

WARHAMMER
ALBION







James McEwan 2011



ALBION



By Mathias Eliasson

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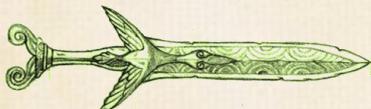
INTRODUCTION

Welcome to *Warhammer: Albion*, your indispensable guide to the Misty Isle. This book provides all the information you'll require to play with an Albion army in games of Warhammer.

WHY COLLECT ALBION?

The mysterious, mist-bound isle of Albion is a dangerous place. On the one hand it is a land of endless opportunity, the battle-hungry eager to carve a niche for themselves into its hallowed ground. On the other it is a bleak expanse of moorland full of pitfalls for the unwary.

The army of Albion is filled with barbarian warriors and mystical creatures. The core of any Albion army comprises nobles in chariots and warbands of warriors on foot, screened by youths armed with slings and javelins led by the local chieftain. Poorer nobles and richer warriors are mounted on hardy native ponies and form the cavalry used to both scout and to support the noble chariot warriors. Ranks of spearmen and woad-painted heroes, droves of scythe-bladed chariots and enormous mastodons bred for war emerge from village and from dun to follow the Sun Banner of the old High King.



HOW THIS BOOK WORKS

Warhammer army books are split into sections, each of which deals with different aspects of the titular army. *Warhammer: Albion* contains:

- **The Misty Isle.** This section introduces the Gaels and their part in the Warhammer world. It includes their society and history. You will also find information on the island of Albion, the Misty Isle.
- **Warriors of Albion.** Each and every troop type in the Albion army is examined here. You will find a full description of the unit, alongside the complete rules for any special abilities or options they possess. This section also includes the Artefacts of Albion – magical artefacts that are unique to the army – along with rules to use them in your games.
- **Albion Army List.** The army list takes all of the characters, warriors, monsters and war machines from the Warriors of Albion section and arranges them so that you can choose an army for your games. Units are classed as characters (Lords or Heroes), Core, Special or Rare, and can be taken in different quantities depending on the size of the game you are playing.

FIND OUT MORE

While *Warhammer: Albion* contains everything you need to play the game with your army, there are other books and updates to be found. For the other books in the series and the latest rules updates, visit:

www.warhammerarmiesproject.blogspot.com







THE MISTY ISLE

From time beyond memory, the isle of Albion lay shrouded in mists so dense and disorienting that many sailors said they were not ordinary drizzle and vapour but mists of pure sorcery. Some people, and many fine sailors amongst them, said that the isle of Albion was nought but mist and that the cloud and chill concealed only miserable grey water.

Yet all that time, and it was a long while even as Elves reckon time, Albion stood amongst the sullen seas hidden beneath its vaporous cloak. For century after century the sky was not seen, and neither tree nor plants grew, except the stubby bog grasses that cling to mire and mud. The land was sodden beneath a perpetual drizzle, and, because the sun's rays never reached the ground, it was cold and damp and always grey.

Thus was the ruin of Albion - a land polluted by sorcery in the distant Age of Magic. A land whose immense menhirs and arcane stone circles once served to control and contain the gateways between the worlds, which to this day might still open and bring ruin to the whole world. Yet thanks to the mists and the island's mysterious inhabitants, guardians of nature unimagined beyond those rocky shores, that possibility appeared as remote and mythical as the isle of Albion itself.



THE ORIGIN OF ALBION

In a time long before Man first discovered the secret of fire, millennia before the first Elf learned the art of the bow, a race known only as the Old Ones forged the world. Legends tell of how they manipulated the ebb and flow of magic to mould the land to their will and of how they sowed the seeds that would form into the vast forests that cover the world. The races of Dark Elves, Dwarfs and Men were like children to them, whom they nurtured and taught. It is said that even the great Dragons were mere playthings to these godlike beings.

In time, the Old Ones chose the island of Albion as one of the locations to build their homes. Little is known of their settlements for few have ever visited Albion, let alone returned from this mysterious place. They forged an island paradise where the sun shone bright and the crops flourished. Gathering together the wisest and bravest individuals of each race, they taught them magic and other skills. They demonstrated the secret of forging runes to the Dwarfs and to the Elves they taught the mastery of spellcasting.

The Old Ones believed that the race they called Man was too primitive to learn, but they were quickly surprised at the speed Mankind adapted to his surroundings. They were so impressed that they chose to teach a select few of the cave dwelling tribesmen some of their secrets. Those they taught went by the name of Truthsayers for it was their duty to teach the other tribesmen the true path to enlightenment. They instructed their students to spread across the world and populate the continents, whilst all the time the Old Ones kept a watchful eye over their subjects. They, in turn, were worshiped as gods, and temples were erected in their honour. The race of Man impressed the Old Ones the most for he seemed to be able to adapt to any climate, and small tribes quickly flourished in every corner of the world.

Carvings upon the Slann pyramid temples found deep within the jungles of Lustria and the earliest songs of the High Elf bards tell of a great disaster that befell the noble Old Ones. A magical gateway, their portal to other distant worlds, collapsed, and they were forced to flee the fledgling world that they had created lest they become stranded. Unable to help those races they had brought into the world, the Old Ones had little choice but to leave them to fend for themselves. Their parting gift was to create a race of giant warriors to protect the people of Albion.

The collapse of the gateway tore a great hole in the fabric of the heavens allowing the forces of Chaos to pour into the world. As the Chaos mists enveloped the land, hordes of gibbering Daemons and all manner of foul beasts descended from the north in a bloody rampage. Many of the wise Slann, the highest servants of the Old Ones were the first to fall. A brave race, they

tried to fight off the first wave of attackers, but were too few and too weak. They fled into hiding within the dense jungles of Lustria. Next, the Chaos hordes turned their attentions to the High Elves, but the Old Ones had taught their children well. The High Elves constructed a vortex at the centre of the heart of Ulthuan to contain and drive back the dark mists. The mages of the Elves created this vortex by building a series of stone circles to absorb and diffuse the Chaos energy. In their arrogance the High Elves thought that they alone were the saviours of the world, but it was not so.

By concentrating their attack on Ulthuan and leaving the isle of Albion, the Chaos hordes made a fatal flaw in their plan of conquest. The Truthsayers gathered together the Giants and bade them also to construct a series of stone circles. With such immense strength at their disposal, the Truthsayers soon had a great many of these circles whose mystical properties would allow them to channel their spells and bind the forces of Chaos to the north.

In many ways their mastery of this form of magic was better than that of the Elves. Not only were they able to contain the Chaos mists, but they were also able to use the stones to weave their own veil of fog around their island, protecting what they called the Ogham stones from danger. The Elves would certainly have been





overrun had the Druids of Albion not stemmed the flow. But the mist that shrouded the isle also blocked out the sun. Something in the nature of the stone circles attracted rain and storms, and over a short period of time the fertile land of Albion became a boggy region where few crops grew.

In absorbing much of the Chaos energy, the soil of Albion itself became tainted and once fertile fields quickly changed into quagmires where a man could sink without trace. The thick woods and forests became wild places where hawthorn and poisonous plants choked the life from the trees. Many feared to enter these once beautiful glades, and many of those who did were never seen again. Even the creatures of Albion were not able to escape the mutating effects of Chaos and after only a short period of time the tribesfolk told tales of terrible monsters lurking in the darkest reaches, emerging at night to prey upon the unwary.

It was a price the Truthsayers had little choice but to pay. If the dark forces of Chaos were to be contained, then Albion had to remain hidden. The Truthsayers gave the task of guarding these stone circles to the Giants who had constructed them. Said to have been formed from the earth itself, these Giants were highly intelligent beings and knew the importance of their vigilance. For a while stability was created. The High Elves flourished as a race, learning much of the world through their contact with other more primitive races such as the Dwarfs and Man.

The Truthsayers of Albion, on the other hand, were isolated. They preferred the safety of their remote isle to the danger of the outside world and became

introverted and reclusive. The Giants also suffered from their imposed isolation. Centuries of inbreeding dulled their minds. When the danger of Chaos vanished, they became bored and restless and resorted to mindless displays of strength in order to pass away the time. The tribes of Men on the island also suffered a similar fate. With the disappearance of the Old Ones and a distinct lack of contact with the outside world they degenerated into a race of warring tribesmen.

During all this time the Truthsayers continued to teach a chosen few of each successive generation their secret magic, waiting for the day when their masters would return. Each Truthsayer would be taught in minute detail the ritual ceremonies that were needed to maintain the mists that enveloped the island. They would each learn of the nature of the stones and the offerings that must be made so that the magical power of these circles never waned. Over time, though, the ancient lores were slowly forgotten and, although the Truthsayers still practiced their art, it was but a shadow compared to the powers that used to be at their command. Some practices still survived, though, and on the night of each full moon the Truthsayers would gather and perform ceremonies in order that the mystical energies stayed bound to the stones.



So it came to be that Albion remained a mysterious island. Many tales tell of raiding ships that have vanished into the mists never to be seen again. For generations the legendary isle of Albion has been just that — a legend. Occasionally a weary traveller will tell an outlandish tale of terrible creatures stalking the Albion marshland or of ships lost without a trace in the swirling mists. A counterpoint to these fell stories is rumours of fabulous riches and powerful magics being brought back from an island swathed in fog. Rumours circulate that the mires and swamps of Albion house huge menhirs, standing stones that control the flow of magic across the world. It has even been suggested that should the ancient stones fall, the world itself will be torn apart by the raw forces of Chaos. The name of Albion inspires fear, greed and wonderment in equal measure.

Occasionally the gossip in a tavern will turn to the tale of a friend of a friend who was shipwrecked on the isle and returned to tell stories of creatures that were half horse, half man or of terrible one-eyed beasts that stalked the mists. Some even claimed to return with riches beyond a man's wildest dreams.

No truth to these stories had ever been proven, and the rumours of Albion remained little more than fantastic tales told by drunks to any who would listen for thousands of years.



history of the GAELS

After the first war against Chaos, the Isle of Albion was spared more woes for many years, though these were hardly times of joy. With the departure of the Old Ones, the development of tribesmen, tall and proud and far more advanced than the men of today, degenerated into a more primitive state. Only the Truthsayers were the ones to remember the old teachings, while the rest of the people withdrew to mountain caves in search of cover from the harsh climate.

This degeneration did not happen overnight of course, and the Gaels, as the men of Albion called themselves, still retained much of their culture for many years, including the crowning of a High King. Thus the Gaels of Albion would continue with their existence in relative peace for thousands of years, until a new great threat would emerge.

CUCHULAINN, THE SUN KING

Around -1200 IC, the armies of Balor, a god of the Fimir and a mighty Daemon Prince, had grown large, a swollen mass of demon-spawn drunk with blood and fat with conquest. Like a brackish tide they waxed strong, seeping through the centre lands of Albion to overwhelm and engulf all that stood before them. From swamp and fen, bubbling up from hidden pools and bursting forth from breeding pits, the Fimir came hungry for slaughter. Their great lord, the evil-eyed Balor, cast his baleful glance over uncounted hordes and all in Albion trembled at his approach.

Never had the wicked race of Fimir assembled such a mighty host. Onto the Plain of Battles, that desolate expanse, did Balor drive his minions and amass his army to strike at the heart of Albion.

But ever-watchful were the warriors of Albion; their great king Cuchulainn, called by his people the Ard Righe, was vigorous and full of princely virtue. Energetically and with skill he prepared his forces, summoning the warriors of his great clan and from all the tribes and houses of Albion drawing strength and aid.

Matching force for force, the armies of Albion emerged from village and from Dun to follow the sun banner of the High King. Under a standard of crimson came King Conchobar Mac Nessa commanding warriors proud and strong as the great walls of their city, towing many ingenious engines of war. From the south rode Lord Cormac and the horsemen of Tir na Airt flying a banner of white and verdant green, the hooves of their magnificent battle-steeds thundering upon the plains. The beleaguered north lands of Clan Lyr sent wild huntsmen and fierce hounds of war, and innumerable arms from the forges of Morn. All joined the bright columns of Magh Lahmfada; ranks of spearmen and woad-painted heroes, droves of scythe-bladed chariots and enormous mastodons bred for war.

The Sun King rode at the head of his armies in a fine chariot of glowing bronze and shining steel, its sides bedecked with the heads of his vanquished foes. His muscled form was over woven with deep blue bands in swirling runic patterns, his hair spiked stiff with goose fat and red clay. The finest steeds in his kingdom, grey Macha and black Saingliu, pulled his chariot with effortless grace while Loeg his charioteer skillfully drove them. Cuchulainn's left hand rested on the brawny shoulder of Cethern, his bodyguard and shield bearer. In his right throbbed the Gai Dearg; the potent spear that was Danu's gift to Lahmfada, its unquenchable thirst for souls a palpable radiance. Surveying his majestic force with bright and piercing eyes the Ard Righe burned to bring war and ruin upon his hated foes.

The fiends of Balor numbered twice ten thousand, they clumped like slime on the blasted plain and their glistening hides shone pale in the damp air. Gibbering and writhing they slithered in the pools and stagnant tarns that dotted the tortured land; the blasted plain called the Plain of Battles. Balor swept a ruinous gaze over his unwieldy host and readied it for battle, placing his flank against a festering bog that stretched for many leagues. The lesser of his troops he positioned to clog the hard plain to his right, while he himself and his strongest warriors occupied raised ground at the centre of his line. Balor then bade his shamans to call upon both fog and storm, blanketing the horde in sheets of rain and obscuring mist.

Cuchulainn spied the Fimir line through the driving rain and disposed his forces with alacrity as befits a king of battles. On the hard ground of his left flank he placed the swift cavalry of Clan Airt, their bold steeds





stamping with impatience. For his right the High King chose the forces of Magh Nessa; arrayed in a solid line of infantry between their vulnerable war machines and the putrid swamp.

Cuchulainn himself commanded the centre, the potent warriors of his house and the wild huntsmen of Albion, alongside all the warriors of Albion from clans great and small who had chosen to fight for their king this day. Mindful of his destiny, heedless of wind and storm, he struck.

As the first stones of Nessa's batteries smashed the dense mob of the Fimir centre the swift horsemen of Clan Airt stove in the ragged swarm of Daemons which thronged the plain. Cuchulainn's own skirmishers screened the advance of his centre and disrupted the foe until Albion's infantry were committed to battle with the ores; savage killers of the subterranean deep wielding notched blades and cruel tridents. It was then, with the battle for the centre underway, that Balor sent his monstrous cavalry of Marsh Reavers speeding through the marshy flats into Conchobar's thin line in a bid to sack the stone throwers of Nessa and turn the warriors of Albion's right flank.

Foreseeing this strike over the blighted fen the High King had anchored his flank with the warriors of the Red Branch. These brave and unflinching nobles of Magh Nessa were descended from those who had given good service to Lahmfada on these very plains. From that day to this no member of the Red Branch had shown his back to an enemy, and though fierce Balor's reavers broke upon this rock of Nessa and rolled back.

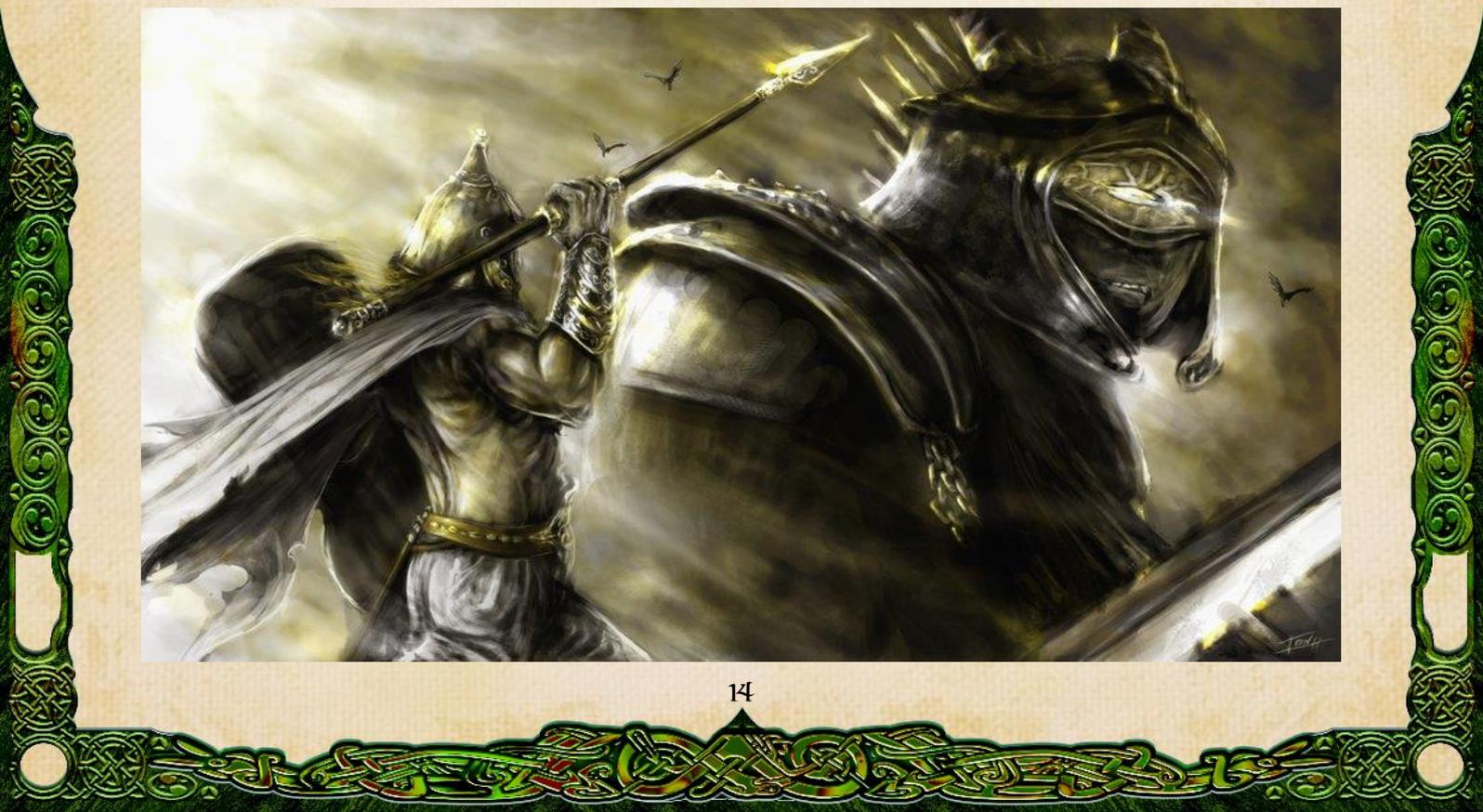
The great clot of rabble on the left dissolved under the onslaught of the mighty cavalry of Cormac, and even the beguilement of the siren's song was but a buzzing in the ears of so stern a soldier. On the centre of the field the prowess and the passion of the warriors of

Albion pushed the Fimir ever backward and pinned their rear under the crushing bombardment of stones, until the great conflicting press of that disordered horde erupted in panic. Choosing this moment to strike Cuchulainn lead the charge to break the Fimir line; his troop of fell-bladed chariots ploughed into that unsteady mass, their spinning scythes spitting black blood and trailing plumes of gore. Straight on he bore, like a comet in the eastern sky Cuchulainn outpaced his escort until he alone cut through that heaving boil of fiends; shooting irresistibly toward the hulking Balor, Dread Lord of the Fimir.

It was then that the High King took up the Gai Dearg, the thirsting spear, and cast it into the seething ranks of daemon spawn as had Lahmfada in ages past. The black spear rent and pierced and maimed all that it encountered, neither stopping nor slowing as it cleaved through the howling mass to fly directly for the King of Fiends. But Balor, though his broken army now fled in panic and defeat, had unearthly vision through his sorcerous eye, and he escaped the barbs of Lahmfada's spear and slunk toad-like into the swamps.

The strength of the Fimir was broken that day, but Balor still lurks in the dank wild lands of Albion and his thirst for revenge is unslakable. Cuchulainn's victory affirms the undiminished vigour of the Children of Light, but always the High King pondered the evasion of Balor and the knowledge that the Gaels must meet him again on the field, and that they must draw upon a power other than that which defeated Balor the first time if they are to prevail.

Today the Fimir remain a menace in Albion but not so much as to pose a threat. The ruling Kings know how to deal with them and have so far kept them hemmed in the swamps.





NORSE INVADERS

Even though Albion was sparsely populated, and lacked much of the wealth of the Old World, the Norse came to invade around the year 800 IC. They had an unwholesome reputation for atrocities and would regularly dabble in the slave trade. Their treatment of Albion was no different. The Norse would burn, rape, and pillage and take what they could back to Norsca in their longships.

At this time the Gaels of southern Albion cared little for the north-east, in fact they did not mind the Norse occasionally raiding the settlements of northern Albion because only rival tribes existed there; with constant Norse raids the ability of them threatening the south would never come to fruition, as long as the south remained strong and the Norse did not redirect their assaults southward. But Losteriksson, a great explorer from Norsca, desired to own a piece of Albion and obviously had visions of eventually taking the entire island. The Norse Chief was partly successful and established a small colony there.

For the next years, war never ceased between the Gaels and the Norse, the latter attempting to establish a beachhead and a stronghold while the former would drive them off the shores again and again. Losteriksson made landfall on Albion nothing less than four times, before finally sailing off to Lustria. Although the Norse continued to invade Albion they would never attempt to settle the isle again.

CURIOUS GAESAR

Albion remained shrouded in the dark mists of legend until the renowned Tilean general, Curious Geasar, first citizen of Remas, set foot on the island, leading his

invincible army. Geasar sought fame and power in Remas and how better to win it than to conquer misty and mysterious Albion, rumoured to be full of gold and pearls and the treasure of the legendary Triton himself. As the galleys ploughed through the surging surf onto the shingle of the beach, Cachtorr and Bologs stood on the cliffs, hurling rocks down onto the ships, smashing them to pieces. The men were filled with horror and were scared to wade ashore. So Geasar heaved the army pay chest over the side of the ship into the surf, scattering the gold among the pebbles and jumped ashore after it. Seeing this, the entire army did likewise until the pay chest was safe behind their battleline.

Ignoring the boulders of the Giants and stepping over the fallen, Geasar and his army marched up the beach. Soon they found themselves confronted by all the savage tribes of Albion, numerous Giants and demented Druids uttering dire curses, formed up in battle array on the cliffs – and then it rained. The mercenaries stubbornly refused to go any further! Curious Geasar was enraged. How could he return to Remas in triumph now? What exotic booty could he bring back to awe the multitudes? How could he boast his conquest of distant and mysterious Albion?

Angrily Geasar strode forward and harangued the multitudes of savage tribesmen. “Oh foolish barbarians! I offer you all the benefits of civilisation: roads, hot baths, money, public buildings and Tilean poetry. Submit and all these things can be yours!” The tribes of Albion just glowered at him. Then he heard a



single word bellowing back at him out of the fog and driving rain: “BOLOGS!” All at once the Giant’s battle cry was taken up by the tribesmen banging their clubs and stone axes against their shields and the sides of their chariots and chanting “Bologs, Bologs, Bologs!”



Geasar was dismayed and ordered his men to charge. The battle was fierce with victory going to neither side. After a day’s fighting, with the mist-shrouded sun descending into the sea, the two sides paused a few yards apart, utterly exhausted. Geasar tried one last gamble to save face. He could not return to Remas humiliated and empty handed. He needed something awesome to parade in his triumph, in order to win popularity with the mob. Geasar strode forth and shouted: “Give me Giants as hostages and I will go away.” The Druids who knew Tilean from their occasional contacts with merchants considered his offer. They knew that their stone axes were no match for Tilean steel. At long last old Hengus volunteered to go and choose two of the smaller Giants to go with him. As they strode forward, Geasar shouted “I want the big ones!” and pointed to Cachtorr and Bologs,

greatest of Giants. Despite the protests of the tribesmen, the Druids sent forth the two mighty Giants to be hostages in Remas in order to save old Albion from conquest and the tribes from enslavement or worse, the decadence of luxury and civilisation.

Geasar repaired half his fleet and sailed away with his Giant hostages wading in the sea behind him, tied by anchor chains. The moment Geasar’s fleet arrived in Remas, word spread throughout the city. Geasar’s political opponents had awaited this very moment and hastily made way to the harbour. They gathered around the mighty conqueror as he came ashore and showered him with the usual grovelling praises. This was just to put him off his guard for instantly he was horribly done to death with many daggers. Up came the cry “Geasar is dead, long live the republic!” Geasar’s battered and seasick soldiers panicked and scattered, seizing what gold they could in the confusion. One of them, out of spite against the city rather than pity for their plight, broke the chains that bound the Giants and released Hengus from the hold. Moments later Cachtorr and Bologs stormed ashore and went on the rampage through the streets of Remas, causing the citizens to flee in abject terror. Soon the Giants were in open country, spreading fear and panic throughout Tilea with Hengus close behind.

Since that day, Hengus and the Giants of Albion have lurked in the landscape, lost and confused, seeking shade from the hot sun and pining for the fog. Not surprisingly, various mercenary generals have sought them out to hire them as dogs of war. Hengus, willingly agrees to fight in the hope that the campaign will lead him near to the great ocean and ultimately to Albion.





DUEL OF THE GUARDIANS

The charred timbers of a small tower, half buried beneath the wet marshes, were all that remained of the ancient fishing village of Ohbuhu. Similar sights were now commonplace across the moors and fens of Albion.

The island, which had remained untouched for countless centuries, had been ravaged by the onset of war. Entire communities that for generations had lived in harmony with the land were forced to flee their settlements as battle spread across the isle. Sacred sites that had stood undisturbed for millennia had been destroyed overnight. Even the Truthsayers, who had for so long acted as guardians of the isle, had been unable to prevent the wanton destruction that had fallen upon their homeland.

Beneath a ragged cowl, Kh'nar let a malicious grin spread across his face. All was as planned; even the Dark Master could not have foreseen such devastation. Each drop of blood spilled in violence tainted the sacred earth and brought the plans of his master a step closer to completion. With the fall of Albion, no one would be able to prevent the tide of darkness enveloping the world. It would sweep all before it, and the world would be helpless against the wave of terror and despair that would follow.

Kh'nar dug the tip of his crooked staff into the soil, tracing a mark into the wet earth. It was a simple spiral, the symbol of his dark brethren. All who saw this symbol would know that this village had been claimed by his kind. Across the whole of Albion more and more of these marks appeared each day. Victory was in their grasp. As he completed the spiral, a voice called out from the rocks in front of the Dark Emissary.

"This village is not yours, dark one." It was spoken in the native Albion tongue, a crude, simple language which Kh'nar had grown to despise. He looked up and spied a halfnaked warrior staring down from outcrop of stone.

"You have no army to protect you now, dark servant of evil. I am the one they call Dural Durak, and I command you to leave my isle lest I am forced to pollute the soil with your vile blood." The stranger motioned for Kh'nar to leave, pointing his staff out to the stormy sea.

"Fool! Do you really think that I fear to wander these paths alone?" Kh'nar spat. He recognized him as one of the Truthsayers, the protectors of Albion.

This man was easily capable of killing Kh'nar, but the Dark Emissary would not give him the chance. With a quick motion of his hand a thick mist instantly rose from the earth. It enveloped the Emissary, hiding him from the Truthsayer. The few seconds of distraction he had created allowed him time to throw a carved stone into a nearby bog, completing the ritual the Truthsayer had interrupted. There had been a battle here and Kh'nar could sense the souls of the dead trapped in the magic-saturated moors.

Seconds later the Truthsayer burst through the fog, his staff now wielded as a weapon, and Kh'nar had little doubt that it would be aimed for a killing blow. As the Truthsayer closed in, an inhuman moan froze him where he stood.

From the moor behind Kh'nar a great shadow loomed from the mist. It was as though the ground itself had woken and was intent on destroying the Truthsayer. Long tendrils of weeds clung to rocks, ancient bones and clumps of soil. Easily twice the height of a man, the nightmarish creature bore down on the one called Dural with a speed belied by its appearance.

"Kill him, kill him now," Kh'nar shouted at his creation. It was a Fenbeast, an earthly manifestation of the tormented souls of the dead.

Whilst Kh'nar lived this beast would be held under his spell. It would obey his every command, a mindless being serving the Dark Emissary until it was destroyed or Kh'nar wished it to collapse.

Dural dodged to one side as a huge arm-like protrusion ruptured from the monsters side and thrust out at the human warrior. Again the Fenbeast lunged at the Truthsayer, this time the blow striking him squarely in the chest. As the powerful blow struck Dural, a circlet on the brow of his head glowed brightly. The beast's arm disintegrated instantaneously, sending small fragments of soil and rock scattering to the ground. To Dural's horror, the mud and soil beneath his feet rippled and flew upwards, weeds binding it in place as the Fenbeast regenerated its destroyed limb.

The Fenbeast barrelled forward with the force of a battering ram, smashing Dural to the floor. A limb as thick as a tree trunk burst from its chest, lifting for the killing blow as a mire-encrusted skull embedded in its shoulder chattered madly. Thorned tendrils tore at the Truthsayer as the beast loomed over him, blotting out the weak rays of the sun.

With an upward thrust Dural drove his staff into the midriff of the Fenbeast. It was not powerful enough a blow to destroy the creature, but it gave him some valuable time. He stretched out his arm and mouthed words of power taught to him as a child. The air around his hand sparked with magical energy. A small flock of grey-feathered birds coalesced from thin air, flying around the monster and diving at it, each one furiously pecking at the beast. A single bird could do little damage to such a huge creature, but the flock worked together, targeting it in a frenzy of attacks. The flock dispersed, and in a matter of seconds the creature collapsed to the floor leaving just an oozing puddle of mud, rock and bone.

Dural turned to face his foe, but there was no sign of the Dark Emissary. Raising his staff he chanted a few words and the fog dissipated instantly. Still he could not spot the sorcerer, but the parting of the mists had revealed a

small cave beneath the rocks on which he had earlier stood.

Dural cautiously stepped into the shadowy tunnel. Even though the Dark Emissaries were weak and frail, Dural knew from experience that they were as deadly a threat as the Fenbeast that he had just fought. They had a fine grasp of magic, better even than his own, and he had little doubt this one could destroy him if he let his guard slip.

At his command the Truthsayer's staff shone bright, illuminating the cavern. Crude glyphs had been gouged into the walls and the stench of death hung in the air. The tunnel opened up into a large cavern. The bloodied bones and rags of humans recently killed were scattered across the floor. Dural guessed that these men must have fled from battle only to be discovered and brutally killed.

In a far corner, the Dark Emissary crouched, hunched over a strange metallic glowing chest.

"There will be no escape for you now, evil one," Dural spoke calmly. The Emissary stood and turned to face him. His right arm was enclosed in a huge gauntlet that glowed with an unnatural light. The gauntlet hummed menacingly as the Dark Emissary brought his arm down in a sweeping punch aimed at Dural's broad chest. The Truthsayer raised his staff to deflect the blow, but as the enchanted wood met the gauntlet, it was blasted into splinters. Dural was sent flying across the chamber, smashing with considerable force into the far cavern wall.

As he regained his senses he knew instantly the blow had broken his ribs, but, with pain wracking his entire body, he forced himself back on his feet. Again the Dark Emissary threw another punch at Dural, this time aimed at the Truthsayer's head. Dural ducked and the gauntlet smashed into the cavern wall. The force of the blow shook the ground on which Dural stood, and the whole cave trembled with the impact.

Chunks of rock fell from the roof and a great crack split up the length of the wall. The malicious smile on the Dark Emissary's face was replaced by a look of sheer horror as he realized that the gauntlet had become wedged deep into the rock.

Dural sprinted from the cavern as the tunnel behind him collapsed, diving into the light with a cloud of dust in his wake. When the debris settled he walked over to the pile of rubble that had once been the cave mouth. What was the mysterious magical artefact the Dark One had used? Now it was lost, sealed forever in the collapsed cave. He knew he must travel at once to the Forge of the Old Ones and report his find to the council. Other Truthsayers had reported such finds, and within the deep vaults of the Forge they guarded many similar relics. Where they came from and why these strangers so eagerly risked their lives to possess them, Dural could not guess, but whilst he was alive he would make sure that they remained on Albion.



DARK SHADOWS

In 2518, a new legend spread across the Old World. Sailors talked of an island which had suddenly appeared to the far north. Huge white cliffs loomed out from the sea but the sailors also spied beaches where a small boat may possibly make a landing. It seemed that the mists have parted and the land lay open to explore. All memories of the dangers that lurk upon the island have vanished as the thought of treasure occupies the minds of many across the Warhammer World. Whilst the coasts of Albion had once again come into view as the mists recoiled, the central area of the island was still obscured by heavy fog. Landing places were few and far between, and this was well noted by interested parties eager to explore and conquer this mythical isle.

All talk across the Warhammer World was of the riches that lay in waiting on Albion. The struggle for power and treasure awaited those who would venture into the mists, but death and desolation also awaited the foolhardy, for not only did the indigenous dangers pose a significant threat to the unwary, but every race from across the world is landed on Albion. Every race across the Warhammer World gathered its armies to seek the treasures of Albion and claim the island as their own. Each vied for control of the island with the other.

More than racial pride was at stake, however. A backdrop to this clamour for power and material gain was a greater battle – between the forces of light and dark. Mysterious shamans known as Truthsayers,

native to Albion, was seen traversing the Warhammer World warning army commanders who would set out for Albion of the harsh weather conditions, hideous sea beasts that inhabit the coastal waters and the Giants who liked nothing more than to hurl huge boulders at incoming ships. The Truthsayers declared themselves keepers of the knowledge and power on the inherently magical island and warn of the dangers posed by these fell adversaries.

SHADOWS GATHER

During this time, a dark shadow was spreading across the Warhammer World. An evil presence had awoken and sought to enslave each and every race to its malicious will. Also told in hushed whispers are shadowy rumours. Disturbing rumours of dark strangers who were traversing the length and breadth of the world. Speaking of the Dark Master who was to return to conquer all, they were named Dark Emissaries. These so called Dark Emissaries stalked the land, offering their services to any who would join their cause. They whispered rewards of untold power and wealth to those who will fight for the Dark Master, one who would lead the strong to conquer the weak. Of this mysterious lord, little was known bar his clarion call for his followers to join him at Albion, but these Emissaries allied themselves with the forces of Chaos and Darkness. They roused all those with malice-filled hearts to march unto war. How many of these Dark Emissaries that spread the seeds of corruption in the Old World none can say, but the people still speak in hushed whispers of their passing and of the terrible magics they possessed. Few dared to challenge these sorcerers, and those who did perished before they have had a chance to regret their folly.

