CHAOS DWARFS
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INTRODUCTION

In the midst of the Dark Lands lies the polluted realm of the Chaos Dwarfs, masters of blending engineering and sorcery and rulers of a corrupt nation fuelled by the suffering of millions of slaves. Until now they have been content to wait out the ages in their lands, but no longer...

This volume is the definitive guide to the Chaos Dwarfs, one of the cruellest and most merciless races in the world. Their ancestors were noble Dwarfs, but they were corrupted by the tides of Chaos long ago. So summon the legions and prepare to grind the world beneath your iron-shod boots.

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 the 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 Dwarfs into a diverse and deadly army, a legion of merciless slavers who will stop at nothing to demonstrate their superiority over their enemy.

CHAOS DWARFS
A Chaos Dwarf army is a magnificent sight, containing as it does so many unusual troops. The core of the force is undoubtedly the heavily-armoured infantry that match their uncorrupted cousins for stubbornness and skill at arms, but marching beside them are mobs of Hobgoblin slaves, hulking Bull Centaurs and a variety of truly mighty war machines and daemon-engines that can tear apart any opposing battle line with ease. They are led by their Sorcerers, powerful spell casters who harness the power of the Realm of Chaos to visit ruin upon their victims.

HOW THIS BOOK WORKS
Warhammer: Chaos Dwarfs contains the following sections:

- Masters of Fire and Iron. This section describes the history of the Chaos Dwarfs, from their shared origin with the Dwarfs of the west, to their pact with their evil god, Hashut, and their modern age of industry and war. It includes a descriptive account of their fortresses in the Dark Lands, including a map, and details of their most notorious battles.

- Legions of Zharr: Each and every troop type in the Chaos Dwarf army is examined here. You will find a full description of each unit alongside complete rules for any special abilities or options they possess. This section also includes the Creations of the Cursed Forges, magical artefacts your characters can use, and the Lore of Hashut – the devastating Daemon-magic of the Father of Darkness.

- The Glory of Zharr: Here, you will find a showcase of the impressive range of miniatures available for the Chaos Dwarf army, gloriously painted by talented hobbyists from all over the world.

- Chaos Dwarfs Army List. This section takes all of the characters, troops and war machines from the Legions of Zharr section and arranges them so you can choose an army for your games. Units are categorised as characters (Lords or Heroes), Core, Special or Rare choices, and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of game you are playing.
A pall of acrid smoke hangs over the bleak realm of the Dark Lands where, in the depths of the ruinous Plain of Zharr, far from the knowledge of Men, the Chaos Dwarfs make their home.

Phalanxes of soldiers clad in black iron march shoulder to shoulder with hulking Bull Centaurs, slinking Hobgoblins and, behind them all, the brooding might of terrifying, half-sentient Daemon-machines.

For centuries they have been content to wait out the ages, but these are the End Times and as the Realm of Chaos waxes strong and vomits forth its fell legions, the Blacksmiths of Chaos have come to make war. Ruin and hatred is their birthright and, holding all other creatures in contempt, they will not baulk at reducing the entire world to desolation and slavery.
The Chaos Dwarfs are a cruel and industrious people. Like their kin in the Worlds Edge Mountains, they respect age, wealth and invention. But unlike them, they are a bitter and twisted race, their values a mockery of the respect that Dwarfs have for ancestry and artifice. Their history is a holocaust of suffering and destruction, and it has warped them into a vile and demented society, paradoxically obsessed with both order and anarchy.

Once, the Chaos Dwarfs were just like their cousins who make their homes in the Worlds Edge Mountains, and the two peoples share much in common despite their ancient sundering. Both respect wealth, age and prowess in battle, and both lust for the mineral wealth of the earth. Both races are masters of cunning artifice and engineering, producing machines that seem wondrous to less skilled peoples, such as Men and Orcs. However, this is where the similarity ends, for the Chaos Dwarfs are a grim parody of their western kin: their sense of honour and racial pride is warped into slavish devotion to their society and their evil god Hashut, their craftsmanship is turned to the construction of engines bound with the souls of Daemons and their strength and martial prowess is used to enslave anyone who dares to cross the lands they claim as their own. The Chaos Dwarfs – or Dawi’Zharr as they call themselves, meaning ‘Dwarfs of Fire’ – are utterly evil, and despise all other living things. Long ago they were isolated in the Dark Lands when the tides of Chaos swept down from the ruined polar gates of the Old Ones. Alone against the daemonic onslaught, beset by mutation it has warped them–

### LIMITLESS GREED

For all their ambition, Chaos Dwarfs are remarkably short-sighted and rarely stop to consider the long-term implications of their plans. Their rulers, the conclave of Sorcerer Lords who watch over the realms of the Dawi’Zharr from the Temple of Hashut, are afflicted by a terrible curse that slowly transforms their flesh to stone so that they live relatively short lives – though the span of their years still eclipses that of short-lived peoples like Men, Goblins and Skaven. Because the Sorcerer Lords know they are doomed to die a horrible death, transformed into lifeless statues, they ensure they spread as much chaos and destruction as they can during their lives, caring nothing for the generations that follow.

To this end, the rapacious industry of the Chaos Dwarfs has reduced their vast empire to a barren wasteland of foul slag pits, lakes of thick tar and mountains of smoking coal and reeking refuse. Each Sorcerer Lord has an entire legion of warriors, engineers and craftsmen at his command, as well as lesser Sorcerers like the Pyrophants who aid his rituals and the Daemonsmiths who bend their warped talents to the creation of tainted artefacts, and the labour of all these unhappily loyal servants is spent on furthering whatever maniacal aims their master may have dreamt up. All Sorcerer Lords are at least slightly insane, not only from the horrifying effects of the Sorcerers’ Curse, but also from exposure to the dark magic of Hashut, which is centred around the summoning of Daemons and other fearsome spirits of the Realm of Chaos. Even those who have managed to escape relatively unscathed are rendered dangerously unstable thanks to good old-fashioned megalomania.

### INFINITE CONTEMPT

All Dwarfs believe themselves to be better than other creatures but in the evil Chaos Dwarf’s this understanding has been truly perverted into outright xenophobia. Such is the power of the Chaos Dwarfs in their own lands that they consider all other races to be completely expendable. As there is no shortage of greenskins and other miserable folk in the desolate Dark Lands, the Chaos Dwarfs have an almost inexhaustible supply of captives whom they work to death as slaves in their mines, quarries and factories. Chaos Dwarfs will enslave anyone or anything that is unfortunate enough to fall into their clutches but by far the most numerous of their slaves are the treacherous Hobgoblins who, despised by other greenskins, find refuge as the Chaos Dwarfs’ obsequious lackeys. Over two and a half millennia ago, the Chaos Dwarfs’ Black Orc slaves rebelled and almost overran Zhar Nagrund, but the Hobgoblins switched sides and turned on their kin, earning them the undying enmity of all other greenskins, but a certain measure of protection from their masters. They thus supervise the other slaves and even fight in battle with their own leaders and war machines.

Hashut does not take an interest in his servants like the other Chaos Gods, and it instead falls to his priests, the Sorcerer Lords, to interpret his will as they see fit. To their ancestors, Hashut taught the secrets of his magic, and his soul incantations are still practiced to this day. Chaos Dwarfs do not wield magic in the manner of Elves and Men, manipulating the raw force of the Winds of Magic, but instead use complex rituals to summon and bind Daemons and fire spirits known as K’dai or to their will. Depending on his predilections a Sorcerer may follow one of two paths, Pyrophants are adherents of the rites of Hashut and masters of shadow and flame while Daemonsmiths labour in the hell-forges to create machines of terrible power bound with daemonic spirits, granting them dark knowledge of metallurgy and an affinity with the spectral entities that are attracted to the magic-saturated Dark Lands. These disciplines are combined in the fearsome Lore of Hashut, but only one of the Sorcerer Lords, the masters of Zhar Nagrund, have the experience to wield such a dangerous weapon.

### A GOD OF DARK FIRE

The Chaos Dwarfs worship but one Chaos God, and he is known as Hashut, the Father of Darkness. What his origin and his relationship to the pantheon of Chaos may be is known to none but the oldest and most powerful Sorcerer Lords, and they guard such secrets with their lives. What can be surmised is that Hashut is a terrible god of fire and destruction. He appears to his followers in the form of a mighty bull, wreathed in flame and shadow, surrounded by roiling clouds of smoke and ash. His breath is thunder and his eyes glow with a furious malice.

The Chaos Dwarfs range far, fighting in their great legions on land and at sea, but almost always with the aim of taking more slaves to be dragged back to the Dark Lands in chains, to end their days choking in the sulphurous air of the Plain of Zhar. They also trade with their neighbours, and produce many of the weapons, armour and engines of destruction used by the other mortal servants of the Dark Gods. They always keep the secrets of their arcane engineering to themselves though, lest their allies turn against them.
The origin of the Chaos Dwarfs lies in the same place as their western kin, for once they were a single people. The Dwarfs rose in the Southlands when the Old Ones still walked the world, and slowly migrated north along the Worlds Edge Mountains, becoming a hardy people with a great love of mining and craft. In these early times the Dwarfs were guided to their eventual homelands by the Ancestor Gods, and they were guided well for it took only a relatively short time for them to conquer the mountain lands and found holds below the peaks. The Dwarfs fought against the Orc and Goblin tribes that infested the caverns and they became the mortal enemies of these creatures, but they never posed a serious threat to the intelligent and powerful Dwarfs in those days. For the Dwarfs, this would always be remembered as a golden age, a time of unsurpassed glory and wealth, before the terrible and destructive wars of later ages.

Though the Dwarfs had travelled far and fought hard for their new homelands, there were still those among them who were not satisfied. These brave – some would say foolhardy – individuals argued that the Ancestor Gods had led them this far, yes, but why stop here? They broke from their kin and journeyed north, passing beyond the Worlds Edge Mountains and onto a vast and desolate northern plateau. This land was barren and cold, lashed by bitter winds that prevented anything but sickly, stunted thorns from growing. The bones of primordial monsters that littered this region caused the Dwarf explorers to name it ‘Zorn Uzkul’ – the Great Skull Land. The explorers kept in contact with their kin in the Worlds Edge Mountains all this time, but years began to pass as they crossed Zorn Uzkul, surviving as best they could, and eventually it became impractical to send messengers so far. The explorers began to build their own settlements, making the best they could of the poor land, but it was a meagre and hard existence, and they became an increasingly tough and embittered people. But all this hardship was as nothing compared to what would follow.

**THE COMING OF CHAOS**

Unbeknownst to the lesser races, the polar gates of the Old Ones were about to collapse, engulfing the world in the tides of Chaos. No one knows what caused this cataclysm, but it altered the world completely, forever polluting it with the unnatural taint of Chaos. This was the darkest time any of the young races had ever experienced as the winds of pure magic engulfed their lands and they were assailed by the monstrous Daemons of the Chaos Gods. Many creatures were mutated and warped by the power of Chaos, and it was during this time that many strange beasts such as Chimera, Griffons, Beastmen and Skaven were created.

The Dwarfs proved resistant to the taint of Chaos and remained secure in their mountain fastnesses, waiting out the storm of magical energy. However the Dwarfs of Zorn Uzkul were not so fortunate: exposed on the great plateau, they had nowhere to hide from the warping tides, and Chaos began to visit terrible changes on them. The unfortunate Dwarfs were mutated, slowly at first, but then more and more, until fully a tenth of their number sported some evidence of the curse of Chaos. Some of the Dwarfs even turned to worship of the Chaos Gods themselves and migrated further north to join the growing hordes of the Dark Gods. Most of the Dwarfs of Zorn Uzkul simply tried to survive.

Abandoned by the Ancestor Gods, whose voices were silenced by the tides of Chaos, they called out for salvation, praying for some deity or hero to save them from the mutations and the daemonic attacks.

**THE FATHER OF DARKNESS**

Their call was answered. What Man, Dwarf or Elf can say what Hashut truly is? Tales abound in ancient tomes; some say he was once a Bloodthirster of Khorne who rebelled against his master, and grew in power in his prison below the earth, mastering fire and rock. Others say that he is the spirit of a mighty volcano, given life by the power of Chaos; perhaps brother to the Fire Mouth worshipped by some Ogre tribes, or even the very same entity. Others claim he fell to earth in the heart of a huge meteorite – the very same that created the Plain of Zharr – and that he is some disgraced and jealous Chaos God who once haunted the black orb of Morrsieb.

The truth will most likely never be known; all that is certain is that, in their time of need, Hashut came to the Dwarfs of Zorn Uzkul and offered them an alternative to death and suffering. Hashut is a god of fire and darkness, and he came to the Dwarfs in the form of a mighty bull whose hooves sparked thunder: at first they were terrified of this Daemon-lord, but his promises were their only hope of salvation. No one knows the true nature of that terrible bargain, and what the Dwarf explorers had to sacrifice in the name of their new god, but when the Time of Chaos ended they were changed forever: their mutations had stabilised, but they still bore the taint of Chaos on their bodies.

Many of the Dwarfs bore long, snarling tusks, and their overall complexion and demeanour was more dark and glowering. Their beards, previously lustrous and brightly coloured, were now bristling and black. Some of their number sported small vestigial horns, or even hooves, and some were mutated even to the point of becoming a new kind of creature: the monstrous Bull Centaurs, who had the upper bodies of the Dwarfs they had once been, but the lower bodies of fearsome, red-skinned bulls. The explorers were Dwarfs no longer: they had become the twisted servants of Hashut and named themselves ‘Dawi’Zharr’ – the Dwarfs of Fire. To the rest of the world, however, they would become known simply as the Chaos Dwarfs.

Hashut told the Chaos Dwarfs that he would lead them to a promised land of great riches that was just beyond Zorn Uzkul. Speaking through his envoys – Chaos Dwarfs with whom he imbued some of his dark power – he led his people on a second exodus through the desolate lands to the Falls of Doom in the foothills of the Mountains of Mourn. There, they followed the River Ruin south until they came to a vast crater that had been created in some primordial impact thousands of years ago. The crater was rich in minerals, gems, oil and other things the Chaos Dwarfs needed to survive in the harsh lands and the only inhabitants were Orcs, Gnoblars, Goblins and a sub-race of greenskins that would come to be called Hobgoblins. These creatures were primitive and savage, and were unable to make use of the mineral wealth of the crater, so the Chaos Dwarfs had no compunction about driving off or killing them all. In time, they spread across the area, which they named the Plain of

**HISTORY OF THE DAWI’ZHARR**
Zharr, or ‘Zharrduk’. The Chaos Dwarfs had abandoned all their old ways, just as they felt the Ancestor Gods had abandoned them, and cast aside their runes and heirlooms. In giving themselves over to Hashut, they had given up their ancestral magic, but gained something powerful in return: sorcerers of their own. The envoys of Hashut were able to use the magic of their god, whom they now called the Father of Darkness, to summon magical creatures from the Realm of Chaos, and each generation more were born with the same powers. These individuals quickly became a separate group in the fledgling Dawi’Zharr society, held apart from the rest and keeping their own counsel. They lived in their own walled communities and emerged only rarely to offer advice to the Overlords who were beginning to grow in strength.

This period, beginning some three thousand years before the birth of Sigmar, was known as the First Kingdom. The Chaos Dwarfs were ruled over by the powerful Overlords who commanded armies of their kinsmen. Amongst these were also the Bull Centaurs who formed their own units of shock cavalry, and revolutionised the way Chaos Dwarfs made war. Ranging across the Dark Lands, the Chaos Dwarfs began to subjugate and murder the greenskin tribes, sacrificing large numbers of them to Hashut. Unlike their western kin, they did not develop a special loathing of the greenskins, but the y did hold them in contempt for their weakness and cowardice. For four-hundred years, the First Kingdom was unopposed, but eventually a coalition of greenskin tribes joined together and defeated the Grand Army of Lord Khrazathk in the Howling Wastes and drove them back to the Plain of Zharr. Emboldened by this victory, the greenskins started to fight back against the Chaos Dwarfs and eventually forced them out of the Dark Lands, but stopped short of advancing into the Plain of Zharr, which was now choked with fumes and pollution from the furnaces of the Chaos Dwarfs.

THE SORCERERS

The power of the Overlords was finally shattered, and the Sorcerers emerged from their isolation to usher in the next period in Chaos Dwarf history. The Sorcerers were the Priests of Hashut, and promised to lead the Chaos Dwarfs to glorious victory. They told the Overlords that the Dawi’Zharr were not destined to rampage across the land like the hordes of the north, but instead must organise themselves so they might become a force to be reckoned with. They began to reconstruct Chaos Dwarf society with themselves at the top and built with their sorcery a great city from black obsidian. So began the Second Kingdom period.

The mighty tower of Zharr-Naggrund was large enough to house all the Chaos Dwarfs, but the Sorcerers demanded more, and all the labours of the Dawi’Zharr were bent to constructing the vast edifice. They strip mined the Plain of Zharr, turning the ground into slag and building thousands of acres of workshops and factories. When the demand for labour outstripped that which the Chaos Dwarfs themselves were capable of, they began enlisting the tribes of Orcs and Goblins. This time they expanded their sphere of influence steadily so that the fractious greenskins could never unite against them again. The furnaces of the Dawi’Zharr burned bright with the fires of industry and the city of Zharr-Naggrund grew larger every day.

By this time, the so-called Sorcerers’ Curse was already well-documented. The magic of Hashut wrought terrible changes on its practitioners, gradually subverting their Dwarf nature and transforming them into solid stone. This limited the lifespan of the Priests and meant that no single Sorcerer Lord was ever capable of wielding too much power so the Priests were forced to cooperate with one another to run Chaos Dwarf society. All this changed with the birth of the mightiest Sorcerer Lord of all: Zhargon the Great.
Fully nine hundred years before the birth of Sigmar, a Sorcerer of rare power entered the Priesthood of Hashut. His name was Zhargon, and he swiftly outranked his masters in knowledge of the rites of the Father of Darkness and magical potential. Within a century, Zhargon was ordained as the High Priest of Hashut and began introducing sweeping reforms to Chaos Dwarf society. Inspired by the ziggurat shape of Zhart-Naggrund, he codified the caste system that restricted certain professions to certain layers of the city. Highest were the Priests, who lived in the Temple of Hashut atop the city and they were served by the Bull Centaurs. The warriors lived in the level below, followed by smiths, masons and other craftsmen, then finally the labourers. The numerous greenskin slaves occupied the very lowest levels of all. Under Zhargon’s direction many fortresses were built along the River Ruin and the Dark Lands were utterly subjugated by the Chaos Dwarfs. To celebrate this conquest, the Gates of Zharr were built as a demonstration of power: alone in the most desolate part of the region, serving no practical purpose and hundreds of miles from any other Chaos Dwarf enclave.

Zhargon was obsessed with one thing. He knew that all his labours would come to nothing in a few hundred years when his body was transformed into stone. With this in mind, and the Second Kingdom at the height of its power, Zhargon locked himself away in his inner sanctum and began researching methods to stave off the Sorcerers’ Curse. The realm of the Chaos Dwarfs continued to expand, and untold millions of slaves were brought to the Plain of Zharr. The Chaos Dwarfs began trading with the Goblin tribes in the foothills of the Worlds Edge Mountains and, through such means, first came into contact with their estranged kin; first as prisoners which they took into slavery and then in small groups ranging from their strongholds. These early meetings were not civil, for the western Dwarfs immediately identified their cousins as corrupted by Chaos and the Dawi’Zharr still remembered their ancient abandonment by the Ancestor Gods. The two races would always despise one another, and attack each other on sight in every future encounter.

THE GHOUL KING

In the far south of the Dark Lands, a new threat arose. The degenerate Crypt Ghoul tribes lurking below Cripple Peak, the descendants of the ancient tomb-scavenging servants of Nagash, united for the first time under Vorag Bloodtooth, one of the cursed scions of Lhamia who had fled the defeat of Nagash, the great Necromancer, a millennium before. Adrift and alone in the desolate southern Dark Lands, Vorag had degenerated into a foul, bestial monster, the first of the Ghoul Kings. Vorag and his vile followers made war on the Goblin tribes of the Worlds Edge Mountains, and several bands of Chaos Dwarf slavers also became involved in the conflict. Vorag was victorious in his wars, and enslaved the Goblin and Chaos Dwarf survivors, forcing them to build the Fortress of Vorag in the Plain of Bones. The Chaos Dwarfs called upon Zhargon to avenge this affront and, though he had not been seen outside the Temple in over a century, he emerged from his isolation. Most had assumed he had succumbed to the Sorcerers’ Curse, but he showed no sign at all of petrification. He was encased in a suit of golden Chaos armour and it was clear he had used some enchantment to preserve himself. Now he led the combined-legions of the Chaos Dwarfs atop a huge golden altar carried by dozens of slaves. Zhargon also went to war accompanied by a bodyguard of elite veterans he called the Immortals – perhaps showing the depth of his obsession with prolonging his life.

The greatest army of Chaos Dwarfs ever assembled marched across the Dark Lands, led by Zhargon on his golden altar. The great volcano Azgorh was especially active that season and shrouded the host in roiling clouds of black ash, which Zhargon called a sign of Hashut’s favour. However, Zhargon had underestimated Vorag: never before had the Dawi’Zharr encountered the undead and their mighty Vampire lords. Repelled by vortices of dark magic and skies filled with screeching, skeletal beasts brought into an unholy facsimile of life from the raw material of the Plain of Bones, Zhargon’s mighty army was decimated and forced to retreat to the Plain of Zharr. Only when Vorag was slain by a random shot from a Goblin bolt thrower during the siege of Mount Grey Hag would his dominion finally be ended.

THE FALL OF THE SECOND KINGDOM

The Chaos Dwarfs were embarrassed by their crushing defeat, and blamed the arrogance of Zhargon. He was forced to put down revolts using increasing force, and began to rule Zharr-Naggrund with an iron grip. He suppressed the advances of Chaos Dwarf technology, strangling progress and stagnating his society. Eventually this policy became too much for even the Sorcerers to take: the Dawi’Zharr had become the dominant force in the Dark Lands thanks to their superior weaponry and magic, and the Chaos Dwarfs rebelled en masse, beginning a devastating civil war.
At this time, Zhargon was pursuing rumours about a prophecy regarding the Everchosen of Chaos, a champion of great power who would lead the hordes of the north in open war against the rest of the world. Zhargon hoped to become the Everchosen himself, but he would need to stave off the Sorcerers’ Curse for several more centuries in order to fulfil the conditions of the prophecy. The rebellion of his subjects infuriated him—he required absolute loyalty and unity in order to bring his plans to fruition. As the battle raged throughout Zharr-Naggrund, Zhargon hid himself in his chambers again and prepared a great enchantment that would turn the tide of battle in his favour.

The Chaos Dwarf rebellion was, ironically, led by the Immortals, who had suffered the greatest losses in the ill-conceived war against Vorag, but had received little sympathy from Zhargon who blamed them for the defeat. The Bull Centaurs on the other hand, remained loyal to Zhargon and defended the Temple of Hashut with their lives. In the final battle, the Immortals fought the Bull Centaurs at the golden gates of the Temple and finally broke through at the cost of many lives. To this day there is still a fierce rivalry between the two groups of elite warriors.

Lord Khal Drakaz, the leader of the Immortals, led the charge into the Temple wielding the magical Hammer of Zharr, but Zhargon was ready for him. The High Priest emerged from his inner sanctum and faced down his former lieutenant. Drakaz made to strike off Zhargon’s head, but the mighty daemonic incantation that Zhargon had prepared was unleashed instantly by its power. However, any further effect was prevented as the spell backfired and caused Zhargon to lose control of the wards that protected him. In one horrifying instant, the ravages of time took their toll on Zhargon and he was transformed into stone, which then crumbled into a dry pile of lifeless dust. Zhargon’s reign of terror had ended, but the Second Kingdom was in ruins, and the Dawi’Zharr would take many years to recover from the effects of the civil war.

**ZHARGON’S LEGACY**

After Zhargon’s death, Chaos Dwarf society was in turmoil. Zharr-Naggrund itself was heavily damaged, with fires raging on every street and fully half of the population killed. The Sorcerer Lords began to coordinate the repairs as soon as possible, and the Bull Centaurs, despite being on the losing side, put themselves at the Temple’s disposal once again; their first loyalty had always been to Hashut, after all. In order to repair Zharr-Naggrund, the Sorcerer Lords ordered the acquisition of tens of thousands of slaves and bands of Chaos Dwarf warriors scouring the Dark Lands for captives. Though there were already numerous slaves working in the mines, forges and workshops of the Plain of Zharr, from this point onwards the Chaos Dwarfs themselves were outnumbered by their slaves and their society became completely dependent on them. Within fifty years, Zharr-Naggrund had begun to be restored to its former glory and the Dawi’Zharr were ascendant once again.

Zhargon’s legacy was to convince the Sorcerer Lords that no one of them should ever rule Zharr-Naggrund unopposed again, and they began to govern as a conclave, each with their own followers and armies drawn from their own kin. These ties of blood meant that Chaos Dwarf society became divided into many disparate realms each of which occupied different areas of the city, but they were nonetheless unified by the same broad aims: the maintenance and construction of Zharr-Naggrund, and the empowerment of their twisted race.

Though Zhargon had made many mistakes, most of his reforms were kept in place, most notably the strict caste system. Chaos Dwarf remained divided both vertically down the terraces of Zharr-Naggrund and radially by the dominions of the Sorcerer Lords. The Bull Centaurs continued to guard the Temple of Hashut, serving at the command of the Priesthood, while the Immortals remained an independent unit, deployable only by a majority vote of the conclave, made up of veteran warriors and serving for a strictly defined period of seven years. The modern era of the Chaos Dwarfs’ dark dominion had begun.

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**CHAOS**

*Since the mysterious destruction of the Old Ones’ polar gates, the world has been stepped in the warping power of Chaos. The Chaos Dwarfs know that they owe their provenance to this ancient disaster and thus, like the Northmen, both acknowledge and respect the power of the entire Chaos pantheon, even as they revere Hashut as their master and deliverer from the wrath of those same gods. The Chaos Dwarfs do not use that name amongst themselves, preferring their Khazalid name of Dawi’Zharr. However they often make common cause with the followers of the other Chaos gods and since Hashut is undoubtedly a Chaos god himself, his followers make use of the symbols and iconography of Chaos, such as the eight-pointed star. This does not stop them from enlisting followers of the other gods of course, including their demonic servants.*
Freed from the oppressive traditionalism of Zhargon’s rule, the Chaos Dwarfs began to research technological advancements. They blended their skills as craftsmen with the dark magic of Hashut and created Daemon-engines of terrifying power. Their increasing reliance on slaves also led them to research magically-aided breeding programs so they could create an improved variety of slave that didn’t squabble in the manner of other greenskins. The results of these experiments were the Black Orcs, a new race of Orc that was harder, stronger and less prone to infighting. Unfortunately for the Chaos Dwarfs, the Black Orcs rose to their natural position of leaders over the other greenskins and their ability to plan and coordinate their brethren led to the largest Orc and Goblin rebellion ever seen.

THE BLACK ORC REBELLION

While there had been other slave uprisings in the pits before, they had always proved easy to quash, and the fractious greenskins were incapable of maintaining their momentum after the initial breakout – denied their banners, warlords and shamans, they were unable to harness their intrinsic Waagh! energy that made them such a force to be reckoned with elsewhere. Under the command of the intelligent and resourceful Black Orcs, however, it was a different story. So powerful and oddly charismatic were these brutes that other Orcs instinctively obeyed them, putting aside their infighting and taking up arms en masse. Even the cowardly Goblins were swept up in the excitement and soon thousands upon thousands of slaves were rising up together, both literally and figuratively, advancing up the levels of Zharr-Naggrund battle by bloody battle, slaughtering Chaos Dwarfs and liberating other greenskins as they went.

A second civil war engulfed Zharr-Naggrund not two-hundred years after the end of the first one, and it seemed that the Chaos Dwarfs would be exterminated as they fought further and further up through the layers of the city. Finally, salvation came from an unlikely source: the Hobgoblins, who were intelligent enough to see that the Chaos Dwarfs could potentially reward them in a way that the brutal Black Orcs would not, switched sides and helped to defeat the other greenskins.

The rebellion was ended and the Hobgoblins were indeed rewarded by their masters; though they remained slaves, they were no longer required to work in the mines and forges, and instead served in Chaos Dwarf armies as warriors and as overseers for the other slaves. The Black Orcs were driven from the city and out into the Dark Lands. Chaos Dwarfs no longer use Black Orcs as slaves, but they did leave several tribes roaming the nearby lands so that they could recruit them into their armies in the future. Groups of Black Orcs are still found in the warbands of their creators, though they are rarely slaves, but instead mercenaries bought with the promise of loot and pillage.

EXPANSION AND SUBJUGATION

The Chaos Dwarfs were even less numerous after the rebellion, and so the lust for slaves to work in the forges and pits became even greater. The Chaos Dwarfs expanded their influence, mining deposits far to the south at Gorgoth and building a great fortified complex there. They also established the Black Fortress near the Flayed Rock to watch over the Desolation of Aggoroth, and a fell citadel at Daemons’s Stump. They quarried stone from Gash Kadrak, the Vale of Woe, and recruited the vile Sneaky Gitz tribe of Hobgoblins into their armies. Increasingly, the Chaos Dwarfs became the masters of industry, and built massive engines of war as well as huge ships that began to ply the River Ruin. They excavated a great tunnel beneath Zorn Uzkul – a labour that took almost a century and claimed the lives of millions of slaves – and built Uzulak on the coast of the Sea of Chaos. This gave their fleet an exit to the north, so that they could plunder even further. They also began to trade with the Ogres in the Mountains of Mourn, and established ties with many tribes.

Now, the Chaos Dwarfs cared only about acquiring more slaves so that they could mine more mineral wealth from their lands. The disparate nature of the re-forged Chaos Dwarf society preventing them from uniting in wars of conquest as they did in the past and each Sorcerer Lord began to plot against the others in hopes of increasing his influence. Chaos Dwarf society thus became a self-sustaining nightmare of consumption, greed and service to the all-powerful state. Individual Chaos Dwarfs were no longer expected to have their own ambitions outside of what was proper for their caste, and they became bound by blood and unbreakable tradition to their Sorcerer masters. Only the warrior caste now had hope of wielding true influence by securing promotion through feats of arms and unwavering loyalty to their masters. They were also driven to constantly make war because of the slaves required by their industry; without slaves, the Chaos Dwarfs’ empire would grind to a halt, and so the cycle of violence, captivity and cruelty was destined to continue forever. The Dark Lands proved an inexhaustible resource, and the Chaos Dwarfs had become its masters.
THE RISE OF ASTRAGOTH

For many centuries the Chaos Dwarfs continued to expand their empire alongside their technology until they came to dominate the Dark Lands as never before. Across the wastes, greenskin tribes paid obeisance to the Masters of Zharr and transgressions against the rule of the Children of Hashut were punished with swift and violent retribution. This was never exemplified more thoroughly than by Astragoth Ironhand, the most powerful Sorcerer since the fall of Zhargon. While still relatively young, he vowed to visit the wrath of the Dawi’Zharr against all those who resisted them, and his steely gaze turned first to the Haunted Forest in the far south of the Dark Lands near the boiling delta of the River Ruin wherein tribes of Forest Goblins had begun to breed and were attacking the trading caravans of Chaos Dwarfs and their allies.

Astragoth made pronouncements in the Temple of Hashut that he would lead a genocidal war against the Goblins, which was met with a mixture of silence and derision. An expedition to the south to avenge a slight against their race was what had doomed Zhargon, and many of the other Sorcerer Lords were using the Goblin attacks as a method of sabotaging their rivals’ enterprises by directing the malicious greenskins against caravans belonging to others. Astragoth’s plans would unbalance the equilibrium, but he would not be deterred. No more pious Sorcerer had risen for centuries, and Astragoth claimed it was Hashut’s will that the Haunted Forest be purged. His oratory was persuasive and he cemented his endorsement from the High Priest by sacrificing a thousand slaves upon the altars and soaking the Temple in their blood. Grudgingly, the conclave agreed to support his campaign.

