

Beastmen Raiders

Wilhelm hung his head and pushed his long fringe of wet hair from his eyes once again. His feet were sore, his toes were wet and cold from the sodden mud of the road, and he was ready to drop. In his left hand he held the reins of the stubborn pack mule he had been leading for the past week. One foot in front of the other, he plodded along the road behind the rest of the group, too tired, wet and bored to even bother avoiding the larger puddles. This was a million leagues from what he imagined he would be doing right now. He had left home full of excitement, imagining the adventures he would have on the road, the riches he would find in Mordheim and the famous deeds that he would achieve. Never in his dreams did he imagine himself walking for a week through the rain, leading a stupid mule that seemed intent on making his life a misery, towards a place that never seemed to arrive.

Wondering if he had made a horrible mistake in joining the small band of Reikland warriors, Wilhelm let his gaze wander over the rest of the party. Pieter, the leader of this little band, rode at the front of the group on the back of a powerful warhorse. That steed had looked so mighty and noble when they had rode into his village, but now it too was merely another tired and wet, miserable creature. Still, Pieter held his noble head high, ignoring the foul weather as if it were below him. At his side walked the massive warrior Brock, his huge greatsword strapped over his bull-like shoulders. How the big veteran had laughed when Wilhelm struggled to lift that titanic weapon the previous night.

Behind the pair of seasoned warriors was the wagon, where five other trained warriors rode, somewhat protected from the weather by a faded leather canopy. The wagon was pulled by a pair of horses, their heads hanging wearily as they trudged though the clinging mud.

The wheels of the wagon carved deep furrows in the road, and Wilhelm stumbled suddenly into one of them. A strong hand grabbed him by the shoulder, steadying him.

'Steady lad. We will be stopping soon,' said a deep voice from behind him.

Wilhelm nodded his thanks to the stern warrior Mikkel, embarrassed to have shown his weakness in front of the tall Reiklander.

The mule Wilhelm was leading whinnied suddenly, pulling its head sharply to one side, nearly ripping Wilhelm's shoulder from its socket.

'Whoa, boy!' he called. He had almost had

enough of the animal's behaviour.

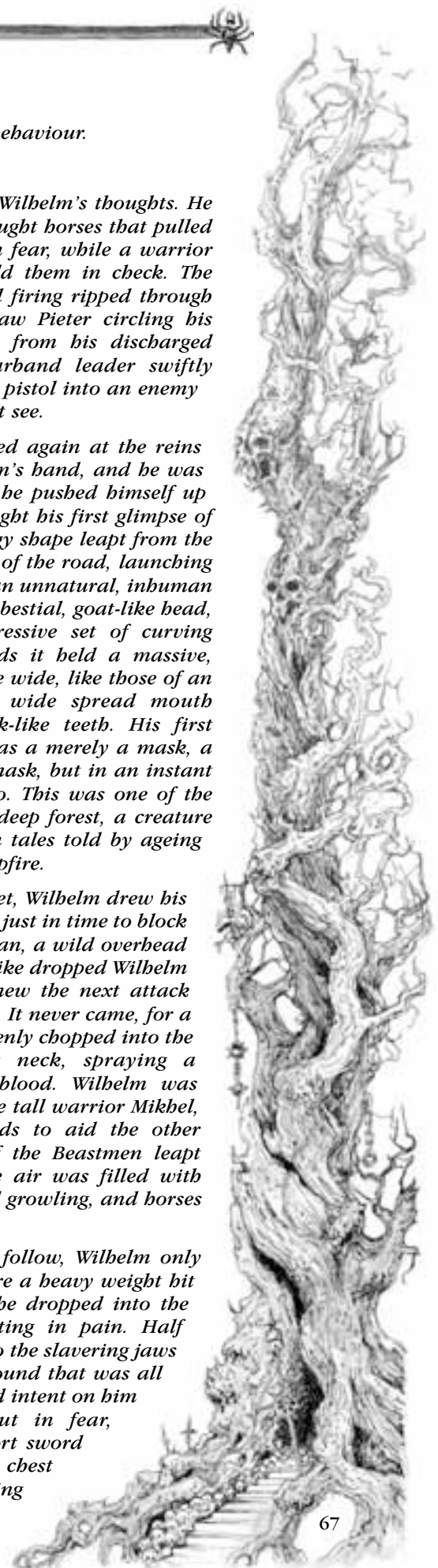
'To arms!'

