

PRINCE VHORDRAI

Lord of Crimson Keep

The sky is dark with swirling clouds of carrion-bats. The earth is cracked and flaked like dried gore, and a scarlet glow envelops this forgotten stronghold. A red-walled fortress, colossal and imposing, dominated by a great black-iron gatehouse – this is the lair of Prince Vhordrai, the feared Lord of the Crimson Keep. From this dread citadel he launches his crusades against the living, riding forth upon the great Undead Dragon Shordemaire to despoil and destroy.

Vhordrai is among the first of the Blood Knights, venerated as nothing less than a saint of slaughter by these undead cavaliers. His crusades of blood are the stuff of legend amongst their knightly orders. Many Blood Knights still regard it as a pilgrimage to seek out the Crimson Keep, and feast on the blood of worthy foes at the prince's side.

He is Nagash's armoured fist, a blunt instrument of death who rides forth with his Blood Knight retinue to slaughter and terrorise those who displease him, spitting foes upon his Bloodlance and savouring their gushing blood, even as his Zombie Dragon, Shordemaire, devours its fill of fresh meat.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Prince Vhordrai	6	8	3	5	5	3	7	5	10
Shordemaire	6	4	0	6	6	6	2	5	4

POINTS: 595.

TROOP TYPE: Monster (Special Character, Lord).

MAGIC: Prince Vhordrai is a Level 1 Wizard who uses the Lore of Necromancy.

EQUIPMENT: Full plate armour, shield.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly (7), Martial Honour, Natural Armour (5+), The Red Thirst, Swarm of Flies, Vampiric.

Breath of Shyish: Shordemaire has a Strength 3 Breath Weapon with the Ignores Armour Saves special rule.

Fist of Abhorash: All units of Blood Knights within 12" of Prince Vhordrai may re-roll failed charge distance rolls.

VAMPIRIC POWERS: Might of Arms, Heart Piercing.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Bloodlance (Magic Items)

Lance. In any turn in which Prince Vhordrai charges, he gains the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

BELLADAMMA VOLGA

First of the Vyrkos

Belladamma Volga is the first of the Vyrkos, a family of Vampires hailing from Kislev. Little is known of this wizened matriarch beyond the strange legends of Kislev. It is said that to see her once upon the horizon, silhouetted by Morrslieb's sinister glow, is an omen of impending disaster; twice heralds the death of a lover; and should a mortal see her three times, only the gods can save them from her pursuit. There is a tale of a starving girl-child lost in the woods who encountered Volga and was given a bowl of steaming broth. Twice she asked the vampire to help her hungry family, and twice she was denied. Upon the third request, Volga magically transmuted the girl's kin into slaving wolves, laughing as they feasted upon the rest of their village.

Belladamma rides to battle mounted atop the hulking wolf Rothabak, who some say was once one of the matriarch's ill-fated suitors. At her side lope lupine companions and packs of slaving Dire Wolves, all of whom are subservient to their fierce she-alpha. Though a skilled swordswoman, Volga's true talents lie in the arts of sorcery. No Vyrkos has as intuitive a command over their savage curse as she. With but a gesture, she can see a foe wracked by terrible transfigurations, their body contorting and face elongating into a muzzle as cries of terror turn to bloodthirsty howls. Soon, one more wolf prowls alongside Volga's nomadic pack, hunting her foes with mindless obedience and battling for scraps left behind from the vampire's bloody feasts.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Belladamma Volga	6	5	3	5	5	3	6	3	9
Rothabak	9	4	0	4	4	2	4	2	5

POINTS: 400.

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character, Lord).

MAGIC: Belladamma Volga is a Level 3 Wizard who uses the Lore of Beasts. In addition to her other spells, she knows the following spells:

Under a Killing Moon **Cast on 5+**
The skies clear as a full and eerie moon rises to illuminate the battlefield. A synchronised howl echoes far and wide as the bestial warriors of the Vyrkos unleash their rage.

