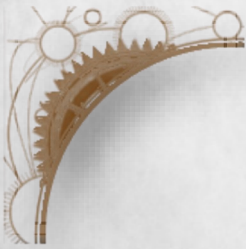




— ORDER BATTLETOME —

IRONWELD ARSENAL



Not all of the forces of Order come are heralded with the flash of thunder or the smell of salt water.

Throughout the realms the screech of steam engines and the smell of black powder herald the Iron Weld.

Noble engineers stride on mechanical wonders alongside the laborers upon whose backs their empire has been built.

It is through their industry and ingenuity that the free cities defences are produced, and it is through their architectural advancements that they rise.

Unlike the Hosts of Sigmar or the Children of Alarielle, the Ironweld fight not on the promise of rebirth or life eternal, nor rest in gilded promised land.

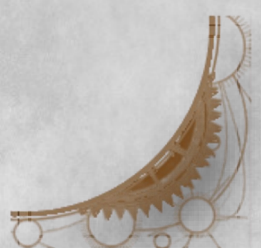
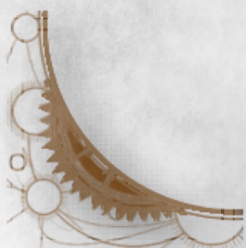
Yet despite the myriad of creatures lurking in the shadows, ever hungry for the souls of mortal men, they march ever onwards.

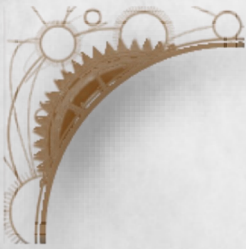
No loss of limb, nor fear of death could hinder their steps, and even in their most mortal hour all can return to the great furnace, stoking the beating heart of the Weld

All Born to the Weld know that even if they were to fall, they would do so lifting the Nobility ever higher to stand amongst titans and gods.

For it is through their artifice that they become legend.

Through Sacrifice, Progress.





ABOUT THIS BATTLETOME

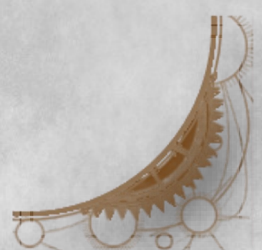
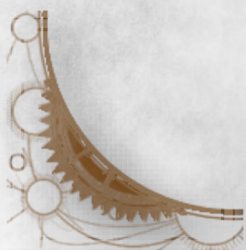
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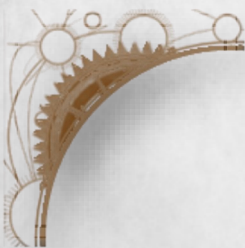
This Battletome is entirely written from a fan perspective by those who enjoy and embrace the vibrant lore and setting of Games Workshops Age of Sigmar setting. Characters and locations within that Realm that have been referenced are the property of Games Workshop, utilised for the purposes of expanding the Ironweld Arsenal sub faction for fans of playing within the setting.

Any artworks used within this Battletome are the works of Games Workshop and utilised to flesh out the Battletome for non-profit purposes only.

The rules within are designed for players to utilise an expanded Ironweld Arsenal faction in open, narrative and casual match ed play environments, we will endeavour to keep said rules up to date as much as possible and welcome any and all feedback around content and potential expansions going forward.

I would personally like to thank all contributors to the Battletome for their hard work and perseverance in the inception and completion of the Battletome in what has been a highly enjoyable experience for me in developing one of my personal favourite elements of the Age of Sigmar setting.





THE IRONWELD ARSENAL

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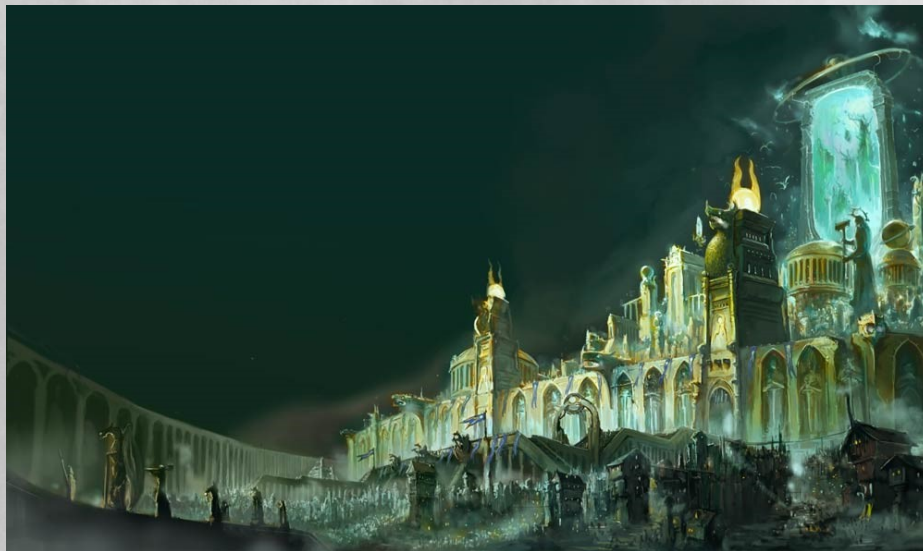
FOR THE WELD

Though shared of common history there is a stark division in the Ironweld Arsenal of the modern realms, those that stayed within the borders of Azyr when the great schism came enjoyed a life of sanctuary and safety, able to refine their arts and knowledge without fear of war finding its way to their doors. It was in these Azyrite houses that Sigmar found the blacksmiths and artisans to fuel his Warmachine, the Azyrite populace afforded the time for higher learning in the runic magics of the Duardin, able to provide food and shelter for all that would find purpose within its factories.

Beyond the walls of Azyr however those Noble Houses and their factory cities were beset on all sides, the tides of chaos crashed against their walls time and time again, for some seemingly unstoppable behemoth of war would be their final end with all their potential simply drowned

form the modern weld. Those born of Azyr find the Weld a bastion of higher learning and innovation, a career that they would willingly embark whole generations of their family upon in the name of the Lord God Sigmar and freedoms of the seven Realms. To the greater Houses of the Ironweld however their survival is not merely a matter of career but a way of life, their populace are hardy and sombre peoples who work tirelessly in the soot drenched foundries or form a peasants militia in times of war. To these pragmatic survivors of the Age of Chaos their Azyrite kin have been softened by their time behind the walls of Azyr, they cannot truly understand the very depths to which the empire will have to embark if they are to truly stand any chance of driving the enemy back.

Yet even with such differences their Ironweld have found common purpose, driven by the industries of war they



beneath the darkness and leaving shattered ruins and little more than memory to mark their presence in the Realms. To others however the adversity prompted innovation beyond measure, the billowing smoke stocks of their Factory Cities working day and night as their smiths laboured beneath a bulwark of iron. Denied the protection of Sigmars magical barriers and finding no allies to come to their aid a mere handful of the cities of the Ironweld would find their way blindly through the darkness, to some their desperation led to macabre sciences in which morality was sacrificed for survival, yet others sought out higher means of survival, their numbers swelling with an influx of refugees seeking sanctuary within the few remaining islands of Order. By the time the gates of Azyr were unsealed an empire that had once been formed of dozens of united houses instead lay in tatters, a mere five of the immense factory cities has weathered the storm and yet even they were found to be much changed.

Though the forces of Sigmar might have long since moved on from these shadowed times there are those amongst the Weld who still feel its blade far too keenly at their throats. The divide between the Azyrite Houses and those who found themselves abandoned has never been wider, never more visible than in the populace of the Houses that

have become a force to be reckoned with within the Realms. With the myriad of armies under Sigmar now seeking armament from the forges of the Weld there is seemingly no end to the wealth flowing through the caravans of the factory cities. These titans of industry have found a way to capitalise on the seemingly endless war that now provides the beating heart of their empire. Such affluence has afforded the more macabre houses of the Ironweld a measure of latitude for their stranger sciences, their vital role in the Warmachine of Sigmar is all that protects the distant Houses such as the Menders of Morgrash from annihilation at the hand of those they call allies.

Afforded the luxury of imports from the greater Realms secured by the expansions of Sigmar and his Stormcast the engineers of the Weld now have the resources to drive their technologies ever onwards in the pursuit of powers to rival that of the gods that beset the Realms. It is a central tenant of the greater Ironweld and their ruling Iron Council that no man or Duardin should ever have to entrust his fate to that of a God when they still have strength of body and mind.

AN EMPIRE IS BORN

The Ironweld Arsenal are unlike many other factions born of the Mortal Realms, united not of one race but of a common purpose, the industry of war in Realms ever savaged by onslaught. Led by the knights and templars of their Noble houses the armies of labourers bear with them artillery the likes of which the armies of the realms could barely imagine, mortal men and women elevated not by deity but innovation and ingenuity.

Born of what was once simply a small complex in the ever-sprawling expanse of Azyrheim the Ironweld Arsenal have existed in some guise or another since the cities of Sigmar were founded, they were tasked with the design and manufacture of the weapons lining golden walls of the capitol. In the centuries that have followed as the empires of Order have expanded out across the realms so too have the arms caravans of the Ironweld, with every new city births a new factory complex, ever expanding to meet the growing need for arms to defend the cities of Sigmar.

In the early days of its inception the finest artisans and craftsmen, engineers and blacksmiths from all corners of the Realms flocked to the workshops of the Weld, with Aelf, Duardin and Man all working together in a near flawless harmony toward the common defence of their peoples. It was however with the discovery and later recovery of Grungi, the finest craftsmen of the Deities, that the ranks of the Weld truly flourished. As the great furnace of Azyrheim was stoked so too was competition between the apprentices to compete for the much-stretched Gods time, once close companions became professional rivals all striving to earn the Master Smiths approval.

In time those seeking out the Forge in Azyrheim were not simply mortals, the primitive cultures of the Realms had birthed many a minor deity. From Bak'tush the Metal serpent of Aqshy through to the Choir of Cogs in the Hyshian mountains many made the long journey to Azyr to petition for the tutelage of Grungi. It was from the finest of these fledgling gods that Grungi formed a pantheon of craftsmen, his veritable Council of Iron that these students might spread throughout the realms, sharing the knowledge that their Master had imparted upon them to those worthy of it.

Throughout the Golden Age of the realms the Ironweld Flourished, without their benevolent deities the great houses of the Weld grew and prospered as their innovations shaped the very world around them. The great clockwork City of Midnight in the Realm of Shadow became



a living embodiment of the ingenuity of the Ironweld, the Great Furnace of Chamon produced forged metals in capacities hitherto unseen in the realms able to arm entire companies in the briefest of days, and in Hysh the first great factory city was born, Cor Temporis the Walking city.

It was however as chaos descended upon the Realms, when the tides of war sent all other factions reeling that the Ironweld Arsenal had an unprecedented period of growth. The demand for arms and armour grew hundredfold overnight, every forge complex found themselves inundated with orders for the newest, the strongest and best that could be forged. It was then in this manner that the Ironweld Arsenal truly found their role within the Realms, in one moment they had ascended from simply another faction vying for room within the bustling metropolises of the cities of Order to the beating heart of industry driving progress forward in the face of overwhelming odds.

Unlike many of the newly founded empires during the resurgence of Order within the Realms, the Ironweld are formed not of a single common race nor heritage, instead they are bound together through the industries of war drawing patronage from the length and breadth of every realm. From the Duardin and Men first forming the workshops in the Azyrite Metropolis to the Slag Harvesters of the Chamon plains each brings a unique talent to add to the factories of the weld, a unique method of destruction that they might rebuff the foes of Order with. It is then an odd sight to behold when the nobles of the Ironweld gather in their councils of war, a unique tapestry of cultures true titans of war and industry gathered to ultimately decide the fate of the arsenals of Order.

PANTHEON OF THE FORGE

When God of Gods, Master Craftsmen and Smithy of Azyr Grungi first stoked the fires of the foundries he started an industrial revolution that spread like wildfire across the Realms. From every corner of the far flung reaches came a tide of craftsmen, smithies and artisans that they might study beneath the master and learn even a sliver of his prowess to take their peoples innovations forward into the new age. Mortal and God alike, and all those that fell between made the pilgrimage to the forges of Grungi, toiling hard day and night as apprentices to take the smallest amount of the Duardin Gods workload away from him that he might have time to vital impart knowledge to their kin.

Whilst many left Azyr once more having learnt enough to provide their people advancements to serve them over the coming centuries there were those who instead sought to stay behind. They were the most loyal, most dedicated of the apprentices of Grungi, yet even their number began to dwindle as age or ailment wore down once deft and skilful hands and dulled their minds to the new learnings to be imparted. Amongst those remaining but a handful could resist the attrition of age, those born of divine heritage of possessing power enough to rival the demi gods of the Realm, it was then as the numbers of the mortals grew ever slimmer that these divine beings came into power of their own. In each other they found a strength of unity of purpose, to have toiled alongside each other the long centuries there was a certain (if at time begrudging) respect shared between them. And though none could rival the true master of the forge they came together to pool their knowledge into a Pantheon unto themselves, that they might travel where Grungi could not to share his learnings with those they had deemed worthy. It was in this Golden Age that the Pantheon of the forge was formed, born of Duardin, Men and Aelven demi-gods and artisans of their craft.

Though such timeless beings called Azyr home they often travelled beyond the city under many guises, each seeking out different cultures and known under a hundred names their teachings can be used to perhaps shed some light on who these divine artisans had once been.

To the scholars, philosophers and warrior mages came Askror, the Golden Prince. Once hailed as the Demigod of Hysh and credited to be the found of the Factory City of Cor Temporis. His teachings focused around the arts of Metallurgy and Alchemy, it is said that his visage inspired the golden idols found in the now forsaken pyramids of the tribes of Ghur before their wild and unruly ways slighted the more scholarly of god. It is perhaps this rebuke by the ignorant savages of the greater realms that lead him to seek refuge amongst the monks and scholars that made up the populace of Hysh.

To the innovators who sought progress without hinderance of morality or mortality came Dammik-Morr, Demigod of Shyish. It is said he had once founded the fortress empire of Cor Maledictus before the headsman of Nagash sought to claim him as their prize, it was this then that spurred the darkened God to seek refuge in Azyr, ever looking over his shoulder for the armies of Death seeking to drag him to the Oubliette. His talents focused around the macabre arts of Bonecraft engineering., utilising the one thing in abundance in all the Realm to engineer his

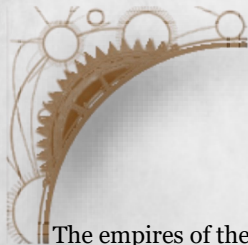
creations, death. Known to be cold and distant, ever paranoid since his banishment from Shyish by Nagash, though he sought sanctuary within Azyr but never fully integrated. At odds with both the living and the dead his followers share his sense of isolation when outside of the heavy mists and comforting macabre atmosphere of Shyish.

In the hardy and desolate plains of Chamon came Rok, the Mason of the Iron Mountains. Hailed by the Duardin as one of the lesser Demigods of Chamon, and founder of the mountain refuge of Cor Esoteris. In all his guises Rok has been depicted as volcanic in appearance and temperament, ever coursing with the power of the Esoteris volcano in which is shrine had been founded. He built up a fierce reputation for acts of violent destruction to rival the titans of destruction, able to harness the volcanic energies to create magma cannons and explosives to rival even the hammer blow of Sigmar.

The roaming nomadic tribes of Aqshy speak of the god Grongar, the Living Flame. Known to them as the Light of Aqshy, and founder of the artisan spires of Cor Insendires. One of the more arcane inclines of the gods it is said he imparted the powers of Fire shaping to his followers, able to summon and entrance elementals of the flame to do their bidding and fight wars without have risking their own live. An arcane smithy and master of the runic forges the beating Forgeheart of the cities of the modern Ironweld still bear the mark of Grongar, a reminder to a distance past that for many has slipped from memory.

Perhaps one of the most remarkable came the Aelven demi-god Marak, The Steel Vinelord. One of the many Demigods of the vibrant landscapes of Ghyran, founder of Cor Vivistus. Able to coax and grow metal as though it were a living thing without ever leaving the scar of industry on the fragile skin of the realm he could conjure whole cities that weaved and coursed through the forests in blissful synergy. The chronicles of the Living City claim he was once to be a suitor to the Goddess Alarielle herself but instead was rebuked as she found him to be as cold an imitation as the metallic vines he cultivated. It is rumoured this heartbreak shattered the fledgling demigod, falling to his knees amongst the forest he buried his hands amongst the dirt and wept tears that coursed as a river of metal. Many credit the Ironbark forests having sprung up from the tears shed in his years of mourning, coursing with the power of the young god, indeed even in the modern realms shrines to Marak can be found in many of the Ironbark groves, a testament to his lasting legacy amongst the populace of Ghyran.

Finally came Emmanuel, The Forgotten One- Human Demigod of Azyr, Shepherd of the lost and unloved. Founder of the Fractured Welds he sought to unite hundreds of states abandoned by the other gods those his kin had once taken under their wing only to be disappointed by their failures and left to fend for themselves defenceless against the many dangers of the realms. In this modern realms Emmanuel is the only demigod who still shows his face, and even then only at the most dire of times. Seen in many a guise from the haggard traveller to the lone soldier defending caravans of refugees, it would seem he has never truly relinquished his task of shepherding those most needy of souls.



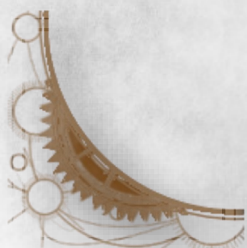
HISTORY OF THE WELD

THE COGFORTS RISE



The empires of the Ironweld spread throughout the Realms,
industry starts anew.

Grungi passes, his brothers outrage causes mountains to shake,
it is said that the very rocks the fortresses are formed of strain
to move from the gods wrath, the Gods of the pantheons flee
from Azyr to escape the storm of wrath brewing from Grungi.
Each instead seeks to form and shape kingdoms in their own
image throughout the realms.



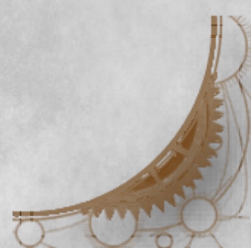
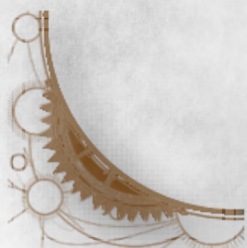


HISTORY OF THE WELD

THE COMING OF CHAOS



Chaos Rises, houses fall, pantheon divides and civil war,
strained resources



BETRAYAL AND ABANDONMENT

There was a time, once, that the Ironweld would rather forget. It was purged from the historical anthologies of the Collegiate Arcane, and only foolish children talk of it in hushed whispers yet to those that know of it, it is known to the Ironweld as the Great Betrayal.

The war between the Noble Houses of the Weld had eclipsed any such turmoil to engulf their populace, not one would be spared the onslaught as brother turned against brother, allies tore down agreements sworn in times long forgotten so that they might secure a larger portion of the now dwindling resources to provide for their populace. Fear it would seem had exposed the arrogance and ego that had seeped into the Nobility of the Ironweld like a poison, each could now only see their own agenda, the struggle for survival not as one united Weld but a handful of disparate houses. Many once legendary houses are said to have fallen during the Age of Betrayal, the Iron sculptors of Ghur and their many Cogwork beasts perhaps the most tragic of losses, never again would their craft be replicated across the Realms, a true work of art now forgotten.

New alliances began to forge within the Weld, the bond of likeness spurring unity in the Houses of Men, so too did the elder Duardin houses form bonds of Kinship. Yet the few remaining Aelven houses found no such accord, too much distance and disdain lay between their city factories and in their arrogance they became the easiest of prey for the marauding armies of Man and Duardin. As the war between the Houses reached its apex and with the Duardin Steamforged-Empires drawing in to deliver a final blow to the remaining Aelven Weld kingdoms, their roving Cogstables forming an ever tighter grip around the few Ore deposits still providing vital supply to the metal crafted of the Aelves.

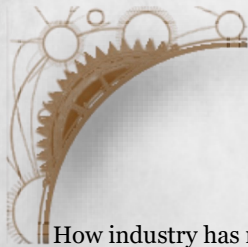
For so long the Pantheon had watched from on high, bound by the knowledge that should any one interfere they would face the wrath of those around them. Pained they could see their kin slain by the thousands, once noble blood now flowing through the dirt amidst that of their foes, to see their creation spiral into self destruction was swift rebuke to the pride that had filled the Pantheon before. Yet this sight was agony to the Aelven gods, their kin could have lived a thousand life times sculpting masterpieces that would endure unto the very end of the Realms yet now utter destruction seemed inevitable. Wordlessly the Aelven forge gods united, unwilling to watch as their lineage is obliterated, in a moment of resolve they descended as one from their mountainous refuge, burning through the nights sky as comets forged of purest light that they might strike hammer blow before the last of their line is spent. Such an act of selfless heroism however could not be allowed to come to pass, that a God might strike down a mortal in such a manner spurred the rest of the Pantheon into action. It is said that the battle below paused with baited breath as the skies lit up with

the burning light of a dozen comets, each arcing through the dark nights sky before colliding with thunderous roar.

In a brutal and unrelenting assault, the Duardin and human demi-gods of the Pantheon ambushed their Aelven allies in flight, preventing them from ever reaching their kin below. Though skilled with blade and masters of war the Aelven deities are simply outnumbered, it is in the a most heinous act of shame, that Man and Duardin alike butcher the Aelven members of the Pantheon. In a cataclysm known as the Battle of Two Skies, both god and mortal clash. The Humans and Duardin fight as one against the terrified aelves, to the battle below their shouts become thunderous roars, the very mountains shake and tumble with the strength of their rage. All races united in horror as the stars above are blocked out by the silhouettes duelling in the nights sky, the blood and tears of the divine raining down as a deluge from the heavens upon the battle below. Yet as their battle concludes, the remaining deities are ever stained by the blood of those they once called kin, the remaining members of the Pantheon of Iron recoil in shame, and any thought of unity between the pantheon is forever tainted by their crime.

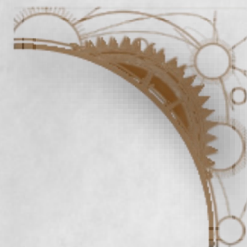
Years pass in silence, with mortal and deity alike now forever marked by the crimes they had committed. As the remaining houses of the Weld below part, unable to meet the eyes of their kin lest the seem the same shame staring back at them. So too do the Pantheon find reason to divide, they solemnly make a pact to no longer interfere with the lives of mortals lest is spur them further toward the darkness that now burdens their once divine souls, and the demi-gods slowly fade away. Grungni, disgusted by his followers' actions forsakes the kingdoms they had forged as a stain on the reputation of that which he had crafted, and in his outrage disappears, for many years.

Each demi-god seeks solitary refuge in the Realms, they watch from afar as their fledgling creations grow and expand. It is said that, absent of a god to steer it, the City of Midnight falls silent; the lonely husk of a city serving only as a reminder of the Ironweld's shame. Other cities are simply lost beneath the tide of chaos, their stories forgotten. Yet some still endure. Behind the walls of Azyr or in monolithic factory cities. The Ironweld ever changed, tainted by the misdeeds of their ancestors march onwards, and, in time, the Pantheon of the Forge, or divine ancestry, is left to the fairy tales of children or the tall tales of the elders.

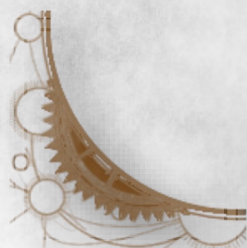


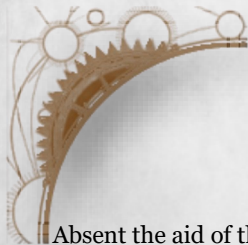
HISTORY OF THE WELD

THE INDUSTRY OF WAR



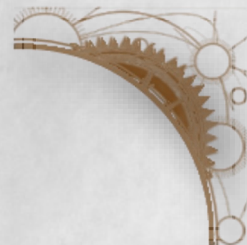
How industry has replaced gods, logic replaces worship,
innovation and self dependence



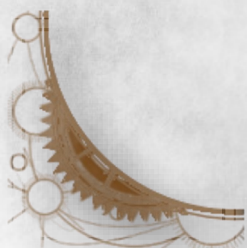


HISTORY OF THE WELD

MIDNIGHT FALLS



Absent the aid of their Gods, when the city of Midnight falls silent it is abandoned, the fraught march of its populace is ravaged by disaster. The vulnerability of the new Weld absent protection is exposed in a raw way.



