

SKAVENZLIGHT

Issue 8

gazette



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g a z e t t e

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All hail the Horned Rat!

As you would doubtlessly know, the new Skaven Army Book has been released. It's reception has been varied, but everyone seems to agree it is a welcome addition to the Warhammer Armies series.

We stand warily beside our veteran litter-brothers, and rub our hands together evilly at those who are just starting out with skaven. Inheritance continues!

Speaking of places we live (I know, seamless segway right) my own small inheritance has occurred. This has been in the form of making the dive, and buying a house.

Obviously, this is the perfect climate for contract print workers to be buying real estate in.

I'm looking forward to the level of freedom this will give me. It also gives me the opportunity to create my own games room, something I am getting quite excited about.

Finally I will be able to rescue all those finished models I have from their dark storage boxes and put them where I can see them. Not only that, but I can invest in a proper table to play on.

It is both incredibly exciting and scary at the same time, and I am glad I have a new skaven army to bring with me along the way.

Voices from the dark

The big news at the moment in the community, though, is the sudden flush of legal warnings against fan made websites.

There have been a number of sites that have been asked to remove references or content that pertains to Games Workshop intellectual property and artwork.

At the moment, Skavenblight Gazette has avoided the ire of Games Workshops crack legal team. And to be honest, I can't see a reason why we wouldn't.

While our content revolves around the Warhammer setting Games Workshop has created and written, we do not use any material directly produced by the company.

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We do not want to take sides in this matter, and we hope this can be resolved so that all parties are happy. But right from the beginning, our intent has always been to produce the best webzine we could while maintaining the legal rights of both ourselves and Games Workshop.

Personally, I think we have achieved this.

Clanlord Trask

Editor, Skavenblight Gazette

Ask Seer Squeek

by Seer Squeek

Skavenblight Gazette's very own Agony Uncle answering your questions.

Dear Seer Squeek,

As an aspiring general, I have crushed many armies and stabbed many backs to get to the greatness I have achieved in my Warhammer endeavours, but my question to you, oh Great Seer Squeek, is one that many of us fledgling Warlords have as a common issue: What tactics does one use to defeat armies containing multiple unbreakable units?

With regards,
Snaden

To Warlord Boast-A-Lot,

I find it highly amusing that, despite your 'greatness', you have to refer to a Grey Seer for tactical education regarding the arts of war. I guess the last army you crushed was your own, when you back stabbed everyone by leading far, far, faaaaaaaaar from the back. However, everyone has their bad days, so I'll give you a piece of advice that ought to help you on your way for at least the first bit.

The problem with unbreakable units is... well, that they're unbreakable. (I bet you hadn't seen that one coming, right?). Whenever you get into combat, you'll have to kill each and everyone of them in order to move forward. So, the solution is quite simple and one that we're famous for, namely outnumbering our opponents and making sure that we kill more of them, then they kill of those under your command. Of course, to help you thin their numbers, myself or your colleagues from clan Skryre would be of much assistance, due to the longer reach we have when it comes to ranged assaults.

So, despite your all that crushing and back stabbing, you eventually still require the aid of (for example) a Grey Seer.

I'll have my secretary make an appointment,

Seer Squeek

Dear, dear Seer Squeek,

My superior Plague Lord Skorch is abusing our Rat Ogres in battle. He did not even consider to let me finish implanting the Warfire Thrower in its arm-arm. What should I do?

Greetings, High Warlock Engineer Blitz from Clan Warpeye.

P.S: Need more Warpstone!

P.S.S: Also Slaves keep dying whenever they try to clean-clean the barrel from my personal Warplock Jezzail! What am I doing wrong?

Dear Fizzles,

While I'm personally not a fan of anything that is twice my height, I do agree with you. Half-implanted Warfire Throwers are not only cruel, but also very ineffective. Now our kin from Lustria are not known for their tactical efficiency, but you know, if you sent the Rat Ogres in question with him during your next fight, the (propable) massive misfire results ought to get the point through... If not, it should make things a lot easier to usurp his position.

Dealing with your other questions, I can only say that I'm not the bank of Skavenblight. If you need more warpstone, then you have got to earn it and by the looks of it, I can see why there is so little of it left for you. If the missing heads of your Slaves are not enough evidence of what went wrong with them while cleaning your Warplock Jezzail, well... I guess that I do not need to explain that one either, now do I?

Always the crystal clear one,

Seer Squeek

To the great Seer Squeek,

Tell me: Why do so many of the Skaven speak in that absurd double-stutter? I've had to spend a fair amount of time away from the Underdark and all things Skavenly, and now that I've returned I find it most irritating. I could swear every third word out of the mouth of some Clanrats they double it up in quick succession, as though the word isn't clear enough one time around.

I've started the process of breeding the habit out of my Clanrats and various other underlings. It's slow going and requires the cutting out of more than a few tongues, but it is getting there. Still, the question irks me: Why do we speak so in the first place?

Some mental disease bred into our bones from some ancient common ancestor with a stutter, perhaps? I'd love to hear your take on this matter.

Sincerely,
Warlord Skillik of Krikisk.
P.S.: I'd love to have you over for dinner sometime.

Dear Warlord Crickety-Crick,

In the many seasons of travelling that I have done, stuttering is something I have seen with a small amount of man-things, some very psyched little green-things and of course, our own kin. While I have not been trained in the field of physiology (though neither are those 'doctor Doom' figures of clan Moulder, despite how hard they claim to know what they're doing), my opinion on this matter is that the source of this double-stutter you refer to is not a mental issue, but a physical issue.

Most educated Skaven know that we suffer from a very high metabolism and adrenaline. As such, at times we seem to be a bit... 'twitchy'. However, these surges of energy through our system means we get over-excited, which shows in the fact that there are times when we can't make coherent sentences, creating the double-stutter. So cutting out the tongues of your minions will not help you resolve that issue.

My advice would be to give the Skaven under your command green tea. It will calm their senses and ensure they are quite relaxed.

Never been in a hippy commune,
Seer Squeek

P.S.: ... and I would like to have a toilet seat made out of solid warpstone, but hey, we can't always get what we wish for, now can we?

Dear Seer Squeek,

Recently I have had the unfortunate luck to be struck down by one of those man-thing cannons, but I was quickly patched up by my most loyal Warplock Engineers, and I was soon back on my newly built warpstone powered feet and ready to fight for the Horned Rat.

A few days later, I got into a fight with one of the Engineers who rebuilt me, after he ended up killing all of my slaves in one of his silly little experiments. Shortly after the incident, one of my leg motors suddenly exploded without warning, causing what little fur remained on me to burst into flames. I managed to limp back to the labs before I burned to death, and the Engineer who came to repair me just so happened to be the runt who I fought with only minutes before. It was almost like he was waiting there, and I swear he had the biggest smile on his face when he replaced my motor.

I have a feeling that this was no accident, and I have concluded that the Engineer is solely responsible for this! I would have no problem about going up to him and tearing him apart with the claws he built for me, but I'm worried that more of these "accidents" might happen if I confront him directly.

Please tell me how to deal with this troublesome nuisance.

