

UNLEASHED HEROES

Version 1.0

INTRODUCTION

The farrow warlord Morr, with help of his bone grinder Knor and his army of brigands have been raiding small communities on the fringes of his territory. Morr has claimed a portion of Blackmarsh Valley in the southern Gnarl forest, and his forces have been stealing resources to facilitate a mad plan to wipe out the inhabitants of the entire region. Morr's attacks have slowed recently as the valley's primary source of water, the Arrowhead River, has begun to dry up. Four unlikely heroes have set out to stop Morr's rule of terror...

With the release of the [Iron Kingdoms Unleashed Adventure Kit](#), Privateer Press offered a remarkable nice starter product for aspiring role playing groups trying to explore the wilder aspects of the Immoren. One of its core features are a set of very detailed pre-generated characters including respective miniatures, which I enjoyed painting up and reading about. So, I quickly wondered: Why should these flavorful characters be limited to RPG players? Why shouldn't we be able to experience their stories one the tabletop, too? I tried to fix that. I hope you enjoy the result...

--vortex255

What will you find in this document?

In the first part of this document, each character from the Iron Kingdoms Unleashed Adventure Kit is introduced using a short story and brief flavor text. This should give you a nice impression who these "people" are. Then, on the last pages, you will find the print version of the rule cards for each of them which can be used for a friendly game of Warmachine & Hordes. I tried to retain most of the characters' flavor in these rules, and also tried to design them a unique role and style on the tabletop.

Disclaimer & Copyright

Well, I obviously re-used many IP assets and art assets owned by Privateer Press or one of their artists or designers. For example, the stories are taken from their Fridays Unleashed blog series found on the PP website, while all art assets are either from one of their Iron Kingdoms or Hordes products. Therefore, of course, all these copyright remain with their current holders. I hope what I did here can be considered fair use of their trademarks and assets, and will benefit both PP and their fan community.



ZOCHA

Zocha is a tall and muscular female Tharn, who wears worn leathers decorated with bones of past kills and a headdress of antlers. She keeps her sacral blade close at hand, a cleft dagger intended to evoke the fangs of the Beast of All Shapes, the ancient Devourer Wurm.

Zocha is the human connection for the party, so her figure eschews a mask and wears a tribal headdress that doesn't obscure her face to make her more relatable. Her forked dagger is a sacral blade used to perform blood magic. Sacral blades typically have a forked design to reflect the forked tongue of the Devourer Wurm her people worship. We wanted her to look human for an empathetic connection, but we also wanted her to look like a predator who has seen her share of combat.

Zocha vaulted over fallen trees and moss-covered stones as she raced through the unspoken and overgrown byways of the Gnarl, her precise movements making no sound despite her haste. Three days had passed since her failed challenge against Galbar for leadership of the White Maw, three days of self-imposed exile. In that time she had slain several scouting parties belonging to the farrow warband responsible for the death of her tribe's former chieftain, and here was yet another. As she studied the winding trail of broken twigs and hoof prints with her trained eye, she knew she would spill yet more blood before the day drew to a close.

There were five farrow in all, each boar-like figure hefting a crude rifle banded with iron. A pair argued in shrill voices while the others swept the barrels of their guns over the surrounding forest. They'd caught her scent, as she'd expected.

The blurred shapes of trees slipped past Zocha as she skirted the farrow, avoiding what light filtered through the canopy. She drew a javelin from the quiver on her back and in the next instant twisted around the trunk of a tree and snapped her arm forward. The javelin struck the nearest farrow with enough force to pierce his torso and skewer him to the ground. Alarmed squeals filled the air, followed by the

noise of gunfire as shots peppered the tree from which she had launched her opening gambit, but Zocha was already gone, legs pumping as she propelled herself through the underbrush and continued to circle.

The sight of blood and the screams of the dying farrow fueled her hunger for violence, and she invoked the will of the Wurm. Her strides lengthened and her eyes dilated. Her senses reached a heightened state, and the sounds and colors of the Gnarl became more intense to her transformed perception. A second javelin appeared in her hand, and she altered her course abruptly to charge headlong into the remaining enemy. She hurled the weapon to impale another farrow against a tree trunk. As soon as the javelin left her hand, in one fluid motion she drew a pronged ceremonial dagger from her waist and plunged it into the throat of the next farrow. The eruption of arterial



spray coated them both with a fine red mist, warm and tasting of copper.

Her own blood brimmed with exultation at the feeling upon her skin. As she tore the dagger free, a rudimentary club scored a glancing blow on her shoulder. The impact sent her reeling, turning her out of the arc of a second club. In her transformed state she ignored the damage to her body and recovered quickly despite the numbness in her shoulder. Again she lashed out with her dagger, whose jagged edges clipped arteries and tore at vital muscle groups, the blade acting as a tooth of the Wurm itself. The terrified farrow uttered wild shrieks of panic. Each of the group's remaining members fell under her sacral blade in turn,

their lifeblood pooling beneath their bodies to feed the forest floor.

Zocha ran her tongue over the prongs of her weapon and savored the taste of her victory. A dull ache worked its way into her shoulder as the adrenaline faded and the blow she'd received from the farrow's club made itself known.

Another five dead, and yet it was still not enough. Her progress had proven slow, and the many scouts she had killed brought her no closer to their warlord. She looked over the cooling bodies strewn about and gave in to the inevitable conclusion: to accomplish her goal of avenging her chieftain and slaying his killer, she was going to need some help.



