

THE
WITCH HUNTER'S
HANDBOOK



THE
WITCH HUNTER'S
HANDBOOK



Printed by
JOHANNES INNSBROOK

Author: Darius Hinks

Illustrations: Alex Boyd, Chris Dien,
Wayne England, Darius Hinks,
Karl Kopinski, Kenson Low, Adrian Smith,
Ann Stokes & Tiernen-Trevallion

A BLACK LIBRARY PUBLICATION

Graphic Design & Layout: Darius Hinks

Producer: Marc Gascoigne

Thanks: Kathryn Coxon, Matt Ralphs
& Gav Thorpe

ISBN 13: 978-1-84416-407-3 ISBN 10: 1-84416-407-1
GW Product Code 6010 0281 023

A Black Library publication. First published in the UK in 2006 by BL Publishing, Games Workshop Ltd, Willow Road, Nottingham NG7 2WS, UK. © Games Workshop Limited 2006. All rights reserved.

Black Library, the Black Library logo, Black Flame, BL Publishing, Games Workshop, the Games Workshop logo and all associated marks, names, characters, illustrations and images from the Warhammer universes are either ®, TM and/or © Games Workshop Ltd 2000-2006, variably registered in the UK and other countries around the world.

All rights reserved.

This is a work of fiction. All the characters and events portrayed in this book are fictional.

Find out more about the Black Library at: www.blacklibrary.com. Find out more about Games Workshop and the worlds of Warhammer at: www.games-workshop.com. Alternatively, call our mail order hotlines on 0115 - 916 40 000 (UK), 1-800-394-GAME (US), 1-888-GW TROLL (CAN) or (02) 9829 6111 (AUS).

Printed in China

THE WITCH HUNTER'S HANDBOOK

*Concerning the methodology,
doctrinal texts and hierarchical structure
of The Ancient Initiatic and Holy Order
of the Templars of Sigmar*

By KASPER VON LIEBENSTEIN

When I commissioned von Liebenstein with the writing of this handbook, three summers ago, I was unaware that his many years of service had left him in such a pitiful condition. I suspect now that the shocking sights he witnessed during his long, violent life may have affected his state of mind. Some of the events and techniques he describes should therefore be considered the words of a weary, perhaps confused old man, rather than the edicts of this order. My assistant, Karin Schiller, is

currently working on a second edition, which will tone down some of von Liebenstein's more outlandish claims. Nevertheless, his core values are sound, and I feel more than happy in providing this valuable work as a guide to the Temple's novices.

His current whereabouts are unknown, but if, as I suspect, von Liebenstein has finally fallen to the Dark Powers, then this book makes a fitting epitaph to his long and brutally effective career.

— Thaddeus Gamow,
Lord Protector

~ Where mercy ends and judgement begins ~

THE WITCH HUNTER'S HANDBOOK



KASPER VON LIEBENSTEIN

CHAPTER I

Concerning the Holy order of the Templars of Sigmar

How long is it since I last slept? Days? Weeks? My dreams are so full of horrors that I dare not close my eyes. The apothecary's foul smelling tinctures keep me awake; but I think he may be poisoning me. My thoughts keep slipping in and out of the past in a most disconcerting fashion, and my head pounds constantly. Doubtless they all consider me a drooling old fool; unaware of their heresy, but I can see through their forced smiles. I caught the apothecary's reflection in my window this morning and his pale, powdered flesh was literally writhing with corruption. The domestics are all the same. As the girl laid out my breakfast, I saw her

long, filthy nails and recoiled. She's a *witch*, I can smell it — just like the rest of this stinking backwater. If I could drag my useless body from this chair, they'd all be on the pyre before morning.

Still, I must continue with my labours as if blind to the evil that surrounds me. In the face of the utter ruin that looms over us, the wise and benevolent Lord Gamow has written to me with a request, namely that I collate, update and revise the various doctrinal and scholastic texts of our order. His desire is that I should create a manual, a handbook of sorts, for those few brave souls who would stand watch over the growing darkness. I only pray that it

may be of use. My experience of these matters is long and bloody, and I have much to teach, but I fear that even at the end of my life, I have not seen the smallest fraction of the horror that confronts us. It is those who follow, those who will leaf through these blessed pages, who must fight the final battle.

Since the time of Sigmar Himself, we have been no more than a flickering beacon of hope amidst a sea of despair and corruption, but never before have we faced so many dangers. We must suffer the simple-minded liberalism of our burgomeisters, the sanctioning of

magic use, the heresy of false prophets and religions, the arrogance of the Arch-lectors and the convoluted plots of the Dark Gods — the rot has sunk deep into the flesh of the Empire, where even now it festers and grows.

The time has come to act and only within this proud and ancient order lies the strength of will, the zeal and the righteous fury required to save us. They call us Witch Hunters, in their fear and ignorance, without even the slightest idea of the monstrous deeds we must commit on their behalf. To be a member of this ancient order is to be feared, shunned and despised. Those who seek glory, or even recognition of their labours should look to another profession, for we must face terrors that would still a lesser man's heart, but our only thanks is the venomous hatred of all who behold our silver chain of office and a lifetime of blood, flame and fear.

I must write quickly. There is much to record and I have little time. The apothecary's stimulants are weakening and I can feel my eyelids beginning to droop.

I fear that my next sleep will be my last.



Fig 1
Hanging Cage

Introduction

I will begin with a little history. Few know the complete truth of the order's genesis, or for that matter, the great trials we have silently endured as less worthy sorts strutted and brayed over their petty victories. Our bond of duty stretches far back across the centuries, to the very dawning of the Empire. We read in Hieronymus Black's *Rules & Statutes*, that our great patriarch, Wolfgart Krieger, aided Lord Sigmar Heldenhammer in his duel with the sorcerer Nagash and was thus rewarded with a great task:

Wolfgart's bravery in the face of countless unholy revenants cleared a path for Sigmar through his enemies, enabling him to engage with the Necromancer in hand-to-hand combat before the mighty gates of Reikdorf. In that very moment, with the moans of the dying still drifting across the battlefield, he entrusted Wolfgart with the task of defending his realm from all forms of magic. He placed a silver chain around Wolfgart's neck as a mark of office and granted him freedom to dispense judgement in all matters relating to witchery and the Dark Arts. Wolfgart was filled with joy. He knew, however,

that such a charge was beyond the powers of just one man, so with the blessing of his lord, he founded the Order of the Silver Hammer, a cabal of Sigmar's greatest warriors.

For many centuries, the Order of the Silver Hammer existed in almost complete secrecy, but in 2304 Emperor Magnus the Pious of Nuln decided that the order could more efficiently ensure the Empire's safekeeping if the general populace was made aware of its existence and purpose. To this end, Magnus renamed the order The Holy Order of the Templars of Sigmar and work began on our Great Temple — placed prominently within the square of the Cathedral of Sigmar in Altdorf.

The newly re-christened order zealously embraced its new status, resulting in the infamous purges of 2306. Within a matter of months, however, after the death of nearly six hundred heretics, several prominent burgomeisters and even an arch lector, the first of many censors were placed on our order. After attempting to hang thirteen false prophets from the same rope (a brave, but ultimately misguided ambition), our then Lord Protector, Otto Sprenger was tried, excommunicated and hanged — not only for treason, but also for profane language and profound lunacy.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE EMPIRE

(with particular reference to matters concerning the order)

-30 Wulfgart Krieger aids Sigmar Heldenhammer in his duel with the sorcerer Nagash. Sigmar rewards Wulfgart by initiating him as the head of a new secret order. He entrusts him, and the newly established Order of the Silver Hammer, with the safekeeping of several items of great power and mystery.

0001 Sigmar is crowned Emperor; by the High Priest of Utric.

0073 Johann Helstrum is named High Priest of Sigmar and becomes head of our order.

0111 The Black Plague.

1115 Witch hunter Hans Feuerbach decrees the use of hammers for menial work an act of profound heresy. He executes thirteen manual labourers, but is eventually caught building a scaffold with a t-shaped piece of wood, and is hanged from it by one of his own captains.

1220 Great Temple is established in Altdorf - near to the Cathedral of Sigmar.

1450 The Crusades against Araby.

1550 Luther Memlinc of Vilenhof discovers a tunnel to the Realms of Chaos in the cellar of his inn. Over the next six months, three hundred cultists are burnt at the stake after trying to reach the portal. During the fierce fighting, the building is razed to the ground and in the aftermath, no tunnel can be found. Memlinc admits that his claim was a ploy to drum up business.

1645 The witch, Ishak Farizad, overhears a serving girl laughing at the size of his ears. He lays a curse on the town of Grabatz, which causes the ears of its eight hundred inhabitants to rot and wither away. Ishak is executed for sorcery, but the story spreads all the way to Altdorf, where it becomes a source of much amusement and conversation. The tale becomes so popular that many young nobles consider it the height of fashion to mutilate themselves by removing their ears. The Emperor is forced to impose a missing ear tax to control the situation and the Ishak's Ear riots begin.

1682 Grand Theogonist Siebold II officially recognises the Order of

the Silver Hammer and tasks it with defending the Empire from Chaos, daemon-worship and all other forms of heresy and magic use. (Few outside of the order are aware it has any history before this date.) The order is later renamed The Holy Order of the Templars of Sigmar.

1707 Altdorf is besieged by the armies of the Orc Warlord, Gorbak Ironclaw.

1797 Vlad von Carstein becomes Elector Count of Sylvania.

1999 The heretics of Mordheim descend to such depths of depravity that they receive Sigmar's judgement in the form of a great flaming comet that levels the city. In the aftermath, many dangerous groups descend on Mordheim, lured by the wyrdstone that litters the streets. At the request of the Grand Theogonist, our order braves the City of the Damned in an attempt to stem the flow of corruption.

2010 Vlad von Carstein reveals himself as a Vampire Lord, and invades Stirland and Ostermark.

2011 Elector Count Konrad von Blutheim of Wissenland is executed for heresy and daemonology by Brother Johann Bernhardt of our order. From this point on, concern

begins to grow about the order's growing freedom and the power this gives its patriarch, the Grand Theogonist.

2051 Wilhelm the Third slays Vlad von Carstein, during the siege of Altdorf.

2111 The Grand Duke of Middenheim (a senior member of this order) has the entire town of Rotebach hanged for heresy.

2276 Hieronymus Gunthelm accuses the river Mesmer of being in league with the Dark Gods. For three weeks, he employs the people of Rulzbach in an attempt to stem the flow of the river with holy fire. After several villagers drown, he is recalled to Altdorf for questioning.

2304 Magnus the Pious of Nuln is elected Emperor and changes our Holy Order into a secular arm of state. The Colleges of Magic are founded in Altdorf.

2306 The Year of Purgings, resulting in the execution of Otto Sprenger.

2502 Accession of Karl Franz.

Rites of Induction, Training, and Conditions of Membership

All who wish to enter The Ancient Initiatic and Holy Order of the Templars of Sigmar must first endure certain trials. The valour and complete obedience of the novice can only be ascertained through several rigorous tests, performed far beneath the most sacred keep of our Great Temple. If he survives the process, the inductee will have undergone a profound transformation of spirit and mind; only then may he be granted the silver chain and hammer that marks him as a Templar of Sigmar.

Spiritual and Physical Training

Before martial training can commence, the adept's piety, spiritual purity and physical hardiness must be verified. Firstly, one of the order's sanctioned physicians pierces the novice's side with a silver blade that has been blessed beforehand by an attendant priest. As the blood begins to flow, the physician places a poultice of lettuce, mouse-ear hawkweed, widow's flower and verena's ladder on the open wound. After a few moments, the poultice removes the psychological barriers that shield the novice's innermost desires. The

potency of the drug is such that a morbid melancholia may overcome those without great strength of mind. In those cases, the mental collapse is usually so complete that the novice may be released safely back into the community and no harm is done. If the novice retains some degree of lucidity however, he may continue with the rites of induction. At this time, a Knight of the Inner Circle will begin the interrogation of the applicant. Three days later, if the novice is still in possession of his wits, he is handed into the care of the order's preceptors who will ensure that he has sufficient levels of literacy to study the verses of the Deus Sigmar and the other sacred texts.

Once the novice's academic and spiritual training is complete (this may take anything up to a year, depending on his background) he may begin to study the Seven Mysteries and the martial rules of the order.

The Seven Mysteries and the Rituals of Exaltation

A servant of the temple may pass through seven Rituals of Exaltation during his career. At the end of each ceremony, after proving his fidelity and piety beyond all doubt, he will be inducted into one of the Seven Mysteries of the order. Only

the Lord Protector may learn the Seventh Mystery, during his blessing from the Grand Theogonist, and few others ever reach any of the higher degrees of servitude. Prudence forbids me from committing the details of these ceremonies to paper, and even I, after so many decades of service, have only been inducted into the Fifth Mystery, so it would be impossible for me to speak of some even if I wished to. For a novice, however, it is only the first ritual he need be concerned with. To be fully inducted into the order, he must procure several items, which will be needed during the ceremony of the First Mystery.

- ~ A live boar (domesticated swine will not suffice) with one tusk painted black.
- ~ A sharp silver knife.
- ~ A receptacle large enough to hold a pint of liquid.
- ~ Three keys: one of which will be provided by the sacristan, one that allows admittance to the novice's ancestral home and one that must be made of silver.
- ~ A simple white robe made of cloth thin enough to be easily torn.
- ~ A crop of leather and birch.
- ~ A length of coarse rope.
- ~ Bandages and smelling salts.

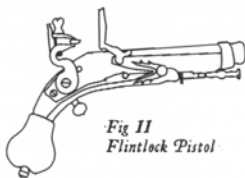


Fig II
Flintlock Pistol

Martial Training

In the struggle against the dark forces, strength of spirit alone will not suffice. A Templar of Sigmar will usually travel alone, without the large numbers of foot soldiers that accompany knights of other orders. He will often be required to brave the most monstrous, tainted and unimaginable corruptions of nature, with only his sword and pistols as protection. It is paramount therefore, that he has complete confidence in his own martial prowess. Many centuries ago in Altdorf, within the grounds of the Great Temple, the Grand Theogonist established a school of war where battle-hardened veterans could expound their theories and instruct the apprentice knights in the many and varied methods of combat that might be required of them.

Swordplay

The first stage of an apprentice's martial training concerns each of the styles of swordplay employed by the order. The dagger, the cutlass, the

long sword, the bastard sword, the two-handed sword and the foil are all covered over several months' intense study. The student is taught various techniques. Firstly, with the larger, more old-fashioned blades, they must learn various combinations of sword blow:

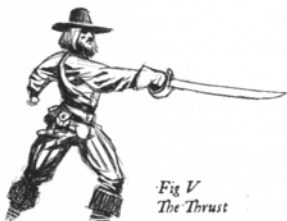
- ~ Slash (using the honed blade that runs along the edge of the sword).
- ~ Strike (dealing out blows with the flat of the sword).
- ~ Thrust (attempting to pierce an opponent with the pointed end of the sword).



*Fig III
The Slash*



*Fig IV
The Strike*



*Fig V
The Thrust*

Secondly, they concentrate on the more refined skills of the narrow-bladed fencing weapons — such as the foil or rapier. These more elegant techniques are the favoured styles of the order, but require a thorough knowledge of geometrical principles. The student must master the 'Circle of Defence' and learn how to present as small a target as possible while engaged in combat. The students are taught to be mindful of their weapon's effective range, that they may use it to its full advantage when lunging or striking. They learn to visualise this effective range as a circle that surrounds them and their opponent. The training methods used attempt to mimic closely the fear and intensity of battle, and one ill-judged move can easily lead to the premature conclusion of an apprentice's studies.

Black Powder Weapons

Although not always reliable, the flintlock pistol is an invaluable weapon in the fight against Chaos.

and corruption. As well as being far more stable than the old matchlock or wheellock weapons, the modern duelling pistol serves as a mark of authority and power — especially when used in the rustic backwaters of the provinces. To the more simple-minded members of the peasantry, a deafening blast of gunfire and thick clouds of sulphur seem more like sorcery than science; so that even if the shot itself fails to fly, or is wide of the mark, the use of firearms can still save the life of a quick-witted Templar. In the grounds of the Great Temple, scores of apprentices and knights of the order can be seen daily, honing their marksmanship and speed with these fearsome weapons. It is one of the great miracles of the modern age that a fully trained knight can load, aim and fire his pistol in just sixteen seconds.