Fittingly, Astragoth’s army was high in Hashut’s favour, for he drew deeply on the resources of the Temple, marching alongside rank after rank of cowled and masked Acolytes, wielding their ceremonial glaives. With them strode Pyrophants in great numbers holding aloft burning brands and Astragoth himself was dragged into battle on a great Altar of Hashut, dozens of slaves straining at their harnesses to pull the great edifice through the ash-choked wastes.

Battle was met several times along the eastern shore of the River Ruin during the journey, for the Goblins had grown bold indeed and had multiplied at an unprecedented rate. Astragoth knew he had to engage them in one cataclysmic battle if he was to halt their advance, and so he laid a trap he knew the Goblin Shamans who commanded the greenskin horde would never be able to resist. Deploying his entire army in a tight knot on the edge of the Direbogs, just north of Pigbarter, Astragoth feigned vulnerability, allowing himself to be encircled. The greenskin multitude surrounded the Chaos Dwarfs. Not only were there thousands of howling mobs on foot and riding upon wolves and giant spiders, but from the fecund-jungle of the southern Dark Lands, swollen spider-queens the size of watchtowers had also emerged, each carrying a ramshackle howdah bristling with savage and spiteful Goblins alongside their leaders. The Shamans fed off the brutal, frenzied energy of the other greenskins and they had bound many of the ferocious monsters of the Dark Lands to their will with crude enchantments: Wyverns and worse circled in the sky above, sensing the promise of carrion, while a score of more lumbering Giants came down from their ancestral homeland in the foothills of the Mountains of Mourn to join in the carnage. From the Direbogs themselves, cyclopean Fimir crawled from the mists, seeking slaughter.

The first wave of attackers broke on the Chaos Dwarf lines, much of their impetus spent on slaughtering the Hobgoblins. As they died, their blood and pain feeding the growing storm of magic, Astragoth wasted no time: calling forth his Acolytes of Hashut, he bade them begin to sing the Dirges. A disturbing and hateful symphony was unleashed and the clouds turned an evil purple, lightning flashing in their depths. Two dozen Arachnarok Spiders charged headlong towards Astragoth’s army but his Pyrophants were ready and unleashed a roiling firestorm that reduced most of the monstrous arachnids to charred husks in seconds. As Wyverns and Cockatrices plunged from the sky, Astragoth raised his own voice in song. At that moment, the horrifying might of the Lore of Hashut reached its full potential and a wave of black shadow writhing with enslaved spirits engulfed the battlefield. The greenskin assault fell apart as the Acolytes counter-charged, cutting the terrified and bewildered Goblins to ribbons with their glaives.

With the Shamans dead, the monsters they had bound fled the battlefield and the entire horde lost cohesion: Astragoth had purposefully lured the Goblin army to him so it could be shattered by the apocalyptic symphony his legion of the Temple could unleash as they fed off each other’s power. Astragoth was exhausted by the efforts, but he now bore a burning brand upon his forehead—the Rune of Hashut; an unprecedented sign of the Father of Darkness’s favour. He returned to Zharr-Naggrund in glory and none dared raise their voice against him for many long years. His path to High Priest was all but certain, and he took up his rightful place returned to Zharr for centuries, and Astragoth claimed it was Hashut’s will that the Haunted Forest be purged. His oratory was persuasive and he cemented his endorsement from the High Priest by sacrificing a thousand slaves upon the altars and soaking the Temple in their blood. Grudgingly, the conclave agreed to support his campaign.

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With their realms placated by the genocidal crusade of Astragoth and further wars waged by Sorcerers under his influence as High Priest of Hashut, the Chaos Dwarfs could now turn their attention to events beyond their borders and begin to visit their malevolent fury upon a wider world. In the centuries to come, it would not only be snivelling greenskins who would know the might of the Dawi’Zharr.

THE BATTLE OF UZKULAK

The great Chaos Dwarf fortress of Uzkulak has long stood guarding the entrance to the sea tunnel that passes below the plateau of Zorn Uzkul, the Great Skull Land, connecting the River Ruin to the icy Sea of Chaos in the north. From this basalt-walled fortress, the Chaos Dwarfs’ fleet of ironclad warships sails forth, raiding the costal realms of the Old World at will. Sitting as it does in the midst of the northern lands, its defensive position, high walls and the access it grants to the Dark Lands have been coveted by the Marauder tribesmen for centuries. One such tribe lived just a dozen or so leagues up the coast and had suffered slave raids by the Chaos Dwarfs for generations. Their chieftain, a Norse Chaos Lord named Ragnar Ragnarson, grew tired of this and resolved to take Uzkulak.

No Marauder tribe had dared to attack the Place of the Skull in over five centuries, and Ragnar’s people were reluctant to join this foolhardy quest, but he paid proper tribute to the Gods of Chaos, called in ancient oaths from his neighbours, brokered alliances by marrying off the daughters of his loyal Champions and eventually amassed a great army of Norse warriors, the like of which had never been seen outside of a full Chaos incursion.

As chance would have it, much of the Chaos Dwarf fleet was occupied far to the south in the Sea of Dread, fighting off Lizardmen raiders from the Southlands. Ragnar was able to sail up the Sea of Chaos with his horde in dozens of dragon-prowed longships virtually unopposed. They landed before the gates of Uzkulak and began their assault. Ragnar quickly realised that it was impossible to besiege the fortress because it had direct access to the sea tunnel and hence Zharr-Naggrund, so he determined that only a direct attack would work. Ragnar summoned his personal bodyguard, a cohort of Chaos Chosen, high in the favour of the Dark Gods, along with the great mass of young men who had flocked to his banner hoping to make a name for themselves. These warriors had dedicated themselves to the Khorne and worked themselves into a savage frenzy before the battle. These Marauders, clad in bloody wolf skins, hurled themselves at the great walls of Uzkulak. Their frenzied attack succeeded in overwhelming the sparse defenders and they spilled over the outer defences and overran the first level of the fortress, but at a tremendous cost in lives.

Ragnar and his Chosen opened up the outer gate from the inside and the Chaos army surged through, but then found themselves up against the even more formidable defences of Uzkulak’s inner keep. The artillery on the battlements now rained down a constant hail of daemonic fire and the Norse knew they could not batter their way past a second gate. So, dismayed, Ragnar ordered his warriors back to the shore to make camp and consider their next move. He left guards on the outer walls of the city though to ensure it could not be easily retaken and so Uzkulak was divided between the Norse and the small number of Chaos Dwarf defenders. As Ragnar’s Marauder horde began to construct earthwork defences and raise a wooden palisade to protect their camp, the Overlord Ghorkaz Firesoul who commanded Uzkulak sent messengers to Zharr-Naggrund asking for a relief force. There, the news of the great fortress’s potential fall was met with a stony silence in the concave of Sorcerer Lords. With the fleet still many hundreds of miles away, there was no way to dispatch reinforcements that would reach Uzkulak in time, for surely tales of Ragnar’s success would spread across the Chaos Wastes, attracting more tribes to his banner, and the citadel would eventually fall. There was only one solution: to amass an army of a kind never before seen fighting in the name of the Dawi’Zharr.

Gorduz Backstabber, the Chieftain of the Sneaky Gitz was summoned. He quickly used his influence to hammer together a loose confederation of Wolf Rider tribes. These fast moving troops could cross the Great Skull Land and reach Uzkulak in a matter of days, but they would not be enough to break the Norse horde alone, and so they were led by the only troops in the Chaos Dwarf army that would be able to keep pace with them: an awesome phalanx of the mighty Bull Centaurs and their Elders, some of whom wielded precious Doom Harnesses. No such force of these elite shock troops had been gathered in over a thousand years, and only one creature had the will to lead such an army: Lord Bhaal, Eldest of the Bull Centaurs.

Bhaal careered across the desolate plateau at the head of this army and, as they came through the mountain pass, they looked down upon the massed tribes of Chaos waiting in the valley before the gates of Uzkulak, preparing for the final assault. Ragnar’s force now numbered in the thousands, and the Bull Centaurs were only a few hundred. The treacherous Hobgoblins were already starting to sink away, seeing that the odds were against them, but Lord Bhaal cowed them with a single snarled command. He raised his huge rune-encrusted axe and gave his only order of the battle: “Crush them!”

THE RINN’ZHARR

Like all Dwarfs, the Dawi’Zharr are oppressively patriarchal in their outlook and rarely acknowledge female members of their race as a separate entity at all. Indeed, for most of the Chaos Dwarf castes women – the Rinn’Zharr – have absolutely equal status, serving alongside the men in regiments of warriors and labouring in bell-forges besides their fathers, husbands, brothers and sons. Curiously there are no female Sorcerers, and the Priesthood of Hashut do not even acknowledge the possibility. However, on occasion the Acolytes of Hashut will be sent into the streets of Zharr-Naggrund to find a young Rinn’Zharr whom they carry away to the Temple, never to be seen again. Here they are inducted in a mysterious sisterhood bound to the Sorcerers. Their tongues are ritually removed and their only function becomes assisting in certain rituals in some unknown fashion. Some have pondered that these Rinn’Zharr may have magical abilities themselves, curbed by their inability to speak. What is most strange is that, if this is the case, they do not appear to be afflicted by the Sorcerers’ Curse, living for long centuries unharmed.
Ragnar saw the Chaos Dwarf relief force high on the rise as a dark smudge of indistinct shapes and, as their charge threw up a great cloud of what he assumed was dust, he gave orders to form a shieldwall. The Marauders slammed their shields together and presented a thousand axe- and sword blades, forming an impenetrable barrier of unyielding steel. Such a defence was enough to repel even the most determined assault, for no cavalry mount could be induced to charge towards such an obstacle, and even a well-trained warhorse would shy away at the last moment. But these were no mere cavalry: they were Bull Centaurs, Hashut’s most favoured sons, and no shieldwall could instil anything but outrage in their furious, hate-filled minds.

Roaring their defiance, charging through their own wall – not of steel, but of smoke and flame – Lord Bhaal and the Bull Centaurs crashed into the Norse lines, setting fire to their shields as they made contact and scattering them almost instantly. As the charge hit home, the hundreds of Norse Marauders that made up that shieldwall immediately quailed in stark terror as their arms and armour were melted by the blast of heat and their fellows in the front rank were simply burned alive. Then the axes began to fall, and the fire turned to blood and gore. The Bull Centaur charge was like a scythe cutting through wheat, and it was not so much a fight as a bloody and terrible massacre. The Norse broke and ran, all the fight beaten out of them within minutes, and only the hard core of the barbarian army continued to fight on, amongst them Ragnar’s elite Chosen and the blood-maddened Marauders who had survived the storming of the gates. With them stood numerous beasts of Chaos; mewling spawn and crazed Slaughterbrutes, but the magic binding these creatures to their masters was beginning to wane as the eyes of the Gods turned from Lord Ragnar, perhaps sensing that their champion was doomed.

Ragnar saw he was defeated as the Wolf Riders picked off his fleeing men, and he knew the only chance he had for victory was to win back the favour of the Chaos Gods by meeting his enemy in single combat. The Chaos Lord stepped forward and bellowed a challenge in his native tongue. Lord Bhaal did not speak the language of the Norsemen, but he recognised what was happening even so and, gesturing for his Bull Centaurs to back off, he galloped towards the Northman, axe raised. Ragnar was a mighty warrior, blessed by the Dark Gods and a veteran of many battles. Taller than even a tall Norseman, his barrel-like chest was corded with thick muscles and he bore tattoos proclaiming his allegiance to all four great powers. In his hands was an ancient axe and upon his head a helm in the image of a snarling wolf. The pelt of some mutated hound that he had slain with his bare hands was across his shoulders and, even as the great form of Lord Bhaal thundered towards him, Ragnar Ragnarson knew no fear.

The two great warriors clashed in the centre of that bloody battlefield, surrounded by charred corpses. Lord Ragnar was no match for one such as Bhaal, but he was empowered by his gods who gave him the strength to land a great blow across his foe’s flank. Bhaal’s blood spurted hot, steaming even in the scorching air, and had Ragnar pressed home his attack, he might yet have won. But instead he hesitated, knowing doubt for just a moment – it was all the excuse the Dark Gods needed to desert him and with a single mighty swing of his huge Rune Axe, Bhaal cleaved Ragnar in twain from head to crotch. There was never a moment’s doubt in Lord Bhaal’s mind; the servant of Khorne, Tzeentch, Nurgle and Slaanesh had been tested against the servant of Hashut and been found wanting. With Ragnar’s death, the battle was over, and the remaining Marauders broke and fled, leaving their monsters easy prey. Uzkulak remained inviolable, although Overlord Ghorak was punished for almost losing the fortress, dragged screaming back to Zharr-Naggrund by Lord Bhaal, who visited unmentionable torments upon him before hurling his shattered form into a vat of molten lead before the burning statue of Hashut.

Though the Chaos Dwarfs often make common cause with the followers of the other Chaos Gods, they know all too well that such entities are capricious and that their power waxes and wanes. Hashut is as constant as the stars, and his power only grows with each passing century. The revenge against the Norsemen exacted by the Chaos Dwarf fleet was terrible to behold, and those of Ragnar’s kin who survived saw nothing but the guns of Lord Bhaal’s fleet and the fire of his barrack. But it would be a foolhardy Chaos Lord indeed who would lead another attack on Uzkulak while the memory of that defeat still burns in the minds of the Marauder tribes.

ANCIENT FACTS

For thousands of years the Chaos Dwarfs have fought beside the tribesmen of the Chaos Wastes as often as they have made war against them. They have even gone so far as to set up formal long-standing contracts with some tribes. These agreements, written in the blood of slaves and blessed by Sorcerers of both sides, are honoured with near-religious fervour by the Dwarfs. Though, like many of their Human counterparts forget them, they are seen as a source of strength and to be held in high esteem. So it is that on the eve of some great battle a Lord of Chaos may be surprised to find a train of Chaos Dwarf artillery marching into his camp to make good on an agreement signed by one of his distant ancestors.
HOTHGAR’S LEGION
Hothgar Daemonbane is a Daemonsmith of rare creative ambition. Most Sorcerers are concerned only with increasing their own influence within the Temple of Hashut, and usually make war with only this end in mind. They build or commission machines of war to supplement their armies, which can then take slaves in order to generate income and allow them to buy their way to power. But for the renegade Hothgar, arcane engineering is an end in itself. He was cast out of Zharr-Naggrund for his dangerous experimentation, but he was unperturbed and continued to labour in exile, finding a home in the fortress of Daemon’s Stump. It was Hothgar’s dream to create a daemonic engine of such size and power that it could take on an army by itself. Such an endeavour would require the binding of a Daemon so powerful, or a multitude of lesser Daemons so numerous, that it would take an actual army to subdue them, which rather defeats the purpose of the exercise.

Nonetheless, Hothgar has continued to pursue his fevered dream of building the machine he calls ‘The Kolossus’, and has created any number of prototypes that dwarf any engine previously constructed by a Daemonsmith. Hothgar’s creations commanded vast prices in the markets of Zharr-Naggrund even when he was still an outcast, but they are most dangerous when Hothgar himself brings them to battle, for no one knows his war machines quite as well as their insane creator. But Hothgar knew he required the patronage of the Temple of Hashut in order to continue his great work, and so he planned to win a victory of such notoriety that they would have no choice but to pardon him. His gaze fell upon the Worlds Edge Mountains, and he knew that he would find the target of Hothgar’s ambition was the great Dwarf hold of Karak Azul, the Iron Peak. Here he knew was the seat of the Dwarfs’ ancestral magic, and it pleased him to pit his daemon-forged war machines against such a foe. For such a grand attack, Hothgar laboured for months day and night, crafting mighty engines of destruction that belched multicoloured alchemical smoke along with an entire legion of ravenous K’daai Fireborn. Entire trains of artillery were coupled to Iron Daemons and Skullcrakers, while at the rear of the mechanical horde were batteries of fearsome Hellcannons and, most dangerous of all, a handful of towering K’daai Destroyers, further prototypes of his Kolossus.

Hothgar made no secret of his intentions, for the route across the Desolation of Azgorh was long and from the Black Fortress and Gorgoth more Chaos Dwarf troops flocked to his banner so that by the time they reached the foothills of the Worlds Edge Mountains a vast legion marched forth. Hothgar insisted that his engines would be in the vanguard though, and that ultimate victory would belong to him and him alone. The Dwarfs had warning of the approach of their twisted cousins, and wasted no time in gathering forces of their own to repel them. King Kazador knew that if the Chaos Dwarfs reached the gates it would only be a matter of time before his home fell – the K’daai and the war machines needed no food or water and would hammer at his thick walls without rest until the very foundations of the ancient city were shaken to pieces. He knew his only hope was to engage them in the mountain passes before they reached Karak Azul. To this end he came forth with his throng and with him came Thorek Ironbrow, the Master Runelord. Kazador sent for aid from his allies, but the High King was fighting to relieve Zulfubar at the time and only a small force from Barak Var answered the call, though they were replete with powerful war machines of their own, including a wing of Gyrocopters and Gyrobombers.

Battle was met in a high, nameless pass. The Dwarfs were outnumbered by Hothgar’s legion, whose tireless mechanical bodies had clambered over the mountains and now ploughed into the Dwarf lines. The shieldwall that spanned the pass held against the first charge, anchored by King Kazador standing upon an Oath Stone. But while the Dwarfs had limbs of flesh and blood and, stubborn though they were, tired with each swing of their axes, the energy of the K’daai’s raking claws was inexhaustible. Hammerers and Ironbreakers held that narrow valley as long as they could, but eventually they had no choice but to slowly beat a retreat. Though they made the Chaos Dwarfs pay for each step backwards, they were demoralised by the defeat and Kazador himself was badly wounded by a rampaging Destroyer, his flesh burnt and blistered. As his Hammerers dragged him away to safety, he still swung his great battle axe defiantly.

With their lines broken, the Dwarfs now turned to other means to ensure their survival. Leading a throng of Runesmiths and Runelords, Thorek Ironbrow began to beat out a rhythm on his Anvil of Doom from a high peak overlooking the pass. They aimed to disrupt the enchantments that held the K’daai and the daemonic war engines together. Their spell-breaking runes took a heavy toll on the daemon golems, cracking their hulls and allowing the bound spirits to escape their confinement. Hothgar, watching from the other side of the valley, began to weave counter magic, assisted by his Daemonsmiths. As mighty as Thorek’s rune magic was, the raw power of Chaos was Hothgar’s to command, and none were as gifted in the dark art of binding Daemons as he. The shattered forms of the K’daai hunched back to their feet,
screeching as their occupants were lashed back into their unholy prisons. As fast as the Runesmiths could destroy them, Hothgar’s machines were returning to the fray. With Kazador now being tended to by healers, Thorek gave orders for the Gyrocopters and Gyrobombers of Barak Var to attempt an assault from the skies.

Again the K’daai were pushed back, but their fiery bodies were proof against the steam guns of the Dwarf airwing; even a barrage of dozens of grudgebuster bombs could not halt their relentless advance. The Hellcannons and Death Rockets blasted the Gyrocopters from the air, and the sky was filled with smoke and debris. So much death only made Hothgar’s spells more powerful and, with each Dwarf life taken, their killers grew all the stronger. Thorek frowned deeply at the carnage he witnessed, contemplating a new strategy, one which he had never before considered. The surviving Dwarf throng huddled further down the pass, preparing to sell their lives in a heroic last stand. The daemon-engines hungered for flesh and blood and now Hothgar unleashed them, letting them satiate their appetite for souls. Thorek perceived that although he could not defeat the K’daai while Hothgar lived, the rear of the Chaos Dwarf army was made up of ordinary soldiers and cowardly Hobgoblin slaves. Exploiting that weakness was the only way his people might survive this day.

Thorek’s runecraft was unmatched, but even he hesitated to do what he must. A forbidden Ancestor Rune was known to him, the so-called Rune of Awakening. It had not been struck since the Golden Age before the War of the Beard, but now he had little choice but to try its ancient power. Even as his fellow Dwarfs died in the pass, he set to, commanding his assistant Kraggi to work the bellows. The mightiest Runelords aided him like apprentices, contributing their knowledge and steady hands as Thorek sweated over his Anvil of Doom. He was almost too late, but finally it was done and he raised his hammer to strike the mighty rune. As it fell, a great crash sounded across the mountains, as if the earth itself was roaring its fury. Hothgar could feel the power of that enchantment, and it filled him with fear. Some ancestral part of his mind responded to it, and he knew that doom stalked the stones. The ground trembled, and then a yawning chasm opened up behind the Chaos Dwarfs, sending hundreds of Dawi’Zharr and Hobgoblins to their dooms. From the abyss came enormous figures wrought in stone, heavily worn by long years of slumber, but still resembling the Dwarfs in whose image they had been carved. These were the Ancestor Golems, ancient weapons of a forgotten age, and they had slept beneath the roots of the mountains for millennia.

The living statues advanced upon the Chaos Dwarfs from the rear, laying about them with enormous fists of stone. They moved with a strange sentience of their own, a mirror of the daemon-magic that drove the K’daai, who now turned to face them. Hothgar was aghast, but also felt a thrill of exultation—here was a worthy foe for his creations! The battle was cataclysmic; an ancient schism acted out for a new era, as Daemons clashed with the Ancestor Gods in the Worlds Edge Mountains. Thorek and Hothgar could only watch as the awesome conflict raged, their magic spent and their fates now in the hands of the automatons they had summoned to war. In the final clash, the greatest of the Ancestor Golems, carved in the image of Grimnir himself wrestled with the burning might of a K’daai Destroyer. The air burned as they hammered and slashed at one another, and even the rocks began to soften and melt into magma as the magical forces were unleashed. Finally, the tortured earth gave way and the entire pass collapsed, the mountains falling upon the enchanted combatants.

The Dwarf throng escaped the chaos for the most part, but the majority of Hothgar’s army was destroyed, his machines lost. The army of Karak Azul fell back to their city, leaving their dead buried beneath the rocks. Thorek counted it a victory, but many brave Dwarfs had given their lives and, worse, the Ancestor Golems were now lost forever—not even the Rune of Awakening would rouse them now. King Kazador returned to brooding behind his walls, and the pass into the Badlands was now left unguarded. Hothgar took the opportunity to lead what remained of his legion through the mountains and took his hard-won knowledge north. He found employ in the horde of Lord Mortkin, the Black Iron Reaver, but his reputation was assured. The concave marked well the devastation he had wrought, and though many of his creations had been destroyed, more K’daai could always be built. The way was paved for Hothgar Daemonbane to return to favour in Zhargnaggrund.

A NEW POWER

In the wake of such devastating battles, an ambitious Sorcerer Lord named Ghorth the Cruel has appeared to lead the conclave. His rise was marked by few, but for decades he has secretly manipulated Chaos Dwarf society. He has hastened Astaroth’s petrification by encouraging his desire for violence and conquest. He has earned the loyalty of the Sneaky Gitz and, most significantly of all, was behind Hothgar’s return from exile, thus securing the most powerful stable of daemon-engines in the Dark Lands. He has placed his own loyal servant, Zhatan the Black, in command of the Immortals, and so now wields power almost on a par with Zharogon millennia ago. He has already begun to subtly influence the outside world, increasing his people’s trade with the Warriors of Chaos, in particular providing a succession of human Chaos Lords with engines of destruction to aid their conquests, the latest of which is rumoured to be Archon the Everchosen himself. The influence of the Chaos Dwarfs is greater than ever, but they are too divided to threaten the Old World yet. Ghorth may have greater vision even than Zharogon before him, and perhaps perceives the eventual end of the Chaos Dwarf way of life. Those who know of such things may suspect that he is laying the groundwork for an expansion that will prevent his society imploding when they finally finish ravaging their homeland. If so, he is more dangerous than Zharogon ever was, for his ambition will bury the entire world under foul mountains of ash and slag.
INSURRECTION AT GORGOTH

Ghorth the Cruel has had little time to enjoy the fruits of his labours, for no sooner had he begun to plan for a new assault on the Old World than word reached the Temple of increasing unrest in the distant outpost of Gorgoth. The plateau, far to the south, is a rich source of mineral wealth for Zharr-Naggrund, and many thousands of slaves are worked to death in the hellish depths of its mines. Because of the recent conflicts, the demands upon the lords of Gorgoth had been increasingly punishing and they had managed to increase productivity tenfold, but not without cost. To replace the slaves that were dying in droves, the slaving bands ranged far and wide to replenish their ranks. In their desperation they began enslaving tribes of Black Orcs and Ogres, which had the twin effects of both reducing the strength of the slavers as they lost troops in brutal battles of attrition and also introducing a more powerful and fractious population into the pens. It was a deadly combination for the Chaos Dwarfs.

Ghorth wasted no time in responding. He chose Rykarth the Unbreakable, a young and highly-skilled captain amongst the Immortals. With him marched his Granite Guard, a regiment of Immortals known for their unyielding defence, as well as many other warriors, slaves and war machines. They made haste to Gorgoth, but even the intractable Rykarth was not prepared for the chaos he would find at Gorgoth. The garrison there, already battered from their reaving across the wastes, were unable to hold against the tide of rebellious slaves rising up from below their feet. Much of the fortress was already overrun and in flames, but it was not a single unified insurrection like the Black Orc rebellion of millennia before, but rather a series of seemingly independent uprisings across the colony. There were hundreds of miles of labyrinthine mines delved below the plateau, countless subterranean redoubts where knots of warriors held against their greenskin foes, and the war in the darkness was a bewildering and anarchic affair.

Rykarth took control of the situation immediately. Though there were Overlords in Gorgoth who outranked him, he wielded the power of Ghorth the Cruel and the Temple of Hashut and his first act was to behead these commanders with his ensorcelled axe. None of the servants of these disgraced Overlords dared to raise a hand against Rykarth, for in his dark panoply it was clear that to gainsay him meant a swift death. He did not entertain cries for mercy, even when those he punished asked to be allowed to join the Infernal Guard to seek redemption in their exile ranks. There was no time for anything but efficient retribution, and then the pacification of the mines. Rykarth gathered the beleaguered garrison about him, reinforced with the troops he had brought, and began to plan how he would take back Gorgoth from the thousands of slaves running riot. He led his Granite Guard into the midst of this infiltration, with the Skaven using their tainted warpstone arsenal and towers of scaffolding and cranes of beaten scrap with which they were hauling their engines upwards. It was almost as if something was driving them mad with hate, and not just their captivity.

It quickly became clear that the Skaven were led by Clan Skryre, whose Warlock Engineers had long coveted the skills and resources of the Chaos Dwarf Daemonsmiths. The Skaven had never before infiltrated the Dark Lands, steering clear of the Plain of Zharr for the city of Zharr-Naggrund was delved so deep and was so heavily defended that it would take the might of the entire Skaven race to conquer it. Gorgoth was a much more tempting target, particularly since its garrison was stretched so thin. The Chief Warlock himself, Ikit Claw, was the mastermind behind the assault, and it was now too...
late to stop the Skaven from carrying out their attack. Even as the Daemonsmiths’ explosives destroyed the lower levels of the mines, the arcane engines of the ratmen blasted away the rubble and Clanrats in their thousands boiled up from below. With them were techno-magical engines in astonishing numbers, from Warp Lightning Cannons belching eldritch fire to Doomwheels, careering manically through the tunnels, crushing anything in their path. The greenskins still fought with the Skaven, slaved to their will by dark magic, and Rykarth’s forces were hopelessly outnumbered.

Ghorth had chosen his general well though. He had known that, in sending Rykarth to do his bidding, he would find out the truth of the rebellion in Gorgoth. Rykarth was a mighty warrior and a proud captain, well used to snatching victory from the jaws of defeat. If he called for reinforcements, the situation must be dire indeed. Ghorth had prepared, and the moment the messenger on the Great Taurus alighted outside the gates of the Temple of Hashut, the Sorcerer Lord sent orders to his legions that waited in the Plain of Zharr. Already he had assembled a great army led by the Banelord, Zhatan the Black. To carry them to Gorgoth with all haste was a great convoy of Iron Daemons and Skullcrackers pulling trains of steam carriages in which entire battalions could be housed. Within scant days, the reinforcements had reached Gorgoth and there they found the colony in a state of total war.

Rykarth, the Granite Guard and the garrison of Gorgoth had held for many days against the Skaven horde. All of Ikit Claw’s arcane might was bent against the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers in the tower. In the depths, Skaven war machines did battle with daemonic engines, while around them slaves and Chaos Dwarfs died in droves. Zhatan saw no need for hesitation. Even as the gates to the Tower of Gorgoth were shattered, he led a mighty force of Immortals into the mines, taking the fight to the Skaven. The vile ratmen were now out of control, rampaging at will through the workings of the mines, desecrating and plundering whatever they could lay their filthy claws on. Ikit Claw himself, riding upon the back of a huge, many-legged contraption that belched glowing warpstone fumes, was in the vanguard. As he entered the tower, the Daemonsmiths unleashed their last defence: the mighty K’dai. Ranks of Fireborn charged forward, iron claws wreathed in dark fire, while behind them came the Destroyers, savage and uncontrollable. In the confines of the tower’s lower levels, as many hurled themselves at their masters, rending and burning, as assailed the Skaven, but at this stage there could be no consideration of collateral damage.

As this carnage was being wreaked above, Zhatan’s Immortals smashed their way through the deep mines, their engines of destruction following in their wake. Iron Daemons showered the massed Skaven with red-hot shrapnel from their steam cannons, while the Skullcrackers pulverised them into reeking visces with their hammers and blades. Zhatan led the charge himself, his savagery knowing no bounds as he set about with the Hammer of Zharr. Rat Ogres were sent to bring him down, but these proved no match for the Banelord. As he approached the heart of the Skaven army, the ground shook and from the glowing rift that opened up crawled the hideous form of a Hellpit Abomination, a monstrous fusion of rodent and beast, many-limbed and with half-a-dozen snapping heads. Zhatan did not pause his advance, but leapt upon the mutant creature’s slimy bulk and rent it to pieces with his weapon. As Ikit Claw’s vanguard fell back before the K’dai, he became aware that the rear of his army was faltering too. Soon it was clear that he was surrounded, cut off from his own reinforcements by the Chaos Dwarf relief force and, sensing defeat, he turned tail and ran, leading his clanking automaton through the ranks of his own troops. In the mines, he came across Zhatan, soaked with blood and exhausted, but still burning with rage. For a moment the two mighty warlords stood off, but Zhatan laid down the Hammer of Zharr. Both knew that the battle for Gorgoth was over, and Zhatan had plenty more Skaven left on which to satiate his bloodlust. Ikit Claw crawled back into the hole from which he had sprung. The invading horde fell apart with the retreat of their leader and Zhatan and Rykarth cleared the complex of all that remained, slaughtering most, but taking many prisoners to replenish the slaves lost in the uprising.

In Zharr–Naggrund, Ghorth was hailed for his victory, and yet there was also dissent. Amongst the conclave two factions emerged. One which believed that Ghorth had begun to overreach himself as Zhargon did millennia before, and that it was precisely his focus on expanding the Chaos Dwarfs’ empire that had led to Gorgoth becoming vulnerable. It was their division of power, this faction argued, that allowed the concilae to function. On the other side were those who believed that the infighting was costing them dearly, and that strong leadership was exactly what was needed in such days. They urged Ghorth not to sit on his laurels, but to strike hard in retribution, perhaps following the Skaven’s own tunnels to their capital and razing it to the ground. Ghorth remained silent. Storm clouds gathered in the north: Archon was preparing his final assault on the weakening Empire of Men. The time had come for the Chaos Dwarfs to stretch out their arm again.
Chaos Dwarf society has been largely isolated from the events in the Old World throughout its existence but in recent centuries they have made common cause with the mortal Lords of Chaos and have thus come into contact with the inhabitants of that region, who now curse their names. Already, the stage is set for a Dawi’Zharr incursion of unprecedented scale. Note that the Chaos Dwarfs have their own complex dating system, but the Imperial Calendar has been used here for clarity.