The scream cut through Wilhelm's thoughts. He looked up to see the draught horses that pulled the wagon rearing up in fear, while a warrior tried desperately to hold them in check. The sudden crack of a pistol firing ripped through the air, and Wilhelm saw Pieter circling his warhorse, smoke rising from his discharged weapon. The noble warband leader swiftly drew and fired a second pistol into an enemy that Wilhelm couldn't yet see.

The mule suddenly pulled again at the reins wrapped around Wilhelm's hand, and he was jerked from his feet. As he pushed himself up from the ground, he caught his first glimpse of the enemy. A dark, shaggy shape leapt from the undergrowth at the side of the road, launching itself towards him with an unnatural, inhuman gait. The creature had a bestial, goat-like head, complete with an impressive set of curving horns, and in its hands it held a massive, rusting axe. Its eyes were wide, like those of an enraged bull, and its wide spread mouth exposed yellowing, tusk-like teeth. His first thought was that this was a merely a mask, a hideous and terrifying mask, but in an instant he knew this was not so. This was one of the feared Beastmen of the deep forest, a creature he had only heard of in tales told by ageing soldiers around the campfire.

Pushing himself to his feet, Wilhelm drew his shortsword and raised it just in time to block the attack of the Beastman, a wild overhead blow. The force of the strike dropped Wilhelm to his knees, and he knew the next attack would be the end of him. It never came, for a heavy sword-blade suddenly chopped into the side of the creature's neck, spraying a fountain of dark red blood. Wilhelm was dragged to his feet by the tall warrior Mikkel, who then leapt forwards to aid the other Reiklanders as more of the Beastmen leapt from their ambush. The air was filled with shouts, bestial roars and growling, and horses screaming in terror.

Breaking into a run to follow, Wilhelm only made it three steps before a heavy weight hit him from behind, and he dropped into the mud once again, shouting in pain. Half rolling, he looked up into the slavering jaws of a gigantic, bulking hound that was all fur and brute muscle and intent on him as its prey. Crying out in fear, Wilhelm stabbed his short sword into the beast's massive chest as it closed on him, pulling



his face away from the fearful beast. Pulling the sword out, he stabbed again, and then pushed the dying, twitching weight away from him.

Rising, he saw Pieter's warhorse fall, pulled down to the ground by a pair of malevolent Beastmen. Pieter leapt from his falling steed and rolled smoothly as he landed, his pistols now replaced by a rapier and a dagger. The wagon itself was suddenly hurled onto its side, throwing luggage and men clear as a huge shape burst from the trees and smashed fully into the heavy carriage. Standing fully nine feet tall, the Minotaur snorted, steam puffing from its nostrils as it surveyed the carnage.

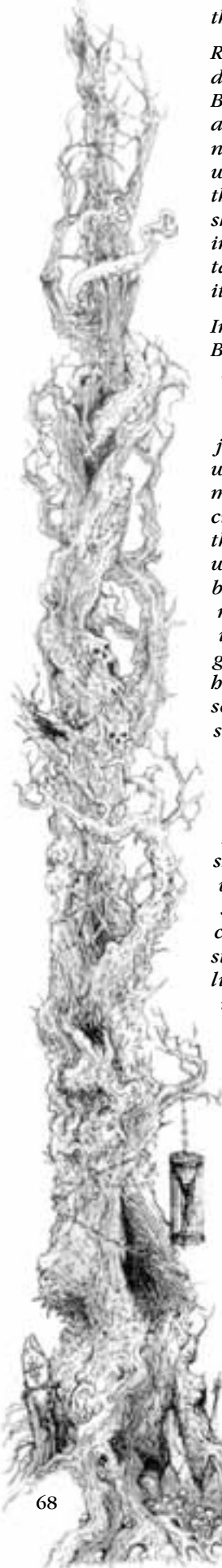
In horrified shock, Wilhelm watched as smaller Beastmen leapt around the mayhem, savagely cutting down the Reiklanders with axes as they tried to rise. The immense Minotaur leapt upon the fallen horse of Pieter, its jaws closing around its neck. The mighty warrior Brock appeared, swinging his mighty greatsword down in a fluid arc. It cut deeply into the shaggy shoulders of the stooping Minotaur, a blow that would have cut a man in two. The beast merely raised itself from its meal, blood and gore dripping from its face, and lashed out with its great cleaver-like weapon. The blow hacked into Brock's neck, near severing his head from his shoulders. Wilhelm was petrified, rooted to the spot.

