

WARHAMMER

KISLEV



WARHAMMER
ARMIES

A. Smith

KISLEV



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INTRODUCTION

Welcome to Warhammer Armies: Kislev. This is your definite guide to collecting, painting and playing with a Kislev army in the Warhammer tabletop wargame.

The Warhammer Game

The Warhammer rulebook contains the rules you need to fight battles with your Citadel miniatures in the war-torn world on Warhammer. Every army has its own Army Book that works with these rules and allows you to turn your collection of miniatures into an organised force, ready for battle. This particular Army book details everything you need to know about Kislev, and allows you to field their armies in your games of Warhammer.

Why Collect Kislev?

This book describes in detail the troops that fight when the armies of Kislev go to war. Stalwart infantry forms the battleline, highly motivated in defending their homes from those that seek to destroy them. Lancers in shining armour sports large back banners, fluttering in the wind. The Kreml Guard is immovable in defence, supported by the gun wielding Streltsi. The Great Bears of Kislev go to war with them, tearing foes limb from limb. The Ice Witches control the forces of the elements of ice, calling down shardstorms on their foes. Supported by War Wagons rolling onto the field and the destructive power from the Urugan Cannon, the Kislev army is truly a force to be reckoned with.

How this Book Works

Every Army Book is split into sections that deal with different aspects of the army. Warhammer Armies: Kislev contains the following:

Land of the Great Bear

This section introduces the people of Kislev and their part in the Warhammer world. It includes their society and war torn history. You will also find information on the land of Kislev, the icy cold land in the north.

Kislev Bestiary

Every character and troop type in the Kislev army is examined in this section. Firstly, you will find a description of the unit, outlining its place in the army. Secondly, you will find complete rules for the unit and details of any unique powers they possess or specialist equipment they carry into battle. Also included are the rules for Ice Magic, along with Kislev special characters – Tzar Boris, Tzarina Katarin and others.

The Army of Kislev

This section contains photographs of the miniatures available for your Kislev army.

Kislev Army List

The army list takes all of the warriors and creatures presented in the Kislev Bestiary and arrange them so that you can choose a force for you games. The army list separates them into Lords, Heroes, Core, Special and Rare units. Each unit type has a points value to help you pit your force against an opponent's in a fair match. This section includes Heirlooms of Kislev, magic items that you can give to your characters.





THE LAND OF THE GREAT B&DЯ

The inhospitable land of Kislev lies to the northeast of the Empire and acts as a bulwark between the land of Sigmar and the Realm of Chaos. Kislev is a wide-open steppe, containing waving, tall grasses and thundering, icy rivers.

Lonely villages stand isolated in the empty wilderness, and mighty cities rise from the landscape like great islands of stone.

The climate is harsh and unforgiving, and only the strongest, most determined people can survive here. The Kislevite people are wolf-tough and self-reliant, often seen as backward and rustic by their more "civilised" neighbours, but none can doubt their bravery or determination, for Kislev is a land that stands forever on the brink of destruction. The people of Kislev have seen their country ripped asunder by foul hordes from the Chaos Wastes of the far north time and time again, and now these stoic folk face a colder and harder life than they ever have before.

THE PEOPLE OF KISLEV

Kislev is a country forged from various warring invaders who finally settled alongside each other. The bulk of the nation's population is made up of Ungols, the Gospodars, the Norse, and the last remnants of the Ropsmenn. Tribes such as the Dolgans make their home in Kislev's northern areas, and many of the people that inhabit the south display many traits of the Empire, as it is common to interact and mingle the bloodlines. In fact, Kislev is almost two nations in one. On the one hand, there are the more civilised peoples of the south and the cities, where the lands are relatively fertile.

And in the north, particularly north of the Lynsk, there are wild, nomadic tribes.

In the time of Sigmar, the harsh lands north-east of the Urskoy were populated by the Ungol tribes, who also dominated the smaller tribes of the Ropsmenn who lived in what is now Troll Country. Sharing many traits with the Kurgan steppe nomads to the east, the Ungols were a scattered people consisting of nomadic, horse-riding tribesmen. Sigmar's influence did not stretch this far north, and they remained independent from the confederation of tribes founded by Sigrnar.

Around the year 1500 IC there was a large westward migration from the eastern steppes, and of particular importance was the arrival of the powerful and wealthy Gospodars. Torn with strife, the Empire was in no position to contest these lands, and the superior arms and tactics of the Gospodars drove the Ungols to the west and north, who in turn absorbed the Ropsmenn completely. Over the following century, the power of the Gospodars grew, and the city of Kislev was founded. The settlement of Praag grew in size as the Gospodars used the Lynsk to launch incursions into Ungol territory, eventually forcing the Ungols to accept Gospodar rule (who were now beginning to be called Kislevites after their capital city). By this time, the former Ungol city of Erengrad had grown into a busy port ruled by the new Kislevites, and from here, the Kislevites were able to sail the Sea of Claws, trading and fighting with the Norse and on occasion the Empire, as well as keeping the Ungols in check.



This state of affairs has existed for over 750 years, and Gospodar and Ungol society has blended over the centuries, to a greater or lesser extent, into the nation of Kislev. The ruling elite, from whom the Tzars and Tzarinas hail, are of Gospodar heritage. The influence of the Gospodar language and beliefs is more evident in the south, particularly in the cities of Kislev and Erengard, while. Further north, the land becomes more barren, and the horse tribes still hold sway. In fact, Praag has been reclaimed in a large part by the old Ungol nobility, and in many ways is a separate power in the north. Frequently the bulwark against the tribes of Chaos, the Kislevites relish the debt owed to them by the people of the Empire to the south whom they protect. However, this does not stop a Kislevite from bitterly complaining about this state of affairs at every opportunity. The Kislevites are closer to the people of the Empire than many of them would admit and view them with a kind of patronising humour that one might reserve for a bright but slightly eccentric child.

LANGUAGE

The language spoken by the people of Kislev is known as Kislevarin and is a blend of the original Ungol and Ropsmenn tongues with the addition of the languages brought by the migrating Gospodars. Over the centuries, this has become the dominant of the three languages, with the addition of some Reikspiel words and conventions from the south. There are, of course, many different dialects within Kislev, and the language is spoken somewhat differently in different regions of the country, though the differences between these broad dialects are slight. There is almost never any difficulty in mutual understanding, and non-Kislevarin speakers are generally unable to distinguish them without conscious effort.

The regional differences correspond mainly to old tribal divisions from hundreds of years ago, the most significant of these (in terms of numbers of speakers) are Sudevarin, which is spoken in the south, Krevarin, which is spoken in the east and centre oldie country, and Dolvarin, which is the principal language of the north and of the tribal raiders who plague the farmers. In the stanitsas of the far north, the older tribes and families keep alive the distinctive Gorelsk dialect, said to be the unpolluted language of the Ropsmenn, and they take great pride in their culture and language, which is said to be much more musical than standard Kislevarin. Some city dwellers—especially the less affluent population—also have their own distinctive dialects. An example of this is Tzavarin, still spoken by some of the population of Kislev, though these city dialects are now mostly extinct due to assimilation with standard Kislevarin,

Kislevarin is often said to be one of the most difficult languages for non-native speakers to learn, and while difficult for speakers of "classic" Reikspiel, it is not so difficult for those raised in the north and east of the Empire, since the regional dialect of Ostland and Ostermark owes much to early Kislevarin.

What makes Kislevarin so difficult to master is that it has an extremely complex gender system, based on the fact that it combines three categories—gender (masculine, feminine, neuter), personality (personal versus non-personal), and vitality (animate versus inanimate).

Over the centuries, Kislevarin has borrowed a large number of words from other languages, most notably Reikspiel, since the Empire and Kislev share a border, and a high proportion of the inhabitants of Kislevite cities are from the Empire. Most such words are adopted by altering the spelling to keep the pronunciation but are written according to Kislevite phonetics.

Thus, it is possible for a non-Kislevarin speaker to pick out the odd word here and there from a conversation, such as Stem-tzak (Steam Tank) and Roketz (Rockets). Here are other examples of borrowed words: s:altichra (which comes from the Reikspiel word, adelsgeschlecht, meaning nobility) and burmistrz (which comes from the word burgomister, meaning mayor).

RELIGION IN KISLEV

The Kislevites are descended from Humans that travelled from the Kurgan tribes of the north and east. In particular, the Kurgan influence is still strong in the north, and the horse clans share many traditions and customs with the likes of DoIgans, Khazags, and other marauder tribes. The ancient traditions of these peoples are more keenly held to amongst the nomads, who see their southern cousins as weakened by the civilising influence of the Empire. In this respect, worship of the various ancient Kislev Gods varies across the nation, being more prominent in the north, while other Gods have been incorporated into the Kislevite religion in southern lands. In addition, the Gospodars brought with them the Cult of Utsun, which has been established as a dominant religion of Kislev. As most of the Kislevite ancestry originated from the eastern steppes and the harsh northlands, their Gods represent very important forces in their lives. Various nature and household spirits are worshipped all across the Old World, but this practice is particularly strong in Kislev. These magical creatures are servants and messengers of the Gods in this world and should be treated as such.

KISLEV CALENDAR

Kislev uses three dating systems, the Calendar of the Empire, the Gospodar Calendar, and the

Ungol Calendar, The Ungol Calendar is now only used for the northern tribes, and it works on the principle of a 4-year cycle called an Urtza, dating from the time that the great Bear God, Ursun, first awoke from hibernation. This date roughly equates to 500 years before Sigmar's time. Dates are also known to vary from tribe to tribe, so that while one tribe may say that the great chieftain Eskadar fought the battle of Lyrisk in 452 (1310 IC (1310+500)14), another might say it is in 453 (1312. IC). For these reasons, it is only of interest to scholars for its eccentricity more than its functional use.

The Gospodar Calendar sees far more widespread use in Kislev, owing its popularity to dominance of Kislev city' and the influence the Tzarina holds over the majority of her people. the Gospodar Calendar traces its origins to 1524 IC with the founding of the city of Kislev, Since the Great War against Chaos, many Kislevites, especially in the south, have embraced the Imperial Calendar. Such is the extent of its use that it has now become common for dates to be given in both the Gospodar Calendar and the Imperial Calendar.

THE RULERS OF KISLEV

The rulers of Kislev are powerful figures descended from the line of the ancient warrior kings and Khan-Queens of the Gospodars. On the very forefront of the wars against Chaos, they rule a land that must always stand ready to fight the forces of the northern tribes and their terrible Gods. From the icy fortress of her capital city of Kislev, Tzarina Katatin rules her land with an aloof majesty that has earned her the epithet of "Ice Queen." The daughter of the fiery and charismatic Tzar Boris, she ascended to the throne in 2517 IC, following her father's death in battle whilst leading an army north of the Lynsk into Troll Country. She is the latest in a long line of Tzarinas descended from the ancient Khan-Queens of the Gospodars, the powerful tribal group that migrated west centuries ago and became the dominant peoples of what was to grow into the nation of Kislev.

A great sorceress in her own right, her power is said to come from the land of Kislev, its icy soul and bleak tundra giving her command of the elements and mastery of that form of wizardry known as Ice Ivlagic. Indeed, some whisper she is the living reincarnation of the very first Khan-Queen, Miska, so complete is her grasp of this dangerous branch of magic.

Upon her ascension to the throne of Kislev, it is said the Bokha Palaces grew a new wing, hundreds of yards in length and formed entirely of glittering, ice. This wondrous creation would be beyond all but the most powerful Ice Mages, and it is here. Kaarin remains for most of the time, granting audiences in an immense chamber of magically



woven hoarfrost. Some believe she simply prefers the chill of these frozen corridors, while others say it is a display of her power to overawe would-be enemies and foreign ambassadors.

Where Tzar Bokha was a man who preferred to lead from the front and was renowned for his courage and leadership, the Tzarina, in keeping with her icy powers, is aloof and remote, preferring to work through agents and generals. Only under the direst circumstances does the Tzarina join her armies (known in Kislev as pulks), but when she does, it is often upon a mighty steed whose flanks shimmer with glinting ice crystals and whose breath is the winter wind, or she rides an armoured sled drawn by a team of identical beasts. The Tzarina carries a fearsome warblade known as Fearfrost, a weapon said to have been forged by the ancient Khan-Queen Miska of the Gospodars, whose intense cold can kill with a single scratch. This blade has passed from Tzarina to Tzarina over the ages, and only a Tzarina can wield the blade. Were a man to lift the blade, he would find himself frozen solid in a heartbeat.

On those rare occasions she does lead her army in battle, the devotion lavished upon her is beyond that which might be expected of such a remote ruler. Her power over the elements is clear proof that the blood of the Khan-Queens flows in her veins, and the Ungols of the north fear and respect her as one of the ancient warrior witches from their oldest myths.

Though the Tzarina's grip on her icy land is firm, even she cannot rule a land as large and fractious as Kislev on her own.

The spirit of stubborn independence that makes Kislev such a formidable nation of warriors means it is only with the support of the nobility that a ruler can maintain control. Beneath the Tzarina are a number of high-ranking nobles known as Boyarsin, each of whom commands an army in times of war. Each Boyarsin is a hereditary ruler, the tide passing from father to child (boy or girl), and the lands and villages nearby owe him fealty and loyalty. In return, the village can expect protection and support from the local lord in times of famine and war, but they are beholden to answer his call to battle. When the Tzarina gathers her armies, the Boyarsin send riders out to the villages for which they are responsible, and a muster of warriors begins with a speed that puts most other nations to shame. Where the men of other nations might only fight when their own lives are threatened, Kislevites have a strong bond with the land and its people, and the idea of invaders despoiling their homeland is abhorrent to them. It is considered a great honour to fight for Kislev, and there is no shortage of brave young men who seek glory and honour as a horse archer or lancer.

In each stanitsa, the people are led by a hetman, a man who has displayed the qualities of a warrior and leader and whom the villagers respect. Where the tide of Boyarsin is passed from father to his offspring, the hetman of a village earns his place, whether he seeks such office or not. The hetman must see his village through times both good and had and rule his people with wisdom and courage. He will be a battle-proven warrior who can command the defences of his village should it come under attack from raiders or tribes of Orcs and Goblins. Many noble families and Boyarsin can trace their origins back to a hetman of a humble stanitsa, though most prefer not to.

KISLEV RELATIONS

Though they might like the world to think otherwise, the Kislevites do not stand alone against the perils of Chaos. The country must endure the constant raids and attacks of the northern raiders, but in times of need when the followers of Chaos have gathered in great numbers, the Kislevites have received aid from other nations. Most commonly, forces from the Empire - in particular Ostland, the Ostenmark, and Talabecland—march north to assist against these larger incursions.

As has been mentioned earlier, the people of the Empire tend to look down on the Kislevites as backwards and primitive though it is certainly not the case. Most Empire folk can't understand why anyone would want to live in such a cold, empty land that is constantly threatened by the forces of Chaos. Surely, they say, the people of Kislev would be better off moving somewhere less dangerous. Of course, this view is one that sensible people don't

voice, as Kislev provides a handy buffer between the Empire and the hordes of Chaos. Were the Kislevites to act upon this advice, their nation would become part of the Realm of Chaos, and the northern marauders would be on the Empire's doorstep!

Fortunately for the Empire, the Kislevites would sooner cut their own throats than leave their beloved homeland, for Kislev is their home, and to abandon it would be unthinkable. And there is a streak of stubbornness that many suspect motivates the Kislevites to stay, for to leave would be to admit defeat, and such a thing is unacceptable to a warrior nation. However, there are those in the Empire who suspect the truth is that the Kislevites envy being able to bemoan their fate and cast themselves as a put-upon nation, but without their courage, the world would fall to the Dark Gods of Chaos.

During the Great War against Chaos, when the hordes of the north stretched like a sea across the Taiga, it was not just the Humans of the Empire who aided the Kislevites. The Elves and Dwarfs helped as well. High Elf Mage Teclis travelled from Ulthuan to aid Magnus the Pious as he led his armies northward to fight the Chaos tribes in Kislev. A contingent of Dwarfs from Karaz-a-Karak fought alongside the Kislevites in defending the walls of the capital city of Kislev.

In return, it has been known for Kislevites to aid the Dwarfs in clearing the mountain passes, particularly the High Pass, of foes such as Shaven, Greenskins, and marauders. Both respect the stubbornness they see in each other, though Kislevites cannot understand how Dwarfs can spend so much time underground, while a Dwarf generally thinks that all that open sky drives the Kislevites a little insane. The Wood Elves are famous for their xenophobia, for they distrust all outsiders, even their kin from Ulthuan.

However, there are instances where even these reclusive peoples can set aside their isolationist predilections to come to the aid of others. When ancient foes rear their heads, they have been known to make common cause with others. There are very few incidents of this in Kislev's history, but they are there - battles against Beastmen when unexpected Wood Elf allies have attacked the creatures of Chaos from their hiding places, as well as occasions when a Kislev patrol has been drawn to the sounds of fighting to find a small Wood Elf community embattled by Orcs or Chaos marauders.

"Your Empire exists because we stop the raiders. You think the Storm of Chaos was unusual? That is our life."

- Warvara Pronin, Northern Atamanka



POLITICS

From the outside, Kislev appears to be a centralised monarchy, ruled with icy resolve by the Tzarina Katarin. That is exactly what the Tzarina wants everyone to think. Within Kislev, one of the most important Forces in politics is her attempt to make reality match the image. The other most important force, unchanged for centuries, is the constant threat of destruction from the forces brooding in the north. The Storm of Chaos brought that threat home to everyone, and the Tzarina is trying to exploit it to reinforce her position.

THE THREAT OF DARKNESS

The threat from the wastes to the north and east of Kislev is by far the most important factor in Kisleyite politics. The threat is real, is always imminent, and without any warning can become utterly devastating. All leaders are assessed in terms of how well they can defend people from this threat, and no other political dispute can be allowed to get in the way of defence.

The constant threat of war means that people only rise up against their overlords when they're thought to be hindering the defence against the north. Otherwise, it would be foolish to waste effort fighting another human when foul perversions of nature might attack at any moment. As a result, most uprisings happen near the borders of Kislev, when the leaders to the south are perceived to be withdrawing troops or other resources needed for local defence. The performance of the Tzarina's forces during the Spring Driving - when Archaon crossed the Lvnsk and defeated the combined forces



of the Tzarina and the Empire - has dampened the desire for revolution for the moment, but this sentiment will not last forever.

It might be thought that a common purpose would smother all political disputes. When the hordes are actually flowing over the steppes, it does, but most of the time, disputes continue.

However, the most important political disputes, the ones over which people will not compromise, are almost invariably concerned with the best way to defend the land. Often, this means that the peasants put up with new taxes, rather than risk weakening their defences, but it can also lead to the nobility withdrawing unpopular taxes, as discontent among the common folk makes for less effective warriors. But when both sides think conceding would undermine their defences, things can, and do, get very unpleasant.

Kislev is a large and mostly empty country, with leagues of land containing little more than herds of wild horses. Such vast distances making governance a challenge, even more so with the Tzarina's idealised vision of how she should govern. If all things were equal, she would delegate day-to-day rule to local leaders. In reality, the people are far more autonomous than even the Tzarina would wish.

There are stanitsas where the Ataman has never received any sort of instruction from the Tzarina or even from a Boyars or druzhina. These people still recognise they are subjects of the Ice Queen, but they would be profoundly surprised to learn Katarin expects to be able to tell them what to do. Thus, to understand politics in Kislev, it is necessary to work from the local level upwards and keep in mind the difference between the way the Tzarina says the system works and the way it actually does work.

ATAMANS AND STANITSAS

Throughout most of Kislev, settlements called stanitsas are ruled by atamans, the title given to village chiefs. The Ataman discharges nearly all the functions of government, enforcing the law, settling disputes, and setting priorities for the stanitsa. In Ungol stanitsas the Ataman is always supported by at least two other judges, in case the ataman is a member of the groups involved in a court case. Even in those settlements, the ataman judges all cases he is qualified to judge, and the other judges are clearly inferior to him.

The ataman has almost unlimited authority within his settlement. There are few with the power to contradict him, and even those who officially have such power are normally (00 Far away to have any

effect on day to day affairs. Despite this, few Atamans rule as tyrants. In most cases, the wise women and priests of the Gods provide a counterweight, and in the cases where the atarnan is not the leader of the village's rota, the rotamaster also has significant influence. There are a few stanitsas where the Ataman is the rotarnaster and the only priest; many of these are devoured by the Dark Powers as no one has the ability to challenge the Ataman's authority.

The Tzarina claims all Atamans are appointed by her and serve at her pleasure. In practice, ararnans reach their office through a variety of traditional routes, and the Tzarina simply issues proclamations "appointing" the current Ataman. In most Gospodar stanitsas, the Ataman's position is hereditary in a noble family, though the details of inheritance vary. Matrilineal inheritance is common, though female Atamans (called Atamanka) are somewhat rarer and make up only about a quarter of the total numbers. Very few Ungol stanitsas have surviving nobility, as the Ungol leaders were eliminated by the victorious Gospodars. In those places, elections in which all adult residents vote are common. Some stanitsas do consistently elect members of a single family, however.

In many border stanitsas, the best war leader becomes the Ataman. Such Atamans have almost invariably served as rotamaster, but it is quite common for them to abandon that role to concentrate on more strategic matters. A few, particularly among the Gospodars, retain old traditions of having rival candidates dud for the position; most of these duels arc to first blood, but rumours persist of isolated settlements that still impose fights to the death. Other contests are also possible; one stanitsa in the east requires candidates for atarnan to wrestle a bear, in tribute to Ursun, whilst another, in the southwest, holds a singing contest. Even the villagers there are baffled as to the origin of the custom, but recent extreme good luck (the Spring Driving bypassed them entirely, for example) makes them reluctant to change anything that might offend the spirits,

Katarin knows her proclamations are mere formalities, but for now, that is enough. Once people come to accept the formality as necessary for someone to become an atarnan, she will have the power to genuinely control appointments. She is taking advantage of the devastation left by the Chaos incursion to proactively appoint aramans when there is no immediately clear traditional candidate. She relies on her advisers to ensure she only appoints people with strong local support, and so far, it is working. She has even been able to remove a couple of notorious cowards from the Ataman position.



DRUZHINA

The druzhinas are the lowest rank of formal nobility among the Gospodars. Many Atamans hold this rank, as do a significant number of rotamasters. The rank is traditionally hereditary, but the Ice Queen has recently started making individual druzhina for life in return for great service to the Tzarina or the state or for financial contributions. She has even extended this privilege to some Ungols, which has created some discontent among both Gospodars and other Ungols.

Katarin often uses the rank of druzhina to reward influential individuals who publicly affirm and support her power and authority. These rewards are almost always for life, but she has occasionally granted a druzhina the right to pass the ride on to his heirs.

BOYARS

The Boyars are the middle-rank nobility, the nobles who hold real power. They are all Gospodars, and the rank is universally hereditary. A few Boyars suspect Katarin plans to appoint life Boyars, possibly even from among the Ungols, and they do not like the idea at all. They have started spreading the idea that being a Boyar requires having the right sort of family pedigree, going back several generations at least. The Tzarina has, so far,

avoided explicitly opposing this idea, but she certainly doesn't support it. Instead, when she appoints Boyars to positions of greater responsibility, such as leadership of a pulk, she emphasises she is doing it on the basis of ability. Across most of Kislev, the Boyars are the most powerful individuals. They are close enough and have enough followers to tell Atamans what to do, and any higher authorities are a very long way away. Most Boyars allow Atamans a great deal of independence, provided that taxes are paid in full and on time because they have more interesting things to do than deal with the petty disputes of a hunch of peasants.

A recent trend is for Boyars to keep a home in one of Kislev's three cities. The Tzarina has encouraged this fashion, as Boyars living in a city are subject to her authority in practice and theory, but there are still a substantial number of traditional holdouts across the oblast. Such individuals may be unfashionable and uncultured, but they generally have a firm grip on local power. Many of these Oblast Boyars see little need for a central government at all. This feeling is even more common among Ungols of similar status, though they have no formal rank.

They do not openly defy the Ice Queen, as they do not need the trouble, but they pay as little attention to her laws as they can get away with. The Tzarina would like to be able to offer the Ungols the rank of Boyars in return for an acknowledgement of her authority, but, as noted above, doing so would cause far too many problems with the existing Boyars.



THE FROZEN COURT

The heart of Kislev's government lies within the Tzarina's enchanted palace of ice. Its walls, ceilings, and floors are constructed of magically fashioned and maintained blocks of ice. Although the temperatures are far below freezing, Katarin seems completely at ease in such an unwelcoming environment. Tragically for her courtiers and hangers-on, the same cannot be said for them. To ease their discomfort, the Tzarina has decreed formal court dress can include many layers of fur. As well, she does not require most people to sit on chairs carved from ice. However, since her throne is carved from a single block of ice, and as it assumes a different shape each day, the majesty and power she displays are enough to chill the hearts of the most warmly dressed of petitioners. In the presence of the Tzarina there are certain forms all recognize and do their best to maintain. Ensuring proper etiquette is the Kreml Guard, dangerous men of peerless skill in arms, and a resilience that rivals even the courageous Dwarfs of the Worlds Edge Mountains. While the rules of court are strictly enforced, Katarin keeps them simple. She wants people to keep them, not have an excuse to punish those who break them.

- No one may turn his back on the Tzarina, which means hacking away from her, primarily. She almost always leaves a room immediately after finishing a meeting, so people can leave easily.
- No one may sit in the Tzarina's presence. Katarin has granted personal exceptions to this rule to a few valuable or influential individuals who have trouble standing for long periods. Even they tend to rise when she enters a room, the exceptions being those who no longer have legs.
- No one may stand behind the Tzarina. This rule is interpreted to mean everyone within the room must be within her field of vision and is only strictly enforced while she is seated. She normally stands for a few moments at her throne, to give people time to move into view.
- No one's head may be higher than that of the Tzarina. Fortunately, she is a tall woman, and her throne is always raised on a high platform. People do have to bow when she enters or leaves a room, however.
- Nobody below the rank of Boyars may speak directly to the Ice Queen, and Boyars may only speak to her when invited to do so. While this is generally true, the Tzarina is known to make exceptions on a whim or in special circumstances.
- Katarin's personal bodyguards are exempt from all of these rules, so they can do their job properly, and they always enter rooms ahead of her, both to check for threats and to warn courtiers that the Tzarina is about to arrive.

The total effect of these simple rules is to keep everyone in court constantly aware of where the Tzarina is and where she is looking.

And because she always dresses to have an impact, the rules make it difficult to spend any time at court without subconsciously forming the idea that the Tzarina is the centre of the world.

Before the Storm of Chaos, Katarin remained aloof, spending most of her time in the Ice Palace. Very few of her subjects had actually seen her in person. This remoteness was partly personal inclination but also a deliberate attempt to cultivate a somewhat otherworldly image. During the wars, however, she personally led Kislevite forces, lending her mastery of Ice Magic to the struggle against the Ruinous Powers.

In the course of these battles, she found her direct aid inspired direct loyalty, bypassing the local nobility. Even if a boyar fought alongside her, the chekist (secret police) reported that local residents tended to credit the Tzarina with defending them from the Northmen. As a result, she has altered her previous policy

She has created an army - drawing from the kossars, the Gryphon Legion, and some of the best horse archers in the nation - and in the summer leads it north and east, to regions of Kislev threatened by raiders. There, the horse archers seek out raiding bands, and the Ice Queen leads her army to save the area stanitsas. The Tzarina applies the rules of the court to any place she goes and makes sure to demonstrate her mastery of arcane power in any battle. This policy is very new but seems to be working.

Tordimir does not object to part of the Gryphon Legion serving the Tzarina personally, and the rotas of saved stanitsas have often volunteered to serve with her.

The main problem with this policy is that it forces her to neglect the concerns of central government for weeks at a time. Her chancellor, Militsa Skvortskoya, is competent and apparently loyal, but Katarin is still not entirely happy.

Rumours say she has hired complete outsiders to check on the loyalty of all her servants, including the chekist.

THE CULT OF URSUN

Under Katarin's father Boris the Cult of Ursun enjoyed a renaissance, utterly crushing the threat to its pre-eminence posed by the Cult of Ulric. The cult maintains its position, and the bravery of many of its priests during the Storm of Chaos has not hurt its status in the slightest. The Tzarina is widely believed to be a sincere devotee of Ursun, as befits the daughter of one chosen directly by the God as high priest.

However, her relationship with the cult is complicated by the fact she is only the daughter of

the high priest and not high priestess herself. The cult does not recognise her as a spiritual leader, though it is grateful for her support and certainly does not promote rebellion against or resistance to the Tzarina.

Politically, chief priests of Ursun have a great deal of influence locally, especially given the resurgence in the cult's influence, but on a national level, the cult has no organisation and, thus, no policies. Katarin's devotion appears to be genuine, and she has been subtly encouraging the cult to stay out of politics. For now, there are no problems, but if a new high priest were to arise, things could change rapidly.

THE CULT OF DAZH

The Cult of Dazh has more potential political influence, thanks to its tighter organisation, but under Watcher Ydeski it does not use this influence for much of importance, concentrating mainly on the enforcement of minor commands of the God. Katarin pays homage to Dazh and is known to trust her personal attendant, Fredrek Solzeyn. Indeed, she has more contact with him than with any priest of Ursun.

This preference has led some to suspect she has plans for the Cult of Dazh and may be grooming Solzeyn to be the next head of the Kislev temple. Certainly, some young priests have started preaching that the Tzarina is the chosen agent of Dazh, appointed to defend his holy fires against outside threats, and no one has moved to stop them. Some suggest this tolerance can only mean that higher authorities in the cult want to encourage the spread of such beliefs.

While Watcher Ydeski is too hound up in his own paranoia and petty crusades to care, there are priests in distant regions of Kislev who have said that they do not believe an Ice Witch can be the chosen of the God of fire. Most are careful to emphasise they believe the Tzarina is the rightful ruler of Kislev; those who do not are arrested and tortured until they do so. If, however, the Ice Queen does try to impose a new doctrine on the cult, serious trouble could ensue.

THE ICE WITCHES

One of the most famed and feared political groups in Kislev is the ice witches. Women of great magical power, of whom the Tzarina is their most famous member, they command the very elements and bring to bear the might of the land in defence of their great nation. They are a strange breed, being physically and spiritually linked to the seasons, growing weaker in the summer and stronger in the winter.

The ice witches are firmly on the Tzarina's side. She is currently the most powerful ice witch in Kislev, and some say she is a reincarnation of Miska, the first ice witch and Tzarina of the early



Gospodars. Katarin, in turn, favours the ice witches, granting them legal privileges similar to those extended to the nobility.

The main weakness of the ice witches, from a political perspective, is that they have very little to do with the common people of Kislev, remaining aloof while studying their magic.

The level of power they bring to the Tzarina's service is highly valuable, but they do not bring any other supporters with them.

Individual ice witches who could win the order a place in the affections of the people would be greatly favoured by the Tzarina,

WISE WOMEN

The Tzarina is widely believed to dislike the wise women (also known as hags). To begin with, they are strongly associated with the Ungols, and Katarin is the heir of everything the Gospodars stand for. Further, the wise women seem utterly indifferent to the Ice Queen's authority and have even claimed not to be subject to her laws and commands. While the Tzarina does not accept that she and her agents have occasionally had to concede to specific demands or risk riot and rebellion in the oblast.

It is certainly true that the wise women have no legal privileges, and people who have killed hags have been allowed the defence that they were destroying a servant of the Dark Powers. However, the Tzarina has not taken any direct actions against them yet, possibly for fear that doing so would alienate the Ungols and possibly out of fear of their magic. On the other side, very few wise women, and none of the influential ones, have counselled outright rebellion or even resistance. Rather, they suggest doing as the Tzarina requires, at least as long as the spirits say no differently.

Most knowledgeable observers agree the Tzarina would prefer to have the wise women on her side and is looking for ways to convert them. Individual wise women willing to openly support the Tzarina and advise others to do the same would receive significant patronage. The few who have done so, however, have lost their status among the wise women in return, and so, the promise of patronage has not been effective.

At present, the wise women do not have a single strong leader; a number of hag mothers share the influence. If that were to change, the Tzarina might come to see them as more of a threat. Of course, if a potential leader were a supporter of the Tzarina, the Ice Queen would be very likely to support her.

ЛДШ

Citizens of the Empire sometimes imagine Kislev as a lawless, barbarian waste, which is far from the truth. It is true that Kislev's laws tend to be simpler and enforced in a system involving fewer lawyers than those of the Empire. They can also be very different, something that has landed more than one arrogant visitor from the Empire in a great deal of trouble.

As part of her drive to centralise authority, Tzarina Katarin declared she is the sole source of law and justice. Thus, any attempt to make, or even enforce, laws is a criminal act, unless the person in question has been authorised to do so by the Tzarina or by her representatives. She has instructed all her agents to take this law very seriously, and so they do.

The result is that the penalties for unauthorised law enforcement are much more severe, where possible, than the penalties for the crimes involved. A group of adventurers who killed a group of bandits because they were bandits would face death by slow freezing for challenging the Tzarina's authority.

On the other hand, a brawler who kills his opponent may be spared any further punishment if his victim was unpopular and if he took some wounds in the fight. Thus, cunning adventurers know to claim to have fought over an insult or a bet and, in the resulting brawl, killed a group of people who happened to be the bandits plaguing the village. Of course, everyone knows the truth behind the ruse, but the Tzarina recognises that the surface form is what matters, for now. If no one claims to be enforcing the law without her authority, then, very soon, she really will have a monopoly on that authority.

To support this strategy, the Tzarina designated all the existing judges, magistrates, and city watches as her agents. Since the Storm of Chaos, she has stopped issuing retrospective authorisation, but she has yet to turn down a request backed by the local rulers or community. Her closest advisers are now looking for a suitable location in which she can appoint someone without community support. There is a long way to go before the Tzarina will actually have control over the full system of law and justice, but neither she nor her counsellors plan to waste any time getting there.

CHAOS AND THE LAW

It is not illegal to be a Mutant or a servant of the Ruinous Powers in Kislev. On the other hand, it is also not illegal to kill Mutants, Beastmen, or other creatures touched by corruption.

So, anyone who finds a nest of evil is free to wipe it out without facing any legal penalties, whether for murder or for enforcing the law without the Tzarina's permission.

It was once illegal, a capital offence, to work with the servants or Chaos, but Katarin changed the laws shortly after assuming the throne. Since no one had ever really bothered with trials, she presented it as simply recognising the actual situation and almost everyone accepted that. The enthusiastic pursuit of Mutants and cultists by Katarin and her associates spoiled any notions she might be providing legal protection for such creatures; indeed, she argued that she was, instead, providing protection for those who hunted them.

In principle, an adventurer could be tried for murder after killing a cultist and executed if he could not prove his accusations. In reality: such a thing is only likely to happen if the adventurer is an outsider (from the Empire, for example), and the cultist is a member of the local community. As a result, foreigners need to be careful, but Kislevite witch hunters have nearly free rein; very few people are willing to stand up for an accused - and dead - servant of the Ruinous Powers.

This situation is, of course, abused in some cases. But the chekist catch some of the worst offenders, and the general feeling is that there are fewer innocent deaths this way than if the cultists were granted the chance to manipulate judges in a trial.

UNGOL LAW

In some areas of Kislev, generally remote parts of the oblast, law still applies. Tzar Boris made this concession, which won him the support of a large number of Ungol warriors, but Katarin would like to undo it. She would prefer Gospodar law - with her at the head - to apply everywhere.

However, she has to respect the edicts of her father, and so she works within Ungol law in those areas. The inhabitants of any place can petition for their home to be transferred to Gospodar law, and

Katarin grants any such petition that has substantial support. Changes in the other direction are not permitted.

GROUP RESPONSIBILITY

The rudimentary concept of Ungol law is that a group is responsible for the actions of all its members. If a member of a group commits a crime, any member of the group may be punished for that crime.

The smallest such group is the family, defined as all the blood descendants of a living woman and the husbands of any married women in that bloodline. Men change families when they get married. Families split into groups defined by blood descendants of a matriarch's daughters when she dies. Ungol law has nothing to say about actions taken within a family, and the elders discipline as they see fit. In most cases, however, the harsh environment ensures families pull together. It is normal for a family to travel together or [live in the same place. And while individual members may leave, it is unheard of for a family to be split between two stanitsas.

Above the families come the clans and tribes, as well as the stanitsas. Both clans and tribes were originally defined by blood links, but over the centuries, they have simply become traditional groupings. It is unusual, but not unheard of for a family to change clan or tribe, though an individual woman must belong to the clan and tribe chosen by her family. It is not uncommon for men, on marriage, to change both clan and tribe as well as family. Stanitsas are places of residence, typically villages and often host a number of families and even different clans or tribes,

If a crime is committed against an individual, the penalty can be levied on any individual who shares membership with the criminal in a group to which the victim does not belong. Thus, if both criminal and victim are in the same family, there is no possible group to take the penalty. If they are in different families within the same clan, a member of the criminal's family must be punished. If they are in different clans, anyone in the same clan may be taken.

The law states that the actual criminal is the preferred target of punishment and the judge grants the criminal's group a period of time to produce the malefactor for punishment. This deadline is normally at least a week, occasionally as long as a year the length depends in large part on how important the criminal's group is. Gospodars are, for the purposes of Ungol law, considered to be one family. That means any crime committed by a Gospodar against an Ungol may be avenged on any other Gospodar. This part of Ungol law is something Katarin thoroughly dislikes. In response, she has established a group of Gospodars who track

down the real criminal and take the punishment if they fail, these stelniks, as they are called, are often convicted criminals given a chance to work off their penalty; They often follow the bounty hunter career.

Kislevites are considered to be a single group, and all Foreigners are treated as a single family. This generalisation has led to an innocent Tilean merchant being executed for a murder committed by a mercenary from Stirland, and Katarin would like to find some foreign volunteers to play the same role as the stelniks. So far, however, they have been in short supply, particularly as judges have been known to give foreigners only until sunset to find the true criminal.

UNGOL COURTS

Ungol law courts consist of a single judge who listens to the evidence, asks questions as he wishes, and then makes a decision.

There is no appeal. The only rule is that the judge must not belong to the same group as either the victim or the accused.

