevolent rulers of an order spanning the universe and the dimensions, but as distant, long-lost gods.

After Sotek, around a dozen of the Old Ones are venerated as a second tier in the pantheon of Lizardmen gods. Amongst the most prominent of these are Chotec – Lord of the Sun, Tepok – god of magic and wisdom, and Potec – he who wards against the supernatural. Each of these Old Ones has temple-pyramids dedicated to them in many of the temple-cities, and entire armies invoke their names before marching to war.

Certain of these gods are associated with particularly martial qualities, and greater dedications are made to them at times of war. In addition to Sotek, Tlanxla and Xhotl, the warriors give praises to Tzunki – lord of water, agility and keen eyesight; Tlazcotl – the impassive, patient and determined; Huanchi – the Jaguar God of the earth and night, and Xapati, whose name is invoked before vengeance is called down upon a foe.

To the Lizardmen, every single one of these beings is a sacred deity. Each played a crucial role in creation and in the maintenance of an empire that spanned both space and time. Though the Old Ones are lost, the Lizardmen remain ever vigilant for their return. Sacrifices and veneration are made that one day, the Old Ones might find their way home, and lead their children in the final battle to rid the world of the corrupting influence of Chaos. Only then can the empire of the Old Ones be rebuilt, space and time being moulded to the dimension-spanning Great Plan of the creator-gods.

With no first hand knowledge of the Old Ones, and with their records scattered and incomplete since the Great Catastrophe, the Lizardmen have but a fragmentary picture of their creators. The sacred plaques are replete with oblique and obscure references to various Old Ones and their deeds, and from these the Lizardmen have come to associate specific traits with individual Old Ones.

As the Lizardmen have come into conflict with more and more races, those Old Ones associated with the martial aspects of the Lizardmen's nature have come to the fore.





VENERATIONS

Worship of the Old Ones is a highly ritualistic affair, but its exact form depends on the deity in question and the nature of the worshipper. The Mage-Priests, for example preside over all manner of ceremonies yet remain impassive throughout. A Mage-Priest might be carried to the high altar to officiate at a ceremony and remain in his meditation trance all the while, unaware or uncaring of events around him. It is the Skink Priests that actually carry out the many and varied observances, abasements and rites associated with each Old One. The Saurus too pay homage to the lost gods, though these single-minded warriors do so in their own, simple ways. They may heap the bodies of fallen enemies before a totem to the warrior-defender Quetzl for example, or swallow whole the still-beating hearts of the vanquished in honour of Tzcatli, he who grants strength to a warrior's arm. Even the Kroxigor make obeisance to the gods of the Lizardmen, the jungle resounding with low, rumbling chants as the sun rises.

Perhaps once, before the Great Catastrophe, the Lizardmen communicated directly with their masters, or had no need to do so at all, all their needs predicted and met. So long after the departure of the Old Ones however, the Lizardmen go to ever-greater lengths to enact the will of their lost gods. A mighty force might march to war, crossing the entire continent because a particular alignment of the stars demanded it. A beaten enemy army, its back to the sea, might be spared complete destruction because a Mage-Priest perceived the will of the Old Ones in the pattern of a sandshark's footprints across the beach.

TEMPLE-BASTIONS

The temples in which the Lizardmen honour their gods take many different forms. The majority have stood since the time of the Old Ones, and many have been built upon over the millennia, layer upon layer of construction making the pyramid ever larger. Inside these temple-pyramids are a labyrinth of tunnels and chambers. Each is eminently defensible and its construction is proof against the most destructive of siege machines or determined assaults. An attacker that managed to penetrate a temple-city would be faced with the task of besieging dozens of these bastions, each defended by hundreds of Lizardmen.

The appearance of these temples varies enormously. Though most are stepped pyramids, even these display much variety. In Chaqua, for example, the Great Pyramid and many other structures are made entirely of gold, though these are choked with vines for the city is long abandoned. The Temple of the Great Serpent in Itza appears from a distance to be made of terracotta – in reality it is coated in the dried blood of thousands of enemies that have been sacrificed upon its flanks.

Some Old Ones are judged by the Slann more active or receptive to their prayers at certain times of the year, at the moment of particular celestial phenomena. At these times the temples are a hive of activity and ceremony. Great rituals are enacted and the air around the temple



seethes with magical energies. Waves of sorcerous power pulse from the tops of the temples. The clouds above boil and churn and spectacular storms wrack the skies. It is said that if the correct obeisance is made, the Old One to which the temple is dedicated will hear the prayers of the Lizardmen and, should he find them deserving, grant them a portion of his immeasurable power.

SACRIFICES

In the centuries since the coming of the Serpent God Sotek, the Lizardmen have taken more and more to the sacrificing of enemy warriors they have defeated and captured in battle. By the ritual shedding of the blood of their enemies, the Lizardmen hope to prove themselves worthy of the blessings of the gods, demonstrating their continued dedication and commitment to the Great Plan. Some Mage-Priests believe it only proper that living beings give up their lives in this manner, for the Old Ones, the very creators of the world, sacrificed all at the moment of the collapse of the polar gates that the world might be saved from total destruction.

Those few races that encounter Lizardmen and live to tell of it find them an alien and incomprehensible race – utterly cold and devoid of compassion. Like wild beasts, the Lizardmen are instinctive and savage. They are able to slaughter every last one of their foes with brutal efficiency and they do not know the meaning of remorse, however, the Lizardmen way of war is not inherently cruel. Even when mercilessly mauling an invader or wiping out those deemed undesirable, the Lizardmen do not kill wantonly. That changed against the Skaven and the coming of the new god, Sotek. Inspired by Tehenhauin, Skink Priests led the ritualistic slaughter of untold thousands of ratmen.





Ever since the coming of the Serpent God, the Lizardmen have been engaged in a constant war against the Skaven. Although the armies of the ratspawn were long ago expelled from Lustria, still small numbers infest the swamps and lurk in the dank tunnels beneath long-abandoned temples. The Lizardmen's patrols seek out these intruders and, where possible, capture them, bringing them to one of the great temple-cities. Here the ratmen are interred in great pits, each crammed full of squirming, squealing, filth-encrusted vermin.

At the appointed time in the lunar cycle, these captives are drugged with potent soporific fumes, and led from the stinking pits. One by one, they are brought to the top of the city's Great Pyramid, to stand before a Skink Priest. The Skink invokes the names of the Old Ones, offering up the coming sacrifice as the Old Ones sacrificed themselves to save the world at the moment of the Great Catastrophe. And then, the Skaven is sacrificed. The form of the sacrifice varies depending on the Old One to which the temple-pyramid is dedicated. Most are dedicated to Sotek, and so the prisoner is cast into a deep shaft, the bottom of which is home to a thousand blood vipers or perhaps one of the mighty Coiled Ones. Other offerings take the form of ritually burning, drowning or exsanguinating the captured Skaven.

On occasion, a mighty Skaven warlord will be captured. The ceremony of offering up such a prisoner to the Old Ones is of great import, and it is not uncommon for the greater part of the entire temple-city's population to gather in the great square to witness it. The ceremony will be officiated over by the most senior Skink Priest, and frequently, the killing blow will be delivered by the mightiest Saurus leader present.

According to the archival records, it is Kroq-Gar who has made the greatest number of such offerings, having personally sacrificed over a thousand mighty Skaven warlords since the dawning of the age of the Serpent God Sotek. Entire temple-cities would turn out to watch the sacrifice of an important Shaven commander, the vast plazas filling with clamorous Skinks. For the most part, the inscrutable Slann Mage-Priests leave such barbaric practices alone, although they could no longer ignore the populous rise of the new god Sotek, nor could they rein in the base practice of offering up sacrifices to attract the blessings of the gods.

SACRED HOSTS

The plaques record that some Lizardmen are spawned under the influence of one or more of the Old Ones. The warriors of such spawnings have certain characteristics in common and they very often share a singular fate. The plaques will often predict the exact date that these warriors are due to emerge from their spawning pools. On that date, a large crowd of Skinks will gather all about the spawning pools. A delegation of Skink Priests will stand by the pool's very edge, waiting the moment the half-glimpsed shapes in the glowing liquid will emerge. If the spawning is of particular note, a Mage-Priest may even be in attendance, and this is the greatest of honours for the new spawning.

When the warriors emerge they are welcomed one by one and adorned with feathers and totems of the god whose blessing is upon them. Their status will be apparent from their appearance and demeanour, and the Skink Priests will record every nuance for the archives. Lizardmen spawned according to the influence of Sotek, for example, often sport tall red crests and are warlike in character, while those spawned under Tepoc's inscrutable eye may have purple or violet markings and a distinctly detached and otherworldly air. It has happened that some spawnings are created under the influence of several Old Ones, exhibiting a combination of characteristics, and the Priests will take special care to record every last detail of such an event. In most instances, these combinations of characteristics occur only to single spawnings and only to the hulking warrior creatures known as Saurus.



On extremely rare occasions, more than one of these spawnings have occurred in the same temple-city, at the same time. The influence of this god can be seen not only in the Saurus but also in the smaller, more nimble Skinks in the force. Thus has been formed a Sacred Host, an entire army touched by a single god and marked with the signs of his blessing. Such an army is only spawned once in a thousand years, but will have some truly momentous task to complete for the furtherance of the Great Plan of the Old Ones. Scholars have attempted to examine the Sacred Hosts of those deities that the Lizardmen venerate the most.



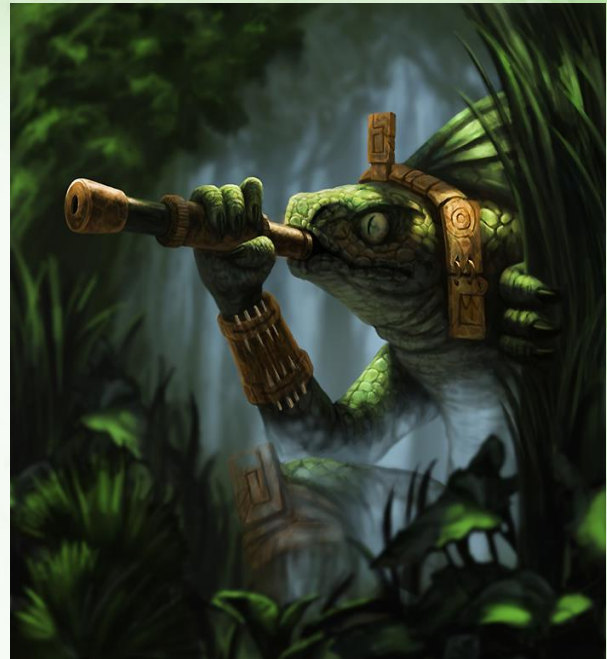
SOTEK, THE SERPENT GOD

Sotek is the pre-eminent Lizardmen deity and has been since their millennia-spanning war against the noisome Skaven that ended in the year 100. Sotek is very much the Lizardmen god of vengeance, a deity that embodies the race's righteous anger against those invaders who would intrude upon the Lizardman realms. Sotek is cruel, with a thirst for sacrifice, and the Lizardmen make daily tribute to him in the form of blood offerings. Sotek is particularly fond of rodent flesh, and thus, the sacrifice of captured Skaven is seen as the highest honor adherents can pay their god.

One question troubles those few scholars with any knowledge of Lizardmen deities. Only the Mage-Priests of Chaqua knew of Sotek, and even they did not venerate him and merely awaited the prophesied time of his coming. When Sotek's manifestation was realized, it was the Skinks who first acknowledged him as a god, for the Mage-Priests took some time to contemplate the issue. This confusing state of affairs leads some scholars to question the nature of Sotek. Is the serpent god an Old One? If so, why was he not worshipped or even acknowledged for so many millennia? Some believe that this later addition to the Lizardmen pantheon of gods is something else entirely, perhaps some manifestation of the Lizardmen's anger and resentment at the actions of those who would invade and plunder their realm.

The most significant – and indeed the first – occasion on which a Sacred Host of Sotek marched to war was after the fall of the great temple city of Chaqua at the hands of the Skaven Clan Pestilens. The only survivors of the virulent and terrible plagues unleashed by the Plague Monks were some red-crested Skinks, all of the same spawning. These Skinks were led by the individual who would go on to proclaim the coming of the serpent god across the Lizardmen empire: Tehenhauin, the Prophet of Sotek. It is said that these Skinks were particularly strong for their race. Their constitution enabled them to resist the foul diseases of the rat-spawn. The red-crested Skinks went forth from the ruins of Chaqua and proclaimed the coming of the serpent god. The Skinks fought many battles against Clan Pestilens and gathered more Skinks to their force. Eventually, they grew into a mighty army. Tehenhauin led the Lizardmen in a long war that spanned many centuries. Uncounted successive spawnings of redcrests marched at his side. Tehenhauin ultimately defeated Clan Pestilens, and his followers slaughtered untold numbers of the vile ratmen in a ritual so potent the twin-tailed comet that had dominated the skies for centuries blazed overhead, heralding, they say, the coming of Sotek to the world.

Myths speak of Sotek himself in the form of a gigantic serpent, ridding Lustria of the Skaven by pursuing them to the coast. He then plunged into the ocean, emerging even mightier in the Southlands. From there he slithered into the depths of the earth in his relentless pursuit of the Skaven, and now lurks there still, feeding endlessly on rat-spawn and protecting his people from the Skaven menace.



Since that time, Sotek has come to represent the deliverance of the Lizardmen from those creatures that are the result of deviation from the Great Plan. Sotek is perceived as a mighty serpent that swallows whole the enemies of the Lizardmen, digesting them for millennia in his distended belly. It is Sotek that the Lizardmen invoke when they go to war against the servants of Chaos, and every temple-city has a large temple-pyramid devoted to him. In the aftermath of a momentous victory, the temple-cities resound to the chanting of the warriors and the ring of sacrificial blades striking stone altar blocks having sliced through the neck of a drugged captive. At the height of these ceremonies, the blood of the servants of Chaos gushes in torrents down the steps of the pyramid, to mingle with the waters of the great rivers.

Every temple of Sotek has a sacred snake-pit of great depth. At the bottom of the pit dwells an ancient and enormous serpent. These serpents have been nurtured for centuries by the Skinks because they are sacred to Sotek. All snakes are in fact sacred to Sotek, but the more gigantic the serpent, the more sacred it is. The Lustrian jungle is home to many strange varieties of venomous or constrictor snakes which can live to a great age and grow to an enormous size.

Sotek is honoured and invoked by throwing sacrifice victims down into the snake-pit to be devoured by the sacred serpent. Enemies captured in battle are acceptable as Sotek's rightful tribute of sacrifices. Sotek is most gratified by Skaven sacrificial victims because he relishes greatly the flesh of the rodent spawn. The Lizardmen are therefore always eager to render such delicacies to their beloved god.

Sotek reigns as the great serpent-god of the Lizardmen, and every temple-city venerates his supreme divinity with a blood-soaked pyramid. Some believe that this foremost deity is one of the Old Ones returned, though most see him as a wholly different entity from the creators of the Lizardmen.





The appearance in the skies of the twin-tailed comet is received with rejoicing and blood sacrifices of thanks among the Lizardmen, for they know that it heralds the reawakening of Sotek, who will strike down their foes with his furious anger.

CHOTEC, THE SOLAR GOD

Chotec is the Lizardman god of the sun and, as such, is imbued with a fiery energy that belies the cold-blooded nature of the race. Chotec is venerated by Skinks and Saurus as a bringer of warmth and energy. His associated color is a fiery orange, and his followers are said to bear arms and armor of gleaming gold and carry icons that reflect the light of the sun in dazzling beams all around. It is said by his most strident followers that those favoured by his blessings are imbued with great vigour. It is the boundless energy of the servants of Chotec that makes them particularly dangerous to those who would intrude upon their domains. Many have made the mistake of assuming Chotec's followers to be as impassive as all Lizardmen. Alas, this is not the case, as some have discovered to their doom.

All major temple-cities have great pyramids built to Chotec – each situated and aligned so as to harness the power of the sun. The largest of such temples resides in Hexoatl – the City of the Sun – and it is no coincidence that the city's ruler, Lord Mazdamundi, is the most active of all Slann – a now tireless avenger in his relentless prosecution of the Great Plan of the Old Ones.

One tale speaks of a mage of the Bright College who sought to travel to Lustria and fathom the nature of the servants of Chotec. He had heard tell that their champions wielded the power of fire in a manner that he felt might rival that of his college. By all accounts, this mage was a conceited and arrogant individual, so convinced in the superiority of his own vocation that he could not conceive that the Lizardmen might prove equal – let alone superior – in the Seventh Lore.



Traveling to Lustria, the mage sought the servants of Chotec for many years. He searched the great waterways of the New World accompanied by a substantial army of mercenaries hired at great cost by the Bright College to protect him.

After almost a decade of searching, the Bright College ordered the mage to return. His quest was proving anything but successful, and it was costing a great deal to keep the mercenaries paid and supplied. In desperation, the mage resolved to launch one more expedition into the jungles before returning home to Altdorf. He decided to head south along the coast and make for Pahuax. However, his flotilla was caught in a great storm and carried many hundreds of miles east. The mighty currents that cross the Great Ocean swept him west and south and then scattered his fleet against the Vampire Coast. By this point, the flotilla was hopelessly separated, but the mage spied a dark land on the southern horizon, wreathed in volcanic cloud. He concluded that it must surely be the will of the gods that drew a mage of the Bright College to such a fiery place. He observed a great host standing on the blackened shore and guarding the lip of a mighty crater from which an infernal glow issued. The mage determined that here, at last, he had found or had been led to the servants of Chotec. He would challenge their leader and, after defeating him, pry the secrets from the Mage-Priest's dying mind.



The captain of the mage's ship had different ideas though and refused to put to shore. The mage declared the captain in breach of his contract with the Bright College and issued all manner of dire threats. The captain looked to his crewmen, who were superstitious seafarers ill at ease with the presence of a wizard on their ship and a mutinous bunch to boot. The smoldering mage realized what was about to happen and began to utter an incantation, but he was too late. In an instant, the seadogs were upon him. They inflicted the gravest of insults on the Bright Wizard and pitched him into the sea, where he was forced to swim for the black shoreline. The mage must have reached the relative safety of the beach, for as the ship made its way north once more, the island came alive with a pyromantic display of epic proportions. The great explosions remained visible into the night and over the horizon as the sailors sought to put as much distance as possible between themselves and the volcanic island. Of such prodigious power were the forces unleashed that day that it is said the elders of the Bright College felt the heat in Altdorf, on the other side of the world. So the legend goes, the masters of the Bright College knew that one of their number had perished at the hands of a foe far more gifted in manipulating the Wind of Aqshy than any mortal. From that day to the present, the Bright College has forbidden its members to travel to Lustria.



QUETZL, THE PROTECTOR GOD

The servants of Quetzl are tough and warlike, as befits the chosen of the warrior god. Quetzl is venerated among the pantheon of Lizardmen deities as the protector, and Lizardmen spawned under his influence are gifted with great bony protrusions and especially thick hides. Those who have faced these Lizardmen in battle claim to have seen arrows and crossbow bolts splinter and snap on the scales of Quetzl's servants. It is hardly surprising that foremost amongst those who honour Quetzl are the Saurus Temple Guard.

A number of accounts speak of Saurus warriors with huge bony crests on their heads. However, some believe that these eye-witnesses are referring not to Lizardmen spawned under the sign of Quetzl but instead to the Temple Guard – huge and stoic warriors who protect the Slann Mage-Priests. Only a handful of accounts represent what is believed to be true sightings of the protector god's children, who sport not only bony crests, but spines and protrusions all over their bodies. If some accounts are to be believed, these Saurus might appear to be adorned in an entire suit of bony armor, though such accounts may stretch credulity rather too thin for the academic instincts of most scholars.

Delving deeper into the tales surrounding this particular Old One, scholars have uncovered a number of references to protective magic, though at first some mistakenly concluded that these passages referred to Tepok, the inscrutable god more normally linked with protection from harmful magicks. However, some scholars, judging by the accounts of a number of mages

who have visited Lustria and witnessed the Lizardmen in battle, have concluded that Quetzl is also called upon to provide magical protection from mundane attacks.

In his writings on his expedition to Lustria entitled "In the Garden of the Gods," noted mage of the Jade College, Cyrston Von Danling, states that he witnessed a punitive raid by a force of Lizardmen upon Port Reaver. The defenders scrambled to man their defenses and eventually made ready a number of artillery pieces, which they brought to bear on the attacking Saurus. A cannonball from the first volley apparently struck the Lizardmen's leader, a mighty Saurus mounted on a hissing Cold One. As the missile struck, an explosion of multi-hued light burst around the Saurus and blinded many with its dazzling brilliance. The Saurus was quite unharmed, and the cannonball had been dissolved to nothing by some magical means. Von Danling states that his own magical sight afforded him a view of the event imperceptible to those not gifted with a mage's skills. According to him, a ghostlike, clawed hand manifested before the Saurus, physically blocked the cannonball, and transmuted it from mundane matter into the very stuff of magic. Thereafter, what had been the cannonball dissipated on the arcane winds. Von Danling claims to have felt, if only for an instant, the presence of a being of immeasurable power. In that split second, he felt utterly humbled and insignificant before a presence of incalculable age and power. Of course, he states that he was in the presence of the Old One Quetzl. Most believe that the noted wizard Von Danling had spent too long in the sun.



HUANCHI, THE JAGUAR GOD

Huanchi is the predator god, whose symbol is the stealthy jaguar. The servants of this Old One deity are said to have prodigious hunting and stalking skills and are able to move through the most dense areas of jungle with little effort.

Few references to the servants of Huanchi exist, which is hardly surprising considering that these particular Lizardmen are known for their stealth and secrecy. One obscure tale may relate to a Sacred Spawning of the jaguar god. This story concerns a conflict between the Lizardmen and the Dark Elves.

Around a century ago, a Dark Elf raiding force from Hag Graef is said to have infiltrated the Forests of the Viper and made for a monument referred to as the Blood Pyramid. The Witch Elves entered the vaults beneath the pyramid, stole the precious dawnstone that had been housed there for millennia, and performed a number of blasphemous blood rites before withdrawing toward the mountain range known as the Grey Guardians. It would appear, however, that a Lizardmen force was dispatched from Hexoatl to intercept the Dark Elves and recover the dawnstone, a precious artifact that is the bane of all Daemons. The Dark Elves are themselves known for their skills at stealth and infiltration, yet these Lizardmen were able to track them. The raiders were at first unaware of the pursuit and made their way down from the Grey Guardians to travel north up the Ashen Coast. Few maps exist of the land of Naggaroth, and thus, scholars can only speculate as to the nature of such places as the Ironsand Desert, Tyrant Peak, and Kraken Lake. They are but names in a tale with only vague descriptions. The raiders passed through these areas, the pursuers gaining on them all the while.



At the shores of the Witch Sea, the raiders paused to perform their sanguinary rites once more, the prancing Witch Elves dedicating their blood-slicked bodies to their blasphemous deity, while the servants of the jaguar god stalked them in the dark. At the height of the ceremony, the Lizardmen struck, caught the Dark Elves completely off guard, and slaughtered a large number of them. The few survivors then escaped into the night. The Lizardmen gave chase immediately, and so started a pursuit that lasted many long weeks and passed through some of the most inhospitable lands of Naggaroth. The Dark Elves, seeking to evade their pursuers at the Blackspine Mountains, passed through a dark portal referred to as the Sewer Gate through which lay a secret way toward Hag Graef. But the Saurus tracked the Dark Elves even through the darkest places beneath the earth. As the raiders emerged at the Pits of Zardok, they found that the Lizardmen had somehow caught up with them.

The Dark Elves had no choice but to turn and fight, trapped as they were against the very lip of the vast rent within the cold land of Naggaroth. They were slaughtered to an Elf. The dawnstone was recovered, and their bodies were hurled into the dark Pits of Zardok. The Dark Elves had met their match in stealth and cunning in the form of the servants of Huanchi, and no more raids would be launched from Hag Graef for many decades to come.

TZUNKI, THE WATER GOD

Those Lizardmen spawned under the influence of Tzunki have a powerful affinity with water, and their scaly hides are often tinged with a sea-green hue. According to the tales of the boastful Norsemen, some of their kind have battled against Lizardmen that sported gills and webbed appendages and could remain underwater for many hours. Norse tales claim that a large force of such creatures attacked a long ship as it traveled south along the eastern coast of Lustria and explored a stretch of shore beyond the Mangrove Coast. The Norsemen claim the attackers were defeated but that the longboat was crippled when it struck an underwater obstruction. The crew was forced to make for the mainland. The remainder of the account is a drunken tale of misadventure involving Undead pirates, large flightless birds, and deadly jungle-dwelling warriorwomen – not a word of which most scholars believe.

Although the accounts of the drunken Norse have little credibility, one reference to an army believed to constitute a Sacred Host of Tzunki has been uncovered in an inscription found on the base of the so-called Monument of the Moon. This vast monolith stands 50 miles out to sea and some 250 miles southeast of the abandoned settlement of Dalmark Town. This inscription makes reference to a battle fought between Lizardmen from Tlaxtlan and an army of Norsemen in the service of Chaos around the year 1300. Though scant details of the battle are given, it does appear that the battle was the culmination of a series of skirmishes that had seen the servants of the Ruinous Powers attempt to penetrate the mouth of the river Amaxon.



They were repulsed and harried from one estuary island to the next by a Lizardmen army capable of launching its attacks from the water. The final battle occurred on the shores of the Island of Sacrifices. The foul horde was surrounded; the hulls of its long ships were punctured; and the Norsemen had nowhere else to turn. The inscription states that the invaders' bones were strewn about the shores of the islands three feet deep in places to act as a reminder to any who would attempt to invade the realms of the Lizardmen.

TLAZCOTL, THE IMPASSIVE

Tlazcotl is said to embody the cold-blooded impassiveness of the Lizardmen race, and his followers are unmoved by events around them, no matter how extreme or unnerving. The servants of this deity are said to be cold, patient, and unresponsive, even for Saurus, and utterly devoid of emotion. As such, they are of course utterly unafraid, for nothing moves them. Even sights that would reduce the boldest man to a quivering wreck hold no terror for these warriors, who will continue fighting until every last one of them lies dead.

Travelers who have made actual contact with the Lizardmen describe them all as cold and impassive, yet a handful have had the misfortune of coming face to face with Lizardmen spawned under the influence of Tlazcotl. One tomb-raiding adventurer claims to have become shipwrecked south of Port Reaver and to have made his way south along the coast in hopes of reaching Swamp Town before pursuing pirates overtook him. The cutthroats sought to divest him of a golden mask he had plundered from Lizardmen ruins.

A week into his journey, he encountered a force of Lizardmen blocking his route and saw no alternative but to meet with them and negotiate safe passage through their domains. His advance was met with stony silence. Although the Saurus made no move to harm him, they certainly made no effort to communicate. Frustrated and fretting that the Lizardmen might decide to detain him if he lingered any longer in their domains and thereby discover the plundered mask he carried, the adventurer made off along the beach and cast nervous glances behind as he did so. It was only as he turned one last time that he saw that the Lizardmen had deployed into a long battle line, blocking the beach from low to high tide marks, and that the pirates who had pursued him along the coast for the last seven days were just coming into view. The pirates vastly outnumbered the Saurus, but the Lizardmen showed no hint of fear as the ragged lines of cutthroats advanced. The ensuing battle was bloody in the extreme. The pirates threw themselves at the Saurus, but the Lizardmen would simply not give ground, though they were being dragged down by the savage horde smashing into their lines.

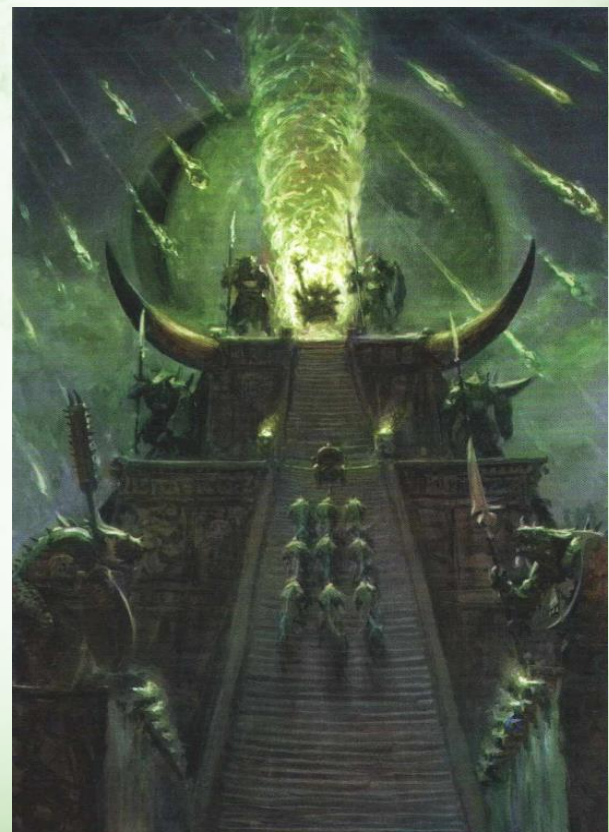
As the sun began to set, the tide of battle turned, as the pirates were simply too exhausted to continue their attack. They withdrew, but the Saurus remained, guarding their land as though they heeded some silent command. The adventurer, secure in the knowledge

that the pirates would not be able to follow, turned and continued on his journey south, but he suffered more than a stab of guilt that so many had died, inadvertently facilitating his escape with their own treasure.

TEPOK THE INSCRUTABLE

The Lizardmen worship the deity Tepok as the feathered serpent god of the air and of sacred places and a powerful symbol of protection against harmful magic. The being is frequently referred to as "The Inscrutable," a characteristic manifested in its followers, who have an air of mysterious otherworldliness. The feathered serpent totem-creature is believed to refer to the Coatl, a mythical creature said to be a bizarre hybrid of serpent and bird. At times, the Coatl is depicted as a huge snake covered with brightly colored feathers; at others, it is a snake with wide, feathered pinions. These feathers are invariably purple, deep blue, or a combination of the two, and it has been reported by returning explorers that some Lizardmen sport feathers of this color as a mark of rank or role. Most scholars refuse to believe the feathers are from an actual Coatl, for surely such a creature must be extremely rare, if it even exists at all.

A full-fledged spawning of a Sacred Host of Tepok has been reported on several occasions. The oldest such reference was found in a transcription of a single fragment of the long-lost Seventeenth Cycle of the Chronicle of Hexoatl. The transcript states that during the fifth configuration of the Fire Star (around the year 500 by the best calculations), the "Dark Ones" (Dark Elves) made an attack on the sacred Mirror Pool of Tepok. Decades earlier, a Sacred Host of Sotek had been spawned at Hexoatl, and this army marched to war against the Elves and fought a mighty battle on the



shore of the pool itself. The Dark Elves were, according to the inscription, defeated despite terrible dark magicks unleashed by their sorcerous witch of a leader. Only through Tepok's protection did the force survive her arcane onslaught by walking calmly through ardent violet fire to smash into the Dark Elf lines, slaughter every last Dark Elf, and win the day. The witch was thrown into the Mirror Pool of Tepok as a sacrifice to the feathered-serpent god of sacred places, and it is said that her screaming, cursing face is still visible there to this day and remains unable to break the surface of the perfectly calm waters.

Interestingly, the Chronicle of Hexoatl suggests that the Children of Tepok will return at the next conjunction of the Fire Star to oppose once more the Dark Ones who would despoil the lands of Lustria. The configuration has recently occurred. Thus, it may well be that a Sacred Host of Tepok once more walks the land.

THE GREAT GOD ITZL

The Lizardmen, particularly Skinks outside the temple-cities, worship the great god Itzl – the three-horned ruler of cold-blooded beasts, who is said to grant those who ride Cold Ones and Carnosaurs dominion over their mounts. The remaining temples of Itzl are always distant structures deep in the jungles of Lustria. Many feature great gongs, instruments rung only when sacrifices have been tied to attract Itzl's creatures out of the impenetrable forests to feed.

OTHER OLD ONES

Though Sotek is the pre-eminent god of the Lizardmen, many others are venerated. Of some, very little is known. To date, investigators have been unable to uncover more than passing references to other deities.

Tlanxa, for example, is an Old One described in many glyphs as the embodiment of the warlike nature of the Lizardmen, and a pair of matching glyph sequences in Hexoatl and Itza make reference to him riding to war in a mighty sky-chariot. Quetli is spoken of in the sacred plaques of Hexoatl as a warrior-god, being referred to

THE FAVOUR OF THE GODS

Among each generation of Lizardmen, certain individuals will be marked in some unusual way, with vivid spots, backstripes or crests of a striking contrasting colour. These markings are considered to be portents and these individuals are regarded as marked out by the Old Ones as leaders, champions and heroes of their generation.

The marked ones are frequently endowed with greater intelligence, keener eyesight, greater strength and endurance and more courage than the rest. A good example of this is the highly regarded vermilion crest which is considered to signify inspiration from the sun god and is known as the 'Mark of Chotec'.

These Lizardmen soon emerge as leaders of regiments, while others are selected to be scribes, acolytes, overseers or commanders. It is the Mage-Priests who scrutinise the markings and consider their implications. For example, it is common knowledge that the biggest Saurus with the largest crests make the best riders for Cold Ones.



in the Prophecy of Xhalo as the 'Protector of the True Way'. Xhotl, the Old One after which the temple-city is named, is described in every sequence that mentions him as the chooser of those destined for greatness. Xholankha is referred to only as 'the Lost', though all other references are vague and often contradictory to any but the deepest intellect. This enigmatic Old One is rarely invoked, for he is believed to be lost to the Lizardmen and therefore unable to hear their prayers. Some Slann Mage-Priests believe that Xholankha is engaged upon an all-but impossible mission at the very beginning of time, from which he may, if successful, one day return.

Some exist in name only, such as Conabra, Inhamex and Yuxa, the sacred plaques naming these lost gods but providing no further details. It is probable others exist, and that not even the Mage-Priests know the names of all of the Old Ones.

Beyond these, there are many other Old Ones to whom veneration is paid, perhaps less often or at specific times as dictated by celestial alignments. Xokha is the spirit of stone, the giver of strength, and the Arbiter of Duty. Uxmac is the messenger of the gods, who will one day return to the world, bearing the word of the Old Ones. Caxuatn is the predator, he who stalks the deep jungles, whose passing causes the beasts to become suddenly silent and the winds to become still.

Finally, there is the outcast Rigg, who is mentioned in a small number of glyphs. Rigg is not venerated by any Lizardmen at all, but whose island temple in the mouth of the Amaxon River is nonetheless attended to with great care. Highly unusually, this being is referred to in the feminine context, and in one glyph sequence referred to as the 'Mother of Kalith', a term with no known meaning to the Lizardmen.

ECHOES OF THE FALL

With but a thought, Tiktaq'to, the Master of Skies, bade his Terradon to dive into the ocean of cloud churning below. For an instant, he was enveloped by stark whiteness, before bursting out into clear air.

The jungle sprawled from horizon to horizon, thick tendrils of mist coiling upwards hundreds of feet into the moist air. Here and there a jungle temple or megalithic statue pierced the canopy, the air above each structure seething with multi-hued, magical energies. Bringing his mount about in a wide turn, the keen-eyed Skink Chief found what he had sought. The ruined temple-city of Xahutec, the City of Echoes.

The massive, stepped structures of the once-great city rose above the jungle in silent, crumbling testament to the inscrutable power of the Old Ones. Aligning himself by the city's towering solar temple, Tiktaq'to changed his heading and, with a silent imperative, ordered his Terradon to dive once more. Within moments the jungle canopy was rearing up to meet the Master of Skies, the treetops speeding by impossibly fast.

And then Tiktaq'to was over a wide clearing a short distance beyond the city. He rose and circled the space. As he slowed, he peered through the eyes of the golden Mask of Heavens. There, in the centre of the clearing the very ground itself was swelling and heaving, the bedrock showing through as bone pierces the flesh of a broken limb.

His eyes narrowed. The Priests had spoken wisely - something was very much amiss and it was his duty to report all he saw so that the Mage-Priests might be awoken and appraised. But before he could bring his mount around for the homeward journey, a terrible rending, groaning sound split the air. From his high vantage point he saw concentric circles of unknowable pressure ripple outwards from the clearing, stirring the jungle for miles all around. The swelling of the ground had reached such a point that a massive wound had been formed at its apex, out of which a cascade of unclean power now flooded. As the energies faded, the Master of Skies spied an impossible thing hanging over the fresh wound. Three oval forms, one within the other, orbiting a point that could only have formed some manner of portal into that place which should not exist.

And from that portal now spewed the age-old enemies of order and life - Daemonic creatures from the Realm of Chaos. The Master of Skies wheeled his Terradon around, urging it

to gain altitude and speed. The Mage-Priests would be stirred and the hosts gathered, for war with the Daemons of Chaos had come once more to Lustria.

The Master of Skies circled high, his inscrutable gaze taking in the carnage unfolding below. The portal radiated unnatural power, and every few moments, or so it seemed, would spit out another snarling pack of Daemons. The ritual words that would close the portal were upon his tongue, but he knew he would have to time the moment to perfection. Not yet! The silent, unspoken yet utterly authoritative imperative stabbed into his thoughts. He felt the awesome power of a Mage-Priest touching his mind and looked down to see the Temple Guard closing on the portal.

Shouting an order to his fellow Riders, the Master of Skies prepared to descend.

Tiktaq'to's Terradon released its grip on its load of rocks, the other Terradons doing likewise at exactly the same moment. Relieved of the heavy burden the beasts lurched into the air and the Master of Skies turned to observe the effects of the attack. Their target, a Xlanax - a Daemon with hide the colour of the moonless night - leapt high into the air in an effort to cleave his attackers in two with his mighty sword. But the Terradons had gained height, and the rocks crashed down upon the Daemon, smashing it into the ground amidst a fountain of black ichor.

