|Warhammer Fantasy: The Skaven|

Oh, my brotherss.
What more needs say-say.
Long, long time we have dwelt in darkness. We were here before all the things. Before man-things built their walls, before dwarf-things carved out their halls of stone. We were here amongst the shadowss when god-thing Sssigmar scattered the green-things with his curse-bad hammer. We planned, we schemed, we manipulated against the Great Necromancer, whose name we do not speak-tell, and we ***won.*** *We watch, we wait, we plan. We live-live in the dark.*

We are Children of the Horned Rat, yes-yes.
And as we were before you, so shall we be there to see you fall.

None in the mortal colleges can agree on where the skaven came from: Are they but another breed of Beastman, like the cloven-hoofed brutes of the forests? Are they artificial creatures raised into humanoid body from rats? The Empire claims they do not exist as all, for assuredly these subterranean creatures would have been driven extinct by the multitude of far stronger predators that walk the lands. Yet they do plan and squeal in the darkness, while their dark god cackles in realms unseen - and perhaps the truth lies within Tilea's oldest tale, of *The Doom of Kavzar;* The tale of an old city overtaken by a mysterious and chaotic artifact: A bell that tolled thirteen times, and brought a rat-laden doom upon human and dwarf alike. None-nobody knows the truth, and the records of skavendom's own past is mangled at best.

As a species, the skaven are… To put a blunt point to it, the worst of the worst; Undead are either cold automatons, or remain capable of all emotions - both good and ill; The Dark Elves of Naggaroth live in a society built on slavery and torture, but still give rise to noble, even questionably heroic warriors; The northmen devoted to the four gods of Chaos can cultivate iron bonds of brotherhood and friendship; Even the green-skinned orcs and horned beastmen display loyalty to members of their band or herd, and are capable of honor and respect. The Skaven have none of the traits above, to the point that such concepts are completely alien to the rat-folk's psyche. Two things keep the skaven from tearing each other apart into oblivion: The Horned Rat, their dark god who exemplifies every single trait amongst the ratmen, or what they wish to be; And his Grey Seers, the horned-and-grey-furred priesthood.

But even the Horned Rat encourages the cut-throat, self-destructive, and vicious culture that the Skaven Under-Empire has created. He represents all that Skaven are and wish to be. Undying, eternally scheming, all-devouring and all-decaying. Under him the skaven are destined to devour the world from the inside out, and so until the day he enters this world they must endlessly plot, scheme, and backstab one another to ensure that only the best will be at his side.

It is into the Under-Empire you arrive as but one more set of beady, malevolent eyes amidst the swarm. Remember three things: Those above you will kill to keep their power. Those below you will kill to gain more power. And the Council of Thirteen is always watching. You must survive with the rest of the verminous horde for the next ten years.

+1,000 CP

|Circumstance of Birth|

Not all of the Ratmen are born equal, though their circumstances are certainly the same - slopping out of one of the great Rat Mothers' many wombs and orifices. But indeed, countless hundreds of thousands are born as naught but reedy, scrawny Slave Rats - left to suckle on the Breeder's breast until they are large enough to be shackled, forced to endure back-breaking, mind-numbing labor or a short, violent death.

|Age & Gender|

Age does not matter to the rat-children of the Horned One - only experience, and the savagery with which you climb the rankings. As a result, you are assumed to have just reached maturity - approximately 2-3 weeks after your birth, having gone through the training related to your position.

The matter of Gender is an unfortunate one entirely. You see, most female Skaven are immediately spirited away - pumped full of chemicals, hormones, and drugs developed by Moulder for just such an occasion, and turned into a Rat Mother. A 700 pound, 10-foot-long ratty slug covered in a multitude of gaping orifices and whose internal organs are crowded by a myriad of different womb-like bags. In order for you to avoid such a fate, I offer a one-time gender-change to Male for the next ten years. **Should you refrain from this offer, I instead offer a temporary masking - Until you deliberately reveal your true gender, all skaven will automatically assume you to be male. However, there is an exception, which I'll detail in a minute.**

- **Skavenslave (+200):** Born to live your life in chains and tatters, you are one of the most pathetic creatures in existence: A Skavenslave. Four-feet-tall and made of naught but ragged brown fur and bones, you were born to labor under the lash of your betters. You labor, you haul, you slave away day and night. And should you be the unlucky who are taken to battle, you are expected to give your life bogging down the enemy amongst a sea of bodies - so the more legitimate warriors, warbeasts, and machines can properly destroy the things that stand against them. But skaven culture is nothing if not cut-throat, and a cornered rat's chattering teeth will bite anything for another day to live. It doesn't matter from how low you come - just how far you're willing to go. **Disclaimer: Due to the low stature of Skavenslaves, any items, companions, and augmentations that aren't discounted to Slaves specifically will only be found after your escape from slavery - or if purchasing Clan Leadership, during the completion of the 'Shatter the Chains' scenario.**
- **Clanrat (Free):** The rank-and-file, teeming brown masses of the Horned Rat's hordes. Not the below-rock-bottom that the Slaves start at, but fairly close. Your superiors suspect treachery from you at every given moment, and your comrades will stab you in the back at the closest moment. Yet beyond that, there are no

expectations foisted upon you. Simply that you fight for the Horned One, and die for the Horned One if need be. You are still considered expendable… But you won't be a waste of resources if you survive.

- **Stormvermin (100 CP):** Born with black fur, you are the Horned One's elite - the true warriors for whom the Clanrats and Slaves die in droves, to let you strike down the enemies of the Under-Empire. In the short weeks since your birth you've grown taller than most of the worthless man-things - standing tall at over six-feet, and finely muscled to carry the best weapons and armoring that your superiors will afford you. And yet just because you were born elite, does not mean you are safe from the blades - for though the Stormvermin share a collective egotism and camaraderie, there is still scheming. Still backstabbing. Any sign of weakness and your brother-in-arms will cut you down without a second thought.
- **Grey Seer (100 CP):** The blessed, the chosen children of the Horned Rat. You were born wrapped in either pale white or ashen-grey fur, with horned nubs sprouting from your brow. You are a Grey Seer, raised from birth to serve your verminous master and act as the spiritual advisor and religious leader to the skaven legions. You speak, and dare the Fangleaders and Generals to speak and plot against - for who would dare march against their God and his emissaries? **If female, you may openly reveal your true gender as a Grey Seer. You will not be safe from the scheming and backstabbing amongst the Seers, but to condemn you to the pits would be complete heresy.**
- **Moulder Creation (200 CP):** Poor tortured soul that you are - a creature born not from a Rat Mother as is proper, but instead made in Clan Moulder's darkest pits. You are an abomination against all that exists - forged from hacked-together pieces of Skaven, rats, and all other manner of creature both kidnapped and 'recruited,' animated through crackling warp lightning and mutated and warped even further through warpstone infusion and ornamentation. Your existence was made to be bought and sold for warpstone tokens, slaves, and breeding rights - or kept by Moulder as a method of pushing their own twisted agendas. Yet even amongst the tortured monstrosities produced by Hell Pit, you share a quality with only one other - you've kept your mind, fractured as it may be. And an aware mind… Is one capable of retribution and ambition in turn.

Now, fur color was mentioned amongst the first few "breeds." Female skaven, for the most part, are pulled to become breeders - with an exception. If born with white or grey fur, a

skaven is pulled aside for the priests. Those with Horns, as mentioned, become Grey Seers. Those without, however, are actually found to be born Stormvermin - indeed, some male Stormvermin are actually born with white pelts as well. Rare enough however that it is not oft mentioned.

Meanwhile, albinos are considered to be special, although if there is any evidence to this it has yet to be found.

|Constrainment of Clan|

It is a rare skaven that is competent on their own. Most of the time, a simple showing of force and destructive power will send the ratlings scurrying for the nearest nooks and crannies to hide themselves away in. The skaven know their true strength is in numbers - both to overwhelm the foes that would see them wiped off the planet, and to have a myriad of backs awaiting knives for their inevitable climb of the Under-Empire's ranks.

- **Thrall-Clan:** Subservient to either one of the Great Four Clans or a great Warlord Clan, the Thrall-Clans are small groupings of Skaven that have only just managed to claw out a territory of their own… But alas, are not yet strong enough to truly STAND on their own. Thus they have sworn treaty-pledge to one greater than they - both for protection… But also, for the potential to backstab their benefactor if the benefits are great enough. You are a member of one such Thrall-Clan - such as Septik (beholden to Pestilens), or Feesik (bound to Skryre). You may have carved out a Clan together, but know that your fellows' loyalty only lasts as far as the next opportunity.
- **Warlord Clan:** Warlord Clans are upstarts that have both claimed a holding for their own, but also bear the strength and ferocity to bite back at the lashing paws of those who would push them down again. These are the ones given scorn and hate by the Great Four, but are making enough of a bloodstained clawmark on Skaven society that even they could earn the endorsement of a Grey Seer. You are one of these greater Warlord Clans - such as Clan Mors, currently lead by a Lord of Decay, or Clan Skab, who give birth to so many Stormvermin they have begun selling their services to other Clans for many warp tokens.
- **The Priesthood (Restricted to Grey Seers):** Though a Grey Seer could strive to become the Warlord of their own Clan, the majority hold to the ranks of the priesthood. They are the ones who spread and maintain the will of the Great Horned Rat, keep the common skaven in line, and ensure the growth of the Horned One's children. This does absolutely nothing to stop them from having their own plots, plans, twisted schemes, and devisements. After all, if the Great Horned Rat wishes for his black-hearted children to always strive for supremacy, shouldn't his emissaries do so as well? Watch yourself amidst the cloisters, Seer.
- **Clan Skryre:** None work the catastrophic and maddening Warpforges but Clan Skryre, the most mercenary and stark-raving mad of the Four Great Clans. Their Warlock-Engineers are infamous across the Under-Empire - both for selling their warmachines and magicks to even hated enemies, and for the

exorbitantly high prices they demand. But only the Grey Seers know how deeply their web of double-cross and treachery goes. You are one of this fold of mechanical magicians now, little rat. Steal the ideas of your peers, protect the workings of your machinery, and ensure your works catapult you to greatness.

- **Clan Moulder:** Masters of breeding, taming, and the surgical and flesh-shaping arts, Moulder is where the majority of the skaven war-beasts are produced - from packs of savage wolf-rats to the lumbering, destructive rat-ogres. Every day sees a new abomination against all living things crawl out of Hell Pit, far to the north in cold Kislev, at the prod and lash of a Moulder packmaster. Every clan serves as Moulder's clientele, and it was from their Master Mutators that the original Rat Mothers were birthed. Master your art, ratling of Moulder. And ensure your monsters can withstand the brutality of your rivals.
- **Clan Eshin:** Secretive, hidden, and beloved by the twelve Lords of Decay. Clan Eshin are the furtive assassins of skavendom, bearing techniques and mysticism from far-off Cathay. All clans fear the flashing knives of Eshin, and watch the shadows for their beady eyes and twitching noses that observe and watch all rats and man-things alike. A treaty-pact with Eshin can maintain one's position as Warlord or ruler… But just as easily, it can tear one down in the blink of an eye, and leave a space for an enterprising rat to claim. You are the blade in the shadows, little rat. Walk the knife's edge and you will do the Horned One's work.
- **Clan Pestilens:** Once, the Great Four were only Three. Then Pestilens returned from the lethal jungles of Lustria, and the second of the Skaven Civil Wars was waged. Through veneration of the Horned One as bringer of pestilence and plague, this Clan is the bringer of great rot, disease, and infection wherever their puss-dripping claw touches. They sell their Monks' services not for warp tokens, but for ideals - any who can say that their goals align with Pestilens will earn the chanting, decrepit disciples' aid. The spread of pestilence and corruption is the one and only goal of Pestilens, a goal you share now and forever as one of their Plague Monks.

|Results of The Pit|

All perks, skills, abilities, and augmentations listed below are, if listed, **50% Off to their indicated Birth & Clan. 100 CP** Perks are instead free.

Verminous Creature (Free): As you are expected to scurry-run with the rest of the horde, you are given the body of a Skaven for the duration of your stay in ratfolk society. On the last day of your tenth year, you may choose for your skaven body to become an alternate form you can transform into at will. The exact details depend on the Birth you selected, detailed below:

- **Skavenslave:** As stated before, you are four feet of skin and bones, colored a mottled brown or tan. The only benefits available to you here are increased dexterity and speed - even if by some stroke of luck, or you managed to consume enough of your brothers to give you the meat and energy needed, you could never fight a man-thing alone. Your only hope is to run and hide, or fight amidst a swarm.
- **Clanrat:** The same details as Skavenslave, only this time you may have had the sustenance needed to build up even a minimal amount of musculature. You may not be able to fight a man- or dwarf-thing one-on-one still, but with subterfuge and cunning you could take their life and flesh for yourself. You are still better off fighting in a swarm or warband - for that is the one benefit Skaven have over all other creatures: Overwhelming numbers.
- **Stormvermin:** Even without the intense training of the Stormvermin Corps, you are all but guaranteed to grow into a six-foot-tall, well-muscled beast of a ratman. Covered in either ebon-black, ashen grey, or pale white fur, you were immediately taken as a whelp from your Rat Mother's whelp pits, and given to your corps' Fangleaders for training. You could tear apart a man-thing with notable ease, with dwarf- and elf-things shortly behind. Stronger creatures - ogres, orcs, gors, and the filthy man-things of Chaos in the far North - will still prove a challenge. And as always, it must be stated: Keep to your warband.
- **Grey Seer:** Four-feet-tall, with ash-grey or pale white fur, and a gnarled pair of horns curling out of your skull. Though you do not stand particularly tall, you are the Horned Rat's born emissary - and what you lack in bodily strength, you make up for in greater intellect. Your fur is also of more immaculate quality than the unkempt, raggedy pelt-hide of your lesser brethren - being markedly smoother and cleaner. Well… Clean as well as one can find in the Under-Empire.
- **Moulder Creation:** You stand at twelve-feet-tall, heavily muscled, and covered in stitches and staples to keep your myriad of rat-torn skins and pelts intact. You begin as one of Clan Moulder's most profitable monstrosities: The Rat-Ogre. Ordinarily you would have no intelligence, simply becoming a sub-sapient creature driven by

Moulder's packmasters into the fray. But whether by mistake or design, your brain still charges with the spark of a working mind.

Dextrous Vermin (100 CP): Like the vermin they were modeled from, skaven paws are small and abnormally dextrous. Their fine motor skills make them a great tool no matter the position the rat may hold - whether it is a skavenslave working the factories, mines, and grain fields, an engineer in Skryre's caverns, a moulder in Hell Pit, an assassin, or any other place in the hierarchy. Skaven paws have created some of the worst creations in existence, and are responsible for atrocities and destructive events far back in the old world's history. Simply ask the Dwarves about The Great Collapse.

Your hands are even more dextrous and finely-tuned for work than this. Your claws could pick out a tiny, millimeter-wide gear out of a network of them without disturbing a single other one, and without even a twitch of shaking or erratic movement. Making hundreds of micro-stitches to solidify a Rat-Ogre's hide and muscle as one entity, in the space of an hour, is well within your hands' power.

Sire of Great-Rats (100 CP): The breeding pits are where a skaven's lot in life begin, where their position in life is decided before their brains even fully develop. Black, grey, and white fur are taken as Stormvermin Corps - horned ones taken further, to the priesthood of the Great Horned Rat. All others are left to feebly crawl and clamber their way about the spawn rooms as they grow, becoming the common rabble of the Under-Empire. Though you may never truly get to know your own spawn, it would be a shame if you only contributed your bloodline to that bottom rung of society, now would it?

Not-Not with this, no more. Any spawn you sire or give birth to are guaranteed, in some way according to their species, to be blessed or "special." In the case of these skaven, a litter born from between you and a Rat Mother would be almost entirely Stormvermin ratlings - with the increased chance of one or more offspring bearing the nubs of a Grey Seer horn. In other species, these children of your bloodline may bear the blessing of their own Gods, bear a rare mutation that makes them set apart from their peers, or bear talents and skills beyond their mental development. I'm not sure what the higher echelons of Skavenblight would do if they heard of this blessing - so be careful-quick about your business.

The Nose Knows (200 CP): Betrayal is just a simple fact of skaven life. Brothers betray brothers. Mentors betray apprentices. Soldiers betray their generals. Even slaves betray other slaves. It is a vicious and unrelenting cycle and ladder of knives, poisons, "mishaps," and unending savagery.

You have a sense for this backstabbing - a kind of scent your nose can catch regarding the vermin and individuals around you. Should a betrayal be immediately

imminent, it will be thick and pungent. A betrayal in the planning will be a thin, but distinct odor. You will be able to smell who the target of a betrayal is by the cloying sweetness, while the perpetrators are a distinctly sour and sweaty aroma. Well, the exact details I leave up to you. But you will be able to smell a backstabbing in the planning, or a poisoning before it happens, to either your superiors, your subordinates, or yourself.

Sewerborne Resistance (200 CP): Even without the undue influence and presence of Pestilens, life amidst the skaven warrens is filth-ridden and flea-bitten. If a wretch isn't stabbed by an ally or turned into rations by an unseen rival, he's liable to catch something from the air, the water, or even just brushing against another's fur. Wracked in some forgotten corner by pox and fever, or stumbling as parasites nibble-scratch away at his guts and gizzard.

Luckily for you, this won't be a problem. Unless spread by magic, or inflicted with intent, you will be lucky enough - and resistant enough - to avoid these undue infections and infestations that would run rampant through a society. It will require either personal intervention to see you plagued with some illness or another - be it machinations or schemes, or simply swinging at you with a weapon or syringe carrying the viral payload. Deliberate attempts to get yourself infected will still work, however - in case you wanted to follow in the footsteps of Nurglitch.

"But that is the plan. Now that they know our plan, they will plan around our plan. And so we shall in turn plan around the plan that they are planning around our plan!" (300 CP): Skaven plans are worthy of Tzeentch's praise, for oft they range the entire gamut - from quick, dirty, and only good for immediate benefit, to something that survives skaven generations and leads to the future of a clan finding prosperity. Every echelon of the rat-folk's hierarchy involves plans - from the smallest skavenslave's one-day scheme to even the complicated, convoluted, decades-long power-plays of the Lords of Decay. It's not enough for a skaven to be good at planning: They must be also excellent at reacting, and adapting, to the plans of their rivals. Or countering those plans altogether before those plans can be enacted.

You excel at the latter - coming up with all possible contingencies, counter-plans, counter-counter-plans, and wild-cards to your own network of plans. Never again will your plans be caught off guard, because you are just that paranoid enough to take into consideration the spontaneous invasion of an Arch-Lich, even if said Lich should be dead and buried for several thousand years. Even better, those puppets and pawns you've integrated or used through your plans will not even question the absolute insanity of your thoroughness - simple accepting it as forward-thinking.

“Skaven? Those don’t exist.” (300 CP): Whether it be to keep the peasantry from panicking and rioting, keep the assassins of Eshin from tearing out their throats, or simple superstition… The Empire of Man, forged by god-thing Sigmar, refuses to believe in the existence of rat-men. Even with Tilea as potential allies and neighbors, they still refuse to accept the idea. Despite the existence of the goat-like beastmen living oft just miles from their walls, to suggest the existence of ratfolk would see one admitted to an insane asylum or worse. It is an absurdity to behold, and yet… It is a phenomenon that exists, and occurs.

It is a phenomenon you can recreate, with the right words. Should you have… “something.” Be it an idea, an object, an individual, a place, organization, or species, it matters not. You will be able to spread the concept that this person(s), place(s), or thing(s) simply could not exist, within a society or societies. It will require context, as the case may be - one can’t simply introduce the idea that ratmen do not exist, if a group does not know what a ratman is or could be. But over time you could engrain the idea that such a thing’s existence is nonsensical - that a person seeing or beholding such a thing was merely hallucinating or drunk, and that the traces of something are merely caused by troublesome pranksters or surely have some other explanation. After all, what is the best way to hide? To not exist at all.

A Worthless Life (100 CP - Free Skavenslave): You, rat slave, are a pathetic creature. Born to toil for your betters, yet you can’t do much better than that. Born to bog down your people’s enemies on the field of battle so that the more deserving Warlords and Stormvermin can claim the spoils. Your life has so little meaning that none will cry should you die. But it does mean that none will care to keep a close eye on you.

As you are in this world, none care about you insomuch as bothering to keep track of where you are and what you are doing. Your overseers will just seemingly not bother to keep track of you, and should you be found outside your designated warren, you’ll simply be yelled at to get back to your pits and ignored. For all intents and purposes you are beneath notice so long as you make effort to stay ‘weak and pathetic.’ This will not work should you be caught somewhere you truly do not belong however - such as the private quarters of a Grey Seer, as an example.

Skitter-flee (200 CP - Skavenslave): Freedom is a dream long lost down the sewage and rubbish pits, but a dream kept in the minds of the few, yet un-broken slaves. Occasionally, some ratslave or another manages to break their cages, and escapes to the tunnels and roads in the underways. Most times the clanrats fail to catch them, and the free slaves simply die to one of the subterranean predators. Other times, the clan simply lets the rat-wolves loose and that is that.

You will not be one of those fallen wretches. Quests for your freedom, be it from shackles and slavery or simple imprisonment, will find you meeting little to no pursuit or

interference. Almost like a series of coincidences - the guards will be either lackluster in searching or distracted by commotion elsewhere; wild animals that would hunt such panicked, fleeing prey will instead find easier hunt almost immediately at hand; even hunting parties will find the trail going cold as freak rainstorms and animal migrations interfere. This can be relied upon, but only for seeking one's freedom.

The Ravenous Horde (400 CP - Skavenslave): The life of a slave rat, so brutal and cruel, but mercifully short. In that short window between birth and death, food is one of the resources most precious yet most rare in the slave pits. Cannibalism is the rule of life in the slave swarms - the wounded and sick given barely a moment to hide their malady before their comrades are on them, gnaw-biting and claw-tearing until there's naught but a broken skeleton and rags. If you want the sustenance to survive and climb… You must learn to devour your brothers.

Cannibalism is no longer a 'taboo' to you if it was before - simply a means to an end. Your body will not be revolted at the need to consume the raw flesh of those similar to you, and your mind will simply accept it. Additionally, so long as the meat is from those similar to you, you will not contract diseases & plagues, be infected by parasites, or afflicted by flesh-borne mutagens that the unlucky victim may have borne until death. In fact, it will be sustaining enough that even a rail-thin rat slave could give you the meat - and thus, the energy and strength - necessary to escape the pits.

A Running Slave… (600 CP - Skavenslave): … is a truly dangerous one, for they could turn and fight at any time. Be it for freedom, survival, or just raw desperation, a slave-rat will show more ferocity and courage than even a line of clanrats. Slaves have claimed their own number of kills when forced against the lines of the Empire and Tilea, dragging men off their horses or to the ground. When forced, this is but proof that even a little rat can make a hunting feline bleed.

When forced by bloody circumstance - an enemy at your heels, the chaos of a bloody battlefield, or the blades of your own kind at your neck as a few examples - you can call on the furious retaliation of the cornered rat. If exhausted, your energy will be refilled for one last frenzied struggle for survival. If wounded, your blood will clot itself almost immediately to prevent further loss. Your claws will grow sharper, your teeth more jagged, your muscles briefly stronger than before, your hide thicker. Whatever furious push you need to see another day and slaughter the thing who would kill you for the crime of being alive, will be done. This lasts until either your death or theirs - after which your savagery fades, your survival either forfeit or guaranteed.

No Idle Paws (100 CP - Free Clanrat): Only outnumbered by the pathetic slaves, clanrats are the true heart of skaven society. They serve all niches and roles - working in the great

deep-factories, serving as a Grey Seer's eyes and ears, conscripted to pump and carry the machinery for a Warpfire Thrower or Doomwheel, or as the footsoldiers in a Warlord's band. A clan rat needs to be on his toes between what myriad of duties he may be carrying out.

You can juggle your myriad of duties with greater ease now, being able to apply the training from one job to another to more easily fulfill - and pick up the intricacies of your current duties - in shorter time. The factory-line, and the billows for Skryre's massive caverns, can help you learn how to keep a Doomwheel running at peak efficiency as an example. Or the logic of a stalking ambush in the Bretonnian woods being applied to the violent backstab of that one uppity Grey Seer as another. They won't be justified in yelling at you for not doing your job with this in hand. Except they probably will - clanrats just have bad-terrible luck like that.

What Isn't Nailed Down (200 CP - Clanrat): Skaven are like their animal counterparts in so many myriad ways, if one excludes the most obvious. One of these similarities is an obsession with shiny objects - indeed, it not just be warpstone tokens skaven will collect. The weapons and armor of the fallen, trinkets and jewelry from victims, all of it will be taken by the enterprising rat-folk of Skavenblight.

You have an eye for this loot as well, be it theft from another or picked from a battlefield. At a glance you can tell whether something shiny is worthwhile and worth getting your grubby paws on, or whether it is useless. Getting away with your loot is also a simple matter - anything you have stolen, or picked from the dead, being made momentarily almost weightless enough to run away with. Run-run with your shinies, lest the man-thing hunt you down.

A Town Vanished (400 CP - Clanrat): It doesn't matter what the society or race - the story is always the same. A town that just the day before was bustling and alive, full of people and warmth… The next day, cold. Not a shingle disturbed, not a spear raised from a wall, sometimes even leaving food still sitting cold on the table. And not a soul remains - an entire town of goodly folk, vanished. Whoever isn't kidnapped, eaten and leaving only a hellish musk and a splotch of blood. Such are those abducted to become slaves of the skaven. Even the large cities and fortresses aren't safe from countrymen and officiates disappearing into the night.

You, a clanrat, are expected to carry out these abductions and kidnappings from time to time. It would help then if you were effective at it: You have the skills and knowledge thusly granted. How to plan the abduction, how to manipulate circumstances for the perfect moment. How to coordinate and conspirate a group to take part in the kidnapping - be it a swarm of clanrats taking a village, or you and a small pack dragging a nobleman from his tower. How to sneak through a village without disturbing a single thing,

and to drag a family from their homes without so much as making a sound. How to prevent the alarms from being raised, and most importantly of all: How to keep the knowledge of the abduction from escaping, until another town is left empty of life.

Strength in Numbers (600 CP - Clanrat): It is the one truth of Skaven combat - that for every champion, hero, and platoon of elite that the enemy can field, the vermintide can wear and erode away. An individual skaven is but a useless bag of fur: Too afraid to take a stand, too weak to defeat a single man-thing on its own. But in a swarm, a horde… The skaven are at their deadliest. Entire cities have been torn apart by the rats in this manner. And any losses… Well, to the skaven - any losses are acceptable losses.

Hopefully this will minimize you becoming one of those losses. Any force is stronger when their numbers are great, but when you count in that number they are far greater. The more individuals that make up a force you are a member of, the greater this perk's effect - where one might be cowardly and frightened, the presence of others will bolster them to the point his personality makes a complete turnaround into a frothing berserker. This extends to more than just the psyche of the troops around you as well - blades will be sharper, armor more durable, minds quicker on the take. A worthless rat joined by you and a horde would become a deadly warrior under the effect of this. Truly the skaven prove that sheer numbers are one of the better ways to tear down the things that stand in their way.

Blackfur Elite (100 CP - Free Stormvermin): Outfitted with the best spoils of war, given the best training, and rained upon with preferential treatment by the Grey Seers and leadership of the Clans. The Stormvermin are warranted in their egotism, for they fight the hardest out of all the skaven forces; Not only demonstrating their superiority for all to see, but to ensure that their zeal and bloodthirst earn the favor of their God, the Lords of Decay, and their commanding officers. And they can get away with this arrogance.

None will balk or deny you once you have proved that your arrogance is well earned. Your superiors will simply see it as deserved confidence, while the inferior and slavish will prefer instead to lay low and get out of your way. So long as you can maintain your earned arrogance, you can justify your actions as well - slaughtering weaker soldiers who attempt to bypass your right to first feeding (the skaven devouring of dead after a battle) or first looting will be perfectly acceptable. Same with the cutting down of an equal for showing weakness. It must be stated however, that you should maintain your preferred status - otherwise, consequences have a funny way of rolling around where they hurt the most.

Taker of Heads (200 CP - Stormvermin): Even amidst the ranks of Stormvermin, there exist oddities - creatures who run so against the skaven-grain that their mindset is alien.

Queek Headtaker, Lord of the City of Pillars, is one such creature; A skaven who leads his armies from the front, and whose bloodthirst and ego are only matched by a compulsive need to surmount even the most impossible challenge. Some even accuse The Head-Taker of being almost maddeningly dimwitted in his desire for personal conflict - though not without losing a paw or eye for the insolence. Queek's reputation is well deserved, however, and in a rare instance he's a rat who will back up his boast-squeak with actions.

You are in possession of Queek's arrogance and strength, though thankfully not lacking in any mental capacity. You exude a raw musk and aura of confidence and brashness that makes your actions and violence speak louder than any speech-crafter or orator could. This overwhelming egotism forces both enemies and allies to take heed in your presence in many ways: Pushing Black Orcs and Warbosses on the back-foot as they're forced to take you seriously; Making the Grey Seers and political opponents cautious and wary; Even cowing your subordinates who would be striving to overtake and surpass you from the weight of confidence and personality. This has the added effect of exacerbating the growth of your reputation and infamy, should there be survivors left in your path to tell the tales.

Promotion by Fang (400 CP - Stormvermin): Stormvermin hierarchy is climbed like the rest of skavendom - bloody slaughter and blade. Yet unlike the rest there is a certain sense of decorum and law to their 'exclusive ranks,' for acknowledged position can be earned through duels against your peers. Lethal or not, these duels do not have to be fair in the slightest, yet they must be duels indeed against your nemesis. The strongest stormvermin, those who have won many duels against their compatriots and proven themselves, are named Fangleaders - the vicious commanders of stormvermin warbands and trophy-seekers.

You, as a black-fur, will find climbing this road of duels and death to be remarkably simple - for so long as you utter the challenge publicly, any you challenge to such a test of mettle will accept without a second thought. Even should you prove yourself worthy to the Pillars of Commandment, and point a claw at one of the Lords of Decay. As well, you may apply this method of rank promotion to other societies and cultures: Challenging kings, warlords, and leaders of yet-unknown societies to one-versus-one combat. But be warned: Just as you don't have to fight fairly, so too are your challenged foes unfettered by rules and laws. The only goal is to come out on top, and alive.

Blood-Trickle Economics (600 CP - Stormvermin): The logistics and management of a Clan are time-consuming and frustrating. When one could be killing the Under-Empire's enemies, or eating, or sleeping, or plotting their ascendancy up the ladder of skaven society… They are instead stuck with managing resources. Plotting out the expansion of a

clan's under-village. Making sure such things as food and water are divided up accordingly. All such a bore. How do some Warlords do it?

Well, they'll be asking how you do it. The logistics and boring thing-stuff of managing a great clan or organization will fall easily into place, almost running itself, so long as you do two things: Fight. And WIN. This works regardless of your position within the clan or group itself, leader or soldier or otherwise - but so long as you fight, shed blood, and keep coming out on top? Everything will almost perfectly fall into place, and you can reap the rewards of the clan's success.

Lore of the Vermin (Free & Mandatory Grey Seer): The one and true mage-priests of the Great Horned Rat, the Grey Seers practice both the Lore of Ruin and the Lore of Plagues. A blend of divine inspiration and sorcery, the horned emissaries of the Rat-God consider it grievous insult that Pestilens and Skryre have sought, and obtained, the secrets of these Lores. Just one more insult and betrayal added to the list of crimes skaven have committed against one another.

You, as an inducted Grey Seer, have begun plumbing the depths of the Great Horned Rat's two wonderfully vicious lores: The Lores of Ruin & Plague. The Lore of Ruin, otherwise referred to as "Warp," draws heavily from Warpstone and its derivative materials - allowing the caster to manipulate chaotic energies. From this Lore come such spells as The Vermintide, or the manipulation of Warp Lightning. The Lore of Plagues comes from the Horned Rat's title as Harbinger - and though it rends a toll upon the caster's body, the manipulation of disease, pox, and cancer alike allows one to even infect the very earth itself with diseased ichor and make poison rain down from the skies.

Squeak Upon You The Truth (100 CP - Free Grey Seer): When a warband's chief, fangleader, or Warlord is visited upon by a Seer, they pay heed. The favor of the Horned Rat's priests is much curried, but as well, no rat wants to be accused of heresy. Such accusations, even if unfounded, swiftly lead to a knife in the ribs or an outright coup from their forces. So they give the Seer an audience - even if unwilling.

Any such chieftains or leadership figures you seek to have words with will, as such, give you a similar chance to speak with them; Even if it seems to go against their own plots, plans, or benefits, they will let you speak if you seek invitation. This doesn't convince them to necessarily heed your words or follow your commands - and despite their holy position, Grey Seers aren't safe from the cutthroat culture of the Under-Empire. But we-we are sure you'll figure out how to make them follow the Horned One's will.

Not-Not My Fault (200 CP - Grey Seer): When has a Seer's plan ever gone wrong-bad because of the Seer's own faults? Never-ever I tell you. Most times it's skaven interference. Other times it's those damned man-things or their dwarf-thing friends. Distractions.

Incompetent underlings. Just plain awful-poor luck. But *never* the Seer's fault, no-no. But the Council doesn't see it that way most times.

Luckily, you're good at the second-most-important thing for ratman negotiations: Knowing how to frame someone else. If something goes wrong or something catastrophic happens that you were involved in, you know the words and have the confidence to make it seem as if you weren't at fault at all. Even better, it seems as if nobody will quite question the validity of the claim, and just… accept that whoever's blamed is the proper culprit or screw-up. You could also use this tricky method to pass on the credit for a plan or success to someone else… But why-why would you even consider that?

The Best Part of Waking Up (400 CP - Grey Seer):... IS SNORTING WARPSTONE DUUUUST! You think I joke-squeak, but it's actually quite the habit among Grey Seers. It does so much for them, too: A quick and dirty boost-growth to their magical potency, an influx of energy to keep them awake, numbs the pain of any wounds they may have received… And-and if we're being honest, they're just plain addicted. Of course, snorting the raw solidified essence of the Warp and Chaos-stuff is not without its dangers, as some mutated and insane priests can quite readily attest to.