With much warpstone,
Warlord Turkol Iron Skin

Dear Metal-Head,

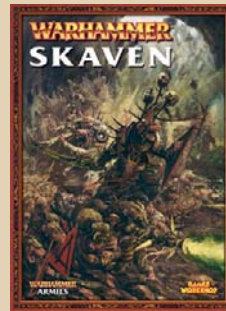
Well, boo-hoo, you actually have someone plotting against you. You actually think I'm surprised now?

When a Warlord has to depend on his lackeys, there is no doubt that a few of them will make use of that situation. You will probably have done the exact same thing in order to reach the position you're in right now. The fact that this has apparently slipped your mind seems to be a sign from the Horned One itself that you need to step your game up, or let the course of nature do its work and see a new Warlord take control of your clan. However, as our deity likes to see us bicker and plot amongst ourselves, that does mean you are the one making that choice. (Or perhaps he wants to make you believe that, but that's a piece of psychology that will take a while to explain).

The point is that as much as you now have to depend on your engineers in order to march to war, you must ensure that they need you just the same way. I am a big fan of 'suddenly' gaining a strange amount of outbursts of sheer anger. In my case, this involves randomly frying a companion of the assumed plotter, so in your case random executions against some of the engineers would do well. After all, once they find out who amongst them is the cause of your outbursts of anger, the problem will eventually resolve itself.

Take things one... 'step'... at a time,

Seer Squeek



Warhammer Armies: Skaven

by Matthew Lee

Even if you live deep below the earth, scratching an existence out as a clanrat or slave, you would know that November ushered in a new Warhammer Armies: Skaven book. What new secrets would it reveal? What devices of terrible power would it contain? Let us find out.

Initial impressions are good. The book is quite hefty, 112 pages (plus cover, for those who know anything about print) and the cover illustration really evokes a discordant, skaven feel.

Inside is roughly 28 pages of history and background. There are some new additions to the canon, but the basic elements remain the same. Some aspects have been altered slightly, but these bring the quite old background into line with some of the newer books. To veterans such as myself the changes can initially appear odd, but the additions do not adversely effect the overall nature of the skaven.

As for the skaven army itself there is an interesting mix of units repeated from last edition, old favourites and brand new oddities. The army has also gained two sources of equipment, the ubiquitous Magic Items list as well as the new Scavenge Pile.

Basically, the Scavenge Pile is a collection of weapons and abilities that are too common to be Magic Items, but not common enough for regular troops to wield. These are things like Tail Weapons, Pistols and Poisoned Attacks. As well as characters being able to take them, quite a few unit Champions have access to them as well. This can really lead to some interesting and unique army builds.

All the previous troop selections from the last book make an appearance. Some have been moved to new places, Plague Censor Bearers as a Special choice being a prime example. With 23 of the 38 or so units available being from the old book most skaven players will have no trouble fielding a viable force from the outset.

Generally there has been no movement in the Character, Core and Special choices. Core and Special remain largely unchanged, choice wise, in this edition. The Characters are also repeated from last edition, with the addition of a number of special characters, as well as the reintroduction of the Vermin Lord.

Most interesting is the Rare and Mount choices. Yes, that is right, Mount choices. Warlords now have the option to take one of three mounts, the Great Pox Rat, War Litter and Rat Ogre Bonebreaker. While an odd image to most skaven players the mounts do offer a great deal of flexibility and customisation to the Warlord.

The Rare choices is an equal mix of familiar friends and new enemies. Of course we see the continued service of the Warplightning Cannon, coupled with the reintroduction of the classic Doomwheel. These Skryre contraptions are bolstered by the addition of the Plagueclaw Catapult, a Clan Pestilens warmachine, as well as the Hell Pit Abomination.

Worthy of note is the new Plague Furnace, a massive construction pulled by Plague Monks and ridden by a Plague Priest. Also, there are two new weapon teams, the Poisoned Wind Mortar and the Doom-flayer. The Doom-flayer in particular gets the distinction of being the skavens first melee weapon team.

Of course, the troops choices are tempered by the special rules the skaven are burdened with. Most of the old favourites are retained. Skaven still gain a bonus to their flee distance, as well as gain Leadership bonuses from ranks. Being able to place characters in the back rank has been changed, instead now allowing units to use character bonuses even when they have refused a challenge. Oddest of all, the ability for skaven to fire into their own troops has been discarded, only appearing as a special rule for a small selection of missile troops.

So what does all this mean in real terms? How does all this affect the armies performance on the board?

As a whole, the book is well conceived. The different troop choices complement each other well and everything still maintains that overall skaven feel. While some choices are quite fierce, the army doesn't feel unbalanced. Some of the rules changes and omissions are questionable, but do not adversely effect the playability or character of the army. In fact the writer, Jeremy Vetock, has done a good job of maintaining the essence of the skaven army while making it viable and competitive in the current climate.

However, this overall success is tempered by some poor writing. Some rules are not explained very well, or fully, leaving them open to several interpretations. This has led to a lot of confusion and anguish as players have attempted to decipher the rules intention from oddly phrased and organised descriptions.

While some errors can be expected, it is the glaring and seemingly obvious mistakes that glower at the reader, like some kind of menacing gargoyle. This is a real shame, as the book would be almost perfect without them.

In addition to this, while the rewritten background fits well into the current canon, its execution in some places is clumsy. You can almost see Jeremy Vetock's additions and alterations to the established content, as the writing style changes before your very eyes. This can be quite disconcerting, especially when the text jumps between the traditional well-worn style of the original background to the slightly blunt, off centre writing of Jeremy Vetock.

Final thought

It is easy to pick out flaws in the book, but really, these are minor problems that can be resolved by discussing them with your opponent. In the end the new skaven army book contains a solid list that isn't too overpowered and a revised version of the background that better fits into the current setting. All things considered, not a bad job done by Jeremy Vetock, and well worthy of being called a skaven army book.

The Good

The army is more competitive now, and is more on par with the current power level.

Ability to create a playable Clan Pestilens list.

Much more background information than the last book.

Warlords can be mounted, giving the opportunity for some really original conversion work,

Old favourites like the Vermin Lord and Doomwheel are back.

More ways to field troops that move onto the board during play.

Giant Rats fight in two ranks.

Our new scary monster, the Hell Pit Abomination.

Larger selection of weapon teams.

The two Skaven Magic lores, and the Dreaded Thirteenth Spell.

Lots of options for units and champions.

We keep Strength In Numbers.

The Bad

No more firing into friendly units, except in a few cases.

Some poor background writing.

So many effect and misfire tables.

Some rules are confusing, or worded badly.

Rat Ogres only get better defence by taking a special character.

Ratling Gun has been severely toned down.

Warplock Jezzails are a lot less effective.

Deathmaster Snikch seems way too under powered.

C.L. Werner



SBG: You have written some of the most interesting and engaging books in the Warhammer setting to date. What drew you to writing for the Warhammer setting? How did you get chosen by Black Library to write for them?

Warhammer drew me in quite a long time ago, back in my high school Dungeons and Dragons days. I used to buy Dragon Magazine pretty regularly and in one issue there was a big four page colour ad for Warhammer Fantasy Roleplay that included a long fiction piece about a witch hunter who has been imprisoned for assassinating nobles corrupted by Chaos. While he's in his cell, his accuser visits him and reveals that there's a secret passage in the wall of the cell.