Levelling out, Tiktaq'to looked back to the battle. Lord Kroak's Temple Guard were cutting down a pack of Daemonettes, while the cadaverous Relic-Priest himself was directing his spirit energies upon the task of closing the portal. As the last of the Daemons were crushed underfoot, the three concentric circles of the portal aligned in a single plane, before collapsing in upon themselves. In an instant all was silent. Not the silence that comes with the secession of activity, but the profound stillness of time frozen. And then the portal blinked out of existence and the Daemons were gone - the battlefield belonged to the Lizardmen.

The portal was closed. The City of Echoes was returned to its sacred state and the mists would quickly return, though the Master of Skies knew all too well that Chaos slumbered yet in its cursed catacombs.







THE FORCES OF LUSTRIA

The Lizardmen are an ancient race and had proven themselves victorious on battlefields long before the fledgling races such as Elves, Dwarfs or Men could stand upright on their feet. Theirs is the power that scoured races untold from existence and reshaped the very surface of the world. By their will and the might of their armies have the Dark Gods been thwarted. Yet defence is not enough -once again the Lizardmen have reawakened to their great purpose, crusading outwards once more to restore order.

This section of the book describes the fearsome Lizardmen in all their varied guises. Here you will find details for all the different troops, heroes, and monsters used in a Lizardmen army. It provides the descriptions, imagery, characteristics profiles and special rules necessary to use all the elements of the army, from the Core units to special characters, and from the lost Treasures of the Old Ones to the Lore of High Magic.

ARMY SPECIAL RULES

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



COLD-BLOODED

All Lizardmen are cold-blooded and naturally slow to react to psychology, if they react at all. To other races the Lizardmen seem incapable of emotion, bloodthirsty and little more than heartless killers. This is not necessarily true, for the Lizardmen merely view the world from a very different perspective.

Whenever a model with this special rule takes a Leadership test, it rolls an additional dice and discards the highest result.



PREDATORY FIGHTER

Saurus Warriors are vicious fighters whose bodies and armament have been created to maximise their fighting potential in close combat. As well as their well-designed weapons, they make use of their bony crests, powerful jaws and claws. Even their shields are designed to strike and slash with, making them formidable opponents.

Whenever a model with this special rule rolls a 6 To Hit in close combat, it immediately makes another Attack; roll To Hit and To Wound as normal. Attacks generated by the Predatory Fighter special rule do not generate further Attacks. This applies to all fighting models in the unit, including models making supporting attacks. In addition, a unit that contains one or more models with this special rule can never test to restrain pursuit.

I have scoured the coasts of three continents, yet in all my years of reaving I have never fought anything like the cold-blooded men of Lustria. Their main troops, large bipedal man-lizards, are seemingly immune to pain, fighting on long after foes with any sense would have fled. Time and again I have seen them fight to the last, pausing only to tug crossbow bolts from their thick hides. Even in death I have seen these creatures attack, in one case a severed head continued snapping at us for three full days, and in another, the jaws, once clamped onto flesh, could not again be prised opened, but had to be cut away from the victim – a process none could survive.

The smaller, smooth-skinned creatures are less hardy, but are no less dangerous. Like little darting lizards, they speed in and out of cover, and their use of poison-tipped weapons has ensured that any that are captured suffer painful death. Worse still, at times the smaller race fights alongside Troll-sized reptile-men, hulking beasts that can tear a man in two. With their two-handed mauls I am sure such beasts could stove in the side of a ship within a few blows. But it is the larger creatures I fear the most – enormous reptiles the size of Giants, ravenous monsters that broke our battle lines and reduced many of our ships to kindling. Now that I have seen Lustria with my own eyes I believe the tales are true – both of the gold that can be prised out of every ruin, and also of the denizens of that cursed land. Lizardmen, savage in deed and heart. It matters not the price, I will not return to those forsaken jungles again.'

From the logbook of Vincenzo Corenzo, Mercenary Capitano out of Tilea

SLANN MAGE-PRIESTS

The favoured servants of the Old Ones, the Slann have considerable intellect and magical abilities, and rule the Lizardmen as venerated Mage-Priests. All Slann belong to this caste, because they all possess the ancient magical powers bred into their race by the Old Ones. Large, unearthly creatures, the Slann are quite unlike anything else in the world. Their large, bloated bodies resemble toads of the kind that inhabit the tropical rainforests of Lustria. Their heads are large to match the mighty intellect held within, and their eyes are bulbous and all seeing. They have long arms and multi-jointed fingers, a flick of which can engulf their foes in writhing flames. Enemy wizards find the mightiest of their incantations unravel before them as the Slann contemptuously waves his hand. A single nod from a Mage-Priest can even cause the extinction of a whole city.

Slann can live for many thousands of years and their bodies become more bloated with the passing centuries. They perceive the passage of time differently to the short-lived mortal creatures of the world such as Elves. The minds of the Mage-Priests are constantly pre-occupied with deep thought, deciphering complex problems and wandering the cosmos. To the Slann, time passes more quickly than it does for short-lived creatures, and a Slann will regularly slip into extended periods of restful contemplation that might last decades, or even centuries, at a time. Endlessly they ponder the meaning of time and the mysteries of the




universe. They sit unmoving on their stone palanquins or in their Star Chambers, and to an outsider a Slann might appear asleep, or even dead. So deeply do they meditate that signs of life are hard to detect – their breaths are shallow and far apart, their eyes unblinking and vacant. Yet the Slann are more truly aware of the magnitude of the universe than any other being in the world, for they can perceive the magic and raw disorder that has hung in the very air since the great influx of Chaos. They look at the world with cold, unreadable eyes, seeing the disorder that thrives throughout the lands. They work to counter the imbalance of Chaos, hoping for the day when the Great Plan is complete and the Old Ones return for their lost children.

With their minds on contemplation in this way and seated upon their palanquins within the chambers of the temple pyramids, each Slann Mage-Priest can transmit and receive thoughts telepathically from other distant Mage-Priests. Suddenly, from time to time, a profound thought will stir the Slann Mage into activity. He will appear to wake up and issue an instruction to his attendants and loyal factotums. Often the pronouncements of a particularly ancient Slann will be so enigmatic as to require interpretation by younger and more vocal Mage-Priests. These will act on his instructions and give orders to the rest of the Lizardmen. Lowly Mage-Priests are the most vocal, issuing orders and pronouncements several times a day. The older Slann speak rarely. Indeed one of the Mage-Priest Lords has only ever spoken once in the living memory of his Lizardmen attendants and that was to say only this, "Attend to the gates!" All present knew what this meant. All knew that this was the one great pressing task to accomplish and that it would take forever.

Each Mage-Priest resides upon a great pyramid temple. The greater the Mage-Priest the higher and more magnificent his pyramid. From here, he presides as a priest-ruler over a community of Lizardmen who guard and serve him. He may have Mage-Priests of lesser status among his retinue, who reside in smaller pyramids clustered around the great pyramid. There are four of these pyramid complexes hidden in the jungles of Lustria and one isolated in the rain forests of the Southlands. All these cities are linked together by mystic astral 'lines', which enable the Slann Mage-Priests to communicate with each other.

Privileged Skinks attend upon the Slann, patiently waiting for the ancient beings to stir from their trances, dutifully recording any enigmatic prophecy or proclamation that is uttered, whether verbally or telepathically. Often these statements require careful study and interpretation, and the true meaning may not become apparent for a thousand years or more. These Skinks never leave their master's side and know of no life besides attending upon the Slann. It is seen as the



"Pass me another Itxi grub."

Last words of Lord Ztlocutec, to his chief attendant, the Skink Priest Xhili'Zkuki

highest honour to serve a Mage-Priest thus. In battle, these Skinks are fiercely protective and slash with concealed blades at any who dare touch their lord. The Slann can also see through the eyes of some Skinks, such as the Priests and Oracles, and enact their will through them.

All the Slann alive today in the world are the same ones who once served the Old Ones, though they were all spawned on this world after the Old Ones' arrival. Those few Slann that travelled from across the stars have long since passed from the world, with not a trace left of their existence. There were five spawnings of Slann created by the Old Ones, each with a particular role to play in their Great Plan. No new Slann have been spawned since the departure of their creators; all the Slann alive today are those self-same ones. Without the Old Ones there can be no more spawnings to replace those that perish. The Slann are the last of a dying race, slowly heading for extinction, and even the youngest is over seven thousand years old. Well over half of their kind died in the Great Catastrophe, including all of the First Spawning – the wisest and most powerful of the Slann, and the only ones that had direct contact with the Old Ones.

In the ages since then, many other Slann have died violently – irreplaceable losses that are greatly lamented. With each Mage-Priest lost, the Saurus and Skinks further insulate those that remain, protecting them with their very lives. Fortunately, they are very rarely slain in combat, for they will usually magically teleport themselves out of danger before a killing blow is landed. The husk-bodies of those who are somehow killed are mummified and entombed beneath the temple-cities, and they are venerated as much as ever they were in life. However, so strong is their consciousness that the Slann are able to hold their spirits in this world. Even when their physical bodies are slain, they are still able to influence the world through their arcane powers, as well as communicating with their living Slann brethren and appearing to the Skink Priests in visions and dreams.

There were five spawnings of Slann created by the Old Ones after they arrived on the world, and none have been spawned since their departure. Each of the different spawnings had a particular role to play in the Old Ones' plans, and each of them wields unfathomable power. Much of their power is purely instinctual, for they are naturally gifted and magical beings, and their grasp on manipulating the winds of magic are unparalleled. They are the unmatched masters of the magical arts – indeed they were its first true practitioners – and it was they who taught the arts of sorcery to the Elves in millennia long past.

The Slann of the First Spawning were the architects of the first temple-cities, and the most powerful of all the Mage-Priests and the only beings permitted to enter the presence of the Old Ones, perhaps because no other living creature had the mental or psychic strength to cope with the experience. They died many thousands of years ago, and their mummified corpses remains are hidden in their tomb vaults deep beneath the pyramid temples. They are venerated relics and the greatest among them is Lord Kroak of Itza. So strong is their spirit, that they can still affect the world around them, manipulating the winds of magic and advising the younger Slann.

The Slann of the second spawning are still alive, except for those slain by unnatural means, but they are all immensely old, amongst the oldest living creatures in existence. They are the most powerful of these creatures left in existence, and were originally spawned to alter the world's alignment and orbit. These Slann spend much of their time in deep meditative states, silent and still for thousands of years at a time. Indeed, one of these Mage-Priest lords has only spoken once in the history of the Lizardmen and that was to pronounce: 'Attend to the gates!' There are only five of them and each rules one of the great pyramid temple-cities of the Lizardmen.

The Slann of the third spawning are younger than the Lords by several thousand years and yet they are still old. They founded the lesser temples and places of powers creating the geomantic web. Only a score survive today, with possibly less than twenty remaining in existence. They either serve the Slann of the second spawning or rule lesser pyramid-temples scattered throughout the Lizardmen realms.

THRONES OF THE ANCIENTS

During the Great Catastrophe, the planet was contaminated. Since then, Slann have avoided setting even a single toe upon the earth, for they know that to touch the ground will earth their magical powers and disturb the serenity of their thoughts. Whilst ensconced in their pyramid-temples, the Mage-Priests sit enthroned upon a leaf-cushioned litter in the centre of a pool of tranquil water. They often spend days upon days studying the lights reflected in the pool's shimmering surface whilst the fumes of the jungle lotus cloud the air.

When the Mage-Priests go to war, they do so upon floating palanquins made of stone and other, unknown substances that float by means of sorcery and long lost science. These palanquins are magical artefacts of a long-lost age, and the secrets of their construction have long since been lost. A Slann controls his slab-throne's movement with his mind, hovering motionless or mooing at a respectable pace, and it shimmers with a powerful protective force field. About the palanquin shimmers the potent Shield of the Old Ones, keeping the Mage-Priest safe from enemy bow fire.



The Mage-Priests of the Fourth Generation are more numerous, and were spawned to maintain the warp gates above the poles and to aid in the creation of the World Pond, the great separation of the continental plates. Although they too can number their years in thousands, they seldom rule pyramid-temples, but serve the greater Slann as generals of armies, overseers of works or as subordinate rulers presiding over the smaller pyramid temples that surround the great cities.

Most numerous of the Slann are those of the Fifth Generation, created in haste mere centuries before the Great Catastrophe. The Slann of the fifth and last spawning are the youngest of the Slann, but even so they can remember a time before Elf or Dwarf history began. It is these younger generations who are inclined to lead armies to war. Compared to the Lords they are alert and energetic and have been known to get up off their palanquins on rare occasions. Slann of the fifth spawning are the lowest rank of Mage-Priests who serve the older ones in temple rituals, or as commanders of small forces sent to deal with intruders and various other missions. Some of these younger Slann have even been known to shift their weight on occasion, though such occurrences are momentous and rare, and it is these younger generations who are more inclined to warfare and aggression.

As the Slann have begun to get more agitated by the pressing concern of the spread of Chaos, so they too have become more active in the world. Their armies have been mustering, and even the most ancient Slann has readied himself for war. In battle, a Slann's hovering platform gently glides forwards, born aloft by ancient magicks and the will of the Slann himself, surrounded by devoted Saurus Warriors. From his reclining position, the Slann gestures with multi-jointed fingers, unleashing devastating magic against all who defy him. The Slann know that they were entrusted with the task of maintaining and completing the grand design of the Old Ones. The Known World is but a small element in this awesome universal plan.

Since the time of the Fall, when the stellar gates imploded, the world was polluted with Chaos and the Old Ones vanished forever, the Slann have religiously attended to their sacred task that they hope to accomplish before their own race dies out. No matter what Elves or Dwarfs or Men may think or do, the Slann will endeavour to serve the Old Ones faithfully to the end of time or until they disappear from the world. All other Lizardmen live only to serve the Slann and help them in their cosmic task, and the Slann do not tolerate anything or anyone that would stand in the way of them completing their sacred duty.

Each of the spawnings of Slann Mage-Priests had a particular role to play in the Great Plan of the Old Ones and each wields unfathomable power. Much of this power is purely instinctual, for the Slann are naturally gifted and inherently magical beings, and their grasp of the Winds of Magic is unparalleled. Since the fall of the polar gates and the creation of the vortex by the Elves, much of the magical energy in the world has

been contained. The Slanns' powers are now a mere shadow of their former glory, but the Mage-Priests remain the undisputed masters of the magical arts.

The Lizardmen army is usually commanded by a Slann Mage-Priest carried aloft on a palanquin. Thus every Lizardman army is in fact the army of a particular Mage-Priest. It is his personal army which defends him in his pyramid temple. A great Mage-Priest may well have lesser Mage-Priests under his command, who reside in smaller pyramid temples of their own clustered around the great pyramid temple. Any one of these lesser Slann may be despatched with a force proportional to his status to accomplish a task, or to deal with small forces of invaders so that the mind of the great Mage is not disturbed or distracted from contemplation of space and time. If a great task needs to be done or a powerful and numerous enemy force has to be defeated, then the mightiest Slann takes the field at the head of the full muster of his army.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Slann Mage-Priest	4	1	3	3	4	5	1	0	9
Skink Attendant	-	2	3	3	-	-	4	1	-

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: A Slann Mage-Priest is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of High Magic or one of the eight Lores of Battle Magic in the Warhammer rulebook.

SPECIAL RULES: Cold-blooded.

Mage-Priest Palanquin: *All Slann Mage-Priests ride upon elaborate palanquins. Slann must be carried everywhere they go as they are so ancient and hugely bloated with magical power that they are quite unable to move of their own accord. Even were they able to do so, they have far too many important things to think about to be bothered with such trivial matters!*

The Palanquin gives the Slann Mage-Priest the Hover and Ward save (4+) special rules. Additionally, while they have the troop type Monstrous Infantry, they are never considered to be 'models on foot' for the purposes of spells, magic items and special rules.

Telepathic Confabulation: *The minds of the Slann Mage-Priests are great and deep beyond mere human comprehension. Mage-Priests communicate with each other across the globe, and possibly across space and time, by means of currents of magic which flow through the world, and can see through the eyes of other Slann or even Skink Priests if they wish.*

At the start of each friendly Magic phase, before dice are rolled to determine the strength of the Winds of Magic, you may pick two friendly Wizards with this special rule anywhere on the battlefield and they may exchange a single spell with each other. In subsequent turns, a different pairing of Wizards with this special rule may be chosen.



SAURUS LEADERS

The most powerful of their kind, Saurus leaders are more than eight feet of savage reptilian muscle. The highest rank given is the title Oldblood, while those beneath them are known as Scar-Veterans. They are perfectly designed killing machines, their martial prowess further enhanced by battle experience. To their foes, be they ancient nemesi or simply those who trespass upon the sovereign territory of their masters, the Saurus leaders are nothing less than the vengeance of the Old Ones made manifest.

Some Saurus leaders are marked for greatness at their spawning, bearing a different pattern or crest to the rest of their brethren. Those few who emerge with pale or albino skin tones are always revered – for they are the favoured of the Old Ones and destined to become mighty heroes of the Lizardmen. Yet a Saurus need not be different from his comrades to gain veteran status; he need only survive.

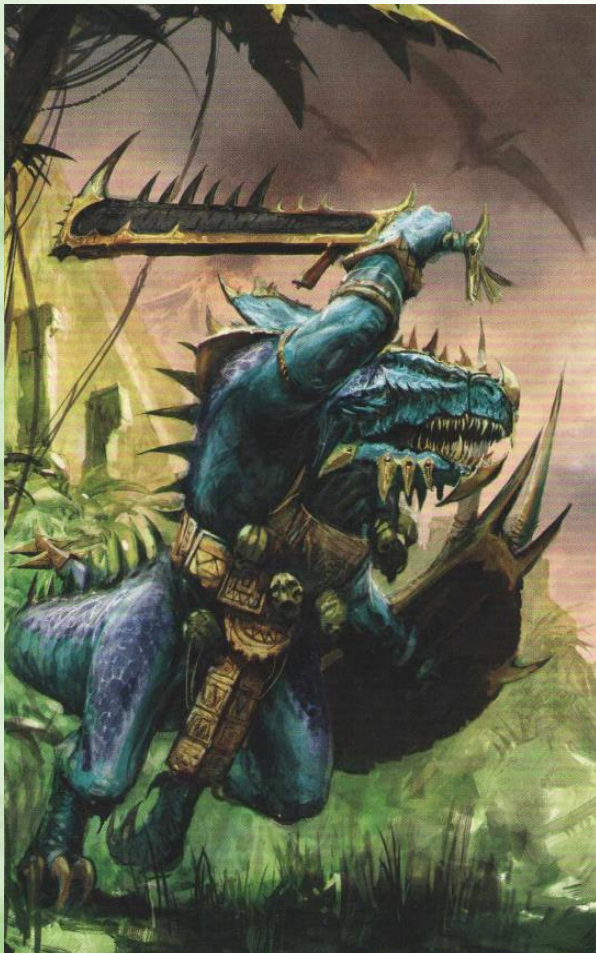
The Saurus Scar-Veterans and Oldbloods are ancient beings, some having been alive for several thousand years. Indeed, it is unknown for a Saurus Warrior to die of old age, and unless they are slain by violence or plagued by an unnatural disease, they continue to serve – for war is their life, the sole reason for their being. Despite this longevity, few Saurus live beyond a few hundred years. Given the constant dangers they face –

the predatory flora and fauna of Lustria and the high attrition demanded by battles beyond count – only the most fierce and resilient of their kind can endure. A few exceptional Saurus have been alive for many thousands of years, overcoming threats and defeating enemies since the world itself was young.

The longer Saurus live, the tougher and more ferocious they become, and their sheer physical presence encourages the younger Lizardmen to greater acts of savagery. The hardened scales that cover their bodies become thicker and some plates ossify completely. Their scales become paler, a marking considered a blessing of the Old Ones. The natural armour of the Lizardmen therefore improves with age, making the hoary old veterans harder to slay in battle, their scales thick and covered in lethal protrusions. In addition to this, the corded muscles of these ancient Saurus become yet stronger, until they are able to crush rocks with their bare hands. Another obvious sign of a Saurus' age is the multitude of battle scars, burns and tooth marks that criss-cross their bodies – all wounds earned executing the plans of their masters.

Many Scar-Veterans and Oldbloods bear markings that indicate one or more of the inscrutable Lizardmen gods favours them. These markings may be a subtle change in the hue of their crests or more obvious signs, such as a pale or even albino skin tone. These most favoured of Saurus are destined to become mighty heroes and leaders of the Lizardmen armies.

Saurus leaders are often attended to by scores of Skinks so that their every thought can be directed towards the impending battle. These servants will secure bronze armour plates and otherwise help prepare them for battle. Other venerations might include daubing warpaint, adorning his scales with sacred oils, affixing sacred relics or festooning his body with the shrunken heads of sacrificed foes, or other grisly tokens. This not only marks the status and rank of the Saurus leader but also serves to warn the enemy that the vengeance of the Old Ones, made manifest in over eight feet of savage reptilian muscle, has come for them.



Old, savage veterans among the Saurus warriors tend to become the leaders of the Saurus legions of the temple cities. One of the most notable of these heroes is Lotl-Botl, whose name roughly translates as 'Very Hard'.

Lotl-Botl and his Saurus legion guard the ancient and most revered Mage-Priests of Xlanhucpec and the sacred temples of this city. Lotl-Botl is no great intellect and his tactical skills are negligible but such things are not really required from a Saurus commander. Lotl-Botl has the great Saurus virtues of determination, savage ferocity, stubbornness, unquestioning loyalty and malicious spite for all the enemies of the Lizardmen, both known and unknown. He is truly great among Saurus.

The Saurus were created purely for war; it is the sole reason for their being and they are entirely single-minded in their role. Though slow to react, the Saurus are neither dim-witted, nor simple; their minds are narrowly focussed on battle, and battle alone. They instinctively know about military matters, and have no concern for lesser issues. In Lizardmen society, the Slann Mage-Priests choose the overall strategy and the Skinks direct its daily execution. In times of conflict, however, all defer to the Saurus, and they in turn rely on the eldest of their long-lived kind – for the Oldbloods and Scar-Veterans have honed their battle tactics over the ages, and they have an instinctive understanding of battle tactics and warfare that is second to none.

Throughout many long years of constant warfare, the Saurus of the same spawning are reduced in number through casualties in battle. Those few Saurus who have alone survived from amongst their spawning are inevitably the most fierce and resilient of their kind. These Saurus veterans are without mercy and capable of slaughtering entire regiments in terrifying acts of savagery. With lethal efficiency, these cold-blooded killers dispatch their foes, each and every movement a killing stroke. There is no finesse to the massacre – the enemy are quite literally torn apart limb from limb.

From his pool of tranquillity atop the tallest pyramid of Hexoatl, Lord Mazdamundi let his mind drift into the cosmos. In his becalmed state the ancient Slann could still sense the entropic powers that encircled the world, including the dark tendrils that sought for him alone. After thousands of years of struggle, his consciousness was now unclouded by disorder. Through sheer force of will, Mazdamundi had shaken off the coils of discord that surrounded his mind and swept away the long malaise that sapped the energies of so many of his kind.

At first, the greatest of living Slann had surmised that such effects were a by-product of the influx of Chaos. Though his focus had not, as of yet, returned to perfect purity, Mazdamundi's thoughts were now unfettered and he could once again perceive the messages hidden in the stars.

Although he had overcome the enchantment cast upon his kind, Mazdamundi could still feel that, all around him, the world was still assailed by a storm of unreason. Countless skeins of fate were in play, but with his keen magical perception he could pick out which threads were being unnaturally manipulated and which moved of their own accord. Using the power of his prodigious thought, Lord Mazdamundi sought out the armies he had sent forth into the world. Each commander, from ancient Saurus Oldbloods to newly spawned Skink Chiefs, was directed to a battlefield – some nearby, others to the far sides of the world. Everywhere the foe must be met and defeated.

Once again, the battle for dominion of the world was begun.

All Saurus Warriors are spawned with the knowledge of how to fight, and the longer each lives, the more battles he survives. The longer he survives, the more he understands the needs not just of a lone warrior, but also of an entire army. While a Scar-Veteran cannot explain the meaning of a refused flank, he will know how to launch such a manoeuvre. A Saurus Oldblood could not express why he chose a defence in depth to defeat a foe, yet he will inexorably recognise when such situations are called for and react accordingly.



When a Saurus leads an army, a number of his peers may be given specific tasks to perform on the battlefield. Thus the enemy must face a resolute wall of scale and muscle, bolstered at key points by the mightiest warriors of the Lizardmen race. With only a low, grumbling growl and a final bellow, an Oldblood or Scar-Veteran can set an entire Lizardmen battle line in order. Once combat begins, the Saurus leaders eschew all matters of finesse – hurling themselves into the fray with merciless efficiency. Each stroke, bite or thrust dispatches a foe, often with the enemy literally torn limb from limb by the ferocity of the attack.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Saurus Oldblood	4	6	0	5	5	3	3	5	8
Saurus Scar-Veteran	4	5	0	5	5	2	3	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Cold-blooded, Predatory Fighter, Natural Armour (4+) (Oldblood only), Natural Armour (5+) (Scar-Veteran only).



SAURUS WARRIORS

When the Lizardmen march to battle, it is the Saurus who make up the hardened core of the fighting forces in rank upon rank of savage, yet precisely drilled warriors. The entire battle line bristles with polished obsidian spears or viciously spiked clubs and blades. They march to the beat of pounding drums beneath totems that are altars to the glory of the Old Ones. The very act of battle is thus fitting tribute to the long-lost masters of the Lizardmen. This is no surprise, for the Saurus were created solely for the purpose of war and protection. The Old Ones cultivated this race of reptilian warriors, though whether they brought these soldiers with them or if they adapted them from life forms that already dwelt within the primordial jungles is not clear. The Old Ones probably bred the original Saurus warriors from some kind of prehistoric crocodile or alligator they found in the swamps of Lustria. The creatures they bred were more intelligent than their crocodile ancestors and could walk on two powerful hind legs leaving their arms free to wield weapons, but they lost the speed that crocodiles have on all four legs and the ability to move through water. The Old Ones may have bred them deliberately as warriors rather than servants and workers, if so who or what the old Ones wanted to guard themselves against remains a mystery. What is assured, however, is their role and function. In the prehistory of the world, before the time of Elves and Dwarfs, the Saurus marched forth and pacified the lands, exterminating entire species as part of the Old Ones' plans as well as acting as the guardians of the temple-cities and their Slann masters.

Saurus Warriors are vicious predators whose very bodies have been created to maximise their fighting potential in close combat. They have bony crests and tough, scaly hides that can turn aside all but the surest of sword strokes. Saurus carry large weapons fashioned from obsinite, bronze and precious metals, adorned with vicious barbs and hooks that rend and tear their enemy apart. Even unarmed, they are extremely dangerous – their sharp

claws can gouge grooves into rock or tear out a foe's throat with ease and a powerful tail that can smash a man's ribcage. Their muscular tails can smash a man's ribcage and their mouths are full of enormous dagger-shaped teeth. The power of their crocodilian jaws is such that a vicious Saurus bite can sever a limb or crush steel. If not killed outright, those bitten by a Saurus bear infected wounds, often succumbing to a foul fever and dying within a matter of days.

Saurus are brutish yet disciplined creatures. Although unable to master more complicated devices, Saurus use simple weapons to devastating effect – wielding obsidian-tipped spears and heavy clubs spiked with jagged stones. Using their great strength, Saurus can leave the roads and hack through the dense jungle of Lustria using brute force alone; however, they are more accustomed to exerting it against their foes' stoutest legions.

Although they can, at times, appear slow of reflex and sluggish, Saurus can still achieve speed on the march thanks to the power of their loping gait. Their tough hides bear spines, bony crests and thick scales that can turn aside all but the surest of sword strokes. It is in fact better than metal because it is horny and cannot be dented or cut through. A Saurus is only wounded if a weapon manages to pierce the skin between its scales or the softer skin of its belly. For further defence, Saurus will at times bear shields – bladed crescents made from the cured hides of the large scaled beasts that prowl the deepest jungles. Saurus are cold-blooded and seemingly impervious to pain, able to sustain horrific wounds and fight on without making a single sound of protest. Indeed, so alien are they that they register no emotion save a single-minded savagery.

Saurus are not birthed, but spawned – crawling full-grown from the dark pools constructed for such purposes many ages ago when the Old Ones walked the world. Their numbers are only replenished slowly, unlike the Skinks. From the moment they crawl from the spawning pools, they instinctively know how to fight and conduct warfare. They arrive not individually, but as a cohort – an entire military unit that will stay together for the rest of their lives. All those spawned together bear the same colouration and markings as their brethren. They share a bond that is only severed in death, and when not in battle these groups tend to feed and dwell together in their caverns. They share a mindset, acting with an eerie, but unspoken synchronicity – they act not individually but as a whole, each knowing his place and his role in battle. Many are the accounts of the Saurus launching perfectly timed ambushes and manoeuvres, even when it might seem to an outsider that there was no communication amongst the Saurus themselves.

Although they do so infrequently, Saurus can speak. Their language is little more than deeply growled one-word commands. These orders issue forth from a Spawn Leader – the greatest amongst their number since they first emerged from the spawning pool. In the course of their long lives of battle, it is not unusual for a Saurus spawning to lose their champion. In such cases, if the unit survives, another of its members will eventually grow into the role – or, as the Lizardmen say, receive the gifts of the Old Ones.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Saurus Warrior	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	2	8
Spawn Leader	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Cold-blooded, Predatory Fighter, Natural Armour (6+).

SAURUS COLD ONE RIDERS

Saurus warriors are formidable fighters, but when mounted atop a Cold One they become a shock force capable of delivering an absolute mauling. Those foes who can muster the courage to stand before the sight of oncoming Cold One cavalry find themselves beset by a whirlwind of biting jaws, slashing talons and jabbing spear thrusts.

The Cold Ones are foul-tempered and dim-witted reptilian creatures. They emerge from subterranean lairs to prowl in packs throughout Lustria. They are hunched bipedal beasts with muscular legs, but when Cold Ones move at speed, they often use their forelimbs for balance and to achieve a more rapid pace. These shortened arms come into their own, however, at the conclusion of a hunt. Their cold bodies exude poisonous slime and they are almost immune to pain, which makes them all the more difficult to fight against in battle. The slime exuded from the beast's skin quickly seals up wounds and gashes and numbs the pain. As well as this they have savage fangs, ripping claws and talons and lashing tails and are easily roused by the smell of fresh blood. When assaulting, Cold Ones lead with their scythe-like claws, attempting first to disembowel their quarry. If it spots an undefended limb or underbelly, Cold Ones dart out their elongated necks in a snake-like strike. With a horrific snapping of powerful jaws, a Cold One will clamp down and savage its prey, shaking and twisting until it tears free a

chunk of flesh. Always ravenous, Cold One packs can eventually bring down much larger creatures, ripping them apart and devouring them in a savage flurry that splatters a glistening trail across the jungle.

These voracious carnivores stalk through the peaty bogs of their natural habitat in loose packs, ever alert for the scent of warm blood. When the pack identifies its prey it is relentless and deadly, for the charge of a blood-maddened Cold One pack can cripple or kill a Great Lizard many times their size. The effect such a charge can have against the fleshy intruders that stray into their world is extremely unpleasant.

Cold Ones are possibly directly descended from the prehistoric creatures which the Old Ones found roaming the jungles of Lustria. The Cold Ones remained more or less unchanged from that time, probably because they dwelt in the vast, dank caverns beneath the jungle, feeding on the other creatures that dwell there and coming out to the surface to feed in the mists of early dawn or after the heat of the day had passed. Cold Ones are found all over the continent of Lustria and northwards into Naggaroth, where they are tamed, in so far as is possible, by the Dark Elves for use as riding beasts.

Too ferocious to be domesticated for any useful labour, for many ages the Lizardmen left the swarming Cold One packs alone, with scores of Skinks learning the hard way that the beasts cannot be tamed. The Cold Ones were just another one of the predators that beset any who travelled Lustria. However, that was before the blessing of the Old Ones was visited upon certain Saurus spawnings with different natural abilities and skills than their brethren. It is said that the Old Ones anticipated the future, foreseeing the eventual needs of the Lizardmen and bestowing their gifts according to this, and so the seemingly random spawnings are all part of the Old Ones' careful calculations. These spawnings are regarded as blessings from the Old Ones themselves, sent to aid the Slann in their sacred duty. When a spawning of Saurus emerged that proved able to ride upon Cold Ones, the Skink Priests claimed this as no less than the divine will of Itzl, the great god of beasts, becoming manifest in the jungles and an indication that such fast-moving warriors will have an auspicious role to play in the coming wars.

Saurus Warriors blessed by Itzl have an innate aptitude for mounted warfare. They exude a musk not dissimilar to the rank odour produced by the Cold Ones themselves, allowing them to form bonds with the otherwise hostile creatures. The Saurus have dewclaws that are perfect for gripping the thick-scaled hides of their reptilian steed, leaving them free to carry both spears and shields. All such spawnings produce a Pack Leader who instinctively leads the group – knowing where to find the Cold Ones and how best to break them into mounts.





Cold One cavalry have superior senses to help them track their prey. A superior sense of smell and taste allows them to detect the scent of warm-blooded prey, even over the powerful stench of their mounts. Drawn to the scent of blood, packs of Cold One Cavalry can spend days trailing the enemy, keeping downwind of their quarry. That the Saurus can, to some degree, control the natural bloodlust and short attention span of the Cold Ones during this time is testament to their force of will.

To direct the bloodlust of a Cold One takes a dominant will – and even the Saurus sometimes find themselves struggling to control their mounts. On occasion, the Cold Ones, their reptilian brains overloaded, become confused. In such cases, the predators resort to their base instincts – roaring to the heavens, clawing the ground in a display of fury, or snapping mindlessly about them in a fit of deadly pique. During these impulsive moments, the riders can do little but hang on, keeping their limbs away from the riot of snapping jaws. When their beasts can be commanded, however, the Cold One cavalry are a formidable adversary with their savagery squared – a deadly reptilian warrior mounted atop a fearsome cold-blooded hunter. Their attacks leave behind little to identify what manner of creature their foes once were.

Cold One Cavalry have an innate aptitude for mounted warfare. Sharp dewclaws act as natural spurs allowing the Saurus to grip the flanks of their reptilian steeds, leaving them free to carry spear and shield. When the

Cold One Cavalry charge they come crashing through the thick undergrowth, smashing into enemy regiments with a force sufficient to slay even the mightiest of foes. Wholesale butchery quickly ensues as Saurus and Cold One alike revert to their more bestial nature.

When the Lizardmen army is fully arrayed for battle, the Cold One Cavalry will often take position at the extreme flanks. As the enemy advance upon the main body of the Lizardman army, the Cold One cavalry begin a wide flanking manoeuvre. As the enemy close on the Lizardmen's main battleline the cavalry will burst forth, smashing into the foe's exposed sides. Thus faced with the Saurus infantry to the fore, and the cavalry to their side, most enemies will flee, or be slaughtered in a coldblooded frenzy. At other times, the cavalry are kept in reserve, to launch a devastating counter-attack at the climax of the battle. The thunderous charge of the Cold Ones has turned the tide of many a battle, and accounted for untold number of warm-blooded intruders.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Cold One Rider	4	4	0	4	4	1	2	2	8
Pack Leader	4	4	0	4	4	1	2	3	8
Cold One	7	3	0	4	4	1	2	2	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Cold-blooded, Fear, Predatory Fighter (Riders only), Natural Armour (5+), Stupidity.



SAURUS TEMPLE GUARD

The Temple Guard are a revered and uncommon spawning of Saurus with more heavily armoured scales. They were created to protect the Slann Mage-Priests and the temple-cities in which the Lizardmen dwell. To their tasks, they dedicate every fibre of their beings, displaying a single-minded determination that will result in either the safeguarding of their charges or their own deaths.

As befits their honoured status, Temple Guard are armed with heavy ornamental halberds and shields adorned with sacred glyphs and gruesome trophies. In addition to armour plates of the strongest bronze, the Temple Guard bear distinctive helms fashioned from the horned and crested skulls of Lustria's predatory beasts. The warriors of the Temple Guard are adorned with distinctive helmets fashioned from the skulls of Lustria's great predatory beasts. These bear horns and crests that enhance the warriors' already fearsome appearance. The Skink Priests believe that the spirits of the Temple Guard are bound to these skulls. Should a Saurus fall in battle their helmet is salvaged by Skink attendants and placed within the inner sanctums of the temple-pyramids. There they remain, amidst the most holy and venerated of the sacred relics, until a new

generation of Temple Guard are spawned to claim the helms of the fallen. It is believed that when a new Saurus inherits one of these ancient heirlooms it imbues him with a portion of its predecessor's strength and power. In this way, the Temple Guard continue to safeguard their charges for eternity – clearly the role for which they were designed.

It is said that many of the Temple Guard are as old as the temple-cities and the Slann they protect. When in battle these stoic warriors stand sentry, silent and motionless, not even blinking their eyes. It has been known for Temple Guard to maintain such a sleepless vigil for centuries, thick layers of dust settling upon their reptilian forms – yet the ever-watchful guardians are not immobile statues, and can erupt into sudden violence should they perceive any threat to their charges. The chambers of the Slann Mage-Priest are protected by the most powerful individual of the spawning, the Revered Guardian, who silently watches all granted an audience with the Slann. Even Skink Priests and other attendants to the Slann approach with skittish caution, lest they by some unintended move invite the Temple Guards' heavy-handed response, for the Guardians react to any perceived threat with savage violence.