You have the benefits of such a warpstone addiction, without the nastier side effects - and such a benefit applies to any other drug, ingested concoction, or edible in the skaven larder or chemical laboratory. At most, sniffing up a line of warpstone dust will make your eyes bulge out momentary, or make you have the suspicion that your whiskers are plotting violent betrayal. Any other drug or similar object will drastically maximize the benefits over the disadvantages, at the same time ensuring you won't suffer pesky issues such as "overdose" or "brain overload."

Favor of Lords (600 CP - Grey Seer): The Grey Seers keep, tightly locked under key and claw, the secret to creating the gnaw-holes into The Horned One's realm. To call forth the greatest of the ratfolk in existence, the Greater Daemons of The Horned Rat - The Verminlords, as great and powerful as any of the northmen's Princes. The Seers keep this tool not only to cow a clan or five with the threat of summoning one such Lord to the material realm - but also because the Verminlords are bloodthirsty and murderous creatures with their own millenia-long schemes and plans. The risk is always there that the first to die to a Verminlord is the Seer that summoned them.

Funny that the same doesn't go for you. You, Seer, start out on "amicable" terms with the Verminlords in the Horned One's Realm (as amicable as can be said for skavendom). You can contact the Lords for assistance or advice without need of lengthy and convoluted rituals, and can indeed summon them onto the field of battle without risk of being the first victim or meal. As well, you'll find that this friendly relationship can be cultivated with other daemonic, aetherial, and similar otherworldly creatures with

remarkable ease - such as the Greater Daemons, Daemon Princes, and servitors of the greater four Gods of Chaos. Though you may come to factor into their own plans and schemes as a pawn or goal, you'll never need fear horrific death or torture at the hands of your newfound "allies."

Dumb Brute (100 CP - Free Moulder Creation): Rat-Ogres, Hell Pit Abominations, Chimaerats, any of the stitched and twisted creations of Clan Moulder, all bear the same unfortunate (or fortunate, depending) lacking. They are all mindless, blind beasts, unable to do much for themselves but simply the bare minimum to sustain their bulk; Requiring the lash and commands of a Packmaster or Master Moulder to drive them forward. How alarmed would the Clan be to discover that one of their brutes still sparked with intelligence, and still schemed under their noses?

Well, they won't figure out it's you at the least. You are excellent at the idea of "playing dumb," with even your gaze looking unfocused and glazed over with little to no effort. You could be calculating the exact angle to break their bones while staring right at them; Or looking as they discuss secret, treacherous plans; Even observing the building and construction of a terrible warp-borne device or creature, and most would still observe you as simply a mindless beast. Unless explicitly seen doing something that would shatter the illusion, you will be underestimated in this regard. And that, my friend, is a powerful tool all its own.

Repurposed (200 CP - Moulder Creation): All skaven suffer the Black Hunger, deep down. Every movement expending so much energy, every battle leaving one of the ratmen running on low energy reserves. You ever wonder why they pick the battlefield clean of the dead, or why cannibalism is so widespread in the Under-Empire? They simply recuperate their losses, leaving sites of war barren except for ruined armor and cratered earth. This Black Hunger has been a subject of Moulder study for quite some time, as it turns out.

Some of their rat-ogres have benefited from studying the Black Hunger, with you turning out as one of those successful experiments. You feel a gnawing emptiness in your gut, but with that ache comes a boon: When you consume the flesh of victims, your stomach juices and muscles break down all of it, leaving no unnecessary waste. Everything consumed serves to replenish your physical stamina and energy, with leftover food subsequently going to regenerate any wounds or damage to your body. Those bodies left strewn about the field of battle shouldn't be left to waste, really.

Too Horrible to Die (400 CP - Moulder Creation): A creature killed is an afront to Moulder's sensibilities - for despite being a chance to recycle resources, a dead Rat Ogre or similar beast is a waste of ratpower, time, warpstone, and electricity. And yet death is an

inevitability on the field of battle, and monsters are inevitably going to confront it the same as any slave or clanrat. What to do, what to do…

Ah, but there is a solution here. For a creation of Moulder, the Hell Pit Abomination, was implemented with this for just such an idea. Through a combination of regenerative bodily fluids, resuscitative warp-lightning, and the hatred of Moulders and Mutators for all things not-skaven in the world… You have been given the ability to rejuvenate yourself from one death per battle - still wounded, still winded, but back on your claws and ready to give it another go at the enemy. If struck down again, you will have to have some other method of restoring your life. But living to fight another day is one of the noblest goals in a skaven's eyes.

The Flesh Is Receptive (600 CP - Moulder Creation): Moulder uses a variety of tools when creating their fleshy monstrosities, or augmenting the bodies of soldiers or commissioned Warlords. Sometimes the flesh and sinew of a victim is used. Sometimes it is judicious amounts of warpstone and mutagenic chemicals. And in both cases, the flesh might not cooperate - growing cancerous tumors instead of the desired mutation, or the blood and muscle of a "donation" rejecting the body it was implanted into. This can lead to the creature weakening & failing, or even dying outright.

Not so in your case, monster. Your flesh is… receptive to such changes - in fact, your flesh would make a Master Moulder or Mutator salivate and squeal for the chance to study. Surgical implants and mutations will suffer fewer negative consequences when introduced to your biology, to the point of nullifying the potential of rejection. Additionally, such augmentations will change over time to accommodate your actions and capabilities - cancerous tumors aiding in the building and development of musculature as well as regenerating wounds, as an example. A mutated immune system would eventually grow to the point of resisting magical infections, as a potential other example.

Great-Clan-Sworn (100 CP - Free Thrall-Clan): The Thrall-Clans are indebted to their patrons - be they one of the Great Four Clans of Eshin, Skryre, Moulder, or Pestilens, or one of the stronger Warlord Clans. It is the bond that protects the Thrall-Clan from their enemies… But it's also the bond that keeps them a slave to their patron. While this comes with a degree of benefits, the weight of it often takes its toll.

Choose one of the five groups below - you receive the training and skills listed next to the name. As well, in future jumps you can choose for your background (if applicable) to be sworn to a similar organization - giving you a minimal amount of training in the skills and goals that group is dedicated towards.

- **Skryre:** You receive training in the developed and deployed weaponry (both claw-held and siege) of Clan Skryre - poison wind globes, warpfire throwers,

ratling guns, poisoned-wind mortars, warp-grinders, 'lock jezzails, and warp-lightning cannons.

- **Moulder:** Basic skills at wielding a thing-catcher, and given a basic set of skills for commanding basic Moulder beasts - swarms of rats, giant-rats, and wolf-rats. A thing-catcher is a long pole with a mounted, spring-loaded prong (spikes optional) meant to latch around the neck of a victim. Some skaven packmasters actually turn these into deadly weapons in their own right.
- **Eshin:** Knifework and basic stealth & scouting - enough to qualify as a Night Runner or Gutter Runner for Eshin's forces.
- **Pestilens:** Bladework in the use of the Pestilent Brotherhood's contaminated scimitars. Also comes with basic oratory skills to spread the word of Pestilens and the worship of The Great Horned Rat's aspect as Harbinger of Plague.
- **Warlord Clan:** Pick a Warlord Clan such as Rictus, Mors, or Skurvy. Whatever that clan is most well known for - be it Rictus' dominance of tunnel combat, Mors' horrific courage in the face of conflict, Skurvy's maritime travel and piracy, or another Warlord Clan's specialty - is what you're inducted into.

Prostration 101 (200 CP - Thrall-Clan): The Thrall-Clans exist purely by the whims of their patrons - should they be abandoned or dropped, they will surely be devoured like so much fool-meat. So they do everything they can to keep themselves useful to their lords - servants, slaves, meat, apprentices and word-bearers. Squeak-sworn to serve, ever-scheming to supplant. Such is the plight of the Thrall-Clans.

And until you find yourself in a position to overtake and replace your masters, you must learn how to do the third or fourth oldest job in history: Playing the minion and toady. Brown-nosing. Prostration. You know all the skills in the book on ensuring you're both too pathetic to waste time on, and yet too loyal to be worth getting rid of. This even comes with the flashes of inspiration to ensure you know a myriad of ways to make yourself useful to your betters.

Imitation of One's Betters (400 CP - Thrall-Clan): ...is not only the most sincere form of flattery one can give, but also the quickest way one can earn their fortune. Thrall-Clans don't earn their pay entirely from their patrons after all; Consider that Kreepus, thrall to Eshin, offers much cheaper assassination and scouting services than their patrons at the cost of quality. Or that Ektrik and Vrrtkin offer cheaper war-machines and engineering skills than their patron Skryre, though one must be aware that the craftsmanship plummets along with the price. It doesn't necessarily need to be like this, you see - but if one of the

Thralls were to try and surpass their patron, they would see themselves butchered for the insult.

So long as you make a show and display of being an inferior or subordinate to another - be it an individual or an organization, such as a Warlock-Engineer or Skryre's hierarchy as a whole - you'll find that gaining their secrets and teachings comes much more easily and swiftly than by other methods. Almost as if convinced that there's no way you would betray them, or that your betrayal will mean nothing even with what you've found, you could learn secrets, plans, and schema that could not ordinarily be obtained by regular means, such as theft or purchase. Of course in skaven society, betrayal is always assumed - but the secrets you could take as a servant would still be immensely valuable. And it would make that inevitable betrayal all the sweeter.

Hierarchical Abuse (600 CP - Thrall-Clan): Skaven-life is a trickle of abuse. Lords & Seers abuse their underlings, who abuse their own underlings, who abuse their clanrats, who abuse the slaves. This in turn creates a rise in payback - slaves backstab their superiors, or clanrats ambush their clawleader, or a Seer is cornered in a back-warren and turned into so much mangled meat. When the entire purpose of this hierarchical bullying is to ensure those below you *stay* below you, it seems counter-intuitive that it just causes such sad-rats to aim higher than before.

Not so any longer. If need be, now your shows of dominance and abuse will create much more… **permanent** results. Those that you and your subordinates abuse, bully, and dominate will find their ability to climb past you severely hampered, if not outright disabled. Promotions that would have gone to them will instead pass over to another; Opportunities for empowerment & escalation will be missed; And any plans they make to surpass or backstab you and yours will be met with catastrophically poor luck. This takes immediate effect on individuals, but even organizations such as enemy clans and warbands will be marginalized should you abuse enough of their clanrats and servants. Ensure those beneath you know their place - and thus, ensure your inevitable climb to victory.

The Warlord's Special (100 CP - Free Warlord Clan): Every Warlord Clan has found their "niche" within skavendom, for good and for ill. Mors produces abnormally brave and vicious warriors that push the Dwarves inch by inch to extinction; Skurvy creates roving bands of skaven pirates that ply the oceans for slaves and plunder; Rictus monitors and manages many of the tunnels under dwarven, night goblin, and orcish lands, with heavy tolls to both enter *and* leave; And the death-obsessed, bone-clad warriors of Mordkin specialize in combating the undead of the Vampire Counts and The Dread Necromancer's legacy. It only makes sense that you should find your own specialty in this world.

Choose one such specialty or skillset - such as "Wizard-Killing," "Elf-Hunting," or "Tunnel Siege Warfare." You receive the knowledge and skillsets related to this decision,

enough that you could sell your services entirely based on this specialty and receive decent business. Such a skill like "Wizard-Killing" would give you not only the knowledge on how to hunt and close in on an enemy magic-user, but also the intelligence on how to debilitate a mage or wizard in close combat before closing in on the kill.

Ascend, yon Vermin (200 CP - Warlord Clan): The Great Ascendancy - the grand destiny where all of skavenkind rises up across the world to gnaw through the civilizations that keep them under the earth's surface. At least, that is the plan The Horned Rat has ordained - in retrospect, and current viewpoints, such a possibility is… A long squeak away from being reached. The backstabbing, politics, double-crossing, triple-crossing, and all-in-all scumminess of the skaven towards the skaven do a lot to hold them back.

The least you can do is prevent this in regards to your own forces, so that at least the Ascendancy has a MINOR chance of occuring. Whether it be through brutality or coercion, you have a miraculous capability to make even backstabbing, double-crossing creatures like the skaven do the one thing that's antithetical to their nature: Cooperate. It may not last after an objective is completed. It might break at the first sign of things going wrong. But if there's any chance of the skaven uniting for the Great Ascendancy to actually be feasible, it may lie within your claws.

Cultivation of Freaks (400 CP - Warlord Clan): Queek is an oddity, a freak by skaven standards. No skaven would be remotely that bloodthirsty, or even remotely that LOYAL to another. Yet Gnawdwell's teachings are evident in The Head-Taker, for the stormvermin is a force to be reckoned with amidst the clan-quarters of Skavenblight. Gnawdwell's protégé was cultivated into Clan Mors' greatest enforcer, and just like with several other skaven of note… It is worth noting that just maybe, the squabbling and backstabbing approach engendered by the Horned God may be what's holding the ratmen back from their ascendance.

You share Gnawdwell's gift for recognizing these facts, and for finding the right methods to shape your pawns and minions. How to raise them from birth to encourage the growth of certain attributes; How to see them tested and grow in strength and skill; How to cultivate not the snivelling rat-thing idea of compliance, but true loyalty. Queek was raised from birth to be his Warlord's fang, and has grown into Gnawdwell's pride and joy. Maybe your own warriors will surpass that ideal.

Claw-Carve My Name Into History (600 CP - Warlord Clan): Infamy. Glory. It is not enough that one-one claws together bountiful treasures or kills many, if their name is not remembered. The final death occurs after one leaves the mortal plane - the last time their name-name is uttered, they well and truly die. Forgotten by the world, their existence left

as nothing but dust. Paint your legacy in the scrolls of history, through the blood of heroes and lords alike, and true immortality is within your claw-grasp.

And who better to help you claim such infamy than your Clan. Your subordinates reputation is forever linked to yours as their leader - any legendary feats you accomplish will bolster their fame (such as the slaying of a hero or mighty warlord), and any of their own feats (the conquering of a kingdom or slaughter of an army) raise your own infamy in this regard. As if to hasten that climb from barely-relevant into living legend, the strength and skill of you and those beneath you rises with your fame and legacy - turning a simple footsoldier under your command into a monstrous hero in their own right. History is written by the victorious, but you will tear it apart to earn your place.

Under Pressure (100 CP - Free The Priesthood): Sometimes even a Grey Seer has difficulty coercing a Warlord, Fangleader, or similar skaven chief to their ends. Too much cowardice or caution makes any potential reward offered to them smell like a trap. Intimidation becomes the preferred tool then - after all, if the rat won't listen when you dangle the cheese of a good reward, then surely they will if you imply the consequences of both failure or refusal. There is such a thing as "heresy" in skaven society, after all.

You've gained a bonus in your speechcraft and squeaking in this regard - one part intimidation to one part coercion. Individuals you seek to verbally 'force'' will accede to your requests or words more quickly than they would otherwise - whether it be a chieftain truly cowed by the implications of heresy being stamped out; Or a Warlord deciding that even if it's in his best interests to stand aside, the trouble you could cause would be worth too much in the long run.

Support of Grey (200 CP - The Priesthood): To be supported by a Grey Seer is to experience a double-edged ascendancy - while the Warlord or Thrall-Clan may greatly benefit, so too is the tension high. The priesthood of the Horned Rat will inevitably come knocking for a favor, and such demands will take their toll on the clan's ratpower and spirit. Sometimes, the mounting paranoia will lead to the clan's own destruction, as they earn the Grey Seer's ire - and subsequently, a rival desiring their attentions moves in to strike them down. A shame, but that's how it is with the skaven.

If you throw your support behind an organization or group such as this, fortune and favor come swiftly to them as if by divine providence. Resources, territory, luck in conflict, and better deals and contracts will come to this group you back as if guided by the Horned Rat's claws. This perk's effect is still present should you be the direct leader of said organization, but at a reduced rate than if you were simply puppeting a Warlord; At that point, most of the fortune is probably your direct engineering anyway.

A Blessed Life (400 CP - The Priesthood): Sometimes, there exists an individual who - despite all odds - survives and "succeeds" against all machinations and fate. A being who could be the most catastrophic demonstration of bad luck, poor judgement, improper planning, and disastrous un-skill that they should have died almost immediately; Yet against all odds and the machinations of their foes, they live another day. But enough about the disastrous rat-priest Thanquol…

Let's talk about you instead - a similarly blessed creature. As if by the Horned Rat's scratching into the books of fate, you are all but guaranteed to avoid death-dying, overly-crippling disfigurement, and dismemberment from anything but a direct battle that you are deliberately taking part in; This comes at the cost of said calamity or catastrophe smiting those around you however, as a result. An example would be the accidental summoning of a Greater Daemon of Khorne when you meant to conjure up a Verminlord - Sure, you'll survive the warp explosion and be able to scurry away… But on the other hand, literally everybody and everything around you will be caught up in the bloodlust and carnage as the Daemon proceeds to rip and tear until it is done.

Herald of the Horned One (600 CP - The Priesthood): Even amidst the priesthood, there is violent competition. The Seerlord holds control, with every Grey Seer beneath him vying to oust the rat from his seat at both the head of clergy and the Council of Thirteen. But there is one position every Seer dearly wants to clutch with claw and soul - that of Speaker, they who speak the will of the Horned Rat. Typically, this falls to the disturbingly reverent and pious Seerlord - but occasionally there is one chosen by the Father of Rats, chosen to be his Herald and push skavendom into The Great Ascendancy.

You are just this rat. Your magical power has grown exponentially, leaving you a mage-priest powerful enough that one of the archmages of Ulthuan would be forced to hit the books and practice. As well, all things verminous and rodent-like are compelled to listen and aid you as best they can - for you, grey-furred one, are a living gnaw-hole. A living rip into-to the Horned One's realm, no matter what world or land you may traverse. The Great Horned Rat listens and watches, his gnawing influence being given the chance to spread where you crawl-skitter.

Techno-Mage (100 CP - Free Clan Skryre): Grey Seers think-lie that they're the most special of Horned One's children. That they be the most deserving of his Dhar-born magicks. It-it is not the case, for Skryre's great Warlock-Engineers have the power, the Lore of Ruin and Warp.

And as you are one of Clan Skryre, so should it make sense that you are knowledgeable in this-this most verminous of the Horned One's magicks. You are beginning to unlock the secrets of Ruin-Warp magick - and all the "sacred" spells of the Seers. The Ritual of Gnawing, to conjure a swarm of invisible, biting rats that chew through all manner

of obstacle and defense; The Warp Storm, splitting the earth and sky with wracks of warp-lightning; Or the Pit of the Underworld, to crack open the earth wide and drop all one's victims and "allies" many kilometers down. All these and more await your discovery, Skryre-rat.

Deadly Upgrades (200 CP - Clan Skryre): Though it's not a skill frequently displayed, the engineers of Clan Skryre are a source of non-organic augmentation within skavendom. Warp-lightning prosthetics and mechanical enhancements are one of the more detail-oriented forges, practiced by those skaven that for one reason or another choose to leave their impact in little ways. Instead of creating explosions and structures that would shake the world, they enhance the musculature of stormvermin with circuitry and steel.

You're one of these detail-oriented rat-men, able to get flesh and metal to work together when ordinarily the ~~victim~~ subject would be either weakened or killed. As well, the skaven field of 'bionics' can increase both physical strength and, in a Warlock-Engineer's case, the strength of their spellcraft. Ikit Claw's body and armor are but a testament to what an augmented skaven can attain in strength and spellcraft.

Unfortunate "Accidents" (400 CP - Clan Skryre): You ask the average Clanrat for their opinion on Skryre's creations - the warpfire-thrower, the poisoned wind globes, the many-barreled miniguns, even the prestigious **DOOOOOMWHEEEEEEELS** - and the opinion is generally the same: Caution. Fear. The acceptance that inevitably, these devices will turn on their users in a climactic and violent manner, usually by misfiring so spectacularly that the rats operating them vanish from this plane of existence. Little do they know the truth… *That was a design feature.*

You've become adept at two things. The first: Engineering these little catastrophes. Your creations can be made in such a way that, even if unnoticeable to the untrained eye, they will fail in spectacular ways worthy of the name Skryre. Whether they fail automatically, or after a series of uses to make the operator let down their guard is a choice up to you during the process. The second: Getting away with it. Even if the former client breaks in your door, you'll able to defuse their anger with any number of excuses - even if they are still angry at you, it will not be to the extent of violence. Especially if it's truthfully pointed out how mishandling caused the explosion.

Don't believe me? Just look at how many clans are still return customers to the Warlock-Engineers.

The Inspiration of Madness (600 CP - Clan Skryre): Insanity is not something maligned amidst skaven society, as it is amidst the man-thing villages. Skryre's Warlock-Engineers are, one and all to a member, the most addle-brained and unstable of the rat-men to date - yet it was their madness that led to the creation of so many technological marvels. The

warp-lightning rails that connect the great under-cities, such as Under-Altdorf and Hell Pit. The Doomwheels. The Skitter-Gates. Ratling mini-guns and poison wind and augmentation chemicals and all the myriad of spells that make the Warlock-Engineers a minor apocalypse upon the field. All born from diseased minds.

You count yourself as "inspired" as these demented predecessors of yours - a madness coming over your brain-meats. While this madness may be debilitating in any day-to-day interaction, it shines when you set to work. The magics you use and the technologies you set to experiment with and create will seem to branch, weave, intersect, and spark in ways that would never occur to a healthier mind. In short, through your mad eyes and addled brain, you can create and discover new spells, machinery, scientific theories, and interactions between the three that would never occur naturally even through rigorous years of study and experimentation. Creations that mock the very idea of common sense and decency, and violate every sense and sensibility.

Butcher of Hell Pit (100 CP - Free Clan Moulder): Moulder deals in monsters, yes-yes, you hear all about their fearsome rat-ogres and chimaerats. But first and foremost, this Clan deals in flesh - learning and exploiting the anatomy of both themselves and the enemy things that prevent The Great Ascendancy. How to cut, where to cut, how to mend and stitch, where it hurts most.

You've been given the basics in Moulder knowledge for this regard. You know the basics of biology for your species and those scum-things of the world such as man and elf - enough that you could dissect them and pull their guts and muscles apart on the operating table easily enough. With this you also know the best parts to hit with a sword or Moulder-specialty whip - to make them bleed the most. And I… Okay I GUESS with the knowledge of flesh you would know how to fix it and mend it. But why-why would you do that when it's easier to kill them for meat?

Genetics Do Not Work Like That (200 CP - Clan Moulder): But in the depths of Hell Pit, truly anything goes. What, you thought they made all of their beasts from surgery and organ transplants? No no no, they go much deeper and more depraved. The Wolf-Rats were made from breeding the giant rats of Hell Pit and the Under-Empire, and the great wolves of Kislev and Troll Lands. The end result was a ferocious, almost-uncontrollable monstrosity that has left a fang-mark on skaven history. From breeding incompatible creatures.

And boy do you take to it with gusto. You might not get a functional creature at the first birth - indeed, it absolutely will take many tries for you to get a functioning specimen. But you can force the laws of biology to take a backseat, and cause breeding pairs of creatures that should not be able to even copulate, much less successfully fertilize, to create

offspring. Yes, this is a crime against life and all things good in this world. Yes, the Horned Rat smiles at your depravity. And yes, warpstone was probably involved somehow.

Master of the Beast-Cages (400 CP - Clan Moulder): The Packmasters, Master Moulders, and Mutators of Clan Moulder do not fight alongside the Clanrats, Slaves, and Stormvermin. Nay, to do such would be to neglect their creations, the beasts whose claws and fangs keep the Master at the top of the pile. Each battle is thus equal parts scientific trial as well as bloody conflict - observing their pets at work, noting the weaknesses and potential improvements. But one thing they have never seemingly considered: Making the beasts truly loyal, instead of fearful.

When your beasts and pets go to war, you need not make use of whip or shock-prod - indeed, they are violent and eager to shed blood for their master. Even the great Rat-Ogres aren't indolent, feral beasts under your guidance, creating a horrifying charge as they burst into the fray. You rival Skweel Gnawtooth in the mastery of such beasts, for your creatures are both murderously protective of your health, and even desiring to earn your praise by bringing forth loot and choice meats from the battlefield. An oddity, to be sure - but if Skweel is one of the most highly-priced Packmasters of Moulder, perhaps there is some truth to your own approach.

Self-Experimentation (600 CP - Clan Moulder): Master Mutators are the most mutated, deformed, and horrifying of Clan Moulder's monsters - for good reason. Yes, they can learn much from forcing beasts of entirely different genus and family to breed, and dissecting the misshapen spawn. Yes, they can learn from inflicting mutagens and operations on slaverats and captives, and document the results even as the corpse is fed to the Rat-Ogres or Wolf-Rats. But the purest results come from direct observation of the closest, most personal specimen imaginable - Themselves.

This benefit comes a few times folded: The first, you retain full and complete control of your body even when wracked by any amount of pain - nerves do not burn out, muscles will not lock up or spasm, and the brain will not freeze up at the sensation. Even if you have your own chest and stomach flayed open to observe your internal organs you could go about your work through the agony. The second: Your skills of observation and recording are greatly enhanced with regards to your form, capable of figuring out any minute changes or differences from moment to moment; Additionally, how the observations you make regarding your self-experimentation can be used to enhance or change other experiments or projects. The third and final: Any changes or afflictions caused by your experiments that would be permanently disfiguring, damaging, or even fatal, will only stick around long enough for you to be able to observe and record the results - shortly afterward being violently expelled from your body to allow recuperation.

Art of the Silent Death (100 CP - Free Clan Eshin): Long ago, the predecessors to Clan Eshin traveled far - to the lands of dragon-blooded Cathay; To Ind, Land of a Thousand Gods; To ocean-locked Nippon. They returned to Skavenblight as nothing less than a clan of master assassins, inspired by the ninja and master poisoners of those far-away human kingdoms. Now they are the silent blade in the shadow, the mythical beast that has all Warlords looking to the shadows in caution, and clanrats in fearful conniptions.

You are an Assassin of Clan Eshin. Beloved by the Council of Thirteen for loyal blades and the ability to keep the status quo in Skavenblight locked through murder, you were trained from birth to be a silent killer. You climb the ranks of Night Runner and Gutter Runner, learning every skill in Eshin's arsenal - scouting, subterfuge, sabotage, deception. Every weapon in Eshin's armory is known to you: Warp stars, tail-blades, knife, blow-gun, and a myriad of poisons.

Slippery Sneak (200 CP - Clan Eshin): The arts of Cathay and Nippon entail the following attributes as most important for an assassin: Speed. Agility. Grace. Capable of dodging a mark's attacks with little effort, cutting them down one slice at a time as the poison pumps through their veins until you slip away from their exhausted, dying body. Slipping through a crowded kitchen to throw toxin or plague into a lord or lady's wine glass without being seen or the crime being detected. You need to be more than just an assassin. You need to be as water.

… Even if it's tainted, stagnant, filth-ridden water, you embody this ideal of being one of Eshin's assassin-rats. You move with a level of speed, agility, and dexterity not seen in most other skaven: Fast enough to pluck an arrow from mid-flight; Agile, limber, and quick enough to scamper up the sides of even tall, perfectly smooth Ulthuan buildings without issue; And graceful such that you could weave, duck, dodge, and slide through the blades and arrows of a woodsmen's company with only a bit of fur being trimmed and sliced away.

Eshin Sorcerer (400 CP - Clan Eshin): The Art of the Silent Death was not the only secret brought back from Great Cathay and Nippon. Secrets of magic, locked and hidden so tightly and deeply within Eshin's warrens, were returned. Eshin Sorcerers are versed in this "Lore of Stealth," and are an asset kept so secret that only the Lords of Decay are allowed to even know they exist. The Grey Seer Priesthood brooks no challenge from the other clan's magic-users, and Eshin would not have their weapons-crafters and mage-assassins killed for a grey one's ego.

You bear the mark and potential of becoming an Eshin Sorcerer - and the power of the Lore of Stealth. Weapons and armor that bear your touch can be enchanted at will with all of the qualities that make a master assassin even deadlier: Blades forever bearing a toxic, envenomed edge; Armor and rags literally drenched in shadows that protect the

wearer and shroud them in shade and secrecy; Or even cloaks that allow for teleportation from shadow to shadow, are but a few Eshin tools that can be created. Sorcerers are not limited to the act of tool-making, either - every spell in the Lore of Stealth can be just as easily applied to the user, turning the hidden rats into terrifying killers in their own right. After all, not just *any* skaven is allowed to become an Eshin Sorcerer.

Unseen Orchestra (600 CP - Clan Eshin): The greatest assassin of Eshin's ranks, Snikh the Deathmaster, oft times does not even need to slip his Weeping Blades into a mark's ribs or spine. Sometimes you will not even be aware of his influence - the target suffering some kind of "fatal accident" instead: A dwarven lord's zeppelin exploding in a fueling mishap. A skaven lord torn to pieces by his own wolf-rats after their kennel's lock was broken. All supposed accidents, but the gleaming eyes from the shadows tell everything one needs to know.

Engineering 'accidental' kills, no matter how convoluted, complicated, or circuitous, is one of those varied sets of skills you've collected. Gathering all relevant information on the target and their environs; Analyzing, investigating, and piecing together the relevant pieces of their environment or society; Ensuring the kill occurs, that easy proof is obtained for one's superiors, and that the death can't be tied to any individual; And potentially best of all, controlling the amount of collateral damage. You can see to it your target dies as one of a great list of victims, or is the single unlucky target in the crowd. Truly, the skillset of a proper master of death.

Plague Bringer (100 CP - Free Clan Pestilens): Grey Seers think-think that magic is gift reserved solely for them. That the rest of skaven are unworthy to even touch-claw the secrets. But Horned Rat is Harbinger of Plague. The common rat brings disease where they squeak-squeak. Thus, the skaven should work the same. Thusly, Clan Pestilens has obtained the-the Lore of Plague! The world will rot, and decay, in the Horned One's name!

A warning, brother-rat of Clan Pestilens. The Lore of Plague reaps a heavy toll on the world and the mortals you wage war against. But it also takes a toll on the caster's body - simply look at the current Nurglitch on the Council of Thirteen, or Lord Skrolk. Yes, you can wreak terrible havoc with this Lore: Infect the blades of your whole army with red pox and black plague; erupt the Weeping World Sores, disintegrating soil and stone as you create a diseased swamp of fleshy pus and cancerous sores; Even inducing the Black Plague within a target just at eye contact, as a few examples. But just as easily as you wreak infection and cancer on your foes, so too can it come back to afflict your own flesh and blood.

Targets of Opportunity (200 CP - Clan Pestilens): The one problem with spreading a proper blight… Is that sometimes, you have a population keel over and die before they can properly spread the disease. Sometimes your carrier agent dies before they can properly

infect a city. It's difficult to know how something like this will carry out, and such plans can be foiled by something as simple as the oncoming of winter.

You've now got the eyes and nose for figuring out the best methodology to create your horrific epidemics. For example, targeting a river and water source may actually be foiled easily by the works of Sigmar's priest-things - but that dwarf-thing brewery that ships casks and barrels throughout the holds and man-thing cities would allow your blights to take hold with relative ease. Or perhaps even something more esoteric - perhaps seeding a cornfield with disease, and as the crows and birds feast on the farmer's bounty, they become the carriers of your pathogen. I'm sure you'll find a good solution in the long run, no doubt.

The Putrid Passion of the Bubonic Brotherhood (400 CP - Clan Pestilens): Pestilens is an odd rat amidst the Under-Empire; For though they still demonstrate the fiendishness, cut-throat hate, and omni-scheming personality of all rats, they are bound by ties of religious brotherhood. All members of Pestilens, their Thrall-Clans, and their allies in the Grey Seer priesthood and beyond fanatically hold to one ideal of their God. Skaven will rule, blight, and consume the world down to its roots.

You are one of the deacons that encourages this religious zealotry and bond between your followers and equals - instilling such fanaticism and adherence to an ideal that to this day unnerves and spooks the other Clans of the Under-Empire. Those you have turned to your cause, while they may still be bound by the codes of their kind, will be steadfast and - dare I say it - loyal to their "brothers." Even the skaven, whose entire culture is built on making a staircase out of corpses and knives for themselves to climb, will be bound to this sense of brotherhood. The only hate your followers and flock will have, are for those deemed as enemies and outsiders - lizard-things, man-things, beard-things, the surface-dwellers who keep skaven from victory.

Scion of Corruption (600 CP - Clan Pestilens): So favored by The Great Horned Rat are you, brother of Pestilens. Favored indeed that his aspect as The Harbinger of Plagues has blessed the upper echelons of your clan. Figures such as Skrolk and whoever holds the title of Nurglitch may be hammered by plague, disease, infection, and cancer; But no matter how afflicted, rotten, or pustulous their body, these priests of the Pestilent Brotherhood still stand tall and strong. Would that if they knew this blessing of yours, they would accept you there in a heartbeat.

Like Skrolk, your body is a container for all things that ravage and wear at the flesh and spirit, such that you are also immune to the slow degeneration and death that one who practices the Lore of Plague suffers. You may feel the bite and tear of Bone Ague, but it will never leave your body a bone-splintered, bent corpse. The sores of Red Pox will weep and bleed, but you will never die from excessive internal bleeding. All this comes to a head in

the most terrifying aspect of this blessing: Every disease and affliction that gathers within your body mingles, mixes, *breeds* with each other, creating hybrid plagues and cancers that can spread from your body. As new sicknesses are created from this method, new spells for the Lore of Plague are developed to spread them. Like your god, you too shall be the Harbinger.

|The Armory|

If listed or indicated, all items and armaments listed below are discounted **50% to their indicated Birth or Clan.** As well, if you're coming into this with your own set of equipment, you will be able to 'import' matching equipment with purchased options here - but only if both options are similar. Only a sword can be imported as The Fellblade, as an example.

Note for Skavenslaves: Any purchases made here will not be immediately available, but will be found almost immediately after you earn your freedom.

Basic Equipment (Free For All):

-Skavenslave: The slaves get nothing, deserve nothing. Your initial equipment is nothing but rags and a rusted cleaver that is all but guaranteed to break at some point on the next collision. Alternatively you can start with a reedy and rusted spear, or a sling and a pouch of pebbles; None of which matters in the long run, but all of which ensures you're at least "equipped" for battle.

-Clanrat: Still of poor quality, but substantially more than the Slave will ever receive. You get rusted armor and ragged cloth, enough to cover most of your torso and your forelimbs. Additionally, your choice of armaments are: A sword & shield; A spear of some description; Or a smaller, one-handed spear and shield.