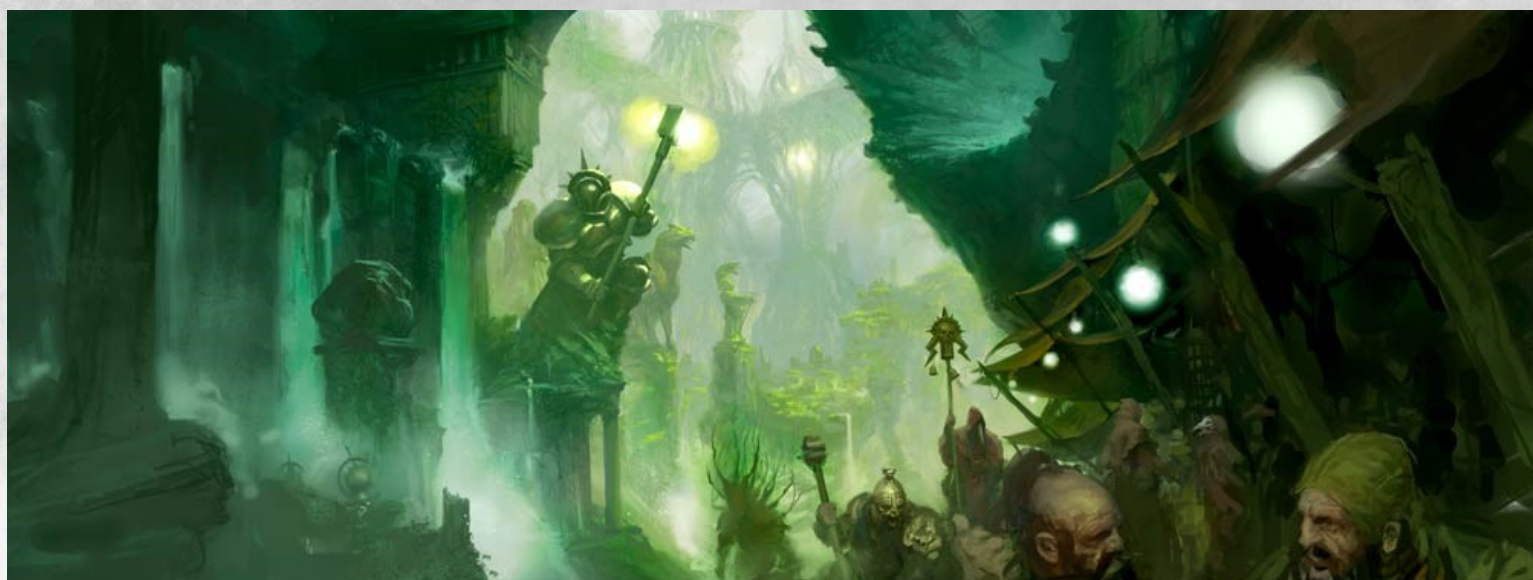


HISTORY OF THE WELD

THE WELD DIVIDES



Fear encroaches on the populace of the Weld, struggling without united leadership old rivalries boil over into open warfare that risks the entirety of their industry. Much escalation of arms, and territorial disputes, assassinations across the scope of the noble houses and industrial sabotage becomes a fact of life





HISTORY OF THE WELD

THE WELD DIVIDES

THE TEST OF ASPIRANTS

Once more united the Weld seek a way to determining authority, eventually they settle on the puzzle of the city of Midnight, tasking the aspirants to reach its heart to demonstrate ingenuity, fortitude, strength and technical knowledge

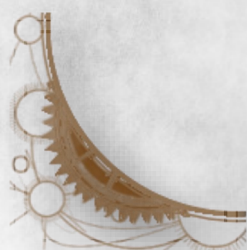


HISTORY OF THE WELD

THE ROYAL COURT



The first Patriarch is crowned, name and actions, long legacy



THE FALL FROM GRACE

Not all of the Ironweld Houses scattered throughout the histories of the Realms are the every loyal servants to the God-King they would proclaim. Hidden in the darkest of tomes buried in the vaults of the Ironweld lurks the tale of one such House, the notorious House Vivistus', which fell prey to the clutches of another god: Slaanesh. Once, Vivistus' was a bustling and thriving mobile metropolis in Ghyran; its city, Cor Habistra, was the largest and most powerful in the realm famed for its glistening golden architecture and the refinement of its bejewelled craftsmanship. Yet when the Age of Chaos came, however, it was the first to fall.

Slaanesh is known for her perfectionist personality, and her Greater Daemons found great pleasure in watching the ever-competitive ways of the Ironweld, few more so than the artisans of Vivistus' whose ever climbing pursuit of beauty in design dwarfed their innovations in engineering many times over. When Slaanesh's daemons entered Ghyran, it was a particularly cunning greater daemon whose appetites were whet by the glistening towers of this palace of excess. Lucifious, the Mirrored blade took it upon himself to vanquish Cor Habistra and its citizens. A Daemon of some potency, standing at the head of an expansive Pretender Host, ordered his mortal minions to attack Cor Habistra with a full frontal assault., watching with a twisted smile as they fanatically flung themselves toward the defensive lines of the titanic fortification. When the guns and machines of the Ironweld prevailed, Lucifious decided to take a more insidious approach. The Nobles of Vivistus' were vain in nature, often swayed by gifts from wealthy patrons the land over in return for their craft, all too familiar with the weak will of mortals Lucifious concealed his form in a monolithic mirror framed with the finest of gold and jewellers, known as the Whispering Pool, his servant secreting this mirror into the city through bribed guards he knew that such fineries could only ever end up in the palace of the Matriarch.

When she first looked upon the mirror the Matriarch was entranced by her own reflection, her skin seemed smooth as though the years had left her unchanged, the gold laced artificers of her Cogwork accessories glinting in beautifully to compliment her sparking eyes. Whole days were spent staring at her perfection, and were it not for the household staffs insistence she would have gone without food or water to savour the image that much longer. Yet ever so slowly the influence of the Whispering Pool began to probe at her Matriarchs mind, one morning as she looked upon the mirror hoping to be greeted by beauty undeniable she saw only the ravages of age upon her. No longer did her skin seem soft and youthful but deep crags seemingly carved across her face, her eyes lustre all but gone into hollow and soulless pits. Despite the insistence of the Nobles of her court that little had changed the vanity of the Matriarch knew no bounds, in a fit of rage she tore through the palace with her wails of discontent rippling through the streets.

Turning to the finest artisans of the city she made her demands, every wrinkle, every imperfection was to be removed from her visage, those who refused such orders were quick to meet the hangman until only those compliant remained. What followed became a ceaseless series of enhancements, bruised limbs from her outburst cleaved away to replaced with golden and bejewelled Cogwork, upon her face a rippling golden mask was bestowed that she might never truly age.

When finally content with her new form the Matriarch returned once more to the Whispering Pool, eager to look upon her new form with contentment. Yet all she could see was the deformed mockery of life she had become, her heart knew only disgust at the creature that stared back at her from the mirror. And so the mirror whispered to her once more, ever digging through the increasingly damaged mind of the cities ruler. One by one the nobility of the city



were brought to stand before the looking glass, each one succumbing to its influence faster than the last as though the mirror itself gained potency from their vanity.

Within months the nobility of the city had changed, their forms whilst human in silhouette better resembled gold hued mannequins in a mockery of finery in life. Yet even then the Matriarch will was not content, as she stared out across the populace she was greeted with the sight of those far more beautiful than she, ever revelling in the sun light that she no longer felt upon her skin. And thus an edict was sworn in, every man woman and child dragged before the royal court or face the ever hungry Hangman of the city, it was here they were greeted to the first sight of the new Nobility of the city, every clockwork monstrosity wielding burning brand that they might scar the face of every living member of the populace that none might be more beautiful than the Matriarch.

It was not long before the other houses realised the corruption of Vivistus, with her ever growing pursuits of vanity all production from the city of splendour had fallen by the wayside. Contracts sworn to the Weld that had been assigned to Vivistus' went unfulfilled and their reputation the world over had begun to unravel.. The Iron council were called to war, as the nobility from across the realm gathered dozens of Cogforts moved to surround and anchor the fallen city. The House of Morgrash held the crown of innovation at this tremulous time, and as their patriarch looked upon the once wonderous city his heart sunk. He could not send the armies of the Weld to march upon such a symbol of failure without risking it damaging the faith of the Weld in the abilities of the council.

Gathering to him the nobles of the Weld, each straining familial bonds to bring their kin from great distances to join the host he looked upon them in new light. Every noble of the Weld was a soldier beyond those of the commoner, trained in the art of war from a young age, it was here he would build his army. Knowing all too well the risks of allowing this corruption to spread any further with fears of its taint touching their own factory empires, each noble gathered took swore to a new vow, that they would bring the fallen house down or die in the attempt. To mark this vow the Patriarch branded his gathering, each bore a the Symbol of a Cog of iron seared into their chest, a constant reminder of this vow that they might never forget their loyalties, they would become the first sworn of the Iron council, a new army within the realm answerable only to the ruler of the Weld in their quests.

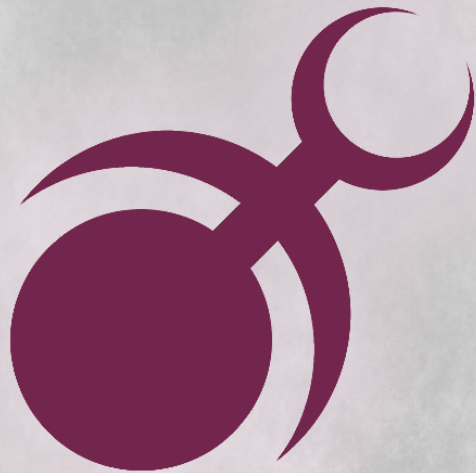
It was then with the very first gathering of the Ironsworn, a force of the elite Paladins, Templars and Striders of Houses Rok, Morgrash and Oran, the Council of Iron did their best to cover up House Vivistus' failure. When the army of Ironsworn, which, some say, was hundreds strong, arrived at Cor Habistra, they were met with a horrific resistance. The deranged populace riddled with the mark of the Matriarch could see no difference between this new swarm of Nobles and those who had inflicted their suffering, the mobs in the street forming a relentless tides to hinder their approach. Worse still came the Slaaneshi daemons adorned with Steamforged armour and crude daemonic engines blessed with some of the most refined artificer enhancements the city had ever produced stood in wait for the Council of Iron and their champions. After days of brutal bombardment from the

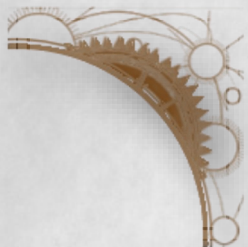
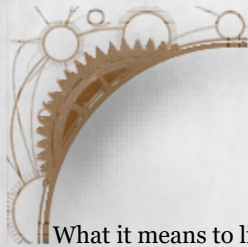
gathered Cogforts, the walls of Cor Habistra collapsed, and the Ironsworn entered the city.

As Lancers rampaged through the streets carving a path for their kin every step was a torturous assault that claimed the lives of far too many promising heirs, on the palace steps the Templars of Oran stood locked in combat with Greater Daemons all the while their kin pushed ever onwards toward the throne room. Nearly a month after the siege begun the much depleted ranks Ironsworn Paladins entered the throne-room of the Matriarch. Where the Matriarch once sat, however, there was now a horrific daemonic form, its bulbous expanse filling out the chamber upon a multitude of golden and bejewelled limbs, a leering mask of golden staring out at them from her daemonic form. In a desperate final combat, the Paladins of House Rok defeated the fallen Matriarch, though searches of the palace found no sign of the Whispering Pool of Lucifious, many fearing that the Greater Daemon fled the city into the twisting wilds of Ghyran.

Though some content themselves that he was likely destroyed by Sylvaneth and vanquished to the Realm of Chaos, but there is still talk among the elders and children of the Ironweld that Lucifious and what remains of the Nobility of the once proud city may still be prowling the wilderness of Ghyran, added to the Pretender Host of the Realm. When House Vivistus' fell to Chaos, the contracts which they had left unfulfilled devastated the other houses. Hammerhal Ghyran, one of the main investors in Vivistus, was left defenceless and without arms nor supply of power and shot over a year, the reputation of the Ironweld as a whole had suffered a blow they might never truly recover from.

It fell to the Council of Iron payed off House Vivistus' debts, and Hammerhal once again was armed though the loss of life and coin to the nobility of the Weld was considerable. To this day, the name Vivistus stands for treachery and suffering, and it is believed that to say its name is to invite the Slaaneshi curse upon one's self. Vivistus' fall has henceforth been known as the Fall from Grace, the term is a brutal reminder to all the Ironweld that the higher the rise, the greater the fall.





HISTORY OF THE WELD

LIFE IN THE WELD

What it means to live in the Weld

Orphans recruited

Factory Life

The Weld Guard

Arms Caravans

Security and Unity

Prosperity in the face of Starvation outside the Weld

Give it all for the Weld

Layout of the factory cities:

The Forgeheart (massive Duardin runic cages for elemental beasts powering the furnaces)

The Factory Complexes (massive expansive workshops and factories)

The repository (lore, schematics, designs, family trees)

The Barracks (weld guard)

The armoury (weaponry)

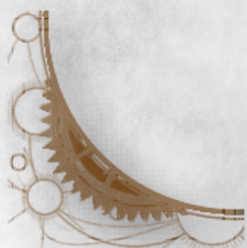
The Merchants quarters

The residences (small, cramped for lower classes)

The Peaks (Nobles houses raised high above the lower classes)

The Citadel (heart of the cities government)

The Smoke Stacks

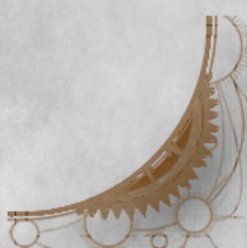
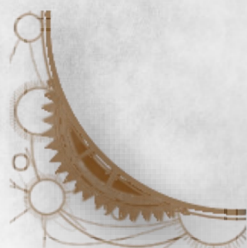




HISTORY OF THE WELD

OF DUARDIN AND MEN

The odd nature of an empire formed of an amalgamation of
Duardin and Men
Difference in lifespan and roles
Unity and division
Commonality



TIMELINE

The Forge is Stoked

With Grungi indebted to the God-King Sigmar he is returned to the growing city of Azyr. It is here he lays the first stones upon the ground that will one day become the City Forges. Many credit this moment as the true birth of the Ironweld though the Duardin God knew not what he would inspire.

Pantheon of Artisans

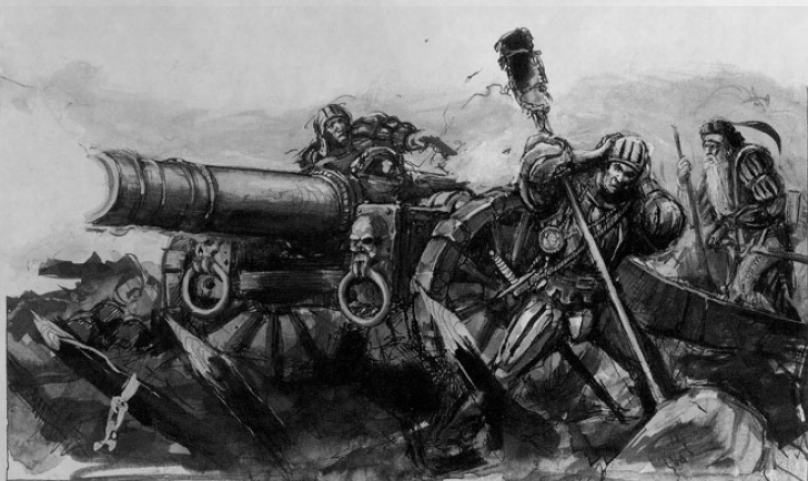
Many flock the Realms over to study under the King of the forge, that they might hone their craft to secure the futures of their own kind or to sate their own vane need for recognition. Amongst the hosts of patrons come Demi-gods and mortals alike, all under the tutelage of the great god Grungi.

The most distinguished of these students form the first Council of Iron, a lesser pantheon formed of Forge Gods under the guidance of Grungi, though records stipulate these may in fact have been lesser avatars of the Duardin god that he might explore the

A Heroic Death

Word of the death of Grimnir in final battle against the beast Vulcatrrix reaches Azyr, it is said the howl of outrage from Grungi shakes the very foundation of the City of Heaven. Little can contain the grief of the Duardin God. His wrath turns upon the fledgling district of Industry forming within the city, in a fit of rage he carves a trail of destruction through the district scattering many of the gathered patrons of the district and leaving little but rubble in his wake.

The Council of Iron flee the city, whether to escape the ire of the God of Forge lest he turn his wrath upon his students, or to flee the Gilded Cage that Azyr had become is unclear. However when the dust settles all have fled the mighty city.



The Age of Creation

The Pantheon of the Forge spread out throughout the Realms, some travel as wandering artisans bartering trade for shelter, others instead seek to forge kingdoms in their own image as Lords of Industry, yet others still move as spectral muses whispering in the ear of engineers to spur an Age of Innovation the like of which the Realms had never before seen.

In time each inspires countless schools of engineering to their personal craft under hundreds of different faces, it is thought Valanay the Duardin Goddess of the Forge is the same entity as Valyis the Elder woman of the Plains. Yet as their empires grow the divisions in the Pantheon begin to emerge, whilst some seek power and industry others simply seek to ease the lives of those disparate peoples of the plains. Worse still as fledgling empires clash the Pantheon are forced time and time again to select only their favourite peoples to imbue their crafts to.

It is said in this age that many of the gods sired children, the very lineage of which can be drawn throughout the Ages of the Realms to the original Noble houses of the modern Weld. Whether true or simply tall tales of Nobility it is unclear but such a distinguished past and the potential of a godlike Heritage is something oft alluded to in disputes throughout the Realms.

As the empires of industry begin to expand their envoys start to arrive within the City of Heaven in Azyr, it is from these peoples that the bustling industrial districts once more begin to take form. Turning to this growing bastion of industry to equip his growing army with weapons and armour Sigmar opts to favour not a single of the new workshops but all equally. This is the first time that the disparate empires are united in single purpose, tasked with assembling the arsenal of Azyr, it is thought that this common purpose is what would eventually form the founding stone of the Ironweld Arsenal.

TIMELINE

Chaos Rising

The first tremors of the Chaos incursion into the mortal realms are felt, in Sigmar haste to raise armies to ward off this new threat the newly formed Ironweld Arsenal enjoy a boom in exponential growth as demand for their talents ever increases. Once fledgling empires each of the Nobles Houses secure land and contract to expand into miniature industrious empires in their own right beyond the walls of Azyr. It is in their Age that the cities now known as the Weld Capitols across the Realms are formed, from Cor Temporis in Hysh to the Midnight City in Ulgu

The Field of Glass

All cities and Cogforts of the Weld boast defences personal to the craftsman who designed them, personal signature pieces that boast their prowess. Perhaps the most impressive is the city of Cor Esoteris, built over the Esoteris Volcano in the realm of metal it channels the devastating power through a labyrinth of tunnels beneath its bustling factory complexes. As the tides of Khorne Bloodbound lay siege to its walls the heat of the Esoteris is venting through hidden firing ports in the cities walls, everything living in the vicinity is rendered instantly to shattered glass by the unrelenting explosive heat. In days that have passed many have marvelled at the beauty of the fields of glinting glass now surrounding the city, ignorant to their true nature.

Rising Tide

Even the weight of industry behind the Ironweld is unprepared for the tide of chaos washing across the Mortal Realms, it is said the onslaught is so fierce that cities themselves rise up and recoil from the impending destruction. History books from this era cite the first Walking Cities of the Ironweld. Yet as the tide draws in resources become ever more scarce, outside of the City of Heaven the once united Houses are driven to clash with one another for vital ore and minerals to defend their populace as their gods look on helpless to defend their own lineage for risk of inciting open war in the Realms.



The Death of Hope

War between the Houses reaches Apex with the Duardin Steamforged Empires drawing in to deliver a final blow to the remaining Aelven Weld kingdoms encroaching on their last Ore deposits. Unwilling to watch as their lineage are obliterated the Aelven members of the Pantheon of the Forge seek to intervene, yet even as they descend cometlike from the mountaintops to defend their Kin they are intercepted.

In a brutal and unrelenting assault the Duardin and Human demi-gods of the Pantheon ambush their Aelven kin, in a most heinous act of shame their quarry are slain with their divine blood raining down on the battlefield below as their mortal descendants suffer the same far.

“The Clock falls Silent” – The City of Midnight, a true work of the finest clockwork artisanship falls silent. It stands a testament to the ingenuity of the realms, a myriad of turning cogs and gears, revolving platforms and an ever shifting silhouette falls silent. Every cog stopping in a paused synchronicity, the pained silence of which resonates louder than any bell chime ever could have. Unable to revive their city of stoke the furnaces without the great clock the populace have no choice but to abandon their homes, the great caravans streaming from its many gates until shadow is its only occupant

TIMELINE

A Promise born of Shame.

The blood of their fallen Divine kin still staining their hands the remaining members of the Pantheon of Iron recoil in horror, any thought of unity between the pantheon forever tainted by the knowledge of their most heinous of crimes. No time is spared to bury their victims, nor turn eye to the fate of mortal beings below as they retreat in shame toward their mountainous refuge.

It is said that years passed in silence, none able to meet the eyes of the other Demi Gods present for risk of seeing the same guilt staring back at them. But eventually one by one they manage to recover voice from beneath a sea of shame and self loathing. A vow is struck in that darkest of places, no longer will they interfere with the affairs of mortals below, even their own lineage will be left as mortals are to strike out and forge their own fates. In this way none would be motivated to draw blade on brother again for the sake of the fleeting lives of their mortal kin.

With the accord stuck and hearts still far too heavy to bear the Pantheon parts for what is believed to be the last time, each seeking solitary refuge in the Realms to watch from afar as their fledgling creations blossom anew ire wither against the growing darkness. It is said absent god to steer it the City of Midnight falls silent, its great clock seemingly frozen at the moment of the Pantheons greatest shame as a constant reminder of the loss to the Realms. Others simply are lost beneath the tide of chaos to have their stories never told. Yet some still endure, behind the walls of Azyr or in monolithic cities ever marching onwards, and in time the talk of a Pantheon of the Forge or divine ancestry is left to the fairy tales of children and tall tales of the elders.

The Age of Industry is begun

The Age of Waiting

The years that follow become known as the long years, whilst those Houses residing within the walls of Azyr are able to flourish little is heard of their kin abandoned beyond the sealed gates. Many a kingdom rises and falls during these troubled times, with the armies of chaos ever on the lookout for empires to conquer it is only those with the ingenuity and fortitude to outlast these roving marauders that are afforded time to grow. Absent direction or unity each empire takes on its own unique personality, divergent patterns of growth beginning to emerge in the various guilds.

New Bonds of Friendship

With the scattered empires of the Ironweld cut off from one another there is a period of silence between them, it is in these times that bonds are forged with the sky empires of the Kharadron Skyports. Many of the cities of the Ironweld erect massive spires equipped with Aetheric Tethers to allow trade with their new allies, in time these skyways allow the Weld to restore communication between their disparate empires in exchange for handsome payment of coin to the growing Kharadron fleets. In the darkest of times a strong alliance is forged between earth and sky.

The Argent Order

With the Realms in disarray and the coursing flow of magic ever tainted by the touch of Chaos practitioners of the craft are exiled from the kingdoms of the Weld. Their potential for unending devastation is deemed unquantifiable by the Noble houses though many claim this is due to the Nobles inability to harness magic themselves.

The Argent Order is formed to combat magical threats within the Kingdoms, ever watchful eyes of the Witch hunters patrolling the streets of the factory cities to round up any displaying arcane potential.

A Kingdom United

Throughout the Long Year the artisans of Azyr have flourished, in a life of safety they have garnered much coin arming the Armies of Heaven, yet in many ways this comfort has starved their innovation as lack of impending need stifles creativity. As the Gates of Azyr open once more and Sigmar strikes back out at the forces of Chaos the envoys of the Weld seek out old kingdoms across the Realms, the Azyrite Houses seeking to assume rule over the Ironweld by right of Heritage are swiftly rebuffed by the Kingdoms that endured outside of the safety of the walls.

Indeed the innovations of the greater Weld far outstrip that of the forces of Azyr, and the resentment these enduring houses feel for the Azyrite cousins is ever flavoured by the feeling of abandonment. With the various houses beginning to return to the Azyrite quarters to establish embassies there is clear friction between those who endured the war outside the walls against those who enjoyed the sanctuary within. A tenuous accord is struck, with the Houses of the Weld once more turning their innovations to arming the Godkings' soldiers the flow of coin to the coffers once more abates simmering tensions.

TIMELINE

A New Path

Whilst outwardly cooperative the clashes between the Cogforts of the Nobles Houses become increasingly volatile, disputes over mining rights and territorial borders are an ever present risk of boiling over into armed conflict. Absent direction once granted by the Pantheon of the forge some new solution to the disputes must be found. With both Oran and Morgrash amassing armies on each others borders the need for a solution becomes ever more dire. I

t is the Azyrite houses who find solution, unseeing the mighty Iron Council chamber within the City of Heaven itself the seven largest Houses are invited to the first mortal Council of Iron. Here the first tenants of the Ironweld Arsenal are carved into the table itself, each house policed by the six others gathered within the chamber. It is through this council that the Weld will forge their new path in an ever more dangerous landscape.

