

WARHAMMER

DOGS OF WAR



WARHAMMER ARMIES





DOGS OF WAR



By Mathias Eliasson
v.1.2



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Compiled & Edited by: Mathias Eliasson

Cover Art: David Gallagher

Art: John Blanche, Alex Boyd, Wayne England, Des Hanley, Toby Hynes, Nuala Kennedy, Paul Smith, John Wigley, Carl Frank, Karl Kopinski, Ubisoft Montreal, Creative Assembly, Legends of Eisenwald, Mischeivouslittelf, innerabove, Malvino, leventep, skor2d, justaman78, P G Morán, Greg Taylor, Iatroblast, Mariusz Kozik, Windmaker, heisr, scebiqu, landscaperunner, saturnoarg, Nacho Molina, Anry Nemo, samshank0443, brotherostavia, jbcasacop, John McCambridge, rhineville. **Rules Development:** Mathias Eliasson. **Book Design:** Mathias Eliasson. **Editing:** Mathias Eliasson. **Additional Material:** Tuomas Pirinen, Antonio de Miragliano, Robert J. Schwalb, Michael Dowling, Andrew Law, M. George Gotich, Jason McFarlane, Anthony Porter, Orion Houle, Bill J. Wilson, Nick Kyme, Jake Thornton, T.S. Luikart, Ian Sturrock, Jay Little, Mikko Savolainen. **Original Book:** Nigel Stillman, Rick Priestley, Tuomas Pirinen, Alessio Cavatore.

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to *Warhammer: Dogs of War*, your definite guide to collecting, painting and playing with a Dogs of War army in the Warhammer tabletop wargame.

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 Dogs of War into an army of sellswords under the leadership of a daredevil mercenary general.

DOGS OF WAR

Wherever there is gold to be won you will find them. Whenever there is a fight in the offing they will be lurking around the next corner. These are dangerous men, all too willing to lend the weight of their blade to whoever will offer the heaviest purse.

The Dogs of War are warlords and bandits, sell-swords and freebooters, and brave adventurers who willingly risk all upon the battlefield for the chance to win measureless riches. They are possibly the most egalitarian force in the whole of the Warhammer world. These sell-sword armies are formed from a wide variety of races who have set aside their petty differences and banded together under one banner. Man fights alongside Dwarf and Elf and Ogre, all in the name of the purest cause of all: unadulterated greed!

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

Warhammer: Dogs of War contains the following sections:

- **Mercenaries and Sell-Swords.** This section introduces the Dogs of War and their part in the Warhammer world. It includes their society and history. You will also find information on the land of Tilea, the greatest melting pot of races in the world.
- **Soldiers of Fortune.** Each and every troop type in the Dogs of War army is examined here. You will find a full description of the unit, alongside the complete rules for any special abilities or options they possess. This section also includes the Quirks and Traits, detailing traits and backgrounds that are only available to the Dogs of War, and the Spoils of War – magical artefacts that are unique to the army – along with rules to use them in your games.
- **Dogs of War Army List.** The army list takes all of the characters, warriors, monsters and war machines from the Dogs of War section and arranges them so that you can choose an army for your games. Units are classed as characters (Lords or Heroes), Core, Special or Rare, and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of the game you are playing.







MERCENARIES AND SELLSWORDS

Unlike other Warhammer armies, the Dogs of War do not come from a particular place, nor do they comprise a particular race, although men do feature very strongly amongst their number. They are bands of warriors who live by fighting – fighting for pay, fighting for adventure and, most importantly of all, fighting for the chance to win fabulous wealth. Some are merely bandits, pirates and cut-throats of the most untrustworthy kind, but others are gallant Princes and buccaneers who lead bold warriors to adventure and conquest in faraway lands.

The Dogs of War are mercenary armies who live by fighting – fighting for heroic causes, fighting for adventure, but most importantly fighting for cash!



MERCENARIES OF TILEA

Mercenaries are a common sight on the battlefields of the Warhammer world. Not all of them are human, although most are. Amongst the Dogs of War, freebooters from the frozen wastes of Norsca rub shoulders with Corsairs from Araby and mysterious warrior monks from the east.

Sellswords are assured of ready and profitable employment. The demand for soldiery in the Warhammer world has led to the establishment of numerous mercenary bands – soldiers who sold their services to whichever general happened to require them. Although some generals are willing to hire mercenary troops on a more or less permanent basis, most mercenaries are hired only when needed. Besides, the fees charged by the very best fighters are far too high for ordinary generals to pay on a long-term basis. The most successful mercenary captains become rich and influential in their own right, and their services are soon in demand throughout the Old World and beyond.

Mercenaries commonly form into itinerant bands under the leadership of a charismatic or especially brutal leader. The most famous of these bands are, more often than not, known by the name of their leader, such as Verthhold Brekt's Halberdiers, Hagar Whitefang's Were-Marauders, Bradan Swiftleaf's Glade Riders, Khalag's Sure Shots, and the renowned Golphag's Ogres. An entire army of Dogs of War is made up of many of these bands under the overall leadership of a roguish mercenary general.

Mercenary armies of Dogs of War fight all over the world. They are drawn to places where fortunes can be won by ruthless adventurers. The treasure-houses of the Lizardmen in Lustria are a major prize and have attracted many a would-be conqueror, such as the crazed Piazza Pizzaro and the near-legendary Sven Hasselfriesian. Further east the mysterious Dragon Isles and the shadowy lands of Cathay have tempted soldiers of fortune such as Count Egmond Baernhof and the infamous Thorson Grint. South to the Lands of the Dead and the legendary treasure of Khemri, the

Southlands and the legendary treasures of Karak Zorn, eastwards to Cathay, and west to the treasure-houses of Lustria, the world is truly awash with rag-tag armies of sell-swords who nurture wishful dreams of empire!

Although Dogs of War ply their bloody trade to every point of the compass, the most notorious breeding-ground of mercenaries is the land of Tilea in the Old World. From all the kingdoms of the Old World and many lands beyond, sell-swords come to Tilea where they can be assured of ready and profitable employment. The reasons for this are quite obvious. Tilea is an anarchic and largely ungovernable country, where self-serving individuals rule precariously over proudly independent cities. The real power lies with wealthy Merchant Princes who plot and scheme against the tax-gathering authorities and each other with almost equal enthusiasm. Indeed, such is the tradition in Tilea that all armies of any size are mercenary armies – paid for and deployed by a wealthy Prince, a devious merchant or some ambitious tyrant.

Tilea is also a melting-pot to which all kinds of mercenaries come with the notion of joining whatever overseas adventure is flavour of the month. Such ventures are sometimes funded by wealthy merchants keen to open up new trade routes east and south, but often the whole thing is down to some crazed adventurer with a theory that the world is round, cubed, the shape of a very tall floppy hat, or some other such nonsense. No matter what the motivation, bold armies of Dogs of War depart every few weeks from the ports of Tilea and sail off into the sunset. On the whole they are never heard of again, but just occasionally a ship sails back stuffed to the gunnels with treasure, bearing a few jewel-encrusted survivors back to a new life of ease and luxury.

THE RISE OF MERCENARIES

From early times, the merchants of Tilea hired soldiers to defend their ships from pirates on the high seas and to escort their merchandise on overland trade routes. Of course, warehouses and property also had to be guarded, and so it became usual for merchants to maintain troops more or less all the time.

The various mercantile families also used their mercenaries to further their political ambitions at home, either to make themselves absolute rulers of their cities, or to oppose such tyrants and proclaim a republic! In Tilea money is power - and power, military might and status all amount to pretty much the same thing.

THE MERCENARY BANDS

The demand for soldiery led to the establishment of numerous mercenary bands - soldiers who sold their services to whichever merchant, trader or banker happened to require them.





Merchants would sometimes hire troops on a more or less permanent basis, but most would be hired only when needed. Besides, the fees charged by the very best fighters were far too high for ordinary merchants to pay. The most successful mercenary captains became rich and influential in their own right, and their services were soon in demand throughout Tilea. Rivalry between the different merchants inevitably led to raids and even outright wars. When this happened it was the mercenaries that settled things, and the side which could muster the most money would usually win pretty quickly! Merchants would sometimes squander entire fortunes hiring mercenaries to fight their wars, whilst money lenders were all too eager to provide more cash secured against future earnings.

In this way the armies of Tilea developed as mercenary armies. Many good fighters grew rich on the profits, whilst warriors from all over the Old World would gravitate to Tilea where their talents would be appropriately rewarded.

INVASIONS AND STRIFE

The Tileans were lucky that their lands remained largely free of Orcs, Goblins and other monstrous creatures during the early years. However, this could not last forever, and in 475 a vast horde of greenskins invaded Tilea from the east.

The Tilean merchants were not used to fighting foreign invaders – most of their battles were against each other! The sudden appearance of brutal greenskinned savages burning crops, torching farms, and making off with merchant caravans was quite a shock. So several of the most powerful merchants got together and hired the biggest army ever seen in Tilea up until that time. The mercenary army marched out to meet the Orc tribes. The Tilean general pitched his tents on one side of a mighty river from where he could observe the Orcs' crude encampment. Obviously he was pretty appalled at the mess and ruin that the Orcs had caused on the other side of the river. The thought of such crude and uncultured creatures running loose in Tilea was too awful to contemplate.



However, the Tileans did notice a very strange thing as they observed the greenskins' camp. The various Orc contingents would occasionally stop whatever task they were about and begin to fight each other. Indeed, the whole Orc army was plainly riven with dissent, and only the personal attention of the big Orc warlord was keeping it together. This gave the cunning Tilean general an idea.

The Tileans decided that rather than fight the Orcs they would simply hire half the Orc army to fight the other half. That way, no matter which side won, the Tileans couldn't possibly lose. What's more, the spoils won by the victorious half would pay for the cost of hiring them!

How exactly this was accomplished is not recorded, but that the plan worked is beyond doubt. The Orcs were promptly defeated. The Orcs who had been hired for the battle were promptly re-employed and sent off to the frontier under the command of a Tilean general, to beat up the Orc tribes that were still there.

Since that day the Tileans have cheerfully employed mercenaries of many races. Encouraged by the willingness of Tileans to pay for good soldiers regardless of race, mercenary bands have flocked to Tilea to find work. As a result, Tilea has become a melting pot where soldiers from many lands can be found.

ADVENTURERS

Eager to open up new trade routes the merchants of Tilea have always been willing to finance expeditions of exploration. Not only can this lead to new discoveries and increased profit, but it also removes a great many mercenary bands from Tilea itself. In times of peace this is seen as a good thing because it means that unemployed mercenaries, who would otherwise spend their time wandering the cities of Tilea looking for trouble, are diverted towards more profitable pursuits.

The Tileans have always been willing to spend money to make money, and are able to finance and equip expeditions that other peoples would find impossible. Consequently, Tilea has become a haven for navigators, cartographers, explorers, and discoverers. Scarcely a month goes by without one expedition or other setting off for Lustria, the Southlands, or overland to Cathay. Big expeditions require whole armies of hired warriors, most of whom are destined to perish horribly in the jungles and deserts of some foreign land – assuming they don't get shipwrecked or drowned beforehand!

For the lucky few who meet with success, the rewards are great. The most successful generals return home as heroes, their ships stuffed to the gunnels with treasure, their journals filled with highly imaginative accounts of new lands, exotic tribes, and their own heroic deeds. Others don't return home at all, but set themselves up as rulers of the cities and lands that they discover, where they live in the lap of luxury.





THE LEGEND OF THE PAYCHEST

Several historians record the origins of the mercenary general's custom of taking the paychest into battle. This account was made by Kurt Breizenhof of Nuln.

As everyone knows, it is the custom in a mercenary army to put the paychest on a wagon in the midst of the troops. The chest, which is invariably very strong and bound with bands of iron and bronze, contains all the treasure and gold with which the employer or the general intends to pay the soldiers after victory is won.

Furthermore, any booty in the form of gold or silver which is captured by the soldiers in the course of the campaign is added to the treasure in the paychest, to be shared out among the army before it is disbanded. Since the amount of treasure in the paychest is usually very great, only a small proportion of it will be used up in paying for supplies for the army while the campaign is being fought, leaving the greater part to reward the soldiers.

The paychest has come to be a symbol of the great faith of the army in their commander and the cause for which they fight, and also of the good faith of the commander and the state he represents towards those who are prepared to shed their blood in his service.

Although the arrogant generals of other armies may mock this custom, the battle standards of their armies are merely relics or tokens inspiring loyalty by honour and pride alone. If such a standard is lost, they simply find or weave another one! Furthermore, their warriors are still paid and supplied, even though they allowed the standard to be lost! However, if the paychest is captured it is not merely a matter of honour, it can mean the complete ruination of the mercenary general in charge! Also, none of the soldiers will be paid or supplied! For this reason the presence of the paychest on the field of battle, within sight of the enemy, is a sign to friend and foe alike that the army and its commander will fight with the utmost determination!

The origins of this excellent custom go back to the most distant times. It is said that the first general to bring a paychest into battle was Justintine of Varena in the days when Orcs and Goblins prowled the lands. Hearing that there was much treasure in the city of Varena, and that the walls of the city had tumbled down in an earthquake, the greedy Orcs gathered together into an army to attack the city. Justintine knew that Varena could not be held and resolved that the treasure should not fall into the hands of the Orcs. Justintine led the entire population, accompanied by a wagon bearing a great treasure chest, out of Varena to found a new city elsewhere.

Unfortunately, the greed of the Orcs and Goblins was so great that they followed Justintine's army wherever it went. Justintine marched his army fast, crossing many rivers and successfully evading the Orcs for many months. Meanwhile the Orc horde grew larger and larger and would not give up the pursuit. Soon all the scattered Orc and Goblin warbands within a hundred leagues had

joined those following the treasure chest, and they had proclaimed a certain Warlord Ugwarg as their leader.

Thus throughout the land there came a respite from Orc and Goblin attacks as all of them gathered in pursuit of Justintine. At long last Justintine and his army, found themselves near the sea. They were tired of forced marching and decided to turn and fight to the death, even though the odds were against them. While the Orcs approached, Justintine sent out word that he would share out the great treasure among any who would come to his aid, rather than let the Orcs have it.

As soon as this news spread throughout the Old World, adventurous and impoverished warriors began arriving at Justintine's camp. Some came by sea, others marched by night and day over land.

When the Orc horde drew up for battle, Ugwarg was amazed at the size of the army opposite him and his dark heart grew faint. Seeing the masts of a few ships upon the shore, his chiefs urged their warlord to lead the attack, desiring to capture the treasure before the enemy made away with it across the sea. They did not know that their enemy had no intention of retreating!

The Orcs and Goblins surged onwards, driven by greed and the warlike instincts of their race. They were soon impaled upon the long spears of the troops arrayed like a solid wall upon the shores of the sea. In the midst of the battle line was the treasure chest. Standing upon the chest was Hurcio, a giant of a man, armed with nothing but a club and wearing only the pelt of a lion. Although the Orcs and Goblins surged around him, not one reached the treasure chest and lived.

It is said that the slaughter of Orcs and Goblins on that day was so great that the land was free from marauders for ten years afterwards. So great were the number of fallen that when Justintine shared out the treasure among the survivors every soldier had so much gold that he could buy land and build himself a mansion. Indeed many Old World nobles claim descent from the victors of the battle!

All the heroes who fought that day took up the custom of taking their treasure chests into battle and were always victorious in their fights against the Orcs, sea raiders or each other! Thus did the custom become established. As to where exactly the great battle was fought, no one knows for sure. The Luccinians say it was fought near to their own city while the citizens of Remas claim that it was fought not far south of that city. The battle does not have a proper name and is known simply as the 'Victory of Justintine' in all the tales. Nor can the city be found which Justintine is said to have established on the seashore for the survivors of his people. As to the ruins of Varena, they do exist. They lie not far from Trantio and they are very old indeed.



Tilea is the home of the mercenary, where Dogs of War go to find employment and where would-be lords and rulers go to find them. It is split into many squabbling republics and principalities, which ensures that there is always work for a warrior willing to fight for gold. No mercenary worth his sword will ever get bored in Tilea!

Every year, expeditions large and small set off for the fabled lands of Lustria and Cathay, seeking new trade routes or simply off to plunder. This makes Tilea a magnet for every scoundrel with a lust for gold and an eye for adventure. It is a hero's starting point in countless tales of daring exploits, brave rescues, and impossible deeds – and some stories are true!



THE LAND OF TILEA

Tilea is an anarchic land, as the wealthy merchant princes of the independent city states plot against each other and sponsor expeditions into the unknown. All this anarchy means mercenaries who travel there can be assured of profitable employment.

THE ANCIENT LAND OF TILEA

Tilea is the name of the fertile lands surrounding the warm and tranquil Tilean Sea. This region is separated from the surrounding continent by high mountains. To the north run the Irrana peaks which stand like saw teeth against the sky. Beyond them are the even higher and more dangerous peaks known as the Vaults. Only a Dwarf could hope to cross these except by one of the few passes.

To the east runs the long mountain chain of the rugged Apuccinis, which divide the plains of Tilea from the wilderness that is the Border Princes. In former times, fierce tribes of Orcs would swarm out of the Badlands, across the region now held by the Border Princes and over the Apuccini Mountains to pillage the riches of Tilea. The mountains are still dangerous and Orc raiders are still a nuisance, but nowhere near as much as they were then.

To the west, the Abasko Mountains separate Tilea from the arid plateau of Estalia. The only great Tilean state on this side of the Tilean Sea is Tobaró, which benefits from the natural defences of the mountains and the rugged coastline with its many rocky islands. Tilea is not a single unified realm by any means.

Indeed, the Tileans are said to be naturally anarchic and do not bend easily to government of any kind. Scarce wonder then, that Tilea is a patchwork of fiercely independent principalities, some ruled by despots, others by powerful Merchant Princes, and some by a republican council of one kind or another.

THE ORIGINS OF THE TILEANS

Elven scholars tell of a mysterious city that disappeared beneath the Blighted Marshes in the remote past. This ancient city was called Til, Tilae, or perhaps Tylos – there is no way of knowing for sure. Tylos or Tyleus is also the name of a legendary figure in Tilean folklore, and is traditionally identified as the father of the Tilean people. If these legends are true it could mean that the modern Tileans are descended from the primitive people who dwelt in and around the strange ancient city which disappeared beneath the Blighted Marshes.

Although today's Tileans are unlikely to be direct descendants of the citizens of Tylos, who presumably perished in the cataclysm that engulfed their city, they might well be descended from the tribesfolk who tended the crops and grazed the flocks that fed and clothed the inhabitants of the nearby metropolis. One legend records a tithe of slaves levied on the tribes which had to be sent every year to Tyleus to labour on his great building projects. When the city of Tylos (if that was indeed its name) met its destruction, no doubt a great burden of tribute was lifted from the people of the surrounding regions.





The Apuccini Mountains are rugged and bare with sparse vegetation, but not so cold or snowbound as the higher mountain ranges further north. The Abasko Mountains are much the same, but the Irrana Mountains, being part of the Vaults, are much colder and more treacherous.

The Blighted Marshes are exactly as their name suggests: a vast expanse of bleak and dangerous stagnation. Tileans hardly ever venture into them and of those that do, few ever return.

The Tilean Sea is warm and calm. It is sometimes tempestuous, but only treacherous around the rocky islands of the coast south of Tobaró, and in the Pirates' Current. Apart from this, the sea is calm and easy sailing for small ships and sleek galleys. This has greatly benefited trade around the sea between the Tilean cities, but it has also made the coast vulnerable to pirates, Corsairs of Araby and raiders from as far away as Norsca and even Naggaroth.

THE DECAYING RUINS OF A FORMER GOLDEN AGE

Many years ago the Elves of Ulthuan were attracted to the shores of the Tilean Sea where they founded several colonies as part of their trading network in the Old World. The ruins of most of these are now buried beneath later Tilean cities, but there are some that still lie abandoned as heaps of masonry and fallen columns overgrown with wild flowers and ivy. Here, tomb robbers dig holes to look for ancient Elf gems and relics.

There are no known Elven ruins situated close to the Blighted Marshes. Perhaps this is because the Elves chose to avoid the ancient city of Tylos, inhabited, as it no doubt was, by savage and primitive humans. The Elves traded with the humans, and perhaps it is from the mercantile Elves that the Tileans inherited their own traditions of trade. The superior culture and highly developed civilisation of the Elves must have made quite an impression on the people of Tylos who had little knowledge of metalwork or even writing before the Elves arrived.

THE RISE OF THE TILEAN CITY STATES

Even before the High Elves abandoned the Old World, Tilean tribes were already settling along the fertile coastal plains. Despite sharing the same origins and traditions, the settlements that grew up on top of the Elven ruins were never united into a single realm. There were two good reasons for this.

Firstly, unlike the Empire and Bretonnia, Tilea was fortunate in not being overrun by Orcs & Goblins in the aftermath of the war between the Elves and Dwarfs and the subsequent abandonment of the Elven cities. This was due to the barrier provided by the high mountains on all sides. The Tileans did not have to struggle for survival with these savage races and fight for possession of the land. It is true that the Skaven came to infest the smouldering ruins in the Blighted Marshes, but these invaders preferred to hide, seldom appearing in the surrounding lands. Civilised life, culture, and especially trade was able to flourish while northern peoples studied only war in a bitter and prolonged struggle against the Orcs & Goblins. When these savage tribes did eventually break into Tilea, they found populous cities with strong walls and well-equipped armies to resist them.

Secondly, the Tileans are independent minded, strong-willed, and, some would say, impossible to govern by force. A Tilean's sense of pride and loyalty is always first and foremost to his own family, his immediate locale, and only then to his city. This meant that any attempts at empire building within Tilea were bitterly resisted. Cities would resist conquering tyrants for years and if anyone managed to subjugate several cities and started calling himself 'King' or 'Emperor', his doom was sealed and a gruesome assassination was certain to follow fairly swiftly!

TILEAN GENIUS

The lively minds of the Tileans account for the many great artists, architects, scholars, explorers, merchants, inventive geniuses, astronomers, diplomats and wizards for which Tilea is renowned. Perhaps this is due to the ancient influence of the Elves. Early contact with such an advanced civilisation could be one reason why the Tileans are so very different from the peoples of the Empire and Bretonnia.



THE CITIZENS

The rulers of Tilea were never feudal landowners in the same way as the mighty nobles of Bretonnia and the Empire. In contrast, the most important Tileans have always, by tradition, resided in the cities and not in castles in the countryside. Trade is the primary source of wealth rather than feudal domains and fields tilled by peasants.

A Merchant Prince's household includes his own family and numerous relatives all of whom look up to him as the head of this extended family. He employs countless craftsmen, artists, traders, sea captains, servants, grooms and many other people besides. Every merchant takes pride in employing the best people he can afford, and the Merchant Prince of a city must always employ the very best people for the sake of appearances.

Rural Tileans farm the extensive and fertile fields outside the city walls. Some of these farms are owned by a family that has lived in the area for years. Others are owned by merchants who run the farms and vineyards to produce commodities that they can sell through their trading networks.

Tilea's marketplaces swell with the influx of strange imports and stranger foreigners. Legendary for their shrewd bargaining skills, Tilean merchants are second

only to the Araby dealers, whose negotiations are legendary. As a nation, they export grains, cattle, goats, sheep, silver, and Tobaró gemstones to ports all over.

Of course there are frequent border disputes between the cities of Tilea. Sometimes these are settled by skirmishes, sometimes by an agreement to lend a large sum of cash! Some cities control a very large area while others are small enough for a watchman in a watchtower to see the border beacons in every direction. The most powerful merchants usually build lavish villas out in the countryside for themselves.

The coastal regions of Tilea have always been subjected to the ravages of sea raiders including the savage Norse, Corsairs from Araby, and various other pirates. Similarly, marauders coming out of the eastern mountains and swarms of vile Skaven coming out of the ground have frequently menaced the countryside. The quickest and most sensible thing for the country folk to do when this happens is to abandon their farms and seek the safety of the strong walls of their city, swelling the ranks of the defenders. Often they burn the crops in the fields rather than allow the enemy to eat them. Faced with a siege, the raiders usually return to their ships or skulk off empty-handed. In this way the Tilean cities have endured through many dark centuries, keeping the light of civilisation and prudent finance alive and well within their walls.





THE CHALLENGE OF RAVOLA

This tale, well known in Tilea, tells how the Tileans put an end to the ambitions of the Bretonnian dukes to acquire lands in Tilea. There had been several indecisive battles in the foothills of the Irrana Mountains, between Bretonnian barons and mercenaries in the pay of the Prince of Miragliano. This version of the story was discovered in the library of Miragliano.

Anxious to make the arrogant Bretonnian dukes and barons respect the borders of his principality, the Prince of Miragliano offered a truce. The Bretonnians agreed to attend a conference, hoping to gain something by intimidating the Prince with the might of Bretonnian chivalry. The meeting place was to be the small town of Ravola, the first settlement on the Tilean side of the mountains and one which was coveted by the Bretonnians because of its fine vineyards, even though all the people were rein, firmly for the Prince.

The Bretonnian deputation consisted of many proud and splendid knights, accompanied by their retinues and many heralds versed in the feudal laws of their country. The Prince, accompanied by an equally fine array of mercenaries, welcomed them. There followed several days of banqueting and dancing before the serious talking began.

Such was the overbearing pride and arrogance of the Bretonnians that one of them, called Baron du Bors, declared that the Bretonnians were better knights than the Tileans and so the Tileans had better just hand over Ravola and be done with it!

Hearing this, the leader of the mercenary Venators, whose name was Etto the Fierce, was enraged and challenged the Bretonnian to a joust. He was quickly followed by the rest of the Venators who rose up and issued their own challenges. The Bretonnians accepted the challenge with their typical bravado, and the Bretonnian duke, certain that his knights would unhorse all the Tileans, offered to relinquish his claim to Ravola if the Tileans won the tourney. The Prince, always ready to gamble, and knowing that fortune often smiled on the brave, agreed.

And so it was arranged for there to be a tourney in Ravola in which seven Venators would joust against seven Bretonnian knights. The heralds explained the rules to the Tileans who were not greatly versed in this Bretonnian custom. They made a point of forbidding the use of enchanted weapons of any kind.

The next day the Bretonnians and Tileans stood opposite each other on the field of Ravola. Since there were hardly any Bretonnian ladies present, the pavilion was full of the fine ladies of Ravola and Miragliano who had come to watch the spectacle. Of course the Bretonnians were so arrogant and conceited that they insisted on asking for ladies favours! Then a strange thing happened. Whenever a Bretonnian knight asked for a favour, he was granted it, and not just a veil or a scarf either! This put them in a very good mood indeed and they made ready to joust with even more than their usual confidence.

Soon the jousting began. First one Bretonnian knight was unhorsed, to the dismay of his companions, then another and another until all the Bretonnian knights had been knocked off their warhorses by the Tilean Venators. The contest was fought with blunted lances so all of the Bretonnians survived to endure their undying shame and embarrassment.

One of the Bretonnian heralds took a look at the broken Tilean lances. Turning to the Venators, he angrily shouted out that the Tilean lances were longer than the Bretonnian ones, to which a Tilean lady replied from the pavilion, "Yes we know!" At that the entire field of spectators fell about laughing. The heralds could not argue that long lances were enchanted weapons, and there was nothing for the Bretonnians to do except pack their baggage and beat a hasty retreat from the scene of their humiliation. Since that time there have been no further claims by Bretonnians to any lands in Tilea.

The rumour is that the ladies of Tilea would never have given any favours to the Bretonnian knights had Etto and the Prince not persuaded them with an offer they could not refuse. They did this so that the Bretonnians would be so pleased with themselves and so dazzled by the glamour of the ladies that they would not notice that all the Tilean lances were just a little bit longer than the Bretonnian ones!



THE PRINCIPALITIES OF TILEA

Whether or not they are aware of it, every Tilean community large or small is governed by one of the mighty city-states. These cramped centres of commerce are where the most powerful and wealthy princes have gathered, imposing their right to collect taxes and raise armies to defend themselves from their rivals. The struggle between the city-states is an ever changing dance of influence and territorial claims, frequently settled by military engagements but just as often by posturing, bribery and ransoms.

Because of this arrangement, politics plays an enormous role in the lives of most Tileans, though most will have no voice in it. Conscription and rationing are common, but it's accepted as a temporary sacrifice to ensure long term survival. After all, "the call of the city is the order of the state," or so the princes assert in their courts. But things are not as despotic as one might expect, and villages along the borders between two states may choose to join either. It serves each prince to be agreeable as well as ambitious, as Tileans have a strong sense of pride and they will only follow those that they trust and respect.

One cannot forget that Tilea has been inhabited for more than four thousand years, existing in much the same state as it is in today. Powers may change hand or natural disasters may empty a region of its entire populace, only later to be resettled and rebuilt using the same stone blocks hewn by bronze axes in ancient times. Thus the typical Tilean settlement is composed of buildings of various styles but with walls of a

mottled grey, lichen-cruste colour. Even the roof tiles are likely to be grey, made from slate that's found all along the coast and in great deposits that rise out of the plains. Only in the larger towns and cities is there a trend to whitewash walls and furnish houses with red clay tile roofs. Still, the peculiarities of any region will give rise to unique traditions, lending to each small village a strong sense of identity, and to each city a certain character.

The fractious principalities and republics which populate Tilea are a diverse lot, wracked with discord and dissent. But although they have fought against each other for centuries, they will still unite on one thing: they all agree that Tileans are the bravest warriors and most skilled artisans in the world!

THE TORMENTED PRINCIPALITY OF TOBARO

Tobaro is the only great Tilean city on the western shores of the Tilean Sea. Here the narrow coastal plain of Tilea is separated from the arid uplands of Estalia by the Abasko Mountains. Tobaro is situated on the coast. It is quite a rugged coastline, especially to the south where there are numerous small rocky islands. These are inhabited by bird-like creatures called Sirens that sing so sweetly that they lure unwary sailors to their doom on the rocks. Most of these islands are uninhabited by men, except for those that are isolated and remote enough to provide lairs for pirates and raiders.

Tobaro was once an Elven outpost and its centre is dominated by a high rock which has become the acropolis of the city. On its flat summit, surrounded by strong walls, is the palazzo of the Princes of Tobaro and the upper city. The lower city is surrounded by an outer wall of great strength. Tobaro has resisted several sieges, holding out against the Estalians and also the hordes of Araby during Sultan Jaffar's attempted conquest of Estalia. Tobaro provided a port from which the Bretonnians and Tileans were able to send help to the beleaguered Estalians.

For this reason the Sultan Jaffar laid siege to it from land and sea, but the city did not fall. A much more serious threat was to emerge later, when Skaven broke through into the honeycomb of ancient Elven catacombs in the acropolis rock. This enabled them to attack the city from within and its strong fortifications were of no avail. The fighting in the streets and destruction in the city was terrible.

The Prince of Tobaro, Meldo Marcelli, managed to escape with many of his soldiers and most of his ships. Arriving in Remas he spent all his wealth hiring a great army of mercenaries, including a strong contingent from Remas.





Returning without delay, and reinforced by a contingent of Elf seafarers, Meldo and his army stormed the city and recaptured it, driving the Skaven back into the catacombs. There followed further bitter fighting within the rock of the acropolis before all the Skaven were finally cleared. Now many of the tunnels have been walled up and a garrison of mercenaries are permanently on guard deep within the acropolis itself. Tobaró has remained a principality, but only just. Less than three centuries after the heroic recapture of the city by Meldo Marcelli, his family, who had held on to the principality one way or another, finally split up into quarrelling factions. There were several eligible candidates who claimed the title of Prince. These were busy plotting against each other when a prophecy of doom began to circulate in the city. This predicted that the next Prince of Tobaró was destined to meet a horrible end. The rival claimants agreed to play safe and elected a pig to preside over the council of citizens as Prince, at least until the prophecy came to pass! Nothing happened. Years passed and the pig presided wearing the princely hat and gold chain of office. Tobaró became rather more peaceful than of late. The would-be contenders for the principality began to fret and one of them plotted to kill the pig. Then it was pointed out by his rivals that anyone who assassinated the pig, who was now styled Piggolo I, would actually be committing treason and therefore subject to execution himself! The pig continued to reign into old age, until, while inspecting the guard, he fell off the battlements of Tobaró into the sea!

By that time there was only one of the rival contenders still alive, who assumed the office without opposition. Since then Tobaró has remained a principality despite numerous plots and attempts to set up a republic.

THE MIGHTY PRINCIPALITY OF MIRAGLIANO

Miragliano is a bastion against the Skaven. Because of its position near the Blighted Marshes, which are fetid and ridden with disease, Miragliano has often been victim to outbreaks of plague over the centuries. The Red Pox of 1812 was the worst pestilence, wiping out three quarters of the population of the city. An infestation of large rats was blamed, and since then the city has employed professional rat-catchers among its mercenary troops. As well as exterminating rats, the rat-catchers fight running battles against Skaven Gutter Runners. No one knows exactly where the Skaven come from, except that there are many of them in and around the fringes of the Blighted Marshes. A high price is placed on their heads, dead or alive.

Since the Red Pox, large parts of the old, squalid city have been rebuilt by the Princes of Miragliano. The city was not originally an Elven colony and grew up in a rambling way over many centuries. The Princes have gradually imposed an orderly plan on the city. This was initially drafted by the great Leonardo de Miragliano who was commissioned with this task by Prince Cosimo. It has taken many centuries since then to bring

the plan to fruition. Each subsequent Prince and many of the merchant families have endeavoured to beautify the city with palazzi, piazzas, fine bridges and sculptures.

Miragliano is bisected by several broad and elegant canals and many other narrow ones. The populace use these as streets and so there is always traffic of ornate barges going to and fro through the city, under its many bridges. However, these canals can become smelly and make the city vulnerable to plagues. Besides this, the canals do, of course, make easy ways into the city for Skaven agents. To guard against this there are canal gates, each blocked by a huge iron portcullis and guarded by rat-catchers.

The Ogres were encamped some distance from the rest of the army – as was generally preferred. The day's fighting had been both long and hard, and by nightfall the Ogres were ready to feast. There were many dead on both sides, and many mortally wounded who were now abandoned to lonely death by victors too weary to care. This was good news for the Ogres who were very hungry indeed.

"Fancy a bit of leg Oglog," snarled a particularly big, ugly and brutish Ogre.

"Don't I Captain!" growled Oglog drunkenly. He lurched forward to take the hunk of meat and fell head first into the camp fire. He lay there quietly for some time. The others watched him in a half-interested way until his ears started to curl.

"Shall we haul 'im out Capt'n," asked Flugg, a scrawny Ogre with a jutting jaw and surprising teeth.

"Naga... I wouldn't bother," advised Golgfag – the big, ugly Ogre who had proffered the leg to Oglog in the first place. He was watching Oglog's hair singe and quite enjoying it.

"Any chance of seconds Capt'n?" squealed one of the youngsters who had joined the company only a month or two before. Golgfag stopped chewing on the chunk of leg and turned to stare at the uppity yelp.

"What do you mean seconds?" he spat, "You 'avn't finished that Orc head I gave yer yet!"

"Weeell..." squirmed the youngster, "I doesn't really like Orc head very much... but I have eaten the eyeballs, look!" With that he grinned stupidly and held up the grisly remains of the Orc. Even now you could just recognise the annoyed expression the creature had worn just before Golgfag killed it.

"Eyeballs... Eyeballs... never minds the eyeballs. You finish up that nice head an' maybe we'll think about seconds yer little toe-rag."

With that, Golgfag returned to gnawing on his bit of leg and watching Oglog. The drunken Ogre was really going quite nicely now and was definitely in for a bit of a shock when he woke up.

"Kids!" grumbled Golgfag, "Ow does they expect to grow up big and mean if they doesn't eat their greens."