Wherever a Slann Mage-Priest goes, his Temple Guard will follow him. If the Slann wishes to ascend a towering pyramid or retire to the solitude of a Star

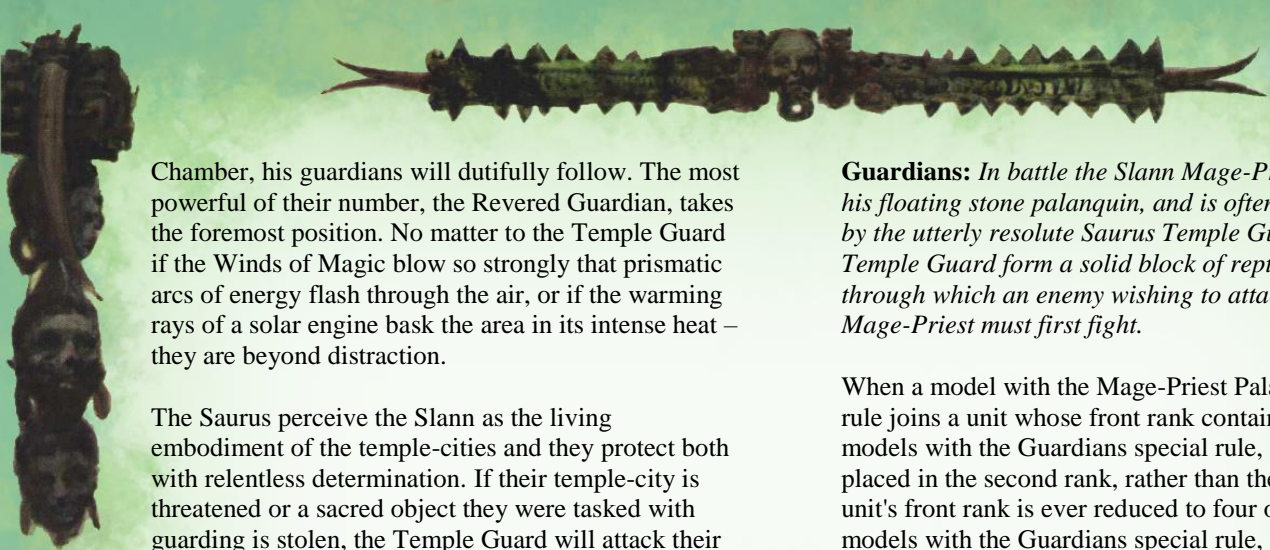
TEMPLE GUARD RANKS

There is a strict hierarchy amongst the Temple Guard. The youngest spawnings are tasked with the protection of places of power, great constructions that are rarely graced with the presence of a Slann but are still of sacred significance. Older tougher and more proven Temple Guard are sent to watch the outer limits and lesser pyramids of their own city whilst the most ancient protect the great temples and the many plaques and relics kept within the crypts themselves.

When not protecting their charge in battle, each of these Saurus attends to a specific duty. The Stone Warden guards the Slann's Palanquin Chamber. The Sentinel of the Blessed is responsible for the safety of the Temple's Skink attendants.

The Relic Keeper stands sentry in the temple-city's vault, watching over the treasures so valued by warm blooded thieves, whilst the Mortuary Custodian guards the most sacred relics of all, deep within the pyramid's tomb-chamber – the Relic-Priests. The Revered Guardian, inevitably the strongest and most savage of the Temple Guard, stands sentry at the very entrance to the inner sanctum of the Slann itself. It is the Revered Guardian, sometimes called the Master of the Twenty Two, who leads the Temple Guard in battle and it is he alone who can grant access to the Slann Mage-Priest. Highest ranked of all is the Eternity Warden, who stands at his master's side, locked inside the Star Chamber as the Slann casts his mind to the furthest reaches of the universe.





Chamber, his guardians will dutifully follow. The most powerful of their number, the Revered Guardian, takes the foremost position. No matter to the Temple Guard if the Winds of Magic blow so strongly that prismatic arcs of energy flash through the air, or if the warming rays of a solar engine bask the area in its intense heat – they are beyond distraction.

The Saurus perceive the Slann as the living embodiment of the temple-cities and they protect both with relentless determination. If their temple-city is threatened or a sacred object they were tasked with guarding is stolen, the Temple Guard will attack their foes relentlessly, pursuing until the threat is over or the object returned before returning to their silent vigil. When foreign armies trespass within the city realms, the Temple Guard march to face them before the temples are defiled any further. When the Slann Mage-Priests take it upon themselves to face the enemy, his Temple Guard go with him, often forming up around their master – shielding him with their own tough, scaled bodies and interlocking shields.

In battle, the Temple Guard oppose any enemies that would threaten their masters. Not for these warriors the reckless frenzy of bloodlust, for such a thing would jeopardise their sacred duty. They are instead utterly focused, and they slaughter the enemy with a cold methodical fury, at all times positioning themselves between the enemy and their ward. Heedless of injuries they ignore even mortal wounds, continuing to execute their sacred task until death finally claims them. The Temple Guard crash their magnificent halberds into the enemy, cleaving foes apart whilst viciously toothed shields slash open ribcages. Only with the complete destruction of all intruders will the Temple Guard retire to the inner sanctums of the temple-cities to stand vigil once more.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Temple Guard	4	4	0	4	4	1	2	2	8
Revered Guardian	4	4	0	4	4	1	2	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Cold-blooded, Predatory Fighter, Natural Armour (5+).

"WOE TO THE WARM-BLOODS WHO WOULD DESPOIL OUR REALM, FOR THEIR CRAVING FOR TRINKETS AND BAUBLES DRIVES THEM EVER DEEPER INTO LANDS FORBIDDEN TO THEM. CAST THEM OUT, SHOW THEM NO PITY, FEED THEIR CARCASSES TO THE BEASTS OF THE JUNGLE AND LEAVE THEIR BONES TO BLANCH UPON THE GOLDEN SHORES OF OUR LAND. LET THEM SEE THAT IT IS FOLLY TO INTRUDE UPON THE DOMAINS OF THE LIZARDMEN."

Translation of the proclamation of Lord Mazdamundi, from the Chronicle of Hexoatl

Guardians: In battle the Slann Mage-Priest rides upon his floating stone palanquin, and is often accompanied by the utterly resolute Saurus Temple Guard. The Temple Guard form a solid block of reptilian sinew through which an enemy wishing to attack the Slann Mage-Priest must first fight.

When a model with the Mage-Priest Palanquin special rule joins a unit whose front rank contains five or more models with the Guardians special rule, it must be placed in the second rank, rather than the first. If the unit's front rank is ever reduced to four or fewer models with the Guardians special rule, the model with the Mage-Priest Palanquin special rule must immediately move to the front rank (displacing rank and file models if necessary).

A model with the Mage-Priest Palanquin special rule who is in base contact with a model with the Guardians special rule automatically passes any 'Look Out Sir!' rolls he is entitled to make. If this combined unit is hit by a bolt thrower, the shot always hits the model closest to the bolt thrower that has the Guardians special rule. If this hit results in a casualty, resolve a hit against the next model in the bolt's path each time a casualty is caused.

Sacred Duty: Whilst they are part of a combined unit that has been joined by a model with the Mage-Priest Palanquin special rule, all Temple Guard models in the combined unit have the Stubborn and Immunity (Psychology) special rules.





SKINKS



Skinks are small, intelligent creatures created by the Old Ones from the amphibious life-forms that had inhabited the Lustrian swamps since the dawn of time. Being physically and mentally agile, Skinks stand out from the rest of the sluggish Lizardmen, and are capable of executing complex tasks with quick efficiency. They formed the mass workforce of the Old Ones to perform the mundane jobs that required a quick mind and nimble fingers, and as such they perform many varied roles, such as translators, scribes, artisans and administrators. Skinks are perfectly adapted to ensure the smooth day-to-day running of the temple-cities as well as operating the far-ranging patrols that sweep across the vast jungle continent. Without them, Lizardmen society would quickly collapse.

Skinks breed out in the vast swamps in the places the Old Ones designated as their spawning grounds. Every few years vast numbers of hatchlings swarm out into the jungle and converge towards the pyramid temples. The timeless rituals of the Mage-Priests were no doubt intended by the Old Ones to summon them. Each spawning produces Skinks of new and varied colours. The Slann, assisted by the older and more intelligent of their Skink servants, round up the new generation of Skinks and train them as soldiers and workers.

Highly organised and sociable beings, Skinks instinctively work well in large groups, even being able



to coerce other cold-blooded creatures into doing their bidding. Of all the Lizardmen, the Skinks are the most communicative, using their changeable skin tones and crest colours to add subtle inferences to their vocal language, in which they chitter endlessly in high-pitched voices full of clicks, hisses and other curious sounds.

Skinks take up weapons during their many patrols as well as to join the fighting during times of war. The Skinks are roused to fight by the bravest and most aggressive of their kind. Although not born warriors, being weaker than their larger kin, they are capable of operating more complex devices and weapons. They also have scaly skin on their backs which protects them almost as well as the Saurus. However, their skittish nature makes them much more prone to fleeing than the stoic Saurus. As troops, they range between reckless audacity and sudden panic. This may be due to their very short memories. As soon as a Skink unit flees out of immediate danger it is quite likely to forget the experience and regroup for another attack with just as much recklessness as before. Despite this, they are stealthy and swift creatures, and can be deadly when using their favoured weapons, in particular the blowpipe, against an unwary foe. This makes them exceptionally good hunters, stalking through the dense jungles and killing any warm-blooded creatures that dare venture into their world.

When fighting as part of a larger Lizardman army, the Skinks perform a number of roles. At times they fight in massed formations, bulking out the battleline and guarding the flanks of the Saurus cohorts. This fighting formation becomes considerably more effective when led by a Skink Brave or a Skink Chief, or when augmented with a number of the enormous Kroxigor. At other times, the Skinks advance before the main army in dispersed groups, harassing the advancing enemy with deadly poisoned darts and javelins. The Skinks have a natural affinity to water, and can swim swiftly through the dark jungle swamps and rivers, often staying submerged for up to an hour in order to launch a surprise attack before disappearing into the jungle. This makes them able to approach and attack the enemy entirely unexpected quarters. Many an enemy has been routed by a well-timed charge through the misty swamps, into an unprotected flank thought safe from the enemy.

"BEFORE ELVES, BEFORE DWARFS, BEFORE MEN, THE OLD ONES ARRIVED UPON THIS WORLD. THEN CAME CHAOS AND THE GREAT PLAN OF THE OLD ONES WAS UNMADE. WE ARE THE LAST OF THEIR SERVANTS, AND ONLY BY OUR HAND SHALL THE GREAT PLAN BE RESTORED, WITH THE TOTAL DEFEAT OF THE USURPING YOUNGER RACES."

Inscription upon the eastern boundary stone of the temple-city of Hexoatl





The volleys of javelins and darts that the Skinks can unleash are astoundingly dangerous, for they have learned to coat their weapons with lethal toxins distilled from the venomous amphibians, insects and serpents that thrive in the steamy jungle and profuse swamps of Lustria. These poisons are varied, but all are lethally potent. The slightest scratch can cause heart-stopping paralysis, neck-breaking seizures or even solidify a man's blood into a gelatinous mass. Such is the fate of any warmblooded intruders that dare venture into their world.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skink	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5
Skink Brave	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	2	5
Skink Skirmishers	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5
Patrol Leader	6	2	4	3	2	1	4	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Aquatic, Cold-blooded, Skirmishers** (Skink Skirmishers and Patrol Leader only).

Spawn-kin: Skink Cohorts may include a number of Kroxigor as upgrades to form a mixed unit. When a mixed unit deploys or reforms, these Kroxigor must be placed in the unit's second rank, displacing Skink models as necessary to the back rank. When deploying or reforming a mixed unit, the width of the unit's front rank cannot be less than that of its second rank. If no more Kroxigor can fit in the unit's second rank, place

the remaining Kroxigor in subsequent ranks. If the unit's front rank is ever reduced so that its width is less than the width of the second rank, a Kroxigor must immediately move to the front rank (displacing rank and file models if necessary).

Whenever you are required to work out the mixed unit's frontage or ranks (and therefore supporting attacks and rank bonus) count as if the footprint of the entire mixed unit was filled with Skinks.

Unless otherwise stated, close combat attacks can only target Kroxigor within a mixed unit if an enemy model is either in base contact with a Kroxigor, or if an enemy model is in base contact with a Skink who is in turn in base contact with a Kroxigor. Stomps are always resolved against the Skinks (if all the Skinks are slain, any excess hits are lost). Missile and Impact Hits against a Skink Cohort that contains one or more Kroxigor are randomised by rolling a D6; on a 1-4, the hit is resolved against a Skink, on a 5-6 it is resolved against a Kroxigor. However, if a mixed unit of five or more models is hit by a bolt thrower, the shot always hits the closest non-character model to the bolt thrower. If this hit results in a casualty, resolve a hit against the next model in the bolt's path each time a casualty is caused.

Casualties are always taken from the rearmost rank of the appropriate model type. Skink models that are in base contact with a friendly Kroxigor model have the Fear special rule.





SKINK PRIESTS



It is very rare for a Skink to possess any skill in the arts of magic; this is the preserve of the Slann. However, on occasion, a Skink spawning will not produce an entire cohort from the pools of life, as is the norm, but instead only a single Skink will issue forth. This is perhaps linked to the undoubted patronage of Sotek himself. This hidden god began principally as the god of the Skinks and appeared to save them and lead them against the Skaven menace. Only later was Sotek acknowledged by the haughty Slann. By this time some highly intelligent Skinks, such as Tehenhauin, the Prophet of Sotek, had gained shamanic powers by invoking the snake god. Since those days Shamans have continued to appear among the Skinks. They are recognised among the newly spawned because they bare the marks of Sotek. Skink Shamans however have always remained roughly equivalent to the lowest level of Mage-Priest in their magical powers. These individuals are marked by the Old Ones and destined to lead, or otherwise achieve greatness amongst their kind. Those Skinks attuned to the energies of the world and that show an aptitude for magic are the Skink Priests. Their role is to become the personal attendants of the mighty Slann Mage-Priests, and act as the prophets of the Lizardmen.

Skink Priests are amongst the most intelligent of their kind and theirs is the task of enacting the instructions of the sacred plaques left behind by the Old Ones. These writings can refer to many things – the destruction of a city, the recovery of a lost artefact or the birth of a mighty warrior. This is a great responsibility and one that weighs heavily upon the Skink Priests. Perhaps more importantly, they interpret the will of the Slann. This is rarely straightforward and Skink Priests often argue about the true meaning of their master's typically cryptic commands – a meaning that may not become apparent for a thousand years or more years.

Skink Priests are the only ones capable of interpreting and executing the will of their Slann masters. This is rarely straightforward, as entranced Slann do little more than mumble, yet each utterance, even the most incoherent whisper, might have vast consequences – for of all living creatures, the Slann are the most powerful of mages, and they alone worked under orders from the Old Ones. As it is strictly forbidden to disturb an entranced Slann in any but the direst of times,

it is left to a Skink Priest to make many daily decisions for the whole of Lizardmen society. On behalf of their masters, it is their role to ensure that the Great Plan comes to fruition.

The Slann are slow to react and may contemplate a single decision for centuries at a time. The same cannot be said for Skinks, for they are impatient beings. Like the Slann, Skink Priests study the ancient writings, though they apply much less of the studious methodology that their venerated leaders use. Skink Priests often see it as acceptable to take a more proactive role in ensuring that the prophecies of the sacred plaques come true. The Slann, should they notice such activities, find such impulses to be reckless and attempt to censor their Skink Priests, putting a temporary halt to such practices as live sacrifices, the undue veneration of active volcanoes, and any number of new ritual blessings designed by the Skink Priests to attract the Old Ones' attentions. Such was the case when the rat men invaded the continent of Lustria and the Skink Priest Tehenhauin took it upon himself to invoke the power of the Serpent God Sotek by means of his massed blood-sacrifices.





In battle, Skink Priests are the eyes and ears of a Slann, who are powerful telepaths, capable of perceiving the world through the Skink's senses. At need, a Slann can even direct spells using a Skink Priest as a conduit. Yet Skink Priests are not merely vassals, for they also wield their own magic. Though the Skinks cannot manipulate the Winds of Magic anywhere near the extent of their Slann masters, they still possess considerable magical power. They focus energies through staffs that are, much like their bodies, adorned with glyphs and symbols of power. Skink Priests can channel the forces of nature to aid their cause, read the future to glean vital advantages or unleash eldritch energies to smite their enemies. The sky above roars as lightning bolts strike from the heavens, smiting whole regiments in a blinding flash of arcane power.

Whether directing patrols around a temple-city or joining a large army, some Skink Priests choose to ride upon mighty Stegadons, both for protection and to allow them to better survey nearby terrain.

On urgent occasions, a Skink Priest will have to undertake an expedition without the guidance of a Mage-Priest. This mission will often be undertaken alongside a Skink Chief experienced in the ways of war. The Priest and the Chief thus work together to further the plans of the Old Ones, at least until such time as a Mage-Priest is awakened to lead the army in person.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skink Priest	6	2	3	3	2	2	4	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: A Skink Priest is a Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Fire, Light, Heavens, Life or Beasts.

SPECIAL RULES: Aquatic, Cold-blooded.

Arcane Vassal: A Mage-Priest has the ability to take over the mind of a Skink Priest in order to cast a spell through its minion.

A Slann Mage-Priest can choose to cast any magic missile or direct damage spell through a model with this special rule within 24" of him. If he does so, measure the spell's range from the Arcane Vassal and use that model's forward arc and line of sight for the purposes of casting the spell. If using an Arcane Vassal, a Slann Mage-Priest can cast magic missiles, even if his own unit is engaged in close combat (provided that the Arcane Vassal's is not). If a spell cast through an Arcane Vassal is miscast, the result of the miscast is applied to the Slann Mage-Priest, but the Arcane Vassal suffers a Strength 3 hit due to the magical feedback.





SKINK CHIEFS



In the Lizardmen chain of command, Skink Priests direct their orders to Skink Chiefs. Those Skinks that prove themselves in battle or who enter the world already marked out for greatness are taken aside into the confidence of one of the Skink Priests. Many of these Skinks bear the title of Chief and they speak with the authority of the Skink Priests. Whilst the Skink Priests attend to the prophecies and the smooth running of the temple-cities, the Chiefs act as the overseers and wardens for the many patrols that operate throughout Lustria. It is the responsibility of the Skinks Chiefs to lead these patrols, and they must operate at all times, not just in times of war. They are the sentinels and the watchers of the jungle and it is their prime responsibility to discover the presence of any intruders and, where possible, to eliminate the threat. The Chiefs are aggressive compared to most Skinks, but their role is not to sacrifice themselves in battles they cannot win, but to awaken the Saurus should an interloping force arrive in great numbers. The Skink Chiefs then guide the Saurus Warriors and other fighters to their quarry, and the intruders are, invariably, swiftly eliminated.

The Skink Chiefs act as the right hand of the Skink Priests, loyally obeying them. It is they who interpret the complicated instructions often passed from Slann Mage-Priest to Skink Priest and finally to themselves. Then, in turn, it is they who give orders to the Saurus and the cold-blooded behemoths that make up the bulk of the Lizardmen armies. The Skink Priests occasionally have need of warriors who can obey complicated instructions in a discrete manner, something beyond the mental capabilities of the brutish Saurus. The Skink Chief may be entrusted with sacred relics or tasked with the fulfilment of some specific destiny. This may be the recovery of a lost artefact or the assassination of a specific foe. It is not uncommon for the Chief to lead a small scouting force to aid him in his appointed duty.

Occasionally the rise of a great warrior is foretold in one of the many prophecies and the Skink Priests keep a careful watch out for spawnings showing unusual markings. The most distinctive of these markings is a large red crest, a clear sign that the Skink bears the

favour of the Serpent God Sotek. These Skinks are treated with a mixture of awe and trepidation, for such warriors are only sent to the Lizardmen in times of great need. Red-crested Skinks are the bravest of their kin and they do not shy from combat. The fury of the snake god flows in their veins and they kill without mercy, their thirst for battle as insatiable as Sotek's appetite for blood. Many warmbloods have met a grisly demise at the hands of these Skink Chiefs.

When fighting as part of a large Lizardmen army, the Skink Chiefs fulfil a number of vital roles. The most important of these is to bolster the battlelines of the Skinks, providing leadership and encouragement as the enemy approach, for the Skinks, though utterly dedicated servants of the Old Ones, are not mighty or confident warriors. At times the Skink Chiefs will lead smaller war parties of Skinks forward of the main Lizardmen battleline. These are tasked with disrupting the enemy's advance by casting their poisoned javelins into his flanks or feigning advances and retreats. This is a dangerous duty, but one that the Skink Chiefs are supremely confident in leading.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skink Chief	6	4	5	4	3	2	6	3	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Aquatic, Cold-blooded.



ITZI-BITZI, THE PIRANHA WARRIOR

Itzi-Bitzi was one of the most tenacious, cleverest and warlike commanders of Skinks ever to serve the Mage-Priests of Lustria. With determination and skill he exploited the natural stealth and skirmishing skills of his Skink cohorts to seal the doom of many raiding expeditions, intent on the pillage of sacred relics. The annals of the Old World, Araby, Cathay, the High Elves and the Dark Elves and the Norse Sagas are full of adventurers who set out for Lustria never to return. Itzi-Bitzi knows where their bones lie, picked clean by the geckos of the swamps, the red ants and the carrion beetles.

CHAMELEON SKINKS

Beneath the canopy of the jungle, not everything is as it seems. Without warning, invaders are struck by a multitude of whirring darts, a sound not unlike the high pitched buzzing of the incessant Lustrian insects. To the enemy, it seems as if the very jungle itself has come alive, though only blurred shapes can be picked out amongst the vines and leaves. Many panic at the thought of being shot by some invisible threat and fire back blindly into the dense foliage. One by one, their cries fall silent as their bodies slump to the forest floor. When the interlopers are dead and only the sounds of the jungle remain, the shapes shift, revealing the hidden presence of the Chameleon Skinks. So do many foes and invaders fall, their slayers nearby, but unseen.

Chameleon Skinks are a subspecies of Skink that have a number of characteristic peculiarities that distinguish them. The Chameleons are more aggressive than other Skinks, and their role centres on scouting, infiltration, concealment and hunting. They stalk their prey through the jungles, whether that prey be food or intruder, and are able to move to within yards of their target without being noticed. This is chiefly due to their chameleonic skin that can shift in texture and colour in a heartbeat to match the surroundings, perfectly mimicking the patterning of their concealed positions. This natural camouflage reacts to changes in light levels in a heartbeat, rendering the Chameleon Skinks virtually invisible and allow them to sneak within a few arms' lengths of their enemies.

From their ideal ambush position, the well-camouflaged Skinks will loose a hail of blowpipe darts, each tipped with the venomous secretions of a Lustrian tree frog. The venom of the Lustrian tree frog is extremely lethal and is used almost exclusively by Chameleon Skinks, for they are the only ones able to capture such specimens. The poison is so virulent that it can even boil the foul blood in a Daemon's veins. Chameleon Skinks are exceptionally accurate, able to fire with unerring precision. They are aided by their large, protruding eyes which give them the means to focus on two different things independently, and to

achieve all around sight without moving their heads – a vital ability for a creature that stands completely still in order to blend in with its environment. Indeed, they have been known to stay immobile for days on end, awaiting the perfect moment to launch their deadly ambush. Last, but not least, the Chameleon Skinks' eyes have a telescopic ability, enabling them to zoom their focus upon a target. Even heavily armoured foes are not safe, as the Chameleon Skinks can aim at the more vulnerable joints or thread a shot straight through a miniscule vision slit.

Chameleon Skinks are an unusual spawning that for many ages was thought to have become extinct. They originated exclusively from the sacred spawning pools of Pahuax, a temple-city destroyed soon after the fall of the polar gates, and it was thought that the last of their kind was slain in the battle of Blood Ravine. However, beginning in the Age of Strife, a few haphazard spawnings occurred across Lustria and the Southlands, and in recent years, they have proliferated at rates never before seen. The fact that they have spontaneously begun to spawn again has been interpreted by many Skink prophets as part of the Old Ones' plan – the divinities have deemed it necessary for them to return to the world. Whether this is due to the growing Chaos threat, or because the gods deem that Chameleons are needed for the Lizardmen to expand their realm, is mere speculation, and Skink prophets argue about exactly what the return of the Chameleons might herald for the Lizardmen race.

Chameleon Skinks do not dwell within the temple-cities and only reluctantly interact with other Lizardmen. They dwell continuously in the Lustrian jungles, and are inevitably the first to detect the presence of trespassers. Some spawnings roam in groups across the land, while others instinctively guard a home territory – most often a neglected monument long lost to the jungle. From there, they join Skink patrols and stalk rogue beasts when they inadvertently enter sacred grounds. During invasions or times of war, Chameleon Skinks appear at army gatherings, putting themselves at the disposal of the Skink Chiefs. They are often used to scout out the foe, stealthily creeping into a concealed position. Once ensconced in cover, the Chameleon Skinks will unleash death from their blowpipes, and only a determined charge will ever dislodge them.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chameleon Skink	6	2	4	3	2	1	4	1	5
Stalker	6	2	5	3	2	1	4	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Aquatic, Cold-blooded, Scouts, Skirmishers.

Chameleon: *With skin that shifts colours to match their surroundings, Chameleon Skinks are very hard to spot.*

Enemy units shooting at a unit of Chameleon Skinks suffer an additional -1 To Hit. Missile weapons that do not roll To Hit are unaffected.

THE LOST WAAAGH!

Warboss Grak Beastbasha of the Red Snakes tribe was once visited by a vision from Gork (or possibly Mork) that inspired him to lead a horde of more than flue thousand sun-crazed Savage Ores in a march through the jungle to claim the ruins of the temple-city of Itza Chiquita. On their way, they were regularly waylaid, led into the pathway of hunting monsters, and picked off mercilessly by poisoned darts. It took only seven Chameleon Skinks to ensure that not a single greenskin from that formidable horde survived. Such are the dangers of Lustria.

SKINK HORNED ONE RIDERS

There exists in the deepest jungles a rare and preternaturally swift breed of Cold One, referred to as the Horned One. Their name derives from the long, curling horns that the dominant males of each pack sprout. These beasts breed within dank caverns, emerging into the rainforests to hunt. They are startlingly aggressive and extremely territorial, so much so that they will take on any other beast they perceive as a threat, no matter its size. The Horned Ones are naturally adapted for fighting duels and have large horns and spiny crests growing out of their heads. They hunt in coordinated packs to take down much larger prey, and have the cunning to set crude ambushes for the prey species upon which they feed. Relentless bunters, the sharp, ululating call of a male Horned One is inevitably the death knell for the pack's unfortunate victim.

Some of the native creatures of the Southlands differ from those of Lustria. While the two continents used to be joined, and there is much similarity between the two, some forms of life have evolved in quite different ways. The larger and stronger Cold Ones that can be found in Lustria seem to have all but died out in the Southlands, and the Horned Ones have taken its place. These creatures are similar in many ways, but are not so dull witted and are much quicker. Unlike other Cold Ones, Horned Ones are not easily manipulated to change their targets, as they are always enraged by the smell of other creatures invading their territory. A Horned One therefore behaves like a Cold One which has already tasted blood and is eager to fight. The bellowing of the Horned One infects other Cold Ones

with the same aggression, steeling them against manipulation as well. In the wild, they hunt in coordinated packs to take down much larger prey.

Very few Lizardmen are able to ride a Horned One, and only then a beast that has been reared with great care from hatching. It is said that to master such a beast, a warrior must be blessed in the sight of the Old One Itzl. Such warriors are extremely rare and are often spawned alone. Those especially favoured by Itzl may sport massive crests upon their heads, marking them out from the moment they come forth from the spawning pools. Truly, these riders are great warriors, fated to perform mighty deeds in the holy name of the god of beasts.

In the Southlands, Horned Ones are often ridden by Great Crested Skinks, who are bigger and stronger than normal Skinks. It is believed that they are marked out by the gods for this role on account of their huge crests. The Skinks ride these vicious beasts into battle, where the Horned Ones' natural aggression and hunting instincts are well served.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Great Crested Skink	6	3	3	3	2	1	4	1	6
Gt. Crested Brave	6	3	3	3	2	1	4	2	6
Horned One	8	3	0	4	4	1	3	2	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Cold-Blooded, Fast Cavalry. Fear, Natural Armour (6+).

Bestial Roar: If a character mounted on a Horned One joins a unit of Cold Ones, all Cold Ones gain the Hatred special rule as long as the Horned One remains in the unit.

Mount of Itzl: A character must have the Blessed Spawning of Itzl (see Sacred Spawnings) in order to ride a Horned One.

"THERE IS WISDOM AND THERE IS IGNORANCE, AND IN BETWEEN ARE THE GATEWAYS TO ETERNITY THROUGH WHICH THE OLD ONES SO LONG AGO PASSED."

Archival transcript of the words of Lord Xuatep

JUNGLE SWARMS

The ruins, deserts and primordial jungles of Lustria crawl with all manner of life forms, ranging from tiny reptiles to massive pythons and centipedes the size of a man's arm, most of which have never been seen outside of their home continent. Although small in size when compared to the apex predators – the thundering reptilian titans that crash through the underbrush – in many ways they are no less deadly. To catch prey and defend themselves in this perilous environment, many of these creatures are highly venomous.

These creatures make the lands of the Lizardmen extremely perilous, for they crawl and slither into camps and the discovery of poisonous creatures residing inside boots and bedrolls saps the resolve of even the hardest warrior. They force intruders to watch every step they take, for each one is potentially his last. While hacking a path through the dense foliage, it is all too easy to step within range of a coiled serpent from overhanging branches, to tread upon a camouflaged tiguana or to walk unawares beneath a hanging vypervine. Scuttling huntipedes, spine-encrusted hyenadons or the blue-ringed asp have venom that can kill a man-sized victim before he can stagger more than a few steps. In other, more hospitable lands, finding such minuscule menaces in his boots or crawling upon his bedroll is a mere inconvenience for a traveller. In Lustria, however, it is likely the last thing he will see, as the creature's bite or sting sends him into twitching paralysis or heart-bursting fits of agony.

When threatened by invaders or when amassing an army to march on distant lands, a Skink Priest will call unto himself one of the jungle swarms. The swarming mass of creatures slithers alongside the Lizardmen as they march, seeking out warm-blooded prey. What crawls, creeps and slithers forth is mind-boggling for warmbloods to behold – a living carpet of creatures that moves in a writhing mass. In battle, they wash around the legs of a foe in a wave, hissing and spitting, plunging sharp fangs and agonising stings into unprotected flesh. The armoured joint

smallest of their kind can slip between even the slightest crack or to deliver a mortal sting. Those foolish enough to scream out in pain find even their open mouths are targeted by the swarm. Jungle Swarms are at their most dangerous when they slither before the main battleline of the Lizardmen army in a great wave. Any enemy warriors wishing to close with the Lizardmen must first find the courage to wade through the sea of poisonous reptiles that precedes their advance. This is an act of reckless valour that few of the Lizardmen's enemies will undertake, and even fewer will survive.

Serpents play a large role in these great swarms, and more of their slithering kind can be found in Lustria than anywhere else in the world. There are a multitude of immense specimens, such as the great Amaxon swamp python – a constricting predator that could wrap itself around a Bretonnian sailing galleon and splinter its hull. Far more common however, are smaller serpents – endless varieties of vipers, ridgebacks, hooded bloodcobras and more. There are parasitic snakes that inject smaller serpents into their prey's bloodstream, and those that die from such twitching horrors suffer a particularly gruesome fate. The borer snakes will tunnel red holes into their quarry, only biting once they are inside their victim. There are electric snakes, whiplash serpents and vipers whose bite is so lethal that it causes blood to boil and brains to melt. Even the largest creatures of Lustria watch where they tread.

Serpents are sacred to Sotek and at the heart of every temple is a large snake-pit. Sotek is honoured by throwing sacrificial victims down into these pits to be devoured by the serpents writhing at the bottom. Enemies captured in battle are Sotek's rightful tribute. Sotek is most gratified by Skaven victims because he relishes greatly the flesh of the rat-kin. The Lizardmen are always eager to deliver such delicacies to their Serpent God. When Skink Priests invoke the favour of Sotek, calling to his children with blood offerings, snakes appear as if by magic – arriving in the same numbers in which they accept sacrifices in the snake pits found in the heart of every one of Sotek's temples. They seem to writhe straight up from the depths below, wriggling to do the Skink's bidding. Through these sacrifices, the Skink Priests are given dominion over the serpents, and through them Sotek's will is channelled to other creatures of the jungle. So might the rightful vengeance of the Serpent God be exacted upon the evils of the world and satisfy his insatiable appetite.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Jungle Swarm	5	3	0	2	2	5	1	5	3

TROOP TYPE: Swarm.

SPECIAL RULES: Aquatic, Cold-blooded, Poisoned Attacks.

"I stood before the gigantic golden statue at last! Here it was, the legendary Golden Serpent, the greatest treasure in all of Lustria. I alone was left alive to see it. How ironic, I thought, that now I had reached the treasure I no longer possessed the means to either break it up or carry it away. I could at least take back a memento.

Drawing my good steel knife I climbed upon the golden statue and quickly shimmied up to the head. As I prepared to prize the gems from its eye sockets I felt something shift strangely beneath me. Then I noticed a flicker of the snake's tongue and heard the sharp intake of reptilian breath. It was then that I realised my terrible mistake..."

Memoirs of a Lustrian Adventure





KROXIGOR



Kroxigor are giant crocodilian relatives of the Saurus. They are hulking creatures, their bodies consisting of slabs of rockhard muscle and their massive jaws bristling with razor-sharp teeth. Anything caught in a Kroxigor's powerful bite will quickly be torn to pieces as the beast shakes its head in violent sideways motions. Each is naturally armoured with tough scales, a thick skull and bony protrusions that protect their stooped backs. Were one to stand fully upright they would be twice the height of a Saurus Warrior. They are exceptionally resilient and can survive a score of blows that would fell a lesser being. They move in silence, save for the heavy thum ping tread of their feet. When enraged, they unleash their only form of speech – a blood-curdling roar that reverberates across the jungle.

Originally created as construction slaves, Kroxigors are incredibly strong creatures able to bear enormous loads. Under the guidance of Skink overseers, the Kroxigor accomplish feats of brute strength, such as hauling and placing the massive stone blocks instrumental in the composition of the ziggurat temples. Perhaps due to the tedium of their labours, the Kroxigor were never intended to be mentally agile. They require direction and they instinctively and diligently obey any and all instructions from their smaller kin, showing that they understand rather more than might be expected from their appearance.

During times of war, units of Kroxigor are used as shock troops to batter enemy battle lines. Kroxigor do not always fight by themselves, however. Skinks tend to swarm around the Kroxigor, encouraged by the awesome power of these mighty creatures. They form up around the trunk-like legs of the Kroxigor, which tower above them. The Kroxigor gang together with others of their kind but are also attracted to large swarming masses of Skinks, as their high-pitched

sounds and energetic movements stimulate their own energy and fuel their own battle rage. Lizardmen are a very gregarious race and always like the smell, warmth and excitement of being in a great mass of their own kind as this stimulates each individual's own energy and battle rage.

In combat, such formations prove unusually effective, with the Skinks able to pepper foes with poison-tipped javelins before crashing headlong into combat. There, the Skinks provide innumerable fast jabs and their skittish nature is curtailed somewhat by the large presence amongst them. In turn, they are backed up by the crushing power provided by the mighty Kroxigor. Because of their massive frames, the Kroxigor can easily reach over any intervening Skinks, allowing the reptilian giants to pulp more than their share of any foe.

The most natural and instinctive way for the Kroxigors to fight is with their powerful jaws and massive clawed hands. While Kroxigor are quite able to rip a man apart with their bare hands, to enhance their destructive potential, Skinks will supply them with weapons. Each ornate club is taller than a Saurus Warrior and requires a dozen Skinks to lift. The Kroxigor swing these massive, death-dealing instruments with ease, able to splatter a man-sized creature beyond all recognition with a weighty blow that can shatter stone. Once the fighting has stopped, however, it is not uncommon for Kroxigor to simply drop their weapons and continue with another appointed task. They were not made for remembering details for any length of time, and for this reason, some Skinks will secure the weapons to the Kroxigor itself, using lengths of bronze chain. Even the most forgetful beast will therefore drag his weapon along behind him to the next engagement.

An infrequent spawning, it is rare for more than a handful of Kroxigor to enter the world at the same time. They emerge from the same spawning pools as the Skinks, which may go some way to explain why the two species share another common affinity; like Skinks, Kroxigor are very at home in the water – able to move at speed through waterways or swamps at a relentless pace, shouldering aside the jungle foliage and leaving a trail of broken vegetation behind them. Between tasks, Kroxigor prefer to submerge themselves in waterholes, leaving only the tops of their heads visible. In this way, not only do the beasts cool off, but they have a chance of surprising their next meal.

Whilst few in number, Kroxigors are devastating on the battlefield. They are unleashed as shock troops to break the back of an enemy battleline and leave their enemies in bloody tatters. Few foes can stand up to a Kroxigor charge, and all but the bravest of warriors scatter and flee rather than face these reptilian giants. They plough into enemy regiments with blood-curdling roars and massacre all before them, each sweep from their massive weapons leaving a trail of broken bodies and twisted corpses.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kroxigor	6	3	0	5	4	3	1	3	7
Kroxigor Ancient	6	3	0	5	4	3	1	4	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Aquatic, Cold-blooded, Predatory Fighter, Natural Armour (5+).



TERRADON RIDERS

Terradons are large flying reptiles that have haunted the skies above the jungles of Lustria and the Southlands since the prehistory of the world. They are dangerous predators with sharp talons and pointed beaks that are filled with needle-like teeth. Terradons have a wide wingspan and cast an ominous shadow over their prey as they soar overhead, their huge, leathery wings propelling them at great speeds. They are surprisingly agile, able to fly at full speed through the thick jungle while avoiding branches, vines and trees. Many creatures fear to see the ominous shadow of their wide wingspan or to hear the shrill and piercing cries of their hunting packs. The mournful cry of a distant Terradon is enough to make the blood of even the boldest of enemies run cold.