The Sting of Betrayal

House Vivistus, third of the Council falls to the taint of Chaos, the very stench of Slaanesh rotting the souls of its Nobility and spreading like wildfire through the streets of Cor Habistra. For the first time since its formation the Council of Iron must invoke the writ of dissolution, an army born of not one but six Noble Houses march on the corrupted city of Cor Habistra in the first gathering of the Ironsworn.

Though a tragic loss the destruction of House Vivistus and subsequent distribution of its assets bonds the fledgling council. With many lesser houses now vying for the empty seat within the council chamber competition is fierce yet all have now witnessed what happens to those who violate the rules of the Weld

Ascension of Grendat

The activities of the refugees and labourers of the township of Grendat are brought to the attention of the council. These commoners lacking in decency and birth right have been bartering in goods stolen from the Weld for centuries, yet without funding from the greater Weld have managed to assemble makeshift workshops to defend to villages unable to vie for the protection of Azyr.

Instead of risk the damage to reputation for allowing such activities to flourish, nor willing to abandon those protected by the Grendat Coalition the house of commoners is granted a seat at the Council of Iron much to the scorn of the noble houses to whom the seat had been intended. Such an act exposes some of the older houses disdain for sharing a room with commoners, much less having to answer to them as part of the ruling council of the Weld.

The Child Queen

Octavia, Heir Aspirant to the House of Oran ascends to the head of the Council of Iron, once a little known outsider she claims the Crown of Innovation ahead of Aspirants from the other Noble Houses. Under her reign the Ironweld Ushers in a golden age of innovation, its armour bristling with new arms and armaments to forge out their empire within the Realms. To many the young Queen becomes the epitome of the modern Weld, able to look beyond the weighty history of their disparate cultures and instead push to seek rightful place as a potent force within the armies of Order

The Midnight Bell Tolls

After two ages of silence the Gates of Midnight open once more and a herald of the Cogwork city makes its way with all haste to the Council of Iron. It is here the Midnight Aspirant is first met, a young woman clad in full Cogwork armour plate seemingly enduring the cities long slumber. In the mists of Ulgu the clocktower of Midnight begins to chime, its Cog work populace seemingly spurred to life in the presence of the Midnight aspirant, questions begun to be asked, who is this Noble, and what of the city of wonders that has been locked for so long...

The Night of Weeping

Nearly a century after the ascension of Octavia the House of Oran is decimated, in a single night a series of assassinations sees its pool of heirs reduced to nothing, though the Matriarch survives the night with only minor wounded she now remains last of the line of Oran. As dawn breaks a statue of purest gold depicting a winged Angel impaled on crude stone spear is discovered in the heart of the great factory complex of Cor Temporis. With the house soon to slip beyond the realms of memory there is little Matriarch can do but watch as fear for their future ravages her people, and lesser nobles begin to make their own schemes for ascendancy.



THE IRON COUNCIL

It is said that once in every decade the Iron Council is called to session, titans of war and industry travelling the realms in armed convoys that shame even the royal guard of many would be kings and emperors. To be invited to the council chamber is a mark of status within the Weld, a sign that for better or worse they have drawn the attention of the current bearers of the Crown of Innovation, better yet is to hold a seat at the table reserved for only the most distinguished of Noble Houses. From the Original Houses the Weld has grown to encompass a whole myriad of lesser houses, guilds and inventors all eager to distinguish themselves and earn their place within the expanse of the Ironweld

Sharing little in common with the first Iron Council beyond the name there are few rooms more heated than a gathering of the Iron Council of the Ironweld. Each of the seven major Noble houses of the Weld lay stake to a seat at the table whilst hundreds more hanger-on's and would be aspirants line the walls of the chamber hoping to get their voices heard at what is considered to be the largest strategic negotiation about the movement of weaponry and resources within any of the cities that comprise Sigmars grand alliance. It falls to the Iron Council to assign contracts to supply the free cities and the guard across the Realms, to negotiate the movements and deployment of Cogforts at key locations on the map and to secure mining rights to ensure they can meet the ever growing demand of the factories of the Ironweld.

Such endeavours would be challenging enough of a united council, however ever Noble House desperately seeks to gain position over their rivals, each vying for their most recent innovation to comprise the bulk of the arms caravans flowing from the great factories of the Ironweld that a greater portion of the gold flowing back to the Weld might arrive in their Coffers. Any gathering of such potent titans of industry and war in the same room is bound to be fraught with conflict and seething tensions, not least of all due to the level of innovation each House is capable of noticeable in the number of increasingly hard to detect smuggled weapons that make it into the chamber. To draw a weapon during Council sessions is not uncommon, often a matter of negotiations to exemplify just how far a noble house is willing to go to secure contract, but to discharge a weapon or strike a rival would be seen a grievous offense. History is littered with foolhardy hotheads who sought to strike down their foes only to marvel at how swiftly the Matriarchs Clockwork Sentinels can cleave head from body, even for those who stand at Duardin stature.

Whichever House hold the Crown of Innovation at the time session is called hosts the Iron Council in their factory complex, and it falls to the head of household to preside over the meeting acting at once as Judge and Mediator between the egotistical ramblings over their

various counterparts. Every House and Guild bring with them their own history rich with distaste for one another, Duardin Overseers often sneering at their comparatively short lived Human equivalents as one Duardin might in their time have to deal with three generations of a Human "nobility" with derision and snide growing with the passing of each noble. Likewise those noble houses that can trade their lineage back to the first council hold little value for the younger houses who have since earned their seat, possibly the most contentious being the Grendat

Coalition, a house comprised near entirely of Labourers who often dirty the chamber with their soot stained rags passing as finery.

When one house falls from favour, either from contract unfulfilled or innovation not forthcoming, or is destroyed in calamity beyond redemption their seat at the table becomes Vacant for one of the many eager minor houses and guilds that lurk within the chamber.

Such was the fate that befell the House of Midnight so long ago when their city was abandoned, it was their loss of status that allowed the Grendat to claim a seat at the high table. With an Aspirant from the

Clockwork city of Midnight having emerged now after so long the tensions within the Iron Circle have only been raised as all eyes turn to the young Grendat Coalition to see if they will relinquish status for one of the fallen Originals.

Whilst sessions of Council can last for months on end they tend to end with at least reasonable unity, the Ironweld discuss every facet of their buisness during session even going so far as to negotiate the going cost for city governors to offer bribe for orders in excess of Sigmars divine allocations. Each of the Heads of House returning to their own empires with newly forged purpose, for a time their petty rivalries abated by voiced outraged and mediated reconciliation and yet it will not be long before those tensions drag their way back to the surface. It is in this delicate balance that the Ironweld have endured, the strength of their unity seemingly able to resist the bitter tugs of envy and recrimination that occasionally threaten to unsteady the ship.

THE IRONSWORN

Many of the Nobles of the Weld are inducted into the ranks of the Ironsworn, to take the vow is to forsake all allegiance save for that to the will of the Iron Council, to uphold the law of the Weld in the face of any opposition or incursion.

From the very first inception of the Ironsworn its ranks have swollen many fold, from a mere handful of Nobility willing to put cause before House to a veritable army of blue-blooded champions.

Whilst every Noble born member of the Ironweld Houses serves in the military for many it is solely as a result of childish naivety or pressure from the Elders of their Household to find meaning outside of the wealth of industry that power the Weld. To serve is to understand war, the embrace that which forms the very life's blood of their industry that when they return from the bloodied fields of battle they could better steer the inventions of the Weld onto newer and greater technologies to save those the Gods have long since forsaken

There are however those who look upon the theatre of war not as some abomination that blights their existence but sees in all the Chaos a sense of meaning that fills a void they had never before acknowledged, to them War is the greatest of equalisers where gods and men stand side by side against a growing cloud of darkness that could consume them, where none are elevated beyond the mud and death that stains body and soul alike. Those young Nobles with the strength of soul and vigour of body to withstand the rigours of war are inducted into the ranks of the Ironsworn, dedicating their ever breath until their last to serving in the military might of the Weld. Such a vow is not something the nobility undertake lightly, once sworn into the order of the Ironsworn there is no escape beyond death or the ravages of age, they forsake their right of succession to the courts of Nobles and instead serve directly under the Ironcouncil that lead the progress of the Ironweld ever onwards.

The Ironsworn make up the elite military of the Weld, from the Knight Lancers and Fusiliers riding their Cogstriders into battle at the head of the Iron Host through to the commanders of the Stables of Coghaulers that provide a robust bulwark of Iron and Steam against the growing tides of savages that beset their kind. Each Cogwork an artisan invention to show the affluence and innovations of the house from which the noble hails, for them war is much an advertisement of product and might as it is a grievous act of violence, the wealthiest of houses can field vast Stables of Haulers and Striders able to surpass even their labourers in number.

Those who serve for longer can ascend to the ranks of Templars and Paladins of the host, it is these titans of war that are chosen to protect the Iron Council when they are convened. Trusted beyond all measure and proven gladiators of factory and battle there are none more worthy of the honour. In the absence of Orders from the council they lead the armies onwards in their missions, often travelling far afield from the factory cities in search of lost schematics or relics of empires buried beneath the ravages of time.

"They call them the Ironsworn, if you'd believe that. High-falutin blue bloods of the Guilds, got themselves all the gold in the Realms to spend on fancy armour and toys and think that makes them heroes. Them Nobles got the pick of the Ironweld, the biggest arsenal of deadly gizmos and trinkets this side of the Red Road, strapping themselves into some lumbering armour standing two horse' high or riding their damn Cog walkers around with no regard for any'un elses plans.

Still, least they're the ones fightin', takin up the blade along with us commoners. Prefer them to the Guilded, sittin on their thrones tallyin lives like it's nothin more than profits to be made, Ironsworn know battle.... them that last beyond their first charge ofcourse, They've bled alongside us and when you're in the mud aint much different between red an' blue bloods.

Might be Noble birth, all that learnin' taught em nothing of manners to those below em' in the Guilds, but I've seen em' do things I'd never thought possible for mortal men. Them Templars standing face to face with Monsters that'd have you cleaved skin from bones, not just slow'in them but taking the first back, pushing THEM back in the dirt for once, moving the battlelines back inch by inch, taking back all that was lost to us... all that was stolen from us.

They call them the Ironsworn, like it or not, they're out best chance of coming out the other side of this thing"

Whilst often regarded as a honourable life's pursuit there are many who view the Ironsworn as something amiss, they have forsaken all rights of lineage or succession to serve alongside the common man. To forfeit wealth and stature is to many a sign of madness, after all even the labourers dream of an existence beyond the ravages of war and death yet these nobles who could well live such a life of peace and comfort unto their dying day have opted to run headlong unto the breach without time to spare second thought. It is then worrying that such a madness seems to be growing throughout their Households, with the Hosts of Sigmar having made clear progress on reclaiming the realms there are many among the young nobles who see such warriors of glistening gold and bravery and seek to emulate their abilities on the field of battle. Such a pervasive desire to seek battle has ended the lines of succession of many a noble house, search of glory claiming more lives than the ferryman of Nagash could ever truly accommodate.

THE ARMIES OF THE IRONWELD ARSENAL

When the Ironweld march to war their armies are comprised of Brigades, each formed of the wealth and entourage of a Noble from within the Household. The more distinguished and wealthy the noble the more elaborate a brigade they can bring with them to the theatre of war, and each can draw upon the thousands of labourers of their household factories to fill out the ranks. The poorer Nobility lean upon their labourers far more, ever risking the production of their factories to fill out a force, a wealthier general can however rely upon their extended family to bring more nobles into the Brigade each more than willing to display the latest ingenuities of war to leave their Factory Cities. War is after all the family buisness.

THE NOBILITY AND IRONSWORN

To be born into the Noble Houses of the Weld is to live a life of affluence and splendour, even the poorest of Guilds have wealth the likes of which few mortals will ever enjoy, and yet there is a sheer cost born of such wealth. War is the industry on which the Ironweld has grown, it is the art of war that fills the coffers of every Noble House, and the traditions of the Nobility is that every child of the house must experience war when they come of age. When they hit maturity every child of the Weld serves with the vast armies of their House, to some this slight experience of war is enough to spur them to seek other pursuits to fulfil their noble lineage. But to many the field of battle becomes the only place they feel truly at home, never is their mastery of cog and blade more appreciated than in the body strew battlefields, never do men listen more keenly to their orders than then the thunderous rapture of shot rings out, and never do they feel more accomplished than when iron forged blade fells ungodly beast. It is these battle hungry nobles who taken on the vow of the Ironsworn, to be the executors of the will of the Iron Council on the field of battle, it is they who are willing to give their all for the pursuits of the weld ultimately to meet death or glory admits their lesser.

THE TEMPLARS

A Comparatively new invention within the Weld it has barely been a century since the innovation of the Templar harnesses saw the field of battle. Born of the House of Oran these titanic war harnesses raise the bearer to the size of the monstrosities that they might face on the field of battle, that Nobles might stand eye to eye with their brutish lesser and bring the civility of the Industrial Weld to lands dominated by thugs. Forged of the finest steel and equipped with its own personal steam engine the Templar Harness raises its bearer to near fifteen feet in height, its wearer strapped into the very heart of the machine pulling on a series of valve relays and pedals to convey movement to the long striding legs of the Templar or perform monolithic swings of its arms.

The heat of the boiler and strain of the ever working relays takes a toll in its bearer, to spend hours on end with the beating heat pulsing behind their head, every muscle and sinew straining against resistant cog and gear powering the harness is an exhausting unlike any other. Yet to stand shoulder to shoulder with the Gods and Titans of the Realm, to be no more a lesser but equal to them is a prize no man or woman in the Weld could deny.

Each Templar harness costs a small fortune, as such their numbers swell only in the most established of houses adorned with their heraldry to inspire the Brigades to fight all the harder. No cost is spear in the armament with the

vicious valve lance being designed alongside the harness, an ironbark impaling implement supplemented by a vat of ever heated oil to pour over a foe allows these inspiring fighters to fell beasts previously unassailable by mortal arms.

To many in the Weld the Templars allow them to truly go where only magic and monster has been able to walk before, no longer must man cower when tree lord protests their presence, nor fear the thunderous hooves of the mammoths of the mountains. With these titans of war the Weld has stamped out mankind's place against the constant darkness seeking to push them back to Azyr.

Those Templars who survive long enough, falling neither to the exertion of their harness ravaging their form nor the blades of enemies seeking to fell the titans of the Weld, can reach the title of Paladin of the Weld. Such a mark of favour of the Council is a status few have managed to acquire, though many crave the grandeur it places upon their Household.

The Paladins are the voice of the Council upon the field of battle, they stand above all others in the Ironsworn in pursuing the agendas of the Ironweld. Throughout the years many have distinguished themselves by completing quests for the council that lead them and their Brigades far from the safety of the Cogforts boundaries, crossing deserts and forests alike to gather relics for the Council never questioning their purpose.

It is in this way the Paladins are at once above and apart from even their Ironsworn kin, to question them would be to refute the will of the Iron Council itself, the shame of such an act likely to disbar a Guild from the council chamber for a generation. When they choose to mark to war it is in the finest of Templar Harnesses, each a work of art depicting the legend of its wearer, they carry with them mighty shields marked with the Heraldry of their forebears and the House from which they were born and the titanic Piston Hammers said to strike with the might of hammer of Grungi in his forge.

MASTER OF SHOT

Venerable Nobles, the veterans of many a battle many in time assume the rank of the Master of Shot, this is oft as close to a retirement as any of the Ironsworn could hope for. Gone are the days of youth where galloping across the battlefield meant more than a week of sore muscle and bruised ego, so too are the years of straining flesh and sinew to move the gears of the Templar harness to titanic feats. Instead the Master of Shot is charged with marshalling the gunlines of the Ironweld, using his experience of battle and knowledge of every intricacy of

the weapons brought to bear in order to utilise them to devastating effect.

It is the barking orders of the Master of Shot that call out across the cannonade, to his voice and his alone answer the lines of riflemen when facing an oncoming charge. Ultimately his voice rises followed by the rumbling thunder of the artillery, truly a voice of gods in the theatre of war. Many such Nobles march to war with a myriad of weaponry they have gathered over their years of service, usually they bring with them a long rifle that they could pick out foes from a distance, its telescopic sight tweaked perfectly that they and they alone know how to refine. Their sidearms are constructed of dozens of different weapons utilised over the years, the perfect barrel, the ideal firing pin, that artistic grip, each often as old as the Master himself and having more tales of the battlefield combined.

THE COGSTRIDERS

The stables of the Weld are packed with a myriad of designs to increase the mobility of the Nobility both in battle and beyond. Amongst the most commonly employed are the Cogstriders, elaborate Cogwork constructs utilising long gear laden legs beneath an armoured body to stride deftly across the battlefield. The Knights of the Weld ride on saddles mounted behind the metalwork body each adorned with their own personal steam engine plumbed into their mount to provide the power it needs to move onwards. It is the integration of rider and mount that provides mobility to these creations, should a rider find themselves unseated in the theatre of war they often shed the steam boiler as quickly as possible lest its weight drag them down into the mud.

The young Knight Errant of the Ironweld ride to battle atop their Cogstriders, often having designed and crafted the complex machinery themselves that they might know every gear and intricacy of the machine should they need to repair it on the field of battle. Some carry with them the heavy ironhewn lances, forming the beaten metal speartip of an Ironweld advance, striding ahead of the host to impale a foe or crush them beneath clawed metallic foot of the striders.

Other carry with them the enormous wooden Arbalesters of their Households, each capable of launching incendiary bolts down the field to set foes ablaze and spread anarchy throughout the enemy lines. These fusiliers form the flanking element of an Ironweld advance able to lock the direction of their Cogstriders advance to free both hands to fire freely without need worry their mount might roam off into the wilderness. Many of these Knights ride to war with

squires to tend to their mounts, whilst the nobility might know every detail of their Cogwork masterpieces it falls to less important hands to clean blood and bracken from the delicate gearwork of the machine.

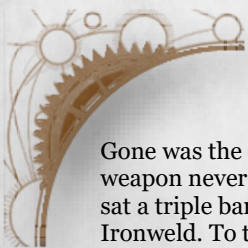
THE IRONDUKE AND THE COGFLEET

When the Realms were young and the Ironweld was in its infancy it is said that House Rok first designed the Coghaulers that are now commonplace within the Realms. Smoke Belching Steamtanks forged of Wood and Iron, robust and enduring they soon became the workhorse of the Weld. Able to cross massive distances in the harshest of terrain without succumbing to ailment or illness like the traditional living mount utilised by other factions they could also bear incredibly payloads whilst only taxing the boilers within acceptable limits. As the Ironweld grew whole caravans of these Coghaulers were employed by the Nobles to carry their goods from settlement to settlement, each bearing its own defensive cannons and steam guns to rebuff any thieves or marauders that took it upon themselves to try and liberate some of the armament for their own nefarious ends.

When the Ironweld marched to war the Coghaulers formed part of the caravan and battleline, at once able to bear the supplies for an army on the move and when it came to battle a mobile cannonade able to crush a foe beneath wheel and iron plate. It came as no surprise then that the Nobility sought to utilise these steel behemoths as their own personal warhorses, not least of all for the joy of having hardened steel plate between them and any would be assassins on the field of battle. Many sought to upgrade their own personal Coghaulers with the finer boilers produced, adorning the outer hulls with the colours of their House that their deeds might be recognised amidst the clamour of battle..

It is said one such battle hungry Noble took to the field having made a wager with his men, he vowed he would fell more foes with his Coghaulers cannons than any other in the fleet that his house might rise ascendant into the tomes of legend. Sadly such a feat was not to come to pass, between lashes of whips to his labourers crew he exclaimed that it had been their lacklustre efforts in the loading that had cost him considerable pride (not to mention the coin he had wagered). However from his ill temper one of the staples of the Ironweld was to come into fruition, desperately unwilling to lose such a wager again the young noble spent weeks within the stables of the Weld labouring over his Coghauler, though few know how much coin his House spent on such labours when he emerged the creation was resplendent.





Gone was the single steam cannon, such a pedestrian weapon never truly fitting a nobles steed, and in its place sat a triple barrels cannonade befitting a duke of the Ironweld. To this the moniker of the Dukes retort soon seemed to take, on the field of battle he could launch far more shot at the foe than the rest of the fleet though found none willing to embark on his wagers again. Given time the Ironduke Coghauler spread through out the houses of the Weld, each wishing to have such a staple of affluence and destruction amidst their fleets when called to war.

Yet perhaps the most bewildering Hauler in the fleet comes in the form of the Coghauler Anchor. A recent innovation from the Argent Order these disturbing Coghaulers mount ever shifting Cogwork prisms housing a myriad of refined Realmstone, seemingly ever shifting to keep the Realmstone in flux the resulting arcane energies have been describe by the College Arcane as an abomination. The engineers of the Weld have noted that when rotated at sufficient speed these elements can generate a field of interference to abate the arcane elements of the realms at least temporarily. Initially designed to prevent scrying into the council chambers or the more sensitive projects of the Weld these innovations have since progressed to the field of battle. Reliant on the steam engine of the Coghauler to power their Reality Anchors if deployed in sufficient number these iron steeds can shutdown the magical potential of nearby entities, or in some extreme cases cause feedback sufficient to terminate.

Such innovations are not without downsides however, the Pantheon of Order have forbade their use in the valleys of Ghyran beneath the floating islands after early testing sent a number of smaller islands dropping from the sky resulting in untold devastation. Worse still so severe is the interference that each Coghauler must be disassembled to pass through a realm gate safely to prevent their delicate instruments interfering with the activity of the gate itself.

THE SCHOOLS OF ENGINEERS

Though perhaps not as heralded as the Nobles who serve the Ironsworn are the Engineer Schools of the Weld, those who have seen the field of battle but instead retreated to the sanctuary of their workshops to use their ingenuity and skill to pave the way for new innovations. Human and Duardin alike are inducted to the Engineer Schools of the Weld, that they might hone their craft to shape the future generations of their Households, it is here they learn the teachings of the Six Smiths passed down through the generations and explore their own unique approach to forging the mighty machines of industry that drive their fates. Few think to look beyond the rusted smoke stacks and many forges of the cities of the Ironweld, but those who do could find the vast libraries of the school of engineers, their many stacks containing the designs of every creation in the history of the weld in detailed schematics, meticulously curated from the myriad of cities in their history that innovation might never be slowed by destruction. Many of the Engineer trained in the Weld must reluctantly return to the field of battle from time to time, accompanying their latest innovations unwilling to entrust less skilled hands to operating their masterpiece, or tasked with ensuring the aging machines of continue to function even amidst the savage elements of the Realmscape.

Even within the Engineer schools there is a degree of competition, it is oft uttered within the Weld that Duardin

are true Engineers, Humans are simply Tinkerers. That is to say that the Duardin possess a longevity of attention span and fortitude of spirit to produce and maintain an innovation to stand the tests of time, whilst humanity seems ever inclined to chase their curiosity and aspirations from innovation to innovation ever seeking something new. The duality between these two approaches aids rather than hinders the Weld, whilst the human tinkerers are ever creating new and increasingly elaborate designs to aid in progress the Duardin are happy to work on the beating industrial heart of the Weld, one keeping an eye on the future whilst the other maintains the past.

Without the innovations of the Engineer there would be no Weld, no arms caravans coursing through the realms as the life's blood of the Ironweld, and not cannonades defending the walls of Sigmars cities. The Nobility rely on this indispensability to keep as many of their more skilled hands away from danger for along as possible. On the field of battle the Duardin engineers carry with them the Cog Axes as a mark of station, distinguishing themselves in the mud and mires that their dirtied overalls might never be mistaken for that of the common man. Often they also bring their Grudgeraker firearms, a swift rebuke to any who would seek to infringe on the personal space of an Engineer in the pursuit of his duties.

TINKERERS ON COGSTRIDERS

The Duardin Engineers might be happy to stay down in the mud when completing their duties, but such a fate is not to befall the human nobility of the Weld, instead they gallop to battle atop artificer Cogstriders alongside the outriders of the brigade. It falls to these tinkerers to maintain the Cogwork of the forward lances, perhaps the most danger ignorant of their breed galloping headlong toward the danger of the enemy lines. It is by no means intent to engage the foe that drives them forward however, simply the unrelenting desire to never see such exquisite Cogwork fail in the heart of battle, though should a foe attempt to catch a Tinkerer on the field of battle they each bring with them firearms of their own masterwork design, able to put out a withering hail of fire to deter even the most fool hardy an enemy.

