

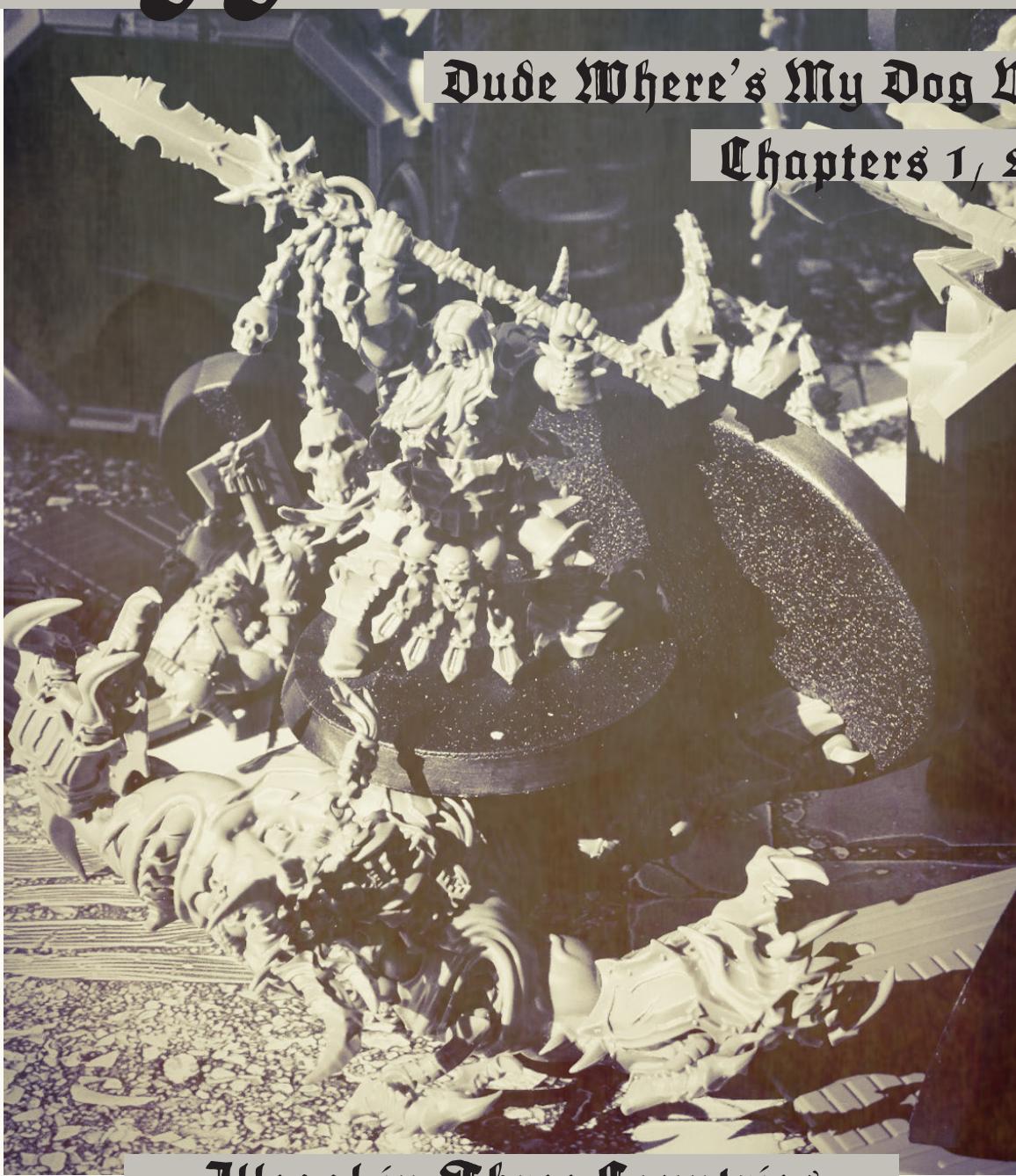
# mf warcry

## a Violent

# Puzzle Game

Dude Where's My Dog Vol. 1

Chapters 1, 2 & 3



◦ Illegal in Three Countries ◦



# Table of Contents

Preface	4
Dude Where's My Dog?	6
Side Quests	73
The Eightpints Pub	75
MSME	101
Fiddly Scents' Potion Shoppe	127
DiagonFolly Alley	153
Commandments	179
Exploding Potions	191
Warpstone Bling	197
Hot Sauce	201
Gameplay Rules	207

# Preface

Wanna get stuck in? Read the next page then jump to **Page 6** and roll Dice!

Wanna know the Rules first? Pour a fresh coffeee and jump to **Page 207**

More interested in the Juice?  
**Page 179**

Ain't got a clue? Open a beer and order pizza.

## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Welcome MF.** Listen, Ima tell you a tale that'll make your head spin faster than after a night spent doing nothing but opening beer, ordering pizza and rolling Dice. “The Good Times“, as we call them where I’m from.

But check, I’m not here to talk about those times, I’m here to tell you a tale that starts at the very beginning and ends exactly where it started: Here, over beer. Now, first, I gotta let you know that this is what I see, seen and saw, and if you hear anyone else telling you about these, uh, “incidents”, as we can call them, then their retelling will most likely be quite, uh, differential. “Different“, as you might call it where you come from. Wherever that may be. Whenever that may be. Its a timeless tale, timeless like a cold pizza and warm beer but it’s the only pizza and beer you got and its the second day of a 3-day music festival and your head is pounding from the night before but you know that if you drink this beer and eat this pizza your day’s only looking up, even if that’s an “up“ spent lying on your back passed out from drinking too much beer and eating too much pizza. After whizzing on other people’s tents because the loo is too far away from where you pitched your own tent and you’re a territorial creature and there’s only one respectable way to mark your territory. “The Good Times“, as we call them, where I’m from.

Anyhow, let me buy you a beer and tell you my tale, and if you’re still eating pizza by the end of it I’ll buy you another.

\*Puts a freshly poured pint down in front of you, foam swirls gently and juuuuuust overspills the lip and starts to run down the side of the cold glass\*

**Lets begin: So, this MF walks into a bar...**



Dude  
Where's  
My Dog?

Vol. 1

Chapter 1



## ♪ Intro: Off for A Quiet Pint ♪

...and wakes up with a massive hangover, battered and bruised and with no memory of the night before. It's mid afternoon and you want to get to the pub before it opens. Dusk is coming on, and you're gonna meet your mates at your local pub, The Eightpints, for a sundowner. Juuuuust as you are about to leave, some turkeys run through this MF's gate and into your garden. Damn, they need to get whacked and you need to close the gate to protect your mielies.



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Turkey: \*Gobble gobble\*!!! Translation: Yo Momma ain't shiz, ima gobble yo grass biz-aaaaaaattccchhhhhh!!!!!!**

The Turkies square up and start eating your mielies. Time to put these turkies in check.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Souldrain Forest

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

- Plus a Mausoleum gate positioned in the middle of the furthest edge from your MF, 1" from the edge

**Adversary:**

- 500 points of Turkies
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack turkies, Close gate

**Victory:** Kill all the turkies and get your MF to within 1" of the gate, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Turkies dusted, you push the gate closed. As the gate shuts and you click the padlock, two troggoths jump over your wall.

**Troggoth 1: Bruv!! I's been starving, long day an all dat.**

**Troggoth 2: Yeah Bruv! Tough day one. Help a bruvva out an' give us summa dat Turkey soup?!**

The Troggoths square up, clubs raised.

**Troggoth 1: You wouldn't wanna fight us for it, would ya?**

**Troggoth 2: \*Opens drooling mouth and leers\***



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** leave your Dudes in the same positions as they ended the Turkey Battle.

**Adversary:**

- 500 points of Troggoths
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack troggoths but don't kill coz they are your mates

**Victory:** Get both troggoths to less than 5 wounds each, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies or you kill any troggoths*



## ♪ Victory ♪



**Troggoth 1: AWWWWW MATE!!!!!!! I 'fought we was friends?!!!**

**Troggoth 2: Yeah bruv! Ima have ta go spend the evenin' wiff a straw sucking sweat from me own arm-pits. Bruv that ain't half as tasty as Turkey soup with mielies an' peppa. Even if me mum waz doin' the cookin'**

The Troggoths piss off, limping down the road and groaning from their wounds. You close your gate, rub your head in the hopes that the hangover will disappear as soon as you next taste sweet sweet ale on your tongue and head off to your local pub, The Eightpints. After a fresh-aired walk along the lane you get to the pub. As you open the pub door a dog bolts out, runs through your legs and disappears down the lane. You go into the pub, to the bar and have a pint: you deserve it.

# ♪ Dude Where's My Dog? Part 1 ♪

You've spent the evening having a good few pints and a leer at the dart board. Midway through a one-eyed chap with two teeth telling a story about how he narrowly escaped becoming a lawyer, a god-smashingly loud splintering of glass sounds from a bay-window at the end of the pub. You stand up, hand on pint to steady your ale and see Lord Whatsisface on his mount crashing through the pub window, vibrations spilling the pint of every other berk in the room. It looks like Lord Whatsisface, lord of the local county, is out on a regular Friday-night jolly with "the lads".



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Lord Whatsisface: "Where's my Effin' dog?!?? Where is, my Effin' dog?!?  
WHERE!!! IS! My. Effin'. DOGGG?!!!**

You take a look at the drunken lord of the land flopping about hurling abuse, and decide that if you find his dog for him you might be in for a handsome reward, or at the very least a free pint. You and your mates decide to go find his dog. You saw a dog run off down the lane earlier, maybe that was his. You head off down the lane and into the forest to find the 'wee mongrel, half a pint tucked into your coat pocket for safe keeping.

As you get deeper and deeper into the forest, you see trees start to take human form and they begin to move towards your Dudes in a menacing manner.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Souldrain Forest

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 500 points Sylvaneth
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Sylvaneth

**Victory:** Kill all the Sylvaneth, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ◦ Cut Scene ◦

A Sylvaneth Lord emerges from the woods in a leafy/cinematic manner.

**Sylvaneth Lord: Begone. You Know Not What You Are Doing. Leave This Place.**

A dog runs out between two trees and over to the large tree in the middle of the clearing, lifts its leg and starts taking a whizz on the tree.

**Sylvaneth Lord: This Must Not Take Place. You And This Woeful Hound Will Become My Next Batch Of Organic Compost And Be Used As The Soil Into Which I Will Sow My Seed. Prepare, Foe, To Be Decompositioned Thusly.**

The Sylvaneth Lord swings his weapon in a kinda cool Bruce Lee style and pulls a Kung Fu stance, then motions you forward. Fight mode, get on it.



## ◦ 2nd Skirmish ◦

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Position your MF and Dudes within 6" of the tree closest to the middle of the battlefield

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Sylvaneth
- Plus Sylvaneth Leader
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Sylvaneth

**Victory:** Kill all the Sylvaneth, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF or Hound dies*



## ◦ Victory ◦



As the dog finishes lifting its leg on the tree, the forest swirls and festers and the urinationed tree distorts, turning into a twisted and festering Tree of Nurgle. The Sylvaneth warriors twist and shriek, looking like they are melting. They continue to contort and take on the form of soldiers of Nurgle - warrior dudes who look like they took a ride through a chocolate factory during a production machine crunch up. Trees twist and bend and the forest takes on a new form and layout, making the area around you wholly unfamiliar and logistics looking tough.

# Dude Where's My Dog? Part 2

This is bad. Your MF and Dudes are standing in a newly twisted forest with an unfamiliar layout, facing a freshly festering Tree of Nurgle caused by a de-whizzed doggo. The tree writhes and gurgles, then splits down the middle and out leaps a Nurgle Dude, rusty axe swinging wildly.



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Nurgle dude: OOOioiiiooooiooooo!!!!!!**

You and your Dudes stare at this strange enactment. After an awkward ten seconds the Nurgle dude stops jumping about, lowers his axe, adjusts his helmet and a fly buzzes out through his visor

**Nurgle dude: Theeerrre we go! That's better. Had a fly stuck in my tin hat. Little buzzer. Listen, no time to waste: ima fuzk you dizkheads up. Bunch of right czunts you are and all.**

Other tears appear across the length of the Tree of Nurgle and out of each one springs a Dude of Nurgle, weapons at the ready. They advance on you and your Dudes with an evil glint in their weepy pus-filled eyes.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Souldrain Forest

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 500 points Nurgle
- Plus 1 x Tree of Nurgle
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Nurgle

**Victory:** Kill all the Nurgle, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Just as you and your Dudes put the last of the Nurgle Dudes into a state of hopefully-permanent sleep, you see Lord Whatusisface's dog shaking its leg against another tree. The tree twists and mutates, another Dude of Nurgle leaps out. You survey the area and see more trees mutating, Dudes of Nurgle falling from their branches like overripe peaches. You realise that while you were busy fighting, doggo over here has been busy marking an ever expanding territory, and each time a Tree of Nurgle results. Vhing Rhames Almighty, what on earth must Lord Whatusisface be feeding that thing. No time to wonder though, it's time to make like a donkey and hit the road: You grab Lord Whatusisface's dog and head off through the trees back to The Eightpints.



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

Adversary:

- 1000 points Nurgle
- Plus 3 x Trees of Nurgle
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Pick the side of the battlefield furthest from your MF: Get all your Dudes to within 1" of this side, while having the closest enemy Dude at least 3" from your MF

**Victory:** Get to the exit side of the board with no Nurgle within 3" of your MF, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



You enter the The Eightpints and find Lord Whatusisface passed out in a pool of his own vomit, half-drunk pint still gripped loosely in his fist. A scraggly looking geezer walks over to you and holds out his hand.

**Mr Helpalot: Greetings. I am Lord Whatusisface's trusted advisor, Mr Helpalot. I will hold onto the dog until Lord Whatusisface wakes up. Here's a sack of coins to say thanks, go get yourself a pint: you deserve it.**

You take the sack and head over to the bar, job well done.

**\*fade to black\***

# Hippies At The Herdstone Part 1

You and your Dudes are halfway through your third pint when you feel a hand on your shoulder. You turn around and see a bleary-eyed Lord Whatsisface staring you down, bits of dried vomit clinging to his hair and beard.

**Lord Whatsisface:** What have you done with my Khorne-damned dog?? The landlord tells me you brought my dog in here and sold it to some random minstrel in exchange for a sack of coins? Vhing Rhames Almighty, how low can a brother go. Listen, mate, that dog is worth the world to me and you need to go find it or I'll nut ya. First, however, you need to run me an errand to repay this debt you now owe me: I lent my new Outdoor Smokeless Barbie to a band of beastmen and they are throwing wild parties out in the ruins with it. That's all well and good, but they've started inviting hippies to join them and the slags are now table-dancing on it into the wee hours of the morning and severely ruining the walnut-oil buffed finish. I need you to bring it back, and if you teach them a lesson while you're doing it that's all good by me. Head for the Herdstone and follow the sound of German underground techno.

You and your dudes sigh, down pints and head off to the ruins.



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



You and your dudes wander through the ruins, following the low rumble of an overcranked subwoofer. As you come round the last corner and see a bunch of drunk beastmen mid-mosh in front of a herdstone, the music cuts and a single record-scratch echoes around the ruins.

**Beastman:** Dammit the party is just getting going and the biz-natches are about to arrive, piss off from our Herdstone!!! More biz-natches for us!! We do NOT, share the biz-natches.

The beastmen pick up their weapons and advance on your MF. The beastmen-DJ puts on *Around The Block* by *Pretty Lights ft. Talib Quali* and a slow-motion, Zack-Snyderesque battle ensues.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Defiled Ruins

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Beastmen
- Plus 1 x Herdstone
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack the Beastmen

**Victory:** Kill all the Beastmen, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

As you continue to fight the Beastmen, more and more are drawn to the area by the sick beats dropping from the DJ setup. You hear a creaking and turn around to see a Whisky Wagon being pulled into the area.

**Beastman:** The biz-natches have arrived!! LET THE SKY RAIN SCOTTISH FIRE!!!

More Beastmen emerge from the ruins and the Beastmen defend their Whisky Wagon. The DJ puts on *Operaz* by *Chinese Man ft. Tha Trickaz* and a badass but artistic and tasteful RZA-styled fight sequence ensues



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Beastmen
- Plus 1 x Herdstone
- Plus 1 x Whisky Wagon
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack the Beastmen

**Victory:** Kill all the Beastmen, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



**Beastman:** Goddamned bunch of slack-jawed tyrannosaurs!!!! It's our party, we can do what we want, and then in rolls you to piss on the jams. We're off, mate. Enjoy the whisky, suckaaa!!!!

The Beastmen snatch up their DJ equipment, kick dust into the fire and canter off into the darkness, humming the tune to *Hudson Mowhawk's Thunder Bay*. You and your Dudes shrug and cast all eyes on the Whisky Wagon.

# Hippies At The Herdstone Part 2

The Whisky Wagon stands there like a scene from a Sergio Leone film. A windmill creaks, the wind blows. A hippie jumps out the wagon.



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Hippy: Piss off.**

You stand there. Another hippy jumps out. Then another and another. One thousand points of pure adulterated hippy stares you down.

**Hippy: If we ain't got beats to dance to, we'll make the room go boom our own way. TOPPLE THE TOTEM, LADIES!!**

The hippies toss ropes around the Bestmen Herdstone and start heaving it down. The Herdstone rocks backwards and forwards, then topples over and smashes into the ruins around it, debris flying everywhere and completely changing the layout of the ruins.

**Hippy: Prepare yourself to be filled with stiletto holes MF!!**

The hippies charge you down.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Defiled Ruins

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Daughters of Khaine
- Plus 1 x Whisky Wagon
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Daughters of Khaine

**Victory:** Kill all the Daughters of Khaine, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

The hippies stand there, panting and sweating like a six hour shift on a steel pole in Sheffield.

**Hippy: We are DONE. This party is OVER. LADIES, time to hit the sunshine highway!!!**

The hippies all run back to the Whisky Wagon and jump in. As the door opens you hear barking from inside, maybe its Lord Whatsisface's dog! You run towards the wagon but the Hippies kickstart it and start rolling off through the ruins at a hell bent pace. You and your Dudes give chase!!



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Daughters of Khaine
- Plus 1 x Whisky Wagon
- Standard D6 setup

Define middle of board edge linearly furthest from wagon. This is the designated "exit point".

Whisky wagon moves D6 towards that edge each battle round.

Every round 200 points of Daughters of Khaine jump out of the wagon

**Story:** Survive until the whisky Wagon is 1" from the designated exit point

**Victory:** Survive, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies or if the Whisky Wagon is ever further than 6" from your MF after the first battle round*



## ♪ Victory ♪



The Whisky Wagon trundles off into the sunset, Michelle Rodriguez and Amy Smart at the wheel like some silly Fast & Furious and Crank mashup.

**Hippy 1: \*Sticks hand out the right window backwards and flips you off\***

**Hippy 2: \*Sticks hand out the left window backwards and flips you off, adjusts sunnies in rearview mirror\***

You and your Dudes turn and shrug at each other. At least you have Lord Whatsisface's Outdoor Smokeless Barbie in one piece. You go over to it, wipe the scuff marks off the walnut finish and start carrying it back to The Eightpints Pub to present to Lord Whatsisface.

As you step forward, a charred stiletto covered in goat hair falls out the bottom of the barbie into the sand. Hippies, eh.

# Khorne Off The Cob Part 1

After an effin' age of carrying the Outdoor Smokeless Barbie back to The Eight-pints for Lord Whatsisface, you find him slumped backwards in a chair in the corner, a small bead of drool pooling into the ale-soaked stitching on the front of his shirt. He starts as you approach, gaining conscious enough to focus one bloodshot eyeball on multiple images of your MF hovering in front of his face.

**Lord Whatsisface: SO! YES!!! Enough.? NEVER enough!!! Whassis?.! Yes. Ah yes. My Outdoor Smokeless Barbie. Thanks mayte. Hippies got ma' dawg?! Aww shizz. In a Whisky Wagon awww yissss. Well, we better go find out who's Whisky Wagon that waz. The Slaves to Darkness will know, rumour has it that a few bootleg Whisky Wagons have been seen trundling through that part of town under the cover of darkness. Go to the rundown shedland near the docks and ask to chat to the Slaves leader, General WhoosisFace. General Whoosisface runs a Third Party Logistics operation down there and should know what's going on with the wagons. Might even be a contract him and his goons are involved in.**

You and your dudes have a pint each then wander on down to the docks.



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



As you and your Dudes near the docks, a shout is heard and a Slave in head to toe armour runs up a bell tower and starts banging it with his mace like its 1979. A Slave walks out of a nearby archway, then another emerges from a doorway.

**Slave 1: Bruv. You're in the wrong part**

**Slave 2: Of our town**

**Slave 1: Because any part**

**Slave 2: Of our town**

**Slave 1: Is the wrong part**

**Slave 2: Of our town**

**Slave 1: For a clown.**

**Slave 2: Of our town**

\*Slave 1 facepalms and sighs\*

**Slave 1: Fuzzit Darryl, you're supposed to shut the fuzz up when I say "Clown"! This MF is not of our town and that's why he's a clown, coming to our town. Chaos Undivided, let's just kill the MF.**



The Slaves walk towards you with menacing facial expressions, and more start emerging from the nearby alleyways

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Slaves to Darkness
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Slaves to Darkness

**Victory:** Kill all the Slaves to Darkness, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*

## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

As you and your Dudes finish choking the last of the Slaves to Darkness, a deep and meaningful voice emimates from down the road.

**General Whoosisface:** Listen Bruv. If all you wanna do is talk to me, all you gotta do is ask. And the question you gotta to ask is, "How Hard Can A MF Hit?" Challenge me to a duel and I will answer you one question. As long as it's not about fish. I can't stand sardines.

You agree and your MF and Lord Whoosisface square up in amoungst a circle of each of your Dudes.



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Form a 6" circle of your Dudes and Enemy Dudes around MF's in the middle of the battlefield, alternating Dudes

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Slaves
- Leaders fight 1v1 to first down to 5 wounds
- Once that is done, everyone goes nuts and battle commences on both sides

**Story:**

**Round 1**

Your MF and General Whoosisface fight inside the circle until one party is down to 5 or fewer wounds. No other Dudes may activate in battle rounds or be targeted in battle rounds. Once this is done, proceed to Round 2.

**Round 2**

**Victory:** Wack Slaves

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



**General Whoosisface, panting:** Nurgle Almighty you pack a punch. Dammit, I'll answer your question: Khorne dock workers have been smuggling whisky in off the ships via Whisky Wagons. If you head over to the docks you can probably pick up some information about who's been buying the whisky and also pick a fight with something you will never fully comprehend: Glaswegians.

You leave General Whoosisface and his minions and stroll off towards the docklands, the sweet smell of fresh sardines getting stronger with each step.

# Khorne Off The Cob Part 2

You wander on down through the shedlands in the directions of the docks. Large ocean gulls, fat from eating too many chips from souffend upon see biddies, screech and wobble overhead. The smell of sardines continues to get stronger, and suddenly a shipping container next to you explodes, doors open straight off their hinges. A bearded man in a kilt waves a spear at you and shouts gibberish less understandable than the wobbly seagulls



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Exalted Deathbringer with Impaling Spear: OI LADDIE!!!! HOOOO ARRRE YOUEEE AND WHA-T ARRRE YOOOOOU DOOOOOING HERRRRE?!?!? EHHHHH?!!**

He waggles a spear in your general direction, then hiccups and bends double, panting. He bends back up and continues.

**Exalted: FOOOKKK ME WE'VE HAD A SHIPMENT OF FRESH KARGO-RATH AND IT'S ABOUT TO WAKE UP. YOOOUUU HAD BETTER GET OUT OF HERE BEFORE THE PARTY GETS STARRTED.**

The Exalted turns around and calls out back towards the main dock area.

**Exalted: BOYS. SHOW OUR GUESTS THE WAY BACK OUT OF HERE**

Khorne Dudes emerge from around your Dudes, waving axes in a menacing way. You hear a roar from a nearby shipping container and something large starts beating at the container from the inside, thud-thud-thudding like two fat birds in a mosh pit.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Khorne
- Plus Exalted Deathbringer with Impaling Spear
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Khorne

**Victory:** Kill all the Khorne except for the Exalted Deathbringer, then \*cutscene\*

**Failure if your MF or the Exalted Deathbringer dies**



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Khorne dudes keep appearing from between shipping containers, and the thudding keeps growing louder. The shipping container making the thudding starts to rock backwards and forwards: whatever is inside has stopped pummeling the walls of the container and instead started throwing the weight of its entire body into the excercise. All of a sudden, the pounding stops. Everyone pauses. A heavy stomping sound emanates from the shipping container, each time faster than the last. Slow motion clicks in. The container wall erupts with shredded steel flying out like a ruptured claymore mine, the air is filled with a vapour that smells like a single malt Wolfburn Whisky. In the middle of the swiftly-blended flavours of busted steel and whisky, a Kargorath charges out of the container and slams the nearest Khorne warrior into a wall.

**Exalted: SHIVER ME TIMBERS, THEY BROUGHT A KARGORATH. LADS, SEND THIS WHISKY DAEMON BACK TO ITS BARREL IN HELL.**

The Khorne Warriors square up and start attacking you and the Khargorath.



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary 1:**

- 1000 points of Khorne
- Plus Exalted Deathbringer with Impaling Spear
- Due to the whisky vapour in the air, all your dudes are drunk and get +1 toughness and -1 attacks (down to a minimum of 1)

**Adversary 2:**

- 1x Khargorath
- Due to being inebriated and not fully knowing who or what they are attacking, every time the Kargorath dies, remove the nearest Khorne dude from the battlefield and replace it with a fully-healed Kargorath.
- Standard D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack the Khargorath until no Khorne Dudes are left to be replaced, then wack the Khargorath

**Victory:** Kill the Khargorath, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF or the Exalted Deathbringer dies*



**Exalted: FOOK ME. THAT IS ONE HELL OF A SHIPMENT. IF THE WHISKY HASN'T BEEN LEFT IN THE BARREL LONG ENOUGH IT HAS A TENDANCY TO SUMMON BEASTS FROM BELOW. I'D BETTER HAVE A WORD WITH THE SLAVES ABOUT THESE SHIPMENTS OF WHISKY FOR THAT SKANK RAVEN BLOOD. THEY ARE A LIABILITY AND NOT WORTH THE DAMNED CONTRACT ADMIN. T&C'S BE FOOKEED. I'VE STILL GOT A PAIR HER LEGGINGS FROM THE LAST TIME SHE WAS DOWN HERE, TAKE THESE AND GIVE THEM BACK TO HER, IT'LL OPEN UP CONVERSATION.**

You pick up the leggings and chuck them in Your rucksak. You've learned that a skank by the name of Raven Blood is responsible for the whisky shipments, and head off back to Lord Whatsisface.

## ♪ Victory ♪

# Wirt's Leggings Part 1

**Lord Whatsisface:** Deyyym. Dem some leg-GINS. Listen, I want my dog, so you take dem leggings and mosey over to Raven Blood and give her back her leggings and find out about my dog. Last I heard, she was up by the mausoleum conducting a fashion show for the fashion house of Wirt, or whatnot. Be careful around there though, it's a graveyard so you will probably run up against some Tim Burton fans hankery-pankering around there.

You down you pints and head off to the graveyard, #fuzzthisshizz.

As you climb the hill and arrive in the graveyard, a skeleton rattles his jaw at you and bashes his shields with a spear.



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Skeleton:** \*gestures using British Sign Language\* You have come here for a purpose. What is that purpose. You must put this lid back on that coffin to find purpose. We, too, have purpose. And our purpose is to stop this from occurring. \*Gestures from you to a nearby coffin lid then back to you\*

You understand that this skeleton has somehow told you what you need to do, yet also told you that him and his chommies will try and prevent this from happening. The skeleton stabs his spear into your shoulder, drops his jaw and mouths a silent \*jaaaaaa\*. This brah and his homies, man. You wack his head straight off his shoulders and start dragging the coffin lid across the map towards the open tomb. A subtle creaking like some oild bees sounds around the graveyard, and skeltons start to dig themselves up out of bed.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Corpsewrack Mausoleum

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Nagash
- 1 x tomb lid
- 1 x tomb

**Setup:** Standard D6 (Incl. Tomb & Lid)

- Drag the tomb lid across the map to the tomb. The tomb lid can be moved D3 forwards per battle phase, as long as there is a friendly unit within 1" of it.

**Story:** Get the tomb lid to within 1" of the tomb

**Victory:** Move the tomb lid, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

You've heaved the tomb lid across to tomb and just as you are about to put the lid on, a blast of unearthly warp energy channels from the tomb. A sarcastic British voice is heard behind you

**Weirdnob Shaman:** Don't be such a bore bruv!!! Those pesky skelingtons havin' a right silent laugh again. Don't do that. I know you here to find Raven Blood and I can point the way to her if you help me rid this part o' the graveyard of all the pesky skelingtons. I cast a spell to wake them all up at once, then we can wack 'em together. Three, two, one GO!!

Warp fire erupts from the Shaman's outstretched fingers, and skeletons erupt from all corners of reality.



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

- Plus Weirdnob Shaman

**Adversary:**

- 2000 points Nagash
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Nagash

**Victory:** Kill 10 Nagash, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF or the Weirdnob Shaman dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪

**Weirdnob Shaman:** Oh-Kay! That's enough bone-ing for one o' these days. Raven Blood is over theeeeere

\*Shaman points into the distance\*

**Weirdnob Shaman:** I'll just pile these bones up and see you next time. Have fun! Off ya' go!

You wander over in the general direction he was pointing, leaving him to pick the bones up himself, whistling the melody to *La Vie En Rose* while doing so.



# Wirt's Leggings Part 2

You wander through the misty graveyard. Eventually you come to a clearing between a mausoleum and a statue of a brother holding a sword and an hour-glass. Beneath the statue is a walkway resembling a fashion show walkway, and strutting along it in your direction is some chick wearing illegally long heels. She points in your direction and shouts



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Raven Blood: Ladies!!! These troubadors are here to interrupt our Wirt & Alexander McHalloween fashion show!! Send them packing!!**

Out from behind the gravestones jump 1000 points of hippy, brandishing steels and dressed in some wicked late-noughties fashion. They advance on you and your merry warband, high heels sinking into the damp loam of freshly turned graves.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Corpsewreck Mausoleum

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

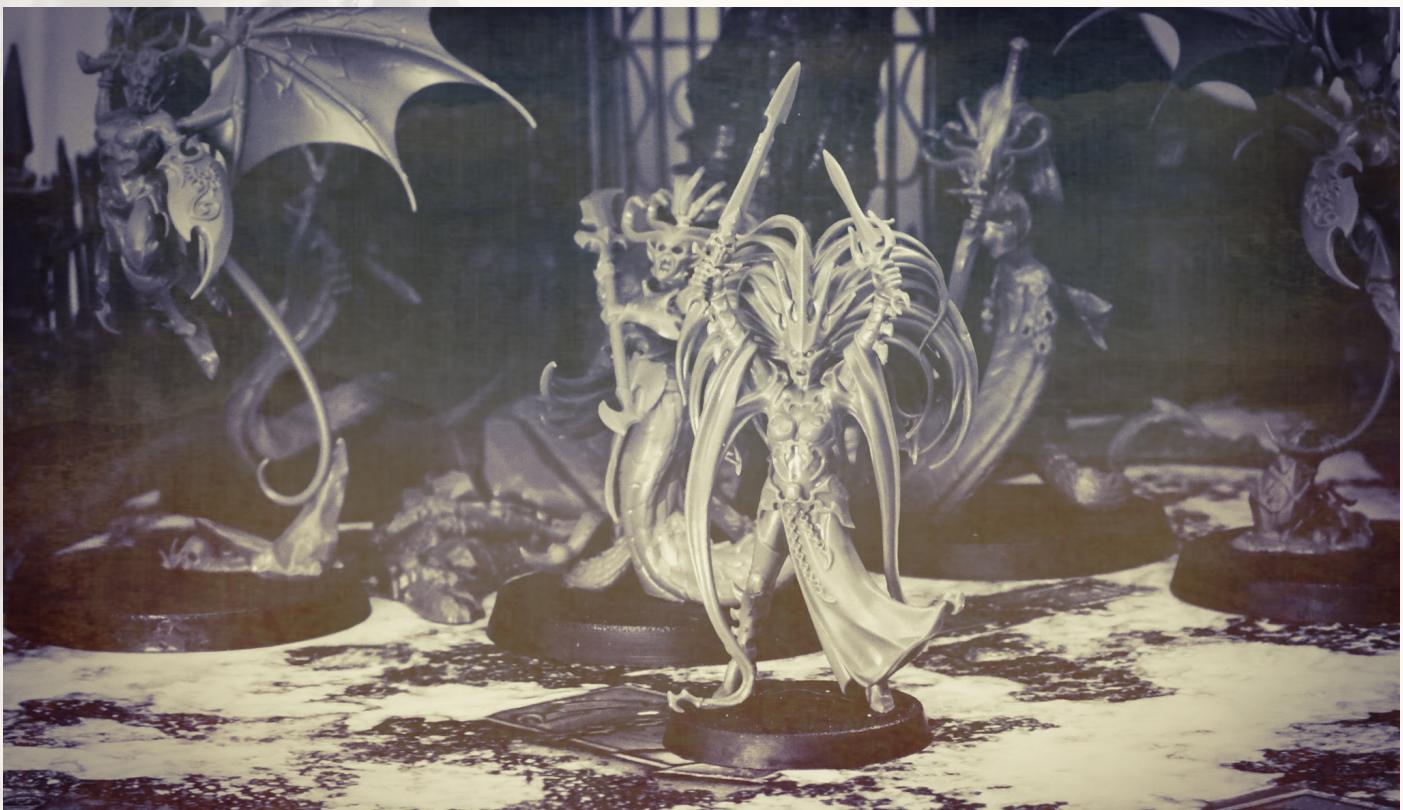
**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Daughters of Khaine
- Plus Raven Blood
- Standard D6 Setup
- Every time Raven Blood dies, respawn her according to Standard D6

**Story:** Wack Daughters of Khaine

**Victory:** Kill all the Daughters of Khaine until only Raven Blood is left, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

You've deaded all the hippies, and Raven Blood stands defiant.

**Raven Blood: Jezuz Chrizzt. Does a gal gotta do everything herself around here? Ladies, BACK ON IT!!!**

Warp Energy erupts from the ends of her fingers and skeletons erupt from the freshly deceased bodies of all the dead Daughters of Khaine. Raven Blood charges her fingertips again and bolts of warp energy fly towards you and your dudes. You charge.



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1500 points of Nagash
- Plus Raven Blood
- Standard D6 Setup
- Every time Raven Blood dies, if there is another enemy unit still in play then respawn her according to Standard D6
- Raven Blood Warp Fire: Every time one of your dudes ends its activation within 1" of where it started its activation, it takes D3 damage

**Story:** Wack Raven Blood

**Victory:** Kill all Nagash until only Raven Blood is left, then kill her, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



Raven Blood is brought to her knees and you stand over her, victorious. You reach into your backpack and pull out Wirt's Leggings. You dangle them in front of her face, swaying gently in the graveyard's musty breeze.

**Raven Blood: Ah! Wirt's Leggings. You brought them for our fashion show. You aren't here to shut us down. Nice. I'm sorry if you're a bit burned and injured from the frenzy, we tend to get carried away and all. Since we've given you a bit of trouble and you've brought me Wirt's Leggings to enhance our fashion show, I'll perform a favour for you and answer just one question. So: Lord Whatsisface's Dog. THAT mongrel? It was in one of our Whisky Wagons but when we unloaded it for the fashion show the dog lept out and ran in the direction of the Sylvaneth Forest. Looked like it needed a whizz.**

You sigh. *THIS* is why you're a cat person. You head off back to the tree you saw it at in the Sylvaneth Forest, and **\*fade to black\***



# Chapter 1 Completed

## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



Okaaaayyyyyy. So that was a right laugh. Turkies and troggoths and Kar-gor-aths “Oh-my!”. Sing it.

Now... check this, right. That was, like, Chapter 1. Indie production, kinda quirky but it pulled on the heart strings and Oh My Golly Ghorgon the crowd loved it and we've been given budget for Chapter 2. Chapter Tee-Dubbleyoo-OHH MF!!!!

But listen, right, that ain't half of it. Crowd reception went through the roof and the producers decided this is the NEXT BIG THING. BUDGET THROUGH-THE-ROOF MF!!! We wanted Chaos Knights and they've given us EVERCHOSEN, we wanted a bunch of dwarfs and they've given us OGRES THAT LIFT. Even leg day, MF, even leg day. We wanted a cave and we're given a cavern, Lizardmen and they've loaded up a MF Troglodon. A real one, no CGI. Heard it maimed three trainers and impregnated a poodle but insurance covered that and we can't wait to see the offspring. Tickets to the front row 'an all that. Nice.

SO. Where does this leave thy good self? Well, budget ain't just for business so here's TWO fresh ales to swirl into your pleasure centres. Whatever that means. Via your hands. \*Coughs\*

\*Cracks open two fresh bottles of ale and sets them down in front of you\*

I'ma order another pizza into the ovens and you got two fresh beers so lets get this show on the yellow brick road and see if Toto gives us a golden rainbow that SHINES!!

He breathes and looks at you, narrowing his right eye, then give a single nod upwards.

Let's go: So, this MF walks into a forest...



# A Chaos Knight's Tale Part 1

...and wades through woods after bleeding woods, leafy darkness all around. Khorne, Slaves, Beastmen, Skeleton and Daughters of Khaine be damned, you're getting that dog and ending your debt to Lord Whatsisface. Then time for a nice pint by the fire. The good times on the horizon. Aww yess.

Getting closer to the clearing you found Doggo whizzing in last time, you see a strange body lying on the floor, stapled to the ground using a pair of long spears. In the dim light its hard to make out what it is, other than furry and dead. Dressed in clothes too. Definately not a dog then. Moving through the trees, more bodies start to be outlined in the gloom. Suddenly, lightning strikes and lights up the coolest MF you've ever seen on horseback. His daemon steed rears up and he poses for effect. Man. This. Dude. Looks. Cool.



## ◦ Cut Scene ◦



**CoolManCool:** Look at this MF. You've stumbled into the wrong party, son, but we have a use for someone like you: It seems you're looking for something, like a hamster in a hamster ball, and we've got a pet cat that wants to playyyy. KEVINNN!!!!

He turns around to the forest as he yells the name, and a Thunderous Galloping vibrates off the tree trunks around you. The scene seems to swirl in slow motion as an Everchosen of Khorne sunders into the scene, daemon steed roaring with molten hunger.

**CoolManCool:** Kevin of Khorne, at your disservice. Kevin, prove yourself a worthy servant of the God of Wanton Slaughter!!

Kevin of Khorne rears up on his horse, swinging a mighty hammer and charges at your and your Dudes.

**Kevin of Khorne:** Bluuudforthebluuuuudddddgggggggaahhhh\*\*\*\*!!!!!!

## ◦ 1st Skirmish ◦

**Terrain:** Souldrain Forest

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 500 Points of Everchosen
- Standard D6 Setup
- Kevin of Khorne gets +1 activation per battle round per alive Dude in your warband.

**Story:** Wack Kevin of Khorne

**Victory:** Kill Kevin, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Kevin of Khorne lies spitting saliva and blood, dethroned off his daemon steed.

**CoolManCool:** \*facepalms\* Gah. Kevin. Come ON son. Was a Chaos Knight. Showed some promise. Takes up worshipping Khorne. Brings a bloody hammer to battle on a horse. A hammer on a horse. Jezuz what a czunt-funtery of a bad idea. I mean \*gah\*, a MF \*hammer\* on a MF \*horse\*. Ever read a tale of a famous *Champion of Chaos* who wielded a hammer on a horse? No son. Not once. "Blood for the Blood—" and all that, then fall off a horse while swinging a great big bloody hammer and its nothing but tears.

CoolManCool points at you and narrows his eyes behind his visor.

**CoolManCool:** But the Green Plague is \*coming\*. There is no stopping it. The signs are all around. All will perish in its wake but first we FEAST!

**HAMSTER. FIGHT!!!!**

Thunderous Galloping erupts from all around and ten thousand pounds of Ever-chosen descend like wildebeest over Simba's dad. Defend thyself!!



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Everchosen
- Standard D6 setup
- Whenever an Everchosen is downed, a new Everchosen emerges from the battlefield edge furthest from your MF.

**Story:** Survive the onslaught

**Victory:** Survive 4 battle rounds, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



As the fray comes to a climax, suddenly in the gloom a sound like ten thousand tuba players wompelling underwater shudders from a nearby tree and it splits down the middle, out leaping a massive mound of horns and flesh looking like the anger of the fans who booked tickets to the underwater tuba concert only to find it cancelled last minute due to \*unforseen circumstances\* and upon reading the smallprint seeing no refunds could be issued. Gosh. CoolManCool and his Everchosen pause at hacking at your Dudes.

**CoolManCool:** And so it continues!!! The Green Plague, this world will become Death and into it's maw we ride! My Dudes, We Are Off!!

They gallop off into the forest to leave you to deal with this new development.

# A Chaos Knight's Tale Part 2

The mountainous figure of metal, horns and 24/7 gym contract hulks into a bent-elbow power stance and lets out a bellowing roar. Phewseus.

Another tree starts to bubble and spew and a leathery sucking fills the air. Gigantic wings fold up and out the tree as if a butterfly was emerging from a cocoon from the deepest sewers of hell. A proboscis emerges and extends, sucking all joy from the air. The creature climbs out of the tree, on its back an overweight glutton championing a scythe.



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Ogroid Myrmidon: WOT 'AVE YOU DIZKHEADS DONE!!!! This is NOT the entrance we expected. BUZZWOTTT!!??**

The complainant turns to his insectoid-mounted compatriot.

**Dude of Nurgle on Buzzer: DIZK-\*HEADS\*!!!! We gon' fuzk a brother up for dis one. Now ooo's dis den?? Part o' the crew??? We can star' pullin' answers from dere deceased corpses, let's ge' leary bruv.**

It seems these are more of what you've seen before. Nurgle dudes jumping out of trees again, you know the drill.

As all Dudes present clash, you see Lord Whatusisface's Doggo shaking its leg against the tree the giant insect has just climbed out of. Doggo found!! Simply wack these Dudes and grab a raw chinese takeaway, then its pint-and-fire time.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Souldrain Forest

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 500 points of Nurgle
- Plus Ogroid Myrmidon
- Plus 2 x Trees of Nurgle

**Setup:** Standard D6

**Story:** Wack Nurgle

**Victory:** Kill the Nurgle and Ogroid Myrmidon, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Nurgl Dudes liquidified, juiced and swatted, you go over to tie a leash onto Lord Watsisface's Dog. As you get close, you hear a tutting. Turning around, a large rat holding a book looks at you inquisitively.

**Rat-With-Book:** \*Tut-tut-tut\* Trying to put a leash on that animal? Perhaps it'd be a better world if that dog put a leash on you, you and this bundle of travelling mugwumps notationed as a "Warband". Hmm. Hmmmmmm. Hm. Fun. For us!! You know what I learned in this here Harry Potter book?

The rat waves the book he's holding under your nose.

**Rat-With-Book:** Don't be a dizkhead.

The rat throws his head back and laughs loudly.

**Rat-With-Book:** Hah! Also, don't be an effin' wizard of any kind. Keep inventing silly nonesense to hide the truth of reality? Rather, invent reality that embetters reality. Like us!! Scientists, engineers. Know how many aspects of your life rely on rat-science for embetterment? And right now we're gonna embetter your arse into the shape of a pancake. Made of you and your Dudes. A stack of arse-pancakes. Skreeee!!!!!!

The rat leaps at you, throwing the now-suddenly-burning Harry Potter book at you and your Dudes like a bomb. The pages explode in a slow-motion shower of infinite damage and each of your Dudes who is caught by a shred of flaming children's literature bursts into pure Warp Energy, instantly vapourised before the first battle round even begins. This is funk-nuts!! Leave the dog and GTFO!!!



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

- Roll a D6 for each of your non-MF, non-BFF Dudes: On a 4+ it dies as per above. Eish.

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Skaven
- Plus Leader
- 2 x Trees of Nurgle
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Escape!!

**Victory:** Get your MF to within 1" of the board edge furthest from them while ensuring the nearest enemy Dude is at least 3" away from them, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



As you and your remaining not-on-fire Dudes run through the forest, the rat pack gradually starts to thin, scurrying bodies turning around to scamper back to their leader.