Terradons dwell in high crags and atop the jungle canopy, hundreds of metres above the ground. Their keen eyesight can pierce the gloom of the jungle, enabling them to spot potential prey at great distances. They will attack anything man-sized or smaller – from birds soaring above the trees, to ground dwelling animals and intruders on the jungle floor – and are known to swoop down and snatch their victims before finding a perch where they can leisurely pull their prey apart and feed. While hunting, Terradons often glide – hanging in the air upon the steamy, hot thermals that rise from the jungle as they scan the ground below for prey. They can remain airborne for days on end, but will plummet earthwards upon seeing even the least

movement of potential prey. In Itza, many hundreds of Terradons are kept in eyries in the summits of the temple-city's pyramids. The skies above are constantly filled with the creatures, each mounting a messenger bound for one of the other temple-cities of Lustria.



Terradons are more intelligent than Cold Ones and more easily trained. Skinks have mastered the art of riding Terradons by capturing Terradon hatchlings young enough that the beasts bond with their future riders – no easy matter considering the height and precariousness of Terradon lairs. Terradons seem to share an innate link with their cold-blooded masters, obeying their directions as if they were members of the flock. There is a great demand for these Terradon Riders as messengers and scouts, alerting the Slann to the presence of intruding forces, and they are exceptionally useful in battle. There, they streak ahead of the main Lizardmen force, the Skinks clinging to the flying reptiles' backs, launching poison-tipped javelins or slinging deadly fireleech bolas as large boulders and slabs of masonry plummet from the skies and crush those beneath. Veteran riders, known as Sky Leaders, know to harass larger units, whittling them down to size before flying into combat to finish them off.

Terradons are known to snatch eggs from the nest-lairs of any number of Lustria's gigantic creatures. Some of these eggs bear shells so thick that not even determined



The brood mentality of Terradons makes them highly susceptible to magical binding, and they can be subverted by the will of even novice wizards. However, Terradons are known to turn upon weak or wounded pack-mates. The tale of the Druiah Cruelheart, an arrogant Dark Elf Sorceress, illustrates the folly of such arrogance. Druiah bound a vast flock of Terradons to terrorise her enemies. She became over-confident and treated them as pets, rather than feral beasts they are, even feeding them the flesh of her rivals by hand. When she cut herself during one such feeding, the scent of blood sent the flock into a feeding frenzy, and she was torn apart in a flurry of teeth and talons.



sledgehammer blows can break them. This does not stop the Terradon, however, as it simply grasps the egg with its talons and soars, dropping it from on high to crack them open and get at the soft flesh beneath. The Skinks have exploited this instinct in battle by training their Terradons to glide over the enemy while clutching a rock in their talons. From far above, the Skink rider will survey the battlefield and choose a target. On the Skink's signal, the Terradon will release its burden. With the momentum of its fall, a single such boulder can cause horrific damage, but an entire unit can unload a barrage – a veritable avalanche of death from the sky that wreaks blood-splattered devastation upon the foe. The Skinks have improved the accuracy of these natural bombs by installing chains into specially crafted spheres of masonry, which are easier for the Terradons to grip and are inscribed with ancient glyphs of fortune and devastation. The strongest and largest of these winged beasts have been known to pluck enemies from the battlefield in a similar way. Descending with mighty beats of their powerful wings like a plunging arrow, the Terradons latch onto their foes with iron-hard talons, lifting them into the air before dropping them to plummet to their doom.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Terradon Rider	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5
Sky Leader	6	2	4	3	2	1	4	1	5
Terradon	2	3	0	4	3	2	2	1	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Cold-blooded, Fear, Fly, Forest Strider, Poisoned Attacks (javelins only).

Drop Rocks: Once per game, during the Remaining Moves sub-phase, models with this special rule may drop rocks unless they are fleeing or have declared a charge that turn. All models in a unit must drop rocks at the same time.

To drop rocks, select one unengaged enemy unit that the Terradons moved over in that turn. That target immediately suffers D3 Strength 4 hits for each Terradon in the unit, distributed as Hits from shooting.

UPGRADES:


Fireleech Bolas: *The swamp-filled lowlands of Lustria are haunted by the fireleech – a bloodsucker that secretes a slime so volatile that when taken out of its watery abode, it quickly catches fire. The Skinks have learned to make fireleech bolas – hooking the creatures at the end of stout leather cords and whirling them overhead to gain momentum before hurling the flaming apparatus to burn their prey.*

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
6"	4	Flaming Attacks, Quick to Fire





RIPPERDACTYL RIDERS



Ripperdactyl Riders wield their spears with deadly skill, but it is their mounts that enemies quickly learn to fear. The Ripperdactyls themselves are vicious in the extreme – feral winged beasts possessed of voracious appetites, which tear their prey to shreds with razor-sharp beaks and talons.

For sheer aggression, Ripperdactyls are in a class by themselves. Though Skinks found training Terradons relatively easy, turning Ripperdactyls into sky mounts proved far more difficult. To such a vicious creature, Skinks are little more than a meal to be snatched up, snipped in two by a razor-sharp beak and then gulped down. Even if a Ripperdactyl is not hungry, it will still kill – for the act of slaughter provides it far more satisfaction than mere food. If Skinks are prone to twitching at shadows passing overhead, the Ripperdactyl is a common reason why.

Ripperdactyls are terrors of the sky. They are reptilian predators who hone their killer instincts by attacking everything they see. Able to knife through the air on rippling, membranous wings of taut muscle fibre, the Ripperdactyls are enormous flying lizards that soar in small packs above



Lustria, riding thermals until their incredibly sharp eyesight spots movement. For the Ripperdactyl, where there is movement, there is prey, for anything that moves is a viable target.

Using wedge-tipped tails to aid manoeuvres, Ripperdactyls fold their wings upon themselves and enter into a steep dive, plummeting towards the ground. Led by the most ferocious of their kind, the Ripperdactyls hurtle downwards like missiles, smashing into their foe with incredible velocity. Seconds before hitting their victim, a Ripperdactyl will snap out its leathery wings and extend its razor-sharp beak and claws. What follows is a savage series of stabs and rakes that can slice a man- or horse-sized victim in half. Larger prey is shredded to the bone. Those lucky enough to have witnessed a Ripperdactyl attack and survived have likened their assaults to the feeding frenzies of the deadly ripperfish – a hurricane of slashing claws and stabbing beaks.

As Ripperdactyls attack in flocks, they will fearlessly take on the largest of foes, being able to pick a colossadon's carcass clean within minutes. If hungry, the bloody morsels will be gulped down – however, such is the aggression and ferocity of Ripperdactyls that they will hunt and kill for sport. They are amongst the fiercest of aerial predators, and so prodigious are their hunting skills, so overwhelming are their violent attacks, that the creatures often tear off and eat only the choicest bits of their prey, leaving entire hulking corpses behind for scavengers to fight over.

Ripperdactyls are common above the skies of Lustria and can regularly be seen hunting above the Southlands. Because they are adept at riding thermals, on occasion flocks of the blood-hungry reptilians will get swept great distances in one of the celestial hurricanes that stir the equatorial skies. It is doubtless this was the cause of the Terror Over Brionne – where a flock descended upon the Bretonnian city and slew hundreds of hapless peasants and even the brave knights that rode out in an attempt to halt them. Finally, a squadron of Pegasus Knights engaged the flock in an aerial duel, eventually driving them away.

Those able to bind a flock of Ripperdactyls to their service through arcane means have at their command a ferocious attack formation. Even when magically controlled, however,



Ripperdactyls are so aggressive that they are prone to savaging any who come within range of their swooping attacks.

While sustaining many losses, Skinks learned that hatched Ripperdactyls could not be trained. Even stolen eggs were problematic, as upon cracking its shell, the claw-winged creature inside attacked the first thing it saw. If the Skink survived, there was a chance the beast might bond to him, although such things took much time and many scars. After about a year, if the Ripperdactyl had not yet eaten the Skink, it accepted him as its master.

The Skinks who survive bonding with their Ripperdactyls are bold warriors, the most elite of their small kind. Once mounted atop a Ripperdactyl, they forgo javelins and blowpipes, for the blood-hungry beasts they ride cannot be stopped from plunging down upon foes. Instead, they arm for close combat, donning ceremonial helmets and carrying shields and long spears. Perched upon their backs, brave skinks thrust their spears as their speeding mounts swoop over the heads of the foe, each well-placed stab punching a hapless victim from its feet in a spray of gore. Led by their Brave, each fights with aggressive skill, but they pale in comparison to their mount. It is the Ripperdactyls that inflict the most damage on the enemy – the ragged and bloody evidence of their predatory fury is sent tumbling to the ground amid a storm of beating wings and flashing claws. The razor-sharp talons of a Ripperdactyl can decapitate foes – their furious attacks often leaving a ring of strewn innards and lopped-off limbs behind them. Here, amid the screams of the dying and the stench of freshly spilled blood, are the beasts in their element, snapping and clawing at anything within reach. While the enemy quail in the face of the Ripperdactyls' frenzy, the skink riders thrust their spears, piercing hearts and throats.

Although Ripperdactyls are merciless killers, eager to devour anything that moves, there is one foe that they target above all others. The Lustrian blot toad, the largest member of the barking toad family, is a noxious beast, known to invade the cliff-side lairs of Ripperdactyls. Even a single such toad produces an odour almost unendurable to cold-blooded creatures. When gathered in numbers, they release enough foul swamp gas to drive off a hungry Carnosaur. For reasons unknown, the favourite food of blot toads is Ripperdactyl eggs. Naturally, Ripperdactyls seek out such beasts, destroying any they find with extreme prejudice. The Slann have learned that by covertly summoning a single such toad upon an

enemy unit, the diminutive riders can target who is most likely to bear the brunt of the Ripperdactyls' screeching fury. At the command of the Slann the diminutive creatures crawl forth among the ranks of the enemy, often moving unnoticed between armoured boots and locked shields. The Lizardmen's foes seldom realise that the toads' presence heralds a storm of savagery that will spell their doom.

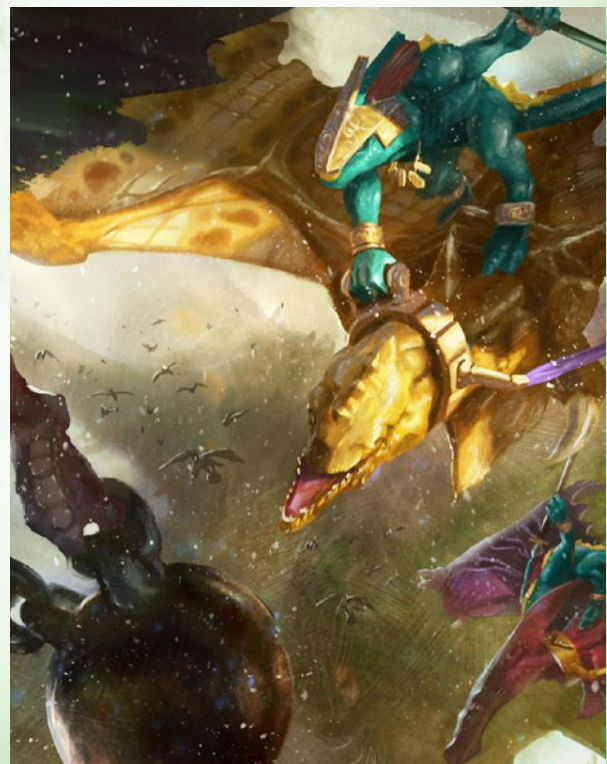
	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ripperdactyl Rider	6	3	3	3	2	1	4	1	6
Ripperdactyl Brave	6	3	3	3	2	1	4	2	6
Ripperdactyl	2	3	0	4	3	2	3	2	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Armour Piercing (1)** (Ripperdactyl only), **Cold-blooded**, **Fear**, **Fly**, **Frenzy** (Ripperdactyl only), **Killing Blow** (Ripperdactyl only).

Toad Rage: Before the game starts, but after Scouts have been deployed, a Lustrian blot toad marker can be placed for each unit of Ripperdactyl Riders in your army. A single blot toad marker can be placed on any enemy unit on the tabletop, this marker remains throughout the battle.

When fighting in close combat against a unit with a blot toad marker, the Ripperdactyl's Frenzy grants it D3+1 extra Attacks, instead of just 1 (roll once for the whole unit) and the Ripperdactyls re-roll all failed To Hit rolls.



SALAMANDER HUNTING PACKS

Salamanders are giant, predatory creatures that stalk the swamplands and estuaries of Lustria's jungles. They are swift-moving on both land and water, with strong, slender bodies, viciously sharp talons and a long, powerful tail that propels them through the water towards their prey. They have a ravenous appetite and are able to hunt and kill prey creatures many times their own size. Salamanders are voracious hunters, and their favoured method of catching prey – which includes various animals such as large birds, monster insects and even Skinks if they are not fast enough to get out of the way – is to swiftly close the distance, moving through underbrush or even submerged under water.

Once within range, they launch a burst of highly corrosive liquid from their gullets that burns and incapacitates their prey. The chemicals in the venom are so volatile that they ignite shortly after coming into contact with air. The burning pitch-like substance sticks to victims, burning them alive, whilst already beginning the digestive process before the Salamander devours it. Within their bodies is an organ that produces this fiery venom, and the Salamander will spout it if provoked or while hunting. The beasts have neck-frills and a sail of taut skin on their backs, providing a cooling mechanism and ensuring the cold-blooded creature does not expire from the heat generated within its own body.



The Skinks capture these creatures and train them for use in battle as a sort of living artillery, because they can spit their spray of deadly venom over a long distance. It is very difficult to train and control a Salamander, for they have a vicious temperament. Despite this, they are sometimes captured and raised by Skink handlers, who use them to hunt larger creatures in the jungles. In battle, the handlers have the task of goading the beasts towards the enemy, prodding them with spears to make them angry enough to spray the deadly venom. This is a hazardous task for the Skinks, who risk getting eaten or covered in venom themselves.

Although sometimes employed by Skink artisans to fire kilns, the Salamanders are most often used in warfare. Poking a beast as violent as a Salamander is a hazardous task, and over the course of their duties many Skink Handlers are eaten or covered in flaming bile themselves. The flaming bile can sear flesh from bone and enemy soldiers claw at armour-plates before the acrid venom eats through the metal. Salamanders can also be goaded into charging the enemy and rending them apart with tooth and claw. The creatures are so aggressive that they need little encouragement – indeed, it is often the case that the Skinks must restrain them to prevent the Salamanders from launching themselves straight into the enemy.

On the battlefield, Salamander Hunting Packs often cover the army's flanks. Skink Handlers attempt to move their beast into a clear firing position, a difficult task as the Salamander often wishes to charge straight forwards into combat. If the Handlers line it up correctly, they can coerce a Salamander to spout its flame upon the foe, before allowing the creature to finish the job with tooth and claw.

The Skinks have learned that Salamanders are particularly effective at burning foes out of fortifications. The Salamander's attack is devastating when used against such foes, for the burning liquid will splash through embrasures to burn alive those within. So were the wooden palisades of the Norse colonies destroyed, and defenders removed from the towers of the beached Black Ark, the Umbral Tide.

THE BATTLE OF THE UMBRAL TIDE

The raiding army of Dark Elves aboard the Umbral Tide, a notorious Black Ark of the Naggaroth fleet, was surprised in the Black Way by a Lizardmen army. Beached by powerful spells, the city-sized ship was swarmed over by Skinks, Kroxigor and Salamander Hunting Packs that rose out of the water to clamber aboard. Although the ship's many towers launched flights of quarrels, the flame-spouts of the Salamanders soon silenced them, save for the cries of the hopelessly burned. Not a single Dark Elf survived and the ship's massive hull remains, sticking out of the mudbanks, as a skeletal reminder of the fate of those who dare enter Lustria.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Salamander	6	3	3	5	4	3	4	2	4
Skink Handler	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Aquatic, Cold-blooded, Mixed Unit, Natural Armour (5+), Skirmishers.



Spout Flames: Spout Flames is a shooting attack; all Salamanders in the pack must shoot towards the same target. Spout Flames is fired using the same rules as a fire thrower, but with the profile and differences given below:

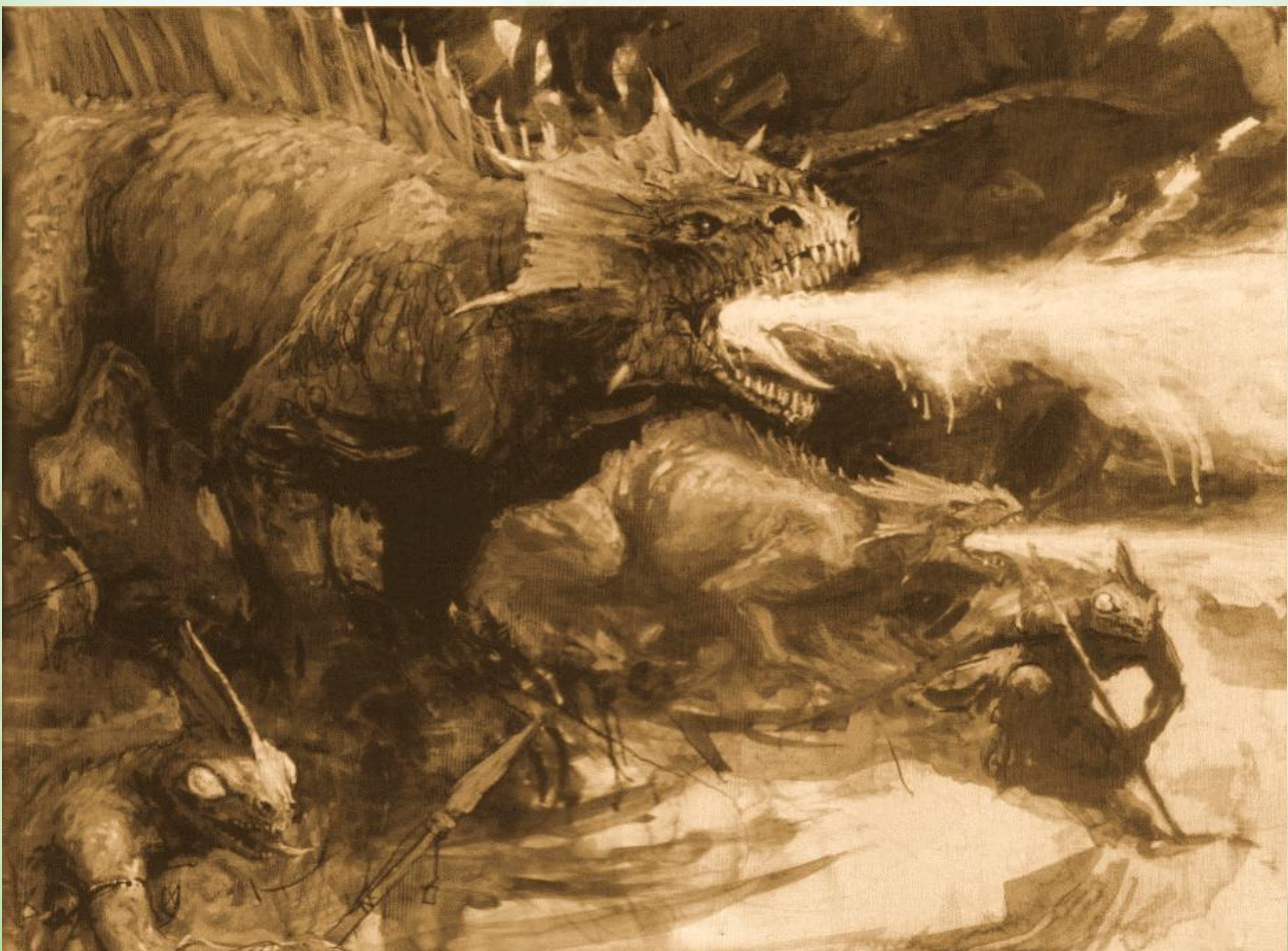
Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
n/a	4	Flaming Attacks, Slow to Fire

A Salamander can Spout Flames if it moves, but not if it marches. If the artillery dice result is a misfire, no shots are fired and D3 Skink Handlers are removed as the Salamander eats them!

Wrestling with the inscrutable scrolls of the Slann Mage-Priests is no picnic, I can tell you. The latest batch brought to me from Lustria by Grubi the Dwarf is a real headache. The script itself is not a problem as it was written in a very good cursive Skink handwriting, with a decent porcupine quill. What I really get stuck on is the future intentional habitual dative participle of the old Saurian verb Zloxl which means 'to ride'. All too frequently this is written with the determinative of a small, red Skink hind leg, which is easily confused with the determinative Ztec 'to skirmish' (literally 'scurry about'), especially in scrolls dating to after the great migration of the red-crested Skinks, which of course counts for the majority of surviving Lustrian scrolls.

So how are scholars such as myself to interpret a sentence like Inti Slanacutec Xla inhuizlamantupeh xkinki Zloxl (or Xtec?) intehmahuc Xtecazl? This occurs in an important tactical text, said to have been dictated by the Old Ones themselves and slavishly copied for untold generations! It may be translated thus: '...for the Old Ones decreed that three score Skinks shall ride upon the Stegadon' or '...for the Old One's decreed that three score Skinks shall skirmish beside the Stegadon'. I am sure the implications of this will not be lost on anybody. I cannot blame Skink scribal error, because they clearly knew what they meant. So what did the Old Ones intend? Who can say?

From the journal of the noted scholar and famed explorer Nygil Styllman.



RAZORDON HUNTING PACKS

Barbed Razordons are covered with a profusion of great spines – hardened spikes made of bone that project menacingly out of their bodies. As a defensive protection, this razor-sharp body armour serves to deter all but the most determined of creatures, and even the most monstrous of Lustria's many apex predators will think twice before attacking a Razordon. The Razordon's spines are not only a deterrent, however, they are also a deadly offensive weapon. By way of powerful muscle spasms, Razordons can discharge their spines, shooting them outwards in a deadly hail.

Razordons are most commonly found in swampy regions or tidal basins, and more of their number are concentrated around the Amazon Basin than anywhere else in Lustria. There, in the overgrown backwaters, the favoured prey of Razordons can be found in great profusion. Razordons feed on any of the enormous winged insects that plague the moist swampy air in droning clouds so dense that they blot out the noonday sun. Without wings, it is not easy to hunt such quick-flying quarry, but the Razordon has developed its own unique way. It first slinks within range by crouching low and advancing through the high rushes, or by submerging itself in the water so that only its eyes and nostrils poke above the floating algae of the foetid marshes. When a good-sized insect drones by, the Razordon will fire volleys of its spines into the air, hoping to impale and bring down its prey. Even clipping its target is enough to bring it near the ground, where the Razordon's long claws and ragged, sharp teeth are more than enough to finish off any insect, no matter how large. While any of the plethora of insect types will do, all Razordons consider the horse-sized stegawasps or blood-draining sabreflies special delicacies. Such a foe may take many darts to bring down, but is so large the Barbed Razordon will not have to hunt again for several weeks.



In much the same manner as the Salamander, Skinks capture and train Razordons, although the spiky beasts have no domestic uses and are used exclusively on patrols or at war. Goading such a creature to shoot its darts is a simple, if somewhat risky operation: the Skink Handlers prod the Razordon with the sharp end of a spear, and then duck. As Razordons are mean-spirited creatures, it is not unusual for an occasional dart to be fired towards the Skink Handlers rather than the targets they would have chosen.

The Lizardmen use Razordons as living pieces of artillery, driving them towards enemy battle lines, all the while encouraging the beasts to fire a steady rain of spines into enemy ranks. A single dart can be deadly, as it is shot out with enough force to splinter a shield, or punch a hole clean through a man's body. However, even a creature that is hit by a Razordon spike and survives is still in danger. Each spine has tiny barbs that ensure that pulling it out inflicts even greater injury and loss of blood.

The Lizardmen also find the creatures of use in staving off enemy charges. Should a foe be so foolhardy as to charge a Razordon, the spiky reptile has developed a fearsomely devastating reaction – flexing its scaly hide to blast forth a formidable volley. At the enemy's approach, the beast will take great offence and react as if an enemy predator were attacking it. The enemy will be impaled by hundreds of darts; those not killed instantly rapidly bleeding to death from their wounds. Those attackers fortunate enough to make it past the wall of darts fired at them find themselves met by the snarling Razordon. During the Battle for the Lost Plaque at Lacoussaint, Razordon Hunting Packs were massed together into a large formation and managed to stop cold a formation of charging Bretonnian knights, slaughtering them to a man.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Razordon	6	3	3	5	4	3	4	2	4
Skink Handler	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Aquatic, Cold-blooded, Mixed Unit, Natural Armour (5+), Skirmishers.

Instinctive Defence: If charged, a Razordon Hunting Pack must Stand and Shoot if it is able to do so. However, when calculating the number of shots fired, each Razordon can re-roll the artillery dice.

Shoot Barbs: Shoot Barbs is a shooting attack; all Razordons in the pack must shoot at the same target. Shoot Barbs is fired using the same rules as a cannon firing grapeshot, but with the profile and differences given below:

A Razordon can Shoot Barbs if it moves, but not if it marches or charges. If the artillery dice result is a misfire, no shots are fired and D3 Skink Handlers are removed as the Razordon eats them!

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
18"	4	Quick to Fire



BASTILADONS



Known to the Skinks as the Bastiladon, this hulking quadruped is perhaps the most heavily armoured beast in Lustria. It is a walking fortress, a living bastion covered in a rock-hard bony skin, and then further protected by massive iron-like plates – a natural armour so dense that it can, sometimes, thwart the bite of the mighty Carnosaur. Thick, bony plates cover most of the creature and its hide is as tough to penetrate as armour forged by the finest of blacksmiths. Unless swung with great force, spears and swords simply bounce off or shatter against the mighty Bastiladon, while clouds of arrows can be launched against one without the beast suffering any ill effects whatsoever. Even those blows that crack the outermost armour plates cannot penetrate deeply into the beast due to the Bastiladon's alternating layers of thick leathery skin and additional scales.

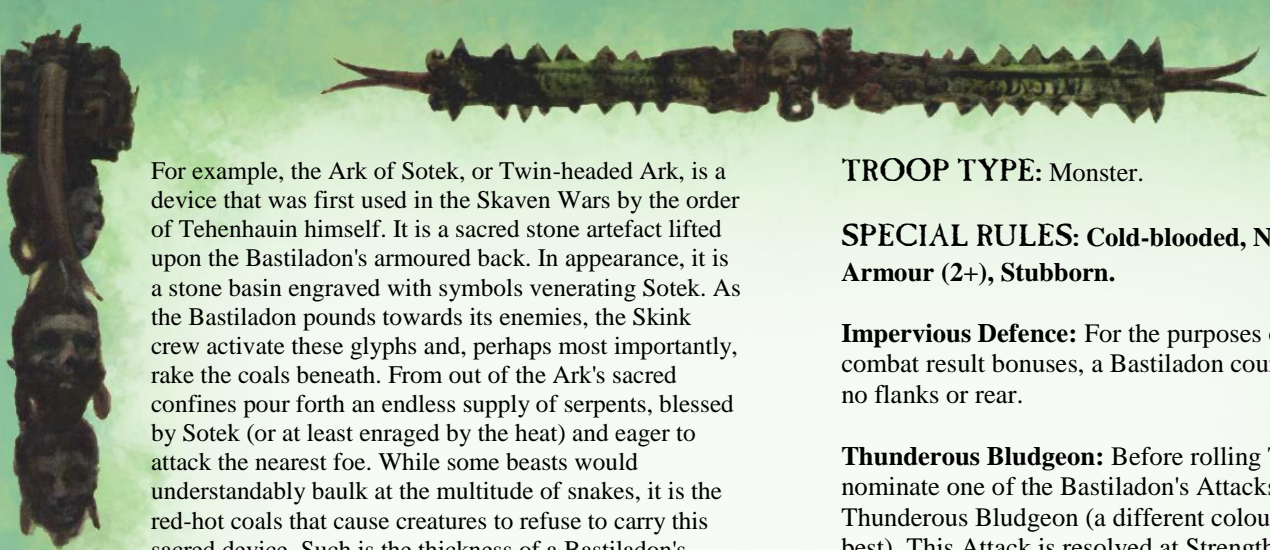
After shrugging off or ignoring their foes' attacks, enraged Bastiladons will close and launch their own assault. In combat, the Bastiladon attempts to stomp lesser creatures into a bloody pulp with its enormous clawed limbs, driving their bodies deep into the ground. While its incredible bulk never allows it to build up a thunderous impact like that of a Stegadon, the Bastiladon is still a formidable fighter. Its hawkish beak delivers bites that can cleave a full-grown bola-bola tree in two. The Bastiladon's best weapon, however, is on the end of its long and heavily muscled tail – a massive knot of compacted bone covered over with armoured plates. The quadruped can whip its bludgeon-tipped tail like a battering ram – able to

deliver thunderous strikes. This mace-like protrusion can be swung with such devastating momentum that it can shatter granite or pulverise man-sized opponents, leaving only blood-splattered craters to mark where they once stood. Even the Carnosaur, the most ferocious hunter in the jungles of the Bastiladon's natural home, Lustria, has learned the hard way to respect the club-like blows delivered from that formidable tail.

Because of its nigh impenetrable armour, there are few predators in Lustria that will dare to attack a Bastiladon. Such formidable protection, however, does come at a cost, for the Bastiladon is a lumbering and ponderous creature, slowed down by its own dense weight. The largest threat to a Bastiladon comes not from the prowling gargantuan carnivores, but rather the quicksand and boggy mud that can be found throughout the steamy jungles. Even on solid ground, the heavy tread of the armoured beast leaves deep prints, and should one wander too deeply into a swampy area it can all too easily become hopelessly mired. This is exactly how the Skinks have come to trap Bastiladons – using all their wits to subjugate and then train the beasts.

When ridden to war, the Bastiladons carry with them some of the treasured weapons of the temple-cities. Their incredibly thick and armoured hides allow them to carry devices which other beasts, even the revered Stegadon, steadfastly refuse. These revered and holy objects are mounted upon the great beast's back so that they might be activated to smite any who dare set foot in sacred Lustria.





For example, the Ark of Sotek, or Twin-headed Ark, is a device that was first used in the Skaven Wars by the order of Tehenhauin himself. It is a sacred stone artefact lifted upon the Bastiladon's armoured back. In appearance, it is a stone basin engraved with symbols venerating Sotek. As the Bastiladon pounds towards its enemies, the Skink crew activate these glyphs and, perhaps most importantly, rake the coals beneath. From out of the Ark's sacred confines pour forth an endless supply of serpents, blessed by Sotek (or at least enraged by the heat) and eager to attack the nearest foe. While some beasts would understandably balk at the multitude of snakes, it is the red-hot coals that cause creatures to refuse to carry this sacred device. Such is the thickness of a Bastiladon's armour, however, that it does not even notice the blazing fires stoked on its very back.

Like many Lizardmen devices, the apparatus at first seems to be quite simple, but the magic is twofold. Firstly, by Sotek's blessings, the enraged serpents swarm out and strike at those nearby; yet, miraculously, the snakes only ever attack the enemies of the Lizardmen. The second inexplicable thing, although few foes ever live long enough to realise it, is that the Ark never runs out of snakes. Whether they are summoned from the surrounding flora or created by eldritch means is irrelevant; the serpents continue to issue forth, like water from a well. So many vipers, asps, and snakes of all kinds writhe near the Ark that those swarms of diminutive reptiles accompanying the Lizardmen army grow ever larger in its presence.

Upon need, the eldritch and inexplicable artefact known as a Solar Engine is taken from its secure chamber deep within the confines of a pyramid-temple and manoeuvred onto a Bastiladon's carapace. Skink Priests declare that the Bastiladon is favoured by Chotec – the Lord of the Sun – and that this creature alone is worthy to carry the Solar Engine. Whether this is true, or if the hoary Bastiladon is simply the only jungle creature that will bear the superheated device upon its back, is unknown. When activated, the arcane machine radiates invigorating rays that stir nearby reptilian creatures to energetic new heights of action and violence. When the attending Skink crew intone the correct blessings to Chotec, the Solar Engine also blasts forth a beam of intense heat, which burns the foe like the condensed rays of the sun itself.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bastiladon	4	3	0	5	6	5	1	3	6
Skink Crew	-	2	3	3	-	-	4	1	5

When a lone Bastiladon escaped the Imperial Zoo in Altdorf, the city guard reckoned they could bring the beast to bay with volleys from their armour-piercing handguns. Although a few shots eventually got through, it was too few and too late – the Bastiladon crushed the guard underfoot before ploughing its way through townhouses as easily as through an open street. Some enterprising soldiers attempted a last ambush, coming at the creature from varying angles, but they learned what so many of its natural foes in Lustria had already learned. If you encircle a Bastiladon, hoping to find a weak spot in its armour, you will only end up reduced to a bloody mush, for the creature's protection covers it entirely, and it lashes with its tail at any who venture too close. At long last the Bastiladon burst out of the city's stone walls and made good its slow, but steady escape.

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Cold-blooded, Natural Armour (2+), Stubborn.

Impervious Defence: For the purposes of calculating combat result bonuses, a Bastiladon counts as having no flanks or rear.

Thunderous Bludgeon: Before rolling To Hit, nominate one of the Bastiladon's Attacks as the Thunderous Bludgeon (a different coloured dice works best). This Attack is resolved at Strength 10 and receives a +1 To Hit bonus against models in the creature's rear arc.

EQUIPMENT:

Ark of Sotek: At the end of each friendly turn, nominate a Jungle Swarm unit within 6" of each Bastiladon with an Ark of Sotek and roll a D6. On a 4+, add one base to the Jungle Swarm unit. This can take the Jungle Swarm unit beyond its starting size. If the base cannot be placed (because there isn't enough room, or you don't have sufficient models), it is lost. In addition, the Ark of Sotek has a special shooting attack, with the profile and rules below:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
D6"	2	-

The Ark of Sotek can be activated in any friendly Shooting phase, even if the Bastiladon has marched, charged or is engaged in close combat. When activated, all enemy units within D6" immediately take 2D6 Strength 2 hits, distributed as for shooting.

Revivification Crystal: All friendly units with the Cold-blooded special rule within 8" of one or more Bastiladons with a Revivification Crystal gains the Regeneration (6+) special rule.

Solar Engine: All friendly units with the Cold-blooded special rule that are within 6" of one or more Bastiladons with a Solar Engine gain +1 Initiative. In addition, a Solar Engine contains the innate bound spell, Beam of Chotec.

- **Beam of Chotec:** *This blinding beam can melt flesh and even cause combustible creatures to burst into towers of flame with a loud whoosh; for Lizardmen, this is indelible proof of Chotec's favour.*

Innate bound spell (power level 3). *Beam of Chotec* is a **magic missile** with a range of 24". If successfully cast, roll a D6 and consult the table below to determine the Strength and number of hits (as well as any other effects) caused by this spell. All hits caused by *Beam of Chotec* are Flaming Attacks.

D6	Number of Hits
1	D3 Strength 3 hits.
2-3	D6 Strength 4 hits.
4-5	2D6 Strength 5 hits.
6	2D6 Strength 6 hits. In addition, the target suffers a -1 penalty to their Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill (to a minimum of 1) until the start of the Bastiladon's next Magic phase.



STEGADONS

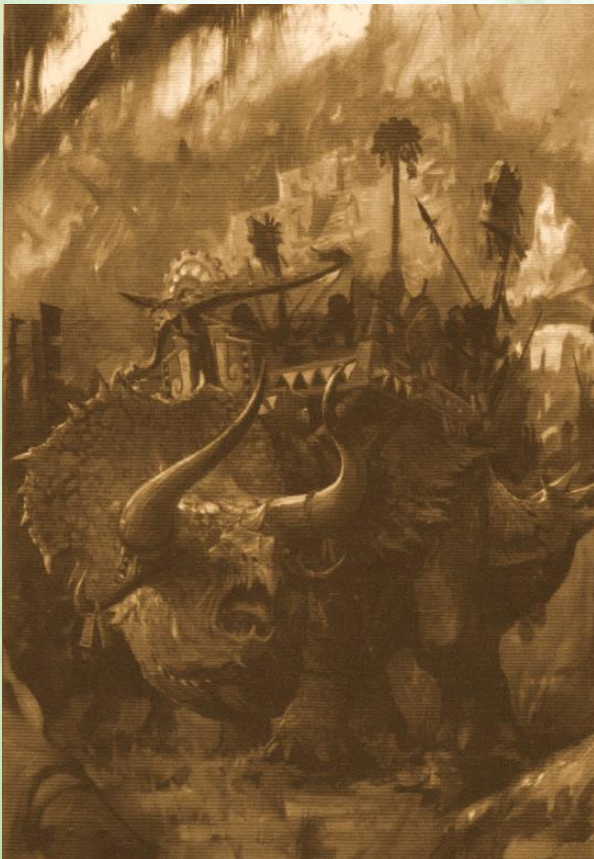


The hostile jungles are home to a phenomenal array of creatures, almost all deadly in their own way. Stegadons are among the largest and most aggressive of all. Stegadons are a race of mighty beasts that has dwelt within the primeval jungles since long before the coming of the Old Ones. They are bulky creatures whose heads are covered by armoured crests, out of which project massive horns. Their tails are heavy and often clubbed or barbed, and can be swung with devastating force at anything that tries to approach them from the side or behind. In the heat of the jungle, the Stegadons cool themselves by wallowing in the swamps, relying on their thick scaly hide to protect them from crocodiles and the gigantic predatory fish that infest the waters. Even the largest of predators will think twice about confronting a Stegadon, and few are so foolish as to assault it head-on, for Stegadons are potent foes, hardened scaled protect their tough hides, and they shed arrows and spears as easily as they weather falling rain.