-Stormvermin: A significant step up from the Clanrat's shoddy gear. Well-kept plate armor (most likely painted red, but the colors are your choice) that could hold itself well enough against a dwarf-thing's gromril battlegear covers most of your more vulnerable weak points. Your choice of weaponry is between a sword and shield or a wicked halberd.

-Grey Seer: Comfortable, billowing, and ragged - but every inch the uniform of a Grey Seer. You have one of these robes demarking your station as one of the Grey, and a sturdy staff topped with the symbol of the Skaven society - the upside-down triangle. The stave also has a bell attached, and the entire thing serves as a passable magical focus for the Skaven Lores.

-Moulder Creation: Skavenslaves get nothing, deserve nothing. But you - you don't NEED anything. You're bound in bandages and rags to cover the worst of your stitching, what patches of skin aren't covered in fur, and any tears in the pelts that have been lashed to your flesh. Also you are given a loincloth, although for what reason I'm not certain.

Musk of Nothingness (100 CP - Free Skavenslave): Slaves are an unlucky lot - born into servitude where their life could end simply because a superior or even a fellow slave was ravenous. When they break free and seek sanctuary, their luck worsens - for their own kin that come to hunt them down have the noses of rats, able to track down the musk of fear and desperation. If they don't get hunted down to be brought back and punished, the

former master simply lets loose the rat-wolves - and the slave becomes naught but prey to the sharp-nosed beasts.

If only that sharp, frightened musk did not leave a mile-wide trail behind you. Take this, yon wretched soul. On purchase of this 'Musk of Nothingness,' you receive a small glass vial. Inside this vial is a clear liquid that if smeared onto your skin and into your fur, causes no visible change. But for the duration of the Musk's application (which is in-and-of-itself about five hours or until it is washed off), you emit no scent. No musk, no pheromones, no odor. Once emptied, the vial disappears - reappearing somewhere on your personage after an hour, refilled. It's not much, but it is a start towards freedom.

A Slave's Rations (200 CP - Skavenslave): It is a horrifying sight in the slave pens of the Under-Empire: cowering, wretched animals, both rats and captured members of all species of the surface, squabbling and biting for every ounce of food and comfort that can be found; Only to then be whipped and beaten when the time comes for war or toil. Every ounce of sustenance comes from either the meager scraps that are thrown their way, or their fellow slaves-turned-cannibalized-victims. Such a diet not only causes a swift spread of disease amongst the lucky ones, but also taints the mind.

You have in your claws a small rucksack-supply of food - fungal scraps, dried meat, a bit of bread. The rucksack is small, enough that it can be concealed easily, and replenishes as quickly as it is consumed. The true effect is on the mind, however: Eating from this set of rations will ward off despair and madness, and keep even the dimmest ember of defiance within a slave's heart lit. When shared with those that share your predicament, such as your fellow slaves, the mind-bolstering effect aids them as well - and a bond is formed, however tenuous.

The Road to Freedom (400 CP - Skavenslave): Those slaves who escaped their captors oft create what signs they can so that their brethren can follow soon after - a trail of hidden nooks, crannies, and paths that they can follow to reach safety. Just as often however, these trails are found by the slave-hunters, who use them to create traps for the sorry louts. But the path to freedom is ever a lure for the desperate.

You have a map, painted with blood and oil onto a mouldering yet amazingly intact scroll. At the start of your ten years here, this map is hidden in your slave pen - and details the best routes to escape your current binds; As well, it will show you the potential dangers you will encounter, and how to avoid them. Should you follow the trail and earn your freedom, the map will go blank - and the next time you find yourself captive or imprisoned, will update with the newest paths and dangers to earn your freedom this time. After reading the map, giving it to someone else will ensure its depiction will stay in your mind crystal clear - and a new one will be hidden in your place of captivity shortly thereafter.

Rust Armor (200 CP - Clanrat): Much of the dawi's beloved gromril has fallen to skaven claws - scavengings from battles and raids upon holds. Gromril being leagues better than any steel a rat can forge, such dwarven armor has been scrapped and the pieces spread across multiple suits of skaven armor. Held together through the workings of an apprentice seer's dark sorcery, such armor is effective… if shoddy.

You have one such suit of "rust armor." Made of a mixture of well-crafted gromril shards and shoddy skaven workmanship, the armor will do well enough to defend you against most attacks and projectiles. Should you be struck by something massive - like a blast of foul magic, a heavy physical attack, anything that would bypass the armor's defenses - the armor will shatter, leaving you completely uninjured. Should you manage to survive or escape the fight afterwards, you'll find the armor regenerated and on your person two hours later.

Skalm (400 CP - Clanrat): Don't advertise you have this, yknow. Skaven don't consider such things as "healing" and "first aid" to be important, unless it involves themselves being injured. Most of the time an injured rat just gets finished off and eaten. If they can survive to buy (of course at a steep cost) some of this "skalm" however, the balm will fully repair a skaven's flesh in seconds of exposure. It's not openly known what skalm is made of besides warpstone powder, just that Moulder also uses it in their experiments - but the strongest rats covet it.

You have a jar of skalm, a glass case full of the foul brown balm that visibly radiates and glows. Applying the skalm is as simple as dipping a claw into the gunk and smearing it onto a wound - whereupon the flesh burns as it immediately contorts, grows, and twists along where the skalm was applied. Wounds are knit shut almost immediately upon application, and even limbs can be re-attached should the stumps be smashed together and smeared with the mixture. The jar is enough to mend a dying Stormvermin back from the brink, and refills once a day upon fully using its contents

Lucky Skullhelm (600 CP - Clanrat): Rivals are a dangerous thing in the skaven ranks. Always looking to strike against you and one-up you at every turn, they are a health hazard and a roadblock. But occasionally they prove useful - stomping on them in a battle, killing them? Can do wonders for one's reputation, and maybe earn a bit of the Horned Rat's favor.

You killed one of your rivals quickly and early, and their skull is all that remains now. No sense to put it to waste, so only one thing to do - convert the skull into a helmet, your lucky braincase. Wearing this helmet grants you two specific boons: The first, your visage becomes far more fearsome and intimidating, and more defensive as the bone takes on the properties of any other armor you are wearing. The second, the helmet does truly

act as a good luck charm in conflict - enough to keep you alive through many a pitched and chaotic battle in the deep-tunnels and warrens.

As a one-time offer, you may take the skull of any previously-defeated rival and have it manufactured into your new helmet. Oh, don't worry. We'll take care of delivering it here, should it be elsewhere.

Skavenbrew Wineskin (100 CP - Free Stormvermin): Ah, skavenbrew. Always a valued concoction - and always so difficult to properly prepare as well. Warpstone dust (OF COURSE), mutated fungi harvested from a Skryre construction-cavern or Moulder mutation lab, blood that has been "milked" from a variety of foul creatures, dried mandrake root, swamp mat, and other rare marsh herbs without names. The bubbling mixture is carried in multiple flasks, and doled out to a regiment before battle where it has a few… *unpredictable* results. A quaff of skavenbrew can either steel one's nerves and cause their brain to be overcome with violent hatred, force their organs to vomit up everything they have consumed in raw revulsion… Or even spurring their bodies until such a state of hyperactivity that before long, their brains and hearts explode from the strain.

You have a wineskin of just such skavenbrew, enough to dole out to you and a squad's worth of stormvermin. The wineskin, once emptied, will refill with the roiling sludge after a battle's end. While you may have to contend with an upset stomach, rest assured that even should the skavenbrew induce violent hyperactivity, it will not kill you or those you share it with. You also gain the recipe for this concoction, where unfortunately that protection does *not* extend.

Storm Banner (200 CP - Stormvermin): Even the skaven craft banners and flags, much as the other races do. Into these banners are frequently woven magical auras and spells - that the flag-carrier becomes more than just a rallying and coordination point. This one in particular was made thousands of years ago, and while tattered and worn it still bears the power its weaving Seer imbued into it.

You have the Storm Banner, which immediately causes the skies above its carrier to begin roiling and darkening with storm clouds. Upon raising the banner high and yelling, the banner will cause the storm to begin erupting upon the battlefield. Lightning strikes, thunder-claps, and harsh winds that can blow even cannonballs off their trajectory. The storm will last as long as the conflict rages - dissipating when the air of violence fades from the battlefield.

Thing-Gouger (400 CP - Stormvermin): There exists, crafted by skaven hands, a warpick named 'Dwarf-Gouger.' The maul was forged during the days of skavendom's earliest history, when dwarf and rat were beginning their endless feud in the underground. Twisted epithets and curses towards dawikind are carved into the pick's surface, and it is

perpetually stained with the dried blood of the stout folk. While it currently exists in Queek Head-Taker's paws, these are skaven we speak of - there is no way in the Warp others like this do not exist.

And in fact, in your paws is a weapon made for much the same purpose as Dwarf-Gouger. It doesn't have to be a war-pick either - for your purposes it could be a jagged sword, halberd, or other weapon of your preference. Regardless, the weapon is built to pierce and brutalize armor - carving steel like butter and even managing to pierce dwarven gromgril or puresteel. And to make matters worse for your foes, into the tool of war is engraved curses and oaths of violence against a foe of your choice - causing the weapon to hunger and seek the flesh of said enemy, and tear through them with disturbing ease.

Note: These have to be enemies that could conceivably attack or be attacked by Skaven. No, "Elder Gods of the Infinite Cosmos" doesn't count. If you want to say Ork tho, it'd work on all Ork- and Orc-like monsters.

The Rack (600 CP - Stormvermin): The elite soldiers of the Under-Empire are encouraged to take trophies from their enemies, but there's one that takes it a mite farther than the others. It is, of course, the madrat Queek Head-Taker - who has mounted his trophy-rack onto the back of his armor, and which holds pieces of foes taken from his greatest battles. He frequently talks to these heads of his, almost as if seeking advice. Given the nature of souls and his current record of success, there may be a method to his madness.

You have your own trophy rack now, bolted to either a custom-made set of plate armor, or a set you already have in your personal armory. This rack doesn't do much other than look initially intimidating at first glance; But its true benefit is once you've started taking trophies from the fallen. Every trophy bolted or tied onto this rack catches a portion of the soul from your fallen enemy - trapped for eternity within that piece of their body. Every fallen enemy captured in this manner will, willingly or not, essentially become an advisor and font to pull from. Every question you ask the trapped spirits will be answered according to what they knew in life - skills, tactics, knowledge, technique, all of it recalled with perfect clarity. Should you see it as necessary, you can even force your fallen enemies on the rack to immediately give you what they have to offer.

Rat Swarm (100 CP - Free Grey Seer & Priesthood): Rats. The beasts from which skaven have taken their likeness. Or is it the other way around? The truth is unknown, but what is known is that they live everywhere - both in the wild, and amidst every civilization imaginable. Always just under the radar, feeding and scavenging. When the skaven go to war, however, the rats congregate under their marching paws. Whether as emergency rations, ensorcelled spies, or another soldier, the rats join the skaven war-machine.

Now, whether by magic or bonds, you have command over your own swarm of verminous rats, numbering at a hundred and four rodents. Though they are but normal rats, even such vermin can be useful - for rats are intelligent little beasts, can fit through nooks and crannies that no other creature can, and have strong teeth that can chew through stone brick and lesser metals like aluminum. Your personal swarm of rats will obey any command you give them to the best of their ability, and should any die their numbers will be replenished almost immediately.

Yes, if you are a Grey Seer and of The Priesthood, that means your swarm doubles in size.

A Quick Pick-Me-Up (200 CP - Grey Seer): Warpstone tokens serve more than just currency in the skaven economy. To an enterprising Grey Seer with his beady-eyes focused on the road to power, they present a very literal boost of potency. Just chew up a token of refined warpstone and you'll be laughing in madness at the power flowing through you in no time.

You have a bag of smaller tokens, which conspicuously seem to look like pieces of rock candy. Rest assured you won't break your teeth chewing them however; They chew easily, and go down easily. Eating one of these tokens will magnify your spells for a short time afterward, making a Ritual of Gnawing that could rip through a wooden gate into one that could cause the collapse of a castle wall. You'll never be quite certain if the bag ever runs out if you chomp through them - although if you use them to buy goods and services, it will take around thirteen days for the bag to refill itself.

Staff of the Horned One (400 CP - Grey Seer): In the claws of a certain rat known as Thanquol is a stave of blackened wood, with the warpstone crest of a long-dead Lord of Decay fixed atop of it with two jingling bells. This stave, long believed to have been grasp-held by the first Grey Seer, has had a colorful history; Changing hands across betrayals many times over until finally, this potent staff came to Thanquol's claws. With this, he stands as a speaker for the Great Horned Rat.

Except now even that is called into question, for you bear a duplicate. Or is his the duplicate, and yours the original? Regardless, you have the Staff of the Horned One - a potent magical weapon that magnifies the power of any spell you cast through it, turning a blast of warp-lightning into a torrential beam. But its true power is as a symbol of station: Whilst you hold the stave, your words have a level of gravity that force even those that despise your very existence - such as the dwarf-things and leaders of men - to cease action and hear your words.

Amulet of the Horned One (600 CP - Grey Seer): The Amulet's origins have never been truly written down - only those who have borne it. First was Seer Lord Scrench, whose

possession of the amulet allowed him to survive all betrayals and conflicts - until his own apprentices knifed him in the back in a moment of lost favor. It has since passed down multiple claws and wearers, until it currently rests about Thanquol's neck. Well, supposedly.

Around your own neck is the warpstone badge of office, the Amulet of the Horned One, a triangular pendant. The amulet grants several benefits to its wearer, as a grace of the Horned Rat - the first, a regenerative healing that works to keep the Seer alive. Knives to the back, toxins in your drink, jezzail bullets through your skull - so long as you can keep the amulet about your neck, the Horned Rat's blessing will heal you, even if it's just barely on the edge of life. This healing capability amplifies when you are the victim of betrayal and backstabbing, ensuring you can survive to strike back at the treacherous filth. This will work regardless of the Horned Rat's actual favor, and will not betray you like the previous Amulet has.

Code-Talker (100 CP - Free Thrall-Clan): When one's a slave in all but name and quarters, one learn to speak in tongues - code and cypher, masking your language. Signs, symbols carved into wood or inked on scroll, twitches of the tail within a specific pattern, the skaven have a myriad of different codes and signals to their brothers. Though Queekish is the main language of the skaven, one could almost say that every clan has its own tongue from their traditions, characteristics, and codes.

You have a set of books, raggedy and old - and written in such garbled and scribbled nonsense that it almost seems like you wasted CP. Except, you happen to be a member of the Clan to whom these books belong - or miraculously, you might even lead the clan in question. This set of books goes in-depth into the clan's codes and secret tongues, signs and symbols for everything, having double-meanings for every situation and symbols. After your stay in this world, you'll receive two books: One that remains updated with the codes and secret tongues of any group you find yourself a member of, and one that is blank - for you to create your own, and spread quickly if taught to your own followers and minions.

Languished Blade of Delirium (200 CP - Thrall-Clan): A little-known sword in the skaven armoury, for good reason. It is a skaven blade that has been broken and reforged so many times, it has gained a peculiar power from the forges and warpstone that have hammered it back into killing shape. It beats away at the minds and bodies of the wielder's enemy - causing both to suffer exhaustion and delirium, as the blade's broken history seems to wear away at its victims.

Your Services Are Desired (400 CP - Thrall-Clan): Thrall-Clans exist for two reasons. The first, they caught the attention of one of the Great Four or a larger Warlord, and so were forced to become servants to avoid being killed off. The second… The larger clans

require nigh exorbitant prices for their services. With the Thrall-Clans, they become a cheaper alternative, the discount brand. For cheaper prices they can offer much the same (such as manufacturing or engineering, or shaped beasts, or even extra blades and bodies), which sees them become greatly valued by other clans and lords.

This purchase is less of an item, and more of an 'advertisement' for your skills. Once a year, you can go over the skills and capabilities of both yourself and those beneath you, such as your clan or minions: What skills are exceptional, which are available easily, and best of all - which can bring the most profit. You can choose which of these capabilities are to be 'advertised,' and once the options are set the word will spread on its own. An assassin could set this purchase to advertise his skills with poisons and knifework, and inevitably the rumors would bring potential patrons to his warren. In a world of rat-eat-rat, having a skillset to bring in the meat and warp-tokens is worth more than you can know.

Little Black Book of Betrayal (600 CP - Thrall-Clan): The Thrall-Clans are like parasites and peons to the greater clans they are chained to: Always bleeding funds and resources from their parent clan to ensure their own survival, while dutifully following orders. But deep inside always lurks that bitter spark of hate, of *ambition.* The desire to rise up and dismantle the one who holds their chains, and take what they feel they deserve. It might not be a grand and victorious uprising, but every throat cut helps.

In your claws is a small black book, made of charred leather. This is your black book - the book of connections, in which every name and individual tied to you in even the most vague and tenuous manner is listed. These names and their profiles are updated with the individual and their connections - what they have gained, what they have lost, who are connected to them, if they are aware of you and/or your group, HOW they are connected to you, and what they plan. As well, there exists a quite tasty list amongst all of these notes: What you stand to gain from removing and backstabbing them. Everything from resources to improved relations with another faction or individual, to opening a territory for violent takeover, to increasing the likelihood of another plan(s) success. A web of ties that with the snip-slice of a knife can reap many rewards.

The Flag (100 CP - Free Warlord Clan): Banners are a tool of the battlefield - and not just for those enchanted ones that may have some spell bestowed upon the battlefield. They are markers upon the map, allowing the commander to see which units are in the fight, command and guide them through the battle. They are a symbol of morale - if the flag falls, that is all a soldier needs to excuse his cowardly actions of abandoning the field. Of course, we are speaking of skaven. One moment it could apply, but the next it may just end too poorly for words.

You have a great banner, bearing the crest of your clan (and after your duration in this world, your own symbol). So long as said banner is either with you, or deployed into an

army under your control, a peculiar effect takes hold of your army. To your eyes only, multiple copies of this flag will be floating over your soldiers - denoting both squads and platoons of warriors as well as individual heroes of note. These floating banners will show the position of your warriors at all times (again, only to your eyes), and will reflect their morale: Slowly tearing and fraying as their will to fight fades, before catching fire and disappearing as they route.

War Table (200 CP - Warlord Clan): Tactics are not something that the average rat must bother with - merely where they swarm and who is to be bitten and torn to pieces. For the leadership of the clan, however, it is all a numbers game. Where to apply the ratkin hordes to most effect, where to target, how to maneuver, and whether to take control or raze to the ground.

This table should be helpful. A massive, circular table with a roiling pit of clay in the center and two raised sections of stone on opposite sides. When one designates the battleground - whether by stating the location's name or presenting a map to the War Table - the clay in the center moulds and shapes itself into a perfect replica of the location. The two raised portions of the table contain a myriad of figures - those representing your army, and those representing the enemy army (also designated by stating the foe's name). With the table, you may accurately determine any battle-plan or tactic to use for a battle - for as you maneuver and move your army's figures on the field of battle, the figures representing the enemy army are moved to oppose you as if acting in real time, on the actual day of battle. Memorizing the attack patterns and effective strategies you learn here will ensure they come to mind crystal-clear in the future.

Oh, and a funny interaction: Any existing Warhammer collections, army miniatures, and wargame paraphernalia you have collected can be incorporated into the War Table, allowing you to run any games in the future. While it may not be practical for Skaven-y purposes, you might find something for it in the future?

Warpstone Armor (400 CP - Warlord Clan): Also called 'The Warp-Shard Plate,' a suit of plate armor crafted for the most skilled and renowned Stormvermin - of which Queek Headtaker stands as one of them. Meteoric iron melted down with warpstone shards, with a Grey Seer looking over the forging as he chants the hymns of the Horned One, and carving runes to draw their god's evil influence about the wearer. The rats who bear such a suit of armor are nigh-destined for greatness.

One such suit has been crafted to your specifications - a perfect fit. A rare example of above-average craftsmanship in skavendom, your suit of warpstone armour is a beacon of evil power. Not only good at defending against even gromril weaponry of the dwarves, every blow struck against it causes the malign power of The Great Horned Rat to explode back at the foe who dared strike at you.

The Codex Ratticus (600 CP - Warlord Clan): One would think that the hordes of ratmen employ no tactics, simply burying their opposition under the weight of countless filthy bodies and rat-fur. They would be wrong. So horribly, utterly, horrifyingly wrong - for to the skaven who have no honor, any tactic in battle is worth employing; The tide of slaves and clanrats merely a mask to hide their true intentions.

You have in your claws a great book, The Codex Ratticus, with a cover made from the skins of all the enemies of Skavenblight, and mouldering pages inked with blood. The Codex Ratticus is a complete compilation of all the enemies that prevent skaven from ruling the surface (Empire, Bretonnian, Dwarf, Orc, Goblin, Elf, Lizard, Ogre, Norscan, and more besides); the best tactics and strategies to employ against them, be it in duel, skirmish, or all-out war; and the various forms of conflict one may face, as well as how best to use the tools and troops for such a fiasco. The book will expand with your arsenal, your forces, and the factions you make enemies with as time goes on, ensuring that you are always able to find the correct maneuver or plan for whatever battle you find yourself caught within.

Personal Insignia (200 CP - Priesthood): To bear the personal symbol of a high-ranking Grey Seer is enough for even a clanrat messenger to be taken seriously by a Warlord. When an entire clan bears it, such as Scruten does with Seerlord Kritislik (much as he may claim otherwise), very few suddenly have the will or courage to go against them. A power within symbols, one you need but flex to make use of.

You have a personal symbol or crest, one that has become synonymous with "danger" and "one to be feared." To view that symbol is to automatically know it is connected to you - even if that individual doesn't know your name, they'll know the threat you can pose almost instinctively. This effect extends to wherever, whatever, and whoever the symbol may be attached to: A troupe carrying a flag with this insignia, or painted upon their shields, will be a constant source of paranoia and fear on the field. A messenger bearing your crest will be admitted in quickly, if only because to deny him would be to deny you, and cause more trouble than is worth.

Bell-Crafting (300 CP - Priesthood): Bells are important in the ratkin religion of their Horned God, although what importance they are to the Horned Rat is unknown. The fall of Kavzar was heralded with a horned bell, the Screaming Bells are the greatest war-machines to deliver the rat god's wrath upon the surface world, every seer's tool of magic bears a tiny bell carefully attached, and the clanging and tinkling of bells seem to be a pleasant tune to skaven ears. So it helps for the Grey Seers, the direct heralds of the verminous deity's will, to learn how to work such bells quickly.

You have a small pack, with all the tools, a miniature smelter that can reach blazing temperatures from the warpstone core within, molds for formation, and the instructions on

how to make a miraculous variety of bells both magical and mundane. Any metal can be used, and the enchanted bells can have a variety of uses: Some may attract rats and vermin to the clanging call, and the bell-ringer may give them simple commands as long as they hold it. Others may deafen the sound within a room so long as the chime echoes, allowing a rat to do their filthy work without worry of being detected. Some may emit an amplified clap that can shatter glass, dent stone, and even rupture the ear-drums of lesser foes. The paints, chisels, and carving tools that come with the kit can be used for any sort of bell-related project - even for the proper enchantment of a Screaming Bell.

Screaming Bell (400 CP - Priesthood): Unholy battle-altars of the Horned Rat, the Screaming Bells strike awe and fervor into the hearts of skaven, and the tolling carves fear into the hearts of Skavenblight's enemies. They are made from a thirteen-day long ritual in which bronze alloy is melted down with warpstone in the grand warp-forges of Skavenblight, the blood of sacrifices spilled across the metal both as it is set into the cast, and as it cools. The chittering incantations of Skryre and Seer alike wreath the metal in skittering, malevolent runes as it cools; Once it is finished, a great carriage built with a piece of the Tower of Kavzar's masonry is constructed to hold the infernal relic - and a Rat-Ogre specially constructed to be the bell-ringer.

And atop the bell's archway is a paw-hold, for you as its Seer to stand atop the ringing bell as you observe the battlefield and squeak-preach the word of the Horned Rat. Yes, you heard me right - you have earned the honors of commanding the holy war-machine of the Screaming Bell, as you command the cart to move in the direction of skavendom's sworn enemies. The bell's ringing is magically augmented - even more so with you aboard the battle-altar, as your own magical power enhances the metal device. Every thundering toll empowers and hardens those under your command with a zealotry unseen by any other false God of this world. And to make matters worse for your enemies, every toll rings doom: For as the rat-ogre bellringer hoists on the rope, the din will grow louder and louder still, until stone and metal are cracked, pounded, and broken by the explosions of sound that emanate from the device. Should the Bell suffer destruction at enemy hands, or cause itself to detonate in a beautiful display of cataclysm, it will reappear good as new in a week's time.

Pillar of Commandments (600 CP - Priesthood): At the center of Skavenblight, in the stronghold where the Council of Thirteen gathers, stands the Black Pillar of Commandments, carved with the edicts of rulership following the Horned Rat's ideals. Those who fit these edicts and seek to rise, become fueled with the power of the verminous realm of ruin - becoming a Lord of Decay. From there, they fight one of the existing Lords in a duel to supplant them.

In your possession is a similar pillar, made of pitch-black warpstone and, carved in Queekish, the Horned Rat's law. This is not the Pillar that the Horned Rat slammed into Skavenblight during the great Civil War, but a copy for one's own personal council and servitors. Those whom you find worthy, and match the edicts and laws carved into the Pillar, will find their bodies and spirits empowered by the dark magicks overflowing from the Pillar, becoming the utmost peak of what their species is capable of in both physical and magical capacities. As well, after your duration in this world, the pillar of black warpstone will be wiped clean of the Horned Rat's etchings - allowing you to print into it your own edicts and laws, and creating the guidelines for those who are worthy to be bolstered.

It should not go without saying that if one is not worthy, or does not have your consent, will more than likely die horribly to the corrupting warpstone.

Gas Mask & Air Filtration Pack (100 CP - Free Clan Skryre): An essential tool for merely surviving in a Skryre camp or laboratory, the Gas Masks are a staple for Skryre-rats. Any time that volatile chemicals or toxic fumes are involved, the call for the masks is sent out; And if you didn't have one, then you'd best quickly plug your nose with soaked rags or something similar. If you don't believe me with how useful one of these is, just look at what happens to a slave or clanrat who doesn't get their mask on in time.

Luckily for you, this one's a custom order. You have a perfectly fitted gas mask and filtration unit, worn on your back, and the two connected by an intricate series of hoses, pipes, and bellows. Any time the air is tainted, this mask will work over-time to ensure you still have clean air to breath; As well, it is sturdy enough to serve as an impromptu helmet, and will repair itself in the event of taking damage.

Warlock-Engineer's Halberd (200 CP - Clan Skryre): At their graduation, every Warlock-Engineer crafts for themselves their new weapon of office - most often, the final result is a halberd. A demented-yet-potent fusion of technology, magic, and wicked weaponsmithing; Creating a weapon that can perfectly channel the Lore of Warp & Ruin, defend its wielder in melee combat, and snipe at hated foe-things from afar.

You have your own madrat's weapon in this regard - a skaven-tech halberd, wreathed in wires, smoking runes, random chunks of green warpstone, and hissing motors. The bladed head is constantly arcing warp-lightning as the engine rumbles, the tainted electricity zapping and roasting all that gets zapped nearby while giving you a mere tingly feeling at most. As a tool of melee combat, this halberd is potent; But not only does the bladed head have a warp-lightning projector installed in the top, but for those of a magical persuasion it serves as a very effective focus for working the Lores. Any other magics that use the Halberd as a focus will find the warp-energy condenser infuses the tainted, degenerative energies of Chaos deep within.

Engineered (300 CP - Clan Skryre): No member of Clan Skryre goes without accidents - an untimely explosion or mishap often resulting in lost limbs, a damaged face, or worse. If they want to avoid being just killed off and used for foodstuffs, a Skryre-rat has to fix themselves, and fast. And when they lack the medical knowledge of Moulder, they make do with their machining skill - replacing flesh with metal, blood with oil, and signs of life with warp-lightning.

Down in the *Laboratory of a Madrat* section, you receive a stipend of **300 CP** to use on any of the augmentations and implants available. If any in particular are labeled *Mechanical,* you receive a discount of **50%** on them. If purchased by a Moulder Creation, your existing discounts in the Laboratory do not stack: Instead, you get an additional **100 CP** as compensation.

DOOOOOOOOMWHEEEEEEEEEEEL (400 CP - Clan Skryre): Skryre has made many deranged, demented, horrific machines of war and destruction; One would say their minds are wired specifically for such chaos. No machine so accurately displays this madness than the dreaded DOOMWHEEL, for it is at once so simple of a design yet so deceptively complex that only the skaven could have devised it. And now the brain-spawn of Ikit Claw is rapidly becoming a tide-turner in the war against the surface-world.

You've gained the ownership of one of these dreaded DOOMWHEELS, specially made for your seating. The massive, iron-enforced wheel is powered by two things: Along its inside, on a specially-made track, runs a swarm of drugged-up rats driven mad by the arcing warp-lightning and constant noise. At the center of the massive chassis, where the pilot's seat is, is a warpstone generator that ensures the machine both keeps a steady pace (enough to run over and smash even armored dwarves and humans) and occasionally fires off the warp-lightning cannon that is attached to the front of the steel rims. Very few creatures are capable of stopping the DOOMWHEEL in its tracks, and for you there will likely be none: As its pilot, your magic also serves to charge the warpstone engine and warp-lightning cannon, allowing it to reach speeds only dreamed of by skaven brains and letting the warp-lightning cannon fire off the spells you cast as warp-lightning tainted explosions.

One's Classified Secrets (600 CP - Clan Skryre): A Warlock-Engineer's secrets are his life. Discoveries, inventions, and creations are the measuring stick by which he expresses superiority to the sadrats that are his "peers." But as such, a Skryre rat's secrets must be preserved. Hidden behind locks, concealed under layers of code, scrambled between numerous blueprints without rhyme or reason.

Or perhaps, you could just use this book. A grand tome bound with the skin of stormvermin, stitched with bronze wire, ink messily strewn and slung about. But this book is a perfect one for a mad, inventive mind such as yours. For not only are all of Skryre's

inventions kept within, but any discoveries or inventions you make, be they scientific, mechanical, or magical, will be automatically recorded within this book's pages. Right down to the most miniscule detail regarding that which you've so painstakingly cracked. The pages will automatically, via clues within the text and notes, also indicate which other discoveries and creations can be linked or may be improved by studying in tandem. And to top it all off, this book is bound to your claws only. Should any other eyes try to pry its secrets, they'll be stumped two-fold: The first, the book will spontaneously rewrite its secrets in such a thick and foul code that a determined cracker would need decades to break it. The second, the reader will contract a skaven-devised curse, being randomly stricken with bolts of warp-lightning.

A Master's Tools (100 CP - Free Clan Moulder): The packmasters and tamers of Clan Moulder have two iconic weapons in their arsenal, both for targeting foes upon the field of battle and for goading war-beasts into the fray. The first is the thing-catcher - a long pole-weapon with two spring-loaded, triggered prongs that when activated, are designed to close around the neck of a hapless man or dwarf. The second is a warpstone-studded whip, debilitating to be lashed by and the driving force behind how a rat-ogre or wolf-rat is forced into combat.

You receive your tools just such: a thing-catcher and a whip, perfectly fitting for your hands. The thing-catcher is light enough to be easily wielded with one hand, yet sturdy enough to withstand being swing about in the midst of combat - with the paw-grip containing the trigger mechanism for the closing prongs. The whip is long, the warpstone-studs glimmering wickedly - when used with the intent to hurt, the whip digs in deeper than it should, searching for blood vessels and patches of thin skin. When used with the intent to command, you need not even hit your slaves or war-beasts to goad them forward - simply the loud, shocking whip-crack will be enough to give them their target.

A Packmaster's Joy (200 CP - Clan Moulder): Savage. Monstrous. An abomination against nature. When the scientists of Hell Pit forced the breeding of the Kislevite wolf and the giant rat, they created a beast that still prowls the tunnels and crannies of the under-empire to this day. The Wolf-Rat is a savage monster with the pack instincts and strength of the wolf, the intelligence of a rat, and every ounce of malice that the skaven hold for all life.

As packmasters are often given wolf-rats, with the hopes that either the savage creatures kill their master or the skaven becomes masterful, so are you granted command. Four wolf-rats, more than enough when just one can kill even a stormvermin through sheer ferocity, are now on your leash. Should one fall, they will respawn at full vitality after a day's time.

Mutated (300 CP - Clan Moulder): Be it by warpstone exposure, rampant genetic manipulation, invasive surgery, or magic, no Moulder-rat looks normal - mutations both benign and malevolent run rampant through Hell Pit. Some are useful, such as a third arm or a regenerative cancer; Others still are malignant, such as a digestive system that works far faster than the body can feed it, or one's nails growing backwards and carving up the fingers. Luckily, there's a fix - just throw yourself onto a compatriot's table (with a bribe, of course), and see what can be done.

Down in the *Laboratory of a Madrat* section, you receive a stipend of **300 CP** to use on any of the augmentations and implants available. If any in particular are labeled *Flesh,* you receive a discount of **50%** on them. If purchased by a Moulder Creation, your existing discounts in the Laboratory do not stack: Instead, you get an additional **100 CP** as compensation.

The Slaver's Specialty (400 CP - Clan Moulder): While slaves and physical labor are of use to all Clans, Moulder is the one that gets so much extra use out of them that they send Packmasters into the battle *specifically* to hunt down and capture more. And they burn through the bodies fast - meatshields to keep errant beasts in line, food for the pens, taking limbs to graft on to other experiments, or testing mutagens and transformatives. Anything to help gain more slaves is always a bonus.

Twice-fold this benefit is. The first, your Thing-Catcher from **A Master's Tools** is upgraded. Now on top of its durability being increased, allowing the weapon to clash with greatswords and gromril axes without wear and tear, the clamp has been modified with a warpstone-enhanced tazing system meant to wear away at the caught victim's willpower and ability to fight back. The second, you have a satchel containing sixty-five slave collars - each one reshaping to fit itself to a victim's neck, clapping on tight; These collars hijack the forms of those you've captured as slaves, forcing their bodies to follow your orders while their minds are still free to behold the horrors you've placed upon them. The satchel actively creates more of the collars wholesale as you make use of them, ensuring you always have a perfect stock.

