

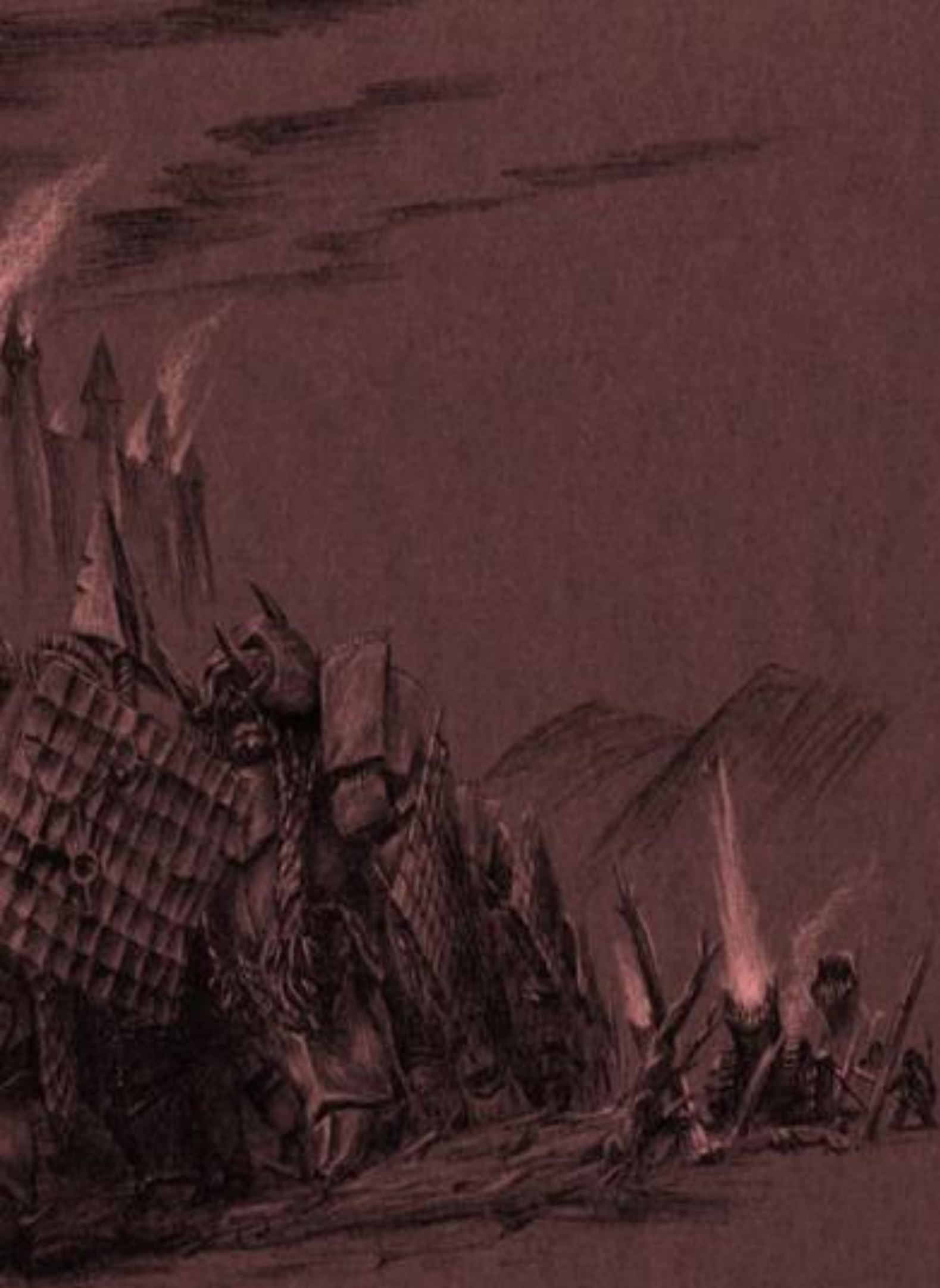
WARHAMMER

CHAOS DWARES



WARHAMMER ARMIES









CHAOS DWARFS



By Mathias Eliasson
v.1.5





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www.warhammerarmiesproject.blogspot.com

Compiled, Edited and Partly Written by:
Mathias Eliasson

Cover Art: John Blake

Art: John Blake, Mark Gibbons, Kubasa, Kevin Chin, m3lvin, Forgefire, Brecht Verborgh, Teb, Igorvet, Falkzimmer, Steven Punter, Knight in Flames, Est3m3nha, Vitor33, slohart, Sam Lamont, Rhys Pugh, David Gallagher, Nuala Kinrade, Adrian Smith, Michael "Daarken" Lim, Michael Phillippi, Jonathan Kirtz, Eric Polac, Steve Whithead, Dan Scott, Charles Vin, Lanefenu, Ruben Perez, Donie Odulio, L.H.L. **Book Design:** Mathias Eliasson. **Rules Development:** Mathias Eliasson. **Original Material:** Rick Priestley, Alan Bligh, Robert J. Schwalb, T.S. Luikart, Ian Sturrock, Kevin Coleman, Alfred Nunez Jr, Alec Bird, UltimateNagash, Tuomas Pirinen, Revlid, Peter George, Thomas Heasman-Hunt, Pyro Stick, Stefan Wolf.

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to *Warhammer: Chaos Dwarfs*, your indispensable guide to the mysterious realm of the east. This book provides all the information you'll require to play with a Chaos Dwarf army in games of Warhammer.

WARHAMMER – THE GAME OF FANTASY BATTLES

If you are reading this book, then you have already taken your first steps into the Warhammer hobby. The Warhammer rulebook contains all the rules you need to fight battles with your miniatures, and every army has its own army book that acts as a definitive guide to collecting and unleashing it upon the tabletop battlefields of the Warhammer world. This book allows you to turn your collection of Chaos Dwarf miniatures into an army of cruel warriors seeking ever more slaves to fuel their ever-hungry industry of war.

CHAOS DWARFS

On the eastern expanse of the Worlds Edge Mountains lies a bleak and barren land of darkness filled with marauding tribes of Orcs, Goblins and worse, known simply as the Dark Lands. Stretched throughout several leagues in a crest of magma is a horrific realm of cruel torture and wicked malice, the Plain of Zharr. It is here where the corrupted counterparts of the Dwarf Empire, known as Chaos Dwarfs, use their knowledge of science, engineering and wicked sorcery to serve their chaotic deity, Hashut, Father of Darkness, through unspeakable acts, heinous sacrificial rituals and callous evils.

The great city of Zharr-Naggrund rises up out of the desolate plains of the Dark Lands, shrouded in an eternal pall of smoke. The ringing of infernal industry fills the sky as the millions of wretched slaves of the Chaos Dwarfs toil in the daemonic forges. Great ziggurat temples to the bull-headed god Hashut spill noxious fumes across the plain, tainted with the stench of hellfire. Amongst the diabolical furnaces, the Chaos Dwarfs labour to make great machineries of

destruction. Iron and flesh are bound together with daemonic spirits to create great cannons and engines. In the dark smithies Chaos Dwarf artisans labour forging weapons and armour. These are traded with the Ogres of the east and the northern marauders in exchange for even more unfortunates for the Slavemasters.

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

Warhammer: Chaos Dwarfs contains the following sections:

- **The Sons of Hashut.** This section introduces the Chaos Dwarfs and their part in the Warhammer world. It includes their society and history. You will also find information on the Dark Lands, the land of the Chaos Dwarfs.
- **Warriors of Zharr-Naggrund.** Each and every troop type in the Chaos Dwarf 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 Hell-forged Artefacts – magical artefacts that are unique to the army – along with rules to use them in your games.
- **Chaos Dwarf Army List.** The army list takes all of the characters, warriors, monsters and war machines from the Warriors of Zharr-Naggrund section and arranges them so that you can choose an army for your games. Units are classed as characters (Lords or Heroes), Core, Special or Rare, and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of the game you are playing.







THE SONS OF HASHUT

Chaos Dwarfs are evil, self-centred creatures, caring nothing for the life of others and directing all their labours to the construction of their great city, the Tower of Zharr-Naggrund. Chaos Dwarf armies scour the Dark Lands and beyond for slaves to fill their city and labour beneath the earth in the pits that surround it. They have blended the ingenuity of Dwarf engineering with terrible Dark Magic, spawning twisted creations that are more creature than machine.

The Chaos Dwarfs are relatively few, deeply arrogant and utterly selfish. Their many projects require a great many labourers and Hashut's sacrificial fires are never quenched, so their need for slaves is constant and overwhelming. All of their interactions with other races are either raids for slaves, or payment for the same. The Chaos Dwarfs use Hobgoblins to fill out their ranks, a curious arrangement that was not originally their idea though they've adapted to it.

Chaos Armour, magic weapons, and terrible war machines funnel from the Dark Lands into the hands of the eager Chaos Warriors. Meanwhile, the forges of the Chaos Dwarfs shroud the land in thick, noxious smoke lit by the flames of the cauldrons – the ringing of the hammers muted only by the shrieks of fear and pain of those condemned to such a malign fate. The whole of the structure tremors with the never-ceasing labours, and echoes with the screams of slaves dropped into cauldrons filled with molten iron, offered as sacrifices to appease their hungry God.



THE CHAOS DWARFS

Malign, dark-souled and merciless, the Dawi Zharr or Chaos Dwarfs as they are known in legend to the other peoples of the world, are a warrior race of daemon-smiths and craftsmen, slavers and brutal killers who dominate the northern reaches of the Dark Lands and have done for thousands of years. Long separated from their fading kin of the west, the Chaos Dwarfs have given themselves over to their dark master, and Chaos has worked subtle changes on their bodies, slowly mutating even the notoriously resilient Dwarfen physiology, inflicting twisted terrors on their minds and souls so that they have become a spite-filled and calculatingly cruel reflection of what they once were. The most extreme examples alibis change can be found among the Sorcerer-prophets and Daemonsmiths who rule them, who must pay a heavy price for the power they gain from their dark god, and the grotesque and murderously bestial Bull Centaurs, mutated beyond almost all recognition and unmatched in savagery.

The exact origin of the Chaos Dwarfs is not known for certain. In the distant past some Dwarfs moved northwards into the Great Skull Lands or Zorn Uzkul, and then south along the Mountains of Mourn. These explorers were undoubtedly the ancestors of the Chaos Dwarfs. The Dwarf race is unusually resilient to the warping influence of Chaos – a reflection of natural Dwarf stubbornness perhaps – and so Chaos has not warped them to the gross degree it has some other creatures. Nonetheless, the Dwarfs who live in the shadow of the Mountains of Mourn have changed slowly but inexorably over time, and become twisted in both body and mind. Though they superficially resemble other Dwarfs, in all important respects they are easily distinguished.



Altered by the very essence of Chaos, Chaos Dwarfs are easily distinguished from other Dwarfs by the curse Chaos has laid upon them. Their long Dwarfen beards are black as void, and their entire demeanour emanates with cruelty and dread. Chaos Dwarfs often possess protruding tusks that lend them a brutal, savage expression, and they are commonly grey-fleshed and red of eye. Apart from this they display a few of the mutations that Chaos brings – some develop bull-like features, even cloven hooves and occasionally horns – although such extreme mutations are rare amongst ordinary Chaos Dwarfs and common only amongst sorcerers and those that have the most direct contact with the stuff of Chaos.

If the influence of Chaos has worked terrifying changes upon the bodies of the Chaos Dwarfs this is as nothing compared to the transmutation of their hardy Dwarf minds. Chaos Dwarfs are mocking parodies of their kin in the Worlds Edge Mountains. Where Dwarfs resent the vile hordes of Goblinoids that plague the lands; Chaos Dwarfs subjugate and enslave them. Where Dwarfs resist and shun sorcery; Chaos Dwarfs embrace it. Where Dwarfs are proud and stubborn; Chaos Dwarfs are twisted and evil. The traditional Dwarf values of stubborn determination, craftsmanship and industry have been twisted into a perverted mockery in the hearts of the Chaos Dwarfs. They became pitiless, macabre and cold-hearted creatures, devoid of mercy and consumed by a need to enslave and dominate everyone and everything they came into contact with, and from this need grew their empire.

Year upon year, decade upon decade and then century upon century, with malevolent intent and monstrous patience the dominion of the Chaos Dwarfs has slowly grown. Down the centuries, their culture became as corrupted as their minds at every level, from their language and rune-craft, to the structure of their clans and their worship all tainted by Chaos and poisoned by malice, but they are still uniquely Dwarfen in many respects: oath and loyalty, grudge and kinship stand as solid as iron, but mercy and weakness are intolerable flaws to be contemptuously destroyed. Not for them the howling anarchy, slaughter and ravaging madness of Chaos' human followers, the unthinking savagery of the Beastmen or even the desperate, labyrinthine intrigues and vicious aggression of the Skaven. Instead they are consumed with grim, cold cruelty, greed and calculated brutality.

To the Dwarfs of the Worlds Edge Mountains the very existence of Chaos Dwarfs is blasphemy and abomination, indeed, Dwarfs refuse to admit or recognize that their evil kindred even exist. Despite such wrenching differences, Chaos Dwarfs share many of the same qualities as other Dwarfs, being as stout, determined and unyielding as their cousins. In battle, Chaos Dwarfs are elite warriors often clad in ornate





chaos armour and wielding double-handed axes with unparalleled precision. Others wear armour made from metal scales bound together with flexible wire that makes a strong but pliable defence. This armour is usually painted red. Many Chaos Dwarfs of the Dark Lands wear large, elaborate helms that represent their status in society as well as for added protection in warfare. Depending upon his expertise a Chaos Dwarf's helmet can be a distinctive shape or may be decorated in a specific way. The most important Chaos Dwarfs wear especially large and elaborate helmets. All Dwarfs have thick beards and Chaos Dwarfs curl their beards in exotic styles. This makes them look even more ferocious and draws attention to their long snaggly tusks. Chaos Dwarfs further north, residing in the Chaos Wastes and beyond, braid their beards in the manner of the fierce tribes of Chaos worshipping Humans and are even known to worship the Four Greater Powers of Chaos over Hashut.

SOCIETY

The Chaos Dwarf civilisation has grown up apart from the influences and developments of the Old World and has acquired a distinctive character of its own.

The Chaos Dwarfs are governed by a counsel of elder Sorcerers or High Priests, drawing on their ancient wisdom and gifted with the sorcery of their dark god, Hashut, the Sorcerers rule their nation with an iron fist. Agonizing wails of terror shroud the land from insufferable acts of horror, as the dark masters of the Chaos Dwarfs perform acts of wanton blasphemy in the name of their foul god.

The Sorcerer-Priests of Hashut have a strong foundation for their religious and political power. There are times when the Sorcerer-Priests come together in the Great Conclave of Zharr where important matters for the entire race are debated and decisions reached. Such gatherings are usually held in the Great Temple of Hashut atop Zharr-Naggrund. Violence and death are not rare occurrences at such meetings as some discussions get quite heated.

The Chaos Dwarf clan is defined by its ranking Sorcerer-Prophet and the level of political power that this individual achieves. Clan members are bound to one another by blood and common ancestry. Each Chaos Dwarf clan is the extended family of its reigning Sorcerer-Prophet, who rules undisputed. He also has absolute rule over his part of the Dark Lands Empire, with all the forges, workshops, mines, and slaves therein. Each clan's council is filled with the most fervent and vicious supporters of the ruling Sorcerer-Prophet. Its primary role is to ensure that his dictates are carried out to the letter. They are seldom given the authority to debate important matters.

The blood-bond makes Chaos Dwarf clans especially loyal. Family obligations are taken very seriously, even if such obligations are generations old. Any wrong done to a Chaos Dwarf is considered a wrong done to the entire clan. Thus any Chaos Dwarf may be selected

by the Sorcerer-Prophet to redeem the clan's honour – by whatever means appropriate.

Chaos Dwarf clans are not aligned by craftguild. In Chaos Dwarf society, each clan functions as a separate entity unto itself. In addition to the ruling Sorcerer-Prophet, their subordinate Sorcerer-Prophets and the subservient Council, there are a number of other layers in the hierarchy of Chaos Dwarf society. The next tier of the cult hierarchy includes artisans, weaponsmiths, and military leaders. Lesser status clan members are the warriors, slave masters, and various apprentices. At the bottom are the slaves.

Many Chaos Dwarfs carry the name of their clan's ruling Sorcerer-Prophet as part of their surname. The surname changes when a new Sorcerer-Prophet takes over the clan. Dwarf males remain members of the clan into which they are born; only Chaos Dwarf women can leave their clan, and then only when this suits the purpose of the Sorcerer-Prophets. The importance of Chaos Dwarf women centres on their ability to produce offspring and they may be used by the Sorcerer-Prophet as a reward to a particularly loyal clansman, or as a means of cementing an alliance with another clan's Sorcerer-Prophet.

Social Values

The Chaos Dwarfs respect age and knowledge like the Old World Dwarfs, but they do so when these attributes are coupled with power and evidence of Hashut's blessing. The latter takes the form of mutations involving horns and hooves.

The Chaos Dwarfs are few in number and thus uninterested in expanding their diabolical empire; they only wish to secure their own realm and prosperity by





Chaos Dwarfs have a special contempt for the Old World Dwarfs. It is these western traitors and their Ancestor Gods who abandoned the Chaos Dwarfs to their fate. The savagery of the two races when they meet in combat matches that of any Old World Dwarf-Orc conflict. Still, the Old World Dwarfs have value to their corrupted kin as high quality and hardworking slaves.

Stages of Life

Chaos Dwarfs normally age at the same rate as Old World Dwarfs. The primary difference is how each race marks significant events in an individual's life.

Unlike their erstwhile western brethren, not all newborns are immediately accepted into the society. All newborn Chaos Dwarfs are placed before the altar of Hashut by the Sorcerer-Priests in a ceremony called the Ordeal of Fire. If the newborn survives the intense heat of the altar's fires, it is deemed fit to live. In addition, the fate of newborns depends strongly upon their mutation. Newborn Chaos Dwarfs are born with small tusks breaking through their gums. Some may show further signs of Hashut's favour by small bumps of their heads denoting horns or a hardening of the feet portending a change to hooves.

The relative stability of the Chaos Dwarfs' mutations is actually a façade. There are an increasing number being born with mutations other than those culturally accepted. Such "impure" offspring are immediately killed by being placed very near, if not actually in, the Fire of Hashut.

Chaos Dwarfs are considered adults and full clan members when they reach their 30th year. Before then, they spend years learning their role in the clan as determined by the ruling Sorcerer-Priest and their craft. Upon reaching adulthood, a Chaos Dwarf is expected to provide an offering to their clan's Sorcerer-Priest and the deity Hashut. The type of offering is traditional to the race: it should involve either the sacrifice of a bodily part, such as part of a finger, or a slave. Once the offer is completed, the Chaos Dwarf meets the Sorcerer-Priest to learn of his chosen role and begin his rigorous training.

Over the next ten years, adult Chaos Dwarf males are watched closely by the Sorcerer-Priests for any signs of magical ability. Those who exhibit some aptitude undergo the Ritual of Fiery Magic (Hargorakanhk). The nature of this rite varies from individual to individual, and is determined by the wisdom of the Sorcerer-Priests. As a result, it remains a mystery; all that is known is that those who are unworthy in the eyes of Hashut do not return. Those who survive are initiated into the mysteries of the cult, and become apprentices to their clan's reigning Sorcerer-Priest.

Should he survive to the age of 150, a Chaos Dwarf becomes an Elder. All Elders become part of the Clan Council, led by the clan's oldest, non-ruling Sorcerer-Priest. The Council is rarely empowered to make

enslaving the lesser races. Hundreds of thousands of Goblinoid slaves labour in the hateful workshops and cities of the Chaos Dwarfs, erecting monoliths and temples to their chaotic masters, as well as extracting fuel and resources needed for the wrought of weapons, armour and potent machines of destruction. Thousands of these thralls perish on a daily basis due to over exhaustion and horrific working conditions. As a result, the Chaos Dwarfs conduct several expeditions throughout the Dark Lands and the Old World seeking fresh slaves to carry out the dark wishes of Hashut.

Although Chaos Dwarfs lust for material objects, it is the number of slaves that measures their wealth. Slaves are used as commodities in a similar manner that other races use coins. From a Chaos Dwarf point of view, the well-being of a slave is only as important as its use. This view is consistent with the little regard that Chaos Dwarfs have towards other, inferior races. After all, these races are only fit for enslavement.

In a sense, the typical Chaos Dwarf is treated marginally better than a slave by their clan elders, especially those considered weak or unsuited for higher service to the clan. To survive in his own society, an individual Chaos Dwarf must quickly learn to be as ruthless as his superiors. He also must learn how to manoeuvre through the whims of the clan leaders. It is not uncommon for a Chaos Dwarf to become a sacrifice to Hashut if he fails to carry out the commands of the ruling Sorcerer- Prophet.





decisions, except on matters of no interest to the ruling Sorcerer-Priest. In fact, the Council's role is to execute whatever commands they receive from their Master. Chaos Dwarf women are treated as chattels, and are almost always the property of their clan's reigning Sorcerer-Priest. Upon maturity, most maidens are wedded to someone of the Sorcerer-Priests' choosing. At times, the husband-to-be is someone with whom the Sorcerer-Priest is forming an alliance. On other occasions, a bride may be awarded to a loyal clansman. Most of the time, however, the Chaos Dwarf maiden finds herself in the harem of the Sorcerer-Priest, who may also be her father.

Like Old World Dwarfs, the average Chaos Dwarf generally lives for approximately 200 years. There are few notable exceptions to this limit, mostly Sorcerer-Priests. There is no upper limit to the years of life that Sorcerer-Priests can achieve before the corrupting power of their sorcery turns them to stone. The great Astraath, High Priest of Hashut, was the most powerful Sorcerer-Priest for a thousand years. Now in his 3200th year, however, Astragoth's legs have petrified and his hands have also started to calcify. It is only a matter of time – perhaps mere decades – before the rest of him solidifies.

Death Rituals

Like his Old World counterparts, a Chaos Dwarf knows when his time is approaching. The clan's reigning Sorcerer-Priest orders an escort to lead his dying clansman to the Temple of Hashut, where the Chaos Dwarf is prepared for departure. At the appointed hour, the Sorcerer-Priest commends the soul of the dying kinsman to Hashut's burning embrace. Once the ceremony is completed, the still-living Chaos Dwarf is then dropped into a river of lava hundreds of feet below the surface of the land.



Chaos Dwarfs who perish in battle are usually burned on the field in a huge funeral pyre. Only the bodies of Sorcerer-Priests are returned for proper burial.

The passing of any reigning Sorcerer-Priest starts a recognised process of succession which is both contentious and deadly. It is not a certainty that the oldest will succeed and inherits his predecessor's harem, apprentices, and wealth. The succession is a struggle where the strongest prevail and his rivals obliterated. The fact that their numbers are declining makes little difference to the Sorcerer-Priests' naked ambitions.



Law and Punishment

Each ruling Sorcerer-Priest also occupies the role of the High Priest of Hashut for his clan. The most powerful of these is the ruler of Zharr-Naggrund. The will of each determines the respective laws of his clan, and what violation brings swift and certain punishment. There is absolutely no appeal.

There are very few capital crimes among Chaos Dwarfs. Treason – which covers disagreeing with the ruling Sorcerer-Priest in word or deed – is the most common capital charge. Murder without cause of another Chaos Dwarf is also a capital crime, but since almost any cause is considered to justify the act, convictions are rare. In fact, very little violence takes place between Chaos Dwarfs. Anger and frustration can be easily taken out on the many hapless slaves. Killing or injuring the slave of another is considered a crime against property, and is dealt with by a payment of compensation, almost always in kind. Any Chaos Dwarf accused of a capital crime must appear and present his case under oath before the ruling Sorcerer-Priest. The Sorcerer-Priest may, at his discretion, allow witnesses for and against the accused (including any victim). Judgments are usually quick, and anyone found guilty is immediately sacrificed to Hashut.

Each clan's ruling Sorcerer-Priest also judges lesser crimes, such as theft, killing of slaves and other crimes against property, oath-breaking and slander. Punishment varies with the severity of the crime, ranging from fines and compensation in most cases to banishment in the most severe. It is the very rare case where the Sorcerer-Priest's judgement is not accepted as this is held as a sign of weakness, which is often followed by a struggle for power. In such circumstances, a violent feud erupts and blood is spilled. These blood feuds are very destructive and lead to a struggle of power among the Sorcerer-Priests of the clan. Once the new ruling Sorcerer-Priest rises to replace the weak (and most likely dead) predecessor, a number of those involved in the feud are sacrificed to Hashut. Not surprisingly, this arrangement keeps feuding to a minimum.





Language

The Chaos Dwarf language is recognisable as a Khazalid dialect, even though they speak it with a harsher accent. Most speak no other language, although the Sorcerer-Priests are known to be conversant in the Dark Tongue and in some of the Human tongues. They also use the ancient Dwarf runic script, inscribing their books on long, thin scrolls of beaten metal in the manner of their Imperial kin. Most Chaos Dwarfs are illiterate. Only the most educated can read and write the alphabetic runic script or the more common pictograph script.

HASHUT, THE FATHER OF DARKNESS

The god of the Chaos Dwarfs is Hashut, the father of Darkness. A grim and malignant being, often represented as a great blazing bull wreathed in smoke and shadow, Hashut is a Chaos god (although some scholars of the arcane would label him as an arch-daemon rather than a dark god, while others insist it is some other form of entity let loose upon the world during the Time of Chaos). Hashut is closely associated with tyranny, greed, fire, and hatred, and it is a being whose gift of power comes at a terrible price.

As with much of their origins, just how the Dwarfs of the East came to seal their pact with Hashut remains shrouded in the dark times of the great sundering of the world by Chaos, and in truth the Chaos Dwarfs themselves may have only a dim and warped understanding of how they became bound up with their nightmarish god. The twisted runic cartouches that adorn their fire temples do however speak of the



abandonment of the Dwarfs of Zorn Uzkul by their Ancestor Gods during the Great Cataclysm, their finding of salvation and succour with their new god and the thirst of Hashut for sacrifice and subjugation in return for his patronage.

Over the centuries, in return for flesh and blood, homage and devotion, Hashut has gifted the Chaos Dwarfs with malign secrets and powerful sorcery that fined with their mastery of industry and forgecraft to create many daemon-fused machineries and monstrous engines of wan dominion over the fires of the earth and arcane and malevolent lore that has brutalised their sanity and soul. The pact between the Chaos Dwarfs and their dark god has only deepened over time and grown to the point where the tendrils of Hashut's malevolence and the Chaos Dwarfs' own bitter souls have become as one.

The Cult of Hashut

The worship of Hashut is the sole religion of the Chaos Dwarfs. To the individual, religion means the sacrifice of slaves, participation in festivals, and war with a purpose. The Sorcerer-Priests place the worship of Hashut foremost in their lives. Hashut's gift grants the Sorcerer-Priests immense power and a very long life, even though its final price is immortality as a stone statue lining the highways of Zharr-Naggrund. The ruling Sorcerer-Priest of each settlement is the High Priest of Hashut for his clan. Until he is physically unable to do so, the High Priest conducts all rituals of sacrifice to feed Hashut's enormous hunger for souls.

Symbols

Hashut's main symbol is a skull with its top removed and lightning bolts firing from it. At times these skulls may include the braided beards of the Chaos Dwarf males. The skull symbol adorns the tops of the Sorcerer-Priest's banner poles, and serves as the device of their shields as well. Sorcerer-Priests of Hashut and apprentices generally wear flame-red tunics and ornate black armour. They also wear the tall, stylised hats typical of their race, though more elaborate.

Hashut is generally depicted in his bull form with flame-red fur and black hooves. He has large curving horns and shoots flames out of his nostrils. At other times, Hashut takes on an amorphous black form with searing red eyes. He carries no weapon; Hashut depends solely upon brute strength.

AN EMPIRE OF SMOKE, BLOOD AND ASH

Chaos Dwarfs are irredeemably evil, bitter and self-centred creatures, caring nothing for the life of others and directing all their labours to the construction of their great city – Mingol-Zharr-Naggrund – the City of Fire and Desolation, and the slow expansion of their power and influence in the world. It is a place of unimaginable suffering for the countless slaves of other races they use to feed the turning of their ceaseless industry and to appease the appetites of their





nightmarish god Hashut. To this end Chaos Dwarf armies scour the Dark Lands and the deadly realms beyond for slaves to fill their city and labour deep beneath the earth in the pits that surround it, and to provide sacrifices for the furnace fires dedicated to their dark god Hashut.

Their empire has come to encompass the fire-scorched volcanic plain of Zharrduk at the heart of which Zharr-Naggrund sits, and like a black iceberg, its true extent lies not above with its armoured ziggurats and fire-lanced temples, but below the surface in countless miles of magma-lit delvings, cavernous chambers and vaulted mines which resound to the cries of tortured slaves and the ringing of hammers in an untold number of diabolic forges.

Over the millennia, the Chaos Dwarfs has sunk thousands of mines into the earth around Zharr-Naggrund. For many miles around their dark city, the Plain of Zharr succumbed to the hand of the Chaos Dwarfs as they sunk mines into the earth, delving deep into the rock and filth in pursuit of the treasures that lie below. They built engines down in the depths, using steam power generated by the heat of the rocks themselves. They dug for coal and piled it high into black mounds on the Plains of Zharrduk. They drilled for oil and tar, and dug open pits in which to store it, creating lakes of sticky blackness over the land. In the mountains they quarried stone and used it to build roadways to connect all their lands together, so that the plundered riches of the earth might flow all the faster into their gargantuan city.

The refuse of thousands of years of labour fills the Plain of Zharrduk where industry tears at the earth, pock-marking the surface with ugly scars of endeavour. Much of the Plains of Zharrduk are now a series of gigantic open pits. It is littered with the scars of vast open mines, fiery rivers of magma, ash dunes and stagnant pools of foaming yellow and blood red – noxious with toxic spoil and fortified workings and watch posts which line the great machine-crushed roads upon which countless slaves haul ore and plunder to feed the ever hungry city of the Chaos Dwarfs. Heavy clouds of acrid smoke mask the bleak, lifeless landscape under a perpetual gloom of twilight. Beneath the flickering flames of countless forges untold thousands of slaves, creatures of many races captured in war or traded from the Orcs of the west, work at the enterprises of the Chaos Dwarfs.

Beyond their heartland in the plain of Zharr, they have raised great fortress-citadels and towers to establish their dominion throughout the far flung and perilous Dark Lands, although no force, even one as brutal as the Chaos Dwarfs can lay claim to true sovereignty over this vast realm of accursed, monster-infested shifting ash-deserts. At the edges of the Dark Lands, the outposts and black iron watchtowers of the Chaos Dwarfs extend as far the great Desolation of Azgorh and the coastline of the Sea of Dread to the south and High Pass to the north.



The Chaos Dwarfs rule a land of darkness, smoke and industry in an empire like no other. The vast numbers of slaves toil in the Tower of Zharr-Naggrund and on the Plain of Zharrduk outnumber the Chaos Dwarfs themselves many thousands of times over. However, unlike the merciless sadism of the Dark Elves or the insane barbarism of the followers of the Chaos Gods, the Chaos Dwarf slave empire functions like a giant carefully crafted machine.

The plans of the Chaos Dwarfs are the results of the intricate workings of their malign intelligence, deep paranoia and cold cruelty. They see no need to ravage the world in fury in a desperate bid to crush all before them, only to fall overextended and spent, as so many throngs of human marauders and hosts of greenskin savage have done in the past. Instead they horde their might slowly and rip from the Dark Lands the mineral wealth it contains in abundance. They venture forth foremost to harvest slaves but also to punish those that would oppose them directly, and sunder any creature or force that might wax powerful in the Dark Lands before it can become a threat. More rarely do they travel further afield, mounting expeditions into distant lands in search of strange plunder whose worth they have seen in the fires of Hashut's altars, avenge some slight or merely to callously test their weapons against the powers of the world. As a result of this policy, to many the Chaos Dwarfs are at best a dark legend, until that is they have the misfortune to encounter the dreadful truth for themselves.

The dominion of the Chaos Dwarfs is a slowly expanding power, which has with grinding, calculated savagery carved itself a realm from one of the most deadly lands conceivable and its masters' dreams of conquest are things of brooding hatred and bitter





perseverance. They are content to see their plans unfold over the course of centuries, perhaps even millennia until one day all of the world lies a blasted plain in which the Chaos Dwarfs stand unopposed and alone, save for their cowering slaves and the ashen bones of the dead.

SLAVERY AND SLAUGHTER

All Dwarfs excel at the forging of weapons, architecture and engineering, and are known to build the finest armour, constructs and engines of war in the entire world. In the same way, the Chaos Dwarfs construct their fortresses and weapons, but with the aid of the twisted arcane sciences and the sorcery of Hashut. The rich mines and forges of the Dark Lands provide the Chaos Dwarfs with all the wealth and resources they need to sustain their empire and produce great arsenals of destruction for their armies. The Chaos Dwarfs are uninterested in conquering more territory; the Dark Lands provide them with all that is necessary to maintain the glory of their empire.

Even though their numbers have shown a slow but steady increase down the long centuries in which they have carved their empire from the Dark Lands, the Chaos Dwarfs are still few, and are far outnumbered in their realm by those over who they claim dominion by virtue of might and cruelty – their slaves. The Chaos Dwarfs consider all life other than that of their own kind to have value only as raw resource and fitting sacrifice, and to them the muscle and sinew, and even the souls of those that bow and scrape at gesture of their iron-shod hands and cringe before the stroke of their steel-barbed whips are no more than a commodity to be amassed, exploited and spent. Without slaves Zharr-Naggrund would not have been built and its vast industries could not be maintained, and even now the

need for fresh blood and labour only increases with each passing year and the desolate empire always hungers for more.

Hundreds of thousands of labour workers are needed to upkeep the massive armouries and weapon foundries of the Chaos Dwarf and hundreds of thousands more are needed for the excavations of mines. As a result, where other nations look to conquer simply to expand their territory, the Chaos Dwarfs wage wars of conquests solely for the acquisition of slaves, for without the expendable thralls to labour their industries the Chaos Dwarf Empire would indeed expire.

Those captured by the Chaos Dwarfs and spared death can be assured of one of two fates. Either they will spend the rest of their days in the hellish mines of Gorgoth, or they will toil endlessly in the quarries of Gash Kadrak beneath the merciless whips of Hobgoblin slavemasters.

The average life expectancy of a slave ranges from six to eight years, although Dwarfs may last twice as long. The labour is hard, and their treatment is harsher still. Some slaves, mostly female, may find themselves placed in the private chambers of one of the upper echelon of Chaos Dwarf society where they are forced to perform a wide range of demanding tasks by their abusive masters.

Bands of Chaos Dwarfs constantly scour the Dark Lands in search of slaves, sometimes journeying for hundreds of miles to raid Orc or Goblin strongholds in the Mountains of Mourn. When they conquer a tribe they take back as many slaves as possible, great long lines of them shackled together and driven before the masters of Zharr-Naggrund. Roving bands sometimes reach as far as the eastern slopes of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Other bands trade weapons and armour to Orcs and Goblins in return for slaves and food. Chaos Dwarfs also trade with their Hobgoblin allies and neighbouring Ogres for slaves from among the steppe nomads and the peoples of Imperial Cathay. In addition, the Chaos Dwarfs employ members of other races, chiefly Humans, to act as their agents, procuring slaves by whatever means necessary for gold.



"Zhatan the Black, Commander of the Tower of Zharr, orders that a thousand swords be made of good black iron, a thousand corselets of ruddy bronze, a thousand arrowheads of five shekels of steel and ten thousand of two shekels, and that this be delivered to the Fortress of Zharr when the moon is full. Let it be known that Zhatan plunders to the west and returns within the month with slaves for the service of Hashut. So say I, Zhatan the Black, Commander of the Tower of Zharr, Glory to Zhatan, Glory to Ghorth the Cruel, All praise Hashut Father of Darkness."

- Zhatan the Black,
Commander of the Tower of Zharr





Many slaves work, and die, in the workshops, forges, and mines of Zharr-Naggrund and Gorgoth. Others struggle in the poisoned Plain of Zharrduk. Those who survive are likely to meet a yet more terrible fate on the altar of Hashut or in a vat of molten metal. It is not surprising, then, that many slaves take their own lives when given the opportunity.

The Chaos Dwarfs seek to subjugate all living things. The Dark Lands are filled with untold masses of repugnant greenskins and these foul creatures form the bulk of thralls that labour in the horrendous working conditions of the Chaos Dwarf workshops. Huge underground chasms that delve deep into the ground have been excavated and rebuilt into enormous subterranean factories known as Hell Pits. Dominated by a labyrinth of crudely forged, wooded gantries, ladders, levers and pulleys from where the Goblinoid thralls go about their arduous labour.

If the Chaos Dwarfs' grand and sepulchral plans bow to any pressure for speed in their execution, it is this increasing need for fresh slaves that is the cause. Should the levels of "livestock" falter through disaster or overuse, and are required at the commissioning of any grand new design, the Chaos Dwarf war host is gathered and a suitable target selected for despoil, while simultaneously iron-masked emissaries go out to the tribes of dark-hearted men, Ogres and even Orcs to barter razored steel for lives. This in turn can trigger fresh assaults and ravages far beyond the Dark Lands to meet the Chaos Dwarfs' tally, and captives taken in distant lands can eventually find their life's end drudging in the slave pits of Zharrduk or slaughtered upon its burning altars.

Unfortunate wretches of many races toil amid the poisoned air and burning ash of Zharrduk, and like the craftsmen they are, the Chaos Dwarfs prefer, when possible, to select the "right tool" for the right job – from mutilated Elves flayed and bled to provide alchemical unguents to fettered and broken Chaos beasts from the Northern Wastes harnessed for their immense strength and tolerance for injury. By far the most common slaves in the Chaos Dwarf realm are Orcs and Goblins, and this is not simply because they are native to the Dark Lands and its, bordering mountains, but also because they are hardy creatures who will often last the longest in the noxious fumes and murderous conditions under which they are made to work.

Of these, the Hobgoblins have a unique and favoured place – as much as a slave might be favoured by such cruel and callous masters. Perhaps the most distrusted, vicious and above all treacherous of Goblin kind, the Chaos Dwarfs seldom reduce the Hobgoblins to base toil but rather employ them as slave overseers, lackeys and even as troops, providing utterly disposable reinforcements for their own forces, enabling a larger enemy army to be weakened without cost in Chaos Dwarf lives before they themselves move in for the kill. Hated by the other greenskins who would happily



murder them if they could, the Hobgoblins of the Dark Lands have come to rely on the Chaos Dwarfs for patronage and protection. While they are so treacherously eager to betray each other for advancement; they are quite incapable of fomenting any cohesive rebellion against their brutal masters as they cannot even trust each other, making them in some ways the perfect slaves.

Humans too have their place among the slaves of the Chaos Dwarfs, as they are adaptable and quick-witted if though less durable than greenskins and considerably more unpredictable. As do Ogres, who are valued for their raw power but always present a danger as their primitive, violent spirits can never be fully broken. Skaven are never taken alive unless to be worked almost immediately to death or used as paltry mass sacrifices, as they are simply too devious and the Chaos Dwarfs have learned from bitter experience that any group taken might well conceal untold spies, saboteurs and even deliberately infected plague carriers placed in their midst. But of all the races to fall into the hands of the masters of Zharr-Naggrund, the darkest fate awaits their kin, the Dwarfs of the West. The fruits of the bitter malice of long, brooding millennia are reserved for the Dwarfs, and of all sacrifices to Hashut, none are more favoured than, those loyal to the treacherous Ancestor Gods.

THE FORGES OF HELL

Chaos Dwarfs are master craftsmen, and their armouries produce an endless stream of armour and weapons, dark devices and works of daemon-fused occult engineering. Much of this wargear, the lesser products of their craft – blades and steel whose quality still outmatches any mere human craftsmanship is traded northwards to the warring Chaos-touched tribes and east to the Ogre Kingdoms in return for slaves for which the Chaos Dwarfs have an unending demand, rare metals and gems, and to slake whatever strange desires the Sorcerer-prophets experiments might require. By this trade, blood is spilled across the world





by their weapons, and in doing so the Chaos Dwarfs both enrich themselves and sow destruction in Hashut's name, and moreover they spread their insidious influence further, gather intelligence in regards to their enemies and so bring their dreams of dominion closer, one drop of shed blood at a time.

The greater works of their hell-forges and the spawn of the dark intellect of their sorcerers, however, they guard jealously for themselves and it is on the bedrock of these malevolent engines, savage weapons and brutal sorcery that the Chaos Dwarfs' true power is founded. Chaos Dwarf warriors are themselves equipped to the highest standard and every Sorcerer Lord arms and outfits their soldiers to their own design and in their own distinctive livery. The majority of their troops are armed with masterfully crafted axes vicious stabbing blades and barbed war-picks, and protected by heavy scale corselets of rune-hardened iron or bronze, tall helmets and heavy, metal-clad shields.

The most potent wear so-called blackshard armour, forged with hellfire and blood, stronger than mere steel and phenomenally resistant to the effects of fire and heat. A significant number of troops are armed with firearms, from intricate Wheelock pistols to the heavy, bladed fireglave repeating guns. But the hailshot blunderbuss – a powerful, short-ranged weapon whose murderous fire is amplified when used in ranked fusillade – is the most common and iconic. This last weapon was developed to combat the near-limitless Orc and Goblin hordes that abound in the lands around the Chaos Dwarf domain and has become the terror of the greenskins in battle, able to blunt even their

crushing charges and slaughter scores of howling Goblins in a single, thunderous blast from the warriors' ranks.

It is though for their war machines that the Chaos Dwarfs have become most infamous and dreaded on the battlefield. Unfettered the usual Dwarf reliance on tradition and resistance to change, they have combined their intellect and sophisticated understanding of steam power and mechanism with the hellish lore of Hashut to produce a nightmarish array of weapons. These range from cannons that fire burning goutts of magma, to steam-driven reapers, to fortress-shattering mortars and colossal siege engines of glittering brass. The most terrible of these war machines are bound with hungry daemons in their fabric granting them both an unholy semblance of life and unmatched killing power. The might and bloodlust of these hellforged artefacts cannot be denied and they are perilous even to their masters should their occult bindings shake loose. As a result of their unpredictability and the difficulty of their construction, hell-bound war engines are used and fashioned more sparingly than more conventional (although no less deadly) designs in the Chaos Dwarf arsenal. Such weapons are often 'tested' in battle by a pact of alliance with the Chaos Warriors of the north so long as it serves the Dhrath-Zharr's purpose, and it is not uncommon to see small contingents of dreaded Chaos Dwarf war machines amid ranks of war bands and hordes of the Chaos Wastes, lending them their immense destructive power.

MACHINES, MADNESS AND MASSACRE

Unlike other Dwarfs the Chaos Dwarfs are deeply learned in the sorcerous arts, and have become obsessed with the control of hellish forces and the fires of the deep earth, combining the dark lore they have gleaned with an artisanship and skill for metalwork and industry undimmed from their ancient past. This has produced a bewildering variety of strange and infernal war-engines, daemon-bound weapons and deadly tools of war, many of which they have long traded for resources and captives to the Chaos-worshipping tribes of the northern wastes, but the greatest of their creations they have jealously guarded for themselves, and so decade after decade their power has grown. Deep within the Dark Lands, shielded by deadly mountain ranges and set amid desolation and the haunts of monstrous beasts, the empire of the Chaos Dwarfs has faded into legend to many in the Old World, but those fated to confront their implacable black-iron clad armies and savage engines know the truth. The day may yet come when the armies of dread Zharr-Naggrund march forth in force to crush the world beneath their beds.

It is for their nightmarishly powerful engines of war that the Chaos Dwarfs are most infamous and rightly feared. The arsenals of Zharr-Naggrund are replete with terrifying weapons that only the febrile imaginings of a madman could conceive of – let alone





be able to construct. Alongside these stand a host of more conventional arms and siege weapons fashioned to exacting specifications of power and durability, as only a Dwarf could make them. The war machines of the Chaos Dwarfs run the gamut from simple armoured siege mantlets and bolt throwers, through to mighty black powder mortars, petards and cannons. Not content with these ordinary weapons, their skills are set to creating shoulder-fired rocket-bombs, the esoteric horrors of the corpse-fuelled Hellcannon and great steam-clanking colossus the size of tower-houses, half-machine and half-daemonic beasts, whose tread shakes the earth and from whose fortified fighting platforms a score of Chaos Dwarf Warriors can let fly lethal volleys from their swivel guns.

