

SKAVENBLIGHT

Issue 12

gazette



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All complainers will be fed to the Mutant Rat Ogre.

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Voices from the dark

Now also seems like a good time to welcome aboard our new editor, Skwervo. He has already proven to be a valuable addition to the team, and we are all glad to have him aboard.

New in this issue, on page 22, you will find the Contributors Credits page. We appreciate those who take the time to write articles, create artwork or take excellent miniature photos, and of course like to support them in whatever way we can.

The Contributors Credits page is just a way for those in the issue to promote their wider works, or allow the readers to further explore their creations.

We hope this is a useful addition, and one that help others to contribute to the webzine.

Lastly, we are well aware of how late this issue is. A number of factors contributed to us not meeting our deadline. Events that could largely not be foreseen nor avoided.

Hopefully this will not happen again, though we cannot make any solid promises. Not that you should trust any promises from a Skaven, anyway.

As always, though, we thank you for your support. Without you there would be no Skavenblight Gazette.

Clanlord Trask

Lead Editor, Skavenblight Gazette

Portents of doom abound! The bones tell of dire times ahead. Even the very sky shakes, foretelling the impending destruction.

Issue 13 is on its way, and to make it extra special we need the help of every rat available.

As usual you can contribute by submitting hobby articles, background pieces, short stories, or anything else interesting you can think of.

We are also looking for miniatures to put into the special Children of the Horned Rat gallery. These can be any Skaven miniature, be it excellent painting or interesting conversion. As long as it is fantastic and creative work, we want to see it.

Along with all this we also have a slightly more irregular article planned. One that requires the help of the readers to accomplish.

So you can celebrate in true Skaven style we will be providing a number of Skaven recipes you can cook at home. With the holiday period close, it will also be the perfect way to bring a bit of the disease to your family.

This means we are looking for readers to submit Skaven themed recipes that people can cook at home. Pop over to page 19 for more details on what we need, and how to get it to us.

Ask Seer Squeek

by Seer Squeek

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

Dear Seer Squeek,

It has been over two hundred years (in Man-thing reckoning) since the Great Horned One was supposedly roused-summoned. Yet during this time we have not conquer-taken the surface world. Every time we try to inherit we fail-lose. Such as Seer Thanquol's failed invasion of Nuln, the failed attacks on the Elf-thing islands, and our inability to destroy-ruin the last of the Dwarf-thing warrens (who are supposedly pushing us on the backfoot!). I then ask you, great Seer Squeek, to put my mind-thoughts at ease. Are we going to inherit the surface world soon, if at all?

Yours faithfully,
A. Doubtful Rat

Dear Heretic in Doubt,

The Skaven are the chosen race to inherit the Old World. Our deity, the Horned Rat, has decreed this to be our destiny, so all our work and actions take us towards that achievement. For once we swarm from the depths of the world, they shall tremble in fear as they watch the master race emerge victorious!

That we, unfortunately, suffer defeats at the hands of some incompetent creatures, relies on a faulty Skaven Resource Management with the Council of Thirteen. As much as I tried to petition our Seer Lord Kritislik, my nemesis Thanquol was sent to Nuln. Apparently, we should try to fight a dug-in Beard-thing force, whereas we could just as easily flood our warrens. (How else would I have gotten my spacious lair expanded?). I could go on, but as long as some apparently remain in the good graces of the Council, our dominance will be postponed time and time again.

**Finds Grey Seer Thanquol to be over-rated,
Seer Squeek**

Greetings Great Seer,

I am Warlord Vrolg of the rich clan Skrutnik, which you may have heard-heard of.

I am asking for your guidance against the hated Lizard-things and the dead Dead-things. I try to send my slaves upon them in order to drag them down, but I suspect someone is sabotaging me...

Please assist me great Seer, and many warp tokens shall be yours.

Regards,
Warlord Vrolg

Dear Warlord Vallorium Ring Of Light Gallantry,

If you base the suspicion of being sabotaged on the effectiveness of your Slaves in combat, then I do not really wish to know what your actual expectations of them are. Mine usually, you know, die...

Usually, a head-on clash with either the scaly-things or the dead-things don't really work out so well. At least, unless you hit them in the flank, or the rear, as well. Or if you shoot them into oblivion before. Usually making sure you have many more bodies on the field than your opponent has, that tends to do help out.

To make sure no one sabotages you, a post-battle evaluation tends to work out well. If I experience a flank failing, I began blasting warriors into small, smouldering piles of what once were Skaven, just as long as they unanimously point out the culprit that was responsible. Obviously, that unfortunate creature then gets publicly... disposed of... to ensure the new Skaven on his position doesn't make the same error. So far, the approach works quite well.

**Is quite good at Skaven Resource Management,
Seer Squeek**

Most wise of wisdom men,

Cruel, cruel clan Moulder continually sells me defective Rat Ogres! This insulting behaviour has lost me many a battle, but as I am blessed with many warp tokens, I can continually buy more. However, they continually die-die to Elf-thing arrow-storms. The miscreants at Hell Pit push me to drastic measures, for, through no fault of my own, I am frequently defeated in battle. All because my Rat Ogres are defective.

Clan Moulder tells me something new they have. Something mighty. Something to ensure me victory. Abominations. They tell me to buy two and I shall never lose again!

Tell me, great master, would it be wise to acquire a pair of these monstrosities. Would my victory be assured? Or will Moulder again sell me defective items?

I am running out of Chieftains to blame my defeats on, even though it is constantly their fault.

Regards,
An unsure Warlord

Dear Troubled Clan Moulder Client,

When these Rat Ogres you purchase are continuously failing you during your battles, then it puzzles me as to why you continue purchasing them from clan Moulder. If they continue to fail you, don't you then... I don't know... stop buying them? A wild suggestion perhaps, but it would save you both warp tokens and humiliating defeats.

Now those new Hell Pit Abominations (and no, we are not talking about Throt the Unclean here, though he does match them in terms of how obese he is) are indeed rumoured to be bigger, harder and tougher. The trouble there is that these Abominations cost quite a big more than a Rat Ogre does. So, the question there would be whether you wish to take the Skaven approach to strength in numbers, or just plain (and boring) strength.

So, I guess that if you decide to purchase a new Abomination, you need to adjust your battleplan towards using it in your army. If you will do so, it immediately gives you the chance to demote or fire some of your Chieftains. If you still so many of them left after many humiliating defeats, then there are far too many of them to begin with...

**Uses Skitterleap instead of excuses when things go wrong,
Seer Squeek**

Dear Seer Squeek,

I want to play a Chaos Dwarf army using the Warrior of Chaos rules, for which I want to use the Chaos Dwarf miniatures from Forgeworld.