THE AGE OF LEGEND

-3500
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.

-3400
The most adventurous Dwarfs journey across the barren upland regions north of the mountains which they name ‘Zorn Uzkul’, or the Great Skull Land.

-3350
Abandoned by their gods, the Dwarfs of Zorn Uzkul turn to the worship of Hashut, the Father of Darkness.

-3345
Hashut leads his worshippers to the Plain of Zharr, where they begin to build mines and quarries.

THE FIRST KINGDOM

-3400
The Chaos Dwarfs drive the greenskins from the Plain of Zharr and begin their expansion outwards.

-3273
Overlord Khrazathk’s host is defeated by a greenskin coalition in the Howling Wastes. Emboldened, the greenskins force them back to the Plain of Zharr and prevent the Chaos Dwarfs from expanding their influence.

-2821
The Sorcerer Lords emerge from their isolation and begin to institute the reforms that will save Chaos Dwarf Society.

THE SECOND KINGDOM

-2600
In order to work the new mines and forges, the Chaos Dwarfs begin enslaving the greenskin inhabitants of the Dark Lands.

-901
Zhargon enters the Temple of Hashut as an Acolyte. He soon surpasses his teachers.

-824
Zhargon is ordained as the High Priest of Hashut. He begins instituting the caste system.

-785
The Gates of Zharr are built.

-761
Great Tauruses are first discovered roaming Zorn Uzkul, some are captured and brought to Zharr-Naggrund and stabled below the Temple of Hashut. Soon after, the first Lammasus is born.

-714
Zhargon goes into isolation, seeking a cure for the Sorcerers’ Curse. During this time, he first discovers the prophecy of the Everchosen of Chaos.

-700
The Chaos Dwarf armies drive many Ogre tribes from the Dark Lands in a series of cataclysmic conflicts known to the Ogres as the Ash Battles. The two races each return to their homelands with a grudging respect for one another.

-650
The Chaos Dwarfs begin trading with the Goblins of the Worlds Edge Mountains. They first encounter their distant western kin, whom they take as slaves.

-601
Vorag Bloodytooth unites scattered tribes of Ghouls that lurk below Cripple Peak, becoming the first of the evil Ghoul Kings. The Ghouls army all but destroy the Red Cloud Goblin tribe and their Chaos Dwarf allies. The survivors are forced to build Fortress of Vorag to the east of the Plain of Bones.

-600
Zhargon re-emerges and assembles a vast host of Chaos Dwarfs to destroy Vorag. They are defeated and return to the Plain of Zharr in disgrace.

-598
Continuous uprisings eventually result in Zhargon declaring increasingly draconian laws, restricting even the freedoms of his fellow Sorcerers.

-595
The Civil War begins, shaking Zharr-Naggrund to its foundations. After over a year of fighting, Zhargon is killed when his devastating spell misfires.

THE AGE OF CONQUEST

-545
The Sorcerer Lords finally succeed in restoring Chaos Dwarf society to its former status. Tens of thousands more slaves are acquired from throughout the Dark Lands.

-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 when the Hobgoblins turn on the other greenskins. The Black Orcs escape to the Worlds Edge Mountains and the Mountains of Mourn.
223
Chaos Dwarfs and Daemons fight Ogres for possession of 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.

500
Rich volcanic deposits are first mined at Gorgoth.

781
The Black Fortress is built to guard against marauding Ogre tribes moving west.

1000
The great sea canal is constructed, linking the Falls of Doom with the Sea of Chaos in the north. The fortress of Uzkulak is built on the coast to act as a mustering point for the fleet.

1119
The Trails of Hashut. An expanse of volcanic wasteland to the north of the Plain of Zharr is the target of a warband of Chaos Warriors who attempt to release a Daemon Prince imprisoned below it. They are successful despite the Chaos Dwarfs’ and the lava fields dry up, leaving the northern Dark Lands open to attack – and trade.

1301
Hagdar, scourge of the Dark Lands and one of the oldest Magma Dragons, is enslaved by a Sorcerer Lord of Gorgoth. He escapes his spells of binding and wreaks a terrible revenge that devastates the Tower of Gorgoth and leaves thousands of Chaos Dwarfs and slaves dead. He escapes into the Dark Lands and is never recaptured. To this day he continues to prey on his former masters.

1392
Lord Harkoth the Vile attempts to subjugate the Kurgan tribes of the eastern steppes, but is ultimately betrayed by his Hobgoblin allies who poison his blood ale. In reprisal, the Sorcerer Lord Varkhak has a thousand Hobgoblins put to death but no further serious attempt is made to conquer the Marauders.

1550
A Chaos Dwarf fleet raids the Lastrian coast, taking Lizardmen as slaves. The Chaos Dwarfs find these creatures strong and resilient, but they do not last long as captives in the bleak, sunless Dark Lands.

1720
The Chaos Dwarfs begin trading with the northern tribes in earnest, supplying them with thousands of suits of magical Chaos armour. The threat posed by the hordes of Chaos to the Old World grows exponentially.

1841 – 1851
The Warpstone War. The Skaven make their first and only attempt to infiltrate the Plain of Zharr. They open a tunnel directly into a subterranean factory, alerting the Chaos Dwarfs to their presence. Over the next decade, the Chaos Dwarfs take the fight to the Skaven, battling them in their warrens. Daemonic war machines face down the hideous creations of Clan Moulder and the arcane engines of Clan Skryre in the darkness below the earth.

THE AGE OF MALICE

2148
Astrapoth Ironhand becomes High Priest of Hashut.

2218
Ghorth the Cruel enters the Temple of Hashut as an Acolyte.

2296
The Battle of Glacier Peak. The Chaos Dwarfs face down a mass migration from the Ogre Kingdoms in the high passes of the Mountains of Mourn. So much blood is spilled that the heat accelerates a glacier’s melting. The Chaos Dwarfs install engines to harness the vast primeval forces of the gargantuan river of ice.

2302 – 2304
The Great War Against Chaos pits the Men of the Old World against a vast horde of Chaos Warriors, Daemons and Beastmen surging out of the Chaos Wastes. Legions of Chaos Dwarfs march beside them, accompanied by their towering engines of destruction. Though Kul is defeated, many slaves are taken.

2493
The Battle of Anurell’s Tomb. A force of High Elves attempts to reclaim an artefact from the southern Dark Lands, but are repelled by the Chaos Dwarfs.

2500
Hothgar Daemonbanel’s latest experiment destroys several laboratories in the lower levels of Zharr-Naggrund. He is exiled to for the good of the city.

2510
Drazhoath the Ashen allies the Legion of Azgorh with Tamurkhan, a mortal Chaos Lord of Nurgle, and the vast combined host launches an assault on The Empire. They are finally defeated outside the gates of Nuln.

2514
Hothgar leads an army of daemonic engines against Karak Azul and succeeds in crossing the Worlds Edge Mountains into the Old World.

2515
The Black-Iron Reaver, Lord Mortkin, leads another host of Chaos into The Empire. With the help of Hothgar Daemonbanel’s Doom Engines, he lays waste to the city of Volganof before his death.

2518
The Great Hobgobla Khan, overlord of the Hobgoblin tribes of the steppes, sends envoys of friendship to Zharr-Naggrund as well as a great tribute of slaves from the east.

2519
The Chaos Lord Ragnar Ragnarson is defeated by Lord Bhaal at the Battle of Uzkulak.

2521
Archaon, the Everchosen of Chaos, begins to gather the might of the north to his banners for a second apocalyptic incursion into the Old World in as many centuries. He brokers a deal with Zharr-Naggrund to secure batteries of war engines, tainted weapons and Chaos armour in unprecedented quantities.
The Chaos Dwarfs are as much a product of their foul homeland as they are their bloody history. The seemingly endless waste between the Worlds Edge Mountains and the Mountains of Mourn, known as the Dark Lands is a barren, desiccated realm that takes its name from the omnipresent black soil that covers everything. There is almost no water beneath the earth; instead the ground is a fragile skin that covers vast magma ducts beneath. The Chaos Dwarfs believe that the Dark Lands’ location between two great mountain ranges means that it is a particularly weak point on the world’s crust. It is a region of extreme volcanic activity, where boiling tar pits, exposed mineral seams and rivers of smoking lava pockmark the landscape. It is these features that make the Dark Lands so useful to the Chaos Dwarfs, as they can easily find the minerals that they covet and plunge mines deep into the bowels of the earth. The furious volcanism also draws the Wind of Aqshy down from the Realm of Chaos so that the Dark Lands are saturated in the infernal energies of fiery Bright Magic, providing succour for the K’daii, Magma Dragons and Great Tauruses that live there.

THE PLAIN OF ZHARR
The heart of the Chaos Dwarfs’ empire is the Plain of Zharr. Thousands of years ago, a meteorite descended from the sky – perhaps it was a chunk of one of the moons that orbit the Warhammer world, or just a nameless lump of space debris – and blasted a vast crater in the earth. It pulverised the very rock, creating in an instant crystals and ores of immense value. They were left lying there, exposed to the uncaring sky for millennia until the ancestors of the Chaos Dwarfs discovered them. Since the coming of the Chaos Dwarfs, the Plain of Zharr has been changed irrevocably.

Now, it is an immense network of factories, mines, smelting plants, workshops and forges. As far as the eye can see, chimneys pump out clouds of multicoloured smog and rivers of tar and ooze snake their way through the maze of stinking industry. Slaves in untold millions must live in this hellish warren, their lungs clogged with foul vapours and their eyes never knowing anything but the pallid sunlight that peers wanly through the smoke and the ruddy infernal light of the soul-forges.

ZHARR-NAGGRUND
The capital, and the only true city of the Chaos Dwarfs’ empire, is the obsidian ziggurat of Zharr-Naggrund. It rears up like a lonely mountain from the flat blackness of the Plain of Zharr, utterly singular in a way that warps perspective so that it is not clear until one approaches the enormous gates of beaten gold and iron just how immense it truly is. Rising thousands of feet into the sky, and populated by hundreds of thousands of slaves and Chaos Dwarfs, Zharr-Naggrund is not really a city in the way the term is used by Men, but instead a single building that is equal parts fortress, factory and temple.

Within its red-lit depths, the Chaos Dwarfs live and work, creating arcane machineries. They have harnessed both the energies of the earth and the empyrean, making slaves of both fire and Daemons to fuel their awesome engines. Each level of the city is restricted to members of a certain caste – members of higher castes may move through the lower levels at will, but no Chaos Dwarf may venture higher than his station allows, except at the behest of one of the Sorcerer Lords. Fittingly, the highest level of the city is given over to the Temple of Hashut, within which the Priesthood of Hashut, of which the Sorcerer Lords are the most powerful members, perform the gruesome rites of the Father of Darkness. Highest of all is a huge statue of Hashut himself, a gargantuan iron bull with a vast furnace in its belly so it constantly glows dull red.

The River Ruin flows through Zharr-Naggrund and the Chaos Dwarfs make use of it in their forges and factories. Its waters are pumped throughout the city, flowing into every workshop, and then join together before the great southern water-gate, out of which they flow, now polluted with tar, chemicals and all the effluence of industry. The River Ruin makes its way sluggishly through the Dark Lands after this, staining its banks with vibrantly-coloured toxins and choking all life that attempts to drink from or live in it until it finally washes into the Sea of Dread in the distant south.

MANNISH INCURSIONS
Very few Men of the Old World have visited the realms of the Chaos Dwarfs and lived to tell of it; indeed it is doubtful most are even aware that a race of corrupted Dwarfs exists in the Dark Lands. The only travellers who may have contact with the Dwarf Zharr are those who are brave or foolhardy enough to take the Silver Road in order to trade in the fabled lands of the East. Such merchant caravans must be well-guarded with hard-bitten mercenaries or, if they have sufficient funds, Ogres. Occasionally armies of treasure hunters might try to best the Chaos Dwarfs in their own lands. To date, none have succeeded.
THE TOWER OF GORGOTH

Though the Chaos Dwarfs only have one city, they have built fortresses throughout the Dark Lands that enable them to keep watch over their realms. The largest of these is the Tower of Gorgoth in the south. The way is marked by the Gates of Zharr, an awesome edifice that serves no practical need equidistant between the Plateau of Gorgoth and the Plain of Zharr. It was built in the time of Zargon the Great as a warning to the greenskin tribes that the Chaos Dwarfs were mighty beyond their reckoning and able to find them wherever they might hide. Gorgoth itself is a black tower that pierces the grey skies, clogged with the output not of Chaos Dwarf forges, but by the fires of the earth itself: the great volcano known as Azgorh lies just to the south. Gorgoth is rich in mineral deposits and the whole plateau is highly volcanic. The Chaos Dwarfs have dug a vast network of mines beneath it and Gorgoth is populated almost entirely by slaves. Their misery contributes to the growth of the Chaos Dwarf empire as endless columns of steam-powered caravans carrying the coal and precious minerals that they mine travel across the Dark Lands to the Plain of Zharr.

Gorgoth’s garrison is composed of many thousands of warriors and a number of Sorcerer Lords make their home there. There are many reasons for such a self-imposed exile, but most who reside so far from Zharr-Naggrund are merely keeping an eye on their valuable mining interests. There are dark rumours of vile experiments performed on some of the numerous captives in the pens of Gorgoth by some of the more inventive Sorcerers and their servants though: with so many helpless captives at their disposal, it is not surprising that some fiendish Chaos Dwarfs have chosen to revisit the terrible arts of fleshcrafting that inflicted the Black Orcs upon the world.

THE GREAT SKULL LAND

To the north of the Dark Lands is the windswept plateau known as Zorn Uzkul, or the Great Skull Land. It was named thus by the ancestors of the Chaos Dwarfs because the barren, lifeless region was littered with the bones of primeval beasts, who perhaps died in the aftermath of the impact that created the Plain of Zharr. Unlike the Plain of Zharr, Zorn Uzkul is completely without value, and the Chaos Dwarfs have no settlements there. Instead, they watch over it from the fortress of Uzkulak which sits at the mouth of their great underground canal, stretching from the Falls of Doom to the Sea of Chaos. Here, the Chaos Dwarf fleet – a mighty armada of ironclad steamships – musters so that it can raid the shores of distant lands in their search for more slaves. The fleet also cruises the River Ruin, the ships’ metal hulls being the only ones that can resist the corrosive waters, ensuring that the Chaos Dwarfs always make their presence felt to the south.

Uzkulak, the Place of the Skull, is a bleak and macabre fortress, a tall, walled city of iron and basalt, with deep foundations built into the bedrock of the mountains. As the gateway to the realm of the Chaos Dwarfs, it is necessarily formidable, and millions of slaves are herded through its foreboding gates as the fleets make harbour after raids to the north. Even the servants of the Chaos Gods have reason to fear the name of Uzkulak, for imprisonment within its sepulchral depths, denied the opportunity for glory, is considered by most a fate worse than death. Though the Marauder tribes covet the fortress, the majority have found it safer to ally with the Dawi’Zharra, and provide a tribute of slaves in exchange for weapons and war machines.

THE ENCLAVES

The Chaos Dwarfs maintain a number of other fortresses, including various fastnesses and watch towers in the Mountains of Mourn and along the edge of the Eastern Steppes to keep a watch on their Ogre and Hobgoblin neighbours. Their two largest keeps are Daemon’s Stump and The Black Fortress.

Daemon’s Stump is the site of an ancient cataclysmic battle between a huge army of migrating Ogres and a horde of Khornate Daemons. The residual energy from the storm of magic that created still permeates the air around Daemon’s Stump and it is a particularly fecund region for summoning Daemons, so much so that it was to Daemon’s Stump that Hoethgar Daemonbane, the most accomplished Daemonsmith of his generation, fled during his exile. The bowels of Daemon’s Stump are given over to cavernous arcane laboratories and hell-forges wherein Daemonsmiths summon and capture Daemons as raw material for their experiments. Sometimes Daemons can even be induced to fight alongside the Chaos Dwarfs, and will appear in the region of Daemon’s Stump spontaneously to aid the Dawi’Zharra, though why they would do this is a mystery.

The Black Fortress lies to the south of the Dark Lands, between the Flayed Rock and the Sentinels, on the River Ruin but overlooking the Desolation of Azgorh to the west. Like Gorgoth, it is home to a number of Sorcerer Lords in exile from Zharr-Naggrund, but in this instance not of their own volition. The Black Fortress has long been a convenient place for the conclave to send those members of the Priesthood who have become inconvenient or disgraced themselves somehow. Similarly, those Chaos Dwarfs who have committed some shameful or cowardly act often find their way to The Black Fortress where they join the penitent ranks of the Infernal Guard. In this way, outcasts from Zharr-Naggrund form their own legions, guarding the frontier along the Desolation of Azgorh.

The Sorcerer Lords are content to allow this as it would still be unthinkable for this force to be turned against Zharr-Naggrund, and so the exiles act as a useful bulwark against invasion. A decade ago, one particularly visionary Sorcerer Lord did rise from the Black Fortress and threatened the dominance of Zharr-Naggrund, but the fates proved fickle, and it was the hubris of a human Chaos Lord that undid him.

THE WASTES

The Dark Lands are not entirely uninhabited for, while almost nothing can grow there, there is enough sustenance to support scavenging creatures such as wolves and greenskins. Across the great moors of the Wolflands, huge packs of raving beasts, warped by the power of Chaos in ancient times, hold sway. They are captured and tamed by tribes of Hobgoblins – a form of steppe Goblin native to the Dark Lands and the lands to the east – who ride them into battle, usually in the service of the Chaos Dwarfs. The Blasted Wastes are home to more greenskin tribes and especially Black Orcs who were created by the Chaos Dwarfs as a race of super slaves many centuries ago. The Black Orcs rebelled and were driven from the Plain of Zharr, but the Chaos Dwarfs still allow tribes of them to roam the Dark Lands so that they can be recruited into their armies as mercenaries. Far to the south, beyond the Ash Ridge Mountains, is the haunted Plain of Bones where an area larger than an Imperial province is carpeted in the bones of mighty dragons from ages past. Here, the carcasses of more
agreement with various Chaos Dwarf factions. In exchange for Ogre-sized suits of armour, daemonic artefacts and the fearsome “Iron Rhinox”, Ghark has provided Zharr-Naggrund with thousands upon thousands of Gnoblar slaves. These diminutive greenskins are a kind of hill Goblin that live in the Dark Lands and occupy the lowest social strata wherever they go – it is no different for these pathetic creatures in the hands of the Chaos Dwarfs, and though weaker and more cowardly than normal Goblins, their sheer numbers means they necessarily make up a large amount of the Chaos Dwarfs’ slave population. In the north of the Mountains of Mourn, almost due east of Zharr-Naggrund, lies Gash Kadrak: the Vale of Woe. This grim and foreboding valley is hundreds of miles long, and it is the home of the Sneaky Gitz tribe of Hobgoblins. Even amongst the Hobgoblins, the Sneaky Gitz are reviled as untrustworthy backstabbers. For their part in helping to put down the Black Orc rebellion, the Sneaky Gitz were rewarded with sovereignty over Gash Kadrak and the opportunity to act as overseers of the labour camps that the Chaos Dwarfs built there. Like the Tower of Gorgoth, Gash Kadrak is really nothing but a vast slave colony, and the huge amounts of stone quarried there contribute to the colossal building projects that take place all across the Plain of Zharr. THE MOUNTAINS OF MOURN

To the east of the Dark Lands are the vast, primeval peaks of the Mountains of Mourn. This is the largest and most impressive mountain range in the world, stretching untold leagues to the borders of Grand Cathay, the mysterious human empire of the distant east. The Mountains of Mourn are home to all manner of dangerous creatures, but the only intelligent beings that truly call it home are the ravenous Ogres. These hulking beasts are both the Chaos Dwarfs’ closest allies and their most bitter foes, for they are a fractious race owing loyalty to no single ruler. Some Ogre tribes trade freely with the Chaos Dwarfs and often fight beside them as mercenaries in exchange for their pick of slaves to eat and good-quality equipment. The most stalwart allies of the Chaos Dwarfs are the Ironskin tribe, led by Ghark Ironskin, whose lust for metal goods has led him to form a long-standing agreement with various Chaos Dwarf factions. In exchange for Ogren. Recently killed monsters are picked clean by degenerate Ghoul tribes who gather on the shores of the Sea of Dread, drawing power from their terrible master, Nagash, supreme lord of the Undead, whose lair is close by.

Though the Chaos Dwarfs claim lordship over all the Dark Lands, it would be impossible for any race to actually govern such a vast tract of land. Instead, the Chaos Dwarfs rule by fear, constantly raiding from their fortresses without warning so that the greenskin tribes always know they may be brought to heel, The Chaos Dwarfs extract a tribute of slaves from the tribes that live under their shadow, exerting control over thousands of leagues of territory as the greenskins capture Men and Dwarfs to sell to their distant masters so they can avoid the fate they so readily thrust upon their helpless captives.

THE SOUTH

Where the River Ruin sluices into the Sea of Dread, the coastline is choked with thick, subtropical forest. The air in this part of the world is thick and cloying, and the growth of the so-called Haunted Forest is strangely unwholesome, with thick, gnarled branches twisting in all directions to form grotesque shapes, black-flecked fronds drooping overhead and huge patches of bloated fungal growth underfoot. No animals except those warped by the power of Chaos live in such foetid climes, and the only inhabitants are tribes of primitive Beastmen and ever-present greenskins. The monsters that plague these dense lands are especially foul, including poisonous Green Dragons, stinking Wyverns and the repulsive Jabberslythe. Even Chaos Dwarfs rarely attempt to penetrate the feynd jungle, though they can be rich pickings for slaves and war beasts. Opportunistic Chaos Dwarf warbands will sometimes trek into the depths in search of magical artefacts left behind by the Old Ones, for the Haunted Forest was once part of the domains of the Lizardmen, though such a quest is rarely worth the potential danger.

Around the River Ruin’s delta are leagues of marshland and, in the midst of this bleak, fly-choked maze of bogs and waterways is the city of Pigbarter. This foul den of brigands and thieves was founded centuries ago by human traders from the Old World to act as a vital port on the passage to the east. It was quickly overrun by Gnoblar tribes and has remained a foul, stinking monument to Mankind’s greed ever since. Pigbarter still flourishes in its way, forming the only even partially reliable route into the Mountains of Mourn for merchants, but it is little more than a sprawl of decrepit hovels held above the swamps by stilts and willpower. North of Pigbarter are the Sentinels, a natural rock formation around which has formed a permanent campsite of trader caravans. At the confluence of the major trading routes to the east, The Sentinels is another vital lynchpin in the road to Cathay. Chaos Dwarfs also trade there, seeing the advantages in keeping the passage to the east open, but should they desire to descend upon these enclaves in their homelands, there is no doubt that they would easily sweep all resistance before them.
A Chaos Dwarf warrior’s only true loyalty is to his Sorcerer master, and individuality or notions of personal honour and pride are not encouraged in the warrior caste. However, informal associations have sprung up amongst the legions of the Dark Lands over the centuries and a commonality in fighting methods and style of uniform has evolved between those stationed in close proximity, even if they serve different masters. These are the Chaos Dwarf Warrior Cults, and some of the most infamous are described below.

**Brotherhoods of Zharr**

By far the most numerous of the warrior caste are those sworn to service in Zharr-Naggrund itself, or elsewhere in the Plain of Zharr. It is here that the population of Chaos Dwarfs is heaviest and whence most of their armies issue. Inevitably this is the most diverse of the Warrior Cults, for many different Sorcerers command their loyalty, but all share a devotion to Hashut, bordering on the fanatical and a belief in their inherent superiority. They are the foremost amongst the warriors, those with the closest ties to the Priesthood and can count on the best weapons and armour, as well as support from the Immortals, Acolytes of Hashut and the mighty Bull Centaurs. The Brotherhoods of Zharr are also united by favouring banners, shields, and other insignia marked out in red and black, the holy colours of the Father of Darkness.

**Slavemasters of Gorgoth**

The great slave colony of Gorgoth is a vital node in the Chaos Dwarf dominance of the Dark Lands, but it is also one of their most distant outposts and has over the centuries formed a culture of its own. The warriors native to this grim outpost style themselves the Slavemasters and they fight with far more Hobgoblins than other Chaos Dwarfs as well as sometimes herding their more downtrodden slaves into battle. The commanders of their legions, known as Taskmasters, are savage goatherds who take pride in their ability to break and control slaves. They fight with wickedly barbed scourges, flaying their enemies alive in battle. The pall of smoke and ash from Azgorh that hangs over Gorgoth is reflected in the uniforms of its soldiery, with a deep, morose blue being dominant on banners and shields, normally matched with black.

**Blackguard of Uzkulak**

Few fortresses in the dominions of the Dawi’Zharr are regarded with more dread than Uzkulak, the Place of the Skull, and its dark reputation is in part due to the warriors that stand watch upon its high basalt walls. The Blackguard, as these macabre guards are known, are a silent brotherhood of torturers and sadists. As Uzkulak is the mustering point for the Chaos Dwarfs’ navy, a huge number of slaves from far off lands are channelled through its bleak dungeons. These captives are invariably the most truculent and the masters of Uzkulak have perfected the art of breaking a newly enslaved creature’s spirit with atrocities of unspeakable cruelty. The banners of the Blackguard are flayed hides and they are adorned in all manner of gruesome trophies. However, their raiment is invariably black, unbroken by device or sigil.

**Hellforge Guard of Daemon’s Stump**

Daemon’s Stump is a place of evil magic and restless spirits, for it is haunted by Daemons whose fell voices in the air give the Howling Wastes their name. Here, in exile from Zharr-Naggrund, are those ambitious Daemonsmiths who seek to create the most powerful possessed war machines ever conceived. Such experiments are too dangerous for the heavily populated capital and so they must use the deep hell-forges of the Daemon’s Stump, ensnaring the many Daemons that reside close by. In these aims they are assisted by the Hellforge Guard, warriors bound to them by blood who stand watch over the dark smithies. Hellforge Guard are inured to fear, for not only are they masters of destroying Daemons, but their minds are warped by exposure to corrupting magic. Their arms and armour are gold and red, scorched by hellfire.

**The Legion of Azgorh**

Perhaps the most notorious of all the Warrior Cults is the Legion of Azgorh, a mighty force based at the Black Fortress. This far-flung outpost is assailed on all sides by enemies of the Dawi’Zharr and assignment there by the conclave has been seen as exile in all but name by those Sorcerer Lords who are unfortunate enough to receive it. It is the spiritual home of the Infernal Guard, the disgraced soldiery of the Dawi’Zharr, and their hellish rituals dominate life in the Black Fortress. The Legion of Azgorh is mostly made up of Infernal Guard and it is their thankless task to defend against incursions by Ogres and greenskins rampaging over the Mountains of Mourn. They lack the full resources of Zharr-Naggrund, but have many weapons and machines at their disposal, as well as suits of hell-scorched armour in fire-blackened bronze.
Reavers of Uzkulak

In contrast to the stoic and darkly-garbed Blackguard, those Chaos Dwarfs who make up the crews of the ironclad fleet are a rather more bellicose group. These are some of the few warriors in Dawi’Zharr society granted a measure of autonomy, for their raiding takes them far and wide across the world and the captains must have the authority to set their own agendas. Thus the reavers make up a unique segment of the warrior caste, for they are rambunctious, barbaric soldiers, sporting brands and tattoos and wielding mismatched weapons and armour. Of all the Chaos Dwarf warriors, the Reavers dress the most gaudily, for they are able to accumulate personal wealth from plunder and wear brightly-coloured sashes over their armour as well as bedecking their hair and beards with golden rings. The leader of the Reavers is Ghuz Slavetaker, a notorious pirate whose cruelty is a dark legend in every coastal town within a hundred leagues of Uzkulak. His mighty steamship, The Bull’s Fury, carries an entire legion.

The Embersworn

In a wilderness as strange and vast as the Dark Lands, there are innumerable specialised formations that fulfil a single, vital role. The Embersworn are one such Cult, and it is their deadly task to capture and enslave the choicest Daemons for the experiments of the Sorcerers. They are sent to the most dangerous locations by their masters to uncover ancient arcane tombs or dig through forgotten tunnels to find tablets on which are inscribed forbidden enchantments of a lost age. They have become experts on the history of the Chaos Dwarfs and only through their efforts are the secret rituals of the original envos of Hashut revealed to the modern Temple. Unsurprisingly, the Embersworn tend to be hard-bitten and resourceful, veteran prospectors used to long months alone in the wastes. They are most often found near Zorn Uzkul, but they have no true base of operations. Wherever there is daemonic lore to be found, the Embersworn will be there, ready for a titanic battle against their prey.

The Sons of Fire

The Sons of Fire are one of the smallest and least known Warrior Cults. They are based almost exclusively in the Ash Ridge Mountains, south of the Desolation of Azgorh, in small outposts near the base of the great volcano that gives that barren region its name. Their origin is shrouded in secrecy, but some believe that they are the descendants of Zharga’s legion that marched south to contend with Vorag millennia ago. Some of that mighty army were scattered and fled north, but it was long before the Chaos Dwarfs had settled in that part of the Dark Lands, so they eked out an existence alone. If this is the case, it explains the notorious independence of the Sons of Fire, who pay no obeisance to Zharr-Naggrund, believing its masters have fallen to corruption and heresy. They are led by Pyrophants, and there are no Daemonsmiths in their number. For this reason they lack artillery, instead relying on magical power to augment their fanatical troops. Invariably, their banners are blazing red or orange.

Dark Wardens

Merchants who dare to cross the Dark Lands along the Silver Road or the Spice Route may well encounter the Dark Wardens. These silent guardians are few in number, but it is their task to protect the trade routes and ensure that the steam-powered caravans of Zharr-Naggrund remain unmolested. As an extension of their duties, they also keep a watchful eye on the mountain passes. They work closely with many Hobgoblin tribes, employing their Wolf Riders as scouts and on the few occasions when Dark Wardens come together to do battle, there are relatively few Chaos Dwarfs amongst the legion. Their favoured tactic is to use the Iron Daemon and Skullcracker locomotives that drive the caravans across the Dark Lands in devastating charges, and then wait for their Hobgoblin servants to execute a flank attack. Dark Wardens can be recognised by their utilitarian garb, including wolf furs and unadorned iron plate.

CHAOS DWARF HELMETS

One of the more unusual and oft-noted features of Chaos Dwarf attire is their tall helmets, a quirk which has inspired the disparaging term ‘big hatz’ used by some greenskin tribes in the Dark Lands. These outlandish helmets are very important to the Chaos Dwarfs, particularly those who hail from Zharr-Naggrund itself. Firstly, they are status symbols, with the highest-ranked Chaos Dwarfs invariably sporting the tallest helmets. In this way their headgear mirrors the tiers of Zharr-Naggrund, and thus the Dawi’Zharr caste system itself. The Sorcerers of course have the most extravagant helmets of all, emblazoned with many runes and other sacred symbols of Hashut, but they are followed by Overlords and Castellans. Secondly, the use of such excessively cumbersome headgear is a clear rejection of their ancestral Dwarfen values, for as much as Dwarfs love well-made and beautiful objects, theirs is a marginal society that values function and austerity. Even the physical effect of the Chaos Dwarfs making themselves appear taller is a kind of racial betrayal. Devout Sorcerers and Overlords will insist that their followers don their helmets in battle, but for the most part their use is solely ceremonial.
MALEVOLENT INVENTION

Dark machines and weaponry produced by the twisted ingenuity of the Chaos Dwarfs

BLUNDERBUSES
The blunderbuss is a common enough firearm elsewhere in the world, but the Chaos Dwarfs have surely perfected its use. Their favoured tactic is to form a solid block of warriors and fill the space in front of them with burning shrapnel that shreds any enemy foolish enough to approach. It is especially useful against the massed hordes of Goblins that are the common targets of the Chaos Dwarfs’ wrath. The sound of a blunderbuss volley is a harbinger of doom across the Dark Lands, and many greenskins thus call warriors so armed ‘storm callers’.

