

WARHAMMER NORSE



WARHAMMER
ARMIES

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NORSE



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introduction

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

The Warhammer Game

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

Why Collect Norse?

This book describes in detail the troops that march to battle when the armies of the Norse go to war. The Norse are great warriors, and their Reavers are feared all over the world. Working themselves into a battle frenzy, an enraged Norseman is a terrifying opponent to face. The Norse Warhirds consists of all manner of terrifying warriors and monsters, from the lowly Bondsmen and Marauders that makes up the core of the armies, to the mighty Jotun and War Mammoth that makes the earth shake as they pass. Huscarls make up the elite, supported by immortal Einherjars, ferocious Ulfwerenar and frenzied Berserkers. Shield Maidens and Norse Dwarfs make stoic defenders, while the magical Valkyries swoop down upon their prey. When the armies of the Norse go to war, you better be prepared to run!

How this Book Works

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

The Norse

This section introduces the Norse and their part in the Warhammer world. It includes their society and history. You will also find information on the land of Norsca, the frozen land of the North.

Norse Bestiary

Every character and troop type in the Norse army is examined in this section. Firstly, you will find a description of the unit, outlining its place in the army. Secondly, you will find complete rules for the unit and details of any unique powers they possess or specialist

equipment they carry into battle. Also included are the Norse special characters – Erik Redaxe, Sturmjarl, the Ravenswyrd and Keorl Thunderhand.

The Norse Warhird

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

Norse Army List

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





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the NORSE

In the cold north of the Warhammer world lies the country of Norsca. Cold and forbidding, it would seem unlikely that people could live there in any significant numbers. However, the Norse are a populous race and their settlements reach towards the pole to the very borders of the Chaos Wastes.

Alongside the Human Norse live the Norse Dwarfs in their hold at Kraka Drak, and they share many common traits and traditions. It is unsure whether the Norse grew more like the Dwarfs or vice versa, but it is a relationship that appears to work very well.

Whether Dwarf or man, the Norse are a warrior race and love nothing better than a good fight. When not gathering for a battle or raiding down the coast, the Norse spend their time hunting, drinking and fighting amongst themselves. When they go to war the Norse gather in huge bands and set off to find the enemy. They have few subtleties about their tactics, preferring to rush headlong at their enemies and overwhelm them with the force of the charge and their innate ferocity. The Norse are raised from an early age to wield a sword and shield, and many of their youngest warriors are but 14 or 15 years old. The harsh climate and rugged lifestyle of the Norse means they are used to hardships, and their love of battle means there are few inexperienced warriors in a Norse Warhird.

Norsemen are a distinctive race; they have large frames and are extremely muscular. They have the pale skin of the men of the Empire, but are taller and stronger. Norsemen tend to be fair-haired – blond and red being

the most common. All wear their hair long, keeping it in braids, and sometimes weaving feathers or beads in the knots. The Norsemen don furs and hides as armour, though some have taken to wearing the mail of their southern kin. They are much given to singing, drinking and laughing, but are also quick to anger and are relentless opponents.

The Norse live in clans, each of which consists of a number of settlements. The smallest clans have but a single settlement, but some of the most dominant clans, such as the Stormraven and Thunderbear, number over a hundred settlements and thousands of warriors.

Each settlement is a wholly self-contained entity, but the leaders of each settlement owe fealty to the clan leader. In this way the running of the day to day life of the clans is supervised at a local level, but overall hunting rights, organisation of Warhirds and similar large scale enterprises is made at the council of elders who advise the clan King.

Though not particularly pious, the Norse beliefs are very strong. They believe that when they die they will either go to Valhalla or to a limbo. In Valhalla, where those warriors who were brave and strong and met their death fighting go, it is the eternal destiny of the Norse soul to continue fighting and feasting in the Norse equivalent of paradise. In the limbo like realm of Hel, the goddess of death, the spirits of Norse who die in their beds of illness or old age are tormented with physical and spiritual pain, turning their afterlife into a monotonous series of mind numbing tortures. Needless to say, the Norse have no fear of death in battle, and this leads them on to great acts of daring and heroism that would seem insane to an ordinary man.

The Norse Reavers

The coastal clans of the Norse lay claim to large fleets of Longships and Kingships which carry their war parties all over the known world. The Norse Reavers are the scourge of the Sea of Claws, pillaging towns and villages all along the Empire and Norscan coasts. Their raids and attacks are not just restricted to north either. Norse Reavers have attacked fleets around the Southlands, and even as far away as the coast of Lustria.

The Reavers are utterly fearless, and their pride rests on how much booty they can take during a raid. Most of the time the Norse Reavers ply the seas, raiding convoys and lone ships foolish enough to be out on their own. Now and again though, the Reavers gather in a large fleet and mount a raid on some isolated coastal town. The pattern is simple and has worked for them on countless occasions. The Reavers defeat any seaborne force on the water and then run their ships aground. With characteristic Norse enthusiasm they



then storm the town or village, burning the houses, stampeding the animals and killing all who try to stop them.

A favourite tactic of the Reavers is to kidnap some local dignitary and hold them to ransom. They return to their ships with the burgomeister or noble and demand that the settlement empty their coffers for his safe return. There have been occasions when the Norse have been forced to execute their captive, purely to maintain their reputation.

When not fighting in a raid, the fleets sail back and forth across the seas searching for merchant fleets and convoys crossing to Marienburg or Erengard. These are prime targets for Norse attacks and of late the Emperor has decreed that convoys on the Sea of Claws must be accompanied by an appropriately sized Imperial War Fleet. This has not deterred the Norse at all, who enjoy the prospect of fighting the Greatships, Wolfships and Galleys of the Empire. Beacon towers along the coast light huge fires to warn nearby settlements whenever a Norse war fleet is sighted.

Norse society is very provincial, and Norse only have a nominal capital and ruling body. Instead of such rigid organisations, the Norse have their own tribal leaders and War Chiefs. Sometimes two or more tribes unite for a common cause or against a particularly dangerous foe and one of the War Chiefs has to become the overall general of the contingent. This is usually sorted out fairly quickly. Each leader aspiring to the position simply states to the assembled warriors why he should be in charge, what victories he has won before and tells them why he thinks the other aspirants should be under his command. The other warriors then choose which of the leaders they want. If the decision is still disputed the contested Chiefs sort out their rights by trial of combat. If one manages to kill the other he gains the position of Thain, as it is known in the Norse tongue.

Norse religion is also based around battle and a Norseman who dies in battle goes on in the afterlife as a great warrior, continually feasting and fighting in the realm of Asgard. For this reason the Norse have little fear of death and know that if they fail to fight at their best their soul will be eternally tormented by Hel, the Goddess of Death.

Origins of the Norsemen

There are many ridiculous beliefs regarding the origins of these people.

Some claim they are the spawn of Man and Daemon, creatures whose very nature is at odds with the natural order. Others claim the Norsemen are descendants of Giants, kin to the foul creatures of the Ogre Kingdoms. Some have gone so far as to claim Norseman are creatures of snow and ice, as unforgiving as the winter winds. But the truth, as shaded by myth and legend as it is, is far less fantastic.

Despite the claims of many Imperial historians, the twelve tribes that would one day form the Empire were not the first men to occupy the Old World. The Tileans,



Estalians, Bretonnians, and even the peoples of Araby and ancient Khemri have held portions of what would become the Empire. Other kingdoms rose and fell, leaving behind the ruins of their civilisations. Among these people, there was a race of Humans who held the lands north of the Forest of Shadows, a tribe now called the Norsii.

Large, well-formed, and nomadic, they lived from harvesting the bounty of the seas, hunting in the woods, and eating what they could coax from the ground through crude farming techniques. Never populous, they remained content in their lives, worshipping their strange Gods and following stranger customs.

The Norsii's peace was disturbed when other tribes boiled into the Reik Basin. The worst of these was the tribe called the Teutogens. They were warlike and murderous, and swept across the land like an axe-wielding tidal wave. The Norsii people were forced to take up arms and fight for their lives. All too quickly, they were pushed back from their lands and forced eastwards into conflict with other tribes, including the Udoses and the Ungols. Many minor conflicts ensued, but, eventually, an uneasy peace descended, and the Norsii settled again; although, this time with weapons ready. One of the principal difficulties they now faced revolved around the differing religious beliefs. The nearby tribes mostly venerated

Ulric and Taal, the Gods of the Teutogens and the Taleutens, while the Norsii worshipped primal forces of blood, death, and, more importantly, their ancestors. The challenges of their opposing faiths, as well as the Norsii's savage ways, put them at odds with the other tribes. The land was not big enough for all, so, eventually, a trickle of Norsii began to leave their



hunting grounds to find a safe harbour elsewhere in the north.

The Greenskin races had long proved problematic for the people of the Old World. Their constant raiding weakened the tribes of Men, and even troubled the fortress holds of the Dwarfs. When Sigmar emerged as chief of the Unberogen tribe, he brought together twelve other tribes under his banner through diplomacy and war, even conquering the warlike Teutogens. Once united, he led the tribes to face the Ores and Goblins, and pushed them from his lands. When he was finished, he forged the tribes into a new Empire to bind all to his vision of the future.

However, not all were content to swear their allegiance to what they saw as a lucky, albeit brave, warlord. Those who would not submit to Sigmar's rule were forced from the newborn Empire to find homes in other lands. The remaining members of the Norsii, along with the disaffected members of the other tribes, fled the Empire, heading north. However, these lands were populated by the Ungols, who were not pleased to have refugees in their lands, and forced the fleeing tribesmen further north still, into the frozen, ice-choked mountains; the land now known as Norsca.

More and more people fled to Norsca, and there they found the descendants of the early emigrants who had largely embraced darker aspects of their primitive beliefs. This new land was dangerous and harsh, and the death toll was high from the environment as well as from the depredations by the roaming bands of Kurgan who wandered down from the Chaos Wastes even further north. Added to this new mix of peoples were strange men, believed to be kin to those who were changed into Beastmen in the earliest days of Mankind. It was from this clash of cultures and races that a new people were born: the Norse.

The Norsemen and the Old World

Since the earliest migrations, the Norsemen have retained a strange relationship with the rest of the Old World. They straddle the line that divides the bloodthirsty hordes of Chaos that lie in the Shadowlands from the huddled masses who fight to defend their homes and way of life from the Incursions of Chaos. In short: To the Empire, the Norsemen are antagonists, sometime allies, and explorers.

The most common encounter between the Old Worlder and Norseman is in battle. Norsca is not a land

renowned for its food and comfort; it is a place of violence and scarcity. When the Norsemen's population increases beyond their capacity to feed themselves, they set out to raid settlements along the imperial and Bretonnia's coastlines, sacking the small towns they find and carrying off livestock, grains, and new slaves. Depending on the need, the Norsemen have attacked Erengrad and Marienburg, though both cities boast defences enough to repel all but the largest attacks. More often than not, when a Norse fleet approaches a community, they offer to take foodstuffs and booty in exchange for not burning the community to the ground. Though it may mean starvation through the winter, many Old Worliders give up a portion of their foodstuffs and even a child or two to ensure they have a chance to make it through to the next season.

Many Norsemen attack the Empire and other communities out of spite. Long have the Norsemen believed their lands were taken from them by Sigmar and his allies, so each raid pays back a little more of the debt they feel the Old Worliders owe. To make matters worse, they also find the Imperials lacking in courage and skill, hearkening to soft Gods, and lacking in honour. For them, it is their duty to purge the land of such weak men and pave the way for the Incursion that will mark the final and glorious end to all things. Raiding is also a part of life. Among the Norse, a man gains honour simply by being a warrior. Excellence in fighting not only honours the Norsemen but also brings honour to all of their forbears. As a result, young men raid coastal villages as a means to prove themselves, and many are goaded to greater acts of daring by their Jarls – the lords of the Norse are well aware that ambitious young warriors grow up into restive, dangerous, ambitious, experienced warriors.



Finally, Norsemen attack other settlements because they are compelled to by their Gods. From time to time, the Seers receive visions that they interpret as invocations to war. The black Winds of Chaos blow south, pushing the Kurgan into Norsca and forcing the Norsemen to venture south to avoid being devoured or sacrificed on the bloody altars of their cousins.

Though these people strike fear into the hearts of men, not all

Norsemen are bent on rapine and slaughter. Many deal with their neighbours honestly and fairly. Part of this "civilised" approach stems from Marienburg's efforts to establish mercantile inroads to expand their own trading influence. Marienburgers hope to cultivate a buffer state against the Kurgan and the more savage tribes of the Norsemen.

As a result of this new era of prosperity, Norsemen have slowly returned to the ports of the Old World, signing on as mercenaries or even as merchants, selling whale oil, ivory, and lumber. In some parts of the world, the Norse warrior has become something of a novelty. The brave savage warrior is made all the more attractive by the stories and romances that circulate among the ladies of the courts. It's now fashionable in Marienburg to have a Norseman employed as a personal guard among the families of the upper class – and who can say, really, what goes on behind closed doors.

As some of the oldest seafaring Humans in the Old World, Norsemen are at home amidst the waves and the spray of salt water. They are master shipbuilders, capable of constructing sleek ships famous for their speed and durability. They have a keen sense for navigation, can read the stars, and have a natural wanderlust that carries them across the oceans. It's true they undertake some voyages out of curiosity or because they were instructed to do so to appease the Gods, but most are opportunities for warriors to prove their mettle in battle against whatever new enemies they encounter. And if they acquire new thralls, weapons, gold, and silver, even better.



It's believed there's nowhere in all the world the Norsemen have not travelled. Legends tell of courageous seamen crossing the Great Ocean to found colonies in far-flung Lustria, or to wage war against the foul Dark Elves. There are tales among the Norse of crossing the Sea of Chaos to reach the lands of the Hung, to battle the treacherous Chaos Marauders and bring back untold treasures. Merchants travelling the Silk Road make mention of blond giants amidst the cultured people of fabled Cathay and Nippon. While these tales spark the imagination, who can say if they are true or not? Still, the Norsemen have great confidence in their skills at sea, and point to Losteriksson, who was the first Old Worlder to set foot on the shores of Lustria and live to record the event. There, he founded Skeggi – named for his daughter who was the first Norse child born in the New World.



norse history

The history of the Norse is disjointed and unrecorded except by the Sagas. The Sagas are epic poems of the deeds of great leaders and warriors, but even these are not committed to paper but are handed down from soothsayer to son. They detail the conquests of Norscan heroes, the slaying of mighty dragons and other beasts and heroic battles against the elements and the enemies of the clan.

These Sagas are told in the fire lit glow of the winter nights and have been passed on from storyteller to son, down through the ages. It is every Norseman's dream to have his life immortalised in a Saga, though few succeed. However, there are a few indisputable facts, chronicled by outside sources.

Over two and a half millennia ago Sigmar forged the Empire from the tribes of humans inhabiting the region. However, not everyone saw this as the way of the future, and shortly before the founding many of the people left their ancestral homes and moved northwards, away from the brewing trouble between Sigmar and the Orcs and Goblins. They were proud people and the rule of the Unberogens was not to their liking.

These nomadic people eventually crossed through what is now Kislev and met with the scattered settlements in the far reaches of the Troll Country. Through many

hardships they toiled, their people assailed by marauding beasts, the bitter winter blizzards killed the young and the old, and hostile tribes of Orcs and other humans attacked them at every turn. Only the toughest people survived, those with the will to live and the energy to tight on even when hope had gone.



When they arrived in the summer of Imperial year -2 the wandering tribes engaged in a series of wars to sort out their territories and rights. These wars lasted for roughly 350 years, during which time the native Norscans became embroiled in the affairs of the newcomers and were forced to protect their homes from the invaders. It was at this time that many of the newer settlers of Norsca became part of existing Norse clans and gradually the entire migration settled down and the newly arrived Norse started to mix elements of traditional Norse culture with their own customs.

For the next few centuries the Norse concerned themselves primarily with establishing power within their own lands, exterminating monsters in the surrounding countryside and 'agreeing' hunting territories. The outside world was largely unaware of the sudden increase in the Norse population. When things had settled down again in Norsca (which means that neighbouring clans were only fighting each other about twice a year instead of five or six times) the Norse started to be struck by their warrior Spirit.

The first Dragonships and Kingships were built by the Wolfclaw clan around the year 514, and within 75 years nearly every coastal tribe had ships ploughing backwards and forwards across the Sea of Claws on raids. Most of these raids were directed against other Norse ports, but fleets were also known to mount attacks on towns within Kislev and the Empire. In 718 a large fleet combining ships from the Wolfclaw, Stormfang and Thunderbear clans descended upon Erengard, the principle port of Kislev. They run their ships aground and razed most of the settlement.

A punitive force of Kislevite cavalry was repelled twice, and the rampaging Warhird only took to their ships again when their army broke into the various clan factions and the Norse began fighting amongst themselves. The Norse had made their presence truly felt for the first time in seven hundred years, and their raiding Parties continue to be a threat to the present day.



Legend of Väinö: Song-Vitki of the North

One of the legendary heroes, if not a demi-god person, in the lands of Norsca is the Bjornling champion called Väinö. "Song-Vitki of the North", "Northern Druid" or "Forever Skald" are amongst his titles. Aeslings also call him "the Dog of Valdin", which is more an insult from what I understand. During my travels in Norsca I incidentally heard many legends told about Väinö, and I must say I was intrigued by this person. He is a feared and very respected Wizard among the Tribes of the Northlands. Yet, there are many stories where it is revealed that he is also famous singer, storyteller, drunkard and womanizer. Many of these stories are about different drinking contests and involve a wide variety of women.

Now I have spent years scouring his legends and have connected diverse tales about his travels finding them in many mysterious places. These legends and stories (or sagas if you will) are found in Norsca, the Empire, Kislev, among the Dwarfs, and even more distant lands. One story, which I accidentally came across in the diary of a Tilean scholar, tells of a "Northern Druid" that travelled with him in the lands of Araby and ancient empire of Nehekhara. This Druid, who was called Vaino by the Tilean, had been taught by the Elves in the Empire.

Sagas commonly place Väinö's birth at the beginning of 23rd century, by the Imperial Calendar, in the Kalevan clan which is part of the Bjornling Tribe, but evidence suggests to me that he was actually born in the middle of that century. Stories tell that he was the son of a Freeholder, who was a former Bondsman to the Jarl. Even as a child Väinö was marked as special because his ability to "feel" and "sense" things that others didn't notice.

When Väinö matured, he was taken as an apprentice by clan's Skald, who noticed his sharp memory for stories and a natural ability to sing and perform. Väinö was soon a famous entertainer and was desired by every girl in the clan. This caused problems among the warriors of the clan and he was soon challenged to kill either a Ymir or a Troll. Young Väinö travelled to the mountains and many believed he would never return. But he did, with the fur of Ymir. But that was not all. When he returned he was followed by a wild white owl. This was seen as a sign from the God Valdin. Clan Vitki (worshippers of Valdin) had observed Väinö for some time and took him now as an apprentice. The Vitki noticed his natural ability for magic. Soon Väinö was a well respected holyman among his clan.

The clan Vitki was believer in the "True Gods", not the Dark Gods. Stories tell that he took the young Väinö to Heimseter Sieidi Stonehenge to meet the guardians of that site. There Väinö met Albion-born Druids, or Truthsayers as they are called in the Misty Island, for the first time. After this meeting Väinö travelled to the island of Albion and remained there for a few years among the Truthsayers. It is said, that during this time he also sailed around the Norsca and visited the Shadowlands, or Chaos Wastes as they are called in the south.

During the years 2270 to 2273, by the Imperial Calendar, Väinö joined King Erik Olavsson (Bjornling), when King Erik started a "Rebellion" against the Imperial rule of southern Norsca (mostly just Sarl territory). Imperial records, kept by a Middenheim-born general, mention King Erik's advisor. This advisor was a young, respected shaman called "Song-Vitki of the North". The general mentions that this shaman was not a Sorcerer of the Dark Gods and described him as wise beyond his age. When this war ended Imperial folk were driven away from Norsca and they had lost the town of Gotland to the Norse. After the war Erik Olavsson was named as the High King of Norsca and sagas tell that Väinö was named as his permanent advisor. During this time Väinö became known as the "Song-Vitki of the North" in the sagas. But it was very soon after this, that he disappeared.

800 years ago arose a strong leader of the Wolfclaw clan, named in the Norse Sagas as Hunlaf Thorsson. He forged an alliance with the warriors of the Stormraven clan, and between them they numbered many eastern Norsca to his rule. Hunlaf was the first High King of Norsca and founded the Line of Kings, which have continued to rule Norsca, in name at least. Hunlaf's successor was Beowulf and he was one of the greatest leaders ever to grace the clans of Norsca. He forged an army from the warriors of twenty four clans, ranging from the Fremens in the south to the Iceblade clan in the north. This was the first Norscan national army, and Beowulf led the men northwards to the Chaos Wastes, fighting beside his brother Ingrim at the battle of Norduven, where the two of them slew a Greater Daemon of

thousands of warriors. Hunlaf was said to be touched by Thor, the Norse god of storms and war, and with the aid of his allies he managed to subdue most of south

Khorne and then headed their army after the fleeing Chaos Warriors and Beastmen. Beowulf and Ingrim pursued the Chaos host into the depths of the Chaos Wastes and were never seen again.

It is said that they will continue to fight Chaos until the time of Ragnarok, when the gods will walk the earth and Chaos will be defeated or victorious in a final cataclysmic battle. When Ragnarok comes, Beowulf and Ingrim will emerge from the Chaos Wastes and once again lead the combined might of the Norse against their most deadly enemies.

Legend of Väinö: Northern Druid

Nobody really knows what happened to Väinö after the “Rebellion” of Erik Olavsson. Some tell that Väinö travelled to the highest of peaks and lived for decades among the mighty Jotuns. He is connected to the legendary Jotun Vipunen in one saga. There is, however, a strange saga told by a Jotun Giant to a Kislevite explorer after the Great War Against Chaos; something that this Jotun witnessed before the war. This story tells how the Norse “Song-Vitki of the North” discovered a mysterious magical “Gateway” left by the Gods, or Old Ones as some Elves like to call those that were before. The Jotun saga tells that Väinö saw the future and that there would be a great Chaos Incursion, which could burn the world. With the magic of this mysterious “Gateway”, he travelled to future to warn of the coming of Chaos. Whatever the truth, Väinö “Song-Vitki of the North” disappeared for many decades.

Next, and maybe the greatest, legends tell about Väinö in the time of the Great War Against Chaos. They tell how he suddenly appeared to warn his Tribe about the coming war; and then travelled to the Empire to warn them as well. During this time he joined Jade Wizards, Druids of the Empire. With them he came to the great city of Talabheim. It was at this time when mighty Elven Loremasters, leaded by Teclis himself, came to the Empire to teach Humans the correct use of the Winds of Magic. College records tell stories of a “Northern Druid” that was one of the first humans that was taught by the Elven Loremaster about the ways of magic. This way he also became one of the first Magisters of the Empire. There are many stories about his involvement in the war, but also Norse sagas about his travels during this time in Norsca. One of these sagas connects him to two other famous heroes – Juti Kaleva, wielder of Kalevala Hammer, and his loyal friend Magnar Fimbursson, the Dwarf Runesmith. The last Imperial records about Väinö are written many years after the war. He is then in Altdorf helping to create the new schools of magic – The Colleges of Magic. “Northern Druid” was one of the Magister-Druids that wanted to create the new schools. This divided the magical orders as some old Hedge-Druids and Elementalists remained in the wilderness. Then after this he is then said to have travelled in the Northlands. Then he disappeared again.

But, there is also the saga of Thorleif of Skeggi. Thorleif was a Norseman born in the far-away colony of Skeggi. He was a young boy during the Great War Against Chaos and his saga begins decades later. Thorleif travelled to both Albion and Norsca. The saga also details his war against Lizardmen from the jungles of the New World. Also mentioned in that saga is the powerful Väinö, the Song-Vitki of the North, that was part of Thorleif’s crew around that time. It is very possible that Väinö disappeared to the jungles of Lustria, or remained in the Norse colony of Skeggi in the New World. Either way, his story doesn’t end there.

The final story starts a few years before the Storm of Chaos. It is said that Väinö had returned to Norsca again to warn the Tribes about the coming of the Chaos. It has often been noted that the strange flows of the Winds of Magic alter its’ users and many Magisters have lived far beyond normal human age. My belief though is that there is something else to the story of Väinö. Answers to these questions may lie deep in the mountains of Norsca where this mysterious “Gateway” could be hidden. This can only be known by the Jotuns and Väinö himself. I truly believe that Väinö still walks in the frozen lands of North, or perhaps in Albion. I still hope to hear something more. Perhaps I am to finally find this legendary figure and record his tale myself.

Line of Kings

The Line of Kings was established by Hunlaf Wolfclaw Thorsson and the leaders of the Wolfclaw clan have inherited the title of High King ever since.

The High King rules from the fortress of Heorot and commands the allegiance of thousands of Norse. However, only in times of great peril does the High King need to assemble the clans, as each clan under his control is almost independent and can raid and protect themselves without outside aid.

Every so often a High King seems to be appointed by the gods, and a great destiny is laid down for him. When this happens the Norse gather together in a great Warhird and set off on a great raid or conquest. These High Kings have the name Thorsson added to their list of titles and they are charismatic leaders. In battle they seem invulnerable to normal weapons and can cut down swathes of their enemies singlehandedly.

Fortunately for the rest of the world these God-like beings are few and far between, and their time in this world is brief, for they only touch upon the lives of other men for a short time. The first of these was Hunlaf Wolfclaw Thorsson, and his son Beowulf was also such a gifted individual. Eric Red-axe, who led a great raid on Ulthuan, is said to have been a child of Thor, and he was the latest of these men to change the histories of the Norse.

Even the High Kings that do not share the honour of being Thorsson are reputable leaders and fighters, and lead by example. They reward the worthy with valuable gifts and dispense justice with an even hand. The heritage of a High King is a source of pride for all the Norse who live under his protection and the leaders of the clans have sworn binding oaths of fealty and honour.

timeline

YEAR:	EVENTS:		
c. -4600	Dwarf migration reaches the Norsca.	224	The Hjatland Islands are discovered between the Norsca and the north of Albion.
c. -4500	The Coming of Chaos. Norse Dwarfs are cut off from the World's Edge Mountain Dwarfs.	460	Norse discover Albion. They also make small raids on coastline of Old World.
c. -4200	Isolated Norse Dwarfs establish their stronghold of Kraka Drak ("Dragon Hold").	632	Norse raids commence. Marienburg sacked for the first time.
c. -1500	Human tribe called Norsii live peacefully in the Empire lands now called Forest of Shadows. They are race of humans who are blond, large and well-formed. They harvest the bounty of the seas, hunting in the woods and eating what they could coax from the ground through crude farming techniques. Norsii worship strange Gods and follow even stranger customs.	718	Large Norse fleet combining ships from the Wolfclaw, Stormfang and Thunderbear clans descend upon Norvard (Erengard), the principle port of Kislev. Norse run their ships aground and raze most of the settlement.
c. -1000	The ancestors of the founding tribes of the Empire arrive, bringing with them the knowledge of bronze and the wheel.	765	Barony of Westland (Marienburg) and the Norse conclude treaty at the Althing of Traktatsey ending latter's raiding.
c. -500	Norsii tribe must flee the Empire-lands due to conflicts with the Teutogens. Most Norsii migrate east to Kislev-lands.	792	Knut Thorisson begins 5 year campaigning to unify Norsca. He becomes the first High King of Norsca and truly unites first time all the tribes for few years.
-380	Norsii humans must again leave their current home in Kislev-lands, due to differences with Ungols. Now they migrate north. This is the time when first humans migrate to southern Norsca.	c. 800	First Norse travel as far as Tilea. Their raids against Estalia and Tilea start.
c. -100	Norsii migrate further northward along the western coastline of Norsca.	800	High King Knut of Norsca raids Albion.
1	The Empire is founded by Warrior-King Sigmar. He scatters the ancient Norsii people who still live in the shores of the Sea of Claws. These people flee to Kislev, where the Ungols drive them to north into Norsca. Greatest hero of Norsii Ekil Bloodheart is killed during these battles. Norsii refugees finds the original Norsii people from Norsca. With wandering tribes of Kurgans that have migrated from Chaos Wastes, all these people mix creating finally The Norse people.	809	High King Knut of Norsca battles Imperial and Kislev forces near the Lynsk River.
c. 200	Boat building techniques steadily improve, allowing Norse to travel beyond coastal waters.	810	Norse occupy Norvard (Erengard).
		822	High King Knut perishes in battle in the Albion. Unified Norsca breaks apart.
		875	The Norse adventurer Erik the Lost learns of a land full of gold across the Great Ocean from High Elf captives and sets out to find it. Instead, he ends up in the Southlands, but his son, Losteriksson is inspired later on to attempt the passage to Lustria.
		c. 880	Losteriksson makes multiple landings to the Albion. He both raids the land and attempts to create a Norse colony there. All these attempts are failed by the natives.
		888	Losteriksson lands upon the shores of the New World and establishes the colony of Skeggi to begin an era of Norse raiding throughout Lustria.