**Rat-With-Book:** Begone!! Enslaved mind. REVENGE... WILL BE OURS!!!

\*fade to black\*

# The Search for Someoldgit Part 1

You've made it back to The Eightpints in one piece, all Dudes reinvigorated and respawned by a couple of pints of quaffing ale. Not even Warp Fire from a Harry Potter book ruins a good pint. Fact.

Lord Whatsisface paces in front of you, quaffing from a pint glass in one hand while the other holds a half-empty one, spilling ale onto the floor in a zig-zaggidy kinda way. Splash, step, splash, step-turn, splash.

**Lord Whatsisface: So..... let me get this straight. You got my dog? Then you lost my dog. Because of a rat. A rat? A rat. Really... a rat.**

Lord Whatsisface stops pacing and turns to look you directly in the eye.

**Lord Whatsisface: A RATTTTT!!!!?? Ving Rhames Almighty, you ARE A ONE. And a "Green Plague" you say, which some over-budget Chaos Knight informed you of. Gosh. Maybe that's something we need to know more about. Maybe. Maybe not. I'll going to choose "Maybe". SO!! You are to journey deep into the wilderness to hopefully never return, but if you do, I need you have consulted some old git who lives in a cave out there. I've heard of some old git who can see the future and all that jazz. Prophecies. Star signs and all that bollocks. Agreed?! NOW GO!!!!**

You sigh and finish quaffing your ales. Into the desert lands to find some old git who can tell the future by chewing rabbits droppings or something. Maybe he makes a good stew. MF's love a bit of stew. Into the wilderness!!!! For stew!!!



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



Its been days and days of walking through deserts and ruins, half-chewed-on rabbits droppings acting as your only guide. Walking through yet another set of ruins, a blurring shape casts a shadow across the sun and the world suddenly turns intimate and painful. Then it releases, suction creating a \*RRRRRRRR-RPPPPPPP!!!!\* noise. You gather your senses, and see strange figures on what appear to be space hoppers with teeth bounding towards you, one already on your case and in your grill. This looks Silly and Dangerous, perhaps the next movie in the Fast and Furious franchise? No time to wonder, fight mode!!

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Defiled Ruins

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

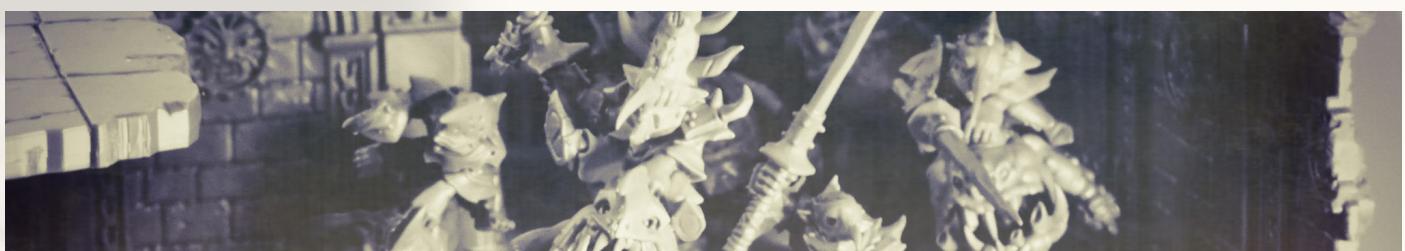
**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Gloomspite Gitz
- Standard D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack Gitz

**Victory:** Kill the Gitz Dudes until only 1 remains, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

The squig-mounted Gitz are relentless, no sooner does a Git get knocked off their squig than another appears to take its place like a never-ending parade of pain. The Squig-Knights bounce up and down with their weirdy-lances while more start to gather around in the ruins, looking on. One in combat disengages and hops off to join a fresh lineup of onslaughtees/onslaughters.

**MadAsAHat: LAY-dies and GEN-tlemen!! May I present to Thee a joust on a day of sunshine and glee! Fetter and metal and gnawing of teeth, under our squigs may these MF's be found beneath!!!**

While this scene is going on, Fu Manchu's *Mongoose* starts to play at a low volume. You wonder where it's coming from. No time to lose, however, the speech finishes and the Gitz lower their visors and their squigs start lumbering towards you whilst gathering pace. The volume increases and camera angles insenify. Get yo' Kung-Fu awwwwwnn.



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 500 points of Gloomspite Gitz
- Moses D6 setup
- At the begining of every battle round spawn an additional 300 points of Gitz according to Moses D6

**Story:** Survive the Git Onslaught

**Victory:** Survive 6 rounds, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



The onslaught continues for an age, the sun arcs across the sky and iguanas setup beach brollies with tiny pineapple-sliced cocktails to enjoy the spectable of inflatable armageddon. Suddenly, a massive boulder smashes against a ruined wall and a second bounder takes out a squig in mid-bound through the air. The squig goes off like a blown up balloon being released before being tied.  
**\*PFFFFFFFFFFF-FFFFFFFFFF-FFFFFFFFFF-FFFF\***

A large figure lumbers in to the ruins, the Squig Knights scram.

**Toss-Yo'-Grandaddy: Now this looks like our kind of fun, count us in son.**

He hoists up another boulder and looks at you like you're made of rare steak.

# The Search for Someoldgit Part 2

It's a strange scene before you. Squigs kicking up clouds of dust as they run off with knights hut-hut-hutting on top. One problem turns itself very quickly into another, however. Troggoths out in the ruins, unusual. Let's see what they have to add to the conversation.



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



The Troggoth casually tosses his piece of rubble from hand to hand. You can make out the carving of a dwarvern lord on it. Probably somebody's grandaddy.

**Toss-Yo'-Grandaddy:** So we just got rid of a pack of Squiggonauts for yoos. Ain't that just the kindest thing to ever pump from the stone cold heart of a Troggoth. An' some, and han'some.

The Troggoth gives a large grin, chipped quartz teeth making him like look a late naughties' rapper who made some questionable marketing decisions.

**Toss-Yo'-Grandaddy:** Now I hear yoos wasn't too kind to me mates a il' while ago. Invited themselves over for some turkey soups and didn't even get to the part where they could recite "Please sire I wants some more" and all 'dat. Pitiful. One-star Tripadvisor review for yoos.

He sticks an arm out and half-turns to point back the way he came.

**Toss-Yo'-Grandaddy:** Someone's been h'expecting yoos. We're your escort, but more the before-the-party kind than after, if you catch my drift.

The Troggoth slowly winks a stone-encrusted eyeball at you, then un-winks.

**Toss-Yo'-Grandaddy:** So we'll get you to where you need to be, but like any good chef we're first gonna beat this piece of meat til it's nice an' tender-like. \*Leers\*

More Troggoths stroll out in the dust from between the ruins, clubs hefted. Fight!!

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Defiled Ruins

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1500 points of Wild Cave Creatures
- Encircled D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack the Wild Cave Creatures

**Victory:** Kill the Wild Cave Creatures, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Fighting the Troggoth “escort” service has lead you and your warband to an outcrop of rocks covered in fungi. Two gigantic carved moons sit atop a cave entrance. The troggoths subside and retreat into the ruins. A gnarled hand emerges from the cave entrance and slowly pulls a large physique out of the darkness, a bulbous nose follows then a large tapered treetrunk with a sizable spider haunched over the end. The figure straightens up, lifting the club above its head and the spider draws a slow web down. They start to converse.

**Señore Someoldgit:** Welll-Welll-Welll! Look what has crawled out of the desert this time, Spiderfriende. They want to know about the Greenn Plaguee, don't theyy? Perhaps we can showw them the wayy to enlightenment through your endless hospitalityy. Let us make them souup, or rather, let us inject them with your venoms and they will become soup. Good soup, too. MmmmHHHhhhhhmmmm.

He makes a swishing motion with his free hand and the spider starts to grow. Bigger and bigger and bigger until its bulbous abdomen and fur-covered fangs dwarf even this strange old git, then it starts to scuttle towards you, jaws salivating with excitement. Bin this web-spin sucka!!



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- Arachnarok Webspinner
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack the Arachnarok

**Victory:** Kill the giant spider, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*

- Every time the Webspinner kills one of your Dudes, replace it with a Squig on the same side as the Arachnarok.



## ♪ Victory ♪



The spider lies upside down with legs curled in the air, just like a regular dead spider one billionth the size yet the same amount of scary. The old git looks on, his eyebrows raised and bottom lip slightly out in a I'm kinda almost half impressed kind of way.

**Señore Someoldgit:** So that was kind-of-cooll. Shame about Spiderfriende. No matter, I get annother. But anyhoww, do that laterr. Right now? I tell you about ther Green Plague. I tell you this: It is Greenn. For the rest you need to consult the Counsel of White in the caverns of the mountain yonderr.

He points at a mountain yonder, then smiles at you with a toofy quartz grin.  
\*fade to black\*

# How To Train Your Troglodon Part 1

Its hot. Like MF-hot. Sweat dripping like a wet can of cola between the arse-cheeks of a hip hop ho on heat. Santa Claus mopping it up with his beard. Music videos these days, eh.

Climbing up the mountain is a task and another task and a half. Two point five tasks, really. A cannonball suddenly explodes a rock you were about to place your hand over. Dust and rock shards erupt reality into your earholes.

**Juan: HALT!! Who Goes There?!! Only we go there. This is our \*there\*, \*here\*.**

A whistling, then a five foot spear embeds itself three inches from your face.



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Juan: MF!!! What are you doing at this altitude? Come to speak the wonders of logistical ca-motions from the sea-level landlings?! We are Ogors. Big MF'ing Ogors, sing it!!! Up North we have our cousins who ride Ston-horns, Thundertusks and Mournfangs. These are good for breaking up the ice into giant whisky cubes and dragging them down the mountain. Once at the bottom, a fleet of decentralised Whisky Wagons pick up the ice and deliver to the homes of every MF in town. Why go to the shoppe to buy ice for your whisky when you can have it delivered straight to your door? Its an honest question. And we have an answer!! Or part of one, at least. There is a market opportunity to fill between the beasts of burden and wagons of efficiency. There is a creature we wish to train and ride and take advantage of for the reduced overheads and increased returns it give us!! DO YOU WISH TO JOIN US OR STEAL THIS \*SECRET\*???!!! We will decide this question the only fair way: Gon' Eff You Up, Bruv!!! Suck One, Suck Many!!!**

The heat must be causing a mirage, this is some funked up funk!! But these Dudes on Wheels look like they put the "rage" in "mirage". Stab a bizzatch!!

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Defiled Ruins

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 2000 points of Ogors
- Standard D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack the Ogors

**Victory:** Kill the Ogors, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Juan: So, you know how to fight? Welllll, in my culture you need to know how to dance. And sing. And dodge a cannonball. Sie? Ogor culture is quite complicated like this. The ancient tale of Ogors says that every Ogor firstborn is held up like a lion cub in the arms of a monkey, whereupon a cannonball is fired straight at his head.

The Ogor makes a slow \*poof\* noise and mimicks and explosion with his hands.

Juan: And, if this baby catches the cannonball in his mouth with his teeth then he may join the ranks of the Ogors. If not, he gets discarded down the mountain and grows up to be a hairdresser or something. Canon.

The Ogor makes a lopsided half-grin half-smirk at you and blows his hair up with a \*pffff\* of air from his mouth.

**Juan: So you want to get to the Council of White? I can help with this. But first, you need to become worthy of the Ogors and do a Cannonball Run.**

He points up at the walls of the ruins and you see them lined with Ogors holding cannons. Some with cleavers. Some just snacking heavy on the popcorn.

**Juan: If you can run from here to the end of the canyon and back, dodging every cannonball along the way, I will show you the way. Now RUN!!!!**

This seems a bit obtuse, kick your slacks off and Usain the MF outta here!!!



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Anywhere spaced along the left 22" side of the battlefield

**Adversary:**

- 2000 points Ogors
- Moses D6 Setup
- Each Dude must run to the other 22" side and back

**Story:** Run MF Run!!!!

**Victory:** Get from one side of the board to the other and back again, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



Juan: Holy smoking señoore, you would make a good Ogor!! So. The Council of White. Just up there.

He points up the mountain at a cave, exactly where you were headed before being accosted by this tribe of Ogors.

Juan: But for this favour, you need to get me a Troglodon. It is what I spoke of during our unceremonious introduction. Fast, nimble, economical to run. Halfway between the beasts and the wagons, cost-effective! Bring me this creature and I will ride it, and become Troglo-Don-Juan. I will get alll the ladies and all the reduced overheads. Yes. Bring me my FUTURE!!!

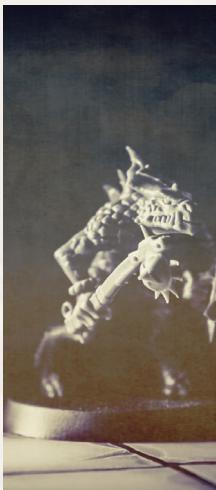
You and your Dudes start climbing, alll the way up to the cave. Ogors, maaan!

# How To Train Your Troglodon Part 2

MF this is some hell of a climb. At the tippy-top of the last rock just before the cave entrance, MF and Dudes stand there looking and feeling MF-marvellous. Staring at the view in front of you, an Ophidian Archway, you know some dude somewhere paid a heap of money for this thing and that makes the climb all the more worthwhile. Knowing that bare dangers lie deep within the cave, you pull your socks up and neck the pint you stole from To-Be-Trogolo-Don-Juan, its Lizard-hunting time! As you stroll through the archway, a Lizardman steps out of the shadowy cave and says something in Parseltongue.



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**KT-Price: MF you got somewhere ta' be??!!**

You gaze upon her facial structures. Golden silence.

**KT-Price: MF I said Yout Got SOMEWHERE ta' BE!!!???? Maaaannnn I ain't just hard on the outside, we gon' get the Daily Flail up in herrre an' get you on the front covaaa!!! MF you gon' end up on Bruv-Island an' at the bottom of a pile of Dudes stacked \*this high\*!!**

She makes a gesture with her spear, poking the cave ceiling.

**KT-Price: BOYS!!! \*LIGHTS\*!!!! Let's Wack a MF!!!!**

Braziers flare, and the cave is illuminated. You can see its actually a well-designed temple, fresh for the ransacking. Lizardmen pile out of lizard-holes, spears and clubs and sheilds Oh-My. Punctuate these brothers!!!

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Shattered Stormvault

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1500 points of Seraphon
- Plus Leader

**Setup:** Encircled D6

**Story:** Wack the Lizardmen

**Victory:** Kill the Seraphon then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

The fighting continues for what seems like hours. MF and Dudes descend down into the lizard-warren of ornate passageways of this ancient Lizardman temple. These chinas are \*fierce\*!!

You descend down and down and down, then suddenly, just as a lizardman jumps at you, a tile in the floor you are standing on clicks, and the whole bloody thing goes south. You and your Dudes fall through a trapdoor in the floor, and everything goes fast and dark, then \*SMACK\* into a rocky floor below. You gather yourself together and find a large half-ogor half-lizard up in your grill, a sickle-type blade inches from your throat.

**Dragon Ogor: Looks like some fresh beef for The Stag!!! Let's get this party awwwwwnnnnn. Vroom-vroom MFFFF!!**

The Dragon Ogor pulls his weapons back then punches you straight in the face. You ain't gonna take that kind of hospitality lightly, wack a MF!!!!



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard D6

**Adversary:**

- 1500 points Beastmen
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack the Beastmen

**Victory:** Kill the Beastmen, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



**Dragon Ogor: YES BRUV!!! YES MATE!!! JUST WHAT WE WAS LOOKIN' FOR!!!** You's can all help us get out of this ruddy mess. See, we was on Nige here's stag-do, and we got into a bit of a pickle. Well, some of us did anyway. Nige is fine. Me, not so good. My boys over here -

He points at another two dragon ogors and a cockatrice

**Dragon Ogor: Well.... I've got a tale to tell you about how this happened to happen. \*Ehem\***

Sounds like good listening comin' up!! The Dragon Ogor hands you a fresh pint and starts to relay their tale...

# The Council of White Part 1

Dragon Ogor: So, right. We was havin' this bare party out in the ruins, yeah. Daughters of Khaine on their way with the Whisky Wagon. Bare whisky, bare chicks, ye. Outdoor smokeless barbie borrowed with grace from Lord Whatsisface. Suddenly, this MF strolls out of nowhere and breaks the whole joint. Tears down our herdstone, mucks the whole thing up. So, what do we do? Party's closed m8. We take it up the hill, into this cavern. It's a stag do for Nige here \*points at a nearby beastmen\* and we find these lizards in this cave. So, like, this story gets a bit leary so I'll relay the PG13 version and you can make your own mind up about how this next bit really happened...

So. We got hungry, right, coz on a stag do you gotta eat. And we found these lizards, right, yeah? And a chicken, right? Yeah. So because we was \*hungry\* we ate the lizards, and Donovan over there \*points at the cockatrice\*, well Donovan ate the chicken. And eating these lizards turns me an' my boys into half-lizards, hence this Dragon-Ogor getup. Darryl over there... well, he turned into a half-chicken. But, I mean, between you an' me... you've probably eaten a whole load of chicken across your lifespan and never not once turned into a half-chicken. So what I'm saying is this is the PG13 version of the story and it's not quite hitting the nail on the head. But it'll have to do. Hmmmm?

He looks at you questioningly. No clue what's going on, you stare dumbfounded back at the Dragon Ogor.



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



Dragon Ogor: So, now we're in this pickle, and we gotta get out. Ima count to 3 and then we jump the fuzk back up there and wack these Lizards.

M-F'n-Three!!!!

You jump the fuzk back up and start wasting Lizards left an' right an' centre.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Shattered Stormvault

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard D6 Setup

**Adversary:**

- 2000 points of Lizardmen Plus Leader

**Allies:**

- 1000 points of Beastmen

**Setup:** Standard D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack the Lizardmen

**Victory:** Kill the Lizardmen, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

KT-Price's going right on a bender, slamming and slamming and slamming, beastmen/beer/lizards flying all over the place. What a mess to make of a perfectly good temple, ey? As things are getting near the dial on the metre that says "A bit too savage there eh bruv?", a loud bellowing puts a halt to the savagery.

**Grandmasta Slannn: BRUUUUUVS. WOT ARE YOU DOIN' HERE BRUUVS?** The prophecy has foretold. Nige here \*points at the Beastmen-stag\* is on his Stag do, and this is the hospitality we show him?? We must give him far more entertainment than this. We must Maximise the Hormone and give him a proper Last Rite.

The newcomer Lizardman does a wiggly-thing with his hands, and Nige the Beastman starts to grow. He grows and grows and grows, horns elongating, clothes ripping and all that jazz. His eyes vibrate back and forth, and his forehead blasts a massive \*crack\* as they combine, a single orb of vision glaring from his pissed-off visage. He stumbles then picks up a giant boulder and hoists it aloft.

**Grandmasta Slann: Behold the Last Rite of the Stag! Nige, Fuzk these MF's!**

The newly-formed Nige-The-Cygor lobs his boulder at you. Don't take no shizz!!



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- Nige the Cygor
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack the Cygor

**Victory:** Kill the Cygor, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



Nige lies groaning on the floor, writhing back and forth like he's just learned he's tested positive for something incurable. Stag, do's, Eish.

**Grandmasta Slann: That was a spectacle worth beholding. It excited me. We know you, MF, we have seen the signs.**

He makes a slow one-way wave from left-to-right with his right hand. Mystical.

**Grandmasta Slann: You are after knowledge on the Green Plague. We know this. We have the knowledge. Journey to the Realmshaper Engine deep down in the caverns, and we will meet you there to show you. Now GO!!!**

Worst Stag-do ever. Geez. You hoist your swag and get wandering down.

# The Council of White Part 2

Descending deeper and deeper into the marbled caverns around you, mind wandering about all the strange things that have been seen en route to the second half of the answer to what the “Green Plague” is, you notice that you are walking through what appears to be a graveyard. Mausoleums and graves line the cavern, it appears to be a burial ground deep under the mountain. There are skeleton-type shapes dangling from hooks suspended from the ceiling. Eyes scanning across them, you see one move and blow you a kiss.



## ◦ Cut Scene ◦



**Ossiarch:** Fair traveller, what bringeth thyself to this depth of the mine of the mind? Thou dost remind me of a summer's day, although more fair and certainly temperate.

You blush, having never been spoken to so politely by a skeleton.

**Ossiarch:** Fair traveler, I am part of a programme to ensure you rest in peace, and in pieces. For a piece can certainly rest more peacefully if it is not part of the whole. The whole is restless, the pieces are peaceful. The whole is not the sum of its parts. Each part is the sum of itself. The individual part. The individual's individuality. And now, we make you rest eternal. Bretheren!!! Make this MF at piece.

The skeleton gesures a “lets invade these MF’s”-type arm movement, and skeletons erupt from graves to get jiggy wit’ it. Stand yo’ ground.

## ◦ 1st Skirmish ◦

**Terrain:** Corpsewreck Mausoleum

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1500 points of Ossiarch Bonereapers
- Standard D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack the Ossiarch

**Victory:** Kill the Ossiarch, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

The cavern walls around you erupt, and more Ossiarch Dudes pile into the fray. Nothing fancy, just more dawgs ta' kill. Some dawgs on horses. Sick 'em!!



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1500 points Ossiarch Bonereaplers
- Split Ends D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack Ossiarch

**Victory:** Kill the Ossiarch, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



You wack a bizzatch and the last skeleton's bones fall to the ground. You hear a thud-rumbling behind you and the Slann Lizardman comes floating down accompanied by a cohort of Lizardmen guards. They smell strongly of sardines.

**Grandmasta Slann:** Good work youngling! I get to say that by default when you are likely at least 500 years younger than my good old self. But! I care not for this triviality! We are nearly there, at the Realshaper Engine!! It is wonderfully placed in the centre of an underground forest, not much further down than we are now. You may encounter more foes on the way, but do not worry, for we are just a few seconds behind you at every step!

These chaps seem a joke. Chrzt. But you need to get answers for Lord What-sisface and a Troglodon for Juan. You plough on through the belly of the mountain, ready to fuzk up any additional question that rears its head at you and your Dudes.

# A Shaven Aven Part 1

Descending further, the graveyard turns into lush forest of fruit bearing trees, apples and pineapples and grapes oh my!! Actually, that's a vine. Gotta know your fruit in this game otherwise you might end up one day with an apple orchard wondering why your wine tastes weird. Or a vineyard wondering why a fox keeps breaking in to steal your grapes. Strange times, best avoid them. The whole way along, a general unruly ribbetting has emanated from the cold-blooded entourage safely 30 seconds behind your every move. Clowns without even good jokes. The worst kind.

Brushing through a last few pear trees, a clearing rears up and you see the Re-alshaper Engine in all its glory. My oh my is this worth the trip! Aztechnology at it's finest, portal-generating apparatus on top and looking primed!



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Grandmasta Slann:** Here we arre!!! Excellent. Okay, I give you the answer.

As the Slann speaks, you can hear a distant clamoring coming from behind him and his cold-blooded entourage.

**Grandmasta Slann:** Ok-ay!!! The Green Plague. Yes. You have been told it is Green, yes? Well, the logic would be that since that is half the story and you have the first half confirmed, that the other half would be confirmation that it is a plague, yes? Well.

You hear more clamouring, and the cave starts to heat up a bit. A Lizard-guard starts to tap on the Slann's belly with his forefinger, pace quickening.

**Grandmasta Slann:** So the trick here, is that the other half is in fact... \*turns to look behind him\* ...in fact... \*sits bolt upright\* ...not a plll...AGUE!!!! GUARDS!!!! WACK THESE MF'S!!!! WACK THEM NOW!!!

The clamouring in the background seems to have irked the Slann to the point of violence, pointed in your direction. Dodge a MF, wack a sucka!!

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Souldrain Forest

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 2000 points of Lizardmen

**Setup:** Moses D6

**Story:** Wack the Lizardmen

**Victory:** Kill the Lizardmen, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

The battle rages on, there's one of those ultra-violent slow-motion sequences where there are no sounds but lots of grief-stricken faces and a Coldplay-style soundtrack to juxtapose the situation and create fuss over less complex emotional states. Nuff said.

Suddenly, a face rears its head through the melee. A familiar face. A crazy face!.

**Juan: SOOOOOO!!!! Bretherens!!! While you have been sneaking down here, the cold-ones sneaking after you, we have been sneaking after them!! Knew we could not rely on you to steal me a Troglodon, so we have followed your wake in the hopes of stealing ourselves!! Yes!!???**

Its Soon-To-Be-Troglodon-Juan!!! To the rescue perhaps!! He has clearly started a fight with the Lizardmen at the back, with you at the front. Tactics!

**Juan: Anyway, now, we kill you.**

What???!!! Argh. This is crazy to the next level. Fuzk this guy and his shizz. Brick a bizzatch into a wall!!



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 2000 points Ogors
- Encircled D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Ogors

**Victory:** Kill the Ogors, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



The Lizardman Slann has run off. The ogors lie at your feet bloody, bruised and soiled. All seems well otherwise.

A whirring starts to be heard at the corners of your consciousness. You turn around, the Realmshaper Engine's portal generator is spinning like a caffeinated whippet thrown into a post office on boxing day. A portal forms, glowey-blue edges lighting up the underground cavern. A hairy figure barrels out and picks itself up. It brushes itself down and peers at its surroundings.

**Rat-With-Book: \*Looks you up and down\* 'Allo stranger.**

# A Shaven Aven Part 2

Rat-With-Book stands there, grinning his evil little grin and holding his Harry Potter book. Last time you saw him he was turning your Dudes into sub-par plottines. Ain't got more time for brothers like this one. And how did he get from the wizzed-on trees to this underground portal? Questions abound and un-abait.

Deep in thought, another rat fizzes into existance through the portal. Then another, and another and another. Rats start to fly through the air like a bag of micro-wave popcorn during the peak 30 seconds of popping-time. \*Pfft\* \*Pfft\* \*Pfft\*

A pile of ratty ways writhes atop the Realmshaper Engine.



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Rat-With-Book:** MF you are just.... one.... MF. In a world of MF's. Know what this here Harry Potter book taught me? Everyone thinks they're special. But know what? They ain't. Instead of getting on with it, doing something useful for this world, they sit around day-dreaming about being a dizkhead. What a waste of good meat. And you know what? We gon' eat that meat. BOYZ!!!!

He clicks his long-nailed fingers together, and the pile-o'-rats topples over into you and your dudes like some Kung-Fu Tsunami from the ninth-circle of heck. Bruce-Lee these MF's!!!

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Souldrain Forest

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Skaven
- Plus Realmshaper Engine
- Standard D6 Setup
- Every Battle Round another 500 points of Skaven spawn at the Realmshaper Engine

**Story:** Survive the Skaven Tsunami

**Victory:** Survive 8 battle rounds, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Rats after rats after rats keep piledriving their way out of the portal then sliding down the Skaven-wave like it's a Red Bull surf competition at the peak of summer. A large, long and elongated sucking noise is heard from the underground river flowing through the cavern. Everyone pauses and looks around.

A head raises itself up, a slender dragon-like feature at the end of an ostrich-like neck. Another joins it, then another. Head after head after head raise themselves up. A hydra stands there in prime glory. It must have floated down into the cavern through an underground stream through the mountain. Eish, the more the merrier, right?

Skaven and Hydra go wild. The Chapter 2 Showdown, **FUZK A BIZZATCH.**



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪



**Story:** Wack Skaven and Hydra

**Victory:** Kill everything on the board, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 2000 points Skaven Plus Leader
- Plus 1 x Hydra
- Plus Realmshaper Engine
- Standard D6 setup

## ♪ Victory ♪



Skaven scamper away into crevasses, deeper into the underground fruit forest and up into the temple passageways above. The Hydra, all heads lopped off, staggers around like a drunk single aunt at a family & friends birthday party, trying to hook up with anything she identifies as being genetically dissimilar enough to ensure vaguely healthy offspring. It flops about, picking itself up and crashing into trees then tripping over itself and falling necks-first into the underground stream. In an apparent last-ditch effort at genetic continuity, it stumbles towards the Realmshaper Engine and does a quick-trip-fall up the steep stairs, then flops directly into the portal, half of its body through the tear in reality and the other half still stuck in this one, unloved and alone. The Realmshaper Engine splutters and chokes, then cuts off, the Hydra's immense bulk blocking all entrants to this side of reality.

No sign of Rat-With-Book, you sigh and head back to Lord Whatusface, ready to tell him that the Green Plague is Green but apparently not a Plague.

MF and Dudes place coins on the eyes of the dead and push them into the river. It's a long walk home, but you gotta respect the dead.

**\*fade to black\***



# Chapter 2 Completed

## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



Right. So. \*Eheh\*. That was a bit of jolly. A rat with a book, eh? Who knows what its taught itself to do. Who knows who else it's going to \*teach\*? Did you know that rats, being intelligent creatures, get bored if they aren't constantly engaged in challenging and creative ways? And when they get bored, they get destructive. And that's the \*real\* bit of jolly. More fun for \*Us\*, ye.

Ahyhoo, lets have a few pints and talk about what happens next. So: You recall that for Chapter 2 we were initially gonna hire some dwarves, then our budget was upped and we hired some ogors instead? Well, shizz me Shirley but that cause a bloody ruckus and a half at the HR department. Some busybody got hold of that knowledge, leaked it to the papers and suddenly everyone's accusing us of sidelining a minority, saying we shouldn't have overlooked the pinters. So, we hit back, saying that, yeah, okay, but ogors are a minority too, but then they said thats fine but dwarves are a smaller minority than ogors, and we were like, "Uhm... is that a pun?" and then it all REALLY kicked off. Chrzt.

Anyhow, we agreed to hire the dwarves and let them have the opening scene for Chapter 3 and all, and they asked for payment in beer... and holy mother of mercy we didn't hire a quantity surveyor and the little czunts drank us out of house and home!! Literally. All the budget spent on beer which they just pissed away. Literally. So... to continue the story we needed to get creative and we had to reuse some set pieces from previous chapters. Then, oh yes, check this, then the producer gets this great idea: What if we opened a portal to hel-\*ehem\* the Warp and got a Bloodthirster to come through to liven things up? So we did. And it did. But oh mother of heavenly mercy we didn't just get any Bloodthirster, oh no. WE GOT MF \*SKARBRAND\* CASUALLY STROLLING HIS McPIMPEDNESS INTO OUR SHIZZ. Oh Lawd!. Then, OH THEN.

THEN IT \*REALLY\* KICKED OFF.

So. I mean, you're gonna have to get this round unless you know how to open a portal to the Warp under the beer fridge and its twin portal under this table. \*Ehem\* Fzkn dwarves.

Okayyy. Now. This MF walks out of a cave...



# Licking Boxes Part 1

...and straight into another one. Its been hours and hours of wandering through the cavernous underground and MF is solidly lost. No sweet scents of the outside air wafting down any passageways, only the leathery odour of sweat and faintly burned steel rubbed in greasy tallow like grandpa's ditz in broken glass. No dog but also no Lord Whatsisface. There's a happy thought. Mid-mind-meander reality collides and an axe the size of a cartwheel slices through MF's day-dream of free ale stacked as high as the eye can see. The axe embeds itself six inches into a pillar twelve inches from MF's jawline. A dwarf struts into focus.



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Tells-No-Jokes: MF WHAT BRRINGS YOU DOWN HERE INTO... \*hic\* Uhm...**

The dwarf pauses and looks down at a piece of crumpled paper in his left hand

**Tells-No-Jokes: ...our cavern. Cavern, eh? \*hic\* We don't live in a cavern! We live in a \*mine\*. Know why? Coz its filled with gold and \*hic\*-silver and diamonds and jewels and weapons and guess your\*hic\*-self what?? THEY ARE ALL MINE. NO ONE \*hic\*-ELSE to touch my \*hic\*-stuff. Dead dragon bits choking up the hoover to prove what \*hic\*-happens when there's a disagreement to that \*hic\*-end. \*hic\***

The dwarf turns around to gaze over a mass of small, drunk bodies that have been gathering behind him during this charming recital.

**Tells-No-Jokes: LADS. WE ARE DONE. LETS GET TA'FIGHTIN'!!! \*hic\***

Seemingly as one, every drunk-arse dwarf unsheathes an axe the same size as themselves and in unison they start chanting some kind of football anthem. They stumble-rush at you, tripping over their beards in a sharp and dangerous way. Fight!! \*hic\*

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Shattered Stormvault

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Vulkanite

**Setup:** Standard D6

**Story:** Wack the Vulkanite

**Victory:** Kill the Vulkanite, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

The battle is bloody and bubbly, with a seemingly endless hoard of stubby legs and grizzly beards trying to suffocate you and your Dudes into extinction. A shout is heard and they wobble backwards into a general circle shape around the source of the noise, some dropping their shields as they back off

**Tells-No-Jokes: LADDS!!! I HAVE REMEMBERED! WE ARE TO PROTECT THIS HERE CHEST FROM \*hic\*.... UHM...**

A dwarf at the back raises his hand to speak

**Has-No-Answers: THIS MF RIGHT HERE?**

Tells-No-Jokes smiles and looks up into the medium-distance light a lightbulb has just come on in his skull. Scratch that - make that a flare.

**Tells-No-Jokes: YES!! YES LADDIE!! WE MUST PROTE\*hic\*CT THIS HERE CHEST FROM THAT MF RIGHT \*hic\*-THERE. LETS MAKE LIKE TROGO-LO-DON JUAN AND GET THE PARTY ON. \*hic\***

This is a worthwhile development. As the dwarves rush toward you for a second time, you make out a small chest in their midst. Below the alcoholic babbling of a thousand angry mine-dwellers, you can make out a low, slow ticking coming from the chest, like the sound of a gigantic clock mechanism far bigger than could be fitted into a small box. Need to investigate: Wrekk the dwarves and claim the box. As you step forwards to meet the assault head-on, a dwarf picks the ticking chest up and scoops it into his beard, then disappears into the fray. New goal: Wrekk the dwarves and \*find\* the box.



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

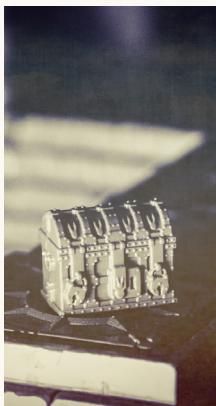
- 1000 points Vulkanite
- Plus Leader
- Every time an enemy Vulcanite is downed, roll 2D6: On double sixes that Vulcanite drops the chest and the rest clear off. Any other roll, respawn the Vulcanite along the board edge closest to your MF.

**Story:** Wack Vulcanite until you get the chest

**Victory:** Obtain the ticking chest, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*

## ♪ Victory ♪



After an even longer period of time juggling drunk dwarves and flailing axes your fist collides with a beard that collides with a chest that collides with a breastplate that belongs to a dwarf and the dwarf flies across the room, ticking chest falling out neatly at your feet with a click like it was planned that way all along. Finally.

The remaining dwarves clear off, mumbling complaints about not enough beer and how some of them have family members who \*literally\* don't even know where their next pint is coming from. Its a tough life, clearly.

You peer at the box. It has a note on the clasp that says "Time Feels All Wounds". There isn't a padlock. You flick a knife blade under the lid and the MF's world explodes. Everything goes loud, dark, sticky and somehow also... sweet?

## Licking Boxes Part 2

MF this is disgusting. Its hot, dark and there's an oozing substance covering the walls like the residue from a one night stand between a pot of custard and a blender who met at a bar and offered to bring their hot friend Mindy along who turns out to be the drag act of a 7-foot Nigerian called Max. MF in sore need of a snorkel and flippers. Maybe also a bath. \*Definately\* also a bath. Focusing hard on keeping the contents of your stomach down, you make out that you've exploded down into a tunnel of some kind and there's a pulsing glow illuminating what is hopefully the way out. You and your Dudes slip and slide on through, belly-flopping out of the tunnel into what seems to be an old underground sewer of some sort. A large, fat creature sits atop a bridge in the middle of the room. It rotates towards you, then giggles and grins with glee.



### ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Babs:** OoooohHHhhh!!!! \*giggles\* Why hello there \*THAilor\*!! I'th got a luvvelly pot of gumbo juuuuut for youuuu todaaayy!!! Don't be a thilly!! Babth is a shaaaarer, and I be Babth!!! \*giggles\*

The hulking she-slug apparent afore you wobbles with delight. She throws her arms up into the air and shrieks with excitement, then her stomach splits open and a tongue emerges, surrounded by teeth like mossy gravestones. It speaks:

**Darryl:** WOTS THAT BABS??? VISITORS??? DOWN 'ERE?? I DUNNO IF WE WANT TO BE GIVING 'EM YOUR GUMBO, I'D RATHER CHEW 'EM UP, ALL TENDER-NICE, SPIT 'EM OUT AND ADD 'EM TO THE GUMBO AND THEN EAT IT OURSELF. DUNNO IF I WANT THE GUMBO AFTER ITS PASSED THROUGH 'EM. WE GOT ENOUGH OF THAT 'ERE AS IT IS.

The head of the creature, assumidly "Babs", puts an obese, pustling finger to her lips as if she's using every wobble in her body to think

**Babs:** O---ooooh---oh!! YETH!!! If we chewth them upth I can maketh an even biggererht gumbo for the boyth!! I do love my boyth!! OH PITH CREEEWWWW!!!!

Babs flails an excited wail into the air and Nurgle Dudes start staggering out of other entrances to the sewer. Not sure whether to fight or throw up. Coin toss?.

### ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Halls of Velorum

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1500 points of Nurgle Daemons

**Setup:** Encircled D6

**Story:** Wack the Nurgle Daemons

**Victory:** Kill the Daemons, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

The Piss-Crew do their thang with startling efficiency. Not much seems to bother them, be it lopped off limbs or gouged out internal organs. Living in a sewer covered in boils seems to have one severe upside: Life can't possibly get worse, so get stuck in. There's a marketing opportunity for an activewear brand in there somewhere, but that's getting too far removed from the current plotline.

MF and Dudes stand atop a pile of dead plague-fiends almost able to touch the ceiling. Not sure if this could be called a "victory" in any way, being on top of a heap of shizz miles beneath the belly of a mountain. Perhaps this would be appropriately considered as being in the bowels of the mountain. Sucka. Hmm.

Suddenly, the pile starts to move. It tembles at first, then shudders like a village drunk gaining sentience after a night on the trot. Reality pauses as the room sucks in its breath, then the pile explodes. Massive insects like the fly equivalent of a wallmart patron burst out of the pile hurling MF and Dudes into the air, scattering your Warband across the room. Divide and conquer? Get your wellies on.



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard D6

- Your MF and Dudes each start with 5 wounds left

**Adversary:**

- 1500 points Nurgle Daemons

**Setup:** Standard D6

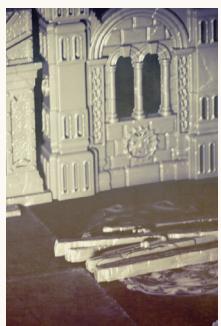
**Story:** Wack the Nurgle Daemons

**Victory:** Kill the Nurgle Daemons, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



As the final blade is sunk deep into the flesh of the last winged horror to suck putrid air into its filthy proboscis, the creature deflating like a whoopie-cushion filled with McDonalds and mustard gas, the sound of a low chanting makes the hair on the back of your neck become erect. You know that sound. You've heard it before. A deep thrumming of tribal, animalistic glitch-hop played with far far far too much dependency on the subwoofer. You clean off your weapons by dipping them in a pool of stangant sewerage and head toward the tunnel entrance the sound emanates from. Pull up your pants and tighten your belt, its disco time.

# A Portal To Hell Part 1

Following the tunnel the beat gets louder and louder, from a low rumble like thunder up to a crechendo like a waterfall of piss from a god. You see the tunnel exit up ahead and jump out, expecting to be greeted with a cheer from old friends.

No. The greeting is a jarring record scratch and embarrassed silence. A beastman stands in the middle of the room and points an over-gymmed finger at you.



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Beastman 1:** Mah man, mah-man, mah-MAN!!!! Why you gotta do dis to a Nagash? Maaaaannnn we hittin' this jive UP and peeps about ta go on the \*Pole\*!! We got our brothers EZ-Daez an' A\$AP Death on the M-I-C, bars and liquor flowin' like liquid honey over a bizzatch. MAH MAN. Why you so bad, I say?

The beastman seems petrurbed at your antics and you seem to have stalled yet another banging gig. He continues

**Beastman 1:** I'ma put mah foot in yo' bizzatch, bizzatch. Opening night for mah mans over he-A! This desalination plant, taking biomass from the sewers and utilising the emissions to remove salt from seawater, thus making it drinkable, and leading to a sustainable future for both the denizens of the land, the land itself and the thriving economy that is perpetuated by it. Its a cycle, like the circle of life in that movie with the monkey, talking lions and wildebeest. Know what they call that? Beast-men. Beast-MEN, Suc-ka!! Might as well be "Best"-men for all the wise learnings we impart to the youth these days. Know what ima do after I put mah foot in yo' bizzatch? I'm put dis knee \*points at his knee\* up in yo' grill. Learn a MF. Teach you some shizz. Wit dis-knee.

The Beastman signals to the DJ to put some heat on the decks. The DJ picks *Gfys by Dilly-Yo!* and sinks the needle into the record flesh. It begins to spin.

**Beastman 1:** This a TUUUUUNE. Now, I'ma hit you till you DIE, MF.

The beastman shakes his head, cracks his knuckles, arches his back and lets out a roar. Slow motion circling, motar falling from pillars etc. Its MF'n showtime.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Temple of Nagendra

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Beastmen
- 1000 points of Nagash

**Setup:** Standard D6

**Story:** Wack all foes

**Victory:** Kill the Beastmen and Nagash, then \*cutscene\*

**Failure if your MF dies**



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Its MF'ing Carnage, Vhing Rhames be damned. Beastmen smacking a MF while skeletal rappers lay bars over ball-shaking boom bap. A whole lotta testosterone going on deep, deep underground.

A fleshy clapping like two wet fish being banged together starts to be heard above the ruckus. The hoard turns to the centre of the room to observe what goeth on hither: in the middle of the battlefield stands a Ghoul King, neck stretched upwards in a pose somewhere between regal and Ludacris-lookin'-down-on-a-MF-with-hands-clasped-in-rapper-prayer. He spakes thusly:

**Ludacrypt: MF you're causing confusion, disturbing the peace. MF we're not into lotion, our skin is deceased. We run this desalination plant, you'd better guard your grill, because there's something wrong, so we can't stay still. Someone has busted in and MF that's you, we've been drinking clean water and now we're gonna bust you. You had better move, you had better get out of our way.**

Look's like the party's over for this MF + Dudes. The Ghoul King claps his hands again, and a ghoul skulks out of the shadows of each archway-exit. You're gonna have to learn to leap-frog and fast. GTFO!!!



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Flesh Eater Courts
- Plus Leader

**Setup:** One enemy Dude at each battlefield exit. Each time one dies, respawn Moses D6.

**Story:** Escape!!

**Victory:** MF needs to exit but you don't know which tunnel to take to freedom. Each time your MF gets to within 1" of an exit, roll 2D6: on double-sixes this is the exit and Victory can be claimed. If anything else is rolled, try another exit. Mark each failed exit off as you go, until only one exit left, then Victory, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



You the leap-ghoul MASTER. Well done MF. Looks like a win-win: you get to leave only partially-chewed-on, they get to get back to their opening ceremony party. Ghoul engineers. Strange creatures that rarely see sunlight, just like all engineers. Phew.

Making your way through the tunnel network, you start to hear a high pitched chanting, if that's even a thing. Firelight starts to lick the tunnel walls and you tiptoe up to the archway joining the tunnel to the next room. Sneaking a look around the pillar, you see a covern of scantily clad females doing some sexy dancing around an alter in the middle of the room. You sneeze. They turn to you.

**Raven Blood: Ooooooi! Look what the cat's dragged in!!! Allo luvvie.**

# A Portal To Hell Part 2

Raven Blood. Hot chicks with dizks this is a surprise. What's she doing this far underground? How did she get here? Why do these ladies have so little clothing on? Questions abound and ensorcell the mind. Only one way to find out: let her get her mouth around the topic.



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Raven Blood:** Luvvie. Luuvvie. Awww its our little warband of fwiends too!! Havin' a party? We are. Wanna join?

You look at her speechless. Keep her mouth on the topic.

