|Warhammer Fantasy: Beastmen|

Mutant.

Freak.

Abomination.

This is what Man has called you, from atop their walled cities and within their warm, guarded huts. That is what Elf has called you, from the treetops and high places of the woodlands. What Dwarf, Rat, and so many other wretches have judged you as whilst sniffing in contempt.

Yours are older than all of they. On the dawning of Chaos' first entry to this world, your kind were born. Shaped from the weak and cowardly humans into a creature that would cast down the trappings of "Order" that Man clings to with desperation.

In the forests of the Old World, we dwell. Elven holds, we will burn. Walls of Man, we will crush. Holds of Dwarf, we will scour. With hoof and fang, we will destroy the work of the civilized weaklings, and exalt Chaos as the true force of the world. All will run, screaming, into the night, as the warherds run rampant across the land. All will know fear. All will know the one truth of the world.

We fight. We kill. And one day…
Beastman stand supreme over all others.
And man-filth be nothing but prey once more.

So many years ago, the Great Polar Warp Gates collapsed. Chaos poured into the world unchecked, seeping into the ground like spilled blood and raining down upon the earth as a storm of meteors. In the primordial forests, our ancestors mingled with the ancient beasts. They were changed. *Mutated.* ***ASCENDED.*** Man became Beast. Beast became Man. And the Horned Ones, the Beastmen, the Children of Chaos, were born.

And since those dark days, they have lived. Seeking only to plague and wage war upon the civilizations of Man, Elf, and Dwarf. You arrive in this land now, as one of the Cloven Ones' number. And your task is simple: Prey upon the weak and defenseless. Leave nothing but devastation and ruin. Venerate the Four Gods through slating your primal desires upon the world. For ten years, this is your task.

+1,000 CP

|Location|

Where the Beastpaths wind through the forests, where the trees cast shadows too dark for Man's eyes to peer into, one will always find the Beastmen camps. Any of the woodlands of the Old World are your home, and as such you may choose from any of them to arrive in. The following list simply gives an idea of which are the "safest" for your arrival.

- **The Middle Mountains:** Once the domain of the greatest Beastlord to ever exist, Gorthor, the Middle Mountains and the nearby stretches of Ostland and Hochland are considered all but cursed by the Empire. Gorthor's legacy lives on, for the Bray-Shaman tell that a Beastlord will finish what The Cruel strove to complete. This land is riddled with ruins of castle and settlement alike - and no human will ever approach them for fear of the Cloven Ones.
- **Drakwald Forest:** Also called "Dragon's Wood," this land once stood as home of the Thuringian Tribe, one of the cursed Sigmar's greatest allies. With the Drakwald Elector House dismantled by Emperor Leopold, the province fell to ruin. Now the Dragon's Wood plays host to a great many Beastpaths and warherd camps - and commanded by Khazrak the One-Eye, a Beastlord of as-yet-unseen tenacity.
- **The Great Forest:** The center of The Empire's lands, yet so horribly uncontrolled by Talabecland and Imperial patrols. This ocean of trees is the land of natural and unnatural creatures, for not only do warbands of Chaos' marauders travel the hidden paths - the great, black-winged Bray-Shaman known as Malagor the Crowfather makes his home amidst these blackened woodlands. Malagor guides not one chieftain or wargor, but instead steers the course for the entirety of the beastman people.
- **Arden:** Spreading over the hinterlands of Bretonnia, and twining into the forests of Athel Loren, Morghur the Shadowgave twists these woods into a corrupt and hellish landscape of murderous tree and mutated beast through his blessed aura. Countless Questing Knights have met their end under the boughs and roots of Arden, and the wicked and capering screams of the Master of Skulls leave the haunted wood a dangerous proposition for any human - or elven - traveler.

|Breeds|

Not all amongst the herds are born equal. Whilst the females of the beastmen races are typically docile, gentle, and camp-tending types, none will look down on you for taking part in the fighting yourself. At the same time, neither does age - among the Cloven Ones, you fight until you die, and it is rare that one dies of old age.

- **Bray (+200):** Hornless, donkey-headed Beastmen - the lowest form imaginable. In fact, the very name by which their breed was derived is but a reference to the dying, honking racket they make when fighting. As a Bray, you are forced into a life of misery - the last to gain food, forced the camp the furthest from the campfires, and forced to endure an unending amount of bullying and mockery from your horned brethren. You will never gain respect amidst your herd, no matter how strong you become - and should you do the unthinkable and climb the higher ranks, you will see no end of challengers for your position. To even the Ungors, bray should never hold any position higher than dirt.

- **Gors [Variable]:** Gors are the most common breed of the Beastmen - so common, in fact, that the head of a Gor is typically used as an all-encompassing symbol for the Beastmen. Regardless of which type you choose as of right now you bear no mutations or impurities other than your horns, head, and hooves. The Gor are a broad classification, encompassing the following types:
    - **Caprigor (Free):** The goat- and sheep-headed warriors of the Cloven Ones, Caprigors are the most abundant and common type of Beastmen to be fought by The Empire and Bretonnia. As a Caprigor, your horns are either curling like a mountain ram's, or sticking straight and backwards from your skull like a goat.
    - **Bovigor (Free):** Bull- or ox-headed beasts with the horns of cattle, Bovigors are also characterized by an equally bull-headed demeanor - prizing brute strength and stubborn attitudes over all. As a Bovigor, you're more muscular than any of the other Beastman breeds, losing just to the Minotaur in size and stature.
    - **Ungor (+100):** The ungors are vast in appearances, with only one thing in common - compared to any other breed of Beastman, they are the ones that look the most human, with only bovine or caprine legs and a pair of horns to differentiate them from mankind. Due to your frail, HUMAN appearance, your life as an Ungor will be miserable and disgusting - not as poor as a Bray's, but you're the equivalent of the Empire's second-class citizen.

- **Bray-Shaman (Free):** Speakers of the Dark Council, sorcerers and advisors to the Beastmen chieftains and lords. You will face no challengers in Beastman society, for none would so much as harm you - for you are the mouthpiece, the speaker of the Chaos Gods' will and plan, born into magic so that you may bring their word to the herds and hordes. Blaspheme against the deities of civilization, slay their priests upon their own altars, and desecrate their holy grounds. This earns the favor of the gods of Chaos

- **Centigor (Free):** Also called 'Centaurs' by the forces of Man, the Centigor are Chaos-tainted quadrupeds - like a twisted mix of Beastman and oxen, with claws instead of hooves and an absurd lack of any dexterity or grace. Cognizant of their lacking in this regard, centigor as a whole are a bitter race that drown their sorrows underneath gallons upon gallons of pilfered and stolen liquor - it will be a truly rare occasion that you find a Centigor who is actually sober. Their lacking also engenders a brutal hatred and resentment of creatures whose bodies and minds are better matching - such as Humans, as an example.

- **Minotaur (Free):** Known as the Bullgors, yet strong enough that they stand in a class of their own. The Minotaurs, twice as tall as a man and far bulkier in muscle and bone, are savages - often less intelligent than regular Beastmen, but making up for it in raw physical power. With this brute strength comes increased savagery, and a terrible thirst to devour flesh - not for sustenance, but for the exhilaration and the closeness it gives you to your Gods. It is for this reason that many of your ilk are made the guardians of dark shrines and other places of great importance to the Four Gods - both rewarding your religious fervor with closeness to their glory, and the victims that come searching for such holy havens in an attempt to desecrate and destroy all signs of Chaos they can find.

|What Has Been Passed Down|

All perks, skills, and abilities displayed below are discounted towards the Breed they are listed to - and all discounts are **50% off** except where stated otherwise.

Beastly Strength (Free): Even the weakest Bray is strong enough to butcher and smash their way through human ranks - and this strength is cultivated from birth. No weakness is found in the bodies of the Horned Ones, such that no calves or children are born weak and frail - even the children found abandoned in the woods, from human parents ashamed of the taint in their lineage, are taken in. Their strength runs through your muscles now, child of Chaos. Let the blessings of the Four course through your blood and bones, and tear down the walls of order with little effort.

Odd Protection (Free): We are pure creatures of Chaos - vaunted above Man. Anything that would taint this body is a disgrace to the Cloven Ones. And yet sometimes, our Dark Gods… Are a bit too giving and capricious with their gifts. You'll find just as many Chaos Spawn are formed from beast bodies as humans. For the duration of your stay here, you will be protected from the more monstrous changes the divines deign to give out. Of course, you may drop this protection from the Gods' favor further down in the Complications section. After all, why would you ever give them reason to punish you, warrior?

Woodland Stalker (100 CP): A beastman hunts and walks the woodland realms, turning a peaceful forest glade into a terrifying scene of havoc in but a moment. Even when not on the Beastpaths, they can navigate the woods without losing progress or time. This… This makes you among the best pathfinders, able to shave a woodland journey from a day into but a few hours, and capable of finding the best ambush points and trap locations for your prey - be they beasts on four legs, or fools on two.

Beastly Allure (100 CP): How is it that some of the most fortified towns have fallen to Beastmen hordes, when there was nary a minotaur raging or spell cast to break down the gates? It's not for no reason that many of the noble houses of The Empire have cabins deep in the forests, with laws set in place that hunters are forbade from trespass. It's not for no reason that rumours tell of naked humans capering around the bonfires, joining and "mingling" with the Horned Ones in worship of the Four Gods. Few are the traitors that would unbar the gates, and let the beasts in through the front door - but Ooooh, they do exist.

And now the allure hangs about you like a musky, heavy miasma. You attract attention from those that oppose you who have darkness in their hearts, and spark an ounce of curiosity in their brains. Curiosity about the revelry, the mad feasts, the brutal

freedom you enjoy as a servant of the Ruinous Powers. A tingling want for the things you embody, and the black desires you can help them take hold of.

PILLAGE! BURN! RAVAGE! (100 CP): When the prey is spread thin and the food stores drop, you have but one solution - find the nearest settlement and sack it for all it is worth. All too often a poor and foolish herd-leader makes the charge into a town, and finds he has made a poor assessment of how easy that raid would be. Other times, a warrior attempts to ambush a caravan - and instead of intimidating the merchants and their guards, is just another splash of blood on a man's sword. You have a set of skills that many Gors find themselves lacking in: Threat assessment, and proper planning. Under your guidance, a warherd could prosper with little effort - finding the weakest prey and the best rewards, with few losses beyond those foolish enough to die to peasant pitchforks.

LOOK AT MY HORNS, AND KNOW! (200 CP): It goes without saying, but I will say it anyway - horns are important for status in Beastman society. The bigger your horns, the more you've been blessed by the Chaos Gods, and thus the better your position in the herd hierarchy - while small horns and an utter lack of them lead to derision and mockery. As such, this augment grants a two-fold benefit: First, the size of your horns are increased - and not just in Beastman form, but in any form aside. Your horns are just so enormous, intimidating, and demanding of respect.

Secondly, you can substitute any sort of conflict in authority by intervening with the size of your horns. Should your position be challenged, your horns can communicate your denial - and the size of them will cow your opposition into obedience - to the point that any advancements to your intimidation, be it by supernatural aura or by improved technique, can be applied to your horns. Just be careful, Child of Chaos - some may feel threatened by the weight and girth of your horns, and act against you before you act against them.

It should go without saying that if you don't have horns, you don't convey this perk's benefit. Looking at you, filthy Brays.

Child of Chaos (200 CP): The Horned Ones were born of Chaos. Bred by Chaos. Moulded by the Four Gods. Is it any wonder then that no matter how warped, defiled, or twisted their bodies become, they are still the perfect soldiers that Chaos desires? To this end, a boon has been granted - woven into your flesh. No matter the source, no matter the cause, and no matter how horrific the change may be - your body will automatically take the worst they have to offer, and will turn it into a boon. Experimented upon by a skaven flesh-shaper? He won't realize it, but he just gave you the claws and tools to escape. A curse from the Gods that should have crippled you, instead made your skin stronger and better at deflecting the Empire's bullets.

The Spurned One (200 CP): As the Ungors and Brays can attest, not all are born equal in a herd of beastmen. Yet even those who should be considered Gaves can be spurned, and driven to insanity as they break the most sacred oaths. The black-hearted Ungrol Four-Horn exists as a boogeyman to the Horned Ones - slaughtering his former herd's Bray-Shaman and Beastlord in their sleep, carving off their horns, and hewing them on to his own. Yet to many of the more destitute horned ones, Ungrol exists as a legend and reputable warrior, and his own herd in the Labyrinth of the Spurned are made up of a great many Turnskins, Ungor, and Brays that seek vengeance against their Gor and Bray-Shaman tyrants.

And just as Ungrol, you have become such a figure - a beacon for the outcast, destitute, and mutant rejects of many a society, such that even those that monsters reject will look to you for guidance. Within months of you becoming active, you could garner together warbands of the monstrous and outcast - within a year, a herd of your own, forged from those rejected by all.