A creature bounded over the felled wagon. It was a hideous blend of Beastman and what looked like a shaggy ox, a beastman's upper body where the horse's neck and head should have been. Its face was contorted into a growl, and thick strands of drool hung from its thick lips. Its glazed eyes suddenly registered Wilhelm's presence, and with a roar, it launched into a gallop.

Wilhelm ran. He turned off the road, and plunged into the trees, stumbling and falling over saturated, rotting logs. He knew then that he would never reach Mordheim, that he never should have left home at all. His breathing was ragged as he staggered through the dark trees, branches and twigs lashing at his face. He risked a glance behind him, and saw the hideous creature whooping as it closed on him. A barbed spear was held in its hands, and it thrust the cruel weapon forwards as it reached its prey.

The spear smashed deeply into the human boy's lower back, and he dropped instantly, his spine severed. The Centigor paused for a moment, and pulled a flagon from its harness-belt. It swayed slightly as it drank deeply, uncaring of the ale that spilled over its face and fur. Then, it turned and launched itself back towards the road. It did not wish to miss the end of the slaughter.

And once that was finished, the feast would begin...



Beastmen Warbands

The Beastmen are brutish, wild and unnatural creatures that live in the deep forests. Anyone travelling through this untamed wilderness risks being attacked by these unpredictable raiders. Many of those who dwell within the forests around the outskirts of Mordheim claim that these vile creatures of Chaos outnumber mankind, though such statements are impossible to prove, for the Beastmen build no cities and do not create any structured form of society as such. Order and organisation are alien and hated by them, and they roam where they will, pillaging and killing for whatever they have need or want for. They willingly turn on each other, picking on the weakest amongst them for food and fun.

The Beastmen naturally form into roaming warbands, though whether they do so consciously or merely instinctively is unknown. A small warband is able to move swiftly through the wilderness unnoticed, and can cover hundreds of miles each season as they travel where they will. They are led by the strongest and most ferocious of their kind, and if ever one within the warband senses a weakness in their leader, they will turn on him in a brutish leadership challenge that can only result in one of the two being killed and consumed by the victor. Literally thousands of these small warbands infest the dark forests of the Old World, preying upon travellers and farmsteads.

A Beastmen warband attacks without warning, and villagers, merchants and travellers live in constant fear of ambush from these forest denizens.

They try to prepare themselves for such an event, and often desperately appeal to the nobles to scour the forests with their State troops – however, at such a time