Stegadons will feed on almost anything they come across, from the lush vegetation of the jungles to the flesh of any creature foolish enough to be caught in their way. They have powerful beak-like jaws capable of grinding up the trunks of vast forest trees or cracking the hard, rock-like nuts, and use their horns to uproot whole trees before devouring them. It takes great quantities of food to sustain such behemoths, and they grow so large and heavy that their footsteps have been known to split stone. They seem to be slightly

more intelligent than Cold Ones and rather more active, probably because they live out under the hot sun.

Territorial and highly aggressive, Stegadons will charge any creature that intrudes upon their habitat – after all, its heavy frame it unsuitable for flight, so it must stand and fight. When roused, the beast can propel its considerable weight forward in a thunderous charge, a living avalanche more dangerous than a stampeding herd of lesser beasts. Other creatures stay well clear of these herds, for fear of being trampled or gored to a gruesome death. Even the Lustrian jungle appears to part for their formidable girth; trees are smashed to splinters or swatted aside as the Stegadon stomps through even the densest foliage. It is said that the only other beast of the jungle that the Stegadon will commonly avoid a fight with is the colossal Thunder Lizard, though a bull Stegadon defending its territory at the height of the breeding season might well affect such a challenge, and may even drive the enemy off. Disputes between rival male Stegadons can be heard for miles around, their roars reverberating through the jungle as the massive beasts fight. Often, these battles last for days on end, and are resolved only when one of the competitors has been slain, to be consumed by the victor.



Stegadons are covered in bony plates which become harder and lighter in colour with age. Stegadons occur naturally in a wide variety of hide colours, from pale blue/greys and yellows to rich greens and browns. Newly hatched Stegadons have mottled or striped hides to camouflage them from predators. As the young Stegadon gets older its camouflage mottling changes colour becoming less contrasting and more evenly coloured. Old rogue male Stegadons battle with each other for dominance by head-clashing and the beast with the biggest spines and most impressive crest will tend to win. Striking and colourful markings on the crests of the oldest beasts serve to deter all but the most reckless and aggressive contenders, so Stegadons marked in this way are best for war!

Since the earliest days, the Lizardmen have used Stegadons as beasts of burden, to smash roadways through the jungle and to drag huge blocks of stone to build temples. They are also used for devastating shock attacks in times of war, and to add serious fighting heft to far-ranging ground patrols.

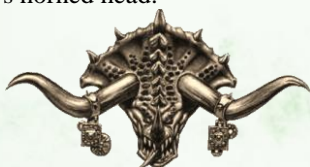
"THE MORE WE STUDY OUR INNER LIGHT, THE MORE PROFOUND BECOMES THE OUTER DARKNESS."

Archival transcript of the words of Lord Xltep





These creatures are reared by teams of Skinks who stay with them throughout their lifetimes, and the Stegadons grow to become very protective of those Skinks they have known since their days as hatchlings. Large howdahs are attached to the beasts' backs, and from this protected vantage point, the Skinks can hurl a storm of poison-tipped javelins in battle and fire huge arrows from the mounted great bows known to the Skinks as 'Sotek's Curse'. The Skinks may take steps to increase the Stegadon's destructive potential by strapping large tusks and sharpened tree trunks to the creature's flank. Some Skinks have even been known to construct large reinforced masks that are fastened over the Stegadon's horned head.



The real strength of this awesome creature is brought to bear when it lowers its horned head and charges into combat. The impact of a striking Stegadon can trample entire regiments and even knock other monsters sprawling. For all its awesome bulk, the Stegadon's short but powerful legs can drive it forward at such a pace that its momentum is nothing short of devastating. Foes not slain outright by the impact of its charge are crushed to bloody pulps by its sheer bulk or speared upon the ends of one the Stegadon's imposing spikes, scattering the enemies of the Lizardmen before them. The towering Stegadons pay no attention to things that might frighten other creatures, ploughing on towards the enemy without thought or care of what happens around it.



ANCIENT STEGADONS

The most ancient Stegadons have enormous horns, tipped by the Skinks with sharp metal barbs. The hides of these Stegadons are thicker and their tails more heavily clubbed. These are invariably the toughest and strongest of all Stegadons. They lumber forward towards battle instead of recklessly stampeding in. These beasts mount fearsome blowpipes in the fighting howdah. Each fires a cluster of darts, that separates in flight to create a hail of poisoned death any enemy will be lucky indeed to survive. It is for good reason that the Skinks call give these fearsome weapons the name 'Sotek's Sting'.

The fiery temper of these giant beasts tends to cool with age and older Stegadons more readily accept new crews. The mighty Stegadons tend to outlive the Skinks, and a single Stegadon may have several generations of handlers over the course of its lifetime. Each new team honours the mighty beast and the most ancient Stegadons are highly venerated. Some crews hammer bronze plates and glyphs into the beast's gnarled hide, more to mark its status than to provide additional protection.

THE THUNDEROUS HERDS

Stegadons roam throughout the Lustrian continent in herds ranging in size from a handful of related beasts to great migrations of many thousands. Some of these groupings have distinctive colours and markings, such as the tan striped beasts that dominate the cracked earth of the Huahuan deserts, or the green-spotted Stegadons that live in the hidden Gwangee Valley.

Most Stegadons, however, vary in colouration, ranging from pale blue-greys to rich greens, browns and reds. As the bony plates that cover their thick hides age, they become much harder as well as lighter in colour. Young Stegadons can be quite brightly coloured, and those within a few decades of having hatched are often heavily mottled or otherwise camouflaged. As the monstrous reptiles grow older, they usually lose some of these contrasting patterns and become more evenly coloured. This is not always the case, however, as shown by the brilliant diamond-backed patterns exhibited by some Stegadons of the Piranha Swamps – notorious beasts that can wallow in the deepest swamp channels, where they lie hidden in ambush.

Older Stegadons, particularly the largest bulls, leave their herds and strike out on their own. Such rogues establish farther-ranging territories, and challenge any of their kind that dares trespass. These head-clashing bouts can last for days and can flatten swathes of jungle. It is not unknown for striking and colourful markings to appear on the crests of these elder beasts, signalling that these are the most powerful of their kind.



The most revered of Ancient Stegadons are judged to have sufficient strength and the right temperament to carry the archaic artefacts known as the Engines of the Gods. If the Lizardmen ever had the knowledge of how these ancient wonders worked, they lost it long ago. However, they do know how to activate them – when the glyphs are touched in the right order, the device thrums with arcane energies. Through the incantations of the Skink Priests riding them they can alter the ebb and flow of the Winds of Magic, making them potent weapons upon the field of battle. The Engine of the Gods has mysterious powers that can protect nearby Lizardmen or send rays to smite their foes. Even the Winds of Magic can be better siphoned to aid the casting of spells in the presence of such a potent apparatus. Only a handful of the Engines exist, and they are hidden away in temple vaults and only rarely brought forth. They often serve as war mounts for Skink Priests of great importance, and are used to anchor a battle line.

The first to utilise the Engines of the Gods was Tehenhauin, the Prophet of Sotek. At the height of the Siege of Quetza, Tehenhauin led his disciples into the surrounding jungle. They returned three days later, the entire group riding upon Ancient Stegadons that bore Engines of the Gods, and used them to destroy the ratmen. Since that time, the Engines of the Gods have been brought forth only when they are needed most, for each is an instrument of the Old Ones' power, and the loss of a single one might irredeemably jeopardise the Great Plan of the Lizardmen's long-gone creator gods.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Stegadon	6	3	0	5	6	5	2	4	6
Ancient Stegadon	6	3	0	6	6	5	1	3	6
Skink Crew	-	2	3	3	-	-	4	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: **Cold-blooded**, **Immunity (Psychology)**, **Impact Hits (D6+1)**, **Natural Armour (4+)** (Stegadon only), **Natural Armour (3+)** (Ancient Stegadon only), **Stubborn**.

EQUIPMENT:

Giant Bow: A Stegadon's Skink Crew fire huge arrows from a giant, howdah-mounted bow on their back.

Instead of firing another missile weapon in the Shooting phase, one of the Skink Crew may fire the giant bow. This is a bolt thrower with the profile given below. The giant bow can be fired if the Stegadon moves (but not if it marches).

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
36"	5	Multiple Wounds (D3), Poisoned Attacks

'Never have we seen such a creature; it is mighty, even in death. After the beast's rampage was eventually stopped it was killed and dismembered, but its great heart beat for long hours thereafter.'

Logbook of the Black Ark, the Tower of Dread

Giant Blowpipe: Two giant blowpipes are affixed to an Ancient Stegadon's howdah.

Instead of firing another missile weapon in the Shooting phase, up to two Skink Crew may each fire a single giant blowpipe.

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
18"	2	Multiple Shots (2D6), Poisoned Attacks



Engine of the Gods: An Engine of the Gods is a mysterious but powerful arcane artefact of the Old Ones. It contains the power to call down the wrath of the Old Ones upon the foes of the Lizardmen, manifesting as a blinding orb arcing from the sky to burst amongst the ranks of the enemy.

An Engine of the Gods confers the following special rules:

- **Arcane Configuration:** If you have one or more Engines of the Gods on the battlefield at the start of your Magic phase, select one of the eight Lore of Battle Magic from the Warhammer rulebook. Until the start of your next Magic phase, the casting values for all spells from the selected lore are reduced by 1 (to a minimum of 3).

- **Burning Alignment:** As the Engine comes into alignment, magical power is unleashed to scour the enemy.

Innate bound spell (power level 3). *Burning Alignment* is a **direct damage** spell that targets every enemy unit within 4D6". Each target suffers D6 Strength 4 hits with the Flaming Attacks special rule, distributed as for shooting.

- **Portent of Warding:** The Ancient Stegadon and all friendly units within 6" have a Ward save (6+).


UPGRADES:

Unstoppable Stampede: A model with this upgrade has the Devastating Charge special rule.

Sharpened Horns: If a model has this upgrade, its Impact Hits have the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.



CARNOSAURS



The jungles of Lustria are filled with a cacophony of sounds, but all come to a dead silence when the bellowing roar of a Carnosaur reverberates through the land. Not even the dense undergrowth can drown out that roar, which can be heard for many miles. It is a sound that sends shivers of fear through even the most hulking of behemoths, for it can mean only one thing – a Carnosaur is on the prowl.

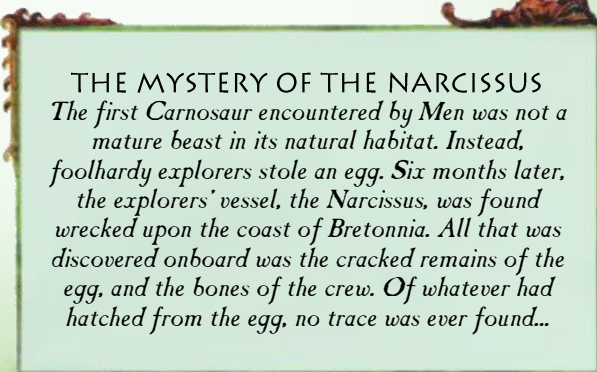
Carnosaurs are lethal bipedal lizards that stalk the darkness beneath the high canopies of the primordial jungles, the ultimate hunters within the lands of Lustria. There, the bipedal beasts trample through the undergrowth, stalking their quarry – which, for a Carnosaur, is pretty much anything that moves. Their favoured prey are the large herd beasts that still roam those lands. Although these creatures possess tough hides or thick armoured plates, this is of no matter to a Carnosaur. They are giant predators, reaching over thirty feet from snout to tail when fully grown. Upon scenting prey, or catching sight of even the least movement, the Carnosaur propels itself with enormous strides, moving with a surprising speed for so large a beast. Their shortened forelimbs and sharp claws are ideal for locking hold of prey, allowing the Carnosaur to better line up its most destructive attack. Carnosaurs have massive jaws, filled with daggerlike teeth that can rip huge chunks of flesh from larger prey and crunch through anything that walks, rending bone, flesh or steel in equal measure. So large is the Carnosaur's mouth that it can swallow man-sized prey whole.



Carnosaurs are powerfully built – they have long, muscular hind limbs and an enormous, heavy tail that helps the creature balance as it charges down its quarry. They are possessed of strong forearms tipped with sharp claws. These are more than capable of raking through the tough hides of the large, prehistoric monsters of the deep Lustrian jungles. They can make short work of any foe foolish enough to stand in their way. Having tasted blood, a Carnosaur is at its most deadly, for it enters a state of savage fury – biting and tearing at any living creature, sometimes slaughtering its gory way through entire herds of giant sauropods without pause. Carnosaurs commonly lead a solitary existence, though they have been observed on occasion to band together under a particularly dominant male if threatened by one of the few creatures of the Lustrian jungles capable of intimidating them.

In the danger-filled lands of the lost continent, there are a few beasts larger in size than the Carnosaur, but none of them are as aggressive or so dominant a predator. No creature, big or small, is safe from its relentless attack. The Carnosaur is undeterred by the thickest hides or the toughest bony plates; they are one of the few natural predators of the mighty Stegadons. Protective spines, lethal venom or razor-edged sabrefangs – they matter not to the Carnosaur. A fight between the larger beasts of the jungle is a titanic sight, a resounding battle that often leaves even the victor badly mauled. Almost always, the beast that rises from the circle of smashed trees and trampled undergrowth is the Carnosaur it rears back, shakes the gore from itself and roars its triumph to the heavens above.

While commonly found in the steaming jungles of Lustria, there are other places in the world where Carnosaurs are known to hunt. Many of the mighty lizards live in the Southlands, and some rogue Carnosaurs are known to have long ago followed the trails of prey northwards as far as the dunes of Araby and even into the foothills of the Badlands. The roar of the Carnosaur has been heard in the Old World as well, introduced through eggs stolen by raiders or foolhardy explorers. Even far in the north, the great lizards can occasionally be found embedded into the glacial ice of Naggarth or Norsca, frozen there for many long ages since the times before the continental shifts engineered by the Slann Mage-Priests.



THE MYSTERY OF THE NARCISSUS

The first Carnosaur encountered by Men was not a mature beast in its natural habitat. Instead, foolhardy explorers stole an egg. Six months later, the explorers' vessel, the Narcissus, was found wrecked upon the coast of Bretonnia. All that was discovered onboard was the cracked remains of the egg, and the bones of the crew. Of whatever had hatched from the egg, no trace was ever found...

"Don't run my friends, don't run. The Carnosaur is a simple beast. His vision is poor and, like most predators, attuned to the detection of swiftly moving prey. It's all in my book, you know."

Reputed last words of Bonnaudo, famed Bretonnian explorer

Carnosaur eggs are highly coveted by the Lizardmen and countless Skink hunters brave the wilds seeking to find them. It is a dangerous task and many Skinks die in the attempt, squashed underfoot or swallowed whole, but such treasures are highly valued. On rare occasions, a precious egg is snatched by the Skinks and returned to the temple-cities to be incubated. It is a dangerous task to retrieve one of these eggs, for the rage of a Carnosaur mother is without compare! The eggs are highly treasured and extremely well cared for the eggs are closely cared for by attentive Skinks, who continue to nurture the young hatchling even though they are soon dwarfed by the growing beast. Even newborns are capable of biting a Skink in two, and few of the trainers survive long enough to see the fruits of their labours. Carefully reared by teams of Skinks, Carnosaurs are trained for battle, eventually becoming accustomed to the warharness strapped to their bodies and slowly learning to take directions from a rider. A Lizardman army drawn up around its general mounted upon a Carnosaur is one of the most awe-inspiring sights to be seen in all of Lustria.



Only the most powerful Saurus Warriors can ride a Carnosaur to battle, and it takes much skill and strength to keep the beast under control. Carnosaurs are not dull-witted and it takes a great force of will to dominate them. With a Saurus Oldblood on its back, a Carnosaur is able to wade through enemy battle lines;



a death-dealing colossus that can shatter an army's resolve to fight in a few bloody moments. It takes much strength and skill to keep such a wilful beast under control, yet even that semblance of mastery is shed in the heat of battle as soon as the Carnosaur tastes blood. Nevertheless, once battle has been joined the taste of blood sends a Carnosaur into a vicious blood-frenzy rendering it completely intent on killing and utterly uncontrollable. When the vicious killing fury is upon a Carnosaur, it is likely to revert to instinct – the apex predator of a deadly land, charging and devouring any creature in its sight that so much as moves. Only after all is still and the giant beast has eaten its fill will the Saurus rider be able to rein the Carnosaur in once more.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Carnosaur	7	3	0	6	5	5	2	4	5

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Multiple Wounds (D3), Natural Armour (4+).

Blood Frenzy: Once the Carnosaur has inflicted an unsaved Wound, it immediately becomes subject to Frenzy. Furthermore, the Carnosaur never loses its Frenzy.

UPGRADES:

Bloodroar: Enemy units must roll an additional D6, discarding the lowest result, for Leadership tests to resolve Terror effects caused by this beast.

Loping Stride: A model with this upgrade has the +1 Movement.

When a clique of young Bretonnian knights examined the threadbare Tapestry du Monde in the vaults of Couronne, they were thrilled to find an area of that crumbling and antiquated map clearly marked 'Here Be Dragons'. Before the week was out, the rash young knights had gathered an expedition of six hundred fellow chevaliers hungry for glory. They raided the coffers of their dukedoms and hired a galleon willing to sail them to the Gulf of Medes, situated at the edge of the Southlands jungle. The knights rode forth into the trees, loudly sounding their horns in the hope they would find a Dragon or two, slay it without too much trouble and return victorious to soak in a hot bath and the unfettered adulation of their womenfolk. The knights got rather more than they bargained for. Storming out of the jungle came a vast army of Lizardmen, echelon after echelon of Saurus Warriors and Skink Cohorts streaming forward to engage in battle. With them came enormous long-necked saurians with pant snapping jaws and lumbering titans of scaled muscle boasting teeth enough to make a Grail Knight think twice. The young knights fought bravely, but they were hopelessly outmatched. The beasts of the forest ate well that night.

TROGLODONS

Their clammy presence revealed by ominous hissing, the great beasts known as Pale Death, or Troglodons, are amongst Lustria's deadliest hunters. The Carnosaur might be more ferocious, but it is also easier to avoid. The Troglodon, on the other hand, stalks its prey with a frightening stealth, members of the same cohort not even noticing their missing comrades but only later recalling a glimpse of pale scales flash by in the undergrowth.

Lone cave-dwellers, Troglodons haunt subterranean grottos, emerging only to feed. These creatures are virtually blind, but hunt using senses other than sight. A Troglodon will emerge from its underground lairs to stalk, a silent killer – only unleashing its strange roar when the kill is made, or its prey is too close to get away. Swaying sinuously, the Troglodon uses its quill-like whiskers to track motion, while its forked tongue tastes the air. Upon locating its target, the Troglodon springs and bites, savaging its quarry with jaws full of hollow teeth able to pump forth noxious venom. Should it taste blood, the savage creature becomes more ferocious still, biting and gulping down hunks of flesh.

If the Troglodon deems it is not close enough to dart out and bite its foe, the beast resorts to fouler tactics. With a hideous, hissing whistle, the Troglodon draws in breath that it then uses to project its toxic bile outwards. Although moderately short in range, the spat globs of acidic poison can eat through armour or melt

through the scales of a Stegadon. This form of attack actually helps the Troglodon find its prey – the sizzling burn of the venom emits a sound and a distinct smell of burning flesh, allowing the creature to strike with certainty. Although the Troglodon can match its hulking size and ferocity against other monsters, the stealthy hunter prefers to circle at range, using its venomous spittle to wear down larger beasts before launching itself for the kill.

Skink Priests claim that the twin-tailed beasts are marked by the Old Ones, the Serpent God or perhaps both. The ferocious creatures are untameable and all who approach a Troglodon provoke a lethal attack, with one exception. A Skink Oracle, a lone Skink spawned with a forked tail, can instantly tame the Pale Death, often adorning it with gems or precious metals to show its sacred status. The Troglodon deigns to serve as a mount for the tiny Oracle and, once bound into service, the loathsome beast will never abandon its master.

Mounted on a Troglodon, a Skink Oracle travels the land, using his obscure divining powers to seek out lost artefacts of the Old Ones or to investigate disturbances felt in the geomantic web. As with the Skink Priests, Slann Mage-Priests can see the world through the eyes of a Skink Oracle and can cast spells through them. This telepathic link means the Oracles often appear just when they are most needed – further adding to the superstitions surrounding the mysterious Skinks and their revered mounts. All Lizardmen rally at the wailing cry of the Troglodon, for its eerie call stirs their savagery and proves they have the Old Ones' favour.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Troglodon	7	3	4	5	5	5	2	3	5

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Aquatic, Poisoned Attacks, Predatory Fighter, Natural Armour (4+).

Primeval Roar: Once per battle, at the start of any friendly Close Combat phase, a Troglodon can unleash its Primeval Roar. This affects the Troglodon, and all friendly units within 12". All models in these units that have the Predatory Fighter special rule gain an additional Attack on any successful To Hit roll of a 5 or 6 (instead of just a 6) until the end of the phase.

Spit Venom: A Troglodon can spit its venom as a shooting attack with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
18"	5	Multiple Wounds (D3), Poisoned Attacks, Quick to Fire



DREAD SAURIAN



Of all the reptilian nightmares that inhabit the jungle-shrouded continent of Lustria, Dread Saurians are one of the most feared; an echo of ancient days when huge beasts such as this did with the forefathers of the dragons for supremacy. The spiked fins on Dread Saurians' back brush the top of the jungle canopy as they move, the massive beasts constantly searching for prey to satisfy their unending hunger. Once found their gigantic, snapping crocodilian jaws can tear apart an adult Stegadon in a welter of blood, the Dread Saurians thrashing and shredding their prey until the jungle around them is coated in red. Immense creatures, larger than the towering Carnosaur, Dread Saurians are few in number and sacred to the Lizardmen, and the fury of each that prowls the fetid jungles is mordered only by the arcane power of the ceremonial armour that bedecks them. Without this precaution even the power of the Slann could not hold their hunger in check.

The trumpeting calls of the Dread Saurians echo through the mosaic-tiled plazas of Lizardmen cities as well as Lustria's deep jungles, the sound summoning their Saurian inhabitants to worship. Retained in certain cities' mountainous temples, these beasts are kept as living shrines to the Old Ones, symbols of their lost glory. Armoured in beaten gold inscribed with prayer and prophecy, the Dread Saurians are kept in lavishly decorated lairs as rich as any king's throne room, but under this finery are layers of old blood and shattered bones, the remains of those fed to them by the Skink priests, torn apart as living sacrifices to the Old Ones. These ceremonial titans bear the most precious relics from the ancient days, items of power left behind by the Old Ones, and the power of these artefacts makes them all but indestructible on the battlefield as they charge forth wreathed in flame or with skin as hard as stone.



When the winds of magic rise and a great storm draws close, the Slann Mage-priests will stir and chant the ancient rituals of binding, shackling the captives Dread Saurians to their will, while their legendary might is coveted by the sorcerers and wizards of the younger races. Let loose upon the battlefield these reptilian monstrosities wreak havoc upon the foe with both their fang-lined has and the divine blessing of the Old Ones.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dread Saurian	7	4	0	8	7	10	1	6	6

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Cold-blooded, Immunity (Psychology), Multiple Wounds (D3), Natural Armour (3+).

UPGRADES:

Tepok's Crystalline Eye: *It is said that the Slann Mage-priest Tepok was at one with the spirits of the Lost Age, and was able to call forth the souls of fallen defenders of the Old Ones' legacy to do his will.*

A Dread Saurian bearing the crystal known as the Eye of Tepok gains a Ward save (4+) against non-magical attacks.

The Blazing Configuration of Chotec: *The Dread Saurian's armour is decorated with the glyphs of the Blazing Configuration of Chotec.*

The Dread Saurian gains the Flaming Attacks special rule and causes 2D6 Strength 3 Flaming Impact Hits.

The Golden Shroud of Tlazcotl: *An aura of blinding golden light surrounds a Dread Saurian bearing Tlazcotl's shroud.*

All attacks targeting the Dread Saurian suffer a -1 To Hit modifier. In addition all models which are considered Daemonic or Undead in base contact with the Dread Saurian gain the Always Strikes Last special rule.

Quetzl's Flawless Heartstone: *A Dread Saurian harnessed to the huge stone disc bearing Quetzl's glyph takes on the aspect of the guardian, its skin hardening like stone and becoming itself more ponderous and resolute.*

The Dread Saurian gains the Unbreakable special rule and reduces its Movement rate to 5, but increases its Toughness to 8.

The Shadow Rebus of Huanchi: *Surrounded by flowing shadows, the Dread Saurian displays the markings of Huanchi's Shadow Rebus.*

The Dread Saurian gains the Ambushers deployment special rule and +1 Movement. Models firing at it as part of a Stand & Shoot charge reaction must re-roll successful hits.

COATL

Deep within the darkest reaches of the Lustrian jungle are to be found all manner of wondrous and inevitably deadly, poisonous and unfriendly creatures. From the bizarre dragon turtles of the Qurvezan delta, to the frankly revolting brainflukes of the Jungles of Despair, explorers and treasure seekers looking to intrude upon the ancient realms of the Lizardmen often fall prey to the manifold perils of the environment long before they encounter a single skink.

One of the most rare and enigmatic creatures to be found in Lustria is the Coatl. Sporting a long, sinuous, snake-like body, a Dragon's head and massive feathered wings, the Coatl is more than just an unlikely accident of evolution. The Coatl are highly intelligent, and are powerful mages, and are said to have the power to alter the jungle around them to draw invaders away from the sacred places in which they dwell, and into the leech-infested swamps surrounding them. Coatl are creatures of magic, and are protected by the arcane and mystical defences of the Old Ones.

The Coatl are believed by those few scholars and mages who have even the vaguest knowledge of such things to be related to the Lizardmen deity Tepok. It is thought this being is venerated by the Lizardmen as the god of the air, of magic and of sacred places. As such, the Coatl is worshipped by some as a manifestation, messenger or even an avatar of the deity, and is beseeched by Skink Priests whenever a particularly important holy place is under threat from invaders.



When the Coatl makes an appearance, it generally leaves few witnesses, but those few fortunates who have lived to tell the tale mention a terrible force of nature that is able to call upon the ancient mystical power that permeates the jungle. The Coatl is said to appear from the skies upon a thunderous wind, churning the jungle canopy and stirring the undergrowth to a frenzy. The skies darken and the jungle shifts, and the invaders are soon helplessly disoriented, lost within a swirling maelstrom of magical aspect. At this point, the Lizardmen invariably launch their own attack, and it's normally all over pretty fast for the foolhardy invaders.

A subject of some speculation amongst scholars is the nature of the relationship between the Coatl and the other natives of Lustria. It is known that the Coatl will fight to aid a Lizardmen army, particularly in the defence of a sacred site. However, it has been noted that the creatures do not live in such harmony with the diminutive, copper-skinned tribes-people that inhabit many regions of the continent. Actually, it seems that these natives are somehow able to exist higher up the Lustrian food chain than the Coatl, and are experts at hunting them down. It is said that these tribes view the Coatl as a choice delicacy, and are able to feed an entire clan on one of the larger specimens.

It is known that the Amazons like to wear Coatl feathers, devising all manner of ritualistic decorations and headdresses. It is highly unlikely they hunt the beasts themselves, preferring instead to allow the native tribesmen to do all the hard work for them...

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Coatl	5	4	0	5	5	5	2	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Cold-blooded, Fly, Magic Resistance (3), Natural Armour (4+).

Magical Storm: A Coatl appears upon an eldritch storm, and the skies darken as it soars above the jungle canopy.

All missile fire directed at a Coatl suffers a -1 penalty to hit.

Guardian of the Sacred Places: Coatl are worshipped by the Lizardmen as guardians of the most secret and sacred areas of the jungle, and are able to control their environment so invaders soon become hopelessly lost, finding the jungle working against them.

A Coatl has the following innate Bound Spell, Power Level 3. If cast, the Lizardmen player may reposition D3 pieces of forest terrain by D6", rolling the distance for each piece at a time.

LORD MAZDAMUNDI

Lord of the Solar-City, He That Rides the Horned Beast

Lord Mazdamundi is the oldest and most powerful of the living Slann Mage-Priests. For thousands of years he has ruled the temple-city of Hexoatl, and never has that city fallen to the constant raids of the enemy. Many lesser Mage-Priests serve him and countless teeming hordes of Saurus and Skinks attend to his every need. His mere presence forces all but the most strongwilled individuals to drop their gaze and fall to their knees in awed supplication. He is a master of the geomantic arts, for he was instructed by none other than Lord Kroak himself. Such is Mazdamundi's power that, with a slow and deliberate gesture, he caused devastating earthquakes to rip open the land itself, swallowing the Human settlement of Cadavo, after consistent raiding from the settlers. It is said that it was he that made the volcanoes of the Red Mountains erupt, destroying the lands around them, and that the earthquakes that wracked many of the Dwarf holds in antiquity were caused by him. His wisdom is great, and every action he takes has been carefully deliberated over, though it is often impossible for outsiders to fathom his long-reaching vision.

At the Dawn of Creation, Lord Mazdamundi was instructed by none other than Lord Kroak himself. With a matchless mind unfathomable to others, Mazdamundi is obstinate in his ways and will not be deterred from that upon which he has decided. Although it took many interruptions to his thoughtful contemplations, at last the great Mazdamundi has fully bestirred himself, shaking off the lethargy that has afflicted so many of his kind. In the last few centuries he has become the most proactive of all the Slann. When riled, the Lord of the Solar-City will levitate his palanquin-throne atop the largest Stegadon that can be found. The current beast, a colossal specimen named Zlaaq, has served Mazdamundi for almost five hundred years. Once aloft on his mount, Mazdamundi will march out at the head of the armies of Hexoatl. With a flick of his wrist, Mazdamundi has smashed cities and doomed armies. His Great Purpose does not allow for mercy.

Lord Mazdamundi has studied the lost plaques more than any other Mage-Priest, including those found most recently. His epiphany is that the Lizardmen have failed to accomplish the first of the Old Ones' decrees – the extermination of those races not part of the Great Plan. Furthermore, many other races have strayed from the Great Plan, and must be returned to the lands once allotted to them. All of the Elves must be repelled from every land but Ulthuan, forced to reside together in the golden realm created for them. Men must dwell only within the Old World, and the Dwarfs must never again leave the World's Edge Mountains. Mazdamundi believes it pointless divining the next stage of the Great Plan until the first is complete – to do so would only invite further error. Mazdamundi is the most pro-active of the Slann, and though his unfathomable mind knows not the turmoil of anger or vengeance, his campaigns have seen many thousands of his enemies slaughtered. He has ordered the destruction of intrusive settlements in addition to ridding the world of the Chaos and greenskin blights.

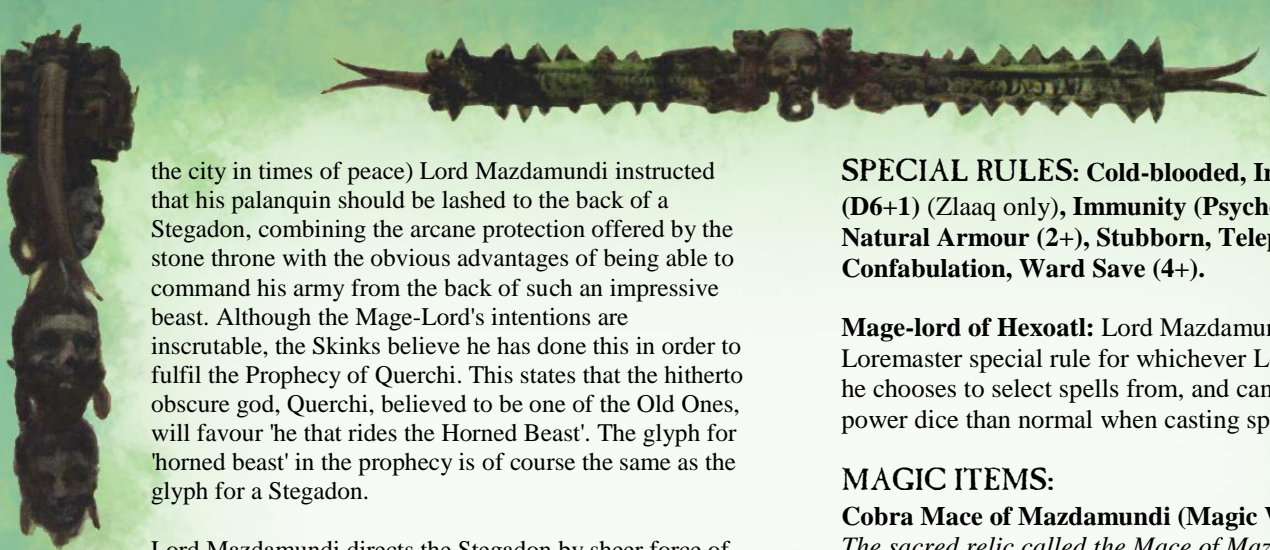
The arrival of the Norse on the coast not far from Hexoatl did not disturb the tranquillity of Lord Mazdamundi. His servants among the lesser Mages defend the city against the raids and depredations of the Norse. Lord Mazdamundi knows that all the new races that have spawned in the world were intended by the Old Ones and so must be tolerated. Therefore he has never caused the waters of the swamps to rise up over the Norse colony, though it is within his powers to do so.

"The Old Ones in their infinite wisdom spawned Elves, Dwarfs and Men to be predators upon the spawn Chaos." Thus spoke Mazdamundi! It is enough merely to protect the sacred relic and artifacts bequeathed to the Slann by the Old Ones from those who would pillage them, and recover them if lost.

It is the Lizardmen alone who understand and take on the burden of this sacred task for all eternity. Therefore Lord Mazdamundi only bestirs himself to lead the army if the Lizardmen must march across continents to bring back the sacred plaques. Then he wields his spells of geomancy to part the oceans and raise causeways, for Lord Mazdamundi absolutely will not be deterred from that upon which he sets his mind.

When the armies of Hexoatl march to war, Lord Mazdamundi will often lead them, borne aloft upon the back of a mighty Stegadon. Instead of being carried into battle by four Saurus bodyguards (as he is carried around





the city in times of peace) Lord Mazdamundi instructed that his palanquin should be lashed to the back of a Stegadon, combining the arcane protection offered by the stone throne with the obvious advantages of being able to command his army from the back of such an impressive beast. Although the Mage-Lord's intentions are inscrutable, the Skinks believe he has done this in order to fulfil the Prophecy of Querchi. This states that the hitherto obscure god, Querchi, believed to be one of the Old Ones, will favour 'he that rides the Horned Beast'. The glyph for 'horned beast' in the prophecy is of course the same as the glyph for a Stegadon.

Lord Mazdamundi directs the Stegadon by sheer force of will in the same way as other Mage-Priests direct their palanquin bearers. His magical energies are transmitted to the Stegadon carrying his palanquin, enabling the creature to carry him in battle for as long as he wishes. Invigorated by his master's power and driven by his will, the Stegadon will fight on even if it is mortally wounded – kept alive by Lord Mazdamundi's energy.

Mazdamundi's fury, when roused, is terrifying to behold, entire regiments are destroyed with but a casual flick of a wrist, and the earth itself trembles at his passing. It is said that there is not a wizard alive in the world that can match his powers of the magical arts, and that even his mere presence forces all but the most strong-willed individuals to drop their gaze.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lord Mazdamundi	4	2	3	3	4	5	2	1	9
Zlaaq	6	3	0	6	6	5	1	3	6

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Special Character).

MAGIC: Lord Mazdamundi is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from either the Lore of High Magic or one of the eight Lores of Battle Magic in the Warhammer rulebook. In addition, he knows the following spell:

Ruination of Cities **Cast on a 13+**

As the words that will invoke this grand spell are incanted, the ground all around trembles as seismic pressures of unprecedented magnitude are unleashed. As the very tectonic plates grind together the earth gives voice to an infernal groan. With a deafening, subsonic blast that ruptures ears and drives men mad, the power of the very continents is unleashed and the ground splits open, forming terrible wounds into which the enemies of the Lizardmen tumble to be lost in the bowels of the earth.

Ruination of Cities is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 18". The target unit suffers 2D6 Strength 5 hits as the ground opens and swallows them. A unit that suffers any wounds from this spell will have its movement rate halved in its next Movement phase as its members pick themselves up and drag comrades out of cracks in the earth. Units inside a building take 3D6 Strength 5 hits as walls and masonry collapse upon them. Flying models and other units that ignore terrain effects are unaffected by this spell.

DISCIPLINES OF THE OLD ONES:

Becalming Cogitation, Harmonic Convergence, Soul of Stone, Transcendent Healing.

SPECIAL RULES: **Cold-blooded, Impact Hits (D6+1)** (Zlaaq only), **Immunity (Psychology)**, **Natural Armour (2+)**, **Stubborn, Telepathic Confabulation, Ward Save (4+)**.

Mage-lord of Hexoatl: Lord Mazdamundi has the Loremaster special rule for whichever Lore of Magic he chooses to select spells from, and can use one more power dice than normal when casting spells.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Cobra Mace of Mazdamundi (Magic Weapon)

The sacred relic called the Mace of Mazdamundi is shaped like the gaping mouth of a hooded cobra and has a sentience of its own. As well as using this as an ordinary hand weapon in battle, Mazdamundi uses the Cobra Mace to parry and 'bite' the magical items of his opponents. The mace strikes at the incoming blow with the lightning speed of a cobra to defy Lord Mazdamundi's foes.

Attacks made with the Cobra Mace have the Always Strikes First and Poisoned Attacks special rules. At the start of every Close Combat phase, all enemy models in base contact with Lord Mazdamundi must reveal their magic items. If Lord Mazdamundi scores one or more hits against a model that has any magic items, roll a D6; on a 6, all of that model's magic items are immediately destroyed and cannot be used further in this game.

The Itxi Grubs (Arcane Item)

Mazdamundi always carries with him a gourd containing a handful of dried loci Grubs. These are very potent magical grubs which absorb raw magical power from the ground. When the Mage-lord eats the grubs, he gains the magical energy contained within them. He has to eat the whole gourd-full of grubs to gain a significant effect on his own magical powers, so the grubs can only be used once and are then expended.