- ~ Place the powder (sulphur, charcoal and saltpetre) in the muzzle end of the pistol.
- ~ Place the shot (wrapped in cloth) in the muzzle end of the pistol.
- ~ Rotate the hammer (holding the flint) to the half-cock position.
- ~ Place a small amount of powder in the flashpan and close the lid.
- ~ Move the hammer to full-cock position.
- ~ Take aim and pray to Sigmar for luck.
- ~ Pull the trigger (thus igniting the powder and firing the pistol).

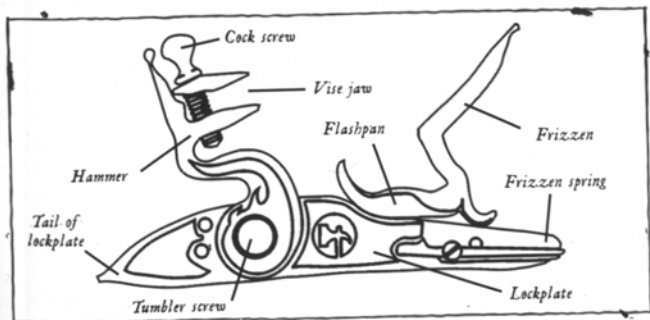


Fig VI The Flintlock Mechanism

As part of their training, an apprentice will also study the use of long guns, such as the blunderbuss. Though these weapons are considered less suitable for a knight of the order than a pistol, there may be situations where their longer range is required.

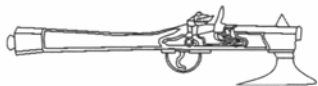


Fig VII The Axe Pistol

Other Weapons

A knight of the order must be capable of employing whatever means are necessary to overcome his foe. He must not be overly proud in his struggle against blasphemy and heresy. The training of prospective brethren therefore covers any and all weapons that it may be necessary to use. Although the mainstay of the lessons will concern the use of the rapier and the pistol, other weapons studied include such diverse tools as:

- ~ Warhounds (large, vicious hounds, bred specifically for the subjugation of heretics).
- ~ Poison.
- ~ Rondel (a small flat knife, useful for finding gaps in armour).
- ~ Poniard (a slender-bladed knife).
- ~ Maul (a long-handled hammer).

~ Gudendag (a hammer to which spikes have been added so that it may be easily embedded in the flesh of a heretic).

Riddles, Ciphers, Espionage and Subterfuge

The clandestine and the cryptic are as important to a knight of the order as simple brute force. Through our veiled network of informants and spies, the order monitors almost every aspect of Imperial life; from the corridors of power, to the grimy back streets of the smallest towns, from the Emperor's Palace to the merchant's guildhall. The disguises and masquerades of our brethren ensure that nothing is missed. If a forbidden cult rises within the universities of Talabheim, then within weeks of its first heretical rite, every foul utterance of its members will be recorded, encoded and passed from brother-to-brother back to our Great Temple. A wealth of esoteric techniques must be employed by a knight to obtain, circulate and protect his secrets as he skulks and prowls amongst the machinations of the damned.

Ciphers and Conundrums

Over the centuries, the scribes of the order have developed and

borrowed many techniques for encoding important or confidential messages.

Helstrum's Gate

Many centuries ago, when he was High Priest of Sigmar and head of our order, Johann Helstrum used this simple cipher to foil the plots of the heretic Heinrich von Regensburg. Regensburg was utterly baffled by his entrapment and his expression of bewilderment as he climbed the scaffold is said to have driven von Helstrum to such paroxysms of laughter that he strained a muscle and had to be helped back to his chambers – thereby missing the execution.

	1	2	3	4	5
1	A	B	C	D	E
2	F	G	H	I	K
3	L	M	N	O	P
4	Q	R	S	T	U
5	V	W	X	Y	Z

The coordinates of the grid refer to the letters contained within, therefore 13 23 11 34 43 13 45 31 44 would translate as Chaos cult. (Because twenty-four characters do not form a simple square, two letters are combined – usually, as in this instance I and J). In the form

shown here, the cipher is not very secure, but when the sender and recipient have agreed in advance on a different order of letters, the code becomes almost unbreakable.

The Gates of Al-Haikk

It is claimed that knights returning from the Crusades against Araby brought this particular cipher from the south. It is certainly around this time that the code seems to have been used for the first time. As with the Helstrum's Gate cipher, the code is relatively easy to decipher unless a more unusual sequence of letters is agreed upon in advance.

A	B	C	J	K	L
D	E	F	M	N	O
G	H	I	P	Q	R
S			W		
T	U	V	X	Y	Z

The cipher uses a simple system of substituting letters for symbols, which denote where the characters are positioned within the diagram. Therefore, a message reading: The Baron would read:



Hidden Writing

As well as codes and ciphers, other, simpler methods may be used to hide the existence of correspondence of a sensitive nature. Many liquids can be diluted with water, to create an ink so faint as to be near invisible.* When held against the flame of a candle or lamp however, the letters will reveal themselves. False text of apparent importance should first be written on the paper in ordinary ink, to evade detection of the letter's real nature. There are many easily available liquids suitable for the task:

- ~ Milk.
- ~ The juice of lemons, apples or other fruits.
- ~ The juice of an onion.
- ~ Solutions of honey or sugar.
- ~ Wine.
- ~ Saliva, urine, or blood serum.
- ~ Soap water.

Devices and Concealed Weaponry**The blocked-muzzle pistol**

There is a small, barely perceptible lever on a Templar's pistol, which, when depressed, silently seals the weapon's barrel. In the unusual

circumstance of his being overpowered, and having his weapon taken from him, the knight can discretely depress this lever (located just below the flashpan) before handing over the gun, with the result that anyone attempting to use it against him will be seriously, or maybe even mortally wounded as it backfires.

The leaded cloak

The distinctive black robes of the witch hunter are feared throughout the length and breadth of the Old World. Along with their chains, branding irons and wide-brimmed hats, the long flowing cloaks of the Templars of Sigmar demand awe and respect from all who are unfortunate enough to behold them at close quarters. The cloak however, serves another purpose. Sewn into its lining, there is a row of lead balls. Should the wearer find himself unarmed and in danger, he can unclip the cloak and brutally lash anyone within a number of feet. Many a recalcitrant heretic has been thrashed to within an inch of (or indeed beyond) his life by a Templar wielding nothing more than his own clothes.

**During his investigation into the von Kelsher heresy, Brother Richt Karver left messages written in plum wine on the wooden lid of an apparently innocuous box. Upon receipt of the box, his contact placed a handful of mites on the wood, who congregated on the wine to feed, thus revealing Karver's message.*

The clay tobacco pipe

Clay has long been considered the most suitable material for a pure tobacco flavour when smoking a pipe and many Templars of the order benefit from the calming properties of this habit. The practice is more than a harmless indulgence however. Concealed within the shank of their pipes, many witch hunters keep a handful of seeds from the Wissenland Bell flower. With a sharp exhalation of breath, the seeds can be fired from a tiny opening in the pipe's bowl. The properties of the Wissenland Bell are such that, upon contact with human skin, its seeds induce a powerful mania, causing the

victim to hear a deafening; agonising ringing in his ears. This is usually all the distraction a witch hunter needs to overcome an opponent.

The spring-heeled boot knife

Within the genteel palaces and guild-halls of the Empire, Templars are sometimes called upon to use discretion when dealing with suspected heretics and sorcerers (especially those whose execution could cause a political embarrassment). In these instances, they may decide to use the tiny, spring-loaded blade concealed within the heel of their knee-length boots. The blade is barely larger than a darning needle and its prick



Fig VIII Brother Richt-Karver

would barely be noticed (or might be mistaken for an insect bite) but the lethal poison, which coats the steel, is a slow sure death sentence for its unfortunate recipient. The drug (usually extracted from the petals of the Morr's Crown flower) takes effect over several weeks and the sufferer will appear to have a natural illness.*



Fig IX The Pricking Knife

The 'pricking' knife

If a local magistrate or noble lacks the faith to accept your judgement of heresy without visible proof, the 'pricking' knife may be a useful tool. The sprung blade of the knife retracts easily into the handle. Simply thrust it against the flesh of the heretic, hold it firmly in place for a few seconds and then withdraw it. Onlookers will be aghast at the absence of blood or injury on the skin of the accused, and will accept your sentence without question.

The gravity bow

Through a complicated system of springs and whipcord, a small cross-bow may be secreted beneath a Templar's sleeve (attached to his vambrace), in such a way that if the sleeve is pulled back vigorously from

Snuffboxes

Three small boxes are hidden on a Templar's person: the first is made of tortoiseshell, the second of mother-of-pearl and the third of silver. The tortoiseshell box contains snuff (a fine-ground tobacco for snorting as an aid to concentration). The mother-of-pearl box contains a powder that appears to be snuff, but is actually poison hemlock, for use in the subjugation of heretics. The silver box contains powdered death angel mushrooms from the World's Edge Mountains. Upon consumption of these small but potent fungi, the user will slip into a drug-induced frenzy: becoming immune to pain, unnaturally strong and enraged beyond belief. The symptoms are short lived, but effective.

*I once spent several awkward minutes attached to the Duke of Gorlitz, after attempting to assassinate him with this method during a summer ball. My informants had neglected to warn me that he had a wooden leg.

THE SIX HOLY PRINCIPLES.

These are the original founding tenets of our order, as recorded in Hieronymus Black's *Rules & Statutes*.

Of obedience to the Lord Protector and renunciation of one's own will

Fundamental to life in the Holy Order of the Templars of Sigmar is the renunciation of one's own will. All properties belonging to an apprentice knight of the order will be forfeit. Lands, tithes and inheritances will be possessed in perpetuum right by the order.

Of the privilege to accuse, dispense judgement, declare anathema and excommunicate

Brethren have the right to banish transgressors from the mercy of Sigmar and commit them to perpetual ruin and damnation. However, this should be considered a last recourse and only employed when all other methods (including the burning to death of the accused) have failed to obtain proof of innocence.

How the brethren may clothe and equip themselves

Brethren of the order must at all times dress in simple garments of sober hue, ideally black, unadorned except for the symbol of the Twin-tailed Comet or the Ghal-Maraz. Robes, armour and mantles should be kept clean of ash and blood whenever possible. Spears, swords and other bladed weapons should be kept sheathed, that they may cleanly and easily pierce the flesh of the damned.

How the brethren will maintain the secretive nature of the order

The centuries-old covenant, which binds our brotherhood, is of such weight that to speak of it outside of the Great Temple of our order is considered heresy most foul, and deserving of excommunication and death. Other matters, concerning secret keys, locations of artefacts and temples should be considered heresy of a lesser form, and only punished by the execution of the transgressor.

The instilling of fear through the regular use of public executions and trials by ordeal

Wherever possible, all executions should be held before large gatherings, to ensure that commoners and nobility alike see the agony and ruin that befalls all who stray from Sigmar's benevolent care.

The suppression of mercy

A knight of the order should never be distracted by pleas for clemency or arguments of logic.

The efficacy (and prescribed use of) prayer

When confronted with the foul maledictions of the damned and perverse, a knight will soon discover that flames alone are not enough to cleanse the accused of all mortal sin. Transgressions against the virtue of Sigmarite faith (the worship of the Chaos powers, necromancy etc.) are

sins of such depth and heinousness, that the impenitent will occasionally be immune to the merciful healing balms of pyres and muskets, and tools of a more divine nature may be called upon. Within the library of our Great Temple there are many texts detailing useful sermons, litanies and ministrations. (See note on rites of exorcism in chapter three.)

THE ANCIENT INITIATIC AND HOLY ORDER OF THE TEMPLARS OF SIGMAR

~ Hierarchical Structure ~

Lord Protector (Grand Master)

Supreme Council (12 Knights of the Inner Circle)

Chamberlain

Witch Hunter Captains

Witch Hunters

Priests

Preceptors and Apprentices

Chief Librarian, Sacristan and scribes

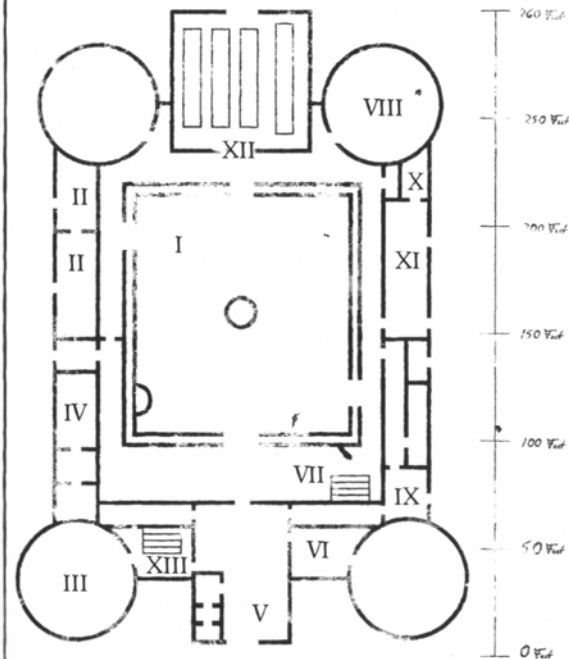
Sister-aids, domestics, artisans and labourers,

cellarer, animal trainers etc.

Zealots, flagellants and other assorted followers

THE GREAT TEMPLE

Altdorf (c1872)



(See following pages for full details)

The Great Temple

I. Cloister

Four stone corridors and a square lawn at the heart of the Temple. Here, brothers of the order may rest and discuss ecclesiastical matters or methods of interrogation.

II. Dormitory

Sleeping quarters. Knights usually rise at dawn to begin their morning prayers.

III. Chapter House

Here, the Lord Protector, Supreme Council and Chamberlain meet in private to discuss matters of great importance to the order. Decisions regarding internal discipline and punishments are usually made here.

IV. Infirmary

V. Stables

VI. Smithy

Hearths and anvils for the forging of weapons and torture devices. The smiths of the order are also responsible for the development of devices used by knights who are engaged in subterfuge. Under the direction of the Chamberlain, they are constantly striving to develop new and more lethal tools for the brothers who have need of concealed weapons,

picklocks, hidden explosives and the like.

VII. Stairs to Crypt

Here, the order's Sacristan keeps reliquaries and other artefacts of great secrecy or power. In the words of the original Sacristan, Brother Baldekinus, this is 'the closet in which the Emperor hides his skeletons... sometimes quite literally'. Strictly off limits to all without special dispensation from the Lord Protector, this rambling maze-like collection of rooms contains not only the collected wealth of the order, but also items of such mystery, or moral danger that no other organisation but our own could be trusted with their keeping. There is much in here that could not be openly discussed in a book such as this, but there are a few treasures whose fame has been passed down through the centuries.

Leupold's Chicken

At some time during the third century, a chicken was born in the province of Stirland, with the image of Sigmar's face clearly visible within its feathers. The creature was a source of great wonder, and pilgrims began to flock from all corners of the Empire to see such a miracle. The farmer who owned the bird, being an enterprising young man, began to charge pilgrims a small fee (merely to

cover the expense of maintaining the chicken and its shrine) and soon, such was the interest in his bird, Leupold's wealth and fame began to grow.



Fig. X Leupold's Chicken

The story attracted the interest of a nearby priest who had doubts about the chicken's divinity. He crept into the shrine at night and on his emergence, claimed that the image of Sigmar could quite easily be wiped from the bird's feathers with a damp rag, and smelled suspiciously like ink. Rather than thanking him however, the waiting pilgrims accused the priest of heresy and began baying for his blood. As the crowd's fury grew, some began to erect a scaffold to hang him from. At the sight of the scaffold, the priest quickly recanted, and to the pilgrims' great joy, he admitted that he was simply covetous of Leupold's chicken and that the bird truly was divine. After this, several miracles were attributed to the chicken, and it was eventually knighted and occasionally consulted on important matters of state.

Lord Chicken of Stirland lived to a great age, far beyond the normal span of a chicken, and continued to cure the sick and advise the Elector Count on religious issues. In fact, the miracles only ceased when, several decades later, Leupold himself passed away. In 1456, the Emperor charged the order with the safekeeping of the chicken's remains and to this day its beak is stored in a silver reliquary hidden deep within the crypt.

The St. Maurus reliquary

During the siege of Hellenbrecht in 1306, St. Maurus, (then a simple priest of Sigmar) was slain in the first wave of the orc attack. However, such was the battle frenzy of orc warlord Bardrag Throat-ripper, that he began to devour the unfortunate priest without noticing the finery that adorned his lunch — thus choking himself to death on one of the several large rings that decorated Maurus's index finger. The rampaging orcs were greatly dismayed at the loss of their leader, and in the confusion, the Imperial forces turned the tide of the battle and the castle was saved. After the celebrations, Maurus's bloody and bejewelled digit was removed from the dead orc's throat and mounted on the tip of a silver lance, which for many centuries marched at the head of the Empire's armies. To this day,

Mannus's finger is believed to be imbued with great power, and is stored in a beautiful gold casket, which bears his name.