CHAOS ARMOUR
Chaos Dwarfs are responsible for manufacturing many of the suits of Chaos armour worn by the mortal worshippers of the Dark Gods. Such armour is bound with evil enchantments that make it harder than any ordinary plate. Sometimes the gods themselves gift their champions directly with Chaos armour, and it becomes part of the wearer’s body. Hell-forged Chaos armour will only meld with flesh if exposed to the raw stuff of Chaos and few servants of the Dark Gods can avoid such a fate. Chaos Dwarfs take pains to protect themselves, but in the hell-forges flesh melts into iron like wax and mutation is sometimes inevitable.

INFERNAL ARTILLERY
Very few races can match the Chaos Dwarfs’ mastery of artillery, for theirs is a society wholly devoted to the manufacture of machines capable of incomparable destructive power. Some are built to standard designs, if such hellish creations can be described thus, and the most common are the Magma Cannons, Death Rockets and Dreadquake Mortars. Each of these devices unchains ruin in their own unique fashion. The Magma Cannon releases a burst of scalding molten rock or metal that causes flesh to slough from bone, the Death Rocket launches rockets bound with screeching Daemons high into the sky which then plummet explosively to earth, and the Dreadquake Mortar is an ingenious weapon whose shells bury themselves in the ground before erupting catastrophically and shattering the earth beneath the enemy’s feet – those who survive the initial blast are easy prey to charges from the rest of the Chaos Dwarf army. These are not the only war machines Chaos Dwarfs use though, and neither are they content with the tried and true designs of their forebears. No Daemonsmith can resist tinkering, and inevitably they bind Daemons and other spirits into their weapons, turning them into hellbound engines of destruction. The ultimate expression of this is the Hellcannon, a cannon that is equal parts machine and Daemon and which hungers for flesh and blood to devour.

K’DAAI
K’daai are the ultimate blasphemy, a race of Daemons that blend fire, iron and flesh to form a savage and unpredictable whole. Chaos Dwarfs birth these creatures in unholy rituals that cause the Realm of Chaos itself to scream in fury as its denizens are stolen away and imprisoned. Once forged, the K’daai make ideal shock troops, and are sent screaming towards the foe, their bodies burning with daemon fire and wreathed in reeking black fumes.
THE KOLOSSUS

Daemonsmiths constantly compete with one another not only for the patronage of the Sorcerer Lords, but also because of the pride that comes from any craftsman measuring his skill against another. It is unfortunate for their enemies that the craft of the Chaos Dwarfs is so deadly. The ultimate aim for any Daemonsmith is the creation of a towering Daemon engine that can shake the very mountains to rubble; an effigy of Hashut so enormous an entire battalion might ride within its belly. The most impressive attempt at achieving this goal was Hotgar Daemonbane’s so-called Kolossus, which was a bull-shaped beast of living iron, bound with the souls of dozens of enslaved Daemons. It was set against the Dwarfs of the Worlds Edge Mountains in a bloody battle alongside Human worshippers of the Dark Gods. The Kolossus caused untold destruction, raining fire from shoulder-mounted guns and launching shells from a cannon mounted in its mouth – a device Hothgar christened ‘the mawter’. However, the Kolossus proved unstable and was eventually undone. To the dismay of the world at large though, the dream did not die with it.

THE BLACK KRAKEN

The Chaos Dwarfs are no strangers to ocean-going warfare, and their fleet of ironclad battleships reaves up and down the coasts to both the north and south of the Dark Lands, filling their blackened hulls with chained slaves to be borne back to the Plain of Zharr or Gorgoth. One vessel though was unique, the Black Kraken of Tordrek Hackheart, a huge and powerful vessel capable of submerging itself beneath the waves and travelling undetected by enemies. Its prow bristled with writhing tentacles that could ensnare other vessels, bearing them down into the deeps. Such a feat of engineering was not without cost – the Black Kraken was powered by the enslaved soul of a mighty Daemon. For long years the beast was kept placated with the bloody plunder of Tordrek’s victims, but eventually its corruption began to saturate the ship and its crew, until the Daemon seized control of its prison and the Chaos Dwarfs who crewed it. Whether Tordrek directs the Black Kraken or the reverse now is not known, but the ship was last seen in the region of the pirate port of Sartosa.

THE HAMMER OF HASHUT

One of the most fiendish experiments of recent years carried out by the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers was the Hammer of Hashut. This was a vast rocket, the size of a great watchtower, that was packed with the same chemical propellant and explosives used in a Death Rocket’s ammunition, albeit on a much grander scale. Though it was just an initial test of the technology, the Chaos Dwarfs aimed the monstrous weapon at Mountains of Mourn, hoping to annihilate a particularly troublesome tribe of Ogres. Alas, the ambition of the Sorcerers outstripped their abilities on this occasion, and the rocket was wildly unstable. It launched and achieved altitude, but then veered off course and smashed into a Goblin encampment on the edge of the Plain of Zharr. Happily, it was just as destructive a weapon as had been hoped, slaughtering thousands of the greenskins. Undeterred, the Sorcerers returned to their workshops...
The Chaos Dwarfs march to war to the sound of pounding drums and heavily shod boots on the parched ground. Their soldiery is clad in thick, enchanted armour and bears weapons of hellish provenance. With them come their Hobgoblin slaves, treacherous, cowardly but numerous, the towering mutant Bull Centaurs and enormous war engines capable of flattening the walls of a fortress in mere seconds. The Sorcerers lead these fell legions, assailing the enemy with powerful Daemon-magic from atop blood-soaked altars and flying beasts of unnatural ferocity and strength. As the sky grows dark with infernal fire and evil enchantments, the foe know doom is upon them.

In this section you will find details for all the different troops, heroes, monsters and war machines used in a Chaos Dwarf army. It provides the background, imagery, characteristic profiles and rules necessary to use all the elements of the army, from Core troops to Special Characters to the Lore of Hashut.
This section of the book describes all the different units used in a Chaos Dwarf army, along with the 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 weapons, and these are detailed here.

**ANCIENT SCHISM**
Models with this special rule have the Hatred (Dwarfs) special rule – this means any unit from Warhammer: Dwarfs. Furthermore, all Dwarf units with the Ancestral Grudge special rule always count as rolling ‘Seething Score to Settle’ if they are fighting an army containing any units with this special rule.

**DAEMONIC ATTACKS**
The model’s attacks are magical. This includes any special, ranged or Stomp attacks they make. Models with this special rule are considered Daemons.

**FIREBORN**
Models with this special rule have a 2+ ward save against attacks with the Flaming Attacks special rule.

**RELENTLESS**
Units composed entirely 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.

**SLAVES**
Units composed entirely of models with this special rule do not cause Panic tests when they are destroyed, break or flee through a friendly unit. Characters with the Slaves special rule may not join units without it and may not be your General.

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**Daemonic Upgrades**
Some units in the Chaos Dwarf army have the option of taking Daemonic Upgrades as described in their bestiary entries. These are purchased like ordinary options from the unit’s army list entry, however there is a further restriction to represent the twisted ingenuity of their Daemonsmith creators:

If you include a unit with Daemonic Upgrades, you may not include another unit of the same type with the same combination of Daemonic Upgrades, except in a Grand Army in which case you may include up to two units with the same combination of Daemonic Upgrades.

Example: your army includes a unit of K’daii Fireborn with the Steelbane Claws upgrade. A second unit of Fireborn would not be able to have only Steelbane Claws, but they could have Steelbane Claws and Ironflesh.
In this section you’ll find the descriptions and rules for a number of weapons and upgrades that are available to several units and characters within the Chaos Dwarf army.

CHAOS ARMOUR
The Chaos Dwarfs are rightly known as the Blacksmiths of Chaos, for it is from their hell-forges that many of the cursed artefacts of the Dark Gods are issued. The most prized of these are the suits of enchanted Chaos armour, into which the Dawi’Zharr bind a fragment of the very essence of Chaos.

Chaos armour grants a 4+ armour save that can be combined with other equipment as normal. Wizards can wear Chaos armour and still cast spells.

ENSORCELLED WEAPON
The enchanted weapons made by the Chaos Dwarfs are many and varied, but even their simplest axe or hammer can be imbued with malign spirits of dark provenance.

Attacks made with an ensorcelled weapon are resolved at +1 Strength. In addition, these are magical attacks. Ensoncelled weapons are considered hand weapons and still allow models equipped with them to take a parry save if they are entitled to one.

HELLFORGED WEAPON
The most powerful Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers and their servants are armed with weapons of terrible power that contain the bound essence of a mighty Daemon. Though much sought after and hard to create, their effects can be unpredictable.

A Hellforged Weapon is a magic weapon that grants the bearer’s close combat attacks +1 Strength. In addition, roll a D6 on the table below for each Hellforged Weapon in your army at the same time spells are generated to determine which other special rule each bearer benefits from:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>D6</th>
<th>Effect</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Daemonfire – the bearer has the Flaming Attacks special rule.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Banesteel – the bearer’s close combat attacks have the Armour Piercing special rule.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Bloodwrath – the bearer has the Hatred special rule, but may re-roll missed To Hit rolls in every round of combat, not just the first.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Stoneblade – the bearer has the Impact Hits (D3) special rule.</td>
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<td>5</td>
<td>Souls scourge – the bearer has the Killing Blow special rule.</td>
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<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Hellstrike – the bearer’s close combat Attacks ignore-armour saves.</td>
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BLUNDERBUSS
The blunderbuss is a signature weapon of the Chaos Dwarfs. Their favoured tactic is for their regiments to unleash a volley of fire, filling the air with a wall of burning shrapnel. Unlike most black powder weapons, the blunderbuss is far more dangerous when fired en masse in this fashion.

Blunderbusses never count bonuses or penalties to hit when shooting, regardless of the source of the modifier.

FIREGLAIVE
The fireglaive is a robust missile weapon that delivers a powerful punch, but it is also fitted with a blade that allows it to be used as a serviceable pole-arm in close quarters.

A fireglaive can be used as a missile weapon or in close combat with the profiles shown below.

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<tr>
<th>Range</th>
<th>Strength</th>
<th>Special Rules</th>
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HELLFIRE PISTOL
These pistols, like many of the Chaos Dwarfs’ evil inventions, are bound with dark spirits that empower their ammunition with hellish enchantments.

Unlike most other weapons, a hellfire pistol can be used as both a missile weapon and a close combat weapon, following the same rules as an additional hand weapon and also granting the bearer the Flaming Attacks special rule.

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<tr>
<th>Range</th>
<th>Strength</th>
<th>Special Rules</th>
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Brace of Hellfire Pistols (Combat):

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<th>Range</th>
<th>Strength</th>
<th>Special Rules</th>
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Brace of Hellfire Pistols (Shooting):

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<th>Range</th>
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<th>Special Rules</th>
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A unit that takes a Panic test in the same phase during which it was wounded by a hellfire pistol or a brace of hellfire pistols must do so with a -1 Leadership penalty.
The undisputed masters of Chaos Dwarf society are their Sorcerers, also known as Priests of Hashut. They rule Zharr-Naggrund from the Temple of Hashut at the very peak of the Ziggurat, and every Chaos Dwarf across the Dark Lands is bound body and soul to them. The Sorcerers form a caste unto themselves, wholly separate from their subjects, though the ability to work magic that marks out a Sorcerer arises at random, so that an aspiring priest might be drawn from even the lowliest family of Dawi’Zharr.

**SORCERER LORDS**

Sorcerer Lords are the oldest and most powerful of their caste. Each one is a member of the conclave of the Temple of Hashut, a council of evil lords who between them decide the fate of the Chaos Dwarf nation. Though in theory they all work towards a common goal, each Sorcerer Lord rules a part of the city and all the Chaos Dwarfs and slaves who live in those areas. They are all incredibly ambitious and they seek to undermine each other at every turn. In a very real sense, Chaos Dwarf society is actually just a loose alliance of rival nations each headed up by a powerful Sorcerer Lord.

Only one thing keeps the relentless power-grabbing of the Sorcerer Lords in check: as a Sorcerer grows older, the corrupt Daemon-magic he casts beings to wreak changes on his body. What once was flesh magically transmutes into inanimate grey stone. Starting from his feet, a Sorcerer gradually begins to literally turn to stone, until his entire body is consumed and he becomes a lifeless statue. This terrifying metamorphosis is known as the Sorcerers’ Curse and aged Sorcerers become increasingly immobile and must be carried around by their followers. The more powerful and reckless a Sorcerer, the faster his transformation occurs, and so the most ambitious and destructive Sorcerer Lords rarely remain in power long enough to upset the status quo. Once a Sorcerer Lord has become a statue, he is taken to the long highway leading to Zharr-Naggrund where he is lined up alongside his fellows, staring sightlessly down on all who approach.

Despite this affliction, the Sorcerer Lords are powerful wizards. The incantations of Chaos Dwarfs differ from those of other races: they do not try to harness the Winds of Magic like the wizards of Men, but instead draw power from the denizens of the Realm of Chaos. A Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer might throw a fireball like an Imperial Bright Wizard, but it would in fact be composed of dark, writhing fire spirits, and explode with an unearthly eldritch scream.

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Character).

**MAGIC:** A Sorcerer Lord is a level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Fire, the Lore of Metal, the Lore of Shadow, the Lore of Death or the Lore of Hashut (see page 63).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Ancient Schism, Immune to Psychology, Relentless, Scaly Skin (5+).

**Daemon Binder:** Units with the Burning Bright special rule within 6” of at least one model with this special rule suffer one less Wound as a result of failing their Toughness test.

**PALANQUIN**

*When the Sorcerers’ Curse robs a Sorcerer Lord of the ability to move under his own power, he sometimes takes to riding in an ornate throne, borne upon the shoulders of his servants.*

A Sorcerer Lord on a palanquin adds +2 to his Wounds characteristic and +2 to his armour save (to a maximum of I+).

A Sorcerer Lord and his palanquin are treated in all respects as a single model (even in challenges) – the Sorcerer Lord cannot dismount and still benefits from the “Look Out, Sir!” rule. It does, however, have two sets of characteristics, one for the Sorcerer Lord and one for the palanquin and its bearers. The Sorcerer Lord and palanquin use their own Weapon Skill, Strength, Initiative and Attacks characteristics when they attack. Each can attack any opponent in base contact. The palanquin’s Attacks do not benefit from any weapon carried by the Sorcerer Lord.

The palanquin has no Wounds or Toughness values and therefore can never be attacked separately. However, if the Sorcerer Lord is removed as a casualty, we assume the palanquin’s bearers were slain alongside their master and the whole model is removed from play. If the model is attacked in close combat, it is the Sorcerer Lord’s Weapon Skill that is used for the purposes of the enemy rolling to hit.
PYROPHANTS

When a member of the Sorcerer Caste has completed his training as an Acolyte of Hashut, he becomes a full member of the Temple and there are a number of paths open to him. The vast majority of Sorcerers are ordained as Priests of the Father of Darkness, known as Pyrophants, for this is the path that leads most directly to becoming a mighty Sorcerer Lord. Even at this early stage in their careers, Sorcerers are ferociously ambitious. The young Pyrophants are initiated into the clandestine rites of Hashut, and they learn the true secrets of summoning and binding the denizens of the Realm of Chaos and bending them to their will.

While a Daemonsmith may be more interested in using these enslaved entities to create powerful artefacts and machines and may therefore experiment with a number of different techniques and subjects to achieve his esoteric aims, Pyrophants lack the patience for this. Instead they bind the wild K’daii to their service, Daemons of shadow and flame that grant them powerful offensive powers or the mastery of choking fumes and smoke. In either case, Pyrophants revere the majesty of fire as Hashut’s sacred element and their flesh is scorched with scars in the shape of the rune of Hashut.

Often they hide their faces behind bronze forge-masks. Like Acolytes of Hashut, Pyrophants are zealous and fervent in their worship, bearing flaming torches or burning brands into battle. Sorcerer Lords look upon the enthusiasm of young Pyrophants with a certain fondness, knowing that it will fade with time and the Sorcerers’ Curse, and also that such passion distracts them from plotting against their master.

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<tr>
<th>Pyrophant</th>
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**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Character).

**MAGIC:** A Pyrophant is a level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Fire or the Lore of Shadow.

**SPECIAL RULES:** Ancient Schism, Flaming Attacks, Relentless, Scaly Skin (6+).

DAEMONSMITHS

In many ways, Daemonsmiths are the lifeblood of the Chaos Dwarf’s empire. While Sorcerer Lords are the driving force behind the works of the Dawi’Zharr, the labours of the Daemonsmiths are required to allow the Chaos Dwarfs to make war, and to generate the trade required to bring gold into the coffers of their masters. It is the Daemonsmith Sorcerers, working at their red-lit hell-forges that create the weapons and armour of the Chaos Dwarf legions, as well as the huge engines of war that make them so formidable.

It is their mad invention of that drives Chaos Dwarf technology forward, for each of them constantly seeks to create larger and more terrifying machines. In their own way, Daemonsmiths are as ambitious as other Sorcerers, but their drive is focused almost solely on their wild and dangerous innovations. A Daemonsmith will summon and capture a Daemon of one of the four great Chaos Gods if he believes it will improve one of his inventions and risk the complete annihilation of his hell-forge and everyone in it – including himself.

Daemonsmiths may use their magical power to attack the foe directly, but they are often more useful to their comrades in a supporting role, tending to their Daemonic creations. They control their eldritch occupants with muttered incantations, or direct their fire using their superior knowledge of their own inventions. An experienced Daemonsmith is thus doubly useful to a Sorcerer Lord, both as a deadly wizard and a shepherd to his hellish flock.

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<th>Daemonsmith</th>
<th>M</th>
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**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Character).

**MAGIC:** A Daemonsmith is a level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Metal or the Lore of Death.

**SPECIAL RULES:** Ancient Schism, Daemon Binder (see opposite), Relentless, Scaly Skin (6+).

Arcane Engineer: If a Daemonsmith is not fleeing, a single unit with a war machine weapon or an Iron Daemon within 3” of him can use his Ballistic Skill and re-roll one Artillery dice during the Shooting phase. You must nominate which unit, if any, will be using this rule before each Shooting phase before any eligible units within 3” of the Daemonsmith are fired. A Daemonsmith cannot use this special rule and shoot with his own missile weapon in the same Shooting phase.

“Stand Back, Sir!”: A model with this special rule that is within 3” of a war machine or Hellcannon 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 instead resolved against the nearest friendly war machine or Hellcannon.
Amongst the Dawi’Zharr, the warrior caste is privileged and influential compared to the lower castes because they alone have the opportunity to rise to positions of genuine power in Chaos Dwarf society. A loyal and skilled soldier can rise up the hierarchy and emerge as a great leader. A Sorcerer Lord will recognise such an individual amongst his followers and reward him accordingly before his desire for power begins to make him too ambitious. Buying him with titles and honours, the Sorcerer Lord will ensure he has a steadfast lieutenant at his side instead of a potential threat to his position.

Each Sorcerer Lord is served by a single Overlord, the commander of his armies. An Overlord is a terrible, inscrutable foe. Unlike those below him who crave greater influence, an Overlord has reached the apex of his career—indeed, the apex of his very existence—and has nothing to prove to anyone. Supremely arrogant and cruel, Overlords may fight mounted upon Great Tauruses or Bale Tauruses, snorting, smoking beasts empowered by the will of Hashut and borne upon wings of darkness.

Occasionally, an Overlord may emerge whose ambition and strength of will eclipses that of his Sorcerer Lord master. As Sorcerer Lords age, they begin to transform into stone and become increasingly feeble; they can no longer coordinate their forces, and the Overlord will begin to set his own agendas. Eventually, he might become almost completely autonomous, spending longer and longer away from Zharr-Naggrund. The Overlord is a kind of game, but for those of his blood are now sworn to serve him unto death, and they will form his fighting forces. A Sorcerer Lord has command of all those related to his subordinate Pyrophants and Daemonsmiths, so the Chaos Dwarfs’ empire is in many ways a complex web of allied nations, each independent, and each constantly at one another’s throats, either openly or in the shadows. The jostling for position within the Temple of Hashut is to the Sorcerers who participate in it, a kind of game, but for their warriors it is a matter of life and death. A jealous Sorcerer Lord will send his minions into battle to avenge some minor slight committed by a rival in the conclave. Civil war is a fact of life in the Dark Lands, but the Sorcerers prefer to hire mercenaries in order not to weaken their own armies and so that the Dawi’Zharr can maintain the illusion of unity to the outside world.

Nonetheless, all a Sorcerer’s servants stand ready at all times to sacrifice their lives for their master, even though they may once have considered him a son or brother. The barriers between castes in Zharr-Naggrund are inviolable.

While an Overlord may lead each legion of a Sorcerer Lord’s warriors, most of the day-to-day running of his domain is carried out by Castellans. These warriors are skilled and experienced veteran soldiers who have served for decades or even centuries in the front line of a Chaos Dwarf slaving band. They may fill a variety of roles, such as commanding garrisons, drilling troops in the barracks or captaining steamships, but their word is law, for their force is inviolable.

Malice of Zharr: This model has the Hatred special rule, and extends this to any unit he joins as long as they do not also have the Slaves special rule.

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Character).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Ancient Schism, Relentless.

**OVERLORDS & CASTELLANS**

**KIN AND CASTE**

Like their western cousins, Chaos Dwarfs have the highest regard for ties of blood. Each Sorcerer is drawn from the lower castes, and so he has kin living in Zharr-Naggrund. However, he feels no familial bond to those he has left behind, for once ascended to the priesthood, a Sorcerer regards those beneath him with little more than contempt. However, those of his blood are now sworn to serve him unto death, and they will form his fighting forces. A Sorcerer Lord has command of all those related to his subordinate Pyrophants and Daemonsmiths, so the Chaos Dwarfs’ empire is in many ways a complex web of allied nations, each independent, and each constantly at one another’s throats, either openly or in the shadows. The jostling for position within the Temple of Hashut is to the Sorcerers who participate in it, a kind of game, but for their warriors it is a matter of life and death. A jealous Sorcerer Lord will send his minions into battle to avenge some minor slight committed by a rival in the conclave. Civil war is a fact of life in the Dark Lands, but the Sorcerers prefer to hire mercenaries in order not to weaken their own armies and so that the Dawi’ Zharr can maintain the illusion of unity to the outside world. Nonetheless, all a Sorcerer’s servants stand ready at all times to sacrifice their lives for their master, even though they may once have considered him a son or brother. The barriers between castes in Zharr-Naggrund are inviolable.

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<th>M</th>
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<tr>
<td>Overlord</td>
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<tr>
<td>Castellan</td>
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**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Character).
The fighting forces of Zharr-Naggrund are composed of the warrior caste, an unwaveringly loyal army of skilled and ruthless soldiers. The warriors are the only Dawi’Zharr normally permitted to wear the suits of enchanted Chaos armour, and when they march to war, standing shoulder to shoulder, they present an unbroken wall of nigh-impenetrable steel. Chaos Dwarf Warriors carry the traditional armament of their people; broad-bladed axes that can cleave a foe in two. Some they wield in one hand, using them in combination with thick shields of forge-blackened iron, and others are large enough to be used with two hands. These heavy axes make Chaos Dwarf Warriors excellent defensive troops, and they are usually deployed in large blocks by their masters, daring their enemies to charge them. A phalanx of fully-equipped Chaos Dwarf Warriors is like unto an anvil of scorchd and bruised iron and lesser troops hurl themselves at them, only to be dashed apart like inferior steel while the Warriors remain utterly immovable.

Within the warrior caste there is a many-layered hierarchy, and each Warrior in the legion knows his place and his role. Foremost amongst the common soldiery are the feared Ironguards, Warriors possessed of particular skill and cruelty. Chosen as much for their loyalty as their experience, Ironguards ensure obedience to the higher echelons of their society and also lend their considerable abilities to the fighting. Often, they sport one of the symbols of Chaos Dwarf authority: tall, ornate helms or grotesque skeletal masks forged from black iron, from which they get their title. Ironguards are merciless foes, and their regiments are loyal to them unto death. In turn, they serve the Despots with the same blind faith.

Unlike their western kin, Chaos Dwarf Warriors are not bound together by oaths and camaraderie, but by unspoken and unbreakable bonds of blood and caste. A Chaos Dwarf Warrior serves his Sorcerer Lord master with unthinking loyalty, and to disobey a command from him is utterly inconceivable. They are wholly devoted to war and the acquisition of slaves for Dawi’Zharr society, and do not baulk at even suicidal orders. A Sorcerer Lord thinks nothing of pouring out the blood of his Warriors like water if it benefits himself, and the Warriors accept their place without question. To a Chaos Dwarf, obedience to their leaders and conformity to the norms of their society are the most important things in their lives. Without it, they are nothing.

Though Chaos Dwarf society is dominated by tradition and order, they are all too ready to develop new methods of war that take advantage of their advanced technology and murderous innovation. While most Warriors march into battle with broad shields and wickedly sharp axes, there are those who have the honour of being trained with the Chaos Dwarfs’ most unique signature armament: the feared blunderbuss. The blunderbuss is an extremely dangerous firearm, with a wide flared end which produces a highly unusual effect when fired. Instead of using solid shot like the primitive guns of the Old World, the Chaos Dwarf blunderbuss fires razor-sharp shards of iron that are loaded into the muzzle. The black-powder propels the ammunition at high velocity and the shape of the weapon causes it to spread out, filling the air with spinning pieces of red-hot metal so that even enemy cowering behind defences cannot escape the effect.

The other armament favoured by Chaos Dwarf Warriors is the fireglaive, a short-ranged but powerful gun that is fitted with a heavy curved blade on the barrel. Chaos Dwarf Warriors armed in this manner are therefore unique in that they are both formidable foes at range and, if attacked at close quarters, they are still capable of mounting a brutal defence. Many times enemies of the Chaos Dwarfs have believed that the squat soldiery sheltering behind an earthwork or rampart will be vulnerable to a determined assault, only to find themselves facing a solid block of heavily armed and armoured Dawi’Zharr with savagery in their black hearts.

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Ancient Schism, Relentless.

THE WARRIOR CASTE

The warriors of Zharr-Naggrund sit just below the Sorcerers in the hierarchy of the Chaos Dwarfs. They are less numerous than all save their masters, but they make up for this with their size and ferocity. Warriors have longer tusks than other Dawi Zharr and often sport horns. They must be robust to bear the weight of Chaos armour, and so in Zharrduk it is only the warrior caste that fights in battle.
So strict are the bonds that govern Chaos Dwarf society that to deviate even fractionally from the established norms is to invite condemnation and censure of the most brutal kind. Such minor misdeeds may include disobeying the exact wording of an order given by a superior, speaking out of turn, causing the loss of valuable property such as weapons or slaves or, worst of all, fleeing in battle. Some Chaos Dwarfs may also simply be unlucky, sworn to the service of a Sorcerer Lord who, through his own relentless ambition, has fallen out of favour with his contemporaries. As part of the punishment exacted by the conclave, his warriors may be condemned to a fate worse than death.

Such warriors are stripped of everything that makes them Dawi’Zharr and forced to join the Infernal Guard, a morbid warrior cult who maintain shrines in every Chaos Dwarf outpost, though their spiritual home is the Black Fortress where they form the fighting force known as the Legion of Azgorh. Infernal Guard are highly dangerous foes, for not only are they formidable Chaos Dwarf warriors, but they are also driven by the desire to redeem themselves through their service. Their minds are shattered by the torments they endure, and their bodies brutalised by a life of constant warfare so that they are significantly stronger than their kin.

Infernal Guard have no status in Chaos Dwarf society. They are as low as slaves, and their former comrades mourn them as if dead. This is made easier by the first indignity Infernal Guard must endure – they are permanently sealed inside their suits of Chaos armour, their heads enclosed in faceless helmets. When the armour is brought forth, it is heated to a scalding temperature in the fires of the hell-forges and the inductee is forcibly restrained so he can endure the agony of wearing it. A combination of the magic used to craft the suits of armour and the method used to imprison the wearer within it mean that the Infernal Guard exhibit a resistance to fire such that they can withstand even the terrible heat of a Dragon’s breath.

Though Chaos Dwarf Warriors endure lives of austerity and deprivation, the Infernal Guard are treated little better than animals. They are caged in subterranean dungeons when not being forced to undertake exhausting battle drills. Since Infernal Guard are already considered dead, any infractions must be punished with pain. Those who falter in training are mercilessly scourged, confined within grotesque torture machines for days at a time, or brutally maimed.

If an Infernal Guard exhibits sufficient bravery in battle, his masters may order that he be unmasked. This ritual is scarcely less painful than the initial imprisonment, for by this time the scarred flesh of the unfortunate warrior will have become melded with his armour, and prising free the helmet will leave him even more mutilated than before. Such horror must be endured though and the Deathmasks, as these leaders are known, are if anything even more driven than their fellows. They know that one mistake could return them to their former fate, and this time there would be no escape save in death.

| TROOP TYPE: | Infantry. |
| SPECIAL RULES: | Ancient Schism, Immune to Psychology, Relentless, Slaves. |
| EQUIPMENT: | Infernal armour: Infernal armour grants a 4+ armour save and a 5+ ward save against attacks with the Flaming Attacks special rule. |

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>UPGRADE:</th>
<th>Naptha Bomb: These volatile grenades are only used by the Infernal Guard as their armour offers some protection in the event of an accident – and they are expendable.</th>
</tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Range</td>
<td>Strength</td>
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<td>2-8&quot;</td>
<td>3(6)</td>
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If, when throwing a naptha bomb, the artillery dice result is a misfire, roll a D6. On a result of 1, centre the small round template over the thrower and work out the damage. On a roll of 2+ the bomb is a dud and nothing occurs. Note that a model equipped with naptha bombs is assumed to have a supply that will last him the entire battle.
The Immortals are an elite military formation amongst the Chaos Dwarfs. They are drawn from the warrior caste, but do not serve a particular Sorcerer Lord. Instead, veteran Warriors may be volunteered by their Overlords for service in the Immortals. They are taken to the Tower of Zharr, an annex of the Temple of Hashut itself and given more training and better weapons. They are transformed from ordinary soldiers into fearless, faceless figures of awe and dread. Immortals are charged with the defence of the Sorcerer Lords and it is their solemn duty to preserve the leaders of their civilisation. Any Immortal would gladly sacrifice himself to ensure a Sorcerer Lord’s survival.

Immortals are clad in the same impenetrable blackened Chaos armour as other Warriors, but theirs is more ornate, bedecked in unholy icons and vile totems and they bear monstrous axes that are covered in foul daemonic runes. The Immortals have never been known to take a step backwards, save to bear an injured Sorcerer Lord away from battle, and when they form up around one of their charges they will defiantly stare down any threat, fearlessly ignoring even the most terrible foes.

When an Immortal is recruited, he serves in the formation for a fixed period of seven years. Though an Overlord loses a capable warrior by volunteering him for the Immortals, the price is worth it as he will gain valuable experience — many Castellans and Overlords served in the Immortals during their youth. When an Immortal’s service ends, or he dies in battle, he is replaced and his arms and armour given to his replacement. In this manner, the Immortals are always kept at full strength, adding to their dark mystique amongst their enemies.

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The Immortals are a powerful weapon; an elite force even amongst an army of indefatigable and unswervingly loyal soldiers and they are not deployed idly. Any Sorcerer Lord may appeal to the conclave of the Temple to have a unit placed under the command of his Overlord and, if his mission is judged by a majority to be in the best interests of Dawi’Zharr society as a whole, his request will be granted. Unsurprisingly, the voting process is not always fair. A weak Sorcerer Lord with little influence is unlikely to be able to secure the services of the Immortals, and he must instead buy favours from the Sorcerer Lords who wield the true power in the Temple. In practice, this makes the Immortals little more than mercenaries, for many times they have been assigned to a legion in exchange for tributes of slaves or gold to the likes of Ghorth the Cruel or High Priest Astragoth, who then used their influence to sway the voting. For their part, the most powerful Sorcerer Lords can always rely upon a force of Immortals to command should they ever require it.