There is, however, one problem. The models are very expensive and I am too young for a job. What to do, what to do?

In addition, I want to assassinate Skaven Lord Vinshqueek, because he made a joke about blondes.

Cheers,
An anonymous Skaven

Dear 'Not so anonymous as you think thanks to Clan Eshin',

With their change of apparel moving from hats their own size to these masks and clothing that would fit right in with a Slaaneshi cult, I can not see why you should wish to lead a Chaos Dwarf army into battle, but each to their own. That being said, I'm not really sure whether it's that smart to tell a creature with a mask on and not so pleasant-looking weaponry that he is going to act as another creature. Well, not if you value your life, that is.

As for their expensive cost, there is not much I can do. If you don't have the funds to buy them, you don't. After all, you don't get everything you wish for. I, for example, always wanted a toilet seat made out of pure warpstone, but you don't hear me complain about not being able to get another one.

My suggestion would be to find a replacement for it. If you can't buy them, convert something else to look like it. After all, if you have Dwarfs and if you have Chaos, there are enough directions you can go for.

For your final question, I think you are asking at the wrong location. I am a Grey Seer, not an assassin. In addition, announcing the intent to assassinate someone usually is a huge factor in failing the attempt. So, good luck with that.

**Has the common sense to keep his plotting out of the open,
Seer Squeek**

Clan Crooktail: Blessed by mutation

by Clanlord Trask



Even beneath the frozen Northern Wastes the Skaven burrow.

All across the wastes the corrupt barbarian tribes fight for the amusement of their gods, a constant war in the name of Chaos. Little do these men know that another enemy is close by, crawling beneath their very feet.

Clan Crooktail lurk in warpstone-tainted tunnels, carved centuries ago and soaked in the gradual seep of Chaos. Mutations are frequent amongst the clan, and many see them as gifts from the Horned Rat.

Organisation

On the surface Clan Crooktail is organised like any other Warlord Clan. There is an overall command structure that issues orders to the pack leaders and troops, as well as takes care of the day-to-day running of the clan.

There are a few key differences to this structure, though. Rather than a single Warlord in command, there are two Warlord who share equal rule. It had happened in the past that, suddenly, the current Warlord would mutate to such a degree that he could no longer function in any kind of leadership capacity. Infighting would break out as several candidates for leadership would emerge, all violently claiming the position of Warlord.

In order for the clan not to devolve into civil war every time a Warlord expired, and risk the survival of the clan, a dual leadership was established. This way at least one Warlord will remain operational, even when the other has had his mind turn to a wobbly paste.

Disagreements between the two heads of the clan are frequent, but the vast number of decisions a Warlord deals with every day

means that most problems are dealt with by only one leader. It is a rare, and serious, matter that requires the attention of both Warlords.

Apart from this, all the usual scheming and backstabbing applies to gain power within the clan.

Speciality

Clan Crooktail does not rely on hiring troops from other clans, and as such are a very versatile and deadly force in their own right. The wide variety of mutations means that more often than not, a role that hirelings from a Greater Clan would normally occupy can be fulfilled by a suitably mutated Skaven.

For instance, Rat Ogres have been easily replaced by those Skaven who have mutated to huge proportions. Nearing spawndom, these individuals are coaxed into battle by herders armed with prodders and whips.

The Taint of Chaos

Even amongst the Skaven of the Under-Empire there are those who turn away from The Horned Rat and fall into the embrace of Chaos. Rumours abound of secret Chaos covens all throughout Skaven society.

While the rumours of what they do, how you join and who the members are vary wildly, there always seems to be one constant. The alleged instigators of this sect, Clan Crooktail.

There seems to be little evidence to support the allegations. Since the clan is so isolated, not very much is known about it by

the general Skaven populace. This has led to all kinds of misinformation, and outright lies, about the clan. However, the suspicions are not totally unfounded.

It is true that amongst Clan Crooktail there are those who have turned towards Chaos. Being the clan closest to the centre of Chaos power, this is bound to happen. But what is unknown is how far up the power structure of the clan the taint of Chaos has crept. And if it in fact reaches all the way to the top, what does this mean for the Skaven and the Under-Empire in the long run?

Motives

Violence and hatred are what motivates Clan Crooktail. Of all the clans in the Under-Empire, Clan Crooktail is perhaps the most secure in their power. Even more so than any of the Greater Clans.

The geography and characteristics of their territory, the Northern Wastes, means that very few clans wish to usurp Clan Crooktail's position. But this security is also a curse, as the strengths that this location grants the clan diminish the further they get from it. So Clan Crooktail is trapped, unmovable from its prison of mutation and suffering.

This has fostered a level of aggression within the clan far above that of regular Skaven, nearing a level of sadism equal to that of the Dark Elves. It is not uncommon to Clan Crooktail to assault Marauder tribes in the

heat of battle with each other. The confusion this causes makes it easier to slaughter those who resist, and drag prisoners away. What happens to those captured is best left unsaid.

In Service to the Council

The Council relies heavily on Clan Crooktail to warn them of Chaos incursions, and generally keep them abreast of the ebb and flow of Chaos. Because of the clan's value, the Council has so far chosen to ignore the disturbing rumours of Chaos worship that surround the clan.

Even if Clan Crooktail was to completely fall from the grace of The Horned Rat, it is quite possible the Council would still hold them as part of the Under-Empire. Their relative isolation, and self-sufficiency, means that they have very little contact with the rest of the empire. As long as the information the clan provided continued to be relevant and useful, Clan Crooktail could be left to their own devices.

If any of this changed, however, then Clan Crooktail could be looking at the combined might of the entire Under-Empire. A fight that they would no doubt relish.



Terrain of The Under-Empire

by Clanlord Trask

Stretching the entire Warhammer world, the Under-Empire has a rich and varied collection of natural wonders and fabricated monstrosities. These are but a small selection of such obstacles that armies may encounter when fighting below the surface.

Vantage Points

Under the earth, the topography is confusing and irregular. Gaining an overlook on your enemy is of great tactical worth. Especially if your enemy doesn't even know you are there!

Vantage Points use the rules for Hills in the Warhammer Rulebook (page 118).

Examples of Vantage Points

Giant Insect

There are many species of giant insect that roam the caverns and tunnels of the Under Empire. Some are so colossal that armies are forced to battle around them, or even more dangerously, on them.

The giant insect moves D3 inches in a random direction at the end of the turn of the player who goes second. Units fully on the giant insect travel on its back unharmed, and can move and shoot as normal. Units partially on the giant insect suffer D6 Strength 2 hits, and remain in place.