891	Norse Shield Maidens are expelled from Skeggi and disappear into the jungle, thereby giving rise to the legends of the Amazons. The Norse begin heavy raiding in the northern coastal regions of Bretonnia.		Origins from the the River Qurveza. It is said that this site is well guarded by the Lizardmen. Kjell and his crew are never heard again.
		1360	Defenceless Marienburg sacked again by the Norse.
c. 1000	Norse discover and settle on the Kuldevind Islands, well north of Albion. Neutral tradetown of Funninguur is created. Norsca	c. 1450	While most of the knights of the Empire are in Araby seeking fortune and fame, the Norse attack and gain control over a large part of the northern coast of Bretonnia and the Wasteland.
1017	Norse raiders establish a stronghold on Sartosa.		
1023	Norse discover and settle the volcanic Island of Ildelver between Albion and Naggaroth.	1505	Population pressure leads to sporadic raiding along the coasts of the Sea of Claws.
1035	High King Magnus Lawmaker recreates the Kingdom of Norsca, with all tribes under one strong leader. The rune language of the Norse is created and Magnus also creates calendar. But most importantly he writes down a law that is to be used. This is called Wergild. This is second time all tribes are united under one High King.	1525	The Norse begin to settle the northern part of the Old World.
		1527	Norvard, greatest settlement of the Ungol, is capture by the Gospodars and renamed Erengard. Norse princes establish themselves as ruling minority in Erengard.
		1538	Haakon IV becomes new king of the Sarls.
1082	Norse settlements in Ildelver come under continuous attack from the Dark Elves.	1597	Norse rule forced out of the Old World.
1109	The Norse resume raiding. Marienburg is sacked and occupied by the army of Snorri Half-hand, who proclaims himself Jarl of Vestland. Barons of Westerland hold out in Rijker's Isle.	1635	Battle of Castellet. Norse raiders attack L'Anguille and are met by an army led by King Philippe the Strong. Norse are justly slaughtered by King Philippe the Strong and an army of 10 000 knights.
1111	Norse abandon Marienburg. Black Plague strikes Old World.	1703	Norse raids begin against Ulthuan. Magnus the Mad besieges Lothorn with 200 men.
1115	The Black Plague spreads to Norsca. Death of High King Snorri the Unlucky, who is killed by the plague. Kingdom of Norsca breaks up into original tribal lands. Norse raiding in Old World halted. Norse settlements in Ildelver and the Kuldevind Islands cut off from Norsca for years.	c. 1710	Time of High King Hunlaf Thorsson, from the Wolfclaw clan. Hunlaf soon rises to become king of all Skaelings. After this he makes alliance with the warriors of the Stormraven clan and with this alliance subdues most of the Norsca. It is said that Hunlaf was touched by the God Thor.
c. 1200	Gustav Goldhair becomes High King of Norsca.	1722	Siege of Zorastra. Egarl Bloodhard quickly grows tired of besieging Zorastra, the great wharf of Tilea. Plague-ridden meat is fed to the seabirds who nest in the seaborne city. The resultant outbreak of disease sees the city's chain-gates dropped by refugee ships attempting to flee, allowing the murderous Chaos fleet to sail in. Zorastra falls within the hour.
1240	Corsairs of Araby gather a huge fleet and attack the Norse stronghold on Sartosa, which is captured with great slaughter. The Norse fight to the death, but Sartosa is lost to the Corsairs.		
1300	City of Olricstaad is founded by King Magnus IV.	1741	After the dead of High King Hunlaf Thorsson, from the Wolfclaw clan, his son, Beowulf, takes the title of High King. He unites the Norse tribes again.
1323	Chieftain Kjell Red Fist travels to the distant Lustria to find so-called Fount of		

1752	Ungol horde threatens Norse settlements.		
1754	Norse subdue the Ungol horde in the north.	1986	Harsh winter that will lead to many attacks of wild beast in Norsca. Town of Durfang is devastated by the starving timber wolves, bears and monsters.
1755	High King Beowulf leads his men to north towards the Chaos Wastes, fighting beside his brother Ingrid at the battle of Norduven, where the two of them slew a Greater Daemon of Khorne and then headed their army after the fleeing Chaos Warriors and Beastmen. Beowulf and Ingrid pursued the Chaos host into the depths of the Chaos Wastes and were never seen again.	1992	According to Morten's Saga, which is still told around in the Norsca, the great pirate-trader Jarl Morten One-Eye sailed up the Black Gulf to the river Yetzin, and followed the river as far upstream as it was navigable by longboat. He sets up a winter camp at the place which was to become known as Mortensholm.
1760	Economic decline in Norsca. Trade falters. Sickness and plague sweep the country.	2006	A Plague Fleet so large the seas turn black at its passing makes anchor off Bretonnia. Led by Chaos Lord Kharan, the legions of Khorne and Nurgle defeat the Bretonnians at the Battle of Lamentations. Couronne is besieged. Roughly half of the Knights of Bretonnia perish. This invasion is joined, and moved, by the Tribes of Norsca and their dragonships.
c.1800	Time of Aesling Champion of Khorne Ulf from the Clan of Snaegr. This feared Champion eventually travels deep into the Chaos Wastes reaching finally the gates to the Realm of Chaos. After this he is rewarded to become Daemon Prince. This is birth of Ulfdaemonkin.	2007	Battle of Couronne. Led by Repanse de Lyonesse, the Damselle de Guerre, the Bretonnians defeat the forces of Chaos. Repanse de Lyonesse slays Lord Kharan. Chaos army scatters. Norse return homes.
1834	Start of three years of famine and severe winters. Majority of the population fear that this is the Fimbulwinter.		
1848	Norse raiding along the Sea of Claws and Middle Sea resumes. Marienburg sacked again, but this is the last time.	2066	High King Harald dies fighting in Albion.
1850	Norscan raids on Northern Old World continue again. Sea 1854 Norse raids begin on the northern coast of Bretonnia.	2068	Mighty Chaos Champion of Khorne Hrafn Untam rises from the Aesling tribe. He conquers and unites Aeslings, Vargs, Sarls and Baersonlings under his flag. His reign of terror in Norsca continues next decades.
c.1900	Time of famous reaver and explorer Sty Windrunner who sails to Naggaroth, Ulthuan, Lustria, Southern Lands and even reaches Ind. A loose confederation of states develops in the north ruled by Norse Ropsmenn princes, centred on the city-state of Erengard, ruled by Ingjald the Red.	2089	Great fire in Olricstaad. All wooden buildings are burned to the ground. Most are made with stone after this. Also fortifications of the town are re-enforced when it is build again.
1903	Facing increasing Norse raids, Mages of Saphery in Ulthuan draw a shroud of mists over eastern sea approaches.	c. 2100	Norse Dwarfs establish new outpost Kraka-Azkahr.
1930	White Wolf Brother-Templar Ragnar Franzsson founds Ulric's Throat. Cave system in Norsca that holds legendary Throne of the Snow King. He creates the Order of the Winter Throne, which are simply called Ragnarites.	2103	The Gorehunt clan decides to offer skulls from far-off lands unto the Blood God, and heads south eventually landing Araby. This is the beginning of historical massacre and war, even Chaos Hordes is only less than a hundred strong.
1952	Duke Henri d'Amateur of L'Anguille grants the Norse Skajad the Bastard land in the coastland area between L'Anguille and Lyonesse to end the Norse raids.	2150	The Sea Elves return to the Old World, stopping at Marienburg, as well as Erengard and Olricstaad.
		2198	Grand Master Lucius Wolfram of the White Wolves and Grand Master Sechse of the Knights Panther lead a joint victory over the Sarl Norse barbarians of Thialfi

	Swiftaxe. Both try to claim sole credit, even Grandmaster of the White Wolves kills the Norse Chief. After this Sarls swear allegiance to the Emperor.		tying them to the prows of his ships as grotesque figureheads.
2202	Reign of High King Lars II the Feeble. Frustrated at home, the Emperor of Middenheim invades the southern Norscan areas attacking Baersonlings, Sarls and Skaelings. Sarl lands fall under the Imperial rule.	c.2300	There are stories that mysterious Väinö, Song-Vitki of the North, appears again to warn the Norse about coming of Chaos. There are legends that during this time Väinö studies in the Empire with the High Elves. He is one of the first magisters taught by the High Elves. Records in the Empire speak him as Väinö, Northern Druid.
c. 2210	The Empire creates strong presence in the southern Norsca establishing the fortress-town of Gotland in the Sarl territory.		Dwarfen stronghold Kraka-Azkahr is over run by Chaos hordes sent by Valmir Aesling, the Emperor of Chaos, and their Varg allies,
c.2250	First legends about Väinö who is also called "Song-Vitki of North" and later "Northern Druid". Some legends place his birth in the beginning of this century, other sagas around this date.	2301	The Great War against Chaos. Hordes of chaos creatures pour down from the north, crossing the frozen sea as far south as the Kislevite Oblast. Aeslings, Baersonlings, Graelings, Sarls and Vargs join the Chaos horde leaded by Everchosen Champion of Chaos Asavar Kul. His generals include Sven Blood Hand, Engra Deathsword and Valmir Aesling, the Emperor of Chaos. Norsca Dwarfs are attacked by the forces of Valmir Aesling. Karak Vlag disappears in the initial stages of the Chaos Incursion.
2270	Start of three year "Rebellion" against Middenheim Emperor leaded by King Erik Olavson of Bjornlings. All Norscan tribes take part.		
2271	The Battle of the Vultures. A great fleet of Warriors of Chaos makes landfall upon the baking shores of Khemri. They take a great haul of gold and magical artefacts from the pyramids before legions of the dead rise.	2302	Those tribes that have not joined Asavar's Chaos Horde (Bjornlings and Skaelings) ally themselves with the Empire and Magnus the Pious.
2272	Erik Olavsson Saga tells that one of his advisors during the "Rebellion" is Väinö, Song-Vitki of North.		Juti Kaleva, famous Bjornling hero from the Kalevan clan and wielder of the "Kalevala Hammer", and his loyal companion Dwarf Runesmith Magnar Fimbursson fight Jarl of Kalevan clan Orm Frosteye. Jarl Orm is servant of Halni and is raising the clan to join Asavar Kul's Chaos Horde. Juti kills Orm Frosteye. After this Juti and Magnar travels to Dwarfen lands to fight forces of Valmir Aesling.
2273	Erik Olavsson is crowned as High King of Norsca.		Ships that have been claimed by Chaos and twisted to suit the whims of its gods attack the coasts. Many naval battles are fought between the
c.2280	Time of famous Bruno Ursson the "Black Bear of Urslo" and Scyla Anfinngrim and his raiders. Time of famous and feared Valnir the Reaper. Valnir is, during this time, maybe the finest warrior in all Norsca. He later travels to the Chaos Wastes and survives.		Imperial/Norscan/Kislevite alliance and the fleets of the Dark gods. Norse Dwarfs forces sail through the underground passage from the port of Sjuktraken to the Sea of Claws, where they harassed the flanks of the Chaos Horde - Especially Norse Dragonships.
2290	The Count of Middenheim recognized the sovereignty of each of the Norscan tribes and trade resumes.		
2292	Norse Dwarfs complete Ungruvalk, which is an underground link from the Draksfjord to the River Dypvann, which separates southern Norsca from Troll Country.	2303	Magnus the Pious meets the Chaos Horde. Imperial and Kislevite forces with Norse allies drive Chaos forces back. Harald the Wolf leads Norse and Norse Dwarfs against Chaos Hordes and drive them back. In the final Battle of Grovod Wood
2298	The merciless raider Scyla Anfinngrimm is brought to battle by an army of vengeful dispossessed villagers. Scyla is victorious and takes the enemy leaders as trophies,		

	both Imperial Dwarfs from Karaz Ankor and Norse Dwarfs are united finally. After the war the High King invites the Norse Dwarf Great King to join the "Day of Remembrance" festivities at Karaz-a-Karak.		
c. 2330	Time of famous reaver Thorleif of Skeggi, the Lizardbane. Thorleif saga tells that sometime during this date among his crew is also Väinö, Song-Vitki of the North.	2494	Siegfried Helgenheimer, Berserker and clan smiths' son, leaves Norsca and heads to the Old World. In next two decades he becomes famous adventurer and mercenary also acting as blacksmith sometimes. During the next decades he becomes so experienced veteran that he has fought then almost all the creatures that can be found from the Old World.
2350	With the help of the Emperor Magnus the Pious, Norse tribes of Bjornlings and Skaelings are helped to rebuild their lands. Also the trade relations are re-established. Magnus sees friendly Norse as a first line of defence against any Chaos invasions from the North.	2502	Erik Redaxe raids Cothique in Ulthuan at head of a great fleet of Norse reavers. High Elf war fleet defeats Norse with pale-skinned Merwyrm.
c. 2420	During this time there is huge attack from the Dark Lands against Norsca. Black Orc and Orc hordes raid first Kurgan lands moving then to the Baernsonling lands and continue against the Norse Dwarfs. Remaining Orc forces move through Sarl lands and finally enter to Skaeling lands. Final battle is fought in the village of Kodradfief, where Orcs are finally stopped. Only small numbers of Orcs remain in the mountains of Norsca. Norse Dwarfs help Sarls and Skaeling in their war against the Greenskins.	2503	Winter comes early and this winter will be the harshest winter in decades. Snow will lay on the ground for six months in most of the Empire. This causes the crop to fail and kills livestock. Eventually this will also starve people to death and cause plagues next spring.
2423	Norse settlement in the Border Princes, known as Mortensholm, is just a ruin torn by the Greenskin armies and battles that have taken place in past years. Jarl Sven Mortenson, a descendant of great Jarl Morten One-Eye (founder of Mortensholm), sells ruined Mortensholm to Graf Edric Steinkuhler, a landless noble from Middenland who had accompanied the Imperial forces over the mountains to fight the Greenskin Hordes. The Steinkuhler Princes, as they became known, rebuilt Mortensholm and re-open the trade routes.	2505	Jarl Thur Haraldursson, adventurer and trader, makes good trade relations to powerful merchant house in Kislev. He ensures safe trading haven in Norsca which is his own village of Turui in the lands of Haraldursson clan. Eventually Turui becomes a small, but important trading port.
		2506	Jarl Gustav Swer continues his revenge against the Chaos forces and against the Northern Tribes. He unites many clans under his flag.
c.2440-2500	Norse reavers raid Old World coast and Albion. Harsh winter freezes sea as far south as the Lynsk estuary. Severe effects on trade with Erengard and Norsca.	2508	Feytor the Tainted, Champion of Nurgle, challenges the Jerg of the Wolf Brothers tribe to a battle. He wins the former Jerg Suolos and becomes new Jerg.
2483	Fortress of Viksjoergsberg is given by the Norse High King to the Holy Order of St.Rembrand The Faithful for suppressing pirates that had been raiding his coast. Pirates were Aeslings with Kurgans.	2509	The deeds of Jarl Gustav Swer has earned him the the surname "Holy Warrior".
2489	Haargald becomes new Ulricsson of the Ragnarites and moves to mysterious Ulric's Throat cave system.	2512	High King Svein is crowned. Trade relations with Marienburg and the Empire are better than in ages. Norse mercenaries and traders travel around the Old World and beyond. They find easily jobs in the mercenary armies or as bodyguards. Battle of Skorlm. Jarl Gustav "Holy Warrior" Swer and his army fights Army of Khorne defending the Skaeling lands that they have invaded. In Skorlm Gustav's forces are surrounded by the enemy, when suddenly Mount Vanir explodes doing damage to Khorne forces and giving new divine power to Gustav's men. With this power they win Khornate force. It is said that this power comes from Olric himself.

- 2514 After the death of Baernsonling King Bran Bearheart, Jarl and Jerg of Ursfjording clan from Urslo and Huern, Jarl and Jerg of the Wolf clan from Vinteerholm claim the crown. Jarl Gustav "Holy Warrior" Swer ends his "crusade" against the Chaos forces of Aeslings, Graelings and Vargs. He returns to Gottborg and soon after this is crowned as king of Bjornlings. He renames Gottborg as Swerborg making it his capital. After four months he is crowned as the High King, even only Bjornlings, Sarls and Skaelings are under his ruling. To the initiative of the Emperor, a diplomatic meeting is started between the Empire, Kislev and the Norsca. The chivalric order the Holy Union is founded.
- 2515 Middenheim sends an Ulrican delegation to Skorlm to help build a temple of Ulric close to Mount Vanir where "Fire of Ulric" is located.
- 2518 War between Baernsonling clans of the Wolf and Ursfjordings. Beorg, son of Bran and leader of Ursfjordings, kills Ulsdau and Graill who are the twin sons of Huern, Jerg of the Wolf. Ursfjordings win the war. After this Huern, Jerg of the Wolf tribe gathered few of the remaining loyal followers and hid deep in the mountains. Beorg Bearstruck, Jerg of the Ursfjorndings, appointed new Jarl in the Vinteerholm, which was the capital of the Wolf clan.
- 2519 There are stories that mysterious wizard Väinö, Northern Druid, has again appeared in the lands of Norsca to warn the tribes about the coming of Chaos.
- 2520 Rise of Archaon, Lord of the End Times. Archaon gathers The Four from Norsca. Norsca tribes are subdued under the Archaon and his Four. High King of Norsca is killed.
- 2521 Archaons Chaos Horde attacks Kislev. Storm of Chaos begins. Erengard is besieged by Archaon's horde. Norse fleet attacks city from the sea. Norse longships begin to raid the north coast of Bretonnia, sacking isolated villages within the dukedoms of L'Anguille and Couronne. Great battle between Bretonnians and Norse near L'Anguille.
- 2522 Archaons Chaos Horde attacks Empire. Chaos armies led by Surtha Lenk and Aelfric Cyenwulf ravage northern Kislev. Cyenwulf is beaten at Urzebya by an army of the Empire and the Ice Queen. The Sea of Claws has also been the site of a great battle, as several Norse tribes combined their fleets to launch an attack against the coast of Nordland. However, the flotilla was surrounded by a glittering mist several miles from the shore and was set upon by the Hawkships of Lord Aislinn. Confused by the magical fog, the Norsemen were unable to close with their more manoeuvrable foes and were eventually sunk or driven back to the north by several hours of merciless bolt thrower volleys. Storm of Chaos ends and scattered Norse return to their homes.
- 2523 Baernsonling King Beorg Bearstuck and the Bearmen of Urslo, remain in the south after the war. They see plenty of opportunity for bloodletting and savagery, so they start pillaging and plundering. Eventually they travel in the lands of Border Princes. Styrkaar of the Sortsvinaer clan, King of the Vargs, returns to the Varg lands after the war. Feytor the Tainted, Champion of Nurgle and the Jerg of the Wolf Brothers Tribe returns to the mountains of Norsca with surviving tribal members.
- 2524 Erik Redaxe returns home from his many year raids, is quickly crowned High King and tries to re-open trade-relations with Marienburg, the Empire and Kislev. Especially Jarl Larus Haraldursson, son of Jarl Thur Haraldursson, new jarl of Turui makes contacts to ravaged Kislev.





NORSEMEN SOCIETY

Despite legends to the contrary, Norsca is not an organised nation, but rather a collection of petty states ruled by warlords, although even "state" is perhaps too strong of a term. In actuality, Norsca is loosely divided into different territories held by each of the seven dominant tribes. Within each, there are dozens of smaller communities that comprise one to three family clans who swear fealty to their tribe's King. Though nominally similar in structure and settlement patterns, there is a marked split between the Norsemen of this land.

Importance of the Tribes

Kinship to a tribe is vital to an individual Norseman's identity. The tribe provides security, a home, and purpose. To anger one's tribe means being cast out, not only from the settlement, but also from everything he believes. Those few exiles may travel north to seek the favour of the Dark Gods, or become truly despised, heading south for the comfort of the decadent Empire. Unless the exile can prove himself (typically through some fabulous quest), he is forever after seen as an enemy of his people, and should he wander back into his lands once more, his former brethren do all they can to slay him where he stands.

A Classed Society

Norse society is made up of distinct tribes that venerate their own heroes and their own visions of the Gods, but all share similar social structures.

Each tribe is ruled by a King who distributes hunting grounds and territory to his lords, called Jarls. The Jarls bestow favours and gifts onto their loyal warriors, who occupy a vaunted place among their fellows. The rest of Norse society consists of the elderly, the infirm, and women. At the very bottom are the thralls, slaves taken from raids for use as sacrifices, menial labour, or worse, as consorts.

Thralls

The most wretched existence facing any Old Worlder is a life of forced servitude, whether it's in the mines of the horrid Ratmen, serving in the Pleasure Palaces of distant Araby, or being subjected to a life of pain and misery as a thrall to a Jarl. Each raid against the coasts of the Empire and Bretonnia find more and more people captured and brought back and forced into a life of endless toil and service to their masters. Such thralls are not contained to just the women and children abducted, but also include warriors captured on the field of battle.

The life of a thrall varies depending on the capturing tribe. Mostly, thralls are used as labour, building Longships or working in the frozen fields. Some thralls are taken as fourth or fifth wives, selected for their appearance rather than their station. But for most, their fate is to be sacrificed to curry the favour of the Dark Gods. When a new Dragonship is finished, the



Norsemen line the approach to the sea with screaming slaves, to crush the life out of them as the warriors push the boat into the waters. Before a new raid, a thrall may be disembowelled, his guts flung out to the seas to appease the Daemons of the waters, whilst his corpse is strung up on the mast to feed the crows and other spirits of death. Seers kill thralls with impunity, using innocent blood to conjure spirits from the Otherworld. Though some thralls may receive decent treatment, most face a gruesome fate.

Peasants

Norsemen who lack skill or ability at arms fill a low place in Norse society. Reviled as weak and inferior, they are relegated to serving the Jarls, tending the fields and thralls, and herding animals. They are builders, farmers, and craftsmen. They may not have the prestige of the warriors, it's understood that without them, Norsca would surely die.

Warriors

The ideal person in Norscan culture is the young, virile slayer. He's courageous, skilled, and tough. He is the warrior. He is the hunter, the defender, the raider, and the hero. He defines the youthful aspirations of the young. Skalds recount his exploits in song and tale to the rapt children who dream of one day joining the other warriors, fighting not only for honour and glory but for the respect of their ancestors and the favour of the Dark Gods.

Becoming a warrior is, at heart, a simple matter. Anyone can pick up a sword and fight. But to gain the



status and the attention coveted by would-be fighters, one must undertake certain rites of passage. Different tribes have different rites. Some require three tests: a test of strength, a test of skill, and a test of courage. Others may send out candidates armed only with a spear to hunt down and slay a dreaded beast. Some clans erect a fake village and populate it with thralls armed with shields and clubs. The warriors must then raid the village to recover a prize, perhaps gold, ale, meat, or a beautiful thrall.

Jarls adopt the new warriors, binding them with oaths of loyalty. The bonded warrior protects the noble, enhancing the Jarls prestige and power. In exchange for his service, the warrior receives gifts such as arm rings, weapons, armour, golden jewellery, and of course, thralls.

The life of a warrior is often brief, but it is always exciting. Between raids, these men provide flesh for the clan by hunting the wild beasts of Norsca. They gain prestige when they return with an ice boar, moose, or some massive shark pulled from the seas. In times of war, they clamber onto the Longships, bravely setting sail for whatever battlefield awaits them, knowing their destiny is at hand. From their exploits, they take various titles, such as Bloodaxe, Beasthunter, Manslayer, Hatewrath, and so on.

When not hunting or fighting, warriors enjoy the finer aspects of Norse culture. They spend their time in sweat lodges, swapping lies, and telling tales of their contests. At night, they engage in drinking contests from which they can gain new and evocative titles—Alespew, Rockson, and the Glutton. Norsemen

warriors are also unforgivable boasters, claiming impossible things to outdo their rivals. Sometimes these boasts lead to physical contests of arm wrestling, knife fighting, or brawling. These fights are rarely lethal since killing a warrior in times of peace is a grave crime.

To the outsider, Norsemen warriors are all the same: bloodthirsty bands of killers. But there are distinctions even among the various clans. Loyalty to a particular Jarl engenders peculiarities that all his bonded warriors embrace. Some warriors have a particular fighting style, perhaps using only axes, or fighting with shields whose edges are sharpened to a razor edge. Others are incredible leapers, while some wear armour only on the fronts of their bodies so they may never retreat.

Unusual haircuts, topknots, a particular braid of beard, or lack of a beard altogether characterise the differing groups of Norsemen.

Norse Settlements

In order for a city to thrive and grow, it must have substantial farmland and natural resources. Considering the harsh climate and the rugged terrain, Norsca cannot support the same sized settlements the Empire can. Instead, the Norsemen congregate in small communities consisting of three to five families scattered throughout the territory controlled by their tribe. Each community is led by a Jarl who is often advised by a Seer or Vitki and propped up by a cadre of loyal warriors. Certainly, there are larger and smaller settlements, with the bigger ones being held by the tribe's King and the smaller ones struggling to survive until they are eventually wiped out by the elements, a rival tribe, or some man-eating horror.

Sites

When selecting a new site for a settlement, Norsemen have three things in mind. First, the site must have access to a resource: good fishing, forests for timber, or an area of rich soil suitable for farming. Second, the settlement must be defensible; areas nestled in the mountains or hidden in dense forest are preferable. The last consideration is the ability to see in all directions. What good is a village nestled in a gorge of the mountains if one cannot see the approach of one's enemies? To make otherwise unsuitable sites useful, the Norsemen construct watchtowers to holding piles of wood drenched in oil to serve as a signal fire For the nearby community. These watchtowers may serve one or more settlements, and should the tribe fall under an attack, the signal fires can erupt all over the territory, calling the Jarls to muster their warriors and make ready for war.

Structures

Norsemen architecture is built with utility as the Forefront concern. A structure must be warm and big enough **to** accommodate a large family. Also, these structures should be low to the ground so the falling snow can conceal the structures from predators. In the spring and summer, their roofs are seeded with grass so they blend in with the surrounding land.

Most structures in these settlements are longhouses: long and large, single-storied buildings covered in thatched roofs. Most have some additional adornment, featuring whorls and knots and working in beautifully carved images of Dragons and other mythological creatures.

Within the longhouses, there's a central common room where meals are cooked, Skalds tell tales of the Gods and ancestors, and most of the family sleeps for warmth. Other areas attached **to** the common room serve as storage, private bedrooms, or as pens to hold animals.

Thralls live in hovels, little more than a collection of stitched-together skins hanging on a wooden Frame. To keep out the cold, the slaves smear mud or excrement on the walls. The thralls are free to come and go as they please, as the Norsemen know there is nowhere



for their captives to run. The Norsemen may sacrifice their slaves, but at least it's a quick death – something not often found in the trackless wilds of Norsca. Each community has a holy site of some kind. Most are caves burrowed into the side of a hill or mountain, but a few are freestanding structures. Such sites can be identified by the altar and bonfires, mounds of skulls, and sacrifices of plunder. Strange runes mark the entryways, forbidding all those who are not blooded warriors from entering, but even the most courageous fighter fears what lies within. Maintaining the temple is a Seer or Vitki, who either lives in the holy site or in a hovel nearby. Those familiar with the signs of Chaos can see their workings throughout these structures, from the bloodied altars to the strange paintings on the cave walls. The symbols of the Ruinous Powers are worked into everything, charging the air with raw power.

Last are the fortresses. Whilst in no way as magnificent as those found elsewhere in the Old World, these are defensible strongholds, built to withstand the worst of assaults. Some strongholds are old Norse Dwarf enclaves, while others are man-made, carved out of the very rock itself.

These strongholds pepper the coastline, and are almost always held by a tribal King or particularly wealthy Jarl.

Industry

It may seem the land of the Norsemen is a bleak place with little to offer, but the mountains are rich with veins of silver and iron. In addition, where farmland does exist, it is always fertile, enriched by the minerals carried down From the mountains by the snowmelt.



Norsemen are skilled fishermen, and whalers brave the tempestuous seas to harvest the greatest bounties of the ocean. Ivory, iron, fine woods, and other materials are readily available for the raking. But given the importance of warriors in Norseman society, much of the labour falls to the thralls taken from raiding and the peasants who manage them.

Norse Culture

To most, the Norsemen are nothing more than bloodthirsty barbarians, no different from the savage peoples of the Chaos Wastes. Admittedly, many Norsemen embrace the same forces of decay, blood, and death as the Kurgan and the Hung, but their culture is more than an endless series of battles. They have a rich society with traditions passed down intact since the time of Sigmar. They are unsullied by the machinations and plotting that so plagues the Empire, being free spirits who form a nation built upon the foundations of honour, loyalty, and respect.

A Spiritual World

The Norsemen live in two worlds: one is visible, tangible; the other is the world of spirits and Daemons, lying just beyond the senses. Though current philosophical trends of Tilea and elsewhere emphasise the empirical, that which can be studied and interacted with, the Norse believe what they see around them is the lie, a deception created to test them. Instead, the Spirit World is the truth, and only through the guidance of their mystics and the blessings of their Gods can they penetrate the veil of the senses and peer into the true reality.

Since life as experienced by the senses is a deception, the Norsemen do not cling to life like other races. They

throw themselves into the thick of combat to show their worth to their Gods and their ancestors, all in the hope of receiving a blessing, or to be plucked from the dream in death by one of the shadowy Warrior Hags to join their fellows in the Halls of Glory. Pain, suffering, and other physical maladies are all illusions and are accepted as part of their existence.

It's believed Norsca's proximity to the Chaos Wastes lends itself to this way of thinking. The Shadowlands are strange and ever-changing. An ordinary boulder may stay in the same place for a thousand years, and then one day pick itself up and move to another spot. Birds may fly through the air one moment, and then slither as a serpent on the ground the next. Storms come and go with no warning. The sun may rise or not, and even the very stars seem to change. The world of the north is perpetually in a state of flux, and no laws apply to this land, lending a dreamlike quality to this wild land. Hence, life and death, health and sickness are all just aspects of this great dream they collectively experience.