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry.

**SPECIAL RULES:** Ancient Schism, Hatred, Relentless, Stubborn.

**Shieldwall:** In a turn in which this unit is charged, all models with this special rule receive a +1 bonus to any Parry save they are eligible to take. Note that this bonus applies even if the unit is charged whilst it is already engaged in close combat.

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**THE TOWER OF ZHARR**

Amongst the oldest and most foreboding structures in Zharr Naggrund, the Tower of Zharr is the ancient seat of power of the warrior caste. It is connected to the Temple of Hashut by a tunnel known as the Bleak Passage. In the Tower of Zharr, the Immortals have their barracks and training pits. It is as grim a citadel as any in the world, with walls of unadorned obsidian and iron spikes drilled into every surface so that there is no place one might rest idle in the whole black edifice. Many slaves are herded into the dungeons below the Tower, where they serve as fodder for the training pits. The Immortals must shed blood each day, and the strongest slaves are valued for the challenge they offer. But all die in the end.
Of all the many slaves that live in the Chaos Dwarfs' empire, one race enjoys special favour: the treacherous and conniving Hobgoblins. These unpleasant greenskins are a kind of tall, rangy Goblin native to the eastern steppes. Hobgoblins are physically quite similar to their goblinoid cousins, but they are taller, with needle-like teeth and sneering, beady eyes. They tend towards grotesquely bulbous noses and floppy ears, not unlike Gnoblars, but their features can vary considerably as proximity to the dark magic of their masters can lead to frequent mutation. One feature all Hobgoblins have in common though is a bony, scarred hump on their backs. This has evolved over the millennia to compensate for the defining trait of the Hobgoblin race: they are utterly, irredeemably treacherous and backstabbing. In fact, so deeply ingrained is the Hobgoblins’ reputation for underhandedness that they were despised by all other greenskins even before the events of the Black Orc rebellion.

Chaos Dwarfs found Hobgoblins mildly useful as slaves in ancient times but when they turned on their fellow greenskins during the Black Orc rebellion, their future was assured. Since that time the Chaos Dwarfs have used their Hobgoblin slaves as overseers and warriors in their armies. They are not forced to perform labour, and instead enjoy relative freedom. While Chaos Dwarfs still treat Hobgoblins with absolute contempt, their supervisory role over the wretched hordes of lesser slaves makes them invaluable. The Chaos Dwarfs lack the numbers to enforce their rule personally, so need the Hobgoblin slave drivers. Similarly, by placing the despised Hobgoblins over the other (mostly greenskin) slaves, any feelings of resentment, and even outright uprisings, will be focused on them rather than the Dawi’Zharr themselves.

All Hobgoblins are notorious for their tendency to use poison. They envenom their cruel weapons so that even the most superficial wound festers and putrefies. They have perfected the poisoners’ art because it is the easiest way for the cowardly Hobgoblins to successfully assassinate each other with minimal risk to themselves.

HOBOGLINS

HOBGOBLIN WARRIORS

Most Hobgoblins fight as infantry, and in this capacity they make up the core of some Chaos Dwarf armies, such as those issuing from the notorious slave colony of Gorgoth. Hobgoblin Warriors fight with shield and spear, or sometimes with bows, and though they are not particularly distinguished marksmen, the sheer number of them that the Chaos Dwarfs herd into battle means that they can sustain a continuous rain of fire to harry the foe. More unusual are the Sneaky Gitz with their matched knives. Whatever their armament, Hobgoblins’ natural cowardice makes them poor soldiers, rarely able to stand up to a determined charge. Their preferred tactic is to attack the flank or rear of an enemy formation: here the Hobgoblins’ natural backstabbing nature takes over and they bury their knives in their victims’ weak spots with surprising skill and enthusiasm.

Hobgoblins are allowed to keep their own tribes and other cultural peculiarities. In their own lands beyond the Mountains of Mourn, Hobgoblins rule the vast steppes as tribes of Wolf Riders and some of the Dark Lands Hobgoblins follow this tradition, vying with the Goblin Wolf Riders for dominance over the wastes. But the majority of Hobgoblins in the service of Zharr-Naggrund prefer to fight on foot. Their numerous tribes are essentially indistinguishable to anyone except the Hobgoblins themselves, but they include the Red Hoodz, the Barbed Choppaz, the Wolf Eyez and the Daemon Stikkaz. Most notorious of all though are the Sneaky Gitz. These vile traitors are infamous even amongst Hobgoblins for their conniving nature. Being willing to sell one other down the river for a pittance as well as having the virtue of keeping their own numbers in check thanks to their frequent and generally unprovoked assassinations makes them even more useful to the Chaos Dwarfs, so they have risen to a position of prominence. The Sneaky Gitz have sovereignty over Gash Kadrak, the Vale of Woe, and the quarries there produce much of the masonry required for the Chaos Dwarfs’ building projects.

HOBGOBLINS

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SNEAKY GITZ:

When a unit with this special rule is making a flank or rear attack in close combat, their Attacks gain the Armour Piercing special rule.

UPGRADE:

ENVENOMED BLADES: The close combat attacks of a unit with this upgrade have the Poisoned Attacks special rule.
HOBGOBLIN WOLF RIDERS

Beyond the wild peaks of the Mountains of Mourn are the vast windswept steppes that stretch thousands of leagues to the Far Sea on the other side of the world. This bleak land is home to a great nation of Hobgoblins, a savage and cruel race who maraud the kingdoms of the east in vast hordes of wolf-riding greenskins. Long ago, several Hobgoblin tribes migrated across the Mountains of Mourn into the Dark Lands. When the Chaos Dwarfs arrived in the Plain of Zharr, they enslaved them alongside the other greenskins they found there. It was only later, when the Hobgoblins turned on the Black Orcs, that they were given such a relatively privileged position. At the same time, the Chaos Dwarfs began trading with the Hobgoblin hegemony across the mountains and formed a lasting alliance with them. In exchange for a tribute of slaves, the Chaos Dwarfs agreed to respect the borders between their two nations and not raid their territory. This peace has never been completely robust, but both races enact token punishments on any tribes or legions that flout the letter of the agreement and the illusion of an alliance between two of the most evil and untrustworthy peoples in the world is thus maintained.

Although the Great Hobgoblin Khan claims to lead the entire race, Hobgoblins are actually just as fractured as all greenskins. Often, tribes will migrate to the Dark Lands en masse and are sometimes enslaved by the Chaos Dwarfs if they begin raiding – Chaos Dwarfs do not suffer such things in their own lands. On most occasions though, Hobgoblins are willing to offer up their services as mercenaries, putting their considerable skills as light cavalry at the command of the Dawi’Zharr. They often serve as scouts and outriders for Chaos Dwarf armies, and many a foe expecting to face a force of stalwart Dwarfs has been taken by surprise by mounted greenskins attacking their flanks, massacring them with a barrage of barbed arrows.

**HOBGOBLIN KHANS**

A Hobgoblin tribe is ruled over by its Khan, a creature of such treacherous nature that he is notorious even amongst his own unpleasant kind. Khans typically have short careers, as they are obvious targets for assassination, but the wiliest manage to stay in command for years at a time. Even then, they grow more vulnerable with each day that passes and are inevitably deposed in time. For this reason, Chaos Dwarfs rarely bother to learn Khans’ names – they usually aren’t around long enough for it to be worth their time.

**GIANT WOLVES**

The Wolf Lands are home to scavenging packs of Giant Wolves. These mutant creatures are used as mounts by Hobgoblins, and rider and steed are forever in competition for which of them is the least pleasant company.

**HOBGOBLIN BOLT THROWERS**

Hobgoblins sometimes drag these ramshackle war machines into battle. Though never the equal of the engines of their masters, bolt throwers are cheap to build and maintain and even Hobgoblins can operate its simple mechanism.

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**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Character).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Envenomed Blades, Sneaky Gitz (see opposite), Slaves.

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**TROOP TYPE:** War Machine (Bolt Thrower).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Slaves.
When the ability to work the strange rituals of Hashut is discovered in young Chaos Dwarfs, they are brought to the Temple to be initiated into the Sorcerer caste. Eventually, they will be ordained as Priests and become Pyrophants and Daemonsmiths, and a tiny fraction will rise to become Sorcerer Lords, but until that time they will serve in the Temple, aiding the dark rites of the god of Zharr-Naggrund. They are known as Acolytes of Hashut at this stage in their fledgling careers, and their training is mostly concerned with the religious rites of the Father of Darkness. Gradually, they learn to master their natural skill with summoning Daemons, first with prayers and later with a form of arrhythmic hymnals known as Dirges. These Dirges are disturbing and chaotic: they make a listener’s skin crawl and fill their minds with strange, grotesque images. They are not truly random, but in fact follow a complex mathematical formula connected to the geometry of a ziggurat. This encoded pattern, said to have been handed to the first Sorcerers by Hashut himself, resonates within the Realm of Chaos, stirring the Winds of Magic into a frenzied tempest and dragging Daemons too weak to fight its power into the material world.

Sorcerers use Acolytes and their Dirges as a human lord hunting game might use his squires and their hounds, harrying their prey from cover. Acolytes are an important part of many of the rituals of Hashut within the Temple. Alongside the Bull Centaurs, they preside over many gruesome rites of sacrifice. It is the job of the Acolytes to herd cowering slaves towards the cauldrons of molten metal, which they do using long ceremonial glaives with curved and cruelly hooked blades. As the souls of their victims escape into the Empyrean, gathering Daemons to the border between reality and the Realm of Chaos like prowling wolves, the Acolytes and the Sorcerers strike, letting up a hellish cacophony that echoes throughout the Naggrund.

Acolytes take to the battlefield cloaked in heavy robes, their faces obscured by brass skull masks. They march in awful silence, keeping perfect step until the time comes for them to unleash the Dirges of Hashut. At this point they let up a resonant chanting, and the Dirge begins to grow in power, surrounding them with tortured spirits. These screeching spectres attach themselves to those loyal to Hashut, empowering them with daemonic energy or even warping their bodies like the Sorcerers’ Curse, temporarily making their flesh as hard as granite. Individually, each Acolyte is as yet unable to perform even the simplest cantrip, but together they are capable of considerable feats of magical power, and the Dirges can whip the Winds of Magic into a tempest. Once they reach the lines of the foe, they attack with methodical precision, cutting their enemies down with the same glaives they use for ushering slaves to their doom. Acolytes of Hashut are as formidable as any other Chaos Dwarf in battle, and wear thick plate armour of scorched iron, although they do not have access to the expensive suits of Chaos armour, reserved for warriors and the Daemonsmiths who produce it.

Acolytes who are almost ready to be raised to the status of true Sorcerers are known as Dirgecallers. These dour individuals lead the Dirges, controlling the form that the incantations take. This mastery leads naturally into the more complex summoning rites that make up the strange battlefield magic of the Dawi’Zharr. Dirgecallers are fierce fighters, but as they start to summon Daemons on their own the Sorcerers’ Curse takes hold and their youthful exuberance soon fades.

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**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry.

**SPECIAL RULES:** Ancient Schism, Relentless.

**Dirges of Hashut:** A unit of Acolytes of Hashut is considered to be a Level 2 Wizard that knows the spells Flaming Sword of Rhuin (Lore of Fire) and Glittering Robe (Lore of Metal). This doesn’t prevent other friendly Wizards from knowing the same spells. The unit receives an additional +1 to cast for each rank of 5 or more models it has, after the first, to a maximum of +3. Each time the unit casts a spell (or is targeted by a special rule that affects a Wizard), you must nominate one Acolyte of Hashut or Dirgecaller as the caster (or target) for the purposes of line of sight, range, etc. In the event of an Acolytes of Hashut unit rolling a miscast, do not roll on the Miscast table. Instead, the unit suffers D3 Wounds with no saves of any kind allowed. Furthermore, an Acolytes of Hashut unit always counts as including a musician.

**Sorcerer Caste:** A Sorcerer Lord, Pyrophant or Daemonsmith (including Ghorth the Cruel, Astragoth Ironhand and Hothgar Daemonbane) that joins a unit of Acolytes of Hashut has a +1 bonus to all channelling attempts.
The fell rituals of Father of Darkness that are performed in the Temple of Hashut are unspeakable acts of bloodletting and torture, all with the aim of summoning the Daemons and K’daii that are used in the strange magic of the Chaos Dwarfs. In suitably cataclysmic battles, or when the Temple’s forces are arrayed in sufficient quantity, a Sorcerer Lord may order an Altar of Hashut to be dragged into battle. These foreboding constructions are huge effigies of the Father of Darkness but at their heart is an instrument of execution – a pool of molten lead or gold, a flesh furnace or a blackened anvil covered in dark runes and already soaked with blood.

Mobs of beaten, wretched slaves of all races laboriously drag the Altars of Hashut into battle, and it is these pitiful creatures that also fuel their evil rites. Throughout the battle, the Acolytes of Hashut that tend the evil shrine drag screaming slaves to the dais where they are murdered by whatever method is appropriate to the Altar’s form: immersed in liquid metal, cooked alive within the belly of a blazing iron bull or simply bludgeoned to death by a burning forge hammer. Their blood sacrifice powers the dark rituals of the Sorcerer Lord or Pyrophant on the Altar and as he unleashes the most powerful Dirges of all, the mortal world is inundated by screeching horrors from the Realm of Chaos.

The spectral Daemons and K’daii are sent flying across the battlefield and where they land, they sow terror. Loyal Chaos Dwarfs who hold their ground will find themselves aided by a fearsome host of noisome entities who enshroud their weapons in daemonfire and instil their minds with the bleak malice of the Father of Darkness. As for enemies unfortunate enough to be in the path of the howling Daemons, their fate is much simpler: they will be rent apart by dozens of ethereal claws and, if they happen to be a Wizard, the Daemons will gravitate towards them, focusing all their energies on devouring such a bright soul.

**TROOP TYPE:** Chariot (Armour Save 4+)

**SPECIAL RULES:** Ancient Schism (Acolytes of Hashut only), Large Target, Random Attacks (2D6) (Wretched Slaves only).

**Boon of Hashut:** A model mounted on an Altar of Hashut receives a +1 bonus to cast and dispel.

**Dark Blessing:** The Altar of Hashut has a 5+ ward save.

**Sacrificial Altar:** A model mounted on an Altar of Hashut can use each of the following bound spells once per friendly Magic Phase. The range of the bound spells is measured from the Altar itself.

**Cacophony of Hashut:** With an eldritch screech, bound Daemons are sent after the Sorcerer’s foes, hungering for the warm blood of the living.

Innate bound spell (power level 4). Cacophony of Hashut is a direct damage spell with a range of 48”. The target unit suffers 2D6 Strength 4 hits, distributed as a shooting attack. If the target unit is or contains a Wizard, the Strength of the hits is increased to 5.

**Symphony of Hashut:** The sonorous rhythms of the mighty Dirge empower the Sorcerer’s servants, enshrouding them in malevolent daemonic spirits.

Innate bound spell (power level 4). Symphony of Hashut is an augment spell with a range of 48”. The target unit gains the Daemonic Attacks, Extra Attack and Fireborn special rules until the start of the next friendly Magic Phase. If the target is a Sorcerer Lord, Pyrophant or Daemonsmith (including Ghorth the Cruel, Astragoth Ironhand or Hothgar Daemonbane) or a unit of Acolytes of Hashut, they have a +1 bonus to cast any further spells this Magic Phase and a +1 to dispel in the enemy’s next Magic Phase.

**BLOOD MAGIC**

There are few rituals of worship undertaken by the Chaos Dwarfs that do not involve the spilling of blood. In the Temple of Hashut, thousands of slaves are sacrificed in macabre ceremonies to attract the favour of the Father of Darkness. Whether it works or not is a matter of debate, but the Dawi Zharr are motivated as much by sadism as piety, and the slaughter continues unabated. Slaves are immersed in molten gold or imprisoned in the bellies of burning iron bulls so the halls of the Temple constantly echo with screams of agony, as well as the laughter of the Sorcerers.
Once a Sorcerer has succumbed entirely to the Sorcerers’ Curse and has become an immobile statue he is placed along the road to Zharr-Naggrund. Here, serried ranks of lifeless stone Sorcerers stare down at travellers; their sightless eyes a haunting reminder of the power of Hashut. The Chaos Dwarfs treat these statues with the utmost respect, leaving them to be weathered by the elements over the ages. However, the petrified Sorcerers retain a portion of the power that they had in life, and a miasma of dread and dark energy surrounds the statues that cannot be attributed merely to their baleful appearance.

Sometimes, as a demonstration of devotion to their transformed ancestors, Chaos Dwarf armies will carry a Petrified Sorcerer into battle, borne on a dais in a manner not dissimilar to the way in which a Sorcerer Lord’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 rictus of pain and dread. As such, they are a grotesque symbol of Chaos Dwarfs’ devotion to the Father of Darkness and enemies baulk when confronted with them.

To carry a Petrified Sorcerer into battle is considered a high honour, and normally only elite regiments in a legion will be granted it. Thus Immortals may bear it aloft much as they do a living Sorcerer Lord on a palanquin, or Acolytes of Hashut demonstrate their devotion to the Father of Darkness while also augmenting their own dread power. That said, it is not uncommon for ordinary Warriors or even Infernal Guard to be charged with the task or, on occasions, it might fall (almost literally) upon snivelling Hobgoblins. Despite their own dread of their eventual fate, living Sorcerers fighting beside a Petrified Sorcerer are careful not to give away any sign of discomfort, for they are as bound to their eventual demise as their followers are to the lifetime of service that is demanded of them. To shirk acceptance of the Sorcerers’ Curse is to deny the order of things, and an uncomfortable reminder of the disastrous end of Zhargon’s reign of terror over Zharr-Naggrund. It is for this reason that any Sorcerer who attempts to find a cure for the Curse must keep his experiments secret. If he were to be discovered, he would soon be overthrown.

Petrified Sorcerers are not always taken from the roads leading to Zharr-Naggrund. There have been occasions when an aged Sorcerer Lord on his way to lead his troops into battle succumbs to the Sorcerers’ Curse before the fight is joined. In this case, his loyal soldiers will bear his stone corpse both as proof of their dedication and to protect it, lest it fall into enemy hands. Such impromptu Petrified Sorcerers are more powerful than the weathered statues of centuries past, for the dark magic of the fallen Sorcerer seems to linger much more strongly. There is a dark suspicion in the Temple, never voiced, that when the Sorcerers’ Curse finally renders one of their number completely inert, the mind or spirit may live on, trapped in a prison of lifeless stone, growing maddened by the horrific confinement. It is impossible to know if this is true or not but, nonetheless, more recently transformed Petrified Sorcerers do seem to retain a greater store of the power that they had in life, as if some spark of sentience was striving from deep within to reach out and affect the world around it again.

**PETRIFIED SORCERERS**

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry.

**SPECIAL RULES:** Fear.

_Borne Aloft:_ A Petrified Sorcerer must be deployed in an infantry unit like a character, save that it must always be placed in the centre of the front rank. It is not otherwise treated like a character and may not leave the unit or join another for the duration of the battle, even if the rest of the unit is destroyed. The Petrified Sorcerer uses the Movement, Weapon Skill, Strength and Initiative values of the unit carrying it and benefits from any movement special rules or effects that apply to them. It also counts as being armed with the same weapons as the unit.

_Fell Icon:_ A Petrified Sorcerer and all models in the same unit have the Hatred, Fireborn and Magic Resistance (2) special rules.

_Flesh of Stone:_ A Petrified Sorcerer has a 4+ armour save and a 5+ ward save.

_The Curse does not make us weak – the Curse makes us strong! It is the blessing of Hashut, his breath upon us which transmutes into something as strong and unbreakable as his wrath._

_Astragoth Ironhand_
Thousands of years ago, the Chaos Dwarfs bred Black Orcs as a grand experiment to create a race of super slaves. The robust physiology of greenskins proved a perfect testing ground for all manner of dark experiments, and what emerged from the pits of Zharr-Naggrund was indeed a superior kind of Orc. These creatures were larger, stronger, tougher and more intelligent: in every way they were the natural superiors of their forebears. The Chaos Dwarfs had dreamt of creating slaves that could toil for longer, withstand greater punishment, lift greater loads and understand more complex instructions, and that was exactly what they got, but they also underestimated the potential of their creations. It wasn’t long until the Black Orcs had ‘persuaded’ the other greenskins to start a rebellion and, one moonless night, the slaves of Zharr-Naggrund rose up en masse, sweeping their captors before them in a tide of blood and fury.

The rebellion nearly destroyed the Chaos Dwarfs. Under such powerful and oddly charismatic leaders, the Orcs and Goblins burned and pillaged at will, fighting their way up the layers of the city until they reached the very top. However, the tide turned at the last moment: the Hobgoblins decided that serving the Chaos Dwarfs was not such a bad idea after all. They turned on the other greenskins, unsheathing poisoned blades and stabbing them in the back even as the Chaos Dwarfs cut them down from the front. The rebellion fell apart almost instantly and the Black Orcs made a fighting retreat down the ziggurat and out into the Dark Lands.

In the coming years, the mass migration of Orcs and Goblins from the Dark Lands would cause havoc for the rest of the world. They had a new breed of leader in the form of the Black Orcs, and their tribes attacked with a new fervour. They assailed the lands of the fledgling race of Men in such numbers that only a great hero – Sigmar Heldenhammer – could deliver them from the darkness, and in doing so he forged the Empire of Man itself.

Many Black Orcs remained in the Dark Lands and the Mountains of Mourn even after they won their freedom. They have thus become a natural source of troops for Chaos Dwarf armies, though no Chaos Dwarf would willingly enslave a Black Orc again. For their part, the Black Orcs do not hold a grudge: as long as the Chaos Dwarfs offer them a good fight, they’ll happily join their legions as mercenaries. That said, they still hold a special hatred for Hobgoblins and, when their employers backs are turned, they often amuse themselves with a captured Hobgoblin Warrior or Wolf Rider, seeing just how much he likes being stabbed in the back instead.

Black Orcs are ferocious and near-fearless fighters – although the Chaos Dwarfs’ breeding experiment ended in disaster, it was technically extremely successful – and their own Warlords are amongst the most physically powerful and aggressive generals in the world. The Chaos Dwarfs make sure never to recruit entire Black Orc tribes into their armies, as such a leader would soon start making plans to oust the Overlord and begin a destructive Waraagh across the Dark Lands. Instead, they offer employment only to small warbands, and will mercilessly suppress any larger tribes that cross their path. Since Orcs of all kinds don’t mind who they fight, it is therefore not uncommon for Black Orcs to find themselves on opposing sides in such battles.

Although this presents no immediate problems, it does sometimes give the Black Orc mercenaries ideas and, greenskins being the fractious, quarrelsome creatures that they are, it is quite rare for a contract between Chaos Dwarfs and Black Orcs to end in anything but bloodshed, as it eventually becomes necessary to put down the inevitable rebellion before it begins.

### TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

**SPECIAL RULES:** Immune to Psychology, Slaves.

**Armed to da Teef:** At the start of each combat a unit of Black Orcs can choose to fight either with a single hand weapon (in case they have shields), two hand weapons or with a great weapon.

**Choppas:** Models with this special rule gain +1 Strength in the first round of each combat. This Strength bonus is in addition to any other bonus for weapons, spells and so on.

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**“Deze stunties ain’t so bad – at least dey always gives us a good scrap. Best of all, dey got dem Hobgobbo gitz wot always squeal when you getz ‘old ov ’em...”**

-Black Orc Boss Grimskar

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**BLACK ORCS**

- [Image of Black Orc Boss Grimskar]
DEATH ROCKETS
This war machine launches a barrage of rockets into the air using a chemical propellant, but there is more to them than simple ballistics, for chittering spirits guide them towards their targets. These daemonic slaves have only an animalistic intelligence so the rockets sometimes veer erratically off course. When they do land, they sow terror and destruction, and some Daemonsmiths use alchemical unguents to ensure that the flames that spring up in the wake of the detonations are impossible to extinguish.

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TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Stone Thrower).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancient Schism.

Diabolic Sentience: The model may re-roll the scatter dice when it fires, unless it rolls both a ‘Hit’ and a ‘Misfire!’ in which case the shot will scatter 4D6” in the direction of the small arrow on the ‘Hit’ symbol instead and does not misfire.

Infernal Artillery: In the event of a misfire, the war machine uses the Black Powder Misfire chart.

DREADQUAKE MORTARS
The largest mundane artillery employed by the Chaos Dwarfs is the enormous Dreadquake Mortar. When the shells of this huge cannon land, they partially bury themselves in the ground before they detonate, whereupon the earth is shattered by the explosion. Even those not ripped apart by the colossal blast will be thrown from their feet, stunned and vulnerable to an assault by the rest of the Chaos Dwarf army.

The only drawback of the Dreadquake is that its shells are so heavy they take a great deal of time to load. Many crews thus employ the services of a chained Ogre whose prodigious strength is put to good use lifting the immense shells.

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TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Stone Thrower).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancient Schism, Infernal Artillery (see above).

Quake!: Any unit that suffers at least one unsaved Wound from this model’s stone thrower attack may not march or shoot in their subsequent turn. Furthermore, if they declare a charge, they must take a dangerous terrain test.

Slow to Load: Unless upgraded to include a Slave Ogre, the Dreadquake Mortar may only fire every other turn.

MAGMA CANNONS
A Magma Cannon is a deadly, if temperamental, weapon that unleashes untold horror. It fires boiling lava or occasionally some vile by-product of its creators’ fiendish experiments. Whatever the chosen ammunition, the effect is equally devastating: burning fluid engulfs the enemy, slaughtering flesh from bone and leaving only smoking remains behind.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>M</th>
<th>WS</th>
<th>BS</th>
<th>S</th>
<th>T</th>
<th>W</th>
<th>I</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>Ld</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Magma Cannon</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chaos Dwarf Crew</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1 9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Fire Thrower).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancient Schism.

Fiendish Blast: A Magma Cannon follows all the usual rules for a fire thrower as described in the Warhammer rulebook, but uses the following profile when shooting:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Range</th>
<th>Strength</th>
<th>Special Rules</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>n/a</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Flaming Attacks, Multiplev Wounds (D3)</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

IRON DAEMONS
The hissing, clanking engine known as the Iron Daemon is the apex of Chaos Dwarf engineering. Such a creation is beyond the abilities of Men, Skaven or even the Dwarfs of the Worlds Edge Mountains to build. Stronger than a dozen horses, fed on reeking coal and tar and powered by scalding steam, once an Iron Daemon’s crew goad it into motion and stoke its engine it is almost impossible to halt.

Originally the Iron Daemon was used for mining operations in distant colonies where it could do the work of a hundred slaves hauling ore and stone, but a chance attack by a rampaging Ogre tribe in Gorgoth showed the Chaos Dwarfs how destructive it could be as a weapon. Now the Iron Daemon is driven into battle like a chariot, and its boiler modified so that it mounts a squat cannonade that sprays a wall of burning shrapnel over the foe, before the great engine crashes into their ranks, crushing them beneath wheels of iron.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>M</th>
<th>WS</th>
<th>BS</th>
<th>S</th>
<th>T</th>
<th>W</th>
<th>I</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>Ld</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Iron Daemon</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chaos Dwarf Crew</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>-</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1 9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 3+).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancient Schism, Impact Hits (D6+2), Large Target, Obstacle Strider, Terror, Thunderstomp, Unbreakable.

Boiler Movement: At the beginning of the turn, the model may opting to engage its boiler. If it does so it may not shoot, but gains the Random Movement (2D6+6) special rule, except it may not pivot before moving. If a double 1 is rolled for distance, there is a malfunction and the unit does not move.
**Engine of Destruction:** Treat this model’s profile as a combination of chassis and beast. Any special rules that affect a chariot’s beasts have no effect at all on it. Furthermore, due to its ponderous speed, it may not declare charges, or make a pursuit or overrun move if it wins a combat. In close combat, it may only Thunderstomp if it did not charge that turn.

**EQUIPMENT:**

**Steam Cannonade:** The Iron Daemon’s boiler can be set so project steam outwards, blasting the enemy with shrapnel.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Range</th>
<th>Strength</th>
<th>Special Rules</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>18”</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>Armour Piercing, Multiple Wounds(D3), Slow to Fire</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

When firing the Steam Cannonade, roll the artillery dice twice and use the highest roll to determine the number of shots fired. If two misfires are rolled, something has gone wrong: roll on the black powder misfire chart. If you roll a Destroyed! result, the Steam Cannonade may not be used for the rest of the game and the Iron Daemon suffers D6 Wounds with no saves of any kind allowed. Ignore any results that affect the crew. The Iron Daemon can move and fire the Steam Cannonade without penalty.

**SKULLCRACKERS**

The Skullcracker is based on the chassis of an Iron Daemon, but much of its boiler has been redesigned into something far more fearsome. Instead of the steam cannonade, it mounts a formidable array of hammers, spikes and drills. Originally this was designed to bore through solid rock, but it was found to be much more effective as a weapon. When a Skullcracker is driven into living enemies, its grinding weapons mince and crush flesh, tearing through even the most stalwart lines.

**UPGRADES:**

- **Hellbound:** Models with this upgrade gain +1 Toughness, a 5+ ward save and the Fear and Daemonic Attacks special rules. Only the war machine or chariot itself is affected, not the crew. In addition, if the model ever misfires, rolls on the Misfire chart have a -1 penalty.
- **Incendiary Rockets:** All hits by the Deaths Rocket’s shooting attack have the Flaming Attacks special rule.
- **Slave Ogre:** A Slave Ogre counts as part of the Dreadquake Mortar’s crew in all respects, but adds 3 to the model’s Wounds characteristic. The Slave Ogre is removed as a casualty before any other crew, but only when the additional Wounds he grants have been lost. The Dreadquake Mortar will not benefit from the Chaos Dwarf crew’s armour save until the Slave Ogre is killed.

**TROOP TYPE:** Chariot (Armour Save 3+).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Ancient Schism, Boiler Movement (see opposite), Engine of Destruction (see left), Impact Hits (2D6+2), Large Target, Obstacle Strider, Terror, Thunderstomp, Unbreakable.

**Skullcracker:** The Skullcracker inflicts 2D6 Thunderstomp hits. In addition, if the optional rules for damaging buildings are being used, the Skullcracker has a +1 Strength bonus against buildings and fortifications.
The Chaos Dwarfs have unleashed uncounted abominations upon the world, but perhaps their greatest blasphemy is their creation of the K’dai. In their unbound form, these creatures are barely-sentient fire spirits that ghost across the Dark Lands and other places in which the Wind of Aqshy blows strongly. In this guise they rarely trouble mortals, but in the hands of the Dawi’Zharr they have been transformed into something altogether more terrifying. By melding these spectral fire Daemons with bodies of iron and gromril, the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers have bred a new race of beings, enraged by their confinement and gifted with hideous strength so that they become amongst the most dangerous weapons available to them.