The Beastmaster's Encyclopedia (600 CP - Clan Moulder): To the twisted Master Moulders, nothing is sacred in the pursuit of mastering the flesh. The tortured things and ravenous beasts found in the cages and halls of Hell Pit, where even the walls and floor slither, throb, and pulsate with flesh… It's enough to scare even the Grey Seers into leaving Moulder in peace. The knowledge of such monstrosities would drive man-things to madness, and make the Norscans shiver in disgust.

Such knowledge, kept bound here. You have a tome, a living creature whose fangs are the locks that keep the book shut, whose cover is a warm pelt that moves as if breathing, and whose spinal column is the binding to which the pages are bound. The book

growls and hisses as you peruse over the skin-like pages - into which are archived all of Moulder's beasts: Giant rat, wolf-rat, rat ogre, abominations, any that were deemed a successful creation. But that's not all, Moulder-rat - as you plunder the knowledge and potential of flesh and bone, the monsters and mutagenic processes you create will be catalogued in these same pages automatically, as well as secrets. How to make a transformative process less lethal, which other creatures could be cross-bred with a monster to make offspring greater than either, how augmentations to your own flesh could be improved. Should the knowledge be discovered or recovered, your living encyclopedia will chronicle it - and should any mewling wretch try to take this from you, the book will viciously maul and tear them apart.

In case you're curious, your encyclopedia seems to not need much feeding, but does appreciate raw meat.

Knives Galore (100 CP - Free Clan Eshin): What is the symbol upon Eshin's flag, if not the dagger dripping with the blood of victims? Sure, they are known to employ toxins and poisons. They are known to manipulate accidents and engineer betrayals. But the thing every skaven fears the most from the assassin-rats and their runners, is the glow of hateful red eyes and the flash of a knife.

You start with two clean, well-cared for knives - just long enough that a slice or stab will be guaranteed lethal, but able to be hidden away with the flick of one's paws. As well, you have a wrist-brace of throwing knives, fifteen in total and balanced for their duties. Should you ever lose one of your knives, simply reaching behind your back will produce one of them from a puff of darkness into your palm - Thereby ensuring you are ALWAYS armed. They may not be special or enchanted yet, but you can always be assured that you have the blade you need for the task at hand.

With A Little Drop of Poison (200 CP - Clan Eshin): When they aren't slicing throats and breaking necks, Eshin's secondary tool of murder is poison. Inject with a dart, taint food or drink, or even just plan for skin contact to seep it into their flesh. Poison is an easy and quick method of ensuring a target's death without much physical effort, only meticulous planning.

You have a vest, bandolier, and series of satchels - a myriad of pockets, all full of powders and glass vials and darts with every poison in the Eshin roster. From venoms harvested from spiders that cause paralysis and corrode the nervous system, to toxic liquids made from warpstone and fungal spores, to bottled blood of warp-bats. If there is a creature that Eshin has slain, there is a poison to target it - even if it does not kill, any advantage to finish the job works just as much. Using any of these poisons or toxic compounds will see them replaced an hour after their initial consumption.

The Cloak of Shadows (300 CP - Clan Eshin): The tool of the Deathmaster, woven from the hairs of Eshin's victims and an arachnarok queen's finest silk, steeped in the liquified shadow of an Eshin Sorcerer. The Cloak of Shadows is a tool and article of clothing, that can shroud and completely hide its wearer in shadows so thick he is invisible to all but magic sight. As well, the assassin who wears it finds that the shadows completely drown any sound he makes - even the shattering of stained glass is muffled until the shards clatter to the ground. It seems another of these legendary cloaks was made, and stolen, and stolen again, and stolen a third time until it came to you at last.

An odd quality of the cloak is that as its wearer kills and kills again, it seems to grow in length - absorbing the shadows from his victims.

Weeping Blades (400 CP - Clan Eshin): A rare set to be crafted by the Eshin magi, the Weeping Blades are the masterwork tools of he known as Deathmaster Snikch. They are knives forged of warpstone and meteoric iron, and left to soak and seep in the most foul toxins of Eshin's devisement. A slice from these lovely blades can leave an opponent writhing and collapsing, and draw terror from the ratkin who know of the Deathmaster's dreadful dance.

You receive a set of three Weeping Blades - one for each paw, and one whose grip is designed to be held within your rat-like tail. Should you have the Knives Galore, these replace the default blades - and ensure that they are always in reach, according to that item's own description. The Weeping Blades now in your care are guaranteed to never lose their toxic bite, and their already keen edges from gromril and warpstone can slide almost too cleanly through thick plate and shield. The tiniest scratch from these lovelies will leave your foe all but begging for the release of death.

The Lore of The East (600 CP - Clan Eshin): Before they journeyed to the Land of the Celestial Dragon, Eshin were just like any other clan of ratmen. The secrets they found there in Imperial Cathay, and the deadly shadows they learned from in misty Nippon, changed them as certainly as Lord Tsien-Tsin and Chi'an Chi the Great Conspirator change the world. These secrets were brought back when Eshin returned to their people, and since those days have remained as deadly as the ninja-assassins of the east.

You have a set of five mist-billowing scrolls, covered in the flowing and elegant script of Cathay - standing out starkly from their verminous surroundings. Within these scrolls is carried all the knowledge and secrets that allow Eshin to turn fidgety, cowardly clanrats into cold-blooded, disciplined assassins and orchestrators of disaster. They also contain the magicks to the Lore of Stealth, causing any one rat or person who handles the scrolls to gain potential within that shadowy magick of Eshin Sorcerers. If one simply reads from these scrolls, and practices, they will swiftly rise in skill to become a dreaded assassin within weeks - with your aid, even days.

Clad in Faith (100 CP - Free Clan Pestilens): ‘pon being baptised within the Pox Cauldron, the transformation into a Plague Monk begins. The skaven’s fur begins to fall from their skin as boils and lesions rupture, plague and cancer settling deep into their flesh. When they are fully realized, the rat-man is unrecognizable but for his rodent-humanoid shape; Looking more like a pink, diseased abomination of Nurgle, for which the accusation would bring forth proclamations of heresy.

And with their ascension as Plague Monks, those of Pestilens are granted the same thing you are: a set of ragged, hooded robes, and either a contaminated scimitar or morning star. The robes are simple - they will never tear or fray, and will keep the smell and ‘secretions’ of your infections from tainting everything around you. The weapon is simple - it is infected with Black Death, the same pestilence that ravaged Nuln and Talabheim.

Infected Supply (200 CP - Clan Pestilens): You get used to it, after a while. The environment around a Pestilens territory becomes so tainted and infected that nothing is free of it - even fruit or grain. Pestilens and their thralls can safely consume such infected foodstuff, not out of any immunity to the rot and ravaging illnesses, but simply because their own bodies are so burdened with sickness that it does nothing. Such capabilities have allowed Pestilens to spread their cancers to their enemies, then swoop in and finish off their grisly duty.

You have a supply of such pestilential food supplies - fruit, meats, grains, anything that would be considered edible. Despite the grotesque appearance, those you deem allies will find that the tainted food will taste normal, and give sustenance as normal. For those you deem enemies, the supplies are instead deceptive and foul - appearing clean and safe to eat, but inflicting them with horrific strains of Red Plague (or any other infection you are familiar with) upon consumption, no matter how thoroughly cooked they are. The supply is enough to feed an entire mess hall of humans for a day, and restocks the next dawn.

Plagued Censer (300 CP - Clan Pestilens): Wielded by the devout, these massive flails are their holy prayer censers - the spiked, hollow heads containing the smouldering, mummified pelt of a former Plague Priest wrapped around coals. As they burn, the pelts emit a tainted smoke that carries the horrific pathogens that ravaged the Priest until their death - most often being the Red Plague or Black Death. The censer-bearers then go into battle with prayers on their tongues as they swing the censer-flails - some with two or more of the great, spiked heads chained to the rod.

Choose one of the malefic poxes that ravage the world, or one of the diseases within your own body. You now hold a well-constructed, ornate example of one of Pestilens’ plague-censers, with that disease trapped within the great smoke-emitting flail-head. This flail is enchanted to actively resist and defy all attempts to purify or cleanse the taint it

carries and spreads. As you discover and contract new plagues and pathogens, you can choose whether they are added to the toxic miasma emanated from your spiked censer, or if another flail-head is chained on alongside, or if they aren't added altogether.

Plague Furnace (400 CP - Clan Pestilens): When the Pestilent Brotherhood goes to battle, there always remains the need and the time to preach the ways of The Horned Rat, The Harbinger. Thus does this great war machine serve as both burning siege engine, and noisome altar of worship. Crewed by a regiment of skaven clerics, the machine is built like the Screaming Bell of the Grey Seer Priesthood - except instead of a great bell hanging from the archway, there is a great metal censer the size of a dwarven wrecking ball, with a great many mummified priests skins wrapped inside about a chunk of burning warpstone. The brazier emanates a hot, sickly green mist as the priests heave on its chains, with even simple beasts knowing immediately that to inhale that mist is to die a most horrific death. Just beneath the swinging brazier is the Priest's podium - from which they squeak and shriek the word of the Verminous One.

You may decide upon the crew that mans your own great Furnace - either a regiment of plagued clerics, some to hoist the great brazier's chain and some to push the war machine, or two rat-ogres specifically trained for this purpose only. Indeed, I said "your own," for you lay claim to one of the holy siege engines of Pestilens. Taking your rightful place on the war-machine-altar will magnify your voice, enough to be heard across an entire raging battlefield. As well, the spells you wield atop the Plague Furnace are multiplied in effectiveness, from the great-many plagued runes and enchantments woven into the machine. The mist that billows from the brazier will inflict whatever debilitating pox will most wreak havoc upon the field of battle, but renders a different effect on your brothers and allies: Those by your side and under your command are, on inhaling the sickly fog, immediately taken by a religious fervour as their pain is dulled and their mind sharpened for the violence at hand.

Liber Bubonicus (600 CP - Clan Pestilens): Ah, the Book of Woe. The holy book of Clan Pestilens, wielded by their scion Lord Skrolk. The hidden and unknown lore of Plague Magic is contained within these pages, as well as the alchemical and magical knowledge of every disease, pestilence, and plague in the whole world. Merely holding the book is enough to begin tainting the reader's flesh and skin with pox, and reading the pages afflicts the fool or priest as surely as if they'd been exposed to a vector.

Originally, there was only one complete Book of Woe. Now there are two - the second within your grimy, diseased claws. Your copy of the Book of Woe contains every possible spell of the Lore of Plague, and method of creating every disease known to the world. As well, any new diseases and poxes you encounter or find will be recorded within the Liber Bubonicus - gaining its own page and the spell or alchemical formula to conjure it

forth. Any who read this tome, unless they bear some magic to cleanse themselves or have some immunity, will be ravaged by every single pathogen wreathed into the mouldering pages.

Cheese of the Old World (50 CP): So far it is but a rumor among those who acknowledge them, that skaven are attracted to cheese. It is hard to verify this considering how the skaven are attracted to the idea of "food" regardless of what form it takes, but cheese is used to bait mouse-traps, rat-catcher tools, and sewer ambushes alike. Regardless, the Horned Rat has seen fit to bless you with a fine and delicious bounty:

With a key only you have, every man-thing settlement or town seems to have the same marked storehouse of a deceased cheesemonger. Each time you access this storehouse, it will have the most delicious and varied array of cheeses known to ratkind. Pungent Imperial softs with a thick odor, sharp and blocky Estalian cheddars, great massive wheels of Bretonnian mild that could crush a man purely on accident, slabs of Shelzen that run with blue veins of specially-cultivated mould, thick and creamy cheese-vats from the halfling Moot, and even crumbly Tilean and Kislevite cheeses made from the milk of goats and tundra bovines. Every time you either simply approach one of these storehouses, or empty it of its bounty, it will reveal to have accepted a delivery shortly thereafter - completely restocking it.

Bag of Warpstone Tokens (50 / 150 CP): There are two forms of currency in the Under-Empire: Slaves are the first, for they serve as both physical labor and emergency rations. The second: Warpstone Tokens, that foul green rock melted down and used to mint coins. Skaven currency is simple, in comparison to the surface: The Empire has their gold crowns, silver shillings, and brass pennies; Bretonnia has their ecus and denniers; even the beard-things deal in gorls, silverns, and izors. The skaven have the one mint of token, incredibly valuable regardless of its amount and always printed with the three-sided sigil of the Horned Rat.

You gain a bag with over a hundred warpstone tokens, ready to be either eaten by a Seer or Warlock-Engineer for a boost of magic or used to trade for just about anything you want in the Under-Empire. For another **100 CP,** you gain yet another hundred tokens every thirteen weeks.

Warplock Firearm (100 CP): Developed by Clan Skryre to counter the black powder weaponry of the Empire and Dawi, the warplock firearms fire their potent missiles through "controlled" warpstone explosions. Ranging from the pistols to the jezzails, the skaven warplocks are a potent weapon at any range, and many a fangleader, clawleader, or high-ranking rat carries a warplock sidearm.

On purchase, you receive your own warplock sidearm - a choice between the pistol or musket. A warplock pistol is even more devastating at close-range than the black powder pistols of Empire Free Companies, the force of each shot enough to blast even stout dwarves off their feet and the warp-tainted ammunition ensuring even a non-lethal shot will debilitate. The musket, while larger, heavier, more complicated, and requiring both claws to operate at first, fires at a far greater distance than the pistol, and the heavy shots taking off limbs and heads with ease. Both options never need reloading, always seeming to have an iron-warpstone musket ball or pistol round the moment after firing.

Foul Pendant (200 CP): A Foul Pendant is a gift from the Council of Thirteen to the most accomplished and dedicated followers - although the revelation of such a gift often sees it being "passed on" to another. You understand how it is with politics. The pendants themselves are a silver rat skull on a chain, with green smoke billowing from the eye-sockets. The smoke solidifies into a hard, dense barrier when the wearer is about to be struck by attack or projectile - dissipating once deflected. And now whether by proving your worth or receiving it as a "gift" from another holder, you have one of these rat-skull pendants about your neck.

The Doomsphere (400 CP): Ikit Claw's pride-and-joy. A perfect orb of steel, packed with warpstone and accelerant and intricate machinery. The first showing of a legitimate WMD on this world, each previous attempt by Claw to deploy his Doomsphere has been foiled by the workings of dwarves and heroes - the kind of people who recognized just what threat Ikit posed to the world. On its own, a Doomsphere can wipe an entire city from the map - erasing all traces of its existence, and its peoples, out in a blazing warp explosion. If placed within a tectonic fault, or used to trigger some other catastrophe or natural disaster… The Doomsphere could create a global calamity worse than The Time of Woes.

Every five years, you can call in a specially-commissioned Doomsphere and deployment team of ten specially-trained clanrats. The deployment team's job is simple: Following your orders, get the Doomsphere to where it needs to be detonated, and set the timer. After which, one only needs to sit a safe distance away and watch the resulting mushroom cloud of green warpstorm smoke. Ikit Claw sends his regards, and reminds you that these spheres will explode with just the slightest prompting.

Clan Leadership (400 CP - Discounted Thrall-Clan & Warlord Clan | Requires Birth & Clan 600 CP Perks): The leadership of a clan is but one of the higher steps a skaven must take to fortune and glory in the Horned One's eyes. And it's not a step many can ever reach, or they have… And have failed. You, however, are one of the few worthless rats to climb out of the throng and rise as a leader of skaven, with all of the prestige (or lack of) that that dictates.

You are given access to the "Raising the Clan" section further in this document, with an allotment of Clan Tokens being granted based on your choice of Clan. But with this rising of a new skaven Clan comes great challenges, risks, and dangers - but new opportunities as well. *As well, you can convert more CP into Tokens at the ratio of* ***100 CP to 3 Tokens.***

- **Warlord Clans receive 40 Clan Tokens.**
- **Clans sworn to Skryre, Eshin, Moulder, Pestilens, or are made from the machinations of The Priesthood, receive 30 Clan Tokens.**
- **Thrall-Clans receive 20 Clan Tokens.**
- **(Special): Skavenslaves who purchase this receive no Tokens, and must direct themselves to the Scenario 'Shatter The Chains.'**

Daemon Weapon (500 CP): Now, I know what you're thinking. There has never been a single Verminlord that has been turned into a Daemon Weapon. And you would be right - because from the path of ascendance, Verminlords are those Skaven who have succeeded at their way of life so well that they were rewarded with Daemonhood. It would be counter-intuitive to suddenly trap one of these successful rats with being sealed inside a weapon. Unless that Verminlord were to fail at one of these schemes so catastrophically that the Great Horned Rat deigned to punish them.

And that's where this comes in. By purchasing this, you guarantee a few things: One, that a Verminlord of your choice fails in their plans, and fails so disastrously that the Horned Rat is all but guaranteed to punish them. Two, that the Horned Rat punishes the daemonic vermin in question by trapping him within a weapon, to be used by a lowly rodent from the material world. And three - that this weapon comes into your claws, one way or another. As a Verminlord-borne Daemon Weapon, it comes with many of the capabilities of those tied to the four Gods of Chaos: Any with witchsight or the ability to see magic will witness the twisted, verminous monstrosity writhing within the armament; Born of the Warp, the weapon will tear and bite at a victim regardless of their state in either material or spectral forms; And finally, any of the skills, knowledge, and magical power the Verminlord bore in life will be yours to wield as the bearer of this terrible icon.

The Fellblade (600 CP): In the dim days of skavendom's past, they warred against The Hated Necromancer, the Nehekharan arch-lich known as Nagash. In seeking to use the old Nehekharan King known as Alcadizaar, the ratmen forged a weapon. Dwarven gromril alloyed with smelted warpstone, with the greatest of the Lore of Ruin's destructive spells hammered into the alloy as it was shaped on the anvil. It was tempered then, in acid bile and magical poisons, and fell runes engraved that could kill the one who read them. When at last the weapon was complete, a perfect warpstone gem was slotted into its hilt - to allow

the Council of Thirteen to see through the eyes of its wielder, and channel magicks through them to protect from Nagash's dark spellcraft.

The Fellblade was created, and thus did Alcadizaar strike down Nagash. The blade disappeared from history upon the Nehekharan King's death - thrown into the vast crevasse around Nagashizzar. Until recently, that is, when it came into your paws, borne in a lead box by a blindfolded, masked agent of the Council. You wield The Fellblade now: A sword whose mere presence in your fingers multiplies your strength greatly, such that a runty Skavenslave would match an Ogre hand-to-hand. The magicks and toxins woven into the gromril-warpstone alloy allow the weapon to cut through any magical or physical protection to cut deep, while the warpstone and engraved runes tear, warp, and corrode the flesh of both its wielder and their victims. The warpstone orb in its hilt marks you as the Council's warrior, for its presence lets them watch through your eyes, and channel their magic through you as their agent.

A Word Of Warning: This blade's deadly power comes at several costs. The first: The sheer amount of warpstone that has gone into its forging means that even upon placing their hand around the hilt, the wielder begins to succumb to the radiation. Unless one can avoid it, the exposure is all but guaranteed to kill them. The second: This weapon was made when the Council of Thirteen, including The Horned Rat's seat, were in unanimous agreement. All thirteen heads are required to send the blade out, and as such you are marked as their agent with all the good AND ill that entails in the endless cut-throat society. Watch your step, watch your back, and obey the Council's commands. Survive your decade with this in mind, and the circumstances will change accordingly - see down in Parting Ways for the exact explanation.

The Morskittar Engine (800 CP): An instrument of mass destruction named after the leader of Clan Skryre, despite its creator desperately trying to have it named 'The Zingecannon.' In another time, and another place… This was the weapon that called down The End Times. A great cannon that is more destructive, more powerful even than Ikit's Doomsphere, the brain-child of one Warlock-Engineer Zingetail. The great warpstone moon of Morrslieb was shattered with one shot of this cannon, calling down a hailstorm of shattered moon pieces and warpstone meteors that destroyed much of the Old World and Lustria. A cannon that now belongs to you, primed and ready to fire at whatever target you deem deserves to be shattered and broken.

|The Laboratory of a Madrat|

All augmentations, enhancements, and enchantments purchased here are **Discounted 50% to the Moulder Creation Birth, which additionally receives 500 CP exclusively for this section.** Those who've purchased *Mutated* or *Engineered* receive a 50% discount related to their type (Flesh for Mutated, Machine for Engineered), along with the 300 CP to spend.

Flesh / Machine - **Additional Limb (50 CP):** It's a fairly simple procedure, and a common one for both rat-ogres and higher-ranking rats in both Moulder and Skryre. On purchase you decide whether to add another arm or leg, and unless you're emulating Throtl the Unclean it's advisable to purchase these in pairs.

Flesh / Machine - **Weaponization (100/200 CP, Discounted if purchased with Additional Limb):** For most creatures of Moulder's pits, the Mutators and Moulders don't see the need for them to keep their grasping hands or paws. One purchase of this sees one of your limbs augmented, replacing its hand with a great cleaving blade, sharpened spear of warpstone, or even a fleshy blade of bone. Given the dexterity of ratmen tails, even those see weaponized augmentation from time to time. For an additional **200 CP,** discounted to *Machine* only, you may instead have one of the following weapons mounted on the limb in question:

- **Ratling Gun:** A multi-barreled, spinning gun capable of firing warpstone bullets in an unending spray.
- **Warp-Fire Thrower:** A sprayer of warp-flame that can reach several meters outwards in a cone of green fire.
- **Poisoned-Wind Globe-Launcher:** Arm-mounted catapults that launch the characteristic glass orbs of Skryre's chem-rats, spreading a toxic fog with each shatter.
- **Warp-Grinder:** An energy-emitter that blasts a single, long beam of ruinous warp energy, often used to burrow and evaporate through the earth but can tear through walls and barricades just as easily.
- **Shock-Gauntlet:** A fist-mounted warp-electricity generator that emits a blast of the lightning with every strike, and can be tweaked to cover its wielder in a cloak of warp lightning.
- **Doom-Flayer Gauntlet:** A fist-mounted ball of steel, with a series of blades jutting out from all angles that spin and whirr like a blender through flesh and bone.

For those weapons that apply, such as warp-fire throwers and ratling guns, the relevant ammo-pack or generator will be mounted on your back.

Flesh / Machine - **Bodily Enhancement (100 CP):** A basic augmentation of one's physical parameters is fairly common among the command and stormvermin ranks. Whether it's

the integration of steel plating to enhance durability or chemically charging one's reflexes to move faster and faster, it's all towards the same goal: Outdoing your rivals and foes to eventually reach the Great Ascendance. This augmentation can be purchased multiple times in order to augment your body in various parameters, and for Moulder Creations stacks on top of their starting point as a Rat-Ogre:

-Strength: The first purchase of this sees your muscles augmented to be capable of knocking fully-armoured knights back a yard or two. A second purchase leaves you strong enough to stop a charging, fully-armoured warhorse or orcish boar. A third and final purchase leaves you as strong as a rat-ogre, with all the power that entails.

-Endurance: The first purchase increases your stamina, letting you fight and move for days longer without rest or food (inadvertently helping greatly with your Black Hunger). The second purchase improves your resilience, making you able to take not only more and harder attacks, but able to shake them off and come back for another round in a short amount of time. The third purchase improves the previous two upgrades by greater amounts still, and further enforces your immune system to let you throw off the most vicious plagues and toxins that Pestilens or Eshin can taint your flesh with.

-Agility & Speed: The first purchase makes you the prime assassin, able to attack as fast as a blast of wind and run, climb, and sneak with the grace and speed of an elf. The second and third purchases all add onto this in turn, letting you match the deadliest of elven shadow-warriors and waystalkers.

-Senses (50 CP per Sense): The senses are tricky to augment - too much, and they become paralyzing to use. Too little, and they are useless. But with you, such augmentations were successful. A purchase for *Vision* allows you to increase the range and detail of your sight to being able to pick out the hairs on a Tilean general's mustache from kilometers away, grant your eyes even greater nocturnal vision, and even being able to see traces of heat and smell. A purchase for *Touch* enhances tactile senses, allowing you to feel even the slightest breeze and disturbance in the air - such as another skaven sneaking up on you swinging their weapon. Purchases for *Smell* and *Hearing* enhance both in terms of depth - the first empowers your already potent skaven nose, allowing you to pick up traces of even the most faint scents, such as the traces of a target's passing from over two weeks ago; The second enhances your ears, detecting even the slightest footfall or hearing from miles away a muffled conversation. The final sense you can upgrade is *Taste,* with your tongue being able to discern each individual compound within a drug or elixir, and detect the presence of poison by its component flavors.

Flesh / Machine - **Flight (300 CP):** Unfortunately, one thing that the Skaven have never quite managed to succeed with is sustained flight capability. The dwarves have their gyrocoptors and bombers, and every other faction has their assortment of flying cavalry and winged warriors - elven eagle-riders and Bretonnian pegasus-knights, as examples. But

the skaven haven't managed to fly, at least until you now. Whether it's by the grafting and growing of great wings, or the attachment of rocket-based propulsion, you can take to the air in ways that no other rat has even dreamed of. Now just try not to get shot down or eaten by the myriad of aerial predators that exist on this planet.

Flesh - **Verminous Cargo (200 CP):** The Hell-Pit Abomination is more than just a destructive hulk of flesh and fangs. When it dies, should it not prove too horrible to die, its central mass explodes - revealing the second weapon Moulder installed into it, a mass of parasitic rats who swarm over the murderers of their host. Your own body now plays host to a parasitic swarm of these rats - keeping your body cleansed of unwanted mutations and parasites, and swarming out of your wounds to latch onto enemies in response to damage. Any flesh and fat that these parasite-rats consume is used to repair and accelerate your own healing process - integrating the foreign flesh and blood into your own.

Flesh - **Regeneration (200 CP):** The idea of regeneration is one Moulder is trying to more accurately grasp, and replicate more easily across its kennels of beasts. So far they have two stellar examples: The Hell-Pit Abomination, who regenerates on the cusp of death to return for another around; And the Brood Horror, whose tainted bulk writhes with the death throes of its devoured siblings as their flesh and poxes fade out to mend their eldest brother or sister's flesh. Your regeneration is more the latter, as the wounds you endure in battle will mend themselves almost as quickly as the damage is dealt. There are some limitations to this regenerative enhancement, alas: Flame and intense heat stall it for a time, until the cauterized and burnt sections of flesh can either be cut away or removed. As well, limbs and such can't grow back - they *can* be stitched back on, leaving your body to complete the rest of the work.

Flesh - **Fiery Breath (200 CP):** The dread Chimaerat was made from butchering the many-headed hydras of Naggaroth, and the original reptile's organs were repurposed. The multi-headed verminous beast kept its progenitor's flaming breath attacks, but the organs used were first heavily mutated and shaped with warpstone and chemicals to turn it from plain flame into warp-infused fire. Now, by some quirk of flesh, you've had these organs implanted into your own lungs and throat - allowing you to blurt out gusts and gouts of warp-flame at will.

Flesh - **Large And In Charge (100 CP):** Skaven are born small, except for the stormvermin. When you're forced to look up to dwarves of all things, it's a cause for angry, bitey concern. Then there's this, a special concoction from Moulder meant to improve the bones and muscular system. Every purchase of this augment increases your size by an additional foot, with your body working to stay proportionate (by skaven proportions, at least).

Flesh - **Warp Fleas (100 CP):** All rats have fleas. All skaven have fleas. That's just something you're not going to get away from without an absurd devotion to self-cleanliness. But some skaven have turned their fleas into a boon - infecting the insects with warp-tainted blood and pathogens to make them bloated, oversized monsters of their former selves. You now serve as host to a swarm of these 'Warp Fleas,' which attack any opponent who fights you in melee combat and serve to keep your pelt and wounds clear of other infections and parasitic pests.

Should you belong to **Clan Pestilens**, these Warp Fleas are further enhanced by the diseases coursing through your body - having fed on the taint through your blood. As they swarm over your foes they'll now spread your contagions as easily as a spell from the Lore of Plagues.

Flesh - **Getting A-Head (100 CP):** Two heads are better than one, right? Or in the Chimaerat and Abomination's case, a few dozen. Regardless, you've had a second head attached to your body - whether it's one controlled by you, or another brain into which you can import a Companion for free, is entirely up to you. Each purchase of **Getting A-Head** also duplicates previous purchases of **Toxin Glands** (should they be applied to your teeth and jaws) and **Fiery Breath** at no additional cost.

Flesh - **Toxin Glands (100 CP):** Into either your scratching nails or your durable teeth are grown and implanted a series of toxin-generating glands. The poison is a simple one, derived from the Eshin recipe book - but it's an effective one, as it melts and destroys both internal tissues and blood cells to cause internal hemorrhaging of your victim.

Machine - **Warp Booster (400 CP):** Any Warlock-Engineer or Master is always searching for more power, be it of personal might or political prowess. But magical power is a type that all creatures respect, and so the engineers of Skavenblight have created a quick way to swiftly increase one's magi-technological might. Warpstone-bronze pylons, installed along the spinal column, shoulders, and skull, that constantly tap into the power of Chaos and the Horned Rat's realm of ruin. Any spell or ritual cast by a warlock with these pylons grafted into his flesh and bone sees significant enhancement, turning a simple bolt of warp-lightning into a cascading storm with the snap of clawed fingers.

Machine - **Iron Frame (300 CP):** Ikit Claw's pride, but a set-up that any Warlock-Engineer could create with the right motivation. Built into your body is a massive exoskeleton, grafted into your flesh and bone, covered in warpstone-infused iron plates. This 'Iron Frame' greatly magnifies your physical strength, allowing a Clanrat to bodily throw fully-armoured Dwarves with both paws. On one arm is connected a random weapon from

the **Weaponization** upgrade (either replacing the limb or mounting it onto the wrist), with the default being a long-distance Warpfire Thrower. Should you have an existing suit of armor, you can have it carefully welded and attached to the Iron Frame. You may choose to purchase another instance of **Weaponization** for the other arm on the Iron Frame, at a discount.

Machine - **Skavenbrew Pump (100 CP):** Nobody knows who truly created the bloodthirst-inducing Skavenbrew. But its effects are potent, its brewing process is simple, and its value is always price-hiked. Luckily for you, you will not have to worry about investing or making more Skavenbrew again. You have an intricate system of tubes and pumps woven into your body, connected to a pump that is mounted on your back, with a vat full of the potent (and ominously smoking) skavenbrew. At will, you can flood your system directly with the noxious stuff, enabling you to greatly enhance your killing potential and strength. It's a… It's a significant high that is hard to come down from, however. Be warned, be advised.

Machine - **Immortality Chemicals (300 CP):** A little-known creation of Skryre, for good reason, is that they have created a chemical mixture that extends the longevity of flesh and bone. It is with these chemicals that many of the older Skryre lords, and in-fact several of the Lords of Decay, have lived to the modern day. You have an intricate system of tubes and pumps woven into your body, connected to a pump that has been attached to your heart. This pump constantly keeps your body infused with the chemical system, ensuring that you are immortal - with the added benefit of increasing your body's natural regeneration, due to the nature of the chemical's properties.

Machine - **Charmed Sight (100 CP):** The charms, tokens, and talismans of the Horned Rat are many and varied. One such charm has inspired this augmentation, a warpstone-medallion twisted with so much wiring and cables that go back into your skull as the charm itself is installed in place of your eye. The icon won't replace your vision, but the token radiates disharmony and chaos in the air around it - causing your mere gaze to fill a target's heart with fear. As well, it can be used to project a solid, continuous beam of condensed warp-lightning energy at a target.

|Toadies, Beasts, and Slaves|

Due to Skaven being all but useless when fighting alone, the Council has decided to grant you an additional **200 CP** to use in collecting ~~expendable meatshields~~ allies for the coming battles.

Jumper-Thing's Council (50 CP Per / Special Discount): The Horned Rat could always use a few more bodies for the vermintide, and you could use a few extra bodies between you and death. Every individual imported through this as a Skaven will receive **600 CP**, a Clan, and may spend their CP as wished on Circumstance of Birth (though they also receive the bonus CP from becoming a Skavenslave). **If you desire, you may pay 400 CP to import 12 Companions as your skaven retinue.** This option may also be used to create new Skaven compatriots if you don't wish to import, or if you purchase the services of any of the other rats down below they may receive this Council's benefits.

A Proper Vermintide (300 CP. Requires Jumper-Thing's Council): Should you have more than 12 Companions, you may choose to purchase this - importing everybody else that is not already imported under Fang and Claw. Every rat receives **300 CP,** is immediately locked to the same Clan you chose, and is imported as either a Skavenslave (with no points gained) or Clanrat. They can choose to spend the CP to upgrade themselves into a Stormvermin. Companions imported under A Proper Vermintide receive no discounts.

A Name Off The List (100 / 200 CP): Maybe, by a twist of fate, you've convinced Queek Headtaker to seek glory amongst the realms? Or perhaps you're trying to take Thanquol away from a world that his existence actively orchestrates to ruin at every turn. With this purchase, you guarantee that any named or existing Skaven can join you at the end of your decade here. **200 CP** ensures that this will apply to the greatly empowered members of the Council of Thirteen, or perhaps a legendary Verminlord, if you make your case and it works out well.

Sacrificial Slave-Thing (50 CP): The fate of skaven prisoners is an unhappy one: Characterized by one great long sequence of agonizing work & suffering, before meeting one of any number of sticky ends. There's being eaten by the rats for sustenance; Sold to one of the more scientific clans as experiment fodder; Thrown into the wolf-rat pen for a brief spurt of amusement; Or being used by a clanrat or stormvermin as target practice or weapon demonstration, among other things. But above all else, there's one fate worse than any other: Being taken by a Grey Seer, and having their heart and soul sacrificed to the Great Horned Rat's domain.

You have a slave of one of the skaven's enemies - a skink of the lizardmen, or an elven peasant of Ulthuan as an example. Said slave has had their will broken through a variety of sordid and horrific means, the creature enduring any punishment one can throw at them and doing any task their master desires. Their true purpose, however, is far more grim. When used in a ritual as the sacrifice - be it giving a soul as payment to a daemonic entity, using the blood of a recently-murdered victim to power a portal, or activating a grand magical weapon - the result of the ritual is more potent than it would have otherwise been. A ritual to summon a simple daemon would instead call forth one several tiers higher using this victim, as an example. As an added benefit, the slave will resurrect exactly twelve hours after the ritual's end.