The defences of Miragliano are strong and utilise the marshy nature of the countryside. The moat is very wide and the walls are specially designed to give maximum advantage to artillery. This is all the work of the genius Leonardo, before he entered service with the Emperor.

The Princes of Miragliano have always been patrons of learning and science as much as art, if not more so. Being so close to the mountain passes, and in past centuries under some threat from Bretonnia and the Empire, the Princes have been especially concerned with warfare and defences. It is no surprise that not only Leonardo da Miragliano, but also Borgia the Besieger began their careers in this city.

The defences of Miragliano feature several tall towers which were built to give a view far across the flat landscape. Unfortunately, because of the unstable nature of the ground, most of these are leaning at awkward angles. However, thanks to the exceptional engineering, skills of the architects (Leonardo among them) these towers do not fall down. Indeed, Miragliano has set a fashion in architecture which has been copied in other cities, especially Luccini where the Princes are renowned for their great sense of humour. Now every city either boasts its own leaning tower or aspires to have one. Only in Tilea could such a thing happen! Borgia once commented that executed men look so much better hanging from a leaning tower. He should know! He would often execute his opponents a dozen at a time. It is said that the weight made the towers lean over a couple more degrees during his rule!

THE TURBULENT PRINCIPALITY OF TRANTIO

Trantio is rather an upstart city. Many centuries ago it was not very powerful at all. Situated inland in a hilly area, it was a bit of a backwater and did not prosper greatly from trade. It was one of the first cities to overthrow its Prince and become a republic. This republic lasted a long time, but eventually became decadent. However, all attempts to capture the city by mercenary armies from Remas and Miragliano were thwarted by the republic suddenly changing sides at the right moment. Trantio became notorious for playing off rivals against each other in order to keep its independence.

This all changed when Marco Colombo returned from Lustria with enormous wealth. Taking over the mercenary army of his patron, Orlando, exiled Prince of Trantio, he succeeded in capturing the city and becoming its Prince.

Marco was an exemplary Prince and was clever enough to keep his gains and establish his family securely as Merchant Princes in Trantio. The city soon began to prosper from trade and exploited its position to trade westwards across the sea and eastwards over the mountains. Thus Trantio has become one of the most cultured and beautiful of all Tilean cities. Dwarf workmanship and skill travels westwards along old trade routes through Trantio into Tilea and the west. This shows its influence in the quality and ambition of the buildings, raised using many Dwarf techniques of construction. The fortifications, gatehouses and towers are particularly massive. Vast quantities of marble were



brought down from quarries in the Apuccini Mountains as well as the exotic pink-veined Trantine for which the city is famous. This stone was used for Grotto's huge sculpture 'The Five Graces' which adorns the piazza in Verizzo.

THE PERFIDIOUS PRINCIPALITY OF PAVONA

The small city of Pavona quickly rose to become a serious rival to Trantio for the eastern trade into the Dwarf realms, Border Princes and beyond. So intense was this rivalry that the territory between the two cities became a famous stomping ground for mercenary generals. Not only were there many wars, but also many attempts at reconciliation. This led to the princely families becoming entwined through a succession of marriage alliances. The pacts were often short lived, with the marriages ending in poisoning or some other form of assassination.

Trantio and Pavona are usually at each other's throats, their intense rivalry often seeming to others to be a fatal weakness. However, as soon as a hostile army from any other city appears on the scene, the two cities promptly forget their quarrel and join forces to beat up the common enemy. In this way Luccini, Verizzo and Miragliano have all experienced humiliating defeats in the hills around Trantio or Pavona.

The city of Pavona itself remains small in comparison to other Tilean cities. The city is noted for its many bridges which are not over rivers, or canals, but high above the narrow streets, enabling the nobility to go from one house or palazzo to another, without having to descend into the bustle of the streets below.

THE REBELLIOUS REPUBLIC OF REMAS

Remas is a great and old city located on the coast. The huge circular harbour of Remas was built, it is said, by the High Elves for their trading ships. Now, even though it is ruined and colossal chunks of masonry lie half submerged in the sea, it still shelters the large and powerful fleet of Remas. The narrow entrance to the harbour is spanned by a mighty bridge resting on great stone piers. This bridge not only carries the road linking the two sides of the city, but bears the weight of many fine houses and palaces of the Merchant Princes on both sides of the street. These rise up in three, four and five storeys with overhanging balconies. There are towers too at either end and in the middle of the bridge and, being Tilea, some of these are leaning at gravity-defying angles, supported by numerous colossal buttresses!

The rest of Remas is laid out on a grand scale within a long circuit of defences. The city is very populous and is famous for its strong mercenary army, most of which fight as pikemen. These are supplied by the retinues of the many merchant houses. The city state of Remas has been a relatively stable republic for several centuries

thanks to these troops, who have resisted tyrants and would-be conquerors on innumerable occasions.

Remas became a republic during the long period of famines which beset the whole of Tilea. These famines were caused by plagues of rats and mice which ate the corn in the fields and the grain in the storehouses. The situation became so bad that grain had to be imported from wherever there was a surplus, but thanks to Tilean mercantile expertise, and Tilean seafarers, deals were done and grain was shipped in from such places as Bretonnia and the Empire.

Some Merchant Princes were tempted to hoard up the grain to sell at a high price. Needless to say there were popular revolts and these Princes were overthrown, which is what happened in Remas and Verizzo.

The worst event to befall Remas was the Dark Elf raid in 1487. The fleet of galleys that would usually defend the approaches to the harbour were all at sea, and the Dark Elves took advantage of an unseasonal mist to reach the harbour entrance. However, their ships were stopped at the terrible 'Battle of the Bridge' in which a large part of the bridge was sacked and burnt by the Dark Elves, who also took away many people as slaves. Remas' mercenary garrison was able to hold either end of the bridge until the enemy, satiated with destruction, decided to leave. This attack angered all of Tilea and the bridge was eventually restored to its former glory. The citizens cherish a deep dislike of the Naggrothi to this day and are very happy to provide mercenaries, artillery and war galleys at a discount price to anyone who happens to be at war with them.



Because of its central position, Remas is often in a state of hostilities with its great trading rivals Miragliano, Verezzo and Luccini. There have been many sea battles between the fleets of Remas and Luccini and also against the pirates of Sartosa. Tobaró, on the other hand, is often the ally of Remas and mercenaries from Remas have helped the Princes of Tobaró hold on to their city in several sieges and against numerous plots.

It is worth examining how the Republic of Remas is governed, since it is one of the least corrupt and longest lived republics. Each of the powerful merchant families is represented on the council of fifty. This assembly debates every issue and makes decisions and laws. Three members of the council are chosen randomly each year to preside over it as a triumvirate. The policy of the republic for that year becomes whatever the special interests of the triumvirs, or their families, may be. So if one of the triumvirs happens to be most concerned with merchant ventures, the republic will probably finance a trading venture in that year. If one of the triumvirs is a patron of the arts, the republic can expect to gain a new public edifice decorated by the finest artists in Tilea. If one or more of the triumvirs happens to be a noteworthy mercenary general then the neighbouring states will become rather alarmed and start renovating their defences!



Unfortunately, one weakness of the system of government in Remas is that the triumvirs sometimes fall out with each other. This results in occasional civil wars in which two triumvirs set upon the other with their mercenary forces. Sudden changing of sides and re-alignment between the contending triumvirs is not unknown, even leading to confusion in the ranks in the middle of a battle! Usually the cause of the trouble is when one of the triumvirs tries to make himself sole Prince, and his colleagues resist his attempted coup in the interests of the republic. Often such an attempt to take over the state can be pre-empted by assassination or a brisk series of street battles leading to the proscription and exile of the would-be tyrant's supporters.

THE SERENE REPUBLIC OF VEREZZO

Verezzo is also a republic, but of a completely different kind to Remas. Verezzo lies inland, dominating the fertile plain with its walls and many bastions. The city is very compact and crowded with people. The streets are very narrow and winding and the houses are built very tall because of the lack of space. Some have risen so high that they have become towers which have been built into the defences. The reason for this is that the walls are so strong and occupy such a good vantage point on the only rising ground for miles around, that the citizens are reluctant to change them and build a wider and less formidable circuit.

Like Remas, Verezzo became a republic as a result of the great famines. The Prince hoarded up grain and tried to sell it to the citizens at an extortionate price. He was soon toppled from power with the help of mercenaries and a republic was proclaimed. The republic of Verezzo is much more democratic than that of Remas, probably because there are so many merchant families and anyone with aspirations to great power is likely to risk assassination from several quarters.

In Verezzo there is an elaborate voting system in which the merchant families are divided into factions distinguished by voting colours (the reds, greens, blues and yellows). The colours are associated with particular factions and policies, so after the voting in Verezzo it might be said in Remas or Luccini, "the reds are in in Verezzo, we are in for trouble!" or "don't lend Verezzo any gold while the yellows are in", and so on. The colours are also used to designate teams in various rowdy games played in the cramped piazzas of the city. Naturally, these games are flavoured with politics and intrigue!

THE ANCIENT PRINCIPALITY OF LUCCINI

The city of Luccini stands beside the Tilean Sea at the southern tip of Tilea, opposite the island of Sartosa. Luccini is almost continuously at war with the pirates of Sartosa and has a very strong fleet of galleys.

My father brought a flickering candle to dispel the darkness. He spoke quickly, his voice tremulous with excitement.

"Yes my son... Tilea is where you must go!" he said, "For from the city of Miragliano, the famous freebooter El Cadavo sets sail this very week upon a voyage to the west, to win new kingdoms, to explore new lands, and boldly go where no man has gone before. Flee now Fleugweiner my boy... before the Knights of the White Wolf discover what you have done this day and bring shame upon us all!"

"Aye father," I replied manfully. "it's goodbye to sleepy Wilderheim forever, I go not in fear of my enemies but to a new life of adventure, fame, fortune..."

"Yes, yes, yes..." stammered my father impatiently, "here's a bag of gold and something your mother made for you... I think it's cheese with a bit of bratwurst... now flee quickly."

"Of course," I concurred, "but can I not say farewell to little Helgar and Gertrude?"

"Under the circumstances I do not think that would be... appropriate," replied my father, gently.

"No... no I suppose not," I conceded, "then farewell!" I exclaimed dramatically as I climbed through the larder window and into the world of fame and riches that fate had prepared for me.

*- Memoirs of a Lustrian Adventurer
A personal account by Fleugweiner Sonderblitz
(Vol 1 The Wilderheim Years)*

Luccini is in fact one of the strongest military powers in Tilea and many mercenary generals of repute have learned their trade there.

The city is very old and clustered around a high rock called the acropolis. Like the acropolis in Tobaro, this was the centre of an ancient Elven colony. There is a legend that Luccini was founded by the twins Lucan and Luccina who were king and queen of a pastoral tribe who settled around the ruin-strewn acropolis. On its summit they built their palace.

The city was named after Luccina who is regarded as a sort of patron goddess. Lucan is also venerated as a deity and there is a fine temple to the divine twins on the acropolis. The Princes of Luccini usually claim descent from these two legendary figures which means that there are two rival factions: those claiming descent from Lucan and those claiming Luccina as their ancestor. Not surprisingly, the principality has changed hands between these dynasties more times than anyone can remember, and not without blood being spilt as abundantly as wine in the notorious revels for which the city is famous!



The Princes of Luccini are noted for their often bizarre sense of humour, a family trait said to go back to their ancestors. If anyone claims to be Prince who seems to be rather dour or miserable he is soon assassinated or banished into exile by a more jovial contender. Indeed, an aspiring Prince often strengthens his claim before the citizens by assassinating or overthrowing his opponents in a particularly humorous manner! So it is said that "the Prince of Luccini is most dangerous when he is laughing!"

THE MIGHTY FORTRESS OF MONTE CASTELLO

The fortress of Monte Castello is built upon the colossal ruins of one of the easternmost of the ancient Elf citadels. This one was captured and occupied by the Dwarfs who rebuilt the foundations even more massively. Many centuries later the great mercenary general Ferrante 'the fierce' built a fortress on top of the ruins to guard the eastern approaches of Luccini from the sea.

Monte Castello remains the easternmost outpost of Tilea. Beyond stretch the barren lands of the Border Princes which run up the eastern side of the Apuccini mountains. This land is still being won from the Orcs & Goblins. The fortress was originally built to prevent incursions of Orc & Goblin tribes from the east and also to guard against any enemies coming across the Black Gulf and gaining a foothold on the Tilean peninsula. The fortress stands on a natural knoll of rock overlooking the narrow straits which lead into the long bay known as the Gulf of Tears.

The fortress is immensely strong, its fortifications having been rebuilt and improved many times by some of the best mercenary leaders. The Castello has traditionally been garrisoned by troops from all over Tilea, paid for by all the Tilean cities, since all city states benefit from the security it gives to the entire region. Only the best mercenaries and the best mercenary generals are ever hired to hold it.



The Castello has been besieged many times and has never fallen. The most notable siege lasted over a year. The garrison, reduced to only five hundred Tileans, suddenly found itself surrounded by over one hundred thousand Orcs & Goblins led by a certain Unguth the Vile, who was determined to capture it as a prelude to invading Tilea itself. The garrison of the Castello, beating off countless assaults and enduring endless weeks of bitter siege warfare, dwindled by a few men every day, while the Orc horde was constantly reinforced by numerous fresh contingents eager to join the mighty Orc army.

Cut off by land, the Castello was supplied by sea until this route was maliciously cut by the warships of an unknown enemy desiring to see the fortress fall once and for all. To this day, no one knows for sure who attacked the supply galleys. Tileans often accuse the Corsairs of Araby or the pirates, but the most ominous rumour holds that the ships were overrun by an infestation of rats as part of the evil schemes of the Skaven.

Starving and desperate, the garrison held out until the mercenary commander, the old and resolute Galeazzo, was mortally wounded whilst repelling another Orc assault. He was hurried from the ramparts into the commandantery. Residing in the Castello at this time was the general's formidable and spirited daughter, Monna Lissa. Despite her efforts to staunch the blood, Old Galeazzo succumbed to his wounds. Monna Lissa, fearing that the garrison would lose heart, donned her father's armour and pretending to be Galeazzo himself, led the garrison in repelling three more attacks in the following days. After the third attack, Monna Lissa lost her helmet and her long flowing tresses were seen by the troops. They demanded to know what had happened to their leader. When it was revealed that he

was dead, the mercenaries were disheartened. They resolved to stake all on one last sally, abandoning the Castello in a desperate attempt to escape back to Tilea.

Monna Lissa implored them not to sally out to certain death and thereby let the Castello fall into enemy hands, but no persuasion, not even promises of enormous rewards in gold, could make them change their minds. Then Monna Lissa pointed out that if the Orcs took the Castello they would certainly deface Tintoverdi's masterpiece 'The Five Seasons' which adorned the commandantery banqueting room. This was thought to be the finest fresco in all Tilea if not the world. She begged all those who were willing to stay and defend this treasure to the death to step forward, the rest could go if they wished.

One by one, the soldiers stepped forward, tears in their eyes, saying: "I will die before Orcs scrawl upon Tintoverdi!" and "No Orc shall ever gaze upon the image of Spring!" and similar such things. Eventually the entire company resolved to remain to the bitter end. The siege continued for a further three months and the Castello did not fall. Monna Lissa herself was mortally wounded by a Goblin arrow on the day the Castello was relieved by an enormous army marching from Luccini. The relieving force broke and scattered the Orc horde. They found only twenty-five pikemen still alive in the Castello. Around the walls the Orc & Goblin corpses lay so thick that the moat had been filled up and was firm enough to bear the weight of Orc siege towers!

Ever since the great siege of Monte Castello, Monna Lissa has become a symbol of good fortune and victory. So much so that it is a tradition for mercenary battle standards to depict the Tilean war goddess Myrmidia with the features of Monna Lissa, as portrayed in the famous portrait of her by Cellibotti.



THE DECADENT PIRATE PRINCIPALITY OF SARTOSA

The island of Sartosa has a rocky coastline and a rugged interior. The Elves had a colony there which was later occupied by Tileans from the mainland. Unfortunately the city they built was destroyed by Dark Elves acting in concert with Settra's fleet. Almost the entire population perished or was carried off into slavery.

The city of Sartosa remained in a ruinous state for a long time. Eventually Norse raiders landed on the island and easily overcame the scattered inhabitants and the small garrison of troops from Luccini. From this base, the Norse ravaged the coasts of Tilea until they were defeated in a sea battle off Cappo Cinno. The remaining Norsemen were hired by Luccini as mercenaries and allowed to stay on the island to guard it. However, their descendants were overwhelmed by an invasion fleet of Corsairs of Araby led by Nafal Muq in 1240. The Corsairs held on to the island for roughly two hundred and fifty years, during which time they were a constant menace. There were several naval battles fought in the seas around Sartosa between the Corsairs and the galleys of Luccini, Remas and Tobaró.

Eventually, the island was wrested from the grip of the Corsairs by a mercenary army led by Luciano Catena. He was a Prince of Luccini and descendant, as his name suggests, of the divine twins Lucan and Luccina. The Emir, Abd al Wazaq, and his Corsairs were driven back into their stronghold in the city of Sartosa and



forced to surrender after a long and extremely bloody siege. Luciano allowed Al Wazaq to escape to Araby in return for leaving behind his considerable stash of treasure, mostly art looted from Tilea. Al Wazaq also had to surrender of his enormous harem which in his desperation he had trained to defend him as his personal bodyguard. These were promptly recruited by the Tileans as a mercenary regiment! The rest of the surviving Corsairs were allowed to stay and were hired by Luciano to serve in his fleet. This was one of the earliest occasions on which mercenaries from Araby were hired by a Tilean general.

Luciano and his heirs ruled Sartosa as a principality for a time. During this period the city was rebuilt and its defences made strong. It soon became a base for the mercenary fleet of the Princes of Luccini. However, this brief period of stability was not to last. There were now many mercenary contingents occupying strongholds on various parts of the island, and some in different fortress towers within the city itself. Rebellions against the Prince became more frequent and Sartosa became increasingly difficult to control. The Prince's rule over the island finally came to an end when the mercenary flotilla of galleys based on Sartosa mutinied. Then the island rapidly fell into anarchy as the mercenary bands set upon each other.

Most of the mercenaries on the island took to piracy, pillaging Tilean shipping and anything else sailing the Tilean Sea. This proved much more lucrative than hiring themselves out to fight, since the chances of survival were greater as were the potential riches. The various mercenary bands occupying the island stopped fighting each other with their usual intensity and began to cooperate in their piratical schemes. The raids on ships and shores around the Tilean sea brought in hordes of captives and hostages who were never ransomed. These augmented the swelling population of Sartosa until it became a notoriously rough and lively den of pirates.

Eventually it became the custom to elect a 'Pirate Prince' of Sartosa. This is a rather grandiose title for one who does not really rule, but just settles disputes over loot with rough justice. Many such Princes have come and gone in the centuries up to the present time. Most have come to a very sticky end one way or another! The longest lasting has been the present notorious 'Pirate Princess of Sartosa', no doubt because her reputation for being ten times more cruel than any of her predecessors is no exaggeration!

The city of Sartosa is a rambling mass of ruins and dwellings with Elf and Dwarf architecture mixed in with that of Tilea and Araby, all patched up in various ways by the inhabitants after the occasional cannonades from passing ships. Many of the pirate taverns are in caves hollowed out of the rock. There are rumoured to be vast stashes of treasure hidden in various places all over the island. However, it should be noted that maps bought in the streets of Sartosa are unlikely to be reliable!



EXTRACTS FROM THE ART OF STATECRAFT

BY GOSSIPPA LOTTA

In her unique career, Gossippa Lotta, exiled Princess of Verezzo, accompanied several Mercenary Generals on campaign. Gossippa rose to prominence when she crushed a mutiny among the unpaid mercenaries of Remas at the siege of Ciarascura. She was in charge of the field kitchens and resolutely refused to feed any of the soldiers until they agreed to finish the siege! After that, her qualities were much in demand by various generals as an advisor, diplomat and courtier. She wrote down her advice, laced with numerous anecdotes and camp gossip, in the classic work for which she has become rightly famous. 'The Art of Statecraft' has become a handbook for Mercenary Generals throughout Tilea and beyond.

How to become a victorious Mercenary General

In all the Mercenary Generals I have known or heard about who always won their battles, I noted the following characteristics. Firstly, they were always decisive. Secondly, they always rolled high numbers when playing any game of dice with the soldiers in camp, except on those occasions when they wanted to roll low numbers. Thirdly, they always listened to my advice and invariably acted upon it so that I did not have to tell them again and again. Finally, and in my opinion most important of all, they always ate properly. After each day on campaign they sat down to a four course meal and drank up all their wine. This made them strong and intelligent and gave them the energy to win battles...

Choosing mercenaries who can be trusted

Borgio used to say that I had an eye for a good soldier, and he often let me look over the mercenaries before he hired them. When I watched them hard at work doing their drilling, and saw how big and strong they were, I could tell which ones would be the best fighters and so I told Borgio 'Hire these boys, but not those others'. If any mercenary captain ever showed me no respect, I told Borgio 'Do not hire him!' If any soldiers do not dress very smart and polish their armour to look good in the battle and make the enemy afraid of them, I would say 'Don't hire these ruffians again! They got no discipline.' Of course, Borgio always listened to my advice and so did many other famous generals I could mention.

Concerning the correct use of pikemen

One day, just before the great battle of Piza, Sandro, who was our general at the time, said to me 'Can you think of any way to use pikemen?' I said, 'Of course, I certainly can!' Then he said that he really wanted to know how he should deploy them in the battle on the following day. You see he had very many pikemen under his command and hardly any other troops, except some scruffy crossbowmen on the galleys who never showed no respect to anyone.

I will tell you the advice which I gave to him I said 'Make sure they eat up all of their rations and don't stay up drinking and playing dice with the bad boys from the galleys before the big battle tomorrow. Otherwise the boys will fall over their big long pikes because they are too tired to hold them up straight!' Then I said that in all the battles I have seen, and that is a lot I'll have you know, the pikemen always win when two regiments fight together side by side. First, one regiment marches forward while the other one stays still and the boys point their long pikes at the enemy. Then the other regiment stays still and points the pikes while their friends move forward. If the enemy fights one of the regiments, the other one will charge them in the flank. The enemy don't know what to do! It doesn't matter which one they charge, it's the worst for them!

Naturally, Sandro followed my advice and won the battle.

Concerning the correct use of artillery

It was in the battle of Ciabbatta that I saw the general sending all the galloping cannons into the middle of the battle line. When the general rode off to the left flank I went straight over to the guns, even though the enemy were shooting at me all the time — I didn't care! I said to the captain of the gunners, 'What are you, doing here in the middle of the battle, it's not a good place for you. Now listen to me! Send half of the guns to the left and the other half to the right, at once!' The captain showed me proper respect and did what I told him. This was very good because the guns could shoot from each side into the middle of the enemy, instead of being in the middle, running away from the enemy when they charge and not doing no firing! Of course, we won the battle and so the general didn't mind me making little changes to his deployment. In the next battle, the general got it right and I didn't have to go and tell them all over again.

How to form an invincible battle line

Firstly all the soldiers must eat up all their pasta like good boys. Then a regiment from each city and from each part of the city should be put next to each other in the battle line, so that every regiment is right next to another regiment from a different place. Then before the battle starts, the soldiers of each regiment will shout out to the ones next to them, 'Hey, your city is no good!' or 'Eh! We will capture more standards than you!' But they do not start hitting each other like Goblins! No, they go forwards and hit the enemy instead! Each regiment tries to show that it is the best. It don't matter who is the best, but it is worst for the enemy!

How to protect the flanks and rear of the army

The pikemen are such big, strong boys and they hold up the big, long pikes tall and straight so that no one can get near them. All the enemy can do is run away or beg for mercy. So what do they do? They send troops around the back of the pikemen! Give them a nasty surprise that they will never forget! Put all the duellists at the back of the pikemen. If any enemy show their faces behind the battle line, the duellists will set upon them from all sides and chase them off. It don't matter if they are creepy flying things or a big show-off with all the usual magical trinkets!

Why every regiment must have an inspiring standard

Every regiment must have a beautiful standard. The standard should always be a work of art. This inspires the soldiers to be brave. One day, just before the big battle of Venni, the captain of a regiment came to see me. He was very sad because the regiment did not have a very good banner and the general had told him 'Your regimental banner is not very good, everybody gets half pay until you get a new one!'

He decided to make it better by painting on it the figure of Myrmidia. But he needed someone to pose for the figure of the war goddess; someone who would inspire the soldiers to acts of selfless courage to prevent the beautiful image of the goddess falling to the enemy. Despite my busy schedule, I volunteered to pose for the figure of Myrmidia.

Then he said that since he only had one pot of white paint, he would not be able to paint me in my red and gold dress, so I must take it off and pose wearing just a helmet and a flimsy bit of silk like in the very old paintings of Myrmidia. Naturally, I did this little favour for the regiment. Next day the regiment marched into battle under the banner bearing my image which was baring all as Myrmidia! Of course, the regiment was the bravest in the whole army!

Beware of hiring Ogres and Halflings

Do not hire Ogres or Halflings if you expect to be besieged. Nor should anyone put them to hold a fortress or city which may become surrounded by the enemy. The reason for this is very simple. Ogres and Halflings have very big appetites. They eat twice as much food as the most hungry man and then ask for more! If they do not get fed as much as they like, they get very upset. Ogres will go on the rampage and eat anything. Halflings will sit around grumbling and won't do any more fighting. The only thing you can hope for when this happens is that the Ogres will eat the Halflings and solve the problem! If there are limited supplies in the fortress and the mercenaries are on rations, the Ogres and Halflings will raid the stores and before you know it the garrison will run out of food. The best thing to do if you find yourself

in this situation is to say to the Ogres or the Halflings, 'If you want more food, you better go out there and get it from the enemy!' Then send them out on a sally to round up provisions for the whole garrison. They will go out with great enthusiasm and give the enemy a really bad beating, and they are certain to come back with something to replenish the supplies! I myself advised this strategy at the siege of Riccotta. It was so successful that it broke the siege!

How to take over the state and make yourself a Prince

When you have defeated a rival Prince or overthrown the republic, do not execute his entire family or the entire deposed senate of the city (at least, do it straight away or not at all). Everyone who was afraid for their lives will breathe a sigh of relief and feel very, very grateful. You should then announce that you are going to beautify the city with great works of art. All your rivals will give you funds to prove their loyalty and gain your favour. Share out half of everything that comes in among the soldiers and use the rest to hire artists, sculptors and architects!

Now all your rivals will say 'Not only is our Prince merciful, but he is also cultured.' Also the soldiers will say 'Our Prince always pays up on time!'

How to dispose of rivals

When there are rivals who want to become Prince, the best thing to do is poison them. Unfortunately there will always be rivals who are somewhere else when you rise to power and one day they will turn up with a big army on your doorstep. That is why it is important to put your agents in every city. Always be willing to send troops as mercenaries to any Prince who is not at war with you. Send mercenary captains who are loyal to your house with them. In the camp they will meet mercenary captains loyal to your rivals and learn their plans. Then you strike...

Why no one should take any notice of Giovanni Marmalodi

Giovanni Marmalodi wrote a treatise on siegecraft. No one who has ever taken his advice has ever held on to their city or fortress! Marmalodi was never in no sieges ever and he made everything up. One day he came to Remas while I was staying there with the Prince. He went on a tour of the walls. Then he said that the towers on the north gate were leaning over the moat far too much and the angle of fire was all wrong. So I said to him 'What do you know about it Giovanni! It's not so bad, it's a nice tower! You just got no respect for the work of Leonardo da Miragliano!' Of course he knew that I knew that he didn't know that it was the great Leonardo da Miragliano who built the towers. So he shut up his face straight away and went off to another city. I heard that their walls fell down soon afterwards!

EXPLORATIONS AND TRADE ROUTES OF THE TILEANS



- ① Lustria is 'discovered' by Marco Colombo
- ② Luka Huarugoin travels to the Dragon Isles
- ③ Ricco and Robbio discover Cathay by accident
- ④ 'Lucky' Gino disappears in the Southlands
- ⑤ High Elf traders bring rare goods to the Old World
- ⑥ Norse mercenaries sail to Tilea, looking for a fight
- ⑦ Trade routes to Estalia, Bretonnia, the Empire, Araby and the Dwarfs

THE AGE OF EXPLORATION

OLD TRADE ROUTES

Even from the earliest times the Tileans were sailing to and from across the Tilean Sea in primitive skin boats. After contact with the Elves they developed swift, oared galleys, and soon became proficient sailors. Prior to the Araby Crusades, the Tilean Sea was plagued by Corsairs and pirates, but afterwards the Tileans gained the upper hand and swept these troublemakers from their waters. From this time Tilean seafarers were able to venture further afield.

Following the defeat of Sultan Jaffar by Old World crusaders, Tilean merchants gained access to the ports of Araby which in turn opened gateways to the west and south. Later still, Tilean ships were seen in the all the ports of the Old World, carrying exotic merchandise from Araby and the lands beyond.

Encounters with Elves

The High Elves had never completely abandoned the oceans around the Old World even though they had deserted their ancient colonies. When the Mean tribes developed into states with their own cities, the Elves were ready to resume contact. At the same time Tilean trade with the Dwarfs to the east was flourishing. Most of this trade was conducted overland.

The main concern of the Tilean merchants has always been expanding their business, or, to put it bluntly, making money. Most of the successful merchants not

only attempted to secure the old trade routes, but were interested in opening up new ones. The oldest trade routes were the sea route to Ulthuan, the land route across the mountains to the Dwarf Kingdom, the extension of this route across the mountains and into the Empire, and the route across the Tilean sea to Tobaró.

It was Elf seafarers who re-opened the ancient trade route to their former colonies in the Old World many centuries after they had abandoned them. Here they encountered the Tileans established among the ruins, re-using the tumbled Elven masonry to build their own cities. The Elves found the Tileans to be easy people to trade with, eager to exchange all kinds of things for exotic luxuries from Ulthuan. As for the Elves, they were interested in acquiring ancient artefacts and sculptures which the Tileans were finding among the old Elf ruins. It was no doubt these early contacts which stimulated the Tilean taste for both art and profit.

The Old Dwarf Road

There were also Dwarf traders coming into Tilea along the mountain roads from the east. They were eager to find out what was left after the Elves had finally gone. Dwarf adventurers had doubtless plundered the Elf ruins even before the Tileans resettled them.

Eventually the Dwarfs came again and found the cities inhabited once more, this time by men. There were plenty of things which the Tileans were willing to buy from the Dwarf traders in exchange for gems and exotic metals obtained from the Elves: iron, copper, gold, silver and expertise in metalworking and building. It seems likely that the wily Tileans persuaded the Dwarfs to show them how to build really strong walls for their cities. In fact, it is a joke in Tilea that when Tileans combine Elven architecture with Dwarf masonry you get a leaning tower!

The Dwarfs were eager to get hold of High Elf goods which the Elves themselves would certainly not give them, even for all the gold in the Worlds Edge Mountains. Similarly, the Elves wanted metals and gems but the Dwarfs would not trade with them on account of the great grudge they held. The Means traded happily with both and grew rich.

Northern Trade

Items traded from Elves and Dwarfs could be exchanged in Bretonnia and in the Empire for all kinds of things, ranging from gold to furs from the far north and also, of course, warhorses! Since Bretonnians were loath to sell any of their fine breed, and since it was banned by the king in any case, Tileans have always obtained most of their horses from the Empire. Trade with the Empire expanded, whereas trade with Bretonnia was never as lucrative. This was partly





because the hidden realm of Athel Loren lay in the way, and traders did not like to venture into the forest. To go around the edge, through the Irrana Mountains, was equally dangerous. Furthermore, there was a festering state of hostility between Miragliano and the Bretonnian dukes and barons on the other side of the mountains. Sea trade was better, but ran the risk of encountering Corsairs from Araby, Norsemen, Dark Elves and pirates.



The Route to the North

Although the Vaults are higher mountains than the Irranas and are much more perilous, especially in winter, there is a little used Dwarf road which skirts the highest peaks and cuts through the aptly named 'Winter's Teeth Pass'. This joins Tilea to the Dwarf Kingdom, and leads the way to the Empire, either via the Dwarf tunnels beneath the mountains or via Blackfire Pass.

Mercenaries travel this road from the north to reach Tilea where they can be sure of finding ready employment. Merchant convoys use the same route, often travelling through the Dwarf Kingdom to save time. Dwarfs are not always keen to allow free passage to human tradesmen and charge a high toll. However, the alternative is to risk the Dwarf road as it skirts the Border Princes, and crosses into the Empire via Blackfire Pass.

It was this well-developed trade between the Empire and the cities of Tilea that made it easy for Elector Counts to hire mercenaries to fight in the civil wars that periodically ravaged the Empire before the time of Magnus the Pious. Indeed, during the time of the Three Emperors there were numerous Tileans serving as mercenaries on opposing sides!

Whoever became Emperor usually considered it prudent not only to continue to use Tilean mercenaries, but to hire all those of his defeated rivals as well, to deprive opponents of the services of such useful troops. Thus it has become a tradition for Emperors to hire Tileans. Crossbowmen are the most favoured, since the Empire originally only had archers recruited from among the foresters or even from Kislev. Even when hand guns became available, a crossbow in the hands of a skilled Tilean marksman still had the edge in terms of range and accuracy.

NORSCA AND THE FAR NORTH

Longships full of hairy northern barbarians began appearing in the Tilean sea as long ago as the 800s. The coasts of Tilea were subsequently ravaged on numerous occasions as were the shores of Araby and Estalia. On several occasions raiding warbands were surrounded and cut off from their ships by the Tileans.

Recognising that the Norse were good warriors, the Tileans would offer the Norse employment as mercenaries.

Soon a flourishing trade developed, with furs, amber and many other things coming out of the far north in return for Tilean gold, wine and items of Elf and Dwarf work obtained by the Tileans. It was the Dwarf rune weapons which particularly delighted Norse chieftains, such that a single sword might be enough on its own to hire a Norse chief and his warband.

Through contact with the Norse, which increased greatly following the establishment of a Norse stronghold on Sartosa, Tilean merchants heard about the Norse voyages of exploration, such as the renowned expeditions made by Erik the Lost and his son, Losteriksson, to Lustria and other distant lands. Norse maps, written in runes on sealskin and walrus hide, were eagerly bought by Tilean merchants for gold. In this way the Tileans gathered a greater knowledge of the true geography of the known world than any other people except the Elves of Ulthuan.

The Elves would never divulge these secrets to other races, wanting only to keep it all for themselves. Neither would the canny Dwarfs reveal much of what they knew, for fear that others would plunder treasures before they could do so themselves! The Norse, however, were not only willing to tell of their heroic voyages of exploration, but were downright boastful, elaborating the tales with a mixture of vital detail and dubious hearsay which increased in proportion to the ale poured into their tankards in the taverns of Tilea!





ARABY AND THE SOUTHLANDS

The vast desert land of Araby lies across the sea from Tilea and Estalia. There are several inhabited cities, some on the coast and some far inland, and many uninhabited ruins dating back to the legendary Wars of Death. This was when the hordes of Undead came out of the east and devastated the ancient civilisations of Araby. It took many centuries for civilisation to flourish again. During that time the culture of Araby had been kept alive by the nomadic tribes who wandered in the most remote and inhospitable deserts, impossible to destroy and too tough to die. Over generations these tribes gradually resettled many old cities and established new dynasties to rule them.