ZOCHA
MINION THARN CHARACTER SOLO

ZOCHA							
SPD	STR	MAT	BAT	DEF	ARM	CMD	
7	6	7	7	15	11	7	

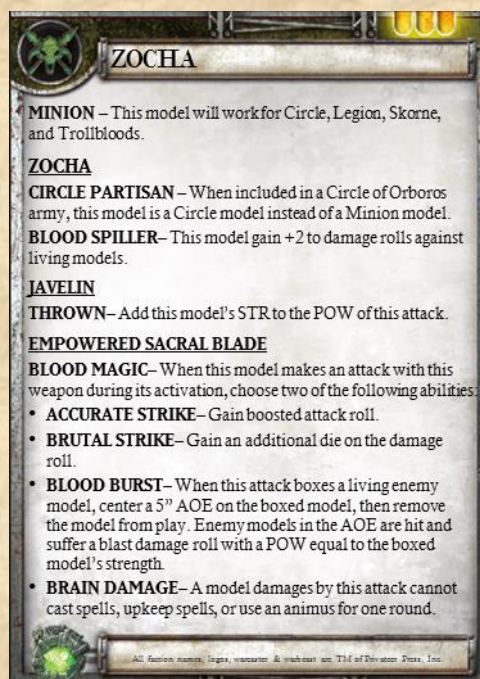
JAVELIN			
RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
8	1	-	3

EMP. SACRAL BLADE	
POW	P+S
5	11

She is a good tracker and scout, but her methods are strange. She spends way too much time jumping through trees and leaping down to stab things. By the time she's plunging that weird magic knife into something, I've already filled it with bullets.

- Longchops

PC 2 FA C



ZOCHA

MINION – This model will work for Circle, Legion, Skorne, and Trollbloods.

ZOCHA

CIRCLE PARTISAN – When included in a Circle of Orboros army, this model is a Circle model instead of a Minion model.

BLOOD SPILLER – This model gain +2 to damage rolls against living models.

JAVELIN

THROWN – Add this model's STR to the POW of this attack.

EMPOWERED SACRAL BLADE

BLOOD MAGIC – When this model makes an attack with this weapon during its activation, choose two of the following abilities:

- **ACCURATE STRIKE** – Gain boosted attack roll.
- **BRUTAL STRIKE** – Gain an additional die on the damage roll.
- **BLOOD BURST** – When this attack boxes a living enemy model, center a 5" AOE on the boxed model, then remove the model from play. Enemy models in the AOE are hit and suffer a blast damage roll with a POW equal to the boxed model's strength.
- **BRAIN DAMAGE** – A model damages by this attack cannot cast spells, upkeep spells, or use an animus for one round.

All faction names, logos, weapons & warstems are TM of Privateer Press, Inc.

LONGCHOPS

Longchops is a hulking bipedal gator covered in muscles and a thick, scaly hide. He wears a jury-rigged harness across his back to carry the tools of his trade: a powerful hunting rifle and other gear useful in hunting strong, dangerous creatures.

The Longchops figure juxtaposes concepts. Here you have one of the biggest, fiercest, most frightening things you could encounter in the wild, but he's armed with a finely crafted rifle with scope. He is a combination of savagery and technology. His massive size, powerful muscles, and rows of teeth make him a deadly opponent in close combat, but he's a skilled marksman who is even deadlier at range.

Longchops opened his eyes. He'd been dozing, floating silently, with only his eyes and snout protruding from the water. The subtle splashing of potential prey had awakened him.

A human waded through the water toward him, a warrior covered in the steel skin those soft people wore into battle. The man held a heavy rifle high above his head to keep it out of the wet.

If he passes within ten feet, I will eat him, Longchops thought. When prey offered itself so readily, who was he to deny it?

The human moved closer, and Longchops gathered himself to leap. Loud splashing and ripples in the water made him pause. The human whirled around, bringing his rifle to his shoulder. The splashing grew louder, and three farrow emerged from a stand of cypress trees some twenty yards from the human's position. They were slaughterhouses, heavily armored pig-men wielding long poleaxes.

The human pointed his weapon at them, and thunder filled the swamp. The lead farrow stumbled backward, a fist-sized hole in its breastplate, then collapsed into the water. Longchops knew

slaughterhouse armor was thick, but the human's rifle had blown through it at a range of more than sixty feet.

A hunter could use a weapon like that, Longchops thought.

The remaining farrow charged. The human backpedaled, fumbling at his belt for another rifle cartridge, though Longchops could see the farrow would reach him before he could reload. The man flipped the gun over, grasped it by its barrel, and swung the improvised club at the first farrow, which knocked aside the blow with its poleaxe.

Excited by blood in the water and the nearness of prey and impressed by the human's resolve, Longchops decided to make his presence known. The gatorman moved swiftly through the water and rose up behind the human, eight feet of scale and muscle, pole cleaver at the ready. The weapon sprayed muddy water and bits of swamp detritus as he brought it down between the first slaughterhouse's shoulder and neck, cutting deep into the farrow's chest. The slaughterhouse fell over backward into the water.



The human spun around and brought his rifle up to defend himself. The second farrow, unfazed, seized this momentary advantage and swung its poleaxe with a great grunt, removing the human's head from his neck in a spray of warm blood.

Irritated, Longchops thrust his pole cleaver forward like a spear. Its blade plowed through the slaughterhouser's throat, nearly taking the pig-man's head off.

The swamp grew quiet, and the rich, coppery scent of blood filled the air. Longchops waded

over to where the human's corpse had sunk beneath the weight of armor and gear. He reached down and brought the body to the surface, relieved it of the rifle, and let the headless corpse sink again.

Longchops opened his long, toothy jaws in a gape, the gatorman equivalent of a smile. The spirits had been generous today, providing a bounty of fresh meat *and* a powerful weapon. He slung his new rifle over his shoulder and went to gather the corpses of the farrow. He'd need to sink them; farrow meat was always better when it had time to soak a bit.