Rat Mother (100 CP): The Breeders are the only known form of female skaven - taken as a ratling at birth, and raised on a blend of drugs and alchemical mixings whilst their body is modified and surgically adjusted by Moulder's flesh-crafters. At the end, their body is a ten-foot-long, seven-hundred-pound slug with multiple protrusions gaping off their mass - some open and leading to ready and fertile wombs hastily patched in by a Moulder, others excreting milk for the ratling litters to be weaned onto. Between her bulk and the hallucinogenic euphoria the mother is mentally trapped in, most Rat Mothers are unable to care for themselves - with a crew of castrated skavenslaves being their caretakers.

For a price, you have your own personal Rat Mother - a claim few skaven can make, for only Warlords and select fangleaders can muster the warp-tokens and payments for such a prestige. If you're a Skavenslave, then she's instead sequestered away in a cavern only you know how to access. Regardless, she has a crew of castrated skavenslaves tending to her needs, and nobody else has the correct permissions to enter the pens she is kept in. Any mating period will cause her to birth anywhere between 5 to 10 ratlings. She will be either a newly-drugged Rat Mother, or if you feel like subjecting an existing companion to this fate for whatever unholy reason, you may choose to import them as your Rat-Mother.

If you want more than just a 'breeding slug,' then for an additional **100 CP,** you can opt to follow the footsteps of madrat Thratquee of Under-Altdorf. You can have your Rat Mother modified - given greater musculature enough to move their great bulk, and the cocktail of drugs and chemicals lightened to give them an odd clarity of mind while instilling them a monogamous loyalty. Like the monstrous cross between a rat-ogre and a breeder, the once harmless female becomes a defensive bodyguard; Any sad rat wanting to take care of you has to deal with a rat mother defending her 'mate.'

After your jump duration, you will have some choices to make regarding any purchased Rat Mother.

Skret & Snutch Screamfingers (100 CP): Despite the skaven's socially-enforced backstabbing and betrayal-focused society, there exist numerous individuals and quirks

within the ratmen's psychology that show this may not permanently be the case: Queek Headtaker's steadfast loyalty and trust with one Ska Bloodtail; Skweel's loving hand guiding his warbeasts with better results than any Beastmaster; Gnawdwell's cultivation of freakishly devoted warriors; And the Pestilens Brotherhood in a disease-ridden nutshell. And now, to add to the list of skaven 'freaks' - the Screamfinger Brothers.

Two clanrats born from the same litter, the only ones to survive a stormvermin ratling devouring their brothers in the spawning pit. Skret and Snutch have survived drifting from clan to clan - Skret as the twin with a machete and brace of throwing knives, Snutch with the spear and shield. They will backstab, scheme, and slaughter their way to ensure they survive, but these two rats display an inordinate amount of loyalty to one another. They share the same companion slot, dividing all perks evenly between them, and start with the Clanrat perkline as well as **Dextrous Vermin** and **Sewerborne Resistance**.

Subject 13 (100 CP): She was born in an Eshin pit - would have been packaged and shipped to Moulder for shaping as a Rat Mother. But the neutered slave carrying her was found dead, a wrist bitten open and the little ratling slurping at its blood. Eshin took in the little rat, impressed at the bloodthirst she demonstrated as every pair of paws came away with deep bites and scratchings. She was raised as any other Eshin rat, and became a joint experiment between the two Great Clans as between Moulder flesh-shaping and Eshin knifework, they made her into a monstrous Assassin.

And now, whether by exorbitant prices paid or by manipulations and schemes, you have gained the skills and power of Moulder and Eshin's Subject 13. Raised from birth, she bears the skills of Eshin's specialty, and has the entire Clan Eshin perkline, along with the augmentations **Bodily Enhancement x2 (Agility & Speed), Toxin Glands,** and **Weaponization (Tail).**

Kronq (100 CP): It goes without saying at this point that the skaven are mentally deranged. Some would even say unbalanced. The stranger among them either quickly rise to the top, or get slaughtered quickly for bumbling out of line - except for Kronq. For some reason this bumbling, massive, strong, yet so-irrevocably-stupid Stormvermin has fumbled, stumbled, and mistaken his way through life; Each time coming out of danger with comedic injuries and new insights. And now, Kronq has come to serve as your bodyguard and assistant. Horned Rat only knows how or why.

Kronq's amazing stupidity actually loops right back around into peculiar insight, letting him offer you a fool's point-of-view on a plan or design, including the ways that a fool could completely screw something up. His physical parameters are amazing even amongst Stormvermin as well, just shy of rivaling a Rat Ogre in strength, charging speed, and stamina (equivalent to **Bodily Enhancement x3 (Strength)** and **Bodily**

Enhancement x1 (Endurance)). As well, he has the entire Warlord Clan perkline, and a well-tended sword and shield.

Tawn-Skree Starkspire (150 CP): Ambition is something all skaven have in spades and buckets, and some even greater amounts still. Tawn-Skree's ambition goes over the edge into abject insanity, and while this mad warlock-engineer is still useful as a scientist, inventor, and magic-user… He comes with a solidly unfortunate number of eccentricities. The least of which is a disturbing fascination with the females of other species, a distinct addiction to alcoholic substances, and a growing focus on "replacing weak rat-flesh with great machine."

Now this "iron rat" has come into your service. Tawn-Skree brings with him the entire Clan Skryre perkline, as well as **Dextrous Vermin**. In addition, he has begun replacing most of his body with metal and machinery, enough to rival Ikit Claw's **Iron Frame**. He has replaced his left claw, and constructed two additional mechanical limbs that extrude from his shoulders, resulting in this Skryre mercenary always having three **Warp-Grinders** on his person at all times.

Thuon Heartreaver (150 CP): Though their existence has yet to be fully proven, it is theoretical that should a Grey Seer be born female, they wouldn't be condemned to life as a breeder. In at least one of those cases, such a ratling made it through birth and apprenticeship in the cloisters. Thuon just barely made it out of the Labyrinth of the Horned Rat, having fought tooth and nail to escape both the clutches of the realm of Chaos and the sudden backstabs of both her peers and her old master. Doesn't take more than that to instill a fresh sense of cynicism and coldness in one's interactions with their fellow country-rats.

Now Thuon Heartreaver has been recently assigned to observe you by her higher-ups, and is… More focused on her own plans, to say the least. Thuon comes with the Grey Seer perkline, as well as **"Skaven? Those Don't Exist"** and **The Long-Titled Planning Perk**. The stave crafted from the skulls of her former master and fellow students is a potent focus on part with **Staff of the Horned One,** lending weight to her **Personal Insignia.**

Zhuthralk Skyscar (150 CP): Immortality can be found for a price in the Under-Empire - the tinctures and chemicals of Clan Skryre ensuring those with the tokens can live to keep their schemes continuing. But Zhuthralk has no need for that garbage; Indeed, the old Grey Seer has no need for any of the Skaven's society, such that it annoys him with its infighting and idiocy. Half of this could do with his incredible age - for this rat is old, so old that his joints creak and groan with arthritis, and he is doubled over from his horns growing so gnarled and heavy upon his back that they create a knotted, tangled rat's nest of keratin.

By luck or machination, this incredibly old Grey Seer has thrown his support behind you. His advanced age - whether by immortality or sheer luck - has left him one of the most potent seers of the Priesthood, granting him the entirety of the Grey Seer and Priesthood perk-lines. As well, the elder Seer has a **Brood Horror** named Dustfang, who helps in assisting his arthritic and horn-burdened body around.

Kran Pridemaw (150 CP): It takes a certain kind of monster to make it in Hell Pit. It takes a desire to dominate, becoming the kind of monster who could smile at screams of torment, and cheerfully go about their work amid a gore-stained slaughterhouse. It takes a desire to survive at all costs, to ensure that no other skaven or surface-dweller can take what you deserve away from you. Pridemaw learned these lessons as a skavenslave, and through brutality and murder rose to become a monster. But he desires more - Pridemaw knows there are things bigger, and stronger than he. It is not enough that he is strong now; He must become the apex predator, or risk losing everything.

Kran Pridemaw will fight alongside you, for though his loyalty is tenuous he feels a kindred spirit with you - another being who knows that one must continue rising or be inevitably struck down. Kran brings with him the Moulder Creation and Clan Moulder perklines, along with the augmentations **Flight (Wings), Bodily Enhancement x2 (Strength), Bodily Enhancement x2 (Endurance),** and **Fiery Breath.**

Followers of the Yellow Fang (200 CP): Many man-things hold a dim view of their species' future; Believing that the time of the Empire is coming to an end, that Man's dominance is failing. All that mankind creates crumbles to ruin, while kings and priests speak hollow words and family members backstab each other for crumbs of bread. For some men, they want to end up on top of the pile when the world order cracks: And so they follow the skaven in worship of The Lord of the World Below, The Horned Rat.

The Cult of the Yellow Fang is clandestine and secretive, working in the gutters and backstreets of society like the rats they emulate. Double-blinds, deadfalls, false leads, and reversals are all part and parcel of their plans as they make for great acts of terror and destruction; The bigger the assassination or calamity, the sooner the Empire's order collapses. And while the Cult's members obey and placate their verminous leaders, the humans are as duplicitous and cunning as the rats they cooperate with: There will be time enough to replace the skaven as the Horned Rat's chosen followers, once the Empire falls.

By purchasing this, you are the 'priest' of a cell of the Cult of the Yellow Fang, numbering thirty-nine man-things of all walks of life. Rich and poor, nobility and pauper, they all are perfect examples of what the Horned Rat wants in a worshipper: Cunning, stealthy, and ambitious. Their numbers can grow, but the induction and recruitment of new cultists can only be sanctioned by you. Should the number of Yellow Fang followers fall below thirty-nine and no recruitment occur, members will respawn after a week's time

until the number of Yellow Fang cultists is once again at thirty-nine. For an additional **100 CP**, approximately thirteen of your cultists will be slightly versed in Dark Magic, and every one in thirteen recruitments will see that inductee having the potential for it as well.

Skavenslave Sworn (300 CP - Discounted Grey Seer & Stormvermin): Some Seers and Stormvermin, once they knife enough backs, become too important in skaven society to do such menial tasks as "keeping their quarters clean" or "carrying their own equipment." They get assigned servants, little skavenslaves whose lives are dedicated to making sure that their master's life is comfortable enough that they can focus on their duties with vigor (or trepidation). Cleaning the quarters, polishing the armor, bathing, all the general duties of a servile rat-man.

On purchase, you are given your own personal attendant-swarm of sixty-five skavenslaves to attend to your every physical need, and the needs of your gear. They are specifically bred & trained to aid any of your specific needs or desires, and are shaped by the finest Master Moulder to your specific tastes. No longer will you need to bother with the state of your warren at the clan's heap, or worry about needing to pitch a campsite, or any other menial tasks. These skavenslaves do not count as Companions, but as Followers. Any skavenslave servants who die will eventually respawn after a week's time.

Rat Ogre Bonebreaker (300 CP): Not all rat-ogres serve as battlefield monstrosities. Some are put back through the laboratories and growth vats; Augmented and mutated further, sometimes with limbs being replaced with devastating weaponry stolen or bought from Skryre. Standing nearly twice the size of normal rat-ogres, these terrifying juggernauts termed "Bonebreakers" are sold and used by Moulder as symbols of elitism and veritable wrecking balls. And for those with the tokens, they serve another purpose altogether - Mounts.

Indeed, you have come by the ownership of one such Bonebreaker - who has been kitted out to your specifications, complete with **500 CP** to spend in The Laboratory Of A Madrat. Additionally, a harness has been bolted and strapped into your new Bonebreaker's flesh, giving you either a set of claw-holds to hold onto as you command your new beast into battle… Or to have a command-platform / war litter mounted on the rat ogre's shoulders. Now go forth, rat. RIDE!

Brood Horror (200 CP): For those unwilling to spend so much on a Bonebreaker, there is still an option however. When a brood of giant rats or great pox rats are born, occasionally there is one among them who proves *greater* than its brothers and sisters. They devour their siblings almost immediately, growing bloated in both physical strength and bloodthirsty savagery. Larger than even the warhorses of the man-thing Empire or Bretonnia, these Brood Horrors are worth their weight in slaves and warp-tokens. With

muscle, toxic bites, stubborn attitude, and the flesh of their tainted siblings causing the Horror's flesh to knit itself shut almost as quickly as it is wounded, the massive rat-creature makes for an excellent mount for any aspiring Warlord.

|Raising the Clan|

For the following section, **Thrall-Clan gets 20 Clan Tokens, Warlord Clan gets 40 Clan Tokens, and those of the Great Four or the Priesthood receive 30 Tokens.** Any options listed with the names Skryre, Moulder, Pestilens, or Eshin, are discounted to those Great-Clans; Warlord Clans and Priesthood* receive a set of discounts listed underneath a section's title; Thrall-Clans, following their predecessor's claw-marks, will follow whichever they chose in the perk *'Great-Clan-Sworn.'*

*Except in Clan Structures.

|Clan Name & Founding|

Nameless clans do not exist. We-we refer to those as "bandits."

Why, or how, was your clan founded? Why do you follow the path you chose? Tell us your clan's history, and you will receive an additional **+5 Clan Tokens.** Create a legitimate crest for your Clan's coat-of-arms and you gain an additional **+2 Tokens.**

|Populace & Foundation|

How many rats and slave-things begin under your control-command?

- **Burrow (Free):** Your clan only controls a small, sleepy den or cavern system - not even enough to count as a town. Your initial 'populace' count is anywhere from 100 to 1,000.
- **Lair (3 Tokens):** The clan's hold is the size of an average man-thing town or crossroads, such as Wurzen. The rats dwelling here number anywhere from 1,000 to 10,000.
- **Nest-Lair (6 Tokens):** A larger holding or city, comparable to a dwarven fortress such as Karak Kadrin (but still considered small by skaven standards). Your clan's populace now numbers from 10,000 to 100,000.
- **Stronghold (9 Tokens):** A great fortress or vast tunnel-system stretching for miles under the surface. Your clan's forces now number between 100,000 to 900,000.
- **Under-City (12 Tokens):** Such is your clan's territory that great Under-Altdorf or Skavenblight could be both impressed, and irritated. Your clan numbers a million heads, and grows by the day.

|Clan Specialties & Quirks|

What-what makes your clan differ from the rabble?

Warlords & Priesthood receive three discounts here.

- **Chieftain's Mark (0.5/ 1 Tokens):** Whether it's the prevalence of scarification patterns and certain tattoos, the propagation of a specific color and patterning of the pelt, or a particular biological mutation that repeats itself through generations, there is a single definitive sign that marks the rats of your clan out from the rabble. Outsiders and nemeses will take but one glance at one of your skaven and know

whose banner they march under, and your clanmates will know who is an ally (however tenuous) from just this sign. For a whole **Token** this distinguishing feature goes beyond - becoming absurdly difficult to mimic by those trying to infiltrate your clan, and your clan's skaven knowing almost instinctively if the mark is false or not.

- **Trader Rats (1 Token):** Life in the Under-Empire is rat-eat-rat, in more ways than one. Yet their economy is one of the most thriving, with a myriad of different barter systems, coinage (predominantly through warp-tokens), and resources and slave-trade. Your rats are particularly well-versed in trade and economics, which in skaven terms translates to "they know how to haggle, argue, screech, and fleece someone out of their goods and coin, sometimes violently." **Discounted with Capital purchase of Vermin Market.**
- **Digger Rats (2 Tokens):** For though the skaven live underground, within the vast Under-Empire… Their construction is quite shoddy. You can trust a dawi mine or tunnel to never even think of collapsing, but all it would take for a skaven burrow to cave-in is an errant sneeze. Not so with the digging expertise of your clan. Even if they might not be as majestic as a dwarven cavern, your skaven can burrow and hollow out caves and tunnels to last thousands of years. This will, of course, be tremendously useful for expanding your home capital.
- **Water-Rats (3 Tokens):** Skaven pirates are significantly less dangerous than the dark elves and their Black Arks, but only because Naggaroth has perfected the cruel arts of piracy. The clanfleets are a great cause for concern in the lands of Tilea and Araby for good reason, and even the most ramshackle skaven vessel still carries enough rats to completely engulf a ship's crew. Now like Clan's Skuttle and Skurvy, your own clan is knowledgeable and terrifyingly effective at shipcraft and maritime activities. **Discounted with Capital purchase of Harbor & Shipyard.**
- **Forge-Rats (3 Tokens):** Though their blacksmithing skill is nowhere near comparable to the Dawi of the World's Edge Mountains, the skaven blacksmiths have worked out an industry all their own. Your clan may not produce relics or legend-worthy armaments, but even your skavenslaves know how to work a forge and anvil to make a useable sword. Your ability to churn out even average arms and armaments is matched only by the famed Karaks of Clan Ferrik.
- *Eshin* - **Sneaky Rats (3 Tokens):** Beyond even the hidden path that Eshin assassins are required to walk, stealth and subterfuge are the first and foremost ways for the skaven to operate. Concealed routes, ambushes, assassinations, thefts, all are part and parcel of their way of life. Your clan is particularly sneaky and stealthy, able to leave many other forces and warbands bewildered and outmaneuvered with little effort.

- *Eshin* - **Herbalists (3 Tokens):** Though rare for herbs and plants to survive the skaven pollution long enough to be cultivated, they are made use of where feasible. Your clan knows how to keep such plants thriving despite their increasingly corrupted environment, and how to use them to brew all manner of drug cocktails, venoms, and toxic payloads.
- *Eshin* - **Disturbingly Diplomatic (6 Tokens):** Eshin is a strange bag of rats. In the East, they have skaven who have reached administrative positions of Cathay and have advised the emperors of both the Dragon Empire and Nippon. Even the Monkey King once took on a party of Eshin rats as personal bodyguards! Your own clan now has this trait of being bizarrely diplomatic and trustworthy, able to be accepted by foreign dignitaries and kings at face value.
- *Moulder* - **The Hunt (3 Tokens):** Dinosaurs, chaos spawn, squigs, spiders, and more-such beasts thrive all over the world. Whether you're capturing live specimens or harvesting pelts, bones, and the ever-necessary meat, your clan is well-known for their hunting, tracking, and trapping skills.
- *Moulder* - **Scavenger Rats (3 Tokens):** Rats are survivors - the ultimate scavengers and carrion-eaters. The skaven take that even higher, to not just devouring what they scavenge but repurposing, and rebuilding. Your ratkin will be the best at this: even the clanrats and skavenslaves are expert trash-pickers, battleground-looters, and thieves from surface cities.
- *Moulder* - **Masters of Beasts (6 Tokens):** Moulder produces war-beasts, and trains the hardened packmasters to command and guide them in battle. When it comes to the creation and development of both, your clan stands out well for itself. Your packmasters and beast-tamers are of particular grit and mettle, able to keep their fear in check even as they have to control snarling wolf-rats and raging rat-ogres. And your clan's inventiveness and ingenuity for creating, breeding, or taming beasts and monsters is enough to create legendary monstrosities and potentially earn the enmity of Moulder.
- *Skryre, Pestilens* - **Magically Gifted (6 Tokens):** Though the secrets of skaven magic are meant to be kept by the Seers, there do exist clans who spit upon such a tradition. Your clan's rats seem greatly inclined towards the practice of the Skaven Lores, able to produce more warlocks or plague priests in the long term; As well, should you find and gain access to either more Lores, or additional forms of magic, your rats will begin awakening to their uses with rapid speed.
- *Skryre* - **Tech-Rats (3 Tokens):** Even if the number of legitimate warlocks is low, every rat in Skryre and its thralls is required to learn machine assembly. How to manufacture the great DOOMWHEELS and firearms that Skryre is famed for, and how to organize for grander projects like The Doomsphere. Your own clan's skaven might not know how to fire a jezzail or musket, but even the clanrats are taught how

to craft them on an industrial scale, and can learn how to craft from blueprints with an abnormal level of speed.

- *Skryre* - **Ruinous Rodents (3 Tokens):** If there is one thing Skryre is known for, it is destruction and chaos. These maniacs want to see the world on fire, with cities broken under hails of gunfire and cannons and man-things dying in droves on the battlefield. And now they'll get it, as your own clan is especially effective at shock-and-awe and siege tactics. They might not be able to claim strongholds and cities effectively, but they know how to annihilate enemy defenses and ravage their lands almost beautifully.
- *Pestilens* - **Loyal Rats (3 Tokens):** Religion and brotherhood have strange ways of bringing even murderous, backstabby, treacherous vermin to a level of power unseen. Pestilens would not have lasted as long as they did in the Second Skaven Civil War without it - and now your clan engenders such kinship. Your rats may still be duplicitous and two-faced, but there is a level of loyalty and brotherhood amongst your rats that ensure no matter what foe or force moves against them… They will stand by each other.
- *Pestilens* - **Plagued Intent (3 Tokens):** Sometimes the Harbinger's will has difficulties being delivered. You've tried infecting the grain, but they just start burning it; Or maybe they've began an extermination order on your darling plague rats. No matter. They haven't started wearing masks or boiling water yet, so it's only a matter of time. So long as your clan actively desires to spread their infections and 'blessings,' any vector or method will have a chance to work, even if the disease itself should not.
- **Vehicular Rat-Slaughter (3 Tokens):** Above even man-things and bearded menaces, the skaven have a wondrous series of contraptions and war-machines meant for crushing all in their path on their war against the surface. This perk ensures your rats are well-versed in the care and piloting of such vehicles, be it Doomwheels, Rat-Tanks, or similar constructs of insanity.
- **Athletic Rats (4 Tokens):** The forces under your clan have become much more physically capable, an anomalous capacity amongst skavenkind. A single clanrat could stalemate against a human or dwarf, while a stormvermin born under your banner could fight multiple dawi or soldiers on his own with effort.
- **Savage Rats (5 Tokens):** Skaven are cowardly, a fundamental law that has been bred into their genetic code over countless millennia. Somehow that gene has been removed from your clan's pool entirely, and your skaven have… Courage. High morale. A spine that isn't made of wet Marienburg noodles. Now in battle your rats will only retreat if commanded and it seems tactically sound, or if afflicted by magical fear - the rest of the time even your skavenslaves appear to be savage, fearless creatures on the battlefield. Are you sure this isn't a mental defect?

- **Well Bred (4 / 7 Tokens):** Where most breeders seem to put out predominantly clanrats in their dozens of litters, yours seem to be far more exceptional. Your clan's birthing pits result in more Stormvermin than any other type of rat, on par with Clan Skab. For an additional **3 Tokens,** your breeders seem almost blessed by the Horned Rat, with one out of every thirteen litters resulting in a gifted Grey Seer ratling.

|Clan Territory & Capital Location|

Where did your clan choose to settle and build?

- **Subterranean (Free, Default):** The skaven Under-Empire is more successful below the surface for a reason. Using the myriad of underground tunnels and caves that lurk even under the ocean floor, they can pop up anywhere in the world. Your clan's capital is in a subterranean warren or cavern complex just large enough to fit its population.
    - **Under-City (3/7 Tokens):** Your clan's capital is located under a surface-dweller's city - a similar position to places such as Under-Altdorf and Under-Mousillon. This connects the two in a myriad of ways: While you must be more careful so as to avoid drawing attention to your subterranean home, you have a great many tunnels connecting your capital to the surface, allowing you to use their myriad of sewers and tunnel-ways as an extension of your territory. As well, the unaware denizens above can be readily preyed upon for slaves, food, shinies, and resources - although one must be careful to avoid drawing notice. In future worlds, you may choose for your under-city to manifest under any viable metropolitan area you desire. Alternatively, you may pay an extra **4 Tokens**, for a total of **7**, to ensure the city you've parasitically latched onto is dragged with, and their denizens left none the wiser. *Incompatible with Dwarven Karak.*
    - **Dwarven Karak (4 Tokens):** The dwarves have lost many of their holds to greenskin and ratkin alike - and each loss is a stinging blow to their racial pride and honor. Your capital rests within a captured dwarven stronghold, much like Karak Varn or similar. Dwarven holds are always well-constructed, able to withstand millennia of conflict and ruin. As well, they are connected to extensive mine shafts and great underground roads that allow the dwarves unparalleled travel through the mountains. Roads and mines that you and your verminous brethren can exploit readily. *Incompatible with Under-City.*
- **Above-Ground (+5 Tokens):** WHAT-WHY ARE YOU DOING THIS?! Building above ground is for fools and short-lived ratkin - for every surface-dweller on this planet will want to scour your capital off the face of the map. Your pollution and verminous

'taint' are much, much more noticeable and damaging to the local environment, giving away your presence almost immediately. Prepare to be constantly fending off invaders and enemy agents attempting sabotage.

- **Biome Choice (Free):** Skaven are capable of living everywhere, from magma-heated badlands to deep jungles, and from frozen tundras to storm-wracked plains. As such, it doesn't really matter where and what climate they decide to dwell in. You may choose one biome on this world to become your 'homeland,' so to speak.
- **Foreign Soil & Far-Off Land (1 Token):** Should you have some foreign piece of land - perhaps an enchanted forest of dumb elf-things, a mountain-range from a misty continent, or a tunnel network of alien machinery - you may desire to incorporate it into the region your clan calls home. Purchasing this option allows just that, with some stipulations: These are geological features, natural landmarks, or some sort of natural resource. Not planets, or cosmic phenomena. Be sensible.
- **Freshwater Source (1/2 Tokens):** Water is essential for all livings things, so it would be very helpful for your clan to have access to it. Purchasing this ensures your clan has access to a freshwater river, whether it's above or below-ground. For an additional token, you have access to a full lake or reservoir. Now the challenge is making sure it doesn't end up polluted and undrinkable.
- **A Helpful Resource (4 Tokens):** Perhaps your clan's territory is home to a grove of particularly durable and strong trees for lumber. Or perhaps it's in the middle of a migration route for many animals, both prey and predator. Maybe even some mineral veins in the stone, such as gold or warpstone. Regardless, your clan's territory has a fairly noteworthy resource for gathering and exploitation. **This option can be purchased multiple times.**
- **Chaos Corruption (+2/+3 Tokens):** Alas, how the claws of the Four reach far, and how deeply the taint of warpstone seeps into the land. The piece of the world in which your clan's capital lays is steeped in the corruption of Chaos. Those born on this twisted earth oft bear the mark of mutation and corruption down to their very soul, and even the plants and animals that dwell here become twisted and cursed. **Gain an additional +1 Token should your Local Enemy of the Beastmen, Norscans, or Warriors of Chaos -** for that indicates the presence of a cult. You will see roving packs of twisted warhounds, trolls touched personally by Tzeentch's ugly claws, and the hulking Chaos Spawn rampaging throughout.
- **Vampiric Corruption (+2/+3 Tokens):** The magicks of necromancy go far beyond the Wind of Death - for the magic of vampires and necromancers sinks deep into the soil. Trees begin to die, animals become feral and thirsty for blood, and worst of all: The dead do not *stay* dead, with corpses rising as zombies and skeletal fiends within minutes of falling. **Gain an additional +1 Token should your Local Enemy be of the Vampires or Necromancers -** for now besides the presence of zombies, you

have even more dangerous undead fiends roaming: Ghouls and crypt horrors, spectres, packs of dire wolves, worse besides as those rotting intruders go about their dark work.

- **Local Enemy (+2 Tokens):** Skaven have enemies. Who are those enemies? Everyone that isn't skaven. Vampires, humans of all stripes and walks of life, dwarves especially, greenskins of all breeds, elves, the northmen of chaos… And unfortunately, you have some enemies vying for control of your territory. They are aware of you and yours nigh almost immediately, and want to remove your clan from the region so that they may claim it. Maybe they're a group of dwarf prospectors eager to claim the metal seams lying under the earth. Mayhap a beastlord and his great war-herd are thirsty to exterminate those who slander and blaspheme against their deities. Or, it could be something as simple as an orc Boss and his boyz are coming through, and deciding you need a solid "krumping." **This option can be taken a maximum of three times.**
- **Dangerous Predators (+3 Tokens):** There are lots of monsters and beasts in this world that see skaven not as enemies, but as snacks. Dinosaurs, mournguls, stonefangs, trolls, and more besides. Unfortunately for you, your territory seems to be rife with monstrous fiends like this - your patrols will always be in danger of being picked off, and unless you keep your defenses will garrisoned there is always a risk of rats being picked off right in plain sight.
- **Hungry Land (+3 Tokens):** The land here is unstable - deceptively so, disturbingly hungry. Whether it is from growing patches of quicksand that from path to path, or deep mud-pits, or even strange erosion patterns that cause frequent formation of sinkholes, the land here seems hellbent on killing any who dwell or traverse it and destroying any sort of permanent construction with it. This is especially dangerous if you're underground, as cave-ins and tunnel collapses will become horrifyingly frequent. You'll find patrols and pathfinders disappearing with unfortunate frequency, and risk any sort of permanent construction being collapsed and swallowed up by the earth.

|Capital Structures & Places of Importance|

- **Dreg-Heaps (Free, Default):** Dreg-Heaps form the essential 'residential districts' of any major skaven settlement. More resembling demented communes that are connected at ramshackle angles, with streets that at the best of times seem to blend in with the piles and at the worst of times are a literal maze to navigate, there is never much space or privacy for the individual skaven. After all, only the prestigious and high-ranking deserve their own warrens and nests, located often at the top or deepest portions of the Heaps. Your clan's capital has a myriad of dreg-heaps,

enough that no matter the size of your city or clan there will at least be enough room for adequate sleeping space with only mild fighting over bunks and cots.

- **Slave Pens (Free, Default):** All skaven settlements contain the slave-pens - they can't have the wretched slaves mingling and potentially escaping. That's just bad for labor. And even if the slaves die from mistreatment, you can always ensure that more are born or captured. Your capital starts off with a set of slave pens automatically.
- **Farming Marsh (1 Free, 1 Token):** Skaven food production is generally one of the more overlooked industries in the Under-Empire, given the skaven's omnivorous and cannibalistic nature. However, there do exist some rats who hold to the logic that if you don't want your warriors eating each other to stay alive, having food stockpiles is essential. You start off with a substantial patch of farmland, either a great bog for cultivating rice or a fertile swamp for growing black corn. The initial farmland you receive for free will be just productive enough to ensure your Starting Population can remain decently fed. You can buy additional farming marshes for **1 Token**, allowing you to also choose what kind of food is produced through the marshes. If settlement is Subterranean, you may choose for these farms to instead be dedicated to various forms of fungal life, or arrange for your grain and black corn farms to be kept lit with warpstone light.
- **Monuments From Afar (1 Token):** You come from afar, or from elsewhere. That much can be told - but have you brought anything with you, by chance? Should you have a building, monument, or similar structure from elsewhere that you would prefer to incorporate into your clan's capital, one purchase is all it will take. Your clan will be immediately taught what it does, what it entails, and - should it be necessary - how to avoid breaking it.
- **Breeding & Whelping Pits (Variable Free, 3 Tokens):** Rat-mothers don't come cheap, and why should they: Without their myriad of wombs and artificially increased fertility, you wouldn't have the numbers to swarm your foes otherwise. Luckily, you've got connections. You start with some breeders and their attached whelping pits, where freshly-born ratlings will be held by their caretakers until grown enough to enter your clan's numbers. **Burrows and Lairs start with 1 Rat-Mother, while Nest-Lairs and Strongholds start with 2, and Under-Cities have 3.** Additional Rat-Mothers and their attached pits can be purchased for **3 Tokens**, and each comes with their own caretaker swarm of castrated skavenslaves to ensure they are comfortable and capable, and their spawn taken care of.
- **Vermin Market (1 Token):** The public market-place is always necessary for the lifeblood of a city. Through it flows a myriad of things: Coin and warp-token, slave, food, machinery and weaponry, all types of resources and barter… And information,

be it from rumour-mongering or trade. Your capital now has a sizeable market lane, with multiple tiers for both legitimate stores and rough-shod stalls.

- **Construction Caverns (2 Tokens):** Without the assembly-lines and forges of Skryre, many clans are required to assemble their own war-machines and vehicles when preparing for war. And during a peaceful period, you need to store those contraptions *somewhere*. The construction caverns are where this takes place, where rat-tanks, DOOMWHEELS, cannons, ballistae, and catapults are built, maintained, and stored between campaigns. Your clan has a set of these caverns, which serve as both shop and garage for such war-machines.
- **Harbor & Shipyard (2 Tokens, requires an ocean-side Biome, or Freshwater Source connected to an ocean):** Skaven vessels are, to put it bluntly, not the best. The clanfleet vessels are oft rickety and ramshackle, simply meant to carry both bodies and weapons into battle. But if given the chance even the largest human vessel will be swarmed over by the amount of rats in a clanfleet vessel. Between that and the amount of underground waterways, and the Underworld Sea in the far off New World, it's well worth for the skaven to invest in a harbor and shipyard.
- **Defenses (2/6 Tokens):** In this time of conflict and the spread of war, any settlement without a garrison or defensive system is begging for trouble. **2 Tokens** gets you the basic, but decent defensive options: A manned wall and garrison with defensive towers and gates to allow for traffic and withstanding sieges, barricaded access tunnels, and alarm systems all throughout. For an additional **4 Tokens,** for a total of **6**, you receive the maximum security package: Warp-lightning towers, warpstone cannons, wolf-rat patrols, traps and deadfalls waiting in every tunnel and access point, and greatly reinforced gates. **Nest-Lairs, Strongholds, and Under-Cities receive the 2-Token Defenses for free.**
- **Energy Generation (2/4/8/10):** Skaven society is one of the few to use technology above gunpowder and oil lanterns on this world; In fact, the only one to know and use electricity, although such infrastructure is notoriously difficult to organize. For **2 Tokens**, your capital has a set of Slave Wheels - literally just skavenslaves running on wheels, attached to gears within a coil generator. **4 Tokens** gets you a Piston House, where warpstone-heated furnaces generate steam that pushes a piston-driven turbine. **8 Tokens,** a complex of Warp-Lightning Capacitors with a warpstone-powered wheel that ensures energy is constantly generated and stored for the city's use. Finally, for a massive **10 Tokens,** a cavern-machine-complex of ridiculous size bearing a Warpstone Reactor - analogous to a nuclear reactor, reminiscent of the ones powering Skavenblight and the great underground warp-lightning trams that connect the Under-Empire's greatest cities.
- **Warprail Station & Trainyard (6 Tokens - Requires Stronghold or Under-City):** Deep under the earth, connecting the larger, greater skaven strongholds, run the

Warprails. Massive tunnel systems to which miles of metal track have been laid, with great electric-powered train engines running back and forth between the great under-cities. Your city is attached to the Warprail system, making it a location of great importance in the Under-Empire with all the good and ill that brings. It has a station to which the verminous trains arrive at, and from which they depart, bringing and taking with them great numbers of both ratmen and resources alike. In new worlds, this underground train will require digging out a new tunnel network for it to function - but that is why the attached trainyard has production facilities for both new trains, but also digging machines and metal tracks to run the entire length. It must absolutely be noted that due to your position as one of the Warprail destinations, you suddenly factor in heavily to the Under-Empire's greater plans - a potentially lethal position.