Remains in Play. *Under a Killing Moon* is an **augment** spell with a range of 18". The target unit gains the Frenzy special rule. This has no effect on models with the Undead special rule except Dire Wolves.

Lycancurse **Cast on 11+**
Singling out a choice foe, Belladamma's gnarled hand curls into a fist, lupine eyes watching as her victim's bones are crushed and warped into a form more pleasing to her.

Lycancurse is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 18" that targets Infantry. The target unit suffer 2D6 Wounds which Ignores Armour Saves. If this results in all the models getting removed as casualties, the number of slain models gets transformed into a unit of Dire Wolves controlled by you, facing the same direction as before.

EQUIPMENT: Hand weapon.

SPECIAL RULES: **The Red Thirst, Vampiric.**

First of the Vyrkos: *Belladamma wields all manner of strange and potent sorceries, many known only to the Elders of the Vyrkos. She uses these to bind packs of Dire Wolves to her service that will unthinkingly sacrifice themselves to protect their savage mistress.*

Belladamma gains +1 to cast and dispel. In addition, every time she suffers an unsaved Wound, roll a D6 if she is within 6" of one more friendly Dire Wolf units. On a 3+, the Wound is allocated to one model in that unit instead of her.

Pack Alpha: *The Dire Wolves of Belladamma's pack are amongst the most savage of their kind and will fall upon their foes with a slaving intensity.*

All friendly units of Dire Wolves within 12" of Belladamma may re-roll failed charge and pursuit rolls.

RADUKAR

The Wolf

Radukar the Wolf is the most infamous of all Vampires in Kislev. One of those rare mortals who actively sought transformation into a vampire, an aging Radukar tracked down Belladamma Volga, proving his worth by slaying the twin-headed wolf Vilnas with his bare hands and reclaiming the barrow-blade of the infamous vampiric Morkan. Upon being granted the blood kiss, Radukar's will proved sufficient to control the animalistic rage that howled within his mind; his triplemasted carrack, the Impaler's Gift, soon became a feared sight along the coasts of Kislev. Though he possesses a rugged, dark charisma, Radukar is a predator at heart. He revels in the headlong charge at pursuit's end, for in these moments, he can unshackle the bestial rage within him and let loose an ear-splitting howl that infuses his minions with a measure of his own fury.



When wounded, a monstrous transformation temporarily overcome Radukar. When it happens, he towers above even his vampiric kin. His body bristles with coarse hair, while his nails have extended into sharpened talons. With a single blow, he can punch through armour, flesh and bone to grasp a beating heart and rip it out, and his furious howls draw packs of Dire Wolves to the hunt from miles around. Yet though he has become a beast in body as well as soul, there may still be more to Radukar than meets the eye, as his living prey will no doubt discover to their cost.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Radukar the Wolf	6	6	3	5	5	4	6	5	9
Radukar the Beast	8	6	0	6	6	5	7	6	9

POINTS: 380.

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry (Special Character, Lord).

MAGIC: Radukar is a Level 1 Wizard who uses the Lore of Beasts.

EQUIPMENT: Hand weapon.

"In life, I would have cut down all of you in the span of a single breath and picked my teeth clean with your bones. Can you imagine what I will do to you now?"

- Radukar the Wolf

SPECIAL RULES: Hatred, Killing Blow, The Red Thirst, Vampiric.

Call to the Hunt: Radukar charges into the fray, calling upon all to cut down the foe before them.

Radukar, and any unit he joins, gains the Devastating Charge special rule.

The Beast: Overwhelmed by his wrath, Radukar has undergone a terrifying transformation. The bestial monster within has come to consume the vampire almost entirely, and he now fights with a raw and brutal fury, his ferocious howls ringing through the night.

Whenever Radukar suffer an unsaved Wound, roll a D6; on a roll of 4+, he will transform into his Beast form for the remainder of the battle and will use those characteristics from then on (note that any Wounds previously suffered are not regained upon transforming). Replace Radukar the Wolf with Radukar the Beast, reforming the unit to make space if needed (this does not count as a reform),

Mustering Howl: Radukar's howl is instantly recognisable. When released in the midst of battle, the resounding cry is met with an echoing chorus from his lupine kin.