Thus, a judge between two families must be from a third family, which means that a judge between Gospodar and Ungol must be a foreigner, though the Ungol tribes have agreed the Tzarina in person can also serve as judge in such a case. When judging between a Kislevite and a foreigner, there is no neutral group, so any judge can serve. As a result, foreigners rarely win their cases,

Although the formal requirements are simple, most judges are chosen based on their experience and reputation not fairness. In principle, the two parties to a case can choose anyone qualified whom they agree on, and in the past, things worked that way. Now the Tzarina requires any judge have her approval, so groups choose judges in advance and send the names to the court in Kislev for official recognition. Such methods are often unwieldy and take up far too much of the Tzarina's time, so she delegates the minor appointments to her representatives—usually ice witches. Most judges are elected, though some areas have different customs, such as always appointing the oldest living man or someone who was crippled fighting against raiders from the north. In almost every case, the Ataman of a stanitsa is also a judge, though he is never the only judge present.

Foreign judges are chosen based on their actions, and their names are sent to Kislev in the normal way. Witch hunters from the Empire are chosen quite frequently, as they often impress the Ungols with their commitment to hunting down foul cultists.

They also have no objection to handing out harsh sentences and are willing to travel the oblast to reach the cases. Katarin has recently refused an



application to appoint a particular witch hunter as a judge, and he proved to be a secret cultist of the Plague Lord, so this has strengthened her hand somewhat.

The judge decides what evidence to hear, and the verdict is at his sole discretion, as is the penalty. For the most part, this process works well enough and provides something close to justice quickly enough to allow life to continue on the unforgiving steppes. If a judge becomes corrupt - or worse, seduced by the Ruinous Powers - it can be disastrous.

UNGOL LAWS

Ungol law is not written down anywhere authoritative. Rather, it is remembered by the judges and the wise women and applied according to common sense. It is unwise to argue the details of the definition of a crime in an Ungol court.

The laws contain the normal kinds of prohibitions against theft and violence but also have a number of provisions based on life on the steppes.

Refusing hospitality is a serious offence, only a little below murder. Some allowance is made for the circumstances, but turning someone away from your camp is always a criminal matter. The basic rule is that more permanent settlements must offer hospitality and that, if both groups are equally nomadic, the responsibility falls on the larger.

Abusing hospitality is an even more serious offence than murder, and some judges argue that it is the most serious offence possible. It is one of the few cases in which a judge might order innocent members of the criminal's group to be punished as well. However, the most important mark of gravity is that the Ungol put a lot of effort into finding and punishing those who commit this crime, in some cases spending years on the hunt. For example, one Tilean follower of Ranald was finally slain by a half dozen travel-worn Ungol warriors on the streets of Sartosa.

Hospitality does not, of course, extend to followers of the Ruinous Powers, and refusing hospitality to them or abusing their trust is perfectly legal.

UNGOL PUNISHMENTS

The Ungol do not use fines as punishments, though they may require compensation to be paid to victims. Similarly, they do not use imprisonment as a punishment, but criminals may be held while they await trial. Suspects are normally held by their own family, rather than by the accusers, in order to ensure the right person suffers if the decision goes against them. As a result, Ungol punishments are almost entirely corporal.

Flogging and branding are popular, and the number of lashes or the size of the brand depends on the nature of the crime.

Crippling is only employed when a whole group is held to bear some responsibility for a crime, as a crippled member becomes a burden on the group. Indeed, it is not uncommon for a crippled criminal to be killed by his family, an action outside Ungol law.

However, minor mutilations, which do not affect a person's ability to survive, are used in much the same way as brands.

Finally, capital punishment is common. The following specific punishments are popular in Ungol areas, but most judges have their own favourites,

Arrows

The criminal is tied to a post, and archers shoot arrows at him.

The number of arrows, and the distance between the archer and the post, are determined by the judge.

This punishment can be anything from a death penalty to a light slap on the wrist. In almost all cases, the victim is allowed to nominate an archer.

The Ballad of Isukin and Noga includes a famous scene in which Noga shoots twenty arrows at Isukin - who was convicted of betraying Noga - from five paces and misses every time. In the ballad, this act is the start of an alliance that overthrows a horde of Kurgan. Satirical versions in which Isukin kills Noga as soon as he is untied are almost more popular than the original ballad.

The Glove

A metal glove that opens like a clam shell is heated until it glows and then is closed on the criminal's hand. It is left closed for a number of heartbeats depending on the severity of the crime and then removed.

The Helm

A closed helmet is heated until it glows and then is forced onto the criminal's head. This punishment is a form of execution, and if the judge is feeling merciful, the helmet is riveted to the base of the skull with a long spike, causing near-instant death and sparing the criminal considerable pain.

Horse Running

The criminal is tied to a rope, which is tied to the saddle of a horse. The horse is then set into motion. Many variations of this punishment exist, allowing it to be tuned to the crime. The length of the horses run can be controlled, as can its speed. Similarly, the length of the rope and the means by which it is fastened to the criminal make a difference. A rope tied around the waist allows the criminal to run as fast as he can. One tied around the wrists makes him more likely to fall, while one tied around the

ankles guarantees that he will be dragged. Further, the horse might be ridden or simply driven into a gallop out onto the Oblast. Leaving the horse to its own devices means the final level of the penalty is in the hands of the Gods, something appealing to some judges.

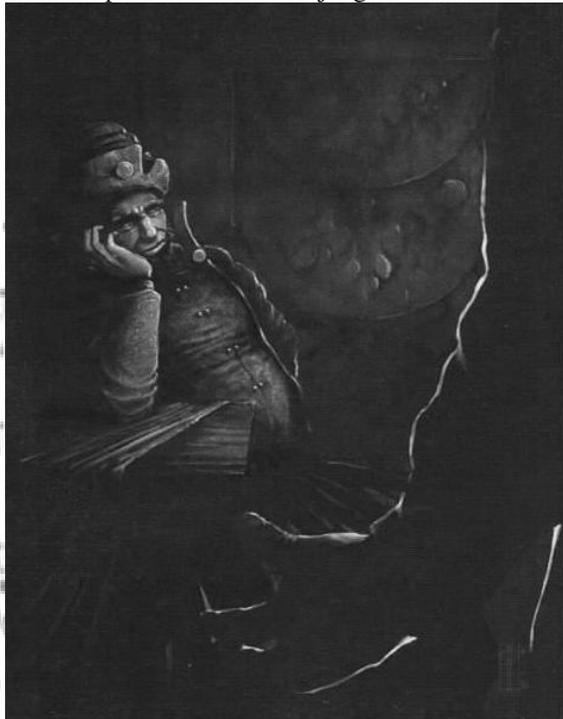
Spirits' Mercy

The criminal is driven out into the Oblast, branded on his face with a mark indicating that it is a legal duty to deny him hospitality. This act is basically a death sentence, and in most cases, the criminal is driven out naked and with no possessions, which guarantees a swift death. However, in some cases, the criminal is allowed full equipment, particularly if his family is very popular or if the judge feels he was justified in his actions. It is still essentially a death sentence, but a few people manage to survive alone on the steppe. Suren the Dead is a legendary example; certainly, his exploits in support of his family and against the raiders from the north have been exaggerated in the telling.

GOSPODAR LAW

Gospodar law is more like that of the Empire and has been strongly influenced by it. Some Kislevites feel there has been too much influence and long for a return to the good old days of proper Gospodar justice. The Tzarina, however, likes the centralised system, so no change is likely any time soon. The biggest difference from Ungol law is that the responsibility for a crime rests solely with the criminal: Gospodar courts cannot flog someone just because his cousin is a thief.

Nearly as significant is the fact that Gospodar law is written and defined by the wording of the Tzarina's proclamations. The judges must make



decisions in accordance with this written law and, thus, must study it before they can be entrusted with a court. Although the written law exists, it is simple compared to the laws of the Empire and leaves a lot of room for judicial interpretation.

FEUD

Gospodar law permits feuds between families, possibly under the influence of Ungol law. The law allows an individual, or an individual's family, to take revenge for an injury suffered. The person receiving the injury need not be the guilty party. It is, of course, also permissible to take revenge for the injury inflicted in revenge.

The legal mechanism to bring feuds under control is the law that it is not permissible to take revenge for a reasonable injury inflicted as punishment for a crime recognised in a court of law if the punishment is unreasonable. However, this rule does not apply. Taking revenge for a reasonable punishment is, however, regarded more seriously than inflicting the original injury.

The Tzarina would dearly like to abolish the law on feuds, as it undermines her authority. However, too many nobles still see it as essential to their dealings with each other, and she is not strong enough to force them to give up their feuds. She prefers the current situation to having the nobility defy her authority. So it remains, for now.

The law that allows courts to bring feuds to an end is having an effect, as slightly weaker parties are tending to bring issues to court rather than continue the feud on their own. The Tzarina has instructed her agents, particularly the chekist, to be particularly vigilant about groups who do not respect the decisions of the courts.

GOSPODAR COURTS

Gospodar courts are run by professional or semi-professional appointees of the Tzarina. In remote areas, the ataman of the settlement almost invariably holds this position, but in the cities, the magistrates are increasingly becoming a professional group separate from the nobility. Katarin encourages this trend, and a few of the powerful nobles can see the threat it poses to their power. They do not, however, typically want to take on such a dull job, which means that Kararin's plan is proceeding well.

Most courts have a single judge, though those set up to judge Boyars or higher members of the nobility have three judges who must agree unanimously in order to convict. Kislev and Erengard each have a single permanent court for the nobility, while Praag has two, a reminder of the unrest among the northern Boyars.

The judge decides who speaks, what other evidence can be admitted, and whether the accused is guilty. There is no appeal, but a judge who issues a decision that contradicts the Jaw can be tried for

treason. Even if the judge is found to have broken the law, the judgement against the person convicted still stands.

The penalty is determined by the victim or the victim's family.

The law sets out a list of permissible penalties, but they are not distinguished by offence. A victim can choose to have a verbal insult punished by slowly torturing the criminal to death, and that penalty is enforced. The main check on this is the possibility of a feud, as discussed above. Of course, when the victim is powerful and the criminal is not, it's not really an issue; Boyars often inflict draconian penalties on peasants.

Outside the settlements, law is enforced by "oblast justices."

These judges are as much police as judge, and they bear many resemblances to the bounty hunters of the Empire. Unlike city judges, they are also permitted to impose penalties, though some take pride in dragging criminals before the victims for punishment. If a settlement is without a judge, which is rare, or has a complaint against the ataman, which is more common, its members may appeal to the oblast justices.

The need for oblast justices is assessed on the apparent level of crime in a region—meaning, if things appear to be calm, the residents are reluctant to stir things up too much by undertaking detailed investigations. On the other hand, if there is an obvious problem, many try to scare it back into the shadows, for tales of close links between oblast justices and local crime syndicates are common. The chekist spend some of their time looking for such corruption.

GOSPODAR LAWYERS

Much of their advice consists of suggestions of how to play to the self-importance of the judges, but they can also bring laws to the court's attention. Some people think that even this small amount of interference introduces too much delay and pointless quibbling into the judicial system, and influential groups of nobles are campaigning for the study of law to be made illegal outside designated schools for training judges.

The main opposition to this comes from people concerned about the risk of making it illegal to read the Tzarina's proclamations. Katarin has yet to take a public position on this matter, and many suspect she sees it as a trivial distraction.

People with legal training may not speak in court, even in their own defence, unless they have also been appointed as judges by the Tzarina. This provision has greatly restricted the number of lawyers found in Kislev but has not eliminated them entirely.

They provide pre-trial consultation services and advice on whether a course of action is legal.

GOSPODAR LAWS

Gospodar laws naturally have the standard sorts of laws against theft and violence. But the laws also contain a number that are more specific to the land of Kislev.

It is illegal for adult males to not have, maintain, and practise with appropriate weapons. For most of the country, this law is irrelevant, as there are far more pressing reasons to be ready to fight.

However, in the cities, there are some who want to get around the law, and the judges and chekist worry about the possibility of armed vagabonds rioting when they realize they can't be stopped.

Before the Storm of Chaos, the pressure to change the law was strong, but the reminder of just how much of a threat the raiders from the north area has undermined this position for now. It is important to note women are permitted to wield weapons; it is merely not a legal obligation for them.

The importance of Ursun to the culture is reflected in the laws. Most notably, it is illegal to kill a hibernating bear, and there is a general consensus that the most serious penalties are appropriate for such an offence.

A number of laws concern the proper respect being shown to the nobility - and especially to the Tzarina. It is a criminal offence to criticise the Tzarina in any way or to undermine respect for her rule. This law is enforced harshly against Boyars, atamans, and others in positions of authority but much more loosely against ordinary citizens. This law was decreed by the Tzarina directly; any sign of dissent or disloyalty among the people with the power to disturb her rule must be wiped out immediately, but low-level murmurings and jokes among the ordinary people can be tolerated. Of course, serious suggestions that the Tzarina should be replaced are dealt with harshly no matter what the rank of the offender.

The laws for the nobility are enforced more strictly against the ordinary people. Criticism is not illegal but disrespect is. Peasants are required to give way to nobles, to always speak politely to nobles, and to change their actions if what they are doing is inconvenient for a noble. Some Boyars press cases for violations of these rules with great vigour, particularly in the cities. The country, nobility tend to be a little more tolerant, as there are fewer people to back them up if the peasants come to hate them. One result of the enforcement of these laws is that the common people tend to see the Tzarina more far more sympathetic towards them than she is toward the lower nobility. While a petty noble might drag a shopkeeper to court for not bowing low enough, the Tzarina overlooks drunken conversations about taxes being too high, even when the chekist is present. This reason is why the common folk have

great affection for the Tzarina, and while Kararin may not have planned for this consequence, she is certainly taking steps to maintain it.

Gospodar law does not contain any requirements to offer hospitality, but it does contain laws punishing abuse of hospitality. These laws state a host should be treated as a member of the nobility by his guests. As a result, very few people in the cities ask for hospitality from people they are not already friendly with. Out on the °blast, customs of hospitality are very strong, and abuse, while rare, is punished with the full force of the law.

GOSPODAR PUNISHMENTS

As noted earlier, under Gospodar law, any legal punishment may be meted out for any crime at the victim's discretion under the feud provision.

Punishments tend to be harsh, but very few victims go against the social sense of what is reasonable, and those who do are often ostracised, even if they are not targeted by a feud. Of course, nobles feel that harsh punishments are entirely appropriate when a peasant assaults a noble, and they do not care if peasants want to ostracise them.

Fines, of any amount, are a permitted punishment. Half of the fine goes to the court - and thus to the Tzarina - while half is kept by the victim. Fines of a bit more than twice the cost of any damage are universally recognised as reasonable, and victims of theft who restrict themselves to such punishments can get a reputation for justice and mercy even as they vigorously pursue anyone who wrongs them. It is common for victims to require a fine in addition to any other punishment.

Flogging, up to one hundred strokes with implements ranging from a light cane to heavy leather straps loaded with weights and spikes, is another popular penalty. The most popular form of legal discussion in taverns is of the appropriate level of hogging for hypothetical offences.

Branding is not permitted under Gospodar law. It used to be, but it was abolished after a series of petty thieves were branded "rapist" or "cultist of the north".

Mutilation is generally only applied in cases of wounding, where it is common for the same injury to be inflicted on the criminal.

Nobles can often get away with imposing injuries that correspond to damage done to their property.

An urchin who broke the windows of a noble's house might be blinded, for example.

The death penalty is also available but rarely used by the common folk for anything short of rape or murder. Nobles use it more loosely and commonly impose it for the death of valued animals.

THE CHEKIST

The chekist are the Tzarina's secret police. Their existence is not secret, and they have a lot of open members, but they also have spies searching for



signs of corruption and opposition to Katarin's rule.

The chekist are - by decree of the Tzarina - infallible in their interpretation of the law.

Whatever they say is the law, is the law, and the penalties they select are always appropriate to the crime in question. They never convict the wrong people, and while they may arrest and torture people who prove to be innocent, that is no fault of the chekist.

The most important qualification for becoming a chekist is absolute loyalty to the Tzarina, which is closely followed by competence. Katarin does not want to institute a reign of terror; she just wants to be able to deal with her enemies quickly and efficiently. Chekist who display excessive cruelty and incompetence are arrested by their superiors and soon become even more closely acquainted with the furnishings of the interrogation rooms. The simply incompetent generally die in the course of their duty, without any assistance from their superiors. Chekist who are sadistic but competent pose the biggest problem. In most cases, they are rotated around the country, so that no single area suffers too much from their depredations. Often, they are assigned to deal with very dangerous threats because the hierarchy would rather lose a difficult chekist than one who fits in perfectly.

The chekist carry an elaborate, minted medallion identifying their position and show it if required to prove who they are.

They wear black Nshen on duty but have no formal uniform beyond that, making it relatively easy to pose as a member of the secret police. The chekist deal with anyone who pretends to be one of them, which is another task frequently assigned to those who are both sadistic and competent.

THE GREAT GATE AT KISLEV

The great gate had withstood the constant threat from the Barbarians in the North for nearly a century. Once upon a time, its smooth, grey stone walls stood in sharp contrast to the rolling snowfield before it. Banners once hung in front of the walls. Walls, five times the height of the greatest warrior, watched over by towers topped with onion-shaped domes.

Time, however, had been nearly as unkind as the weapons of the hordes.

The stone surface was cracked and pitted by the unrelenting cold. Icicles hung from the ramparts, marring the vertical lines of the towers. The doors, once covered in ornate carvings, were scarred and splintered. They held with the defiance of an old grizzled warrior.

A warrior that once again faced his enemies. The barbarian hordes from the north dimmed the stars with their bonfires and shattered the calm with war drums and battle cries. Siege engines hurled their missiles at the defenders at the top of the walls, and a great ram had been moved up to the base. The ram's head pounded the stone wall mercilessly, in time with the war drums.

Horsche risked a glance around the parapets, then fell back out of sight with a heavy sigh.

"Right down there, I used to chase rabbits," he said. "I'll bet it takes three seasons for them to return after this."

"Doubtless," Tair replied from Horsche's left, "rabbit stew will be scarce this spring."

"Damned Norsemen!" Horsche spat. "Will they never leave us in peace?"

"Not likely, not while Kislev guards the way to the Empire."

"Just once," Horsche sighed, pulling his fur coat tighter around his shoulders, "just once I would like to spend a whole winter at home, tucked under quilts with my Lady."

"Your Lady would kick you out after the first night," sergeant Merko said from the gloom at Horsche's right, "I've heard how you snore when you sleep."

"Tis true," laughed Tair, "I was just to the good part of a dream last night when a fierce beast woke me. T'was you, Horsche!"

"I don't snore," Horsche threw a handful of snow at Tair. It was too cold to clump together and simply showered Tair with sparkling ice crystals.

"Tis cruel beauty there," Tair said, catching some of the ice in the palm of his gloves, "pretty little diamonds to cover you and freeze the blood in your veins."

"Aye," Merko said, "but I wouldn't have it any other way. Kislev is my home, and I won't trade these diamonds for all the gold in the Empire."

"Hear, hear!"

Horsche pulled a folded bit of parchment from his pocket and held the yellowed page to Tair.

"If anything should happen to me," he asked, "make sure this last note reaches my wife's hand."

"Nonsense, you'll place it in her hand yourself," Tair said, but took the note and put it in his pocket anyway.

"Quiet, you two," Merko hissed, "listen."

The drums had stopped. Only the wind whistling over the drifts could be heard. Horsche nocked an arrow in his bow, ready to loose it at the marauders. Beside him, Tair whispered a prayer and readied his bow as well. Merko slid his sabre from its scabbard.

"Perhaps their arms are just tired," he joked. Horsche and Tair both grinned.

Somewhere on the wall, one of the defenders yelled, "here they come!" Horsche waited two breaths and then spun around, thrusting his bow through the parapets and taking quick aim. The first arrow was not likely to do damage, but Horsche might get lucky. Quickly he drew back another arrow and searched for a target. He chose the Northman carrying a banner and let the arrow fly, watching it fly toward his foe.

Behind the charging warriors, the siege engines still hurled stones at the walls. Horsche watched in horror as one of the missiles seemed to arc right toward him. He ducked back behind the wall. Tair had not seen the danger. Arrow flights to his cheek, his eyes were on the men in the snow.

"Look out, fool!" Horsche shouted, but he was too late. With a sickening crunch, the stone hit the wall below them, knocking Tair off his feet. His arrow went skyward. With a crack, the wall started to give way. Horsche was caught up in the avalanche of falling stone and dust.

Spitting grit from his lips, he pushed himself up on his knees. Where the wall once stood proudly, Horsche could see the snow, and the barbarians that still marched toward the city. Somehow, Horsche had kept hold of his bow in the fall. He found an arrow and fit it to his bowstring. The wood splintered above the grip, and Horsche tossed it away angrily.

Somewhere beside him he heard a man groan.

"Tair? Is that you? Get up man, they are still coming!"

Horsche found his friend, legs crushed under a section of the fallen wall.

"You'll be all right, I'll get help," Horsche said.

He could hear others groaning, struggling to stand in the breach. He could hear the barbarians on the other side, still cheering at the ruin of the wall. Merko was limping across the stones, prodding the remains of his men to action.

"Here now, we must defend the walls."

Horsche joined a handful of others as they climbed up to meet the invaders. Axes hammered shields and blades rang on armour as the men fought. Step by step the defenders were pushed back.

"Steady, men," Merko said, "Just a moment more. Help will be here soon."

The Gods of winter must have been listening, as no sooner had Merko finished his exhortation than the bells in the town hall began to peal. Horsche watched with pride as the Winged Lancers rode from behind the city, smashing into the flanks of the barbarian army. With a shout, he and his companions surged forward.

It was not enough. The invaders were too many, and the Lancers too few. For every enemy that fell, two took his place.

The barbarians let loose a mighty cheer when the last cavalry man's banner fell and turned back to toward the city.

Dismayed, Horsche started to crawl down the pile of rubble, but stopped before he had moved a yard. He had found Merko. Even under the dust and fallen snow, Horsche could see the blood from too many wounds. Merko's saber was still clutched in his lifeless hands. Tears welled in Horsche's eyes. He wiped his sleeve across his face, smearing mud and snow across his cheeks. Horsche pried the sword from the sergeant's hand.

"You'll not need it anymore, and it is better than the rough iron spike I was issued," he said aloud. He could hear the crump of boots on the other side of the rubble, muffled by the snowfall that seemed to have blown in with the Norsemen.

Horsche could hear the groans of his comrades all around.

"Up! Up," he shouted, slipping on the ice-covered stones as he scrambled back up the pile of rubble, "those dogs aren't going to stop because of a little snow! Get up and fight!"

The men around him started to gather themselves back up, moving toward the breach in the wall. Horsche paused by Tair's side, brushing the snow off his friend's face. Tair blinked but made no sound.

"You wait here, Tair," Horsche said, "help will be here before you know it."

Over the top of the rubble, Horsche could see the spiked helms of the invaders as they started to climb the stones. He could see the steam of their breath, and hear their guttural cursing as they slipped on the snow-slick surfaces. Looking behind him, he could see a handful of defenders starting to make their way toward him through the snow.

"For Kislev!" He shouted, exhorting the rest and stumbling to the top of the breach.

"For the Tzar!" They echoed, gathering courage from the lone man that stood between the Norsemen and their homes.

The cry moved outward, along the walls.

Horsche couldn't hear the shouts. He had reached the top of the stones, and was a sword length away from the closest attacker. For a brief instant, both stared at each other through the snow, neither having expected to appearance of the other. Horsche acted first, plunging Merko's blade through the barbarian's stomach. His savage eyes went wide at the shock of the pain. Horsche pushed his victim back and raised the blade again, looking wildly at the rest of the Norsemen.

Horsche's comrades had made their way to his side now. With a shout, they launched themselves at their foe.

Horsche ducked under a giant hammer that threatened to crush his skull, drawing his blade across the wielder's stomach. Blood stained the snow crimson as he fell, dead. Horsche didn't stop, narrowly avoiding an axe on his way to his next fight. Steel blades flashed silver in the storm.

The invaders had paused, but they were too many for Horsche and his rabble of defenders. For every Norseman that fell to the ice, two more could take his place. Each defender that spilled his blood in the snow weakened the city's defence.

Horsche fought on, growing weaker with each swing of his blade. Snow swirled off his gherkin with each slashing motion. His lips peeled back in a grimace of rage and exhaustion.

"The Tzar!" A voice cried, "We are saved"

Horsche saw the barbarians stop, stumble back for an instant. He heard the horns on the walls call the defenders to rally.

He heard the roar of the great bear.

Tzar Boris had arrived, and with him the salvation of Kislev. On either side of the bear, the Griffon Legion charged forward, feathered banners quivering in the wind. Behind them marched the Kossars, standards tall and war horns loud.

Lances slew those that turned to run, hammers smashed the shields of those that stayed to fight. The defenders of Kislev rained arrows down from the walls on the barbarians that were caught on the plains. The tide of chaos turned, and the Norsemen fell back, those that weren't killed melting away into the forests, chased by the elite horsemen of the Tzar.

"Tair," Horsche crawled back to his friend, "Tair, we are saved! Boris arrived to save us all!"

Horsche grabbed Tair's hand, felt how cold it was.

"Don't worry, Tair," he said, "soon you'll be warm by the fire, resting in the arms of your woman, Tair"

Tair made no reply. Horsche brushed the snow from his face once more, noticing the blue tinge of his friend's skin.

"Tair?" Horsche wept, knowing there wouldn't be a reply.

"Damn you!" Horsche screamed as he kicked a barbarian corpse that had fallen nearby. "Damn you all! Why can't you leave us in peace?"

Horsche knelt by his friend again, tears falling from his cheeks, freezing where they fell on his comrade's coat. He spied the note he had entrusted to Tair in the breast pocket and gently pulled it out.

"It seems the wrong person wrote this note," Horsche said, then turned to walk back to the top of the rubble. A rabbit darted out from the rocks, the battle having woken it from a winter slumber. The snow had already started to hide the fallen bodies, making them mere moguls in the field of snowdrifts.

Boris made his way toward the gates, pausing at the great crack in the wall.

One man stood there, surrounded by slain barbarians. His sword tip tickled the snow, his chin resting on his chest. His shoulders shook as he silently wept for his fallen comrades. His fist clenched a piece of parchment, showing the defiant strength of the Kislev character.

"Kislev!" Boris shouted, his deep voice booming across the snow-scape. The bear roared, joining his master in the sound of triumph. Ravens left their hiding places in the trees, flying north to tell their masters of the slaughter.

Horsche lifted his tear-streaked face to see the Tzar staring right at him through the falling snow.

"Kislev!" The great voice boomed again. Horsche lifted his sword and joined his voice with the Tzar's.

"Kislev!"

RELIGION

A Sigmarite scholar once described Kislev as a land with too little faith and too much superstition. Behind the Empire prejudice, there is truth in this. - there are many agents of the forest and the sky, and all of them must be respected, whether God or spirit. Respect is the heart of Kislevite religion. Their Gods are much like their winters: indifferent and often arbitrary, but if they are respected, they may spare your life - if only for another day.

URSUN

Ursun is the God of Bears, also known as Father of Bears, or Father Bear, His worship was first introduced by the Gospodars, but bears are such a major part of Kislevite life that the religion was absorbed almost instantly. Bears continue to be a vital part of society to this day, and the religion is now inseparable from the Kislevite culture. Worship of Ursun is not a state religion as the worship of Sigma" in the Empire is, but the fate of Kislev is linked in man many minds to the fortunes and favour of Father Bear.

Ursun is usually depicted as a giant, brown, cave bear, sometimes wearing a gold crown. He also often has golden teeth or golden claws, which indicate not only that Ursun is king of the beasts but the value of bears as well. On the oblast, a killed bear will provide great wealth to an entire stanitsa. Occasionally, Ursun is depicted as a large, burly man with grey streaks in his wild hair. He wears a loincloth and carries nothing but a spear. As a wild God, Ursun is not worshipped in temples but in outdoor shrines or disused bear caves. In the cities, great gardens of pine trees, bushes, and rocks serve as a place of worship, the shrine hidden in a cave or cleft in the centre. The greatest of these gardens sits near the Bokhar Palace in Kislev.

Besides a depiction of a bear, Ursun is symbolised by a bear claw, worn around the neck. The truly devout will wear a gold-plated claw. It is also reverent to dress in a bearskin but only if the wearer kills the bear. Similarly, some wear an entire bear paw or fix a skull to their helmet or belt but, again, only if they killed the bear in question. It is not disrespectful to wear a bearskin that was killed by another, as long as it is not done ostentatiously or ceremonially. Many keep warm through the long winters thanks to a bearskin shirt, without any insult to the God.

Despite his wild nature, Ursun is as popular in the cities as he is in the oblast. This status is mostly because the previous Tzar was also the high priest of the Cult of Ursun, the first to claim that title in over four hundred years. During the Great War



against Chaos, the Cult of Ursun was scattered to the winds.

The Bear God was still revered, but with so many cities and towns devastated, the central cult vanished. When Tzar Boris had his encounter with Urskin the Great Bear, he knew he was chosen by Ursun, took the God's name as his, and brought the faith back to Kislev.

His daughter, Katarin, did not follow in the role of high priest but is no less dutiful to Father Bear. Thanks to the interest of the royal family, worship of Ursun has been taken up feverishly by the druzhinas and wealthy folk of the cities, and there is hardly a street in Erengrad or Kislev that lacks sonic reminder of the bear God.

Ursun is no less ubiquitous in the Oblast. That the bear is both a popular folk figure and a co-habiting species means every stanitsa includes someone who reveres Father Bear first and foremost. Meanwhile, anyone who benefits from a bear kill or just leaves the forest without becoming Food for bears will thank Ursun for it. In the wild north, bears can be a constant threat, and every man is aware he owes his Life to the forbearance of Ursun, as much as to his own strength and luck.

The Cult of Ursun is strong but far less organised than the cults of the Empire Gods, Each town and stanitsa with more than one follower of Ursun will have a chief priest (sometimes called a speaker), typically the strongest or largest among them. The chief priest speaks for all his followers and for the will of Ursun, letting his village and fellow worshippers know what the bear God wishes. He is also responsible for leading hunts, punishing those who break the strictures, and overseeing the initiation of new members and new priests. Those wishing to take the role of priest must go into the wilderness alone with only bow and knife and bring back a tamed bear. While rarely fatal, it can take years for an aspirant to find a suitable animal. The role of chief priest is held until death, and it is considered bad luck for a chief priest to die outside of a battle or a hunt, "The bear does not die sleeping," is the adage used. Upon the death of a chief priest, the honour passes to the strongest warrior amongst the remaining priests.

At times, Ursun is known to choose a great high priest, who is the chief priest of all of Kislev. Ursun speaks to him about the face of the whole land and the path of its people. High priests are found through signs and portents—perhaps a child born with a bear-shaped birthmark may be destined for such a role; a chief priest who slays a terrible ice bear may be called by Ursun to be his voice, The high priest before Boris Ursun, the shaman Hagrid Bear-Brother, was lost in the snow as a youngling and found alive the next spring in the care of a

mother bear. And the tale of the choosing of Tzar Bokhar is well known.

Like the chief priests, the high priest is responsible for ensuring all the people of the land show proper respect to Father Bear.

When the high priest is close to death, he is often given a vision of the next high priest, allowing the title to be passed on.

Other times, the position lays vacant until Ursun needs such a servant again. Many believe a high priest rises when Kislev is in great need, and Ursun must prepare his followers against invasion or other great trial. Yet Tzar Boris died before the Storm of Chaos broke. Some wonder if his early death means Ursun's favour has abandoned them.

Others wonder if the Storm will all-too-soon blow back, again and if they'll have time to scan the portents for the next high priest.

Ursun has only two holy days, but they are celebrated with great vigour and without fail. The first is Waking Day, which occurs in early spring. In the north, it is typically done when the ice breaks or when the first birds of summer return. In the south, it is observed at the spring equinox. The purpose of the ceremony is to wake the bears from their hibernation. To do so, large groups - sometimes the entire stanitsa - gather in the forests at midday and make as much noise as possible. Pots and shields are banged, drums beaten, instruments played, and children yell; some participants even let off small charges of gunpowder. In the cities, there are fireworks and street parades - the din is incredible, and nobody can step through a good Waking Day ceremony.

Six months later, at the autumnal equinox, the bears are sent off to sleep with the Final Feast. Again, the stanitsa gathers and leaves offerings of meat, fish, and vegetables, which are piled high in the forest for the bears to eat before they hibernate, ensuring they come through the winter healthy and strong. In Erengrad, Waking Day has become a tourist attraction, and traders will remain for the event and the extensive drinking that accompanies it. In Kislev, the Final Feast was so encouraged by Tzar Boris that it became a competition between the boyars to see who could show their devotion the most. Each year, the houses desperately try to outdo each other, producing more elaborate and enormous offerings. Last year, the talk of the city was a life-size model of a cave bear, made entirely from fish paste and garlic, and everyone is keen to see if that spectacle can be exceeded.

DAZH

When the world was first made, it was all in darkness and ice. Dazh saw this and took pity on man. He took his great horse and bore his fire across the sky, giving light to the world,



Afterwards, Dazh returned to his golden sky-palace to rest, For the ride was long and tiring. However, he saw the people below were cold and afraid without his fire, vet he could not ride out again until his horse was rested, So Dazh gave the gift of fire to mankind, so they might have some of his light at all times.

Dazh is depicted as a handsome young man with golden hair and shining eyes, his body wreathed in fire. Dash is so dazzling it is impossible to look upon him without being blinded. Thus, if Lath needs to communicate, he sends his firehirds or the Arari as messengers. The Arari are great fire spirits that dwell in Dazh's golden palace. When they are not serving him, they often dance, producing a colourful display in the northern sky.

Dazh is the kindest of all the Kislev Gods and the one most concerned with man's welfare. In return, he places a great emphasis on proper behaviour. The followers of Dazh are the most dedicated of all the Kislevite priests, and their religion is the most formalised.

The two most common symbols of Dazh are the sun and a Flame. Occasionally, depictions of firebirds or the Atari arc also used but only on the most

ornamental displays. Gold is the sacred metal of Dazh, and the more devout and higher-ranked priests wear this metal to demonstrate their adoration For their God. This shared aspect does not cause confusion with the symbols of Ursun, as his priests only wear gilded bear parts.

Every stanitsa has a priest of Ursun, but every house displays a symbol of Dazh. This reverence is upheld both in the Oblast and in the cities. Only the most objectionable of foreigners would live in a house without a mark of Dazh above the hearth. Of course, the observance of all his rituals and strictures varies. The nature of Dazh changes, too. In the north, he is seen as a great saviour whose worship can be a matter of life and death. In the south, he is more a figure of hospitality than fire. Every city, town, and stanitsi bears a shrine to Dazh. His holy days are dutifully celebrated throughout the nation, and his high priests have considerable political power due to the ubiquity of their faith.

Dazh is a kindly God only by Kislevite standards. He is very much a prince - sometimes generous but above the people, and he is harsh to those who fail to live by his laws. He can be capricious: ruling over the sky is his chief concern, and he can only attend to the affairs of men when he has time. Sometimes, fires are lost to snows or the kindling runs out. Likewise, he travels to the other side of the world every year to pursue his winged love, leaving Humans to survive as best they can. Dazh gets on well with the other Gods. Ursun and his children sleep when Dazh is away and awaken to celebrate his return. Tor's axe is sharpened with the help of Dazh's fire, Dazh is so congenial that some who follow Ursun and Tor consider him to be weak. Of course, they don't say such things when the night is coming down, and the flint doesn't warn to spark.

The only exception to Dazh's friendliness is in regards to Ulric. As a God of winter, many of Dazh's Faithful see Ulric as an enemy or a rival. Others teach Dazh has no concern for Ulric, for he is a God of earthly matters, and Dazh is a God of the sky.

The Cult of Dazh is the most organised of all the Kislevite cults, though that is akin to being the tallest Dwarf or the least ugly Kurgan. Most stanitsas have a temple, led by a chief priest called the "watcher." Watchers may have several attendants, and below them are the young initiates. In a small stanitsa, the watcher may be attended by only two or three faithful; in the cities, a temple to Dazh may hold a hundred men. This disparity is perfectly natural—the larger the city, the larger the duties, the greatest of which is to prepare the temple. Temples of Dazh are large,

circular structures completely open to the sky, like an arena. It is important to pay homage to the sun God in full view of his majesty. In the centre of the circle is a statue of the God and a fire pit or brazier, which in many temples must never be allowed to go cold. In the cities, these temples can be a hundred yards across, complete with a golden statue and hundreds of bronzed braziers. It is up to the young initiates to make sure all these fires do not go out, and many a young cultist of Dazh has lost sleep from monitoring his appointed flame. In small stanitsas, eternal flames are riot possible, so the central fire is extinguished at night and relit in the morning, a practice that conveys no disrespect. The cult has many duties beyond maintaining the temple fires, of course. Prayers must be offered to Dazh at dawn and at sunset by burning incense to thank him for his ride and wish him good rest. These are typically done in the temple, but travelling priests may do them over any fire. Dazh does not require any particular observances from those not of the faith. He does, however, demand respect for his gift, and as a result, his followers are something like fire wardens. They walk through their stanitsas or neighbourhoods at night, ensuring no fires have been left unattended. They watch over the construction of fire pits and fireplaces and ensure wood supplies are kept dry. Without the Cult of Dazh, it is likely that many a stanitsa would have burned to the ground long ago.

The Cult of Dazh has no holy orders. Instead the cult is one large hierarchy, the priests of the Kislev temple positioned at the top. Many followers of Dazh place a great deal of importance on this hierarchy, and much time and attention is spent working to ensure the right people are appointed to certain posts. The cult does possess a lay order of lancers, however. Called the Rota of the Dawn, they are employed to guard Dazh's temples from raiding Kurgan and Beastmen. They also act as bodyguards to high-ranking members of the priesthood. Members of the Rota of the Dawn are drawn from rotas based in the southern capital. Thus, these knights have a (mostly deserved) reputation for not knowing a great deal about survival in the Oblast.

The current watcher in the capital of Kislev is an officious, paranoid, and wraith-rhin man by the name of MacksTanei. Watcher Tanei is paranoid about two things: not doing right by Dazh and being assassinated or otherwise deposed by jealous attendants. To combat the former, he has created a vast collection of new laws regarding fire lighting, and both he and his attendants are often seen dashing across town to ensure these laws are kept. In trying to combat the latter, Tanei has accused almost everyone of plotting against him, alienating

any allies he might have had. He is not however, likely to be assassinated; politics in the cult are rarely that extreme, and most expect him to die soon enough from the stress he causes himself. The Tzarina also employs a priest of Dazh within the palace, possibly to reduce her need to encounter Watcher Tanei.