- *Eshin* - **Hideouts & Hidden Paths (2 Tokens):** The knowledge that an Eshin backstabber is roaming the shadows does much to convince a clanrat to behave and keep his scrabbling paws to himself. To enable Eshin's agents to go where they must at a rapid pace, hidden burrows and passageways are worked into the city planning - either during the initial construction, or after the fact and often without anyone else being permitted to know. **Eshin and bound Thrall-Clans receive these already integrated into the entirety of their capital and territory for free, and if the capital is an Under-City have their paths and scurry-holes integrated all the way up into the settlement above.**
- *Eshin* - **Den of Secrets (6 Tokens):** Beyond their trade in blood and stolen lives, Eshin deals in information; Collecting, stealing, trading, and manipulating it in all its forms. Information and secrets all find their way to the Den of Secrets, where it is recorded and filed for later use. The Den of Secrets is not only where Eshin's assassins muster and lurk before their blades are needed, but where warlords and seers trade for this much-very useful intelligence - for anything that occurs within a clan's domain will inevitably be observed and recorded.
- *Skryre, Moulder* - **Laboratories and Workshops (2 Tokens):** Whether it be for plumbing the depths of your knowledge or reiterating upon a mutative formula, the use of a laboratory and workshop is absolutely necessary. Your capital now has a series of massive warehouses or caverns specifically for such purposes. **Skryre, Moulder, and their related Thrall-Clans receive a set of these related to their clan's specialties (technology & machinery for Skryre, flesh & mutation for Moulder) for free, and can purchase extras at a discount.**
- *Skryre* - **Warp-Forge (6 Tokens):** The Warp-Forges are a place of industry. Where warpstone is refined and turned to diabolical purpose, where weapons are manufactured by hundreds upon thousands, where warp-smiths and warlock engineers earn their craft or die to industrial "accident." In practice they also act as

an extension of the Skryre laboratories, with the two often attached directly so that the discoveries in one can be used to further progress in the other, and vice versa. One purchase of this allows your clan to start with a fully-functioning, fully-staffed Warp-Forge.

- *Moulder* - **The Flesh Pits (6 Tokens):** From the growth vats where their rat-ogres are artificially engorged and pumped with steroid chemicals, to the holding pens that fill the air with enraged screams, snarls, howls, and roars, the flesh-shaping pits of a Moulder operation are home to horror and abomination. But without the mastery of flesh that Moulder practices, without its war-beasts and mutagenic enhancements, Skryre would all but dominate the Under-Empire. Your clan's capital has a seedy series of tunnels and caverns in which the creation of war-beasts and monsters takes place - complete with growth vats, complexes of surgical equipment, holding pens, and testing arenas.
- *Pestilens* - **Pox Cauldron (2 Tokens):** Every warren or nest that flies Pestilens banner is home to one of these great Pox Cauldrons - a great vat stewing with rotting corpses, ichor, pus, miasma, warpstone, and Harbinger knows what else. These Cauldrons' primary use is for Pestilens' eternal quest to find the perfect contagion that will scour the surface world clean, and serve as an effective focus for the Lore of Plague, but they have a blessed secondary use: The initiation of clanrats and stormvermin into the ranks of the Plague Monks, baptising them to the core with the Cauldron's myriad contagions. **Pestilens and related Thrall-Clans receive one Pox Cauldron free, and can purchase extras at a discount.**
- *Pestilens* - **Plagued Abbey (6 Tokens):** With pews full of chanting monks, mausoleums and halls dedicated to mastering the Lore of Plague, libraries full of contagion, and bunks for the pestilent brothers to dwell, the infectious monasteries of Pestilens oft become the heart of a settlement into which they have integrated. All who join your blighted brotherhood will find that the Plagued Abbey becomes their home, their training yard, and their center of faith in the grand, seeping chapel at its center. It is in the Plagued Abbey that your monks will be trained in combat and diseased knowledge, and where your priests will be trained in the magicks of the Harbinger.
- *Priesthood* - **Temple of the Horned Rat (4 Tokens):** The Temples to the Horned Rat stand tall and ominous over the cities they are built, forcing religious obedience into the ratkin who dwell in its shadow. Prayer services, bloody sacrifices, and vulgar displays of warp-magic are oft held on temple grounds to keep your populace in line. The Grey Seers who call the Temple home also do much to maintain the "spiritual health" of the city, searching out all those who go against the Horned Rat's doctrine and bringing them in for "cleansing." Should your breeders give birth to any Seers, they will be immediately brought here for raising and training.

- *Priesthood* - **Bell-Foundry (4 Tokens):** Your clan's capital is a blessed, sanctified location - for it plays home to a foundry of bells, the tools of magic for the Grey Seers. This bell-foundry is used for forging and forming all the bells used by the Horned Rat's heralds - from the small ones that tip their staves, to the monstrous Screaming Bells and the bells that are skitter-lept onto the highest point of any Temple.

|Clan Drawbacks|

- **A Mournful Birthday (+1/2/3 Tokens):** Something is wrong with your rat-mothers, Warlord. At **1 Token**, it appears as if there was sabotage during their initial formation - any rats born from a breeder's womb will be deformed and stunted in some manner, making them weaker and less able than an equivalent ratman in another clan or city. At **2 Tokens,** it is clear that your breeding pits are cursed, as every litter seems to be rife with death - more than half of the ratlings and pups dead on arrival. At **3 Tokens,** catastrophe has struck as if the Horned Rat makes his displeasure known - your breeders are completely barren, unable to so much as ovulate.
- **In The Blood (+1 Token):** Skaven psychology runs the gamut. You have the destructive insanity of Skryre, the sociopathy of Eshin, the obscene "tastes" of Moulder that violate every man-thing law of decency, and then there's just everything wrong with Pestilens. Beyond that, skaven society encourages a myopia of mental issues - obsessiveness and paranoia chief among them. Your clan, while it may have the baseline level of ratkin dysfunction, also seems to carry a specific mental issue in its bloodline. This psychological problem proliferates through ALL of your rats, and through all of the pups that are born.
- **I AM SKABBICUS! (+1 Token):** Something has riled the slaves. And continues to rile the slaves. You frequently have to put down slave uprisings and rebellions, either diplomatically or violently. While this will help ensure you have a "temporary food surplus," unfortunately one needs slaves for hard labor and ensuring a skaven settlement can operate efficiently. Expect work and slave-reliant infrastructure to slow down frequently, sometimes even grinding to a halt. And unfortunately, slaves have a tendency to wreck things when they rebel. Luckily, they can be put down relatively easily - but you'll have to replace them afterwards.
- **Cursed To Failure (+2 Tokens):** Well this is unfortunate. An ancient lizardman curse has been inflicted upon your clan, and it is at once most basic, but most irritating: Bad luck. Your clan will be struck by misfortune at every opportunity, from randomly malfunctioning equipment and facilities to disasters both natural and skaven-engineered. It will never be enough to kill your clan on its own, but it will cause misery and open the way for other enemies to destroy you.

- **Thieving Paws (+2 Tokens):** Some thieving rat's nicked your goods, and unfortunately it seems to be a reoccurring problem. Whether by bad luck, paws getting where they shouldn't, or magic, you and your clan are going to run into problems with inventory. Missing weapons, missing materials, missing armor… You know the drill. At least be glad that buildings can't be stolen… I hope.
- **Expansion Difficulties (+2 Tokens):** With how quickly skaven reproduce, you will always have to factor in a single problem - expansion. Expanding your capital and holdings is unfortunately something you're going to have a problem with. Whether it's just underling incompetence, the land itself fighting back and thwarting your attempts, the bedrock being too dense and strong to be drilled or dug through, or even sabotage from an enemy. You're just going to have trouble expanding or settling new nests and warrens - which means you'll be having unfortunate amounts of trouble with overpopulation in the process.
- **Clan Nemesis (+3 Tokens):** There is someone out there. Someone who despises your Clan with such bloody hate, and has the resources to hunt you down and make you and your followers suffer. Whether it is a Tilean General who knows full-well the scope of your threat, a Loremaster of Ulthuan who has suffered at your claws and desires such bloody vengeance, a fellow Skaven Warlord who sees you as an obstacle in his own plans, or maybe something as simple as a Night Goblin Chieftain who wants your skull for his boss-pole, you can expect trouble from them. They hate your guts, they have tools and soldiers aplenty, and they will make your life hell until dealt with.
- **Clash of Interests (+3 Tokens):** Every time your clan tries to claim something, or put a stake to something - a resource, a treasure, an achievement, or something else - they will inevitably run into conflict. Somebody else will ALWAYS show up right when you're claiming something, and will challenge you for it. Maybe you'll get a mining expedition of dwarves challenging you for gromril. Maybe it's a rival clan of skaven claiming they were the ones responsible for a military victory while you stole credit. Regardless, prepare to be always be fighting for your clan's rights.

|Unfortunate Circumstances|

You have gained so much, but still want more. I understand. It's the plight of the skaven, to always be hungry. Take some extra, but be warned-cautioned. These deals always come with a catch.

The Black Hunger (Default): Before we progress, a warning. All skaven bear the issues inherent in their physiology, woven into their being by the Horned God. You already know of their inherent mental deficiencies, such as paranoia and unnatural hatreds; But every skaven bears the pain of The Black Hunger - their bodies and metabolisms simply burn too much energy, every twitch and nervous shuffle consuming calories. As such, skaven are frequently hungry - requiring a lot of food, and resulting in such a nonchalant view on cannibalism, and why most battlefields involving the ratfolk wind up picked clean of all flesh and carrion. When you could starve to death in a matter of hours or days, why in the Horned One's name would you worry so much about the source of your protein? Given that this is inherent to the mere nature of being a skaven or beast of Moulder, there is some mild reprieve: Should you have anything to mitigate hunger or ensure your survival even while starving, or regulating your body's metabolism, you'll be fine.

Addictive Personality (+100): Addiction is just a thing that happens in the Under-Empire. Grey Seers get addicted to warpstone and chomp it at excess. Moulders and Mutators become addicted to inflicting pain. Eshin just gets zoned out on their myriad of drugs and toxins. For you, addiction will be a cold reality - you start deeply dependent, mentally and physically, on some sort of substance or activity such as warpstone. You could not even consider stopping the habit, and when you go without you start suffering breakdowns and violent shakes, the craving growing worse and worse. Even should you manage to wean yourself off of it for a time? You'll inevitably become addicted to something else, until it replaces that first dependence. Be careful that this doesn't wreck your body as well as your mind.

Chronic Backstabbing (+100): It is wise to mistrust your colleagues in the Under-Empire. An entire society driven by betrayal and knives in backs, it's simply common sense. But then there's taking it just a little too far. There's you. You see betrayal and conspiracy in everything. A clanrat doesn't bow low enough? He's plotting against you. The Grey Seer doesn't state your name properly? He's going to kill you in the next possible moment. That wolf-rat is sleeping? HE DREAMS OF MURDER! Not only do you see all of this in the most minor of gestures, but you are guaranteed to react to it in the worst way possible.

Inefficient Methodology (+100): You would think that given their construction methodology (fitting as many skaven into one space to maximize use of space), and their focus on world domination, that the skaven would do things efficiently, right? Right?

When their own biology wastes so much energy, and they waste so much brain power on paranoia and betrayal? You should know better, and now unfortunately you'll do far worse. Everything you do and commit to will be done in the worst, most inefficient, most wasteful way imaginable. Overkill will be multiplied, resources spent willy-nilly and lost hither and yon, and unfortunately you're going to see truly ridiculous expenditures of both ratpower, warp-tokens, and personal energy.

SKAVEN SCIENCE IS THE BEST IN THE WORLD! (+100): The ratmen of the underworld are truly an inventive species; When they aren't pushing technology to its maddest limits, they're pushing everything else past the point of decency and personal well-being. It is especially notable on that last point, given the majority of skaven technlogy having an unfortunately high chance of backfiring and short-circuiting in a glorious display of failure. You're going to have this inventive genius of the ratfolk alright… But it's never going to end well. You'll constantly come up with the most inspired inventions, or tactics, or construction projects, or anything else - but the failure rates for the resultant creations of yours will be astronomical. Create a ratling-rocket-launcher? Great, Skryre would love it - except that the fuses constantly blow before the gun even starts spinning up properly and the entire thing always explodes in the weapon team's faces. New battlefield tactics will see great routs and failures of the warband or army to actually make headway, or even result in a complete wipeout and surrender. Rest assured, you're going to lose a lot of resources, ratpower, and time whilst pursuing these mad inventive flights of fancy.

Joining the Rat Race (+200): Before, you may have had ways to keep your mind free of verminous influence. Maybe you've had perspective that allows you to remember how you are supposed to act. Maybe you were once one of a number of higher beings, with greater intellect and morality. None of that matters now - mentally, you're no better than any of these flea-ridden ratfolk. Short-sighted, short-tempered, cowardly, and cold-hearted. Have fun in the rat race.

If taken with **Curse of the Horned Rat**, your mental processes will be especially chaotic as your mind and former morality struggles to reconcile with your actions and thoughts as one of the Under-Empire.

Curse of the Horned Rat (+200): It's a strong spell in the Grey Seer arsenal - conjuring upon the Horned One's malevolent power to twist and break the shapes of man-thing, beard, elf, or other surface-dweller. While it oft turns them into vaguely rat-shaped corpses, the unfortunate among the skaven's enemies become completely transmogrified - turning

into common clanrats, but still completely aware of who they once were and what they are now. These newly-inducted ratmen often go insane, being slaughtered by their new "comrades" or being chained up as a slave. You don't get that luxury.

You were once a man: Perhaps a hardened Norscan, or a proud Bretonnian knight. You were in a battle against the ratfolk of the deep warrens, and were struck by the Curse of the Horned Rat. Now you are one of the skaven - one of the common clanrats or slaves, forced to reconcile your new existence as a filthy, worthless ratkin. Every day your previous life as a human will clash horrifically with your new life as you struggle to adapt to the new body, to its requirements and the endless Black Hunger gnawing away at your gut and brain. And don't think that any sort of polymorphing or transformation will help - you are cursed by a god into this form, trapped in verminous flesh for the duration of your years here.

If your purchased Births were either Grey Seer, Stormvermin, or Moulder Creation, you will receive that form at the end of your duration in this world. For now you'll just have the Clanrat body and whatever you purchased from The Laboratory of a Madrat.

By The Horned One's Blessing (+200): Do not think-consider that your odd nature was unnoticed. I see the magicks and the miracles in your possession, and such things would be considered HERESY TO THE HORNED RAT! But I'll let you keep them, for a price. Such faith-driven spellcraft or normal magicks will not work, not unless you give yourself to the Horned Rat like we Grey Seers. Praise his name and work his will upon the world, and you may use everything at your disposal - with the added benefit of carrying the taint of his ruinous realm, spreading the skaven's pollution and attracting vermin in its wake. Try it without, and you'll find it fizzles and sputters uselessly. ***PRAISE THE HORNED RAT!***

Death From The Sky (+200): The Great Ascendancy. When all skavenkind will rise up, and take the surface world. An Ascendancy that still lies so, so far away; And compared to the number of surface-dwellers, very few skaven can even say they've left their subterranean warrens and looked up at the sky. And with the amount of dangers, enemies, and hazards that the surface holds… Many skaven, now including you, are deathly afraid of the surface world. Every moment outside will be spent in heart-racing, mind-quivering terror at the dangers that could lurk around every corner or over every hill. The deep, open sky above is a yawning abyss, as hungry and as deep as the ocean, with massive dragons and great birds lurking and waiting to snatch up an insignificant rat like you as dinner. You'll only ever be able to calm down in the deep tunnels and warrens of the underground - where several kilometers of rock and soil separate you from the open world above.

Grey-Clad Sponsor (+200): You were sponsored by a Grey Seer, to ensure your entry into this world went smoothly. He's a… He's not a pleasant one, either. He's very demanding and needy, willing to abuse his powers to get what he wants. Fortunately for you, you don't really have to indulge his wants and demands, and they will be frequent. Unfortunately, you do have to ensure his dumb horns stay alive. Which will be a challenge, considering this Seer is going out of his way to just create enemies wholesale - whether it's deliberately thwarting or interfering with the plans of his superiors, or just plain creating havoc where there was none before. If he dies, your sponsorship dies with him - and you'll come under a *lot* of fire, both politically and literally. After all, you were obviously his accomplice and partner-in-crime. Luckily, you'll gain a third sense for both this belligerent seer's position, and for if he's in any extreme danger.

Prepare to feel how every stormvermin bodyguard since the beginning of the Under-Empire has felt.

A Rat In A Maze (+300): The Labyrinth of the Horned Rat is a prison, deep in the verminous god's realm of ruin. For many an apprentice Grey Seer, finding their way out of this great maze is the final test to prove themselves worthy of becoming a fully-fledged Seer. Before if you are a Seer, you wouldn't have even needed to see it; You would have simply entered the world ripe and ready. Now, even if you are naught but a wretched Skavenslave, you will awaken to find yourself trapped in the Labyrinth's heart. Your decade-long stay here will not begin until you escape the Labyrinth, and a challenge it will be indeed. The miles-wide maze is a prison for those unfortunate souls the Verminlords have captured and slain, and a hunting ground for the verminous daemons to prey and feed on the lost. All manner of warrior and victim lies here - knight of Bretonnia, Norscan barbarian, even orcish warlords are lost in these halls. The maze itself changes and twists its layout - walls creeping and inching forward to turn long halls into dead ends, and trapping its lost souls in roundabouts and sealed rooms. There is an exit, make no mistake. But you must find it, before your journey can truly begin.

A Pawn In A Shadowy Play (+300): The Shadow Council of Thirteen, lead by the dread rat-daemon Skreech Verminking, is the controlling force of the Realm of Ruin. The verminlords who sit upon this council are the greatest of their kind, each with schemes and plans spanning generations and centuries in both their hellish domain and the mortal world. You, my unfortunate soul, now factor into the schemes of the Shadow Council as a significant pawn or sacrifice, whether you like it or not. You will frequently find yourself in horrifically dangerous positions, forced to face enemies beyond your ken, and require all of your cunning and desire to live in order to survive the struggles. You won't have time to worry about the consequences of the Shadow Council's web of schemes between surviving another day and pushing your own goals ahead.

Starring In A Book of Kings (+300): Their names are Gotrek Gurnisson and Felix Yaeger. One is a Dwarf Slayer, the strongest to ever live, seeking his doom after murdering a dwarf lord and his retinue in rage. The other is a human chronicler, swearing a blood oath to Gotrek after the slayer saved his life, and now destined to pen down Gurnisson's story until his fated death. The two become some of the most fortuitous heroes in this world's history, and are noted for being the greatest roadblock in the path of a skaven seer: Thanquol. At least, normally it would be Thanquol - now, you have replaced the Grey Seer as Gotrek and Felix's verminous nemesis.

Any plans you seek to complete or progress will now feature these two stalwart warriors as your nemeses - even should they die in one, they will simply be back again by fortune's favor to thwart you again. They have slain Chaos Lords, Dragons, Daemons, a Sky-Titan (the progenitors to the modern day Giants), Vampire Lords, great sea monsters, the list goes on and on for the dwarf's feats and the human's inadvertent achievements. Some god of luck and fortune looks over these two for the sheer number of events they have been through, survived, AND succeeded. All I can say: Good luck, rat.

Personally Invested In Your Demise (+300): Aah, and how unfortunate for you now. You have made a powerful enemy in this land, vermin. The Belegar Ironhammer or Skarsnik to your Queek Head-Taker. This nemesis has many resources, soldiers, and spells alike to seek your destruction - and often has the power to personally carve their way through the battlefield to fight you directly, and has great desire in doing so. I would wish you luck, child of the Horned One… But you probably did something to deserve this. In fact I almost guarantee it. You'll be able to foil their plans and decimate their armies, but you'll only be able to properly defeat them at the end of your story in this world - a grand climactic showdown. **This drawback can be taken twice, for that proper Queek vs Skarsnik vs Belegar experience.**

|SKAVENSLAVE + CLAN LEADER SCENARIO: Breaking The Chains|

All it takes is the faintest spark of anger and rebellious hate.
Despair washes away faster than it sank in, replaced by anger and desire. Anger against one's oppressors, and a burning desire: To both chew out the throats of those who keep you in chains, and a desire for freedom. Such desires can be easily caught in the souls of one's compatriots.

In this foul place you've been enslaved, you must be that spark that ignites rebellion. **You're given 10 Tokens to figure out the specifics of your place of enslavement - its populace, its territory, and the clan who holds sway. You may take territory drawbacks to add additional tokens to this count, as well as fulfilling the requirements in the Clan Name & Founding prompt.**

It won't be easy. The chain of abuse ends at the skavenslaves, who get bruised, battered, and sacrificed by all rungs of the Empire's hierarchy above them. Such ages of abuse and battery cause despair to set in over the slave pens, and they in turn reinforce it by abusing their fellow slaves. You will have to start from the ground up, encouraging behaviors that are so antithetical to the skaven existence: Cooperation. Hope. Build up their fellow slaves instead of tearing them down. And you must try and teach your fellow slaves these things while keeping yourself and as many of them alive as possible.

As your base of rebels begins to grow, you will have to begin procuring supplies. Weapons of better quality than the absolute garbage that skavenslaves are oft equipped with. Stealing and scurry-snatching more food to ensure you and your rebels can be at your best performance. Armor if you can squirrel it away, more's the better. And you will have to be careful with these careful gathering of supplies, for even your fellow slaves and those outside of your circle may betray you and your cache locations for something as small as extra rations.

As well, you must begin working out your plan of attack. Your final target is simple, of course: Depose the current Warlord of the skaven stronghold, either by chasing his cowardly tail out of the hold or by murdering him in front of all your followers. But there is a plan of attack that must be established - you'll be attacking from the weakest part of the stronghold, after all. The garrison and any standing military force will be striking at you fast and hard - so you must figure out a chain of targets to take in your rebellion. Figure out what the current regime has constructed. Perhaps they have a set of Construction Caverns that could be hijacked, turning the stored war-machines against the current ruling powers? Maybe there is a Moulder-allied branch of Flesh-Shaping Pits, where you could release the war-beasts and let them rampage ahead of your forces?

You'll need *something,* more than just your band of skavenslaves. Luckily, the ruling clan shall provide. **Choose four structures from the Capital section of 'Raising the Clan' - these will be structures added to the settlement by the previous Warlord, and will be the target assets to aid in your rebellion. This also guarantees that these structures will survive relatively intact after the rebellion.**

Once you have decided your plan of action, gathered your initial force, and gotten together what equipment you can… now is the time. Begin your attack, and cast down the chains. Remember your weaknesses. You will be facing clanrats, stormvermin, and potentially more besides. You are skavenslaves, less than dirt. Use everything to your advantage.

Should you begin pressing the advantage and, against all odds, even begin succeeding? Skaven are cowards to a fault, and quick to become turncoats. If you begin winning, you could see troupes of clanrats begin fleeing the stronghold - some even potentially defecting to your cause. Stormvermin are significantly less likely, given the blackfurs' inflated ego - more likely than not, they will continue fighting back until the battle is visibly lost, resulting in them abandoning the field. Siding with a *slave* would simply be too much of a stain on their reputation. The seers, will be a wild-card - they are the heralds of the Horned Rat, and so while they may instinctively retaliate against the slave rebellion, watching the tides turn could see them defecting to save face (and get an in with the new management). If they do not, well… They bleed all the same.

Anything you have purchased that was not discounted to the Skavenslave origin, as well as any Companions who are not Skavenslaves themselves, will be found at this point in time.

Should you have achieved victory against the Warlord of this Clan hold, and either driven him from the city or cut his head from his mangy neck… You are only halfway there.

A rebellion needs to care for its followers and citizenry better than the old command structure, lest it be deposed in turn and fail. With your newly usurped clan and territory, comes the more difficult parts of the duties of leadership.

The first, you must ensure that despite the conflict that has occured, the production or acquiring of food still occurs. You'll have a few options here - the easiest of which, would be to simply enslave the clanrats who have survived and been taken prisoner, forcing them into the back-breaking toil of the skavenslave life. Should you desire to break away from the hierarchical abuse of the ratfolk society, however, you will have to convince everyone -

citizenry, clanrat, and victorious rebel - to ensure that the marshes remain tended or the fields plowed.

The second, you must see to the restoration of your newly-usurped clan's capital. Revolutions come with property damage, after all. You'll have to rebuild everything that was razed or damaged in the chaos - and unfortunately, some things are just too far gone to repair. You'll just have to clean away the debris and build anew.

And the third, and final detail: You must establish you and yours as being capable of fighting back against intrusion. Unless your capital is hidden, your little uprising will not go unnoticed. Rival skaven clans will attempt to swoop in, either to "reclaim" the settlement or simply to pillage, plunder, and enslave before flitting away. Bandits and nemeses both above and below will start harrying you from all sides - ingrates that must be removed all the same.

You are given an additional 10 Tokens to spend on the entirety of the Clan-Builder, in the Clan Specialties & Quirks section as well as the Capital Structures section. You may take a discount on any Structure - represented with the building or landmark in question being damaged, but salvageable. Anything not purchased will just be considered razed beyond saving, and whatever hollowed remains will be demolished. Your 'Constrainment of Clan' choice will decide any other discounts, and you may at this time dip into the Clan Drawbacks.

These are dark, rough times ahead for your newly-attained clan. Dark times indeed, for as with all positions of leadership there are a myriad of things to consider. Sufficient housing, functional infrastructure, reopening trade connections with previous partners. But if you've made it this far, you'll survive.

|WARBAND SCENARIO - The Schemes of Fallen Cities|

After precisely five years on this world*, you will be approached by a Grey Seer flanked by two albino stormvermin. No words will be exchanged - simply the gift of a letter and the Seer's departure. The letter is kept short and simple:

*Skavenslave Special: Occurs on successful escape of your unfortunate circumstance, or completion of Skavenslave scenario..

"Horned Rat has begun laying schemes to strengthen the Under-Empire for our ascension. You have been chosen as the arbiter of a few such schemes, and have been deemed the leader of a great warband to see these schemes through.

Select your forces and go. In Horned Rat's name."

Below the message, a list of targets, and a strange scrawling in green ink.

+50 Requisition Tokens.

|Warband Selection|

Each unit below costs exactly 1 Token unless otherwise stated, regardless of their number and strength.

As well, you receive **one (1) Hero** for free, to serve as your lieutenant, bodyguard, or herald. Additional Heroes can be purchased at 1 Token per individual. Each unit and hero will also, if applicable, make mention of their equipment. If an OR is used, this indicates a choice - for a unit, this will outfit them all with the weapon selected.

Should any of your Warband fall, they will be resurrected after a week's time.

Heroes

Apprentice Grey Seer: Grey Seers, the most fervent servitors of the Horned God's will, oft find themselves in great positions of lordship over other skaven. Alas, even among them there are the greenhorns: the apprentice emissaries who have yet to prove themselves as fully-fledged Seers. While the priesthood keeps these young rats to the cloisters until they are properly trained, occasionally the apprentices must be tested on the field of battle. This weaker Seer is just barely scratching the surface on his magical potential, but knows spells within both Ruin and Plague to scourge the surface-dwellers.

Equipment:

-Light Armor

-Hand Weapon & Staff

-May have 1 Token spent to give the Apprentice Grey Seer a War Litter (carried by 4 Clanrats with Hand Weapons) OR spend 2 tokens to give a War Litter (carried by 4 Stormvermin with Halberds) or a Minor Screaming Bell.

Assassin: The pinnacle of Clan Eshin warriors, the culmination of countless years of training and foul, murderous plot. Masters of poison and knifework, the Assassins sell their skills to the highest bidder, and oft are used by the Council of Thirteen to maintain the current status quo of the Under-Empire. Whether hiding as a common clanrat or working their reconnaissance and subterfuge alone, an Assassin remains a terrifying tool within a Warlord's arsenal; Whether they fight with poisoned blades, envenomed shuriken, timed explosive, or savage bite.

Equipment:

-Dual Hand Weapons (Toxic)

-Light Armor

-Shurikens (Toxic)

-Smoke Bombs & Normal Bombs

-May have 1 Token spent to upgrade into an Eshin Sorcerer, with access to Lore of Stealth.

Chieftain: The step below Clan Warlord, Chieftains are among the highest-ranking warriors within a Clan. While subservient to more powerful skaven (such as you), within their demesne a Chieftain holds absolute control. These ambitious and bloodthirsty rats strive to become lords, usurping control and slaughtering those who can best serve as stepping stones to their ascension. In the thick of battle, a Chieftain is a source of morale, tactics, and leadership for the skaven forces; Even in the worst-case-scenario of a Warlord or Seer falling, a Chieftain can prevent a total rout of his forces and his inadvertent grab for power can turn the tide.

Equipment:

-Halberd

-Heavy Armor

-This Chieftain starts as a Clanrat. May have 1 Token spent to upgrade Chieftain into a brawnier Stormvermin Chieftain.

-May have 2 Tokens spent to give a Rat-Ogre Bonebreaker mount.

Master Moulder: The senior-ranking members of Clan Moulder, just above the common Packmasters. Master Moulders are the disgusting minds behind some of the twisted horrors of Hell Pit, just short of the Master Mutators' degeneracy. These burly commanders, flesh-twisted and hulked out from their own chemicals and mutagenic processes, often lead their creations into the field of battle personally; Both to observe the chaos their monsters' inflict on the field of battle, and to scavenge for choice parts and slaves. Their presence instills great discipline in even Wolf-Rats and Rat-Ogres - their ability to inflict pain enough to warrant even fear in a wolf-rat's eyes. Their mercenary work is entirely to fund their gains of knowledge and expanding their menagerie.

Equipment:

-Thing-Catcher & Whip

-Light Armor

-May have 1 Token spent to give the Master Moulder a Great Pox Rat mount OR spend 2 Tokens to give a Brood Horror or Rat Ogre Bonebreaker.

Plague Priest: Just below the Plaguelords sit their Priests, the higher echelons of Pestilens. It is the Priests who stoke the fires of zealotry within their brother's hearts, and inspire loyalty and hatred in equal amounts. The plague priests seek no material wealth, only vindication and the scourging of the surface world for their Horned God. This priest is already well-versed in the Lore of Plagues, earned from his devotion to the Harbinger and long study of the Book of Woe.

Equipment:

-Hand Weapon

-Light Armor

-May have 1 Token spent to upgrade Hand Weapon to either Great Weapon (Scythe) or Plague Censer*.

-May have 1 Token spent to give the Plague Priest a Great Pox Rat mount OR spend 2 Tokens to give a Plague Furnace*.

*Disclaimer: While still powerful & useful, these are just their basic in-universe versions. Not the CP purchased equivalent.

Warlock-Engineer: To meld sorcery and science into one cataclysmic end of the world, the most ingenious, diabolical, psychotic minds to ever walk the earth. The Warlock-Engineers are mercenary to a fault, always seeking to expand their coffers so as to ensure their next invention and spot of mayhem is as well-funded as possible. Covered in so much whirring, clanking, steaming machinery that one can barely see the rat under the cogs and gears, the rats of Skryre wish to destroy and decimate. This engineer begins already well-trained in the Lore of Warp & Ruin, and is entirely too eager to start practicing his craft.

Equipment:

-Warlock's Halberd OR Techno-Hand Weapon

-"Heavy Armor" (Read: Machinery)

-May have 1 Token spent to give the Warlock-Engineer either a Doom-Flayer Machine or a Doomwheel to ride.

Infantry

700 Skavenslaves: The absolute dirt of skaven society, used for cannon fodder and cheap labor. There are enough skavenslaves within a clan or city that the tactics employed often seem deliberately designed to cull their numbers, to reduce the number of mouths needing food. Regardless of their small stature, their weak physique, and their malnourishment,

skavenslaves are useful for one thing: clogging & burying the enemy under the weight of bodies, until your more useful units can go in and take the kill, or the enemy can be bombarded with artillery.

Equipment:

-No Armour

-Hand Weapons OR Spears OR Slings & Stones

300 Clanrats: While they may *just* barely be above slaves in society, they are at least properly equipped with armaments and armour. Clanrats are the mainstay of a legitimate skaven army or warband, for their numbers are only outmatched by the shiftless slaves. Forming into great blocks to swarm and overwhelm a foe, these soldiers hold a key place in the battleline.

Equipment:

-Hand Weapons & Shields OR Spears OR Spears & Shields

-Light Armour

200 Eshin Triads: Eshin doesn't oft make use of standard infantry - instead preferring the guerilla tactics of their Runners, or target elimination entirely with their Assassins. But if the need to field an army arises, they have a unit up their raggedy sleeves: The Triads. These skaven are trained in the use of the guandao, a broad-headed and heavy polearm from the eastern lands of Cathay. Such is the skill set used by the Triads that even with simple cloth armour and minimal plating, they stand a much better chance of holding the line than even the most heavily-plated Clanrats.

Equipment:

-Guandao

-Light Armour

100 Stormvermin: The fighting elite of the Under-Empire, Stormvermin stand on another level from their scrawny clanrat brothers - almost as another species entirely. Standing a full head taller to rival a man-thing, with powerful musculature, and always covered in ebon-black fur. The largest and most aggressive rats, stormvermin are assigned either as bodyguards to a Chieftain or Warlord, or form the vanguard of a skaven war-host. With their well-forged plate armour and wicked armaments, the blackfurs are a deadly foe to the surface-dwellers.

Equipment:

-Heavy Armour

-Hand Weapons & Shields OR Halberds

200 Plague Monks: The most common infantry fielded by Clan Pestilens and its thrall-clans, these fanatics are devoted to spreading their corruption amongst enemy lines. Their diseased bulk dulls the pain inflicted by enemy blows, and the zealotry flowing their veins causes their assault to be relentless. Their rusted implements are not simply for killing, but to ensure that the foe who survives their attack will die in agony before the day is out.