So when a Vitki conjures up a Daemon, the Norsemen believe they are getting a glimpse of reality. And given these essences have mutable forms, it is no great logical leap to suggest the manifestation of mutations is a mark of divine favour – a blessing granted by the Gods to set the chosen apart from the mundane.

Battle

Since the "real" world is naught but a dream, it is the goal of every Norseman to reach the truth, the life beyond the nightmare. Death is the door to this new world, but passage through it is not easy, for it is guarded by the Warrior Hags. A Norseman may only journey into the Realm of the Gods by proving his worth in the dream, and to prove it, he must die a

glorious death in battle. Those who beg for mercy or cling to the world of the living are found wanting and cursed to wander the world as disembodied spirits, or worse, fed to the Great Dragon that Squats, where they are reborn as slaves, women, or worse, Old Worlders. And so warriors occupy a place of honour amongst the Norse, for it is they who have the chance to receive the rewards awaiting them in death. The rest are condemned to spend their days in the dream, never knowing the glory that could be theirs.

This emphasis on death in battle bears many similarities to the customs of the Dwarfs. A dishonoured Dwarf commits himself to death in battle, to seek out powerful foes until he is slain. Only through honourable death can the shame be absolved, allowing the Dwarf to find a place in the afterlife. It's theorised the Norsemen's emphasis on death in battle may be somehow related to the Dwarf custom, which might suggest some ancient pact or mingling of their races in the distant past.

It's easy to romanticise Norsemen's notions about glory in death, but the truth is they are raised in a culture that values the masculine. From birth, Norsemen are raised to be heedless of death, to form no attachments to life, and embrace everything that is strong, virile, and dangerous.

Other Customs

Aside from a disturbing obsession with death, the Norsemen have a strange assortment of practices that damn them in the eyes of many Old Worlders. Ranging from the curious to the downright disgusting, the manner and nature of these customs largely depends on the tribe.

Battle Customs

The sacrifice of thralls is by and large the most common act prior to battle, but it is by no means the only custom. Most battle customs involve complex and disturbing rites, including the spilling of symbolic blood, consuming the flesh of Chaos, and even a preliminary battle using blunted weapons.

In one northern tribe, they practise a disgusting ritual to consume the power of Chaos. They first take a living Beastman and drain its blood into a large iron cauldron. They pile wood around the vat and bring it to a boil, then add psychedelic herbs and tinctures to create a noxious mess.

Next, each warrior cuts a lock of his hair and drops it into the bubbling fluid. Once all the warband has contributed, the Vitki ladles out measures from the cauldron and fills a skull goblet. Each warrior then drinks the draught to the dregs and spends the rest of the night awaiting the visions of his Gods. Much retching coincides with such rites.

Birth

Among some Norsemen tribes, a birth cannot occur without a death. The arrival of a newborn signifies doom for the tribe, so to appease the hungry spirits, the Norsemen butcher a thrall. Other tribes see birth as the truest sign of the Dark Gods' will. At least one tribe has a foul practice, where fathers consume the fluids and flesh of the afterbirth. It's believed this material contains the essence of change, and by devouring it, one can draw strength from it.

Mourning

Since death in battle is the ideal fate for any warrior, women in Norsca are forbidden to mourn the loss of their husbands and sons. Instead, they are to celebrate the event in a revel of feasting and drinking. Amongst some tribes, it is customary for the matron to cut away a portion of her finger as a sacrifice to the Warrior Hags, who they believe will lead their loved ones to the Halls of Glory.

Wergild

Instead of a complex set of laws, like those favoured in the Empire and elsewhere, the Norsemen resolve crimes simply. Any crime, no matter how small, incurs a debt, or wergild. When a person is wronged, they may seek recompense from the Jarl. They state their



case, and the accused is given a chance to defend himself. Witnesses testify to their perspective on the matter, and once all evidence is presented, the Jarl will offer judgement. Such decisions never come easily and are rarely fair, depending on the quality of the arguments and the Jarl's mood. For instance, if the Jarl deems the plaintiff wrongfully accused the defendant, he may force the accuser to pay recompense to the accused.

In any event, the Jarl sets the wergild for the offence. Sometimes, usually in the cases of murder, the debt can be met by paying a fine (werild means man-gold: how much an individual is worth).

Over the generations, wergild has been expanded to deal with any wrong, and if no one was killed, the Jarls must be creative when dispensing justice.

Each Jarl, depending on his wit and cunning, will devise appropriate values of recompense, based upon the crime. In the case of a false accusation, the Jarl might take the tongue of the accuser. Assaulting another man's wife might be punishable by being made into a eunuch for his uncontrollable passions. The taking of limbs is also common, especially when the accused cannot pay the wergild.

Especially heinous deeds might result in the criminal being forced to undertake a dangerous quest to some obscure place to do some bizarre act that will ultimately lead to his death. These are especially popular when the quest itself brings honour to the criminal and is reserved for bondsmen and warriors who commit some wrong within their tribe, usually against someone of a lower station. Since the warrior cannot retain his honour by paying a debt to a non-warrior, he'll instead undertake a dangerous quest that puts his life at risk but also brings glory and honour if he succeeds.

In some cases, the wergild may be placed on someone other than the guilty party, often when placing it on the accused would have serious repercussions.

In such cases, a wife or child may have to bear the burden, losing a limb or eye to pay for the crimes of the patriarch. Or, better still, the wergild may fall upon the next person to enter the village, something that's preferred by the guilty party but is risky if the tribe's king happens to pass through the area.



Other examples include the transference of titles and station to the wronged party. There are even cases when another Norseman takes the wife, children, holdings, and thralls of his enemy as recompense for losing his own. In short, there is something of an eye-for-an-eye system in Norsca. The severity of justice is usually enough to keep most Norsemen in line.

Currency

Norsemen do not use gold for currency, rather they melt down gold coins to make jewellery – arm rings, torques, and brooches. In recent years, thanks to vigorous trade with Marienburg, the Norsemen have begun to mint small silver coins called sceattas. The coins feature the crude likeness of the tribal King from which it originates. These coins are widely considered to have less value than other currencies. Hence, the Norsemen still resolve most of their dealings through barter, trading in lumber, slaves, livestock, and ivory.

Norse Language

The Norse tongue is a complex language with over a dozen tribal dialects. Structurally, it bears many similarities to Khazalid, the language of Dwarfs, but it's corrupted by the intrusion of words from Old Reikspiel and the Dark Tongue. Essentially, Norscan uses a small sample of root words and creates new words by adding prefixes and suffixes and creating compound words out of simple ones. What makes this language difficult to learn is that each tribe joins different words to define the same thing. A southern tribe might call a bear a bee-wolf (bee for honey, wolf for shape and appetite) while a northern tribe, where bees simply don't exist might refer to bears as waterwolves, since the bear snatches fish from mountain streams. To master this language, one must not only learn the basic words but also be able to understand the implied meaning when the words are joined together in the context of where they are spoken.



Norse Religion

It would be easy to say that the Norsemen worship the Dark Gods, even easier to say that they are a soulless horde with no regard for life or the suffering they cause. It is true Norsemen see mutations as blessings from their Gods, and they festoon their bodies with tattoos and symbols of the Dark Gods to attract their attention, but to say the Norsemen are unthinking slaves to the Ruinous Powers is simply false.

The Norsemen see themselves as honest men, strong, mighty, and courageous. And for these virtues, they thank the Gods. They worship the Gods they do because they see their power in all things, and are vividly reminded of their potency. Southern Gods, like Sigmar, are weak in comparison to the primal forces of life and death represented by their deities. To the Norsemen, the blessings of their Gods (e.g. mutations) are the clearest sign of their power, proving to them that the Gods of the Empire are weak and impotent. Norse religion is dynamic and complex, featuring a broad pantheon of Ancestors, Heroes, Daemons, and Gods. The Gods themselves vary from tribe to tribe, but each group of Norsemen embrace a pantheon that reflects four central themes: War, Desire, Decay, and Hope. Norse pantheons rarely feature just a single God per theme, rather they may have several. Instead of a single God of Battle, they might have three: one for wrath, another for death, and a last for excellence in arms.

Though they have broad pantheons, these Gods are but aspects of four Dark Gods. They go on to suggest the various heroes are those mortals who likely gained a Mark of Chaos or were transformed into Daemons. Clearly, there are many parallels between the beliefs of the Norse and those upheld by the Kurgan and others in

the Chaos Wastes. But some Norsemen also venerate some Imperial Gods like Ulric and Taal, giving the theologians of the Empire no shortage of religious frustrations.

Naming all the Norse Gods is impossible, as each community adds their own idols and heroes to the core set of deities worshipped by most Norsemen. Even the most popular divine figures are not universally upheld, since the northern tribes worship the Gods that are closer approximations to the Dark Gods than do the southern tribes. Still, there are some similarities. All pantheons feature a King of the Gods, who reflects the mortal King of the tribe. He is usually a war leader, powerful in battle but also wise. He typically has a wife who upholds womanly concerns such as home and hearth, marriage and motherhood. In addition, there are a number of Gods to represent the elemental forces of fire, water, wind, and earth – these tend to correspond to the four Chaos Gods, one of which is often the trickster God (almost always a parallel to Tzeentch). The rest of the Gods reflect the particular concerns of a community. Add to this hundreds of Hero-Gods and Daemons, and you come close to assembling a typical tribe's pantheon.

Curiously, many Norsemen believe in Gods with strong parallels to those worshipped in the Empire, although no Norseman believes in Morr, since the afterlife is closed to all but the most courageous warriors. The Norse versions are always more savage and vicious than their southern counterparts. For example, the Skaeling tribe claims a Daemon God named Mermedus, often believed to be a dark reflection of Manaan, dwells beneath the Sea of Claws. They depict him as a bulbous and ghoulish figure, bloated in death, and covered in bulging eyes. It's said

he walks on the sea floor, causing stormy waters to capsize ships and drown sailors. To appease this vile God, the Skaeling make Human and animal sacrifices, casting the weighted bodies down to distract the God from their voyage.

The Northmen are a superstitious lot. They believe in omens, portents and signs in the skies. Even the lowliest of warriors will carry a trinket or two to ward off the evil eye or bring the favor of the Gods. These range from traditional charms, such as a rabbit's foot bound with hag's hair or rune-etched raven's beaks, to more esoteric talismans that are beyond the reach of normal men. It is thought that the dried tongue of a Plaguebearer gives one power over disease, for instance, and that the eye of a Cockatrice will draw precious gemstones into your path. Some tribesmen have their skin tattooed with symbols of dark power or branded with runes of abjuration. Whether these protective measures work or not is immaterial, for the Northmen find strength in them, and what more can one ask of folklore and tradition?

The Beginning of the World

According to Norse myth life began with two worlds: the Real World and Raenisheim. Raenisheim was the world where the Gods lived; a strange and beautiful place where Jotun, Dragons, Spirits and Daemons roamed. This was the Realm of the Gods. The Real World was just an empty place. Then one day the Gods noticed the Real World from Raenisheim. They used their mighty powers to forge great magical gates which allowed them to enter the Real World. The Real world was a huge, but lonely, place. It was also covered with ice and there were no seasons but Winter. But the Gods loved the Real World anyway. They started to shape the world.

Then the Gods brought the Jotun, or Frost Giants, to the Real World to populate it. The Jotuns were a proud and arrogant race who didn't want anything from the Gods. When they were given the Real World they entered and took the world, but forgot the Gods. The Gods had given the Jotun the world hoping that they would show their gratitude with worship, but the giants failed to offer any prayers of thanks. The Gods didn't like the Jotuns' arrogance and became angry. But the Jotun were a powerful race and the Gods didn't want to make war against them. So the Jotun were left alone. Then the Dragons came. They left Raenisheim and used the great gates to enter the Real World. The Dragons also liked the place and stayed. But they were also a powerful and arrogant race, who didn't pray to the Gods. So they were left alone too. But the Gods wanted other people, servants that would do their will, people that would inhabit the World in their name. There was no one in the Real World, except the Jotun and Dragons. There was no one else that the Gods could bring from Raenisheim either. One day, when the gods were walking, they found two tree trunks. The Gods had an idea. They transformed them into the shape of humans. Sylra gave them life, Olric gave them mind and Taldur gave them sight, and the ability to hear and to speak. The gods named them

Askh and Emblah and gave the Real World to them. They were the first humans in the Real World. They and their children would one day populate the Real World in the name of the Gods. According to Norse myth Askh and Emblah was Norse.

Then some time passed and finally some of the other Gods started to create the other races: Elves, Dwarfs, Goblinoids, Halflings, Ogres and so on. To the Norse they all came after human.

Now

The Norsemen live in two worlds: One is visible and tangible (the Real World); the other is the world of Spirits and Daemons, lying just beyond the senses (Raenisheim, the Realm of the Gods), the world where the Gods live. Since life as experienced by the senses is a deception, the Norsemen do not cling to life like other races. They throw themselves into the thick of combat to show their worth to their Gods and their ancestors, all in the hope of receiving a blessing, or to be plucked from the dream of life by one of the shadowy Warrior Hags to join their fellows in the Halls of Glory, Kregnihalla. Death is the door to this other world.

Upon dying everyone enters the Realm of the Death, Doedigard. Doedigard is the land of the God Helenir. Helenir watches over the dead. Doedigard has nine levels. The top level is actually the realm of the God Olric as well. Olric watches over the brave. This level is called the Halls of Glory, Kregnihalla (sometimes referred to as Valhalla). This is the place the brave Norse enter. The rest of the levels are for other people. The lowest level is called Nidroedheim. Their souls



suffer in a vast, icy wasteland. It is for the worthless souls. A Great Dragon lives there trying to capture these souls. Eventually these souls are reborn in the Real World as slaves, women, or worse.

The Spirit World, including the Realm of the Dead, is guarded by the Valkyries. They only take the bravest, Aandkregnir, to the Halls of Glory. The rest are taken to other levels or thrown into the Nidroedheim. Those who make it to the Halls of Glory are called Einherjar.

The End of the World – Endeslagok

Endeslagok (sometimes referred to as Ragnarok) is the End of the World to the Norse. This is when Olric will ask all Einherjar to join the Raenir in the last Great War against Chaos. Of course worshippers of the Chaos Gods do not believe in this part. To them this is the day their masters will finally devour the world. Endeslagok will be preceded by the Fimbulwinter, “The Winter Without End”. Three successive winters will follow each other with no summer in between. As a result, conflicts and feuds will break out, and all morality will disappear. It is said that during this time both the Sun and Moon will fall. Then the stars will vanish from the sky and the Real World will fall into darkness. Only the Roedredsel (Morrslieb) will give light at this time. The earth will shudder so violently that trees will be uprooted, mountains will fall, and every bond and fetter will snap and sever. After this the final battle will begin...

Worship

Norscan religion can be divided in four parts: worship of Ancestor spirits, of the spritis of dead Heroes, of Daemons and finally of Gods (this includes the Chaos Gods). Some also worship various nature spirits. All these are worshipped as equally important and even the spirits and daemons (including Daemon Princes) are not anyway higher than actual divine beings. The Norse pantheon is very large and all these are considered part of Raenir. These are the reasons why Old Worlders usually view Norse religion as primitive and strange.

Another difference to the southern Old World religion is the priests. Even though there are many religious festivals, celebrations, holy places and customs, the Norse do not have “professional” priests. Celebrations, prayers and holy places are presided over by holy men, usually magic-users that act as priests. These are either Witches, Shamans, Seers or Vitki or even Chaos Sorcerers. A tribal holy man is actually often called Priest of something, when in fact he is a Vitki or Witch. Holy men have many other titles too. Norse and Norse Dwarfs call them Helruns, Runeskyres, Volas and Wyrdskyres. Also holy men of Kharnath are commonly called Bloodfathers. There are many other similarly varied titles. Because the Norse do not actually have any true Priests they also don’t have “Divine Magic” given to their holy men by the Gods. Priests of Chaos Gods are usually always Chaos Sorcerers, but they can also be from other professions. This is especially true of Khorne’s shamans (as the

God shuns magic). Tribes that worship Khorne may actually have a magic-using priest as he is only one God in the large pantheon that most of the tribes acknowledge.

Ancestors don’t usually have any special holy days or symbols. They are just remembered during other festivals and when their guidance is needed.

Because the Norse live close to the Chaos Wastes the influence of Chaos is very strong. This also results in daemonic manifestations. Daemon summoning is also more common in Norsca than in the Old World. Some of the daemons are powerful and influential enough that people have actually started to worship them. Daemon Princes particularly like to gather followers. The Norse do not view daemons differently from the Gods. For them both come from the Spirit World, Raenisheim.

The Norscan Pantheon (the Raenir) is large. It includes both the normal Gods (the Æsafólk) and the Chaos Gods (the Vanenes). The distinction between them is far less pronounced than in the Old World.

Most Norse heroes are remembered through the Sagas told by the tribes. In their view these great heroes watch over, and even help, the living from the Spirit World. Whilst some were actually great Champions of Chaos there are also many “normal” heroes. Heroes don’t usually have any special holy days or symbols; they are just remembered during other festivals and when their guidance is needed (a small prayer or sacrifice can then be given by the worshipper). Heroes are considered to be “Venerated Souls”.

Days & Months

The Norse calendar differs from the Imperial only in the names of the days, festival days, and the months. The Norse do actually have a calendar originally created by High King Magnus Lawmaker after the first millennium (I.C.) with help from an Imperial scholar. Magnus’ idea was to create a similar timeline to that of Empire, but this never actually happened since after his death it was forgotten. Some Norse can actually identify the months, but there is no actual recorded history. Also the Norse do not organize their lives around the calendar (most just don’t know the current day or even the month). Norse life revolves around the seasons and festival days. Ancient history survives through sagas told by the Skalds and others. These events are dated by how many times sun has passed over or for more distant history how many generations have lived since they occurred.

The Norse pantheon (the Raenir) includes hundreds of figures of worship. Every family has famous ancestors that are worshipped; each tribe has their own heroes and Daemons. As well as these there are the “real” Gods each known by many names. Noted here are just the most common ones. The names of the Gods often vary from one settlement to another even within a single High Tribe.

THE ISLAND OF HELENIR

Leaning far out over the Dragon prow of his Kingship, Ulfric Grondal shielded his eyes from the spray and pulled his furs around him. Four months earlier he and three other captains had set sail from Norsca in search of booty, plunder and more hospitable climes; three Kingships crammed with proud Norse warriors and their war gear, with enough supplies to last and eventuality. The Legends of the Southlands beckoned them, telling of riches beyond measure that were theirs for the taking.

No one could have foreseen the wild shifts in temperature and changes in the weather as the ships had skirted the seas of Chaos, nor the all-consuming storms which ravaged the fleet, ripping sails from masts and snapping oars as if they were matchwood. No one had expected the distorting effect of these dread waters on the fabric of time itself and its effect on the men. The three ships had drifted through storms and had been becalmed for months.

Disorientated, tired and hungry the proud warriors had run the gamut of emotion from frustration and wild-eyed anger, to despair and hopelessness. Now all thought of the Southlands were gone from their minds. Their only hope lay in finding land – any land. After months at sea, the Norsemen resembled wildmen or animals; their furs were matted, their chainmail battered and rusty, their faces weather-beaten, and their hair straggling and unkempt.

Squinting through the murky fog bank, Ulfric's suspicions were confirmed: he spotted the hazy outline of a headland, no more than two leagues distant. Turning to face his crew, he cupped weather-calloused hands in front of his mount to help his words carry over the crash of the waves and the harsh shrieking of the wind:

"Land ahead lads. Make fast for beaching!"

The words had a profound effect on the crew; where there had been tired, beaten men, rowing mechanically with no aim or direction, now there were ranks of steely-eyed warriors, shrugging off their fatigue as if waking from a terrible dream.

A wild-looking warrior, clad in thick, matted pelts leapt up beside Ulfric.

"Where are we by your reckoning, Lord?" he addressed Ulfric. His eyes gleamed in anticipation.

Ulfric pointed towards the land, now scarcely ten ships lengths away, before replying in a fierce whisper.

"I know not, Haftagg, but be sure that whatever lives on these accursed shores will fell the wrath of the Ulfwerenar before the day is out."

Haftagg grinned wildly, revealing sharply-pointed canine teeth. Throwing his head back, he let out an earsplitting howl – a feral hunting scream to any that might hear. As one voice his hunting pack in the bows replied, and the sound of howling carried over the water from the two other Longships.

Soon swords were drawn and shields buckled on, with all thoughts of fatigue or despair forgotten. The

Berserkers were nearly uncontrollable; their hideous war cries joined the rising battle song of the Huskarls and Vikings standing ready at their battle stations.

As the hulls of the ships grated on the sands, Ulfric could see no sign that any alert had been raised by the inhabitants of this gloomy island. The Norse warriors leapt over the side into the freezing high waters as the ships ground to a stop.

Fog swirled about them, and a sharp tide tugged at his legs, but Ulfric laughed and led his men up the beach towards the lights. With swords drawn, and battle lust coursing through their veins, they ran.

There were over a hundred Norse warriors in all – as fine a fighting force would be seen anywhere in the Known World. The shadowy forms of the werewolves bounded ahead of the main force, closely followed by the screaming, enraged Berserkers.

The lights of the building loomed near, and through the fog Ulfric discerned a wall. Beyond it huddled what could be a temple. Pale lights gleamed in the window and a sad, mournful chanting carried on the wet air. Ulfric urged the Berserkers to smash down the stout gates.

"Take the gold from their foul Gods and sack the temple. It is their curse which has caused us such hardship, and now they must pay!"

Ulfric's voice was a frenzied roar, urging his warriors to heedless violence and retribution.

The gates collapsed inwards under the force of the blows, and the Norsemen streamed into the darkened courtyard beyond. Dimly lit figures emerged from the building, their heads bent as if in prayer. Not one of the Norsemen noticed the great gates swing shut behind them, so intent were they on revenge.

Ulfric ran at the head of the Berserkers, screaming with rage and hate. Reaching the cowed figures, his great sword fell in a glittering arc, as it thudded into them again and again. In a few seconds it was done;

Ulfric and his men stood panting amongst the bodies of the priests, the mist swirling about them.

"Now," rasped Ulfric. "Now we burn the temple and take the gold within. Geimdall, you and your

Huskarls, take the..."

Ulfric's voice was cut off abruptly as he felt something cold and hard grab his leg. He stabbed at it with his sword. Then the fog cleared for a moment, and Ulfric screamed. He stared at the rictus grin of a long dead skeleton, whose grasping fingers had a firm grip on his ankle. Around him, the cowed corpses began to move. His men backed off, fear in their eyes.

Around the Norsemen the earth was moving, fingers poking through the soft soil like worms surfacing after a rain-shower.

"Make for the ships. This is the island of the Lord Helenir Himself," Ulfric shouted.

He knew he had to stop the retreat becoming a rout. Grabbing the skeleton hand at his ankle free, he held it aloft and hurled it into the air.

"Stick together, for our sword smash bone as well as flesh," he shouted, grinned at the nearest Warriors.

Taking heart, they re-grouped and began a swift retreat to the gates.

But the gates had locked behind them, and this time, Ulfric realised they would not open so easily. All around, cowed figures staggered towards them through the fog.

"Form a Shieldwall," he cried. "If we are to die, let us go to the Gods with honour, standing on a pile of bones and broken skulls. Unfurl the banner and sound the Warcry; we are Norsemen and will not be taken lightly!"

LAND OF NORSCA

Norsca looms large in the minds of Old Worlders. To some, it is the roof of the world, the birthplace of all evils, and the heart of Chaos. To others, it is a buffer – that which stands between the lands of civilisation and the Chaos Wastes and the madness beyond.

There are many reasons not to make the journey to the lands of the Norsemen. It is difficult, dangerous, and rarely worth the risk. To the north and west, the Sea of Chaos laps against its rocky shores. In these haunted waters, strange creatures swim, monsters spawned by the Winds of Chaos blowing south from the unstable lands beyond the Chaos Wastes. Massive ships crewed by the corrupted, mastered by Chaos Champions, prowl the seas in search of coveted artefacts and attack any ship they encounter.

To make matters worse, the Black Arks of Naggaroth roam the waters to harvest slaves for sacrifice on their bloody altars. And who can really predict the odd storms that erupt unexpectedly with no sign of warning, lashing the sails and capsizing ships with their violent intensity? To the south, the Sea of Claws is little better. These frigid waters are the bane of many a sailor, with winds so cold that the very spray freezes, each gust sending sharp knives of ice to bite the flesh and freeze the extremities. Many of the horrors found in the Sea of Chaos swim over into these waters, setting upon merchant vessels and military ships with abandon, dragging fools to terrifying deaths beneath the dark swirling waters. Considering the dangers, one might think to make an overland journey instead. But, there is little safety to be found by crossing the dreaded Troll Country, and travelling through the northern wastes, only to find glacial expanses and territory haunted by all manner of warped and terrifying beasts. As the journey to this frozen land is fraught with many dangers, it's a wonder anyone would ever risk their lives (and their very souls) to explore a land so clearly antagonistic to the living. Part of Norsca's appeal is its trading value. The land is home to extensive forests of rare breeds of wood. The mountains hide veins of gold, silver, and other precious metals.



And then, there's the Warpstone – the very land seems infused with it.

As a result, many merchants and travellers spend exorbitant funds to assemble an expedition to explore the land of the Norsemen and harvest its riches to retire in luxury in the comforts of their decadent cities.

Norsca is every bit the inhospitable place Old Worlders think. Thanks to its latitude, about half the year is a dim twilight, with the sun nothing more than a faint disk hovering just below the horizon, shedding its feeble light across the land. The temperatures are continually below freezing, clutching the mountains in a frozen grasp. Snow falls almost constantly, worsened by the icy spray blown by the winds over the Sea of Chaos. The other half of the year, the sun warms the lands, bringing temperatures above freezing and allowing the Norsemen's thralls to work the few arable fields to produce meagre crops.

Norsca is famous for its daunting mountains. Bordered on all sides by these magnificent peaks, travel into the heartland borders on the impossible. Most travellers keep to the sparse, fortified villages dotting the southern and western coastlines. The mountains themselves are steeped in local myth, often named for the legendary giants and icy fortresses on the peaks, such as the Mountains of Thjazi and the Jotunheims. Although the mountains dominate the terrain, it is false to say they are all there is of Norsca. This harsh land is also home to dense forests of spruce and pine, mostly blanketing the interior slopes where they are protected from the worst storms descending from the north. In addition to the dense forests and high mountains, Norsca also has glacial seas that stretch down from the Chaos Wastes, forming the Frozen Sea to the northeast. These massive ice fields are responsible for the jagged mountains forming the northernmost boundaries that offer some shelter from the changing forces occasionally blowing south from the chaotic north. During the summer months, the air warms just enough to drain the land and enliven the few stretches of plains that serve to supplement the Norsemen's diet of fish and bear meat.



Given the climate and the unforgiving peaks, any attempts to map this land have met with failure. There are simply too many defiles and gorges, too many peaks and darkened forests, all of which contain things changed by the loosed energies of Chaos. At most, the people of the Empire have a vague idea of this land's shape and a sense of what lies within, but any particulars are merely conjecture.

Norsemen as a cohesive people do not exist. The name means "men of the north," and it is a term used by Old Worlders to collectively define the various tribes that occupy Norsca. Within each tribal group there are important differences that make each unique, with particular customs and beliefs to set them apart from the other men of their country.

The domain of the High King, known as Midgard, stretches from the huge iron-clad walls of the fastness at Heorot on the Sea of Claws in the south, to the great glacial valley of Thorfrost, some three hundred miles away.

Compared to most kingdoms in the Old World, the rule of the High King does not stretch far, but the Emperor and the King of Bretonnia do not have to enforce their law across windswept tundra and sharp peaked mountain ranges. The High King's messengers and enforcers must journey across deep ice-veiled rivers and through the many folded fjords of the coast. Despite the seemingly impossible odds of seeing that his law is upheld throughout Midgard, the High King manages to rule with an iron grip.

The clans within the realm are free to run their lives pretty much as they wish, as long as the tithes are paid and they do not hinder the servants of the High King. However, sometimes a feud or dispute erupts into inter-clan war that threatens to engulf more and more neighbouring clans. At these times the High King leads his personal army of Wolfclaw veterans to settle the

matter. If the disputing clans do not heed the High King's arbitration then he does not hesitate to enforce his ruling with the sword and axe.

Beyond the shifting borders of Midgard lies the rest of Norsca - the Wild Lands. These lands are populated by the older Norscan clans, those that have lived there for much longer and were not part of the exodus from the founding of the Empire. Many strange beasts also roam the wastes and mountains, preying on each other and also unwary travellers. Of these the Snow Trolls are the most common, though Cave Bears, Dire Wolves and Frost Giants often make their presence felt too.

Since they do little farming, the autumn sees the Norse hunters leave their settlements on long trips, dragging back their huge prey, such as the mammoth and elk, on wolf drawn sleds. The carcasses are then salted and cured to preserve them over the next eight months. As the autumn of Norsca is so short this hunting frenzy leads to most of the inter-clan battles that take place, as the warrior-hunters fight for the scarce resources available.

During the long winter months Norscan life is very introverted. The clans set aside their feuds for the season and look to their own survival against the blizzards, avalanches and Ice Tempests that threaten them. The food stores are the main resource during the winter, and any rival clan that destroys a settlement's food supplies is usually destroyed by other neighbouring clans.