Greenskins pouring down from the World's Edge Mountains gathered in number marching to war, forming a green tidal wave as they laid claim to the distant isle of Albion and challenging any who say otherwise. The green horde was not the only threat poised to strike the Old World. A fleet of ironclad steamships set sail from Barak-Varr as the Dwarfs investigated the rumours of vast treasures.

The flights of Black Dragons and the dreaded Black Arks of Malekith, the Witch King, was been seen abroad once more as the Dark Elves turned their attention towards the isle. It is rumoured that he had turned his attention towards Albion in the hope that its hidden treasures will lend him the power to destroy his most hated enemies, the High Elves of Ulthuan, whom had already pledged themselves to the Truthsayers' cause.

Once again the dead rose from their peaceful slumber and gathered together in a fearsome, unholy union of death. Even the Skaven crawled out from the sewers in



vast numbers. Each witness spoke of different horrors but all who spied these dreadful hordes say that they marched northwards, their destination the Isle of Albion. All eyes turned upon this mysterious place, as the mists parted and its secrets would be revealed for those who dared venture past the storm battered beaches.

All was not lost, though, for even as the Dark Emissaries spread disorder across the face of the world, a beacon of light shined forth, calling for those who are good of heart and true to the cause of righteousness to rally together. The Truthsayers braved the perilous crossing over the Sea of Chaos to seek out noble civilizations. They foretold of great danger should their homeland of Albion fall, the forces that bind the Chaos mists to the northern realms will weaken and in so doing, Daemon armies would be able to descend upon the world. To those who would help protect the isle they promised to teach secrets lost to civilization since the disappearance of the Old Ones.

The High Elves of Ulthuan pledged their allegiance to the cause, and the Elector Counts gathered in council and after a surprisingly close vote also agreed to provide support. The knights of Bretonnia formed a crusade and speedily headed north where they will embark on the perilous sea crossing. A vast Dwarf throng, lured by the rumour of hidden treasures, have boarded their ironclad steamships and set sail from the hold of Barak Varr. It would seem that the Truthsayers have managed to spread the word of warning far and wide across the Warhammer World.

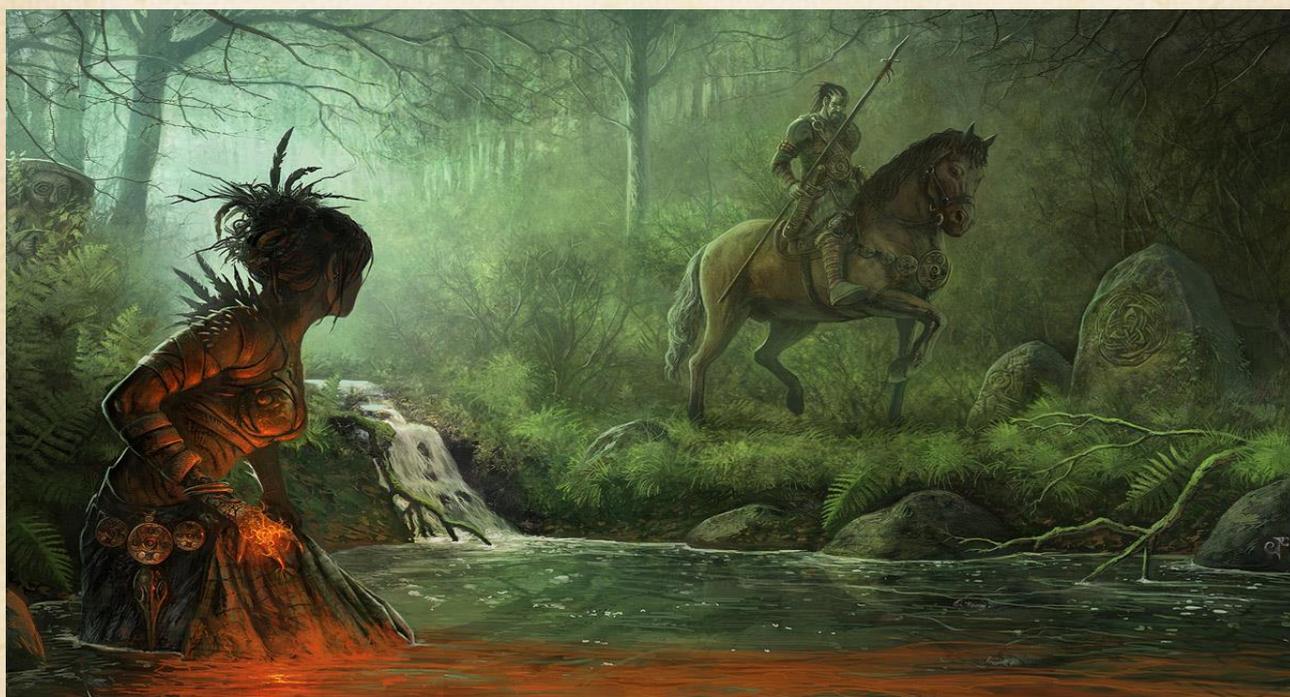
Even the elusive Lizardmen marched forth, their divination of the constellations forewarning them of the peril. Though none have spied any fleets on which they have could have made the long journey, a number of armies have been seen crossing through the lands of the

Empire, and others report that they are already on Albion in numbers. The marshes and fens are ideally suited to them. Only time will tell whether the chill climate will affect their cold-blooded nature. With the possibility of discovering a link to their distant past, perhaps they of all the races had the strongest interest in the isle.

Possession of the many ancient Ogham stone circles was the key to conquering Albion, but with both the Truthsayers and Dark Emissaries counselling the invading armies, such control wouldn't be an easy task. Each race knew of their importance and would attempt to wrest the stones from those who were currently in possession of them. For those that would succeed, immeasurable power beyond any other that has existed on the Warhammer World would be theirs to control, and the fens and bogs of Albion would be the lonely resting places for those that fail, their decaying corpses sinking silently into the fens and moorland that cover so much of Albion. The Warhammer World is once again in great danger, for the immense power held in the isle of Albion is the prize for those who win out. The fate of the Warhammer World was in the hands of the generals and commanders of the armies whom travelled with all haste to the mist enshrouded island, and only one race would win. The call to arms had truly begun!

THE STORM BREAKS

Although the mists had only recently parted, in that short time combat had already begun on the mysterious isle of Albion. Tales of great battles had already started to circulate in each and every town and village across the Old World. News of the fate of Albion was the main topic of conversation in the inns and taverns. The garrisons were overflowing with eager volunteers, all of whom wished to join the armies to seek fame and fortune in the distant northern realms.



Nobody could say with any certainty which of the races was the first to make landing upon Albion, but it was the Empire who were the first to establish a beach head on the mysterious island. Upon hearing that the mists had cleared, a fleet of ships, loaded with troops and equipment, immediately set sail from Marienburg. After hastily constructing a large wooden fort on a beach area known as Muddy Point, they reinforced the strategic location with cannons, mortars and the deadly Helblaster volley guns. The cannons were clearly visible bristling from the ramparts from far out to sea. More than one raiding party has kept a wide berth of the beach, preferring to risk the storm-lashed seas to find a less well defended landing place.

To the Orcs, encouraged to head towards the mud flats by a mysterious robed stranger, the prospect of attacking the well manned fortress served as all the more reason to land at Muddy Point. It was a challenge, a place where they knew a fight was to be had. A vicious and bloody assault on the beach ensued. The first wave of Orc attackers were destroyed by the massed firepower of the Empire's guns. A second Orc invasion force succeeded where the first had failed, and the Orcs were able to breach the defences. They slew every man and destroyed the fortress in a victorious rampage. So numerous were the dead that it is said that the Orcs feasted for two whole days and nights.

During the festivities the army was approached by a Dark Emissary. He persuaded some of the Orcs to fight for his master with the promise of great battles and untold riches as their reward. Ever eager to shed more blood the Orcs followed him inland, but it wasn't long before the various tribes began to bicker over who would lead the force. Soon the huge horde had split apart into a number of smaller tribes, all making their own way through the treacherous fens, eagerly seeking the next bloody fight.

Now other armies took possession of the landing point and tried to defend the beach from attack, but the Orcs had already gained a strong foothold upon the island. Although a costly blow to the forces of the Empire, reinforcements were already heading towards the rugged coast and would make landfall soon.

The first scouting parties to report back talked of a cold wet swamp land. Thick mists hampered all reconnaissance attempts and many brave warriors had disappeared into the fog never to be seen again. Progress inland was slow — the swamps, fens and marshes were a severe hindrance to any marching army. A Dark Elf raiding force was quick to exploit the speed at which their Cold Ones could traverse the bogs and fens. Had it not been for an ambush by a large Lizardman force, the Dark Elves would now have commanded some of the finest strategic locations. Instead the small, reptilian Skink warriors used the cover of the mists to lure the Dark Elf scouting force deep into the swamps. Once separated from the main force they were quickly surrounded and slaughtered by overwhelming numbers of massive Saurus warriors and



the mighty Kroxigors. The few survivors that returned told of monsters that surfaced from the dark swamps to prey upon any who had fallen behind the retreating force. The creatures were called Fenbeasts and those who had survived seeing one talked of a foul beast that was half plant, half monster. Rumours abounded of sightings of the dreaded Black Arks floating menacingly off the North coast; ultimately the Dark Elves losses were but a minor setback. News that Lizardmen were patrolling the inland of Albion came as a surprise to many. No sign of any fleets sailing from Lustria had been spied and many feared that strange magics were at play.

As more and more troops gained a valuable foothold on the island, encampments begun to sprung up. The initial high spirits of the treasure seekers was dampened by the harsh reality of a long and hard campaign of war in this inhospitable land. A constant drizzle soaked the troops and it was nearly impossible to light campfires.

As each of the armies tried to cross the fenland to the solid central plateau of Albion, they were stumbling into other forces attempting to outflank them. The newly discovered realm of Albion held the promise of great riches and, as a result, vicious fighting ensued, aimed at preventing the enemy from reaching the mysterious treasures first.

Wild rumours were spreading around the camp fires, centring on the existence of a series of massive stone circles. Known locally as the Ogham stones, these



mysterious places were said to be haunted, and many warriors feared to go near them. The mages, sorcerers and wizards of the varied forces each sought to investigate these stones with the utmost urgency. Their curiosity was aroused by the appearance of a small group of native Shamans who go by the name of Truthsayers. All were keen to glean knowledge from these noble warrior wizards, who were eager to ally themselves with those armies they deem worthy. Now the armies were mobilizing themselves to gain control of these areas of the island. It was already common knowledge amongst those who understood the winds of magic that these stone circles had great potential for harnessing magic and channelling it with an increased potency. Yet rumours spread that magic on the island was highly unstable. Some talked of their spells being cast with amazing results whilst others talked of impotency; they found themselves unable to shoot even the smallest fireball from their magic wands.

At that moment, all the armies were marching to gain possession of these ancient monuments. The Orcs had already managed to gain possession of one such place, but, ignorant of the power of the stones, they toppled them. Would such wanton destruction be allowed to continue, the wizened sages predicted that a disaster could fall upon Albion which would have repercussions for the whole world. The stone circles drew much of the Chaos energy from the winds of magic, harnessing it safely to the earth. Of the few stones that had been discovered by the passing armies, the wizards claim that the runes were from a time before even the ancient High Elves knew of such magics. If these stones were truly created by the Old Ones, who dared guess at the secret powers they may have held within. The High Elves were eager to investigate the wild claims that their own watch stones were pathetic copies of these powerful stones, and they

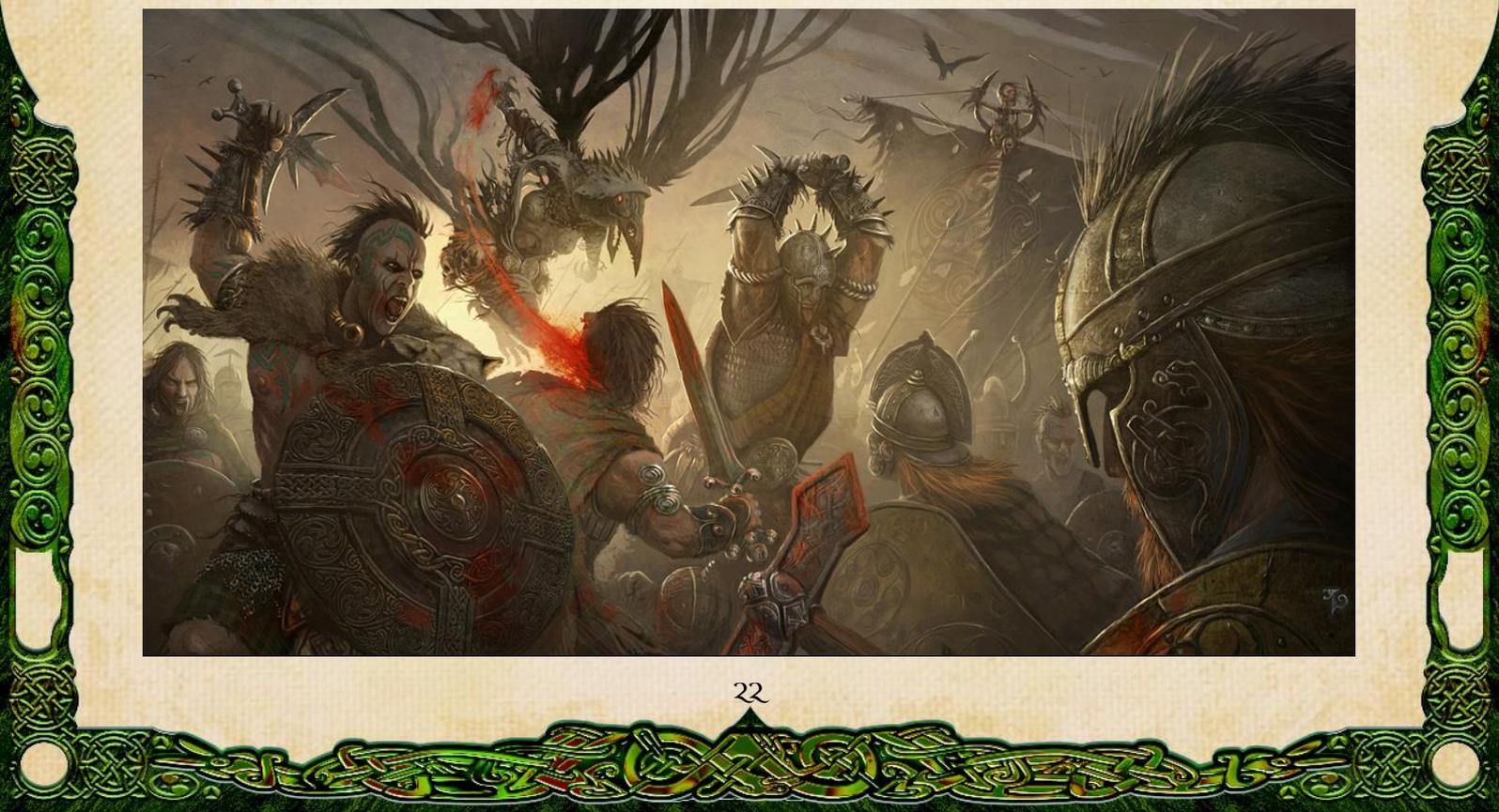
were sending their best mages to lay rest to these unfounded rumours.

The Truthsayers talked of the dormant power of the stones, but it is dear that they know far more than they are willing to reveal. They mentioned a fantastic citadel located at the heart of the island. Other than its existence, nothing more had been unveiled, but this legendary fortress had become the target for all invading armies. Each general knew that the stone circles held the key to power. For now they were content to risk their soldiers' lives for the possession of the ancient structures. Soon, though, the armies would head further inland and, when they did, the mysteries of Albion would finally be exposed. But only to the victors would go the spoils.

THE FINAL CONFRONTATION

After nigh on a year of fighting, the war for the conquest of Albion reached its final hour. Weary and hungry, countless armies had battled desperately against each other and the people of Albion for months on end, struggling through pouring rain and icy winds to gain and maintain a foothold on the mist-shrouded island. The desolate moors and great Ogham stone circles had been soaked with blood, the land tainted by the overwhelming scale of death and misery.

Led by the Truthsayers and Dark Emissaries, the armies finally came to the mythical Plain of Battles. Here, under the constant storm flaying this miserable place, hosts clashed in their final confrontation. Steel rang against steel as warriors struggled desperately in the mud, their blood tainting it dark red. Here, fate and valour would decide who lives and conquers, and who dies. The High Elves and Gaels accompanied by Dural Durak faced off against the Dark Elves led by their Dark Emissary, and after a huge and bloody battle, the forces of Order had won, pushing the Dark Elves back





to the coast. With that victory behind them, they marched onto the Citadel of Lead, and the Dark Master himself.

A protracted full-scale siege would both be bloody and extremely costly for the attacker, so a daring plan was attempted. A small, lightly equipped assault force of Shadow Warriors and Hunters sneaked its way by night to a secondary gate in the walls and readied themselves to assault it at the first light of dawn. They stormed the walls and seized control of the gate, holding it long enough for the rest of the army to reach it and enter the fortifications. The battle within the fortress was long and brutal, where High Elf and Gael clashed against the Skaven and Daemons of the Dark Master. Both sides suffered horrible losses, but the plan had worked – the Forces of Destruction had been caught off guard by the sneak attack, and eventually fell the magic of Dural Durak.

He wasted no time, ordering the rest of the Council of Truthsayers to immediately march into the Citadel of Lead and break the flow of magic cascading over Albion. Soon, the chamber deep within the Bastion of the Old Ones resounded with chanting, the bass notes reverberating off the carved reliefs that decorated the high stone walls. Lit by blue and purple flames that danced front two dozen braziers spaced around the hall, the assembled Truthsayers sat in a circle, their heads

bowed, as they focused their minds on restoring balance to the winds of magic flowing across Albion.

At their centre stood Dural Durak, leader of the council. Arms spread wide, he stood at the focus of the converging spirals and lines drawn on the floor with goat's blood, feeling the energy of his brethren channelled into him. The ebb and flow of magic surged through his body and his ghost sight could detect the tiny wafts and breezes of the different colours of magic. But something was still astray. A storm of darkness, of raw magic and Chaos, still battered the beleaguered isle. The damage to the standing stones, though halted for now, might still prove to be irreversible. And so he and the other Truthsayers prayed to the spirits of the Old Ones, desperate to seal the rift in the magical realm that threatened to tear their homeland apart. Despite this, the forces of light prevailed, if only barely.

SHADOWS DEPART

With the defeat of the Dark Master's forces, the Dark Emissaries slunk away into the darkness to lick their wounds, their bid to overthrow the Truthsayers over for now. Some remained on Albion, hiding within remote mountain caves and deep, fog shrouded swamps, but many more fled the isle, seeking a safe haven where they could recoup their strength. They are plotting their revenge, working towards another attempt to secure the Ogham stones, but their power base has been severely damaged, and they are scattered across the lands and isolated.

It is widely rumoured that the Dark master himself left Albion, driven forth from his fastness in the Citadel of lead. Whether the growing fear that his plans had merely been set back rather than totally thwarted is true, remains to be seen.

With the Dark Master's departure, large numbers of Lizardmen was seen occupying the Bastion of the Old Ones. However, despite this overall victory for the forces of Order, the massive Dark Elf host that landed on Albion has established a sizeable enclave, anchored by several Black Arks that have beached upon the shores of the island. The High Elves patrol much of the coasts, guarding against further Dark Elf forces, while the armies of the Empire are busy creating a new state around the south-east.

Still, though the armies of the Truthsayers have proved victorious and held off their dark enemies, these were not days for rejoicing. The number of Truthsayers was been severely depleted, many of the noble druids having become lost in brave defence of their homeland. Worse, the Ogham stones were so defiled and subjected to such intense dark energies and corruption that their powers have been seriously weakened. There was not enough power within the stones for the Truthsayers to re-conjure the protective mists around Albion, and the Truthsayers feared that their homeland would come under constant attack. The magic of the

stones may never returned to their full strength, and this may prove cataclysmic in times to come.

The defacing of the stone circles might yet prove harmful further afield too, across the seas. Already the budding mystical pressure can be felt by the High Elf Mages of Ulthuan. With the Ogham stones of Albion not operating to their full potential, vast waves of raw energy swept from the north, and a great magical strain was placed on the stones at the heart of Ulthuan which are also used to hold back the amorphous tide that is Chaos. Some say that the Great Gate has opened wider once more and that the boundaries of the Chaos Wastes are creeping further south with every passing day. Perhaps this was the Dark Master's intent all along. Few doubt that another great incursion of Chaos is about to spill upon the world, and some thank the gods that Albion was held against the forces of darkness, otherwise the Storm of Chaos may have crashed upon the world even sooner and with even greater force.

The cruel Dark Elves pushed into the interior of Albion at an early stage, their experienced raiding parties, guided by many Dark Emissaries, securing strong vantage points on the north western coastline. Mighty Black Dragons of the Witch King Malekith descended through the clouds, striking without warning against their enemies, scattering their foes before them. None, it seemed, could stand against the dark natured folk of Naggaroth, and the kin of Malekith rejoiced in the bloodshed that ravaged the lands. Despite suffering horrendous losses, the Dark Elves fought on and marched further and further inland, pillaging many ancient barrows and tombs and sending the spoils back to Naggaroth. To further bolster their position, several



Black Arks have now beached themselves on Albion, providing fortified strongpoints from which the Dark Elves can launch further raids, or retreat to when the enemy comes against them in force.

While the Dark Elves established a growing kingdom, their kin of Ulthuan, the High Elves, tried all they could to hold back the Druchii. By seizing the stone circles, the forces of Malekith threatened to strengthen the magical power of the armies invading Ulthuan, and this could not be allowed. With many of their warriors engaged in the bitter struggle back on their homeland it was left to the crews of the great Ulthuan fleet to contest the Dark Master and the servants of the Witch King. And this they did valiantly, wresting control of the Ogham stones from their dark kin where possible, harrying their supply columns, and cutting them off from the shores of Naggaroth to leave them isolated and starved in the hostile climate of Albion. Even now the Eagleships and Hawkships of the High Elves patrol the coast, preventing more enemies from landing, and ensuring that the Dark Elves have difficulty sending back the spoils of their victories to the armies fighting on Ulthuan.

Whilst the two Elven kindreds battle each other fiercely, a battle that is far from over, another kingdom is being built. Driven by the fiery Lord Ravenbrandt, servants of Emperor Karl Franz have established a strong enclave east of Bol-a-Hat. As the Empire enclave begins to establish itself, the men of the Emperor have started to try and cultivate the lands east of Bol-a-Hat and towards the site of Losteriksson's third landing. The peasants who arrived after the armies have begun to dig drainage ditches, and a few farmsteads have sprung up. However, these are still fairly scattered. Though their expansion has not been rapid, thwarted by enemy forces and the boggy land



itself, troops continue to arrive as news reaches the home shores of the Empire. Known unofficially as Neuland, this enclave is still a fledgling state and it remains to be seen whether its ruler will gain any real political power in Altdorf. Also Ravenbrandt is facing strong opposition from Leopold von Stroheim for control of the growing province, and many think that before Neuland ever receives any official recognition, the two factions will kill each other in civil war.

THE LIZARDMEN PURGE

The Lizardmen were forced to act more directly to safeguard the ancient fortress of the Old Ones and, using mystical paths left by their creators, they sent a powerful army led by the ancient Saurus Scar-Leader Kroq-Gar to drive away the warm-blooded interlopers, earning him a fearful reputation as hundreds of enemies were slain at his hands. The native tribesmen believed him to be a spirit of destruction that was roused and angered by the disturbances on the isle, and regularly left devotions for him to appease his furious anger. Nevertheless, Kroq-Gar had no sense of mercy within his coldblooded heart for any who obstructed his duty, even if they have no knowledge of doing so.

Kroq-Gar's fast-moving raiding attacks slowly drove back the inhabitants of Albion, both native and those recently arrived. Whether he slaughtered every warm-blood on the island, or merely drove them from the shores, he cared not, for his duty would be fulfilled.

As their gods did at the dawn of the world, the Slann have begun to shape the island to suit their needs and restore the protective wards that guard against invasion. Using their great magics, the Slann Mage-Priests of the Lizardmen have begun to alter the climate of Albion and a new jungle is beginning to appear north of the Forge of the Old Ones. With the new city of Konquata under construction, and jungle spreading through the interior of Albion, Kroq-Gar had secured a strong holding point for the Lizardmen, and a place from where they could begin their own offensive. However, only one year later the Lizardmen were largely forced to withdraw back to Lustria to combat the presence of Chaos raiding forces in their homeland, thus allowing the remaining Gaels to emerge from hiding and reclaim their old sites.

ALBION TODAY

No single power controls all of Albion and the island is set for many more battles to come. It is unlikely that any one race will ever achieve total supremacy. With the main fighting over, the people of Albion will once again try to re-establish their rulership over the isle. Though not as many in number as they were, they are rebuilding their armies, and prepare to drive out the remaining invaders and fight anyone who tries to take their land again. Unfortunately, they have been unable to raise the protective mists which once shielded the isle and now all manner of adventurers and ne'er-do-wells can still land for treasure hunting and pillaging.





Dural Durak could sense the humming vibration of raw magical energy pulsating through his body. The stone circle was close by, and with each step closer he could feel his powers strengthening. The Truthsaver marched at the fore of column of Elves. He had guided the fair folk of Ulthuan's fleet to the sacred island. After days of fighting their way through marauding tribes of Beastmen they had broke through to the heart of the island. Dural could now spy the stones through the thick mists.

A sudden wracking pain caused him to fall to the floor. A feeling of hopelessness and despair flooded through his mind; never before had he felt such dark powers take control of his will. Forcing himself back up with his staff, Dural quickly concentrated on focusing his thoughts. The Triskele harnessed his thoughts, and aura of peace was created around him, a small bubble of protection through which the dark sorceries could not pass. Something evil had entered the sacred stone circle, and a menacing presence was manipulating the power of the Ogham stones, bending them to its dark will. Dural knew they must get to the sacred place before whatever had taken control became too powerful to destroy.

He signalled to the High Elf Commander to spur his army forward. As one the Elves advanced, their bright banners held proudly high. As the ithilmarch-clad regiments surged forward, the skies grew dark. Black clouds appeared in the already grey skies, turning day into night. Drawing close to the edge of the circle, the Spearmen began to scream.

Dropping their weapons, some began flailing their arms wildly in the air as if trying to fight off some unseen foe. Others ran away, expressions of sheer horror crossing their faces. Dural raised his staff high, and from its tip a dull light grew in brightness, its rays piercing through the darkness.

"Fear not these nightmare visions, they cannot harm you" Dural called out. His voice was strong and clear. It had a depth to it that broke through the terror filled minds of the Elves. Dural strode to the fore of the army, his staff of light serving as a beacon to the Elves. Gathering their courage the host of Ulthuan resumed the march forwards, the musicians rounding their horns in defiance of the evil that assaulted them.

As they passed through the massive stones that marked the boundary of the magical area, each Elf stared in awe at their size. They dwarfed their own witch stones, and each one had strange primitive symbols carved into its surface. Dural could feel his own strength growing immeasurably. A great power

coursed through him as he crossed the border of the circle, the light of his staff shone even brighter.

Within seconds of entering the Dural spied the evil presence that had polluted the energy of the stores. From the mists hundreds of small creatures charged towards the Elves. Evil rat-like heists, they swarmed around the Spearmen, drowning the regiment from view by sheer numbers. In the distance Dural could bear that the other regiments of the army were engaged in combat. A sudden vision appeared in Dural's Mind, emanating from his Triskele. He turned instantly, just in time to deflect the blow of a large rat creature who had crept up on him and was attempting to thrust a knife into the base of his spine. Dural brought the staff down on the skull of the foul thing, crushing it easily.

A sudden burst of energy sent the Truthsayer flying backwards, and as he fell to the ground he knew that was a sorcerous blast. Fortunately, the aura of the Triskele had absorbed much of the harm. Before he had a chance to stand, Dural felt something wrapping itself around his torso. A magical mist resembling a serpent had coiled itself around him and was squeezing tighter with each second. Dural could no longer breathe, and within seconds the pressure on his chest was unbearable. Helpless against the magical attack. Dural slipped into unconsciousness.

The sharp futures of an Elf, bathing Dural's forehead with a warm cloth, met him as he opened his eyes. He tried to sit upright, but a sharp pain in his chest prevented him from doing so.

"Rest my friend. You are badly bruised, but you will recover." The Elf's voice was calm and soothing, and Dural lay back.

"It was only the timely charge of the Silver Helms that saved us, my Lord. The Skaven flank fell apart, and they fled from the circle. We slew most of the vile creatures, but their mage escaped us."

Dural shook his head. "That was no Seer of the rat folk. I have heard of their dark magic and, though it is powerful, none have the ability to cast such magics." Dural closed his eyes. He needed to recover quickly and that meant some well-needed rest.

"No, some other dark force works against us, and I fear it has a greater knowledge of magic than myself. We must act fast if we are to reach the citadel before him."

Dural let fatigue overcome him, but his dreams were haunted by a mysterious foe.



TIMELINE FOR ALBION

C.-5,600 to -4,500

Before the Old Ones leave the Warhammer World behind, they create a new intelligent species, the Giants, to protect the island of Albion, a small, windswept island off the coast of Norsca in the Great Ocean.

C.-4400

The Ogham Circles that dot Albion are erected by the giants of the land, under instruction from the human Truthsayers during the First Great War against Chaos and work to calm down the Winds of Magic that blow from the Realm of Chaos at the north pole of the Warhammer world. The really awful weather and the degeneration of man on the island to barbarians are consequences of this magical influx.

C.-1250

Great war with the Fimir. Thousands are killed on each side, but the Fimir bear the brunt of the losses and are repelled back to the swamps to lick their wounds. Most older warriors of the tribes fight in this war.

C.-1200

The Plain of Battles. High King Cuchulainn slays Balor, the god of the Fimir, and sends him back to the Realm of Chaos. The Fimir forces disperse back to their swamps.

460

The Norse discover the Albion. They also make small raids on the coastline of the Old World.

800

High King Knut of Norsca raids Albion.

822

High King Knut perishes in battle on Albion.

c.880

Losteriksson makes multiple landings to the Albion. He both raids the land and attempts to create permanent Norse colony there. All these attempts are failed by the natives.

C.900-2300

With the First Great War against Chaos over, the tribes of Albion have few foes save each other. They begin a long cycle of cattle raids and warfare, fighting one another in countless feuds and skirmishes. They are still occasionally raided by the Fimir from the swamps and Norse from the Sea of Chaos, but have little desire to raid such inhospitable lands in return.

1863

The Tragedy of McDeath. The sadistic and thoroughly unpleasant McDeath murders the rightful King Dunco and usurps the throne of east Albion. He is slain in revenge by Donalbane, King Dunco's oldest son, who leads Clan McCoughlagan to battle in a siege against McDeath's fortress.

2066

High King Harald of the Norse is defeated by the Gaels.

2305

After the second Great War against Chaos the cursed Daemon Prince Be'lakor manage to escape his fate of madness and imprisonment and started to materialize in the Citadel of Lead in the north eastern Albion. He misguides some of the Truthsayers to become his Dark Emissaries to help him regain corporeal form.

2379

A Tilean explorer and conqueror, Curious Gesar, reaches the shores of Albion and tries to bring the native barbarians his view of Tilean culture. He is not successful, and takes Hengus the Druid and the two biggest Giants of Albion with him as hostages. Back in Tilea he is assassinated and the giants roam now the Old World as mercenaries.

2506

Gotrek & Felix travel to Albion using a magical gateway of the Old Ones. There they meet Loremaster Teclis and again face the powerful twin sorcerers Kelmain Blackstaff and Lhoigor Golderod.

2517

The Dark Emissaries roame the Warhammer World in search of any evil, warmongering, ambitious or at least greedy leader to the Islands of Albion to divert the energies of the Stone Circles and allow their Dark Master to materialise. On the other hand those Truthsayers that an't corrupted also travel the world to find help against their fallen brothers.

2518

The Dark Shadows. Fleets of all states and races set sail to reach the shores of Albion to help or to stop the Dark Master and to find the artefacts of the Old Ones. Both Dark Emissaries and Truthsayers summon the mindless Fen Beasts to do their bidding. The Forces of Order eventually prevail, and the Dark Master is forced to flee the island.

2519

In the aftermath of the Dark Shadows, the Dark Emissaries flee from the island and the Truthsayers follow to hunt them down. Both sell their service to other armies in the whole Warhammer World as mercenaries, using their ability to raise and control Fen Beast for the benefit of their employers.

2520

Scar-Leader Kroq-Gar leads the first war parties to cleanse the isle of warm-bloods. Under the manipulations of Lord Mazdamundi, the climate of the isle is altered, and the start of new jungle is formed. Work begins on the founding of the new temple-city Konquata, Place of Resistance, in the interior of Albion.

2521

The sacred mists of Albion are restored.

2522

The Lizardmen leave Albion, allowing the Gaels to retrieve their land. They now fight to drive out the remaining invaders and reclaim their island.



THE CHILDREN OF DANU

To the rest of the world, the native Gaels of Albion are a mysterious and barbarous race of blonde- and red-haired men that go into battle wearing strange woad war paint. This is far from being the true story of these people. They have a rich and ancient culture that is based around the family unit, or tuatha. This is not just a single family, but an extended clan led by a tuatha chief. Each of these chiefs considers himself to be a Rhi, or king, answerable only to the High King, the Ard Rhi, and even then there can be contention, especially in times of a weak High King, or in times of famine or trouble.