Equipment:
-Light Armour
-Dual Hand Weapons

150 Censer Bearers: These rats announce their presence miles before their arrival - the great lantern-flails that are their weapons always wafting with warpstone-enhanced, plague-carrying mist that drifts on the breeze. Studded with spikes, the censers deal crushing blows and shatter armour with every successful strike, all while the plagues within their smoke tear at the bodies of their victims. These censer-bearers know no fear; never faltering nor retreating, only until death does their rampage end.

Equipment:
-Light Armour
-Plague Censers

200 Night Runners: The most numerous of Eshin's infantry, the Night Runners are the first rank many of the stealthy rats reach. Common enough to be fielded as soldiers, the night runners still rely upon their nightmarish agility and speed to put themselves a cut above the common clanrat. These hooded rogues excel at flanking maneuvers and harassment tactics, and larger blocks of them can weave into clanrat ranks to create a murderous battle-line: Clanrat shields and spears keeping the enemy's attention while night runners duck and weave into and out of danger to take lives with ease.

Equipment:
-Light Armour
-Dual Hand Weapons
-Throwing Knives

150 Gutter Runners: The next tier up from Night Runners are the Gutter Runners - those nimble, furtive creatures that survived their apprenticeship in the Night Runner ranks. Having undergone more extensive training in the Cathayan killing arts, these rats contort and twist themselves with such speed and dexterity that enemy blows simply slice empty air. Second only to the feared Assassins, these elite skirmishers and scouts will leave an ambushed enemy with nothing but carved throats and no sign they were ever there.

Equipment:

-No Armour (Black Clothing)
-Dual Hand Weapons (Poisoned)
-Shuriken (Poisoned)
-Smoke Bombs

100 Poisoned-Wind Globadiers: One of several classes of Skryre weapon-specialists, the masters of poisoned wind are the first known use of chemical warfare on this world. The globadiers spend years mastering their craft - the creation of the perfect glass globes, the brewing of the chemical gasses that swirl within each globe, and the manufacture of their own rebreathing suits to ensure their own creations do not kill them. On impact when thrown, the glassy globes shatter - and their toxic payload disperses, drifting on the wind or simply billowing outwards in a great green or purple cloud. Mere skin contact with the gas causes searing agony, and breathing it in inflicts a horrific, sudden death on both friend and foe as their lungs boil and dissolve.

Equipment:
-Hand Weapon
-Gas Mask & Rebreathing Apparatus
-Poisoned-Wind Globes

50 Warplock Jezzails: Named after their long-musket rifles that fire refined warpstone bullets, these teams of sniper-and-palisade-carrier are one of the newest dangers to the ever-growing list of skaven nemeses. The jezzails, about as long as a man-thing is tall, are capable of firing at targets many kilometers off - penetrating even thick dwarven armor and hitting with enough force to kill in that single shot. With their pavise-bearers - ensuring the team is shielded as well as giving a solid platform for the jezzail to rest against - these marks-rats are capable of picking off any target in their sights. Just don't expect them to fair well in melee combat.

Equipmet:
-2 Skaven Per Jezzail Team
-1 Skaven Marksman, 1 Skaven Pavise-Carrier

50 Weapon Teams: Specialized duos of skaven engineers - one carrying the ammunition or fuel, the other carrying the weapon. These are the most common armaments seen deployed alongside Clanrats and other verminous infantry, to provide the battle-line with much needed firepower. The four most common teams are: Warpfire Throwers, spewing a massive cone of warp-tainted fire that burns and clings to its unfortunate victims; Ratling Guns, a spinning, multi-barreled firearm that spits a constant barrage of bullets in a wild, scything stream that can cut down charging Orc Boar Boys midgallop; Poisoned-Wind Mortars, with much the same dangers as Globadiers but capable of a far greater distance

and mobility; and Warp-Grinders, which while predominantly used to burrow tunnels and break through walls and barricades, can still fire their warp-energy beams to zap-kill foes.

Equipment:

-On Purchase: Warpfire Throwers OR Ratling Guns OR Poisoned-Wind Mortars OR Warp-Grinders

-2 Skaven Per Weapon Team

-1 Skaven carrying the ammo / fuel / generator, 1 Skaven carrying the projector

Warmachines & Artillery

10 Doom-Flayers: The original was made from the scavenged engine of a dawi gyro-coptor and as many scattered swords and axes as possible. Since that fateful day, the Doom-Flayer has become a mainstay in the tunnels and mines of the World's Edge Mountains. A motorized iron ball covered in spinning blades and screeching saws, each Doom-Flayer bears a warpstone engine keeping it rolling at a not-insignificant speed into the foe. There is very little that can keep a Doom-Flayer from rolling forward - and should it be halted by magic or obstruction, it will remain a deadly hazard as its blades and radiating warpstone core continue running.

Equipment:

-Spinning Blades & Saws

-1 Skaven Pilot with Hand Weapon

1 DOOOOOOOOOMWHEEEEEEEEEL: Few devices sum up the insanity and genius that Skryre operates upon, than the infernal Doomwheel. Powered by combination of warpstone-core and a team of rats running along the enormous treadmill within the great wooden wheel, and piloted by an apprentice Warlock-Engineer who has been trained most of his short life to pilot one of these things and nothing else. The Doomwheel is a fearsome-yet-comical sight on the field of battle, with a warp-lightning cannon mounted on the front of its chassis that fires off random blasts as the core discharges. With the maniacal laughter of the warpstone-fumigated warlock fearlessly plowing the dreadful engine over friend and foe alike, there are few forces who will not rout automatically when it comes rolling in.

Equipment:

-Randomly-Discharging Warp-Lightning Cannon

-Bladed Plow

-Crushing Wheel

-Rat Swarm Hopped Up On Stimulants

-1 Skaven Apprentice-Warlock

1 Rat Tank: Klawmunkast of Clan Skryre was a madrat. He contributed one war machine to the Skryre catalogue, but what a machine it was: The Rat-Tank. Modeled after the Empire of Man's steam-tanks, The Rat-Tank is a massive box-like machine that moves with a series of treads (powered by the movement of rats), with a Doomwheel's chassis attached to back containing a warpstone engine. The movement of the rats powers the engine and moves the tank, while three hapless Clanrats are left inside the very cramped tank controlling its weapons and steering.

Equipment:

-1 Warp-Lightning Cannon (Hull)

-1 Warp-Fire Thrower (Turret)

-3 Clanrats, one for each weapon, and one piloting the tank.

-Each Clanrat has 1 Warplock Pistol

5 Plagueclaw Catapults: In their quest to find the perfect contagion to wipe the surface world clean, Clan Pestilens has discovered that the byproducts of their cauldrons make for perfect ammunition. So was the Plagueclaw Catapult invented - launching lumps of plague cauldron leavings into enemy lines, creating hot-spots of infection and spreading their lethal payloads. Their plagued assaults also spread terror like no other: For who would not feel their blood run cold when bombarded by mouldering boulders made of rotting corpses, congealed poison, disease-soaked water, and toxic fungus. Especially when said bombardment explodes into a toxic storm when connecting?

Equipment:

-Splattery, Gooey, Infectious Goop (Ammunition)

-3 Plague Monks per Catapult, each with 1 Hand Weapon

5 Warp-Lightning Cannons: The deadliest weapon in the Skryre arsenal, the warp-lightning cannon is a diabolical fusion of magic and technology in a way only the skaven could manage. Powered by a raw boulder of warpstone and condensing the channeled warp-energies along a rune-covered barrel, the cannon generates an excessive amount of energy before firing it as a single, long beam of warp-lightning. This beam of warp-lightning chars and explodes its way through all but the most magically-resistant materials, treating even inches-thick stone and metal like fire burns through paper.

Equipment:

-Warp-Lightning Blasts

-2 Skavenslaves to push and turn each cannon.

-1 Skryre Adept to aim and fire.

-Each Skaven has 1 Hand Weapon

1 Warpstorm Doomrocket Mortar (5 Tokens): Ikit Claw's other brainchild, the Warpstorm Doomrockets are a potent and destructive weapon on the battlefield. Such weapons are expensive to deploy even with the Skryre budget, but the expense is well worth it. They may not annihilate cities like the Doomsphere, but against enemy lines and defenses the Warpstorm Doomrockets are more than capable of their fair share of destruction. Even the forces of Chaos, mighty dragons, and even larger beasts besides melt like fat before the fiery detonations of these rockets.

Equipment:

-Warpstorm Doomrockets

-2 Clanrats to operate the mortar.

Warbeasts

Disclaimer: Due to the unstable demeanor and ravenous nature of each kind of beast, a purchase of a unit comes with 1 Moulder Packmaster to manage and guide them in combat. Unless you have some method of ensuring the beasts obedience and loyalty yourself, in which case you can forego the Packmaster.

Rat Swarms (5 Tokens): The presence of a Skaven army has an abnormal effect on rodents, as if twisted by the mere intent of the Horned Rat. Already so common as to be found in nearly every home from Naggaroth to Hexoatl, and from Ulthuan to Black Crag, rats become incensed and vicious when the ratkin march; Congregating in a massive tide of black, white, brown, and piebald fur under their humanoid kindred's footpaws. The sight of a rat swarm, enough to bowl a man over and devour him alive in seconds, is enough to drive any villager and warrior to flee.

Equipment:

-The size of your rat swarms will always be comparable to the size of your Warband and the number & type of units that you purchase. It will always be a massive number. Only requires one purchase.

-Gnawing, Biting, Chewing Teeth

-May have 1 Token spent to turn into Clan Pestilens' Plague Rats, which carry the Nieglish Rot.

300 Giant Rats: Massive, mutated, and malicious - the giant rats frequently sent out by Moulder are the scourge of sewer systems and mines. Even just one giant rat is capable of tackling and murdering a full-grown man, so when a snarling mass of them can be seen charging down a dimly lit, cramped space… Most don't even get to pray to Morr before their lights are snuffed out. On their own, a giant rat is more likely to flee than fight - keep them in their swarm, and the beasts will be a snarling threat.

Equipment:

-Even Bigger Gnawing, Biting, Chewing Teeth

200 Wolf-Rats: The infamous hybrid if Kislevite wolf and giant rat, concocted from a degenerate Moulder mind. Aberrants made of hound and rat, wolf-rats are savage and bloodthirsty creatures that bear no fear for their enemies, so incongruous to the skaven whole. Slaves run fast-quick when they escape captivity, for the jailers don't bother fetching them back - simply letting the wolf-rats loose to feed on the unfortunate souls.

Equipment:

-Teeth & Claws

20 Rat Ogres: Surgically woven together with twine, skalm, staples, and carefully applied insanity, the rat-ogres are a pinnacle of Moulder's art. Combining the speed and ferocity of the Skaven with the muscle and bulk of an Ogre, the Rat-Ogre has inherited the voracity and hunger of both species. This wretched creature was born and made to be a killing machine, requiring no higher thought or intelligence beyond basic instinct.

Equipment:

-Massive Teeth & Claws - although some rat-ogres have their limbs replaced with surgically-attached cleavers and giant slabs of sharp metal.

10 Stormfiends: Now this is interesting. You shouldn't be seeing these monsters yet, not until the End Times. But the Stormfiend is a collaboration between Moulder and Skryre - a rat-ogre with a "higher mind" allowing use of the complex weaponry grafted onto its fists, a specially-bred Packmaster whose nervous system has been agonizingly grafted into the Ogre's own, whose body is degenerated and crippled but whose brain has been mutated and enhanced by countless warpstone experiments. The Stormfiend is a weapon platform and warbeast combined, and each fiend has a specialized weapon set grafted on to its limbs: Grinderfists, Ratling Cannons, Warpfire Projectors, and Windlaunchers working the same as the ones detailed in Weapon Teams, only strapped on to a single unit; Shock Gauntlets, powered by warp generators that cover a Stormfiend in a perpetual cloak of warp-lightning; and Doom-Flayer Gauntlets, taking the twisted logic of a Doom-Flayer and making it portable on an ogrish scale.

Equipment:

-Grinderfists OR Ratling Cannons OR Warpfire Projectors OR Windlaunchers OR Shock Gauntlets OR Doom-Flayer Gauntlets

-2 Skaven-in-one

-1 Rat Ogre, 1 Malformed Packmaster

1 Hell-Pit Abomination: The greatest and most horrific creature made from Hell-Pits flesh experiments, the Hell-Pit Abomination is a writhing and worm-like mass of limbs,

chittering rat-heads, and warpstone-powered machinery. The beast was first conceived under Throtт the Unclean's guidance, under the light of the warpstone-moon Morrslieb, and its first act was to rip its way through rat-ogres and slaves alike. Manufactured from the pale Blindwyrms of the north, the Hell-Pit Abomination is a true monstrosity; Too horrible to exist, too horrible even to die, for the warpstone-machinery and regenerative mutations wreathed into its flesh will force the monster to simply stand back up if killed, or explode into a countless, unending swarm of rats. With fists the size of boulders, numerous snapping jaws, and the unending pain of its own existence, the mere sight of an Abomination will fill all who witness it with fear.

Equipment:

-MASSIVE Teeth, Claws, Fists, and everything else.

-Regenerative Flesh

-Causes Terror, I mean just look at it.

-On Death: Can either regenerate and resurrect, or explode as the rat-swarm inside its guts eat their way out.

1 Burrowing Behemoth: A balding, giant hybrid between rat and subterranean wyrm, the Burrowing Behemoth is Moulder's prime method of excavating caverns and tunnels to expand their subterranean empires. The beasts navigate primarily by smell and being capable of detecting movements and vibrations through soil, for their eyes are blind and useless. While used primarily as a digging tool, these massive creatures are equally useful in the field of battle, allowing one's troops to easily bypass enemy lines and shake the earth with the burrower's bursting exit.

Equipment:

-MASSIVE Teeth & Claws

1 Chimaerat: In distance Naggaroth, the druchii under Malekith tame and enslave the many-headed Hydra as a great war-beast, whose many-heads can each spew flame and deliver envenomed bite in turn. Refusing to be outdone by filthy elves, Moulder took the hydra and made it their own - a long-necked, many-headed rat-beast which breaths warp-flame and blights the earth where it walks.

Equipment:

-MASSIVE Teeth

-Warpfire Breath

You must select one target upon putting together your Warband - successful completion of the mission will lead to you being able to take your Warband with you to future worlds as followers. You *may* accept additional missions ***AFTER*** completing your first, whereupon you will be granted an additional reward for taking the task. A choice of tokens, or a special unit.

MISSIONS:

The Ubersreik Wreck-oning

Where the Bogenhagen-Dunkelberg road crosses the River Teufel, sit the mercantile streets of Ubersreik. From its access to inter-regional roads, aquatic travel, and the Grey Lady Pass over the old Grey Mountains, Ubersreik is a proud and important trading hub within The Empire. And it is this hub of human and dwarven cooperation, this one of many hearts of The Empire, that you must burn to the ground and pillage for all it is worth.

But it will not be easy. For not only is Ubersreik always defended by a stalwart garrison of Reiksguard, multiple halberdiers, crossbowmen, and artillerists of the finest training, it bears five powerful heroes. Heroes that in another time would go on to protect Ubersreik from a very similar invasion, and thwart another Clan time and time again: Victor Saltzpyre, a Witch Hunter of great renown and great grudge born against the skaven; Markus Kruber, a zweihander-swinging soldier who serves as Victor's bodyguard; Sienna Fuegonasus, a Bright Wizard of Estalia who is only being used by Saltzpyre to ensure her flames engulf the correct targets; Kerillian, a Wood Elf Waywatcher whose prophetic visions about "the vermin" have lead her to this city of coin; and Bardin Gorekkson, who is only here seeking a tome on the lost Karak Zorn, but is fully willing to murder some rat-men along the way.

Reward If Not Taken First:
Either +5 Requisition Tokens or the addition of the following units to your Warband:
300 Clan Fester Rot-Vermin (Stormvermin): So dosed with plague and blight that they resemble walking corpses more than living skaven, Fester were once the templar warriors of the Pestilens priesthood. In recent years however, their clan has been struck time and again by calamity - with the Brood Blight leaving them wasting away to nothingness as the wombs of their breeders dry up. Hearing of your previous successes, the rotting Stormvermin of Clan Fester seek freedom and salvation by joining your warband - abandoning their Clan to swear festering claw to you. Their plagued physique eliminates their ability to feel pain entirely, and their enchanted halberds leave their victims reeling as the accelerated Black Death and Bonewrack viruses immediately take hold - twisting skeletons and rupturing eyeballs within seconds of infection.

Equipment:

-Plate Armour

-Infected Halberds

Pyramid Scheme Dismantling

The Black Pyramid of Nagash, formed of black marble and warpstone, constructed such that the Nehekharan Liche-Priest could harness the Winds of Magic to his every whim. It was from the grand structure that Nagash condemned the entirety of Nehekhara to a sand-choked undeath, and since The Dread Necromancer was slain by Alcadizaar and the schemes of the Thirteen… The Black Pyramid has been dormant. Guarded by the sentinels of Nagash, who wait eternally for their dread master to return.

Now there is a three-way brawl for the Black Pyramid: Settra the Imperishable and his massive, inflated list of titles seek to claim the Pyramid so he may spread the glory of Khemri across the world; Arkhan the Black seeks to protect and ensure the Pyramid remains intact for his master's return. And now you, verminous agent of the Council of Thirteen. The Council has decreed that the Black Pyramid of Nagash is to be claimed for Skavenblight - for despite the fear skaven still hold for The Dread Necromancer, the tremendous stores of warpstone that went into the pyramid's manufacture make it a beautiful and delicious target. Seize-capture the Black Pyramid, and tear it apart down to the bone-filled foundations.

Reward If Not Taken First:
Either +5 Requisition Tokens or the addition of the following units to your Warband:
1,200 Mordkin Boneblades (Clanrats): Inspired by the fearsome visage of Nagash's undead servants during the ancient wars of old, Clan Mordkin became obsessed with death. Every rat, from the smallest rodent to the largest rat-ogre and every skaven in-between, is covered in powdered bone and painted with white dye to evoke skeletal and deathly imagery. Every piece of weapon and armour fashioned from bone, and even their flag shows gnawed thigh-bones or bleached skulls. Now a solid regiment of Mordkin's soldiers have joined your cause, their fascination with death - both their own and their enemy's - making them a truly fearless infantry line. Their legacy as a Warlord-Clan that fought against Nagash has them knowledgeable and extremely efficient at fighting the forces of the undead, from the eternally-intact Vampires to the shambling skeletal chaff. And finally, their armoury of bone-crafted weapons and armor is always specially crafted and shaped, to rival that of the finest steel and bronze armaments wielded by the surface-dwellers.

Equipment:
-Light Armour
-Bone Hand Weapons
-Feels No Fear

Holed Up On (Un)Holy Land

For too many eons now, Ulthuan has remained the only land on which skaven paws have not scurry-crawled. And given the island's free-floating nature, how could they? You could not reach it from the countless underground tunnels that run even under the sea floor, and to attempt landing ships there will just attract the attention of elven coast-guard. Thus has the nation remained uninfested by rodents… Until now.

The Council has decreed. An outpost and colony *must* be established on Ulthuan to move many, many other plans forward. You have been chosen to establish a rat colony on the holy land of elvenkind; And luckily for you and your warband, there exists a region that is most decidedly unholy to the elves. The Shadowlands, the blasted wastelands of Nagarythe that still bear the scars of Malekith's betrayal thousands of years before. Battles are waged daily in The Shadowlands, between two forces: The nomadic followers of Alith Anar, seeking bloody vengeance against their traitorous kin; And the war-parties of Naggaroth, seeking to reclaim their homeland.

With the constant conflicts between two hateful groups, and the secluded nature of The Shadowlands, it is all but a guarantee that a simple ratkin colony could be hidden amongst the ruins. But be warned, skaven. Alith Anar stalks the shadows, and should he find yet another invader trying to taint the land there will be blades and arrows hidden in every shadow and cranny.

Reward If Not Taken First:
Either +5 Requisition Tokens or the addition of the following units to your Warband:
600 Shadow-Runners (Gutter Runners): Eshin is always seeking to improve upon their technique; endlessly plumbing the depths of the Lore of Stealth, always stealing from the other races to make their own assassins better. To aid in your task in The Shadowlands, Eshin stole brazenly from Alith Anar - and now, the Shadow-Runners aid your cause. Made from the augmentation of Gutter Runners, these new assassin-rats have been granted the power of the servants of The Shadow King - the ability to walk a shadowy plane of existence, fading into darkness and out of existence, only to rise out of an enemy's own cast shadow and slay them without warning. While their new spectral nature makes them weak to magic, their newfound shadow-walking will make these Runners a frightening menace to even comprehend.

Equipment:

-No Armour

-Dual Hand Weapons (Poisoned)

-Shurikens (Poisoned)

-Shadow-Walk

Konquer Konquata

On the distant, storm-swept island of Albion lies an ancient artifact of the lizard-thing's long gone deities - the Forge of the Old Ones. In 2302 IC, a foolish Daemon Prince attempted to manifest himself in the woad circles of Albion - resulting in a great war. At the end, Mazdamundi and Kroq'gar stood victorious over all other forces on that island, and created a new jungle at the heart of Albion, surrounding the Forge of the Old Ones. Within that jungle was created a new temple-city - Konquata.

Now the Thirteen have decided that Konquata must fall. Literally. The city must be sunken into the earth, to become a part of the Under-Empire's great tunnel system. Its spawning pools will be corrupted and twisted to become a food source, such as what was done in Oyxl. The Forge of the Old Ones used to manufacture newer and greater weapons, or work ruinous magicks. There are many tools in the skaven arsenal to sink the city, and slaughter its reptilian denizens. Claim it in the name of Horned Rat.

Reward If Not Taken First:
Either +5 Requisition Tokens or the addition of the following units to your Warband:
1 Warp-Tunneler: The Warp-Grinder weapon teams you're so familiar with? Skryre is holding out on you, and believe it when I say it took a lot of bribery to get this here. The Warp-Grinder is a smaller version of the massive warp-tunneler machines that Skryre uses to make the tunnels for their warp-lightning train rails, and now this massive machine is under your command for the task at hand. A massive combination between tank, drill, and warp-energy emitter, the Warp-Tunneler vaporizes debris as it drills into soil and stone, ensuring there's very little one needs to do to for tunnel disposal. While it may not be that effective in a full fight, against enemy defenses and fortifications it is a force to be reckoned with.

Equipment:

-10 Clanrats to pilot & manage Warp-Tunneler's machinery.
-Each Clanrat has 1 Hand Weapon
-MASSIVE DRILL
-Warp-Grind Emitters

The Gregarious Greenskins of Garban Hold

The duchy of Montfort, founding dukedom of Bretonnia, is suffering a greenskin incursion from within; A massive orc warren hidden beneath, called Garban Hold. Folcard d'Montfort has tried for ages now to find where Garban dwells beneath his dukedom, and has come close countless times. With the clandestine aid of an enterprising seer, Montfort has found his quarry - and now rides with a force of his finest knights and yeomen to clear out the greenskinned pests once and for all.

He rides into a trap. Montfort and his knights will find Garban Hold, and the green-skinned boar knights therein. The Warlord will meet him in battle, and the Grey Mountains will be filled with a grand clashing of steel against iron, and the squealing of giant boars crashing against neighing horses. You must ensure the death of Folcard d'Montfort on this battlefield, and the destabilization of Montfort as a duchy.

Reward If Not Taken First:
Either +5 Requisition Tokens or the addition of the following units to your Warband:
100 Scions of Natty Buboe (Warplock Jezzails): Every clan claims that they have the sharpest-eyed rodent, the one who is the best shot with the jezzail. But Mors is the clan who has the legend-spawning Natty Buboe, who has the longest kill-count of dwarves sniped, through the lens of a telescope, at 7,000 paces. His spawn have come to bear that same sharp-eyed trait - born cold-blooded snipers, picking a dwarf's eyes out of his head at over five-thousand meters.

Equipment:

-2 Skaven Per Jezzail Team

-1 Spawn of Natty Buboe, 1 Skaven Pavise-Carrier

Drowned In Cragmere

Karak Varn, the flooded dwarven hold overlooking Black Water Lake, was seized by an unnamed gathering of skaven when an earthquake struck the precariously-dug mines of gromril and warpstone that the hold was famed for. The dwarves of the hold were forced to abandon the still-unplumbed mines of gromril and their flooded treasure vaults because of the ratkin, causing a great grudge to be set in their over-sized book of grudges. Since that day, the skaven have used Karak Varn - otherwise called Cragmere - as a warpstone mine and a staging point against the dwarves of the World's Edge Mountains.

Until now. A brood was recently born in the flooded karak, and a ratling born whose destiny could cause great calamity to the Under-Empire… and no, we're not including Thanquol. The Horned Rat would have had the spawn brought to his Lords of Decay for analysis and raising, were it not for the fact that the nameless skaven warband in Varn assassinated the Seer he had sent. Such is life in the ratkin society, however. Now you've been called in for one task: Invade Cragmere, and find the destined ratling to be brought before the Lords of Decay.

Yes, the Horned Rat could just send another emissary or have an Assassin kidnap the rat. But when has the Under-Empire ever been efficient?

Reward If Not Taken First:
Either +5 Requisition Tokens or the addition of the following units to your Warband:
200 Balefire Doom-Sprayers (Warpfire Thrower Weapon Teams): Ashamedly, the skaven learned a lesson when the dwarves invented the Drakeguns: Fire, versus rats, in

cramped and closed tunnels and mines… A combination that frequently sees entire skaven nests reduced to charcoal and charred corpses laden with fear musk. But the ratkin are nothing if not opportunistic, and took the idea for their own use - of course, against their rivals and enemy clans, but also against their bearded foes. Enter: The Balefire Doom-Sprayer. A modification on the warpfire-thrower that still keeps the corrupting bite and corrosion of warpfire, but with a twist: A mixture of special soaps and the fat of ogres melted down with the warpstone dust, in a twisted mockery of the Drakegun's alchemist's fire. This gooey, gloopy, slimy mixture flies out in a blazing spray that clings and adheres to any surface as it burns. If you remember the idea of "napalm," this is the significantly more twisted take on it.

Equipment:

-2 Skaven Per Doom-Sprayer Team

-1 carrying the Balefire Fuel Tank, 1 carrying the Sprayer

Burn the Blackwolf Plains

Hobgoblins - of the same species as other greenskins, yet considered apart. Considered traitors by Orc, Gob, Night Gob, and Black Orc alike, the hobgoblins rule the Eastern Steppes in great roaming clans. This "empire" is a slave-race to the Chaos Dwarves of Zharr-Nagrund, for whom the hobgoblins fought in the Greenskin Uprising so many years ago. As backstabbing and murderous as the skaven and night goblins, hobgob Khans stand as the ultimate leadership of the clans. And one Clan must fall for the eastern schemes to progress.

Ghazak Khan, Butcher of Torrico Fields, Terror of the East, Khan of the Blackwolf Clan. He rules the southern planes of the Eastern Steppes, subservient to the great emperor Hobgoblah Khan. Ghazak and his wolf-riders must be slaughtered and driven from the southern plains, striking a blow against Hobgoblah's power-base and depriving the Dawi-Zharr of a powerful servant.

Reward If Not Taken First:

Either +5 Requisition Tokens or the addition of the following units to your Warband:

500 Mournclaw Rough-Riders: Skaven are not oft the type to make use of cavalry and mounted warriors - after all, their deep warrens make it impractical at best. Some of the enterprising rats of Moulder have keenly felt the stomping charges of horse-mounted knights, and watched many verminous armies be routed by simply being unable to keep up. Enter: The Mournclaw Rough-Riders, absolute mad-rats who have decided their best method of besting the surface-dweller's cavalry is to throw saddles onto mutated & enlarged Wolf-Rats. The savagery and madness of the Wolf-Rats are matched only by their rider's objective insanity, and the two have mixed into a bloodbathed battle-line.

Equipment:

-500 Wolf-Rats with Clanrat Riders

-Each Clanrat has 1 Hand Weapon and 1 Warplock Musket

Slaughter the Slaughterer

Ogres. Ponderous and obese, with the appetite to match; And yet monstrously strong of form and mind, and the inspiration of (and original source of) Rat-Ogres. The brutes of the easterly Ogre Kingdoms control much of the far mountain ranges, preventing the skaven from accessing the warpstone seams and sources of slaves therein. But worst yet: The Great Maw, the hungering god-monster of the ogres, has developed a taste for rat flesh. And his highest priest, the Prophet of the Great Maw, comes on a war-path through the underways. Skragg the Slaughterer, at the head of a wild pack of gorgers and beasts, leaves a gore-stained trail through the tunnels, murdering dwarf, greenskin, and ratkin alike as he tosses their chopped limbs and body-parts into his great cauldron.

It is fairly simple what must happen. Skragg must be butchered as surely as he butchers through the Under-Empire, and forced headfirst into his own cooking pot - straight into his own deity's hungering maw. Kill the Gore-Harvester and his faithful.

Reward If Not Taken First:
Either +5 Requisition Tokens or the addition of the following units to your Warband:
50 Ravening Ones (Rat-Ogres): The Black Hunger is an affliction that hits all Skaven, even their manufactured beasts and ogres. They expend so much energy simply moving in their constant state of paranoia that they must eat, or else starve to death. Moulder has sought to experiment with the Black Hunger, turning their rat-ogres into ever-ravenous machines. Others looked to the Ogre Kingdoms and their deformed kin - the gorgers, ogres born without a gut and eternally hungry. But from both paths, came these rat-ogres - The Ravening Ones. Larger even than the Rat Ogre Bonebreakers used as command platforms and steeds by the rich warlords, The Ravening Ones do not fight. They do not even live. They are simply walking stomachs, always devouring yet never full, each day bearing no other desire but to quiet their aching bellies.

Equipment:

-Massive Teeth & Claws

Mobbing the Mountain: The Skitter-Skid Heist

The dwarven train-lines run all over the World's-Edge Mountains, connecting the entire range from north to south. Some rails are wrecked and decrepit, whilst others are running perfectly timed and tracked. The dawi are proud of their trains and train-yards, and now you need to earn a grudge in their book of complaints. It's time to rob one of those trains.

One of those trains, running betwixt Karaz-a-Karak and Karak Hirn, is carrying Master

Engineer Grimm Burloksson. With him are several prototype inventions he intends to aid the beleaguered stronghold with, even against Kragg the Grim's staunch anti-technological stance. There are several high-ranking warlords of Skavenblight who desire the Master Engineer's abduction, and the theft of these new beard-thing machines. Defended by several legions of thunderers, and the train itself bristling with fire cannons and organ-guns, you will need to derail the steam-powered locomotive to accomplish both objectives. Good luck.

Reward If Not Taken First:
Either +5 Requisition Tokens or the addition of the following units to your Warband:
100 Brass-Orb Launchers: A Skryre invention, the Brass Orbs are fist-sized metal orbs made of inter-linking cogs and warp-infused cabling. When set to detonate, the orbs have two stages: First, they explode with the force of a normal explosive, equivalent to a dwarven satchel charge or Imperial firework. Second, they crack open the fabric of reality for a small period of time, sucking in everything in the blast radius into the Realm of Chaos before the crack seals itself shut. Ordinarily these would only be used by the Warlock-Masters and Warlock-Engineers - but for this job, against a Dwarven Master-Engineer, it might be necessary to let some secrets out the bag.

Equipment:

-2 Skaven Per Brass-Orb Launcher

-1 Skaven carrying the Orbs, 1 with a Back-Mounted Mortar

Hunt Down The Wanderer

He is The Inescapable One. The Eternal Challenger. Cursed to forever roam the world, killing those he deems a challenge and offering them up body and soul to the Chaos Gods. Many Norscans and monsters follow him as a great warband - seeking glory, carnage, and spoils in the wake of his monstrously enchanted vessel *Seafang.*

The Horned Rat has decreed that Wulfrik the Wanderer, eternal and immortal champion of Khorne, Nurgle, Slaanesh, and Tzeentch, must die. To spite the Great Four, he and his warband of marauders, mutants, and monsters must be slaughtered to a man. Wulfrik himself will not die easily - he is immortal, clad in near-impenetrable chaotic plate armor, and has the experience of millennia fighting every kind of foe imaginable. He can die… But it will take a cunning mind, sound tactics, and full knowledge of what you face. You have one advantage: Wulfrik is cursed to wander, and will never turn down a challenge no matter how foolhardy or disgustingly a trap it appears.

Reward If Not Taken First:
Either +5 Requisition Tokens or the addition of the following units to your Warband:
1 Hell-Beast of The North (Hell-Pit Abomination): It's amazing how many dumb Norscans can be captured without Wulfrik's followers even noticing. It's equally amazing how easily their primitive brains can be meshed with skaven flesh, being transplanted

into rat skulls. At least their berserker instincts are still intact, even if their sanity is very much gone. But when you're facing a horde of monsters, what better tool is there than a greater one? Enter: The Hell-Beast of the North. Five brains of the strongest Norscan berserkers captured, transplanted into the five rat-heads that branch from the ten-armed torso of this macabre hybrid between several Rat-Ogres and a Hell-Pit Abomination. This thing should not exist, it is too angry to acknowledge the fact that it should not exist, and not even a legion of trolls or troupe of giants will be enough to put it down without massive casualties.

Equipment:

-MASSIVE Teeth, Claws, and Fists.

-Two Great Axes

-Regenerative Flesh

-Causes Terror. Only a fool-thing wouldn't be afraid of this.

-On Death: Can either regenerate and resurrect, or explode from the sheer amount of rage driving its body forward.

Sweep Away The Ashen Prophet

The Black Fortress. A tall, grim, soot-billowing guardian of the south-eastern reaches of Zharr-Nagrund, domain of the Chaos Dwarves. Home of Legion of Azgorh, commanded by Sorcerer-Prophet Drazhoath the Ashen, and so far from the Great Temple of Hashut as to be a place of exile in all but name. And an obstacle towards the skaven's control of the Dark Lands.

The Black Fortress is a tough nut to crack. A massive tower that juts with bull-like horns against the horizon, with magma flows spilling like blood from all sides. The tusked dwarves of the Legion it houses are famed for their brutality, and The Ashen Prophet who commands the fortress is a ruthless tactician and zealous priest of The Father of Tyranny, Hashut. The Horned Rat wishes not only for the Black Fortress to fall, but for the holy icons of his bull-like rival to be ravaged and desecrated.