VIII. Library

The Library of the Great Temple is legendary amongst scholars and learned priests for its wealth of priceless, ancient codices. The texts mainly concern matters of faith and heresy, but there are also other, more esoteric works, which may be of use to a knight of the order. Here is a brief list of some of the more important texts:

Adelman & Swy diger's Brazier & Furnace maintenance

A detailed guide to methods of heat generation and combustion – invaluable during long interrogations.

Elixirs, Potions and Poultices

Covers various church-sanctioned palliatives and remedies. Lists many potent lotions, oils and powders. Also, includes a section on poisons, intoxicants, venoms and acids.

The Doom of King Morgrim Blackbeard

A dusty, crumbling dwarf text printed over a thousand years before the birth of Sigmar. It is

considered a useful insight into the mindset of this ancient race.

Bernhardt's Treatise on the Temptations of Power

Johann Bernhardt was one of the order's most powerful witch hunters, and in this great, influential work, he discusses the many ways in which men (especially those in positions of political power) may fall prey to the depravations of the Dark Gods. In 2011, Bernhardt famously executed Elector Count Konrad von Bluthheim of Wissenland and was in due course himself executed. Since that time, this book is officially a forbidden text to anyone who does not have the written approval of the Emperor himself (and each of the incumbent Elector Counts).

Valten's Expositions on the Damned

A fascinating work covering all forms of heresy and corruption.

The Life of Sigmar

Legends and tales concerning Sigmar's early life, and the founding of the Empire.

Rules & Statutes

Hieronymus Black's seminal work, in which he lays down many of the founding tenets of our order. My

debt to Black in the writing of this book is very great, and I feel his stern gaze watching over my shoulder as I write these words.

The Liber Chaotica

Richter Kless's influential work, covering the Ruinous Powers in five volumes. Special dispensation must be granted for anyone wishing to view this heretical, though well-intentioned tome.

The Liber Malefic

Only a fool would attempt to study the full, unabridged version of this terrifying guide to the Chaos Realms, but the scribes of our order have produced a shortened, slightly less perilous version of this damned text which may, in dire need, be glanced at.

IX. Cellars

Store rooms for provisions, such as grain and fruit.



Fig XI Warhound

X. Guest-house

Willing guests are infrequent, but on rare occasions, knights of other orders, senior priests and distinguished benefactors are admitted to the Temple. They will be accompanied at all times, however.

XI. Kitchen

When not fasting, knights of the order mainly eat simple meals of bread, fruit and water, but on feast days they may enjoy sour milk and offal.

XII. Refectory

The dining room. The brothers of the order usually maintain a dignified silence as they enjoy the meals provided for them by the cellarer and the kitchener.

XIII. Stairs to torture chambers

This labyrinthine prison is divided into two areas: the gaol and the interrogation rooms. The warren of passageways plays host to countless damned souls and over the centuries, it has become impossible to keep track of all the inmates; even the soot-covered interrogators avoid certain areas. The furnaces burn noon and night and the combination of heat and screams makes the descent into these chambers unnerving, even for experienced servants of the temple.

THE WITCH HUNTER'S HANDBOOK



WARLOCK

CHAPTER II

Concerning Witches

Centuries before the time of man, ancient and terrible beings stumbled across a portal to the hidden realm of the Dark Gods. Blinded by their hubris, they tried to harness the foul currents that flowed from that hellish region, and in doing so brought about their own doom. Having brought the heresy of magic into the world, they crept, wounded and shamed from the lands we now inhabit, leaving behind them a festering scar that can never be healed.

Then dawned the era of Sigmar, and man. For centuries, we kept the Empire free from magic use and witchery. Within this very order, we held an edict handed down

from Sigmar Himself – to scorch the land clean of corruption – and we performed our duty with zealous efficiency. Pyres littered the land like scattered jewels, and folk lived in the happy knowledge that



Fig 1. Scold's Bridle

our judgement was swift and unfettered. Sorcery in all its forms lay crushed beneath the iron heel of our wrath. These were golden years, and for a time it seemed that we held the upper hand; we were blinded by our pride however, and betrayed by those we served.

In 2301 the rot began. As the dread legions of the Dark Gods poured down into the Empire from the still gaping portal, Magnus of Nuln, consumed with despair and arrogance; agreed to sign an unholy



Fig II Warlock

compact with the decadent ancient race that dwelled across the sea. He indulged the perverse whims of their conjuror, Teclis, who filled his mind with falsehoods and ordered him to pardon every witch who would aid him in his fight for the besieged city of Praag. They came, in their thousands: every hedge wizard, warlock, divineress and thaumaturgist dragged his or her corrupted tomes to Altdorf, where they were welcomed and christened 'Magisters'. Rather than punish those who were slaves to the eddying winds of Chaos, Magnus announced that their unholy skills should be honed and developed. He decreed, at the behest of Teclis, that there was no inherent evil in the sorcerous arts and that the state could sanction magic.

After the Great War had ended, all right-thinking souls prayed that the madness would end and that the newly-crowned Emperor, Magnus the Pious, would turn his back on such heresy. We begged him to unleash the wrath of this worthy order on those who had used forbidden arts to aid him in the battle for Praag. It was not to be however; his sycophancy towards the conjuror, who had bought him his throne, knew no bounds. Claiming it was his own idea, Magnus obeyed Teclis's command that he should found eight Colleges of Magic right in the heart

of Altdorf. The wizards quickly utilised their newfound legitimacy and infiltrated every strata of the land's political and trade organisations. To this day, they move unimpeded through the corridors of power, exerting their influence over important matters of state. It is only the brethren of this much-maligned brotherhood who monitor and stifle the machinations of those wretched charlatans. To the public, it may seem that our purpose is simply to stretch the necks of crones and vil- lage idiots, but our agents are locked in a deadly and secret duel at the very highest levels of office.

The Manifold forms a witch may take

We must be ever vigilant: dabblers in the Dark Arts lurk in every corner of the Empire, and they assume many different guises. Here follows an overview of the various ranks and orders of witches and warlocks:

Petty Magic Users or Hedge Wizards

Left to their own devices, the simple rural folk of this land will talk themselves into believing almost anything. Far from the cathedrals of our proud cities, they learn of older, more obscure forms of worship, and convince themselves that the dark magic



Fig III Tzeentchian Alchemist

flowing south from the Chaos Lords is an untainted tide of innocent power. They give it fanciful names, such as the Aethyr and the Infernum, shielded from the evil nature of the forces passing through them by their own ignorance. Most of these poor fools lack the strength of mind to survive contact with such arcane power, and they perish long before their experiments do any real harm. Here are a few of the absurd titles they award themselves before they implode into a wretched unholy mess:

Seers, Prophets, Wisdoms and Oracles

These damnable frauds claim to be in direct communion with a deity, and unfortunately for them, they sometimes are. What may begin as self-delusion or fakery, can become genuine contact with the Chaos

Powers, or other false gods, leaving them drooling and mindless before they even have time to grow a straggly beard.

Fortunetellers

Through the use of card-reading, palmistry, and other superstitious techniques, fortunetellers claim to predict the future. Usually consulted on simple matters such as childbirth or marriage prospects, their heresy is no less heinous.



Fig IV Fortuneteller

Thaumaturgists

Thaumaturgists claim to be miracle workers, harnessing forbidden powers and attempting, usually disastrously, to utilise them for their own ends.

Healers

Through the use of herbalism and other unorthodox practices, these

charlatans claim to cure diseases and illnesses of the mind. Those who claim Shallya as their deity are no less worthy of punishment. They appear to worship flowers, for example:

The Poppy – With its many seeds, this flower is associated with fertility and the nature god, Taal.

The Periwinkle – Known as the Sorcerer's Violet, this flower is claimed as a cure for boils, toothache and other minor ailments.

The Violet – Associated with Morr, the master of the underworld. Believed to give easy passage to those slain in battle.

The Thornapple – Known as Khaine's trumpet due to its poisonous nature. When placed on a hat, this fruit is claimed to cure the mad and sober the drunk.

Divineesses

It is hard to drive away the old beliefs and since before the time of Sigmar people have used various methods to predict the future. Though some of these practices may seem on the surface to be fairly harmless, they invariably lead to more serious forms of magic use and are as worthy of the pyre or noose as any other heresy.

Anemoscopy — Divination by the use of the winds (natural, not magical).

Anthropomancy — Divination by the use of human sacrifice; particularly prevalent amongst those northern tribes who dwell on the shores of the Sea of Claws.

Arithmancy — Divination by the use of numerology. Often utilised by those who worship the Lord of Change.

Astragalomancy — Divination by the use of dice. Followers of Ranald (the god of luck and fortune) have been known to indulge in this forbidden art.

Astrology — Divination by the study of celestial bodies; one of the most popular and widespread heretical activities.

Belomancy — Divination by the use of arrows, popular with warriors and followers of Myrmidia. Arrows are marked with the symbols of the Dark Arts and then fired. The symbol on the arrow that lands furthest away predicts the future.

Botanomancy — Divination by burning plants.

Capnomancy — Divination by the study of smoke.

Cephalomancy — Divination by the study of skulls.

Ceromancy — Divination by the study of wax melted into cold water.

Dactylomancy — Divination by the study of rings. Foreigners of Tilean birth have a particular weakness for this method of divination.

Daemonomancy — Divination by enlisting the aid of daemons and other unnatural beings.

Gastromancy — Divination by use of the belly. Users of this technique believe they can discern the language of the Dark Gods by listening to the sounds emanating from the stomach of a fellow witch.

Gyromancy — Divination by the use of circles and dizziness. The heretic stands within a circle of sacrilegious symbols and is spun around. As dizziness overcomes him, he stumbles onto different symbols, thus spelling out a message.

Hydromancy — Divination by the use of water. Those who worship Mana'an or other nautical deities are prone to this particular heresy.

Ichthyomancy — A particularly unpleasant form of augury utilising the entrails of dead fish.

Lampadomancy — Divination by the use of candles and lamps. (By studying factors such as how many points the flame has, whether the flame is straight or bent, how long the flame lasts, whether it is suddenly extinguished etc.) Often associated with followers of the Lord of Change.

Lecanomancy — Divination by the use of basins of water.

Macharomancy — Divination by the use of knives and swords.

Oinomancy — Divination by the study of wine, popular with those hedonists who devote themselves to the God of Pleasure. Involves the study of wine stains on parchment, the appearance of wine as it is poured, how sediment forms in a glass and how the wine itself tastes or smells.

Pyromancy — Divination by the use of fire. The infamous Cult of the Red Crown, a heretical Tzeentchian cult, is thought to have been practicing this form of divination when they accidentally destroyed several large areas of Aلدorf's merchants' quarter last summer. It is probably the least offensive of all their unholy crimes, however.

Rhapsodomancy — Divination by the use of poetry. Unfortunately,

the Empire is riddled with effete, foppish nobles who loll drunkenly about their fathers' palaces and castles, wasting their lives in pursuit of pointless artistic endeavours, whilst failing to be any use whatsoever. Happily, they often indulge in this kind of practice and we are then able to burn them.

Spatilomancy — Divination by the use of skin, bones and excrement. Peasants are often seen rummaging in the faeces of their animals; mostly it is no more than a harmless hobby, but occasionally they may be seeking to commune with the Dark Gods. As always, it is safest to err on the side of caution and execute anyone who seems too interested in the droppings of their livestock.

Conjurors

Through the use of charms, magic symbols and rituals, these rogues attempt to conjure beings out of the Dark Gods' realm and into our own. Alternatively, the name can be used to describe a simple trickster. In both cases, a harsh punishment is usually called for, for those who have so far failed to destroy themselves.

Ascetics

Although there are many honest followers of Sigmar who devote them-

selves to a life of austerity and self-mortification, there are equally many hermits and holy men who use their isolation to study strange doctrines and forbidden practices. These enigmatic loners should be quizzed carefully whenever they are encountered.

Alchemists

The corrupting flesh of the Ruinous Powers lies scattered around the Empire — its evil force made solid in the form of the substance known as *wyrdstone*. Luckily, most will never encounter this dreadfully dangerous rock, due to its great rarity, but there are a few misguided fools who actively seek it out, for their own unholy ends. Since the catastrophe in Mordheim, many rumours have circulated about *wyrdstone*. Sorcerers have made many claims in its name: that it can lend its wielder eternal life; that it can metamorphose base metals into gold; that it can heal illnesses; that it can lend immense magical power when used in conjunction with sacrilegious rites and more besides. The truth of the matter is that any wretched souls who touch the stuff are quickly transformed beyond recognition (both mentally and physically) and become mindless slaves to the powers they sought to tap.

Night Hags

These wicked creatures of the night creep through open windows and enter the dreams of their slumbering victims, using dark magic to poison and corrupt minds in the name of the Dark Powers.

Witches

Blasphemous, idolatrous and pathetic though they are, most of the above mentioned magic users are, in their own way, well intentioned. Their sacrilege is mostly used in the service of others, or if not, is of such a minor form that no serious harm is caused. However, occasionally these amateur dabblers go



Fig V Night Hag



Fig VI Trial by water

undiscovered, and become something more than just prophecies of wedlock obtained from goat droppings. In these cases, if they manage to survive their esoteric experiments, a more potent threat arises: that of the witch. Due to a longer exposure to the Dark Tides of the Chaos Lords, these poor unfortunates grow — not only in power, but also in malignancy and madness — and their collections of spells and grimoires grow with them. Years of studying forbidden lore twist the minds of these wicked creatures, making them not only powerful, but cruel and unpredictable too.

Warlocks

There are a few witches whose evil and hatred lead them far beyond their initial hedge wizardry: they become fully aware of the Dark Powers they wield and revel in the worship of their unholy masters. These fearsome diabolists pose a terrible threat to their fellow men, and a mighty challenge to anyone who attempts to subdue them. Monstrous power is at their command — equal in fact to the so-called 'sanctioned' collegiate magic users. Most follow one of two dark paths; which I shall discuss in separate



Fig VII The Whirligig

chapters: *Daemonology* and *Necromancy*.

leaves the magic user unable to speak and (as with the *Scold's Bridle*) robs him of his unholy power.

Obtaining a confession

There are various tools available to aid those struggling to admit their guilt. Here is a brief description of just a small selection with which the brethren are skilled. For a more complete list and guide to usage, see Brother Gebauer's exhaustive work: *The Flame & the Lash: Instruments of Torture in the Service of Sigmar*.

The Whirligig - A cylindrical cage, which can be suspended and rotated at speed to induce nausea and vomiting in the accused.

The Scold's Bridle - a small metal cage, which can be attached to the head of a heretic. It contains a metal spike, which effectively gags the wearer, preventing them from reciting curses and incantations.

The Wheel - Truly recalcitrant and dangerous sorcerers may require some time on *The Wheel* to consider their options. After being beaten with clubs, the accused is raised off the ground on a large wheel, where he or she is left at the mercy of the crows.

The Heretic's Fork - an iron fork, which, when wedged under the chin



Fig VIII *The Wheel*

Methods of trial and sentencing

If a confession is still not forthcoming, a trial by ordeal may be required. On occasion, magistrates, judges and lords may insist that the accused is granted a 'fair' trial. If this seems a hindrance to justice, it may be useful to mention that the nobles in question might themselves be the next to be questioned, if they are so keen to be involved in the legal process.

Trial by Fire I – The accused must take ten slow paces, whilst holding a wooden hammer that has been set



Fig IX Trial by Fire I

alight: If he drops the hammer, he is guilty. If he manages to complete the trial without dropping the hammer he is innocent (unless, of course, his flesh has been harmed in any way, in which case he is guilty).

Trial by Fire II – The accused must walk across red-hot ploughshares without showing any outward sign of harm.

Trial by Water – The accused must remove a stone from a large iron pot of boiling water with his bare hands. If he fails to remove the stone he is found guilty (and, as with the previous trials, he is also found guilty if his skin shows any sign of damage).



Fig X Trial by Fire II

Trial by Hammer – The accused must stand bolt upright, with both arms outstretched so that he forms a 'T' shape, resembling the Ghal Maraz. To prove his innocence, he must remain in this position for a length of time deemed commensurate with his crime.