Scion of the Dark Gods (300 CP): Only one, once before, has been blessed like this. In the heat of battle, an aura of black-and-violet swirling energy will generate itself about your bulk and limbs - lashing like the tentacles of a Tzeentchian horror. Whatever creature was spun from this enchantment, it lurks about your essence like a black splotch - and in combat, the corona will act of its own accord. At random, it will tap into the powers of the Purple Wind of Death, Shyish, and twist together a spell out of the aether - firing off at any vague time and direction it so wishes, or giving you that moment to properly direct the spell at your own leisure. The aura will always do its best to ensure you benefit from its random spellcasting, and the spells it weaves together will benefit from whatever forms of magic enhancement or spell empowerment you possess.

Lunatic Child of Morrslieb (300 CP): Are you even born of the mortal realm? Or are you yet a child or brother of Moonclaw, the demented beastman born from a searing and horned comet of warpstone. Regardless, you are a blight against the minds and souls of all mortal races - for about your body emanates an aura of madness and dementation, twisting the minds of your enemies into gibbering, neurotic husks of their former selves. The strong-willed will weather slowly against it, while the weak lose all semblance of sapience and sanity.

Gave (300 CP - Incompatible with Turnskin): Every so often, a child is born to human parents - a deformed thing, with the mutations of Chaos evident upon its form. Some immediately strangle the cursed child, and bury its poor body in the cold earth. Others hide their children's deformities, and attempt to raise the thing until a cruel human society sees their end made short and bloody. You are one of the lucky ones. Abandoned in the woods,

set to float on the river, left to die of hunger and exposure. Your cries were loud, and if there is one thing Beastmen are always listening for is the sound of their own kind. You are a Gave - a blessed child, abandoned by Man and adopted by your herd.

No matter the Breed you chose - Gor, Ungor, or even Bray - you are seen as a blessed gift by the Gods to your herd, a holy being descended to their hands. And indeed, in your particular case, you are a blessing. For your herd, your existence and presence in their ranks will see their fortunes grow - easy hunting grounds found within days, raids and sackings a simple affair to make the herd blossom and benefit in unheard-of ways, and pleasant travels. This blessing extends, in the future, to any other groups or families that "adopt" you into their numbers.

Removes the CP gained from selecting Bray or Ungor. No such stigma is attached to you, as a result of your birth. As well, your appearance is not as important - due to the ambiguity of the Gave's description, you may use your Breed as either the body you were born into directly, or something else. The only thing I require is that there be some form of major mutation or deformity that would dub you with the label of "Beastman."

Will To Live (100 CP - Free Bray): When even your own herd looks down upon you, as nothing more than a maggot to crush into the mud, survival seems like a dream. A dream that grows more and more distant each day, as you are cast out to the very outskirts of the herd encampment. Despair would sink its roots in deep, and make you wish for nothing more than the pain to end.

Despair shall find no purchase here, for now the will to survive - to see your tormentors and this life that has dealt you nothing but a poor hand bend under your hoof - burns like a hot flame in your heart. When the odds are stacked to see you die of despair or violent end, you will be *driven* to push back with every ounce you have to muster. Even when the rival Bovigor has you on your knees, you will live. Even when Man's hunting hounds are howling through the woods at your heels, you will live. Even on the field of battle as a dwarven slayer has one axe buried in your shoulder, and is swinging with the other to take your head… YOU. WILL. **LIVE.**

Herd Unity (200 CP - Bray): Bray-herds are expected to do two things - Fight, and Die. The Gors will push you as meatshields until they can reach the enemy forces with little effort, then stampede over you to get into the fray. The Bray-Shaman will sacrifice you with little care for your life, and the less said about what happens when a Minotaur grows hungry and you are present, the better.

There are only two beings you can count on, here: Yourself, and your fellow Brays. With only each other to care if one dies, you can encourage and foster a growing fellowship in your herd or similar group - growing a level of teamwork unseen in many beastman

hordes. With only each other to look after, you will either fight together or die alone. If you also have **Will To Live,** you can foster the growth of a similar desire to survive inside your comrades - until they would roar in the face of death if it meant seeing tomorrow.

Cunning of the Weak (400 CP - Bray): Even with his bestial strength, a Bray is still weaker than any other form of Beastman by many degrees. And yet, though their moments of control are frequently short and lead to brutal ends, it is not unheard of for a Bray to find himself in command of a Herd through use of his mind. When the only quality truly valued among the Cloven Ones is strength, cunning and courage are overlooked. But it's these two qualities that help you survive, and make you capable of not only living through the endless chaos of a herd's ranks, but also to climb them against all odds.

If purchased with **Herd Unity,** the groups you make yourself a member of will find minds expanding as teamwork and unity are fostered - even the dumbest member of their ranks becoming capable of a bestial cunning to seize the advantage.

A Cornered Beast (600 CP - Bray): It is when we have nothing to lose that we're at our most savage. A cornered animal will turn and bite back, an enemy without a way out will attack with all their might, and a Bray forced by circumstance will muster its courage and take up arms. It is often these beings - those in the corner with no other option - that the Four Gods of Chaos will look down upon, to judge them… And in the rarest cases, will smile upon them. A stroke of fate will all but ensure their survival, or their strength will be augmented to monstrous heights, or a gift bestowed to see their life extended but one more day.

This same situation now applies to you - for it is in those most desperate moments that you earn the attention of greater beings, and the harder you fight to survive, to thrive, to ensure that you see tomorrow… These greater beings will intervene to aid you, be it bolstering your might, sending a gift from on high, healing your wounds to let you fight fresh once more, or sending their champion in what should be your final hour, or any other myriad and mysterious ways that will see you not only live, but thrive. But this must be a genuine fight for your life and survival, and will see the gods distinctly disgusted if they find you engineered it all in an attempt to garner divine sympathy. Although… it may vary depending on the being in question. Tzeentch may very well find the whole thing comical.

If purchased with **Cunning of the Weak** and **Will To Live**, it will not just be these singular moments of paramount need that attract divine attention - but indeed, any great moment of ambition, of stubborn refusal to give up and let the uncaring and cruel universe win. If purchased with **Herd Unity,** you will not be the only one visited upon - but any connected to you will see those mysterious eyes watching them with care as well.

Break Their Pride (100 CP - Free Gor): To the horned warriors, nothing rankles or offends them more than Man and his creations. Witnessing that these mangy, smooth-faced mongrels and their allies live and breath as offenses against their Gods. To see that Order stands resolute and defiant against the inevitability of Chaos. What greater symbol of Man's civilized defiance of the Four Gods than his walls, his houses, his castles and forts?

And what better way than to venerate your Gods and weaken Man's resolve than to despoil these structures. To not only annihilate the buildings they spend so many years creating, but mark them with the undeniable evidence that you - the beings they underestimated - brought it all crashing down. You bear this knowledge now, how best to bring down these monuments to Order - and defile them such that no man will ever come near them again.

Chaos Strong (200 CP - Gor): Look at your body, cloven one. Fists to clench tight about weapons, or to tear and claw at an enemy's flesh. Horns that crash headlong into your foe, and gore into their soft flesh. Teeth to bite and rip, letting the blood spill. Hooves to stomp and kick, and trample the enemy underneath. You were born from the Ruinous Powers, and in every inch of your sculpted figure it shows - not warped, or randomly mutated, but carefully guided by the hand of one who wished to see this creation bring havoc upon civilization's head.

This careful guidance that has turned your body into a machine-for-war can now ensure that no matter what happens, you stay the perfect weapon. No matter what changes you undergo, be it changes in ideology or changes wrought upon your body by the Gods' attention, even if these changes remain hazardous to your health - You will remain the perfect killing machine. This will extend to your other forms that you may be shapeshifted or polymorphed into, ensuring that no matter the course you take, you will be ready to kill.

If purchased with **Break Their Pride,** this perk does more than ensure Man and his ilk will not approach sites of your carnage lightly. Now, dread and fear will permeate your very name - and to know that you brought ruin to such a place will have the fearful all but crying in their sleep at the nightmares, while the strong-willed will be made cautious.

WE! BRING! WAAAAAAAAAAR! (400 CP - Gor): The Bestigor are the elite warriors of the herds, possessing a level of physical power, discipline, and *restraint* that make them part of a chieftain's inner circle. Above them are the Wargors and Chiefs - who make no attempt at leadership in day-to-day herd life, only for the time of conflict to come and the herd be made a force of reckoning. Under a Wargor, there is ironically no chaos or disarray to undermine the Beastmen's effectiveness - it all gives way to regimented, planned, authoritative violence against Man, his allies, and his creations.

You represent a crossing of these disciplines - a figure that the Cloven Ones could call less of a chieftain, and more of a General. You are at once a juggernaut, capable of

crashing headlong into a Bretonnian lance charge and breaking through their plated line of horses without a single spear stabbing through your flesh and hide. Yet as well, you are the tactician, who can and will beat the idea of ranks, formations, battle-lines, and **discipline** into the heads of even dumb, feeble Brays. With the way you will shape these disparate herds into a single fighting force, and the brutality with which you cut through mankind like so much pathetic chaff, you make Khorne all but grin with manic glee at the carnage to come.

If purchased with **Chaos Strong,** your body is forged even further as a weapon to bring the hatred of your Gods upon the foe. You bear a Mark of one of the Chaos Gods, selectable from in the Spoils of the Herdstone section. As well, the discipline you beat into your forces does more than temper their minds - their bodies will be beaten into the best fighting shape they can, made a deadlier weapon by your guidance.

Lord of Beasts (600 CP - Gor): If Bestigors are the elite of the herds, then above even them - the one they bow to, and act as bodyguards and personal warriors for - sits the tyrant of many herds. The Beastlord, the one who goes down in myth and legend. Gorthor nearly saw The Empire of Man annihilated under the hordes he gathered under his command, and Khazrak the One-Eye is on the fast track to follow his example. Now there sits but one more creature with the potential to grind Mankind into the dust - You.

The Ruinous Powers have seen your strength, and found it worthy. You are the pinnacle of the horde in physical strength, rivalling and cowing even full-grown minotaurs with muscles that burst with the power to rip humans, elves, and dwarves to bloody chunks, and destroy great city gates with one smash of your horns into the timber. When inevitable conflict is arrayed between you and those that you despise, all the battle will always, inevitably, come down to one final showdown, a duel to end it all - You, and the enemy leader, as all Beastlords would have it.

If purchased with **WE! BRING! WAAAAAAAAAAR!**, **Chaos Strong,** and **Break Their Pride,** you are more than just a Beastlord. You are the second coming of Gorthor, and a sign that the end has come. Every action you take will send a wave through the lands about you - a signal that a destroyer has manifest, as the news spreads like wildfire in a dead grassland. All the beasts of shadow and chaos will flock to your banner as you begin to carve your name with filth and blood into the herdstone of history, and all of Man and his allies will make ready to stand as one against your hordes.

Lore of the Herd (100 CP - Mandatory & Free for Bray-Shaman): Since birth, the Bray-Shaman are experienced in the use of their foul sorceries - the gifts from Tzeentch that aid in their push for dominance. Though the Bray-Shaman are capable of tapping into all four of their relevant Lores, each often chooses to specialize in one of the following. The first is Ghur, Lore of Beasts and the Brown Wind of Magic, which deals with the animals and

monsters of the natural world and the shaping of one's body. The second is Ulgu, Lore of Shadow and Wind of Grey, made of deception and illusions. The third is Shyish, Lore of Death and the Purple Wind that haunts where death must be faced and lives must come to an end. And the fourth, exclusive the Cloven Ones: The Lore of the Wild, a corrupt and disgusting magic that bolsters the Herd and allows the Bray-Shaman to warp the minds of their foes, and twist nature into a monstrous force against Mankind. **Bray-Shaman get one of these Lores for free and may purchase the others at a discount, while other Breeds must pay full price.**

Mouthpiece (100 CP - Free Bray-Shaman): You speak the will of the Dark Gods, and the Horned Children listen and revel in your preachings of the Four Ruinous Powers. The chieftains, Wargor, and Beastlords heed your wisdom with attentiveness, and none but other Bray-Shaman will challenge you or even seek you harm. This now extends outwards, as a cloud of influence you spread amongst similar societies. The superstitious and overly-religious will heed you, the rational leaders will listen, and the hateful will avoid for fear of divine retribution. But watch for those that threaten your faith - the worshippers of a heathen god will not be so easily swayed by your holy connections.

Something Wicked This Way Comes (200 CP - Bray Shaman): The presence of a Bray-Shaman does more than drive the herds into religious ecstasy, as they strive for their dominance of the Old World. Any man-filth, fey, or stunted hairball that stands against your horde will know despair in their hearts as they hear your guttural chanting, and know that death is calling for them. Your preaching cries and spell incantations will drain the courage from a man's face, and instill a sense of inevitability and despair into the very air with every word spewed past your fangs.

If purchased with **Mouthpiece,** the effect of both perks is spread - now against your foes, it affects not just Man, but his environment. The color will dim, the air will turn biting and chill to the bone, the forests and lands you have not yet conquered will become dark and foreboding, and Man's tamed beasts will be permanently on edge, spooked by your mere presence. Conversely, your allies will be invigorated and full of life - tame beasts chomping at the bit to run free, conquered lands aiding your journeys.