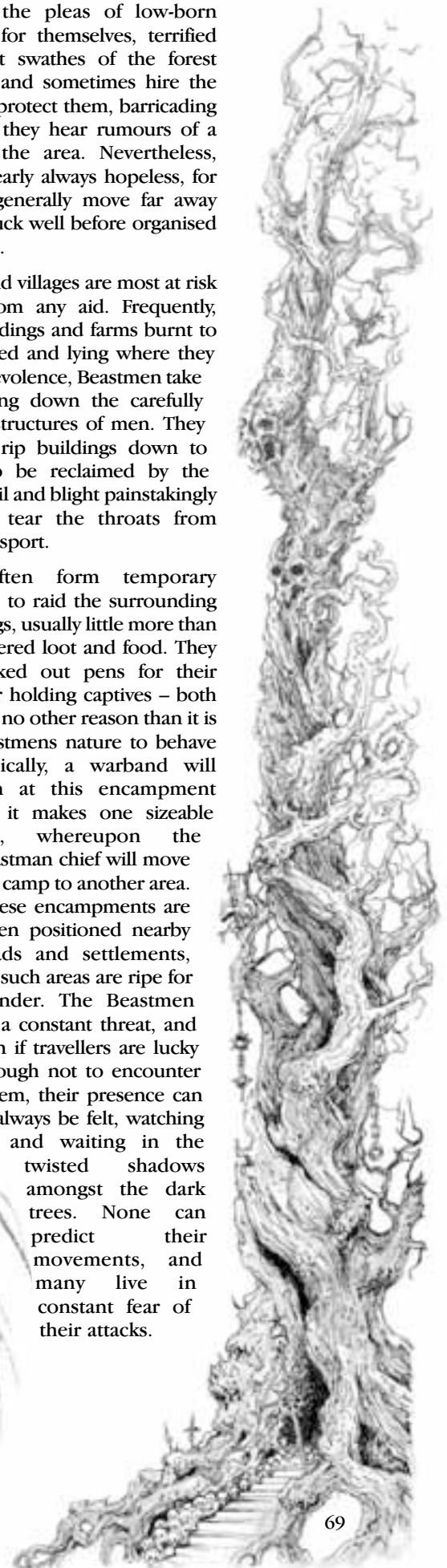


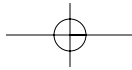
of political upheaval, the nobles have far more pressing concerns than the pleas of low-born villagers. Forced to fend for themselves, terrified villagers hack down great swathes of the forest around their settlements, and sometimes hire the services of mercenaries to protect them, barricading themselves indoors when they hear rumours of a marauding band within the area. Nevertheless, purges of the forest are nearly always hopeless, for the Beastmen warbands generally move far away from an area they have struck well before organised retaliation can be mounted.

The more isolated farms and villages are most at risk from attack, being far from any aid. Frequently, travellers will discover buildings and farms burnt to the ground, cattle butchered and lying where they were cut down. Full of malevolence, Beastmen take particular delight in tearing down the carefully constructed and ordered structures of men. They smash down fences and rip buildings down to rubble, allowing them to be reclaimed by the forests. They maliciously soil and blight painstakingly planted crops, and will tear the throats from newborn lambs merely for sport.

Beastmen warbands often form temporary encampments, from which to raid the surrounding areas. These are crude things, usually little more than a place to store any plundered loot and food. They may include roughly staked out pens for their massive war hounds or for holding captives – both are taunted and starved for no other reason than it is

in the Beastmen's nature to behave so. Typically, a warband will remain at this encampment until it makes one sizeable raid, whereupon the Beastman chief will move his camp to another area. These encampments are often positioned nearby roads and settlements, for such areas are ripe for plunder. The Beastmen are a constant threat, and even if travellers are lucky enough not to encounter them, their presence can always be felt, watching and waiting in the twisted shadows amongst the dark trees. None can predict their movements, and many live in constant fear of their attacks.





Beastmen are brutish creatures, the Children of Chaos and Old Night. They roam the great forests of the Old World, and are amongst the most bitter enemies of Mankind. The raging power of Chaos has given them a ferocious vitality which makes them shrug off ghastly wounds and carry on fighting regardless of the consequences. Even the Orcs are comparatively vulnerable to damage compared to the awesome vitality of the Beastmen.

Beastmen are a crossbreed between men and animals, usually resulting in the horned head of a goat, though many other variations are also known to exist. The Beastmen are divided into two distinct breeds: Ungors, who are more numerous, twisted creatures that combine the worst qualities of man and beast, and Bestigors, a giant breed of Beastmen, a mix between some powerful animal and man.