K’DAAI FIREBORN
The most common form of bound K’dai are the Fireborn, creatures that resemble Dwarfs in their basic configuration, but are larger and vastly more powerful. A K’dai Fireborn is like unto a whirlwind of agitated flame, straining against the bonds imposed upon it by its masters. They are turned loose upon foes in packs where their scorching metal bodies are as much a weapon as the flailing claws. Once the battle is ended, Daemonsmiths and Pyrophants must work in concert to subdue the ethereal beasts within so that their cold shells can be chained down until more blood magic is used to rouse their anger again.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Troop Type</th>
<th>M</th>
<th>WS</th>
<th>BS</th>
<th>T</th>
<th>W</th>
<th>I</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>Ld</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>K’dai Fireborn</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K’dai Manburner</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

K’DAAI DESTROYERS
Perhaps once in a generation, a Sorcerer Lord resolves to perform one of the darkest rituals known to the Priesthood of Hashut. He must be accompanied in this by an entire coterie of Pyrophants and experienced Daemonsmiths, and even then he is often unsuccessful. The Greater K’dai are mysterious and extremely dangerous creatures, and binding them is no simple matter, but if one is successfully imprisoned within a mighty iron hull its masters gain a weapon of unimaginable power. K’dai Destroyers, as these beasts of living fire and metal are known, are the equal of any monster in the known world, but as powerful as they are, they are unstable and volatile. The entity bound within may breach its arcane bonds at any time and then it may visit its wrath upon its former captors. A K’dai Destroyer is thus not so much used as unleashed, in the hope that its fury will be spent against the enemy rather than its captors.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Troop Type</th>
<th>M</th>
<th>WS</th>
<th>BS</th>
<th>T</th>
<th>W</th>
<th>I</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>Ld</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>K’dai Destroyer</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>0</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Blazing Body (see above), Bound Daemon (see above), Burning Bright (see above), Fireborn, Flaming Attacks, Frenzy, Large Target, Terror.

DAEMONIC UPGRADES:
- **Flaming Breath:** The model has a Strength 4 Breath Weapon with the Flaming Attacks special rule.
- **Ironflesh:** The model has a 4+ armour save.
- **Mawter:** The model has a shooting attack fired according to the rules for a stone thrower. The model can move (not march) and still shoot its Mawter. If a misfire is rolled on the artillery dice, the model suffers a Wound with no saves of any kind allowed.
- **Obsidian Heart:** The model has Magic Resistance (1).
- **Steelbane Claws:** The model has the Armour Piercing special rule.
Hellcannons are growling, shaking mergers of Daemon and war machine, creations of both flesh and iron that rage against their own unholy existence. A Hellcannon is bound with the soul of a mighty Daemon whose rage at its imprisonment powers its arcane blasts of power. A Hellcannon still hungers for blood, and in order to prevent it hurling itself across the battlefield to slake its thirst, it must be staked firmly to the ground.

A Hellcannon must be fed a constant diet of fresh souls and this is the task of its crew who shovel bodies into its flesh furnace. As corpses burn, the air is filled with a charnel reek, and the Hellcannon emits a hideous sound, somewhere between clanking machinery and a beast cracking bones in its maw. All this horror is worthwhile when the Hellcannon is fired though, for its destructive power is truly awesome.

Like many of the Daemonic creations of the Chaos Dwarfs, Hellcannons also demonstrate some variation as their own nature warps them. Some demonstrate an ever more voracious hunger for live prey, grinding bones in their workings, while others can vomit forth a foul stream of daemonic ichor.

### TROOP TYPE: Monster.

**SPECIAL RULES:** Ancient Schism (Chaos Dwarf Handlers only), Daemonic Attacks (Hellcannon only), Large Target, Monster and Handlers, Terror, Unbreakable.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>M</th>
<th>WS</th>
<th>BS</th>
<th>S</th>
<th>T</th>
<th>W</th>
<th>I</th>
<th>A</th>
<th>Ld</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hellocannon</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>6</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chaos Dwarf Handlers</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Caged Fury: At the start of your turn, if the Hellcannon is not in combat, take a Leadership test. If the test is passed, the Hellcannon acts as normal. If the test is failed, pivot the Hellcannon to face the closest enemy unit. It is then subject to the Random Movement \((3D6)\) special rule until the beginning of the next turn, except it can only move forwards.

**Daemonic Construction:** A Hellcannon has a natural armour save of 4+ and a ward save of 5+.

**Doomfire:** Doomfire is fired following the rules for a stone thrower with the following profile:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Range</th>
<th>Strength</th>
<th>Special Rules</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>12-60&quot;</td>
<td>5((10))</td>
<td>Move or Fire, Multiple Wounds ((D6)), Slow to Fire</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The Doomfire’s Multiple Wounds \((D6)\) special rule applies only to the high-Strength hit caused against the model under the template’s central hole. Any unit that suffers one of more casualties from Doomfire must take a Panic test as if it had taken 25% casualties, with a -1 Leadership penalty. Should the artillery dice roll a misfire, roll a D6 on the table below:

- **D6 Result**
  - 1 **Free at Last!** The Daemon breaks its bonds. Every unit within 3D6" takes D6 Strength 5 hits. Then, remove the Hellcannon and its Chaos Dwarf Handlers from play as casualties.
  - 2 **Schlurp:** The Hellcannon sucks its own handlers into its furnace. Remove all the Hellcannon’s remaining Chaos Dwarf Handlers from play.
  - 3 **Thzzzz:** The Hellcannon fires great pulses of raw magic. All Wizards (friend or foe!) within 24” must immediately pass a Leadership test or suffer a miscast. Ignore any instructions to lose dice from the pool. Any spells lost are determined randomly.
  - 4 **Grrraaagh:** The enraged Daemon inside the Hellcannon goes berserk. Remove D3 of the Hellcannon’s Chaos Dwarf Handlers as casualties.
  - 5 **Blood!** The Hellcannon breaks its chains and rushes forwards. Move the Hellcannon 3D6" directly forwards as it was subject to the Random Movement special rule and it was the Compulsory Moves sub-phase.
  - 6 **Boom!** The Hellcannon fires a devastating blast. Resolve the Doomfire shot as if a Hit! Had been rolled, doubling the Strength of any hits (to a maximum of 10). The Hellcannon cannot fire for the rest of the game.

**DAEMONIC UPGRADES:**

- **Grinding Gears:** The Hellcannon’s close combat attacks and Thunderstomp have the Armour Piercing special rule.

- **Spew Ichor:** The Hellcannon may choose to shoot following the rules for a fire thrower instead of using its Doomfire. Hits from Spew Ichor do not have the Flaming Attacks special rule, but the Panic test taken by the target unit has a -1 penalty. If a Misfire is rolled, the Hellcannon takes a single Wound with no saves of any kind allowed.
Giants are common in the Dark Lands as they wander down from their ancestral home in the Mountains of Mourn. Frequently these hapless, ungainly creatures are fleeing the attentions of tribes of Ogres who, in ages past, hunted their noble forebears to near-extinction. Unfortunately for them, the Dark Lands represent an even more dangerous environs as the Chaos Dwarfs have found many uses for such huge, powerful creatures. If a Chaos Dwarf army manages to subdue a Giant in battle, they will quickly bind it and drag it back to the Plain of Zharr where it will join the other slaves in their toil. Giants are slow, stupid creatures, but their immense size and strength can be invaluable. Hundreds of Giants, beaten and shackled, labour across the Chaos Dwarfs’ empire, glumly lifting tons of stone with their shovel-like hands or tearing trees out by the roots to clear the way for new roads.

It is in battle though that the Slave Giants truly prove their value to their new masters. Chaos Dwarfs make extensive modifications to all their prisoners, and Giants are no exception. To these already brutal and deadly monsters they attach barbed chains and flails and, with daemon-magic, weld plates of metal or huge, hooked siege claws directly to their flesh or even their skeletons. Transformed into living weapons in such a way, Slave Giants are driven mad by pain and exposure to the evil magic of Hashut and are sent charging towards the foe to wreak havoc. If cut down, the Chaos Dwarfs will try to reclaim the wounded Giant and repair it in time for the next battle, patching its wounds with enchanted sales and crudely hammering daemon-forged metal over its injuries. Eventually, little of the original creature remains, and it becomes a mindless daemon-hybrid, little more than a strange kind of living machine.

**TROOP TYPE:** Monster.

**SPECIAL RULES:** Large Target, Stubborn, Terror.

**Fall Over:** Giants are ungainly and frequently befuddled, as a consequence of which they often fall down, crushing anything unfortunate enough to lie beneath them. They are especially prone to this if they’ve been raiding the local brewery, which isn’t altogether uncommon.

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

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

To see if a Slave Giant falls over, roll a D6. If the dice roll is a 1, the Slave Giant falls over. A slain Slave Giant falls over automatically.

To determine in which direction the Giant falls, roll a scatter dice. Place the Fallen Giant template (see page 101) which its feet at the model’s base and its head in the direction of the fall (if a ‘Hit!’ is rolled, the direction of the fall is determined by the small arrow on the Hit! symbol). The Fallen Giant template is a special shaped template, which otherwise uses all the template rules from the Warhammer rulebook (so any models lying completely or partially under it are automatically hit).

A model hit by a falling Giant takes a Strength 6 hit that has the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. If the unit is in combat and the Slave Giant has fallen over whilst attempting to Jump Up and Down, Wounds inflicted by the falling Slave Giant count towards the combat result.

A Slave Giant that falls over automatically suffers 1 Wound with no saves of any kind allowed. If the Slave Giant is in combat, then this Wound counts towards the combat result.

Once on the ground (you may lie the model down if you wish), a Slave Giant may get up in his following Movement phase, but may not move that turn.

Whilst on the ground a Slave Giant may not attack, but he can still defend himself after a fashion, to the enemy must still roll to score hits on him. If forced to flee whilst on the ground, the Slave Giant is slain – the enemy swarms over him and cut him to pieces. If the Slave Giant gets the opportunity to pursue his foes whilst he’s on the ground, he stands up instead. A Slave Giant may attack on the turn it stands up.
Giant Special Attacks: Slave Giants do not attack in the same way as other creatures. They are far too large and fractious to take orders and much too scatterbrained to have any sort of coherent plan. To determine what happens in each Close Combat phase, pick a unit in base contact with the Slave Giant and roll a D6 on one of the following tables. Which table you use depends on the size of the Slave Giant’s victim. When fighting characters riding monsters, decide whether to attach the rider or mount before rolling on the table.

Big Things Table
Use this table when fighting monsters, monstrous beasts, monstrous infantry, monstrous cavalry, chariots, war machines, anything with the Large Target special rule, and characters riding any of the above.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>D6</th>
<th>Result</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Yell and Bawl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2-4</td>
<td>Thump with Club</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5-6</td>
<td>‘Eadbutt</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Man-sized or Smaller Things Table
Use this table when fighting anything not covered by the Big Things table, above.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>D6</th>
<th>Result</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Yell and Bawl</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Jump Up and Down</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Pick Up and...</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4-6</td>
<td>Swing with Club</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Yell and Bawl: The Slave Giant yells and bawls at the enemy. This is not pleasant as Slave Giants are deafeningly loud and tend towards poor oral hygiene. Neither the Slave Giant nor models in contact with him actually fight if they have no already done so this round. The Slave Giant’s side automatically wins the combat by 2 points (if both sides have a model that Yells and Bawls, the combat is a draw).

Thump with Club: The Slave Giant picks one model as his target and brings down his club with a single mighty strike. The target may attempt to avoid the blow by passing an Initiative test (use the lowest if the model has several different values). If the test is failed, the model takes 2D6 hits that wound automatically, with no armour saves allowed. If a double is rolled, the Slave Giant’s club embeds itself in the ground and the Slave Giant cannot attack at all in the following round whilst he recovers his weapon.

‘Eadbutt: The Slave Giant head-butts a single enemy model from the target unit, automatically inflicting 1 Wound with no armour saves allowed. If a victim is wounded but not slain, then it is dazed and loses all its following Attacks. If the target has not yet attacked in that combat round, it loses those Attacks; if he has already attacked, then he loses the next round’s Attacks.

Jump Up and Down: The Slave Giant jumps up and down vigorously on top of the enemy. Before he starts, the Slave Giant must test to determine if he falls over (see previous page). If he falls over, work out where he falls and calculate damage as already described. Any Wounds caused by this fall (on either side) count towards the combat result. If the Slave Giant remains on his none-too-nimble feet, the target unit sustains 2D6 hits resolved at the Slave Giant’s Strength. Work out damage and saves as usual. Slave Giants enjoy jumping up and down on their enemies so much that a Slave Giant that does so in one combat round will automatically do so in the following round if he is able to, assuming he did not fall over in the previous round. A Slave Giant that starts to Jump Up and Down will therefore continue to do so on the same target until he falls over, the target is destroyed or the combat ends.

Pick Up and...: The Slave Giant stoops down and grabs a single model in base contact from the target unit (Slave Giant player’s choice). The target must make a single Attack to try to fend off the Slave Giant’s clumsy hand. If this Attack causes an unsaved Wound, the Slave Giant’s Attack fails. Otherwise, the Slave Giant grabs the model and the player rolls a D6 to see what happens next:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>D6</th>
<th>Result</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Stuff into Bag. The Slave Giant stuffs the victim into his bag along with sheep, cows and other plunder. The model is removed as a casualty.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Throw Back into Combat. The victim is hurled back into his own unit like a living missile. The victim is removed as a casualty, and D6 Strength 3 hits are inflicted on the unit (save as normal)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Hurl. The victim is hurled into an enemy unit within 12” of the Slave Giant – randomly determine which. The victim is removed as a casualty, and the unit takes D6 Strength 3 hits (save as normal). Unsaved Wounds from these hits count towards the Slave Giant’s combat result. If no enemy units are in range, treat this as a Throw Back into Combat result instead.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Squash. This doesn’t really bear thinking about. Suffice to say the model is removed as a casualty.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Eat. The Slave Giant gobbles his victim up, swallowing him whole. The model is removed as a casualty.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Pick Another. The Slave Giant hurriedly stuffs the victim into his bag or under his shirt (or down his trousers if they’re really unlucky). Treat the Attack as if the Slave Giant had rolled the Stuff into Bag result, above, then choose another victim. The second victim makes a single Attack as usual to avoid being picked up – if he fails, roll again on this table to see what the Slave Giant does with him.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Swing with Club: The Slave Giant swings his club across the enemy’s ranks. The Slave Giant inflicts D6 hits on the target unit, resolved at the Slave Giant’s Strength.

DAEMONIC UPGRADES:
Runes of Hate: A Slave Giant with Runes of Hate may re-roll the dice when determining the number of hits inflicted in close combat using any of the attacks described the Giant Special Attacks rule.

Siege Claws: Slave Giants with Siege Claws have +1 Strength and the Obstacle Strider special rule (this means they do not test to Fall Over if they cross an obstacle).
The mightiest inhabitants of Zharr-Naggrund are not the Warriors or even the Sorcerer Lords, but the awesome Chaos Dwarf sub-race known as the Bull Centaurs. In ancient times, when the Chaos Dwarfs were first transformed by the power of Chaos, some of their number were mutated into a form more pleasing to the Father of Darkness, part Dwarf and part ferocious bull. The Bull Centaurs have remained apart from their brethren ever since, forming their own society, separate from the castes and other divisions of Zharr-Naggrund. They are an elite force, blessed by Hashut, and are given the sacred task of guarding the Temple. Their veterans, the Guardians, watch over the huge golden gates and their hulking forms can be seen roaming around the corridors and chambers, lit by the flickering forge fires.

Bull Centaurs are not bound to any Sorcerer Lord and, indeed, bow to no one but their own leaders. They instead take responsibility for maintaining the sanctity of the Temple of Hashut and have an important role in some of the darkest rites of the Chaos Dwarfs’ twisted god. It is the Bull Centaurs who immerse captives in molten gold or lead, their supernatural constitutions making them inured to the ferocious heat and toxic fumes. They also flay and torture captives and, it is said, engage in cannibalistic rites. Though they keep scrupulously to their own chambers in the Temple, all Chaos Dwarfs beardless know the dark tales of slaves—even Dawi’Zharr—eaten alive by the bloodthirsty Bull Centaurs in their macabre feasts. Bull Centaurs are extremely arrogant and cruel, and they see themselves as living vessels of Hashut’s power. Indeed, there may be some truth to their egotism: their hides burn with infernal rage and, as they march into battle, their hooves throw up sparks. As they pick up speed, smoke begins to billow and they are wreathed in flames and steam. By the time they reach the enemy lines, the Bull Centaurs are engulfed in raging fire, rearing from great black clouds to strike down the enemies of Hashut.

The Bull Centaurs are no less capable or intelligent than other Chaos Dwarfs, but they are dangerously single-minded. A Sorcerer Lord will entrust vital tasks to Bull Centaurs, but if it conflicts with their idea of Hashut’s will, he may find his orders casually disregarded. Fortunately this happens only rarely, for a Sorcerer Lord who is less than devout will always give the Bull Centaurs a wide berth. For their part, although they remain aloof from the infighting in the Temple, Bull Centaurs feel no need to hide their contempt for Sorcerers who do not measure up to their high ideals of devotion to the Father of Darkness.

**BULL CENTAUR ELDERS**

Bull Centaur Elders are the leaders of their kind, and though they possess more savagery than tactical acumen, their sheer power makes them incredibly formidable. They are more dangerous still if granted a Doom Harness, an arcane machine that turns them into unstoppable living engines of destruction.

**SPECIAL RULES:** Ancient Schism, Devastating Charge, Fear, Fiery Onslaught (see left), Fireborn, Immune to Psychology, Scaly Skin (6+).

**UPGRADE:**

**Doom Harness:** These sacred engines of Hashut are mounted with whirling scythes or crushing hammers, and turn their pilot into something no longer truly mortal.

A model with a Doom Harness has +1 Toughness and the Armour Piercing, Daemonic Attacks, Impact Hits (2D6), Random Movement (7+2D6) and Unbreakable special rules, but may not join units. If a model with a Doom Harness rolls a double for either its Random Movement or Impact Hits the model suffers a Wound with no saves of any kind allowed. If the model is killed as a result, resolve any Movement and Impact Hits before removing it. A Bull Centaur Elder with a Doom Harness may not be your General or Battle Standard Bearer.

**MWS BS S T W I A Ld**

| Bull Centaur Elder | 7 6 3 6 5 4 4 5 9 |

**TROOP TYPE:** Monstrous Beast.

**SPECIAL RULES:** Ancient Schism, Devastating Charge, Fear, Fireborn, Immune to Psychology, Scaly Skin (6+).

**Fiery Onslaught:** On a turn in which a model with this special rule charges into combat it has the Flaming Attacks special rule.
Since the earliest days of the Chaos Dwarfs’ dominion over the northern Dark Lands, they have known of the fearsome Great Tauruses that haunt the plateau of Zorn Uzkul and soar on the volcanic thermals that blow across the Desolation of Azgorh. Like many foul and mutated monsters, they undoubtedly emerged from the ‘Time of Chaos, but the ancient Chaos Dwarfs felt a strange kinship with these particular beasts, and were inexorably drawn to them. Was it simply that they resembled the chosen form of Hashut—a mighty winged bull wreathed in daemonic fire—or that their unnatural constitutions seemed to be sustained by Wind of Aqshy, the same power that birthed the K’dai? Perhaps so, but the most learned Priests of Hashut suspected something else. Not all the ancestors of the Chaos Dwarfs had emerged alive from the Time of Chaos. Many clans remained unaccounted for, and though undoubtedly most had perished, some surely must have been twisted beyond recognition, warped to an even greater extent than the Bull Centaurs and the Chaos Dwarfs themselves.

Over time, as the Chaos Dwarfs began to study and eventually tame (after a fashion) the Great Tauruses, they came to the conclusion that they were of one kind: like them, the Great Tauruses were once ordinary Dwarfs, but Hashut had transformed them completely into the creature most pleasing to him. The Great Taurus was nothing less than a living, burning idol to the Father of Darkness, and the Sorcerers knew it was their sacred duty to make them a part of their armies, their civilisation and their cult. Now, the Chaos Dwarfs breed Great Tauruses as war beasts in Zharr-Naggrund itself, and they are stabled in a labyrinthine complex of pens beneath the Temple of Hashut.

The Dark Lands are home to many terrifying monsters, but the Great Taurus is the dominant force in the ash-strewn region. In the wild, Great Tauruses make their lairs within the calderas of active volcanoes, for their hides are proof against the terrible heat of the magma within and, indeed, their whole bodies burn with such terrific intensity that their flesh can literally ward off blows from mundane weapons. Some Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers believe the Great Tauruses are actually a form of K’dai somehow made mortal, perhaps by merging with the ancestors of the Chaos Dwarfs during the Time of Chaos, and it is undoubtedly true that they are empowered by Bright Magic and even enchantments intended to harm them only make them stronger.

Away from the Dark Lands, it requires a skilled Bright Wizard to gather the necessary power to summon and bind a Great Taurus, but the Chaos Dwarfs have mastered these monsters fully and use a version of their own binding rituals to sustain them. Sorcerer Lords and their captains ride them into battle, soaring high into the air, only to plummet to earth like a thunderbolt, scattering terrified enemies. A Great Taurus is a cruel creature of flame and smoke, perfectly attuned to the character of its masters and, despite its wild nature, it does not often resist its use as a mount. Perhaps this is because of the ancient kinship between the two races, or perhaps beast and rider are simply of one mind. In either case, it is clear that there exists some supernatural bond between the Chaos Dwarfs and Great Tauruses. For their part, the Chaos Dwarfs hold the Great Taurus to be a holy manifestation of Hashut’s divine personage in the world.

Like many large monsters, Great Tauruses are almost immortal unless slain in battle, and they continue to grow larger as they age. The mightiest of their kind are called Bale Tauruses, and they are true monstrosities, almost as large and powerful as a Fire Dragon. It is very rare for a captive Taurus to grow to such a size, so a Bale Taurus must be captured in the wild, and expeditions are led by the Chaos Dwarfs to the most ancient volcanoes to seek them out. Binding such an awesome beast to the will of a rider is a mighty undertaking in itself, but it has been achieved a handful of times.

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<th>TROOP TYPE:</th>
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<tr>
<td>SPECIAL RULES:</td>
<td>Blazing Body (see page 48), Flaming Attacks, Fly, Large Target, Terror.</td>
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**Fuelled by Fire:** A model with this special rule cannot be wounded by spells from the Lore of Fire. In addition, if it is the target of a successfully cast spell from the Lore of Fire, it immediately regains D3 Wounds lost earlier in the battle.

**DAEMONIC UPGRADES:**
- **Flaming Breath:** See page 48.
- **Ossified Armour:** The model has a 4+ armour save.

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**GREAT TAURUSES & BALE TAURUSES**

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**DAEMONIC UPGRADES:**
- **Flaming Breath:** See page 48.
- **Ossified Armour:** The model has a 4+ armour save.
Once in every few generations, a rare mutation will arise in the Great Taurus population stabled below the Temple of Hashut: a creature of such insidious cunning that it rivals even the Chaos Dwarf Sorcerers in sheer cruelty and malice. This beast resembles its Great Taurus forbears in many ways, with its bovine body, hoofed rear limbs and leathery wings, but it is fundamentally a very different creature. Its forelimbs are more like clawed hands, misshapen and twisted, but otherwise functional, and instead of the glowering visage of a bull, it has a leering humanoid face, bearded and horned like a Chaos Dwarf. Astonishingly ugly and no less malevolent, these vile monsters are known as Lammasu, and the Chaos Dwarfs consider them the purest of Hashut’s mutant creations; implicitly the true vision the Father of Darkness has for his chosen people – a horrifying thought.

The Lammasu do not burn bright with daemonfire like Great Taureses, but instead have a strange magical aura that protects them from spells and other arcane assaults. Indeed, the Lammasu are wholly magical creatures and are accomplished spell casters in their own right, albeit of an untrained and crude kind. They are also highly intelligent, not mere beasts like the Great Taureses, and some Sorcerer Lords believe the Lammasu is a throwback to the Chaos Dwarf origins of the Great Taurus. They are weirdly charismatic creatures, and though a Lammasu speaks in a guttural roar, its words sound like sweet music to a listener it has enchanted with its sly incantations.

Using this strange ability to entrance, as well as their inherent magical power, a Lammasu will quickly rise to dominance over a Great Taurus herd. In this capacity it will drive out any other males – though physically weaker, its magic more than levels the playing field – and take the females for itself. Lammasu are always male but, because they are mutants, they are also sterile. Allowing a Lammasu to live thus always spells ultimate doom for a herd. If one is born in the wild, the mother almost always kills it immediately and devours the carcass. In the Taurus stables, the Sorcerers must ensure a Lammasu calf is separated from its mother and raised in isolation, for Lammasu will also kill any of their own kind they are able to. Whether their evil character is due to their inherently corrupted nature or because every Lammasu grows to maturity alone in the darkness, knowing no destiny but that of a fighting beast, is a question no Dawi’Zhar would even bother to ask: the Lammasu’s vileness matches their own, and this suits them perfectly.

Lammasu are usually mounts for Sorcerer Lords, who alone have the magical prowess to master them. Even when deigning to carry a rider, Lammasu are always attempting to pursue their own ends, and they must be bargained with to allow themselves to be used in battle. If it can, a Lammasu will break free and disappear into the Dark Lands, where it will dominate other creatures with its powers and form its own herd of bewitched monsters. Lammasu who do this may grow bloated on the Winds of Magic and become powerful spell-casters. Such a monster is very difficult to recapture, but a canny Sorcerer Lord can attempt it and win for himself one of the most dangerous monsters in the known world. Wild Lammasu are bitter foes of Bale Taureses and if two such beasts encounter one another they will always fight to the death. Such cataclysmic battles often involve such a magical tumult that they can cause one of the storms of magic that often rage across the Dark Lands. Other monsters are drawn to the fighting until an area dozens of miles across is engulfed in anarchy. Even the Chaos Dwarfs fear such an occurrence.

**LAMMASU**

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**TROOP TYPE:** Monster.

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

**SPECIAL RULES:** Fly, Large Target, Magic Resistance (3), Terror.

**Sorcerous Miasma:** Magic Weapons carried by models in base contact with the Lammasu lose all their magical properties and are treated as ‘normal’ weapons of their type (if it is not clear what sort of weapon it is, treat it as a hand weapon). This effect applies to both friendly and enemy models (but not the Lammasu’s rider) and lasts while they remain in base contact.

**DAEMONIC UPGRADES:**

- **Mace Tail:** The Lammasu has an additional Attack resolved at +1 Strength with a +1 To Hit bonus against models fighting to its rear.

- **Sorcerous Exhalation:** The Lammasu has a Strength 4 Breath Weapon, which is magical.

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GHORTH THE CRUEL
Master of Zharr

The balance of power in the Temple of Hashut has been carefully maintained for untold centuries, the Sorcerers’ Curse ensuring that no one individual ever becomes too dominant in the affairs of the Priesthood. Ghorth the Cruel has proven the exception to this rule. For some unknown reason, he has managed to stave off petrification despite his near-reckless abuses of his magical power. Through complex machinations and at times blatant backstabbing, he has risen to a position of dominance within the Temple, and none have the strength to oppose him. 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. It is Ghorth who guides the decisions of the conclave of Sorcerer Lords, sometimes with subtlety and sometimes with brute force. 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 very much younger, with long years of undisputed rule ahead of him.

Ghorth is not immune to the effects of the Sorcerers’ Curse though – there are dark whisperings amongst his enemies and even his followers that much of his body has now turned to stone, and that he goes to great lengths to conceal this, lest a rival attempt to overthrow him. There are mutterings too that the mysterious golden mask that came into his possession centuries ago now never leaves his side, and that this holds the key to his longevity. Whatever the source of his power, Ghorth stands poised to lead the Dawi’Zharr to infamy.

Ghorth

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TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Ghorth is a level 4 Wizard and uses spells from the Lore of Hashut (see page 63).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancient Schism, Daemon Binder, Immune to Psychology, Relentless, Scaly Skin (4+).

Master of Zharr: Ghorth must be the army general. In addition, any model in the same unit has the Immune to Psychology special rule, as long as they do not also have the Slaves special rule.

The Black Throne: The Black Throne is treated in all regards as a Palanquin, with these additions to represent its status: the Black Throne adds +4 to Ghorth’s Wounds (included in his profile) and +2 to his armour save. It also grants a +4 ward save, gives Ghorth the Fear special rule and increases the range of his Inspiring Presence rule to 18”. If Ghorth joins a unit, he does not benefit from the “Look Out, Sir!” rule.

MAGIC ITEMS:
The Book of Hashut: This dismal tome was penned by Zhargon himself long ago and contains all the forbidden secrets of the Father of Darkness’s fearsome incantations. Ghorth has laid claim to it in order to augment his already considerable magical power.

Arcane Item. The Book of Hashut grants Ghorth the Loremaster (Lore of Hashut) special rule.

Daemonic Thralls: Many are the daemonic spirits that Ghorth gathers about himself, chittering incessantly and bound into the runic devices of the Black Throne. These malevolent spirits give him a direct connection to the Realm of Chaos so that he may harness the Winds of Magic with relative ease.

Arcane Item. Ghorth’s Daemonic Thralls allow him to roll an additional D3 channelling dice in each Magic phase.

The Mask of Zhargon: Long ago, Zhargon the Great wore a suit of golden Chaos armour that, it was rumoured, staved off the Sorcerers’ Curse. Ghorth recovered this mask from the Temple of Hashut’s deepest vaults which he believes comes from that very suit of armour. Whatever its provenance, this item of dread power offers unparalleled protection from hostile magic.

Talisman. The Mask of Zhargon grants Ghorth the Magic Resistance (3) special rule.
Astragoth Ironhand is the current High Priest of Hashut and therefore the oldest living Chaos Dwarf Sorcerer Lord. Once he was the most powerful Sorcerer to walk the Plain of Zharr in a thousand years and this is where he earned his epithet, as much for his physical vitality as the uncompromising nature of his rule. Now, however, Astragoth has almost entirely turned to stone. He must be carried from place to place by his followers, and his underlings must perform many of the more complex rites of his spells. In an effort to overcome these disabilities, Astragoth ordered the creation of a special device blending daemonic sorcery and technology: a mechanical body grafted to his stone limbs that enables him to move and perform summoning rituals. Where other Sorcerer Lords must rely on the help of their servants and become increasingly feeble, Astragoth can now take part in battles, lending his considerable magical talent to his army, as well as using his mechanical might to physically pummel his enemies.

Most Chaos Dwarfs consider Astragoth quite mad, but while he lives he is still the High Priest of Hashut and they must accept him, mechanical body and all. There is growing rebellion in the Temple though in the form of Ghorth the Cruel, who has now surpassed Astragoth in power and influence. Astragoth still maintains a power base of the more traditional Chaos Dwarfs, especially the zealous Acolytes of Hashut who revere him as befits his station, but it is only a matter of time until matters come to a head. As it is, the Temple currently exists in a state of uneasy truce.

Astragoth takes great delight in joining his followers on the battlefield. His mechanical suit means he is actually somewhat faster than the rest of his army. It is often all his bodyguard of Acolytes can do to restrain him before he strides ahead of the main force, blasting the enemy with gouts of boiling steam and cackling madly as he unleashes the dark power of Hashut. Still an accomplished Sorcerer despite his stone body, Astragoth has no intention of meekly accepting his fate. Too religiously conservative to actively fight against the Curse, Astragoth nevertheless demonstrates that the uncompromising character of the Dawi’Zharr can overcome any handicap.

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**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Special Character).

**MAGIC:** Astragoth is a level 4 Wizard and uses spells from the Lore of Fire, the Lore of Metal, the Lore of Shadow, the Lore of Death or the Lore of Hashut (see page 63).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Ancient Schism, Daemon Binder, Immune to Psychology, Relentless, Scaly Skin (3+), Swiftstride.

**Dirgemaster:** If Astragoth joins a unit of Acolytes of Hashut, they gain a +1 casting bonus.

**Steam Attack:** Astragoth has a Strength 3 breath weapon, but he may not use it if he has moved in that turn.
Zhatan the Black was once an ordinary member of the Immortals until one fateful day. He was charged with defending the Sorcerer Lord H’Kul Firebreath during the Fourth Battle of Daemon’s Stump against a band of marauding Ogres. The Immortals protecting H’Kul were charged by a ferocious group of Maneaters who barrelled into the Chaos Dwarf lines, knocking H’Kul from his palanquin. Zhatan stepped in to protect the fallen Priest and took on a huge Maneater in single combat. Zhatan, though young and relatively inexperienced, proved a match for the mighty Ogre and assaulted him with a ferocious savagery unusual in a Chaos Dwarf. Zhatan was unrelenting, and single-handedly reduced the Maneater to a mangled carcass, soaking his Chaos armour in dark Ogre blood. Unfortunately, in his savage frenzy he had forgotten his first duty and the almost totally petrified H’Kul was cut down while trying to stand using his own power.