DESECRATE! DEFILE! DEGRADE! (400 CP - Bray Shaman): The Gods rejoice with every temple of their enemies befouled in the worst and harshest ways, as enemy priests are butchered on their own altars. The Bray-Shaman who sets to his task with vim and vigor will earn rewards and recognition from his profane deities, and you are no exception to this. With every temple and church ruined, every priest of a heathen god slaughtered, and a church's flock sacrificed, you will see The Gods act in ways to reward your service and worship, and ensure your continued success fighting in their name. Post-jump this extends

to gods you may inadvertently help - should you butcher Zeus's worshippers, Hades will likely recognize your deeds and see you as worthy.

If purchased with **Something Wicked This Way Comes,** your acts of desecration have a shockwave effect on your foe's lands and holdings. Famine will strike him, as crops dry up and are consumed by skull-headed locusts. Water will trickle and disappear as drought looms overhead. Terrible storms will strike, and Man will think his gods displeased with him. Never knowing any wiser who is the fiend that truly brought these dark times upon him.

The Dark Omen (600 CP - Bray Shaman): Blessed were you, at birth. Born with a pair of oil-black wings, like The Crowfather himself. Your magical force sees substantial augmentation - empowering you to rival great sorcerers and priests of enemy nations, a monster come to bring doom upon their civilization. The Empire will learn to wail at the signs of your passing, the Wood Elves will know to scream in horror at the abominations you bring to their door, and the Dawi will shrivel their beards as they cower in their tunnels and hovels, for your presence is a portent of disaster for any foes. It matters not the event that occurs - where you walk, where you act, where you cast, will be a site of terrible doom against those you hate. Beastmen will venerate you, and Mankind will hate you.

If purchased with **Mouthpiece, Something Wicked This Way Comes, and DESECRATE! DEFILE! DEGRADE!**, you are a beacon for the Ruinous Powers - now, and into the future worlds, the Gods staying conscious and ever watchful of your journeys. Where you walk and work your magicks, they can influence. Where you preach and gather a herd anew, they can bless. Where you desecrate and destroy, they will rejoice. You are the carrier of their will, now and forevermore.

Strength In A Bottle (100 CP - Free Centigor): Not a day goes by that you aren't head-over-claws halfway through a bottle of pilfered wine, or have your head down in a stolen barrel of dwarven mead. And yet where one of those puny humans would be swaying back and forth unable to keep their act together through the alcohol, it keeps you on the other end of the spectrum - coherent and capable. When you're drunk, you find you're far more capable in combat than any of the sober horned ones in your war-herd - able to turn your drunken stumbling and charges into ways to bowl your enemies over and avoid both attack and projectile with narrow ease. Even on the other end of the drunken binge, you can turn the raging hangover into a way to put an extra few pounds of force into your every blow.

Lobber (200 Cp - Centigor): Though their lack of dexterity makes the centigor a poor archer or handgunner, their strength of arm and ability to stay on the move make them great at using one other form of ranged weaponry: Throwing axes and javelins. Such is

their - and your - skill with these weapons that a man can have his head cut clear in two from sixty-five meters, or nailed to a tree by a javelin from the same distance.

If purchased with **Strength in a Bottle,** a miracle occurs. For many races, including the dwarves (much to their displeasure and shame), inebriation hampers their accuracy and ability to aim. But you wouldn't be a beastman, a servant of Chaos, if you let THAT little detail hamper your ability to javelin an elf in his pretty pretty perfect FACE as he's mocking you a perfect sixty yards away for your lack of grace. Because you will hit him. In his *face*… ah-ah I'm sorry what were we on about again?

Cavalry of One Mind (400 CP - Centigor): Despite their perpetual alcoholism, rowdiness, and hateful brutality, the centaur are some of the best light cavalry in the Old World - for there is no beast and a rider, only the one centigor mind. And though they might suffer due to this, their brains not being properly built to manage their bodies, there's no disconnect between rider and steed. There's no horse to balk at open flame, or a Cold One to try and coax over an obstacle. This also means there's no rider to get jostled out of the saddle or thrown off as a horse gets spooked. What this means for YOU, is that you can maintain your maximum speed regardless of your environment, whether you're charging full-tilt through a burning village, following the beastpaths with urgency, or chasing prey up the cliffs of a mountain. The only threat to you is that of personal injury - and your strength and durability should be enough to take care of that for you.

If purchased with **Lobber,** you've gained an excellent skill for your preference in throwing heavy projectiles at enemies - namely, leverage and calculation… Well, the beastman variation of such things. Regardless, you've learned how to estimate the best angles for your lobbed axes and javelins to do the most damage, and will automatically, instinctively, adjust your aim to accommodate your maximum speed.

Sire of a Thousand Young (600 CP - Centigor): You are truly an old Centigor - gnarled, ancient, and still bearing a potent vitality and virility. Such potent energy and "energy" has left you, in your drunken revelries, the sire of a myriad of beast, spawn, and hellspawn alike - enough that you could claim to be the father of an entire race… Although Ghorros might have something to say about that.

This benefit comes two-fold along with your newfound vitality. The first, is that anything you **are,** can be communicated to the spawn born of your frolics and ruts. However, this comes with a downside - namely, that not only is it chaotic and uncontrolled what your progeny receive, but any unnatural abilities will manifest on the spawn's body in the form of mutations. The second, your offspring will IMMEDIATELY come to your aid as soon as they see, or know, that you are in danger - putting your life ahead of theirs, at all costs.

If purchased with **Cavalry of One Mind** and **Lobber,** your "accuracy" extends to the strangest of targets - breeding partners. Even if you don't mean to, whether you're deep in the bottle or high on some sort of Chaos-tainted substance, those who bear your offspring will inevitably be some kind of excellent match - leading your monstrous progeny to be strong, tough warriors. If purchased with **Strength in a Bottle…** let's just say instead of singular births, the amount of spawn from any one coupling done while heavily inebriated will be of a sizeable number - anywhere from twins, to quadruplets, or even more depending.

Note: This works the other direction as well, should you be of the opposite gender, or some weird mixture between the two. This would make you a "Mother of Monsters," to a degree.

Guardian of the Sacred (100 CP - Free Minotaur): Where the hooved soldiers of your Gods are the ones who go forth and murder, they value your strength most of all - and that strength and power is oft desired as a ward for their shrines and sites of great importance. Even if called to join a great horde's rampage, you will inevitably drift back to your duty. And your store of treasure and "larder," made from the bounty and corpses of those fools who'd desecrate your charge.

Once per jump you may designate a location as under your protection - with the only requirements being that said locale is important to either you, those you worship, or important to the world. Rumors and dark grumblings will immediately begin to spread about this locale - warning off the sensible and cautious away from it, convincing them of ancient curses or hauntings that would see them suffer. Conversely, to the foolish and easy prey, it is like a clarion call of adventure - luring them in like lambs to a wolf's den, where you can swallow their bloodied flesh and add their treasures to your hoard.

The Bloodgreed Benefit (200 CP - Minotaur): The scent of blood, such a sweet aroma. It's enough to make the man-filth sick, and a bull drunk on more than just its flavor. You eat the flesh of man not just for sustenance, but for the taste and the closeness it brings you to your gods, and for many a minotaur the lust for blood will make them frenzy in the midst of combat. But it does more than that for you - on top of the religious ecstasy, consuming the bloody hunks and pieces of your victims will replace any lost blood and flesh of your own - healing you in a way that pleases the Ruinous Powers, especially Khorne.

If purchased with **Guardian of the Sacred**, the flesh gorged upon while protecting your designated locale is especially effective - both for earning your deity's pleasure, and at regenerating your wounds. This also comes with adding a 'legend' to the place under your protection - of a great beast who would earn its killer much glory. There is just such a beast… but I have severe doubts they'll do more for you than just fill your belly again.

Gored Anew (400 CP - Minotaur): Beyond ascendance as a Bloodbull servant of the Gods that takes to the field of battle, there exist two horrific forms for a Minotaur to be shaped into. Were it not for their mindless rage and perpetual hunger, both of these could have been as blessed gifts from their gods - and to have these monsters in a herd is to all but guarantee victory. How fortuitous for you, then, to have been morphed into one of these Bullgor anomalies. **Choose one of the following for your discount. You may purchase the other, at full price.**

- **GHORGON:** Once a minotaur of boundless gluttony, you committed the act of cannibalism upon your herd - and though the endless burning pain of hunger eats away at your core, your mind remains clear. You tower at nine-feet-tall, with a second pair of arms erupting from your shoulders - with great, bony blades instead of hands, to carve up foes into perfect mouthfuls. Such is the force and speed of your feeding frenzy that an entire herd of beastmen can disappear overnight down your gullet. Your sense of smell, especially for that of blood and flesh, is effective as to replace sight - letting you be the raging hunter be it day or night.
- **CYGOR:** A tainted cousin of the Minotaur, you are. At twenty-four-feet-tall, you have one single, blind eye in the center of your skull - blind, for you see nothing on the physical world. Instead, you bear witness to all that is magic, able to see the Winds themselves as great swirls and streams of hellish color coursing through an invisible landscape, pooling and winding together. Magicians and sorcerers are as bright, shining sweetmeats against a flat-grey world, and it's that light at their core, their soul, that is the only thing capable of soothing your own hunger. There is one good thing for your condition, however - beyond your massive size and bulk, with one meaty hand capable of crushing a knight in full plate, your constant exposure to the Winds of Magic have left magic itself glancing off your hide.

If purchased with **The Bloodgreed Benefit,** it will depend on which form you choose. As a **Ghorgon,** your jaw will be capable of unhinging enough to swallow full-grown man-filth, and crunch them up. Their blood consumed as such does more than heal you, but also bolsters your muscles with every drop. As a **Cygor,** you may supplement the benefit of consuming the victim's bodies, with every bite into their flesh also tearing off pieces of their soul. If you have, against all sanity, purchased both, I leave those potential interactions for you to figure out.

Doombull (600 CP - Minotaur): Not all Bullgor are destined to protect that which the Gods wish preserved. The greatest among them catch the eyes of the Powers, just as the humans of the northern wastes. They become Chaos' spear, and are granted one of the Marks. They are set at the head of a great herd of fellow Minotaur and other beastmen - and

lead not by tactics and strategy, but by invoking the Slaughterer's Call and making the bloodthirst and frenzied rage of the minotaur flow through the veins of every single one of their servants, beasts, monsters, and soldiers under their command.

You may select one of the Marks of Chaos down in the Spoils of the Herdstones section, for you have been deemed worthy of the title 'Doombull.' Your strength has been increased by several magnitudes - leaving you capable of bowling through a regiment of your own kind with ease, much like a minotaur smashing their way through a regiment of man-filth. You can sound the Slaughterer's Call and fill your subordinates with the bloodgreed - and against your hordes' frenzied, howling charge, the tactics and plans of the enemy will all but fall to pieces.

If purchased with **The Bloodgreed Benefit,** you may confer this ability to "consume by devouring your enemies" unto those at your side affected by the Slaughterer's Call. If purchased with **Gored Anew,** you will find a monstrous kinship with the changed beasts that share your condition - and beyond both Cygor and Ghorgon, similar mutated and mindless creatures will more easily be made to follow your orders.

|Spoils of the Herdstones|

All treasures, items, and relics listed below are discounted to the Breed they are listed to, as with all discounts being **50%** off unless stated otherwise. IF APPLICABLE, one may take the details stated in one of the items and apply it to an already-existing item in their ownership.

Bloody Axes and Tattered Furs (Free for All): Beastmen don't bother most of the time with decency and decorum - so any clothing or armor they wear is either for the bare minimum of protection, or to keep the weather and elements from affecting them. Their weaponry is simple affair as well - choose between either a pair of jagged and rusted axes, an axe and a splintery wooden shield, or a great two-handed axe or cudgel.

Marks of Chaos (200 CP): Ah, a sign of favor from the Gods! Normally granted as a bribe to those petulant, demanding Norscans in the far reaches of the Wastes, it is an uncommon event for one of their Horned Children to receive this honor. It is honor enough to know that when the world is remade in their image, you would stand at its apex over all others. But you… You have earned their attention and favor. Stand and be honored, Horned Child, and select one of the marks below to be branded upon your hide:

- **Mark of Khorne:** Blood red eyes, a battle wound still weeping with blood but never fully bleeding you dry, or a brand in the shape of his sigil. You have been marked by Khorne, and for Gor and Minotaur this marks you as a **Khorngor** or **Bloodbull.** In conflict, flying into a frenzy or rage will see the Blood God pleased with your service, and your exhaustion lifted for as long as the conflict lasts. Additionally, others in Khorne's service will intuitively know you as one of them.
- **Mark of Tzeentch:** A raven tattoo soaring across the skin, the writhing flame in the small of your back, or the pulsing multi-colored eye burnt into your skin. The Lord of Change knew you would be one of his servants, and becoming a force of change has marked you, be it **Tzaangor, Tzaanbull,** or some other breed entirely. You gain a form of intuition - the ability to sense changes, be they in individuals or in armies. A subordinate begins harboring traitorous thoughts, or the enemy changes tactics, you will know immediately. As well, all others marked in Tzeentch's servitude will see you as his.
- **Mark of Slaanesh:** You have been excessive, passionate, and riotous - and the Prince welcomes you. As a **Slaangor, Slaanbull,** or Slaaneshi beast of any other, your mark is more subtle than the others: A subtle and intoxicating musk, a purple-ish tinge to your skin and fur, or the growth of additional nipples. Servants of the Prince of Excess will welcome you to their throngs and festivities, and you gain a boon from his blessing: Instead of growing exhausted or stuporous from excessive

rutting, gorging, or any other activity, it replaces the need for food, drink, and rest. Indeed, true indulgence can even see recuperation from wounds shortened.