Unfortunately, the passage leads to the tunnels of the skaven and they have come to spirit away the witch hunter before his accusations can be made public in court. The writing of the piece was so gripping and vivid - and so at odds with the high fantasy monty-haul tone of a lot of D&D material at the time, that I became attracted to Warhammer's grim Old World.

The representation of the skaven in that piece of fiction has always stuck with me and was certainly the beginning of my love for the ratkin.

I've always been something of a storyteller and for years had been beating my head against the walls of various American horror magazines (which at the time seemed determined to publish only Clive Barker splatterpunk stuff). When I spied the late and lamented *Inferno* magazine,

I saw an opportunity to write in a setting I enjoy. I sent a sample of my writing to Christian Dunn, then assistant editor for *Inferno*. He liked my stuff enough to ask me to do a trial story. The result was the first Mathias Thulmann story 'A Choice of Hatreds' which saw print in *Inferno* #22.

After my second story for *Inferno*, I was approached by Marc Gascogine, then publisher of the Black Library, about doing a Warhammer novel. This resulted in the first Brunner book, *Blood Money*. Since then, I've been lucky enough to continue writing for the Black Library. In fact, *Temple of the Serpent* will be my 13th novel for them. Rather fitting it's about skaven, no?

SBG: So *Temple of the Serpent* is your next book detailing the exploits of Grey Seer Thanquol. What is it like writing for such an iconic character, especially one that is commonly the 'bad guy'? Is it more challenging than writing for a character you have created yourself?

Ordinarily, I would say that writing another author's character is an excruciatingly difficult challenge. When I did Malakai Makaïsson in *Vermintide* it took a lot to get him just right. A very similar thing happened when I used Tchar'zanek in *Forged by Chaos*.

Grey Seer Thanquol, however, has been quite different. William King made him such a vibrant and vivid character in his stories that most of the work was already done. It's probably disturbing that I identify with a murderous, treacherous, power-hungry ratman so much, but he really is my favourite character in the setting (just edging out good old Nagash the Black).

What's really ironic is that I think it is Thanquol's numerous flaws that make him so appealing. You are drawn to guys like Nagash because of their might and power, but Thanquol draws you in with his unrepentently self-absorbed world view and hyperactive paranoia.

For all of his considerable abilities, Thanquol is constantly undermined by his own personal weaknesses - which he of course blames on his treacherous subordinates. It makes him a fascinating contrast and I think that makes for a lot of his appeal.

It's interesting that you mention that Thanquol is commonly presented as the 'bad guy'. In my books I have no intention of changing that habit. Thanquol's not some flawed anti-hero with a heart of gold lurking somewhere deep beneath his fur. No, he's an unrepentant villain - and those are always the most entertaining sort.

I firmly believe it can be cathartic to read a villain's nefarious exploits and get a bit of vicarious thrill out of them. Take a look at comic books where the same baddies keep coming back for more. Stan Lee once said you can get much farther with a solid villain than a solid hero.

SBG: The level of detail you include about skaven society and culture is fascinating. Does most of this come from the army books and other associated literature? Is there some kind of 'secret tome of skaven' only a select few authors are allowed to see, or are you essentially building the Underempire from the ground down?

I do a lot of research before I write any book. My primary source is always the army books, particularly the fourth edition version as that one, I think, has the most detail. I also use WFRP books, though I'll defer to the army books any time I run into contradictions (provided I catch them).

Once I've done my research I'll start extrapolating any additional detail that I need. The thing to always remember when doing skaven is that they aren't human. Where a person likes space, skaven like things cramped and confined, heavy with the stink of other skaven.

Open spaces in the Under Empire are either because of practical need (such as a place to muster troops or maintain some large engineering project) or to intimidate other skaven (such as the Council of 13's chambers): skaven prefer to have at least one wall brushing against their whiskers to give them a sense of security. They're a race of agoraphobics too, so high ceilings are another rarity.

Indeed, I was able to exploit these elements to show just how decadent and 'humanized' the Under-Altendorf warren had become. Smells are another thing that I always try to keep foremost in mind when writing skaven. Scent is more important than sight with the skaven, so it makes sense that shops or places of interest will have their own smells to lead ratmen to them as this is more useful than signs or any visual aids. I think the best way to present skavendom is to always think like a rat first and then start thinking in societal terms.

Much as I wish there was some secret tome of skaven lore, I've never seen one.

SBG: There is a lot of fan fiction out there, and a lot of people have been fleshing out the setting with their own ideas. Do you draw on any of this, or do you create all the interesting character and locations yourself? Does any of the communities work make you look again and think "now, why didn't I think of that?"

As much as I'd like to answer 'yes', I fear I haven't had the time to read any fan fiction in quite awhile. I tend to avoid doing so because I worry about diluting all the 'official' materials with unofficial materials.

You can't always trust the editors to catch every background discrepancy so a fair amount of police work needs to be done by yourself. The job gets hard enough when the fluff disagrees with itself (i.e., the matter of Tisqueek and Kritislik as Seerlord depending which source you use) but becomes perfectly herculean if you have a lot of unofficial sources in there too.

With that said, I will often prowl fan-created rules and fluff to incorporate into my games and sometimes that material might percolate down into my stories in some diluted form. There's a lot of very talented fans out there creating top notch material.

SBG: Grey Seer is the first Black Library novel that is mainly concerned with a cast of skaven characters. Using Thanquol as a central character to drive this forward is an excellent choice, as you said earlier, he already has a defined persona and is fairly well known by the fan base.

Will we see other stories written from the skaven perspective, but that revolve around original characters? Or are skaven novels fated to only be the few tales of those most well known of the ratmen?

I think the new Warhammer Heroes range (which debuts with Chris Wraight's Sword of Justice a novel about Ludwig Schwartzhelm, the Emperor's Champion) leaves a great opening for other novels about prominent skaven. I guess a lot about how open the Black Library will be to a full-out skaven perspective novel will depend on how the Thanquol series does.

That does leave the opening for new characters as well. I know for my part I'd happily do another book with Gnawlitich Shun, the megalomaniacal Clan Skryre warlord in Vermintide. Robert Earl's treatment of the skaven in his excellent short story 'Rattenkrieg' makes me very interested to see what he could do with a full novel about the underfolk.



SBG: While the Warhammer setting has a lot of established history and characters, it isn't really open to the introduction of drastic, grandiose events. You can't have outcomes to stories, especially in the 'modern' time line, that alter the status quo of the world. This is of course because the world is, at it's core, a vehicle for a table top war game system. Is it frustrating or limiting to be working in such a framework? How do you write in a setting that ultimately you have no control over?

I think the fact that there are limitations is a good thing, not a bad thing. Any hack can write some over-done, continent-spanning pap where kings die like flies and living gods walk the land smiting nations at every step. Just have a gander at a certain inane space opera where the entire galaxy is threatened in every book only to be saved by the same three people and their speech-impaired sasquatch.