By 1240, the cities on the coast of Araby were flourishing and prosperous. Corsairs of Araby, sailing in their war dhows, were plundering the coasts of Tilea and Estalia. To counter this threat the Tileans hired more Norse warriors in their longships. This provoked the Corsairs to gather a huge fleet and attack the Norse stronghold on Sartosa, which was captured with great slaughter. The Norse fought to the death, but the Corsairs, being numerous and cunning, prevailed. From that moment onwards the raids of the Corsairs on the coasts of Tilea became much worse. The Tileans found them to be much more difficult to catch than the Norse, and much less willing to desist from raiding in order to serve as mercenaries. This was because the Corsair leaders were bound by tribal oaths to their Emirs and Sheikhs and could not be tempted to change allegiance for mere gold.

Things became even worse with the rise of the Sultanate of Araby. In 1435 or thereabouts, an obscure Arabian sorcerer known as Jaffar united the nomadic

tribes using his charismatic power and ability to summon desert genies. He then swept out of the desert and made himself Sultan of all Araby.

Whether inspired by visions, delusions, genies, ambition, greed or the evil counsels of the Skaven, the Sultan decided to invade Estalia. Leading his enormous horde he landed in Estalia and captured Magritta. Soon after, Tobaró was besieged by his forces. This caused the Araby crusades as thousands of knights from Bretonnia and the Empire answered the belated appeal for help from the proud and beleaguered Estalians. Mercenaries from Tilea joined the crusade in large numbers, relieving Tobaró and helping to recapture Magritta.

After the Sultan was driven back into Araby and finally defeated at Al Haikk, the Tileans turned their attention to clearing the Tilean Sea of Corsairs. In 1501, Sartosa was finally recaptured from the Corsairs by a mercenary army led by Luciano Catena. By this time several Araby contingents were serving Tilean Merchant Princes as mercenaries. The fall of the Sultan had freed them from any bonds of loyalty to him and he was now condemned for his wicked dealings with evil genies.

The march of the crusading forces into Araby and the temporary respite gained from the menace of the Corsairs opened up Araby to the merchants of the Old World. The Tilean merchants were quick to strike up lucrative deals with emirs of the coastal cities and sheikhs of the interior. With most of the wealth of Araby having been plundered by the crusading knights and most of their war dhows burnt or sunk, the merchants of Araby were more than willing to trade.

It was not long before adventurous Tilean merchants were inspecting the wares in the souks and kasbahs of Araby. Here they traded with desert nomads and heard tales of the mysterious jungles of the Southlands. From local seafarers they heard about the High Elf stronghold in the far south and of how the High Elves tried to prevent anyone sailing into the west or east. Of course, maps were purchased at every opportunity, together with strange astronomical and navigational devices made by the sorcerers of Araby. Tilean merchants quickly mastered the knack of haggling and so most of these artefacts were picked up very cheap!

The spice port of Copher now has a Tilean quarter, which is separated by a wall from the upper city. There are small enclaves of traders from other realms too, such as "The Street of a Hundred Dwarfs" which is noted for its bazaars of metalworkers, weapon smiths and wig makers. It is the Tilean merchants who deal with most of the Old World trade to Araby.

Although there are frequent wars between rival sheikhs which occur in the interior of Araby, the Tileans try to avoid getting embroiled in local politics. However, the Tileans have occasionally financed mercenary armies in wars against the Undead who come from the east.



Sometimes the leaders of Araby will hire mercenaries to investigate the various necropolises or ruined cities. They ransack the tombs to prevent the dead being raised and burn any evil scrolls that may be found. Any gold or treasure which is discovered is shared between the mercenaries as booty. It is not only gold which lures these tomb robbing expeditions. Tilean merchants in places such as Remas and Verezzo have been known to pay a high price for exotic stone sphinxes and other statues made by the ancient inhabitants of Khemri, which they use to adorn their villas and plazas.

Sometimes the ancient dead are stirred by these depredations and arise to wreak vengeance on the tomb robbers. On one occasion, hundreds of skeleton soldiers suddenly broke out of pottery urns to protect the mummy of their ancient lord. The nomads fled in terror, abandoning the rest of the mercenary army to fight its way out of the necropolis to the sea. Even Tileans cannot negotiate with the Tomb Kings!

TILEAN SHIPS

Tilean merchants would not have got very far had there not been seaworthy ships in Tilea. For a long time the Tileans used galleys propelled by sails and oars, which were ideal for the calm Tilean Sea. The Tilean cities, especially Remas, had large fleets of war galleys which endeavoured to fight off the marauding Corsairs of Araby and Norse raiders. The experience of continuous naval warfare combined with the inventive genius of the Tileans meant that their war galleys became bigger and better over the centuries. The Tileans eventually possessed galleys capable of venturing beyond the Tilean Sea and into northern waters.



Around the time when Tilean mercenaries were being hired in great numbers to fight in the civil wars within the Empire, Marienburg hired a flotilla of war galleys from Remas. Soon afterwards this city was building its own, even heavier war galleys for use in the Sea of Claws. Centuries later when the Tileans began to mount cannon on their galleys, they opted for much lighter guns than those preferred in the Empire, but then the Tilean crews include many expert crossbowmen and so do not have to rely on firepower to the same extent.

Tilean merchant ships, unlike the war galleys, are purely sailing ships and better for riding stormy seas. Such ships are similar to those used by Bretonnia and the Empire, except that they are lighter and more like the ships of the Corsairs in the way that the masts and sails are arranged. This means that they are quite fast and not dependant on a tailing wind, making them very good for long voyages in uncharted oceans. This enables the Tileans to venture far from their home ports in pursuit of trade.

THE LUSTRIAN VENTURE

Following the Dark Elf raid on Remas in 1487 there was much speculation as to where these raiders were from. The High Elves denounced the Dark Elves, but were not forthcoming with any answers. However, the merchants of Remas were eager for revenge and ready to finance expeditions of exploration into the west.

Maps brought out of Araby after the crusades revealed little of what lay beyond the western ocean, only of the seas and coasts of the Southlands. Then in 1491 Marco Colombo, a merchant of Remas, acquired a map from a Norse seafarer. This had the coast of Lustria marked on it revealing that there was a western continent beyond Ulthuan. It also had the approximate location of the Norse settlements established centuries before by Losteriksson. There were other interesting details on the map, such as tally marks indicating how many days sailing the voyage would last and runes to mark the prevailing winds and various hazards that had been encountered.

Marco eventually persuaded Orlando, an exiled Prince of Trantio in the service of Remas, to spare him three of the most up-to-date ships and a mercenary crew. Unfortunately the crew happened to be some troublesome mercenaries which Orlando wished to be rid of! In 1492 Marco set out on the long voyage to Lustria, heading for the Norse township of Skeggi. Marco's ships, the Nino, Bimbo and Pintolaga, miraculously avoided encountering any High Elf ships, which would certainly have tried to stop the expedition to preserve their own monopoly of trade.

The expedition eventually made a safe landing on the coast of Lustria, but far to the south of Skeggi in the vicinity of the Lizardman city of Tlax. Marco already knew of the Lizardmen from questioning Norsemen and sailors from Araby and had brought with him





Skaven captives as a present for their serpent god, who apparently had an insatiable appetite for such sacrificial victims. This made certain of a welcome from the local priest-king who even agreed to hire Marco's mercenaries to guard his realm against sea raiders!

After serving as a mercenary for a while and being richly rewarded, Marco had the privilege of seeing the Lizardmen destroy the same Dark Elf raiders who had attacked Remas a few years before. Shortly afterwards, Marco's men became restless and mutinied, sailing off with all the treasure. However, lacking Marco's diplomatic tact, they were soon caught and captured by Lizardmen further up the coast and the treasure was returned to Marco, who enjoyed the trust of the local mage-priests.

By now Marco thought that it was time to return to Tilea before everyone thought he had disappeared for good! Putting to sea with only one ship, he once more slipped past the High Elves and reached Tilea. In the meantime, Orlando, Marco's patron, was no longer in the service of Remas, but had been recently hired by the Republic of Trantio. Unfortunately the republic had not honoured their agreement to him due to old vendettas against his family, and his mercenary army was encamped outside the city, unpaid and starving. Worse still, Orlando had been mortally wounded by an assassin's dagger!

He was delighted when Marco arrived laden down with treasure. The army was paid, fed and re-armed and more mercenaries were hired. Thanks to a Lustrian potion brought back by Marco, Orlando lived long enough to see his army rout the forces hired by his rivals to get rid of him. Marco then assumed command on the recommendation of Orlando and captured the city of Trantio itself. The ruling clique was overthrown much to the satisfaction of the citizens.



Marco married Orlando's daughter and sole heir. She had been imprisoned by the other families in a tall tower noted for its exceptionally perilous angle of inclination. After getting even with Orlando's old enemies, Marco was in position to restore the Principality of Trantio, with himself as Prince.

Marco used the rest of his wealth to establish the influence of the Colombo family in Remas and the Orlando family in Trantio. Together they would monopolise the trade with Lustria. He financed an expedition of five ships which actually reached Skeggi on the third attempt. Thus was opened up a reliable, though intermittent trade route to Lustria from Tilea, with the help of hireling Norse seafarers, who were skilled at evading the ships of the Elves.





THE SILK ROAD

The ancient Dwarf road leading from Tilea into the Worlds Edge Mountains and the old Dwarf strongholds had long been known to Tilean merchants. Usually it was Dwarf traders who used this road to reach the cities of Tilea and the coast, where they could exchange metals and gems for Elf gold, pearls, exotic timber and other luxuries brought in on ships from Ulthuan. Of course some enterprising Tilean merchants followed the road back to the Dwarf Kingdom where they tried to introduce the Dwarfs to such luxuries as wine, perfume and soap, but without much success!

As to what lay beyond the Dwarf Kingdoms to the east little was known. The Dwarfs just tugged their beards, shook their heads and advised the Tileans not to go there. Beyond the mountains, they said, there was just a barren wilderness inhabited by Goblins and bad Dwarfs. Those who went barely two day's journey into the east found this to be true.

Then one day, the brothers, Ricco and Robbio, Tilean merchants in Karaz-a-Karak, bought a tattered but exceptionally fine silk banner from some Dwarf adventurers who had been far to the east. They claimed to have captured it from a band of Hobgoblins. The banner bore the symbol of a Dragon, and the Dwarfs, not bothered about keeping what they believed to be an Elf banner, were eager to sell it for gold.

The significance of the banner was not lost on Ricco and Robbio. If it was an Elf banner captured by the Hobgoblins, it could be the answer to a question which had been vexing the minds of many Tilean merchants: was it possible to get to Ulthuan by going eastwards as

an overland route instead of sailing westwards over the sea? If such a thing were possible, it could mean that Ulthuan was at the eastern end of the great Old World continent! It would also mean that the world was round and not flat as most people believed.

Elf seafarers had never revealed much about Ulthuan. The Norse seemed to think it was an island. Marco Colombo in his writings speculated as to whether it was an island or a peninsula of a great northern continent attached to Lustria. He believed, as did many others, that only this could explain where the Dark Elves came from and why they fought against the High Elves.

Ricco and Robbio suspected that if they journeyed far enough to the east they would either arrive in Ulthuan, or maybe even Lustria, or on the far coast of the Old World continent opposite Ulthuan. Unfortunately this coast might be held by Dark Elves whom it was generally agreed were undesirable trading partners. The fine workmanship of the silk banner and its Dragon motif suggested a High Elf origin. Perhaps it had been lost in battle with the Dark Elves and captured by Hobgoblin lackeys in their employ?

Ricco and Robbio scoured the Dwarf strongholds of the Worlds Edge Mountains seeking more artefacts of Elven workmanship which had come out of the east. They acquired a small hoard of objects including scrolls bearing what appeared to be Elven writing, weapons, and silks which Dwarf traders were pleased to sell for gold.

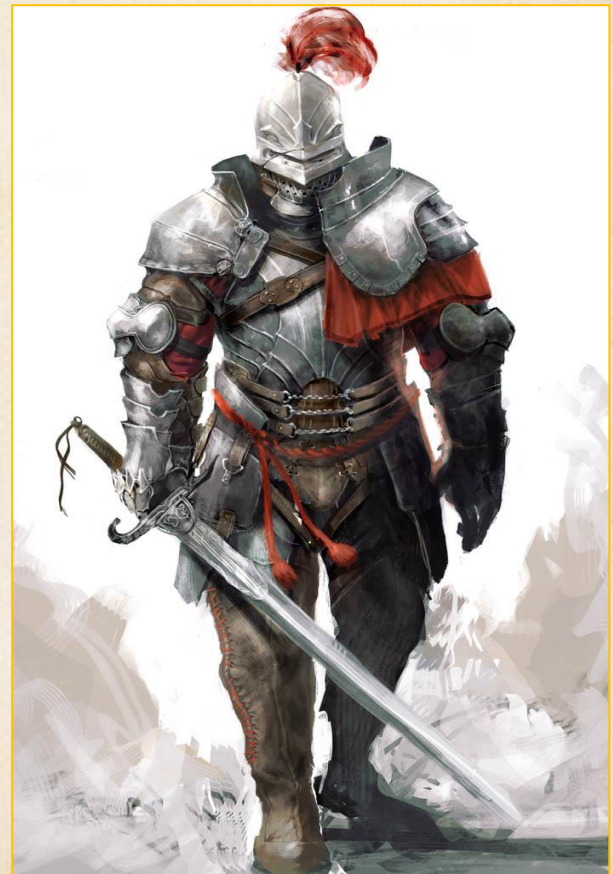
DA HAPPY PLUNDERER

*We loves ta go a plunderin'
Across da salty seas,
A killin' an a murderin'
An' fightin' if ya please.*

*Fal-da-Reeeeeee.'
Fal-da-Raaaaaa!
Fal-da-Reeeeeee!
Fal-da-ha ha ha ha ba ha ba
Fal-da-Reeeeeee!
Fal-da-Raaaaaa!
Are ya wiv us all so far?*

*We loves ta go a plunderin'
Across da mountain sides,
But when we comes ta do 'em in,
Dem stunties runs an' bides.
Fal-da... (et cetera, ad nauseam)*

Ogre Camp Fire Song





The two brothers returned to their home city of Verezzo and tried to raise funds for an expedition into the east. Their intention was to find an overland route to Ulthuan and possibly even Lustria. This would avoid the hazards of a long sea voyage and show the High Elves that they might rule the seas but not the land. Also it would enable Verezzo to get one up on her trading rivals in Remas, which was enjoying a monopoly on the western sea trade at this time.

The Prince of Verezzo was very enthusiastic and all the Merchant Princes of the city followed his example. Merchants from Luccini, Miragliano, and Pavona also contributed to the enterprise. It was decided that the expedition was so dangerous that only a powerful armed force could be expected to fight its way across the continent. Therefore a great mercenary army was gathered, led by the best mercenary commanders of the day. Furthermore, there was a large civilian contingent of merchants, artisans, craftsmen and others, together with their wives and camp followers. The baggage train stretched for over a mile.

The intention was to set up a trading post as far east as possible. As the expedition passed through the lands of the Border Princes it gathered further contingents motivated by a sense of adventure. When it reached the Dwarf Kingdom, several Dwarf contingents joined the column, notably Troll Slayers, attracted by the generally held belief that the expedition was doomed! In 1699 the expedition, now numbering over a thousand Tileans and various other mercenaries, left Karaz-a-Karak for the east, travelling up the Worlds Edge Mountains to the Road of Skulls and beyond!

It was many years before anyone in Tilea heard of the fate of the expedition or what they had discovered. Then in 1714 a merchant caravan of pack yaks arrived at Verezzo, laden down with bundles of silk. With the



bales of silk came a message from Ricco and Robbio explaining that they were now residing in the westernmost outpost of the Empire of Cathay! Of course, up to then no one in Tilea, or for that matter the Old World, had known that Cathay existed at all.

It was now clear that there was no eastern route to Ulthuan or Lustria. The world was indeed flat and much, much larger than anyone could have imagined. Instead of Elves, the Tileans had encountered an entirely unknown realm. Indeed it was a populous empire of vast extent and unimaginable wealth.



Apparently Ricco and Robbio had not been permitted to enter the Empire of Cathay because, as the Cathayans had politely explained, they were hairy and uncouth barbarians! However, the Emperor Wu, greatest of all the Cathayan Emperors, had been intrigued by these strangers. He had been delighted with the return of the banner of his Palace Guard and was gratified to receive the submission and tribute of the entire land of Tilea!

This caused great mirth in Verezzo where they guessed that the cunning Ricco and Robbio had appealed to the vanity of this oriental potentate in order to avoid being summarily beheaded! The message went on to say that the Emperor had agreed to hire the entire expedition having been impressed by a mock battle in which the mercenaries had held off a small part of the Cathayan army. The Tileans accompanying the pack yaks explained that it had not been a 'mock' battle and the army, although small by Cathayan standards had in fact outnumbered the Tileans by about three to one!

Since that time a mercantile quarter has flourished in Shang-Yang which is the westernmost of the Cathayan fortress towns on the 'Silk Road'. This is the name by which the trade route to Cathay, opened up by Ricco and Robbio has become known. Trading caravans go along this route very rarely and only a few reach their destination due to the terrible hazards of the journey and the scourge of the Hobgoblin Khan and his great horde which, when all his loyal tribes are drawn up for battle, is said to extend from horizon to horizon!

The mercenaries in Shang-Yang have become 'guests' of the Emperor of Cathay and valued warriors in his service. The Emperor uses these troops to help defend his western frontier against the wrath of Hobgoblin Khan. Of course by doing this, the Tileans serve their own interests by keeping open the Silk Road.







TILEAN CHRONICLE

The history of the quarrelsome city states of Tilea is recorded in many separate chronicles, compiled over the centuries since the distant past. Such are the ancient feuds and rivalries between cities that the various chronicles frequently contradict each other, with both sides often claiming victory in the same battle! Sometimes, when a tyrannical Prince was overthrown and a republic declared in his place, or when a mercenary warlord seized power and made himself Prince of a city, the chronicles would be 'amended' in favour of the new regime. For these reasons, Tilean history is a complicated and confusing subject to say the least. All dates are given in the Sigmarite Calendar of the Empire as is usual amongst Old World historians.

Date	Event
c.-1780	<i>Tilean legends give this date for the destruction of the ancient city of Tylos in the Blighted Marshes.</i>
c.-1500	<i>The Elves abandon their colonies around the Tilean Sea and return to Ulthuan.</i>

Archaic Age

c.-700	<i>Elf seafarers report Tilean shepherds grazing their flocks amid the tumbled colonnades of former Elf cities.</i>
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Classical Age

1	<i>According to legend, Tilean twins Lucan and Luccina found Luccini among the ruins of an ancient Elf city. In the following centuries, Remas, Sartosa and Tobarò arise on the ruins of former Elf colonies.</i>
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451	<i>The shores of the Tilean Sea are ravaged by the combined fleets of Settra and the Dark Elves. Sartosa is destroyed.</i>
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Tilean Dark Ages

475	<i>Orc horde invades Tilea. Many cities are sacked.</i>
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491-978	<i>Tileans gradually drive the Orcs back over the Apuccini Mountains.</i>
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1017	<i>Norse raiders establish a stronghold on Sartosa.</i>
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Era of Araby Wars

1240	<i>Sartosa invaded by Corsairs of Araby.</i>
------	--

1366	<i>Tilean mercenaries fight on both sides in the civil wars that ravage the Empire.</i>
------	---

1425	<i>Tournament of Ravola. Flower of Bretonnian chivalry beaten by Tilean knights, ending Bretonnian pretensions to domains in Tilea.</i>
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1448	<i>Tilean mercenaries take part in wars to free Estalia from Sultan Jaffar. Tobarò holds out against the Sultan's army.</i>
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1487	<i>Dark Elf raid on Remas.</i>
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Age of Exploration

1492	<i>Marco Colombo 'discovers' Lustria.</i>
------	---

1501	<i>Sartosa is recaptured from the Corsairs of Araby by the mercenary army of Luciano Catena.</i>
------	--

Date	Event
1563-5	<i>Tobarò is overrun by Skaven breaking in through the catacombs. Later recaptured by the mercenary army of Meldò Marcelli.</i>

1699	<i>Ricco and Robbio trek east along the Silk Road and are received at the court of Emperor Wu of Cathay.</i>
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1757	<i>Sartosa becomes lair of pirates.</i>
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1812	<i>The Red Pox ravages Tilea.</i>
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1877	<i>A pig is elected Prince of Tobarò and retains the throne for 12 years.</i>
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1948	<i>Year of the Four Tyrannies of Tilea.</i>
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Era of Enlightenment

2000	<i>A new age of art, culture and prosperity flourishes throughout Tilea.</i>
------	--

2012	<i>The inventive genius Leonardo da Miragliano enters the Emperor's service.</i>
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2236	<i>Grottio paints two thousand naked nymphs on the ceiling of the palazzo Verezzo instead of a battle scene and is exiled to the island of Nonucci as punishment.</i>
------	---

2321-99	<i>Tilea is gripped by recurrent famines caused by plagues of mice eating the grain. Revolts result in the proclamation of republics in Remas and Verezzo.</i>
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2401	<i>At the siege of Monte Castello 500 mercenaries hold out against 10,000 Orcs.</i>
------	---

2485	<i>Borgio makes himself Prince of Miragliano.</i>
2489	<i>Battle of Villa Vennia, Miragliano defeats Remas.</i>

2495	<i>Battle of Via Veddia, Miragliano defeats Verezzo.</i>
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2497	<i>Battle of Vittoria Viccia, Miragliano defeats Trantio.</i>
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2503	<i>Borgio of Miragliano known as "The Besieger" is found murdered in his bath with a toasting fork.</i>
------	---

2505	<i>Lorenzo Lupo becomes Prince of Luccini.</i>
------	--

2513	<i>Lucrezzia Belladonna poisons her seventh husband, the Prince of Pavona.</i>
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Arnulf Schwarz had been summoned by the count. He climbed the stone steps and opened the great oak door into the keep, situated in the midst of the desolate domains of the Border Princes. Count Einhard was there with the other officers, poring over a parchment map as usual.

"Ah Schwarz, ve haf been vaitink vor you. I haf a liddle task vor you to do," said the count in his aristocratic Reikland accent. Arnulf braced himself to receive whatever dire mission his lord had in mind for him. He was no longer in any doubt that the count was an utter nincompoop!

"At your command my lord," said Arnulf.

"Ja, you know zat liddle Orc schtronghold on der vootbills? I vant to conquer it."

"Good my lord, but..." said Arnulf.

"But vot?" said the count.

"But we do not have enough troops, my lord!" replied Arnulf standing rigidly to attention as was his habit. "We lost five hundred and seventy-two in the last attack..."

"Ja, ja, very observant of you Schwarz! Das ist vy ve are sendink you into Tilea to hire mercenaries. Take zis Bolt und make contact viz Tilean agents in Luccini. It iz only a down payment you understand. Tell zem there ist more. Make sure you hire der best!" said the count.

"Jawohl my lord!" said Arnulf, taking the weighty leather bag full of gold coins, rather proud to be entrusted with this important mission. On the other band, he was the only one of Einhard's officers who knew any smattering of Tilean, which he had picked up while serving alongside crossbowmen in the Empire.

"Ja Arnulf, haf a gut time und don't spend ze money on drink und fraulines!" called the other officers as he went out to fetch a horse. They were buffoons to a man and Arnulf hated their guts.

A week later Arnulf was following a rough track descending the western slopes of the Apuccini Mountains. Before him stretched the undulating green plain of Tilea, rather parched in the hot sun. A couple of days later having met nobody except shepherds (who ran away


and riding through endless vineyards and olive groves,

Arnulf passed a tumbledown roadside tavern. He let his horse take a drink from the trough and asked the way to Luccini. The keeper pointed him in the right direction. A little way down the road, Arnulf was suddenly set upon from all sides by a dozen bandits with cudgels. In a few moments they were all scattered across the road, very dead. Arnulf wiped his sword and replaced it in his scabbard. Then, realising that the bag of gold tied to his saddle was probably attracting the wrong sort of attention, Arnulf stuffed it into the place he considered safest, his codpiece!

Arnulf continued towards the distant towers of Luccini, several of which appeared to be leaning in different directions. He heard the sound of a bell tolling far away. That evening, Arnulf approached the gates of Luccini which were about to be closed for the night. The guards, who were armed with incredibly long spears, asked him his business in the city "I have come to hire mercenaries," replied Arnulf with the typical directness of an Ostlander. This seemed to do the trick, and the guards smiled and waved him through. They even bowed and bade him welcome to their fair city!

Arnulf found himself riding along narrow allies flanked by tall houses with overhanging balconies jutting out at all angles. There were all kinds of strange people in the streets. A long-haired youth was playing the lute and singing in a high-pitched voice beneath one balcony. A very rotund lady appeared and threw a pail of something nasty over him, nearly drenching Arnulf as well. Then another rather noble looking youth scurried past in the typical tightly fitting laced up garb of the Tileans, pursued soon after by a rough looking bunch with daggers drawn, shouting "Vendetta! Vendetta!"

Arnulf was now well and truly lost in the narrow winding streets of Luccini, and evening was drawing nigh. Some rather voluptuous ladies leant out of a window and called to him "Hey watta you got inna your coddapiece?" and "How you lika to come in fora some home cooking; notta much gold!" Arnold, not the most shrewd of men, replied "Nein, thank you very much, but I must keep all my gold for hiring mercenaries!" and rode on, rather perturbed that the bulging bag of gold was so conspicuous, from the third story of a tall building.



No sooner had he turned down the next alley than Arnulf was attacked by masked and cloaked men leaping out of the shadows with daggers. A brisk scuffle left them all dead in various agonised postures in the gutter. Arnulf sheathed his sword and rode on. Similar incidents occurred several more times as Arnulf wandered around the city accosting individuals and demanding to know where he could hire mercenaries. He got few answers and was leaving rather too many embarrassing heaps of groaning and dying Tilean assassins. Suddenly everything went dark...

When the sack was taken off Arnulf's head he found himself in the magnificent palazzo of Luccini.

"Hey, welcome to Luccini!" said his most stylishly dressed and obviously princely host. "I am Lorenzo Prince of Luccini. Maybe you heard of me already? Hey, why you been chopping up all my citizens?"

Arnulf stood to attention and announced himself and his mission and apologised for slaying various citizens of Luccini. "Hey is no matter I didn't like them anyway! So you want to hire mercenaries? If you want mercenaries you talk to me!"

Lorenzo entertained Arnulf lavishly with wine, good food and various courtly entertainments and then got down to business. "Hey Marco, bring me the latest roster," said Lorenzo to one of his elegant henchmen. Then he turned to Arnulf saying, "How much you want to spend?" Arnulf took the gold out of his codpiece and tipped it out over the table. "Hey, you joking with me! This will buy you three Halflings!" Arnulf replied that Count Einhard had much more gold to pay for a whole company of mercenaries.

"Now we are talking!" said Lorenzo. "What you want?" Arnulf had his answer ready. "Those men of yours with the long spears. A company of those would do very nicely!" Lorenzo paused and glanced at Marco. Marco shrugged and shook his head. Then Lorenzo said "I cannot spare any pikemen, I have enemies on all sides,

Remas, Verezzo, Trantio, Tobar, Araby, Sartosa and the pesky Rattas." Arnulf looked disappointed.

Then Lorenzo said "Hey I make you an offer you can't refuse. How you like Ogres?" "Ogres!" said Arnulf in disbelief "Can I trust them?" Lorenzo was quick to reassure Arnulf, "They are good boys, not so bad, they already here in Luccini. They just finished a job for me."

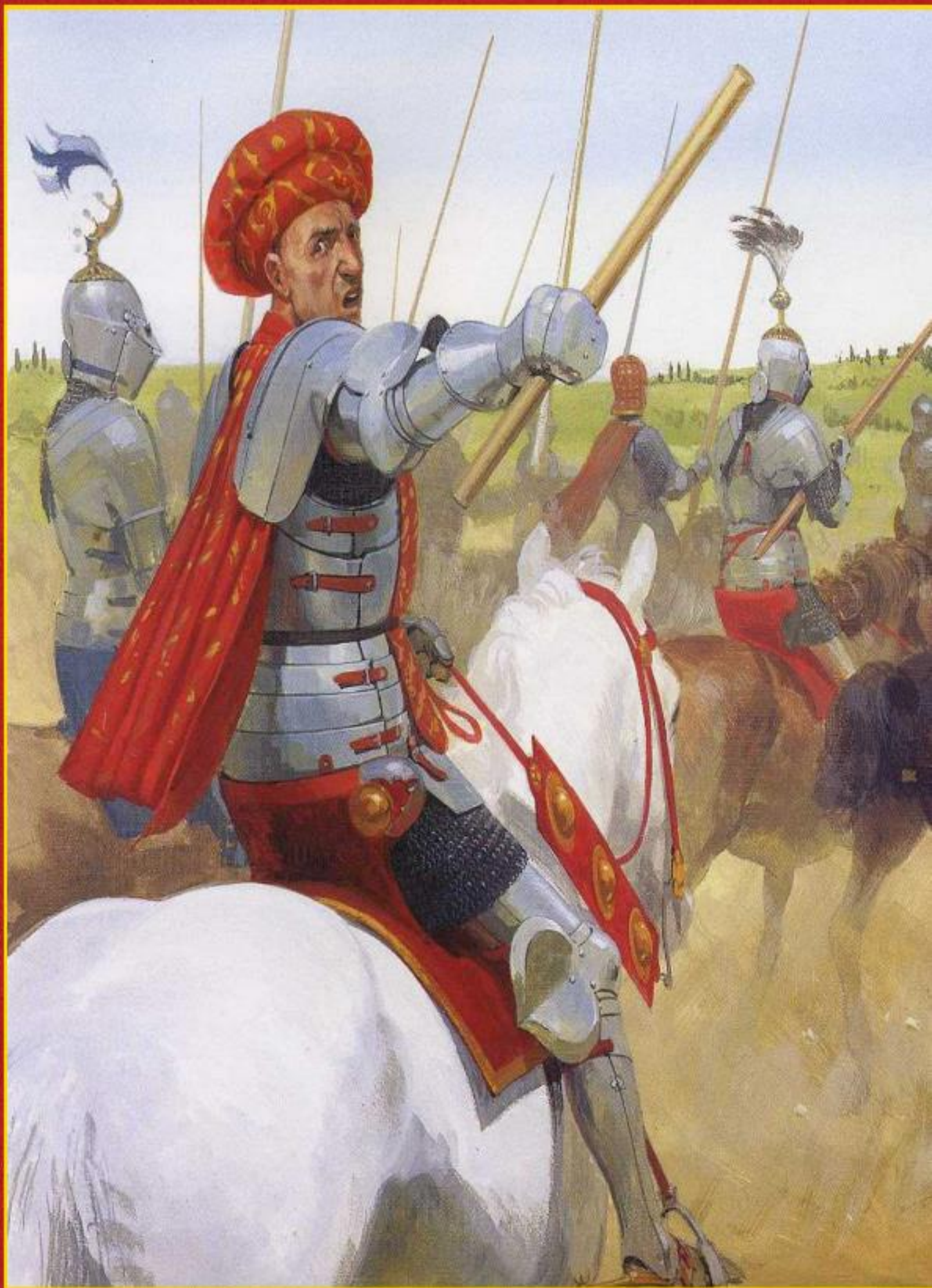
"Why are you prepared to let them go when you have so many enemies?" asked Arnulf. Lorenzo was evasive. "They break up my city a bit, it makes the citizens angry, but they are good boys, they just like to fight! Look, I will make you a very good deal!"

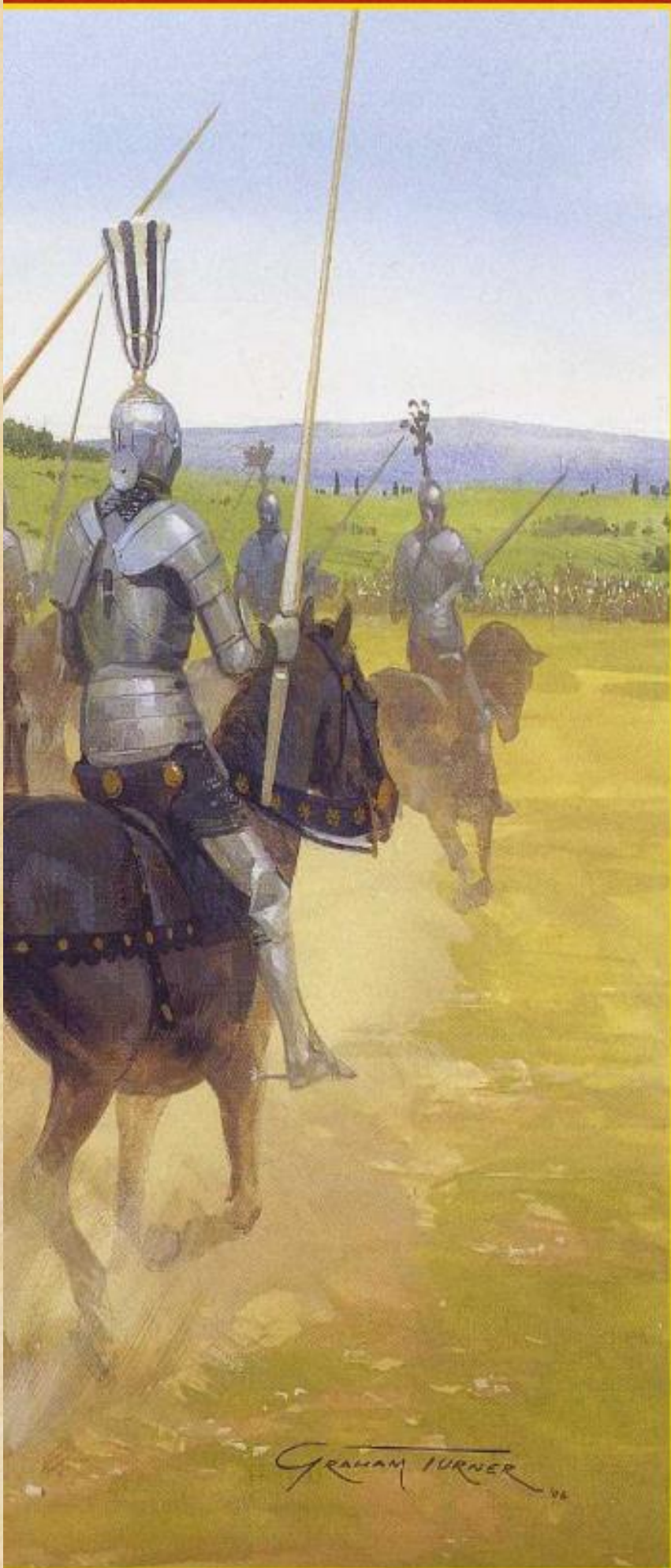
After considering some other mercenary bands on Lorenzo's roster Arnulf finally settled for the Ogres, mainly because all the other contingents would have to be sent for and this would take time, whereas the Ogres were already at hand.

All the gold was apparently required to pay Lorenzo's fee for clinching the deal with the Ogre chief Lorenzo then took Marco to one side "This is a good deal! Now you go and get that scum out of my dungeons!"

While this was going on Lorenzo entertained Arnulf by showing him the great frescoes which he had commissioned from the world-famous artist Tintorezzi. "On this wall we have 'The Triumph of Death'." Arnulf was reminded of an Undead army he had once fought against. "And on this wall we have 'The Triumph of Lorenzo!' Arnulf marvelled at the serried ranks of pikemen trampling over enemy knights and made a mental note to tell the count that such troops could be hired, perhaps from another city if not Luccini. "And this is 'The Triumph of Love' - it is not yet finito..." Indeed, the master artist was hard at work painting scantily clad nymphs skipping daintily among ruined Elven pillars and cypress trees. What really delighted Arnulf though, were the dozens of live models posing for the great artist!