Although Katarin keeps in regular contact with the Cult of Ursun, the need to maintain her hearth means only the Cult of Dazh has a representative in the Ice Palace. Fredrek Solzevn is the current attendant to the Tzarina. He is a dour and dutiful man who also served the Tzarina's late father. It is believed the Tzarina trusts him greatly, but so far, Solzevn has yet to use this to his or anyone else's advantage.

Every day is a holy day for Dazh. He must be welcomed as his flames leap from the hearth to make the morning meal and wished well as the coals are extinguished when the household or temple goes to sleep.

The major holy days are the first and last day of the winter snows, when Dazh is bid farewell and thence welcomed back from his ride to the far side of the world, as well as the summer solstice. The summer solstice is the most important and is marked throughout Kislev. On the solstice, Dazh's power is at its height, and he spends the most time shining his fire down upon the Nworld. To celebrate, a great pyre is lit and animal sacrifices burned upon it, typically whole ox, horse, or elk carcasses. In the capital, a dozen head of cattle are slaughtered for the pyre. The faithful also place in the fire pieces of parchment bearing special prayers to Dazh to intercede on their behalf. As the king of the sky, he has connections to all the Gods and so is petitioned for such things as good harvests, good health, and even love and riches. In the Farthest northern reaches, this ritual still exists in its original form, with a Human sacrifice instead of an animal.

Typically, the victim is an unmarried girl, for she cannot grow to be a warrior and does not yet care for children. While a sad event, it is not seen as evil in any way - far worse would be to cause Dazh to hide his face and the whole stanitsa freeze to death.

TOR

Ursun is the most revered God of Kislev, but Thr is the most omnipresent. He has no real cult, no particular day or time of worship, few temples, no orders, and only one stricture, but Tor has little need for such things. Tor is part of life. When the sky shakes, and the earth trembles, there is Tor. When the lightning rashes, the thunder rolls, the wind screams, and hail lashes the ground like a horsewhip, there is Tor. He is in the thunder of hooves, too, and the Hash of steel, for Tor is a warrior God as well as a sky God. As so much of

Kislevite life is nought but battle and war, Tor is a constant companion, and no axerman goes into the fray without uttering a prayer to him.

Tor is depicted as a mighty warrior, with rippling muscles and a square jaw. He wields a gigantic axe with a haft made of oak and a great, silvered blade. It is this axe he slams into the ground to make the lightning and the thunder and to send courage to his faithful. Tor is also the God of courage, as well as stoic resilience in the face of trial, regardless of if that trial is weathering a furious storm or weathering the charge of a Daemon of Chaos.

Tor's symbols are his axe, his thunderbolts, or an axe with a thunderbolt for the haft. Tor's followers typically wield axes, large or small, and many carve a stylised lightning bolt onto their weapon arm, or into their weapon's hilt. It is also common to braid patches of hair or beard into a zigzag fashion. Silver is Tor's metal, which Kislevites believe is made when his lightning hits the ground. Devout followers tie pieces of silver thread around their axe blades or weave it into their beards.

Tor's warriors love their axes and mock those who carry hammers, considering it pointless to carry such a heavy weapon that lades a blade. Short and one-handed swords are also considered ineffectual weapons. Tor worshippers in the military are less particular but still prefer the sabre to the short sword.

Tor is worshipped wherever there are storms and wherever there is fighting. The land of Kislev is no stranger to either of these, so Tor is found everywhere. He is most popular among warriors, and there are very few barrack rooms without Tor's bolt carved in a prominent place.

Much like Ursun, Tor prefers actions to words. Those who fight well and impress Tor with their courage and strength receive his blessing, which is typically the courage and strength to go on fighting. Tor cares only for fighting, and when there is no fighting, he amuses himself with the more attractive of Dazh's Arari or practices smashing his axe into the ground. Tor also has little to do with the other Gods, not because he dislikes them but because he prefers to keep to himself. Many of his followers likewise prefer only the company of warriors.

Tor has no cult in any sense that a citizen of the Empire would recognise. Instead, there are simply those who are more devout than their fellows. Perhaps Tor saved their life in battle once or sent a lightning bolt to drive off their enemies. Perhaps, they simply enjoy storms or find great courage through prayers to Tor. Whatever the reason, these more faithful types sustain the cult by adding remembrances of Tor in their barracks and on their shields, leading his fellow soldiers in prayer, and



other similar actions. They also tend to any temples that may have fallen into disarray, The more dutiful could he considered a higher rank, but they have no more power or authority.

Tor's temples are very simple yet imposing. They are narrow stone towers with wooden peaked roves and are constructed mostly on bare mountaintops. Inside is a warm place to sleep, a bit of food or drink, a symbol of the lightning bolt, and little else. A passing priest is expected to sweep it out, fill the woodpile, and top off the kvas flask before leaving. There are many of these temples in the Worlds Edge Mountains, some that may not have seen a visitor in centuries. Some are used as traveller's huts by those caught in a blizzard or a storm, an irony not lost on the storm-loving followers of Tor. Of course, even the most devout son of Tor can get sick of a storm once his boots fill with water.

Tor's nature and haphazard following means there are no authority figures within it, but there are many who have temporal power and are faithful sons of Tor. Many of the highest-ranked boyars and rota-leaders follow Tor, for example.

Perhaps most famous is Mikhail Jolnirsson, captain of the Praag city guard. Mikhail was struck by lightning not once but twice as a young esazd (an ataman's steward) and concluded lie is particularly

blessed by the thunder God. He has therefore bedecked his barracks with countless images of the bolt and the axe, and he commands his men to display the symbols on their uniform. The lightning strikes have addled Mikhail's brain slightly. The best example is his recent conclusion that a third strike will finally show him what Tor has chosen him for, impelling him to spend a lot of time in storms, wearing a tall, conical, iron hat.

Tor has no holy days. Storms are holy to him, however, and it is traditional for his faithful to stand in the face of every storm and display admiration at his power and fury. Prayers of praise are also offered before and after a battle—sometimes as the battle cry.

ULRIC AND TAAL

The border between the Empire and Kislev is ill-defined and equally so is the divide between their cultures. Although Ulric and Taal were the Gods of southern tribes, their faith has spread to the north, and their attitudes and domains are a natural fit with the dour Kislevites. Although they are not as popular as Ursun or Tor, these cults are significant in Kislevite culture and politics.

Worship of Taal is common throughout the south, especially along the river that shares the God's name. The Ungol tribes of the north pay homage to forest spirits and have no need for a forest God. Perhaps because farming is too difficult in the Empty Quarter, few believe in the generosity of Mother Rhya, and she is seen as a minor adjunct to Taal, nor his equal. Apart from this, worship of Taal is exactly the same as it is in the Empire. Kislev counts as its own region, ruled over by a single hierarch, a tall Empire-born figure known



only as Oster. He presides over a great stone circle in the Shirokij Forest, near the capital, and smaller shrines can be found throughout the land.

Kislevite priests of Taal gain all the spells of the Lore of Taal and Rhya, though they know Rhya's comfort as Taal's strength.

Taal is also never depicted as a bear in Kislevite cults - when he takes animal form, it is always as a great stag or reindeer.

As mentioned, Ulric shares much with Ursun, and many a hunter or trapper prays to the former to keep the wolves at bay and the latter to keep the bears away. The Cult of Ulric is mostly confined to the south, but many a southern stanitsa has a statue of a wolf next to a statue of a bear. The wolf is seen as the bear's young rival—not as smart or as strong but still worthy of respect and is a good source of Food and pelts.

Ulric's warrior nature also makes him appealing to the Kislevites, and he is most popular among the soldiers of the south, worshipped alongside Tor. Soldiers may offer a prayer to Tar for courage and to Ulric for strength without skipping a heat. There is also a saying that a good officer must be "hold as Tor, cold as Ulric." As a result, there are several temples of Ulric throughout the south, and his holy days are observed regularly.

The Knights of the White Wolf even have a great company based in Erengard called the Knights of the White Star. The Order of the Howling Wolf is not common in Kislev; Kislevites have little need for the "talking priests" found in the Empire.

SALYAK

Most prayers to Salyak come from young mothers and nursemaids. Salyak knows how to calm a baby to sleep, how to make sure he eats and sleeps well, and watches over him to make sure he grows up to be a great warrior. Salyak also knows how to dull the pain or remove a shattered limb when the boy grows up and comes back from battle. "Salyak's Mercy" is the name of a drink given to dying soldiers; it is a mix of koumiss, mandrake, and hemlock that ensures they die quickly and without pain.

Temples to Salyak are mostly found in cities, where there is some access to the requirements of her ministrations and some chance of them working. Uniquely for Kislev, Salyak's priests can be either male or female. In general, the males tend to the soldiers, while the females work as nursemaids. Some say the priestesses of Salyak are responsible for raising the next generation of Kislev's warriors and, thus, are vital to the land holding out against Chaos,

KALITA

Kalita is the Kislevite approximation of Handrich, the Empire God of merchants and money.



However, since gold is the metal of Dazh and silver of Tor, Kalita is associated less with money and more with trade goods and materials, His symbol is the horse or the pony, laden with barrels and crates, Kalita watches over caravans and trade routes, ensuring the goods reach their destination, the roads are not closed by blizzards, and the wheels of commerce continue to turn—something not at all reliable in the harsh climate of the north. Salyak is the Kislevite God of healing and comfort and bears much in common with Shallya of the Empire. Like Shallya, Salyak is depicted as a woman in white or a white bird, and those of her order are charged to tend to the sick whenever possible. Salyak is more of a mother of mercy than a maiden, however, and intercedes less than her Empire counterpart. Salyak teaches common sense and sound care but will not save those whose time has come. Kalita is only worshipped in the cities and even then only by merchants. He has no temples or any real cult to speak of; and he is only remembered by small symbols or statues on the desks and walls of the counting houses and guildhalls. He is usually depicted as a wealthy, young nobleman and is considered a member of Dazh's court. He appeals to Dazh to hold the snows or darkness at bay for that extra hour or day of travel, Sometimes he is successful; sometimes he is not. Thus, the saying "to trust in Kalita" implies a risky business venture.

THEFT AND DEATH

Kislev and the Empire are ancient allies and know much of each other's culture. However, Kislev simply cannot understand some things, such as the Empire's worship of Morr and Ranald. In Kislev, death is a harsh reality that is never far from anyone's mind. The idea of revering it or pretending there is something beyond it is distasteful to the Kislevites. Likewise, the Kislevites have no time for the idea of venerating those who steal. However, visions and dreams often feature a dark figure in a cowl - who brings death - and his trickster companion. In Oblast folklore, they are known respectively as Misery and Misfortune.

HAGS

An ancient tradition of magicians survives among the Ungols, and their influence extends even to the Gospodars. The wise women keep the oral lore of the tribes, mediate with the spirits of the steppe, and keep a vigilant eye out for the taint of Chaos.

Naturally, everyone hates them.

That is, of course, a slight exaggeration, but no where are the wise women, or the hags, actually popular. The reasons for this become clear when their activities are examined in more detail.

Wise women are primarily called wise because they know much of the history of the Ungol tribes and of their dealings with the creatures of the steppes. They use this knowledge to help the tribe. In some areas, the ability to recollect such information might make them popular, but on the northern steppes of Kislev, their knowledge consists almost entirely of past disasters and the depredations of the servants of the Ruinous Powers.

Thus, their advice almost always consists of telling people they cannot do things that look like a good idea. That valley might look sheltered and fertile, but it was home to a cult that hound Daemons. Travelling south with the horses might earn a fortune, but if the rota does not perform a particular ritual, then the ghosts of a raiding band of Kurgan will be freed to come after them. And so on. Among the Ungols, almost no one questions the wise women. There are no traditional stories of what happens when you do.

Some groups of Gospodar provide new cautionary tales every year of those who ignored the hags' advice, and Ungols tell tales of the latest disasters to happen amongst their conquerors.

The longer a group has lived on the steppes, the less likely they will disregard a hag's advice, but there are always a few who harbour grave suspicions about the source of the women's knowledge. Some among the Ungol harbour similar doubts but point out that if there really is a Daemon living in the hill, you won't be protected just because the wise woman who warned you was told by that very Daemon, It helps that, by the time they have seniority in a group, wise women tend to actually be at least somewhat wise, so following their advice very rarely leads to disaster. Doing as they say might not be pleasant, but it is typically safe, and that counts for a lot on the steppes.

SPIRITS

The wise women also deal with the myriad of minor spirits who inhabit the steppes. All wise women have the Sight - the ability to see or otherwise sense supernatural creatures - that lets them seek out the spirits who may be causing problems for a rota and deal with them.

These spirits are typically spiteful and malicious, and trying to destroy or drive them away merely invites greater retribution.

The wise women sometimes take that approach, when a spirit is a major threat, but normally, they reach some agreement to appease the spirit, which generally involves the villagers doing something strange and difficult or unpleasant. Sacrifices are not uncommon, though any spirit requesting Human sacrifice would be marked for destruction. Odd rituals or bans applying to the whole village are also common parts of the bargain. Spirits asking for something the village enjoys doing are incredibly rare, so wise women rarely bring good news back with them from their negotiations. In addition, the wise women are close to the spirits and, thus, could send them to plague their enemies. Some threaten to do exactly that in disputes between villages, and a few can even make good on their threats. Thus even the wise women who do not have personal magical power may have access to supernatural backing, and that backing does not have the best interests of Humans at heart.

THE TAINTED

Living in a land so close to the Northern Wastes, a land repeatedly trampled under the feet of Mutant hordes, a land that has been warped and reshaped uncountable times by the forces of change, it is only to be expected the people of Kislev will sometimes show signs of taint.

This manifestation is very dangerous. Those touched by the Ruinous Powers are ready-made spies and traitors. Whenever the taint is manifested, the wise women thanks to the Sight - can see it and take action. They rake the tainted away to the oblast, and he disappears from the knowledge of the village.

The taint normally manifests in children soon after birth, and parents give their children up without protest. But they don't necessarily like it. While they might admit it is not the fault of the wise women their child is a Mutant, it is hard to avoid blaming the people who actually take your child from you.

It is even harder when the taint is not visible and something only the wise women can see. Gospodars often protest in those circumstances, and sometimes, the wise women must resort to stealth to remove the threat from the village.

Almost everyone assumes that the wise women kill the tainted, so their corrupted spirits cannot come back to haunt the living.

The wise women encourage this belief, but it is far from the truth.

Rather, the tainted are taken to remote, hidden communities, where they are enslaved and forced to lend their assistance to the hags for whatever



sinister purpose they might have. Most tainted do meet their end quickly through brutal torture or the exhaustion of their life energy for some ritual or another. Those with the stamina to endure the hag's cruel caress are eventually sent north to find their deaths fighting in the Chaos Wastes.

The wise women justify their actions with the excuse that the only way a tainted soul can be purified is to fight against the forces that inspired the corruption, and so they instruct the tainted to fight and die For Kislev.

There are many theories as to where this tradition originated, not that the wise women's tactics are known far beyond their ranks. Those who are aware of this procedure claim that the wise women are simply following the same customs as those used by the Norse, who also send off their altered to find their destinies in the depths of the Shadowlands. Others believe that dispatching these suffering mortals to a violent end is nothing more than purging their lands of unwanted corruption.

The wise women recruit all girls chosen by the spirits. In practice, that means all girls with the Sight. These girls are taken while young from their parents and spirited away to be trained with the other wise women. Among the Ungols, this practice is accepted, albeit tardy with good grace. Among the Gospodars, the wise women sometimes have to abduct candidates, which only add to their reputation as child stealers.

Most wise women cannot use magic beyond the Sight. A few, however, are touched further by the spirits and have the ability to shape spells. This touch has two side effects. First, the wise woman apparently ages more quickly than normal, so a



wise woman of thirty summers might look like a crone of sixty. This aged appearance does not affect the wise woman's mental or physical abilities, so the ancient crone might be much spryer than one would expect. This effect is why the magic-wielding wise women are referred to as hags. Hag witches are those who wield basic magic, while hag mothers are the most powerful among them. Second, the magic slows down the hag's actual ageing. A hag can easily live to be over 100, and some live far longer than that.

The wise women do have a nationwide organisation, but its activities are quite restricted. Most problems are dealt with by individual wise women or small groups, and they rarely feel the need, or desire, to call for assistance from other wise women.

Nevertheless, all wise women acknowledge the authority of the old mothers, the oldest and wisest among them. Most of these women are hag mothers, but some are drawn from among the oldest wise women. The old mothers determine where the tainted are trained and decide on what missions the tainted will receive. Old mothers are also responsible for the initial training of wise women and choosing which ones will become hags. In theory, they could set other policies for the wise women, but "fight Chaos" has been a goad policy for generations and seems unlikely to change any time soon, if ever.

Most wise women live in villages or nomadic bands, looking after that group. Most hags live away from other Humans, either alone in remote areas or travelling from place to place.

This division is not absolute, and exceptions exist in both directions, though isolated wise women are rarer than hags living in settlements. Often, more than one wise woman lives in a settlement, though in such an instance, one is the settlement's wise

woman, and the others are her apprentices and assistants. This practice is maintained partly to ensure wise women have the necessary experience before taking responsibility for a settlement and partly to provide insurance against the sudden death of a wise woman.

The Ungols do not like the wise women, but they tolerate them and follow their advice because they know the alternatives are even worse. Almost all Ungol villages unite to defend their wise woman against external threats, as a few witch hunters from the Empire have found to their dismay. Of course, in a few cases, they don't get around to intervening until after the witch hunter has tortured her, just in case she really is serving Chaos.

The Gospodar are much more suspicious of the wise women.

They believe these women all have magical powers, put curses on people - particularly Gospodars who displease them - and use their magic to trick virile men into finding them attractive. On the other hand Gospodars do, grudgingly, recognise the wise women serve an important function and, thus, do not normally persecute them. Most Gospodars would prefer the hags to serve their important function a long way off, however.

People from beyond Kislev tend to believe the hags are obviously witches in league with Dark Powers. Empire folk are particularly prone to this belief, and witch hunters in Kislev often get into serious trouble.

ICE WITCHES

Long ago, many Gospodar clans tided upon the Endless Steppe. Like today, it was a vast province and was lashed with the terrible energies of Chaos. The Gospodars were beset by all manner of foul foes, and the Damon Gods offered succor from these attacks if the Gospodars would but bow their heads in worship. But the Gospodars were stubborn. Unlike their neighbouring tribes - the Kurgan, the Hung, and the Norse - they would not be coerced; instead, they turned to other Gods, Gods they hoped could protect them from the northern taint. Most important among these was Ursun the Bear, who taught his worshippers how to survive the freezing winters, how to war against Chaos, and how to respect the spirits of the land. But, even with Ursun's help, the Gospodars' plight was desperate.

Then a great spirit - called "The Ancient Widow," "Kislev," or simply "The Land" - whispered to a Gospodar shaman-priestess. It promised her great power if she swore to seize a distant, frozen realm, where the spirit was trapped by the Daemon Gods. The shaman, desperate to aid her people, readily agreed and was granted the power of winter in



return. With the Ancient Widow's guidance, the shaman quickly mastered her new powers and used them to gather what she needed to fulfil her promise. Soon, she had bound the disparate Gospodar clans into a single people and placed herself above them as their first Khan-Queen. This done, she took her people and began her search for the Ancient Widow's land.

After generations of bloodshed on the Endless Steppe, a descendant of the Khan-Queen led the Gospodars across the Worlds Edge Mountains. There, wide-eyed, she encountered a vast snow-covered plain pulsing with icy power. She immediately collapsed to the ground and wept frozen tears, for she knew her search had finally ended. By this time, there were many women wielding the Khan-Queen's cold magic, so when the Gospodars blew their horns of war, the native Ungols, Ropsmenn, Ostermarkers, and Ostlanders had little chance against them. The Gospodars swept down from the mountains conquered, and their Khan-Queen, Shoika, became the first Tzarina of Kislev.

Now, many centuries later, those who practice the old, cold magics of the legendary Khan-Queens are known as ice witches, and our power has not been diminished by time.

THE SISTERHOOD

The ice witches of Kislev are more than just women with the ability channel the Ancient Widow's cold flows; they are an organised sisterhood who works together to achieve shared goals. Formed over a thousand years ago by the Khan-Queens, the ice witches have manoeuvred their way into influencing almost all matters in Kislev.

They strive to ensure almost nothing is beyond their reach.

They suppress competing philosophies and magic and promote those sympathetic to their causes.

Even the cults have been carefully monitored and guided through the centuries. The witches are keen to ensure no Kislevite religion ever gains the same all-encompassing power seen in other Old World nations, as such supremacy - often heralds the suppression of their kind.

This manipulation is suspected by some. But as witches are an integral part of Kislev and its defences - and have been since its foundation - few believe it.

KISLEV'S PROTECTORS

Most Kislevites believe the ice witches first duty is to protect Kislev. They are wrong. In truth, the ice witches guard the icy magic that courses through Kislev. To most ice witches, defending Kislev is simply a means to that end.

However, protecting their magic is no simple task.

*"The heart of Kislev is here. A heart of ice,
holding us firm in the face of great threats."*

- Boroda natalyasyn, Burgher of Kislev

First, they must protect the source. The network of ley lines carrying Ice Magic throughout Kislev flows into many nexus points, most of which are capped by ancient Oghams (standing stones). Some of these magical sites boast Elven ruins; others boast the sacred sites of ancient, long dead Human tribes, such as the Scythians or Belthani. Most such sites have an ice witch guarding them, who often lives in a nearby Gospodar settlement. The witches believe loss of these sires will diminish - and perhaps even taint - their Ice Magic, so they do anything to protect them.

One step the ice witches take to ensure the safety of their magic is to attack and divert potential threats long before they arrive at important sites. This course of action requires influence amongst the local communities. For each stanirsa funds rotas of cavalry and soldiers to protect the land surrounding it. So, ice witches maintain contacts within most Gospodar - and even some Ungol - communities, all the better to ensure threats are tackled swiftly. But to do this, it is essential that local leaders heed the ice witches. So, the witches have infiltrated most of the noble bloodlines of Kislev down through the centuries, positioning themselves as wives, mistresses, and confidantes. From these influential positions, the witches have worked tirelessly to become entrenched in Kislevite society, manoeuvre their number into positions of and ensure their sisters are heeded. Now, they are almost always listened to and often obeyed. Their influence in Kislev is almost unrivalled.

The ice witches guard many prophecies and legends. One claims a male witch will one day taint the pristine Rows of Ice Magic, changing it forever. So strong is the ice witches' fear of a male witch that ever since the days of Tzarina Shoika, men have been banned from becoming spellcasters in Kislev. This decree has been justified with claims that men are unsuitable for magic and will surely fall to corruption, and these beliefs are now strongly held by all levels of society. To this day, male hedge wizards are cracked down and killed by the state. Or if they are noble, they have their magical capabilities removed by witches using a ritual similar to Pacification in the Empire.

However, this ritual leaves the man a hollow shell, and many soon give in to insanity and despair. To avoid this, some bloodlines of Gospodar nobles smuggle sons demonstrating possible magical talents to the Colleges of Magic in the Empire. Few return, for Kislev does not accept men practicing the female art of magic, but this recent development still worries the witches, for it undermines their claims that men are always corrupted by magic.

Thus, a number of witches are calling for something to be done, and a few are already making plans to resolve the problem.

Every year, as part of the winter equinox celebrations, ice witches tour local Gospodar communities and appraise shivering lines of peasant girls to see if any have the spark of magic within them. This talent is very rare, so it is uncommon for even one girl to show the necessary potential. But any that do are whisked away to become apprentice witches.

Amongst the nobles, this ritual is almost identical but normally takes place indoors. There, well-dressed girls are brought before a cool aunt, grandmother, or other relation, who tests to see if any are blessed by their Khan-Queen ancestors. If any are - and the talent is more common amongst the nobles - the girl is removed from society and trained at her relative's estate.

However, apprentices are accepted at any time. Whenever an Ice Witch comes upon a Gospodar girl with the talent for magic, she is duty-bound to take her in as an apprentice or, at the very least, to take her to another witch for training - after all, very few noble witches would ever lower themselves to apprentice a peasant.

As should be expected for a magic with its roots in wars on the Endless Steppe, Ice Magic is deadly and extremely so, not just for the witches' enemies but for the witches themselves.

Many apprentice witches do not survive their training; indeed, some can be found to this day in isolated corners of the oblast, frozen eternally as sparkling statues of ice by the magic they failed to control.

For those that do survive, it never gets any easier. Ice Magic can surge out of control at any moment, so constant vigilance and careful preparation is required. Further, the magic leaves its mark upon those that cast it: ice witches are cold, many would say heartless, for they soon come to mirror the frigid magic they channel.

The ice witches have no formal titles or positions. Instead, they have an ever-changing political structure with individual standing based upon rank in Kislev, current situation, bloodline, beliefs, who trained them, who their apprentice is, who they know, deeds done, strength at channelling Ice Magic, and a dozen other factors. Several factions have formed over the last thousand years, and most work hard to get their agendas across. However, as there are not a great number of ice witches, these factions are rarely more than a handful of likeminded women.

The witches' only formal gathering is the annual Erengrad Caucus in the Frosthome. Starting on the day after Shoika Day (the summer solstice and



Kislevite New Year), witches travel (if they can) to Erengrad to discuss matters of import, record deaths, share lore, meet old friends and enemies, and generally politick. They meet on the summer solstice because the cold flows of Ice Magic are at their most sluggish, which helps ensure magic is not used to settle arguments, for disagreements often occur.

The caucus can last anything from a few days to a week, depending upon what the witches table for discussion. By the end, the most powerful witch (currently Tzarina Katarin, though she infrequently attends) declares the decisions made her sisters for the coming year, which are decided by majority vote.

Bokha Palace also hosts an informal gathering for the noble ice witches on *Miskaden* (the spring equinox), after which there is a feast and a dance. Peasant witches are suspicious of the event, for they suspect the nobles decide what they will table and vote for at the coming caucus, allowing the Ice Queen to ensure her policies go ahead even if she does not attend.

The Gospodars have long been influenced by their ice witches, and as they are entrenched into the ruling caste of Kislev, this dominance is unlikely to change soon. Further, many Gospodar communities across Kislev are watched over and advised by ice witches, and most can make demonstrable shows of

their devastating powers if invaders arrive. Thus, the witches are very popular, though most Kislevites are still wary of them. Unlike the Ungol hags, ice witches are unable to easily detect the influence of Chaos, so they do not remove people for seemingly no reason. Which means, even though they are less effective at combating the subtler influences of Chaos, they are far more popular because of it.

The Ungols do not like the ice witches, though they do, usually, respect them. This dislike is because the ice witches, especially those of noble birth, are renowned for requisitioning Ungol resources whenever they deem fit and hack their requests with Gospodar might.

However, such contempt is not universal. It does not appear to extend to the Tzarina, whose position and reputation seem beyond reproach, even though she is a Gospodar witch.

Further, the hags are strong proponents of the ice witches' goals - if not their methods - for they recognise their efforts to safeguard the Ancient Widow's land. However, the hags' support only makes them less popular amongst their own communities.

"Through blood runs power of land. Yha? If concentrate, can feel Ancient Widow in every beat of heart, in every bearth. Kislev is land. Land is Kislev. We are Kislev!"

- Baba Doya, Hag Witch

CUSTOMS

As with all peoples, the Kislevites have special ceremonies for birth, marriage, and death. Given their perilous existence, it is perhaps not surprising that the Kislevites have more ceremonies for death than for happier events.

BIRTH

Public rejoicing at a birth in Kislev is muted because no one knows what will happen to the infant in later life. Among the Ungols, the first ceremony is a visit from the village wise woman, who checks for taint, and if there is none, she pronounces the child's curse. Many Gospodars place a newborn baby within a closed crib, specifically to stop passing wise women from checking for taint.

A few days later, once it is clear the baby is not going to die immediately, it is commended to the protection of Dazh and officially welcomed into the community. In hamlets and small villages, everyone gathers, while in larger settlements, the ceremony is attended by friends, family, and authority figures. The child's father and mother then pass the baby through the flames of a large fire, symbolically burning away any bad luck or Chaos taint and bringing the child to Dazh's attention, drawing down his protection.

It is regarded as very bad luck if the baby does not start crying when passed through the fire and even worse luck if it is noticeably burned. Actually dropping the baby into the fire is taken as a sign from Dazh that the baby is touched with Chaos, and the parents are restrained, from drawing it out.



MARRIAGE

Marriage is a joyous occasion across the whole of Kislev. Weddings are traditionally watched over by both Ursun and Dazh, and most Families try to have priests of both Gods present. The main feature is a feast - with lots of drinking - that goes on until everyone is unconscious or until the food and drink runs out. It is considered a bad omen for the marriage if the food runs out and an even worse omen if the drink fails.

Toasts and speeches are an essential feature of the feast. In a wide area, predominantly in the south, the festivities start with a feast where all the male guests stand in a circle and take turns proposing toasts in praise of the bride. In some areas, the women are present; in others, they are not and in a few, only the bride is present. The presence of many women often postpones the point at which the praise of the bride becomes obscene until the men are so drunk their words can hardly be made out. If only the bride is present, the delay depends on how scared of her, and the groom, the guests are.

Traditionally, the last man standing at this feast gets to marry the bride on the following day. These days, the intended groom is drinking watered wine out of a thimble (often the bride's thimble, though that custom is not yet universal), while everyone else drinks kvas out of beakers. Men with a particular reputation for holding their drink are served with bigger beakers and tend not to object. In a few cases, a jealous rival spikes the groom's drinks in an attempt to knock him out but unless the bride is also looking for a way out of the marriage, this deceit does not tend to work. In a few cases, the bride, groom, and rival have all conspired to *get* out of an arranged marriage this way, and the weight of tradition makes it hard for the families to object. The wedding ceremony is quite simple, followed by another feast at which the groom can safely drink himself into insensibility. This time, it is common for him to have the biggest cup.

FUNERALS

Kislevite funerals are unusual in that they are almost never held for people who are actually dead. Instead, funerals are held for people who might as well be dead, given the risks they are about to face, including all members of a village's rota, as well as all women who aim to bear children. Thus, a boy's funeral is held immediately after he joins the warrior band, while a girl's is held immediately after her wedding.

A pyre is built in a public place and solemnly lit by the person (or persons) whose funeral it is. The relatives then begin mourning his death, as the "dead" person casts a symbolic childhood possession into the flames. After the mourning

dirges - which vary from village to village - have been sung, everyone gathers in a circle to tell stories of the "dead" person's devotion to duty. The "dead" person stays outside the circle, moving to stand or sit behind whoever is currently speaking. These stories are an opportunity to tell the "dead" person what is expected of them in their new life and are often traditional tales of heroes or mothers with the appropriate name substituted.

Occasionally, someone dies before they have their funeral. In these cases, the corpse is dressed up and moved around by relatives, so it can play its normal role in the proceedings.

Foreigners find this even creepier than a normal Kislevite funeral. Given Kislev's northern location, corpses are occasionally not as quiet as they should be which is one reason why Funerals are held around a pyre; if the corpse gets Frisky, strong men throw it into the flames.

If there is no body, there can be no funeral, so the person in question is not regarded as formally dead. Such a situation is rarely a problem, however, as the transition to adulthood is, in most cases, marked by a funeral. In lands distant from Kislev, for they suspect the nobles decide what they will table and vote for at the coming caucus, allowing the Ice Queen to ensure her policies go ahead even if she does not attend.

But even in Kislev, people do actually die. Warriors are generally strapped to their horses and sent out into the oblast; although, depending on the cause of death, the corpse may be burned. If the horse also died, the warrior may be burned sitting on his horse. Non-warriors are almost always burned, but no one formally acknowledges what is going on. Informally, friends and family grieve and comfort one another, but officially, the village is merely disposing of some waste.

Foreigners sometimes form the impression that Kislevites are callous. Such is not the case; they have simply already said their goodbyes.

SPIRITS, SMALL GODS, & KISLEV ODDITIES

The people of Kislev believe the Gods are the greatest of all otherworldly creatures but also believe there are innumerable lesser spirits who must also be appeased. The nature of such creatures reflects the minds of people they encounter, reinforcing the creature's character and giving rise to traditions particular to Kislev. Throughout Kislev, it is considered right to honour such lesser spirits, for it is a mark of good manners and intelligence to do so. Neglect or disrespect of these spirits is seen as a display of low breeding and ignorance; furthermore, it is just plain unlucky! If a peasant stopped by a spring to drink, he would be wise to ask permission of the spirit that dwelled

MATRYOSHKA

Matryoshka, or Kislevite nesting dolls, were originally made by the Ungols to protect against evil spirits. A newly married woman was gifted a hollow, wooden doll by her husband. At the birth of their first child, the husband sawed the doll in two and placed a smaller doll within. At the birth of their second child, the smaller doll was sawed in half, and a doll representing the second child was placed within, and so on. It was believed the dolls, as long as they were intact and together, would attract evil spirits in the place of their counterparts. Although the tradition has died in most parts of Kislev, the dolls are still made, but they are now mostly decorative. One Matryoshka typically has one "mother" and eight "children", each beautifully painted in bright colours. The Ice Queen is said to have been presented with a six-foot Matryoshka representing her entire nation upon her coronation, containing 1,000 progressively smaller dolls within.

there first. Perhaps more than most lands, Kislevites have a great many traditions, superstitions, oaths, and expressions that arise in respect to these spirits.

The Domovoi, or "kindly grandfather," is the most common of all Kislevite spirits, a well-meaning, though thoroughly mischievous, spirit that can take the appearance of an old, withered peasant with a long, grey beard or even a cat or a mouse. In houses, inns, and taverns where bread and a small bowl of milk are occasionally left out for the Domovoi, it invisibly helps with small domestic duties such as cooking and cleaning. However, if the Domovoi feels neglected or if the household is lazy, it is known to mess up farmyards, tangle needlework, and spread animal manure on the door of the house. One cautionary folk tale of Kislev tells of a man who tried to rid his house of the Domovoi only to be suffocated by it in his sleep, so it is a rare household that would deliberately set out to annoy a Domovoi. But however the Domovoi is treated, he is frequently a mischief maker, and peasants and nobles alike are often woken from their slumbers by an invisible tickler or by the noise of mysterious knocking or thrown plates and pans.

When working in the fields, peasants often ask for the blessing of the Polevoi and the Poludnitsa, spirits of nature said to bestow fertility on the soil of farms that honour them.

Similarly, it is considered good luck to offer these spirits a little grain from the harvest to ensure they do not become angry and render the soil barren.

While most spirits in Kislev are generally benign, there are those that actively seek to do harm, such as the Leshii, a spirit of haunted forests and malicious desires. Often resembling a peasant without a belt (a sure giveaway to all but the most

dullwitted), the Leshii can also appear to its victim as someone they know, a beast, or a lost domestic animal. Frequently, it tries to lead gullible victims towards dangerous places, such as cliffs, swamps, or the lair of a dangerous monster. The Leshii is known to hide woodcutters' axes just when a vicious bear or wolf is approaching, so it is customary for woodcutters to carry a spare knife (known as a Leshii blade) for just such occasions. Particularly comely girls are often forbidden to walk alone near forests for fear that a Leshii might carry them off to an unknown but doubtless unpleasant face.

The *Vodianoi* is a particularly evil and dangerous water spirit who entices people to the edge of rivers or pools and drowns them for its own vulgar enjoyment. It often appears as a naked old man with a long beard and green hair who sits at a river's edge and begs for help (a plight most Kislevites could not ignore), but in the north of Kislev, there are more outlandish tales of it appearing as a creature that is half-fish, half-Human and drips with slime - though how such a repulsive creature is able to entice people to approach it is never explained. This spirit may also be linked to the *Rusalka*, which is said to be the spirit of a drowned maiden that is angry at her untimely death and seeks to drown passers-by to present to the underworld in exchange for her own life,

The *Rvzhnyi Khoziain* is one of the most feared spirits of Kislev, for no folk tale dares describe it other than as an evil, winged spirit that howls across the steppe on the darkest, coldest nights. None who have seen the *Rvzhnyi Khoziain* have lived to tell of it, and chilling tales persist of riders discovering entire villages vanished overnight, no trace remaining of its inhabitants or livestock. Unlike many other Kislevite spirits, there appears to be no way to placate the *Rvzhnyi Khoziain*, and all peasants can do when they hear its mournful howling is close their eyes and pray to the Gods that it will pass them by.

In addition to these spirits, there are countless others that go by many local names and have their own associated traditions. The origin of many of these has long been forgotten, but the superstitions arising from these spirits persist in many of the *stanitsas* of Kislev. For example, in the village of *Cherzta*, it is traditional for the human to walk around his village naked for the entire first day of the harvest gathering, while in a number of communities along the *Lynsk*, it is customary to walk backwards with an onion tied to one's head on days when a cormorant's cry is heard before breakfast. Though such traditions are probably meaningless and only serve to make the Kislevites look even quainter to their foreign neighbours; it would be a brave peasant who dared to ignore them.



FOR THIS IS KISLEV

Snow swirled in blinding eddies of freezing white around the four horsemen as they rode towards the dark shape of the stanitsa, the log walls of the village a welcome sight after travelling for days across the bleak steppe. Dieter shivered in the depths of his furs, grateful beyond words to see some sign of civilisation, though he knew that such a word was relative in this wild, savage country. His horse stumbled in the thick snow, and he heard Torbek curse as his beast did likewise. The Dwarf had not liked the idea of riding, but there had been little choice. To stand any chance of catching the slavers, they had to ride. "I swear this beast is deliberately trying to unseat me!" he grumbled.

No one replied, not even the belligerent swordsman, Markus, who usually never passed up an opportunity to make fun of the dour warrior of Karaz-a-Karak. The sunlight was dying, and their Dolgan guide had pushed them hard over the last week, to the point where even conversation required effort.

They had travelled through endless miles of cold steppe that stretched off into the distance in a vast, unbroken swathe of desolate emptiness and long days, enduring a land where the sky seemed somehow wider than he could ever remember it being back in Ludendorff. The dark forests of the Empire narrowed your view of the world, but here, the land spread out in great open spaces that made a man feel utterly insignificant. He'd heard men had gone mad in the wilderness of Kislev, and having spent the better part of the last few weeks travelling beneath the empty skies of this rugged land, he could well believe it. Zakir, their guide, shouted towards the stanitsa in the song-like tongue of his people, the howling wind snatching away much of the sense of it as far as Dieter could make out.

"Fat chance of them letting us in," snorted Torbek. "Why should they?"

"Come on," said Markus. "What harm could we do them? We're only four riders."