The Ungor are smaller Beastmen, who cannot compete with Bestigors in strength and power. They may have one horn or many, but these won't be recognised as those of goat.

Bray Shaman are very special Beastmen and are revered by all Beastmen, for they are the prophets and servants of Chaos Powers.

Each warband of Beastmen includes a mix of some Bestigor, Gor warriors and Ungor who are the mainstay of the tribes.

Seven great Herdstones stand hidden in the forests surrounding the city of Mordheim. From there the Beastmen warbands come to raid the city: Warherd of Thulak, Headtakers of Gorlord Zharak, the Horned Ones of Krazak Gore, and many others.

The shards of the meteorite are seen as holy objects, which can be sold to the powerful Beastlords and revered Shamans in exchange for new weapons and services of warriors.

For the tribes of Beastmen the battles fought in Mordheim are part of a great religious war, an effort to bring down the civilisation of man which offends the Chaos gods. After the taint of Man has been wiped from the face of the earth then the Beastmen shall inherit.

Appearance: Beastmen Bestigor stand some six-seven feet tall, and their heavily muscled bodies are covered with fur. Ungor are lesser Beastmen, no larger than Humans, but their tough bodies and vicious tempers easily make them a match to any Human warrior.

Beastmen wear little clothing, but often dress in the fur of their defeated rivals. They usually carry the skulls of their vanquished enemies as these are thought to bring good luck. While most Beastmen have dark brown skin and fur, black-furred or even albino Beastmen are not unknown.

Beastmen wear heavy armlets and necklaces which serve as armour as well as decoration.

Apart from the most primitive clubs and wooden shields, the Beastmen make few weapons. It is not the nature of Chaos to create, but to destroy.

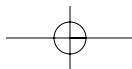
Choice of Warriors

A Beastmen warband must include a minimum of 3 models. You have 500 Gold Crowns which you can use to recruit your initial warband. The maximum number of warriors in the warband is 15, though some buildings in the warband's encampment may increase this.

Beastmen Chief: Each Beastmen warband must have one Chief: no more, no less!

Shaman: Your warband may include a single Beastmen Shaman.

Bestigors: Your warband may include up to two Bestigors.



Beastman skill tables

	Combat	Shooting	Academic	Strength	Speed	Special
Chief	3			3	3	3
Shaman	3				3	3
Bestigor	3			3		3
Centigors	3			3		3

Beastman equipment lists

The following lists are used by Beastman warbands to pick their weapons:

BEASTMAN EQUIPMENT LIST Hand-to-hand Combat Weapons

Dagger	1st free/2 GC
Mace	3 GC
Hammer	3 GC
Battle Axe	5 GC
Sword	10 GC
Double-handed Weapon	15 GC
Halberd	10 GC

Missile Weapons

None

Armour

Light Armour	20 GC
Heavy Armour	50 GC
Shield	5 GC
Helmet	10 GC

UNGOR EQUIPMENT LIST Hand-to-hand Combat Weapons

Dagger	1st free/2 GC
Mace	3 GC
Hammer	3 GC
Battle Axe	5 GC
Spear	10 GC

Missile Weapons



None

Armour

Shield	5 GC
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Centigors: Your warband may include a single Centigor.

Gor: Your warband may include up to five Gor.

Ungor: Your warband may include any number of Ungor.

Minotaur: Your warband may include a single Minotaur.



Warhounds of Chaos: Your warband may include up to five Warhounds of Chaos.

Starting Experience

Beastman Chief starts with 20 Experience.

Beastman Shaman starts with 11 Experience.

Bestigors start with 8 Experience.

Centigors start with 8 Experience.

All **Henchmen** start with 0 experience.

Maximum Characteristics

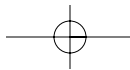
Bestigors: As Gor, but M5

Centigors: As Gor, but M9

Animals

Beastmen are fearsome creatures of Chaos that do not interact with other races other than in war. A Beastmen warband may never hire any Hired Swords unless specifically stated with the Hired Sword.