Although a touch of the dark powers of Chaos enters into all the works of the Chaos Dwarfs, sonic war machines have hellish, devouring entities and daemons of fury and destruction bound to their every frame and bolt, creating a truly possessed machine even more blood-thirsty than its creators and difficult to destroy. The most extreme examples of these are devices such as the infamous Hellcannon, fuelled by flesh and souls and spewing destructive blasts of arcane energy, they are unique entities whose treacherous power can prove almost as dangerous to their masters as the enemy. There are other lesser, infernal devices and examples of daemonic power augmenting more conventional war machine designs and engines. Although the Chaos Dwarfs are skilful and determined artisans, their engines are not yet so sophisticated as to be completely reliable or entirely safe to operate in the anarchic field of battle.

In the creation of arms and diabolical engines of destruction, the Chaos Dwarfs of Zharr-Naggrund have



no equal in the world save perhaps for the Skaven of Clan Skryre. Aside however from the superficial similarity of their desire to create ever more powerful devices, the approach and means to an end for the Chaos Dwarfs and the Skaven could not be further apart. Where the Chaos Dwarfs favour craftsmanship and reliability over mere speed of creation, the Skaven care not for such considerations in favour of raw power and getting the device in operation as quickly as possible, however unpredictable the result or potentially fatal it is to the crew. To this end the Skaven favour the use of the treacherous and potent Warpstone in their works, which while not unknown to the Chaos Dwarfs, they favour the arcane binding of Daemons through the sorcerous lore of Hashut in their most powerful devices instead.

The end result can sometimes be no less dangerous to the Hell-smith or crewman called upon to direct such a weapon, but to the minds of Chaos Dwarfs, such calamity that may result will be caused by the result of weakness or ill-discipline by the operator, or the will of Hashut, rather than chance volatility or shoddy workmanship. This is not to say that one side has not kept a weather eye on the inventions of the other, or indeed sought to steal their secrets from the wreckage strewn on the battlefield, but such is the idiosyncrasies and inherent dangers in the two entirely alien approaches, that seldom has more than disaster and madness resulted from the attempts on either side. More cataclysmic still is when the war machines and infernal devices of the Chaos Dwarfs and the Skaven meet each other in open battle, as happened during the

The furnace roared, the carved bull's head that held it in its jaws seeming to roar in bovine rage. Zharkon eyed the strangely twisting flames nervously, only relaxing slightly as the slave shovelling coal into the flames stumbled and cut itself to ribbons on the razor-sharp iron teeth welded to the mouth of the furnace. Even he, the Daemonsmith's Apprentice, was still unnerved by the rituals of binding. He watched as his master ascended the steps to the top of the furnace, where the iron table lying over the flames glowed red from the heat. Two of his fellows dragged forth a limp slave, cutting ritual patterns into its skin. Holding it down against the table, the slave screamed as its back sizzled on the hot metal.

Glaring down impassively at the writhing human through the lenses of his daemon-mask, the ancient Daemonsmith selected a sharpened bronze tool shaped like a corkscrew from his belt. Bringing it down through the slave's chest, he pried it open delicately, carefully replacing the dirtied tool before selecting two more, a rune engraved hammer and a strange claw-like device that seemed to absorb the light around it.

Clutching a nearby cog with the claw-device, the Daemonsmith dipped it into the blood of the screaming slave, snarling in satisfaction as the runes cut into the skin began to glow with a magical sickly light. As ethereal shapes began to materialise around the cog, the Daemonsmith took it over to a Bull-headed anvil and began striking it with the hammer, sparks of unnatural colours flying off the cog as the ethereal shapes writhed then swirled downwards before vanishing.





infamous Nightmare of Drakenmoor in the year 2037 by Imperial reckoning. Such were the terrible arcane forces unleashed between the actinic flashes of the Skaven Lightning Cannon, the howling destruction of the Chaos Dwarfs' hell-furnaced colossus, and the reckless devastating spell-craft unleashed by sorcerers and warlocks of either side, that a tear in the fabric of reality opened up over the battlefield and a howling storm of magic laid waste to both armies. Daemon-abominations were loosed and nightmare phenomena ravaged the lands a hundred leagues in all directions for almost a year before the arcane tempest at last died away. Both sides claimed victory.

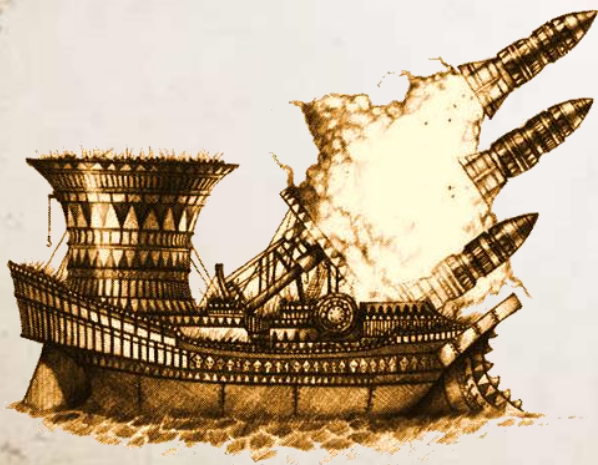
CHAOS DWARF FLEETS

Sometimes the massive iron sluices of the Zharr-Naggrund open and the warfleets of the Chaos Dwarfs emerge, ready to make the long journey to the open sea. Their ships are immense floating war engines, capable of devastating destruction, which carry massive rocket launchers, mortars and battering rams with which they destroy their enemies. The warships of the Chaos Dwarfs are impressive vessels to behold as they churn their way through the freezing waters of the River Ruin.

After leaving Mingol Zharr-Naggrund, the warfleets either travel north, through the Seas of Chaos and eventually to the Sea of Claws, or south to the Sea of Despair. The journey north is by far the shorter and more arduous, as it entails travelling upriver against the flow of the River Ruin, into the Mountains of Mourn. Having braved this hazardous passage the Chaos Dwarf warfleets must navigate the warping, ice-ridden Chaos Waters that lead into the Sea of Claws.

The other route, following the River Ruin south, is a longer but slightly less perilous route that leads straight into the Sea of Despair. From here the Chaos Dwarfs roam as far east as Cathay and as far south as the very tip of the Southlands, enslaving or destroying whoever and whatever they meet.

The influence of the Chaos Dwarf Warfleets is wide reaching, and throughout the Known World towering piles of rubble are evidence of their passing. For whatever reasons, there are times when supplies of



slaves in the Dark Lands become scarce, and the Chaos Dwarfs must roam further afield, scouring faraway lands for vulnerable communities to enslave.

The only thing that prevents the Chaos Dwarfs from venturing further than the tip of the Southlands is an Elf city-fortress – The Fortress of The Dawn – which overlooks the Cape of Absolution. From here mighty Dragonships, Eagleships and Hawkships crush any fleet impetuous enough to attempt the passage around the headland. The Elves maintain this blockade at great cost in bloody sea battles against any who try to pass. The Chaos Dwarf Warfleets have laid siege to this great city-fortress many times, but to no avail: the Elf city is too distant from their own lands to sustain an attack. It is certain that if the Elves were ever beaten, or were to give up their centuries-long vigil at the Cape of Absolution, then the malevolent forces let loose in the Old World would be terrible indeed.

HOUSE BLACKHAND AND THE EMBERSWORN

No Household has had such notoriety in recent history as that of Krunngar Blackhand, a dangerous Sorcerer Lord known for his unusual physical vitality and skill with binding Daemons. The Sorcerers of House Blackhand had long preferred to enslave Daemons captured in battle rather than summoned into their hell-forges, believing that such creatures, already given the taste of blood, prove more vicious and powerful. House Blackhand had enjoyed a long and fruitful relationship with Hothgar Daemonbane, and provided many of the Daemons bound into the engines that he constructed and eventually sold to Archaon the Everchosen. It is even rumoured that Krunngar was part of the delegation with Rykarth that brokered the original deal with the Lord of the End Times. When Archaon marched to war, Krunngar went so far as to provide him with Chaos Dwarf troops and, in what some in Zharr-Naggrund considered a fit of sudden madness, joined them too. He was never heard from again. However, his sons succeeded him and, though House Blackhand was now without a Sorcerer Lord to lead it, they had other resources.

House Blackhand's lust for fresh Daemons to enslave had for generations led to them contributing their Warriors to the so-called Embersworn Clans. These elite Chaos Dwarf Warriors specialise in hunting Daemons, travelling many hundreds of leagues in search of powerful entities to bind in obsidian cages and bring back to Zharr-Naggrund for the Daemonsmiths to use in their dark experiments. Many members of the Embersworn go on to serve in the Onyx Guard, Immortals trained and equipped to destroy Daemons. The two sons of Blackhand, Kromlek and Marrog, are both captains of the Embersworn, and it is rumoured that Marrog may possess the spark required to one day become a Sorcerer, and that Hothgar Daemonbane has taken a special interest in the son of his old ally. The two brothers are currently somewhere at large in the Dark Lands at the head of a band of Embersworn, allegedly in the service of Ghorth the Cruel, but doubtless with some aim of their own in mind. Marrog Blackhand is known to harbour the ambition of a true Sorcerer, and seeks to restore House Blackhand to its former glory with the aid of his Daemon hunters.





"So, Young One, you are bound on your first mission of conquest to the lands of the lesser races?" echoed the hoarse voice from the darkness. "Then listen to me and heed me well, for I, supreme lord Ghorth, do not suffer failures gladly." Gargath raised his head, but he could see nothing except impenetrable darkness. "You must return with an abundance of slaves and sacrifices before the sun has passed the tower of Hashut ninety times. Gather your throng and do not spare your gold when calling warriors to your banner. Thus says I, Lord Ghorth of Zharr"

The black heart of Gargath of Baal swelled with pride as he marched out of the darkness into the ruddy light of Zharr-Naggrund. His labours had finally borne fruit, and now he would command an army of his own like his ancestors before him. He was supremely confident in his own abilities, for the ancient House of Baal had produced mighty Sorcerers and great Generals for thousands of years. He would not bring shame on the name of his ancient clan.

The warriors of clan Baal waited patiently outside the brazen doors of the great tower. As their lord marched out they dropped on one knee with practiced discipline. From a hundred throats rose the cry "Command, master!" Gargath motioned his men to rise. "Sharpen your axes, brothers!", he shouted, "We go to war!"

As Gargath and his Warriors marched down the twisting streets of Zharr-Naggrund, his heralds called the citizens to witness "Be it known that Lord Gargath of Baal shall march east to plunder the lands of the inferior races!". With swelling heart Baal realised that Lord Ghorth had granted a rare honour to him: the guardians of the Tower of Zharr were ordered to join him. When he reached the great gates of the city, an entire regiment of Bull Centaurs swelled his ranks.

For long hours Gargath studied the grimoires of the Temple of Hashut. He summoned demons from the deepest reaches of their dark realms and made unspeakable pacts with them. He presided over countless sacrifices for Hashut in the return for divine favour for his expedition. And the wail of tortured souls rang out through the night...

Deep beneath the surface the air was hot, and filled with the anguished wail of toiling slaves. These were the Pits of Zharr where the engineers and Sorcerers of the Chaos Dwarfs constructed their machineries of destruction. For the slaves who were sent here, this was the Place of No Return. Here the gold given by Lord Ghorth would buy the finest war machines in the Known World, and they would bring him victory.

The next day, the cruel Chaos Dwarf slavemasters began to gather the slaves of clan Baal. Those that tried to escape were swiftly trampled by the Bull Centaurs. Once the entire mob of greenskin, a thousand strong, was surrounded by a circle of steel, Lord Gargath stepped forward, flanked by his Bull Centaur bodyguards. He raised his left hand to draw attention.

"You have been chosen to accompany our glorious army!", he exclaimed. "Those that return shall each be given their freedom and three shekels of gold upon our return!" Even the most unruly Hobgoblins ceased their struggle as the message slowly reached their brains. Then, from a thousand throats rose a cry of approval.

"Rejoice, fools" thought Lord Gargath "for not one of you shall return to claim your freedom."

The captains of Lord Gargath had gathered around a great obsidian table in the opulent palace of clan Baal to study the maps of the far west where the kingdoms of their despised Dwarf cousins and the weakling humans awaited, ripe for plunder. They delved deep into the annals of the great Chaos Dwarf Generals of the ages past.

When all was said and done, and the plans for conquest were laid out, Balur was the last to speak "Brother" he enquired, "what shall your victorious throng be called?" We shall be known as the Fists of Hashut," intoned Lord Gargath. "Let the world tremble at our name."







ASSAULT ON BLACK SKULL MOUNTAIN

From out of the Dark Lands of the Chaos Dwarf empire a new, deadly enemy had come forth. He was known only as the Black Dwarf, and he was a Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer Lord of great Power. The Black Dwarf was young by the standards of many of the ancient Chaos Dwarf lords that rule the Dark Lands, but was no less deadly for that. Using his arcane arts he had been able to transfer his soul to a magical anvil made of pure adamantium. As long as the anvil existed, the Black Dwarf could not die. He was, for all intents and purposes, invulnerable, a real "man of steel"!

The Black Dwarf had set forth to bring back more slaves to work in the Chaos Dwarfs' mines and workshops. By doing so he would establish his reputation in the conclave of Sorcerer Lords that rule the Chaos Dwarf empire and gain even more power. Leaving behind a garrison to protect the anvil, he had set out with the rest of his retinue. His first victims were the Orc and Goblin tribes that infest the area known as the Desolation of Drakenmoor on the western fringes of the Chaos Dwarf empire. Overawed by the Black Dwarf's supernatural invulnerability, the tribes encountered were quickly subdued. His army swelled by the addition of thousands of Orc and Goblin warriors, the Black Dwarf then headed northward towards Peak Pass and the Empire that lay beyond...

Unknown to the Black Dwarf, his progress had been observed by the Dwarf scouts and pioneers patrolling the frontier of the Dark Lands. Hurrying back to Karak Kadrin, they informed the Slayer King and his council of what was unfolding, and of the menace that was even then advancing through Peak Pass towards the Empire. But Dwarfs are an insular race, and there were many on the council who felt that they should not interfere. After all, the Black Dwarf was intent on raiding the Empire, so what did it matter to them? It was Human business, not Dwarf.

Only one member of the council argued against this, a young Dwarf noble named Born Ironhelm. He told the council of the dream that had troubled his sleep the previous nights, a dream where the White Dwarf had come to him and forewarned that unless the Black Dwarf was stopped, it would spell doom for Karak Kadrin and all who dwelled there. The portent of the dream was clear. Both argued, and was that although the Black Dwarf was intent on raiding the Empire now, if successful he would return this way and attack the Dwarf hold with an even larger army.

Borri's arguments fell on deaf ears and the council voted overwhelmingly not to interfere. Both was furious. Declaring the council as fools, he stated that he, at least, would stand in the Black Dwarf's way and with that he strode from the council hall. Word of what had happened spread through Karak Kadrin like wildfire and although the majority agreed with the Council's course, many, especially amongst the younger warriors, felt that Both was in the right. So it was that when Borri set off towards Peak Pass, he was not alone, but at the head of a contingent of 200 doughty Dwarf warriors.

The Dwarfs reached Peak Pass at dusk. They camped at a site where the pass narrowed and had most of its width covered by a strong stone wall. It was an excellent defensive position, but then it needed to be as the Dwarfs were outnumbered by dozens to one. As darkness fell, both pondered on what was to happen in the following days. He knew that his small force couldn't hope to defeat the Black Dwarf's army and that eventually they must all die. He began to regret having led so many of his kindred to certain death.

Calling the Dwarf warriors together Borri attempted to make them return to Karak Kadrin, and just leave him on his own to fight. He argued that if there should be a futile gesture, then at least only let one Dwarf die in order to make it. But his followers would have none of it — to leave him would be shameful. They would stay at his side. It was then that a cloaked figure approached the throng from out of the darkness. As the gathered Dwarfs stared in wonder, the stranger threw back his cloak and revealed himself to be the White Dwarf. At first the stunned Dwarfs could only gape at the majestic figure that stood before them, but then, as one, they cheered and stamped their feet. The White Dwarf had come to help them! Now they knew they could win this fight...

The Dwarf shieldwall stretched across the entire pass. Here and there the crossbowmen, taking a great risk; crept over the barricades to collect bolts that had been shot during the clashes in the days before. Ammunition was

in short supply, but then so too was medicine, food and especially the priceless Dwarf ale. The day was hot, as if the Furnaces of Hashut himself were blazing with unbound fervour. An evil omen thought Borri, the General of the Dwarf forces. Still, he knew that he would hold. He had to — Grombrindal the White Dwarf had promised to destroy the magical anvil that made his enemy immortal. Today was the day that he would reach Black Skull Mountain and seal the fate of the Black Dwarf.

The enemy outnumbered the Dwarf host at least three to one. Many of the younger Dwarfs shuffled their feet nervously. Borri sensed that this was the right time to speak a few words of encouragement to his weary troops.

"Remember lads," he said, "don't get too greedy when you start slaying your enemies! Otherwise, I'm not sure that there'll be enough for all of us!" A bellowing laughter rose from the Dwarf line. Heartened, the warriors gripped their axes and, raising their runic standards, called upon their ancestors to witness their bravery and prowess in the forthcoming battle. All doubts were driven from their minds. Even the wounded Dwarfs threw their crutches aside and loudly demanded their weapons. His brief speech made, Borri took his place at the head of the Miners, and shook his axe angrily at the assembling tide of greenskins and their dark masters. He breathed a silent prayer to Grungni, the Father of Forges, to deliver him and his followers in their hour of need.

The Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer studied the battlefield. His patience was at an end. He had gathered all his best troops for this final assault: mighty Black Ores, the Chaos Dwarf Warriors of his own clan, swift Wolf Riders, and Bull Centaurs, the most powerful and terrifying of his troops.



The Black Dwarf walked slowly to his command post. His legs were starting to stiffen, a sure mark of the Sorcerer's Curse. Over the years the corrupting power of magic would slowly turn him into stone. But the thought held no fears for the Black Dwarf — he was willing to pay the price for his immense power. And there would be countless more centuries before the Curse would petrify him, and he would join his brothers who now stood guarding the great temple of the Father of Darkness. He had more than enough time to fulfil his plans.

And such a great plans they were: the sacking of Praag and Salzemund, seizing all the major passes to the Western Old World and thus controlling the trade routes to the mystic lands of Cathay and Ind. The dragging of thousands of chained slaves to the plains of Zharr to work in the factories and forges of the Chaos Dwarfs until the end of their days. With such conquests his place in the Great Council of the Sorcerer Lords would be secured. Time would pass, and everyone knew that the supreme lord Gorth would have to step down one day. And the Black Dwarf would be waiting. Now the only things that stood before him were these pitifully few impudent Dwarfs.

Barukh, the captain of the Bull Centaurs galloped towards the Black Dwarf and bowed his proud head before the Sorcerer "My Lord!" exclaimed the great beast, "Your troops have assembled. We are ready to march within the hour!" The Black Dwarf nodded his head, pleased with the swiftness with which his most trusted servant had carried out his orders. "One hundred slaves are to be immersed in molten gold in the name of Hashut the Father of Darkness," the Black Dwarf told Barukh. "We must make sure that the God of Zharr-Naggrund favours us today. We must not fail!" The great Bull Centaur sped to fulfil his master's wishes.

The Black Dwarf fixed his gaze on the defiant Dwarfs sheltering behind their barricades. "You will fall," he promised himself, "I will bring you down, all except one who shall live to tell the tale to the trembling world."

The air tasted salty and hot like blood. For a moment there was silence. Then the horns and drums began to sound, calling the warriors to meet their fate.





HISTORY OF THE DAWI ZHARR

The history of the Chaos Dwarfs – the Dawi Zharr or Uzkul-Dhrath-Zharr as they refer to themselves in their corrupted tongue, is an ancient and terrible one. It is a saga of a great and hardy people whose nobility would become warped into utter malice, and whose stubborn refusal to die would lead them down a dark and bitter path to damnation.

THE SHADOWED PAST

There are a great many stories about the creation of the Chaos Dwarfs. The Dwarfs still deny their existence, hiding a deeper fear behind the façade of bravado and indignation. Most conflict and others are outright lies. However, there is one thread that seems to stand out from the rest.

The story of the Chaos Dwarfs begins many thousands of years ago during the great expansion of the Dwarf race northwards from its ancestral home somewhere in the Southlands, long before the rise of Man. The Dwarfs, cleaving to those lands where metal and precious gems could be found, and firm rock could be delved, principally followed the track of high ridge of mountains that is now known as the Worlds Edge Mountains.

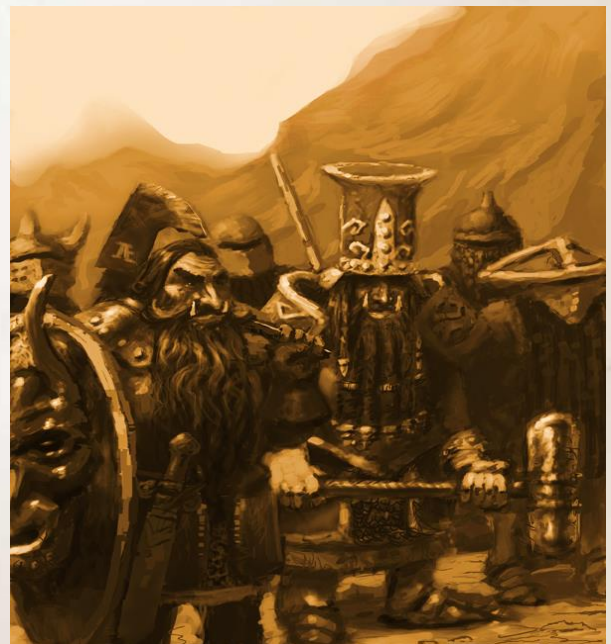
The Dwarfs spread amongst the mountains, driven onwards by their lust for the secrets of rock and metal. Over a period of many hundreds of years they dug shafts, excavated and expanded an under-realm of mines deep into the mountain roots and mighty subterranean fortress-cities linked by countless miles of mine workings and passageways which carried them further north.

Eventually, some time in the dim and distant past, this slow but steady expansion led one group of Dwarfs to the uplands in the far north of the Worlds Edge Mountains range. One day, they broke through the other side of the mountains and spied a land scarred and littered with chunks of obsidian, iron ore, and more. It was a vast and inhospitable plateau where the air was frigid and thin, and the dusty ground littered with the wind-scoured bones of the ancient dead. They named this new land Zorn Uzkul, the Great Skull Land, and claimed it for their own. The mineral wealth was rich here, but the earth and stone to some seemed tainted and unclean. It was apparent to all that this place harboured some great and ancient evil. Many Dwarfs called the place accursed and turned aside from it, either retreating to the most established holds, or, if of more adventurous character, choosing to strike out into far Norsca or undertake the journey first east and south to the rich lodes recently discovered in the Mountains of Mourn. Some however, refusing to be balked, chose to remain in the Great Skull Land come what may, seduced by the wealth they stood to gain from this blighted place.

As the years passed, the Dwarfs sent scouts across the Greenskin-infested badlands, heading for the Mountains of Mourn to explore their fiery peaks. Along the way, they found broken weapons, old war machines, and massive chunks of obsidian, to say nothing of the boulders that shone with the streaks of gold they contained. When they arrived at the distant mountains, they found them rich with precious metals and gemstones. They built a fort in the open badlands they had dubbed the Plain of Zharr, and sent forth expeditions to mine the lodes from the stone. Despite the forlorn landscape, and poisonous fumes spewing from the sinister peaks, it seemed the Dwarfs were right to come here, as their hauls were incredibly rich.

For many years the Dwarf colony of Zorn Uzkul prospered, trading new minerals and resources with their kin in the mountains. Such was the success of the Dwarfs of Zorn Uzkul and the greedy nature of the Dwarfs to obtain greater wealth and resources that other clans of Dwarfs began to set out on their own expeditions into the unknown. Some of these Dwarfs travelled further north into the great polar region, while others journeyed further east deep into the volcanic Dark Lands and beyond.

At first these distant Dwarf kindreds retained close ties of kinship and trade, but the eastern Dwarfs strayed far, and as the world darkened and foul things crawled from its depths to sunder the Dwarf under-realm, contact between the far-flung Dwarf holds became erratic and infrequent, as each looked to their own survival and defence. When the Great Time of Chaos descended to sunder the world, these most forlorn of Dwarf kingdoms were lost forever to their kinfolk in the Worlds Edge Mountains, and given up for dead as a tide of horror spilled across the land. The Dwarfs of the





west could not have been more mistaken, for the ravages of Chaos did not destroy the hardy, determined Dwarfs of Zorn Uzkul, but instead worked a dreadful change upon them.

THE RISE OF THE DAWI ZHARR

It is impossible to say with any certainty exactly when the Dwarfs of the East became the malevolent entities now known as the Chaos Dwarfs, as the changes wrought to their bodies and spirits were slow and inexorable. Not even they themselves know the full saga of the dark times of their origins, save for that they were almost utterly destroyed, and it was only by their stubborn refusal to surrender in the face of unspeakable horror and death that they endured – endured and came to know a new patron god, Hashut, Father of Darkness.

Diminished after the Time of Chaos, the Dwarfs survived, but they were changed, altered in mind and spirit. Hashut laid his “blessings” upon them and for the first time, magic users arose among the Dwarf race. The Runesmiths became their people's new Priesthood, their Sorcerer-Prophets, and soon wrested control over their new society, dominating the other Dwarfs through their might with magic. Their first edict was to construct the great city of Zharr-Naggrund, the City of Fire and Desolation. At the centre, they planned a massive obsidian tower shaped like a ziggurat, and at its top they would erect a great altar to Hashut. The city was divided the city among their clans, with each Sorcerer-Priest ruling with absolute power over the clan of his birth. In time, rivalries among some of the ruling Sorcerer-Priests caused their clans to frequently come to blows. Increasing pressure from such rivalries caused the weaker clans to build other settlements, such as Gorgoth and Uzkulak. Even with the



boundaries of their domains established, the clans continue to probe one another to uncover weakness to exploit to this day. Many of the ruling Sorcerer-Priests of the lesser clans also plot for the day that they could march into Zharr-Naggrund as victors over the current ruling clans.

Slowly they began to increase again in number and restore themselves in power and dark majesty, now barely recognisable from what they had been before. However, the Chaos Dwarfs, which is what they now were, realised they were too few to build all that Hashut demanded. The Chaos Dwarfs therefore enslaved a multitude of Orcs, Goblins, Hobgoblins, and Human steppe nomads to work the mines, sacrificing the weak and injured to Hashut. The basis of Chaos Dwarf society was now established.

Eventually, the depredations of the Chaos Dwarfs forced two massive migrations. The nomadic Human tribes of the Steppes were the first to move westward through the high passes of the Worlds Edge Mountains, and into the forested lands of the northern Old World. The second – and perhaps the more significant – migration consisted of the Orcs and Goblins swarming across the Worlds Edge Mountains into the Dwarf Empire of Karaz Ankor.

The greenskin tribes of the Dark Lands had suffered dramatically from a combination of disasters. In addition to Chaos Dwarf slavery, earthquakes and volcanic eruptions tore the Dark Lands apart. The greenskins were equipped with armour and weapons manufactured by the Chaos Dwarf smiths, or crude copies made by greenskin artisans. However, these sturdy instruments of war bore no resemblance to the items that the Chaos Dwarfs forged for themselves. So the Imperial Dwarfs of Karaz Ankor remained ignorant of the Chaos Dwarfs' existence; the Chaos Dwarfs, on the other hand, were already plotting the downfall of their western kin.

The Orc and Goblin migration caused considerable damage to the realm of Karaz Ankor, but it was the second wave, influenced in part by the Chaos Dwarfs from afar, that overran the Imperial Dwarf settlements in the eastern Worlds Edge Mountains. The Imperial Dwarfs no longer presented the remotest threat to their corrupt brethren. In addition, the wars in the Worlds Edge Mountains brought a new source of slaves to the mines of the Chaos Dwarfs: Skaven. The Ratmen had emerged from the depths of the mountains to plague the Orcs and Goblins as they did the Imperial Dwarfs. The greenskins were eager to capitalize on this new source of trade with the Chaos Dwarfs, and many Skaven found themselves led to their doom in the mines of Zharr-Naggrund.

As the Chaos Dwarf Empire thrived, the Chaos Dwarfs desired to expand their realm. Large expeditions were sent into the Dark Lands, a vast expanse of barren wastelands, dominated by massive, smoking volcanoes. Pools of bubbling magma, pits of black tar, choking





clouds of filth and piles of Goblin stool pollute these insufferable lands. Filled with tribes of barbarous Goblinoids and other things more foul, the Dark Lands is a realm devoid of tranquillity and any form of beauty or harmony of nature. While the land lacks in vegetation, it is a realm of vast minerals, sulphur, tar and oil, as well as sapphires, silver and gold. As a result the Dark Lands appealed to the Chaos Dwarfs being rich in resources, a quality in particular cherished by all Dwarfs.

As the Chaos Dwarfs pushed further into the Dark Lands, marauding tribes of Orcs and Goblins constantly assaulted their armies and caravans. The High Priests used their new knowledge of sorcery to manipulate the fiery energies of the volcanic realm, blasting the Goblinoids with hails of fire and huge conflagrations of magical flame. Many greenskin tribes fled further south, away from the terror of the “bad stuntiez”.

GREENSKIN REBELLION

With their holdings in the Mountains of Mourn and the Plain of Zharrduk secured, the Chaos Dwarfs set about defiling the earth of its bounty. Huge pits were dug to store the black, sticky tar that percolated up from the ground. Great slag-heaps and huge mounds of coal dotted the landscape, fouling the earth and water with the poisons that seeped from them. Smoke and ash from furnaces and active volcanoes filled the air with clouds of choking, toxic vapours. Within a few generations, the Chaos Dwarfs so polluted their land that nothing could grow in the dim light and the choking air, apart from a few straggly black thorns.

Still, the Sorcerer-Prophets wanted more. The native Greenskins proved unreliable and treacherous. Fights among the squabbling greenskin slaves – and the occasional full-scale slave revolt – caused inexcusable delays to production. In their frustration, the Sorcerer-Prophets instituted a breeding programme to develop a race of stronger and less quarrelsome Orcs. So, the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers, experimented with their Greenskin slaves and bred a new race of reliable Orc, which they called Black Orcs – larger, stronger, and more disciplined. The Black Orcs were also more cunning and dangerous than their wilder forebears – a fact that was to lead to near disaster.

As time went on, the Council began to see the error of their scheme. Being much more independently minded and not prone to petty squabbling, the Black Orcs made for perfect leaders amongst their greenskins cousins. Where trivial rivalry and animosity had always kept the Goblinoid thralls in check, the Black Orcs began to organize rebellion, leading the other Orcs and Goblins in huge revolts. Many of these insurrections had left entire Chaos Dwarf fortresses in ruin and soon their Black Orcs creations were simply too dangerous to be allowed to exist.

As the Council of Hashut issued the order to exterminate the Black Orcs, a renewed Orc and Goblin



insurrection struck at the very heart of the Chaos Dwarf Empire, in the Tower of Zharr itself. Within mere hours the lower levels of the ziggurat had been completely overrun by greenskins. Even the Hobgoblins, who had enjoyed a comparatively privileged position as overseers, joined in the slaughter of their Chaos Dwarf masters. Battle raged throughout the mines, and boiled up into the lower tier of Zharr-Naggrund itself. The Immortals fought viciously for every step on every level of the tower, but the Orc and Goblin hordes were simply too vast. While thousands of greenskins were slaughtered by the Sorcerer-Prophets and their followers, their numbers were too many – and the Chaos Dwarfs too few – for the tide of the revolt to be stemmed. As the Black Orcs pressed on into the upper levels, the Council of Hashut prepared for a desperate last stand in the tower’s most sacred Temple of Hashut. Just as all seemed lost the Hobgoblins switched sides, hoping to regain the favour of their masters.

The traitorous Hobgoblins struck their fellow greenskins in their rear, felling Orcs with daggers in their backs and mowing down Orcs of Goblins with large volleys of arrows. The backstabbing Goblinoids provided much needed reinforcements for the Chaos Dwarf Warriors who fought vigorously for the survival of their empire. The Chaos Dwarfs struck with renewed vigour and their dark powers broke the rebellion, the altars of Hashut smoking with countless sacrifices. In the end the greenskin rebellion was squashed and the Black Orcs nearly completely annihilated by their cruel creators. Some Black Orcs were able to escape the





genocide, retreating to the Mountains of Mourn laying east of the Dark Lands. It was only through the aid of the Hobgoblins that the Chaos Dwarfs were not wiped out entirely. So, the Chaos Dwarfs reluctantly allied with local tribes of Hobgoblins to further their cause. The Hobgoblins were rewarded for their loyalty and promoted to taskmasters and overseers of the other Goblinoid thralls, who hold bitter resentment towards the distant kin to this day.

But, even with this expanded labour force, the Chaos Dwarfs were unable to complete their construction without the aid of slaves. They sent Hobgoblins to raid the Silver Road and bring supplies and victims back to Zharr Naggrund. But, even this was not enough. Thus, the Chaos Dwarfs began trading with the savage Humans of the north, a relationship that has lasted to this day. In exchange for slaves, the Chaos Dwarfs still toil in their forges to spawn new and horrible creations for their Human allies.

RESTORATION

The Chaos Dwarfs and their Hobgoblin allies set about rebuilding after the near-disaster. In time, the Chaos Dwarfs started expanding their borders southward. Gorgoth became the Chaos Dwarfs' furthest outpost, proving to be particularly rich in minerals and ore but the Sorcerer-Prophets realised that their race was spread too thin to protect their borderlands.

For centuries, fiercely independent nomadic Hobgoblin tribes lived in the Steppes just north and east of the Mountains of Mourn. Still, the Chaos Dwarfs needed allies after the rebellion so they entered into an alliance. This arrangement essentially created what would become the Hobgoblin Hegemony, a buffer state from the Chaos Dwarf perspective. Moreover, the Chaos Dwarfs reached treaty agreement with the neighbouring Ogre Kingdoms. An annual tribute of weapons and spent and deceased slaves are passed to the large humanoids in order to satisfy their varied diets in return for non-aggression and newly-captured slaves.

With this new era of stability established, the Chaos Dwarfs continued to expand. But two fateful events prevented them from achieving their dream of further conquests. A little over a thousand years after Sigmar's reign the Black Plague that had devastated the Empire found its way into the Dark Lands, spreading to the Chaos Dwarfs. It took several centuries for the Chaos Dwarf population to recover – though low birth-rates prevented the population from reaching its former level – when another calamity struck.

Large numbers of slaves had died in the mines beneath Zharr-Naggrund in the millennia of its existence, and the Chaos Dwarfs let the corpses rot where they fell. Their indifference was nearly their undoing. On the night known as "the Night of the Restless Dead" by Imperial historians, the dead rose up and attacked the living across the known world. The Chaos Dwarfs and their allies were nearly overwhelmed. As in the earlier Black Orc rebellion, the Chaos Dwarfs were driven back to the upper tiers of Zharr-Naggrund, with the loss of many lives. Only the intervention of the Sorcerer-Prophets and the coming of dawn saved the Chaos Dwarfs from obliteration.

From this experience, the bodies of slaves are now either tossed into lava pits or pools of highly toxic wastes. Some are even dismembered and sent to the Ogre Kingdoms as foodstuff (rancid meat being considered a delicacy among the monstrosities).



BLOOD FROM THE NORTH

The next disaster to strike the Chaos Dwarfs was not a complete surprise. The waters of the River Ruin began to run low, and it was no longer able to cool the huge Chaos Dwarf forges to power the steam-driven engines. Troops sent to scout the headwaters did not return, and the Sorcerer-Prophets read disturbing portents in the entrails of sacrificed slaves. Then the River Ruin ran blood-red, and the Sorcerer-Prophets knew that Hashut's immortal enemy, Khorne the Blood-God, had sent an army against them.

In 2302, a vast Khornate army besieged Zharr-Naggrund. Battles raged across the Plain of Zharrduk as Chaos Dwarfs from other mines and factories came to the aid of the obsidian ziggurat. The Chaos Dwarfs unleashed their fearsome war machines upon the Blood God's ravaging horde. The slaughter continued for two years, with neither weather nor weariness lessening its desperate intensity. Then, abruptly, the borders of the Chaos Wastes retreated to the north, and the Khornate army weakened. In one final surge, the Chaos Dwarfs were able to break the siege and obliterate their foe. Victory was once again theirs – but again at a terrible price, for the Chaos Dwarf race was decimated.





THE FALL OF KARAK VLAG

Shortly after the Great Catastrophe, the Old World was suffused with magic, and born from this loosed energy were Daemons and other vile creations from the Realm of Chaos. The High Elves of Ulthuan would valiantly contain this energy, but the damage was done, and the world was forever changed. In the aftermath, Dwarfs experimented with sorcery despite their innate inability to harness the Winds of Magic. Instead of trying to cast spells in the ways of the Elf Wizards, they sought to bind them into images and symbols called runes. Two positions immediately resulted. One group felt this road would lead to their doom, and the other craved the power it promised. Resentment bloomed and tempers rose, but despite their differences, they were one people, bound by their common heritage.

To alleviate the tensions, those Dwarfs who pushed the limits of the newly developing Rune magic travelled north, seeking out new lodes of gold, gemstones, and other precious metals, whilst the rest remained behind to proceed more carefully. These explorers included some of the most talented blacksmiths of all the Dwarf Realms. In the far north of the World's Edge Mountains, they built a great mountain hold called Karak Vlag, the Isolated Hold, to guard the road to Zorn Uzkul. Soon, Karak Vlag was famed throughout the Dwarf Realms for its wealth and mighty feats of engineering.

However, during the Great War Against Chaos, disaster was at hand. The Great Eye of Chaos opened and spread its inky darkness south. At its vanguard rode the Tong, the vilest of all Chaos Marauders. The Dwarfs fled to their forts and holds, and sent pleas for aid to their kin in the southern holds, but no help came. Soon, the darkness swept over them, cutting them off entirely. Alone, and facing extinction, the Dwarf Runesmiths had a possible answer. Using magical techniques they claimed to have mastered through

studying the magical-resistant obsidian, they called out to the void for help. This time their pleas for aid were answered, but help would come at a heavy cost. The Dwarfs had no time to deliberate, for the Tong were tearing down their gates, so they hastily agreed to the price. Then, so Chaos Dwarfs claim, Hashut, the Father of Darkness, rescued his new children, and whisked them away from danger. When the other Dwarfs finally fought their way north through the Hordes of Chaos, they could find no trace of Karak Vlag. The entire stronghold had disappeared, as if it had never existed. To this day, no one knows for sure what became of them, but some believe they joined the Chaos Dwarfs of the Dark Lands, where they still reside.

THE SONS OF FIRE

In 2511, the hordes of Tamurkhan the Maggot Lord entered the Dark Lands, intent on plunder and destruction. At the great river crossing over which, like an obsidian dagger thrust into the burning, smoke-laden skies, the Black Fortress of the Chaos Dwarfs stood sentinel, was the only place a force as large and unwieldy as Tamurkhan's horde might cross into the Dark Lands for many leagues. Lord Drazhoath the Ashen, master of the Black Fortress had drawn up his army. Here Tamurkhan's thousands were matched with rank after rank of compact regimented figures encased from head to toe in thick ornate armour woven from smouldering steel scales and thick blackened plates; brutal blades and strange ornate weapons beating a deadly rhythm in unison against brazen shields. All throughout their lines were batteries of nightmarish war engines, daemon fused cannon and gaping-mouthed mortars. At the flanks great mobs of Hobgoblin slave soldiers cowered and fretted under the cruel lashes of their overseers, ready to be spent as a living shield of blood and bone for their callous masters.

Tamurkhan knew that he had the power and might to force the crossing, even against the legendary wrath of the Chaos Dwarfs of Zharr Naggrund, the sheer fury and monstrous power of the horde would see to that, but the cost would be high indeed. As for the commander of the defending force, Drazhoath knew that he faced a battle of a kind unwitnessed in the land of Zharr since time immemorial and his reason calculated the odds poorly in his favour.

Yet even in the face of certain defeat Lord Drazhoath was unafraid – for he was of a race prouder and more stubborn than any upon the face of the world, and thus was his charge and the charge of all those consigned to garrison the mighty Black Fortress that marked the boundary of the Chaos Dwarf dominion to fight and die with the breath of hatred upon their lips against the foes of Zharr Naggrund. Though death and destruction were inevitable, he would not disgrace the Chaos Dwarfs of Zharr nor sell cheaply the legacy of Hashut, his Father in Darkness. Each perhaps had the echo of some other outcome of the confrontation than mutual destruction in mind from the start, but first both pride and the desires of the Dark Gods must be borne. There would be blood.





For many hours the tide of Chaos crashed upon the army of the lords of Hashut. In wave after wave it advanced upon the thin line of Chaos Dwarfs only to be beaten back under a hail of arrows and gunfire. Strange missiles leapt from the Chaos Dwarf ranks and fell upon their enemies with great resounding crashes like thunder. Warriors and beasts were blown into so many pieces of shredded flesh and mangled iron or burned, the flames charring their flesh even under the waters of the black River Ruin. Yet, like the tide, the army of Tamurkhan came on relentlessly. As one warrior fell another stepped into his place and soon by storm and winged beast the supply trains of the army of Zharr began to come under attack from above. Rotting-wing corpse-vultures and daemon-furies struck from the skies, while sorcerous lightning arced down to burn and blast, causing powder kegs to erupt in lethal fireballs incinerating all around them. The dragon-rider Orbbal Vipergut led the aerial assault behind the Chaos Dwarf lines, scattering Hobgoblin caravan guards and butchering screaming slaves bound in their tracts and unable to flee. Soon enough however, the Chaos Dwarfs' guns slowed and many were struck silent, their ammunition and powder spent.

Slowly the horde regrouped to renew the attack, and this time the Dolgan war mammoths were to lead the assault, and behind them heavily armoured Chaos knights and warriors were taking up key positions before the foe. The morning's battle had simply been a preliminary attempt to draw the enemy's fire. The Chaos Dwarfs had unknowingly wasted their cannons and powder on the most expendable parts of the horde: mutated cultists, wild monsters, savage or mindless spawn, and those so blessed by Chaos' corrupting touch they were glad to seek death rather than live another day. Of course some sacrifice had been necessary: thousands of Kurgan lay dead or dying as well as hundreds of Tamurkhan's Plague Ogres. That the path to glory was awash with blood no one would ever deny.

Drazhoath the Ashen was neither fool, nor inexperienced as a general, and saw immediately the peril his forces were in. Swiftly he commanded a detachment of his Infernal Guard to hold the line until slain and ordered his fellow Daemonsmiths to work with fear and mind-clouding magics to hurl the Hobgoblin slave-soldiers at their command into the teeth of the foe to delay them while the greater and more valuable Chaos Dwarf force and its engines of war sought a retreat. The plan however did not survive the charge of the ground-shaking war mammoths across the causeway, and even the Infernal Guard could not hold back such a weight of muscle and fury and rise centre of the line on the far bank was shattered by the huge beasts' first mighty assault. The retreat became a disarrayed rout, as the weapons of the Kurgan fell mercilessly upon the Orcs and Hobgoblins who made up the greatest part of the slave army, and many more of the cowardly creatures died in the rush to escape as the panicked Hobgoblins fought and clawed over each other in their eagerness to flee. Those

not trampled to death by their comrades were simply buried and suffocated in the press. Isolated blocks of Chaos Dwarfs stood their ground rather than face the ignominy of being cut down in flight, both at their war machines and in defensive squares of steel-shod warriors. They fought savagely and bravely, but they stood little chance as the horde washed over them.