Creating stories that work on a much smaller scale is more challenging - but that's something that makes it more satisfying both for an author and, I think, for the reader. You are forced to make stories where the drama and tension come from the characters and the plot more than ever-increasing body counts or the tired device of destroying the world.

SBG: If you had carte blanche to write a skaven based novel, what would it be about? Who and what would it focus on? Would you explore and develop aspects of the skaven race as a whole?

My dream skaven project would be to do the Doom of Kavzar and the creation of the skaven race. There is such vivid background to this event that would be such fun to develop and explore further. The Great Plague and the skaven war against Emperor Mankind would also be a rather fun period to write about. And, of course, I am always on about Mordheim as one of the best settings in the Old World and you can't really write about piles of wyrdstone without some ratkin showing up!

You can get C.L. Werner's Warhammer books through Black Library, or discover more of his world at www.vermintime.com

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The Secrets Police

by Clanlord Trask



In the human civilisations on the surface world, the skaven are but a myth. Considered a mere mutation at best, and hardly a great threat to the lands of men, little thought is put into how factual the old stories may be. This is a mindset wholly encouraged by the skaven.

With human and skaven contact occurring on a regular basis, it is always a matter of time before some evidence, some skaven artefact, makes its way into human possession. The ward and glamours that the Grey Seers regularly cast upon the humans of the Old World can only provide so much cover. There are times when this magical veil is broken, and men can see behind the curtain to the hunched shadows beyond.

It is at times like this that subtle trickery is put aside and the Council of Thirteen calls on someone to provide a more direct answer. They unleash one of their most mysterious and little known weapons, the Agents of Illusion and Disruption. Also known as The Secrets Police.

Purpose

The Secrets Polices role is a simple and direct one. To steal or destroy all evidence of skaven and the Underempire in possession of the surface races. These can range from skeletons, machinery and writings all the way up to silencing battle survivors and escaped slaves.

Their role is vital to the eventual success of the skaven race in ascending to the surface world and conquering it. Without their help, the humans would long ago have discovered the evil that lurks beneath their feet. The zealous work of The Secrets Police has so far prevented this from happening.

Structure

Such an important role requires a great level of funding, training and autonomy from not only Council of Thirteen, but skaven society as a whole. This means the Agents of The Secrets Police are extremely well connected, powerful both socially and physically and a law unto themselves. The benefactors of the organisation are always wary of the potential of the group, but its existence is a necessary evil. For this reason, The Secrets Police is a very small, wide spread unit.

There are only ever thirteen members of the group. All are skaven of exceptional talent, and have years of experience in subterfuge and espionage under their belt. While they are all aware of the few numbers of the organisation, they have little or no idea as to the identity of the other members.



Evidence

The skaven are fighting two wars against mankind. One a war of battles and blood, the other a war of information.

Within The Secrets Police, their main role is to seek out and destroy or capture all evidence of their existence. This can be not only physical objects like Clan Skryre machinery and written records like battle accounts, but also sentient beings as well. People who have seen the skaven and lived to tell the tale threaten the secrecy the skaven have built, and so are dispatched with extreme prejudice.

Mostly these are humans, but situations can arise where it calls for the death of any number of the races. Elves, dwarfs and anyone else is not safe from the Agents blade.



Missions are created by the Council of Thirteen. These are then assigned by the head of the Secret Police, and distributed by trusted messengers. Very few messengers ever return.

None know who the head of The Secrets Police is. Those who know about the group talk of one of the Lords of Decay as its commander, while others say it is merely a skaven of renown. Whom ever it is, they are an ancient and crafty skaven, well versed in the ways of secrets and information.

Along with what the Agents of The Secrets Police provide, who knows how many other contacts and spies this master of espionage has amassed. There may, in fact, be very little this individual does not know. Not even the Agents know who he is. They only refer to him as the Squeekfather.

As well as the thirteen Agents in The Secrets Police, there are also a handful of humans in employ of the organisation. These human agents are collectively known as Skabs to any skaven in the know. While using humans isn't a new tactic, those who count themselves among The Secrets Police are unique individuals. Where the usual human informant is merely delusional, desperate or greedy, those in The Secrets Police are downright evil, sadistic and unhinged.

On some occasions Agents and Skabs will work together on a task. It is a strange union, one which the skaven in particular do not relish. But both parties understand what is required of them, and the harsh punishments they will receive if they fail. In such circumstances there is a level of equality, though the Agents decisions over-ride those of the Skabs in a pinch.

Still, the unusual use of humans in a skaven program is testament to the organisations importance. Though if details of the Council of Thirteens close ties with humans was ever revealed to the rest of Skavendom, it could spell disaster.

Operation

Agents are recruited from the most cunning, underhanded and vicious skaven the clans have to offer. Using a mixture of spells and psychological techniques, the Council of Thirteen conditions each Agent for complete obedience. This is a harrowing and often violent procedure, one which the prospective Agent may not survive.

Those that do survive come out as hardened killers, loyal and fearless. Their personalities remain largely unchanged, though some exhibit a degree of fanaticism that they previously did not. Conditioning an Agent of The Secret Police is a lengthy and costly process, and this is most likely another of the factors in there being so few of them.

After this there is no formal indoctrination. The Agent is ready to serve in The Secrets Police the moment his conditioning finishes. However, the Squeekfather has adopted a ritual, a rite of passage, to test the new Agents. Each new initiate is sent to Aلدorf and tasked with gnawing on a tapestry depicting Sigmar's victories.

This tapestry is an ancient relic of years past, and a section records Sigmar's defeat of a skaven host. While the offending illustration was chewed away years ago, the trial still remains, and slowly the work is being consumed at the behest of the Squeekfather. Because of this task, most Agents can be identified by the small, lightly coloured, ragged scrap of cloth they carry. A piece that displays a body part is often considered good luck.

Human agents are harder to come by, relatively speaking. The Secret Police, and the agents of the Council, are always on the look out for suitable humans to bring into the fold. Where regular human informants are disposable and motivated by greed or power, Skabs are highly valued and require an almost deep-seeded anarchic nature. They are also gifted with valuable and damaging knowledge of the skaven, and so they need to be of a mindset that is easy to control. This means that suitable candidates are few and far between. Though once they are identified, wheels are set in motion to bring them under control.

Each human is different, so the methods used to ensnare the person's loyalty and servitude are diverse and cunning. It can literally take years for a Skab to be prepared, as their world is slowly corrupted and manipulated by the skaven.

Some take their own life, falling into depression or self loathing. Others lose their minds, devolving into savage killers. For those that survive with their mind intact, something that can hardly be called human is left at the end.

Once the process is complete, an Agent is sent to make contact with the new Skab. The human has been primed to meet his new masters, and so submits to the Agents will without a struggle. Another spy of The Secret Police is born.

A Skabs role is primarily one of information gathering and recognisance. They identify prospective targets, record security movements and capacity, and discover routes of entry and escape. Essentially, they prepare the way for the Agents.

That is not to say this is their only role. They also provide shelter for Agents, and act as intermediaries where situations dictate.

On rare occasions the Skabs fulfil a role akin to the Agents, that of stealing or killing. Each Skab is a corrupt individual, devoid of any human morals, and so murdering in cold blood is nothing to them. Their world is the skaven.