While in his Beast form, Radukar may use this ability once per battle at the start of any of your Remaining Moves phases. If you do so, you can add 1 unit of up 2D6 Dire Wolves to your army. This unit enters the table following the rules for Reinforcements.

Supernatural Reflexes: In his more bestial state, Radukar's predatory instincts are honed to a razor's edge, rendering him almost impossible to strike.

Enemies targeting Radukar the Beast must re-roll successful rolls To Hit.



LADY ANNIKA

The Thirsting Blade

The wraith-thin creature known as Lady Annika is a Vyrkos unlike any other. Not for her the fury and cunning of the wolf; instead, her curse manifests as the endless thirst of the blood-sucking bat. Though she may wander the Ebon Citadel bemoaning the endless passage of years and scarcity of decent dressmakers to be found, this is but a mask that Annika adopts in an attempt to hide her true, vile nature. In reality, her chambers are filled with corpses that have been messily exsanguinated and dismembered, all to feed the vampire's voracious metabolism.



Annika's thirst for blood is profound – a grim irony, for as Praag's mistress of ceremonies, she was renowned for her precise appetite – and the cramps of starvation set in almost as soon as she satiates them. Such explains her maniacal focus on slaying foes as swiftly as possible to gorge upon their precious ichor; it is even gossiped by her fellow Vyrkos that she ingests vials of blood tinged with quicksilver, heightening her reflexes without heed of any transmuting side-effects. From her lair, Annika orders her minions to abduct people to feed her hungers.

Even amongst vampires, Lady Annika's thirst for blood is legendary. In battle, she attacks as a sanguine blur, reaping a red harvest as her foes fatally stumble and slip in the gore that inevitably pools about her feet. Armed with the Blade Proboscian, an enchanted rapier capable of draining a foe of blood with but a scratch, Annika plunges into the thickest melees without pause. Here the image of the elegant aristocrat falls away

entirely, replaced with a shrieking monster that cares for nothing save the spray of hot vitae across its lips. Many foes have mistaken Annika's slender form for an easy target, little appreciating the manic agility granted by her curse.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lady Annika	6	6	3	5	4	2	8	3	9

POINTS: 185.

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character, Hero).

EQUIPMENT: Hand weapon.

SPECIAL RULES: Always Strikes First, Dodge (4+) The Red Thirst, Vampiric.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Blade Proboscian (Magic Weapon)

This pitted and corroded blade should not endure – and yet, it does. The same cannot be said for those even scratched by its mouldering point.

All attacks made this weapon automatically Wound. If any enemy models were slain with this weapon during a close combat phase, the wielder regains any Wounds lost during the game.



KRITZA

The Rat Prince

Once a noble of Praag, the vain Kritza sought to undermine the Radukar the Wolf, professing outward loyalty while playing the double agent. Far from being an altruistic yearning, his efforts were born of a selfish desire to ingratiate himself with any potential allies. Radukar, however, was not deceived. Savaged to within an inch of obliteration by the Wolf, Kritza was forced to flee.



Hiding in a Corpse Cart, and having unknowingly been granted the blood kiss, Kritza drank the brackish blood of vermin to sustain himself. By the time his body was dumped into a plague pit, his curse had manifested in the aspect of the rodents he had gorged upon. Kritza fled into the sewers, husbanding his powers and developing a kinship with the rats of the subterranean warrens. Only when Radukar was deposed did he emerge to stake a claim to rulership, accompanied by his 'vermintide' – a vast swarm of rodents both living and dead.

Now Kritza plays the part of the noble once more, covering his heinous sewer-stench with nauseous perfumes. The Rat Prince is nevertheless a cunning adversary, returning after each apparent defeat to exact a cruel revenge. Should Kritza be sufficiently wounded, he will transform into a tide of shrieking rats, scurrying away before reforming again. More than one foe has thought the Rat Prince slain only to be suddenly impaled from behind by Kritza's blade, the vampire disdainfully striding over their corpse with a superior sneer.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kritza	6	6	3	5	4	2	6	3	9

POINTS: 135.