There was great slaughter on both sides, but soon the victory was Tamurkhan's, and Drazhoath, his Daemonsmiths and the core of his Legion made good their retreat, covered by a great cloud of ash and sulphurox darkness, back to the safety of the Black Fortress.

It was Sayl the Faithless, he of the twisted flesh and serpent's tongue, that was chosen as emissary in Tamurkhan's stead to deliver his word to the Chaos Dwarfs, now holed-up in their near-impregnable fortress – a great hollowed-out and sculpted mountain surrounded by cinder-pits where molten magma flowed like water at the whim of its masters. Tamurkhan's message to the Chaos Dwarf Lord was thus:

"Know that I Tamurkhan, son of the Great Kurgan, Master of Hosts, Bringer of Desolation, Champion of the Lord of Decay speak: Would you Lord Drazhoath, perish knowing that your land will be despoiled and your fortress plundered? By all witness of the Dark Gods you have fought with honour and brought glory to thy Master – now yield without shame. Our war is not with the Lords of Hashut but with the lands of Men. Join us, grant us the blessing of steel and thy fell arts of war, and the spoils of victory shall fall to all alike. As it has been before between the Kurgan and the sons of Zharr, let it be again and a pact struck between us."

Drazhoath heard these words and dismissed Tamurkhan's threat to the Black Fortress as an idle one, and yet all around the lands he had sworn to dominate were scourged, ravaged by the wolf now at his door a calamity his brethren in distant Mingol Zharr Naggrund would not forgive. But his wicked heart leapt as he thought of the legendary riches of the west, of iron and stone and gemstones, of the plunder of slaves, of gold and flesh and blood. But most of all the lore he might glean. For many years now stories had reached the dark empire of the Chaos Dwarfs of the powerful battle magic and war - engines that had risen in the human lands of the west – tales spoken of by caravan-masters seeking to curry favour and confessions extorted under torture from captives and freshly bought slave stock. No doubt was in Drazhoath's mind that these purely human creations would prove inferior to the craftsmanship of the Daemonsmiths of Zharr, but there would be great merit in their measuring. Should he lead an expedition and match the might of his legion against the humans of the west in victory and take their secrets for his own, then among Hashut's dark priesthood his star would rise anew, and so the flames of glory to come were fanned in Drazhoath's cold and spiteful breast. None of this reasoning the lord of the Black





Fortress allowed to slip before the baleful Chaos Sorcerer before him. Drazhoath would ensure the bargaining would prove long and arduous before at last a pact was sealed.

THE CHAOS DWARF EMPIRE TODAY

Although the decline of their population has lessened since the Chaos IncurSION of 2302, the Chaos Dwarfs are still fewer in number than at any time. Despite the fact that they are a dying race, the power of their Sorcerer-Prophets and the prowess of their warriors ensure the dominance of the Chaos Dwarfs throughout most of the Dark Lands. Still, there is some speculation among the few who know of their existence that they may well become extinct in the next several hundred years.

The Chaos Dwarf demand for slaves remains insatiable, though they are wary of any new slave rebellions. A repeat of the revolt on the scale of the one led by the Black Orcs would surely cripple, if not end, the Chaos Dwarfs and their Empire. Though brutally suppressed, a recent uprising in Uzkulak exemplifies the danger to the Chaos Dwarfs' way of life.

Chaos Dwarf slaving bands have recently expanded their operations to include the Worlds Edge Mountains and the western foothills. In many cases, the Chaos Dwarfs employ a number of agents to lure the unwary into forced servitude. Additionally, the Chaos Dwarfs have cemented a trade arrangement with the Hobgoblin-Khan whereby the masters of the Dark Lands would supply the Steppe Hobgoblins with higher quality arms and armour to stave off the encroachment of the Dolgan tribes and the remnants of other wild Human tribes roaming the steppes in exchange for the slaves captured from the Wheatland colonies and caravans on the Silk Road.

Knowing the Chaos Dwarf preference for Human and Dwarf slaves, the Steppe Hobgoblins extracted a heavy price from the Chaos Dwarfs and use their gains to foster an active slave trade with slavers in Cathay and the wilder parts of Kislev. Strangers to any of these regions may find themselves set upon by the inhabitants and traded to the Steppe Hobgoblins. The trade arrangement between the Chaos Dwarfs and Steppe Hobgoblins has pinched the flow of goods to the less reliable Orcs and Goblins of the Worlds Edge Mountains. If not for the decimation of the Orc horde that followed Grimgor Ironhide into the Empire, the greenskins might well turn their attention to their erstwhile trading partners.

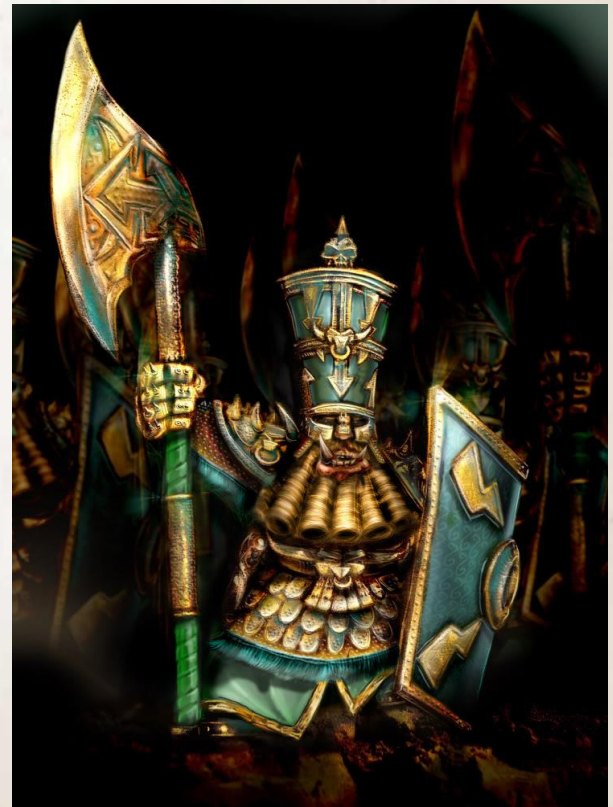
In recent years, the Sorcerer-Prophets detected ominous signs in the entrails of sacrificial victims as well as the increase in activities of the wild Human tribes of the steppes. These portents indicated that changes were coming, none of which boded well for the Chaos Dwarfs if they grew too careless. The Sorcerer-Prophets felt the winds of Chaos blowing ever

stronger from the north and realised that the Northern Wastes would soon expand southward as it did over 200 years before.

In 2519 the Chaos Warlord Archaon was crowned the Everchosen by the Ruinous Powers, a champion amongst champions charged with the task of bringing about the End Times of the realms of Men, Dwarfs and Elves. Rallying all the Chaos Warbands of the wastes to his side, as well as countless tribes of Beastmen and hordes of Daemons, Archaon plans to descend into the lands of Men initiating his bloody campaign against the civilized world.

Archaon personally rode to the Plain of Zharr, seeking parley with the Council of Hashut. In a dark chamber within the Tower of Zharr-Naggrund the most ancient of the Chaos Dwarfs, Lord Astrogath, treated with the Chaos Everchosen. Archaon accounted the details of the inevitable End Times and how the Chaos Dwarf Empire would have a place in the new mortal Plane of the Realm of Chaos.

Ultimately a bargain was reached between the Everchosen and the High Priest. In exchange for an innumerable amount of prisoners and precious quantities of gold and silver, the legions of the Lord of the End Times would be supplied with the Daemon-forged war engines and weapons of the Chaos Dwarfs. Additionally, the Chaos Dwarfs would allow safe passage for the Chaos hordes through their territory in the Dark Lands. Now, the Chaos Dwarfs continue to raise their sinister legions and wrought newly-forged Daemonic weapons for the coming age of the Holocaust of Hashut, an era of great fire and desolation that shall bring about ruination to their enemies...





THE BATTLE OF SKULL RIVER

From the Mountains of Mourn, down across the Blasted Wastes they came, marching through the desolation with hatred in their hearts. Near Mount Gunbad, some renegade Hobgoblins were pressed into service to scout the path ahead.

To the beat of drums, the army crossed the mountains by way of the Silver Road, avoiding the Dwarf patrols from Karaz-a-Karak, and then moved out beyond the towering peaks to the source of the Skull river and the lands of the Border Princes. Here there was lush forest and hill, home to the Wood Elves the Chaos Dwarfs sought. Here they could put to use the black cargo of oil and tar they had borne across the wastes and mountains. Before night fell, the forest was aflame and thick black smoke drifted over the once verdant home of the Wood Elves.

Wood Elf Scouts had shadowed the Chaos Dwarf army all the way from the end of the Silver Road. They had watched helplessly as their sacred glades had burnt and the Chaos Dwarfs had carved swathes of destruction through the greenwood. The Scouts had picked off a few careless Hobgoblins but were helpless against an entire army. There was no need to send back messengers to let the main force know where the malevolent army was. A mile-high pillar of sulphurous black smoke marked their advance. The Chaos Dwarfs were not trying to hide.

Vraznak, the Chaos Dwarf General, squinted through the acrid black smoke as a group of Hobgoblin Wolf Riders rode back to give their report.

"My Lord," sneered their champion, reining in his mount. "The Wood Elves come, a vast army has moved into position behind us."



Vraznak turned to his most trusted advisor and smiled. Unworried by this horrible grimace, the great Sorcerer Lord Zochaz spoke up. "Excellent, my Lord, the spineless forest dwellers have fallen into our trap and now we will take our revenge in blood. The insult we've suffered for these long and bitter years shall once more be avenged."

The Death Rocket and Earthshaker cannon were already in position as the army was drawn up in full war panoply. Horns blared and drums pounded as the Wood Elf army marched into view. Champions shouted encouragement to their warriors, weapons were readied, and the tempo of the drums rose ever faster as the time of blood drew nigh. Along the Chaos Dwarf battle line a cry went up "Hashut! Vraznak! Zharr Naggrund!"

Across the clearing, the Wood Elves' General Beltharion was nervous. Something was wrong. The rest of the nobles told him not to worry, they were ready for battle now, there would be no more idle waiting. Beltharion shrugged at the memory, perhaps it was just the worry of the past week.

It had taken days to assemble the lords of the Wood Elf court. Too many painful days with constant tales of burning forest and blighted wood. Centuries-old oaks had screamed their pain as the sacred glades had been put to the torch. Altars and holy places had been desecrated by the foul invaders. Then they had stopped, without explanation, forming a line of battle across the Wood Elves' path. Caught between the forest and the mountains they were trapped and would have to suffer the wrath of the Wood Elves. Amongst Beltharion's host, even two mighty Treemen had emerged from the forest to cast out the enemy. Now his great army would vanquish the accursed invaders. Here by the upper reaches of the Skull River, the Chaos Dwarfs would regret they had ever set foot along the Silver Road.

Vraznak sat waiting astride his mount. The Great Taurus shook its great leathery wings at the noise and clamour of the armies making ready for battle. "Patience" he said, petting the great beast. "They are coming. We shall taste their blood soon".

Many years ago a Sorcerer Lord of the great Temple of Hashut was assassinated by a renegade Wood Elf. Before he died, the adventurer told his torturers that his homeland lay in the forests near the Skull River. The Chaos Dwarfs swore mighty blood oaths of vengeance and vowed that they would never forgive nor forget this murder of their kin. Like all of their kind, the Chaos Dwarfs who live in Zharr Naggrund bear grudges for many centuries.

Every hundred years on the anniversary of this grievous wrong, the Sorcerer Lords of Zharr Naggrund dispatch an army to wreak vengeance on the Wood Elves. In 2497 (Imperial reckoning) when the Battle of Skull River was fought, the Chaos Dwarf army was much larger than usual and was led by the renowned General Vraznak and his kinsman, the Sorcerer Lord Zochaz.

The Wood Elves mustered all the warriors they could to their defence and were also a mighty host. The local Elven nobility had been roused and rode to battle on their proud steeds at the head of the Wood Elf army. Regiments of Scouts slipped unseen through the greenwood and even two of the mighty Treemen had woken from their arboreal slumbers to crush the invaders and drive them from the forest. Two great armies were assembled and neither would leave the battlefield until they had vanquished their foes. The scene was set for a mighty clash.





CHRONICLES OF HASHUT

c-5000

The time of the Ancestor Gods. No written records of these times survive although legend tells of the gradual colonisation of the Worlds Edge Mountains by Dwarfs.

c-4700

The most adventurous of Dwarfs journey across the barren upland regions north of the Worlds Edge Mountains which they name 'Zorn Uzkul' (or the Great Skull Land) in the plain of Zharr.

c-4500

Contact is lost between Dwarfs of the Worlds Edge Mountains and Dwarf settlements in the Dark Lands and Zorn Uzkul. The Dwarfs of the west believe their eastern kin have perished, destroyed by the tides of Chaos from the north.

c-3500

Abandoned by their gods. Dwarfs of the Dark Lands turn to the worship of the evil god Hashut, the Father of Darkness.

c-3300

The first High Priest is completely turned into black obsidian resulting from the use of sorcery. High Priest Astragoth endeavours to prevent and reverse this horrific affliction, known as the Sorcerer's Curse.

c-2700

Legend tells how the mighty ziggurat Mingol Zharr-Naggrund (lit. The Great City of Fire and Desolation) was raised from dark iron and black obsidian by the most powerful Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers.

c-2600

Enslavement of Orc and Goblin tribes throughout the Dark Lands and Mountains of Mourn. Within the great Plain of Zharr, the culmination of Chaos Dwarf Sorcery and Goblinoïd thralls build the massive weapon foundries and armouries of the Chaos Dwarfs.

-1600

The Battle of Blood. A loose alliance of Greenskin tribes to the west are broken in an almighty slaughter that lasts for eight days.

-1558

A carefully orchestrated campaign against the Orc and Goblin tribes begins throughout the Dark Lands, driving them westwards.

c-1500

The Goblin Wars. The Dwarfs of the Worlds Edge Mountains are assaulted by all manner of enemies including Goblins, Orcs, Skaven and their evil kin, the Chaos Dwarfs. Many Dwarf holds fall to their enemies.

-1431

To expand their Empire further, the Chaos Dwarfs begin a massive enslavement of Orcs, Goblins and Humans.



-921

The first Great Purge of the Mountains of Mourn. In an attempt to break the strength of the Greenskins, who had grown vastly in number, an extended campaign is undertaken to kill or enslave as many as they can.

-600

Vorag Bloodytooth, the first and only Ghoul King, leads an army of Ghouls that overrun and nearly destroy the Red Cloud tribe. The survivors are enslaved and forced to build the fortress of Vorag to the east of the Plain of Bones. Whilst besieging the mountain hold of some nearby Goblins, Vorag is killed by a Bolt Thrower and the army disbands.

-150

Experiments on captive Orc and Goblin slaves by Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers result in the creation of the Black Orcs.

-100

The Black Orcs prove unruly and difficult to control. After leading an armed revolt that ravages the lower levels of Zharr-Naggrund they are purged from the ziggurat. Fleeing Black Orcs escape to the Worlds Edge Mountains and the Mountains of Mourn.

223

Battle of Daemon's Stump. Chaos Dwarf and Daemons fight the Ogres for possession of the Daemon's Stump. The Ogres are defeated and routed as they attempt to cross the River Ruin, which runs red for a week after the slaughter.

250

Chaos Dwarf artisans finish carving the titanic monuments surrounding the Temple of Zharr. To date they remain the greatest artistic achievement of the Chaos Dwarfs, their incredible level of intricacy and flawless details remain unsurpassed.

336

The Battle of a Thousand Grudges. During this brutal war the Dwarfs and Chaos Dwarfs demonstrated previously unthinkable acts of vengeance upon each other, enough to fill several volumes in the Grudge Books of both races.

c500

Rich volcanic deposits first mined at Gorgoth.

740

Having seen the wealth being mined in the Dark Lands by the humans from distant Cathay, the Chaos Dwarfs send armies to destroy them. Slave raids begin in the land of Cathay.

c1000

To fuel the ever increasing demand for slaves the Chaos Dwarf fleet cruises the River Ruin and Sea of Dread enslaving those unfortunate enough to cross its path. A great sea canal is constructed linking the Falls of Doom with the Sea of Chaos giving the fleet an exit in the north.





1004

The Black Fortress and its sister tower, the Flayed Rock, are erected just north of what will later become known as Gnoblar Country.

1212

Below the Tower of Gorgoth, Daemonsmiths successfully summon the Greater Daemon Ulrishta entrapping him into a war-chariot. However just before imprisonment within the chariot, Ulrishta breaks free for a mere instant and slays all of his summoners. The Daemon-bound chariot remains forgotten for centuries.

1259

The Liche Lord Vorag is slain in a magic duel with High Priest Zarkgar, the Liche's fortress in the Plain of Bones is brought to ruin.

1501

The second Great Purge of the Mountains of Mourn. Barbarian Ogres aid the Chaos Dwarfs in the destruction of rebel Black Orc fortresses.

1517

The horrid slave expedition of Overlord Azgorh carves a bloody path of destruction in the southern-most region of the Dark Lands, enslaving thousands of Goblinoids. Afterwards the lands to the south are known as the Desolation of Azgorh, for the ruination left by the vile Overlord would never fully recover.

1745

Whilst the Chaos Dwarfs are stretched on many fronts, the largest invasion by Steppe Hobgoblins ever seen takes place. Hundreds of Dawi Zharr are slain or captured, but the unforgiving environment eventually forces the besieging Hobgoblins to retreat.

1806

Whilst investigating some lost ruins deep in the heart of the Blasted Wastes, Chaos Dwarf explorers chance upon a massive network of tunnels. Within weeks a Skaven invasion force from Hell Pit arrives and slaughters all before it. After numerous defeats by a never ending swarm of Skaven, Arcane Engineers collapse many miles of tunnels in an enormous explosion, effectively bringing an end to the war.

1822

Urogash falls to the Ogres after a furious war lasting a month. After a fighting retreat to barges on the River Ruin, a coven of Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers led by Ghorth the Cruel bring the ruins of the city crashing down upon the Ogres.

1939

Battle of the Cursed Mound. The forces of Chaos come very close to besieging Daemon's Stump itself. A quick brutal war and a merciless hunt of survivors see off any potential threats.

2009

The Battle of Blood River. Barbarian raiders are fought back as they attempt to besiege Zharr Naggrund from the Eastern shore. The trail of blood follows the River Ruin all the way to the sea.

2037

Nightmare of Drakenmoor. Chaos Dwarfs and the Skaven meet each other in open battle. Daemon-abominations are loosed and nightmare phenomena ravage the lands a hundred leagues in all directions for almost a year before the arcane tempest at last dies away. Both sides claim victory.

2110

Slave Lord Brakuz leads a large slave expedition of Chaos Dwarfs through the Mountains of Mourn and into the lands of Grand Cathay. There the Lord Brakuz razes many outlying settlements to the ground before engaging in battle with the Celestial Dragon Monks of the Dragon-Throne Empire.

2153

The Chaos Dwarfs begin a 270 year long campaign to conquer Mount Grimfang. The mountain had been a stronghold of raiding Greenskins for thousands of years.

2253

Booned by the Chaos God Tzeentch, the Vampire Mangari leads a combined horde of vicious Daemons and foul Undead warriors against several Chaos Dwarf fortresses near the Mountains of Mourn. Chaos Dwarf Overlord, Gharkzarch smites the vile Vampire in single combat causing the Undead horde to collapse and the Daemons vanquished.

2302

Khorne Warriors besiege Zharr-Naggrund. The slaughter continue for two years before the borders of the Chaos Wastes retreat to the north, and the Khornate army weakened. The Chaos Dwarfs are able to break the siege and obliterate their foe.

2304

The Fall of Karak Vlag. Tong Marauders lay siege to Karak Vlag. It is said that Hashut rescued his new children after a pact is made, and whisks them away from danger. No trace of Karak Vlag can later be found. The entire stronghold had disappeared, as if it had never existed.

2400

Zhatan the Black, Commander of the Tower of Zharr, declares genocide on the Black Orcs of the Mountains of Mourn. After a two-year expedition, two thousand Black Orcs are brought before the Altar of Hashut inside the Tower of Zharr and sacrificed into great roaring furnaces for the glory of Hashut.

2493

Battle of Anurell's Tomb. A Chaos Dwarf slaving expedition encounters a High Elf Army south of the Plain of Bones. The High Elves are slaughtered with only a handful of Elves taken back to the Plain of Zharr.

2511

The Onslaught of the Maggot Lord. Tamurkhan the Maggot Lord, body-thief and favoured of Nurgle, leads a mighty incursion of Chaos in a great scything arc down the Mountains of Mourn and sweeping across the Dark Lands, laying all desolate in his wake. With the Chaos Dwarfs as his allies, he lays waste to the Border Princes and strikes at the Empire's under-belly.

2520

The armies of Chaos march across the Zorn Uzkul and down towards Peak Pass as they prepare for the Storm of Chaos that is to consume the Empire in flames. Archaon meets the assembled Chaos Dwarfs outside the walls of Zharr Naggrund, striking a deal to have the use of Hellcannons for slaves.









THE DARK LANDS

Beyond the Worlds Edge Mountains lies a dread land, stretching as far as the Mountains of Mourn in the east and the Sea of Despair in the south. Few have travelled through this barren, inhospitable region, known simply as The Dark Lands. It is a wild realm inhabited by brutal tribes of Orcs, fierce nomadic tribesmen and the Chaos Dwarf Legions.

The Chaos Dwarf Empire is sited amidst the Mountains of Mourn and the adjoining eastern part of the Dark Lands. It is a stark and cheerless place, where nature has rent the ground and burst the mountains apart. Amongst the peaks, volcanoes spew black smoke into the filthy sky. In the plains the stench of tar pits and oil pools hangs heavily in the air. Steaming lava from beneath the earth's crust covers the ash wastes with a blanket of bubbling magma.

Almost nothing can grow in the Dark Lands. The dim light and choking air combine to ensure that the land remains devoid of vegetation except for a few straggly black thorns. The volcanoes and gaping pits bring up all kinds of minerals and gems from beneath the earth: gold and silver, iron and copper, diamonds and sapphires, as well as sulphur, oil and tar. It is a land rich in the materials that Dwarfs especially covet.

Thick black clouds permanently hang over the sky, blotting out the sun, affording the land with no light, providing an eternal night from one stretch of mountains to another. This is not helped by the fumes constantly thrown out of the volcanoes that stretch the entirety of the Dark Lands, ash plumes never dying, settling on the land, compressed so much that not even

the wind can move, staining this dread land in all shades of black and grey. Mountains of tuff exist around each and every volcano, most existing on top of one another, forming parasitic cones, having never ceased in their eruptions since the day they were formed, lava continuing to dribble out vents.

Rivers of lava lead from these volcanoes, some having melted through the land, some seeping through the cracks creating underground lava flows, with some others being artificially made by the Dawi-Zharr, dug out by thousands of slaves before being killed by the lava flow filling up the newly dug up canal. Hissing quagmires of oil gash the landscape, these thick black pools dotted around the land. Some are ablaze as a river of molten lava has run into them, while others have had all their liquid extracted by the Dawi-Zharr for their dark machines, leaving holes in the landscape, sometimes even miles deep.

Many of these excavations and volcanoes have given rise to all kinds of valuable materials and gems hidden beneath the earth: gold and silver, used by the Dawi-Zharr to forge their statues and decorate other suitably impressive creations; iron and copper, used to forge many weapons used not only by the Dawi-Zharr, but any race that sell their creations to; diamonds and sapphires, used to aide with the binding of daemons into their devices, or to forged into special created weapons for the especially wealthy Dawi-Zharr; as well sulphur, oil and tar, used in the foundries of the Dawi-Zharr for fuel. Here, the twisted Dwarfs of Chaos dominate the desolate realm from grim, obsidian fortresses and black temples of evil.





Excluding the area inhabited by the Dawi-Zharr, known as the Plain of Zharr, this infernal land is split up into three distinct, but very similar areas: The Blasted Wastes, the Howling Wastes and the Desolation of Azgorh. Each is the same desolate land as the rest of the Dark Lands, life appearing to have given up on trying, leaving this cracked and broken ground thousands of miles wide.

At the centre of these three areas is the Tower of Gorgoth, high above the land on a complex of mines and volcanoes. These mines are the largest complex of artificial caverns in the entire of the Dark Lands, dug underneath a mountain monolith, completely flat, like a titan had taken up his axe and cut completely clean slice through the entire mountain complex, leaving this formation as it still stands today. To the west of this complex is Mount Grey Hag, a Goblin Lair that the Dawi-Zharr use periodically to gather slaves for any of their insidious projects.

Leading from the Tower of Gorgoth to the north-east is a road that leads directly to Zharr-Naggrund, capital and the only major city of the Dawi-Zharr Empire. Directly halfway between the two is a massive gateway known as the Gates of Zharr. They are a giant monolithic gateway leading to Zharr-Naggrund from the Tower of Gorgoth.



THE PLAINS OF ZHARR

About three-hundred miles before a traveller would reach Zharr-Naggrund they would enter the lands known as the Plains of Zharr. Constantly excavated by slaves for their cruel masters, the Plains of Zharr are filled with forges and foundries tipped with burning towers, smoke erupting from pipes all over each of their constructs, sunken below the normal lay of the land. Many completely straight roads lead from many of the major engineering works to their dread city, mechanical machines moving along iron tracks along the ground, speeding up transport of natural goods, freshly engineering devices and newly thousands of captured slaves.

The inner empire of the Chaos Dwarfs is contained largely within the Plain of Zharr. The ground level of the Plain is lower than most of the surrounding lands, meaning that from a distance the mines and communities on the outer fringes are hidden within the thick acrid clouds that cover much of the region. A dominant geological feature of the 'Plain of Fire' is the comparatively thin depth of rock. Vents and rivers of lava are quite commonplace, and simply surviving the natural elements is a daily battle.

The refuse of a thousand years of labour fills the Plain of Zharr. Here the land is broken and tortured, a twisted shadow of its former self. Pits of molten tar and rivers of burning oil strew the landscape like open wounds, whilst massive stockpiles of coal scab over treacherous ground, festering in the sweltering heat.

ZORN UZKUL, THE GREAT SKULL LAND

Atop the mighty, bone-littered plateau of Zorn Uzkul, the Great Skull Land, lays the first city-fortress of the Chaos Dwarfs – Uzkulak, Place of the Skull. It was within this dread citadel where the touch of Chaos had first began its insidious transformation upon the Dwarfs of Zorn Uzkul. Here is where the Chaos Dwarfs acknowledge their true birth right.

"Yes, I have been to the Dark Lands... at least the western fringe of that Sigmar-forsaken land. I was part of an expedition to locate some ancient Dwarf mines where our employer, Herr Schmidt, hoped to find precious gems and other treasures, and thought we had a reasonable chance of succeeding.

"We were twelve strong when we set out. Our first obstacle was getting the Dwarfs' permission to pass through their lands. The stubborn little gits extracted a promise from our employer to return any Dwarf artefacts we came across.

Schmidt made the promise, but had no intent to fulfil his end. He figured that we could find a way past the Dwarfs on our return. It turned out that this was the least of our problems.

"At any rate, there was some trouble, but nothing we couldn't handle or skirt around. We eventually made our way to what looked like an old Dwarf colony in the eastern foothills of the Worlds Edge Mountains.

"All went well for the first week or so and then disaster. Seems that the stunties who let us pass didn't really trust our employer. They sent a rather cruel looking bunch with some crazy hats after us. They surprised us one night and we fought for our lives. Schmidt tried to speak with them, but they refused to talk in anything but their harsh tongue.

"We fought hard, but their number was greater. Fritz was killed outright followed by Otto and Bruno. The Dwarfs seemed to be more interested in taking prisoners as they were using clubs to beat us down. Reiner and I realised that we didn't have a chance and made a run for it.

"I don't know what happened to the others, but poor Reiner caught a Goblin arrow in the back during our sixth day in the mountains. I just ran at that point and eventually made it here half-starved. Now I just drink to forget."

- Confessions of a broken man in an inn in the Border
Princes town of Akendorf





When the Dawi-Zharr originally came to the Dark Lands, they built their city at Zorn Uzkul, or the Great Skull Land. When they fell under the influence of Hashut, their citadel here vanished, and they moved on south to the Plains of Zharr. Once the very heart of the Chaos Dwarf Empire, the old capital where the Chaos Dwarfs spawned into being is now but a mere outpost. Its grand halls are dark and silent, and its once booming city has been reshaped into a massive weapons foundry occupied by thousands of repugnant Goblinoid thralls. Many of the armaments that are forged in Uzkulak are taken into the Northern Wastes and traded with nomadic Chaos tribes.

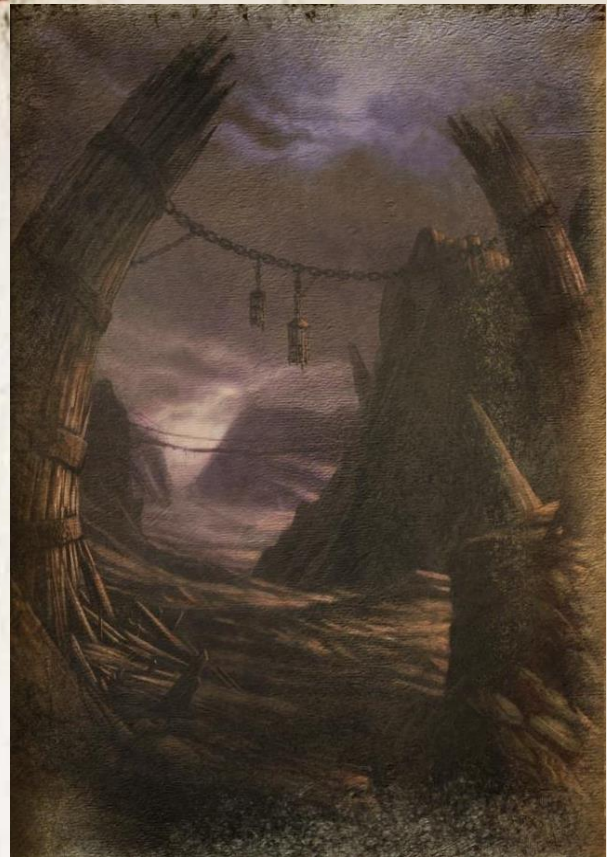
Rarely do the Dawi-Zharr travel in this area, preferring to go below, underneath the Great Skull Land to Uzulak by the tunnels leading from the Falls of Doom. Forgotten Dwarf-holds remain here, some taken over by Goblins, monsters or the dread creatures of Chaos, unchallenged in their supremacy. Sometimes the Dwarfs of the World's Edge Mountains send an expedition, or hire others, to head over to the Great Skull Land to find artefacts left or discarded by the Dawi-Zharr.

Going across the Great Skull Land is the winding path known as the Road of Skulls. In recent years the Dawi-Zharr have ensured that the road is in form with its name, burying countless number of skulls along the road, making it an actual Skull Road. The only reason behind this act was to show the superiority of the Dawi-Zharr race. This road runs from the High Path that leads to Kislev across the plateau of Zorn Uzkul, winding through a pass north of the Mountains of Mourn to the Realm of Chaos itself, providing the Dawi-Zharr with a trading route to the Chaos Warriors should it be required. The area this pass is constantly fought over between the Hobgoblins and the Steppe Nomads, each trying to get a strong hold on this trade route.

To the north of the Plains of Zharr are the Falls of Doom: these falls link the Great Skull Land with the Plains of Zharr, and allow the Dawi-Zharr to access their fortress of Uzkulak without crossing these lands. This is due to an extensive tunnel network that winds beneath most of Zorn Uzkul. The falls themselves are fed from Mare Uzkul, the lake that rests both above and below Zorn Uzkul. When the Dawi-Zharr first built around the Falls of Doom, they built some small factories nearby to harness the power of the falls, using it keep their infernal machinery sustained, but also kept at the right temperature, either heating up the water or using at its natural cold temperature.

THE BLASTED WASTES

To the west of the road leading from Zharr-Naggrund to the Tower of Gorgoth lie the Blasted Wastes, a barren and dead wasteland. Scarred from an experiment with the Wind of Aqshy, commonly known as the Wind of Fire, leaving the entire of that area barren for eternity, all living creatures and plants incinerated in the magical flames.



In these wastes lie many lairs of various races: the old Dwarfen stronghold in Crookback Mountain in the south, now held by the Skaven of Clan Rictus, modified and dug out to contain massive arrays of slave pens and warpstone works; Mount Grimfang held by the White Orc tribe of Orcs and Goblins in the west; and Gnashrak's Lair held in the north-east by the great and intelligent Doombull Gnashrak, and his Goblin servants, tolling or killing those that pass through Peak Pass. Many of these lairs are raided by the Dawi-Zharr, capturing any unfortunate enough to live through this encounter.

The parched lands of the Blasted Wastes are a great desert that supports very little life. The powerful winds that cross this land have long since destroyed the fragile ecosystems that once existed here. Scattered tribes of nomadic goblins live in valleys and hills; ambushing caravans and attacking other tribes to survive. Sand storms and the burning sun will force many travelling parties to fight for the shelter of caves, and access to water holes.

THE HOWLING WASTES

Covering much of the area between the Plain of Zharr, and Black Fortress in the south is area known as the Howling Wastes. These lands are covered in perpetual mists and great areas of swamplands that will thwart all travellers who do not have experienced guides. There are a great number of amphibious creatures who populate these lands including trolls, great lizards and river snakes. Many of these are a constant source of danger to the caravans that travel upon the Silver Road that passes through these lands. This road is actually





part of a network of paths, the exact route will vary depending on which guides are present, and what the weather has been like for the time of year.

Strewn about this ash covered wasteland are many important landmarks, both natural and artificial: the Daemon's Stump, the Sentinels, the Black Fortress and Flayed Rock, all in the east of this great heath. Great winds howl across the entirety of the Howling Wastes, carrying the pitiful screams and cries of slaves, thus earning this wasteland its name.

One of the crucial stopping points on the Silver Road are the Sentinels, a massive rock formation of many pillars of stone, covered at their tops with ash, like a mountain would be peaked by snow. Formed of honeycombed rock and supported by a wooden structure, supposedly placed there by the Sky Titans in ages long gone. They show where the Silk Road of the Empire ends, and the Ogre Kingdoms begin. To get any further from here Ogre guides are almost a must. Thankfully, Maneaters can be hired in large quantities, on their way back home to boast of their exploits in the world of the thinlings and feast on proper cavebeast steaks.

To the south of the Black Fortress and the Sentinels, next to where the River Ruin splits into the Scalded Delta is Pigbarter, a massive slum town. It is at the crossing point of the Spice route, made of filth and mud. It is the other major stop-off point for traders, after the Sentinels, and is where humans and Gnoblar can co-exist. To a certain degree at least...

The area was given its name by travellers because of the strange noises they heard. The distant groans of creatures, death cries of the lost, and the calls of vultures flying high creates an uneasy feeling for any travellers wandering in the thick mists.

THE DESOLATION OF AZGORH

In an age before the race of dwarfs had even known of the Dark Lands, the ancient volcano Azgorh erupted with such force that it blew itself apart. Never before had such devastating force been known by mortals. The ash cloud blowing south was seen as far away as Khemri, and the sound of the explosion was recorded by elves in what is now Bretonnia.

The colossal forces unleashed on the lands between the Ash Ridge Mountains, and what would later be the Mines of Gorgoth, rent the ground asunder from earthquakes and pyroclastic flows. This carved the landscape into a labyrinth of razor sharp rocks and vents of toxic steam, where no creatures or plants will live. Only the most foolhardy adventurers would seek to travel through these lands in search of precious minerals.

The Ash Ridge Mountains are so called for they are the most prominent volcanoes in the entire of the Dark Lands, their clouds of ash only surpassed by the thousands of funnels of smoke situated around Zharr-Naggrund itself. They separate the rest of the Dark Lands from one small area known as the Plains of Bone.





These plains are situated at the far south of the Dark Lands, where the dragons of old laid their weary heads and entered the eternal sleep. Many powerful Undead wizards are particularly interested in this area, seeking to gain power by awakening one of these powerful beasts to their own desires.

Within these plains is the ruined Fortress of Vorag, built after a number of battles with the Undead from Cripple Peak marching across the Straits of Nagash, to help defend the Dawi-Zharr territory from further Undead attacks. When no more came the guard was gradually downsized, until Vorag, the most powerful Strigoi Vampire in existence, passed through it on his rampage to Mourkain. Though he has since left, it is now infested with lesser Vampires, ghouls, and other Undead beasts.

THE PLAIN OF BONES

The Plain of Bones is a stretch of desert land despoiled by the windblown pollutants carried from the industry of the Chaos Dwarfs to the north and ravaged by wandering Greenskin tribes. To the south lies the poisoned sand beaches along the Sea of Dread. Huge rib-cages many times larger than a man protrude from the multi-coloured sands of the Plain of Bones, for it is the place where generations of dragons have come to spend their last hours among the living. When a dragon knew its time was short, it would fly to the Plain of Bones and rest there where it landed, waiting for death to come. No-one knows why they did this, but their bones, as well as the many bones of adventurers who came after the treasures brought by these dragons or

necromancers who came to enslave a Zombie dragon but failed, cover the land.

This practice ended, however, during the time of the first great Chaos Incursion, when dark energy seeped out of the north and malignant evil entered the corpses of the dead dragons. The dragons stirred once more and they rose to become Zombie Dragons, prowling the Plain of Bones.

This area supports the greatest variety of plant and animal life in the Dark Lands. Scattered amongst the great plains are streams and forests of twisted trees where all manner of bizarre creatures struggle for survival. Many headed hydras, communities of large cyclopean creatures, greenskin and beastmen tribes all fight for the few resources that exist. Those unfortunate enough to be exiled or wander in search of new food or clean water will usually die, their bodies being added to the endless plains of bones that stretch across much of this land.

Long ago, the great necromancer Nagash upon hearing of the fabled plains sent a small expedition into the Dark lands. The undead were fortunately defeated by a loose coalition of tribes, creatures, and a small fleet of Chaos Dwarfs slave boats who had been travelling down the straits of Nagash in search of skaven and goblins to enslave. To guard against further attacks the Fortress of Vorag was built. After many centuries with no sign of Nagash returning the Fortress fell into disrepair, and the small garrison was eventually overrun by an army of Ogres.





THE RIVER RUIN

The mighty River Ruin, which comes rushing down from the Mountains of Mourn, cuts across The Dark Lands like an immense scar. By the time it reaches the broad, desolate lower plains, the Ruin is many miles wide, a meandering, sluggish river flowing reluctantly between towering craggy banks before finally disgorging itself into the Sea of Despair. The river runs deathly cold, chilled by its long passage through the Mountains of Mourn, and it is said that to set foot in the waters of the Ruin is to freeze to death in a moment. Its waters are black as ice, and run deep between its mountainous banks.

From the moment the great river passes Uzkulak, to when it comes out into the Sea of Dread from the Scalded Delta, the River Ruin becomes increasingly polluted. As the river passes Zharr Naggrund, it is polluted with all manner of toxic and industrial wastes, effluence, scrap metals and the bodies of slaves. These pollutants have long since killed off any life that could exist in the river itself, and very few creatures will now live along the river banks.

At very few places can the river be safely crossed, this makes it an ideal natural defence against all the denizens who populate the Mountains of Mourn and the lands beyond. The great caravans from the East will usually use the Ivory Ford or the docks at Pigbarter to cross the river. All other places are very dangerous and usually perilous.

THE CITADELS OF THE CHAOS DWARFS

Far from dying away, the Chaos Dwarf empire is slowly and steadily expanding its influence and maintains several major outposts and fortified citadels in the Dark Lands, most notably Mingol Zharr-Naggrund, the Tower of Gorgoth and the Black Fortress, although none could truly claim dominion over the shifting, desolate landscape of the Dark Lands, nor its monstrous inhabitants.

"In the year of 1346, Kald Gorfgrimm, Hearth Lord of much renown, in fulfilment of Oath placed upon him by his King, led an expedition into the eastern lands to establish trade with the distant kingdoms of Cathay.

Gorfgrimm had been given orders to travel through the southern reaches of the Plain of Bone, avoiding the lands in which our debased kin lurk. Yet he had not reckoned with the Daemons that lair within those dark lands, great fiery bull descended from the sky on the fortieth day, scattering the column amid much slaughter and trampling Gorfgrimm's body beneath its hooves. His Oath unfulfilled is now a shame upon his kin.

May Grimmir curse all their Chaos-spawned breed, their malice brings us nothing but loss and suffering."

- *The Death of Kald Gorfgrimm, from the Karak Azur Book of Grudges*

Mingol Zharr-Naggrund, The Tower of Fire and Desolation

At the northern-most tip of the Dark Lands, where the Worlds Edge Mountains meet the Mountains of Mourn and the River Ruin first reaches the plains, there stands a great ziggurat, rearing high above the plain and dominating the grey landscape for miles. It straddles the river, which vanishes into its walls through heavy iron-caged sluices. The walls of this towering edifice are made of obsidian – black volcanic glass whose light reflects the flames of the myriad furnaces that burn both day and night – and it is many miles around at its base; it would take hours to trek around it on foot, even if the unwary traveller could somehow cross the River Ruin running through its middle.

Thick grey drifts of dust and slag lie piled up around the base of this ziggurat, driven onto its mountainous walls by the harsh winds that sweep remorselessly out of the Mountains of Mourn. A huge road, paved in thick, beaten sheets of gold and brass, leads to the ziggurat's massive stone doors, hundreds of feet tall, which are mounted on immense black iron hinges.

Endless columns of chained slaves are driven into this cavernous opening by lash-wielding figures, never to emerge into the wan daylight again. The cold air is filled with their wailing cries as they are led to their doom within the black walls.

Great rolling plumes of smoke belch from unseen chimneys and vents at the pinnacle of the ziggurat, swirling heavily around its peak as leaden clouds that obscure the topmost towers from view. Columns of flame roar intermittently through the choking smoke, suffusing the dark landscape and the thousands of hapless slaves with a dull red glow.

This great artificial mountain is the city of the Chaos Dwarfs, known in the Dwarf tongue as Mingol Zharr-Naggrund (literally "The Great City of Fire and Desolation"). In legends, the ziggurat was not built, but instead was magically carved from a single immense black mountain thousands of years ago by the most powerful Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers. Few men have ever seen the Chaos Dwarf city, and many say that it exists only in the most awful of legends. Those few hardy adventurers who have travelled to within sight of its black walls, and have hidden amongst the piles of ash, dust and bones whilst the endless slave columns vanish into the gaping maw of the great stone doors, are reluctant to relive the experience through idle storytelling.

The Tower of Zharr-Naggrund lies at the centre of the Chaos Dwarf Empire and is the object of all their labours and enterprise. Though there are numerous mines, workshops, foundries and fortresses throughout the Plain of Zharrduk and beyond, there is just one mighty city in all the empire. The entire city is built in a series of tall steps, each step hundreds of feet high and surmounted by battlements that jut upwards like a row of ugly fangs.





Each step is square, and the bottom step is pierced by four huge stone gateways bound in iron. The gates are almost as high as the walls and massive beyond any obvious need. From the east and west gateways roads paved with slabs of gold and brass lead to the Mountains of Mourn and the Dark Lands. The north and south gateways are the river sluices through which the waters of the River Ruin pour. The cold river enters the city from the north and it is put to use cooling the huge forges of the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers, powering the steam-driven engines, and flushing the effluent of industry out to the south. Where the river emerges from city's southern wall, the river is stained red and yellow with filth, by the outpourings of the infernal machines that thump and grind deep within the monolith's unseen depths. It is laden with noxious sediments and its steaming water is thick and poisonous. A foul yellow cloud hangs about the river and its banks are choked with drifts of spectacularly coloured pollutants.

The tower constantly throbs with the pounding of hammers and the screams of victims sacrificed in molten cauldrons to Hashut's greater glory. It is the labour of generations of slaves, surrounded by mountainous piles of displaced rock from the mines that gouge the landscape around the tower and slag from the countless forges of the Chaos Dwarfs.

THE TEMPLE OF HASHUT

At the pinnacle of the city of Zharr-Naggrund is the Temple of Hashut. The immense temple is the scene of festivities and sacrifices to the Father of Darkness.