Trial by Cake – The accused must present himself at a temple of Sigmar where he must eat three pieces of cake which will be waiting for him on the altar. If he is guilty, Sigmar's wrath will cause him to choke on the cake; if he is innocent, he will

successfully eat all three pieces. This particular trial is often used when the accused is a wealthy patron or benefactor of our order.

Execution

The only safe form of punishment for a convicted witch is to be publicly burnt at the stake. If this final torment fails to obtain a confession they should also be excommunicated from the mercy of Sigmar. It is essential that the execution is public, so that the populace may be reminded of the dire fate that awaits those who dabble in the Dark Arts.



Fig XI Trial by Hammer



Fig XII Collegiate Magister

THE WITCH HUNTER'S HANDBOOK



THE UNDEAD

CHAPTER III

Concerning the Undead

Once he has embraced the Dark Arts, there are many routes to damnation that a sorcerer may take; diabolical communion with the dead being one of them. The practitioners of these blasphemous rites seek power over death itself. They are no mere hedge wizards or conjurors, for it takes great skill and learning to drag the deceased from their rightful repose. They also seek to evade the gardens of Morr, poring over many unholy texts in their quest for immortality. Anyone found wielding the Rituals of Summoning is worthy of fear, if not respect.

Vampires

Thousands of years ago, far to the south of the lands we now

call the Empire, the Priest Kings of Nehekharu dwelt. They ruled a proud and ancient civilization and were masters of the arts and sciences but like our own Emperor Magnus the Pious, they were led astray by the lies and deceits of the elder races. At the suggestion of those strange, fey creatures, some of the Priest Kings, chief amongst them the one known as Nagash, began to dabble in the Dark Arts. Other Priest Kings rebelled against this heresy and as a result, they and their kingdoms were plunged into a bloody internecine war from which they never recovered. The outcome of the war is lost to the mists of time, but one thing is certain, a race of immortal and



Fig 1 Melchior the Necromancer

incredibly powerful necromancers, whose unending lives were consumed with a hunger for human blood, came fleeing from that troubled land. To our great misfortune, several of those lost souls crawled across the borders of our own fair land, bringing with them many foul grimoires written by the Great Necromancer – Nagash. To this day, they and their ancestors lurk in the Empire's darkest corners, preying on any who cross their path, and raising the dead with their forbidden lore. Several different bloodlines are known to have escaped from the ruins of Nehekara and each has its own terrible attributes, which I shall detail here.

Queen Neferata and the Cult of Blood

A dark queen is said to hold court in a remote outcrop of the Worlds Edge Mountains. Filled with a hatred for life in general, and men in particular, she has infiltrated the ruling elites of every city in the Empire with her venomous and beautiful sisterhood. They attend dinners and balls, flirt with princes and baronets, and hide behind a powdered mask of urbane humanity, while recruiting new acolytes with their dreaded 'blood kiss'. Though not the most powerful vampires in terms of military prowess, their

insidious politicking is a terrible threat to the Empire – steering the decisions of the great and good towards Queen Neferata's own mysterious ends.

The Lords of Abhorash

Evil hides behind many masks, and not all the creatures of the night creep in the shadows. The bloodline of Abhorash has a proud heritage: Abhorash himself was a skilled and virtuous lord before he succumbed to the monstrous evils of vampirism, and his progeny retain the trappings of his knightly manners. They appear as great lords: terrible in their pride and strength. Some may even be mistaken for templars, or great commanders – with their delicately-wrought armour and their mighty steeds. They name themselves 'Blood Dragons', claiming that the best of their line are such peerless fighters that even the great wyrms of the Worlds Edge Mountains cannot match them. Do not let the honourable façade of the Blood Dragon deceive you however; his bloodlust is as great as any of Nagash's children and behind his glinting armour lies the cold, unbeating heart of a vampire.

The Scholars of Wsoran

Amongst all the foul apostasies committed in the name of Nagash, none

equals the dark unholy lunacies of the vampires known as Necrarchs: Enconced in their lonely, hidden citadels, they devote centuries to the study of forbidden lore – warping the decayed remnants of their minds with ancient texts of necromancy and alchemy, written by a Nehekarhan known as Wsoran. They hone their fell sorcery in places of such remote isolation that many doubt their existence, but the faithful champions of the Temple must know better and be forever vigilant for clues of their foul presence. The Necrarchs themselves shun all society, due to their fearsome appearance (that of wasted, rotten corpses), but weak minded humans are often in their thrall, robbing graves for their masters' insane experiments – and it is these pitiful wretches who often lead a vigilant witch hunter to his awful prey.

The Ghoul Kings

These wretched monsters have lost all semblance of their long lost humanity, lurking in tombs and graveyards amidst their ghoulish flesh-eating acolytes and howling at the moons. No cold intellect drives these bestial dregs of the vampire race, but their brute animal strength, combined with their all-consuming lust for human blood, makes them a terrifying foe. The first rumours of these vicious creatures emerged in the

ancient kingdom of Strigos, and the scattered peoples of that land, known as the Strigany, are sometimes rumoured to be in league with them.

The Von Carsteins

Throughout history, the land of Sylvania has ever been known as a place of lost souls and unholy cults. Rumours of heresy and necromancy long seeped out of the dark forests of that land, and the folk of nearby Striland lived in terror of their mysterious neighbours. In 2010 however, rumour became fact as a mighty army of the living dead tore into the very heart of the Empire – led by the cruel vampires of the von Carstein bloodline. Many great deeds of heroism were required to turn back that ungodly tide, but finally, after many bloody wars, the Vampire Lords of Sylvania were vanquished. To this day, however, the region is still an accursed land, haunted by legends and tales of those mighty undead lords. Many learned men fear that they may one day raise their mighty armies of the night and march against us once more.

The Mark of the Necromancer

Of all the Dark Arts, necromancy is one of the most ancient and corrupt. The desire to prolong their own life

beyond its natural spell drives men to lunacy as they commune with the creatures of the afterlife and search for the lost tomes of Nagash. The priests of this black magic may not always be easy to spot — some pass unseen through polite society, mingling with honest folk, while their sinister lackeys gather corpses and bones for their blasphemous work. It is important therefore that agents of the Temple are always on the look out for signs of their rites and invocations. Here, as an example, I have reproduced a sketch by Brother Peter Bürmann. He found these awful daubings on the floor of a cave, during his race to catch the Wizard of Black Fire Pass. They are a good example of the signs and sigils used by the necromancer. According to Brother Bürmann's notes, they concern an unspeakable rite known as The Invocation of Nehek; he did not survive his investigations however, so we shall never know the dreadful purpose of the spell.

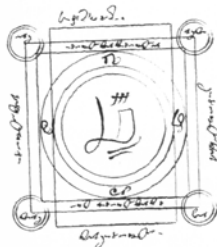


Fig II The Invocation of Nehek

These hideous signs may be found in the most obscure places. As well as the dusty tomes and scrolls of their craft, necromancers hide these blasphemous sigils in the most unexpected places. Spells and invocations have been found tattooed onto the flesh of messengers, scored onto the underside of victim's beds, painted onto the hides of beasts, and many other places besides. The image below was transcribed from the tiny stone of a cherry, which had then been hidden back within the pulp of the fruit. Its heretical nature is all too apparent.

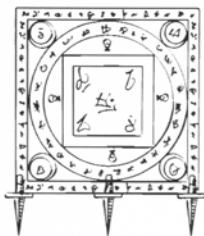


Fig III Cherry Inscription

The Lost Hordes

The fell legions who accompany necromancers and vampires are often as fearsome as their masters, and their names are too numerous to list fully. Often, the only way to end the existence of these abominations is through the destruction of their dark masters. Templars of Sigmar must

therefore be unswayed by these nightmarish visions and remain focused at all times on the source of the heresy. Here is a brief summary of the undead listed in the annals of the Temple:



Fig III Banshee

Banshees

The keening lament of these tortured souls haunts the land. They are the ethereal remains of female witches whose crimes were so heinous that they were banished from the mercy of Morr; cursed forever to haunt the earthly realms of the men they so despised in life.

Beasts of the Night

Such is the heresy of these damned souls that the practitioners of the

Dark Arts do not stop at simply raising the human dead to serve them. Monstrous bloodthirsty bats have been seen to accompany their armies and giant necrotic wolves are known to prowl the land of Sylvania; it seems that anything that once walked or crawled rightfully across the earth may be called from the ground by the necromantic arts.

Spirits and Wraiths

Even those whose remains have long ago crumbled into dust cannot escape the clutches of the necromancer. Mournful silent ghosts of men are often seen alongside the heretics, aiding them in their quest for power. Moaning with despair at being dragged from the afterlife, these vague silent shapes fill all sane men with horror. Some were once witches themselves, so beware! They may even wield mysterious powers of their own.

Wights

Piety and virtue in life is no protection for those who are dead. The predations of the sorcerer are not prejudiced by a corpse's once-honourable name. The proudest knights may be called from their tombs and burial mounds to aid the necromancer, and even mighty kings of old have been seen to march at the head of their fell legions.

The Walking Dead

Heroes of the Temple are called upon to face many apparitions so horrific that they would still the hearts of lesser men, but what could be more terrifying than the shambling animated remains of the dead? Remorseless, fearless and mindless, these mockeries of life will stop at nothing to complete the wishes of their necromantic lord. Only by the destruction of their dark master can these rotting, skeletal abominations be stopped.

Ghouls

Incredible as it may seem, within the shambling, moaning legions of the necromancers, there are men whose hearts still beat with warm, natural blood. The simple folk of some of the Empire's more remote regions find it reasonable to align themselves with forces of the night; feeding on the flesh of their own kind in imitation of their Dark Lords. Staggering as this may seem, it is undeniably true, but servants of the Temple should not stay their hand upon realising that what they thought was undeath is actually insanity and heresy.

The Witchwood Fools

The powers of rowan wood over the necrotic followers of Nagash are well documented. For centuries rowan has been named Sigmar's

helper, quick-beam and witchwood, and its properties are mentioned many times in the Deus Sigmar. A rowan sprig is often worn for protection against the creatures of the Old Night and even Brothers of the Temple have been known to stitch dried rowan berries into the linings of their black robes of office. In fact, it is for this very reason that the cloisters of the Great Temple in Altdorf are lined with rowan trees – planted at the Grand Theogonist's request during the construction of our chief chapter house. Also, (as in many peasant homesteads) the lintels of the Great Temple are lined with rowan wood as a ward against the Dark Arts. The wood itself is a strong, stout material and is used by many brothers to make staffs and canes.

Myths and legends can be as dangerous as they are helpful, however. It was these and other such beliefs that led to the destruction of Württemberg in the province of Stirland in 1801. Fearful of the unholy creatures in nearby Sylvania, the townsfolk took to dressing themselves in crude, oversized outfits, made entirely of rowan wood and painted to resemble a wrathful Sigmar. The ploy seemed initially successful: the mysterious nightly abductions ceased and the fearsome creatures that haunted their lives

grew timid and afraid, cowed by the witchwood giants that paraded the town. For a while, it seemed that a peculiar kind of peace had come to the long-beleaguered town. Strangers came to watch in amazement as the rowan-clad townsfolk went about their daily business. Everyone from crones to newborns wore the strange, hinged costumes and ballads were sung across the province of the rowan men of Württemberg. A few of these lays are still sung by troubadours to this day, but their childish mirth belies the true, terrible nature of the disaster that befell the town.

*The Witchwood Fools were
rowan gods, and rowan too their
wives;*

*The creatures of the night they
slew, with blessed rowan
knives.*

*In Württemberg they supped on
sap, and broke their fast with
roots;*

*They felled their foes with rowan
hands, and strangled them with
shoots.*

*Their fame spread wide, their
legend grew, but oh, those simple
folk,*

*They lit a fire on Hexensnacht;
and ended up as smoke.*

The Priests and Black Guard of Morr

Whilst performing their macabre rites of interment, those unwholesome acolytes of death, the priests of Morr, are often at risk from tomb robbers, bone pickers, necromancers and various other rogues who make their living from human remains. As security, they employ a Black Guard – skilled and fearsome Templars who specialise in dealing with these wretched villains and opposing the forces of the undead. Although, as a rule, it is not advised for agents of the Temple to fraternise with followers of non-Sigmarite creeds, these obsidian-armoured giants are a sturdy bulk-head against the screaming horrors that are forever seeking a way back from the afterlife. They may, in times of great need, be used as allies in the battle against necromancy. Chapter houses belonging to the priests of Morr can be found in most major cities of the Empire – usually near the largest civic cemeteries.

Devices and signs believed to repel the undead

Stake and hammer

A wooden stake (preferably rowan wood) hammered with sufficient force to pierce the ribcage and impale the heart of the undead may



Fig IV Priest of Morr

be sufficient to cease its morbid existence. Ideally, the Grand Theogonist should bless the wood, however, and rites of exorcism must accompany the act. (Even then, powerful revenants have been known to resist, so it is important to be prepared for a hasty exit.)

Icons of faith

Various signs are known to fill the undead with fear: obviously the twin-tailed comet and hammer of

Sigmar, but also the icons and religious works of other races have been known to have a powerful effect on the creatures of undeath. It seems that the items' powers stem from the wielder's conviction in their holiness.

Rowan wood

It is said that the haft of Sigmar's own weapon, the Ghal-Maraz, was crafted from this divine timber, and its power over the undead is so widely known that in many communities it is named witchwood. (See note on the destruction of Württemberg.)

Mirrors

A vampire's image will not appear in either glass, water or metal as a reflection, so those cunning villains who attempt to pass themselves off as human will go to great lengths to avoid mirrors of any sort.

Garlic

The cowering masses of the peasantry have many strange beliefs regarding the undead, but this one seems to be grounded in truth. The walking dead avoid the pungent aroma of garlic as carefully as Bretonnians avoid bathwater.

Silver

The purity of silver is anathema to the undead. Used in conjunction

with the blessings of the Grand Theogonist, it can be used to add holy strength to gunshot, arrowheads, knives and many other weapons.

Beheading

In some instances, beheading the undead will (temporarily at least) immobilise them. I have knowledge of many incidents however, where officers of the Temple have hacked their foes into dozens of pieces, only to find that they then face what amounts to an animated butcher's block of body parts, still intent on their destruction.

Sunlight

None but the most powerful vampires can endure sunlight. It is for this reason that they employ those ghoulfish, human acolytes who are deranged enough to enter the employ of the undead.

Blessed water and weapons

Water that has been consecrated by the Grand Theogonist or another senior Sigmarite priest (ideally from the font in a Sigmarite temple) is a powerful weapon against the undead. Small vials of this potent liquid may be secreted on one's person and hurled at the walking dead (see my essay on the Dowager of Nuln). Many knights of the Temple



Fig V Creature of Undeath

also find it useful to have their weapons blessed: swords, knives, arrowheads and the like.

Items or wards of prehistoric origin

Strange curses and enchantments still linger in certain places, centuries after the departure of the Slight Folk who once dwelled there. Crumbling ruins and ancient groves may still retain some trace of the sorcery of that ancient race. Such spells are of course tied to the Ruinous Powers – as with any other form of magic – but it cannot be denied that these

regions have, on occasion, been of use to those who serve the Temple. Writing in 1729, Captain Georg von Gryphius recorded one such incident.

...until finally, in a ruined abbey, near the town of Wernhauser, the warlock, Melchior, ambushed us with a pack of monstrous wolves whose mangy rotten hides were as necrotic as his own. Brothers Stanislaus and Nicolai were both torn to shreds before my very eyes, and I had no choice but to flee. With the fell beasts bearing down on me, I drove my steed for all it was worth across the moonlit moors. The poor horse was already exhausted from our long journey south however and this final exertion was the last straw. It died beneath me and I found myself fleeing on foot towards a nearby grove of trees.

I scrambled beneath the shadowy boughs with the snarling wolves only yards behind. To my amazement, they came to a stop at the threshold of the wood and began howling with frustration. With a quick prayer of thanks, I shinned up the tallest tree I could find and waited for them to approach. To my joy, however, they were unable to come any closer. The festering beasts paced

angrily back and forth at the edge of the trees, glaring up at me with a baleful light in their eyes. An invisible barrier seemed to hold them back.

After a while I saw the slender, robed silhouette of Melchior striding out of the darkness towards me. He too seemed unable to enter the grove, and his pale decaying features twisted into a sneer. 'So,' he cried, levelling a skeletal finger at me, 'you seek the protection of the Agr!' The meaning of his words was lost on me, but the malevolent power in his voice filled me with dread.

'Be gone you fiend,' I cried, brandishing my sword at him, 'you dare not attack me. The power of Sigmar repels you!'