**Raven Blood:** Bit of a silent danger you are, aren't cha? Tall, dark an' for ransom, as we sometimes like to say. \*laughter\*. So if you're gonna join our party, you gotta know the rules of the party game: See, here on this piece of paper \*flashes you a piece of paper with bitty scrawl over it\* it says a big magic spell we can use to summon the Avatar Of Khaine. We've been good girls we 'ave, and so we gets to meet the big ol' pimp daddy of hatred himself! Then get us some heavy hatin' done. \*winks\*

You look at the piece of paper. It says: *"If you're ever lost and forl--n, alone in your room with no one to ca--, come to the alter and dance out a st--, this will surely summon the avatar of Kh--ne"*. Not sure about this one. Seems the scrawl was a bit too hasty and a few key rhyming syllables have been left out. Your hip-hop gland starts tingling and the Daughters of Khaine start skipping around the altar. You see a symbol at the top that reminds you of the dock workers from Chapter 1 for some reason. Not sure quite why. A low tremor starts to vibrate the room, the alter starts to cloud over with a red mist, it swirls and then a huge horned head swaggers on through the centre, looks around the room, raises an eyebrow and lets out a big sly cheeky grin. The head cocks back.



**Skarbrand:** WHERE DA BOOTY AT.?!

The hulking head shakes like a wet rooster and the rest of its body swaggers on through. It flexes its physique. Raven Blood's mouth falls open. She looks from it, to you, to it, back to you. Her eyes narrow and unadulterated rage flies across her face.

**Raven Blood:** YOOOOOUUU!!! YOOUU!!!! WE TRY TO SUMMON AN AVATAR OF \*KHAINE\*, YOU STROLL IN AND SUDDENLY ITS AN AVATAR OF \*KHORNE\*. CZUNT FUZKING VHING RHAMES ALL-DIZK-SUCKING-MIGHTY. YOU ARE TO \*PAAAAAYYYYYY\*!!!!

Raven Blood and her *Ladies Of Leisure* fly at you and your Dudes. Skarbrand the Bloodthirster stands atop the alter and watches, grinning. Its dance time.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Catacombs

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1500 points of DoK + Khorne Altar in centre

**Setup:** Encircled D6

**Story:** Wack the DoK

**Victory:** Kill the DoK, then \*cutscene\*

**Failure:** If your MF dies

## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Like a Limp Bizkit music video falling off a cliff, chicks in bikini-styled clothing rain down all around. A whirlwind of flesh, blades and pain with a “GET SOME” thug-edged twinge. Skarbrand watches with glee, moving around the alter to get different views of the skirmishes taking place across the room. Raven Blood falls over, tripping on a wayward piece of lingerie and catches the corner of Skarbrand’s eye. He turns to her and sasses out a few deep syllables

**Skarbrand: OH DATS MAH GUURL. COME TO THE PIMP DADDY H’SELF, I COULD DO WITH SOME LOOOONG CONVERSATIONS OVER SOME WINE BY A FIRESIDE. AND GUURL, YOU LIGHT MY FIIRE. I BRING THE \*WIIINE\*.**

Skarbrand hunches over and starts to chug his wings, beating at the air like two tyrannosaurs starting a family. Wings grip air, the hulking pimp-daddy mass of muscle and MF becomes airbourne and collides through the empty space between h’self and Raven Blood. He extends out a beefy arm and picks her up en route, ending his trajectory by crashing through an archway-exit, landing on the other side. The ancient underground wall can’t take any more of this trog-goth-shizz and collapses in its last sigh for eternity. The archway is sealed shut. Skarbrand and Raven Blood exit the scene. You look to the portal: A red, horned daemon strides through. In one of its hands it holds a great long blade.

**Harold of Khorne: Have you let him go? We have been on his trail. I now need your skulls for some interior decorating of the chair-variety. Have at it.**

Other similarly-horned figures sidle through the red portal. Have at them.



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1500 points Daemons of Khorne
- Plus Leader

**Setup:** Surrounding the Altar of Khorne

**Story:** Wack the Daemons of Khorne

**Victory:** Kill the Daemons of Khorne, then  
“cutscene”

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



The daemons fight, each time one is downed it disappears back to the Warp in a flash of fire and hatred. The only way to stop them is to fight them back through the portal and the tide slowly begins to turn. As you and your Dudes get to within inches of the portal, the last daemon turns around and runs back though. It disappears for a few seconds then shoots back though to your reality, a massive maul shaped like a broomstick with steel bristles guiding its flight path. It smashes into a pillar, but instead of winking back to another reality it heaves spluttered breathes through smashed lunges. Wheezing and heaving it collapses and then becomes still. What in the Warp could be on the other side of the portal? Time to find out. You and your Warband swagger on through the void. Time flies.

# The Wightbois Part 1

Its very very dark. Then very light. A wooshing sound like a jumbo jet grabs every fibre of your being and it feels like you're being pulled teeth-first through a volcano during a firework display. Everything goes quiet, a beeping like the seat-belt safety light turning on is heard, then a metaphorical concrete wall kisses every part of your body at 40,000 miles per hour. It \*hurts\*. Feeling like MF needs to book a dentist appointment sooner rather than later, the intense light unfuzzes before your eyes and you look out across a vast plane a'fore you. Screwing up your eyes once more then refocusing, you see a man running at you, hammer raised up to strike. He slows as he gets to you, looking a bit puzzled, then stops.



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Ou Boet:** \*Looks you up and down\* 'Kyk daar vader. Wat sou u hierheen bring ... deur hierdie portaal ... dat ons Skarbrand sien swaai, alhoewel nie te lank gelede nie? Gevolg deur 'n paar mindere demone et al. Ons het hier 'n bietjie conga-line aan die gang, en dit lyk asof u in die tou gestamp het, hè? Waar is u uitnodiging vir hierdie partytjie dan, verlore in die pos?

The man sighs, puts the hammer head on the ground and leans against the wooden shaft.

**Ou Boet:** Laat my u deur hierdie partytjie-speletjie vir u bure-heupe lei. Basies is die kiekie dat \*ons\* agter die \*demone\* is wat \*hulself\* na \*Skarbrand\* is, en dat ons vinnig beweeg omdat daar iets groen en gevaelik agter \*ons\* is. Ek weet egter nie of hulle na of weg hardloop nie. Nie seker dat ons graag wil bly om uit te vind nie. Alhoewel ons u normaalweg ongedeerd sou laat verbygaan, kan ons nie seker wees dat sommige van u party dalk nie duiwels skelm in vermomming is nie. Hulle is geneig om dit te doen, demone - sluip. Dus, ek gaan my mal hier optel, tot tien tel en dan die jesus in jou slaan. Suig my hamer, poes!

Crazy MF's, what language is this? No time to stop and ask, dodge the jesus!

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** ??? + Baleful Realmgate

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Surrounding the Portal

**Adversary:**

- 2000 points of Stormcast Sacrosanct

**Setup:** Standard D6

**Story:** Survive 3+D3 rounds

**Victory:** Stand your ground against the Sacrosanct, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

These hunters of daemons give a bloody good punch up! Hammer blows raining down like an armoury falling off a cliff, a waterfall of iron, steel and well crafted wooden handles with an oiled walnut finish. Nice.

There's a thrumming in the distance, a chug-chug-chugging that starts to get louder. Ou Boet pauses, mid-hammer swing, turning his head to look behind him.

**Ou Boet: Hulle kom!! Hulle kom!! In die portaal!! Ons \*moet\* in die portaal gaan!!**

Ou Boet and his boys pull back, regroup, then as one body all plough into the portal you and your Dudes stepped out of not too long ago. The portal warps closed and possibly silent, but drowned under the thrumming which is now a loud and throaty roar. You scan the horizon and round a bend in the road three hulking beasts can be seen, slow motion doing infinite justice to their weighty, iron-clad forms moving across the plains. *Hank 3 Williams' Rebel Within* starts to play. Its as if the redneck gods of the apocalypse left their last member passed out at the bar and jumped on their hogs for a late-night blitz around the county. The vision decays into violence as one takes aim and sends a projectile at you and your Dudes, missing by inches. Ain't got time for this, in this strange land and place. In the distance you see another portal, a blue ethereal light whispering at its pillars. Wherever it takes you, its gotta be better than this. Get to the portal!!



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

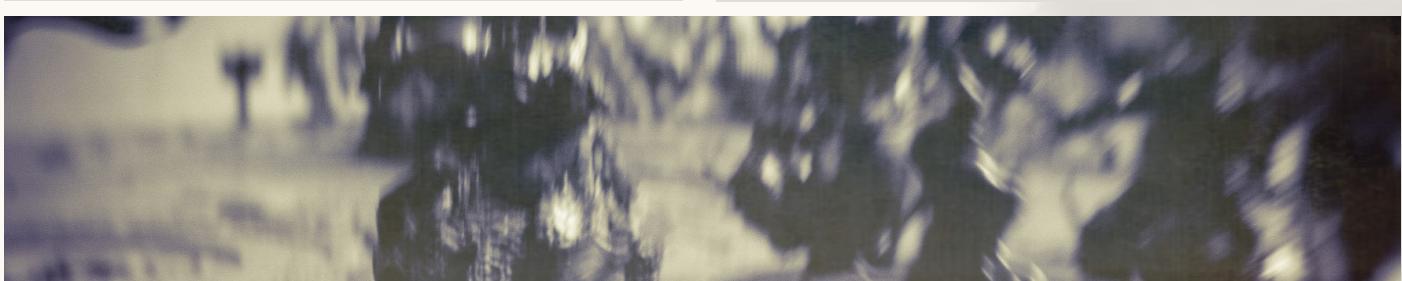
- 1000 points Orks + Baleful Realmgate

**Setup:** Split Ends D3

**Story:** Get to the portal!!

**Victory:** Avoid the orks and get your **\*whole warband\*** to within 1" of the Baleful Realmgate without **\*any\*** friendly Dudes dying, then **\*cutscene\***

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



Its well known in common-tongue folklore that something that is big, green and will kill you if it falls out of a tree is a pool table. However, something that is big, green and will kill you no matter what it falls out of, climbs out of or runs out of, is an Ork. Having three hot on your tail aboard three gas-guzzling and emitting beasts is no joke, and by god you've never run so fast in your life. The Orks bear, or, eheh, *boar* down on you as you near the blue portal. Women, children and better-painted Dudes first. Into blue infinity you leap! Negative 40,000 cubed Net-wons of warp-pressure explode every neuron in your brain, a blistering blistering occurs as they rewire through quantum entanglement then disentanglement known commonly as "Warp travel". It stops. You open your eyes. Aww shizzzzz.

# The Wightbois Part 2

Gosh. Its the graveyard you last saw some hob-nobbing orc in, collecting bones. No sign of the orc, but turning around to look at the portal you've just come through, you see a tomb fully equiped with lid. The same lid from Chapter 1 that never got paired with its tomb. Maybe it was a portal key? Wonder who opened the portal. The mind a-ponder, you become aware of the sound of beat-boxing bootsing and catsing off the gravestones. It gets nearer, a hoard of skeletons rounds the corner with their sketchy hip-hop in mid-flow.



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Wightboi:** Shame on a Nagash who tries to run game on a Nagash, who buck wild with his c-ash.

**Dead Dirty Bastard:** Live and uncut, styles unbreakable, I'ma fuzk yo'-

**Wightboi:** Nah-nah-nah Shame on \*YOU\* you come in too early \*maang\*!!

**Dead Dirty Bastard:** Nah nah nah don't fuzk with my style, I'm ruthless an-

**Wightboi:** Nah nah nah!! Gosh-\*Dang\*-It maang!! Listen, I'ma-

The skeleton freezes mid-sentence, every syllable goes cold in mid air, straddled on the light graveyard breeze. You watch as the skeleton's head swivels a perfect 110 degrees on its motionless neck to look right at you. It.... blinks? Flames come on in its eyes, they narrow at you.

**Wightboi:** You the MF who's been wrecking our tourin' schedule. We gonna get ya', and when we got you, we gat ya. Not one more party gon' be ruined by \*this\* bizzatch \*bein'\* a bizzatch. \*Bizz-ATCH!!!\*

One of the skeletons walks backwards and cups his hands to his mouth to beatbox. The rest charge, spitting fire over the beat as they come at you. Fight night.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Corpsewrack Mausoleum

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Surrounding the Portal

**Adversary:**

- 2000 points of Nighthaunt plus Leader

**Setup:** Standard D6

**Story:** Wack Nighthaunt

**Victory:** Kill the Nighthaunt, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Boots and cats and cats and dogs its fire raining from the skies over the most boney-white battle sequence ever in oral history. You and your Dudes give back as hard as you're being given. The first skeleton stumbles across the battle scene and claws at the ivy covering a mausoleum door. Snow flurries off of green leaves underneath and a key hole is revealed. The skeleton rams his middle finger into the key hole and twists. The door clicks, and the skeleton picks up his foot against the wall next to the door, arches himself backwards and heaves like his MF'ing death depends on it. The door growls open, dirty marble scraping against rough concrete. The air is sucked into the narrow but widening gap. The sonic eye of the storm spreads calm over the picture, then then thousand MF'n decibels of unfiltered boom bap explodes the door wide open off its hinges. Some super high budget CGI goin on, god DAMN. Spirits spill out of the doorless gap in reality and saturate every empty space in eyesight.

**Death-Twelve: \*swirling and misty\* YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW THE NAME OF THIS LAND. NOW WE WRECK YOU, \*MFYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYYY\*.**

A million mouths descend like a billion gifs of Munch's *The Scream*. Survive bro.



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 2000 points Nighthaunt plus Leader

**Setup:** Encircled D6

**Story:** Wack the Nighthaunt

**Victory:** Kill the Nighthaunt, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



This some coooooooollllll shizz brah!! Directed by guest-director Tim Burton, the fight scene is both elegant, graceful and lithe with quirky little sequences of charming battle-antics. The audience are left wishing he'd directed more, but can't publically write anything about the budget-destroying dwarves at the beginning of Chapter 3 for fear of their social media accounts being suspended. Sigh. No time to lose, however: As the last ghost falls to the ground as a deathless sheet of 100% egyptian cotton the portal by the tomb starts to glow and the camera zooms in at an anticipatory angle. The lens shudders up and down a bit, then an orc flies backwards through the warp gap, blue warp-residue caressing at its being in slow motion. A spear follows it, going straight through the orc's breastplate and halfway out the other side, and as the third act an armoured being with a jetpack blitzes into reality, looking like a space-viking sent by disco-jesus. The space-viking hovers above the embedded orc lying pinned to the ground by the spear in its chest, then descends and double-twists the spear with a \*crack\*. Eish!

# Lite Peas In A Drop Pod Part 1

Ving Disco-Jesus Rhames Almighty, what in the Chrzt-tizts is going on here. An effin' age ago you were searching for a Troglodon en route to finding a dog, en route to getting a few quiet pints at your local. Now you've trawled through the bowles of a mountain only to walk through a series of portals that have somehow led back to a graveyard near Raven Blood's fashion show from Chapter 1. No sign of the dog. No sign of a Troglodon. Lets hope the Troglodon hasn't eaten the dog. That'd be the end of fresh pints forever. Gosh. Lets focus on positivity and the present: Maybe this disco space-viking brought some beers?



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



The disco space viking, finished with the freshly-deceased orc corpse, takes off his helmet and looks at you with his head cocked to one side

**Space-Viking: You look like you might know what go on herre. And thiis might make you most valuable person in all of warp rright now.**

The space-viking is clearly misleading himself, but his prowess with a spear doesn't encourage a dialogue to form.

**Space-Viking: I had shipment whisky, it go missing. My report tell me of disturbance herreabouts involving Khargorath and shipping container. This cannot happen unless whissky matured in reverse - "immatured", perhaps, and only one single malt in warp will result in Khargorath this big, immatured for duration shown in report: \*MY\* single malt. How you explain something this violentt resulting from whisky? So far-fetched it sound almost like fictional science of "science fiction". I'm more into rock and roll. Come, I take you to place and you have chat for me. Bring sky hooks!!**



He laughs a low chuckle and clicks. The tomb-lid portal glows bright blue and in regimental lines of impressive precision more space vikings fly out to join the party. Without asking permission, they throw grappling hooks over you and your dudes, flying up into the sky once each are satisfied that their prey is at least partially secured. They fly up and up, over the graveyard, forest, plains and mountain like eagles carrying bling-free hobbits after a long walk. No beers. Damn.

This is balls. You and your Dudes weren't even able to put up a fight. As oxygen levels lower you realise you must have passed out, because next thing you know you're HURLING THROUGH MID-MF'ING AIR AND OH MY SAMUAL L. JACKSON THERE'S A ROOF THERE'S A ROOF THERE'S A ROOF THERE'S A ROOF AND IT HURTS AND YOU FALL THROUGH AND YOU AND YOUR DUDES ARE IN A WARhouse and there are Idoneth Dudes looking leary. Oh. Bruised like a MF, you stagger upright and grab a fish de-scaler. MF'n KILL!!

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 2000 points of Idoneth

**Setup:** Split Ends D6

**Story:** Survive 3+D3 Rounds

**Victory:** Due to the fall, start the first battle round with each of your Dudes on D6 health (roll for each Dude) but you get to take the first turn. Victory by surviving the Kung Fu, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*

## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

The scene starts off all Zhang Yimou with brutal metal on metal accompanied by only the ambient sounds of a fish processing factory. Fish descaler meets cleaver meets crowbar meets iron pole meets sardine meets fish descaler meets crow-bar meets descaled fish meets meat-band sawing machine and its an effin' mess all over the floor with the Idoneth factory workers doing kung fu harder than an action sequence has ever seen before. An idoneth worker slips in the ample fluids and flicks a lever: A steel groaning sounds and a massive vat turns sideways, gushing ginormous Greater Spotted Sea Eels all over the floor. The Idoneth freeze, then scramble to the eels and mount them. Wacky. Zhang Yimou moves aside onto high-budget projects and Jackie Chan takes over, making the next fight sequence impressive for both its choreography and comical content: Idoneth on eels flipping between doing flick flacks and juggling industrial processing equipment in time with a contemporary and light-hearted soundtrack. Nice. Kidding. They MF'n rush you and get your ass \*BEAT\*. KUNG FU, SUCKA!!



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- Top up the 2000 points of Idoneth
- Plus Leader

**Setup:** Split Ends D3+3

**Story:** Survive 3+D3 Rounds

**Victory:** Survive the Kung Fu With Added Eels, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪

Sequentially messing around with letters, the word “eel” can become “heel” and then end up as “hell”, which describes how the Kung-Fu Idoneth, in their natural habitat of eel-ish hell, have managed to get you and your Dudes right under their boot heels. These brothers don’t funk about, probably due to funk being invented a long time after Kung Fu, these two spheres of reality not colliding until the Wu Tang Clan combined the philosophies of Bodhidharma with the groove of James Brown into the glory of the *Se Acebo remix*. And yet here they collide again:

Cornered into a corner by these fishmongers weilding strange blades, MF makes out a rhythmic knocking coming through the factory door: The Idoneth pause, eyes narrow. You hear it faintly: Someone’s tapping the tune to Fatboy Slim’s *Rockafeller Skank* on the warehouse’s thick wooden front door.



# Lite Peas In A Drop Pod Part 2

The Idoneth relax their tightly wound and highly trained tiger/dragon/grasshopper/wombat poses and the one at the front shouts something foreign. One at the back lets out a disappointed huffwhinge and lowers their two-handed weapon to waistlevel, kicking the floor like a 7 year old girl about to have a tantrum. The one at the front turns to her and shouts the same set of syllables again. The one at the back lets out a larger huffwhinge then about-turns and goes to answer the front door, still belting out a sick beat. She slides back thick metal bolts and turns a giant door handle. The door opens inwards, and in strolls a large, familiar face.



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**General Whoosisface:** Well good afternoon there my gracious friends from the seaside. I'm in need of a bit of a favour, see. Wouldn't use the secret knock unless it was an emergency, etc. Etc. etc. \*waves his hand\* My contacts have informed me that there's a new form of transportation in town: A giant lizard from up in the mountains. More economical to run than my fleet of Whisky Wagons. Gives the competition a competitive advantage in the supply chain and we're going to lose a lot of business, slowly at first, but once everyone realises that its better for the environment and also cheaper, I'll have to throw my fleet of wagons into the warp. \*Breathes in heavily through flared nostrils\* But I have a plan. Your eel fluids: Remarkable. If we can use these to grease the axles of my wagons, the lowered friction will mean they will run faster, smoother and need to be serviced less often. This means I will need to employ fewer wagon engineers, thus resulting in reduced overheads, and thus we have our competitive advantage back. \*Sucks in air and pauses for effect\* Yeah baby, this title ain't given, its MF'n \*EARNED.\*

Fabulous speech about capitalistic operational autocracy. The Idoneth stands on her tippy-toes and leans forward to whisper something into General Whoosisface's left ear. She blushes. He goes dark crimson.

**General Whoosisface:** WHAAAAAATT?? YOU LET ME SAY ALL THAT WHILE AN IMPOSTER IS IN EARSHOTTT?? LET. THERE. BE. \*\*DARKNESS!!!\*\*

As the words reach a climax, a hoard of Slaves smash and torrent on through every side door in the building. Clearly they had surrounded the factory before General Whoosisface came a-knockin'. Wonder why??! SMACK DOWN!!!!

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 2000 points of Idoneth
- 2000 points of Slaves to Darkness

**Setup:** Encircled D6

**Story:** Survive 3+D3 Rounds

**Victory:** Survive the shizz, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Its MF'n medi-EVIL in he-A!! MF's in armour as thick as the axe-blades they wield, and they MF'n SING. General Whoosisface spearing your Dudes left right and centre like a 12th century *Carmina Burana* music video transcript written on vellum using gold mixed with goat urine. Dude is a MF'n \*BEAST\*.

**General Whoosisface, through gritted teeth:** \*THAT\*. \*WILL\*. \*TEACH\*. \*YOU\*. \*TO\*. \*FUNK\*. \*WITH\*. \*GLAS\*. \*WE\*. \*GIAN\*. \*S\*. \*Takes in a big deep breath\* \*AND\*. \*THEIR\*. \*BOOT\*. \*LEG\*. \*WHISKYY\*. \*GAAHHHHHHH!!\*

Oh shizz. At the last syllable, the factory roof, already broken from having thousands of pounds of MF, Dudes and Warband hurtle through it from a great height, erupts inwards as the weight of ten thousand pounds of grappling-hook swinging space-vikings thunder down through it with jet packs pumping toxic billowing exhaust fumes into the air conditioning system. The fire alarm blares to life and the sprikler system engages at two hundred percent. Slaves, Idoneth, Space Vikings and Eels, "Oh-My". Its MF'N \*\*AAAWWWWWWWWWNNNNNN\*\*.



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary (They treat eachother as enemies too)**

- Remaining Idoneth
- Remaining Slaves Plus Leader
- Add 2000 points Kharadron Overlords

**Setup:** Moses D6

**Story:** Wack some Dudes but mainly stay healthy

**Victory:** Avoid the carnage. Move around until no friendly Dude or your MF has been the target of an attack for at least 2 consecutive battle rounds, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



Its chain-cannon sky-hooking heaven or hell depending on your viewpoint of the billowing, cartridge-ejecting carnage bellowing from the slow motion chaos of the Sky Vikings' cinematic arsenal. Guns and guns and guns and guns and axes and swords and axes and kung fu and guns and swords and some good old fashion fist-in-face and knee-meets-groin. Savagery at its most complex, and delightful. The Sky Vikings attack the Slaves, the Slaves attack the Idoneth, the Idoneth attack the Sky Vikings and its a whole lotta lives lost in smoke, fire and fury for a scene that isn't even the chapter's climax. Oh lordy, this is worth two bags of popcorn and a ten-metre-high pillar of ale. Can't wait for that next pint. Mmmm. Everyone's so engaged with everyone else, MF realises that no one seems to be too engaged with MF's Dudes and Warband anymore. You sneak out of a side window into the fresh dock-side air, vinegar and salty fried chips lightly caressing the breeze. A seagull squaks overhead, then the world goes MF'n \*red\*.

# What Rhymes With Naught? Part 1

And white. And red, red like a hammer made of migraines fracking into the part of your head where your neck meets your skull. Its blistering like a sunburned ball-sack dragged over a bed of hot coals, then sitting down before you reach the end of the fire pit. Lawd. A gargantuan roaring sound sunders the fragments of your mindcells and the weight of the world is lifted ever so slightly. You focus, hazy in the bright light and fearsome pain still pulsing at your skull. You look upwards and see the literal speared arse of satan grinning back down at you: You're sprawled on the cobbled street floor, there's a red-headed man with a spear up the arse of a Khargorath, and the Khargorath appears to have been hoisted by the man ever so slightly to take its immense bulk off your pulsing head.



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Exhalted Deathbringer with Impaling Spear:** \*Pulls spear back out of the arse of the Khargorath towering above you, its behemoth mass slumps to the street next to you\* OH LOOOOK WHO IT IS!!! ITS LADDIE!!! LADS!!! ITS LADDIE!!! WHAT A WEE LIT-IL MESS HE SEEKS TA HAE GOTEN H'SELF INTA!!

The Exhalted Deathbringer with impaling spear does a little jig of excitement

**Exhalted:** IT APPEARS YOOV BECOME VICTUM NO. 1 OF OUR LIT-LE ESC-A-PADE. SEE, WE WERE HIRED BY GENERAL WHOOSISFACE TA KILL ANY-THIN' THA' STEPPED OOT O' THIS HERE FISH FACTORY WAREHOUSE 'AFORE HIM, IF HE WERE TA CHARGE IN AFTER SURROONDING THE PLACE WI' HIS SLAVES. AN' WE DID. WE WAITED. BUT SEE, THINGS ARE A LIT-TLE BIT COMPLICAYTED 'CAUSE WHA' WITH ALL THE WHISKY SHIPMINTS BEIN' HANDLED, THERE'S A NUU DOCK WORKER GANG IN TOWWN AND THEY SET UP TA AMBUSH US WHILE WE WAITED FOR GENERAL WHOOSISFACE TA AMBUSH YOO. AN' WHEN THE SLAVES ALL STORMED INN, THE NUU GANG TOOK IT UPON THEMSELVES TA START USIN' ONE O' THE OFFLOADIN' CRANES AS A CATAPULT.

He pauses for effect.

**Exhalted:** AND THEN!! OH THEN, LADDDIE: THEY STAR-TED HURLIN' KHARGORATHS A' US. THROO THE MF'n \*AIR\*.

What in the bleeding hells??

**Exhalted:** LADDIE. OH LADDIE. YIR LOOKING FIR THAT DOG, EH? \*chuckles\* WELL, RUMOUR HAS IT THA' IT RAN OFF INTA THE SCRAPYARD A' THE END O' THE DOCKS. WHERE DECOMMISSIONED SHIPS GO TA BE STRIPPED O' ALL USABLE PARTS OR RECYCLED INTA SCRAP. AND THEN IT RAN ON THROO THE \*PORTAL\*. IF YA WAN' THA' DOGGO, YA NEED TO FOLLOW IT ON THROO.

More portals just for a pint? Chrzt. Better get cracking. Doggo better piss gold.

**Exhalted:** GET TA THE PORTAL LADDIE, FOLLOW THA' DOG. BUT FIRST YA GOTTA GET TA THE SCRAP YARD. AN' TA GET TA THE SCRAP YARD YA GOTTA GET THROO THE DOCKS. AND WHILE RUNNING THROO THE DOCKS YOU'LL HAE TA LEARN TO DODGE, BECAUSE THE NUU GANG IN TOWWN HAE A WHOLE SHIPMENT O' KHARGORATHS AND THEY'RE GONNA BE FLING-GING THEM A' YA' A' THE SPEED O' A KHORNATE CHAINAXE. \*BUZZ\* \*BUZZ\*, MF, \*BUZZZ\* \*BUZZZZ\*!!!



An airbourne, catapult-slung Khargorath smacks into a wall next to you. Run!!

## ◦ 1st Skirmish ◦

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Short edge of the board

**Adversary:**

- Every battleround roll a D6 for each of your Dudes until you roll 5+, then spawn a Khargorath on it and deal 6 damage to your Dude.

**Story:** Get to the scrapyard at the other end of the docks.

**Victory:** Get your MF to within 1" of the other side of the board, but, still feeling the pain of having an airbourne Khargorath pile drive a MF from above, MF's movement is a maximum of D6 per activation. Then, \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*

## ◦ Cut Scene ◦

You're halfway through the docks, Khargoraths raging down from the skies like the 7th plague of Broses. You near the ships where the whisky is offloaded. The New Gang of Khornate Dock Workers see you getting close and start to charge off their ships, leaving unopened crates of Khargorath wobbling onboard. Twin-axe-wielding MF's!! Pile drive the suckas!! They charge, you charge!! YAAAAA!!!



## ◦ 2nd Skirmish ◦

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 2000 points Khorne Dudes
- Plus existing Khargoraths

**Setup:** Moses D3

**Story:** Get to the scrapyard at the other end of the docks.

**Victory:** Get your MF to within 1" of the \*new\* other side of the board, but, still feeling the pain of having an airbourne Khargorath pile drive a MF from above, MF's movement is a maximum of D6 per activation. Then, \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ◦ Victory ◦



Krates and Krates of Khornate MF'n Khargoraths what a bloodbath!!! Thoroughly fed up and swearing never to ever eat foreign tinned food ever again, you suckerpunch the last New Gang Khornate Dock Worker to Kingdom Come and stumble into the scrap yard. Its filled with scrap. What a delight. You and your Dudes walk on through past piles of slowly rusting metal. You hear a rivet drop and tinkle on the floor, turning sharply to see what caused the commotion.

**Weirdnob Shaman:** Welcome there squire, welcome to the \*pleasure trove\*.

# What Rhymes With Naught? Part 2

Standing in a pimptastic stance that would give the ol' granddaddy o' pimp Skarbrand h'self a run for his ho-money, the Weirdnob Shaman from Chapter 1 stands with foot atop a discarded ship's helm, left hand on hip and right hand holding a gigantic piece of bling, grinning ear to ear. He waves you over.



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Weirdnob Shaman:** Why heloooo there sailor! What might bring you over here to my pleasure trove of treasures cold? Might I interest you in a big o'l piece of lucky bling for your journey's end? Maybe a beer to quench your thirst? \*mmmHHHmffff?\* Just step this way into my tent, \*ehem\*, I mean, \*treasure-cabin\*. \*waves at a tent a few inches away and points\*

You see a portal, glowing red, at the other end of the scrap yard. It can wait. You're dying for a pint. Oh my gosh, you're *dying* for a pint. Following the orc to his tent he shares some filthy tales about the pimp-daddy lifestyle of his trailer-park heroism. You get to the tent and he ushers you in.

**Weirdnob Shaman:** If you would be so kind as to enter, there's a fresh pint waiting to be poured. I'll need to take my boots off, they're a bit rusty from a day's scrappaging. In you go, won't be a mo!

You walk on in. Its dark and smells like must. You wait for the orc, no pint in visible sight. You and your Dudes look at eachother and shrug. You hear a yelling from outside, its the weirdnob shaman and he sounds hysterical

**Weirdnob Shaman:** GUZZLE GUZZLE, FIRE AND TROUBLE, BURN THESE MF'S AND WREKK THEIR HUSTLE!!!!

The tent suddenly feels like its a million degrees, then half a second later all the WALLS ARE ON FIRE AND ITS SMOKEY AND BURNING AND OH MY GOSH THERE'S AN ORC THERE'S AN ORC THERE'S AN ORC AND HE'S SWINGING A TRACTOR-SIZED AXE AND ITS TIME. TO. FIGHT. LIKE. A. M. FFFFFF.

\*\*\*\*\*KILLLLLLLLLLLLLLL!!!!!!\*\*\*\*\*

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Pick a corner of the map

**Adversary:**

- 2000 points of Orcs plus Leader

**Setup:** Base-to-base surrounding your Dudes

**Story:** Wack The Orcs

**Victory:** Kill the Orcs, then \*cutscene\*

**Failure if your MF dies**



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Orcs and fires and no pint in sight, \*oh my!!\* Know what's worse than being hit by a car? Being hit by a car *being swung by an orc*. MF's hit harder the bigger they are, and these are some BIG. DAMN. ORCS. You battle them, they battle you, it's a crunch up worse than the far left meeting the far right at a poetry slam. Filthy. You're juuuust getting the upper hand when a sharp, loud whistling is heard. Err'body freezes their jesus. General Whoosisface stands in the middle of the scrapyard poised in cinematic ecstasy.

**General Whoosisface:** \*Shakes his head slowly\* \*M-\*. \*T-\*. \*F\*. What we gonna do with a MF like you? A little bird species by the name of red-headed snitch told me you were heading this way. Well, see who I brought here with me for the farewell ceremony \*waves his hand across the gathering of Dudes behind him\*. See, I understand you need to get through this portal \*points to the portal behind him\*, and to do that you're gonna have to get through me and all of my fresh new Dude-a-ludes here. See, we made up our differences there at the fish factory. Did some business. Made some alle-gian-ces. Now, the only thing standing between you and this portal is me and my usual Dudes, a shift of Idoneth factory workers, the New Gang of Khornate Dock Workers and these charming Sky Vikings who we were initially so rudely introduced to. See, that's called "business". And I'm a Business \*MAN\*.

In slow motion, like a tide of angry Aragorns at the end of The Return Of The King, General Whoosisface and his Dudewave charge towards you. But you need a pint. And to get that you need a dog: You gotta get through that portal. You shrug off the last orc and \*HEAVE\* yo'self into action. Buckle up buttercup: MF's done messed with the wrong MF.



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Slaves to Darkness
- 1000 points Idoneth
- 1000 points Khorne Dudes
- 1000 points Kharadron Overlords

**Setup:** Arranged in 4 evenly spaced lines between you and a Baleful Realmgate in the corner of the board furthest from your MF. Highest-point Dudes in the middle of the lines.

**Story:** Get through the portal.

**Victory:** Get your MF to within 1" of the portal while the closest enemy is at least 4" away, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*

## ♪ Victory ♪

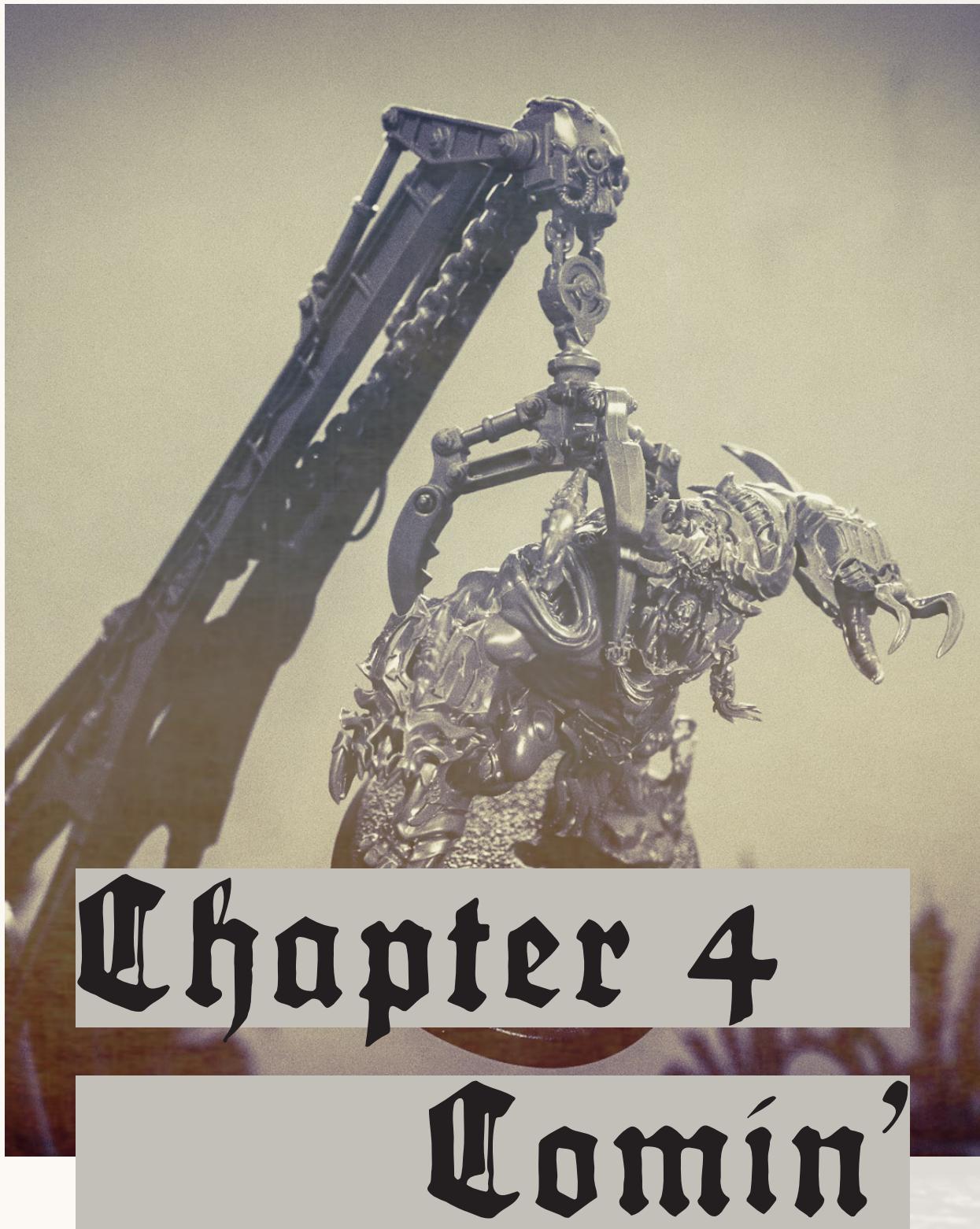


In motion so slow that you and your Dudes seem to become particles of pure light, faintly hovering over the blissfull final-scene carnage below, symphonic jazz starts to play and an awe-struck group of enemy-Dude faces are filmed sequentially in close-up as they see you inching closer towards your future destiny, stoicism so pure that even a god would shield their eyes and drop cowering to one knee. As your outstretched arm of infinity so pure reaches closer to the portal, you are filled with a sense of MF'n wonder like never before. You realise, deep deep inside the core of your inner essence, that the world you are about to be sent to is one you from which you will never return: Its the MF'n

FINAL CHAPTER. \*fade to black\*



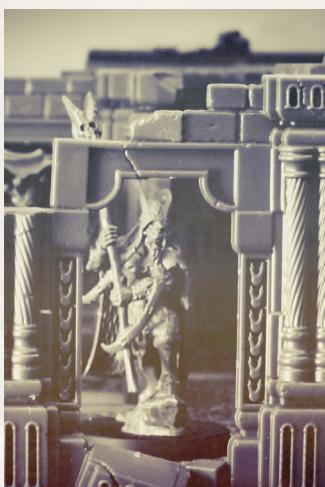
# Chapter 3 Completed



# Chapter 4

# Comín'

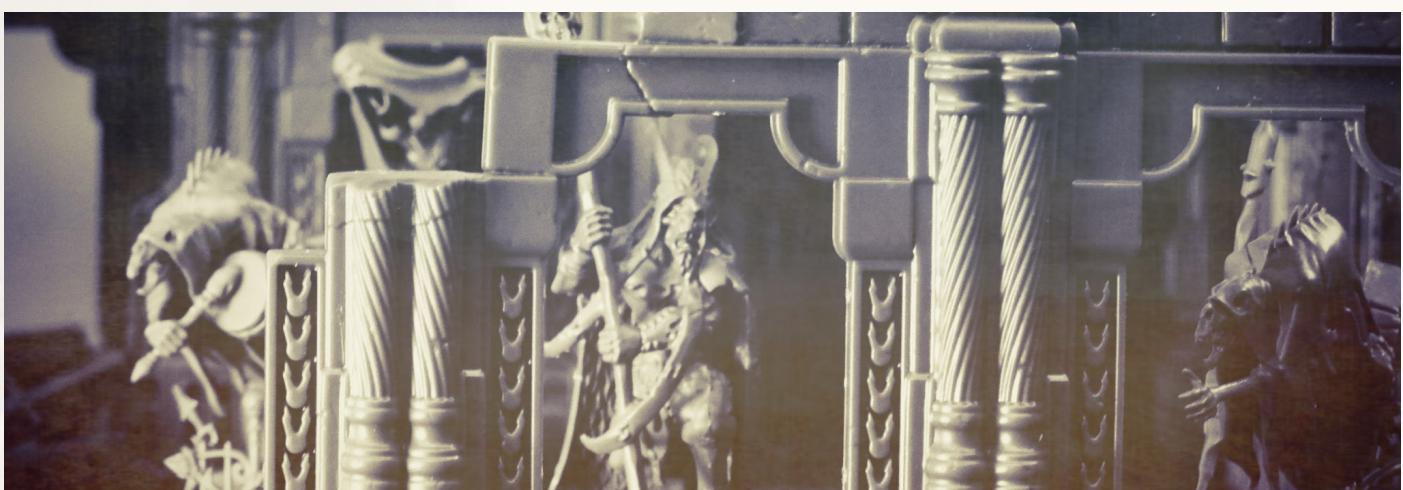
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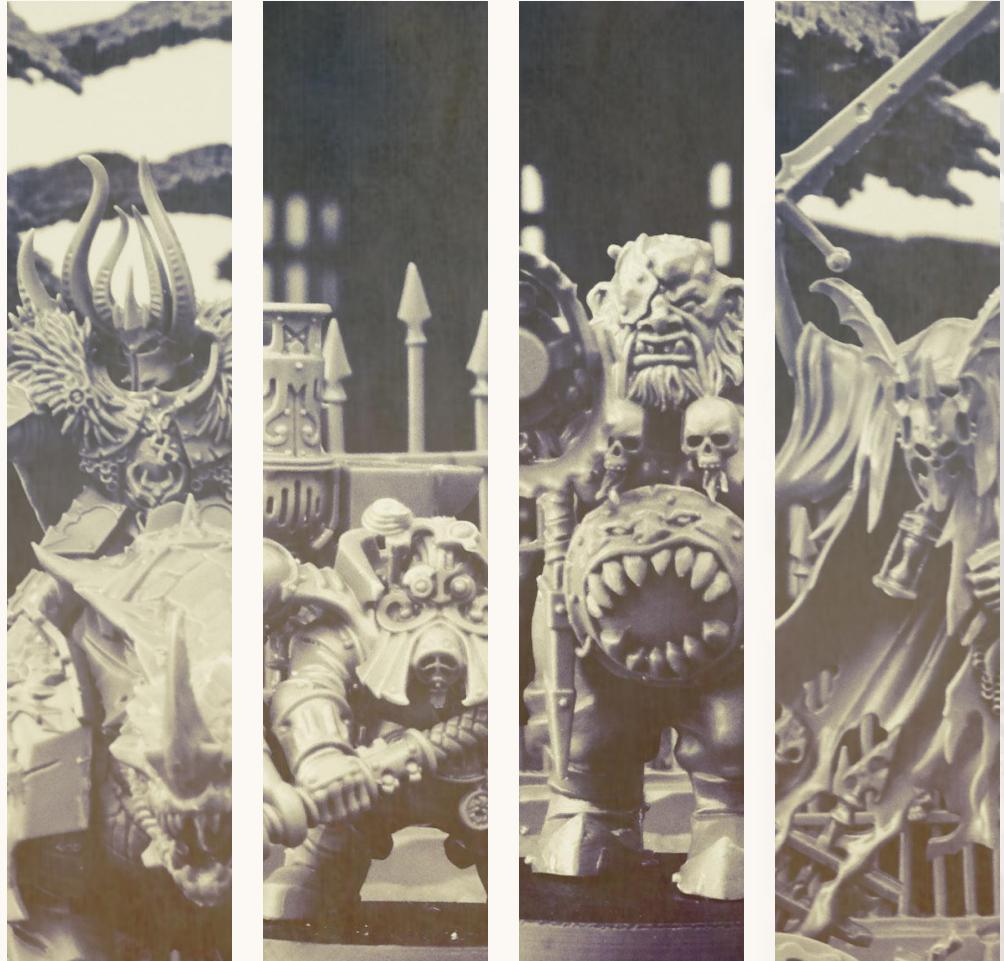




# Síde Quests







# The Eightpints Pub

# The Mountain of Immortality Part 1

There's a Dude in the corner listening to Iron Maiden. He nods as you approach, greasy black hair dangling into his drink.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Order Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Slaves Dude:** Ey Bruv. You a climber? You wanna climb? Yeah you do. I'm off on a mission to climb the Mountain of Immortality in Tibet. You heard of it? Nah, 'course you 'avent. Okay, so, how do you climb a mountain stage, bruv? In stages! So! First stage is base camp. And THIS base camp is chock full of dwarves. Goddamn dwarves drinking all the ale. So, you go to the camp for me, kill the dwarves and free up some space in the pub at the bottom of the mountain. Come back when it's done and there'll be a worthwhile reward for you. Here's a map.