- **Mark of Nurgle:** Your father welcomes you home, amidst his other herds of **Pestigors, Plaguebulls,** and other assorted creatures. The Plaguefather's mark is obvious in every way, to signal to his followers that you are a brother or sister: A pox-marked section of green skin, a sore wriggling with maggots, or a distended boil with his sigil made by the cracking flesh. As one of Nurgle's own, your followers and allies come to believe the one thing that unites the Fly Lord's forces - fellowship and family, regardless of one's' differences or the fact that one's brother has his entrails looped over his shoulders to avoid tripping.
- **Mark of Chaos Undivided:** A four-colored, eight-pointed star. An unending wind that follows the marked one. Maybe something else entirely, for this is an event unheard of beyond the polar tundras. All four of your Gods have found you worthy, and have displayed unnatural cooperation in giving you the mark of the pantheon. You gain a lesser version of each of the individual Marks of the Ruinous Powers, and the symbol that graces your form serves one final purpose: You are more than just a beast, but an ambassador and emissary for the forces of darkness. The creatures of the night, the warped and mutated and occult, the monsters that haunt Man's nightmares, all see you bringing the message of the Ruinous Powers. By bearing the Mark of Chaos Undivided, you have the power most dangerous of all: To speak, and be heard.

The Beast-Paths (100 CP): Normally you would know where these were found criss-crossing about the Old World - how else do the Cloven Ones ravage between villages with such speed as they do? The Beast-Paths are their secret roads, and now these roads through the wilderness and woodlands are always with you - appearing whenever and wherever you need one, in this world and those to come.

Where the Beast-Paths intersect, be it a crossroad or a fork, is often a place of great importance to either the Beastmen - be they herdstones or shrines - or to Chaos, with the two quite often overlapping. Keep this in mind as you wander the beast-paths in later realms.

Impaler (100 CP): A spear once used by dread Gorthor, the polearm itself is made of no special qualities - holding no magic within its metal. However, the cruel weapon is almost wreathed in barbs and rings, and refuses to let any but its wielder pull it out once the spear has impaled someone. On its way out, the multitude of barbs and rings snag, tear, pull, and shred at the flesh - mangling its victim beyond all recognition, and bringing death-by-blood loss swiftly with it.

Ramhorn Helm (100 CP): An ornate headdress, made in the emulation of the great Ramhorns - the oversized, ever-hungry larger brothers of the Razorgor. On the headdress are two great, curving horns that stand straight and tall as a Caprigor's - and on donning the helm, the horns twist and curve themselves about your own horns, tightening until it would take tremendous effort to remove. The helmet's purpose is simple - where before your headbutting strength may have been able to knock a man to the ground, now the magical helm will ensure your headbutt can send that man flying off of his feet. This comes with the added protection, to ensure your skull doesn't dent, and your brain doesn't rattle around from the impact.

Chalice of Dark Rain (200 CP): Made from the skull of a geomancer, the Chalice is a simple artifact - simple to activate, simple in function, and devastating in result. When filled with soil, the skies above the holder of the chalice begin to darken as a great storm rolls in from seemingly nowhere. No pure rain or lightning will come from the clouds, however - instead, the storm is an endless slurry of the thickest, blackest mud, writhing with worms. The mud will do its best to blind the enemy, jam and muck up the gears and machinery of their siege engines, and make the field of battle a slick, soupy bog of mud. Man-filth and their allies would find the storm of mud hellish to fight in - but then again, you aren't Man.

The Black Maul (300 CP): This spike-headed maul is an ancient weapon - its color not from paint or metal, but the stained blood of over a thousand victims, awakening inside a sentience that hungers for blood. Any who wield this great mace begin to hear the whispers, the weapon's longing for carnage festering in their thoughts and driving them towards bloodthirsty rages. Whether because the will inside the maul wishes to exist, or some dark intervention, nothing has been proven to destroy the Maul - not fire, not acid, not the holy consecration of a Sigmarite cleric, not even the bombardment of a dwarven artillery strike. If there do exist methods to destroy The Black Maul, one can only hope you do not encounter them.

Great Fang (200 CP - Bray): A pale sword, crudely shaped but sharp enough to cut through the armor of man-filth and stunted dwarf alike without ever dulling its edge. The Great Fang was first ripped from the jaws of an old Dragon Ogre Shaggoth, and over generations was beaten and chipped away by the Bray-Shaman until the already sharp bite became like a razor. Carved and painted with blasphemous and filth-ridden runes in the Beast Tongue, the Great Fang was complete - and has now come to your hands, against all odds.

Stonecrusher Mace (200 CP - Gor): A massive, heavy club - its head ringed in bands of bewitched iron, and the steel mockery of a Caprigor's head at the tip. Enchanted by a

Bray-Shaman, this mace is a symbol of the Cloven Ones' desire to unmake all that Man has created. The club itself is, unfortunately, average when it comes to pulping flesh and cracking bone. It is when the wielder brings it to bear against barricade, against siege weapons, against castle walls and church columns, that it shines and earns its name Stonecrusher. Stone brick turns to brittle powder, wood and forged metal splinter and bend like clay, and monuments reduce to rubble when Stonecrusher is brought against them. All that resists Chaos will be sundered.

Skull-Weave (200 CP - Bray-Shaman): Woven into your mane, beard, and into all manner of your shamanistic garb are skulls. Normally, this would not be out of the ordinary - but for you, these are not just simple skulls. Each one contains the consciousness of Man-filth, craven elf, or butchered dwarf, and they have been scoured of all they knew and now simply hide within their own skulls - making low whimpering and gibbering noises. When you work your magic craft, this whimpering turns into full, insane screaming. Any hated enemy who looks at these skulls, who hears their terrified insanity, will instinctively know that this is the fate that awaits them at your hands - and their soul will turn cold with fear, and shake the hand that grasps their weapon, and curdle their blood until they're ready to flee for the safety of a walled city.

The Beast Banner (200 CP - Centigor): Stitched together from the skins and hide of literally hundreds of enemies, this flag proves that even the Horned Ones have honor. Only the strongest foes that the herd has faced will have their pelts added to the banner, for in killing these foes and honoring their strength, the herds believe that the Beast Banner confers the fallen strength to them. In a manner of speaking, this may be true - for so long as your hordes fight by the side of the one who holds the banner, their bodies are empowered.

Rune-Tortured Axes (200 CP - Minotaur): It's unclear what culture these shining, rune-covered axes came from. But one thing is certain - the flames that cover both of their blades will not be extinguished, even should an Ice Witch of Kislev use her coldest spells upon them. Resonating with your bestial fury, the axe will cook flesh as it cleaves, and melt through the armor of mankind's champions with little effort.

The Dark Mail (400 CP - Bray): A suit of chainmail with no recognized origin or creator, the only thing known is by the eight-pointed star of Chaos on its chest, whoever made it must have been one under the Dark Powers. While worn, the chains have a peculiar ability - for while other forms of armor may attempt to resist all magics, this chainmail has been specialized to counter weapons that have been enchanted or magically enhanced in some fashion. Sometimes, a relic such as those may simply strike the chainmail - only to discover

that while it connected, contact with the dark chains rendered it a mundane lump of metal, wood, and stone. Other times, the reaction will shatter the enchanted blade or maul in the opponent's hands. Even if an enchanted weapon is of such legendary status that it may be able to resist the Dark Mail's influence on the first or second strike - such as The Sword of Couronne or Ghal-Maraz - continuously beating the weapon against your Chaos-forged garb may see it eventually fall victim.

The Dark Heart (400 CP - Bray): A fist-sized, dark red gemstone - made before the coming of Sigmar, when a Beastlord and an Elven Wizard clashed. The Beastlord attained victory, and ripped the Wizard's heart out of his chest - a death brutal enough that Khorne smiled, and crystallized the heart whilst capturing the Gor's wrath deep within. The gem emanates a light, and all that its rays shine upon find that their hate and their longing to kill and fight invigorate them twice-fold. A horde under The Dark Heart's influence will know no need for rest, no need for sustenance, going from a day's march straight into charging down an enemy's ranks - sustained only by their hatred.

Scourge (400 CP - Gor): A wicked weapon, this whip that has stolen lives. Covered in a multitude of barbs ripped from Tuskgor and Razorgor hides, wrapped in the bitter curses woven by Bray-Shaman. When confronted with enemies, the whip will jump into action on being swung - lashing out with a mind of its own to strike every opponent in front of you, with a maximum range of eight feet. The spines and barbs will tear through hide and flesh - striking your foes with Scourge's myriad of engrained curses. Curses of bloodletting, fear, and other nerve-wracking spells will course through their bodies.

Razorgor Chariot (400 CP - Gor): Razorgors, mountains of mutated muscle and matted fur, covered in tusks and spikes growing at the most awkward and disgusting angles. These mutated creatures are the cousins to the Tuskgor, and have long been tamed by the Cloven Ones as beasts of burden and beasts of war. Such is the razorgor's appetite that one of these massive pigs is capable of gulping down a knight and his horse in a matter of seconds.

And it's that appetite and blind, unthinking hatred of everything in their line-of-sight, that lead to Gorthor coming up with the two ideas. The first, to simple drive and force a herd of razorgor ahead of the horde - to flatten all obstacles out of their way. The second, were chariots built sturdily enough to withstand a Razor pulling it along at full tilt. Where many Bestigor riders and Beastlords can only hold on for dear life as the great razor-edged pig hurtles and smashes through shield blockade, church wall, and tree… Well, you're the owner of a chariot and Razorgor that - though it huffs and screams for the chance to murder and gorge itself - will very much listen and heed your commands and hand on the reins.

Herdstone (400 CP - Bray-Shaman): The Chaos Hearts, the center of beastmen culture. It is the Herdstones that we Cloven Ones leave our offerings to the Gods, that host our celebrations and feasts. Arrayed at the center of a stone circle, they are the foci that the Bray-Shaman use to commune with the Ruinous Powers, and serve as the chaotic counterpart to the elven waystones - channeling and directing the Winds of Magic, not to the foul Vortex… But to the Shaman, who use the power to further their causes.

You are the keeper of one such Herdstone - a great towering menhir covered in filth, runes of Beast Tongue, and surrounded by an ankle-deep carpet of bones. The beastmen regard this, and you, with deep reverence - and in future worlds, similar cultures made of the monstrous and depraved will hold the same regard for this sacred stone. It will forever act as a collector for the Winds of Magic, ensuring you may always call upon them when needed. As well, you carry a pouch at your side - full of Shards chipped from the stone, and woven with the magic it gathers and pools together. Throwing one of these Herdstone Shards to the ground will cause the menhir to briefly disappear from reality - only to erupt through the ground where the Shard was cast.

Hag Tree Copse (400 CP - Bray-Shaman): Chaos is not just a physical force - not just a warrior from the north, a daemon coalesced, or one of the warherds. It seeps inward from the poles, creeping and touching all it can, and not even the plants are safe from it. The trees gain sentience, and malevolence - and their branches creak and groan as they shape into skeletal hands and thrashing tendrils. A dozen maws will crack and grow from the bark, whispering maddened voices and glaring with a hundred beady red pinprick eyes. Their previous victims melded into the wood, screaming.

One does not control the hag trees - simply takes advantage of their presence on the field of battle, and maneuvers around them. The trees do not care who they devour or slay, and the Chaos taint that continues budding within their wooden bodies serves as their sustenance and growth. And yet for some reason, there is a copse of them that are bound to your Chaotic "control" - a group of five hag trees, rooted not far from where you begin. You may direct these arboreal monsters, and watch the madness as they rip their way through a grove or battlefield. But good luck giving these warped plants any more complicated orders than "take root" or "walk."

Skull of the Unicorn Lord (400 CP - Centigor): Atop your scalp or hanging from your belt is a skull - a relic of one of your greatest conquests, a lord of unicorns that you tore limb from limb. Its beautiful horn still glimmers, even through the filth and the depravity you engage in, and this horn holds power. So long as the unicorn's skull is on your body, offensive magicks and curses wash off of you like mud in the rain, a fireball only lightly singing your fur whilst an Amber Spear would glance off your skin - if the amber wizard's lucky, grazing you with a light slice. Be warned, however - unicorns are friends to all

creatures aligned with nature and light, and should they see this skull… Actually, I'm sure you're already looking forward to making hateful enemies.