One use only. Mazdamundi can declare that he is chewing the grubs at the start of his Magic phase. He then gains +D3 Power dice that phase.

Sunburst Standard of Hexoatl (Magic Standard)

The standard depicts the sun with a Slann stylised face. It is believed to be Chotec, Lord of the Sun, who was one of the Old Ones and patron god of Hexoatl, within which city he is considered superior in the hierarchy of gods to Sotek. Chotec is believed to be in the sun, or like the sun in his power. This radiant golden totem invigorates the warriors of Hexoatl, driving them to ever more vigorous action in the name of the Chotec and of their master Lord Mazdamundi, whilst blinding their foes with its brilliance.

The Sunburst Standard of Hexoatl is a Battle Standard – if your army includes Lord Mazdamundi, he must be your army's Battle Standard Bearer. This does not prevent Lord Mazdamundi from also being your army's General. In addition, once per game, at the beginning of any enemy Shooting phase, Lord Mazdamundi can release the power of the Sunburst Standard. If he does so, enemy models that target Mazdamundi, or any other friendly unit within 12", with a shooting attack, suffer a -1 To Hit penalty. This effect lasts until the end of the turn.





LORD KROAK

Venerable Relic-Priest, Deliverer of Itza



Among the Lizardmen it is the custom for exceptionally potent and revered Mage-Lords to be mummified when they die. In hidden crypts, deep within the holds of the oldest temples, lie the sacred mummified remains of deceased Slann, brought out for various rituals and processions, or occasionally for battle. They are venerated above all else among Lizardmen and their secret resting places are carefully hidden and well guarded. The mummified remains, wrapped in the finest feather cloaks or sheathed in gold, are a sacred relic and powerful talisman for the army in battle. The mummified Slann is carried on a palanquin exactly like his living counterpart. His inlaid eyes stare out of his golden death mask giving the impression of eternal wakefulness. The spirit of a dead Mage-Priest often hovers near its dried body-husk, and magical energy pulses through the air around the corpse. It is unknown how much these Slann spirits are able to manipulate the corporeal world, though many prophets believe that their influence is substantial, if not always apparent. Such Relic-Priests are extremely rare and sacred.

Venerable Lord Kroak is the oldest and most revered of all these Relic-Priests. He is said to have been the first Slann that was spawned in the world, the most powerful of the First Spawning of Mage-Priests. It was Kroak amongst all the Slann, the most powerful race of

wizards the entire world has ever known, who had the greatest aptitude for magic. It is said that the mysterious Old One Tepok taught Kroak how to draw upon the Winds of Magic, and that the serene Potec how to unravel those same threads. It is even written that it was Kroak and his peers who taught the ancestors of the High Elves the magic they wield to this day, in the golden age of Ulthuan before the Elves wrote down their histories. In his lifetime, Kroak witnessed the rise and fall of civilisations, entire races blooming and fading into extinction. Lord Kroak was present at the birth of the world as it is seen today and it is said he is fated to endure until the last moment of time itself, when the continents will burn and the world is consumed. Offerings and prayers are devoted to this venerable Slann, and all who look into his inlaid eyes can sense the power still residing there.

Lord Kroak was the last of the first generation Slann to be slain during the first coming of Chaos. The story of his resistance to Chaos is recorded in part on the walls of his tomb. In these pictograms, it tells of how Lord Kroak banished a dozen Greater Daemons, and slaughtered entire armies of daemoniac entities with his awesome magical powers. The moon rose and fell, months past, and still Lord Kroak battled on. Eventually, as his brethren were gradually worn down and torn apart by the Daemons, Lord Kroak too succumbed to the relentless and never-ending horde. Though his body was slain, the Daemons could not harm his powerful spirit that refused to leave the world. The unnatural creatures exploded back into their raw magical elements as they tried to claw at the glowing white spirit form. Kroak unleashed his last and greatest spell, banishing the rampaging daemoniac horde and saving Itza, the First City, and perhaps the entire Lizardmen race, from utter destruction. So powerful was Lord Kroak's spirit that it clung to his remains, refusing to leave. He became instead the first of the venerated Relic Priests.

Once his fallen body was returned to its resting place at Itza, Lord Kroak was sheathed in gold and holy bindings, decorated to befit a being closest of all creatures to the gods themselves. His preserved cadaver is an extremely holy relic that harkens back to a time when the Great Plan, under the careful direction of the Old Ones, was still continuing in the correct manner. On occasions of grand ceremony, his mummified remains are brought forth from its crypt in Itza. The Venerable Lord Kroak has been deified to such an extent that in Itza, offerings are made to him as well as to Sotek and the other Old One gods.

It is said that Lord Kroak still greets the rising sun on the first day of each new year, from behind the enigmatic and august visage of his golden death-mask, the standard of the sacred serpent affixed to his ancient





dais. It is a subject of much debate among the younger Mage-Priests as to whether the standard represents Sotek, since Lord Kroak perished many centuries before the emergence of the Snake God. It is quite possible that Lord Kroak, in his great wisdom, knew that Sotek was destined to emerge and had already begun to venerate or even invoke him in the deep thoughts of his inscrutable mind.

Resplendent in ritual gold decoration, this archaic Relic-Priest has been borne into battle on countless occasions through the centuries, his lifeless corpse sitting serenely on an ancient dais. All those in the presence of Lord Kroak are humbled, for he has witnessed countless thousands of generations, and even the Elves feel a sense of their own mortality when in his presence. In his lifetime, Kroak witnessed the rise and fall of civilisations, saw entire continents emerge from the seas only to sink once more beneath the waves, and was instrumental in the formation and destruction of the mountains themselves. As entire races bloomed and faded into extinction, this venerable Slann has sat unmoving, watching the world change.

Lord Kroak can no longer communicate with his Slann brothers directly, but his spirit-form can still interact with the corporeal world, after a fashion. The spirit of Lord Kroak can possess the body of a willing supplicant and work its magic through its host's body, often leaving the host reeling and mindless from the unnatural power. This can leave an unprepared vessel reeling and mindless from the unnatural power. For a Skink Priest this is a great honour, an experience of holy significance and transcendence. Taking a vessel in this way frees much of Kroak's power that is otherwise spent in tethering his spirit to his crumbling remains.

The spirit of venerable Lord Kroak has guided the Lizardmen in a thousand acts, most recently in guiding the Skink Ten-Zlati towards recovering the Lost Plaques, but there are many other more obscure ways in which the relic priest has acted, serving a purpose that only the Venerable Lord Kroak himself can ever fully understand.

In battle, the roused spirit of Lord Kroak can be felt hovering near the Mage-Priest's cadaverous body, acting through his servants when the need is great. Some powerful wizards can actually perceive this ancient spirit, a blurred shape of pure, glowing light hanging in the air above or soaring through the skies, projecting a blinding aura of power. The Winds of Magic obey the Relic Priest's every whim, flowing through his mummified form before being unleashed in terrible acts of destruction upon the Lizardmen's enemies. Nearby Slann or Skink Priests may find themselves spirit-melded with the shade of the Venerable Lord Kroak, acting as a conduit for his mighty powers, the channel through which he shall punish the enemies of the Lizardmen for their transgressions.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lord Kroak	4	0	0	3	5	6	0	0	9

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Lord Kroak is a Level 4 Wizard; however, he knows only one spell – The Deliverance of Itza. If this spell is lost, forgotten, swapped or stolen by any means, Lord Kroak will immediately remember it again and, if applicable, the Wizard that swapped or stole it will immediately forget it.

The Deliverance of Itza Cast on 12+
The very last incantation that left Lord Kroak at the moment of his passing was the Deliverance of Itza. It was this spell that rippled across the lands and banished the daemonic horde that was attacking the First City in a single blast of energy that shook the planet. What emanates out of the mummified husk today are but the weak echoes of that almighty invocation of power.

The Deliverance of Itza is a **direct damage** spell that targets all enemy units within 12". Each target suffers 2D6 Strength 4 hits. If a target has the Daemonic, Undead or Vampiric special rules, it suffers 3D6 hits instead. Lord Kroak can choose to extend the range of



"AMID THE DARKNESS AND HORROR OF A WORLD SPLINTERING APART, THE ARMIES OF THE TRUE CREATORS, WE WHO WERE ANCIENT AT THE DAWN OF TIME, WILL MARCH FORTH ONCE MORE. WE SHALL SWEEP AWAY ALL THAT IS CHAOS AND DISORDER, FOR OURS IS THE TRUE PATH, AND NONE SHALL DEFY US."
Translation from ancient plaques attributed to Venerable Lord Kroak



this spell to 18"; if he does so, the casting value is increased to 18+. Alternatively, Lord Kroak can choose to extend the range of this spell to 24", in which case the casting value is increased to 24+.

SPECIAL RULES: Cold-blooded, Flammable, Mage-Priest Palanquin, Unbreakable.

Eternity Guardians: *Lord Kroak's Star Chamber atop the Great Pyramid of Itza is guarded by a cadre of Saurus Temple Guard said to be almost as old as the Relic Priest himself. It is not entirely certain whether these guardians are alive, or if they have expired during their millennia on guard and are now merely dried corpses animated by the prodigious will of their master.*

If Lord Kroak joins a unit of Temple Guard, all models in the combined unit gain the Unbreakable special rule.

First Generation Spawning: *It is said of the Venerable Lord Kroak that within the depths of his unfathomable mind, he holds more forgotten knowledge than even the greatest of mages will ever attain. Though once the most powerful of magic users, Lord Kroak has long since eschewed the sorceries of mortals in favour of the last and most potent spell he ever cast.*

Lord Kroak can cast *The Deliverance of Itza* as many times per turn as he has sufficient power dice. If Lord Kroak miscasts, roll a D6; on 2+ he does not roll on the Miscast table but instead suffers a Strength 6 hit. On a roll of 1, Lord Kroak rolls on the Miscast table as normal. In either case, if the spell was cast through an Arcane Vassal, the Arcane Vassal also suffers a Strength 6 hit.

The Spirit of Lord Kroak: *Lord Kroak's mortal remains are infused with the arcane power of the Old Ones.*

Lord Kroak's Wizard level can never be reduced to less than 1.

TEN-ZLATI, ORACLE OF LORD KROAK
Of the Skink Priests who have spirit melded with the Venerable Lord Kroak, many have found themselves spiritually enriched, but physically stricken by the experience. Ten-zlati, however, is different, for he has acted as a conduit for the Relic-Priest's powers on many occasions, yet has suffered no ill-effects.

Besides his good physical condition, Ten-zlati is able to serve the Lord Kroak particularly well because, unusually for a Skink Priest, he is a highly skilled rider of the winged Terradons. Thus, Ten-zlati travels far and wide upon the back of his Terradon, and Lord Kroak's spirit is always able to act through him, no matter how far he is from Itza – something of great advantage to the Lizardman Empire.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Ceremonial Mace of Malachite (Magic Weapon)

This is the magic weapon which Lord Kroak wielded in his lifetime. Now he cannot swing it as before, but its magical power remains just as useful to him.

Magical Weapons count only as mundane weapons of their type when targeting Lord Kroak in close combat.

Golden Death Mask (Talisman)

Lord Kroak's death mask is made from beaten gold and protects the mummified head of the venerable Relic Priest. Its most striking features are the two staring eyes made from smooth white and yellow gemstones inlaid to represent the all-seeing and unblinking eyes of Lord Kroak, staring out of eternity and watching over his minions. Lord Kroak's death mask gives him a hypnotic gaze, causing his foes to lose all sense of purpose when they attempt to attack him.

All shooting or close combat attacks against Lord Kroak, or any unit he joins, suffer a -1 penalty to their To Hit rolls. This means that enemy models that would normally Hit Lord Kroak on automatically will only do so on a 2+.

Amulet of Itza (Arcane Item)

This amulet, carved in the form of a lizard from a meteoric crystal, protects the mummy of Lord Kroak from hostile magical spells.

The Amulet gives Lord Kroak Magic Resistance (3). In addition, the Amulet of Itza adds one dice to the Lizardmen player's Dispel dice pool each turn.

Standard of the Sacred Serpent (Magic Standard)

The standard is in the form of a huge golden serpent coiled around the standard-pole. Its forked tongue faces the foe and if any enemy approaches Lord Kroak, the serpent is awakened and writhes, hisses and spits like a living creature, animated by Lord Kroak's residual power. It is a matter of great debate among the Mage-Priests as to whether this standard represents Sotek, since Lord Kroak perished many centuries before the emergence of that god. However, it is quite possible that Lord Kroak knew that Sotek was destined to emerge and had already begun to venerate or even invoke him in the deep thoughts of his inscrutable mind.


All enemy units in base contact with Lord Kroak takes D6 Strength 3 hits at the start of your Shooting phase.

Glyph of Potec (Enchanted Item)

Lord Kroak's spirit, which lingers within his mummified remains, exists in the supernatural world and so is vulnerable to the supernatural forces of the Undead and Daemons. To guard against this, Lord Kroak's mummy bindings are inscribed with the arcane Glyph of Potec.


Against enemy models with the Daemonic, Undead or Vampiric special rules, all hits from the Standard of the Sacred Serpent are resolved at Strength 5.





KROQ-GAR

Ancient Scar-Leader, Last Defender of Xhotl



Scar-Leader Kroq-Gar is an ancient Saurus Warrior from the now ruined temple-city of Xhotl, nestled in a deep jungle-valley in the Spine of Sotek Mountains. Having lived for thousands of sun revolutions, and fought in countless wars, Kroq-Gar has witnessed much change in the world in his time, yet his mind is solely focused on battle, as is the way with all Saurus.

The spawning that bore Kroq-Gar into the world produced only a handful of Saurus, though each of them was a powerful creature marked out for greatness, blessed by Xhotl himself. Their natural cunning and instinctive aggression surpassed those of their brethren, and they had an innate domination over the native beasts of the surrounding jungle. Many of these usually aggressive creatures would cower under their hard gaze. Kroq-Gar's spawning coincided with the rearing of a brood of Carnosaurs, and he claimed the most aggressive and volatile of the Carnosaurs as his own.

The great cataclysm, the collapse of the polar warp gates, occurred only centuries after Kroq-Gar had hatched. Daemons spread like a rampant plague of horror and death across the world. The Old Ones had disappeared and all seemed lost. Kroq-Gar and his spawning-brethren rode on constant patrols around the outskirts of Xhotl, smashing entire armies of Daemons that sought to strike against the sacred temple-city, holding the never-ending forces at bay.



While Kroq-Gar and his warriors held back the physical daemonic onslaught, the ancient Mage-Priest Chaqo-Quantal focused on the magical defence of the city. Sitting unmoving atop the temple of Xhotl with six younger Slann arrayed around, they pooled their power in an attempt to hold the forces of Chaos back. The magical barriers they exerted around the city were being slowly worn down by the screaming daemonic entities. The other temple-cities were also under siege, and so little energy could be diverted from them to the aid of Xhotl. Eventually, after nearly thirty cycles of the sun, a crack appeared in the magical defences of the Slann, and one of the Mage-Priests was overcome by a surge of uncontrolled energy. His soul was ripped apart by insubstantial claws, and a daemonic presence manifested itself through his flesh. Within moments, it had torn apart the other Slann, who were deep in concentration, and the full power of Chaos was let loose across Xhotl. By the time Kroq-Gar fought his way into the centre of the city it was in ruin, and the entire population had been slaughtered.



Completely surrounded, Kroq-Gar and his warriors fought back to back as the daemonic hordes repeatedly surged against them, slowly wearing them down. Kroq-Gar's Saurus were cut down one by one until barely a handful were still fighting, though these few managed to send the last of the Daemons attacking Xhotl screaming from existence.

Though his temple-city was in ruins and the Mage-Priests slain, Kroq-Gar continued leading his swift-moving hunting patrols through the jungles surrounding the city, scouring them for Daemons and slaughtering all they came across. Eventually the immediate Chaos threat dissipated and the Daemon armies were shattered. As passing decades turned into centuries, Kroq-Gar continued to lead the surviving army of Xhotl through the jungle, hunting out any interlopers foolish enough to venture into his realm.

Kroq-Gar has been chosen by none other than the great Lord Mazdamundi of Hexoatl to act as his general. Mazdamundi has gifted the Scar-Leader with the ancient artefact known as the Hand of Gods, with which Kroq-Gar can sear the flesh from his enemies' bones in a blinding flash of power. It is also with this device that Lord Mazdamundi communicates and instructs his chosen champion. Kroq-Gar has been given the sacred task of exterminating those races that are not part of the Old Ones' Great Plan. Kroq-Gar is utterly loyal to the Mage-Lord of Hexoatl and has no sense of mercy within his coldblooded heart for any who obstruct his duty.



Kroq-Gar was also chosen to lead the first Saurus war-party to Albion. He was given the sacred duty of driving all warm-bloods from the island, earning the Scar-Leader a fearful reputation as hundreds of enemies were slain at his hands. The native tribesmen believe him to be a spirit of destruction that was roused and angered by the disturbances on the isle, and regularly leave devotions for him to appease his furious anger. Nevertheless, Kroq-Gar has no sense of mercy within his coldblooded heart for any who obstruct his duty, even if they have no knowledge of doing so.

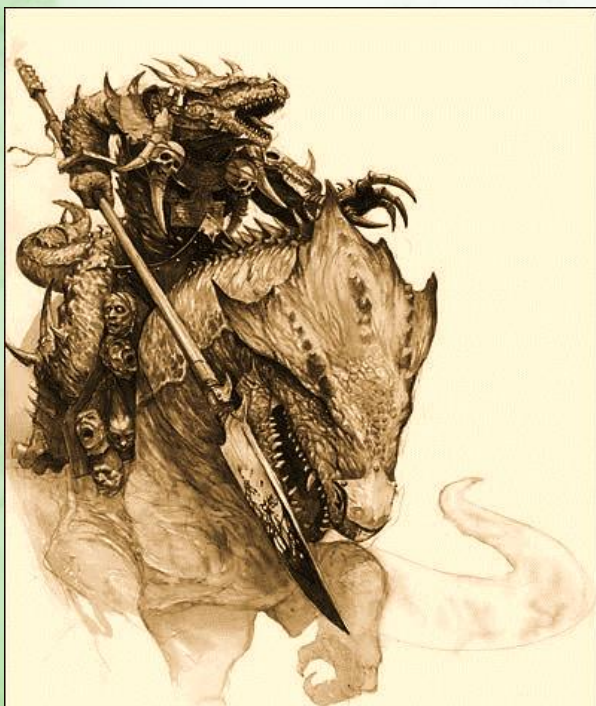
Kroq-Gar's fast-moving raiding attacks have slowly been driving back the inhabitants of Albion, both native and those recently arrived. Whether he slaughtered every warm-blood on the island, or merely drove them from the shores, he cared not, for his duty would be fulfilled. With the new city of Konquata under construction, and jungle spreading through the interior of Albion, Kroq-Gar has secured a strong holding point for the Lizardmen, and a place from where they can begin their own offensive. His duty done, he has since led his army back to Lustria.

Over his long existence, Kroq-Gar has fought many wars – leading the armies of Hexoatl, or joining other hosts to aid them in battle. There is no continent upon which Kroq-Gar and Grymloq have not fought, but for the last defenders of Xhotl, the battle is not yet over.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kroq-Gar	4	6	0	5	5	3	3	5	8
Grymloq	7	3	0	6	5	5	2	5	5

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Blood Frenzy** (Grymloq only), **Cold-blooded, Multiple Wounds (D3)** (Grymloq only), **Predatory Fighter** (Kroq-Gar only), **Natural Armour (1+), Swiftstride.**



Army of Kroq-Gar: *Kroq-Gar leads a fast moving army that strikes terror in the hearts of those who face it. By the will of the Old Ones, it is said, the first spawnings on Albion have produced Saurus blessed by Itzl, instinctively knowing how to ride the vicious Cold Ones, and these have been incorporated into Kroq-Gar's battle force.*

Kroq-Gar will always be the army General, even if there is a model with a higher Leadership in the army. An army led by Kroq-Gar may include a single unit of Saurus Cold One Riders as a Core choice.

Sacred Spawning of Xhotl: *Kroq-Gar bears the Mark of the Old One Xhotl, showing that he has been picked out for greatness. Xhotl gazes down upon Kroq-Gar, ensuring his safety and striking down those who harm his champion.*

Kroq-Gar has a Ward save (5+). If Kroq-Gar is wounded in close combat and does not pass his Ward save, then whoever struck the blow immediately suffers an automatic Strength 5 hit.

Attuned to the Beast: *Ancient Scar-leader Kroq-Gar and his Cold One mounted spawn-kin have an instinctive power over the cold-blooded jungle creatures of Lustria. Kroq-Gar has a particular bond with the mighty Grymloq, the twelfth Carnosaur he has ridden to battle, which has outlived his other steeds.*

Kroq-Gar's Carnosaur steed does not suffer from Berserk Rage due to Kroq-Gar's strong control.



MAGIC ITEMS:

Revered Spear of Tlanxla (Magic Weapon)

This powerful weapon was said to have been wielded by the war-like Old One deity Tlanxla as he rode his sky chariot into battle. It bums with ancient energy, and those struck by it are overcome with flashes of doomladen visions that sap their will to fight.

Spear. Each unsaved Wound caused by the Revered Spear of Tlanxla counts as 2 unsaved Wounds when calculating combat results.

Hand of Gods (Enchanted Item)

Kroq-Gar may create a searing ball of light in the palm of his hand, which can then be directed at his enemies, shooting from his fingertips in great branches of contorting energy.

Bound spell (power level 3). Hand of Gods contains the spell Shem's Burning Gaze (see Lore of Light).



CHAKAX

The Eternity Warden, Prime Guardian of Xlanhuapec

Very few Saurus Temple Guard will ever prove worthy to protect a Slann Mage-Priest while he meditates in his Eternity Chamber, for at this time the Mage-Priest is at his most vulnerable. Those few Saurus Temple Guard who have proven equal to this most sacred of duties have the rank of Eternity Warden.

In the temple-city of Xlanhuapec, it is Chakax who bears the title and responsibility of Eternity Warden. This stalwart Temple Guard has defended the Mage-Priests of the City of Mists, in their seclusion and in battle, for millennia. Only the most powerful of the Slann are allowed to contemplate from Xlanhuapec's secluded Eternity Chamber and when they retire to its tranquil composure, it is Chakax alone who is entrusted to watch over them. He has been known to maintain his vigil for many centuries at a time. The safety of the preeminent Mage-Priests Temple City is Chakax's sacred duty.

Chakax is the last surviving member of his spawning, and the eldest of the city's Temple Guard. He has never yielded in his task and has butchered whole regiments of foes that have dared attempt to kill his charges, each sweep of his Star-Stone Mace leaving a trail of destruction in its wake. Chakax alone stands as the last line of defence between an assassin's blade and the Mage-Priest he is charged with defending, Chakax's skills as a bodyguard are commensurate with his age. Not a single Slann under his special protection has died to an enemy blow, and he has become expert at discerning the most covert of threats and then flattening them with a mighty two-handed swing.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Chakax	4	5	0	5	5	2	3	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Cold-blooded, Guardians, Predatory Fighter, Natural Armour (5+).

Eternity Warden: Chakax must always issue a challenge, and can never refuse one. When fighting in a challenge, Chakax re-rolls all failed rolls To Hit.

Ultimate Bodyguard: Whilst Chakax is part of a combined unit that contains both a model with the Mage-Priest Palanquin special rule and Temple Guard, all models in the combined unit gain the Unbreakable special rule.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Star-stone Mace (Magic Weapon)

This massive, double-handed mace was crafted before the founding of the first temple-city, and its stone was not quarried upon this world. The huge weapon can bar an intruder's path or smash him to a pulp with equally contemptuous ease. The star-stone itself has the rare property of rendering magical enchantments inert.

Great weapon. At the start of every Close Combat phase, all enemy models in base contact with Chakax must reveal their magic items, and Magical weapons and armour count as mundane versions of the same type.

The Helm of the Prime Guardian (Magic Armour)

Chakax wears a massive skull-helm that is said to once have belonged to the very first of all the Temple Guard, the Guardian of Origins. The spirit of this long dead Saurus lingers on and heightens the bearer's awareness of threats to preternatural levels.

6+ armour save. Enemy units with the Scouts special rule may not use their special deployment to set up within 20" of Chakax. In addition, if an enemy unit within 20" of Chakax contains 'hidden' models (such as Assassins, Night Goblin Fanatics etc.), their presence must be announced as soon as they come within 12" of Chakax.

The Key to the Eternity Chamber (Enchanted Item)

Around the Eternity Warden's muscled neck hangs the key to the Eternity Chamber. The chamber is sealed with a lock that can only be opened from the inside. The key to the Eternity Chamber is inlaid with intricate wards that slow the passage of time, allowing the bearer to fight at the same speed as his opponent and to dodge blows with ease. Enemies near the great key find their movements slowed, their sluggish sword strokes blocked or dodged with ease by the mighty Saurus guardian.

When fighting in a challenge, Chakax has a Ward save (5+) and his opponent gains the Always Strikes Last special rule.



GOR-ROK

The Great White Lizard, The Scarred One



It is said that amongst the Lizardmen, those spawned with pure white crests, scales or skin are especially blessed of the Old Ones, and destined to perform great deeds in the service of the Gods. Gor-Rok is amongst this most rare of spawnings, his albino skin marking him out as a future champion the moment he emerged, alone, from the spawning caverns beneath Itza. And so it has been for the Great White Lizard, as Gor-Rok is also known, has fought in countless battles throughout the centuries, his heavily scarred body a testament to many thousands of hard-fought triumphs.

Gor-Rok is the mightiest of warriors, the solid centre around which the Saurus battle lines advance, and the rock on which Itza's enemies are broken. His unparalleled knowledge and unrivalled skills solely those of fighting, of rending his foes and smashing aside all opposition. Gor-Rok does not know pain or fear, and in combat he is unrelenting – always looking for another opening to attack, while never himself taking a single step backwards. Like all Saurus, Gor-Rok is a fighting machine – a creature wholly purposed for war and the slaughtering of enemies. Unlike most of his species, however, Gor-Rok is oversized – his heavy frame thickly corded with muscles and covered with scales tough enough to turn all but the most determined of sword thrusts. Indeed, Gor-Rok has survived horrendous wounds, and bears monstrous scars, yet never has injury hindered him from duty, or prevented him from achieving victory.

When not in battle, he stands at the apex of Itza's tallest pyramid, staring into the jungle and silently awaiting his next task. As befits Gor-Rok's sacred status, he has been gifted with the finest armaments of Lustria. To gird him for battle, Skink attendants tend to his every need at the apex of Itza's tallest pyramid while Gor-Rok remains motionless, brooding solely on the battle to come. Only when the Mace of Ulamak is hefted at his shoulder and the matchless Shield of Aeons strapped to his arm does Gor-Rok come to life. A cold-blooded purpose appears in his reptilian eyes as he accepts orders from a Skink Priest, or telepathically, from a Slann Mage-Priest.



Whether placed in charge of entire armies, delegated as a unit leader, or assigned the task of pulverising enemy commanders, Gor-Rok has never failed. At the Battle of Bloodpools, it was Gor-Rok who slew the Savage Orc Warboss and his Wyvern, putting flight to the greenskins. He has slain foes as far away as the Chaos Wastes and tested the strength of his shield against Ogre charges and the might of Greater Daemons. He has fought in naval battles, and bears scars from the fangs of sea monsters that fought alongside the Dark Elves. In any battle, he can always be found where the fighting is thickest, and those that do not fall beneath the powerful sweeps of his mighty weapon are smashed aside by his massive shield and crushed to a bloody pulp beneath his tread.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gor-Rok	4	5	0	5	5	2	3	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: **Blessed Mark of the Old Ones** (see Sacred Spawnings), **Cold-blooded**, **Immunity (Psychology)**, **Predatory Fighter**, **Natural Armour (4+)**, **Stubborn**.

Resilient: *Gor-Rok's ability to shrug off pain and injury is legendary, surviving mortal blows that would slay a lesser opponent.*

Any successful rolls To Wound roll against Gor-Rok must be re-rolled. In addition, Gor-Rok has the Immunity (Killing Blow) special rule.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Mace of Ulamak (Magic Weapon)

This enormous weapon is a symbol of Gor-Rok's rank. Such weapons are traditionally used when two Saurus warleaders disagree with one another in the midst of battle as to the best battleplan, and no Slann Mage-Priest or Skink leader is on hand to provide guidance. Each Saurus strikes the other with the weapon, and he that remains standing is proved correct by the will of the gods. Though rarely fatal to a mighty Saurus, the weapon makes a potent weapon of war when wielded against lesser races. It is believed that the Old Ones themselves guide the hand of one who wields the Mace of Ulamak.

The Mace allows Gor-Rok to re-roll all failed To Hit rolls. In addition, when striking with the Mace of Ulamak, Gor-Rok gains an additional Attack from his Predatory Fighter special rule on any successful To Hit roll of a 5 or 6.

The Shield of Aeons (Magic Armour)

The Shield of Aeons is a massive artefact made from a material originating deep within the volcanic heart of the Fire Islands. So enormous was the slab from which the Shield of Aeons was cut that a dozen Kroxigor were needed to haul its bulk to the Lustrian mainland and generations of Skink artisans laboured to carve it.

Shield. This shield gives Gor-Rok a 5+ save rather than a 6+. In addition, any enemy model that makes a successful charge against Gor-Rok and ends the Movement phase in base contact with him must immediately take a Dangerous Terrain test with a -1 penalty.



NAKAI THE WANDERER

Sacred Kroxigor of the First Spawning

The ancient Kroxigor known as Nakai the Wanderer is a sacred and revered creature. It is regarded by Skink priests as some kind of powerful jungle-spirit given form, appearing out of the jungle in times of need before disappearing once more. He famously appeared at the Defence of Itza, wreaked havoc at the Red Fields and was recently reported at the Great Reckoning. Though he has travelled all over the world, Nakai is a mighty protector of the Lizardmen race. The gnarled Kroxigor has appeared all across the Lustrian continent throughout the centuries in times of need, usually just hours before a battle takes place. Sometimes, the appearance of Nakai is all that has alerted isolated temples of a forthcoming raid.

It is believed that Nakai was originally spawned in Tlanxla during the time of the first spawnings. His body is protected by much heavier natural armour than the Kroxigor of later spawnings, and he is covered in scars and battle wounds that he has sustained over the years. He has survived the most heinous of injuries that would be fatal for any other creature.

When he appears, the Skink priests treat him with great deference, for his presence is a tangible portent that a battle of great import is about to take place. They adorn him with ceremonial wargear and renewing the gold plates and sacred decorations that are hammered into his toughened skin and horns before he enters battle. Over the millennia of victories, Nakai has become quite festooned with such golden tributes.

At the dawn of the Age of Strife, the Skaven Clan Pestilens were a clan not unlike the vast bulk of Skaven-kind, for they had yet to fully embrace the pestilence for which they later became synonymous. At the outset, the clan maintained a stock of mighty Rat Ogres, though the numbers of these beasts dwindled as the wars dragged on. One such Rat Ogre was a huge, bemuscled brute; even for a Rat Ogre, its strength and vitality only increasing as the clan became more enamoured of disease and filth. This monstrosity was never beaten, until Nakai appeared upon the eve of battle. The two huge creatures sought each

other out from the very start of the battle, which soon became a mere backdrop to the titanic clash. Foul diseases leaked from the wounds Nakai inflicted upon it, coming close to overwhelming the mighty Kroxigor. At the last, Nakai cut the beast down, but in so doing was spattered with stinking gore. The Kroxigor was immediately gripped by a fierce fever and collapsed into a deep coma. Fearing he might perish, the Skinks attended to him with the most potent balms and ointments they could concoct. After many long months, Nakai's fever broke, and he regained consciousness, staggering to his feet and making of once more in search of those enemies who would defile the realms of the Lizardmen.

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

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Aquatic, Cold-blooded, Natural Armour (3+), Regeneration (4+), Predatory Fighter.

Blessed Mark of the Old Ones: *Nakai is an albino, touched by the Old Ones. Nakai's albinism marks his greatness and makes him easily recognisable to his allies and enemies alike. Should Nakai be killed, the jungle leaps forward to recover his body in order to return him to the ministrations of the Skink Priesthood.*

Nakai has the Blessed Mark of the Old Ones (see Sacred Spawnings). In addition, Nakai has the "Hold Your Ground!" ability. Any unit that kills Nakai in close combat may not overrun as the path is swiftly blocked by vines and creepers. If Nakai flees from combat, then the victorious unit may not pursue.

Jungle Spirit: *Nakai is regarded as jungle spirit of sorts. His sacred presence cannot be sullied by earthbound creatures. Nakai appears out of nowhere, and disappears just as quickly, erupting from the jungle or marshes to attack the invaders of Lustria.*

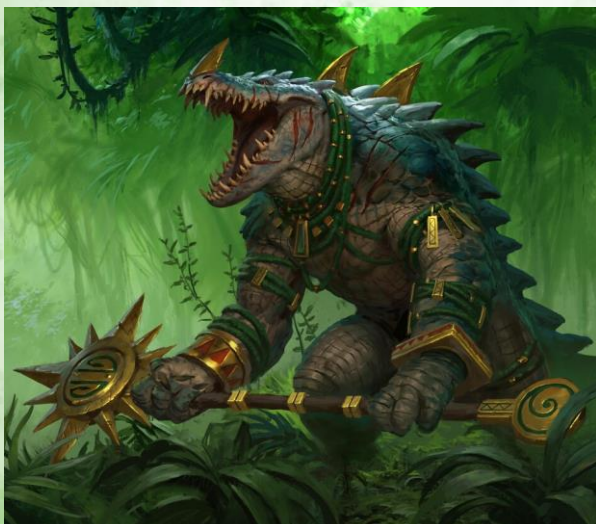
Nakai may never join any unit. Nakai always appears using the Ambushers special rule, with the following exception; he will always appear from a wood, swamp or water terrain feature rather than the table edge if able to.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Sacred Blade of Quetzl (Magic Weapon)

This magical blade hums with great mystic power and has felt Nakai's hand for all its existence. As such, it has attained almost an awareness, and often draws Nakai's hands to its targets, or blocks blows the ancient beast is unaware of. This strange weapon spirit is often claimed to be a manifestation of Quetzl, and that Nakai is his tool.

Great weapon. This weapon grants Nakai a Ward Save (5+).





TEHENHAUIN

Prophet of Sotek, Harbinger of the Serpent God



Tehenhauin, variously translated disparagingly by Humans as Tenehuini and Teenijuan, is the name of the first and greatest Prophet of the Serpent God, Sotek. After horrific plagues wracked the population of the temple-city of Chaqua, with all the Mage-Priests and thousands of Skinks succumbing to the yellow fever, it was Tehenhauin who united the survivors and led them from the defiled city. Before he left, he claimed two treasures from the great pyramid – a gleaming sacrificial blade and the hidden plaques of Chaqua, which proclaimed the coming of the Serpent God. Turning the plaques into a totem, Tehenhauin bore them at the forefront of the massive red-crested Skink migration of ravaged Chaqua. In this way, a ground swell of momentum built behind Tehenhauin, and placed him at the apex of the new Cult of Sotek. Idolised by his fellow Skinks in a manner previously reserved for Mage-Priests, Tehenhauin prophesied the Serpent God's coming, as predicted in the sacred Prophecy of Sotek. Wherever they went, Tehenhauin prophesied the Serpent God's coming emergence, but the Slann Mage-Priests would not act without thoroughly contemplating the meaning of the plaques. Thus it was that Tehenhauin was the harbinger of the Cult of Sotek, and worship of this vengeful god spread throughout Lustria and across to the Southlands.

Things may have gone ill for Tehenhauin, yet the Skink Priest backed his chattering oratory with bold acts – leading armies of followers to victory after



victory over the Skaven that were then rampaging across Lustria. Many thousands of captured ratmen were cruelly sacrificed to Sotek day and night, as endless lines of captured Skaven were offered up to the serpent god; acts that Tehenhauin promised would bring forth their vengeful god. The appearance of a twin-tailed comet in the skies was taken as proof of his imminent arrival. On one night, the full moon was touched with the colour of gore, and Sotek arose into the world, drenched in the blood of innumerable Skaven sacrifices. Thousands of snakes and poisonous serpents swarmed before him, a living carpet that swept the Skaven before them, driving them from Lustria, pursued by Sotek himself. From that day forth a bloody welt in the shape of a serpent was burnt into the forehead of Tehenhauin, marking him as the favourite of Sotek. After leading his troops to victory at the Mal'liente Swamp, Tehenhauin had grown so popular that the Slann had to consider his wishes.

Though none know Tehenhauin's ultimate fate, some say that he resides still in the deepest jungles of the world, using his power as the avatar of Sotek to wage his own war against the hated Skaven. It would seem impossible for a short-lived Skink to attain this length of years, but it is whispered that as a snake sheds its skin and is renewed, so too is Sotek's Chosen. Since those days, at times of great import a single red-crested Skink Priest has emerged from the deep jungle, claiming the title of Tehenhauin, the once and future Prophet of Sotek. Tehenhauin wears fragments of the scaly hide of a great serpent whose mummified body is worshipped as an avatar of the Serpent God at the Shrine of the Great Viper.

Tehenhauin leads the faithful of Sotek in ceaseless wars against the vile Skaven of Clan Pestilens. He is a living manifestation of the vengeance of his kind, and his destiny is to bring about the incarnation of the Serpent God himself. Tehenhauin leads his kin, the Red Crested Skinks, in battle after battle against the Skaven, taking captives where he can, and offering them up as sacrifices to Sotek. Though the Slann Mage-Priests may not yet have realised it, Tehenhauin is the greatest hope of the Children of the Old Ones, for his role in combating the blasphemous and unnatural rat-spawn is pivotal in the Old Ones' plans for the world.