LONGCHOPS
MINION GATORMEN CHARACTER SOLO

LONGCHOPS						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
5	7	6	8	12	16	7

HEAVY RIFLE

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
14	2	-	12

BITE

POW	P.S
5	12

He's a big soaly wall of meat which draws attention from me - very handy. More than that, he is actually quite useful with that ridiculous gun. But, overall, he is not too clever...

- Lurgelekk "Lurk"

PC 2 FA 1 C

LONGCHOPS

MINION - This model will work for Circle, Legion, Skorne, and Trollbloods.

LONGCHOPS

QUICK SHOT - When this model forfeits its movement to gain the aiming bonus it can forfeit the aiming bonus in order to make one additional ranged attack.

AMPHIBIOUS - This model ignores the effects of deep and shallow water. While fully within deep water, this model cannot be targeted by ranged or magic attacks, does not block LOS, and can only attack other models in deep water.

FURIOUS ONSLAUGHT - Before its normal movement, this model can make one ranged attack. If it does, during its normal movement, it must charge. The ranged attack is made before declaring a charge target.

All Nation names, logos, weapons & vehicles are TM of Privateer Press, Inc.

LURK

Lurk is a stooped, reptilian fish-man with all manner of tattered arcane totems decorating his body. He carries a surplus of body parts, pastes from smashed organs and bones, fluids, and other harvested parts for his arcane form of alchemy as well as a few trophies from particularly interesting prey taken down in cooperation with Longchops.

Those familiar with the Iron Kingdoms have probably seen farrow bone grinders before, so we wanted to explore other races of bone grinders in Lurk's character. He is equipped with a shaman staff to illustrate his role as a mist speaker, mystical shamans of the bog trogs, and his weapon is designed to look suitable for sawing through bones and cutting open rib cages to harvest components for his grisly bone grinding work.

"I will take one. The others can go to Morrg," Lurk said, pointing at the three razor boars at his feet. The vicious beasts lay on their backs, legs bound with stout rope. Capturing them had been difficult, and two farrow had been gutted in the attempt. "No," Knor said, shaking his head. "We paid for three, not two." The farrow bone grinder stepped closer to the bound razor boars and crossed his heavy arms over his chest.

The fin atop Lurk's head quivered in irritation, and the bog trog uttered a low hiss. "It was my magic that allowed you to capture them, Knor," Lurk said. "I want my due. The big one." The razor boar's bones and viscera would make for potent fetishes.

"You will be paid a share, as agreed," Knor said flatly. The bone grinder waved forward six slaughterhousers. "Bring the boars," he told the big farrow.

The slaughterhousers picked up the razor boars, two to each beast. The boars squealed and pitched about violently, trying to slash the farrow with their tusks, but the chase had exhausted them and they soon quieted.

Knor led the farrow and their precious cargo away, leaving Lurk staring after them. The bog trog reached down and pulled a serrated gutting knife from his belt. He pointed the knife at the departing farrow.

"I will have my due, Knor," he hissed softly.

* * *

The farrow encampment was quiet. Knor had let his warriors drink themselves unconscious to celebrate the capture of the razor boars. Lurk moved swiftly among the darkened huts to the pen holding the bound beasts.

The boars were asleep, and Lurk hopped over the low fence and into the enclosure, gutting knife in hand. He moved quickly to the largest of the boars and opened its throat with one deft slash. The beast came awake as its blood spurted into the mud, and it began to thrash. Lurk threw his body on top of it, holding it down until its death throes



subsided. The other boars had not awakened, and the farrow huts were still dark.

Lurk plunged his knife into the dead boar's belly and ripped downward, spilling the creature's entrails in a steaming pile on the ground. The ripe stench of blood rose up from the viscera. It smelled like life; it smelled like power. He worked quickly, cutting free the parts of the beast he wanted and stuffing them into a sack.

"Lurk!" a gruff farrow voice called out.

Lurk's head snapped up and he saw Knor standing outside the pen, looking drunk and a little off-balance. The farrow's long, curved knife glinted in his right hand.

"I'll grind your bones into paste, bog trog," Knor said as he stumbled forward.

* * *

The farrow encampment was many miles behind Lurk, but he could still hear Knor's pained bellows. He'd cut the farrow bone grinder deep -- nothing fatal, but Knor wouldn't be chasing him for weeks. Lurk reached down and stroked the gory fetishes hanging from a rawhide strap around his neck. He felt their power thrumming through his fingers -- the razor boar had possessed a strong spirit.

Lurk glanced behind him. He'd left the thick forest where Knor and his farrow dwelled. Ahead stretched a dense swamp. He needed new allies, but Ashiga would provide; it always did. Lurk slipped silently into the dark water and disappeared beneath the surface, leaving only a single ripple to mark that he'd been there at all.

LURGLEKK "LURK"
MINION BOG TROG CHARACTER SOLO

LURK						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
5	6	6	4	12	13	6

GUTTING KNIFE

POW	P+S
2	8

He's a clever but scheming bog trog. He turns all of my kills into some kind of crazy paste or ugly necklace -- but sometimes these things even come in handy. Too bad about that horrible fishy smell, though.

- Gullin Oakbreaker

PC 2 FA 1

LURK

MINION – This model will work for Circle, Legion, Skorne, and Trollbloods.

LURK

AMPHIBIOUS– This model ignores the effects of deep and shallow water. While fully within deep water, this model cannot be targeted by ranged or magic attacks, does not block LOS, and can only attack other models in deep water.

SHOWDOWN(KNOR)– If Knor is in this model's command range at the begin of its activation, it must try to attack Knor.