"Aye," agreed Dieter. "We know that, but they don't. For all they know, there could be a hundred kyazak concealed in the blizzard just waiting for us to block the gate from closing once it's open."

"Bloody Kislevites," said Markus. "Don't they ever relax?"

"Would you, if you lived so close to Troll Country?" asked Dieter.

"Stop being so damned logical," snapped Markus. "So you're saying it's another night on the steppe for us? Great."

Dieter opened his mouth to reply but held his tongue as he heard an answering cry from the wall ahead. He held up his hand as he tried to follow the shouted conversation between Zakir and the men on the walls, but the little Kislevarin he had picked up was insufficient for him to make much sense of what was being said.

Closer now, he could see the village had been built on the skirts of a low mound of earth, with a sturdy ziti raised within a rocky stockade and a number of white-painted buildings clustered within the outer palisade wall of sharpened logs. Dieter could see warriors with long spears and bows over the top of the logs, thick furs protecting them from the worst of the cold. The hairs on the back of his neck stiffened as he realised there were

probably a dozen arrows aimed squarely at his heart right now.

Zakir circled his mount, a roan-coloured steppe pony with a wide chest and mean temperament, before the thick timbers of the stanitsa's gate, shouting and laughing with gate guards.

"What in Sigmar's name is he doing?" said Markus.

"He's laughing," said Dieter, similarly puzzled.

"That's it then," said Torbek. "The steppe's got to him, and the bugger's gone mad. We're all going to die out here, and that's no way for a son of Grungni to die, frozen to death in this wasteland. There's not even a decent mountain in sight."

"I don't think we're going to die here," said Dieter as he heard the creak of timbers and the sound of a heavy locking bar being removed from the gate. The gate slowly opened outwards, pushing mounds of snow ahead of it, and Zakir beckoned them forward.

Dieter dug his heels into his mount's flanks and rode towards the opening, Torbek and Markus quickly following him.

"What did you say to them?" asked Dieter as he reached Zakir.

"How did you persuade them to open the gate?"

The shaven headed Dolgan shrugged and said,

"Persuade? What mean?"

"Why are they letting us in?"

"Zakir just ask to spend night," said the Dolgan, as if explaining something to a simpleton. "Is rude to refuse hospitality of house to stranger. And hetman of Dzhafarov not be dishonoured by leaving us out here to die. Is very cold."

"Too cold to be out here wasting time talking," agreed Markus as he rode for the gate.

"The lad's right," said Torbek, forcing his mount to follow the swordsman. "We could all do with a warm bed for a change."

"Dwarf speak true," said Zakir. "Go. Pay respects to hetman then eat and drink by fire!"

Dieter couldn't argue with that and guided his horse through the gates and into the stanitsa. Inside, the huts and barns of the village were swathed in thick shawls of snow, the earth within the palisade walls iron hard and criss-crossed with tracks. Looking up to the inside face of the walls, Dieter could see a dozen or so men patrolling a timber rampart, watchful for any signs of kyazak or worse. Living this far north in Kislev, Human raiders could be the least of the stanitsa's worries.

After seeing to their horses, Zakir and a warrior named Aydin led the group up the slopes of the mound towards the thick-walled zal, its narrow windows shuttered and its heavy, iron-banded door shut tight against the elements. A curl of fragrant smoke rose from the roof, and Dieter saw the building reflected the Kislevites as a people: practical, dour, and uninviting.

Aydin hammered the haft of his spear against the door. Seconds later, it was hauled open, and they hurriedly made their way inside.

Heat assailed Dieter, and he blinked in the sudden light. Two fires burned in wide hearths, filling the hall with a warm orange glow, and the mouth-watering aroma of cooking meat came from slowly turning spits. Groups of Kislevites sitting on colourful blankets sang rowdy songs, and men in long shirts danced and capered around the

fires to rhythmic clapping, while wild music was played on stringed harp and violin-like instruments. The riot of colour was in stark contrast to the bleak whiteness they had just ridden through, and Dieter was rendered speechless by the vividness of the sight before him.

Long-haired women in scarlet shawls handed plates of meat and vegetables around, and skins of drink were passed between laughing men. At the far end of the long hall, a powerful man with a shock of dark hair and a long drooping moustache sat on an elaborately carved chair atop a wooden dais. He clapped in rime with the music, a tall axe propped up next to him.

"What's going on?" said Markus. "Are they having a party?"

"Party?" said Zakir. "No, this is Dzharafarov stanitsa, and this night is good time to eat and drink. Here, drink some koumiss."

"Fair enough," said Dieter, accepting the proffered leather wineskin and taking a mouthful of the spirit. Having drunk koumiss before, he knew to only take small sips, for the liquor was far stronger than anything produced in the Empire. The fiery spirit burned on the way down, but he was grateful for its warmth.

"Come," said Zakir, gripping his arm and leading him towards the man at the end of the long hall. "Must pay respects to hetman."

Dieter was unable to reconcile the energy and laughter he saw around him with the grim, unforgiving people of Kislev he had met previously, his heart warming to these northern folk as he saw the hetman rise from his chair to greet them.

The man was tall and powerfully built—the thick furs and colourful clothing unable to conceal his mighty physique and martial bearing. Dieter nodded respectfully to the hetman, as did Torbek and Markus.

"Me Osman Marmedov," said the hetman in a booming voice of thickly accented Reikspiel. "You welcome in Dzharafarov. My home is your home."

"We are grateful indeed," said Dieter. "You honour us with your hospitality. We will, of course, compensate you for the food and shelter."

"Compensate? I not understand."

Zakir waved his hand and said something in hurried Kislevarin to Marmedov before turning and hissing at Dieter. "Not offer money! Is insult to his hospitality."

"Sorry," said Dieter. "I didn't know."

"I tell him you will tell tales of your lands," said Zakir.

"That is price of shelter."

"Ah, well that we can do," said Torbek proudly. "I have thousands of years of tales for him."

Marmedov stepped close to Dieter, and he could smell the koumiss and meat on the man's breath. "Eat. Drink. Tell me why you travel through Rasporirsa."

Dieter knew the word meant "roadlessness," the deadly featurelessness that the snows brought to Kislev and rendered direction and maps irrelevant. To travel at such times was tantamount to suicide, but they had a job to do, and the snows had come upon them suddenly.

"We are tracking a band of kyazak slavers who attacked the Natavan stanitsa," said Dieter. "The hetman's daughter was among those taken."

Marmedov's face darkened and he nodded in understanding, spitting into the fire as he said, "Kyazak no good filth. Prey upon people of the land and give nothing back. Herman of Natavan sends you to find his daughter? Why? He has no sons, no warriors?"

"His sons are dead," said Torbek, "killed in battle, and his warriors are few."

The hetman shrugged. "Is good way to die. When you find kyazak, you kill them. Dzharafarov stanitsa will give you food and warriors for hunt."

"Thank you," said Dieter, bowing to Marmedov.

"Is of no matter," said Marmedov. "Rest and eat."

Tomorrow you hunt kyazak."

As the hetman spoke, a sudden darkness fell upon the hall, and all heat fled from its walls as the fires guttered in their hearths.

Dieter gripped his sword hilt as Marmedov swept up the axe from beside his chair.

All song ceased, and the music ended as warriors snatched up spears and swords from beneath their blankets and leapt to their feet.

Dieter felt a crawling sensation of dread work its way up his spine in the sudden silence, hearing a distant howl on the winds rattling the shutters.

"What's happening?" shouted Markus, his sword already drawn.

"Be silent!" roared Marmedov, looking up at the smoke hole in the hall's roof. "The Ryzhnyi Khoziain rides the wind. If we are lucky, it pass on its way."

Dieter followed the hetman's gaze, watching the darkness beyond the hole for any sign of movement, wishing he knew what he was looking for. The only sound in the hall was the crackle of the embers and the mournful howl of the wind beyond the walls.

Dieter held his breath and glanced over at Markus and Torbek. The Dwarf had his axe at the ready, and Markus was tensed for a fight. They, too, could sense the creeping fear that slid into the hall like an assassin's blade.

Marmedov held up his hand, and Dieter could hear the faint sound of booming wings, as though something immense flew nearby.

Even as he heard the sound, it faded and the unreasoning fear he had felt began to fade.

For the space of ten heartbeats, nothing moved.

Then the darkness lifted, and the fires roared back into full-throated life. Marmedov put down his axe and shouted something in

Kislevarin. The musicians began to play, and the people of the hall once again took up the songs.

"What in the name of Sigmar's blood was that!" breathed Markus.

Marmedov placed a meaty fist on the swordsman's shoulder and said, "Not speak of it. Bad luck."

"But--"

"Nya!" insisted Marmedov sternly. "Is our way. Respect it."

"Aye, lad," said Torbek. "Do as the man says."

"Aren't you worried that thing might come back?" said Dieter.

Marmedov shrugged and took a mighty swig from a wineskin. "Is of no matter. Tomorrow we may be dead, so tonight we drink and eat and sing. For this is Kislev!"

HISTORY

The history of Kislev is one of war and marries, of heroes and horrors. For as long as men have lived north of the Urskoy, there has been blood spilled for this bleak and inhospitable realm. The land has its origins in the fierce tribes that ruled the steppe and made constant war upon one another since ancient times. At the time of Sigmar, the harsh lands northeast of the Urskoy were populated by the many Ungol and Dolgan tribes.

These tribal groups lived a warlike existence on the steppe and dominated the smaller tribes of the Ropsrnenn who lived in what is now the Troll Country. Sharing many traits with the Kurgan steppe nomads to the east, the Ungols were a scattered people consisting of nomadic horse-riding tribesmen. These warriors were master horsemen and lived and fought in the saddle, perfecting a way of war that was unmatched by any other tribes of the steppe at the time. The Dolgans were already a people in decline, and their ways were looked down upon by most other tribes as being unclean - possibly because the Gods they worshipped bore a striking resemblance those of the Chaos Wastes.

THE TRIBES OF KISLEV

Living in family groups, each tribe would range across the steppe, stopping each night and erecting a camp that could be struck with incredible speed. Everything the tribe needed could be carried on the backs of their horses, and each tribe possessed its own identity and cultural traditions. Many of the tribes that held to these traditions have been forgotten over the centuries as other tribes, starvation, or disease wiped them out on the steppe, but many others have survived in superstition, name, or tale to this day. To live any other way was unimaginable to the tribes, and thus, the steppe peoples grew strong on plunder and war but could never become more than they were. No crops were sown, no buildings were erected, and no roots could be put down, for a tribal culture based on finding new grazing lands could never remain static for long.

Sigmar's influence did not stretch this far north, and the steppe tribes remained independent from the confederation of tribes he founded. The neighbouring Teutogen tribes of the Empire existed in more or less peace with the tribes of Kislev, though there were skirmishes and border raids between these nomadic tribesmen.

THE NORSE

The tribes of the north were fierce and warlike, and they lived for battle and the life of the steppes. To these warriors, fighting one another was as natural as breathing, and such a life bred men strong and honourable. War was a way of life, and the worth of

a man was measured in how many souls he had sent to the next life, how many horses he owned, and how many sons he had fathered. Further south, Sigmar consolidated his hold on the Empire, uniting the scattered tribes of the Empire under his rule and driving out those who would not bend the knee to him. The ancient Norse tribes refused to accept Sigmar's rulership and were scattered by his armies, driven northwards beyond the Middle Mountains and into Kislev.

The arrival of such a large body of warriors was met with understandable hostility by the tribes of Kislev, and the Ungols made war on the Norsii, driving them further north into the frozen lands of Norsca, breaking the host of their greatest hero, Ekil Bloodheart, in battle at the edge of the Chaos Wastes. Tales are still told of this giant, bearded warrior who hacked off his own head to deny his enemies the pleasure. Impressed with his brave, the Ungols carried his remains south into the Troll Country and built a great cairn to house his body. Some say this cairn has long since vanished, while others maintain it remains undiscovered in the depths of the Troll Country. Whatever the truth of the matter, Ungol legends say that the spirit of Bloodheart still howls across the steppe the night before a battle, judging the warriors who are to fight and ensuring they are worthy of travelling to the next world upon their death.





THE GREENSKIN MENACE

While the Ungols fought the Nora the tribes of Orcs of the Worlds Edge Mountains were growing restless. And under the leadership of Warlord Gortork, a massive host of Greenskins began ravaging the eastern lands of Kislev. The Orcs rampaged from the east and devastated much of the steppe, destroying tribal homelands with wanton brutality as they marched towards the more fertile southern plains. Understanding the tribes of the steppe could not hold back such a force and that these Orcs would eventually make their way south if allowed to go unchecked, Sigmar sent many of his warriors to aid the Ungols against the Orcs. At the site of what is now the city of Kislev, Sigmar and the Ungol war chief Subotan fought the horde of Gortork. Sigmar and Subotan fought side by side and hacked their way through the howling warlord's bodyguard before Sigmar was finally able to slay him with a mighty blow from his magical warhammer, Ghat Maraz. Both leaders swore a blood oath that should either of their lands be threatened by invaders, they would answer the call to battle and fight alongside one another again. Sigmar sent warriors to Kislev many more times, though he was never again to personally fight upon the steppe. In return, Ungol war chiefs sent some of their greatest horsemen to aid Sigmar when he marched to battle a mighty host of Orcs and Goblins alongside the Dwarf King Kurgan Ironbeard at the legendary battle of Blackfire Pass. Thus was born the eternal alliance that has joined Kislev and the Empire together since then, though it

was not until after the Great War against Chaos that it became a formalised treaty.

THE MIGRATION OF THE GOSPODARS

After the Battle of Blackfire Pass, Sigmar returned to the Empire to build his realm, and the Ungol tribesmen returned to dominate the steppes, fighting many battles against bands of vicious raiders from the Chaos Wastes of the north and migrating tribesmen from the east. Over the centuries, these tribesmen grew in numbers, until it seemed as though every day brought fresh warriors down from the High Pass.

Around 1500 IC, the largest westward migration from the eastern steppes began. Increasing expansion of the Chaos Wastes had forced the Gospodar tribes of the eastern steppes to move westwards over the mountains. Led by the Khan-Queen Miska, the Gospodars were powerful and wealthy and possessed an unmatched genius in warfare, their skill in fighting from horseback superior to that of even the Ungols.

The Khan-Queen was not only a warrior of great skill and courage but also a sorceress of unmatched power. Her legions of horse warriors and the power of her magic scattered the Ungols from the steppe and earned her a place in their nightmares for centuries to come. Together with the Khan-Queen's magic, the Gospodars' superior arms and tactics drove the Ungols west and north into the land occupied by the Ropsmenn, where the two tribal groups fought for dominance.

One of the Ungols strongest bastions in the steppes was Praag, but soon, even that was to fall to the Gospodars. Its walls were cast down by the Khan-Queen's magic, and its people were driven westwards to their former capital, the port city of Norvard. Haying dominated the Ropsmenn before, the Ungols quickly gained the upper hand in the wars they were now forced to fight for territory, and Warlord Hethis Chaq defeated the last Ropsmenn host led by King Weiran on the cliffs overlooking the Sea of Claws. With this defeat, the Ropsmenn were effectively a destroyed people, and the Ungols completely absorbed them into their own culture. Though even to this day, there are scattered bands of horse tribes in the Troll Country who claim to be the living descendants of the original Ropsmenn.

BIRTH OF A NATION

The Gospodars further expanded their territory westwards and even pushed into the lands of Sigmar's people. Torn with strife in the period known as the Time of Three Emperors, the Empire was in no position to contest these lands, and whole swathes of the north of the Empire became Gospodar territory.

Much of this has since been won back, but as the power of the Gospodars grew, so too did their status as a distinct kingdom.

The Khan-Queen Miska did not live to see the land she had begun to forge take shape, for she vanished into the north, claiming to have seen a vision of a terrible future where she would once again be needed to lead her people to salvation.

Leaving her fearsome warblade, Fearfrost, to her daughter Shoika, Miska gathered her most trusted warriors to her and rode into the Chaos Wastes. She was never seen again, but one of the most enduring legends of Kislev is that the Khan-Queen will

return in Kislev's darkest hour to save it from destruction. Some people whisper that she has already done so in the guise of the Ice Queen, and the more northerly tribes of Kislev certainly fear the Tzarina Katarin as much as they dreaded Miska. Under the rule of Shoika, the city that was to become Kislev was founded, and the realm began to take shape into the nation it is today. To better demonstrate her dominance and rule over the nation, Shoika took the title of Tzarina, instigating the first year of the Gospodarin Calendar and the establishment of the nation of Kislev. Her first act as Tzarina was to march on Norvard, the great Ungol port on the western coast of Kislev. This mighty trading port was the key w placing Kislev at the forefront of trade with the rest of the world, and Shoika realised the Gospodars' dream of a united land would not be realised while

Norvard remained in Ungol hands. Less than two years after her crowning, the port of Norvard fell to her armies, and it was renamed Erengard. The Ungols who survived the bloody siege fled into the north, where they were ruthlessly hunted until they were eventually forced to accept the Gospodars' rule (who were now beginning to be called Kislevites after their capital city).

Within a few years, the settlement of Praag was again growing in size, and Erengard had become one of the busiest ports in the Old World. From here, the Kislevites were able to sail the Sea of Claws, trading and fighting with the Norse - and occasionally the Empire - as well as keeping the few remaining Ungol tribes that refused to submit to their rule in check.

This state of affairs has existed for over 750 years, and Gospodar and Ungol society has merged over the centuries, to a greater or lesser extent, into the nation of Kislev. The ruling elite, from whom the

THE KHAN-QUEENS

In ages past the tribes of fierce warrior horsemen rode from the east, crossed the World's Edge Mountains and conquered the area wound the River Urskoy. There were many such tribes - but the largest one was called the Gospodars. Many other tribes like Tamara, Kossars and Dolgans, to name but a few, followed them, but the leaders of this horde were always Gospodars.

While they might have been barbarous and uncivilised in the standards ell other human inhabitants of the Old World, Gospodars were powerful warriors, and were led by a mighty Khan-King called Boris Ursa. He conquered the native people, drove out the Goblins that plagued the land, and started building towns that would later become the Cities of Kislev.

The Khan-Kings were often magicians of great power, or otherwise blessed by the gods Gospodars worshipped. Their magic was a different kind than the Battle Magic of the southern wizards who learned their craft from the Elves. Gospodar Magicians drew their power from an older, more elemental source rooted deep in the world itself. This power, called the Ice Magic, is a violent, mighty force of nature itself. It is the manipulation of chill, frost, biting wind and the sudden snow storms of the northern atmosphere.

Over the year Khan-Kings and Khan-Queens became Tzars and Tzarinas and their power grew, especially in the female line. While not all the Overlords of the north were magicians, the ones like Miska the Slaughterer and Taira Pavlovna (also known as the Queen of Blooded Peaks) were teh most potent sorcerers of their age and shaped the history of Kislev, and indeed the whole world.

Tzars and Tzarinas hail, are, unsurprisingly, all of Gospodar heritage, though the influence of their language and beliefs is more evident in the south, particularly in the cities of Kislev and Erengard. Further north, where the land becomes more barren and the horse tribes still hold sway, there's been a resurgence in the old ways. In fact, Praag has been reclaimed in large part by the old Ungol nobility and, in many ways, is a separate power in the north.

THE TRIBES OF THE DARK GODS

Throughout history, Kislev has bred hardy people, riot only because of the harsh climate and generally infertile lands but also due to the constant depredations by raiders from the Chaos Wastes. There are usually constant, small-scale affairs from individual warbands and tribes heading south in search of glory and plunder. Known by the Kislevites as kyazak, these raiding parties are an ever-present threat to settlements and caravans north of the Lynsk, and some even venture as far south as to cross the Lynsk.

The incursions are mostly short lived--usually lasting for only a season at a time—and either end when winter draws in or when the invaders are driven back by the armies of the Kislevites. These armies are drawn from the scattered stanitsas and towns of the Kislev oblast, each providing a standing force of warriors, much like a militia. Ungol horse archers patrol the northern reaches of the country, while settlements with a great Gospodar heritage pool their resources to create squadrons (or rotas as they are known) of the famed winged lancers.

This tradition is continued by the cities, and the Tzarina can command a large number of winged lancers drawn from the families of the richest Boyarsin and their household troops. But every year, the kyazak grow more daring, their attacks driving deeper and deeper across the Lynsk, until even the outlying settlements near Erengard and Kislev come under threat.

Occasionally, a particularly powerful chieftain or warlord will rise in Norsca or amongst the Kurgan tribes. They weld together a rough confederation of several tribes and launch attacks into Kislev. At these times, the various rotas of Kislev are drawn together into larger army groups called pulks. These pulks are invariably under the command of a Boyarsin of Gospodar heritage and are the closest Kislev has to a standing army. Sometimes, a single pulk is enough to see off the threat, but other times, two, three, or more pulks may combine their forces to counter an ambitious marauding warlord.

THE GREAT WAR AGAINST CHAOS

The greatest of these incursions is known and remembered with evil shudders and led to what would become known as the Great War against Chaos. The power of the Dark Gods had been growing stronger in the Chaos Wastes for many years, and the cold north winds had been blowing particularly hard - telling those with a skill for reading such things that something terrible was soon to happen. Sure enough, in the winter of 2301 IC, the half-Daemon warlord Asavar Kul united the tribes of the north and launched an attack into



Among the many heroes of Kislev, one man stands a head taller than any of his peers. While Miska the Slaughterer and her father Boris Ursa are undoubtedly the most revered figures in the history of Kislev, it is Tzar Alexandr Njevski that is remembered as the noblest of all the Kislevite Warrior-Kings. While most Tsars of Kislev were rightfully cruel to the enemies of their country, Alexandr was merciful and courteous to the defeated. Where many a ruler of the North was uncaring about the condition of his or her subjects, this mighty man had only the welfare of his people in his mind.

It was he who formed the alliance with the Empire even after a force of Knight' from the Empire assaulted his border and were annihilated at the Battle of the Glacier. He impressed the Dwarf High King so deeply that the Lord of Karaz-a-Karak commissioned an unrivalled suit of armour to be made for him. He strived for peace all his life, though his many enemies forced him to take to the field countless times, but none could bring him down. His triumphs are recorded on the Great Pillar of Victory that stands atop the Kreml in Kislev. He ordered the Construction of Alexandronov Castle, the remote fortress that has undoubtedly saved Kislev many times during the long years of warfare that the Kislevites have been forced to endure against the Four Powers of Chaos. Within Alexandr the power of Boris Ursa was combined with the wisdom of the ancient Baba Yaga.

*"The history of Kislev"
by Vladimir Turgenevych*

Kislev. An army of Kislevites and Empire soldiers mustered to face Kul but was massacred north of Praag, and the horde of Daemons, monsters, beasts, and tribesmen advanced along the western foothills of the Worlds Edge Mountains. The Chaos army fought and destroyed a contingent of Kislevites defending the last bridges of the River Lynsk, and Kul's forces crossed the last barrier between it and the city of Praag.

The Siege of Praag lasted throughout the spring and summer, the city's brave defenders hurling back their attackers time and again with desperate heroics and stalwart bravery. But as winter set in and the year drew to a close, Praag fell, and the hordes of Chaos ran amok. The raw power of Chaos engulfed the city, and Praag was changed forever, its survivors fused together in hellish, inhuman shapes. Living bodies melted into the walls of the city, so that it became impossible to tell flesh from stone.

Distorted faces peered from walls, agonised limbs writhed from the pavements, and pillars of stone groaned with voices that came from once-Human lips. Praag had become a living nightmare and a grim warning of the suffering that lay ahead if the warriors of the Dark Gods were victorious.

MAGNUS THE PIOUS

As the Empire readied for full-scale invasion, a leader known as Magnus the Pious arose from the horror of the dark times.

Magnus raised a massive following among the common folk of the Empire and marched northwards from city to city, gathering about him an army the likes of which had not been seen for an age. By the time the army reached the city of Middenheirn, it was the largest single force in the history of die Empire, and it was so large that Magnus had to divide his troops into two armies, as no one place could provide enough food and water to support both.

The first army, consisting of vengeful Kislevite lancers and glory-hungry knights, rode with all speed to Praag in the hope of relieving the siege. Too late, these warriors discovered the horror that Praag had become and quickly turned south to wreak their vengeance upon the Chaos horde. Magnus marched his second army directly to the city of Kislev, hoping to re-supply at the capital

before continuing onwards. Upon reaching Kislev, Magnus discovered the city already under siege by Kul's army with but a few Kislevites and a contingent of Dwarfs from Karaz-a-Karak desperately fighting to defend it. Magnus immediately ordered the charge, and his enemies were scattered by this sudden attack. Grim-faced Empire soldiers drove a wedge deep within the Chaos host, and victory seemed assured, but Asavar Kul was a mighty leader and rallied his warriors and used their greater numbers to encircle Magnus's army. Horrifying Daemons slaughtered entire regiments, while evil sorcerers unleashed powerful, ancient magic. Magnus's army was surrounded, and it seemed that the fate of Kislev was sealed.

As Kul's warriors fell upon Magnus's army in the final attack, the Kislevite lancers and Imperial knights returning from Praag appeared over the ridge of what would become known as the Gora Geroyev, the Hill of Heroes, and thundered into their enemies with hatred burning in their hearts. The Dwarfs and remaining defenders charged from the city, and Magnus seized this last, desperate chance for victory. The Chaos hordes faltered as they suddenly faced no less than three armies. The Kislevites were driven to wild fury by the terror wrought upon their beloved land, and the host of Asavar Kul was slaughtered by the implacable anger of the combined forces. The army of Chaos was shattered, and thousands of its warriors were hacked down as they turned to flee in a rout.

THE RED BOKHA

For the next two centuries, Kislev struggled to recover from the devastation caused by the Great War. Its people had been massacred and its towns reduced to rubble—or worse, been consumed by the Realm of Chaos. The corrupted city of Praag was razed to the ground and rebuilt, but an evil taint has forever remained over this city, and people from Praag are still viewed with suspicion by others. Many had died in the war, and over the next two hundred years, all manner of foul creatures took advantage of this state of affairs - rampaging Greenskins from the mountains, Bearmen from the Troll Country, and Skaven from unknown warrens beneath the earth. Tzar Vladimir Bokha was the first Tzar since the time of the Great War to begin a systematic campaign to push these enemies from his lands, and his initial efforts met with great success, though he was to die in battle against Goblins to the east of Kislev.

Vladimir's son, Boris Bokha was a fiery, passionate warrior, and it was said he was born with the sound of the Bloodheart howling on the wind above him - a good omen for a warrior - and the hags predicted he would fight hard and die well, Boris continued his father's work, emptying the treasuries to hire mercenaries to re-train the Kislev army, rebuilding bridges, roads, and towns and importing black powder and engineers from the Empire. Though it almost bankrupted his family (and several other noble families in the hargain), Tzar Boris' reign will be forever remembered for his driving spirit and eagerness to reclaim the lands that had become infested with Goblins, Trolls, Beastmen, and other vile creatures. Tzar Boris was also instrumental in a

revival of the Cult of Ursun, which had slowly been overtaken by worship of Ulric, Taal, and other foreign Gods, To do so, he undertook the trial of initiation that priests of Ursun must overcome and went into the forests to tame a bear. He was not seen or heard of for eighteen days, and many feared he had met a gruesome fate in the depths of the icy forests. Preparations began for the coronation of his infant daughter Katarin when the search parties came across his unconscious form on the nineteenth day. His still body was guarded by a bear of gigantic proportions that would not allow anyone near. The Tzar was surrounded by the corpses of over two dozen wolves, and the snow was red with their blood. Nothing the searchers could do would entice the bear away from their ruler or convince it that they meant no harm. Finally, after another day had passed,

Boris awoke, and the bear allowed the searchers to approach and tend to their ruler's wounds. The tale Boris related upon his return to Kislev has since passed into folklore, though few doubt the truth of it. Four days before being found by the searchers and after much wandering, he came across the mightiest bear he had ever seen, with teeth and claws like sword blades. Taking this as a sign from Ursun, he had confronted the beast, and it charged him, the ground shaking with the fury of its charge and a bloodcurdling roar echoing through the forest. With his bare hands, he fended off the creature's attacks but could not overpower it. The struggle lasted a full day before a wolf pack drawn by the scent of their combined blood, attacked. The wolves immediately went for the bear, but Boris sprang to its aid, crushing their skulls with his fists



and tearing them from its back. Boris was badly wounded, however, and fell beneath the attacks of the wolves. As the beasts closed in for the kill, the bear protected his erstwhile enemy from the common foe. It stood over the supine Tzar, tearing the wolves apart with its claws and savaging them with its powerful jaws. Boris had slipped into unconsciousness, yet each time he had drifted awake, the bear had been there, protecting him from the wolves. The bear returned to Kislev with the Tzar, and from then on, whenever Boris took to the field of battle, it was atop the back of Urskin (which means bear-brother), both a symbol of Ursun's power and affection for Boris and an implacable enemy in battle.

Tzar Boris met his end in battle in 2517 IC whilst leading a pulk north of the Lynsk into the Troll Country. At an unnamed river crossing, the Tzar charged deep into the Kurgan army of Hetzar Fevdaj bur was soon surrounded and cut off from the rest of his army. He and Urskin fought with all the might and fury of the Bear God, but even Red Boris could not triumph against such odds. Urskin was able to fight his way clear of the Kurgans and carry the Tzar back to the rest of the army, but it was already too late; the Tzar had taken a score of wounds, each enough to be mortal. Only when the battle was won did the Tzar slide from the back of Urskin and die. His faithful mount roared in mourning for a full night before vanishing into the bleak northlands, and legend has it that to this day Urskin continues to hunt down the creatures of Chaos that slew his master.

With the death of Tzar Boris, the now fully grown Katarin became the Tzarina of Kislev, the latest in a long line of rulers descended from the ancient Khan-Queens of the Gospoclars. She rules with a cold majesty, beloved by her subjects and feared by her enemies.

But barely four years into her reign, her land was to face the greatest threat to Kislev since the Great War against Chaos.

THE STORM OF CHAOS

Tales abounded of Archaon the Everchosen, a mighty warlord who gathered an army such as had not been seen in the northern wastes since the Great War against Chaos. In response, an army of the Empire led by Grand theogonist Volkmar the Grim of the Cult of Sigmar, marched north at the head of a fanatical army of flagellants and soldiers from Talabecland to do battle with Archaon. The two armies made war across the barren tundra of the Troll Country, but Volkmar was cut down and his army destroyed. In the wake of this defeat, Archaon led his host of marauders, Daemons, and monsters southwards.

With invasion imminent, The Emperor Karl-Franz summoned the rulers of the Old World to the Conclave of Light in Altdorf, and the races of

Humans, Dwarfs, and Elves came together to plan how best to fight the forces of Chaos. The lands of Kislev were suffering greatly in this latest incursion, as Archaon's lieutenant, D'aggorn the Exalted, laid siege to the city of Kislev while Archaon led his horde against Erengard. Where previous armies of marauders had become bogged down in Kislev, Archaon knew he had to strike for the Empire without delay and took Erengard swiftly when Norse raiders attacked from the sea. Refugees and bloodied survivors of the invasion of Kislev poured southwards, but by now, the Emperor had rallied his armies and rode out to do battle. While the Dwarfs of Karak Kadrin held Peak Pass against Archaon's general, Vardek Crom, battle began between Archaon's horde and the armies of Middenland, Ostand, and Hochland. Archaon's army reached Middenheim, and the land around the mighty city echoed to the raucous clamour of battle as the brave soldiers of the Empire and Kislev fought the innumerable hordes. Thousands died each day, but the allied armies slowly began to turn the tide against Archaon. The warlord's army was eventually broken and scattered to the four winds, the allies showing no mercy to those they caught.

KISLEV ENDURES

To live in such a blood-soaked land seems folly to those of other lands, but the Kislevites and their ancestors have spilt blood every year to rake and protect their lands. Whilst one Kislevite still draws breath, there will be one who will defend the land against the northern hordes, It can be no other way, for Kislev is land and land is Kislev.



IMPORTANT EVENTS IN THE HISTORY OF KISLEV

**Year
(Gospodar
calendar)**

Event

- c.-1600 The lands north of the Urskoy is peopled by the Ropsmenn and Ungols. Except for border raids and the odd skirmish, peace exists between them and the Teutogens who border their territory.
- 1524 The Empire is founded under the warrior-king Sigmar. He scatters the ancient Norsii people from the shores of the Sca of Claws and they flee northwards. The Ungols drive them further north into what is now Norsca. Sigmar aids the Ungols fighting Orcs of the Worlds Edge Mountains and peace exists between the Empire and Ungols after they fight together at the Battle of Blackfire Pass.
- c.- 45 Over several years, increasing expansion by the tribes of the Chaos Wastes forces the Gospodar tribes to move westwards.
- c.-30 Khan- queen Miska leads the Gospodar tribe over the High Pass. driving back the Ungol people.
- 27 The settlement of Praag is overrun by the Gospodars and the Ungols are forced westwards.
- 25 The army of Ungol Warlord Hethis Chaq defeats a Ropsmenn host led by King Weiran on the cliffs overlooking the Sea of Claws. The Ropsmenn are scattered and the Ungols take their lands.
- 1 Under the rule of Khan-Queen Shoika, work begins on the building of the great Gospodar Capital, Kislev. She takes the title Tzarina to indicate her new reign over the lands north of the Urskoy.
- 3 Norvard, greatest settlement of the Ungols, is captured by the Gospodars and renamed Erengard. This effectively completes their conquest of the lands north of the Urskoy,
- 778 Great War against Chaos. Praag is besieged and destroyed. Kislev IS besieged and eventually relieved by a combined force of Men, Elves and Dwarfs.
- 968 Tzar Vladimir Bokha dies fighting Goblins east of Kislev. His son, Boris, inherits a nation that has done little to recover from the Great War against Chaos.
- 969 Tzar Boris Bokha defeats a large army of Beastmen outside Praagm earning himself the title Rarii Bokha (Bokha the Red).
- 973 Rarii Bokha returns from the wilds with the war-bear Urskin and becomes the first High Priest of Ursun in over four hundred years, taking the title Boris Ursus.
- 993 Tzar Boris dies fighting in the Troll Country. Tzarina Katarin is crowned.
- 997 The time known as the “Spring Driving”. The hordes of the Chaos Warlord Archaon rampage south, crossing the Lynsk. Numerous combined armies of the T zarina and the Empire arc defeated.



RIERS OF THE AEDA

There was a stand of trees ahead, overlapping another along the lowest part of the meadow. The trees ran east and thickened until they met the edge of the forest itself. Gerlach turned them that way, towards the trees. Behind them, closing fast, warhorns blew and blades beat upon shields.

Three Northmen on black steeds broke out of the trees and thundered down to cut them off. There was no going wide.

Gerlach wrenched out his lance and charged the first of them. There was a dull crump and the Norther he had been going for wailed out and tumbled from his saddle.

His foot got hooked in the stirrup and his horse dragged him through the wet meadow weed.

Yolks had found the time to reload his petronel. Sigmar bless him. But now he was fumbling with it as the other two enemy riders cut in across them.

Gerlach dewed Saksen hard to the right to return the favour and protect Yolks. Lance down, and running at full stretch, he caught one of the intercepting riders side on and drove his shaft against the man's ribs. The spear tip missed, but their horses rammed together. The impact smashed the Norther from the saddle and wrenched the lance from Gerlach's grip. As he came clear, he found he was barely hanging on.

They reached the stand of trees, crashing through the bare branches and the saplings. showering dew and bark splinters around them. Gerlach saw Yolks to his left and Demieter to his right. Linser was no longer with them.

Gerlach looked back. The third rider had cut Linser down, killing his gelding and spilling him onto the ground. A fair number of the hunters had stopped, drawing into a circle around the unhorsed lancer. Gerlach could see Linser on his feet, arms raised, screaming as he dodged and scurried back and forth, trying to escape the tightening thicket of stabbing swords and slashing axes. The Northers were laughing and goading, playing with their prey like huntsmen toying with a wounded boar. Gerlach saw Linser struck with a sword and lose part of his hand.

His welling scream rose up like sharp ice into the smoky fog.

Oh, Sigmar! Oh, Sigmar, spare him!

"Heileman!"

Gerlach looked round. Yolks was calling to him, urging him to spur on into the trees. Demieter was

slumped against his horse's neck now, and Yolks had taken Demieter's reins to trail him.

"Come on. Gerlach! For Sigmar's sake!"

The remainder of the chasers those that hadn't stopped to torment Linser – had reached the tree stand and were crashing through after them. Gerlach pointed, and Yolks followed him left into a maze of leafless ash and dark pine, guiding Demieter behind him.

There was a thick stench of leaf mulch and wood husk amongst the trees, and the ground was spongy and thick with a raft of rotten leaves. They were forced to ride more slowly now. Gerlach could hear the crack and splash of their pursuers in the woodland clearings behind them.

Riding slower, he had time to reload his pistols. He drove Saksen with his knees, fiddling with each wheel-lock in turn.

Such work was meant to be done at a standstill. With the horse jolting, it was hard to manage. Gerlach lost a lot of powder and three shot-balls as he tried to finish the job. But by the time they had cleared the trees, both his pistols were primed and loaded, their wheels wound tight and their dogs laid down. Yolks had accomplished the same feat with his petronel.

The space beyond the trees was still and grey. The stand had masked the area from the worst of the smoke fuming off the murdered town. Mist foamed the wet grasses and haunted the edge of the forest to their right.

Yolks was steering his tired troop horse that way, tugging Demieter after him. He looked back at the vexillary.

"Gerlach? Come on, man! The woods!"

Gerlach wasn't listening. He was looking west, back into the burning, smoke-wrapped field of death beyond the trees. He'd as good as forgotten about the Norther riders smashing through the stand on their tail.

"Gerlach! For pity's sake!"

Half a league away west, a mass of enemy riders and foot troops was assembling around their chieftain. Many of them carried severed heads on the ends of their blades, brandishing them to celebrate his victory. Some had captured Imperial field hailers and ensigns. Others were stabbing or whipping prisoners forward, ragged, bloodied figures in the rag-remnants of Imperial uniform. Gerlach could see William Weitz, Gunther Stoelm, Kurt Vohmberg...

A flash of gold. Five riders were galloping in from the north end of the field with another trophy to place at the feet of their chieftain lord.

The standard of the Second Company Hipparchia Demilance. His standard.

"Gerlach?" Yolks called. "Come on, man!"

"That's ours," Gerlach said.

"Yes, but-"

"That's, ours, Hermen."

Volks coked at him. There were tears in his eye.

Gerlach drew out his sabre. The enemy in the woods were scant seconds away.