The extended family, or fine, is the basic social unit consisting of several generations of descendants from one ancestor. When several fine join together, they are known as a tuatha, and are ruled over by a tuatha chieftan, or Rhi. There are 100-110 tuathas in the land of Albion, grouped into local Rhiads to which the clan chiefs owe their allegiance, the kings of these Rhiads owe their allegiance to the High King. Upon the death of the High King a new one will be elected by the Rhiads to replace him.

Outside of this structure are the Druids, the guardians of ancient traditions and judges in disputes between chieftains and kings. They also act as consultants and lead religious ceremonies dedicated to Danu.

The people of Albion inhabit the coastal areas, where they have built small villages around and in the nearby caves. The largest town is Bol-A-Hat, where the Ard Rhi occupies most of the time of the year. Smaller settlements for agriculture and fisheries extend around these areas and are increasingly rare in the wild when you get to the dangerous boundaries as Kluruchs swamp or the burial mounds of ancient kings. There are also a number of sacred sites to the Truthsayers in the realm of Albion, often in trees or on hills.

The society of Albion is essentially tribal with a hierarchy of clans all owing allegiance to the king of the dominant clan. Each clan has its own settlement; these vary from a cluster of caves and huts with a wooden palisade, to sturdier forts built on hill tops.

CULTURE

The people of Albion wear plaids and kilts with each clan having its own particular colours. These are woven on great looms from sheep's wool and are heavy and coarse. In all cases the colours are sombre and subdued because when on the hunt it is important that the tartan allows them to blend in with the land. Dark browns, deep reds, greys, pale or dark blues and forest greens are typical colours which take their colour from mineral, seaweed and lichen dyes and stains. The plaids are fastened at the shoulder by elaborately wrought broaches called Fibulae.

Tattoos are commonplace with the people of Albion, some having religious significance but more often they are used as wards to protect them against the weapons of the enemy. War paint, in the form of woad, is applied before battles in a variety of styles either as blocks, bands, stripes or swirling patterns. Woad is a special preparation made by the druids from a coniferous plant extract. Red war paint is also used, particularly by the house of Nessa, its colour derived from a herb called Ruaim. It is also common for warriors to spike their hair up with goose fat or lime.

Men and women of Albion are bound by their word and their word is their bond and is sufficient in any transaction. However, there are any blood feuds arising from such bonds, broken oaths are not taken lightly and death can be the ultimate cost in such disputes. A wronged warrior can challenge the wrong doer to a battle of arms to the death. More often though druids arbitrate and penalties are imposed on the guilty party.

The people of Albion believe a measure of a man, or a woman, is not only how he or she lives, but also how they die. It is better to have your deeds immortalised in song than to disgrace the honour of your house. With a glad heart a father would recount the deeds and death of his only son for he knows he will have travelled to Magh Melld and have the favour of the Lady.

Honour or War belts are a sign that a warrior has come of age and torcs are given as gifts between warriors of higher standing to lower orders as a sign of appreciation and service. However, in accepting these gifts it binds them to their kinsmen. These are forged and fashioned by the local craftsmen and are presented at local festivals after the rites of passage. The rites vary from clan to clan from feats of endurance or strength to the hunting and killing of an animal or at times of war enemies in battle. Elves are highly prized as "gift" offerings with the Goblins ranked low on that scale.

The people of Albion are renowned for their skill at metalworking. They forge great iron swords with the keenest edge, meticulously incised with details and often inlaid with precious metals and stones. Their helmets are beaten from sheets of bronze into perfect domes, with hinged scalloped cheek pieces, often adorned with images of the goddess and animal hunting scenes. This has caused raiders from Norsca, Dark Elves, and the kingdoms of the Old World to descend upon Albion soil in search of riches and treasures.

The people of Albion break the year into four seasons, and have four main festivals. These are Samhain, Imbolc, Beltaine, and Lughnasadh. Every year, there is the Feis at the Ard Rhi's capital, to which all the Rhis,

Rhian, come to the Ard Rhi's palace, for this is both feast and Grand Council, and each turning of the season in every Rhiad, there is a very great Feis (feast) held, at other times of the year there are lesser Feis. Each Great Festival also hosts a Mor Dal (Grand Fair). At the lesser Feis, there is the Dal (fair). At each of these, there are meetings of the Fili to discuss the laws and to read the laws to the people, at this time the most important trials are held, and the testing for the new recruits to the Fiann and the Draoi orders. At each testing, only the very best and most dedicated are chosen, the tests are open to all Kindred, and those who decide to be tested know that the tests can be both trying and dangerous, many Kindred have not survived these test whole, be it magical or test of arms. The people know that upon the Fiann and the Draoi orders, rest the safety and protection of Albion, and they must be the best to survive. The Rhis and clann chiefs organise Great Hunts for the enjoyment and the training of their warriors, also to rid the land of the Chaos beasts that find their way onto the shores of Albion and that descend down out of the Central Mountains and the Mountains of Land's End, these mountains are called the Hollow Hills for the many caverns and tunnels which hold many Goblin tribes, and worse, the beasts of Chaos.

Fighting of every sort is an integral part of life among the Tribes of Albion, particularly for warriors but little less so for other folk. Only druids and bards are exempt from the constant cycle of brawling, taunting contests, honour duels, cattle raids and all-out war. Every other able-bodied member of the tribe is expected to be ready to defend his honour, his tribe or his kin at any time, whether with his fists or with an iron sword. This applies to the women no less than to the men, and women warriors are an ordinary sight in warbands. Even women who are not technically warriors are frequently a force to be reckoned with, and in large battles the wives of the warriors will stand at the back of their army, yelling encouragement – and insults – at their menfolk, ready to give them a good beating if they show any signs of cowardice.

RELIGION

Religion on Albion is bound up with almost every aspect of society, culture, magic and day-to-day life, particularly in the northern tribes. Most ordinary folk pay their respects both to the private gods of their household and kin, and to their tribe's pantheon of deities. Those of high status often worship one or more gods or goddesses in particular, as well as paying lip service to the other deities.

The Goddess Danu is the original deity, the Earth herself. This primal nature means that she has many forms and many areas of responsibility, which can be confusing for an outsider. Her worshippers believe her to literally be the Earth beneath their feet, the entire Isle of Albion. Yet she is also the Moon above in the heavens, counterpart to Lahmfada the Sun God just as the Earth is counterpart to Carnun the Horned God.

Some of the most knowledgeable druids believe she is even the ancient Serpent Goddess, so that all the goddesses are simply other aspects of Danu. Certainly those who delve even a little way into her mysteries know her as the triple goddess, Blodeuwedd, Morrigan, and Ceridwen. These three aspects, like the three phases of the Moon, show her as goddess of constant change – or as she puts it, 'sometimes I am your mother and hold you... sometimes I am your sister and befriend you... and other times your lover who will stick one in your back.' Worshipping Danu can be somewhat random in its results, but when she does give of her full favour it is likely that her worshippers will be very grateful for it. Many of her worshippers also worship one or more of her aspects, although it is also possible to worship Blodeuwedd, Morrigan, or Ceridwen as goddesses in their own right.

The people of Albion believe themselves to be the second of the mother goddess Danu born race. Danu's first husband was the Horned God, and he was a force of nature and fertility, but the father of the people of Albion, Lahmfada, was a bright burning star, and he was called the Sun God.

The Gaels have much of the spirit of the Goddess, though their life spans are short they live them to their full, attacking life with vigour and gusto whether they are fighting, revelling or conducting religious ceremonies.



ALBION LEXICON

My most honoured Lord,

Since arriving on this dismal and rain-soaked island, I have integrated myself into the one of the local, cave-dwelling tribes of the primitive native people in an effort to learn of their customs and language. They are a very backward people, and my advancement in this area has been slow, despite my best efforts. It seems, however, that even the natives themselves have trouble understanding each other's speech, and misunderstandings are common. On several occasions I have witnessed firsthand these misinterpretations, erupting into a scuffle from the most innocent of comments. Below I have scribed initial translations as best as they can be made:

| | |
|---------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| <i>Abav</i> | Mystery, Luck, Sky, Heaven, Sun Moon [Blue Skies] (Very uncommon) |
| <i>Ag</i> | Me, I, Selfish, Chest, Heart [Light rain that doesn't quite soak through clothes] |
| <i>Beecha</i> | Exclamation, Surprise, Fertility [Sudden light shower] |
| <i>Bilo</i> | Ground, Fear, Fire, Hell, Darkness, War [Exceptionally loud thunder] |
| <i>Bunga</i> | Small, Short, Weak, Pit [Rain that makes you feel oily and itchy] (This word is used as the negative in any conversation and where no word exists can be added as a prefix to mean the opposite of the original word.) |
| <i>Caff</i> | Narcotic, Stimulate, Adrenaline, Awake, Night [Morning rain that makes little puddles] |
| <i>Cha</i> | Medicine, Relax, Midday, Afternoon, Dusk [Dark, rumbling clouds] |
| <i>Cupa</i> | Hot, Cup, Bowl, Lake [Rain that causes big puddles] |
| <i>Er</i> | Cunning, Smooth, Danger, Unpredictable, Female [Storm] |
| <i>Ga</i> | You, Them, Multiple, Distance [Approaching rain clouds] |
| <i>Gaz</i> | Circular, Round, Attractive, Prize [Big fluffy clouds] |
| <i>Gig</i> | Drum, Music, Gathering, Loud [Thunder] |
| <i>Grog</i> | Drink, Lost, Talkative, Dizzy, Exaggeration [Wind that makes the rain hit you side-on] |
| <i>Gu</i> | Goodbye, Dead, Disappear, Leave, Enemy [Sudden downpour lasting for hours] |
| <i>Ham</i> | Hard, Solid, Tough [Hail] |
| <i>Im</i> | Male, Strong, Hair [Heavy rain that causes floods] |
| <i>Inni</i> | Curse, Nasty, Sleet [Rain that soaks to the skin] |
| <i>Leggit</i> | Run, Hide, Coward, Live, Fast [Thick fog] |
| <i>Og</i> | Ancient, Time, Magic [Rain that you can see, but can't feel on your skin] |
| <i>Pud</i> | Sweet, Well-fed, Rich, Tasty [Rain that makes the ground a bit squishy] |
| <i>Uch</i> | Pain, Hurt, Wound, Bleed, Illness [Soul-destroying bleak weather that lasts for weeks] |
| <i>Ug</i> | Hello, Enter, Fried [Rainbow] |
| <i>Unga</i> | Big, Tall, Mighty, Mountain [Deluge] (This word is the positive affirmation in conversation or can be added as a prefix to emphasise the original context, i.e. Unga-Pud = Very Fat.) |
| <i>Yub</i> | Animal, Fur, Food, Teeth, Claw, Child [Rain that blows in your face] |
| <i>Yuk</i> | Bitter, Tasteless, Poor, Dung [Rain that smells bad] |
| <i>Zag</i> | Sharp, Pointy, Repulsive [Gale force winds] |

Translator's note:

The Albion tongue consists of a multitude of guttural grunting sounds that are almost unintelligible, even amongst their own people. Compounded with this is the fact that each word (I use this term in the broadest possible sense) has a series of different meanings. As such, the native savages of Albion have great trouble communicating with each other, and the meanings of their words is often confused and misinterpreted, which more often than not leads to violence. Below, I have given several examples of common Albion phrases, as well as a seemingly simple sentence and the range of possible interpretations that one can take from it. It is understandable that the people of Albion seem to live in a state of constant confusion!

Ga Yuk Yuk

Traditional challenge

Zag Yuk Im

Terrible insult

Ga Bunga-Im. Ga Leggit Gu. Ag Unga-Im. Ag Bunga-Leggit Gu. Ag Uch Ga!

This is a fairly complex sentence for one of the Albion cave-dwellers, and it took almost an hour for it to be understood. To explain this more fully, I shall endeavour to give the desired translations, along with some of the other possible translations.

Intended translation:

"You are not a man. You ran from the enemy. I am a real man, I did not run from them. I made them bleed."

Other possible translations:

"They are weak and hairy. They are also fast, though they are dead, as well as selfish, tall, and hairy. I feel quite ill, for rain clouds approach."

"In the distance is a small male. In the distance there is also thick fog. Goodbye, I am a big man, and not very fast. Goodbye, my heart is sore."

In my time amongst the people of Albion, I have found that the most commonly used expression, as well as the most useful is *Ag Unga Grog*-- "I am very confused." (or "I need a big drink.")

I send this letter to you now, for tomorrow I journey northwards with great trepidation in my heart, as I intend to seek out and learn of the fabled Giants of this land.

Your Devoted Servant,
Jakob



TRIBES OF ALBION

It is said that the Old Ones once gathered all four of the tribes together and asked them how they might best defeat their foes, the forces of haos. The Lyrians muttered that they had best retreat to the Tower of Llenog and hurl spears over the walls at the daemons when they came to lay siege to it. The Nessair crawled off into the darkness, whispering promises to slay the Chaos leaders in their sleep. The Lahmfada sat down and talked things over, trying to puzzle out the best plan according to their knowledge of military tactics. The Ecenians simply stood up, their axes on their shoulders, and waited for the attack, confident that they could defeat any number of Daemons. The Goddess dismissed all four tribes, never revealing which answer, if any, was the correct one; but ever since that day the Lyrians have focused their energies on thrown spears and outlasting sieges, the Nessair on stealth, the Lahmfada on careful planning and defence, and the Ecenians on pride and simply withstanding any amount of attacks and damage.

THE LAHMFADA

The Lahmfada are one of the fiercest and most troublesome tribes of Albion. Whereas the Ecenians and Lyrians will go to war as soon as look at you, the Lahmfada are just as eager for trouble but always with an eye to the main chance. Likewise, they can be as cunning as the Nessair, but are quite prepared to apply that intelligence and planning to a frontal assault or even an entire war, rather than relying on night raids. If they cannot profit from war, and with minimal casualties, they have no great interest in it. Of course, this could be long-term profit - taking over fertile farmland can be better in the long run than capturing a rich town or fort.

The Lahmfada are also known as the tribe of the growling shields for their fearsome battle feat of shield-growling, when they use specially shaped metal shields to amplify their war-cries. This feat reveals a great deal about the tribe in general for they are geared towards defence, and their warriors make great use of shields. Yet they use the shields for offence too - the shield-growl instils terror into the hearts of any who face them in battle, and many wield razor-edged shields which can be hurled at foes or used to slash and slice. This combination of attack and defence, or perhaps more properly attack from a position of protection and strength, runs through many of the tribe's activities in both peace and war-time. Even their traders are cautious, yet quick to take advantage of any opening.

However, their focus on defence should not be taken as an indication that the Lahmfada are cowards. A Lahmfada warrior sees his shield as his most crucial piece of equipment, but it is closely followed in importance by his sword or spear. Once the Tribe of

the Growling Shields have decided they will fight, they advance in an implacable, well-drilled mass, almost as well organised as the skull-swords. This is in sharp contrast to the typical Gaelic charge used by most of the other tribes, but it works. The Lahmfada themselves consider that charging into battle is a sign of weakness and fear, not strength - so far as they are concerned, their more considered approach, even under a hail of javelins and sling-stones, demonstrates true courage.

The Lahmfada are a proud and noble tribe, with a long tradition of war and conquest. Though they are rather notorious among the Tribes of the Earth Goddess for their suspiciously un-Gaelic tendencies to plan their battles and organise their troops, most of them retain the old traditions of honour and a certain amount of chivalry.

THE ECENIANS

The Ecenians are the most battle-crazed of all the Tribes of the Earth Goddess. They are renowned for their eagerness to go to war - even without provocation - simply because they like to fight. However, they are not generally interested in conquest or rulership of other tribes for they value freedom above all else and barely tolerate the ambitions of their own Kings, let alone those of any hypothetical High King. Thus it is rare to find them pressing their advantage - they could probably conquer the whole of Tir Nan Og if they could be motivated to do so, but are likely to stop for a feast as soon as they have plundered a barrel of ale or cauldron of mead.





The Ecenians are also known as the tribe that stands up, for their constant willingness to 'stand up and be counted'. Whenever there are heroic deeds to be done or brave adventures to be had, you can be sure that the Ecenians will be first to get involved. Whenever there is tyranny and oppression in the land, it is the Ecenians who will rise up and fight it off. Even exiled Ecenians retain an incredible pride in their tribal background, and are rarely quiet or unassuming.

This pride in their own strength leads a great many Ecenians to an early death when they attack more powerful foes, but those who survive begin to live up to their own self-images and truly become the mighty heroes the Ecenians are famed for.

The Ecenians are rightly feared as one of the most savage and warlike tribes of all of Albion. They are a savage people, with harsh laws and a stern pride, though they are also ready to laugh and joke if the situation calls.

THE NESSAIR

Unlike the other Earth Goddess Tribes, the folk of the Nessair place little importance on directness as a virtue. They will happily sneak up behind an enemy and strangle him, not thinking it the least bit dishonourable. Before an army brings them to battle, they may find their general assassinated and warriors out of action through a dose of hallucinogenic fungi in the mead cauldron. Once in combat they will not shirk from stabbing in the back if the opportunity arises, but their

courage on the open battlefield is no less than that of any other Earth Goddess tribe and they will proudly fight to the death in honour duels or battles alike.

If they decide to attack in return, be sure that this too will be no fair fight, though again the Nessair find it perfectly in keeping with their honour to leap town walls in the dead of night and burn the place down - women, children and all. If they are at war with a tribe, they are at war with the whole tribe; there are no innocents.

However, most are not deliberately cruel and will certainly not go out of their way to attack a non-warrior - they will just not worry overmuch about the casualties of war. The Nessair are one of the most feared tribes in all of Albion, not so much for their prowess in battle (which remains considerable) but for the suddenness and unexpectedness with which they strike.

THE LYRIANS

The Lyrians are a somewhat mysterious tribe, not so much due to deliberate efforts at obfuscation as in the case of the Nessair, but simply because of their geographic isolation in Alba to the far north of Albion. What the other tribes know for certain is that the Lyrians are as fierce and valiant as even the Ecenians in battle. This mighty tribe is also noted for the dourness of its members and their relative indifference to what the other tribes regard as the essentials of life, such as fodder, fire, flax. It is said that a Lyrian warrior could last a week without loving a woman, a month without food, a winter without a fire or a year without clothes such is his astonishing fortitude.

For this reason the Lyrians are also known as the Tribe that endures. Where the Ecenians might win wars by swift, decisive and violent action, the Nessair by stealth and treachery, and the Lahmfada by military tactics and the application of overwhelming force, the Lyrians rely on their ability to simply outlast the enemy. Many an invading army up from Muddy Point in the south has made it as far as the Lyrians, only to realise that they will never take the great tower of Llenog in a long siege. The Lyrians would sooner starve to the last man, woman and child than give in, and due to their unmatched endurance it seems likely that their besiegers would run out of food or fall victim to ice-cold winter long before even the first Lyrian died of starvation.

The Lyrians are widely regarded as the most humourless of the northern tribes, though this is unreasonable - it is simply that their grim sense of humour is in marked contrast to the jesting and jollity favoured by the other tribes. When a Lyrian cracks a joke, members of other tribes may find themselves wondering whether it was intended to be funny, or insulting, or a threat - or they may just be surprised that the Lyrian spoke at all about something other than his beloved turnips.



WINTER BORNE ON A FROZEN TIDE

The first thin rays of dawn tinged the leaden sky but brought little warmth to the defenders of Dun Danaan. On bluffs overlooking the beach, behind hastily erected barricades and makeshift impediments, crouched the meagre force of some three score. To their backs the village stood silent, empty now as the people fled inland toward the safety of Dun Morn. But before them on the ice-choked sea, just visible now in the rising light, sped the terrible black ships of the Norse; the wolves of winter come to raid and rend and satisfy the hungers of their icy hearts.

Conn strained to see the approaching vessels, his first glimpse of his clan's greatest foe. In his thirteenth year, Conn stood tall and straight as the best of his people and viewed the world with eyes bright and clear. Self-consciously he adjusted his axe, more tool than weapon, girding it snugly within his newly bestowed honour belt. He marvelled at the profound heaviness of the bronze-faced belt, the tangible sign of both the rights and burdens of manhood. It had been given to him suddenly, seemingly moments before, in the frantic pre-dawn hours following the messenger's dire warning. Up and down the barricades the warrior stamped out their fires and let the chill gusts blown off the Frozen Sea sting their flesh to keen awareness. Cold winds could not stifle their hot blood on this day.

Closer now, and the vast dimensions of the dragon-prowed ships tricked the eye and startled the senses. Like three immense fortresses they were, plowing through the treacherous swells with implacable straightness. Slicing the sea like a knife cuts flesh, the longships smashed icebergs and cleaved the churning wave tops without slackening their pace. So monstrous was their size and so even their approach that many who watched felt that it was they that moved to meet the ships, that the land itself was being sucked over the misty waters toward frozen mountains of black ice.

Turning from the sight, Conn hefted his javelins and readied his shield. He watched his grandfather, standing amongst the elders, reverently lift his bright blade to his lips and with that one gesture Conn glimpsed the fierce warrior which had but slept in the old man's waning years. Once more he thought upon the grave elder's instructions for the coming battle, "Throw twice and run. The winter lords are hard as ice, but slow. You must keep your distance for Lahmfada favours the quick!" His voice had then grown thick with feeling, "You will lose your shafts then flee this place. Flee without pause for you will yet accomplish great things in life, and the greater victory this day would be to see the son of my son spared winter's heavy toll in the spring of his youth."

With impossible speed the Norse ships swelled to fill Conn's field of vision, the carved dragon heads parting the sea's misty shroud as the great vessels, many-tiered and massive, neared the shore. Now the dirge-like droning of

the Norse could be heard, the stern and bloody issuance of ten score throats. The deep note of their enormous horns buttressed the rhythmic chant, and the power of that terrible paean shook great flakes of ice from the ships' frozen sides to fall scraping into the sea. Soaring amongst the rigging and sails of each vessel were the Valkyries, the warrior women of the Norse, their armour gleam sheathing each in a halo of frigid light.

The huge ships came on fast, right up to the beach till they ran aground on their shallow drafted hulls. Beneath the looming dragon heads the mammoth gate-fronts were thrown down; drawbridge-like landing planks encrusted with an icy rime which froze the ground beneath them. This ice began to spread as the Norse poured forth from each ship, howling like beasts and bellowing their bloody challenge. In answer rose one pure note, a warm and liquid tone which cut through the raider's din and fortified the heart of each defender. A single warrior had leapt the barricades, and sounding his hunter's horn had brought a momentary brightness to the dark and wintry scene.

Throw twice and run. Conn and the other youths darted onto the beach on trembling legs. Spreading out they prepared to harry the enemy with javelin and with stone before ducking back behind the barricades. Conn focused on the black maw of the nearest ship as it disgorged its ferocious contents.

Now emerged from those cyclopean gates the powerful forms of the Jotun, giants five times the height of men, encased in thick iron scale and wielding axes the size of temple beams. They strode forth on the expanding ice and their roar was as the clap of thunder. Behind them came the wolf-drawn chariots of the Norse, cutting the ice on sled-like runners and building up speed on the frozen ground. The Norse raiders now began their slow charge up the beach, their steely forms compact and hard as frozen rock. Beneath shaggy pelts and wolf skulls the frenzied snarls of the Norse bespoke their bestial lusts; the savage glee of a blood-maddened predator. Clad in furs and fine scale, swinging axes broad and mattocks weighty, the scourge of the north surged toward the warriors of Albion like a killing tide.

Throw twice and run, Lahmfada favours the quick. Conn threw his javelins into the murderous mass, but did not run. Sparing one last backwards glance, Conn met the charge of the Norse with defiance but was swept under that irresistible gleaming wall and broken in the grinding surf of their advance.

Lahmfada favours the quick, but he loves the brave. As Conn lay ruined on the shore the first snow of winter melted upon his cheeks and wetted his sad smile, until at last all warmth left him and he succumbed to winter's final embrace.

Sea of Chaos

NAGRONATH
Dark Elves

PLAIN OF CATTLES

From
The Lost Valley Norsca
Lizardmen

HERE BE
Whales

GIANT'S CAUSEWAY

Pillar of Og-Agog

Bol-A-Hat
(Yahves)

From Lustria
and the
New World

TOWER OF LLENOG

GREAT OGHAM

NEULAND
The Empire

Great Hogs

Isle of Wights
Many Banows here

Troglano
Orcs and Goblins

The Great Ocean

ALBLON



THE ISLE OF ALBION

Perhaps the most infamous part of Albion is the harsh climate that faces anyone who would wander it. The potent raw Chaos energy which has been absorbed by the earth of Albion creates highly unstable weather conditions. Albion is constantly bombarded by heavy rain and lashing gales which has led to the ground becoming boggy and infertile to all but the hardiest of plants.

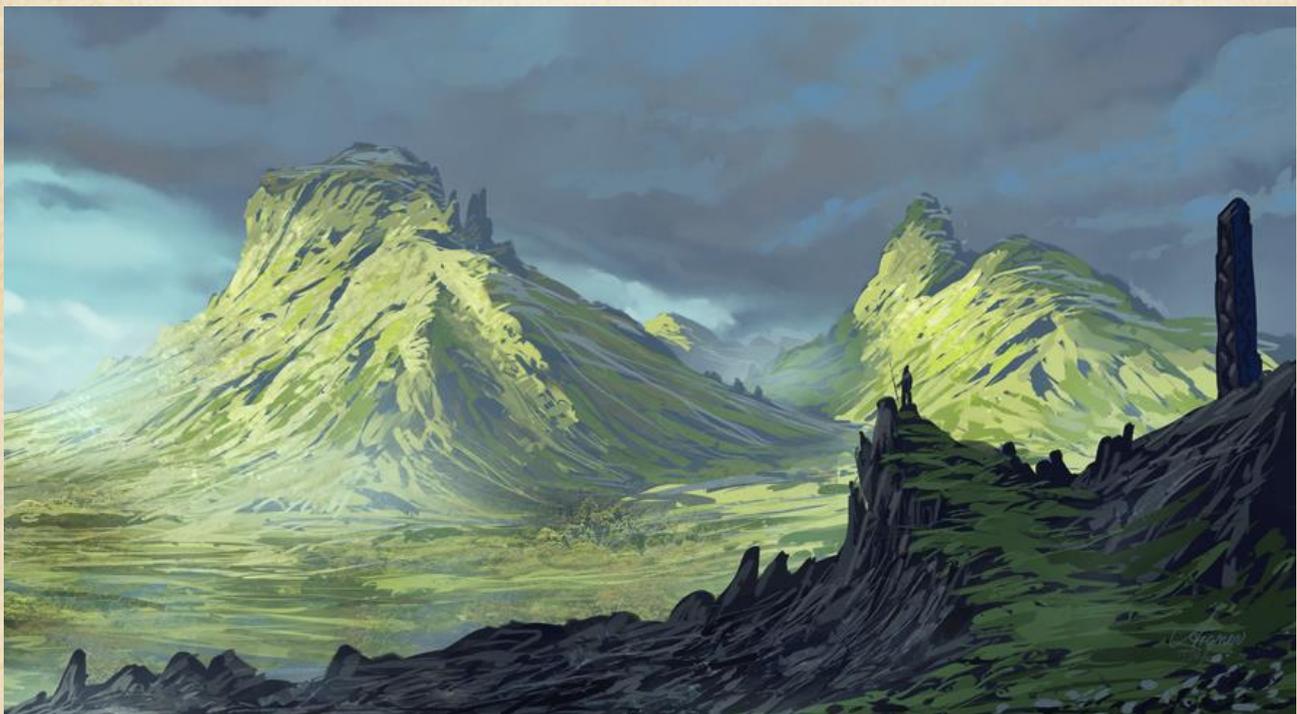
The rumble of thunder has become an everyday sound and torrential rain whips the face of all who walk the land. Some parts of the island are so wet that they have become deep quagmires where any who wander off the muddy paths soon sink without trace. The dense mists that have parted from the coast are still thickly concentrated at the centre of the island, and it is all too easy for individuals to become separated from their comrades and wander blindly into one of the treacherous marshes. These same mists hide a myriad of fearsome beasts, ready to strike at any who pass by before vanishing back to their lairs.

Although a relatively flat land, the coast of Albion is rugged, and the great white cliffs that surround the island tower high into the sky. The waters of Albion teem with a vast array of hideous sea beasts, some of which are fully capable of pulling even large galleys to a watery tomb. Landing places are few, and those beaches which do reach down to the turbulent storm lashed waters are difficult to find, let alone land upon. Jagged rocks rise out from the water, but it is the rocks that lie hidden beneath the foaming sea that pose the greatest threat. They will tear through the hull of a boat as easy as a Dwarf axe cleaves through a Goblin's neck.

The legacy of the Old Ones still remains strong on Albion. Something deep within the ancient nature of the Ogham stone circles intensifies the power of magic and makes the isle a powerful vortex for magical energy. There are many of these mysterious circles located across Albion. These ubiquitous monoliths are the symbols of power in the land of Albion. They are potent magical conduits capable of channelling a wizard's strength to a horrendous magnitude. The winds of magic blow with the strength of gales across the island, causing havoc amongst the makes who are exploring the land. Spells that are supposed to simply light a camp fire become deadly fireballs, whilst the most powerful sorcerous blasts might merely spark and fade from the caster's fingertips.

Most of the time battles are fought in fairly good weather with perhaps a slight drizzle or high winds, but nothing to really dampen the murderous enthusiasm of the troops. On Albion things are different. Perhaps it is because it is an island, perhaps it is due to the ancient wards of the Old Ones, but whatever the cause the weather on Albion intrudes into every activity. In fact, the locals are famous for their continual whining about the weather — whatever it does it's too hot, too windy or, more often, too wet!

The only time the drizzle stops is when the storms take hold and great lightning bolts arc across the dark skies. There is a polluted nature to the freakish weather; even the rain feels wrong. This is due to the fact that the foul climate is a product of the magical nature of the island which soaks up Chaotic energies, drawing them to the



stone circles. Something in the nature of the Ogham stone circles draws storms and all manner of foul weather to Albion.

If the creatures of Albion and its inhospitable countryside are deterrents to explore the land of Albion then the weather is another powerful adversary. Fraught with terrible storms, beset by raging winds and battered by rain and hail, the weather of Albion is as inhospitable as its denizens.

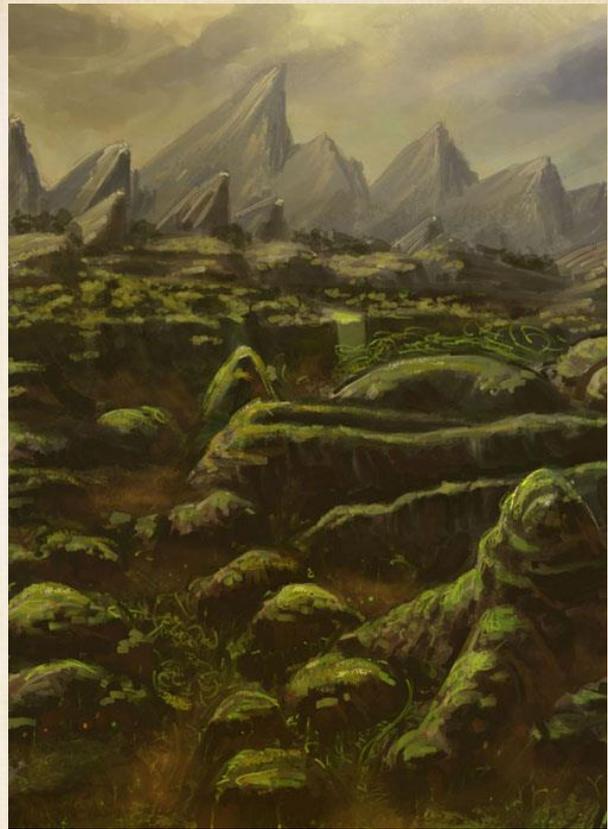
BEAST PEAKS

The Beast Peaks are a clump of mountains deep in the interior of Albion. Their heights are enshrouded in low cloud, obscured by constant rain and storm, so that the actual size of the mountains is unknown. They are known as the Beast Peaks due to the high number of monstrous creatures that live in the mountains, whether they live in the high altitudes above the cloud-line, or within the innumerable caves and labyrinthine caverns that riddle the mountains like honey-comb.

The mountains are greatly feared by the local inhabitants of Albion, who will travel many miles, even weeks out of their way to avoid approaching them. These superstitious natives see the Beast Peaks as a link between their world of Albion and the realm of the gods, and that the rumbling of the dark storm clouds hanging ever present over the range indicates their fury and power. They see the various monsters that occasionally foray out of the mountains on destructive rampages as pets or messengers of these powerful, wilful deities, servants that have travelled down the mountains from the heavens to display the displeasure of the gods.

The Giants of Albion perceive the Beast Peaks rather differently. They see the mountains as a great hunting ground, a place where they can match their strength against the various creatures inhabiting that realm. Amongst the Giant tribes, the Great Hunt is a time of festivity, each Giant competing to catch and overcome the mightiest beast. Many travel the length of Albion to take part in the Great Hunt, and at this time, the mountains echo with their bellowing cries of child-like excitement. Many Giants meet their fate in this contest of might, rolling off treacherous cliffs while wrestling ferocious griffons, or trying to overcome one of the great Dragons awoken by their noisy antics.

Rumours have spread amongst the newly landed armies on Albion of great riches and powerful artefacts hidden within the labyrinthine passages deep within the Beast Peaks. Many of these forces have begun moving towards this location, and already several Dwarf expeditions have entered the twisting caverns. Beset by a myriad array of nightmarish and deadly creatures as they entered the twisting underground realm, the stubborn Dwarfs continue to push further into the mountains, hungry for the rumoured treasures hidden within. Tribes of Goblins have also been gathering in great numbers beneath the Beast Peaks, hoping to beat



the Dwarfs to their prize. The fiercely territorial Giants, outraged at the sudden appearance of so many short creatures overrunning their hunting ground, have gathered in force, and attack the Dwarfs and Goblins from high in the Beast Peaks, hurling great boulders down the steep mountainsides, creating thundering avalanches. Nevertheless, the relentless Dwarfs push on. Likewise, the Goblins continue to stream into the area, greed driving them forwards.