MAGIC ABILITY [7] –

- **ARCANE BOLT (★ATTACK)**– Arcane Bolt is a RNG 12, POW 11 Magic Attack
- **CRAFT TALISMAN (★ACTION)**– Target friendly warlock within 3" of this model. If the warlock is in range, when he casts a spell and is the point of origin, the spell gains +2 RNG. Spells with RNG SELF, SP, or CTRL are not affected. Craft Talisman lasts for one turn.
- **MARKED FOR DEATH (★ATTACK)**– RNG 8. Target model/unit suffers -2 DEF and loses Incorporeal and Stealth and cannot gain those abilities while affected. Friendly Faction models can target an affected model regardless of LOS. Marked for Death lasts for one turn.
- **FOG OF THE BOG (★ACTION)**– For one round, models gain concealment while within 3" of this model.

All faction names, logos, characters & artwork are TM of Privateer Press, Inc.

GULLIN

Gullin is tall and burly by pygmy troll standards, his tough skin webbed with faded battle scars. He wears a worn leather great coat over his armor and a quality hat traded from a human merchant. He has a massive axe that he carries on his shoulder and numerous throwing axes hidden in his coat, on his belt, and about his person - basically everywhere. A small pyg whelp called Knuckle, spawned from a hand lopped off in a fight, typically rides on his shoulder. The whelp scampers around on his belts like a rigging rat, fetching items from the pockets on his bandolier - when it's not getting drunk to the gills on his ale.

Gullin's figure captures the essence of what it means to be a pyg. Size doesn't matter; even the littlest trolls can be tough as nails. He's outfitted himself with the trappings of civilization, from his worn leather great coat to his rakish bowler hat (the symbol of his authority within the tribe). His oversized axe emphasizes that, despite his diminutive stature, he's as strong as they come. The drunken whelp on his shoulder adds a little humor to the model. Even a little pygmy troll can have a tiny companion, and this one comes with a mug of booze to boot.

Gullin Oakbreaker tugged one of two throwing axes from his belt and sent it hurtling end-over-end toward the scarred trunk of a tree. It landed with a satisfying thwack, the blade embedded several inches into the wood. Before Gullin could draw the other axe, the whelp riding atop his shoulder rushed to retrieve the first.

The whelp leapt atop the protruding axe handle and pulled without result. Gullin snorted and chomped on the end of his cigar. In the weeks since the whelp's creation, the pygmy troll chieftain had grown fond of its foolish antics. He had taken to calling it Knuckle,

though it had grown from his entire severed hand. The creature served as a reminder of Gullin's defeat at the hands of the farrow warlord and the subsequent capture of his people, a defeat that weighed on his mind even now. He glanced toward the charred huts that stood in the small clearing beyond the trees. Now and then one of the pygmy trolls sifting through the ruins looked in his direction expectantly.

"The others say to ask the Toborg Kriel to fix this," Gullin said, to himself as much as to Knuckle. His voice was gruff and he spoke around the smoldering cigar. "What chief begs trollkin to fight his battles?" He launched the second axe, and its blade sank into the tree just above where Knuckle struggled to free the first. The whelp uttered a string of gibberish and wedged its body between the two handles, trying to leverage both axes free.



"Morrg is full of tricks. It will take a strong leader to best him," Gullin said. He crossed to the tree, tore free the axes, and returned to his throwing position. Knuckle scrambled back to his shoulder. "Am I not strong? Am I not a leader?"

The whelp climbed atop Gullin's bowler cap and attempted to grab his cigar as the chief rolled it from one corner of his mouth to the other, an unconscious habit he exhibited when trying to puzzle out a problem. The pygmy troll threw one of the axes back into the tree. Knuckle took off like a shot and pulled like mad to free the weapon, undeterred by its earlier failures.

"Perhaps I am foolish," Gullin said. "Perhaps we do need the Toborg." Knuckle ducked as the other axe connected with the tree. The whelp immediately shifted its focus to freeing that weapon. Something in the creature's blind determination resonated with Gullin, who had always been something of a brawler.

Knuckle acted on instinct, discarding forethought entirely. Perhaps in some cases instinct and determination were not enough.

Gullin exhaled a cloud of smoke in a sigh and pulled the rim of his bowler cap low over his eyes. He moved to retrieve the axes but stopped when Knuckle dislodged one for the first time since they began. The whelp jabbered triumphantly as the weapon tumbled to the dirt. It dragged the axe to Gullin's feet and rushed back for the other. "I'll be damned," Gullin said. He considered the axe and then looked through the trees at the remains of his village. An unfamiliar quiet had settled over those homes spared the torch, their inhabitants now captives of the farrow raiders.

"Come." Gullin fixed both axes to his belt and pulled Knuckle up to sit on his shoulder. The whelp plucked the cigar from Gullin's mouth and took a pull. In imitation of its creator it exhaled a cloud of smoke and puffed out its chest. Gullin drew himself up. "I am strong," he said. "I am a leader. I will solve our problems myself."



GULLIN OAKBREAKER
MINION PYG CHARACTER SOLO

GULLIN OAKBREAKER						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
5	6	7	6	13	15	9

THROWING AXE

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
6	1	-	4

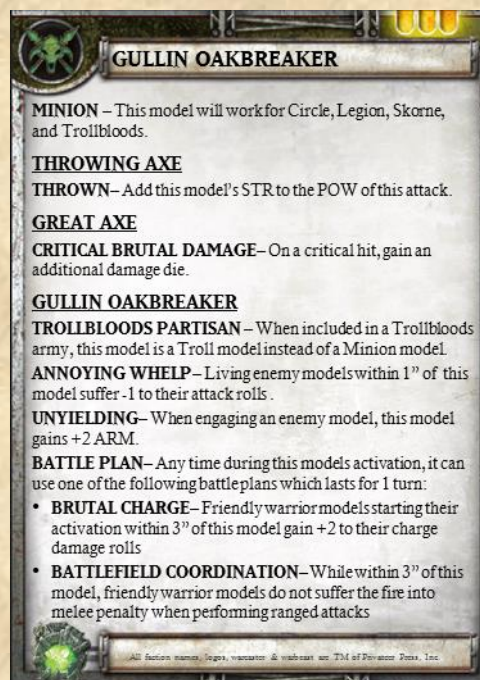
GREAT AXE

POW	PoS
6	12

The pyg thinks he's in charge. That's fine. It just means that when trouble comes, it comes to him first.