You take the map. Sounds massive. You follow the map to base camp and see the dwarves all lolling about. Time to get stuck in lad.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Souldrain Forest

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Vulkanite
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Vulkanite

**Victory:** Kill all the Vulkanite, then \*cutscene\*

**Failure if your MF dies**



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

As you wack the last Vulkanite in the area, a massive roar sounds. During the battle, Vulkanite pathfinders have come back down from the mountain and brought a head-honcho with them.

**Head Honcho: WE WILL BRING THE IRON, THE STEEL AND THE MOUNTAIN DOWN ON YOUR HEAD, SON. THIS IS A MATTER OF ALE AND HONOUR. PREPARE TO MEET YOUR END.**

They fly at you, little legs blurring with speed.



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Vulkanite
- Plus Leader
- Standard D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack Vulcanite

**Victory:** Kill all Vulkanite, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



The Head Honcho falls down into the snow, panting and gasping for air. He falls forward on all fours and coughs red, red blood into the snow.

**Head Honcho: YOU HAVE NO IDEA THE JOURNEY YOU HAVE EMBARKED ON. THE MOUNTAIN WILL FALL ON YOU AND ALL WHO YOU HOLD DEAR. I DIE IN BATTLE AND I DIE DRUNK. THIS IS MY VICTORY.**

The Head Honcho's breath steams up into the air, each subsequent breath more frequent than the last. Finally, he spasms and falls face down into the snow. You unstrap his tankard from his belt as a souvenir to show the Slaves dude, and waltz off back down the mountain.

## ♪ Reward ♪

MF's are gifted the Lifeswarm Exploding Potion recipe!



# The Mountain of Immortality Part 2

You walk over to the bar to order a pint and see your local metalhead quietly bobbing his head to some Ten Foot Wizard while sipping a ginger beer. Red and white straw in his mouth, soggy from being chewed on, he's busy gently poking the ice cubes in his glass, re-arranging them in battle formations, ready to sink any ship that sails their way. He sees you looking in his direction and waves you over.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Order Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Slaves Dude:** So Bruv! You Climb! Not socially mind you, real climbing, real achievements. Always be real, it's crucial to getting anywhere worth being in this life we share. And speaking of being, I'm sitting here being mighty impressed at that way you took down them dwarves at the bottom of my mountain.

He pauses and looks at you

**Slaves Dude:** \*Our\* Mountain, friend. Now that there's space in the pub we won't have to queue for a drink during our climatization process. Up, down, up, down, and with a pint between each of those motions. But at each "Up" there happens to be a graveyard. Go there and make sure the graves don't move. That might ruin our chances of having any "downs". Then we won't get our climatization pints. Do this and be rewarded, son.

Sounds fair, wouldn't want to wobble off a cliff edge because of a shakey grave. You head over and climb half-way up the mountain. You see movement amongst the graves and the mountain spirits assemble. Introduce these ghosts to an ice-axe to the bedsheet!

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Corpsewrack Mausoleum

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Nighthaunt
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Nighthaunt

**Victory:** Kill all the Nighthaunt, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

A snow-white white mountain covered in crisp-white sheets. These piles of bed-linnen need a heavy laundry day though, not one whiff of lavender escapes the spirits as you pile them high, folded neatly each and every one. A new figure rises out of its grave and waves a gigantic bell on the end of a stick at you, Ding. Dong. MF.

**Enraged Mountain Spirit: Ima ring my bell and let a MF mountain loose.  
Dingdidy-Dinngilldy-Dong, MF!! Suck a mountain, bizzatch!!!**

He shakes the bell wildly, an avalanche of hatred falls down over the cliff edge the graveyard is located on making moving treacherous and hiding safe places to stand. Better fight carefully or risk you and your Dudes falling to their doom!



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Nighthaunt
- Plus Leader
- Moses D3 Setup

**Story:** Wack Nighthaunt

**Victory:** Kill all Nighthaunt, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*

*Every time your MF or Dudes move, roll a D6. On a 1 they slip and fall off the mountain and are removed from play. Sucka.*



## ♪ Victory ♪



You tuck the foul mountain sheets into bed, never to return unless a plot-line requires their presence. At the bottom of the mountain lies a pile of your Dudes. Nothing some hot-sauce won't fix. You head back to the Slaves Dude in The Eightpints to tell him your dirty-linnen story.

**Slaves Dude: MF now that's a tale! Wouldn't tell everyone though, some might say its a pile.... of... sheets. \*Ehem\*. Take this reward and see you soon, friend. Grab a pint, you deserve it.**

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Assassins** are gifted the **Opera of Sylvaneth!**

**Warlords** and **Sorcerers** learn their next **Hot Sauce** recipe!



# The Mountain of Immortality Part 3

In the pub, at the bar, a hunched figure sits with a tumbler of whisky and cola. Propped against the bar, resting on his lap, is the broken half of a gravestone. He appears to be studying it intently. He glances sideways at you, and nods his head sideways at the unoccupied stool next to him. You move over and take a seat. *Note: This Side Quest is not available to Order Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Slaves Dude:** These runes.... these Runes. They are filled with power. That avalanche off the mountain, from the graveyard. I've had a messenger retrieve one of the gravestones that came off. It has the right words on it. Words of power. We will use these words, you and I. But first, I need more of them. This gravestone \*strokes the gravestone in front of him\* has what we need. Venture back to the graveyard, collect more gravestones for me and then meet me at the top of the mountain. There, we will have our reward.

Sounds safe! Lets do it. You finish your pint and grab your napsack, off to the grave-alande up the mountain!

As you arrive at the tossed and tumbled graves dotting the sloped avalanche mountain rubble, you see what looks to be a face-down corpse at the bottom, skin absolutely ripped off every angle on its body. You get close, the body twitches, the corpse picks itself up! What in the hells. It looks back up the mountain and shouts something in excitement, then runs over to a gravestone and picks it up. Poised to run back up the hill, he notices your presence and assumes a hostile position.

**Plague-David:** Oi!! Wot yew 'ere fowa? Come ta rewn owwa sesh??? m8 its owwa hill an' we gonna sk8!!!! Ima kickflip yowwa fayce!!! hahh!!!

A severely modern development. He runs at you swinging. Swing back.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Corpsewrack Mausoleum

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

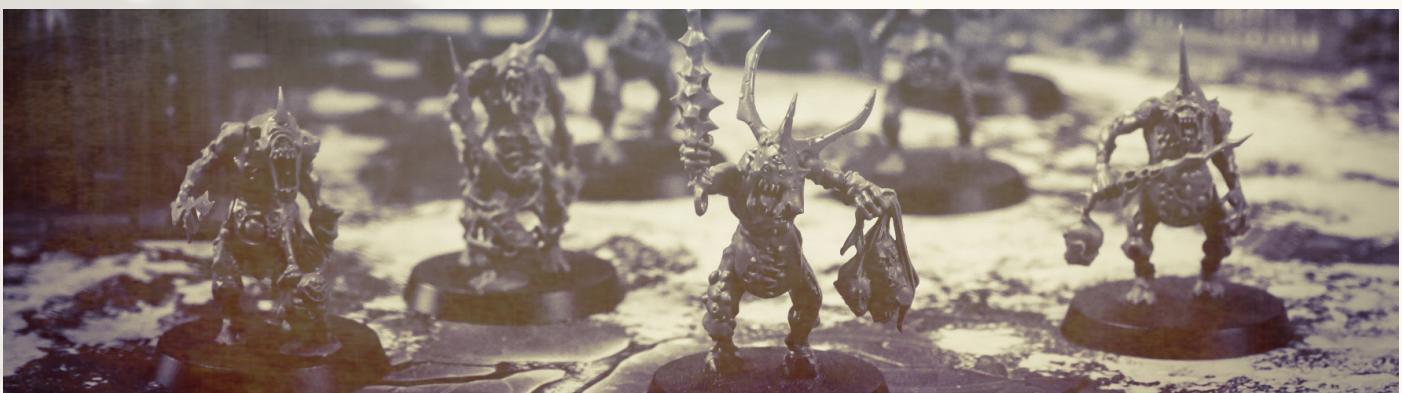
- 1500 points Nurgle Daemons

**Setup:** Encircled D3+3

**Story:** Wack the Nurgle Daemons

**Victory:** Kill all the Nurgle Daemons, then  
\*cutscene\*

**Failure if your MF dies**



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Gnarly. Seems like every Thrasher's Hall of Meat victim is skating down the mountainside on a gravestone today, using it as a type of snow/skateboard and olli-ing over small forest rodents as they come down. Upon reaching the bottom, they pick up their gravestone-boards and come at you wildly swingin'. Gnarly. Its getting a bit painful on the eyes, what with all these fresh roasties on legs attacking you, when you hear a loud sucking noise from the top of the mountain. A skater, on top of a huuuuuuge bumble bee, is sliding its way down the moun-taiside. As it gets to a boulder in the way the skater changes his pose, adjusts his weight, and MF kickflips the bumble bee!! It rotates a perfect 360 degree barrell roll then crashes back down into the snow, legs flailing. The dude on bee arrives at the base of the mountain and grins heavily. More similar scenes start to flow down the avalanche towards you. The latest addition to the circus addresses you.

**Gnarlborough: Hey maaang. You ever kickflipped a plague drone?! This our hill, sucka. The hillside of Skatemandu is ours alone to shred. Begawn!!**

The post-kickflipped-bumble-bee writhes into action, it, its bretheren and the dudes on top swarm down the mountainside at you. Clothesline the MF's!!!!



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1500 points Nurgle Daemons
- Plus Leader

**Setup:** Moses D3+3

**Story:** Wack Nurgle Daemons

**Victory:** Kill all Nurgle Daemons, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



The thing about smashing up plagueboarders is that once a body is covered in roasties and all sense already smashed out its skull, there isn't much more you can do to hurt the Dudes. But finally, they subside, pick up their gravestones and scram. As one hobbles off into the woods, it throws its broken gravestone at you. It misses. You pick the scarred stone up and read it: "SKATEO" it says. Strange. You feel a shadow descend over you. Its the Slaves Dude from the pub.

**Slaves Dude: You have done well. Bring this gravestone to the top of the mountain, meet me there. \*holds out hand\* Here is your reward.**

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Sorcerors** are gifted the Arcane Tomb of Tzeentch! **Warlords** and **Assassins** learn their next **Hot Sauce** recipe!



# Goatbusters Part 1

You see a dwarf in the corner quaffing ale, pint in each hand, alternating between hands at each successive sip. You sit down opposite him and put a third pint down in front of him. *Note: This Side Quest is not available to Chaos Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Dwarf: OH LADDIE. YOU'VE GOT ME IN A BIT OF A PREDICAMENT I WASN'T IN JUST A FEW SECONDS BEFORE YOU SAT DOWN. I'VE ONLY GOT TWO HANDS AND NOW I HAVE THREE PINTS. WHAT'S A DWARF T'DO, EH??**

The dwarf downs his two pints, smacks his hand across his bearded jowles to wipe away the foam, but the process only smears foam further around his immense amount of facial hair.

**DWARF: NOW, ALL I NEED IS ONE MORE PINT AND THEN I'M BACK TO HAVING TWO!!**

The dwarf lets out a bellowing laugh, rocks his chair back and pats himself on the stomach.

**DWARF: YOU KNOW WHO ELSE HAS PROBLEMS??? MY MATES OVER AT SPAHN FURNACE. A BUNCH OF GHOSTS HAVE BEEN STEALING HIS SHEEP AND YOU COULD DO ME A FAVOUR BY RIDING HIM OF THIS PROBLEM. WACK THE GHOSTS AND I'LL HAVE FOR YOU A HANDSOME REWARD!!**

This sounds like an easy achievement. You down your pint and head over to Spahn Furnace ready to wack the first thing that looks like a sheet thrown over a scarecrow.

As you arrive at Spahn Furnace you see ruins filled with ghosts milling about.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Defiled Ruins

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Nighthaunt

**Setup:** Standard D6

**Story:** Wack Nighthaunt

**Victory:** Kill all the Nighthaunt, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

As you finish putting the last sheet to bed, a horned figure jumps out from behind a rock and spakes thusly.

**Beastman: I'll teach you to dirty my laundry. Ooga-booga-boo MF!!!**

The Beastman lowers his staff at you and warp energy erupts from the air. All the Nighthaunt come back to life and start waving themselves at you in a menacing manner. You start swinging back.



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Nighthaunt
- Plus Beastman Bray Shaman

**Setup:** Standard D6

Whenever the Bray Shaman dies, replace the closest Nighthaunt unit to it with the Bray Shaman

**Story:** Wack Nighthaunt

**Victory:** Kill all Nighthaunt, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



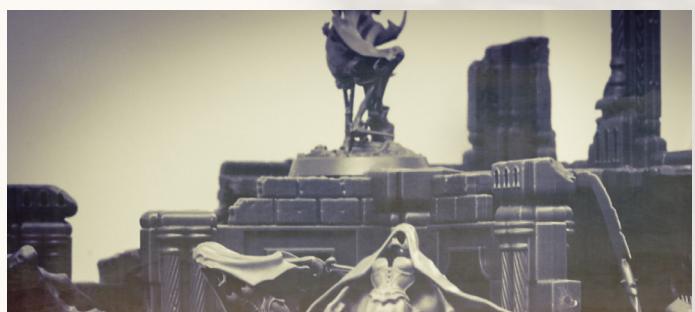
The Bray Shaman stumbles backwards and trips over a rock. Just as the final blow is about to be applied to his beastly form, he yells out.

**Beastman: WE, will, be BACK!!!**

And then vanishes in a cloud burst of warp fire energy. That was strange. You pick up one of the sheets to show the dwarf and head off back to the dwarf in The Eightpints, another pint on the horizon.

## ♪ Reward ♪

MF's are gifted the **Soulsnare Shackles Exploding Potion** recipe!



## Goatbusters Part 2

Keen for another beer with a friendly face, you head over to the dwarf who's currency seems to be glorious tales and helpings of ale.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Chaos Warbands*



### ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Dwarf: LADDIE'S BACK!!! LOOK WHO'S BACK FOR A PINT AND ANOTHER PINT AFTER THAT!!! MAYBE FOUR OTHERS TOO!!**

The dwarf laughs a hearty bellyfully-laugh. A belly full of ale, sloshing around under his beard against his breastplate.

**Dwarf: YOU TOOK CARE OF THE GHOSTS FOR ME. THANKS LADDIE. SOME OL' GOAT HANGING AROUND TOO. DON'T MIND THAT THOUGH, GOATS, EH!? NOW WHAT MIGHT GET ME TO BUY YOU ANOTHER PINT, AND ANOTHER AFTER THAT, IS IF YOU CAN DO ANOTHER THING LIKE YOU JUST DID. KILLED SOME GHOST'S, EH? HOW ABOUT AN ALIEN? THERE'S A CRAB-PEOPLE INVASION UP ON THE RANCH NEXT TO SPAHN RANCH. FAN RANCH. CHINEASE STYLE.**

He laughs and makes a chopsticks-motion with the fingers on his right hand, like a crab pincer.

**Drawf: RID THE GOOD PEOPLE OF FAN RANCH OF THESE ALIEN CRABS AND I'LL GIVE YOU ALE, AND A REWARD TO CELEBRATE.**

Sounds grand, time to hit the beach like a kid with a bucket, spade and curiosity for how much a crab needs its legs.

You arrive at Fan Ranch, sand crunching beneath your toes. A two-footed, four-fingered chick having a bad hair day runs out at you from under a beach brolly yelling blue murder. Time to make the day scuttle sideways.

### ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Defiled Ruins

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Slaanesh

**Setup:** Standard D6

**Story:** Wack Slaanesh

**Victory:** Kill all the Slaanesh, then \*cutscene\*

**Failure if your MF dies**



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

There's more raw crab claw floating around than in a hastily-stirred pot of gumbo. A beach-hut door opens and out strides a Beastmen Bray Shaman dressed in a pair of snazzy swim trunks, tiny pineapples arranged as the focal point of the fashionable print. He stands with hands on hips and addresses you proudly.

**Beastmen Bray Shaman: Welcome to The Cove of Pain! Meet My Dudes, Carl, Devin and Clyde!! Boys! At 'em!!**

Clawed fiends burrow out of the sand around you and start moving in on their prey, snapping their pincers in a menacing way. Wack a MF!!!



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Slaanesh
- Plus Beastman Bray Shaman

**Setup:** Standard D6

- Whenever the Bray Shaman dies, if there are enemy Slaanesh Dudes still alive respawn him according to Split Ends D3.

**Story:** Wack Slaanesh then the Beastman Bray Shaman

**Victory:** Kill all Slaanesh, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



The beach looks like the Texas Crab-Stew Massacre. The Beastman Bray Shaman looks around him then points at you with a dirty fingernail.

**Beastmen Bray Shaman: We'll be back, suckaa!!!**

He turns around and runs into the ocean. As his hoof touches water, he vanishes in a green \*poof\* of warp energy. Weird. Oh well! Back to The Eightpints to have four pints and four more. You deserve it.

As you are walking back up the beach, you see a sunbather gleaming in gold, must be a heavy tan. Lying on his beach towel he lifts his sunnies in greeting.

**Knight Questor: Ahoy there squire! Might I join you on your valiant quests?**

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Sorcerers** are gifted the **Arcane Tome of Sylvaneth!**

**Assassins and Warlords** learn their next **Hot Sauce** recipe!

**Knight Questor** becomes a **BFF!**



# Goatbusters Part 3

At a table in the middle of the room stands a yard-high yard of ale. A dwarf is standing on his chair, mouth over the tap, golden delight foaming into his maw.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Chaos Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Dwarf:** \*smacking foam from his lips\* OI LADDIE!!! JOIN ME FOR ANOTHER YARD 'O ALE. ITS LIKE SEVEN PINTS EACH HAVING SEVEN PINTS, AND YOU GET TA DRINK 'EM TA-GETHER!!

An immensely delighted grin is spread across his face.

**Dwarf:** BUT WE HAE A PROBLEM. THE HOP FIELDS ARE BEING RAIDED BY A \*TERRRRIFFIC\* BEASTIE. AN APEX PREDATOR OF BEER. IN THE NIGHT, IT RUNS OUT FROM ITS LAIR IN THE CAVERNOUS MOUNTAINSIDE AND WRECKS THE HOP FIELDS. IT IS KILLING OUR YIELD, AND THUS LOWERING THE AMOUNT OF BEER WE CAN DRINK. A SIN, SOME MIGHT SAY. \*looks at you quizzically\* SO WHAT I PROPOSE, IS, IF YOU CAN GO TO THE HOPE FIELDS YONDER AND CAMP OUT UNDER THE STARS. WHEN THE BEASTIE AWAKES AND UNLEASHES ITS CARNAGE, \*END\* THE \*BEEEEASTIE\*. YAR-ARR-ARRR-ARRRRRRHHH!!!

The Dwarf mimics a roaring tyrannosaur in a good-natured, childish, melodramatic way. Fingers on each hand curled into three-fingered claws. He gives you a coupon to a local camping shop where you can buy a few tents and sleeping bags and sends you on your way, after downing a full yard of ale, of course. The Good Times.

Arriving in the middle of the hop field, you set up camp and light a fire, you and your Dudes sharing hearty tales and filthy jokes as the flames turn to embers. Having drunk too much beer, you black out.

... and wake up absolutely drenched in foul smelling liquid. Your tents are soaked, the fire is but a memory and its cold and wet and generally offensive. There's a wild clanging and banging going on. Bewildered and groggy, you rouse yourself and see your Dudes embroiled in an orc offensive. Defend caaamppp!!

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Souldrain Forest

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1500 points Orcs

**Setup:** Encircled D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Orcs

**Victory:** Kill all the Orcs, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

The world is a green orc/hop/vomit blur as you and your Dudes chunder while the rogue band of orc raiders plunder. The field is being torn up far worse than if a rogue beastie were to raid it for a few vines every night. Chrzt, the industrial-scale damage being churned out here is immense. The eye of the storm arrives in the form of the all-too-familiar Beastman Shaman.

**Beastman Bray-Shaman:** Suckaa!!! Looks and smells like the “Apex Predator”, as its being called, went for a midnight wazz on your tents. It ain’t after the hops, but them Dwarves decided to place a field right between the beast’s lair and its dunny, and now when mother nature calls they’re all surprised when the blind creature stumbles on through to take a midnight piss. Thankfully, this kind band of marauding Orcs got to \*you\* before \*you\* got to \*it\*. Now, we bring the MF’n THUNDAAAAAA!!!!!

Lightning strikes thrice and beastmen bodies pour down from the mountain and into the hop field. *The Day Is My Enemy* by The Prodigy starts to play. Get some.



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 2000 points of Beastmen
- Plus Beastman Bray Shaman

**Setup:** Split Ends D6

- Whenever the Bray Shaman dies, if there are enemy Beastmen Dudes still alive respawn him according to Moses D3+3.

**Story:** Wack Beastmen then the Beastman Bray Shaman

**Victory:** Kill all Beastmen, then \*cutscene\*  
*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



Like an all-night rave and gone at dawn, the orcs and beastmen piss off back to whence they came, your hangover so big its probably spiritually shared between all parties present. Looks like you’ve survived the night and have a tale to tell the Dwarf. After you’ve taken a shower. Or... hang on... you know just oonnne pub that might still be open at this hour. A smile spreads across your face. Fingers crossed. You deserve this one. Fresh morning pint A-COMIN’ UPPPP!!!!

## ♪ Reward ♪

**MF's** are bestowed with the **Warpstone Bling of The Local!**



# Pale Ale Tale Part 1

There's an Ogor at the table near the dartboard, systematically dipping a dart into his ale then sinking it into his upper arm, giving himself an alcoholic tattoo.  
*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Death Warbands*



## ◦ Cut Scene ◦



Ogor: \*Mutters something in Russian\* I make craft ale. It is good craft ale. I have new idea, for craft ale. THIS makes it new craft ale. I like this idea. First, I need water. Good, fresh water. Flesh-Eaters have desalination plant in nearby cave. I need this cave, this cave has my water. THIS water will make my ale. Remove the Flesh-Eaters from cave and we talk again, yes?

You down your pint, wipe the foam from your mouth and head off to the cave to dance with the dead.

## ◦ 1st Skirmish ◦

**Terrain:** Souldrain Forest

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Flesh Eater Courts

**Setup:** Standard D6

**Story:** Wack Flesh Eater Courts

**Victory:** Kill all the Flesh Eater Courts, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Mid-way through smashing up a ghoul left, right and centre, a chill descends over the clearing and all the birds in the trees hush up. A Ghoul Lord lopes through the forest and into the clearing, then struts up and starts to rationalise the situation.

**Ghoul Lord:** My bretheren. This is not how we entertain our guests. Please, allow yourselves to drink from the waters of the river Thusly, and in drinking from the water make yourselves grow stronger. In the water swims traces of yeast, and the life in this yeast will put years into your veins.

The ghouls all start to frantically drink the water in the nearby river, like thirsty wildebeest unafraid of crocodiles that may swim within. Refreshed, they run back up the river banks to make your life difficult again.



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Flesh-Eater Courts
- Plus leader

**Setup:** Standard D6

At the end of every battle round, each flesh eater regenerates 2D6 wounds

**Story:** Wack Flesh Eater Courts

**Victory:** Kill all Flesh Eater Courts, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



The Ghoul Lord lies on the bank of the river, writhing and covered in yeast.

**Ghoul Lord:** You have no idea at the damage you have just done to the local economy! You've just here, today, now, slain some of my best engineers and we are already behind schedule with the infrastructure in the cave due to other concerns! Do you even know how long it will take to train the next batch of graduates up? Bah!!

He turns his head sideways, spits blood into the river then crawls into the water and floats away shouting blue murder. Seems like your foot just got stuck up the backside of the local economy. Perhaps. Anyhow! Quest completed, now back to the Ogor in The Eightpins to claim your reward.

## ♪ Reward ♪

MF's are gifted the **Quicksilver Swords Exploding Potion** recipe!



## Pale Ale Tale Part 2

You see the ogor at the dartboard, carving his name into the board using a rusty dart. You tap him on the shoulder to say hi.

Note: This Side Quest is not available to Death Warbands



### ◦ Cut Scene ◦



Ogor: Comrade!! You have startled this one. You know what the world needs? More peoples like yourself. Peoples who startle, people who are startling. People who Start. And this is good, because we have Begun. We began at the beginning and now we continue with the trend. You got me water, this is good. Now I need rice. This is second step. My cousin Juan tells me there there is rice paddy not far from here. Find for me.

Matey boy seems to know his jam. You head to an Ossiarch plantation to kill.

### ◦ 1st Skirmish ◦

**Terrain:** Souldrain Forest, only 1 tree in the middle of the battlefield

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Ossiarch
- Standard Moses D3+3 setup
- Moving through the long rice is slow. All non-Ossiarch Dudes get -1 movement.

**Story:** Wack Ossiarch

**Victory:** Kill all the Ossiarch, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Samurai Bone Dudes flick-flacking like a circ de soleil mashup with a sushi kitchen, fillets of fresh flesh flying about like ten thousand chef's flipping twenty thousand pancakes. A lankey brother with four arms strides out of the carnage, grass parting at each study step forward.

**Ossiarch Dude:** You think this is rice? This is not rice. This is a way of life. You come here, stranger, and impose your desires on our land and our peoples. Instead of taking the time to watch the rice grow and understand this is the way it Must Be, in order to Be, you think you have better ideas of what to do with the rice and how it Must Be. Again, I say: This is not rice. This is how it Must Be.

He stretches his arms out, a light breeze picks up and Ossiarch assemble at the edges of the rice paddy. Battle commences as they wade in, weapons alert.



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Ossiarch
- Encircled D3+3 setup
- Whenever any enemy Ossiarch is within 3" of another, it counts as having +1 toughness when attacked

**Story:** Wack Ossiarch

**Victory:** Kill all Ossiarch, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



Each step forwards and backwards through the melee flattens a patch of rice. The battle stretches on, the rice paddy becomes muddy and turgid. The last Ossiarch falls down onto his knees and looks you in the face.

**Ossiarch Dude:** You dishonour yourself as you have dishonoured this field. This is not how it Must Be. But it is the path you have Chosen. The path leads itself to its own end. You will See. And understand how it Must Be.

The Samurai grabs his sword between all four arms, looks up into the sky and rams the blade into his chest right up to the hilt. The burning light fades from his eyes and he is still. Sounds like something strange is going to come of this. Anyhow, for now its back to the pub for a pint with an Ogor. Big things on the horizon.

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Warlords** are gifted the Stone Tablet of Eternals!

**Sorcerers** and **Assassins** learn their next Hot Sauce recipe!



# Pale Ale Tale Part 3

Walking through the door of the pub, a fistfull of darts thud-thud-thud-thuds into the woodwork all around you as if shot from a sawnoff shotgun and with a comparable spread. Lady luck seems to be on your side tonight, none appear to have made nests in your fleshly parts. A volcanically loud vodka-soaked laugh embraces the air, you see the Ogor across the room, licking a dart. He waves you over.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Death Warbands*



## ◦ Cut Scene ◦



**Ogor:** My friend!! My friend. Hah. What good joke that was. Darts to the face. \*laughs heartily\*. We have first few steps, you and I. Now we go for next step. Next step is special bacteria. There is Aleguzzler Giant who live not too far from here. He has drunk more ale than any mortal or immortal I have ever heard tale of. Key to beer, yes, is the yeast that makes it. Ingredient, water and special yeast. You need to meet Giant and get hold of yeast. Do this for me, and I reward you, yes? But be warned: he likes to drink.



Not sure what the warning is, sounds like you and this giant might end up being BFF's forever, joined by an unquenchable love for the golden beverage.

You and your Dudes make your way over to the part of town the Ogor has directed you to, where the Aleguzzler Giant is known to reside. Arriving at the door to his shed/shack/barn, a sound like a hurricane in a whoopie cushion greets you at the door: Loud, loud snoring. Gigantic piss-head lungs belting out vengeance against all conscious beings, an unconscious prayer to the gods of beer.

Walking in through the door, a huge human form using a cow as a pillow and an angora goat as a teddy bear is seen lying across the floor. Not sure how to wake it, it starts and wakes itself, throwing the goat into the corner of the shed/shack/barn with a \*meeeehhhhhhh\* sound before it collides with a supporting beam and goes worryingly silent after a shorter \*Mehhh!!\*, then falling ten feet to the straw-covered floor. The giant rouses, stands up holding his head and glares

**Drewski:** Whazzat?? More brewski's for Drewski? Huh?!!? \*focuses bleary vision at you\* Fuzzkin DWARVES!!! Drank so much o' the ale that Chapta 'Free only mentions beer like two or 'free times. Godless I sez. God-less. I'm smack the pale o' "pale ale" into yews. HHUUuuuuUUURRRGHHH!!!

Drewski throws his cow-pillow at you with a \*mooooOOOaaaAAAA!!!!!!\* and it slams into the wall behind you then falls, blocking the door, effectively locking your Dudes outside and yourself inside with this Aleguzzler Giant. Better learn to fight on your own. Or drink on your own. Drewski charges. Crack knuckles!!

## ◦ 1st Skirmish ◦

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard D6, only your MF

**Adversary:**

- Aleguzzler Gargant

**Setup:** Standard D6

**Story:** Wack the Aleguzzler Gargant

**Victory:** Kill the Gargant, then \*cutscene\*

**Failure if your MF dies**

## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

You and Drewski go mano-el-mano like two pisshead wrestlers fighting over the last late-nite chicken wing from the kebab shop on the way home from a gig at 3am after missing the last train home. The good times, sigh. Haven't felt this alive in aaaagggges.

What's good about being drunk is that it's basically god's way of making mortals invincible for a night, but the pain comes back double in the morning. You and the pisshead gargant dance around like newlyweds on a first dance, except periodically smashing each other in the face with empty beer tankards at irregular intervals. Ecstacy with an elongated name.

You both tire, you lob a half-hearted half-empty tankard at the Gargant and it misses by miles. He sways, then grins and takes a seat on a new farm animal. Looks kind of like an ostrich.

**Drewski:** Ey. This the good times. I like you, MF. We should 'ave a beer an' share stories. \*Cracks open a can and tosses it over\*. Let me tells ya why yoos should be mates with me' good ol' frend, Larry the Orc Warboss...

You and the gargant drink beers and reminisce over past good times doing rancid shiz while drunk as czunts. Going one-for-one you drink the night away and its bliss. You drink until you blackout. Sigh. The Good Times.



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- Learn the Aleguzzler's secret
- Drink until you black out

**Story:** Drink until you black out

**Victory:** Drink until you black out, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



A rooster crows to announce your spitting hangover to your semi-conscious brain and the dawn. Having a punch-up and drinking the night away. Glory incarnate.

**Drewski:** So's, you need some of me yeast for this Ogor's beer, eh? \*Pulls three hairs from his chin and hands them over\* 'Ere ya go. Get the reward.

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Sorcerors** are gifted the Arcane Tomb of **Flesh Eaters!** **Warlords** and **Assassins** learn their next **Hot Sauce** recipe!

**Larry the Orc Warboss** becomes a **BFF!**



# Spirited A Different Way Part 1

Hovering at a lone table in the corner of the pub is a ghostly white spectre wrapped in loose chainmail. He's got a bottle of bray spirits in front of him and four shot glasses lined up with a clear golden liquid that looks like it comes from the Slaanlands. He gestures for you to take a seat as you approach.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Destruction Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Nighthaunt:** Hello. Please do take a seat. I have here four shot glasses and each one is assigned to a task that I need you to complete. Each task you complete will get you closer to your goal, and once you have achieved the goal you will be closer to enlightenment than ever before. Life is a journey, and the destination is death. Along the way, parch thine throat glands with liquids of joy. Each of these shot glasses is front of me is filled with slaan-juice from the agave plant. I enjoy this juice and would like to know the source. I believe that there is a tribe of barbarians living deep in the desert who may be able to explain to you their rudimentary ways of extracting the juice from the plant, and thus enable me gain this knowledge and think it through. I have time to think. Go to the land of barbarians and consult their leader. When you have done this, I will be wiser and you will be rewarded.

You agree, down your pint and head off into the wilderness to consult the barbarian War Chief.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Defiled Ruins

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Slaves to Darkness
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Slaves to Darkness

**Victory:** Kill all the Slaves to Darkness, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

As you put the last of the Slaves to Darkness to the ground, a tall and muscled hulk of a figure emerges from a nearby cave. He stands in the entrance, fur shoulderpads lightly dancing in the air coming out of the warm cave.

**Slaves Leader Jeff:** I see you are here to learn our secrect, the secret of the darkest of matter, the secret that can turn a man from the most hilarious and noble creature into nothing other than a hollow shell of his former self, a flesh-encased husk with no sign of his former spirit left. This is The Darkness, and it is the enslaver of all men. You may have heard that we posses the knowledge of this substance, but in fact we have spent many years perfecting it to the point that we now understand that it is not the substance itself which is the vessel, but the mind of man himself. Yes, in the same way that a samurai may train to wield steel in its death-filled dance, releasing the spirit of one man at a time, but if he were to train to be a chartered accountant and climb the white-collar ranks to become a CEO who then due to corporate greed and personal gains may crush the spirits of his entire workforce through an immediate and lacklustre redundancy package, we have found that the true way to unleash a man's spirits is through non-alcoholic beverage. Hence, while our retreat here once had the purpose of distilling alcohols to find the purest spirit in the land, we have surpassed our former selves and now seek to diastill and purify the spirit until no spirit remains, thus creating the ultimate spiritual enhancer: the non-alcoholic beverage. If you challenge me to a duel and win, I will take my life's journey to the next stage, and join your warband with the aim of uplifting and releasing the spirits of all I encounter in the field of battle.

This sounds excellent. One duel with a teatoatling barbarian, comin' up!!



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Slaves to Darkness
- Plus Dark Oath Chieftan
- Standard D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack Slaves

**Victory:** Kill all Slaves, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*

## ♪ Victory ♪



**Slaves Leader Jeff:** Excellent. This exercise has uplifted my spirits and I shall join you on your journey. Let us go find your spirit and let him know the secret to the highest spirits.

You head back to The Eightpints to let the spirit know about spirits and claim your reward.

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Assassins** are bestowed with the **Opera Magnum of Slaanesh!**

**Warlords and Sorcerers** learn their next **Hot Sauce Recipe!**

**Jeff the Darkoath Chieftan** becomes a **BFF!**



# Spirited A Different Way Part 2

The lone sheeted figure hovers at his table. He gestures to the chessboard on his table, passively beckoning for you to take a seat.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Destruction Warbands*



## ◦ Cut Scene ◦



Nighthaunt: You see this chessboard? Did you know, that this word “chessboard” is only slightly different to its cousin-word, “cheeseboard”? Yes. This is what I also have been thinking of lately. If we can turn a chessboard into a cheeseboard with such minor lingual modifications, logic might follow that we can turn this here chessboard into a cheeseboard with a similarly small number of moves. Moves such as, say, Knight to E7 and Pawn to G6. Fly like a G6, oh Pawn. And this is what I would have you do, oh Pawn. There is a temple halfway up a mountain near here, and it is full of rats which follows therefore that it will be sufficiently full of cheese. And I am after cheese, but do not wish to get rat all over my chessboard. Escort the Bishop rat into his afterlife and this here Knight will have a reward waiting for you here in this life. As they say: “Capiche”?

This spirit certainly seems in high spirits, and does it really matter if its rather incomprehensible, as long as there's a handsome reward for your efforts?

Heading up to the temple halfway up the mountain, as you approach a rat dressed in robes runs out, screeches and starts banging a gong like its goddamn 1983. Rats with sticks appear from nowhere and shizz gets slow-mo in a blue-cheese kinda way. Serious flavours fill the air as the temple gates swing open.

## ◦ 1st Skirmish ◦

**Terrain:** Shattered Stormvault

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Plague Monks
- Split Ends D3+3 Setup

**Story:** Wack Skaven

**Victory:** Kill all the Skaven, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



# ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Rats on sticks going at you in a visually similar manner to that scene in Aladdin where Iago scuttles around on stilts after pretending to be a flamingo, you and your Dudes feeling something like the love-struck flamingo in the pond with its head foot-deep underwater and lungs filling up with fluid. Totally wacked m8. The blue-cheese rats step aside to clear a pathway through the madness and a leader emerges pushing a large wheel of cheese.

**Bishop Rat: This what you're after?! Bit of stilton \*perhaps\*??! Hah! Well, lets set your world on fire why don't we. Suckaa!!**

The rat lights a giant match and holds it at the cheese wheel, flames start to caress its shape, blue veins popping as they heat up. He gives it a push and it rolls toward the centre of the battlefield and slowly folds over onto itself, molten cheese starting to spread outwards. The rats jump up on their sticks to avoid the catastrophe and start pole-vaulting towards you to clear the mess. You'll need to avoid this enflamed blue cheese or risk a sticky, smelly, fiery death.



# ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Skaven Plus Leader
- Split ends D3 Setup
- As the blue cheese wheel melts it spreads across the battlefield, engulfing everything in flames. All non-Plague Monks within 3" of the centre of the battlefield take D6 damage at the end of each battle round. Every battle round, this radius grows larger by 3" as the molten cheese continues to spread.

**Story:** Wack Skaven

**Victory:** Kill all Skaven, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



# ♪ Victory ♪



Dead plague monks face-down in blue cheese dreams litter the temple courtyard. The Bishop Rat among them, you are satisfied that the Knight will be satisfied. In the name of science, you bend over and slice a chunk of now-rapidly-hardening melted cheese and stick it in your pocket, wrapped in a bit of cloth cut from the bishop's robes. Might come in handy later, if there's meteorite that hurtles into the Kingdom and wipes out all other known food sources. Even then, maybe not. But maybe. Time for a pint! You deserve it.

# ♪ Reward ♪

**Assassins** are bestowed with the **Opera of Eternals!**

**Sorcerers** and **Warlords** learn their next **Hot Sauce** recipe!



# Spirited A Different Way Part 3

At the bar, while ordering a pint, you feel a chilly gaze on the back of your neck. Turning around you are greeted with a sheet of white. You look up.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Destruction Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Nighthaunt:** Hello. Hello. At the bar are we? Ordering a pint-ful? Nothing wrong with that. Nothing at all.

He pauses, the statement hanging in the air. Sarcasm...or....not...?

**Nighthaunt:** You have an agenda. An agendered-agenda. Your agenda is to carry out a set of tasks. Your \*agenda\* is to complete every task in the utmost high spirits. New day, new task. Here we go: You are to venture underground. Deep, deep down. Down there, in the location on \*this map\* you are to light a candle. A candle in the darkness. We will see what happens. Does the dark then become lighter, or does the dark become darker? Does the light illuminate the dark, or does the dark embolden the light? What happens to the balance - with the sudden imbalance of light, does the dark devise ways to become darker, keeping the see-saw inert? It is a complex question. We must carry out the experiment. Have your pint, I will reward.

This must be the most emboldend airborne blanket to ever utter syllables. You order your pint and take some guilty half-chugs from it. Bah. Better get cracking.

Following the map you've been given you eventually come to a cave. Navigating by feel in the darkness you descend into the cave. Sufficiently in, you light a match. The MF'n world goes on the hob, all nobs turned to eleven and firing.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Halls of Velorum

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 2000 points Night Goblins

**Setup:** Split Ends D3+3

**Story:** Wack the Night Goblins

**Victory:** Kill all the Night Goblins, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Rain like daggers, arrows like coals and green faces smashing your vision like watching the Blair Witch Project in 4 x speed through a broken television that only offers shades of black, green and pain. Life is unpleasant down here, you want to get back to the pub and order a pint and maybe twelve more. The television blips and comes back with a new colour: Orange. The night goblins back off into a half-moon/crescent. In the centre is an oscillating space hopper, with teeth.

**Larry the Lad:** I bounce, you bounce, and we bounce together. If you don't bounce, my squig over here, he'll treat your punk arse like chedder. \*Sucks in bottom lip and looks pleased with h'self, keeps bouncing\* And MF, oh MF, you came down into our compressor, so bounce you will for if bounce you won't, we'll displeasure you into the aether. \*stops bouncing\*. MOTHER FFFFFFFFffffFFFFFF'ING CHAAAAAAAARGE!!!!!!!!!

Specks of thick spittle fly from his overstretched goblin-maw as they all rush you. Bounce, MF, bounce. *Big Momma T* by Defunk drops at the sweet spot. Yehhh.



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Night Goblins Plus Leader

**Setup:** Split ends D3

- Every round, spawn an additional D3 gobbos

**Story:** Wack the Night Goblins until at the end of a battle round there are none alive

**Victory:** Kill all the Night Goblins, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



Its a funky, crusty, maximum-no-nonsense wobblefest in the dark with only the most vague idea of candlelight to keep your mind above the toothy ballpit of gob-bo-squig-debauchery. What a wonk.

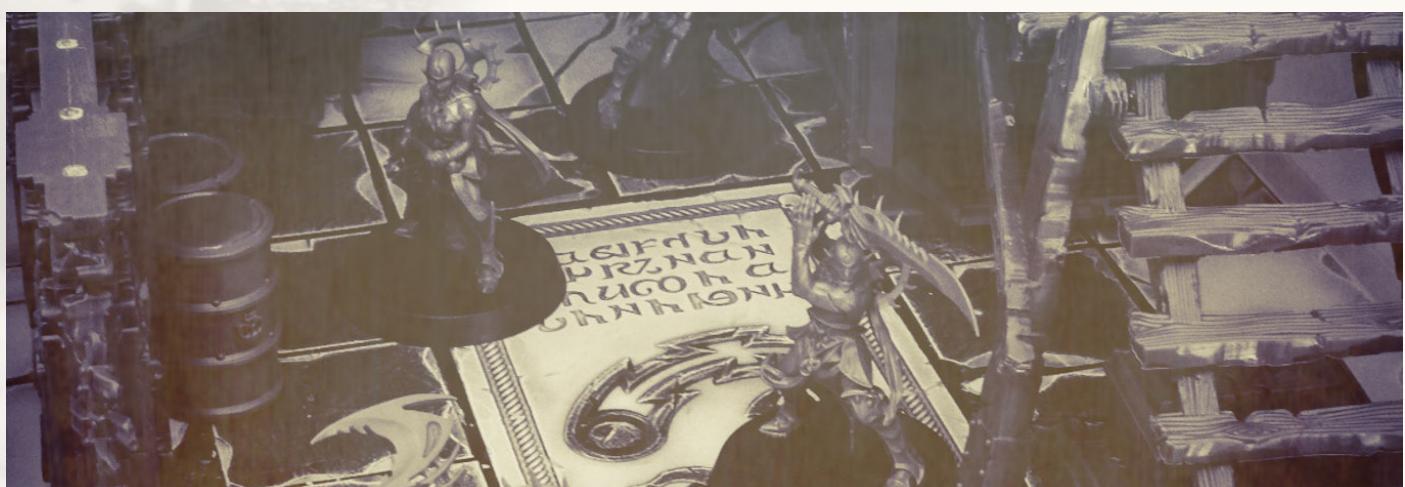
The darkness becomes less green and more vivid. Dead gobbos calm the scene. You're ready to light the candle. You flick your match, and put the fire to the wick. The darkness gets a little bit more candle-lit and romantic. Result.

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Warlords** are bestowed with the **Stone Tablet of Flesh Eaters!**

**Sorcerers** and **Assassins** learn their next **Hot Sauce** recipe!







# Madisonester Squaremarket Gardens

# Phantom of the Choppera Part 1

On one side of the square is a puppet stand with what looks like a Punch and Judith show going on. You stand and watch for a bit. Punch says something rude to Judith, she blushes, he says something rude again and she blushes again. A third time, Punch says the rudest joke yet and Judith smotes him with warp fire. The Punch puppet ignites and the crowd of smiling children in front of the stand erupt with joyous laughter. What a charming sight on a summery afternoon.