BLEAK MOOR

Bleak Moor is a large expanse of desolate land situated on the north-eastern side of Albion. This treeless expanse is perpetually covered in a thick fog that is said to never lift. The landscape within the mist seems to change alarmingly, confusing travellers and making maps of the region useless. Paths that exist one day are gone the next, and even the most experienced scouts find it almost impossible not to be turned around in the foggy moorland.

Amongst the local people, Bleak Moor is avoided whenever possible, for they recognise it as a highly dangerous and unpredictable region. Countless stories abound of people wandering into the mist and losing their way, never to be seen again. Some say that they wander the moors in confusion for eternity, forever seeking a way to return to their homes. Others say that in the thick mist of Bleak Moor time has no meaning. Legends abound of people having become lost in the moorlands for decades on end and returning not looking a day older, thinking that only minutes had passed. In a similar fashion, these stories tell of people wandering within the mists for a lifetime, growing old



and grey as they wander the moors, only to stumble out to find that in the real world no time has passed.

Scattered through the moors are a series of ancient stone relics and monuments. These include several towering standing stones, and a large stone disc with a hole carved through its middle. The original purpose of these monoliths has been long forgotten, lost in time. As the landscape of Bleak Moor is constantly shifting, it makes a detailed study of these stones almost impossible, for their actual locations are always changing. Several stories are told of these stone relics, though it is unknown whether there is truth within them or if they are just fanciful tales. One of these stories explains that the large circular stone can act as some sort of gateway. It is said that if one performs the correct movements, walking anti-clockwise around the stone nine times on a full moon, that a gateway will appear within the hole in its centre, a doorway to abav, the heavens or otherworld.

At night, the moors become even more unpredictable and hazardous, and anyone wandering into the region is never seen again. The local people tell of fey lights that can be seen within the fog at night, glowing spheres that seem to dance across the heather. Many people who have become lost within the moors follow these lights, mesmerised, and are led further and further astray.

Some say that these lights are the spirits of those who have perished while wandering lost within the mists of Bleak Moor. They hover over the land, enticing and bewitching, leading unwary people to join them in their mysterious and sinister hauntings of the night.

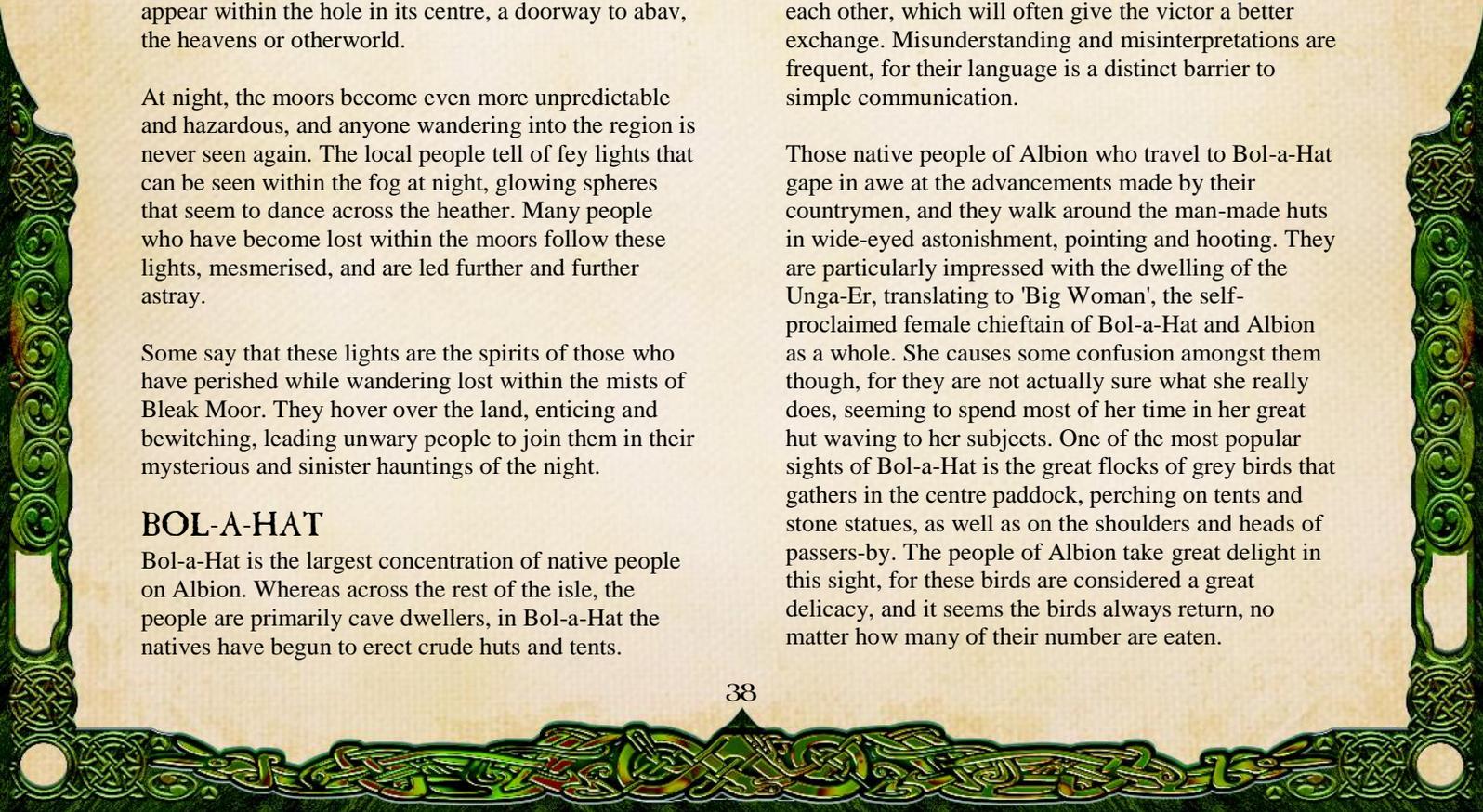
BOL-A-HAT

Bol-a-Hat is the largest concentration of native people on Albion. Whereas across the rest of the isle, the people are primarily cave dwellers, in Bol-a-Hat the natives have begun to erect crude huts and tents.

Indeed this was a necessity, for the population soon outgrew the caves within the area. Vicious territorial fights broke out as rival family groups battled to secure safe shelter, until one inspired inhabitant decided he would make his own cave out of sticks and leather. From this, the huts and tents have become increasingly popular in Bol-a-Hat, to such an extent that the more important one's standing within the community, the bigger their tent. Now, only the lowliest of inhabitants reside within the caves.

Trade, a newly formed concept on Albion, is centred in Bol-a-Hat, and people travel from many miles around to barter meat and furs in exchange for new technological wonders like tools and weapons. Trade is a long and drawn out process, leading to great frustration and frequent outbursts of violence. It is a common sight in Bol-a-Hat for merchants to pummel each other, which will often give the victor a better exchange. Misunderstanding and misinterpretations are frequent, for their language is a distinct barrier to simple communication.

Those native people of Albion who travel to Bol-a-Hat gape in awe at the advancements made by their countrymen, and they walk around the man-made huts in wide-eyed astonishment, pointing and hooting. They are particularly impressed with the dwelling of the Unga-Er, translating to 'Big Woman', the self-proclaimed female chieftain of Bol-a-Hat and Albion as a whole. She causes some confusion amongst them though, for they are not actually sure what she really does, seeming to spend most of her time in her great hut waving to her subjects. One of the most popular sights of Bol-a-Hat is the great flocks of grey birds that gathers in the centre paddock, perching on tents and stone statues, as well as on the shoulders and heads of passers-by. The people of Albion take great delight in this sight, for these birds are considered a great delicacy, and it seems the birds always return, no matter how many of their number are eaten.



Most travelling to Bol-a-Hat are quite exhausted by the fast pace and cramped living conditions, and are happy when they are able to return to their caves. Bol-a-Hat has, however, become a mecca for the young people of Albion, and they flock to the growing region in great numbers. The people of Bol-a-Hat look down on their countrymen, seeing them as somewhat backwards. In turn, many of the traditional cave-dwellers scorn the people of Bol-a-Hat, for they seem stressed and to have little free time while claiming they are more advanced.

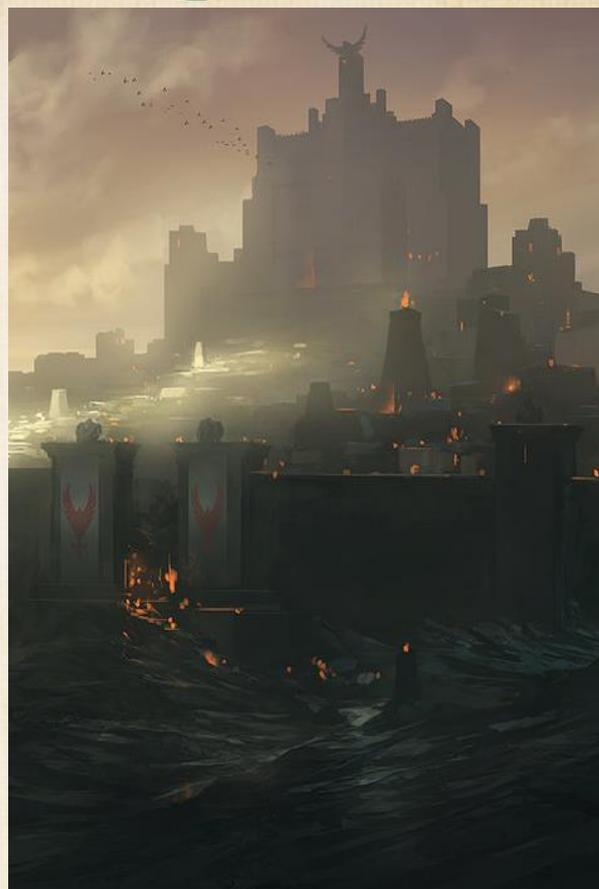
CITADEL OF LEAD

Once the sacred temple of the Truthsayers, the Citadel of Lead is a mighty bastion towering high into the sky. Unlike most castles or fortresses, the Citadel of Lead is made from metal. None know why it was constructed or who built it, but the natives say that it has always been here. For many millennia it remained closed to all as none could ever find an entrance to the fortress, and legends of mysterious occupants were recounted around the campfires of each village. Some said it was the abode of the gods; others that it was the dwelling place of a long vanished race. Even the giants were reluctant to venture near the ominous Citadel.

Shortly before the mists first started to clear a Truthsayer known as Kheciss, one of the most respected amongst his kind announced that he had deciphered an ancient text on how to open a portal to the Citadel. He called a council of the Truthsayers and announced that he would go to the Citadel and attempt to enter the fortress. For many months no one heard from Kheciss and a number of Truthayers all set out on quests to discover what had happened to their spiritual leader. None ever returned, but on one dark night lights were seen emanating from the fortress. It was an unnatural light which pulsed from the few windows and it was shortly after this that the mists began to clear. The Truthsayers who had entered the citadel emerged. They were changed; their once powerful muscular build had become hunched and crooked. They hid themselves beneath layers of robes and each wore a cowl hiding their faces.

They called a council and bade that all the Truthsayers join them in the worship of a new master. They talked of the powers that they would be able to unleash if they were to draw from the energies contained within the Ogham stone circles. At this the Truthsayer council was horrified. They were guardians of the Albion, protectors of the stones and to use these energies in any other manner than the Old Ones had decreed was shunned. The outraged council cast the Dark Emissaries from Albion, but as they left each of them vowed to return to wreak vengeance.

Now it is believed that the Dark Emissaries have returned to Albion and within the Citadel they plot the demise of the Truthsayers, and ultimately Albion. None know what secrets or horrors lie within the metal walls but few have the courage to enter and find out.



FORGE OF THE OLD ONES

On top of a great hill and only accessible by a treacherous path which winds through a deadly swamp lies the Forge of The Old Ones. It is an ancient pyramid and on each tier are carved numerous symbols of the ancient people that once inhabited the island. Now the Forge lies in a ruinous state and even the labours of the Truthsayers have not succeeded in stopping the ferocious weather conditions which exist on Albion from eroding the stones from which it was made.

From the outside it now resembles little more than a forgotten monument, but inside the tunnels that twist and climb through the Forge it is a sight to behold. Glyphs and images painted on the walls hint at ancient technologies that the Old Ones once had at their command. They show of a time when only light existed in the world, a time before the coming of Chaos. They also tell of a great tragedy and how the gods were forced to leave their mortal realm.

Within the chambers of the forge are kept the tomes of the Old Ones, huge books which contain the secrets of magic and the art of casting spells. Only a small amount of this vast storage of information has been deciphered, as the language remains a mystery lost to the halls of time. Also kept in sacred containers are the forbidden weapons of the Old Ones, magical artefacts whose power is so great the Truthsayers must hide them away lest they fall into wrong hands.



It is within the great central chamber of the forge that the council meet to discuss the future, the past and the present. Now they are totally focused on the present invasion of Albion and opinion varies greatly as to what course of action they see as the right one to take. Dural Durak, the new leader of the council, has decided that each Truthsayer should follow his heart and ally himself with the forces of good to fight against the tide of evil that approaches.

A few Truthsayers remain at the Forge to guard the sacred treasure of the Old Ones but a handful of these powerful warrior mages is enough to deter anything but the strongest opponent from attacking the pyramid.

THE GIANTS' CAUSEWAY

The most feared natives of Albion are without doubt the towering giants that walk the land. Whilst these lumbering behemoths dwell throughout Albion the majority gather to the North of the isle at a place known as the giants' causeway.

This area of Albion is made up from a chain of volcanoes which are very much active. Whilst most people would flee from the intense heat and the constant threat of eruptions the giants revel in this habitat. They find the sweltering thermal heat comfortable and a welcome respite from the cold, damp climate that exists on the rest of the island. The lava streams which are as wide as rivers prove only a minor hindrance for them to cross and the hot rocks which would char the soles of a man's foot prove only a minor irritation to the thick skin of a giant.

The giants make their home in the caves of the volcanoes and have developed a large community.

Little is known of the social activities of the giants as those who have summoned the courage to venture into the realm never return. The giants do not pose any great threat to the natives of Albion, and except for the rare occasions when giants accidentally tread on a human, the two live in relative harmony with one and other. The giants hunt the terrible beasts that dwell within the mountain of the Beast Peaks, killing the creatures that would threaten to destroy local native villages. In return the natives sew together hides of these beasts for the giants to wear as clothing, a task not suited to a giants huge clumsy fingers.

On certain nights the thunderous rumble of gigantic boulders being thrown and the booming roar of the giants can be heard for many miles. The natives talk of a brutal game that the giants undertake in ritualistic fashion. They say that a huge arena has been constructed within a crater of a dormant volcano. In this pit, surrounded by enormous chairs made from stone, the giants gather in great numbers to challenge each other to unarmed combat. It is a spectacle that few people have witnessed and those that have are reluctant to speak of their experience.

With the invasion of Albion the giants that dwell within the causeway have begun to emerge from their caves. Their way of life which has been unchanged for millennia is now threatened and the giants all seek to investigate this new disturbance. Their once carefree existence has now vanished and as a result the giants now fight amongst themselves deciding the best course of action. Most follow the Truthsayers, obeying their commands without question, but there are those who have been persuaded that their interests are best served allying with the Dark Emissaries.





THE GREAT HOGS

There are many native customs and beliefs which flourish amongst the primitive tribes of Albion and one of the central beliefs is that the hog is sacred. The villagers will not ever kill a pig for its meat or hide and they are allowed the freedom to wander the realm untouched. It is believed that when a giant dies his spirit is transformed into the body of a great boar. As the giants are protectors of Albion then these creatures must be left alone. Such is the extent of this strange worship that all over Albion there can be found effigies and statues carved into the shape of hogs. One of the largest sites of dedication to the pig is the Great Hogs. These are a series of huge drawings carved into the very hills themselves. They are hundreds of metres in length and each one is formed in the image of a huge pig. These crude drawings are the work of the giants and each one is drawn in the memory of one of the legendary giant kings of Albion who have since passed away. These giant Kings hark back to a time when the giants were not the degenerate individuals that they have now become, but when they were a mighty race. They once served the Old Ones with loyal hearts. They were the guardians of the laws and protectors of the faith but now they are little more than lumbering primitives.

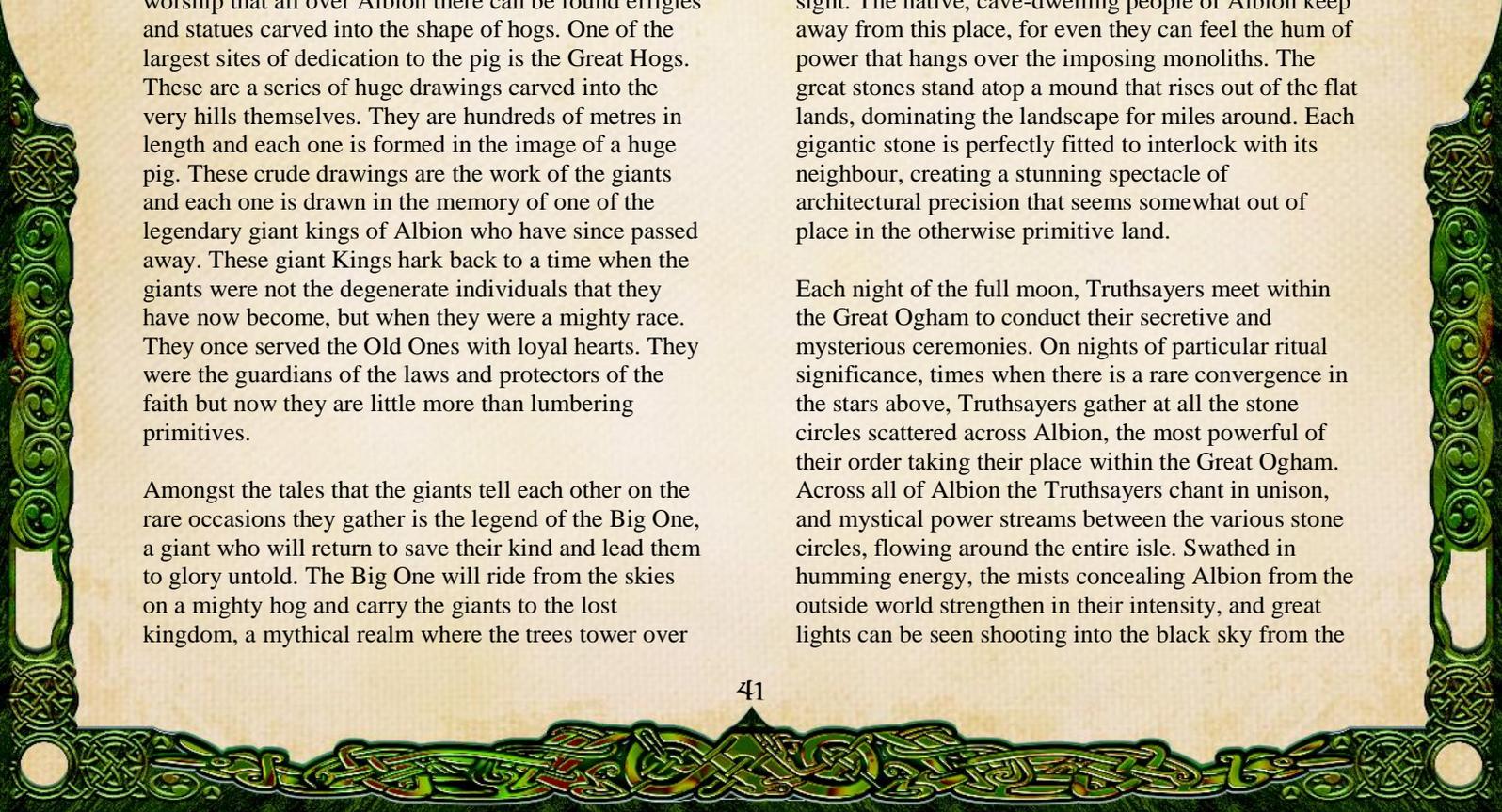
Amongst the tales that the giants tell each other on the rare occasions they gather is the legend of the Big One, a giant who will return to save their kind and lead them to glory untold. The Big One will ride from the skies on a mighty hog and carry the giants to the lost kingdom, a mythical realm where the trees tower over

the giant's heads and cattle as large as mammoths roam the rich grasslands.

THE GREAT OGHAM

The Great Ogham was the first of the stone circles to have been constructed on Albion. As well as being the oldest, it is the largest and most powerful of the Ogham sacred sites, and as such is the most fiercely defended by the Truthsayers. It is positioned in the southern region of the Isle, and is an imposing and awe-inspiring sight. The native, cave-dwelling people of Albion keep away from this place, for even they can feel the hum of power that hangs over the imposing monoliths. The great stones stand atop a mound that rises out of the flat lands, dominating the landscape for miles around. Each gigantic stone is perfectly fitted to interlock with its neighbour, creating a stunning spectacle of architectural precision that seems somewhat out of place in the otherwise primitive land.

Each night of the full moon, Truthsayers meet within the Great Ogham to conduct their secretive and mysterious ceremonies. On nights of particular ritual significance, times when there is a rare convergence in the stars above, Truthsayers gather at all the stone circles scattered across Albion, the most powerful of their order taking their place within the Great Ogham. Across all of Albion the Truthsayers chant in unison, and mystical power streams between the various stone circles, flowing around the entire isle. Swathed in humming energy, the mists concealing Albion from the outside world strengthen in their intensity, and great lights can be seen shooting into the black sky from the





stone circles. On these nights of power, the native people hide deep within their caves, fearing that spirits roam the night. Even the Giants feel something strange in the air, and become unusually quiet, seeking shelter until it passes.

The Great Ogham is the most powerful of the ancient stone circles, and as such its safety is of paramount importance for the Truthsayers. It has already been the sight of a number of intense battles, for many armies are being drawn towards it. The Dark Emissaries continue to spread their manipulative rumours, appealing to the greed of their allies, directing their forces towards the Great Ogham. In response, the Truthsayers lead their allies towards the defence of the powerful stone circle. Some are even saying that the fate of Albion rests on who takes eventual control over the Great Ogham, although this may be just another cunning rumour, spread by the insidious Dark Emissaries to further their own aims, whatever they might be.

THE ISLE OF WIGHTS

The Isle of Wights is located off the southern coast of Albion. It is an inhospitable land, with sharp, jagged rocks guarding its coastline. The currents passing through the strait between the isle and the mainland are treacherous, and the short journey across the icy-cold seas is extremely dangerous. The island is wind-swept and treeless, with only a few hardy plants clinging tenaciously to life. The interior of the Isle hangs heavily with fog and mist, as it does over much of Albion, making the air particularly cold and dank.

The one distinctive feature across the otherwise unremarkable Isle is the series of great, grassy mounds dotting the landscape. These ancient man-made hills

are the ancient burial tombs of mighty kings and warriors of Albion, from a golden period of time when the people of Albion were cultured and strong. These barrows have remained untouched and undisturbed for countless centuries, for the native people of Albion have no capability, or desire, to cross the treacherous strait into this realm of the dead.

It is said that spirits crowd the Isle of Wights, their ghostly wailing filling the night. Spectral apparitions stalk through the mist, refusing to give up their link to the physical realm, seeking the warmth of living bodies. The barrows themselves each house an ancient, long dead warrior of high standing and his elite bodyguard, entombed within to serve their lord for eternity. Adorned in decaying armour of bronze, these ancient warriors lie unmoving for hundreds of years, until such a time when a living being is sensed nearby. Rising uneasily on skeletal limbs, they confront intruders with their darkly powerful, ancient blades, weapons that can suck the life from a living body with just the smallest of wounds.

The barrows covering the ghostly Isle of Wights are rumoured to hold ancient treasures, as well as artefacts of great power. As the mists of Albion lifted, the first treasure seekers arrived on the tiny, inhospitable Isle, the first living souls to have trod the ground for countless centuries. Their presence has been resisted at every step by the undead spirits that stalk the night, and the Wights guarding the barrows march from their tombs to face the intruders on the field of battle. Many of these would-be grave robbers have fled the Isle in terror, their sanity shattered. Those who have fallen beneath the rusted weapons and icy touch of the undead rise to defend the Isle from further intrusions.





MUDDY POINT

The most Southerly point on the coastline of Albion is known as Muddy point. Named after the sweeping mud flat plains, it is one of the few areas on the coast of Albion that provides an easily accessible landing point. A large portion of the rugged coastline is made up of imposing white cliffs or treacherous rocky beaches. The turbulent seas that surround the coast hide jagged rocks and sandbars, which can prove deadly for ships whereas the waters to the west are far less perilous. Muddy Point is not without its own dangers though. The seemingly flat sands hide a number of hazards the most common of which are the deadly pools of quicksand. Many brave adventurers on the mysterious island have taken a wrong step and sank beneath the sand leaving only bubbles on the surface as a trace of their passing.

At night all manner of strange creatures emerge from their hiding places to seek food. One of the more dangerous of these native beasts are the giant crabs. Vast swarms of them scuttle up the beach in the darkness, the gnashing of their razor sharp claws, an eerie noise that fills the night. The hard carapace of these terrible monsters is virtually impenetrable to all but the sharpest blades. The giant crabs feast well on the corpses of those slain in battle, but they have been known to attack the living for they are a highly territorial creature.

Muddy Point was the focus of much of the early fighting on Albion. Possession of the important strategic location has already changed hands countless times. The Empire troops of Carroburg were the first to make landfall on the beaches and built fortifications to protect their foothold. Unfortunately before reinforcements could arrive, Orcs and Goblins attacked

in overwhelming numbers, destroying the Empire camp. Since then possession has fallen successively into the hands of the Dwarfs, Brettonians and Skaven. Now it is rumoured that a Vampire Count has taken hold of the beach and with his dark necromancers, raises the bones of those fallen in battle. The Skeletons of the dead, stripped clean by the scavenger crabs, surface from their sandy graves ready to fight once more on the isle of Albion.

As the battle for Albion moved further inland the horrors faced by those landing at Muddy Point would be forgotten. New dangers must be overcome but the beaches of Muddy Point will be recorded in the histories of each race that has fought on the sands as one of the bloodiest sites in their campaign.

OCHNESS

Ochness is a deathly cold, black lake that the native inhabitants of Albion fear greatly. Many myths and legends surround this lake and the monster that is said to reside within its depths. The creature, Buuhn-yip in the crude native tongue, is said to have lived within the mass of water since the beginning of time, and that it will remain there until the world ends. It preys upon unwary travellers, particularly women, plucking them from the shore before descending into the icy depths of its home to devour its meal. It is rumoured to be a very secretive creature, and sightings of it are extremely rare. It is even rarer for someone to see the creature and live to tell of it.

The surface of Ochness is black and glassy smooth, so that it appears like polished, reflective obsidian. The depth of the inky-black water is unfathomable, and it is rumoured that the lake has no bottom. Some say that the lake travels far underground, opening up into the

ocean. If this is the case, then Buuhn-yip, the monster of Ochness, could be a number of different sea-dwelling monstrosities that have travelled into the lake from the seas over the centuries, rather than a single, ancient creature. Images of Buuhn-yip have been scratched and drawn onto the cave walls in the mountains surrounding the lake for countless generations, and these pictures vary quite considerably. Some pictures show a tentacled monstrosity, while others depict a long-necked creature with flippers. One bizarre engraving shows a strange, feathered creature with oversized teeth. However the most common images of the Buuhn-yip show an immense creature, scaled and sinuous, with a gaping maw filled with row upon row of teeth. The serpent-like creature has four powerful, webbed limbs, and is usually drawn with long strands of weed or hair draped over its body. A tribe of the cave-dwelling natives has made its home in the hills nearby to Ochness, and its culture has been formed with Buuhn-yip playing a significant part. Young men travel to the lake as a rite-of-passage to manhood. In this test, the young man must walk slowly around the edge of the lake an hour before dawn. If the young man breaks into a run, he is dishonoured and will be outcast by the tribe. When he returns home, having not been taken by the Ochness monster, he is regarded as a man. These natives carve Buuhn-yip shaped totems, which they sell to ignorant travellers in great numbers, claiming they are authentic protection charms.

Ochness is a place of great significance to the people of Albion, for while they fear it greatly, it is rumoured to be a place of great natural power. Truthsayers travel from all over Albion to gaze on the surface of the lake, and it is said that they can divine the future from what they see. On the night of a new moon, the Truthsayer will sit chanting for hours on end until he enters a deep, dream-like trance.

Then, as the hidden moon reaches its zenith, the Truthsayer will be able to read the future in the stars reflected off the lakes surface. It is said that if the Truthsayer is pure of heart and without doubt, he will be gifted with wisdom. If not, then Buuhn-yip will rise to the surface of Ochness and devour him.

THE PILLAR OF OG AGOG

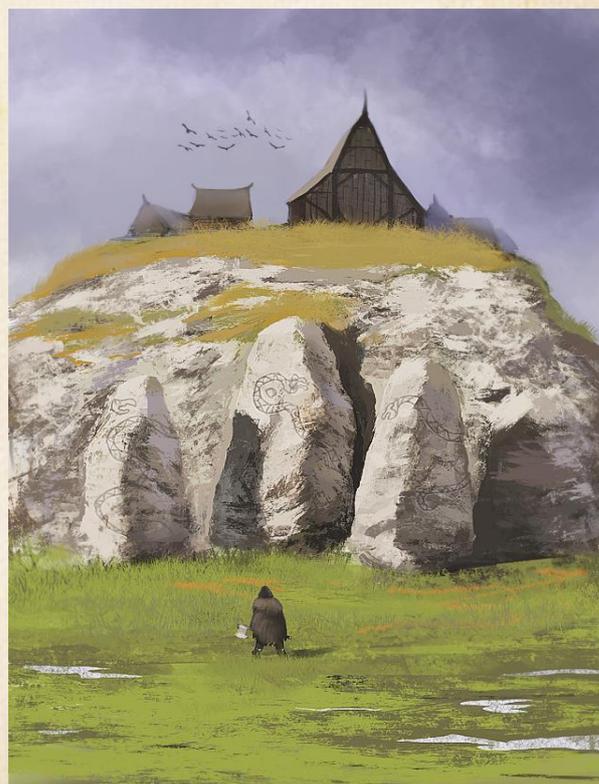
The Pillar of Og Agog, which in the native tongue of Albion translates as 'The ancient pillar of Heart Magic', is built at the very centre of Albion. It can be seen towering high into the sky for many miles around and has become the gathering point for the native tribes of Albion. Legends say that long ago the image of a god was carved from stone at the top of the pillar a statue that the primitive natives worshiped with devotion. He was said to be a leader amongst the immortal Old Ones and stories told of how his winged chariot soared across the heavens.

The natives would gather each year at the foot of the pillar and the most skilled warriors of each tribe would

compete against each other. Wrestling, spear throwing and shows of strength were common but by far the most impressive event was the chariot race. A rough track still exists around the pillar and the winner of these races would bring immeasurable respect for himself and his people. Except for those times when the natives gathered, the pillar was solely the haven for the flocks of small grey birds that are so common on the island. For some reason they were drawn to the pillar in vast numbers and on some days it appeared as though a great tide of grey feathers flows around the foot of the pillar.

The pillar now lies in a ruinous state. Shortly before the mists that shrouded the island parted a great storm, the likes of which even Albion had never encountered, struck the island. For days and nights gale force winds tore across the plains and thunder boomed across the moors. Great bolts of forked lightning briefly lit up the darkness and even the natives of Albion, accustomed to terrible weather cowered in their primitive shelters. When they emerged they found that the pillar had been destroyed and even worse the mists which had so long kept their island safe from invasion had vanished. The statue, which for millennia had looked over the land, now lay broken at the foot of the pillar and even the giants were unable to lift the huge chunk of marble. The birds which were once so numerous around the pillar have deserted it and none know where these flocks have scattered.

The Truthsayers have now met in council and all agree that the broken pillar is an omen from the gods of a darkness that will descend on their island. The natives now shun the pillar and it remains a fallen monument of a time when relative peace ruled in Albion.





DARK HEART OF THE FOREST

Slaic watched his pursuers cautiously from the verge of a great wood, watched as the fifty warriors of Albion who had chased his band for leagues stood motionless just out of bowshot. Though numerous they had learned to respect the deadliness of the Elven bows, for Slaic and his band of ten had sent many of the pursuers spinning to the turf from the force of their black fledged arrows. Still the warriors of Albion came hard after them, shouting in anger and promising vengeance for the foul deeds of the Dark Elves; the serpents of Albion who had this day razed their village and sent it blazing into the clear, midsummer sky.

"They fear us, they cannot match us in the forest and their quickly heated passions just as soon grow cold." Disdainfully Slaic turned his back on the unmoving warriors of Albion and sauntered further into the forest to face his band's newly won captives; seven maidens numb from the flight's cruel pace and the inhuman horrors they had witnessed at dawn. Slaic jerked the closest women to her feet, his ferocious strength evident in the ease of the action. A sneer distorted the smooth lines of his face as he distastefully regarded his prisoner.

Discarding the terrified girl, he turned to address his cohort. "We go west. On the further edge of this wood is the stone circle we saw from the air, from that point it is but an arrow's flight to the barge. Four of you take these," Slaic made a dismissive gesture toward the bound women, "beasts, and don't allow them to slow our pace."

Without hesitation the lithe Dark Elves sprang into action; nimble runners darted forward as a vanguard, retainers cruelly goaded the prisoners forward at sword point, and keen-eyed archers kept watch to the rear. Speeding west the party penetrated ever deeper into the gloaming wood until the sun's rays could no longer find them.

For hours they ran with easy strides, never slackening their pace or allowing rest to their prisoners. Trees grew tall and wild around them, old wood rooted to the bones of the world since an age before even the immortal Dark Elves had sprang, serpent-like, from the earth. Gnarled and moss grown trunks supported dense leafed canopies, blotting the light of the outside world and smothering the intruders in a stifling gloom. But the Dark Elves were accustomed to the shifting dark of the deep wood, and with undiminished purpose they moved ever forward.

Slaic was a strong runner, and with languid grace he bounded over roots and tangles and drew satisfaction from the exercise of his tireless limbs, the fluid movements of his body calming his mind in a kind of meditation. This trance like state was broken when he came upon a halted scout, crouching low with arrow flocked; his eyes intently searching the space ahead. Unslinging his broad blade Slaic rushed to the bowman's side whispering, "what do you see?" In response the scout pointed toward a gray-barked tree, the black wing of a raven nailed to its trunk. Slaic's eyes narrowed, "a warning of some kind?"