- Lurgelekk "Lurk"

PC 2 FA C



GULLIN OAKBREAKER

MINION – This model will work for Circle, Legion, Skorne, and Trollbloods.

THROWING AXE

THROWN – Add this model's STR to the POW of this attack.

GREAT AXE

CRITICAL BRUTAL DAMAGE – On a critical hit, gain an additional damage die.

GULLIN OAKBREAKER

TROLLBLOODS PARTISAN – When included in a Trollbloods army, this model is a Troll model instead of a Minion model.

ANNOYING WHELP – Living enemy models within 1" of this model suffer -1 to their attack rolls.

UNYIELDING – When engaging an enemy model, this model gains +2 ARM.

BATTLE PLAN – Any time during this model's activation, it can use one of the following battleplans which lasts for 1 turn:

- BRUTAL CHARGE** – Friendly warrior models starting their activation within 3" of this model gain +2 to their charge damage rolls.
- BATTLEFIELD COORDINATION** – While within 3" of this model, friendly warrior models do not suffer the fire into melee penalty when performing ranged attacks.

All fiction names, logos, characters & artwork are TM of Privateer Press, Inc.

KNOR

Knor is Morr's right-hand farrow. A bone grinder who has a personal history with several of the PCs, Knor is a cruel and vicious farrow with no reservations about grinding captives into a useful paste. He's just as dangerous as Morr and perhaps the more intelligent of the two farrow. Knor is happy to let his "master" do most of the dirty work of running things while he stays safely in the background - not unlike Lurk, in fact.

Knor represents a different kind of bone grinder. He's less feral and more clinical, a monstrous doctor-type. A glove of stitched farrow hide covers one of his hands to keep it clean while he chops up his latest prize. His grisly leather apron has numerous knives and saws useful in his work. He contrasts sharply with Lurk, a bone grinder who relies on old and wild traditions, while Knor's systematic approach is nearer to alchemy, just with more blood and guts.

With a burbling croak, the bog trog burst from the brush, sending leaves and marsh detritus flying in all directions. The fish-man clutched his metal-hooked pole defensively, but his eyes were fixed on the brackish water ahead: if he could reach it, he might yet escape.

He had no chance.

Two farrow exploded into pursuit, Bardo racing up from behind and Reek closing in from one side. Just as the former raised his pole cleaver to strike, a boom shook the air, and the bog trog fell face-first into the muddy ground, his neck blooming red where the shot had struck.

Too late to stop himself, Bardo pitched forward, dragged by the momentum of his weapon. He squealed in indignation as his feet slid out from under him, and he tumbled onto the scaly corpse. He scrambled up quickly, but not before he heard a loud snort of amusement from Reek. Bardo turned and glared at him.

"Idiot! Knor said not to damage the body," Bardo said.

Reek raised his snout twice in a gesture of cocky superiority, then walked over to the

dead bog trog. "Doesn't look too damaged to me. That was a perfect shot."

A third farrow emerged from the brush. "Good thing, or I'd have your corpses as well," he growled. He was taller and broader than the others, with a musculature that belied his stout belly, and he wore a belt covered with pouches, cleavers, and saws. "Watch for intruders," he said, waving them away.

* * *

Rolling the bog trog over, the farrow bone grinder was already anticipating the harvest. This specimen lacked the inner energy of a warlock or a mist speaker, but it was still a bog trog, and that made it appealing prey for a very specific reason. Every time he gutted a bog trog, Knor thought of Lurk, that traitorous thief. Someday the bone grinder would have his revenge: Lurk's blood spilling out into his hands, Lurk's vital fluids filling his vials, Lurk's ugly fish-faced leer permanently stilled.

Knor spread his tool roll next to the body and took out his gutting knife. He then plunged the blade into the base of the bog trog's belly and drew the knife up toward the chin ... such as it was. Thin blood spilled from the incision, and he snuffed slightly at the scent. The bone grinder thrust his hands into the belly cavity and pulled out handfuls of cold entrails, which he piled next to the body in a slippery pink mass.

"Been eating worms, have you?" he said, chuckling at his old joke. "Now, let's see what you've got ..."

He leaned in to take a closer look at the creature's organs, then set to freeing the liver, which he inspected with an expert eye before slicing off a piece and chewing on it appraisingly. He grunted in satisfaction, cut a bigger mouthful, and placed the remainder in one of the pouches on his belt.

* * *

Knor finished up, then straightened and took stock of his work, chewing on a chunk of heart.

He'd stowed the best parts of the other organs but had sliced most of the dense heart muscle to gnaw on as he worked -- it helped him think. The paste he'd mixed from lymphatic liquid and portions of the kidneys, lungs, and spleen filled two of his small oiled-leather bags. The concoction had a weaker taste than he liked, but it would intensify when heated. The skeleton he left, preferring the denser bones of other creatures for his totems, though he had extracted several of the longer sharp teeth.

The two farrow standing guard several yards away looked over, their noses twitching and their features showing cautious anticipation. The bone grinder ignored them; they knew better than to approach before his signal.

Knor kneeled forward again and turned the corpse over. As before, he cut away the clothing, but this time he closely examined the base of the main fin, firmly probing every few inches and sniffing close to the skin. If he looked carefully enough, he should find a row of small, firm ampules under the flesh, though they were easily mistaken for fine bone or cartilage. He'd recently discovered their existence only because of his close attention to his specimens and his keen sense of smell. Something about the scent of the liquid told him it held the key to something greater.