'Sigmar,' he laughed, 'that ape? He does not watch over you, little man. You can thank the Phoenix King for your life.' With that, he and his minions slipped back into the night and left me cowering with fear and confusion in the treetops.

I spent a dreadful sleepless night in that sinister wood. The necromancer's words had filled me with dismay. What strange power had prevented him from following me into the trees? I could sense that the brooding ancient power surrounding me was of some

obscure, alien origin, but I was too afraid to leave its protection, until daybreak.

The next morning, I fled from that accursed place, and to this day, I do not know what strange deities were watching over me that night:

Running water

Many creatures of undeath find the sight of running water abhorrent and will not be able to cross a river or even a stream without the aid of a sturdy bridge.

Thresholds

It is impossible for most vampires to cross the threshold of a property without being first invited in by the inhabitant. This is not as powerful a deterrent as might be imagined however, as these princes of the undead are usually compelling and cunning sorcerers, who can easily drag an invitation from all but the most strong-minded individuals.

Black Roses of Morr

The petals of these sombre flowers are used by the priests of Morr in many of their funeral rites, and are only found within their gardens of remembrance. They can be distilled into a potent perfume, which when worn has been known to repel the creatures of undeath.

Methods of detection and infiltration

In many cases, the predations of a vampire leave unmistakable clues, and an experienced servant of the Temple will find no problem in spotting the threat. Here are a few of the most common indicators that a region is at risk from the minions of Nagash:

~ The recent disturbance of tombs, gardens of Morr, family burial plots or any other places of rest.

~ Inexplicable disappearances that cannot be explained by the activities of wolves or other wild beasts – especially where victims appear to have been dragged from their beds in the dead of night:

~ Individuals who have little or no appetite for food or drink, but still seem hale and fit.

~ Individuals who shun the daylight and upon emerging in the evenings, have a pale and unwholesome appearance.

(Admittedly, a description which applies to most members of the



Fig VI Black Rose of Morr

Imperial nobility, but we cannot execute them all.)

~ An abundance of garlic, dæmonbane, rowan wood and items of faith on the lintels and eaves of houses.

~ The presence of fairs, travelling companies, troupes of mummers and other roaming peoples (such as the Strigany). The gaudy performances and mournful ballads of these strange folk may mask more sinister activities.

~ The carcasses of animals who appear to have been deprived of oddly specific parts of their anatomy: crows whose feet have been removed etc. These may be an indication that a necromancer's lackeys are gathering the ingredients required for one of his invocations.

Masquerades

It is possible, with skill and great strength of nerve, to masquerade as an undead wretch and infiltrate the cults and cabals of necromancers. Only the bravest and most experienced brethren should attempt this however, as the consequences of failure are truly terrible to consider.

In 1926, brother Hugo Schüzzelwanst wrote to the Grand Theogonist explaining the techniques he had used to infiltrate a cabal of

necromancers operating from beneath the college of the Amethyst Order of Magic in Altdorf.

Most Serene Highness, Right Honourable Protector of the Faith and Gracious Guardian of the Empire's One True Church, I offer my humble and obedient service, and hope that this missive finds you fit and well.

Late last year, it came to my attention that within our own fair city of Altdorf, a coven of foul heretics had ensconced itself within the grounds of one of the colleges of magic. Beneath the reading rooms and refectories of the Amethyst Order, unholy invocations had been muttered in the dark name of Nagash himself. I, with the aid of brother Andreas Stuardus, infiltrated this sect and obtained proof of the heresy of the Magister known as Jacob Mormius. Mormius had become no more than a rotting parody of life, but it was only through the use of strange sublimes and lotions that we were able to gain access to his innermost chambers to find proof of his heresy – and state of undead.

It occurred to me that the techniques we employed may be of use in further such investigations, and I have set down below the methods we employed:

To Give one's Flesh the Unnatural Pallor of Undeath

Take two ounces each of finely-flaked Parravonian soap, lily bulbs, adder's tongues, white lead (that has been washed repeatedly with rose water); ground flour and shelled sweet-almond kernels. Heat in a bread oven until the mixture is baked. Then take one ounce of Arabyan gum and powdered porcelain, grind them together with the urine of a horse and mix together with the other ingredients along with mortar dust from the stone of a necropolis. Steep the whole mixture in stagnant water and smear over the body — ensuring to cover every inch of the skin. Then retire to bed and allow the salve to be absorbed into the flesh. Upon waking, the wearer will find that he is shunned by all right-thinking folk, but may move freely amidst the ranks of the damned, without detection.

To Blacken the Teeth and Weaken the Hair

Lord Marullus of Stirland used to scare the young serving girls of his household every Hexensnacht with this composition (created for him by his inventive chamberlain). We spent many hours interrogating Marullus (to make sure he was not guilty of



Fig VII The restless dead

any true heresy) and I hear that since that time he no longer sees the humour in impersonating zombies and ghouls. Amidst his screams for clemency, we managed to obtain this useful recipe however, which gives the wearer the uncanny appearance of undeath.

Take half a pound each of the sap of meadow herb and toadflax, three ounces of the juice of green walnuts, a pound of sheep fat, and saturate with two ounces each of rock alum, vinegar and ash. Smear the mixture over the teeth, hair and nails and retire to bed. Upon waking, the user's teeth and nails will have acquired a rotten, blackened appearance and much of their hair

will fall away to leave only a few thin greasy strands.

I hope, lord, that that these simple techniques may be of use to other agents of the Temple and I look forward to giving you a more detailed explanation of our endeavours on my return to Altdorf.

Your obedient servant,

~ Hugo Schüzzelwanst

Brother Schüzzelwanst's techniques did indeed prove useful and over the years, the scribes of our order have added to his notes. There are now several lengthy treatises on the imitation of undeath in the library of the Great Temple.

Methods of subjugation and trial

As well as the methods listed under 'Devices and signs believed to repel the undead', there are several other techniques known to subdue the creatures of the night: If a vampire's lair can be safely reached during daylight hours, for example, it is possible to seal the creature in its coffin – either by hammering it shut with silver nails, or by placing the coffin in an area surrounded by running water. Equally, an agent of the Temple may take a stake of rowan

wood and drive it through the heart of the creature. To fully ensure the beast's demise however, it is important to remove the head and heart, divide all the major organs into four, burn the remains in three different locations using a pyre of rowan wood, perform the rites of excommunication, raze the creature's dwelling place to the ground and have the scorched earth re-consecrated by a priest. (This method has been simplified for the sake of expediency – for a more comprehensive version see Burkhard's exhaustive work, *Peace for the Damned*.)

Execution

The formal methods of execution described in chapter two are rarely possible when confronting beings whose existence is nothing more than a grim mockery of life. The public displays of punishment that are so useful when suppressing witchcraft and heresy must be laid aside in the face of these maggot-ridden horrors. No witness statements are required before a horde of shambling revenants, and few Lords Justice would demand trials for such monsters. Fire, silver and faith are the only tools you need. Act quickly and with certainty, or you may find yourself joining the ranks of those you seek to destroy.

THE WITCH HUNTER'S HANDBOOK



CHAOS CULTIST

CHAPTER IV

Concerning Chaos Cults

To those of sound mind, it may seem incomprehensible that anyone would wish to devote their lives to the worship of the Ruinous Powers. To be a member of a Chaos cult is to embrace mental and physical ruin, and to abandon any trace of morality. These damned supplicants consider no crime too heinous in the service of their cruel masters. In fact, the crueler and more perverse the deed, the more likely it is that they may succeed in their ultimate goal: to become a daemon themselves. However, the motives of these adherents are not so far removed from ordinary human ambition. They seek a quick route to power, through whatever means possible. With

their dark rituals and ancient mysteries, they can achieve great wealth and influence — often ascending through the ranks of honest society as they hide behind their thin mask of normality. Eventually, however, the corruption within becomes corruption without. Over time, the acolytes of these wretched cabals become physically warped by the terrible forces channeling through them. To the watchful brethren of this order there are many signs and clues that point to a cultist's dark worship.

Embedded, as they are, in our own cities and towns, the cults themselves are incredibly difficult to discover and pose one of the order's greatest challenges. In combating these

sects, agents of the Temple will often spend years monitoring apparently innocent fraternities, patiently sifting through their correspondence and maybe even becoming members themselves. The secretive nature of these organisations is such that, to bring them to justice usually takes years of delicate subterfuge and information gathering. Once guilt is confirmed however, there can be no mercy for these lost souls; whether they are aware of their heresy or not, the only cure is excommunication and death.

An Overview of the Dark Cults

I have neither the space, nor inclination to discuss the Chaos Powers and their acolytes in any great detail, so what follows is nothing more than a brief summary of their foul practices. I would direct those who wish to know more to the words of Richter Kless, and his *Liber Chaotica* in particular; I would advise caution, however, when viewing those dark tracts.* I shall use this chapter to outline the cults I consider to be the greatest threat to the Empire and to describe the infil-

tration, subjugation and destruction of these unholy societies. Most cults fall into one of these five categories:

Aesthetic Cults

The single-minded and obsessive nature of the artist has provided mankind with some of its greatest achievements. Such obsessions can, however, drive men to heretical lengths in their quest to surpass their peers. Some of the Empire's most famous musicians and architects gained their abilities through the patronage of the Dark Gods, and I personally always view artists with great circumspection.

Blood Cults

The pursuit of martial prowess and a desire for righteous bloodshed is a natural and healthy ambition for any young man. Unfortunately, agents of the Ruinous Powers seek to take advantage of this desire for military excellence, twisting the devout minds of pious men into an unnatural lust for blood and violence. Many apparently proud and virtuous military training institutions have become aligned with the Chaos god known

* It is not just the content of these books which is dangerous. In an act of typically perverse mischief, the Sleeper Wakened cultists are known to have printed their own editions of the *Liber Chaotica*. In an attempt to corrupt honest scholars, they made several exact facsimiles of the edition produced by Johannes Innsbrook, with one imperceptible difference: the ink used is a mixture of wyrdstone powder and wine. Several innocent scribes have unwittingly handled these cursed books and been consumed with heretical thoughts and violent visions.

as Kharneth, or Khorne, bringing impurity and dissipation into the ranks of some of our proudest Imperial regiments, and knightly orders.

Corruption Cults

To those whose dark masters have granted them unnatural 'gifts' of mutation, the simple routines of daily life can become extremely difficult. Hiding their grotesque transformed bodies beneath thick robes, they seek the company of those similarly afflicted; banding together in impromptu societies and clubs, so that they may revel in their perverse

afflictions without fear of rejection. Often, these revolting societies seek to increase their numbers by attempting to abduct untainted innocents, infecting them with their foul maledictions.

Death Cults

The corruption and mutation of some acolytes becomes so great that even they cannot escape the fact of their own impending death. Upon realising that they are doomed, these contemptible villains are left with only one pleasure: to drag others towards the same fate. With no chance of survival, they show no fear or



Fig 1 Chaos-cultist (note that his hairstyle is a deliberate mockery of Sigmar's Comet)

remorse as they seek to murder, corrupt and infect the people around them. Their violence and depravation knows no bounds and some even believe that if their crimes are horrific enough, their Chaos lord will prolong their pitiful existence for a little while longer.

Pleasure Cults

Libertines, hedonists and sensualists are naturally drawn to each other, and their orgiastic fraternities litter the Empire. Those of a devout temperament will feel a natural revulsion towards all such cliques, but it is important to distinguish between the amoral pursuits of the idle rich and the machinations of the Dark Powers. What begin as licentious orgies may, in time, become concerted efforts at sacrilegious communication with creatures from the Forbidden Realms.

Cults known to be currently active

Find a quiet corner of any inn in the land and you will soon hear tales of shadowy magi and secret societies. The fevered imaginations of the peasantry constantly drive them to wild speculation and their conversation is littered with tales of cults and

sorcerers. Half the names they whisper will be no more than innocent clubs and fraternities however. An agent of the Temple must see through this smokescreen of paranoid superstition and learn to separate fact from fear-induced fiction. From across the Empire, our network of spies and informers brings us news of cult activity and our scribes constantly update our records with the names of hundreds of blasphemous cabals. The list below is no more than a brief taste of the horrors that lurk behind the walls of our cities and towns.

The Puritans of Adelina

The Puritans of Adelina cult is a collection of valets, servants and royal secretaries who seek to 'cleanse' the Imperial nobility by administering slow-acting poisons to those whom they consider impure. Their activities went unnoticed for decades, as their aristocratic prey often appeared to be victims of nothing more than their own over-indulgent lifestyles, but when the Margrave of Regenbogen expired in a bizarrely spectacular fashion*, the extent of the cult's activities was revealed. We have since discovered that the source of the (now widespread) cult lies in

* The Margrave combusted whilst hunting deer. His torso literally exploded, showering the nearby Duke of Nesselbach with perfumed blue powder.



Fig II Slaaneshi cultist

communion with the Dark Gods, she became a powerful magi, filling like-minded servants with hatred for their noble masters. Certainly, several murderous wretches have claimed allegiance to Adelina's cult as I committed them to the pyre — crying out the Puritans' motto as they burned: 'Justice, for the pure of heart!'

The Oberhau (The cut from below)

The fencing society known as the Oberhau is one of Nuln's oldest and most secretive institutions. It was established over three centuries ago by the revered swordsman, Hans Liechtenauer. In his day, Liechtenauer was a duellist of unparalleled excellence. It is claimed that his flashing blade felled over twelve hundred men in single combat. In fact, such was the daring nature of his exploits that many ballads and poems were dedicated to his memory. In the hills south of Salzenmund, a crumbling marble likeness of Liechtenauer can still be found, rearing proudly out of a clump of gorse bushes with a rakish grin on its weather-beaten face. The statue commemorates the day he saved the Elector Count's honour by slaying fifteen elven champions in turn.

In the centuries since his death, Liechtenauer's memory has been kept alive by the members of the

a simple case of spurned affection. Over a century ago, the baron of Kroppenleben, in Wissenland, had a brief and perfectly innocent romantic liaison with one of his wife's handmaidens, Adelina Melman. The affair lasted for a few months; until the baron tired of the girl and directed his affections elsewhere. The perverse girl took umbrage at this however, and began to poison her lord's meals. Six months later the baron passed away, apparently due to natural causes, but Adelina's hunger for vengeance did not stop there. I now believe that through



Fig III Masquer's disguise

obtained through a pact with the Dark Gods, and upon reaching the highest echelons of the Oberhau, the school's members must enter into the same pact — selling their very soul to the Blood God, Khorne, so that they may achieve unnatural levels of martial excellence. Initiates are often unaware of the Dark Master they serve, because the preceptors of the order delude new inductees by claiming that the society pays tribute to Myrmidia.

The Black Masque

Oberhau. At their school in Nuln, they study and hone the techniques he developed, constantly on the lookout for chances to display their graceful, deadly skills. The society guards its secrecy closely, but nobles considered worthy may be offered membership and a chance to be inducted into to this ancient fraternity.

Few suspect that the society's secrecy is due to anything more than simple elitism, but the truth of the matter is far more sinister. Liechtenauer's skills were never achieved through mere mortal powers. His speed and agility were

With their fanfares and pageants, the players of the Black Masque are welcomed in most towns as a pleasant diversion from the harsh realities of life. They arrive at nightfall, already dressed in their gaudy leering comical masks, and immediately begin their lewd, unwholesome performances. With dancing, music, mime and theatrics, they whip their audience into a frenzy of wild abandon. By the time the masquers remove their disguises, the crowd is too confused and dazzled by the show to notice that the faces beneath the masks are even more grotesque and mutated. As the music becomes more frenzied and the final dance begins, the magus reveals himself and begins to chant his spells of corruption. The dazed audience takes this for part of the

show and chants along with him, unwittingly taking part in his heretical catechism. The fate of the audience is then sealed. On the following morning they don masks of their own and join the troupe of lost souls as it heads off to its next appearance.

Ahalt the Drinker

Although not specifically a Chaos cult, the followers of Ahalt the Drinker nevertheless indulge in forbidden worship and practice utterly depraved sacraments. Ahalt is one of the many old, forbidden gods still worshipped in the outlying regions of the Empire. The simple rural folk who name themselves his followers indulge in human sacrifice and other gruesome blood rites. The cult is particularly prevalent in the provinces of Wissenland and Sylvania. City folk, unsure of their bearings, have been known to stumble across the cult's sanguine rites and find themselves unwitting prey in 'The Great Hunt'.