Reward If Not Taken First:

Either +5 Requisition Tokens or the addition of the following units to your Warband:

3 Ikit's Zzzap-Zzzap Cannons! (Warp-Lightning Cannons): Interesting indeed, war-leader. The personal arsenal from Ikit Claw's construction caverns have been brought out to see your mission through. These warp-lightning cannons stand out from the others constructed by the Warlock-Engineers, for their cogitators and warp-energy condensors have been not only doubled in size and complexity, but also employ the designs gained from Ikit's Doomsphere. Not only do the warp-lightning blasts from one of these cannons deal more damage than three blasts from equivalent cannons, but the ruinous energies actually leech and burn away the local Winds of Magic and supernatural energies of their targets. Enchanted walls will see their wards being scorched away,

wizards and priests will find their spells fizzling and shorting out, and even the greenskinned WAAAGH effect can be cut down to size with a few ZZZAPS.

Equipment:

-IKIT'S ZZZAP-ZZZAP BLASTS!

-2 Skavenslaves to push and turn each cannon.

-1 Skryre Adept to aim and fire.

-Each Skaven has 1 Hand Weapon

The Northern Witch Project

To the far frozen north of Kislev, there live the hags - witches whose dark magic cuts against Chaos and those who threaten the frozen lands. They live solitary lives, caring little for the lives of men and kingdoms. But they protect the land as surely as they protect those who just happen to live on it, and if the skaven are to claim the world for their own… Well, the hags won't like that very well, now will they.

There is one among them, far older than the others. Her name is Baba Yaga, a withered old woman stronger than frozen iron and whose witchcraft is more powerful than the foulest Chaos Sorcerer could imagine. With a chicken-legged hut that can claw a Chaos Dragon to pieces, and the steadfast loyalty of the Gospodar nomads and wild animals of the Kislev tundra, this old woman will be a difficult opponent. Unfortunate then that she's already seen the twitching whiskers of rodents in her day-to-day fortune tellings - she knows you're coming.

Reward If Not Taken First:

Either +5 Requisition Tokens or the addition of the following units to your Warband:

700 Throtlings: Throt the Unclean, of Hellpit, has suffered personally at the wrinkled hands of the Kislev hags such as Baba Yaga. Hearing of this venture to slaughter the greatest of them, he has opened his pens of Throtlings to aid the cause - although conspicuously he keeps his own claws out of it. The Throtlings are wretched creatures, victims of Throt's obsession with transplants and hybridization that are fully aware of their failings and unfortunate life. Coming in all shapes, sizes, and walks of life, these creatures fight to lash out at a world that has let them suffer such a despicable fate.

Equipment:

-Teeth, Claws, Random Appendages replaced with weaponry, Beaks, Tentacles.

Bloodied Conflict at Castle Drachenfels

Necromancy is a magic that lends itself well to selfish, cruel, and controlling individuals - simply look at the vampires, a product of its loins. But the necromancers leave much to be desired as well. And chief among them is the old man, the self-styled 'Lichemaster'

known as Heinrich Kemmler, currently holed up in the cursed fortress of Castle Drachenfels. And wouldn't you know it, this Lichemaster has gone and made himself a cursed goblet, an artifact that allows him to create vampires anew.

There's a few interested parties that want that goblet, see. An envoy of Mannfred von Carstein has brought a few legions of Grave Guard and skeletal Knights to try and force the old lich to give it up. At the same time, there's a Necrarch and a Lahmian trying to sneak in - one with his little force of zombies and skeletons, the other with a little band of ensorcelled bandits and thugs. And wouldn't you know it, a Strigoi Ghoul King and his small army of ghouls, vargheists, and crypt horrors are currently trying to break their way in.

And coincidentally, Clan Moulder is commissioning you and your warband to bring the vampirification artifact to Hell Pit.

Reward If Not Taken First:
Either +5 Requisition Tokens or the addition of the following units to your Warband:
600 Blighted Templars (Plague Censer-Bearers): The dead should be staying dead. This is a fact of life - and when vampires and necromancers are involved, that fact becomes more of a horrifying suggestion. Indeed, the sight of a vampire or ghoul will make many ratmen flee the field of battle in a heartbeat. Faith is the best weapon against the walking dead, and faith steels one's heart to feel no fear but that of failure; And of the skaven clans, Pestilens produces the most faithful rats. These blighted templars of the diseased clan's armories rally now to show their brethren the truth of their path, leading a crusade against the cowardly dead-things, their blood-leeching scions, and the decrepit man-things that control them. And with the plagued smoke from their dual censers causing even dead flesh to evaporate into sodden ash, they might be perfect for this job.

Equipment:

-Rusted Plate Armor

-Dual Plague Censers

-Feels No Fear

|CLAN SCENARIO - Ascend|

Disclaimer: These Scenarios require the purchase of Clan Leadership to be taken. Skavenslaves will be required to have completed their Scenario *"Shatter the Chains"* beforehand.

After approximately seven years on this world, the call will be sounded for your clan and it's forces to rise. Select **one (1)** of the challenges set for you below, for you and your clan to undertake.

The Twin-Tailed Scheme

Not two days ago, the twin-tailed comet held sacred by all species sliced through the sky. The Great Vortex of Caledor Dragontamer shuddered and quaked. And plans upon plans began to unfold.

The Grey Seer stomps and smashes his way into your clan's den, hollering for your name.

"Come-COME. SKAVENBLIGHT. THE COUNCIL CALLS! FOLLOW."

The Grey Seer would rip a skitter-gate open briefly, taking the two of you away. One moment, you were in your clan's tunnels - safety. The next, you are standing before twelve pairs of beady, staring red eyes.

"We-we make last vote, yes! Will this be the clan to carry scheme forward?"

There's a hurried bout of snarling, and shouting. Magicks flare as those seated upon The Council of Thirteen make their opinions heard - before just as quickly the noise dies down. "Then it-it is decided."

Your task is given, then and there: Collect warpstone. Much warpstone. With your Seer's aid, named Vulscreek, you must initiate the Ritual of Dark Scrying. The Elf-Thing's Vortex has been thrown awry, and has weakened the barrier into the realm of Ruin. Use the Ritual to call forth him, The Screaming One. One of the Verminlords.

You will be ripped back to your clan's home, with Vulscreek leaving a set of parting words. "Comet makes Elf-things weak-weak. Council wants power of the Vortex. Gather warpstone. Summon Screaming One. He will guide us-us to next phase of scheme."

Warpstone deposits have been growing more and more frequent throughout the southern jungles of Lustria and The Southlands. If your clan is to gather it and do so quickly, these territories would be the place to gather it. But be warned - as you act, you will see the enemy moving about. Elves of the islands gathering fragments and waystones. The dark elves searching for scrolls. Lizards, seeking lost plaques. As the sky

flickers with streams of light, it grows certain - other races are trying to exploit the Ritual's weakness for their own gain.

Once you have gathered the warpstone, Vulscreek will enact the ritual - a period of time requiring ten days, during which the air cracks and shimmers like fracturing glass. The ritual's energies will create a tether that latches onto the great Vortex at the center of Ulthuan - and soon enough, they will come. High elves following the tether back to its origin point, bringing arrows and blades. Lizardmen, recognizing the foul skaven magicks, will come seeking to end it quickly. And dark elves just seeking to capitalize upon the madness, slaughtering and potential for slaves.

Keep the ritual from being interrupted, and the sky will shatter and crack as the veil to the Realm of Ruin is briefly smashed open. The green light from the ritual fades - but for a green streak coursing through, landing in the swamps of central Lustria and disappearing as quickly as it had appeared. You and Vulscreek's next destination.

Vulscreek will refuse to enter the cavern, in the swamps where the green light faded. And who would blame him - the giant stone, carved into a rodent's skull. It all would give even a dwarf-thing's heart chills. But somebody must meet the Verminlord.

He lurks in the cavern's deepest shadows, behind a wall of green. The Screaming One's voice is unintelligible - like a mass of screaming rats. Yet as each hiss and chitter is echoed, the information is imprinted upon your mind, should you truly be unable to comprehend him.

A Device of Doom & Curses must be constructed. Four steps to its construction, four rituals for each phase, to bind the Vortex and the Chaos energies it siphoned from the world. When complete, The Screaming One hissed, it would grant complete control. Complete domination. Ascendancy.

Before you exit the cave, the Verminlord drops a giant metal object - a strange club shape, with a metal loop on one end, and the entire thing wrapped in iron. "Give to Seer." The daemonic beast shrieks. "It will know."

Vulscreek is almost dancing with giddiness as you exit the cave, strange relic in hand. "Reporting to Skavenblight! Reporting! Must go, must go!" He takes the club-shaped object with him as he skitter-leaps away, insisting he must begin his portion of the plan. "More warpstone! More!"

As conniving as he seems to be at this moment, he is correct. You will need more warpstone. Far more, for the next few stages of the plan.

The next two rituals, the Verminlord gave unto you. *The Ritual of Gnawing*, for gathering warpstone-enhanced lumber that would be further strengthened by the Vortex' energies.

The Ritual of Decay, harvesting the bones of fallen skaven from Lustria that have been cursed by The Dread Serpent, the lizard-thing's snake-god known as Sotek.

As you and your clan set about gathering warpstone, the skies will flash with light of other rituals - countless far-off places. Other species trying to gain command over The Great Vortex of Caledor Dragontamer. You must hurry with your task, and build the Device.

Vulscreek and the Council of Thirteen will be keeping in touch as you continue this process. Gathering the lumber and cursed bones, you'll be instructed to have them assembled into a cart-shaped machine - with an archway and swinging mechanism. It shouldn't be too hard to envision what it might be - and should you manage to work out Vulscreek's location in his frequent disappearances, well. There's a bell being constructed. Far larger than any other Screaming Bell that exists to this point, and a perfect fit for the machine your clan is constructing.

Once you finish the frame, Vulscreek will contact you again - The Ritual of Gestation is next. Another batch of warpstone is required, and a payment to Clan Moulder must be paid. Unless you happen to have the methods of gestating Rat-Ogres yourself, you'll need to commission four of the beasts from Moulder's flesh-pits - two to push the device, and two to manipulate the mechanism.

On completion of of The Ritual of Gestation, Vulscreek will meet you once more with a smug, triumphant air, and the Screaming One's treasure in his hands. The "most holy of bells" will be skitter-lept onto the Device of Doom & Curses, he says. The time of the final ritual is near. And if you would discover the truth, you must confront him now.

Confronting him causes the Grey Seer to chuckle. "You see the truth. Yes-yes, a different purpose it has." At this, he raises the club-shaped artifact in his hands.

And the skull-faced spectre of the Horned Rat would appear before the two of you, as the fabric of reality would be ripped asunder from the magic coursing through the Verminlord artifact. With a whispering, crooning voice that drips with malevolence, the Horned Rat speaks:

"The comet with two tailss was fake. A mockery, devised by the Thirteen when this scheme was first laid. A rocket, the catalyst to goad the surface-dwellers into action. Every ritual cast since the Vortex was disturbed, has been siphoned. The greatest bell, imbued with the energies of each of these plans in turn. A bell which you have been making the carriage for."

At this, the Horned Rat hisses with a triumphant tone. *"Take the bell to the Vortex, upon the Isle of the Dead. Ring it thirteen times - no more. No less. This, is the final ritual. The Vortex will become the gate to my Realm. My prison. But there is a cost."* At this, your god would look into your eyes - a knowing glint. *"The sacrifice of an entire clan. Souls to feed,*

that I may walk upon this world. Make the sacrifices ready."

The window to the Realm of Ruin slams shut, and Vulscreek crows in elation. "THE HORNED ONE HAS SPOKEN! Spill-spill your blood on the bell-clapper, the Screaming One's gift to-to ME-ME! With your blood on it as the bell tolls, your clan will be eat-fed to The Horned Rat. He will come forth, devour the sacrifice, and exalt meeee! SPILL BLOOD! NOW! NOW!"

… The time has come to make a decision, should one not see any alternative. Vulscreek is a Grey Seer. The ultimate word of the Horned One, and this appears to be the will of the Council of Thirteen. Going along with the plan will see all of skavendom aid your journey to the heart of Ulthuan. But to do so will see you and all your clanmates devoured by your god, killed to see the Twin-Tailed Scheme fulfilled. Even should you survive by some miraculous intervention, you would simply be a pawn in the Thirteen's plan. No reward, clan sacrificed. Just one more rat in the empire.

But Vulscreek is too drunk on religious glory to notice that you could just as easily slaughter him where he stands. Smearing his blood would indicate a betrayal of the Council of Thirteen, and a sacrifice of Vulscreek's own clan - whoever and whatever they may be is of little consideration. The Under-Empire would fracture, some throwing their lot in with your audacious rebellion, whilst others showed their yellow bellies and sided with the Council and the Grey Seers.

And regardless of the Skaven's intentions, you must also contend with the others. From far away Naggarond, Malekith the Witch-King has been gathering an elixir such that when drunk at the center of the Vortex, he will garner *all* its power into his body - empowering him to take the Phoenix King's throne by bloody force once more, aided by his mother Morathi. In sun-dappled Hexoatl, Mazdamundi and Kroq'gar have been setting the stage for the Lizardmen to harness the Vortex - tying it into the Great Geomantic Web, restoring both with one fell blow. And from the shores of Lothern, the brothers Tyrion and Teclis have assembled the Star-Crown of Lileath, to restore the Vortex to its full power. These great players in the story of the Vortex, and more besides - all converging upon the Isle of the Dead.

And against them march the forces of Chaos - Khorne, Slaanesh, Nurgle, and Tzeentch. Their warriors would see the Vortex permanently dispersed, and the Polar Rifts expanded once more.

You must defy the odds. Whether a pawn in one's game or the cornered rat fighting for your own destiny, you must fight them all. Struggle, warlord. Lead your clan to victory, and bring The Bell of Ruin to the center of the Vortex.

Bring him into this world.

Reward

Once again, the rat has been underestimated - even by his own kin.
If you are looking at this, you succeeded when by all rights you should have failed. Defied the machinations of the Thirteen, fought your way through four different empires and their allies… And brought your God into the world of mortals, when all others failed.

Man, Elf, Dwarf, Lizard, and more besides will continue to fight. But with your Horned God, skavendom will rule all. For the remainder of your time in this world, you walk at the Great Horned Rat's side, your clan venerated and greatly rewarded. You receive another **20 Clan Tokens** to spend upgrading your soldiers and capital city - but your reward does not end there, Warlord.

Verminlord: Select twelve of your finest agents from your Clan's ranks. Warrior, scientist, magician, it matters not. In a recreation of the same moment that made one Skreech Verminking, you and your twelve chosen have been meshed and molded; thirteen bodies congealed with warp energy and ruinous power, thirteen souls coalesced and clustered into one, and your mind surviving to be reborn. With the qualities within those thirteen bodies and a massive donation of the Horned Rat's own power, you have been granted a grand reward indeed - ascendance as a Verminlord. Where you may not surpass excellence at a single task like a Greater Daemon of one of the four Gods of Chaos, you do well enough in all fields to be a dangerous threat regardless; the killing power to tear an army of mortal men to shreds, the mind and wit to manage millenia-long plans and strategies, the speed and agility to outrun even the fastest elf imaginable, and the wicked tenacity to keep coming back for another round. Any magical power you wield is similarly magnified by the Horned Rat's power, with the Lores of Ruin & Plague amplified to give a Lord of Change pause for a time.

The Scheme of Thirteen Chairs

To climb to the highest position, to take one of the seats on the Council of Thirteen. Twelve of the most duplicitous, most powerful Skaven sit on the Council - six to either side of the Horned Rat's seat, for the verminous deity is the chief of the Council. It is from the Council, these Lords of Decay, that all laws and the most grand of schemes are passed down to the teaming swarm of clans and rats.

One can challenge any of the Lords of Decay for their seat upon the Council, should they be able to touch the thirteen-sided Black Pillar of Commandment and live. The black-warpstone pillar, made of the purest of the foul mineral, has the dictates for rulership claw-carved into its surface as dictated by the Horned God. Only those who earn the Horned Rat's explicit favour, proving themselves mighty among the ratman hordes, can even think of ascending.

The current Council of Thirteen has ruled for centuries. Not since Second Civil War, when

Pestilens joined the fold, has *any* of the current Lords been deposed. Many have tried, and their bones all litter the ground about the Tower of Kavzar, a pile of uncountable skeletons of all the poor fools and idiots who tried to rise above their station.

But you'll take that seat by blood and blade.

To become a Lord of Decay, you must decide whom among the Council you will slay. They, who have existed for millenia, are the following:

- **Lord Verminkin, Packlord of Moulder**. The mutations and augmentations have been piled so heavily upon him that he is less a skaven, and more a towering wall of muscle that wields surgical tools as easily as weapons.
- **Nightlord Sneek, Ruler of Eshin.** Dressed in the same elegant Cathayan robes that he wore when he returned from that ancient journey, his horrifically-long nails are covered in the script of the Far East - bearing every technique and secret that his clan uses to this day.
- **Lord Morskittar, Emperor of Warlocks.** More machine than rat, the king of Skryre once named himself Emperor of All Rat-Kind. He stepped down from his title, but he has all the magical prowess and mechanical weaponry to deserve it.
- **Arch-Plaguelord Nurglitch of Pestilens.** So swollen with every disease in existence that he must ride his pox rat matriarch everywhere, yet still so deceptively fast with his scimitar and scepter.
- **Warlord Kratch Doomclaw, of Clan Rictus.** His battle prowess unknown, and yet Crookback Mountain has remained his domain despite thousands of sieges from both greenskins, chaos dwarves, daemons, and ogres alike.
- **Warlord Gnawdwell of Clan Mors.** A massive adonis of a stormvermin, barrel-chested and physically imposing. He dresses and lives the comforts of a Grey Seer, but his ancient mind still holds the clarity of a cold-blooded killer.
- **Paskrit the Vast.** Horrifically obese, and yet capable enough to earn both Gnawdwell and Doomclaw's hatred and caution. He is Warlord-General of all Skavendom, unbound to any Clan allegiance.
- **Warlord Vrisk Ironscratch, of Clan Skurvy.** Fleetmaster of the Grand Clanfleet, a skaven whose blood is mostly saltwater, and whose dancing cutlasses have left even old elven lords dead in the raging waves.
- **Warlord Griznekt Mancarver, of Clan Skab.** Disciplined, cold, stoic, and cautious. Most claim he earned his position through coin, as his clan's breeders churn out legions of Stormvermin enough to sell to the highest bidder. But his halberd would not have half the notches it does if it were true.
- **Seer-Lord Kritislik, Grand Grey Seer of all Skavendom.** Head of the Order of Seers, secret king of Clan Scruten, and the most powerful magic-user in the Under-Empire. Everything in the Under-Empire is known to him, from the movement of skavenslaves to the rising of Warlords.
- **And two members who, through guile, cunning, and the fortunate fact that skaven record-keeping is *severely lacking*, go unnamed and unrecorded.**

Decide your mark, and whose seat you climb towards. Your clan stands behind you, and your ambition will be met.

Regardless of whom you target, you must make your mark on skaven society. Become a famed name, a dreaded name. Backstab allies, slaughter your enemies in cold blood, despoil and destroy everything in your path. Act as the Horned Rat would, and visit your cruel and destructive desires upon the surface world and its champions.

You will know the time has come when the Lords of Decay can no longer afford to ignore you. Assassination attempts, jezzail-snipers, poisons, explosives - all the tools used to remove a threat to one's power. Once you become a target, it's time to go to Skavenblight.

You must touch the great, pitch-black Pillar of Commandments. Should you have earned the Horned Rat's favour, and earned this chance at climbing to the Council of Thirteen, you will be accepted by the Pillar and its endless scrawl-carvings of rulership. The Horned Rat's cursed power will flow into your body.

Then. You must choose the one to fight. And the laws scratched into the Pillar, by the Horned Rat's own nails, make clear that there can be no backing down for either party. To remove a Lord of Decay from power, must be done through a duel to the death at the highest point of the Tower of Kazvar - its domed roof, over the Horned Bell that brought ruin to the city below.

You and your opponent are given the opening week to prepare. Then, one against one, you must duel the other atop the Tower. Your opponent will be an ancient Skaven, still in their prime and unwilling to back down a single inch. They will be powerful, whether in magic or in physical strength. He has been forged through an ungodly number of conflicts and previous contenders, honed to a razor's edge by skaven society's ruthlessness. You must prove yourself stronger than all of this, and cast him off from the peak of Kazvar.

Reward

For the first time in thousands of years, a Lord of Decay has fallen. And he fell at ***your claws.*** For all that the other Lords may screech and gnash their teeth as your ascension disrupts countless plots and plans… They cannot stop you taking your seat. At the head of your clan, you have risen to the highest point in the Under-Empire - you have become a Lord of Decay.

Your Clan gains a great many resources, as smaller clans move to supplicate themselves under you and others try to butter you up for favor down the line - enough to be represented as **+10 Tokens** for the Clan-Builder.

Lord of Decay: As well, from the blessing of the Pillar of Commandments, you have gained the Horned Rat's dread potency embedded into your body. Your body has been

augmented, muscles built, sinews tightened - making you more dexterous and agile than the greatest elves of Ulthuan, but stronger than the kroxigors of Lustria at the same time. If you wield any form of dark magic - necromancy, shadows, the Lores of Ruin & Plague, or even the manipulation of Chaos, as examples… it becomes even greater than before. Spells that could swamp towns in death or turn warriors into monsters, grow to destroy cities and summon legions of paragons. Your mind has not gone unignored either - its capacity for understanding and learning is made as voracious as the skaven stomach, and the speed of thoughts more than doubled.

As well, you receive a group of followers:
200 Council Guard (Albino Stormvermin): One of the greatest and most disciplined military forces in the Under-Empire, the Albino Stormvermin of the Council Guard are taken at birth to the blighted heart of Skavenblight. There they are trained, drilled, forged into the mightiest warriors the skaven could ever think to produce. Their tongues are cut from their heads so that they can never utter the secrets of their masters, for these Council Guards are made as the bodyguards and personal warriors of the Council of Thirteen. As you have ascended, risen to such a position, it is only fitting then that you have your personal warriors delivered.

Equipment:

-Red Plate Armor (Best Quality)

-Halberd

The Scheme of Skabbicus' Memory

Every society has those that claim that the current order, those in power and command, must be changed. The status quo must be upheaved, and changed for all. This was the belief held by the now extinct Clan known as Jamcreermin - that the present state of skaven-kind was unacceptable. That they could be better.

Skabbicus was a Skavenslave who, against his own nature and breeding, slaughtered his Warlord. He had become a warrior, and overthrew his former masters at the head of an army of his own slave-brethren. So fierce was their rage at the system that is the Under-Empire, that they rebelled against the Council of Thirteen. They had the slightest chance of succeeding, as even a crowd of Skabbicus' weakest warriors were incensed enough to shatter Stormvermin regiments.

But the Council was clever. They announced to the slave army - if they pointed out their leader from the mob, and betrayed him, they who had taken part in this rebellion would go unpunished. Over ten-thousand withered paws pointed out Skabbicus from the throng, and he was brutally executed. As were all of the skavenslaves in the rebellion, the pardon having been a lie. All because the skavenslaves could not follow Skabbicus in his pawsteps, and rebel against their own nature.

Skabbicus was right, you know. The skaven are the kind of creatures they are because of two things: Their society, and their deity. The Under-Empire cultivates this ruthless, uncaring, destructive mindset within all skaven, and the Horned Rat encourages it to ensure his children are obedient and grow mighty. But there is a chance, however slim and however small, that the skaven could be better.

You might not be able to work this change across the entirety of the Under-Empire, but you can at least save your Clan.

The challenge is simple, in what must be done. You have three objectives you must complete. The first, you must sever all ties from Skavenblight and the greater Under-Empire. The second, you must deal enough damage to their forces and collective clans that you send a single message: "Come at me, and die." And the third… You must sever all ties your Clan has to the Horned Rat, as a religious figure and as something that must be feared.

Simple in essence, but difficult in execution. The first and second would see you and yours exterminated to make an example - this isn't the first time a skaven clan has had to be wiped out, and it will not be the last. Any number of Warlords would jump at the opportunity to earn their mark from exterminating your Clan, enslaving those who surrender, and earning riches and resources from your holds. Should you have climbed fairly high in the rankings, you may warrant one of the Great Clans or their Lords moving to slaughter your clan to "correct a mistake."

The third and final objective will see you truly targeted, however. The Order of Grey Seers are sadistic and gleeful when it comes to stamping out heresy, both legitimate and not. The Lords of Decay will be driven to take a personal interest should they learn of a clan trying to pull themselves away from their Horned God's clutches. And worst of all: Your own clan will rebel against you for attempting to rebel against their deity. Worship of the Horned Rat has been so thoroughly sunken into the ratkin identity that the idea of speaking against him is blasphemous, heretical. Following their nature, your own clan-mates will betray you without a second thought - unless you have truly earned their loyalty.

Become a pariah, Warlord. Become a heretic, become a rebel. Do what Skabbicus could not, and save your Clan from both the Under-Empire and the Horned Rat.

Reward

When Skabbicus and his rebels were executed, the potential for the skaven to become more than verminous slaves was gone. A story that repeats unfortunately often across this world, for a creature cannot go against their basest nature. Greenskins will forever be violent and destructive. Elves will forever be arrogant and blind to their own faults. Humans, their own worst enemy. And skaven, nothing more than bags of fur and bone that murder their brothers for a promise.

But with you, there may be that chance. The chance for skaven to become something more than they ever could have envisioned as the Children of the Horned Rat. Your Clan at least, stands free from the verminous deity and his empire of underlings. It may take entire generations to breed out the worst of what the Horned God worked into the ratmen, but they have a chance now to stand as something other than a blight upon any world. From the lootings and pillagings gained from fighting back against Skavenblight's gaze, you have gained the equivalent of **+10 Tokens** for the Clan-Builder. Should your Clan's capital play home to a Temple of the Horned Rat, its edifices and verminous sigils will be torn down - allowing the Temple to either be born anew under a new god's gaze, or be turned into a center for your clan's rebirth.

With the extra clan expansion, you gain the following perk:

Become Something More: You did what should have been impossible, and have made possible the redemption of an entire species. The skaven under your command are now unlike all others, for they have the chance to be something more than sniveling, cowardly, backstabbing, paranoid freaks. Now with this, you can aid all those others who are held back by their basest natures, or the nature of their species and biology. Mindless ghouls can learn to think and regain who they once were. Orcs and goblins who know only violence and battle can learn to value peace and calm. Monsters who cling to the chains of cruel gods can be brought back from darkness, regaining their lost nobility and honor. With enough time and effort, you could even help vampires in existing without draining blood, or let ogres quiet their bellies and silence the Maw's hunger in their blood.

|Parting Ways|

A decade has past, and it's time for that age-old choice. You have probably followed orders, stabbed plenty of backs, pillaged and plundered.

The Warrens Back Home

It's time to go back to whence you came - either to ruin it and bring the Horned Rat's malicious desires upon it… Or simply to just live plain, and forget what has happened.

Sunk-Cost

You've spent far too much here, both in time, sweat, and blood. To go anywhere else would be to waste your ambition - and so your home has been clawed-scraped out on this world.

Skitter-Leap Beyond

Out-away! Beyond this world's boundaries, you must escape!

Before you make that decision however, a few other decisions must be made if applicable:

If you purchased **The Fellblade**, a few changes will come about. You may choose to nullify the warpstone-radiation of the blade, leaving it still a potent and destructive weapon - but it will not kill you by simply holding it. As well, the Council of Thirteen will be unable to look through the great gem set in the blade - instead, you may have allies and friends capable of spellcasting attune themselves to the warpstone gem in the sword. Once attuned, they may grasp their connection to look through the sword and you, its wielder - and may use you as a proxy for their own spells, rituals, and auguries.

Should you have any Rat Mothers, whether for personal use via the companion section or for public use in your Clan's holdings, you have a fairly important decision to make. You may either leave them as insensate, massive slug-beasts full of wombs and left in a drugged haze, or you can decide to release them from their Moulder-inflicted horrors. They will become simply female Skaven, keeping whatever other changes were given or inflicted onto them aside from those that turned them into Rat-Mothers - with one exception. They keep their greatly enhanced fertility, and if you purchased the upgraded Rat-Mothers they also keep their immense strength as a perk.

|NOTES|

Clarifications, explanations, and all that garbage.

SOURCES USED
-WHFB Army Books - Skaven: 8th, 7th, 6th, and 4th Editions (couldn't find 5th).
-End Times: Thanquol
-Total War: Warhammer 2
-http://redelf.narod.ru/w6/w6_z_warpstone.html - "Warpstone: A Skaven Civil War Scenario" net-article, saved from Games Workshop by 1d4chan
-WFRP 2e - Children of the Horned Rat, Sigmar's Heirs, and Old World Bestiary
-Gotrek & Felix novels by William King
-Thanquol & Boneripper novels by C.L. Werner

Births
Grey Seers reach maturity at 2-3 weeks, same as any other kind of skaven, and that duration is where they are apprenticed to another Seer. Reaching adulthood is where they're considered to have successfully graduated. There is a bit of fluff as well, in the Children of the Horned Rat TTRPG book, where a Seer has to complete a challenge (successfully navigating the Labyrinth of the Horned Rat) in order to be considered fully graduated. Given my negative run-ins with the "ALBINO SKAVEN ARE SPECIAL" bit of information not existing except in one End Times novel, I'm going to let you decide if you want to deal with that shitshow or not.

Clans
There may, or may not be, connections between Clan Pestilens and the Chaos God Nurgle. Gee Dubs may've said one way or another, I can't find evidence, I'm leaving that for you to decide.

"How far can Sire of Great-Rats go?"
Well stated examples include "most of your spawn being stormvermin with increased chance for grey seers." However in other species, it's mostly coming down to what could make them special in their species' eyes, or what could be done to make them have a better life. If a child would be seen as special by being born albino, then chances are that will be the case. Physical boundaries could be surpassed, but only so much. An ant could be born an ant-queen against all odds, but you won't be having full-blooded elf children as a human.

"Can 'A Worthless Life' affect tracking technology?"

No, unless it's an AI. A Worthless Life operates by making you literally so worthless that a thinking entity just glazes over when it comes to you. So somebody could slip a tracking beacon onto you, and said beacon would work. But at the same time, because of A Worthless Life, your beacon would be checked maybe once in a blue moon.
All this goes out the window if your ass is caught somewhere you absolutely should not be, however.

"Does Skitter-flee work for simply escaping, or does it have to be from imprisonment?"
The focus is on imprisonment, but technically anything that would infringe on your freedom would count for escaping.

"Is there a size limit on A Town Vanished? Is there a certain size where plans become nigh-guaranteed to succeed?"
No, and it depends. A small farmstead is significantly easier to plan an abduction for than a city, but you could do both. It all comes down to how well you plan it out, and how effectively you can keep your cronies' shit together.

"Can Promotion by Fang be used in non-violent ways, such as tests of wit?"
Unfortunately no. Stormvermin are fairly direct like that. It's VIOLENCE then.

"Can Favor of Lords work for 'supernatural' or 'extraordinary' creatures like Dragons?"
The intent is for demonic creatures and really high-tier monsters, so I guess technically dragons and such could count.

"Can Imitation of One's Betters be used to get things that shouldn't make sense / aren't available by biology?"
Unfortunately it's just you toadying up so much that you get stuff and knowledge that wouldn't make sense normally. If you were a human toadying up to a group of elves, you could get access to their knowledge and crafting ability as examples. But if their magic was reliant on elven biology due to the Pretention Gland, you wouldn't get that. You would know it existed though, and could exploit that knowledge later.

"Does Moulder Creation's Laboratory discount stack with the discounts granted by Engineered and/or Mutated?"
They do not. As compensation, an MC who purchases Engineered or Mutated receives an additional 100 CP. If you're a Moulder Creation whose clan is Skryre or Moulder, your stipend for the augmentation section would thusly be **500 + 400 CP**.

Daemon Weapon and The Fellblade
It should go without saying that if word gets out of you having either of these weapons, you will become a fucking hyooge target both politically and literally. For 500/600 CP you gain a shit-ton of power, but also have an equal amount of responsibility and burden to carry.

CLAN-BUILDER
If a discount is an odd number, the discount is a decimal. It doesn't round up or down. E.g. discount Trader Rats, it becomes half a Token instead of a full token. Luckily everything's discounted to a .5, so the math should still be easy. If I screwed up somewhere, lemme know and I'll fix it.

The amount of land you bring with your clan is proportionate to the size of your capital, and however many resources and geological features are attached. Keep in mind, skaven construction and settlements approach the Kowloon Walled City approach to city-planning (e.g. everybody cramped into as small a place as manageable to maximize its efficiency). At most, your 'homeland' likely won't reach the size of Skavenblight and its holdings in the Blighted Marshes, as it's the absolute goddamn center of the entire Under-Empire - but you have some leeway. Be sensible but have fun.

"Am I in danger of dying to the ritual in Twin-Tailed Comet scenario if I'm a Grey Seer and sacrifice Vulscreek?"
No, because CA made a bit of a logical stretch with the lore there. There's no "Grey Seer clan," just a Brotherhood of Grey Seers. Regardless, just assume that Vulscreek represents some rando ragbag clan or other, or you don't even have to sacrifice him and just be a cheeky fucker with some other rats. I just decided to leave him in there as a connection to the game's campaign.

Verminlord Types
DISCLAIMER: THIS SHIT'S RELEVANT MORESO TOWARDS AGE OF SIGMAR, BUT MENTIONS TO IT HAVE BEEN MADE IN WHFB BOOKS
There are a few sub-types to Verminlords, mostly aligning with the various Clans (and unfortunately leaving Moulder and Skryre Verminlord-less for whatever reason)

- **Corrupters:** Tied to Clan Pestilens, giant rat-shaped balls of sickness and disgusting goop. Have a boner for spreading misery, may or may not want to murder all other types of skaven to ensure Harbinger of Plagues stands out greatest of the Horned Rat's portfolio.

- **Warbringers:** Tied to the Warlord Clans, the more MACHO and MUSCLED rat-daemons whose mere sight causes the clanrat and stormvermin legions to rally to them immediately. Essentially masters of combat and warfare.
- **Deceivers:** Tied to Clan Eshin. Daemonic ninjas to the nth degree.
- **Warpseers:** Lords of Black Lightning, representative of the Grey Seer Brotherhood. Take Palpatine and make him a rat, and you get a this.