Heroes

1 Beastmen Chieftain

65 Gold Crowns to hire

Beastmen chieftains have gained their position through sheer brutality. He leads the Beastmen to Mordheim to gather the Chaos Stones to his Herdstone.

Profile	M	WSBS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	
	5	4	3	4	4	1	4	1	7

Weapons/Armour: The Beastmen Chieftain may be equipped with weapons and armour chosen from the Beastmen Equipment list.

SPECIAL RULES

Leader: Any Warrior within 6" of the Beastman Chieftain may use his Leadership when taking Ld tests.

0-1 Beastmen Shaman

45 Gold Crowns to hire

Beastmen Shamans are prophets of the Dark Gods, and the most respected of all the Beastmen.

Profile	M	WSBS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	
	5	4	3	3	4	1	3	1	6

Weapons/Armour: Beastmen Shamans may be equipped with weapons chosen from the Beastmen Equipment list except that they never wear armour.

SPECIAL RULES

Wizard: A Beastmen Shaman is a Wizard and may use Chaos Rituals, as detailed in the Magic section.

0-2 Bestigors

45 Gold Crowns to hire

Bestigors are the largest type of Beastmen, the great horned warriors of the Beastmen warbands. They are massive creatures with an inhuman resistance of pain.

Profile	M	WSBS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	
	5	4	3	4	4	1	3	1	7

Weapons/Armour: Bestigors may be equipped with weapons chosen from the Beastmen Equipment list.

0-1 Centigors

80 Gold Crowns to hire

A Centigor is a disturbing cross between a horse or oxen and Beastman. Being quadruped grants them great strength and speed whilst their humanoid upper torsos

allow them to wield weapons. These beast-centaurs are powerful creatures but they are not particularly agile or dexterous.

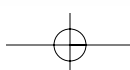
Profile	M	WSBS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
	8	4	3	4	4	1	2	1(2) 7

Weapons/Armour: Centigors may be armed with weapons and armour chosen from Gor Equipment list.

SPECIAL RULES

Drunken: Centigor are inclined to drink vast quantities of noxious beer and looted wine and spirits before battle, working themselves up into a drunken frenzy. Roll 1D6 at the start of each turn. On a roll of 1, they must test for *stupidity* that turn. On a roll of 2-5 nothing happens and on the roll of a 6 they become subject to *frenzy* for that turn. Whilst subject to both *stupidity* and *frenzy* they are immune to all other forms of psychology.

Woodland Dwelling: Centigors are creatures of the deep, dark forests. They suffer no movement penalties for moving through wooded areas.



Benchmen (Brought in groups of 1-5)

Trample: As well as their weapons, Centigors use their hooves and sheer size to crush their enemies. This counts as an additional attack, which does not benefit from weapon bonuses or penalties...

Ungor

25 Gold Crowns to hire

Ungor are the most numerous of the Beastmen. They are small, spiteful creatures, but dangerous in large masses.

Profile	M	WSBS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	
	5	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	6

Weapons/Armour: Ungor may be armed with weapons and armour chosen from Ungor Equipment list.



SPECIAL RULES

Lowest of the Low: Ungor are on the lowest rung of Beastmen society and regardless of how much Experience they accrue they will never acquire a position of authority. If an Ungor rolls 'That lad's got talent' it must be re-rolled.

0-5 Gor

35 Gold Crowns to hire

Gor are nearly as numerous as Ungor but are larger and more brutish...

Profile	M	WSBS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	
	5	4	3	3	4	1	3	1	6

Weapons/Armour: Gor may be armed with weapons and armour chosen from Beastmen Equipment list.

Warhounds of Chaos

15 Gold Crowns to hire

Chaos Hounds are titanic, mastiff-like creatures which are insanely dangerous in combat.

Profile	M	WSBS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	
	7	4	0	4	3	1	3	1	5

Weapons/Armour: None! Apart from their fangs and nasty tempers the Chaos Hounds don't have weapons and can fight without any penalties.



SPECIAL RULES

Animals: Chaos Hounds are animals and never gain Experience.