The Twelve Dancers

In the heart of Gryphon's Wood, in the northern regions of Ostermark, the spires of strange and ancient temples rear gracefully from the tree-tops. Most travellers take little notice of these crumbling ruins — their age and state of disrepair are so great that they are of little use even

as shelter from the constant rain that blights the dreary province. Each year however, on the eve of Geheimnistag, the cult of the Twelve Dancers meets at one of these shattered temples to perform its unholy rites.

The origins of the cult are as mysterious as that of the ruins themselves. The acolytes believe themselves blessed by a crow-like deity they call Hrwbhaal and their obscure rituals culminate with a dance in which twelve 'chosen' ascend the tower after being smeared with tar and black feathers. Upon reaching the spire's pinnacle the 'chosen' perform a lewd dance and then fling themselves into the night air. The cultists believe that if one of the dancers reaches the ground safely he is Hrwbhaal incarnate and will lead them in a great, bloody crusade. Fortunately, the height of the ruins is such that no dancer has yet survived the fall.

The Yellow Fang

The shadowy backstreets and foetid sewers that wind through our cities are home to all manner of secrets and enigmas. A wise citizen will not peer too hard into the darkness as he rushes by, but a servant of the Temple must be ever vigilant — scouting the gloomiest streets and waterways for the corruption that

lurks in the darkness. We have long been aware of a race of hideous, sentient, humanoid rats that haunts our cities — weaving strange spells in the sewers and plotting to overthrow mankind. As if these foul abominations weren't enough, there are also several human cults devoted to aiding them in their bloodthirsty schemes. The cult of the Yellow Fang is one such society. These twisted, wretched souls are even believed to be operating within our own fair city of Altdorf. Whether you are facing a deluded acolyte, or even one of the terrifying ratmen, the only defence is the cleansing power of flame.

The Sleeper Wakened

Bechafen, the capital of Ostermark, is a grim unlovable place where heresy and sacrilege seem to have become a way of life. Our chapter house is located right in the town's centre and its braziers and pyres are rarely cold. Of the many threats lurking behind the walls of that gloomy settlement, The Sleeper Wakened cult is possibly the most insidious: a group of scribes, scholars and printers who devote their whole lives to the production of heretical literature, they produce and distribute countless texts designed to spread perverse creeds and heretical dogmas. This is not the extent of their heresy; they also print carefully

made facsimiles of seemingly innocent texts that are imbued with Chaos enchantments.

Through the use of grisly, unholy rites they literally soak the pages and ink of the books with dark magic. The apparently harmless tomes are then delivered to honest scholars around the Empire who, upon reading the texts, become damned themselves. The minds of these innocent recipients are quickly shattered and twisted by the cursed volumes, and those that do not take their own lives, eventually become acolytes of the cult that destroyed them.

Red Crown

A terrifying horde of mutants and beastmen, unified under the banner of a Tzeentchian sorcerer operating out of Altdorf.

The Captains of Murakash

In the crowded seaport of Dietershafen, people whisper gruesome tales of the Captains of Murakash. These treacherous mariners infiltrate the crews of honest ships and once at sea they mutiny in the name of their bloodthirsty lord, Murakash. They then sail north into the Chaos Wastes with their terrified captives who are never seen again. Our investigations into the cult have so far proved fruitless. Brother

Wechster of Dietershafen believes that Murakash was once a captain in the Imperial Navy, whose ship was last sighted several centuries ago, heading north towards Erengard, but beyond that, we know nothing. The aims and structure of this damned cult are still a complete mystery.

Crimson Skulls

This is a Khorne-worshipping cult that consists of warriors who have embedded themselves in some of our proudest military organisations, with the intention of corrupting them from within.

The Sweetest Kiss

Village idiots who cavort with mutants and beastmen whenever Morrslieb is full.

Ariasanism

A coven of heretics who claim that Sigmar was nothing but a puppet of the Dark Gods, although suppressed many centuries ago, they have recently resurfaced in Averheim.

Daughters of the Triptychon

Styling themselves as priestesses of Shallya, these venomous physicians are known to have been behind several recent uprisings of mutants in the city of Middenheim. Those poor souls unlucky enough to be treated



Fig IV Murakash's ship

by the Daughters are fed a potion of such bedevilment that they are immediately blighted with grotesque physical deformities. Within days, the mutated victims' minds are consumed with heresy and a lust for violence – leading them to commit crimes of a most disturbing nature. So far, the cult has been difficult to suppress, resulting in my recent request that we be given free reign to interrogate any and all worshippers of Shallya. (A request that has so far been inexplicably denied.) I believe that rather than worshipping one single Chaos god, this cult is actually aligned with three separate dark powers.

Children of Doom

Worshippers of the Chaos entity known as the Be'la'krothogor.

Followers of the Foetid Maw

A minor Nurgle-worshipping cult based in Wolfenburg.

The Cult of the Purple Hand

A powerful organisation devoted to worshipping the Lord of Change: Tzeentch. This sprawling network of sorcerers and their acolytes are not only the driving force behind many of the Empire's criminal fraternities, but have also infiltrated the Cults of Utric and Sigmar. Fortunately, we have many agents embedded within their covens and have foiled many of their convoluted plots.

Apostles of Truth

A society of Imperial nobles who hold heretical beliefs concerning the divinity of Our Lord Sigmar. They are, without a doubt, worshippers of the Ruinous Powers, and I am reliably informed by Lord Gamow that we are only months away from revealing the full extent of their heresy.

Brass Sisters

Widows of fallen warriors whose despair has driven them to Chaos worship.

The Cabal of Egrimm van Horstmann

The Magisters of the Eight Colleges hide their heretical communion with the Realms of Chaos behind an increasingly thin veneer of respectability. Their hold over the dark powers they wield is tenuous in the extreme. On occasion, their experiments lead to catastrophes of such magnitude that even they cannot disguise the danger they pose. Horstmann was a Patriarch of the College of Light whose deranged witchcraft was of such blatant apostasy that even his own colleagues were forced to disown him. They banished him to the Chaos Wastes, where to this day he dwells: a dark puppet master, who plots, schemes and dreams of the world's ruin — all in the name of his lord, Tzeentch. His cabal of followers is the true power behind many other Chaos cults, and his arrogance has grown so great that the Cabal has become less a secret cult and more like an army, regularly leading great hordes of unimaginable horrors in open combat with our own soldiers.

Sybarites

An ancient society of perverse hedonists based in Nuln. These Slaanesh-worshipping fools seek pleasure and experience, whatever the cost to their immortal souls.

The Bleak Society

A Slaaneshi cult whose desire to increase their knowledge of strange esoteric texts has led them down the dark path towards damnation.

Devices and signs of the Ruinous Powers

The ultimate goal of a Chaos cult's magus will always be the same: ascension to a higher plane of being, that he may better serve his malevolent lord. This may result in 'gifts' of mutation, unnatural powers or other signs that he is more than just an intemperate fop, or diseased

wretch. Members of our order must learn to spot these signs, however well hidden. If a principal member of an organisation becomes reluctant to reveal himself publicly, it may be that he is a powerful magus, whose mutations have become so apparent that he can no longer present himself directly to his acolytes. The vigilant witch hunter must learn to spot these changes, however well hidden (see my notes on mutants in Chapter V). There are also many symbols associated with their various rites and rituals which one must always be alert for.



Fig V. Symbols denoting a Chaos ritual

Infiltration and evidence gathering

Phrenology

The brain is made up of several different organs, which determine our various weaknesses and strengths. Each of these organs is prone to corruptions of a unique nature and through dissection of a suspected heretic's head it is possible to determine not just heresy, but the specific form of heresy with which he is afflicted. This diagram is one of many included in Gustav Kunstler's invaluable treatise on the subject.

Kunstler was one of the foremost proponents of surgical questioning until his death in 1822 at the hands of one of his own subjects. His complete works can be found in the library of our Nuln chapter house



Fig VI Kunstler's phrenology head

and are an ideal starting point for anyone wishing to study this fascinating science. He also wrote several interesting essays on physiognomy, a technique by which it is possible to spot flaws in the soul by studying the imperfections of the face. Here are a few recommended texts:

- ~ *The Anatomy of Corruption*
- ~ *Medical Devices in the Suppression of Unholy Thought*
- ~ *The Tonsure of Slaanesh & other Impious Styles of Hair Growth*
- ~ *Unsightly or Ungodly?*

An apprentice of Kunstler, by the name of Schaefer, developed his master's studies further. He observed that the palms and fingers of heretics displayed certain similar – and damning – attributes. During the course of his studies, Schaefer famously became obsessed with the subject – to the extent that he developed several eccentricities concerning his own hands. He took to wearing gloves at all times, even while he slept, and eventually, for no explicable reason, had his hands amputated and replaced with hooks. This was no impediment to his studies however, and he produced several useful works detailing the science he christened 'palmarium'. Here is an

illustration of some of the basic indicators of heresy that may be discovered on a cultist's palm.



Fig VII Schaefer's diagram of a cultist's palm

Rituals of Purification

A servant of the Temple will spend a great deal of time in the proximity of impious behaviour, heretical thought and corrupted flesh. It is essential therefore, especially when attempting to infiltrate Chaos cults, to maintain a strict regime of self-mortification. True purity of mind and body can only be guaranteed if we genuinely and regularly suffer for our faith. It is essential therefore that these acts of rituals are practised with enthusiasm and vigour.

~ The daily beating of ones arms and legs with a crop of leather and rowan wood.

~ Bathing in holy water to which salt and small pieces of blessed flint have been added. (It is important to scrub the skin and hair vigorously with the salt and stones to remove any possible taint of Chaos.)

~ Fasting. When dealing directly with heretics and mutants, the brethren should abstain from all meat, as the Chaos taint has been known to pass into the flesh of animals. (The wearing of a locked cage over the head can be a useful aid during a fast.)

~ The wearing of hairshirts. As a matter of course, members of this order are expected to wear their hairshirt at all times. Its rough texture sloughs away the



Fig VIII Purification crop

spores of corruption and reminds us of the pain endured by Sigmar in our name.

- ~ The daily reading of Sigmarite scriptures. It is essential for brothers of the Temple to remind themselves of Sigmar's teachings on a daily basis, so that they may take strength from His words as they face the subtle and tantalising enticements of the Dark Gods.
- ~ Daily routines of self-examination. As we are taught during

our training, it is essential that we regularly examine our own bodies and minds for any trace of corruption or mutation – and this is especially important when dealing with Chaos cults. Several signs can indicate that one's own purity may have been compromised: blackening of the finger nails, bloodshot eyes, jaundiced or flaky skin, hair growth on the palms, unpleasant odours on the breath, an aversion to sunlight; lustful thoughts regarding members of the female sex, feelings of pity and empathy; aversion to the sight of blood, an unnatural enjoyment of the rituals of purification and so on. For a more comprehensive list, I would recommend Brother Hildebrandt's fascinating essay: *Sackcloth, Ashes & the Virtue of Pain*.



Fig IX Ritual of purification

The Employment of Heretics

As described above, there are many inherent dangers when attempting to infiltrate cabals of a heretical nature. It is, therefore, sometimes useful to employ the followers of the Ruinous Powers in the destruction of their own kind. In the cells beneath our Great Temple in Altdorf, many

cursed abominations are permitted to live, despite their obvious corruption, so that they may be given certain tasks. Some of these poor deluded wretches can be convinced that by doing our bidding, they will be granted a reprieve and be forgiven for their previous misdemeanours. This is, of course far from the truth: if anything, after allowing themselves to be initiated into another cult, even at our request, they will be even more deserving of death and excommunication. Any information gained through this method must be treated with the utmost circumspection, however. Many are the times we have been misled by these repulsive agents – either through deliberate betrayal, or false information passed through them after their subterfuge has been discovered.

The Cloaked Brothers

Members of the organisation known as the Cloaked Brothers are often mistakenly confused for agents or affiliates of the Temple; but this is far from the truth. The Cloaked Brothers follow an entirely separate and possibly heretical creed from our own. They have however, proved to be useful informants in the past so, for the time being at least, we have permitted the society to continue with its mysterious activities.

Methods of trial and sentencing

In cases where corruption is not immediately obvious – no physical deformities etc. – then I would recommend using the same techniques described in Chapter II, under the heading: Obtaining a Confession. Equally, many of the trials by ordeal described in that chapter are also suitable when attempting to prove the guilt of a suspected cultist. In some cases, however, a trial of any sort may not be possible. When faced with a being whose body and soul have been warped beyond all recognition, an officer of the Temple's first duty is to put an end to its revolting existence... and worry about any legal ramifications later on.

Execution

Wherever possible, cultists should be executed with the formal, public displays described in Chapter II. The sight of a grotesque mutant, howling with pain as the flames engulf him, is the kind of potent image that will remain lodged in the minds of an audience for the rest of their lives. It is a forceful reminder of the dangers of secret societies and any form of worship that follows a creed not directly prescribed by the Grand Theogonist.

THE WITCH HUNTER'S HANDBOOK



CHAOS BEASTMAN

CHAPTER V

Concerning Mutants

Through deliberate communion with the Rainous Powers, unintentional contact with the contagions of Nurgle or just plain bad luck, individuals are regularly, irrevocably and sickeningly transformed by the unholy forces of Chaos.

The first signs of damnation may be so slight as to be barely noticeable — a collection of sores on the elbow, or a persistent odour in the nostrils — but the afflicted invariably knows, even during the early stages, that no mere pox ails him. From my long conversations with the damned, I have learnt that a feeling of perverse pleasure usually accompanies these first markers on the road to ruin. Soon, the signs become irrefutable: limbs that

start to elongate, skin that begins to change hue, serpentine appendages that sprout from the flesh and perverse thoughts that seem to arrive fully formed in the mind.

At this stage, the more cunning mutants disguise the marks of their heresy beneath thick clothes or find a secluded, remote area in which to hide and this is when the real danger arises. Left to fester and grow, these hideous monstrosities develop unnatural powers and form unholy allegiances with others as vile as themselves. To compound the problem, horrified parents leave tiny, drooling daemon-spawn in woodland clearings, because they lack the faith to hand over their grotesque off-



Fig 1 Chaos beastman

spring to the church. Over time, these communes of obscenity may come into contact with roaming warherds of feral beastmen who, recognising the stench of corruption, allow the mutants to swell their already terrifying legions. In no time at all, a group of pitiful deformed wretches can become a ravening horde of unholy creations intent on the destruction of everything they encounter. Mutants can take little solace from their strength in numbers however — once the transformations have begun to wrack their bodies, their bitter end is already in sight. Their final destiny is a pitiful one:

very few reach the daemonhood they aspire to, ending their days as shapeless, pulsating lumps of Chaos; that have lost all trace of their former humanity. There can be only one solution to this plague of sacrilege: the iron fist of the Templars of Sigmar.

From my studies, I have perceived three distinct areas of mutation:

Metamorphosis of the Flesh

Of the three forms of mutation, this is the easiest to discern with the naked eye, as such grotesque perversions of the flesh are difficult to disguise. The variations are endless, but during my career, I have noted down several that seem to recur with great regularity:

Transformation of the skin

The skin of the afflicted may change hue, develop characteristics of another race, such as feathers, scales, or the shells of crustaceans; or even become rotten, diseased and necrotic.

Elongation of limbs

At first, the limbs simply grow longer, but then they also develop extra joints, which have a hideous arachnid quality to them.

Multiplication of body parts

Sometimes these growths are no more than an extra finger, or a tiny with-

ered hand that sprouts from the armpit; at other times, mutants grow limbs so numerous that their bodies disappear behind a thrashing mass of arms and legs, or even develop an extra head that sits next to their original one.

Bestiality

It seems to appeal to the strange whims of the Dark Powers to meld the human with the animal. The warherds of beastmen that roam the countryside are an unfortunately common sight; but these horned, bovine horrors are only one example of the problem. I have seen, or heard of, many shocking variations on this theme: hawk-like beaks that sprout from the face, webbed feet, limbs and tongues that metamorphose into serpents, pale papery wings that emerge from between the shoulder blades and so on.

Metamorphosis of the Intellect

Far less discernible than physical mutations are the subtle distortions of a mutant's mind. To the outside world, these heretics may still appear largely unchanged, but the experienced servant of the Temple must learn to spot heresy — however well hidden. The afflicted may simply develop odd cravings or traits that surprise those closest to them. For example, I once heard of an old

woman who developed a sudden inexplicable desire to crouch on her roof and throw sticks at passing children. These eccentricities are often mistaken for innocent maladies of the mind; but to me they indicate corruption as clearly as does a cloven hoof:

Metamorphosis of Power

Those who adopt their transformations with shameless relish are sometimes granted powers of an even more sinister nature. The Lords of Chaos reward their most faithful slaves with gifts of a more metaphysical nature. Mutants may develop an ability to channel the raw power of Chaos in a similar style to a sorcerer or necromancer. The foul magic they wield is rarely as controlled as that of a magister or magus; rather, it is a wild elemental force that is barely within their control.