His temple is guarded by Bull Centaurs, creatures mutated from Chaos Dwarfs long ago. They have the body of a bull but the torso of a Chaos Dwarf, with long snaggly tusks and exotically curled beards. Inside the temple its guardians perform bloodthirsty rites, throwing captives into cauldrons of molten metal to the echoing laughter of the assembled Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers. On top of the temple stands the iron statue of Hashut in his bull form. The god is the embodiment of the city, its deity and its master, whose power flows through the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers, and for whom thousands of slaves are sacrificed by fire and furnace. The statue's hollow iron belly contains a furnace heated by coals so that the statue glows red hot and anyone who touches its surface suffers searing wounds.

A gilded, ogre-sized altar stands before the statue, with two sunken vats of molten metal flanking it. The temple walls depict battle scenes where the victorious Chaos Dwarfs march their captives to the mines. Sacrificial slaves are usually dropped into one of the vats of molten metal. A few, mostly mighty warriors vanquished in battle, are held on the altar as they are ripped from sternum to waist and their heart removed before their eyes. The presiding Sorcerer-Prophet then 'honours' the fallen foe by eating the still beating heart. The carcass is dropped into a chute behind the statue of Hashut, which falls away to a river of lava thousands of feet below the surface.

A thousand massive furnaces burn within the vastness of Zharr-Naggrund, smelting the metals that are the lifeblood of the city. The city is a huge living workshop full of smoke and noise, illuminated by its inner fires and driven by machines of vast size and power. Gigantic steamdriven hammers stamp out sheets of iron and bronze with rhythmic booms like the heartbeats of a cyclopean god.

Massive cauldrons of bubbling metal pour out their molten contents into twisted moulds of intricate construction. The roaring of furnaces, groaning of huge wheels and grinding of arcane machines fills the oily air. The noise and the labours never cease. The Dark Lands are shrouded in thick volcanic clouds and smoke from the workshops of Zharrduk, so the Tower of Zharr-Naggrund exists in a timeless twilight, illuminated by the carmine fires of its own forges.

The succeeding step of the ziggurat houses an ascending level of Chaos Dwarf society. The third and fourth highest steps are the sanctuary of the Sorcerer-Prophets, open only to members of their harems and their most trusted servants. The lower levels house the bulk of the clan's population.

The Hobgoblin overseers also reside in the lower levels, but closer to the workshops, forges and slave pens. This ensures that the Hobgoblins can respond quickly to any trouble. It also places them between the slaves and their Chaos Dwarf masters in the event of a slave revolt.





Huge doors, guarded by massive Bull Centaurs, bar entry to the uppermost tiers. A separate passageway, with heavily-guarded doors, bypasses these tiers and leads to the very top of Zharr-Naggrund, and the Great Temple of Hashut. The immense temple can accommodate the entire Chaos Dwarf population of Zharr-Naggrund.

The mines of Zharr-Naggrund honeycomb the land beneath and around the Obsidian City. Though heavily polluted, the Plains of Zharrduk are rich with mineral deposits, gemstones, and metal ores. Thousands of slaves labour in the mines.

Although periodic slave revolts occur, the Chaos Dwarfs believe that the Hobgoblins are in largely control of their charges. In fact, parts of the deeper mines have become bastions for renegade slaves of every type. The Hobgoblins, afraid to incur the wrath of their masters, have not reported the worsening situation; instead, they have done their best to seal off these sections, and avoid them whenever possible. Occasional heavily-armed raiding parties venture in, with the aim of recapturing some of the renegade slaves.

Many thousands of years ago when the Dwarfs first migrated into the Dark Lands, they chose to settle within the gigantic walls of a long extinct volcano to build their first city. Here the marauding Greenskins could easily be fought off and stone for building was plentiful. When later they arose from the darkness as Chaos Dwarfs they set about building a huge fortress city from within as the capital of their dark empire. Over several hundred years of planning and a thousand years of building, the city of Zharr Naggrund has become one of the most heavily fortified cities in the known world. It rivals even the unassailable fortress of Karaz-a-Karak in the West with the ingenuity of its construction.

Long before reaching the city itself, enemies approaching from west of the River Ruin will have to overcome the many strongholds located throughout the Plain of Zharr, each a mighty bastion in its own right. Around these lie many deadfalls, tar pits, and other natural obstacles that can be turned into traps with ease. Each of these bastions are connected both to each other and to Zharr Naggrund itself through a vast network of tunnels, allowing the defenders to withdraw to the city in safety if needed.

Should an enemy overcome these outlying defences, they will then have to break through the immense outer wall of the city itself. Arising from the old volcano walls, and standing over a hundred feet tall and forty feet thick with towers containing deadly war machines to provide crossfire, it would be a strong enemy indeed who could break through.

Should besiegers overcome this defence they will then have to break through an inner wall almost as strong, but with many more war machines and Devastators positioned to create killing zones. As the enemy feebly attempts to breach this inner defence yet more traps will be activated; the ground below them collapsing down hundreds of feet, or erupting into a sea of alchemical fire as flames spew forth from the mouths of statues to Hashut.

Within the city itself are countless citadels and temples surrounded by thick walls and poisonous moats. Beneath these run a network of tunnels allowing the Chaos Dwarf army to strike into the heart of a besieging enemy and take them completely by surprise. Should an enemy attempt to tunnel into the city they will come up against the labyrinthine mines and passages that spread out across most of the Plain of Zharr. The construction of the network is so intricate that no single Dawi Zharr has a complete knowledge of them, all being filled with natural traps and fortified strong points.





Across this gargantuan industrial city of iron and stone the Chaos Dwarfs work unceasingly. Huge workshops with mechanical forge hammers work night and day beating out a cacophony of noise that can be heard from many miles away. From all across the city towering chimneys rise to pierce the sky, spilling out their black smoke and covering the lands in a perpetual choking darkness. Hundreds of ziggurats built from black obsidian stretch as far as the eye can see, each illuminated ominously by flaming torches. Travelling towards the centre of the city and the immense Temple of Zharr the Chaos Dwarfs have built four roads of bronze, aligned exactly to the points of a compass. Each passes over several bridges, under which the Chaos Dwarfs use a network of roads and steam wagons to live and work. The Temple of Zharr itself is by far the largest ziggurat in the city and is surrounded by a wide chasm that stretches down into darkness. The cacophony of wails and machines erupting from below enough to strike fear into hearts of the bravest of individuals.

From within the walls of Mingol Zharr-Naggrund issue forth the armies of the Chaos Dwarf Overlords, to do battle with the inhabitants of the ash plains of the Dark Lands. The towns and cities they conquer are pulled to the ground and their foundations dug up and destroyed. The enslaved population is forced to pile the remains into a semblance of the ziggurat of Mingol Zharr-Naggrund to mark the coming of the Chaos Dwarfs. Thousands die in their cruel labours, deprived as they are of food and water, while those who survive the ordeal are dragged back in chains to serve deep within the walls of the Chaos Dwarf city. Over the centuries, this practice has desolated the plains that surround the black ziggurat; all that remains in this wasted landscape are towering piles of rubble, sinister monuments to the might of Mingol Zharr-Naggrund.

The Tower of Gorgoth

The Tower of Gorgoth pierces the horizon like an obsidian dagger where it rests on the northern edge of the Plateau of Zorn Mizpal in a small volcanic mountain range in the southern region of the Dark Lands. The region is a dark, gloomy place. The skies are filled with ash from the numerous active volcanoes. The plateau is rich in ore and gemstones, and riddled with Chaos Dwarf mines. Deep within the remains of the long extinct volcano Azgorh, the Dawi Zharr found there to be vast seams of precious minerals. Many years ago, the Chaos Dwarfs discovered rich metal deposits beneath the plateau and established Gorgoth as a mining colony. Today, Gorgoth is a slave labour camp, where those unfortunate enough to have survived Chaos Dwarf raids spend the rest of their days toiling away in its hellish furnaces.

Untold numbers of slaves have been brought here over the centuries, and the mines have developed into an extensive network. As the seams get deeper, they require increasing numbers of slaves to dig, and numerous slave trading clans have set up permanent residence within the Tower of Gorgoth itself. This area

is filled with rich mining ores and serves as an important resource depot for the Chaos Dwarf Empire. Extracts of metallic minerals, coal and other precious stones are acquired. Thousands of thralls toil in the excavation of the mines of Gorgoth, while diabolic Daemonsmiths create their Daemonic-forged weapons within the deeps of the heat spewing volcanoes.

A huge garrison of Chaos Dwarfs keeps vigilance over the tower and the surrounding area with rocket batteries aligned along the ramparts and towers of the citadel. Being remote from the Plain of Zharr, the Tower of Gorgoth is regularly assaulted by masses of both Skaven from Crookback Mountain and Goblins from Mount Greyhag, but the Tower of Gorgoth has never fallen to the enemies of Hashut. Such sieges usually amounts to the capture of even more Goblinoid thralls. In recent years was besieged by an army of Ogres who proceeded to eat all the slaves they could find. After several weeks of desperate fighting they were finally pushed out, but it will take many years to bring production back to its old levels.

The second largest Chaos Dwarf settlement, Gorgoth is only a fraction of the size of Zharr-Naggrund. Its ruler, the Sorcerer-Priest Xeros, recently succeeded his older brother, who was captured in a recent battle against Zharr-Naggrund and sacrificed. Xeros is responsible for ensuring a steady stream of tribute (mostly slaves) from the wild Orc and Goblin tribes of the Wolf Lands (Varagazan), as well as securing the south-western frontier of the Chaos Dwarf Empire.

Gorgoth is a huge factory; enormous furnaces and numerous forges provide the only light in this dismal landscape. The area is almost as heavily polluted as





that around Zharr-Naggrund itself. Hobgoblins are scarce in these parts, which places the burden of controlling the large slave population on the Chaos Dwarfs' lesser kin. They have elevated certain favoured Humans to act as overseers in exchange for a slight improvement in their own living conditions.

Gorgoth comprises of a central spire of obsidian – about 150 feet tall – surrounded by four smaller towers of dark grey stone. The citadel's Temple to Hashut is at the top of the spire, near Xeros' chambers. The entire complex is surrounded by a massive fifty-foot wall, with a single gate opening to the world beyond. Bas-reliefs of Lammasus wearing the characteristic hats of the Chaos Dwarfs flank the gate. This is the last sight of the outside world the most captives ever see.

The Black Fortress

The Black Fortress lies south of the Daemon's Stump on the banks of the River Ruin. Like Gorgoth to the west, the Black Fortress marks the southern frontier. Guardian of the south-eastern teaches of the Chaos Dwarf realm, the Black Fortress is a vast, jagged citadel stained black by the volcanic fires of the rocky plateau on which it sits. Along with the Tower of Gorgoth, it vies for prominence and power as the second most important fortress-citadel of the Chaos Dwarfs beyond their heartland on the Zharrduk Plain. But while the Tower of Gorgoth exists to stand watch over a slew of deep mines and caverns, the purpose of the Black Fortress is as a purely military outpost, and is headquarters for the Legion of Azgorh. The legion is a mighty standing army which ranges across the desolation of the southern Dark Lands, escorts the far-flung slave caravans through the Howling Wastes and stands as a bulwark against frequent invasions of Ogres, Orcs and worse from the east.

Even among their own kind, the warriors of the Black Fortress are renowned for their brutality and warlike nature, and far removed as it is from Zharr-Naggrund



and the favour of the great temple it is often a place of internal exile for those who have suffered in the savage politics of the empire. The hellish caverns deep beneath the Black Fortress are also home to the Infernal Guard – a cult of disgraced warriors enslaved to the master Of the Black Fortress who must redeem themselves in the eyes of Hashut and the Dhrath-Zharr or die in the attempt. For many centuries the lord of the Black Fortress and commander of the Legion has been the Sorcerer-Prophet Drazhoath the Ashen, bitter rival of Lord Astragoth, feared and respected in equal measure by the Chaos Dwarfs bound to his service as a ruthless general and powerful wielder of Hashut's sacred fire.

The Black Fortress lies south of the Daemon's Stump on the banks of the River Ruin. Like Gorgoth to the west, the Black Fortress marks the southern frontier. On the opposite bank of the River Ruin the towering Flayed Rock casts its ominous shadow. With spiralling stairs cut around its sides, the monolith is stained red with the blood of countless thousand sacrifices. Such sacrifices help to sustain the dread the Chaos Dwarfs are so keen to inspire in their enemies, for upon its sides are representatives from every known race. The Black Fortress has a terrifying reputation that spreads far beyond the Dark Lands. Rising from an extinct volcano the razor sharp obsidian around its base forms an impenetrable natural defence against any that would dare attack. From this bastion Drazhoath the Ashen surveys the lands to the East, ready to halt any attacks the denizens of those lands may dare.

The obelisk across the river, called the Flayed Rock, delineates the extent of Chaos Dwarf influence and serves as a warning to possible intruders. The Fortress and Rock are both constructed of obsidian and basalt.

The River Ruin is marginally less polluted here than at any point since it passed through Zharr-Naggrund. Most of the heavier toxins have already seeped into the ground by this point. South of the Flayed Rock, the River Andun emerges from the east and mingles its clean water with the polluted and sluggish River Ruin. This mixing dilutes the remaining poisons, and the lower River Ruin flows more freely to the sea.

Other than providing supplies of obsidian and basalt, the mines at Black Fortress are rather marginal. The small amount of wealth they produce is just enough to keep the remote outpost viable and supplied.

Uzkulak, The Place of the Skull

Known as the "Place of the Skull", Uzkulak is the northernmost of the Chaos Dwarf settlements. Located far north of the far side valleys of Kislev and the High Pass, just a few dozen leagues south of the Chaos Wastes, Uzkulak began as one of the many strongholds built during the Golden Age of the Chaos Dwarfs. The fortified port grew quickly over the decades with barbarian traders travelling many hundreds of miles to come and acquire the legendary weapons and armour of the Chaos Dwarfs. With the Skull Road situated between the port and Zharr Naggrund, it was always in





danger of being cut off from aid by a besieging army from land. An underground sea canal was constructed to connect the distant strongholds, allowing a secure route for the fleet or armies travelling out to the north, and a way to increase trade as a result.

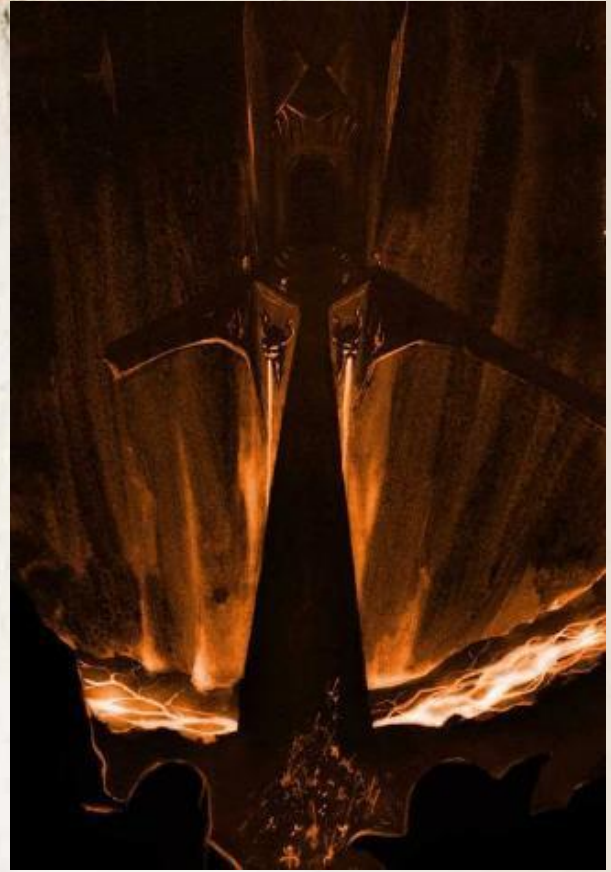
Uzkulak is a strange, secretive place, and the bustling workings of its slaveport and anchorage hide an ancient inner-city that is little more than a heavily garrisoned tomb. The forbidden, lower levels of Uzkulak are shunned, even by its masters and to be consigned to its depths, is a punishment reserved for oath-breakers and blasphemers as the worst fate the Chaos Dwarfs can bestow. A fact which, given the malevolent inventiveness of the Daemonsmiths in such matters, speaks much of the horrors which must abide there.

For 52 years the River Ruin ran dry as the Falls of Doom and the Zhuf Uzkul, or River of Death, were built. Many thousands of slaves died during its construction, and the Chaos Dwarfs had to repel many attackers from the east wishing to take advantage of the situation. The Falls themselves were rebuilt from a large waterfall into a 6 gate ship lock, with ingenious steam powered mechanisms allowing a large warship to move up or down over the course of a day.

The fortress of Uzkulak also serves as a major processing centre of captured prisoners. For those that attempt to cross the expanse of the Dark Lands through The High Pass of the World Edge Mountains into the Road of Skulls are often waylaid by tribes of Hobgoblins or the wicked Chaos Dwarf slave companies of Uzkulak. Once taken captive by the Chaos Dwarfs, the rabble are processed and assigned to the various weapon shops of Uzkulak. The excess rabble are shackled together and marched to the Plain of Zharr where they find a new meaning of pain and vulgarism within the horrid Hell Pits of Zharr. Its once booming city has been reshaped into a massive weapons foundry occupied by thousands of repugnant Goblinoid thralls.

In recent centuries the Zhuf Uzkul has been reinforced on many occasions, adding nightmarish statues, twisted faces and numerous war machines along the miles of dark tunnels and natural caverns to add extra levels of defence against would-be attackers. In the many centuries since its construction there have been myths told by Dawi Zharr Captains of huge dark beasts that wells in the dark waters, rare sightings seem to support that such creatures exists, yet the stories have yet to be fully proven.

Uzkulak is one of the two major routes for the Dawi-Zharr slaver missions, as well as a construction yard for these ironclad vessels. These small ships are the main Dawi-Zharr navy, constructed of iron and fuelled by giant furnaces. Each one is armed with as many cannons as possible, defending the ship from attacks from other vessels. The front of each vessel is capable of opening up in one form or another, allowing an army



of Dawi-Zharr to land on the shore and immediately assault and enslave any defenders. The port itself is an incredibly productive stronghold, using extensive amounts of slave labour to help build and maintain the Dawi-Zharr ships.

Sorcerer-Priest Zargon has been the Lord of Uzkulak for over a hundred years. In his hands lies the security of the northern gate to Zharr-Naggrund and the Chaos Dwarf Empire. Uzkulak is connected to the Plains of Zharrduk and the River Ruin by a Chaos Dwarf excavated tunnel system called "Skullfire Way".

Uzkulak was a small outpost until the Chaos incursion of 2302 I.C. It was quickly overrun by the followers of Khorne, and its garrison slaughtered. The Blood God's army breached the gate to the Skullfire Way, and made their way quickly to besiege Zharr-Naggrund. Years after Chaos retreated northward, the Chaos Dwarfs rebuilt Uzkulak as a stronghold to guard the northern approaches.

The fortress of Uzkulak is dominated by a single tower of granite, the top of which contains the Temple of Hashut. Granite walls, 25 feet high and studded with gun emplacements, surround the tower. The garrison is several hundred strong; about two-thirds are Hobgoblins. Uzkulak is ever vigilant against the threat that the Blood God's minions may return. Large, heavily-armed patrols of Chaos Dwarfs and Hobgoblins scout the surrounding area regularly. Any individuals caught wandering the land are captured as spies and mercilessly interrogated; very few survive the ministrations of the Chaos Dwarf torturers.





Through use of unknown sorcery and Hashut's blessings, it is said that Sorcerer-Priest Zargon has bred a type of Minotaur from the Great Taurus and some of the captives from the marauding Steppe-dwelling human tribes. These creatures are very much like the Minotaurs in form and function with only a face like a Lammasu (see below) differentiating Zargon's get from those creatures found in the Forest of Shadows. It is clear that Zargon plans to use his Minotaurs to enhance his army's fighting strength.

The mines around Uzkulak are few. The region, called the Great Skull Land (Zorn Uzkul) is a vast, inhospitable, mineral-poor plateau where the cold air is thin and vegetation is scarce. The little vegetation that still exists has been mutated by the warpdust that occasionally blows in from the Wastes.

Twenty-five years ago, a slave revolt threatened to destroy the fortress and was violently put down after considerable losses. The warning was not lost upon the Chaos Dwarf masters and the shortage of slaves continues to this day.

The Gates of Zharr

Hundreds of leagues from the Plain of Zharr lays the infernal fortress known as the Gates of Zharr. Here the stronghold's massive iron gates act as a checkpoint and outpost for caravans of slaves making the long trek from the Plain of Zharr to the Tower of Gorgoth in the south. The Gates of Zharr lay at the centre of what is known as "Slaver's Way", a paved road of thick tar that stretches from the Plain of Zharr all the way to the gates of Gorgoth.

The structure is simply a large archway flanked by several towers of black grey basalt. The Gates mark the southern boundary of the Chaos Dwarf Empire proper.



Beyond it lies the frontier, where the Chaos Dwarfs' control is continually contested by the wild Orc and Goblin tribes. These giant archway-towers reach over a hundred feet in the air, constructed by endless toiling of slave labour, the Dawi-Zharr continuously edging them. These dread gates were then consecrated with the sacrifice of those very slaves who constructed it. Their skulls were then dipped in iron and incorporated into the archway by Dawi-Zharr artisans. It stands as a testimony to the power and cruelty of the Dawi-Zharr Empire.

Most of the Chaos Dwarfs and Hobgoblins stationed at this outpost reside in underground chambers; only their superiors lodge above ground. General Dariek is the commander of the outpost, and is assisted by Montaz, the sorcerous liaison to Zharr-Naggrund. Patrols of Chaos Dwarfs and Hobgoblins sweep the Blasted Wastes to the west and the highway to the south for raiding bands of greenskins, and for any other potential slaves.

The Gates of Zharr have no mines, forges or furnaces, and as a consequence the area is less polluted than any other Chaos Dwarf settlement. Still, this region of the Dark Lands is relatively uninhabitable for all but the most determined and thorny plants. Periodic windstorms blow clouds of dust and pollutants from the north, leaving the region desolate. Food and drink is brought from the Chaos Dwarf capital, or obtained through trade with a few allied Orc and Goblin tribes.

Here the Chaos Dwarf slavers rest and refresh themselves as the rabble is goaded into the lower levels of the fortress. Here the huddled masses are expected to recuperate and gain strength for the completion of their journey to the Tower of Gorgoth. In truth, rest for the rabble never comes. These slave-chambers are filthy beyond belief and packed so tight with slaves that there is barely room to stand, let alone sit or lay down. Hundreds of thralls are found dead in the morning, but these lives are meaningless to the thousand others that will make the journey to Gorgoth intact.

Gash Kadrak, The Vale of Woe

Gash Kadrak, also known as the Vale of Woe, is a massive cleft that stretches deep into the Mountains of Mourn and it is among the cliffs of this gapping chasm where the notorious Hobgoblin tribe, the Sneaky Gits, make their foul lairs. Within the massive canyon below their sanctuaries, the Sneaky Gits oversee the punishment camps of the Chaos Dwarf Empire in what has become known as the Vale of Woe. Here the enemies of Hashut unworthy for sacrifice and too defiant for the laborious Hell Pits are assigned meaningless, insignificant tasks for the amusement of their Hobgoblin Taskmasters. Ordered to move great mounds of rocks into separate, smaller piles and then back again while suffering the cruel lashes of their Hobgoblin overseers. The Sneaky Gits rejoice in great delight at the shrieks and pleas of their broken victims, who are brought to the brink of exhaustion and insanity before succumbing to brutal persecution.





Its inaccessibility makes it easy to defend. Gash Kadrak is home to the largest concentration of mercenary Hobgoblins within the Dark Lands. Here the Chaos Dwarfs allow their favoured mercenaries a surprisingly high level of autonomy to govern their own affairs and sustain their own economy. Such freedom comes at a price, for the extortionate trade agreements and military orders are evidence enough.

Gash Kadrak also is a site of an infamous Dawi-Zharr defeat. During the Black Orc revolts the Dawi-Zharr managed to defeat the Orcs, but a number of Black Orcs and other Goblinoids fled to the Mountains of Mourn. These ex-slaves raided the Plains of Zharr routinely, and after a few years a Dawi-Zharr army marched off to the Mountains of Mourn to roust their foes. A large force of Hobgoblin Wolf Riders accompanied the army. As the Hobgoblins advanced into the mountains they suffered heavy losses, but they drove the Orcs and Goblins out. A Black Orc known as Ruglum led these Orcs. Ruglum's army fled out onto the plains and retreated up into the Gash Kadrak. The Dawi-Zharr were delighted because they knew that Ruglum's army was trapped, and they followed them up into the Vale. As the Dawi-Zharr rushed after their fleeing foes, an even larger Orc army unknown to the Dawi-Zharr followed right behind them into the Vale, cutting the Dawi-Zharr off. When the Dawi-Zharr chased Ruglum down, they suddenly discovered they were trapped between two armies with no place to flee. The entire Dawi-Zharr army was utterly destroyed. A year later Ruglum's army was destroyed, but this vale was known thereafter as the Vale of Woe.

The Daemon's Stump

On the outskirts of the Howling Wastes downriver from Zharr-Naggrund, lays a condemned citadel, the abominable fortress known only as the Daemon's Stump, marking the southeast boundary of the Chaos Dwarf Empire. Across the polluted river lie the Mountains of Mourn, home to the hostile Orc and Goblin tribes and the Ogre Kingdoms. Foremost among the greenskins are the descendants of the Black Orc slaves that escaped Zharr-Naggrund over 2,500 years ago.

The Daemon's Stump was said to have been formed when the Ogre Tyrant Argut Skullcrusher and the Bloodthirster Baaltor had a great battle in the Dark Lands in the year -2130 IC, lasting 40 days and nights. The Bloodthirster was entombed in a great pillar of rock by the mortally wounded Ogre. That pillar was from then on known as the Daemon's Stump, and later the Chaos Dwarfs erected a fortress on top.

Each of the eight stone gates built into the walls are connected to great interlocking gears, all of which are part of a greater vastly complex mechanism that opens the doors of Daemon's Stump or holds them closed against even the mightiest of siege engines. Within the walls themselves are countless workshops, libraries and storage areas built down over many levels in a vast crater. At any time, night or day, there will always be

hundreds of Dawi Zharr engineers at work slaving over their new creations. As the most reclusive and insular of Chaos Dwarf cities, little is generally known of the projects being undertaken in the upper levels at Zharrakkhos. Clans wishing to purchase something will always negotiate with traders in Zharr-Naggrund. Legions of slaves toil under Hobgoblin overseers in the rugged foothills. Most of these slaves are Humans, Dwarfs or Skaven and this limits any potential rebellion, as the only escape route is deeper into the Orc- and Ogre-infested mountains.

Sorcerer-Priest Mhartok surveys his domain from his chambers at the tower's pinnacle. Through his leadership and sorcerous abilities, Mhartok has maintained the peace (that is to say, he has not suffered any catastrophic losses) in the region for the past five hundred years. Mhartok is one of the more powerful of the Sorcerer-Priests, but must remain at his post. His older twin, Khomenu, is the clan elder and has demonstrated an uncanny ability to survive even though he is the less powerful of the two. Only Mhartok's deference towards his elder restrains him from doing anything to hasten Khomenu's demise. Still, his twin has acceded to Mhartok's demand to choose the clan females to populate his harem.



Urogash

The coastal city of Urogash once protected the southern crossing of the River Ruin, and served as a trading centre for the naval fleet. It was a large fortified city that was effectively the capital of the old southern empire. Faced with increasing attacks from the ever expanding Ogre Kingdom, and constant coastal raids from pirate forces patrolling the Sea of Dread, the Chaos Dwarfs decided to abandon the city until they were strong enough to defend it once more. As the army made its final fighting withdrawal, Ghorth the Cruel – an ancient and powerful high sorcerer – brought the remains of the once great city down onto the Ogre army. Crushed under tonnes of rock and blasted with the magical fury of Hashut, it was deemed necessary in order to protect the rest of the empire. Now it stands in ruins, with the Ogres unwilling to reclaim the land because of distant memories that still haunt them. They have however dared to build the trading town of Pigbarter on the opposite shore. Warships from Zharr-Naggrund have increased their patrols in recent years, and are once again sending out expeditions to retake parts of the city.

The Fortress of Vorag

The Fortress of Vorag was the first of the southern forts to be destroyed. The Ghoulish King Vorag Bloodytooth enslaved Chaos Dwarfs to build it, providing a useful watchtower over the lands of the dead after his demise. Many years later it was destroyed by the dread legions of Nagash. An abode of ghosts where the dead still walk, the Dawi Zharr scouts patrolling this area sleep uneasily.









WARRIORS OF ZHARR- NAGGRUND

Chaos Dwarfs are an unnerving sight in battle. They are brutish, grotesque figures plated in black or burnished armour of heavy plate and jagged scales, crowned with tall helms mounted with flame tongue spiked coronas or sharpened horns.

Their livery is bright and bloody, and their distorted faces, if they are seen at all, are bestial and filled with malice. Their presence is intended to inspire fear in their foes, and they have lost none of the toughness or skill-at-arms of their western Dwarf kin. To them there are few greater pleasures than the bloody sundering of a foe be it by crushing axe-blow or the flesh-shredding volley of blunderbuss fire.

In this section you will find details for all the different troops, heroes, monsters, and war machines used by a Chaos Dwarf 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 Chaos Dwarf 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 Chaos Dwarf units, and these are detailed here.

CONTEMPT

Chaos Dwarfs despise all other forms of life and hold them to nothing more than contemptible fodder to be exploited and disposed of as needed. They expect their 'lessers' to show cowardice and weakness in battle and be restrained only through fear.

Units with this special rule treat units without it as Expendable.

With the sound of rolling thunder the gigantic block of granite and steel armoured warriors stormed through the forest. Their thick armour and axes allowed them to crush through the undergrowth with ease. These were the feared Immortals, hundreds of troops marching as one through the forest. Their formation remained unbroken despite the thicket of trees they moved through.

Behind the Immortals marched row upon row of Blunderbussers following in the path of destruction. With these troops marched two sorcerers sent by The Blessed One and his esteemed warrior-lieutenant Mrythark the Indestructible. Also marching with the army was one of the most terrifying Dawi Zharr known; Rykarth the Unbreakable and his Immortals.

The army had gathered at the instruction of The Blessed One once the fabled Hand of Hashut had decided their mission. They were to meet up with Orc warlords in the region known as the Talabec Borders and assist them where possible.

Chaos Dwarf scouts had reported that the Orcs were gathering near a warren of caves they had named Gork's Maw, so to there the Chaos Dwarf army marched. There they were to meet with warboss Tarlen da Foeburna; a greenskin psychopath that liked nothing more than to make things violently explode. The scouts reported seeing goblins with crude rockets tied to their backs and what appeared to be dwarf skull bombs filled with black powder. Miraculously the scouts had escaped from the madness unharmed and managed to report back.

As the reports had come in, Mrythark began to have doubts about the coming alliance. Such an ally could prove very dangerous to friend or foe, especially if they were armed with the barrels of "boom-powda" the Chaos Dwarfs had agreed to give them.

A blunderbusser suddenly broke the smashing sound of dying forest "Manling house up ahead" Myrythark grinned. Looks like they'll have to get some slaves first...

RELENTLESS

Chaos Dwarfs are implacable and relentless when on the march, and are scornful of the ability of anyone or anything to stop them.

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 of enemy units.

RESOLUTE

Chaos Dwarfs fight with grim malice and determination, and are reluctant to abandon their positions on the battlefield.

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

DAEMONIC

The Chaos Dwarfs are experts at fusing Daemons and machines together and use them as engines of war.

Models with this special rule have the Immunity (Poisoned Attacks), Magical Attacks, Unstable and Ward Save (5+) special rules.

ANIMOSITY

Disreputable and fractious, Hobgoblins, like most greenskins, have a tendency to fight among themselves even in the midst of battle. This is a problem, which given a Hobgoblin's propensity for murderous spite and self-serving cowardice it is only their deep-seated fear of their Chaos Dwarf masters that can enforce them back into some semblance of order...

Units with this special rule must roll a D6 and consult the chart below in the Charge sub-phase after all other charges have been declared, unless they have declared a charge, 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. If it's passed, the unit may act normally this turn.
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.





THE INFERNAL ARMOURY

BLACKSHARD ARMOUR

Rightly are the Chaos Dwarfs known as the armourers of the dark powers, and their creations are made not simply from iron and fire, but blood, souls and the hell-stuff of Chaos itself. Much like the Chaos armour the Daemonsmiths barter with the warrior-champions of the north in return for slaves, gold and stranger treasures, the Blackshard armour they forge for their own use is proof against the strongest blows in battle, but is also uniquely resistant to fire and heat and so suited to the hellish environs of the temple of Hashut.

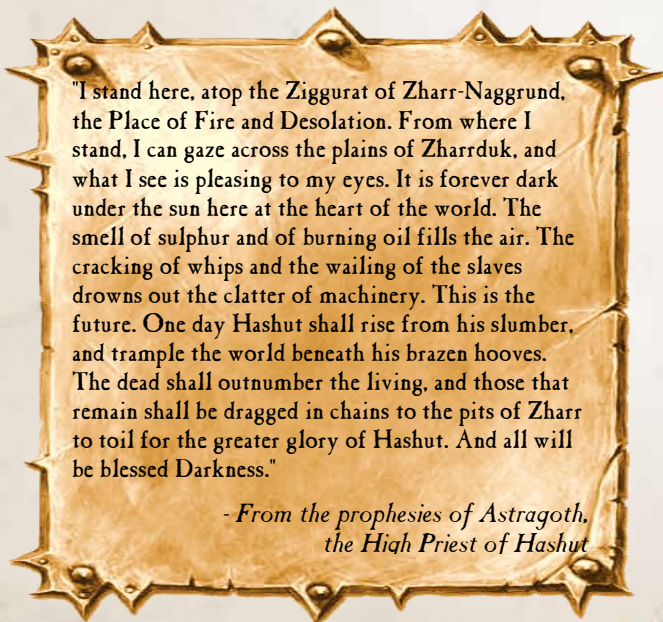
Combat:	Missile:	Special Rules:
+4/3+	+4/3+	Immunity (Flaming Attacks)

BLOOD OF HASHUT

The so-called "Blood of Hashut" is a powerful alchemical substance saturated with daemonic magic that ignites metal on contact, busting it into molten flame. Although precious beyond mere gold, the favoured of the Dark God sometimes carry a vial of this liquid into combat to the devastation of the most heavily armoured foe.

One use only. The Blood of Hashut can be used in close combat instead of attacking normally that turn. It targets a single model in base contact. The attack works on a 2+. If a 1 is rolled, the Blood of Hashut is wasted.

If the attack is successful, then D6 automatic hits are inflicted on the target. The To Wound score of these hits is always equal to the unmodified close combat armour save of the target (excluding Natural Armour). For example, a model with a 3+ save is wounded on a 3+ and so on. Attacks from the Blood of Hashut have the Ignores Armour Saves, Flaming Attacks and Magical Attacks special rules.



"I stand here, atop the Ziggurat of Zharr-Naggrund, the Place of Fire and Desolation. From where I stand, I can gaze across the plains of Zharrduk, and what I see is pleasing to my eyes. It is forever dark under the sun here at the heart of the world. The smell of sulphur and of burning oil fills the air. The cracking of whips and the wailing of the slaves drowns out the clatter of machinery. This is the future. One day Hashut shall rise from his slumber, and trample the world beneath his brazen hooves. The dead shall outnumber the living, and those that remain shall be dragged in chains to the pits of Zharr to toil for the greater glory of Hashut. And all will be blessed Darkness."

- From the prophecies of Astragoth, the High Priest of Hashut

NAPHTHA BOMBS

Containing sorcerous concoctions of sulphurous chemicals and the filtered essence of fire-daemons sundered as a by-product of their dark arts, Naphttha bombs are unstable explosive flasks which break apart into masses of seething flame.

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
6"	3	Armour Piercing (1), Flaming Attacks, Quick to Fire

If the enemy unit is Hit, it suffers D3 Strength 3 Hits. However if a '1' is rolled to hit, the thrower instead suffers a single automatic wound. This is a non-physical attack.



DARKFORGED WEAPON

Paranoid and malign, the Daemonsmiths of the Chaos Dwarfs often retain their most potent work for their own use. These Darkforged weapons can vary in style and shape according, to the whims of their creator, as can the abilities granted to them by the twisted runes and nightmarish infusions bound within them.

Magic Weapon. Each Darkforged weapon possesses one random ability that is rolled for at the start of the game at the same time as you choose the Daemonsmith's spells. Such weapons are unique and if you have more than one Daemonsmith in your army, you must re-roll any duplicated ability if possible. Note down which ability a particular weapon gets after you have determined it.

D6 Ability

- Spell-Wrought:** +1 to the Daemonsmith's channelling attempts.
- Furnace Blast:** Once per game the weapon may unleash a Strength 3 Flaming Attack Breath Weapon as the Daemonsmith's shooting attack.
- Malignant:** The Daemonsmith becomes subject to the Hatred special rule.
- Life Bane:** The weapon has the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.
- Dweomer Leach:** +1 to the Daemonsmith's dispelling attempts.
- Possessed:** The weapon wounds on a 2+ regardless of the target's Toughness, however if a '1' is rolled on the To Wound dice, a further wound is inflicted on the Daemonsmith instead, with no saves of any kind allowed.





SORCERER-PROPHETS

Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers rule over the desolate empire of Zharr-Naggrund with iron-fisted malice, both as lords and masters of all they survey and as priests of their dark god Hashut. Their lore is terrible and ancient, and involves the study of machines, and the mastery of forge-craft, weapon making and the terrible Chaos magics gifted to them by Hashut. Combined, these create terrifying weapons and arcane devices of power and destruction. Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers are strange and tortured beings, greatly skilled at the blending of magic into their ingenious engineering,

It was the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers who led their people from the brink of destruction during the Time of Woe and first built the great and blasphemous city of Zharr-Naggrund in ages past, and it is they that still command it today. Their works of sorcery and engineering are legendary, from the great obsidian and basalt towers and ziggurats drawn forth from the earth, and the dark iron towers raised up throughout the Dark Lands, to the steam-hissing engines that crush rock in slave mines and the baroque armour which adorns the Chaos warriors of the north. All are their dark knowledge made manifest.

In the Temple of Hashut the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers meet in a great conclave of evil to make their plans of domination. They possess no absolute hierarchy or single leader, although form and tradition dictates many layers and ranks of fealty and loyalty amid the great conclave of evil that is Hashut's priesthood. Each is a power in their own right, controlling sections of the great city of Zharr-Naggrund itself or one of the outer citadels, and each has their own workshops, forges, strongholds, slaves and soldiers who owe fealty directly to them as part of his personal dominion. The strongest voice however, belongs to the oldest and most powerful, as well as to those on whom Hashut's blessings are bestowed. Age and knowledge are respected by them just as much as the Dwarfs of the World's Edge Mountains, but tied up with this is a merciless intolerance of weakness, and favour and respect with them is only maintained through strength, wealth and sorcerous might which makes the politics of the priesthood deadly at all turns.

The price the Sorcerer-Prophets and Daemonsmiths pay for their position and power is a dark one indeed, for should they show weakness they will fall and Hashut's demand for blood upon the altar-fires is unquenchable. Worse is the great curse that lays heavy upon them, as the magic they work seeps into their bodies, evoking changes in them that are both unique and horrific. The Dwarfs were never meant to wield the magic of Chaos and the price they pay is the Curse of Stone. After many centuries of labour a Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer begins to change: the pace of change is slow, but once it begins, his fate is sealed. Even the most cautious and adept of them are not immune, although for the desperate or foolhardy, the curse comes on all the swifter, as inexorably their bodies are petrified into immobile stone. Each Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer will, inevitably, one day slowly transform into an immobile stone statue.

Starting with his feet, the wizard slowly begins to turn to immobile stone. At first his legs turn grey and solid so that he is unable to move, and his followers are obliged to carry him around or else he has them construct a mechanical engine to move him about. This condition gradually spreads upwards throughout the whole of the Sorcerer's body until he is made up entirely of stone. These Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer stone statues are lined up along the roadways around the tower of Zharr-Naggrund, forming rank upon rank of grey stones watching over the approach to the city.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sorcerer-Prophet	3	5	4	4	5	3	2	3	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: A Sorcerer-Prophet is a Wizard that uses spells from the Lore of Fire, Lore of Metal, Lore of Shadow, Lore of Death or Lore of Hashut.

SPECIAL RULES: **Contempt, Relentless, Resolute.**

Sorcerer's Curse: *Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers pay a terrible price for their powers, be they Daemonsmith or mighty prophet of their dark god Hashut. Each time the magic they command slips from their grasp for but an instant, this curse punishes them further until one day the Sorcerer is trapped screaming silently within a prison of their own immobile body.*

Whenever a Chaos Dwarf with this special rule suffers a Miscast during the game, after resolving the effects of the Miscast on them normally, they must pass a Toughness test or suffer a Wound with no saves allowed.

PALANQUIN

As the Sorcerer-Prophets become more and more afflicted by the Sorcerer's Curse, they eventually lose their ability to walk on their own. When this happens, they are instead carried into battles borne aloft on ornamented Palanquins by their servants, who will fight to their death protecting them.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Palanquin	3	5	3	4	-	-	2	4	-

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Large Target (2).**

Note: A Palanquin should be placed on a 40x40mm base and adds +4 to the Unit Strength of any model mounted on them.





DAEMONSMITHS

Daemonsmiths are few in number, with perhaps no more than several hundred amongst the whole Chaos Dwarf race capable of wielding their savagely powerful combination of science and sorcery. The Chaos Dwarf Daemonsmiths are master craftsmen and engineers able to forge weapons and machines of war that are second to none. Toiling in the great foundry cities are masters of the craft, these individuals are capable of bending ores to fit their evil vision. Only the Dwarfs of the Worlds of Edge Mountains rival their feats in precision engineering and weapon making. Though where the Dwarfs rely on natural resources and their own skill within their foundries and armouries, the sinister Daemonsmiths of the Chaos Dwarfs forge their instruments through arcane rituals, pacts with Daemons and evil sorcery, binding the very essence of Chaos into their armaments. It is from their dark imaginings that the Hellcannon was born, to say nothing of the other devices the Chaos Hordes employ in their wicked crusades against the Empire. When not labouring for decades over a single object, Chaos Engineers will shoulder arms and join the ranks of the Chaos Dwarf host to slaughter those who oppose them.



In times of war, Daemonsmiths bear potent Daemon Weapons to battle. Bound with malevolent daemons and devils, such blades are icons of intangible horrors, nightmares brought forth to reality. Such is the malignant power of these weapons that few can wield them without being completely consumed by the evil entities trapped within. Only the Daemonsmiths of the Chaos Dwarf Empire are capable of such vigorous feats, for their unnatural strength, willpower and mastery of the blades make them unparalleled carriers of the infernal weapons. Those unfortunate enough to meet their demise by the daemonic blades suffer a fate far worse than mere death as their souls are consumed by the weapons and forever enthralled by the vile poltergeist bound within.

In battle the Daemonsmiths of Hashut are terrifying and unpredictable opponents, their dark magics able to draw upon the fires of the earth and transmute the air to Ash and choking smoke as well as fan the flames of hatred in the hearts of their followers. They are each

"We do what we must to survive. We've made many concessions and thrown our lots in with the Greenskins, but as their masters, not as slaves. Of course, our values would never have been compromised had it not been for the betrayal of the past."

- Zhorgrath, Chaos Dwarf Engineer

also master artisans of war and may lend their skills to war machine crews or themselves bear savage and potent examples of their craft such as black powder weapons, mighty armour, flasks of burning alchemical oil, daemon-bound blades and ensorcelled weapons. Each however must display great caution when they wield their occult power, for each spell they wield could also be their last.

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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: A Daemonsmith is a Wizard that uses spells from the Lore of Fire, Lore of Metal, Lore of Shadow, Lore of Death or Lore of Hashut.