STEAMCLAD ENGINEER

If the Cogstriders are the true mounts of a Tinkerer then the Steamclad are such for the Duardin Engineers of the Realms, stoic innovations of beaten iron plating and slow unrelenting crushing wheels mounted to the front. These were once designed as construction vehicles for the Weld, able to clear and flatten large swathes of ground that might cause issue for marauding Cogforts, it was then a savvy engineer who looked upon them and saw the potential to crush more than bracken beneath its steel plated rollers.

When the Steamclad rides to war it has been modified extensively, its engine strained to near breaking point to deliver far swifter motion than its original purpose, atop it the Engineers grim gaze is an eerie accompaniment to the unrelenting certainty of the rollers. Should such a machine ever be allowed to reach the enemies lines there are few things that could stop it causing havoc, crushing muscle and bone with little effort beneath its sheer bulk whilst the Engineer lets out wide swings with his Cog Axe eager to deliver his own vengeance to anyone who dare scuff his iconic mount.

THE COMMON FOLK

The Weld is built on the backs of its commoners, they are the beating heart of industry that carries the will of the Nobles forth. It is by their hand that the great works of the engineers are brought to life, labouring in the mines, forges and factories that they might one day achieve the vision of their betters. To be a commoner in the Weld is not a soft life of resplendent pleasure, but it offers food and safety, two of the most prized possessions in Realms ravaged by war. With the industry of war ever filling the coffers of the Ironweld to work within the Weld is to receive coin that might one day lead to possibilities beyond the life of smog and toil that forms their new reality.

WELD MILITIA

Stokers, haulers, craftsmen and labourers the populace of the Guild all serve function when they come of age, in the cities of industries there is no shortage of work to complete and many hands drive the cogs of progress ever onwards. The work may be hard but to serve in the Weld provides food and security that can be scarce in the greater expanses of the Realms. For many the idea of venturing out of the factory cities is a nightmare, for so long protected by the cannonades of their fortress like refuge to face the Realms feels entirely too vulnerable.

Yet when called forth all in the Weld heed the word of their noble masters, to the poorest a powder pistol is all they can afford to carry with them, issued by the quartermasters to all who will defend the product of the Weld in the field of battle. Others bring with their volley guns from their family arsenals, older weapons of antiquated designs but no less devastating to the foe. All those who are called up are skilled in manning the cannonade should be called forth, with many generals keeping stock of labourers nearby that they might change out maimed or killed cannon crews to ensure peak efficiency of the firing positions.

WELD GUARD

Not all of the commoners who work for the Ironweld spend all day stoking the furnaces or hauling cog or coal across the landscape of the factory cities, though it is oft assumed so by those who live outside of the Weld Districts in the cities of order. Other instead are tasked with the security of the Weld, be it in the districts, cities or the vast caravans of arms that travels the realm-scape to supply the armies of Order, it is these Weld Guard that are responsible for ensuring that interlopers, thieves and spies do not breach the security of the Weld. Some of the Guard are simply following in the footsteps of their parents, to serve in the Weld Guard means for a time escaping the choking smog and clinging soot of the Weld Factories, indeed many equate the life expectancy of a Guardsmen who takes to battle to be equal to those labourers who inhale the fumes of the factory day and night. Others are chosen from refugees inducted into the Weld, the strongest and most stalwart are taken not to the factories but to the barracks of the Weld that they might be trained in the manner of the Guard. Whilst respected by their less fortunate peers there is a degree of fear over the presence of the Guard, it is they who are set to enforce the will of nobles within the confines of the cities of the Ironweld, anyone caught stealing or hording materials vital to the pursuits of the Weld face justice at the hands of the Weld Guard.

Comprised of two schools of training the Weld Guard consist of the Phalanx and the Rifles each of which bringing a vital skill and armament to the field of battle, it is the Phalanx who provide a living wall against any who would seek to engage the armies of the Weld in melee. Their heavy cog hewn armour consists of ever moving gears to

aid movement despite its sheer weight, able to lock the gears in their extremities when receiving a charge to reinforce the armours resilience. Their Phalanx Halberds are true works of the Weld ingenuity, able to collapse to more deft axes in the confines of close quarters or extend telescopically into the long Halberds they need to protect against oncoming charges.

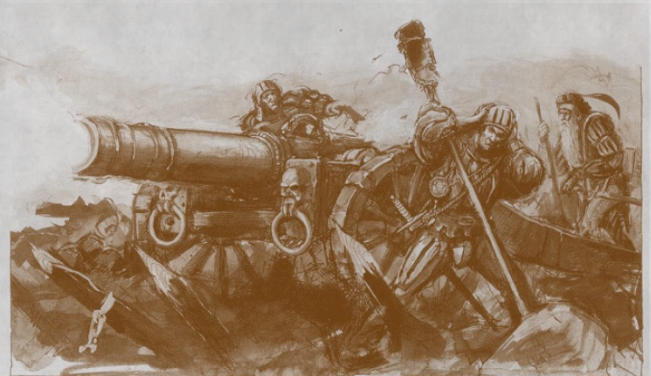
The Weld Riflemen are the long reach of the Ironweld Guard, a mobile gunline using reliable black powder rifles to spit volleys of burning metal down the field at any foe the Nobles wish to see destroyed. Whilst lacking the artistry of the weaponry of the Nobility their rifles are able to puncture the crude armours of the rabble of the realm all the whilst keeping the user at a safe distance.

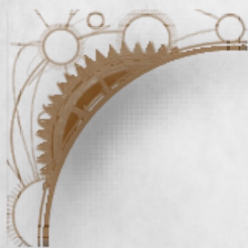
THE ARSENAL

The Cannonades and Artillery batteries of the Weld are perhaps their most widely spread innovations. It is the Weld who provide the mighty cannons that line the walls of Sigmars new cities, from the mundane through to the more exotic flame belching Iron Dragons, and to many throughout the Realms the Arsenal of the Weld are their truest line of defence against the tides of Chaos. Every cannon in the cities of order bears the crest of the Weld, iron forged works of art ready to leave many a scar upon the landscapes of the Realm, whilst many a man might go his entire life never seeing a Stormcast in the flesh they are greeted with the daily sight of the Weld forged cannonade high in the walls above their city.

Each engineers sees the Arsenal as an opportunity to explore new innovations in destruction, they employ a myriad of explosive payloads to bring to bear in increasingly bewildering cannon batteries, or bring exotic rockets that they might send apocalyptic barrages down the field to drown their foes in ordinance. Then come the lead belching clockwork monstrosities of the Helblaster, every crank of the level sending dozens of burning metal shot down the field to pierce their targets.

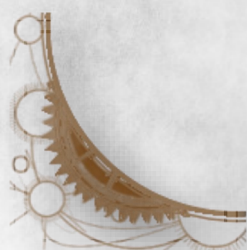
On the field of battle these destructive artillery pieces are crewed by skilled labours who seek to do their masters will justice with the cannons, under the watchful eye of the Master of Shot they know that their lives mean little compared to the wealth invested in the artillery around them. There is a competitive rivalry between the labourers crewing these new innovations, each seeks to push their artillery piece to deliver payload faster and better than their rival that they might soon ascend through the ranks of the Weld. Though they know all too well that should such childish endeavours bring harm to the Warmachine the consequences might well cost them dearly.

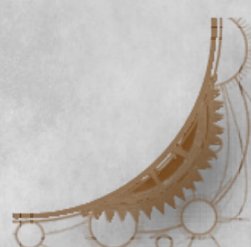
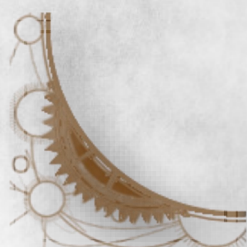
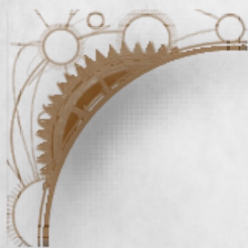


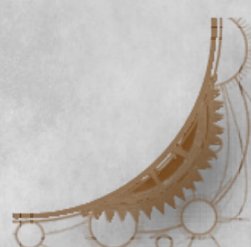
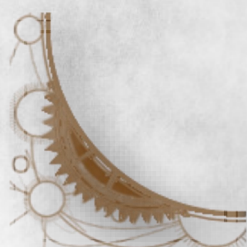
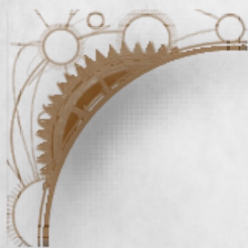


IRONWELD ARSENAL

MODELS OF THE IRONWELD







THE NOBLE HOUSES AND ASPIRANTS

Determining your loyalties

The forces of the Ironweld Arsenal have been lead by the noble Houses of the Weld for as long as memory can recall, some claiming these houses are descendants of the students of the great Duardin god Grungi, sent out into the Realms to spread their learning to their own peoples that the armies of Order might never find themselves unprepared. Others claim the first houses simply had the coin to buy there master smiths as their own and have profited from the inventions of other talented individuals ever since.

However their formation few can deny the prosperity the noble houses of the Weld have enjoyed, a rich history of engineering and innovating runs through the blood and soul of ever Noble born to the Houses. For some they turn this into strategy on the field of battle, becoming Ironsworn to the military might of the Weld, to others it is Engineering and Smithing that they might arm the populace of the Realms, to others it is to innovation and reflection that they might prepare the generations to come.

As tradition and ritual become cemented through hereditary rule each house has begun to take on the characteristics of its Nobility, where they once shared a commonality with every generation their specialities diverge yet further, some become increasingly militant with a spiralling array weapons each more devastating than the last. To others they look to the defences

that the Weld might become a bulwark to those abandoned by their Gods, others yet still take their studies into hitherto unknown domains that lead to more questions than answers.

Yet every House, Guild and Noble family share the ties to the Guild, all are sworn to honour the Iron Council and its rule over all that bear the crest of the Ironweld Arsenal. There is more than history that ties these noble kin and their lesser together, their very industries are interwoven in such a way that they depend on each other for survival, perhaps such was the intention of the first ever council that should any one House suffer all within the Weld would feel the loss. This balance keeps the divergent houses from ever truly dividing from common purpose, ever striving onwards in pursuits of war and industry.

Not all houses enjoy the luxuries of glorious history and unbroken bloodlines. There are those whose wealth all but dissolved leaving them far from the comforts of the inner circle ever hoping and striving to regain favour. Others spring up from the burgeoning workshops of the new cities of the Realms, ever trying to prove their worth to earn the attention of the Nobility. It is these houses and guilds that form the Aspirants, eager to take a seat at the table if one is ever offered.

HOUSEHOLD ALLEGIANCE

The myriad of cultures that make up the Ironweld Arsenal each bring with them a dizzying array of innovations of tactics on the field of battle.

When selecting any **IRONWELD ARSENAL** army players may select to either play as one of the 5 established Household armies as detailed on the following pages, or may instead opt to forge their own story as a young Aspirant House. Each Household allegiance grants abilities to the army, additionally they alter the Weld Heraldry rules on friendly **IRONSWORN** units.

Finally many of the Household Allegiances grant the option of a unique Masterwork Design or Artificer Cogwork, these may be selected instead of generating a Masterwork Design or Artificer Cogwork design in the army creation stage.

Alternatively players may opt to forge the tales of their own Noble House, in doing so the players gain the Aspirant Household rule shown on this page but may not select a **HOUSEHOLD ALLEGIANCE** on the pages that follow. Doing so does not grant access to any Household specific relics but gives players the opportunity to embrace their own creativity and forge the story of their empire.

Whatever loyalties a player chooses embracing creativity is at the heart of the Ironweld, each Household archetype could represent countless Guilds throughout the Realm, each with their own characters and unique colour schemes.

THE ASPIRANT HOUSEHOLDS

When running an Aspirant Household army players may use the following Allegiance ability. There are no unique Masterwork Designs nor Artificer Cogworks for these fledgling households, instead they must seek to forge their own innovations through hard labours and the heat of battle.

A Legacy to Forge

The Nobility of the Aspirant houses are all eager to prove their worth, willing to tread over the corpses of their fallen kin if it means climbing to the top tables of the Weld. To their foes none amongst the Aspirants has the notoriety to know when the general of such a force has truly been slain.

If during the course of the battle the General of an Aspirant Households army is slain, the controlling player may immediately select a different HERO that is both alive and already setup on the battlefield. This model is now considered their general for all purposes, and may immediately generate a Command Trait (this command trait however must be randomly generated).

HOUSE ORAN

The Ironhearts

The House Oran currently hold the seat of power within the Ironweld, their Matriarch Octavia having secured the Crown of Innovation as a child and spurred the Weld into an era of unprecedented invention and discovery. Those born to Oran have long been considered cold hearted and distance, often so buried in the future that they have neither the time nor inclination to pay attention to the present. For many it is this foresight that has made them so indispensable to the Weld throughout its troubled history, a calm hand at the rudder when all was descending into chaos, steering the industry through the far more prosperous waters.

Their very nature is perhaps shaped by the Realm of Light in which their capitol city of Cor Temporis can be found, obsessive in their seeking and hoarding of knowledge they have long since been at the cutting edge of Weld innovation. And yet it is in their obsessive nature that their key fault lies, too often seeking out new ideas would leave those already discovered little time to flourish or refine, were it not for the actions of the Noble houses around them willing to complete the more menial tasks of industry House Oran may well have found themselves unable to fund their further research endeavours.

COR TEMPORIS—THE WALKING CITY

The term walking is largely a generous exaggeration of the city that crawls its way steadily across Hysh, pulled by hundreds of Cog haulers the very fact it is able to move is perhaps what has lent to such a grandiose term. Few understand the reasoning behind such an attribute beyond the very fact that the Ironweld invent for the very sake of innovation, dismissing the cities mobile nature as little more than a flamboyant architects masterpiece.

To those who know better there is an ancient tale, whispers that before Cor Temporis came to be an expedition from House Oran found something buried in the sands of Hysh, undeniably ancient and hewn from metal no axe or pick could pierce, a cube littered with Sigils unlike any others seen the realms over. It is said this unknowable vault bewildered the expedition, and around it they built an encampment, it was as the days passed, when each mornings sun struck the Vault they observed perhaps its most peculiar attribute, shifting in the sand, trembling as it carved its way a few inches further through the realm toward destinations unknown.

Over the years the encampment has grown, dozens of Cogforts deployed that the Weld might understand what secrets the vault could unlock. In time they locked together to shield the vault from the view of would be interlopers, and as yet more forts joined their midsts the engineers within sought new technologies that they might find a way to bore through its metal hide, grand factories sprung up to devise new drills, workshops sought to master flame and fire to melt away the outer layers, prismatic light harnesses channelled the very nature of the realm at this enigma.

Centuries has since passed, and whilst some secrets have been derived from the vault it has yet to relent to the bombardments of the Weld, the Cogforts have grown to the largest city in the Ironweld with the obsessive need to unlock the Vault driving forward their progress at a staggering rate. Now each day as the Vault moves so does the city, ever onwards to a destination beyond their

understanding.

Whether the Vault has given the scholars of Oran something to obsess over, or if it is the root cause of the character flaw gnawing away at their every thought is unclear. Though many have begun to question precisely how much influence the unknown Vault exerts over those nearby.

ASCENT TO THE THRONE

It was as simply a young child that Octavia, first born of the House of Oran became that Heir Aspirant to the Crown of Innovation. Like the Aspirants from all the noble houses, some more dubious than others it fell to Octavia to compete when the Patriarch of the Age of Industry fell foul of a crippling case of the blight at the defined age of 90. The trials for the aspirants a gruelling, both physically and mentally as they seek to infiltrate, scale and unlock the secrets of the abandoned clockwork city of Midnight with its shifting corridors and ever changing network of platforms. Many dismissed the child of Oran, the youngest of the crop to compete and by no means outstanding at feats of strength nor innovation and yet as one by one the aspirants fell to injury, weak resolve or in the rare circumstances death and the field began to fill out the small form of Octavia could still be seen climbing the spires of Midnight.

It would be her patience that defined her challenge, as it later has her reign over the Weld, where others competed as though it were a race to the crown Octavia moved slowly and purposefully, studying every platforms movements before ever taking a step. Where others fell from haste she knew the patterns of the city as she climbed ever higher through the spires, when fools rushed ahead she watched keen eyes as the clockwork traps claimed many a victim, every misstep of her opponents taught Octavia more about the labyrinth they sought to defeat. It was then through patience, cold calculation and obsessive attention to detail that the young aspirant found herself Victorious, emerging from the gates of Midnight bearing the Crown of Innovation and plans for a new form of Warmachine liberated from the lost libraries of the clockwork city.

THE NIGHT OF WEEPING

It has been near two centuries since the now venerable Matriarch Octavia took control of the House Oran and the crown of the Ironweld, and in a life well lived her estate was brimming with children, grandchildren and more all trained to lead the new generations of Oran to greater prosperity. Her heir Aspirant, chosen not from the eldest but the best of her offspring Ilays was much loved amongst the populace of Cor Temporis, fair and brimming with endless curiosity her work on the refinement of Conveyer steam valves is calculated to have not only made them more efficient but saved the lives of dozens of labourers usually lost during catastrophic breakdowns. And yet after the Night of Weeping the House of Oran is decimated, in a single night a series of assassinations sees

HOUSE ORAN

its pool of heirs reduced to nothing, though the Matriarch survives the night with only minor wounds she now remains last of the line of Oran. As dawn breaks a statue of purest gold depicting a winged Angel impaled on crude stone spear is discovered in the heart of the great factory complex of Cor Temporis. With the house soon to slip beyond the realms of memory there is little Matriarch can do but watch as fear for their future ravages her people, and lesser nobles begin to make their own schemes for ascendancy.

The Armies of House Oran have always been typified by the Nobility that have flocked to the court of the Matriarch, to hold the Crown of the Weld attracts attention from the aspirants of many houses who have since sworn service to the House that they might bask in the reflected glory of the long tenured Matriarch. On the field of battle it is they who first perfected the Templar Harness, that they might elevate their nobles high above the dirt and death that lingers far closer to the ground, shining knights in Cogwork armour to spur their forces on to greater feats.

MARCUS DETORF III—KNIGHT OF ORAN

At the very heart of Cor Temporis, beneath shifting street and grinding gear lies the Vault, ever crawling toward destination unknown this arcane artefact seems to exist beyond time, beyond reality itself in its unrelenting advance. Scholars from the Temporal Libraries spend their entire lives poring over the unaging metallic shell of the vault, tracing its runes in ever failing attempts to discern some pattern or language to further their understanding over this enigma.

It was then that Marcus Detorf III found himself to be one such Scholar seeking the truths buried in the Enigma of Temporis, relatively unknown even within his own Noble house his connection to the bloodline of Oran was tenuous at best, though his curiosity assured him a place within the Horological Apprentices. Often outstripping even his superiors in dedication to the pursuit of knowledge and curiosities he would spend staring at the unknowable vault buried within the cities heart, turning over every possible book in the libraries stacks and beyond to try and discern just a sliver of its purpose. On the night of awakening he was alone deep within the bowels of the city, a vast array of prismatic lenses aimed at the vault to try and spy some sliver of the energies it radiated when the Necroquake rocked the Realms. As the wave of energies from Shyish struck the Vault stirred as though suddenly awakened. It coursed and shivered with the oncoming energies, the power seemingly flowing water like across the engraved runic engrams that littered its surface.

Tantalised that for the first time in centuries the Vault had awoken Marcus leapt from his half dozing state, eyes trying to trace and map the route the energies took across the surface for later study, moving ever closer as the hum of power seemed to beckon him in. Whether through his

own curiosity or some unseen force the young apprentice was powerless to resist the lure of the vault, if asked afterwards he would claim to bear no memory of reaching out to touch the rippling metallic surface, and yet the devastation when he did so stands witness to his act. As skin made contact with the enigmatic vault, the rippling energies coursing through it burst outwards flooding the workshop with a destructive wave that shattered bone and metal alike, Marcus himself flung the length of the workshop before striking his head on metalwork and slipping from consciousness. And just as soon as it had arrived the energies dissipated, the arcane vault once more landing into the ground with a thunderous clang before continuing on its slow advance toward destination unknown, the devastation wrought the only sign it had ever stirred.

When he awoke the young apprentice was much changed, his mind swam with the symbols of the vault though he could not understand them any more now than before his incident, more disturbing yet he could feel the very shift of the Realmscape beneath his feet, seemingly able to sense the very movement as though both dragging a second into eternity and feeling the rush of centuries passing by in a breath. His mind was wracked with the weight of such passing of times, clouded visions ever swimming their way across his thoughts confusing and riddling them with past and future unable to let the present simply abide.

After years of the Scholars of Oran poring over him as though he had replaced the once more silent Vault as the core of their study, only to find their labours on him just a fruitless Marcus found himself once more alone with his jumbled thoughts. He was ever restless, plagued by an increasing bombardment of visions that threatened to rob him of both sanity and dignity, in his dreams the visions of calamity grew ever more volatile that he had begun to resist sleep at all cost. So close to the vault he could not find resolve to pursue his studies, nor live a life with any measure of peace, instead with a heavy heart the Matriarch granted her great-nephew a reprieve from his duties to the house, allowing him to seek rest wherever he might find it. With such blessing he rode forth alone atop his Cogstrider, a lone figure clad in the colours of Oran yet seeking refuge as far from her borders as he could. With every galloping stride of the Cogstrider the burden upon his mind seemed to ease slightly, though never less plentiful the visions seemed that much more easy to carry without the ever present hum of the Vault coursing through his ever fibre.. To many that was to be the last to be seen of the young Detorf, alone against the constant threats of the Realms, neither Ironsworn nor Engineer there was little enough hope that could be spared for his unfortunate soul.

Yet of late rumours have surfaced of the Lone Knight of Oran, a lone figure clad in the tattered remnants of a Noble of the Household, atop a steed of Cog and steam

HOUSE ORAN

both ravaged by long years upon the roads of the Realms. They say it was the Lone Knight that bade the villagers to flee the city of Marush days before it fell into the weeping sea. That when the roving tribes of Marauders set upon the farms of Ghyran it was the Knight alone that rode out to meet them, ever more these stories seem to be filling the libraries of Oran, that when disaster comes to ravage the peoples of the Weld it is he who rides forth to bear warning. Some scholars claim that the visions of the Vault have permitted him some insight into the futures to come, others that he is marked ever cursed by the Vault that it is disaster that follows him and not the other way around. All that is known however, is that when the House of Oran is ailing, the Lone Knight will tend her wounds. And with the line of succession so ravaged it is perhaps only a matter of time before this young apprentice returns home.

THE ARMIES OF ORAN

The armies of Oran are tactically astute, able to set aside the red veil of battle and foolish pride long enough to understand the potency of a strategic retreat, all too often a foe will think themselves having broken the enemy lines only to hear the crack of thunder as once fleeing Weldguard unleash a devastating volley on their now exposed attackers.

Though much like all of the Houses of the Weld Oran has a more than ample supply of labourers they use much of their wealth to maintain a robust Weld Guard contingent, trained by the finest nobles across the land whole contingents of riflemen are dispatched to win the battles Oran must wage, flanked by full stables of Lancers and Fusiliers.

In recent years with the devastation of the lineage of the Matriarch her armies have been dispatched with increasing fervour, each led by hosts of lesser nobles seemingly scouring all corners of the realms on some undeclared quest. It is then not uncommon to seem them eschewing the artillery trains utilised by other hosts in favour of mobile, rapid armies supported instead by the weight of fire their Riflemen can produce.

PLAYING AS HOUSE ORAN

When forming an army for House Oran, add the **HOUSE ORAN** keyword to all **IRONWELD ARSENAL** warscrolls in your army. An army can be formed of only a single household, and any army that is not **IRONWELD ARSENAL** allegiance may not select a Household allegiance.

Armies with the **HOUSE ORAN** keyword gain the following special rules, including access to a unique Masterwork Design. All units with the Weld Heraldry special rule must replace it with Heraldry of Oran in a **HOUSE ORAN** army.

HOUSE ORAN ALLEGIANCE

Studious Obsession— *The Nobles of Oran study all things with an obsession that put others to shame, every battle plan, every ploy, every strategy become reflexive.*

Roll a dice whenever a HERO from this army uses a command ability. On a roll of a 6 the command point used is refunded, to be added to the controlling players command pool.

Heraldry of Oran — *Though her line may well soon come to an end the Matriarch of Oran still hold control over the Weld, the weight of her words able to inspire newfound resolve in even the most broken of souls.*

Replace the Weld Heraldry rule on all **IRONSWORN** units in a House Oran army with this rule. Friendly **WELDGUARD** units wholly within 12 inches of a model with this rule may still complete Shooting attacks in the shooting phase even if they retreated in the same turn.