The Dark Elves approached the path ahead with caution, for now it could be seen that they had come upon a well-used trail running westward. Their captives were thrown down to lie still in quiet exhaustion. Weapons drawn, the quick limbed Dark Elves fanned out with silent precision, ready for battle. Their questing eyes pierced the dim colonnaded world of the forest, each suspecting something near-perceptible lurking in the enfolding dark. Their sharp ears heard only the murmur of foliage. After a time with nothing seen Slaic, eager to push ahead as evening approached, re-gathered his troop near the bole of the ominous tree. "It merely marks a deer run, we have wasted enough time with this. Come, we must-where are Kaenin and Gaudhec?"

Frowning Slaic surveyed his band, then peered expectantly back the way they had come, but he could neither see nor sense his rearguard. As the Dark Elves looked accusingly about them, alarmed and eager for an explanation for their missing companions, the strange sound of laughter broke the eerie stillness beneath the trees.

It was Eirea who laughed, the captive whom Slaic had so contemptuously handled. She stared at the raven's wing pinned to the tree with a spike of bone, a dire warning in this sacred space. Slaic leapt at her and silenced her hysteria with a backhanded blow that sent Eirea reeling. Threading his iron fingers through her hair he wrenched her head back and brought his stinging blade to rest against her throat. In her tongue he demanded answers, but she only choked the words "Draidecht, Draidecht."

Just then the twang of a bowstring called his attention, one of his archers had fired into the wood. Releasing the women he flew to investigate, his blade now rippling with his own focused energies. "It, it was nothing lord, only a stag. I thought I saw something...other."

"Kyneal!" Slaic whirled to confront the cry, one of his retainers was shouting into the wood and frantically moving back the way they had come.

"She was behind me, she was right here. Kyneal!" He stumbled away and was lost in the trees, his cries vanishing with him.

His senses attune and hyper-acute to this unseen peril, Slaic strained to perceive anything in the arboreal gloom. His captives remained on the ground paralyzed with fear, but of his ten companions only four remained; suddenly and silently the others had disappeared. A wave of panic welled up within him; he feared nothing he could comprehend but the prospect that his eternal existence could be removed in an undetectable instant pushed Slaic dangerously close to madness.

"Ready your bows and follow me, I go west and will not stop for any of you." Slaic ran hard and did not turn back, weaving through the trees and hearing nothing but his own breath. He ran now toward a warm and flickering glow in the west, his superb senses sending him straight toward the ring of stories that he had noted as his sky barge had landed that morning. Bursting from the forest he stood on a tangled ridge overlooking the henge, and what he saw horrified him.

Around a great blazing fire men capered and danced in the cool night air, painted people of Albion clad in skins and bedecked with horns and skulls. In their midst, trussed like pigs and lying prone on great flat stones, Slaic recognized his retainers Kaenin and Gaudhec. Turning he saw that only one of his archers had made it clear of the cursed wood, and she gaped with fear and incomprehension at the ritual before her.

"Snakes in my grove, come in time for midsummer's rites," came a resonant voice behind them and the Dark Elves spun to face the figure emerging from the wood. In the flickering light he seemed a beast of the forest, his broad form tattooed and decorated, his shaggy head topped with a crown of antlers. In his hand a hooked sickle dripped darkly. With a blur Slaic's companion sent a shaft streaking into the Druid's chest, only for it to scrape harmlessly off his enchanted bark-hard skin. Stale tasted madness as he looked down at his imprisoned legs, held fast and thickly overgrown with clinging brambles.

The Druid spread his arms and in a ringing voice called to his followers, "prepare the sacrifice, two more for the pyre," while behind him seven maidens emerged from the wood, their fear forgotten and retribution in their smiles.





WARRIORS OF ALBION

The warriors of Albion are ferocious fighters. Where most men would turn their tail and run, the people of Albion fight on, protecting their lands at all costs. As the guardians of the Ogham stones, they fulfil an important role in the world, for should they all, the magical balance would shift and Chaos would spill put into the world with even greater force.

They are athletic and capable fighters and rely on flank tactics to lure enemy units from the battle line, and then to overpower them with heavy units such as Swordmaidens, Clansmen Cavalry and Chariots. While less technologically adept than most other races, the warriors of Albion make up for this with sheer combat prowess and courage. They are quick to anger and remember long, they are fearless in battle and generous of heart, they are the children of the All Mother.

In this section you section you will find details for all the different troops, heroes, monsters, and war machines used by an Albion army. It provides the background, imagery, characteristics profiles, and rules necessary to use all the elements of the army, from Core Units to Special Characters.



ARMY SPECIAL RULES

This section of the book describes all the different units used in an Albion army, along with any rules necessary to use them in your games of Warhammer. Where a model has a special rule that is explained in the *Warhammer* rulebook, only the name of that rule is given. If a model has a special rule that is unique to it, that rule is detailed alongside its description. However, there are a number of commonly recurring 'army special rules' that apply to several Albion units, and these are detailed here.

GAELIC FURY

The warriors of Albion have gained a reputation as very emotional fighters, capable of wide swings in their morale. Gaelic Fury is a state of highly charged aggressiveness that all enemy armies seek to escape. If the fury can be withstood, it might vanish suddenly and turn into panic. If the fury of Albion's warriors can be managed and directed, it is a daunting force multiplier.

All models with this rule gains the Swiftstride and Hatred special rules on any turn that they declare a charge or pursue a fleeing enemy. This lasts for the duration of the turn, and does not apply to mounts. However, every time a unit with this special rule takes a Break Test they suffer an additional -1 to their Leadership (which is cumulative with previously taken Break Tests) for as long as they remain in combat. This does not apply to units that are Stubborn.

WOAD PAINT

Woad Paint is drawn upon the body in holy markings and symbols of the Goddess, protecting the wearer from harm.

Any model wearing Woad Paint gets a 6+ Ward save. If the wearer already has a Ward save, he gains +1 to his already existing save.

"It smelled of decay. Like stagnant water or loam from a foul bog. It didn't walk so much as roll forward, rancid sludge continually dripping from its hide, corrupting the ground were it walked. Peter soiled himself and ran at the sight of it. I've never thought the less of him for it; most of the strength left my limbs when what passed for its gaze fell upon me. Still, I managed to get in a swipe or two, but my sword had about as much effect as it would have if I poked it into a swamp. It wasn't until Thiokol gave it a taste of his warhammer that it really took notice of us. It killed four men before we took it down. Even when it was on the ground, it kept trying to get back up. Only when Diehl stuck a length of fine Tilean steel through its master's backside did it stop twitching."

— LEONHARD, MERCENARY





WARLEADERS

All people of Albion believe that great deeds done in life will be rewarded after death and that their spirit will pass to Magh MeIld, the land of the righteous dead. It is this belief system that engenders the heroic spirit in the Gael psyche. As a result the Gaels do not fear death but launch themselves at their foes with fearless abandon caring not for their safety but looking to do deeds of great valour. Heroes are not only great fighters in their own right but are inspirational leaders too.

Each of the four tribes has its own King. The King is almost always chosen by druidic divination – the favoured method being divination by entrails, since that can be carried out in a public place with all the important members of the tribe watching and waiting to see where the blood-trails point. The northern tribes are wary of Kings, considering that they tend to become crazed by power, and so they ensure that their rulers are always either truly worthy, unwilling, or both, by the simple expedient of enforcing a seven-year rule at the end of which the King is sacrificed to the Goddess. A King who continually fails his people – either directly, such as by losing in battle, or indirectly, such as by failing to make the crops grow – may be sacrificed even before his seven years are up.

Occasionally, when the Earth Goddess tribes face a particularly powerful and implacable enemy who threatens them all, they will come together to choose a High King or Ard-Ri. Such a High King is a war-leader first and foremost, and is not expected to rule the tribes

in any respect – he simply organises their warriors until the threat is defeated. The northern tribes are very suspicious of power and politics in every form, and so a High King who does not already possess a great deal of political power is preferred. That said, the tribes do not always get what they want – the Ard-Ri is chosen by the Goddess herself, through the magic of the Stone of Destiny.

The warleaders of Albion are ferocious men indeed, their whole lives being devoted to fighting and war. They are selected by each clan by means of “the strongest shall rule” which decrees that to lead your people, you must be the most competent fighter in the clan. They are out to win fame for the martial prowess in the service of the Goddess, and to lead the warriors of Albion to battle.

The most deserving warriors or those of high lineage are given the privilege of bearing the tribe’s emblem on the battlefield. These signs are usually in the form of stone or wooden totems sculptured and decorated with sacred symbols. Their totems are most often effigies of Fiann, the war goddess of the Gaels. But it happens that these emblems honour the other faces of Danu personified by his daughters, meaning Fertility and Death.

The leaders of the Gaels are often impressive individuals capable of boosting the prowess of other troops on the battlefield who look to them for guidance. One way they can do this is to bellow one of the war calls of their tribe or kingdom, causing all Gaels within earshot to fight with great vigour and conviction.



| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Warleader | 4 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 6 | 4 | 9 |
| Chieftain | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 5 | 3 | 8 |
| Shieldbearers | 4 | 4 | - | 4 | - | - | 4 | 2 | - |

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Gaelic Fury.

War Cry: All friendly units within 6" of a Hero or 12" of a Lord may add D3" to their charge range.

Shieldbearers: Some Warleaders goes to battle carried aloft by two warriors charged with protecting the character with their lives. A Warleader and his Shieldbearers fight as a single model, even in challenges. The Shieldbearers add +2 to the Armour Save of the character mounted on the shield. If a Warlord with Shieldbearers fights with a unit, he counts as two normal models for the purposes of working out if there is a complete rank.





TRUTHSAYERS

Of all the mysteries of Albion perhaps the greatest is the purpose of the enigmatic figures known as Truthsayers. Known as the true druids by the people of Albion, when the Old ones still walked the Earth they selected a few of the most promising of men and taught them many arcane secrets, with the intention that they pass these on and guide mankind to enlightenment. After the disappearance of the Old Ones they have bound chaos to the North with the Ogham stones. During the deterioration the Truthsayers continued to remain in seclusion passing on their secrets in isolation. But with the advent of the Dark Shadows they have been forced to take a more active role, guiding their most reliable allies in both the defence of Albion and the oppression of chaos marching to war with their fellow inhabitants of Albion.

Truthsayers are strange people, red haired, muscular individuals with spiralling blue tattoos and their mystical rods of command, inscribed with ogham signs. They are able and skilled magic users that try to protect the artefacts of the Old Ones. Sometimes they utilise the Giants to move some of the large and heavy Ogham Stones following their visions of fulfilling the great plan of the Old Ones.

During the Dark Shadows, the Truthsayers braved the perilous crossing over the Great Ocean to seek out noble civilisations. They foretold of great danger should their homeland of Albion fall; the forces that bind the Chaos mists to the northern realms would weaken and in so doing do, Daemon armies would be able to descend up on the world. To those who would help protect the isle they promised to teach secrets lost to civilisation since the disappearance of the Old Ones. Fleets of adventurers and conquerors of all races set sail to the shores of Albion, while the mist and swirling fog around the island vanished, and the events of the Dark Shadows took place. In the end, the Truthsayers and the Forces of Order won.

In the aftermath of the events of the Dark Shadows, many of the surviving Truthsayers followed their fallen brethren that fled from Albion to hunt and track them down. They have since travelled all around the Warhammer world and sold their services as Dogs of War to the local leaders of men. They live as hermits, preserving the sorceries of their ancient land through ritual and ceremony, waiting for the day when the mists will rise and they can return home once more.

It is rare to knowingly encounter one of the reclusive Truthsayers, for they are naturally suspicious of all that walks on two legs. Being masters of natural magic, Truthsayers are able to shape shift into beast of all sizes. Thus do they avoid unwelcome company – by evasion in the form of a hawk, or by bloodshed in the form of a raging dragon. Yet if the Truthsayers

themselves are seldom encountered, the same cannot be said of their domains, which are scattered through the wilderness. In such remote places, even the lowliest beats, show glimmerings of intelligence and the vegetation grows wilder, stronger and hungrier than it ought.

When a storm of magic occurs, the Truthsayers steal away from their hillside hermitages to seek out allies. Only with aid can they hope to marshal enough magical power to undo the spells of shrouding that conceal their homeland. Driven by this desperation, many a Truthsayer has found himself battling along unsavoury allies, harnessing his mastery of magic to a destructive cause. The goal on these occasions is to work a greater good by committing a small evil, but with every step along this path, the reclamation of their home becomes ever a distant dream. Only a Truthsayer of purest actions has any hope of annulling the shroud of mists, and in such matters there can be no such thing as a minor taint.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Truthsayer | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 9 |
| Druid | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 8 |

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Character).

MAGIC: A Truthsayer is a Wizard that uses spells from the Lore of Life, Lore of Beasts, or Lore of the Truthsayers.

SPECIAL RULES: Gaelic Fury.



WARBANDS

For the fierce Gael barbarians, war is an integral part of life. When a peril threatens the sacred lands of Albion, every valid man grabs his weapon and joins his companions to defend the goddess Danu. Albion is usually in such a constant state of turmoil and upheaval that war is almost inevitable for all Gaels; whether defending his tribe against the Fimir or forced from his homeland by invading Norse, the tribal warrior is almost certain to get into some kind of trouble.

The ordinary fighting forces of the Tribes of the Earth Goddess, these men and women come from all backgrounds in peacetime, and so are generally skilled in at least one craft or profession as well as in war. Tribal warriors all have another profession or craft they follow in peacetime but as able-bodied adults who have their own weapons, they are part of the tribe's fighting forces in times of war.

Each tribe has its own particular fighting style, and so tribal warriors have a variety of special abilities depending on the tribe they hail from. In addition, all can work themselves up into a state of rage, in which they hit harder than usual and can shrug off blows. Raging weakens them, so they need to be able to destroy their foes before their fury wears off. Most prefer to use melee weapons rather than attacking their enemies from a distance, with their only concession to ranged combat being the use of a javelin or two hurled at close range just before charging home into the enemy. Youths are encouraged to use missile weapons such as slings or bows to give them a taste of war, but as soon as they grow to their adult strength they tend to give up such impersonal weapons and take up swords or axes.

Warbands make up the standard infantry of Albion's tribes. These men and women hold land from the kings and chieftains of their tribes in lieu of military service. Although essentially farmers they have experience in warfare and make excellent fighters, only a foolish foe would underestimate their skill in arms. They are equipped with axes, swords and shield, and often wield spears.

Lugh the Long Arm

Lugh is a hero from Rath Conn in Magh Lahmfada and serves under king Lugaid Mac Conn. He carries a magic spear named Crann Buidhe, a deadly yellow-shafted spear that strikes down his foes before they can close with him. Many of the men following him paint their spear shafts yellow, willing them to take on some of the magical powers of their leader's weapon.

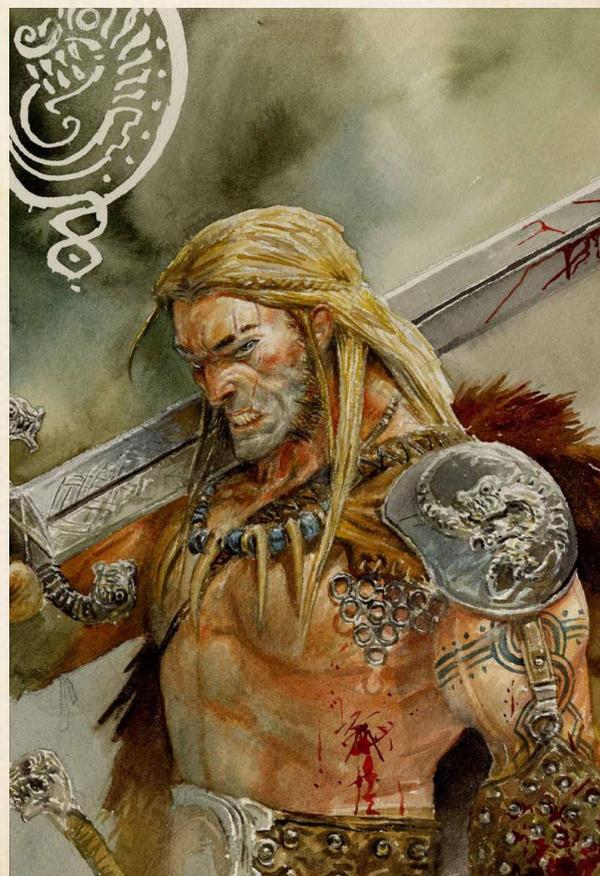
The warband leaders, called the Clannach, are handpicked by the nobles from the pool of warriors for their martial abilities. They are retained by the nobles, which allow them to focus all their energies in training in the arts of war. They disdain the use of armour, preferring heavy two-handed swords and axes to cut down swathes of enemy foes that dare to stand before the armies of the Goddess. These valiant warriors are the backbone of the Celt armies.

Discipline is not the Gaels strength. Where other peoples use complex formations and base their strategy on the ability of their soldiers to act as one, the Gaels only swear by the valour of individuals. Thus each one of them throws himself into the fray with the hope of accomplishing a great feat that will sway the outcome of the battle to their advantage. The tactical role of the musicians is generally limited to giving the attack signal and delivering hateful messages to the enemy chiefs.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Warrior | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 |
| Clannach | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 7 |

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Gaelic Fury.



WOAD RAIDERS

To die of old age or of disease, that is what the Gaels fear more than anything else in the world. These are shameful and almost unnatural ways to die according to their philosophy of life. To fall in combat is to them the most natural way to leave the realm of the living. This is why the most seasoned fighters always take more risks during confrontations. Cutting down the enemy ranks with their heavy cleavers, the Fury Warriors hope to find an adversary worthy of giving them a glorious death.

Most Albion tribal armies are infantry first and foremost, a howling mass of maddened flesh hurling itself at the enemy with no worry about injury or death. Woad Raiders are the shock troops of the armies of Albion. They are chosen from the ranks of warriors who want to prove themselves in battle. Before taking the field the warriors discard their armour and attendants decorate their bodies with war paint and spike their hair up with lime. Druids then feed them a brew made from a special preparation of herbs and fungi mixed with honey. The brew imbues the warriors with a sense of invincibility and they are filled with an all-consuming rage for the enemies of the Goddess.

Mood altering drugs and pagan rituals usually play a part in their killing frenzy and, although potent, they can be impetuous and disorganized. The sight and smells of battle can make lose their critical faculties and launch at the enemy regardless of strategy or

consequences. When they let themselves be taken by this savagery the Gael warriors become like enraged beasts that only can be stopped by death. They don't care about their own lives anymore as they let an avalanche of blows fall onto their enemies. They are formidable foes on the battlefield, difficult to control but deadly once they close with the enemy.

When the Woad Raiders let the fury of war take control, they stop caring about defending themselves. They use all their energy to overwhelm their opponents with a deluge of furious assaults that almost always manage to break their defences. That is why some barbarians fight with two weapons in order to increase their offensive potential.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Woad Raider | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 |
| Fíochmhar | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 7 |

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Gaelic Fury, Frenzy, Woad Paint.



The Gaels are constantly at risk of Fimir attack and many of their warriors dedicate their lives to raiding and killing the sea devils. Known as sea devil's banes, or devilbanes for short, these highly trained fighters work long and hard to learn all they can of the Fimir ways of war, so as to use that knowledge against their hated enemies. As well as heading the defence of the more northerly Finian settlements, devilbanes regularly lead war parties into the northern wastes of Albion to counterattack the Fimir on their home turf. Many of these war parties never return, but even these lost souls are able to inflict massive damage on their targets before they fall.

For the devilbane, life is war. Most have little interest in adventures other than to attack the Fimir or defend against them. However, they can make excellent allies for parties who intend to venture into the northern swamps for reasons such as recovering lost treasures or rescuing hostages. Some devilbanes also take time out from the endless war to hone their skills wandering Albion and fighting new and different foes, though this is rare and most will want to return to the north and fight the Fimir once more.

Devilbanes are dedicated to the point of monomania. Though they are sometimes hired or persuaded to guide other groups through Albion, they both increase and decrease the risks for such a group. Although they are well adapted to existing in that icy wilderness, they can rarely contain their aggression towards the Fimir, even if making their presence known against a numerically superior foe would jeopardise the entire group.

YOUNGBLOODS

Apprentice warriors who are hoping to share in the glory and riches of their conquests are often sent out ahead of the main battle line to draw out enemy forces, before scuttling back to safety. Such troops are a nuisance that enemy commanders can ill afford to ignore, but are easily dispatched if caught by trained warriors. These missile troops are essential in battle. They are used for screening the deployment of the airily, harassing the enemy from afar and disrupting entrenched enemy positions.



Slingers adventure for the same reason any other warrior does to gain loot and renown. They can be very useful, particularly if the opposition does not expect any missile capability beyond the occasional javelin. Slingers need to prove themselves as warriors, and their fellows sometimes taunt them that they are



unproven youths not yet ready to move on to real weapons. This can make them very self-conscious, and most learn to handle themselves more than adequately in melee combat to make up for this alleged lack.

The combat technique of the Gael skirmishers privileges discretion and attacks from a distance. They handle their javelins with great skill and use them to wound their opponents before finishing them off in hand-to-hand combat.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Youngblood | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 6 |
| Shaothrú | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 6 |

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Gaelic Fury, Skirmishers.

Head Hurlers: Some Youngbloods use a different kind of missiles; the heads of fallen enemies, dipped in lime, which both preserves them and burns those who they hit. Above else, it has a terrifying effect on enemy morale.

Hurled Heads uses the following profile:

| Range | Strength | Special Rules |
|-------|----------|---------------|
| 6" | 2 | Quick to Fire |

For each Hit suffered by a hurled head, the enemy unit suffers -1 to their Leadership for the remainder of the turn.

Head-hunting and Brain-balls

Victorious Celts measure their success not so much by the amount of loot they are able to carry off, but by the number of heads they collect from their fallen foes, so as to have suitable decorations for their chariots or homes. The heads of minor enemies will be allowed to rot, but heads of particularly notable foes are usually pickled and preserved, so the warrior can taunt them on long winter evenings and show them off to his friends. Usually the kin of a noble foe will offer money equal to his sarhaed if his head is returned to them, so part of the honour of retaining heads is that you have chosen to refuse mere money and keep your glory.



HUNTERS

The bow, once reserved for hunting, is now a weapon of war among the Gaels. Some of the warriors continue to regard it as a weapon of a coward. Others remember the pain of their brothers with chopped up by volleys of bullets before the fighting began. The Gaels have the sense of honour, but they are resilient: only the living can worry about honour.

The Hunters form a separate caste within the clan. This is because of their dual role within the tribe. They are at once hunters and fighters and thus belong neither to the laborious class nor to the warrior class. However they do mainly make up a warrior elite of which the talents as scouts and as fighters have allowed numerous battles to be won.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Hunter | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 |
| Tracker | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 |

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Gaelic Fury, Skirmishers, Scouts.

HUNTING HOUNDS

The people of Albion are very close to nature, which is not surprising as the country's religion is nature dominant. Young warriors of Albion who display an affinity with animals are encouraged by the local druids to enter into the service of the hunters. These warriors are superlative trackers and hunters. They undergo instruction from the druids as part of their training and special bonds are created between them.

The tribes of Albion are noted for cross-breeding large and powerful mastiffs with wolves to create lethal wardogs. These have all the aggression and strength of wolves, but are capable of being trained and domesticated. Hunters often go into battle with their hounds; these dogs not only enhance their tracking skills but are formidable fighters too. Many a hunter owes his life to the tenacity and ferocity of their hound.

In times of war these wolfhounds are deliberately starved before to make them all fiercer, before being gathered into slaving packs and are used to supplement the cavalry, screening attacks and harassing vulnerable enemy flanks. They are trained to target the hamstrings of their foes, making them quite a threat to their foes.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Hunting Dog | 7 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 5 |
| Handler | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 |



TROOP TYPE: War Beast (Hunting Hound)
Infantry (Handler).

SPECIAL RULES: Gaelic Fury, Skirmishers.

Release the Hounds: At the start of any Movement phase, you may choose to release the Hunting Hounds. If you do so, the Hunting Hounds will form a separate skirmishing unit from the Handlers, and act independently from then on. Released Hunting Hounds must always declare charges if possible. For the purposes of Victory Points, only the Hunting Hounds are counted.



CLANSMEN CAVALRY

Wealthier warriors prefer to ride their steeds into battle. These fulfil important strategic as well tactical roles on the battlefield. They offer great speed and manoeuvrability over foot soldiers and act as excellent flank troops. Combined with the ferocity of their warhorses they can also make as shock troops towards weaker foes. These cavalymen are as excitable as their counterparts from any other nation, but are not a particularly disciplined force on the battlefield. However, they can be used for scouting, for ambushes, for cutting down fleeing enemy troops. These brave warriors ride down their enemies beneath the iron shod hooves of their sturdy mounts.

Clansmen Cavalry are out to win fame for their martial prowess in the service of the Goddess. They live for adventuring, spending all their time fighting mighty monsters and tribal enemies to hone their already powerful combat skills to a lethal edge. It is rare indeed that they will turn down any opportunity to cover themselves in glory, however perilous the task.

Clansmen Cavalry are usually arrogant beyond belief, even in comparison to the proverbial pride of typical Albion fighters. This is almost inevitable, considering that they sincerely believe themselves to be the very best of the best, the elite warriors of the tribes of Albion. Their constant drive to prove themselves mightier, more frightening, and simply better than anyone else can become tiresome after a while.



Clansmen Cavalry favour horses over the more common chariots as transport. This is due to the versatility of the horse when not on the roads of Albion, which do not extend far into the isle in any case, and also due to the sheer speed of a horse that is not too over-burdened by pulling a chariot.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Clansman | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 8 |
| Marcach | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 8 |
| Warhorse | 8 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 5 |

TROOP TYPE: Cavalry.

SPECIAL RULES: Gaelic Fury, Fast Cavalry.

On the ramparts of an isolated Dun two figures stare hard at the threat their tiny force must ward against; a Hell Gate, a sluggishly swirling field of dark energy suspended between graven black pillars as tall as trees.

The sable edifice stood in silence on the windswept flats, a remnant of the ancient evil of the Fir Bolg and a link to their hellish domain. Dinnadh looked pityingly at his companion, "I can see no change, Taenn." "Trouble your thoughts no further."

Taenn took no comfort in these words, for twice now had he seen the swirling patterns of the Hell Gate change their course like black snakes writhing in an oily stew, and he feared he had glimpsed some hidden depth beneath that veil of shadow. Nervously he surveyed the handful of bondsmen left to defend the palisaded Dun, wishing beyond reason for reinforcements. Tracing his thoughts, Dinnadh placed a hand on his friend's shoulder, "Our Chief comes this day with many warriors and you will be home for the solstice with all cares forgotten. Look, here now comes a scout out of the east! No doubt we are relieved."

Running with panicked speed the scout waved and shouted warning, his cries torn from his throat by the howling wind. Dinnadh sped from the gates to meet him, two words becoming clear as he neared; "Flesh Eaters."

The Dun came alive now as men and women armed themselves and leapt to the walls to make ready for battle, the gaunt forms of the living dead just visible in the east. Dinnadh counted the number of his foe and smiled, "This is no challenge."

But then arose a hoarse and anguished cry, and all turned to see Taenn on the western wall. His eyes were locked on the pulsating Hell Gate, alive now with a ghastly radiance. "The third sight! And now they come, from the very pit of hell they come for us and we are doomed."



CHARIOTS

Although most tribal warriors learn at least the basics of driving a chariot, the charioteer has no parallel in either his loyalty for his chosen warrior or his mastery of chariot battle tactics. Devoting his life to driving one warrior's chariot, the charioteer soon becomes almost as feared and renowned as his passenger, even if the latter is a mighty hero. His expert control of his horses allows him to perform manoeuvres with his chariot that seem impossible to onlookers, and he becomes adept at driving his chariot into the heart of a raging battle to rescue his chosen warrior from danger. As for his chariot scythes, they can reap a red ruin straight through a seething mass of enemy warriors. This staggering mastery of chariot driving is what has rendered the chariots of the tribes one of the most feared sights on any battlefield on Albion.

The great plains are home to regular chariot races, and an astute charioteer can make a good living here as a racer. Chariot racers are often tempted away from the races by the prospect of glory and booty as a charioteer for a noble warrior. Those who prefer to stay in and race often find themselves mixed up in various scams or quarrels revolving around the races themselves.

Chariot racers are often a breed apart, spending more time grooming their horses and polishing their chariots than interacting with other people. Those who do deign to socialise with their fellows are usually inordinately proud; especially if they are particularly renowned racers, or have taken on work as the charioteer of a famous hero.

Mighty steeds pull these carriages of polished bronze and bright steel with wheels inset with cruel curving scythes. Proud warriors bedeck these engines of war hurling taunts and goading their enemies to engage them in mortal combat. Only the bravest of adversaries would stand their ground to face the thundering onslaught. Albion's chariots are of a lighter and more nimble construction than others, this enables them greater speed but sacrifices durability.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|----------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Chariot | - | - | - | 4 | 4 | 3 | - | - | - |
| Charioteer | - | 4 | 3 | 3 | - | - | 3 | 1 | 8 |
| Chariot Master | - | 4 | 3 | 3 | - | - | 3 | 2 | 8 |
| Warhorse | 8 | 3 | 0 | 3 | - | - | 3 | 1 | - |

TROOP TYPE: Chariot (Armour Save 5+).

SPECIAL RULES: Gaelic Fury.

Though the Gaels were quick and strong, the goblins were much more numerous. For every one of them that fell in combat, two took his place. The Gaels were being cruelly chopped up by dozens of small blades. Emptied of their blood, their warriors were sinking into the green tide. A son of Ogmios suddenly freed himself from a neighbouring fray, the freshly cut head of an Orc hanging from his belt. He shouted at his brothers to throw themselves forward. His weapon was raised and came down again and again, making little blood-splattered corpses fly in all directions.



NOBLE WARRIORS

Noble Warriors are the military aristocracy of Albion. Unlike tribal warriors, they tend to have no profession or skill that is not directly related to war. Every tribe maintains a core of noble warriors to lead everything from war parties to cattle raids. All noble warriors are accorded special respect wherever they go, if not for their honour then at least for fear of their quick tempers and deadly fighting prowess.

Noble Warriors are generally right in the thick of every conflict taking place on Albion. If still with a tribe, they will find themselves almost constantly on duty, whether dealing with shoggey beasts and time monsters wandering out from the Sourlands, repelling a Fimir invasion or attacking a neighbouring tribe. Exiled and renegade noble warriors often seem to attract danger and trouble by their very presence, with other would-be toughs wanting to prove themselves in mortal combat with them, and other influential types constantly cajoling or forcing them to do a variety of perilous tasks.

Noble Warriors usually back the status quo very strongly, since they benefit from the same kinds of privilege and status that druids and bards do. Thus they are generally at least sympathetic to the druid religion. Noble warriors from other lands tend to have a similar

respect for their own priesthood. In any case, like warriors and soldiers throughout history and like almost everyone in Tir Nan Og, they are at least superstitious even if not actively religious.

Noble Warriors from the tribes tend to have been born to the role and sent away to military training at a young age to learn fighting skills. These tribes draw no distinction between nobles and elite warriors; if you are expert with the sword and axe, you are accorded almost as much respect as the king. A few noble warriors may be of more humble origins, but once they have completed their training they might just as well have been born into the elite. Regardless of their origin, all tend to consider themselves above tribal warriors because of their lengthy specialist training in all the arts of war.

The Noble Warriors' main duty is the defence of Albion. Unlike the ordinary tribal warriors, they can rarely be found on cattle raids into their rivals' territories. It is felt that protecting the land and its people from the raids of other tribes, the attacks of the Fimir, and the plundering of the Norse, is far more important than showing off one's supposed valour by stealing a few cows.

Every Chieftain on Albion has their own personal guard, the chosen of the warriors who have proven their skill in battle over the years who are given the very best weapons and armour to protect their lords. The Noble Warriors are sworn to defend the body of their tribal king or queen and would gladly give their lives in defence of them. They can be counted upon in the direst of circumstances to hold their lines and slice through the enemy. However, these men are not always as loyal as they seem, as all men crave power and their charge often has it. The elite warriors of the tribe, the Noble Warriors are unfortunately just as poor at following orders as anyone else - even more so, in fact, since they feel the need to prove their prowess in battle.



| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|----------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Noble Warriors | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 8 |
| Coimeádaí | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 8 |

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Gaelic Fury.

Bodyguard: As long as a Warlord or Chieftain is alive and with the unit, the unit is Stubborn. If no Character is in the unit, the unit must take a Leadership at the start of each if its turns. If failed, the unit may not move voluntarily for that turn unless there is an enemy unit within charge range, in which case they must attempt to charge the closest foe.

SWORDMAIDENS

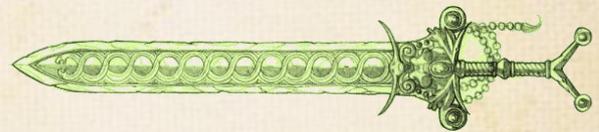
It is traditional in Albion's society for females to hold honorary warrior positions. Many women among the Gaels are as fierce and hardy as the menfolk, and the women gain just as much respect as the men in combat. Amongst the warriors of Albion, women fight alongside their men and are some of the fiercest fighters, making up what they lack in strength with pure ferocity.

The Swordmaidens are chosen for their martial abilities from the ranks of warriors and upon entering service take a vow of celibacy. The Swordmaidens are often as well-trained and well-armed as the warriors of other tribes, learning advanced combat techniques with their preferred arms and coming from much the same military aristocratic background as noble warriors.

Swordmaidens can be found everywhere there is blood to be shed and honour to be gained. Many spend their time in Bol-A-Hat, regarding it as their duty to defend the village at all costs. Others roam Albion, seeking out fell beasts to slay and mighty deeds to perform. The Swordmaiden goes adventuring to test herself against new foes, honing her already expert weapons skills to perfection. She may also wish to seek out other experts with the sword to see if they are willing to teach her any new tricks. Their skill with the blade can make them a powerful addition to any army.