The two hands holding the puppets extend upwards, and the horns of a Daemon of Khorne emerge from below. The Daemon looks at you and motions you over to the side of his stand.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Order Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Khorne Puppet Master:** Good afternoon there squire! What a grand afternoon to be out and about, earning money in the square with amiable theatrics! Its a real treat, I tell you. What isn't a treat, however, is why I'm here: I run the local theatre company and I'm not entirely sure why, but we were recently overrun by a warband of Bloodletters who came through a portal during a rehearsal of McBethal. Clearly those spells work! Witches, eh. Anyhow, what I would like to ask of yourself, good sire, is if you would kindly enter my theatre and perhaps rid it of the beasts?! Every time we reherser now, someone loses an eye and we're a bit saturated with pirate-themed plays at the moment. If you can get rid of all the daemons for me I will give you a handsome reward!

He motions you towards the theatre building across the square, and as you enter the foyer you see a stage filled with gleaming daemons. The doors close behind you and they advance.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Shattered Stormvault

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Daemons of Khorne
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Daemons of Khorne

**Victory:** Kill all the Daemons of Khorne, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

The Daemons of Khorne put up a vicious fight, but what astonishes you is that whenever one is put to its end, instead of vanishing in a traditional flash of warp fire and fury, back to the hellish plane from whence it came, the Daemons scream like mewling dandies and fall to the floor as if they were regular corpses. Peculiar, but not the most pressing thing at hand. You hear shouting from above, and more Daemons of Khorne swing down from on high using the theatre's ropes and pulleys to position themselves in a strategically advantageous manner. Very piratical, onto the second act!!



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

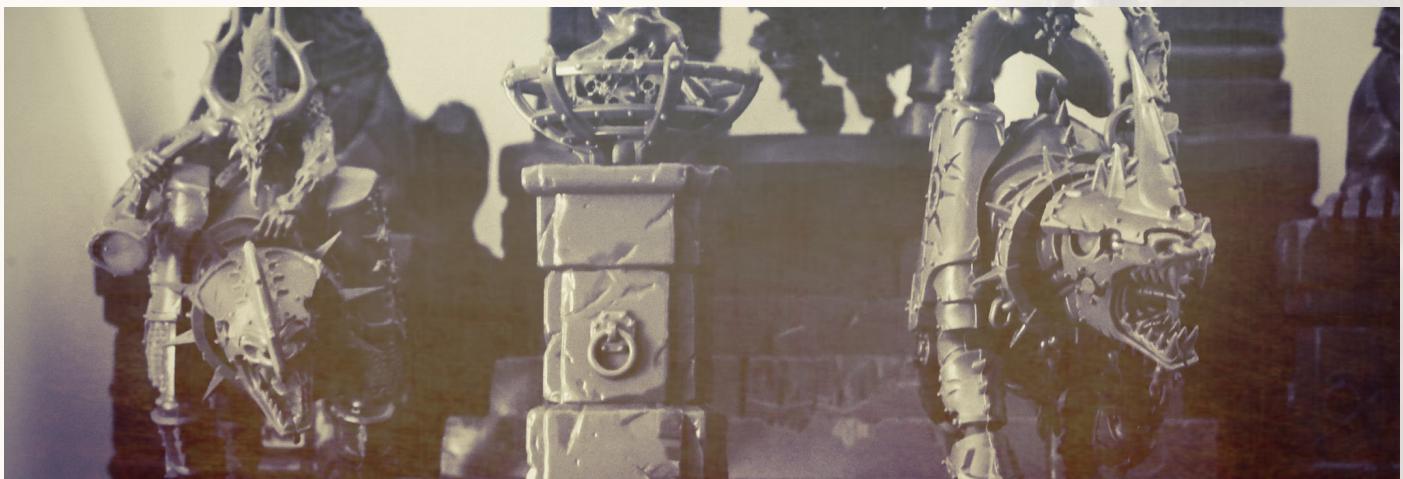
**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Daemons of Khorne
- Standard D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack Daemons of Khorne

**Victory:** Kill all Daemons of Khorne, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



As the doors of the theatre close behind you, the last of the Khornate-dandies left writhing on the floor in a pool of it's own squalor, the Khorne Puppet Master runs up to you and presses an Exploding Potion recipe into your hand.

**Khorne Puppet Master:** Here you go! Many thanks Squire, that's done me a huge favour and here's your just reward. Enjoy the rest of your day and I look forward to seeing you again soon!

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Warriors** are bestowed with the **Stone Tablet of Sylvaneth**!

**Assassins** and **Sorcerers** learn their next **Hot Sauce** recipe!



# Phantom of the Choppera Part 2

A large, brightly-coloured sign hangs above the puppet stand in the square. It reads "The Scottishe Play" and there's a medium-sized gathering of children in front of it. Five puppets can be seen on the stage, one hand-sized MacBeth and three finger-sized witches surrounding a black cauldron-puppet suspended from the hand's middle finger. You watch as the story progresses and then end, credits roll on a rice-paper transfer sheet stuck to a rotating rolling pin. Creatives, eh. A familiarly-horned head pops up from behind the stand and gives you a big grin.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Order Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Khorne Puppet Master:** Look who it is! It's my favourite mass-murderer out for a casual stroll. Well sire, if its murdering you done and murdering you do, I have a few more daemons in need of being banished to the furthest circle of the Warp! Just in that there same theatre complex you are so familiar with. A group of Daemonetts have taken a bit of a shining to the decor and I must say they're starting to grind my sanity just a tad. Might a kind sire wander in there, wiggle a sword about a bit and emerge a celebrated hero? I think a kind sire just might, especially if there's a reward?

The rhetorical question ends with immense support from an ear-to-ear grin. The Puppet Master's sharp teeth fit perfectly together. You wonder if they have dental care in the Warp.

Back in focus! This is a game plan for a game-man. A game lover, in fact. You cross the square and enter the theatre, and you do a claw embeds itself in the wooden arch of the doorway. A daemonette snarls and you get slashing.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Shattered Stormvault

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Slaanesh Daemonettes
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Daemonettes

**Victory:** Kill all the Daemonettes, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*

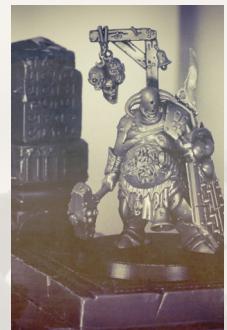


## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Bizzatches clawing a MF left right and centre, life's a whirlwind lets fly a kite!  
Stage Door Left swings open and a booming voice is heard above the carnage.

**Darryl, Lord of Blights:** MF to be or not to MF'ing be, that's a question ima answer with my hand on my hammer and my hammer in you' MF'ing face.  
**You a bizzatch, nothin' but a bizzatch. MF. MF'ing MF. I'ma wack a bizzatch.**

The new entrant hoists his shield and spins his hammer like Thor in the last Avengers movie. Bad-asss. Daemonetts on horseback burst out from Stage Door Right like yet another wildebeest analogy. This ain't no time to act like a lion!



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Daemonettes
- Moses D3 Setup
- Lord of Blights
- Moses D3+3 Setup
- Whenever the Lord of Blights dies, replace the closest other enemy unit to him with the fully-healed Lord of Blights

**Story:** Wack Daemonettes and Lord of Blights

**Victory:** Kill all Daemons, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



The Lord of Blights stands alone on the stage, daemonettes strewn writhing across various low-budget set pieces. He spins his hammer and stops it steady with its head on the floor, then leans on it in a restful manner and addresses you.

**Darryl, Lord of Blights:** I have seen what you have done here today. You have seen here today, what I can do. I think this is a complimentary skillset and we can achieve much together. How about we exchange messenger pigeons, squire?

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Sorcerers** are bestowed with the **Arcane Tome of Eternals!**

**Warlords and Assassins** learn their next **Hot Sauce** recipe!

**Darryl, Lord of Blights** becomes a **BFF!**



# Phantom of the Choppera Part 3

Its a cold morning, the sun hardly above the horizon and already beginning to sink back down. Icy mist hovering in the air. On the side of the square a different kind of sight can be seen: The Khornate Puppet Master surrounded by a medium size crowd of kids and matching mommies. Held in his left hand is a boquet of marshmallows on sticks, his right hand emitting small bursts of blue flame that toast them and make the air smell warm and lovely, a sight that charms the soul.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Order Warbands*



## ◦ Cut Scene ◦



**Khorne Puppet Master:** Wa-hoy there sailor. Care for a tasty toasted treat? Caramelised. \*De-lish-us\*.

He extends his arm with the toasted-mellow boquet. They smell lush.

**Khorne Puppet Master:** I'll give you a 'mallow for your time, squire: New day, new quest. Go to my theatre opposite. You've managed to rid it of all the upper-level daemons, but the next step is the lower-levels. Descend downwards, you will come to the under-levels where all the stage-props are kept. There you will find my favourite stage prop: The Altar of Khorne. Secure it. Defend it from any lower-level foes who may get in the way. Rid my theatre of them, and I shall shower thee with tasty cooked 'mallows.

Deal done! You enter the theatre, descending down a staircase into the storage rooms below. What a mess. Looks like some kind of arcane sewer. In the middle of the room stands the Altar of Khorne, regal and proud. You hear a flash like kindling being lit. Tiny yellow bodies run at you from doorways. Defend it!!!

## ◦ 1st Skirmish ◦

**Terrain:** Temple of Nagendra

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 500 points Tzeentch Daemons
- Altar of Khorne in the middle

**Setup:** Standard D6

**Story:** Wack the Daemons

**Victory:** Kill all the Daemons, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



# ♪ Cut Scene ♪

The tiny figures dressed in flames die easily at the hand of your sword. As they are put to rest, they shriek out like newborns, each and every one. The floor piles up high with their bodies: Strange, these daemons should also flash back to the warp, surely? Tretchery must be afoot. No time to pause, however, as the small flickering forms are replaced with larger blue ones, and the blue ones with larger pink ones. Horrors from the warp descend onto you and the Throne. Defense mode continues: see these MF's back to the hell from whence they came.



# ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:** 1000 points of Tzeentch Daemons. Each time one dies, respawn according to Moses D6

**Setup:** Encircled D6

**Story:** Wack the Daemons

**Victory:** Kill 50 Daemons, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



# ♪ Victory ♪



The prop room is still. You and your Dudes adorn the Altar of Khorne like a badass book cover, piles of yellow, blue and pink horrors stacked on the floor like laundry day in Tellytubbyland. With a bit more blood, of course. You have defended the Throne and can now claim your warmed sugary delights. You hear a clapping coming down a stairwell. It grows louder then turns into the Puppet Master.

**Khorne Puppet Master:** Thank \*you\* squire. It is a good day, today. Take your roasted reward and leave politely, please. I wish to now be alone.

# ♪ Reward ♪

MF's are gifted the **Geminids of Uhl-Gysh Exploding Potion** recipe!



# An Ancient Grind Part 1

In the middle of the square are two Lizardmen covered in traditional gear, one with a spear and shield and the other banging a large drum in rhythm to their dancing. Every now and then the one with the spear shouts "Ho!" and they turn 90 degrees and start their dance again from the beginning. This is interesting. As you watch, the Lizardman with the drum stops beating and a silence falls over the square. He points his drum stick at you and waves you over.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Chaos Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Lizardman 1:** Stranger. Did you enjoy our dance? Of course you did, everyone does. Its a good dance. It has a traditional name where we come from, but you might know it as the 1995 world-wide radio hit Mumbo-Jumbo Number 5. Banger. Banger. Banger. No one was safe from its infectious groove.

**Lizardman 2:** Yes, yes. Very good song. Very good song. Yes.

**Lizardman 1:** We will teach it to you. For a reward. Nothing is free, especially not such groovalicious dance mutations as these.

**Lizardman 2:** Yes, yes. Dance mutations. Very good song. Yes.

**Lizardman 1:** Bring us a rat weapon. A weapon of rat! We seek a rat weapon. Try the shanty town on the edge of the city. Bring us a rat weapon and we teach you our groove.

This sounds like fun. Dance moves, yes yes. You wander off into the alleyways leading to the shanty town on the edge of the city. After a while, you see a rat: It's busy swatting at a butterfly. Mid-swat, it sees you. It lets out a shriek, draws its weapon and rats start coming at you from every corner of your imagination.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Skaven
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Skaven

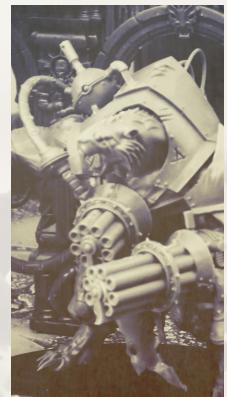
**Victory:** Kill all the Skaven, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Rats continue to pour out of every angle: acute, obtuse and others not of this dimension. A whip cracks, and the rats all suddenly freeze. Another crack, and they shiver. A third crack, and they put their weapons away, drop to all fours and scamper away. Silence. Then, a thrumming like a middle-class neighbourhood full of lawn-mowers on a saturday morning. Then an ungodly screech! A wall next to you explodes and a giant rat covered in armour jumps through the wreckage, a gatling-cannon strapped to each arm and one on its chest all simultaneously erupt with shrapnel. Down the street, two giant rats pace towards you on all fours, a rat with a whip running behind them screaming a high pitched wail. They brought the rhodont-cavalry, fight!!



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Skaven
- Setup: Standard D6, but if the spawn location is further than 1" from a scenery piece, move the unit to within 1" of the nearest scenery piece

**Story:** Wack Skaven

**Victory:** Kill all Skaven, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



Gnawed, bitten, insulted, assaulted and probably also a little bit salty, you and your Dudes emerge victorious from the Skaven shantytown. You managed to pry the still-spinning warpstone weapon from the armour of the Stormfiend and bundle it up in a Rat Ogre's loin cloth, still warm and wet with blood but at least rid of the dried up urine it would otherwise have been covered in. You present it to the Lizardmen and they smile their cold-blooded smiles at you.

**Lizardman 1: Yes YES!! This is exactly what we need. Here's your reward.**

**Lizardman 2: Okay, so you put your left hand up...**

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Sorcerers** are bestowed with the **Arcane Tome of Slaanesh!**

**Assassins** and **Warlords** learn their next **Hot Sauce** recipe!



# An Ancient Grind Part 2

Standing on the side of the square you can see a large crowd gathered in a half-moon. There's a sound rising up over their heads, a chanting accompanying a low beat of a drum, slightly out of time. Walking up to join the crowd, you can see the two Lizardmen from before, doing a tribal dance. The beating and dance come to a climax and the crowd claps then disperses. The lizardman holding a war-staff points it at you and beckons you over with his other hand.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Chaos Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Lizardman 1:** Bruv you done us a good thing. Got us a biiiiig weapon. A future weapon. Future if your general get-up involves weapons from three-thousand-BC. And by BC we mean "Before Civilization".

**Lizardman 2:** Before Civilization, BC, yes-yes.

**Lizardman 1:** So there's two of us, right, and one of these futuristic-BC weapons you've kindly acquired for us. Would you be so kind to acquire another of the same sort? There's a bunch of drag-racer Kharadrons in a neighbourhood not too far, perhaps you can convince them to \*lend\* their gatling cannon?

**Lizardman 2:** Yes-yes, lend-lend. Gatling-cannon. Yes.

**Lizardman 1:** So I take it that's an attractive offer? We will certainly reimburse you for your efforts.

Drag-racing dwarves, lets go see if they're the charitable sort! You head over to the neighbourhood they are known to race in and see them lolling about by one of their ships, loud music blaring from the boot and a lipstick-smeared dwarf in a bikini spraying a hosepipe over it in slow motion. They see you and start firing.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

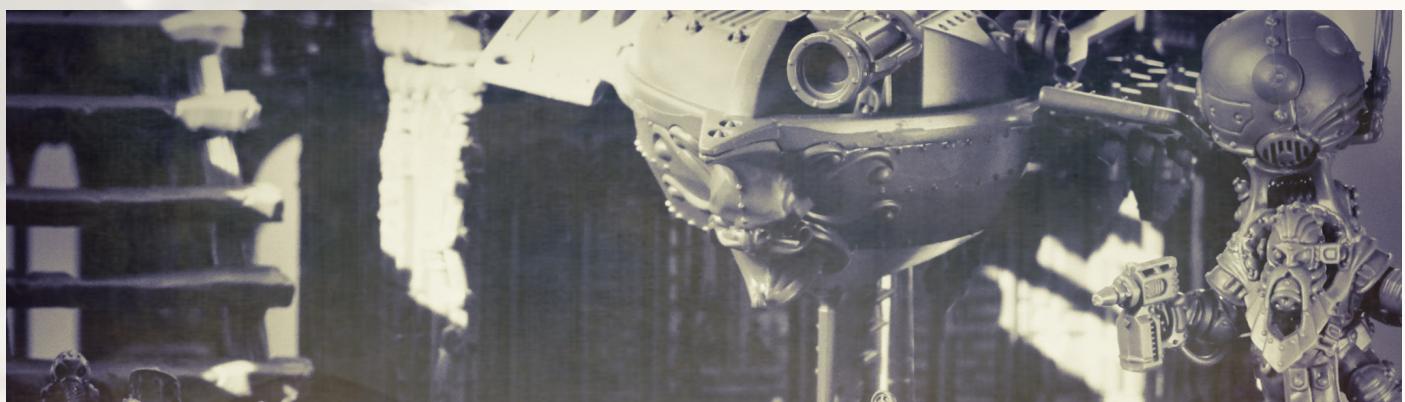
**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Kharadron Overlords
- Encircled D3+3 setup
- Plus 1 x Kharadron Gunship

**Story:** Wack Kharadron Overlords

**Victory:** Kill all the Kharadron Overlords, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



# ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Utter. Devastating. Carnage. Soap suds flying about, pigtailed dwarves in crop tops and high-heels skittering about to avoid fire from the illegally-sized artillery held in the hands of each drag-racer. A thoroughly modern fire fight. A dwarf hoists his gun and hollers

**Dwarf:** Man you a bizzatch!! Comin' over here to our neighbour'hood!!  
**Maaaan if we wasn't having dinner at my mom's house tonight we'd really get up in yo' grill!!! Dawg, I'm outta he-ar!**

The dwarf jumps into his dragster and slams the pedal to the floor, the gun-ship stutters and then promptly explodes in a ball of fiery annihilation. The sound of the explosion attracts more Kharadron to the area, and they arrive guns blazing.



# ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Kharadron Overlords
- Encircled D6 Setup
- Before setting up the new enemy Dudes, remove the Kharadron Gunship and deal 2D6 damage to each of your Dudes within 12" of its location. Move every scenery piece within 6" of it radially outwards by 3" too.

**Story:** Wack the Kharadron Overlords

**Victory:** Kill all Kharadron Overlords, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



# ♪ Victory ♪



Permanently scarred from the feast of visuals that have danced in front of your eyes for the past few minutes, you see the exploded-dwarf's gatling cannon lying in the rubble on the side of the street. You walk over, kick the broken lawn furniture off it and pick it up. A little bit dented and warped from the explosion, but still better than a weapon from before civilisation started. Worst case scenario the Lizardmen can saw the front of the barrels off and turn it into a sawn-off gatling cannon. Sounds better than a glorified stick at close quarters. You head off back to the Lizardmen to present this trophy.

**Lizardman 2: Sawed-off gatling cannon, yes-yes. Yes-YES!!!**

# ♪ Reward ♪

**Warlords** are bestowed with the **Stone Tablet of Nighthaunt!**

**Assassins** and **Sorcerers** learn their next **Hot Sauce** recipe!



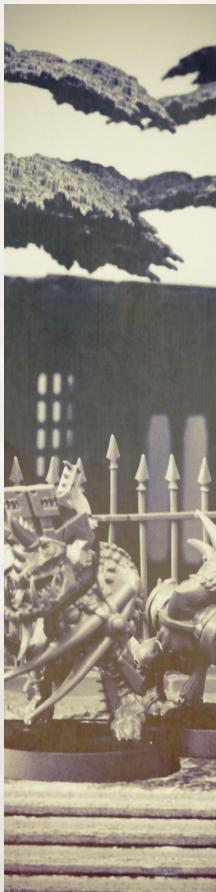
# An Ancient Grind Part 3

Its a hot, sunny day in the square and all the denizens of the land are milling about as if it were a wallmart without a roof. A burger wagon on the side sizzling fresh troglodon steaks as the magpies line up on the bunting-strewn cables hardly even moving in the summer waftings from the comings and goings. On top of a stack of ale barrels near the centre, two humanoid lizards finish their busking set and then climb on down, hankering towards you in a meaningful manner.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Chaos Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Lizardman 1:** Bruv-bruv-bruuuuuvvvvv. Oh yeah, bruvva. We got a plan for-a-yews. These shooey-weapons we've been collecting. Right. Take them up to the caverns in the mountain. Gransmasta Slann up there, the greatest lizard wizard of our time, is awaiting them. He's going to conduct a big ceremony and make these weapons part of our culture, so its canon and legal for us to carry them into battle, vanquish all foes and whatnot with greater ease, and whatnot.

**Lizardman 2:** Yes-yes. Whatnot-Whatnot.

**Lizardman 1:** But in the ceremony cavern... well. It needs to be cleared. There's a bit of a disturbance in the belly of the mountain and its awak-en-ed what may be an ancient force.

**Lizardman 2:** Ancient force, yes-yes.

**Lizardman 1:** So if you can clear out the Cavern of Ceremony and present Gransmasta Slann with our technological advancements, there will be a big reward. Go forth, bruvva, get a-clearin'!

Sounds like a grand-masta plan! You head on up the mountain, down into the caverns and follow the mental-map to the Cavern of Ceremony. As you arrive and step into the cavernous room a grinning skull glares at you from within.

**Mortisan:** ...And so it begins. We have no time, but MF yours is... now?

The skull blazes with blue fire and the walls are lit in writhing light. Down from the darkness descend winged horrors. You know what to do: MF these MF's.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Lair of the Sphiranx

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Ossiarch Dudes plus Leader

**Setup:** Moses D3

**Story:** Wack Ossiarch

**Victory:** Kill all the Ossiarch, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

MF MF'd a MF of MF's as Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Peppers, but, like, the Amon Amarth version. Darkness, fire and bone crunch and grind ten thousand leagues up a mountain, twenty thousand leagues back down under civilization and thirty thousand leagues in a yellow rubber dingy through Joseph Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*. A beer fight with the Noble Savage, a grappling of the eternal condition of man's transient flesh and immortal soul. Winged bone smashes and smashes and smashes into you and your Dudes, oblivion with teeth and a hacksaw. They withdraw temporarily. The Mortisan Soulshaper does a wooshy-thing and the mountain shudders. Stalagtites start crashing down around you, impaling you and your Dudes. The Horrors close in again. MF a MF.



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Ossiarch plus Leader

**Setup:** Moses D3+3

- Impaled by random falling stalagtites, every time a friendly Dude activates they take D6 damage

- Every time an enemy Dude activates they heal D6 wounds

**Story:** Wack the Ossiarch

**Victory:** Kill all Ossiarch, then \*cutscene\*

**Failure if your MF dies**



## ♪ Victory ♪



MF's thoroughly MF'd, bone splinters lying across the cavern like a failed and messy raid by alcoholics on a quartz mine. Sharpness covers the floor and its littered. A humming can be heard coming down a passageway, a beating drum and torchlight. A lizardman marches into view holding a banner, then more follow. In floats a wonderously fat lizard in a yoga pose, he floats over to you and spakes:

**Grandmasta Slann:** 'SUUUP GEE'S. WHAT'S LIFE BROTHAAAA!!!???? \*Lets out a ripping low thunderous burp\* MAH MAN. TANKS FOR DEEZ WEAPONS YO. TANKS FOR CLEANING OUT MAH CAVERN. TAKE 'DIS REWARD, AND GTFD THE MOUNTAIN. DON'T COME BACK. WE GON' GET FREEEKY.

No need to return required: this place doesn't serve beer. You head on back out in search of a fresh pint. On your way, you come across a scantily-clad lady holding some big MF'n knives.

**Karen With Good Hair:** Hey there sailor. I'm on a hunt for Goose Yoghurt, but if you give a girl a dolla I'll stick any bizzatch you point to.

## ♪ Reward ♪

**MF's** are gifted the **Malevolent Maelstrom Exploding Potion** recipe!

**Karen With Good Hair** the **Slaughter Queen** becomes a **BFF!**



# 2 Fast 2 Spurious Part 1

\*Wack!\* \*pause\* \*Wack!\* \*pause\* \*Wack!\*

A steady, sloppity-wet thwacking emanates from the side of the Square.

\*Wack!\* \*pause\* \*Wack!\* \*pause\* \*Wack!\*

A huge, hulking orc stands behind a stall, hacking at fresh fish carcasses.

\*Wack!\* \*pause\* \*Wack!\* \*pause\* \*Wack!\*

\*Pause\*

He looks over at you, one hand holding the tail of a fish and the other raised in the air holding a giant cleaver. Eyes narrow.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Death Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Warboss: Bruv. What. You. Lookin'. At. Eh?**

You wander over, fish smell getting stronger.

**Warboss: Want a fish? Nah. You're a bit fishy yourself. Hungry dogs eat other dogs, rats eat rats but fish don't eat fish. Unless they're sharks. And you don't look like much of a shark. But, you do look useful. So listen. I'm a Transient Fishmonger, ye. Know what that means? It means I'm a fishmonger but I ain't gonna be one for much longer. Know why? Because this fishmonger's got plans. Plans to become an iron monger. I know a lot more about iron than I do about fish. And I know a lot about fish. So... you get me some iron, and I'll gut you a lucky fish, you lucky fish. Get me the rims off the Kharadron Overlord wip parked in the Park 'n Ride just behind the church, and we'll see oo's a lucky boy 'den.**

You take a stroll through town towards the church. As you get closer, you see a gang of Kharadron Overlords revving their engines like a 12th century version of 2 Fast 2 Furious. A bald one sees you, pulls out a gat and starts firing, sideways.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Kharadron Overlords
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Kharadron Overlords

**Victory:** Kill all the Kharadron Overlords, then  
\*cutscene\*

**Failure if your MF dies**



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Having taken down “the lads”, you go over to the wip and carefully start taking the rims off the propellers. Its a slow job if you don’t want to ruin the paintwork. Just as you get the second one off, out from a nearby alleyway bounces what looks like ten thousand children’s birthday party balloons, but with teeth. A wave of squigs. Nurgle dammit.

The squigs bounce around the area, seeming to have no specific aim. Then a long and sharp whistle echoes around the walls of the churchyard. The squigs freeze. A tiny shape wearing a half-moon helmet runs through the squigs and appears at the front. The squigs’ eyes are all trained on this new item. The shape leaps up onto a mushroom and addresses you with a stick.

**Loonboss:** That ride, is my ride. These squigs, are my squigs. I was planning on jacking that wip but it looks like we have us a situation. Lets see if my squigs fancy a nibble on your legs.

The Loonboss blows his whistle, the squigs drop their jaws wide open and start bouncing towards you and your Warband.



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Squigs
- Plus Loonboss
- Standard D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack The Squigs

**Victory:** Kill the squigs and get the Loonboss down to below 5 wounds, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*

## ♪ Victory ♪



**Loonboss:** Okay okay okay!! Fine. Its your ride. Oh? You don’t want the ride? Just the rims? Yeah, take the rims. My ride. Your rims. Good deal. Listen, if you ever need a lift anywhere or some, ahem, “assistance”, let a bruv know and I’ll help you out. You got me a ride, I’ll make yours smoother. Let me drop those rims back with the Warboss. Here’s a reward for you, shiny.

You take the reward, something in the back of your mind wondering how the Loonboss knew you were jacking the rims for the Warboss. A tale best left unturned, probably.

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Warlords** are bestowed with the **Stone Tablet of Slaanesh**

**Assassins** and **Sorcerers** learn their next **Hot Sauce Recipe**

**Loonboss** becomes a **BFF!**



## 2 Fast 2 Spurious Part 2

\*Wack!\* \*pause\* \*Wack!\* \*pause\* \*Wack!\*

The now-familiar sound of an alpha-monger at work soothes your tarnished soul as you stride through the square. You approach his store and he pauses, eyes narrow. You look closer at the fish he's busy filleting. Its got a lot of tentacles and probably a personality. The orc addressss you in level tones.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Death Warbands*



### ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Warboss: Eight. Eight legs. One leg for each of the Winds of Chaos.**

He uses his cleaver to point them out to you.

**Warboss: These little piggies went to Nurgle, these little piggies went to Khorne, these little little piggies went to Tzeentch and Slaanesh and the whole effin' galaxy was torn.**

He makes the slightest nod, as if a bow, and continues

**Warboss: You know the key to good ironmongery? Good iron. But the best iron is made from a combination of different metals, all hammered together by a master blacksmith over a fire hotter than hot sauce the day after you poured it all over your dinner. Its a feeling.**

He gives a wry grin.

**Warboss: And I got a feeling, that tonight's gonna be a warm night. Head over to the Gates of Hell and see if you can steal a Khornate helmet or chestplate from one of the dock workers. We got a good thing going, son, I'll get you something nice and shiny for your hardship.**

The Gates of Hell, famed football pub by the docks, known for its slightly-more-than-slightly rough clientele. It's match day today and the local team's not running on full juice due to a recent incident with a Khargorath. At least, that's what rumour says. Nothing to do with you.

You get to the pub and as you approach a Khornate warrior bursts through the bay-window next to the door. He throws his axe at you and snarls. Game time!!!

### ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Khorne Bloodbound
- Moses D3 Setup

**Story:** Wack the Khorne Bloodbound

**Victory:** Kill all the Khorne Bloodbound, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

The battle rages around you, pub chairs smashing and bodies piling out the pub like a seemingly endless horde. The street becomes slippery with beer. You hear a whistle blowing and a shadow comes across the sun. Looking up, large angelic wings suspend a gleaming suit of armour over the street. A Khornate warrior points up and shouts

**Khornate Warrior: Its the Five-Oh!!! Lads - Bring more Lads!!!**

Even more Khornate warriors fling themselves out of the pub windows and doors. The angelic figure alights in the middle of the street and points at you like he's issuing a challenge. Whistle half-hanging out of his mouth, he addresses you and your Dudes

**Stormcast Five-Oh: We see a disturbance of the peace. You are the cause. Prepare to be silenced. \*Phreeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee\***

He blows his whistle, the sound gets higher and higher and higher pitched until it feels as if your ears have exploded. All audible frequencies overridden, you know that no spells or abilities will be able to be heard over the din. Get yer' mitts out!!



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Stormcast Warrior Chamber
  - Standard D6 Setup
  - 1000 points of Khorne Bloodbound
  - Moses D3 Setup
  - No Commandments or abilities can be used.
- Hot Sauce, Exploding Potions and Warpstone Bling are still able to be used.

**Story:** Wack all enemy Dudes. United against a common foe, they exclusively attack your MF and Dudes.

**Victory:** Kill all enemy Dudes, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



Put the Five-Oh in their place-O, yo! Stormcast and Khorne Bloodbound sent packing, you pick up the helmet of a Wrathmonger and, whistling, head off back to the Orcish Warboss. Wonder if the right team won today? Really though, who cares as long as the right amount of ale was consumed. That's the main thing.

## ♪ Reward ♪

MF's are bestowed with the **Warpstone Bling of The Shadow Cabinet!**



## 2 Fast 2 Spurious Part 3

Its a cool dusk, the sun sitting in a hammock between two hills on the horizon while sipping a pineapple-based cocktail with a little sun-umbrella in it. Cherry floating languidly, a slow current gently nudging it in a lazy swirl. A \*Shiiiiiiikkk\* \*Shiiiiiiikkk\* \*Shiiiiiiikkk\* sound slices the air with rhythmic harmony. Its coming from the Orc monger's stand, but the flaps are down. You mosey over.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Death Warbands*



### ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Warboss:** \*wanders round from behind the stall\* “G'day mate!!”, as they say in Downunderland. And I'm going down under land. To the seaside, and deep deep down. As far down as I need to go, to get my vengeance. So far down I may need a snorkel. A snorkel filled with whisky vapour. And so deep down that the atmospheric pressure compresses the vapour into a liquid. An that liquid, being in my snorkel, goes into my mouth and into my veins and then crunk, drunk, under-water \*me\* wrekks every MF who ever messed with this MF. Play Drown-A-Bizzatch, my favourite game, and MF, the game is ON. Oh, its on. When some bucko-wagon decides to run me over on my way to the market, innocently doing a hard day's work, MF needs ta' pay I say. And I'm the MF'n bayliff m8. So: This wagon that run me over, it came from the docks. Go there, sneak about a ship and plant \*these\* remote-controlled explosives on the ship. \*Sink\* the MF. I'll meet you on the quay with a set of snorkels for you, me and your lads. Then we go “daan-unda”. Sometimes, you see, you have to put the kettle on hold to beat a MF senseless. My dream of being an ironmonger is still in the pipe-line, but a core aspect of being a MF who beats hard steel is being a hard MF. And if I let this slip, I ain't a hard MF. MF, you gon' be hard?

Yeah, you are. You take the explosives and head to the docks. Getting closer, you can see a ship tied up and guarded by some heavy Khorne dudes gathered around a barrel. Like... \*Heeeeavy\* Khorne dudes. Chains that mean business. Helmets of wrath. They're all staring intently at the top of the barrel, motionless, one of them crouched slightly lower than the others. The one crouching makes a tiny motion you can't quite see and they all instantly throw their arms up and cheer, then they see you and freeze. Its MF'n ON. They rush you. Rush back.

### ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:** 1500 points Khorne Dudes

**Setup:** Split Ends D3

**Story:** Wack the Khorne Bloodbound

**Victory:** Kill all the Khorne Bloodbound, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Khorne Dudes sent over the edge of the docks to feed the fishes, you plant the orc's explosives on their ship. Its a strange vessel, quite otherworldly. But then again, ships aren't really your thing. Not made of beer, ships. Neither is the ocean. There's a thought. Wandering back off the ship, lost in a daydream of 70% of the earth's surface being covered in ale, an axe thuds into your consciousness. Its been thrown by one of the apparent thousand Khorne dockworkers gathered in a thick line across your exit route. Ah. Oh. One speaks:

**Dude of Khorne: OI!!!! I said, I said Oi!!!!!! ya must \*listun\* ta' mee. I sees and we seen wha' ya' di' ta' the Wrathmongers playin' tiddliwinks whil' guardin' the sheep!! It's nawt RIGHT ta' kill a man whail he's playin' a game o' tiddlewinks wi' his mates. Its just nawt RIGHT. We are the NUU GANG o' KHORNATE DOCK-WORKERRS. We hae got ta set this RYT. LADS!!! SET FIRE TA' THE SHEEP!!!**

He waves his arm and the gang of Khorne dudes moves aside. They have a sheep, its covered in oil. One with a torch lights the sheep and gives it a swift kick up the backside. It runs at you up the gangplank onto the ship. Aw shiz. If that gets to the explosives its GAME OVER for \*this\* MF and his Dudes. CATCH THE SHEEEEEEEEP!!! \*BAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA\*\*\*\*\*



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1500 points of Khorne Dudes + SHEEP

**Setup:** Split Ends D3+3

Every battle round, move the SHEEP D6 in a direction according to "Standard D6". If a friendly unit activates within 1" of it, roll 2D6: on 12 its caught, otherwise take that damage.

**Story:** Catch the SHEEP!!!

**Victory:** The SHEEP does not take damage and cannot be killed. Catch the SHEEP, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



Catching an enflamed sheep might be the hardest thing you've yet done, this MF knows. Between the flames, leaping, \*baaa-ing\* and Khorne Dudes all wound up, you're drenched in sweat dead keen for a swim in the ocean. Warboss arrives.

**Warboss: MF, you hard. Let's hit that trigger button and sink a MF. \*Down\*.**

## ♪ Reward ♪

**MF's are gifted the Aethervoid Pendulum Exploding Potion recipe!**



# Of Honour & Sushi Part 1

So tall it looks like it needs its own bespoke weather forecast, a hulking skeleton stands on the side of the square. Massive swords held in two of its four hands, the other two making a delicate and nuanced movement below the lip of its stall.

You watch its arms, all four of them, swaying slightly in the breeze. You start to feel like you are being watched, then look up and see it looking directly at you.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Destruction Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Samurai:** Seven years. Seven. God. Damned. Years. Do you know what that feels like? An eternity, and, take it from someone who's already been dead a long time: that's a long time. Seven years. Seven years of my death I'll never get back. And for what? Slaanesh almighty, some sadistic son of a goatman put that ploy together. And I know juuuuuuust who that is.

You look at the Samurai. You look down at his hands, up at his face, down at his other hands and back up at his hat. You shrug. This is confusing.

**Samurai:** Sushi. Sushi. I make sushi. Try some.

The Samurai picks his two hands up from behind the stall and holds out a small tray with four neat rolls of fish on it. You stick your hand out to take one

**Samurai:** Ah but-but-but! Not yet. Not yet. This are honour rolls. Each one can only be consumed after blood has been shed for an honourable purpose. And this, is, an honourable purpose. Seven years in the making. I need you to perform an honour killing on a Idoneth Deepkin by the name of XXXX. Do this and fate will smile upon you. Head to the docks.

You head to the docks, whistling. At the docks you see a sign that says "XXXX Fisheries" and poke your head in. As you do so, a sardine flung from across the room hits you in the face and a gang of Idoneth Deepkin charge.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Idoneth Deepkin
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Idoneth Deepkin

**Victory:** Kill all the Idoneth Deepkin, then  
\*cutscene\*

**Failure if your MF dies**



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

This is like some 70's Kung Fu movie: Fish warehouse, props all over, gutting equipment bringing Deepkin Dudes to sharp ends. Kinda fun being part of the action. A Deepkin sliiiiightly taller than the other Deepkin Dudes jumps on a desk and kicks a lever on the wall. A loud sucking noise is heard for a few seconds, and it starts raining sardines: This Deepkin, presumably XXXX, has unhinged the nets of fresh sardines stored up above and they fall to the floor in a slippery, slimy mess. More Deepkin run out from doors, like the 88 in Kill Bill Vol. I.

Fight!



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

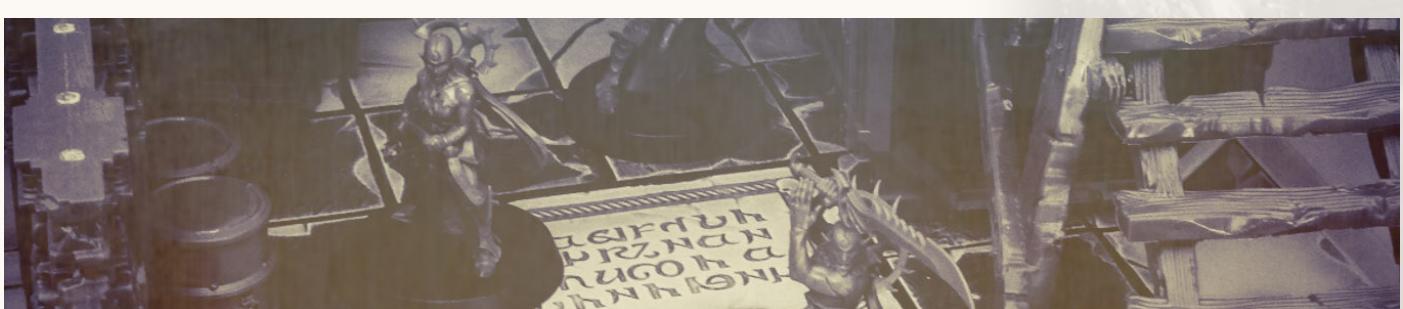
**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Idoneth Deepkin
- Plus leader
- Standard D6 Setup
- Slippery When Wet: At the end of each Dude's activation, move it D3 inches backwards due to the fish slime on the floor.

**Story:** Wack Idoneth Deepkin

**Victory:** Kill all Idoneth Deepkin, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



You head back to Samurai, holding the severed head of XXXX. When you get back, you see the Samurai whistling. He looks up at you and smiles, then holds out the board with the four sushi rolls on it.

**Samurai:** It is done. It is done well. "Well done", as they say. But not sushi. Sushi is never well done, but it must be done well. It must be done perfectly. Take one of these and consume your victory, you deserve it.

You hand the head of XXXX over to the Samurai, take the sushi roll and put it in your mouth. It is perfect.

## ♪ Reward ♪

MF's are gifted the Suffocating Gravetide Exploding Potion recipe!



## Of Honour & Sushi Part 2

The sushi stand on the edge of the square is empty, the tarpaulin over the top fluttering delicately in the afternoon breeze, breathing in and out like the lungs of a giant sleeping beast. A rummaging occurs and the form of the giant skeleton unfolds behind the stand. He places a box down on the table in front of him, then looks up and beckons you over with a solitary curling and uncurling of his finger.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Destruction Warbands*



### ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Samurai:** So I have a question, yes. If I am so very old that I came into being before time itself, but time is simultaneously finite and circular, does this not mean that I came into being in the future? So while I have been from the past, in fact I am from the future? Perhaps. Perhaps not. No matter. This concept is similar to what it feels like being a trainee sushi chef. Seven years. Seven. Years. Seven Tzeentch-damned years. Much time to think during those years. Much time to think about my revenge. And vengeance incarnate shall I become. XXXX is taken care of. Perfection, I have said. YYYY is next. Next on the “hit” list. In a manor house on the hill overlooking the city, at midnight \*every\* night, YYYY emerges from his slumber to water his garden and breathe the fresh night air. This is the only time he is vulnerable. He is surrounded by guards, however, and you may need to pile-drive your way to his garden’s top tier. Subtley.

You’re a subtle kind of guy, track-record intact! If the quest to kill YYYY is anything like the quest to kill XXXX you know you’re in for a good time.

And a good time’s what you’re all about. Heading up to the manor-house on the hill, you hop over the fence at the bottom of his garden and see his guards descending onto you. Kung-Fu stance!

### ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Souldrain Forest

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Stormcast Warriors
- Encircled D3 setup

**Story:** Wack Stormcast Eternals

**Victory:** Kill all the Stormcast Eternals, then  
\*cutscene\*

**Failure if your MF dies**



# ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Guards deaded and stuffed with the feathers of their own gryph-hounds, you creep up to the top-tier of YYYY's manor garden and see him watering his plants. His back is turned towards you, and you tiptoe along the moonlit lawn. Suddenly, a siren goes off and a flare is shot into the midnight sky. A jabbering can be heard and you can hear something large running through trees in your direction. YYYY turns toward you and speaks

**YYYY: Your arrival was fortold in the stars. Every night at midnight I wait here, in the still night air \*breathes in deeply\* and wait for my end. While I know for certain my time has come, it will not be without a show. Spot!!!**

The jabbering turns into a thundering and the trees erupt, a nine-headed hydra smashes into the garden clearing and charges in your direction. YYYY assumes the Kung Fu stance of the Crouching Khargorath and cinematic harp music starts playing. Stormcast guards run out of the manor house, avengers assemble!!



# ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** You may redeploy along any side of the battlefield

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Stormcast Warriors
- Plus Leader
- Plus Hydra
- Standard D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack Stormcast Warriors

**Victory:** Kill all Stormcast Warriors, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



# ♪ Victory ♪



Nine hydra heads decorate the lawn like smiling garden gnomes. YYYY kneels before you, ready for his execution. You expect a speech, but none comes. YYYY appears to have been readying himself for this day his whole life. Your blade shines in the moonlight, blurs, and his expression doesn't even shift. His body falls over, you place his head in your backpack and toss an icepack on top to keep it fresh. Whistling as you walk down the manor hill, your tastebuds start salivating at the thought of another perfect sushi roll from the Samurai. But that's tomorrow's taste-adventure! For now, off to the pub for a few pints then bedtime.

# ♪ Reward ♪

**Sorcerers** are gifted the **Arcane Tome of Nighthaunt!**

**Warlords** and **Assassins** learn their next **Hot Sauce** recipe!



# Of Honour & Sushi Part 3

Its early morning, the dawn creeping across the square as the golden sunned orb rises up, level with the horizon and blinding all the tradespeople as they roll melons and kiwis into baskets for the city's denizens to pick and weigh. The Samurai's stand is quiet. You see him lounging in a deckchair to the side, all four mighty arms draped over the supports, fashionable sunnies covering his eyes.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Destruction Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Samurai:** \*stops humming to himself\* Good morning there my good friend. You have done me well, thus far, and I thank thee. There is more perfect sushi in store for you, but only later today. My fresh fish shipment appears to have not arrived yet this morning. There must be trouble down at the docks. I am sure it will arrive shortly, however. Fish is very rarely not on time. Fish has a tendency to be punctual. Of course, even if I were to wait a few hours, it would be nothing in comparison to \*seven\* \*years\*.