The depths of the Ulricsberg were busier than usual of late.

Grey Seer Skritchit, leader of Clan Virulus, strode down one of the main tunnels accompanied by Chieftain Gnawpelt. Both were imposing characters, the Seer clad in his usual attire of a grey cloak and adorned in numerous rings and charms. He grasped his staff tightly, atop which sat the Rubrik Stone pulsing with pure blackness. Skritchit's tail swished as he marched, the Skaven triangular symbol attached to its tip whirring through the air as he spoke to his Chieftain.

Gnawpelt for his part was still as powerfully built as ever. The wings on his back folded to avoid scraping them against the walls or being jostled by the many other Skaven who scurried past. His hairless head was hidden under an ornate (at least by Skaven standards) helmet, and most of his scaly skin was covered with rigid leather armour. His face was carefully inscrutable, though every now and again he would scratch the scar on its left side. A sure sign to those who knew him of nerves.

"So, you have arranged for-for the demonstrations yet- yet tried to avoid being there?' asked Skritchit pointedly, causing Gnawpelt's hand to rise to his face once more.

"Not-not at all, honoured Seer," the Virulus Chieftain replied levelly. "I was- was merely responding to the request from- from Reverend Scolis to attend a meeting regarding their- their current endeavours in the Civil War. You know- know which one, as you- you sanctioned it."

Gnawpelt knew he was on fairly safe ground here. The Grey Seer knew perfectly well about the regular meetings he attended with various faction leaders, who were eager for support from Clan Virulus's considerable resources. Since the Nemesis Crown affair and the bargain struck between Skritchit and the Tomb Queen Khalida Neferher, a steady train of warpstone and slaves had pushed Clan Virulus from its already comfortable position to one of breathtaking influence.

In all the years of following Skritchit, Gnawpelt had not known such heady days as these. Careful to keep out of the newest war erupting between rival clans and factions, Clan Virulus was expanding whilst its rivals battered each other into oblivion.

But Skritchit was, it seemed, eager to keep up to date with old allies from the first Civil War when Clan Virulus had been part of the faction the Claws of the Horned One. Old alliances died hard it would appear, and Skritchit was keeping a very close eye on the fates of the followers of Warlord Wynnar and Father Squee. Even Skaven realised the value of allies you could actually trust not to betray you, at least not at the first opportunity.

"Of course I knew-knew of it," replied Skritchit loftily, "But I am surprised that you- you were planning on missing these demonstrations. After all, you- you will be using these a great-great deal in the future."



Gnawpelt nodded glumly. The truth was he despised demonstrations like this. Representatives from other Clans would turn up trying to sell their latest inventions or ideas, and usually nothing worked out quite as planned. Gnawpelt hated the boredom if truth were told.

“Times are changing, Gnawpelt, and we-we must move with them,” the Grey Seer continued. “Why, only last week I heard stories-stories that Chieftains such as yourself had started leading from-from the front line! What a notion! Next I will be told-told that we cannot fire into our slave-thing units in case we kill them.”

The Grey Seer shook his head chuckling to himself. Gnawpelt, who had absolutely no intention of putting himself in the front line, grimaced. He too had heard these startling rumours, but couldn’t believe that any sane leader would actually stand out like this. Bravery was all well and good, but best exhibited from the back. Besides, being at the rear gave you a head start if it came time to flee. Although Gnawpelt preferred the term ‘tactical withdrawal’.

Soon the two rats came to a huge cavern. Inside were three delegations, their scents marking them as representatives of Clan Moulder, Clan Pestilens and Clan Skryre. A number of Clan Virulus Stormvermin stood ready, forming a solid wedge between

their leaders and the guests. A large number of slaves were surrounded by Clanrats of the major Clans, not an unusual sight at demonstrations such as these. Already Gnawpelt was starting to feel bored, but Skritchit was seemingly eager to begin.

“I am Grey Seer Skritchit, leader-master of Clan Virulus. My time-time is precious, but I have much-much warpstone if you-you can convince me of your wares. Proceed.”

Hurriedly one of the Skryre representatives moved forward.

“Honoured Seer,” he squeaked loudly, “I am pleased-humbled to present our new-new look Doomwheel. We call it the Mark-mark Two. If I may give you a short demonstration....”

Skritchit nodded and the Skryre representative gesticulated to his cohorts. A number of slaves were prodded toward the centre of the cavern, where they milled uncertainly. Soon after a clanking noise began emanating from a side tunnel, growing steadily louder and faster. All eyes turned to the tunnel entrance. With a sudden blur of motion, the Doomwheel shot into the cavern, drawing a series of excited squeaks from some of the audience. It looked very, very impressive indeed, streamlined and shimmering with barely contained power.

The driver made an adjustment to the steering and the Doomwheel turned to face the slaves in the centre of the cavern, bearing down on them without mercy. But as the machine grew closer to its target, it appeared to begin slowing. The Skryre representative went visibly paler, but there was no doubt that the vehicle was losing speed, the rats running around inside the wheels seemingly having exhausted themselves due to their exertions for the grandstand entrance. The slaves began pushing each other to get out of the way. One, a fat and battered Dwarf, stumbled to the floor. The Doomwheel had just enough momentum to run over this unfortunate individual, tilting slightly as it crushed the prisoner before shuddering to a halt, surrounded by bemused slaves.

Before anyone could say a word there was a blinding flash and a loud crackling sound filled the cavern. For a moment everyone was blinded by the light, and the smell of warp lightning filled the air. Blinking rapidly, Grey Seer Skritchit’s vision sharpened to take in the scene. The Doomwheel still stood serenely in the centre of the cavern, but was now surrounded by the scorched bodies of maybe two dozen slaves. The rats powering it, scared witless by the energy discharge, were once more frantically running around the wheels. Responding to the desperate gestures of the

Skryre representative, the driver pulled a lever and the Doomwheel rapidly accelerated, leaving the arena down the same tunnel from which it had emerged.

“As you-you can see,” the representative whined smoothly, “Impressive manoeuvrability combined with deadly-deadly fire power, a must have-have for all ambitious Clans”.

Grey Seer Skritchit nodded slowly. Gnawpelt, whose small amount of remaining fur was still standing upright due to the electrical discharge, muttered.

“Looks-looks nice but unpredictable.”

The Seer spoke out loud.

“We-we will take two,’ he told the pleased looking representative. “With the usual warranty against accidental breakdown and-and recovery.”

Only to Gnawpelt he whispered.

“Remember Gnawpelt, sometimes an intimidating look-look can more than compensate for actual shortcomings.”

Pausing only to sign his mark in the Skryre agents order ledger, Skritchit waved at the next salesrat to make his pitch. This one was a Plague Monk, and by his scent, one truly devoted to the Horned Rat. His voice hissed like dissolving fat in a pan.

“By the grace-power of the Horned One, I am honoured to present to you-you the pinnacle of mobile worship. Honoured members of Clan Virulus, I give-give you the Plague Furnace.”

Once more, expectant eyes turned toward the access tunnel. But this time there was no sound of something approaching at speed. Rather the opposite. Soon those with the sharpest ears could here the creaking of something massive making its way to the arena, and the sound of dozens of paw steps marching as one. When the Plague Furnace broke from the shadows of the tunnel, there was a massive intake of breath. Maybe this was in awe, though it could just as easily been to protect lungs against the fumes emanating from the war machine.