The typical Swordmaidens is determined to prove herself as capable in battle, and delights in showing off her combat prowess. Many Swordmaidens are determined to join an all-women band of true Swordmaidens at the earliest opportunity. Few Swordmaidens have anything to prove where men are concerned - as far as the Swordmaiden can see, men are simply inferior in war - and often, this is true.

The Swordmaidens train with two-handed swords, and they exemplify this tradition. Training from a very early age with the typical great sword, she disdains other arms and has an almost mystical relationship with her blade. They carry their mighty two-handed swords with pommels inset with precious gems into battle, decriing the use of shields as cowardly. A unit of Swordmaidens charging into battle is an awesome sight indeed, wailing their battle cry, ready to strike. They delight in hurling themselves into battle. They will try just about anything once, whether a quest, voyage, treasure-hunt, or divine mission. Swordmaidens enjoy the feeling that there is little or nothing they cannot achieve, and in many cases they may well be right, too.



| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Swordmaiden | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 8 |
| Réamhphósta | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 8 |

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Gaelic Fury, Woad Paint, Devastating Charge.



Nemain the Sword Maiden

Nemain, her name meaning frenzy in the Gael tongue, is a leader on the Swordmaidens of Gwenlaen, Warrior Queen. She serves directly under the Queen's weapon trainer, Scathach, who commands all the Swordmaidens within her realm. At an early age she demonstrated her outstanding martial abilities, but it was her battle fury in the midst of combat that earned her renown among her clan's folk. She is held in high esteem by all the Swordmaidens as well as her Queen.

DRUID NEOPHYTES

There is no fixed structure to enrolling as an apprentice druid. Neophytes are chosen from amongst the brightest of Albion's children to learn the secret ways of the Druid, although being a long way from being an accomplished druid, these men have started to master the mystical ways and the battle field is as good a place as any to hone their skills. Many druids are chosen when they show aptitude for the role as a child, though more join as adults, some because they seek wisdom, others because the path of the druid is one of high status and privilege. It takes around twenty years to become a fully-fledged druid; it is a long and hard apprenticeship.

Druid Neophytes are sent to the Great Ogham for appraisal by the heads of the druidic order. Many return having only had a brief audience. There are a few, however, that stays and undergoes the secret instructions in rituals and the mysteries. Little is known of what rites take place since no one speaks of what goes on in those sacred myrtle groves. Druids are sworn to secrecy on pain of some terrible forfeit, worse than death itself some say.

If the warriors are the body of Albion's society then the druids are surely the blood. They course through every aspect of their lives, permeating it to the core. The druids train the bards, who tell colourful and vibrant tales of valiant heroes and great deeds, and they keep alive the souls of men, adhering to the practices of the Goddess, and to look over them with rites and customs to ensure their re-birth and final journey in the afterlife to Magh Melld, the delightful plain and the land of the righteous dead. They breathe life into the land helping the people overcome the hardships of life with their knowledge, carefully handed down for generations.

The druids are prominent members of Albion's society. Druids are sacred priests, raised above ordinary folk and touched by the gods. Slaying a druid is an unimaginably evil crime, and even striking one is absolute anathema to commoners and nobles alike. The druids are in tune with the Mother Goddess. Danu instilled in them an intuitive understanding of the workings of creation.

Druids conduct their rituals usually within sacred groves of oak and myrtle. These are quiet places away from human settlements and are marked by menhirs, great pillars of stone carved with the spiralling runes of the druids. The knowledge they acquire is known as Ecne. They learn about the stars, the universe and the gods. They believe in the immortality of the soul, reincarnation and that debts can be repaid in the afterlife. The druids acquire Ecne by the rituals of the black wheat. They travel to otherworldly realms learning the secrets of the universe and the ways of the Goddess, fathoming the depths and truths of creation.

Neophytes also fight in battle, armed with sickle swords and shields. Empowered by gifts from the Goddess, Druids are formidable leaders on the battlefield. Although they do not excel at hand-to-hand combat they have other skills and weapons at their disposal. Their most useful ability is probably the huge increase in morale that they provide to their allies, whom revere the druids as sacred. Skilled in the art of nature magic, they have learned many spells to not only bolster their allied forces, but cause havoc and disruption amongst the enemy forces.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|----------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Druid Neophyte | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 8 |
| Draidecht | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 8 |

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Gaelic Fury, Skirmishers.

Druidic Rites: The presence of the Druids and their chanting greatly increase the morale of nearby warriors of Albion. Any unit of 5 or more Neophytes allows friendly units within 8" of them to re-roll failed Psychology tests and Break Tests.

In addition, Druid Neophytes can cast *Earth Blood*, *Flesh to Stone*, *Shield of Thorns* as Bound spells with a Power Level equivalent to their normal casting value. For every 5 models of Neophytes, they may add +1 to their casting value.



PIXIE SWARMS

On a magical land such as Albion fey creatures thrive. Perhaps the best-known and most elusive of all fey creatures, Pixies live in the deepest, most pristine forests, swamps and marshes on Albion, but their insatiable curiosity often leads them far from home. They scavenge off the tribes as an efficient way of living and love nothing more than to irritate humans. Such nuisances are often nothing more than that – nuisances. Pixies tend to blow out candles, feed the fire of a soup cauldron until the soup starts boiling over or waking up toddlers in the middle of the night. Fortunately, their nasty tricks rarely seriously harm anyone. Like many other scavengers they are malicious and childish, though they display a fair degree of intelligence which has emerged since the coming of chaos. Most Pixies stand just over two feet tall; though they typically fly about the eye level of creatures they're conversing with in order to maintain eye contact. Pixies talk quickly and easily become overexcited.

Pixies are magical beings who mostly keep to themselves, but in times of dire needs will gather together and follow the armies of Albion under the guidance of the Truthsayers. One of the most marvellous spectacles a mortal can witness in the Warhammer World is the Pixies' gathering for war. Hundreds if not thousands of the little creatures join together, following the magical call of a faraway Truthsayer and scurry along paths unseen to others

towards their goal. Such a mass of magical creatures brings with it also a great amount of magical energy. Thus all the little beings and the paths they've taken shine bright of magic, whether it's night or day do not matter. Sparkling in indefinite colours, the spectacle is a truly awesome sight to behold. Man and beast alike are befuddled by this rare display of raw magic and stop their chores and whatever they were after.

Strange beings both of and beyond the natural world, Pixies have magic that occasionally favours them in strange ways. This tiny, whimsical-looking humanoid dart about swiftly on wildly coloured gossamer wings. Spreading a magical dust around them, they can befuddle enemies looking right upon them, causing them to stumble aimlessly forward, transfixed by the magic.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|--------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Pixies | 2 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 8 |

TROOP TYPE: Swarm.

SPECIAL RULES: Fly, Ethereal.

Befuddling Glamour: All enemy units within 12" and with line of sight to the Pixies at the start of their turn must take a Leadership test. If failed, the unit is transfixed by their magic and must move straight towards them, following all the rules for Stupidity. This has no effect on units Immune to Psychology.



Blue paint. I remember that the most, I do. His blue inkings. Well, that and his thing, of course. See, this fellow was passing through the village I was trading in, not the biggest market, it being out of the way and all, but the Stout Boar is as fine as tavern as you'd ever want. Anyway, this young traveller was covered in the most intricate blue marks I'd ever seen. I've been to Marienburg, so I know a thing or two about sailor tattoos, but the symbols that adorned that one put them all to shame. He had this... thing with him. It was taller than a draft horse and covered about in a stained robe that could barely contain it. Fortunately, he had it wait out in a stable, or there would've been trouble. Why, as it was, some of the locals were fixing to send him on his way. Fortunately for them, his calm words talked them out of it. Yes, I said them and me, too, for that matter. See, that night foul Beastmen attacked the village and the blue inked wanderer and his, er, travelling companion, put them to rout almost by themselves. Why, I even saw the thing uproot a tree and impale a bull headed creature with it!"

- JOACHIM, PEDDLER



FENBEASTS

The land of Albion is steeped in magic. The Ogham stones draw magical energy to the isle, and the soil, rocks, plants and even the fog, air and rain are saturated with this. The Truthsayers and Dark Emissaries can harness this energy in a number of ways, either harnessing it through the Ogham circles or drawing it in its raw state from the air and ground itself. One such way these wizards of Albion use this magical energy is to summon forth the elemental monsters known as Fenbeasts.

Albion is riddled with marshes and bogs, and many creatures founder whilst trying to cross them, being dragged down to a murky grave. At such places the mystical forces of Albion gather, drawn by death. When a person dies, it is said that their soul is trapped in the fens, unable to escape. At these places a wizard can perform certain rituals to summon forth that trapped spirit. A fist-sized stone inscribed with magical Ogham symbols is dropped in the mire at the place of the soul. A ritual involving the blood of the summoner binds the soul, the magic and the marsh as one, giving the wailing, insane spirit a form. The Fenbeast then bursts forth from its muddy grave, the Ogham stone pulsating with energy at its centre. These creatures are totally without their own will, instead they are driven forth by the mind of their creator, to do their bidding.

Formed from mud and the detritus of the marshes, Fenbeasts are not living creatures in any true sense. They feel no pain and can reshape themselves to reform limbs that have been blown or chopped off. So hardy is a Fenbeast that it can withstand the strike from a cannonball, reforming its sodden flesh around the wound and even re-growing limbs, should the need

arise. They have an elemental strength, drawing power from the ground beneath them to smash the enemy with fists as powerful as battering rams. They are without emotion, fearless beasts which will not stop as long as their master's will endures. They are unnatural creatures that reek of stagnant marshes and have the touch of the grave about them. Fenbeasts, being all but devoid of will, are not imaginative opponents, but this can change with a skilled handler.

Such is the durability of the Fenbeast that the only thing preventing its widespread use by wizards and sorcerers is the immense magical energy needed to create one out of the living earth and keep it functioning. Away from a site of magical power, a Fenbeast will last scant minutes before consuming all the eldritch energy and crumbling to mud and rotten ruin once again. Of course, once a storm of magic descends upon the world, a Fenbeast's appetites are easily maintained, even by a sorcerer of little skill and less learning. Though, as with all magical constructs, a misspoken word in the Fenbeast's binding can prove quite fatal to its erstwhile master – as a direct conduit to the Winds of Magic, a Wizard can serve as a most adequate meal for a famished Fenbeast.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Fenbeast | 5 | 3 | 0 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 1 | 3 | 8 |

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Stupidity, Always Strikes Last, Unbreakable, Unstable, Regeneration, Swamp Strider.

UPGRADES:

Born of Bloodmarsh: The Fenbeast gains the Frenzy special rule.

Leechloam: During any turn in which the Lore of Life is used, all Fenbeasts in this unit gain +1 Strength.

Lifebloom Silt: The Fenbeast's Regeneration ability is increased to 3+.

Fly-Infested Rotweed: Attacks targeted against the Fenbeast suffer -1 to their Weapon Skill and Ballistics Skill.



*"From the black quagmire I summon thee.
From the living marsh I bind thee. Rise
now, I command thee."
Part of Spell of Summoning*



sidhe

The Sidhe are half-divine immortal creatures, elemental forces made flesh by the magic unleashed in a war between the Fimir and humans. Most of these creatures have adopted forms similar to those of the old Elves, allowing them to move around the surface of Albion. These ones are called Sidhe and they are proud and decadent.

The Sidhe are a declining race though, and they have been forced to dilute their immortal bloodline by interbreeding with Gaels. This has swelled their numbers, but successive generations have less and less control over the elemental forces that make the Sidhe such a force to be reckoned with.

The Sidhe are sophisticated by the standards of Albion, and have organised their communities along feudal lines ruled by an aristocratic elite since they were first awakened. Each of the great Sidhe houses corresponds to one of the elements of the world, and whilst they present a united front to external threats, internecine divisions rack them. Under the roof of the great houses there is a complex hierarchy of lesser barons, dukes, countesses and so on, each with their own household, personal army, and agenda for climbing the courtly hierarchy. Whilst it is very rare for Sidhe houses to go to war on one another, the tensions of their feudal society sometimes erupt into Sidhe against Sidhe violence; a state of affairs that can be ill afforded by an immortal people to whom no children are naturally born.

The Sidhe are all now concentrated in the mountain ranges of Albion, and in adjacent regions such as the forests. They also occupy western coastal regions and the islands off them. Running down the spine of the Giant's Causeway, the Sidhe have constructed the greatest fortification Albion has ever known – Ridgeworld. Potent elemental magic was used in its construction, and the ancient Sidhe that made it acquired the aid of greater elemental creatures. This

was the last great act of unity and co-operation achieved by the various houses of the Sidhe. This fortress is hidden from all but the Sidhe by potent magic, not even the Truthsayers know of its location.

Though the Sidhe are mostly reclusive and prone to keep to themselves, in times of need, a band of warriors might join up with the armies of Albion in battle. Unfazed by everything but the strongest of magic, the Sidhe are more than formidable foes that makes their foes tremble in fear before cutting them down with their wicked, magical blades.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|--------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Sidhe | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 9 |
| Seelie | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 9 |

TROOP TYPE: Infantry.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Immune to Psychology, Ward Save (5+), Ambushers.

Reclusive: Sidhe may never be joined by any characters, nor do they use the Leadership of the army's General or Battle Standard.



Firelight played on the walls of the roundhouse as the heroes of the clan sat and passed the drinking horn, boasting of their prowess. Outside the wind moaned and the sentries shivered on the rampart, glad that a high bank and a good stockade stood between them and the creatures of the night. Fergus the Red climbed the ladder to the platform over his gate and scanned the horizon. Even as his men roared with laughter below, a movement in the woods caught his eye. A movement that might have been made by a hunting fox or might have been made by something... Fergus made the sign to avert evil and scrambled down to double the guards.



CENTAURS

The terrifying children of the goddess Danu, the centaurs roam the plains of Albion at the sides of the Gaels. Ready to fight in the name of their ideals, they are the symbols of fierce and limitless freedom. According to Gael mythology, the Centaurs are the last beings, along with the Giants, to have been created by the goddess Danu. These half-human, half-horse creatures are among the most feared fighters of Albion. In spite of their imposing size, the Centaurs don't only rely on brute force. On the other hand, they handle their mighty axes with a remarkable dexterity, using them as projectile weapons as well as in hand-to-hand combat.

Legendary hunters and skilled warriors, centaurs are part man and part horse. Typically found on the fringes of civilization, these stoic people vary widely in appearance, their skin tones typically appearing deeply tanned but similar to the humans who occupy nearby regions, while their lower bodies borrow the colorations of local equines. Centaur hair and eyes trend toward darker colours and their features tend to be broad, while the overall bulk of their bodies is influenced by the size of the horses their lower quarters resemble. Thus, while an average centaur stands over seven feet tall and weighs upward of two thousand pounds, there are vast regional variations—from lean plains-runners to burly mountain hunters.

Aloof with other races and at odds even with their own kind, the centaurs is an old race only slowly coming to accept the modern world. While the majority of centaurs still live in tribes roaming vast plains or the fringes of eldritch forests, many have abandoned the isolationist ways of their ancestors to walk among the humans of Albion. Often such free-spirited centaurs are considered outcasts and are shunned by their own tribes, making the decision to leave a heavy one. In some rare cases, however, whole tribes under progressive leaders have come to trade or make alliances with humans or Elves. Many races remain wary of centaurs, though, largely due to legends of territorial beastmen and the regular, violent encounters the Centaurs have with stubborn settlers and expansionist factions.

Centaurs are sociable creatures, taking great pleasure in the society of others of their kind. Their overall organization is tribal, with a tribe divided into family groups living together in harmony. The lairs are located deep within the forests, and consists of a large, hidden glade and pasture with a good supply of running water. Centaurs survive through a mixture of hunting, foraging, fishing, agriculture and trade. Though they shun dealings with humans, centaurs have been known to trade with elves, especially , for food and wine. The elves are paid from the group treasury, which comes from the booty of slain monsters.

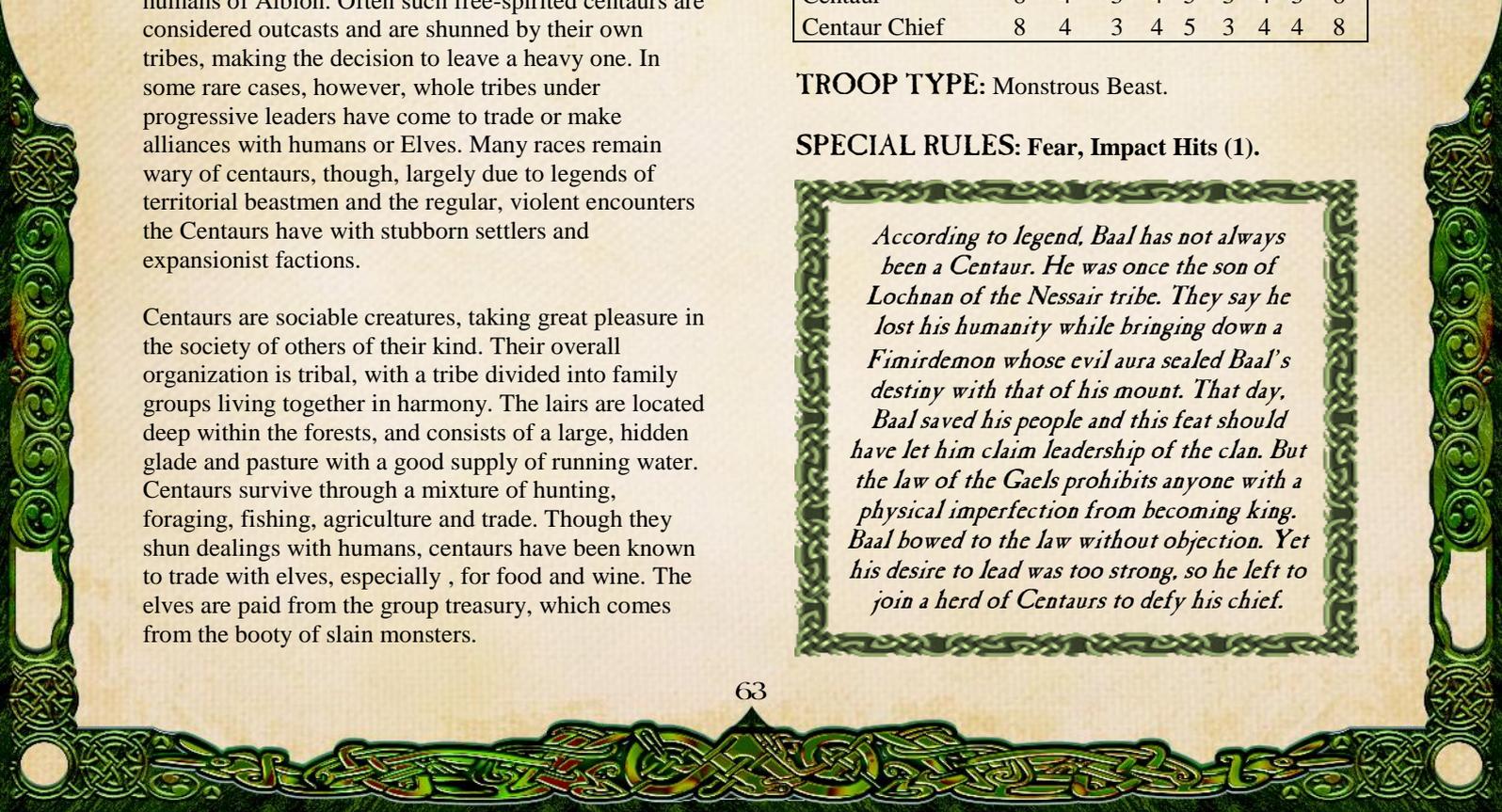


| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Centaur | 8 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 8 |
| Centaur Chief | 8 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 8 |

TROOP TYPE: Monstrous Beast.

SPECIAL RULES: Fear, Impact Hits (1).

According to legend, Baal has not always been a Centaur. He was once the son of Lochnan of the Nessair tribe. They say he lost his humanity while bringing down a Fimirdemon whose evil aura sealed Baal's destiny with that of his mount. That day, Baal saved his people and this feat should have let him claim leadership of the clan. But the law of the Gaels prohibits anyone with a physical imperfection from becoming king. Baal bowed to the law without objection. Yet his desire to lead was too strong, so he left to join a herd of Centaurs to defy his chief.



STONE THROWER

The Gaels invented these towering stone throwing machines based on enemy siege engines during the Dark Shadows. These mighty engines of war launch enormous granite boulders over great distances to cut crimson swathes through enemy ranks crushing and dashing all in their path.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Stone Thrower | - | - | - | - | 7 | 3 | - | - | - |
| Crew | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 |

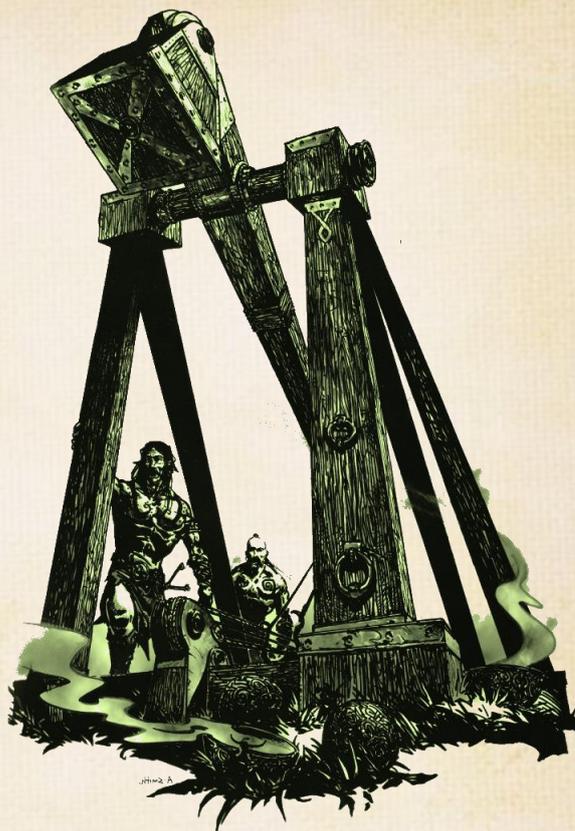
TROOP TYPE: War Machine (Stone Thrower).

SPECIAL RULES:

Stone Thrower: Stone Throwers uses the rules for normal Stone Thrower and the following profile:

| Range | Strength | Special Rules |
|--------|----------|---------------|
| 12-60" | 4(10) | Slow To Fire |

Once deployed, the Stone Throw cannot move, though it may pivot on the spot as normal.



MASTODON

The mighty and ferocious Mastodons are native to the lands of the Gaels. Their massive tusks rend and their jaws crush and tear the foes of the Goddess. They are fed a mix of crushed berries and herbs before battle that maddens them and numbs them against the weapon cuts of the enemy. Or their backs they support wooden towers, faced with bronze and edged with iron, that carry a clutch of warriors that hurl down a rain of javelins onto their foes below.



| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Mastodon | 6 | 3 | 0 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 1 | 3 | 6 |
| Crew | - | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 |

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Gaelic Fury, Terror, Large Target, Stubborn, Immune to Psychology, Impact Hits (D6+1), Scaly Skin (4+).

Howdah Crew: The Mastodon is ridden by 3 crew. Like a chariot, the monster and its howdah crew have their own characteristics, but are treated as a single model.

When moving, the model always uses the Movement characteristic of the Mastodon. The Mastodon and crew use their own Weapon Skill, Strength, Initiative and Attacks characteristics when they attack. Each can attack any opponent that the model is in base contact with.

All hits upon the Mastodon are resolved using the monster's Toughness and Wounds, and use its save. In combat, enemy models attacking the Mastodon roll against the monster's Weapon Skill when rolling To Hit.

Apart from these exceptions, a Mastodon is treated as a monster in all respects, as described in the Warhammer rulebook.



GIANTS



The Druids of Albion say that the race of mighty Giants that inhabit their island were put there by the Old Ones to guard the island from intruders. Whether this is true, who can say? Yet the Giants prowl the rugged coasts to this day. They wander along the fog shrouded cliffs and hurl boulders down onto hapless ships which come too close to the shore, taking a childlike joy in watching them splinter into matchsticks and the doomed crew struggling in the fierce waves. The Druids have a strange power over the Giants and can goad them into lifting up and carrying huge boulders and monoliths. With the help of the great strength of the Giants, these huge stones are arranged in rows or circles in order to measure the movements of the sun, moons and stars.

Forged from the earth itself the Giants of Albion are its guardians. They are powerful creatures given to rage easily and often rampage throughout the land to deter would be adventurer. Many of the Giants that were created to guard the Ogham stones enjoy nothing more than to stand at the top of these cliffs and launch great boulders down onto any ship that tries to land. The sight of one of these Giants is often enough to ward away would-be treasure hunters. The Giants are very protective of the land and attack all intruders who set foot in their realm, and only the tribes of primitive cave dwellers have gained the Giants' trust, and they, too, are a territorial race. What exactly they fight to protect is unknown, but the arrival of other more advanced races on Albion signals a very real threat to their way of life, which has remained unchanged for millennia.

Every season, sometimes more often, the Giants gather in the stone circles to bash each other's brains out. Nobody is really sure why the Giants do this, and few people care very much. It's just a nice change from the Giants bashing everyone else's brains out.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Giant | 6 | 3 | 3 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 3 | S | 10 |

TROOP TYPE: Monster.

SPECIAL RULES: Large Target, Terror, Stubborn.

Fall Over: Giants are ungainly and frequently befuddled, as a consequence of which they often fall down. They are especially prone to this if they've been raiding the local breweries, which isn't altogether uncommon.

A Giant must test to see whether it falls over if any of the following apply:

- If it is beaten in close combat. Test once results are established but before taking a Break test.
- If it is fleeing at the start of the Movement phase.
- When it crosses an obstacle. Test when the obstacle is reached.
- If the Giant decides to Jump Up and Down on an enemy. Test immediately beforehand.

To see if a Giant falls over roll a D6. On a roll of 1, the Giant falls over. A slain Giant falls over automatically.

To determine in which direction the Giant falls, roll a scatter dice. Place the Fallen Giant template with its feet at the model's base and its head in the direction of the fall — the Fallen Giant template is a special shaped template, which otherwise uses all the template rules from the Warhammer rulebook (so any models lying completely or partially under it are automatically hit).

A model hit by a falling Giant takes a Strength 6 hit that has the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule. If the unit is in combat and the Giant has fallen over whilst attempting to Jump Up and Down, wounds inflicted by a falling Giant count towards the combat result.

A Giant that falls over automatically suffers 1 wound. If the Giant is in combat then this wound counts towards combat resolution.

Once on the ground (you may lie the model down if you wish) a Giant may get up in his following Movement phase, but may not move that turn. Whilst on the ground a Giant may not attack, but he can still defend himself after a fashion so the enemy must still roll to score hits on him. If forced to flee whilst on the ground the Giant is slain — the enemy swarm over him and cut him to pieces. If the Giant gets the opportunity to pursue his foes whilst he's on the ground he stands up instead. A Giant may attack in close combat as usual on the turn he stands up.



Giant Special Attacks: Giants do not attack in the same way as other creatures. They are far too large and fractious to take orders and much too scatterbrained to have any sort of coherent plan. To determine what happens in each Close Combat phase, pick a unit in base contact with the Giant and roll a D6 on one of the following tables. Which table you use depends on the size of the Giant's victim. When fighting characters who are riding monsters, decide whether to attack the rider or mount before rolling on the table.

Big Things Chart

Use this chart when fighting Monsters, Monstrous Beasts, Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Cavalry, Chariots, War Machines, anything with the Large Target special rule, and characters riding any of the above.

| D6 | Result |
|-----|-----------------|
| 1 | Yell and Bawl |
| 2-4 | Thump with Club |
| 5-6 | Eadbutt |

Man-sized or Smaller Things Chart

Use this chart when fighting anything not covered by the Big Things chart, above.

| D6 | Result |
|-----|------------------|
| 1 | Yell and Bawl |
| 2 | Jump Up and Down |
| 3 | Pick Up and... |
| 4-6 | Swing with Club |

Yell and Bawl: The Giant yells and bawls at the enemy. This is not a pleasant experience, as Giants are deafeningly loud and tend towards poor oral hygiene. Neither the Giant nor models in contact with him actually fight if they have not already done so this round. The Giant's side automatically wins the combat by 2 points (if both sides have a Giant that Yells and Bawls, the combat is a draw).

Thump with Club: The Giant brings down his club on a single model from the target unit, that is in base contact. The target may attempt to avoid the blow by passing an Initiative test (use the lowest if the model has several different values). If the test is failed, the model takes 2D6 wounds with no armour save allowed. If a double is rolled the Giant's club embeds itself in the ground and the Giant cannot attack at all in the following round of the same combat whilst he recovers his weapon.

'Eadbutt: The Giant head-butts a single enemy model from the target unit, automatically inflicting 1 wound with no armour saves allowed. If the victim is wounded but not slain, then he is dazed and loses all of his following attacks. If the target has not yet attacked in that combat round, he loses those attacks; if he has already attacked, then he loses the next round's attacks.

Jump Up and Down: The Giant jumps up and down vigorously on top of the enemy. Before he starts, the

Giant must test to determine if he falls over (see previous page). If he falls over, work out where he falls and calculate damage as already described. Any wounds caused by the fall (on either side) count towards the combat result. If the Giant remains on his none-too-nimble feet, the target unit sustains 2D6 Strength 6 hits. Work out damage and saves as usual. Giants enjoy jumping up and down on their enemies so much that a Giant that does so in one combat round will automatically do so in the following round if he is able to, assuming that he did not fall over in the previous round. A Giant that starts to Jump Up and Down will therefore continue to do so on the same target until he falls over, the target is destroyed, or the combat ends.

Pick Up and...: The Giant stoops down and grabs a single model in base contact from the target unit (Giant player's choice). The target must make a single attack to try to fend off the Giant's clumsy hand. If this attack causes an unsaved wound, the Giant's attack fails. Otherwise, the Giant grabs the model and the player rolls a D6 to see what happens next:

D6 Result

- 1 Stuff into Bag.** The Giant stuffs the victim into his bag along with sheep, cows and other plunder. The model is removed as a casualty.
- 2 Throw Back into Combat.** The victim is hurled into his own unit like a living missile. The victim is removed as a casualty, and D6 Strength 3 hits are inflicted on the unit (save as normal).
- 3 Hurl.** The victim is hurled into an enemy unit within 12" of the Giant – randomly determine which. The victim is removed as a casualty, and the unit takes D6 Strength 3 hits (save as normal). Unsaved Wounds from these hits count towards the Giant's combat result. If no enemy units are in range, treat this as a Throw Back into Combat result instead.
- 4 Squash.** This doesn't really bear thinking about. Suffice to say the model is removed as a casualty.
- 5 Eat.** The Giant gobbles his victim up, swallowing him whole. The model is removed as a casualty.
- 6 Pick Another.** The Giant hurriedly stuffs the victim into his bag or under his shirt (or down his trousers if they're really unlucky). Treat the attack as if the Giant had rolled the Stuff into Bag result, above, and then choose another victim. The second victim makes a single attack as usual to avoid being picked up — if he fails, roll again on this table to see what the Giant does with him.

Swing with Club: The Giant swings his club across the enemy's ranks. The Giant inflicts D6 Strength 6 hits on the target unit.



GWENLAEN

The Warrior Queen

Gwenlaen is hailed as the greatest warrior of her age, her tousled red hair frames her countenance like a lion's mane and her cold grey eyes are sharp and piercing. Gwenlaen is a direct descendant of Lahmfada, the first Sun King who came down to Albion with the Goddess Danu to reclaim her kingdom for her. As High Queen, Gwenlaen is charged with this same task.

In battle, she is a true force to be reckoned with, slaying her foes with no pardon or mercy. She always seeks to find a worthy opponent to battle, but so far, she is undefeated. It is under her leadership the armies of Albion will go to war, and with the blessing of Danu, she will prevail.

Gwenlaen often rides a chariot of polished bronze and bright steel, with cruel curving scythes that can cut down several men to each side. The carriage is drawn by two mighty steeds, a grey mare named Macha and a black one named Saingliu. On the front of the chariot hangs the skull of a large stag, killed by the queen on the inaugural wild hunt, and the heads of her defeated foes hang from banner poles on either side. Many times she has led an army through the gates of Bol-A-Hat to make war on the enemies of the Goddess.

Gwenlaen's presence on the battlefield inspires her troops to greater glory. She emanates confidence and has a clear head in the heat of battle allowing her to command and direct her troops with incredible effect.



Gwenlaen has a healthy fighting spirit and has demonstrated a keen sense of battle awareness and an ability to effectively devise and execute actions on the field. Sure of her strength and her talents as a fighter Gwenlaen truly deserves her nickname as Warrior Queen. Cold and inaccessible, she fancies herself in Lahmfada's image and is ready to make others give her the respect that is up to her pretensions. She leads her tribe's female warriors as well as males, and rare are those that dare question her authority.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Gwenlaen | 4 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 6 | 5 | 9 |

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Gaelic Fury, War Cry, Woad Paint.

Warrior Queen: So inspiring is the presence of their Warrior Queen, that all friendly units within 12" of her may re-roll failed Psychology tests and rallies automatically.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Sword of Ogma (Magic Weapon)

A relic of the Sun King, the Sword of Ogma was used to "guide the passage of the invisible sun". It contains the very essence of battle within it.

The Sword of Ogma gives Gwenlaen +2 Strength and +1 Attack on the charge.

The Black Shield (Magic Armour)

This shield contains the very essence of darkness, clouding the view of anyone who tries to target the bearer.

Shield. Enemies must re-roll all successful rolls To Hit against the wearer (both shooting and close combat).

Torc of Protection (Talisman)

Worn around the neck, this torc grants the wearer invulnerability, but only for a short while.

One use only. When used, the wearer cannot be harmed by any Spell, Shooting or Close Combat attack for the duration of the turn.

I am Gwenlaen, Warrior Queen of Albion. When my family and I are wronged by those claiming power, we fight back, asserting ourselves and reclaiming our dignity. You have this right as well, and are deserving of respect. Listen to your heart and do not be overcome by the fear-mongers or the close-minded zealots who are afraid of your freedom!