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character, Hero).

EQUIPMENT: Hand weapon.

SPECIAL RULES: The Red Thirst, Vampiric.

Scurrying Retreat: Upon his apparent demise, Kritza will transfigure into a swarm of scurryingrats, only to rematerialise elsewhere and drive his blade into an unwary foe's back.

If Kritza is slain in close combat, roll a D6 at the end of that phase. On a 1-3, he is removed as a casualty as normal. On a 4+, move Kritza 3D6" in any direction, stopping at least 1" away from other units or impassable terrain. He is restored to his starting number of Wounds and may act normally from his next turn.

Nauseating Aroma: So thick are Kritza's perfumes, and so vile are they in nature, that even daemons have been known to be temporarily overwhelmed in his presence.

All enemy models in base contact with Kritza suffer -1 To Hit in close combat.



LADY OLYNDER

Mortarch of Grief

She is the Mourning Bride, the Unrequited Queen, the Veiled Lady and the Mortarch of Grief. She is despair made manifest, gloom given form. She is Lady Olynder, and in her are bound all the sorrows and anguishes of the world.

Lady Olynder, who feigned sorrow in life, now feels all the woes of the world, becoming a weaponization of grief itself. Her power transcends the melancholic, for she exudes mind-crippling waves of purest desolation. Mortals in her presence are overwhelmed by a gloom so heavy that only the strongest willed can remain upright. Most fall to their knees, mentally battered by their own utter hopelessness. It is a sorrow and regret potent enough to cause a mother to forsake her child, a warrior to lay down his sword and accept the inevitable, to stop a beating heart.

Lady Olynder hovers above the ground, attended by her bridesmaids, a pair of Banshee handmaidens. As she advances, the thorny vines of grave-roses instantaneously sprout before her, their flowers rapidly blooming and dying in order to lay a path of fallen petals beneath her floating form. In her hands the Veiled Lady wields the Staff of Midnight, an ornate stave topped with a polished gemstone of vitrified grave-sand. The lightest touch of this staff is enough to wither a mighty oak, or kill a grown man outright. Yet it is not Lady Olynder's deadliest weapon.

In addition to being surrounded by an aura of absolute misery, Lady Olynder is also a powerful sorceress. With her incantations, she can direct a pall of despair to weigh upon her foes, slowing them like some unholy lodestone. Those afflicted suffer a mental burden so dire it causes even the bravest to tremble, their martial prowess lessened by leaden limbs and despondency beyond any hope of redemption.

In the midst of this bleak atmosphere she has created, Olynder presses forward, her Banshee bridesmaids shrieking a wail of the damned while slashing with spectral talons at foes who draw close. One bridesmaid bears an ensorcelled grave-sand hourglass that can be smashed asunder with lethal effect. Yet Lady Olynder has another, even deadlier weapon. From behind her thin shroud, the sunken eyes of the Mortarch of Grief fixate upon a foe. Deliberately she pivots to face them, before slowly and solemnly lifting her veil. What horrors they see are unknown, for none have yet lived to

tell the tale. So does Lady Olynder conquer in order to bring a new age of eternal death over the world.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Lady Olynder	6	4	4	4	4	3	4	2	8
Banshee Handmaidens	-	3	0	3	-	-	3	2	-

POINTS: 400.

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character, Lord).

MAGIC: Lady Olynder is a Level 3 Wizard who uses the Lore of Necromancy or Death. In addition, she knows the following spell:

Grief-stricken **Cast on 8+**
Lady Olynder's incantations can cause a pall of misery and utter desolation to descend upon her enemies, so that their limbs feel leaden and their very will to live is sapped.

Grief-stricken is a **hex** spell with a range of 18". Until the start of the caster's next turn, the target unit suffer -1 To Hit in close combat, and models targeting them in close combat gain +1 To Hit.