Where were they? These creatures were sneaky even in death, keeping their secrets

well hidden.

Suddenly the farrow let out a pleased grunt and produced a small vial from one of his pouches. Taking his knife, he made a tiny incision along the spine that immediately began leaking a viscous black liquid. He dragged a finger through the fluid and brought it to his mouth to taste the flat, marshy scent of the bog trog in front of him and the musty stink of the farrow on guard. Besides these he detected the trace of a reptilian smell; looking around, Knor spotted a leaf lizard sunning itself on a rock at the water's edge. Hurriedly, he pressed the vial to the cut to catch the fluid. He repeated this a dozen times on each side of the fin, watching the level of the precious liquid rise with each cut. The sight warmed his greedy farrow heart.

The bone grinder stood, stoppered the vial and tucked it away, and waved to his companions to have at the carcass. They trotted over eagerly with low squeals and grunts.

"You can eat the rest," he told them. "I have what I want."

And someday, Lurk, that will include you, he thought. As he watched Reek and Bardo devour the remains of the day's catch, his fingers played over the pouch containing the mysterious liquid.

KNOR
MINION FARROW CHARACTER SOLO

KNOR						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
5	6	6	5	12	14	7

CINDER BOMB

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
8	1	3	12

CARVING KNIFE

POW	P+S
4	10

"Kill the others, but leave that stinking bog trog to me!"

- Knor, encountering Lurk

PC 2 FA 3 C

KNOR

MINION – This model will work for Circle, Legion, Skorne, and Trollbloods.

KNOR

SHOWDOWN(LURK)– If Lurk is in this model's command range at the begin of its activation, it must try to attack Lurk.

ANATOMICAL PRECISION– If this model hits a living target but the damage roll fails to exceed the target's ARM, the target suffers 1 damage point.

PURULENT TOTEM– When this model hits a living model with a melee attack, this model gains an additional die to its melee damage roll and causes the corrosion continuous effect on the target.

MAGIC ABILITY [7] –

- ARCANE BOLT (★ATTACK)**– Arcane Bolt is a RNG 12, POW 11 Magic Attack
- PARASITE(★ATTACK)**– RNG 8. Target model/unit suffers -3 ARM and the spellcaster gains +1 ARM. Parasite lasts for one turn.

CARVING KNIFE

DEEP CUT– A living model damaged by this weapon suffers -1 on melee attack and melee damage rolls for one round.

All faction names, logos, characters & artwork are TM of Privateer Press, Inc.

WARLORD MORRG

The meanest farrow of the bunch, Morrg is a warlock and mercenary who has brought together a small army of farrow to do his bidding. As a mercenary he has spent significant time in untamed wilderness on Cygnar's border, selling his services to the highest bidder. Now he's made a bid for control of the Blackmarsh Valley, and everyone else is in his way.

Like Gullin, Morrg clads himself in human trappings as a way of separating himself from the rank-and-file farrow under his command. His character showcases the connection between the farrow and the civilized world. His weapon, a blunderbuss-axe hybrid, exemplifies the warlord's approach to battle - loud, over the top, and incredibly violent. If there's one thing Morrg likes, it's when his plans come to fruition with a bang.

Warlord Morrg left his blunderbuss behind; he left his explosives behind. He even left his bandolier behind, all to his bone grinder Knor's dismay. He knew the Tharn would take them anyway when he and Knor walked into the heart of their territory, and he wanted the Tharn to feel in charge. It made it much easier to kill their chieftain if they thought the two farrow were helpless.

He felt bad that he had promised Knor the chieftain's heart. When this was over, he wasn't sure that much of the chieftain would be left.

"So. We have the lord of the swine," Rhydderk snorted as the Tharn chieftain entered the clearing in the vine-covered trees. He glanced at Knor. "And his half-blind piglet."

Knor's tongue licked his lip as he prepared to answer -- Morrg could guess what his bone grinder might say, especially after an insult about being one-eyed -- but the warlord cut him short. "The White Maw leave Blackmarsh Valley," he said without preamble, "and never come back, or you die." Say your tribe won't leave. Say it. Say it. Say it.

Rhydderk looked around at his armed savages and frowned. They all looked gleeful, Morrg thought; only the Tharn chieftain seemed to

take the threat seriously. "I have you surrounded. That means you've lost," Rhydderk said. "You think you can kill us all now that we have you?"

"You have us surrounded, but that doesn't mean anything," Morrg said. "And no, not all."

"If his heart is as stupid as his head," Knor grunted, "I can't use it." Rhydderk ignored the bone grinder. He kept his attention on Morrg. "You have no weapons," the chieftain said, but Morrg could hear the Tharn's confidence wavering. "We caught you alone. You are helpless swine."

Morrg shook his head and said, "We are not."

"Swine?" Rhydderk growled.

"Alone," Morrg corrected.

He could sense the presence of his enormous razor boars rooting in the brush just beyond the furthest Tharn patrols. Normally, they would be beyond his mental reach, but Caldon and Crommen were different. He liked to think they knew him. So, when he allowed his consciousness to flow to them, they stiffened to their full, massive heights, and when he called them -- a farrow word used most often as a war cry -- they thundered into the foliage to answer.

"You should have said you'd leave," Morrg said.

"I will never leave," Rhydderk said.

"I say you should have."

It was long enough. One, five, even all seven Tharn were no match for the likes of Caldon and Crommen once Morrg used his warlock skills to empower them to greater heights of fury. Morrg made sure they killed Rhydderk last, eating him mostly alive in hopes his heart would still be salvageable.

Later, when the farrow and the two razor boars had finally moved beyond where the

warlord thought the Tharn might find them, Morrg turned to his bone grinder. "He should not have called you that."

"Half-blind?" Knor asked.

"Piglet," Morrg corrected.