Ramp Hill

A clever tactician utilises height and momentum to quickly propel their troops into the enemy.

Any unit with all its models on a ramp hill can re-roll a single charge dice when rolling for their charge range.

Burrow Mound

A burrow mound is a dense concentration of small tunnel openings. These already established passages are often used by the adepts of Clan Eshin, to sneak up on foes.

Any unit with a Warp-Grinder that has its tunnel marker placed on a burrow mound may re-roll either its scatter dice or artillery dice when emerging.



Formations

Formations are easy for troops to hide amongst. The irregular arrangements and natural resilience provide excellent protection against ranged fire.

Formations use the rules for Forests in the Warhammer Rulebook (page 119).

Examples of Formations

Gypsum Crystal Cluster

These jutting, angular crystals are created through extreme heat. To linger long amongst them is to invite an uncomfortable, slow death.

If the majority of a unit's models are within a gypsum crystal cluster then the unit counts as being in hard cover. Roll for any unit that spends more than one turn at least partially within the cluster at the end of the Movement phase. On a 4+ it suffers D6 Strength 4 hits, with no armour saves.

Yuckle Copse

Yuckles are large mushrooms with a distinctive spotted pattern. However, they give off a strong perfume that confounds the senses, drawing unsuspecting creatures into its midst.

Any unit within 12" of a yuckle copse at the beginning of the Movement phase must make a Leadership test. If failed, the unit immediately moves their full, standard move towards the yuckle copse, even if the unit has to reform to do so. Units that are affected by the Stupidity special rule are immune to the effects of the yuckle copse.

Dripstone Forest

A collection of various stalactites and stalagmites fed from some unknown water source above. While excellent cover, one wrong move can cause death to come crashing down.

Any model who rolls a one to hit while shooting or attacking immediately takes a single Strength 3 hit, as their failed attempts dislodge a stalactite from above. Saves can be taken as normal.

Root System

Some forests on the surface have root systems that penetrate deep underground. Fresh water, healing fungus, and other naturally occurring recuperative elements can be found amongst the tangle.

Any unit with the majority of its models in a root system gains the Regeneration special rule. The effects cease once more than half of the unit has left the root system.

Scrap Heap

Quite often the Skaven pile their discarded materials in large, teetering mounds. For the more wily missile weapon troop, this loose detritus can be used to augment their ballistic shots.

Any unit with over half its models in a scrap heap gain the Armour Piercing special rule on any shooting attacks.



Continuous Obstacles

Having a massive drop, or freezing torrent, to protect your flank is always reassuring.

Continuous Obstacles use the rules for Rivers in the Warhammer Rulebook (page 120).

Examples of Continuous Obstacles

Underground River

The rivers beneath the earth are unlike those on the surface. Oily black, freezing cold and violently raging, to enter one is to invite your doom.

An underground river is Dangerous Terrain. Any models that are in the river are affected by the Always Strikes Last special rule.

Ragged Chasm

There are many chasms throughout the underground. While most are deadly to traverse, there are some that skilled skirmishers can navigate with some success.

Skirmishers on foot can move through a ragged chasm at half speed, rounding up. While moving through a ragged chasm a unit cannot be targeted by shooting of any kind, though scattered template shots (like from a stone thrower) can still hit them. Each turn that a unit is in a ragged chasm at the start of the

movement phase they must make an Initiative test. If failed they suffer D3 Strength 2 wounds with no saves of any kind allowed. All other troops treat a ragged chasm as impassable terrain.

Sewer

Sewers are quite common near large Skaven or human settlements. While some are direct channels, most found deep underground are created by runoff.

A sewer counts as Dangerous Terrain to all infantry. Any unit that moves through a sewer gains the Poisoned Attacks special rule until the end of the following players turn.

Lava Channel

Lava channels are narrow, burning streams of magma. Only the largest of beings can hope to cross such an obstacle unharmed.

Models with the Monster troop type may move over a lava channel. If they do so they must immediately make a Dangerous Terrain test. A lava channel is impassable terrain to all other models.

Mine Cart Tracks

Both Skaven and Dwarfen mine tracks can be found all throughout the underground. While many are no longer used, they still support the rusting remains of abandoned carts and engines.

Mine tracks can be marched through. Otherwise the regular river rules apply to them. Any unit at least partially on mine tracks can try to heave old carts at enemies further down the track. Nominate a direction on the mine tracks, and roll the Artillery dice. The number rolled is the total number of inches the carts travel. Any units at least partially on the mine tracks within this distance suffer 2D6 Strength 3 wounds. Hits are distributed as per shooting. Those hit can attempt to avoid injury by passing an Initiative test. No armour saves are allowed. If a Misfire is rolled, the unit attempting to push the carts suffers the 2D6 Strength 3 wounds instead, disturbed as shooting, and avoided on a successful Initiative test.

Hazardous Ground

Danger waits around every corner in the Under-Empire. Even inauspicious open ground can suddenly and violently bring quick death.

Hazardous Ground uses the rules for Marshland in the Warhammer Rulebook (page 121).

Examples of Hazardous Ground

Warpstone Deposit

Small, half buried deposits of warpstone can be found all through the Under Empire. While an excellent prize, they are dangerous for those without the proper protection to approach.

Entering a warpstone deposit automatically causes D6 Strength 5 wounds, with no armour saves allowed. In addition, the unit is permanently granted one random mutation.

1-2 Regenerate

3-4 Poisoned Attacks

5-6 +1 Attacks

A unit can enter a warpstone deposit multiple times, and roll each time on the mutation table and add further abilities. However, if an ability already possessed is rolled, the unit takes another D6 Strength 5 hits and loses that ability.

Dung Heap

Skaven lairs often overflow with refuse. When the filth gets too much, large quantities are transported out into the tunnels and left there.

Any unit that moves or charges through a dung heap counts as causing Fear until the end of the following player turn.

Steam Vents

In some areas, especially where lava flows are active, steam vents can be found. They make excellent cover to suddenly strike out at foes from. As well as water vapour, other more noxious chemicals are usually present, making prolonged exposure dangerous.

If the majority of a units models are wholly within a steam vent the unit counts as having the Killing Blow special ability on all melee attacks.

At the end of each movement phase the unit must pass an Initiative test or have D6 models succumb to the suffocating vapours.

Obstacles

Obstacles are anything long and narrow which can be defended, such as piles of rocks or crates.

Obstacles use the rules for Obstacles in the Warhammer Rulebook (page 122).

Examples of Obstacles

Corpse Wall

A popular form of defence for many Skaven is a corpse wall, built from the large supply of dead Skaven (and other races) that is normally on hand.

Corpse walls provide soft cover, and a -2 Initiative modifier to charging models in base contact with them.