The samurai lifts his head slightly and shifts his sunnies up onto his crown, uncovering his eyes. Looking directly at you, he continues

**Samurai:** I have your next quest. You are to visit the Cho-Low Chop Shop, where they take dwarvern sky vessels and pimp them out with custom rims, snazzy paint jobs and things like popcorn machines to maximise airbourne entertainment whilst gunning down Bloodthirsters at ten thousand feet above sea level. I trust you have been there before? It's run by ZZZZ, who worked on all of YYYY's whips before you penned him in the dead book. Go there, enact my vengeance.

Sounds h'excel-lant! Love a custom whip. You and your Dudes trott off to the chop shop and enter by jumping down through the top cargo hatch. Its dimly lit and you see a magnificent arkanaught frigate in the loading bay. Dwarvern technicians see you and start throwing renches and wenches, then ZZZZ steps out of his office and starts gunning a MF down. Unload your hat and your hatred.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Cinder Warrens

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Arkanaught Dudes + Leader

**Setup:** Standard D6

**Story:** Wack Arkanaught

**Victory:** Kill all the Dwarves, then \*cutscene\*

**Failure if your MF dies**



# ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Sparks flying, gatling cannons roaring. Excitement with a rose-gold buffed finish. The dwarves duck behind the air ship to regroup and reload before sending another volley your way. Smoke billows from crunked-up exposed radiators that have taken a few hits. There's a heavy tearing sound, the earth begins to wobble and the frigate suddenly explodes in warp energy like the Font Mágica de Montjuïc if it had been filled with toxic waste infused with lightning. Strange beams of energy pummel through the floor and incinerate the ceiling of the chop shop, no doubt burning into the hair salon situated above on ground level.

The smoke clears, the frigate is gone and so are the dwarves, ZZZZ nowhere to be seen. The remaining pile of rubble emits a glow like a meteorite impact site. A scurrying is heard, and you see a long nose extend itself out above the rubble, sniffing. Long whiskers. The nose moves forward and its followed by the head of a giant rat. It winks. Oh shizz. Its a Skaven Gnawhole. Fumigate the MF's!!!!



# ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Skaven
- Plus Gnaw Hole

**Setup:** Surrounding the Gnaw Hole

Every round, D3 Skaven spawn at the G-hole

**Story:** Destroy the infestation!

**Victory:** Victory when there are no living enemy Skaven at the end of a battle round, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



# ♪ Victory ♪



Rats explode from the gnawhole and its like a medieval version of whack-a-mole but slightly less suitable as a feature in a fairground funfaire. You and your Dudes drive them back, more ratty-ways pile through, you drive them back again, and at last the shear mass of dead rhodents blocks the gnawhole and it sags back into non-existance. Not sure what a gnawhole was doing ending up with its sharp end in a chop shop. Maybe the rats wanted to steal a whip? Probably not a question you fancy having an answer to. Airbourne Rhodents. No thanks. Anyhow, with ZZZZ having vanished in warp energy and safely presumed dead, its time to head back to the Samurai and claim your reward. Might grab a pint on the way.

# ♪ Reward ♪

**Assassins** are gifted the **Opera Magnum of Skaven!**

**Warlords** and **Sorcerors** learn their next **Hot Sauce** recipe!







Fiddy Scents'

Potion

Shoppe

# The Birds & The Beasts Part 1

In the corner of the shop are two gigantic pillars. You wander over, and as you get closer you look up and up and up as the pillars extend all the way up into the darkness way up in the rafters of the potion shoppe. At the base of each pillar is a gigantic carved foot. A large toe rises up and taps back down on the shop's wooden floorboards, the brightly-coloured toenail making a pleasant clicking sound as it collides with the floor. Your gaze goes back up to the darkness at the top of the pillars and a booming voice decends down into your ear holes.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Order Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Chernobull:** HELLO THERE. LIKE MY TOENAILS? I HAD THEM DRAG-ON-CURED A FEW DAYS AGO. GOOD FASHION. GOOD STYLE. NEED TO KEEP THE FOLLOWERS GUESSING WHAT MY NEXT REVEAL WILL BE. THIS WILL DELIGHT. I AM SURE.

You have no response, this is intriguing. The booming voice continues.

**Chernobull:** BUT THERE IS A PROBLEM. I AM CURRENTLY LAGGING BEHIND A CERTAIN HIGH-PROFILE FASHIONISTA AND HER FOLLOWERS NEED TO BE, SHALL WE SAY, DELETED. IF YOU CAN DO ME A FAVOUR AND “UNFEATHER THE FLOCK”, AS ONE MIGHT SAY, THEN SHE WILL SHINE WITH LESS LIGHT. HEAD OVER TO THE PLACE KNOWN AS “THE NEST” AND RUFFLE THEIR FEATHERS.

This sounds fun. You exit the Potion Shoppe and head towards The Nest, a bar on the edge of town known for its clientele who tend to be dressed a little more flamboyantly than others. As you enter the bar, a loud squaking starts and strange creatures run towards you, flapping wildly.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Tzeentch Arcanites
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Tzeentch Arcanites

**Victory:** Kill all the Tzeentch Arcanites, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

The air is alive with feathers like a Playgor pillow-fight photoshoot in a hurricane. Half-bird, half-beast and half-man bodies line the floor. You hear a screech, a raw and a jet of fire lights up the ceiling. A Chimera crashes into the room through a side door and takes up a battle stance.

**Chi-Mera: Chernobull sent you??!! \*Screech\* How dare he try to damage my follower count!! I shall send you back with a message that we are not to be unsubscribed!!**

The Chimera bounds towards you, pure malice glowing in its six eyes across its three heads.



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1 x Chimera
- Standard D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack the Chimera

**Victory:** Kill the Chimera, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



You smash the Chimera back into a corner, ready to make it take its last three breaths. As you close in for the third-last time, it spreads its wings and leaps over your head, flaps twice and smashes through the ceiling, squaking. You cast your eyes around you at the debris, and pick up a handful of feathers off the floor to take back to Chernobull, then exit The Nest.

You take the feathers back to Chernobull in the Potion Shoppe and lay them at his feet

**Chernobull: CHI-MERA WAS THERE? LESS TIME TO DO HER MAKE UP. GOOD STUFF. MANY THANKS, TAKE THIS AS THANKS. NOW GO.**

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Sorcerers** are bestowed with the **Arcane Tome of Beasts!**

**Warlords and Sorcerers** learn their next **Hot Sauce Recipe!**



# The Birds & The Beasts Part 2

A rocking and a shaking is making every bottle on every shelf vibrate. It continues, like a miniature localized earthquake and bottles on shelves jitter towards the cliff edges perched above their doom. A jar of violently pink liquid goes just a milimetre too far and hangs over its aisle like a base-jumper over the grand canyon without a parachute. Vessel meets floor and glass shatters reality. The vibrations abruptly cease. A booming voice is heard over the fresh silence.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Order Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Chernobull:** OH DARN-ING I AM SO SORRY. I AM JUST GETTING MY DRAG-ON AND IVE PICKED UP A BIT OF EXTRA CHUBB LATELY WHICH MEANS A BIT OF EXTRA FORCE IS REQUIRED TO GET THE LEGGINGS ON. DON'T MIND LITTLE OLD ME THOUGH.

A statement that raises more questions than it gives answers. But he goes on.

**Chernobull:** THERE IS A PROBLEM, HOWEVER. CHI-MERA HAS BEEN \*DJENTED\* BUT THERE IS STILL WORK TO BE DONE. HER FOLLOWERS GROW WITH FERVER EVERY DAY. WE CANNOT HAVE THIS. SHE IS NOT WORTHY. UNFEATHER MORE OF HER FLOCK FOR ME. GO AND \*DJENT\* HER ONCE MORE. BY THAT TIME I WILL HAVE ASSUMED MY NEW LOOK. AN INDEED, THE WORLD WILL LOOK. IT WILL LOOK UPON ME, AND BE SHOOK.

Reaching into your pocket you pull out a flyer you found at The Nest. On it it hints at where the next partay might just be. You head over to the address on the card and as you approach the door a turkey flies out at you squaking. Mince the MF.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Tzeentch Arcanites
- Encircled D3 setup

**Story:** Wack Tzeentch Arcanites

**Victory:** Kill all the Tzeentch Arcanites, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Heavy days, heavy ways. Swords, sorcery and violent leggings up in this MF, no prisoners taken. As a brightly coloured turkey give its last squawk before ending up in an oven for chistmas, a large leathery shadow descends over the battlefield.

**Chi-Mera: MF YOU \*NASTY\*!!!! Come up here and break my bizzatches!!!  
Maaaan!!! You! A! Bizzatch! The biggest bizzatch this club has ever known!  
That's \*known\* with an \*a\*, suckaa!! We gon' whoop yo' \*a\*!**

Chi-Mera and her slathering hounds close in. Time to whisk a bizzatch!!



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1 x Chimera
- Plus 500 points Tzeentch Arcanites
- Encircled D3+3 Setup

**Story:** Wack the Chimera and Arcanites

**Victory:** Kill the Chimera and Arcanites, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



**Chernobull: SO. YOU WHISKED A BIZZATCH?**

He eyeballs you.

**Chernobull: YOU DUSTED A COUPLE'A TURKIES?**

Eyeball locked on.

**Chernobull: SLAMMED DOWN SOME HOUNDS?**

Eyeballs narrows.

**Chernobull: BUT YOU LET HER GET AWAY AGAIN. PAH. HERE'S YOUR REWARD. I AM NEARLY FINISHED. THE SHAKIN' IS ABOUT TO COMMENCE.**

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Warlords** are gifted the **Stone Tablet of Skaven!**

**Assassins** and **Sorcerers** learn their next **Hot Sauce** recipe!



# The Birds & The Beasts Part 3

The oiled wooden shelving of the potion shop creaks like a ship at sea. There's a rummaging going on in one of the corners and its sounding like its twing-twang week at an Ann Summers. Venturing towards it, the air grows heavy with the sheer weight of sass per cubic inch. A long and dangerously curvey leg sticks itself out from behind a row-end, like the silken stocking-covered leg of a rhinocerous cosplaying as Jessica Rabbit.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Order Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Chernobull: WHY, HELLO, THERE, \*DAAAAARLING\*.**

The leg extends further and a voluptuous figure comes into view

**Chernobull: It has taken me some time to get this on, but oh daaaarling would you not agree that the end result is simply nothing less than jaw-dropping? \*pouts and does a sexy-eyes thing\* Extra rouge, contouring, reinforced nickers to get these little ol' legs of mine looking \*SHARP!\*.**

Seems like the crazy-dial just went from 11 up to 11-million. She continues

**Chernobull: Dah-ling. Daaaah-ling. What you saw before you before, as a mild-mannered Ogor you wouldn't glance at twice if you saw it on the street, you now see in its true form, as if a butterfly from a manicured cocoon: A Drag-On Ogor. Dah-ling. It's just little ol' me, but \*fabulous!\* Drag-On, Drag-Off!! Lets go wreck some bizz-\*atches\*.**

The Drag-On Ogor strides forward, sweeping through the potion shop like a glamazon striding to war. You follow her, this gotta be good. Out of the shop, down the road and through the doors of The Nest she smashes, glittery wood splinters raining down on the patrons within. Fight mode, she's on your side.

**Chernobull: BRING ME CHI-MERA!!! SHE IS TO LIP SYNC FOR HER LIIIIIFE!!**

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Ally:** Drag-On Ogor Shaggoth

**Adversary:**

- 2000 points Tzeentch Arcanites

- Encircled D3 setup

**Story:** Wack Tzeentch Arcanites

**Victory:** Kill all the Tzeentch Arcanites, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



# ◦ Cut Scene ◦

The Drag-On Ogor fights like a ten-ton tiger in a gladiatorial arena. Feathered dudes flying all over, demonstrating that a costume is only skin-deep and the muscle mass beneath was born to wrekk, no doubts. This is some seriously impressive shizz, no sign of Chi-Mera as yet though. Through the doors at the back of the room bursts a fresh vision of plumage to plunder. Looks like goat-birds on disks of Tzeentch, some with bows and others with sorcerous staves. This is new. Since when did the “feathered few” come on disks? They start firing. Get in.



# ◦ 2nd Skirmish ◦

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 2000 points Tzeentch Arcanites
- Split Ends D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack the Arcanites

**Victory:** Kill the Arcanites, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



# ◦ Victory ◦



**Chernobull: WHERE. IS. CHI. MERA????? SHE AIN'T EVEN SHOW'D UP TO HER OWN DRAG-FUNERAL?? SHE A BIZZATCH, MAAAN SHE A BIZZATCH.**

Its be a bloody good punch up with Chernobull and the goat-birds on disks, but with no sign of Chi-Mera and the flow of feathers not looking like its ready to cease any time soon, you and Chernobull work your way back on out of The Nest amidst the ceaseless volley of arrows every colour of the rainbow. At the exit, Chernobull slams a table over the door. The Nest, is shut.

**Chernobull: Well shizz. Goat-birds on disks but no Chi-Mera. Next time. Hm. I guess I owe you one. I'll join your merry little band of Dudes. MF \*yeahhh\*.**

# ◦ Reward ◦

MF's are bestowed with the **Warpstone Bling of The Cansas City Shuffle!** Chernobull the Drag-On Ogor Shaggoth / Fomoroid Crusher (either/both form(s)) becomes a **BFF!**



# Pirates of the Whiskybean Part 1

Deep, deep in the shop, in between two aisles that go all the way up into the ceiling with potions you see a ladder. The ladder's weight sways slightly from the right to left foot, and it creaks softly. Looking up at the ladder disappearing into the overhead darkness, you hear a delighted shriek, and the ladder lets out a bigger creak, wobbling left to right, then a wooshing noise from above starts and gets louder and louder until \*Wham!\*, a tiny Pirate smashes into the floor at the end of a long slide down his ladder. He steadies himself and looks up at you.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Chaos Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Sparra:** Ahoy there matey!! What you have just seen is the delightful sight of a Pirate who's found his next jig!! I was, this very day, browsing through this here's shoppe's flavour stocks and I have indeed found the next flavourant to add to my next batch of whisky! Once my whisky with this flavourant is on the shelves of every shoppe in the land, there will be no stopping the money that pours from the sky, like a river of whisky flowing from the mountains after a thunderstorm, into a sea of whisky upon which we sail with our dabloons! I have the flavourant, all I now need is the whisky! Join me, good squire, to go and steal a barrel of Whisky from the Docks and then sell it at the market. Millionaires you and I, but mainly I, will be!

What a grand idea. You agree, and accompany this excitable pirate out of the Shoppe, down to the docks to find the aforementioned whisky barrel. As you get to the docks, you see Khornate dock workers milling about on their lunchbreak and know you'll have to fight your way in. And then likely out again. Another day, eh?

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

- Include Sparra in your lineup

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Khorne

- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Khorne

**Victory:** Kill all the Khorne, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF or Sparra dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Mid-battle with the Khorne dudes, you notice Sparra has gone off to the side and unhitched a Whisky Wagon from the nearby offloading bay. Khorne almighty, this brother is what it's about! He climbs into the drivers seat and the wagon starts to trundle forwards. An alarm sounds, and you see more Khorne dudes running towards you and the Whisky Wagon. It is imperative that Sparra and the whisky escape, otherwise the only reward will be blood for the blood god.

Sparra charges ahead in the wagon towards the exit arch of the docks, and you run after to protect him and the wagon!



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

- Replace Sparra with a Whisky Wagon
- Select the board edge furthest from the Whisky Wagon. Every turn, move the Whisky Wagon 1D6 towards the board edge until it is 1" from it. It has the same wounds count as Sparra.

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Khorne
- Standard D6 Setup

**Story:** Protect the Whisky Wagon.

**Victory:** Once the Whisky Wagon is 1" from the nominated board edge, \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF or the Whisky Wagon dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



The Whisky Wagon trundles through the dock exit and you grab a rail and hop aboard, Khorne Dudes left flailing in the dust. As you trundle off with Sparra on the reins, Sparra hands you a whisky flask. You take a swig.

**Sparra:** Thanks matey! We'll get this tucked behind a bush somewhere and wait for the chaos to die down. You've done me a solid, and if you need me to help you out in future I'm more than happy to do so. Count me in on the action!

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Assassins** are bestowed with the **Opera Magnum of Beasts**. **Warlords** and **Sorcerers** learn their next **Hot Sauce** recipe!

**Sparra the Deepkin Pirate** becomes a **BFF!**



# Pirates of the Whiskybean Part 2

There's a humming coming from between two aisle of potion jars. You stare into a jar and see something like a miniature rhino crossed with a salamander staring back at you. Wondering where this creature may be from, your thoughts are interrupted by a tapping on the shoulder. You turn around, your ankles are being addressed by a tiny elf.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Chaos Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Sparra:** Ahoy there Matey!! What a fine day to jump aboard a Whisky Wagon and ride her allllllll the way to market!! I've got her primed and ready in a nearby shed, if you can lend a hand and ensure I reach the market without spilling a single drop there'll be a handsome reward. I might even let you suck on the tap out the whisky barrel, how's that? Anyhow. Rumour has it that there's a bunch of pesky Orks in town, if they have heard anything about the Whisky Wagon they'll be sure to be all over it. Make sure I arrive safe, otherwise no tap-sucking!

Sparra runs out the shop and disappears round the corner. Not one second later, his stolen Whisky Wagon bursts out in an explosion of hay and wizzes down the road. You see orcs on rooftops ready to pounce onto it. Better get bashing!!

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack, ensure there is terrain at least 3" above the battlefield floor

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Orks
- Standard D6 setup, each moved to be set up on the closest terrain piece 3" above the floor
- 1 x Whisky Wagon with Sparra's stats
- At the beginning of every battlefield round, move the WW D6 towards a point denoted using the "Standard D6" Setup rules.

**Story:** Wack Orks, Sparra must Survive

**Victory:** Kill all the Orks, then \*cutscene\*

**Failure:** If your MF or Sparra dies



# ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Careering around the city's alleyways like a drunk weasel on fire trying to be swatted by an entire troop of boy scouts, Sparra's Whisky Wagon is slowly but destructively making its way towards Madisonester Squaremarket Gardens, the central trading hub of the city. As the square is sighted at the end of an alleyway, a giant armour-covered Orc Warboss pushing a large wheelbarrow of fish appears out from a doorway. Just a bit... too... late... the Whisky Wagon smashes into the Warboss and large wet fish become one with the ozone layer. They rain down, the Warboss picks himself up and puts an armoured fist through the front of the Whisky Wagon. More orcs appear, jumping down from the rooftops.

**Orc Warboss: WAAAAAAAAAGGGGGGGGGHHHHHHHHH!!!!!**

Sparra is nowhere to be seen. Get you McWaaagh on.



# ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Orks
- Plus Warboss
- Standard D6 Setup, on terrain 3" high
- 1 x Whisky Wagon, overturned

**Story:** Wack Orks

**Victory:** Kill the Orks, \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



# ♪ Victory ♪



Orks thoroughly slimed with cart-fresh fish, Sparra suddenly appears around a corner.

**Sparra: Ahoy there Matey! It seems that I hit a speed bump there and ended up being catapulted into the stratusphere! Not a bad time, flying with the pigeons for a few choice moments. Sneaking a look at the messages on their legs, nudge nudge. So! Let's get this cart back upright and once you've helped me push it all the way to the square, its time for a drink!**

# ♪ Reward ♪

MF's are bestowed with the **Prismatic Palli-sade Exploding Potion!**



# Pirates of the Whiskybean Part 3

The air in the potion shoppe is thick with potion-smoke and you walk to the side of the shop to open a window and clear the haze. As you latch the shutter, a chirpy voice from outside calls you. Its your favourite little pirate.



*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Chaos Warbands*

# Cut Scene



**Sparra:** Ahoy there matey!!! In the shop already I see? Kean bean you be. But not today! We are off to the market to flogg my new whisky with its special ingredient. \*waves you out the building\* Come!!

You exit the shoppe and hurry on down to the market with Sparra, he's whistling a wicked celtic ditty and the bluebirds whittering in the sky make everything nice.

Arriving at the square, you take up shop in front of Sparra's Whisky Wagon. Prime position, gonna sell like cakes that are hotter than warm. Sparra turns to the whisky barrel and puts his hand on the tap, then looks at you and winks. An almighty roar is heard from the other side of the square, a jarring whistling is heard and a ten foot spear embedds itself in the side of the wagon with a vibrant thud.

**Sparra: AMBUSH!!! ITS AN AMBUSH!!! OH NO!!! THE ORCS ARE UPON US!!! DEFEND THE WAGON, WE MUST DEFEND THE WAGON!!!**

Muscular hulking green bodies in painted plate steel charge across the square, knocking denizens out of the way. Others on snarling great boars pace towards you. You must defend the wagon, it is your destiny. The orcs emit only one word:

## • 1st Skirmish •

## Terrain: Ruined City

## **Twist: Standard pack**

**Deployment:** Standard pack, ensure there is terrain at least 3" above the battlefield floor

## Adversary:

- 1000 points Orcs

## Setup: Split Ends D3+3

- 1 x Whisky Wagon with Sparra's stats
  - Spawn D3 Orcs at the beginning of each turn

## **Story: Defend the Whisky Wagon!!!**

**Victory:** Defend the wagon for 6+D3 battle rounds, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF or Sparra dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Sparra is nowhere to be seen as orcs, whisky vapour and green-man sweat thicken the air in the square. Its a bloody good bashup, like downing a bottle of absinthe on a rollercoaster while listening to a “How-To” break-dancing podcast. Green gym-bunnies hit hard, bruv. Its a MF’n \*onslaught\*.

An Orc shaman, dressed like a pigeon in fluorescent drag, waddles into view.

**ding Wallaby:** Ooooo aaahhhh yeaahhhh I’s “ding Wallaby” and we’s he-a ta partaaay. Nuffin man, nuffin. Nuffin gonna stops aa-us gettin da’ whisss-key wiff de’ beeeeeen. Magic pooooootiun maan. We-a \*needs\* ‘ut.

Is this orc Welsh or something? Strange accent. Strange getup. Probably. The orc does a woosy thing with his hands like miming chasing a chicken, and the whisky wagon you’ve been defending explodes. Smells like.... coffee??!!

Deaded orcs pick themselves up, enlivened by the caffeinated airwaves. Deep, heaving breaths are taken and they charge you. No reason other than WAAGHH.



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- As per end of Skirmish 1, plus Leader

**Setup:** Standard D6

All your Dudes take D6 damage, and **all** units get +2 Movement due to the caffeine

**Story:** Wack Orcs

**Victory:** Kill the Orcs, \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



The fight rages on like a far-right rally at an X-games festival in Texas. Veins chugging sludgy blood through bodies fuelled by caffeine-induced dehydration. The orcs subside, the Welsh orc shaman departs in a cloud of broken plumage. Sparra nowhere to be seen still. Who’s gonna clean up this mess, eh? Anyhow. Fuelled to never need sleep again in your life, you head to The Eightpints to stick you head under a full yard of ale. That’ll get some sleep into you, you deserve it.

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Warlords** are gifted the **Stone Tablet of Fyreslayers!**

**Assassins** and **Sorcerers** learn their next **Hot Sauce** recipe!



# Potion Notion Part 1

As you go to check out at the till of the Potion Shoppe, the goblin behind the till gives you a beady stare and shuts his till. He looks you up and down, back and forth, and picks up a magnifying glass to do it all again but at 2x zoom. Strange behaviour. Wonder what he wants?

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Death Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Gobbo:** You look.... adventurous. Which is lucky. This is because I have an adventure for you. And if you complete my adventure, I'll give you another adventure. Every time you do an adventure, your luck will increase, and at the very end you will be the luckiest adventurer alive. And then you'll die. Which will be sad! But nonetheless, I know a guy on the "other side" of that journey and he can take you on more adventures once you've crossed over. Mkay?

None of this makes any sense, but the goblin continues to monologue nonetheless.

**Gobbo:** Birds of a feather flock together, yes? Ususally. But I'm not looking for the usual. I'm looking for a bird that is non-flockable. A bird that does not have a flock or give a flock!

The gobbo laughs loudly at his own lame joke. Chrzt.

**Gobbo:** Good joke, good joke. Bring me... The feather of a Gryph Hound! And... I will make you a potion for your adventures. Now be... gone!!

You saw a batallion of Stormcast Immortals with a Gryph Hound earlier, lets wrassle. You head off to the graveyard you saw them camping at and approach carefully. These chaps are known to pack a punch and never forgive or forget.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Corpsewrack Mausoleum

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Stormcast Warriors
- Plus Gryph Hound
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Stormcast Immortals

**Victory:** Kill all the Stormcast Immortals, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

As the last Stormcast Eternal falls to its knees, it moves its fingers across its chest and forehead in a way that looks ominous. Immortals, strange folk. You wander over to the corpse of the gryph hound and grab a handful of its neck-feathers. As you pull, you hear some eerie piano music as if a conspiracy-theory doccie is starting to roll its title-credits on telly. You stand up and turn around. Oh no! Hovering above the empty armoured-shell of every Stormcast Eternal is a ghostly spirit, holding a fearsome weapon. The piano music stops, you hear a scratching and the sound of a needle being placed on a spinning vinyl record. *Aesop Rock/Evil Nine's Crooked* starts to play over the carnage about to be witnessed, and the spirits float forwards in cinematic slow motion. As the beat kicks in, life speeds up and a funky-chic battle sequence ensues.



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Nighthaunt
- Plus leader
- Standard D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack the Nighthaunt

**Victory:** Kill all the Nighthaunt, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



Cold but cool, you emerge from the battlefield with the gryph-hound feathers safe in your sack to take back to the potion shoppe gobbo. When you arrive at the counter, the gobbo squeals with delight and tosses you a reward.

**Gobbo:** Yes yes yes!!! Eeeeexcellent. This is the first ingredient! Let me analyse it and I'll let you know when its time for your next adventure!

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Warlords** are bestowed with the **Stone Tablet of Beasts**!

**Assassins** and **Sorcerers** learn their next **Hot Sauce Recipe**!



# Potion Notion Part 2

Its a slow afternoon, candles adding haze to the dusty and strange smelling Potion Shoppe. A whimsical honkey-tonk plays in the background, you see there's no one at the till. Wondering over to the side of the shop, the piano playing gets warmer. You see the gobbo having a lazy tickle on the keys.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Death Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Gobbo:** Why helloooo there ad-venturer. Good to see you here again. See this? See what this is? Yes. The sound of ivory. And know what kind of ivory? Dragon Ogor ivory. The best kind. The \*beast\* kind, I should say, ah-heh-heh. So its outlawed to sell it if its recent, but this here honkey's a wee bit older than trite laws like that. This here tonk's rather \*priceless\*. Now, I would almost-happily sacrifice a key from this here keybed you see me fingering, and replace it with something more contemporary, but I feel that might detract from the overall gradeaur of the item. And we do like to be grand, you and I, don't we - ad\*venturer\*?

The gobbo trails off slightly and looks you sideways in the eyes.

**Gobbo:** So what I would like a strapping 'djent such as yourself to do today is stockpile a bit of the old "contraband" for me. I need it for a potion, see, and don't want to sacrifice a piano key from this here old beastie. Sounds like fair play? Then I will let you have a tinkle, ivory for ivory, eh?

He points at the yellowed keys. Strange to know they once came from a mighty dragon ogor. You know of a pack of beastmen out in the wilderness, maybe lets see if they can be "pursued" to part with their horns. You wander out to the all-familiar beastmen encampment and a spear sails past your head to as a warm "hello". Ungors start huffin' and puffin' and effin' and blindin'. Game time!!

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Defiled Ruins

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 2000 points Beastmen
- Standard D6 setup
- Plus Herdstone

**Story:** Wack Beastmen

**Victory:** Kill all the Beastmen, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Ungors bobbing about like it's an illicit underground rave with The Prodigy topping the tent, then a record scratches and all goes still. The crowd parts and a ginormous shape unfolds and pulls its shoulders back, manly AF. It's holding a giant spear and the spear has the phrase "Bizzatches Must Know And Ungors Will Learn" engraved along the blade. Serious talk.

**Dragon Ogor:** I know why you have come. You want the Ogor-Ivory. "Ogor-ry", as it is sometimes known. Our numbers grow scarce, we will not lose another to this baseless witchcraft. No \*more\* need to die. I raise you a challenge: If you can defeat two of my kind in two-on-one combat, I will give you your horn. If not, you are not worthy and we will slam-dance you an your Dudes into oblivion, coz then you a bizzatch, bizzatch.



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** MF as below in a triangle

**Adversary:**

- 2 x Dragon Ogors Plus Herdstone
- 2" apart in the centre of the battlefield in a triangle formation
- Only your MF may fight

**Story:** Wack the Dragon Ogors

**Victory:** Defeat the Dragon Ogors in 1-on-1 combat, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



A last violent, staggering grunt and both Dragon Ogors stand down, sweat pooling in the crevases between opal scales. One pulls a horn out of its sporrin.

**Dragon Ogor:** You, are worthy. Here, take this here horn and let that blasted creature do whatever foul bidding he has planned. We have spared a life today. Go now, and only return if you have sick fresh beats to share.

## ♪ Reward ♪

MF's are bestowed with the **Burning Head Exploding Potion!**



# Potion Notion Part 3

The Shoppe's doorbell jingles a pleasant jangle as you push the door open. The small fat gobbo's behind his till, till slip in hand and pencil in mouth. Frown on forehead: doing his accounts.

Note: This Side Quest is not available to Death Warbands



## ◦ Cut Scene ◦



**Gobbo:** \*mumbling t'self\* hm..... yessss....hmmmm....yessss

He starts and looks up at you. His eyes narrow and a smile forms on his face

**Gobbo:** M'.....lord. Mmmmmm. Yes. Yes! I have a quest for you. My quest for you. Ad-\*venturer\*

He takes the pencil out of his mouth with his right hand and waves it in the air like a wand, ending with the blunt end pointing directly at your head

**Gobbo:** More ingredients. More in-greed-i-ents. A-heh-heh.

There are two cree....-atures.... you might call them. Downgrotto, downwind. These are...creatures.... of chaos. That have been. Hmm. Trans-formed. Enter into the Dank Cave of Dankness and extract their... essence. Hmm? There will be a hansome \*ehem\* reward for your efforts.

Ad-\*VENTurer\*.

He trails off with this pet name he seems to have adorned on y'self. You don't trust this chap, with his weasly ways, but rewards are rewards and bounty leads to beers. You head off to the cave of Dank Dankness. Climbing on down, the sense of dank is overwhelming. It clings to your skin. Slowly and carefully venturing though, you feel watched. As you reach the centre of an especially dank room a winged fiend selfs itself upon you. It and all it's friends. Wack the MF's.

## ◦ 1st Skirmish ◦

**Terrain:** Halls of Velorum

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 500 points of Chaotic Creatures

**Setup:** Standard D3

**Story:** Wack the Creatures

**Victory:** Kill all the Creatures, then \*cutscene\*

**Failure if your MF dies**



## ◦ Cut Scene ◦

Like santa's sleigh filled with turkies and bats being shot down by AA guns over Iraq, and when the local army drive over to investigate they find a healthy load of contraband pork on board too: Its fat, dank and greasy down here. Like the soul of every animal in a leather market come back to life to exact dank vengeance. The squaking dies down and the flapping becomes nothing more than twitchy nerve endings clinging onto life. More eyes on the back of your neck. You turn around and see the two ugliest MF's ever to dank down in the dankness. Holy mother of merciless dankness, these are a treat. You gotta wack 'em even if its just to extract their souls from their flesh-bound prisons. They bear down, you bear back. The room smells like scissors and hand cream. Its a slip 'n slice.



## ◦ End Skirmish ◦

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:** 2 x Chaos Spawns

**Setup:** Standard D3+3

Every time a spawn dies, spawn a "fresh" Chaos Spawn according to Standard D6

**Story:** Wack 10 Spawns

**Victory:** Wack the Chaos Spawns, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ◦ Victory ◦



Dank MF's go down hulking, barking, squaking and hard. You rip and pull the important bits out of/off their corpses as if defeathering a pair of elephant-sized pheasants for the barbecue. Outdoor, smokless: mandatory. Lots of good whisky too. Time to make that a reality and leave this dankest of dank caves. Need a shower, and a bath. And a new skin. First back to the gobbo. Then a few beers.

## ◦ Reward ◦

MF's are bestowed with the Warpstone Bling of AsCent/DesCent!



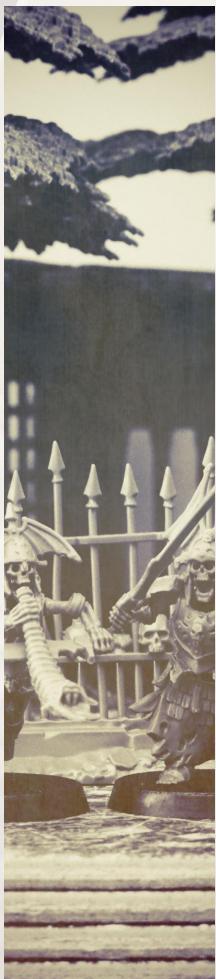
# The Hip H'Opera of Drewchii Drank Part 1

Walking through the Fifty Scents' Potion Shoppe, between rows and rows of delightful and foul-smelling liquids and powders in jars, you hear a murmering getting louder and louder. You turn the corner and see two skeletons engaged in a rap battle, a third one beatboxing and bobbing his head in time to the beat.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Destruction Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



### Skeleton 1: Rap-Snapple-Ka-Pop MF!!!!

I want purple drank that can give me unstobbable flow for 10,000 years, sucka!

Lay it to the beat you son's a-!!

Boom-bap-bang, my undead brothers!!

### Skeleton 2: Clouds of dust, clouds of dust

Breathe us in make your body rust

Clouds of dust, my undead brethren

Nobody funks wit us, nobody funks wit us!!!

### Skeleton 1 & 2: NWA, Nagashs-With-Attitude, suckaaaas!!

All three of them throw their hands in the air and fall backwards, mimicking an explosion. They regain composure, and turn towards you.

**Skeleton 1:** Like our flow, brother?! Get us more Drewchii Drank, mother-lover. Feed our bones with the substaa-nce and we'll double-speed rap faster than any other. The Savage Orcs out yonder make it in their maw-pot, bring it to us and we'll make dead-beat bodies drop, onto the floor like its the apocalypse of hip hop, armageddon laying waste like Archaoen's bedpan after eating a rare-rump steak made of khornate juggernaut.

Craz-ey. Sounds like the juice of heroes. Off to raid a savage orc maw-pot! You wander into the forest in which they are known to live, and come upon their encampment. The fire is burning and the orcs are crowded around the pot doing a silly dance. They turn towards you and life goes sideways.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Souldrain Forest

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Savage Orcs
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Savage Orce

**Victory:** Kill all the Savage Orcs, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

The Savage Orcs are going absolutely NUTS. Green and tattooed flashes from all around, yelling like a drunk cheerleader on a ski slope wearing rollerskates while on fire. Chriszt. You see two of them run over to the Maw Pot, one of them giving the other a leg up so he can jump into it. The one at the bottom then throws a spear at you and runs off into the forest. Bubbling is heard from the Maw Pot, the orc that jumped in is fully submerged in its liquid! The fire beneath the pot glows blue, then green, then red and the Maw Pot starts to foam and froth and shake, then all of a sudden it explodes in a shower of iron and hairy legs. A gigantic spider erupts from the pot and all of its legs start scrabblign towards you. Holy Rap Gods, that's quite some potion!! Fight!!



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1 x Arachnarok
- 1000 points of Savage Orcs
- Standard D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack the Arachnarok and Savage Orcs

Whenever the spider gets to less than 10 wounds, if there is a savage orc within 1" of it, the spider eats the orc and adds the orc's current wound count to its own total wound count

**Victory:** Kill all Savage Orcs, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



What a fight! Battered, bruised and soaked in Druchii Drank you make you way back to the skeletons in the potion shoppe. They eye you out and hold out a vial into which you squeeze your shirt, Druchii Drank wringing out into the container.

**Skeleton 1: Bruv you 'av the right attitude! 'Av a potion from our grattitude!**

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Sorcerers** are bestowed with the **Arcane Tome of Slaves!**

**Assassins** and **Warlords** learn their next **Hot Sauce Recipe!**



# The Hip H'Opera of Drewchii Dranz Part 2

The potion shop is hum-drumming with customers of all shapes, sizes and life-affirmations. Squeezing through a bustling aisle between two fat elves fighting over the last jar of a golden liquid, you see the two hip hop skeletons. They see you.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Destruction Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Skeleton 1:** Yo mah' man! Mah' man! You wanna hear the latest word on the street, straight from your hustle to mine? Okay, okay, check it: Why did Jazzmin get preggos? Why right, why? Yeah... its coz she let A-Lad-In. A-Lad-In, yeeeeahhhhhh!!!!

**Skeleton 2:** Mah' man, mah' man, dat shiz' cray, dat shiz' cray. Preggos Jazzy and all. Times like deeeeeeez. Times like deez NUTS!!! Nuts on the fore-head of anyone who stops the rappocalypse from happening, that's which nuts, yeeeahhhhhh.

These brothers are a one to their own. They continue.

**Skeleton 1:** So like, what we need like, is, like, a flying broomstick. Get us a broom that fly-eth man' man and we gon' put DEEEEZ nuts on the forehead of anyone that stands in our way. Go standeth mah' man, go standeth!!

An almost incomprehensible request, but you know of a bunch of wizardy-dandies who might just have a brooomstick or two that float-us for the po-tus: The People Of The Unhinged Scraprilidge. Like sacrilidge but with more fightin'.

You go over to the side of town known for whichcraft and wizdaggery and a bunch of wizard hustlers start throwing weirdy chants in your direction. They hold broomsticks hefted like mauls. Expel-their-armuses.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Sacrosanct Chamber
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Sacrosanct Chamber

**Victory:** Kill all the Sacrosanct Chamber, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Dudes and dudettes with multicoloured scarves and broomsticks pile up until MF and Dudes are knee deep in derp. Some dude with a scar and a yellow-red scarf comes at you shouting how he's the boy who lived, funny having these as last words before being curb-stomped into oblivion. A high-pitched authoritarian whinge is heard over the multicoloured carnage:

**Limey-Hermione:** I know all the spells I'll have you know! I'm a little know-it-all and sometimes that has its uses. My ginger-biscuit friend here is fresh from a game of broomsticks and we brought our fancy carpets to pounce around on in the air. Huzzah MF!! We're ready to wack you czunts.

She looks irritating AF. Curb-stomp these broomstick-MF's and grab wood.



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Sacrosanct Chamber
- Plus Leader
- Moses D3+3 Setup
- All enemy Sacrosanct can fly

**Story:** Wack the Sacrosanct

**Victory:** Kill all Sacrosanct, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



**Limey-Hermione:** You've won the battle but we'll bluger you to death next time suckas!! Expecto-petrolium!!

The curley haired irritant disappears in a puff of petrol fumes. Not a very environmentally friendly spell. Anyhow, off to give her broomstick to the hip hop skeletons and then hit The Eightpints for a beer. Good times en route.

As you pick up her discarded carpet, you hear an enthusiastic clapping and gruff voice coming from a nearby archway.

**Ghoul King Filch:** Bloody mugwumps. Poncing around. Thanks for curb-stomping that ginger one. Little prizk. I'm at your service, squire.

## ♪ Reward ♪

MF's are bestowed with the **Warpstone Bling of Fiddy & Obie**

**Ghoul King Filch** becomes a **BFF!**



# The Hip H'Opera of Drewchii Dranz Part 3

A rhythmic clicking gently nudges the air around the potion shop as you mosey on through. A sort of tick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock, the “tock” syncopated in a jazzy way. Someone’s making music. A boney finger taps you on the shoulder.

Note: This Side Quest is not available to Destruction Warbands



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Skeleton 1: MAH MANN!!!** Oh its yew I sez!! Looke here, lookie here: Mah Man here, we gots us a beat maker. One of them fancy wooden Turing machines, all naught's and numero uno's, programmable syncopation in a \*BAWKS\*. See, This one's called a Blackberry Pie coz you can slice up shady beats like a pie and serve 'em to you mates, hot OR \*cooold\*. Mah man, we gon' boom-bap the nagash into er'ry sucka out-HE-A!!!

The second skeleton jump over a low-standing rack of potions and thrusts a stange ticking box in your face

**Skeleton 2: Mah man!!** Looki-he-A!! It goes \*tick\*, it goes \*tock\*, it makes a nagash dolla by the second and the partae doth \*rock\*. Mah maaaaannn.

**Skeleton 1:** So we got the beats. We got the potion. But 'afore we cause a commotion, see, you gotta test this rap juice against a mighty fast steed. Head down to the grave yard, sucka punch a brother, and when he clambers onto his pale horse then race a mother-lover. Naawaaimsayiiiin?

You don't really know what he's saying, no. These dudes and their strange little music box. Anyhow, there's a reward in it for a MF and you head on down to the graveyard to find a spirit to race. Before leaving, the Nagashes gave you a small vial of their rap juice with the instruction to take a sip and see if it gives you a bit of “pep”. You're all for being a lab rat for a hip hop science experient. Hmm.

Entering the graveyard, claymore-wielding spirits rise out of their assumed-resting places ready to give \*you\* a bit of pep. Don't take no shizz, smack a bizzatch.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Corpsewrack mausoleum

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 2000 points Nighthaunt
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Nighthaunt until only two are left

**Victory:** Kill the Nighthaunt until only two of them remain, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

The ground is, yet again, strewn with bed linnen. Helmets and claymores litter the scene too, as if the annual McBeth Cosplay Convention had been double-booked into a park on the same day as The North American Collarless Bear Walking Society. The last two spirits are giving it all their dead-welly when one of them reaches out and grabs the rap juice on its string around your neck. It chuck's some down its visor and throws the vial to its mate, who does the same. They become energised beyond even a fast-forwarded advert featuring the Duracell bunny. The first one bashes you in the knee and you fall over, dropping your loot. Shizz. The second one rushes over and picks up your loot. More shizz. Out of thin air both spirits summon glowing dead mares and mount, nostrils revving.

**Death Toretto:** We live our lives an inch at a time, roll your dice and we'll see you at the starting line. We're racing for penny stocks, "pinks" as they're called, buck up MF, we're racing for heart and for soul.

Strange gibbering happening here, the rap juice must be getting to their brains. But! These dead dudes have your loot and you gotta get it back before letting the Nagashs know their rap juice works. This ain't ideal: you were supposed to drink the rap juice to see if you would be faster than a nightmare, but the nightmare done drank and now you gotta win on the back foot to get your loot back. You sidle up to the start line and do a few stretches. Ready... set... \*BANG!!!\*



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Pick a corner of the map for your MF, your Dudes are positioned as per end Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

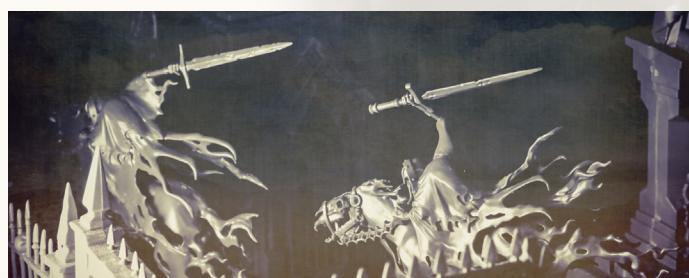
- 2 x Nighthaunt on horseback, in the same corner as your MF. Each Nighthaunt gets +D6 movement, roll per model per turn. #rapjuice

Race around the map, clockwise, touching each corner in order. If a Nighthaunt gets back to the starting corner before your MF, you lose.

**Story:** Win the race against the Nighthaunt

**Victory:** Get your MF back to the starting corner before any Nighthaunt, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if a Nighthaunt gets back before your MF*



## ♪ Victory ♪



Less Vangelis' *Chariots of Fire* and far more Queens of the Stone Age *Burn The Witch*, a spectacularly choreographed race scene through the graveyard takes place 'afore your eyes. Exitement, bewilderment and existential crises abound!

You win the race. The skeletons gallop off into the aether. Let's go grab a beer.