Arnulf arrived back at the count's castle having endured the company of the Ogres for the two-week trek across the Apuccini Mountains. A brief encounter with a rather large mob of Goblins and several Trolls had convinced Arnulf that the mercenaries would be well worth their pay. And if they proved to be treacherous, well, so what - he didn't much like Count Einhard anyway. Serving a Prince of Tilea seemed much more tempting!





SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE

The notable thing about mercenaries is that they will fight for anyone – anyone willing to pay them, that is. They have few scruples when it comes to who they fight for, and will cheerfully pitch in against their own kinsfolk so long as the money's good!

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



ARMY SPECIAL RULES

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

RACIAL DISTRUST

There are many different races that trade and fight in Tilea, but few of them are particularly trusting of each other.

Most models belong to a certain race as detailed in their Troop Type. This includes Human, Dwarf, Elf, Halfling, Ogre, Orc and Hobgoblin. Models belonging to the same race follow the ally rules for Bound by Blood. Humans, Dwarfs, Elves and Halflings treat each other as Trusted Allies. Ogres and Hobgoblins are considered Suspicious Allies to all. Orcs are Desperate Allies to Humans, Dwarfs, Elves and Halflings. However, all models may still use the Paymaster's Hold Your Ground! ability as normal.

MERCENARIES

When things start going poorly it is not unheard of for the less reliable sell-swords to switch sides in the very midst of a conflict. During the battle, there are times when the loyalty of the warriors-for-hire will be tested.

Every time a unit with this special rule fails a Break test, roll on the Mercenary Loyalty table below and apply the results. This rule has no effect on a unit that is joined by the army's General, Paymaster or Merchant Prince.

MERCENARY LOYALTY TABLE

D6	Result
1-3	Wavering Loyalty. <i>The mercenaries aren't sure if the job is worth their suffering!</i> All models in the unit suffer a -1 modifier to their Leadership for the rest of the battle.
4-5	Soldier On. <i>The mercenaries flee, but remain loyal for the moment.</i> The unit flees as normal.
6	Stand Fast! <i>Remembering the promise of gold from their employer, the mercenaries stand their ground.</i> The unit counts as having passed its Break test.





MERCHANT PRINCES

The Tileans became involved in trade from the earliest times, soon after the old Elven ruins were settled by human tribes and gradually rebuilt as Tilean cities. Because of the location of Tilea, it could be reached by High Elf ships by sea and Dwarf traders over land. The Tileans were therefore in the ideal position to act as middlemen in the exchange of goods between these two races. Such was the animosity between Elves and Dwarfs ever since the War of the Beard that they preferred not to deal with each other directly if they could avoid it! Of course the Tileans made sure they took a respectable share of the profits.

Merchants thrived in all of the city-states of Tilea, and the profits of trade enabled them to become more and more powerful. Naturally they took an active part in the government of their home cities, either as sole rulers or by sitting on the ruling council.

In most cases a single merchant family is pre-eminent in each of the Tilean cities at any one time. In republics the power is shared more or less equally between several families, to avoid unnecessary bloodshed in the streets! Often where one household is more powerful and respected, the head of the family becomes the ruling Prince of the city. Such rulers are known as Merchant Princes.

There is no hereditary right to rule and so every Merchant Prince must watch out for rivals making a

bid for power. It is quite usual for the ruler to be toppled from power by a rival contender from another family or even from among his own relatives. Such power struggles usually take the form of violent street fights between warriors hired by either side. Sometimes an ambitious pretender to the princely throne will go as far as hiring an entire army to oust his rival. It is a Tilean custom for anyone whose ancestor ever wielded political power to claim the title of Merchant Prince. This alone can lead to political rivalries and never-ending vendettas.



Anyone who rises to power, whether by intrigue, assassination or force of arms, is certain to make enemies on the way. In Tilea the tradition of getting even with your enemies is strong. This has given rise to the notorious custom of the vendetta. Unlike Dwarf grudges, which are struck off the book when resolved, vendettas are permanent. They are not written down, but instead are remembered and cherished for generations within a family, to be set aside or renewed as occasion demands.

Anyone who is looking for an excuse to topple the ruler and usurp his position, or for that matter, any Merchant Prince looking for a reason to make war on a rival principality, simply has to dredge up some long standing vendetta. On the other hand, if reconciliation or a political alliance is in order vendettas are conveniently put aside for another day.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Merchant Prince	4	5	4	4	4	3	4	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character, Human).

SPECIAL RULES:

The Best Money Can Buy: If a Merchant Prince is included in your army, one Dogs of War unit (which is not a Regiment of Renown, character, monster or war machine) may increase its armour save by +1 or gain Armour Piercing (1). This costs 1 point per model for Infantry, and 2 points per model for other troop types. Alternatively, the unit may take a Magic Standard worth up to 50 points.

Be it known that Hragged the Black was not killed in the treacherous ambush organised by Reynard the Fox. In fact, General Hragged is at the Black Sow Inn hiring more brave warriors to do a little fox hunting...



MERCENARY GENERALS

Being the sort of place it is, every barbarian and farm lad with heroic pretensions heads to Tilea to make his fortune. Fortunately for everyone concerned most come to a bad end very quickly, but one or two inevitably survive and become heroic if not near legendary figures of the kind that keep troubadours warbling and strumming away long into the evening. So it is that heroes for hire can be found in all mercenary armies: fortune hunters, desperadoes and adventurers of the kind naturally attracted to wars and opportunity.

A Dogs of War army comprises many different regiments assembled and paid for by an ambitious mercenary general. A mercenary general is likely to be a bold adventurer who has probably risen from the ranks, or perhaps a renegade lord who has been forced to hire troops to regain lands which rightfully belong to him or don't, as the case may be. The truth is that mercenary generals come from all walks of life. Whilst many are motivated by honest-to-goodness greed and down-to-earth ambition, there are undoubtedly a few deranged individuals who simply enjoy the life of adventure and discovery in foreign lands.

Throughout the Old World there are those who are drawn to the life of the professional soldier. The most successful and powerful of these adventurous sell-swords become the leaders of entire armies of mercenaries. Mercenary Generals are bold adventurers and hard-bitten campaigners, veterans of countless battles across the Old World. Some harbour ambitions of conquest and fame, others fight for the love of battle, but all fight for money and treasure. This gallant figure leads the Dogs of War in pursuit of victory and plunder!



Grizzled veterans covered in the scars from a life of war, the General of a Dogs of War army is a powerful individual, feared and respected throughout the Old World. The best generals have lead successful forays into faraway lands coming back with riches for themselves and their patrons. Even though a few take the riches and became rogue, the majority believe in honouring a contract.

The majority of mercenary generals at large in the Old World are humans. Most of these are from Tilea but not all. The Empire produces excellent fighting men, many of whom find their way into mercenary armies to fight as dogs of war. Sometimes expertise and determination enables an individual to rise up through the ranks and lead his own mercenary army. Mercenary generals whose origins lie in the Empire usually begin their career among the Border Princes rather than in the Empire itself, except perhaps during a time of civil wars.

Few Bretonnian knights have ever become mercenary generals, and the honour of those who have must certainly be deeply suspect! However, it is possible that some notorious generals began as Bretonnian commoners. There are, however, several Arabian mercenary generals, which is not surprising in a land ruled over by warring tribes of dubious loyalty. It is quite possible for a Sheikh or Emir and his entire tribe to suddenly appear out of the desert and offer their swords to the highest bidder. Almost all the corsair leaders are of course mercenary generals likely to change sides for a chest full of gold. Finally, let us not forget the frozen wastes of Kislev and the brooding fjords of Norsca, from which have come some of the cruellest mercenary generals the world has ever seen – warlords who learned their trade collecting the heads of Chaos Warriors and flaying Beastmen for their pelts.

Although many Dogs of War generals are humans (frequently Tileans), there are many others of very different origins. Some, of course, are also men, either from the Old World, or more distant lands. Others come from among the other warlike races of the known world, such as the Orcs, Hobgoblins and Ogres, or from the ancient races of the Dwarfs and Elves.

Mercenary Captains are expert leaders of men that have proved themselves leading units and now are starting to assemble small forces for battle and exploration. Most Captains are tough professional soldiers who have survived dozens of fierce battles to get where they are. Captains tend to respect experience and ability over birth and social position. They know what counts on the battlefield. They are usually remarkable by their strength, tactical acclaim, lucidity, toughness or even sheer perseverance to duty, and are often loved by their soldiers.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Mercenary General	4	6	5	4	4	3	6	4	9
Mercenary Captain	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character, Human).

SPECIAL RULES: Mercenaries.



HIRELING WIZARDS

Wizards, shamans, mystics, all these and more are associated with men who can wield the power of magic. Humans born with magical talent are dangerous and feared individuals, as Daemons and disaster gather about an untrained Wizard. All magic is potentially dangerous and originates from Chaos, so those blessed (or cursed) with the power of sorcery are both hated and feared. Still, it is not difficult to find employment if you are a wizard, and many are willing to take the risk of persecution.

Demand for sorcerous support always exceeds supply, so it is small wonder that enchanters both great and small make their way to Tilea where their talents can earn them good money. The lure of adventure in foreign lands, weird new magic, and ancient secrets is a major attraction for many Hireling Wizards, though others are in it for the gold like any other sane and sensible individual. Hireling Wizards serve to lend their magical talents to whatever endeavour their master hired them for, though they provide council freely. In addition, they are expected to help resolve magical dilemmas and similar situations.

There are many Wizards roaming the lands of Tilea. No one knows how many there are or where they all came from. Perhaps they murdered their master and are now on the run, selling their abilities to the highest bidder. Others simply cannot be tied down to any single place and see the life of a mercenary as a good means to expand their influence and study.



While the motives and backgrounds of Hireling Wizards are as varied as the nature of magic itself, they do share a constant goal – the pursuit of knowledge and power. A wizard is driven constantly by a thirst to discover the secrets of creation. This undeniable compulsion is not in itself evil. However it is a constant call to power that all who tread the path of the wizard experience.

Just as most mercenary generals are human, so is it with the hireling wizards. Many Hireling Wizards are outcasts or renegades from the Orders of Magic and live by selling their magic powers for the best offer. Sure, there is an occasional disinherited Elf that can be found in mercenary armies, but that is very rare.

Like any other sorcerer in the old world, Hireling Wizards are not to be trusted. Most have bounties on their heads for misdeeds done in other realms and cannot ply their trade other than for the Merchant Families and for mercenary generals. These rogue Wizards have been seen plying their trade over the years for whichever patron's purse can keep them in the luxury they feel they deserve.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wizard Lord	4	3	3	3	4	3	3	1	8
Hireling Wizard	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character, Human).

MAGIC: A Hireling Wizard uses spells from one of the eight Battle Magic Lore in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

SPECIAL RULES: Mercenaries.

FOR HYRE!
 Rufus the Magnificent,
 famed wizard and animal trainer,
 seeks **profitable employ.**

Rufus is available for:

- Epic battles
- Local skirmishes
- Domestic disturbances

Reasonable rates, block booking discount.
 Prestidigitation extra.

Say 'Rufus' three times and he'll find you





ASSASSINS

Killing for money is hardly unusual in Tilea; after all, mercenaries do it every day. Few sell-swords achieve the Assassin's level of lethality, however. These hired killers are expertly trained and deadly with a variety of weapons. Many also master the poisoner's art. The best Assassins can dispatch their targets in a matter of seconds, leaving behind no evidence of their presence. Their services are much sought after by the various Merchant families in order to dispatch rivals and enemy generals. Few Assassins care where the commissions come from. They only want a challenging mission and a fat purse for their fee.

Intrigue and assassination are as much a part the Tilean way of life as fine food and music. Any man who dares to cross a powerful Tilean Prince or an influential merchant or money lender is likely to find himself on the wrong end of a dagger or, more likely, feeding the fishes at the bottom of the local harbour. As a consequence, an entire professional class of assassins, poisoners and hired thugs has grown up - all too willing to exact vengeance on behalf of their clients. In a land where money buys power and military might, it is hardly surprising that it also buys justice or, to give it its proper title, revenge!

These hired killers have a formidable reputation and no-one, not even the most powerful Tilean merchants, would want to get on the wrong side of them. A warning is usually enough to banish any thought of betrayal or double-dealing. A bloodied dagger found embedded in a door, or in some innocent servant, is

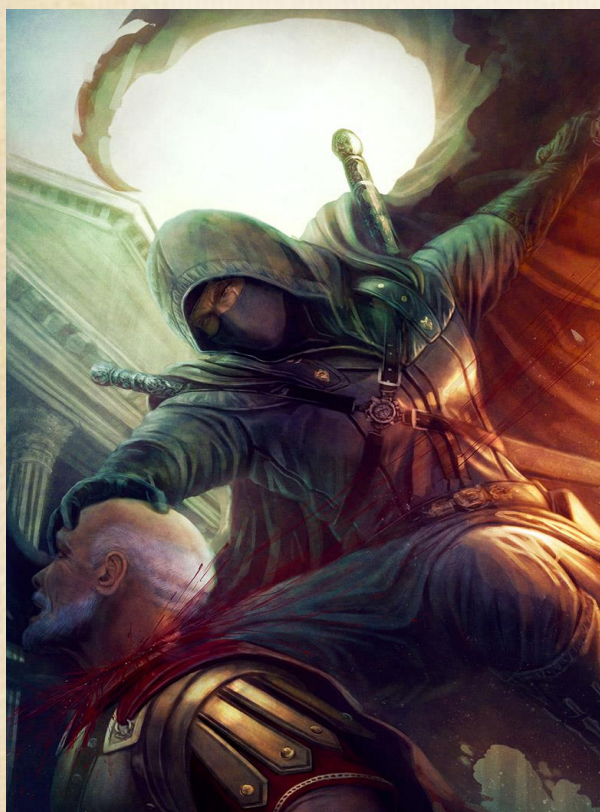
just one recognised sign of disapproval. Finding an unwelcome note beside your pillow in the morning can also be a sobering experience.

Whilst native Tileans are well versed in these rituals of intrigue, this is not always true when it comes to other races. When Golgfag the Ogre was in the employ of Lorenzo Lupo, he managed to offend most of the locals one way or another. When he awoke to find a horse's severed head upon his pillow he merely remarked that it was the best horse's head he had ever eaten. Several subsequent attempts on his life resulted in a dramatic reduction in the number of professional killers in Luccini. At one point there were so few murderers, assassins and poisoners remaining in his city that Lorenzo Lupo was concerned law and order would break down altogether!

The first thing an assassin does once he accepts a job is study the target. He wakes early and sets himself in a vantage point near the target's home, finding a place where he can watch without drawing attention to himself. Many assassins have enough skills in a craft, so they can pretend to be cobblers, tinkers, or street-sweepers and work at such tasks as a cover. The assassin watches everything as he works, taking note of the people passing by, the entrances and exits from the target's residence, and possible weak points in the target's potential defense.

Once the target emerges, the assassin shadows him, staying close enough to watch but far enough away that he won't be noticed. He watches the target throughout the day, noting everywhere he goes and everyone he meets. Every activity is evaluated with an eye toward the job. Whenever the target settles into a location, the assassin takes the opportunity to widen his scrutiny, examining every detail of the locale. He works out strategies to approach and exit each place unseen and unobstructed. A good assassin will study a subject for days, possibly weeks, before finally making his move.

Politics is a dangerous game and not all dangers are found on the battlefield. The Assassin specializes in removing 'obstacles' with discretion. He will hire himself out to the highest bidder and satisfaction is guaranteed. The Assassin calmly dispatches his rather distasteful duties with fastidiousness and finesse. In between jobs, such a man will often join a mercenary army in order to hone his skills; assassination is not a profession for the slow or dull-witted!



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Assassin	4	6	6	4	4	2	7	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character, Human).

SPECIAL RULES: Dodge (4+), Hidden, Mercenaries, Scouts.





THE PAYMASTER

The Paymaster is the keeper of the army's paychest, and that makes him a very popular fellow. He is possibly as important as the army's general, as he is responsible for all the cash which all mercenaries are frightfully keen on. He guards this with his life – literally so because he carries the army's paychest with him at all times.

The Paymaster is hired by the merchant families to keep an eye on the cash used to hire the mercenary army during campaigns. As Paymaster, his duty lies in making sure that no mercenary tries to take his share before the campaign is over, and to inspire the mercenaries to fight harder by reminding them what they are fighting for – namely money.

While it might surprise some people that the Paymaster, a lawyer and accountant in the bottom-line, can fight almost as well as any mercenary captain, it has a good explanation, for if not the guardian of the paychest can protect the money, who can?

Paymasters are expected to hold on to the money at any cost, failure to do so will likely ruin his career, as no one will hire a paymaster who can't keep their investments in check. He does this by keeping the key to the paychest in a chain around his neck at all times, meaning anyone willing to get some before payment is due would have to step over his dead body to get it. Not many try.

To keep a mercenary army in the field requires cash. Lots of cash. For this reason the most important individual in a mercenary army, after the general himself, is the Paymaster. The Paymaster controls the cash, and so long as he is unharmed the mercenary army will continue to fight with its customary determination. On the other hand, if the Paymaster is slain and the army's coffers are captured by the enemy, things can get very hairy indeed.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Paymaster	4	4	4	4	4	2	4	2	8
Paychest Bodyguard	4	4	3	4	-	-	4	1	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character, Human).

TILEAN CURRENCY

No two city-states in Tilea have the same coins. A variety of images and symbols mark them, depending on the region and government responsible for their minting; although Tilea does abide by the Crown, Shilling, and Penny nomenclature used by the Empire. The common Gold Crown features the profile of various famous merchant princes on the front and a merchant's scale on the back, similar to what's used in the Estalian duro. Shillings may feature sailing ships or the bolt thrower, a famous Tilean invention. Pennies also vary wildly. Some depict an important fortresses, shrines, government buildings, or even marketplaces. Because each city-state mints its own currency, quality varies. As a result, Tilean coinage is generally worthless in other lands. Dwarfs flat out refuse to accept Tilean currency in their own lands, so merchants from these lands use Imperial coin.

SPECIAL RULES:

Paymaster: *The Paymaster is the man responsible for the cash which will be used to pay the army. He always carries with him the keys of the paychest and that makes him at least as important as the General in the eyes of the mercenaries.*

You must include one (and only one) Paymaster in the army. The Paymaster follows all the rules for Battle Standard Bearers, with the following exceptions:

Unlike normal Battle Standard Bearers, the Paymaster does not automatically die if he breaks from combat as per the Last Stand rule, but instead flees as normal. His keys may be captured if he is caught by a pursuing unit, yielding +100 Victory Points like normal Battle Standards.

If the Paymaster is slain, all friendly units within 12" (or 18" if he has a Paychest) of the paymaster suffer -1 to their Leadership for the remainder of the game.

The Paychest: *The paychest is a heavy, iron-bound, secure-looking affair that the Paymaster brings to battle during extended expeditions, carried by two burly bodyguards. The presence of it reminds the mercenaries even more what they are fighting for, and inspires them to greater deeds.*

The Paymaster may be accompanied by a Paychest guarded by two Paychest Bodyguards which increases his Unit Strength by 2. This can be represented by either modelling the Paymaster with the Paychest and guards on a single base, or as a separate model placed in base contact with the Paymaster at all times (it may be placed in the second rank of a unit if you wish).





The Paychest increases the radius of the Paymaster's "Hold Your Ground" special rule by 6". However, the extra weight from the Paychest means he cannot simply flee with the money when needed. If the Paymaster takes a Paychest, he follows the rules for Last Stand as normal.

If the Paymaster is killed, all friendly units gain the Hatred special rule against the enemy unit or model that killed the Paymaster due to their Paychest now being able to be looted.

MONEY LENDER

In the Warhammer world there is never any shortage of merchants willing to lend money to ambitious mercenary captains. Rates of interest vary from the merely extortionate to the downright blood-curdling. The borrower must provide collateral in the form of castles, estates or family jewels, and should the unfortunate debtor prove unable to cough up, his whole family is likely to be sold to the slavers of Araby to settle the bill. Wily merchants have developed sophisticated banking systems to cope with the demand for money, and have grown fat, rich and unpopular in the process.

Some mercenary armies include a Money Lender as part of the Paymaster's entourage. The Money Lender always keeps himself next to the Paymaster where he will fight if necessary, though quite honestly he isn't very good at it and would prefer not to! His purpose is to lend the Paymaster money to increase the pay of the troops and encourage them to fight harder.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Money Lender	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Human).



SPECIAL RULES:

Money Lender: The Money Lender must be placed in base contact with the Paymaster, but may not otherwise be targeted separately from the unit. If a Paymaster is accompanied by a Money Lender, any unit using his Hold Your Ground! ability adds +1 to their Leadership, as the Money Lender promises more money and the troops cheer and return to the fray (hopefully).

PAYMASTER'S BODYGUARD

The rivalry between the merchants of Tilea is so violent that everyone of consequence hires bodyguards. These bodyguards protect their master from plotters, assassins, rebels, and the like. Inevitably bodyguards end up fighting in the streets with the bodyguards of rivals. Street battles frequently break out in the narrow alleys and piazzas of Tilean cities in times of war, revolt, or civil disturbance, or in other words, pretty much every day!

Old Worlders claim Tilean merchants are so dishonest they cannot even trust themselves with their own lives – thus they pay Bodyguards to look after their assets. Tilea is, of course, a dangerous place and its cities are no exception. It is all too easy to end up with a knife in the back on the crowded streets of a major metropolis like Remas or Miragliano. The rich and powerful use Bodyguards to protect themselves from thieves and common ruffraff. While many look like the thugs they are, others are gussied up in the livery of the noble or merchant house they serve. Some of the groups are so big that they are practically private armies.

No one is so tough that they couldn't use some hired muscle for protection sometimes. The trade is lucrative, and it doesn't take much effort, as the job most commonly requires just standing around and looking tough. Bodyguards rarely initiate combat. Instead, they hold back until some fool tries to attack their boss. Then they go into action.

Only the oldest and most trusted veterans are selected by the Paymaster to form their own bodyguard. They are extraordinarily burly individuals with flattened noses, huge fists, and sour expressions. They are handpicked for their lack of mental agility and are therefore likely to stand their ground and fight where other, more imaginative folk might choose to run away. These sturdy fighters are handsomely paid and that gives them extra motivation to protect the Paymaster with their lives... well, most of the time.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bodyguard	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8
Warden	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Human).

SPECIAL RULES:

Bodyguard: The Paymaster must join this unit, and he may not leave it. As long as the Paymaster is alive, the unit is Stubborn.





PIKEMEN

In the war-torn lands of Tilea, soldiers heft long, heavy spears called pikes, a weapon often favoured by mercenary regiments. The pike evolved from the simple thrusting spear previously used by the Tileans during the war against Bretonnia in 1425. After the tournament at Ravola where the Tilean Venators bested the Bretonnian Knights in jousting by using slightly longer lances, the idea quickly spread to apply the same technique to the spears of all Tilean soldiers. As the Tileans are quite a competitive people, it is said that when the Merchant Prince of Miragliano decided to lengthen the spears of his city by half a foot, thus giving them an advantage over the other city-states, another Merchant Prince decided to lengthen it a whole foot instead. This soon escalated until soldiers were carrying spears up to 25 feet long, which forced them to eschew their shields altogether and carry the weapon with both hands in order to keep it straight.

However, this trade-off turned out to be worth it in the end, as the new pike proved to be incredibly useful at deterring enemy charges. When fighting cavalry, the Pikemen close ranks and form an impenetrable wall of sharp points. Soldiers set the foot of the pike into the ground and wait for the charging enemy to impale himself on the sharp spearhead. Horses are very reluctant to close with this steel hedgehog and are held at bay, making pikes ideal for combating heavy cavalry. Because of the great length of the pike it can reach multiple ranks of soldiers, the men behind levelling their pikes over the shoulders of, or between, the men in front.

It is hardly a surprise then that the pike came to be so prominent in Tilean warfare. At its core, the pike is a very easy weapon to use, requiring only minimal military training. They are also fairly inexpensive as they are made all across the land. Tilean Pikemen tend to wear piecemeal armour, mixing components when

they can plunder them from the battlefields. Of course, not all Pikemen are a rag-tag bunch of hopeful new mercenaries, clad in cheap plate and armed only with a sense of naivety. Some regiments are part of private armies, and as such are well equipped and trained.

There are numerous famous Pikemen mercenary companies throughout Tilea that sometimes wander off to distant lands in search of better pay. Because of the chance to see far off lands and the fact that Pikemen often get good salaries as mercenaries, it is no wonder that many Tilean boys aspire to become Pikemen one day! This means that any Tilean, inspired by stories of glory, or motivated by cold, hard cash, can acquire a pike and a cheap suit of armour and set out to join a mercenary company to make his fortune. Pikemen usually see themselves as an elite among other infantry troops, an attitude which can sometimes lead to drunken brawls in taverns frequented by mercenaries.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Pikeman	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Sergeant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Human).

SPECIAL RULES: Mercenaries.



THERE'S ONLY JUAN!

This song of Cornetto's Pikes became famous in Verezzo after their part in the heroic defence of the town's walls.

*That Juan Cornetto!
Send him to me,
Da besta fellow
In old Tileeeee
He's mean an' you will see
That Juan Cornetto
Winsa Victory!*

Cornetto's Pikes – always to the point



CROSSBOWMEN

The crossbow is the next step in bow design, developed from the early Tilean bolt throwers called bellybows. A crossbow consists of a short, strong bowstave mounted on a wooden or steel stock. By incorporating a mechanical framework for launching arrows, crossbows fire with greater force than their normal bow counterparts. To draw back the bolt, the archer must use a winch, crank, or even apply raw force to the firing mechanism, which takes time and effort, commodities not normally available on a battlefield. This makes them somewhat clumsy to use. However, in exchange, crossbowmen have an advantage in that their bolts deal heavy damage to their opponents. While the crossbow is relatively easy to use and powerful, it leaves the user quite vulnerable during the slow reload process. As such, they are sometimes equipped with both armour and protective pavises for increased protection against enemy missiles.

The Tileans are world renowned for their love of the crossbow, and many mercenary commanders value their crossbowmen highly. It is not known who first brought the crossbow to the attention of the mercenary generals, and the debate between Humans, Dwarfs and others has gone on for years. Crossbows take much longer than other bows to make, so they are expensive and relatively rare weapons in the rest of the Old World, but very common among mercenaries.

The crossbow has always been the favoured weapon in Tilea, no doubt because its long range enables the troops to shoot from high on the ramparts, across the broad moats and ditched into the enemy hordes. Crossbow bolts have the striking power to pierce armour and inflict mortal wounds on tough and determined opponents. The crossbow is also handy for

use in confined spaces such as the ramparts, towers, gateways, and narrow streets of Tilean cities and on board Tilean galleys and Man-O-Wars. It is therefore no surprise that the Tileans never really bothered with ordinary bows.

The bulk of the missile troops in a Dogs of War army are formed by crossbowmen from Tilea, Estalia and the Border Princes. The constant warring among the city-states of Tilea provides many opportunities for a man who knows how to use a weapon. Still, sometimes the fighting dies down in Tilea and many of these mercenaries are forced to seek employment in other lands. The Crossbowmen from the city-states of Tilea are some of the most famous and widespread mercenaries in the Old World and are often employed by the Empire, where they are much sought after.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Crossbowman	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Marksman	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Human).

SPECIAL RULES: Mercenaries.

PAVISE

A pavise is a large shield which each Crossbowman can prop up in front of him.

A Pavise has the following armour profile:

Combat:	Missile:	Special Rules:
-	+3/4+*	-

**Only applies to missile attacks in the front arc.*



Maximilian Luce
TILEAN
 Crossbowman

Can hole a golden ducat at 101 paces

Dead eye shot, steady hands, expertly crafted bolts.

Will kill anybody with style



SELLSWORDS

It's a dirty job, but someone has to do it. The silver-plated generals and their perfumed rulers sniff with disdain in public, but there is always a market. Mercenaries save risking your shiny ceremonial guards and your oval beloved subjects. They don't turn on tyrants or plot with pretenders. They fight, and fight well. Anywhere and for anyone, if the price is right. A war is a war, and they have seen too much to believe in the justice of a cause. Right pays, wrong doesn't.

The constant warring among the city-states of Tilea provides many opportunities for a man who knows how to use a weapon. Enriched by trade, but with only a few small armies, the Tilean city states often resort to hiring companies of mercenaries commonly referred to as Sellswords. These men come from all over the Old World, though Tilea is particularly famed for its regiments. Tilean mercenaries are known for their bargaining skills and have even switched sides during battles when offered more money by their opponents. In fact, Sellswords are so common in Tilea that they are represented by their own guilds. Mercenaries are also the mainstay of Border Prince armies, travelling from across the Old World to make their living. Native Border Prince mercenaries typically fight as core troops of an army. The Empire's mercenaries are adventuring ruffians armed with a wide assortment of weapons. These men form free company regiments in the Empire's armies, or travel to the Border Princes when there are no wars to fight at home. Bretonnian lords do not hire mercenaries in their armies, considering them a waste of money when peasants cost nothing at all. Bretonnian mercenaries are therefore rare, but not unheard of. Bravery and resilience are the qualities

sought by the employers of Kislevite mercenaries. These men are often hired to bolster standing armies against Chaos threats. Estalian mercenaries are skilled swordsmen with hot tempers. Because they don't cooperate well with other mercenaries, Estalians are often hired in smaller groups and given special objectives to handle on their own. They perform well at this role.

Sellswords often start as wild youths with a taste for adventure and become grizzled professional soldiers who have seen a dozen battles or more. Upon being hired, they establish the responsibilities required, be it to serve as a bodyguard, kill someone, or provide backup in a tough scrape. They won't scout ahead and rarely take the initiative to do something, instead waiting for orders. Unlike knights, who has a certain amount of loyalty, Sellswords are hired muscle, usually drawn from street toughs from the Old World's worst neighbourhoods. They are loyal to one thing only: gold. While as dangerous and skilled as any soldier, Sellswords often rely on cheap tactics and tricks to defeat their enemies.

All Sellswords dream of untold riches; but for most of them, the reality is an early death and an unmarked grave. A Sellsword who survives a great many battles, but cares not in the slightest for rising up the ranks, eventually finds himself a Veteran. Veterans are, first and foremost, survivors. They don't volunteer for suicide missions and they don't take unnecessary risks, but when the time comes to get stuck in, they're some of the toughest troops on the field. Off-duty Veterans are always good for old war tales. They carouse with a will, knowing that their time may be short and there's no sense in dying with gold still in your pockets.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sellsword	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Sergeant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7
Veteran Sellsword	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7
Veteran Sergeant	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Human).

SPECIAL RULES: Mercenaries.

During the siege of Montarrio the fortress changed hands twelve times. This was mainly due to the treacherous nature of the Tilean mercenary hand, Tranio's Swords, that was involved in the siege. Their commander Tranio the Treacherous constantly changed sides during the siege, taking bribes from both commanders. He never failed to swap allegiances when the fortune of the war seemed to favour the opposite side, and after twelve weeks of hard fighting both armies were so exhausted that Tranio ordered his men to turn against both of them. Tranio defeated the castle garrison and the besiegers, collected what remained of them and declared himself the Prince





DUELLISTS

Duellists are men of the shadows, their reputations dark and bloodthirsty. They are men of iron nerve who stare unflinchingly into the face of death every time they draw their pistols. As well as expert pistoliers, Duellists are master swordsmen, their close quarter fighting deadly and brief for their opponents.

A complex legal system of formal duels was established throughout Tilea ages ago. Duellists are specialists in the lethal application of sword and pistol, hiring themselves out to safeguard the honour of others, though many of their kind come from the ranks of younger nobles who duel for their own purposes. Duellists come in two varieties: happy-go-lucky devil-may-care swashbucklers who regard their exploits as a continuous adventure, and deadly serious fighters who wear their honour on their sleeves and are very quick to take offence at slights, imagined or otherwise.



With a confident swagger and a wry quip, the Duellist prides themselves on being a swordsman with a flamboyant style, finding no greater joy than that of the duel; a fight of cunning, speed and trickery between two opponents. Naturally favouring the rapier, court sword or estoc, they make it a point to be quicker than their opponent. The Duellist is not simply a fighting style, but an attitude. Cock-sure and confident to a fault, brimming with their best's titular 'bravado', Duellists come from many walks of life, but all have minds as sharp as the weapons they wield.

The Duellists charm takes them far, bedding married women with ease, only to escape out of a window at sunrise, winning hands of cards with a smile and perhaps an extra card up their sleeves; and defusing fights with a quip, but eventually they must protect their honour, word and reputation with a duel. This forces them to move from town to town and even take up the life of a mercenary. They live for the epic duel against a worthy adversary and the chance to speak of it afterwards. Their braggadocio is both a gift and a curse, as the Duellist's big mouth and larger attitude can easily put them in chance, on the rack or in the grave. Only other Duellists respect other Duellists, so few have pity for the one who overreaches their station.

Those who seek the services of a Duellist must frequent dark avenues and taverns to locate them, for they are enigmatic and elusive figures. However, any army who secures their skills will reap great benefit. Duellists are quite happy to hire themselves to anybody willing to pay their often extravagant prices. Small units of these lightly armed skirmishers are normally employed to protect the flanks of pike-armed units.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Duellist	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7
Bravo	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Human).

SPECIAL RULES: Mercenaries, Skirmishers.

WANTED

For expedition to the mysterious east.

Willing freebooters of good reputation and proven ability. Tropical experience an advantage. Be prepared to set sail by the first week of the harvest tide, on a sea voyage of no less than six months duration.

Interested Captains to present themselves to General Blackheart at the Reaver's Return Inn, Dockside.

Note ye well – Hobgoblins need not apply.



FREELANCERS

Just as warriors of the lower social orders can become mercenaries, squires or nobles may offer their skills for hire by becoming a Freelancer or "robber knight". Cadet sons of nobles from Bretonnia, the Empire and Tilea form the shock cavalry of most mercenary armies. They have inherited little but their weapons, horse and armour. Having become disillusioned with their lot in life they have taken the only road available to them: that of a hired sword. Financial considerations take precedence over the dictates of honour and chivalry. Many Freelancers have drifted to Tilea, and offer their considerable strength to the highest bidders.

The Tilean city-states frequently make war among themselves, and being a Freelancer is a very lucrative career here. Consequently there are many bands of Tilean mercenary knights willing to fight for one city or another. As such, anyone who can afford a prime warhorse and a decent suit of armour will try and make their living fighting from horseback. Indeed this need for money does rather limit the range of people who make up units of Freelancers on the battlefield. These men often band together into groups of likeminded individuals, often friends or even relatives, making them close knit packs of warriors, an essential trait on the battlefield.



In times of relative peace, many seek employment elsewhere in the Old World. Others tend to make some extra money by entering into jousting tournaments. In true Tilean nature, the results are often rigged, or some cheating occurs with the length of the lance, or some more nefarious jousters make the weapon more lethal. This makes the profession extremely dangerous, but in a way this is what attracts the young men to it in the first place. They are also attracted by the glory and sway it brings them, especially in the taverns of the land. Stories of recent battles or jousts are often exaggerated at least threefold, and at the end of the night, when all leave the bar, it will be the man clad in the shiniest armour who will have women hanging off his arms.

However, not all the men who make up the Freelancers of the mercenary armies are like this at all. Some of them are formed from foreign Knights, either disgraced or out to make some money just like their Tilean counterparts. Kislevite Winged Lancers are sometimes employed and are much renowned for their swift manoeuvres. Bretonnian Knights are less commonly found, for they are driven mainly by honour rather than money, but some are seen within the ranks of a mercenary army, lending their excellent skill to the mercenary cause.

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

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Human).

SPECIAL RULES: Mercenaries.