Pike Fence

Used to strike fear into the enemy, a pike fence is made up of a number of planks hammered to a series of spiked posts. Atop these posts are skewered the decapitated heads of already captured enemies.

A pike fence provides soft cover. If the unit defending the pike fence wins the first round of any close combat, then the losing enemy units automatically flee. This does not apply to Unbreakable units who lose.

Wailing Barricade

One of the Skavens more sadistic defensive inventions, a wailing barricade is made from a number of metal boxes or shells. Inside the boxes are placed one or more slaves, as well as torture devices like spikes, hungry rats, or acid drips.

A wailing barricade provides hard cover. A unit that is defending a wailing barricade may force one enemy unit in base contact to reroll a Leadership test each turn.

Limestone Heap

One of the most common structures in the Under-Empire, limestone heaps have multiple uses. In battle though, they make excellent defensive positions.

Limestone heaps are obstacles that grant hard cover to units behind them, and a -1 To Hit modifier to charging models in base contact with them.

Creature-capture Trap

The Skaven clans that trade in beasts, such as Clan Moulder, quite often employ creature-capture traps. These devices can vary in construction and operation, but all serve the same fundamental purpose. To imprison living creatures.

Any unit that charges an enemy unit defending a creature-capture trap takes D6 Impact Hits. These hits are Strength 3, and have the Killing Blow ability. Saves can be taken as normal.



Deep Artefacts

The Skaven move about quite a lot and often construct elaborate and deadly devices in the wilds of the Under-Empire, only to abandon them once their plans have completed.

Deep Artefacts use the rules for Mystical Monuments in the Warhammer Rulebook (page 124).

Examples of Deep Artefacts

Ancient Device

While uncommon, warring armies have in the past accidentally found themselves fighting amongst the remains of some ancient Skaven experiment. Dangerous when in operation, these devices are even more deadly now that they have fallen into disrepair.

At the start of each player turn roll a dice for every unit within 8" of the Ancient Device. On a 4 or more the unit takes a number of hits equal to 2D6 minus their own Strength and distributed as shooting. Wounds are caused on a 4+, regardless of the units Toughness, and no saves are allowed. Any unit that suffers at least one wound from the Ancient Device becomes Immune to Psychology until the start of that players next turn.

Abandoned Warpstone Node Array

Some Skaven, mostly Warlock Engineers, use warpstone nodes to amplify magical effects. Because an array is a fairly elaborate construction, quite often they are used and then left abandoned.

If the total rolled for any spell by a wizard within 6" of the abandoned warpstone node array comes to 13, then that spell is automatically cast with no opportunity to dispel it.

However, if any wizard within 12 casts a spell with Irresistible Force, then the abandoned warpstone node array immediately fires three bolts of warplightning, using the Zzzaaap! rules for the Doomwheel. It can fire these bolts as many times as wizards cast with Irresistible Force in a turn.

Shrine of The Horned Rat

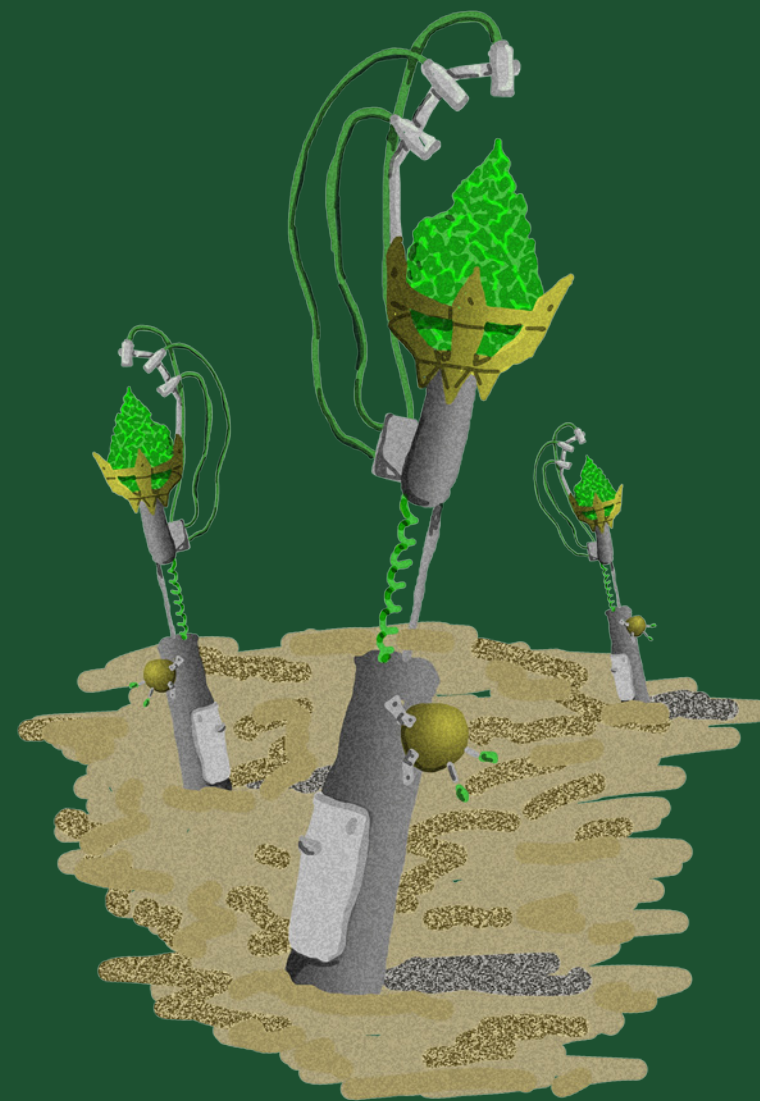
Shrines to The Horned Rat litter the Under Empire. Glorious monuments to his dread power, Skaven are driven to amazing feats while fighting under his gaze.

Any Skaven unit within 12" (not including Giant Rats or Rat Ogres) gains Devastating Charge and Fight In Extra Ranks.

Structures

Skaven structures can vary in quality. From small, ramshackle sheds to heavily fortified barracks, and everything in-between. They are usually constructed from found materials, and sport numerous sections that have been patched or totally replaced. Do not be fooled though, as with buildings on the surface, Skaven structures are excellent places for troops to defend against their enemy.

Skaven structures follow all the rules for Buildings, found on page 126 or the Warhammer Rulebook.



The Masters of the Under-Empire

While no two Skaven structures are alike, those who rule Skavendom often utilise the same tried and true buildings time and again. These are but a few of the constructions the Council of Thirteen, the Order of Grey Seers and the Greater Clans have come to rely on.