Death on the battlefield is an honourable end, but lingering starvation and hunger for both the warriors and their families, is a doom that no clan should force upon another.

Occasionally a Norse settlement is beset by the variety of ravaging creatures that live in the Wild Lands. In the harsh winter of 1986 the town of Durfang in the northern reaches of Midgard was devastated by the starving timber wolves, bears and monsters moving south to find food. Since then it has been the High King's responsibility to send hunters into the woods during the autumn to kill these savage beasts before their hunger drives them to attack another settlement.



SKEGGI

Skeggi is the oldest and largest human settlement in the New World. The gateway to Lustria by which adventurers and plunderers seek their fortune.

Foremost amongst these are the Norse, whose greed for gold is as great as their lust for battle.

Through countless generations of raiding, the men of Norsca have become prodigiously skilled seafarers, boasting (occasionally truthfully) the ability to out-sail even the fleets of the High Elves of Lothorn.

Among the greatest of the Norscan seamen was the legendary Losteriksson, who, in the year 888 by the Imperial Calendar, made landfall upon the coast of the New World, opening up the unexplored continent of Lustria to the predations of Man and forever altering the course of the plans of the mysterious Old Ones.

The Founding of Skeggi

Upon anchoring his three ships off the coast, Losteriksson and his men were plagued by sickness caused by insect bites. Leaving the stricken warriors behind to guard the ships, Losteriksson decided to head inland with the rest of his men in search of treasure.

He had no idea what this unknown land contained, but assumed that there would be temples and cities to plunder just like there were in Ulthuan and Naggaroth. After a long trek through the jungle, and with only half his party still alive, he emerged among the overgrown ruins of a deserted temple-city. This was what Losteriksson had been hoping for, and his men spread out to begin ransacking the place. Some meagre items of gold were found in various vaults and crypts after a full day's search, although several men disappeared in the process. With the going good, Losteriksson decided to return to his boats, intending to return again later with a bigger expedition to probe deeper into the jungle.

Returning back to the beaches, the handful of survivors was surprised to find their boats deserted. The men had gone; not even their bones were left, their fate unknown. There were now so few Norse left that the share out of the gold made all the survivors quite rich. Losteriksson could now return to Norsca with honour and the dowry for his beloved Inga. Norse being excellent seafarers, all the ships returned safely, despite the diminished crews. Soon word spread throughout



Norsca of a new land overflowing with treasure. Warriors flocked to Losteriksson's new and magnificent hall, built with his share of the gold, and clamoured for him to lead a new expedition to Lustria. The tale of Losteriksson convinced many that Lustria was a place to discover wealth, though none stopped to consider the odds of surviving to enjoy said riches. At length, Losteriksson ordered many ships to be built and under his leadership, these sailed southwards loaded not only with Norse warriors, but also their wives and farm animals. After a long and arduous voyage, in which some of the ships were lost, they reached Lustria. Losteriksson navigated along the coast to find the great cairn which his men had raised to mark their previous landfall. The place was found and the ships beached. Within a few days, the Norse had built a solid stockade around their longboats. This new land was rich in timber and the human axes were sharp, so it was not long before a true Norse settlement had taken shape complete with a timber hall. The jungle was also cleared back for hundreds of

yards, which did much to alleviate the sickness brought on by the countless insects. The Norse fed on fruit instead of the stodgy porridge of their homeland, and the meat of the great reptile beasts that were hunted in the jungle roasted well on their spits.

Lack of ale was a serious problem, until the first crop of corn was harvested. However, the hives of the huge tropical bees provided honey to make mead which surpassed anything in Norsca.

The new Norse colony was called Skeggi, in honour of Losteriksson's daughter, the first child to be born in the new land. At first Losteriksson forbade anyone from going into the jungle. This was a great annoyance to the young warriors eager for riches and many disobeyed him. Small groups went their own way and never returned. At least one or two bands did find riches elsewhere, however, and returned to Norsca, encouraging more Norse to make the voyage to Lustria. Thus ships laden with more settlers turned up from time to time at Skeggi to swell the population. Within a decade, the settlement was a thriving town, the



gateway to the New World. Each year, ever more adventurers would pass through its port, and ever more gold and slaves would return through it to the Old World and Norsca.

Over the centuries since its foundation, Skeggi has become a prosperous port, thanks to the tithe its inhabitants enforce upon all who pass through it. But it is a lawless place, where petty chieftains rule and bands of itinerant adventurers hold sway. The many drinking dens, brothels and slave markets are the centres of power, lairs from which the brokers of such power rule their small empires.

The streets of Skeggi throng with two-way traffic. In one direction pass those fresh ashore after many weeks of sailing across the Great Ocean, impatient to find their fortune within the gold-strewn depths of the jungles. In the other direction pass those returning from the green hells, and these either bear the thousand-yard stare of those who have seen friends killed by unspeakable horrors for no gain whatsoever, or the furtive visage of those who carry untold wealth secreted under stinking rags. More often, the former is the case.

The Warhird of Skeggi

Though no one man has ruled over the people of Skeggi since the days of Losteriksson, there have been moments in the settlement's long history when its fractious inhabitants have united, if only for a short time, behind a single strong warleader. Given its status as a refuge for the most bloodthirsty and piratical of Norse warbands, Skeggi has found itself the target of punitive attacks by the Lizardmen and other races, often seeking the return of some priceless artefact stolen from their most sacred of sites. As great as the righteous anger of such a party may well be, the zeal with which the Norse will defend their collective honour and general right to plunder is invariably greater. Many a besieger has sought to reduce Skeggi, only to be driven off into the jungle by hordes of very angry, and often very drunk, Norse.

Skeggi and Environs

Skeggi has been described as a 'rotten sinkhole', and there are two main factors that combine to make this a wholly accurate description of the place. Firstly, the site chosen by Losteriksson for his landfall was in fact one of the wettest on the entire stretch of coast, to the extent that many buildings must be constructed upon tall stilts in order to keep their occupiers at least partially dry during the biannual flood season. The second reason is that the Norse rarely build in stone, preferring instead their traditional timber buildings. Unfortunately, where the good old ways of doing things worked fine for their ancestors, they are not quite so effective in the stinking mire in which their descendents chose to establish the settlement, and hence the dwellings of Skeggi are invariably ramshackle and rotten to the core, and in constant need of rebuilding.

The greatest and most stable feature of the settlement is the stockade built by Losteriksson himself at the time of his second landing, and this has been expanded over the centuries to create a formidable fortification surrounding the port, and extended outwards into the sea to form a seawall within which vessels may gain a measure of safe harbour (at a cost of course). At the centre of the bustling port still stands the original mound of stones placed there by Losteriksson to mark the location of his first landing, and this too has been greatly built up, making it a mighty monument to the Norse gods. Upon the founding of the settlement, Losteriksson cleared the jungle surrounding Skeggi, and this has had to be carried out annually ever since, lest the voracious jungle flora reclaim the land. This is a task generally forced upon prisoners and slaves, for the diseases spread by the insects of the marshes generally make it lethal duty. Over the centuries the area of jungle cleared has expanded as the settlement has grown, and Skeggi now accounts for a great swathe of land.

Due to the nature of the land around Skeggi, the only dependable route into and out of the settlement is by sea. The marshes all around are in a constant state of flux as the water table rises and recedes, flooding any roads anyone is foolish enough to have built. As a consequence, the jungles around Skeggi are criss-crossed with a network of small tracks and pathways, but very few usable roads. The moment a traveller leaves the dubious safety of the clearings surrounding the settlement, he is plunged straight into the dense jungle, and all the perils that reside therein.

The Marauders of Skeggi

From their coastal stronghold the Norse of Skeggi launch raids that reach into every corner of the continent and beyond. To the north lies Naggaroth, and numerous Norse chieftains have proved insane enough to launch raids against the vicious Dark Elves. To the west the jungles are packed with Lizardmen sites ripe for the plunder, and some Norse have even survived the deadly traps planted within to deter treasure hunters such as themselves. Further west still lies the temple-city of Hexoatl, a vast metropolis teeming with Lizardmen - to date, no Norse has been foolhardy enough to attempt an attack upon it, though it is only a matter of time before some blustering warleader decides to gather an expedition.

For those Norse who have grown up in Skeggi, the sweltering climate is of no great detriment to them, as it often is to newcomers to Skeggi. Instead, they have become adept at negotiating the jungle pathways and at survival through hunting its beasts.

A few have even braved the dank caves within which Cold Ones lay their eggs, stealing away with one of their vicious young, to rear it and break it, and to ride it to battle. Such a thing is rare, and causes great consternation amongst the Lizardmen, who see it, and the very presence of the Norse in Lustria, as a disruption of the plans of the Old Ones.

YAGAMIR SAGA: DOOM OF THE GIANTS

According to the sagas, it is said that before the coming of Chaos the land was covered in ice and all seasons were winter. No Humans walked the world as the gods had not seen fit to create them. The Jotuns peopled the ice bound mountains and forests. Large, pondering, and cunning, these giants preyed upon the great beasts of winter and strove against each other. Soon the strife ended as the strongest came to rule over the rest. His name was Yagamir the Strong and he ruled with an iron fist for hundreds of years.

One day a stranger clad in the skin of the vicious Giant White Wolf and armed with a mighty axe appeared before Yagamir. Although smaller in stature than any Jotun, the stranger radiated a power that any, but the most blind, can sense. "You have a message for me, stranger?" grunted the Jotun king. "Spit it out and be gone. I have other things to do."

"Have you noticed that the ice which dominates the land is retreating northward? Or that the world has become warmer?" replied the stranger.

"What care I for such things? It is of small consequence. And who are you to bother one such as I with trivial matters?" Yagamir asked testily.

"I am 'Winter's Fury'," responded the stranger. "I came to tell you that a time of testing approaches. The large-eyed gods that you worshipped have failed, and through their failure a time of strife is assured. Soon a great enemy will appear in the North. You and your people will be the first to feel the weight of their presence. Upon your shoulders will the outcome of the ensuing war be determined. Great will be your honour should you throw them back into the darkness. Far will be your fall should you fail. And with your fall, others will come to rule your realm."

"Begone, 'Winter's Fury', I care not for your warnings! They be naught but the ramblings of a madman or a drunkard!" taunted Yagamir.

In response, a blast of icy wind tore open the doors of Yagamir's stronghold and filled the audience chamber. Undisturbed amid the wind, 'Winter's Fury' replied in a cold, harsh voice edged with anger, "Mock me at your peril, fool! Heed not my warning if you choose! It is by your own actions that your race will be judged!" The stranger then vanished with the wind.

As 'Winter's Fury' foretold, the Jotuns were the first to face Chaos when it entered the world. Too confident were they that the Jotuns were overwhelmed by Chaos. The surviving Jotuns were scattered, their minds snapped by the horrors of Chaos. No longer would these giants be noted for their cunning, nor would they join together as a common people. Instead, the Giants became a dying race noted for their dim-wittedness.

Only Dwarves and Elves remained to oppose Chaos in the world. In the worlds beyond, the Raenir led by Olric fought the Four Powers of Chaos. Great was the fury of the battle that Chaos was driven back to the Northern Wastelands whence they entered the world.

With his cloak about him, Olric surveyed the land from which Chaos retreated and found it empty save for the Dwarves who fought the Great Enemy. The leader of the Raenir did not find this to his liking. He knew that Chaos would again threaten the world. He also knew that the great alliance between Dwarf and Elf would not be seen again. Even then, he could see that the relationship of the two Elder Races would begin to fray, then break, in the near future.

Long did Olric hold council with the rest of the Raenir upon the eventual return of Chaos. Another race would be needed to stand against those would plunge the world into eternal darkness. One that would be more adaptable than Elf and Dwarf, one whose very diversity would create the Great Heroes would oppose Chaos in this unforgiving land. Thus it was that the Norscan race came into being. The first Norse learned to survive in the harsh land from the Raenir themselves and the heroes that they spawned.

For some time the warrior trekked across the Jotunheimen Mountains, seeking any sign that his quarry survived the onslaught of Chaos. He seemed oblivious to the frigid winds and driving snow which marked winter's fury. Clearly, the warrior did not need to seek shelter behind his cloak made from the pelt of the Great White Wolf. Now and then he stopped to sniff the air as if searching for a familiar scent. Finally, Olric came to a large opening on the northern face of a large mountain peak. His quarry's scent was strong at the opening. Armed with his great axe, Kaosfaenir, the Raenir descended into the darkness. His journey into the heart of the mountain twisted ever deeper until Olric came upon a cavern illuminated by the fungi within.

"So you have come," rasped a voice from the darkness beyond the dim light. "Have you done so to gloat at my failure? Or, do you have some other business?"

"Failure would be too light a word to describe your feeble efforts against the Great Enemy. Nor do I need to gloat over one who would hide in the darkness to lick their wounds. My sole purpose was to seek you out, Yagamir, and warn you to stay far from the lands along the sea. They will be given to a race which will not repeat your utter failure," replied Olric.

"The Dwarfs? Hah! I will make the sea run red with their blood. Those diggers and tinkers cannot withstand my wrath!" roared Yagamir.

"You may have been able to defeat the Dwarfs in your prime with your army. Now, I doubt if you can make them quiver. Your kingdom has been destroyed, your people struck dumb and scattered, and you hiding here having fled battle. The Dwarfs mock you and your name rather than fear you. In fact, their Slayers seek you even now," stated the Lord of the Raenir. He continued to the shifting shadow, "the Dwarfs are not the ones to inherit the land you forfeited. A new race, one of my choosing, will be the guardians of this land."

The once Jotun King leapt into the dim cavern light roaring "they will be crushed by me as surely as the darkness swallows the light!" Olric faced the giant and noted that the struggle against Chaos had greatly changed Yagamir. His flesh was covered with oozing blisters and his hair streaked with unearthly colours. Odd bones, skin protrusions, and twisting muscles erupted and changed continuously over the giant's flesh. The eyes burned with a fire that would not be easily quenched.

"Unlike the others who died fighting your enemy, I grasped where the true power awaited and knew that it was destined to be mine. A pact did I make with the Powers to see your precious race destroyed before you. But now I look upon you and realize how truly puny and insignificant you are. How much greater would be my reward if you were dispatched!"

A multicoloured bolt of energy raced from Yagamir's fingertips towards Olric. The Raenir Lord merely raised Kaosfaenir before him and dispersed the bolt into shards of coloured light. The lights flickered briefly before they were absorbed into Kaosfaenir.

"Your newly-found allegiance to Chaos, coupled with your foolish attack, is proof enough that I cannot let you live. Yet, I will not give you the gift of death which would release you from your torment. There is, of course, a third choice."

From his sack, Olric brought forth heavy chains and said, "These were crafted for me by the Dwarfs you so despise. Mark you that these chains carry not only Dwarfen runes of power, but also runes of my devising. Thus, you shall spend your misbegotten life bound in these chains. Even your new patrons have not the power to free you before I return to pronounce judgement upon you."

Although Yagamir struggled with all his titanic might, he could not prevail against the will of Olric. The mutated giant was bound and sealed in that cave by the God of Wolves. Moreover, Olric placed wardings on the seal of the cave to ensure that the servants of Chaos could not enter. The exact location of the mountain was not even revealed to Olric's most devout follower and is only known by its name: Steinfensor.



TRIBES AND CLANS

Norsca is not an organized nation, but rather a collection of petty states ruled by warlords, although even “state” is perhaps too strong of a term. In actuality, Norsca is loosely divided into different territories held by each of the seven dominant Tribes, which are Aeslings, Baernsonlings, Bjornlings, Graelings, Sarls, Skaelings and Vargs. Within each, there are dozens of smaller communities divided into households, clans and even smaller tribes. Even civil-war troubles are common inside tribes; the High Tribes are usually something that unites these shattered communities in the end. And all these communities inside the High Tribe swear fealty to their High Tribe’s King.

Originally Norse people were divided in four different territories that are still known by their ancient names: Fjellsende, Soerligslette, Taaketskog and Vestligkyst. These became lands of Baernsonlings, Sarls, Skaelings, Bjornlings and Graelings. Eventually some tribes wandered even further to the Chaos Wastes and settled in the northern parts of Norsca. They were loose tribes that mixed more with Kurgans from the Wastes. Rest of the Norse started to call their lands Nordlig. Nordlig territories became lands of Aeslings and Vargs.

There are seven High Tribes. They all have their own lands. These are territories basically, but can be treated also as different countries inside Norsca, that have little different customs, fate and ways of life. In each tribal area there are many different sizes of communities. Some villages and towns, others wandering tribes. Small settlements are usually clan holds ruled by one clan and its Jarl. These have couple of households (Jarls family and his bondsmen’s families plus their Thralls). Large settlements have numerous households and even different clans. These communities are sometimes referred as tribes or minor tribes inside the High Tribes. Jarl of these minor tribes is commonly called Jerg, which means chieftain. But even so, this small tribe is always part of the High Tribe and swears loyalty to the King of one of the seven High Tribes.

Importance of the Tribes is vital to an individual Norseman’s identity. The tribe provides security, a home, and purpose. To anger one’s tribe means being cast out, not only from the settlement, but also from everything he believes. To become exiled forever, unless the exile can prove himself somehow to his people. Usually otherwise he is slain if he would return to his former brethren. Other tribes may take the exile, but he will always be “the one from the other tribe”, and not all the tribes like each other that much. It’s like moving to another country. That’s why it is usually better for exile to either leave Norsca and go to the Chaos Wastes and seek the favour of the Dark Gods, or go to the Old World.



The clan in Norsca is united and unusually solitary; therefore it guards its honour very carefully. In Norsca your family and your honour are everything. If one Norse is victim of a murder, his whole clan would revenge him, by demanding justice. This usually comes in two forms: either a fine is paid by the offender’s family, or a murder is committed to revenge the dead. The latter option can sometimes result in devastating vendettas, ruining whole families by lasting several generations. For a person to be expelled from his/her family is worse than exile, it means you are completely on your own, with no one to back you up.

Society Levels

Each tribe is ruled by a King who distributes hunting grounds and territory to his lords, Jarls. The Jarls bestow favours’ and gifts onto their loyal warriors, who occupy a vaunted place among their fellows. The rest of Norse society consist the elderly, infirm, and women. At the very bottom are the thralls, slaves, taken from raids for use as sacrifices, menial labour, or worse, as consorts.

Northern Tribes

Standing in the shadow of the Chaos Wastes, Norsca is a land touched by Chaos. Whenever the roiling Eye widens, the tongues of darkness lick the dizzying peaks of this frozen land, altering all and everything it touches. As a result, those tribes living on the coast of the Frozen Sea are more deeply affected by Chaos and, as a result, develop more mutations and more variety among their kind than the rest of the Norsemen. In

addition, they are quite a bit more savage since they regularly come into conflict with the Kurgan tribes of the Wastes.

The Northern Tribes are often at the forefront of the Chaos Incursions, leading the way into the Fat lands of the Empire for the Kurgan tribes. They are a brutal and bloodthirsty lot. Merciless, they kill for the love of killing.

Originally Norsii people inhabited the areas close to Troll Country (or River Groene) and then the coastline of Norsca as north as Vestligkyst (that became Graeling lands). Northern parts of Norsca, that lie closest to the Chaos Wastes, and coastline close to the Frozen Sea was left alone. Northern Norsca had even harsher climate than the southern. Only hunters visited these areas. But eventually some nomad tribes started to migrate to these parts. During the centuries these tribes became accustomed to these harsh regions. Also they mixed more with Kurgan becoming little darker in appearance than other Norse. These northern parts were called simply Nordlig by other Norse. Northern Tribes include the Graelings, Vargs, and the dreaded Aeslings.

Aeslings

Aeslings are probably most brutal and bloodthirsty Norse. Merciless, they kill for the love of killing. They are often at the forefront of the Chaos Incursions, leading the way into the fat lands of the Empire. They live in the lands between high mountains inhabited by the Norse Dwarfs and the valleys of Shadow Pass south to the River Groene. This location, close to the Chaos Wastes, has made them very tough and brutal. They are fearless warriors trained since the birth in society that only respects the strongest (weak are killed, which they serve).

Aeslings lands are situated so, that they have a lot of contact with the tribes of Chaos Wastes, especially

with the Kurgan. During the centuries Norse and Kurgan blood has mixed and that why Aeslings are little darker in their complexion, than average Norse. Even Aesling consider themselves superior to other tribes they have kept some trade relations to Kurgan. During the summer time, when the Frozen Sea is open, Aeslings trade by boat. During the harsh winters, when the Frozen Sea is always frozen, they walk through the ice. Even situated badly Aesling do amount raids with boats that sail around the Norsca. They usually stop only to visit Graelings and Vargs. Most of the time Aeslings have neutral trade-connections to other Northern Tribes. Other Norse Tribes they consider weak and inferior. Raids against other tribes are common.

Aeslings hate Dwarfs. The war between these races has raged on forever. Both sides harass other side from time to time, but usually it is Aeslings that break the borders and attack Dwarf lands. Aesling do fear Dwarfen Stones (more information can be found from Norsca: Religion) which mark the borders of their lands. They know that these stones lesser the power of Daemons and magic-users. But because they trust more to the power of cold steel they still advance beyond the stones.

Graelings

Graelings are like other Northern Tribes; they are more aggressive, bloodthirsty and serve the Dark Gods. Graelings do respect many of the other Gods also, but Dark Gods have always served the most important role. Graelings were the first tribes that moved the most northern areas in Norsca. They live in the western coast of Norsca in an area which is covered with deep forests. Next to the forests starts huge mountain range. Graelings are famous and feared reavers. Their ships sail far away lands to pillage and get new slaves. They



have many times Aeslings and Vargs with them, which are their allies, but do not have large fleets. Graelings may attack Kurgans, but commonly they sail very close to Naggaroth and attack Hung lands if they sail north. Graelings do fear the Dark Elves, but they are most experienced Norse to fight them also. Graelings are fierce rivals with their southern neighbors' Bjornlings. There is age's old rivalry and hate among these tribes and many wars have been fought between these High Tribes and a lot of blood has been bled.

Vargs

Vargs were originally nomad tribes that wandered in the most northern parts of Norsca. They took open lands, tundra, from the shores of the Sea of Chaos to their lands. This area has been called Norscveg Plain by Norse tribes. This is very rough land with extreme weather, especially during long, dark and very cold winter months. In there Vargs wandered with their herds of Reindeer. Also in these plains wandered many other creatures like Beastmen, Giants, Chaos Monsters and mighty Mammoths. Vargs fought hard for these lands for many generations. In time Vargs established few strongholds, fortified settlements called "borgs". During the summer-time only few Vargs remained in these places which became more trading posts, but for the harsh winters clans and smaller tribes gathered to these easily defended places. Eventually these places grow to become permanent settlements. But even now many clans and smaller tribes live nomadic life in the vast northern tundra.

During the centuries nomad Vargs not only became tough survivalists and warriors, but also servants of Dark Gods. Maybe it was their rough and deadly life that brought them to Slaanesh, or Shornaal the God of Excess. Some Vargs also know Slaanesh as Halni, God of shape-shifters. Varg lands are very close Chaos Wastes and its changing and warping effects. This causes mutations and especially Ulfwerenars. Vargs have old grudges against the Kurgan tribes other side of the Kraken Sea (most northern part of Sea of Chaos). Mostly during the winter time, when sea is frozen, both sides mount great raids. Aeslings join usually Vargs on their raids. There have been many epic battles when these marauders have meet on the Icy fields of Drergen Mort, which is situated on the top of the Norsca.

Styrkaar of the Sortsvinaer became ruler of his tribe few decades before the Storm of Chaos. And soon after this King of all Vargs. In few decades he was already legendary and feared champion of Slaanesh. Styrkaar became one of the Archaon's The Four, his generals, during the Storm of Chaos.

Southern Tribes

The southern tribes are somewhat milder than their savage brethren to the north. Whilst these barbarians raid and plunder like all the rest, it is from these tribes that new efforts for peaceful communications originate.



They raid when necessary for survival, but are more interested in acts of heroism and adventure over the carnal slaughter embraced by their kin.

This said, during the Chaos Incursions, these Norsemen banded together to wage war against the Empire as it was demanded by their Gods. Refusing the call of battle is grounds for annihilation.

Among the southern tribes are counted the Bjornlings, Skaelings, Baernsonlings, and Sarls. Though seen as more civilised than their northern neighbours, they still fight with rival tribes. In fact, the Bjornlings are fierce rivals with the Graelings, and the Saris regularly fight the Aeslings and Baernsonlings.

Baernsonlings

Baernsonlings are a fierce, unfriendly and savage barbarian who doesn't really have any trade contacts. There are many frightening stories about Baernsonling berserkers and especially their werekin, which are common among them. Baernsonlings are very proud for their martial skills, which are famous even among the Norse.

Baernsonlings live in the harsh mountain range of the Goromadny and also partly in Troll Country. They have to fight all the time marauding Aeslings and Kislevite Tribes (which they just hate). Also relations with the Dwarfs and the Kurgans are time to time bad and cause fighting. Mountain ranges of the Goromadny and the coastline of southern Frozen Sea are full of small Baernsonling villages, but still half of the clans (or small tribes) are nomad moving in the Troll Country and even as far as Kul lands. Like other Norse also Baernsonlings raid southern countries. They do not have large fleet of ships and those they have can only be used during the summer time, because Frozen Sea usually freezes totally during the winter time. Small Baernsonlings raiding parties move easily

through the lands of Kislev and raid even the northern parts of the Empire.

Baernsonlings are famous for their werekin or Ulfwerenar. Ulfwerenar are most common among them than any other tribe in Norsca. To Baernsonlings mark of Bear Ulfwerenar is one of the greatest marks from the gods. Most worship the Bear God Ursun (or The Great Bear) and those that have bear-like mutations (or can partly change to Bears) are marked by the Ursun. But those that can truly change to bear are actually Bearstruck – The mark of Lordship. Not all worship God Ursun and those that worship Dark Gods (Shornaal or Tchar) and can shape-change are commonly called Morkewerenar by Norse. Other names for Ulfwerenar are Werekin, Werefolk, Shapestrong, Shapestruck...etc.

Bjornlings

Bjornlings are probably most cosmopolitan and less Chaos influenced tribe in Norsca. This is because their location most furthest from the Chaos Wastes. They are brave traders who have had always connections to all the lands in Old World. Also some famous explorers have risen among them.

Even Bjornlings are traders and explorers this doesn't change that they are also reavers and sometimes jarls may turn to piracy. Also powerful leaders (jarl or king) have known to rally jarls to join huge raids to Albion, Bretonnia and even against the Elves (Ulthuan). Even Chaos marks (mutations) are less among Bjornlings and they do not commonly worship the Dark Gods, there is times when they have been forced to join the forces of Chaos or be destroyed by more powerful forces. But this is still rare and commonly not all the clans or smaller tribes do this.



Bjornlings also have very good relations with Norse Dwarfs probably because their non-Chaos nature. Dwarf trade caravans' travel through the Norsca using secret underground passages to trade with them time to time. Eventually these items (commonly weapons and armour) find their way even to the Old World. Bjornlings are fierce rivals with their northern neighbors' Graelings. There is age's old rivalry and hate among these tribes and many wars have been fought between these High Tribes and a lot of blood has been bled. Even Bjornlings usually consider Aeslings as enemies, and allies of Dark Gods, that hatred is not even close to hate between Bjornlings and Graelings.

Sarls

Sarls are actually very barbaric, rugged and harsh people. Like their tribal areas original name, Fjellsende, says they inhabit the rough ranges of Trollheim Mountains. But also they live in the coastline of Gulf of the Maelstrom. They are fearless seamen and whalers who dare to hunt the greatest of sea monsters.

Hard location between Chaos incursions, Kislev tribes, Aeslings and many monstrous denizens in the Troll Country area has made them what they are. Strange thing is that when Dark Gods are not the primary Gods Sarls have kept their trading open with the Norse Dwarfs. Dwarfs do have their mistrusts to these barbarians, but they still travel down to the River Groene (Dypvann) to trade with them.

Northern Sarl minor tribes, that live high in the mountains between the Trollheim range and the northern pass (Gorge of the Damned), are worshippers of Nurgle. They live mostly in the caves and are shunned (and also feared) by other Sarls. Many Nurgle Champions have risen amongst them. Biggest, most famous and most powerful tribe is the Wolf Brothers or now called commonly the "Decayed Ones". The Decayed Ones became famous when their leadership was taken by Feytor the Tainted, who was originally from the Empire.

Skaelings

As one of the southern tribes Skaelings are also one of the most cosmopolitan and less Chaos influenced tribe. They are explorers and trade very much like their neighbors' Bjornlings. Skaelings are also most powerful Norscan tribe in wealth, commerce, size and by fleet. Because this, the High King of Norsca has many times risen among them through the history of Norsca (and usually sits on the throne of mighty Olricstaad).

But Skaelings are still reavers and even they have trade relations with all the countries on the Sea of Claws, many jarls go for piracy. Skaelings are not usually influenced by Chaos, but they still like raiding their enemies fiercely (traditional enemies are for example Bretonnia). Seafaring is in Skaeling blood.