Axes of Khorgor (400 CP - Centigor): Two crescent moon-shaped axes, still gleaming as if they had just come off the forge - only all light reflecting off them shines bloody red. These axes once vaulted a champion to the peaks of history, and though his body was consumed by his herd, Khorgor's will lives on. These axes, half-sentient from Chaos taint, cut through armor like paper, and flesh like air, while whispering to the wielder half-forgotten maneuvers and tactics that their countless wielders have used in life to great effect. The axes have much to teach, and merely wish a wielder to carry their stained wooden hafts into battle.

Fur of Sharrgu (400 CP - Minotaur): Few Chaos Spawn make a name for themselves - most of them dying as "mere" monsters. Those that do are venerated, given names even as their dead bodies are turned into meat for the herds. Sharrgu was one such spawn, a despoiler of the elven glades whose hide was all but impenetrable to even the wood elves' arrows and javelins, and caused dwarven bullets to glance off with brief impact. Sharrgu was slain, and his pelt was carved off - and turned into a ragged, ugly, shaggy cloak. But a cloak that could protect its wearer from all but magic spells and the most potent, explosive missiles. A cloak now draped about your massive shoulders.

Sacred Site (400 CP - Minotaur): The tomb of a Chaos Champion, a shrine to the Four Powers, or something of similar significance that you can determine at will. Regardless, this was the place you protected, where you were stationed and the Gods deemed you worthy. Besides being a site of religious importance and a magnet for treasure-hunting prey, there is one other… strange quality.

In, under, and around this sacred place is a deposit of Warpstone - that solidified piece of Chaos that rocketed out from the collapsing Warp Gates so many years ago. That meteorite crashed here, and years later, this place was built either into or on top of it. Warpstone is a death sentence for most of the mortal races, but you - the site's guardian - react… *differently* to the Warpstone. Its mutative radiation touches you differently, instead mending wounds you receive and gifting you a growing resistance to magic.

After the events of this jump, you may either attach this sacred location and its warpstone to one of your existing properties, or have it automatically slot itself into future worlds where it would make the most sense.

|Gifts of Chaos|

Otherwise called "Mutations" by the feeble followers of Order, these changes bestowed upon a Cloven Child's flesh and bone may come from either the whims of the Dark Gods, or the randomness of chance and exposure to chaotic powers. Where Man fears and rejects those marked by Chaos, and the Warriors of the far north grudgingly accept the burdens they place upon them, the Horned Ones embrace the mutations as the gifts they truly are. Even those mutated humans may be taken in by the herds - whether as slaves or as brothers, differs by the change.

All Gifts cost 50 CP. If the perks "Doombull" or the boosted form of "WE! BRING! WAAAAAAAAAAR!," you may receive one of the Gifts for free.

[SPECIAL - CAPRIGOR AND BOVIGOR ONLY] - True Gor: Normally, one would consider the Beastmen "mutants" to begin with. But there do exist the ideas of pure bloodlines amongst the Gor breeds - the idea that their form is the perfect depiction of Chaos, untainted by rampant mutation and 'blessing' alike. If you opt to not purchase any of the Gifts of Chaos, you will join their number as a **Truegor.** By being one of the uncommon True Gor, you stand on a level above your brethren simply by being unchanged and unweakened. Stronger, more intelligent, and more courageous than the mutated Gor - there's a reason many Beastlords have been Truegor in the past.

Acid Excretion: The beads of sweat on your skin now hiss on contact with the air, and fall to the ground with a caustic splash. Your sweat glands have been modified, for now you secrete an acid that can melt through most flesh (excluding yours, of course), and can corrode its way through durable metals with exposure. Unfortunately for your own battlegear and garb, only magical materials will be able to resist the acid.

Blood Substitution: It's not the red that runs through your veins anymore, at such a high pressure that one slice of your artery can have blood spurting out like an uncorked wine bottle. Perhaps it's something else - liquid electricity that roars under your skin, or molten brass that emanates heat, or even an unending rush of Nurgle's leeches, none can truly know except you. It is an unwise idea for your foes to draw blood now, and a lesson they'll not likely survive to learn.

Breath of Fire: There's not much to say about this gift from above - your lungs and mouth can spew a gout of hot flame at will, a cone of burning and searing death to cook even those warriors of Man clad in sheets of armor.

Burning Body: You know the Breath of Fire? Instead of your maw, this hellish flame emanates from your skin - ignited forevermore, unable to be extinguished by even the

spells derived from the Lore of Ice or Wind of Azyr. Such is this flame's heat that only magical equipment, or battlegear granted and enhanced by Chaos, will avoid melting or combusting.

Cloud of Flies: The Lord of Flies is saddened by those who wander and fight alone, and in his generosity - he has given you this gift to never be alone again. The flesh about your shoulders and torso is now riddled with holes and cracks, allowing your new friends to pour out in a cloud - Flies. Your new buzzing allies will coordinate with your attacks, blinding your opponents with the great cloud they form and masking your movements. As well, their maggots are excellent at keeping your wounds clean of infection… Although one suspects that was not the intended benefit.

Crown of Horns: It does not need reiterating how important the size and monstrousness of one's horns are in Beastman society. T'is a good thing, then, that your horns have been shaped as wildly as they have - as if mimicking the wild growth of a tree's branches, or formed by a sculptor with shaking hands. Besides the gained intimidation factor, and the addition of numerous new points for goring victims, your new 'Crown' has… quite the effect on your confidence and courageousness, as if the improved horns have equally bolstered your mindset.

Evil Eye: Your eyes have a manic, crazed look and feel to them now - a look that both draws people into staring right into the pupil, and yet tries to force them away with sudden feelings of nausea, dizziness, and tinnitus ringing in their ears. Only the strong-willed can match your gaze for long, and even a particularly iron will can feel that sinking, aching pit in their stomach. It wouldn't take much for you to be earning a name for yourself as "Mad Eyes."

Flaming Skeletal Body Part: It can be your skull. It can be your arm. Or your ribs. Or your legs. Whichever part you choose, it will be rendered down to the skeleton under all that flesh and skin, and be spontaneously set on fire. This fire will act as a substitute for the flesh that should be in its place, and act as flesh for your own purposes. But for everybody else, it will still be the same hellish flame that Chaos so enjoys throwing at its problems. <u>This is one of the few Gifts that can be purchased multiple times.</u>

Gnarled Hide: Your skin has been twisted, patched, made a mad jumble of different hides - some segments coarse and leathery, others scaled and crusted over. While giving your skin an added layer of protection, this also serves as an effective form of camouflage - blending in to the forest floor and rubbish piles.

Gouge-Tusks: Jutting from your mouth at such a large size that a Greenskin would be impressed, your tusks are large. Man would say excessively large, not knowing how easily they can bite through forged metal. Orc would say that they're not large enough. Given you're the one with the steel-chomping tusks, who would you say is right on this one?

Hypnotic Gaze: Your eyes are mesmerizing - a gift from Slaanesh, who so enjoys watching mortals fall to such sensations. Any who find their eyes catching your gaze will find their bodies locked up, their eyes transfixed onto yours - a mouse caught in a snake's eyes, unable to do anything but look deep into yours until the connection is broken.

Many-Limbed Fiend: From your shoulders have grown a second pair of arms - equally as dextrous and able as your own hands were previously. Able to be manipulated without running into hands colliding or mixing up which arm does which task, the only thing that remains is to find weapons to put them to use. Alternatively you gain a second pair of legs, which while positioned awkwardly, give you increased stability and movement despite the crowded muscle and bone movement. This is one of the few Gifts that can be purchased multiple times.

Metal Hide: Taurox knows what this is like, though you will not have to undergo the same violent change he did. To your skin has been applied an alloy of shining gold, burning hellbrass, and strong steel. Your skin is like a layer of armor unto itself now, durable and strong and still as flexible as your old skin. Simple fire and frost, be they from magic spells or dwarven machinery, do little to stop your advance. One would be careful about electricity however, for under that metal hide your flesh has yet to be morphed. It can still cook when lightning courses through it.

Multiple Heads: You've never been alone since birth, for your sibling has always been at your side… Literally. Growing from the same base, you have an extra head with its own sapience and identity. Thankfully, your new shoulder-mounted friend lacks control over the body. Unfortunately, you're both now stuck with each other. This is one of the few Gifts that can be purchased multiple times.

Overgrown Body Part: As if ripping so much muscle and bone from elsewhere and channeling it into your body, one of the Gods has drastically increased the size of one part of your body - dramatically increasing the strength and weight of the associated appendage, in exchange for potentially losing precision and dexterity. But then again, if you opted to receive this Gift, I'm sure your purposes didn't involve worrying about such things. This is one of the few gifts that can be purchased multiple times.

Rune of the True Beast: A rare and potent rune born on the beast's skin, glowing with energy and edged in bone. A rune rarely used in the Beast Tongue, for there are few who it can appropriately describe - 'Apex Predator.' This rune glows brightly on your chest now, and any animal or beast - natural and unnatural - will look at you and know your place in nature. Prey animals and weaker predators will be cowed and sent fleeing by your presence, while stronger predators will give you a wide berth and caution. Against truly powerful beasts and monsters that could only be described as 'kings of their domain,' however, this Rune may prove to backfire; A dominance display can only be met on equal terms, and you may find yourself instigating a fight with a beast that could destroy armies and erase herds from existence.

Shadowed Pelt: Born with fur as black as pitch, your ebon pelt has helped you survive until now. The black hair on your body absorbs light, whilst darkness and shade cling to it like a cloak. When you hide in the shadows, it's a rare victim that will spot you until it's too late. And in the dark, wooded forest - such an advantage will let you lay claim to lives and loot with ease.

Slug-Skin: A thick, dark-maroon miasma now emanates from your skin, wafting away and creating a dark cloud a few meters wide, with you at its epicenter. Any enemy who tries to engage you in melee conflict will be exposed to this oozing corruption, seeping into their skin and inhaled with each breath. The Slug-Skin's aura will sap their strength, stealing the energy from their muscles and nerves.

Spineback: Growing out of the back of your arms, shoulders, and spine - a rustling, barbed mane of spines and spikes, like those on a porcupine or hedgehog. You can freely pluck off one of the spines with no discomfort, with another growing in its place shortly after. Every so often, one of these spines will prove to have a pocket of venom lodged within - a nasty surprise for any you encounter.

Tail To Tell: Normally, the beastmen don't have tails, aside from the centigor and their horse-like strands of hair. Now? This is no longer the case - whatever kind of tail you wish can be appended to your rear end freely. Scorpion's stinger, jagged club, or even a living snake like many chimera bear, the choice is yours. <u>This is one of the few Gifts that can be purchased multiple times.</u>

|Herdmates and Beasts|

It's time to gather your herd together, Horned One.

Herdmates (50 / 300): Should you have Companions from outside this realm's boundaries, you may offer them the same chance as you to fight for a world dominated by Chaos. Every individual imported as one of the Children of Chaos will receive **600 CP**, and will receive cp as appropriate from both Bray and Ungor Breeds. Their CP may be used to purchase all assorted skills, items, and mutations that they desire. **You pay instead purchase this option for 300 CP to import a group of 8 Companions as Beastmen.** If you wish, you may also use this to create Horned Children that fit the parameters under the purchases made.

Assemble the Bray-Herds (300 CP - Requires Herdmates): Should you have more than 8 Companions who wish to slaughter for the Gods, then purchasing this will allow you to import every Companion not already affected by Herdmates. Every one receives **300 CP**, and will not be allowed to purchase a Breed - being imported as a simple, basic Caprigor, Bovigor, or Ungor of their choice (with no point-gain if Ungor is selected). Yes, this means no discounts.

Sounded the Horn (100 CP): I see you desire Khazrak the One-Eye, warlord as he is, to join your future journeys. Or perhaps you would instead call Malagor to service, in sowing Chaos through the worlds beyond? Regardless - purchasing this option will allow you to recruit one of the Beastmen heroes, or their related warriors, to your herd.

Mutant Brother (100 CP): Gaves are not the only ones taken in by the beastman herds - oftimes a mutated child is abandoned in the wilderness, or a mutant flees civilization seeking salvation. Sometimes the mutants are prey, or turned into slaves. Other times, they are deemed brothers under Chaos - and welcomed into the herd, given the same chances as any Gor. Your brother (or sister) is one of those mutated humans, who has up to **three (3)** of the Gifts of Chaos from either the above table, or the Unpleasant Mutations drawback, and **400 CP to use for themselves**, though due to their birth they are unable to receive discounts from any Breeds.. They are loyal to you to a fault, for you saved them and gave them a chance that no man-filth would ever have granted them.

Bray-Shamaness (100 CP): Beastwomen are said to be docile and gentle creatures, a stoic counterpart to the male horned ones. Yet they are still fully capable of fighting as well as any other beastman, and it's not impossible that one could climb the ranks - fighting her way up as all cloven ones do. This one that has deigned to accompany you however, was born into the high ranks of Bray-Shaman. She starts with **400 CP** to spend, as well as the

discounts and freebies found amidst the Bray-Shaman perk line. As an additional note, your new spiritual advisor turns out to have been born a **Gave**, with all of the spiritual and societal benefits and ramifications that comes with.