SPECIAL RULES: **Ethereal, Ghostly Howl, Fly (6), Terror, Undead.**



Lifting the Veil: *Those that see what lies beneath Lady Olynder's veil die with deathmask expressions of shock and horror frozen upon their faces – their dying grief serving only to feed the Mortarch's insatiable desire.*

This is a shooting attack with the following profile:

Range:	Strength:	Special Rules:
12"	4	Ignores Armour saves, Killing Blow, Multiple Shots (6)

When rolling To Wound, substitute the target's Toughness with its Initiative value. This attack does not suffer any To Hit penalties. Each model slain by this attack allows Lady Olynder to regain 1 Wound previously lost during the game, up to her starting value.

No Rest For the Wicked: *Should the spectral forms of her minions be banished or destroyed, Lady Olynder will wrench their souls back from the underworlds time and again until her will is done.*

When casting the Invocating of Nehek spell on a unit with the Ethereal special rule, Lady Olynder may restore D3 lost Wounds rather than 1.

Mortarch of Grief: *Lady Olynder's very presence serves as a psychological weapon of terrible potency.*

All enemy models within 6" of Lady Olynder must re-roll successful Psychology tests.

MAGIC ITEMS:

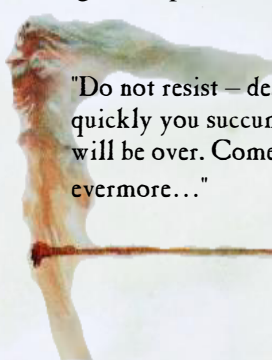
Staff of Midnight (Magic Weapon)

The Staff of Midnight gives Lady Olynder the Killing Blow special rule.

Grave-sands of Time (Enchanted Item)

Lady Olynder's handmaidens bear a Grave-sand Hourglass through which mortal life itself slips.

One use only. The Grave-sands can be used at the start of any close combat phase to target one enemy model in base contact. The target model suffers D3 Wounds which Ignores Armour saves. Alternatively, Lady Olynder can use the Grave-sands to heal D3 Wounds previously lost during the game, up to her starting value.



"Do not resist – death is inevitable. The more quickly you succumb, the sooner your suffering will be over. Come to me, and be mine for evermore..."

- Lady Olynder

KURDOSS VALENTIAN

The Craven King

The dire presence of Kurdoss Valentian is announced by dirgeful trumpets and grim proclamations of his basest deeds. The Craven King sits silent and motionless upon his drifting throne until he closes with the enemy, and then he wields the Sepulchral Sceptre to deadly effect, mercilessly slaying all whom his queen bids.

In life Kurdoss had a ruthless desire to rule, and many were his wicked deeds to claim power, including the assassination of allies, the betrayal of entire armies and the murder of his own brothers. Just as Kurdoss took up the fallen crown of his last sibling, death claimed his soul. Unlike his brothers, Kurdoss did not worship Nagash, but instead had chosen Sigmar as his patron – reason enough to draw the Great Necromancer’s ire.

Nagash granted him a touch from Alakanash, the Staff of Power. In doing so, Nagash bestowed upon Kurdoss great might, yet also an accompanying curse. Nagash ensured that Kurdoss’ ultimate dream of rule was realised in name only, for he was betrothed to Lady Olynder, fated to always follow her lead. Indeed, Kurdoss became little more than a strongman – a bitter jest to be so close to all he desired, yet still so far away.

Kurdoss bears several symbols of his new office, including the throne he aspired to sit in life. He also carries the Sepulchral Sceptre – a weapon that in Kurdoss’ hands can split rock or crack open a Giant’s skull.

Kurdoss utters not a word as he hovers upon his throne. Only when he wishes to smite the foe does he deign to move from his despondent posture. The same cannot be said for his spectral attendants. These are the spirits of two who Kurdoss betrayed and supplanted as part of his bloody path to commandeer rule. Now the heralds are fated to serve him eternally and announce his many triumphs. However, they take cruel glee in declaring his defamatory titles – the Usurper, False Lord and Craven King – and interjecting with boasts of the many ignoble deeds that marked his quest for power.