Upon the field of battle, Tehenhauin is wont to attack in the manner of his patron deity – using forked assaults. As the snake slithers through the undergrowth, so the Prophet and his army make use of their knowledge of the jungle, silently approaching the enemy and awaiting the opportune moment to strike. At that instant, Tehenhauin attacks with lethal intent, focusing his army's venomous energy on the enemy's weakest point.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tehenhauin	6	6	5	4	3	3	6	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Tehenhauin is a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Beasts.

SPECIAL RULES: Aquatic, Arcane Vassal, Cold-blooded, Hatred (Skaven), Immunity (Poisoned Attacks), Natural Armour (6+), Ward save (4+).

Master of Snakes: Tehenhauin can join Jungle Swarm units, even though characters are not normally permitted to join Swarms. Whilst Tehenhauin leads a Jungle Swarm, he gains the Unbreakable special rule and the unit's Unstable special rule is ignored. If Tehenhauin is killed or leaves the unit, this special rule immediately ceases to apply.

Prophet of Sotek: *The Red Crests are peculiarly warlike Skinks who embody the fearsome spirit of the Serpent God. They are gifted with the resilience to withstand the horrendous plagues of the rat-things that decimated Chaqua.*

If your army includes Tehenhauin, you may upgrade any units of Skink Cohorts, Skink Skirmishers, Horned One Riders, Terradon Riders or Ripperdactyl Riders in your army so that the Skinks have +1 Weapon Skill, as well as the Devastating Charge, Hatred (Skaven) and Immunity (Poisoned Attacks) special rule for 2 points per model. They may not take any Sacred Spawning.

**POQENICHI – BEARER OF THE
WARBANNER OF THE RED HOST**
Throughout the tumultuous Age of Strife the armies of Tehenhauin, the Prophet of Sotek, marched to war against the hordes of the Skaven Clan Pestilens beneath the arcane protection of the Plaque of Sotek, held aloft by the prophet himself or by his attendant.

But many lesser totems, banners and plaques of the Serpent God accompanied the armies. These were carried by the Red Crested Skinks and their Chiefs. Some of these totems were serpent-forms made of gleaming gold and studded with green and red gems, whilst others bore inscriptions of the words of Tehenhauin.

One totem was a hide cut from the back of the vile Skaven Plaque Pontifex called Lord Quetch, who was defeated by the Skink Chief Pogenichi at the Battle of the Golden Stair. Chief Pogenichi stripped the plaque-ridden hide from the Skaven's back, and mounted the vile flesh upon a pole. This he bore into battle as the army's warbanner. So revolting was the stench of the decaying Skaven flesh that the entire army of the Prophet of Sotek was driven into a murderous frenzy by its very presence upon the battlefield. Many and great were the victories won by the Skinks of the Red Host beneath the Skavenpelt Banner.

Tide of Serpents: *Tehenhauin is at all times surrounded by a swarm serpents, the beasts of the jungle that are drawn to as a child of Sotek.*

In close combat Tehenhauin can make an extra D6 Attacks at Initiative 1. These extra Attacks are always resolved at Weapon Skill 2 and Strength 2 and have the Poisoned Attacks special rule.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Blade of the Serpent's Tongue (Magic Weapon)

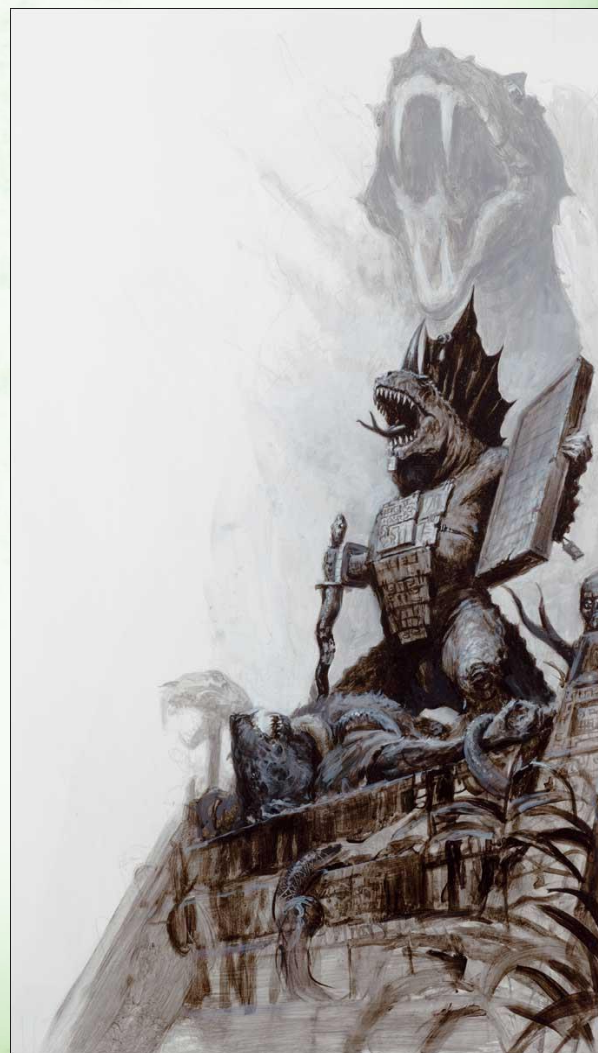
This sacred sacrificial dagger is the same type of weapon as the Dagger of Sotek, but is believed to be the very first of such blades to be crafted by the most skilled of Chaqua's Skink artificers and enchanted to drip with deadly venom.

The Blade of the Serpent's Tongue grants Tehenhauin the Strength Bonus (1) special rule on any turn he charges. In addition, all attacks made by the Blade of the Serpent's Tongue have the Poisoned Attacks special rule.

Plaque of Sotek (Talisman)

Tehenhauin is always accompanied by a lesser Skink attendant, who bears the Plaque of Sotek, a large stone plaque on which is inscribed the most potent extract of the Prophecy of Sotek. The Totem of Sotek is a powerful force for control over the cold-blooded beasts of the jungle, calling upon them from many miles around to swell the numbers of reptiles rising against the enemy.

The Plaque of Sotek grants Tehenhauin and any Jungle Swarms in his unit the Regeneration (6+) special rule.





TETTO'EKO

Astromancer of the Constellations, the Beholder



Tetto'eko is the Chief Astromancer of the Temple of the Eclipse in Tlaxtlan. At over a century old, he is ancient for a Skink, yet his mind is still keen and inquisitive. Tetto'eko has an unprecedented affinity with the orbits of the two moons and can predict when and where the first moon will obscure the second. Indeed, he was spawned during such an event. This was unheard of for such celestial happenings were commonly seen as ill-fated until the coming of Tetto'eko, and it has now been pronounced as a sign of good fortune. The Mage-Priests have also proclaimed that the Old One Tepok has blessed Tetto'eko and granted the astromancer his unfathomable foresight.

Tetto'eko is responsible for the upkeep of the many artefacts housed in the temple. Of the functioning artefacts the most prized is the Eye of the Old Ones. The Astromancer uses this magical device to discern the messages in the stars. By Tetto'eko's predictions and warnings have many dire events been averted before they were allowed to happen that might have spelt the destruction of a temple-city or the death of a Slann Mage-Priest. It was Tetto'eko and his precognitive skills that defeated the Skaven forces that massed once again at Quetza. It was Tetto'eko that pointed the great Chameleon Skink Oxyotl towards the hidden enclave of Skaven Assassins that was waiting to ambush Lord Mazdamundi. It has been said that the Lizardmen have never lost a battle with Tetto'eko present. Recognising Tetto'eko's unique ability, the Slann Mage-Priests have gifted the Skink with his own palanquin to carry both the Chief Astromancer's frail body and his myriad arcane artefacts. So famous are Tetto'eko's predictions that he is afforded the same reverence as a Slann – the Temple Guard bowing low as the Skink hovers across the city to attend to his many star-viewings.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tetto'eko	6	2	3	2	2	2	4	1	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Tetto'eko is a Level 2 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Heavens.

SPECIAL RULES: Arcane Vassal, Cold-blooded, Loremaster (Lore of Heavens).

Herald of Cosmic Events: *Tetto'eko's appearance on the battlefield heralds events of such importance that heavenly bodies realign in his favour as battle commences. Those sensitive to the skeins of destiny can feel its precarious balance as well as sense Tetto'eko's uncanny ability to shift the winds of fate his own way. Time pauses and fate itself is held in the balance as he completes his astromantic calculations.*

Roll a D6 at the start of each friendly Magic phase. On a roll of 2-6, Tetto'eko's calculations are correct and the cosmic event occurs; all friendly Wizards must re-roll power dice rolls of a 1 this phase. However, on a roll of 1, the Chaos Moon has corrupted Tetto'eko's calculations and all friendly Wizards casting a spell must re-roll any of the power dice that roll a 6 this phase.

The Palanquin of Constellations: *Tetto'eko has been granted a stone palanquin by Lord Adohi-Tehga, and taught the incantations necessary to make it rise.*

The Palanquin of Constellations follows all the rules for Mage-Priest Palanquins. If Tetto'eko joins a Skink Cohort unit whose front rank contains five or more models, he must be placed in the second rank, rather than the first, displacing Skink and/or Kroxigor models if necessary. If the unit's front rank is ever reduced to four or fewer models, Tetto'eko must immediately move into the front rank (displacing models if necessary).

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Eye of the Old Ones (Enchanted Item)

As the time of the stellar alignments draws near, the Eye of the Old Ones opens and Tetto'eko is able to see previously hidden portents for his forces to exploit in the future.

After deployment, but before Vanguard moves are made, if Tetto'eko is on the battlefield he can consult the Eye of the Old Ones. If he does so, D3 friendly units of your choice gain the Vanguard special rule.

The Stellar Staff (Arcane Item)

Atop this staff is a mystical orrery with which Tetto'eko can alter the trajectory of passing comets.

Tetto'eko knows the *Comet of Casandora* spell from the Lore of Heavens. If he successfully casts it, you may re-roll the dice at the start of each Magic phase to see if the comet arrives.





TIKTAQ'TO

Master of Skies, the Eye in the Heavens

When it comes to aerial combat and leading bold hit-and-run attacks, the Skink known as Tiktaq'to has no peers. Atop his particularly fierce Terradon, Zwup, Tiktaq'to leads his squadron of flying reptiles on reckless paths through dense vegetation or steep-sided valleys so narrow that the Terradons touch the edges with each flap of their mighty wings. The Terradon Zwup can fly higher than any other Terradon, affording the Master of Skies a panoramic view. Zwup's large claws are capable of snatching up an armoured warrior and ripping him in two. This and more has Tiktaq'to dared in order to surprise an enemy, strike a vulnerable flank or isolate the perfect target for the rock-dropping attack run of his bloodthirsty formation of Terradon Riders. He is a master of strategy and directs the many Terradon patrols in their constant vigils, intercepting intruders, outflanking and destroying forces many times their own size.

Tiktaq'to and his sky patrols are amongst the most skilled aerial riders in the world. He directs his forces from far above, with a view otherwise afforded only to the gods. His riders dive upon their prey at incredible speeds, dodging bow-fire in breath-taking aerial maneuvers. Large boulders crush enemy war machines as easily as the crews.



At the vital moment, Tiktaq'to himself descends to join his forces, eviscerating the intruders in one fell swoop.

Tiktaq'to has led the sky patrols for many years; he is a skilled Skink Chief and has yet to engage an enemy that he and his sky patrols have not been able to dispose of, instinctively knowing when to strike and when not to overreach his abilities. When Tiktaq'to descends upon his prey he dispatches them with a ruthless, cold efficiency, his expression unreadable behind the Mask of Heavens.



For his countless acts of fearless flying and his savage attacks on the Lizardmen's foes, Tiktaq'to has been named Master of Skies for Hexoatl. To be named Master of Sides is a pre-eminent position amongst Skink Chiefs, answerable only to the Skink Priests and Slann Mage-Priests themselves. In Hexoatl, it is tradition to gift this highest rank with wonders from the treasuries – the scintillatingly bright Mask of Heavens, an heirloom from an elder age triple blessed by the Skink Priests, and the fearsome Blade of Ancient Skies, a formidable weapon bristling with jagged-edged tips.

Due to his role, Tiktaq'to spends long periods of time outside of the temple-city on patrols. There are a number of Terradon aeries set throughout the jungles where the patrols can land – within half-deserted ruins, amidst the floating islands that are tethered to the clouds by mystic chains, or any of the forts that are carved into the tallest of the jungle trees. With his sharp eyes, no patrol leader has picked out as many intruders or spotted as many rampaging beasts as Tiktaq'to.

THE SKY COHORT

The Sky Cohort is led by Tiktaq'to, Hexoatl's Master of Skies. It is comprised of three wings of Terradon Riders and a wing of fierce Ripperdactyls. For his steed, and those of his formation, Tiktaq'to chooses Terradons from the Blacksun Cliffs. These lime green beasts are known to be especially vicious and are trained to carry heavy weights which they would always drop perfectly on target.



The cagey Skink Chief also has a keen sense of when to strike and has been known to lead his patrol to victory against forces many times the size of his own – such as when he broke the Blue Viper Savage Orc tribe by having his Terradon snatch up the greenskin Warboss. The Orcs below howled with rage to see their commander lifted thousands of feet into the air only to be let go. The unfortunate greenskin's high-pitched screaming and indignant death utterly broke the tribe's will to fight and they scattered before the Terradons above. Perhaps most famously, Tiktaq'to led the vital delaying action against the hordes of Vashnaar the Tormentor.

Many foes attempt to shoot Tiktaq'to and his flight of Terradon Riders out of the air as soon as they come within range. This is easier said than done, however, as the Master of Skies leads his formation in such breath-taking aerial manoeuvres that they dodge through clouds of arrows, emerging unscathed to deliver their own lethal attacks.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tiktaq'to	6	4	5	4	3	2	6	3	7
Zwup	2	3	0	4	3	2	2	1	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ambushers, Cold-blooded, Drop Rocks, Fear, Fly, Forest Strider.

Master of Skies: *Tiktaq'to directs his Terradon Riders around the vulnerable flanks of the foe, encircling the enemy and cutting off their line of retreat.*

If your army contains Tiktaq'to, one unit of Terradon Riders may deploy using the Ambushers special rule.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Blade of Ancient Skies (Magic Weapon)

The Blade of Ancient Skies was carved from the dense, fossilised jawbone of a monstrous, sky-borne predator that went extinct in ages long past.

The Blade of Ancient Skies has the Ignores Armour saves special rule. In addition, when fighting against a model with the Fly special rule, attacks made with the Blade of Ancient Skies receive a +1 bonus To Hit.

Mask of Heavens (Enchanted Item)

This mask allows the wearer to meld his consciousness with the minds of the mighty Terradons. Dominating the will of the beasts, Tiktaq'to and his Terradons fly through the jungle as though they were a single entity in perfect harmony with one another, dodging trees and enemy arrows and striking the foe with all the skill possessed by their Skink master.


All Terradons in Tiktaq'to's unit use his Weapon Skill instead of their own. In addition, enemy units suffer an additional -1 To Hit penalty when shooting Tiktaq'to and his unit.





OXYOTL

Survivor of Pahuax, the Returned, He That Hunts Unseen



One of the rare breed of Chameleon Skinks, Oxyotl was already an accomplished hunter when Chaos came to the world. He and his spawn-kin mounted bold ambushes against the hordes, but were forced to retreat within the sacred walls of the temple-city of Pahuax, a host of Greater Daemons nearly catching them before they could duck within the protection of the magical barriers created by the Slann.

Yet that barrier crumbled before the Chaos onslaught, until the Daemons stalked the plazas and the Lizardmen defence shrank back into the pyramid district. In a last effort for victory, the Slann Mage-Priest Lord Pocaxalan attempted to summon a nova-blast of energy to banish the foe in one fell swoop. He needed time to conjure the mystic forces to power the spell, however, and called upon his last surviving Saurus and Oxyotl and his Chameleon Skinks to protect him, buying precious moments while the ritual was completed. But alas, the fickle powers of Chaos tricked Pocaxalan, and he tapped too deeply into the howling Winds of Magic. The result was nothing short of catastrophic. Colossal energies spiralled out of control, ripping holes in the very fabric of reality. The Slann and his last protectors in the inner sanctum were sucked into the Realm of Chaos. The Slann Pahuax aged millennia in scant seconds; large portions of the city, along with all its inhabitants, crumbling to dust. Daemons nearly catching them before they could duck within.

Oxyotl awoke to find himself in a living nightmare. He was surrounded by all manner of Daemons, many of which were feeding on the sprawling entrails of his lord. He was alone in a land of living shadows, untruths and impossibilities. Luckily, his innate ability

to blend in remained effective, despite the unnatural surroundings. Oxyotl was all but invisible, unnoticed by the creatures of that realm, although they detected him after a time. He survived the way he did in the jungle – by instincts and cunning. Oxyotl covered his scent against the daemonic hounds that tracked him by daubing himself in the blood of his pursuers. He ambushed mystic sentinels that lusted for his cold blood and he willed himself to resist all temptations.

The passage of time flows strangely within the Realm of Chaos. A year may pass in that twisted unreality whilst centuries pass in the real world. Now, in a timeless torture, Oxyotl was forced to exist in the full horror of Chaos. He glimpsed firsthand the fate of all the races of the world should the fight against Chaos falter, and their planet be overtaken by the Dark Gods.

LEGEND OF THE DAYSTAR

The ruins of Huanabic are buried beneath rampant vegetation so that even the mountainous pyramid-temples are indistinguishable from the surrounding jungle.

What was once a thriving plaza is now a blackened crater blasted miles wide. It was here that Lord Blotlbova, a Slann Mage-Priest of the First Generation, came to a bitter end. His city besieged by Daemons, the great Blotlbova wove his mightiest of spells, unleashing lightning strikes, firestorms, rippling holes to other dimensions and, at last, transforming himself into a pillar of purest energy that stretched upwards to the stars themselves, obliterating all around in an apocalyptic flash.

The enemy was destroyed, but so too was Blotlbova and his city. Everything close to the epicentre was evaporated, and even distant buildings were toppled to ruin. Many thousands of years since the Great Catastrophe, a single speck of scintillating energy still hovers in the air above the crater, a miniature sun that is blinding to gaze upon.

The Skinks, skittish and superstitious, will not approach the tiny, but radiant, orb. They believe it to be the still-angry spirit of Lord Blotlbova.

They point to the jungle plants, thick and invasive, that have covered everything amidst the tumbledown blocks and shifted flagstone avenues that are the remains of Huanabic, save for one area alone. Nothing grows near the blazing light, which the Lizardmen call the Daystar. To this day, the crater is still barren, its blasted earth as empty as it has been since that last fateful incantation.





At last, after trials almost beyond enduring, Oxyotl found a path back to Lustria. He passed through fell places that he cannot recount to others or even himself for fear of going mad. He alone has discovered and walked through the fabled Lost City of the Old Ones, yet he tells no tales. Upon his return to Lustria, over 7,000 years had passed and the Lizardmen's realm had fallen low, while the lesser races had spread like plagues. Portents of Daemons returning and war eternal abound. Indeed, Oxyotl's own return is regarded as one such omen, and in its wake fresh spawnings of the rare Chameleon Skinks have occurred. It is unknown how Oxyotl escaped that dread land, for he dare not speak of it and no Slann will read his mind, lest the taint of Chaos remain within him. Yet Oxyotl has gathered others of his recently spawned kind and resumed the hunt, mustering his strength against the return of the hated foe.

Oxyotl's life has countless times depended on his preternatural ability to kill an enemy quickly and efficiently. He is amazingly stealthy and can creep up on the foe without being noticed. He knows exactly when to move and exactly when to remain motionless, and can freeze in one position for hours without so much as blinking an eye. Foes are confounded: "Did I see that cactus move?"



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Oxyotl	6	4	6	4	3	2	6	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Aquatic, Chameleon, Cold-blooded, Hatred (Daemons of Chaos), Scouts, Sniper.

Master Predator: *Oxyotl's skill at gathering and mixing toxins is unparalleled. It is even said that he uses vials of poisons gathered from the Realm of Chaos itself.*

If Oxyotl remained stationary in his preceding Movement phase, shots made from the Golden Blowpipe of P'Toohee in the Shooting phase may re-roll failed To Wound rolls.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Golden Blowpipe of P'Toohee (Magic Weapon)
With just the lightest exhalation, this golden instrument of death blasts forth a hail of murderous darts.

This is a missile weapon with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12"	2	Multiple Shots (3), Poisoned Attacks

THE LONG REVENGE

Since his return from the Realm of Chaos, Oxyotl has waged a war of revenge against the fell powers. How the Chameleon Skink detects the presence of the Dark Gods' minions is unknown, yet time after time, the Daemons arrive to find Oxyotl already ensconced nearby, a hidden nuisance that always finds a way to thwart their immortal plans.

When the daemonic legions burst forth at Xahutec in numbers beyond count, the Lizardmen garrison could not have withstood against their onslaught were it not for the timely arrival of Oxyotl. He arrived leading several bands of Chameleon Skinks and appeared just as the defenders were beginning to collapse. From atop the uppermost ruins of that once fabled temple-city, Oxyotl and his well-camouflaged troops rained down showers of poison darts that turned back every enemy breakthrough.

At the height of the Siege of Hexoatl, Oxyotl left the fighting and made his way to the long-corrupted spawning pool now known as the Pit of Sorrows. There, secreted in the ruins of that once-sacred site, he met Tzara'riador the Shimmering, a Greater Daemon of Tzeentch, even as he materialized into the mortal world. It was Tzara'riador's intention to open a rift allowing a Daemon host to lend their weight to the attack against Hexoatl, yet the Greater Daemon found only death in a hail of barbed darts, and he fell with his vile ritual incomplete.

After each great deed, Oxyotl merely fades back into the jungle, perhaps already en route to where he is needed next.

INXI-HUINZI

Inxi-Huinzi was one of the most cunning and persistent of the Skink leaders who made assaults on the upstart colony founded by the Norse. No-one would have bothered the Norse of Skeggi had it not been for their greed for gold. The colony became a haven for plunderers, eager to get their hands on the sacred relics of the Slann. Inxi-Huinzi was appointed to lead the cohorts of Skinks issuing forth from Hexoati to do battle with the invaders and drive them back to the sea.



Despite brave and relentless efforts, the Norse are still there, but their expansion has been halted and their raids curtailed. This is due to Inxi-Huinzi and his Horned One riders, who prowled the rain forest and dominated the tracts of pampas and sisel grass. Often Inxi-Huinzi led attacks along the broad beaches, catching the enemy unaware. As the Horned One riders savagely charged the enemy and forced them into a shield wall, other Skinks on foot were able to make their way through the mangroves to hole the longships. This prevented the raiders from sailing up and down the coast pillaging the sealed vaults of the scattered ruined temples.

Inxi-Huinzi is one of the few Skinks ever to capture and succeed in riding a Horned One which he rode at the head of the Horned One riders of Hexoatl against the Norse at the battle of the Piranha Swamps. Here,



the only way forward was via a causeway and all Skinks who attempted to cross the swamps on either side were eaten by millions of ravenous Piranha fish. Inxi-Huinzi's Horned One, named Xltzhpctli (which roughly translates as 'Bite-gore-lash-with-the-tail-beast') charged along the causeway and gored the huge Norse hero who was holding the causeway, allowing the Lizardman army to catch up with the raiders and recapture the precious idols of Zlaxhutek.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Inxi-Huinzi	6	4	5	4	3	2	6	3	7
Xltzhpctli	8	3	0	4	4	1	3	2	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Bestial Roar, Cold-blooded, Fear, Natural Armour (6+).

EQUIPMENT:

Hail of Darts: *Inxi-Huinzi carries dozens of poisoned darts behind his shield and spare ones in his quiver. These darts are barbed and tipped with an extremely potent venom secreted by the toxic fish-lizards of the Lustrian swamps. Inxi-Huinzi has perfected a technique for hurling several darts as he charges or as the enemy charge him and before levelling his spear to fight hand-to-hand.*

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12"	3	Multiple Shots (3), Quick to Fire, Poisoned Attacks

Lord Huaxhini was lost. Although his body floated calmly in the lotus-infused Eternity Chamber his mind was entangled, trapped in a maze with no escape. For brief moments the Slann Mage-Priest's vision cleared and he remembered he was searching – seeking for something, although exactly what he sought was no longer clear. An overwhelming lethargy slowed his every effort and even that he was looking for something was an ephemeral thought, a notion that hovered elusively just beyond his grasp.

Through this dream-haze Lord Huaxhini heard a call – a distant voice within his mind - a faraway entreaty from Lord Mazdamundi. It was this message that recalled Lord Huaxhini, guiding him to cast off the spell that enthralled him. With a lurch his bloated body startled awake for the first time in generations. In that instant the Mage-Priest was flooded with visions. He saw powerful enemy forces mustering, as well as the recovered messages of the Old Ones. Lord Huaxhini's eyes blazed with magical fury as he once more remembered his Great Purpose.

THE LORE OF HIGH MAGIC

Qhaysh, True Magic

CONTEMPLATIONS (Lore Attribute)

If a spell from the Lore of High Magic is successfully cast by a Wizard from Warhammer: Lizardmen, the caster can immediately choose a new spell of the same level or lower from one of the eight Lore of Magic in the *Warhammer* rulebook which will last for the remainder of the Magic phase. If the Wizard chooses a spell from a different lore, that newly chosen spell will always use that spell lore's lore attribute.

DRAIN MAGIC (Signature Spell)

Cast on 7+

The wizard conjures a vortex of anti-magic to calm the battlefield.

Drain Magic can be cast on any unit (friend or foe) and has a range of 24". If the target is a friendly unit, *Drain Magic* is an **augment** spell. If the target is an enemy unit, *Drain Magic* is a **hex** spell. In either case, all Remains in Play spells affecting the unit are immediately dispelled, and the effects of all other spells on the target unit immediately come to an end. The Wizard can choose to have this spell target all units (friend and foe) within 12". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 14+.

SOUL QUENCH (Signature Spell)

Cast on 8+

White light bursts forth, banishing the spirits of those it touches.

Soul Quench is a **magic missile** with a range of 18" that causes 2D6 Strength 4 hits. The caster can choose for this spell to instead inflict 3D6 Strength 4 hits. If he does so, the casting value is increased to 12+.

1. APOTHEOSIS

Cast on 5+

Waves of pure magic infuse the caster's ally.

Apotheosis is an **augment** spell that targets a single model within 18". The target immediately regains a single lost Wound. The Wizard can choose to cast a more powerful version of *Apotheosis*. If he does so, the target instead immediately regains D3 lost Wounds, in which case the casting value is increased to 10+. Regardless of how many lost Wounds (if any) are recovered, the target also gains the Fear special rule until the start of the caster's next Magic phase.

2. HAND OF GLORY

Cast on 5+

With a simple sign, the wizard grants his allies the might of old.

Hand of Glory is an **augment** spell with a range of 18". The target unit's Weapon Skill, Ballistic Skill, Initiative or Movement (you choose which) is increased by D3 until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to cast a more powerful version of this spell that instead increases all four characteristics (don't roll a separate D3 for each — make one roll and apply it to all four characteristics). If he does so, the casting value is increased to 10+.



3. WALK BETWEEN WORLDS

Cast on 8+

For a moment, the wizard's allies tread immortal pathways.

Walk Between Worlds is an **augment** spell that targets a single unengaged unit within 24". The target gains the Ethereal special rule until the end of the phase and can immediately move up to 10" as if it were the Remaining Moves sub-phase. The Wizard can choose to cast a more powerful version of this spell, in which case the target instead gains the Ethereal special rule until the end of the phase and can immediately move up to 20" as if it were the Remaining Moves sub-phase. If he chooses to do so, the casting value is increased to 16+.

4. TEMPEST

Cast on 12+

Suddenly, an eight-winded storm breaks about the foe.

Tempest is a **direct damage** spell. Place the large round template anywhere within 30" of the Wizard — it then scatters D6". All models hit by the template suffer a Strength 3 hit (models with the Fly special rule suffer a Strength 4 hit instead). If a unit suffers any unsaved Wounds from this spell, it suffers a -1 modifier to all To Hit rolls (both shooting and close combat) until the start of the caster's next Magic phase (shooting attacks that do not use Ballistic Skill must roll 4+ on a D6 before firing, or the shot(s) area lost).

5. ARCANES UNFORGING

Cast on 13+

The magic of unmaking flies true from outstretched hands.

Arcane Unforging is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 24" that targets a single enemy model (even a character in a unit). The target suffers a single Wound on a dice roll greater than or equal to the model's unmodified armour save (excluding Natural Armour, models without an armour save cannot be wounded). No armour saves are permitted against a Wound caused by this spell. The owning player must then reveal to the caster all the magic items possessed by the target (if any). If the target has one or more magic items, randomly select one of them — on the roll of 2+, that item is immediately destroyed and cannot be used for the rest of the game. Note that this spell has no effect on magic items that are mounts, magic items that contain bound spells that have miscast during the game, and any magic items labelled as 'one use only' that have already been used during the game — do not include these when randomly selecting a magic item.

6. FIERY CONVOCATION


Cast on 19+

With a single secret word, fire rages and flesh burns.

Remains in play. *Fiery Convocation* is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 24". Every model in the target unit takes a Strength 4 hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule. At the end of every subsequent Magic phase, every model in the target unit suffers a Strength 4 hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule.



SACRED SPAWNINGS



The servants of the Slann Mage-Priests are hatched in spawning pools, where they develop from tiny, carnivorous tadpole-like creatures into the bipedal beings they are when they pull themselves free of the water. Skinks and Kroxigors are spawned in pools on the outskirts of the temple-cities, while Saurus are batched in the dank, subterranean tunnels beneath the temples themselves, as befitting their role as sacred warriors. On occasions, entire spawn broods are batched under the influence of one or more of the gods, displaying certain characteristics and natural abilities different from the other spawnings. Those batched in such a manner are revered as particularly sacred warriors chosen to be the representatives of the gods in the world.

Throughout the centuries, various sacred spawnings have waxed and waned, some disappearing altogether for thousands of years before reappearing. In times long past, Saurus were frequently spawned under the influence of two or even three gods, though very few of these ancient warriors remain in the world. Many see this as being predetermined many thousands of years ago by the Old Ones, for it is said that they studied the paths of the many futures and determined when particular spawnings were needed. That so many spawnings have reappeared in recent decades seems to indicate that a new time of warfare and aggression is upon the Lizardmen.

Characters and units that are able to take Blessed Spawnings are detailed in the army list. The cost below only applies to characters.

BLESSED MARK OF THE OLD ONES 10 points
This most auspicious and rare of blessings is easily recognisable, for those who bear it will usually have white or even albino skin tones. They are treated with much reverence, for their fate is seen as important in the eyes of the Old Ones.

One per army, Characters only (not including Special Characters). The character may re-roll a total of 3 dice to either To Hit, To Wound, Armour saves or Ward saves during the game.

BLESSED SPAWNING OF SOTEK 10 points
The favoured spawnings of Sotek, the serpent great-god, are infused with the vengeful deity's blood-fuelled anger, and will attack their foes with great fury. Blood red is the colour associated with Sotek, and the physical representation of his blessing can vary from red skin and scales, to subtle hues of red on the crests or even just red warpaint.

Models with this Blessed Spawning have the Devastating Charge special rule.

BLESSED SPAWNING OF ITZL 5 points
As well as naturally exuding a subtle musk that Cold Ones recognise and are comfortable with, those blessed by Itzl often have elaborate bony, head-crests.

Mounted models only. Models with this Blessed Spawning re-roll failed Stupidity or Berserk Charge tests.

BLESSED SPAWNING OF QUETZL 5 points
The servants of Quetzl are tough and warlike, as befits the chosen of the Warrior God. Those spawnings that are blessed by the divine protector and warrior-god Quetzl have especially thick, toughened scales covering their bodies, and bony spurs often protrude from their forearms.

Models with this Blessed Spawning gain the Natural Armour (6+) special rule.

BLESSED SPAWNING OF TLAZCOTL 5 points
A tinge of yellow is often noticeable on those spawned under Tlazcotl's cold eye. These Saurus reflect the impassiveness of Tlazcotl, and remain unaffected by even the most harrowing experiences.

Models with this Blessed Spawning have the Immunity (Psychology) special rule.

BLESSED SPAWNING OF CHOTEC 10 points
The beat of the sun burns within the bodies of those blessed by the solar god Chotec, filling them with energy at times when other cold blooded-creatures become sluggish. A fiery red-orange is Chotec's associated colour, and his followers bear arms and armour of gleaming gold and carry icons that reflect the light of the sun to dazzling effect.

Models with this Blessed Spawning re-roll failed Charge and Pursuit distances.

BLESSED SPAWNING OF HUANCHI 5 points
Naturally stealthy, those blessed by Huanchi, jaguar-god of the earth and night, exhibit prodigious skills of hunting and stalking, and are able to pass effortlessly through the thickest jungle undergrowth with little effort.

Models on foot only. Models with this Blessed Spawning have the Ambushers and Forest Strider special rules.

BLESSED SPAWNING OF TEPOK 10 points
The blessing of inscrutable Tepok, the mysterious feathered-serpent god of the air and sacred places, manifests itself in the form of protection from harmful magic, and is often signified by the colour purple or deep blue.

Models with this Blessed Spawning have the Magic Resistance (1) special rule.

BLESSED SPAWNING OF TZUNKI 5 points
Strongly associated with water, those blessed by the Sacred Spawning of Tzunki sometimes have mottled sea-green skin hues, their claws are often webbed and they have powerful gills hidden in folds of skin on their necks.

Models on foot only. Models with this Blessed Spawning have the Aquatic special rule and +2 Initiative.



DISCIPLINES OF THE OLD ONES

Slann Mage-Priests are impossibly ancient beings, and many, in particular those of the earlier spawnings, are possessed of prodigious abilities. Such powers are not merely spells or other temporary effects, but intrinsic states of mind attained over countless years of contemplating the hidden truths of the universe.

A Slann Mage-Priest can purchase Disciplines of the Old Ones as detailed in the Lizardmen Army List. Each Discipline of the Old Ones can only be taken once in each army.

HIGHER STATE OF CONSCIOUSNESS 40 points
So deep are the Mage-Priest's thoughts that his physical body becomes a ghostly image as it slips further away from this reality.

The Slann Mage-Priest has the Ethereal special rule, but cannot join units.

FOCUS OF MYSTERY 30 points
Through millennia of study, the Mage-Priest has gained total mastery over one aspect of the art of High Magic.

The Slann Mage-Priest has the Loremaster (Lore of High Magic) special rule. This discipline cannot be combined with the Wandering Deliberations discipline.

WANDERING DELIBERATIONS 30 points
The Slann's wandering mind pierces the entire spectrum of magic.

Instead of choosing spells normally, the Slann Mage-Priest knows the signature spell for each of the eight lores of Battle Magic from the Warhammer rulebook. This discipline cannot be combined with the Focus of Mystery discipline.

HARMONIC CONVERGENCE 30 points
Inhaling deeply, the Slann draws the Winds of Magic to him.

The Slann Mage-Priest rolls two additional dice whenever he attempts to channel power or dispel dice.

TRANSCENDENT HEALING 30 points
The Slann's sheer force of will alone allows him to reconstitute his body.

If this model is alive at the end of any friendly Magic phase, roll a number of D6 equal to the difference between the Slann Mage-Priest's starting number of Wounds and its current number of Wounds. For each roll of a 6, the Slann Mage-Priest immediately recovers a single Wound lost earlier in the battle.

THE FOCUSED RUMINATION 25 points
So attuned is the Slann's mind that he is able to focus power as an extension of his normal bodily processes.

Once per Magic phase, the Slann may add an additional 'free' Power dice to the casting attempt. This can cause Ultimate Power as normal, and can cause the Mage-Priest to roll more dice than normally allowed.

SOUL OF STONE 25 points
The Slann Mage-Priest's spirit is hardened against the ill effects of magic.

When rolling on the Miscast table, the Slann Mage-Priest can choose to subtract one from the result (to a minimum of 2), or add one to the result (to a maximum of 12), instead of accepting the original result.

BECALMING COGITATION 25 points
The Slann Mage-Priest is able to reach out with his prodigious mind, and smother the spells of a puny warm-blooded wizard with a belching croak.

The Slann Mage-Priest re-rolls its first failed dispel attempt in each Magic phase.

RESERVOIR OF ELDRITCH ENERGY 20 points
With a prodigious gulp, the Slann swallows a portion of the Winds of Magic, storing them until needed.

At the end of the opponent's Magic phase, the Slann Mage-Priest can store a single unused dispel dice remaining in your pool. At the beginning of your next Magic phase, roll a D6; on a 2+ you can add that dice to your power pool (this cannot take your power pool beyond the normal limit). On the roll of a 1, that bonus dice is lost. If the Slann is slain before his next Magic phase, the bonus dice is lost.

THE HARROWING SCRUTINY 20 points
Within the Slann's gaze shines the cold-blooded scrutiny of the Old Ones.

The Slann Mage-Priest has the Terror special rule.

UNFATHOMABLE PRESENCE 20 points
The Mage-Priest is a bulwark of magical defences. So alien are his thought patterns that enemy wizards cannot perceive him to engage him in magical duels.

Roll a D3 at the start of each enemy Magic phase; the Slann Mage-Priest has the Magic Resistance (X) special rule until the end of that phase, where the result of 1 gives Magic Resistance (1), a result of 2 gives Magic Resistance (2) and a result of 3 gives Magic Resistance (3).





TREASURES OF THE OLD ONES

On the following pages are magic items available to Lizardmen armies. These can be taken in addition to any of the magic items listed in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

BLADE OF REALITIES

85 points

Magic Weapon

Brought to the world by the Old Ones, this weapon shimmers with unnatural power. Legends carved on ancient stone claim the blade exists on every plane of reality simultaneously, and that its edge can sever a creature's soul. No earthly force can stop this deadly blade – it penetrates granite and steel as easily as it slices through flesh and bone.