MARCO DI TANTIVELLI

Generations ago, the di Tantivellis' were a powerful noble family in the Tilean republic, but their influence has long since diminished. Progressives within Reman society have labelled the nobility as potentially violent elements, and even seek to have them banned. Tiring of the attacks on his family, Marco di Tantivelli decided to relocate to the Border Princes, hoping to carve out a little kingdom for himself so that he could live as a Reman noble of old.

For the first few years Marco's burgeoning community flourished, but then the greenskins came. A horde of ravaging Orcs carved a bloody swathe through the nascent realm, despoiling Marco's estate and carrying off his wife and children into the wilderness. Marco attempted to start over, but a neighbouring prince assembled a small army and conquered what remained of his lands, justifying the act as "essential for the security of the borders."

Left penniless, friendless, and not a little mad, Marco developed a bitter sense of justice, seeing the world in black and white terms of right and wrong. Now he wanders the Borderlands as a ragged avenger, looking to dispense punishment on those he views as guilty.



STRADIOTS

South of the Empire stretches a broken land, a patchwork of petty kingdoms and principalities. It is a region fraught with warfare, shifting alliances, and broken treaties. In the Border Princes, a common man can rule, rising above his meagre station and making his own destiny. There are many of mercenaries here because there is a lot of work for them to be found. Getting's started is not normally a problem, but surviving long enough to prosper often is. Still, those who do thrive in their profession are generally tough people who make good mercenaries. Indeed, there might not be much of a difference between taking a mercenary contract and their normal day's work.

One of the most common mercenaries originating from the Border Princes are the Stradiots; experienced outdoorsmen who reconnaissance for armies, caravans, and other travelling parties. Scouting ahead of the army, harrying the enemy supply line, attacking vulnerable war machines and engaging the flanks of the enemy line are but a few of the roles performed by these precious troops. They are the eyes and ears of the army, constantly on the lookout for ambushes and other hazards. Because they operate in advance of the main party they must be self-sufficient and level-headed. Stradiots must trust their instincts and make their own decisions, because they have no one else to turn to when they are alone in the wild. A few specialize in trailblazing, riding ahead into unknown and hostile territory. These men earn more money for their services, but their life expectancy is short.



Not all of these light cavalry forces are made up of the Stradiots, but sometimes also Ungol Warriors from Kislev, born almost riding a horse, and the fierce and very able Arabyan Desert Riders. Bravery and resilience are the qualities sought by the employers of Kislevite mercenaries, and these men are often hired to bolster standing armies against Chaos threats. The horsemen of Araby are widely considered to be among the best in the world (though Kislevite horsemen might disagree). Most Arabyan mercenaries who travel to the Old World arrive without mounts, but they can serve as cavalry if equipped by their employers. These two are the best choice available to mercenary captains. Some native Tileans can also be found fulfilling this role. These are richer mercenaries, able to afford their own mounts, and often some armour to boot. Tilean light cavalry tend to favour the use of crossbows over the more archaic bows, keeping with Tilean tradition.

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

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Human).

SPECIAL RULES: Fast Cavalry, Mercenaries.

Dear Heidric,

Sorry for lateness of letter – have been very busy indeed as there is ready work and all at a good price too. Empire soldiery is much in demand here - the native Tileans have little stomach for a real fight and as for the poxy greenskins that seem to infest the place... well they're even worse. Me and the lads are living it up like counts I can tell you! Anyway - to the meat of my news. El Cadavo, my good friend as you'll remember, is getting together a big expedition to the Southlands, whilst that rogue Emelio Cornelius is organising a rival expedition under the patronage of the notorious usurer Belisimo Topolino. Between the two of them they've hired every galley that'll float and every man that can hold a sword. Prices have gone through the roof! I've signed my lads up with El Cadavo for a crown a day, but between you and me Cornelius has already promised twice that plus a share of the plunder. I'm ready to break camp and go with the best deal on the day! I'd suggest you get the boys together and come on down - the price is right!

Your loving cousin,
Fleugweiner

P.S. – lodging at the Self-Sword Inn in Miragliano until the 21st.





PIT FIGHTERS

All across Tilea, there are gladiatorial fighting pits where tough warriors are forced to take up arms against each other in brutal hand-to-hand fighting, often to the death, for the bloodthirsty pleasures of the baying crowd. From the vicious pits of Remas to the Blood Pits of Luccini, there can be heard the clash of steel and the screams of the dying.

There are as many different types of pit fight as there are venues, from small fistfights in an old barn or a back alley, to huge conflicts with many heavily armed combatants. There are vast amounts of money to be made by the illegal gambling cartels and on the sly by the merchant guilds from the pit fights. In the larger cities of Tilea the pit fights are bigger, more widespread and far more lavish.

Each type of Pit Fighter is easily recognizable from his armour and weapons which are heavily stylised on the appearance of Tilea's many foes. Close combat specialists wear heavy plates of armour across their shoulders, thick iron gauntlets and heavy greaves. They also wear heavy horned helms that caricature warriors of Chaos, helmets with fake tusks and leering faces akin to Orcs or skull-faced helmets that look like the Undead. The weapons these warriors carry are invariably heavy flails, gauntlets with razor-sharp iron claws like Ghouls and Orc choppas. There are also specialist pit fighters called pursuers that are based upon the expert light skirmish troops of other races such as Lizardman Skinks or Witch Elves, and their weapons and armour reflect this. They wear very little armour besides a stylised helm and often carry two light swords, a spear and net or several javelins. Unlike the heavy pit fighters, these warriors harry their foes with hit and run attacks, using speed and agility over brute strength.

The most feared and respected type of Pit Fighter is the Pit King – a veteran fighter of many bouts, a heavily scarred killing machine with muscles like iron. Pit Kings are often dressed in heavy armour reminiscent of Tilean heroes of old, adorned with a laurel wreath which is the symbol of his status.

The vast majority of fighters are slaves who work for the so-called 'circuit' and they have to go through rigorous training before they are let loose in the bloody world of the fighting pits as they are considered an expensive investment by their owners. They strive to survive long enough to earn their freedom by paying off their owners with a large cut of the winnings. Most successful pit fighters live for the sport (and, of course, often die for it also!) because they know of little else. Enough Pit Fighters either earn their freedom or, as is more often the case, escape and form bands of fugitives on the run from their former owners. These bands of outcasts make ideal warriors for hire to Mercenary Generals.

Others are simply free men who earn their living from savage the pit fights. When not in the pits, Pit Fighters offer their services to the highest bidders, and they readily find employment as mercenaries. Pit Fighters are powerful and dangerous fighters, and their unique weaponry gives them an advantage against almost any opponent. Pit Fighters are especially adept at fighting in close quarters with little room to manoeuvre, and this makes them much-feared opponents amongst their foes. The warriors in a group of Pit Fighters are very dangerous adversaries indeed even for the most rugged, experienced of mercenaries, for they are entirely ruthless and offer no quarter.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Pit Fighter	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8
Pit King	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Human).

SPECIAL RULES: Mercenaries, Skirmishers, Immunity (Fear).

Net Fighters: When it is their turn to attack, roll a D6 for each model armed with nets. On a 2+, one enemy model in base contact is ensnared and suffers -1 Attack (both rider and mount) for the remainder of the close combat phase.





MERCENARY DWARFS

Dwarfs are a short but burly and resilient race of warriors and craftsmen. Most live under the mountains in mighty holds, with mines extending deep beneath the earth. They are immediately recognizable by their stout frames, long hair, and thick beards. They tend to be gruff and short-tempered and they are legendary for their ability to hold a grudge. However, Dwarfs are a courageous people and unswervingly loyal to their friends and allies. They are struggling to preserve the remnants of their mountain kingdom from Orcs, Goblins, and other foul creatures. Dwarfs have strong ties to the humans of the Old World and many are now a part of Tilean society.

Dwarfs are an ancient race. Long before the human tribes settled the region now known as the Empire, the Dwarfs built mighty cities beneath the World's Edge Mountains. Their proud civilization stretched across the Old World. Their mines delved deep into the earth, producing precious metals and stones. Their craftsmen produced wondrous items inscribed with runes of power. Their armies demolished the forces of Chaos and other enemies with axe and artillery. The Dwarfs indeed shone brightly, but it would not last.

The Dwarfs were unwittingly drawn into the feud between the High Elves and their Dark Elf kin. The Dwarfs and High Elves, once allies against the forces of Chaos, fought a long and brutal war, known by the Dwarfs as the War of Vengeance. The Dwarfs were ultimately victorious but their joy was short-lived. A series of volcanic eruptions and earthquakes decimated the World's Edge Mountains. The Dwarfs, already weakened by the massive casualties of the War of Vengeance, were thrown into turmoil. Orcs, Goblins, Trolls, and other evil creatures emerged to attack what was left of the Dwarf Empire.

Since that time the Dwarfs have known little but war. They have won victories certainly, notably when they allied with Sigmar to crush the greenskins at the Battle of Black Fire Pass, but the Dwarfs of the World's Edge Mountains live on a knife's edge. It is thus not surprising that many Dwarfs now live within the borders of Tilea. They are valued as Tilean citizens because of their craft skills and trade contacts with their mountain kin.

Dwarfs are famed for their love of gold, ale and adventure, not necessarily in that order. It is easy to understand how some young Dwarfs decide that they would rather earn their gold fighting than spend their life scraping the underground in search of rich ore. Since the fall of many of their holds, they have come to Tilea in ever increasing numbers, some seeking riches, but many just after a good fight (especially against Greenskins). They're well known as tough warriors and are very much sought after as hired muscle by mercenary armies.

Few Dwarfs become mercenary generals. This is because any Dwarf with the qualities of a general will be utterly loyal to clan and ancestry. Dwarf mercenary generals are likely to be outcasts for some reason, or cherishing some terrible grudge against all their kin. What else could force a Dwarf to associate with the kind of treacherous scum who become mercenaries? Furthermore, the payment of gold to hired sellswords and the sharing out of plunder is something that would tear at the heart of any true Dwarf. Indeed then, any Dwarf who becomes a mercenary general must have a strange saga to tell. It would be wise not to delve too deeply.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dwarf Captain	3	6	4	4	5	2	3	3	9
Dwarf Warrior	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
Veteran	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Dwarf).

SPECIAL RULES: Mercenaries.

Ancestral Grudge: Dwarfs have the Hatred (Orcs & Goblins, Skaven, Hobgoblins) special rule.

Relentless: Units entirely composed of models with this special rule do not need to pass a Leadership test in order to march, regardless of the proximity to enemy units.

Resolute: When taking Break tests, models with this special rule count as having lost the combat with 1 point less than they actually have.





MERCENARY ELVES

Elves are a lithe and graceful race easily recognized by their pointed ears and hawkish features. They have a glorious yet tragic history and are renowned for their archery, learning, and wizardry. Elves have an innate understanding of the ways and currents of nature, particularly the forest and the sea. They despise those that destroy the purity of nature, be they proud Humans, greedy Dwarfs, or evil Orcs. While they can be aloof, they have sacrificed more of themselves for the good of the world than the other races can ever know.

At the end of the War of Vengeance, known by the Elves as the War of the Beard, the High Elves were recalled to Ulthuan, their island homeland across the sea, to fight the Dark Elf menace. There were those who refused to give up the Old World though. Some claimed independence from the High Elf Phoenix King and since then have run their own affairs. Others continued to ply the seas and eventually built up trade with the emerging nations of man.



Tilea has several Elf enclaves in its cities. Although their lands fall within the boundaries of the Tilea, the Elves do not recognize the Merchant Princes as their rulers and do not consider themselves Tilean citizens. Elves value their privacy and use fey enchantments to hide their woodland homes, but they have not forgotten about the rest of the world. Elves may be rarely seen, but they see much beyond their borders.

Elves are most commonly seen in the big trading cities like Miragliano, Remas and Luccini. Here powerful merchant houses represent the interests of distant Ulthuan. The scions of these mercantile families are expected to travel widely in their youth, for gaining worldliness will help them in the years ahead. While they tend to look down on their uncouth sylvan kin, they know they are far from the gleaming towers of Ulthuan and thus of lesser status to many of their High Elf cousins.

Though Elves become rarer in the Old World each year, there are still some roaming on the trackless paths of the forests. For the most part they are feared and distrusted by humans, though some live in the cities amongst men and offer their services as spearmen and archers in return for a high fee, for few can match their skill with a bow, or their inhuman quickness and agility. The senses of an Elf are much keener than any human's, and they make excellent scouts.

The few High Elves or Dark Elves who become mercenary generals are often exiles, banished from their realms for dire misdeeds or forsaking their kindred with a self-imposed exile. One or two have had the misfortune to be shipwrecked and stranded in distant lands. After trying in vain to fight their way across the known world, they have been forced to sell their fighting skills in order to survive. Often the inhabitants of the lands through which they pass are woefully unable to distinguish between High Elves and Dark Elves and think they are all the same. Thus the High Elves are often blamed for the vile cruelty of the merciless Dark Elf generals, while cities which have been saved in the past by noble High Elf generals, throw open their gates in welcome to Dark Elf generals, unaware of the dire consequences.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Elf Captain	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9
Elf Warrior	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8
Sentinel	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Elf).

SPECIAL RULES: Mercenaries.

Elven Grace: Models with this special rule have the Dodge (6+) special rule in close combat. However, this cannot be used against enemies that attack before the model with Elven Grace.





NORSE MARAUDERS

Norsca is a grim northern land, full of fell beasts such as Snow Trolls and Chaos Spawn, and it breeds tough fighters. Among the most feared are the Norse Marauders, brutal warriors who plunder the coastlines in search of foodstuffs, gold, and slaves. They are a merciless lot, hardened from their frequent battles with sailors and the feeble militia that stand against them. Marauders sail the seas to bring booty back to their settlements in their frozen lands.

The southern regions of Norsca are mountainous, even where the land meets the sea, producing fjords. The margins of the fjords and the hanging valleys at their head are favoured sites for human habitation. The humans of this land are hard-fighting warriors, ambitious sea-farers and hardened drinkers. They are the Norse, and their relations with Old Worlders are frequently stormy. Norse longships raid and pillage as often as they trade, and Norse Marauders are universally feared in the northern waters.

The hardships in the north have made the Norse into natural fighters born into the constant struggle for survival. Only the strong prosper, for the weak are weeded out along the way. They are independent and fierce as well as being tough and capable warriors. The Norse have no time to plow the fields, what they cannot provide for themselves they take from others. Many from the southern tribes hired themselves out as mercenaries, as gaining wealth from crushing others appealed to them.

Tribes from the North started travelling south when Chaos was unleashed onto the world. They may have been tainted by magic released for they are strong and tough and fight with uncontrollable fury. In battle they howl like wolves and fight with weapons as well as tearing the enemy with hands, and teeth and fight with reckless abandon. They charge into

battle with little regard for their own lives for they believe that they can best any creature in combat.

They work themselves into an incredible rage, often biting on their own shields. Their feats fill the sagas and loom large in the stories of those Imperial soldiers that have faced them. Some few berserkers make their way to Tilea because they've been exiled or simply have a desire to see more of the world. They rarely stay in one place for long, since no watchman wants a frothing lunatic disturbing the peace. Norse mercenaries are considered too unreliable for regular use, because they sometimes disregard orders in the heat of battle. Nevertheless, Norse mercenaries are occasionally employed for intimidation value, and are highly prized due to their rarity and effectiveness.

There are no formal organisations of Norse Marauders in Norsca, but things are different in Tilea. Half-mad warriors are not trusted, particularly those from near the Chaos Wastes, so a Norse Marauder without a group to back him up is an easy target for witch hunters and the paranoid.

Most Norse Marauders join a mercenary company, where they are welcome as long as they do not cause serious injuries to their comrades in the inevitable brawls. In general, mercenary berserkers gain the respect of their comrades after the first battle. Others enter the service of wealthy individuals who want a truly intimidating bodyguard. Norse Marauders in these jobs find less camaraderie, and are often out of work after entering a frenzy and grossly overreacting to a slight against their employer. A few just find like-minded individuals and form a small group looking for adventure. Such groups are treated with even more suspicion than a lone Marauder, but they are often dangerous enough to dissuade most watchmen from starting trouble. Raiding and pillaging is what the berserker Norse are good at, and at times the best way of neutralising the threat they represent is to offer them a job...



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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Human).

SPECIAL RULES: Mercenaries.

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

BJORN IRONGRIM

Originally hailing from the cold, bleak lands of Norsca, Bjorn Irongrim has fought for many years as a mercenary in the armies of Kislev, the Empire and the Dwarfs. During this time he has built up something of a reputation and a following, for he once wrestled a bear with his bare hands and won. In the titanic struggle however, the bear bit off his left hand. As a result, Bjorn had a weaponsmith fashion him a great iron spiked fist which he had lashed to the stump instead!





HALFLINGS

Halflings are a small but dexterous race who look like Human children to the untrained eye. The fact that they cannot grow beards only reinforces this impression. Although they tend to be pot-bellied, since they eat twice as often as any other race, they are capable of great stealth. When combined with their well-known skill with the sling, Halflings can prove to be surprisingly stubborn opponents. They are, however, largely a peaceful people, content to farm, eat, and smoke pipe weed. They are proud of their families and all Halflings can recite their family lineage back ten generations or more.

The origins of the Halflings are obscure. When Human tribes settled the lands that later became the Empire, Halflings were apparently already amongst them. Their numbers, however, were small and they played little role in the wars that led to the establishment of the Empire. Indeed, Halflings are barely mentioned in history books until the year 1010. At that time the Emperor granted the Halflings a land of their own, as legend has it in recognition of their contributions to Imperial cuisine. Whatever the reason, the Halflings were given land near the upper reaches of the River Aver. This area has been known as the Moot ever since. The Halflings govern the Moot themselves, but it is still a part of the Empire. In fact, the Elder of the Moot is one of only fifteen Imperial Electors and thus wields some political power.

Most Halflings are homebodies. They enjoy peace and quiet and want nothing more than to be left alone to enjoy good food and a good smoke. There are, however, a small number of Halflings who find the Moot intolerably boring. Halflings are not warlike people, but there are a few among them that just cannot settle in the peaceful land of the Moot. When the most exciting event of the day is finding out what kind of pie is for desert, some folks need a change. These Halflings develop a taste for adventure and leave the Moot behind, often for roguish pursuits. These 'adventure-loving weirdos', as they are referred to by other Halflings, often decide to band together and wander the world as hired bowmen. These bold spirits are much sought after by mercenary bands, for



they are splendid archers, and excellent cooks to boot. Since these Halflings are the ones most often encountered in Tilea, it is perhaps no coincidence that Halflings as a whole have gotten a reputation as light-fingered sneaks.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Halfling	4	2	4	2	2	1	5	1	8
Footpad	4	2	4	2	2	1	5	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Halfling).

SPECIAL RULES: Mercenaries.

Short and Nimble: Enemies attacking models with this rule suffer -1 To Hit in close combat.

HALFLING HOT POT

Any Merchant Prince worth his salt has at least one Halfling chef as their personal cook. Mercenary Generals know very well that Halfling cooks are an important element in attracting freelance fighters to their army. Another advantage of hiring such refined chefs is the access to the Hot Pot, a weird catapult-like device that uses a cauldron full of hot soup as a projectile.

Originally a desperate innovation, the Halfling Hot Pot has now become something of an institution amongst Halflings. The Hot Pot is exactly that, a pot of boiling liquid hurled at the enemy's ranks, burning, scalding and even dissolving the foe. The ingredients which make up the special stew are a closely kept secret and vary from chef to chef. At a push boiling oil on its own will do the job, but a typical mixture has corrosive properties and is sticky so that it adheres to exposed flesh. This improvised form of artillery is used only in the direst circumstances, as persuading a Halfling to give up his food is not an easy task to accomplish!

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hot Pot	-	-	-	-	5	3	-	-	-
Halfling Crew	4	2	4	2	2	1	5	1	8

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Stone Thrower, Halfling).

SPECIAL RULES: Short and Nimble.

Hot Pot: The Hot Pot uses the following profile:

Range:	Missile:	Special Rules:
36"	3(6)	Ignores Armour saves, Multiple Wounds (D3)

"I may be small, but I'm strong. Hell, ten years in a Skaven mine makes you damned strong. If I get in close, I can snap their puny necks like a twig. I could teach you Tilean boys a thing or two about it, that's as sure as mutton."

- Fassbinder the Strong, Halfling Mercenary





MERCENARY ORCS

Orc culture is based on the idea that it is the right and indeed duty of the strong to oppressively rule the weak. Larger, stronger Orcs are accorded higher status, and indeed an Orc can potentially keep growing throughout his adult life. This growth only stops when the Orc reaches his natural stopping-place in the Greenskin hierarchy, just below an even larger and tougher Orc. Orcs venerate the twin Gods, Gork and Mork, which are basically idealized versions of everything they aspire to be: strong, unstoppable, fierce and lucky. Only the Savage Orcs pay more than lip service to their Gods, as most Orcs are aware that praying to either Gork and Mork is futile, seeing as they don't answer the prayers of cowards, and who but a weakling would need to beg for their help anyway?

Orcs literally live to fight. The sophistication of their tactics varies enormously according to who is in command of them and how effectively a given Boss is able to communicate with his troops. Orcs become Bosses through being bigger and tougher than other Orcs, not necessarily through being more intelligent, and many an Orc Warlord or Boss simply sends his troops at the enemy with little thought for tactics, trusting to their innate strength and ferocity to win the day.

That said, those Orc Bosses who are either naturally smarter than the rest, or who simply have the kind of low cunning that can observe another race's tactics and borrow from them, will often be the Orc Bosses whose tribes survive and prosper. So, it is certainly possible to see quite sophisticated Orc tactics at work, with Bosses using the various forces they have available as optimally as possible. For example, rather than sending in Boar Riders as soon as the enemy is sighted and seeing them cut down by overwhelming numbers of foes, the Boar Riders will be sent around and timed to arrive on the enemy's flanks or rear a few seconds after the main forces hit their front line.

Of course, Orcs being Orcs, some of a Boss's main enemies are often the stupidity, bloodthirstiness, and animosity of his own troops. If the Boar Riders decide they want the glory of getting to the enemy first, or if they follow the plan but get lost on the way, or if they stop to take a swipe at a couple of rival Orc warriors... well, no plan ever survives contact with the enemy, and for an Orc Boss few plans survive contact with his own troops either!

Orcs rejoice in war. Burning settlements, fields strewn with the newly slain, wolves and crows tearing at flesh, cries of anguish and the din of battle – these are the things that Orcs like. It is no surprise therefore, that there are many Orc mercenary generals roaming the known world. Their only problem is finding mercenary regiments reckless enough to follow them. Few humans can bear to share a camp with Orcs, and so Orc mercenary generals tend to lead armies of particularly savage, uncouth and primitive mercenaries such as, for example, Ogres.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Orc Captain	4	5	3	4	5	2	4	3	8
Orc Warrior	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7
Orc Boss	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	2	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Orc).

SPECIAL RULES: Mercenaries, Strength Bonus (1).

Orc Animosity: Units with this special rule must roll a D6 and consult the chart below at the start of the turn, unless they are already in combat, fleeing, or have less than 5 models.



- 1 Squabble.** An internal squabble amongst the ranks soon grows into a minor riot with fists and curses flying. This throws the unit into disorder and it can do nothing this turn whilst da Boss cracks heads.
- 2-5 Plan's a good 'un.** The unit retains a degree of order. It may act normally this turn.
- 6 We'll Show 'Em.** Pivot the unit on the spot to face the nearest visible enemy unit, and then make a full (non-march) move in a straight line towards it. If there is no visible enemy, the unit must move straight ahead instead. If it is impossible for the unit to pivot to face the closest enemy, it will pivot towards it as far as it can, and will then move as far forward as it can while still keeping the enemy within its forward arc. After the move is complete the unit must declare a charge in the Charge sub-phase against the closest visible enemy unit, if it is possible to do so. If the unit cannot declare a charge then it may carry on with the rest of its turn normally, as if it had not yet moved this turn.





HOBGOBLIN WOLF RIDERS

Far, far in the east, in the untamed steppes beyond the Dark Lands, lies the dominion of Hobgobla Khan – the greatest empire in the world. The subjects of Hobgobla Khan are Hobgoblins, a green-skinned race related to Orcs and Goblins. Distinct from their many "cousins", the Hobgoblins are estranged from their kin. They do not march to war with Goblins, nor join in the great Orc Waaaghs, though they've been known to do it a bit of opportunistic looting alongside their brethren if the circumstances are right. Rather, the Hobgoblins have their own kingdom on the Great Steppes east of the World's Edge Mountain range where the legendary Hobgobla Khan rules them, after a fashion.

The armies of the great Hobgobla Khan are simply referred to as the Great Horde. When all the tribes under the Great Khan are arrayed for battle, the Horde is said to stretch from horizon to horizon. The sub-commanders of the tribes are called Khans, each one commanding five hundred or more wolf-riding Hobgoblins.

Hobgoblins are both stronger and taller than Goblins. Indeed, the largest among the Hobgoblin tribes are as tall as any Orc. Their builds, though, are lean and wiry, unlike the muscled bulk of the Orcs. Hobgoblins ride snarling Giant Wolves that they've specifically bred for speed and savagery. They are expert mounted archers, often practising for days on end at hitting small targets while riding past going full tilt. They prefer hit and run tactics to stand up fights, though they will attack if they outnumber their opponents by more than three to one. Hobgoblins are widely abhorred for their cruelty, wickedness and their appalling standards of hygiene.

The Hobgoblins have learned a great many unusual skills out on the Great Steppes. Their exposure to the far eastern empire of Cathay has made their elite fighters deadly in close combat. They favour pairs of twinned curved knives and quick poison.

Unlike the other Greenskin races, Hobgoblins seldom pursue war simply for the sake of battle. Their pragmatic nature applies in all things and Tilea holds little interest

for them as anything other than a place to acquire loot and perhaps increase their personal glory, hence their relative rarity in the west of the Old World.

There are rumoured to be several Hobgoblin mercenary generals. Most of these are rampaging in the east, but some are said to be moving westwards. These are warlords of the nomadic Hobgoblin tribes who roam the barren steppes east of Kislev. Some have undoubtedly been sent forth at the bidding of the great and rightly feared Hobgobla Khan, and have gathered up various followers among vanquished tribes and peoples. Others are lesser Khans who have displeased or rebelled against their overlord and now seek to escape his wrath.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hobgoblin Captain	4	5	5	4	4	2	4	3	7
Hobgoblin	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	1	6
Wolf-boss	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	2	6
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Hobgoblin).

SPECIAL RULES: Fast Cavalry, Mercenaries.

Hobgoblin Animosity: Units with this special rule must roll a D6 and consult the chart below at the start of the turn, unless they are already in combat, fleeing, or have less than 5 models.

D6	Result
1	We'll get a better view from further back! <i>The Hobgoblins' cowardly nature comes to the fore.</i> The unit must immediately take a Panic test.
2-5	Cut 'em good. <i>The Hobgoblins feel they have a good chance of being on the winning side and eating well tonight off the battle's victims.</i> The unit may act normally this turn.
6	Bloody Murder! <i>One of the constant petty squabbles in the ranks is settled with the twist of a knife in a back or two.</i> The unit suffers D3 Wounds distributed as from shooting attacks (these wounds however will not cause a Panic test). Afterwards they gain +1 to their To Hit rolls for this turn only, and may be used normally again.



"Aye, some of us speak better than our uncouth brethren. Indeed, we do most things better than the others, except perhaps, die in droves. We leave that to the Goblins and the Orcs. My lads aren't particularly interested in falling on fields far from our beloved steppes, though we may be willing if the price is right. What are you offering? It will cost you extra if we have to leave anyone alive."

- Choknech, Hobgoblin Mercenary





MERCENARY OGRES

Ogres are big, ugly humanoids, with coarse features and an imposing presence. Ogres enjoy eating, fighting, and eating some more. While they may be brutal and can eat nearly anything, ogres are not evil per se. Many Ogres follow the way of the mercenary. As a race, they are just as brutal and warlike as Orcs, in some cases, more so. Since dumb muscle is welcome in almost any army, ogres can be found throughout the Old World. They make formidable mercenaries and bands of ogre sell-swords are a common sight in the Empire, Tilea, and the Border Princes. Ogres are amongst the most feared and valued of all mercenary warriors, their brute strength and battlefield prowess making them a valuable addition to any army. They happily accept any employer, as they are notoriously unbothered about who they fight for.

An Ogre is easily recognized by this massive frame and boulder-like gut. Some have been reported at ten feet tall, though given the Ogre's intimidating look, this could easily be an exaggeration. Their grayish, flabby skin conceals tough muscle and alarming endurance. Amongst most folk, this combined with their bristle-like hair and poor personal hygiene is enough reason to shun these crude beasts.

Their massively built bodies are topped by an almost neckless head, with powerful arms, as thick as a human's chest, hanging at each side. However, only a fool would mistake this mass for fat, for underneath an Ogre's skin lies an extensive lattice-work of muscle, and nowhere is this more the case than in an Ogre's most important feature (as far as the Ogre is concerned), his gut. Large guts are a sign of status to an Ogre, for he must have caught, and eaten, a lot of prey to get very big. Equally, facial hair is often prized by bulls, with many going to great extremes to cultivate the greasy stuff, some growing long beards, others preferring mustaches or goatees. Many believe an Ogre's love for his beard stems from his desire to trap escaped morsels of food for later, which, for many, is indeed the case.



Ogres are natural wanderers, constantly travelling all across their homeland in the Ogre Kingdoms, and often far beyond. Ogres are well known for their tendency to travel, and can be found across the four corners of the world fighting in mercenary groups of a score to a few hundred or more. Sometimes, whole tribes will rampage out of the mountains, but just as often, small groups will set off on their own. Both are willing to fight for anyway that is willing to satisfy their desire for food and wealth. It seems an Ogre's natural place in the world is killing for money. Ogres have an instinctive sense, and have learned that fighting as mercenaries can reap much greater rewards than simply slaughtering everyone that they meet on their travels. Massive, ferocious, resilient and not too bright, Ogres make perfect mercenaries. It combines two of their favourite things, and sometimes three, as most generals don't mind them eating the enemy, as it saves burying them with the grave-detail and cuts feeding costs. Their ability of eating practically anything means that they are also easy to maintain.

Few survive long enough to command an army of their own, but those who do are formidable indeed. A lone Ogre mercenary general can often cause an entire enemy army to tremble, just by glaring at them at close quarters! Many mercenary regiments cannot bear sharing a camp with Ogres and certainly would not follow an Ogre general. Others, especially Orcs, Goblins and savages of similar ilk, gather in droves to Ogre generals, often following them just for plunder and not for pay (which would be erratic or nonexistent anyway). The noted historian Ummeler of Carroburg tells the following anecdote, which may be apocryphal but illustrates well the Ogre view of victory. A hugely fat Ogre general surveyed the stricken field, took a sniff of the stench of victory and said, "bring me the head of the enemy general," and it was done. Indeed it was very well done with garlic butter by the general's best Halfling cook, and the general belched loudly with deep satisfaction.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ogre Captain	6	5	4	5	5	4	3	4	8
Ogre	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7
Brute	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Ogre).

SPECIAL RULES: Mercenaries.

Ogre Charge: Each model with the Ogre Charge special rule that successfully charges an enemy has the Impact Hits (1) special rule. Models with this special rule that are part of a unit with ranks add their current Rank Bonus to the Strength of the Impact Hits they inflict.

"Why bover with the grindin' and the bread bit I sez. Jest get straight to the killin' an' the eating an' the money. That an' a dog onna stick...crunchy an' wiggly all at once."

- *Greth Bullguts*





OGRE MANEATERS

Ogre Maneaters are veterans of many campaigns that have travelled the length and breadth of the world and fought in far off lands. Mercenaries beyond peer, they have spent decades accruing scars, tall tales, wealth, exotic wargear and new skills before heading back to the Ogre Kingdoms and the tribe from which they came. Maneaters have fought throughout the Old World and beyond and many races attempt to recruit such fighters into their armies, promising food, gold or whatever else the Ogres want in return for their services. It is the pay that matters, not the foe, although with some contracts Maneaters are awarded fallen enemies to eat, so in those cases the enemy may matter. Ogres will eat anything, but they have preferences!

Maneaters inherit the cultures of the lands they visit rather than spread their own. These mercenaries learn the fighting skills and adopt the style of dress appropriate to the lands in which they fight. In this manner, a Maneater that fought in the Grand Empire of Cathay might wear fine cloth under lacquered bamboo armour and wield a finely-balanced Cathayan longsword, a Maneater in the Empire might wear breeches and an ostentatious feather with a brace of huge pistols across his chest. A Maneater that fought extensively in the jungles of Ind might go into battle decorated with gold jewellery and wielding a finely crafted curved sword, whereas one that fought in the savage wastes of the far north might have an extra arm or head to show off alongside his battle-scars. A Maneater campaigning in the Southlands might go into battle as the Savage Orcs do, that is, wearing an undersized loincloth, a gut-plate and nothing else but smeary warpaint, although more civilised folk might not want to visual that...

It is common for Maneaters to operate in small groups that have fought together for years, and despite the fact that

they may look outlandish, these tight-knit groups excel in the fine art of breaking heads. At the Battle of Koffler's Gap, a small unit of Maneaters held out against invading barbarians for an entire week, allowing the Empire to muster an army and counterattack. When the Empire forces finally battled their way through to the Ogres, they found them surrounded by huge piles of dead, with the body of the northern chieftain merrily roasting over their cooking fire. All they would say about the siege was that the Marauders were 'good eating,' and wanted to know where they could find some more.

It's rare for any two Maneaters to fight or be equipped in exactly the same manner, and opponents find themselves fighting against a dizzying array of different weapons and combat techniques. The only real factors uniting the individualistic Maneaters are their monumentally inflated sense of self-worth and their capacity to smash aside lesser creatures without breaking a sweat. They have fought everything from Lustrian jungle-dragons to hellish Daemons. Backed up by their hugely inflated opinions of their own capabilities, the Maneaters rarely run from those they see as 'walking food'.

When they finally return to their tribe (as all Ogres are driven to do), Maneaters take any opportunity to bore their tribe-mates with long fanciful war stories, some of which are even true. Although such tales are tiresome, an Ogre Tyrant is always happy if he can call on the services of one or two units of Maneaters to aid his tribe. They will be used to lead important attacks, or hold a vital part of the battle line. Maneaters are famously stubborn opponents and usually prefer to fight to their last breath rather than flee. After all, they have learned the hard way that if they run off in the course of a battle, they won't get paid!



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Maneater	6	4	4	5	4	3	3	3	8
Maneater Captain	6	4	4	5	4	3	3	4	8

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Ogre).

SPECIAL RULES: Immunity (Psychology), Mercenaries, Ogre Charge, Stubborn.

Motley Crew: The models in a unit of Maneaters are often armed with a variety of different weapons. If they are, your opponent must make it clear which model they want to allocate their attacks to. Any excess wounds are carried over to the rest of the unit as normal in an order chosen by your opponent.

Been There, Done That: Each Maneater in the unit may pick one of the following special rules:

- Armour Piercing (1)
- Hatred
- Multiple Wounds (D3)
- Poisoned Attacks
- Devastating Charge
- Killing Blow
- Parry (6+)
- Strength Bonus (1)





BOLT THROWERS

BALLISTA

A ballista is a giant crossbow designed to hurl missiles with incredible force and speed. Most have wooden arms, from which ropes made of human hair or animal sinew attach, acting as the bolt thrower's springs. Winches pull the bowstring back. Though accurate, they do not match the range of the stone throwers.