Once forceful and commanding, Kurdoss Valentian’s curse prevents him from speaking in anything more than a whisper – gone are his days of booming orders and taking charge. When prudent, he issues tactical advice garnered from his many victories upon the field of battle, but when he attempts to say more, nothing but the dust of ages issues from his mouth. An aura of bitterness exudes from Kurdoss so powerful that it can choke enemy captains and generals even as they seek to issue their own orders, the words foundering and dying upon their trembling lips.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kurdoss Valentian	-	5	0	4	4	3	3	4	7
Wraith Heralds	-	3	0	3	-	-	3	6	-

POINTS: 210.

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character, Lord).

SPECIAL RULES: **Chill Grasp** (Wraith Heralds only), **Ethereal**, **Fly (5)**, **Terror**, **Undead**.

If I Cannot Rule, None Shall Rule!: *In the presence of Kurdoss Valentian’s all-consuming bitterness and the cruel malice of his heralds, the commands of enemy generals turn to dust in their mouths even as they issue them.*

At the start of each of your turns, roll a D6; on a 5+, the enemy General cannot make use of their Inspiring Presence ability until the start of your next turn.

Suffer No Rival: *Never is the Craven King’s bitterness more evident than when he lashes out at those he sees as rivals to his hollow power.*

Kurdoss may re-roll failed rolls To Hit in close combat against the enemy Army General.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Sepulchral Sceptre (Magic Weapon)

When backed by the full measure of Kurdoss Valentian’s might and bitterness, the Sepulchral Sceptre can blast his victim’s soul clean out of its body.

Great weapon. All attacks made with the Sepulchral Sceptre have the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. However, for each natural To Wound roll of 6, that attack has the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule instead.



REIKENOR THE GRIMHAILER

The Reaper-Wraith, Storm Rider

Once a sorcerer-king rich in the knowledge of amethyst magic, Reikenor ran afoul of Nagash. Now, in undeath, the Grimhailer is cursed to serve the Great Necromancer, acting as his chief reaper of souls. There are few sights more ominous than the macabre wraith-wizard atop his winged steed, lit by the eerie light of his corpse candles.

Reikenor is known by many names – the Grimhailer, the Reaper-wraith and the Storm Rider among them. Sorcerer, master of terror, reaper of souls, fell lieutenant of Nagash – Reikenor is all these things and more.

Much of Reikenor's origins are mysterious, lost to time, but what is known is that he was once a learned sorcerer-king who sought to overcome death. Through the magic of Hysh – harnessing the very light of reason – Reikenor worked towards preventing all mortality. His quest for knowledge on the subject was allconsuming, and he attracted many acolytes and followers.

Eventually Reikenor's attempts to unbind the workings of death drew the ire of Nagash himself.

In the afterlife the Grimhailer still hunts, but now he does so in the name of Nagash. His quarry is no longer eldritch secrets of mortality – instead he seeks those who transgress against his master. Through his arcane powers Reikenor can sense those that withhold souls from Nagash, tamper with his necromantic rituals, desecrate his monuments or commit any other sacrilegious act. Those who are not in service to Nagash but pursue necromantic knowledge are especially targeted.

Upon detecting blasphemies, Reikenor swoops down upon his winged steed shrieking the syllables of powerful hexes whilst dealing sweeping blows with his scythe, Fellreaper. However, even those Reikenor slays in battle he is not finished with – for such unfortunates he has further torments in store.



Through his incantations, Reikenor can summon a wraithstorm – a cyclone of amethyst magic that stirs those souls recently separated from their bodies. Inspired by Nagash’s desire to see grim justice meted out upon those that offer him insult or rebel against his wishes, Reikenor’s spell incites the departed spirits to savagely attack their former comrades. The spell creates a spectral hurricane in which wraith-like phantoms hack and pull down the living. Thus is a dark vengeance delivered to those that would thwart Nagash.