"Don't be a bloody fool!" said Yolks.

"Yes," said Demierter, sitting up in the saddle suddenly. "Be a bloody fool. There's nothing left for us now except glory."

Gerlach stared at him. Demierter raised his arms briefly. His lower breastplate was cracked and his innards, pink and frothed with blood, were poking out. I'm never going to see my girl again, am I?" he said.

Gerlach shook his head.

"Let's do it," said Demierter. Carefully pulling his lance from its boot, one arm still wrapped tight to keep his guts inside him.

"Yolks?"

Hermen Yolks drew out his petronel.

"Come on then. Before I decide you're both mad."

They spurred hard and charged west. They came out around the long stand of trees. out of the mist, two of them with firearms raised, one with lance extended.

The hunting Northers came from cover behind them, turning to pursue.

Gerlach stood in the stirrups as Saksen gained speed, one hand to the reins, the other aiming his dexter wheel-lock. The Northers carrying their standard heard their hooves drumming the wet earth and turned.

There were cries of alarm and surprise.

Sword blades flashed as they came out of scabbards.

At full charge, Gerlach fired and smacked a rider off his horse. He holstered the pistol and drew its sinister partner as Yolks fired his petronel. One of the Northers recoiled and clutched at his arm, his horse suddenly bucking.

Gerlach fired his second pistol. The shot went low, killing a Northman's horse stone dead. The beast

collapsed under him and threw him off. He tried to scramble clear, but the lifeless horse rolled and crushed his leg, pinning him.

Then they were engaged in a melee. Gerlach had to throw his last pistol away so he could draw his sabre. He hacked at the man carrying the standard and probably blinded him, but Saksen was driving ahead, and he overshot. A swirl of figures around him, men shouting and horses braying.

Something struck him a dull blow side on, and Saksen staggered. Mud splashed up.

Nearby, a wooden stave or a shaft snapped.

A man screamed. Horse spittle splattered around in stringy droplets.

Gerlach manhandled his gelding round, running clear for a second, and then turned as a yelling Norther ran at him on foot, brandishing a long berdish axe. The tribesman had a red-dyed horse tail fluttering from his helmet spike and his wild eyes were black with white rims like a hound's. Gerlach wrenched forward and ran the man through the chest with his sabre - a perfect downward thrust that the sergeant majors at the Cavalry School had taught them all.

Gerlach yanked his sword out as the man collapsed. Close by. in the frantic struggle, an enemy rider crashed over, without reason as far as Gerlach could tell. A boar-spear jabbed at him, the stab too short. He sank his spurs and drove Saksen back into the press, thrusting left and right. Something made an inhuman squeal.

He saw Yolks through the chaos. The demilancer had the standard by its shaft and was fighting to ride clear, dragging it behind him. A broadsword swung at Gerlach's face, and he blocked it with his sabre, grunting with effort. He could feel the sheer panic rising in the horse between his knees. The broadsworder, astride a heavy black stallion, tried to slash again, forcing his mount in against Saksen's flanks. The stallion was biting and kicking out. Gerlach struck once, twice, with his sabre. hacking with the blade edge because the melee was too close-packed to draw back for a clean thrust. He had no idea if he'd hit anything. but the barbarian with the broadsword was suddenly no longer in his field of view.

"Yolks!" he yelled. "Ride clear! Ride clear!"

He couldn't see the demilancer any more, but above the thrashing mass of bodies, the standard head appeared briefly, waving wildly. the banner flapping.

More Northers were gathering in, riding hard from their chieftain's side to join the skirmish. Gerlach hadn't seen Demierter since they'd engaged. Something hit him across the left shoulder blade,

and almost simultaneously he felt a sharp pain in his right side. The stinking, howling enemy were all around him, close and lethal, like a pack of wolves. His sabre was slick and sticky with gore.

The sun suddenly came out. It was the most peculiar thing. Perhaps the weather had turned. Or perhaps the gods had intervened for a second, commanding the elements to respond to the extraordinary moment of battle that now took place.

Afterwards, that's what Gerlach felt sure it was. Ulric, fierce god of courage, pleased by the carnage he saw, or Myrmydia, goddess of war, saluting valour, or even the trickster Ranald again, taking delight in spoiling the darkness of a scene that should have belonged to his dour cousin, Morr, deity of the grave.

The sun came out, bright as the armour of Sigmar. Cold spring sunlight, like bars of smoking silver, shafted down across the field through an aperture in the black smoke and the grey-cast clouds. Everything glittered: blades, sweat beads, blood, breastplates. Everything was touched by that light and the black armour of the massing foe turned blacker still, like night shadows, contracted by daybreak.

Out of the western slopes, riders were coming. They were close, almost into the fight, by the time Gerlach spotted them through the mayhem or had heard the sound of their hooves above the clatter of skirmish. There were forty of them at least, riding fast, riding hard, caught in the shafts of sunlight and lit up like angelic beings. Gerlach felt terror the moment he saw them, a more awe-filled dread than anything he had felt in the face of the

Northerners. The feeling hardly waned when he realised they were not the enemy at all.

They were lancers. Kislevite lancers.

Each one wore silver mail and sleeved coats of segmented lamellar plate inscribed with gold that glittered in the sun like a breaking summer sea. Their round-topped steel helms had hard peaks, long neckguards of mail and heart-shaped visors lowered across their noses. The cloth of their clothes was crimson and blue and many were draped in the white-and-black pelts of snow leopards. Breathtaking eagle wings, each one two spans high. Rose vertically from their backs, the long feathers fluttering in the slipstream of their rush. Their long lances were lowered to the horizontal and couched.

The stories Gerlach had been told of the noble, terrifying splendour of the winged lancers were true after all.

The lancers swept into the milling thicket of barbarians with such force Gerlach felt the earth shake. Couched expertly under the arm by men well

braced in saddle and stirrups, the lancers conducted not only the strength of the rider's arm but also the force of his charging steed. They punched through shields, through bodies, through horses, demolishing everything in their path.

Northerners and loose horses fled madly out of the way. The main mass of enemy riders was riding face on to the Kislev charge when they met. Armed with hooked axes and billed swords, the Northerners had no reach at all, and the first rank were dead and unhorsed by the long, relentless cavalry spears in a second.

Gerlach heard a huge voice bellowing commands, and a bone horn blew. The charge line broke with disciplined skill, the riders barely restraining their gallop, and they began to skirmish in twos and threes.

Most left their long horse lances behind them, thrust tip-down and quivering in the soil as they switched to curved swords or dragged javelins from their saddle boots. The javelins, short and slim and light, flurried out like arrows, taking Northerners to whatever afterworld had been prepared for them. Each lancer carried two javelins, and

Gerlach gawped at the astonishing horsemanship they displayed. The lancers loosed the javelins overarm, then leant as they passed to pluck the missiles back out of the dead targets to throw again.

The melee around Gerlach had broken and the ground was covered in jumbled bodies.

He looked around for Volks or Demieter - for anyone - but saw only the broken waste of slaughter that lay in the wake of the charge. A dazed Northerner lumbered nearby, and Gerlach despatched him quickly. The vexillary's hands were shaking.

He was dazed and breathless as he came down off the pitch of blind rage that had driven him into the fight.

The bone horn sounded again. The sun was folding back into the cloud cover and the light was failing, as if the gods had decided their display was over. The winged lancers were disengaging and turning. They had driven a deep wedge into the ranks of the enemy, but if they remained, without the pressure of the charge to their advantage, they would be overwhelmed by the sheer number of barbarians.

The lancers were sweeping back towards him now, standing in their stirrups and hallooing victory shouts. Each rider bent low to recover one of the lances they had left spiked in the earth. One of the front horsemen was brandishing a standard high for them to follow. It was the eagle wing on the shield, the long red and white stripe of banner snapping out behind it.

Gerlach saw Yolks now, and Demieter, riding clear with them. Yolks had the demilance standard, and was struggling to raise it up as he rode hard.

Gerlach started Saksen forward, coming across the front of the retreat, gaining speed to reach Yolks. The enemy, shaken and mauled, was charging in pursuit. Horse archers leading the reply, firing barbs from the saddle.

Gerlach turned hard until he was in with the lancers, riding with them. He lost sight of Yolks and Demieter again, but he was close to the Kislevite leader and the man with the eagle wing standard. It was all he could do to keep his tired gelding up with the smaller, sprightly Kislev mounts. He began to lag a little.

The lead lancer, his face hidden by the heart-shaped visor that jutted down from the peak of his helm, turned, shouted something, and waved him up urgently.

Black-feathered arrows hissed into the grassy mud around him. One hit a lancer to his left between the shoulder blades, and he rolled from his saddle soundlessly, hands raised.

"Go on! Go on!" Gerlach sang out to Saksen, leaning forward, straining. They were onto the eastern slopes of the meadow now, powering towards the forest line.

An arrow glanced off his right pauldron with a painful crack that jerked his whole torso round. Gerlach fought to steady himself, but his balance had been thrown.

There was a strange moment of weightless confusion and then a hideous, jarring impact. He was out of the saddle, on the ground, dazed and bruised and not quite aware of where he was.

He got up. The enemy wave was just twenty lengths behind him, down the slope.

Arrows chopped the air. He looked east.

Two more lancers had been brought down by the horse archers. One was the standard bearer. He had an arrow through his throat and another through his torso. His horse had come over with him, but now it was struggling upm shaking its head, rattling its silver war harness and plated bridle.

Gerlach ran towards it, hands raised to calm it. But it was oblivious to him and took off towards the trees before he could grab its trailing reins.

"Yha! Yha!" a deep voice cried. The leader of the lancers was closing on him from the right hand at a spirited lick. He had turned back, sweeping right around, and was leading Saksen by his bridle.

"Come you! Yha!" the lancer cried.

Gerlach paused for a split second and then bent down and grasped the shaft of the fallen Kislev banner. He raised the eagle wing up and ran towards the approaching lancer.

"Take it! Take the damn thing!" he shouted, thrusting the banner into the man's gloved hands. Then he threw himself into Saksen's saddle and they turned to follow the main Kislev mass into the trees.

Screaming darkness followed them.



THE LAND OF KISLEV

PRINCIPAL GEOGRAPHY

To the south and west, Kislev is bordered by the sprawling dark forests of the Empire, the land to which it has sworn the Eternal Alliance following the Great War against Chaos. For centuries, the warriors of Kislev and the soldiers of the Empire have fought the forces of the Dark Gods, and though relations have not always been harmonious, neither nation has failed to answer the call to battle when its ally is in peril. The Sea of Claws forms Kislev's western coastline, and the settlements that survive here by fishing and whaling must constantly battle against the terror of Norse raiders, who sail from their frozen harbours to plague the southern lands. Kislev has no standing navy, and these villages must look to their own defence when they spy Norse longships on the horizon in search of slaves and plunder.

The bleak land far beyond the River Lynsk to the north is known as the Troll Country, a hostile land of war-hungry tribes and monstrosly mutated beasts of Chaos. The Worlds Edge Mountains form a virtually impenetrable barrier to the northeast and east, and within these dark peaks dwell numerous tribes of Ores and Goblins.

Within these boundaries can be found all manner of terrain: forests, rivers, and hills, though within its borders there is little in the way of mountains, and only the occasional low mound of earth breaks up the sprawling grassland steppe. The southern border shared with the Empire has long been established at the River Urskoy (named after the god Ursun), which surges from the soaring peaks of the Worlds Edge Mountains and flows westwards until its frozen waters swell the waters of the Talabec,

Kislev's northern border is more difficult to define, though most scholars agree that it's convenient to drive it at the River Lynsk, a river of deadly cold that flows all the way to the Sea of Claws. The reason for this difficulty is because the north of Kislev is barely distinguishable from the Troll Country and the tundra beyond. Only a few of Kislev's tribes travel further north than the Lynsk riding into the Troll Country and eastwards along the High Pass. The north of Kislev is a cold, infertile land, and most of the Kislevites who can be found here live a nomadic existence, moving constantly from one grazing ground to the next, much like the Marauder tribes of the Shadowlands. As the inhospitable north gives way to the south and approaches the marches of the Empire, Kislev transforms, assuming many of the civilised trappings found in the lands of Sigmar's people. Remote farmsteads flourish in these lands, and most of these settlements tend to be fashioned from uncut

rocks or local timber since quarried stone is in short supply.

This appearance gives many of Kislev's settlements a somewhat backward, frontier look that people of the Empire consider uncivilised.

THE MOUNTAINS

Kislev is bounded to the east by the Worlds Edge Mountains, grimly forbidding peaks that rise from the steppe like rearing fangs and seem to scrape the sky with their immensity. In ancient times, the entirety of the mountains was once the domain of the Dwarfs, who crafted vast cities and fortresses in the rock. When the Dwarf realm fell into ruin, many of these tunnels and halls were destroyed, forgotten, or captured by Night Goblins and Skaven. The only holds said to remain this far north are Karak Ungor (now known as Red Eye Mountain after its capture by the Red Eye tribe of Night Goblins) and the lost stronghold of Karak Vlag. Only the insanely brave or foolhardy would dare risk the untold dangers of the mountains, but the lure of mighty treasure hordes lying forgotten in abandoned Dwarf holds is a powerful incentive. The main route over the Worlds Edge Mountains in Kislev is the High Pass, a treacherous route that leads from Kislev to the mysterious lands of the east, where dark tales speak of a realm of flesh-eating Ogres and a race of Dwarfs corrupted by the power of Chaos.

FORESTLAND

The great forests of the Empire gradually thin out at their northern border, giving way to the increasingly desolate oblast of Kislev. Despite this, Kislev is not without small woods and forests, some of which are rumoured to be the homes of isolated Wood Elf communities. Such rumours are perhaps not without substance, as there are many folk tales that speak of shadowy bands of archers who have emerged from the forests to save Kislevite warriors from certain death at the hands of Beastmen. However, no sooner are the creatures of Chaos destroyed than these saviours vanish back into the woods without a word.

The majority of Kislev's (admittedly small) forestland is to be found in the more fertile south or in the more forested regions to the east, in the foothills of the Worlds Edge Mountains, though isolated copses and small wooded areas can be found throughout Kislev. These forests are home to all manner of vile creatures—Beastmen, Ores, Goblins, or other dangerous beasts—that have come down from the mountains in search of prey.

Since Kislev lacks for extensive forests, there is little to break the near constant wind that whips

down from the north or northeast. These biting cold gusts scour the steppe, blowing across the lands with such violence that those who endure are hardened, toughened, and made strong. In fact, it is this phenomenon that gives rise to the expression of living in the wind," meaning to live a hardy, tough existence. These fierce northern winds are seen as signs of ill-omen and are said to herald the coming of the warlike tribesmen of the Dark Gods. When such winds blow strong, it is a time of fear and uncertainty and the warriors of Kislev ready for war.

THE STEPPE

The majority of Kislev is made up of the massive, sprawling grasslands known as the steppe, a vast landscape where a traveller is never warm, and the air is parched and dry. Very little rain falls on the steppe, meaning only the hardiest grasses and plants can survive, but when the rains do come, they are torrential downpours that break the banks of rivers and stop all but the most determined from travelling. Aside from small villages, known as stanitsas, virtually the only inhabitants of the steppe are nomadic tribesmen who roam the steppe in groups, constantly searching for new grazing areas. The sod in the north of the steppe is very poor, and only in the more fertile south of the country can farmers coax crops from the land. Kyzaks dwell in the steppe, but these ferocious warrior tribesmen do not grow any crops or rear any animals; instead, they take what they need by force, attacking stanitsas and slaughtering any travellers they come across for gold and supplies. Such is the vastness of the steppe that it is next to impossible to hunt these raiders down, though there is plentiful work to be found for those who seek employment in defending villages from the kyzales' brutal raids.

THE OBLAST

Most of Kislev is taken up by the Oblast, a broad, empty, frozen land, punctuated by small settlements, rivers, and raiding bands that glorify the Ruinous Powers. To most outsiders, it is a soul-killing area and devoid of anything of value. To Kislevites, however, it is Kislev. Kislev is land, and land is Kislev.

The Oblast is not divided into formal regions, and all areas have a lot in common. However, most Kislevites roughly divide the area into north, south, east, and west oblasts, plus the Troll Country in the northwest. Kislevites tend to think the Troll Country is smaller than most cartographers do, but Kislevites are more tolerant of monsters and frigid landscapes.

SOUTHERN OBLAST

The southern region has the mildest climate in the country, and, as a result, is the main farming region. Arable farming, at least of oats, is possible almost everywhere, and there are even some orchards. The southern part of the region is covered with a Forest that extends unbroken into the Empire, though it becomes darker and dominated by fir the further into Kislev it comes. The land is flat even by Kislev standards, with only one major range of hills that runs south from the capital city. There is relatively little steppe-land left, and a casual traveller could almost mistake it for a particularly rural part of the Empire.

The city of Kislev is by far the largest settlement in the region, but all the stanitsas here are on the large side, and even the tirsas are typically the same size as Empire villages.

Southern Kislevites are relatively civilised and almost entirely Gospedar, which leaves them open to accusations from the north of being soft. In compensation, they are among the most enthusiastic warriors in the country, and stanitsas put even more effort than normal into turning out the best rota of winged lancers they can manage. There is only one sense in which the people of this region are soft: it is the only area of Kislev where the lifestyle would not survive the burning of half the settlements. Northerners who have fought alongside southern rotas never make critical statements.

The people here have the most negative opinion of the Empire, in part to distinguish themselves from their Empire neighbours. The main reason, however, is that it is not uncommon for Empire troops to pass through the southern Oblast and demand food and shelter on their way to fight in the north. The southerners only see the demands, never the battles.





EASTERN OBLAST

Much of the eastern Oblast is true steppe land, though south of the Lynsk there are some croplands to be found as well.

In the east, the foothills and lower peaks of the Worlds Edge Mountains are counted as part of the region, and much timber is brought down from the forests to supply the more settled stanitsas-

The region is fairly well settled, thanks in part to the trade route to the far east that starts in Praag. Nevertheless, stanitsas and tirsas are of normal size for the country, and there are more than a few krugs roaming the northern and western steppes.

The eastern Oblast is attacked from two directions. Kyazans come from the north and west, raiding on behalf of their dark masters, while Greenskins pour down from the mountains to raid for the sake of raiding.

The people of this area are almost constantly fighting for their own survival. They tend to feel residents further south do not appreciate their sacrifices, and these days, there are many who feel that the ingrates down there had the Storm of Chaos coming.

The region is populated by both Gospodar and Ungol families and actually has a number of mixed settlements. The Ungols here are the most organised in the nation and are the ones most likely to talk seriously about restoring their old power. The hags here have a great deal of influence, and even the Gospodar take them seriously.

WESTERN OBLAST

The western oblast is largely flat and almost completely devoid of forest. Much of the land is steppe, but the southern regions and the area near the Empire's border are fanned to a significant extent.

This area bore the brunt of the Chaos Incursion, and the overwhelming majority of settlements were sacked, including Erengard. The people are rebuilding, but destruction is still everywhere. In general, the area has the warmest summers in Kislev, but the wind patterns over the Sea of Claws mean heavy blizzards occasionally fall even during the height of summer. The snow rarely lasts long, but it always throws everything into disarray.

The population of the western oblast is largely Gospodar with a sprinkling of Ungols. Most of the Ungols are relatively recent immigrants, as they were driven out of the area completely when the invading Gospodars arrived. In the past, the people of this area were the most open to outsiders, dealing with most of the merchants who came to the country. Isolated settlements were rarer here than elsewhere, though not unheard of, and most tirsas and stanitsas traded with one another freely. The Chaos Incursion utterly devastated the whole area, leaving very few settlements viable; many were completely destroyed, leaving nothing more than a tainted patch of earth. The remaining people are determined to rebuild and reclaim their land, but the process is difficult. Long-established tirsas are now too small to be viable, and while the atamans

recognise the need to amalgamate, they are unwilling to relinquish their authority. Some boyars are trying to impose unions; worried pride will lead to the death of those who survived the war.

Naturally, most people resent such heavy-handed control. The only reason the area has not descended into anarchy is that people are too busy trying to survive to bother their neighbours.

NORTHERN OBLAST

Most of the northern oblast is classic steppe - plains or gentle hills covered with long grass and grazed by herds of horses and cattle. It has harsher and longer winters than more southerly areas, and the weather can easily turn very cold in spring and autumn. Even the Ungol nomads pitch camp for the winter.

There is no agriculture to speak of; the few exceptions are found in sheltered valleys or where corrupt atamans have made foul bargains with the Dark Gods.

The steppe is broken by the Craggs of Shargun, which overlook the Blight. These hills almost become mountains and are distinguished by steep, rocky slopes, sheer cliffs, and numerous caves. Local stories say that they were created during a duel between two great Daemons, the blows of their axes tearing up the ground.

The population of the northern oblast is largely Ungol, though there are a number of Gospodar stanitsas. The Ungols are almost exclusively nomads, meaning the settlements are predominantly Gospodar and do not give an accurate impression of the area as a whole.

This area of Kislev is the most battered by the lands curses. Winter is harsh, and raiders from the Troll Country and the Chaos Wastes are a constant threat.



Every adult has helped fight off a warband at least once, typically several times. Every fixed settlement has been besieged many times and sacked more times than the residents can remember; Kislevites here regard knowing when to run away as the highest form of courage, as it will never be possible to prove afterwards that you ran too early. On the other hand, atamans who do not run at all usually see their people destroyed within a few years.

The details of the constant battles fought here are little known in the rest of Kislev, never mind the rest of the world. Those who live here feel that they defend an ungrateful world and get nothing in return.

THE TROLL COUNTRY

To the north of the country is the desolate, icy tundra of the Troll Country, a land twisted into unnatural forms due to its proximity to the Chaos Wastes. None dare claim this land, for it is infested with ferocious Beastmen, Trolls, and many other creatures so warped as to defy any classification of form. The Troll Country is also home to warbands of Chaos, who fight their battles for supremacy here before marching south to raid Kislev and the Empire. Besides the followers of Chaos, the only inhabitants in this desolate region are debased, semi-nomadic tribes said to be the descendents of those who were driven northwards by the migrating Gospodars who first settled Kislev.

The Troll Country consists of steppe slowly turning into tundra as one travels north before meeting the great mountains and the edge of the Chaos Wastes. It is some of the least-forgiving land in the Old World, and no farming is possible. There are some forests and two main ranges of hills, but for the most part, it is largely flat, it is easy to travel for days without seeing any settlements here.

The weather is harsher than in most parts of Kislev, frigid weather extending through spring and autumn. Winter can blanket several feet of snow fall over most of the area, making movement impossible. On the upside, movement is impossible for raiders as well. The Kislevites who live here spend the winter in one place, preparing for the troubles that come with the thaw. By the time the weather does break, they are generally looking forward to them.

The population of the Troll Country is overwhelmingly Ungol and mostly nomadic. Fixed settlements are targeted repeatedly by raiders while nomads can just move on. Out here, nationality is largely a matter of choice. Most Ungols and virtually all Gospodars regard themselves as Kislevites, but some do not, and the local boyars can do nothing about it. There are Norsemen who live in this area year round rather

than simply raiding, particularly the Saris in the north, and they are a far more serious problem. The Ungols and Gospodars out here rake hospitality even more seriously than Ungols elsewhere. Anyone is welcomed, but hardly anyone is trusted. Those who prove to be friendly over time may find that, after a year or so, they are no longer attended by heavily armed hosts at all times.

THE CHAOS WASTES

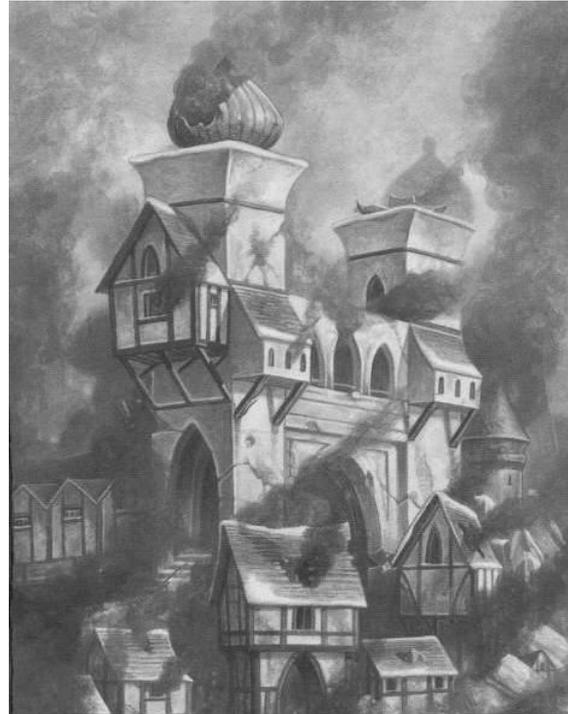
Beyond the Troll Country can be found the nightmarish region of the Chaos Wastes, a hellish wasteland of wild magic, where Daemons gibber on the wind and the laws of reality are undone. This is the realm of the Dark Gods, and no honest or virtuous man dares walk here, for to do so is to abandon all hope of survival and sanity. Here, Gods walk the earth and the power of magic blows in mighty winds across the landscape. The ground seethes with the saturation of Chaos, the forests writhe with unnatural life, and the sky bleeds in horror at such violation. The very air is poisonous, and only the most insane would ever dream of approaching this warped land.

Here, in the depths of the Chaos Wastes, the myriad followers of the Ruinous Powers blood their champions and make war on each other before unleashing their warbands and armies on the lands of the south. When the Winds of Magic blow strongly, the power of the Gods increases, and their warriors surge southwards to pillage and destroy. Chaos follows in their wake, and the conquered lands writhe and buckle under its foul, warping touch until such times as its power wanes, causing the Realm of Chaos to recede once more, though the lands touched will never be the same.

CLIMATE

Kislev's climate varies enormously, ranging from long, dark winters to warm, balmy summers when the long grasses can catch fire. During particularly hot summers (a rarity in Kislev), this threat is particularly dangerous, for such steppe fires can spread with unimaginable rapidity since the grass is so dry, and many unwary travellers have been trapped and burned to death by such a conflagration. Such fires are rare, and for the most part, Kislev is a cold, bleak land with little sunlight to warm the body.

Kislev's deadly cold winters are infamous throughout the Old World, and when the snows come, the land is held tight in its iron grip. Temperatures plummet to far below freezing, and to be caught out on the steppe in winter is to die. Snow blankets the land in white, and such is the unending vista of featureless whiteness that covers the land that the Kislevites have a term for such emptiness. It is known as Raspothsa, which means



roadlessness,” and no one that values their life dares to travel in such times. Even outside the months of winter, the northern reaches of the steppe are often covered in snow, and the temperature never reaches far above freezing.

When spring finally comes to Kislev, it brings with it a mixture of snow and rain, and with the break of the winter, the steppe comes alive with people as tribes migrate to find fresh grazing, kaiak seek out new prey, and caravans of merchants set off with fresh cargoes to take to far-off markets. Travel in spring is dangerous, as the icy landscape becomes muddy, and wagons often become trapped in the mud, where they will no doubt be abandoned to enable the caravan to move on before it becomes prey for kyaiak.

Autumn is when the people of Kislev hunker down to weather the harsh winter to come. Old men wearily shake their heads and declare that this coming winter will be hard; it is something of a tradition for the elderly of Kislev (of which there are few) to complain that each coming winter will be the hardest yet and then proclaim how the winters were harder when they were younger. In the autumn, firewood is stocked, livestock slaughtered, and crops stockpiled so there will be enough food to last until spring.

CITIES

For most travellers, Kislev is more empty than full. Scattered through the wilderness are tiny holdfasts, isolated communities that cling to what passes for roads as if for life, and whilst more common in the south, the distance between these outposts grows until one can travel for days on end without seeing

any sign of humanity. For this reason, it's understandable while many Empire folk regard Kislev as little more than a primitive backwater, a useful buffer to be sure, but of little worth beyond serving as a barrier against the unruly hordes of Chaos. In spite of the ill-informed and disparaging comments passed between the more comfortable folk of the softer southern lands, there are cities in Kislev, massive sprawling affairs, islands of civilisation in a vast sea of wilderness. Each city represents a different facet of Kislev culture and history, reflecting the land's importance to the Old World and its colourful people in their customs, architecture, and placement in this frozen land,

ERENGRAD

Erengard was founded as Norvard by the Ungols at possibly the best natural harbour on the Sea of Claws. Its position and ability to act as a gateway to trade ensured its prosperity, and the Tzarina Shoika realised its conquest was essential to the unity and prosperity of the emerging nation of Kislev. She captured the city, drove out the Ungols, and rebuilt and repopulated it as the Gospodar port of Erengard.

The city prospered, attracting traders from across the Old World and even Elves from across the ocean. It also attracted more dubious elements and soon became notorious as a place where one could set up any sort of ideal within a clay or two of arriving. While it's true that one could buy anything at Marienburg eventually, it takes longer to make contacts there than at Erengard. Pirates found it was much easier to sail to Erengard than to pretend to be legitimate in order to sneak into other ports. This clientele made

Erengard rough but also kept it wealthy, and as the local boyars lined their pockets, the Tzars in Kislev did not care to enquire too closely so long as tax revenue flowed.

Over the last century or so, the guilds of Erengard have been getting steadily more powerful and important, as the boyars distanced themselves from the details of trade, and those who were directly involved became steadily more wealthy.

The guilds accepted more direct control from the Tzarina in return for increased powers over the city and steadily supplanted the boyars in government. The boyars do not particularly like being brushed aside. Everything was interrupted by the Chaos Incursion in which Erengard was sacked. Almost every structure was levelled, and thousands of people were slaughtered by Archaon's armies. Fortunately, the land escaped the corruption visited on Praag, and when the refugees returned, they were able to rebuild. Rebuilding has proceeded more quickly in Erengard than almost anywhere else, as they are using building materials scavenged from the ruins and brought in by traders.

No streets are free of building work, but all the most important buildings have been rebuilt, and the city functions once more.

Both the guilds and boyars had grand plans for redesigning the city to be more beautiful, more welcoming to traders.

Unfortunately, they had very different plans, and each group started work on its own ideas. As a result, the city's street plan is a mess, even more so than before; the old centre of Katarina Square no longer exists; it was replaced with the city estates of a couple of guild families, and most old neighbourhoods have moved or been transformed utterly.

The city can still be divided into three broad areas defined by the underlying geography: Harbour, which is over the sea; Low City, on the flat land around the beach; and High City, on the slopes of the hills. The city walls run along the tops of the hills.

Kislev does not have a standing navy and, instead, relies on Empire warships and private merchant vessels to safeguard their waters. Erengard also benefits from extensive defences in the form of cannons, walls, and submerged mines to repel would-be invaders. Still, the waters of the Sea of Claws are dangerous, and all merchant ships are armed in some fashion, many to the standards of other nations' warships, and can be pressed into service by the Tzarina when needed.

PRAAG

It takes a lot to kill a city. They are not immortal; they can fall, but it takes a cataclysm or catastrophe of epic proportions to do it. In the Great War of 2302 IC, Praag was hit by, something like that - by a force of Chaos so destructive and so terrible that a lesser city would have crumbled. And since then, more forces have come and tried to finish the job. But Praag is great and terrible, and although over and over the armies of Chaos broke it and burnt it and desecrated it, it did not die.

Perhaps it should have.

Though rebuilt again and again, Praag can never shake of the legacy of its endless sieges and the destruction left behind.

Mutation and madness taint its people, depravation and decay eat away at its streets, and the siege mentality endures eternal.

But Praag has never been a shrinking violet, and its people are not prepared to give up and move elsewhere. Praag may be dying, but it is defiant to the last.

Praag is the oldest city in Kislev, built by Ungol lords before the coming of the Gospodars. Located on the Lynsk near the mountain passes to the east, it

was a natural trade-hub: meat and hide were gathered from the surrounding stanitsas, and stone and silver flowed from the mountains. The town soon gained the nickname "the silver city," not only because of its chief source of income but because the streets and buildings were decorated with the substance and other precious metals, until its gleaming onion domes and high-peaked roofs could be seen for miles.

This wealth had another purpose as well. Their northern position made Praag vulnerable to attack, yet they were always far from the minds of the rulers in the capital. Thus, Praag devoted itself to becoming a place of stunning beauty' and grandiose entertainments.

Their reputation produced a steady' flow of visitors keen to sample the delights of their northern climes, ensuring the protection of Praag would never be forgotten.

Their trade reflected this, too. Praag grain is sickly and in short supply compared to that of the southlands, and the city has been starved out by the south more than once. To combat the cost of shipping essentials north, Praag fostered the craftsmanship and sale of luxuries and ornaments: gold, silver, and copper filigree work, set with precious stones, along with the finest furs and cloths stitched into stunning headdresses, shoes, jewellery, and cloaks. Soon, it was known by all that the best silversmiths, jewellers, embroiderers, tapestry weavers, clockwork makers, and cameo painters were found only in Praag. Many of these used ancient Ungol designs and techniques, unknown to the city folk of the south.

Likewise, the High Pass meant Praag dealt in exotic goods from the Far East, such as spices, jade, and ivory. The money from this trade soon paid for the city's key attraction: the great Opera House. It was soon followed by an Academy of Music and an Observatory, all of which had the boyars of the south clamouring to visit. Wizardry was encouraged also; in the days before the Colleges of Magic in Altdorf, Praag was the centre of the Old World for magical and alchemical experimentation, and many legends are told of strange spells working amongst its streets.

Of course, such prosperity was not kept without a struggle, and Praag is a warrior city, as well as a poetic one. Over the thousand years of its life, the city has endured countless attacks, including ones from the armies of the southern capital. Praag's large Ungol population and proud independence has led the City to attempt secession on no less than three occasions. After the third, the Tzarina displaced Praag's rulers (dubbed the Z'ra) and appointed her own agent over the city, but the rebellious spirit lives on.

Most of Praag's military engagements have been against the forces of Chaos from the north. Against these, Praag raised huge, viciously spiked walls called the Basta. Within these is a second wall, barely a yard away, peppered with murder holes to deter invaders. Both layers are carved with Dwarfen runes of protection and are said to contain ancient magic, though none living know what they might be.



Behind these defences, more walls surround the original city, now known as the Old Town. And on top of that stands the massive cannon studded fortress, perched on a rocky spur like a massive, misshapen gargoyle.

The city also has spaces within those mighty walls to house peasants and nomads from the surrounding countryside that inevitably flee to the city when the Chaos powers descend.

Thus, Praag is a constant jumble of races, with a Gospodar ruler, Ungol boyars, oblast folk, steppe nomads, Empire wizards, traders from Cathay, and even remnants of the Ropsmenn in the Old Town. Racial division is common but is dwarfed by the Praager's need to unite against both the threat from the north and the presumptions of the south. Praagers have a reputation for being paranoid and insular, and it is somewhat deserved. Praagers do not trust anyone who is not from Praag, for those who do not live there cannot truly understand what that life entails. For many, being a Praager is more important than being a Kislevite.

Withstanding the endless sieges and incursions has caused, on top of the immense loss of life, great destruction to the city's beautiful buildings. The citizens of Praag never forget the bloodshed but are relatively blithe about the destruction of their city - it presents an opportunity to redo the work in an even grander and more startling fashion.

Once, there was nothing Praag could not endure and simply rebuild anew.

Then came the Great War of Chaos.

The gigantic army of Asavar Kul headed south, determined to destroy the realms of men, and their fury fell first and foremost upon the city of Praag. The great basta held strong, the soldiers of the city were brave beyond sanity, and the siege lasted months, until the twisted corpses of the Chaos army were piled to the tops of the walls. But the tide could not be held back forever. The walls fell, and the Citadel was abandoned. Balefire burned down the palaces, Dark Magic roared through the houses, and Chaos reigned in the streets, Thousands were slaughtered or driven into the freezing snows, and they were the lucky ones. The survivors crawled back to find their city in ruins - and worse. The armies of the south burned what remained to the ground in an attempt to cleanse it, but the Chaos-taint had been driven deep. The walls sprouted monstrous eyes and tongues, men and silver were melted into one, and a rain of severed fingers fell every day around the Fire Spire. Black blood ran from all the wells, and carpets of living, moaning flesh slid across the surface of the river. For years afterwards, every second child was

born a Mutant, and it was a century before birds were heard in the sky again.

But the people of Praag would not abandon their city.

Instead, they rebuilt it, piece by piece, with whatever they could find. To this day, the city has a haphazard look, structures unfinished or approximated around scars and open wounds still unhealed from the devastation. Then came new invasions and fresh destruction. The walls were broken down once again two hundred years later, and Praag was not spared the fury of the Storm of Chaos a few decades after that. In the face of such unrelenting suffering, many gave in to despair. Repairs began to be forgotten, desolation no longer reclaimed. Some abandoned the city; others stayed and waited for death to claim them. Still more feed like ravens upon its sickly, lawless streets. And Chaos rises: the laneways of the New City swallow the souls of those who walk them, the dead will not sleep in their graves, and restless spirits haunt the ruins of the gutted spires.

But still, the pride of Praag lives on, food and medicine is brought from the south in great wagon-loads. Brave men hold back the walking dead and the hungry Mutants that emerge from the tainted areas, and refugees from the stricken streets carve a place to live in what buildings remain. The silversmiths create filigree wonders once again, and the merchants turn trade once more, though scaled down. The druzhinas throw as lavish parties as they can with their meagre supplies, and the women of the solitary Temple of SaIyak do their best to cope with the unending tide of the sick and dying. The opera once again is full of song, though it is a sad, mournful song of a city that knows true horror, city is cursed and makes no pretence otherwise. But this cursed city is still their city, and the people of Praag are quite prepared to die with it, if they must.

THE OPERATIC SOCIETY

The Opera House of Praag is funded partly by opera companies, partly by the Tzar, but mostly by the Operatic Society, a loose collection of the city's wealthiest Boyars who believe fervently in the promotion of great music. They also passionately believe in protecting their power and their incomes, and the prosperity of Praag ensures both. They are the true rulers of the city, and they manipulate every part of it to ensure trade continues without undue influence from the south and profits - their profits - remain high. Such profiteering chafes the boyars and guildmasters whom are not members of the operatic society. They would pay handsomely for anything that helps weaken the society's position - or, alternatively, anything that permits them to join. With almost half of the society dying in the Chaos Incursion, such social ability is suddenly a lot more likely.