MASTERWORK DESIGN (HOUSE ORAN)

The Cog work Cuirass— *A Masterpiece of armour design this rippling plated metal can shift to concentrate protection against repeated blows, often proving the difference between life and death* Subtract 1 from the Damage Characteristics of all attacks that target this model, to a minimum of one.

HOUSE ROK

The Steamforged Titans

The Duardin houses of the Ironweld are perhaps those that still cling closest to the old ways, which the impetuous youth of their human counterparts ever rush blindly into progress for the sake of progress is it the steady and dependable nature of the Duardin who provide a sense of stability in an otherwise tremulous world. House Rok is distinguished as one of the original Houses of the Weld, named they claim for one of the mighty Six Smiths of the God of Forge they carry with them no small amount of pride in this, though it has been on occasion been mistaken for ego. It is from the workshops of Esoteris that the first Coghaulers came forth, truly a Duardin invention whilst small and compact they were capable of enduring immense weight and strain without buckling. It was on the back of these Cog Haulers that the empire of the Ironweld has grown, able to form arms caravans able to travel massive distances over terrain organic mounts would have been ill inclined to traverse, it was the might of these that allowed the construction of the titanic factory cities now seen in the strongholds of the weld. It was then only natural that the coffers of House Rok swelled, whole chambers allegedly hidden in Cor Esoteris that they might secret away their gold that interlopers would spend a lifetime searching never to find it.

Those Nobles of House Rok are not immune to the vanity that has seeped into the nobility across the breadth of the Weld, many adorning themselves with clunky steam belching adornments from the Titanfist gauntlet that harnesses steam powered pistons to deliver a blow that would stagger even a god to the less glorious "Inclination Regulator" that frequently pumps questionably imbued steam directly into the wearers respiratory system to allow them to go long periods without sleep. These Nobles are considered gruff, paranoid (even for a Duardin) and seem to constantly be seeking to live up to the legacy that they so proudly proclaim, in recent generations none have topped the invention of the first Coghauler, and the embarrassment of living off of the legacy of their elders has spurred those children of Rok to become all the more brutal in their pursuit of arms contracts that they might swell the treasury further.

COR ESOTERIS, THE FIELDS OF GLASS

All cities and Cogforts of the Weld boast defences personal to the craftsman who designed them, personal signature pieces that boast their prowess. Perhaps the most impressive is the city of Cor Esoteris, built over the Esoteris Volcano in the realm of metal it channels the devastating power through a labyrinth of tunnels beneath its bustling factory complexes, where others had sought to build a city and simply add defences the first Duardin Architects of Esoteris made a Volcanic cannon, and then decided to live on it. There is a saying the Weld that only a Duardin would find the most dangerous point in the realm and sit on it and claim safety, though Esoteris is made on this very principle. The heart of the city is formed of a series of massive Steam Boilers ever heated from the

volcano buried below, a constant flow of energy that powers everything from the first Ironclad gates of the city right down to the much desired Esoteris Bathhouses (sought the Realm over for their volcanic mineral enriched waters and pleasant water temperatures). The rumours of the sheer wealth of gold buried in the myriad of disused magma tunnels beneath the city has made it a target for many a greedy general since its inception, perhaps none more so than the Blood gold Tyrant

As the armies of the Blood gold Tyrant, champion of Khorne, lay siege to its walls it fell to the first Marshall of the city to finally put their great works to the test. Sounding the ancient horn at the cities summit the grinding of gears across the city rang out, one by one ancient runic valves were raised, sending the magma glows of Esoteris racing eagerly through the warren of tunnels beneath its street. Their unrelenting heat erupts through hidden firing ports in the cities walls, everything living in the vicinity, not shielded by the immense city walls is rendered instantly to shattered glass by the unrelenting explosive heat. In days that have passed many have marvelled at the beauty of the fields of glinting glass now surrounding the city, ignorant to their true nature.

SECOND SON OF ROK

Whilst plentiful still the coffers of the House of Rok have dwindled as innovation began to stall out, with every passing generation the competition for contracts has become that much more fierce, not only amongst the major Houses of the Weld but with every minor guild seeking to pick off any scraps or lesser contracts that the Houses do not feel is worth their time. Such flaws weigh heavily on the Sons and Daughters of Rok, the legacy they have so long sought to live up to becoming ever further out of their reach. In recent generations their reputation has suffered perhaps an even more dire wound, Korvik Son of Rok, the first born of the house destined to become Patriarch with his fathers passing abandoned his kin, no longer able to simply hold faith in the ways of the Weld he took his own personal Ironsworn guard and abandoned his post in the search for the Karaks of old. Whispers of discontent in the house had lingered for many a generation, those who felt the old ways of the Karaks would restore their coffers in a manner that the Weld had not, but to lose not only a Noble but the Heir Aspirant of the House has only stoked such fires in the populace further

As the Patriarch passes unto his final rest it falls to his second son Korvar to take control of the House, thrust into a position that he had never been meant for and with a discontent to quell his reign is ushered in with brutal efficiency. Across the Realms the Cogforts of Rok push forward rapidly into contested land, annexing any mining rights currently under territorial dispute in the name of Rok, his pursuit of contract becoming typified as a ruthless, often violent negotiator made all the more intimidating by his Steamforged Armour crafted in the

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likeness of Grungi to raise his stature to that of a Steam Belching Ogor. Though his methods make the house few friends in the Iron Council, none can dispute their effectiveness as for the first time in centuries the Coffers of Esoteris begin to refill.

KORVAR, TITAN OF THE MOUNTAIN

For many the legend of Korvar began when he was unceremoniously elevated to Patriarch of House Rok following his brothers treasonous abandonment of the Weld, though in truth his tale stretches far further back through the tomes of Esoteris. Free from the burdens of the heir as a young soldiers Korvar found himself most free within the heat of battle, inducted into the Ironsworn at an age younger than any other Duardin on record he established a fierce reputation as an uncompromising fighter on the battlefield, never willing to give even an inch to an unworthy foe. Whilst the Heir Apparent of the household spent his days in libraries poring over book and map to seek the Karak of Old it was Korvar who became his father uncompromising iron fist across the battlefields of the Realms, and yet he was ever caged by the Patriarch unwillingness to expand beyond the boundaries of old. Too long had House Rok been mired by self doubt and rigid tradition, defending the same crop of land bearing ever diminishing ore deposits, too long had they been willing to let Duardin and man alike beyond their borders suffer rather than risk riding out and losing the lives of those born of Esoteris.

For the young general Korvar such knowledge weighed heavy, ever were his forces reaching the borders able to sight new lands to claim in the name of Rok, or plentiful new resources that could aid in the innovations of the Realm only to have his father minders order him to cease such childish thoughts and return to their mountain city. Such shameful rebuke in front of the men and women of his armies bore deep wounds upon the Noble, to be denied the prize of conquest and instead caught in the elaborate cage of his ancestors achievements was a torturous live. Ever was he surrounded by the records of the great feats of Rok in the days long since passed, titanic statues of his Forebears ever looking down upon him as though in silent judgement of his inability to forge legend of his own.

In the days and weeks he spent caged in the city of Esoteris Korvar set his engineers to task, turning their skill at constructing the robust Coghaulers of the realm to instead forging him armour not unlike the Templar plating that the humans found so much solace in yet distinctly Duardin in design. The end result was a brutal masterpiece of war, standing shoulder to shoulder with the monolithic stone statues of his forebears the massive Duardin harness had plate thicker than any Templar suit, and whilst lacking the speed its runic plating should shrug off even the most potent of arcane magics that his enemies might seek to throw upon him. From his enormous metallic helmet protruded a metallic beard hewn from seams of argent and gold, gouts of steam and flame belching forth from the grim façade, a true avatar of Grungi for his new conquest.

Summoning forth the Legions of Rok he once again made march upon the boundaries of their homeland, striding now taller than any amongst his legions never more did he feel alive than when clad in his monolithic suit of armour. Yet this time when he reached the borders no ushering now heavy word from the minders could pull the Titan back from his advance, there was little he had left to fear but a life unfulfilled within the walls of Esoteris.

With a grinding of gears amidst torrents of burning steam the Gargantuan Duardin avatar turned his gaze upon the Minders, ironhewn gauntlets gripping the haft of his piston hammer ever tighter, those present would claim even the metallic visor turned to a vision of barely contained rage as it glared down upon the minders. In the presence of such defiance there was little the minders could do, their words unheeded instead of risk the Patriarchs wrath by accompanying the young noble beyond the borders they made with all haste back to Esoteris that they might report his treasonous act. Behind his visor Korvars lips curled into a smile that had not reached them for many a year, that first step beyond the borders of Esoteris the more liberating he had taken in his lifetime.

Freed from the chains of Esoteris and his families stoic traditions the Legions of Korvar strode out upon the realms, marauders and beast men who had for generations been free to pillage the lands around the volcanic mountain found themselves set upon with the unrelenting force of soldiers too long caged on the defence. Korvar himself leading many a charge into these unworthy enemies that he might carve legend of his own upon the very face of the realms, ever aware that his fathers legions could at any moment close in upon him and force him back to the city. In the years that followed Korvar carved out lands around the borders of Esoteris free from the corruption of chaos and wilds that had ravaged them for so long, and in doing so the peoples of the Realm began to return to farmland and village that had been abandoned in years long since past. Ever dogged by his fathers messengers Korvar kept his legion moving, never stopping long enough that the armies of his fathers Kingdom might catch them up.

So it was then that some time had passed between the death of the Patriarch of Esoteris and his sons return. Finally heeding the call of a messenger Korvar was rocked by the news, worse still finding the throne empty and his brothers abandonment of the ways of Rok dug deep into the defiant nobles soul. He had for years sought to traditions that caged him but upon his return found the city he had once loved in disarray, lesser nobles had sought to manage the kingdom in absence of a patriarch but infighting and defiant stubbornness native to their breed had simply led to the progress of the kingdom stalling.

Perhaps unwillingly Korvar took to the throne of Esoteris, crown the Patriarch of Rok, a title he approached with no less uncompromising wrath that he had led his men with upon the field of battle. Gone had the stoicism of his fathers reign, the unwillingness to expand and the acceptance of the rule of others, instead the age of Korvar

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was ushered in with fierce expansionism and protection of all he felt lay within the birth rights of Rok, his generals taking on the role of Steamforged titans on the battlefields that he himself could not reach. Such a volatile young noble shook the Iron Council, Rok had long since been a stable backbone upon which the Cogfleets of the Weld could be maintained, never reaching beyond that which they had been designed. And yet with the ambitions of the new Patriarch many could see in Rok something that had been absent from the house for Generations, hope.

THE LEGIONS OF ROK

It is said that when House Rok march to war it is under an ever present cloud of choking Smog, they host more Coghaulers in their stables than any other house, each of which is a potent relic of the ages made by the finest of Duardin Craftmanship designed to outlast the mountain themselves. It is this armoured spearhead that punctuates the advancing Legions of the Rok, behind them come the Templars of Esoteris, Duardin stocky harnesses standing shorter than the more common design whilst slower they sport reinforced plating and runic wards to ensure they too are more robust than those found elsewhere.

It would then be natural to believe that these men and Duardin would simply live to outlast their enemies or choke them in the clouds of furnace waste that drift across the battlefield. But with his right to rule under the ever present scrutiny of being a second son the heir of Esoteris could not allow such an act to be interpreted as cowardice. Instead his armies are spurred to march ever forward, the thorny defensive lines of the Phalanx an ever encroaching fence claiming the territory of the rivals of Rok foot by foot.

When the Legions of Esoteris near their foe the battle cry of the Duardin is punctuated by the heavy guns of the Bombards, the resilience of their forces allowing them more confidence in firing close to their own lines. It was the House of Rok that first introduced the Steamclad engineers to the ranks of their forces, unwilling to let their Coghaulers progress too far of an engineer to support the enduring machines they harnessed disused construction equipment alongside their natural aptitude in Coghauler design to produce the Steamclad, a brutal machine of sheer weight and crushing rollers that could at once join the brutal charges of the Coghauler whilst providing the reassuring presence of an Engineer at the front.

PLAYING AS HOUSE ROK

When forming an army for House Rok, add the **HOUSE ROK** keyword to all **IRONWELD ARSENAL** warscrolls in your army. An army can be formed of only a single household, and any army that is not **IRONWELD ARSENAL** allegiance may not select a Household allegiance.

Armies with the **HOUSE ROK** keyword gain the following special rules, including access to a unique Masterwork Design. All units with the Weld Heraldry special rule must replace it with Heraldry of Esoteris in a **HOUSE ROK** army.

HOUSE ROK ALLEGIANCE

Steamforged Pioneers – *The Coghaulers of the Rok Factories still follow the original design, no corners cut or new innovations to optimise speed have been made instead they remain enduring and lasting Duardin masterpieces, able to continue long past the more recent generations.*

When consulting the Damage Character for a **ROK** Coghauler, halve the number of wounds they have taken rounding upwards.

Heraldry of Esoteris – *Those born of Esoteris know that it is not honeyed word nor etiquette that solves the problems of the weld but a swift and unanswerable display of force.*

Replace the Weld Heraldry rule on all **IRONSWORN** units in a House Rok army with this rule. Friendly **WELDGUARD** units wholly within 12 inches of any models with this rule at the beginning of the charge phase may choose to reroll the results of a charge move.

ARTIFICER COGWORK (HOUSE ROK)

The Steamforged Titan (IRONSWORN PALADIN ONLY) – *The generals of House Rok march to war in robust armour mirroring that of their Patriarch, steam belching goliaths of steel and wood that raise their Duardin generals to monstrous size. Each bears the visage of the God of Forge to war, the runes carved into their armoured harness glowing with the heat of their Volcanic home.*

If this model is selected as the target of, or comes into contact with, a spell or endless spell roll a D6. On a roll of 5 or more that spell (or endless spell) is dispelled. If any spells are dispelled in this manner this model immediately heals one wound suffered earlier in the battle.

HOUSE MORGRASH

The Hollowmen

The House of Morgrash, originally formed from the beleaguered city empire of the same name housed in Shyish, has a reputation for seeking not only to defeat but utterly obliterate a foe. In battle, House Morgrash use weapons of unrelenting devastation to annihilate entire civilisations, with little regard for the scars they leave upon the surface of the Realms. The scions of Morgrash are pragmatic and practical to a point that eschews morality, and they harbour no stock in the superstitions of those who seek prayer as salvation to the wars that ravage their homelands. Their predominant city is Cor Maledictus, a ancient city so vast that no set of wheels can hold it up, it is said that when they turned their back on Nagash he turned his wrath upon the city, a tide of rust clawing at every scrap of metal it could find within the cities walls. Anchored and unable to seek out new resources to liberate their city from the ravages of the rust plague the Nobles of Morgrash swore they would not succumb to the tides of time in the same way the City of Midnight had. Instead they set the greatest minds of their empire to work, the engineers of Cor Maledictus scoured the local area, yet no outcrop of worthy wood nor sizable deposit of ore could be found. Yet in Shyish there is a resource in abundance that could not be ignored, and with all other options exhausted the city of Cor Maledictus turned its gaze upon the Shyishian bone fields, the master engineers turning their talents to refining the harvested bones into massive hinged limbs. And now, as it crawls across the blasted landscapes of Shyish Cor Maledictus moves with the sound of a thousand clackering feet, for it is supported by a legion's worth of skeleton limbs.

Those who hail from Cor Maledictus are considered an unsettling sort, to spend every moment listening to the creaking and cracking of bone hewn limbs erodes a part of the soul that can not ever truly be regained. Their labourers are as at ease sloughing rot from bone to craft new labours as their kin would be in whittling wood, the very act making them more at home on the field of battle than other houses could ever truly be comfortable with. Yet this cold nature is perhaps the very reason the House of Morgrash has endured so long in the unforgiving landscapes of the Realm of Death, the understand the value of all things in their domain at once able to weigh the lives of their populace against the vast distances they must travel to find truly habitable lands to settle. It is not uncommon for a commander to abandon whole swathes of labourers on the field of battle to save a single Siege tank, after all there are far more humans within the borders of Shyish willing to stoke the furnace for food and sanctuary against the unrelenting hordes of Nagash.

The armies of Morgrash know, perhaps beyond all others, the importance of ensuring the first strike against a foe is so devastating that there can be no second. The muddled nature of the Realm of Death ensures such things, a foe must not only be destroyed but all trace blasted from the plains of reality that it might never trouble them again as risen or spirit entity. Even their own fallen are not allowed the respite of ritual funerals instead being fed to the great furnaces of their city at once obliterating any remains and fuelling the next innovations of the Weld.

Death, the new Beginning

In the beginning the Nobles of Maledictus treated the peculiarities of their new reality with shame, shying away from the very labours that had defined the survival of their people. Yet with every generation such things have simply become the norm, the youngest of the Nobles in the household even seeming to revel within the discomfort their presence can cause to the less enlightened of noble houses. The modern armour for their nobility is forged from the finest of metals, yet still it is shaped as though hewn from bone, hollow eyed skull helmets stare out to seek the foe, a myriad of gold forged ribs lining their armour plates. Their siege engines are made all the more disturbing by the uncanny merging of bone, wood and metal as they seek to waste no resource that they can lay their hands upon.

Morgrash prospers from their frugal nature, long after the battle has ended their Coghaulers can be witnessed harvesting the foe from the field of battle that their bones might be put to better use against the foes of the Weld.

THE MENDERS INITIATIVE

The Hollowmens predisposition for indiscriminate devastation had not escaped the notice of the other Houses in the weld, and with time as the rumours spread it the whispers of discontent began to spread. The Ironweld survives on its reputation, one of protection and armament for the cities and empires of Order, their very livelihood is derived from the peoples belief that the Weld can protect them when none others can, that they could be armoured against anything that might come to claim their lives. If such a faith is broken the very industry that had formed the heart of their factory empires could crumble, leaving nobles destitute and the armies of order undersupplied for the coming conflicts.

The Nobles of Cor Maledictus were not ignorant to these petty rumour, though for a time they allowed the word to spread unhindered merely to relish in the trepidation of those seeking to renegotiate terms, thriving on their reputation for destruction to ensure few would be willing to bargain against their agents throughout the Realms. Yet they too knew that if a time came where they were too much of a hinderance to the other houses an accord would be made to fix, or remove them entirely, such events whilst rare had happened enough in the history of the Weld to be a sorely taught lesson that few would be willing to repeat.

It was with this in mind that the nobles of Morgrash declared the Menders Initiative, the first house to deploy not only medics for their own kind onto the field of battle but a whole school of field surgeons they would dispatch to the fields of battle in the locality of their Cogforts. These surgeons would tend to the more direly wounded of soldiers, those that others would have simply left to the embrace of Nagash, whole medical Coghauler loaded up with the maimed and traumatised to form a wailing convoy of humanitarian aid trailing back to the forts of Morgrash.

Such an act of raw, unhindered humanity was a swift rebuke to those who questioned the intent of the Nobles of Morgrash, to spend hard earned coin restoring maimed

HOUSE MORGRASH

and butchered soldiers, farm hand and elders to full health was hither to underheard of for a house that strove for frugality and innovation over morality.

It was then, perhaps not entirely surprising to see a sudden swelling of the Weld Guard of Morgrash, swathes of war wounded repaired by the crude but effective surgeries of the Menders, no thought had been given to vanity nor luxury when repairing those they found upon the field of battle but restoring them to function and use. It was said that those who had been restored signed up to the Guard that they might repay the debt that they had to Morgrash, though talk of such was not strictly figurative, the Menders know the cost of every Cog used to save those they pull from the field of battle and should their surgeries be successful it is on the recipient to repay the cost to the House. Should the recipient pass away their body is harvested to fuel the innovation of Morgrash, no part could ever truly be wasted.

THE HOLLOWMEN

The advance of the armies of Morgrash are heralded by unrelenting barrages of artillery, dozens of cannons are brought to bear launching runic incendiary rounds to drown the battlefield in flame and smoke. Time and time again the thunderous chorus of the choir or artillery rings out punctuated by the roar of flame dancing skywards. As the bombardment ceases the waves of Mended are sent forward, staling through the heavy fog and flame the Weld Guard and Labourers move as shadowed silhouettes, their skull masks forming terrifying visages as the smoke shifts and distorts their forms.

As the stalking armies of Mended close in around a foe it is the job of the Lancers and Fusiliers, terrifying daemons of metal, flame and belching steam galloping deftly over burning undergrowth to run a foe down before disappearing back into the shifting smoke to regroup. When Morgrash bring war to a foe they relish leaving the world scarred that it might never forget their deeds that day, and their fallen foes might stand testament to the strength of the macabre House.

PLAYING AS HOUSE MORGRASH

When forming an army for House Morgrash, add the **HOUSE MORGRASH** keyword to all **IRONWELD ARSENAL** warscrolls in your army. An army can be formed of only a single household, and any army that is not **IRONWELD ARSENAL** allegiance may not select a Household allegiance.

Armies with the **HOUSE MORGRASH** keyword gain the following special rules, including access to a unique Masterwork Design. All units with the Weld Heraldry special rule must replace it with Heraldry of Esoteris in a **HOUSE MORGRASH** army.

HOUSE MORGRASH ALLEGIANCE

Macabre Traditions: *The Nobles of House Morgrash cannot allow trivialities such as the tides of corpses littering the field to hinder their efforts. Often summoning forth new waves of commoners to gather bones from their fallen kin to fuel the advance of their macabre empire.*

Roll a dice if a friendly **WELDGUARD** unit within 3" of friendly **ENGINEER** is destroyed. On a six you may set up a unit of ten **LABOURERS** within 3" of a friendly **STEAMFORGED COGFORT** at the end of your next movement phase, more than 3" from any enemy models. .

Heraldry of Morgrash—*The presence of the House of Morgrash is a deeply unsettling thing, there is a coldness to their logic and pragmatism that can disturb even the most stalwart of foes.*
Replace the Weld Heraldry rule on all **IRONSWORN** units in a House Morgrash. Enemy units within 12 inches of any models with this rule must reduce their Bravery by 1.

ARTIFICER COGWORK (HOUSE MORGRASH)

Demigod-Class Iron Daemon (IRONDUKE ONLY): *The ultimate Ironweld weapon of massed destruction, the Demigod-Class Iron Daemon is a cannon metres long, capable of unleashing a single round of short-ranged death.*

In the shooting phase instead of firing The Dukes Retort this model may instead unleash the Iron Daemon. Select an Enemy Unit within 12 inches of this model, rolling a dice for every model in that unit within 12 inches of this model. For every roll of an unmodified 6 a single model from that unit is slain.

THE GRENDAT COALITION

The Dregs

The bustling labourers rabble of the Grendat coalition are an odd sight amongst the forces of the Weld, rippling tides of men and women in mud stained earthen hues carrying repaired and salvaged equipment to war, they make up in numbers of resilience of spirit what they lack in coin or status.

Whilst many of the Houses of the Ironweld are formed of bloodlines that can be traced back to the first families of Azyr, the Grendat are something entirely unlike their brothers in arms. Formed not of legend and noble bloodline rather than simply prospering from war they are the result of it, they are the displaced refugees from the broken and scarred townships of the Realms that fell victim to the ever growing conflicts between Azyr and the Realms of Chaos.

When the Weld marched out to meet the tides of Chaos they brought with them the means to utterly destroy their foes, with little regard given to the collateral damage they would inflict upon the World around them, it would seem as though they sought to save the Realms without ever noticing the damage they did to what they had saved. Dozens of villages and townships found themselves caught between the armies of the Ironweld and Chaos, either forced to evacuate or given no warning save the screeching of rockets over head and the clamour of war that had arrived on their doorsteps. And just as suddenly, as the battles were done and the victors left to rejoice in the harm they had inflicted on the foe, those displaced by the war and yet who took no part in it found themselves the victims. Their homes destroyed, their farms salted by the powder scars of the Ironweld Arsenal and the blood of far too many bodies to count, they were left to face the elements alone and without coin to rebuild.

It was out of desperation that the refugees of the Grendat Township saw opportunity, absent pride and robbed of dignity these refugees plunged their hands amidst the fallen bodies and mud, scavenging what they could from both sides of the conflict as they filled what few wagons had endured with arms and armaments that had been abandoned on the field. It was a tragic fault of the Ironweld in the early days that they discarded those weapons carried by their fallen soldiers, marching ever onwards they left a veritable goldmine of abandoned weaponry behind them. It was this that in the early days those refugees recovered, bartering them away for coin and food if only to sustain themselves, yet with every village they travelled through seeking new home the devastation grew ever worse. As the ranks of refugees swelled so did the need for coin, the scavengers took to picking clean every battlefield they encountered, yet the more armaments they recovered the harder they found it to sell or trade. Many of the more established militias would not buy from those lacking the credentials of the Ironweld lest they lose favour with the Factory Cities, and thus those of Grendat were driven to use uniforms and insignia stolen from the battlefields, each township they visited they sold under the guise of a different house that their activities might nor earn the ire of any of the houses collectors.