To aid Reikenor in his appointed task, Nagash has bound to him Kyllaron, a fierce spectral Hellsteed. Mounted on the undead steed’s head armour are a grim assortment of corpse candles. They are a unique mix of tallow rendered from Reikenor’s former apprentices along with a grave-sand mix. Indeed, after his soul was claimed by Nagash, it was the Grimhailer’s own disciples that were his first target. They too were blasphemers and Nagash deemed their fate fitting. By snuffing out the flame of a corpse candle, Reikenor can end the life of a nearby mortal and create a surge of arcane force to empower his enchantments. The Grimhailer is now condemned to kill forever, and that he must extinguish light and create darkness to do so is a cruel twist that Nagash holds as one of his most just punishments.

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

POINTS: 240.

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry (Special Character, Hero).

MAGIC: Reikenor is a Level 2 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Death. In addition, he knows the following spell:

Wraithstorm **Cast on 7+**
Reikenor tears the souls from his victims and commands them to assail their allies.

Wraithstorm is a **direct damage** spell with a range of 12". The target unit inflicts D6 close combat attacks on itself. If any models in that unit are slain as a result of this spell, that unit immediately inflicts another D6 close combat attacks on itself. This has no effect on single model units.

SPECIAL RULES: Chill Grasp, Ethereal, Fly (9), Terror, Undead.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Fellreaper (Magic Weapon)

Fellreaper can be swung in great sweeping arcs, cutting down whole ranks of enemy warriors.

Great weapon. Reikenor gains +1 Attack for each rank of 5 or more models the target unit has, up to maximum of +3 Attacks.

Corpse Candles (Arcane Item)

When Reikenor prepares to cast a spell by snuffing out the flame of a corpse candle, he can drain a victim’s essence to help fuel his sorcery.

At the start of your Magic phase, before attempting to cast a spell, Reikenor may snuff out a corpse candle. If he does so, pick one enemy unit within 12". The target unit suffers 1 Wound which Ignores Armour saves. In addition, Reikenor gains +1 to cast for his first spell this turn.

GUNTHER SPENGLER

Necromancer

Some come to study the ways of necromancy merely in pursuit of knowledge, others do so in the vain attempt to save the life of a loved one. Gunther Spengler came to study the dark ways for purely evil, selfish reasons. It is Spengler's desire to raise an army of corpses with which to dominate the lands of men! He has spent years searching the forsaken places of the Empire, where dark magic collects among the worm-eaten remains of the dead, looking for artefacts of the Liche Lords who used to rule the ghoulish tribes of half-human cannibals of darker, more primitive times.



Unlike the creatures he commands, Spengler can still be counted among the living – just – and actually has a morbid fear of his own death. As a result, he is also pursuing a quest to rediscover (and distil) the elixir of the Priest Kings of the Land of the Dead with which he intends to prolong his life as much as possible.

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

POINTS: 135.

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character, Hero).

MAGIC: Gunther Spengler is a Level 2 Wizard who uses the Lore of Necromancy.

EQUIPMENT: Hand weapon.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Talisman of Death (Talisman)

Contrary to its name, rather than bringing death to the Necromancer's enemies, the Talisman of Death protects Spengler from fatal injury himself.

The Talisman of Death gives Gunther the Ward Save (5+) special rule.

Nathmar's Skull (Enchanted Item)

Nathmar was once a powerful Liche, whose Gravespawn army terrorized the towns and villages that lie in the foothills of the Black Mountains. Having been truly dead for over six centuries the Liche's malign power still lingers on within his charmed skull. Spengler can use the strength of Nathmar's charmed skull. Spengler can use the strength of Nathmar's immortal will, that resides within the skull, to force any Undead unit he is with to move more coherently than can normally be expected of corpses.

Any friendly unit of Skeletons or Zombies joined by Gunther roll 3D6 and discard the highest result when making Leadership tests to march due to nearby enemies, restrain from pursuit and reform.