KISLEV

The city that was to become Kislev was founded over two thousand years ago as a small trading colony on the banks of the River Urskoy known as Pelzburg. It enjoyed relative prosperity in its dealings with the roving Tribesmen, migrating Gospodars, and hardy merchants from the Empire. Despite being sacked several times in its history, its location made it certain to rise from whatever calamity befell it, much like the Kislevite people. The trading post of Pelzburg was occasionally attacked by invading Gospodar warbancis from the east, and at some time during this period of uncertainty, it was renamed Dorogo, in honour of a great war leader of ages past. The dry nourished like never before, establishing strong trade links with the Dwarfs and other nations of the Old World.

Dorogo was, unfortunately, razed to the ground when the great-migration of Gospodars came over the Worlds Edge Mountains under the leadership of Khan-Queen Miska. Well aware of the prime location Dorogo had occupied, Miska immediately began rebuilding the city and renamed it Kislev before embarking on a long and bloody campaign of unifying the land in the centre and south of Kislev under her rule,

When she declared the wars finished, she returned to the nascent city, though she was never to see daughter named the Tzarina of all the land of Kislev and declared that her capital would be the city of Kislev, where it has remained to this day. Since then, the city of Kislev has prospered like never before, its trade links with other nations growing ever stronger, even stretching over the Worlds Edge Mountains to distant Cathay. As its



influence has grown, so too has its stature as a city, and engineers and architects from all over the known world have come to Kislev to raise its temples, bridges, and city walls.

Flavoured by the Kislevites' own distinctive customs that date back to the days of the Ungol chiefs and Gospodar nobles, Kislev has become a truly unique city; its culture is like no other in the Old World.

At the centre of Kislev lie the Bokha Palaces, the hereditary seat of power, rebuilt during the reign of Tzar Boris Bokha after the original Palace Gospodarin was all but destroyed during the Great War against Chaos in 778 (2302 IC).

The palace rises in tier upon tier of white stone towers and colourfully festooned battlements that reach their pinnacle as a great golden dome. One entire wing is fashioned from ice; its frosty battlements and glittering flying buttresses shimmer with Ice Magic, and on a sunny day, its beauty is breathtaking, resembling a vast ice sculpture rising from the ground. Armoured knights with helms crafted in the shape of snarling bears patrol the palace's perimeter at all times, and though the palace is exquisite to look at, its defences are every bit as formidable as the city walls. This palace is the dwelling place of the Ice Queen and is where foreign emissaries and her boyarin are granted audiences. The common people of Kislev will never set foot within the palace unless under exceptional circumstances, but once a year, the Ice Queen gives leave that they may promenade the cold paths of her Winter Gardens, where food and gifts are distributed to her people.

The interior of the palace is at least as impressive as the exterior, every ceiling supported on intricately carved columns and every wall covered in works of art or carvings. The palace's ice-floored vestibule has a great, vaulted ceiling, its surface a vast mosaic depicting the coronation of Igor the Terrible and a great chandelier from the time of Tzar Alexis hanging at its centre.

Great columns formed from sepia-tinted ice, veined with subtle golden threads, and capped with fluted, hand-carved capitals support the ceiling. The walls are smooth, translucent ice, and numerous rugs from Bretonnia, Estalia, and Tilea are strewn across the cold floor. It is a vision designed to intimidate with its regal opulence.

The most famous portion of the palace is known as the Gallery of Heroes, which sits within the magically created ice wing of the palace. This gallery takes its name from the collection of paintings of the Kislevite Tzars that hang here, a living history of the ancient rulers of the land, containing portraits of Tzar Alexis, Rsdii Bokha, Alexandr, and the Khan-Queens Miska and

Anastasia. The Gallery of Heroes is one segment of a great, three-part hill composed of solid ice that glitters dazzlingly with pinpoints of reflected light from the glow of a hundred silver candelabras. On one side, the hall opens through a single great arch and arcade of ice columns into a massive semicircular room filled with tables that are forever set for dining.

Standing on the banks of the River Urskoy, Kislev is built atop the Gera Geroyev which means "Hill of the Heroes." Originally a burial site for fallen heroes of Kislev, the red soil of this hill is considered sacred, and it is a source of fierce pride to the city's inhabitants that no enemy has yet breached their walls,

The walls of the city are tall machicolations are cunningly wrought within the decorative gargoyles at the wall head, and smoke rises from prepared braziers on the ramparts.

The precise construction of the protruding towers and gatehouses ensures every yard of rocky ground before the walls is a killing zone, covered by crossbows and cannon emplacements.

An attacker will pay a fearsome toll in blood to breach the city's walls, as they are amongst the most steadfast defences of the Old World, at least the equal of Nuln or Altdorf. However, the base of the wall has a smooth, glassy look to it, as though the

stone has vitrified under some intense heat. This appearance is a legacy of the Great War against Chaos when the hordes of Asavar Kul laid siege to the city and caused the solid stone of the walls to run like molten wax. A cobbled roadway winds up the Gora Geroyev to a wide bridge that crosses a deep ditch and leads to the westernmost gate of the city.

From the time of its Founding as Kislev, the city has never been taken by an invader, not even during the dark winter of the Great War against Chaos or Archaon's latest incursion. Every invader has broken against the city's walls, and the people of Kislev see themselves as the embodiment of all that is Kislevite: resolute, determined never to yield to an enemy, and possessed of an indefatigable sense of honour. Of course, visitors to the city may come away with a slightly different impression, as the city is - like many others in the Old World - suffering under the famines and wars that wrack the land. Beggars and cripples are the inevitable fallout from years of war, and Kislev has seen more than its fair share of battles and blood recently. Kislev's greatness is a shadow of what it once was, but its streets, known as prospects, are always thronged with people from lands far away, and such is its bustle and energy that there is never a shortage of things to do and places to see.

The town of Stravrosgrad had been under siege for three weeks. The supplies were all spent, each and every arrow was shot and a full three quarters of the population had been lost, either in battle or as a result of famine or disease. Yet the defenders, common Kislevites who Boyar Dimitri Pavlotych had hastily gathered upon bearing of the approaching Chaos warband, were as resolute as ever. The next attack, however, they knew would be the final one. There would be no survivors, still they battled on.

In the midnight hour, a lonely rider strode to the gates of Stravrosgrad. Clad in black armour covered in blazing runes, the guards recognised him at once from the tales of the elders. He was Albrecht Gensher, once a brave knight of the Reiksguard but now brought low by his insatiable thirst for the pleasure of battle. This was the Butcher of Slaanesh, a merciless, cruel weapon of terror in the band of the Prince of Chaos.

Boyar Dimitri rose to the battlements to hear what his opponent had to say. Albrecht raised his open palm to show that he was here to talk, not fight, and spoke with a powerful, metallic voice. "Warriors! Slaanesh is impressed with your battle prowess. We are here to negotiate surrender."

"Nyet!" answered Dimitri His eyes were drawn and tired, but there was no fear in them, just cold fury. "We do not have room to keep you all as prisoners". Astonished, Albrecht turned away. Those men were doomed to die, and horribly so, Why would they resist him? Albrecht raised his hands and his followers flocked to him; misshapen Beastmen, slavering Hounds of Chaos, renegades from human society and the Chaos Warriors of Albrecht's retinue. Following the orders of their leader, the minions of Chaos readied themselves to attack. Battering rams were brought forth, carried by muscular Beastmen selected by Albrecht. Scaling ladders and ropes tipped with hooks were distributed amongst the bloodthirsty murderers who vied for a chance to assault the hapless town.

As the first rays of sun lightened the horizon, Albrecht was ready. But just as he prepared to signal the attack something caught his Daemon-keen ears. The bearing of hooves!

"The Winged Lancers are coming" whispered somebody, and soon this was picked up by others "The Winged Lancers are coming!"

There were shouts of joy. "THE WINGED LANCERS ARE COMING!" The earth thundered beneath the iron-shod hooves of horses. Many a saddle was decorated with the skulls of Beastmen. Cold, unforgiving fury shone in the eyes of the brave Winged Lancers as they readied themselves for a charge following the banner of their Ataman Stepan Rasin.

Beastmen brayed in confusion, hastily drawing a battle-line to stop the relentless charge of the grim-faced horsemen. Albrecht leapt to organise his troops. Albrecht bellowed his battle cry as he drew his sword. "Send them all before the Lord of Pleasure" We shall have a bed of skulls today!" It was then that Albrecht noticed his hand was trembling. Puzzled, he waved his sword in the air, but his awful Daemon-bound blade felt heavier than ever before. For the first time in his life, Albrecht felt the cold band of fear touching him.



БЕСТИАРИЙ

In this section you will find information and rules for all of the different warriors, heroes, creatures and war machines in the Kislev army. At the end of the section are some special characters – famous Kislevites that you can field in your army.

The threat from the Ruinous Powers means the military forces of Kislev are a matter of constant concern, even more so than in the Empire. Almost every able-bodied male is serving or has served in some sort of military unit, and many of the women have some experience defending their homes. The varied nature of this service depends on the individual's social rank and cultural background.

The Kislevites are a stalwart people, proud of their heritage and the first line of defence against the forces of Chaos. The kin of the bear god are a strong breed, and those that seek to plunder their lands and burn their homes would be wise to reconsider.

On the following pages are the complete rules for the models in the Kislev army. Each entry includes the models profile and special rules. This is normally in combination with the army list on pages ??-?? to create a force that can be used in a one-off game in Warhammer. However, players can also design scenarios with specific forces involved, or run a series of games in a campaign, both of which may well use the information in this section without recourse to the Kislev army list.

Special Rules

Many troop types have special rules to reflect their unique nature and abilities, and these are explained in the individual Bestiary entries that follow. To save space and repetition, where a model has a special rule that is explained in the Warhammer rulebook, only the name of the rule is given in this section. Refer to the special rules section of Warhammer for the full details of how the rule works. Similarly, the following rules applies to all units in this Bestiary, and as such is detailed here:

Kin of the Bear God: Kislevites are renowned for being dour in demeanour and ferocious once roused to battle. They do not scare easily! As a result of their hard bitten nature, all Kislev units always re-roll failed Panic tests.

Hates Chaos: After centuries of holding the forces of Chaos at bay, the Kislevites have developed a deep inner hatred for all of their kin. All Kislevites Hate all units from the Warriors of Chaos and Daemons of Chaos army books.



KOSSARS



The Kossars are the standing army of Kislev. They fight on foot with axe and bow and are descended from an Ungol tribe that fought as mercenaries for the Gospodars against the other Ungols. As a result, joining the Kossars is seen as a way of renouncing other ties and escaping a difficult past. The officers accept anyone who can pass the fitness tests, and Tzar Boris granted new Kossars a full pardon for any crimes committed before they joined. This pardon does not, of course, apply to crimes committed after becoming a Kossar.

Contemporary Kossars include both Ungols and Gospodars, and they have more than their fair share of criminals, bored younger sons, and general troublemakers. This structure means they have an even worse off-duty reputation than most soldiers. Their Boyars do not keep records of the number of Kossars executed for their crimes against civilians, as the numbers would be too embarrassing. On the other hand, they are extremely effective in battle, as they are trained constantly and drilled in battlefield tactics and manoeuvres.

This reputation is also widespread, so a settlement facing imminent attack is always glad to see the Kossars but also keen to see them leave again. For a long time, the Kossars were more loyal to each other than to the Tzar. However, Tzar Boris liked to lead Kossar units in person, and they developed a great deal of respect and admiration for the Red Tzar. Katarin is trying to capitalise on this and has personally addressed and led Kossars on a number of occasions. She has maintained Tzar Boris's pardon and, before the Spring Driving, had increased the pay and improved the conditions of the typical Kossar. In the aftermath of the Storm of Chaos, she has been unable to maintain that, and since the Kossars served bravely, there is some muttering in the ranks.

The Ice Queen would like to restore the Kossars' pay and increase the size of the army, introducing elements of cavalry. However many nobles, both Gospodar and Ungol, are very suspicious of any moves to increase the size of the standing army and have encouraged winged lancers and horse archers to see any attempt to include cavalry in the standing army as an insult to their prowess. The Tzarina has thus given some thought to hiring a mercenary cavalry unit and gradually converting it to a Kislevite unit as it hires replacement warriors. Ideally, however, she would like the Gryphon Legion to become part of the standing army.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kossar	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Sergeant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7

Special Rules

Steady in the Ranks: Kossars have fought for centuries with their distinctive combination of axe and bow. Their entire purpose is to wear the enemy down and then receive the charge with their heavy axes. They are trained to swiftly change weapons without undue haste. Units with the Steady in the Ranks special rule may stand & shoot as a charge reaction even if the enemy is within half their normal charge distance. In addition, the Kossars do not suffer the normal 1 penalty on their To Hit rolls for firing at a charging enemy.

"We are the first line of defence against the hordes of Chaos, much as the Tzarina would like to forget it."

- Torus, Warrior of Praag

ГОСПОДЯ МІЛІТІА

The mainstay of the Kislev people are Gospodars: tall, broad shouldered and blond or red-haired people with deep voices. They are quiet and grim in the face of the outsiders, but in fact they are very sentimental people, with deep love for their families and their land. The Gospodars are a tall, imposing folk with fine features that can seem exotic and strange to foreigners. Their skin is usually pale, though those wandering the oblast will be as weathered as any Ungol tribesman, and their often-straight hair ranges from blue-black to reds and blondes. Some blessed children are born with white or silver hair s which is believed to be a sign the land's spirits have marked the child for great deeds. They are mighty fighters, and the most courageous opponents of Chaos anywhere.

The powerful and wealthy Gospodars primarily inhabit the southern areas of Kislev. Almost all of the ruling elite, including the Tzars and Tzarinas, come from Gospodar stock, and their language and beliefs dominate Kislevite society.

In particular, the Gospodar Cult of Ursun the Bear is the most powerful religion in Kislev, influencing even most Ungol communities. Gospodar women, who are renowned throughout the Old World for their fair-skinned beauty, are afforded the same rights as men, which can be confusing to outsiders unfamiliar to such equality.

Kislvites are brave and determined people, and unflinching in the defence of their beloved home country.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Militia	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Sergeant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7

ЃДШҚС ОҒ МІСКА

It is said that the great blue hawks of the World's Edge Mountains once warned Miska of an ambush her enemies had planned for her and the grateful Miska cast an enchantment over these creatures. Since those times, Kislevite armies are often



accompanied by great flights of these majestic birds, which they regard as a sign of divine favour. The hawks are swift fighters with sharp talons and guided by the magic of Miska, they attack the enemies of Kislev with great fury, screeching their terrifying screams as they descend upon their enemies.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hawk	2	4	0	3	2	1	5	1	8

Special Rules

Fly

Blessing of Miska: The enchantment that Miska the Slaughterer blessed them with survives to this day. The Hawks of Miska have Magic Resistance (1) and a 6+ Ward save.

ДРУЖИНА

During the Great War of Chaos, the Tzar Alexis lost the two armies he sent to fight the gigantic Chaos army that threatened to engulf the world. In a desperate bid for fresh troops, he promised to free any man from taxes who could bring a horse and weapons. This proved to be a success, as later battles demonstrated.

Today, the arrangement differs slightly from the original edict of the Tzar Alexis. The blue-blooded men who can ride to war when the ruler of Kislev calls are freed from taxes for one year each time the Tzar summons them. These men are known as Druzhdina, and their flexibility and diverse equipment is valued by the Kislevite generals.

Eager to prove themselves and find adventure, these sons of Kislev's aristocracy, often second sons or the sons of poor Boyars, flock to battles. These are minor Kislevite nobles, men who can afford a horse and decent equipment so they can ride to war when called upon. This gives them the right to own land and also lessens their taxation a great deal.

These young adventurers wear light mail or light brigandine armour and often have a javelin to hurl at their foes, as well as an axe for hand to hand combat. Their armour and weapons are rather old fashioned but deadly nonetheless, and the swords wielded by them are often family heirlooms that have drawn blood in countless battles.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Druzhdina	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Hussar	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

“Cursed Empire! Kept safe with Kislev blood! You and your land be dead but for us. Kislev’s sons die to keep your lands safe, and only when Empire burns do you come to fight. Treat us like dogs and then expect us to fight for you!”

Boyar Alexei Kovovich



UNGOL HORSE ARCHERS



The less-populous Ungols predominantly live in the north. Their settlements reach deep into the dangerous Troll Country, where they were driven long ago by the Gospodars. Nomadic krugs of Ungol horsemen wander the oblast as far as Black Blood Pass, and some have more in common with marauding kyazak than with other Kislevites. They are a spiritual people with a long and proud history, and they have their own language—though it is slowly dying out. Ungol women have the same rights as men, and some nomadic krugs are entirely matriarchal.

There is a marked difference between the noble Gospodar peoples in the south and their less refined kin in the north, Ungols, as a people, are squat and hardy, thick of bone and heavily muscled. Grown rough in the harsh climate of their lands, they are accustomed to cruel weather and can withstand all but the worst of storm. Ungols typically have angular features and heavy-lidded eyes. Their mouths tend to sit in a frown, giving them a taciturn cast to their faces.

Ungols have swarthy skin, tough and leathery on their hands and faces, and dark eyes. Their hair is thick, coarse and almost always black. As the Ungols dwell nearest to the flesh-warping regions of the Shadowlands, many Ungols have mixed blood, finding in their veins the blood of Gospodars and Ropsmenn, but also Norse and Kurgan. As a result, lighter colouring is not unknown and there have been more than a few Ungols with queer red hair and green or blue eyes. Indeed, with the ravaging tribes of the extreme north, many Ungols sport hair or eye colours, or even builds that are utterly unlike any of their kin.

Ungol horse archers are expert marksmen and are celebrated as some of the finest light cavalry in the Old World. Their skills with scimitar, spear, and horse bow are expertly honed hunting kyazak on the Endless Steppe, a land they constantly patrol at the order of the Tzarina. Amongst the embattled Ungols of the Troll Country, all able-bodied individuals are required to fight, especially when Chaos marauders attack.

These mounted warriors are auxiliaries drafted in from the savage northern Ungol tribes of Kislev. They are fierce warriors, but lack the discipline of the regular army. They wear little or no armour and are armed with sword and bow yet make up in numbers what they lack in terms of equipment. As front line troops, they are hopeless, but they are extremely manoeuvrable. Trained to loose arrows from the saddle from an early age they can shoot more accurately from horseback than any other man. As a result they make excellent backup for winged lancers, harrying the enemy and driving them towards the other troops. They also make superior scouts in a role they greatly enjoy. They delight in running rings around their opponents, peppering them with arrows and dodging away before the enemy can retaliate.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Horse Archer	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7
Horsemaster	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	2	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Special Rules

Fast Cavalry

Horselords: The Ungols are a fierce warrior peoples who learn to ride from an early age. They may re-roll the dice to see what distance they move for any pursuit or flee roll.

*The heart is a new-strung bow
It knows not its strength 'til tested
Yet though it wounds its target deep
'Tis the Bowman's flesh that festers
A woman is a new-cut axe
She needs no strength for rending
Yet though she bests at every clash
She yields at battle's ending
a fray is as a blazing hearth
Where life and death are found
Our enemies are driven back in fear
Our hearts with brothers bound
Death is like the winter chill
No door can keep it from us
And summer yet may bloom again
Though ice be all upon us*

- Oblast Fireside Song

ЩИЩЕВ ЛДИСЕРЯ

The winged lancers are a Gospodar tradition, and most Gospodar stanitsas support a rota of them, often consisting of nearly all the men of the settlement. These mounted warriors are famed for their elaborately decorated armour, most especially the large, feathered “wings” mounted on their back that make an eerie sound when they charge. The rest of the armour is decorated as richly as the stanitsa can manage—as a matter of pride - and the warriors only don their armour immediately before battle to avoid damaging it in everyday use. Unsurprisingly, their primary weapon is the lance, but they also use swords for closer fighting, often discarding their lances after an initial charge. While not as manoeuvrable as the Ungol horse archers, they are still a highly mobile force and the mainstay of Kislevite armies. They are, however, not full-time soldiers and often seem more loyal to their home than to the Tzarina. Nevertheless, they fight bravely against Chaos, and so the Ice Queen is more concerned with other political problems.

Every Gospodar settlement annually raises a rota of winged lancers. Each spring, eager young men muster alongside veterans and don armour at their rotamaster's command. To the sound of weeping womenfolk, they ride, their winged banners fluttering behind them. Until their return, they are known as the "Riders of the Dead," for they are mourned as if already deceased. Every rota of lancers has a different character.

THE FIRST WINGED LANCERS

The white, limestone caves of Zamak Spayenya hide many primitive paintings from a forgotten era. Most depict hunting scenes that feature stylised animals, including bear, elk, deer, and horses; but these animals are not hunted by men: they are hunted by great, winged centaurs. Some Kislevite scholars believe these to be the Scythian people that once inhabited the Oblast, but others bitterly argue against this. Instead, they claim the Scythians were humans who used centaurs as a metaphor to show man and horse were inseparable, and wings to signify galloping at great speed.



Where some southern examples are like Imperial knights, sporting colourful pennants, intricately decorated armour, and great animal pelts, lancers from beyond the Lynsk are more akin to Ungol nomads, having heavy moustaches, top-knots, and fur-lined charms to ward against evil.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Winged Lancer	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	8
Rotamaster	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Special Rules

Glorious Charge: Kislevite cavalry at the gallop are an awesome sight, their bright armour shining, their colourful uniforms blazing, accompanied by the fearsome shrieking emitted by their back banners. Any unit charged by a unit with the Glorious Charge special rule with 5 models or more must take a Panic test before making their charge reaction. Treat any unit that fails the Panic as if they had chosen flee as their charge reaction.

КРЕМЛ ЧУДЯ

The Kreml Guard is the hand-picked elite of the Kislevite infantry. They form the bodyguard of the tzars or tzarinas and watch over the palace of Kreml, "The Hill of Heroes" where the rulers of Kislev live.

The Kreml Guard was formed on the orders of the dreaded and insane Tzar Igor the Terrible. He was such a paranoid ruler that he saw traitors and assassins in ever shadowy corner, and thus he felt that he needed to be guarded day and night. While his bloody regime is only a dark legend now, the Kreml Guard endures to this day and a position in this black-clad regiment is much sought after.

Wielding the mighty 'berdiche' these axemen strike fear into the hearts of their enemies, just before striking into the hearts of their enemies! Kreml Guards receive plenty of training to wield their

fearsome two-handed axes and are armoured appropriately with armour from mail up to heavy brigandine. Many Kislev generals use these men as shock troops softening up enemy formations.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kreml Guard	4	4	3	4	4	1	3	1	8
Guardmaster	4	4	3	4	4	1	3	2	8

Special Rules

Stubborn



IGOR THE TERRIBLE

Igor the Terrible is a dark legend amongst the Kislevites. He was perhaps the most feared Tzar of all time, for his great intelligence and courage were tainted by an unreasoning rage. He ordered the infamous beheading of the members of the Boyar family of Melnikovs, destroying almost every single member of that family, because he had a dream that a young man name Melnikov toppled his Kingdom. The taxes he assessed the poor people of Kislev were enormous and were ruthlessly collected by his cruel servants. Thousands died during his regime. Igor, however, was a mighty warrior and was never defeated in battle. He united the Kislev as we know it now, and formed a strong monarchy which endures to this day. He was a great military innovator and without his organisation of the army, Kislev might today be a part of the Realm of Chaos.

ГРЯФНОМ ЛЕГИОН

The Gryphon Legion can be thought of as an elite group of fulltime winged lancers. They draw exclusively from the Gospodar nobility and fletch their wings with Griffon feathers, hence their name. The regiment was founded in 786 (1810 IC) as bodyguards to the Tzar Gospodar IV. In 293 (1817 IC), they were sent on an expedition into the Worlds Edge Mountains where their leader, Vladic Dostov, singlehandedly slew a Griffon, using its feathers to decorate his wings. This heroism gave the regiment the status necessary to act independently, and since then, they have spent their time fighting as mercenaries, largely within the Empire. They are, however, sworn to answer the call of the Tzar or Tzarina, and they fought with notable bravery alongside the Ice Queen during the Spring Driving.

Katarin would like to bring the Gryphon Legion more closely under her personal command but is having to work carefully thanks to the regiment's long tradition of independence. On the other hand, the Legion has little political commitment to other nobles or locations in Kislev, which makes it an easier choice than regular routs of winged lancers. The current commander, Tordimir Lubovasy, is loyal to the Tzarina but does not want her meddling in his running of the Legion; he is not convinced she truly understands the needs of his soldiers. He has agreed to inform the Tzarina of all contracts undertaken by the Legion but has resisted asking for permission, even formally. Tordimir has an unimpeachable reputation for valour, and the Legion is fiercely loyal to him, so the Ice Queen treads carefully. She is, however, paying attention to lower-ranked officers in the Legion, looking for



someone more accommodating to groom as Tordimir's successor. As yet, she does not seem to have settled on one.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Legionnaire	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8
Rotamaster	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Special Rules

Immune to Psychology, Glorious Charge

THE GIRL IN GLASS

There are many legends told in both the Empire and Kislev about a himutiful girl who will save the world from Chaos if only she can be Freed from her glass prison. Some stories say the girl is the Goddess Shallya, others say she is the Vampire Genevieve (a fact she fiercely denies if in earshot). In Kislev, the most famous version is the one presented in Anton Denisovich's great opera The Girl in Glass. Here, the girl is the Goddess of Purity, her coffin buried under Praag, and she can only be Freed by the kiss of a cursed Chaos warrior. He eventually does so due to his love for her, despite knowing she will destroy him when she is freed. The opera ends with the obliteration of the Chaos forces and the salvation of Praag and, thus, is enduringly popular in the city that has suffered so much. What is more, several unscrupulous riddle-men are playing upon this myth by offering people a glimpse of the real Girl in Glass, for a moderate fee. Any un-marred young woman visiting the city will be propositioned to join this scam, as finding appropriately goddess-like women who are prepared to lie for hours half-naked in a rusty glass box is not easy.

STRELTSI



The Streltsi were originally a rota of Kossars from Erengard. Led by Boyar Boydinov, an eccentric noble obsessed with the Empire - they wielded pole axes rather than axes, mirroring the halberds favoured by the State Regiments of Ostland. Whilst driving back a Chaos horde alongside Empire allies, the wide eyed Boyar witnessed Imperial black powder for the first time. His Kossars were changed forever.

Now, many years after the death of Boydinov, the Streltsi are the foremost masters of firearms in Kislev, using weapons once viewed with fear and superstition. Soldiers from across Kislev travel to Erengard to earn the crossed "berdische and musket" badge, which is awarded to any who train with the Streltsi for more than two seasons.

In his last will, Prince Boydinov ordered that a considerable part of his fortune be used for the upkeep of a regiment of handgunners. This tradition endures today, but because Kislev is a poor country, only the city of Erengard is able to support a regiment of Streltsi.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Streltsi	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	8
Uryadnik	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	8

Special Rules

Steady Aim: By resting the musket on the crook of the Halberd, the Streltsi ignores To Hit penalties for shooting at long range.

СИБЯРИДИ ХУИТЕРС

The taiga is infamous of its harshness. The men and women who live there are live in this inhospitable land are a hardy breed, and hunters of un-surpassing skill. As trappers the Sibirians are patient beyond the endurance of common men. They can wait their prey while covered in snow for hours in bitter cold, and no-one is their equal in moving silently and stalking the deadly grizzly bears of Kislev.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hunter	4	3	4	3	3	1	4	1	7
Hunt Master	4	3	5	3	3	1	4	1	7

Special Rules

Skirmishers, Scouts

Trappers: Sibirian Hunters are excellent trappers, using their skill to catch animals in the wild, and cause nasty surprises for the enemy on the battlefield. After deployment but before the start of the battle, any unit of Sibirian Hunters may elect to put traps in up to D3 terrain features such as woods or rock formations. If an enemy unit enter or are already in one of these terrain features, roll a D6. On a 2+, the trap is sprung. The enemy unit takes D6 Strength 3 hits with a -1 armour save modifier. Each trap will only work once.

"Kislevites grim? You try living in wind with kyazak and the cold forever at your throat. See how happy you be after Kislev winter!"

Unknown Sibirian Hunter



БЕДЯ РДСКС

Bears are regarded as sacred to the Kislevites - they are agents of one of their ancient tribal gods - and bears play a large part in traditional tales. It features in the myths and legends of both tribes and is venerated by the powerful Cult of Ursun. Bears are perceived as living embodiments of the land's enduring might and strength, and the struggles all Kislevites must endure. Therefore, boyars often recruit bear tamers to support their armed forces, keeping bears as inspiring mascots and sometimes for use in war. As Kislevites gather in great numbers to see bears, bear trainers are also common in Kislev's famous circuses and on the streets during festival time, where they dance or show-wrestle for coin.

Trained bears are dangerous but do not attack others unless provoked. However, just to be sure, they are rarely taken anywhere without heavy chains - especially as they often act erratically when their owners are absent.

Since the time of Boris Ursa, the Kislevites have brought tamed Bears with them when they muster to do battle. They are a menacing sight on the battlefield, each bear easily able to tear the limbs from a man.

Bear-Tamers are hulking strong men, even amongst their Sibirian kindred. This is of course, for savage beasts of the Taiga respect only brute strength. Their role is to lead the bears into combat and keep them in check on the battlefield, either by growling orders or using hand gestures.

It is no small task being able to tame one of the Great Bears of Kislev, and these individuals are highly respected.

"Kislev is land, and land is Kislev!"

- Kislevite saying

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bear	6	4	0	5	4	3	4	3	6
Bear Tamer	4	4	0	4	3	1	4	1	8

Special Rules

Fear, Monsters and Handlers

Winter Coat: The bears of Kislev are swathed in thick layers of winter fat and muscle, which protects them from the worst excesses of Kislev's harsh weather and the blows of his enemies. As a result they have a 5+ armour save.

Fury of Ursun: The ferocity of the bears is such that should a unit fighting them break, they must always pursue.



SONS OF URSUN

High atop the sacred Ice Mountain stands a great temple dedicated to the Great Spirit Bear. It is said that this fortress monastery was founded by Boris Ursa the Forever Tzar, and that the warriors who serve are descendants of his most noble knights. Great White Bears guard the iron gates of this formidable place and the time of its inhabitants is devoted to the learning of the arts of war. Rarely do they ride to war, these Sons of Ursa, perhaps only once in a century. But when they cross the High Pass over the World's Edge Mountains and brandish their proud standards, Kislevites take heart and their enemies flee before these mighty knights and their fearsome steeds.

No other regiment in the army of Kislev typifies them more than the Sons of Ursa. Heavily armoured knights atop War Bears, they are a symbol of Kislev itself. They venture forth from their fortress monastery in times of great need to take their place at the front of the army as their most feared and respected warriors.

Esaul is an ancient Kislevite term that means 'Best Warrior', and was traditionally given to the most powerful fighter in the tribe. The word has survived the generations, and today it is an honorary title given to the strongest of the Sons of Ursun, though it is also used by Gospodar warriors as a more familiar term for an experienced veteran. Most Kislevite cities contain at least one grizzled veteran amongst the ranks of their professional soldiery who has been affectionately labeled 'Esaul' by his men.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Son of Ursun	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	1	8
Esaul	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	2	8
Bear	6	4	0	5	4	1	3	3	6

Special Rules

Fear, Fury of Ursun



ИЗДАНИЕ

The nomadic tribes of Kislev often move across the steppe using huge wagons pulled by many horses.

When they are attacked these wagons form a defensive circle with the entire tribe inside.

From this tradition the Kislevites have developed a military wagon - smaller and better armoured than the original steppe wagons, armed with crossbows and crammed with warriors. On an open battlefield - such as the steppes - these provide solid defensive barriers to the enemy's advance.

The body of the War Wagon is a rectangle of stout planking to the height of a man. Fixed to the top of these sides with hinges are additional boards. These can be raised and fixed in place forming a tall shed like structure. The sides of these boards are split slightly to allow Kislev archers to fire on the enemy with maximum protection.

War Wagons are usually further modified with doors or a ramp on each side to allow the crews to bring their great axes to the defence of their cargo. Slung below the body of the War Wagon is another hinged large plank, pierced with firing slits. This plank can be lowered to close off the space under the War Wagon allowing defending Kislevites to fire from comparative safety.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
War Wagon	-	-	-	5	5	6	-	-	-
Crossbowman	4	3	3	3	-	-	3	1	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	-	-	3	1	5

Special Rules

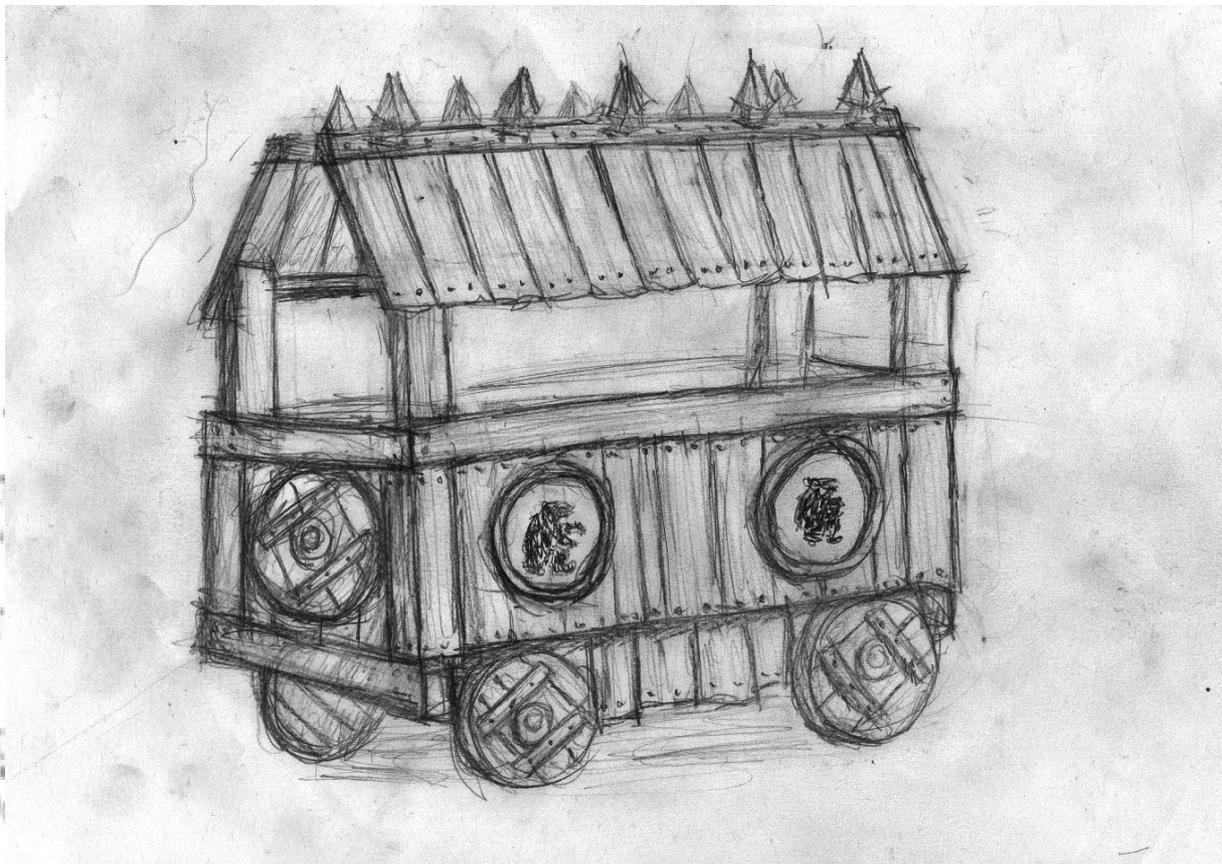
Large Target, Chariot

Fortress: At the start of any phase, the War Wagon may elect to fortify themselves by releasing the horses. If they choose to do so, the War Wagon cannot move for the rest of the game, and will be Unbreakable.

For purposes of shooting, the Crossbowmen can fire all round, but cannot see above intervening terrain or units, and never counts as moving and shooting.

"We will rebuild. The northern hordes cannot destroy the spirit of Kislev."

- Sorca Shalaev, Ataman



УРУГАН СДНИОН

Kislev is a land of long, freezing winters and short, harsh summers. Because of this unfriendly atmosphere, the use of gunpowder weapons has always been rather limited. The Urugan Cannon or "Alexandr's Organ" as Kislevites call it, is a notable exception. The Urugan Cannon, named for the sharp, screeching sound that it makes when fired, is a lightweight cannon that works on the same principal as the Repeater Weapons of the Empire. It consists of several light, small barrels and a carriage that includes a protective screen for the crew and four wheels that enable the crew to move it from place to place quickly. The Urugan Cannon shoots a virtual hail of lead shot, filling the air with whistling death. While much of the gun's ammunition is wasted and the power of the Urugan Cannon is less than that of a regular cannon, it is almost impossible for the target to avoid being hit. Because the Urugan Cannon can accompany the main units as they advance upon the enemy, it is much favoured by Kislevite Generals who are famous for their aggressive tactics.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Urugan Cannon	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

Special Rules

Urugan Cannon: To fire the gun, nominate a visible target and determine how many shots are fired. To do this, roll a D6 and the Artillery Dice: the result is the number of shots fired.

If a Misfire is rolled, roll immediately on the Cannon Misfire chart below. If firing is completed without a misfire, and the target is within range, roll To Hit with all shots as normal, using the Ballistics Skill of the crew. The Urugan Cannon does not suffer any penalties for firing multiple shots.

Range	Hits/Shot	Strength	Armour Save
24"	D6 + Artillery Dice	5	-3

An Urugan Cannon follows the rules for war machines in the Warhammer rulebook.

URUGAN CANNON MISFIRE CHART	
D6	Result
1-2	DESTROYED: The weapon explodes in a spectacular show of light and sound. The Urugan Cannon is destroyed and the crew is slain.
3-4	OVERHEATED: One of the barrels overheats and partially melts, preventing the Urugan Cannon from firing this turn and the next.
5-6	MAY NOT SHOOT: A minor fault prevents the Urugan Cannon from firing. The cannon is unharmed and may shoot as normal next turn.



ШДЯНОРСЕ

A Warhorse is a steed that has been trained to carry its rider into the chaos of battle without fear and to lash out with its iron-shod hooves. The Kislevites takes great pride in their horses, and theirs are among the finest and hardiest in the Old World. Kislevite horses are smaller and hardier than other Old World breeds and have thicker manes and broader chests. Bad-tempered, they are also tougher and can subsist on very little sustenance.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5



ЧЯДТ БЭДЯ

There is no creature more important to the Kislevites than the bear. He is more than just the symbol of the land, a God, and a king; his image is more than just a rallying figure for armies and proud citizens. The bear shares his life with the people of the Oblast and shares their struggles.