SPECIAL RULES: **Contempt, Relentless, Resolute, Sorcerer's Curse.**

Infernal Engineer: One war machine or Hellcannon that is within 3" of the Deaconsmith can use his Ballistic Skill or re-roll one artillery dice or scatter dice during each Shooting phase. You must nominate which weapon, if any, will be using this special rule at the start of each Shooting phase, before any such weapons within 3" of the Daemonsmith are fired.

A Deaconsmith that is within 3" of a war machine is allowed to take a "Look Out Sir!" roll just as if he was within 3" of a unit of five or more models of the same troop type as himself. If the roll is successful, the hit is resolved instead against the nearest friendly war machine.





OVERLORDS & DESPOTS

Though they wield the influence of Hashut on earth, Zharr-Naggrund has not been truly ruled by the Sorcerer-Prophets since the rise of Hattuzhan, Subjugator of the Darklands. Rather, various fortresses and city-areas are ruled over by the Overlords, who employ their elite soldiers, the Immortals, to keep order. Whether born into a noble family or a veteran and trusted soldier, Despots are those Chaos Dwarfs with enough authority to lead slave raids and command other Dawi Zharr in the defence of the Chaos Dwarf Empire, or to act as a second-in-command to an Overlord.



The nobles – if such foul creatures may be called so – of the Chaos Dwarfs are known as Overlords and Despots. It is said that inside the veins of such aristocratic Chaos Dwarfs flows the very blood of the dark god Hashut himself, making them the epitome of the Chaos Dwarf race. Overlords are by far the most ruthless and cruel of the Chaos Dwarf hierarchy, ordering entire populations sacrificed into cauldrons of molten iron or burning furnaces all for the glory of Hashut. Along with the Council of Hashut, Overlords control the Chaos Dwarf Empire with an iron fist. These wanton tyrants are the face of Chaos Dwarf leadership; their depraved notoriety is such that Orcs and other, fouler things quiver in their presence. They are the generals of dark legions of Chaos Dwarfs and where they tread, death and destruction follows.



The leaders of Chaos Dwarf society are the Overlords, each the head of a family of nobles who have ruled for centuries. The Overlords have the finest equipment their kin can forge, or that the priests can acquire from their dark master. Overlords are the generals of many Chaos Dwarf armies. They have proven themselves to be brutally effective in battle and have fought in many campaigns, giving many hundreds of years' worth of tactical experience. Under their command are Despots; trusted lieutenants who have much battlefield experience but have yet to be given full command. For small skirmishes, or part of a much larger offensive they may have control of an army. Both are part of a military hierarchy that requires them to keep a rotating levy of troops under their command trained for battle. Living outside the sphere of normal day-to-day activities, they are nobles in their own right and immensely wealthy individuals.

Captains amongst the Dawi'Zharr are known as Despots, for they are often the right hands of their masters, enacting their will amongst the common Chaos Dwarfs. Despots are the subordinates and lieutenants of the Overlords. They are directly responsible for overseeing the heinous labour camps known as Hell Pits, where Goblinoid thralls toil and die for the glory of the Chaos Dwarf Empire, and to whom the Hobgoblin Chieftains report directly. They are rightly feared and respected by both other Chaos Dwarfs and their treacherous Hobgoblin underlings. To refuse an order of a Despot would be to welcome a fate far worse than the most violent of deaths. Through power and fear the masters of the Chaos Dwarfs have forged an empire of vast prosperity and darkness. Despots rule with the same iron fists as the Sorcerer Lords, and their authority is just as absolute. Gifted with artefacts of terrifying power and ancient provenance by their masters – often bound with daemonic spirits enslaved to their will – they are extremely dangerous foes in battle and always lead from the front, seeking to capture the attention of their Sorcerer Lord so they can rise in his estimation and become more powerful still.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Overlord	3	7	4	4	5	3	4	4	10
Despot	3	6	4	4	5	2	3	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Contempt, Relentless, Resolute.

"We will remake the world into our domain, a land of cinder-ash and the blackened bones of our enemies, until only we remain and those broken bodies that cower at our feet."

- Lord Asteroth





CHAOS DWARF WARRIORS

There are relatively few Chaos Dwarfs. The vast numbers of slaves who toil in the Tower of Zharr-Naggrund and in the Plain of Zharrduk outnumber them many times over. All the Chaos Dwarfs belong to one of the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers, they are his subjects and also his kinsmen, bonded by ties of blood-loyalty which all Chaos Dwarfs deem unbreakable. Bands of Chaos Dwarfs scour the Dark Lands searching for captives to bring back to Zharr-Naggrund to work in the mines and forges, or to sacrifice at the Temple of Hashut.

The acquisition of slaves is of paramount importance to the Chaos Dwarfs. Their warriors are at the forefront of any major raid to achieve this goal, and most forays they undertake beyond the borders of the Dark Lands are in furtherance of this, rather than far conquest. War bands and expeditionary armies of Chaos Dwarfs will often travel hundreds of miles in search of suitable living plunder, and while it is the Orcs and Goblins of the Worlds Edge Mountains that most often are subjugated to their wrath, realms as far as far as Kislev and the Border Princes have both been subject to such attacks in recent memory. The more captives a raid brings back, the more successful it is judged, and the greater prestige and honour is accorded, not only on the raid's leaders, but to each Chaos Dwarf warrior in measure to their station. Only by such vile endeavours can advancement be gained and ambition satiated. All wars of conquest are fought with the aim of taking slaves; the Chaos Dwarfs are not interested in expanding their territories further, for the Mountains of Mourn and the Plain of Zharrduk contain all the wealth that they require. Sometimes whole armies of Chaos Dwarfs march against the Orc and Goblin tribes, subduing one tribe after another before returning to the Tower of Zharr-Naggrund laden with slaves.

The Chaos Dwarfs also raid to the north, attacking the fierce horse-riding human tribes of the northern highlands,

but these are distant conquests for them and the horse tribes often flee rather than fight. The furthest west the Chaos Dwarf armies have reached to date is the verdant valleys of Farside: the province of Kislev which lies in the eastern foothills of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Smaller bands of Chaos Dwarfs have penetrated as far as the lands around Death Pass, where they have encountered the many tribes of Goblins that live in the western pan of the Dark Lands. The Chaos Dwarfs trade slaves with the Goblin tribes, choosing to use the Goblins as intermediaries rather than advance further into the Old World. In this way captive Dwarfs and Men from the Old World have been taken prisoner first by the Goblins and then sold on to the Chaos Dwarfs, only to end their days in the pits of Zharrduk or upon the burning altars of Hashut.

Each Chaos Dwarf, in addition to being a craftsman or artificer, is also a highly trained and disciplined warrior, often with scores of years of battle experience to draw upon. This martial skill is matched only by their cruel desire to utterly crush anything that would dare oppose them and grind it under their heels.

Chaos Dwarf Warriors form the backbone of most armies. They are broad, strong and resilient as only dwarfs can be. The harsh industrial environment and the doom that hangs over their race makes all Dawi Zharr grim in appearance and attitude. Without knowing the real reasons why, outsiders often consider them extremely inhospitable and depressing company.

All Chaos Dwarfs Warriors will be required at various times to spend many years away from home guarding Zharr-Naggrund against the dark threat. By keeping the warriors in this levy system, it hardens them and continually hones their skills so that when they return to their homes they will be ready to answer a call to war. It also provides a standing army that is greater in size than many of their enemies would expect. Chaos Dwarfs are implacable on the march, and wage war with ruthless ferocity as they fight to save their race or defend the empire. They are trained to fight as one, forming shield walls where possible for their enemies to break upon.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warrior	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
Castellan	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Contempt, Relentless, Resolute.

"You may curse us, shun us, deny our existence, but that is no matter. You have done so for centuries. Had you not abandoned us, our vast family would never have been sundered. Thanks to your cowardice, we are strong and mighty, seeing the truths that have long been hidden from Dwarf eyes."

- *Gakroth, Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer*

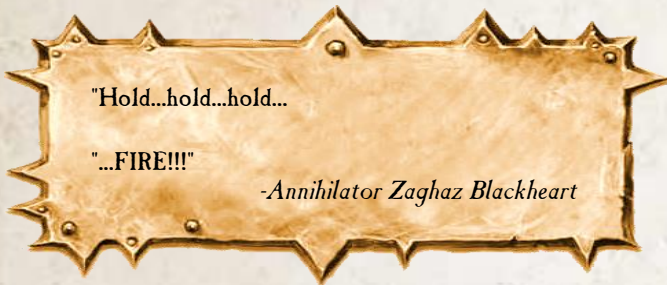




DEVASTATORS

The Chaos Dwarfs generally fight with one of two weapons, both equally destructive in their own way. The first is the double handed axe, a short hafted weapon with a heavy metal blade which can crack open armour and cleave a foe in two. The second is the Blunderbuss, a short ranged weapon of devastating effect. The Blunderbuss uses a gunpowder charge to fire shards of spiked iron at the enemy, although it can also fire hot coals, lead shot, pieces of scrap metal, and even stones if need be. The weapon is so robustly made that it can be loaded with far more powder and shot than a simple handgun, and its effect is quite different.

Those Chaos Dwarf regiments armed with Blunderbusses are called Devastators. This weapon was one of the first black powder weapons designed by the Chaos Dwarfs as a means of controlling rioting slaves due to a need to hit as many targets as possible with as few Chaos Dwarfs as possible. Like many weapons they possess, it has the potential to suppress large numbers of enemies with relatively few Chaos Dwarfs. For this reason, the basic design has changed very little over the centuries as it has more than proved its effectiveness.



"Hold...hold...hold..."

"...FIRE!!!"

-Annihilator Zaghaz Blackheart



When a blunderbuss regiment fires a volley the whole zone to its front is filled with spinning razor sharp pieces of iron which spread out covering a broad front. As the enemy are hit and slain, more slicing metal ploughs into the ranks behind, causing untold devastation to all foes unfortunate enough to be close. Blunderbusses have only a very short range, as all the energy of the shot is dispersed over a short distance, but within this range they are deadly. The Blunderbuss armed Chaos Dwarfs are also ferocious hand-to-hand fighters. Their preferred tactic is to give their enemy a single blast and follow up by charging into close combat.

The Devastators will traditionally always craft their own weapon. Being highly skilled in designing and maintaining their weapons, it is a great source of rivalry to develop minor improvements and show their effects on the battlefield. They also present the ability to maim rather than kill opponents, leaving them as potential slaves.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Devastator	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
Annihilator	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Contempt, Relentless, Resolute.

EQUIPMENT:

Hailshot Blunderbuss: *Owing to the storm of fire a mass of these weapons create, their effectiveness increases the more concentrated their fire.*

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12"	3	Armour Piercing (1), Multiple shots (3), Quick to Fire

Hailshot: Blunderbusses do not suffer any penalties To Hit for firing Multiple Shots or for firing at a charging enemy.





INFERNAL GUARD

Among the Chaos Dwarfs of the Black Fortress a warrior-cult has long flourished. The Infernal Guard as it is known has the sworn task of defending the citadel to the death from any that would assail it, and to carry out the will of the Lord of the Black Fortress without-question. The Infernal Guard's ranks are made up from Chaos Dwarfs to whom some stain of dishonour or failure has been attached, an occurrence which in their unforgiving society can result from merely being close kin to a failed battle commander, knowing defeat under the eyes of a Sorcerer, presiding over slaves who have revolted or a furnace that has exploded through overuse.

The humiliation of such dishonour is more than the prideful Chaos Dwarfs can bear, and to them the Infernal Guard are the solace of death in Hashut's grace and also anonymity, as upon taking its oath their names and past kinships are shorn away and their faces are seared and shut underneath red-hot iron and bronze masks. Only if they achieve great glory are the masks torn off exposing the scarred and ravaged flesh of the redeemed warrior once again to the world.

The Infernal Guard are drilled ceaselessly by their cruel Despots, and barracked in the burning deeps beneath the Black Fortress. Their lot is to fight an unceasing battle against the horrors that abound in the desolate wastes nearby – a regimen that only the strongest survive. The greatest amongst this warrior elite will be selected to join the Infernal Ironsworn – the personal bodyguard of the covenant of Sorcerer-prophets that make up the ruling echelon of the Legion of Azgorh.

CHAOS DWARF HELMETS

Each Dawi-Zharr's armour and helmet are unique, having been created by themselves for their service in the Dawi-Zharr army. Their armour is normally metal scales bound together with flexible wire, iron and brass chains or other suitable methods, creating a strong and malleable article of armour that offers an excellent defence.

A Dawi-Zharr's helmet is as much a form of status as it is a method of defence: the larger and more elegant the helmet, the higher up the Dawi-Zharr is in society. Many different styles have been created over the years, some designed to show a certain task or duty that the particular Dawi-Zharr performs, while others show where that particular individual originates.

Some Dawi-Zharr wear masks over the entirety of their faces, obscuring themselves from society. They are normally worn either by artillery crew to protect their faces from any back-drafts of hellish material from their war machines, or by a warrior who wields a blunderbuss. They are normally cast in the shape of a great beast, perhaps an interpretation of Hashut. Each one has the mouth still available in some fashion, either by not reaching to it, or by having a part of it cut out, leaving their tusks proudly on display.

Other masks and helmets are decorated with the skulls of a great foe, either moulding it to their helmet with pieces of metal, casting it completely in metal, or encasing it within their helmet, shaping it till they are satisfied.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Infernal Guard	3	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	9
Deathmask	3	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	9
Infernal Ironsworn	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	1	9
Ironsworn Deathmask	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Contempt, Relentless, Resolute.

EQUIPMENT:

Fireglaiive: *A weapon both cunning and brutal, the Fireglaiive is a compact, heavily constructed repeating handgun. Unusually the weapon also incorporates a weighted stock and single-edged chopping blade, allowing it to be wielded in close combat by a skilled fighter, much like a halberd. Fireglaiives are complex to make, their mechanisms far beyond the inferior arts of humankind to imitate and are also difficult weapons to master. As a result, these weapons' use is largely limited to the Chaos Dwarfs' elite warriors and the Daemonsmiths that fashion them.*

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
Combat	+1	Requires Two Hands

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
18"	4	Armour Piercing (1)

Ensorcelled Hand Weapon: *The Infernal Ironsworn go into battle with the fire and suffering of their dark realm forged into the very fabric of their blades and hammers, graven in smouldering runes of torment and death.*

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
Combat	+1	Magical Attacks

Ensorcelled hand weapons follow the rules for hand weapons in all respects.





IMMORTALS

Within the dark corridors of the Tower of Zharr-Naggrund, the most sinister warriors of the Chaos Dwarfs keep vigilance over the ruling priest council and all of the prominent leaders of the Chaos Dwarf Empire. Clad in black chaos armour and wielding huge silver-plated axes, the Immortals fearlessly protect the masters of the Dark Lands.

To the Dwarfs of the west they are known as kin slayers, the Goblinoids of Worlds Edge Mountains know them as Goblin Bane, and to the slaves of Gorgoth, they are simply death incarnate. Born to kill, it is the sole duty of the Immortals to preserve the Chaos Dwarf Empire and to destroy all those who would threaten it, both from within the empire and without! Charged with the protection of their foul realm, the Immortals are judge, jury and executioner. They investigate all political intrigue, all suspicion of deception and misconduct, nothing escapes their notice within their vile domain and no Chaos Dwarf is beyond their scrutiny. No matter how powerful or influential a particular Overlord or High Priest might be, they cannot escape the swift justice of the Immortals if they are deemed treasonous or merely believed to be a danger to the Chaos Dwarf Empire.

In times of war, it is the Immortals who accompany the High Priests and Overlords to battle. Their condemning gaze and ominous silence causes an awareness of dread even amongst the other Chaos Dwarf soldiery. Their lethal tenacity means they shall defend their masters to the death, but will turn their blades upon their lord if mere conjecture arises.



The Immortals have a fearsome reputation that stretches far beyond the empire of the Chaos Dwarfs. Formed from veterans who have shown immense courage through many battles, they have absolute loyalty to their lord. If it were only that they are deadly foes on the battlefield alone would their reputations be well earned, but it is their duties protecting the Chaos Dwarfs from the daemons of the tear that gives them such respect. Immortal meaning literally 'Living Ancestor' due to the warping effects on time that travels through the tear can have. Whilst their main duty is as bodyguards, on the battlefield they are formed into elite units of shock troops to break enemy lines, reaping enemies like wheat with their great axes.



Marching in perfect unison, the elite warriors of Zharr-Naggrund advance. Their armour is painted black, and they wear heavy steel from head to toe. The Immortals' curled, piled beards are protected by long sheaths of metal, and parts of their armour are reinforced with solid plates of marble and granite. In their hands they carry large-bladed axes, curved and deadly. Handgun fire and crossbow quarrels rattle off their armour, leaving only a few of them dead, the others quickly filling the holes in their formation.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Immortal	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	9
Eternal	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	3	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Contempt, Relentless, Stubborn.

"You are the immortals.
You are without pain.
You are without fear.
You are without death."

- *Eternal H'zharkh*





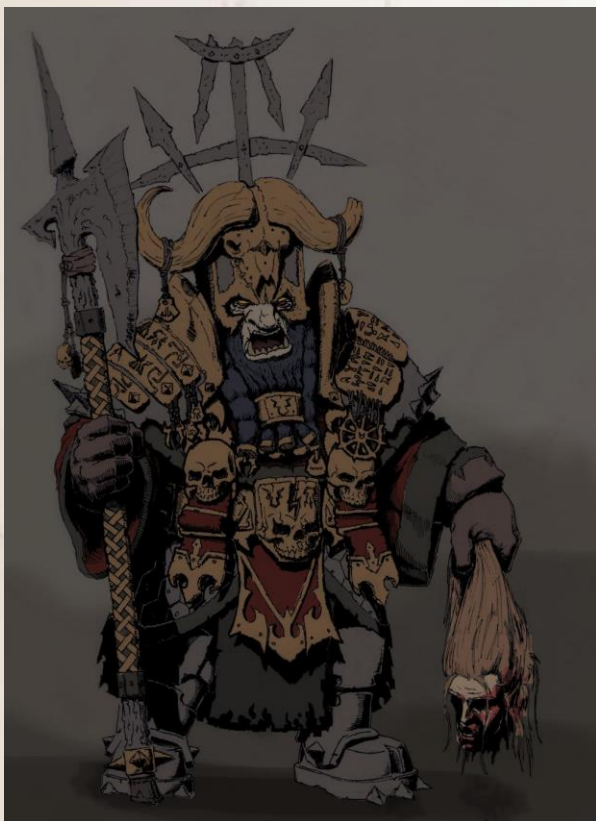
ACOLYTES OF HASHUT

The Acolytes of Hashut consists of elite fighting units of religious fanatics among the Dawi Zharr. They are formed into seven different cabals, each venerating a different aspect of Hashut, as represented by his daemon children. Each of these serves the High Sorcerer-Prophet of their cabal. There is an eighth cabal, formed of the absolute veterans of each of the other seven that venerates Hashut in all his glory. This cabal acts as bodyguards to the High Prophet of the time.



Over the ages there have been many Chaos Dwarfs who have chosen to follow the path of the warrior priest. These individuals spend their lives in study, prayer, and martial training within the temple complexes. Occasionally they are called forth to battle or summoned to undertake tests of faith so that they may truly be considered amongst the chosen of Hashut.

On the battlefield the Brotherhood is a force to be reckoned with. Carrying deadly halberds that have been blessed with arcane rituals, and roaring prayers as they smash into the enemy lines, they bring death and destruction in the name of Hashut.



Sometimes, as a demonstration of devotion to their transformed ancestors, Acolytes of Hashut will carry a Petrified Sorcerer into battle, carried on a dais in a manner similar to how a Sorcerer's Palanquin is carried while he lives. The Petrified Sorcerers are transfixed at the final moment of their horrifying transformation into stone, and their faces betray their terror – most Petrified Sorcerers have faces frozen into a state of pain and dread. As such, they are a grotesque symbol of Chaos Dwarf devotion to the Father of Darkness and enemies tremble when confronted with them.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Acolyte	3	5	3	4	4	1	3	1	9
Adept	3	5	3	4	4	1	3	2	9
Petrified Sorcerer	3	5	3	4	4	4	3	4	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Contempt, Magical Attacks, Relentless, Resolute.

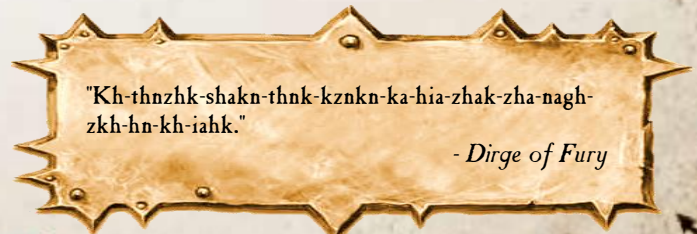
Dirges of Hashut: At the start of the Chaos Dwarf turn, Acolytes of Hashut may select one of the following Dirges to sing, the effects of which they benefit from until their next turn:

- **Dirge of Fury:** The unit gains the Hatred special rule.
- **Dirge of Brutality:** The unit gains the Killing Blow special rule.
- **Dirge of Defiance:** The unit gains the Ward save (6+) special rule.

UPGRADES:

Petrified Sorcerer: A Petrified Sorcerer is often carried aloft in battle by the Acolytes of Hashut.

The Petrified Sorcerer should be mounted on a 40x40mm base, has Unit Strength 4 and may make two supporting attacks. It may not leave its unit for the duration of the game, and is always placed in the second rank of the unit, as centrally as possible. While there are rank and file models left in the unit (except the Command Group), always remove one in preference to the Petrified Sorcerer taking a wound (it is assumed that if one of the bearers falls, another rank and file model steps in). Only when the rest of the unit has been killed does the Petrified Sorcerer start taking wounds, even in close combat. A unit carrying a Petrified Sorcerer gains +1 to their Combat Resolution Bonus, the Fear and Magic Resistance (2) special rules.



"Kh-thnzhk-shakn-thnk-kznkn-ka-hia-zhak-zha-nagh-zkh-hn-kh-iahk."

- Dirge of Fury





ZEALOT BERZERKERS

Among the warrior castes of the Chaos Dwarfs, there are those who revel in direct brutality far more than others. These Zealot Berzerkers, as they are called, worship Hashut through the spillage of blood, and work themselves into a frenzy before going into battle with the use of potent drugs mixed with blood.

Zealot Berzerkers can already be identified as younglings, displaying a fanatical fervour for the Father of Darkness coupled with a savagery and bloodlust that exceeds the malign hatred of the Dawi-Zharr. Keen on honouring their patron god with the blood of their foes, Zealot Berzerkers are too impatient and restless to enter the ranks of the Acolytes of Hashut and chant the endless dirges in his honour or partake in long and tedious rituals. Instead, their true calling is betrayed by their incapability to supervise slaves. Filled with a bottomless hatred for any race other than the Dawi-Zharr and unwilling to stand the presence of individuals of said races, Berzerker candidates often rip the unfortunate slaves in their proximity apart in a display of gruesome slaughter, before being halted and sent to the arena pits to join the ranks of their brethren.

When not battling their foes, they fight themselves in gruesome arenas in the lower levels beneath the temple of Hashut. Apart from honing their skills and quenching their thirst for battle, this is also a way to root out those not strong enough to serve Hashut in the

most glorious way – death. Those who survive these arena fights are given the privilege to die in the name of Hashut, slaughtering his foes in bloodied displays of affection – a great honour to any true believer of the God of Darkness. The masters of these brutal arena fights emerge as Ravagers, who are the sole individuals able to control and command the other Berzerkers to a certain degree. Having slain countless foes and thus greatly honoured Hashut, Zealot Ravagers are regarded with an amalgamation of awe and disdain – awe for the devotion displayed through their orgies of slaughter and disdain for not having brought the final sacrifice after such lengths of time – death in battle.

Zealot Berzerkers usually brand their skin with white hot irons in the shapes and symbols of Hashut to show their fealty to him. This is extremely painful, and screaming is a sign of weakness – anyone who does so will keep being branded until he becomes used to the pain, or dies from his injuries. Hashut rewards those who endure the branding with his blessing, protecting them from enemy blows in battle, as well as allowing them to shrug off missile fire while racing for the enemy lines to commence their grisly worshipping. The Father of Darkness also grants these devout followers the gift of immunity against fire, an element he commands. Zealots Berzerkers will wade through any firestorm and emerge on the other side unscathed, be it a dragon's breath, tainted warpfire of the wretched Skaven or alchemical flames from the Drakeguns of their hated cousins.

On the battlefield, Zealot Berzerkers are veritable whirlwinds of destruction, swinging their double axes in wide arcs with no regard for their own safety. To fall in battle is the only death thinkable for a Zealot Berzerker, and their only goal is to bring as many foes with them as possible. They are filled with a special hatred for the Slayer Cult of their once distant kin, despising the self-pity and quests to redemption their cousins subjugate themselves to. Only those truly devoted to their god and willing to die for him have a right to seek a glorious death on the battlefield and if these orange-haired fools think they deserve the same fate as the Dawi-Zharr the Zealot Berzerkers will gladly speed them along to the path of their doom.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Berzerker	3	5	3	4	4	1	3	1	9
Ravager	3	5	3	4	4	1	3	2	9

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Contempt, Frenzy, Relentless, Resolute.

Mark of Hashut: Zealot Berzerkers have the Ward Save (5+) and Immunity (Flaming Attacks) special rules.





BULL CENTAURS

Warped and malign creatures, Chaos Dwarf Bull Centaurs are, as their name suggests, twisted amalgams of Chaos Dwarf and ferocious bull in aspect, the unnatural fusion creating hulking, monstrous beasts far larger than either and filled with cannibalistic appetites.

Many centuries ago, during the Time of Chaos, a fraction of those that survived the onslaught became horrifically mutated, their stubborn Dwarf resistance to the warping taint was overwhelmed utterly by the awful energies to which they were subjected, and so the first Bull Centaurs were born. They came to serve their wider kin as shock troops and temple guardians, and to them was entrusted the protection of the sacred fines of Hashut, as they more than any other had been twisted into the closest semblance of the Father of Darkness' image. Into each successive generation of Chaos Dwarfs a handful of new "blessed" kin has been born – usually to the death of their unfortunate dams, and such children are given over immediately to the Sorcerers to serve in turn. This number however has not proven enough, and Hashut's inventive priesthood have wielded their dark arts to make more, tampering with their offspring using horrific magics, and even fusing them into frameworks of metal and daemon-tainted flesh to swell the ranks of their temple guardians.

As well as serving as temple guardians, the Bull Centaurs are also entrusted with dangerous tasks by their masters who trust them implicitly. They are hulking, savage creatures whose strength and endurance far exceeds that of a Chaos Dwarf, and thanks to their strange forms they are far swifter in battle. As they age, their flesh hardens and distorts almost to the consistency of a living metal, and rather than heal naturally

from injuries, they must instead rely upon their Sorcerer-masters to repair their wounds with poultices of molten mercury, steel sutures and brazen splints.

Although as keen-witted and intelligent as their Chaos Dwarf brethren and utterly devoted to the worship of Hashut, their Father of Darkness, they are even swifter to anger, and are often otherwise preoccupied with a great hunger for flesh. A good number of the slave-sacrifices bound for Hashut's temples will actually be rent apart, limb-from-limb at the Bull Centaurs' holy feasts, as while slave meat is a common fare for the Chaos Dwarfs, the Bull Centaurs prefer their meals both alive and screaming.

Their bullish stature makes them more robust than the typical Chaos Dwarf, while their four hoof-clad legs grant them tremendous speed. Bull Centaurs are sterling symbols of the greatness of Hashut and as a result, they are the most prized and trusted minions of the Council of Hashut. Squadrons of Bull Centaurs are charged with the protection of the great statue of Hashut that sits atop the Tower of Zharr-Naggrund and other convents of evil dedicated to the Father of Darkness. They alone perform the most complex and sacred duties of the Chaos Dwarf Empire.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bull Centaur	7	4	2	4	4	1	3	2	8
Bull Centaur Guardian	7	4	2	4	4	1	3	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Contempt, Natural Armour (6+).

BULL CENTAUR RENDERS

The largest and most powerful of the Bull Centaurs bear the title Render, hulking and savage creatures but just as keen witted and intelligent as their smaller brethren. Among their number are the potent Taur'ruks; massive and ancient, they are commanders of the Bull Centaurs and heralds of Hashut. In battle these strapping monstrosities lead entire battalions of Bull Centaurs in an unstoppable onslaught of trampling hooves and steel wielding sinew.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bull Centaur Render	7	4	2	4	5	3	3	3	8
Bull Centaur Ba'hal	7	4	2	4	5	3	3	4	8
Taur'ruk	7	5	2	5	5	4	4	4	9

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Contempt, Natural Armour (5+).



"The flow of slaves to the Dark Lands of the Chaos Dwarfs feeds two great needs: the sprawling mine pits and the bloody hunger of the Bull Centaurs. Only by force of arms do we stop these plagues from draining our kingdoms dry."

- Gerlach Wurnst,
Captain of Arms in the Border Princedoms





HOBGOBLINS

Arguably the vilest and most treacherous of all the Goblin and Orc kin, Hobgoblins are taller and leaner than ordinary Goblins, yet nowhere near as burly and brutal as Orcs. In fact, their whole appearance is emaciated and vicious – with narrow eyes and sneering mouths full of pointed teeth that smile moon-wide in an idiotic grin at the merest suggestion of sadistic violence in the offering. The Chaos Dwarfs long ago realised the Hobgoblins were a servile, craven, malevolent and generally despised race, and so adopted the Hobgoblins of the Dark Lands as eminently suitable lackeys and disposable minions – in particular as slave masters, overseers, tribute collectors, and even when pressed, as warriors. Hobgoblins are universally loathed by other greenskins, and only their relentless, twitchy vigilance and the protective shadow of their masters stops the other Orc and Goblin slaves from tearing them apart.

Whilst far from the best troops – in fact generally varying wildly between feverish violence and debased cowardice, they are too weak willed and untrusting even of each other to mount any kind of cohesive rebellion and are so hated by other races their loyalty is assured - after a fashion. The Dwarfs of Zharr don't make much of an effort to equip their Hobgoblin troops on the basis that they are little more than battle fodder, and can be relied on to largely look after themselves (in other words pilfer loot from the battlefield and each other). Hobgoblins, given the choice, which they rarely are, favour razor sharp, curved blades – all the better to stab their foes in the back with and watch the blood flow, but if pressed into direct battle, they prefer whenever possible to fight from a distance using crude bows and then to pounce on an unwary or crippled foe.



Occasionally, the spiteful infighting and backstabbing within the ranks of the Hobgoblins will throw up a particularly successful and feared killer who will rise to prominence and style themselves 'Khan', taking after the wilder nomadic Hobgoblin wolf-clans of the Eastern Wastes. These skulking killers can prove useful for marshalling their kin in battle, but should they prove too successful and are seen as even the remotest threat to their Chaos Dwarf master's dominance, they will most likely end up impaled over their lord's gatepost as a reminder to others of the rewards of getting ideas above their station.



Hobgoblins are taller than ordinary Goblins, though nowhere near as burly as Orcs. In fact, their whole appearance is thin and sneaky, with narrow eyes and sneering mouths full of pointy teeth. The Chaos Dwarfs utilise many evil Hobgoblins in their armies but don't really trust them. The Chaos Dwarfs know that the Hobgoblins are despised by other greenskins, and that they need the protection of the Chaos Dwarfs to survive.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hobgoblin	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	1	6
Hobgoblin Boss	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	2	6
Hobgoblin Chieftain	4	4	4	4	4	2	4	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity.

Backstabbers: *Of all Goblin kind Hobgoblins are rightly regarded as the most devious, cowardly, treacherous and outright murderous, and are utterly distrusted even by their fellow greenskins. These backstabbers and cutthroats habitually go around armed with all manner of man-stikkas, blades, daggers and razors, and for every knife they wear openly, it can be wagered there's at least a few more you can't see concealed about their person, just ready to be plunged into an unsuspecting foe's back.*

If a Hobgoblin infantry unit with the Backstabbers special rule is at least 10 models strong and successfully restrains itself from pursuing an enemy that has broken in close combat, it immediately causes D6 Strength 3 hits on the fleeing unit before it moves for every 10 full models in the Hobgoblin unit. Wounds from this attack are distributed as wounds from shooting attacks and may be saved normally.





SNEAKY GITS

Hobgoblins are such an utterly evil and treacherous race that it is hard to imagine a tribe of Hobgoblins whose double-dealing and back-stabbing is renowned even amongst their own fickle kind, yet it exists. This tribe, the Sneaky Gits as it is called, lives in the mountain clefts of Gash Kadrak to the east of the Chaos Dwarf city of Zharr Naggrund. Here, in the legendary Vale of Woe, thousands of slave Goblins toil under the cruel lashes of their Hobgoblin overseers. From this vast and stony valley the Chaos Dwarfs extract the hard black rock with which they build their towering city and its sprawling empire. The area is also rich in gems and gold, and many deep mines have been cut into the valley sides and innumerable shafts descend deep under the Mountains of Mourn.

From their many lairs and strongholds, the Sneaky Gits secretly plot the downfall of the Chaos Dwarf Empire, not because of any other benefit than simply to quench their desire of betrayal. Not to mention, they have a reputation to uphold! Until the time is right, however, the Sneaky Gits enjoy their favour as overseers of the thousands of slaves that toil under the cruel lash of their depraved ambition. They are the most treacherous and conniving of all their twisted self-serving race.

The Sneaky Gits lord it over the countless Goblins unfortunate enough to be banished to the Vale of Woe. The Sneaky Gits drive their slaves into the mines and quarries, and work them without mercy in order to meet the quotas imposed by the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer Lords.

The Chaos Dwarfs reward the Sneaky Gits well for the rock and rare gems that come from the Vale of Woe. Other Hobgoblin tribes are jealous of the Sneaky Gits' wealth and the high status they enjoy in the eyes of their Chaos Dwarf masters. These rivals would eagerly supplant the Sneaky Gits if they could, but there is little chance of this happening. The Sneaky Gits know everything that happens in the Gash Kadrak and for many miles around. Their spies infest the mountains and have

infiltrated other tribes. Sneaky Git agents kill off rival tribal leaders if they make trouble. Even some of the Goblin slaves trade information with the Sneaky Git overseers in return for food and softer work. As a result, the Sneaky Gits are the most powerful of all Hobgoblin tribes.

Sneaky Gits fight in battle with two long curving knives. These weapons are ideally suited to murdering victims in their beds – which is the Sneaky Gits' favourite tactic. If they have to fight conscious foes their preference is to bushwhack the enemy suddenly, at night if at all possible, and with overwhelming numbers. The Sneaky Gits are masters of the unexpected ambush, sometimes even secreting spies amongst the enemy to attack from within their own formation. Of course, this only works if the enemy are other Hobgoblins, but more often than not this is the case.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sneaky Git	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6
Backstabba	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ambushers, Animosity, Backstabbers, Poisoned Attacks, Skirmishers.

Sneakin': *In battle the Sneaky Gits rely upon an envelopment tactic to catch their enemy off guard. The front rank of the Sneaky Gits' formation keeps the enemy busy while the rear ranks dash round the sides to attack the enemy from the side or rear.*

After each round of combat is fought, the Sneaky Gits gain the Fight in Extra Rank (1) special rule each turn for as long as they are in combat with that enemy. So after one turn they Fight in Extra Rank (1), after two turns they Fight in Extra Ranks (2) and so on.



"They choose wisely, in the end. The Black Orcs never would've treated them as we do. I think they make for the finest cannon fodder. Indeed, they have been fodder for the Hellcannons. Their speed is unquestionably the most impressive trait about them. Certainly not the speed of their thoughts, of course, but of their mounts. We often range our cannon by gauging the movements of their forward lines. If a few of them get annihilated in the initial ranging shots, no great loss. None of us are under any illusions though. We regard them as eminently expendable. They betrayed their own, they will certainly betray us. In fact, many of their boldest Khans have made it quite clear that they will happily flee allowing us to be overrun if a battle ever turns against us. The arrangement is more than suitable. We detest them, they detest us, but all of us hate everybody else more."

– Halqir Ashbrewer, Chaos Dwarf Engineer





HOBGOBLIN WOLF RAIDERS

Some Chaos Dwarf armies also employ bodies of giant wolf mounted Hobgoblin Raiders as scouts and light cavalry in battle. These are commonly drawn from the more nomadic Hobgoblin tribes from the east of the Mountains of Mourn and isolated bands which roam the fringes-of the southern Dark Lands. They are lured into service with the Chaos Dwarfs as mercenaries, but their new lords treat them as no better than slaves regardless. These raiders, all bandits and robbers by disposition, are if anything, even less reliable than their footslogging kin - their mounts allowing them to flee with much greater speed when the need arises. This tendency is however outweighed somewhat by their usefulness as skirmishers and foragers, particularly to Chaos Dwarf slave-raiding expeditions who must travel far and wide often into unfamiliar and hostile lands.

The strapping chargers that Men and Elves ride in the west will have nothing to do with Hobgoblins or their ilk. Hobgoblins are cruel and malicious as well as obscenely foul smelling, causing horses to shy and buck from such despicable creatures, and who can blame them? Like their Goblin cousins, Hobgoblins

ride the backs of huge, snarling wolves in the manner of Men riding horses. These ferocious beasts have been the enemies of Mankind for centuries, raiding small towns and villages in huge bloodthirsty packs. As a result, Humans have always hunted marauding packs of Giant Wolves in order to protect their homes from vicious assaultment.

The malign demeanour of these great wolves means that they share a kindred spirit with the sinister disposition of Hobgoblins and Goblins. They are natural companions for those that plunder and pillage, slaughter and slay, and so over the centuries Hobgoblins and Giant Wolves have created an alliance of convenience. The Hobgoblins ride atop the feral wolves scouting out settlements to raze and encircling confined foes with their vast speed. In return, the Hobgoblins provide their lupine steeds with fresh meats and sufficient shelter.



When the legions of the Chaos Dwarfs go to war, small bands of Hobgoblin Wolf Riders accompany them. Using the swiftens of their wolf mounts, the Hobgoblins target weak or isolated enemies to prey upon and surround their enemies while firing volleys of barbed arrows. After a victory, the Hobgoblin Wolf Riders give chase to their defeated adversaries, harrying them while shouting insults and flailing their weapons as their foes retreat.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Wolf Raider	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.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Fast Cavalry.

Cowardly Despoilers: Units with this special rule gain +1 To Hit in the first round of combat if they successfully charge an enemy in the rear or flank. However, if they are themselves charged at all, they suffer a -1 to their Combat Resolution bonus in the first round of combat instead.

"Dere's nuthin' in life as proper as hunt'n from da back of a 'ard taught wolf. Dere speed n' grace makes da world flow by as a dream. Prey who manage ta give a good fight n' die with some dignity are way better dan dose wot scream and soil der britches, but I take whatever I catch all da same."

— Brodai, Hobgoblin Warrior





ORC & GOBLIN SLAVES

GOBLIN SLAVES

Most numerous of all the slaves held captive by the Chaos Dwarfs are Goblins. Thousands of Goblins labour in the mines of the Plains of Zharrduk and throughout the sprawling Chaos Dwarf empire. Vast numbers are taken from tribes surrounding the Chaos Dwarf empire every year. Once caught by the fearsome Chaos Dwarf slave masters, there can be little hope of escape. Where possible, Goblin tribes will try and barter for their freedom using captive Dwarfs and Men taken from the Old World as their currency.

The only escape offered to Goblins from their toil in the pits of Zharrduk is to be recruited into one of the many bands or armies of Chaos Dwarfs roaming the Dark Lands. They are poor warriors, but their lives are of such little consequence that the Chaos Dwarfs drive them into battle in their thousands. Goblins are used by Chaos Dwarfs to fill out the army and are often driven in huge mobs towards the enemy battle lines where they are used to tire the foe and blunt his attack.

In appearance Goblins are a far more diminutive race than their greenskinned relatives, the Orcs. Goblins look rather thin and scrawny with gangly arms. Their voices are much higher pitched than those of Orcs, and they are extremely noisy and garrulous where orcs are inclined to speak slowly and infrequently.

Goblins live on the cast-offs of other races and frequently thrive in the shadows of their larger green skinned cousins, the Orcs. They are, in general, a miserable treacherous race of petty thieves and vicious cutthroats. Goblins can be found just about everywhere, though they tend to favour the mountains.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Goblin Slave	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	3
Hobgoblin Overseer	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	2	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Mixed Unit.

Fear Elves: *Goblins strongly dislike fighting Elves, partly because the dire reputation of these formidable troops, but also because of the natural aura of Elves incites unreasoning fear in Goblins.*

Models with this special rule treat models from *Warhammer: High Elves, Dark Elves* and *Wood Elves* rule as causing Fear against them.

Hobgoblin Overseer: The Hobgoblin Overseer follows the rules for normal unit Champions; with the following exceptions: the Hobgoblin Overseer is always placed in the rear rank of the unit, and may be the only model in that rank. In addition, the unit must

take a leadership test at the start of each of their turns. If failed, the Slaves are refusing to follow the Overseer's orders, and the unit will suffer D6 Strength 3 Hits as he restores order with the use of his whip.

ORC SLAVES

The Chaos dwarfs keep many Orc and Goblin tribes enslaved in their dark workshops and mines. Some for eh tribes which live in the Mountains of Mourn guard the mountain passes for their Chaos Dwarfs masters. Though these tribes are rebellious, the Chaos Dwarfs employ the Hobgoblins to keep them in line. Orcs recruited or captured from tribes in the Mountains of Mourn are used as slaves and warriors throughout the Chaos Dwarf empire. The brute strength and toughness of Orcs means they are ideally suited for work in the pits of Zharrduk or the Chaos Dwarf armies.

Orcs vary in their physical appearance, some are no taller than a man but most are substantially larger and the biggest Orcs stand well over seven feet tall. They are also much breaker than humans with big deep chests, massive shoulders, and long powerfully muscled arms. Orcs have large heads with huge jaws but tiny foreheads behind which lurk a thick skull and not very much brain.

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 love nothing better than to fight, being happy to meet their end in battle so long as they get a chance for a good scrap. When not actually at war, Orcs will attempt to spend all their time fighting each other. To prevent this, once a campaign is over the Chaos Dwarfs will quickly disband the Orc units and put them back to work in the furnaces and mines of the realm.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Orc Slave	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	4
Hobgoblin Overseer	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	2	6

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Animosity, Hobgoblin Overseer, Mixed Unit, Strength Bonus (1).

Ignore Goblin Panic. *Orcs expect Goblins to run away and it doesn't really surprise them when this happens. The sight of Goblins running in flight does not upset the Orcs, it simply reminds them why they are better!*

Orc Slaves treat Goblin Slaves as Expendable.





BLACK ORCS

Certain arcane lore and blasphemous histories state apocryphally that many centuries ago the dark arts of the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers sought to create a new breed of slave by means of blood magic and infernal power. They already of course possessed tens of thousands of Orc and Goblin slaves, but at best they were unruly, fractious and inefficient because they would often fight amongst themselves, lacking the useful intelligence of humans or the sheer stamina of Ogres.

Through years of selective breeding and the use of evil magic Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers first created the Black Orc race in the foul depths of Zharr-Naggrund. Far stronger and tougher than Orcs and Goblins, Black Orcs were intended as a race of super slaves. The new breed was to be powerful warriors in battle and able workers in the most hostile parts of their benighted realm, inferior to their masters and obedient to their will, but superior in every regard from the common Orc stock from which they were created. This was how the race of Black Orcs came into being.

The great experiment worked at first, but the Chaos Dwarfs soon came to realise that their new Orc breed, dark-hued and hulking, while both tougher and stronger than their salve stock, were also far too independently minded to make good slaves. Indeed, their steadiness of will and brutal clarity of purpose compared to common Orcs was a dire cause of concern, and not long after their numbers swelled and spread, these 'Black Orcs' began to

revolt, and even organise other Greenskins into obeying their will rather than that of their Chaos Dwarf masters. Some believe that in 'refining' the Black Orcs, the Chaos Dwarfs had also unwittingly concentrated the Orcs' own bellicose nature and love of battle to untameable heights, while some suggest that something of the arrogant desire to dominate and destroy that festered in the hearts of the Chaos Dwarfs themselves had somehow transferred and taken root in their progeny.