The first bolt throwers, gastraphetes and bellybows, made their appearance in the Old World nearly a thousand years ago in Tilea. Capable of launching arrows incredible distances, they were used throughout the land. From this early weapon, several variations of design emerged to meet the needs of the armies throughout. On one end of the spectrum, the bellybow shrank to allow easier firing and exists to this day as the crossbow. On the other end, not abandoning this weapon's viability on the battlefield, emerged the oxybeles, which was nothing more than the same weapon enlarged and mounted on a tripod. This machine became the true precursor to the modern bolt thrower. Instead of launching the smaller arrows, which lost their usefulness as fortifications advanced in direct proportion to the innovative designs for new weaponry, it fired javelins. Such was the force behind these weapons that they could punch through wooden walls, shields, and gates.

Several hundred years later, after the emergence of stone castles, primitive bolt throwers went through even more advances. Two descendants were developed. The first was the modern bolt thrower, or ballista. With unmatched precision and range, these weapons were used against troops and supply trains, sowing confusion among the enemy from long distances. Capable of hurling a spear over 300 yards, they became the terror of the fields of war.

Though it has been many years since the Tileans developed the bellybow and their initial designs have since been improved many times over the original, it is a point of pride among the Tilean people that the bolt thrower is still a viable component of many armies. These weapons are still widely used in the city-states, mounted on towers to rain hell on their enemies. And during wars, Tilean women proudly grow their hair long to donate their tresses to the construction of a new bolt thrower.

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

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Bolt Thrower, Human).

"I could happily live several lifetimes without quashing another peasant revolt. Unless, of course, the revolt pays good coin. Vine doesn't buy itself, you know."

SCORPION

The second type of bolt thrower in Tilea is the Scorpion, a smaller, lighter version of the contemporary Ballista. Though of reduced size and payload (it only fires javelins), it still has an impressive range, accurately hitting targets over 200 yards away.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Scorpion	-	-	-	-	5	2	-	-	-
Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Bolt Thrower, Human).

SPECIAL RULES:

Scorpion: A Scorpion uses the rules for Bolt Throwers with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
36"	5	Armour Piercing (1)

A unit of multiple Scorpions must deploy and stay within 1" from each other at all times. They should be treated as a single unit for all purposes, with the exception that each Scorpion may freely pivot on the spot to fire as a normal war machine. If a unit of Scorpions is charged, all crew will fight in close combat as if the enemy had charged multiple war machines at once. Casualties are always removed from one Scorpion at a time.



ARTILLERY

CANNONS

First developed by the Dwarfs, the cannon eventually became popular in mercenary armies throughout Tilea. A cannon is a large muzzle-loading gun, meaning that the shot and powder are loaded from the front and ignited by lighting the charge in the rear of the weapon. Essentially, cannons are larger, deadlier versions of gunpowder weapons. As precursors to handguns and other weapons, cannons represent a powerful force on which armies depend. However, though capable of shattering units, blasting walls, and killing huge monsters outright, they are unpredictable, capable of spectacular misfires that kill the crews and many around them.

Since Dogs of War armies are always on the move, they cannot afford to carry and maintain the massive Great Cannons typical of the Empire. For this reason, lighter, easy to move, small calibre guns are a treasured element of many mercenary armies.

"War is good."

- Fritz Roseman, Mercenary Captain

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

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Cannon, Human).



ONAGER

The first stonethrowers were developed, like the bolt thrower, on the Tilean peninsula in response to the integration of stone defences. Because cities and castles were better protected, stonethrowers provided the best means to level buildings and walls, more so than the bolt thrower that was less effective as defences improved. Furthermore, because they could be constructed on the site of the battle, movement and assembly of these war machines were more possible than early cannons. However, as cannons grow in popularity, it seems the days of the Onagers are in decline.

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

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Stone Thrower, Human).

RIBAULTS

Originally invented by the genius Leonardo da Miragliano who had been experimenting with mounting large numbers of gun barrels in one frame, the Ribault, also known as the organ gun due to its many pipes, is a fearsome spectacle on the battlefield. Armed with nine short-ranged barrels, it is often used in the defence of other longer-ranged artillery. Able to fire all nine barrels at once, it makes the enemy think twice before engaging!

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

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Human).

SPECIAL RULES:

Ribault: A Ribault has the following profile:

Range:	Missile:	Special Rules:
24"	5	Armour Piercing (1)

To fire the Ribault, select a target according to the normal rules for shooting, then roll one artillery dice and one D6 to find out how many shots are fired. If a Misfire is rolled, roll a D6 and consult the Blackpowder War Machine Misfire chart in the Warhammer rulebook.

If no Misfires are rolled, the number of shots fired is equal to the total on the dice. After determining how many shots are fired, roll To Hit the target with an equivalent number of dice, resolving any successful hits using the profile given above. Note that the Ribault does not suffer penalties for firing multiple shots.

GIANTS

Giants are, as one might expect, exceptionally large and strong humanoids, but are slow-witted and clumsy. Giants are solitary creatures that wander the lands, settling for short periods of time when they find a rich food source. They are mostly content to raid farms for cows and sheep - and the odd herder - sometimes indulging their legendary thirst for strong ale by attacking breweries and roadside taverns, as Giants are notorious drunkards. A Giant can consume a whole herd of livestock in a sitting, and will devastate any village he comes across, pulling out and eating anything he can find amidst the stomped and splintered structures. Some Giants do find company to keep, and will sometimes even join other armies if they are not driven away. Giants are exceptionally rare in settled parts of the Old World, having been hunted for many centuries by crazed Dwarf Giant Slayers and eager Bretonnian Questing Knights.

Giants are some of the largest creatures to still stride the surface of the Old World and their battle prowess is justly feared. Indeed, if they were even vaguely organised, their scattered tribes could still offer a terrible threat to the lands of Men. Fortunately for all the "little" races, conscious thought seems to be somewhat painful for Giants and they prefer the oblivion of alcohol to dreams of revenge. Various scholars have offered opinions on why this should be so over the centuries and there is no definite answer.

Regardless of the reason, Giants drink to excess and they're constantly inebriated. Even the most sober of Giants is usually a bit tipsy. Being caught under a stumbling Giant will lead to broken limbs at best and more than likely result in one's being pulped. Giants consume prodigious amounts of flesh and if they are conscious, they are either eating or thinking about their next meal. A single Giant can devour the equivalent of five whole cows a day and still have room for more. This incredible need for sustenance is often thought to be the primary reason why Giants turned to a mercenary lifestyle. The high unassailable peaks of the Old World mountain ranges where they dwell are unsuitable for farming, not that any Giant would be inclined to do so, which meant that they had to find their food elsewhere.

THE GOURMET OF TILEA

There is a tale in Tilea of a gourmet who was a glutton of the first order. He imported food from all over the world and became addicted to a delicacy from the north - a delicate white meat. Under investigation, he made a pact with the gods. Soon he hungered for raw human flesh and had grown to three times his size. By the time the Knights of the Blazing Sun came for him he was a Giant, his mouth large enough to swallow a man whole.

Though certainly not part of Tilea's regular armies, giants from the mountains are occasionally convinced to cease pillaging villages and fight as mercenaries, if an offer of huge amounts of food and alcohol can be communicated into their tiny brains. Fighting as a mercenary offers a constant supply of meat and drink, seeing as they have no compunctions about eating other races, or for that matter, other Giants and since gold has little use for a Giant other than as ornamentation, they are often willing to fight for the spoils alone. The best outcome a general can expect from such a temporary alliance is that the giant will stomp whole enemy regiments into the dirt, then be killed (thus negating the need to hand over half the army's rations) and topple over, crushing a load more of the foe.

Many Dogs of War Giants are first recruited when they wander into civilized lands from the mountains they inhabit. It is, after all, better to have a useful soldier than to have a 30-foot tall menace wandering around the countryside eating shepherds and being a nuisance. Not all Giants are evil creatures, and some of them still possess the peaceable natures of their Sky-titan forebears. They are just very thick, and often very hungry, two things which, when put together in the body of a Giant, do not make it easy to maintain peace. The Giants that make their living from war tend to be brighter than others, and will have scraps of equipment from all over the world.





Their clothing consists of either crudely joined furs or robes stitched together from material wrested from others more skilled with needles. Many Giants are thus arrayed in a riot of colours, from sunbleached sailcloth, to brightly coloured Bretonnian barding.

The bulk of Giants fight with a traditional club, though a number prefer to squelch their meat with their bare hands. Most Giants keep a sack, a barrel, or some other form of container to stow their somewhat dubious "loot" in. Giants are wildly unpredictable foes. Sometimes they lash about with their tree-size clubs, while other times they'll pick up their smaller opponents and hurl them back into the fray. Their ability to casually pick up and crush fully armoured knights lingers long in the minds of those who've had to fight them.

Giants are powerful but unpredictable allies, and most of the time they don't even know what they are going to do next, never mind what the enemy thinks they are up to. A Giant's fickle nature is not improved by the vast quantities of liquor and beer often consumed before battle, and their tendency to think of anything smaller than themselves as food has caused more than one mercenary arrangement to end messily for the Giant's employers.

In battle, Giants wade in with their tremendous bulk, crushing the foe beneath their slab-like feet, or sweeping any before them into the air with clubs fashioned out of uprooted trees. Sometimes a Giant will select a particular target and reach down to pluck the unfortunate up. These victims are sometimes bitten in two, hurled far, far away, squished into paste or simply stuffed into a secure (if smell) place to be retrieved later for a snack.



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

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Immunity (Psychology), Stubborn.

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

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

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

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

To determine in which direction the Giant falls, roll a scatter dice. Any unit within 4" of the direction the Giant falls suffers 2D6 Strength 6 Hits with the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule, distributed as hits from shooting, though no single model may suffer more than 1 Hit – any excess Hits are ignored. If the unit is in combat and the Giant has fallen over whilst attempting to Jump Up and Down, wounds inflicted by a falling Giant count towards the combat result.

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

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

"I drink to ease the cold. Why should that surprise you? Don't your kind as well? I have far more skin exposed to the wind and it takes a far greater amount of liquor to keep my joints limber. I don't always gauge just how much I need very well though."

– *Narntansorok, Giant Mercenary*





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

Man-sized Things Chart

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

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

Big Things Chart

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

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

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

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

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

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

Jump Up and Down: The Giant jumps up and down vigorously on top of the enemy. Before it starts, the Giant must test to determine if it falls over (see previous page). If it falls over, work out where it falls and calculate damage as already described. Any wounds caused by the fall (on either side) count towards the combat result. If the Giant remains on its none-too-nimble feet, it will inflict two Stomp attacks.

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

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

D6 Result

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



PEGASI

Pegasi are winged beasts that resemble the mightiest of draft horses with elegant feathered wings. Their coats sparkle under the sun in a manner reminiscent of light playing over new-fallen snow. It is cunning and intelligent beyond the measure of any ordinary steed. Their hides are white and glisten like snow, while their wings are broad with long elegant feathers. While they may appear to be graceful beasts, they are every bit as sturdy as well-trained warhorses. When carrying riders they are fearless, and will employ their mighty hooves with deadly accuracy, capable of staving a soldier's head in with a well-placed blow. While they seldom take to the ground, preferring the sky, when they do they are swift runners. Pegasi that haven't been battle trained are far more likely to fly away than fight, excepting when their foals are in danger.

THE FIELD SURGEON

The sounds of the battle echoed in the distance, covered from time to time by the cries of the wounded and dying. In the huge pavilion that was the field hospital of the Tilean army, the surgeon was doing his best to save the lives of the soldiers, cursing the lack of medicines to ease the pain of the suffering.

Suddenly, a group of heavily armoured knights appeared in the entrance. They were carrying a wounded man and the surgeon realised with horror that it was the Captain himself!

"The Capitano has been shot in the leg by those cursed rat-men's guns. Quick! Help him!"

The huge warrior was obviously in terrible pain. The surgeon carefully examined the leg, but his expression turned into a grimace of desperation when he realized the devastating effects of the evil weapon. The shot had pierced the plates of armour and the warpstone shards were already blackening and corrupting the flesh around the wound. He had seen many men die from similar wounds.

"A curse on the foul rat-men!" he thought, and then he whispered, "Capitano, I'm afraid that, to save your life, I have to amputate your leg..."

A look of fear and anger passed over the face of the old soldier, but immediately he regained control, sensing that his men were standing around him. Then he spoke, with a calm and confident voice.

"I'm a fighting man, I have been ready for this all my life. Do what you must."

The surgeon froze for a moment, surprised, and then resolution filled him. Preparing his tools, he spoke to his assistant: "Carlo, go and ask for help. I need ten men to hold him while I operate".

The young man turned to leave, but the Captain stopped him and said proudly to the surgeon. "Not even twenty could hold me against my will! Give me that candle, I will hold it for you so that you'll have a proper light and can see what you're doing..."

"...go on, cut!"

To be properly tamed they must be caught and reared as foals, they cannot be bred by men lest they will lose their ability to fly. Pegasi foals are taken from their nests about the peaks of the Grey Mountains in the Old World, whose snow-tipped peaks overlook the vast Forest of Loren. Hunters from the Old World brave the dangers of the mountain passes to secure Pegasi foals which they can sell for a high price to nobles. The greatest ability of the Pegasus is to carry its rider high into the air.

Pegasi are primarily sought after as steeds for noblemen and sorcerers, for they are loyal beasts who seem to anticipate their master's every move. If a Pegasus is ever to accept a rider, it must be captured while still a foal. It takes many years of patient training to gain the trust of a Pegasus, but once that trust is established, they are loyal mounts that will obey their master's every command.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Pegasus	8	3	0	4	4	2	4	2	6

TROOP TYPE: War Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly.

UPGRADES:

Iron-hard Hooves: A Pegasus with this upgrade re-rolls failed To Wound rolls.

Swift as the Wind: A Pegasus with the Swift as the Wind upgrade re-rolls any dice results of a 1 when determining its charge range.





GRIFFONS

Griffons are wild and dangerous creatures that hunt from the tallest crags of the Worlds Edge Mountains, soaring on huge, feathered wings, occasionally flying to the lowlands when food is scarce. They are fearsome beasts that have fierce heads with a hooked beak like that of a huge bird of prey and can easily sever a man's limb. Their forequarters too are feathered, with scaly limbs bearing powerful claws that are bird-like reminiscent of a hawk's talons, they keep sharp by regular scoring against stone, and easily able to tear through plate armour. Behind its huge feathered wings, the Griffon's body is furred and it has huge taloned paws and a tail like that of a great hunting cat such as a lion or tiger. Their pelts can vary enormously in appearance; some Griffons have great golden pelts like mountain lions, others have skins which are spotted or striped like the pelisses worn by the heroic Knights Panther, or which are as black as night. Whatever accident or mutation led to their creation has long since been forgotten.

Feral Griffons are canny creatures and expert hunters, able to anticipate their prey's every move. Once a target has been spotted, a Griffon will relentlessly stalk it, waiting days if need be for the correct moment to strike. The ear-splitting shriek of a diving Griffon is highly feared and has been known to send entire armies ducking for cover, lest one of their numbers be the beast's chosen quarry.

Griffons prefer their meat raw and screaming, though they'll scavenge if no other prey presents itself. This is fairly rare, though, as their hunting grounds tend to



range for hundreds of miles around their chosen mountain aerie. Their eyesight is as sharp as the raptors that they resemble and they can see motion from miles away. Griffons swoop down on their prey, screaming war cries as they come, causing fear in all but the hardiest souls. They continue to attack until no opponent is left moving. Griffon mounts must be forcibly restrained from hunting down fleeing opponents, as it is in their nature to rend all foes that flee from them. Survivors of Griffon attacks often have dreams of being hunted down and rent limb from limb for years afterward.

Despite being large and monstrous creatures, Griffons have reputations as noble beasts and loyal beasts. This is in part due to their proud and regal bearing – Griffons are not ravenous and frenetic like Manticores. Instead a Griffon strikes with swift and precise grace, its motion poised and controlled. Yet this elegance in no way undermines its deadliness, for a Griffon is more than capable of using its talons and razor beak to rip a foe apart. Skilled and efficient fighters, Griffons do not kill indiscriminately, although they show no reluctance when hunting or protecting their territory. They are fierce and merciless, but never cruel.

Griffons can be ranked amongst the most intelligent of beasts. A rare few serve as mounts for the richest and most powerful Mercenary Generals, who are willing to pay vast sums of gold for a single egg or chick. Brave adventurers seek out Griffon nests and steal their chicks to raise in captivity, singling out the strongest, cleverest and most ferocious for their lords. Only in this way can a Griffon ever be made tame enough to allow anyone to ride it, and even then they are temperamental and ferocious beasts. Griffons are never entirely tame, no matter how many years of domestication they've endured. However, if captured relatively young and subjected to suitable training, they make for incredible loyal mounts, and can even be taught to anticipate a wide range of commands.

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

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly.

UPGRADES:

Shrike Talons: The Griffon gains +1 to its Strength in the turns it charges.

Razorbeak: The Griffon gains the Armour Piercing (1) special rule.

Bloodroar: Enemy units must roll an additional D6, discarding the lowest result, for Leadership tests caused by this beast's Terror special rule.





BORGIO THE BESIEGER

Merchant Prince of Miragliano

Borgio, Prince of Miragliano, was nicknamed "The Besieger" because of his unsurpassed expertise in siege work. It was said that no city, not even the ingenious ramparts of Miragliano itself, could defy him. Borgio was certainly an expert tactician and won most of his battles. In three great victories he established Miragliano as the most powerful principality in Tilea. After these, his enemies usually avoided open battle and shut themselves up behind the walls of their cities, only to succumb to Borgio's siege techniques. He was equally astute as a politician, but rather tyrannical. Opponents and rivals did not last long!

During his career, Borgio fought against every other principality and republic in Tilea for one reason or another, from wars over trading rights to pure vendettas against rival Princes who had tried to have him assassinated. Indeed, there were so many failed attempts to assassinate Borgio, some of which came very close to success, that he gained a reputation as a man who had to be killed more than once to be sure! It is said that Borgio once defeated an Orc horde by splitting them into three parts. Opinion is divided as to whether this refers to the horde or the individual Orcs. It is also said that Borgio could ride a horse, go to sleep and read a book at the same time!

Another apocryphal tale says that he was once taken prisoner by the Pirate Princess of Sartosa and escaped by diving into the sea from the dungeon tower (which was conveniently leaning over a high cliff) and swam the Pirates' Current across to Tilea. Then he returned with a mercenary fleet, captured the princess and would not let her go until the pirates had paid him an enormous tribute gathered from their far-flung stashes of plunder! If this ever happened it must have been early in his career. It is also rumoured that Borgio wrote very good poetry, did all his own cooking (wise man) and wrestled with lions!

Borgio is noted for devising unusual battle tactics and new troop types, which usually took his opponents by surprise. He certainly had access to Leonardo's manuscripts in the library of the princely palazzo in Miragliano. He was a very big and imposing man of robust stature. In a siege he always dismounted to lead the assault over the walls in person and would strip off his armour and jump down into a moat to dig with the common soldiers. This endeared him to the troops and he commanded a loyalty among his mercenaries which has been the envy of every Prince since!

However, Borgio could not always count on similar loyalty from courtiers, intriguers and spies in the pay of rivals, who knew they could not defeat him in battle and so resorted to underhand means. There were numerous assassination attempts and many occasions when he appeared to fall in battle. However, he strangely defied death time and time again, enhancing his awesome reputation. It is said that he finally met his end, after a long and distinguished reign, when he was stabbed with a poisoned toasting fork in his bath! This was one of several deaths which he suffered, but it was the only one that he did not survive. The circumstances are mysterious, but this was probably the only occasion that a man such as Borgio could be taken by surprise. Many say that his marriage to Dolcellata, the rather bad-tempered older sister of Lucrezzia Belladonna, was his undoing!



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Borgio	4	6	5	4	4	3	5	4	9
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character, Merchant Prince, Human).

SPECIAL RULES: The Best Money Can Buy.



"All for one and every man for himself!"

- Normal mercenary tactics





Difficult to Slay: *Borgio the Besieger was notoriously difficult to slay, as he had an almost unnatural ability to withstand pain and injury.*

If Borgio is reduced to zero wounds, roll a D6. On a 1-3, he is removed as a casualty as normal. On a 4+, he stands back up again with a single wound remaining. Note that this ability cannot be used against attacks that kill the model outright.

Master of Siegecraft: *Borgio earned his nickname due to the many successful sieges he waged as the Merchant Prince of Miragliano. No fortress could withstand him for long.*

If Borgio is your General, you may take one more duplicate War Machine unit than normal at the points value played.



MAGIC ITEMS:

Mace of Might (Magic Weapon)

Borgio wields a hefty mace made from a cannonball which failed to slay him at the siege of Remas and ended up embedded in his breastplate. Borgio, regarding it as a lucky talisman, had the cannonball made into a mace.

If Borgio rolls a 6 To Hit with this weapon, this hit will be resolved at Strength 10.

Armour of Brazen Bronze (Magic Armour)

This is the very armour which Borgio was wearing when struck by the cannonball at the siege of Remas. The armour was forged in Miragliano from melted down statues dredged out of the blighted marshes. Who knows what deities were represented or what magic was wrought into the metal? The armour certainly proved formidable.

Full plate armour. The Armour of Brazen Bronze gives Borgio the Ward save (5+) special rule.

Monstrous Mask Helm (Magic Armour)

Borgio wears a grotesque helmet with a fearful visage sculpted on it.

6+ armour save. The wearer of the Monstrous Mask gains the Fear special rule.

Blackheart laughed grimly and inhaled the scent of gunsmoke as it wafted across the battlefield.

"Ahhh..." he mused, "I love that smell. It smells like... like..."

"Like chicken?" chirped Lumpin Croop, Captain of Croop's Fighting Cocks, a notorious Halfling band of desperadoes and cut-throats.

"...I was thinking LIKE VICTORY you foolish imp," roared the commander imperiously.

It was very much like victory, too. The Dogs of War had fought well against their scaly skinned foes. The battlefield lay thick with greenish and bluish corpses, and here and there the static bulk of gigantic monsters could be seen like rocks rising from a sea of death.

Blackheart had surely won a great victory, and not the first great victory of a long and glorious career.

Perhaps not the greatest victory either, for what battle could rival the assault upon Nan Chu where a hundred thousand perished upon the field and ten times as many during the ensuing Terror of Wang. But in those days Blackheart was a younger man, just one of many mercenary captains whose armies counted Orcs and Hobgoblins, men, Elves and Dwarfs amongst their ranks.

Now Blackheart's hair was grey and his body a crisscross of livid scars - badges of bloody battle, cruel captivity and occasional inattentiveness. He wore an eye-patch where an Orc blade had gouged out his eye, and he thought it rather fetching.

Now he was the general, the man whose word drove armies over the salty seas and to the ends of the earth. Yet true power had always eluded him. Treasures so desperately won had been all too easily lost. He knew this could well be his last chance...

"Captains - rally your warriors," the barked orders fell from his lips with practised rapidity. "Fetch those Orcs back into the lines! Form up the Dwarf gunners. Croop - get those Halflings away from the chuck wagons. Those Ogres over there... I don't know what they're doing but tell them to stop it immediately... this is still an army for heaven's sake!"

Gradually the army formed up. Stragglers shuffled back into the ranks. Wounded warriors struggled from the battlefield nursing injuries of varying severity. The dying suffered in silence, fearful lest their cries should attract the unwelcome attention of the Ogres.

Blackheart watched all with satisfaction. Before him lay the gates of a mighty city, a city shining with gold and silver, a city now unprotected and ripe for plundering. He cast his good eye over the weary regiments, their captains stood to the fore waiting for the order to advance. Blackheart noted them all, creatures of many races all driven to serve by an insatiable lust for adventure, glory and... most of all gold. He would give them gold!

"Forward," he cried gesturing towards the prize that lay before them. "By law of battle I give you three days unrestrained pillage!"

A mighty cheer rose from the army as it descended upon the prize.





LUCREZZIA BELLADONNA

Merchant Princess of Pavona

The most beautiful woman in all of Tilea, and some say even the whole of the Old World, is Lucrezia Belladonna. She is also the most dangerous to know. Lucrezia is a renowned sorceress and rumoured to be a master poisoner, mistress of many assassins.

Lucrezia's first husband, Luigi, Prince of Pavona, perished at the hands of paid assassins sent by rival Merchant Princes. Lucrezia, then only a very young woman, was determined to keep her hold on the principality at all costs. Several mercenary generals who commanded armies in defence of her city became her husbands and therefore also Princes of Pavona. Every one met with a mysterious demise, usually when their political and strategic skill was found wanting!

Consider Borso, who lost the battle of Etobrutti and died soon afterwards when his wounds were mistakenly treated with poisonous herbs. The next day, the mercenary captain Donato assumed command, won a great victory and saved the city from the Verezzians. Donato married Lucrezia soon afterwards and became Prince of Pavona. A few years later Donato was about to make a disastrous alliance with Trantio against Borgio the Besieger, who was married to Lucrezia's older sister Dolchellata at the time. However, before the army of Pavona was committed to this unwise

course of action, Donato succumbed to a meal of poisonous toadstools which had been gathered from the woods by an ignorant kitchen servant unable to tell the difference between edible and venomous mushrooms.

Lucrezia was of course angry and distressed, but not so much as to prevent her subsequent marriage to the dashing captain Ranuccio, after an indecently short interval. He immediately rushed off at the head of the army of Pavona to attack the rear of the Trantine army just as it was deploying against Borgio and expecting reinforcements from Pavona! For this show of solidarity with an old ally, Pavona was richly rewarded by Borgio.

Lucrezia's seventh husband, Poggio, recently made an abrupt exit from the political scene after drinking three bottles of very dubious quality wine. Lucrezia is now casting her eye around for a new husband to share the government of Pavona and lead its armies to victory, with her by his side.

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

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character, Merchant Prince, Human).

MAGIC: Lucrezia Belladonna is a Level 4 Wizard. She uses spells from the Lore of Shadow or the Lore of Death.



It is said that Lucrezia Belladonna is the most beautiful lady in the Old World. However, Bretonnian Knights consider this honour to rightfully belong to the Fay Enchantress of Bretonnia. When a Tilean noble once praised her beauty at a tournament in Bretonnia, he was immediately challenged to a joust by a rash Bretonnian Knight. The Lady Belladonna, who happened to be present, appointed the Tilean as her champion. When the Tilean, following the local custom, asked Lucrezia for her favour, she simply kissed his lance. Unfortunately the Tilean was unhorsed in the joust, though he did score a glancing blow on the Bretonnian which resulted in nothing more than a scratch. However, the Bretonnian quickly slumped in the saddle and fell down dead. When the heralds asked whether the lance tip was poisoned, Lucrezia said; "How could it be poisoned, I have just kissed it and I don't feel at all unwell!" Since then no one has claimed to be more beautiful than Lucrezia Belladonna. To cast doubts on her beauty is the kiss of death!



SPECIAL RULES: The Best Money Can Buy.

Stunning Beauty: *Lucrezia Belladonna's beauty has an amazing effect on human mercenaries in the army.*

Any friendly Human unit within 8" of Lucrezia will Rally automatically during your Compulsory Movement phase, being ashamed to be seen running away from the enemy before such a beautiful and commanding lady.

Lucrezia's Kiss: *Lucrezia has been known to kiss the weapons of a hero who she takes as her champion.*

At the start of the battle, one character in your army may be given the Poisoned Attacks special rule due to the potency of the poison in her lipstick.



From a collection of letters sent by Gossippa Lotta to "various Princes and other notables". This letter was sent to Lucrezia Belladonna and refers to the poisoning of the Mercenary General hired to defend the city of Trantio against besieging forces of Luccini.

Dear Lucrezia,

At last that idiot Brazino Innuendo ate the wrong kind of mushroom, the one that was meant for him! Of course they think it was you. I heard that the cook was tortured into confession and mentioned your name, like they always do. Far be it from me to point the finger, but one cannot help admiring the expert choice of time and place! Brazino paid far too much attention to that fool Marmalodi. Now someone else will take charge of defending the city and will probably succeed in holding on to it. Of course you can rely on me not to breathe a word of my suspicions to anyone!

Yours, Gossippa Lotta

It is interesting to note that Gossippa is said to have employed a succession of Halfling food tasters in the years following the siege of Trantio.

"You Imperials think us weak, but you're just fools who assume your nobility without question. In Tilea, only the strongest and most cunning rule. Not through blood, but through skill alone is power won."

- *Lucrezia Belladonna*

POISONOUS ITEMS:

Although Lucrezia is a Master Sorceress, she does not have magic items. Instead she has various Poisonous Items, reflecting her special skill as an arch poisoner. These items are not affected by anything that normally affects or negates magic items.

Phial of Poison

Long before the battle, the enemy camp is infiltrated by Lucrezia's paid assassin, equipped with a phial of poison specially prepared by his mistress. This will be tipped into the drink or meal of one of the enemy leaders during the feasting on the eve of battle. The poison is slow-acting and will strike the next day as the armies draw up for battle.

Nominate D3 enemy characters at the beginning of the battle. Roll a D6 for each; a roll of 4+ means that the character has been poisoned and starts the battle with one Wound less than normal, with no saves allowed. This has no effect against models with the Immunity (Poisoned Attacks) or Daemonic special rules.

Poisoned Stiletto

Lucrezia always keeps a stiletto dagger secreted in her garter. This is not only for self-defence, but because you never know when you might want to do an off-the-cuff assassination and may not have a ready prepared poison to hand. Of course, Lucrezia's stiletto has been dipped in the venom of a toad and used to chop poisonous mushrooms.

Additional hand weapon. The Stiletto dagger gives Lucrezia the Poisoned Attacks special rule.

Potion of Pavona

Lucrezia will mix up potions to strengthen whoever drinks it, selecting the right ingredients. However, there is a risk, as the potion may prove slightly poisonous.

At the beginning of the battle, Lucrezia may give the potion to any friendly character or take it herself. Roll a D6; on roll 2+, choose that number of the chosen model's characteristics to improve by +1. For example, if you roll a 4 you could choose to improve the model's WS, T, W, and I by +1. You cannot apply this bonus to a model's Leadership and cannot increase a characteristic by more than one. If you roll a 1, the model loses a wound; if this kills the model then it counts as a casualty for all purposes.

LORENZO LUPO

Merchant Prince of Luccini

Lorenzo is very proud of his line of descent from his city's founders: Lucan and Luccina. As well as this he is quite an antiquarian and collector of art and antique artefacts. His palazzo on the old acropolis of Luccini is decorated with frescoes in the antique style and the gardens and colonnades display old statues found in the acropolis. His prized possessions are heirlooms of his house, said to have been owned by the city's founders.

Lorenzo wears armour of the old-fashioned style and fights on foot in the manner of his ancestors. This is a strange eccentricity of his and would be considered quaint and maybe even ridiculous by his rivals if he wasn't so good a general and didn't beat them so regularly. Instead, his reputation for bravery and fighting hand-to-hand in the front rank of his troops has earned him the respect and awe of his enemies.



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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character, Merchant Prince, Human).

SPECIAL RULES: The Best Money Can Buy.

Fights on Foot: *Lorenzo is a very eccentric man in that he prefers to fight on foot in the style of his ancestors. He always takes his place at the front ranks of his pikemen or leads his soldiers on his men-of-war. This is very inspiring to his men, and they are eager to fight for and defend their Merchant Prince.*

Any Infantry unit joined by Lorenzo Lupo add +1 to their combat resolution bonus.



Mighty Athlete: *Lorenzo follows many of the classical athletic pursuits that his ancestors practiced, and as a result he is a very well-built, muscular man. He regularly rows across the Tilean Sea, wrestles the mightiest opponents or runs from one end of his principdom to the other.*

Roll a D6 at the start of the battle to determine which pursuit he has been following prior to joining the army.

D6	Pursuit	Effect
1-2	Running	+1 Toughness
3-4	Wrestling	+1 Attack
5-6	Rowing	+1 Strength

MAGIC ITEMS:

Sword of Lucan (Magic Weapon)

Lorenzo Lupo's sword, believed to be the actual sword used by his remote ancestor, Lucan, the founder of Luccini. The sword's razor sharp edge cuts through any armour with ease.

Attacks made with the Sword of Lucan have the Ignores Armour saves special rule.

Shield of Myrmidia (Magic Armour)

This old shield was found during the rebuilding of the temple of Myrmidia on Luccini's acropolis. It dates to the time of the founding of the city, or perhaps even earlier. The shield bears the sun symbol of the war goddess and has the magical ability to dazzle the bearer's opponents.

Shield. All enemy models in base contact with Lorenzo lose one Attack each.

Ring of Luccina (Enchanted Item)

Luccina, sister of Lucan, was said to be a sorceress. Lorenzo wears a ring which bears a cameo gem depicting her, and which may even have been hers. The gem has the ability of restoring the soldiers' morale, returning their will to fight for their lord again.

Bound Spell, Power Level 3. The Ring of Luccina contains an **augment** spell which affects all units within 12". If successfully cast, all fleeing troops will Rally automatically.

Leave Luccini by the Great East Road, bearing left at the foothills of the Apuccini mountains. Carry straight on through the Border Princes until you come to the top of the Black Gulf. Pass Barak Var at night to avoid paying the tolls. Turn sharp left through Death Pass then sharp right by the volcano: Bear left between the Plain of Bones and the Broken Teeth and then follow the coast of the Sea of Dread for 300 miles. Through the delta and the Dragon Isles are directly in front of you. Can't miss 'em.



MARCO COLOMBO

Merchant Prince of Trantio

Marco Colombo is best known as the explorer who "discovered" Lustria, although it was really discovered years before by the Norse. Marco was, however, the first Old Worlder to establish friendly relations with the Lizardmen – not an easy thing to do! Before Marco's epic voyage to Lustria, he had visited Araby as a merchant and taken part in various sea fights along the coast of Araby and around the pirate stronghold of Sartosa. Marco was therefore already a seasoned campaigner and known as a mercenary captain before making his name as an explorer.

On his return from Lustria with a great fortune in gold and gems, he took over the army of his patron as a mercenary general and made himself Prince of Trantio. After that he led the army of Trantio against rival cities on several occasions, as well as occasional expeditions beyond the Apuccini Mountains. He also sent further expeditions to Lustria, in order to seek the fabled Norse colony of Skeggi, which they eventually discovered after several years of searching. Marco is one of several famous Tilean mercenary generals who not only led armies in the wars of Tilea, but also in distant tropical regions against strange and unknown opponents.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Marco Colombo	4	6	6	4	4	3	6	4	9

"Now I issa returning to da Lustria an I only hope that ther'c is as much to see as what I said I seen last time. They say that there are many who lissen to the stories I tell and wanna see for themselves about thissa land of gold. I issa for the hot water ifa they don' find nothing..."

"We makea de good time across de big seas an I think we get to de land of jungles before those silly people who follow us. Last night, we see de sails of many boats behind us an I think we not only ones who come dis way."

"At last we land on de land, a big beach that look like my old home. I get the wistful for it and wanna see it again, but I still don' see no Skeggi! Twice I come to find it and still I come to da wrong place. Issa tricky place to find, eh?"

"Now we's in the jungle an issa not good. De insects and de beasties bite and itch. I no remember it being this bad before. Me and de men go far into de jungle and find lots of gold, so men is happy. I wonder if issa the same big lizard boss here. He nice to me and maybe we canna makea de bargain again."

- Extracts from *Marco Colombo's journey to Lustria*

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character, Merchant Prince, Human).

SPECIAL RULES: **The Best Money Can Buy.**

Crossbow Hunter: *Marco is an expert huntsman with the crossbow, who enjoys chasing big game and gigantic monsters on his tropical expeditions.*

Marco ignores the Move or Fire special rule with his crossbow.