When winters are harsh, he goes hungry just as they do. When spring comes again, he takes his young to the river to play just as they do. In summer's bloom, he trains his young to hunt, and he hunts as well as any man - the only difference is that the bear hunts men, and men hunt the bear. Despite this, the bear is not an enemy so much as a healthy competitor. It is right to be wary of the bear and fight to drive him back to his own land should he come out of the forest or caves - but so, too, will the bear fight to protect his home, and so, too, is he wary of the rifle, the blade, and the bow.



The common or southern bear is the same species that roams the northern lands of the Empire. These large, brown beasts are the least dangerous, despite reaching seven feet when on their hind legs.

Larger, stronger, and with grey-speckled fur are the cave or mountain bears. Unlike their forest dwelling cousins, cave bears are strictly carnivorous and are far more territorial and given to violence. Many an adage turns on the bad temper or destructive fury of a cave bear.

Finally, in the Far north live the enormous ice bears. These creatures use their white fur to hunt invisibly on the tundra. They are frequently man-eaters and can smell such prey from miles away. To hunt and slay an ice bear is a deed worthy of many songs; to tame one, as Boris Ursus did, is a deed of legend.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Great Bear	6	4	0	5	5	4	4	4	6

Special Rules

Fear, Winter Coat, Fury of Ursun

"The bear and I are one. The bear and Kislev are one. To stand against me is to fight against the land itself, and all her peoples, and against Father Bear himself"

Tzar Boris Usun at the Battle of Black River

СОММДІЕРС

When several pulks are grouped together for a major engagement the most senior and respected of the Boyars is appointed the Marshal of the Oblast. This high position is usually then kept by the individual long after the original campaign has ended. The Royal Court often echoes with the fierce arguments from the handful of Marshals that hold office at any one time, each believing their appointment more senior than the others because of the time held in the office or by being the most recent to return from battle. Of course the most recently appointed might feel they have more political clout while a Marshal who has not seen conflict in several years might still have a dozen battles to bring as influence.

Marshals are invariably equipped with national heirlooms of great power and on the battlefield act as living icons to remind all those present in the army how proud their

Kislevite heritage is. The fact that many of the warriors serving under a Marshal are from the Ungol tribes and as such have little in common with the Gospodar noble does little to dampen their valour that his presence commands.

The Boyars are the middle rank nobility, the nobles who hold real power. They are all Gospodars, and the rank is universally hereditary. Across most of Kislev, the Boyars are the most powerful individuals. They are close enough and have enough followers to tell town leaders (known as Atamans) what to do and any higher authorities are a very long way away. Most Boyars allow Atamans a great deal of independence, provided that taxes are paid in full and on time because they have more interesting things to do than deal with the petty disputes of a bunch of peasants.

It is the Boyars who lead the Kislevite armies (known as pulks) into battle and it is because of their standing and connections that there are invariably equipped with finely wrought armour and weapons much of which dates back centuries and has been enchanted in some way.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Marshal	4	6	5	4	4	3	6	4	9
Boyars	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8



ICE WITCHES



The ice witches of Kislev are feared and respected throughout the Old World. They are the darkest winter, the coldest ice, and the cruelest blizzard, and few can bear their presence for long. But being an Ice Witch is more than simply practicing Ice Magic and defending Kislev from its foes, the witches are part of an ancient sisterhood that has long influenced and often ruled the Gospodar tribe—and still does w this day. They are in touch with the wintry spirits of the land arid the frozen flows of magic surging through it: thus they work hard to preserve the old ways and ancient places, keen to ensure their pristine magic remains unsullied and pure.

When apprentice witches finish their training, they are released from their mistresses to seek a deeper understanding of ice Magic. To do this, they must mirror the Ancient Widow as closely as possible, so they swear vows of chastity (to represent being widowed) before forging forth with cold determination in their hearts. Maidens of the ice can be found in the most unlikely places as they quest for understanding, but most commonly, they wander the frozen Oblast, facing kyazak, the land's spirits, and ferocious Greenskins with equal resolve. A Frost Maiden's vow of chastity ends when she gains insight into her wintry magic and becomes a full ice witch; however, for some, this understanding never comes, and they remain forever alone.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ice Witch	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	1	8
Frost Maiden	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	1	7

“The Ice Witches are not a matter of preference or opinion. They are a matter of duty and respect.”

Androvo Elenasyn, Gospodar Boyar

NOTABLE ICE WITCHES

Many ice witches beyond the Ice Queen are known by the Kislevites, and some become prominent figures of note.

Vajena Ursolavnuka

Vajena has watched over the land to the north of Volokva for thirty years. Her mistress died during her training - frozen solid by the magic she was trying to teach her apprentice - so Vajena was never fully educated in the ways of the sisterhood. Since this time, Vajena has given into the frigid magic and has become cold, harsh, and unfeeling. She allows none to trespass in her land and has even killed two ice witches who investigated her territory.

Kazahaila Yevschenko

After fifty strict years maintaining Frosthorne and a score of apprentices, the noble-born Kazahaila disappeared in the oblast over twenty years ago. However, when Erengard, the city of her birth, was sacked, rumours circulated that the uncompromising witch had returned. If true, she would be at least a hundred years old, so many of her old opponents dismiss the claims as ridiculous; however, the rumours persist, and as Kazahaila was always an opponent of the bloodlines from Kislev city, she could prove to be a difficult thorn in the Ice Queen's side.

Daryna Borinado Bokha

Rumours circulate of witches lost to the ice, unfortunates driven insane by the Ancient Widow's frozen magic. When the Ice Queen sent messengers to check on the progress of her young cousin, Daryna, they encountered a horrific scene. Even though it was summer, the isolated palace and all its lands were frozen solid, along with the ice witch responsible for Daryna's training.

The girl was never found, and some claim if she ever is - and is harmed - the Ice Queen's wrath would be terrible to behold.

THE LORE OF ICE

The Magic of the Frost Mages

D6	Spell	Difficulty
1	Freezing Blast	5+
2	Shield of Cold	6+
3	Wind of Ice	7+
4	Cold Shock	8+
5	Midwinter's Kiss	9+
6	Shardstorm	11+

NUMBING COLD (Lore Attribute)

The Lore of Ice is the magic of the dour frost mages of Kislev, whose blood runs cold in their veins and who can transmute the winds of magic into lethal ice storms with a single gesture.

If a spell from the Lore of Ice is successfully cast on an enemy unit, that unit suffers -1 to their Weapon Skill and Ballistic Skill until the start of the casters next Magic phase.

SHARDSTORM (Signature Spell) Cast on 6+

The caster stretches out her hands and unleashes a torrent of diamond-hard icicles at her foes.

Shardstorm is a magic missile with a range of 24" and causes 2D6 Strength 3 hits.

FREEZING BLAST

Cast on 5+

The Ice Witch sends a blast of ice towards her foes, freezing the ground under them instantly.

This spell can be cast on any water based terrain feature in line of sight to the caster. The terrain feature affected is permanently frozen and treated as open ground from now on. All models in the terrain feature when the spell is cast immediately suffer a Strength 3 hit with no armour saves allowed.

Alternatively the spell may be cast as a magic missile at any enemy unit within line of sight. The unit suffers D6 Strength 3 hits and moves as if in dangerous terrain in its next movement phase.

SHIELD OF COLD

Cast on 6+

She is surrounded by a shield of intense chill that disrupts the path of missiles as they hit the frigid air pocket.

Remains in Play. *Shield of Cold* is an augment spell which is cast upon the Ice Mage herself. All friendly units, including the wizard, within 12" gain a 4+ Ward save against missile attacks at Strength 4 or less.

WIND OF ICE

Cast on 7+

The caster sends a wind of snow and ice against her enemies, freezing their weapons and armour, making them brittle as ice.

Wind of Ice is a hex spell with a range of 24". The enemy unit suffers a -1 to their to hit rolls, to wound rolls and to any armour saves they have to take until the end of next turn.

COLD SHOCK

Cast on 8+

With a whisper, the dread spirit of the Winter Wind lures the wizard's enemies to fall into a deep slumber, one that is impossible to awake from.

Cold Shock is a direct damage spell. Place the small template anywhere within 18". Models touched by the template must take a Toughness test or suffer one wound, with no armour save allowed.

MIDWINTER'S KISS

Cast on 9+

The caster breathes a torrent of the purest cold into the ranks of the enemy. Those caught in the blast turn to prittle statues of ice within seconds.

Midwinter's Kiss is a direct damage spell. Place the Flame template with the point touching the base of the caster. Models touched by the template takes a Strength 5 hit with no armour saves allowed.

BLIZZARD

Cast on 11+

Chanting words of power, the Wizard summons a harsh blizzard that engulfs enemy marksmen and war machines. Razor sharp shards of ice darken the sky as they rain down onto the battlefield.

Nominate a point on the battlefield within line of sight. Roll an Artillery dice and double the result – this is the distance in inches measured from the nominated point that the Blizzard affects. If a Misfire is rolled then the caster loses control of the Blizzard and it affects the entire battlefield. All units (friendly and enemy) touched by the Blizzard take 2D6 Strength 2 hits with no armour saves allowed. Their extremities numbed from the cold, units taking casualties may not shoot in the next Shooting phase.



ҺҘҘ WITCHES

Few Ungol women develop magical powers without first demonstrating “the sight”. Thus, most hag witches – women who can invoke the spirits of Kislev - were wise women first.

Their powers are said to be a blessing and a curse, for although the hags can undoubtedly aid their local communities, the spirits demand a high price for their compliance; premature aging. Because of this consequence, most wise women dread the possibility of the spirits answering their call. As well as the wise women, those who suffer a great loss - such as the death of a husband or child - may also be chosen by the Ancient Widow and gain an intimate understanding of Kislev's tormented spirits.

Hag witches who come to power in this way often live alone, grieving for their lost loved ones and fading youth.

The legendary hag mothers are very powerful hag witches, known for their powers of divination, healing, and their influence over the Ancient Widow's spirits. Most eke out simple lives in rustic huts far from the communities they watch over. These hag mothers rarely leave their haunted homes, forcing those seeking their aid to undertake arduous journeys to reach them. However, a few hag mothers do wander Kislev, following wherever the spirits lead them and sharing their knowledge. Although most appear impossibly old and bent - their twisted spines creaking alarmingly at the smallest movement - many retain their youthful vigour and can be unexpectedly spry.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hag Mother	4	3	3	3	4	3	3	1	8
Hag Witch	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	1	7

Special Rules

Spirit Magic: The Hag Witches does not use magic from the Winds of Chaos, but rather the small spirits of the steppes. They do not generate any Power dice. In order to bind the spirits to them, they must first pass a Leadership test for every spell they attempt to cast. If failed, the spell cannot be cast this turn. If she rolls two 6's, she takes one Wound with no save allowed as she angers the spirits. If the test is passed, she may automatically cast any of her spells at the Power Level of D6.

Hag: The Hags are generally distrusted in Kislev, and no one likes to be near them out of superstition. They may never be the army's General, and no unit may use their Leadership. In addition, any unit joined by a Hag Witch suffer -1 to their Leadership for as long as she is in the unit.



FAMOUS HAGS

Down through the centuries, many famous hags have existed.

Given here are two examples, but there are many more, some of whom have numerous legendary deeds attributed to them.

Baba Khubleya

When Khuhleva was born, the spirits were said to have gathered in unseen numbers, clamouring to take her youth.

She was an extremely ugly babe, having wrinkled skin, wisps of white hair, and rotten, black teeth. The wise women recognised the blessed birth and immediately took her away to be trained. Now eight years old, Khubleya is an extremely powerful fortune teller, and Ungols travel from far and wide to have their fortunes told by the wizened child.

The Sea Hag

History has forgotten the name of the witch now called the Sea Hag. Once she advised Khan Wieran's defence against the Gospodars when Erengard was still the Ungol capital of Norvard. However, her curses were nothing to the freezing magics of invading ice witches, and after a bitter war, her people were driven into the Sea of Claws and slaughtered. Legends claim she lives there still, under the waves, sending the spirits of her people to curse the Gospodars with undiminished rage.

PRIESTS OF URSUN

The Cult of Ursun is strong but far less organized than the cults of the Empire Gods.

Each town or village with more than one follower of Ursun will have a priest (sometimes called a speaker), typically the strongest or largest among them. The priest speaks for all his followers and for the will of Ursun, letting his village and fellow worshippers know what the bear God wishes. He is also responsible for leading hunts, punishing those who break the strictures, and overseeing the initiation of new members and new priests. Those wishing to take the role of priest must go into the wilderness alone with only bow and knife and bring back a tamed bear. While rarely fatal, it can take years for an aspirant to find a suitable animal. The role of priest is held until death, and it is considered bad luck for a priest to die outside of a battle or a hunt. "The bear does not die sleeping," is the adage used.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Priest	4	4	3	4	4	2	4	2	8

Special Rules

Holy Fury: The Priest and any unit he joins gain the Hatred rule.

Blessings of Ursun: The presence of a Priest of Ursun in the army adds one dice to the Dispel pool of the army.

Prayers of Ursun: Once per Magic Phase a Priest of Ursun is allowed to use prayers from the list below. Prayers are cast exactly like bound spells with a power level of 3. They may only be cast on the Priest himself.

WOMEN AND RELIGION

In Kislev, the roles of hunter and warrior are almost exclusively for men and so are the priesthoods of Ursun and Tor. Due to their similar domains, the same goes for worship of Ulric and Taal, though it is known that priestesses of these religions exist in the Empire—something many Kislevite priests take to be another example of the Empire's soft attitude. The Cult of Dazh permits women to join the lower orders, as preserving the hearth is the duty of the entire household, but the scarcity of priestesses in all the other religions makes such an appointment a rare occurrence. In general, religion is a man's world in Kislev.

PRAYERS OF URSUN

Battle Howl: The Priest and any unit he leads immediately moves D6" towards the nearest enemy unit in line of sight. If this movement brings them into contact with the enemy it is considered a charge but an unengaged enemy may only declare hold as a reaction.

Bear Hug: A single enemy model in contact with the Priest (including an enemy model in a challenge with the Priest) immediately takes D3 Strength 5 hits.

Fury of Ursun: The Priest can re roll all failed rolls to hit and wound. Remains in play.

Winter's Chill: All enemy units engaged in close combat with the Priest suffer a -1 to hit penalty in the next Close Combat phase.



ДРОУСКА

A Droyaska, or literally, Blademaster, is the greatest fighter in the Kislev nation. It is a title that only the Tzar himself, or the Tzarina herself can grant - and more often than not, entire generations will pass by before a new warrior is worthy of the title of Droyaska.

They are the equal of any they face - all have been fought, and triumphed over by a Blademaster. Their speed with a blade is blistering, said to be only bettered by the Elves, and even then, many doubt that.

A Droyaska is a title, which unlike those to the Imperial Generals and Templar Grand Masters, is not bestowed by skill with wielding troops, but purely by skill with a weapon - be it knife, long sword, spear, bow, or fist.

Boyar Evgeniy crawled on his belly 'up the rock to the vantage point the Ungol horse archer had shown him. Evgeniy strained to see through the snow and wind to assess the enemy's strength. A sizeable force of marauders and armoured warriors had gathered, along with some larger creatures that might be Trolls - or worse. "By Ursun 's beard," Evgeniy muttered, "What is that?" Squinting even more, he could just make out a column of stone that rose five times the height of a man above the steppe. The surface of the column seemed to shift slightly. As the veteran Boyar stared even harder, the wind died down momentarily, and he could just make out pastel tentacles that emerged directly from the rock and undulated in the cold air. Evgeniy lifted his gold bear claw medallion to his mouth and kissed it. "Ursun, give me the strength " he said. Sliding down the icy rock, the Boyar addressed his second officer. "Rotamaster Rodion, this enemy is more than we can handle at present. Ride like the wind to Erengrad and summon aid. "

Usually, the Droyaska is a personal champion of the Tzar before they become a Blademaster, almost undoubtedly rising up from the ranks of the Gryphon Legion.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Droyaska	4	7	5	4	4	2	7	4	8

Special Rules

Killing Blow

Champion of Kislev: The Droyaska must always issue and accept challenges. In challenges, he may re-roll all failed rolls to hit and to wound. A Droyaska may never be the army's General.



БОРИС УРСУС – THE RED TZAR

Tzar Boris Bokha was a fierce warrior and devout follower of the Bear God, Ursun. He was known by many as Boris Ursus or Radii Bokha (Red Bokha a reference to the oceans of enemy blood he spilled in battle). Rising to the throne in 968 (2492 in the Imperial calendar) after his father, Tzar Vladimir Bokha, died fighting Goblins east of Kislev, Boris inherited a nation that had done little to recover from the devastation caused during the Great War against Chaos of 2302. In a move resented by the old guard of the Kislev court, Radii Bokha nearly emptied the treasuries hiring mercenaries to re train the Kislev army, rebuilding bridges, roads and towns, and importing black powder and engineers from the Empire.

Though it almost bankrupted his family (and several other noble families into the bargain), Tzar Boris' reign will be forever remembered for his driving spirit and eagerness to reclaim the lands that had become infested with Goblins, Trolls, Beastmen and other vile creatures. He was also instrumental in a revival of the Ursun Bear Cult, which had slowly been overtaken by the worship of Ulric, Taal and other foreign gods. To do so, he undertook the trial of initiation that all priests of Ursun must overcome, and went into the forests to tame a bear. He was not seen or heard of for eighteen days, and many feared he had met a gruesome fate in the depths of the icy forests. Preparations began for the coronation of his infant daughter Katarin (who was only four years old at the time). when the search parties came across his unconscious form on the nineteenth day. His still body was guarded by a bear of gigantic proportions that would not allow anyone near. The Tzar was surrounded by the corpses of over two dozen wolves, and the snow was red with their blood. Nothing the searchers could do would entice the bear away from their ruler or convince it that they meant no harm. Finally, after another day had passed, Boris awoke and the bear allowed the searchers to approach and tend to his wounds.

The tale Boris related upon his return to Kislev has since passed into folklore, though few doubt the truth of it. Four days before being found by the searchers and after much wandering, he came across the mightiest bear he had ever seen, with teeth and claws like sword blades. Taking this as a sign from Ursun, he had confronted the beast, and it had charged him, the ground shaking with the fury of its charge and a bloodcurdling roar echoing through the forest. With his bare hands, he fended off the creature's attacks, but could not overpower it. The struggle lasted a full day before a wolf pack, drawn by the scent of their combined blood,

attacked. The wolves immediately went for the bear, but Boris sprang to its aid, crushing their skulls with his fists and tearing them from its back. Boris was badly wounded however, and fell beneath the attacks of the wolves. As the beasts closed in for the kill, it was the bear's turn to protect his erstwhile enemy from the common foe. It stood over the supine Tzar, tearing the wolves apart with its claws and savaging them with its powerful jaws. Boris had slipped into unconsciousness, yet each time he had drifted awake, the bear had been there, protecting him from the wolves. The bear returned to Kislev with the Tzar, and from then on, whenever Boris took to the field of battle, it was atop the back of Urskin (as the beast came to be known, meaning bear brother), both a symbol of Ursun's power and affection for Boris, and also as an implacable enemy in battle.

Tzar Boris met his end in battle in 2517 whilst leading a pulk north of the Lynsk into the Troll Country. At an unnamed river crossing, the Tzar charged deep into the Kurgan army of Hetzar Feydaj, but soon found himself surrounded and cut off from the rest of his army. He and Urskin fought with all the might and fury of the Bear God himself, but even Red Boris could not triumph against such odds. Urskin was able to fight his way clear of the Kurgans and carry the Tzar back to the rest of the army, but it was already too late; the Tzar had taken a score of wounds, each enough to be mortal. Only when the battle was won, did the Tzar slide from the back of Urskin and die. His faithful mount roared in mourning for a full night before setting off into the bleak northlands and legend has it that to this day Urskin continues to hunt down the creatures of Chaos that slew his master.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Boris Ursus	4	6	3	4	4	3	5	4	10
Urskin	6	5	-	6	5	4	5	4	7

Equipment

Tzar Boris is equipped with The Shard Blade, the Armour of Ursun and a shield.

Mount

Boris rides Urskin the Bear. Urskin the Bear follows all the rules of normal Great Bears.

Special Rules

Stubborn

Mark of the Bear God: If Boris Bokha is the General of your army then any units of Kossars present in the army may be designated Kin of the

Bear God at a cost of +20 points per unit. Models with the Mark of the Bear God gain +1 Attack in the turn they charge.

Magic Items

Shard Blade (Magic Weapon)

A mighty pole arm with a blade crafted from ice hewn from the glaciers of Norsca, and magically bound by the ice wards of Kislev to remain forever frozen. When the weapon strikes a foe, shards of ice water enter their veins and freeze their blood.

+2 Strength. Any models who suffer a wound (after saving throws, etc) must take an immediate Toughness test. If this test is failed, they suffer an

additional D3 wound, with no Armour or Ward saves possible.

Armour of Ursun (Magic Armour)

Forged on the Spring Equinox, one of the holiest days of the cult of Ursun, the powdered bones of a score of the mightiest bears were mixed with the steel of the armour before it was quenched in the finest mead.

The Armour of Ursun grants a 4+ Armour save. In addition, for each hit caused by their enemies in close combat, the wearer may make an additional attack back after his enemies' attacks have been resolved (and assuming he's still alive!). He may make these bonus attacks even if he has already attacked that phase.



ТЗДЯИД КДТДЯИМ – THE ICE QUEEN

From the icy fastness of her capital city of Kislev, the Ice Queen Katarin rules her land with an aloof majesty. The daughter of the fiery and charismatic Tzar Boris, she ascended to the throne in 2517, following her father's death in battle whilst leading an army north of the Lynsk into the Troll Country. She is the latest in a long line of Tzarinas descended from the ancient Khan Queens of the Gospodars, the powerful tribal group that migrated west century ago, and became the dominant peoples of what was to grow into the nation of Kislev.

A great wizard in her own right, her power is said to come from the land of Kislev itself, its icy soul and bleak tundra giving her command of the elements and mastery of that form of wizardry known as Ice Magic. Indeed, some whisper that she is in fact the living reincarnation of the very first Khan Queen, Miska, so complete is her grasp of this dangerous branch of magic. Upon her ascension to the throne of Kislev, it is said that the Bokha Palaces have grown a new wing, half a mile long, made entirely from glittering ice. This wondrous creation would be beyond all but the most powerful Ice Mages, and it is here that Katarin remains for most of the time, granting audiences in an immense chamber of magically woven hoarfrost. Some believe that she simply prefers the chill of these frozen corridors, while others say that it is a display of her power to over awe potential enemies and foreign ambassadors.

Where Tzar Bokha was a man who preferred to lead from the front and was renowned for his courage and leadership, the Tzarina, in keeping with her icy powers, is aloof and remote, preferring to work through agents and generals. Only under the direst circumstances does the Tzarina Join her armies (known in Kislev as pulks), but when she does it is often upon a mighty steed whose flanks shimmer with glittering ice crystals and whose breath is the winter wind, or riding an armoured sled, drawn by a team of identical beasts. On those rare occasions when she leads her army in battle, the devotion lavished upon her is beyond that which might be expected of such a remote and cool ruler. Her power over the elements is clear proof that the blood of the Khan Queens flows in her veins. The Ungols of the north fear and respect her as one of the ancient warrior witches from their oldest myths.

A time is coming that will see the Tzarina on many a battlefield before the year is out with marauding tribes of Kurgans and Kyzack push south in ever increasing numbers. The sheer scale and ferocity of these raids has prompted the despatch of a number of contingents from the Empire to aid Kislev

artillery from Nuln, mercenary companies from Tilea, Nordland halberdiers, knightly orders and all manner of troops from all across the lands.

The writings of Anspracht of Nuln names this time as the 'Spring Driving', an innocuous term that encompasses a time of unremitting horror and bloodshed. Masses of northern marauders are sweeping down into Kislev, butchering everything in their path. Many battles have already been fought and the Kurgans have razed several towns and stanitsas: Choika, Zhedevka and others that appear on no maps. The pulks have scattered into the oblast, though many Boyars are rallying their forces to fight once more, but as more and more marauders drive south, it is certain that the days of blood are not yet over.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tzarina Katarin	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	3	10
Warsled	-	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-
Bears	6	4	-	5	-	-	-	3	-

Equipment

Tzarina Katarin carries Fearfrost and wears the Crystal Cloak.

Magic

Tzarina Katarin is a level 4 wizard who knows all the spells from the Lore of Ice.



Mount

Tzarina Katarin may ride either a Warhorse, or her Warsled. The Warsled is a chariot drawn by two Bears, and has a 5+ armour save.

Special Rules

Beloved of Kislev: The people of Kislev are utterly devoted to the Tzarina and would gladly lay down their lives for her. Any Kislevite unit joined by the Tzarina becomes Stubborn, and all Kislevite units within 12" of the Tzarina may re-roll failed Psychology tests.

Magic Items

Fearfrost (Magic Weapon)

Forged by the ancient Khan-queen Miska of the Gospodars, this blade has passed from Tzarina to

Tzarina through the ages. Only a Tzarina can wield the blade, and were a man to lift the blade, he would find himself frozen to death within a heartbeat. The blade is infused with Ice Magic and the intense cold can kill with a single scratch.

Fearfrost grants the Tzarina the Killing Blow special skill. Models wounded, but not killed outright, by Fearfrost receive no saving throw, but may take Ward saves as normal.

The Crystal Cloak (Talisman)

A swirling mist of dancing ice crystals surrounds the Tzarina, warding off the most serious of injuries and confounding her foes' attempts to strike her.

The Crystal Cloak grants the Tzarina a 4+ Ward save. In addition, all attacks directed against the Tzarina in close combat suffer a -1 to both the To Hit and To Wound dice.

TZAR SALTAN OF PRAAG



Tzar Saltan is the bitter ruler of Praag, the city overrun by the armies of Chaos during the last great incursion. Every day is torture for him, for his city is a constant reminder of the horrors suffered by the Kislevites. Whenever Tzar Saltan hears of a Chaos Warband polluting the sacred soil of Kislev he becomes a figure with the wrath of a storm. He gathers his warriors and, attacks the minions of evil with grim determination, the only joy that is left to him.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Saltan	4	5	5	4	4	3	5	3	9

Equipment

Tzar Saltan carries the Black Blade, wears the Armour of Praag and carries a shield.

Special Rules

Immune to Psychology

Bitter Hatred: Saltan is subject to Hatred. When fighting Chaos, Tzar Saltan may re-roll all failed rolls to hit, not just the first turn. He must always issue a challenge to any characters in the unit. If challenged by a Chaos character, he must accept. When fighting against Chaos characters in a challenge, Saltan gets a +1 bonus to his Strength.

Magic Items

The Black Blade (Magic Weapon)

The Black Blade is a Scimitar of unknown origin, but its potency in combat cannot be denied.

The Black Blade emits black clouds around its wielder, giving enemies -1 to hit him in close combat. In addition, it increases Saltan's Strength by +1.

Armour of Praag (Magic Armour)

This enchanted black lacquered suit of armour is made from hardest steel, offering great protection to its wearer.

The Armour of Praag gives Saltan a 4+ armour save and adds +1 to his Toughness.

БДБД ЧДЧД - СРОМЪ OF THE FOREST

Deep in the birch forests in the heartland of Kislev lives Baba Yaga, meagre as a skeleton, stronger than iron and more powerful than any other witch. Her crooked hut stands on chicken legs of bronze and the fence around it is built from the bones of humans and beastmen. Skulls perched atop the spikes of this gruesome construction glow with an eerie light when darkness falls.

Baba Yaga lives a solitary life, caring little for the fate of Tzars or of kingdoms. However, her power is still tied to the land and when Kislev is threatened, Baba Yaga will rouse and cast great enchantments over her house.

The Chicken-Legged Hut is believed to be merely a legend by most Kislevites. However, the Witch Baba Yaga knows the ancient formula for bringing a hut alive. The magical construction takes a life of its own and carries its mistress into battle, crushing those who would threaten the power of Baba Yaga.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Baba Yaga	4	4	3	4	4	3	3	1	9
Cottage	7	4	0	6	6	5	3	3	-

Equipment

Baba Yaga carries a hand weapon, the Staff of the Forest the Amulet of the Raven and the Flying Mortar (see page ??).

Magic

Baba Yaga is a level 4 Wizard, who may choose spells from the Lore of Beast, Shadow or Death's lists.

Mount

Baba Yaga may ride into battle on her Chicken-Legged Cottage. It causes Terror, is a Large Target, Unbreakable and causes D6 Impact hits on the charge. It counts as a Monster in all respects. If Baba Yaga is killed, the Chicken-Legged Cottage counts as rolling a 3-4 on the Monster Reaction table.

Special Rules

Fear, Spirit Magic, Hag (see page ??).

Magic Items

Staff of the Forest (Arcane Item)

Baba Yaga's staff, made from a branch from the oldest tree in Kislev. It is a potent source of power, increasing the magic flow to the wielder.

The Staff of the Forest allows Baba Yaga to roll 2D6 for the Power Level of her spells instead of the normal D6.

Amulet of the Raven (Talisman)

This ancient talisman contains the very essence of the forest, both protecting the wearer and distracting nearby enemies by powerful enchantments.

The Amulet of the Raven gives Baba Yaga a 5+ Ward save. In addition, enemy models in base contact with her at the start of combat must first pass a Leadership test. If failed, they may not attack this phase.

ТОРДИМІЯ ЛУБОВАСЫН CAPTAIN OF THE GRYPHON LEGION

Tordimir Lubovasyn is the current commander of the Gryphon Legion. Famous for his courage and valour, he has spread the fame of the Gryphon Legion far beyond the borders of Kislev.

Unfortunately, Tordimir is also famous for his stubborn independence - while he is loyal to the Khan-Queen, he would much rather she not meddle in the Legion's affairs. The Legion comes when called. Beyond that, the Khan-Queen need not concern herself with them.

Tordimir rarely spends much time in their barracks headquarters, located in Altdorf, preferring his freedom and dangerous lifestyle. Jovial and good natured, he is much-loved by his men. The only thing larger than him is his horse, the hulking Seraphima. Astride his monstrous destrier and clad in the regalia of the Captain of the Gryphon Legion, he is an impressive sight on the battlefield.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tordimir	4	6	5	4	4	3	5	3	8
Seraphima	9	4	0	4	3	1	4	1	6

Equipment

Tordimir is equipped with the Gryphon Lance (see page ??), the Gryphon Wing, wears heavy armour and carries a shield.

Mount

Tordimir rides his warhorse, Seraphima.

Special Rules

Immune to Psychology, Glorious Charge

Captain of the Gryphon Legion: Units of Gryphon Legion may be taken as Core instead of Special. In addition, any Gryphon Legion unit that Tordimir joins is Stubborn, as his men are so inspired by their leader's presence that they fight on against any odds.

Magic Items

Gryphon Wing (Talisman)

The back-banner of Vladic Dostov, this artifact has been passed down from commander to commander in an unbroken line going back to the Legion's founding in 1817. It bears powerful enchantments, protecting its wearer. It also grants the wearer increased presence, riding with his predecessors to guide, and protect him.

The Gryphon Wing gives Tordimir a 4+ Ward save. Enemy units must always test for Glorious Charge, regardless of the Unit Strength of Tordimir's unit.



СТЕПАН РАСИН CLANCHIEF OF THE KOSSARS

Stepan Rasin is the young and rash Clanchief of the Kossars. He is a stubborn man who refuses to give up. If he sees a mountain he feels he must climb it. If there is a task or a test that seems impossible, Stepan will not rest until he has completed it. While this attitude has earned him the respect and admiration of his fellow Kossars, it has also endangered his life more than once. Fortunately, it seems that luck is with him and success has always been his to claim.

Stepan's exploits include such feats as climbing the Cliff of Harkov that stands in the middle of the River Urskoy, slaying the Chaos Champion Akrim the Fell and riding through the insanely dangerous marches of Zaborota. During his adventures, Stepan has become an outstanding warrior and a great archer.

No one in Kislev would challenge him to a riding contest. In wartime he leads the brave Kossars in daring skirmishes and bold charges and he is one of the most trusted subjects of Tzarina Katarin.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Stepan Rasin	4	5	6	4	4	2	5	3	8

Equipment

Stepan is equipped with the Silver Shard (see page ??), a spear, wears light armour and carries a shield.

Mount

Stepan rides a Warhorse.



Special Rules

Leader of the North (see page ??)

Lucky: Stepan Rasin is an unbelievably lucky man. He is therefore allowed to re-roll any dice roll he makes. He may make up to three re-rolls during the battle.

Expert Horseman: Stepan is a master rider, one of the best in Kislev. He never suffers any movement penalties for dangerous terrain or obstacles. In addition, he has the *fast cavalry* rule.

ИЛЈА ОФ МУРОВА

If you ask an inhabitant of the Taiga who is the strongest man in the land, you will invariably get the same answer, Ilja of Murova. This grim and skilled hunter has won every contest of strength in Kislev during the last twenty years. Once, by the personal request of the Tzarina, he wrestled a great grizzly bear unarmed and emerged victorious.

Ilja of Murova is a bear of a man, standing well over seven feet tall. His hair is already showing signs of greying, but he has lost nothing of his skill with the bow or axe. His arms and shoulders are as mighty as ever, and no one, even amongst the Sibirians, dares to challenge him to a contest of power. There are even those who believe that Ilja has been blessed by the gods with the spirit of a Great Bear.

Ilja hunts alone, for the prey he searches is far too dangerous. He openly challenges the creatures of Chaos and the Beastman warbands, bringing their hides to the feet of the Tzarina in the yearly Summer Fair. In wartime Ilja is always the first man to stand beside the ruler of Kislev, and his awesome strength is welcomed by all.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ilja of Murova	4	5	5	5	4	2	5	3	8

Equipment

Ilja of Murova carries a great weapon, a longbow, throwing axes and wears light armour.

Special Rules

Sibirian Comrade (see page ??)

Strength of the Great Bear: Ilja may forfeit his normal attacks in favour of doing a single massive blow. If this attack hits, it causes D3 wounds with no armour save allowed.

Hugely Resilient: Ilja is almost literally a bear of a man and therefore is able to take far more punishment than a normal man. To represent this, whenever he is reduced to zero wounds roll a D6. On a 1-3 he is killed as normal, but on a 4-6 the fact that Ilja should be dead does not register in his battlecraved mind and he completely ignores the injury. Return Ilja to 1 wound.



COLLECTING A KISLEV ARMY

Unlike most nations of the Old World, the main strength of the Army of Kislev is the levies and citizens of Kislev instead of professional warriors and mercenaries. Because the threat of their enemies is evident to each of the Kislevites, they are willing and motivated soldiers, who know that they are defending their homes and families. This does not mean that there are no professional soldiers in Kislev, quite the opposite, as the Kreml Guard, Sons of Ursun and Streltsi are some of the most famed human soldiers of the Old World. Still, most of the defenders of Mother Kislev are tribal warriors who gather to repel an invasion or man, the Border fortresses when called upon. Every village and settlement of Kislev has a training ground and archery field, and most cities of Kislev hold special riding competitions for skilled young raiders so they can hone the most important skill of a Kislevite, horsemanship.

When Kislevites go to war there are two types of combat at which they excel: guerrilla warfare and open field battle.

Sibyrians, Kossars, and the Horse Archers of the smaller tribes often mount daring skirmishes and wild raids against their enemy using their great mobility and missile cover to cause the maximum amount of damage to the enemy supply lines and siege trains, and then flee before any pursuit is possible. Sometimes, by the direct order of the Tzar

or Tzarina, they are supported by an elite force of carefully selected men and women who follow the direct orders of the ruler of Kislev.

When a particularly large and powerful enemy force threatens Kislev's borders, these tactics are insufficient and cannot be expected to stop the enemy. At such times, the ruling Tzar or Tzarina calls together the Sbor Soldatov, or the "Gather of the Soldierly." Subsequently, the great capitol of Kislev clad themselves in steel and linen as it is a tradition amongst the people of the North that a soldier must be dressed in their finest garb when riding to face their death. When all the able-bodied men of Kislev have gathered around Gore Geroyev, the Tzar or Tzarina receives the ovation of his or her forces and rides to meet the enemy on the battlefield.

The cavalry, mounted nobles like the Druzhina, Winged Lancers and the Gryphon Legion engages the cream of the enemy forces while their flanks are protected by the infantry regiments armed with halberds, spears and great axes. The dreaded Urugan Cannons are brought forward, protected by the best infantry regiments like the Kreml Guard and Streltsi. The gun opens fire at close range as the infantry charges on, bearing down upon the hapless enemy. While the price in blood is often very high in such battles, the Kislevites have enjoyed considerable success with these tactics.





CHOOSING AN ARMY

This army list enables you to turn your miniatures collection into an army ready for tabletop battle. As described in the Warhammer rulebook, the army list is divided into four sections: Characters (including Lords and Heroes), Core Units, Special Units and Rare Units.

CHOOSING AN ARMY

Every miniature in the Warhammer range has a points cost that reflects how valuable it is on the battlefield. For example, a Kossar costs just 8 points, while a mighty Ice Witch costs 160 points!

Both players choose armies to the same agreed points total. You can spend less and will probably find it impossible to use up every last point. Most '2000 point' armies, for example, will be something like 1,998 or 1,999 points.

To form your miniatures into an army, look up the relevant army list entry for the first troop type. This tells you the points cost to add to each unit of models to your army and any options or upgrades the unit may have. Then select your next unit, calculate its point and so on until you reach the agreed points total. In addition to the points, there are a few other rules that govern which units you can include in your army, as detailed under Characters and Troops.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Each unit is represented by an entry in the army list. The unit's name is given and any limitations that apply are explained.

Profiles: The characteristic profiles for the troops in each unit are given in the unit entry. Where several profiles are required, these are also given even if, as in many cases, they are optional.

Unit Sizes: Each entry specifies the minimum size for each unit. In some cases, units may also have a maximum size.

Equipment: Each entry lists the standard weapons and armour for that unit type. The value of these items is included in the points value.

Options: Each entry lists any available upgrades to the unit, together with their points cost.

Special Rules: Many troops have special rules which are described in this section.

With the points total agreed, players need to pick their forces using the army list in the relevant Warhammer Armies hook, and the system presented here.

THE GENERAL

An army must always include at least one Lord or Hero to be its General.

Every army must have a General to lead it into battle. The General represents you — he issues the orders that lead to the moves, shots, spells and attacks that your troops make.