Kuldevind Islands

Kuldevind Islands are few small islands north-west from Norsca. They are very close to Chaos Wastes, but still further enough from the shores that they are safe-haven for Norse, as most monsters or roaming people in the Chaos Wastes cannot reach these islands. These islands have very rough weather and extremely cold winters (because the strong winds on the seas). Warm currents from the Great Ocean help little. Also they are very close to Chaos Wastes. Chaos monsters from the Sea of Chaos and those that can fly are ones that harass the Norse living in these islands. In the coldest years sea may freeze from the shores of Chaos Wastes to the shores of Kuldevind Islands and movement across the ice is possible. But most dangerous threat to these settlements is still the Dark Elves from Naggaroth. Dark Elves sometimes raid Norse lands for slaves and Kuldevind settlements have been destroyed few times during the centuries by Dark Elven Corsairs. The Norse found Kuldevind Isles circa 1000. They very soon created trade town of Funninguur. Originally this small settlement was kind of a gathering point for Norse, before they would mount raids to the Chaos Wastes or to the lands of Dark Elves. Also it was way-point when Norse tried to establish permanent base to Idelver, which was even further to the west, close to Naggaroth and their Sea of Chill. Always few clans kept permanent settlement living in the islands, mostly by fishing and whaling. During the centuries clans in the Kuldevind Islands have mixed up and the tribal origins are not that easily seen. There is one Jerg who is chosen among the four Jarls of the Island. These four Jarls were originally

from the tribes of Bjornlings, Graelings, Sarls and Skaelings. With these four Jarls there is also the Holyman, oldest and wisest Vitki in the Islands. He is the fifth member of council. This council of five is the ruling body of Kuldevind. Kuldevind politics are actually very different than politics among the Norse commonly. Even the Jerg is always the strongest and most feared Jarl at the time, decisions are commonly made by the council and they do use voting. All the tribes are welcome to Kuldevind and all the tribes use this as port to the west and north. It is common knowledge that island and port of Funninguur is neutral territory. Kuldevind people do not want any tribal indifferences or wars in there. Some clans in the island may remember their origins and are friendlier to any tribal members from same tribe. But all Kuldevind people commonly consider themselves to be from Kuldevind Islands, as also other Norse consider them to be from there. Traders from the Old World countries rarely come to Kuldevind. This is probably mostly because they do not know that it is out there. But few traders and whalers that have heard about it visit time to time. Even so Old World people are very rare in Funninguur. Port town of Funninguur is only settlement in the islands. Population is about 600 people, but there are almost always 50-100 visitors. And if there is some sort of huge raid to Dark Elf lands or Chaos Wastes it may bring hundreds of visitors and huge number of ships. There are many isolated farmstead in the Islands and permanent population of Kuldevind Islands is probably close to 700 people.

Byttingen

According to ancient Norse folklore, there is a race of dark creatures, the "Underjordisar" who prey upon the newborn of the Norse. In order to cover their heinous crime, these creatures substitute their own babies for those taken. These Byttingen look exactly like those taken until they get older at which time they begin to change into something far uglier and malformed. Many Byttingen are killed outright by the grieving parents, but some are either abandoned in the wilderness by Norse unable to slay them or escape in fear of their lives. Although the majority of the latter group dies in the wilderness, few find refuge with other Byttingen or Beastmen. It is now known that the Byttingen are not the changelings of folklore, but rather unfortunates who have been tainted by Chaos. In the Empire, these creatures are called "Mutants". Once with bands of Beastmen or other Byttingen, the Bytting is hardly safe. Many of the Norse heroes of old, such as Freinar Kaosjeger and Thoramir Ulfenblod, made their reputations destroying servants of Chaos, including Byttingen.

History of Byttingen starts from the beginning of Norsca, when Norsii people just migrated to north. There was tribe of Norsii that found their home far north in the mountain ranges long before other Norsii inhabited those parts. Even before, this part of Norsca was called Nordlig. Their home was strange valley with mysteriously mutated trees and plants. What they didn't know was that their home was infested by the Warp-stone which in few generations mutated their race so badly that other Norsii started to shun this "Race of Dark". So, Byttingen remained hidden living in the dark cave-systems and hide their mutations. They also found new god – Nurgle.

Mutations are very common nowadays in Norsca and not so shunned as they were during the time of first Norsii people. Now many tribes consider them to be blessings from the Gods. Even so, Byttingen people are still shunned and dark legends have given them bad reputation that other Norse fear and hate. Byttingen are basically just normal Norse, who are badly mutated. Their "race" or tribe was so corrupted by the Warp-stone, that every generation of Byttingen since then has had multiple mutations automatically and they usually gain even more when they get older. Truth is that Byttingen are very bitter race, with minds corrupted by Chaos as much as their bodies. And they do hate other Norse, and have stolen their newborn time to time for revenge.

The roar of laughter drifted through the crisp, cold air. Ulfar trudged through the snow drift towards the tavern. Passing a frozen puddle, he looked at his reflection. His dark eyes stared back at him, framed by his mane-like hair. He noticed the red stain around his mouth, and he washed his face with some melted snow. Looking up at the darkening sky, he tried to remember the battle. He recalled accompanying Haraldur and his regiment of Huscarls to the village of Kodradfief. His recollections also went as far as the Norse lining up against the Orcs.

The jeers and shouts had echoed along the valley, both armies chanting madly, running along to the savage beat of pounding war drums. Then his memory failed. His last vision had been a huge Black Orc wielding a brutal two handed axe. He stopped his reverie and decided to find out what had happened next.

The tavern was full, the clan celebrating the day's victory and the expectation of tomorrow's Orc hunt was evident. In the corner two Berserkers were engaged in a head-butting contest. They squared off a few paces apart, heads bowed down.

Then, as a comrade shouted to start, they charged headlong at each other, their skulls clashing with an audible thud. The man who remains conscious the longest is deemed the winner, and contests could last for hours.

Shouting for a jar of mead, Ulfar strode across the dimly lit hall to Haraldur and his fellow Huscarls. They were engaged in a loud game of knuckle-throwing, and a large pile of treasure was laid in the middle of the table as a bet. As Jarlik tossed the rune-engraved knuckle bones against the far wall, Haraldur noticed Ulfar's approach.

"By Thor's beard Ulfar, you look worse than I will tomorrow morning! Anyone would think you'd had to fight those snivelling greenskins by yourself."

Ulfar sat down on the long bench beside the table and grinned wolfishly.

"I probably did! Seriously though lad, how did I fare against the scum?"

Haraldur settled back, obviously preparing to recount an epic speech. He was well known for his skills with words as well as the mighty axe he wielded in battle.

"The Wolfclaws set out with the dark of night, their hearts full of rage at the thought of the Orcs on their lands. With Fenris Fang and Odin Shield they marched to war..."

"I know what we damn well did lad, just tell me how many of the Orcs I killed!"

"Some people just don't appreciate tradition. You have to do things the proper way, otherwise you lose the whole feel of the baule."

"Look lad, I was killing people when your father was learning which end of a sword was the sharp bit, so shut up about tradition. If you don't tell me how many of the scum I killed I'm going to bite your damned head off!"

"Don't think you can scare me! My Huscarls killed forty Black Orcs, and then we cut down a handful of Trolls. But that wasn't all, we also scared off their chieftain, just by

looking at him! You started on the Black Orc boss, damned near pulled his arm off and choked him with the wet end! Then you bit the faces off a few Trolls, but they didn't seem to notice too much. After that it was all getting a bit hectic. I saw you chasing after some greenskins on large pigs, and then you were lost in the crowd."

"See lad, that wasn't too difficult for you was it!"

Ulfar wandered off to find somebody else to tell him how he had fared against the boar riders. He spied Frund the Dwarf by the fireplace, arguing with another of his kin. He walked over to them and slapped Frund heartily on the back, almost knocking him over. The Dwarf turned round, frowning murderously. His expression eased when he saw the Ulfjarl standing behind him.

"Ah. Ulfar, just the person to see. My cousin Snorri is from Karaz a Karak in the Worlds Edge mountains by the Empire. He says its biologically inviable for a human to turn into a wolf, and I think you could prove him wrong."

"Say that again shorty, it sounded like gibberish to me, and if it was an insult you better start running!"

"My cousin Snorri here reckons that you can't turn into a wolf." Frund's eyes twinkled with a mischevious glint. "He's also wagered a silver inlaid scabbard and a gold drinking horn on the matter. We might be able to split the loot up somehow..."

Ulfar turned on the stranger and bent down to growl in his ear.

"Can't go wolf, eh? I hope you believe the evidence of your own eyes."

Ulfar began breathing deeply, and closed his eyes. He felt the taint roaring through his veins. His heart hammered in his chest and his skin tingled and itched. He felt the hairs pushing through the pores of his flesh, and he tasted the blood in his mouth from his fangs ripping through his aching gums.

Letting out a howl of triumph and rage, he opened his eyes. The red haze was there, tinging the edges of his vision. He could smell the sheer terror of the small form standing in front of him. His ears picked up the faintest sounds; the heavy breathing of the taverns occupants, the whistle of the wind outside the thick wooden walls.

A surge of energy rushed through his body, and he felt like pouncing on the hapless Dwarf. He felt his own blood trickling down the long claws that now tipped his elongated fingers. His muscles were swollen and adrenaline flowed throughout system. The body was in prime condition, despite his human age, and he knew what it was like to be immortal. The call of the night hammered away at the back of his mind, constantly trying to seduce him. He wished to break down the doors and race off on the hunt.

Applying his willpower Ulfar managed to control the animal emotions raging through his mind. He adapted his form again, allowing himself to talk more easily, though he knew from experience that to others his voice would sound slurred and basic.

"You take scabbard, and I'll drink from goblet!"



BESTIARY

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

The Norse are a warrior race that live in the most northern lands. They are famous throughout the Old World as great fighters and magnificent sailors. Norse Longships and Kingships have crossed the oceans to raid Ulthuan, land of the High Elves, and constantly attack small settlements on the coast of the Sea of Claws.

The Norse are amongst the most feared of Men in the entire world. When the Realms of Chaos expand and the beasts of nightmare are made flesh, the Norse answer the call to arms and march to war alongside the warriors of the Dark Gods, slaying all who cross their path and burning that which they cannot plunder. The reason they excel at war is due more to the fact that they are ferocious and well trained fighters, rather than any particular wealth of tactical skill or strategic knowledge.

In battle the Norse scream shrilling battle cries as they charge across the field, sweeping away their foes simply by the raw aggression they unleash. Since they are raised from birth as fighters they are highly skilled with all manner of weapons, though swords, axes and hammers are their favourite.



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

Special Rules

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

Counter-Charge: Norse Warriors are adept at meeting foes head on, and can react to charging foes with astounding speed and determination. A Norse unit can declare to use Counter-Charge as a charge reaction if charged to the front. Roll 2D6 and add the unit's Movement; if the score is equal to or more than the enemy unit's charge distance, both units will count as charging, and will gain any bonuses for charging as normal. Move both units forward towards each other the same number of inches each so that they meet in the middle. If the roll is less than that rolled by the enemy unit, treat the Charge Reaction as a Hold instead.

Berserkerang: A fully enraged Norseman is a terrifying sight, howling like a wild animal, going mad, and cut down everyone they meet indiscriminately. Whenever a unit of Norse declares a charge (including Counter-Charge) it may take a Leadership test. If passed, the unit is Frenzied for the duration of the turn.



WARLEADERS

The most powerful Norseman in every tribe is the King. Most Kings were once Jarls, but occasionally, one inherits the title from his father. Rules of succession vary a great deal. In the north, the tribal leader is always the victor of a bloody contest, with all claimants battling for control. In the south, Kings inherit their titles in a way similar to those used in the Empire. Most Kings bear the favour of their God, having a potent Mark of Chaos to show their right to rule. Celebrated Chaos Champions, they prove their worth and might in war time and again.

The Jarl is a great warrior loyal to the tribe's King. In exchange for his devoted service, the King grants the Jarl hunting grounds, warriors, treasure, and thralls. The Jarl is the absolute lord of his lands but is expected to be subservient to his master, and when the winds of war blow, the Jarl is expected to come to the aid of his King, and lend his warriors for the cause. Should the King or Queen die without an heir, the Jarls fight a bloody contest to take the throne. Whilst it's expected that Jarls be utterly loyal to their monarch, it's not unheard of for a Jarl to slay his master and usurp his position. Such a coup is always dangerous since it invites reprisals and further treachery. But in times of weak leaders, it is expected for a Jarl to step up and seize power.

The Kings and Jarls are the most battle hardened veterans in the army. They have seen many battles and are used to the bloodshed. While some Kings and Jarls choose to command their forces with strategy, most just run into the fray with the rest of the warriors. However they decide to run their army, all of the other warriors respect and look up to them.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
King	4	7	5	5	4	3	6	4	9
Jarl	4	6	5	4	4	2	6	3	8

Special Rules

Counter-Charge, Berserkergang

Juti Kaleva's Saga: The Tale of the Golden Horn

After the Great War against Chaos the famous Bjornling hero, and Jarl of the Kalevala clan, Juti Kaleva heard about the mysterious Golden Horn and how a Varg Marauder had seen it in the Frostheim Mountains during the war, and had lived to tell the tale. The Varg had seen this horn in the possession of a mighty Chaos Ogre chieftain that headed tribe of both Ogres and few Trolls as well.

Legends among the Norse tell about the Dragon Callewyr, a mighty Frost-Drake that once flew to the far north and into the Shadowlands. This was ages ago in the time when mighty wyrms challenged the wrath of the Gods themselves. They flew from their homes in Drageberg to the north to meet the Gods. Yet no creature, not even the Dragons, can challenge the might of the Gods. It is the saga of the Raven God which tells the destruction of these arrogant wyrms that flew to their deaths. However it is the saga of the Norse High King Gustav Goldhair that tells about the Golden Horn of Callewyr, which he possessed. It was mighty artifact from the Shadowlands, blessed by the Gods themselves that in legends can create gold. The Golden Horn is renowned amongst the Bjornlings and there are many tales about people who have briefly possessed this mighty item.

Juti Kaleva took his mighty Kalevala Hammer and requested the aid of his loyal Dwarf friend Magnar. With Magnar came the Dwarf tracker Nargrim and a Slayer called Storri the White. The saga also tells how they were joined by Väinö the Song-Vitki of North. The five companions then headed to the Frostheim Mountains.

On the slopes of the Frostheim Mountains died the Dwarf Nargrim. At the hands of the Chaos Ogre chieftain the fearless Slayer Storri the White fell, but Juti Kaleva finally slew the Ogre Chieftain with his hammer. Once all the Ogres and Trolls had been slaughtered, there were only three wounded heroes left; and the legendary Golden Horn of Callewyr.

It is told that Juti Kaleva was rich man when he returned to his kindred, his packs full of gold. Yet, the Golden Horn was never again seen in the lands of the Bjornlings and nobody knows what happened to it. Did the Dwarf Magnar take the Horn? Perhaps; Dwarfs are known for their greed. Did mysterious Väinö take the Horn? It is well known, that he is Vitki whose name the Dark Gods curse most in Raenisheim. That is why he cannot be trusted either. Yet somewhere the Golden Horn is waiting for its claimer...

SEERS AND VIKTI



Seers advise the Jarls in matters pertaining to the will of their ancestors and the Gods. It falls to these privileged men to interpret the movements of the Winds of Magic, the whispers of Daemons, and the spirits of fallen warriors to guide the Jarl to choose the proper course for the tribe. Vitki fulfil a role similar to the Seers, but are steeped in the arcane traditions of the Ruinous Powers. Many advisors in service to the Norsemen tribes are former cultists, forced to flee their native lands after being uncovered by the Witch Hunters. These individuals are highly regarded, and are valued members of their adopted communities. With a word, a Vitki can order any peasant's death, and thralls die by the scores to fuel the dark magic needed to perform their profane rituals.

Admittedly, most Norseman spellcasters are Sorcerers, Witches, and Warlocks. All of these mystics draw their power from the Dark Gods, channelling Dhar to suit their needs. Still, in some parts of Norsca, an older tradition remains: one placing emphasis on divination, healing, and prophecy. Whilst most include them in the pantheon of corrupt Daemonologists, Vitki are not blatant servants of the Ruinous Powers, and instead work their magic to aid their people.

Seers are self-appointed authorities on all matters involving the spiritual world. They can be found in marketplaces of any town, proclaiming their latest revelation to anyone who will listen. Since Seers

operate outside the bounds of sanctioned religious laws, and purport to understand the will of the Gods, they are easy targets for persecutions by Witch Hunters, who don't draw a line of distinction between the authentic seers and the charlatans. In Norsca, however, Seers are valued members of a Jarl's entourage, reading the signs and portents in the entrails of their sacrifice or translating the flickers of fire to divine some glimpse of future events.

It is taboo amongst the tribes of Norsca to strike down one of the God-touched holymen, an act certain to bring the vengeance of those same Gods upon any who dared such blasphemy. A man might kill a Jarl or even a King, but he did not dare raise his hand against one who served the Gods.

The Norse truly fear the wrath of the gods, and holymen are therefore usually left alone. They may even walk among battle sites striking men down, but nobody dare touch them. Most feared are those holymen that worship the Dark Gods.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Vitki	4	5	3	4	4	3	5	2	8
Seer	4	4	3	4	3	2	4	1	7

Special Rules

Counter-Charge, Berserkergang

Seer: At the start of your turn, the Seer or Vitki may attempt to prophesize the future. Nominate any friendly unit within 12", roll a D6 and consult the table below. Each effect lasts for the duration of the turn.

D6 Foresight Table

- 1** No effect. The Seer's foresight fails.
- 2-3** The unit may re-roll all 1's to hit.
- 4-5** The unit may re-roll all 1's to wound.
- 6** The unit may re-roll all 1's to hit and to wound.

"The only men the gods speak to are the seers! And they pay a dire price for such a gift. Their minds go strange, the strength passes from their bodies and their seed withers unspent inside them. Perhaps the gods understand that the Norse are a strong people. They do not need to watch after us like a shepherd watching his herd. I pity the Kurgan that the gods must watch them with such vigilance. Perhaps one day your people will be as strong as the Norse."

- Einarr "Steelfist" Sigdansson, Baernsonling Champion

SKALDS



The general knowledge of the Skalds in Norsca is that they are keepers of lore, the chroniclers of the histories of the Norse. Part entertainer, part warrior, these individuals are held in high esteem for their wisdom and knowledge. This is true, but there are several different types of Skalds depending on to whom they are sworn to.

While the Norse may seem like a barbaric and uncivilized people without higher understanding, they are not without own traditions.

Only the greatest events or stories are engraved in stone, the rest of the knowledge is passed down by storytellers known as Skalds. As storytellers, the Skalds are responsible for learning them word by word and later passing them on to the next generation. There are a few Skalds who are chosen to fill their role as mere children who are really interested in stories and able to absorb even smallest details told to them. When such ability is recognized the child is generally attached local Skald's retinue where anything worth to know is passed down, a progress which may take decades.

Becoming a Skald still requires more than a good memory. Unlike written text, spoken words may vary from time to time and the only thing that matters for a true storyteller is keeping context as it was intended; rest is mere decorations that makes tale more interesting. It is told that Bjorn Onetale was one of the

greatest masters of storytelling due to his cursed poor memory. While Bjorn was able to remember only the Tale of Beowulf and no others, he was able to tell that tale every night for four winters.

All Kings keep Skalds in their retinues, as do most Jarls. When the call for war is sounded, the Skald bears the banner and marches to battle with his comrades. When they sing their songs and tell their tales, the Norse Warriors who listen to them become enthralled and inspired of whatever motif the story is about, they fight on even harder in according to it.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skald	4	5	3	4	4	2	5	2	8

Special Rules

Counter-Charge, Berserkergang

Skald: A Skald counts as a Musician in all aspects. At the start of the Norse turn, the Skald may choose one of the following songs or tales to tell to his unit. A unit can only be affected by each ability once per battle, and one per turn. Each effect lasts until the start of the next Norse turn.

The Ballad of Three Heroes: The unit gains +1 Attack.

The Tale of Beowulf: The unit is Stubborn and Immune to Psychology.

Bragi's Melody: The unit gains a 5+ Ward save.

The War Chant of Olric: The unit may re-roll failed rolls to Hit.

*When Fenris swallows the sun,
When Odin's Shield darkens and dies,
When Thor's bane sweeps the deaden skies,
This is the time when the Wolves of Ragnarok run*

*When Ice Tempest covers the land
When Hel's breath freezes blood
When war rages in all the worlds
This is the time when Ragnarok stalks*

*When Hunlaf bellows his mighty cry
When Beowulf strides from blasted waste
When Keorl casts bloody spear
This is the time of the hero*

*When Grimnir adorns golden harness
When Askur howls anger again
When Eric swings embattled axe
This is the time for Ragnarok to die
Ragnarok and the time of heroes*

As predicted by Dagur Ironspear

BONDSMEN

The Bondsman is a young fighter who is still inexperienced. He is warrior in service to a particular Jarl, expected to live in the Jarl's Hall, share the Jarl's food, and be steadfastly loyal. In exchange for his pledge of loyalty, the Jarl rewards service with gifts, such as weapons and armour, and to the very best, land and title. The worth of the gift is never measured in actual value, but rather the prestige it bestows on the Bondsman. It's important to remember such gifts do not make the Bondsman a mercenary; rather, it is a reward for constant and loyal service.

The Norse also place great store in a warrior's ability with a bow. Bowmen are often recruited from the poorer warriors, as well as from those who are particularly good shots. The Norse practise all competitive sports including archery, but most favour throwing weapons.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bondsman	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Herse	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7

Special Rules

Counter-Charge, Berserker gang



MARAUDERS



Most Norsemen are great warriors, blessed with strength at arms and fierce demeanours, but it is the dream of nearly every Norsemen to join the ranks of the greatest warriors, to become Champions of Chaos and bear the marks of their Gods' favour. Until they can prove their value to the Dark Gods, they are simply Marauders. Most Marauders are the core of the Chaos Hordes. They flock to the banners of their Champions, throwing their weight behind any cause, whether it's the bidding of their Gods or the call to battle. When not part of a great army, they spend their time raiding villages of the Empire.

Natural fighters, they are hardened by the bleak land and bred for battle. They hold all others in contempt.

True to their racial ideals, warriors aspire to a bloody death in battle, thereby ascending to an afterlife of perpetual fighting and boozing. Such are the attractions presented by an eternity of drunken violence that the Norse holds few qualms when it comes to laying down their lives in battle.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Marauder	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7
Jerg	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	7

Special Rules

Counter-Charge, Berserker gang

"...I pity you and all the world, that of all the races of Men, the Gods favour we Norse alone."

- Haubr, Norseman

REAVERS

The seas of the Old World are full of terrors, some Human, others subhuman. Among the most feared mariners are the Norse Reavers, brutal warriors who plunder the coastlines in search of foodstuffs, gold, and slaves. They are a merciless lot, hardened from their frequent battles with Imperial sailors and the feeble militias that stand against them. Reavers sail the seas to bring booty back to their settlements in their frozen lands.

Others sell their souls to the Ruinous Powers, hoping to attract the attention of their uncaring Gods, and gain the power they so crave.

Reavers are men who have dedicated their lives to battle, sailing to hostile lands to raid and endangering life and limb in hostile weather and raging storm, just to live life to the fullest and earn their place in Valhalla. These men are great fighters, their skills unequalled and feared by many. Their favourite tactic in sea battles is to board the other ship, slaying them in honourable combat.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Reaver	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	8
Helmsman	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	8



Special Rules

Counter-Charge, Berserker gang

WHALERS

Whaling is an important trade for Norsca, and Whalers are respected even among the warriors. Swimming through the dark currents of the Sea of Chaos are massive whales, many of which bear strange markings, and odd colouration, twisted and warped as they are by



the power of Chaos. These monsters can capsize ships and swallow hundreds of men in a single gulp. Thus, Whalers must be made of sterner stuff than ordinary fishermen.

On the battlefield, Whalers form small units that run forward and harass the enemy lines with their javelins. Though they are more used to using them on the creatures of the Sea of Claws, any target works just as fine.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Whaler	4	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	7
Kraken Slayer	4	3	4	3	3	1	4	1	7

Special Rules

Counter-Charge, Berserker gang, Skirmishers

Ja, it is dangerous to hunt down the greatest of sea creatures, like Whales, but they are easy compared to the true horrors that lurk in the deeps. I have travelled to the other side of Norsca. Deep in the northern seas. We call that part of Sea of Chaos the Kraken Sea. In there lives the true monsters. Maybe they were ones tentacled monsters you call Squids, but they were changed by the Dark Gods. They are no longer children of Malor. Now they serve Stromfels and hunt down us. They are the Kraken.

- Knut Whalerider, Norse Whaler

huscarls

Huscarls are free men who own the land they live on and work for nobody but themselves. These are proud and independent men, but the majority of Huscarl own very little more than that. Lean times may force these men to sell out and take up an adventuring lifestyle in the hope of leading a better life. Bondsmen and Huscarls are the primary producers of food in Norsca. As well as producing crops they hunt, fish, forage and set traps to compliment their diet. Most have a small surplus they can barter for goods they cannot produce themselves.

Although Huscarls are free men, they are sworn by oath to protect their Jarl and King in both times of war and peace.

The Huskarl's Oath of the Royal Household can only be broken through death, or in rare times, through bribes. A handful of occasions, a Huscarl have been called a "niding", which in the Norse tongue means coward. This person is forced forsake his Huscarl title and leave the tribe.

The Huscarls form the warrior elite of the Norse armies. They vary in background from accomplished veterans to minor nobles. Of all the Norse, the Huscarls have the most flexible tactical possibilities. They can charge headlong into the foe with the rest of the army, or they can slowly advance under the cover of a well made shield wall, allowing them to penetrate deep into the enemy's battle line.

The Huscarl have no formal organisation in social terms, but are simply a unit formed when the rest of the army's warriors get together prior to the battle. They greet old friends, swap boasts and generally look forward to the coming fray with delight.

The warriors of the Huscarl are highly trained and motivated, and although they are an informal unit they can act together with perfect coordination, only achieved by years of battlefield experience and mutual trust. When they march to war, they march to win, and the timely intervention of the Huscarl has swung many battles in favour of the Norse.

On the attack or while defending an area, the Huscarl are equally formidable. Their blood freezing war cries as they charge makes seasoned opponents pale, while their stubbornness makes them virtually impossible to shift once they have taken ground.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Huscarl	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8
Hersir	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8



Special Rules

Counter-Charge, Berserkergang, Stubborn

Shieldwall: The experience of the Huscarl allows them to use their shields to create a solid wall of wood, metal and leather around them. Each warrior knows exactly where to hold his shield in the formation, which covers the entire front, sides and top of the unit.

A Huscarl unit may form a Shieldwall during the Movement phase. This counts as Changing Formation. While the Huscarls have the Shieldwall formed they may add +1 to their armour saving throws, but cannot march and only charge half their normal range. If the Huscarls do not move at all they may add +2 to their armour save. If the Huscarls are charged, they count as not moving and therefore receive the +2 armour save bonus for the first round of Close Combat.

A shield wall only covers the front, top and flanks of the regiment and so does not protect the regiment against attacks made from the rear.

A regiment of Huscarl that uses the Counter-Charge skill count as charging themselves and so may not form a Shieldwall. A unit of Huscarls armed with great weapons may not use a Shieldwall in Close Combat. Any character equipped with a shield that joins a unit of Huscarls also follows the rules for Shieldwall.

ULFWERENAR

Deep in the forests and mountains of Norsca are many strange things and, like the rest of the Old World, Warpstone can be found there. One of the strangest effects it has is on the wolves of the area. They eat contaminated food and their blood and saliva becomes tainted. After this their bite brings a curious infection to the sufferer. When Morrslieb is high the warped moon begins to have its affect on the traces of warpstone in the victim's blood. The victim rapidly changes form, becoming a large wolf with red eyes and an insatiable hunger.

The Ulfwerenar, as they are known, can learn to control their tainted lives and can bring on the transformation themselves. Many of them lead perfectly normal lives, and the most experienced and oldest can even resist the change when Morrslieb shines full.

The War Chiefs of the Norse hold great respect for the Ulfwerenar, and they are considered partly blessed by their kin. It has also been known for the children of an Ulfwerenar to inherit the taint, and some Norse noble families have a strong tradition of being Ulfwerenar. In battle the Ulfwerenar take to the field in their human form and as the battle progresses their blood runs faster and the scent of the enemy fills them with a thirst for blood. When the change would be most devastating they take on their wolf form and charge in, tearing into the enemy with reckless ferocity.



The Ulfwerenar are incredible fighters, having long fangs, sharp claws and inhuman speed. This, coupled with their sheer power and ferocity, turns them into whirling, snarling shadows of death which strike sudden and bowel-churning fear in their opponents. After the battle the Ulfwerenar congregate in a peaceful spot away from the battlefield, and lope of into the wild together to gorge the ravenous hunger aroused by their fighting. They return to their companions late in the evening with no recollection of their performance in the battle, eager to find out how many enemy they have killed and other great deeds they have performed.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ulfwerenar	9	4	0	4	4	1	5	2	7
Ulfjarl	9	4	0	4	4	1	5	3	7

Special Rules

Fear, Skirmishers, Regeneration

Blood Thirst: When the Ulfwerenar wipe out a unit, there is a chance that they will stop to feed on the corpses. Make a leadership test if the Werewolves destroy a unit. If it is failed the Werewolves go into a feeding frenzy and may do nothing in their next turn. A unit of Werewolves which is still in Close Combat when they wipe out a unit do not need to test for Blood Thirst. A unit of feeding Ulfwerenar may fight as normal if they are charged.