The Masters of the Under-Empire use the rules for Arcane Architecture in the Warhammer Rulebook (page 130).

Examples of The Masters of the Under-Empire

Plague Laboratory

Followers of the Horned Rats plague aspect, such as Clan Pestilens, often mix various diseases and contagions together in large, bubbling cauldrons. These are housed in a central structure, often called a plague laboratory.

Any unit within 6" of the Plague Laboratory gain +1 Toughness. Any unit occupying the Plague Laboratory gains Poison Attacks in addition to the Toughness upgrade. Units assaulting the building do not gain Poison Attacks, though they are granted the ability if they succeed in occupying the building.

Workshop

One of the most common sites throughout Skavendom is the glowing, humming workshops that dot every settlement. It is here that the clans produce the various machines that aid them, in both war and otherwise.

Any war machines, or other mechanical devices, within 6" of the workshop can reroll any dice that come up as Misfire. The second result must be accepted.

Training Room

There are those Skaven, especially among Clan Eshin, who develop their skills of dexterity and agility. Training Rooms are where they do this, among whirling blades, swinging spikes, and all manner of other traps and obstacles.

Any Skirmish unit occupying the Training Room gains the Unbreakable special rule.

Creature Pens

Those Skaven who capture and keep creatures of all kinds utilise creature pens. Large, robust structures, these buildings allow even the bulkiest monster easy movement inside.

When fighting in an assault in the Creature Pens, monstrous infantry/cavalry/beasts may count as two models towards the combat, rather than three. A monster, including any riders, counts as three.

Council Relay

Council relays can be found scattered throughout the Under-Empire, and operate mainly as signalling beacons. This allows messages to quickly be passed to and from the Council of Thirteen to their many operatives and servants.

When inside a Council Relay, any Skaven character (even revealed Assassins, but not hidden Assassins) can lend their base Leadership to any Skaven unit within 12".

Temple of The Horned Rat

Wherever large groups of Skaven gather there can always be found a Temple of The Horned Rat. While they are imposing structures, designed to fill all Skaven hearts with fear, it is the Grey Seers who benefit from them the most.

Any Grey Seer within 3" of a Temple of The Horned Rat at the beginning of the Magic Phase can be treated as knowing all the spells from the Lore of Ruin for that phase. If more than one Grey Seer is within 3", than no one gains the bonus.



Under-Empire Terrain Chart

Roll 2D6

2 Skaven encampment

D3 buildings, D3 sets of obstacles plus one roll on the Deep Artefacts chart.

3 Building

A shack, barracks, or similar mundane Skaven structure

4 Deep Artefacts

Roll a further D3:

- 1 – Ancient Device
- 2 – Abandoned Warpstone Node Array
- 3 – Shrine to The Horned Rat

5 Vantage Point

Roll a further D6:

- 1, 2 or 3 – An 'ordinary' vantage point
- 4 – Giant Insect
- 5 – Ramp Hill
- 6 – Burrow Mound

6 Building

A shack, barracks, or similar mundane Skaven structure

7 Formation

Roll a further D6:

- 1 – Mundane formation
- 2 – Gypsum Crystal Cluster
- 3 – Yuckle Copse
- 4 – Dripstone Forest
- 5 – Root System
- 6 – Scrap Heap

8 Obstacle

Three 6" sections of one of the following obstacles:

- 1 – Corpse Wall
- 2 – Pike Fence
- 3 – Wailing Barricade
- 4 – Limestone Heap
- 5 – Creature Capture Trap
- 6 – Fence (Warhammer rulebook, page 123)

9 Continuous Obstacle

Roll a further D6:

- 1 – River (Warhammer rulebook, page 120)
- 2 – Underground River
- 3 – Ragged Chasm
- 4 – Sewer
- 5 – Lava Channel
- 6 – Mine Cart Tracks

10 The Masters of the Under-Empire

Roll a further D6

- 1 – Plague Laboratory
- 2 – Workshop
- 3 – Training Room
- 4 – Creature Pens
- 5 – Council Relay
- 6 – Temple of The Horned Rat

11 Hazardous Ground

Roll a further D3:

- 1 – Warpstone Deposit
- 2 – Dung Heap
- 3 – Steam Vents

12 Clan Outpost

D3 buildings, D3 sets of obstacles, plus one roll on The Masters of the Under-Empire part of the chart.



SHOW YOUR INNER SKAVEN



Inside all of us is a vile, despicable Skaven just waiting to get out. Well, now is the time to release it, and possibly win a great prize!

What we want you to do is show us your inner Skaven. Whatever that means to you.

Dress up, make a face, do whatever. Take a photo and email it to us at:

editor@skavenblightgazette.com

along with your name to enter, and be in the running to win one of our three great prizes.

Entries close 1 November, and will be announced in issue 13.

First Place: Skavenblight Gazette poster and Skaven dice

Second Place: Skaven Miniature and Skaven dice

Third Place: Skaven dice

Vermintord

By Tom Rolland



A rush of bitter disappointment surged within him as he lifted his ravaged snout from the intoxicating vapours of the warpstone brazier. Blissful memories raced away from him like flotsam on a fast flowing river as he tried in vain to claw them back.

Fleeting images of an endless, burning vista tantalised him. In his mind's eye, he remembered the sight of flaming man-warrens. Fleeting, he recalled taking delight in the screams of their terrified breeders. A dry tongue licked his muzzle with the ghost-scent of cooking flesh borne on an ash-choked wind, but his visions of apocalypse were taking on the quality of a dream; dissipating with reality's unwanted intrusion.

He bared his teeth in frustration as the lingering sensation of peace once more deserted him. Soon the black beast would burn in his belly. Once more, he would know the hunger of addiction.

* * *

Grey Seer Skreekit lashed his tail in frustrated rage, glaring around him at the scurrying lackeys and slaves who suddenly made themselves busy, vacated the dank confines of the chamber, or dropped to their bellies; throats exposed in the age-old Skaven posture of submission. He snarled in blind rage, rising from his crouch and grabbing the first object within reach; a bubbling, glass alembic that glowed with a hideous blue light. He wrenched it free of its connection with the base of his brazier and hurled its liquid contents into the face of an unlucky servant unable to move quickly enough. The Skavenslave squealed in agony as the chemicals dissolved his snout and teeth in a cloud of noxious smoke.

Skreekit paused in his anger for a moment, blinking in mild amazement. He looked down at the vessel in his paws before placing it carefully – almost reverentially – back on the ground whence it came. The vessel had been connected to his brazier, but why? He narrowed his gleaming red eyes and nibbled the end of his tail in apprehension. He knew exactly why. They were trying to kill him.