Sources of Corruption

Many are the ways in which the witless may fall into the lap of the Chaos powers. The tendrils of corruption snake their way into every inch of the Empire and it takes great presence of mind to avoid their clutches. The risks are even greater for servants of the Temple; due to our regular close proximity to mutation and heresy, so I thought it prudent to outline some of the most common sources of Chaos taint:

Tainted Realms

Certain places have endured such terrible atrocities that the very earth becomes soaked with the raw power of Chaos. Anyone unlucky enough to travel unwittingly through these sad regions will be in danger of corruption by the ancient evil that lingers there.

The most obvious example of these cursed regions would of course be the Chaos Wastes themselves, where whole continents have been twisted and corrupted beyond recognition by the Ruinous Powers. There are, however, many sites closer to hand, within the heart of our own Empire, which are equally strange and dangerous: whole cities such as Praag, or the lost city of Mordheim; secret temples of dark worship constructed by the Chaos cults, the resting places of daemons and other powerful minions of the Chaos powers; and sites that saw the execution of potent magi.

To purge these sites of taint there are several statutes which must be obeyed. Any man-made structures must be levelled to the ground and any natural features should be immediately torched. The ground should be sprinkled with holy water and Sigmarite icons (either a silver hammer, or an image of the twin-tailed comet) should be placed at each of the four compass points, as the rites

listed in Hs137f. of the Deus Sigmar are read aloud. In the case of tainted burial sites, the corrupted remains should be exhumed, dismembered, burnt and scattered as far from the site as possible.

Wyrdstone

Many legends are told concerning the origin of this malignant substance, but the truth seems obvious to me: it is a physical manifestation of Chaos that was formed by the Dark Gods themselves – doubtless intended as a weapon for their deluded minions. Its power for evil is almost without parallel. It corrupts the flesh of anyone who spends much time near to it. Despite this, there are countless fools who actively seek out wyrdstone, in the misguided belief that they can utilise its horrendous power for their own ends.

'Accidental' contamination and contamination by birth

In some cases it has been suggested that innocent bodies may be afflicted unknowingly by Chaos: victims of the Rot, the poor unfortunates born destined to become beastmen (turnskins as they're known) and those who are contaminated during combat with the warherds for example. I refute this claim. Any mark of mutation is due to a lack of inner faith and the physical method by which it was

obtained is irrelevant. Members of this order should show no pity or mercy towards anyone touched by the hand of the Dark Gods.



Fig II Bestigor

Cult activity

Perverse as it may seem, there are many individuals in our society who actively seek 'gifts' of mutation from the Chaos Powers. As discussed in Chapter IV, the magi of cults who indulge in forbidden worship grow in deformity as they grow in unholy power. It is not just the magi and their acolytes who are affected though, many cults' ultimate aim is the corruption of all mankind – presumably so that their own heresy may seem less damning.

Johannes Altmann's *Liber Monstrorum*

Several centuries ago, a traveller by the name of Johannes Altmann wrote a very popular account of his adventures, in which he recounted his journeys through many distant lands, including far Cathay and Ind. He also described the strange and wonderful creatures he claimed to have studied during his travels: beings which we would now describe as Chaos mutations. Modern day scholars have since discredited Altmann's book, claiming that he never travelled any further than his mother's library in Bogenhafen, but many of the creatures he named are undeniably real – I have beheld several of them with my own eyes – so I feel his *Liber Monstrorum* is still

of value, even if its author was something of a mountebank. I shall not transcribe his entire bestiary, as my mind, but here is a brief sample:

Abarimon

A man whose feet face the wrong direction; granting him the ability to confuse those attempting to track him.

Amphisbaena

A venomous two-headed serpent with the scaled feet of a chicken and great feathered wings.

Bargtjes

A monstrous oversized hound, almost as large as a stallion.

Bestigor

The largest and most powerful warriors of the beastmen warherds.

Bishop-fish

A grotesque man-sized fish with the face and tonsured head of a monk.

Blemmyai

A headless man whose face is embedded in his chest.

Catoblepas

A large scaled bovine creature.

Centigor

A beastman whose body is half horse and half wolf.

Chimera

A huge, vicious beast with the body of a she-goat, the tail of a dragon and the head of a lion.

Cynocephales

A man with the head and feet of a hound.

Draug

An undead mariner, whose head consists of a swirling mass of seaweed tendrils.

Ellyon

A man of such small stature (less than an inch) that he may crawl unseen through blades of grass.

Fenbeast of Albion

A shambling swamp-dwelling monster constructed of rotting vegetation.

Gor

A powerful warrior with the head and legs of a goat.

Gorgon

A vicious female whose hair is a nest of deadly serpents.

Huldra

A naked woman who from the front appears incredibly beautiful, but from behind

is seen to be a hollow shell made of rotten wood.

Indrik

A tall, powerful warrior, with large twisted goat horns protruding from his forehead.

Leucrota

A stag-like creature that talks constantly with a human voice, through a mouth so wide that it reaches all the way back to its ears.

Minotaur

A towering ogre with the head and legs of a bull.

Opinicus

A giant winged lion with the head of a griffon.

Sciapod

A one-legged man whose single foot is so unnaturally large that it can be used as a shade from the sun.

Sleipnir

An eight-legged horse with the power of human speech.

Ungor

A man with the hindquarters of a goat and small horns sprouting from his head.

Nurgle's Rot

Of all the many foul taints of mutation that have cursed mankind, the disease known as Neiglish Rot, The Plague of Onogal, Curse of Nyrgal or Nurgle's Rot is possibly the most widespread and the best known. This foetid wave of corruption has spread unhindered though our society since before records began, and even now, its grotesque transformations are a common site in many of the more populous parts of the Empire.

Signs of the Rot

There are many strange beliefs and customs regarding the spread of plague. With their simple, unenlightened worldview, the peasantry place their faith in various preventative measures, believing that pleasant odours and muttered oaths will save them from infection. Most of these beliefs are of course utter bunkum, but they are useful to members of this order as warning signs that a community has recently been afflicted with Chaos taint. Also, there are a few of these remedies that may actually be useful forms of protection, even for the more learned amongst us.

Pomanders

A hollow ornamental ball worn around the neck and filled with a potent mixture of sweet smelling

herbs and spices, such as mallow, nettles and mint. The idea that Chaos taint can be warded off through the use of pleasant aromas is of course an infantile delusion, but as mentioned above, these devices are an important clue when seeking out sites of infection.

Phylacteries

These small leather cases are strapped to the forehead and the upper left arm. Each case contains small strips of parchment on which extracts of the Deus Sigmar have been transcribed. The close proximity of the holy passages is most effective in preventing the absorption of Chaos into the wearer's flesh and this powerful defense against corruption is prescribed to all of our brethren.

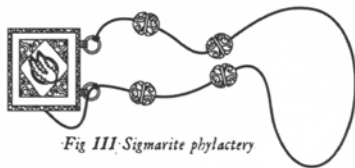


Fig III. Sigmarite phylactery

Cedar wood and pennyroyal

Many naïve souls believe that if they store their clothes each night in a chest made of cedar wood and sprinkle them with the petals of the pennyroyal flower, they can repel the gifts of Nyrgal. Often, they will also place some of the petals in their pockets in

the morning as they dress. I have no idea where this strange custom originates from, but its application seems to have no discernible effect. has recently been afflicted by Nurgle's curse. Many erroneously believe that the heady smells can drive out the Rot.

Daemonbane

A potent herb, believed by many to repel the Ruinous Powers in all their guises.

Rosemary, camphor and sulphur

The potent aroma that is produced when these substances are burned is a sure indicator that a community

The ringing of bells

The sound of Sigmarite worship, in particular the ringing of bells from a Sigmarite chapel or cathedral, is considered anathema to the Dark Powers. I believe there to be some worth in this idea. The pious music stirs the pride of all Sigmar-fearing folk and may, I believe, increase

CAPTAIN BRENNER'S ORDINANCES FOR SANITATION AND RELIGIOUS PURITY IN TIMES OF CHAOS INFESTATION

Wailing and other vocal demonstrations as a result of the execution of a diseased person are forbidden, and are to be punished in the first instance with stern admonishment, and in the second instance with execution by hanging.

Custodians of chapels and belltowers are to ensure that there is a constant and soothing ringing throughout the infestation.

The remains of the purged shall not be moved from the place of death until such time as they have been secured in a wooden casket, which has been sealed with nails to prevent the escape of harmful traces of Chaos infection.

Remains of the purged must be buried at a depth of no less than six feet, to prevent traces of infection escaping into the air.

Local gatekeepers and watchmen must ensure that no persons (of any status) shall leave the cordoned area. Penalty for failure to be execution by hanging.

No persons, including family members, to be allowed to return to the former dwelling place of the recently purged.

the spiritual fortitude of a community.

An absence of cats and dogs

A village or town devoid of cats and dogs is to be viewed with great suspicion. There is a belief amongst the idiot laity, that the corruptions of Nurgle creep amongst the fleas that inhabit the fur of these creatures; so they kill or chase away their pets in the misguided belief that this will save them from the Rot. Be alert for an absence of these creatures, for it may be an indication that the plague is abroad.

Beaked masks stuffed with herbs

This strange-looking headgear is often worn by those poor unfortunates tasked with removing the victims of plague. Although the Neiglish Rot rarely kills its victims, a community will often mistake the early stages of the Rot for one of the other forms of plague, so the sight of these sinister masks may imply that the town or village in question has been cursed with an outbreak of mutations.

Beastmen

There are no servants of the Dark Powers more numerous or savage than beastmen. In warherds of terrifying size, they emerge from the

darkest, most forbidding forests of the land to ravage our communities in the name of their false gods. With their feral war cries and brutal weapons, they make a daunting foe for anyone brave enough to face them. However, they are still creatures of flesh and blood, and a skilled hero of the Temple need show no fear in facing this grim threat. With the correct martial training, a knight of our order will easily outwit these brutish opponents.



Fig IV *Beastman*

There are countless, appalling forms a beastman might take — almost every combination of animal and man has been recorded — but within the Empire, there are a few breeds that appear to be most numerous: the goat and bull-headed

creatures known as ungors, bestigors, centigors, minotaur and such. These beasts are an unholy mixture of men, goats, wolves, horses and bulls. The smallest and most numerous are no more than men whose skin has sprouted a coarse greasy hide and whose legs have developed the hindquarters of a goat, whilst the most fearsome are towering bull-headed ogres that would dwarf a house.

Tracking and Stalking

In the gloomy, sinister forests they call home, it may seem a daunting task to find the camps and holy sites of the warherds; however, for those under the protection of Holy Sigmar, it should be possible to keep a cool head and use simple hard logic to hunt the beastmen to their lairs.

The study of animal droppings

Examine the contents, wetness, odour and temperature of droppings. If the excrement contains only the remains of vegetable matter, such as leaves and berries, then it will have been left by a natural beast; however, if it contains the remains of flesh, you should examine it more closely. By holding the bits of undigested meat up to the light; you may be able to ascertain whether it is of human origin. Also, examine the excrement closely for teeth, nails or

other indigestible body parts that may be human – the presence of these grim trophies will indicate that you may be on the trail of a beastman. If the droppings are dry then the creature that left them will most likely be far away, but if they are still moist, the beast may be near at hand. If the droppings are still warm and emitting a strong odour, then the beast is most likely very close by and it would be wise to ready one's weapons.

Clues found in riverbanks and puddles

Whilst it is hard to find tracks on hard dry ground, the damp soil near water will often reveal the passage of your prey.

The use of hides

If your investigations have led you to believe that beastmen are travelling regularly through a certain area of woodland, camouflage yourself within a den of leaves and bracken, and wait patiently for your prey to appear. Listen carefully for the sounds of breaking branches and harsh, guttural voices.

Keeping track of your progress

It is no use discovering a warherd's camp or herdstone if you then find yourself hopelessly lost in the heart of a forest with no way of returning

to civilisation; it is essential to memorise your route and keep track of landmarks at the same time as stalking your prey.

Avoiding detection

Despite the horrendous odours that emanate from a warherd, it is important to always keep downwind when stalking them. Their sense of smell is particularly attuned to the scent of human flesh.

Distinguishing beast from beastman

Here is a brief illustration of the more common beastmen tracks alongside animal tracks they could possibly be mistaken for:



Goat Ungor



Bull Bestigor



Horse Centigor



Eagle Harpy



Human Mutant



Wolf Cynocephales

Trial and sentencing

No formal trial would be necessary or possible for these carnivorous brutes. Their mere existence is an affront to all pious souls and the natural course of action will always be death by the quickest means possible.

Execution

Although they are powerful warriors, beastmen rarely possess powers of a metaphysical kind and no special techniques are required to slay them. Simple strength of arms will normally suffice. It is important however, to destroy the strange monoliths that mark their sites of worship as these accursed stones may harbour strange powers and act as a beacon to other warherds. They are often fiercely guarded by the bull-headed colossi known as minotaur, so a large force of well-trained men is usually required to successfully cleanse the area.

THE WITCH HUNTER'S HANDBOOK



DAEMON OF NURGLE

CHAPTER VI

Concerning Daemonic Possession

Legions of witless conjurers have wasted their entire lives committing acts of diabolism without ever summoning so much as a bad smell. One in a thousand however may, through sheer luck, invite something unspeakable into the world. Unlike the fell sorcerers found within the armies of the Dark Gods, these fools delude themselves that they are not servants of the Chaos Powers, but their keepers. They believe that through their wards, contracts, oaths and rituals they can temporarily bind unearthly spirits to their will, treating the monstrous denizens of the Realms of Chaos as mere servants or errand boys. This, of course, is absurd. Such terrible powers can never be truly

contained by magic, however strong, but few daemonologists live long enough to realise their mistake.

The disembodied powers daemonologists attempt to invoke are of a nature too terrible for a mortal mind to comprehend. More often than not, sorcerers perish at the first sight of a daemon, or they themselves become host to the infernal spirits they attempted to control. With their minds and souls utterly destroyed, these damned vessels of corruption return to normal society, appearing to the naked eye as simple mortal beings, when in fact the shell of their flesh has become a portal between the mortal realm and the screaming horrors of Chaos.

Clues and suggested routes of investigation

The rituals employed by daemonologists are too varied and numerous to list here; there are, however, certain clues we may look for when attempting to track down these doomed conjurors.

Pentagrams

A pentagram is a star consisting of five straight lines, so that its centre forms the shape of a pentagon. This geometric shape is often employed during rituals of daemonology. Sorcerers believe that remaining within the pentagon gives them protection from the powerful entities they hope to entice from the Chaos Realms. The five points are believed to represent Khorne, Nurgle, Tzeentch, Slaanesh and Chaos Undivided, and their position outside of the pentagram is alleged to forbid those powers entry to the inner part of the symbol. The sight of this icon, along with scrawled arcane sigils and obscure liturgical writings is a sure indicator that a practitioner of the diabolic arts has been present.

Unholy covenants

When investigating accusations of possession or daemonology, many naïve or junior Templars will begin their enquiries with known criminals

or other malcontents. I would suggest that a better starting point would be scribes, secretaries and clerks. Authors are invariably pallid, dull, unadventurous individuals – too self-absorbed to be dangerous in themselves; however, many have been unwittingly drafting and re-drafting unholy contracts for years without realising the terrible nature of their work. By commissioning bizarrely labyrinthine concordats, daemonologists attempt to ensnare daemons into their service. Often written in the Dark or Daemonic Tongue, they are usually hideously complex and can take many years to compose. Timid as they are, scribes are usually horrified to realise that they have been involved in any kind of mischief and will rarely have any qualms about naming the heretics who employed their services.

Human Sacrifice

Wherever a servant of the Temple is posted, it is essential that he keep in regular communication with the local law-enforcement agencies. Whether they are magistrates, bailiffs, militia, road wardens or Imperial soldiers, these loyal servants of the Empire can be an invaluable aid in gaining news of daemonology. Mostly, their time is spent dealing with the kind of mundane brutality that is of no interest to a Templar of this order: murder,

duels, drunken brawls and the like. On rare occasions however, they will discover a corpse whose dismembered remains have been so obscenely arranged that no normal explanation will suffice. To those versed in the depravity of heretics, these flayed bodies are a joy to behold, for they are a sure sign that a daemonologist has been present. Of the many gifts used to tempt beings from the Infernal Realms, one of the most common is that of human sacrifice, so any word of violated or dismembered bodies is a clear indicator of heresy and should be urgently investigated.