Ugrot watched as the humies marched across the valley floor. Kicking his boar he guided his unit left of their line, determined to charge them in the flank. His second in command, Shaka, yelled over the noise of the boars galloping through the snow.

"We'z on our own out 'ere, what if dey turn round and attack us?"

"Don't be stoopid, humies can't move fast enough to catch us now!"

Ugrot slowed down to negotitiate a stream and then looked out across the Norse line again. The humies were' still advancing into the Centre of his army and he grinned.

"See Shaka, dey haven't even seen us, dere's no way dey's gonna stop us now!"

It was then that he noticed the group of Norse warriors at the end of the line stop and turn towards him. He saw them rouching down and they seemed to get darker.

As the Werewolves loped across to Cut him off, Ugrot smacked Shaka round the back of the head and yelled:

"Why didn't yoo tell me dey had blokes who could do dat sort of fing!"

einherjar

Another strange phenomenon of the north is the Einherjar, who are considered to be truly blessed Heroes; the dead that rise again to continue their mission. Many believe these are just some type of Restless Dead, yet these beings travel amongst other people and act as if they have not died.

Einherjar are immortal warriors who have already been chose by Olric or Sylra to join them in Valhalla as their hirdmen. Usually, warriors who are selected as an Einherjar by their God, immediately journey to Valhalla to serve. But, sometimes the spirit of these chosen warriors is too strongly attached to the Old World, usually due to unresolved injustice towards the warrior's God, family or himself. In these cases, the warrior rises from his death only seconds after his final earthly breath, and continues his life as an immortal warrior in search of his destiny, which will release him from the Old World and send him to join his forefathers in the preparation of the final battle in Valhalla.

Although the Einherjar are immortal warriors that cannot be killed by any means, they are not undead. They breath, bleed and can be cut down as a normal man, but there stops the similarities. An Einherjar will immediately start to regenerate his wounds at the moment he goes unconscious and will be fully healed at the moment he wakes up. Some Einherjar are known to have lived for decades before for finding their destiny – these warriors reach the martial perfectness of Elven warriors.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Einherjar	4	5	3	3	3	1	5	1	10

Special Rules

Counter-Charge, Unbreakable



Favoured by the Gods: As the chosen warriors of Valhalla, Einherjar have Magic Resistance (1) and a 5+ Ward save.

The Saga of Scyla Anfingrimm, the Bloodbeast

Scyla the Bloodbeast, Scourgeborn, the Talon of Khorne. Once, Scyla enjoyed the favour of his Chaos God Khorne. He was daring and famous even as a young man earning the respect of not only his own tribe, but also the tribes of the neighbouring fjords. It is said that he slew the vile Jabberwock that haunted the mists over the River Voltag, and it was Scyla's sword that dealt the death blow to the tentacled beast that plagued the Bay of Blades. At one time Scyla's Raiders plagued the coastlands from frozen Norsca to exotic Ind. His name was feared by the Kislevite merchants of Erengard. Many remembered the daring night raids that left the docklands of the Lynsk an inferno of destruction. But power of such magnitude has its cost, and Scyla paid the highest price for his ambition.

At first he was gifted, by Khorne, with brute strength and hulking ape-like arms when he orchestrated the massacre at Black Gulf, then with a serpentine tail ending in a snapping maw after destroying the flagship of the Dhuli armada. Horn-like plates that spread across his body were given for the merciless slaughter of the Chaos Dwarf trade delegation. Soon, he could no longer grasp his sword and fell upon all fours like a beast. Finally Khorne gave him the mind of a ravenous beast. That night Scyla's body flowed and spasmed out of control until his transformation into a Chaos Spawn was complete. From that day on Scyla's tribe had a new master.

Scyla's warband took pity on him; some even revered him in his new form and paid homage to him as a living God. Subsequently, his trusted lieutenant One-Eyed Erlock was chosen as Khorne's Champion, and Erlock placed around Scyla's malformed head the potent Collar of Khorne. When Erlock led the warriors to battle, he took Scyla with him and directed the horrific creature like a tamed beast. The ultimate fate of Scyla is not recorded, but he was rumoured to have fallen at the Gates of Kislev, the titanic battle that ended the Great War against Chaos.

BERSERKERS



Berserkers are special type of Norse warrior. They can work themselves into a killing frenzy that makes them awesome opponents in hand to hand fighting. Before a battle they have head-butting contests and vast quantities of strong beer, which leaves them wild-eyed and frothing at the mouth. Once they see their enemies they lose control completely, attacking foes many times more powerful than themselves. They have no regard for their own lives and throw themselves at the enemy without a trace of fear.

Once a Berserker reaches an enemy regiment he turns into a human whirlwind of blades, spinning, slashing and chopping with a strength only possibly achieved by a madman. Because of their complete immersion in their psychotic state of mind, the Berserkers have no comprehension of the rest of the battle, and sometimes come dangerously close to attacking their compatriots in their fury.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Berserker	4	4	3	4	4	1	4	1	8
Ulfhedner	4	4	3	4	4	1	4	2	8

Special Rules

Counter-Charge, Skirmishers

Feel no Pain: All successful rolls to Wound against Berserkers must be re-rolled.

Blood Crazy: Berserkers are subject to Frenzy, and will charge automatically if they are within charge range of an enemy unit. In addition, they get D3 Extra Attacks rather than the normal 1.

"Bow before me, for I am Thrombard Broadoak, Jarl of the Great Thane Aegsarl of the Tribe of the Great Eagle. and none will join my warhird without swearing their loyalty to me as my bondsman. We sail on the next high tide, off to the land of the Scaled Beasts, the land of gold aplenty, the land they call Lustria..."

"This is my warhird, blessed by our dark lord. Here is a thread for Skyr's spindle - sec how it glows when I honour my forefathers in battle. In a dream inspired by Hraki the Trickster I received it - well has it served me as I serve Tchar, the Great Eagle. Here are Dreki and Raersk, my favoured champions - Dreki lost his eye in the Rite of Age.

Well, little boy, do you still wish to take the Rite of Age? Of course you do. Those who will not take it are fools and cowards - aye, Dreki, even the Seers. I do not trust magic. Little still do I trust Rornir, that Hraki-spawn. Boy, don't look at me like that. Yes, you may come from the foothills, but you are soft in the head if you do not believe in the Wulfen".

"But come, now is the time for your Rite. Here is the tallest point of the Hrakorn Harbour. At the bottom of the ocean bed is a cave, full of sweet air. Do not ask me what magic it is. The Seers started it when the Tchar walked the land with his ravens. Dive into the sea, and find it. Inside you will find a horn. Blow on it twice. Then wait. Tchar be with you. Boy, if I do not hear the sound from here".

The boy stood, not shivering despite the cold. To do so would be shameful. He looked down the cliff face, into the churning sea thousands of feet below. Then he ran, jumping to throw himself far from the cliff that would dash his brains out. He fell down, into the sea, and, not even stopping for air, dived downwards.

"Thrombard, do you think he'll make it?"

"Of course not. Did you, or I? Did anyone? When he emerges, he'll sec that the bravery was not the decd but taking on whatever we said, He'll make a fine addition to our warhird.

The Jarl waited, waiting for the boy to come back. Some of the boys were so fearful of shame that they never came back. They were no use. A warrior without brains is as useless as a broken axe.

shield maidens

The Norse have strict customs and traditions about women. The men are the hunters and fighters, while the women's duty is to look after the homes and bring up the next generation of warriors. Many Norse wives run whole estates of farms and hunting lodges, their husbands too occupied with defending his land and rights to worry about things such as crops and cows. Though Norse society is patriarchal, women have a stronger place in these lands than many might suspect. A woman may own property and can become a Jarl if her husband dies and has no male offspring. It is up to the woman to decide whom she weds and if she divorces. Whilst women are expected to stay behind during raids and wars, it falls to them to protect the home, so most are competent, if not outright-skilled warriors.

Occasionally settlements are attacked when the men folk are away, and the Norse women are forced to take up weapons to defend themselves. Though there is no direct problem with this, it does awaken the latent Norse warrior blood that pumps through the women's veins. The women become restless afterwards, looking forward to the next battle just like the men. To the Norse this is a bad state of affairs and almost all the women affected in this way eventually leave the settlement. In the wilds they find other women with the same battle craving and they form bands of Shield Maidens. The Shield Maidens are skilled fighters, and their lithe grace and effortless economy of movement moves them swiftly from one foe to the next.

They are fierce warriors, but don't appear to be as barbaric as their male counterparts, and they know they lack the strength of a Norse male, so they tend to use a little more wits and tactics in battle. They are known to be experts with their shield, able to block hails of arrows, magical missiles and even the Empire's advanced artillery seems to have very little effect on them. They have earned themselves much respect and have proven themselves as solid additions to the male dominate Norse army. They are not possessed by bloodlust and all out attack as the men, but rather form a defensive stance to protect themselves and their companions.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Shield Maiden	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	8
Shield Sister	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	2	8

Special Rules

Counter-Charge

Shield Oath: Shield Maidens have a 2+ Armour save against all missile attacks to their front and flanks. Against attacks to their rear, use their normal armour save.



Sigismund's Saga: A Story about Halni

One such story detailed how the Norse hero Sigismund lost his mighty sword, Jotunidmyker, through the trickery of an evil sorcerer. Halni (who lusted after the hero) appeared to Sigismund as a fox and bargained a pact where the fox would help retrieve the sword if the hero promised a like service. The mighty Sigismund (who was known for his strength of arm and bravery, not his wit) readily agreed and the two set forth. After several adventures (the skalds know them all), Halni and Sigismund found the sorcerer's hold. Halni convinced her companion that by eating certain foul-tasting roots he can take on the outer appearance of the sorcerer's servant (Halni actually transformed Sigismund in his sleep). With his disguise, Sigismund was able to retrieve his sword and slew the sorcerer. Having recovered his sword, Sigismund owed a debt and service to Halni. Ever the jester, Halni changed shape into an old crone and had her way with the repulsed Sigismund. As Sigismund croaked out his farewell, Halni changed into her true form and then vanishing before the eyes of the startled hero.

NORSE DWARFS



Some 4,000 years before the birth of Sigmar, the Dwarfs were still experimenting with Rune Magic, and some of their kind pushed the boundaries of their craft too far. Though bound through ties of kinship, this led to great strife and arguing amongst the Dwarfs. Thinking to harness the greater magical energy found in the north near the Chaos Wastes, many of these Dwarfs moved into the northern reaches of the World's Edge Mountains until they came to Zorn Uzkul, the Great Skull Land. Fearing this bleak place, many Dwarfs retreated back the way they came or travelled further north into Norsca to found new holds, whilst the rest remained in the Dark Lands. Those who went north founded Kraka Drak (Dragon Hold) in a mountain rich with veins of iron and precious metals. Earthquakes, Greenskins, and the coming of the Skaven thrust the Dwarf Empire into disarray, severing contact with its most far-flung holds. Those not destroyed outright were forced to contend with their new environment and the people that lived there. Not willing to lie down and die, these Norse Dwarfs spread out into the mountains, carving new holds for their people. Over the centuries, they evolved a culture and language different from that of the Dwarfs that lived further south. In many ways they resemble the Norsemen in expression, arts, and temperament. It's not certain if these Dwarfs have given over to Chaos as did their Darklands brethren, though it is said they have odd customs.

One of the main differences with their southern brethren is with the technology Norse Dwarves use. The key turning point came in -1896 when the Dwarves in Norsca were completely cut off from the Old World by warp storms. This led to them becoming completely self-sufficient, though their technological level stagnated. This stagnation came about for two reasons. Firstly they were cut off from the engineering guilds to the South, and therefore missed out on many key inventions and innovations. Secondly, the Norscan

dwarf guilds developed an engineering culture based more around wood and stone rather than metal and black powder. Although the guilds are aware of gunpowder, its use is frowned upon as being untrue to the spirit of the Norse dwarf pioneers.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Norse Dwarf	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
Veteran	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9

Special Rules

Counter-Charge

Ancestral Grudge: Dwarfs hold grudges for a long time, possibly forever. They have never forgiven the fall of the strongholds at the hands of the Orcish enemy. Dwarfs Hate all types of greenskins. You cannot include Dwarfs and Greenskins in the same army.

Resolute: Dwarfs fight with a grim determination and are reluctant to abandon their position. Dwarfs flee and pursue 2D6-1" instead of the normal 2D6".

Relentless: A Dwarf on the march is an implacable as the turning of the years, and just as impossible to halt. Dwarf units may march even if the enemy is close enough to inhibit march moves.

Grungni's messengers reached their northern brethren just as the warp gates began collapsing. When the northern Dwarfs emerged from their sealed mines, they found themselves surrounded by the beasts of Chaos and cut off from their southern kin. A few expeditions tried to find a route to the southern strongholds, but they were forced back each time. For now, the Chaos forces seemed to be concentrating on spreading southward, and paid little attention to the Dwarfs in their midst. Knowing that this situation could not last, the Dwarfs bolstered their fortifications, and waited.

The attack, when it came, was fierce. The outlying forts were overrun, but each did their part in slowing the Chaos juggernaut.

The retreating Dwarf warriors swelled the ranks of the defenders in the main forts further north. Hold by hold, battle by battle, the forces of Chaos were weakened and slowed. The war dragged on for years, with neither side gaining the upper hand. Then, one night, an unusually powerful storm unleashed its fury upon the combatants, driving all into shelter. The next morning, under clearing skies, the Dwarfs found that the foul creatures of Chaos had withdrawn from their gates. Scouting parties found little trace of their enemy except a handful of isolated warbands, which were quickly eliminated. Farther south, however, the Dwarfs found mighty warbands and many twisted creatures of Chaos standing between them and the Old World; they were safe for now, but still isolated.

NORSE HUNTERS

The Norse have few laws, and none of them are written. They do have quite a few unspoken customs and taboos, however, and many young warriors find they have fallen foul of some tradition they have never heard of and are cast out of the settlement and banished. Other banished individuals are fully guilty and many a rash Norse has been thrown out for having an illicit affair with a noble's wife or daughter. A clan would never take in the outcasts of another, as this would be a great insult to the clan who turned them out, and a blow to the dignity of the clan that accepted them. No Norse would ever want to take in somebody who had besmirched their honour.

These young men grow older, living in the wilderness and learning the ways of nature. They form their own communities far from the other and scratch out their existence by hunting and foraging.

When battle comes the outcasts gather and use their woodmanship and hunting skills to ambush the enemy and strike deep into their battle line. For this reason the hunters are pardoned for a short period during the battle, but nobody trusts them entirely.

After the battle the Hunters do not join in with the drinking and boasting with the other Norse, they quietly make their way back to their own camp, taking with them any loot they managed to snatch from the fallen enemy.

The Hunters are treated by the rest of the army as an unpleasant but useful element, and they receive no thanks or reward for risking their lives on the field of battle. This does not bother them at all, as they are still Norse and the call of battle still flows strongly through the blood in their veins.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Norse Hunter	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	8
Hunt Master	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	2	8

Special Rules

Counter-Charge, Skirmish, Scouts

Frealaf glanced up at the trees again, and almost stumbled as he ran into a snow-covered rock. Regaining his balance he concentrated on running. He took a deep breath with each stride, his long loping steps taking him effortlessly down the mountainside. He heard a keening howl behind him, and risked another look over his shoulder.

There, just coming out of the trees, he saw his pursuer. It was easily twice as tall as a man, and its thick shaggy fur trailed behind it as it bounded through the snow drifts. It had been steadily gaining on Frealaf for the past hour, and he knew he would not be able to outdistance it.

Leaping a few feet into a crevasse, Frealaf changed course and headed west, towards the Frostflood, which cascaded down the valley five hundred paces to his left. Hoping to mask his scent in the fast flowing waters, Frealaf spurred himself to a burst of speed and sprinted for the icy river.

Frealaf then saw another Snow Troll closing in from the other side of the river.

Almost wild with fear he swerved downhill again and sprawled headlong in the snow as his foot touched a patch of ice.

The Snow Troll that he had originally been fleeing from was now only a hundred paces away, and he could see its rank breath issuing from its mouth in blasts of vapour. The smell of the creature drifted down wind and Frealaf gagged. Fighting the nausea he got up and pulled his small hunting spear from its strap on his back. Taking this in his right hand he stood, feet shoulder width apart, and faced the onrushing creature.

When it crouched for its killing leap ten paces away Frealaf hurled the spear. As if guided by Thor's hand it flew true, straight into the creatures open mouth. The barbed head protruded from the back of its skull as it crashed to the ground in front of him.

Hearing a bellow Frealaf turned to see the other Snow Troll bearing down on him. He leapt to the fresh corpse and tugged at the spear. It was stuck firm and Frealaf knew he wouldn't be able to free it in time. Whirling around once more, he set off running again. There was a small copse of trees, two hundred paces down the valley, and Frealaf headed for this somewhat temporary sanctuary.

Reaching the trees Frealaf dived in and grabbed a branch. Swinging himself up with ease, he crouched next to the trunk, waiting for the Snow Troll. It was a few heartbeats and then the ragged beast crashed into the copse and stood below him sniffing the air.

Drawing a long hunting knife from his belt, Frealaf stood up on the branch. When the creature turned away from him and bent to sniff the ground he dropped onto its back. Bringing his arm round he plunged his knife into its eye. The Snow Troll threw him to the ground and reared up above him.

The creature took a step towards him and then staggered. As its slow nervous system registered the knife sticking from its eye it bellowed with pain and slowed. When it realised how fatal the injury was it tumbled to the snow, almost crushing Frealaf. Sighing with relief Frealaf retrieved his knife and started to skin the body.

snow trolls

At the peaks of the mountains in Norsca there are many creatures that rarely ever venture below the snow line. Of these, one of the most common types is the Snow Troll. Snow Trolls are excellent trackers and can follow their prey for hundreds of miles if necessary. They do not carry weapons of any kind, and instead they rely on their wickedly barbed claws to slice through their prey with a single sweep of their long arms. Some of the Norse settlements deeper within the mountains actually have small communities of these simple creatures.

Snow Trolls can take an awful lot of injuries before they are finally killed, mainly due to the fact that they can regenerate any wounds they are dealt.



They don't excel at mental gymnastics and remembering what part of the body they stuff food into can be a bit of a problem sometimes. However, when they are fighting, Snow Trolls are inwardly reassured by the fact that they know what they are doing and try even harder to do it properly.

The Snow Trolls appreciate the warlike tendencies of the Norse, and realise it is much easier to have someone bring your food to you than to run after it for hours before eating. The Norse bring the Snow Trolls with them to battle, and the special handlers point them at the enemy and try to stop them doing anything completely stupid. Once in combat Snow Trolls are devastating opponents, felling foes all around them.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Snow Troll	6	3	0	5	4	3	3	3	4

Special Rules

Fear, Frenzy, Stupidity, Regeneration

Razor Sharp Claws: The hands of Snow Trolls end in long semated claws that have specifically evolved for the purpose of tearing through things with relative ease. All attacks from a Snow Troll are Armour Piercing.

In the remote Norsca, Troll-kin is very common and comes in many different shapes and forms. Common Trolls are usually larger and stronger than their southern cousins, but then there are smaller variations like Spissemuns.

Spissemuns are similar to normal Troll, but they are generally about 4 to 7 feet in height. They have thick skin like Trolls and may have some body hair. This would be matted and dirty with coloration from grayish-black to green. Spissemuns are probably some Chaos mutated variation from original Troll and are never seen southern than Troll Country. They are very susceptible to Chaos mutations. Also they have similar digestive system as Trolls. Because this they can easily eat anything, preferring fresh meat and carrion above all else. While occasionally taking down prey such as deer and bear, the Spissemuns favor slower prey like Humans and Dwarfs.

VALKYRIES

Valkyries are the collector of souls slain in battle. These spiritual beings are sent from Gods to aid the Norse warriors in war, help the Einherjar to for fill their purpose and to guide those who have fallen with honour home to the hall of the Gods.

The Valkyries when not helping their mortal friends inhabits the kingdom of the God, Hellenir, or whom is believed to also go under the name, Morr. Hellenir is the Norse god of the dead, and ruler of Doedigard. This land of the dead has nine levels of which the top one, Kregnihalla is ruled by Olric rather than Hellenir and populated with the souls of warriors killed in battle. The other eight levels are populated with souls of the deceased based upon their deeds in life as judged by Hellenir. The souls of criminals are consigned to the lowest level, Nidroedheim, where they suffer eternally in a vast, icy wasteland.

A brooding deity, Hellenir is not worshipped as other Raenir. He has no holy days, or celebrations in his honour. Rather, Hellenir is only invoked whenever someone is dying or has died. It is to him that prayers for fair judgement and safe passage for the souls of the deceased are directed. Also, Hellenir is called upon to protect the innocent whenever some evil-being raises the dead from their rest and sends them to harm the living. Hellenir response is often to send his Valkyries to his worshippers' aid.

Their demi-god status is sometimes referred to as Disirs, a race of divine status. Although there are many different groups of Disirs, the two most commonly known are the mentioned Valkyries and the other is the guardians of the Nornes, Herjans.

When the Valkyries takes to the battlefield, they are an awesome sight to behold. Born aloft on their dark feathered wings, they soar above the armies of the Norse, swiftly striking down on the enemy with their spears in an unmatched display of deadly skill.

Eternal Twilight

The Months of the Valkyries

During the northern winter, the sun never appears above the horizon. This happens in regions within the Arctic Circle, which virtually cuts Norsca in half. This period of continual darkness lasts about two months.

This time is much feared in Norsca. It is said that the Undead rise during this period and stalk the land. Both Beastmen and Daemons also like to act during this dark time and raid human settlements. This time can also be very depressing to anyone. Madness and suicides are commonplace during the Eternal Twilight. Harsh winters and darkness cause easily cabin fever.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Valkyrie	4	5	4	4	3	2	5	2	10
Brynhildr	4	5	4	4	3	2	5	3	10

Special Rules

Fly, Fear, Immune to Psychology, Ethereal

Valkyrie Spears: Valkyrie Spears give the Valkyries +2 to their Strength on the charge. In addition, all their attacks are Magical and Flaming.



WAR MAMMOTH



The mammoth is one of the largest land bound creatures in the Warhammer world. Descended from the truly huge Maakil of the time before the Elves, mammoths are terrifying monsters to fight against. In Norsca, where clouds of Warpstone dust occasionally spread across the mountains and valleys, there are certain types of mammoth (called Uronjir by the Norse) that are even larger and more fearsome than their normal kin. These mammoths are much sought after by wealthy Thains, who train them for battle, or command their Shamans to enchant the mammoths to their service.

A War Mammoth is often decked out in armour plates, with serrated steel sheaths on its tusks and spiked collars around its neck and ankles. They have a lone rider who steers his mount as much as he can, prodding the beast in the fight direction and letting the animal's own ill temper drive it into (and usually through) the other army. Another use for War Mammoths is as carriages for huge battle towers that contain archers. These war "machines" trample into the midst of the enemy, causing havoc with cavalry as horses are terrified of the beasts.

Mammoths are very thick skinned and their layers of fur also prevent them from damage, but their truculence and difficulty to control makes them less useful than many outsiders suspect. Despite their disadvantages, the War Mammoth is extremely dangerous, especially against heavily armoured foes, which it crushes underfoot.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
War Mammoth	6	3	0	6	6	7	2	3	5
Crew	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7

Special Rules

Large Target, Terror, Stubborn, Immune to Psychology, Scaly Skin 4+, Unit Strength 10

Trample: When the War Mammoth charges it just walks right into and over the enemy troops, crushing them beneath her massive feet, smashing them with its tusks and trunk and generally throwing her massive weight about. This can have a devastating effect on densely-packed troops. A unit charged by a War Mammoth sustains D6+1 Impacts Hits and one additional Impact Hit for every rank the unit has.

Howdah: The Howdah gives the crew a 3+ Armour save. They count as having a 360 degree of line of sight for the purposes of shooting. They may use their bows against enemies in close combat with the War Mammoth, but not if any other friendly unit is in the same combat.

All close combat attacks against the unit must be resolved against the War Mammoth itself, as the crew are too high up to be hit, and the crew may not attack themselves. Large Targets and flyers ignore this rule. If the War Mammoth is killed the crew is killed with it. The War Mammoth counts as a Monstrous Mount in all aspects.

Blundering Rampage: Once the War Mammoth is badly wounded she is likely to become uncontrollably wild and begins to rampage out of control. When the War Mammoth suffers a Wound, take a Leadership test. If failed, it will suffer from Frenzy and will always charge the nearest enemy unit from then on.

Ja, they call me son of mammoth because I have been with those animals since I was youngling. My father trained them and so did his father. Our clan has hunted and captured these animals many generations in the northern tundra of Norsca. We know how to find and train the meanest and the biggest of these animals when they are still young. Those that are mutated and have grown far larger than normal mammoths. And when they are trained finally there is now Jarl in Norsca that wouldn't buy them as War Mammoth.

- Lars Hronjirson, Varg Beastmaster

FROST GIANT

The Frost Giants, or Jotuns, are now the rarest of the Giant races that can still be found in the World. They are also the largest and most intelligent of the Giants. Common normal Giants are considered to be more primitive version of Jotuns. Also so called Sky Titans might actually have been ancient Jotuns. A lot of knowledge of the ancient Jotuns was lost after the coming of Chaos, as were their settlements.

Frost Giants live in the forests and caves along the coastal mountains of Northern Norsca where access to the sea away from Humans and Dwarfs is available. These Jotuns spend many hours alone at sea fishing for their favorite prey: Whales, Krakens, the occasional Sea Dragon, and other monsters of the deep. Even though there's only enough room for them and their catch, a Frost Giant's fishing vessel rivals the Norse longships in size. In lean times, such as winter, isolated fishing villages may be a more appealing source for a meal. Most Frost Giants are found in the Ejsgard area and the mountains of Nordlig. Some are also found in the Frostheim Mountains.



Jotuns look like the Norse of old, only much larger. Also, they tend to have a more stout build than their southern cousins. Frost Giants tend to be very light in complexion because mutations that have changed their line since the coming of the Chaos, and reach a height of 18 feet. Frost Giants are still subject of mutations, like normal Giants, they do resist the changing energies better.

Jotuns dress in leather made from the hides of the great woolly beasts that roam the frozen tundra and northern forests of Norsca. While the majority is armed with clubs, some Jotuns use the great weapons wielded by their ancestors from the time before the coming of Chaos. Ancient Jotuns were great inventors and smiths. With magic they actually were said to forge even magical weaponry. Now days they are only few smiths among the Jotuns, which use ancient forges in the high mountains. But there are legends that some of these can actually still forge magical weaponry. These could be just legends.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Frost Giant	6	4	0	6	5	6	3	5	10

Special Rules

Large Target, Terror, Stubborn, Immune to Psychology

Jotun Weaponry: All enemy models in base contact with the Frost Giant suffer a -1 to hit in Close Combat. In addition, the Frost Giants attacks are Magical.



Ja, generations ago my people attacked mighty Jotuns in the mountains to please our God Tchar. Our Vitki said this was the will of Tchar. Jotuns revenged. Army of Jotuns came down from the mountains. With them were great White Wolves and lesser Giants. Our Vitki was full of the power of our God, but Jotun mage was even more powerful and destroyed our Vitki. Then they destroyed our villages and farmsteads, killed most of the warriors and took many of the people as slaves. They even ate our children for revenge. Since then we have left them alone and even sacrificed to please them. Yet, there are many sagas of mighty treasures in the mountains for those that dare to challenge the wrath of Jotun. So, do we go there?

- Arnvid Olafson, Norse Adventurer

ICE DRAKE



In the cold and dark north, and in the highest of peaks, lives Drakes that love the coldness found from those places. They are hard to find, and that is a good thing. An Ice Drake is capable of smashing apart an entire village, and even the Norse warriors are hard put to drive them off.

The first thing that anyone knows of the presence of an Ice Drake, is the air turning frigid, icy wind whipping down, cutting through armour and clothes, freezing the dragon's prey to bone. Snow falls from a previously clear sky, now covered by black clouds. Then, the world explodes, as the dragon drops into the midst of its lethargic foes, and rips them to shreds.

Occasionally, a Norse army is lucky enough to have one tag along, should the Drake itself deem the intent important enough to join it. However, there is no bargaining with an Ice Drake – don't make the mistake of thinking them intelligent, like the mythological Elven firedrakes, they are little more than cunning predators, who will make the best of any occasion. They cannot be controlled, and unlike the other dragons, is impossible to ride, even if trained from birth.

It is thought that the Old Ones created these Dragons as guardians against the Daemons before they left this existence. They are described as being as large as a house, with wide bat-like wings. Their legs are reptilian, and their short snouted horn ridged noses are always stained red, green, or black, depending on the types of enemies they usually face. However, the rest of their bodies range from a pure white, to a mottled grey, the better to hide in the barren, snow swept wilds of the North.

They are comfortable in the places where most of the races would die for cold. Ice Drakes try to stay above the snowline during the warm summer months, but in the winter they descent even to the sea level, if it is cold enough. Ice Drakes are known to be seen in the drifting Icebergs on the northern seas. Ice Drakes love Aurora Polaris, which are common sight in the northern winter sky. They seem to be mesmerized by the sight of these lights and gather to watch this phenomenon.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ice Drake	6	5	0	5	6	5	4	4	7

Special Rules

Large Target, Terror, Fly, 4+ Scaly Skin

Frost Aura: Whenever a Feral Dragon is preparing to make an attack, it is said that air goes cold, freezing the air in the lungs and sticking skin to metal. No one is safe, and entire regiments can be ripped asunder by a single Feral Dragon charge.