THE PEOPLES ARMY

With time the numbers of Refugees had swollen to a veritable army, hundreds of thousands forming a travelling caravan that marched always in the shadow of war that they might recover not only the wealth left behind but bring salvation to those that the war had robbed of home and dignity. It was in this manner that they first discovered the fallen Cogforts of the lost house of Vilinius, savaged and left for the elements it was perhaps not the most luxurious of strategic positions but with time the blacksmiths and artisans of the Grendat encampments managed to bring it back from the brink of total destruction. This ushered in the new Age of the Grendat, no longer mere travelling caravan they could for the first time seek to develop weaponry of their own, stoking the forges of the long abandoned Cogfort back into life. The strength of the Grendat came from their lack of pride, they took any contract that they might be awarded, from lumber axes through to ironbark cudgels for town guards, those contracts that lacked the coin to draw interest from the weld all found their way to the Coalition.

As the numbers of the Grendat grew, with lesser guilds flocking to their peoples banner they managed to salvage nearly a dozen additional cogforts, always travelling together that they might never be found in one place and try to move in the blind spots of the Weld to continue to prey off of lesser contracts. Yet such an expansive caravan of Cogforts and lesser wagons could not remain hidden forever, and after near two centuries of avoiding the collectors of the Ironweld the Coalition found their presence demanded by the Council of Iron. As the cogforts of the Weld began to surround the caravan, an ever closing net bearing the Cannonades of artisans far exceeding the Grendats capabilities the request of the council could not be ignored. It was with heavy heart that the elders of the Coalition, along with a ramshackle guard left their encampment to begin the long journey to Cor Temporis.

IN THE PRESENCE OF BETTERS...

The Halls of the Iron Council have rarely been less accommodating, the Grendat Coalition were barely more than commoners who sought to live the lives of their betters, preying off of the Noble Houses who sought to provide for the armies of Azyr. They lived in the mud, fought in it and it was in their very blood, in the pristine halls of Cor Temporis, surrounded by those clad in the most artisan of workmanship they were out of their element.

Yet to think the resentment came only from the Nobles would be an imprecise calculation, to the Grendat elders they were surrounded by those who were at least partly responsible for the butchery of their friends and kin, for the demolition of their homes and destruction of their livelihoods. What ensued was a fraught debate, raging over the days that followed with barely a moment passing without bitter comment or snide recrimination, yet with the outrage on both sides it came to a point that neither side could refute. For centuries the Grendat had traded bearing the seals of the Ironweld, every coin they had garnered belonged in the coffers of the Weld, yet now they had grown so large they could not simply be removed without embarrassment to the Council itself, the Grendat

THE GRENDAT COALITION

highlighted the callous disregard that had been displayed for the lesser townships and their ignorance to the deeds performed in their name.

Unable to destroy the Coalition, nor allow it to trade as it had been an uneasy accord was struck, the Grendat would integrate into the company of those that they had for so long sought to imitate. Their funds would fuel the coffers of the Weld, they their place in society would remain unchanged outside of the chamber, their vote on contracts would always remain an afterthought, instead they would be left to scavenge those that fell below the notice of their more Noble kin, what little they could make would be tithed back to the Weld that they might repay those they had spent decades robbing of property.

The accord was not to the tastes of either side, the Nobles giving up a seat at the table to Commoners was an unsettling sight, and for the Coalition to pay the tithe simply for wanting to exist within the Realms was hard to swallow. Yet the Grendat elders swore to it, they had entered the chamber all too aware of the Hangmans noose tightening around their necks, that they might leave not only escaping the Gallows but with a future for their Coalition secured was more than any of them had dared to dream of.

ARMIES OF THE COALITION

When the Coalition march to war it is often absent the flair and colour of the distinguished houses of the Weld. Their ranks are made up of refugees, farmers and blacksmiths who have taken up the blade out of necessity rather than affiliation, hundreds upon thousands of soldiers fighting for their kin. Whilst lacking in noble blood they have been seen utilising some of their village leaders in much the same roles as Ironsworn, though their armament is more functional than ornate, often showing the wear of time and entirely too many repairs to be considered proper.

The Coalition lack Steam Tanks in any real capacity, too often they share components needed to keep the army of Cogforts employed by the ever moving army in function. Often broken down as soon as they are salvaged those that are maintained often do so as makeshift carriers to convey the wounded to relative safety and outside of the theatre of war.

There is a unison in the armies of the Coalition that is a sheer contrast to the divide between Nobility and Commoner in the other houses, a common blood that courses their veins that no weight of coin could replace.

PLAYING AS THE GRENDAT COALITION

When forming an army for Grendat Coalition, add the **GRENDAT COALITION** keyword to all **IRONWELD ARSENAL** warscrolls in your army. An army can be formed of only a single household, and any army that is not **IRONWELD ARSENAL** allegiance may not select a Household allegiance.

Armies with the **GRENDAT COALITION** keyword gain the following special rules, including access to a unique Masterwork Design. All units with the Weld Heraldry special rule must replace it with Heraldry of the Coalition in a **GRENDAT COALITION** army.

GRENDAT COALITION ALLEGIANCE

One of Many – *There is a unity in the labourers of Grendat, for each one that falls to further their goals is a sacrifice that should be honoured not forgotten, earned not abandoned.* When completing Battleshock tests for **LABOURER** units within the Grendat Coalition, halve the number of models lost in that turn (rounding up) when adding to the result of the D6 roll.

Heraldry of the Coalition – *The sons of the Coalition are willing to lay down their lives for their common goal, all too ready to throw themselves into the way of blows that would form fatal to those who have a larger part in the grand plan.* Replace the Weld Heraldry rule on all **IRONSWORN** units in a Grendat Coalition army with this rule. Before allocating any Wounds or Mortal Wounds to this model, if there is a friendly **LABOURER** unit within 3 inches you may roll a D6, on roll of a 4 or more that unit instead suffers a Mortal wound.

MASTERWORK DESIGN (GRENDAT COALITION)

The Peoples Banner – *The Banner of the People is a mark of the unity of the Coalition, bearing the colours of the workhouses of the city it can spur their kin to fight longer and harder than they would have done for any blue-blooded noble.*

Once per battle in your hero phase you may declare this model is planting The Peoples Banner, until your next hero phase this model may not move for any reason, however all friendly **IRONWELD ARSENAL** units wholly within 12 inches of this model automatically pass any Battleshock tests they make.

THE MIDNIGHT CITY

The Cogwraiths

Midnight was to be the crowning accomplishment of its Age, though the name of its architect have been lost of the echoes of time all speak of his creation even long after his passing. They say that it was on an expedition through the shifting mists of Ulgu that a small group of Weld excavators discovered the Mirrored canyon, seemingly naturally forming the reflective nature of the rocks that walled in this corridor channelled the light of Hysh when it was in ascendancy, a rippling cascade of light dancing across the quilted mists of Ulgu in an ever shifting dance of light and shadow, as though moving to some unseen music whose silence echoed louder in the hearts of onlooker than any note ever could. It is said that so entranced was the architect, that he declared at once that this was where he would make his finest creation, though miles from any point of strategic value it would appear that something had stirred within his aging heart. What followed was perhaps the most costly endeavour the Weld has ever sought to complete, a life well lived has granted the Architect a wealth beyond the knowledge of most of the populace of the Realms, and so they came the engineers, metal shapers, labourers and with them the finest of cog work creations ever bestowed upon the realm.

As time dragged on and the construction of the great city began the Architects obsessions seemingly instilled paranoia within his aged soul. Midnight was to be created to his exact specifications, jealously guarded at all times he imparted only what each engineer must know to perform their role, he himself spent most of his days locked within a chamber at the far end of the mirrored canyon scribbling a constantly shifting series of changes to the increasingly elaborate city. It is said that Hyish is the land of inspiration, but others say that crown belongs to the realm of Ulgu, it whispers to the souls of men... calls to them to reach for ever distant dreams, it spurs them to abandon all in search of their obsession. It was this whispering that took a hold of the Architect, as the spires of midnight grew ever taller, the complex array of shifting tunnels and ever moving platforms becoming a dizzying puzzle box as though guarding the city even from those who sought to build it. At its heart rose the massive cog work tower that would become the city palace, a jutting monolith of cog rising up out of the mists to watch the dancing lights that had birthed the finest city in the Weld.

The Birth of Nobility

News of the cities creation spread far and wide, increasingly distant relatives seemingly spurred to honour bonds of blood or pursue their own agendas sought out the Architect, and from a lifetime of loneliness in his final days a noble house was birthed by those who had spent their years forsaking him. With such kin came their own myriad of household staff, and before long the lonely city of midnight had become a bustling cog work metropolis, its workshops following a whole litany of the architects cog

work designs seemingly pulled from the mists and his obsessions, producing the finest in Cog innovations across the scope of the Weld.

Yet the will of Ulgu is hard to resist, such Kinsmen did not come to laud praise on their ancestor, nor did they seek to spend life on bended knee to the old man. The whispering mists called to them to claim the throne of midnight as their own, uniting them only in conspiracy and paranoia that they might subvert the architects will and claim the city as their own. Whether it was his kin, or simply the hand of Nagash simply greeting him as Aged friend that finally claimed the architect is unknown, but those who once resided in Midnight remember the moment ever so well. It is said that with the last beat of his wearied heart the Architect slipped from this world and into the next, and at that same moment the cities clocktower let out the piercing toll of Midnight, and then as life left the architects beaten body so too did it drain from the Cogs of Midnight.

In a single moment the city died, every cog freezing in place, the great clock ticking no more for its populace, the ever shifting platforms freezing in place. Days turned into months as the engineers tried every conceivable trick to spur the great cog engine into life once more, yet the city could not be roused, the pained silence of which resonates louder than any bell chime ever could have. With winter fast approaching and unable to revive their city or stoke the furnaces without the great clock the populace have no choice but to abandon their homes, the great caravans streaming from its many gates until shadow is its only occupant.

Midnight Ascends

Many throughout the centuries that have followed have sought to enter the Clockwork City, clamouring over frozen platform or attempting to force their way through half rotated tunnels, and yet they have found themselves rebuffed... some speak of Cog work shadows flitting above them, ever watching sentinels of the cities sleeping heart. Others claim a platform just within reach seemingly shifting beyond them as they reached out, denying them access to their prize. So much has this legend grown that Aspirants to the Weld Throne actively climb the city, the Aspirant to reach its hidden heart claiming one of the Architects much rumoured trove of designs and the throne for the next generation.

With the Oran Matriarch nearing her final days aspirants from all the great houses once more compete for rule of the Weld. In fierce competition all aspirants are laid low either through injury, desertion or death save for a young Aspirant bearing the colours of the Midnight City, flanked by a royal guard of Cog work unlike any seen before. With nobility in uproar as to the eligibility of an entrant from the abandoned city let alone handing the rule of an empire to the outsider the Matriarch retains the crown for the

THE MIDNIGHT CITY

time being. Such an act strains already tense relationships between the noble houses, some voicing that she has overstepped her bounds.

As the Gates of Midnight open once more, its Cog work populace seemingly spurred to life in the presence of the Midnight aspirant, questions begun to be asked, who is this Noble, and what of the city of wonders that has been locked for so long...

THE CLOCKWORK HOST

The Clockwork host is a bizarre sight even for the battlefield of the Realms, they march in perfect synchronicity, a hundred brass hewn feet thundering across the battlefield in union. Not a word seemingly uttered between them, every battle is a choreographed dance of death practiced a thousand times within their shadowed city. It is their wordless, unspoken unison that has earned the guild their Cogwraiths moniker, silence save for the creaking of metallic joints and greased hinges on the field of battle. It is hard to discern where the populace of Midnight end and the Cogwork enhancements begin, some claim that there is little left of the original mortals within the populace of Midnight, that their Cogwork artisans long since transcended simple enhancements instead able to create automata answerable only to the Nobility of this enigmatic Guild.

The reliance of the Cog Guard is a sight to behold, a true test of just how far their Cogwork upgrades have gone. Many a foe has buried blade into the chest of a Midnight Weldguard only to be cut down by his victim whilst rejoicing the kill. Even those felled can on occasion be seen dragging their broken forms across the battlefield on the long journey back to their workshops. It is for this reason that the Clockwork Host makes extensive use of their Cog guard, able to deploy wave after wave of faceless soldiers upon the field of battle each working together with singular purpose.

The artisan design of the innovation of Midnight do not stop with their Guard, the adornments of their nobility are truly stunning to behold, severed limbs are replaced by entirely functional mechanisms of cog and steel, often with blades hidden within the body of the prosthetic that they might better function on the field of battle. Those who observe the Children of Midnight fight remark at the deft grace deployed by their nobility, seemingly driven to feats beyond that of mortal men by their newly enhanced nature.

The Midnight legions now pour out of their city after it had been thought empty for centuries, rank after rank of Cog Guard flanked by their lumbering Templars seemingly absent pilot. If their innovations have come so far absent collaboration with the rest of the Weld, many now wonder what they could do since they have united with their former allies.

PLAYING AS THE MIDNIGHT CITY

When forming an army for House Rok, add the **MIDNIGHT CITY** keyword to all **IRONWELD ARSENAL** warscrolls in your army. An army can be formed of only a single household, and any army that is not **IRONWELD ARSENAL** allegiance may not select a Household allegiance.

Armies with the **MIDNIGHT CITY** keyword gain the following special rules, including access to a unique Masterwork Design. All units with the Weld Heraldry special rule must replace it with Heraldry of Midnight in a **MIDNIGHT CITY** army.

MIDNIGHT CITY ALLEGIANCE

Another Cog in the Machine— *The Cog work Nobility of midnight harbour no aspiration or ambition beyond that which their Heir Aspirant has instilled upon them. All good machines have replaceable parts.*

Houses that have the **MIDNIGHT CITY** allegiance may select a second **HERO** to take a Command Trait, this Command trait cannot be the same as the first. No model may have two command traits.

Heraldry of Midnight — *Who knows how much remains beneath the robes of the Midnight Cog guard, in the presence of their Nobility many have been seen to fight on beyond grievous wounds that would fell a mortal man.*

Replace the Weld Heraldry rule on all **IRONSWORN** units in a Midnight City army with this rule. Friendly **WELDGUARD** units wholly within 12 inches of a model with this rule that suffer a wound or mortal wound may roll a D6, on a roll of a 6 that wound is ignored.

MASTERWORK DESIGN (MIDNIGHT CITY)

The Clockwork Heart - *It is said that at the centre of every creation of Midnight lay a clockwork heart, the Architect having built each one to deliver a set number of ticks and not a single one less.*

The first time this model is slain in battle roll a D6, on a roll of 2 or more that model is restored to the battlefield with D3 wound. Any remaining damage from the attack that had killed this model is ignored.

THE IRONWELD ARSENAL

BATTLE TRAITS

An army with the **IRONWELD ARSENAL** allegiance gains the **STEAMFORGED COGFORT** and **HOUSEHOLD ALLEGIANCE** special rules

STEAMFORGED COGFORT

The ever present Sentinels of the Ironweld Arsenal, few know precisely how many Cogforts have been dispatched across the Realms to safeguard the interests of the Weld.

When playing as an **IRONWELD ARSENAL** army players may opt to take a Steamforged Cogfort, following the rules as described on the following pages.

HOUSEHOLD ALLEGIANCE

The myriad of cultures that make up the Ironweld Arsenal each bring with them a dizzying array of innovations of tactics on the field of battle.

When selecting any **IRONWELD ARSENAL** army players may select to either play as one of the 5 established Household armies as detailed on the following pages, or may instead opt to forge their own story as a young Aspirant House.

Each Household allegiance grants abilities to the army, additionally they alter the Weld Heraldry rules on friendly **IRONSWORN** units.

Finally many of the Household Allegiances grant the option of a unique Masterwork Design or Artificer Cogwork, these may be selected instead of generating a Masterwork Design or Artificer Cogwork design in the army creation stage.

COMMAND TRAITS

In addition to their command abilities, if they are a **Hero**, the general of an **IRONWELD ARSENAL** army can have a command trait from the list below. Pick the trait that best suits your generals' personality. Alternatively, you can roll a dice to randomly determine a trait. If, for whatever reason, you must select a new general during the battle, immediately generate a trait for them.

| D6 | COMMAND TRAIT |
|----|---|
| 1 | Artisan Engineer — <i>All the Nobles of the Weld are trained in the art of Engineering, but it is the truly gifted who master these lessons.</i> In your hero phase, this Hero can repair a single friendly COGWORK unit within 4". You may restore D3 wounds to that unit lost earlier in the battle, this cannot take the unit above its starting wounds nor return slain models to the field. If this model already possesses a similar rule they may instead use that rule twice per turn. |
| 2 | Titan of Industry — <i>War is a matter of Industry to the Weld, it is the particularly savvy nobles who can see the profit in ever engagement.</i> At the beginning of the first battle round you may immediately gain 1 additional command point. |
| 3 | Extensive Innovations — <i>Many of the Nobility have been forced to turn to Cogwork implantations to survive the wound that would prove fatal to less affluent men and women. Such things can prove the difference between life and death in battle.</i> Roll a dice whenever this model suffers a Mortal Wound, on a roll of 5 or more that wound is ignored. |
| 4 | Leader of Men — <i>Though many of the Nobility see the Weld Guard as a vital part of their armies, there are those who actively embrace training alongside the commoners to better understand their tactics.</i> Add 1 to save rolls made for friendly WELD GUARD units wholly within 12 inches of this model if they did not run or charge in the same turn. This does not stack with bonuses granted by Cover. |
| 5 | True Blooded Heritage — <i>Those who can trace their Lineage back to the founders of the Weld are afforded considerable respect, lending on the reputation of their forebears to garner status.</i> Increase the Bravery characteristic of friendly IRONSWORN units by 1 when wholly within 12 inches of this model |
| 6 | Master Gunner — <i>Whilst some seek skill in blade or pistol there are those in the Weld who can conduct their cannonades as though performing a symphony.</i> In your Hero Phase select up to 2 friendly GUNNERY CREWS within 3 inches of this model, you can reroll failed hits for those units this turn. |

MASTERWORK DESIGNS

The finest weapons of the Ironweld are not relics of some forgotten age now mystical prophecies that may never truly come to pass, such superstitious stock is beyond the understanding of the Nobility of the Weld. Instead they thrive on their latest innovations in design and engineering. Unique and personalised trademark pieces from their personal armouries.

If a **IRONWELD ARSENAL** army includes any **HEROES**, then one may bear a Masterwork Design. Declare which **HERO** has the Masterwork Design after picking your general, and then pick which Masterwork Design the **HERO** has. Ideally, the unique armament should fit the appearance of the model, or the heroic backstory you have given them. Alternatively roll a dice to randomly select one of the following.

NOTE:

Each Masterwork Design is unique, and no two Nobles would dare attempt to mimic the arsenal of another, such a slight would only expose their own lack of talent or ingenuity. For this reason, you may not have more than one of the same Masterwork Designs in your army and may not have more than one Masterwork Design carried by a single **HERO**. You may select an additional **HERO** to bear a Masterwork Design for every battalion you have within your army.

MASTERWORK DESIGNS

- 1 - **Gerunds Patented Combustible**—*This relatively innocuous container houses a myriad of powers of the realm in delicate glass vial, should however the vials break and the powders be allowed to mix the alchemical explosion is said to be remarkable. Though few have chanced testing such an endeavour*
Once per battle in your Hero Phase select a terrain feature within 3 inches of this model, for the rest of the battle the selected terrain feature has no effect.
- 2 - **Attenuated Protector Valves**—*A myriad of brass hewn pipes stem from a small steam furnace, each projecting at bizarre angles so that should the valves be released the wearer is encloused by a cloak of steaming hot vapour.*
At the end of the combat phase roll a D6 for every enemy unit within 3 inches of this model, on a 4 or more than unit suffers a mortal wound.
- 3 - **Personal Anchorage Pendant**—*Forged from the same stone as the Coghauler Anchors this complex Cogwork pendant can drain the arcane energies from a localised region. However the very act of doing so often destroys such a priceless piece of history.*
This model may attempt to dispel a single spell per turn as though they were a wizard, alternatively once per battle when your opponent casts a spell you may instead declare the pendant is opened, that spell is immediately dispelled however the Pendant has no effect for the rest of the game.
- 4 - **Cogmatic Titan Gauntlet**—*Truly a Duardin invention this cumbersome gauntlet employs an array of pistons to enhance the wielders strength to Godlike potency.*
Select one of the bearers Melee weapons to be the Cogmatic Titan Gauntlet, any unmodified rolls of a 6 to hit with that weapon inflict a mortal wound in addition to the normal damage. Units wounded in this manner can not be selected to fight in the combat phase until all other units have been resolved.
- 5 - **Prismatic Cascade Cloak**—*Forged from hundreds of strands of prismatically imbued fibres this cloak reflects light across a myriad of spectrums. At great distance this dizzying array can blind onlookers trying to focus on the wearer.*
Subtract 1 from all To Hit rolls for shooting attacks that target this model.
- 6 - **Refined Ocular Artifices**—*Some nobles go so far as to implant a number of lenses over their eyes, or remove the eye entirely that they might see beyond the Mortal Plains and into the beyond. Such sight allowed them to pick targets for their forces that might otherwise have been hidden.*
In the shooting phase select a friendly **IRONWELD ARSENAL** unit within 3 inches of this model, for the duration of that phase enemy models can not benefit from cover against shooting attacks made by that unit.

ARTIFICER COGWORKS

The Cogworks of the Ironweld Nobility are deeply personal creations, many a Noble will spend a lifetime constantly adjusting or tweaking their Cogwork mount, it grows as they do, and when their house prospers the fineries are spent adorning their lifelong companion with the latest of innovations. It is not known for a single Cogwork to be passed through generations of a Household, each new owner adding to the creations of those who came before them.

If a **IRONWELD ARSENAL** army includes any **HEROES** with the **COGWORK** keyword then one may be upgraded to an Artificer Cogwork. Declare which **HERO** has the Artificer Cogwork after assigning a General and then pick which Artificer Cogwork the **HERO** has. These unique and personalised Cogworks should match the model you have assembled or the back-story you have forged for this Heirloom. Alternatively roll a dice to randomly select one of the following.

NOTE:

A Model may bear both an Artificer Cogwork and a Masterwork Design, however may not exceed one of each. In addition you may select an additional hero to bear an Artificer Cogwork for every Battalion in your army.

ARTIFICER COGWORK

1 - Reinforced Pistons

Though all Cogwork are designed to move at an effective pace, many nobles favour reinforcing their piston design to cope with excessive strain during marathon advances to outflank a foe.

Increase the Movement Characteristic of this model by 1 inch

2 - Explosive Demise

Some nobles load a veritable powder keg with them as they march to war, should they ever fall in battle such a cache is often lit as a weapon of last resort and final insult to a foe.

When this model loses its final wound, roll a D6 for every unit (friend or foe) within 3 inches. On a roll of 4 or more that unit immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds

3 - Runes of Preservation

The Duardin Cogsmith have blessed this Cogwork, etching lasting runes of preservation into its metal skeletal frame that have endured throughout the decades.

Roll a D6 whenever this model is assigned a wound, on a roll of a 6 that wound is ignored. This has no impact on Mortal Wounds assigned to this model.

4 - Smog Belcher

Whilst many seek clean and refined Cogwork designs there is something to be said for the cloud of smog that cloaks the advance of less artistic pieces, leaving foes swinging wild in a nauseating fog.

Subtract 1 from all To Hit rolls for attacks that target this model in the Combat Phase

5 - Ironbark Bulwark

Though Steel and Wood might be enough for many of the Cogwork creations, those reinforced by the Ironbark can snap the blades of many a weapon that seeks to pierce their metallic hide.

Reduce the Rend characteristic of all attacks that target this model by 1 (to a minimum of -)

6 - Excessive Redundancies

Many nobles have built extensive redundancies into their Cogwork mounts, often able to continue to function despite what appears to be excessive damage at least aesthetically.

Once per game in your Hero Phase you may restore D3 wounds to this model lost earlier in the battle.

STEAMFORGED COGFORT

There are as many Cogfort designs as there are Cogforts in existence, each is a unique laborious design of the of the Duke for whom it was commissioned. It is these Cogforts, lumbering mechanised constructs akin to the castles of old that allow the force of the Ironweld to exert strategic influence over the realms. Though by now means swift in nature they provide mobile fortifications to secure key locations long before others could assemble even a rudimentary defence. Whilst each is unique the Steamforged Cogfort, one of the lesser examples of its nature, often accompanies a Dukes first forays into the realms, boasting a small Weld Garrison it is tailored to supplement the dukes army. Either with massive smog belching furnaces, or a resplendent cache of arms and powder, regardless of the fort however one thing is for sure, it serves primarily as a conveyance mechanism for a massive artillery piece to deliver swift rebuke to would be interlopers.