Knor snorted and looked down into his components' sack. The half he'd been able to recover from Crommen's mouth before the beast

swallowed it would suffice. "You don't even have a heart, do you, Warlord?"

"Blackmarsh Valley is the heart I want," Morrg said, and before Knor could groan at his poetic drivel, the warlord said, "and I will bleed all the rot from it, one trollkin, one human, and one Tharn at a time until it is mine.



WARLORD MORRG
MINION FARROW CHARACTER SOLO

WARLORD MORRG							
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD	
5	5	6	6	12	14	7	

THUNDERAXE

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
8	1	-	12

ALCHEMICAL EXPLOSIVE

RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
6	1	4	14

THUNDERAXE

POW	P+S
3	8

Morrg is full of tricks. It will take a strong leader to best him. Am I not a leader? Am I not strong? I will get him!

- Gullin Oakbreaker

PC 5 FA 7 C

WARLORD MORRG

SPELL	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
Perdition	2	10	-	10	No	Yes

When Perdition damages an enemy, immediately after the attack is resolved one warbeast in the spellcaster's battlegroup and control area can make a full advance towards the nearest enemy model. A warbeast can do this only once per turn.

Quagmire	2	6	-	-	Yes	No
----------	---	---	---	---	-----	----

While B2B with target friendly character, enemies suffer -2 DEF and cannot advance except to change facing.

MINION/MERCENARY - This model will work for Circle, Legion, Skorne, Trollbloods, Khador, Cygnar, and Protectorate.

WARLORD MORRG

LESSER WARLOCK - This model is no warlock, but has most special warlock rules.

FARROW WARLOCK - This model can only have Minion Farrow warbeasts in its battlegroup.

FREE BACON - This model's PC already include a Farrow Razor Boar warbeast which is part of this model's battle group.

THUNDERAXE

GRAPE SHOT (★ATTACK) - Instead of a normal ranged attack, this model can make a RNG SP8, POW 10 ranged attack

ALCHEMICAL EXPLOSIVE

CUMBERSOME - This model cannot attack with another ranged weapon in a turn this weapon was used (and vice versa).

All fiction names, logos, characters & warbeast are TM of Privateer Press, Inc.

LONGCHOPS
MINION GATORMEN CHARACTER SOLO

LONGCHOPS						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
5	7	6	8	12	16	7

HEAVY RIFLE			
RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
14	2	-	12

BITE	
POW	P+S
5	12

He's a big scaly wall of meat which draws attention from me – very handy. More than that, he is actually quite useful with that ridiculous gun. But, overall, he is not too clever...

- Lurgelekk "Lurk"

PC 2 FA C

ZOCHA
MINION THARN CHARACTER SOLO

ZOCHA						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
7	6	7	7	15	11	7

JAVELIN			
RNG	ROF	AOE	POW
8	1	-	3

EMP. SACRAL BLADE	
POW	P+S
5	11

She is a good tracker and scout, but her methods are strange. She spends way too much time jumping through trees and leaping down to stab things. By the time she's plunging that weird magic knife into something, I've already filled it with bullets.

- Longchops

PC 2 FA C

LURGLEKK "LURK"
MINION BOG TROG CHARACTER SOLO

LURK						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
5	6	6	4	12	13	6

GUTTING KNIFE	
POW	P+S
2	8

He's a clever but scheming bog trog. He turns all of my kills into some kind of crazy paste or ugly necklace – but sometimes these things even come in handy. Too bad about that horrible fishy smell, though.

- Gullin Oakbreaker

PC 2 FA C

LONGCHOPS

MINION – This model will work for Circle, Legion, Skorne, and Trollbloods.

LONGCHOPS

QUICK SHOT– When this model forfeits its movement to gain the aiming bonus it can forfeit the aiming bonus in order to make one additional ranged attack.

AMPHIBIOUS– This model ignores the effects of deep and shallow water. While fully within deep water, this model cannot be targeted by ranged or magic attacks, does not block LOS, and can only attack other models in deep water.

FURIOUS ONSLAUGHT– Before its normal movement, this model can make one ranged attack. If it does, during its normal movement, it must charge. The ranged attack is made before declaring a charge target.

RELENTLESS CHARGE– This model gains pathfinder during activations it charges.

All faction names, logos, warcaster & warbeast are TM of Privateer Press, Inc.

ZOCHA

MINION – This model will work for Circle, Legion, Skorne, and Trollbloods.

ZOCHA

CIRCLE PARTISAN– When included in a Circle of Orboros army, this model is a Circle model instead of a Minion model.

BLOOD SPILLER– This model gain +2 to damage rolls against living models.

JAVELIN

THROWN– Add this model's STR to the POW of this attack.

EMPOWERED SACRAL BLADE

BLOOD MAGIC– When this model makes an attack with this weapon during its activation, choose two of the following abilities:

- **ACCURATE STRIKE**– Gain boosted attack roll.
- **BRUTAL STRIKE**– Gain an additional die on the damage roll.
- **BLOOD BURST**– When this attack boxes a living enemy model, center a 5" AOE on the boxed model, then remove the model from play. Enemy models in the AOE are hit and suffer a blast damage roll with a POW equal to the boxed model's strength.
- **BRAIN DAMAGE**– A model damages by this attack cannot cast spells, upkeep spells, or use an animus for one round.

All faction names, logos, warcaster & warbeast are TM of Privateer Press, Inc.

LURK

MINION – This model will work for Circle, Legion, Skorne, and Trollbloods.

LURK

AMPHIBIOUS– This model ignores the effects of deep and shallow water. While fully within deep water, this model cannot be targeted by ranged or magic attacks, does not block LOS, and can only attack other models in deep water.

SHOWDOWN(KNOR)– If Knor is in this model's command range at the begin of its activation, it must try to attack Knor.