Physical and mental signs of daemonic possession

Once embedded in its mortal host, a daemon will act in one of two ways. It will either tear the flesh of its sum-

moner apart, ripping skin and snapping bones until the body assumes a shape more suitable to its purpose; or, it will quietly bide its time – using its host's body like a puppet and leading an apparently innocuous existence. These daemonic pawns are incredibly difficult to spot, but there are a few clues to look out for:

Convulsions and muscle spasms

The restraints of a human form are a great torment for a daemon. Its natural urge is to corrupt and destroy, so to maintain a façade of normality is not easy. Sometimes, this internal struggle for control manifests itself in the muscles of the possessed and convulsions or spasms may wrack the body. The symptoms can be very subtle – a flickering eyelid or a nervous tic – but many years of bitter



Fig 1 The three stages of Tzeentchian possession

experience have taught me that these apparently innocent fits are a sure sign of possession and must be dealt with quickly and effectively.

Some have said that execution may be too harsh a sentence for a stammer or a fit of blinking, but I say burn first and ask questions later. How can anyone be innocent if they are incapable of controlling their own muscles?

Sudden dumbness or blindness

Once in the thrall of a daemon, the human mind undergoes a complete and utter collapse. The perverse torments of filth and corruption that rip through it are of such unspeakable horror that no capacity for rational thought remains. Although daemons can easily speak through their pitiable vassals, they know that even a momentary lapse in control would let the words slip into a torrent of uncontrollable, incoherent babbling, so they will often choose to remain silent rather than risk discovery. The result of this is that a possessed individual will sometimes appear to have been stricken dumb.

Blindness may also be a sign of possession. The daemon's vassal will, over time, begin to see the awful face of the daemon in his own reflection. The few shreds of humanity that remain in him will balk at this sight to such an extent that

the brain will eventually refuse to register any visual stimulus, leaving the possessed utterly without sight. Therefore, if a servant of the Temple hears of someone who has become blind or dumb for no apparent reason, he should interrogate them thoroughly and not be distracted by any false claims of natural illness.

Abnormal physical attributes

Twelve years ago, I was in Talabheim aiding Brother Mathias Thulmann with his enquiries. Thulmann and I had spent many months investigating a series of gruesome murders that had blighted Prince Güttingen's household. We were both sure that he was a vampire, but due to the prince's great friendship with the Elector Count, our hands were tied. We dared not accuse such a prominent noble without conclusive proof. Finally, Thulmann's assistant — a bloodthirsty rogue named Streng — suggested that if we could not openly accuse the prince, we could at least put an end to his heresy. We could not argue with Streng's logic and to my eternal regret we began plotting the prince's murder.

After studying the prince's routine, Streng discovered that he liked to take late night walks around his estate, accompanied only by his

chamberlain. Through one of his dubious contacts, Streng arranged for a pack of vicious brigands to gain entry to the prince's gardens the following night and lie in wait for him, armed with stakes and silver knives. Thulmann ordered Streng to accompany the thugs and make sure the ambush was a success, but the lazy wretch had other ideas and when they attacked, he hid in the darkness a few yards behind. His disobedience saved his life.



Fig II Daemon of Nurgle

The ambush began well, with the prince and his chamberlain caught completely unawares, and the prince died almost immediately with a knife through his throat. Then, to Streng's dismay, the frail old chamberlain gave out an inhuman bellow of rage and began tearing the brigands limb from limb. His strength was completely disproportionate to his hunched withered frame and within minutes the lawns were running red with the blood of Streng's men. The howling septuagenarian then fell to his knees and began to devour the still warm remains of his attackers with visible relish.

As the chamberlain feasted, the shocked Streng slipped away and brought us news of his failure. Our mistake was immediately apparent. The chamberlain's unnatural strength could only be attributed to one thing — possession — and it was obvious

that he and not the prince had been the guilty party.

After that, the case was quickly closed. Several witnesses saw the chamberlain still feeding on the bodies the following morning, and within days, Thulmann and I had exorcised the daemon and burnt its host. It took a great deal of careful politicking however, to keep Thulmann and I from being connected to the innocent prince's death — and the gang of thugs who committed the murder.

The thing I found most galling about the incident was that weeks earlier, during one of the prince's many balls, I had seen him fall drunkenly from a table only to be caught with ease by his frail seventy year-old chamberlain, who then placed him gently on the ground as if

he was as light as a child. The old man's strength was completely unnatural, but at the time I thought nothing of it. I have vowed never to make the same mistake again. Servants of the Temple must be forever on guard for anyone whose strength seems unduly impressive or surprising.

Marks of the Daemon

During my career, I have recorded many marks and sigils used in the conjuring of daemonic powers. Each has been unique in its offensiveness, but I still feel that the illustration below may be useful as an indication of the kind of signs to look for when investigating possible cases of possession or daemonology.

Daemonic Vessels

Not all cases of daemonology concern human possession. Many dark rituals attempt to bind these monstrous beings within animals, or even inanimate objects. The variations are countless, but here are a few of the most commonly encountered:

Portraits, idols and other works of art

Some magicians believe that if they can craft an artistic likeness of a daemon, they will be able to imprison it within that likeness. They will summon a daemon under a pretext and while interviewing the unholy beast employ an artist to capture the form of the thing. Creatures of Chaos are constantly in a state of flux however, so these





Fig III Daemon of Khorne

works of forbidden art rarely have any real power over their subjects.

Louis Scheidler once composed an entire opera with which he intended to ensnare the daemon known as N'noathlak Anduhl. In 1782 he premiered *Singspiel die Maggotkin* at the legendary Freischütz opera house in Nuln. The terrible plagues of that year are thought to have originated during the third act, when N'noathlak Anduhl erupted from the abdomen of the soprano and vomited black liquid over the front row.

Speculums, prisms and mirrors

In many of my investigations, I have encountered daemons shackled within mirrors of one sort or another. It seems that the surface of glass, water or anything reflective can act as a barrier to denizens of the Chaos Realms. Many daemonologists seek to imprison their subjects within these glassy cells so that their own flesh is safe from possession. Prisms are particularly effective – many will recall the terrifying incidents associated with the Star of Middenheim, but I can personally verify that the huge diamond was not cursed, but possessed. The countess may have avoided that gruesome fate, if only she had not sought to split the stone into smaller pieces. I recall another incident in which I struggled for months to discover the source of a warlock's unnatural power, only to find that he had a daemoniac familiar held captive within the glass of his pince-nez.

Shadows

I once heard of a sorcerer named Tilumnus who imprisoned a daemon within his own shadow. As is ever the case, his mastery over the spirit was short lived. The daemon was completely within his power until nightfall, whereupon the sorcerer's shadow dispersed and the daemon devoured him, body and soul.

Talismans, tabernacles and rings

By crafting items in the shape of Chaos runes or inscribing rings and boxes with the Dark Tongue, it is believed that daemons may be trapped within inanimate objects. The difficulties of persuading a daemon to enter one of these snares are very great, however. Promises and covenants of the most awful kind must be used, and even then, the daemon's subtle lies will usually ensure that the conjuror doesn't get quite what he bargained for.



Fig IV Exorcism

Vermicular and molluscosus

Those attempting to ensnare envoys of the Plague God, Nurgle, have been known to employ the bodies of worms, snails and slugs as fleshy invertebrate hosts. I am not quite sure of the deceptions used to achieve this, but I have nevertheless been witness to their effectiveness. I shall never forget the case of the Viscount of Hurlazhofen, who was given an apple by an apparently generous peasant girl, only to find with his first bite that there was a vile, worm-like creature writhing within it. He threw the apple to the floor in disgust, but it was too late. He was already possessed by the daemon that the girl - a witch - had bound within it.

Philtres and solutions

Through a complicated scientific process of solvents and distillation, it is allegedly possible to ensnare a demonic entity in liquid. I must unfortunately report that these obscure techniques appear to be, occasionally at least, successful. Just three years ago, in Averland I encountered an innkeeper who had perfected the process of suspending Chaos spirits in a solution of ale and cinnamon. The whole region was littered with heretics. Thankfully, most were too inebriated to do much more than lie in hedges and spit slurred curses at passers-by, but I wasted no time in putting an end to the man's insane experiments.

Methods of Expulsion

Rites of Exorcism

Templars and priests, sanctioned and blessed by the Grand Theognist himself, may attempt to invoke the wrath of Our Lord Sigmar directly, bringing down His might on these powerful abominations. To aid the efficacy of these rites however, it is important to first make the sign of the Hammer and, if possible, hold aloft the verses of the Deus Sigmar. The dangers of exorcism are many and terrible. If the possessed perishes during the process, the daemon will be released from the oaths and spells that bind it. It will then be free to seek a new host and if the exorcist is near at hand, he may find his own soul is under threat. There are many different forms of the rites — each being applicable to a particular form of daemon. Here are just a few examples:

Daemon, I cast you out!

In the name of our Lord Sigmar, the one true god, I abjure you to desist and be gone.

May you tremble before the Ghal-Maraz and cease your imitation of life.

I rebuke you! The Emperor rebukes you! The Grand Theognist rebukes you!

Sigmar rebukes you!

Be gone!

The holy spirit of Sigmar commands you!

With unwearied voices, the children of Sigmar forbid you.

Cease to exist, recalcitrant and daemonic spirit, and leave in terror.

The holy spirit of Sigmar commands you!

Quake and flee, unholy power before His virtue.

Leave this dominion forever and be banished to everlasting damnation.

The holy spirit of Sigmar commands you!

(Repeat)

Repel, O Sigmar, this Servant of Change!

Dispel such fallacies from this unholy form.

I invoke Your Name to repel this abomination.

Not by my strength, but by yours Lord Sigmar, let this heresy be ended!

The Doxologies of Manfred Güttingen

Güttingen was a vampire hunter who rose to prominence during the time of the Mordheim catastrophe. After its destruction, the city's ruins became home to countless creatures of unspeakable evil. Unholy beings

crawled and slithered out of the smouldering pit; which marked the site where Sigmar's judgement fell, and the air was full of ominous screams.

Many of our order were lost during that dark time, either to the Creatures of the Pit, or to the groups of witches* that roamed the city, practising their dark rites. The danger did not end there however. It soon became apparent that lurking within the ranks of mutants and cultists were beings even more dangerous: daemons. Through his extensive studies, Güttingen developed a theory by which he intended to banish these monstrous beasts.

He had come into possession of three books of such antiquity that they seemed to pre-date all known history. For centuries, these books had languished, unread, in the Cathedral of Sigmar in Altdorf, but Güttingen had an incredible aptitude for languages and after years of study, he managed to decipher a few of the rituals contained within the ancient books. He believed that the text described a ritual of expulsion, designed specifically to repel interlopers from the Chaos Realms. Filled with excitement, he transcribed as much as he could and produced a set of invocations that he

named *The Doxologies*. Then he set off for the City of the Damned.

Upon arrival, he was initially shocked by the violence and depravity on display that he fled in horror. After composing himself in a nearby Sigmarite monastery however, he recovered his zeal and attempted once more to enter the city. This time, his nerve held and accompanied by a band of mercenaries, he headed straight for the Pit.

On his third day in the city, Güttingen encountered one of the profane abominations he had been seeking. A grotesque winged giant with the head of bull emerged from the ruins of an old theatre. The monster was over thirty feet tall and Güttingen's men fled in terror. With a voice that sounded like a chorus of screaming crows, the daemon mocked Güttingen - revealing that he had sought the priest out just so that he could ridicule the little man who believed he could banish daemons.

Despite his fear, Güttingen quickly began reciting his *Doxologies*. The daemon laughed so hard at the priest's earnest entreaties that it took him a while to notice that he was slowly diminishing in size. Then, to his horror, he recognised the crude syllables emanating

* These heretics styled themselves as Sisters of Sigmar, in mockery of those they sought to corrupt.

from Güttingen's mouth. Through his rites, Güttingen had ascertained the daemon's true name and was reciting it whilst making strange movements with his hands. The daemon realised that with each recitation, the priest omitted one syllable and for each lost syllable he diminished the daemon a little more.

Sensing that he was in great danger, the daemon lashed out at the priest with his flaming axe. Güttingen evaded the blow and fled through the ruins, reciting the name as he went. A terrible game of cat and mouse ensued, with the gradually shrinking daemon chasing the priest through the gloomy streets of Mordheim. Finally, Güttingen found himself trapped on the roof of a ruined chapel and the daemon, now no larger than a mortal man, beheaded him with his axe.

If it was not for the avarice of Güttingen's companions, his studies might have been in vain, but fortunately, one of the mercenaries had followed the pair as they moved through the city and once the daemon had departed, he retrieved Güttingen's Doxologies from the dead man's hands.

Güttingen's notes and the original books are now secured within our crypt where, to this day, countless scholars attempt to repeat Güttingen's success. So far, the



Fig V Manfred Güttingen

breakthrough has not come, but Gamow assures me that it is very close. In the mean time, we are left with one invaluable aid in the fight against daemonic powers. Thanks to Güttingen's bravery, we now know that if one can discover a daemon's true name, it will give you undeniable power over it. This simple fact has saved my life several times.

Ranks and Orders of Daemons

Countless legions of bloodthirsty horrors lurk just beyond perimeters of the mortal realm. Their names are as convoluted as their grotesque bodies and as I mentioned earlier they will rarely reveal their true names, for fear of giving others power over them. It would be impossible therefore for me to

attempt to catalogue their foul designations, but I can at least share the few logical facts that I have been able to pin on these illogical beings.

It would appear that daemons can be divided not only by the power they serve: Nurgle, Tzeentch, Khorne or Slaanesh, but also by the hierarchical structure by which they distinguish themselves. From what I have witnessed, I deduce that there are several categories. Firstly, there are the least of the daemonic beings, often employed by heretics as familiars. These are the puting weaklings of the daemonic family and have none of the devastating powers of their larger brethren. They are, however, lovers of mischief and trickery, and are adept at spreading the taint of their dark masters. Next in

importance are the lesser daemons known by names such as Bloodletters, Daemonettes, Maggotkin and Tzeentchian Horrors. These fiendish warriors are the footsoldiers of the Chaos powers and are terrifyingly numerous. I have spoken to many Imperial soldiers who have faced these abhorrent entities on the battlefield and to a man they have sworn that they would rather be burned for heresy than face such a foe again.

Even more horrendous however are the greater daemons. Thankfully, I have never beheld such a being with my own eyes, for if I had, you would not be reading these words. To encounter such incomprehensible power is to be destroyed utterly. Fortunately, no daemonologist to my knowledge has ever attempted to summon one of these god-like beings. I have, however heard many names, mingled with the gibbered nonsense of madmen, which may apply to these foul deities: the Bloodied One, The Keeper of Secrets, The Great Unclean One and the Lord of Change.

Methods of trial and sentencing

For the daemons themselves of course there can be no form of

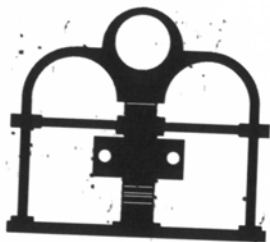


Fig VI Thumbscrew



Fig VII Hieronymus Black

ing the unrepentant to unburden themselves. For some inexplicable reason, thumbscrews are particularly effective during the interrogation of daemonologists — a fact which I tend to exploit to the full. Also, I would refer the reader to the various trials by ordeal listed in Chapter II, as these too should prove most helpful.

Execution

As with all other magic users, execution of daemonologists should be conducted in front of the largest possible audience. I have never found any difficulty in gathering crowds however — the pious people of this land enjoy nothing more than watching a heretic burn, especially if there is a carnival or some kind of puppet show to accompany the proceedings.

In his Rules & Statutes, Hieronymus Black recommends that daemonologists be given three chances for repentance: the first after they have been hanged from a gibbet, the second after they have been disembowelled and the third after they have been burned at the stake. If they fail to take advantage of these chances for capitulation it is unfortunately necessary to take the more serious step of excommunication.

judgement or even punishment. Beings of such unholy power can at best be banished back to the foul regions from whence they came. For a daemonologist, however there are many suitable techniques for ensuring a full and frank confession. By using the methods outlined in Chapter II; the whirligig, scold's bridle, wheel and heretic's fork should be most efficacious in assist-



BLOOD, FAITH AND FIRE.