No armour or ward saves can be taken against Wounds caused by the Blade of Realities.

THE PIRANHA BLADE

40 points

Magic Weapon

The Piranha Blade gained its name for its ability to shred its victim into bloody tatters. It is shaped in the form of a vicious, ravenous carnivorous piranha fish. Like its namesake, this weapon has thousands of tiny barbed teeth that rip and tear anything they touch. The teeth of this fish are set along the edges of the blade, and the hilt is decorated with inlaid fish eyes. The weapon mimics the action of the piranha fish and bites into the flesh of the victim devouring it. Just as the many-toothed fish saws through the hardened scales of a Stegadon, so too does the Piranha Blade rasp through armour to carve up opponents.

The wielder has the Multiple Wounds (D3) and Armour Piercing (1) special rules.

SACRED STEGADON HELM OF ITZA

40 points

Magic Armour

Any Lizardmen wearing a helmet made from a Stegadon skull is accorded due respect, for it is a potent symbol of power. However, any adorned with the Sacred Stegadon Helm of Itza is accorded the reverence due to a Slann. The horns of the helm came from the mighty Xelbalbia, a divinely huge Stegadon whose heroics in the Defence of Itza during the Great Catastrophe were overshadowed only by the defence of the Bridge of Stars.

The wearer of the Sacred Stegadon Helm counts his armour save as being one point higher than normal. Furthermore, the Sacred Stegadon Helm grants the wearer +1 Toughness and the Impact Hits (D3) special rule.

CUBE OF DARKNESS

30 points

Arcane Item

Found in the metal ark beneath Xhotl, the Cube of Darkness is as alien as it is powerful. Viewed up close, this small black cube contains millions of tiny pin-pricks of blinking light, each circling a sphere of pure darkness. By implementing the correct pattern of thoughts, the cube may be opened for a fraction of a second, inexplicably drawing the very Winds of Magic into its depths.

One use only. When an enemy spell has been cast, a Wizard with the Cube of Darkness can use it instead of attempting to dispel the spell using dispel dice. If he does so, roll a D6; on the roll of a 2+ the spell is automatically dispelled - otherwise the spell is resolved as normal. In either case, roll a separate D6 for every Remains in Play spell currently in effect; on a 2+ that spell automatically ends.

PLAQUE OF DOMINION

15 points

Arcane Item

The Lizardmen prize the ancient knowledge of the Old Ones above all else. They will go the ends of the earth to recover even the most eroded or splintered plaques in the hope of uncovering a piece of cosmic knowledge. One such tablet is the Plaque of Dominion, an ancient stone relic carved before the second spawning of the Slann that contains elements of the Old Ones' own, indecipherable, language. The unfathomable power contained within these graven images is enough to cause the unwary to go mad, and simply by glancing at the glyphs, unprepared minds can be shocked into a bewildering stupor as the insignificance of their puny lives on the cosmic scales of the Old Ones is relentlessly forced into their minds.

Bound spell (power level 3). The Plaque of Dominion contains a hex spell that targets all enemy Wizards within 18". The targets of this spell have the Stupidity special rule until the start of the caster's next Magic phase.

THE CLOAK OF FEATHERS

35 points

Enchanted Item

This finely woven cloak is made from hundreds of shedfeathers gathered over the centuries from one of the most rare creatures to inhabit Lustria – the mysterious Coatl. These fabled monsters sport long, sinuous, serpentine bodies, Dragon-like heads and massive feathered wings. They are said to be the manifestation of the Old One Tepok, and are venerated by Skink Priests as guardians of the air, magic and sacred places. The Coatl are highly intelligent and powerful mages, and a portion of that mystic power infuses every shed feather. The Cloak of Feathers thus shimmers with a power that not only wards away evil sorcery, but allows the wearer to soar into the air whenever he extends his arms.

Skink character on foot only. The wearer of the Cloak of Feathers has the Fly special rule. In addition, the wearer has the Magic Resistance (1) special rule.

THE HORN OF KYGOR

30 points

Enchanted Item

The legendary Saurus Kygor, the first and greatest to have been raised to the position of Sacred Caller, could bellow a mighty roar that eclipsed that of a hungry Carnosaur, and cause herds of Stegadons to stampede in fright. Though Kygor's kingly status ended in a ritual sacrifice, the deep bass note that now emits from his magical, gold-banded warhorn is an echo of his own battle cry. It has the power to spur the great lizards of the jungle into a berserk rage, raising their own voices to meet that of the Sacred Caller as they stamp the enemies of the Old Ones into a thick red paste.

One use only. The bearer of the Horn of Kygor can sound it at the start of any of his Movement phases. If he does so, all friendly monsters, monster mounts, monstrous beasts, monstrous cavalry mounts, cavalry mounts, chariot beasts and war beasts within 12" of the bearer have the Frenzy special rule until the start of their next Movement phase.



THE EGG OF QUANGO

30 points

Enchanted Item

It was the great Mazdamundi himself who unearthed the last remaining egg of the mysterious Quango. Since the time of the Old Ones, this relic had been held in a secret, underground chamber, and it was only discovered as Mazdamundi rebuilt the pyramid-temple of Pahuax. Before its discovery, only the name of the creature was known and its existence was mere legend. No one knows exactly what will hatch from the egg or why it was held in stasis. However, as the armies of the Lizardmen prepare once more to meet the threat of their terriblefies, Lord Mazdamundi has decreed that the egg can finally be cracked open and its dread contents exposed.

One use only. The Egg of Quango can be cracked open at the start of any Close Combat phase. Nominate one enemy unit in base contact with the bearer or his unit, roll a D6 and consult the table below to find out what happens. Any Wounds inflicted count towards combat results.

D6 Result

- 1** *The egg opens and a withered Quango hatchling bites the enemy feebly before dying of old age. The enemy unit immediately suffers D6 Strength 3 hits.*
- 2-3** *A Quango hatchling emerges to bite the enemy with vigour before succumbing to its extreme age. The enemy unit immediately suffers D6 Strength 4 hits.*
- 4-6** *The heavens resound to thunderous peals as a Quango bursts forth in full glory and casts its radiant hues upon the world. After smiting its foes, it flies off, taking no further part in the battle. The enemy unit immediately suffers 2D6 Strength 5 hits.*



SKAVENPELT BANNER

30 points

Magic Standard

Throughout the tumultuous Age of Strife, the armies of Tehenhauin, the Prophet of Sotek, marched to war against the Skaven hordes of Clan Pestilens. Many were the totems of that great war, but the most famous relic of that era is beyond a doubt the loathsome Skavenpelt Banner of Pogenichi. Cut from the plague-ridden hide of a Plague Pontifex personally slain by Chief Pogenichi himself it was crafted when the fork-tailed comet lit even the daytime sky, and many blessings of the Serpent God have been put upon the vile hide. Ever since, Pogenichi's standard has been flapping in the wind above the unit, its fetid stench driving the Lizardmen warriors into a murderous frenzy, stirring their reptilian blood to great heights of bloodlust. Many victories have been won beneath the Skavenpelt Banner and with each triumph, post-battle sacrifices furnished further fresh pelts to adorn the powerful icon of the wrath of Lustria unleashed. The rat-kin have grown to particularly loathe the standard, for its appearance has heralded the doom of so many of their kind.

All models in a unit with the Skavenpelt Banner gain the Frenzy and Hatred (Skaven) special rules. However, all models from Warhammer: Skaven gain the Hatred special rule against the unit carrying the banner.

THE JAGUAR STANDARD

25 points

Magic Standard

The fleet jaguar was a bodily form said to have found much favour in the eyes of the Old Ones and many totems and temples around Lustria bear the beast's careen image. None amongst these, however, are as famous as the sacred Jaguar Standard. Originally from the temple-city of Xlanhuaepec, the Jaguar Standard has been borne to battle by countless victorious armies across all of Lustria and beyond. Those who fight beneath the shadow of this fabled jungle beast's totem are known to move with the preternatural swiftness of the creature itself, and to hunt down their enemies with relentless fury.

All models in a unit with the Jaguar Standard have the Swiftstride special rule.

ULHA'UP – VOYAGER IN THE RAIN DROPS OF ETERNITY

Lord Ulha'up was a Slann of prodigious power, but he was also quite mad. He determined to explore the world, his attendants spreading the word of the Old Ones wherever he went. He believed that the rest of the world was spiritually and physically corrupt, and that were he ever to touch anything of that world, his own powers would be grounded and corrupted also. Everywhere he went he travelled on his palanquin, a long train of other such platforms bearing supplies behind. When this became damaged in a battle, his Temple Guard lifted him up upon their shoulders, and a litter was made of crude branches, to carry him onwards.

Ulha'up has long since passed beyond the sublime communion, and so the Mage-Priests of Lustria have no idea where he may be, or even if he still lives. Perhaps one day he will return to Lustria, having spread the wisdom of the gods far and wide. Most of the Slann doubt this.





LIZARDMEN ARMY LIST

Deep within the steaming jungles of Lustria, the Lizardmen sound the drums of war while gargantuan creatures from a primordial past bellow their blood-rage. From temple-cities and overgrown ruins, they issue forth to defend their ancient civilisation or to unleash their cold-blooded savagery upon the world. Merciless and relentless, the Lizardmen will not stop until all their foes are dead and the entire world re-ordered according to their ancient plan.

This section of the book helps you to turn your collection of Lizardmen miniatures into a reptilian army, ready for combat in a tabletop battle. After the army list, on the last page of the book, you will find a summary page, which conveniently lists every Lizardmen unit's characteristics profile, allowing 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:

SAURUS WARRIORS

11 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Saurus Warrior	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	2	7	Infantry
Spawn Leader	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	3	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Cold-Blooded
- Natural Armour (6+)
- Predatory Fighter

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield

Options:

- One Saurus Warrior may be upgraded to a Spawn Leader.....10 points
- One Saurus Warrior may be upgraded to a musician.....10 points
- One Saurus Warrior may be upgraded to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may take spears.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may take one Blessed Spawning.....1 point per model

- Name.** The name by which the unit or character is identified.
- Profiles.** The characteristic profiles for the model(s) in each unit are provided as a reminder. Where several profiles are required these are also given, even if they are optional (such as unit champions).
- Troop Type.** Each entry specifies the troop type of its models (e.g. 'infantry, monstrous cavalry' and so on).
- Points value.** Every miniature in the Warhammer range costs an amount of points that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield.
- Unit Size.** This specifies the minimum size for each unit, which is the smallest number of models needed to form that unit. In some cases units also have a maximum size, or can even comprise just a single model.
- Equipment.** This is a list of the standard weapons and armour for that unit. The cost of these items is included in the basic points value.
- Special Rules.** Many troops have special rules that are fully described earlier in this book or in the Warhammer rulebook. The names of these rules are listed here as a reminder.
- Options.** This is a list of optional weapons and armour; mounts, magic items and other upgrades for units or characters, including the points cost for each particular option. Many unit entries include the option to upgrade a unit member to a champion, standard bearer or musician. Some units may carry a magic standard or take magic items at a further points cost.





LORDS

LORD MAZDAMUNDI

700 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Lord Mazdamundi	4	2	3	3	4	5	2	1	9	Monster (Special Character)
Zlaaq (Ancient Stegadon)	6	3	0	6	6	5	1	3	6	-

Magic Items:

- Cobra Mace of Mazdamundi
- The Itxi Grubs
- Sunburst Standard of Hexoatl

Mount:

- Zlaaq (Ancient Stegadon)



Disciplines of the Old Ones:

- Becalming Cogitation
- Harmonic Convergence
- Soul of Stone
- Transcendent Healing

Special Rules:

- Cold-blooded
- Impact Hits (D6+1) (Zlaaq only)
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Mage-lord of Hexoatl
- Natural Armour (2+)
- Stubborn
- Telepathic Confabulation
- Ward Save (4+)

Magic:

Lord Mazdamundi is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from either the Lore of High Magic or one of the eight Lores of Battle Magic in the Warhammer rulebook. In addition, he knows the Ruination of Cities spell.

LORD KROAK

450 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Lord Kroak	4	0	0	3	5	6	0	0	9	Monstrous Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Ceremonial Mace of Malachite
- Golden Death Mask
- Amulet of Itza
- Standard of the Sacred Serpent
- Glyph of Potec

Magic:

Lord Kroak is a Level 4 Wizard; however, he knows only one spell – The Deliverance of Itza.

Special Rules:

- Cold-blooded
- Eternity Guardians
- Fear
- First Generation Spawning
- Flammable
- Mage-Priest Palanquin
- The Spirit of Lord Kroak
- Unbreakable

KROQ-GAR

470 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Kroq-Gar	4	6	0	5	5	3	3	5	8	Monster (Special Character)
Grymloq (Carnosaur)	7	3	0	6	5	5	2	5	5	-

Equipment:

- Light armour

Magic Items:

- Revered Spear of Tlanxla
- Hand of Gods

Mount:

- Grymloq (Carnosaur)

Special Rules:

- Army of Kroq-Gar
- Attuned to the Beast
- Blood Frenzy (Grymloq only)
- Cold-blooded
- Multiple Wounds (D3) (Grymloq only)
- Natural Armour (1+)
- Predatory Fighter (Kroq-Gar only)
- Sacred Spawning of Xhotl



LORDS

TEHENHAUIN

315 points

Profile

Tehenhauin

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

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Blade of the Serpent's Tongue
- Plaque of Sotek

Magic:

Tehenhauin is a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Beasts.

Special Rules:

- Aquatic
- Arcane Vassal
- Cold-blooded
- Hatred (Skaven)
- Immunity (Poisoned Attacks)
- Master of Snakes
- Natural Armour (6+)
- Prophet of Sotek
- Tide of Serpents
- Ward save (4+)

CHARACTER MOUNTS

Profile

Cold One

Horned One

Terradon

Ripperdactyl

Carnosaur

Troglodon

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
7	3	0	4	4	1	2	2	3
8	3	0	4	4	1	3	2	3
2	3	0	4	3	2	2	1	3
2	3	0	4	3	2	3	2	3
7	3	0	6	5	5	2	4	5
7	3	4	5	5	5	2	3	5

Troop Type

War Beast

War Beast

War Beast

War Beast

Monster

Monster

Special Rules:

- *Cold One*: Fear, Natural Armour (6+), Stupidity.
- *Horned One*: Bestial Roar, Fear, Mount of Iztl. Natural Armour (6+).
- *Terradon*: Drop Rocks, Fear, Fly, Forest Strider.
- *Ripperdactyl*: Armour Piercing (1), Fear, Fly, Frenzy, Killing Blow.
- *Carnosaur*: Blood Frenzy, Multiple Wounds (D3), Natural Armour (4+).
- *Troglodon*: Aquatic, Natural Armour (4+), Poisoned Attacks, Predatory Fighter, Primeval Roar, Spit Venom.

Options:

- A Carnosaur may have any of the following:
 - Loping Stride.....5 points
 - Bloodroar.....15 points





LORDS

SLANN MAGE-PRIEST

300 points

Profile

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Slann Mage-Priest	4	1	3	3	4	5	1	0	9	Monstrous Infantry (Character)
Skink Attendant	-	2	3	3	-	-	4	1	-	-

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Cold-Blooded
- Mage-Priest Palanquin
- Telepathic Confabulation

Magic:

A Slann Mage-Priest is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of High Magic or one of the eight Lores of Battle Magic.

Options:

- May take Disciplines of the Old Ones up to a total of.....100 points
- May take Magic Items up to a total of.....100 points

ARMY BATTLE STANDARD

One Slann Mage-Priest, Saurus Scar-Veteran, or Skink Chief in the army may carry the Battle Standard for +25 points. The Battle Standard Bearer can have a magic banner with no points limit. However, a model carrying a magic standard can only carry other magic items up to a total 25 points. A Slann Mage-Priest, however, may have a magic standard (with no points limit) as well as having his normal access of up to 100 points of magic items. A Slann Mage-Priest with the battle standard can still be your army's General.

SAURUS OLDBLOOD

150 points

Profile

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Saurus Oldblood	4	6	0	5	5	3	3	5	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

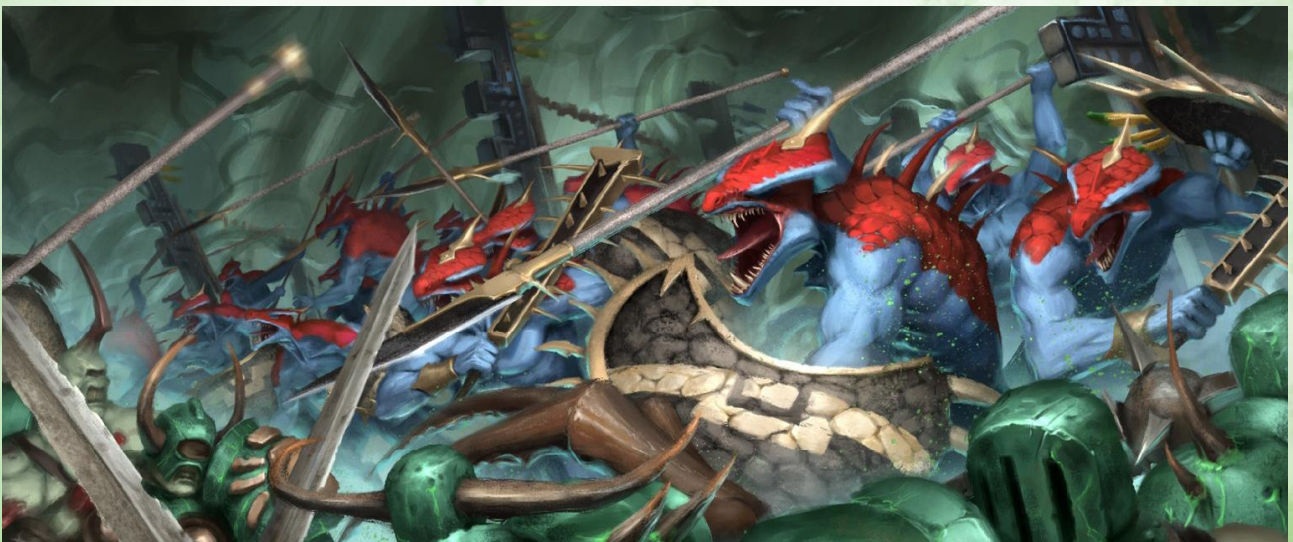
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Cold-Blooded
- Natural Armour (4+)
- Predatory Fighter

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....6 points
 - Great weapon.....10 points
 - Spear.....5 points
 - Polearm.....10 points
- May take light armour.....3 points
- May take a shield.....3 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Cold One.....30 points
 - Horned One.....42 points
 - Carnosaur.....175 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points
- May take one Blessed Spawning up to a total of.....10 points



HEROES

CHAKAX

210 points

Profile

Chakax

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
4 5 0 5 5 2 3 4 8

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Light armour

Magic Items:

- The Star-stone Mace
- The Helm of the Prime Guardian
- The Key to the Eternity Chamber

Special Rules:

- Cold-blooded
- Eternity Warden
- Guardians
- Predatory Fighter
- Natural Armour (5+)
- Ultimate Bodyguard

GOR-ROK

230 points

Profile

Gor-Rok

M WS BS S T W I A Ld
4 5 0 5 5 2 3 4 8

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- The Mace of Ulumak
- The Shield of Aeons

Special Rules:

- Blessed Mark of the Old Ones
- Cold-blooded
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Predatory Fighter
- Resilient
- Natural Armour (4+)
- Stubborn



NAKAI

295 points

Profile

Nakai

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

Troop Type

Monstrous Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- The Sacred Blade of Quetzl

Special Rules:

- Aquatic
- Blessed Mark of the Old Ones
- Cold-blooded
- Jungle Spirit
- Natural Armour (3+)
- Regeneration (4+)
- Predatory Fighter



TETTO'EKO

190 points

Profile

Tetto'eko

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

Troop Type

Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic Items:

- The Eye of the Old Ones
- The Stellar Staff

Magic:

Tetto'eko is a Level 2 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Heavens.

Special Rules:

- Arcane Vassal
- Cold-blooded
- Herald of Cosmic Events
- Loremaster (Lore of Heavens)
- The Palanquin of Constellations



HEROES

TIQTAQ'TO

135 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Tiqtaq'to	6	4	5	4	3	2	6	3	7	Cavalry (Special Character)
Zwup (Terradon)	2	3	0	4	3	2	2	1	3	-

Magic Items:

- The Blade of Ancient Skies
- Mask of Heavens

Mount:

- Zwup (Terradon)

Special Rules:

- Ambushers
- Cold-blooded
- Drop Rocks
- Fear
- Fly
- Forest Strider
- Master of Skies

OXYOTL

90 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Oxyotl	6	4	6	4	3	2	6	3	7	Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic Items:

- The Golden Blowpipe of P'Toohee

Special Rules:

- Aquatic
- Chameleon
- Cold-blooded
- Hatred (Daemons of Chaos)
- Master Predator
- Scouts
- Sniper

INXI-HUINZI

75 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Inxi-Huinzi	6	4	5	4	3	2	6	3	7	Cavalry (Special Character)
Xltzhpctli (Horned One)	8	3	0	4	4	1	3	2	3	-

Equipment:

- Spear
- Shield
- Hail of Darts
- Light armour

Mount:

- Xltzhpctli (Horned One)

Special Rules:

- Bestial Roar
- Cold-blooded
- Fear
- Natural Armour (6+)



HEROES

SAURUS SCAR-VETERAN

100 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Saurus Scar-Veteran	4	5	0	5	5	2	3	4	8	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Cold-Blooded
- Natural Armour (5+)
- Predatory Fighter

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....4 points
 - Great weapon.....8 points
 - Spear.....4 points
 - Polearm.....8 points
- May take light armour.....2 points
- May take a shield.....2 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Cold One.....20 points
 - Horned One.....28 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points
- May take one Blessed Spawning up to a total of.....10 points



SKINK CHIEF

35 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skink Chief	6	4	5	4	3	2	6	3	6	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Aquatic
- Cold-Blooded

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....3 points
 - Spear.....3 points
- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Blowpipe.....4 points
 - Javelin (with Poisoned Attacks).....4 points
 - Short bow (with Poisoned Attacks).....4 points
- May take a shield.....2 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Horned One.....24 points
 - Terradon.....30 points
 - Ripperdactyl.....35 points
 - Troglodon.....150 points
 - Stegadon (replacing one of the crew).....215 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points
- May take one Blessed Spawning up to a total of.....10 points



SKINK PRIEST

60 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skink Priest	6	2	3	3	2	2	4	1	5	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Skink Priest is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Fire, Light, Heavens, Life or Beasts.

Special Rules:

- Aquatic
- Arcane Vassal
- Cold-Blooded

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Terradon.....30 points
 - Troglodon.....150 points
 - Coatl.....200 points
 - Ancient Stegadon with an Engine of the Gods (replacing one of the crew).....270 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points
- May take one Blessed Spawning up to a total of.....10 points



CORE UNITS



SAURUS WARRIORS

11 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Saurus Warrior	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	2	8	Infantry
Spawn Leader	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	3	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Cold-Blooded
- Natural Armour (6+)
- Predatory Fighter

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield

Options:

- May upgrade one Saurus Warrior to a Spawn Leader.....10 points
- May upgrade one Saurus Warrior to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Saurus Warrior to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may take spears.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may take one Blessed Spawning.....1 point per model

SKINK COHORT

3 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skink	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5	Infantry
Skink Brave	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	2	5	Infantry
Kroxigor	6	3	0	5	4	3	1	3	7	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules (Skink):

- Aquatic
- Cold-Blooded
- Spawn-kin

Equipment (Skink):

- Hand weapon
- Shield

Equipment (Kroxigor):

- Great weapon

Special Rules (Kroxigor):

- Aquatic
- Cold-Blooded
- Natural Armour (5+)
- Predatory Fighter

Options:

- May upgrade one Skink to a Skink Brave.....10 points
- May upgrade one Skink to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Skink to a standard bearer.....10 points
- All Skinks in the unit may take one of the following:
 - Spears.....1 point per model
 - Javelins (with Poisoned Attacks).....3 points per model
 - Replace shields with shortbows (with Poisoned Attacks).....3 points per model
- The unit may add one Kroxigor for every eight Skinks in the unit.....43 points per model
- The entire unit may take one Blessed Spawning.....1 point per Skink/3 points per Kroxigor

SKINK SKIRMISHERS

7 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Skink Skirmisher	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5	Infantry
Patrol Leader	6	2	4	3	2	1	4	1	5	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Aquatic
- Cold-Blooded
- Skirmishers

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Blowpipe

Options:

- May upgrade one Skink to a Patrol Leader.....10 points
- The entire unit may replace blowpipes with one of the following:
 - Javelins (with Poisoned Attacks) and shields.....1 point per model
 - Shortbows (with Poisoned Attacks).....1 point per model
- The entire unit may take one Blessed Spawning.....1 point per model

JUNGLE SWARMS

35 points per base

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Jungle Swarm	5	3	0	2	2	5	1	5	3	Swarm

Unit Size: 2+ bases

Special Rules:

- Aquatic
- Cold-Blooded
- Poisoned Attacks



SPECIAL UNITS

TEMPLE GUARD

17 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Temple Guard	4	4	0	4	4	1	2	2	8	Infantry
Revered Guardian	4	4	0	4	4	1	2	3	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Polearm
- Light armour
- Shield

- Cold-Blooded
- Guardians
- Predatory Fighter
- Natural Armour (5+)
- Sacred Duty

- May upgrade one Temple Guard to a Revered Guardian.....10 points
- May upgrade one Temple Guard to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Temple Guard to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May have a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- The entire unit may take one Blessed Spawning.....1 point per model

COLD ONE RIDERS

24 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Cold One Rider	4	4	0	4	4	1	2	2	8	Cavalry
Pack Leader	4	4	0	4	4	1	2	3	8	Cavalry
Cold One	7	3	0	4	4	1	2	2	3	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Spear
- Shield

- Cold-Blooded
- Fear
- Natural Armour (5+)
- Predatory Fighter
- Stupidity

- May upgrade one Cold One Rider to a Pack Leader.....10 points
- May upgrade one Cold One Rider to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Cold One Rider to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May have a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may take one Blessed Spawning.....2 points per model

Mount:

- Cold One

KROXIGORS

43 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Kroxigor	6	3	0	5	4	3	1	3	7	Monstrous Infantry
Kroxigor Ancient	6	3	0	5	4	3	1	4	7	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Great weapon

- Aquatic
- Cold-Blooded
- Natural Armour (5+)
- Predatory Fighter

- May upgrade one Kroxigor to a Kroxigor Ancient.....10 points
- The entire unit may take one Blessed Spawning.....3 points per model

CHAMELEON SKINKS

10 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Chameleon Skink	6	2	4	3	2	1	4	1	5	Infantry
Stalker	6	2	5	3	2	1	4	1	5	Infantry

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Blowpipe

- Aquatic
- Chameleon
- Cold-Blooded
- Skirmishers
- Scouts

- May upgrade one Chameleon Skink to a Stalker.....10 points
- The entire unit may take one Blessed Spawning.....1 point per model



SPECIAL UNITS



HORNED ONE RIDERS

19 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Great Crested Skink	6	3	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	Cavalry
Great Crested Brave	6	3	3	3	2	1	4	2	6	Cavalry
Horned One	8	3	0	4	4	1	3	2	3	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Cold-Blooded
- Fast Cavalry
- Fear
- Natural Armour (6+)

Equipment:

- Spear
- Shield

Mount:

- Horned One

Options:

- May upgrade one Great Crested Skink to a Great Crested Brave.....10 points
- May upgrade one Great Crested Skink to a musician.....5 points
- May upgrade one Great Crested Skink to a standard bearer.....10 points
- May have a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may take javelins (with poisoned attacks).....3 points per model
- The entire unit may take one Blessed Spawning.....2 points per model

TERRADON RIDERS

33 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Terradon Rider	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5	Cavalry
Sky Leader	6	2	4	3	2	1	4	1	5	Cavalry
Terradon	2	3	0	4	3	2	2	1	3	-

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Cold-Blooded
- Drop Rocks
- Fear
- Fly
- Forest Strider
- Poisoned Attacks (javelins only)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Javelin

Mount:

- Terradon

Options:

- May upgrade one Terradon Rider to a Sky Leader.....10 points
- The entire unit may replace javelins with fireleech bolas.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may take one Blessed Spawning.....2 points per model

RIPPERDACTYL RIDERS

37 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Ripperdactyl Rider	6	3	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	Cavalry
Ripperdactyl Brave	6	3	3	3	2	1	4	2	6	Cavalry
Ripperdactyl	2	3	0	4	3	2	3	2	3	-

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

- Armour Piercing (1) (Ripperdactyl only)
- Cold-Blooded
- Fear
- Fly
- Frenzy (Ripperdactyl only)
- Killing Blow (Ripperdactyl only)
- Toad Rage

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Spear
- Shield

Mount:

- Ripperdactyl

Options:

- May upgrade one Ripperdactyl Rider to a Ripperdactyl Brave.....10 points
- The entire unit may take one Blessed Spawning.....2 points per model



RARE UNITS

SALAMANDER HUNTING PACK

80 points per pack

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Salamander	6	3	3	5	4	3	4	2	4	Monstrous Beast
Skink Handler	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5	-

Unit Size: 1+ pack (each pack consists of 1 Salamander and 3 Skink Handlers)

Equipment (Crew):

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Aquatic
- Cold-Blooded
- Mixed Unit
- Natural Armour (5+)
- Skirmishers
- Spout Flames



RAZORDON HUNTING PACK

60 points per pack

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Razordon	6	3	3	5	4	3	4	2	4	Monstrous Beast
Skink Handler	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5	-

Unit Size: 1+ pack (each pack consists of 1 Razordon and 3 Skink Handlers)

Equipment (Crew):

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Aquatic
- Cold-Blooded
- Instinctive Defence
- Mixed Unit
- Natural Armour (5+)
- Skirmishers
- Shoot Barbs





RARE UNITS

BASTILADON

210 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bastiladon	4	3	0	5	6	5	1	3	6	Monster
Skink Crew	-	2	3	3	-	-	4	1	5	-

Unit Size:

1 Bastiladon and
4 Skink Crew

Special Rules:

- Cold-Blooded
- Impervious Defence
- Natural Armour (2+)
- Stubborn
- Thunderous Bludgeon

Options:

- The Bastiladon may replace its Ark of Sotek and 4 Skink Crew with one of the following:
 - Revivification crystal and 3 Skink Crew.....10 points
 - Solar Engine and 3 Skink Crew.....40 points

Equipment (Crew):

- Javelin

Equipment (Bastiladon):

- Ark of Sotek

STEGADON

215 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Stegadon	6	3	0	5	6	5	2	4	6	Monster
Ancient Stegadon	6	3	0	6	6	5	1	3	6	
Skink Crew	-	2	3	3	-	-	4	1	5	-

Unit Size:

1 Stegadon and
5 Skink Crew

Special Rules:

- Cold-Blooded
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Impact Hits (D6+1)
- Natural Armour (4+) (Stegadon only)
- Natural Armour (3+) (Ancient Stegadon only)
- Stubborn

Options:

- May be upgraded to an Ancient Stegadon.....5 points
- An Ancient Stegadon may replace its Giant Bow with one of the following:
 - Giant blowpipes.....free
 - Engine of the Gods.....50 points
- May be upgraded with any of the following:
 - Unstoppable Stampede.....10 points
 - Sharpened Horns.....20 points

Equipment (Crew):

- Javelin

Equipment (Stegadon):

- Giant Bow

DREAD SAURIAN

365 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Dread Saurian	7	4	0	8	7	10	1	6	6	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Cold-Blooded
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Multiple Wounds (D3)
- Natural Armour (3+)

Options:

- May take one of the following:
 - Tepok's Crystalline Eye.....60 points
 - The Blazing Configuraton of Chotec.....35 points
 - The Golden Shroud of Tlazcotl.....35 points
 - Quetzl's Flawless Heartstone.....35 points
 - The Shadow Rebus of Huanchi.....25 points

COATL

200 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Coatl	5	4	0	5	5	5	2	4	8	Monster

Unit Size: 1

Special Rules:

- Cold-blooded
- Fly
- Guardian of the Sacred Places
- Magic Resistance (3)
- Magical Storm
- Natural Armour (4+)



SUMMARY

LORDS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Kroq-Gar	4	6	0	5	5	3	3	5	8	Mo
- Grymloq	7	3	0	6	5	5	2	5	5	-
Lord Kroak	4	0	0	3	5	6	0	0	9	MI
Lord Mazdamundi	4	2	3	3	4	5	2	1	9	Mo
- Zlaaq	6	3	0	6	6	5	1	3	6	-
Saurus Oldblood	4	6	0	5	5	3	3	5	8	In
Slann Mage-Priest	4	1	3	3	4	5	1	0	9	MI
Skink Attendant	-	2	3	3	-	-	4	1	-	-
Tehehauin	6	6	5	4	3	3	6	3	8	In

HEROES	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Chakax	4	5	0	5	5	2	3	4	8	In
Gor-Rok	4	5	0	5	5	2	3	4	8	In
Inxi-Huinzi	6	4	5	4	3	2	6	3	7	Ca
- Xltzhpctli	8	3	0	4	4	1	3	2	3	-
Nakai	6	5	0	6	5	4	3	5	8	MI
Oxyotl	6	4	6	4	3	2	6	3	7	In
Saurus Scar-Veteran	4	5	0	5	5	2	3	4	8	In
Skink Chief	6	4	5	4	3	2	6	3	6	In
Skink Priest	6	2	3	3	2	2	4	1	5	In
Tetto'eko	6	2	3	2	2	2	4	1	6	In
Tiqtaq'to	6	4	5	4	3	2	6	3	7	Ca
- Zwup	2	3	0	4	3	2	2	1	3	-

CORE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Jungle Swarm	4	3	0	2	2	5	1	5	3	Sw
Saurus Warrior	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	2	7	In
- Spawn Leader	4	3	0	4	4	1	1	3	7	In
Skink	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5	In
- Skink Brave	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	2	5	In
- Kroxigor	6	3	0	5	4	3	1	3	7	MI
Skink Skirmisher	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5	In
- Patrol Leader	6	2	4	3	2	1	4	1	5	In

SPECIAL UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Chameleon Skink	6	2	4	3	2	1	4	1	5	In
- Stalker	6	2	5	3	2	1	4	1	5	In
Cold One Rider	4	4	0	4	4	1	2	2	8	Ca
- Pack Leader	4	4	0	4	4	1	2	3	8	Ca
- Cold One	7	3	0	4	4	1	2	2	3	-
Great Crested Skink	6	3	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	Ca
- Great Crested Brave	6	3	3	3	2	1	4	2	6	Ca
- Horned One	8	3	0	4	4	1	3	2	3	-
Kroxigor	6	3	0	5	4	3	1	3	7	MI
- Kroxigor Ancient	6	3	0	5	4	3	1	4	7	MI
Ripperdactyl Rider	6	3	3	3	2	1	4	1	6	Ca
- Ripperdactyl Brave	6	3	3	3	2	1	4	2	6	Ca
- Ripperdactyl	2	3	0	4	3	2	3	2	3	-
Temple Guard	4	4	0	4	4	1	2	2	8	In
- Revered Guardian	4	4	0	4	4	1	2	3	8	In
Terradon Rider	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5	Ca
- Sky Leader	6	2	4	3	2	1	4	1	5	Ca
- Terradon	2	3	0	4	3	2	2	1	3	-

RARE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Bastiladon	4	3	0	5	6	5	1	3	6	Mo
- Skink Crew	-	2	3	3	-	-	4	1	5	-
Coatl	5	4	0	5	5	5	2	4	8	Mo
Dread Saurian	7	4	0	8	7	10	1	6	6	Mo
Razordon	6	3	3	5	4	3	4	2	4	MB
- Skink Handler	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5	-
Salamander	6	3	3	5	4	3	4	2	4	MB
- Skink Handler	6	2	3	3	2	1	4	1	5	-
Stegadon	6	3	0	5	6	5	2	4	6	Mo
- Ancient Stegadon	6	3	0	6	6	5	1	3	6	Mo
- Skink Crew	-	2	3	3	-	-	4	1	5	-

MOUNTS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Carnosaur	7	3	0	6	5	5	2	4	5	Mo
Cold One	7	3	0	4	4	1	2	2	3	WB
Horned One	8	3	0	4	4	1	3	2	3	WB
Ripperdactyl	2	3	0	4	3	2	3	2	3	WB
Terradon	2	3	0	4	3	2	2	1	3	WB
Troglodon	7	3	4	5	5	5	2	3	5	Mo

Troop Type Key: In = *Infantry*, WB = *War Beast*, Ca = *Cavalry*, MI = *Monstrous Infantry*, MB = *Monstrous Beast*, MC = *Monstrous Cavalry*, Mo = *Monster*, Ch = *Chariot*, Sw = *Swarms*, Un = *Unique*, WM = *War Machine*.











LIZARDMEN

Long before the rise of the new races, the Lizardmen ruled supreme. Alien, enigmatic, and without mercy, the Lizardmen will stop at nothing to restore order to a chaotic world. Such is what they were made to do. After long ages of battle fighting to preserve their ancient civilization, the Lizardmen now seek to conquer, fully enacting the unfinished plans of their long-lost cosmic masters. From the steaming jungles, their armies issue forth, unleashing cold-blooded savagery upon any who stand before them. With roars of reptilian fury, once more the Lizardmen seek to rule the world.

Inside you will find:

- A Bestiary describing every unit, monster, hero and war machine in your army.
- An army list to arrange your collection of miniatures into a battle-ready force.
- A comprehensive section that details the Lizardmen domains, their culture and their history.

Warhammer: Lizardmen is one of a series of supplements for Warhammer. Each book describes in detail an army, its history and its heroes.

A supplement for

WARHAMMER

The Game of Fantasy Battles