Minotaur Twins (200 CP): Two bullgor brothers, each completely identical in every respect and with a bloody rivalry betwixt, have been sent down by their gods as… Your bodyguards. Each will use their brute mass to shield you from enemy fire and assault, and are capable of sending men flying with a single violent charge. On purchase, these two share a single Companion slot, and in future jumps and imports will divide purchases equally between them. For the purposes of THIS jump, however, each is given **600 CP** to spend as they please, with the freebies and discounts of the Minotaur Breed. There is just one thing however: **If any Gifts of Chaos are purchased by one brother, the other brother must also buy that Gift.**

|Drawbacks & Complications|

So many ways to form yourself as a warrior of Chaos, and yet it's still not enough? Very well then. Take some extra CP - but do be careful that some of these issues do not shuffle you off to a grisly end.

Unpleasant Mutations (+100): This doesn't look pleasant - indeed, you've been "gifted" mutations, from godly origin or chance, that are debilitating and horrific in one way or another. Roll a **1d8** from the list below to figure out which one, and how it affects you. This drawback can be taken multiple times, with cumulative effects - so it should not be obvious that overdoing this is going to tax your form. **Taking alt-forms and shapeshifting will just ensure these mutations follow you in one way or another. You will not escape.**

- **1 - Atrophy:** One of your limbs has atrophied and shriveled, flopping around uselessly and unable to move except for a slight twitch when you try your hardest to lift it. Can be taken as many times as you have arms and legs.
- **2 - Puny:** You shrink. Down, down, shorter and shorter, until you're finally about equal in height to a dwarf. Unfortunately, you do not have the same proportions - and thus the related strength and stockiness - of a dwarf. Enjoy the world from a lower perspective, worm. **Reroll if already rolled previously.**
- **3 - Walking Head:** Your body atrophies, shrinking and shrinking. Your head grows and expands several times its own size, your arms and legs moving to be attached directly to your head and vestigial neck. You are literally a giant, walking head. **Reroll if already rolled previously.**
- **4 - Rearranged Face:** Your facial features have been re-arranged - how is up to you, but it is guaranteed to be both hideous and disorienting for you. One eye could be replaced by the nostrils, while another eye is shrouded in hair while one of your ears is poking out of the eye socket. Your mouth could be lopsided - or even twisted upside down. Whatever the case, it will not be pleasant. **Reroll if already rolled previously.**
- **5 - Hopper:** Your legs have been fused, squished, mangled together - leaving you one, single, cloven-hoofed leg to hop around on and struggle to maintain balance. **Reroll if already rolled previously.**
- **6 - Limb Transference:** You thought your arms were attached to your shoulders, and your legs would stay joining at your groin? Think again with this mutation - Your hand has been replaced by a hoof, or your arm could be sticking out the small of your back, or a leg kicking ineffectively while jutting forward out of your forehead. Can be taken as many times as you have un-moved limbs and body-parts.
- **7 - Fits:** A mutation of the mind, every so often you will fall into a convulsing, twitching, foaming-at-the-mouth fit that has you incapacitated for… Well, anywhere from a few minutes to what could be an hour.

- **8 - Translucent Skin:** Your skin is now clear as glass, allowing the muscle and tendon underneath to be exposed to the sun and the gaze of all.

Filth-Ridden (+100): There's a detail that has been left out of much of this venture, mostly as I am positive you would have turned your nose and tried to flee immediately. The Beastmen… have no concept of this "hygiene" that you humans have created. They wallow in their filth and grime, and those runes "painted" on the herdstones aren't made with ink or pigments, if you understand what I mean.

What does this complication do, then? Let's just say you're not going to be a familiar friend with "personal hygiene" for the duration of your stay whatsoever. You will be enduring the same level of "cleanliness" as any average Gor or other beast. Just… remember. You chose this. You did. Not me.

Disdain and Disregard (+100): Tools? Guns? Construction? These things that Man and his allies build are nothing compared to tooth, claw, and hoof. This belief you will hold so deeply, in the superiority of the beastman and the arrogance that nothing any of your foes will bring can match against your body… That you will always underestimate the hated enemies of Chaos. And in conflict and war, this pained tendency to underestimate the enemy will lead to routs and defeats, enemies snatching away victory at every turn.

Turnskin (+200 - Incompatible with Gave): Turnskins are Beastmen who were born a man. Lived as a man, in humanity's walled cities and villages, and spat on the Cloven Ones and the Ruinous Powers. And then - they are mutated. Warped by Chaos specifically, unerringly, into the form of a Beastman. With their old life now trying to murder them for their mere existence, they flee to the forces of Chaos - and find themselves equally unwelcome, merely tolerated as a slave, lower than even Brays and the dirt a herd's camp settles upon. You, my friend, will begin as a human - and a mere week in, undergo this transformation. Neither Man nor Beast will welcome you as anything more than a slave and a meatshield, or a monstrosity that must be burned at the stake. This will be your state of affairs for the next ten years.

For Faith (+200): I see those… taint-ridden miracles you bring with you. The blessings of "gods" and "deities," the spells you work that rely on faith - be it in yourself or a higher power, or a concept. No. We will not accept this. Now, none of your magics, prayers, miracles, or blessings will work - not unless you cast aside these foolish beliefs, and render faith to the Ruinous Powers within your heart and soul.

Bestial Mind (+200): Where before you may have kept your mind.. Had some *reservations* about the duties you would perform in this land, as one of the Cloven Ones. I've done you a

service, friend. Now you need not worry any longer - for your mind has given over entirely to the instinct of the Herd. Now you are one of the Beastmen in full - you are violent, crude, and filled with a desire to slake your primal thirsts on the prey you hunt and the humans you chase. Into your mind has been written the will of the Ruinous Powers - the desire to destroy Man. Crush his people, tear down his high walls, send him fleeing into the dark woods.

Eye for an Eye (+300): Something was taken from you - maybe it was an eye. An arm. An organ. Whatever was taken has left you heavily crippled. Worst, the one who took it survived your rage - a foe, either newly made or met once before. This foe now stands against you, cunning and strong, strong enough to block and avert your goals where they can. The Todbringer to your Khazrak, a bloody rivalry that could see much of The Empire go up in flames around your violent altercations. You will be unable to kill your nemesis for the entirety of your ten years, until the very end - one last battle between two old warriors.

In Full Service (+300): And so you have thrown your fate to the capricious whims of the dark gods. You have cast aside that **Odd Protection** from the beginning of this venture, and now fight and live in the full service of Chaos. The Gods now have full reign to bless you, curse you, smite you, or aid you as they see fit. And… As one of their Horned Children, you wouldn't give them a reason to punish you, now would you? You would not be so disobedient that you were cursed with the form of a Chaos Spawn, right? Because after all… As a beastman you are, in body and in soul, **one of their servants.**

Prey (+300): Before, you may have been one of the strongest Beastmen. Maybe even a Doombull, or an untouchable Bray-Shaman. None of that matters now - not now that there is the message delivered to every living servant of the Ruinous Powers under the two moons: "This one is prey. Hunt him, kill him, and all will be yours." The warriors of Chaos, your fellow horned ones, the mutants and cultists that litter the seedy underbellies of The Empire, Bretonnia, and the other kingdoms of man. All of them have heard the call, and every predator will begin their hunt. You are prey - and there are two things that prey can do: Run, and Die. But there's one thing none of them will remember… A cornered animal is at his most dangerous.

|To Conquer - Scenario|

The hierarchy of the Cloven Ones is strict - each knows their place in the herds, and who stands above and below them. Yet unlike man's stringent laws, it is simple to climb this ladder. Challenging those above you, and killing those who challenge you in turn, will see you rise in status and stature.

And climb you must, in order to see this quest through to its end. You must reach the position of Chieftain, and hold it for a year's time, to progress. For the ungor and bray, this will be most difficult - the gors will rankle at being lead by one of that stature, and struggle to throw off the reins. You must persevere despite this, and after a year's time - an old goat will approach. A bray-shaman, decrepit and on the verge of death, but still able to run the beastpaths seeking the one in his visions. His voice, a hoarse croak:

"An altar, assembled. Sacrifices. They wish for the children to conquer - take one of the man-filth cities. A site of herdstone and hoof unlike any other. And you, the one to lead it."

Though you have the elderly shaman's guidance behind you, it will take considerable effort to convince any other herd of joining your war. You must call the bray-herd together - the mustering all war-herds in the region. A pyre must be built upon one of the herdstone rises, made from bone, Bray, and captive. The old shaman will mix together his blend of mosses, lichens, and herbs, each infused with the magic of the deep woods. Coiling mists will rise as these are in turn thrown onto the flame - and they will rush along the beastpaths and the roads, inciting the black hearts of all Children of Chaos. And to the magic summon and the smell of charring meat, you must roar - a warcry unlike any other, that must ring in the ears and the minds of all who hear it.

Do this, and they will come - the forest quaking with the beat of hooves, and the chanting of shaman echoing through the leaves. One after another, the chieftains will assemble - carving their name into the herdstone, so that all will know his coming for years to come.

Once the herds have assembled, you must demand that they submit to your will - and follow you to war against the city you have chosen as your target. When the elderly shaman speaks of the duty entrusted, there will be no disagreement on what is to occur. But as the herds settle about the great stone to feast, fight, and rut, there remains but one challenge. The right to lead the bray-herd.

If an Ungor or Bray, this will be inevitable - although even Gaves will be challenged. The challenge is thus, that all who would fight for the right to lead the Bray-Herd as its Lord,

shall have their hands bound behind their back. You must use only your horns and head to defeat your rivals, and there shall be no quarter given or granted.

Should you instead be a Shaman, the challenge will be similar - for none are allowed to harm the speakers of the Gods, not even the others like them. Instead, you and your challengers will cast your spirits out into the woods - finding and dominating the mind of the largest, fiercest beasts you can find. Through your possessed animals you will fight, until one lives to stand at the top.

If, at the end of the challenges, you stand at the pinnacle - you will be deemed the Lord of the Bray-Herd. The instant this is deemed the correct path, every herd gathered before the stone will whip themselves into a frenzy. Lead by their shrieking bray-shaman, they will commit the basest, crudest, ugliest acts, as captives and weaker beastmen are dragged before the herdstone and sacrificed to the Four Ruinous Powers. The minotaur will be attracted to the chaos, and revel in the bloody sacrifices. The shaman will call upon the Spawn

As the dawn arrives, the depravity will reach its climax - and the herds will mobilize. Now all that remains is for you to lead them - for in the chaotic, violent noise of the revelry and assembly, the city you have chosen as your target will be alerted. It is a violent and bloody siege against an enemy that knows you are coming, and will fight against its cruel fate. Lead them into the fray, and claim victory in the name of Chaos and Horned One dominance.

Victory will see the city sacked and taken - its standards ripped from the flagpoles and replaced with bloody skins stitched together. Its people mangled, ravished, and sent fleeing for the safety of their neighbors. As the great altar and herdstones are erected about the ruins, the bray-herd slowly disbands - its chieftains and their followers taking to the forests and hills once more.

All but one. A herd still roams the city, for what purposes none know but you. Their loyalty sworn to you, for the carnage you brought them and the glory you brought to the Horned Ones.
You receive {<u>50 Herd Points</u>} to determine the population of your new war-herd, Champion.

|Herd-Builder|

Each unit below costs 1 Herd Point, regardless of the number and their strength. Additionally, you receive **one (1) Hero** who will act as either your second-in-command or bodyguard, or any other position you may give unto them. Additional Heroes can be purchased at 1 Herd Point 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.

Any of the herd that dies will be risen in a week to fight under your command once again.

Heroes

WARGOR: The Banebeasts and Foe-Gougers, these beastmen are cut from a different cloth compared to the rabble Gors and Brays. They are the ones who typically rise to the position of Chieftain, and give no care for the herd's well-being in day-to-day life. When it comes to war and raiding, however, the Wargor is the one that a herd will defer to above all others. Day and night in the days before an attack, a Wargor will brood and plan - and when enacted, the herd is not a charging mass of bodies and madness. Under a Wargor, the herd will rival an Imperial Legion in discipline and tactics.

Equipment:

-Dual Hand Weapons OR Great Weapon OR Hand Weapon and Shield
-Light Armor, may have 1 Herd Point spent to grant Heavy Armor.
-May have 1 Herd Point spent to grant a Mark of Chaos.
-May have 1 Herd Point spent to obtain a Gift of Chaos.

BRAY-SHAMAN: The speakers of the Dark Gods that twist the Winds of Magic and a lore known by no other species, the Shaman are untouchable by other Beastmen. They advise the chieftains, Wargors, and Beastlords - and on the field of battle, their magicks are often a tipping point for the filth they assault with tides of spiders or black fogs of life-draining energy. This particular Bray-Shaman is already well-versed in one of the four Beastman Lores.

Equipment:

-Bray-Staff
-Hand Weapon
-May have 1 Herd Point spent to grant a Mark of Chaos.
-May have 1 Herd Point spent to obtain a Gift of Chaos.
-May have 1 Herd Point spent to learn an additional Lore.