All models within 3" of the Ice Drake at the start of the Shooting phase must take a Toughness test. If failed, the model takes a wound with no armour save or Regeneration allowed.

Freezerburn: An Ice Drake attacks embody the landscape like no other creature, save perhaps the Frost Giants, in so far that even the attacks of the beast can burn, it is so cold.

An Ice Drake attacks are Magical (including those from the Frost Aura). For the purposes of Regeneration, the attacks count as Flaming.

Aurora Polaris

This mesmerizing, dynamic display of night light appears on cold, clear nights. An aurora lasts for several hours and can appear in many different forms: streaks, haloes, pale curtains, pillars, or wisps of vibrating color that continually sway and undulate. Aurora displays are most commonly pink and pale green, but also feature shades of red, yellow, green, blue, and violet. An aurora polaris provides an amount of illumination equivalent to moonlight, but does not significantly increase the amount of light if more than one-quarter of the moon is visible.

It is said, by the scholars of the Old World, that the origin of the Aurora Polaris is the polar reaches of the Chaos Wastes and that they are actually the Winds of Magic in their strongest flow. The part about the Winds of Magic is untrue, but the flow of Aethyr is very strong during the Aurora Polaris. Some also believe that they are part of Change Storms that are common in the Chaos Wastes, but those are actually different manifestations of weather.

The Ice Drakes love the Aurora Polaris and may even sing when it occurs. The Norse believe that the Aurora Polaris reflects the souls of the unborn children.

GIANT WOLVES

The Giant Wolf is a large and dangerous creature that roams the mountains and deep forests of the Old World and beyond. The hunting packs of these beasts have been known to attack well armed caravans and destroy them. They are used by goblins as mounts and most are slain whenever they are seen. To the Norse, however, the wolf plays an important part in their mythology and religious beliefs and is worshiped and respected as a great hunter. The Giant Wolves of Norsca are incredibly fast and vicious, and Norse tribes have trained packs that they lead into battle.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5
Dire Wolf	9	3	0	4	3	1	4	1	5

Special Rules

Fast Cavalry



FENRIR WOLF



Another effect of Warpstone contamination is the existence of Fenrir Wolves. Similar in physical terms to ordinary Wolves, they are much larger than their untainted cousins and can easily be ridden by a full grown man. As well as having enlarged bodies, the Fenrir Wolves of Norsca are ill-tempered and vengeful creatures that delight in the hunting and slaying of other creatures. Wild Dire Wolves roam around in packs of five to ten strong, which is more than enough to see off most prey, even the gigantic mammoths of the Norscan glacial valleys.

Fenrir Wolves have incredibly strong jaws, which can tear flesh and snap bones with ease. Their powerful shoulders and back legs move them along at an astounding speed and when they pounce onto their prey they are usually certain of a kill. Some particularly

vicious Fenrir Wolves are cast out of their packs for being too mad and warp-tainted for even these cruel and merciless killers. While other Fenrir Wolves have a healthy respect for the Norse, these outcasts often raid villages and towns. They break down the gates in the dark of night and rampage through the streets slaying anything they encounter and destroying huts and fences with their mad headlong charges.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Fenrir Wolf	9	4	0	4	4	3	4	3	7

Special Rules

Fear

Ferocious Charge: Dire Wolves are can cause horrendous damage to their prey, but it is when they charge in, claws flailing and jaw snapping left and right that they are at their most devastating. When a Dire Wolf charges into combat it gets +1 Strength to its Attacks.

Frost Breath: Once per battle the Fenrir Wolf can use an icy Breath attack. Models hit must take an Initiative test. If the test is failed, they suffer one Wound with no armour save allowed as they are frozen solid.

There largest of wolf-kind come from the frozen valleys of north. Fenrir Wolves are the pets of God Olric himself. Are you scared of pack of hungry wolves? You haven't witnessed the fury of hungry Fenrir Wolf. Mighty and intelligent beings they are. Jotuns train them for their pets as we train normal wolves.

- Lars Hronjirson, Varg Beastmaster

SLEIPNIR

According to the Norse legend, the Raenir did not have a wall around their home, Asgard, as it had been destroyed during the war with the Gods of Chaos. There was still much trouble with the Frost Giants and the Raenir were vulnerable to attack. As luck would have it a mason called Blast arrived and offered to build a wall. But his price was high, he wanted the sun and the moon and Sylra for his wife.

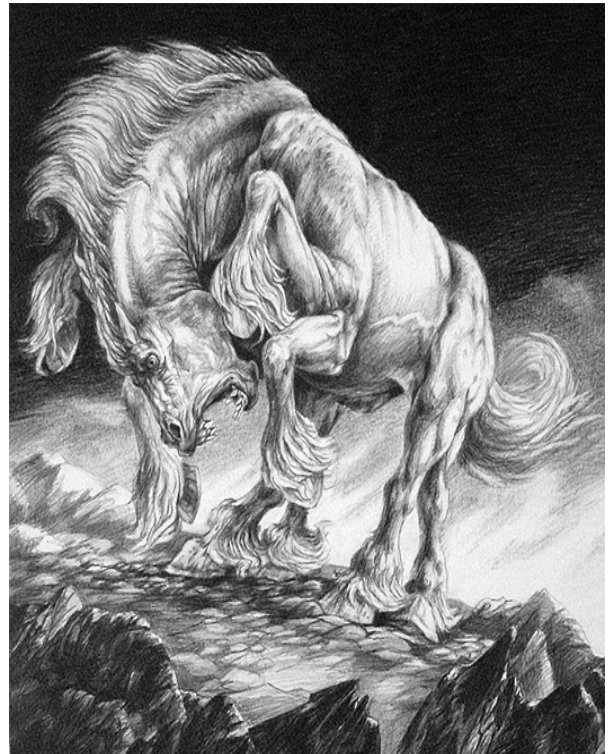
Now the gods needed this wall but they couldn't meet the price asked by the mason. Then the shapeshifter Loki came up with a clever idea. He suggested that they agree to pay if the wall was finished within six months. The gods believed that it would be impossible to build the wall in six months and they agreed to do as Loki suggested. They figured that then they would at least have half a wall.

The mason agreed but insisted that he be allowed to use his stallion Svadilfari to help him work. The gods did not see any harm in this and the mason got to work. Not only did he build a fine wall, he built it quickly too, so quickly in fact that the gods got really worried. They thought that he might actually finish in time and then they would have to pay him. Olric especially was furious with Loki. He threatened to kill Loki if he did not do something to stop the mason from finishing in time.

Loki, not wanting to die, got to work. He had noticed that it was the stallion that was doing all the heavy work he devised a plan to get rid of him. Loki turned into a mare and lured the stallion away into the forest. He made sure that Svadilfari was away from the builder for a day and a night. When the stallion returned to his master it was too late to finish the wall. Blast was in a terrible rage over his failure to complete the wall. Whilst angry he accidentally revealed himself to be a rock giant. Thor wasn't having a giant anywhere near his home and he killed Blast with his hammer.

Loki didn't turn up until nine months later and when he did he was leading a colt with eight legs. He presented it to Olric and told him that its name was Sleipnir. It grew into a fine horse that, because of its eight legs, could travel through water, air and over land twice as fast as any other horse.

Sleipnir was then selected to breed with the finest horses of Norsca, in order to keep his fine blood flowing through the ages. While the foals of Sleipnir did not become as powerful as their grand ancestor, they were still the strongest and fastest horses in the world. Though few in number, a King or Jarl owning a Sleipnir are due to receive much respect, for only the richest and most powerful of the Norse could ever hope to keep one in his possession.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sleipnir	10	4	0	4	4	1	4	2	6

The Ragnarites are a lesser order of Olric. In the Old World their order is more commonly known by the name the Order of the Winter Throne. This order was founded by White Wolf Brother-Templar Ragnar Frazsson. The order has a few monasteries in the Sea of Claws and one is located in the Sarl Tribe lands. It is found in the Iron Mountains. It is said that in these mountains is the location of a secret and mysterious site called Ulric's Throat. Ulric's Throat is a cave system discovered by the order's founder. It is rumoured that the caves hide the mysterious Throne of the Snow King. The order's leader, known by the title Ulricsson, lives in these caves.

ERIK REDAXE, High King of the Norse

The Norse sagas speak of many great heroes, some were greater than Erik, while some were less, most however are unknown to any but the Norse themselves. Where Erik Redaxe differs is the profound effect he had on the other nations of the Old World. Erik Redaxe is the first Norseman to unite the many clans of the Norse under one banner.

His career began as do most Norse sagas, when Erik grew restless of life in the cold realms of Norsca and decided to go raiding, together with some close comrades. Erik left Norsca with only one longship and a score of men, Erik arrived two years later with a dozen ships all loaded down with booty, he had sailed and raided all along the coasts between Kislev and the Bay of Corsairs, having beaten off the foul pirates, smugglers and vile criminals that inhabit the isles of that region, Erik's Reavers were finally turned aside by a determined Sea Elf fleet.

But his final raid that earned him most and set him on the path of becoming a great leader, was one on the free city of Marienburg. Hearing of Erik's defeat in the Bay of Corsairs, Guy du Lac growing tired of the countless Norse raids, ordered the Marienburg Warfleet assembled in order to ambush Erik's fleet as he returned to Norsca.

Upon hearing this news Erik knew he must act or face destruction by the better and more numerous war-fleet. Erik planned a daring night raid on the city of Marienburg itself. The raid was a tremendous success, before the night was over half of Marienburg was bathed in the light of burning ships; but best of all Erik had managed to capture Guy du Lac, the Duke himself. Erik sailed out of the Marienburg estuary with all of its remaining War-fleet and its Duke.

It was now that Erik's rise to power amongst his own people began. The Norse had been more than a Century with no High King and the increased frequency of Chaos marauders in the north and cold hard winters were beginning to take their toll on the Norse. Erik returned home with untold riches, but he realised quickly that gold didn't feed people. Knowing that the Empire would pay dearly to get a strangle hold on its former city state, Erik sent word immediately to the leader of the Empire, then Wilhelm the third. Erik ransomed the Guy du Lac to the Empire, not for Gold, but for full food Stores.

Erik was hailed as the saviour of the Norse people and when he assumed the title of High King no one stood to oppose him.

The exploits of Erik's Reavers are known throughout the Old World. Erik is known for his quick wit and cunning tactical mind, making him a much feared general, leading his army from the front, where most generals would watch from the safety of a defended hill.



	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Erik Redaxe	4	7	0	5	4	3	6	5	10

Equipment

Erik carries his axe Battle-Troll and wears heavy armour.

Special Rules

Counter-Charge, Berserkerang, Fear

Ignore Pain: Erik's constitution is awesome and he able to ignore blows that would normally cripple a man. If Erik is reduced to 0 wounds then instead of removing him as a casualty lie his model down on its side. At the beginning of all subsequent Norse turns, roll a D6. On a roll of 4+ Erik has managed to recover from his wounds, stand the model up, Erik may move and fight normally for this turn and counts as having one wound. On a roll of a 2 or 3 the exertions of the previous turn cause Erik to fall unconscious, lay the model on its side. He may do nothing for the rest of the turn. On a roll of a 1 Erik really has suffered a crippling blow and he is removed from the game.

While Erik is down he should be ignored, he may be moved over by enemy or friendly units, who think he is dead. If Erik should recover while in contact with an enemy unit then he should be placed in hand-to-hand combat with front rank of the unit and counts as charging.

Invocation of Thor: Raising his arms to the skies, Erik calls upon his Father to help him in his hour of need. Soon the sky fills with black storm clouds and lightning strikes down upon the enemy and thunder peals across the sky. Once per game, at the beginning of the Norse player's turn, Erik may call upon the Invocation of Thor.

The affects of the Invocation last for the duration of the present turn and all of the next. Any missile fire is reduced to short range and is at -1 to hit. At the beginning of both turns, lightning strikes down causing

D6 54 hits to one chosen enemy unit. Normal armour offers no protection, but magic armour saves as normal. In addition all enemy units within 12" of Erik himself Fear any Norse warriors.

Magic Items

Battle-Troll (Magic Weapon)

No one knows where or when Erik got his axe, but Erik rarely goes anywhere without it. Erik claims that while he is armed with axe he is blessed by the Gods and none shall defeat him.

Models wounded by the axe do not receive any armour saving throw, unless they are wearing magic armour, which saves as normal. In addition the axe casts an aura of protection around Erik, giving him a 4+ Ward save.

Sylra's Saga: The First Spring

'Now shall we tell of Sylra, who was daughter to Helgrim the pitiless keeper of the dead. Yet was she as unlike to a father as any daughter could be. Full of life and joy, she longed to see the world of the living, but her father was unwilling that she should leave his kingdom wishing to keep her close always. Now Olric's wolves, who see and know all, came to the Lord of Winter in his hall and told him of this beautiful maiden in Helgrim's domain. Olric happened to be seeking a bride at this time and thought he would go and see if this Sylra lived up to the tales he had heard. Some counselled not to enter the gloomy caverns of the land of death but Olric scoffed at these laggards and went about his business. Espying the approach of Winter's Fury in a dream, the Lord of the Dead felt a morbid foreboding. Helgrim barred the gates of his hall to discourage his unwelcome visitor, but Olric fearlessly beat them down with his great axe. Nor was he disappointed when he saw Sylra's beauty, fresh as unto a crisp spring morning where the dew lies glistening upon the land. Yet Helgrim took not kindly to the glimmer he spied in his guest's wolfish gaze. Taking advantage of Olric's distraction he leapt upon him in a rage. Upon witnessing this melancholy scene Sylra fled distraught from her father's hall, up out of the caverns and into the light of the world that lives. Helgrim raged against Olric with all the grim forces of death but the Lord of Battle was not to be outdone and soon gave his foe such a mighty blow upon the head that it knocked him to the floor senseless. "This hospitality becomes not so great a lord", justly he upbraided the Lord of the Underworld for his mean spiritedness and for locking up so fair a maiden.

Whilst this occurred Sylra wandered the forests for the first time, wondering at the beauty she had been denied so long, and there on the path she met Ursun in the form of the bear. He bad her ride upon his back and showed her all the wilderness, which she dearly cherished. Her joy was so great that for the first time the plants showed forth flowers in many glorious colours, too wondrous to tell, and the birds sang songs more joyful than any heard before or since.

Now Olric had returned from Helgrim's dank hall and sought his prize. Chancing upon them in a glade he was angered to find his intended bride frolicking with the great bear, who was in turn quick to take offense at Olric's jealous words. Olric, naturally, spoke of how he had taken all the risk to free the maiden and yet his brother took all the reward, and his challenge echoed to the mountain tops as the howls of wolves uncouthed. Ursun replied, asking what was the point of rescuing her if she was just going to be locked up in another man's hall, and his deep growl rumbled through the valleys. Thus it was that the brothers wrestled and the world trembled in the wake of their mighty contest. Sylra, seeing how the world shook and fearing the ruin of that which she had so recently come to love, pleaded that they should cease and her tears were as a soft spring rain. Abashed, the brothers fell still and hearkened to the object of their dispute. She spoke that she was grateful that Olric had rescued her from her father's hall and that she would marry him in payment of this life bond. Olric was pleased at these honourable words and thinking on the matter saw the justice in his brother's argument. "I should not want for my wife to be miserable, and perhaps I'd like still to have freedom from her on a time" he also thought to himself, for Olric is known to be fond of young maidens and has ravished many who have taken his fancy; their descendants being the noblest of men. Therefore, he, the justest and most honourable of lords, decreed: "I will take Sylra as my wife but only for half the year. For the other half she will be my brother Ursun's bride". So Sylra went to live in Olric's hall and after six months she left to wander with Ursun in his kingdom. Everywhere she walks the wild the trees bear fruit and flowers blossom. But six months thereafter she returns to Olric's hall and the plants wither as his icy breath settles upon the land.'

STÜRMJARL, SHAMAN LORD OF EJSGARD



Stürmjarl is a solitary character who lives deep in the realm of Ejsgard in the north of Norsca. Ejsgard is largely uninhabited even by the hardy Norse, it is the realms of packs of wolves, Snow Trolls, and the hunting grounds of Dire Wolves. Stürmjarl lives there however, high on the mountains that border the Realm of Chaos, where days and nights last a whole season. During long periods of solace he studies ancient lore, composes sagas and worships the gods. Stürmjarl uses his great spellcasting abilities to shroud his home in thick fogs and spells of illusion to keep the wild animals and unwanted guests away. Very few Norse know about Stürmjarl and those that do consider him a mad man and steer well clear. Although many Norse have sought his help in the past, and Stürmjarl consider the trip to his home an arduous enough test of causes worthiness and will always help any who make it to his door. Stürmjarl is not however in complete control of his destiny. However, many years ago Loki the Norse god of mischief saw fit to bestow one of his gifts upon Stürmjarl. For Loki it proved a bad choice, for Stürmjarl as tremendous willpower and has managed to maintain control of

himself while the gift has been in his possession. Stürmjarl has however benefitted from the great powers the gift offers.

If the need is great, Stürmjarl would never shirk from helping his people and has been seen in battle many times. Striking down foes with his staff of storms and using the enemy's own evil magic against them, Stürmjarl is much feared foe.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Stürmjarl	4	5	3	4	4	3	5	2	8

Equipment

Stürmjarl carries a hand weapon, the Gift of Loki and his Runes.

Magic

Stürmjarl is a Level 4 Wizard who can use spells from the Lore of Fire, Heavens, Beasts, Shadow and Death's list.

Special Rules

Counter-Charge, Berserker gang

Hymns of Malice: The hymns and songs of Stürmjarl unleash the Norseman's primal instinct, and as the Norsemen join in, the magic of the songs reach its climax and cause the Norsemen to burn with hatred. If Stürmjarl is in a unit with the Berserker gang rule, then the unit is subject to Hatred.

Magic Items

Gift of Loki (Arcane Item)

Loki is the Norse god of mischief, he is an evil being, much taken to cunning schemes, intrigues and causing trouble, all purely for his own entertainment. If Loki sees a mortal as a promising prospect then he will grant him a gift. The gift can take any form, although it is usually a mask.

Every time Stürmjarl casts a spell he may use one additional free power dice. If you roll a 1 on this dice, Stürmjarl is overcome by the mischievous schemes of Loki and must immediately pass a leadership test, or suffer a miscast.

Runes (Talisman)

The Runes are usually carved out of stone or the knuckle bones of a beast from the Chaos wastes. The Runes are commonly used by all Norse shamans, the shaman cast them in a ritual, and reciting words of power, he can then interpret the way they fall to predict futures and probabilities.

Stürmjarl may reroll one failed attempt to dispel a spell once per Magic phase.

THE RAVENSWYRD

Many sagas spanning many centuries record appearances of a strange and mysterious character. He always appears at the Norse's darkest hour, when their need is greatest and he is always accompanied by a black raven. He has become known as the Ravenswyrd. No one knows his origins, but scholars of ancient lore will know that the Raven that always accompanies him is the key to his existence and special powers.

He is believed to be a warrior chosen by the Gods to guard the people of Norse until the final battle, until Ragnarok.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ravenswyrd	4	6	0	5	4	2	6	3	8
The Raven	1	4	0	2	2	1	4	1	3

Equipment

The Ravenswyrd carries a great weapon.

Special Rules

Counter-Charge, Feel no Pain, Blood Crazed (see page ??)

Ja, I saw him myself. Fighting like the maddest of Berserkers, slaying all before him, seemingly invincible. And always accompanied by that Raven of his. He is a strange character indeed, but as long as he keeps fighting on our side, he is more than welcome!
- Harald Olafson, Norse Reaver



The Raven: The Raven is represented by its own separate model, and has the Fly rule and is Immune to Psychology. If the Raven is within 12" of the Ravenswyrd then he gains the following special ability: if the Ravenswyrd is wounded then roll a D6 for each wound caused. On anything except a roll of a 1, the Ravenswyrd may ignore the wound and reduce his WS, S or T by one instead.

In addition, if the Raven is within 4" of the Ravenswyrd at the beginning of the Norse turn roll a D6. On a roll of 6 the Ravenswyrd may increase his WS, S or T by one. This increase may not take it above the Ravenswyrd's starting statline.

The Raven cannot be attacked Close Combat or hit by template weapons, but can be shot at by missile weapons. The Raven receives a 4+ Ward save against any magic attacks cast against it.

If the Raven is killed then the Ravenswyrd will also die and both models are removed from the table.

KEORL THUNDERHAND, DRAGON SLAYER



Keorl is a great Sarl hero and the ring-giver of the Stormraven clan. The most famous Beast-slayer in all of Norsca, Keorl is the epitome of a Norse hero. He has tamed the fiercest of Fenrir Wolves, slain the greatest of Trolls, and even swam with the Kraken.

His most famous accomplishment however, was in slaying the great Ice Drake that plagued the land of the Sarls. Keorl snuck into the Drakes cavern while it was sleeping, where he found the aptly named sword Dragon Slayer. In order to give the Drake a fair fight, Keorl woke up the Drake first by kicking it in the head. The Ice Drake, furious for being been disturbed in its sleep, lashed out against him, but Keorl swiftly jumped away from its snapping jaw. He quickly swung up the Drake's neck, holding him onto the monster's back. The Drake flew out of its cavern, trying to shake Keorl off, but to no avail. Battling 300 feet up in the air, Keorl drew Dragon Slayer and pierced the Dragon's heart in between its shoulder blades. As the Dragon crashed down to the ground, Keorl aimed his jumped perfectly, falling down into the water below unharmed.

For his skill and bravery, Keorl was given the title Thunderhand and was crowned king of the Sarls, despite his young age. Now, Keorl is looking for his next opponent.

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Keorl	4	6	5	4	4	2	6	3	8

Equipment

Keorl Thunderhand carries Dragon Slayer, wears Thorgrim's Ring, and light armour.

Special Rules

Counter-Charge, Berserkergang, Immune to Psychology

Beast-Slayer: Keorl loves the challenge of slaying a huge monster and is completely psychotic and utterly fearless when faced by one. Keorl best tactic is literally to leap onto the monster's back driving his huge sword between the monster shoulder blades, piercing its heart. Keorl has the Always Strikes First rule and Heroic Killing Blow when fighting Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Beasts or Monsters. However, Keorl does not strike first against a monster that is being ridden.

Dragon Slayer (Magic Weapon)

This sword has been ward against dragons, able to slay them in a single strike.

Dragon Slayer gives the wielder +3 to his Strength and causes D3 wounds. When used against Dragons, it wounds automatically and causes D6 wounds. Dragons who wish to charge the wielder must test against Fear.

Thorgrim's Ring (Talisman)

This magical ring has been in the Thunderhand family for generations. It is rumoured to have been a gift from the Norse Dwarfs as a token of a blood debt owed to one of Keorl's ancestors. The gold ring is inscribed with ancient runes and a bright red ruby is set in it. When the ring's wearer is attacked with fire the ruby glows with burning fire, reflecting the flames back towards their source.

Keorl is immune to any fire-based attack and Breath Weapons. In addition, due to the reflecting qualities of the ring the model making the attack is hit by its own attack on a 4+.

*Upon rocky shore, glimmering in twilit gloom,
the fell breath vented from the mound.
The drake, fire enveloped and soaring high,
rose upwards like a thunderbolt to the clouds.
Keorl, the ring-giver of Stormraven, thrust out his spear,
challenging the dragon to return.
A howl of rage greeted the challenge,
and lightning streaked silvery hide,
as Thor's bane swept mighty pinions out
and fire-blast wreaked revenge
upon the battle-harness of the brave Keorl*

*The earl of Stormraven raised his head,
his gilded helmet protecting
from blaze tempest of dragon's wraith.
The Spear of Odin, Halrir Daemonsbane,
streaked forth through the smoke und sought
that vital spot, within the dragon's breast,
where giant heart beat und gave Life.*

*The spear struck home,
but the blade shattered on the scales
of that monstrous denizen of the mound.
At the last loyal Halrir had failed,
and in doing was destroyed,
a fitting end to a weapon forged from honour
and soaked in blood since Thor first stepped up to Craugnir
the beast of Hel, and struck down
that evil son with a single blow.
Keorl was not dismayed, und drew his sword,
that fang of Fenris. Icy cold was the light
of that sword, bane to foes across the worlds.*

*Once again the breath of the drake spewed forth,
fiery ruin blazing around the bold ring-warden.
As the beast closed in, Keorl leapt to the attack.
The sword swung and ichor spewed from the ruined eye.
Fury unbounded, the dragon swept Keorl with dagger
claws, and his lifeblood started to pour from the crack
in his harness. With one desperate cry, Keorl lunged
once again, and brought his hands about the drake's neck.*

*Sinews of steel matched against timeless stone of evil,
Keorl's hands touched and he clasped them together.
The dragon thrashed, and spewed forth more burning
doom, but Keorl strengthened even as the drake
felt the darkness of Hel descending upon its eyes.
With a final spasm of strength Keorl twisted,
neck cracked and came away from the body,
and Keorl leapt aside to avoid the poison dragon
blood that bubbled from empty shoulders.*

From the Saga of Keorl Thunderhand



CHOOSING AN ARMY

This army list enables you to turn your miniatures collection into an army ready for tabletop battle. As described in the Warhammer rulebook, the army list is divided into four sections: Characters (including Lords and Heroes), Core Units, Special Units and Rare Units.

CHOOSING AN ARMY

Every miniature in the Warhammer range has a points cost that reflects how valuable it is on the battlefield. For example, a Bondsman costs just 5 points, while a mighty Vikti costs 225 points!

Both players choose armies to the same agreed points total. You can spend less and will probably find it impossible to use up every last point. Most '2000 point' armies, for example, will be something like 1,998 or 1,999 points.

To form your miniatures into an army, look up the relevant army list entry for the first troop type. This tells you the points cost to add to each unit of models to your army and any options or upgrades the unit may have. Then select your next unit, calculate its point and so on until you reach the agreed points total. In addition to the points, there are a few other rules that govern which units you can include in your army, as detailed under Characters and Troops.

ARMY LIST ENTRIES

Each unit is represented by an entry in the army list. The unit's name is given and any limitations that apply are explained.

Profiles: The characteristic profiles for the troops in each unit are given in the unit entry. Where several profiles are required, these are also given even if, as in many cases, they are optional.

Unit Sizes: Each entry specifies the minimum size for each unit. In some cases, units may also have a maximum size.

Equipment: Each entry lists the standard weapons and armour for that unit type. The value of these items is included in the points value.

Options: Each entry lists any available upgrades to the unit, together with their points cost.

Special Rules: Many troops have special rules which are described in this section.

With the points total agreed, players need to pick their forces using the army list in the relevant Warhammer Armies book, and the system presented here.

THE GENERAL

An army must always include at least one Lord or Hero to be its General.

Every army must have a General to lead it into battle. The General represents you — he issues the orders that lead to the moves, shots, spells and attacks that your troops make.

MINIMUM THREE UNITS

An army must always include at least three units in addition to any Lords and Heroes.

An army just isn't an army unless it has plenty of warriors in its ranks.

UNIT CATEGORIES

Each army list divides the forces available into several categories. In a standard game, players are limited as to how many of their points can be spent from any particular category.

LORDS

You can spend up to 25% of your points on Lords. Lords are the most powerful characters in your army, individuals possessed of fearsome martial or magical might.

HEROES

You can spend up to 25% of your points on Heroes. Heroes are lesser characters, not as intrinsically deadly as Lords, but still worth a score of ordinary warriors.

WIZARDS AND SPELL LORES

Some Lords and Heroes are Wizards, and have access to one or more spell lores. Although you won't generate the spells that your Wizards know until you start to play your game you do need to make a note in your army roster of which spell lore each of your Wizards will use. If you have a Wizard that is allowed to choose specific spells, you must select which spells they are at the time you pick your army.

CORE UNITS

You must spend a minimum of 25% of your points on Core units.

Core units are the heart of your army, the iconic troops who make up the bulk of every warband and warhost. Unlike other types of unit, there is no maximum to the proportion of your points that you can spend on Core units.

Some Core units do not count towards the minimum points you must spend on Core units (sometimes written as 'do not count towards the minimum number of Core units you must include' or variations thereof) or indeed the minimum number of units you must include in your army. In fact, such units don't count towards any category, just the points value of the army.

SPECIAL UNITS

You can spend up to 50% of your points on Special units.

Special units are invariably elite troops, capable of anchoring a battleline of lesser warriors, or performing great deeds in their own right.

RARE UNITS

You can spend up to 25% of your points on Rare units. Rare units are the most unusual warriors in your army, mighty monsters, weird war machines and elite soldiers of unsurpassed skill. Rare units are often fantastically powerful, but often require a canny general to get the most from them.

DUPLICATE CHOICES

An army cannot contain more than 3 Special choices of the same type and 2 Rare choices of the same type.

To further represent the scarce nature of Special and Rare choices there is a limit on how many duplicates of each troop type you can include in your army.

This limit applies only to duplicate Special or Rare unit choices of the same type, not to the total number of Special and Rare units overall.

Note that this limit applies to the basic troop type and isn't dependent on the size of the unit or optional war gear.

Two Units For One Choice

Some units are listed as taking up a single choice. As implied, this means that these two units count only as one choice.

GRAND ARMY

In a grand army, you can include up to 6 duplicate Special choices and 4 duplicate Rare choices.