In any case, the Chaos Dwarfs were soon troubled by revolt after revolt, and were beset on all sides by a powerful and deadly enemy of their own creation. In the greatest and final revolt, near-civil war broke out, the Chaos Dwarfs besieged with their own weapons and Zharr-Naggrund itself became a battleground. The Dawi-Zharr hovered on the precipice of destruction, until aided by the perfidious treachery of the Hobgoblins against their kin, the Black Orcs were finally defeated. With utter ruthlessness the Chaos Dwarfs purged the tower of their creations, who were cast out and driven from the Chaos Dwarf Empire at great cost. Many Black Orcs escaped the dire retribution of the Chaos Dwarfs, fleeing to the Mountains of Mourn where their descendants remain to this day, while others undertook the long journey to the west across the Dark Lands to the Worlds Edge Mountains during the time of Sigmar. The Chaos Dwarfs destroyed many Black Orcs, but left small tribes free to roam the mountains so that they could recruit them later as troops in their armies. A few remain in the service of the Masters of Zharr-Naggrund, though they are not permitted to enter the city itself.



Black Orcs have skin which is black or extremely dark green. Black Orcs are bigger than normal Orcs and pride themselves on being the best fighters of the Orc and Goblin races. They take war much more seriously than other Orcs, and are usually better armoured and carry more, bigger, and better weapons. Black Orcs prefer to fight at close quarters, where their brute strength and determination makes them fearsome and powerful opponents. They often carry two weapons, one in each hand, rather than a shield, so they can strike their enemies two at a time.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Black Orc	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	8
Black Orc Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	3	8

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Immunity (Psychology), Strength Bonus (1).

Armed to da Teef: Black Orcs turn up to battle with as many weapons as they can carry.

At the start of each round of close combat, models with this special rule can choose which of their weapons (including hand weapon and shield) they wish to fight with.





K'DAAI FIREBORN

Chaos Dwarfs are arrogant, malign and paranoid beings who will bend their knee to none but their Father of Darkness, Hashut. The desires of their Sorcerers and Daemonsmiths are for power and domination, and for weapons and soldiers that will make them invincible – and it is from this desire that the K'daai Zharr – the scions of fire, were born. Rather than summon Daemons all but uncontrolled as a human sorcerer might or parley bargains with the greater fiends of Chaos, priests of Hashut have long sought to enslave the Daemon they summon by binding it into weapons and armour, war machines and constructs, thus harnessing and controlling them to the Sorcerer's will and giving them form. With the K'daai they have sought to do something more, to create a race of beings, half-demon stuff and half-raging fire drawn from the magma of the deep earth and birthed in the boiling blood of Hashut's burning sacrifices, given form and contained within an armoured framework of articulated iron and rune-stamped bronze.

The High Priests of Hashut have succeeded almost too well in the K'daai, for they are almost mindless, elemental forces of destruction, and need to be laid to rest as cold and silent metal until they are required in battle, where they burn bright and terrible, but briefly.

Only the greatest of the Sorcerer-Prophets is able to forge these monsters of metal and flame, and the process is both costly and arduous in the extreme. This



limits their number, making them almost the stuff of legend. But with the dark imaginings and limits of deadly craftsmanship the only end to the terrible forms a K'daai can be fashioned and shaped into, there have been those of Hash priesthood who have met their cursed doom early, as the power required to make their glorious vision real has slipped from their grasp.

The K'daai are devastating shock troops, but fractious and difficult to control, and as the destructive energies contained within them slowly exhaust themselves, they burn through the binding rituals placed upon the entity within, slowly bringing about their destruction. As such their use is confined, and between battles they slumber as cold frameworks of barbed iron, awaiting the rituals of blood and fire that awaken them to slaughter.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
K'daai Fireborn	6	4	2	5	4	3	4	3	7
K'daai Manburner	6	4	2	5	4	3	4	4	7

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemonic, Flaming Attacks, Immunity (Flaming Attacks).

Blazing Body: Any model (friend or foe), except another K'daai, in base contact with a K'daai at the start of the Close Combat phase takes an automatic non-physical Strength 3 hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule. In addition, any non-magical attacks suffer a -1 Strength penalty against them.

Burning Bright: *Once unleashed, the power of the K'daai's sorcerous fire is so great that it consumes even itself eventually and destroys the bindings holding them in shape.*

From the second game turn onwards, at the start of each of your turns a Toughness test must be made for each K'daai unit (roll once for each unit). If this is failed they suffer D3 Wounds with no save of any kind possible, distributed as per a shooting attack.

"Hear the summons of Hashut!
The Dark Father calls you to slaughter,
Blood and fire exhorts you to war!
Hear the summons of Hashut!
Stretch your limbs of blood-oiled steel,
The Dawi-Zharr march forth once more!
Answering the summons of Hashut!"

- From the K'daai rituals of awakening





K'DAAI DESTROYERS

Far larger than the K'daai Fireborn fashioned as shock troops by the Chaos Dwarfs, K'daai Destroyers are massive constructs created in the form of mighty warriors or iron beasts, such as gargantuan monstrous bulls and other nightmarish creatures, awakened by mass blood sacrifice and let loose upon the enemy. The High Priests of Hashut have succeeded almost too well in the creations of the K'daai Destroyers, for they are near-mindless, elemental forces of destruction, and need to be laid to rest as cold and silent metal until they are required in battle, where they burn bright and terrible, but briefly.

Only the greatest of the Sorcerer-Prophets are able to forge these monsters of metal and flame, and the process is both costly and arduous in the extreme. This limits their number, making them almost the stuff of legend. But with the dark imaginings and limits of deadly craftsmanship the only end to the terrible forms a K'daai can be fashioned and shaped into, there have been those of Hashut's priesthood who have met their cursed doom early, as the power to make their glorious vision real has slipped from their grasp. There are those malign Sorcerer-Prophets that have turned this to their advantage, entering into dark pacts with other evil wizards and sorcerers, granting to them the power of such a hellish creation in return for some vast and unholy price, knowing full well that the K'daai power is ultimately self-destructive and more than likely to turn on those that try to wield it without sufficient caution.



K'daai Destroyers are singular constructs, fashioned to the desires and diabolical whims of the Daemonsmiths and Sorcerer-Prophets that forge them in Hashut's deadly fires. Accordingly although all are large and bestial, some may be created in the image of a great bull, another a Rhinoc or even a dragon or some twisted creature conjured from the dark imagination of its creator. All however are beasts of blackened and jagged metal suffused with glowing runes of binding and alive with hellish flame.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
K'daai Destroyer	8	5	3	7	6	6	5	5	8

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: **Blazing Body, Burning Bright, Daemonic, Flaming Attacks, Immunity (Flaming Attacks).**

Hellish Frenzy: A K'daai Destroyer is subject to Frenzy and gains +D3 Attacks each turn rather than +1 whilst it remains Frenzied.

UPGRADES:

Razor Horns: *Fashioned in the shape of a bull or Minotaur, the charge of the K'daai Destroyer can shatter a hillside.*

The K'daai Destroyer gains the Impact Hits (D6) special rule.

Gore Blades: *The Destroyer's body is covered in barbs and blades, making it almost impossible to attack in close combat without an enemy being cut to shreds in the attempt.*

When attacking the K'daai Destroyer in close combat, all 'To Hit' rolls of 1 by the enemy inflicts a Strength 3 hit on the attacking model(s).

Brazen Wings: *The K'daai Destroyer has been outfitted with brazen wings infused with sorcery and the blood of a Great Taurus slain in ritual supplication to Hashut, Father of Darkness.*

The K'daai Destroyer gains the Fly (7) and Breath Weapon (Strength 4 Flaming Attack) special rule.

Dark Colossus: *The K'daai Destroyer is a towering monster, larger even than others of its kind. The work of the greatest of the Sorcerer-Prophets, it is able to crush fortification and mighty beasts beneath its burning claws and leave the earth an ashen waste in its wake.*

The K'daai Destroyer gains +2 Wounds.





WHIRLWINDS & TENDERIZERS

WHIRLWINDS

The Whirlwind is a two-wheeled push-cart with spikes fixed to the front and scythes protruding from the wheels. Three rotating flails and three rotating scythes are mounted on the front, and are driven by means of cogs and gears linked to the axle. The flails and scythes therefore only rotate while the cart is being pushed.

The Whirlwind is principally a device for breaking up and smashing through solid formations of troops.

Should the device succeed, it may proceed to engage other targets beyond. Several of these devices may form up in a unit to create a combined attack.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Whirlwind	6	-	-	4	5	4	-	-	-
Bull Centaur	-	4	2	4	-	-	3	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour save 6+).

SPECIAL RULES: Contempt, Natural Armour (6+).

Whirlwind: In addition to its normal Impact Hits, the Whirlwind causes D6 Impact Hits at Strength 5 at the start of each round of close combat. Note that this only applies when fighting to the Whirlwind's front.

Due to its constraints when pushing the Whirlwind forward, the Bull Centaur may only attack when fighting to the Whirlwind's flank or rear.

TENDERIZERS

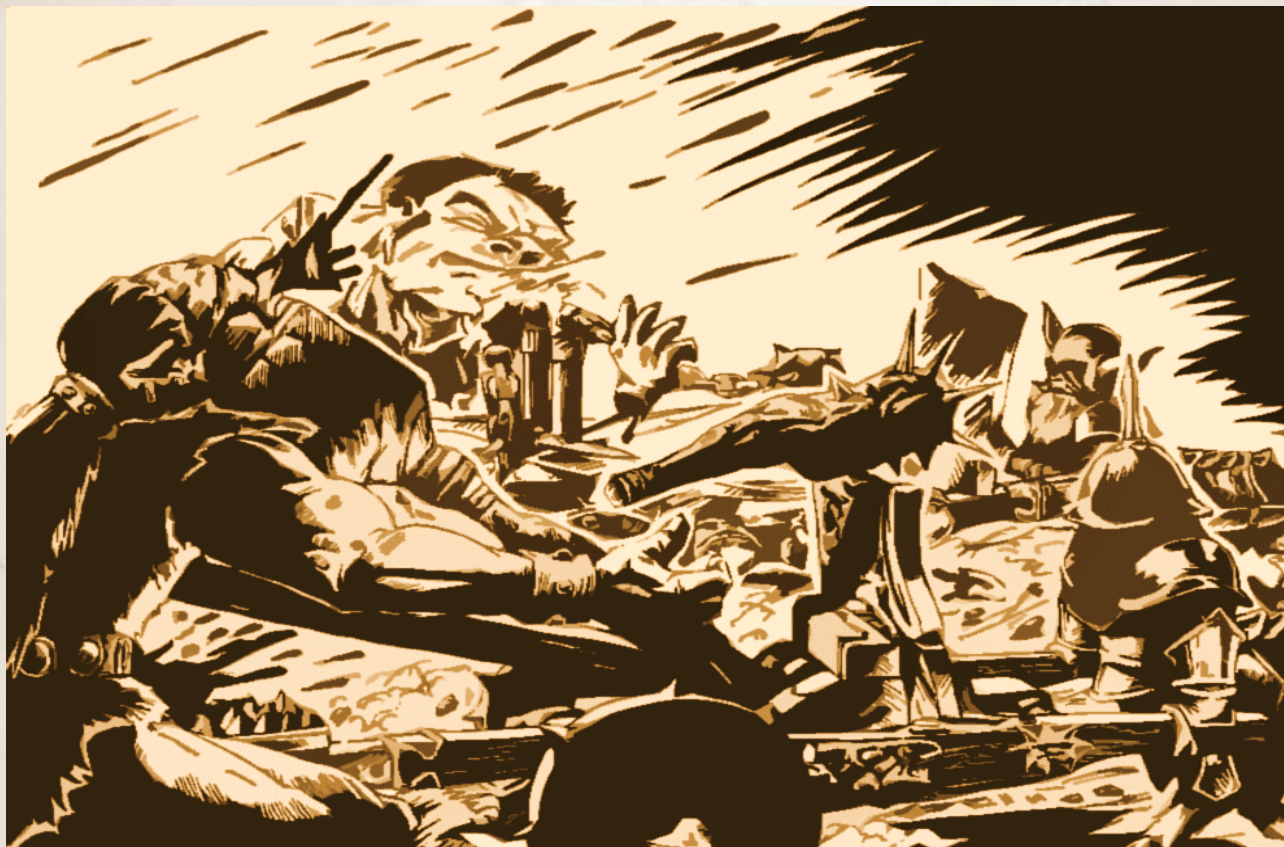
When it comes to inventing machineries of war, the Chaos Dwarfs are almost as capable as members of the Dwarven Engineers' Guild. Perhaps there is something about their inventive Dwarven nature which responds vigorously to the warping stimulus of Chaos. The Tenderizer is a variant of the Whirlwind. Its axle is linked by gears to three enormous concussive implements. As the device is pushed forward these implements batter and crush foes in its path. It operates in a similar way to the Whirlwind except that the nature of the damage inflicted is different.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tenderizer	6	-	-	4	5	4	-	-	-
Bull Centaur	-	4	2	4	-	-	3	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour save 6+).

SPECIAL RULES: Contempt, Natural Armour (6+).

Tenderizer: In addition to its normal Impact Hits, the Tenderizer causes D3 Impact Hits at Strength 6 at the start of each round of close combat. These attacks have the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. Note that this only applies when fighting to the Tenderizer's front. Due to its constraints when pushing the Tenderizer forward, the Bull Centaur may only attack when fighting to the Tenderizer's flank or rear.





LIGHT ARTILLERY

INFERNO GUNS

The Chaos Dwarf Inferno Gun is a light, portable cannon which only requires a crew of two Dwarfs to operate. Unlike heavier cannons which fire a solid ball, the Inferno Gun fires blasts of shrapnel. The secret of the swivel gun is its breechloading mechanism; the gun has an ingenious breech block which can be detached from the rest of the barrel and loaded with a charge of gunpowder and a variety of shrapnel. Lead shot, pebbles, nails, rusty iron scrap, chains, broken bottles arid even coins can be stuffed into the breech block.

"There. That's where we make our assault." The Witchfinder General pointed to the corner of the Dwarven fortress. The wall had collapsed, leaving a ten-foot-wide gap.

"Captain Blaine, you have the assault. No prisoners, mind. These spawns of darkness are to be put to the sword. Their bodies will be burnt, their towers pulled down and their ashes scattered to the winds!"

"Aye, sir." Blaine knew he could do it. A knighthood would be his due.

Now, under a steady rain of crossbow bolts, Blaine was having second thoughts. The breach was still open, but Quickfester Bodmin's Chaos Dwarfs had moved something into the gap. He couldn't quite see through the smoke, but Blaine had his suspicions: some sort of cannon, probably. He swallowed. Taking the breach would be hard enough against crossbow fire, but to walk down the barrel of a cannon!

There was a loud explosion, and a gout of flame filled the breach. Men fell, torn and shocked by a hail of metal and stones. There was a ringing blow on Blaine's helmet.

He had been right — a gun of some sort, another fiendish creation of these foul Chaos Dwarfs. Blaine reached up and pulled a gold coin, still warm from being fired from the gun, out of his helmet plume. He shook his head, partly out of sheer disbelief at his luck, partly to clear it. Then he realized that the gun had been fired too soon.

"Up and at them, my lads!" Blaine's eyes measured the distance to the breach. His company would be there before the Dwarfs could possibly reload and fire again. "Attack! Attack! WITH ME!"

His men panted as they scrambled over the rubble in the breach. They were inside the walls.

The Chaos Dwarfs at the gun adjusted their aim slightly. Blaine frowned. They hadn't moved from the gun. They were ready to fire again!

"Oh sh—"

The Chaos Dwarf Inferno Gun roared once more. There would be no knighthood for Blaine.

Each gun comes with two breech blocks so that a spare charge can be loaded while the first shot is aimed and discharged. The breech block is simply inserted into the rest of the barrel and wedged tight before firing.

The Inferno Gun's effect is devastating. The shrapnel inflicts hits on enemy troops within a broad arc of fire. This wide arc of fire, and the weapon's mobility in the hands of experienced operators, make the swivel gun an excellent weapon for providing close artillery support.

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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Contempt, Relentless, Resolute.

Inferno Gun: The Inferno Gun has the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
18"	5	Armour Piercing (1), Move or Fire

Roll the Artillery dice to determine the number of shots fired, and roll To Hit as normal using the Ballistics Skill of the Chaos Dwarfs. If the result is a Misfire, consult the Blackpowder Misfire chart.

EARTHSHAKER MORTARS

The Earthshaker Mortar is a portable, lighter version of the Dreadquake Mortar. Able to be hauled around by two Chaos Dwarfs, these small artillery pieces are lugged behind the main infantry line, advancing with them as needed for cover. While not as powerful as its larger version, the Earthshaker is still a useful weapon for taking out enemy light infantry formations from a distance.

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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Contempt, Relentless, Resolute.

Earthshaker Mortar: An Earthshaker Mortar fires like a Stone Thrower with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12-36"	3(6)	Armour Piercing (1), Move or Fire, Multiple Wounds (D3) Slow to Fire

If the result is a Misfire, consult the Blackpowder Misfire chart.



BAZUKAS

This simple-seeming tube-like weapon fires a rocket with a powerful explosive warhead. Its main advantage, apart from the ease of manufacture, is that it is light and relatively simple to use. It dispenses with the need for a cumbersome chassis and can be carried about with a crew of two – one to carry the rockets, one to carry the gun.

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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: **Contempt, Relentless, Resolute.**

Bazuka: The Bazuka has the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
6-24"	6	Move or Fire, Slow to Fire

Each Hit from a Bazuka is multiplied into D6 Hits. If the To Hit roll for a shooting attack made by a Bazuka is a 1 (before any modifiers are applied), then it misfires. Roll on the Blackpowder Misfire table in the Warhammer rulebook and apply the result to the Bazuka.

HOBGOBLIN SPEAR CHUKKA

Hobgoblins build clumsy devices and weapons, from wolf-pulled wagons to cruel devices designed only for the purpose of inflicting pain and torture upon their enemies. The Hobgoblins carelessly lash wood and iron together resulting in crudely constructed contraptions, often lethal to both Hobgoblin and foe alike!

The most common war machine Hobgoblins construct is the potent spear chukka – a giant, lever-operated bow that fires huge bolts capable of penetrating deep into ranked formations of troops, skewering masses of soldiers at once or even dispatching a large beast in a single deadly shot. Although crude and primitive compared to the arsenals of the Chaos Dwarfs, Hobgoblin spear chukkas can provide effective ranged support. That is, if they ever actually hit...

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Spear Chukka	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-
Hobgoblin Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	1	6

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Bolt Thrower).

SPECIAL RULES:

Slipshod: If the To Hit roll for a shooting attack made by a Spear Chukka is a 1 (before any modifiers are applied), then it misfires. Roll on the Stone Thrower Misfire table in the Warhammer rulebook and apply the result to the Spear Chukka.





IRON DAEMON WAR ENGINE

Chaos Dwarfs possess a mastery of steam technology that far surpasses that of the engineers of the Empire. Their steam-driven devices are used first and foremost in the great mines that pit and scar the ash-strewn Plain of Zharr and the deep workings that riddle the earth beneath it like worms in rotting fruit. Here they drive great tunnelling and crushing machines, their flanks rusty with the blood of the slaves that toil to feed them. Beside these, other grand machines hammer and roar night and day.

To retrieve their mineral wealth, small self-powered steam engines and traction carriages have been constructed to haul ore in lieu of beasts of burden such as horses or oxen which soon perish in the treacherous conditions, and in places where slave labour is impractical or inefficient. The Dwarfs of Zharr prefer to place their trust in iron and brass and in fire and steam rather than muscle and bone. So it was not long before these engines were also deployed due to their obvious merits for hauling cannon, rockets, mortars and other destructive weapons to the battlefield rather than ore or iron ingots.

The driving power behind these engines comes from coal, which the Chaos Dwarfs mine in great quantities from beneath the Plain of Zharr and then infuse in arcane rites so that it burns hotter and far more constantly than naturally possible. Their furnaces will however willingly devour wood or other base materials if they happen to be the only available source of fuel with a temporarily acceptable loss in performance. Among the slaves of Zharr-Naggrund though, rumours abound of engines that run on blood, ground bones and screaming spirits, and such ingenuity is certainly not beyond the devious and inventive servants of Hashut.

One of the latest designs to see widespread service within the Chaos Dwarf empire is the Iron Daemon, a compact, armoured steam-driven traction engine. The steam boilers that provide these machines with motive power, to haul heavy armaments and munitions to the battlefield are cunningly designed so that they can also be used to work pressure-fed weapons such as cannonades and wall-breakers. This means that every Iron Daemon is also a powerful war machine in its own right – a fully mobile artillery piece or murderous killing engine able to smash through fortifications and hack down ranks of living soldiers with equal ease.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Iron Daemon	6	-	-	6	6	6	-	-	-
Chaos Dwarf Crew	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	1	9

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 4+).

SPECIAL RULES: **Impact hits (D6+1), Terror, Unbreakable.**

Lumbering and Unstoppable: *The Iron Daemon is a mighty, smoke-belching powerhouse; slow but incredibly hard to stop.*

When charging, the Iron Daemon can only do so in a straight line forward, with no wheeling allowed, and it does not use the Swiftstride special rule. If a double 1 is rolled for its charge distance, then something has gone wrong and the Iron Daemon does not move at all this turn. Iron Daemons cannot overrun or pursue in combat if they destroy or rout their foes.

Grind Attack: At the beginning of each round of combat in which it did not charge, the Iron Daemon inflicts D6 Impact Hits to reflect it grinding over its victims with its bulk and power.

Demolition: Iron Daemons ignore terrain classified as Obstacles and do not suffer D6 wounds for moving through Dangerous Terrain, except Rivers and Marshland, which are treated as Impassable terrain.

Steam Cannonade: *Powered by the channelled pressure of the Iron Daemon's furnace, a steam cannonade is a twin cannon used to blast a lethal storm of red-hot shrapnel and curse-laden shot into the ranks of the enemy.*

This weapon may only be fired at a target directly ahead of the Iron Daemon, and uses the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
18"	5	Armour Piercing (1)

Roll the Artillery dice to determine the number of shots fired, and roll To Hit as normal using the Ballistic Skill of the Chaos Dwarfs. It does not suffer any To Hit penalties for moving and shooting or firing multiple shots. If the result is a Misfire, consult the Blackpowder Misfire chart. If a Destroyed! result is rolled, the cannonade is destroyed and may not be used again. In addition the Iron Daemon it is mounted on suffers D6 wounds with no save of any kind possible.

UPGRADES:

Skullcracker: *Designed for crushing fortifications and walls, the Skullcracker is a hissing and grinding arcane-mechanical conglomeration of iron hammers, hacking blades and brutal picks designed to literally pulverise and shred anything unfortunate to be caught in front of the machine.*

The Iron Daemon gains the Impact Hits (2D6) special rule and rolls 2D6 for the number of Impacts Hits with its Grind Attack. In addition, hits caused by the Skullcracker gain a +1 bonus on To Wound rolls against buildings and fortifications.





MAGMA CANNON

A fiendish weapon first conceived of for use against the ravening Trolls and other unwholesome and hungry monsters that spawn and multiply in the Dark Lands and is designed to spew molten metal and fire upon its victims, horrifically burning them to death. The Magma Cannon has seen long use and been the subject of considerable modification and experimentation by Chaos Dwarf Daemonsmith engineers and no two are quite the same, but rather the product of an individual's malign creativity. Some use pressurised steam-boilers to jet gouts of burning sulphur, caustic tar or pyretic acids, while others incorporate sorcerously bound volcanic glass shells in which molten lava drawn from the deep earth slumbers until its shell is shattered.

Regarded as one of the true works of a Daemonsmith's craft, neophyte Sorcerer-engineers vie with each other to produce the most deadly Magma Cannons of their own design. Many have perished as a result of such experimentation – either overcome by choking fumes, dissolved by acrid vapours, or blown to shreds when their volatile mixtures have exploded unexpectedly. To their overlords in the priesthood of Hashut, this is only right and proper; as such failure is not tolerated in the service of the Father of Darkness.

The Magma Cannon is a relatively short-ranged but potentially devastating weapon, able to incinerate packed bodies of enemy troops or burn clear defended positions in close assaults.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Magma Cannon	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-
Chaos Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Fire Thrower).

SPECIAL RULES: Contempt, Resolute.

Magma Cannon: The Magma Cannon uses the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12"	5	Flaming Attacks, Multiple Wounds (D3)

CHAOS DWARF FORTS
Chaos Dwarf forts stand as huge bastions on the desolate plain. Built of massive blocks of volcanic lava these huge strongholds typically feature distinctive stepped crenellations on their battlements. Carved Lammasu and Great Taurus statues flank the gateway into the fort and the gates themselves are usually ridiculously tall as a defiant gesture of arrogance and as a show of ostentation.





DEATHSHRIEKER ROCKET LAUNCHER

The Deathshrieker is a fiendish invention of the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers. It consists of a tubular rocket packed full of a chemical propellant synthesised from the abundant raw materials of the Plain of Zharr. The propellant chemicals are highly unstable and extremely toxic, and the slaves that work in the rocket factories of Zharr rarely last for long. The poisonous fumes and deadly chemicals inevitably kill those lucky enough not to be involved in one of the regular explosions.

The Chaos Dwarfs utilise a number of different types of gunpowder-driven rocket weapons and the Deathshrieker is one of the more diabolic examples of these weapons, as bound up within its munitions are howling, malevolent fire-spirits harvested from the cinders of Hashut's sacrificial altars, and it is the hellish shrieking of these spirits when loosed that gives the weapon its name.



Although the Chaos Dwarfs have built and launched some extremely large rockets, they have achieved the greatest success with the small battlefield weapon known as the Deathshrieker. This is about seven or eight feet long and is packed full of propellant. It contains a small explosive charge at its tip and is stabilised in flight by means of fins at the rear.

Despite the grand ambitions of the Chaos Dwarfs' experiments, their rockets have not proven very reliable. One especially large rocket, a huge thing as high as a tower and known as the Hammer of Hashut, went disastrously off course and almost hit Zharr-Naggrund itself, eventually landing on a Goblin camp, blowing a crater in the plain of Zharr hundreds of yards across. Fortunately, on this occasion little damage was done. Goblins excepted, but the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers wisely decided to confine their experiments to the distant and mostly uninhabited Howling Wastes to the south.



The Deathshrieker Rocket carries an explosive charge, but due to its unpredictable nature it does not always explode when the rocket lands. Sometimes the rocket will smash into the ground and simply bury itself without exploding. On other occasions the rocket will hit the ground and spin round madly before its propellant splutters into life once more carrying the rocket off in a new direction. A rocket which goes wild in this way can sometimes hop and skip across the battlefield, changing direction several times before it explodes.

The packed multiple warheads of the Deathshrieker detonate in the air above the battlefield in a storm of fire – fire which has its own terrible hunger for life upon which to visit its touch. Screaming, fanged tendrils of flame plunge downwards from the blast and expend their strength actively seeking out victims. The tormented spirits are far from discerning though as to whose flesh they burn, and the Chaos Dwarfs must be cautious lest their own suffer from the wrathful weapon.

In addition to the hellish Deathshrieker rockets, the launchers they use are also able to fire more conventional demolition rockets if needs be. These use densely packed explosive rocket heads with delayed fuses in a strengthened iron tube to channel the blast against a single point. The rocket mounts a crown of spikes that drive the rocket into a vertical wall and hold it there whilst it explodes. In this fashion the rocket can punch through even very dense stone and can make a terrible mess of any large creature that gets in its way too.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Rocket Battery	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-
Chaos Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Stone Thrower).

SPECIAL RULES: Contempt, Resolute.

Deathshrieker Rockets: The Deathshrieker uses the large template with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12-48"	3	Flaming Attacks

Any unit which suffers casualties from a Deathshrieker rocket must take a Panic test.

Demolition Rockets: Deathshrieker launchers may be used to fire special demolition rockets instead of their normal loads. Demolition rockets uses the small template and the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12-48"	4(10)	Flaming Attacks, Multiple Wounds (D6)

If the Deathshrieker Rocket Launcher rolls a misfire, use the Blackpowder misfire chart.





DREADQUAKE MORTAR

The Dreadquake Mortar is a massive weapon of destruction and one of the most deadly weapons in the arsenal of the Chaos Dwarfs. It fires a heavy shell full of powerful explosive. When the shell lands it smashes into the ground, burying itself deeply before it explodes, creating devastating shock waves. As well as blowing its target apart, the shockwaves of the explosion are so strong that nearby models are knocked to the ground. Troops close to the blast will be far too shocked by the impact to fight, or even to move. All they can do is lie on the ground, dazed and confused, until they recover their senses.

Dreadquake Mortars are amongst the largest and most effective of all the mighty siege weapons deployed by the Chaos Dwarfs. They rank alongside other such mighty bombardments and cannons able to rend the earth and smash through layered stone fortifications as if they were kindling. The Dreadquake's deadly projectiles are fired by steam pressure that is generated by a boiler and contained within a pressure vessel – conventional gunpowder being far too dangerous given the volatility of the Dreadquake's unique and powerful shells. As a consequence it takes quite a while for the machine to generate enough steam to fire a single shot – limiting its potential in battle. But even on the open field it is a supremely dangerous weapon against large and static targets and if successfully fired against enemy infantry, it can wreak carnage as more than one Orc tribe of the Worlds Edge Mountains has found to their cost.



The Dreadquake's shells are of a secret construction whose arcana is the sole preserve of the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer Lords and prophets of Hashut. When fired from the Dreadquake they burst into a roaring, blood-red light, and when they strike they explode, shattering buildings apart and smashing into the ground like a hammer-blow from the gods, bleeding crimson energy from the wounded earth. These shells take the form of metal spheres and are so heavy and unwieldy that an Ogre commonly forms part of the machine's crew in order to speed up the loading.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Dreadquake Mortar	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-
Chaos Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
Slave Ogre	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Stone Thrower).

SPECIAL RULES: **Contempt**, **Fear** (Slave Ogre only), **Resolute**.

Dreadquake Mortar: The Dreadquake Mortar uses the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12-72"	5(10)	Armour Piercing (1), Multiple Wounds (D6), Slow Reload

All models in a unit suffering casualties from a Dreadquake Mortar in the previous turn must pass a test exactly as if they were moving through Dangerous Terrain if they wish to move (including charging, reforming, characters leaving the unit, etc) and suffer -1 To Hit with missile weapons. War machines can only fire on a 4+ on a D6.

The Black Powder Misfire chart is used when the weapon misfires, but all rolls on the chart are reduced by -1 in order to reflect the dangers of the unstable Dreadquake shells.

Slow Reload: *The shells used by the Dreadquake Mortar are huge, temperamental and cumbersome, making the weapon slow to reload.*

Unless a Slave Ogre is present as a part of the war machine's crew, after the Mortar has fired once, you must roll a 3+ on a D6 whenever you wish to fire it again. If this roll is failed, you may not fire this turn but may fire again normally next turn.





HELLCANNON

Part daemon, part warmachine, the Hellcannon of Chaos is a massive construct of iron and brass that growls and shakes with diabolic sentience. In battle, these arcane engines heave great blasts of daemonic energy arcing through the air toward their targets, incandescent explosions liquefying anything they touch and sending the survivors screaming in all directions.

These hell-forged beasts are guided rather than crewed by their teams of corrupt and twisted Chaos Dwarfs, in whose volcanic furnaces the Hellcannons are created. It is their duty to restrain the Hellcannon in the fires of battle, for the daemons bound within each war-construct hunger constantly for a banquet of warm flesh and hot blood laced with the taste of fear. The Dawi Zharr load their charge brutally by shovelling the bodies of their foes into the dire-furnace at the Hellcannon's rear. Flesh runs like wax, dribbling onto the earth under the crew's feet in thick, hissing gobs as the daemonic fires strip away and feed upon the captives' souls. These are perverted into wailing bolts of pure chaos, and vomited toward the Hellcannon's target in powerful spasms of hate and malice.

A Hellcannon, towering above the Chaos Dwarfs and their greenskin allies, is virtually indestructible. Such is the strength and bloodlust of the Daemonic machine that it must be chained to the ground to prevent it from rampaging toward the enemy lines, intent on gorging itself on raw flesh. Even these precautions prove inadequate should the enemy draw too close; it is whispered that there is nothing that can truly stay a Hellcannon's insatiable lust for destruction. A single Hellcannon is quite capable of blasting apart the walls of even the most stalwart fortress.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hellcannon	3	4	3	5	6	5	1	5	4
Chaos Dwarf Handler	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Daemonic, Mixed Unit, Natural Armour (4+).

Caged Fury: *The Hellcannon constantly strives to break free of its bonds.*

At the beginning of your turn, if the Hellcannon is not in combat, take a Leadership test. If the test is failed, the Hellcannon is then subject to the Random Movement (3D6) special rule until the beginning of the next turn, and must move towards the nearest enemy unit. If the Hellcannon would get destroyed as a result of it being Unstable, treat this as rolling a 1 on the table below.

Spew Ichor: *The Hellcannon can opt to spew out a great gout of body parts and daemonic ichor.*

The Hellcannon has a Strength 5 Breath Weapon. Any unit that suffers one or more casualties from Spew Ichor must take a Panic test with a -1 penalty to their Leadership.

Doomfire: Doomfire is fired exactly like a Stone Thrower with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12-60"	5(10)	Move or Fire, Multiple Wounds (D6), Slow to Fire

Any unit that suffers one or more casualties from Doomfire must take a Panic test with a -1 penalty to their Leadership. Should the artillery dice roll a misfire, roll a D6 on the following table:

D6	Result
1	Free at last! <i>The Daemon inside the Hellcannon violently breaks its bonds.</i> Every unit within 6" takes D6 Strength 5 hits. Then remove the Hellcannon and its crew from play.
2	Schlurp: <i>The Hellcannon sucks its own crew into its furnace and spits them out in a shower of gore and bone.</i> Remove the crew from play.
3	Thzzzz: <i>The Hellcannon fires great pulses of raw magic.</i> All Wizards within 24" must immediately pass a Leadership test or suffer a Miscast. Any spells lost are determined randomly.
4	Grrr: <i>The enraged Daemon inside the Hellcannon goes berserk.</i> Remove D3 crew.
5	Bloood! <i>The Hellcannon breaks its chains and rushes forwards.</i> Move the Hellcannon 3D6" directly forward as if it was subject to the Random Movement special rule and it was the Compulsory Movement sub-phase.
6	Boom! <i>The Hellcannon fires a devastating blast.</i> Resolve the Doomfire shot as if it were a direct hit, doubling the Strength of any hit. The Hellcannon cannot fire for the rest of the game.





JUGGERNAUT SIEGE TOWER

One of the largest and most frightening daemon engines in the entire Chaos Dwarf arsenal is the dreaded Juggernaut. The Juggernaut is a massive siege tower internally powered by a horde of Chaos Daemons that have been bound and trapped inside the gigantic machine. It is armed with two cannons, crewed by Chaos Dwarfs and pushed by a mighty Bull Centaur. It has several Towers manned by Chaos Dwarfs and the sides are carved with creepy grinning faces. The Juggernaut is a terrifying sight in battle, spikes sticking out all over the place and a carved face of a demon at the front, twin cannons sticking out of its eyes, and with a manic grin.

The Juggernaut is a most unpleasant, abominable sight. Leering, Daemonic faces appear about its exterior taunting the enemies of the Chaos Dwarfs with unnatural shrieks and wails while spewing highly corrosive phlegm that sticks to armour and flesh as the syrupy, Daemon mucus burns and dissolves everything it touches. The mere sight of such a blasphemous construct causes the weak-willed to flee as the Juggernaut slowly lurches forward powered by the sheer will of the evil entities bound within. Those that stand before the monstrous engine are ground and torn apart, as they are caught underneath huge, bone-crunching wheels and ultimately swallowed within a central gaping Daemonic maw of the Juggernaut itself.



Atop the various levels of the Juggernaut, a garrison of Chaos Dwarfs crew the tower bearing their shrapnel spitting fireglaves against enemies that threaten the Juggernaut. Smoking gloom surrounds the Siege Tower as the Chaos Dwarfs discharge vast volleys of iron shards against their foes, mowing them down in hails of concentrated salvos.

The Juggernaut is very effective in battle, being crewed by highly skilled gunners. It is more maneuverable than an average siege tower, being smaller and pushed by a Bull Centaur which is a fast and strong creature. The Juggernauts are a rarity on the battlefield as wood is scarce in the Dark Lands. They are usually saved for important battles so as not to waste them and risk damaging them or the Bull Centaur.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Juggernaut	6	-	-	5	6	10	-	-	-
Chaos Dwarf Crew	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	1	9
Bull Centaur	-	4	2	4	-	-	3	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 6+).

SPECIAL RULES: Large Target (10), Terror, Unbreakable.

Siege Tower: The Juggernaut may never march. When charging, the Juggernaut can only do so in a straight line forward, with no wheeling allowed, and it does not use the Swiftstride special rule. Juggernauts cannot overrun or pursue in combat if they destroy or rout their foes.

The crew of the Juggernaut do not suffer penalties for moving and shooting. The Bull Centaur may only fight if the Juggernaut is engaged to its flank or rear. All enemy attacks are directed against the Juggernaut itself, and automatically hit in close combat.

Siege Cannons: Siege Cannons fire using the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
36"	7	Multiple Shots (2), Multiple Wounds (D3), Slow to Fire

Siege Cannons can only fire from the Juggernaut's front and do not suffer any penalties To Hit for firing Multiple Shots or moving and shooting. If you roll a double on the Hit Roll when firing them, the Juggernaut suffers D3 Wounds with no saves allowed.





KOLLOSSUS

Over a thousand years ago it was the will of Lord Khaddash of House Khash that his Sorcerers would create life from unliving materials. They would create ultimate soldiers to serve the Chaos Dwarfs in their conquests. And so it was that the great Alchemagi Mardukh created life from unlife, a horrific construction made from ruddy bronze and brass, a great mechanical fighting machine made of Bronze. These constructs were named Kollossi, and they were the jewels of the black genius of Mardukh.

Vaguely humanoid in shape, the Kollossi are frightening machines. Tubes pump corpse-fluids and brass wiring crackles with electrical charges. Powered by arcane machinery, the Kollossus lurches forward in a hideous parody of nature, hissing steam pouring from the joints and exhaust pipes, causing cacophonous and terrifying noise. The heads of Kollossi are ornately decorated, shaped to resemble either a Chaos Dwarf, Great Taurus or the visage of Hashut, the Father of Darkness. Kollossi are solidly built from molten bronze and iron, and even a direct hit from a cannon is not likely to destroy it. Kollossi have no mind, save the will of their Chaos Dwarf masters. Thus they can be sent to perform missions that any living creature would dread to undertake.

For two long centuries Mardukh laboured in the pits of Zharr, creating variants of Kollossi and improving original design. But then the dreaded sorcerers curse

settled in. His body started to turn to stone. Desperately the great Alchemagi tried to find a cure. But it was all in vain. First his feet and then his hands started to turn to stone. Desperate, Mardukh started experimenting with magic to escape the curse. He summoned daemons, sacrificed innumerable slaves and read forbidden spells. But all his efforts failed. He banished all his apprentices and locked himself inside his chambers.

For three years Mardukh remained in his laboratory until all believed he had perished. The door of his laboratory was broke down to remove his body and place it in the Temple of Hashut as is the custom of Chaos Dwarfs. Inside they found a Kollossus, a massive mountain of bronze and Iron, which became animated the moment the magically sealed doors were broken. It crushed and horrified Chaos Dwarfs under its massive feet and lumbered out of the fortress, slaying any it came across. The gigantic Kollossi shambled to the East and was never seen again. Only a pile of rubble was found in the workshop of Mardukh.

The Chaos Dwarfs believed that Mardukh had perished in some horrifying accident in his research. The great Alchemagi was never seen again. What happened to him, no-one knows. Many Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers speculate that he somehow transferred his essence to the Kollossus, but equally many were certain that the Great Alchemagi was dead.

SLAVE TYRANT

Zhatan the Black surveyed the battlefield from atop the Throne of Hashut. The Goblins of Mount Grimfang had defied him for the last time. Weeks ago, Zhatan had sent Slave Lord Braux into the Worlds Edge Mountains under orders to capture fresh Goblin prisoners for the Hell Foundries of Ghorth the Cruel. Lord Braux had not returned according to schedule and only days earlier had Zhatan received word that his subordinate had been slain by the despicable Goblins of Mount Grimfang.

Zhatan had personally conducted business with these particular Goblinoids in the past, and had warned them not to cross the dread Commander of the Tower of Zharr. The foolish greenskins made a fatal error to ignore the word of the exalted Chaos Dwarf Overlord, and now Zhatan would see retribution for their insolence.

With a mere flick of his fingers, Zhatan snapped his Hobgoblin throne bearers to attention, motioning for them to advance. As the bearers heaved their master forwards, Zhatan continued to assess the green horde. Thousands of Goblins squabbled about in a single massive mob. Ordinarily they would make a splendid labour force for the House of Ghorth, but that was not to be their fate. These Goblins were to be made an example of, every last one of the green-filth would be slain and any survivors would be sacrificed into the glorious Furnace of Hashut within the Tower of Zharr. With another snap of his fingers, Zhatan brought his throne bearers to a halt, just short of Goblin bow range.

"GROBI!" bellowed the enraged Overlord. "With your insolence you have sealed your own fate. You have defied the authority of the Hashut, the Lord of Fire, and now you shall embrace pain as you have never known it. The only allies you shall know are ruin and annihilation and you shall be acquainted with holocaust like no other living thing. For I am Zhatan the Black, Commander of the indomitable Tower of Zharr, Chosen of Hashut and Lord of Genocide. There shall be no mercy for you or your ilk, only slaughter and inferno awaits you. There is no escape, for I have spoken and with my word, only obliteration follows."





Kollossi are very rare, for the secret of their making was lost with Mardukh, and thus no new Kollossi have been built for seven decades. Many Sorcerers have tried to examine and copy Mardukh's work, but always without success. Their attempts to dismantle and study Kollossi have failed: and many have gone berserk, slaying the knowledge-hungry Sorcerers and his servants before being hunted down and destroyed. The remaining Kollossi are owned and maintained by House Khash, and sent to aid Chaos Dwarf armies only for an exceedingly high price.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kollossus	6	4	3	6	6	6	1	5	10

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Animated Construct.

Mechanical Giant: If a Kollossus is destroyed in battle, it will explode with an earth-shaking noise. Any model in base contact takes a single Strength 5 hit.



Kollossi are ideal for breaking the enemy battle line, taking on large monsters, war machines, chariots and dislodging stubborn fighters from defended positions. The Kollossi are used extensively in sieges, where they can crush the gates of the fortresses in mere moments and the enemy arrows can do little to damage the Kollossus. Kollossi were built to break the backs of armies and thus far have never failed.



UPGRADES:

Several of the Kollossi feature upgrades to the original design of Mardukh. You may buy any two of these for each of your Kollossi below. You may not buy duplicates unless otherwise indicated.

Daemon Crystal: *Inside the Kollossus is a crystal which contains a bound Daemon. The machinery draws off the Daemon's power to create a strong anti-magic field around the Kollossus.*

The Kollossus gains Magic Resistance (3).

Armoured Plating: *The Kollossus is covered with bronze plates and bound with reddish iron, making it even more resistant to harm.*

The Kollossus' gains +1 to its armour save.

Furnace of Hashut: *The Kollossus is fitted with a Furnace of Hashut blessed by the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers. It may draw upon corrupt flames of the Father of Darkness raging inside it, but only at a great cost, for the fires corrode even the metal of which the Kollossus is made.*

The Kollossus may use the Furnace at the beginning of each of its turns. It then gains +2 Movement and +D6 extra attacks in close combat for the remainder of that turn. However, the Kollossus also suffers D3 Strength 6 hits with the Ignores Armour saves special rule at the end of that turn.

Lavathrower: *The Kollossus is fitted with a naphtha and sulphur lava thrower, often placed in the cavernous mouth of the Kollossus.*

The Kollossus gains a Strength 5 Breath Weapon with the Flaming Attacks and Ignores Armour saves special rule.