DURAL DURAK

Leader of the Council

Dural Durak is the High Druid of Albion, the highest position an aspiring Druid can hope to achieve. He is the leader of the Council of Druids, protecting the Bastion of the Old Ones and the whole of Albion. Dural Durak often acts as a councillor between the tribes and he even travels across the sea to far-away nations, to speak for Albion. He is the wisest man in Albion, said to be able to see into the future. He is a close friend and confidant of queen Gwelaen, as he was with the predecessor of the current queen, as well as with the military leaders of Albion dating back a few generations.

Dural has been High Druid for as long as anyone can remember, blessing babies, entombing old kings and ordaining new, divining geases, initiating warriors, and generally being Albion's spiritual leader. Dural is fully versant in potion and herb lore and can read and write Ogham fluently. He is well respected among the tribes and the inhabitants of Albion take great efforts to seek him out and ask for advice. Although he can be secretive and puzzling at times, no one takes this as an offence – as far as Dural is concerned, he is the supreme authority of the land, over and above even the queen. In practice, he does not always assert this authority, preferring to let his Queen make her own mistakes.



Dural has travelled to many places and battled foes beyond number during his long life. Before being elected to become the current High Druid, which occurred at a time when the grandfathers of this generation's grandfathers were mere infants, Dural served Albion as a simply Truthsayer, one among many. It was this determination in his younger years, the will to purge the Forces of Darkness from the world, and to aid the Forces of Light wherever he could, which brought him into the Council of the Druids. During the Dark Shadows, he was appointed Leader of the Council, giving the Truthsayers the strong leader they needed to rally behind. He was the one who defeated the Dark Emissary Kh'nar, who led the Forces of Order to victory on the Plain of Battles, whose magic brought down the Daemons of the Dark Master, and whom managed to balance the Winds of Magic on Albion in the aftermath of the Dark Shadows. Dural has watched with ever-vigilant eyes over Albion since then, protecting it from any harm and when possible, turning his attention towards the nations across the sea and aiding his allies among the other races and peoples.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Dural Durak | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 9 |

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Dural Durak is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Life, Lore of Beasts, or Lore of the Truthsayers.

SPECIAL RULES: Gaelic Fury, Woad Paint.

High Druid: Dural Durak may reroll all Power Dice when casting a spell once per turn, as long as it wasn't an Irresistible Force result.

The Heartwood Staff (Arcane Item)

This staff is passed down from the old High Druid to the new one on his retirement or death. This simple staff of oak allows the druid to draw upon the natural energies of the world around them.

The Heartwood Staff gives Dural Durak +1 to cast, and +2 to cast if he is within 6" of a wood.

The Triskele (Talisman)

The magical symbol of the Truthsayer's calling, this protective amulet also focuses positive energies onto Truthsayers, protecting them from harm.

The wearer of the Triskele gains a 5+ Ward save and Magic Resistance (3).



MORRIGAN

The Phantom Queen

No one knows the origin of this mysterious individual, known only as "Morrigan". Some Gaels says she is the Goddess of War, or at the very least the essence of it, whereas others says she was once a beautiful maiden who died a violent death, whose spirit still clings to life. Some even worship her as a god, hoping to be made mighty in war, either personally or by being given great armies to command. Adding to the superstition that Morrigan might be some kind of god like creature is the fact, that she seems to reside somewhere within the Beast Peaks – a place on Albion which signifies the connection of the mortal world with that of the gods above.

Another person who might know something about her is Dural Durak but every time Morrigan is mentioned while him being within earshot, he turns either uncommonly aggressive or more introverted than usual. Some people and even some fellow druids interpret his wits concerning this topic differently. Rumours range from him having an affair with her or that they once were even very close to each other and that he didn't get over her new calling.

Others claim that they are sworn enemies, always competing who of them both might be the greater magic wielder. Dural himself won't say a word on these rumours but he can be seen from time to time wandering into the Beast Peaks, with an almost insane sparkle in his eyes. Whenever he returns after such ventures he is either even more absent than usual or has an air about him of newly gained wisdom. Whether this might have something to do with Morrigan remains an open question no one among the people of Albion dares to ask their High Druid.

Whatever this Morrigan might be, she appears as a fierce woman, or as a monstrous raven, or as some combination of the two. She can be seen above every great battlefield, in the form of the carrion birds who watch such places hopefully. When appearing on the field of battle, she soars high in the air, borne aloft on the black wings of the raven, able to summon her children to do her bidding and claw out the eyes of her foes. She is seen as an omen of war by the tribes of Albion, raising the spirits of nearby troops, while inspiring fear into the hearts of their enemies.

Morrigan never stays long after a battle, oftentimes wandering around the fallen. As no one dares to approach her while she walks around the field of battle, her purpose there is an unsolved mystery too. Some claim that she is in search for some artefact, although no one can give a clue to what kind of artefact that might be and what powers it houses. The majority of the warriors has settled with the explanation that she

prepares the fallen spirits on their journey to the gods. She then leaves the battlefield, soaring high into the air on her raven wings, accompanied by her numerous crows. This is always a moment of deep reverence, for it represents to the warriors of Albion the guiding of the fallen to their gods, with each of the crows carrying the spirit of a fallen warrior.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Morrigan | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 3 | 9 |

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

MAGIC: Morrigan is a Level 2 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Beasts, Lore of Shadows or Lore of Death. She always knows the Lore of Beasts spell *The Flock of Doom* in addition to her other spells.

SPECIAL RULES: Ethereal, Fly, Terror.

Omen of War: All friendly units with the Gaelic Fury special rule within 8" of Morrigan gains +1 To Hit in Close Combat, and enemy units suffer -1 to their Leadership. However, Morrigan may never be the army's General.

Murder of Crows: Whenever Morrigan charges into combat she inflicts 2D6 Strength 2 hits, distributed as shooting. These are Magical Attacks.



CORMAC CHATH

Hero of Albion

Cormac Chath is the Champion of the Ecenians, and a sworn defender of the people. He serves Queen Gwenlaen in her war against the Old World invaders. He loves battles, especially if he gets a chance to use his battle cry, for he loves to see his foes fleeing the field in terror. When fighting, he gives himself wholly to the divine rage that emanates from him like an invincible aura of hatred. Peace is anathema to him; he lives only to kill as many enemies as he can – only the Truthsayers are able to temporarily appease his murderous rage.



Off the battlefield, he can be cautious, even somewhat timid at times. Although a very commanding leader if he let himself be, he fears responsibility and dislikes decision-making. In many respects this is a strength of his, since he recognises that he is not really clever or sensible enough to be a good King.

Cormac is one of the fiercest warriors of Albion. Many tales are told of his deeds in battle, and almost as many of his extraordinarily irascible nature. He is widely regarded as the most quarrelsome of Noble Warriors, if not the most quarrelsome of all warriors. He has slain hundreds of foes in battle, and hundreds more for looking at him disrespectfully, or just being in the wrong place at the wrong time. He can be seen on the battlefield wading through the ranks of the enemy with his great two-handed sword splintering and crushing the bones of the enemy with graceful ease. Woe to any foe that stands in his way.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|--------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Cormac Chath | 4 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 6 | 3 | 8 |

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Gaelic Fury, War Cry, Woad Paint, Frenzy.

Hero of Albion: A fierce opponent, the deeds of Cormac Chath deeply inspires the warriors around him. For every wound caused by Cormac Chath (not calculating multiple Wounds) in Close Combat, all friendly units in combat within 12" receive +1 to their combat resolution bonus.

MAGIC ITEMS:

Caladbolg Claymore (Magic Weapon)

This two-handed sword makes a circle like an arc of rainbow when swung, and have the power to cut the tops of hills and slaughter an entire host. It was granted to Cormac Chath by the king of his house after he successfully defeated a Dark Elf raiding force preying upon the villages of the coast.

Great Weapon. All hits with this are multiplied by D3, and have the Multiple Wounds (D3) special rule.

Mail of Morrigan (Magic Armour)

Said to have belonged to the Goddess of war, Morrigan, the Mail gives the wearer considerable protection in battle.

The Mail of Morrigan gives Cormac a 4+ armour save and a 6+ Ward save.

Seal of Chath (Talisman)

A powerful talisman from the House of Chath, the Seal makes anyone who wears it highly resistant to any blow.

Enemies suffer -1 on all roll To Wound against Cormac Chath.



CONNOR MCFEUD

The Highlander

Connor McFeud fancies himself the best swordsman in all of Albion, and his foes have so far been unable to argue the validity of his words. He often travels high up in Beast Peaks seeking worthy foes to slay, giving him the moniker "the Highlander". He lives only for battle and to prove himself beyond and above any mortal in combat.

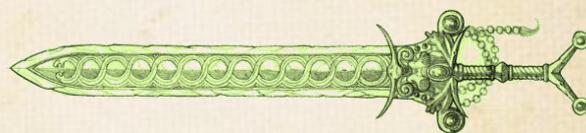
Yet it was not always thus; in his younger years, Connor was a happily married man, until one day when a Fimir war party raided his village and captured his wife while he was out hunting with some of the village greatest fighters. Enraged, he set out after the Fimir himself, never stopping to rest, until he found them. Connor let upon the foe with a bestial howl, cutting down half a dozen Fimir before their leader showed up. Connor challenged the foul creatures to single duel, where he decapitated the Fimir leader with a single strike, causing the remainder of the Fimir war party to flee in panic without their prisoners.

Almost passing out from overexertion, Connor searched the camp for his wife. And found her he did, but it was too late; the Fimir has already ravaged the poor woman, leaving her for dead. Connor held her in his arms, letting out an agonizing cry. Swearing revenge for her death and cursing the vile Fimir.



After his wife's burial, Connor was never the same again. He became a loner, spending more and more time by himself, until Connor one day left the village to go his own way. His thoughts were only those of vengeance, and he sought to get it by killing anyone or anything in his way.

Calling out to the strongest of opponents, he wades through the enemy lines, focused only on the challenge of one on one combat, where he can prove himself in the eyes of his Goddess as the sole worthy fighter on Albion. As he says himself, "there can only be one".



| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|---------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Connor McFeud | 4 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 6 | 3 | 8 |

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Gaelic Fury, War Cry, Woad Paint.

'There Can Be Only One!': Connor must always issue and accept challenges when possible. In addition, he may choose one character in the enemy's army to be his nemesis. If Connor slays this character in a challenge, the Albion player receives +100 Victory Points. While in a challenge, Connor has the Heroic Killing Blow special rule.

Fateful Destiny: Connor has a 3+ Ward save against all attacks except successful Killing Blows.

Great Fury (Magic Weapon)

Great Fury was the sword of Connor's father, only used this sword in adventures that were matter of life and death. It is said of Great Fury that it left no stroke nor blow unfinished.

This sword allows Connor to re-roll all failed rolls To Hit and To Wound.

"I am Connor MacFeud of the Clan MacFeud. I was born in 2494 in the village of Glenfinnan on the shores of Ochness. And I am undefeated!"



AMANTHAS

The Huntress



Amanthas is a fierce and proud warrior, but she is also highly intelligent and inventive. Across the misty hills and fells Albion she sits on her haunches, watching the flight of the birds over the crags. She cures her own hides, wearing skins of animals she has trapped, fashions her own flint arrowheads and fletches her arrows with eagle feathers. Around her neck she wears necklaces of bones and feathers, and spirit bundles. Amanthas have little time for gods and goddesses, honouring instead the spirits of the animals she hunts, and the landscape in which she lives.

She is a reclusive woman, preferring the vastness of the land to the company of other people. However, this wasn't always the case. Amanthas was a very joyful child, always the focus of attention and beloved by her whole tribe, which was a part of the Nessairs. The people claimed that she was favoured by the gods, chosen for great deeds in the future. Part of that claim is true today: Amanthas is renowned throughout all of Albion for her tracking skills and the proficiency with her bow. No man on the isle can match her ranger skills yet it is not a fate she chose on her own.

Years ago, when Amanthas was only weeks away from being regarded as a full-grown member of her tribe and thus being granted the right to marry, her village was ambushed by a Dark Elf raid during the night. Her father hid her together with her mother and the other children of the village, before venturing out into the night to face the intruders. Unfortunately, the Dark Elves found the hiding place and dragged the children and Amanthas' mother outside. Miraculously, the foreign warriors overlooked her in her hiding place.

Unable to escape, she was forced to watch the cruel Dark Elves toying with her mother and friends, torturing them and denying them a quick death. They then ventured further into the land of Albion, in search for more slaves and torture victims. That was the turning point in Amanthas' life. It took days until she managed to shake off the shock. Coming out of her hiding place, she gathered all equipment she deemed useful and necessary for her oncoming task, and set off after the Dark Elf party, neither looking back nor burying her tribe members, for she was unable to look at her tortured relatives without the dark memories being summoned in her mind.

As a member of the Nessair, Amanthas was already skilled in reading tracks and hunting, and over the past weeks, during when she followed the Dark Elves' trails, she honed her skills even further. Eventually, after following the trail of devastation, she came upon the hated intruders. Like she was taught by her father, and following the Nessair creed for stealth and ambush tactics, she slowly started to thin out the Dark Elf raiding party. The Druchii lost members to traps, stumbled into marshes by being fooled by faulty signs, and some of them just disappeared when no one was looking. Eventually their morale was so low, that they decided to return to their ship and abandon this clearly cursed journey. It was just that on the way back the unseen threats grew even more and none of them returned to their ship alive.

| | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld |
|----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|
| Amanthas | 4 | 5 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 6 | 3 | 8 |

TROOP TYPE: Infantry (Special Character).

SPECIAL RULES: Gaelic Fury, Woad Paint, Scout, Sniper.

Master of the Hunt: Amanthas has learned the ways of the hunt and is one the most accomplished in Albion at stalking her prey.

Amanthas may deploy within 5" of the enemy instead of the normal 10" and is at an additional -1 to hit with missile weapons when in Forests. In addition, she cannot be march blocked and can fire even if she marches.

Bow of the Sidhe (Magic Weapon)

Amanthas took this bow from the slain Dark Elves raiding party she pursued. Apparently loot from a previous raid, this bow is potent weapon indeed.

Long bow. All shots fired with this bow have the Killing Blow ability and are resolved at Strength 5.



LORE OF THE TRUTHSAYERS

MISTS OF ALBION (Lore Attribute)

The Druid breathes out some of the mystical mist that surrounds his enigmatic homeland and envelops his compatriots, making them hard to target by enemy missile troops.

Whenever a spell from the Lore of the Truthsayers is cast on a friendly unit, enemy units targeting that unit suffer -1 To Hit with missile weapons until the start of the caster's next turn.

ELEMENTAL POWER (Signature Spell) Cast on 4+

Fenbeasts are elemental creatures which thrive on the magic which suffuses the isle of Albion. This can be boosted by magical energy from the Truthsayer.

*Elemental Power is an **augment** spell with a range of 18" that affects Fenbeasts. The Fenbeast unit immediately regains D3 Wounds, up to its starting value of 4.*

1. WINGS OF FATE Cast on 5+

The Truthsayer conjures a flock of enchanted birds to attack his enemies.

*Wings of Fate is a **magic missile** with a range of 24" and causes 2D6 Strength 2 hits. The Wizard can choose to extend the range of this spell to 36" and the number of hits to 3D6. If he does so, the casting value is increased to 10+.*

2. LIGHT OF BATTLE Cast on 6+

A chosen regiment of warriors is protected by a shimmering barrier that deflects enemy missiles and blows.

*Light of Battle is an **augment** spell with a range of 24". The unit receives a 5+ Ward save until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. The Wizard can choose to have this spell affect all friendly units within 12". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 12+.*

3. GIFT OF LIFE Cast on 7+

Dying warriors that are lying broken on the battlefield are granted a new chance, their bodies are healed of all wounds and their strength returned to them.

*Gift of Life is an **augment** spell that affects all friendly units within 12". Each unit within this range is given back one model that has been removed as a casualty during the game. The model is placed back in its original unit, with its full complement of Wounds. The spell has no effect on units that have been destroyed or fled off the table. All characters, chariots and models with 4 or more Wounds on their profile who have been wounded get one lost Wound back. This spell has no effect on war machines (but it can restore a lost crew member). The Wizard can choose to have this spell affect all friendly units within 24". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 14+.*

4. BLESSING OF VALOUR Cast on 8+

The prayers of the Truthsayer are heeded in the heavens and his warriors are filled with the strength and shifts of the gods of hunting and battle.

*Remains to play. Blessing of Valour is an **augment** spell with a range of 24". The unit gets +1 To Hit with shooting and close combat attacks. The Wizard can choose to have this spell affect all friendly units within 12". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 16+.*

5. BOON OF COURAGE Cast on 8+

The warriors hear the commanding voice of the Truthsayer in their minds, calling upon their honour and bidding them to fight on, no matter how desperate their situation has become.

*Boon of Courage is an **augment** spell with a range of 24". The unit is Unbreakable until the start of the caster's next Magic phase. If cast on a fleeing unit, the unit immediately rallies, regardless of how many models are left in it. The Wizard can choose to have this spell affect all friendly units within 12". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 16+.*

6. VOICE OF COMMAND Cast on 9+

Hearing the booming voice of the Truthsayer; an enemy regiment suddenly stops in its tracks, doubt filling their minds, hesitation paralyzing their limbs.

*Voice of Command is a **hex** spell with a range of 24". The unit must immediately take a Leadership test. If the test is failed, the unit immediately loses all its fighting spirit. The affected unit cannot voluntarily move in its Movement phase or shoot in its next Shooting phase. This spell has no effect on models that are Immune to Psychology. The Wizard can choose to have this spell affect all enemy units within 12". If he does so, the casting value is increased to 18+.*



ARTEFACTS OF ALBION

This section contains the rules and background for some of the most iconic and powerful magical artefacts used by the Gaels. These may be used in addition to the magic items found in the Warhammer rulebook.

GAI DEARG, THE SUN SPEAR 100 points
Magic Weapon

To Cuchulainn, the Goddess Danu gave the magical spear called Gai Dearg. The spear had an unquenchable thirst for the souls of the enemies of Danu. The spear need only be cast and it will seek out its enemies killing all in its path until its barbs prevented it from freeing itself from the corpse of its last victim. With Gai Dearg Cuchulainn slew Balor, lord of the Fimir, on the Plain of Battles. It is now kept in the armoury of Gwenlaen's hall at Bol-A-Hat. It lies in a broad brimmed cauldron of silver filled with a brew of soporific herbs to sedate its thirst for blood. There it lies waiting until called upon again.

Spear. All attacks (including shooting) with this weapon Hits automatically and gives the wearer +1 Strength. In addition, it can be thrown in the Shooting phase following the rules for javelins. Resolve the Hit as if it were from a Bolt Thrower.

FRAGARACH 75 points
Magic Weapon

Forged by the gods, Manannan wielded it as his weapon before passing it on to Lugh. It was said that no one could tell a lie with Fragarach at his or her throat, thus the name 'Answerer'. It was also said to place the wind at the user's command and could cut through any shield or wall, and had a piercing wound from which no man could recover.

No armour saves are allowed against any wounds caused by this weapon, and for every Wound caused, the enemy model must pass a Toughness test or suffer an additional Wound. In addition, the wielder may cast Wind Blast from the Lore of Heavens as a Bound Spell at Power Level 3.

WHILE HILT 30 points
Magic Weapon

The Sword of the High King, handed down through the generations since it was granted to him from Danu. A beautiful two handed sword made of an unknown metal reminiscent of silver, the cross piece is in the shape of a pair of crescent moons. When drawn by a worthy or well-born man, the entire blade would blaze with fire.

Great weapon. The wielder of this sword gains Flaming Attacks. Against models with Toughness 5 or more, he may re-roll failed rolls To Wound.

THE EAR OF BEAUTY 50 points
Magic Armour

Conchobar went his way to the place where he heard the battle had gone three times against him from the north, and he lifted shield against shield there, namely against Fergus mac Roig, even Ochain of Conchobar with its four ears of gold and its four bracings of red gold. Therewith Fergus gave three stout blows of Badb on the Ochain of Conchobar, so that Conchobar's shield cried aloud. Whenever Conchobar's shield cried out, the shields of all the Gaels cried out. However great the strength and power with which Fergus smote Conchobar on the shield, so great also was the might and valour wherewith Conchobar held the shield, so that the ear of the shield did not even touch the ear of Conchobar.

Shield. The wielder gains a 4+ Parry save, which works in conjunction with Magic Weapons. For every save the wielder makes in close combat, he may make an extra attack back immediately against the model/unit that struck the blow.

THE TRISKELE 50 points
Talisman, Truthsayer only

The magical symbol of the Truthsayer's calling, this protective amulet also focuses positive energies onto Truthsayers, protecting them from harm.

The wearer of the Triskele gains a 5+ Ward save and Magic Resistance (3). The Triskele is not a unique magic item, and one may be worn by each Truthsayer.



STAFF OF LIGHT

40 points

Arcane Item

The Staff of Light allows the Truthsayer to marshal protective magical energies, the better to thwart the spells of his foes.

The bearer gains +1 to all dispel attempts and +2 to all attempts to channel dispel dice.

CAULDRON OF REBIRTH

75 points

Enchanted Item

The Cauldron of Rebirth, also known as the Cauldron of Plenty or and The Cauldron of Dyrnwch the Giant was a gift from the moon Goddess to the people of Albion. Anu gave Lyr, the founder of the House, the Cauldron of Daghdha. This cauldron provides a never-ending supply of hearty broth. When the cauldron is dry it takes only a special incantation and then the cauldron will refill itself with the same nourishing sustenance. It can also resurrect anyone who has being dead for less than a day, but they will have no ability to speak.

At the start of the Albion Magic Phase, up to D3 Wounds worth of models previously slain during the battle may be resurrected and put back into the unit (starting with Champions followed by Standard bearers and Musicians) as long as the bearer of this item remains in it. Any friendly character slain in this unit may also be resurrected once in this manner. However, a resurrected character does not bestow his Leadership onto the unit, nor can the unit benefit from his War Cry ability. Resurrected Wizards can no longer cast spells.

THE CHARIOT OF MORGAN MWYNFAWR

60 points

Enchanted Item

Usually found in the form of a one foot long golden model of a chariot drawn by two horses. The model is made by a master craftsman and has exquisite detail. When a command word is spoken the model transforms into a heavy chariot drawn by two white horses with golden eyes. A second command word turns it back into a model. The chariot belonging to Morgan Mwynfawr is a magical vehicle which can quickly reach whatever destination one might wish to go to.

The character may transform this item into a Chariot (see page 56) at the start of any of his turns, as long as he is not in Close Combat. This Chariot follows all the rules for normal chariots. While in it, the character can Fly, but may not join any units. If he is in a unit when transforming the Chariot, he must immediately leave it and be placed within 1" of his unit. The character can choose to transform the Chariot back into a magic item at the end of any turn. Any lost are not restored upon doing so, and if the Chariot is destroyed, the magic item is lost. A character with this magic item may not choose another mount.

THE WHETSTONE OF TUDWAL TUDGLYD

50 points

Enchanted Item

This looks like an ordinary sized whetstone made of black stone. The stone has a crystalline texture and is provided with an iron ring at one end to hang it from a belt or pack. The whetstone magically enhances the sword of a brave man should he sharpen it with this whetstone, enabling the sword to draw the very life out of any man wounded by the weapon.

The bearer gains the Multiple Wounds (D6) special rule on all his Close Combat Attacks. This may not be used with Magic Weapons.



BANNER OF THE SUN KING

60 points

Magic Standard

The armies of the Sun King march under a sky blue banner decorated with the sun disc and the magic spear, Gai Dearg. This standard contains the very essence of fighting spirit of the warriors of Albion, inspiring them to ever greater deeds.

All models in the unit will always Wound enemies on at least a 4+ in close combat. Armour saves are affected by the unit's normal Strength. In addition, the unit receives +D3 to its Combat Resolution bonus in any turn that they charge.







ALBION ARMY LIST

The mist wreathed isle of Albion has seen as much bloodshed and warfare as the rest of the known world. Albion is seen as a damp, bog-ridden backwater and reports of recent incursions have concentrated on the clashes between the supposedly more advanced invaders. However, a closer examination of the campaigns in Albion show that its native armies are every bit as lethal as those of any of the more so called 'civilised' nations.

This section of the book helps your turn your collection of Albion miniatures into an army of greedy mercenaries, ready for a tabletop battle. At the back of this section, you will also find a summary page, which lists every unit's characteristics profile, for quick and easy reference during your games of Warhammer.





USING THE ARMY LIST

The army list is used alongside the 'Choosing an Army' section of the Warhammer rulebook to pick a force ready for battle. Over the following pages you will find an entry for each of the models in your army. These entries give you all of the gaming information that you need to shape your collection of models into the units that will form your army. Amongst other things, they will tell you what your models are equipped with, what options are available to them, and their points costs.

UNIT CATEGORIES

As described in the Warhammer rulebook, the units in the army list are organised into five categories: Lords, Heroes, Core Units, Special Units and Rare Units.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Each army list entry contains all the information you need to choose and field that unit at a glance, using the following format:

| WARBAND WARRIORS 1 | | | | | | | | | | | 4 points per model |
|--------------------|---|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|--------------------|
| Profile | 2 | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
| Warrior | 4 | | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 | Infantry |
| Clannach | 4 | | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 7 | Infantry |

5 Unit Size: 10+ 7 Special Rules: 8 Options:

6 Equipment:

- Hand weapon

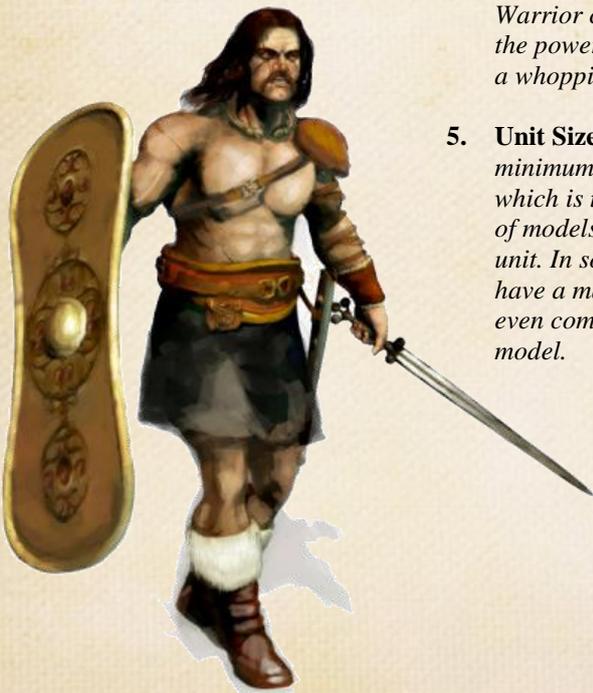
- Gaelic Fury

- May upgrade one Warrior to an Clannach10 points
- May upgrade one Warrior to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Warrior to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may be armed with one of the following:
 - Spears.....free
 - Great weapon.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model

- Name.** The name by which the unit or character is identified.
- Profiles.** The characteristic profiles for the model(s) in each unit are provided as a reminder. Where several profiles are required these are also given, even if they are optional (such as unit champions).

- Troop Type.** Each entry specifies the troop type of its models (e.g. 'infantry, monstrous cavalry' and so on).
- Points value.** Every miniature in the Warhammer range costs an amount of points that reflects how effective it is on the battlefield. For example, a Warrior costs 4 points, whilst the powerful Gwenlaen costs a whopping 250 points!
- Unit Size.** This specifies the minimum size for each unit, which is the smallest number of models needed to form that unit. In some cases units also have a maximum size, or can even comprise just a single model.

- Equipment.** This is a list of the standard weapons and armour for that unit. The cost of these items is included in the basic points value.
- Special Rules.** Many troops have special rules that are fully described earlier in this book or in the Warhammer rulebook. The names of these rules are listed here as a reminder.
- Options.** This is a list of optional weapons and armour; mounts, magic items and other upgrades for units or characters, including the points cost for each particular option. Many unit entries include the option to upgrade a unit member to a champion, standard bearer or musician. Some units may carry a magic standard or take magic items at a further points cost.





LORDS

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|------------------------------------|----------|-----------|-----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|-----------|------------------------------|------------|
| GWENLAEN, THE WARRIOR QUEEN | | | | | | | | | | | 250 points |
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type | |
| Gwenlaen | 4 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 6 | 5 | 9 | Infantry (Special Character) | |

- | | | | |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Equipment: | Magic Items: | Special Rules: | Options: |
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Javelin • Light armour | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Sword of Ogma • The Black Shield • Torc of Protection | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Gaelic Fury • War Cry • Woad Paint • Warrior Queen | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • May ride one of the following: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> - Warhorse.....18 points - Chariot (replacing one of the crew).....50 points |

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|-------------------------------------------|----------|-----------|-----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|-----------|------------------------------|------------|
| DURAL DURAK, LEADER OF THE COUNCIL | | | | | | | | | | | 375 points |
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type | |
| Dural Durak | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 9 | Infantry (Special Character) | |

- | | | |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Magic Items: | Special Rules: | Magic: |
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Heartwood Staff • The Triskele | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Gaelic Fury • Woad Paint | Dural Durak is a Level 4 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Life, Lore of Beasts, or Lore of the Truthsayers. |

| | | | | | | | | | | | |
|------------------------------------|----------|-----------|-----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|----------|-----------|------------------------------|------------|
| MORRIGAN, THE PHANTOM QUEEN | | | | | | | | | | | 325 points |
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type | |
| Morrigan | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 3 | 9 | Infantry (Special Character) | |

- | | | |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Equipment: | Special Rules: | Magic: |
| <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Hand weapon | <ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Ethereal • Fly • Terror • Omen of War • Murder of Crows | Morrigan is a Level 2 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Beasts, Lore of Shadows or Lore of Death. |





LORDS

| WARLEADER | | | | | | | | | | | 120 points |
|---------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|----------------------|------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type | |
| Warleader | 4 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 6 | 4 | 9 | Infantry (Character) | |
| Shieldbearers | 4 | 4 | - | 4 | - | - | 4 | 2 | - | - | |

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Gaelic Fury
- War Cry

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon (unless mounted).....3 points
 - Spear (mounted only).....3 points
 - Great weapon.....6 points
- May be armed with javelins.....5 points
- May take a shield.....3 points
- May wear Woad Paint.....15 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Warhorse.....18 points
 - Chariot (replacing one of the crew).....50 points
 - Shieldbearers.....25 points
 - Mastodon (replacing one of the crew).....210 points
- May take magic items up to a total of100 points

| TRUTHSAYER | | | | | | | | | | | 225 points |
|------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|----------------------|------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type | |
| Truthsayer | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 9 | Infantry (Character) | |

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Gaelic Fury

Magic:

A Truthsayer is a Level 3 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Life, Lore of Beasts, or Lore of the Truthsayers.

Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 4 Wizard.....35 points
- May wear Woad Paint.....15 points
- May take magic items up to a total of100 points





HEROES

CORMAC CHATH

250 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|--------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|------------------------------|
| Cormac Chath | 4 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 6 | 3 | 8 | Infantry (Special Character) |

Equipment:

- Light armour

Magic Items:

- Caladbolg Claymore
- Mail of Morrigan
- Seal of Chath

Special Rules:

- Gaelic Fury
- War Cry
- Woad Paint
- Frenzy
- Hero of Albion

CONNOR MCFEUD

210 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|---------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|------------------------------|
| Connor McFeud | 4 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 6 | 3 | 8 | Infantry (Special Character) |

Magic Items:

- Great Fury

Special Rules:

- Gaelic Fury
- War Cry
- Woad Paint
- 'There Can Be Only One!'
- Fateful Destiny

AMANTHAS, THE HUNTRESS

150 points

| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
|----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|------------------------------|
| Amanthas | 4 | 5 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 6 | 3 | 8 | Infantry (Special Character) |

Equipment:

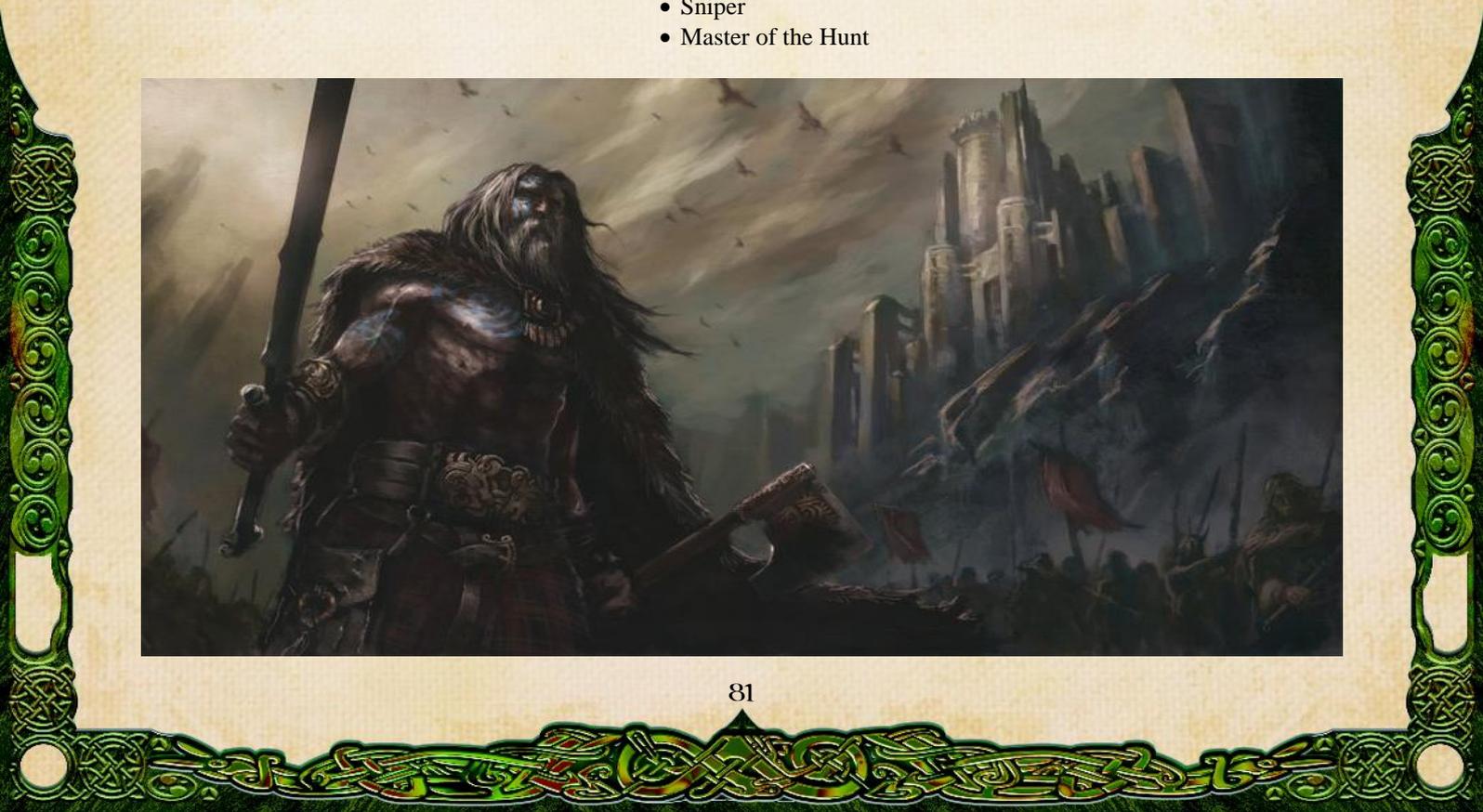
- Two hand weapons

Magic Items:

- Bow of the Sidhe

Special Rules:

- Gaelic Fury
- Woad Paint
- Scout
- Sniper
- Master of the Hunt





HEROES

| CHIEFTAIN | | | | | | | | | | 70 points |
|-----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|----------------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
| Chieftain | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 5 | 3 | 8 | Infantry (Character) |

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Gaelic Fury
- War Cry

Options:

- May be armed with one of the following:
 - Additional hand weapon (unless mounted).....2 points
 - Spear (mounted only)..... 2 points
 - Great weapon.....4 points
- May be armed with javelins.....5 points
- May take a shield.....2 points
- May wear Woad Paint.....15 points
- May be mounted upon one of the following:
 - Warhorse.....12 points
 - Chariot (replacing one of the crew).....50 points
- May take magic items up to a total of50 points

ARMY BATTLE STANDARD
 One Chieftain in the army may carry the Battle Standard for +25 points. The Battle Standard Bearer can have a magic banner (no points limit). A model carrying a magic standard cannot carry any other magic items.

| DRUID | | | | | | | | | | 90 points |
|---------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|----------------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
| Druid | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 8 | Infantry (Character) |

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Magic:

A Druid is a Level 1 Wizard who uses spells from the Lore of Life, Lore of Beasts, or Lore of the Truthsayers.