A choir of no less than thirty Plague Monks were pushing the contraption, which was huge and only just fitted through the tunnel. It rivalled even the size and presence of Skritchit’s own Screaming Bell, and for this reason if nothing else the Seer knew he must have one of them. Atop the Furnace, a Plague Priest chanted supplications to the Horned Rat.

At a waved signal more slaves were poked at spear point toward the machine. When they came into contact with the Plague Monks a sorcerous mist arose from the furnace. Flesh boiled and screams choked bubbling throats as the slaves died in agony, succumbed to the noxious gas. Two Plague Monks succumbed to their own prayers and collapsed lifelessly to the ground.

“The Furnace has many surprises that will be revealed to you if you purchase,” the Pestilens representative said. “Of course-course, you will require the additional purchase of some-some of my brother Monks to move and operate the machine. This concludes my-my demonstration.”

“That thing-alter is a behemoth,” observed Gnawpelt, suitably impressed. “We could only use it in larger engagements though.”

Grey Seer Skritchit narrowed his eyes and spoke to the agent.

“Impressive indeed, though I cannot help but notice the death-death of some of your own. I will happily order-buy one of these Plague Furnaces, but under the proviso that all losses of Plague Monks caused by operation of the machine are replaced free-free of charge for as long as I-I have the Furnace in my possession.”

The Pestilens agent smiled, revealing yellowed and rotting fangs.

“A fair-fair deal, one which I-I am willing to agree upon.”

Skritchit nodded in satisfaction, and as he signed the ledger Gnawpelt started to feel that maybe attending this demonstration hadn't been such a bad thing after all. As the Pestilens agent withdrew along with the Plague Furnace and its attendant Monks, the Moulder representative strode forth without being asked.

“I will ignore-forget the indignity of being left to-to last, as you-you will be begging me to supply you with what I am about to present,” he practically snarled.

Gnawpelt growled in response, his paw automatically going to the short sword strapped to his belt, prompted by the insulting tone of the Moulder agent.

“Wait-wait, Chieftain,” said Skritchit evenly. “It is generally considered bad-bad manners to kill-kill ones guests, at least straight away. Let us see what this..... individual.... is so excited about.”

Gnawpelt stared at the Moulder representative, scowling.

“As you wish-command, honoured Seer,” he replied through grinding fangs.

The hateful agent grinned smugly, and gave a command to his entourage. Soon the sound of metallic squealing could be heard, and a large steel container with a barred opening attached to four small wheels was dragged by a straining quartet of Moulder rats into the chamber.

“For years our most-most skilled Master Moulders have been experimenting on these-these types of creature, but finally we have created the perfect balance between lethality and-and control,” announce the spokesrat, gesturing grandly at the cage. Gnawpelt leant forward, eyes straining. Inside the cage was nothing but darkness. The Moulder rats looked at the cage uncertainly.

“Wake it!” shrieked the representative to those who had dragged the box in.

Carefully one of the rats unclipped a metal rod from his belt and slammed it into the side of the container. There was a loud metallic echo, but nothing else.

“Again!” shouted the representative in fury.



Once more the bar was struck against the metal side of the box. Once more, nothing happened. The spokesrat marched down to the container himself, grabbing a halberd from a surprised Stormvermin. "Incompetent, stupid...." Still muttering, the Moulder spokesrat jabbed the weapon tip through the bars at the front of the container.

This provoked an immediate response. The whole container shuddered as a bestial howl filled the cavern and a large shape threw itself against the bars. The spectators just caught a glimpse of crimson fur and fangs before the creature disappeared into the blackness again.

"I give-give you the Abomination," declared the spokesrat, "The very latest blending of lesser races to-to provide battlefield success. No two creatures-creations are the same in appearance or ability. But all-all are deadly to your enemies and available at a quite-quite modest amount of warpstone. You are foolish indeed to not-not want one of these." And for a final dramatic effect, the spokesrat jabbed the creature through the bars again.

This time there was not a howl, but a furious scream that had the nearest Skaven clasp their paws to their ears in shock and fear. There was a tremendous banging from within the box, and to Gnawpelt's horror several dents began to appear in the metal sides. Even as the spokesrat turned to say something to his entourage there was the sound of rending metal, and the container door flew outward, completely torn free. It crashed into one of the Moulder rats, knocking him flat.

With another unnatural cry, the Abomination leapt from the cage to land atop the stunned rat, its appearance now clear to all. The skeletal head looked like that of a rat ogre, and the body was the size and rough shape of a lion. Each of the four legs ended in wicked looking claws, and the creature had a scaly tail which ended in a spiked club.

It was covered in patchy, crimson fur, and had several large, misshapen lumps all over its torso. Its small yellow eyes, protected by a jutting bone forehead, fixed balefully on the squealing rat beneath it. In an instant it opened its jaws impossibly wide and neatly bit off the victim's head.

Gnawpelt drew his own sword and ran forward.

"Stormvermin! With me! Halberds front!"

With as an uniformed display as he'd ever seen, Gnawpelt's rats jutted their weapons out in unison, forming a wall of sharp edged weapons. Meanwhile, the Moulder spokesrat was yelling at his entourage but to no avail. One had plucked out a whip but no sooner had he attempted to ply the lash than a scything talon separated his arm at the elbow. Blood fountained out of the wound, splattering everything around it.

"Charge-charge the damned thing," squealed Gnawpelt as he joined the rear of the Stormvermin. Glancing back, he saw that Grey Seer Skritchit was standing his ground, watching impassively. Typical of a Seer he thought.

The Virulus rats charged the Abomination, and Gnawpelt fully expected it to either die immediately upon the myriad of halberd points, or attempt to flee. It did neither. Instead, it crouched low to the ground, and then with a sickening fleshy sound, four tentacles erupted from the lumps upon its back. These appendages rapidly extended, lashing past the surprised Stormvermin's weapons. One tentacle wrapped around a warrior's arm, and yanked him forward. Another batted away the Stormvermin whilst two more lifted an attacker off the ground, pulling him apart in a shower of gore.

Now the Virulus formation was broken, the abomination leapt forward into the gap, landing right in the middle of the Skaven where their pole arms could not be brought to bear. Immediately the Moulder creature began lashing out with its tail, claws and fangs. Broken bodies went flying to all sides of the cavern.

"Swords! Swords!" squealed Gnawpelt in horror.

This thing was unnaturally fast, and its numerous appendages made it almost impossible to get near. It struck with lethal force, seemingly every blow that connected killing or incapacitating its target.

The remaining Moulder rats leapt into the fray, apart from the spokesrat who appeared to be attempting to hide behind the damaged metal container. Furiously Gnawpelt hacked at one of the flailing tentacles, grunting in satisfaction as his blade carved it in two. Another Stormvermin was disembowelled, his armour crumpling like paper. A Moulder rat strayed too close to the creature's tail and his skull was pulverised. Still, there were enough rats around to ensure the Abomination could not be facing everywhere at once, and as Gnawpelt fought of a flailing swipe from one of the creature's claws he saw another warrior dart in close and drive his sword into the creature's flank.