Great Hammer: *The Kollossus replaces its hand with a giant hammer, to better be able to crush its foes to a pulp.*

The Kollossus gains +1 Strength to its Attacks. If you replace both of the Kollossus's hands with a Great Hammer, it gains +1 Attack as well.

Crush: *A Kollossus can use its immense bulk and flailing limbs to crush things that would resist other weapons.*

In addition to its normal attacks, a Kollossus can make a single attack at Strength 10 with the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule.

High-Powered Engine: *The Kollossus has an unusually powerful spell cast over it and it is of exceedingly good construction.*

The Kollossus gains the following bonuses to its profile: +1 Movement, +1 Strength, +1 Attack.





SIEGE GIANT

Giants are some of the mightiest creatures to stride across the Warhammer world. They are simple-minded brutes whose huge strength and callousness alone is enough to wreak havoc simply by their passing. Their appetite for meat and drink is legendary, as is the destruction their rampages can cause. A single Giant is more than enough to devastate a village without much effort, and if bribed or goaded into battle, a Giant can smash through ranks of troops and crush heavily armoured cavalry with contemptuous ease.

Unfortunately for a Giant's victims, it often saves a few choice screaming morsels to devour later after it has done with gleefully hammering those who scurry before it like mice into a bloody paste.

The Chaos Dwarfs have not been slow to take note of the power and military potential of Giants, as they have often encountered them as foes within the ranks of the Ore and Goblin hordes that infest the Dark Lands, and the southern Mountains of Mourn that border their empire have long been inhabited by a unusually high number of the creatures. It is said this is because it once was the home of a great kingdom of giant-kind in elder days, now shattered into ruin and desolation. As a result Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers have long had the idea of bringing Giants that they are able to capture or enslave through trickery or trade with the Ogres under their will, and in doing so have been unable to resist 'improving' upon them in order to make them living weapons.



The most common result of these modifications is the Chaos Siege Giant, a mutilated, half-insane creature whose body has been armoured against attack by layer upon layer of heavy iron and bronze plates. These are firmly secured to the unwilling Giant by heat-fusing, riveting and nailing them deep into the Giant's flesh, and in some cases in bolting them directly into its massive skeleton.



The end result is a towering, iron-clad monster, even more clumsy and unwieldy than before, but now all but impervious to arrows and shot thanks to its armoured shroud. Likewise suitable weapons such as immense hooked blades, steel pick-axes the size of carts and even massive weighted chain-flails are lashed or implanted directly to the Giant's arms to enable it to scale or tear down fortifications and slaughter the largest monsters. Some even arc further fitted with scaling hooks and chains, enabling the creature's dead carcass to be used as a scaling platform should it fall, while the most unfortunate have the burning runes of Hashut branded into their armour and flesh, driving them to ever greater heights of savagery at their master's command.

Not all such 'improvements' prove survivable for the creature forced to undergo them and so Chaos Siege Giants are scarce and highly prized commodities, both within the Chaos Dwarf empire and as weapons bartered in trade with the Chaos-worshipping tribes of the north, who often lack the means or patience to build conventional siege weapons. A living siege engine that merely requires a steady diet of carcasses and spirits is therefore for them ideal.

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

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Immunity (Psychology), Stubborn.

Fall Over: *Chaos Siege Giants, thanks to the fact they are covered in iron plates hammered and bolted over their bodies, are even more unstable on their feet than 'unmodified' Giants. This can prove dangerous to friend and foe alike when several tons of angry flesh and spiked metal comes toppling down!*

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 Flail and Crush an enemy. Test immediately beforehand.

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

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

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

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



***Siege Giant Attacks:** *Giants do not attack in the same manner as other creatures, being too large, fractious and in the case of the Chaos-tainted and mutilated Siege Giants, too insane to carry out a coherent plan of attack.*

In order to determine what a Chaos Siege Giant does in each Close Combat phase, pick a unit in base-to-base contact with the Giant and roll a D6, applying the result shown 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	Smash with Pick
3-4	Flail and Crush
5-6	Ripping Blades

Big Things Chart

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

D6	Result
1	Legbreaker!
2-4	Smash with Pick
5-6	'Eadbutt



Legbreaker! *The Giant targets the legs of its outsized enemy, tearing open hamstring muscles, severing limbs and slamming their foe into the ground.*

The Giant targets a single enemy model in the target unit that is in base contact. The Giant and its victim both roll a D6 and add their Strength, and for each point by which the Giant beats its victim's score, it inflicts D3 automatic wounds with the Ignores Armour saves special rule. In addition, regardless of the result, any models other than the Giant inflicting the attack in base contact with the victim must pass an Initiative test to get out of the way or suffer an automatic wound from the struggling beasts!

Smash with Pick: *The Giant brings down its Pick on the head of an unfortunate victim, most likely leaving little left but a blood red smear.*

The Giant chooses a single target model from the enemy unit that it is in base contact with. The target may attempt to avoid the blow by passing an Initiative test. If the test is failed, the model suffers 2D3 wounds with the Ignores Armour saves special rule. If a double is rolled, the Giant's pick has imbedded itself in the ground and the Giant cannot attack at all in the following round of the same combat whilst it yanks it free.

'Eadbutt: The Giant targets a single enemy model from the target unit that is in base contact, automatically inflicting D3 wounds with the Ignores Armour saves special rule. If the victim is wounded but not slain, then the victim is dazed and loses their subsequent attacks. If the victim has not yet attacked in the combat round, they lose their attacks this round, or if they have already attacked, then they lose all their attacks in the next round instead.





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.

Flail and Crush: *Being too heavy to jump up and down as a normal Giant might when moved to a frenzy of violence, the Siege Giant however does its best to mash anything close underfoot and flail blindly with its oversized weapons.*

First test to see if the Giant falls over (see previously), with any wounds caused if they do counting towards the combat result. If the Giant remains on its feet, select a target unit in base contact. That unit sustains 2D6 Strength 6 automatic hits as the armoured bulk of the Giant batters them into the ground.

Ripping Blades: *Equipped with massive hooked blades or oversized flails mounted on bundles of chains, Chaos Siege Giants are equally at home smashing apart buildings and fortifications as they are sweeping mere mortals into a jumbled heap of torn flesh and broken bones. The Giant's enthusiasm however can sometimes mean they prove more dangerous to themselves than the enemy.*

The Giant fights using the Random Attacks (2D6) special rule this round. If a double is rolled when determining the number of Attacks, the Giant must immediately test to see if it falls over. Any further damage done in this way counts towards combat resolution.



If a double 1 is rolled, something very unfortunate has occurred. If this has happened no damage is inflicted on the enemy unit. Instead the Giant suffers D3 wounds (no saves) and immediately falls over (the chain has wrapped around their neck, they've managed to stab themselves or something equally unpleasant has occurred). Any wounds caused by the fall count towards combat resolution as usual.

Wall-Ripper: *A Chaos Siege Giant may always choose to attack and destroy buildings, regardless of the scenario, and may always choose to assault the building even if it is occupied, potentially bringing it down on top of any unlucky garrisoning troops inside.*

A Chaos Siege Giant always attacks a building with the Smash with Pick attack and need not roll for a random attack type.



EQUIPMENT:

Siege Armour: *Chaos Siege Giants are encased in massive plates of iron and bronze armour inches thick, alternately strapped, nailed and fused into their flesh. This, coupled with the Giant's bulk, makes them all but impervious to arrow fire, although it proves less effective against a foe brave (or foolish) enough to get in close enough to attack the Giant's less protected thews and vitals.*

Siege Armour uses the following armour profile:

Combat:	Missile:	Special Rules:
+2/5+	+4/3+	-

UPGRADES:

Runes of Hate: *Some Chaos Dwarf Daemonsmiths go further when encasing Giants in their siege armour, binding the metal with the hellish and twisted runes of Hashut which serve to push the weak and primitive mind of the Giant further into malignant insanity.*

A Giant with Runes of Hate becomes subject to the Berserk Rage rule from Frenzy. In addition, whenever the Giant is called upon to roll for a random number of attacks, this may be re-rolled.

Scaling Spikes: *A Chaos Siege Giant's armour can be fitted with scaling spikes, hooks and chains to aid the Chaos army's assault against fortifications and these may prove useful even if the Giant perishes in the attack.*

If a Giant with this upgrade perishes and falls over an obstacle such as a moat, ditch or wall, mark the obstacle, which now may be crossed as open terrain. Additionally, if the Giant dies at the foot of a building or fortification, models assaulting any garrison across the location of its body gain a special +1 bonus to their Combat Resolution.





ALTAR OF HASHUT

Slaves are the lifeblood of the Chaos Dwarfs, for without them, their infrastructure would collapse. Yet there are more uses for slaves than work, for the Father of Darkness requires constant sacrifice from his worshippers.

From large altars consisting of a platform with an iron statue of Hashut wrought in the form of a gigantic bull which glows red hot with the heat of the burning furnace within its metal belly, the Chaos Dwarfs sacrifice captives to their god by throwing them into cauldrons of molten iron or tossing them into roaring furnaces.

Smaller altars to Hashut are sometimes brought to battle by the Daemonsmiths, drawn by the mighty Bull Centaurs or steam-powered engines, where they are used to harness the power of Hashut by offering him living sacrifices. If pleased, Hashut may reward the Daemonsmith working the altar with great power to summon powers of death and destruction to bring doom upon their foes. Though this is not without its own risk, for failure to satisfy the Father of Darkness can result in the Daemonsmith's perish caused by the very same power he is attempting to harvest.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Altar	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Altar Guard	-	5	3	4	4	1	3	1	9

TROOP TYPE: War Machine.

SPECIAL RULES:

Altar of Hashut: A Daemonsmith with an Altar of Hashut gains the Ward Save (4+) and Unbreakable special rules. In addition, his troop type changes to War Machine and he counts as being part of the crew. Randomise any missile hits between the Daemonsmith and the crew. The Daemonsmith can never choose to leave the Altar during the game. If the Daemonsmith is killed, the whole Altar is also removed as a casualty.

Blessings of Hashut: A model mounted on an Altar of Hashut can use each of the following bound spells once per friendly Magic Phase. In addition, it may use up to 4 Power Dice when attempting to cast each spell. The Altar can pivot on the spot before casting, and the range of the bound spells is measured from the Altar itself.

- **Flaming Hide:** *The Daemonsmith causes the skin of his allies to begin to glow red hot and flickers with sparks, limiting the effectiveness of wounding the afflicted.*

Innate Bound Spell (power level 7). *Flaming Hide* is an **augment** spell with a range of 36". Until the start of your next Magic phase, the target unit gains a Ward Save (6+), and any enemy model in base contact with this unit suffers a Strength 3 Hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule at the start of the close combat phase.

- **Fists of Fire:** *The Daemonsmith causes the hands of his allies to become enwrapped with glowing bands of magical fire that snake out and envelope hand-to-hand combat opponents.*

Innate Bound Spell (power level 7). *Fists of Fire* is an **augment** spell with a range of 36". Until the start of your next Magic phase, the target unit may re-roll failed rolls To Wound and gains the Magical Attacks and Flaming Attacks special rules in close combat.

- **Shadows of Hashut:** *The air around the Daemonsmith grows cold and a shadowy form begins to coalesce next to him. It forms into a visage of Hashut, the mighty God of the Chaos Dwarfs. With a deafening roar, the shadow bull charges forward smashing everything out of its way.*

Innate Bound Spell, (power level 8). *Shadows of Hashut* is a **direct damage** spell. Draw a line 36" from the base of the Altar. Every model crossed by the line suffers a Strength 4 hit.

Sacrifices to Hashut: In the Magic phase, the Daemonsmith may sacrifice one of the slaves chained to the Altar to Hashut. Roll a D6 and add the result to the casting result of any spell cast by the Altar of Hashut (but not the Daemonsmith himself) this phase. However, if a 1 is rolled, the Daemonsmith instead suffers a Wound with no saves of any kind possible as Hashut is displeased with the pitiful sacrifice.





GREAT TAURUS

The Dark Lands are a dread realm, a haven and birthing ground for all manner of monsters and unnatural creatures. Dragons and Wyverns fight for dominance of the smoke-blackened skies, whilst Orcs, Goblins, Trolls, Ogres and Chaos Dwarfs battle for control of the craters, volcanic crags and ashen wastes. Yet in all this realm, it is the Great Taurus of the Volcanic Heights that reigns supreme. The terrors of the crags and craters of ash and fire, some claim the Great Taurus is less a beast than a manifestation of the rage and deathly savagery of the Dark Lands themselves. To the Chaos Dwarfs, their resemblance, both in form and molten fury to the icons of their terrible god, Hashut, Father of Darkness, is no mere coincidence.

The Chaos Dwarfs believe that the Great Tauruses were once Chaos Dwarfs, and that they were mutated by the warping power of Chaos into living bull-furnaces like the statue of the god Hashut himself. The Chaos Dwarfs sometimes call the Great Tauruses the Red Bulls of Hashut.

In form no two Taurus are ever quite alike, and the mightiest of them are truly massive beasts that never die except by violence, named as Bale Taurus in dark legend. All bear the overall semblance of a huge, winged, daemonic bull whose flesh burns with the intensity of a living furnace sufficient to wreath it in smoke and spark the ground afire beneath its hooves and against which arrow and blade alike perishes to cinders and ruin. To many who would consider themselves wise in such things, the burning wrath of

the Great Taurus is little more than a myth, for sustained by the fires of the Dark Lands, these unnatural creatures seldom stray far from their lairs. But those who inhabit the Dark Lands know better. They fear the ash-trailing shadows that might circle the sky, and the plummet of the Great Taurus like a red-wreathed comet to its prey – an onslaught no mere mortal creature can withstand.

None but the highest servants of Hashut and can hope to master these hellish monsters, and the infernal stables of the crimson and bronze Taurus beneath the great temple of Zharr-Naggrund are heated by sacrificial fires kept burning night and day to appease the sacred beasts kept there. Indeed, it is only by means of the most complex and dangerous spells that a Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer can even mount such a dangerous creature without themselves succumbing to their incinerating heat and voracious appetites.

The Great Taurus burns with a terrific intensity, so that its whole body is wreathed in fire and choking smoke. Indeed, so angrily and so hot does the Great Taurus' skin burn, that swords and axes become molten and blunt in the very process of striking it. When the Great Taurus moves across the ground, sparks fly from its horns and red lightning plays about its hooves. As a Great Taurus swoops through the air, heat waves shimmer at its coming and choking black clouds swirl in contrails behind it. With each snorting exhale, flame erupts out of the beast's flared nostrils, and an oily smoke curls from its gaping maw. In its rage, even the monster's eyes seem to smoulder.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Great Taurus	6	5	0	5	5	4	3	4	6

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: **Blazing Body**, **Flaming Attacks**, **Fly (8)**, **Immunity (Flaming Attacks)**.

Fuelled by Fire: If the Great Taurus is the target of a non-physical Flaming Attack, it immediately regains 1 Wound lost earlier in the battle.

UPGRADES:

Flaming Breath: This gives the Great Taurus a Strength 4 Breath Weapon with the Flaming Attacks special rule.

Bloodrage: This gives the Great Taurus the Frenzy and Hatred special rules.

"It descended from the skies like a firebolt. Hotter than a forge was its fires, and many of our kin were slain. On this beast we have sworn revenge."

- Entry from *Ungrim Ironfist's Book of Grudges*





LAMMASU

The Lammasu has the body of a gigantic bull, a powerful mace-tipped tail, borne on vast leathery wings, with lion-like claws instead of hooves and the face of a huge Chaos Dwarf, cloaked in smoke and shadow. The Chaos Dwarfs believe that the Lammasu is a rare mutation of the Great Taurus, a creature whose forebears were once Chaos Dwarfs, but which has become twisted by the powers of Chaos into a huge bull-shaped monster. The Lammasu's ancestry is evident in its tusked head, its thickly curled beard, and its considerable intelligence. It is a creature with magical properties. It breathes not ordinary air but the power of magic itself, drawing into itself the power of the winds of magic. As it exhales the creature breathes out whirling clouds of black sorcery which wreath themselves around the Lammasu, enwrapping it with protective power. Many of the High Priests ride Lammasu into battle, where the great beasts aid their companions in the ways of magic and rip the enemies of Hashut asunder with their massive talons.

The Lammasu is a wise and crafty beast that makes its lair in the Dark Lands. The Chaos Dwarfs believe it to be a rare mutation of Great Taurus, one that is not only acclimated to magic, but that also lives and breathes the very stuff of sorcery. Indeed, the Lammasu possesses a minor, but potent, spellcasting ability, the backwash of which manifests as sorcerous black clouds that curl about the beast every time it breathes. This magical exhalation protects the Lammasu from hostile spells. Furthermore, enemies fighting Lammasu in melee often find the smoky threads of sorcery

befouling their magic weapons, dampening, their power and preventing them from striking the beast to full effect.

Lammasu rarely seek to enter battle themselves, at least not as first resort. A Lammasu would far rather convince other beasts to do the dirty work for it. In stark contrast to its breathtakingly ugly appearance, the Lammasu possesses a peculiar and insidious charisma that it uses to further its own agendas. When reinforced by the Lammasu's magical artifice, this can leave the creature's victims befuddled and suggestible in the span of a few short minutes. Great Tauruses, Wyverns, Pegasi, Griffons – all are susceptible to the Lammasu's honeyed words and cunning manipulations. Only the most maddened and ferocious of monsters can withstand the Lammasu's voice, and then only out of red-fogged rage, rather than any conscious resistance. Whilst the Great Taurus is undoubtedly the king of the Plain of Zharrduk, it only reigns because the Lammasu is content to let it. Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers have used Lammasu as steeds for thousands of years, but who's to say whether it is mount or rider that commands the partnership?

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lammasu	6	3	0	5	5	4	1	2	8

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

MAGIC: A Lammasu is a Level 1 Wizard that uses spells from the Lore of Fire, Lore of Death or Lore of Shadow.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly (8), Magic Resistance (3).

Sorcerous Miasma: Magic Weapons lose all of their magical properties and are treated as a mundane weapon of the same type while the models remain in base contact with the Lammasu (including the rider of the Lammasu itself).

UPGRADES:

Mace Tail: This gives the Lammasu +1 Attack.

Sorcerous Exhalation: This gives the Lammasu a Strength 3 Breath Weapon with the Magical Attacks special rule.



"I swore that the Lammasu had a keener mind than the wizard who claimed to control it. Alas, I was right."
- Captain Grumman of the Averland Militia





ASTRAGOTH IRONHAND

High Priest of Hashut

For over two and a half millennia Astragoth has led the Coven of Sorcerers that governs the Chaos Dwarf Empire. During that time he has had to guide his race through countless dangers that threaten them with extermination. Little would he have guessed all those lifetimes ago, when he rose to lead the Coven as an ambitious High Priest, the direction Hashut had planned for him. In the weeks approaching the twentieth bicentennial Great Feast of Hashut, Astragoth recalled the Coven members from across the Dark Lands and summoned them to the Temple of Zharr.

For days the Coven prayed to their dark god, and on the evening of the Feast they emerged into the halls of revelling Dawi-Zharr, shaken and horror-struck. Each had received a different vision of the future of their race, all of them ending the same; in darkness and death if their race were not strong enough to survive. Amid wails of anguish from the distraught crowd Astragoth explained the dark path Hashut had laid before them. Their golden age was over, never to return. Perhaps it was that Hashut recognised in him the spirit of a dark avenging angel, for the vision he received was to exact vengeance for all the wrongs done to the Dawi-Zharr as a race.



Astragoth is the oldest living Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer. When he was at the height of his powers he was the most potent sorcerer to walk the Plain of Zharr in a thousand years. Now his powers have begun to wane. His body is slowly succumbing to petrification. A decade ago he constructed a mechanical device by which he is transported from place to place. His legs have long ceased to work and even his hands have now turned to stone. To an extent these have been replaced by the machinery grafted to his body. This engine was constructed by his slaves to plans created by Astragoth himself, and combines the undoubted skills of the Chaos Dwarf race with twisted dark science.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Astragoth	6	6	4	5	5	4	1	3	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Astragoth is a Level 4 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of Fire, the Lore of Metal, Lore of Shadow, Lore of Death or Lore of Hashut.

SPECIAL RULES: **Contempt, Resolute, Sorcerer's Curse.**

Mechanical Body: *Astragoth is encased within a machine that enables him to walk and which powers his petrified limbs.*

Astragoth can move faster than an ordinary Chaos Dwarf because of his remarkable semi-mechanical body. However, he may never march or charge longer than his Movement value. He will still pursue and flee at a normal speed.

Overdrive: *The steam-driven pistons that have replaced Astragoth's muscles and sinews allow him to strike his enemy with mechanical force.*

If Astragoth successfully hits with all 3 of his attacks, then his mechanised arm goes into overdrive, pounding, smashing and stabbing faster than flesh and bone would permit. He can immediately make an additional 3 Attacks. These attacks may not generate any further additional attacks.

"Soon the Great Day of Reckoning will be at hand, where our Lord, Hashut, shall rise from his deep slumber, and this world shall tremble beneath his mighty hooves. The dead shall outnumber the living, and those that remain shall be dragged to the great Hell Pits of Zharr to toil for all of eternity. All for the glory of Hashut!"

- Astragoth, High Priest of Hashut





ZHATAN THE BLACK

Commander of the Tower of Zharr

Under the dark tower of Zharr Naggrund a million evil souls labour to the glory of Hashut Father of Darkness. From a thousand burning forges come weapons of burnished iron and corslets of ruddy bronze. It is the greatest city in the world and it is ruled by the most black-hearted lords of all, the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers. Acts of the most cruel and heartless nature are everyday occurrences in the lands of Zharduk. Thousands of slaves endure unimaginable agonies in the pits of Zharr, mining out the poisonous wealth amidst choking fumes and impenetrable darkness. In the workshops of Zharr-Naggrund untold slaves are worked to death in their chains so that their masters can enjoy a lifetime of ease. The Hobgoblin overseers in the Vale of Woe beat their pitiful charges so that their flesh hangs from their backs like bloodied rags. Even amongst such wanton cruelty there is one whose deeds of brutality are remarkable.

Zhatan serves the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer Ghorth the Cruel, most potent of all living Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers. It is said that when Ghorth presides over the sacrifices of Hashut the only sound louder than the screams of his victims is the gloating laughter of Zhatan, his general. Zhatan is kept busy by his master's insatiable demand for fresh slaves. The Chaos Dwarf has led many successful slaving expeditions to the west, crushing every Orc army that has dared to stand up to him. All the Goblin tribes between the Plains of Zharduk and Mount Grimfang have bowed before his armies, sending thousands of their kind in tribute to the Lords of Zharr Naggrund. The workshops and mines of Ghorth can scarce keep pace with Zhatan's demand for weaponry. Every expedition he undertakes brings further slaves whose labours fuel fresh conquests.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Zhatan	3	8	4	4	5	3	4	4	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Contempt, Hatred, Relentless, Resolute.

Slave Tyrant: *No greenskin would dare run amok in the presence of the Commander of the Tower of Zharr, else suffer a heinous fate far worse than any death.*

Friendly units of Hobgoblins within 12" of Zhatan are exempt from the Animosity rule. In addition, Zhatan causes Terror in all enemy units of Orcs, Goblins, Hobgoblins and Gnoblar.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Black Hammer of Hashut (Magic Weapon)

This black-hafted hammer bears the horned rune of Hashut, Father of Darkness, and has been carried into battle for centuries by the champions of Zharr-Naggrund. Its burning wrath is this terrible and can sunder the strongest armour and pulverise the bones of Ogres as easily as the brittle limbs of Goblins.

Close combat attacks made with this weapon are at +2 Strength. Any Flammable model successfully wounded is killed outright.

Obsidian Armour (Magic Armour)

The Obsidian Armour of is a suit of blackshard armour fused with flesh of the long dead Sorcerer, Zharbhark Hellion, increasing the wearer's resilience to that of solid stone.

Blackshard Armour. This armour gives Zhatan +1 Wound.

Onyx Amulet (Talisman)

Another of the many obsidian artefacts that the Dawi-Zharr make, this amulet is the bane of all magic. Not even the slightest trickle of magic escapes its void, allowing the bearer to stride into battle, safe against all magical trickery aimed at them.

The wearer is not affected by any spells (including friendly spells). In addition, models in base contact may not cast spells, including bound spells.

"Raze their cities and loot their gold, bleed them dry and burn their souls."

- Zhatan the Black,
Commander of the Tower of Zharr





GHORTH THE CRUEL

Master of the Conclave

Ghorth the Cruel is a Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer, the most potent of all and hence one of the strongest voices in the conclave of Sorcerers that gather in the Temple of Hashut. The commander of his armies is legendary Chaos Dwarf Lord Zhatan the Black. As a result of Zhatan's success in battle, Ghorth's workshops and forges can barely keep up with his demand for weapons and munitions. His sponsorship of the savage Zhatan the Black has bought him the loyalty of the Immortals, and through his politicking he has come to claim ownership over much of Zharr-Naggrund.

Ghorth has risen to a position of dominance within the Temple through complex machinations and at times blatant backstabbing, and none have the strength to oppose him. It is Ghorth who guides the decisions of the Conclave of Sorcerer Lords, sometimes with subtlety and sometimes with brute force. Ghorth wields the considerable might of the sorcerers, as well as control of the magnificent elite known as the Acolytes of Hashut and the Bull Centaurs. That Ghorth holds substantial religious sway over the general populace also dwells strongly on the minds of those considering his power base.



His most bitter foe is Astragoth, whose position as High Priest of Hashut prevents Ghorth from achieving the absolute power he so craves. His rival's time is running out though, for Astragoth has nearly transformed entirely to inert stone and Ghorth is much younger, with long years of undisputed rule ahead of him. Waiting for the approaching day when he becomes the new High Priest, Ghorth the Cruel has assumed a number of Astragoth's ceremonial duties.

Ghorth rules from the Great Temple of Hashut, the top of the Black Tower. He rarely leads his troops into battle himself, preferring to let Zhatan do the fighting for him if possible. However, when he does take personal command of the forces of Zharr Naggrund, he does so for the greater service of Hashut. Ghorth is a terrible devotee, making his forces berserk as he leads them into a fanatical rage.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ghorth the Cruel	3	5	4	4	5	3	2	3	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Ghorth the Cruel is a Level 4 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of Fire, the Lore of Metal, Lore of Shadow, Lore of Death or Lore of Hashut.

SPECIAL RULES: Contempt, Relentless, Resolute, Sorcerer's Curse.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Axe of Ghorth (Magic Weapon)

The axe flickers and screeches as it senses hated foes approaching.

On a To Hit roll of 6, attacks with this axe automatically Wound and Ignores Armour saves.

Amulet of Hashut (Talisman)

The amulet is made of pure obsidian glass that holds a mere fraction of the Hashut's anger bound within.

Ghorth and any unit he is with are subject to Frenzy. In addition, the amulet gives him the Ward save (5+) special rule.

Chalice of Fire (Arcane Item)

The most potent Priests of Hashut consume raw, hot magma from massive bronze chalices, fuelling their bodies with infernal energy.

One use only. The Chaos Dwarf player may choose to roll a D3 at the start of any player's Magic phase. The number rolled is the number of power/dispel dice the enemy must remove from their magic dice pool.





DRAZHOATH THE ASHEN

Sorcerer-Prophet of Hashut, Lord of the Black Fortress, Master of the Legion of Azgorh

For more than a thousand years, the dark, burning spire of the Black Fortress has stood sentinel over the crossing place of the River Ruin at the southern edge of the Mountains of Mourn and guarded the border of the Chaos Dwarf Empire of ash and suffering. It is a nightmarish place of soot, blackened iron and jagged rock, and burning magma runs through it like lifeblood. For centuries the master of this dark demesne and the warriors and slaves that inhabit it has been Drazhoath the Ashen, a twisted, power-hungry creature and potent sorcerer. Drazhoath was first sent to the Black Fortress in effective exile after losing favour in the brutal politics of Zharr-Naggrund as a minor hell smith but has since risen to become its lord through his innate cunning and bitter, ruthless ambition.

In battle Drazhoath is both a mighty sorcerer and an able warrior who leads his war hosts from the fore, mounted upon the Great Taurus Cinderbreath, bringing fire and ruin down upon the enemy. Drazhoath's power has grown over the decades, and there are few sorcerers now in the service of Hashut who can match him in arcane might or knowledge in the creation of war machines and daemon-binding. He also has undisputed mastery of the Legion of Azgorh – a potent army of Chaos Dwarfs and Hobgoblin slave soldiers based at the Black Fortress whose duty it is to raid across the river and patrol the savage wastes of the southern Dark Lands to maintain the Chaos Dwarfs' tentative dominion over the deadly, monster-plagued expanse. But for all his power and the forces at his command, Drazhoath is all too keenly aware that he has reached an impasse and his black-hearted ambition can take him no further, for the Black Fortress is many leagues away from the centre of the Chaos Dwarf empire at Zharr-Naggrund and is ill-regarded. The voice of this lord of exiles carries little weight with the great conclave of Hashut's priesthood, and in particular none with Astragoth Ironhand, the oldest and most powerful living Sorcerer of Zharr-Naggrund, and the master who sent Drazhoath into internal exile long ago. Astragoth is ancient beyond measure though, and at last his powers have begun to wane. He is kept mobile only by sorcerous mechanisms of his own dark design, and so Drazhoath's dreams of a triumphant return to Zharr-Naggrund are slowly kindled in his spiteful breast. Drazhoath needs above all a great victory to seal his prominence for when Astragoth finally falls, and a great flow of fresh captives and plunder into the coffers of the Chaos Dwarf empire would go far to expand his influence beyond his own blighted domain. This however is not proving to be such an easy ambition for Drazhoath to achieve, thanks to the enemies which continually beset the Black Fortress (which are after all its reason for existing) and he has been left wanting.

When dark rumours began to reach the Lord of the Black Fortress of a monstrous horde rising in the east and crushing all before it, Drazhoath consulted the flames and embers of Hashut's sacrificial altars for what they

portended. He saw in them both dire peril and opportunity in the coming of Tamurkhan, and so with the malefic intent that so characterises his cold hearted race he drew his plans accordingly.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Drazhoath	3	6	4	4	5	3	2	3	10
Cinderbreath	6	5	0	6	5	5	3	4	6

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Special Character).

MAGIC: Drazhoath is a Level 4 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of Hashut.

SPECIAL RULES (Drazhoath): **Contempt, Relentless, Resolute, Sorcerer's Curse.**

Dark Renown: All friendly models with the Contempt special rule (including Drazhoath himself) within 12" of him add +1 to their combat resolution results.

SPECIAL RULES (Cinderbreath): **Blazing Body, Fiery Breath, Flaming Attacks, Fly (8), Fuelled by Fire.**

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Graven Sceptre (Magic Weapon)

A badge of rank carried by the lords of the Black Fortress, this iron mace carries the runic names of the masters of the Black Fortress since its founding, bound up with the baleful prayers of Hashut.

This magic weapon never needs to roll higher than 4+ to wound its target, regardless of the enemy's Toughness.

Hellshard Amulet (Talisman)

The dark product of Drazhoath's own labours in diabolic craftsmanship, the icy hate of his malice is caught and amplified a thousand fold within its black crystal depths and unleashed on any who would dare spill his blood.

The Hellshard Amulet confers the Ward save (5+) special rule. In addition, for every successful wound that the Amulet fails to stop in close combat, a Strength 2 hit is automatically inflicted on the model that caused the wound.

Daemonspite Crucible (Arcane Item)

Forged from meteoric iron and blighted gold quenched in innocent blood and bound with layer upon of hellbound souls, the Daemonspite Crucible is said to have been the handiwork of the Chaos Dwarf sorcerer Azgorh himself.

This bowl adds +1 to the bearer's casting attempts. In addition, the first time Drazhoath or Cinderbreath kills an enemy Wizard in close combat their soul-stuff is consumed by the Crucible and the bonus increases to +2.







SHAR'TOR THE EXECUTIONER

Lord of the Ba'hal, Warrior-Priest of Hashut

Shar'tor the Executioner is a malevolent warrior-priest of Hashut. This trampling Bull Centaur carries the terrifying Darktide Axe, a cruel weapon steeped in untold years of slaughter upon which burn vile runes of hatred and malice. Shar'tor also wears Hashut's sacred Mask of the Executioner, marking him as his dark god's favoured headsmen, empowered to call out his god's name with such a malign force, that the sound alone is enough to kill the weak of heart, just as it fills those loyal to Hashut with unholy wrath.

Shar'tor is one of the few 'blessed' Bull Centaurs being born into the Dawi-Zharr society. Literally cleaving his way out of his dams he was marked for a greater destiny from that moment on. He was immediately handed over to the Sorcerer-Prophets and the dreaded priesthood of Hashut soon recognized the potential slumbering within him. It didn't take long for Shar'tor to tower over his hulking kin and he soon joined the ranks of the Bull Centaur Renders. There too he established his dominance over the others with savage displays of brutality. He often was the first to devour his share of slaves at the Bull Centaurs' holy feasts and in fits of anger would not shrink back from fighting upstarting Bull Centaurs, subsequently devouring them too after his inevitable victory.

His size and disposition soon lead the Council of Hashut to extract him from the Bull Centaurs' stables, to both keep him under control and safeguard their most precious assets. Shar'tor was assigned to guard the

Dawi-Zharr's most holy place – the inner sanctum of the Temple of Hashut atop the Tower of Zharr-Naggrund, a smoke-shrouded chamber with Hashut's visage being illuminated by giant braziers with roaring flames.

It was there that the Father of Darkness blessed his most prodigious scion. Shar'tor started to recite the dreaded Prayers of Malice without having lead eyes on them, a sign for the Sorcerer-Prophet that Hashut was using him as a vessel to speak to them. It was only when he uttered the God of Darkness' name with such malice to shake the entire smoke-filled inner sanctum that the Sorcerer Prophets realized that their god had delivered his Executioner to them.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Shar'tor	7	6	2	5	5	5	3	5	9

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Cavalry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Contempt, Impact Hits (D3), Natural Armour (4+).

Lord of the Ba'hal: *The Bull Centaurs eagerly await Shar'tor's order to attack the foe.*

All Bull Centaurs, Bull Centaur Renders and Bull Centaur Tau'ruks within 12" of Shar'tor may re-roll failed charge rolls.

Prayers of Malice: Innate Bound Spell, power level 3. *Prayers of Malice* is an **augment** spell with a range of 12". The target unit gains a 6+ Ward save until the start of your next Magic phase.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Darktide Axe (Magic Weapon)

Countless murderous spirits are bound within the Darktide Axe, their number increasing with each foe it slays.

Every time Shar'tor rolls a 6 when rolling To Wound in close combat, that attack has the Multiple Wounds (2) special rule.

The Mask of the Executioner (Enchanted Item)

The malign spirits contained in the dark metal of Shar'tor's mask can be unleashed upon his foes.

At the start of your Magic phase, you can target one enemy unit within 8" of this model and roll a D6. On a 1 or 2 nothing happens. On a 3-5 that enemy unit suffers D3 wounds which Ignores Armour saves. On a 6, that enemy unit suffers D6 wounds which Ignores Armour saves.

"And so the Father of Darkness did call forth his seven children, and all came forth, from far and near. And he bade them to aid his servants in their task, and all but one did obey.

And the Hanbekt the greatest of them did say 'I care not for your servants, I will not serve them', and for his arrogance Hashut bound him against his will, that his craftsmen might use him to bind as he had been bound.

And each was bound into a rune of power, that his favoured servants might call upon them, for each had inherited an aspect of his power.

Razhekt who is the fiery rock, the burning flame
Molakh who is the dark lurker, the sudden fear
Tazhuk who is the storm of shadow and ash, the endless darkness

Azakku who is the unflinching hatred, the eternal malice
Pazazzu who is the burning forge, maker and unmaker
Bazhalt who is the erupting ruin, the sundered earth
Hanbekt who is the unwilling one, the bound slave."

- Third Book of Hashut, Verse 3





RYKARTH THE UNBREAKABLE

Captain of the Immortals

Rykarth is exceptionally malevolent creature with a wicked righteousness and patriotism for the security of the Hashut Empire. As captain of the Immortals, he oversees all internal investigations and when misconduct is found he is swift at dealing heinous punishment, unscrupulous torture and ultimately violent death.

When the Slave Lord Krazhark returned to the Plain of Zharr with only a few hundred prisoners in tow, it was Rykarth that accused him of incompetence and had the Slave Lord thrown into the roaring fires of the Furnace of Hashut. When the atrocious Daemonsmith Bharrzok accidentally summoned the Daemon Horde of Skulltaker into the weapons foundry of Razark, it was Rykarth that had Bharrzok stripped naked, painted red and trampled to death by the Great Taurus, Turax. And when High Priest Gharzoth plotted to eliminate his rivals on the Council of Hashut, it was Rykarth that exposed the priest's treachery and had him eaten alive by a mob of famished Orc thralls.



Known for his toughness, Rykarth is said to be among the most courageous of his kind. In a race of stout-hearted and disciplined warriors, Rykarth is viewed as a paragon of Chaos Dwarfen toughness, resolve, and cunning. He has faced many a canny and powerful foe and always triumphed. Rykarth himself was present in the forges of Zharr Naggrund when Archaon brokered his deal for the dreaded Hellcannons. It is said that Rykarth was able to meet the withering gaze of the Lord of the End Times without looking away. A few moments later, Archaon agreed to the exorbitant price demanded by the forge lords.

Fear truly my Brothers, the peril that hangs over our race, for deep beneath the earth lies that which could destroy us all. The tear of darkness that devours and beyond which lies the unimaginable horrors of the Realm of Chaos. Only through immense courage and the never ending war to obtain slaves for sacrifice can the gateway to certain destruction remain shut until the coming of the end of days, when night shall reign supreme and Hashut the Lord of Darkness will protect the chosen ones from the dawn of Chaos.

- Book of Darkness: Chapter 1

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Rykarth	3	6	4	4	5	2	4	3	10

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Contempt, Fear, Relentless, Unbreakable.

Captain of the Immortals: Rykarth must be accompanied by a unit of Immortals, and he may not leave this unit. As long as he remains in it, he and his unit are Unbreakable.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Cursed Rune Axe (Magic Weapon)

The Cursed Rune Axe is a larger version of the weapons carried by the Immortals. It cuts through armour with ease, and cause unfathomable pain to those touched by its blade.

Great weapon. All attacks made by this weapon have the Armour Piercing (1) and Multiple Wounds (D3) special rules.

Armour of Gazrakh (Magic Armour)

The sheer quality of this armour makes it able to withstand blows of any power.

Granite Armour. This armour gives Rykarth +1 to his armour save, for a total save of 1+.





HOTHGAR THE RENEGADE

Sorcerer of the Forge

When the forces of Chaos launch a major invasion they often build crude siege towers or entreat daemonic aid for more potent engines of war. The smoke-spewing machineries built by Hothgar, the renegade Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer of the Forge, however, are prized beyond all others. These vast war towers are self-propelled, powered by steam and, some say, daemonic pacts. With nigh-impenetrable iron plating, these Doom Engines grind over armies, bastions, and castles alike. They will reach their destination and there disgorge a legion of troops. Luckily such ironclad monstrosities are rarely seen, although none know Hothgar's whereabouts or who might be hiring his services.

Through the aid of his Daemonic allies, Lord Mortkin was able to persuade Hothgar, the rogue Chaos Dwarf forge-sorcerer, to build engines of war to assist in his Chaos invasion. Two of the enormous ironclad siege towers accompanied the armies deployed against the south walls of Volganof in 2015.

The destruction of the walled town of Kurskinstadt and the utter collapse of the Skaven lair-nest of Gribblehook are attributed to the clanking, grinding, and pulverising war towers built by Hothgar. It is rumoured that the renegade Chaos Dwarf has once again been embraced by the powers within Zharr Naggrund.



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

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Hothgar is a Level 2 Wizard that uses spells from the Lore of Fire or Lore of Metal.

SPECIAL RULES: **Contempt, Infernal Engineer, Relentless, Resolute, Sorcerer's Curse.**

Master Engineer: All War Machines in an army including Hothgar may re-roll one Artillery dice or Scatter dice once each during the game.



MAGIC ITEMS:

Hellfire Pistol (Magic Weapon)

The Hellfire Pistol is a magically enchanted gun that fires shrapnel blazing with magical flame.

Pistol. The Hellfire Pistol has the Flaming Attacks (missile attacks only) and Multiple shots (D3) special rules.

Inferno Armour (Magic Armour)

Forged in the Hell Pits of Gorgoth and enchanted by Hothgar, the armour illuminates with an aura of fire as blows are turned aside.

Blackshard Armour. This armour gives Hothgar the Ward save (5+) special rule against Magical Attacks.

"Fools all. They know nothing of our great work, of what we have accomplished. Our kin will never progress while they continue to look to a meaningless past for guidance. The old Dwarf empires all fell, doesn't that seem like a significant sign of their weakness? Their adherence to 'tradition' will be their downfall. I have accomplished feats with cannons, steam, and magic that they can only dream of. My people are prepared for the coming times, aligned with those who will be the final victors. We will have slaves in abundance for our aid to the forces of Chaos and that is well for it is blood that greases the cogs of Hashut's sacred machines."

- Vikram Flametongue, Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer





GORDUZ BACKSTABBER

Scourge of the Dark Lands

Hobgoblins are backstabbing, double-dealing and ruthlessly treasonous creatures. Only the Hobgoblins most efficient in the arts of treachery rise up through the mobs of such despicable Goblinoids and then only the most sneaky or lucky can remain in charge for any significant length of time. Fortunately for Gorduz Backstabber, he shares all of the above talents along with an exceptional streak of extremely good luck. Hence, Gorduz is the longest living and greatest Hobgoblin Chieftain of all time, or so he claims!

All fame is fleeting and all glory ultimately fades away. The renown of Hobgoblin chieftains tends to fade more quickly than most, usually with the help of a dagger, poison or 'nasty accident'. Gorduz Backstabber has outlived most of the other tribal leaders thanks to a naturally distrustful disposition and lashings of low cunning. He has also been lucky as the hardened scar tissue that criss-crosses his massive bony shoulder hump testifies.

Gorduz is a traitorous as all his kin, and thinks nothing of betraying his fellow Hobgoblins to his masters in exchange for their favouritism – hence his epitaph. Unlike in almost any other species, this does not lead to him being despised, but in fact admired and respected by other Hobgoblins. In a race that has evolved a bony hump on their shoulders due to their predilection for clandestine assassinations, Gorduz stands as a paragon of those dubious Hobgoblin values.

Gorduz holds sway over all the Hobgoblins of the Dark Lands. Gorduz is notoriously hated by the greenskins of the World Edge Mountains and rightly feared as well. As a result many Goblinoid tribes will make common cause with Gorduz if they cross paths with the vicious Hobgoblin Chieftain, while others, even other Hobgoblins, mean to kill him! As of yet, none have been successful...

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Gorduz	4	5	4	4	4	2	5	3	7

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Backstabbers, Cowardly Despoilers.

Fated... Lucky... Sneaky! *Call it what you will, but Gorduz has an unnatural instinct for survival that has allowed him to emerge unscathed from multiple assassination attempts by his rivals.*

When Gorduz is reduced to his last Wound, he gains the Ward save (4+) special rule.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Eye-Gouger (Magic Weapon)

Rumoured to have been enchanted by a Hobgoblin shaman, Eye-Gouger is the trusty axe of Gorduz Backstabber, the longest living, and self-proclaimed greatest Hobgoblin Chieftain of all time. With this mighty axe, Gorduz has quelled many challengers and attempts at his life from jealous underlings.

All attacks made with Eye-Gouger have the Poisoned Attacks, Killing Blow and Armour Piercing (1) special rules.

Gorduz Backstabber squinted at the worn dice and cursed his ill fortune for the fifth or sixth time that evening. The other players sniggered with poorly concealed amusement as Tarka scooped the entire pot and brashly swapped the entire pot whilst Gorduz wasn't looking.

"Dice not runnin' wiv' ya tonight Gorduz!" sneered Tarka as he spat on the bone cubes for luck and made ready to throw them across the crude wooden table. Gorduz narrowed his eyes to tiny slits and fingered his dagger.