He cast a suspicious glance around the circular chamber; taking in the array of arcane machinery and the gaggle of cowering slaves, trying desperately to make themselves smaller and less noticeable.

Of course, it all made perfect sense now! His slaves were trying to kill him on the very eve of his elevation to greatness!

He bared his teeth in a vicious smile. A lambent glow played across the sharp points of his claws. Corposant formed in the upper dome of his tower sanctum. One of the slaves whimpered pathetically as his fur stood on end. Good, thought Skreekit.

Fear always made vengeance a much more rewarding experience.

* * *

Thick, greasy smoke was dissipating slowly – almost reluctantly – as the creaking of protesting hinges, tortured by decades of rusty neglect heralded the arrival of the Grey Seer’s diminutive apprentice, Retch Halftail.

The apprentice was a hunched, pallid little creature. His watery, pink eyes blinked in the warpstone smoke of the room as he took in a scene of unbridled carnage.

If the scraps of smoking flesh, or the smell of burnt fur and sulphur caused any flutter in that shallow chest, then it was well hidden. If the sight of his master standing enigmatically in the centre of the room with his arms outstretched, chest heaving with the labour of his recent destructive excesses gave him any pause, then it was not apparent.

Retch was a skinny, frail looking thing with patchy fur and an aura of submission that Skreekit utterly despised. He moderated his breathing – not wishing to show how badly his arcane outburst had drained him – before considering the understudy whom he loathed so much.

The expression on his pale face was unusually languid and docile for one of his race. Even the slaves snickered behind his back and defied him on those rare occasions when he issued a command on behalf of his master.

Were it not for the tiny, stubby horns and grey fur marking him out for greatness far beyond the squalor of his burrow, he would have been consumed by his littermates at birth. Chance would be a fine thing, thought Skreekit.

The Grey Seer cast the most recent in a long line of increasingly contemptuous glares toward his seemingly heedless understudy before whirling his ragged robes, enigmatically.

“Brainless fool-thing!” he snapped. “Where have you been-been? Your master-lord is endangered!”

Retch hunched his shoulders, trying to make himself smaller. His beady eyes were downcast.

“Does master-lord require new slaves?” he asked, quietly.

Skreekit’s eyes widened in barely restrained fury.

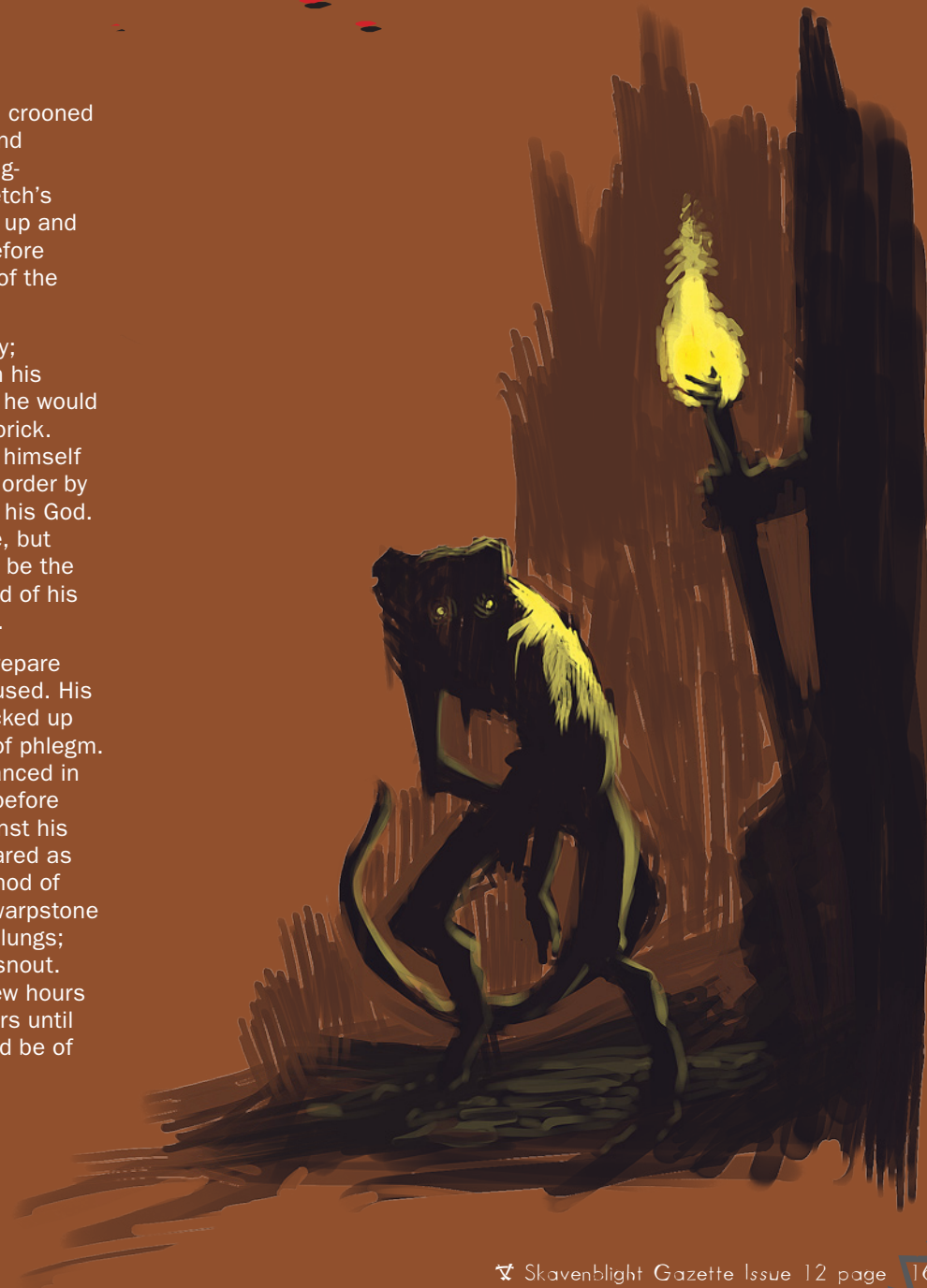
“Fool-dolt!” he snapped, clenching his paws and striding forward. “Of course your master-lord needs more slaves. Great summoning ritual is tonight-night! Who will he sacrfi...” he paused suddenly and a malicious smile twisted his snout.

Retch blinked up at him, blankly; nose twitching in confusion.

“Faithful servant-pupil...” crooned Skreekit, silkily. “Fetch-find fangleader Krayl and bring-bring for master-lord.” Retch’s misshapen head bobbed up and down in acquiescence before he slunk away in search of the Stormvermin leader.