Navigator's Telescope: *Marco has a special high-power telescope which he uses at sea. It is so powerful that he can use it to spy out hidden enemy troops lurking in cover or in the midst of a regiment.*

Marco has the Sniper special rule. In addition, all enemy units within Line of Sight and 24" to Marco must reveal any Hidden models they might contain.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Gem of Lustria (Talisman)

While in Lustria, Marco acquired this strange gem as part of his reward for serving the Slann Mage Priests as a mercenary. The gem is made of a polished green stone and shaped in the form of a snake's tongue – the mark of the Lizardmen serpent god, Sotek.

The Gem of Lustria gives Marco a Ward Save (4+).

Gourd of Lustrian Wine (Enchanted Item)

Marco always keeps with him his last remaining gourd of cactus juice, which he calls Lustrian Wine! This was given to him by the Skinks during his expedition to Lustria. Although it is about as potent as orange juice for a Lizardman, for a human being it is prickly stuff indeed!

One use only. Marco may drink the wine at start of any close combat phase and it lasts until the start of the next player's turn. While in effect, the Gourd of Lustrian Wine grants +D3 Strength.

Scroll of Araby (Arcane Item)

While stopping off in Lashiek, Marco did the usual foray into the bazaar looking for maps. One map, although uninteresting in itself; was written on an old scroll with partly obliterated, arcane writing of ancient Khemri on the reverse.

One use only. The Scroll of Araby can be used at the start of any player's turn. Until the start your next turn, Marco and any unit he is with gain the Magic Resistance (3) special rule. Marco may use this item despite not being a Wizard.



LEONARDO DA MIRAGLIANO

Scientific Genius

Leonardo da Miragliano came from humble and obscure origins in the winding streets of the city. His genius first came to light when he was a mere apprentice to one of the architects of the Prince, engaged in the task of rebuilding the city on a new plan. Prince Cosimo came to inspect the work and by chance saw the plans drawn by the young Leonardo. The Prince saw that Leonardo was the genius he had been looking for and immediately placed him in charge of the grand scheme for the whole city. After many years Leonardo had not only completed the master plan for the new Miragliano, but also devised a new set of ramparts, even more ingenious and impregnable than before. Leonardo went on to become court inventor to Cosimo and his house. Leonardo soon found his talents in demand from every Prince and city in Tilea and he set his intellect to many varied problems and served as advisor with several mercenary generals. His fame eventually reached as far as the Empire. This led to Leonardo's most famous achievement which was to found the Imperial Engineering School. Leonardo presided over this establishment and created many new war machines while he was there, most notable of all being the dreaded Imperial steam tanks.

One of Leonardo's favourite hobbies and intellectual exercises was to design leaning towers. He would set himself the problem of designing a tower which would stay up despite the most exaggerated angle of inclination. Soon Princes of Tilea vied with each other to acquire Leonardo's latest design for the most outrageous and gravity-defying tower!

Leonardo also designed an enormous number of strange and potentially very effective war machines. Many of these are doodles on scraps of parchment or on the back of maps or military messages, which Leonardo made to while away the time in camp when

on campaign. He would give these doodles to the various Merchant Princes he served, on the off chance that they would actually ask him to make the machine. Usually his patrons were too busy waging war and just stashed the plans for use later on. Many of these devices cannot yet be made with the technology available. Even so, the plans, which are now distributed throughout the Old World, change hands for vast amounts of gold and are eagerly sought by Merchant Princes.



"Issa very important to understand the minds of these mercenary fellows. Some, they are only interested inna gold. Gold, gold, gold, it's all they care about. Others, well they have their heads inna clouds, anna it's all exploring and discovering. They say, 'I wassa first person to discover this famous temple,' an', 'I wassa first person to sail on such-and-such a sea,' anna they is forever boasting and telling enormous whoppers when we all know they's never been further than Blood River. Then again, some, well some is just here for da fighting or da beer or da laydies... anna you 'ave to watch them fellows pretty closely!

I'll tell you a story to show you what I mean. Once there wassa this Paymaster fellow who says to da general, 'Look, we 'as forgotten to pay this Golphag who issa captain of them big fine Ogres what done so well inna big bash last week.' Anna before the general can say a word this Paymaster he takes uppa bag a gold an he rides off to where these Ogres are layin' around breakin' and throwin' things lika they do. He was in sucha rush to give this Golphag hissa gold that be didn't stop to listen to da. general. Now da general, of course, he coulda told him that this Ogre fellow he doesn't want gold. What use issa gold to da Ogre? You canna notta eat it, now can you? These Ogres, they wants paying inna meat... anna real fresh meat too if you takes my meaning.

So, whadya think happens to this Paymaster? I'll tellya whadda happens. He is never seen again! Just this li'll pila bones outside of Golphag's tent is all that's left of him, anna this funny li'll hat with da feather in it that even da Ogres wouldn't touch. Anna next time Golphag sees da general he says, 'Hey general, me anna da lads didn't think much of da supper lassa night... alla skin and bones it was lika some Elf.. and if things don't improve we shall have to be moving on an' no messin'.' An dat was dat... anna next Paymaster... well dat was me an, as you know, well I'm mucha too smarta fellow to end up inna Ogre's belly."

*- Giovanni Marmalodi
A Treatise upon the Art of Generalship*



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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character, Human).

SPECIAL RULES:

Genius: *Leonardo is renowned as a genius. He is able to apply his intellect to any problem and come up with a way of improving things. Of course, mercenary generals find his special talents very useful and will consult with him when making their battle plans, constructing field defences or siege works, planning the order of march or just inspecting the artillery before the battle.*

You may set Leonardo's formidable intellect to each of the following problems:

- **Artillery Accuracy:** *Leonardo inspects one war machine in the army and observes some test shots. He then calculates angles and trajectories and makes corrections to the devices or advises on firing technique, quantity of gunpowder, torque tension and so forth, which increases the accuracy and reliability.*

As long as Leonardo is within 3" of one war machine, that war machine may re-roll one Artillery Dice, Scatter Dice, or To Hit roll per turn.

- **Crossbow Accuracy:** *Leonardo inspects one unit of Crossbowmen as they shoot volleys at targets. He checks the tension of the bows and considers wind velocity and the weight of the crossbow bolts. He may advise certain subtle reshaping of the flights to improve accuracy, or recommend that the crossbowmen aim slightly to the left or right of their target, or just above their heads.*

As long as Leonardo is with a unit armed with crossbows, the unit may re-roll all failed rolls of 1 To Hit in the Shooting phase.

- **Battle Strategy:** *Leonardo inspects the maps and charts and rides up to high ground to survey the lie of the land with his telescope. Then he discusses the options with the general and his captains in a council of war, explaining his calculations for rates of march and so on. This enables the general to outflank the opposing army.*

One Core unit in the army gains the Ambushers special rule.

SCIENTIFIC ITEMS:

Leonardo is neither a general nor a wizard. He is a scientist, and his genius is illuminated by the light of reason and method, not superstition! Therefore, Leonardo does not have magic items. Instead he has Scientific Items, reflecting his expertise as an inventor

and investigator. These items are not affected by anything that normally affects or negates magic items.

Sphere of Alchemy: *Leonardo dabbles in alchemy and has mixed up a powder which he has enclosed in a bronze orb. When thrown, the orb cracks and the powder explodes on contact with the air, creating a small blast.*

One use only. The Sphere have the following profile:

Range:	Missile:	Special Rules:
6"	3	Armour Piercing (2), Quick to Fire

If Leonardo hits, use the small template to determine the blast area. If Leonardo misses his target, the orb is assumed to have exploded prematurely, fallen in the mud or bounced off someone's helmet and has no effect.

Prism of Power: *Leonardo has a specially shaped glass prism which uses purely physical properties of refraction to diffuse any kind of energy flowing over the battlefield. The effect of this is to steal the winds of magic from the opposing side and dissipate the energy, just as if it were rays of light from the sun.*

The Prism of Power may be used in any of your opponent's Magic phases after determining the Winds of Magic and channelling rolls for that turn. Roll a D6; on a 4+, Leonardo may remove 1 Power dice from the opponent's pool.

Compass of Meteoric Silver: *Leonardo has a special compass with a direction arrow made from meteoric silver. This will point to the greatest concentration of magic on the battlefield.*

At the start of the battle, your opponent must tell which of their units contains the highest number of magic items.

THE STEAM TANK

The infamous Steam Tank is one of the most widely-known inventions of Leonardo da Miragliano, an inspired design that has never since been recreated. It is said that Leonardo was astounded and fascinated when he witnessed one of the creations of the Dwarfs, an ocean-going steam vessel made of solid metal.

He filled countless sketchbooks with intricate drawings and writings that revolved around the arcane machine, and his thoughts on how he could recreate such a wonder.

His early attempts were disastrous affairs. On his second attempted launch of the aptly named steam-powered boat "Anchor of Solidity", he barely escaped with his life as it sank beneath the sea within seconds, steam hissing and spitting violently.

The half-drowned Leonardo lost none of his ambition or passion, however, though he transferred his ideas onto land. Thus the Steam Tank was born, for he took the basic designs for his ironclad steamship and modified them to make his famed steam powered land-ship.





MYDAS THE MEAN

Notorious Paymaster

The most notorious Paymaster ever to come out of Tilea is Mydas the Mean. His origins are obscure. Some say he was a sheikh of Araby who embezzled a fortune from the Grand Sultan and had to flee. Whatever his origin, he first rose to prominence in Sartosa. Here he was put in charge of guarding the treasure stash of the Dwarf Pirate Gridi Scumbeard. The renowned Dwarf leader quickly began to appreciate and admire Mydas' incredible meanness and reluctance to part with gold, even to the extent of refusing to tell the Dwarf where his own stash was. Fortunately for Mydas, Gridi came to a bad end in a fight with the Corsairs before he realised that Mydas had relocated his stash with the intention of keeping it.



Mydas next turned up in the service of Groccolo, Prince of Verezzo, once again in charge of the gold which was to pay a vast mercenary army. Mydas defended the paychest valiantly in several hard-fought battles, assisted by his hand-picked henchmen. When

the time came to pay the mercenaries, Mydas somehow managed to part with so little gold that he caused a mutiny in the camp. The Prince was promptly deposed and fled back to Verezzo.

In the confusion Mydas remembered his duty to defend the paychest and conducted a fighting retreat, fighting off entire companies of enraged mercenaries seeking their arrears of pay. As it happened, Mydas managed to retreat in a totally different direction to Verezzo, and so neither the Prince nor the mercenaries ever got the paychest. To this day, its whereabouts is known only to Mydas.

Since then Mydas has turned up in many lands safely beyond the bounds of Tilea, offering his services as Paymaster for mercenary armies or such tasks of tax gathering, gold counting or treasure hiding that might be required by various mighty lords. Although many of his masters have been horribly defeated due to their own dubious qualities of leadership, Mydas has never let any of the paychests in his charge fall into the hands of the enemy; nor for that matter into the pillaging hands of fleeing mercenaries who don't deserve to be paid for losing a battle!

He did not have to put up with such shoddy treatment! Was he not, after all, Elodhir Seamane, the most famous swordsman in the world and by far the most handsome of all living Elves?

"One cannot accept this at all," he announced. His accent was impeccable, his voice enchanting, his manner languid. "Some other arrangement will be necessary," he added with suave insistence.

Blackheart sighed the pained sort of sigh that generals of mercenaries often find themselves sighing when dealing with disputes amongst their captains.

"Ahaaa Seamane, me old matey..." began Blackheart somewhat optimistically. "I can't be everywhere at once and camping arrangements are left to you captains to sort out... traditionally... as I'm sure you appreciate..."

As he spoke, the general's voice gradually dropped lower and lower until it faded away entirely, leaving Blackheart soundlessly mouthing imagined excuses.

Elodhir Seamane, Captain of Seamane's Reavers and, by his own admission, the best dressed Elf to breathe the breeze, watched Blackheart gape silently for a moment before he answered.

"But Ogres, general! Ogres! We are encamped next to Ogres, and downwind too! It really is quite unbearable, not to say insatiable."

"Ahaaa... ahem... yes! I do see the problem. Mo unfortunate." Blackheart reassured the Elf, although what he was expected to do about it he wasn't at all sure.

"I'm so glad." Elodhir replied sardonically. "Let it not be said that Elodhir Seamane is unwilling to rub shoulders with the foulest of creatures when occasion demands - Hobgoblins, Halflings, even Ores - but this really is beyond the pale."

"Ahaa... intoned Blackheart in what he genuinely intended to be a helpful manner. "I'll tell you what. I'll have you swap with Croop's lot - they'll be too drunk to notice the Ogres by now - that'll put you next to Juggo 'Senseless' Joriksonn..."

"General!" exclaimed Elodhir at the mention of the notorious Dwarf. "Please don't trouble yourself. I see now that the situation is unavoidable... sorry to have bothered you. Goodnight." The Elf captain turned smartly upon his heel and left as quickly as decorum would permit.

Blackheart poured himself a drink and sat down. The tent flap opened suddenly and a massive shape forced its way inside. It was Golgfag, Ogre Captain.

"Blackheart," growled the Ogre, "bout these bleedin' Elves next to us. The lads aren't happy... not happy at all.





	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Mydas the Mean	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8
Sheikh Yadosh	4	2	2	3	-	-	2	1	7
Paycart	-	-	-	4	4	3	-	-	-
Mule	8	2	0	3	-	-	3	1	-

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character, Human).

SPECIAL RULES:

Paymaster: If Mydas is in your army, he will fill the role as Paymaster, and no other Paymaster may be included.

The Pay Cart: *The pay cart with the paychest is taken in to battle so that Paymaster Mydas can an eye on its whereabouts. Sheikh Yadosh, a wealthy Arabian moneylender who has accompanied Mydas since his days in Sartosa, is given the task of keeping the paychest secure during the battle. Placed on a light carriage ridden by Sheikh Yadosh, the paychest inspires acts of heroism and bravery amongst mercenaries, hoping that by such acts they will be paid a bonus.*

Unlike normal chariots, the Pay Cart only inflicts D3 impact hits. The Paychest increases the radius of Mydas' "Hold Your Ground" special rule by 6". The Pay Cart acts as a separate unit from Mydas and his bodyguards on the battlefield.

Mydas' Bodyguard: *Mydas's bodyguard are hand-picked from among the galley slaves of the pirates of Sartosa. Every one has been personally redeemed from captivity by the generous expenditure of gold by Mydas himself, and so they are all deeply grateful and utterly loyal to their master. As well as this, they are all big, muscular, bronzed men hardened by years labouring at the oars.*

Mydas the Mean must be accompanied by a unit of Paymaster's Bodyguard, and he may not leave this unit.

Sheikh Yadosh the Money Lender: *Mydas's Money Lender is none other than the notorious Arabian merchant Sheikh Yadosh. The Sheikh lent Mydas a vast fortune many years ago in Sartosa and has faithfully accompanied him ever since in the hope of repayment. In the meantime, the Sheikh earns a nice return in interest, lending money to mercenaries who are easily parted from their cash in gambling dens and other temptations and are always asking to borrow more. Sheikh Yadosh is immensely fat and his girth is greatly increased by the long cummerbund wrapped around his waist which contains many gold coins within its folds.*

Sheikh Yadosh rides on the Pay Cart rather than being deployed next to Mydas. He otherwise follows the rules for regular Money Lenders, except that the Leadership modifier is increased to +D3 rather than +1.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Treasure Map (Enchanted Item)

Mydas has a treasure map on which are marked the hiding places of several paychests which he has heroically rescued from the confusion of battle when defeat seemed inevitable. He keeps the map stuffed down his leggings. The map is drawn on an old scroll which he found in Gridi's treasure chests. On the reverse of the parchment are a number of strange Lizardmen glyphs. Mydas does not know or care what these are and thinks they are meaningless doodles by some demented wizard. In reality the scroll is a magical 'warrant of trust' carried by Skink interpreters to give them an aura of credibility when dealing with or misleading outsiders. Some adventurer long ago must have acquired this in Lustria, thinking it was worth something to a wizard, and eventually it found its way into the Dwarf pirate's chest.

At the start of each of your turns, roll a D6 and consult the table below to see what effect the promises of Mydas' Treasure Map have:

1-2	'A bonus for all my loyal and trusty henchmen!' <i>This is a promise which Mydas often makes to his paychest bodyguards. The bodyguards become even more determined to defend the paychest and Paymaster to the death. Until the start of your next turn, Mydas' Bodyguards gain +1 to hit in close combat.</i>
3-4	'The paychest is safe with me lads!' <i>The mercenaries become confident that Mydas will look after their pay beyond the call of duty. Until the start of your next turn, all friendly units within 12" of Mydas are Stubborn.</i>
5-6	'If we win the battle, all mercenaries will receive a bonus!' <i>This encourages all mercenary regiments to fight harder and with more determination. Until the start of your next turn, all friendly units within 12" of Mydas add +1 to their combat resolution.</i>

The Crest of Mydas (Talisman)

A priest of Myrmidia forged the runes on the Crest of Mydas. Mydas the Mean mounted this item onto the lock of his paychest as a good luck charm. When he goes into battle, his weapons and those of his men glow with a dull golden light.

Mydas and all models in the same unit gains the Magical Attacks special rule. In addition, enemy models must re-roll successful Ward Saves caused by close combat attacks from the unit.

"Grab da money and run!"
- attributed to Mydas the Mean





LIETPOLD THE BLACK

Also Lietpold the Bloody, Lietpold the Butcher, Lietpold the Liar, Lietpold Turncloak, Lietpold the Thrice-Cursed, the Coin-bought Prince, etc.

A notorious mercenary commander, and in recent years, self-made Border Prince, Lietpold 'the Black' as he styles himself (although a number of far less complementary epithets have been commonly applied by former allies and tavern balladeers alike), is a warrior whose actions have carved him not only a petty kingdom but also a place in popular folklore for his exploits of bloodshed and treachery. As a man, Lietpold's flaws are both many and infamous – he is vain, arrogant, vicious, paranoid, fake and cruel to name but a few. But even those he has wronged or betrayed would concede both his skill-at-arms and scorn of danger, as well as his innate mastery of battlefield tactics, the combination of which has led him to victory on battlefields as far apart as the scorching Estalian Plain and the frigid steppe of northern Kislev. If there is one factor that has governed Lietpold's life and career as a mercenary above even his vanity and pride, it is his avarice – for gold has always been his one true master. As such there have been times when he and his fortes have turned upon one employer mercilessly when an enemy has made him a better offer, and other occasions when the chance to plunder a foe's baggage train while leaving allies still fighting, or to fall upon a defenceless settlement amidst a wider war without orders and uncaring of its allegiance, has been taken without a second thought.

Such behaviour wins a commander few long term allies and fewer friends, even among those who live and die in the sell-swords' trade. As such, Lietpold's forces often comprise the worst scum and battlefield detritus the Old World has to offer – wanted men, murderers and renegades willing to follow even so ill reputed a general as he, as there are few others, even among the many Free Companies of the Empire that would take such malcontents and villains in. Over the years the list of Lietpold's enemies (many former paymasters included)

has grown long, and no hall or house in the Empire has proved safe for him and so he turned his sights on usurping the crown of the petty kingdom of Raven Barrow in the Border Princes over the Black Mountains to the south of the Empire. For a dozen years he has ruled, as bloody-handed a tyrant as the Border Princes had ever seen, his hubris swelling to the point where he has even begun to claim to be bastard-blood to the line of Karl Franz and demanded fealty from the lands around him.

Lietpold's reputation is as a merciless and skilled general, as ruthless to those that fail him as he is to his enemy and he surrounds himself with bloody-handed men who will stop at nothing to achieve victory. But with a string of massacres and dark tales of contracts fulfilled for terrible and secret masters at his back, there are those that would rather see Lietpold burned at the stake than employed as a general in the armies of the Empire.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lietpold the Black	4	6	5	4	4	3	5	4	9
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character, Human).

SPECIAL RULES:

Blessings of Lethe: *Lietpold has spent a fortune on spells and enchantments, sourced from the most dubious and sinister practitioners, and cast them about his person to further his life, maintain his youth and protect him from harm – no matter the cost. Such is the precarious balance of these magics however he risks agony and insanity if they fail.*

Lietpold has a Ward save (3+), but should he fail this save, then from Lietpold's next turn onward the magic is disrupted; the save no longer applies and Lietpold suffers a -1 penalty to his Toughness and Leadership characteristics.

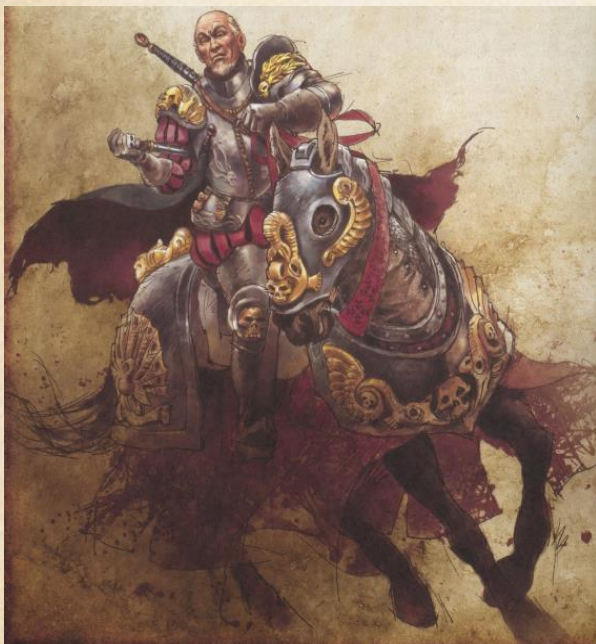
Murderous Charge: Lietpold and any unit he has joined gain the Devastating Charge special rule.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Gore Prow (Magic Weapon)

It is said by some that Gore Prow was plundered from an ancient barrow in the Border Princes and others whisper it was given in payment to Lietpold by a dark master for a fell deed done. This black-bladed sword burns and smoulders when it spill blood and darts in its wielder's hand like shadowed lightning.

Great weapon. All attacks made with Gore Prow have the Multiple Wounds (D3) and Always Strikes First special rules.



"Gold washes clean easily enough – no matter how bloody or how rotten the fingers that have handled it."
- Lietpold the Black



GHAZAK KHAN

Terror of the East

In the distant east, beyond the Dark Lands where the endless, wind-swept steppes stretch for untold leagues lies the dominion of the Hobgoblins that fight under the Great Hobgobla Khan. A warrior race of a thousand thousand wolfriders, the armies of the great Hobgobla Khan hold sway over the greatest empire in the world. This empire of hobgoblins has rarely been seen by the eyes of man or dwarf, and if they do, they are hunted down, or worse, captured and sold to the Chaos Dwarves. Very few of these savage greenskins have ever been seen in the lands of the Old World, but one of them is known well in the lands of Tilea and the kingdoms of the south – Ghazak Khan, the Butcher of Torrico Fields, the Terror of the East, commander of the Blackwolf mercenaries. Sent to the Old World by his master to learn of the tactics of the races that lie in these lands, Ghazak Khan discovered that hiring his great skills as a general and a great warrior to the people of these lands would be the best way to gain the desired knowledge. In Tilea, Ghazak Khan has built himself a very nasty reputation for savagery, and prowess in the heat of battle. The mercenary army that he leads has won victory after victory, leaving many villages in ashes and the population devoured by the monstrous regiments that follow his every word.

His army was recently hired by the Senate of Remas to destroy the Lahmian vampire, Maria Sarsosa. It was

discovered that this former member of the Remas Senate was a vampire when a mercenary captain came upon her feasting on a patrolling pike man. The vampire escaped from the city-state and began to raise an undead army to devastate Remas, and the people that had discovered her secret. Ghazak Khan had never battled a vampire before and was very eager to do battle with her. Ghazak Khan met Maria's army at the banks of the River Remo. Due to the war torn nature of Tilea, Maria was able to raise a large undead army quickly, which made her more than ready for an attack. Ghazak Khan sent outriders to the flank of the undead hoard and sent some of the monstrous regiments to wade up the river to engage the other flank. A few hours before dusk, Ghazak Khan launched his attack. Maria was completely caught off guard, because she had not even considered anyone would attack at night when she is the strongest.

Khan's army began to break down the regiments of skeletons and zombies. As soon as night fell, Maria began to raise the fallen soldiers to swell the ranks of her army. At that exact moment, the flanks of the undead army were hit by the outriders and monstrous regiments of Ghazak Khan. The vampire's army began to crumble, and once again to her shock, Ghazak Khan made another move that she had never expected. Leading a regiment of well over 200 wolfboyz, Ghazak





Khan was driving up the centre of the undead horde with one purpose in mind, hand to hand combat with the vampire. When Khan met the vampire in hand to hand, Maria was surprised that her speed held no advantage against the green-skinned general. The vampire blasted Ghazak Khan with a bolt of black magic, which caused the wind demon enslaved within the hobgoblin's helm to be released. This forced Maria to the ground and Ghazak Khan lopped her head clean off. As the sun rose, the undead crumbled into dust.

Ghazak is one of the most successful Mercenary Generals of the age. His army includes many of the most infamous mercenary regiments, like Manglar's Mutant Goblins, the Long Knife Orc Warriors and the dreaded War Trolls of the Grey Mountains. With these and many other ruthless cut-throats, Ghazak's band has developed a fearsome reputation as utterly merciless warriors who will not shy from slaughtering (and eating) entire populations of cities and burning scores of villages to the ground in their campaigns. When the black wolftail standards of Ghazak are seen in the horizon, men grow desperate, for the mighty Hobgoblin has never been defeated in the open field.

Of his past in the steppes beyond, Ghazak speaks little (indeed it is very difficult to understand the grunting language of the Hobgoblins and those who have dared to ask anything are usually beheaded by Ghazak). However, it is said that he is one of the most powerful of the war-chiefs who the Great Hobgobla Khan sent to study the lands beyond. This claim is supported by traders who have travelled to the steppes of the east and visited the ruler of the Hobgoblin nation in his tent (said to be the size of a small village), who say that the green-skinned despot is ever hungry for new conquests. Perhaps Ghazak is but the first of the Great Horde to cross the mountains, and one day the countless

MORDINI'S DOOMED LEGION

Ennio Mordini was one of the most powerful mercenary captains ever to serve among the Tilean City States.

For most of his career, he and his men served Duke Fabriano of Lambrusco, expanding that state's fortunes considerably. Their success began to worry their patron, especially since it was not unknown for Tilean mercenary units to seize control of the states which they were supposed to be serving. When the neighbouring state of Organza offered a lucrative alliance on condition that Mordini's troops were disposed of, Fabriano seized the opportunity and sent them into an ambush which none survived. Mordini swore just before he died that he would be avenged on his treacherous employer.

Barely five years later, an army of undead skeletons poured out of the Apuccini Mountains, under the tattered banner of Mordini. Fuelled by their hatred, the dead soldiers cut the armies of Lambrusco to ribbons, and razed the city to the ground. It is said that Duke Fabriano spent seven days and seven nights dying. Now the Doomed Legion has turned against Organza and the other City States, destroy everything in their path as they avenge themselves upon the double-dealing princes who connived at their murder.

wolfriders of Hobgobla Khan will cross the World's Edge Mountains and sweep the nations of men before them.

In battle Ghazak rides Warghan, a gigantic wolf the likes of which has never been seen in the lands of the west. In his hand he carries a huge scimitar which promises red ruin for his opponents. Ghazak wears a monstrous helmet over his scarred head. His ululating warcy is famous, very loud and justly feared.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ghazak	4	7	6	4	4	3	6	4	9
Warghan	9	4	0	4	4	1	4	2	5

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character, Hobgoblin).

SPECIAL RULES:

War Cry of the Steppes: *When Ghazak Khan charges, he lets out a mighty war of his Hobgoblin clan cry that freezes the hearts of his enemies.*

Any unit that Ghazak Khan declare a charge against can only choose Hold as a charge reaction. This does not affect units that have Immunity (Psychology).

Quell Animosity: *Ghazak Khan is such a fierce general, even the most unruly greenskin thinks twice about acting up when he is close by.*

Any Hobgoblin unit within 6" of Ghazak may re-roll the initial D6 for Treachery or Hobgoblin Animosity tests. In addition, if Ghazak Khan is your army's General, units of Hobgoblin Wolf Riders count as Core Units.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Red Scimitar (Magic Weapon)

Ghazak carries a red, curved sword to battle. It has been notched in hundreds of savage battles by the Khans of the Blackwolf clan, and in the hands of Ghazak it has acquired a dire reputation. The Red Scimitar strikes deep and cuts through any armour with ease.

This sword has the Armour Piercing (3) and Multiple Wounds (D3) special rules.

Daemonhead Helmet (Magic Armour)

As the mark of his position as a Khan, Ghazak wears a huge, horned helmet, decorated with a black wolftail. The helmet holds a captured Wind Daemon of the steppes, which protects Ghazak if he is wounded.

6+ armour save. As soon as Ghazak suffers his first wound in battle, the Daemon in the helmet awakes and gives Ghazak the Ward save (4+) and Magic Resistance (1) special rules for the remainder of the battle. In addition, his Strength is doubled when fighting against the model or unit which caused the wound.







QUIRKS OF CHARACTER

Mercenary generals frequently have some dark secret or quirk in their character, which explains why they became great generals. Characters are able to spend points on Quirks of Character, as detailed in the army list. Note that you may not take multiples of the same Quirk on the same character, but multiple characters can have the same Quirk.

Grizzled Warrior 35 points
The character is covered in battle scars, having survived more strikes and blows than they can count.

All successful To Wound rolls against this character must be re-rolled.

Stoic 35 points
The character refuses to flee even in the most desperate situations, urging his soldiers to stay put with him.

The model and any unit it joins gain the Stubborn special rule.

Charismatic Leader 25 points
The character inspires exceptional trust and devotion from his troops. They will follow him to the ends of the earth and beyond!

General Only. The model's Inspiring Presence range is increased by 6".

Fearless 20 points
The character laughs death in the face, and his presence ensures a serene calm in their nearby men.

The model and any unit it joins gain the Immunity (Psychology) special rule.

Rich & Greedy 20 points
The character is immensely rich and always demands the highest price for his services or keeps the lion's share of the plunder. The result is that the pay chest is exceptionally big and full to overflowing. This inspires even more loyalty from his troops.

Mercenary General only. All friendly models using the Paymaster's Hold Your Ground ability may choose to re-roll just one of the dice when taking Break or Panic tests.

Eagle Eye 20 points
The warrior's sight is exceptionally keen, allowing him to pick out targets from a crowd with ease.

The character gains the Sniper special rule.

Berserker 15 points
The character becomes a frothing madman in the heat of battle, striking blows left and right with reckless abandon.

The model gains the Frenzy special rule.

Blood Feud 15 points
The character has a long-standing grudge or blood feud against the enemy. This is probably because they once double-crossed him, treacherously betrayed him or wiped out his entire family.

The character has the Hatred special rule.

Lethal Strike 15 points
The character has a peculiar skill or penchant for decapitation, which they put to good use during the battle.

The model gains the Killing Blow special rule.

Ranger 15 points
The character has adept knowledge of the terrain and often scouts ahead of the main army.

Model on foot only. The model gains the Scouts special rule.

Veteran 10 points
The character is a grizzled veteran of so many battles that he has superior fighting skill.

The character gains +1 Weapon Skill.

Cunning 10 points
The character is the master of low cunning and always uses tricks in hand-to-hand combat.

The character may re-roll one failed To Hit roll each close combat phase.

Ambusher 10 points
The character sends out troops to circumvent the battlefield and attempt to attack the enemy in the flank or rear.

The character allows one Core Unit (except Freelancers) to gain the Ambushers special rule.

Poisoner 10 points
The character is adept with all kinds of deadly poisons covering their blades, which they use to deadly effect against the foe.

The model gains the Poisoned Attacks special rule.

Vanguard 10 points
The character itches to get into combat, spurring his troops to march ahead of the army with him.

The model and any unit it joins gain the Vanguard special rule.

*"It's a hero's job to die gloriously:
it's my job to get paid."*



SPOILS OF WAR

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

HURCIO'S CLUB 60 points Magic Weapon

This ancient club is made from the hardest oak, and was carried by the great Tilean hero Hurcio, who defended the legendary Justintine's paychest from Orcs. The strength of the mighty Hercio has remained in the club since the hero's death. The bearer can hew his way with ferocious blows through scores of foes, never tiring, as the strength of Hurcio himself drives him forward.

Requires two hands. The wielder of this club adds +1 to his Strength and Attacks at the start of each close combat phase (up to a maximum of +3), for as long as he remains in combat.



CATHAYAN DRAGONSWORD 50 points Magic Weapon

A glimmering sword ornamented with golden flowers on its handle and Cathayan characters inscribed on the blade, and ending with the head of a Celestial Dragon on its hilt, this exceptional sword war brought back from mysterious Cathay by Ricco and Robbio, and whose shimmer reflects the magic of that land.

The Dragonsword gives the wielder +1 Weapon Skill, +1 Initiative as well as the Killing Blow, Armour Piercing (1) and Flaming Attacks special rules.



DOMINGO'S ARBALEST 45 points Magic Weapon

Domingo da Sparana of Trantio was obsessed with the refinement of the crossbow, and worked day and night to improve its basic function. His most magnificent creation was his Arbalest, a large crossbow that is pleasing to the eye, perfectly balanced, and more powerful than any others known in the land.

Crossbow. Domingo's Arbalest uses the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
36"	5	Ignores Armour saves, Move or Fire, Multiple Wounds (D3)

Hits are resolved using the rules for Bolt Throwers.

PIKE OF REMAS 30 points Magic Weapon

This enchanted pike has long been wielded by many heroes of Remas. During the Dark Elf raid of 1487, it singlehandedly managed to halt the charge of the cruel Cold One Knights, skewering them as they charged straight into the tip. It is the bane of mounted soldiers, and can kill even the largest mount in a single stab.

Pike. This weapon inflicts D3 Strength 5 Impact Hits when the wielder is charged. In addition, it has the Heroic Killing Blow special rule against Cavalry and Monstrous Cavalry. This weapon may be taken by a Mercenary General or Captain on foot only, despite not normally being allowed to take pikes.



HELM OF MYRMIDIA 45 points Magic Armour

The priests of the temple of Myrmidia originally made this helm for the Grand Master of the Blazing Sun for his service to the temple. Unfortunately, a Halfling thief raided the caravan when it was travelling to the Empire to give it to him. It has been sold and bought by many Generals and Merchant Princes over the years, with few knowing of its intended purpose. Enemies attempting to attack the wearer will find themselves blinded by its holy sheen, and it is the bane of Undead.

6+ armour save. Enemies attacking the wearer in Close Combat suffer -1 to Hit and lose 1 Attack, down to a minimum of 1. In addition, the wearer gains the Hatred (Undead) special rule.



MAMBRINIO'S GOLDEN ARMOUR 20 points
Magic Armour

This set of armour was made on the order of Prince Mambrinio of Verezzo, known for his haughtiness and vanity. He ordered the best Dwarfen smiths in Tilea to create him an armour that shone like gold, was impenetrable to attack, and that should be as light as a feather. Unfortunately, the Dwarfs only succeeded in fulfilling his first two wishes, and Mambrinio ended up drowning in a shallow river during his first battle wearing it.

Full plate armour. The wearer gains Immunity (Killing Blow, Multiple Wounds). However, he suffers -2 Initiative and a -1 penalty to Dangerous Terrain tests.

STAFF OF FICKLE FORTUNE 35 points
Arcane Item

A relic from the crusades, this staff once belonged to an Arabyan sorcerer slain during the siege of Tobaró. It has since passed throughout Tilea and beyond, and is much sought after as a tool in casting spells. Its user should take care though, for the staff might just absorb the very power it is meant to give for itself.

At the beginning of each of your magic phases, roll a D6; on a roll of 1 the bearer suffers -D3 to his casting rolls (roll for each spell) for the remainder of the turn; on a roll of 2 nothing happens; on a 3+ however, the wizard gains +D3 to all his casting attempts (roll for each spell) for the remainder of the turn.