DESCRIPTION

A Cogfort is a terrain feature consisting of 1 Steamforged Cogfort. Rather than placing this feature with other terrain it is setup after deployment zones have been chosen must be placed wholly within its controlling players deployment zone.

SCENERY RULES

Unstoppable Progress—*Unique to the Cogforts of the Ironweld the massive conveyance systems allow these fortifications to march across the battlefield.*

At the beginning of each battle round, before rolling for turn priority the **IRONWELD ARSENAL** player may move their Cogfort up to D6 inches in any direction. A Cogfort cannot move over any models or existing Terrain features, if this move would take it within 1 inch of any enemy models, that unit suffers a mortal wound as their men move to avoid its crushing stride. As a result of this move friendly Garrisoned units may be carried out of combat, in this case those units are not considered to have retreated.

Units (Friend or Foe) may pass under a Cogfort so long as they do not end a move (including run and charge moves) beneath the Cogfort)

Weld Garrison—*Every Cogfort has the firing ports and bunks to accommodate as small Garrison, the personal attendants of the Cogfort and last line of defence against an attacking force.*

A friendly **WELD GUARD** or **LABOURER** unit can garrison a Cogfort if all of the models in the unit are within 6" of it at the start of their movement phase, or if they could be set up within 6" of the Cogfort when deploying for the battle. Remove the garrisoning unit from the battlefield and place it to one side. A unit garrisoning a Cogfort can attack and be attacked as normal, except that the range and visibility for the models in the Cogfort is measured from the building instead. The garrison counts as being in cover if it is attacked.

In addition a single friendly **MASTER OF THE SHOT** or **COGSMITH** may garrison the Cogfort following the same rules.

Let the Thunderous Chorus be heard—*Devastating and deafening beyond recollection the artillery of the Cogfort outmatches any other gun the Ironweld carry to war, though the time taken to reload often means it will only fire once in any given engagement.*

Once per battle in your Hero Phase, if a friendly **IRONWELD ARSENAL HERO** model is wholly within 6 inches of this Cogfort or is garrisoned within you may elect to fire its Resolution Bombard Cannon. Select a number of enemy units on the battlefield equal to the current Battle round number (For example if it is turn 2 you may select 2 enemy units) and roll a D6 for each unit, on a roll of a 4 or more that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. The same unit may be selected more than once.

COGFORT UPGRADES

A friendly Cogfort may be equipped with one of the following, the model should be assemble to reflect its capabilities with the specific upgrade noted on your army list.

PLENTIFUL POWDER CACHE

This Cogfort is equipped with more shot and powder than its ever likely to fire, those embarked able to make use of the plentiful ammo in their ceaseless volleys.

In your Hero Phase select a friendly unit embarked on this Cogfort and roll a D6. On a roll of a 5 or more that unit may make a shooting attack as though it were the Shooting Phase. This does not stop the unit firing later in the turn.

SMOG BELCHING FURNACE

The furnaces of the Ironweld are in constant use, their smoke stacks often drowning a battlefield in choking smog and the scent of burning metal.

Subtract 1 from enemy To Hit rolls in the Shooting Phase if targeting a friendly **IRONWELD ARSENAL** unit garrisoned on this Cogfort.

FORWARD OBSERVATORY

Those Cogforts assembled with forward observatories often study the field of battle in a clinical fashion, able to plan their attack long before battle is joined.

After both sides have finished deploying select one friendly **IRONWELD ARSENAL** unit from your army. You may remove this unit from the battlefield and set it up again anywhere wholly within your deployment zone



WARSCROLLS

Every Citadel Miniature in the Warhammer range has its own Warscroll which provides you with all of the information needed to use that model in a game of Warhammer Age of Sigmar. This means that you can use any Citadel Miniature in your collection as part of an army as long as you have the right warscroll.

When fighting a battle, simply refer to the warscrolls for the models you are using. Warscrolls for all of the other models in the Warhammer age of Sigmar range are available from Games Workshop. Just visit the website at games-workshop.com for more information on how to obtain them.

The key below explains what you will find on a warscroll, and the Warhammer Age of Sigmar rules sheet explains how this information is used in a game. The warscroll also includes a short piece of text explaining the background for the model and how they fight.

CHARACTERISTICS

Warscrolls include a set of characteristics that are referred to in the core game rules and which determine how the model can be used in the game. For example, a model's Save characteristic determines what you must roll in order to make a save roll, a weapon's Attacks characteristic determines how many hit rolls are made for it, and so on. Save of '-' Some models have a Save of '-'. A Save of '-' means that you must roll a 7 or more. In most cases this will be impossible, so no roll need be made, but sometimes modifiers will allow you to modify a save roll so that a result of 7 or higher is possible, in which case you can attempt to make the save roll. Random Values Sometimes, one or more characteristics on a warscroll will have random values. For example, a Move characteristic might be 2D6, or an Attacks characteristic might be D6. When a unit with a random Move characteristic is selected to move in the movement phase, roll the indicated number of dice. The total of the dice rolled is the Move characteristic for all models in the unit for the duration of that movement phase. Generate any random values for a weapon (apart from Damage) each time it is used by a model. The result applies to that model's weapon for the rest of that phase. When determining random damage in step four of the attack sequence, make a separate roll to generate the value for each successful attack the weapon makes.

DESCRIPTION

All warscrolls include a description. This will tell you how to organise the models into a unit, and what weapons the models in the unit can use. Unit Size If a model is fielded as part of a unit of two or more models, then the description will say how many models the unit should have. If you don't have enough models to field a unit, you can field one unit of that type with as many models as you have available. This is known as an understrength unit. Command Models Some units can include uniquely named champions, standard bearers and/or musicians. These are known collectively as 'command models', and will have abilities that apply only to them. Command models must be represented by appropriate Citadel Miniatures if they are included in a unit. Command models are assumed to carry the same weapons as any other model in the unit unless noted otherwise, even if they are not shown on the model itself. Mounts Sometimes the description for a model will include information about the model having a mount, such as a battle steed, a powerful monster that they can ride, or a massive war machine that they can stand upon. Note that when the model is slain both the rider and their mount are removed.

ABILITIES

Most warscrolls include one or more abilities that can be used by the warscroll's models during a game of Warhammer Age of Sigmar. Abilities take precedence over the core rules. Many abilities are triggered by something that happens during the phase. For example, an ability may allow you to re-roll a failed hit roll. In this case the ability is used immediately after the event that triggered it. Other abilities can be used during a phase if a player wants to use them. For example, you can use most command abilities in the hero phase. Abilities that must be used at the start of a phase are carried out before any other

actions. By the same token, abilities used at the end of the phase are carried out after all normal activities for the phase have been completed. Other abilities can be used over the course of the phase, in any order and whenever you desire. If both players want to use abilities at the same time, the player whose turn is taking place uses their abilities first, followed by their opponent. Note that abilities can only be used in the phase specified in their rules; for example, an ability that says it can be used in 'the movement phase' cannot be used to affect a unit making a move in the hero phase, while an ability that says it can be used in 'your movement phase' cannot be used in the op

If a unit has an ability that affects friendly units that are within a certain distance of it, then the ability will also affect the unit itself. Lastly, any extra attacks, hit rolls or wound rolls gained by the use of an ability cannot themselves generate extra attacks, hit rolls or wound rolls. For example, if a hit roll of 6 or more allows you to make 1 extra attack, this extra attack could not generate further attacks should you roll another 6+.

MODIFIERS

Sometimes modifiers apply to characteristics or abilities. For example, a rule might add 1 to a hit roll or the Move characteristic of a model. Modifiers are cumulative. Modifiers can never reduce a dice roll to less than 1. If a modifier applies to a random value, work out the random value first and then apply the modifier(s) to it. For example, if an ability adds 1 to a Damage characteristic of

PRE-BATTLE ABILITIES

Some warscrolls allow you to use an ability 'after set-up is complete' or 'before the battle begins'. These abilities are used before the first battle round. If both armies have abilities like this, roll off, and the winner can choose which player must use all of their pre-battle abilities first. After any pre-battle abilities have been used, the battle begins with the first battle round. D3, the result would be worked out by rolling the D3 and adding 1 to the roll.

DAMAGE TABLES

Some models have a damage table that is used to determine one or more of the model's characteristics. Look up the number of wounds the model has suffered (i.e. that are currently allocated to the model and have not been healed) to find the value in question.

KEYWORDS

Every warscroll includes a list of keywords that apply to the model the warscroll describes. Keywords appear in Keyword Bold when they appear in the rules. Keywords are sometimes linked to (or 'tagged') by a rule. For example, a rule might say that it applies to 'all Khorne models'. This means that it would apply to models that have the Khorne keyword on their warscroll. 1 2 3 4 5 Sometimes you will be allowed to assign or add a keyword to a unit for a battle. If you do so, treat the unit as having the assigned keyword on its warscroll for the duration of the battle.



THE MIDNIGHT ASPIRANT

Born of Ulgu and a city long since thought dead the Midnight Aspirant proclaims herself queen of the Clockwork City and heir to the house of Midnight. An enigma blended of clockwork and flesh she stalks the battlefield as a both Warrior and Artisan, a pinnacle of Weld aspirations.



| MISSILE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
|-----------------|-------|--------|--------|----------|------|--------|
| Lies and Deceit | 12" | D6 | 3+ | 3+ | -1 | 1 |
| MELEE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
| Betrayal | 2 | 3 | 3+ | 3+ | -2 | 2 |
| Piston Stomps | 1 | 2 | 4+ | 4+ | -1 | 1 |

DESCRIPTION

The Midnight Aspirant is a single Unique model, she marches to war clad in heavy cog plate and carrying a robust Weld Shield. In the shooting phase she can launch a devastating volley with Lies and Deceit, two artificer clockwork pistols, meanwhile should any foe survive to make combat they must contend with the masterwork axe Betrayal and her vicious Piston Stomps.

ASPIRANT HERALDRY

Adorned as Heir to the Midnight City, the Aspirant shines out as an inspiration to all who walk in her wake. To follow a future queen to war is an honour few could deny. You may add 2 to the Bravery characteristic of friendly **WELD GUARD** units entirely within 12 inches of any models with this special rule when resolving Battleshock tests.

ABILITIES—

Betrayal - A truly masterwork design this Axe blade is crested with a strand of Ulgu realmthread, the subversive nature of the Realm turns a foes armour against them, once glorious plate buckles and turns inwards to impale its oblivious bearer. Add one to all Wound rolls when making attacks with this weapon against enemy units with an unmodified Save characteristic of 4+ or better.

Born of Artifice - How much living still remain beneath the heavy robes is unclear, however the Midnight Aspirants resilience and aptitudes speak of craftsmanship beyond compare.

Roll a dice whenever a wound or mortal wound is assigned to this model, on a roll of a 5 or more that wound is ignored. In addition at the beginning of each of your hero phases restore one wound to this model lost earlier in the battle

Master Artisan—Few could hope to see within the factories of Midnight, yet the Aspirant has emerged a master of all the city could offer.

In your hero phase, the Midnight Aspirant can repair a friendly **COGWORK** unit within 4". That unit repairs D3 wounds lost earlier in the battle, this cannot take the unit above its starting wounds

COMMAND ABILITY

Beacon of Innovation— The innovations of Midnight are still an enigma to the Weld, simply the presence of such workmanship seemingly stirs piston and Cogwork to feats previously unseen.

You can use this command ability in your Hero Phase, until the beginning of your next hero phase all friendly **IRONWELD ARSENAL** units wholly within 9 inches benefit from this model Born of Artifice rule. Models benefitting from this rule may not also benefit from the **Heraldry of Midnight** at the same time.



IRONSWORN TEMPLAR

Complex engines of war from the Foundry Cities of the Ironweld, those Ironsworn who march to war in the clad in the Templar Harnesses are amongst the wealthiest families held in high regard amongst the Weld



| MELEE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
|---------------|-------|--------|--------|----------|------|--------|
| Valve Lance | 3 | 3 | 3+ | 3+ | -2 | 2 |
| Piston Stomps | 1 | D3 | 4+ | 4+ | -1 | 1 |

DESCRIPTION

An Ironsworn Templar unit consists of a single Ironweld Noble in a Templar Harness. Each marches to war carrying a complex Valve Lance along with either a Signal Lantern or heavy Weld Shield, veritable titans in their theatre of war.

WELD HERALDRY

Models in this unit may be adorned with *Wield Heraldry*, a reminder to all in the field that the Nobles shed blood alongside their subjects.

You may add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of friendly **WELD GUARD** units entirely within 12 inches of any models with this special rule when resolving Battleshock tests.

ABILITIES -

Weld Shield—*This heavy slab shield is built to withstand the blows of even the most savage of foe.*

A Model with a Weld Shield has a 3+ Save

Signal Lantern - *Models in this unit may be equipped with a Signal Lantern, marking targets of priority to the heavy guns down field.*

You may reroll hit rolls of a 1 for friendly **IRONWELD WAR MACHINES** in the Shooting Phase when they target an enemy unit within 6 inches of a model with this special rule

Valve Lance - *Some Templars mount vats of heated oil below their steel heun lances that they might at the peak of battle drown impaled foes in the boiling liquid.*

Add one to the Damage characteristic of this weapon if this model charged in the same turn. In addition once per Battle round, if in the combat phase this model wounds but does not kill an enemy model with its Valve Lance you may open the vats, roll a D6 subtracting one if this ability has already been used this battle. On a roll of a 3 or more that model immediately takes D3 mortal wounds as they are doused in burning oil.

Stoke the Furnace - *The power of the Ironweld is borne out of their Steam Furnaces, each Templar Harness carries one of these immense Cogwork engines.*

In each of your Hero Phases this unit may select a single Cogwork Labour, they gain the corresponding abilities until your next hero phase. You may elect to overheat the furnaces to drive the Cogwork construct on to feats of greater potency, if you do so roll a D6, if you roll under the number of wounds this model has taken during the battle it immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds. Otherwise select a second Cogwork Labour to take effect.

COGWORK LABOURS-

Piston Overdrive - Double this models move characteristic until your next HERO PHASE.

Iron Stampede - Until your next HERO PHASE, after this model has completed a Charge Move roll a D6 for every enemy model within 1 inch, on a roll of a 5 or more that unit immediately suffers a Mortal Wound.

Titanic Swing - Add 1 to the attack characteristics of this models Valve Lance until your next HERO PHASE.

COMMAND ABILITY

Give it all for the Weld— *Those in the presence of the Ironsworn Paladins can be spurred on to fight all the harder by the presence of the Nobility.*

You can use this command ability at the start of your Hero phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly model with this command ability. You may reroll To Hit rolls of a 1 for any friendly **IRONSWORN** models wholly within 9 inches of that model until your next Hero Phase



IRONDUKE COGHAULER

The Ironduke Coghaulers were designed after an aspiring duke lost a wager to put more rounds down field than his tank crews. He commissioned the Dukes Retort tri-shot cannon that he might win the next wager he placed.



| MISSILE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
|------------------|-------|--------|--------|----------|------|--------|
| Repeater Handgun | 14" | D3 | 4+ | 3+ | -1 | 1 |
| Long rifle | 30" | 1 | 3+ | 3+ | -1 | 2 |
| The Dukes Retort | 30" | 3 | * | 3+ | -2 | D3 |
| Steam Gun | 12" | 2D6 | 4+ | * | - | 1 |
| MELEE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
| Dukes Pike | 2" | 2 | 4+ | 4+ | - | 1 |
| Ironclad Bulk | 1" | D6 | 4+ | 3+ | -1 | 2 |

| DAMAGE TABLE | | | |
|-----------------|------|------------------|----------|
| Wounds Suffered | Move | The Dukes Retort | Steamgun |
| 0-2 | 2D6" | 3+ | 2+ |
| 3-4 | 2D6" | 3+ | 3+ |
| 5-7 | D6" | 4+ | 4+ |
| 8-9 | D6" | 4+ | 5+ |
| 10+ | D3" | 5+ | 6+ |

DESCRIPTION

An Ironduke Coghauler is a unit consisting of a single model. The Ironduke himself is armed with a Repeater Handgun and Longrifle to attack with in the shooting phase. He can lash out with his Dukes Pike in the combat phase.

MOUNT

The Dukes Coghauler is armed with a tri-shot Dukes Retort cannon and a Steamgun to bombard foes with and can crush them under its Ironclad Bulk in the combat phase.

WELD HERALDRY

Models in this unit may be adorned with Weld Heraldry, a reminder to all in the field that the Nobles shed blood alongside their subjects.

You may add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of friendly **WELD GUARD** units entirely within 12 inches of any models with this special rule when resolving Battleshock tests.

ABILITIES -

More Pressure—The Officers who crew the Coghaulers know how to tweak the boiler to just below breaking point, squeezing every ounce of power it has left to give.

In your Hero Phase, the Cog-Officer may attempt to overpressure the Coghaulers Boiler, if he does, roll two dice and compare the total to the number of wounds the Coghauler has suffered. If your total is LESS than the number of wounds suffered the valves start the crack and mechanisms break, the Coghauler immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds. Otherwise until your next hero phase you can reroll and random values for this model with the exception of the commanders repeater gun.

Steel Behemoth - An undeniable titan of war this massive steel monstrosity has crushed many a foe beneath its bulk. After a Coghauler has completed a charge move, you may select an enemy unit within 1", that unit immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds.

I'll Fix it—When not straining their machines to breaking point many Cog Officers turn their attention to maintaining their mount.

If in the Hero Phase this model does not choose to apply More Pressure, it immediately heals 1 wound suffered earlier in the battle.

COMMAND ABILITY

All Power to the Wheels! - You can use this command ability at the start of your Movement phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly model with this command ability in the Movement Phase add 2 to the Move Characteristics of friendly **COGWORK** units wholly within 12 inches of that model. If this model is your General add 3 to their Move Characteristics instead.



MASTER OF SHOT

The Master of the Shot has spent a lifetime perfecting the art of war, now commanding the Weld Gunlines his armoury a bizarre array of artificer weapons honed to devastating effect.



| MISSILE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
|-------------------|-------|--------|--------|----------|------|--------|
| Clockwork Sidearm | 9" | 3 | 4+ | 3+ | -1 | 1 |
| Marksmans Rifle | 30" | 1 | 3+ | 3+ | -2 | 2 |
| MELEE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
| Pistol Club | 1" | 2 | 4+ | 5+ | - | 1 |

DESCRIPTION

A Master of Shot is a single model unit. They march to war equipped with a bizarre array of artificer weaponry, from their clockwork sidearms to the deadly Marksman rifle able to pick off a target at great distance. If engage in combat they defend themselves by clubbing foes with their pistol.

ABILITIES -

Range finding Spyglass—*Forged from the Prismatic lenses of Hysh this Spyglass can sight even those seeking magical concealment*
You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for a Master of Shot in the shooting phase if he did not move in his preceding movement phase and there are no enemy models within 3" of him.

Artificer Design - *Precision engineered with every round a work of art, the Marksman Rifle is a lesson in weld dedication to war.*
If this model rolls an unmodified 6 to hit when firing its Marksmans Rifle, that attack inflicts two Mortal Wounds and the attack sequence ends.

COMMAND ABILITY—

Take Aim! - *With a resounding below the Master of the Shot can bring his men to order, allowing them a moments respite to better find their targets.*

You can use this command ability at the start of your Shooting phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly model with this command ability. Pick up to three **WELD GUARD** units wholly within 15 inches of that model. These units cannot move or charge during your turn, but you can add 1 to all hit and wound rolls for the duration of that phase.



DUARDIN COGSMITH

Chosen of the Council of Artisans, those Duardin who walk alongside the host remember the weight of axe in grip and long to see such days return. They find purpose maintaining the hosts of the Weld at war.



| MISSILE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
|-----------------|-------|--------|--------|----------|------|--------|
| Duardin Pistols | 8" | 2 | 4+ | 3+ | -1 | 1 |
| Grudgeraker | 16" | D3 | 4+ | 3+ | -1 | 1 |
| MELEE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
| Cog Axe | 1" | 4 | 4+ | 4+ | - | 1 |

DESCRIPTION

A Cogsmith is a single model. He is equipped with a veritable arsenal of weapons, including a brace of trusty Duardin Pistols and a handgun known as a Grudge-Raker to despatch his foes from a distance. He is also armed with his Cog Axe for when things get up close and personal.

ABILITIES -

Engineer—*The Tinkerers march to war to ensure their perfect creations endure the war, ever vigilant to their upkeep.*

In your hero phase, a Cogsmith can repair a friendly **COGWORK** unit within 4". That unit repairs D3 wounds lost earlier in the battle, this cannot take the unit above its starting wounds.

Mastery of the Forge - *The metalwork of the forge seemingly grows stronger in the presence of a Duardin Cogsmith, its runes of preservation enduring even the most lethal of blows.*

In your hero phase instead of repairing friendly Cogworks you may declare this model is empowering his runes of forging. Until you next Hero Phase unmodified save rolls of a 6 for Friendly **IRONWELD ARSENAL** units wholly within 9 inches of this model are always considered successful.

COMMAND ABILITY

Master of the Gyros—*The Gyro fleets of the Ironweld answer to the Cogsmith above all others, heeding their call and coordination for bombing runs in battle.*

You can use this ability in your Hero Phase, to do so select one friendly Cogsmith with this ability who has not already used it that battle. You may immediately set up a single Gyrocopter wholly within 9 inches of that model and not within 3 inches of any enemy models. If the Cogsmith is wholly within 6 inches of a Cogfort when using this ability it may be used without expending a command point.



TINKERER ON COG STRIDER

The Tinkerers of the Ironweld do not shy away from the harsh realities of war, fiercely protective of their masterpieces of destruction they ride alongside the armies on loping mechanical striders.



| MISSILE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
|----------------------|-------|--------|--------|----------|------|--------|
| Tinkerers Masterwork | 18" | D3 | 4+ | 3+ | -1 | 1 |
| MELEE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
| Piston Kick | 1" | 2 | 4+ | 3+ | -1 | 1 |

DESCRIPTION

A Tinkerer on Cogstrider is a single model consisting of a Human or Duardin Engineer mounted on the mechanical Cog Strider, in the shooting phase they launch devastating volleys with their own personal Masterwork guns.

MOUNT:

This model's Cogstrider attacks with Piston Kicks

COGSTRIDER

Hundreds of cogs work in perfect synchronistic fashion to stride across the landscape. A gyroscopically stable platform for a tinkerers labours.

This model may still shoot in a turn in which is Ran.

ABILITIES -

Engineer—*The Tinkerers march to war to ensure their perfect creations endure the war, ever vigilant to their upkeep.*

In your hero phase, a Tinkerer can repair a friendly **COGWORK** unit within 4". That unit repairs D3 wounds lost earlier in the battle, this cannot take the unit above its starting wounds.

Mastery of War—*Every Tinkerer has their own pet creation, an overly elaborate firearm they are never truly finished tinkering with.*

When completing a shooting attack with this Tinkerers Masterwork, any unmodified rolls of a 6 to hit inflict 2 hits instead of 1.

WELD MILITIA

The massed labourers of the Ironweld march to war alongside the Arsenal. Each carries with them a blackpowder weapon from their family armouries to defend the Weld.



| MISSILE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
|--------------------|-------|--------|--------|----------|------|--------|
| Blackpowder Pistol | 9" | 1 | 4+ | 4+ | -1 | 1 |
| Repeater Handgun | 16" | D3 | 5+ | 3+ | -1 | 1 |
| MELEE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
| Blackpowder Pistol | 2" | 1 | 5+ | 4+ | -1 | 1 |
| Bludgeoning Blows | 1" | 1 | 5+ | 5+ | - | 1 |
| Officers Sabre | 1" | 1 | 4+ | 4+ | - | 1 |

DESCRIPTION

A Weld Militia unit consists of 10 or more models, they march to war with a myriad of weapons from their family armouries. Some carry blackpowder pistols, whilst others carry more ornate repeater handguns.

OFFICER OF THE GUARD

Weld Militia are led to battle by career Soldiers, the Officers of the Guard drawn from the ranks of the Iron Guard.

One model in this unit can be promoted to an Officer of the Guard. And Officer of the Guard is equipped with an Officers Sabre in addition to a Blackpowder Pistol, or a set of two Blackpowder Pistols

QUARTERMASTERS RATIONS

Those favoured by the Quartermaster have the repeater handguns bestowed upon them for the duration of the battle.