Skreekit snickered quietly; congratulating himself on his devious cunning. Tonight he would kill two kittens with one brick. Tonight he would elevate himself from obscurity within his order by summoning an aspect of his God. Of secondary importance, but immense pleasure would be the knowledge that he was rid of his snivelling, weakling pupil.

He stepped forward to prepare his symbol circle and paused. His chest heaved and he hacked up an enormous, hairy ball of phlegm. Stars and black spots danced in his vision for a moment before he steadied himself against his precious brazier. It appeared as though his favoured method of consuming the blessed warpstone was taking its toll on his lungs; much as it had his poor snout. Still, it would only be a few hours until the ritual; a few hours until matters of the body would be of secondary importance.





He smiled again. Ideally, the sacrifice to bring a Vermin Lord across the veil should be a powerful individual; murdered with an object of significance to them. He had intended to use the slaves, substituting quality for quantity, but his pique of rage had soon put an end to that plan. Instead, he would take great delight in strangling vile Retch with his own robe which was – insofar as Skreekit was aware – the stunted halfwit’s only material possession.

He coughed again, wiping a drool flecked muzzle on the sleeve of his gray robe. He suppressed a gasp of alarm as he recognised his own thick, brackish blood staining the material.

* * *

“Good-good.” Nodded Skreekit, hurriedly.

Krayl had entered the sanctum behind Halftail; his hulking, black-furred frame making the apprentice Grey Seer appear even more diminutive and frail. The huge Stormvermin growled contemptuously at his charge as he divined his master’s unspoken command. Two more burly Stormvermin warriors entered behind him and took up positions on either side of the portal. Krayl stood in front of the door, staring at the back of Retch’s head and licking his lips, hungrily.

For his part, the apprentice merely blinked in his inscrutable manner and scurried forward. He looked around the chamber with apparent indifference.

If the garish finery and warpstone baubles with which his master was bedecked caused any flutter in that shallow chest, then it was well hidden. If the sight of the thirteen holy sigils making up the summoning circle – carved from the flags of the chamber floor and filled with a lambent mixture of man-blood and warpstone – gave him pause then it was not apparent.

Skreekit seethed inwardly, but did his best to appear regal, as befitted the solemnity of the occasion and the demands of his high rank.

“Retch!” he barked. “Stand there- there!” he pointed at a space on the other side of the summoning circle’s circumference. Krayl growled and moved to shove the apprentice forward, but there was no need. The little ratman cocked his head to one side before scurrying forward – taking care not to step within the bounds of the ritual area – and taking his appointed place.

Skreekit blinked in surprise, then motioned the eager Krayl to take up his own position behind Retch. He turned back to the centre of the circle and spread his arms wide, striking an enigmatic pose and beginning to chant in a booming baritone.

It started slowly; Skreekit offering praise to the horned one, stopping at carefully calculated intervals to consume ritually prepared blocks of shaped warpstone before continuing his catechisms.

The pace of his oratory increased and Skreekit could see Retch swaying in time to his master’s chant. The Grey Seer’s words were taking on a deeper, more resonant tone as though he were speaking into a deep well and hearing the echoes returned from a far place. He was halfway through the 169 names of summoning when one of the Stormvermin keeled over behind him in a clatter of armour-plate and agonised squeaking. Krayl looked on, impassionate. Retch swayed.

Static raced along Skreekit's outstretched arms, causing his fur to rise. Shadows lengthened in the circular room and took on a life of their own. Voices whispered around the apex of the dome, hissing sibilant words that had no rightful place in the material universe. Skreekit's chants increased in pace and his voice – though booming with an infernal quality – was now little more than a dry rattle in his throat. He could feel it. His God was near! Soon it would be time to give the signal to Krayl.

The seer tasted the iron tang of blood in his mouth and strove against a stabbing pain in his chest. The hunger. The need was a bright, burning brand in his belly, but to stop now would mean certain death. The ritual was approaching the critical stage.

He reached inside his robe for his symbol of office which he had removed from atop his staff with all due ceremony before the commencement of the summoning. There was a sudden tightness, then a burning in his chest.

His breath came in heaving, broken gasps; each one accompanied by another spray of thick, aspirated blood. At some point, he had fallen to the stone floor beneath; cracking his horned skull on the flags. The sound of chanting broke him from his painful reverie.

Retch's chanting.

The stunted little freak was carrying on the ritual where his master had stopped.

Skreekit's mind raced with sudden, terrible realisation. He was dying.

He could feel his life slipping away. He squirted the musk of fear and spasmed where he lay. Suddenly, there was a thunderclap of displaced energy and the room fell utterly silent. Skreekit could just make out the little apprentice blinking through the haze of foetid brimstone; head cocked to one side as he inspected his dying master. Then the doomed Seer looked at the brazier. His brazier. His precious, beloved brazier with its addictive warpstone fumes.

He thought of the dead slave.

He thought of the vessel connected to his brazier.

Suddenly the blinking, scuttling form of Retch Halftail took on a much more sinister aspect.

There was a tearing noise and Skreekit watched in horror as a bright vertical line appeared in the fumes before him. It was one edge of a luminous outline at first; a spark stretched across empty space, but another formed soon, then another and it soon became apparent that some unseen hand was sketching an image of horror on his fading consciousness.

The fabric of reality was tearing like a man-skin robe pulled from both sides as a hideous, shimmering claw slashed through the smoke from nowhere.

Darkness billowed forth from that gap in space-time; terrible, impenetrable night populated only by two gleaming, fiery orbs. Skreekit quailed with the terrible realization that those orbs were watching him intently. They spoke of hunger; black and insatiable that forced his own into obscurity.

Skreekit's cries of terror were drowned in blood.

Grey Seer Retch Halftail cocked his head to one side and blinked.

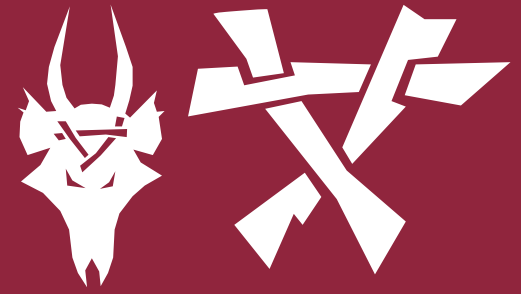
If the body of his master – face wracked in a grimace of indescribable agony – caused a flutter in that shallow chest, then it was well hidden. If the living embodiment of his god stepping forth into the material realm gave him any pause, then it was not apparent.

He cocked his head to one side and blinked.



SKAVENBLIGHT GAZETTE

FUTURE ISSUES



The following information gives you closing dates for each issues submission deadline, as well as the estimated release date of that issue.