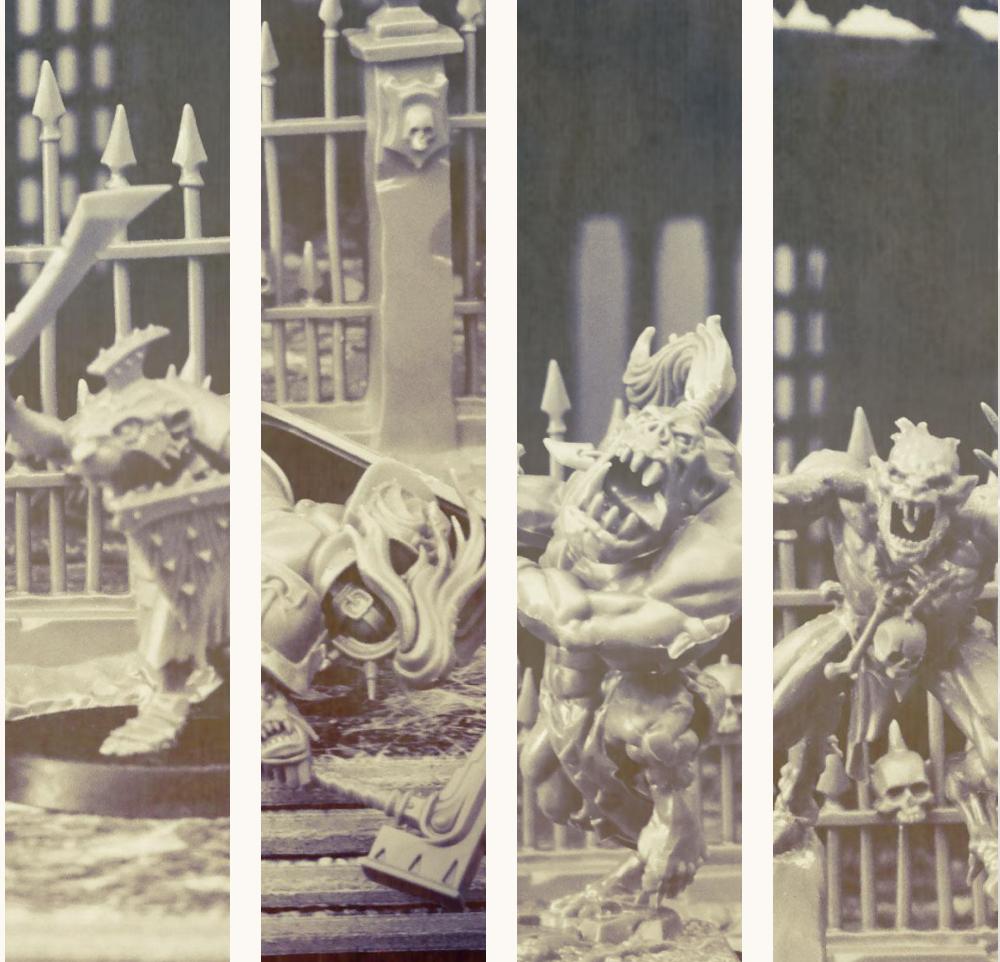
## ♪ Reward ♪

**Assassins** are bestowed with the **Opera of Tzeentch!**

**Sorcerors** and **Warlords** learn their next **Hot Sauce Recipe!**







# Díagonfolly Alley

# Stab 'Em Back, Inna Back Part 1

You take a step down the alleyway and a pitter-patter of foot steps approach you, light and cheeky. A rat in moderate armour runs up to you, flicks its helmet back and addresses you with its knife doing most of the talking.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Order Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Colonel Rat:** Why Good Day There Squire! You look like you might be a little heavy-in-the-pocket, if you catch my drift.

The rat cocks its head to the left and winks at you.

**Colonel Rat:** Now what I might be tempted to do in this situation, under normal circumstances, would be to insert this here knife into your pocket, via your chest cavity.

The rat cocks its head the other way, and instead of winking does a helmet-whip and throws its head back and starts laughing up into the air.

**Colonel Rat:** But Today Just Ain't That Day, Squire! What I can do for you is ask you of a favour, and that favour may just prevent this here knife from pulling at your heart strings, if you get my drift. And I do like to drift. Now, listen: We had a recent incident back in The Hive and one of my best rats got done on the way to the supermarket. In broad daylight! We can't have that. What I need you to do is send a message, and go squish some roaches. The rats on Drooley-Lane, that's the address on the leg of your pigeon. Go there and wack 'em for me.

Sounds like a deal you can't refuse! Or refute. You head down to Drooley-Lane with a skip in your step and a few extra knives tucked into your belt. As you get close, a Plague Rat jumps out of a sewer and goes \*blaaauuuughhhhhh\*. Its knife-party time!!

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Plague Rats
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Plague Rats

**Victory:** Kill all the Plague Rats, then  
\*cutscene\*

**Failure if your MF dies**



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Plague Rats are falling from the sky like a metaphor about an umbrella from Life of Pi by Yann Martel: The city is upside-wrecking-DOWN. Two rats come running at you holding a skeleton between them and they hurl it at you, overarm and double handed, then draw knives. In slow motion, the skeleton passes over your head like the “horse scene” in Crank 2. As it rotates, you see its mouth moving and it says:

**Wight King:** “Hooooooolllllyyyyyy Sheeeeeeeeetttssssss offff Heeeeee-avvennnnnlyyyyyy Merrrrrcyyyyyyy!!!! Thiiissss aaiiiiint myyyyy kiiii-inddd offffff afffterliiiiiifffe!!!!

The scene speeds up and the skeleton crashes into a wall, neck cracking, then flops to the floor. With its body facing the wall and it's twisted neck holding it's face in your direction, the jaw moves again

**Wight King:** Bloody Rhodents!!! All I wanted was one more beer from the corner shop and these scallywags apprehended me en route! I've been carried across town and now used as a missle! Not my idea of a gentle stroll with a beer in each hand! If you can rid me of this infestation, I'll join any activity you pursue that involves a malted beverage at the end! I had a moustache when I was alive, you know. I still have it in spirit!

No time to pause and ponder this strange sight, more rats start scurrying towards you and one at the back starts reciting incantations from a hastily-scribbled scroll. The leader of the rat pack, leading from the back! Fight mode.



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Plague Rats
- Plus Leader
- Standard D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack Plague Rats

**Victory:** Kill all Plague Rats, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*

## ♪ Victory ♪



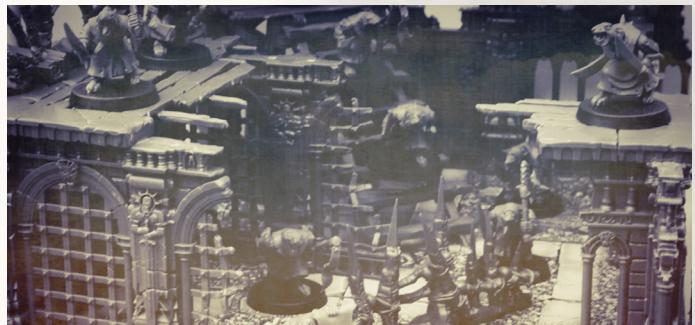
The rats scurry off, warts and all. You've deaded enough to satisfy the cravings of the clan rat in the alleyway, and picked up a friendly hitchhiker in the form of a Wight King missile. You head back to Diagon-Folley Alley and the clan rat gives you some Loot to say “Thanks For The Efforts, Squire!”

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Assassins** are bestowed with the **Opera Magnum of Slaves!**

**Warlords** and **Sorcerers** learn their next **Hot Sauce** recipe!

**Barry the Wight King** becomes a **BFF!**



# Stab 'Em Back, Inna Back Part 2

You take another step down the alleyway and a pitter-patter of foot steps approach you, light and cheeky. A rat in a robe runs up to you, flicks its hood back and addresses you with its staff doing most of the talking.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Order Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Cardinal Rat: Why Good Day There Squire! You look like you might be a little heavy-in-the-pocket, if you catch my drift.**

The rat cocks its head to the right and winks at you.

**Cardinal Rat: Now what I might be tempted to do in this situation, under normal circumstances, would be to ask for a nice little donation, via that altruistic soul located in your chest cavity.**

The rat cocks its head the other way, and instead of winking does a hood-whip and throws its head back and starts laughing up into the air.

**Cardinal Rat: But Today Just Ain't That Day, Squire! What I can do for you is ask you of a favour, and that favour may just prevent this here staff from poking at your heart strings, if you get my drift. And I do like to drift. Now, listen: We had a recent incident back in The Dive and one of my best rats got done on the way to the supermarket. In broad daylight! We can't have that. What I need you to do is send a message, and go squish some church mice who haven't been comin to Sunday School lately. The rats on Hool-ey-Lane, that's the address on the leg of your pigeon. Go there and wack 'em for me.**

Sounds like a deal you can't refute! Or refuse. You head down to Hooley-Lane with a skip in your step and a few extra knives tucked into your belt. As you get close, a Clan Rat jumps out of a sewer and goes \*reeeeeeeeeeee\*. Its knife-party time!!

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Clan Rats
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Clan Rats

**Victory:** Kill all the Clan Rats, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ◦ Cut Scene ◦

Rats flying, falling and spinning around you like baubles off a christmas tree in a hurricane, one points up to the top of a building and whistles. You look up and see the silhouette of a Warlock Bombadier loading his cannon. He points the motar up into the sky and fires. Nothing happens, the air is still. Fifteen seconds later, the sky rains fire and and the motar explodes just down the road, lucky miss. The bombardier loads up his mortar again and fires a second shot. If this is gonna keep happening, you better dead as many as you can and then scramble before you become a casualty of this new madness. Fight!! Then run awayyyy!!



## ◦ 2nd Skirmish ◦

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Clan Rats
- Encircled D6 Setup
- At the end of every friendly unit's activation, if the activated MF or Dude did not make any move actions, roll a D3: On a 3 they are hit by mortar shrapnel and take 5 damage.

**Story:** Wack Clan Rats

**Victory:** Kill all Clan Rats, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ◦ Victory ◦



You leave the scene with enough dead rats to satisfy the cardinal rat in the alleyway and hasten away out of blast-range of the Warlock Bombardier on the rooftop. Crazy MF. You head back to Diagon-Folley Alley and the rat gives you some Loot to say "Thanks For The Efforts, Squire!"

## ◦ Reward ◦

**MF's** are bestowed with the **Warpstone Bling of The Destroyer!**



# Stab 'Em Back, Inna Back Part 3

You take a third step down the alleyway and a pitter-patter of foot steps approach you, light and cheeky. A rat in moderate armour runs up to you, flicks its helmet back and addresses you with its knife doing most of the talking.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Order Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Colonel Rat:** Why Good Day There Squire! You look like you might be a little heavy-in-the-pocket, if you catch my drift.

The rat cocks its head to the left and winks at you.

**Colonel Rat:** Now what I might be tempted to do in this situation, under normal circumstances, would be to insert this here knife into your pocket, via your chest cavity.

The rat cocks its head the other way, and instead of winking does a helmet-whip and throws its head back and starts laughing up into the air.

**Colonel Rat:** But Today Just Ain't That Day, Squire! What I can do for you is ask you of a favour, and that favour may just prevent this here knife from pulling at your heart strings, if you get my drift. And I do like to drift. Now, listen: We had a recent incident back in The Hive and one of my best rats got done on the way to the supermarket. In broad daylight! We can't have that. What I need you to do is send a message, and go squish some roaches. The rats on Drooley-Lane, that's the address on the leg of your pigeon. Go there and wack 'em for me.

Sounds like a deal you can't refuse! Or refute. You head down to Drooley-Lane with a skip in your step and a few extra knives tucked into your belt. As you get close, a Plague Rat jumps out of a sewer and goes \*blaaauuuughhhhhh\*. Its knife-party time!!

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Plague Rats
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Plague Rats

**Victory:** Kill all the Plague Rats, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



# ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Rats and cats and cats and dogs, but without any quad-pedal animals other than rats in the lineup: Rats and rats and rats and rats. With knives. All coughing and spluttering like alcoholics drinking beer through straws inserted into their nostrils. Frothing, as if every fleck of foam on Hokusai's *The Great Wave of Kanagawa* was replaced with a boil of ratty ways.

And the wave, the wave comes crashing down. A Skaven plague-claw gets put into place at the top of the lane. It starts hurling mucky custard down from the heavens. When the going gets tough, the opponents have probably resorted to illegal-levels of chemical warfare. Not time to get the UN to intervene, better wack-a-rat!! MF and Dudes and rats and mucky custard become one. Fun!!



# ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Plague Rats
- Encircled D3+3 Setup
- At the end of every friendly unit's activation, if the activated MF or Dude did not make any move actions, roll a D3: On a 3 they are hit by plague custard and take 9 damage.

**Story:** Wack Plague Rats

**Victory:** Kill all Plague Rats, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



# ♪ Victory ♪



The only worse than old mouldy custard is fresh plague-ridden custard. Not one to tell the grandkids about. If you're still fertile, even. You head back to Diagon-Folley Alley and the clan rat gives you some Loot to say "Thanks For The Efforts, Squire!"

# ♪ Reward ♪

**Warlords** are bestowed with the **Arcane Tome of Gitz!**

**Assassins** and **Sorcerors** learn their next **Hot Sauce Recipe!**



# Slaves to Immortality Part 1

In the shadow of the large buildings on each side of the alleyway a slight gleam outlines a shape lying on the floor, looking like C3PO passed out on the floor after too many pints at the pub. You walk towards it and it starts to speak in a strange, jagged tone as if its putting on an accent its not quite familiar with. The past times of those burdened with the weight of immortality, eh?

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Chaos Warbands*



## ◦ Cut Scene ◦



### Stormcast Eternal: Halt! Who goes there?

You stop moving towards it and it breathes heavily then continues in its strange accent.

**Stormcast Eternal: Don't come any closer! I am in, uh, difficulty. Great difficulty. Lots and lots and lots of difficulty. So. Uhm. Well.**

The face-down suit of armour pauses, as if lost for words, then it continues again at a rapid pace.

**Stormcast Eternal: I need you to demonstrate the superiority of the Stormcast Eternals over all others! The Kharadron Overlords need to be put in check, they are getting too leary of late and pushed me face down in this alleyway, see to it that they are put in check! I will give you a big reward! Now SOD OFF.**

Strange, but then again, who can understand the challenges faced by those who do not die? You know a nearby parking lot where you've seen a gang of Kharadron Overlords hanging out, and decide to go put them in check. You head off to the parking lot and as you get closer you see the gang with their after-market modded airships, loud music blaring from speakers larger than their propeller housings. One of them sees you and they all split, firing shots at you as they run for cover.

## ◦ 1st Skirmish ◦

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Kharadron Overlords
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Kharadron Overlords

**Victory:** Kill all the Kharadron Overlords, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

The fight continues like any of the many show-downs in Bad Boys II. Rotating cameras, airships exploding and boats on the neary river sinking when hit by shrapnel raining down from exploding fuel tanks. Its carnage of the most entertaining variety. One of the airships explodes and sends all the Dudes all over the show, smashing into and through various walls. Down from the sky descend a gang of Sky Riggers, keen to get in on the action. Their backpacks keeping them airbourne, they start to forcefeed lead into the air like a swarm of ten thousand bees dipped in hot honey.



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Position your own Dudes according to Standard D6, each one starts off taking D3 damage before the first round.

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Kharadron Overlords
- Plus Leader
- Standard D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack Kharadron Overlords

**Victory:** Kill all Kharadron Overlords, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



You leave the scene in slow motion, explosions painting the walls orange, red and white and camera lens-flares triggering like a strobe at a trance party. Kharadrons have had their lesson taught to them and you head back to Diagon-Folley Alley to let the strange suit of armour know you're entitled to a reward.

**Stormcast Eternal: Eh!? You Back! Well that's a \*pleasant\* surprise innit!! I'm a lucky boy I am. See that pile of junk over there? Reach inside and take your reward. Then SOD OFF.**

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Warlords** are bestowed with the **Stone Tablet of Slaves!**

**Assassins** and **Sorcerers** learn their next **Hot Sauce Recipe!**



## Slaves to Immortality Part 2

There's a strange mewling coming from halfway up the alleyway. Upon approach you can see its coming from what looks like a silent busker all dolled up in gold paint, fallen over on its face. This \*is\* a niche kind of street-entertainment act.

It hears your footsteps and swivels its head in your direction, facial features still obscured by the cobblestones. The mewling lowers in pitch and it address you.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Chaos Warbands*



### ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Stormcast Eternal: VENGEANCE!!!! You again!!! Vengeance!!!! There is no action without intent!!! I was just havin' a quiet pint and then some glod-dammed, uhm, LIZARDMEN came and pushed me over into a pile of rubbish!!! How dare they do...**

He pauses and chokes in air to continue his tyrade

**Stormcast Eternal: SUCH A THING!!!! May the wicked lord have mercy on these foul beings for they know not what they have done. We shall cast them.... cast them...**

He seems to be lost for words and thinking of what to say next

**Stormcast Eternal: Into the fires of a large big firey thing.**

Bit of a lame ending to the tyrade.

**Stormcast Eternal: You can help! You \*must\* help. The Lizardmen of Drooley Lane. Make those MF's have something ta' drool about. Salivate over their own punctuated corpses. STICK THEM!!!! STICK THEM!!!**

All in a day's work. Righting the wrongs of the world in exchange for loot. Not a bad life you have right here.

You head up to Drooley Lane and see a band of Lizardmen hanging about, one showing his mates something amusing you can do with a stick. Wack 'em!!

### ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1500 points Lizardmen
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Lizardmen

**Victory:** Kill all the Lizardmen, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

It's a slow-motion kinda fight again. Like something out of Bad Boys II, the camera continually rotating around the action as bodies dive behind bins and rubble, Lizardmen with sticks huddling behind low walls like infantry in the trenches of World War I, lungs pumping loudly as they take their last few breaths before the full-frontal assault is called. A jurassic-bellow calls out. Around a corner comes a troop of Lizardmen cavalry, spears lowered as they swanker out through smoke-and flame. They pick up pace and MF feels a hot tingle of adrenaline. CHARGE!!



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1500 points of Lizardmen
- Split Ends D3 Setup

**Story:** Wack the Lizardmen

**Victory:** Kill all Lizardmen, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



Its a slow sight, smoke and fires and dead dinosaurs piled higher than small horses. Wonder who'll clean this up? More importantly, wonder what festive loot is in store. You head back to the Stormcast Eternal in the alleyway.

**Stormcast Eternal:** BRUV DONE WELL YES BRUV YES!!! But I am still dis-honoured, and so will stay face-down in this alleyway until I feel like doing otherwise. \*Extends arm\* Take a trinket from my hand here and PISS OFF!!!

Still not the friendliest chap in the surrounding quarter-mile. \*Sigh\*

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Assassins** are bestowed with the **Opera of Nighthaunt!**

**Warlords** and **Sorcerers** learn their next **Hot Sauce** recipe!



# Slaves to Immortality Part 3

Hesitantly making your way up the dark alleyway, just around the next corner you hear what sounds like a stack of kitchen pots and pans falling over, followed by the sound of gold coins bouncing around the cobbles and rolling to an eventual standstill. You round the corner, and see an all-too-familiar face down suit of gold armour.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Chaos Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Stormcast Eternal: Ixnay on the Idonay, sensei! Halt-ey, who goeth-they, ey? MF WHO PUSHED ME DOWN, PER-SAY???**

This chap never ceases to deliver. Wonder what abuse you'll be issued now.

**Stormcast Eternal: MF WHO PUSHED ME DOWN??? WHO??!! WHAT WAS IT? WAS IT YOU??? AAAAARGGGHHHHH IF I COULD ONLY JUST LAY MY HANDS ON THOSE DAMNED IDONETH MYSELF, I'D GIVE THEM A TALKING TO WITH THE SHARP END OF A STICK OF DYNAMITE. GO-ETH FORTH-ETH AND TALKETH TO THE NEW FISH WAREHOUSE ON THE EDGE OF TOWN. THEIR FIRST ONE BURNED DOWN. FOR, \*uhm\* AN UNKNOWN REASON RECENTLY. SEND THEM A MESSAGE: THIS NEW SHACK OF THEIRS IS GONNA BURN DOWN TOO. AND YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GONNA DO IT.**

The Stormcast Eternal coughs and splutters a few moments, then you can hear the smile in his voice as he finishes:

**Stormcast Eternal: There will be, \*ehem\*, a hearty reward. Bye!!!**

Nothing like a bit of casual arsony to get the blood pumping, and you've heard that dynamiting fish happens to be a well regarded past time of the nobility. Nice.

You head off down to the docks with some hefty sticks of dynamite tucked into your pockets. You see the new warehouse, gleaming brushed steel. You need to place dynamite in all four exterior corners, according to a map the downed-Stormcast issued to you, but without being seen. You'll need to draw the guard's attention to get them away while you work, or they might defuse before you're done. Warband better split up. Diversion inbound.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Ruined City

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:** 1000 points Idoneth, Standard D6 setup. Every time an enemy Idoneth dies, respawn it according to Standard D6

**Story:** Anonymously plant the dynamite

**Victory:** Plant dynamite in each corner of the battlefield using 1 x activation from a frindly Dude while the nearest enemy Dude is further than 6" away, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies or you are caught*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Charges in place, one at each corner, you and your dudes cease the sneaking and diversion(-ing?) and fall back to cover in a dark warehouse across the way. The Idoneth guards all reassume their positions inside their warehouse. Too bad. You hit the red button and the roof becomes religious, instantaneously joining the sun god's chariot screaming across the sky. MF exploooooooooodes. Lookin' good. A voice from the depths of the new warehouse degrades your excitement.

**The Undivided: MF what bringeth you here, to our here warehouse? We've been planning a raid on that there warehouse you've just pushed the button on. Looks like raid's over, and we ain't got any loot. So. We'd better see what we can shake from your sorry corpse. Lads, tonight we MF this MF.**

A chaos knight on horseback trots out of the shadows. He's followed by hefty lads on shadowy mares, spears and maces choking dust in sunbeams. They pick up pace and look to turn you and your Dudes into a Kebab. Break a MF!!!



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Slaves to Darkness
- Split Ends D3+3 Setup

**Story:** Wack the Slaves

**Victory:** Kill all Slaves, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



All cool silhouettes against the afternoon sunlight, deathly beasts crash in a magnificent action montage with heavy bokeh emphasis. MF'n \*beaut\*-iful.

But you're MF'n meaner at cross-step than they are, and the battle is won. Heavily armoured dudes fall to the floor, some are crushed beneath the bulk of their steeds. You've wrecked \*two\* warehouses in one afternoon. A new achievement.

Heading back to the Stormcast in the alley, you wonder if you should ask for double pay. Maybe, maybe not. Maybe best to down a pint or two beforehand. Yess.

## ♪ Reward ♪

**MF's** are bestowed with the **Chronomatic Cogs Exploding Potion!**



# Once Upon A Time In Holy Wood Part 1

A loud banging is coming up from the end of the alleyway and rubbish bags are being tossed up out of a large dumpster, arcing through the air before landing halfway along the alleyway. This looks fun. You head over to the dumpster, dodging airbourne bags as you go. One wizzes past you face, smelling like dog urine, and squelches against the far wall. The banging stops, and a large smile sticks its head up out of the dumpster and greets you.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Death Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Savage Orc Big Boss:** \*Whistling\* Rus'ling, bus'ling and hus'ling, all in a day's work, work work!! G'day friend! What brings you to this here throne, my zone of garbage, tossed and thrown!

The orc chuckles and sways side to side, hands on hips.

**Savage Orc:** Each day is a delight worth its weight in sunlight, and I thank the bumble-humm bees for the pollen in the trees.

The orc sneezes like a machine gun, then wipes its nose on a banana peel before tossing the peel into the dumpster.

**Savage Orc:** And on the subject of pollen, my hay-feaver is more active this time of year than a pack of nurglings in a warm popcorn machine! Now \*that's\* a pretty sight for sore eyes I tell ya! \*Chuckles\* I've got a fair few things of value I've found in this here bucket o' wonders, and if you can do me a favour and go and strip back some of those pollen-inducing shrubs in the forest, I'll give you something of value. At least, value to someone, somewhere. Somewhen, \*a-hee-hee\*.

Being a charitable soul at heart, and with the idea of a lucky-dip reward being on the horizon, you head over to the forest to trim the metaphorical hedges. As you enter the forest, it smells a bit fishy and a splashing noise gets louder. A fish-totting fiend jumps out of the river and goes BLAAAUGH!! Slap a bizzatch!!

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Souldrain Forest

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Wild Cave Creatures
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack the Wild Cave Creatures

**Victory:** Kill all the Wild Cave Creatures, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ◦ Cut Scene ◦

Copious clumps of cave creature corpses now cover the crowded floor. The air seems to breathe and the smell of fish clammers even deeper into your nostrils. The smell gets stonger and stronger. This much fish in a forest? Nah. Suddenly, the nearby stream erupts like a B-grade horror movie involving sharks, and a billion lizard heads uncoil in your direction like wound springs. A MF'ing Hydra joins the fray!! Slap a bizzatch an' slap a bizzatch an' slap a bizzatch some more!!



## ◦ 2nd Skirmish ◦

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1 x Hydra
- Standard D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack the Hydra

**Victory:** Kill the Hydra, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ◦ Victory ◦



With a last morsel of effort, the Hydra's limp but heafty body slumps down on the bank of the stream and you and your Dudes push it into the river to be carried away and made into a dam by a downstream gang of beavers. Nice. Whistling, you head back to the Savage Orc in the dumpster.

**Savage Orc:** Deeeeere you are!! Me nose is feelin' better already! Hydra you say? An' fiends with fishies? Man, You've had a glorious day frolicking with all of the Lord's wildest creations. Lucky you. And luckier you, here's a reward for your efforts! You deserve it.

## ◦ Reward ◦

**MF's** are gifted with the Warpstone Bling of Dumb Luck!



# Once Upon A Time In Holy Wood Part 2

The dumpster at the end of the alleyway is quiet and still. You wander over to it to find the Savage Orc, and just as you peer over the edge a large shape jumps out from behind the right hand side and goes \*Boooo!!\*

**Savage Orc Big Boss: \*A-hee-hee!!\* "Halt who goes dere an' all dat!!" Sen-ey-or Orrc at your service!!**

He stands proud with his hands on his hips, then gives a hearty salute.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Death Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Savage Orc Big Boss: \*Whistling\* Loppin', toppin' choppin', all in a day's work work work!! Ahoy there bruv!! You knows what I was finkin', yea? Yea? What a flutter-by-butter-fly kinda-collectin' man's called is a Lepidopterist, yea? So's, yea, you know what the kind of kind-of who fells pollen-inducing shrubbery is called? A Lop-ey-dopterist.**

He accentuates the word's each and every syllable, lips moving like he was moving a half-melted bite of ice cream around his mouth with his tongue.

**Savage Orc: A Lop-i-DOP-terist!!! \*A-hee-hee!!\***

Caught up in his own world of lavender and cherry blossoms he continues.

**Savage Orc: So, I's been finkin's, yea, yea? Well, a fing I's been finkin' is...**

He trails off and tilts his head upwards, right hand scratching his chin.

**Savage Orc: Is.... LETS DO IT AGAIN!!! But this time!!! With MEEEEEE!!!! Yes yes yes!!!!?? Looks hella fun, lets get hash-tag involved!!! Off to the yellow blossom-road we go! We're off we're off we're OFF!!!!**

He grabs you by the arm and starts skipping towards the forest, seeminly oblivious to the cans of rubbish he's kicking out the way with each and every skippi-ty-stride. Off to the forest to do it again, yeah, lets 'at 'em.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Souldrain Forest

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Wild Cave Creatures
- Moses D6 setup

**Ally:** Savage Orc Big Boss

**Story:** Wack the Wild Cave Creatures

**Victory:** Kill all the Wild Cave Creatures, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF or the Savage Orc Big Boss dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

The Savage Orc sinks his axe into the last wild cave creature's unfortunate facial structures, it falls to the floor and he leaves it there like an axe in a felled tree. A rustling of leaves, and an arrow embeds itself in the handle of his axe, vibrations felt through your auditory-canals. A large shape steps out from under a tree.

**Forest Lord: YOUR TYPE. AGAIN. YOUR ALLERGIES ARE NOT OF THE FOREST. THEY ARE OF MAN. TOO MUCH DETTOL. TOO MUCH HYGIENE. NOT ENOUGH FOR THE IMMUNE SYSTEM TO DO. IT GETS BORED. WHAT THREAT IS A PEANUT? REALLY, A PEANUT. I SHALL SHOW YOU. \*PEANUT!!!!\***

The Forest Lord waves his leafy-hand and a giant tree with peanuts hanging from its branches strides forth with a gnarled sword gripped in both hands. The Savage Orc Big Boss faints. No time to wonder, it's tree-fellin' time!!



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Sylvaneth Plus Leader
- Split Ends D6 Setup
- Every time a Sylvaneth dies it explodes in peanut dust, dealing D6 damage to its killer.

**Story:** Wack the Sylvaneth

**Victory:** Kill the Sylvaneth, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies. The Savage Orc Big Boss has fainted so counts as being removed from play.*



## ♪ Victory ♪



Piles of twigs now littering the clearing, and a faint smell of peanut butter lingering in the breeze, the Forest Lord's face under your boot looks up at you disdainfully, eyes narrowed.

**Forest Lord: YOU ARE BUT A HAEMERROID ON THE ARSE CHEEK OF THE RAINFOREST. TAKE YOURSELF AND THIS CLOWN AND BEGONE.**

Easier done than said! You twist your foot like a sandalled-child cracking an acorn, and the Forest Lord splinters. You pick the unconscious Savage Orc up by his loincloth and begin to drag him back to his dumpster. MF better have a reward waiting, shiny and new. Saved this MF's life you have. Indepted he is.

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Sorcerers** are gifted with the **Arcane Tome of Skaven!**

**Assassins and Warlords** learn their next **Hot Sauce** recipe!

**Save Orc Big Boss** becomes a **BFF!**



# Once Upon A Time In Holy Wood Part 3

At the end of the alleyway that used to house a giant orc-filled dumpster, you see a giant cockroach-filled pile of trash. The dumpster might still be under it, so great is its mass, but cannot be seen under the weight of discarded loo seats and McWaagh-Burger bags. Outlined against the sunlight, at the tippy top, you see the Savage Orc Big Boss. He sees you, lets out an excited shriek and leaps onto a loo seat, using it as a snowboard to navigate down the rubbish pile. Epic.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Death Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Savage Orc Big Boss:** A-HEEE-HEEEYEEAAHHHH!!!! I's da biggest name in da rubbish surf game!! Three six-two, kick-flap... a thing like my mate called Oliver..uhm... and a triple-quark, a-hee-HEE!!! Fizzikz!!!

Still lost in his own world. Wish you could go for a shred in it sometime.

**Savage Orc Big Boss:** So dem flowers ey... eY! Quite the powers of the flowers we saw! \*salutes at an imaginary gap of air just above your right shoulder\* So I's got a mission for yews! See, I wants ta do that agen. But! I likes to spread the love. Dere's more of my types lurkin'... lurkin'... in an- otha woods!! Go find me' brothers. Invite 'em to El Partae! But... jussso you knows... they likes a bit of a rush before...so prepare for a bit of a rush yasself. Wrekk 'em good and they'll be your bestest mates for lyfe!!

This orc always manages to turn the crazy dial up just one more notch. Let's go get 'em!!

You head to the new woods and see a savage orc clan on boars milling about, grunting from their fronts and intoxicating the air via their rears. Lovely, and that doesn't even describe the boars. They see you.

**Savage Orc On Boar:** WAAAAGHHHH MF WAAAGGGHHHH!!!!

Waaaagh, MF.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Souldrain Forest

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1500 points Savage Orcs
- Moses D3 setup

**Story:** Wack the Savage Orcs

**Victory:** Kill all the Savage Orcs, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

You waaagh like you've never waaaghed before, raining waagh down on giant hairy hamsters like a businessman in a strip club on payday, his head covered with fewer strands of hair than clothing on these savage orcs. Its a party.

Orcs lie panting, breathless and beat. Piggies on their backs making slow-twitching running motions with their feet. In an unexpectedly ad-hoc plot twist, a cloaked figure strides out from the trees and gets all spooky-like:

**Mortisan: MF this party is full. That Savage Orc who issued you this errand is a fool. He thinks that the way to cure allergies is through deforestation. It is not. Only an ignorant imbecile would think that deforestation is the solution to \*anything\*. I have been hired to send him a message: your corpse.**

The mortisan does a cool thing with his hands and the soul of every Savage Orc is ripped from its chest. The spirits rise up, razorlike hands ready to shred.



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1500 points Nagash Plus Leader
- Split Ends D3 Setup

**Story:** Wack the Nagash

**Victory:** Kill the Nagash, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



Torn apart as if you'd gotten black out drunk only to wake up and find you'd fallen down a theme park waterslide and every inch of the waterslide had been covered in sharp knives. Health and safety ain't what it used to be, eish.

The battle rages and spirits evaporate with time. As your blade swings to slice the mortisan he twinkles out of existance. The remaining spirits disappear instantly. You head on the breeze, ever so lightly:

**Mortisan: \*nottttt thissss tiiiiimmmmmme MmmmmmmFffffffffffff....\***

Better head back to the Big Boss and let him know his Dudes are now ex-Dudes.

## ♪ Reward ♪

**MF's are bestowed with the Umbral Spell Portals Exploding Potion!**



# Desali Nation Part 1

Over on the far side of the alleyway is a body perched over another body. Looks like the top body has its mouth over the ear of the bottom body, licking it, as one does, whenever one finds a body discarded in an alleyway. You call over to the top body and its head turns sharply towards you. It narrows its eyes and sticks out an open hand in your direction, long and sharp nails on each of its fingers glinting in the sun.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Destruction Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Ghoul: This isn't what it looks like. I can explain.**

Being modern times and all, you're okay not having an explanation for many kinds of peculiar behaviour you encounter in person and on the news, but you entertain his defense and he continues.

**Ghoul: Salt. Its all about salt. I was licking his ear to test the salt on his skin.**

This doesn't look like it's getting any less weird anytime soon.

**Ghoul: For desalination. Listen, I'm an engineer and I work in developing nations, improving their infrastructure to remove salt from sea water both to purify the water and also to then refine and sell the salt. Its science and economics. And a bit of physics and things. Other stuff too, occasionally.**

You still look confused, and he sighs.

**Ghoul: We had a break-in a little while ago at the test facility on the edge of the city and I've been tracing the salt particles on the skin of various suspects to see if they were involved. This suspect \*points to the under-body\* tastes exactly like the salt we have been working with and we found his dead body in this alleyway this morning. He's an emissary of the Cypher Lords. You could be of assistance here: If you can go to their temple on the other side of town and ask their leader if they know anything, this might shine a light on whats going on without letting them know I'm busy investigating. Deal?**

You enjoy giving a temple a good ransacking at any time of day or night, so agree and head on over to put your boot through the bellies of a bunch of priests. As you get to the temple, the guard at the entrance chokes on a sip of his own holy water and starts ringing a bell. Cypher Lords materialise out of thin air.

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Shattered Stormvault

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Cypher Lords
- Standard D6 setup

**Story:** Wack Cypher Lords

**Victory:** Kill all the Cypher Lords, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

As you finish curb-stomping the last priest, sending him with a one-way ticket to the bottom pit of hell and without enough teeth or jaw left to recite even the first ill he ever committed in donning his holy robes, a high pitch screeching like metal being dragged on metal is heard. The screeching continues, putting the hairs up on the back on your neck. Soft and quick footsteps are heard, and from all corners of the temple emerge mionions of The Unmade: Chaos cultists well beyond the usual madnesss found in priests of a holy order, these have replaced bits of their own bodies with implements of torture and pain. Stooping low to get under an archway, their leader strides in.

**Blissful One: We know why you are here. And you will only find answers in death. As shall we all. My Dudes! Send this MF to a new hell he has not yet had the pleasure of shaking by the hand. Do it now!!**

Unmade Dudes rush at you, screeching with pleasure & pain like its a named brand of scotch bonnet hot sauce.



## ♪ End Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of The Unmade
- Plus leader
- Standard D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack The Unmade

**Victory:** Kill all The Unmade, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



You pile up the bodies of the priests and their Dudes, and throw an enflamed torch on the pile. This temple must burn to the ground and turn the ills of its denizens to ashes along with it. You walk out the temple in slow motion as the rafters crackle and crash in on each other. You've done a good thing today. Back at the alleyway, you explain the bizarre comments from the Blissful One to the Ghoul.

**Ghoul: Those twisted swines. Seems there is more to this than we thought. I need to think on this development. In the meantime, have this reward, you deserve it.**

## ♪ Reward ♪

**Warlords** are bestowed with the **Stone Tablet of Sylvaneth!**

**Assassins** and **Sorcerers** learn their next **Hot Sauce Recipe!**



# Desali Nation Part 2

Walking the winding way down the alleyway you see a hunched figure on top of a dustbin, back towards you you can see it's eating something judging by the way its head is rabidly bobbing up and down. It half-turns in the dim alleyway light and its silhouette is outlined against the victorian backdrop. It appears to be licking a dagger, likely fresh with blood after being hastily discarded into the bin by a killer.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Destruction Warbands*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪



**Ghoul:** Rumour has it you've done a good thing, son. Priests like the taste of concrete more than the taste of innocence, and the best way to give it to them is through curb-stompin the czunts to give them their daily dosage of divine deliverance. Fun fact, that. Khorne-bless whoever invented the first pavement.

The ghoul gives a few more quick licks of the blade-shaped silhouette.

**Ghoul:** Now birds of a feather flock together like priests gathering in a playground. My scouts who saw you drop a world of vengeance were not the only ones with tickets to the show. The explosions took all the attention, but those more attentive would have noticed the black feathers softly falling from the sky.

Pausing, he lifts the knife up and you watch as gooey liquid droops down from the end of the blade onto his outstretched tongue. He licks it like a slow and passionate tongue caressing the underside of a lover's chin.

**Ghoul:** So we must continue our quest. The bird-men must be questioned for their sins. Go and speak with the bird-men, but remember that not all is as it seems.

Sounds solid. You turn around and head back up the alleyway to the temple in the middle of the city's gardens known as The Bird Bath. Time to make a splash.

As your footsteps fade away, the Ghoul turns fully into the light, and bites the top off the lemon iced-lolley he's been licking for the past five minutes. He grits his teeth. Brain freeze comin up!!

## ♪ 1st Skirmish ♪

**Terrain:** Shattered Stormvault

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

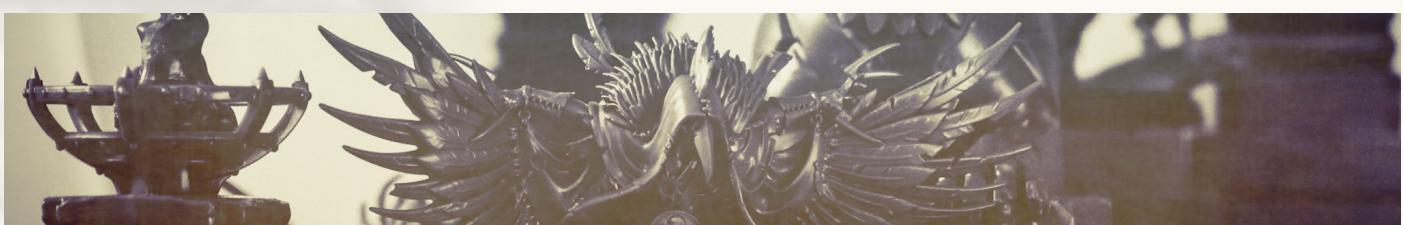
**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Corvus Cabal
- Standard D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack Corvus Cabal

**Victory:** Kill all the Corvus Cabal, then  
\*cutscene\*

**Failure if your MF dies**



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Bird-priests \*flapping\* around like an american football team made purely of drunk chicken mascots about to be loaded into a KFC shredder and McNuggeted into the mouth of a mewling 5 year old covered in strawberry milkshake after being bitten by a neighbouring table's German Shepherd because he hasn't been properly supervised by his mom because she's spent the last five minutes swiping left on every brother in a half-mile radius at 10am on a Tuesday morning, an apex predator climbs up onto a podium and spakes thusly:

**Corvus Cabal Leader:** You bring the future upon us, and it is a future without us. We cannot have this. We will cling to the past as a falcon clings to a cold pigeon. We might buy a microwave to warm it up. And then we feast!!

The leader does a mystic wiggly-thing and black thorny tendrils shoot out the ground, seizing you and your Dudes so they cannot move. Yikes!!! No chance to get strategic, power stance!!!



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Corvus Cabal
- Encircled D6 Setup
- Trapped by tendrils, your Dudes can't move

**Story:** Wack The Corvus Cabal

**Victory:** Kill all The Corvus Cabal, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



Feathers settle like the aftermath of a Playgor pillow-fight photoshoot down a coal mine. You and your Dudes hack away at the tendrils, systematically curb-stomp each bird-priest just to be sure, then head back to the Ghoul in the alleyway.

**Ghoul:** H'cellent fine chap! We can now begin to reconstruct the solar panels on top of the desalination plant, giving us power to carry out the works deeper inside the cave. You've done the city a service, pick your favourite flavour lollipop and take a treasure son! No more bird shizz.

## ♪ Reward ♪

Warlords are bestowed with the Stone Tablet of Tzeentch!

Sorcerers and Assassins learn their next Hot Sauce recipe!



# Desali Nation Part 3

Walking down the alleyway you see gargoyle-headed shapes on the walls leering out at you. Not sure if they are carved stone though or just poured-concrete. Maybe 3D printed using an additive technique? Options abound, what with the wonders of modern manufacturing. One of the shapes is holding a harp, and as you focus you can see it's plucking a tune at some nearby birds. It turns to you.

*Note: This Side Quest is not available to Destruction Warbands*



## ◦ Cut Scene ◦



**Ghoul: Industrial harp music for industrial times. A song of progress, one might say, hmmmm?**

The ghoul tilts its head at you as it questions, but eyes stay fixed on the birds

**Ghoul: I am in need of a favour of a one such as yourself. \*twang\* \*twang\* \*twang\*** Our new desalination plant is almost ready to go. We are almost ready to resume adding value to the local economy with jobs and infrastructure. \*twang\* \*twang\* \*twang\* But before we open the flood gates, as, eheh, one might say, we are to have a grand opening party. Engineers like a good drink just as much as the next, eheh, engineer. \*twang\* \*twang\* \*twang\* But the problem, you see, is that even though you have curb-stomped the backward priests, their numbers grow like mushrooms overnight: wherever its dark, musty and mostly illiterate. \*twang\* \*twang\* \*twang\* So what we need, is for you to go and protect the desalination plant from some overnight thugs that the priests have hired to wrekk the place. Some locals who scrap in the areana. Basically halfway between slaves and mercenaries. Spend one night in the new facility, defend it from wayward barbarians, and you'll be an honourary guest at the opening party. How's that? Do this and you will indeed pull on these industrial heart strings o' mine.

Sounds like a plan. Maybe you'll learn something, always a bonus. You head off to the new desalination plant, enter, and set up camp. Filthy stories shared between MF and Dudes. The Good Times.

As the firelight crackles, you hear a snake hissing through the air and it embeds itself in the face of one of your Dudes. Weirdos in robes descend. Wack 'em!!!

## ◦ 1st Skirmish ◦

**Terrain:** Temple of Nagendra

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** Standard pack

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points Splintered Fang
- Standard D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack Splintered Fang

**Victory:** Kill all the Splintered Fang, then  
\*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Cut Scene ♪

Poisoned, leary and weary, you and your Dudes backhand these strange MF's into the ground and assuredly curb-stomp each one as if it was a mandatory zombie-style double-tap. Weirdos in robes. Jirre!!

A silence descends once more, then becomes punctuated by a tap-tap-tapping of what sounds like the end of a pole-arm wielded by a BIG MF in a similar fashion to the tap-tap-tapping of the Bear Jew before sending a Nazi scum into the baseball stands. The camera zooms into a shadowy doorway. Two hoof-ended legs stride out and stand in a power stance. A gigantic beastman stands and slowly thuds a big MF'n mace in his upturned right hand, left hand hard on the shaft. Another BIG MF stides out of a different doorway. Looks like the big dizk, which is saying something considering the length and girth of the beastman-dizk nearby.

**Big-Dizk-Dave: Bawnjorno! You might be thinkin' I'm the big dizk here. And if that's what you're thinkin', you're god-damned right. If you were the rock upon which this church is secured, we're here to MF'n \*DRILL\* for \*OIL.\***

Sounds like Big-Dizk-Dave ain't too nice a guy. His Dudes rush you. Rush back.



## ♪ 2nd Skirmish ♪

**Twist:** Standard pack

**Deployment:** As positioned at the end of Skirmish 1. Poisoned, your MF and Dudes each start on D6 wounds. Roll for each Dude.