Zhatan became a Baneguard, serving as an Immortal from that day forth. Despite his failure in his duty, he continued to fight with unrelenting fury, ferocious where his fellows were stoic and disciplined. Such was his dire reputation that he eventually drew the attention of a young Sorcerer Lord named Ghorth the Cruel. He saw in Zhatan a protégé – not one who could follow him down the path of the Sorcerer, for Zhatan had no skill with magic, but rather one who could emulate the dark and terrible acts that had brought Ghorth his standing amongst the conclave of Sorcerer Lords. He nurtured Zhatan’s cruelty, involving him in the darkest rites of the Temple. His bloodthirst was well satiated by what he saw, and his gloating laughter as helpless captives were sacrificed to the Father of Darkness in increasingly brutal ways became a familiar sound. Even in a society as twisted and evil as that of the Chaos Dwarfs, Zhatan’s cruelty became the stuff of legend. It is said that under him, the Immortals began to partake in the same cannibalistic rites as the Bull Centaurs and that he himself has taken to drinking daemonblood from a chalice made from the skull of his predecessor. His face is never seen, for he wears the bronze mask of the Immortals at all times and some say he has had it ritually sealed to him while still scalding hot in the manner of the disgraced Infernal Guard.

As Zhatan’s reputation has grown and he has risen to become commander of the Immortals, so too has Ghorth’s power, until the entire warrior elite of Zharr-Naggrund now serves at the Sorcerer Lord’s beck and call. Ghorth has reached heights undreamed of, his influence becoming greater even than the High Priest Astragoth himself. Thanks largely to Zhatan, the balance of power in the Temple of Hashut has been changed forever.

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TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancient Schism, Relentless.

Reckless Hate: Zhatan has the Hatred special rule, but he may re-roll failed To Hit rolls in every round of combat, not just the first. He confers this special rule to any unit he joins, as long as they do not also have the Slaves special rule.

MAGIC ITEMS:

The Hammer of Zharr: Legend has it that this hammer was the very tool used to break the ground when Zharr-Naggrund was first constructed. It has survived down the ages as a badge of office for the Lord of the Immortals.

Magic Weapon. Always Strikes Last. Requires Two Hands. In close combat, Zhatan has +2 Strength. In addition, wounds inflicted by the Hammer of Zharr ignore armour saves.

Ring of Unmaking: This ring of smooth obsidian reduces the enchanted weapons made by other races to ordinary steel when contact is made between blade and the black stone.

Talisman. The Ring of Unmaking negates the power of any magic or rune weapons carried by models in base contact – treat them as non-magical weapons of their type. If the type of weapon is unclear, treat it as a hand weapon.

The Black Mantle: Across Zhatan’s shoulders sits a cloak stitched from the skins of slaves tortured in the Temple of Hashut. Blackened by the fires of the Father of Darkness, this terrible object radiates an aura of dread.

Enchanted Item. Zhatan causes Fear.
Lord Bhaal
Eldest of the Bull Centaurs

Lord Bhaal is the master of the Bull Centaurs, the mutated guardians of the Temple of Hashut. He is a massive, furious beast, the most physically powerful of all of Hashut’s creatures and surely the highest in the Father of Darkness’s regard. He is utterly ruthless and driven only by dedication to his dark god. Even Sorcerer Lords are not immune to his wrath, and he has been known to cast Priests into the cauldrons of molten gold alongside the screaming captives for not showing sufficient piety. None would dare raise a hand against Bhaal though, for he is the Chosen of Hashut, and even without magic a truly terrible foe.

In battle he leads his Bull Centaurs in apocalyptic charges, heedless of any battle plan a Sorcerer Lord or Overlord may have devised, intent only on reaping souls for the Father of Darkness. This he does with startling efficiency, first goring enemies in his path with his great horns and then laying about him with his hideous enchanted axe, a gift from Hashut he is said to have won on a sojourn into the Realm of Chaos itself. There are few indeed who can withstand a charge by a regiment of Bull Centaurs, least of all one led by Bhaal, and he has brought doom to columns of steel-clad knights, Dwarfen shieldwalls, Empire Steam Tanks and, on one memorable occasion, a fortress gate complete with iron portcullis. Against the power of the Eldest of the Bull Centaurs when the battle rage is upon him, no defence is ever truly enough.

M        WS        BS        S    T    W    I     A     Ld
Lord Bhaal 7        7        3       6    5     5     5     5      9

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Ancient Schism, Devastating Charge, Fireborn, Flaming Attacks, Frenzy, Immutable Psychology, Scaly Skin (6+), Terror.

Fury of Hashut: If Lord Bhaal is part of a unit of Bull Centaurs, the whole unit gains the Frenzy special rule.

Thunderous Impact: Lord Bhaal has the Impact Hits (D3) special rule. If he is part of a unit of Bull Centaurs, the number of Impact Hits he inflicts increases by 1 for each rank of at least three models in the unit.

MAGIC ITEMS:
Dread Axe: Lord Bhaal bears the Dread Axe, a weapon stolen from the tomb of an ancient Champion of Chaos from a world beyond the outermost stars, accessible only through the Realm of Chaos. It is encrusted with vile runes of the Dark Gods and glows with an unnatural miasma.

Magic weapon. Always Strikes Last. Requires Two-Hands. The Dread Axe grants Bhaal +2 Strength and the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.
RYKARTH THE UNBREAKABLE
Captain of the Granite Guard

Rykarth the Unbreakable is a prodigy of the warrior caste. As a young Chaos Dwarf, he was responsible for some of the great victories in Overlord Ulzuth’s scourging of the Blasted Wastes. He was elevated to the rank of Ironguard before he even came of age and proved an inspirational leader to his troops, commanding absolute obedience from them. He was lauded throughout the Plain of Zharr as an exemplar of Chaos Dwarf toughness and stoicism. He was on course to become the youngest Castellan in history when a directive came down from a mysterious source in the Temple of Hashut: Rykarth became the first warrior ever to be commanded by the Conclave of Priests to join the Immortals.

As an Immortal, Rykarth continued to excel, never failing in his duties and possessing courage in excess even of that usually demanded by the Immortals. After seven years had passed, Rykarth prepared to return to his legion but the Conclave intervened again: they requested that Rykarth remain with the Immortals as a captain within their ranks, leading as only he could. Ulzuth had no choice but to agree and, even though he was not a Baneguard, Rykarth’s tenure with the Immortals was extended indefinitely.

Rykarth never questioned his orders, for he was unflinchingly loyal to his masters, but Zhatan the Black marked well how Ghorth took an interest in the young Immortal, sending him on missions that benefited himself and recruiting him for secretive tasks. In time, Rykarth became known as the Hand of Ghorth for, though Zhatan was the Sorcerer Lord’s most trusted bodyguard, it was Rykarth who was most often seen enacting his will outside the Temple.

Rykarth leads his own unit of Immortals, an elite formation known as the Granite Guard. His prowess grows by the year, and Ghorth grows ever more pleased with his young protégé, giving him more and more authority and autonomy. If Rykarth has any opinions about his circumstances, he has not seen fit to voice them. Unlike the savage Zhatan, Rykarth is a model Dawi’Zharr and obeys the orders of Ghorth and the Conclave unthinkingly. Time and time again he has fought against suicidal odds and emerged victorious. Indeed, it is as if he and his Granite Guard are being thrown recklessly into hopeless fights – either Ghorth is testing his servant or some other agency is working from within the Temple to dispose of Rykarth. If the latter is true, then Rykarth has disappointed them at every turn by always returning at the head of a triumphant army. However, if he exults in such achievements he has never expressed it. For Rykarth, obedience is its own reward, and total victory merely an expectation of his station.

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Special Character).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Ancient Schism, Hatred, Relentless.

**The Granite Guard:** If Rykarth is part of a unit of Immortals, both he and they will benefit from the Unbreakable special rule.

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>M</th>
<th>WS</th>
<th>BS</th>
<th>S</th>
<th>T</th>
<th>W</th>
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<th>Ld</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Rykarth</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
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</table>

**Shieldwall of Granite:** If Rykarth is part of a unit with the Shieldwall special rule they always receive a +1 bonus to any Parry save they are eligible to take, not just in turns in which they are charged.

**MAGIC ITEMS:**

**Ensorcelled Great Axe:** Rykarth carries a larger version of the ensorcelled weapons borne by the Immortals, so massive it must be wielded in two hands.

Magic weapon. Always Strikes Last. Requires Two Hands. The Ensorcelled Great Axe grants Rykarth +3 Strength.

**Gauntlets of Uzkulak:** Forged in the depths of the sepulchral fortress of Uzkulak, these enchanted gauntlets are as robust as a full-sized shield, and a warrior wearing them might cross his arms and ward off even the strongest strikes.

Magic Armour. The Gauntlets of Uzkulak improve Rykarth’s save by +1. In addition, he has a 4+ ward save against Wounds inflicted in close combat.

"You are the Immortals! You do not know pain. You do not know fear. You do not know death!"

-Rykarth the Unbreakable
The most talented and powerful Daemonsmith of the current generation is Hothgar Daemonbane. With a natural affinity for summoning and binding Daemons, Hothgar might have been a prodigy within the Priesthood of Hashut, but he has always taken a highly pragmatic view of his dark art, seeing only the practical applications of his enslaved entities rather than working towards the glory of Hashut. He serves no Sorcerer Lord – the products of his soul-forges being valuable enough that he can play members of the conclave against each other – but most of his work is done at the behest of Ghorth the Cruel, who knows well the value of having powerful daemonic war machines. Hothgar built batteries of Hellecannons that it is rumoured were sold to Archaon the Everchosen of Chaos, and before that constructed the towering Doom Engines for Lord Mortkin.

Hothgar is a dangerous and driven individual. He has pushed the boundaries of Chaos Dwarf science almost to breaking point in his efforts to create larger and more dangerous machines of war. Some of his experiments have caused large scale destruction and many casualties, leading to his brief exile from Zharr-Naggrund. Hothgar’s greatest invention was a huge, bull-shaped machine called the Kolossus which proved too unstable to be useful, but his long-standing dream is to recreate it in an even grander and more spectacularly destructive form. Each day, he nears his demented goal.

In person, Hothgar is oddly jovial and charismatic and will readily expound excitedly on his latest creation to anyone who shows even the slightest interest. As his companions’ eyes glaze over he continues to gush about the finest details of his work. It is easy to be lulled into a false sense of security by such an apparent eccentric for, though he may appear nothing more than an overly-enthusiastic tinkerer, Hothgar’s trade is in death. Blood sacrifice powers his magic, and his inventions are invariably machines of horrifying destructive power. When thwarted, Hothgar’s true character emerges; he has a short, explosive temper and he goes about his experiments with a worryingly reckless attitude. If something goes awry, he will take out his frustration on his apprentices and the scarred warriors who guard his hell-forges, dispatching them in savage displays of wanton cruelty and using their deaths to power his next ritual. There are always more servants lining up though, for Hothgar is one of the wealthiest Chaos Dwarfs in the Dark Lands, and the opportunity to study with him is not to be snubbed.

HOTHGAR DAEMONBANE
Sorcerer of the Forge

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<tr>
<th>M</th>
<th>WS</th>
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<th>W</th>
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<th>Ld</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hothgar</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>9</td>
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</tbody>
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TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Hothgar is a level 2 Wizard and uses spells from the Lore of Metal or the Lore of Death. In addition to his other spells, Hothgar always knows the Bind Daemon spell.

BIND Daemon

Cast on 8+

Hothgar is uniquely talented in the dark art of binding Daemons into his arcane machines and is even able to muster the requisite concentration on the battlefield in order to bind escaping Daemons into their iron prisons.

Bind Daemon is an augment spell which can be used on a friendly unit with the Daemonic Attacks special rule within 18” of Hothgar. The affected unit immediately recovers D3+1 Wounds lost earlier in the battle. Models slain earlier in the battle may be resurrected following the same procedure as the Regrowth Lore of Life spell.

SPECIAL RULES: Ancient Schism, Arcane Engineer, Daemon Binder, Relentless, Scaly Skin (6+), “Stand Back, Sir!”

MAGIC ITEMS:

Rod of Daemon Binding: This arcane staff is bound with enchantments designed to suck the souls from living creatures. It is especially powerful against Daemons and other creatures of magic.

Magic Weapon. Hothgar has the Killing Blow special rule. When used against any model with magical attacks, the Rod of Daemon Binding instead grants Heroic Killing Blow.

Soul Armour: Hothgar wears a suit of rune-encrusted Chaos armour that is specially warded against the attacks of Daemons and other magical spirits.

Magic Armour. The Soul Armour grants a +1 armour save and a +1 ward save. Against magical attacks, this is improved to a 2+ ward save.
Hobgoblins occupy a relatively privileged position amongst the hordes of slaves that serve the Chaos Dwarfs. They are allowed to keep their own customs, their own tribes and their own leaders. Nonetheless, it is rare indeed for a Hobgoblin to achieve a rank of any influence in the armies of his masters. Naturally servile and cowardly creatures, they are largely incapable of making use of even the meagre advantages the Chaos Dwarfs give them. However, there is one Hobgoblin who has risen to a position of power – or at least notoriety – in the armies of the Dawi’Zharr. Gorduz Backstabber has the dubious honour of being the Chieftain of the Sneaky Gitz tribe, the vilest and most loathsome of all the Hobgoblins.

These treacherous greenskins inhabit Gash Kadrak, the Vale of Woe, where they oversee the great quarries that provide stone for the Chaos Dwarfs’ building projects. There, millions of lesser slaves toil under the cruel whips of the Sneaky Gitz. Gorduz is as traitorous as all his kin, and thinks nothing of betraying his fellow Hobgoblins to his masters in exchange for their favouritism – hence his epithet. Unlike in almost any other species, this does not lead to him being despised, but in fact admired and respected by other Hobgoblins. Like all Hobgoblins, he makes sure his weapons are coated in virulent poison and he also carries with him the deadly Black Bow, a gift from his Chaos Dwarf masters. All Hobgoblins are despised as snivelling lackeys of the Dawi’Zharr, but there is none more servile and sycophantic than Gorduz Backstabber who has not yet discovered the limit of the depths to which he will degrade himself to gain the favour of the Sons of Hashut. And, vile as he is, none can deny that Gorduz is a canny foe.

**TROOP TYPE:** Infantry (Special Character).

**SPECIAL RULES:** Envenomed Blades, Slave, Sneaky Gitz.

**Sneakiest Git:** Gorduz may re-roll failed Wounds in close combat when attacking from the flank or rear. This is extended to any unit he is part of as long as they also have the Sneaky Gitz special rule.

**Survival Instinct:** When Gorduz is reduced to his final Wound, he gains a 4+ ward save.

**MAGIC ITEMS:**

**Black Bow:** Gorduz carries a bow that was a gift from his Chaos Dwarf masters after his service at the Battle of Uzgalak. It is unerringly accurate as if guided by some animalistic sentience, and Gorduz always coats the obsidian arrow heads with his most virulent poisons.

Magic Weapon. The Black Bow counts as a bow with the Poisoned Attacks special rule and also grants Gorduz the Sniper special rule.

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Bag o’ Sneaky Tricks: Gorduz has stolen so much loot over the years that even he doesn’t know what it all does! Before a battle he will dig into his bag of swag and pull out a ju-ju or amulet at random to wear.

Talisman. Roll a D6 for the Bag o’ Sneaky Tricks at the same time spells are generated and consult the table below to determine the effect:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>D6</th>
<th>Effect</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Worthless trinket: the chosen talisman looks pretty, but does nothing else.</td>
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<tr>
<td>2</td>
<td>Gem of Fire: Gorduz gains the Fireborn special rule.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3</td>
<td>Obsidian Bracelet: Gorduz gains the Magic Resistance (1) special rule.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Lucky Charm: Gorduz has a 5+ ward save.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5</td>
<td>Dragonscale Pendant: Gorduz gains the Scaly Skin (2+) special rule.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6</td>
<td>Troll’s Tooth: Gorduz gains the Regeneration special rule.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
In a part of the camp that Rykarth had not been to before, they found Overlord Baggronor and the Sorcerers waiting by a great object—a towering cube of veined obsidian etched with strange runes he could not read. He was immediately wary, but Astragoth ordered his slaves to bear him forward to within a few feet of the slab-sided box. Baggronor stepped back and stood beside him. The two warriors had not exchanged many words since the arrival of the Granite Guard, but Rykarth knew of the Overlord’s dire reputation for savagery and battle prowess. “This is an auspicious day,” Baggronor said in a low voice.

“I have little appetite for sorcery,” Rykarth replied.

“Then what of that axe you bear? I thought the Immortals were made of sterner stuff…”

“An axe is one thing—this is quite another…”

“Our place is not to question our Lord, only to follow. No matter what path that may lead us down.”

Rykarth looked up at the ominous shape of the vault. Ice crystals were visible on its edges, and he saw now that a human in rags crouched at the base of the near wall. He was chained and gagged, but from his pale skin and the remnants of his clothes, he looked like one of the men of Kislev. Rykarth had ignored him automatically, but he realised he was more than an ordinary slave. Though he could not see the Winds of Magic, he sensed some power emanating from the emaciated figure. The air was distinctly chilly, despite the bubbling magma fields close by. A Daemonsmith stepped up and casually backhanded the ice wizard across the face, sending him sprawling into the dirt. Immediately the ice began to recede.

“Let it be done,” Astragoth rumbled.

Struggling slaves were tossed towards the Sorcerers by masked Acolytes and the Pyrophants slit their throats without preamble, splashing blood across the sides of the vault. The runes, previously inert, began to glow with a dull red light. Rykarth took a step backwards. The Daemonsmiths began to chant and move their hands in strange shapes, while the Pyrophants let up a sonorous dirge that sent a shiver down his spine. Astragoth simply sat in his throne, his gaze intent on the burning sigils. His slaves trembled on their knees beside him. As the Sorcerers’ voices grew louder, the atmosphere changed, as if infused with unseen power. The air seemed to crackle and the hairs on Rykarth’s neck stood out stiffly. He grit his teeth and tightened his grip on his axe. The runes were brighter now, turning orange, yellow and finally white, and he had to look away, blinking purple spots from his vision.

“Ghaz your’ kag’ rugh,” Astragoth said, his voice still as low and cracked as ever, but now with a strange echoing resonance behind it. “Drezh’ khalf’ m’gorgh as’zurd zhartz’ morg’uz’ gruhan k’daai en’shan h’tharrz’ n’daai…”

As he uttered the last syllable, there was an enormous cracking sound. Rykarth stared at the front wall of the vault was outlined in ruddy light and then fell forward. For a moment it looked as if it would crush Astragoth and the Sorcerers, but it dissipated in mid-tumble, consumed by its own inner light, and the other walls did likewise as they burst outwards. In place of the great stone cube crouched a hulking shape of iron and grimmor, nothing more than a jumble of parts, suffused with an odd inner glow. “Look,” Baggronor breathed.

Rykarth turned his gaze upwards and saw to his horror a great fiery vortex forming over the apparent pile of scrap. It seemed as if it was being pulled inexorably downwards, forming into a spout like a tornado, but of fire instead of wind. It was drawn into the metal hulk and then, with an ear-wrenching scream, disappeared.

Nothing happened for a long moment, but then something stirred in the heap. It began to move, pulling itself up into the semblance of a bull, but it was hollow, skeletal, a thing of twisted metal bones. Rykarth had to fight his instincts to attack this dread fiend. Fire ghosted across its armoured plates. It was as if the world held its breath and the aa giant shockwave was sent outwards, matched only by the thunderous scream that emanated from the iron beast.

Rykarth was blasted from its feet, as were Baggronor and the other Sorcerers. Astragoth, steady in his palanquin, had not moved, and his face was lit with an unholy glee. “Yes!” he cackled. “Rise! Rise!”

The thing before him had changed. Now its form was filled out with sinewy muscle, laid over pistons and melding with its armour plates so that Rykarth could not tell where beast began and machine ended. It was no thing of mortal flesh, though, for its body glowed like magma, and it radiated heat. The chimneys bristling from its back released a burst of reeking smoke, and the daemonic faces forged into them lit with a hellish light. It reared up on its hooves and then unclenched its forelimbs to reveal jagged claws that no bull had ever borne. Its great head, though still horned, pushed itself into a reptilian snout and a sinuous metal tongue emerged from between its black, steel fangs. Rykarth stared at the misshapen creation and could see the corruption emerging from it.

Baggronor had scrambled back up to his feet. “Run,” he growled at Rykarth.

“Why? It is on our side…”

“You have been too long out of service of a Sorcerer Lord, Immortal.” He helped Rykarth up to his feet. “The Destroyer hungers, and it is more valuable than you or I…”

They backed away as the iron monstrosity began to claw its way forward. It strained at the heavy chains drilled into the ground that held it and, with a whine of tortured metal, they snapped. An unearthly roar escaped its throat, and it began to advance…
**Fugue of Hashut**  
*Signature Spell*

The Sorcerer Lord unleashes a terrifying, complex hymnal to the Father of Darkness and its dark power envelopes his followers.

Fugue of Hashut is an **augment** spell that may be cast on any friendly unit within 18". The affected unit gains the Hatred and Flaming Attacks special rules until the start of the caster’s next magic phase. If the unit has the Daemonic Attacks special rule, they also gain Regeneration (5+). The Sorcerer Lord can choose to expand the effect of this spell to all friendly units within 18". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 16+.

1. **STORM OF ASH**  
*Cast on 5+*

The Sorcerer Lord summons forth a coven of smoke-spirits that enshroud his enemies, causing them to choke and stumble as the searing dust fills their eyes and lungs.

Storm of Ash is a **hex** spell with a range of 18". The target unit cannot march in their following turn and reduce their Weapon Skill and Initiative characteristics by 1 until the start of the caster’s next Magic phase. The Sorcerer Lord can choose to expand the cloud and have it affect all enemy units within 18" instead. If he does so, the casting value is increased to 10+.

2. **FLAMES OF AZGORH**  
*Cast on 7+*

The Sorcerer Lord expels a wall of daemonic flames that engulf his foes in the volcanic fury of the great mountain of fire, Azgorh.

Flames of Azgorh is a **direct damage** spell. Place the teardrop shaped template so the narrow end is in base contact with the caster and it covers at least one model in the target unit. Any model beneath the template suffers a Strength 4 hit with the Flaming Attacks special rule. The Sorcerer Lord can increase the attack’s Strength to 5. If he does so, the casting value is increased to 10+.

3. **SOUL REAVERS**  
*Cast on 10+*

The Sorcerer Lord reaches into the Realm of Chaos and drags forth a gaggle of screeching Daemons which fly towards the enemy and attack with their spectral claws.

Soul Reavers is a **magic missile** spell with a range of 24" that causes 2D6 Strength 4 hits with no armour saves allowed. The Sorcerer Lord can summon more powerful Daemons, in which case the Strength of the hits is increased to 5. If he does so, the casting value is increased to 13+.

4. **SHADOWS OF HASHUT**  
*Cast on 10+

The Sorcerer Lord calls up the terrifying form of a daemonic bull which charges towards the closest enemy, goring them with horns of pure shadow.

Shadows of Hashut is a **direct damage** spell. Every model in the front rank of the nearest enemy unit to the caster within 18” suffers a Strength 4 hit. If there are no enemy units within 18”, the spell has no effect. The Sorcerer Lord may summon a more powerful spectral bull by increasing the casting value to 13+, in which case the second rank of the target unit is affected as well.

5. **BULLROAR**  
*Cast on 13+

The Sorcerer Lord unleashes a furious bellow that reverberates through the Realm of Chaos like an apocalyptic Dirge of Hashut. All that hear the sound are filled with the fear of Hashut and his fiery wrath.

Bullroar is an **augment** spell cast on the Sorcerer Lord himself. Until the beginning of the caster’s next Magic phase, all friendly units from Warhammer: Chaos Dwarfs within 18” of the caster automatically pass all Panic tests they are required to take. The Sorcerer Lord can choose to emit a louder and more powerful version of this spell that affects all friendly units within 24”. If he does so, the casting value is increased to 18+.

6. **FURY OF THE EMPYREAN**  
*Cast on 15+

The Sorcerer Lord tears a rift in the very fabric of reality, opening a gateway into the Realm of Chaos itself. Daemons surge from the crackling vortex to sow destruction and the pulsing hellmouth moves erratically as the material world warps around it.

Fury of the Empyrean is a **magical vortex** that uses the small round template. Once the template is placed, the Sorcerer Lord designates the direction in which it will move. Roll 3D6 to determine how many inches the template will move. In subsequent turns, the template moves 3D6” in a random direction. Any unit under or passed over by the template is assaulted by ravening Daemons and suffers D6 Strength 4 hits for each rank of models in the unit with no armour saves allowed. Units without ranks suffer D6 hits. If at least one double is ever rolled for the template’s movement or number of hits, the rift immediately collapses before moving or resolving any hits and all units within 12” of the template must take a Panic test as the wailing Daemons are sent flying in all directions and the spell ends. The Sorcerer Lord may tear a larger warp rift so that it uses the large round template instead. If he does so, the casting value is increased to 25+.
**CREATIONS OF THE CURSED FORGES**

On the following pages are magic items available to Chaos Dwarf armies. These can be taken in addition to any of the magic items listed in the *Warhammer* rulebook.

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<th>Points</th>
<th>Magic Type</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>DARK MACE OF DEATH</strong></td>
<td>65</td>
<td>Magic Weapon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Dark Mace of Death contains the bound essence of the mighty Daemon Prince Dra'heth'k'negh, captured centuries ago by an insane Daemonsmith. What price he paid to enslave so mighty a creature can never be known, for even his name has been erased from the histories. One who knows the secrets of the weapon may unleash the enraged Daemon, whereupon he will lash out explosively at anything within range before returning to the Realm of Chaos.</td>
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<tr>
<td>A skilled Daemonsmith is required to locate and bind Dra'heth'k'negh again, for the Daemon Prince’s fate is inextricably intertwined with that of the Dawi Zharr and it is always possible to lure him back, although the price he exacts is higher each time. Only a highly wealthy and influential Sorcerer Lord can afford such a service and thus arm one of his servants with the Dark Mace of Death.</td>
<td></td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td>The bearer has the Killing Blow special rule. In addition, once per game he may exchange all his usual Attacks to inflict a single Attack which is resolved at Strength 10 and has the Heroic Killing Blow special rule. After this special attack has been used, the Dark Mace of Death is considered destroyed and may not be used for the rest of the game.</td>
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| **BLACK HAMMER OF HASHUT**  | 50     | Magic Weapon       |
| The Black Hammer of Hashut is a weapon blessed by the Father of Darkness himself. Legend has it that it descended to the Plain of Zharr in a bolt of lightning on an auspicious and portentous night. Those slaves who were ordered to retrieve it were burned to a char the second they laid their filthy hands upon it — it would take one who was worthy in the eyes of Hashut to lift it. Shaped in the form of a smith’s hammer, it burns with terrific intensity and can heat metal to melting point almost instantly. Armour is no defence against the Black Hammer and only makes the wearer more vulnerable to its scalding touch. Many captains of Zharr have wielded the Black Hammer down the ages, but only one favoured by Hashut truly has the skill to use it. |        |                    |
| The Black Hammer of Hashut grants the bearer the Flaming Attacks special rule and any Wounds it inflicts ignore armour saves. Furthermore, when rolling To Wound with the Black Hammer of Hashut, the roll required is always equal to the target’s armour save, to a minimum of 6+ and a maximum of 2+. |        |                    |

| **ARMOUR OF THE FURNACE**   | 75     | Magic Armour       |
| Forged from ensorcelled iron quenched with the blood of a mighty Champion of Tzeentch, this suit of rune-encrusted Chaos armour was then tempered in the breath of Great Tauruses. It is not only harder than gromril, but also proof against even the fiercest flame. The Overlord Daknaz the Bloodthirsty wore it on his expedition to the Fire Mouth, the great volcano of the Mountains of Mourn. There, he withstood the onslaught of the Ogre Firebellies and walked directly into the caldera of the mountain where Aspoth, mightiest of the Bale Tauruses made his lair. Daknaz fought and tamed the beast and henceforth rode it into battle. |        |                    |
| The wearer has a 1+ armour save that may not be improved by any means, a 5+ ward save and the Fireborn special rule. |        |                    |

| **BLACK IRON DEATHMASK**    | 25     | Magic Armour       |
| This skeletal iron mask was once worn by Lord Uzdrath of the Black Fortress, who led his legion against the might of the Kurgan. He sent over a hundred thousand slaves back to Zharr-Naggrund, but was finally killed by a stampeding War Mammoth. Once the slaughter was done, his followers cremated his body with great ceremony, but his mask survived the conflagration. All who have worn it since have claimed that some vestige of Uzdrath’s monstrous spirit entered it, and that his strength and cruelty live on. |        |                    |
| The wearer’s armour save is improved by +1. In addition, all enemy models in base contact have the Flammable special rule. |        |                    |
AMULET OF AZGORH  
50 points  
Talisman

Wrought from a chunk of glowing magma ejected from the mighty volcano Azgorh in the south of the Dark Lands, this ruby-red amulet glows with a magical inner light. Its power must be renewed each day at the mouth of the volcano that birthed it for, as night begins to fall, its fiery heat cools to a dying ember.

The Amulet of Azgorh grants a ward save which decreases with each turn of the game. In turn 1, the save is 2+, in turn 2 it is 3+, in turn 3 4+ and so on until it drops to 6+, where it remains until the game ends. Furthermore, any Flammable model that successfully hits the wearer of the Amulet of Azgorh in close combat will take an automatic hit, the Strength of which is also determined by the game turn: on turn 1 it is Strength 6, on turn 2 Strength 5, on turn 3 Strength 4 and so on down to Strength 1 where it remains for the rest of the game. Finally, the bearer also has Flaming Attacks.

CHALICE OF DARKNESS  
50 points  
Arcane Item

This obsidian goblet is one of the oldest artefacts possessed by the Chaos Dwarfs. Within its depths are bound a coterie of Daemons. Denied the sustenance they crave for millennia, they now draw in magic whenever they can, absorbing it into the black depths of the Chalice.

At the start of the Magic phase, immediately after power and dispel dice are generated and all channelling is completed but before any spells are cast, the bearer of the Chalice of Darkness can choose to remove D3 dice from each player’s pool. This can be done in either the controlling player’s turn or their opponent’s, but the Chalice of Darkness may only be used once per game turn.

PICKLED BLOODLETTER’S HEAD  
35 points  
Enchanted Item

This bizarre artefact was given to the masters of Uzkulak by the Chaos worshippers of the north in return for the fabled Crimson Armour of Dargan. It is suffused with the rage of the Blood God Khorne and responds to the fluctuations of the Winds of Magic.

The bearer of the Pickled Bloodletter’s Head has +1 Strength in a turn in which he charges and the Hatred (Daemons of Slaanesh) special rule. Furthermore, each turn the bearer gains another special rule determined by the highest dice rolled for the Winds of Magic in the Magic phase: see the table below. This lasts until the beginning of the following Magic phase. In the first player turn before the Magic phase there is no additional effect.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Highest dice score</th>
<th>Special Rule</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1 - 2</td>
<td>Frenzy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3 - 4</td>
<td>Magic Resistance (2)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 - 6</td>
<td>Killing Blow</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

BANNER OF HASHUT  
20 points  
Magic Standard

This unholy standard is suffused with the daemonic power of the Father of Darkness. The oldest legends of the Chaos Dwarfs maintain that it was borne by the ancestors of the Dawi Zharr who were isolated in the Zorn Uzkul and was originally a runic standard of the Ancestor Gods. When the Daemons of Chaos assailed the colonists, the first incantations Hashut taught them were used to bind them into it, and their disembodied screams shattered the runic emblems. Those tormented spirits are still trapped within the banner, and their dark power is instilled in all who bear it aloft.