GOREBULL: Though they may not be as strong or as blessed as the Doombulls, one should not underestimate the Gorebulls - lest it lead to a gruesome end. They lead tribes of Minotaur for a reason, for their bloodgreed is the most insatiable, and their bull-headed

resolution sees few capable of standing in their way once a charge begins. When battle calls, a Gorebull does not lead - his bloodlust is infectious, and he drags the rest of a herd into the fray, with hallowed bloodshed to be awaited.

Equipment:

-Dual Hand Weapons OR Great Weapon OR Hand Weapon and Shield

-Heavy Armor

-May have 1 Herd Point spent to grant a Mark of Chaos.

-May have 1 Herd Point spent to obtain a Gift of Chaos.

Infantry

400 Brays: So-named because of their donkey-like faces and the braying racket they made in action, the Brays are at the very bottom of Beastman Society. The only reason they are even brought along on raids is as meatshields, in the hopes that a few dozen Brays will die so that a Bovigor can live. Shoddily equipped and shoddily trained, these are fodder for the war-machine.

Equipment:

-Spears and Shields OR Hand Weapons and Shields

200 Ungors: Ungors, otherwise called "not-quite-right Gors" or "other Gors," resemble the satyrs and fauns of worlds beyond this one's boundaries. They make up for their lack of strength and endurance through malevolence and cunning - and while many Ungor still sit in impoverished suffering, they survive and thrive in the brutal Beastman echelons. These are the foot soldiers, the grunts and scouts of the herds.

Equipment:

-Hand Weapons and Shields OR Spears OR Bows

100 Gors: The backbone of the Beastmen war-herds, the gors are the first image one thinks of when thinking on the chaotic Cloven Ones. The true children of Chaos, these rowdy and undisciplined warriors have still remained a perpetual thorn in the side of The Empire, Bretonnia, and Athel Loren for ages unending; Their bestial cunning, pack instinct, and ability to stalk through the forest unseen and unheard, all tools that many human generals don't consider until they realize they have been outmaneuvered.

Equipment:

-Dual Hand Weapons OR Hand Weapon and Shield

50 Bestigors: The elite of the Gor war-herds, the Bestigor are warriors blessed with the most spectacular horns and raw physical power to outmatch any of their lesser brethren. As well as being more built and powerful, Bestigors demonstrate a distinct amount of

discipline - charging not in a mad ball of horn and steel, but organized ranks and designated positions. These warriors immediately seek out the elites of an opposing force, inherently challenged by the enemy's status to prove their own dominance.

Equipment:

-Dual Hand Weapons OR Great Weapons

-May have 1 Herd Point spent to grant Marks of Chaos.

50 Harpies: Winged, female predators that waft through the sky in a black-feathered cloud of screaming death. Almost entirely unknown to the Old World, these enchanting creatures have the upper half of a female human or elf, with a savage and feral beauty. Their wings are stretched skin like those of a bat, with black feathers growing from the skin and limbs. Their legs like those of a great falcon, with scales instead of feathers and barbed claws. Whether touched by Chaos or a natural creature, these beings are a menace - a cackling wind that will snatch up victims and spirit them away to her nest.

Equipment:

-Claws

20 Minotaur: The great bullgors join your herd, whether sent by the Four Ruinous Powers or attracted by the potential meat in your wake, none can say. Towering over any other creature, the minotaur is a heavily-muscled monstrosity built to bowl over enemy ranks, crush them with a single swipe of their weapons, and then devour the remains. The bullgor do not devour flesh and blood for sustenance, primarily - it is their religious practice, their way of demonstrating faith to Chaos.

Equipment:

-Dual Hand Weapons OR Great Weapons OR Hand Weapon and Shield

5 Chaos Trolls: All Trolls are, one would say, creatures of Chaos - for Tzeentch has long touched their essence every chance he could. Those that fight for The Horned Ones and the northmen have had their bodies adjusted much more directly - brimming full of life and chaos energy, with the Winds of Magic stoking their aggression and hatred. Coupled with their abnormal regeneration and sheer refusal to die, and a projectiled corrosive vomit, the gifts of the Changer turn normal trolls into a monster on the field of battle.

Equipment:

-Dual Hand Weapons OR Great Weapons

Cavalry

50 Centigor: Raging at fate, the beastmen centaurs form some of the best light cavalry in the Old World. Quadrupedal creatures formed from oxen and creatures of chaotic origin in ages past, the centigor are a fast and mobile unit, with their heritage granting them a monstrous strength and vitality. However, they lack in many other fields, not being particularly agile or dextrous. Fully aware of their failings and how they compare to other beings - both Chaotic and Orderly - you'll find it rare that one of your centigor is any degree of sober.

Equipment:

-Great Weapons OR Throwing Axes

30 Tuskgor Chariots: Grotesque hybrids of wild boar and ram, the Tuskgor are the pack animals and warbeasts of the Cloven Ones - used to pull their war chariots. The chariots themselves are of crude, yet strong craftsmanship, hideous to behold yet durable and sturdy enough to withstand the storm of war. The crew - one Gor holding the reins, another Gor swinging wildly at any the chariot pass - are those Beastmen insane enough to risk being pulled along by two raging tuskgor into the battle; For should the chariot fall to pieces they will have mown down countless soldiers and warriors of their hated enemy. And should the chariot stay intact, they have themselves a cart to carry off the largest pieces of loot and the most captives.

Equipment:

-2 Tuskgor per Chariot

-2 Gor per Chariot - One directing Tuskgor, the other with Hand Weapons

15 Razorgor Chariots: If one thought the idea of a Tuskgor Chariot was insane, the sight of the Razorgor will drive them to madness. These chariots are much larger, much heavier, and still fly along the ground as the rampaging Razorgor barrels forth a- pulling along a raucous, hollering Chieftain or Bestigor and his beleaguered Gor charioteer. The damage that can be inflicted by one of these monsters is spoken of only in legend, for the Razorgor are capable of careening through any obstacle of man-filth make. The fact that one could even attach the reins to a Razor is remarkable, for one requires the aid of several Minotaur holding the beast down to even make the attempt.

Equipment:

-1 Razorgor per Chariot

-1 Gor per Chariot - Charioteer (what little good he is at directing the beast)

-1 Bestigor per Chariot, with either Dual Hand Weapons OR Great Weapon

Monsters & Warbeasts

200 Chaos Warhounds: Farmhounds, wolves, and hunting dogs mutated by the powers of Chaos. Lightning fast and always hungry, the beastmen herds are always bound to have a few warhounds chained up to the trees before battle - starving them so that they are at their most savage when the raid begins. The Hounds are typically let loose first in the fray, so that their savagery and wicked speed shakes the resolve of the foe before the Gors crash into their ranks.

Equipment:

-Teeth and Claws

50 Tuskgor: Pugnacious and stubborn beasts, the Tuskgor are the pack animal of the Cloven One tribes - and they do more than just pull along the chariots. If the situation calls for it, a tuskgor stampede is an equally valid weapon against the curs and cowards you will inevitably fight. Seeing a squealing tide of matted and arrow-marked hide and fur, studded with spikes and thrashing tusks… Not many of a town's defenders would even make the attempt to stand against such a wild force.

Equipment:

-Tusks and Spikes

25 Razorgor: Mountains of mutated muscle, matted fur, and mangled tusks - the only way to properly describe a Razorgor. It's a rare occurance to have even ONE Razorgor, but every so often a Beastlord will do the unthinkable. They will have their herd harness and whip a dozen or more into a single pack - and instead of lassoing them to chariots… Just set them facing a target, and let them charge headlong into the enemy ranks. When the smell of blood fills their nostrils, the blood-hungry Razorgor will spend hours rampaging - all while the beastmen sit in the trees, wanting to join in but wisely not wanting to be caught in the fury.

Equipment:

-MASSIVE Tusks and Spikes

30 Chaos Spawn: The northmen and the unlucky aren't the only ones who get warped and twisted into the Spawn. Quite a few beastmen catch the more unsavory attentions of the Ruinous Powers, and while the first few mutations are exciting to receive… Eventually, the burden on their bodies and minds becomes to much. Their minds dissolve, even as their jaw splits or tentacles thrash out from bloody stumps. Soon, they become the gibbering monsters, the pain of their own existence destroying their sense of self. No two Chaos Spawn look alike, but they all fight and live the same way - killing everything in their path, a living blister on reality.

Equipment:

-Tentacles, Teeth, Claws, Horns… Whatever that appendage is…

5 Ghorgons: The bloodgreed has consumed these minotaur, so much so that they committed one of the basest acts - cannibalism. Thus were the Ghorgons created, with an extra set of arms ending in great, bony cleavers, and their mouths capable of distending and swallowing whole humans, dwarves, and other prey into their gullets. Each Ghorgon in turn grows, muscles distending and bones cracking as the meat they consume builds them greater in turn. But no matter how much a Ghorgon devours, that sickening emptiness inside demands to be filled.

Equipment:

-Cleaver Arms and Fangs

5 Cockatrice: Large, skin-winged reptiles with the crested head and talons of a rooster, one would think these demented-looking creatures are pathetic in combat. In truth, it's not their razor-sharp talons and beak that one must worry about - for even dragons fear the gaze of the cockatrice. Meeting the creature's gaze is a death sentence, for the cockatrice's eyes bear a curse that almost none on this world can resist, a victim quickly turning to stone. If one must slay a cockatrice, one must do so without setting a single eye upon it - for even a split-second glance on its visage spells death. Those statues that litter the Bretonnian forests weren't put there on purpose, you know.

Equipment:

-Claws and Beak

-Petrifying Gaze

5 Preyton: Savage and hateful creatures from the woodlands of Athel Loren and Bretonnia, none know why the Preyton exist. Some rumor spreads that they were created by bray-shaman - a corrupt ritual twisting and torturing the wood elven Great Stags into the monsters they are now. The Preyton still resemble the elk of old - but their antlers are now a tangled, serrated crown, whilst their front legs have been twisted into monstrous wings, and their hind-legs sprouting the paws of a great lion. The Preyton fight not out of sustenance and survival, but of hatred for everything around them - and even sustaining wounds in war gives them satisfaction, an instinctive epiphany… Only in death does a Preyton know peace.

Equipment:

-Wicked Antlers and Teeth

1 Cygor: The cyclopic cousins of the minotaur, twisted and cursed so that their single eye is blind to everything but the winds, currents, and signs of magic. These monsters know hunger, only because they cannot perceive any other prey - only the souls and flesh of witches, mages, and spellcasters can give the cygor a momentary reprieve from starvation.

Beyond the souls of magic-users, cygor have a tendency to carry about the shattered remnants of waystones, temple columns, and similar magical rocks and foundations - the only other thing they can perceive beyond their prey. This, ironically, makes them effective as a siege beast and artillery piece, for their thrown projectiles also serve to help them find a path to the mages they seek to devour.

Equipment:

-MASSIVE Horns and Claws

-Throwing 'Stones' (read: Any kind of structure piece that bore magic)

1 Feral Manticore: Claimed by the filthy dark elves to be embodiments of Khaine's murderous will, the servants of the Ruinous Powers know the true origins of these beasts. Each beast only shares the similarity of a leonine body, a broad pair of bat- or dragon-like wings, and a spike-lined tail filled with venom glands that split flesh and boil blood. Some could bear a mane of snakes, or scales of hellbrass, or be made of roiling water and hot ice, or have a face made of five other leonine faces - any, all, and similar mutations ravage a Manticore until no two of the savage beasts look the same. But Chaos Warrior and Horned One alike recognize, and respect, the raw and mindless violence that the Manticore can bring to the field of battle.

Equipment:

-Claws, Teeth

-Toxic Venom

-Any other mutated natural-weapons, if applicable.

1 Jabberslythe: Ancient and foul creatures, the jabberslythe encompasses all that is horrific and unpleasant about the natural world, so hideous that not even clear water will show its reflection. They are a sickening hybrid of toad, drake, and insect, with a clawed tongue that lashes out from their mouths to snag prey that is faster and more agile than it - which is everything else. Instead of blood, cutting a jabber's skin releases a high-pressure black bile that scours and eats at everything splashed by it. This same corrosiveness applies to the jabberslythe's drool, which falls out of its mouth in great puddles. Worst of all… To even look upon a jabber's form and body is to know madness, clawing at your brain and rendering many into cackling madmen. Easy prey to be slurped up by the 'slythe.

Equipment:

-MASSIVE Horns and Claws

-Insanity-Inducing Visage

-Acid Blood and Drool

-Clawed Tongue

1 Giant: Simple-minded gargantuans, the giants of the deep woods are simple creatures - they eat, they fight, and they sleep. While occasionally a Bray-Shaman will bind a giant to their will, more often one will find that they join or simply follow a war-herd's trail - joining in the chaos while lagging behind to enjoy the free spoils of stolen alcohol and bloody meat. Underestimating these giant idiots is unfortunately a good way to see one's forces and fortress completely broken, for their massive weapons and limbs will break fortifications like fine china.