**Adversary:**

- 1000 points of Spire Tyrants
- Encircled D6 Setup

**Story:** Wack the Spire Tyrants

**Victory:** Kill all The Spire Tyrants, then \*cutscene\*

*Failure if your MF dies*



## ♪ Victory ♪



Big-Dizk-Dave, Big-Dizk-Beast, Big-Dizk-Doug and all the other Big Dizks lie gasping in flaccid pools of their own fleshy precipitate. Looks like the priests who hired these Dudes shoulda given them some little blue pills to keep 'em going for longer, instead of little blue lies of fortune to be found in the after-aether. Just as you're about to turn around and head back to the alleyway, you hear a voice

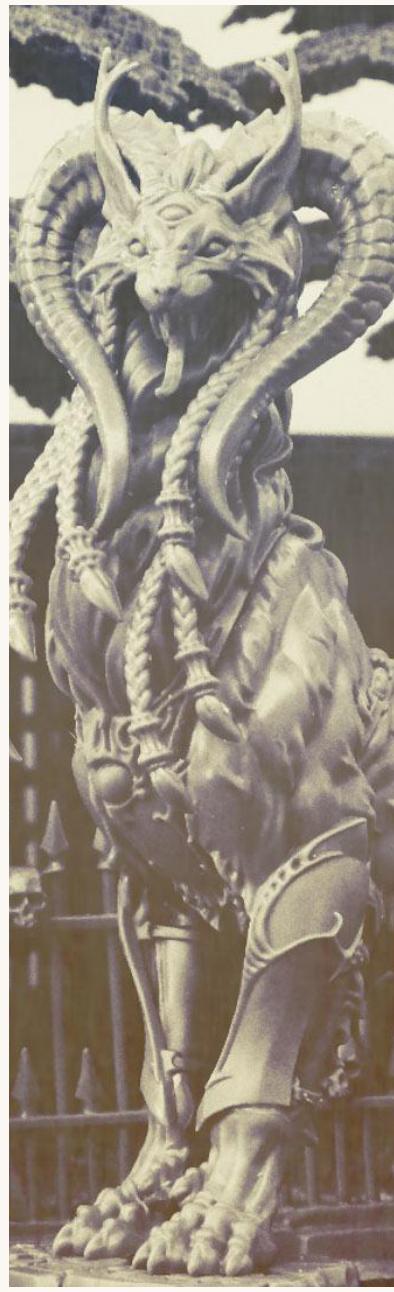
**General Curbstomp: Maaaaannnnn!! I saw the way you slapped every single of those pizzas into the MF'n CURB!! That was \*ALL\* ham and \*NO\* \*pineapple\*. Ima join you, MF. We gon' be the curb-stomp \*MASTAS!!!\***

## ♪ Reward ♪

**MF's** are bestowed with the **Purple Sun of Shyish Exploding Potion!**

**General Curbstomp** the Lord Executioner becomes a **BFF!**





# Command ments

Sorcerer

Warlord

Assassin

# ~ Arcane Tomes of Sorcery ~



Sorcerous Commandments are found hidden away under dust, spiderwebs and long-dried-up whisky-stained cloth. These Arcane Tomes of Sorcery contain the words to incite the mind to control the very fabric of reality and paint it with metaphorically metaphysical wine stains. Heavier than the lead-lined pens which first inked the archaic writings within, these aged tomes can be carried three-at-a-time into battle, and a Sorcerer may pause what they are doing to recite the words contained on the pages within. Once enlivened with mortal spit and spirit, the words charge the air with Warp Energy and reconfigure reality into a new form.

Sorcerers who possess these Arcane Tomes of Knowledge may use them to empower their Dudes or wreak havoc on their foes. Each Tome contains a Commandment which can be used once per battle, and once it is recited the Tome must be closed least the words escape and seek vengeance against those that have spoken them.

## Arcane Tome of Slaanesh

*Mirror mirror on the wall, make every MF onto their own sword fall*

Half of all damage (rounded up) dealt by enemy Dudes within 3" of the spell is dealt back to them too.



## Arcane Tome of Beasts

*Big great horn of Estonian Jazz, make every MF razz-matazz*

Every time a friendly unit within 3" of the spell uses an ability, deal damage equal to that ability's war dice value to all enemy units within 3" of it.

Every time an enemy unit within 3" of the spell uses an ability, deal damage equal to double that ability's war dice value to it and all enemy units within 3" of it.

## Arcane Tome of Slaves

*Portal from darkness cover in chains, this MF's soul and make it rain*

Every time an enemy unit within 3" of the spell dies it deals damage equal to its highest critical attack damage to every Dude friendly to it within 6" of itself.





## Arcane Tome of Sylvaneth

*Tiny mound of flies a-fruitful, heal my dudes: that will be useful*  
As this spell comes into play, heal up to 3D3 wounds of all friendly units within 3".

When this spell leaves play, heal up to 3D3 wounds of all friendly units within 3".

## Arcane Tome of Eternals

*Smash down fire from the above, emit a blast of sky-forged love*  
As this spell comes into play, deal 3D3 damage to all enemy units within 3".  
When this spell leaves play, deal 3D3 damage to all enemy units within 3".



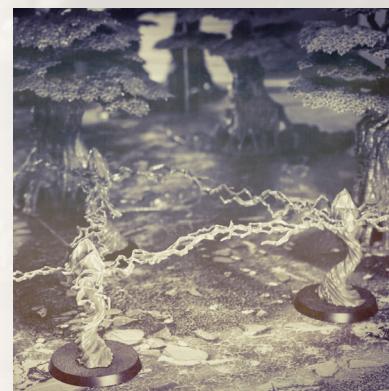
## Arcane Tome of Nighthaunt

*Foes who gaze upon Pandora's box, know for sure all hope is lost*  
Enemy units cannot end a movement closer to the spell than they were before they moved. If this is an AI-controlled unit then it must move towards a unit that enables it to end its move equal or further distance from the spell than it was before it moved, and cannot move towards any unit that then break this spell's rules. If this means the unit cannot move, it does not move.

## Arcane Tome of Skaven

*Warp energy electrifies the air, friends crackle with power and foes dispair*

Place the Warp Lightnings in a triangle. All friendly units inside the triangle may move as if they can fly, and get +1 damage to all attacks and criticals. Halve the movement speed of all enemy units within the triangle.



## Arcane Tome of Tzeentch

*Bird from the warp, come through and trash-talk*

Summon the twin-faces of a bird god to spit molten hatred at your foes. Until the end of the turn, treat the spell as a friendly Dude with the following stats:

Movement 6, Toughness 6, Wounds 12

Attack 1: Range 3-12, Attacks 2, Strength 6, Damage/Crit 5/9

Attack 2: Range 1-2, Attacks 6, Strength 4, Damage/Crit 3/5



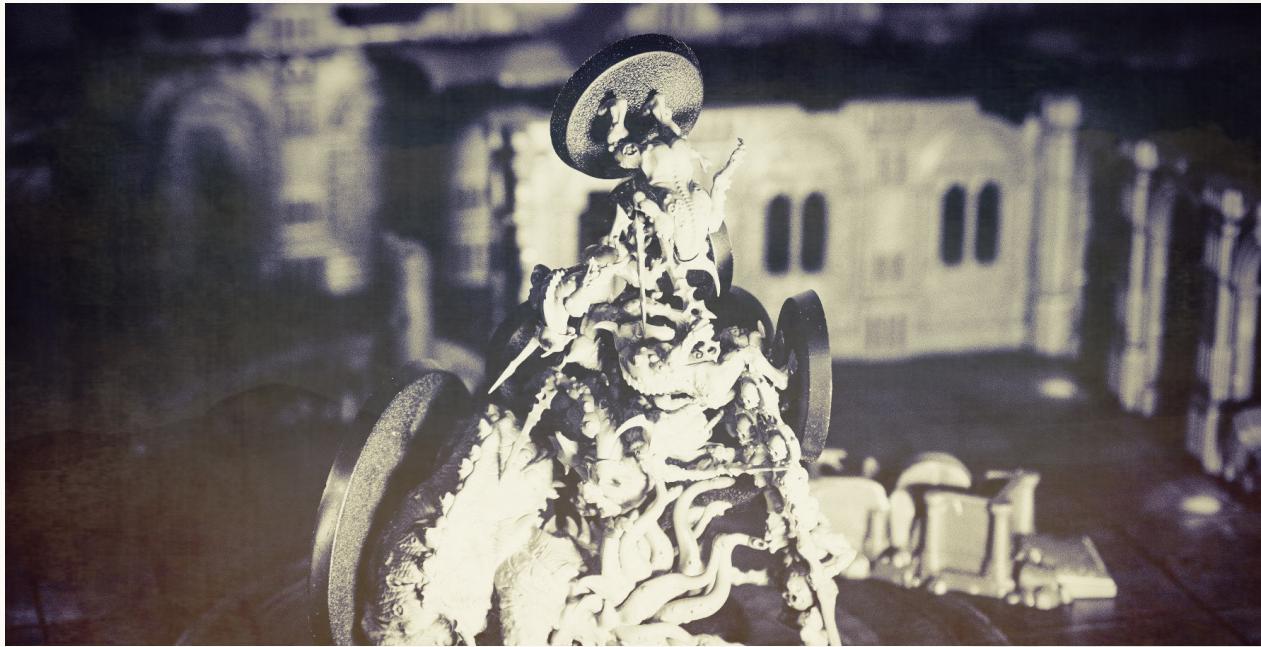
## Arcane Tome of Flesh Eaters

*Blood within spill out and boil, burn other MF's down into the soil*

Each friendly unit within 3" of the spell gains the ability: Sacrifice 2 wounds, deal 1 damage to target Dude within 2" of this Dude. This ability may only be used during the activating Dudes activation, and may be used any number of times.

A Dude may elect (or be elected) to die from this ability. The ability is removed at the end of the turn.





# Stone Tablets of War



The Words of War are weighty, and hence by necessity are carved with tempered warp-steel into Stone Tablets of War. These tabletised runes are carried by man and beast across great distances, wrapped in hide and washed in the blood of fallen enemies. These Commandments empower leaders to great feats on the battlefield, rallying their Warbands to greater demonstrations of strength and inspiring the mangled seeds of fear in the hearts of their enemies. These sayings of Hatred, Anger, Justice and Valour have turned sheep into lions and troggoths into twitching wastemen.

Warlords who possess these Stone Tablets of War are fearsome to behold on the field of battle, their Dudes scouring the land with a daemonic speed not possessed or paralleled by mere mortals. Take these Tablets into battle three-at-a-time and watch foes fall like brittle dominos.

## Stone Tablet of Slaanesh

*Oh Black Dynamite make it true, that no MF will ever interrupt my Kung Fu*

Add 2 attacks to each friendly unit within 3" of the spell.



## Stone Tablet of Beasts

*Ten thousand wildebeest from the savannah descending, onto a king who's near his ending*

Add 2 strength to each friendly unit within 3" of the spell.



## Stone Tablet of Slaves

*Whips and chains may shackle the brave, until the flames of freedom blaze*

Add 2 toughness to each friendly unit within 3" of the spell.



## Stone Tablet of Sylvaneth

*Calling upon the spirits of preference, to insert an irrelevant Dune reference*

Any friendly unit within 6" of the spell can, as a movement, move to have its base touching any part of the spell, ignoring any terrain or units in between.



## Stone Tablet of Eternals

*Spin the winds and make it happen, MF's givin' themselves a wackin'*  
Whenever an enemy unit within 3" misses an attack, it deals damage to itself instead. If a 1 was rolled, it deals its own critical damage to itself.

## Stone Tablet of Nighthaunt

*Don't fear the reaper when he leers, pour two pints and share a cheers*

Whenever a friendly unit within 3" lands a hit on an enemy unit, count that hit as a critical hit.



## Stone Tablet of Shaven

*Ring ding dong so MF'ing loud, that err'y MF can't hear no sound*  
Enemy units within 6" of the spell cannot use commandments, potions, warpstone bling or abilities or be the target of any of the above friendly to them.

## Stone Tablet of Tzeentch

*Grand winds of change I'd like to think, that this fair land would look better bathed in pink*

Whenever any fiendly or enemy Dude within 3" dies, replace it with a Pink Horror under your control.



## Stone Tablet of Flesh Eaters

*Cup of MF'ery let out a roar, and bellow within the sounds of war*

Each friendly unit within 3" gains the ability: Sacrifice 2 wounds to increase either strength, toughness, damage or critical damage by +1 until the end of the turn. This ability may only be used during the activating Dudes activation, and may be used any number of times, each targeting different stats or the same stat multiple times.

A Dude may elect (or be elected) to die from this ability. The ability is removed at the end of the turn.



## Stone Tablet of Fyreslayers

*Leap MF into yonder, molten earth will greet you when you wander*  
Every time a friendly Dude ends a movement within 6" of the spell it deals damage equal to how far it moved to every enemy unit within 2" of its new location.

## Stone Tablet of Gitz

*Drink this rainbow coloured potion, who knows what will happen but certainly a commotion*

Whenever a friendly Dude within 3" activates, pick a stat and roll a D6: add the result to that Dude's stat until the end of the turn. Damage and Critical Damage are two different stats and cannot both be picked at the same time from the same dice roll.





# Scrolls of Opera Magnum



The art of Assassination is a play, it is theatre, it is Opera! A sensual experience to delight and enliven every sense known to man, and additional senses known only to Daemons and sharks. The setup, the staging, the theatrics, the execution and the applause! Indeed it is only the most creative mind that can harness a Scroll of Opera Magnum and use it to instill mortal confusion in their foes and remove blood from their veins. A trained Assassin knows how to fight, how to think, how to poison, how to kill, how to survive and how to kill again and again and again. No foe, approached with the right strategy, is able to deny the handshake of death if the artist of their demise is a commissioned Assassin, paid in full.

Assassins train for years and years and years to become masters in their art, and the only retirement is through death. The methods of this lifestyle are inscribed upon scrolls of song and poetry, and any who use them will be able to revel in the way their enemies fall like petals from a bed of roses kissing a Hedge Wacker Five Thousand. A full house and a standing ovation!

Up to three sonnets of death can be recited per battle, and thrice will an Assassin's foes know that they stand little chance of winning either the battle or the war.

## Opera of Slaanesh

*Tongues from the warp extend a look, for fish to catch with a thousand hooks*

If an enemy unit within 6" of the spell moves, and this is the first time it has moved this battle phase since the spell has been cast, move it to having its base touching the spell instead of any other movement it may have intended.



## Opera of Beasts

*Pigeons from above descend down hither, and cuckaw until this MF withers*

Enemy units within 3" of the spell have their number of attacks reduced to 1.



## Opera of Slaves

*Fast and furious, blazen and red, speed over this and hasten to dead*

Draw a line through the centre of the long axis of the spell, the line extends in both directions right to the edges of the battlefield. Enemy units crossing the line take damage equal to their movement speed or how far they moved from their starting point to their end point - whichever is greater.





## Opera of Sylvaneth

*Oh MF tree I see, bring back my mates with beer to me*

If a friendly unit within 3" dies, at the end of the battle round resurrect it with wounds up to its attacks x strength value.

## Opera of Eternals

*Timeless circle spin and spin, lock every MF down and make me grin*

Enemy units within 3" cannot move this round.



## Opera of Nighthaunt

*Hourglass of time make it fast, and once done issue a restart*

All friendly units within 3" may activate twice this battle round. At the end of the battle round, if the unit is alive then return it to where it was as this spell was cast, and reset its wounds to the value they were at at that point in time too.

## Opera of Skaven

*Drown all foes with rats a-biting, leave them senseless, scarred and frightened*

Remove every enemy Dude within 3" of the spell from play until the end of the battle round. At the end of the battle round, return them each to play in the same space that was occupied by the spell, in any layout you choose. Each enemy Dude returned this way takes D6 damage. While the spell is in play, enemy Dudes ending their movement within 3" of the spell are removed from play and returned at the end of the turn in the same way, also taking D6 damage.



## Opera of Tzeentch

*Write an essay and make it obtuse, to give every 5th grade teacher a migraine of nature acute*

All enemy Dudes within 3" of the spell lose toughness equal to the number of words that make up their names and lose strength equal to the number of vowels in their names. Language of choice.

At the end of the battleround, all enemy Dudes within 6" of the spell take damage equal to the number of consonants in their names.





# Exploding Potions



# ♪ Exploding Potions ♪



Q: Know what's better than a tonic to make you feel better about all your problems?

A: A potion that gets rid of all of your problems before they happen. YES MATE. Potions are life's pre-emptive cure to problems you can see on your horizon and want to fix before they start clogging up your day's to-do list.

Marauders on the doorstep? Toss a Quicksilver Swords exploding potion at them. Neighbours invite you to their 8-year old's first violin concert solo? Wack 'em all with a volley of Soulsnare Shackles and make them miss their own event. Know what this makes you? Smart. Know what this makes them? Suckaaas!!!!

## Emerald Lifeswarm EP

*Nourishment that simply \*crawls\* down your throat, no need to chew*

Whenever an enemy unit within 3" dies, distribute up to half of its total wound count to friendly units within 1" of its location.



## Soulsnare Shackles EP

*Locked down like a drunken clown*

Units within 1" of each Shackle cannot move until the end of the battle round.

## Quicksilver Swords EP

*Like a haystack of needles*

When this spell enters the battlefield, deal damage to each unit within 3" equal to the number of units within 2" of it.

When this spell leaves the battlefield, deal damage to each unit within 3" equal to the number of units within 2" of it.



## Suffocating Gravetide EP

*Surf 'n turf 'n surf*

If a friendly unit within 3" dies, at the end of the turn roll a D6 for each of these units: on 4+ return that unit to life with 1 wound.

## Prismatic Palisade EP



### Build a wall

Until the end of the turn this counts as a terrain piece and non-flying units cannot move over it. Flying units may not end a move on top of it. Tunnelling units can move under it.

## Burning Head EP

*Keep your friends close and your enemies maybe not so close*

Double all damage dealt by both friendly and enemy units within 6" of the spell.



## Geminids of Uhl-Gysh EP

*Like a piss-line in the sand on a beach covered in oil*

Set up each spell as per normal rules. Draw an imaginary line between the two spells. Units on one side of the line may not target units on the other side of the line with attacks, spells or abilities. Units may, of course, move to not have the line cross between them and their target, then proceed accordingly.

## Malevolent Maelstrom EP

*Nothing kills productivity like bureaucracy and paperwork.*

Halve all damage dealt by both friendly and enemy units within 6" of the spell.



## Aethervoid Pendulum EP

### Dodge this

Every time a unit within 6" would activate, roll a D6: on a 4+ that unit is forced to wait instead of activate. This may happen multiple times until the end of the turn, when all units will have eventually activated.



## Chronomatic Cogs ⚡

*The difference between a fancy watch and piece of junk is marketing*  
When the spell comes into play roll a D6: on a 4+ all friendly and enemy units within 3" get +2 attacks and +4 movement, on a 1-3 all friendly and enemy units within 3" get -2 attacks and -4 movement, down to a minimum value of 1 each.

## Umbral Spell Portals ⚡

*Like a window... to another world... oh wait.*

Place the spell portals on the board according to normal casting rules. In place of a movement action, any friendly Dude within 3" of a portal may instead elect to teleport to within 1" of the other portal.



## Purple Sun of Shyish ⚡

*Always wear sunscreen*

When the spell leaves play at the end of the turn, all units (both friendly and enemy) in unobstructed vision of the spell take 3D6 damage. All units in partially obstructed vision take D6 damage. Roll individually for each unit.

There is no range limit to this spell.









# Warpstone Bling



## ◦ Warpstone Bling ◦



Bling, Sucka!! Wear it on yo' neck and put it on yo' hand then punch every MF who stands in yo' way! Biz-natches. Nothing but Biz-natches.

Warptstone Bling is jewellery made from Warpstone that has been encased in gold, steel, silver, brass, platinum and copper in order to focus it's raw energy into a usable form. Amulets, rings, bracelets, anklets, crowns, tiaras and other shiny wearables can be found across a MF's journey and each of these will add a unique twist to their Warband. Some increase speed, others increase strength and some even allow the wearer to bend the laws of reality and twist luck in their favour, controlling the the fall of Dice like Autumn leaves in an Autumn breeze.

### Warpstone Bling of Vigor



*When Fiddy met Iggy 10/10 would watch*

+1 Movement to all friendly Dudes.



### Warpstone Bling of Dumb Luck

*Next time you think your life hurts open up Thrasher's Hall of Meat*

Force each opponent to re-roll 2 × attack dice per battle round.



### Warpstone Bling of The Shadow Cabinet

*"To criticise without offering a superior and plausible suggestion is the way of the bizzatch" - Sun Tzu*

You may re-roll 3 x attack dice of your own per battle round.



### Warpstone Bling of Fiddy & Obie

*Talk shizz, get shot, go to hospital, get better, ???, release rap album, profit*

At the end of every battle round pick up to two friendly units that died: for each, roll a dice and on a 4+ that unit is resurrected with 1 wound.



## Warpstone Bling of The Destroyer

*Zarg-nuts and chill*

At the beginning of each battle round you may pick up to one enemy unit that is more than 3" from any friendly units. That enemy unit may not activate this battle round or be the target of attacks or abilities from other units. It is treated as a terrain piece by all other units until the end of the battle round.

May not pick the same unit two battle rounds in a row. May not pick any units if the enemy only has one living unit.

## Warpstone Bling of The Local

*"Keys in a bowl!"*

At the end of every battle round you may physically swap the locations of one enemy and one friendly unit.



## Warpstone Bling of the CC-Shuffle

*Roll-reversal.*

At the beginning of every battle round you may choose to exchange the rolls on your and one other opponent's war dice. If the opponent has more war dice, you may increase yours to the same number and decrease theirs down to yours.



## Warpstone Bling of Ascent/Descent

*Its a short way to the top if you don't have any inkling for rock 'n roll*

Your Dudes do not count upwards vertical movement when determining how far they can move/climb in an activation.





# Hot Sauce

H E R E S A U C E

# ♪ Hot Sauce ♪



Are you an ardent travelling adventuring Quest-seeking MF?!?! We have just the thing for you!! Hot Sauce!! If you're suffering from any kind of fallout of the imagination and needing a quick pick-me-up during the heat of battle or the cold of winter, look no further than these fine home-brews which can turn the tide of any level of tiredness! Or cause instantaneous almost-death. In your foes. Not your friends. Unless they make a mistake and drink the wrong Hot Sauce. That would suck. Suckaaa!!!

## Hot Sauce of Health

*Scotch Bonnet, bell peppers and basil*

Heal up to 3D3.

If this is not the first time this Dude has used a Hot Sauce of Health in this Skirmish, if any doubles are rolled then instead of healing the rolled amount, the Dude takes that much damage. Too much of a good thing, ey.



## Hot Sauce of Strength

*Red Savina and garlic*

Add 1 Strength.



## Hot Sauce of Weakness

*Lemon Drop, sugar and salt*

Remove 1 Strength.



## Hot Sauce of Stamina

*Jalapeno and pineapple*

Add 1 Toughness.





## Hot Sauce of Fragility

*Carolina Reaper and vanilla pods*

Remove 1 Toughness.

## Hot Sauce of Undeath

*Ghost pepper, hatred and lime*

At end of the battle round, if the Dude died, revive in the same place with 1 wound.



## Hot Sauce of Speed

*Birds eye chili and passion fruit*

+1 Movement.



## Hot Sauce of Ring Sting

*Ring of fire and lime*

-1 Movement.



## Hot Sauce of The Apache

*Apache and apple*

Does not take fall damage this battle round.





## Hot Sauce of Runaway Success

*Cherry bomb and strawberries*

Add 2" range to all attacks.



## Hot Sauce of Cannae'aim

*Anaheim and chives*

Remove 2" range from all attacks (minimum of 1").



## Hot Sauce of The Lads

*Demon red, whisky and bants*

Add 1 attack.



## Hot Sauce of Ponder

*Biquinho and onion*

Remove 1 attack.



## Hot Sauce of The Pungent Scorpion

*Trinidad Perfume and mint*

Cannot be the target of attacks.



## Hot Sauce of El Jenkins

*Basket of Fire and spring onion*

Cannot be the target of abilities and is not affected by abilities until the end of the battle round.



## Hot Sauce of Witblitz

*Naga Viper and witblitz*

Until the end of turn, target unit takes on the same movement and toughness as this unit.



## Hot Sauce of Poestlap

*Trinidad Scorpion and ginger*

Until the end of turn, target unit takes on the same strength and no. of attacks as this unit.



## Hot Sauce of Blitsem

*Zimbabwe Black and brandy*

Until the end of turn, target unit takes on the same damage and critical damage profile as this unit. Transpose ranged attacks and melee attacks accordingly.



## Hot Sauce of Conscription

*Hungarian Hot Wax and honey*

Target unit must be the next unit to activate, if it has activations left, and may not wait during its activations. May not be used more than once per battle round.



## Hot Sauce of Mygonext

*Habanero Chocolate and chocolate*

Target unit may activate an additional time this turn. May not use more than once on the same unit per skirmish.

What is the goal  
of the game?

The goal of the  
game is to be a  
**Badass Mf.**

What makes you a Badass Mf?  
**Tactics, Mf.**

Getting to the end of the game by throwing swanky spell books at your enemies does not make you a Badass Mf. Getting to the end of the game by using your **z Brainz** with its superior **z Thought Patternsz** makes you a Badass Mf.

Every Side Quest in Chapter 1 you complete (to get Loot) earns you one point. Every Side Quest in Chapter 2 earns you two points, etc. Whomever finishes the final Quest with the least points has demonstrated Mathematical Nuclear Superiority and is

**THE Badassest Mf.**



# Gameplay Rules

# Gameplay: General Outline

Basically, this is single player or multiplayer co-op Warcry with a few extra twists in the form of spells, potions and abilities, and a special set of rules to set up “Artifical Intelligence” (aka “AI”) for non-player controlled warbands/enemies that need to be defeated in combat (or avoided without combat) in order to progress the storyline. The rules for the AI are simple to follow, and make the non-player controlled warbands move and fight in a way that resembles that of enemies in a “Hack & Slash” PC game.

The player should choose a class (Sorcerer/Warlord/Assassin) and start off with the Chapter 1 Intro Quest then progress along the storyline until they encounter a battle too challenging to overcome. Every time the player finds themselves in a position where a storyline battle is too challenging, the player should pursue a Side Quest because that Side Quest will result in a Reward which will enhance the power of the player’s warband.

Rewards come in the form of Commandments, Exploding Potions, Hot Sauce and Warpstone Bling. Each of these Reward types has a special rules set which makes it distinct from the other types of Rewards. For instance, Hot Sauce enhances (or detracts from) an individual unit’s performance for one battle round, but Warpstone Bling enhances the entire Warband in a specific way for the whole battle. Commandments are class-specific spells/abilities that can only be used by a player’s MF, and in comparison, Potions are available to any warband and are mechanically similar to Commandments but can be used by any member of the player’s warband, instead of just by the MF.

The game is designed in a way that it starts off quite simply, and as things progress it gets exponentially more tactically diverse because each Warband will develop in a unique way with a specific gear loadout based on the Side Quests that that warband has completed along the way. The warband’s gear loadout can be changed between quests with gear selected from the steadily-increasing pool of Rewards the Warband has accumulated along their journey, and whenever a Warband fails a Quest it may wish to re-attempt that same Quest with a different gear loadout which may enhance their chances of becoming victorious

Each time a Warband embarks on a Quest, that Quest will consist of two Skirmishes: The first half is usually a pretty “standard”, randomly-generated setup with a specific victory condition (usually “kill all the enemies”) and then once that victory condition is triggered, a second Skirmish will occur which will start where the first Skirmish ended. This means that strategic planning across the two skirmishes is essential, if Victory is the goal.

Because the game is, in essence, single player, all of the mechanics have been designed to allow infinite re-jigging, loop-holing and mucking about inbetween quests, but once a quest’s Skirmish is begun the seeds are sown and the player can only emerge victorious by sticking to the rules (or being a blatant cheat). If this point is a bit vague, then imagine that the mechanics have been designed to prevent the “roll-jigging” achievable in singleplayer PC games: Where a specific quest-completion reward needs to be rolled for, if the desired result isn’t achieved, the player simply reloads their last save which they made before the roll, and repeats the roll until the desired result is achieved.

What all of this means is that the game is like a very expansive, very diverse and very violent game of chess. With, like, a storyline. And some other bits. Maybe not so much like chess actually. Hmm.

Have fun, and don’t take anything too seriously. If in doubt, open a beer and order pizza.

# Single Player Rules

## Definitions

**LOS:** Line Of Sight

**MF:** The leader of a Warband

**Dudes:** All non-leader, non-gargantuan units in a Warband

**Failure:** During a Skirmish if the MF dies or another defined failure condition is triggered



## In The Very Beginning...

... God created man, and man opened a beer and ordered pizza.

Before begining any Quests, choose a class for your MF. The available classes are Sorcerer, Warlord and Assassin. Over the course of the game, as a Reward for completing various Side Quests, each class will gather class-specific Commandments which are essentially class-specific spells/abilities which can be used in battle.

Once a class is chosen, create a Warband from any of the available Warbands in Warcry and cap the Warband at 1000 points. It is ideal if the Warband is designed to be a "jack of all trades" that can dish out a beating across all of the foreseeable Quests without changing the Dudes in the Warband, but if not, heck why nawt: it's your Warband.

# Set Up

To embark on a Quest, turn to the relevant page that starts the Quest (It will have a Quest Title, Description and 1st Skirmish) and decide on the Commandments, Potions, Hot Sauce and Warpstone Bling that your Warband will use for that Quest. Once that is done, read the Description and text before the 1st Skirmish, then setup the battlefield according to the instructions stated.

The following mechanics govern the setup in addition to anything stated in the Skirmish text:

## 1. Terrain

Set up the terrain base, shuffle the terrain layout cards and draw from the top. Place the specified set pieces according to the layout shown on the card.

## 2. Twist

Shuffle the Twist cards and draw from the top. This Twist will be used for the 1st Skirmish

## 3. Warband

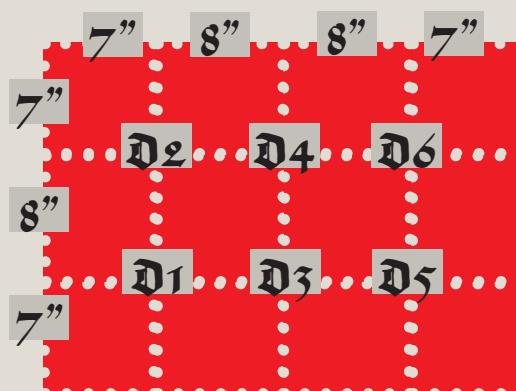
Shuffle the deployment cards and draw from the top: Setup your warband according to the card, Shield, Sword and Dagger etc. You get to choose red or blue. Lucky you.

## 4. Enemy Warband:

**4.1.** Select units of the specified enemy Warband type up to the points value specified. For example, “1000 points of Khorne” might be 5 x Berzerkers, or alternatively 2 x Berzerkers, 1 x Wrathmonger and 4 x Marauders. If that sums to 1000. Haven’t done the maths yet. Aren’t Berzerkers from 40K?

If any named units are described, include them on top of the points limit of the enemy Warband.

**4.2** Define six points on the battlefield according to the following diagram:



**4.3** Choose the Dude in the enemy Warband with the highest points value and roll a D6, then place that unit on the corresponding location of the number in the diagram.

**4.3.1** If you rolled a 2, 3 or 6 in this last step then setup the Dude that distance from the point, in the direction of the line on the dice, so that the enemy Dude will end up as far away from the nearest friendly Dude as possible. If terrain is in the way, place it behind the terrain.

**4.3.2** If you rolled a 1, 4 or 5 and there is already a Dude on that point, place the new Dude within 1" of the existing Dude in the most “sensible” way possible (if it has higher movement, in front, if its ranged, behind, if its the same type of Dude, next to, if in doubt, open a beer and order pizza). If terrain is in the way, place it behind the terrain.

## 5. Roll initiative Dice, War Dice and all other kinds of Dice that may tickle your fancy.

## 6. Battle BEGINS!!! Refer to the next set of rules for moving and engaging with the enemy Dudes.

# Battle Begins

Play according to normal Warcry rules, with the following modifications:

*Note: If you prefer to have your mate control the enemy Dudes rather than this “AI” rule set, by all means do so.*

The Player or Enemy Warband with initiative goes first, activate chosen MF or Dudes as normal in a back-and-forth, one-for-one manner. Certain abilities may change this, and in those instances proceed according to the text of those abilities.

## 1. Activate Enemy Dudes using the following rule set:

Activate the Enemy Dude nearest to a friendly Dude that hasn't yet been activated

- 1.1 If two Enemy Dudes are equal in distance, activate the Dude with highest points value first
- 1.2 If points value equal, activate the Dude with the least wounds left first
- 1.3 If wounds left are equal, activate the Dude with highest damage x attacks value first
- 1.4 If this value is equal, open a beer and order pizza

Note: “equal distance” means to within the nearest 1”: if a Dude is half an inch from an enemy Dude, and another Dude is 1” from the enemy Dude, both are the same distance and that distance is 1”.

## 2. Abilities

If the Enemy Dude has an ability that can be activated via Dice and if activating that ability is likely to be advantageous to the Dude, the Dude uses that ability and dice accordingly.

- 2.1 If the Dude could activate multiple abilities, only activate the one requiring the most War Dice.

## 3. Attacks

3.1 If the Enemy Dude can do a melee attack to a non-Enemy Dude in range then the Enemy Dude melee attacks nearest non-Enemy Dude

- 3.1.1 If multiple non-Enemy Dudes are in range, the Enemy Dude attacks the non-Enemy Dude with the highest damage x attacks first, then highest points value first, then lowest wounds left first. If non-Enemy Dudes are still equal, open a beer and order pizza.

3.2 If the Enemy Dude can't melee attack but a non-Enemy Dude is in range with ranged attack, the Enemy Dude attacks the non-Enemy Dude with a ranged attack

## 4. Movement

If the Enemy Dude can't attack, the Enemy Dude moves towards nearest non-Enemy Dude within LOS, in a direction that won't potentially incur falling damage.

If no non-Enemy Dudes are in LOS then the Enemy Dude opens a beer and orders pizza.

# Quest Rules

Start a Quest and play the 1st Skirmish until the Victory Condition is triggered.

## Once the 1st Skirmish Victory Condition is triggered:

1. Reset the wounds of all Dudes that are still alive to full health
2. Proceed to the 2nd Skirmish, and play until the Victory Condition is triggered.

## Once the 2nd Skirmish Victory Condition is triggered:

1. The Quest is completed
2. Revive all Dudes and set them to full health
3. Proceed to the next Quest or preferred Side Quest

If the failure condition is triggered in the 1st OR 2nd Skirmish, the Warband must reset and start again at the beginning of the 1st Skirmish. It is not mandatory to re-roll the terrain and scenery layout, but all Set Up steps starting from and including drawing the Twist card must be followed.

This means that if a Player fails a Quest, the Player can re-attempt that Quest but all of the enemies will be in different starting locations and a different Twist will be in effect. This ensures that no two games will ever be the same, and the Player must constantly re-evaluate their strategy each time a Quest is attempted.

Every time you fail a quest, open a beer and order pizza.

# Rewards: Loot and BFF's

At the end of every Side Quest, once the Warband achieves Victory they are entitled to Loot and sometimes a BFF will offer to join the Warband.

## BFF's have the following rules:

1. Whenever a Warband embarks on a Quest, only one BFF can join the Warband for the duration of that Quest
2. BFF's don't count towards a Warband's total points value
3. Players can swap different BFF's in and out of their Warband in between Quests

## Loot has the following rules:

A Warband can possess any amount of Loot, but due to the logistical challenges of swinging swords/axes/staves/bows etc at Enemy Dudes whilst reading Commandments, throwing Potions or swigging Hot Sauce, Warbands are limited to carrying only a select number of each type of Loot into a Quest. A MF can't be carrying tooo many vials of poison while opening beer and ordering pizza.

## A Warband can carry the following into a Quest:

1. 1 x Warpstone Bling into a Quest, otherwise there is too much concentrated power and err'body dies in a glorious sorcerous meltdown, then opens a beer and orders pizza.
2. 2 x Potions into a Quest, and a Potion can be used by any Dude in the Warband.
3. 3 x Commandments into a Quest, and duplicates of the same Commandment are not allowed. Only an MF can use Commandments.
4. 5 x Hot Sauce into a Quest, and Hot Sauce can be used by any Dude in the Warband.

Some Rewards are Loot in the form of Commandments or Hot Sauce, and Commandments are specific to just one Class - Sorceror, Warlord or Assassin. If a player is the class specified in the Reward then their Reward is the Commandment, and if they are not that specific class then their reward is to learn their next Hot Sauce.

Every time a Warband earns a Reward in the form of a Commandment, Potion or Warpstone Bling then they add that specific Loot to their available loadout options before embarking on a Quest.

Every time a Warband earns a Reward in the form of Hot Sauce, the Warband simply learns the next Hot Sauce specified.

For example: If a Warlord is rewarded with the Beasts Commandment, they may then use the Beasts Commandment in their Quest loadout. If a Warlord with 3 Hot Sauces is rewarded with another Hot Sauce, then they now know 4 Hot Sauce recipes and they are then able to incorporate Hot Sauce 1, 2, 3 and 4 in their Quest loadouts.

Hot Sauces are learned sequentially, other Loot are learned on a Quest-by-Quest basis.

## Using Commandments, Potions and Hot Sauce

**Commandments:** Can be cast by a MF up to 6" from the MF, lasts until the end of the battle round. Cast during a MF's activation only.

**Exploding Potions:** Same as Commandments but can be cast by any Dude during activation.

**Hot Sauce:** The MF or Dude must drink (or pour on an Enemy Dude within 1") during activation.

## Multiplayer Rules

### Multiplayer Set Up

1. Deploy +50% more critters for each additional player

1.1 If 1 player would face 1000 points of Critters, 2 players = 1500 points of Critters, 3 players = 2250 points, 4 players = 3,375 points, etc

2. If 3 or more players, use 2 x boards side by side and draw 2 x terrain cards

3. Deploy enemy Dudes according to the single player layout and rules, but if using 2 x boards then deploy enemy Dudes in order from highest to lowest value, alternating between each board per enemy Dude.

If 5, 6 or more players, extrapolate accordingly: Open more beer and order more pizza.

## Multiplayer General Rules

1. If a failure condition is triggered then all players have to restart according to single player rules  
2. When a victory condition is triggered, all players receive appropriate rewards (multiple abilities/potions/bling/hot sauces are handed out accordingly).

3. BFF's cannot duplicate and players must argue/roll off for who gets the specified BFF and then all others must choose alternative BFF's. No clones, no beer and no pizza.

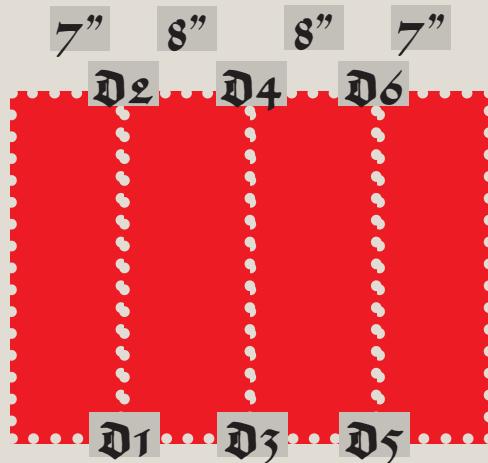
During battle, all players have an activation in turn and then Enemy Dudes get the same number of activations: If 3 players activate in a row, then 3 Enemy Dudes activate in a row, etc.

4. Whenever there is a dispute, roll off: the winner opens a beer and the loser pays for pizza.

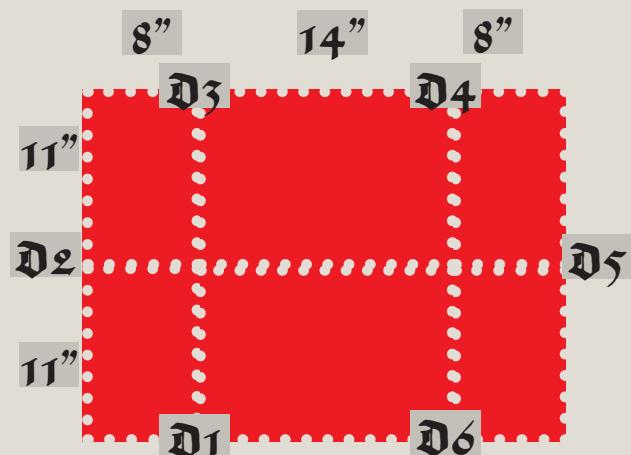
# Alternative Set Ups

Occasionally the AI gets “creative” and enemy Dudes will initiate their onslaught in a variety of different ways. Here are some that are used in the Skirmish setup texts:

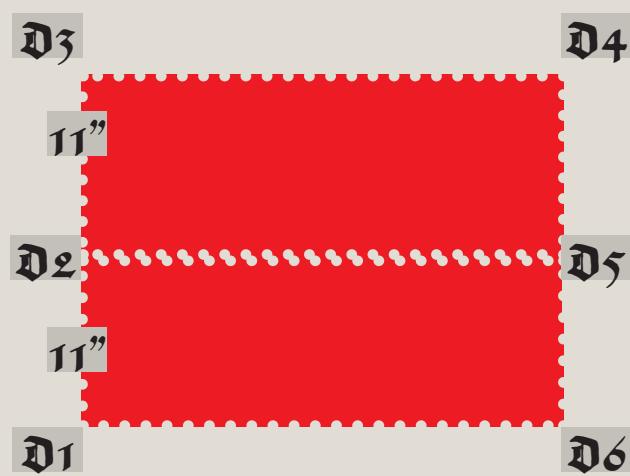
## Moses D6



## Encircled D6



## Split Ends D6



## Catacombes

If playing on a Catacombes battlefield then setup is obviously going to be a little different - bridges, lava, etc.

While setting up enemy Dudes, if they spawn in a location that is on a wall or in lava or similar, simply move that Dude via the shortest available distance to a clean, unobstructed position.

*Fin.*



# ♪ The Sights! ♪



Whenever travelling through a foreign warp-portal its always a good idea to have a handy guide to avoid the pitfalls that befelled those who came before! See on these pages a few handy hints and tips to assist in making your ride a little less bumpy, a little less filled with twisting pathways lined with bear traps and when you arrive at the cave at the end of the trail you see an overturned pot of honey and hear a deep and low growling and realise you just wandered into a trap set by a bear that collects bear traps and honey as a hobby. Next thing you know you head's mounted on a wall upsetting all the vegan friends of a bear who's showing you off as his latest trophy during his new cave-warming.

Vegan bears, now that's a thought.

## Trees of Nurgle

All Enemy Dudes (aka YOUR DUDES) within 3" of a Tree of Nurgle have their movement speed halved (rounded up) and whenever they move they take D3 damage. These things are basically the Whomping Willow's alcoholic uncle on the fifth day of a musical festival, vomit from days 2 and 3 still clinging to his shirt and beard as he sweats out pure whisky vapour whilst slam-dancing to Municipal Waste.



## Herdstones

Due to the infectious groovalicious beats emanating from these magnificent examples of druidic technology all units (thats YOUR DUDES as well as ENEMY DUDES) get +1 attacks while within 3" of a Herdstone. BOOMBAPSOUNDOFT-HENATION!!!

## Whisky Wagons

The whisky vapours surrounding each wagon give +1 toughness and -1 attacks to all units within 3" of the wagon. FEAR NO MANN, LADDIE!!



## Realmshaper Engines

Warp energy crackles from the top of these ol' Aztec portals into other worlds. Due to the high focus of Warp energy in the air, any ability affecting a unit within 3" of the Realmshaper Engine has its ability dice doubled for the purposes of working out effects.





## Kharadron Gunships

The only thing that makes a MF look tougher than full-sleeve tattoos is that same full-sleeve-tattooed-MF standing cross armed in front of a pimped out ride hailing beefy tunes to the neighbourhood at large. Standing next to one of these makes a MF feel invincible and hence a Kharadron Gunship adds +1 to the toughness of all units within 3". Ride it loud and ride it loooow. Jump in, sucka!!

♪ More to be revealed ♪





Like what you seen,  
seed and saw?

Hit Up

@mfwarcry

and

@TheEightpints

on the Warp.

Then open a

beer

and order

pizza.







Still

Only

The

Beginning