Again the creature emitted its disorientating screech, and the Stormvermin who had delivered the blow had just enough time to pull his sword out for another attempted stab before he was seized by a tentacle and thrown far through the air, landing in a twisted heap. To Gnawpelt's horror, the deep wound on the Abomination's flank began to close before his very eyes.

"It-it has regeneration!" he screeched in fury and terror. How were they supposed to defeat this thing?

"Stand back," came a strong voice.

Grey Seer Skritchit had seen enough, it seemed. As the surviving rats, less than two dozen now, pulled back, the Abomination leapt upon another wounded warrior, pinning him to the ground and ripping his throat out. Another death, but it did give the survivors a chance to retreat a distance.

It was all Skritchit needed. Squealing words of power, he extended his staff and green warp lightning flew into the snarling Abomination. Such was the power of the attack the Moulder creature was lifted from the ground and unceremoniously dumped flat on its back.

Gnawpelt breathed a sigh of relief, but then his jaw dropped as the creature immediately sprung to its feet. Its fur was blackened in several parts and the stink of scorched flesh filled the cavern, but in an instant the Abomination was racing toward the source of this latest attack. Bunching into a crouch as it ran, it leapt impossibly high, clearing the milling Stormvermin and charging right at Grey Seer Skritchit himself. The Virulus leader shouted something as the Abomination reached him, disappearing in a puff of smoke just as the creature's claws whistled through the space that, up until seconds ago, was occupied by his head.

With another puff of smoke and the smell of brimstone, Skritchit reappeared alongside Gnawpelt, doing nothing for the state of the Cheiftains nerves.

"We cannot let this thing-thing loose into the Ulricsberg tunnels," panted the Chieftain.

Grey Seer Skritchit nodded, raising his staff again and casting Warp Lightning once more. Arcane energy hammered into the Abomination again, and Gnawpelt could see that the wounds caused by Skritchit's attacks were not being healed.

But the Moulder beast was not done yet. It jumped rapidly from spot to spot, forcing the Seer to move to adjust his aim. Stormvermin scattered wildly to avoid the lightning blasts, and whether by good luck or low cunning the Abomination positioned itself so that a Skaven was always between itself and the Seer. Gnawpelt snatched up a discarded halberd as the beast seized a Stormvermin with two of its tentacles and hurled the unfortunate warrior directly at Skritchit. Warp lightning lanced into the Virulus rat in mid air, the charred corpse cannoning into the Seer and staggering him, more than enough to break his concentration and the magic attack.

Instantly the howling Abomination leapt for its chief tormentor, and this time Skritchit had no time to cast Skitterleap. But suddenly there was Gnawpelt, interceding at the last moment and grimly jamming his halberd into the rocky floor. The beast, committed to its jump, could not change its course in time. It landed atop the halberd, the weapons tip spearing through the soft underbelly of the Abomination and out through its back. With a loud snap the shaft broke, and the Moulder beast crashed to the floor atop the Virulus Chieftain.

There was a moment of absolute silence. The musk of fear vied with the stink of blood and charred flesh. Then Skritchit pointed to the motionless creature.

"Get that off him," he ordered, and four Stormvermin scuttled up.

It took a great effort to roll the Abomination off Gnawpelt's still form. One of them knelt and placed one of his metal arm greaves in front of the Chieftain's nose. It misted ever so slightly.

"He lives, honoured Seer."

Skritchit nodded in satisfaction. Good chieftains were difficult to come by, after all.

"Take him-him to his warren. See that he-he is cared for adequately."

The Stormvermin saluted by pressing its paw against its chest, and between the four of them they lifted the unconscious Chieftain and bore him away. The Virulus Seer turned to the survivors.

"The rest-rest of you, see-see to the wounded. You-you send for help, there-there is a great deal of cleaning up to do here. And as for you-you....." and here Skritchit's voice deepened as he pointed to the cowering Moulder spokesrat. "You can come out from behind that-that box. You were, I believe, in the process of telling me why-why I should purchase on of these things."

The Master Moulder straightened himself and stepped forward, sticking out his chest. Despite the carnage, he still spoke in a tone just short of a snarl. He gestured to the one surviving member of his entourage who scuttled up with the sales ledger. Eying Skritchit levelly, he prodded the Abomination's body with his foot.

"As you saw-saw, these creatures are fierce, resourceful, and some capable of regeneration. This one killed many of your-your so called best warriors, and was but a youngster! How many shall I put you-you down for?"

Grey Seer Skritchit glanced down at the body, then up at the Moulder rat.

"You forget one other trait I-I think."

"And what would th... ack" gagged the representative suddenly, as a tentacle from the seemingly lifeless Abomination wrapped itself around his throat.

Unbelievable as it seemed, there was life in the creature yet. Although apparently mortally wounded it still had strength enough to lift the choking rat off the floor with one tentacle whilst trying to raise itself from the ground on shaking legs.

"It's good-good judge of character," whispered Skritchit, watching as the sparkle of life disappeared from the spokesrat's eyes.

Shouts and cries of alarm from the other rats in the cavern were drowned in the crackle of warp lightning as Skritchit brought up his staff and blasted the Abomination with magical energy. He did not stop until nothing but ash remained.

"You said it was bad-bad manners to kill your guests," stammered the sole surviving Moulder rat, still clutching the now blood spattered ledger, and completely failing to drag his eyes away from the dead body of his superior.

"Ah, but it was not I that killed-killed him, was it?" replied Skritchit loftily. "It was your own-own Clan's creation."

"But you could have saved him..." The Moulder rat's voice tailed off as its mind began to work.

With the death of all of the other representatives this meant that any sales and bonuses thereof were now his responsibility. Suddenly the situation did not look quite as bleak. With a quick brightening of his voice the newly promoted salesrat made eye contact with Grey Seer Skritchit, who it seemed had been patiently waiting for that bit of inspiration to finally dawn.

"Put-put me down for three," ordered the Clan Virulus Seer.



Deep in the bowls of Hell Pit all manner of nightmares are spawned by the twisted skaven of Clan Moulder. Some are things of brutality and war, like the Rat Ogre or Abomination. Others are tools of labour, like the Tunnel Runner or Warp Bat.

True success is hard to achieve. Clan Moulder values raw power over all else, so it is easy for simpler, subtler designs to go unnoticed or unused. As is the case with the Winged Terror.

The idea behind the Winged Terror is a simple, and old, one. That is, give the power of flight to skaven.

Many Moulders have tried in the past, and some have had varying degrees of success. There are hundreds of stories of skaven with grafted wings who have been granted the ability to fly. Almost all of these experiments, though, have succeeded largely because of the tenacity of the subject, or the genius of the Moulder.

Quite often, the experiment is far too expensive to replicate in vast quantities. Whatever the reason, no viable way to consistently produce skaven with the power of flight have been discovered. At least, not in the way most of the flesh moulders have been thinking.

The idea has always been to take the basic skaven form, two arms and two legs, and add a pair of wings to this. Effectively, the dream has been to create a kind of Clanrat air force. Unfortunately the skaven body structure can't really accommodate such an alteration, not without a vast amount of resources and luck.