GUIDO'S LUCKY COIN 5 points
Talisman

This coin had brought Guido much fortune during his youth. Unfortunately for him, he gave it to a particularly lovely girl in Tobaró just before his ill-fated expedition to the Southlands. The girl married into a rich merchant family and the coin has been in the hands of several mercenary captains since.

One use only. Once per game, the model may re-roll one dice when rolling To Hit, To Wound, or when taking armour and Ward saves.

JUSTINTINE'S PAYCHEST 35 points
Enchanted Item

A Tilean relic known by all mercenaries, this paychest is supposedly the same one that Justintine brought to battle against the Orcs so many years ago, when mercenaries gathered from all across Tilea to take part of its treasure. Still pristine after countless battles, this paychest stirs the hearts of those fighting for its riches, urging them to fight on no matter the odds.

Paymaster with Paychest only. The Paymaster and any unit they are with always roll 3D6 when taking Psychology and Break tests, and discard the highest result.

BANNER OF VENNI 45 points
Magic Standard

This standard was painted the day before the battle of Venni, when the captain of the regiment decided to improve it by painting the figure of Myrmidia on it. Gossipa Lotta, the army's advisor, posed for the painting wearing nothing but a helmet and a bit of silk. The regiment marched out to battle the next day, proudly waving their banner, as the bravest unit in the whole army. The figure of the beautiful nude of Gossipa Lotta painted onto the banner in the image of Myrmidia inspires the men to outperform their peers in battle, charging with unprecedented vigour.

All models in a unit carrying this banner gains the Devastating Charge special rule.

EAGLE BANNER 25 points
Magic Standard

Nearly four centuries ago, a Tilean commander named Lisabetta held an outpost on the edge of the Border Princes against an Orc horde for twenty-two days. Supported by just fifteen soldiers, they achieved the impossible. Legend holds that Lisabetta was a devout follower of Myrmidia and that, through her prayers, the banner she carried filled her allies with hope. The tragedy of this tale is that although they managed to rout the Orc enemies, they all later succumbed to the plague that had bloomed amongst the corpses of their dead.

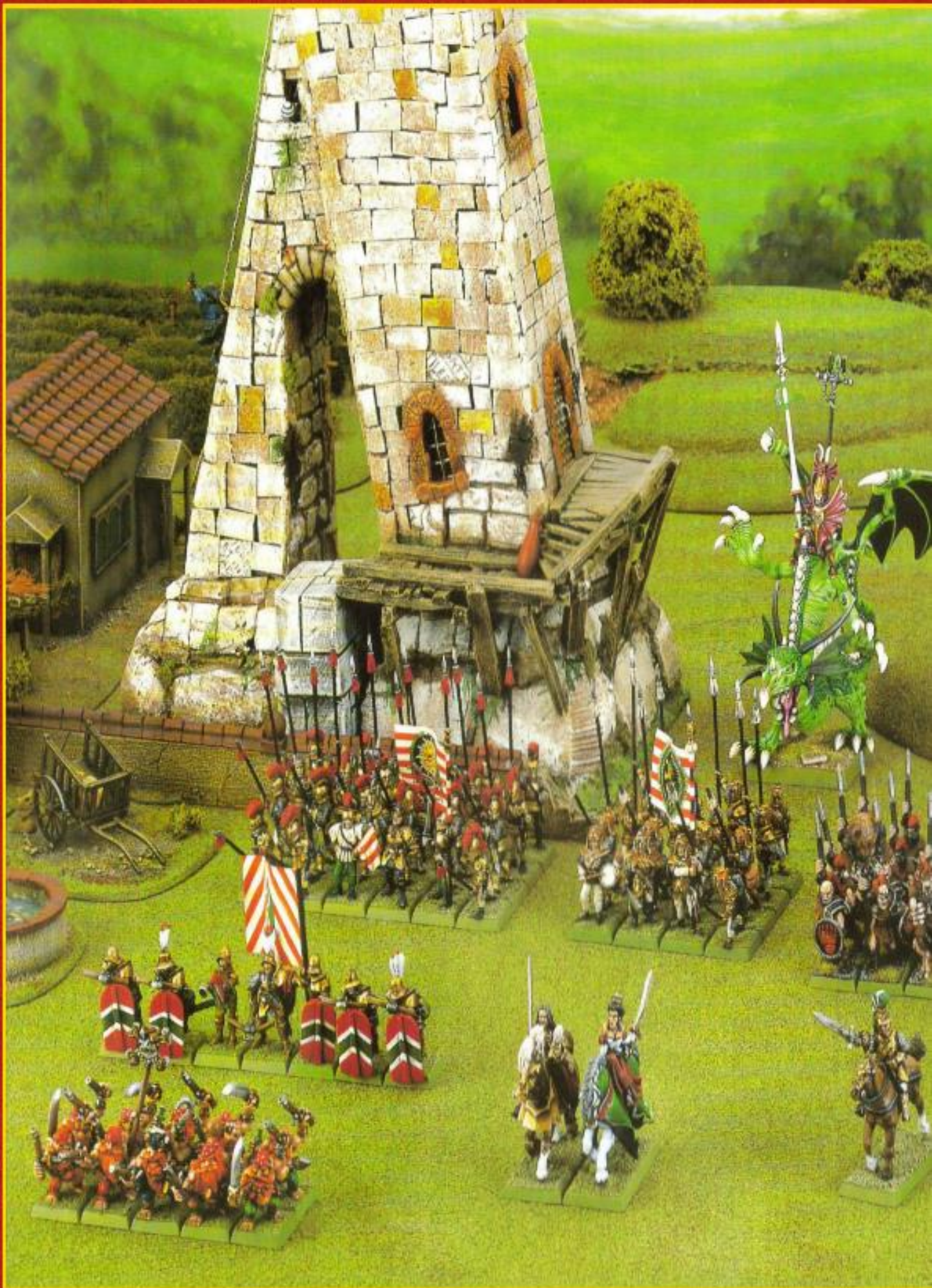
Enemies can never get the Outnumber, Flank or Rear combat resolution bonus against the unit carrying this banner.

Captain Pugno watched the battle in the valley below with a certain amount of cool professionalism. His force, which amounted to several hardened units of Pikemen, a smattering of Crossbowmen, and a particularly ferocious group of Ogres, had offered its services to both sides in the fighting below.

The Dwarfs had been too penny-pinching cheap and were hoping to win the battle against the ratmen by themselves and keep their stubby little hands on all their gold! The Skaven on the other side, had been shrewd negotiators until it turned out that all they had for trade at the moment were glowing green rocks. Certainly of no use to my treasure-seeking fighters, thought Captain Pugno.

Still, if the Dwarfs suddenly gave the signal (by waving a red flag), then Pugno's Dogs of War were hired. If the Skaven gave the signal (by waving a blue flag), then also, Pugno's lads were being paid to fight. As the battle swayed back and forth in the valley below, Pugno was fairly certain that the third option was going to be the best. Let those fools whittle each other down and then fall on them and destroy them all. The only problem, thought Captain Pardo, is where to sell those cursed glowing rocks.







DOGS OF WAR ARMY LIST

The Dogs of War are made up of skilled pikemen, deadly marksmen, Hobgoblin cavalry from the eastern steppes, Halfling scouts, drunken Dwarf pirates, Ogres from the Badlands and Giants from the misty shores of Albion. Together they ply their trade to every point of the compass in the Old and New Worlds, fighting for anybody, any time, any place, anywhere...

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



USING THE ARMY LIST

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

UNIT CATEGORIES

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

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

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

PIKEMEN										6 points per model
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Pikeman	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry
Sergeant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Mercenaries

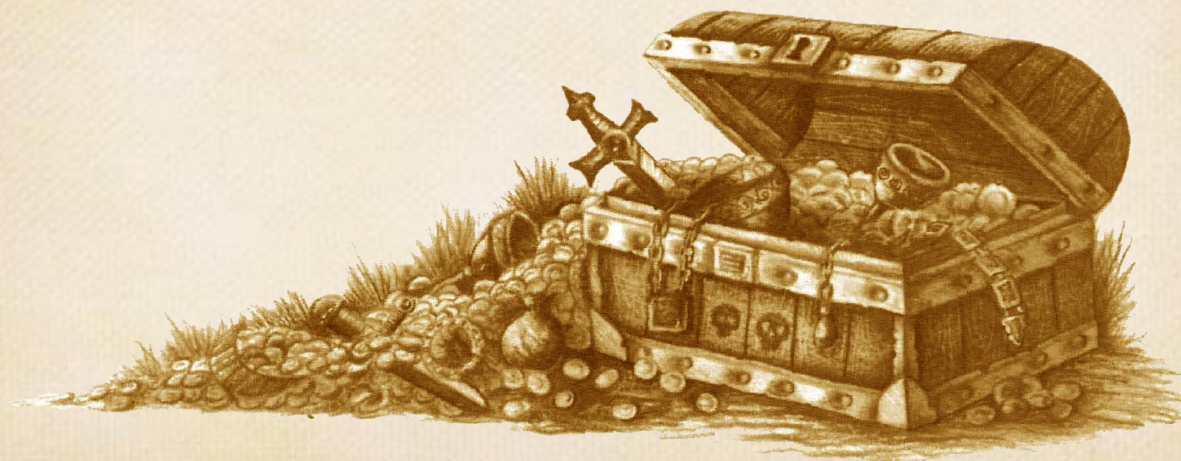
Equipment:

- Pike
- Light armour

Options:

- May upgrade one Pikeman to a Sergeant.....10 points
- May upgrade one Pikeman to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Pikeman to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may upgrade to one of the following:
 - Medium armour.....1 point per model
 - Heavy armour.....2 points 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

BORGIO THE BESIEGER

200 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Borgio the Besieger	4	6	5	4	4	3	5	4	9	Cavalry (Special Character, Human)
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-

Equipment:

- Shield
- Barding

Magic Items:

- Mace of Might
- Armour of Brazen Brass
- Monstrous Mask Helm

Mount:

- Warhorse

Special Rules:

- The Best Money Can Buy
- Difficult to Slay
- Master of Siegecraft

LUCREZZIA BELLADONNA

290 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Lucrezia Belladonna	4	4	3	3	3	3	4	1	8	Cavalry (Special Character, Human)
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-

Poisonous Items:

- Poisoned Stiletto
- Phial of Poison
- Potion of Pavona

Mount:

- Warhorse

Special Rules:

- The Best Money Can Buy
- Stunning Beauty
- Lucrezia's Kiss

Magic:

Lucrezia Belladonna is a Level 4 Wizard. She can use spells from the Lore of Shadow or the Lore of Death.

LORENZO LUPO

210 points

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

Equipment:

- Light armour

Magic Items:

- Sword of Lucan
- Shield of Myrmidia
- Ring of Luccina

Special Rules:

- The Best Money Can Buy
- Fights on Foot
- Mighty Athlete

MARCO COLOMBO

190 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Marco Colombo	4	6	6	4	4	3	6	4	9	Infantry (Special Character, Human)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Crossbow
- Light armour

Magic Items:

- Gem of Lustria
- Gourd of Lustrian Wine
- Scroll of Araby

Special Rules:

- The Best Money Can Buy
- Crossbow Hunter
- Navigator's Telescope

GHAZAK KHAN

220 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Ghazak Khan	4	7	6	4	4	3	6	4	9	Cavalry (Special Character, Hobgoblin)
Warghan	9	4	0	4	4	1	4	2	5	-

Equipment:

- Bow
- Medium armour
- Shield

Magic Items:

- The Red Scimitar
- Daemonhead Helmet

Mount:

- Warghan

Special Rules:

- War Cry of the Steppes
- Quell Animosity



LORDS

LIETPOLD THE BLACK

220 points

Profile

Lietpold the Black
Warhorse

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
4	6	5	4	4	3	5	4	9
8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Troop Type

Cavalry (Special Character, Human)
-

Equipment:

- Heavy armour
- Barding

Magic Items:

- Gore Prow

Mount:

- Warhorse

Special Rules:

- Blessings of Lethe
- Murderous Charge

0-1 MERCHANT PRINCE*

80 points

Profile

Merchant Prince

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

Troop Type

Infantry (Character, Human)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- The Best Money Can Buy

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Lance (mounted only).....6 points
 - Additional hand weapon.....3 points
 - Great weapon.....6 points
- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Pistol.....5 points
 - A brace of pistols.....9 points
 - Crossbow.....6 points
- May upgrade light armour to one of the following:
 - Medium armour.....3 points
 - Heavy armour.....6 points
 - Full plate armour.....9 points
- May take a shield.....3 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Warhorse.....18 points
 - May be upgraded to have barding.....6 points
 - Pegasus.....30 points
- May take Quirks of Character and/or magic items up to a total of.....100 points

*This includes Special Characters marked as Merchant Princes in the Bestiary.





LORDS

MERCENARY GENERAL

90 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Mercenary General	4	6	5	4	4	3	6	4	9	Infantry (Character, Human)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Mercenaries

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Lance (mounted only).....8 points
 - Additional hand weapon.....3 points
 - Great weapon.....8 points
 - Polearm.....8 points
- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Pistol.....5 points
 - A brace of pistols.....9 points
 - Bow.....5 points
 - Crossbow.....6 points
 - Handgun.....6 points
- May upgrade light armour to one of the following:
 - Medium armour.....3 points
 - Heavy armour.....6 points
 - Full plate armour.....9 points
- May take a shield.....3 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Warhorse.....18 points
 - May be upgraded to have barding.....6 points
 - Pegasus.....30 points
 - Griffon.....150 points
- May take Quirks of Character and/or magic items up to a total of..100 points



HIRELING WIZARD LORD

165 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Wizard Lord	4	3	3	3	4	3	3	1	8	Infantry (Character, Human)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Hireling Wizard Lord is a Level 3 Wizard who can use any of the eight Lores of Magic.

Special Rules:

- Mercenaries

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 4 Wizard.....35 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Warhorse.....18 points
 - May be upgraded to have barding.....6 points
 - Pegasus.....30 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points

CHARACTER MOUNTS

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	War Beast
Pegasus	8	3	0	4	4	2	4	2	6	War Beast
Griffon	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	7	Monster

Special Rules (Pegasus):

- Fly

Special Rules (Griffon):

- Fly

Options:

- A Pegasus may have any of the following:
 - Iron-hard Hooves.....5 points
 - Swift as the Wind.....5 points
- A Griffon may have any of the following:
 - Shrike Talons.....5 points
 - Razorbeak.....5 points
 - Bloodroar.....5 points



HEROES

LEONARDO DA MIRAGLIANO

75 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Leonardo da Miragliano	4	2	3	3	3	2	2	1	7	Infantry (Special Character, Human)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Scientific Items:

- Sphere of Alchemy
- Prism of Power
- Compass of Meteoric Silver

Special Rules:

- Genius



MYDAS THE MEAN

210 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Mydas the Mean	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8	Infantry (Special Character, Human)
Sheikh Yadosh	4	2	2	3	-	-	2	1	7	-
Paycart	-	-	-	4	4	3	-	-	-	Chariot (Human)
Mule	8	2	0	3	-	-	3	1	-	-

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Full plate armour
- Shield

Magic Items:

- Treasure Map
- The Crest of Mydas

Special Rules:

- Paymaster
- The Pay Cart
- Mydas's Bodyguard
- Sheikh Yadosh

Note:

The Paycart is drawn by 1 Mule and crewed by Sheikh Yadosh. He is equipped with a hand weapon.



MERCENARY CAPTAIN

50 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Mercenary Captain	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8	Infantry (Character, Human)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Mercenaries

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Lance (mounted only).....6 points
 - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
 - Great weapon.....6 points
 - Polearm.....6 points
- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Pistol.....5 points
 - A brace of pistols.....6 points
 - Bow.....5 points
 - Crossbow.....6 points
 - Handgun.....6 points
- May upgrade light armour to one of the following:
 - Medium armour.....2 points
 - Heavy armour.....4 points
 - Full plate armour.....6 points
- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Shield.....2 points
 - Buckler (on foot only).....4 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Warhorse.....12 points
 - May be upgraded to have barding.....4 points
 - Pegasus.....20 points
- May take Quirks of Character and/or magic items up to a total of...50 points

"Wherever there is gold to be won you will find them. Whenever there is a fight in the offing they will be lurking around the next corner. These are dangerous men, all too willing to lend the weight of their blade to whoever will offer the heaviest purse. They roam the taverns and live in the shadows around the outskirts of the cities. They have many forms and their loyalty is only bought by coin. Professional? Usually. Lucky? Probably. Deranged? Definitely... but then who wouldn't be in this world?"

- One-eyed Brakk the trader on the subject of mercenaries



HEROES

HIRELING WIZARD

65 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Hireling Wizard	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	1	7	Infantry (Character, Human)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Hireling Wizard is a Level 1 Wizard who can use any of the eight Lores of Magic.

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May be mounted on a Warhorse.....12 points
 - May be upgraded to have barding.....4 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points



1 PAYMASTER

45 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Paymaster	4	4	4	4	4	2	4	2	8	Infantry (Character, Human)
Paychest Bodyguard	4	4	3	4	-	-	4	1	8	-
Money Lender	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	6	Infantry (Character, Human)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Paymaster
- The Paychest

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Lance (mounted only).....4 points
 - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
 - Great weapon.....4 points
 - Polearm.....4 points
- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Pistol.....4 points
 - A brace of pistols.....6 points
 - Crossbow.....5 points
- May upgrade light armour to one of the following:
 - Medium armour.....2 points
 - Heavy armour.....4 points
 - Full plate armour.....6 points
- May take a shield.....2 points
- May be mounted on a Warhorse.....12 points
 - May be upgraded to have barding.....4 points
- May include a Money Lender.....15 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points

THE PAYCHEST

The Paymaster may carry the army's Paychest into battle for +30 points, accompanied by two Paychest Bodyguards armed with polearms. The Paymaster can have a magic banner with no points limit attached to the Paychest if he wishes, but if he does, he may only carry other magic items up to a total 25 points. If the Paymaster takes a Paychest, he may not take a mount.

ASSASSIN

95 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Assassin	4	6	6	4	4	2	7	3	8	Infantry (Character, Human)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Dodge (4+)
- Hidden
- Mercenaries
- Scouts

Options:

- May be armed with any of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
 - Crossbow.....5 points
 - Pistol.....5 points
 - Throwing weapons.....2 points
- May take Quirks of Character and/or magic items up to a total of...50 points



HEROES

DWARF MERCENARY CAPTAIN

65 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Dwarf Mercenary Captain	3	6	4	4	5	2	3	3	9	Infantry (Character, Dwarf)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Medium armour

Special Rules:

- Ancestral Grudge
- Mercenaries
- Relentless
- Resolute

Options:

- May be armed with a great weapon.....6 points
- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Crossbow.....5 points
 - Pistol.....5 points
- May take a shield.....2 points
- May upgrade to one of the following:
 - Heavy armour.....2 points
 - Full plate armour.....4 points
- May take Quirks of Character and/or magic items up to a total of.....50 points

ELF MERCENARY CAPTAIN

65 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Elf Mercenary Captain	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9	Infantry (Character, Elf)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Elven Grace
- Mercenaries

Options:

- May be armed with any of the following:
 - Spear.....2 points
 - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
 - Longbow.....5 points
 - Shield.....2 points
- May upgrade to medium armour.....2 points
- May take Quirks of Character and/or magic items up to a total of...50 points



HEROES

ORC MERCENARY CAPTAIN

65 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Orc Mercenary Captain	4	5	3	4	5	2	4	3	8	Infantry (Character, Orc)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Mercenaries
- Strength Bonus (1)

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
 - Great weapon.....6 points
- May take a shield.....2 points
- May upgrade to medium armour.....2 points
- May take Quirks of Character and/or magic items up to a total of.....50 points

OGRE MERCENARY CAPTAIN

130 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Ogre Mercenary Captain	6	5	4	5	5	4	3	4	8	Infantry (Character, Ogre)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Mercenaries
- Ogre Charge

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....4 points
 - Great weapon.....8 points
 - Ogre Pistol*.....7 points
 - Brace of Ogre Pistols*.....10 points
- May upgrade to medium armour.....4 points
- May take Quirks of Character and/or magic items up to a total of.....50 points

*Ogre Pistols follow all the rules for normal pistols, but have a range of 24".

HOBGOBLIN MERCENARY CAPTAIN

60 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Hobgoblin Mercenary Captain	4	5	5	4	4	2	4	3	7	Cavalry (Character, Hobgoblin)
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	-

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Mercenaries

Mount:

Giant Wolf

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
 - Spear.....2 points
- May take a bow.....5 points
- May take a shield.....2 points
- May upgrade to medium armour.....2 points
- May take Quirks of Character and/or magic items up to a total of.....50 points



CORE UNITS

PIKEMEN 6 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Pikeman	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry (Human)
Sergeant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	Infantry (Human)

Unit Size: 20+

Special Rules:

- Mercenaries

Equipment:

- Pike
- Light armour

Options:

- May upgrade one Pikeman to a Sergeant.....10 points
- May upgrade one Pikeman to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Pikeman to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may upgrade to one of the following:
 - Medium armour.....1 point per model
 - Heavy armour.....2 points per model

CROSSBOWMEN 8 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Crossbowman	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry (Human)
Marksman	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry (Human)

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Mercenaries

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Crossbow

*Your army may not contain more units armed with handguns than crossbows.

Options:

- May upgrade one Crossbowman to a Marksman.....10 points
- May upgrade one Crossbowman to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Crossbowman to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Light armour.....½ point per model
 - Medium armour.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may take pavises.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may replace their crossbows with handguns*.....free

SELLSWORDS 3 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Sellsword	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry (Human)
Sergeant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	Infantry (Human)
Veteran Sellsword	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7	Infantry (Human)
Veteran Sergeant	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	7	Infantry (Human)

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Mercenaries

Equipment:

- Hand weapon



*Your army may not contain more units of Veteran Sellswords than units of normal Sellswords.

Options:

- May upgrade one Sellsword to a Sergeant.....10 points
- May upgrade one Sellsword to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Sellsword to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Spears.....1 point per model
 - Polearms.....1 point per model
 - Flails.....1 point per model
 - Additional hand weapons.....1 point per model
 - Great weapons.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Bows.....3 points per model
 - Javelins.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Light armour.....1 point per model
 - Medium armour.....2 points per model
- The unit may be upgraded to Veteran Sellswords*.....1 point per model
 - The entire unit may wear heavy armour.....3 points per model
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points

CORE UNITS

DUELLISTS

4 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Duellist	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7	Infantry (Human)
Bravo	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	7	Infantry (Human)

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

- Mercenaries
- Skirmishers

- May upgrade one Duellist to a Bravo.....10 points
- May upgrade one Duellist to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Duellist to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons.....2 points per model
 - Pistols.....4 points per model
 - Bucklers.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may take throwing weapons.....1 point per model

FREELANCERS

16 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Freelancer	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	8	Cavalry (Human)
Condottiere	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	8	Cavalry (Human)
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Lance
- Medium armour
- Shield

Mount:

- Warhorse

- May upgrade one Freelancer to a Condottiere.....10 points
- May upgrade one Freelancer to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Freelancer to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may upgrade to one of the following:
 - Heavy armour.....2 points per model
 - Full plate armour.....4 points per model
- The entire unit may take barding.....1 point per model



STRADIOTS

10 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Stradiot	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Cavalry (Human)
Outrider	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	Cavalry (Human)
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

- Fast Cavalry
- Mercenaries

Mount:

- Warhorse

- May upgrade one Stradiot to an Outrider.....10 points
- May upgrade one Stradiot to a musician.....5 points
- May upgrade one Stradiot to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may take spears.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Bows.....2 points per model
 - Crossbows.....2 points per model
 - Handguns.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may wear one of the following:
 - Light armour.....1 point per model
 - Medium armour.....2 points per model



SPECIAL UNITS

0-1 PAYMASTER'S BODYGUARD

11 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Paymaster's Bodyguard	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8	Infantry (Human)
Warden	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8	Infantry (Human)

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Polearm
- Heavy armour

- Bodyguard
- Mercenaries

- May upgrade one Bodyguard to a Warden.....10 points
- May upgrade one Bodyguard to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Bodyguard to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- The entire unit may upgrade to full plate armour.....2 points per model



PIT FIGHTERS

11 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Pit Fighter	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8	Infantry (Human)
Pit King	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	3	8	Infantry (Human)

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour
- Shield

- Immunity (Fear)
- Mercenaries
- Net Fighters
- Skirmishers

- May upgrade one Pit Fighter to a Pit King.....10 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Replace shields with additional hand weapons.....free
 - Replace shields with nets & spears.....1 point per model
 - Javelins.....1 point per model



MERCENARY DWARFS

7 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Dwarf Warrior	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	Infantry (Dwarf)
Veteran	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9	Infantry (Dwarf)

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

- Ancestral Grudge
- Mercenaries
- Relentless

- May upgrade one Dwarf Warrior to a Veteran.....10 points
- May upgrade one Dwarf Warrior to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Dwarf Warrior to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Great weapons.....2 points per model
 - Spears.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may take crossbows.....5 points per model
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may upgrade light armour to one of the following:
 - Medium armour.....1 point per model
 - Heavy armour.....2 points per model





SPECIAL UNITS

NORSE MARAUDERS

7 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Norse Marauder	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Infantry (Human)
Jerg	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	Infantry (Human)

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour
- Shields

- Berserker gang
- Mercenaries

- May upgrade one Marauder to a Jerg.....10 points
- May upgrade one Marauder to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Marauder to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may replace their shields with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons.....1 point per model
 - Great weapons.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may be armed with throwing axes.....1 point per model



HALFLINGS

4 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Halfling	4	2	4	2	2	1	5	1	8	Infantry (Halfling)
Footpad	4	2	4	2	2	1	5	2	8	Infantry (Halfling)

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Spear
- Shield

- Mercenaries
- Short and Nimble

- May upgrade one Halfling to a Footpad.....10 points
- May upgrade one Halfling to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Halfling to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may replace their spears & shields with one of the following:
 - Shortbows.....2 points per model
 - Slings.....2 points per model
- If armed with shortbows or slings, the entire unit may be upgraded to Skirmishers.....1 point per model
- If armed with shortbows, the entire unit may be upgraded to Scouts.....1 point per model

MERCENARY ORCS

7 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Orc Warrior	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	Infantry (Orc)
Orc Boss	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	2	7	Infantry (Orc)

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour
- Shield

- Orc Animosity
- Mercenaries
- Strength Bonus (1)

- May upgrade one Orc Warrior to an Orc Boss.....10 points
- May upgrade one Orc Warrior to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Orc Warrior to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may choose one of the following:
 - Replace shields with additional hand weapons.....free
 - Spears.....1 point per model





SPECIAL UNITS

HOBGOBLIN WOLF RIDERS 11 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Hobgoblin	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	Cavalry (Hobgoblin)
Wolf-boss	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	Cavalry (Hobgoblin)
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

- Fast Cavalry
- Hobgoblin Animosity
- Mercenaries

Mount:

- Giant Wolf

- May upgrade one Hobgoblin to a Wolf-boss.....10 points
- May upgrade one Hobgoblin to a musician.....5 points
- May upgrade one Hobgoblin to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may take any of the following:
 - Spears.....1 point per model
 - Bows.....2 points per model
 - Shields.....1 points per model
- The entire unit may have Poisoned Attacks.....2 points per model

MERCENARY OGRES 31 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Ogre	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7	Monstrous Infantry (Ogre)
Brute	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7	Monstrous Infantry (Ogre)

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Light armour

- Mercenaries
- Ogre Charge

- May upgrade one Ogre to a Brute.....10 points
- May upgrade one Ogre to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Ogre to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may replace their hand weapons with great weapons.....3 points per model
- The entire unit may upgrade to medium armour.....3 points per model



BALLISTA 40 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Ballista	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	War Machine (Bolt Thrower (Human))
Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	-

Unit Size: 1

Crew: 3

Equipment (Crew):

- Hand weapon

Options:

- May take an additional Crew.....3 points

SCORPION 25 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Scorpion	-	-	-	-	5	2	-	-	-	War Machine (Bolt Thrower, Human)
Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	-

Unit Size: 1-3

Crew: 2

Equipment (Crew):

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Scorpion





RARE UNITS

MERCENARY ELVES

7 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Elf Warrior	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	Infantry (Elf)
Sentinel	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8	Infantry (Elf)

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

- Elven Grace
- Mercenaries

- May upgrade one Elf Warrior to a Sentinel.....10 points
- May upgrade one Elf Warrior to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Elf Warrior to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit must take at least one of the following:
 - Spears.....1 point per model
 - Longbows.....4 points per model
 - Shields.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may upgrade to medium armour.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may be upgraded to Skirmishers & Scouts..2 points per model

OGRE MANEATERS

44 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Maneater	6	4	4	5	4	3	3	3	8	Monstrous Infantry (Ogre)
Maneater Captain	6	4	4	5	4	3	3	4	8	Monstrous Infantry (Ogre)

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

- Been There, Done That
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Mercenaries
- Motley Crew
- Ogre Charge
- Stubborn

- May upgrade one Maneater to a Maneater Captain.....10 points
- May upgrade one Maneater to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Maneater to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May take a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- Any model may be armed with one of the following (different models may have different weapons):
 - Additional hand weapons.....3 points per model
 - Great weapons.....6 points per model
 - Ogre Pistol*.....6 points per model
 - Brace of Ogre Pistols*.....9 points per model
- The entire unit may upgrade to medium armour.....3 points per model

*Ogre Pistols follow all the rules for normal pistols, but have a range of 24".





RARE UNITS

ONAGER

85 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Onager	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	War Machine (Stone Thrower, Human)
Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	-

Unit Size: 1 **Crew:** 3 **Equipment (Crew):** **Options:**
 • Hand weapon • May take an additional Crew.....3 points

CANNON

85 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Cannon	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	War Machine (Cannon, Human)
Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	-

Unit Size: 1 **Crew:** 3 **Equipment (Crew):** **Options:**
 • Hand weapon • May take an additional Crew.....3 points



RIBAULT

85 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Ribault	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	War Machine (Human)
Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	-

Unit Size: 1 **Crew:** 3 **Equipment (Crew):** **Special Rules:** **Options:**
 • Hand weapon • Ribault • May take an additional Crew.....3 points

HALFLING HOT POT

70 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Hot Pot	-	-	-	-	5	3	-	-	-	War Machine (Stone Thrower, Halfling)
Halfling Crew	4	2	4	2	2	1	5	1	8	-

Unit Size: 1 **Crew:** 3 Halflings **Equipment (Crew):** **Special Rules:**
 • Hand weapon • Short and Nimble
 • Hot Pot

GIANT

200 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Giant	6	3	3	6	6	6	3	*	10	Monster

Unit Size: 1 **Equipment:** **Special Rules:**
 • Rocks, clubs, sheep – anything that comes to hand, really (hand weapon)
 • Fall Over
 • *Giant Special Attacks
 • Immunity (Psychology)
 • Stubborn





SUMMARY

LORDS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Borgio the Besieger	4	6	5	4	4	3	5	4	9	Ca
- Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
Ghazak Khan	4	7	6	4	4	3	6	4	9	Ca
- Warghan	9	4	0	4	4	1	4	2	5	-
Lietpold the Black	4	6	5	4	4	3	5	4	9	Ca
- Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
Lorenzo Lupo	4	6	5	4	4	3	6	4	9	In
Lucrezia Belladonna	4	4	3	3	3	3	4	1	8	Ca
- Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
Marco Colombo	4	6	6	4	4	3	6	4	9	In
Mercenary General	4	6	5	4	4	3	6	4	9	In
Merchant Prince	4	5	4	4	4	3	4	3	9	In
Wizard Lord	4	3	3	3	4	3	3	1	8	In

HEROES	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Assassin	4	6	6	4	4	2	7	3	8	In
Dwarf Captain	3	6	4	4	5	2	3	3	9	In
Elf Captain	5	6	6	4	3	2	7	3	9	In
Hireling Wizard	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	1	7	In
Hobgoblin Captain	4	5	5	4	4	2	4	3	7	Ca
- Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	-
Leonardo da Miragliano	4	2	4	3	3	2	2	1	7	In
Mercenary Captain	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8	In
Mydas the Mean	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8	In
- Sheikh Yadosh	4	2	2	3	-	-	2	1	7	-
- Paycart	-	-	-	4	4	3	-	-	-	Ch
- Mule	8	2	0	3	-	-	3	1	-	-
Ogre Captain	6	5	4	5	5	4	4	4	8	MI
Orc Captain	4	5	3	4	5	2	4	3	8	In
Paymaster	4	4	4	4	4	2	4	2	8	In
- Paychest Bodyguard	4	4	3	4	-	-	4	1	8	In
- Money Lender	4	2	2	3	3	1	3	1	6	In

CORE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Crossbowman	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	In
- Marksman	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7	In
Duellist	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7	In
- Bravo	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	7	In
Freelancer	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	8	Ca
- Condotiere	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	8	Ca
- Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-
Pikeman	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	In
- Sergeant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	In
Sellsword	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	In
- Sergeant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	In
- Veteran Sellsword	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7	In
- Veteran Sergeant	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	7	In
Stradiot	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Ca
- Outrider	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	Ca
- Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	-

SPECIAL UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Ballista	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM
- Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	-
Dwarf Warrior	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	In
- Veteran	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9	In
Halfling	4	2	4	2	2	1	5	1	8	In
- Footpad	4	2	4	2	2	1	5	2	8	In

SPECIAL UNITS (Cont.)	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Hobgoblin	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	Ca
- Wolf-boss	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	Ca
- Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	-
Norse Marauder	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	In
- Jerg	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	In
Ogre	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7	MI
- Brute	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	4	7	MI
Orc Warrior	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	7	In
- Orc Boss	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	2	7	In
Paymaster's Bodyguard	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8	In
- Warden	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8	In
Pit Fighter	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8	In
- Pit King	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	3	8	In
Scorpion	-	-	-	-	5	2	-	-	-	WM
- Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	WM

RARE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Cannon	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM
- Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	-
Elf Warrior	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	1	8	In
- Sentinel	5	4	4	3	3	1	5	2	8	In
Giant	6	3	3	6	6	6	3	*	10	Mo
Hot Pot	-	-	-	-	5	3	-	-	-	WM
- Halfling Crew	4	2	4	2	2	1	5	1	8	-
Maneater	6	4	4	5	4	3	3	3	8	MI
- Maneater Captain	6	4	4	5	4	3	3	4	8	MI
Onager	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM
- Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	-
Ribault	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM
- Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	-

MOUNTS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Griffon	6	5	0	5	5	4	5	4	7	Mo
Pegasus	8	3	0	4	4	2	4	2	6	WB
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	WB

Troop Type Key: In = *Infantry*, WB = *War Beast*, Ca = *Cavalry*, MI = *Monstrous Infantry*, MB = *Monstrous Beast*, MC = *Monstrous Cavalry*, Mo = *Monster*, Ch = *Chariot*, Sw = *Swarms*, Un = *Unique*, WM = *War Machine*.









DOGS OF WAR

The Dogs of War are mercenaries who live by fighting – for glory and more importantly for gold! They don't necessarily have ties to a particular country, nor are they a whole new race. Amongst the Dogs of War, skilled pikemen and marksmen rub shoulders with drunken Dwarf Pirates and huge Ogres from the badlands. Many mercenary regiments are made up of many different races and have no common heritage bar the lure of the paymaster's paychest, though many find employment in that notorious mercenary breeding ground, the land of Tilea.

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 section that details the mercenaries of Tilea, their culture and their history.

Warhammer: Dogs of War is one of a series of supplements for Warhammer. Each book in the series describes in detail an army, its history and its heroes.

A supplement for

WARHAMMER

The Game of Fantasy Battles