"Yunno what they say, Tarka. Lucky at dice, unlucky at gettin' back to your own tent without 'avin a nasty accident."

Tarka grinned nervously and cast the dice. The dice span crookedly, did a little pirouette, and wobbled to reveal a slightly uncertain double crossed daggers. Gorduz began to go purple.

Tarka hurriedly reached over to retrieve his dice. With a guilty clatter two other dice fell out of his sleeve. "Ooops!" said Tarka.

"Ooops?" gaped Gorduz.

"Arrgh," cried Tarka as Gorduz' curved dagger buried itself between his shoulders. The wounded Hobgoblin howled like a beaten cur, and staggered backward out through the door and into the night. Fortunately for Tarka the shoulder blades of Hobgoblin-kind had long since evolved into a bony hump.

Whether this was fortuitous or a result of natural selection was hard to say. Such wounds rarely proved fatal. In fact, this being the way amongst them, most Hobgoblins bore deep scars between their shoulders.

Gorduz scowled at the loaded dice and cursed the foul trickery that had almost robbed him of a small fortune. The other Hobgoblins shuffled uncomfortably and tried hard to avoid Gorduz' accusing gaze.

"I suppose," said Gorduz, "None of you lot knows anything about this."

The Hobgoblins frowned and shook their heads vigorously. They tried hard to look puzzled and outraged. They succeeded only in looking even more shifty than normal. Gorduz fixed each of his companions with a withering glare, making a mental note to sort them out when the opportunity arose.

"Fair do's," calmly announced Gorduz, as he cunningly pocketed the crooked dice. "We'll say no more about it then and we'll be 'avin another game tomorrow night, won't we lads?"

THE LORE OF HASHUT

KILLING FIRE (Lore Attribute)

The flame of Hashut kindles best in living flesh, and always hungers to destroy.

Once a spell from the Lore of Hashut has been cast on an enemy unit, that unit counts as being Flammable for the remainder of the Magic phase.

BREATH OF HATRED (Signature Spell)

Cast on 6+

The sorcerer's malice infects his chosen allies like an insidious malady, spurring them on to ever-greater depths of cruelty and savagery.

Breath of Hatred is an **augment** spell with a range of 24". The target unit gains the Hatred special rule until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to have this spell target all friendly units within 12". If they do so, the casting value is increased to 12+.

1. BURNING WRATH

Cast on 6+

The sorcerer calls on the fires of the deep earth and conjures forth a torrent of burning lava to immolate their enemies.

Burning Wrath is a **magic missile** with a range of 12" and causes D6 strength 6 hits with the Flaming Attacks special rule. The Wizard can increase this to 2D6 hits. If they do so, the casting value is increased to 12+.

2. DARK SUBJUGATION

Cast on 8+

Invoking the power of Hashut, lord of tyranny, the sorcerer wields their master's darkly malignant force to crush the will of their foes.

Dark Subjugation is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". The target unit must pass a Leadership test at -3 or suffer a permanent reduction of -1 to their Leadership for the rest of the game (to a minimum of 2). This has no effect on models with Immunity (Psychology).

3. CURSE OF HASHUT

Cast on 10+

Channelling the malediction that inflicts his own twisted body, the sorcerer turns the dark curse of Hashut on others, causing their bones to petrify and their flesh to grow brittle and crumble to dust.

Curse of Hashut is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 18". It targets a single enemy model of the caster's choice (even a character in a unit). The target suffers a number of hits equal to 2D6 minus their Toughness value. Hits from this spell Wound on a 4+ with the Ignores Armour saves special rule.

4. ASH STORM

Cast on 12+

The sorcerer calls down a hellish storm of choking hot ash, scalding and blinding anything unfortunate enough to be caught in its path.

Ash Storm is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". The target unit suffers -1 To Hit in close combat and -2 To Hit with missile attacks until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. In addition, the target unit may not march or Fly. The unit also treats all terrain (except impassable terrain) as dangerous terrain while the spell's effect lasts.

5. HELL HAMMER

Cast on 13+

The sorcerer manifests the power of Hashut as a thunderous ram of roiling energy in the shape of an immense burning black hammer or a monstrous bull's head, which they can unleash across the battlefield with crushing force.

Hell Hammer is a **direct damage** spell. Extend a straight line 12" within the caster's front arc and directly away from their base. Each model in the way must take an Initiative test or suffer a Strength 6 hit with the Flaming Attacks and Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. Any unit suffering casualties from this spell must immediately take a Panic test. The Sorcerer can choose to increase the range of the spell to 24". If they do so, the casting value of the spell is increased to 17+.

6. FLAMES OF AZGORH

Cast on 18+

Fire leaps from the sorcerer's eyes and mouth as they call upon the most terrible incantations and destruction, the ground cracking open and boiling magma exploding forth in a devastating eruption at their word.

Flames of Azgorh is a **direct damage** spell which may be cast on any point on the table within the caster's line of sight. Place the small round template with the central hole on the chosen target point – the template then scatters D6". All models touched by the template suffer a Strength 6 hit with the Flaming Attacks and the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rules. In addition, the model directly under the hole in the template must take a Toughness test at -2 or be slain outright with no saves. The Sorcerer may choose to increase the power of the Flames of Azgorh using the larger (5") round template, but if this is the case the casting value is increased to 25+.



HELL-FORGED ARTEFACTS

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

DARK MACE OF DEATH 60 points
Magic Weapon

The origins of this strange weapon have been lost to myth and legend, but it is known to have served many masters down the years. The weapon smoulders with a dark power that seems to eat the light around it and devours the warmth of its victims, leaving them withered husks. The Dark Mace of Death is made of black iron carved with evil runes, and contains a powerful and destructive curse.

Close combat attacks made with this weapon have the Killing Blow special rule. In addition, once per game, the bearer can inflict an automatic wound on every model in base contact, including their own mount, with the Ignores Armour saves special rule.

BLADE OF MALICE 25 points
Magic Weapon

A blade carved from volcanic crystal, the Blade of Malice is black and its surface dark and glassy. Said to have been found in an ancient barrow near the Plain of Bones, this curved blade whispers thoughts of murder and violence to any that grasp its hilt. Its edge has never dulled, no matter how many lives it has taken.

The bearer of this weapon gains the Hatred and the Armour Piercing (2) special rule.



THE MASK OF THE FURNACE 55 points
Magic Armour

This brazen, Daemon faced mask is no mere adornment, but contains bound within it the essence and agonies of all those who have perished before its snarling visage in the forge-fires of sacrifice. The power of these tormented souls guards the wearer while the echoes of their torment are reflected for all to see.

6+ armour save. The wearer gains the Fear, Ward save (4+) and Immunity (Flaming Attacks) special rule.



ARMOUR OF BAZHERAK THE CRUEL 50 points
Magic Armour

Legend has it that Bazherak was an infamous Castellan-commander of the Tower of Gorgoth during the wars against the Great Empire of Nehekara at its height, long before Nagash doomed its people. A general and slave-lord without peer, he threatened the dominance of the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers and he had this armour fashioned in secret to shield him from his rivals. It failed him however when his army was cut off by a vast Orc horde in the tidal flats on the edge of the Bitter Sea, where he drowned under its weight after being driven into the surf. The armour was later recovered in plunder from the Orcs and repaired, and stands as a testament to arrogant warriors of the price of hubris.

Heavy armour. This armour gives the wearer +2 to their armour save and Magic Resistance (2).

"Where was Grimmir when our warriors were dying? Where was Valaya when our children sickened? When we called out for aid in the deep places where we delved, it was not Grungni who answered our call, but mighty Hashut who delivered us in our time of need. Who are the real traitors here? Our kin who abandoned us to madness and death or we who only sought to survive against the forces of Chaos? One day there will be a reckoning and it will be the Sons of the Father of Darkness who will have the victory, not the weak-willed spawn of the pathetic Ancestor Gods."

– Mordian Slagfist, Chaos Dwarf Warrior





STONE MANTLE

30 points

Talisman

Said to have been created from the flayed greying flesh of those apprentice sorcerers who have failed Astragoth Ironhand, the Stone Mantle both preserves the Sorcerer-Lord's chosen acolyte and reminds them of the price of failure.

Sorcerer-Prophet, Overlord, Daemonsmith or Despot only. The bearer's Toughness is increased by +1, while their Initiative is lowered by -1 (to a minimum of 1).



CHALICE OF BLOOD AND DARKNESS

50 points

Arcane Item

Filled with boiling blood and cinder ash, this gem-encrusted chalice contains a powerful curse which can be unleashed to destabilise the winds of magic across the battlefield, drawing their power into its swirling depths.

In any Magic phase the bearer may, if they wish, reduce the number of dice held in both sides' dice pools by D3 each. Roll these dice separately declaring before rolling which applies to which side. If a double '1' is rolled between the dice then the bearer suffers a wound with no armour saves allowed. If they roll a double '6' then the bearer may recover a wound previously lost in the game.

DAEMON FLASK OF ASHAK

100 points

Enchanted Item

This infamous iron vessel holds within itself a raging daemoniac entity of phenomenal power. When unleashed its screams can shatter stone and cause the ground to split asunder as it flees into the Ether.

One use only. This effect takes place at the start of the player's Movement phase before charges are declared. All enemy units within 18" suffer a Panic test. Buildings, Chariots and War Machines within this range suffer D6 automatic wounds.

BLACK GEM OF GNAR

25 points

Enchanted Item

The Black Gem of Gnar contains the secrets of time itself and can trap its wearer and his adversary in a temporal stasis.

One use only. This item can be activated at the beginning of either player's Close Combat phase, after challenges are issued and accepted. The bearer and one model in base contact (bearer's choice) may not attack or be attacked for the duration of that phase. Work out combat resolution as normal.

GAUNTLETS OF GAZRAKH

20 points

Enchanted Item

The gauntlets were made by the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer Gazrakh the Maleficent and are made of stone, endowing its wearer with great strength.

The wearer gains +1 Strength. If the wearer rolls a 1 to hit, this blow strikes a random friendly model in base contact instead.

BANNER OF SLAVERY

30 points

Magic Standard

This mighty standard carries the emblem of the ziggurat of the great Temple of Zharr, and is richly embellished by runes of tyranny and destruction. Fire and ash bleed from it casting a pall of shadow, and those under its influence have no choice but acknowledge their' subjugation to their dark masters and their inevitable victory.

All friendly models with the Animosity rule (as well as Spear Chukkas) within 12" gain the Immunity (Panic) special rule.







CHAOS DWARF ARMY LIST

The armies of the Chaos Dwarfs are implacable on the march, with rank upon rank of heavily armoured warriors accompanied by cackling Hobgoblins and hissing steam engines, often bound with daemonic entities. It is by your hand the Dawi Zharr will conquer those who stand before them and bring slaves back to their furnaces for labour and sacrifice.

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



USING THE ARMY LIST

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

UNIT CATEGORIES

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

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

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

CHAOS DWARF WARRIORS										8 points per model
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Warrior	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	Infantry
Castellan	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9	Infantry
Inferno Gun/Earthshaker/Bazuka	3	4	3	3	4	2	2	2	9	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Medium armour

- Contempt
- Relentless
- Resolute

- May upgrade one Warrior to a Castellan.....10 points
- May upgrade one Warrior to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Warrior to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May carry a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may take great weapons.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may upgrade to heavy armour.....1 point per model
- The unit may be accompanied by one of the following:
 - Inferno Gun.....40 points
 - Bazuka.....50 points
 - Earthshaker Mortar.....60 points

Note: Inferno Guns, Earthshaker Mortars and Bazukas follow the rules for Shooting at Lone Characters. They must deploy within 3" of the unit they have been purchased with, but otherwise operate as their own unit. No additional equipment may be bought for them.

- 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

ZHATAN THE BLACK

260 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Zhatan the Black	3	8	4	4	5	3	4	4	10	Infantry (Special Character)

Magic Items:

- Black Hammer of Hashut
- Obsidian Armour
- Onyx Amulet

Special Rules:

- Contempt
- Hatred
- Relentless
- Resolute
- Slave Tyrant

Options:

- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Great Taurus.....165 points
 - Lammasu.....195 points

ASTRAGOOTH IRONHAND

300 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Astragoth Ironhand	6	6	4	5	5	4	1	3	10	Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Medium armour

Special Rules:

- Contempt
- Mechanical Body
- Overdrive
- Resolute
- Sorcerer's Curse

Magic:

Astragoth is a Level 4 Wizard. He may use spells from the Lore of Fire, Lore of Metal, Lore of Shadow, Lore of Death or Lore of Hashut.



GHORTH THE CRUEL

405 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Ghorth the Cruel	3	5	4	4	5	3	2	3	10	Infantry (Special Character)

Equipment:

- Blackshard Armour

Special Rules:

- Contempt
- Relentless
- Resolute
- Sorcerer's Curse

Magic:

Ghorth is a Level 4 Wizard. He may choose spells from the Lore of Fire, Metal, Shadow, Death or Hashut.

Options:

- May be mounted on a Palanquin....35 points

Magic Items:

- Axe of Ghorth
- Amulet of Hashut
- Chalice of Fire

DRAZHOATH THE ASHEN

570 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Drazhoath the Ashen	3	6	4	4	5	3	2	3	10	Infantry (Special Character)
Cinderbreath	6	5	0	6	5	5	3	4	6	Monster

Equipment:

- Blackshard Armour

Special Rules (Drazhoath):

- Contempt
- Dark Renown
- Relentless
- Resolute
- Sorcerer's Curse

Special Rules (Cinderbreath):

- Blazing Body
- Fiery Breath
- Flaming Attacks
- Fly (8)
- Fuelled by Fire
- Immunity (Flaming Attacks)

Mount:

Cinderbreath (Great Taurus)

Magic:

Drazhoath is a Level 4 Wizard. He uses spells from the Lore of Hashut.





LORDS

SHAR'TOR THE EXECUTIONER

255 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Shar'tor the Executioner	7	6	2	5	5	5	3	5	9	Monstrous Cavalry (Special Character)

Note: Shar'tor the Executioner may not be the army's General.

Equipment:

- Light armour

Magic Items:

- Darktide Axe
- The Mask of the Executioner

Special Rules:

- Contempt
- Impact Hits (D3)
- Lord of the Ba'hal
- Natural Armour (4+)
- Prayers of Malice



SORCERER-PROPHET

220 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Sorcerer-Prophet	3	5	3	4	5	3	2	3	10	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand Weapon
- Medium armour

Magic:

A Sorcerer-Prophet is a Level 3 Wizard. He may choose spells from the Lore of Fire, Metal, Shadow, Death or Hashut.

Special Rules:

- Contempt
- Relentless
- Resolute
- Sorcerer's Curse

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 4 Wizard.....35 points
- May be equipped with any of the following:
 - Pistol.....5 points
 - Naptha Bombs.....15 points
 - Blood of Hashut.....20 points
 - Dark-forged Weapon.....20 points
- May upgrade medium armour to one of the following:
 - Heavy armour.....3 points
 - Blackshard armour.....7 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Palanquin.....10 points
 - Great Taurus.....165 points
 - Lammasu.....195 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points

OVERLORD

140 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Overlord	3	7	4	4	5	3	4	4	10	Infantry (Character)

Equipment:

- Hand Weapon
- Medium armour

Special Rules:

- Contempt
- Relentless
- Resolute

Options:

- May be equipped with one of the following:
 - Pistol.....5 points
 - Great weapon.....8 points
 - Additional hand weapon.....3 points
- May carry a shield.....3 points
- May upgrade medium armour to one of the following:
 - Heavy armour.....3 points
 - Blackshard armour.....7 points
- May be mounted on one of the following:
 - Great Taurus.....165 points
 - Lammasu.....195 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....100 points





HEROES

RYKARTH THE UNBREAKABLE 165 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Rykarth	3	6	4	4	5	2	4	3	10	Infantry (Special Character)

- | | | |
|--|---|---|
| Magic Items: | Special Rules: | Note: |
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Cursed Rune Axe • Armour of Ghazrak | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Captain of the Immortals • Contempt • Fear • Relentless • Unbreakable | <p>If Rykarth is taken, then you must include one unit of Immortals in the army, chosen at additional cost from the Special Units section of the army list.</p> |

GORDUZ BACKSTABBER 105 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Gorduz	4	5	4	4	4	2	5	3	7	Infantry (Special Character)

Note: Gorduz Backstabber may not be the army's General.

- | | | | |
|--|--|---|--|
| Equipment: | Magic Items: | Special Rules: | Options: |
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Light armour • Shield | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Eye-Gouger | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Backstabbers • Cowardly Despoiler • Fated...Lucky...Sneaky! | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • May be mounted on a Giant Wolf.....12 points |

HOTHGAR THE RENEGADE 225 points

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

- | | | | |
|---|---|--|---|
| Equipment: | Magic Items: | Special Rules: | Magic: |
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Naphtha Bombs | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Hellfire Pistol • Inferno Armour | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Contempt • Infernal Engineer • Master Engineer • Relentless • Resolute • Sorcerer's Curse | <p>Hothgar is a Level 2 Wizard. He may use spells from the Lore of Fire or the Lore of Metal.</p> |

DESPOT 65 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Despot	3	6	4	4	5	2	3	3	9	Infantry (Character)

- | | | |
|--|--|--|
| Equipment: | Special Rules: | Options: |
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Hand Weapon • Medium armour | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Contempt • Relentless • Resolute | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • May be equipped with one of the following: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Pistol.....5 points - Great weapon.....6 points - Additional hand weapon.....2 points • May upgrade medium armour to one of the following: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Heavy armour.....2 points - Blackshard armour.....5 points • May carry a shield.....2 points • May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points |

ARMY BATTLE STANDARD

One Despot in the army may carry the Battle Standard for +25 points. The Battle Standard Bearer can have a magic banner with no points limit. However, a model carrying a magic standard can only carry other magic items up to a total of 25 points.





HEROES

DAEMONSMITH											90 points
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	
Daemonsmith	3	4	4	4	4	2	2	2	9	Infantry (Character)	

Equipment:

- Hand Weapon
- Medium armour

Special Rules:

- Contempt
- Infernal Engineer
- Relentless
- Resolute
- Sorcerer's Curse

Magic:

A Daemonsmith is a Level 1 Wizard. He may choose spells from the Lore of Fire, Metal, Shadow, Death or Hashut.

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May be equipped with any of the following:
 - Pistol.....5 points
 - Naptha Bombs.....15 points
 - Dark-forged Weapon.....20 points
- May upgrade medium armour to one of the following:
 - Heavy armour.....2 points
 - Blackshard armour.....5 points
- May take an Altar of Hashut.....120 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points



BULL CENTAUR TAUR'RUK											150 points
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	
Taur'ruk	7	5	2	5	5	4	4	4	9	Monstrous Cavalry (Character)	

Note: A Bull Centaur Taur'ruk may not be the army's General.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Contempt
- Natural Armour (5+)

Options:

- May be equipped with one of the following:
 - Great weapon.....8 points
 - Additional hand weapon.....4 points
- May carry a shield.....4 points
- May upgrade light armour to medium armour.....4 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....50 points

HOBGOBLIN CHIEFTAIN											40 points
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	
Hobgoblin Chieftain	4	4	4	4	4	2	4	3	7	Infantry (Character)	

Note: A Hobgoblin Chieftain may not be the army's General.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Throwing weapon

Special Rules:

- Backstabbers
- Cowardly Despoilers

Options:

- May be equipped with one of the following:
 - Spear.....2 points
 - Additional hand weapon.....2 points
- May take a bow.....3 points
- May carry a shield.....2 points
- May wear light armour.....2 points
- May be mounted on a Giant Wolf.....12 points
- May take magic items up to a total of.....25 points





HEROES

ALTAR OF HASHUT

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Altar of Hashut	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	War Machine
Altar Guard	-	5	3	4	4	1	3	1	9	-

Unit Size: 1 Altar of Hashut & 2 Altar Guards.

- Equipment (Crew):**
- Hand Weapon
 - Blackshard Armour
 - Shield

- Special Rules:**
- Altar of Hashut
 - Blessings of Hashut
 - Sacrifices to Hashut

CHARACTER MOUNTS

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Palanquin	3	5	3	4	-	-	2	4	-	Infantry
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	War Beast
Great Taurus	6	5	0	5	5	4	3	4	6	Monster
Lammasu	6	3	0	5	5	4	1	2	8	Monster

- Special Rules (Giant Wolf):**
- Fast Cavalry

- Special Rules (Palanquin):**
- Contempt
 - Relentless
 - Resolute

- Special Rules (Great Taurus):**
- Blazing Body
 - Flaming Attacks
 - Fly (8)
 - Fuelled by Fire
 - Immunity (Flaming Attacks)

- Special Rules (Lammasu):**
- Fly (8)
 - Magic Resistance (3)
 - Sorcerous Miasma

Magic:
A Lammasu is a Level 1 Wizard that uses spells from the Lore of Fire, Lore of Death or Lore of Shadow.

- Options:**
- A Great Taurus may take any of the following:
 - Flaming Breath.....30 points
 - Bloodrage.....30 points
 - A Lammasu may take any of the following:
 - Mace Tail.....15 points
 - Sorcerous Exhalation.....20 points





CORE UNITS

CHAOS DWARF WARRIORS

7 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Warrior	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	Infantry
Castellan	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9	Infantry
Inferno Gun/Earthshaker/Bazuka	3	4	3	3	4	2	2	2	9	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Medium armour

- Contempt
- Relentless
- Resolute

- May upgrade one Warrior to a Castellan.....10 points
- May upgrade one Warrior to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Warrior to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May carry a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit must choose at least one of the following:
 - Great weapons.....2 points per model
 - Shields.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may upgrade to heavy armour.....2 points per model
- The unit may be accompanied by one of the following:
 - Inferno Gun.....40 points
 - Bazuka.....50 points
 - Earthshaker Mortar.....60 points

Note: Inferno Guns, Earthshaker Mortars and Bazukas follow the rules for Shooting at Lone Characters. They must deploy within 3" of the unit they have been purchased with, but otherwise operate as their own unit. No additional equipment may be bought for them.

DEVASTATORS

13 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Devastator	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	Infantry
Annihilator	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

Options:

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Hailshot Blunderbuss
- Medium armour

- Contempt
- Relentless
- Resolute

- May upgrade one Devastator to a Annihilator.....10 points
- May upgrade one Devastator to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Devastator to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May carry a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may replace their Blunderbusses with crossbows...free
- The entire unit may upgrade to heavy armour.....1 point per model





CORE UNITS

HOBGOBLIN WARRIORS

3 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	Infantry
Hobgoblin Boss	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	Infantry

Unit Size: 20+

Special Rules:

Options:

- Animosity
- Backstabbers

- May upgrade one Hobgoblin to a Hobgoblin Boss.....10 points
- May upgrade one Hobgoblin to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Hobgoblin to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may replace their shields with bows.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may wear light armour.....1 point per model

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield

HOBGOBLIN WOLF RAIDERS

10 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Hobgoblin Wolf Raider	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	Cavalry
Hobgoblin Wolf Boss	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	Cavalry
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	-

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

Options:

- Animosity
- Fast Cavalry
- Cowardly Despoilers

- May upgrade one Wolf Raider to a Wolf Boss.....10 points
- May upgrade one Wolf Raider to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Wolf Raider to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may choose one of the following:
 - Spears.....1 point per model
 - Replace shields with bows.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may wear light armour.....1 point per model

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield

Mount:

Giant Wolf

GOBLIN SLAVES

2 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Goblin Slave	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	3	Infantry
Hobgoblin Overseer	4	3	3	3	3	1	1	2	6	Infantry

Note: You may not have more units of Goblin Slaves than you have units of Hobgoblin Warriors in your army.

Unit Size: 20+ Goblins and 1 Hobgoblin Overseer

Special Rules:

Options:

- Animosity
- Fear Elves
- Hobgoblin Overseer
- Mixed Unit

- All Goblin Slaves in the unit may choose one of the following:
 - Spears.....1/2 point per model
 - Replace shields with shortbows.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may wear light armour.....1/2 point per model

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield

ORC SLAVES

4 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Orc Slave	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	4	Infantry
Hobgoblin Overseer	4	3	3	3	3	1	1	2	6	Infantry

Note: You may not have more units of Orc Slaves than you have units of Hobgoblin Warriors in your army.

Unit Size: 10+ Orcs and 1 Hobgoblin Overseer

Special Rules:

Options:

- Animosity
- Hobgoblin Overseer
- Ignore Goblin Panic
- Strength Bonus (1)
- Mixed Unit

- All Orc Slaves in the unit may choose one of the following:
 - Replace shields with additional hand weapons.....free
 - Spears.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may wear light armour.....1 point per model

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Shield





SPECIAL UNITS

INFERNAL GUARD											13 points per model
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	
Infernal Guard	3	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	9	Infantry	
Deathmask	3	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	9	Infantry	
Infernal Ironsworn	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	1	9	Infantry	
Ironsworn Deathmask	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	9	Infantry	

Note: If Drazhoath the Ashen is your Army General, units of Infernal Guard counts as Core Units instead of Special Units.

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Blackshard Armour
- Shields

Special Rules:

- Contempt
- Relentless
- Resolute

Options:

- May upgrade one Infernal Guard to a Deathmask.....10 points
- May upgrade one Infernal Guard to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Infernal Guard to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May carry a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- The unit may replace their shields with fireglaives.....3 points per model
- One unit may be upgraded to Infernal Ironsworn*.....3 points per model
 - *Infernal Ironsworn have Ensorcelled Hand Weapons.

IMMORTALS											16 points per model
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	
Immortal	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	9	Infantry	
Eternal	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	3	9	Infantry	

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment:

- Great weapon
- Blackshard armour

Special Rules:

- Contempt
- Relentless
- Stubborn

Options:

- May upgrade one Immortal to an Eternal.....10 points
- May upgrade one Immortal to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Immortal to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May carry a magic standard worth up to.....50 points



ACOLYTES OF HASHUT											13 points per model
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type	
Acolyte	3	5	3	4	4	1	3	1	9	Infantry	
Adept	3	5	3	4	4	1	3	2	9	Infantry	
Petrified Sorcerer	3	5	3	4	4	4	3	4	9	Infantry	

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment:

- Polearm
- Medium armour

Special Rules:

- Contempt
- Dirges of Hashut
- Magical Attacks
- Petrified Sorcerer
- Relentless
- Resolute

Options:

- May upgrade one Acolyte to an Adept.....10 points
- May upgrade one Acolyte to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Acolyte to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May carry a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- May upgrade 4 Acolytes to carry a Petrified Sorcerer.....50 points





SPECIAL UNITS

ZEALOT BERZERKERS 13 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Zealot Berzerker	3	5	3	4	4	1	3	1	9	Infantry
Ravager	3	5	3	4	4	1	3	2	9	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment:
 • Two hand weapons

Special Rules:

- Contempt
- Frenzy
- Mark of Hashut
- Relentless
- Resolute

Options:

- May upgrade one Berzerker to a Ravager.....10 points
- May upgrade one Berzerker to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Berzerker to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May carry a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may be upgraded to Skirmishers.....free



BULL CENTAURS 18 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bull Centaur	7	4	2	4	4	1	3	2	8	Cavalry
Bull Centaur Guardian	7	4	2	4	4	1	3	3	8	Cavalry

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment:
 • Hand weapon
 • Light armour

Special Rules:

- Contempt
- Natural Armour (6+)

Options:

- May upgrade one Bull Centaur to a Bull Centaur Guardian..10 points
- May upgrade one Bull Centaur to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Bull Centaur to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May carry a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons.....2 points per model
 - Great weapons.....4 points per model
- The entire unit may upgrade to medium armour....2 points per model
- The entire unit may take shields.....2 points per model

BULL CENTAUR RENDERS 50 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Bull Centaur Render	7	4	2	4	5	3	3	3	8	Monstrous Cavalry
Bull Centaur Ba'hal	7	4	2	4	5	3	3	4	8	Monstrous Cavalry

Unit Size: 3+

Equipment:
 • Hand weapon
 • Shield
 • Light armour

Special Rules:

- Contempt
- Natural Armour (5+)

Options:

- May upgrade one Render to a Ba'hal.....10 points
- May upgrade one Render to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Render to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - May carry a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- The entire unit may replace their shields with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapons.....free
 - Great weapons.....3 points per model
- The entire unit may upgrade to medium armour....6 points per model





SPECIAL UNITS

BLACK ORCS

14 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Black Orc	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	8	Infantry
Black Orc Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	3	8	Infantry

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Great weapon
- Heavy Armour

Special Rules:

- Armed to da Teef
- Immunity (Psychology)
- Strength Bonus (1)

Options:

- May upgrade one Black Orc to a Black Orc Boss.....10 points
- May upgrade one Black Orc to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Black Orc to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may be equipped with shields.....1 point per model

K'DAAI FIREBORN

50 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
K'daai Fireborn	6	4	2	5	4	3	4	3	7	Monstrous Infantry
K'daai Manburner	6	4	2	5	4	3	4	4	7	Monstrous Infantry

Unit Size: 3+

Equipment:

- Spite and hellfire (hand weapon)
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Blazing Body
- Burning Bright
- Daemonic
- Flaming Attacks
- Immunity (Flaming Attacks)

Options:

- One Fireborn may be upgraded to a Manburner.....10 points

WHIRLWIND/TENDERIZER

100 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Whirlwind/Tenderizer	6	-	-	4	5	4	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour Save 6+)
Bull Centaur	-	4	2	4	-	-	3	2	8	-

Unit Size: 1 Whirlwind or Tenderizer

Pushed by: 1 Bull Centaur

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Contempt
- Natural Armour (6+)
- Whirlwind
- Tenderizer

SNEAKY GITS

6 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Sneaky Git	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	Infantry
Backstabba	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6	Infantry

Unit Size: 5-20

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Throwing knives

Special Rules:

- Ambushers
- Animosity
- Backstabbers
- Poisoned Attacks
- Skirmishers
- Sneakin'

Options:

- May upgrade one Sneaky Git to a Backstabba.....10 points
- The entire unit may be upgraded to Scouts.....1 point per model





SPECIAL UNITS

HOBGOBLIN SPEAR CHUKKA 30 points per model

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Spear Chukka	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-	War Machine (Bolt Thrower)
Hobgoblin Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	Infantry

Note: You may take 1-2 Hobgoblin Spear Chukkas as a single special choice.

- Unit Size:** 1 Spear Chukka and 2 Hobgoblin Crew.
- Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
 - Light armour
- Special Rules:**
- Slipshod
- Options:**
- May take an additional Hobgoblin Crew.....3 points

IRON DAEMON WAR ENGINE 220 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Iron Daemon	6	-	-	6	6	6	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour Save 4+)
Chaos Dwarf Crew	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	1	9	-

- Unit Size:** 1 Iron Daemon War Engine and 3 Chaos Dwarf Crew.
- Equipment (Crew):**
- Hand weapon
 - Light armour
- Special Rules:**
- Demolition
 - Grind Attack
 - Impact Hits (D6+1)
 - Lumbering and Unstoppable
 - Steam Cannonade
 - Terror
 - Unbreakable
- Options:**
- May replace Steam Cannonade with a Skullcracker.....30 points



MAGMA CANNON 140 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Magma Cannon	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-	War Machine (Fire Thrower)
Chaos Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	-

- Unit Size:** 1 Magma Cannon and 3 Chaos Dwarf Crew.
- Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
 - Light armour
- Special Rules:**
- Contempt
 - Magma Cannon
 - Resolute
- Options:**
- The Chaos Dwarf Crew may upgrade to medium armour.....1 point per model

DEATHSHRIEKER ROCKET LAUNCHER 95 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Rocket Battery	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-	War Machine (Stone Thrower)
Chaos Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	-

- Unit Size:** 1 Deathshrieker Rocket Launcher and 2 Chaos Dwarf Crew.
- Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
 - Light armour
- Special Rules:**
- Contempt
 - Deathshrieker Rockets
 - Demolition Rockets
 - Resolute
- Options:**
- The Chaos Dwarf Crew may upgrade to medium armour..1 point per model
 - May take an additional Chaos Dwarf Crew.....7 points





RARE UNITS

DREADQUAKE MORTAR										110 points
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Dreadquake Mortar	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-	War Machine (Stone Thrower)
Chaos Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	-
Slave Ogre	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7	-

Unit Size: 1 Dreadquake Mortar and 3 Chaos Dwarf Crew.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Contempt
- Dreadquake Mortar
- Fear (Slave Ogre only)
- Resolute
- Slow Reload

Options:

- The Chaos Dwarf Crew may upgrade to medium armour....*1 point per model*
- May take a Slave Ogre.....*20 points*

HELLCANNON										190 points
Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Hellcannon	3	4	3	5	6	5	1	5	4	Monster
Chaos Dwarf Handler	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	-

Unit Size: 1 Hellcannon and 3 Chaos Dwarf Handlers.

Equipment (Crew):

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Caged Fury
- Daemonic
- Doomfire
- Mixed Unit
- Natural Armour (4+)
- Spew Ichor

Options:

- The Chaos Dwarf Handlers may upgrade to medium armour.....*1 point per model*





RARE UNITS

JUGGERNAUT SIEGE TOWER 230 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Juggernaut	6	-	-	5	6	10	-	-	-	Chariot (Armour Save 6+)
Chaos Dwarf Crew	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	1	9	-
Bull Centaur	-	4	2	4	-	-	2	2	8	-

- Unit Size:** 1 Juggernaut & 5 Chaos Dwarf Crew.
- Equipment (Crew):**
- Hand weapon
 - Hailshot Blunderbuss
 - Heavy armour
- Special Rules:**
- Large Target (10)
 - Siege Cannons
 - Siege Tower
 - Terror
 - Unbreakable
- Pushed by:** 1 Bull Centaur

KOLLOSSUS 225 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Kollossus	6	4	3	6	6	6	1	5	10	Monster

- Unit Size:** 1
- Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
 - Heavy armour
- Special Rules:**
- Animated Construct
 - Mechanical Giant
- Options:**
- The Kollossus may take any two of the following:
 - Lavathrower.....50 points
 - High-Powered Engine.....35 points
 - Daemon Crystal.....30 points
 - Great Hammer.....20 points
 - Furnace of Hashut.....20 points
 - Crush.....20 points
 - Armoured Plating.....5 points

SIEGE GIANT 190 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
Siege Giant	6	3	3	6	6	6	3	*	10	Monster

- Unit Size:** 1
- Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
 - Siege Armour
- Special Rules:**
- Fall Over
 - Immunity (Psychology)
 - *Siege Giant Attacks
 - Stubborn
 - Wall-Ripper
- Options:**
- The Siege Giant may take Runes of Hate.....25 points
 - The Siege Giant may take Scaling Spikes.....10 points

K'DAAI DESTROYER 300 points

Profile	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Troop Type
K'daai Destroyer	8	5	3	7	6	6	5	5	8	Monster

- Unit Size:** 1
- Equipment:**
- Spite and hellfire (hand weapon)
 - Medium armour
- Special Rules:**
- Blazing Body
 - Burning Bright
 - Daemonic
 - Flaming Attacks
 - Hellish Frenzy
 - Immunity (Flaming Attacks)
- Options:**
- The K'daai Destroyer may take any two of the following:
 - Gore Blades.....10 points
 - Razor Horns.....35 points
 - Dark Colossus.....40 points
 - Brazen Wings.....50 points





SUMMARY

LORDS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Astragoth Ironhand	6	6	4	5	5	4	1	3	10	In
Drazhoath the Ashen	3	6	4	4	5	3	2	3	10	Mo
- Cinderbreath	6	5	0	6	5	5	3	4	6	-
Ghorth the Cruel	3	5	4	4	5	3	2	3	10	In
Overlord	3	7	4	4	5	3	4	4	10	In
Shar'tor the Executioner	7	6	2	6	6	6	3	5	9	MC
Sorcerer-Prophet	3	5	3	4	5	3	2	3	10	In
Zhatan the Black	3	8	4	4	5	3	4	4	10	In

HEROES	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Bull Centaur Taur'ruk	7	5	2	5	5	4	4	4	9	MC
Daemonsmith	3	4	4	4	4	2	2	2	9	In
Despot	3	6	4	4	5	2	3	3	9	In
Hobgoblin Chieftain	4	4	4	4	4	2	4	3	7	In
Hothgar the Renegade	3	4	4	4	4	2	2	2	9	In
Gorduz Backstabber	4	5	4	4	4	2	5	3	7	In
Rykarth the Unbreakable	3	6	4	4	5	2	4	3	10	In

CORE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Devastator	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	In
- Annihilator	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9	In
- Inferno Gun/Bazuka	3	4	3	3	4	2	2	2	9	In
Goblin Slave	4	2	3	3	3	1	2	1	3	In
- Hobgoblin Overseer	4	3	3	3	3	1	1	2	6	In
Hobgoblin	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	In
- Hobgoblin Boss	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	In
Hobgoblin Wolf Raider	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	1	6	Ca
- Hobgoblin Wolf Boss	4	3	3	3	3	1	2	2	6	Ca
- Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	-
Orc Slave	4	3	3	3	4	1	2	1	4	In
- Hobgoblin Overseer	4	3	3	3	3	1	1	2	6	In
Warrior	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	In
- Castellan	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9	In
- Gun/Mortar/Bazuka	3	4	3	3	4	2	2	2	9	In

SPECIAL UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Acolyte of Hashut	3	5	3	4	4	1	3	1	9	In
- Adept	3	5	3	4	4	1	3	2	9	In
- Petrified Sorcerer	3	5	3	4	4	4	3	4	9	In
Black Orc	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	8	In
- Black Orc Boss	4	4	3	4	4	1	2	3	8	In
Bull Centaur	7	4	2	4	4	1	3	2	8	Ca
- Bull Centaur Guardian	7	4	2	4	4	1	3	3	8	Ca
Bull Centaur Render	7	4	2	4	5	3	3	3	8	MC
- Bull Centaur Ba'hal	7	4	2	4	5	3	3	4	8	MC
Immortal	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	2	9	In
- Eternal	3	5	3	4	4	1	2	3	9	In
Infernal Guard	3	4	3	4	4	1	2	1	9	In
- Deathmask	3	4	3	4	4	1	2	2	9	In
Iron Daemon	6	-	-	6	6	6	-	-	-	Ch
- Chaos Dwarf Crew	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	1	9	-
K'daai Fireborn	6	4	2	5	4	3	4	3	7	MI
- K'daai Manburner	6	4	2	5	4	3	4	4	7	MI
Magma Cannon	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-	WM
- Chaos Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	-
Rocket Battery	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-	WM
- Chaos Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	-
Sneaky Git	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6	In
- Backstabba	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	6	In

SPECIAL UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Spear Chukka	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-	WM
- Hobgoblin Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	1	1	6	-
Whirlwind/Tenderizer	6	-	-	4	5	4	-	-	-	Ch
- Bull Centaur	-	4	2	4	-	-	3	2	8	-
Zealot Berzerker	3	5	3	4	4	1	3	1	9	In
- Ravager	3	5	3	4	4	1	3	2	9	In

RARE UNITS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Dreadquake Mortar	-	-	-	-	7	-	-	-	-	WM
- Chaos Dwarf Crew	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	-
- Slave Ogre	6	3	2	4	4	3	2	3	7	-
Hellcannon	3	4	3	5	6	5	1	5	4	Mo
- Chaos Dwarf Handler	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	-
Juggernaut	6	-	-	5	6	10	-	-	-	Ch
- Chaos Dwarf Crew	-	4	3	3	-	-	2	1	9	-
- Bull Centaur	-	4	2	4	-	-	2	2	8	-
K'daai Destroyer	8	5	3	7	6	6	5	5	8	Mo
Kollossus	6	4	3	6	6	6	1	5	10	Mo
Siege Giant	6	3	3	6	6	6	3	*	10	Mo

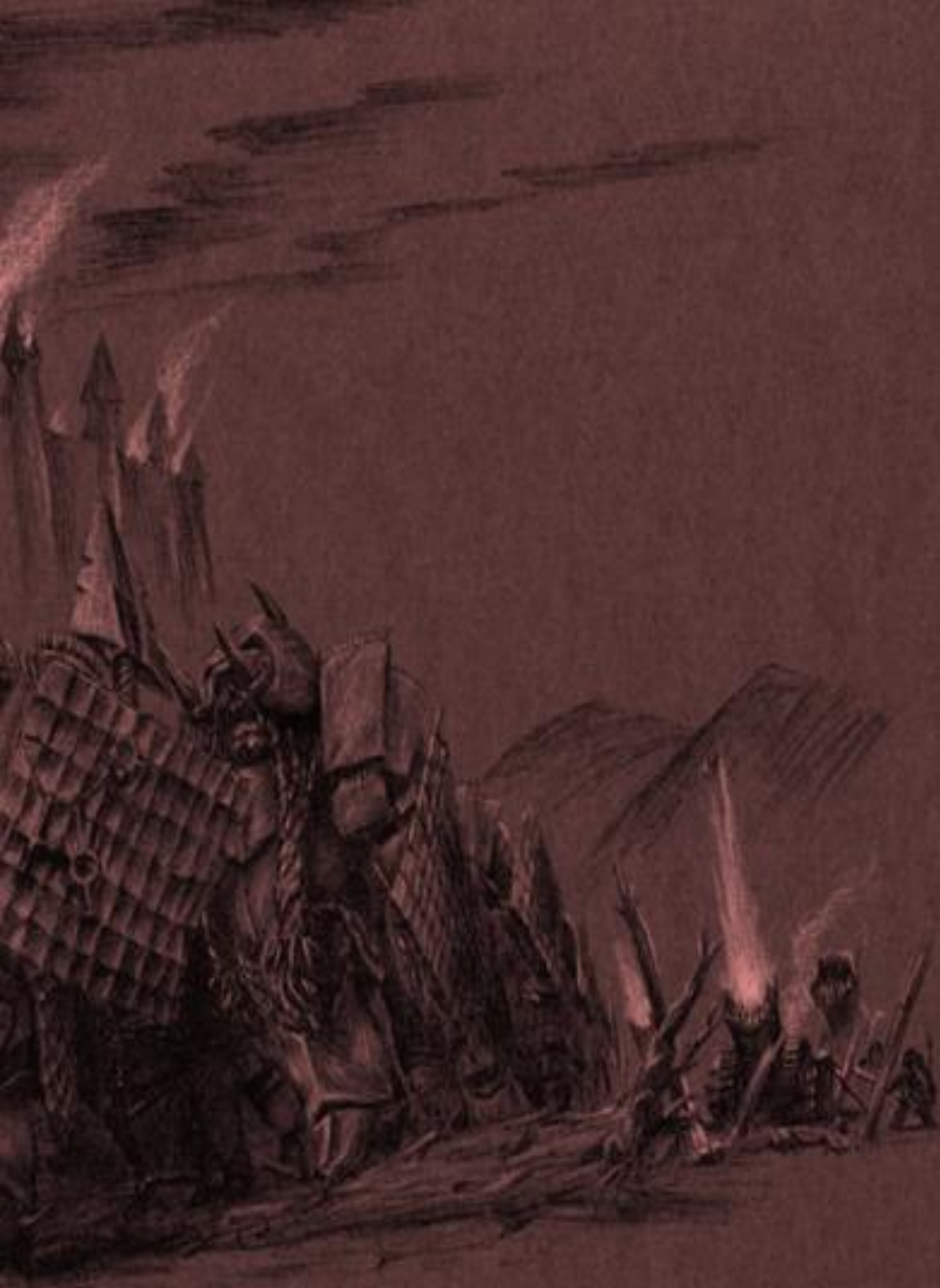
MOUNTS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type
Altar of Hashut	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM
- Altar Guard	-	5	4	4	4	1	3	1	9	-
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	3	WB
Great Taurus	6	5	0	5	5	4	3	4	6	Mo
Lammasu	6	3	0	5	5	4	1	2	8	Mo
Palanquin	3	5	3	4	-	-	2	4	-	In

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*.











CHAOS DWARFS

The Chaos Dwarfs are a vile black-hearted race, forever waging war in their relentless search for victims to enslave. Shrouded by the smoke of a thousand forges, the foul empire of the Chaos Dwarfs lies deep inside the Dark Lands. Far below the bitter earth, the tortured slaves labour in chains, endlessly seeking out precious metals and minerals for their evil masters' plans.

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