MAGIC ABILITY [7] –

- **ARCANE BOLT (★ATTACK)**– Arcane Bolt is a RNG 12, POW 11 Magic Attack
- **CRAFT TALISMAN (★ACTION)**– Target friendly warlock within 3" of this model. If the warlock is in range, when he casts a spell and is the point of origin, the spell gains +2 RNG. Spells with RNG SELF, SP, or CTRL are not affected. Craft Talisman lasts for one turn.
- **MARKED FOR DEATH (★ATTACK)**– RNG 8. Target model/unit suffers -2 DEF and loses Incorporeal and Stealth and cannot gain those abilities while affected. Friendly Faction models can target an affected model regardless of LOS. Marked for Death lasts for one turn.
- **FOG OF THE BOG (★ACTION)**– For one round, models gain concealment while within 3" of this model.

All faction names, logos, warcaster & warbeast are TM of Privateer Press, Inc.

GULLIN OAKBREAKER
MINION PYG CHARACTER SOLO

GULLIN OAKBREAKER						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
5	6	7	6	13	15	9

THROWING AXE
RNG ROF AOE POW
6 1 - 4

GREAT AXE
POW P+S
6 12

The pyg thinks he's in charge. That's fine. It just means that when trouble comes, it comes to him first.

- Lurgelekk "Lurk"

PC 2 FA C

WARLORD MORRG
MINION FARROW CHARACTER SOLO

WARLORD MORRG						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
5	5	6	6	12	14	7

THUNDERAXE GUN
RNG ROF AOE POW
8 1 - 12

ALCHEMICAL EXPLOSIVE
RNG ROF AOE POW
6 1 4 14

THUNDERAXE
POW P+S
3 8

LURK
4

Morrg is full of tricks. It will take a strong leader to best him. Am I not a leader? Am I not strong? I will get him!

- Gullin Oakbreaker

PC 5 FA C

KNOR
MINION FARROW CHARACTER SOLO

KNOR						
SPD	STR	MAT	RAT	DEF	ARM	CMD
5	6	6	5	12	14	7

CINDER BOMB
RNG ROF AOE POW
8 1 3 12

CARVING KNIFE
POW P+S
4 10

Kill the others, but leave that stinking bog trog to me!

- Knor, encountering Lurk

PC 2 FA C

GULLIN OAKBREAKER

MINION – This model will work for Circle, Legion, Skorne, and Trollbloods.

THROWING AXE
THROWN– Add this model's STR to the POW of this attack.

GREAT AXE
CRITICAL BRUTAL DAMAGE– On a critical hit, gain an additional damage die.

GULLIN OAKBREAKER
TROLLBLOODS PARTISAN – When included in a Trollbloods army, this model is a Troll model instead of a Minion model.

ANNOYING WHELP – Living enemy models within 1" of this model suffer -1 to their attack rolls.

UNYIELDING– When engaging an enemy model, this model gains +2 ARM.

BATTLE PLAN– Any time during this models activation, it can use one of the following battle plans which lasts for 1 turn:

- BRUTAL CHARGE**– Friendly warrior models starting their activation within 3" of this model gain +2 to their charge damage rolls
- BATTLEFIELD COORDINATION**– While within 3" of this model, friendly warrior models do not suffer the fire into melee penalty when performing ranged attacks

All faction names, logos, warcaster & warbeast are TM of Privateer Press, Inc.

WARLORD MORRG

SPELL	COST	RNG	AOE	POW	UP	OFF
Perdition	2	10	-	10	No	Yes

When Perdition damages an enemy, immediately after the attack is resolved one warbeast in the spellcaster's battlegroup and control area can make a full advance towards the nearest enemy model. A warbeast can do this only once per turn.

Quagmire	2	6	-	-	Yes	No
----------	---	---	---	---	-----	----

While B2B with target friendly character, enemies suffer -2 DEF and cannot advance except to change facing.

MINION/MERCENARY – This model will work for Circle, Legion, Skorne, Trollbloods, Khador, Cygnar, and Protectorate.

WARLORD MORRG
LESSER WARLOCK– This model is no warlock, but has most special warlock rules.

FARROW WARLOCK– This model can only have Minion Farrow warbeasts in its battlegroup.

FREE BACON– This model's PC already include a Farrow Razor Boar warbeast which is part of this model's battle group.

THUNDERAXE GUN
GRAPE SHOT (★ATTACK)– Instead of a normal ranged attack, this model can make a RNG 8S, POW 10 ranged attack

ALCHEMICAL EXPLOSIVE
CUMBERSOME– This model cannot attack with another ranged weapon in a turn this weapon was used (and vice versa).

All faction names, logos, warcaster & warbeast are TM of Privateer Press, Inc.

KNOR

MINION – This model will work for Circle, Legion, Skorne, and Trollbloods.

KNOR
SHOWDOWN(LURK)– If Lurk is in this model's command range at the begin of its activation, it must try to attack Lurk.

ANATOMICAL PRECISION– If this model hits a living target but the damage roll fails to exceed the target's ARM, the target suffers 1 damage point.

PURULENT TOTEM– When this model hits a living model with a melee attack, this model gains an additional die to its melee damage roll and causes the corrosion continuous effect on the target.

MAGIC ABILITY [7] –

- ARCANE BOLT (★ATTACK)**– Arcane Bolt is a RNG 12, POW 11 Magic Attack
- PARASITE(★ATTACK)**– RNG 8. Target model/unit suffers -3 ARM and the spellcaster gains +1 ARM. Parasite lasts for one turn.

CARVING KNIFE
DEEP CUT– A living model damaged by this weapon suffers -1 on melee attack and melee damage rolls for one round.

All faction names, logos, warcaster & warbeast are TM of Privateer Press, Inc.