MINIMUM THREE UNITS

An army must always include at least three units in addition to any Lords and Heroes.

An army just isn't an army unless it has plenty of warriors in its ranks.

UNIT CATEGORIES

Each army list divides the forces available into several categories. In a standard game, players are limited as to how many of their points can be spent from any particular category.

LORDS

You can spend up to 25% of your points on Lords. Lords are the most powerful characters in your army, individuals possessed of fearsome martial or magical might.

HEROES

You can spend up to 25% of your points on Heroes. Heroes are lesser characters, not as intrinsically deadly as Lords, but still worth a score of ordinary warriors.

WIZARDS AND SPELL LORES

Some Lords and Heroes are Wizards, and have access to one or more spell lores. Although you won't generate the spells that your Wizards know until you start to play your game you do need to make a note in your army roster of which spell lore each of your Wizards will use. If you have a Wizard that is allowed to choose specific spells, you must select which spells they are at the time you pick your army.

CORE UNITS

You must spend a minimum of 25% of your points on Core units.

Core units are the heart of your army, the iconic troops who make up the bulk of every warband and warhost. Unlike other types of unit, there is no maximum to the proportion of your points that you can spend on Core units.

Some Core units do not count towards the minimum points you must spend on Core units (sometimes written as 'do not count towards the minimum number of Core units you must include' or variations thereof) or indeed the minimum number of units you must include in your army. In fact, such units don't count towards any category, just the points value of the army.

SPECIAL UNITS

You can spend up to 50% of your points on Special units.

Special units are invariably elite troops, capable of anchoring a battleline of lesser warriors, or performing great deeds in their own right.

RARE UNITS

You can spend up to 25% of your points on Rare units.

Rare units are the most unusual warriors in your army, mighty monsters, weird war machines and elite soldiers of unsurpassed skill. Rare units are often fantastically powerful, but often require a canny general to get the most from them.

DUPLICATE CHOICES

An army cannot contain more than 3 Special choices of the same type and 2 Rare choices of the same type.

To further represent the scarce nature of Special and Rare choices there is a limit on how many duplicates of each troop type you can include in your army.

This limit applies only to duplicate Special or Rare unit choices of the same type, not to the total number of Special and Rare units overall.

Note that this limit applies to the basic troop type and isn't dependent on the size of the unit or optional war gear.

Two Units For One Choice

Some units are listed as taking up a single choice. As implied, this means that these two units count only as one choice.

GRAND ARMY

In a grand army, you can include up to 6 duplicate Special choices and 4 duplicate Rare choices.

If choosing an army of 3,000 points or more, it is considered to be a 'grand' army, with enough patronage, cash or muscle to get a larger supply of scarce units: up to 6 duplicate Special choices, and up to 4 duplicate Rare choices.

ARMY SELECTION SUMMARY TABLE

You must always include at least three non-character units, plus one Lord or Hero to be your General.

	Points Limit	Duplicate Choices
Lords	Up to 25%	No limit
Heroes	Up to 25%	No limit
Core	25% or more	No limit
Special	Up to 50%	Up to 3
Rare	Up to 25%	Up to 2



LORES

Boris Ursus – The Red Tzar

Points: 375

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Boris Ursus	4	6	3	4	4	3	5	4	10

You may only include one Boris Ursus in your army.

Equipment: The Shard Blade, Armour of Ursun, shield.

Mount: Urskin the Bear.

Special Rules

Stubborn, Mark of the Bear God

Tzarina Katarin – The Ice Queen

Points/model: 400

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tzarina Katarin	4	4	3	3	3	3	4	3	10

You may only include one Tzarina Katarin in your army.

Magic: Tzarina Katarin is a Level 4 Wizard, and knows all spells from the Lore of Ice.

Equipment: Fearfrost & the Crystal Cloak.

Special Rules

Beloved of Kislev

Options:

- May ride a Warhorse (+15pts) or her Warsled (+150 pts).

Tzar Saltan of Praag

Points: 175

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tzar Saltan	4	5	5	4	4	3	5	3	9

You may only include one Tzar Saltan in your army.

Equipment: The Black Blade, Armour of Praag, shield.

Special Rules

Bitter Hatred

Options:

- May ride a Warhorse (+15pts) which may have barding (+6pts).

Baba Yaga, Crone of the Forest

Points: 300

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Baba Yaga	4	4	3	4	4	3	3	1	9

You may only include one Baba Yaga in your army.

Magic: Baba Yaga is a Level 4 Wizard, and may choose spells from the Lore of Beast's Shadows and Death's lists.

Equipment: Hand weapon, Staff of the Forest, Amulet of the Raven, the Flying Mortar.

Special Rules

Fear, Spirit Magic, Hag

Options:

- May ride the Chicken-Legged Cottage (+180 pts).

LORES

Marshal of the Oblast

Points/model: 90

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Marshal	4	6	5	4	4	3	6	4	9

Equipment: Hand weapon.

Options:

- May be armed with a halberd (+6pts), a great weapon (+6pts), an additional hand weapon (+6pts) or a pistol (+9pts). He may also be armed with a bow (+5pts).

- If mounted, he may be armed with either a spear (+3pts) or a lance (+6pts).
- May wear light armour (+3pts) or heavy armour (+6pts), and may also carry a shield (+3pts).
- May ride a Warhorse (+15pts) which may have barding (+6pts), or a Great Bear (+75pts)
- May have one Legacy and up to 100 pts of magic items from the Common and Kislev Magic Items list.

Ice Witch

Points/model: 160

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ice Witch	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	1	8

Magic: An Ice Witch is a Level 3 Wizard, who can use spells from the Lore of Ice.

Equipment: Hand weapon.

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 4 Wizard (+35pts)
- May ride a Warhorse (+15pts).
- May have one Legacy and up to 100 pts of magic items from the Common and Kislev Magic Items list.

Hag Mother

Points/model: 160

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hag Moth	4	3	3	3	4	3	3	1	8

Magic: A Hag Mother is a Level 3 Wizard, who can use spells from the Lore of Beasts, Shadow and Death's list.

Equipment: Hand weapon.

Special Rules

Spirit Magic, Hag

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 4 Wizard (+35pts)
- May have one Legacy and up to 100 pts of magic items from the Common and Kislev Magic Items list.

HEROES

Tordimir Lubovasyn, Captain of the Gryphon Legion

Points: 200

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Tordimir	4	6	5	4	4	2	5	3	8

You may only include one Tordimir in your army.
He must be joined by a unit of Gryphon Legion.

Equipment: The Gryphon Lance, the Gryphon Wing, heavy armour, shield.

Mount: Seraphima.

Special Rules

Glorious Charge, Immune to Psychology, Captain of the Gryphon Legion.

Stepan Rasin, Clanchief of the Kossars

Points: 160

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Stepan Rasin	4	5	6	4	4	2	5	3	8

You may only include one Stepan Rasin in your army.

Equipment: The Silver Shard, spear, light armour, shield.

Mount: Warhorse.

Special Rules

Leader of the North, Lucky, Expert Horseman

Ilja of Murova

Points: 135

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ilja of Murova	4	5	5	5	4	2	5	3	8

You may only include one Ilja of Murova in your army.

Equipment: Great weapon, longbow, light armour, shield.

Special Rules

Syberian Comrade, Strength of the Bear, Hugely Resilient

HEROES

Boyar

Points/model: 50

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Boyar	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8

Equipment: Hand weapon.

Options:

- May be armed with a halberd (+4pts), a great weapon (+4pts), an additional hand weapon (+4pts) or a pistol (+6 pts). He may also be armed with a bow (+5pts).
- If mounted, he may be armed with either a spear (+2pts) or a lance (+4pts).
- May wear light armour (+2pts) or heavy armour (+4pts), and may also carry a shield (+2pts).

- May ride a Warhorse (+10pts) which may have barding (+4pts).
- May have one Legacy and up to 50 pts of magic items from the Common and Kislev Magic Items list.

Army Battle Standard

One Boyar in the army may carry a Battle Standard for +25 points. The Boyar carrying the Battle Standard can have a magic banner (no points limit) but if he carries a magic banner he cannot carry any other magic items.

Frost Maiden

Points/model: 65

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Frost Maiden	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	1	7

Magic: A Frost Maiden is a Level 1 Wizard, who can use spells from the Lore of Ice.

Equipment: Hand weapon.

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 2 Wizard (+35pts)
- May ride a Warhorse (+10pts).
- May have one Legacy and up to 50 pts of magic items from the Common and Kislev Magic Items list.

Hag Witch

Points/model: 60

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hag Witch	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	1	7

Magic: A Hag Witch is a Level 1 Wizard, who can use spells from the Lore of Beasts, Shadow and Death's list.

Equipment: Hand weapon.

Special Rules

Spirit Magic, Hag

Options:

- May be upgraded to a Level 2 Wizard (+35pts)
- May have one Legacy and up to 50 pts of magic items from the Common and Kislev Magic Items list.

HEROES

Priest of Ursun

Points/model: 90

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Priest	4	4	3	4	4	2	4	2	8

Equipment: Hand weapon.

Special Rules

Hatred, Prayers of Ursun, Blessings of Ursun

Options:

- May be armed with a great weapon (+4pts) or an additional hand weapon (+4pts).
- May wear light armour (+2pts) or heavy armour (+4pts), and may also carry a shield (+2pts).
- May ride a Warhorse (+10pts) which may have barding (+4pts).
- May have one Legacy and up to 50 pts of magic items from the Common and Kislev Magic Items list.

0-1 Droyaska

Points/model: 145

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Droyaska	4	7	5	4	4	2	7	4	8

Equipment: Hand weapon.

Special Rules

Killing Blow, Champion of Kislev

Options:

- May be armed with a halberd (+4pts), a great weapon (+4pts) or an additional hand weapon (+4pts).
- May wear light armour (+2pts) or heavy armour (+4pts).
- May have one Legacy and up to 50 pts of magic items from the Common and Kislev Magic Items list. He may spend an additional 25 pts on buying magic weapons.

Character Mounts

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Urskin	6	5	0	6	5	4	5	4	7
Warsled	6	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-
Bear	6	4	0	5	-	-	4	3	-
Cottage	7	4	0	6	6	5	3	3	-
Seraphima	9	4	0	4	3	1	4	1	6
Great Bear	6	4	0	5	5	4	4	4	6
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Special Rules

Urskin, Warsled, Great Bear: Fear, Winter Coat, Fury of Ursun
 Cottage: Terror, Large Target, Unbreakable, Impact Hits

COЯE

Kossars

Points/model: 8

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kossar	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Sergeant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment: Hand weapon, great weapon and bow.

Special Rules

Steady in the Ranks

Options:

- Upgrade one Kossar to a Musician for +5 pts.
- Upgrade one Kossar to a Standard Bearer for +10 pts.
- Upgrade one Kossar to a Sergeant for +10 pts.
- One unit may have a Magic Banner worth up to 25 pts.

Gospodar Militia

Points/model: 4

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Militia	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Sergeant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment: Hand weapon & spear.

Options:

- Any unit may exchange their spears for halberds for free.
- Any unit may be equipped with shields (+1pt/model) and/or light armour (+1pt/model).
- Upgrade one Militia to a Musician for +4 pts.
- Upgrade one Militia to a Standard Bearer for +8 pts.
- Upgrade one Militia to a Sergeant for +8 pts.

Druzhina

Points/model: 13

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Druzhina	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Hussar	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Hand weapon, spear, light armour & shield.

Mount: Warhorse

Options:

- Any unit may be equipped with javelins (+1pt/model)
- Upgrade one Druzhina to a Musician for +6 pts.
- Upgrade one Druzhina to a Standard Bearer for +12 pts.
- Upgrade one Druzhina to a Hussar for +12 pts.

CORE

Ungol Horse Archers

Points/model: 15

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Horse Archer	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7
Horsemaster	4	3	5	3	3	1	3	1	7
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Hand weapon, bow.

Mount: Warhorse

Special Rules

Fast Cavalry, Horselords

Options:

- Upgrade one Horse Archer to a Musician for +6 pts.
- Upgrade one Horse Archer to a Standard Bearer for +12 pts.
- Upgrade one Horse Archer to a Horsemaster for +6 pts.

Winged Lancers

Points/model: 21

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Winged Lancer	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	8
Rotamaster	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Hand weapon, lance, heavy armour & shield.

Mount: Warhorse

Special Rules

Glorious Charge

Options:

- Upgrade one Winged Lancer to a Musician for +7 pts.
- Upgrade one Winged Lancer to a Standard Bearer for +14 pts.
- Upgrade one Winged Lancer to a Rotamaster for +14 pts.
- A Standard Bearer may have a Magic Banner worth up to 25 pts.

Hawks of Miska

Points/model: 8

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hawk	2	4	0	3	2	1	5	1	8

Hawks of Miska do not count towards the minimum number of Core units required in your army.

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Sharp claws and beaks.

Special Rules

Fly, Blessing of Miska

SPECIAL

Kreml Guard

Points/model: 12

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Kreml Guard	4	4	3	4	4	1	3	1	8
Guardmaster	4	4	3	4	4	1	3	2	8

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment: Hand weapon, great weapon & heavy armour.

Special Rules
Stubborn

Options:

- Upgrade one Kreml Guard to a Musician for +6 pts.
- Upgrade one Kreml Guard to a Standard Bearer for +12 pts.
- Upgrade one Kreml Guard to a Guardmaster for +12 pts.
- A Standard Bearer may have a Magic Banner worth up to 50 pts.

Gryphon Legion

Points/model: 26

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Legionnaire	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8
Rotamaster	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Unit Size: 5+

Equipment: Hand weapon, lance, heavy armour & shield.

Mount: Warhorse

Special Rules

Glorious Charge, Immune to Psychology

Options:

- Upgrade one Legionnaire to a Musician for +8 pts.
- Upgrade one Legionnaire to a Standard Bearer for +16 pts.
- Upgrade one Legionnaire to a Rotamaster for +16 pts.
- A Standard Bearer may have a Magic Banner worth up to 50 pts.

SPECIAL

Sibyrrian Hunters

Points/model: 12

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Hunter	4	3	4	3	3	1	4	1	7
Hunt Master	4	3	5	3	3	1	4	1	7

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment: Hand weapon & longbow.

Special Rules

Skirmishers, Scouts, Trappers

Options:

- Any unit may be equipped with throwing axes (+1pt/model).
- Upgrade one Sibyrrian Hunter to a Hunt Master for +6 pts.

Streltsi

Points/model: 10

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Streltsi	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	8
Uryadnik	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	8

Unit Size: 10+

Equipment: Hand weapon, halberd & handgun.

Special Rules

Steady Aim

Options:

- Any unit may be equipped with light armour (+1pt/model).
- Upgrade one Streltsi to a Musician for +5 pts.
- Upgrade one Streltsi to a Standard Bearer for +10 pts.
- Upgrade one Streltsi to a Uryadnik for +5 pts.

Bear Pack

Points/model: 45

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bear	6	4	0	5	4	3	3	3	6
Bear Tamer	4	4	0	4	3	1	4	1	8

Unit Size: 3+ Bears and 1 Bear Tamer. You get one Bear Tamer for every 3 Bears at no additional cost.

Equipment: Bears have claws and teeth. Bear Tamer has two hand weapons.

Special Rules

Fear, Winter Coat, Fury of Ursun

ЯДЯЕ

Sons of Ursun

Points/model: 60

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Son of Ursun	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	1	8
Esaul	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	2	8
Bear	6	4	0	5	4	1	3	3	6

Unit Size: 3-10

Equipment: Hand weapon, great weapon, heavy armour & shield.

Mount: Bear

Special Rules

Fear, Fury of Ursun

Options:

- Upgrade one Son of Ursun to a Musician for +10 pts.
- Upgrade one Son of Ursun to a Standard Bearer for +20 pts.
- Upgrade one Son of Ursun to an Esaul for +20 pts.
- A Standard Bearer may have a Magic Banner worth up to 50 pts.

War Wagon

Points/model: 175

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
War Wagon	-	-	-	5	5	6	-	-	-
Crossbowman	4	3	3	3	-	-	3	1	8
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	-	-	3	1	5

Unit Size: One War Wagon drawn by two Warhorses and crewed by 6 Crossbowmen.

Equipment: Hand weapon & crossbow.

Armour Save: 2+

Special Rules

Large Target, Chariot, Fortress

Urugan Cannon

Points/model: 90

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Urugan Cannon	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-
Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7

Unit Size: One Urugan Cannon and 3 crew.

Equipment: Hand weapon.

Special Rules

Urugan Cannon

LEGACIES OF KISLEV

Kislev has many tales to tell, and even more heroes to tell of them. Some are marked for great deeds, some are marked by hardships from their past. Whatever their history might be, this is clearly reflected on them.

A character may choose one Legacy from the list below, reflecting their history.

Blessing of the Khan-Queen 45 pts

As her people love and serve her, so does the Tzarina love and protect her people. When she cannot be on the battlefield herself, she will often grant a special blessing to the general and her army when they head to particularly vital battles.

May not be taken by Hags. The character and any unit he joins gains a 6+ Ward save and Magic Resistance (1).

Storm of Chaos Veteran 40 pts

Though all warriors of Kislev are resolute and resilient in battle and none hold any love in their hearts for the Norse, there are some who bear particular grudges. Men who lost their homes and families in Archaon's bid for world domination, they are some of the few who can stand toe-to-toe against the forces of Chaos.

Marshal or Boyar only. As veterans of the horrific war Chaos waged against Kislev, the character and any unit he joins Hates all Chaos units.

Bear-Brother (Priest of Ursun only) 45 pts

As all priests of Ursun must tame a bear themselves, many bring their bears to battle with them.

The Priest of Ursun gains a Bear (see Bear Pack, p??) comrade to serve alongside him in battle. The Bear must stay in base contact with the Priest at all times, except if the Priest is outside a unit, in which case they form a skirmishing unit. All prayers the priest uses affect the bear as well.

Leader of the North 40 pts

A stalwart defender against Kislev's foes, the commander is unfaltering, rather fighting to the death than to give ground to the enemy.

Marshal or Boyar only. The character is Stubborn.

Witching Prodigy (Wizards only) 40 pts

Particularly adept at manipulating magic and very learned, some spellcasters stand head and shoulders above their peers.

An Ice Witch or Frost Maiden gets +1 to cast. A Hag Mother of Hag Witch adds +2 to their Power Level.

Zduhac 30 pts

A common belief in the western oblast is of the zduhaci, people blessed with the ability to protect their home regions by battling evil spirits of the weather. Their spirits leave their bodies to disrupt the Winds of Chaos, helping to defend their allies against hostile magic.

The character generates 1 additional Dispel dice for his side during an opponent's magic phase.

Syberian Comrade (Boyar only) 25 pts

Though not native to the taiga, some who spend enough time among the Syberians learn their ways and become very skilled at leading Syberian hunts into battle.

The character gains the Scout special rule, but must fight on foot. The character may not be the army's General, and can only join units of Syberian Hunters.

Form of the Frost Fiend 20 pts

A descendant from Miska the Slaughterer, the Ice Witch can metamorphose into a shrieking, taloned creature of Kislev legend, carried across the battlefield in a whirlwind of purest cold.

Ice Witch or Frost Maiden only. The Ice Witch may attempt to transform by passing a Leadership test. If succeeded, she counts as casting a Bound Spell, Power Level 4.

She may fly whilst this spell is in play. In addition, she has Strength 5 and Attacks 4. The effects of all equipment, including magic items, steeds and weapons, are ignored for the duration of this spell, as they are transmogrified along with the caster.

Power of Three (Hags only) 10 pts

Though most hags are solitary creatures, when they join together the group becomes far more powerful than any of the hags individually. They draw more power from the spirits of the steppe, but they run a greater risk as well.

There must be at least three Hags in the army, and they must all take this ability. If any of the Hags are slain or is more than 12" from the others at the end of any phase, the Hags lose this power until the third member is restored or replaced.

When casting a spell using Spirit Magic, the Hag rolls 3D6 and discards the highest dice for her Leadership test. If she fails the test, she loses a Wound with no armour save allowed. In addition, she may re-roll the dice to determine the Power Level of her spells.

HERLOOMS OF KISLEV

COMMON ИДРИС ITEMS

Sword of Striking 15 pts
Weapon; +1 To Hit.

Sword of Battle 15 pts
Weapon; +1 Attack.

Sword of Might 15 pts
Weapon; +1 Strength.

Biting Blade 5 pts
Weapon; -1 Armour save.

Enchanted Shield 5 pts
5+ Armour save.

Talisman of Protection 15 pts
Talisman; 6+ Ward save.

Dispel Scroll 25 pts
Arcane; Automatically dispels an enemy spell (one use only).

Power Stone 20 pts
Arcane; +2 dice to cast a spell (one use only).

Staff of Sorcery 35 pts
Arcane; +1 to Dispel.

War Banner 25 pts
Banner; +1 for combat resolution.

ИДРИС ШЕДРОИС

Holy Axe of Miska 70 pts
Miska the Slaughterer made this axe for her second husband, Mikhail Gregorov. (Her first husband was killed and eaten by Miska in her fury). It is an exceedingly heavy weapon leaving destruction in the wake of every swipe.

The Holy Axe of Miska confers +2 Strength to all close combat attacks made by the character wielding it. In addition, all unsaved wounds become D3 wounds. Requires two hands.

Axe of Ursun's Rage 60 pts
This axe bear hafts of black oak and blades of bone. The bearer can hew his way with ferocious blows through scores of foes, never tiring, as the strength of Ursun himself drives him forward.

The wielder of the axe adds +1 to his Strength and Attacks each close combat phase, for as long as he is in combat.

Sabre of Tzar Vladimir 50 pts
Former weapon forged by the dwarfs for Tzar Vladimir, now carried by the greatest warriors of Kislev.

No armour saves are allowed against wounds caused by the Saber of Tzar Vladimir.

Bear Hunters Bow 50 pts
This bow was in service of the best Kislevite hunters since the time of the Great War against Chaos, some say it may be of Elven origin.

This bow has a range of 30" and Strength 5. Any shots fired cause Killing Blow against units with Unit Strength 3 or more.

Sea Serpent Halberd 45 pts
This mighty poleaxe is engraved on its blade with the image of a writhing wyrm. Its blows weave and slide with unnatural grace through rank after rank of foes.

Halberd. If the bearer inflicts a wound upon a unit, that unit suffers an additional S4 hit for each rank beyond the first (maximum of 3 additional hits).

Mace of Tor 40 pts
Made of a dense meteoric iron, it has been enchanted to allow it to be wielded as easily as a normal weapon. Its massive impact sends out arcs of lightning and sends foes reeling to the ground.

+2 Strength, requires two hands. Models wounded in the turn the wielder charges may not attack that turn.

Bloodedge 40 pts
The dreaded sword of Koshei the Immortal. While being a potent weapon, it unfortunately passes some of its madness to its user, making him thirst for the blood of his enemies.

The wielder of Bloodedge is subject to Frenzy. Any enemy unit within 6" of him takes D6 Strength 4 hits at the start of the Magic phase as small wounds and bleeding cuts appear in their flesh.

The Gryphon Lance 35 pts
A razor sharp weapon, it is carried by the commander of the Gryphon Legion or, with his permission, by a commander in the field. The Gryphon Lance was said to have slain the great beast that gave the Legion its name.

Lance. Grants the wielder the Killing Blow and Armour Piercing rule.

Trollbane **35 pts**

This grim axe glows with a faint green light, and often smokes as though burning. It tears flesh from its foes and scorches their bodies, dealing fell wounds to even the most monstrous of foes.

All attacks made by Trollbane are *flaming* and causes D3 wounds. Causes *fear* in Trolls.

Axe of the Oblast **30 pts**

Found amongst the remains of a Boyars and his retinue that were lost in the Oblast centuries earlier, this axe has steadily absorbed the bitter touch of the Oblast.

On a roll of a natural 6 to hit, the Axe of the Oblast wounds automatically with no Armour save allowed.

The Silver Shard **30 pts**

This magical bow is crafted of white oak and wrapped with silver and white fox leather. Arrows fired from it splinter in the air, resolve themselves into a score of bolts that can fell entire ranks of enemy soldiers.

Bow. Any shot that hits is multiplied into D6 hits.

Pistols of Prince Boydinov **20 pts**

This matchless set of pistols was owned by the remarkable Prince Boydinov of Erengard who first introduced black powder weapons to the army of Kislev. They served him well until his life ended in a tragic game of "Kislevite Roulette". His own pistols were the instrument of his death.

Marshal or Boyar only. Brace of pistols. All shots fired hits automatically and count as magical attacks.



ЩЯС ДЯЩОЯ

Armour of Alexandr **65 pts**

This armour was made for the tzar Alexandr Njevski by dwarfs. It is a chainmail of unrivalled beauty and strength, and every link of the armour is inscribed the words "Gods are with us and thus we cannot fail." Tzar Alexandr was never wounded while wearing this armour.

The armour of Alexandr includes a shield and confers an armour save of 3+, as well as a 5+ Ward save. If either save is made, the opponent's weapon is frozen and broken on a roll of 5+ on D6. This only affects magical weapons.

The Shield of Ice Bear **50 pts**

This large shield bears a crafted bear carved upon its face that seems to stare down foes. When close, the bear literally reaches out of the shield, grasping foes and pinning them in place to be easily killed.

The Shield is treated as a normal shield (6+ armour save). In addition, each enemy model in close combat with the bearer must make a Strength test at the start of each round. If failed, the Shield grabs and grapples them; they cannot strike in combat and are hit automatically.

Ice-armour of Jekaterina **35 pts**

This enchanting armour was fashioned out of pure magic and ice by the Tzarina Jekaterina III. It is enchanted against physical damage, but a very powerful blow may shatter it.

Ice Witches and Frost Maidens only. This armour gives a 1+ Armour save, which cannot be improved by any means. The armour save never falls below 4+, even if the opponents Strength or magical weapon would reduce it to less. If the save ever fails the armour is destroyed. Wizards can wear the Ice Armour without it affecting their ability to cast spells.

Armour of Storms **30 pts**

This heavy suit of Armour is decorated with storm clouds and lightning motifs picked out in mithril taken from Elven raiders long ago. It has the power to dull the natural light and warmth from the air around it, and the very energy of blows aimed at the wearer is sapped.

Heavy armour. Attacks against the wearer in close combat suffer a 1 Strength penalty. Wearer is immune to Light magic.

Gauntlets of Deflection **25 pts**

These magically-imbued Elven gauntlets are made of incredibly strong steel, and move with unnatural quickness of keep the wearer safe from fell blows.

The Gauntlets grant a 6+ armour save that combines with other equipment normally. In addition, in each round of close combat, the wearer deflects the first non-magical hit scored upon him.

Helm of the Old Bear **25 pts**

This iron helm, formed into the fearsome visage of a bear, dates from before the coming of the Gospodars but shines as brightly as the day it was created. It is said that Ursun will reward a courageous wearer with great strength.

Grants a 6+ Armour save that may be combined with other armour as normal. In addition, the wearer can take a Leadership test at the start of every Close Combat phase. If passed, they gain + 1 Strength for the duration of that phase.

ТАЛИСМАНЫ

Fang of Ursun 40 pts

Only the most favoured priests are gifted the Fang of Ursun as a medal of their faith and service. The Priest draws strength from the faith and courage of those around him.

Priest of Ursun only. A Priest carrying the Fang of Ursun can use an additional Prayer in each Magic phase. Additionally, the Priest may add the current rank bonus of the unit he accompanies to the Power level of his Prayers.

Heart of Praag 40 pts

A fist sized ruby set into a golden amulet, the Heart of Praag is all that remains of the altar to Ursun before the city was destroyed. It burns brightly with the spilt blood of Ursun's faithful.

5 + Ward save. The wearer gains +1 to his Weapon Skill.

Pelt of Morozko 40 pts

This heavy cloak is fashioned from the hide of the Ice Bear Morozko who terrorised the first inhabitants of the city of Kislev until finally being slain by that city's first High Priest of Ursun.

The bearer gains the Regenerate ability.

The Crown of Kislev 40 pts

This crown was first worn by Maria Morevna, the second ruling Tzarina of Kislev. Maria was famous for her magical powers and the enchantments she cast over the Crown still last to this day.

Enemies must re-roll all successful rolls to Wound against the wearer.

Baba Doll 15 pts

These miniature dolls are graven images of the old Baba Crones, the wierding women of the old ways. They are thought to bring a curse on the followers of the Dark Gods.

Magic Resistance (1), wearer causes fear to all Chaos models.

ДЯСДМЕ ИТЪМС

The Shard of the Frozen Winds 75 pts

This tiny crystal is said to be formed of the winds of Chaos themselves. When shattered, the chill of Kislev stretches forth, freezing the magical winds and dealing crippling damage to unprepared spellcasters through their open minds.

One Use Only. At the beginning of any of the player's Magic Phases, all enemy Wizards within 24" of the bearer must roll a D6 for each of their Wizard level. Each roll of a 6 inflicts one wound.

Sceptre of Choïka 60 pts

One of the most powerful arcane items of Kislev, this sceptre increases the power of the bearer significantly.

The Sceptre of Choïka adds a Power and a Dispel die to the Kislev army in every phase. Once per battle, the wizard can add +1 to a dice used for casting a spell. This can cause an Irresistible Force or prevent a Miscast.

Crystal Globe 50 pts

This magical globe has the ability to summon snow storms, slowing the movement of the enemy, as they struggle to get through the snow.

Bound Spell, Power Level 4. This spell can be cast on any unit on the table. The target unit moves at half speed and cannot shoot in its next turn. Flying units move half of their ground movement. Roll a D6 every time it is used. On a 1 the Crystal Globe break and cannot be used anymore.

Staff of Ice 45 pts

This staff contain the purest forms of magically bound ice in all of Kislev, ready to unleash at it's foes. Anyone in the path of the ice blast is immediately turned into blocks of ice.

Bound Spell, Power Level 3. Contains the Midwinter Kiss spell. Ice Witch or Frost Maiden only.

Starry Globe 15 pts

The bearer can look into the future, foreseeing the events of the Winds of Magic.

The bearer may re-roll one Power Dice per casting attempt. It cannot be used to stop a miscast.

Grimoire of Erengard 15 pts

An old spell book, unlocking the secrets of Kislev's magic.

The bearer of this book knows one additional spell.

ЪИЧДЪИТЪА ИТЪМС

Apple of Kislev 60 pts

The apple of Kislev is a stunningly beautiful piece of jewellery, and it is the traditional symbol of the ruler of Kislev. The tzar or tzarina may give it to his or her representative, giving the fortunate general an outstanding status.

Marshal only. The apple of Kislev increases the Leadership of the owner to 10. In addition, the unit led by the character carrying the Apple can re-roll any Leadership test.

Yakov's Vodka **30 pts**

The only heirloom found after Marshal Yakov's castle was burnt to the ground, apparently caused by a candle knocked down by the sleeping, still drunk Marshal. The cellar survived though, and so did his famous collection of vodka.

The vodka may be distributed to one unit joined by the character with Yakov's Vodka at the start of any turn. Roll a D6 and consult the chart below:

D6	Result
1-2	The character and unit suffers from Stupidity.
3-4	The character and unit is Frenzied.
5-6	The character and unit has Hatred.

Boots of Seven Leagues **25 pts**

Young prince Ivan used these boots to escape the dreaded Sorcerer Koshei the Immortal when he rescued Vasilisa the Wise from his clutches.

Model on foot only. These boots increases the wearers Movement to 10". In addition, he may jump over any terrain features or units. He/she is never slowed by any terrain features, and may jump over rivers, swamps etc.

Pelt of Theodros **30 pts**

Long ago the stanitsas around Praag were terrorized by the massive Ice Bear Theodros. When it was finally slain by an unknown Ungol nomad, the bear's spirit was imprisoned within its pelt, bestowing the wearer with primal strength.

The wearer may re-roll any failed to wound roll in Close Combat.

The Flying Mortar **20 pts**

This common household item has been enchanted to allow the witches to quickly travel from place to place.

Hag Mother or Hag Witch only. The bearer of the Flying Mortar may fly.

ЩДҮІС ВДІАДҮАВ**Banner of Kislev** **100 pts**

The City of Kislev is a shining beacon of hope to all who stand against the darkness. It inspires the greatest feats of bravery from those who might otherwise tremble in fear at the advance of the fell powers.

All friendly units within 12" roll 3D6 for their Break tests, and discard the highest result. In addition, the unit carrying the standard is Immune to Psychology.

Banner of Praag **50 pts**

Though they have faced destruction and been put to the torch many times, the people of Praag have a proud history and their city's banner represents that force of will.

The unit containing this banner may re-roll all failed to hit rolls in close combat.

Shroud of the Martyr **40 pts**

This burial cloth serves as a reminder to the warriors carrying it that only in their death does their duty to Mother Kislev end. Shrugging off enemy slings and arrows only the deadliest of blows can stop them.

All missile fire, including magic missiles, against the unit suffers a 1 penalty to its Strength. Spells that are not magic missiles are unaffected.

Banner of Erengard **25 pts**

With the many struggles of the great city of Erengard as a shining example, the power of the banner fills the troops under it with great courage, inspiring them to defy the most terrifying opponent.

The unit carrying the banner is immune to fear and terror.

Icon of Miska **25 pts**

The Holy Icon is normally kept in the shrine of Miska, but in times of war it is brought out and its divine presence has a mystical effect on the battle prowess of any Kislevite troops fighting under its watchful gaze.

This standard gives the unit and any characters in it +1 Weapon Skill.

Standard of Contempt **20 pts**

The power of this banner fills friend and foe alike with the fighting spirit of the Gospodars.

Neither the unit that carries the Standard of Contempt nor any unit they charge may ever voluntarily flee as a charge reaction.

Njevski's Screeching Back Banners **20 pts**

The most respected warriors of the noble winged lancers may sometimes be given the honour of riding to war carrying the mystical back banners owned by the mighty warrior, Tzar Alexandr Njevski. They emit a piercing howl which strikes fear into the hearts of their most hated enemies.

Winged Lancers and Gryphon Legion only. Any unit charged by the unit carrying the back banners must take their panic test caused by the Glorious Charge rule at an additional -1 to their Leadership.

РЕФЕРЕНС

LORDS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Base Size	Page
Boris Ursus	4	6	3	4	4	3	5	5	10	I	20x20mm	
Tzarina Katarin	4	4	3	4	3	3	4	3	10	I	20x20mm	
Tzar Saltan	4	5	5	4	4	3	5	3	9	I	20x20mm	
Baba Yaga	4	4	3	4	4	3	3	1	9	I	20x20mm	
Marshal	4	6	5	4	4	3	6	4	9	I	20x20mm	
Ice Witch	4	3	3	3	3	3	3	1	8	I	20x20mm	
Hag Mother	4	3	3	3	4	3	3	1	8	I	20x20mm	
HEROES	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Base Size	Page
Tordimir	4	6	5	4	4	2	5	3	8	Ca	25x50mm	
Stepan Rasin	4	5	6	4	4	2	5	3	8	Ca	25x50mm	
Ilja of Murova	4	5	5	5	4	2	5	3	8	I	20x20mm	
Boyar	4	5	5	4	4	2	5	3	8	I	20x20mm	
Frost Maiden	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	1	7	I	20x20mm	
Hag Witch	4	3	3	3	3	2	3	1	7	I	20x20mm	
Priest of Ursun	4	4	3	4	4	2	4	2	8	I	20x20mm	
Droyaska	4	7	5	4	4	2	7	4	8	I	20x20mm	
CORE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Base Size	Page
Kossar	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	I	20x20mm	
Sergeant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	I	20x20mm	
Gospodar Militia	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	I	20x20mm	
Sergeant	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	I	20x20mm	
Druzhina	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	Ca	25x50mm	
Hussar	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	Ca	25x50mm	
Ungol Horse Archer	4	3	4	3	3	1	3	1	7	Ca	25x50mm	
Horsemaster	4	3	5	3	3	1	3	1	7	Ca	25x50mm	
Winged Lancer	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	1	8	Ca	25x50mm	
Rotamaster	4	4	3	3	3	1	3	2	8	Ca	25x50mm	
Hawk of Miska	2	4	0	3	2	1	5	1	8	I	20x20mm	
SPECIAL	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Base Size	Page
Kreml Guard	4	4	3	4	4	1	3	1	8	I	20x20mm	
Guardmaster	4	4	3	4	4	1	3	1	8	I	20x20mm	
Gryphon Legionnaire	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8	Ca	25x50mm	
Rotamaster	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8	Ca	25x50mm	
Streltsi	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	8	I	20x20mm	
Uryadnik	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	8	I	20x20mm	
Sibyrrian Hunter	4	3	4	3	3	1	4	1	7	I	20x20mm	
Hunt Master	4	3	5	3	3	1	4	1	7	I	20x20mm	
Bear	6	4	0	5	4	3	3	3	6	MB	40x40mm	
Bear Tamer	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8	-	20x20mm	
RARE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Base Size	Page
Son of Ursun	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	1	8	MC	40x40mm	
Esaul	4	4	3	4	4	3	4	2	8	MC	40x40mm	
Bear	6	4	0	5	4	1	3	3	6	-	-	
Urugan Cannon	-	-	-	-	7	3	-	-	-	WM	50x50mm	
Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	I	20x20mm	
War Wagon	-	-	-	5	5	6	-	-	-	I	50x100mm	
Crew	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	-	-	
MOUNTS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Base Size	Page
Urskin	6	5	0	6	5	4	5	4	7	Mo	50x50mm	
Warsled	6	-	-	5	5	4	-	-	-	Ch	50x100mm	
Bear	6	4	0	5	-	-	4	3	-	-	-	
Cottage	7	4	0	6	6	5	3	3	-	Mo	50x100mm	
Seraphima	9	4	0	4	3	1	4	1	6	WB	25x50mm	
Great Bear	6	4	0	5	5	4	4	4	6	MB	50x50mm	
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	WB	25x50mm	

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WARHAMMER KISLEV

"The Strength of Kislev lies in you all. The land has called you all here, and it is here that you will put that strength to the test defying Chaos. There is power in this land, and tomorrow it will run in all your veins. Use it well."

Tzarina Katarin, The Ice Queen of Kislev

North of the lands of the Empire lies a land of dark pine-forests and snow clad wilderness - the land of Kislev, ruled by mighty Tzars and Tzarinas. The icy realm of Kislev breeds tough and hardy people, not only because of the harsh climate, but also due to the constant depredations by raiders from the Chaos wastes.

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A WARHAMMER ARMIES
SUPPLEMENT FOR
WARHAMMER
THE GAME OF
FANTASY BATTLES

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