There are some Master Moulders, however, who have gone beyond the original thinking. Rather than make additions, they have instead focused on replacing existing limbs. It seems like an obvious solution, but this form of augmentation has its drawbacks. So much so that many Moulders consider the whole process worthless.

Generally a skavens arms are replaced with wings from an appropriate creature. While the ability to fly is granted, the skaven loses the ability to wield weapons, instead relying on teeth and claw. This can mean their effectiveness in close range combat is severely hindered.

Even more of a problem is the skavens natural agoraphobia. Once in the air the vast, open expanses can prove too much for some skaven. They will often panic, falling to their deaths as they seize up. Obviously, this is not optimal.

Be that as it may, in the world of Clan Moulder, anything can be bought and sold. A handful of Master Moulders have found a market in producing cheap, reliable flying skaven.

Often referred to as Winged Terrors, these creatures can fulfil a number of uses for the cunning skaven general. Their ability to fly makes them excellent messengers and couriers, as well as lookouts and scouts.

They retain all of their previous skaven faculties, and so can provide assistance to missile troops when firing at enemies. Usually this involves screeching the rough distances, distracting the targets or just providing an easier target. Suffice to say, Flying Terrors used in this role don't last very long.

Rules

12 points per Flying Terror

Counts as Special choice.

M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
5	2	3	3	3	1	4	1	6

Unit Size: 5 – 10

Equipment: Claws and teeth

Special Rules: Fly, Scurry Away!, Skirmish, Spotters

Aerial shock: In the movement phase the Flying Terrors may fly over an enemy unit. Each Flying Terror that flies over the enemy may make an attack as if they were in Hand-to-hand combat. For each attack that rolls a 1 to hit, the enemy unit may make an attack back with a rank and file model. These attacks are resolved in the movement phase and do not count towards combat resolution, nor does the Flying Terror unit count as charging.

The Flying Terror unit may never end its move over an enemy unit. If any of the models in the unit, for whatever reason, end their move over an enemy unit, then that Flying Terror model is considered destroyed. Remove the Flying Terror model as a casualty.

Spotters: Flying Terrors are excellent at assisting artillery in finding their targets. Spotters effects any attack in the shooting phase that uses the Artillery Dice. The firing unit may reroll the Artillery Dice when shooting at any enemy units within 6" of the Flying Terrors. The second roll must be used.

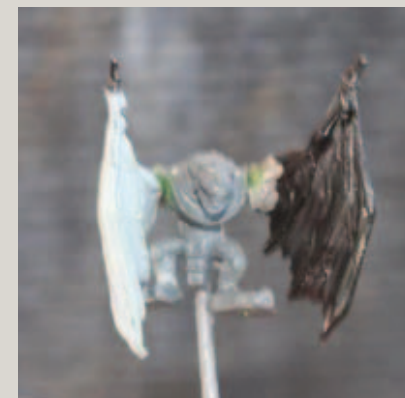
Teachings of the flesh shapers



I have used the wings from the metal Chaos Fury models, though any wings would do just as well. When attaching the wings they may not contact the skaven torso properly. In this case the Fury wings have a small tab that juts out, which is used to slot into the body. Cut this section off, indicated in red, to create a more believable join for the wings. You may want to add a pin at this point.



For the Winged Seekers body I have used a plastic Clanrat. Holes have been drilled where the arm joins are, so that the wings can be pinned in. Any gaps have been filled with Greenstuff.



A small hole has been drilled into the chainmail loincloth. This is where a clear flying base stick will be attached, to make the Winged Seeker look airborne.



Once assembled the model is given a white basecoat.



Highlight the skin with a 1/3 mix of Hormagaunt Purple and Dwarf Flesh. I find that Foundation Paints are really dense, and so add other colours to get a good mid tone. Bestial Brown is used to wash the fur, while a mix of Dark Angels Green and Snot Green is used to highlight the cloth. Next I paint the claws and teeth Bleached Bone, and then give them a wash of Devlan Mud.



We are trying to give the Winged Seeker a slightly ghoulish appearance, so skin is painted Hormagaunt Purple. All cloth is painted Dark Angels Green, and the fur Bubonic Brown.



For a final highlight on the skin I use a 1/7 mix of Hormagaunt Purple and Dwarf Flesh, adding Bleached Bone to use on the most prominent edges. The fur is washed with Devlan Mud, and the clothes are highlighted with Snot Green. Any metal is given a coat of Boltgun Metal and then washed lightly with Tin Bitz. Lastly I highlight the teeth and claws with Bleached Bone and paint the tongue Scab Red.

To add a bit of depth I wash the fur with Badab Black, and use a wash of Vermin Brown on the metal areas. Some last highlights are made to the cloth with a watered down Camo Green. To finish it off I make a 3/3/1 mix of Skull White, Bleached Bone and Astronomican Grey and paint that onto the wing membrane. When this is dry, it gets a wash of Devlan Mud.



Creatures of the Pit is one of Skavenblight Gazette's new feature series. So if you are one of the crazed flesh shapers of Clan Moulder, get blood ink to flesh scroll and record your foul experiments.

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Allies

Are you a fan created, Warhammer based publication or production? Contact the Adrats and you could reap the rewards of working with the Master Race.

Lesser races, quiver in fear!

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Email the Adrats at editor@skavenblightgazette.com and arrange your place in the greatest ezine about the master race.

www.skavenblightgazette.com

contribute or die, man-thing!

THIS JUST IN

Due to the current economic climate, Clan Skryre is being forced to produce less effective Ratling Guns.

A spoke-rat of the clan said "After Clan Moulder put everything into the Hell Pit Abomination, there just isn't enough cheese to go around."

PUBLIC SERVICE ANNOUNCEMENT

Be warned, Beastmen are on the rise. Keep an eye on your tunnels.

INVITATION

Clan Pestilens would like to invite all Clan Skryre to a celebratory BBQ to mark Clan Pestilens manufacturing not only a tough close combat device, the Plague Furnace, but also the long range missile weapon, the Plagueclaw Catapult.

There will be death, mayhem and disease, as well as a clown. BYO drinks.

FOR SALE

War-Litter. Used once. Quick sale.

The clanrats tasked with bearing this War-Litter already dropped it once. Into a lava flow. With me on it. I think it is time to upgrade to a Bonebreaker.



Inane Courage

the tragedy of Warhammer

A blog about one persons total Warhammer obsession. Now covering the birth of a brand new horde!

Follow the gradual mental breakdown of a man as he converts hundreds of models, all while trying to lead a normal life.

WANTED!

Exterminator needed to get rid of our Syndicate problem. Experience with disposing of vermin, pests and deadly veteran mercenaries would be required. If interested, contact either The Horned Ones Chosen or The Twilight Host c/o the Darklands.



Feeling extremely paranoid when visiting the breeders? Searching for a decent redecoration of your lair? Or simply looking at the proper way to avert the gaze of the Council of... to be a good Skaven?

Then perhaps you need to ask Seer Squeek a question of your own! Send your questions to Seer Squeek at the UnderEmpire.net community and look for his response in the next issue of the Skavenblight Gazette.