0-1 Minotaur

200 Gold Crowns to hire

Minotaurs are gigantic, bull-headed Beastmen. Fearsome and powerful, any Beastmen Chief will try to recruit a Minotaur into his warband if possible.

Profile	M	WSBS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	
	6	4	3	4	4	3	4	3	8

Weapons/Armour: Minotaurs may be armed with weapons and armour chosen from the Beastmen Equipment list.

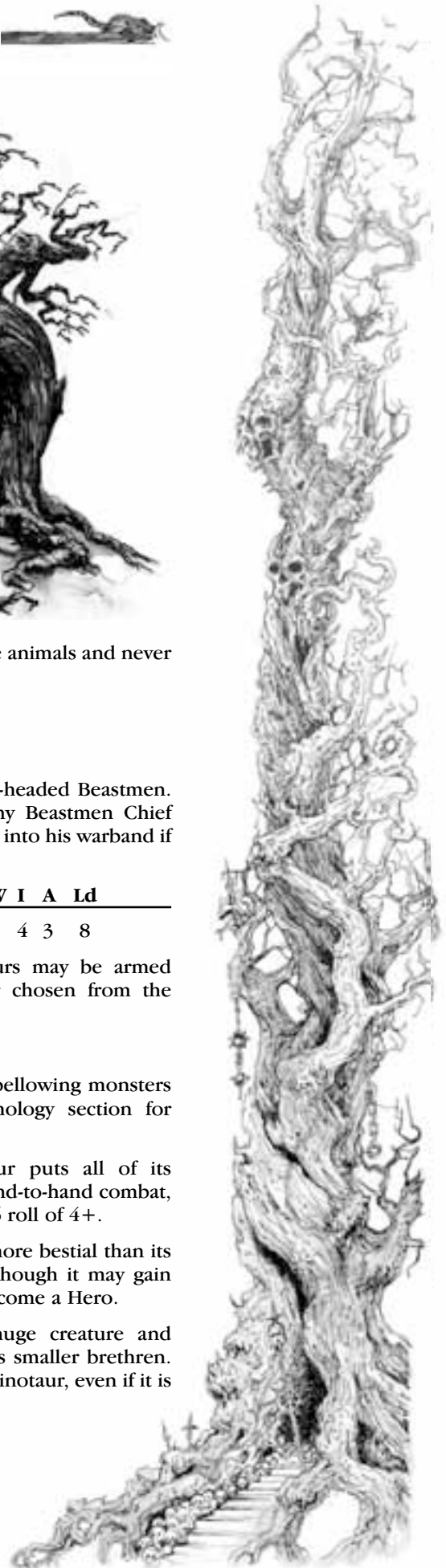
SPECIAL RULES

Fear: Minotaurs are huge, bellowing monsters and cause *fear*. See Psychology section for details.

Bloodgreed: If a Minotaur puts all of its enemies out of action in hand-to-hand combat, it becomes *frenzied* on a D6 roll of 4+.

Animal: A Minotaur is far more bestial than its Beastmen brethren and, although it may gain Experience, it may never become a Hero.

Large: A Minotaur is a huge creature and stands out from amongst its smaller brethren. Any model may shoot at a Minotaur, even if it is not the closest target.



Beastmen Special Skills

Shaggy Hide

The bestial hero is titanic in size and may use a double-handed weapon in one hand.

Mutant

The Beastman may buy one mutation. See Mutants section on special rules.

Fearless

Immune to *fear* and *terror* and *All Alone* test.

Horned One

The Beastman has mighty horns, and can make an additional Attack with its basic Strength on a turn it charges.

Bellowing Roar

Only the Beastmen Chief may have this skill. He may re-roll any failed Rout tests.

Manhater

Will be affected by the rules of *hatred* when fighting any Human warbands.



MORDEIM

Hired Swords

This section covers new Hired Swords exclusive to the Empire in Flames wilderness setting. These new characters follow the generic rules for hiring and maintaining Hired Swords from page 147 of the Mordheim rulebook.