The bearer and his unit have the Fireborn and Flaming Attacks special rules.

BANNER OF SLAVERY  
35 points  
Magic Standard

This fell banner is sewn together from the skins of slaves tortured to death within the Temple of Hashut. Their sightless eyes still stare out from its rippling surface and etched into their flesh are dark runes of Hashut. To the ears of those who still serve the Chaos Dwarfs, it sounds as if the disembodied voices of the dead constantly whisper details of their horrific fates and remind them of the price of failure. Few slaves indeed would dare to defy their masters when in sight of this grim totem, for they know that compared to the wrath of the Chaos Dwarfs, the blades and arrows of the enemy are as tender as a lover’s touch.

All units with the Slaves special rule within 12” have the Immune to Psychology special rule.
When the Chaos Dwarfs march to war, it is with a great din of drums and rumbling engines. Clad in dark armour and bearing weapons wrought with fell enchantments they meet their foe not only with technological superiority but also numberless Hobgoblin slaves and other unusual creatures. No matter the weapon the Dawi Zharr choose, whether it be destructive magic, apocalyptic war machines, winged monsters or sheer weight of numbers, they are equally determined to crush the world beneath their iron-shod boots.

This section presents a showcase of some of the fantastic miniatures available to the Chaos Dwarfs. Within these pages you’ll find plenty of inspiration for amassing your own horde of corrupt slavers.
Daemonsmiths

Daemonsmith bearing an ensorcelled weapon glowing with daemonic enchantments.

Pyrophants, masters of shadow and flame.

Sorcerer Lord riding Lammasu
Overlord riding Great Taurus

Rykarth the Unbreakable

Castellans have access to powerful weapons and other artefacts.

Zhatast the Black, the Banelord
Chaos Dwarf Warriors with blunderbusses unleash devastating volleys of fire.

Chaos Dwarf Warriors with great weapons form a nigh-immovable bastion of iron and hate.
Infernal Guard command

Infernal Guard wielding fireglaives and wearing the scorched bronze armour of the Legion of Azgorh.

Deathmasks earn the right to remove their helmets, but in doing so reveal their mutilated faces.

Infernal Guard

Immortals bearing great weapons with a Petrified Sorcerer in their ranks.
Hobgoblin Warriors

Hobgoblin Warriors with additional hand weapons.

A mob of Hobgoblins armed with bows.

Hobgoblin Bolt Thrower
Savage Hobgoblin Wolf Riders from the Eastern Steppes.

Hobgoblin Khan

Hobgoblin Wolf Boss

Hobgoblin Wolf Riders

Hobgoblin Khan mounted on Giant Wolf
Magma Cannon

Death Rockets fire deadly missiles imbued with semi-sentient daemonic spirits.

Hothgar Daemonbane, Master Daemonsmith.

A Daemonsmith tends to his hellbound flock of war machines.
Dreadquake Mortar

The masked crew of the Hellcannon risk their lives to goad their daemon-machine into battle.

The dread might of a Hellcannon, shaking with daemonic fury.
Iron Daemon

Hellbound Iron Daemons are fuelled not with coal, but warpstone or other alchemical effluence.

Iron Daemon

A Skullcracker sports a truly monstrous array of mechanised weapons on its prow.
K’daii Fireborn are imbued with unholy fire.

The K’daii Destroyer is the most powerful creation of the evil Chaos Dwarfs.
Slave Giants are the unfortunate recipients of brutal modifications by their cruel masters, turning them into nothing more than enraged killing machines.
Bull Centaurs are amongst the most devastating shock troops in the world.

Bull Centaur Elder
Warriors from the Brotherhoods of Zharr wear the traditional red and black heraldry of Hashut and are most often seen wearing their ceremonial tall helmets, even in battle. Their symbol is the macabre split skull rune.

The Slavemasters of Gorgoth are known for their cruelty, even amongst the Davi Zharr. In battle they use hordes of slaves to blunt the enemy’s attack and their banners bear images of torment and suffering.

The grim Blackguard of Uzkulak have no compunction about using fear as a weapon and their black armour and robes only enhance their aura of dread. Uzkulak is the Place of the Skull, and the image of the horned skull adorns their banners.

Daemon’s Stump is a centre of experimentation and arcane industry, and its Hellforge Guard who assist the Daemonsmiths are experts at subduing the denizens of the Realm of Chaos. The devices they sport are wont to utilise the star of Chaos.
When the dark legions of Zharr gather together it is with only one aim in mind: the destruction and enslavement of their enemies, be they interlopers in their lands or unsuspecting victims in a distant realm. In either case, their fate shall be the same, and they will rue the day the Chaos Dwarfs came for them.

This section of the book helps you forge your collection of Chaos Dwarf miniatures into a dread legion 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 a quick and easy reference during your games.
USING THE ARMY LIST

The army list is used alongside the ‘Choosing Your 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 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 the unit at a glance, using the following format:

1. **Name.** The name by which the unit or character is identified.

2. **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, for example).

3. **Troop Type.** Each entry specifies the unit type of its models (e.g. ‘infantry’, ‘war machine’ and so on).

4. **Points value.** Every miniature in the Warhammer range costs an amount of points that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield.

5. **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.

6. **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.

7. **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.

8. **Options.** A list of optional weapons and armour, mounts, magic items and other upgrades for units and 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 banner or take magic items at a further points cost.

9. **9 points per model**

The Chaos Dwarf Warrior on the left is equipped with a hand weapon and shield. As you can see from the profile above, he will cost 10 points to include in your army. A unit of Chaos Dwarf Warriors equipped like this will therefore cost 100 points.

The Chaos Dwarf Warrior on the right is an Ironguard. To upgrade a Chaos Dwarf Warrior unit to include this champion will cost you an additional 10 points.
GHORTH THE CRUEL

Profile
Ghorth
The Black Throne

Troop Type
Infantry (Special Character)

Profile
M WS BS S T W I A Ld
Ghorth 3 4 3 4 5 7 1 1 10
The Black Throne 3 5 3 4 - - 3 4 -

Magic:
Ghorth is a Level 4 Wizard and uses spells from the Lore of Hashut.

Equipment:
• Ensorcelled weapon

Magic Items:
• The Book of Hashut
• Daemonic Thralls
• The Mask of Zhargon

Special Rules:
• Ancient Schism
• Black Throne
• Daemon Binder
• Immune to Psychology
• Master of Zharr
• Relentless
• Scaly Skin (4+)

ASTRAGOTH IRONHAND

Profile
Astragoth

Troop Type
Infantry (Special Character)

Profile
M WS BS S T W I A Ld
Astragoth 3 4 3 5 4 2 2 10

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

Magic Items:
• The Ironhand
• Rod of Obsidian
• Rune of Hashut

Special Rules:
• Ancient Schism
• Daemon Binder
• Dirgemaster
• Immune to Psychology
• Relentless
• Scaly Skin (3+)
• Steam Attack
• Swiftstride

ZHATAN THE BLACK

Profile
Zhatan

Troop Type
Infantry (Special Character)

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

Equipment:
• Chaos armour

Magic Items:
• The Hammer of Zharr
• Ring of Unmaking
• The Black Mantle

Special Rules:
• Ancient Schism
• Reckless Hate
• Relentless

Options:
• May be mounted on one of the following:
  - Great Taurus ......................................................175 points
  - May have Flaming Breath ....................................30 points
  - Bale Taurus ......................................................195 points
  - May have Flaming Breath ....................................30 points
  - May have Ossified Armour ..................................25 points

LORD BHAAL

Profile
Lord Bhaal

Troop Type
Monstrous Beast (Special Character)

Profile
M WS BS S T W I A Ld
Lord Bhaal 7 7 3 6 5 5 5 9

Equipment:
• Chaos armour

Magic Items:
• Dread Axe

Special Rules:
• Ancient Schism
• Devastating Charge
• Fireborn
• Flaming Attacks
• Frenzy
• Fury of Hashut
• Immune to Psychology
• Scaly Skin (6+)
• Terror
• Thunderous Impact
## LORDS

### SORCERER LORD

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Magic:</th>
<th>A Sorcerer Lord is a Level 3 Wizard and uses spells from the Lore of Fire, the Lore of Metal, the Lore of Shadow, the Lore of Death or the Lore of Hashut.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Equipment:</strong></td>
<td>- Hand weapon</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Special Rules:</strong></td>
<td>- Ancient Schism</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- Daemon Binder</td>
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<td></td>
<td>- Immune to Psychology</td>
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<td></td>
<td>- Relentless</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- Scaly Skin (5+)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Options:</strong></td>
<td>- May upgrade to a Level 4 Wizard .......................................................... 35 points</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- May be armed with one of the following:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- Ensorcelled weapon ................................................................. 6 points</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- Hellforged Weapon ................................................................. 30 points</td>
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<td></td>
<td>- May be mounted on one of the following:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- Palanquin ............................................................................ 50 points</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- Great Taurus ......................................................................... 175 points</td>
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<td></td>
<td>- May have Flaming Breath ......................................................... 30 points</td>
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<td>- Bale Taurus ........................................................................ 195 points</td>
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<td></td>
<td>- May have Flaming Breath ........................................................ 30 points</td>
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<td></td>
<td>- May have Ossified Armour ..................................................... 25 points</td>
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<td></td>
<td>- Lammasu ........................................................................... 170 points</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- May upgrade to a Level 2 Wizard ............................................. 35 points</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- May have Mace Tail ........................................................... 15 points</td>
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<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- May have Sorcerous Exhalation ............................................. 30 points</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>- Altar of Hashut ................................................................. 175 points</td>
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<td></td>
<td>- May take magic items up to a total of ...................................... 100 points</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### OVERLORD

| Equipment: | - Hand weapon |
| | - Chaos armour |
| **Special Rules:** | - Ancient Schism |
| | - Malice of Zharr |
| | - Relentless |
| **Options:** | - May be armed with one of the following: |
| | - Great weapon .................................................................... 6 points |
| | - Additional hand weapon (unless mounted) ......................... 6 points |
| | - Hellfire pistol .................................................................. 8 points |
| | - Brace of hellfire pistols .................................................. 15 points |
| | - Ensorcelled weapon ......................................................... 6 points |
| | - Hellforged Weapon .......................................................... 30 points |
| | - May take a shield ............................................................. 3 points |
| | - May be mounted on one of the following: |
| | - Great Taurus .................................................................... 175 points |
| | - May have Flaming Breath .................................................. 30 points |
| | - Bale Taurus ..................................................................... 195 points |
| | - May have Flaming Breath .................................................. 30 points |
| | - May have Ossified Armour .............................................. 25 points |
| | - May take magic items up to a total of .................................. 100 points |
# HEROES

## RYKARTH THE UNBREAKABLE

**Profile**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Rykarth</th>
<th>M</th>
<th>WS</th>
<th>BS</th>
<th>S</th>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Troop Type**

- Infantry (Special Character)

**Equipment:**
- Chaos armour

**Magic Items:**
- Ensorcelled Great Axe
- Gauntlets of Uzkulak

**Special Rules:**
- Ancient Schism
- Hatred
- Relentless
- Shieldwall of Granite
- The Granite Guard
- Unbreakable

## HOTHGAR DAEMONBANE

**Profile**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hothgar</th>
<th>M</th>
<th>WS</th>
<th>BS</th>
<th>S</th>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Troop Type**

- Infantry (Special Character)

**Magic:**
- Hothgar is a level 2 Wizard and uses spells from the Lore of Metal or the Lore of Death. In addition to his other spells, Hothgar always knows the *Bind Daemon* spell.

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Light armour
- Shield

**Magic Items:**
- Rod of Daemon Binding
- Soul Armour

**Special Rules:**
- Ancient Schism
- Arcane Engineer
- Daemon Binder
- Relentless
- Scaly Skin (6+)
- “Stand Back, Sir!”

## GORDUZ BACKSTABBER

**Profile**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Gorduz Backstabber</th>
<th>M</th>
<th>WS</th>
<th>BS</th>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Troop Type**

- Infantry (Special Character)

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon

**Magic Items:**
- Black Bow
- Bag o’ Sneaky Tricks

**Special Rules:**
- Envenomed Blades
- Slaves
- Sneaky Gitz
- Sneakiest Git
- Survival Instinct

**Options:**
- May be mounted on a Giant Wolf .................12 points

## PYROPHANT

**Profile**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Pyrophant</th>
<th>M</th>
<th>WS</th>
<th>BS</th>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Troop Type**

- Infantry (Character)

**Magic:**
- A Pyrophant is a Level 1 Wizard and uses spells from the Lore of Fire or the Lore of Shadow.

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon

**Special Rules:**
- Ancient Schism
- Flaming Attacks
- Relentless
- Scaly Skin (6+)

**Options:**
- May upgrade to a Level 2 Wizard .....................35 points
- May be mounted on an Altar of Hashut ..............175 points
- May take magic items up to a total of ................50 points
# HEROES

## DAEMONSMITH

**Profile**  
Daemonsmith

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>M</th>
<th>WS</th>
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</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Troop Type**  
Infantry (Character)

**Magic:**  
A Daemonsmith is a Level 1 Wizard and uses spells from the Lore of Metal or the Lore of Death.

**Equipment:**  
- Hand weapon
- Chaos armour

**Special Rules:**  
- Ancient Schism
- Arcane Engineer
- Daemon Binder
- Relentless
- Scaly Skin (6+)
- "Stand Back, Sir!"

**Options:**  
- May upgrade to a Level 2 Wizard ............................................... 35 points
- May be armed with one of the following:
  - Great weapon ................................................................. 6 points
  - Additional hand weapon (unless mounted) ......................... 6 points
  - Hellfire pistol .............................................................. 8 points
  - Brace of hellfire pistols ................................................ 13 points
  - Ensorcelled weapon ....................................................... 6 points
  - Hellforged Weapon ....................................................... 30 points
- May take a shield ............................................................... 3 points
- May be mounted on a Great Taurus ................................. 175 points
  - May have Flaming Breath ................................................ 30 points
- May take magic items up to a total of ................................. 50 points

## CASTELLAN

**Profile**  
Castellan

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>M</th>
<th>WS</th>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Troop Type**  
Infantry (Character)

**Equipment:**  
- Hand weapon
- Chaos armour

**Special Rules:**  
- Ancient Schism
- Malice of Zharr
- Relentless

**Options:**  
- May be armed with one of the following:
  - Great weapon ................................................................. 6 points
  - Additional hand weapon (unless mounted) ......................... 6 points
  - Hellfire pistol .............................................................. 8 points
  - Brace of hellfire pistols ................................................ 13 points
  - Ensorcelled weapon ....................................................... 6 points
  - Hellforged Weapon ....................................................... 30 points
- May take a shield ............................................................... 3 points
- May be mounted on a Great Taurus ................................. 175 points
  - May have Flaming Breath ................................................ 30 points
- May take magic items up to a total of ................................. 50 points

## BULL CENTAUR ELDER

**Profile**  
Bull Centaur Elder

<table>
<thead>
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<th>M</th>
<th>WS</th>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Troop Type**  
Monstrous Beast (Character)

**Equipment:**  
- Hand weapon
- Chaos armour

**Special Rules:**  
- Ancient Schism
- Devastating Charge
- Fear
- Fiery Onslaught
- Fireborn
- Immune to Psychology
- Scaly Skin (6+)

**Options:**  
- May be armed with one of the following:
  - Great weapon ................................................................. 12 points
  - Additional hand weapon .................................................. 8 points
  - Ensorcelled weapon ....................................................... 12 points
- May take a shield ............................................................... 4 points
- May take a Doom Harness .................................................. 100 points
- May take magic items up to a total of ................................. 50 points

## BATTLE STANDARD BEARER

One Castellan or Bull Centaur Elder in the army may carry the Battle Standard for +25 points. The Battle Standard Bearer can have a magic standard (no points limit). A model that carries a magic standard cannot have any other magic items.
HOBGOBLIN KHAN

**Profile**

Hobgoblin Khan

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>M</th>
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<td>3</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Troop Type**

Infantry (Character)

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

**Special Rules:**
- Envenomed Blades
- Slave
- Sneaky Gitz

**Options:**
- May be armed with one of the following:
  - Great weapon
  - Additional hand weapon (unless mounted)
  - Spear (mounted only)
  - Bow
- May take throwing weapons
- May take a shield
- May be mounted on a Giant Wolf
- May take magic items up to a total of

---

MOUNTS

**Profile**

Great Taurus
Bale Taurus
Lammasu
Giant Wolf

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>M</th>
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</table>

**Troop Type**

Monster
Monster
Monster
War Beast

**Special Rules:**
- Great Taurus and Bale Taurus: Blazing Body, Flaming Attacks, Fly, Fuelled by Fire, Large Target, Terror.
- Lammasu: Fly, Large Target, Magic Resistance (3), Sorcerous Miasma, Terror.
- Giant Wolf: Fast Cavalry.

**Magic:**

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

---

ALTAR OF HASHUT

**Profile**

Altar of Hashut
Acolytes of Hashut
Wretched Slaves

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>M</th>
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</table>

**Troop Type**

Chariot (Armour Save 4+)

**Crew:**

2 Acolytes of Hashut

**Drawn by:**

Wretched Slaves

**Equipment (crew):**
- Halberd

**Special Rules:**
- Ancient Schism (Acolytes of Hashut only)
- Boon of Hashut
- Dark Blessing
- Large Target
- Random Attacks (2D6)
- Sacrificial Altar
- Wretched Slaves only
## CORE UNITS

### CHAOS DWARF WARRIORS

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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chaos Dwarf Warrior</td>
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<tr>
<td>Ironguard</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
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<td>1</td>
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<td>1</td>
<td>9</td>
<td>Infantry</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Unit Size:** 10+

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Chaos armour

**Special Rules:**
- Ancient Schism
- Relentless

**Options:**
- Upgrade one Chaos Dwarf Warrior to an Ironguard .................................................. 10 points
  - Ironguard may take a pistol ................................................................. 3 points
- Upgrade one Chaos Dwarf Warrior to a musician ................................................ 10 points
- Upgrade one Chaos Dwarf Warrior to a standard bearer ...................................... 10 points
- One Chaos Dwarf Warrior unit may take a magic standard worth up to .............. 50 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
  - Great weapons ........................................................................... 2 points per model
  - Blunderbusses ............................................................................. 3 points per model
  - Fireglaives ................................................................................ 4 points per model
- The entire unit may take shields ......................................................... 1 point per model

### INFERNAL GUARD

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Profile</th>
<th>M</th>
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<td>Deathmask</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>2</td>
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<td>Infantry</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Unit Size:** 10+

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Infernal armour

**Special Rules:**
- Ancient Schism
- Immune to Psychology
- Relentless
- Slaves

**Options:**
- Upgrade one Infernal Guard to a Deathmask ...................................................... 10 points
  - Deathmask may take a pistol ................................................................... 3 points
  - Deathmask may take naptha bombs ......................................................... 15 points
- Upgrade one Infernal Guard to a musician ................................................... 10 points
- Upgrade one Infernal Guard to a standard bearer ......................................... 10 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
  - Great weapons ........................................................................... 2 points per model
  - Fireglaives ................................................................................ 4 points per model
- The entire unit may take shields ......................................................... 1 point per model

### HOBOGoblin WARRIORS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Profile</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hobgoblin Warrior</td>
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<tr>
<td>Hobgoblin Boss</td>
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<td>Infantry</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Unit Size:** 10+

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

**Special Rules:**
- Slaves
- Sneaky Gitz

**Options:**
- Upgrade one Hobgoblin Warrior to a Hobgoblin Boss ........................................... 10 points
- Upgrade one Hobgoblin Warrior to a musician ................................................... 10 points
- Upgrade one Hobgoblin Warrior to a standard bearer ......................................... 10 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
  - Spears ......................................................................................... 1 point per model
  - Bows ......................................................................................... 2 points per model
  - Additional hand weapons ...................................................................... 1 point per model
- The entire unit may take throwing weapons .................................................... 1 point per model
- The entire unit may take shields ............................................................. 1 point per model
- The entire unit may be upgraded to have Envenomed Blades ......................... 1 point per model
### IMMORTALS

**Profile**
- Immortal
- Baneguard

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<tr>
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</table>

**Unit Size:** 10+

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Chaos armour

**Special Rules:**
- Ancient Schism
- Hatred
- Relentless
- Shieldwall
- Stubborn

**Options:**
- Upgrade one Immortal to a Baneguard .......................................................... 10 points
- Baneguard may take a magic weapon or magic armour worth up to .................. 25 points
- Upgrade one Immortal to a musician ................................................................. 10 points
- Upgrade one Immortal to a standard bearer .................................................. 10 points
- May take a magic standard worth up to .......................................................... 50 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
  - Great weapons ................................................................................................ 2 points per model
  - Ensorcelled weapons ......................................................................................... 2 points per model
  - The entire unit may take shields ....................................................................... 2 points per model

### ACOLYTES OF HASHUT

**Profile**
- Acolyte of Hashut
- Diregecaller

<table>
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<tr>
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<td>Diregecaller</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

**Unit Size:** 10+

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Halberd
- Heavy armour

**Special Rules:**
- Ancient Schism
- Dirges of Hashut
- Relentless
- Sorcerer Caste

**Options:**
- Upgrade one Acolyte of Hashut to a Diregecaller ............................................... 10 points
- Upgrade one Acolyte of Hashut to a standard bearer .......................................... 10 points
- May take a magic standard worth up to ............................................................. 50 points
- The entire unit may take shields ....................................................................... 1 point per model

### HOBGOBLIN WOLF RIDERS

**Profile**
- Hobgoblin Wolf Rider
- Hobgoblin Wolf Boss
- Giant Wolf

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
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<tr>
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<td>Hobgoblin Wolf Boss</td>
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<td>Giant Wolf</td>
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<td>3</td>
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</table>

**Unit Size:** 5+

**Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Light armour

**Special Rules:**
- Fast Cavalry
- Slaves
- Sneaky Gitz

**Options:**
- Upgrade one Hobgoblin Wolf Rider to a Hobgoblin Wolf Boss .......................... 10 points
- Upgrade one Hobgoblin Wolf Rider to a musician .......................................... 10 points
- Upgrade one Hobgoblin Wolf Rider to a standard bearer ................................ 10 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
  - Spears ............................................................................................................. 1 point per model
  - Bows ............................................................................................................... 2 points per model
  - The entire unit may take shields .................................................................... 1 point per model
  - The entire unit may be upgraded to have Envenomed Blades ....................... 1 point per model
  - The entire unit may be upgraded to have the Ambushers special rule .......... 2 points per model

**Troop Type**
- Immortal
- Infantry
- Infantry
- Infantry
- Cavaler
- Cavaler
- -
SPECIAL UNITS

K'DAAI FIREBORN

55 points per model

Unit Size: 3+

Profile
M WS BS S T W I A Ld
K’dai Fireborn 6 4 2 5 4 3 4 2 7
K’dai Manburner 6 4 2 5 4 3 4 3 7

Troop Type
Monstrous Infantry
Monstrous Infantry

Special Rules:
- Blazing Body
- Bound Daemon
- Burning Bright
- Fireborn
- Flaming Attacks

Options:
- Upgrade one K’dai Fireborn to a K’dai Manburner ........... 10 points
- The entire unit may take any of the following:
  - Ironflesh ........................................................................ 3 points per model
  - Obsidian Heart .................................................................. 5 points per model
  - Steelbane Claws ................................................................ 2 points per model

BLACK ORCS

12 points per model

Unit Size: 10+

Profile
M WS BS S T W I A Ld
Black Orc 4 4 3 4 4 1 2 1 8
Black Orc Boss 4 5 3 4 4 1 2 2 8

Troop Type
Infantry
Infantry

Equipment:
- Heavy armour
- A huge array of weapons

Special Rules:
- Armed to da Teef
- Choppas
- Immune to Psychology
- Slaves

Options:
- Upgrade one Black Orc to a Black Orc Boss ....................... 10 points
- Upgrade one Black Orc to a musician ............................... 10 points
- Upgrade one Black Orc to a standard bearer .................... 10 points
- The entire unit may take shields ..................................... 1 point per model

HOBGOBLIN BOLT THROWER

30 points

Unit Size: 1

Profile
M WS BS S T W I A Ld
Hobgoblin Bolt Thrower - - - 7 2 - -
Hobgoblin Crew 4 3 3 3 1 2 1 6

Troop Type
War Machine (Bolt Thrower)

Crew:
2 Hobgoblin Crew

Equipment (crew):
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Slaves

Options:
- May include an additional Hobgoblin Crew member .......... 5 points

A Chaos Dwarfs army may include up to 6 Hobgoblin Bolt Throwers, or 12 in a Grand Army.
### SPECIAL UNITS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>DEATH ROCKET</th>
<th>80 points</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Profile</strong></td>
<td><strong>Troop Type</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Death Rocket</td>
<td>War Machine (Stone Thrower)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chaos Dwarf Crew</td>
<td>-</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Unit Size:</strong></td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Crew:</strong></td>
<td>2 Chaos Dwarf Crew</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Equipment (crew):**
- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour

**Special Rules:**
- Ancient Schism
- Diabolic Sentience
- Infernal Artillery

**Options:**
- May include an additional Chaos Dwarf Crew member ..........10 points
- May be given incendiary rocks ..................................5 points
- May be upgraded to Hellbound ....................................25 points


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>MAGMA CANNON</th>
<th>120 points</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Profile</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td>Magma Cannon</td>
<td>War Machine (Fire Thrower)</td>
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<td>Chaos Dwarf Crew</td>
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<td><strong>Unit Size:</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Crew:</strong></td>
<td>2 Chaos Dwarf Crew</td>
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**Equipment (crew):**
- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour

**Special Rules:**
- Ancient Schism
- Fiendish Blast

**Options:**
- May include an additional Chaos Dwarf Crew member ..........10 points
- May be upgraded to Hellbound ....................................25 points


<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>IRON DAEMON</th>
<th>285 points</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Profile</strong></td>
<td><strong>Troop Type</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iron Daemon</td>
<td>Chariot (Armour Save 3+)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chaos Dwarf Crew</td>
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</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Unit Size:</strong></td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Crew:</strong></td>
<td>3 Chaos Dwarf Crew</td>
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</table>

**Equipment (Iron Daemon):**
- Steam Cannonade

**Special Rules:**
- Ancient Schism
- Boiler Movement
- Engine of Destruction
- Impact Hits (D6+2)
- Large Target
- Obstacle Strider
- Terror
- Thunderstomp
- Unbreakable

**Options:**
- May be upgraded to Hellbound ....................................25 points


<table>
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<tr>
<th>PETRIFIED SORCERER</th>
<th>150 points</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Profile</strong></td>
<td><strong>Troop Type</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Petrified Sorcerer</td>
<td>Infantry</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>Unit Size:</strong></td>
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**Special Rules:**
- Borne Aloft
- Fear
- Fell Icon
- Flesh of Stone

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</table>
RARE UNITS

BULL CENTAURS

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<tr>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Bull Centaur</td>
<td>7</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bull Centaur Guardian</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>5</td>
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<td>4</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Troop Type: Monstrous Beast

Unit Size: 3+

Equipment:
- Hand weapon
- Chaos armour

Special Rules:
- Ancient Schism
- Devastating Charge
- Fear
- Fiery Onslaught
- Fireborn
- Immune to Psychology
- Scaly Skin (6+)

Options:
- Upgrade one Bull Centaur to a Bull Centaur Guardian ...................10 points
- Guardian may take a magic weapon worth up to ......................25 points
- Upgrade one Bull Centaur to a musician ....................................10 points
- Upgrade one Bull Centaur to a standard bearer .......................10 points
- May take a magic standard worth up to ................................75 points
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
  - Additional hand weapons ........................................3 points per model
  - Great weapons ..................................................8 points per model
  - Ensorcelled weapons .......................................8 points per model
- The entire unit may take shields ...................................3 points per model

DREADQUAKE MORTAR

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Profile</th>
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<tr>
<td>Chaos Dwarf Crew</td>
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Troop Type: War Machine (Stone Thrower)

Unit Size: 1

Crew:
- 3 Chaos Dwarf Crew

Equipment
- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour

Equipment
- Hand weapon

Special Rules:
- Ancient Schism
- Infernal Artillery
- Quake!
- Slow to Load

Options:
- May be upgraded to include a Slave Ogre ........................................35 points
- May be upgraded to Hellbound ...........................................25 points
# SKULLCRACKER

**Profile**
- Skullcracker: 6 - - 8 7 7 - - 
- Chaos Dwarf Crew: - 4 3 3 - 2 1 9

**Troop Type**: Chariot (Armour Save 3+)

**Troop Size**: 1

**Crew**: 3 Chaos Dwarf Crew

**Equipment (crew)**:
- Hand weapon

**Special Rules**:
- Ancient Schism
- Boiler Movement
- Engine of Destruction
- Impact Hits (2D6+2)
- Large Target

**Options**:
- May be upgraded to Hellbound

---

## HELLCANNON

**Profile**
- Hellcannon: 3 4 3 5 6 5 1 5 4
- Chaos Dwarf Handlers: 3 4 3 3 4 1 2 1 9

**Troop Type**: Monster

**Troop Size**: 1

**Crew**: 3 Chaos Dwarf Handlers

**Equipment (Chaos Dwarf Handlers)**:
- Hand weapon

**Special Rules**:
- Ancient Schism (Chaos Dwarf Handlers only)
- Caged Fury
- Daemonic Attacks (Hellcannon only)
- Daemonic Construction

**Options**:
- May take any of the following:
  - Grinding Gears
  - Spew Ichor

---

## K’DAAI DESTROYER

**Profile**
- K’daai Destroyer: 6 4 0 6 5 6 2 6 8

**Troop Type**: Monster

**Troop Size**: 1

**Special Rules**:
- Flaming Attacks
- Frenzy
- Large Target
- Terror

**Options**:
- May take any of the following:
  - Flaming Breath
  - Ironflesh
  - Mawter
  - Obsidian Heart

---

## SLAVE GIANT

**Profile**
- Slave Giant: 6 3 3 6 5 6 3 Special 10

**Troop Type**: Monster

**Troop Size**: 1

**Special Rules**:
- Fall Over
- Giant Special Attacks
- Large Target
- Stubborn
- Terror

**Options**:
- May take any of the following:
  - Heavy armour
  - Runes of Hate
  - Siege Claws

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<td>2</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>Mo</td>
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</table>

| Troop Type Key: In = Infantry, WB = War Beast, Ca = Cavalry, MI = Monstrous Infantry, MB = Monstrous Beast, MC = Monstrous Cavalry, Mo = Monster, Ch = Chariot, SC = Special Character, SW = Swarm, Un = Unique, WM = War Machine |

### FALLEN GIANT TEMPLATE

To make your template:
- First photocopy this page and stick it to a piece of thin card (cereal packets are ideal).
- Carefully cut around the dotted line with a sharp pair of scissors or a hobby knife.

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CHAOS DWARFS

The Chaos Dwarfs are slavers and industrialists without compare. From their foul and polluted realm in the Dark Lands they plot the eventual overthrow of the Old World using their legions of heavily armed and armoured soldiers, their hordes of Hobgoblin slaves and their half-sentient daemonically possessed war machines. Combining the unyielding character and cunning artifice of the Dwarfs with evil sorcery, the Legions of Zharr will tolerate no interlopers in the lands and none shall escape brutal enslavement at their mailed hands.

Inside you will find:

- A bestiary describing every unit, monster, hero and war machine in the army.
- An army list to arrange you collection of miniatures into a battle-ready force.
- A showcase of the expertly painted range of Chaos Dwarfs miniatures.

Warhammer: Chaos Dwarfs is one of a series of supplements for Warhammer. Each book in the series describes in detail an army, its history and its heroes.

You will need a copy of Warhammer to use the contents of this book.