As well as articles, we are always looking for illustrations and miniature photos to use in articles. Contact the editors for details on submitting artwork, or if you are interested in doing commissioned pieces for articles

Editor contact:
editor@skavenblightgazette.com

Issue 13

Special 13th issue release.

Submissions in by:
05 November 2011.

Release date: 13
December 2011.

We are looking for some extra special content to go into the 13th issue. So if you ever wanted to submit to Skavenblight Gazette, now is the time! In particular we are looking for:

- Recipes to go into a special 'holiday' cooking section. You will need to supply not only the ingredient list and instructions on how to make the dish, but also a photo of it completed.
- Miniatures to go into our feature gallery 'Children of the Horned Rat'. No clan theme this issue, just amazingly converted or painted miniatures.

Issue 14

Submissions in by:
27 March 2012.

Release date:
13 April 2012.

This issues featured miniature gallery is 'Pestilent Blessing'. You can submit conversions or painted models from Clan Pestilens (Plague Monks, Censor Bearers, etc), unique units of your own creation, or Clan Pestilens-esque variations on existing troop types. Anything is welcome, as long as it is devoted to spreading the word of the Horned Rat.

Issue 15

Submissions in by:
17 July 2012.

Release date:
13 August 2012.

This issues featured miniature gallery is 'Strength In Numbers'. You can submit conversions or painted models from Warlord Clans (Clanrats, Warlords, Stormvermin, etc), unique units of your own creation, or variations on existing troop types. Lend your might to the armies of the Under-Empire.

SUBMISSIONS NEEDED

Issue 13 Recipes

The holidays are upon us! And what better way to celebrate with your close friends and family than feeding them authentic Skaven dishes?

Mains, desserts, snacks, whatever concoctions you wish to share with your fellow ratmen will be compiled and offered up to the world.

Submit your recipes to editor@skavenblightgazette.com, along with a photo of your finished dish.



THE CONSTRUCTION WORKSHOP

NEW ARMS FOR OLD MODELS

by Matthew Lee

While a whole new batch of plastic Clanrats are now available, there are those who still possess unused multi-part Clanrats from last edition. The main problem with these, though, has always been the large, cartoonish hands and feet. Now this gross proportional abnormality is even more apparent when they are mixed into any army of newer Clanrats, Plague Monks and other more current miniatures.

However, you don't need to despair. Those boxes of multi-part Clanrats you have don't need to disappear at the bottom of a cupboard, never to be used. Some fairly simple changes can be made to make these Skaven fit into your updated horde.

As has been noted, there are two major breakpoints for the old Clanrats. The hands and feet. Luckily for us, Skaven are a horde army, so that immediately diminished one of the models problems.

While the feet are comically large, using them in massed ranks means they are going to be hidden by the bulk of the other models in the unit. Coupling this with clever use of basing material application to hide some of the size, and that only leaves us with the hands problem.

Luckily we have a large selection of arms and hands from other kits that can be substituted for the standard multi-part Clanrat arms. As a general rule of thumb, 'normal' arms from any human kit will do. The majority of these come from Empire and Bretonnian models, though you will be able to find some in the other ranges.



The aim is to basically find an arm that fits the proportions of the Skaven model. For instance, an arm from the Empire Militia box looks great. The arm is the right length and shape, and the hand is the right size to not look out of proportion. However an arm from the Chaos Marauders box, for example, will be far too long, and the hand will look far too big.



Arm from the Empire Militia kit.



Arm from the new Clanrat kit.



Arm from the Plague Monk kit.



Arm from the Knights of the Realm kit.



Arm from the Empire Flagellant kit.



Arm from the Empire Knights kit.



Arm from the Plague Monk kit.



Arm from the Empire Militia kit.



Arm from the Empire Knights kit.



Arm from the old Eldar range.

Of course, if you already have an established Skaven army, chances are that you will have a treasure-trove of appropriate arms just lying around. With only minimal work, Plague Monk and newer plastic Clanrat arms can be applied to the old Clanrat torso.

If you are looking for something really unique, then start exploring the arm selections from other armies and systems. Something like a Chaos Space Marine Powerfist can make a great Warp-blade weapon for a Warlock Engineer conversion.

EXAMPLES

Clockwise from right: Chieftain with an arm from the Empire Militia kit, Globadier with blunderbuss arms from the Empire Militia kit, Warlock Engineer with Warp-blades made using a Chaos Space Marine Power Fist, Ratling Gun made using gatling gun arms from the Empire Pistoleers kit, Clanrat Musician using drummer arms from Empire Spearmen kit.



So there we have it. Some simple tips to bringing your older plastic Clanrats into line with your new Skaven army. The armies of the Under Empire grow yet again!

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- Pike Fence (pg 10)

- Warpstone Node (pg 11)

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contribute or die, man-thing!



A blog on Warhammer, Skaven, and continued failures.

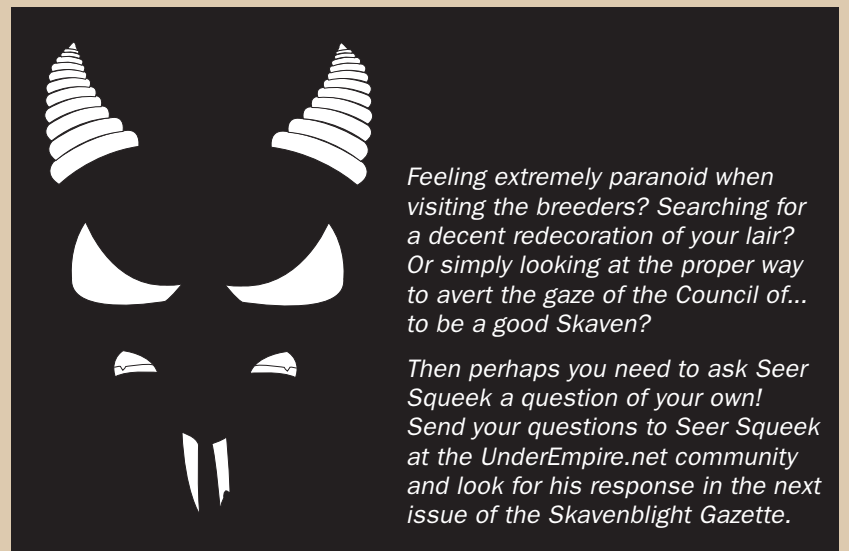
ATTENTION

Council operatives are currently looking into the sudden appearance of large, scary beasts in the Ogre Kingdoms armies. All Master Moulders are advised to expect a visit from a friendly Council agent.

Next issue is

13

ARE YOU PREPARED?



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.