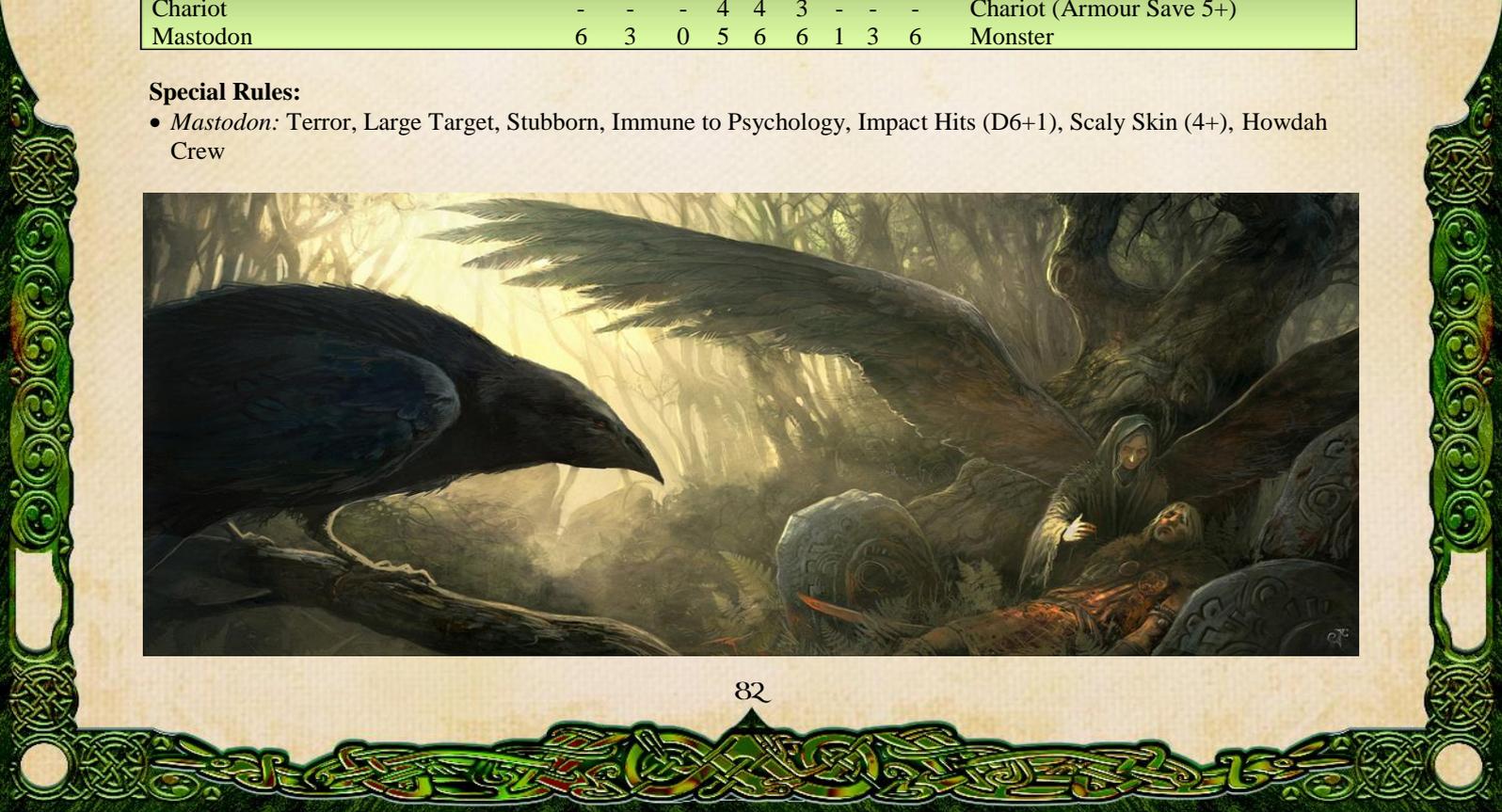
Options:

- May be upgraded to Level 2 Wizard.....35 points
- May wear Woad Paint.....15 points
- May take magic items up to a total of50 points

| CHARACTER MOUNTS | | | | | | | | | | |
|------------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|--------------------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
| Warhorse | 8 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 5 | War Beast |
| Chariot | - | - | - | 4 | 4 | 3 | - | - | - | Chariot (Armour Save 5+) |
| Mastodon | 6 | 3 | 0 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 1 | 3 | 6 | Monster |

Special Rules:

- *Mastodon*: Terror, Large Target, Stubborn, Immune to Psychology, Impact Hits (D6+1), Scaly Skin (4+), Howdah Crew





CORE UNITS

| WARBAND WARRIORS | | | | | | | | | | 4 points per model |
|------------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|--------------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
| Warrior | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 | Infantry |
| Clannach | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 7 | Infantry |

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Gaelic Fury

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Options:

- May upgrade one Warrior to a Clannach.....10 points
- May upgrade one Warrior to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Warrior to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may be armed with one of the following:
 - Spears.....free
 - Great weapon.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may wear Woad Paint.....1 point per model

| WOAD RAIDERS | | | | | | | | | | 7 points per model |
|--------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|--------------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
| Woad Raider | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 | Infantry |
| Fíochmhar | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 7 | Infantry |

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Gaelic Fury

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

- Frenzy

- Woad Paint

Options:

- May upgrade one Woad Raider to a Fíochmhar.....10 points
- May upgrade one Woad Raider to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Woad Raider to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may be armed with additional hand weapons.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model

| YOUNGBLOODS | | | | | | | | | | 4 points per model |
|-------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|--------------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
| Youngblood | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 6 | Infantry |
| Shaothrú | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 6 | Infantry |

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Gaelic Fury

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

- Skirmishers

Options:

- May upgrade one Woad Raider to a Fíochmhar.....10 points
- May upgrade one Woad Raider to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Woad Raider to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit must be armed with one of the following:
 - Javelins.....2 points per model
 - Slings.....2 points per model
 - Hurled heads.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model

| HUNTING HOUNDS | | | | | | | | | | 6 points per model |
|----------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|--------------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
| Hunting Dog | 7 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 5 | War Beast |
| Handler | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 | Infantry |

Unit Size: 5+ Hounds & 3 Handlers

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Gaelic Fury (Handlers only)
- Skirmishers
- Release the Hounds





Core Units

| CLANSMEN CAVALRY | | | | | | | | | | 15 points per model |
|------------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|---------------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
| Clansman | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 8 | Cavalry |
| Marcach | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 8 | Cavalry |
| Warhorse | 8 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 5 | - |

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Gaelic Fury
- Fast Cavalry

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Spear
- Shield

Options:

- May upgrade one Clansman to a Marcach10 points
 - May upgrade one Clansman to a musician.....10 points
 - May upgrade one Clansman to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - One Clansmen Cavalry unit with a standard bearer may take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
 - The entire unit may be armed with javelins.....2 points per model
 - The entire unit may wear Woad Paint.....2 points per model
 - The entire unit may wear light armour*.....1 point per model
- *Will no longer counts as Fast Cavalry.

| CHARIOTS | | | | | | | | | | 50 points per model |
|----------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|--------------------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
| Chariot | - | - | - | 4 | 4 | 3 | - | - | - | Chariot (Armour Save 5+) |
| Charioteer | - | 4 | 3 | 3 | - | - | 3 | 1 | 8 | - |
| Chariot Master | - | 4 | 3 | 3 | - | - | 3 | 2 | 8 | - |
| Warhorse | 8 | 3 | 0 | 3 | - | - | 3 | 1 | - | - |

Unit Size: 3+

Special Rules:

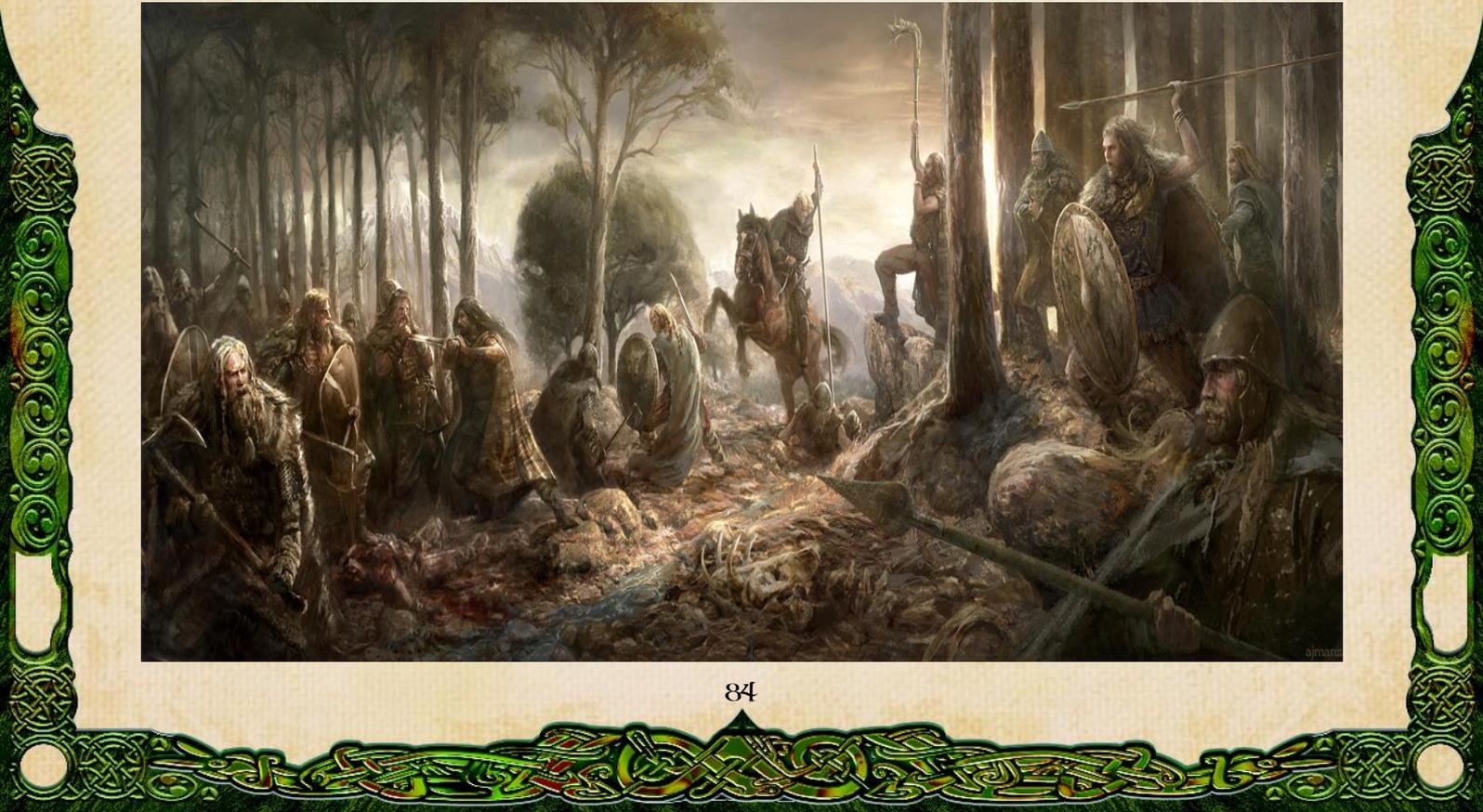
- Gaelic Fury

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Spear
- Javelin

Options:

- May upgrade one Chariot to a Chariot Master.....10 points
- May upgrade one Chariot o a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Chariot a standard bearer.....10 points
 - A Chariot unit with a standard bearer may take a magic standard worth up to.....25 points
- The entire unit may wear Woad Paint.....5 points per model





SPECIAL UNITS

| NOBLE WARRIORS | | | | | | | | | | 10 points per model |
|----------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|---------------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
| Noble Warriors | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 8 | Infantry |
| Coimeádaí | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 8 | Infantry |

Unit Size: 10+

Special Rules:

- Gaelic Fury
- Bodyguard

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Light armour
- Shield

Options:

- May upgrade one Noble Warriors to a Coimeádaí10 points
- May upgrade one Noble Warriors to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Noble Warriors to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - A Noble Warrior unit with a standard bearer may take a magic standard worth up to.....50 points
- The entire unit may be armed with great weapons.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may wear Woad Paint.....1 point per model

| SWORDMAIDENS | | | | | | | | | | 11 points per model |
|--------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|---------------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
| Swordmaiden | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 8 | Infantry |
| Réamhphósta | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 8 | Infantry |

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Gaelic Fury
- Woad Paint
- Devastating Charge

Equipment:

- Great weapon

Options:

- May upgrade one Swordmaiden to a Réamhphósta10 points
- May upgrade one Swordmaiden to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Swordmaiden to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - A Swordmaiden unit with a standard bearer may take a magic standard worth up to.....50 points

| DRUID NEOPHYTES | | | | | | | | | | 7 points per model |
|-----------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|--------------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
| Druid Neophyte | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 8 | Infantry |
| Draidecht | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 8 | Infantry |

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Gaelic Fury
- Skirmishers
- Druidic Rites

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Options:

- May upgrade one Swordmaiden to a Réamhphósta10 points
- May upgrade one Swordmaiden to a musician.....10 points
- May upgrade one Swordmaiden to a standard bearer.....10 points
- The entire unit may be armed with additional hand weapons.....2 points per model
- The entire unit may take shields.....1 point per model
- The entire unit may wear Woad Paint.....1 point per model

| HUNTERS | | | | | | | | | | 8 points per model |
|---------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|--------------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
| Hunter | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 | Infantry |
| Tracker | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 | Infantry |

Unit Size: 5+

Special Rules:

- Gaelic Fury
- Skirmishers
- Scouts

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Bow

Options:

- May upgrade one Hunter to a Tracker.....10 points
- May upgrade one Hunter to a musician.....10 points





SPECIAL UNITS

| PIXIE SWARMS | | | | | | | | | | | 50 points per base |
|--------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|------------|--------------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type | |
| Pixie Swarm | 2 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 8 | Swarm | |

- Unit Size:** 3+ **Equipment:**
- Sharp claws and teeth
- Special Rules:**
- Fly
 - Ethereal
 - Befuddling Glamour

| FENBEASTS | | | | | | | | | | | 65 points per model |
|-----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|--------------------|---------------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type | |
| Fenbeast | 5 | 3 | 0 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 1 | 3 | 8 | Monstrous Infantry | |

Note: You need to include at least one Truthsayer or Druid in order to field Fenbeasts in your army.

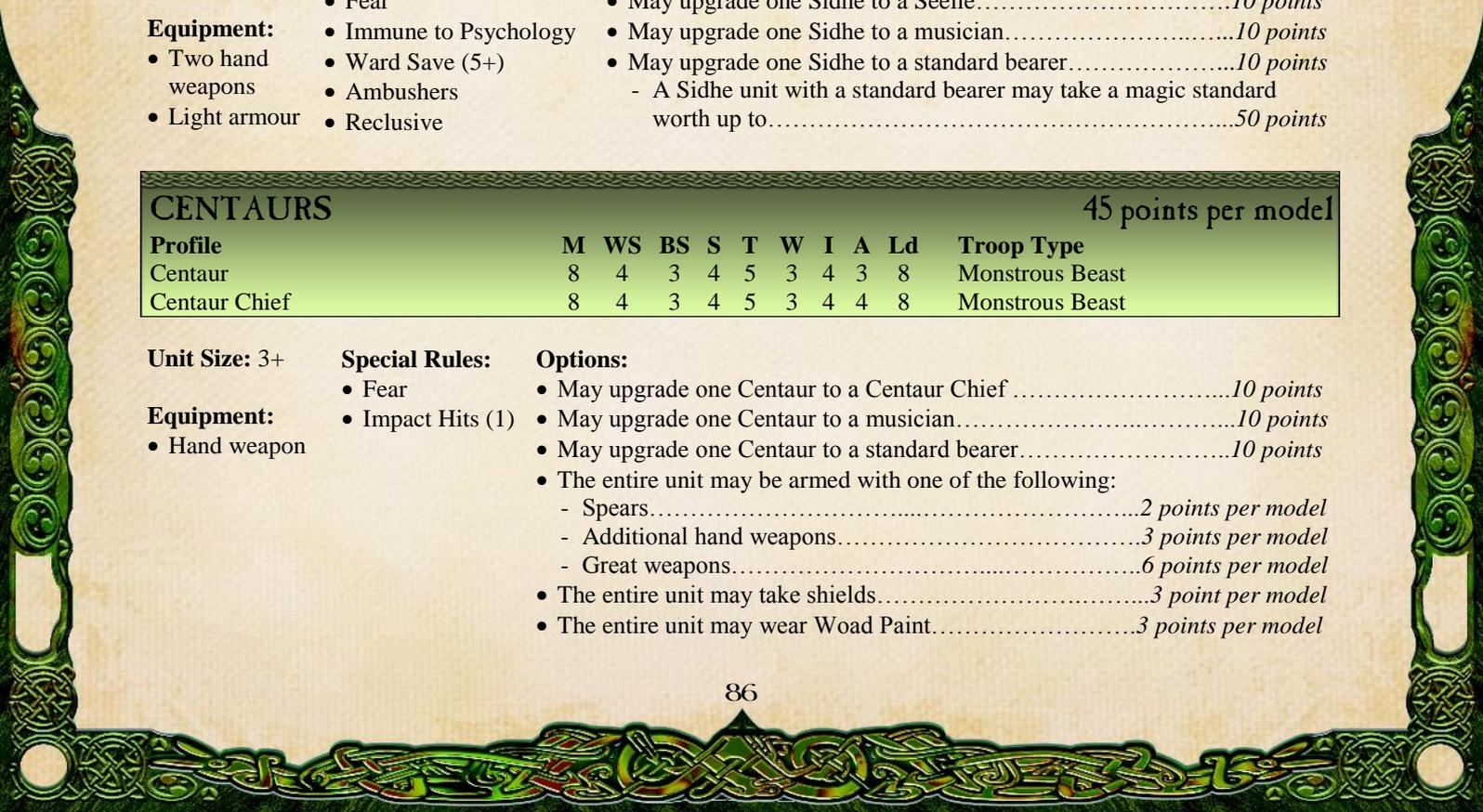
- Unit Size:** 3+ **Special Rules:**
- Fear
 - Stupidity
 - Always Strikes Last
 - Unbreakable
 - Unstable
 - Regeneration
 - Swamp Strider
- Equipment:**
- Claws
- Options:**
- The entire unit may take one of the following:
 - Born of Bloodmarsh.....10 points per model
 - Leechloam.....10 points per model
 - Lifebloom Silt.....15 points per model
 - Fly-Infested Rotweed.....15 points per model

| SIDHE | | | | | | | | | | | 14 points per model |
|---------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|------------|---------------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type | |
| Sidhe | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 9 | Infantry | |
| Seelie | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 9 | Infantry | |

- Unit Size:** 5+ **Special Rules:**
- Fear
 - Immune to Psychology
 - Ward Save (5+)
 - Ambushers
 - Reclusive
- Equipment:**
- Two hand weapons
 - Light armour
- Options:**
- May upgrade one Sidhe to a Seelie.....10 points
 - May upgrade one Sidhe to a musician.....10 points
 - May upgrade one Sidhe to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - A Sidhe unit with a standard bearer may take a magic standard worth up to.....50 points

| CENTAURS | | | | | | | | | | | 45 points per model |
|---------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|-----------------|---------------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type | |
| Centaur | 8 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 8 | Monstrous Beast | |
| Centaur Chief | 8 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 8 | Monstrous Beast | |

- Unit Size:** 3+ **Special Rules:**
- Fear
 - Impact Hits (1)
- Equipment:**
- Hand weapon
- Options:**
- May upgrade one Centaur to a Centaur Chief.....10 points
 - May upgrade one Centaur to a musician.....10 points
 - May upgrade one Centaur to a standard bearer.....10 points
 - The entire unit may be armed with one of the following:
 - Spears.....2 points per model
 - Additional hand weapons.....3 points per model
 - Great weapons.....6 points per model
 - The entire unit may take shields.....3 point per model
 - The entire unit may wear Woad Paint.....3 points per model





RARE UNITS

| STONE THROWER | | | | | | | | | | 125 points per model |
|---------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|-----------------------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
| Stone Thrower | - | - | - | - | 7 | 3 | - | - | - | War Machine (Stone Thrower) |
| Crew | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 | - |

Unit Size: 1
 Crew: 3 Crewmen
 Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Stone Thrower

| MASTODON | | | | | | | | | | 225 points per model |
|----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|----------------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
| Mastodon | 6 | 3 | 0 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 1 | 3 | 6 | Monster |
| Crew | - | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 | - |

Unit Size: 1
 Crew: 3 Crewmen
 Equipment (Crew):

- Spear
- Javelin

Special Rules:

- Gaelic Fury
- Terror
- Large Target
- Stubborn
- Immune to Psychology
- Impact Hits (D6+1)
- Scaly Skin (4+)
- Howdah Crew

| GIANT | | | | | | | | | | 200 points per model |
|---------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|----------------------|
| Profile | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Troop Type |
| Giant | 6 | 3 | 3 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 3 | S | 10 | Monster |

Unit Size: 1
 Equipment:

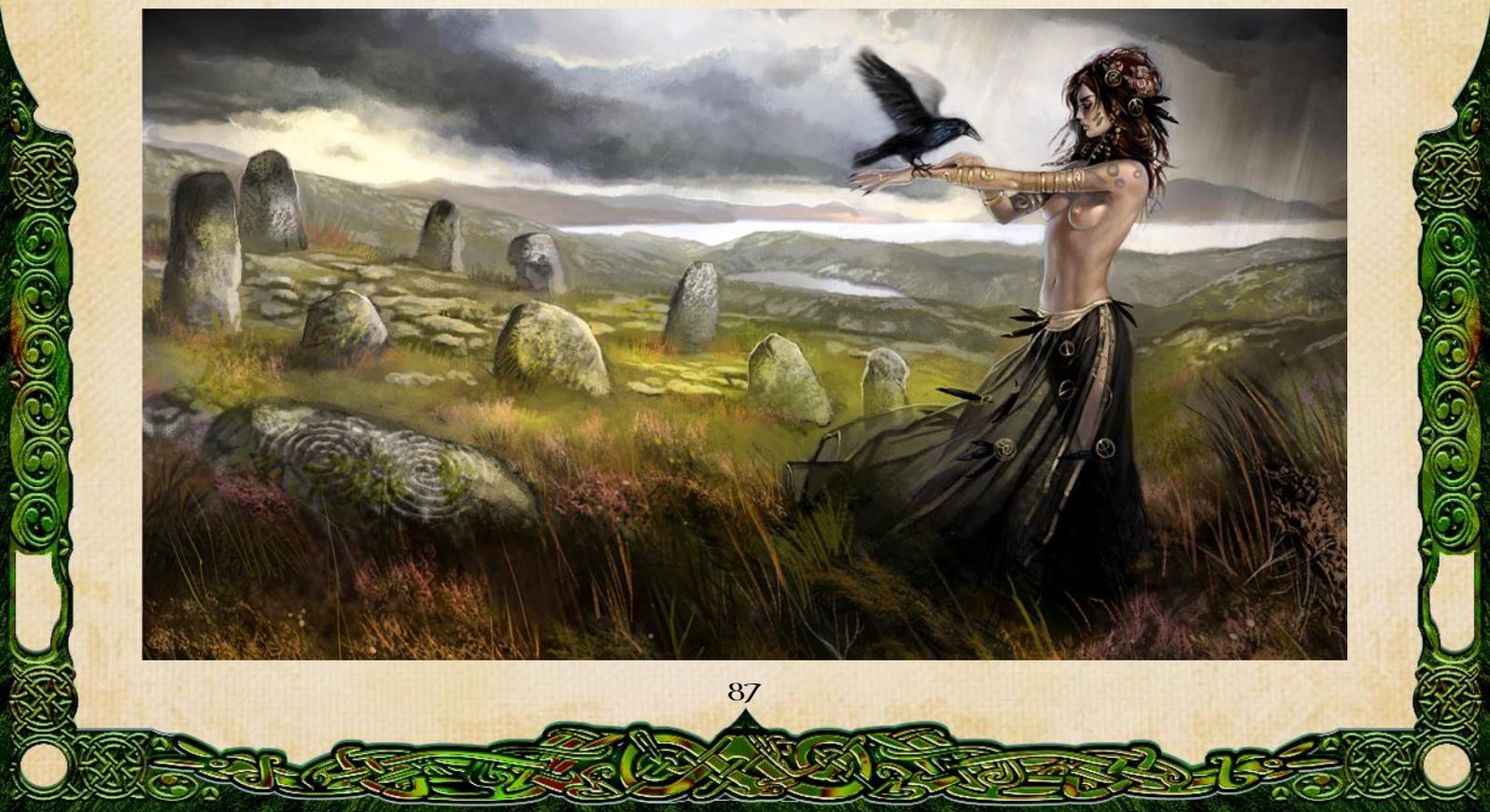
- Big club

Special Rules:

- Large Target
- Terror
- Stubborn
- Fall Over
- Giant Special Attacks

Options:

- May wear Woad Paint.....20 points



SUMMARY

| LORDS | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Type | Page |
|-----------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|------|------|
| Dural Durak | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 9 | In | 68 |
| Gwenlaen | 4 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 6 | 5 | 9 | In | 67 |
| Morrigan | 5 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 5 | 3 | 9 | In | 69 |
| Truthsayer | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 2 | 9 | In | 50 |
| Warleader | 4 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 3 | 6 | 4 | 9 | In | 49 |
| - Shieldbearers | 4 | 4 | - | 4 | - | - | 4 | 2 | - | - | - |

| HEROES | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Type | Page |
|---------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|------|------|
| Amanthas | 4 | 5 | 6 | 4 | 3 | 2 | 6 | 3 | 8 | In | 72 |
| Chieftain | 4 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 5 | 3 | 8 | In | 49 |
| Connor McFeud | 4 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 6 | 3 | 8 | In | 71 |
| Cormac Chath | 4 | 6 | 5 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 6 | 3 | 8 | In | 70 |
| Druid | 4 | 3 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 2 | 3 | 1 | 8 | In | 50 |

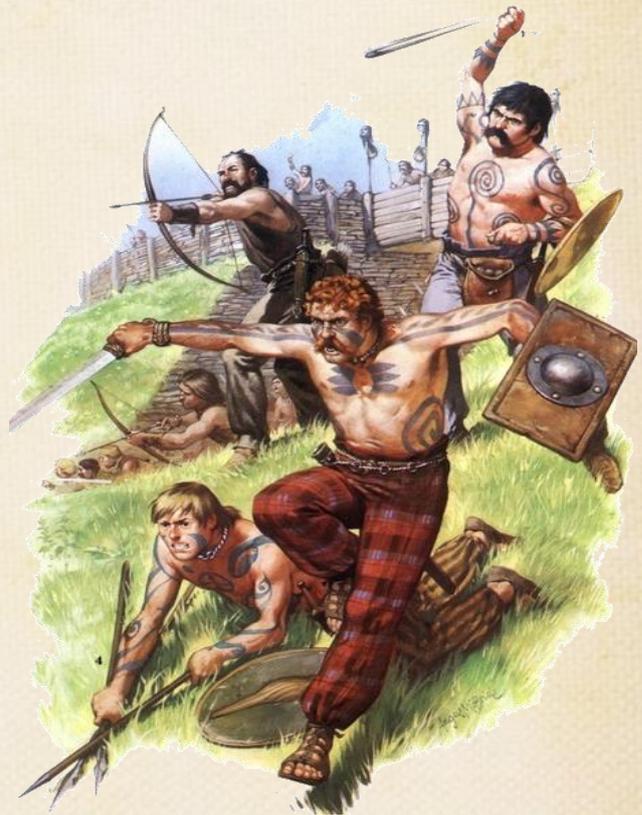
| CORE UNITS | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Type | Page |
|------------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|------|------|
| Chariot | - | - | - | 4 | 4 | 3 | - | - | - | Ch | 56 |
| - Charioteer | - | 4 | 3 | 3 | - | - | 3 | 1 | 8 | - | - |
| - Chariot Master | - | 4 | 3 | 3 | - | - | 3 | 2 | 8 | - | - |
| Clansman | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 8 | Ca | 55 |
| - Marcach | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 8 | Ca | - |
| - Warhorse | 8 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 5 | - | - |
| Warrior | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 | In | 51 |
| - Clannach | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 7 | In | - |
| Woad Raider | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 | In | 52 |
| - Fíochmhar | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 7 | In | - |
| Youngblood | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 6 | In | 53 |
| - Shaothrú | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 6 | In | - |

| SPECIAL UNITS | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Type | Page |
|-----------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|------|------|
| Centaur | 8 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 8 | MB | 63 |
| - Centaur Chief | 8 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 3 | 4 | 4 | 8 | MB | - |
| Druid Neophyte | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 8 | In | 59 |
| - Draidecht | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 2 | 8 | In | - |
| Fenbeast | 5 | 3 | 0 | 5 | 5 | 4 | 1 | 3 | 8 | MI | 61 |
| Hunter | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 | In | 54 |
| - Tracker | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 | In | - |
| Noble Warriors | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 8 | In | 57 |
| - Coimeádaí | 4 | 4 | 3 | 4 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 8 | In | - |
| Pixie Swarm | 2 | 3 | 3 | 2 | 2 | 5 | 5 | 5 | 8 | Sw | 60 |
| Sidhe | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 1 | 9 | In | 62 |
| - Seelie | 5 | 5 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 5 | 2 | 9 | In | - |
| Swordmaiden | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 1 | 8 | In | 58 |
| - Réamhphósta | 4 | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 4 | 2 | 8 | In | - |

| RARE UNITS | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Type | Page |
|---------------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|------|------|
| Giant | 6 | 3 | 3 | 6 | 5 | 6 | 3 | S | 10 | Mo | 65 |
| Mastodon | 6 | 3 | 0 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 1 | 3 | 6 | Mo | 64 |
| - Crew | - | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 | - | - |
| Stone Thrower | - | - | - | - | 7 | 3 | - | - | - | WM | 64 |
| - Crew | 4 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 7 | - | - |

| MOUNTS | M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | Ld | Type | Page |
|----------|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|----|------|------|
| Chariot | - | - | - | 4 | 4 | 3 | - | - | - | Ch | 56 |
| Mastodon | 6 | 3 | 0 | 5 | 6 | 6 | 1 | 3 | 6 | Mo | 64 |
| Warhorse | 8 | 3 | 0 | 3 | 3 | 1 | 3 | 1 | 5 | WB | 55 |

Troop Type Key: In = Infantry, WB = War Beast, Ca = Cavalry, MI = Monstrous Infantry, MB = Monstrous Beast, MC = Monstrous Cavalry, Mo = Monster, Ch = Chariot, Sw = Swarms, Un = Unique, WM = War Machine.









James McEwan
2011



ALBION

Shrouded by an impenetrable mist for aeons the secrets of this inhospitable country are a mystery. But the promise of untold treasures and a powerful magic wrought by the mystical Ogham Stones throughout the land lures the unwary and the boldest of sea captains and treasure hunters. Brave to face the perils of the damned, the adventurers come, some to be dashed upon the rocks or swallowed by a fog from which there is no return. Others fall prey to the island itself: the rolling fens, impenetrable forests and dark quagmires within which unmentionable creatures are spawned. Yet there is more to this place, a powerful magic, a sense of struggle of a time to come so believe the soothsayers, and that the fate of the Old World is somehow linked to its mysteries...

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- An army list to arrange your collection of miniatures into a battle-ready force.
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