The Devil of the Drakwald

The forest gloom was like a death shroud in the creeping silence of the Drakwald. The arboreal void held the promise of dark imaginings, of bestial torture and debauched acts of inhuman lust. Seldom were the calls of birds heard, or an errant shaft of sunlight that had lost its way seen; even the breeze held the stink of blood. A man would be foolish indeed to wander such paths in the dark, to traverse such belligerent terrain without armoured escort or even a guide. And in spite of that a figure wandered there, along darkened pathways, scorched bracken crunching loudly underfoot, a miasma of blackness before him, the eyes of devils at his back...

"Man-flesh," Boraash, an inhuman Beastman growled in the murk of the undergrowth. Gorgoth snorted next to him, his hunched shoulders flexing at the prospect of battle, eyes narrowing with dark anticipation. A third, Kornak, licked the burgeoning saliva off his fangs and snout, raking the air impatiently with thick gnarled horns and uttered.

"Encircle him!"

The forest was thickening, all the while the outside world becoming ever more remote, all but a faded memory. And yet the traveller continued, seemingly unaware of the creatures stalking him.

Boraash sped quickly through the black bracken, sweeping past low lying branches, moving rapidly through thick foliage. The rest of his foul horde was a blur as they too raced ahead of their human prey. Boraash felt his shaggy mane twitch in anticipation. He could almost taste the blood he would soon drink.

A red haze overlaid Gorgoth's vision. Sharp and whipping tree limbs lashed at his face but they did not deter him, a frenzy was upon his very soul and he plunged headlong full of blood fevered zeal. Fangs bared, he was about to spring out in the open to tear the man-thing's flesh and devour it whole when a thick, sharpened stake pierced his gut, flung upwards from the forest bed.

Kornak's instincts had warned him to stay back, to remain in the wake of Boraash and Gorgoth. His animal eyes widened when he saw Gorgoth pitched into the air, a thick fountain of blood issuing from his back like black rain. Boraash had stalled, poised to attack. Kornak watched him slow, acutely aware that their prey had suddenly and abruptly disappeared...

Boraash sniffed the air, ears twitching, fear creeping upon him at the grim sight of Gorgoth, but he could find no trace of the man-thing's stench. He would feast on his brethren's carcass after he had bled the man-thing, he would suck the flesh from his bones, he would...

A silver-grey blur and a whistling in the trees silenced Boraash's intent. He fell back; a heavy bladed throwing axe embedded deep in his skull, thick, oily matter oozing down the haft.

Kornak snorted in fear as Boraash was thrown off his feet. His eyes darted back to the prone shape of Gorgoth, fur matting with his own blood. When he looked back, a figure was silhouetted against the gloom. At first he thought it was Boraash, somehow having survived the axe blade. But one of his horns was broken and he didn't smell right.

It was the traveller. He had come back.

"Man-thing!", Kornak roared in a feral rage, bursting through the branches and foliage as if they were nothing. He raised a crude, gore-splattered mace intent on pulping the man's skull like paste. He would eat the grey jelly within. But as Kornak swung for the killing blow the man-thing pulled a sharp axe as if from the forest air. Kornak felt his mace smash against the stout haft. There was a flash of silver in the man-thing's other hand. Like fire, something bit deep. Kornak felt warm blood flowing down his side and with dying bestial eyes looked upon the visage of his slayer and balked in terror. For there before him was a thing more bestial than his brethren, eyes burning with animal hatred, body swathed in the foul-smelling skins of his kin, daubed in unguents that burned Kornak's nose and mouth. He had encountered a devil, a devil of the woods, his nightmare, his scourge.

Vantigan allowed the foul body of the bestial spawn to slide like spoiled meat from his blade. Then, without pause he backed off the creature's head with a single, powerful blow. In moments he had stripped it of flesh and other matter and rammed it deep upon a stake. It would make a fine trophy for his rack. But he had other prey that yet eluded him in these woods. Night was close and that would bring it into the open. These beastmen had been lured and vanquished easily. The balewolf would not nearly be as straight forward...