If choosing an army of 3,000 points or more, it is considered to be a 'grand' army, with enough patronage, cash or muscle to get a larger supply of scarce units: up to 6 duplicate Special choices, and up to 4 duplicate Rare choices.

ARMY SELECTION SUMMARY TABLE

You must always include at least three non-character units, plus one Lord or Hero to be your General.

	Points Limit	Duplicate Choices
Lords	Up to 25%	No limit
Heroes	Up to 25%	No limit
Core	25% or more	No limit
Special	Up to 50%	Up to 3
Rare	Up to 25%	Up to 2



LORDS

Erik Redaxe, High King of Norsca

Points/model: 350

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Erik Redaxe	4	7	0	5	4	3	6	5	10

You may only include one Erik Redaxe in your army.

Equipment:

- Battle-Troll
- Heavy armour

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserkergang
- Ignore Pain
- Invocation of Thor

Options:

Mount (once choice only):

Warhorse
Sleipner
Fenrir Wolf

15pts
25pts
50pts

Sturmjarl, Shamanlord of Ejsgard

Points/model: 300

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Sturmjarl	4	5	3	4	4	3	5	2	8

You may only include one Sturmjarl in your army.

Magic:

- Sturmjarl is a Level 4 Wizard and knows spells from the following Lores: Fire, Heavens, Beasts, Shadow and Death's list.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Gift of Loki
- Runes

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserkergang
- Hymns of Malice



LORDS

King

Points/model: 120

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
King	4	7	5	5	4	3	6	4	9

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserkergang

Options:

Close Combat Weapon (once choice only):

Spear	3pts
Great weapon	6pts
Additional hand weapon	6pts

Armour:

Light armour*	3pts
Heavy armour*	6pts
*May not choose both	
Shield	3pts

Ranged Weapon:

Javelin	6pts
Throwing Axe	6pts

Mount (once choice only):

Warhorse	15pts
Sleipner	25pts
Fenrir Wolf	60pts

Magic Items/Oaths:

Up to a total of	100pts
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Vitki

Points/model: 225

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Vitki	4	5	3	4	4	3	5	2	8

Magic:

- A Vitki is a Level 3 Wizard and knows spells from the following Lore: Fire, Heavens, Beasts, Shadow and Death's list.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserkergang
- Seer

Options:

Magic:

Upgrade to level 4 Wizard	35pts
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Mount (once choice only):

Warhorse	15pts
Fenrir Wolf	60pts

Magic Items:

Up to a total of	100pts
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Character Mounts

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Fenrir Wolf	9	4	0	4	4	3	4	3	7
Sleipner	10	4	0	4	4	1	4	2	6
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5

Special Rules

Fenrir Wolf: Fear, Ferocious Charge, Frost Breath

HEROES

The Ravenswyrd

Points/model: 175

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ravenswyrd	4	6	0	5	4	2	6	3	8
The Raven	1	4	0	2	2	1	4	1	3

You may only include one Ravenswyrd in your army.

Equipment:

- Great Weapon

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Feel no Pain
- Blood Crazyed
- The Raven

Keorl Thunderhand, Dragon Slayer

Points/model: 165

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Keorl	4	6	5	4	4	2	6	3	8

You may only include one Keorl Thunderhand in your army.

Equipment:

- Dragon Slayer
- Thorgrim's Ring
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserkerang
- Immune to Psychology
- Beast-Slayer



HEROES

Jarl

Points/model: 60

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Jarl	4	6	5	4	4	2	6	3	8

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserkergang

Options:

Close Combat Weapon (once choice only):

Spear	2pts
Great weapon	4pts
Additional hand weapon	4pts

Armour:

Light armour*	2pts
Heavy armour*	4pts
*May not choose both	
Shield	2pts

Ranged Weapon:

Javelin	6pts
Throwing Axe	6pts

Mount (once choice only):

Warhorse	10pts
Sleipner	25pts
Fenrir Wolf	60pts

Magic Items/Oaths:

Up to a total of	50pts
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Seer

Points/model: 90

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

Magic:

- A Seer is a Level 1 Wizard and knows spells from the following Lores: Fire, Heavens, Beasts, Shadow and Death's list.

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserkergang
- Seer

Options:

Magic:

Upgrade to level 2 Wizard	35pts
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Magic Items:

Up to a total of	50pts
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Skald

Points/model: 80

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Skald	4	5	3	4	4	2	5	2	8

Equipment:

- Hand weapon

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserkergang
- Skald

Options:

Close Combat Weapon (once choice only):

Great weapon	4pts
Additional hand weapon	4pts

Armour:

Light armour	2pts
Shield	2pts

Magic Items:

Up to a total of	25pts
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Army Battle Standard

One Skald in the army may carry the Battle Standard for +25 points. The Skald carrying the Battle Standard can have a magic banner (no points limit) but if he carries a magic banner he cannot carry any other magic items.

CORE

Bondsmen

Points/model: 6

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Bondsman	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7
Herse	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7

Unit Size: 10+	Equipment:	Special Rules:
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Hand weapon Light armour Shield 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Counter-Charge Berserkergang

Options:

Command:

Upgrade one Bondsman to a Herse	8pts
Upgrade one Bondsman to a Musician	4pts
Upgrade one Bondsman to a Standard Bearer	8pts

Weapons (one choice only):

Spear	1pt/model
Bow	2pts/model

Marauders

Points/model: 8

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Marauder	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7
Jerg	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	7

Unit Size: 10+	Equipment:	Special Rules:
	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Great weapon Light armour 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> Counter-Charge Berserkergang

Options:

Command:

Upgrade one Marauder to a Jerg	10pts
Upgrade one Marauder n to a Musician	5pts
Upgrade one Marauder to a Standard Bearer	10pts

Weapons (one choice only):

Swap great weapon for additional hand weapon	free
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CORE

Reavers

Points/model: 9

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Reaver	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	8
Helmsman	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	8

Unit Size: 10+	Equipment: <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Hand weapon• Light armour• Shield	Special Rules: <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Counter-Charge• Berserkergang
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Options:

Command:

Upgrade one Reaver to a Helmsman	10pts
Upgrade one Reaver to a Musician	5pts
Upgrade one Reaver to a Standard Bearer	10pts
A Standard Bearer may carry a magic standard worth up to	25pts

Weapons:

Additional hand weapon	2pts/model
Throwing Axes	2pts/model

Whalers

Points/model: 7

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Whaler	4	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	7
Kraken Slayer	4	3	4	3	3	1	4	1	7

Unit Size: 8+	Equipment: <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Hand weapon• Javelin	Special Rules: <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Counter-Charge• Berserkergang• Skirmishers
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Options:

Command:

Upgrade one Whaler to a Kraken Slayer	10pts
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Giant Wolves

Points/model: 7

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5
Dire Wolf	9	3	0	4	3	1	4	1	5

Giant Wolves does not count towards the minimum number of Core units you must include in your army.

Unit Size: 5+	Equipment: <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Claws and fangs	Special Rules: <ul style="list-style-type: none">• Fast Cavalry
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Options:

Command:

Upgrade one Giant Wolf to a Dire Wolf	8pts
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SPECIAL

Huscarls

Points/model: 13

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Huscarl	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8
Hersir	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8

Unit Size:
10+

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Heavy armour
- Shield

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Berserker gang
- Stubborn
- Shieldwall

Options:

Command:

- Upgrade one Huscarl to a Jerg **12pts**
- Upgrade one Huscarl to a Musician **6pts**
- Upgrade one Huscarl to a Standard Bearer **12pts**
- A Standard Bearer may carry a magic standard worth up to **50pts**

Weapons:

- Great weapon **2pts/model**

Ulfwerenar

Points/model: 17

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ulfwerenar	9	4	0	4	4	1	5	2	7
Ulfjarl	9	4	0	4	4	1	5	3	7

Unit Size:
5-20

Equipment:

- Fangs and claws

Special Rules:

- Fear
- Skirmish
- Regeneration
- Blood Thirst

Options:

Command:

- Upgrade one Ulfwerenar to a Ulfjarl **14pts**

Einherjar

Points/model: 13

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Einherjar	4	5	3	3	3	1	5	1	10

Unit Size: 5-30

Equipment:

- Two hand weapons
- Light armour

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Unbreakable
- Favoured by the Gods

Berserkers

Points/model: 15

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Berserker	4	4	3	4	4	1	4	1	8
Ulfhedner	4	4	3	4	4	1	4	2	8

Unit Size:
5-15

Equipment:

- Great weapon

Special Rules:

- Counter-Charge
- Skirmish
- Feel no Pain
- Blood Crazy

Options:

Command:

- Upgrade one Berserker to an Ulfhedner **12pts**

SPECIAL

Shield Maidens

Points/model: 8

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Shield Maiden	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	8
Shield Sister	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	2	8

Unit Size:	Equipment:	Special Rules:
10+	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Hand weapon• Light armour• Shield	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Counter-Charge• Shield Oath

Options:

Command:

Upgrade one Shield Maiden to a Shield Sister	10pts
Upgrade one Shield Maiden to a Musician	5pts
Upgrade one Shield Maiden to a Standard Bearer	10pts
A Standard Bearer may carry a magic standard worth up to	50pts

Weapons:

Spear	1pt/model
Javelin	2pts/model

Norse Dwarfs

Points/model: 8

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Norse Dwarf	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9
Veteran	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9

Unit Size:	Equipment:	Special Rules:
10+	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Hand weapon• Heavy armour• Shield	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Counter-Charge• Ancestral Grudge• Resolute• Relentless

Options:

Command:

Upgrade one Norse Dwarf to a Veteran	10pts
Upgrade one Norse Dwarf to a Musician	5pts
Upgrade one Norse Dwarf to a Standard Bearer	10pts
A Standard Bearer may carry a magic standard worth up to	50pts

Weapons:

Great weapon	2pts/model
Throwing Axes	2pts/model
Crossbow	4pts/model

Norse Hunters

Points/model: 12

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Norse Hunter	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	8
Hunt Master	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	2	8

Unit Size:	Equipment:	Special Rules:
5-15	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Hand weapon• Long bow	<ul style="list-style-type: none">• Counter-Charge• Skirmish• Scout

Options:

Command:

Upgrade one Norse Hunter to a Hunt Master	12pts
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Weapons:

Throwing Axes	2pts/model
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Armour:

Light armour	1pt/model
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RARE

Snow Trolls

Points/model: 50

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Snow Troll	6	3	0	5	4	3	3	3	4

Unit Size: 3+

Equipment:

- Razor Sharp Claws

Special Rules:

- Fear
- Frenzy
- Stupidity
- Regeneration

Valkyries

Points/model: 50

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Valkyrie	4	5	4	4	3	2	5	2	10
Brynhildr	4	5	4	4	3	2	5	3	10

Options:

Command:

Upgrade one Valkyrie to a Brynhildr

20pts

Unit Size:
3-10

Equipment:

- Hand weapon
- Valkyrie Spear
- Heavy armour
- Shield

Special Rules:

- Fly
- Fear
- Immune to Psychology
- Ethereal



RARE

War Mammoth

Points/model: 275

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
War Mammoth	6	3	0	6	6	7	2	3	5
Crew	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7

Unit Size: 1 War Mammoth & 5 Crew

Equipment:

- Crew are equipped with hand weapons & bows.

Special Rules:

- Large Target
- Terror
- Stubborn
- Immune to Psychology
- 4+ Scaly Skin
- Unit Strength 10
- Trample
- Howdah
- Blundering Rampage

Frost Giant

Points/model: 225

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Frost Giant	6	4	0	6	5	6	3	5	10

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Jotun Weaponry

Special Rules:

- Large Target
- Terror
- Stubborn
- Immune to Psychology

Ice Drake

Points/model: 250

	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld
Ice Drake	6	5	0	5	6	5	4	4	7

Unit Size: 1

Equipment:

- Claws and fangs

Special Rules:

- Fly
- Large Target
- Terror
- 4+ Scaly Skin
- Frost Aura
- Freezer Burn



TREASURES OF VALHALLA

In this section, the Common magic items are listed first (see the Warhammer rulebook for a complete description). These are followed by a list of 'Norse only' magic items. These items can only be used by models from this book. Magic items must be selected within the points limitations set by the army list section. Note that the rules for magic items presented in the Warhammer rulebook also apply to the 'Norse only' magic items.

COMMON MAGIC ITEMS

Sword of Striking Weapon; +1 To Hit.	15 pts	Talisman of Protection Talisman; 6+ Ward save.	15 pts
Sword of Battle Weapon; +1 Attack.	15 pts	Dispel Scroll Arcane; Automatically dispels an enemy spell (one use only).	25 pts
Sword of Might Weapon; +1 Strength.	15 pts	Power Stone Arcane; +2 dice to cast a spell (one use only).	20 pts
Biting Blade Weapon; -1 Armour save.	5 pts	Staff of Sorcery Arcane; +1 to Dispel.	35 pts
Enchanted Shield Armour; 5+ Armour save.	10 pts	War Banner Banner; +1 for combat resolution.	25 pts

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MAGIC WEAPONS

Kaosfaenir 100 pts
Kaosfaenir is said to be name of Olric's Great Axe. As he sometimes does travel with mortals, it is believed that he lent his axe for worthy heroes. True or not, wielding great axe named as Kaosfaenir inspires fear and awe in those who recognize that name, and as god fearing folk, such names are not given slightly.

Great Weapon. No Ward saves may be taken against wounds caused by Kaosfaenir. In addition, models suffering an unsaved wound by Kaosfaenir must pass a Strength test or be instantly slain.

Fate of Heroes 75 pts
There have been many great warriors of Norsca, yet tales rarely tell the answer of their final fate. The Fate of Heroes is the sword of champions, and only the mightiest of Norse warriors carries it into battle.

When fighting in a challenge, each successful hit with the Fate of Heroes gives the wielder one additional Attack.

Mjollnir 65 pts
Mjollnir simply means "crusher," referring to its pulverizing effect. It is one of the most potent weapons among the Norse, capable of killing the most powerful foe with a single blow.

All Wounds caused by Mjollnir are multiplied into D6 Wounds. Mjollnir can be thrown in the Shooting phase following the rules for throwing axes, with a range of 24". Any unit hit takes D6 Strength 4 hits in addition to the normal hit.

Gungnir 60 pts
This spear was crafted by the Master smith Valder in the age of Sundering. The records of the Skalds tell that Gungnir killed the Dragon Nidhogg in a single strike.
Spear. All Attacks with Gungnir hits automatically.

Axe of Fury 50 pts
While most of weapons are famous because those who carried, crafted or performed heroic deeds with it, sometimes the weapon's own reputation is enough to drive men using them to acts they wouldn't normally dare to try.

Model on foot only. The wielder causes one Impact Hit at his basic Strength on every enemy model in base contact in addition to his normal Attacks each round of Close Combat.



Naegling 40 pts
Naegling is a sword belonging to the Aesling that must kill or taste blood when unsheathe before it can be re-sheathed again.

The wielder of Naegling is has +2 Strength and Attacks in the first wound of Combat.

The Glancer 30 pts

This axe is an impressive weapon to behold. Its long ebon haft is adorned with Black Raven Silver, and it's filled with teeth from a Fenris wolf along the blade's rim, giving it a design that looks fearsome and the ability rip armours to shreds.

All attacks made by the Glancer have the Always Strike First and Armour Piercing special rules.

Tjald & Spera 25 pts

These twin axes are often referred to as the Hvot-Blades, meaning the blades that anger the opponent...

Two hand weapons. One enemy in base contact with the wielder loses 1 Attack from his profile. A challenge issued by the wielder cannot be refused.

Armour-Ripper of Skorlm 20 pts

A gigantic axe forged in the town of Skorlm from the fire of Mount Vanir. The axe itself looks cumbersome to wield, and are often mistaken for bad craftsmanship. But, the Norsemen have better judgment and knows all it takes is a strong arm from the north to swing the Brynjubitr of Skorlm in perfect arcs of death.

Great weapon. Enemies wounded by this weapon must re-roll successful armour saves.

Giantfell, Bane of Trolls 20 pts

Giantfell was crafted by an unknown dwarf with the sole purpose of ridding his land of Trolls. To the dwarf's big surprise, his axe seemed to work against most of the larger creatures, not just Trolls.

Giantfell causes double wounds on any Monstrous Infantry, Monstrous Beast or Monster model.

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MAGIC ARMOUR

Girdle of Might 70 pts

Said to have belonged to Thor himself, this girdle makes its wearer twice as strong as he would normally be without it.

The Girdle of Might gives the wearer a 6+ armour save that may combined with other armour as normal. In addition, the wearer doubles his Strength.

Rune Shield 55 pts

This is a beautifully crafted artefact marked with two crossed hammers as the shield's emblem.

Shield. Attacks against the wearer have with a Strength greater than 5 are treated as Strength 5.

**Helm of Awe 50 pts**

The Helm of Awe or Aegies Hjalmar in Norse, is said to have belonged to Olric himself. It is a very potent talisman, offering great protection to its wearer.

This Helmet confers a 6+ armour save that can be combined with other equipment as normal. In addition, the wearer gains a 4+ Ward save.

The Gjermundbu Mail Shirt 40 pts

The armour flickers with blue flames, also engulfing the user's weapons. The flames seems to burn more intensely as its user is wounded in battle, closing any wounds, or bleeds in matter of seconds.

Heavy armour. The wearer gains Flaming Attacks. In addition, the Gjermundbu Mail Shirt heals one lost Wound of the wearer at the beginning of the Norse player own turn.

Chainmail of Hagmar 20 pts

This is the armour worn by the Norse hero, Hagmar Wyrmschlager. A Magical mail coat forged upon a fire of dragon bones by Hagmar Wyrmschlager. It is said to mirror the hardness of dragon's scales.

Light armour. The wearer gains a 3+ Scaly Skin save, which may be combined with other armour as normal.

Old Faithful 15 pts

Old Faithful is a chemise from the olden times that is full of Seidar from that very era. It is harder than any steel, but no heavier than a normal dress. Stories tell us of Kings and Jarls trying to wear this ancient artefact, but their mind couldn't withstand the mental strain which this chemise toll on its wearer.

Seer or Vikti only. Old Faithful gives the wearer a 4+ armour save. This armour does not affect the wizard's ability to cast.

Armour of Fimbul 15 pts

The Fimbul Armour is very dark crafted armour, on the borders of being total black in the colour. For this reason, many Norse warriors chose not to wear it in fear of being taken by chaos.

Heavy armour. The wearer gains +1 Weapon Skill.

Jotun's Buckler 10 pts

While the giants are stupid and slow-witted nowadays, legends tell about a time before chaos, when the Jotun ruled the north. While the Jotun's Buckler is common name for large iron shields, it also reminds weight of foolishness of denying Olric's wisdom.

The Jotun's Buckler counts as a Shield that gives the bearer a 4+ armour save. However, the character carrying it subtracts -1 from all his Flee and Pursue rolls.

The Wizard is allowed to re-roll any single D6 to cast or dispel once per battle.

enchanted items

Gjallahorn 75 pts

An artefact which is often times referred to as The Horn of Endeslagok, the horn of the last battle! Gjallahorn arouses the Norse warriors and cause fear in other races.

One use only. The Horn can be used at the start of the Norse player's own turn. When the Horn is sounded, all Norse units with 18" will move D6" towards the nearest foe. In addition, all enemy units within 18" must take an immediate Panic test.

Mark of Valour 50 pts

Some Norse warriors are destined for greatness, and some lucky ones are even born with a mark to prove it.

The character and any unit he is with may roll 3D6 for all Leadership tests and discard the highest.

Iron Horn of Valhalla 40 pts

When the Horn is sounded, the Norse warriors burst upon the enemy laying into them with the ferocity of vicious hounds.

When the unit containing the Horn charges, all models in the front rank cause an Impact hit at their basic Strength.

Mead of Poetry 30 pts

Among the Norse, the Mead of Poetry is a mythical beverage that whoever drinks becomes a Skald or scholar to recite any information and solve any question.

King or Jarl only. The character gains the Skald special rule.

The Feather Cloak 25 pts

The feather cloak of Sylra allowed her to transform into a falcon, so she could fly where she wish.

The character gains the Fly special rule.

Heart of Vengeance 20 pts

The Heart of Vengeance is a pendant which allows the bearer one last attempt to bring down his foe, should he be slain in battle.

In the instant the bearer dies, he may immediately strike his full number of attacks against any enemy in base contact before he is removed.

Idunn's Apples 20 pts

If the owner eats one of these apples, he is granted the ability heal and survive the most grievous wounds. However, these fruits are very rare and are seldom used by their lucky owner.

The owner of Idunn's Apples gains the Regeneration special rule. If owner rolls a 1 when making his Regeneration save, he has run out of apples and loses his Regeneration special rule.

Charm of Birgit Grylysa 15 pts

This is a lock of hair from the mother of all Wolf-Weres in Norsca. It is said to imbue the owner with the speed and ferocity of her kin.

The bearer gains Movement 9 and is affected by the Blood Thirst Special rule.



MAGIC BANNERS

Raven Banner

75 pts

The battle standard of the High King of Norsca is always that of a raven. No one can remember why, but the sight of it makes the Norse even braver than normal, as well as inspiring fear into the hearts of the their weak foes.

The unit carrying the Raven Banner causes Fear and all friendly units within 12" of it are Immune to Psychology.

Unbending Banner

35 pts

The Unbending Banner fills the hearts of the Norse warriors with vigour, giving them the courage to stand against any peril.

One use only. The banner may be used at the start of any turn. The unit carrying it becomes Unbreakable for the duration of that turn.

Banner of Ull's Secrets

30 pts

Ull the hunter was the keenest archer in the kingdom of Norsca. After his death, his apprentice told all his learning's to a Godar of the King. The Godar then managed to create a banner that would make archers miss its target, even Ull.

The unit carrying the standard is at -1 to hit with missile weapons.

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house oaths

House Oaths are pledges Jarls and Kings take when they are given their title. These often vary from house to house. All oaths ceremonies are completed after a Skald inscribes the oath into the Jarl or Kings own sword hilt. A character may choose one House Oath. These are not magic items per say, so you may have the same Oath several times in the army.

The Oath of Aegishjalmr

30 pts

I am Olav, son of Steinar, grandson of giant Vargr! I have come here to swear my oath of the ægishjálmr; to give my hird hundred golden bracelets, but strike the disobedient with anger! I am Olav and this is my oath!

Units within 6" of a model with this oath can use his leadership. If taken by the general, he's Inspiring Presence rule is increased to 18".

The Oath of Olric

25 pts

I am Livar, son of Arne, grandson of Mighty Yngve! I have come here to swear my oath of Olric; to rid my land for any pollution of chaos, to kill any feeble minded taint that oppose me! I am Livar and this is my oath!

A model with this oath must always issue and accept challenges. In addition, he may re-roll to hit and wound in any challenge he fights.

Standard of the North Wind

25 pts

Whatever unit that carries this mighty banner will have the aid of the northern wind to catch their fleeing enemy. Only the finest of warriors in the Norsca army may fight under this banner.

When an enemy unit flees from combat against this unit, their flee movement roll will be reduced to half, rounding up.

Skallagrím's Banner

25 pts

This banner was made in memory of Skallagrím, the man who fought any opponent – no matter their number.

A unit carrying Skallagrím's Banner benefit from a +1 bonus to their Strength when charging.

Banner of the Explorer

25 pts

A unique banner that allows the hird to run over mountains and rivers just like they were large field. It's like Olric's own hand is pushing them forward.

The unit carrying the banner treat all terrain except impassable as open ground.

The Wolf's Oath

20 pts

I am Rangar, son of Torleif, grandson of famous Snorre! I have come here to swear my oath of the wolf; to protect my kinsmen and hird with all the strength within me, and even sacrifice my life if Olric bids me to! I am Rangar and this is my oath!

If character with this oath breaks from combat with a unit, and after pursue and flee distance is rolled, he may choose to sacrifice his life to prevent his unit from being pursued and killed.

The Oath of Thor

20 pts

*I am Vyrne, son of Vegard, grandson of Ulvhedner
Owe! I have come here to swear my oath of Thor; to
never flee from battle, and to never cause my kinsmen
any fear! I am Vyrne and this is my oath!*

The model with this oath, and any unit he is with, are immune to Panic.

The Bear's Oath

15 pts

*I am Bjorn, son of Hjalt, grandson of Bearstruck Erik!
I have come here to swear my oath of the Bear; to
bring the force of the bear upon my enemy, and to
cleave the mightiest of foe in two! I am Bjorn and this
is my oath!*

The model with this oath is subject Frenzy.

REFERENCE

LORDS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Base Size	Page
Erik Redaxe	4	7	0	5	4	3	6	5	10	I	20x20mm	
Sturmjarl	4	5	3	4	4	3	5	2	8	I	20x20mm	
King	4	7	5	5	4	3	6	4	9	I	20x20mm	
Vitki	4	5	3	4	4	3	5	2	8	I	20x20mm	
HEROES	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Base Size	Page
Ravenswyrd	4	6	0	5	4	2	6	3	8	I	20x20mm	
The Raven	1	4	0	2	2	1	4	1	3	I	20x20mm	
Keorl	4	6	5	4	4	2	6	3	8	I	20x20mm	
Jarl	4	6	5	4	4	2	6	3	8	I	20x20mm	
Seer	4	4	3	4	3	2	4	1	7	I	20x20mm	
Skald	4	5	3	4	4	2	5	2	8	I	20x20mm	
CORE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Base Size	Page
Bondsman	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	1	7	I	20x20mm	
Herse	4	3	3	3	3	1	3	2	7	I	20x20mm	
Marauder	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7	I	20x20mm	
Jerg	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	7	I	20x20mm	
Reaver	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	8	I	20x20mm	
Helmsman	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	2	8	I	20x20mm	
Whaler	4	3	3	3	3	1	4	1	7	I	20x20mm	
Kraken Slayer	4	3	4	3	3	1	4	1	7	I	20x20mm	
Giant Wolf	9	3	0	3	3	1	4	1	5	WB	20x20mm	
Dire Wolf	9	3	0	4	3	1	4	1	5	WB	20x20mm	
SPECIAL	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Base Size	Page
Huscarl	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	1	8	I	20x20mm	
Hersir	4	4	3	4	3	1	4	2	8	I	20x20mm	
Ulfwerenar	9	4	0	4	4	1	5	2	7	I	25x25mm	
Ulfjarl	9	4	0	4	4	1	5	3	7	I	25x25mm	
Einherjar	4	5	3	3	3	1	5	1	10	I	20x20mm	
Berserker	4	4	3	4	4	1	4	1	8	I	20x20mm	
Ulfhedner	4	4	3	4	4	1	4	2	8	I	20x20mm	
Shield Maiden	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	8	I	20x20mm	
Shield Sister	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	2	8	I	20x20mm	
Norse Dwarf	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	1	9	I	20x20mm	
Veteran	3	4	3	3	4	1	2	2	9	I	20x20mm	
Norse Hunter	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	1	8	I	20x20mm	
Hunt Master	4	4	4	3	3	1	4	2	8	I	20x20mm	
RARE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Base Size	Page
Snow Troll	6	3	0	5	4	3	3	3	4	MI	40x40mm	
Valkyrie	4	5	4	4	3	2	5	2	10	I	20x20mm	
Brynhildr	4	5	4	4	3	2	5	3	10	I	20x20mm	
War Mammoth	6	3	0	6	6	7	2	3	5	Mo	50x100mm	
Crew	4	4	3	3	3	1	4	1	7	-	-	
Frost Giant	6	4	0	6	5	6	3	5	10	Mo	50x50mm	
Ice Drake	6	5	0	5	6	5	4	4	7	Mo	50x100mm	
MOUNTS	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	Ld	Type	Base Size	Page
Fenrir Wolf	9	4	0	4	4	3	4	3	7	MB	40x40mm	
Sleipner	10	4	0	4	4	1	4	2	6	Ca	25x50mm	
Warhorse	8	3	0	3	3	1	3	1	5	Ca	25x50mm	



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WARHAMMER NORSE

Inside you will find:

THE NORSE

A comprehensive section that delves into the history and lands of the Norse, their warrior society and their terrifying raids.

BESTIARY

Descriptions of the many warriors and creatures that make up the armies of Norsca. Here you will find the powerful characters and the brave and fierce troops that march forth from the mountains and fjords.

THE NORSE WARHIRD

A guide of the Norse miniatures available for the collector, as well as colour schemes, army ideas and banner designs for those looking to field a Norse army on the battlefield.

THE NORSE ARMY LIST

The army list allows you to gather your miniatures into a Norse army ready for battle.

"Cattle shall die, and relatives shall die. And that is how one dies his own death. But a noble name shall never die, if good renown it achieves. Fight for honour, glory, and death in fire... ATTACK!!!"

Erik Redaxe, High King of Norsca

To the north of the Old World live the Norse tribes, fierce barbarians, fur-clad and warlike. They are warriors at sea as well as on land – building longships in which they harass the southern lands and undertake journeys far to the west. The Norse are brave warriors, and they fear no death in battle. Woe to those who suffer the wrath of the Norsemen.

Warhammer Armies: Norse is one of a series of supplements for Warhammer. Each book in the series describes in detail an army, its history and its heroes.



Look out for these books in the Warhammer Armies series:

- | | |
|-------------|-----------------|
| Albion | Halflings |
| Amazons | Kingdoms of Ind |
| Araby | Kislev |
| Cathay | Nippon |
| Dogs of War | Norse |
| Estalia | |

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SUPPLEMENT FOR
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FANTASY BATTLES

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