Equipment:

-GREAT Weapon

|Path to Glory|

In the city you've captured in 'To Conquer,' the challenge comes. One way or another you will be given a goal to complete - and it is one that will test you and your herd's abilities to their fullest. Select **one (1)** of the Paths below to take. As well, the commencement of your grand task has called forth another **30 Herd Points** worth of reinforcements to your personal War-Herd.

Gorthor Reborn

The rumble in your heart, the pounding of hoofbeats on the air. The time is now - Man is weak, and ready to be trampled into the dirt, as his great constructs are overtaken by the forests, and his women and children turned into slaves and cattle. You must do what Gorthor the Cruel came so close to accomplishing - The complete and utter destruction of Man's presence in The Old World.

The Empire. Bretonnia. Kislev. Estalia. Tilea. The Border Princes.
They must be crushed under your hoof, ground into the dirt until NONE will remember the human empires. Your campaign will be violent. Drawn out. The land will burn, and quake, as man calls upon his allies in the cannon-bearing Dwarves of the Karaks, and the Elves. Your war against all that is civilization will culminate in one final battle against the leaders of man and their hardened remnants - Karl Franz. Louen Leoncoeur. Katarin Bokha. And many others still.

Slay them all.

Reward

By sallying forth with your herd, assembling the forces of dark and ruin, and driving Man out of the The Old World, you have done what Chaos has sought for its goals so many times. The cities lay in smoldering ruins, and who was it at the helm? Who was it that desecrated the cities of Altdorf, Kislev, and many others?
You.
The Gods smile, warrior. Take your reward, and know the power of Chaos surging through your body. Your strength has been magnified, enough that one blow from your clenched fist can send one of the massive Giants or Dragon-Ogres crashing to the ground.

Rift & Tear: With a great, exultant roar and the crash of your weapon against the ground, you can re-enact a smaller version of the great and cataclysmic event that birthed your kind. Where your weapon smote will be a great, seeping, growling tear in the fabric of reality - one that whorls and swirls with energies of Chaos, like the great rifts at the North and South Poles. The corruption and warp of Chaos will explode outwards as the Rift is formed, overloading magic in its wake and transforming man and beast into more of your Beastmen kindred. As the Rift remains open, the more insidious corruption will take hold - seeping into the ground, warping plant, animal, and humanoid alike as the Winds of Magic now begin to gust through the Rift you have torn open.

Fey-Killer

"Elf… Will… Fall…"

You are drawn to Arden, if you did not already begin there. You find him, madly capering with his hordes of Chaos Spawn - the air thrashing madly, water moving in ways it shouldn't, the trees tortured and twisted. Morghur the Shadowgave has called you to Arden - for he desires your assistance. Together, you will assault the wood elven home of Athel Loren. You will fight your way through a forest that tries to murder you at every step: The animals, natural and magic, coming to the aid of the Asrai. Their gods will rouse themselves - and Orion will sound his warhorn as the Wild Hunt begins to assault your war-herds.

Your goal is twofold. You must destroy the forest of Athel Loren, and burn it all to the ground - including the great Oak of Ages. But there is one other task - for Morghur thirsts for the power and souls of both Ariel and Orion.

Aid the one she calls Cyanathair. Help him devour. And victory will be yours.

Reward

Morghur has devoured the Asrai leadership, and the Oak of Ages burns. The Shadowgave, Cyanathair, Master of Skulls, has ensured the wood elves will soon crumble into extinction. And do not think for a second that you have been forgotten in his newfound power. He has seen your own past, and rewards you with brotherhood - transforming you into a new Shadowgave. Along with the magnifying effect to your dark and wicked magicks, you receive the following:

Aura of Transmutation: Much like Morghur bears, you now carry an aura of the raw chaos-stuff beyond the stars, which twists and changes the world about you. Missiles and weapons that would strike you will hit hardened air or split apart into leaves and frogs; Spells backfiring, changing into something else, or mutating their caster into a gibbering mutant or Chaos Spawn; Even cursing (or gifting) a humanoid with a Horned One form for daring to stand against you. As well, the world and environment around you becomes transmuted - twisted and warped as it defies physics and reality, with water flowing upwards and backwards, trees becoming predatory, and the shadows teeming with monstrous life. Any sufficiently Warped land becomes home to you - always observed through your mind's eye for foes that would trespass or purify it, and replenishing your health and energies should you walk the comforting madness. You can freely travel to any sufficiently twisted land taken by you through a capering, mad dance - whisking you away on the winds of Chaos.

The Gods Will Recognize

It was the Beastmen who were born, and were the FIRST to come into the service of the Dark Gods. It was the Horned Ones that have struggled to accomplish their will, ever since the great Warp Gates collapsed.

… But who are the ones recognized for these efforts? Is it the true Children of Chaos, who work to tear down all that Order has built? Is it the Cloven Ones, who fight every day to survive and thrive as the Ruinous Powers decree?

No. The accolades, the ascendancies, the recognition… Have all gone to the accursed northmen. The Norscans, the Warriors of the Chaos Wastes. To their great, horn-helmed Everchosen, Archaon, who only uses the Gods' plan to extract his vengeance against The Empire and spits on their blessings. These fools receive riches while the true sons receive less than nothing.

Show them that they are the same as the followers of accursed Sigmar. Crush the northmen and their Three-Eyed King.

Reward

Though you have set back the Great Game's plans, you showed the world your worth and made the Lord of the End Times kneel. You showed The Gods your worth most of all. The Horned Ones are so much more than just warbands of forest-dwelling bandits and monsters; They are worth the favor and gifts of the Four Gods..

As are you.

Rise, Everchosen of Horns.

Horn-Chosen: You have been bestowed the title "Beastlord of the Apocalypse," regardless of your Breed. All the monstrous creatures and twisted beasts who follow the sway of the Ruinous Powers bow to you instinctively, with even mighty Chaos Dragons knowing you answer only to the highest power. At will, you may bestow a transformation upon a beast or humanoid - transforming them into one of your horned brethren, without the stigma of a Turnskin applied to them and fully converting them to your cause. And bestowed upon your new title:

- **The Mark of Chaos:** Carved into your torso with metal and magic, the eight-pointed star - granting you the magic and blessed strength of all Four, as it does for the Three-Eyed King.
- **Armour:** You may choose to seize the defeated Archaon's *Armour of Morkar*, or instead claim a new set forged and blessed anew - plate and mail that can withstand magic and melee in equal measure, in which even a blessed demigod would have trouble rending.
- **A Lord's Steed:** You can either claim the legendary warhorse *Dorghar, Steed of the Apocalypse,* or see another blessed or raised. Regardless, you now ride upon a

soul-devouring beast that carves a fearful silhouette into the minds of all.

- **A Lord's Armament:** You may either claim *The Slayer of Kings* from the defeated King, or have a powerful Daemon Weapon made for yourself. *The Slayer* contains a powerful, and truly ancient, greater daemon of Khorne known as U'zhul - and should you desire a weapon of your own, the Greater Daemon you select will be as equally venerable and potent.
- **A Lord's Crown:** From the Three-Eyed King's brow you may take *The Crown of Domination*. Otherwise, you may see to it that the forges and hands produce yet another equally dominating and prominent crown for yourself - one that exudes an aura of dread and malice that chills the soul.
- **The Eye of Sheerian:** There is no alternative to this gem, set into Archaon's crown like a third eye that bestows his title. Created by a long-dead Tzeentchian sorcerer, the Eye connects to the wearer's mind upon being set into their helm or skull - and through it, the wearer can see through the mists of time and prophecy. The immediate future and past are always as clear as water, while the further one peers the more one must rely on deciphering metaphor and interpretation.

The Beast Has Learned

It was the Beastmen who were born when the Warp Gates collapsed, and were the first to serve. And yet the rewards have gone, time and time again, to others. The Northmen. The cultists. A man with three-eyes who simply uses their power for his own vengeful ends.

But what have the Children *created* for their deities? The Norscans create altars, the cultists build cities, and both overtake empires to dedicate an entire civilization to the worship of the Four Gods. All that the Horned Ones have done… is simply destroy. Break. Defile. All useful to the Great Game, but they have built up nothing in their wake.

As anathema as it does, and will, seem to the Cloven Ones, perhaps the time for change is now. If the Children are to receive their parent-gods' favor, then they must prove that they are equal to the cult-cities of the Far East and the great shrines and altars of the north.

Using the city you claimed in To Conquer, you must commit to a near-impossible task. Create a seat of power for the Horned Ones - a nation that they can call their own. Nothing in the Beastmen's old stores of knowledge, the way they are built and raised, and what passes for "culture" can prepare you for this. You will be fought every step of the way, from the smallest Bray to the mightiest Gor or Minotaur. But to succeed in this challenge, you must commit yourself to the ideal.

Reward

Though the Plaguefather grumbles at the flagrant change he is bearing witness to, all four of the Ruinous Powers look upon the nation of beasts you have moulded. Their heraldry flies proudly, their walls stand tall, and their worship of the Ruinous Powers spreads their influence ever more.

Hoof-Beaten Country: The nation you have forged with horn, hoof, claw, and fang - from your original capital city to the edges of its borders. It follows you now into worlds beyond, planting itself within a new realm in such a way as to avoid disturbing the history and geography as much as possible. Every city or town that your beastfolk have built or conquered, so long as it is connected to the "heart" of your country, will maintain any changes or developments as time passes. As well, from the numerous Herd-Stones your Bray-Shaman have undoubtedly erected and raised from the soil, the Winds of Magic are all but guaranteed to continue gusting through your realm.

|The End|

Ten years have passed.
You have done what was asked of you - maybe more, maybe less.
Now it's time for that one decision.

THE BEASTPATH HOME

It's time to return to that land you once called home - and either turn it to your Gods, raze it till nothing stands… Or maybe just try and forget all that happened.

THE HOOF-BEATEN RETURN

You accomplished so much here, and I knew that you would see this place as your final destination. The Gods embrace you as their Child of Chaos, and your journey ends here.

THE BEASTPATH FORWARD

Change. Inevitability. Passion. Defiance.
These things drive you once more to the other worlds ahead.
Was there ever any other decision? ***I think not.***

|Notes|

Clarifications, explanations, and all that garbage.

Location Choice and Breeds:
Okay I know that supposedly there are Beastmen about the South Pole, and in Ind and Cathay. But the focus of the Chaos-related beastmen have been on those in the Old World - I apologize for a lack of tigers, but there's just no info on them to add.

"Why is it so difficult to be a good guy in this jump I don't want to be an evil dickhead":
Sorry… But not sorry. Chaos Warriors can be varied, can be noble, can exemplify the Chaos Gods' more positive natures. You can have a heroic Chaos Warrior. Beastmen are evil dickheads that are built and bred to smash things and despoil, desecrate, rape, and murder everything. CONSIDER THIS A SNAPSHOT INTO HOW MUCH OF AN ASSHOLE YOU CAN BE.

Sire of a Thousand Young:
When I say your offspring from this will have mutations, they'll be thematic - passing down super strength will give bulging muscles, ki abilities causing blood veins and orifices to glow, and pyrokinesis causing them to perpetually have a bit of fire ignite on their skin, are just a few. Fanwank responsibly and try to come up with something cool.

Herdstone:
Yes, if you teach other people the Warhammer magic system, they can pull from the Winds of Magic the Herdstone gathers.

"How does X Mutation pair with Y Mutation":
IT'S CHAOS, PHYSICS DO NOT MATTER TO THEM. FANWANK AND COME UP WITH SOMETHING METAL.

Can I Toggle / Deactivate / Choose when X perk takes effect, if applicable?:
Yes, this includes Scenario rewards.

'To Conquer' Scenario:
Your own time in the jump doesn't have to go exactly like the scenario shows, I just built it like that to give people a rough timeline / guideline for how it would usually play out. Assume for Non-Gave Brays and Ungors that it will be OBSCENELY difficult. Also? It says 'man-filth cities,' but your target doesn't have to be "living" humans.

Herd-Builder:
Yes if you purchase any of the Bray, Ungor, Gor, Centigor, or Minotaur options, you can have them be beastwomen. Just know we've seen no canonical female minotaur or centigor, and there's very little info on female beastwomen. We just know they exist and that presumably they can fit under one of the Breed types. This also extends to the Hero units you can either get for free or purchase.

In case it is not clear - you have to take 'To Conquer' before one of the Path to Glory scenarios.

Yes, the extra 30 Herd Points you get stack. Shouldn't need to say that but

The Gods Will Recognize:
Should you have existing equipment or a mount you wish to receive the benefits of Archaon's nicked shit, you may import them.

Centigors will, when confronted with the Dorghar reward, instead receive an upgrade to the clawed-horse lower body they were born with - receiving greater speed, endurance, strength, and a suitably daemonic appearance.

The Beast Has Learned:
For jump duration, the beastman nation will automatically lean heavily into the worship of the Chaos Gods. Post-jump however, if you succeed in your task and take them with, they can be changed to worship or follow whatever decree, faith, or lifestyle you can teach to them. This is guaranteed to be more than a bit difficult in the case of Minotaurs and Bray-Shaman, mind.