For every Ten models in this unit Four may exchange their Blackpowder Pistols for a Repeater Handgun and Bludgeoning Blows

ABILITIES—

Volley Fire - *The immense recoil on a repeater handgun can be hard to gauge, those given the chance to brace stand a much improved chance of hitting their desired target.*

You may add one to your Hit Rolls for Repeater Handguns in the shooting phase if this unit did not move in the previous movement phase.

Smog and Chaos—*Weight of fire from the blackpowder weaponry can deafen friend and foe alike and can cover a battlefield in a choking ashen smog, confusing and disorienting a foe.*

If this unit has 10 or more models and directs all their attacks against a single target in the Shooting Phase, subtract one from that units Bravery until your next Hero Phase. If this unit has 20 or more models subtract two from that units Bravery instead.

WELD RIFLEMEN



Guard of the Weld, and serving military might the Weld Riflemen bearing heavy boilers to fuel their pressure rifles form the first gunnery lines in a Weld battleline. The thunder of their volleys crying out amidst a smog choked battlefield.



| MISSILE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
|-----------------|-------|--------|--------|----------|------|--------|
| Pressure Rifles | 18" | 1 | 4+ | 4+ | -1 | 1 |
| Rotary Pistol | 9" | D3 | 5+ | 4+ | -1 | 1 |
| MELEE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
| Bayonets | 1" | 1 | 5+ | 5+ | - | 1 |
| Officers Sabre | 1" | 2 | 4+ | 4+ | - | 1 |

DESCRIPTION

This unit consists of ten or more models. Marching to war with their robust Pressure Rifles the battleline of the Riflemen let out devastating volleys in the shooting phase. In the combat phase those who survive to make combat with the riflemen are stabbed at with viciously forged Bayonets.

ENGINEERS APPRENTICE

The Apprentices of the Weld are dispatched with the Weld Riflemen, they maintain the crude boilers of the detachment in their masters absence.

One model in this unit may be an Engineers Apprentice equipped with a Rotary Pistol and Officers sabre instead of a Pressure Rifle. If this unit contains any Engineers Apprentices add one to the To Wound rolls for this units Pressure Rifles if they direct all their attacks at an enemy unit within 10 inches

ABILITIES -

Pick your Targets - *The Long scope of the Riflemen spotters can pick a foe long before ever they need to fire.*

If there are no enemy models within 3 inches of this unit in the shooting phase, you may reroll 1's to hit with their Pressure rifles.

Ceaseless Thunder—*The unceasing thunderous volleys from the Weld Riflemen are known the world over, the rolling thunder of their devastating assault drowning out the noise of war.*

When making a shooting attack with this units Pressure Rifles, if this unit did not move in the preceding movement phase and has 10 or more models, any unmodified roll of a 6 to hit inflict 2 hits instead of one.

WELD PHALANX

Guard of the Weld, and serving military might the Weld Phalanx carry with them long halberds and heavy cogplate to defend the battleline of the Ironweld Arsenal



| MISSILE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
|-----------------|-------|--------|--------|----------|------|--------|
| Rotary Pistol | 9" | D3 | 5+ | 4+ | -1 | 1 |
| MELEE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
| Phalanx Halberd | 2" | 1 | 4+ | 4+ | -1 | 1 |
| Officers Sabre | 1" | 2 | 4+ | 4+ | - | 1 |

DESCRIPTION

Marching to war with heavy cog plated metal armour and long halberds the ranks of the Weld Phalanx form a bulwark of expendable labourers to deter would be chargers against the lines of the Ironweld. A wall of men and metal form a thorny barricade to protect the true wealth of the Ironwelds Armies. Weld Phalanx march with war equipped with Phalanx Halberds and heavy Cog armour.

OFFICER OF THE GUARD

The Weld Phalanx are led to battle by career Soldiers, the Officers of the Guard drawn from the ranks of the Iron Guard.

One model in this unit can be promoted to an Officer of the Guard. An Officer of the Guard is equipped with an Officers Sabre and Rotary pistol instead of his Phalanx Halberd

ABILITIES

Form a Wall! - When ranked up the Phalanx can lock their Cogplate gears, the Phalanx is a nigh impenetrable fence of steel and halberd. You may reroll saves of a 1 for models from this unit, in addition in your HERO PHASE you may declare this unit will form a wall. If they do so they may reroll all failed saves but may not move for any reason until the following hero phase.

Anchoring the Long Lines—It is a brave soul indeed who makes the charge into the thorny lines of the Weld Phalanx, their halberds plucking foes from the field long before they make combat.

If any enemy units finish a charge move within 3 inches of this unit, roll a dice for every Weld Phalanx model within 3 inches of that unit. For

every unmodified roll of a 6 that unit suffers a mortal wound, if the enemy unit is a MONSTER you may reroll any failures.



COGSTRIDER LANCERS

The Knights of the Weld ride to war mounted atop elaborate Cogstriders, each wielding a heavy Forgesunder lance to run down their foes on the field of battle.



| MISSILE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
|-------------------|-------|--------|--------|----------|------|--------|
| Rotary Pistol | 9" | D3 | 4+ | 4+ | -1 | 1 |
| MELEE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
| Forgesunder Lance | 2" | 2 | 4+ | 3+ | -1 | 1 |
| Piston Kick | 1" | 2 | 4+ | 3+ | -1 | 1 |

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Cogstrider Lancers consists of 3 or more models.

The Knights of the Cogstrider Lancers ride out alongside the hosts of the Weld, deftly clambering over rock and rubble without hinderance. Each mechanical strider is crewed by a Ironsworn knight who fights a Forgesunder Lance to impale any unfortunate foes that cross his path

MOUNT:

This units Cogstriders attack with Piston Kicks

WELD HERALDRY

Models in this unit may be adorned with Weld Heraldry, a reminder to all in the field that the Nobles shed blood alongside their subjects.

You may add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of friendly **WELD GUARD** units entirely within 12 inches of any models with this special rule when resolving Battleshock tests.

ABILITIES -

Master of Steed—*The Master of Steed rides out ahead of the host, the first to call out the commencement of battle with the cry of his war horn.*

One model in this unit may be a Master of Steed equipped with a war horn. Add 2 to the charge rolls for any unit including a Master of Steed.

Cog Outriders- *Hundreds of cogs work in perfect synchronistic fashion to stride across the landscape, deftly surmounting massive obstacles. A gyroscopically stable platform for a tinkers labours.*

When this unit makes a move, they can pass across terrain features in the same manner as a model that can fly. In addition this unit may still shoot their rotary pistols on a turn in which they ran.

Lethal Charge—*The Forgesunder Lance is a lethal weapon of far, nevermore so than when driven home by a thunderous charge.*

This units Forgesunder Lances have a Rend of -2 and Damage of 3 in a turn in which they charged.



COGSTRIDER FUSILIER

The Outriders of the Weld ride to war mounted atop elaborate Cogstriders, each armed with a clockwork rotary pistols and heavy Arbalester to launch devastating volleys of explosive bolts.



| MISSILE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
|-----------------|-------|--------|--------|----------|------|--------|
| Weld Arbalester | 16" | 1 | 4+ | 3+ | -2 | D3 |
| Rotary Pistol | 9" | D3 | 4+ | 4+ | -1 | 1 |
| MELEE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
| Piston Kick | 1" | 2 | 4+ | 3+ | -1 | 1 |

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Cogstrider Fusiliers consists of 3 or more models.

The Outriders of the Cogstrider Fusiliers ride out in advance of the hosts of the Weld, deftly clambering over rock and rubble without hinderance. Each mechanical strider is crewed by a Ironsworn Noble who fires a devastating Weld Arbalester and a Rotary pistol to rebuff any who dare come too close

MOUNT:

This units Cogstriders attack with Piston Kicks

WELD HERALDRY

Models in this unit may be adorned with Weld Heraldry, a reminder to all in the field that the Nobles shed blood alongside their subjects.

You may add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of friendly **WELD GUARD** units entirely within 12 inches of any models with this special rule when resolving Battleshock tests.

ABILITIES -

Master of Steed—*The Master of Steed rides out ahead of the host, the first to call out the commencement of battle with the cry of his war horn.*

One model in this unit may be a Master of Steed equipped with a warhorn. Add 2 to the charge rolls for any unit including a Master of Steed.

Cog Outriders- *Hundreds of cogs work in perfect synchronistic fashion to stride across the landscape, deftly surmounting massive obstacles. A gyroscopically stable platform for a tinkers labours.*

When this unit makes a move, they can pass across terrain features in the same manner as a model that can fly. In addition this unit may still shoot their rotary pistols on a turn in which they ran.

Load the Heavy Shot—*When not tasked with deftly guiding the Cogstrider mount the House Nobility may rapidly reload their arsenal.*

Increase the attack characteristic of this units Weld Arbalester to 2 if they did not move in the preceding movement phase and there are no enemy units within 3 inches.



COGHAULER BOMBARD

The Stables of the Ironweld are filled not with Steed nor beast of burden but by the steam belching iron hulls of the Coghaulers.



| MISSILE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
|------------------|-------|--------|--------|----------|------|--------|
| Repeater Handgun | 14" | D3 | 4+ | 3+ | -1 | 1 |
| Longrifle | 30" | 1 | 3+ | 3+ | -1 | 2 |
| Steam Cannon | 30" | 1 | * | 2+ | -2 | D6 |
| Steam Gun | 12" | 2D6 | 4+ | * | - | 1 |
| MELEE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
| Commanders Sword | 1" | 2 | 5+ | 4+ | - | 1 |
| Ironclad Bulk | 1" | D6 | 4+ | 3+ | -1 | 2 |

| DAMAGE TABLE | | | |
|-----------------|------|-------------|----------|
| Wounds Suffered | Move | Steamcannon | Steamgun |
| 0-2 | 2D6" | 3+ | 2+ |
| 3-4 | 2D6" | 3+ | 3+ |
| 5-7 | D6" | 4+ | 4+ |
| 8-9 | D6" | 4+ | 5+ |
| 10+ | D3" | 5+ | 6+ |

DESCRIPTION

An Ironduke Coghauler is a unit consisting of a single model. Cog-Officer operator himself is armed with a Repeater Handgun and Longrifle to attack with in the shooting phase. He can lash out with his Commands Sword in the combat phase.

MOUNT

The Coghauler Bombard is armed with a Steam Cannon and a Steamgun to bombard foes with and can crush them under its Ironclad Bulk in the combat phase.

WELD HERALDRY

Models in this unit may be adorned with Weld Heraldry, a reminder to all in the field that the Nobles shed blood alongside their subjects. You may add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of friendly **WELD GUARD** units entirely within 12 inches of any models with this special rule when resolving Battleshock tests.

ABILITIES

More Pressure—The Officers who crew the Coghaulers know how to tweak the boiler to just below breaking point, squeezing every ounce of power it has left to give.

In your Hero Phase, the Cog-Officer may attempt to overpressure the Coghaulers Boiler, if he does, roll two dice and compare the total to the number of wounds the Coghauler has suffered. If your total is LESS than the number of wounds suffered the valves start the crack and mechanisms break, the Coghauler immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds. Otherwise until your next hero phase you can reroll and random values for this model with the exception of the commanders repeater gun.

Steel Behemoth - An undeniable titan of war this massive steel monstrosity has crushed many a foe beneath its bulk.

After a Coghauler has completed a charge move, you may select an enemy unit within 1", that unit immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds.

I'll Fix it—When not straining their machines to breaking point many Cog Officers turn their attention to maintaining their mount.

If in the Hero Phase this model does not choose to apply More Pressure, it immediately heals 1 wound suffered earlier in the battle.

Explosive Ordinance—The explosive volleys of the Steam Cannon can devastate vast swathes of enemies caught in the blade. You can roll two dice and discard the lowest when determining the damage characteristic of this units Steam Cannon when targeting a unit that has 10 or more models.



COGHAULER ANCHOR

The Coghauler Anchor is considered by many to be an abomination. Weld Sciences have hewn Reality Anchors from refined Realm Ore, able to (for a time) abate magical influences in the surrounding area.



| MISSILE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
|------------------|-------|--------|--------|----------|------|--------|
| Repeater Handgun | 14" | D3 | 4+ | 3+ | -1 | 1 |
| Steam Cannon | 30" | 1 | * | 2+ | -2 | D6 |
| MELEE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
| Commanders Sword | 1" | 2 | 5+ | 4+ | - | 1 |
| Ironclad Bulk | 1" | D6 | 4+ | 3+ | -1 | 2 |

| DAMAGE TABLE | | | | |
|-----------------|------|---------------------|----------------|-------------|
| Wounds Suffered | Move | Arcane Interference | Reality Anchor | Steamcannon |
| 0-2 | 2D6" | 18" | 12" | 3+ |
| 3-4 | 2D6" | 16" | 10" | 3+ |
| 5-7 | D6" | 14" | 8" | 4+ |
| 8-9 | D6" | 12" | 6" | 4+ |
| 10+ | D3" | 10" | 4" | 5+ |

DESCRIPTION

A Coghauler Anchor is a single model unit. It consists of a Cog Officer in the Coghaulers Turret armed with a Repeater Handgun for picking off targets at range. In the combat phase he can defend his charge with a Commanders Sword.

MOUNT

The Coghauler itself carries a lethal Steamcannon and the unsettling Reality Anchor. it is also able to crush enemies beneath its Ironclad Bulk if they get too close

WELD HERALDRY

Models in this unit may be adorned with Weld Heraldry, a reminder to all in the field that the Nobles shed blood alongside their subjects. You may add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of friendly **WELD GUARD** units entirely within 12 inches of any models with this special rule when resolving Battleshock tests.

ABILITIES

More Pressure—The Officers who crew the Coghaulers know how to tweak the boiler to just below breaking point, squeezing every ounce of power it has left to give. In your Hero Phase, the Cog-Officer may

attempt to overpressure the Coghaulers Boiler, if he does, roll two dice and compare the total to the number of wounds the Coghauler has suffered. If your total is LESS than the number of wounds suffered the valves start the crack and mechanisms break, the Coghauler immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds. Otherwise until your next hero phase you can reroll and random values for this model with the exception of the commanders repeater gun.

Steel Behemoth - An undeniable titan of war this massive steel monstrosity has crushed many a foe beneath its bulk. After a Coghauler has completed a charge move, you may select an enemy unit within 1", that unit immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Arcane Interference—The grounding impact of the Reality anchor is constantly at odds with the raw essence of magic permeating the Realm, as the two collide an arcane static builds up discernible only to those attuned to the ways of Magic. Attempts to harness the magical energies are that much more challenging within such pockets of interference.

This model may attempt to dispel a single spell

each battle round as though it were a wizard. In addition any wizards attempting to cast a spell or endless spell within range of this models Arcane Interference (as shown on the damage chart) suffer -1 to any casting attempts.

Reality Bubble—Wizards who stray too close to the Reality Anchor speak of a screeching noise that rips through their skulls, their every thought seemingly scrambled by its constant assault. Those foolhardy to still attempt to manifest a spell have suffered a myriad of injuries from nose bleeds to sudden and lasting death. Any Wizards within range of the Reality Bubble (As shown on the Damage chart) suffer a further -1 to casting attempts, in addition if their unmodified roll to cast a spell or endless spell is a double they immediately suffer a mortal wound.

I'll Fix it—When not straining their machines to breaking point many Cog Officers turn their attention to maintaining their mount. If in the Hero Phase this model does not choose to apply More Pressure, it immediately heals 1 wound suffered earlier in the battle.



IRONWELD CANNON

The Ironweld are known for their Artillery, none more so than the ever reliable and easy to maintain Cannon, still potent enough to strike fear in many foes from afar.



| MISSILE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
|-----------------|-------|--------|--------|----------|------|--------|
| Cannon Shell | 30" | * | 4+ | 2+ | -2 | D6 |
| MELEE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
| Crews Tools | 1" | * | 5+ | 5+ | - | 1 |

| DAMAGE TABLE | | | |
|-----------------|------|--------------|------------|
| Wounds Suffered | Move | Cannon Shell | Crews Tool |
| 0-2 | 4 | 2 | 3 |
| 3-4 | 3 | 2 | 2 |
| 5+ | 2 | 1 | 1 |

DESCRIPTION

Whilst simplistic by the views of the Ironweld none can doubt the reliable destructive potency of a cannon. This unit consists of a single cannon crewed by three labourers, they maintain the cannon and can defend it with their Crews tools in the combat phase.

ABILITIES -

All Hands to the Guns—One thing the Weld has in no short supply are labourers, a disposable resource compared to the value of the long cannons and artillery in the arsenal. In your Hero Phase, if this model has suffered

any wounds previously in the battle, you may select a friendly **LABOURER** unit within 3 inches. That unit immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds, for every wound inflicted this model may heal a single wound lost previously in the battle.

Explosive Shells - Such is the potency of the shells of the Ironweld that even the most unskilled of gunners can hit a large enough target.

Add one to all HIT rolls in the shooting phase if the target unit has 10 or more models or has the **MONSTER** keyword.

Periscope Sighting - Many engineers march to war with prismatic periscopes able to sight foes at a great distance and with staggering accuracy.

If in the Shooting Phase there is a friendly Ironweld **ENGINEER** within 1 inch of this model, you may reroll failed Hit rolls with this models Cannon Shell



IRONWELD HELBLASTER

The Ironweld are known for their Artillery, the Helblaster for its rhymatic clunking, slowly building to a lethal crescendo of metallic shards.



| MISSILE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
|-----------------|-------|--------|--------|----------|------|--------|
| Volley of Shots | 24" | D6 | * | 3+ | -1 | 1 |
| MELEE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
| Crews Tools | 1" | * | 5+ | 5+ | - | 1 |

| DAMAGE TABLE | | | |
|-----------------|------|------------|------------|
| Wounds Suffered | Move | Helblaster | Crews Tool |
| 0-2 | 4 | 3+ | 3 |
| 3-4 | 3 | 4+ | 2 |
| 5+ | 2 | 5+ | 1 |

DESCRIPTION

An Ironweld Helblaster consists of a lethal war machine that fires a volley of shots at a foe. Often found in a myriad of designs each share the common trait of firing seemingly ceaseless volleys of shots down the field in record time. Crewed by three labourers, they maintain the cannon and can defend it with their Crews tools in the combat phase.

ABILITIES -

All Hands to the Guns—*One thing the Weld has in no short supply are labourers, a disposable resource compared to the value of the long cannons and artillery in the arsenal.* In your Hero Phase, if this model has suffered any wounds previously in the battle, you may select a friendly **LABOURER** unit within 3

inches. That unit immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds, for every wound inflicted this model may heal a single wound lost previously in the battle.

Point Blank—*At short range there is little escaping the lethal hailstorm of shot launched by their masterful machine of war.* You can add 1 to the hit rolls for this model's Volley of Shots if the target unit is within 12"

A Hail of Fire—

In the shooting phase the Ironweld Helblaster crew can attempt to load and fire 1, 2, or 3 gun decks. If they load 2 gun decks, the war machine makes 2D6 attacks when it fires its Volley of Shots. If they loaded 3 gun decks it

will make 3D6 attacks. However if any doubles are rolled when determining how many attacks are made when firing a Volley of Shots, the Helblaster Volley Gun jams and no shots are fired.

Working like Clockwork: *Engineers know just how to tinker with the Volley Guns to ensure they work at maximum capacity.* You can reroll one or all the dice when determining how many attacks are made with a Volley of Shots if there is an **ENGINEER** from your army within 1 inch of this War Machine.



IRONWELD HELSTROM

The Ironweld are known for their Artillery, the Helstrom Batteries carry a myriad of explosive Rockets, launching volley after volley with little regard for the scars they leave upon the Realms



| MISSILE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
|-----------------------|--------|--------|--------|----------|------|--------|
| Helstrom Rocket Salvo | 10-36" | 3 | 5+ | 3+ | -2 | * |
| MELEE WEAPONS | Range | Attack | To Hit | To Wound | Rend | Damage |
| Crews Tools | 1" | * | 5+ | 5+ | - | 1 |

| DAMAGE TABLE | | | |
|-----------------|------|-----------------------|------------|
| Wounds Suffered | Move | Helstrom Rocket Salvo | Crews Tool |
| 0-2 | 4 | D6 | 3 |
| 3-4 | 3 | D3 | 2 |
| 5+ | 2 | 1 | 1 |

DESCRIPTION

An Ironweld Helstrom consists of a lethal war machine that fires a dizzying array of rockets at a foe. Crewed by three labourers, they maintain the cannon and can defend it with their Crews tools in the combat phase.

ABILITIES -

All Hands to the Guns—*One thing the Weld has in no short supply are labourers, a disposable resource compared to the value of the long cannons and artillery in the arsenal.* In your Hero Phase, if this model has suffered any wounds previously in the battle, you may select a friendly **LABOURER** unit within 3 inches. That unit immediately suffers D3

mortal wounds, for every wound inflicted this model may heal a single wound lost previously in the battle.

Arcing Ordinance- *Though not precise there is something to be said for the indiscriminate fire of the rocket bombardment*

An Ironweld Helstrom can fire Helstrom Rocket Salvoes at units that are not visible to it

Rocket Salvo—

Before firing their Warmachine, an Ironweld Helstrom crew can choose to fire all their Rocket Salvoes at the same target. If they do so you can add 1 to the Hit rolls for the shots.

Enough Rockets to Blind the Sun:

Engineers hasten the reloading of the Helstrom, allowing near ceaseless bombardment of rockets to form a lethal cloud overhead

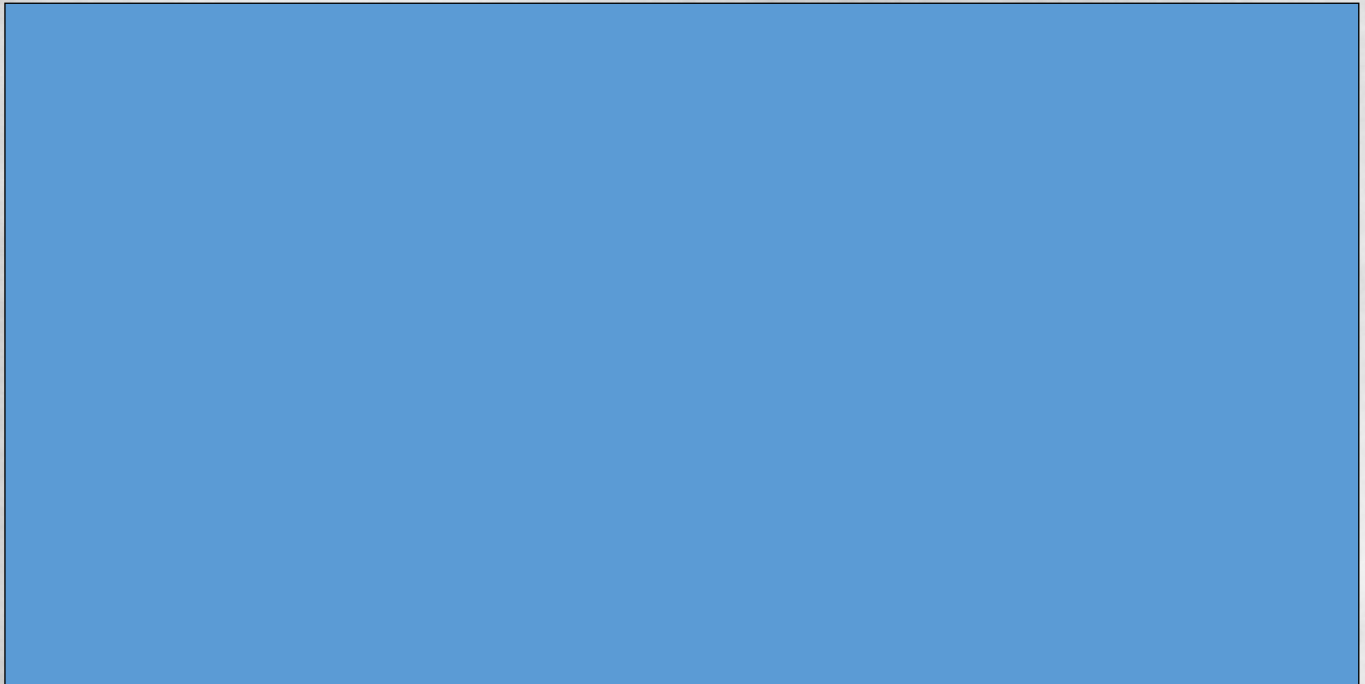
If there is an IRONWELD ENGINEER from your army within 1 inch of this model and you fail to hit with a Helstrom Rocket Salvo, you may pick a different unit within 10 inches of the original target and roll a dice. On a 6 that shot hits that unit instead..



IRONWELD ARSENAL

BATTALIONS

THE IRON ARMADA



There is an accord between the Armadas of the Overlords and some of the more affluent Houses of the Weld, both understand the value of coin above all else in the Realms. In times of dire needs some frigates have been observed with massive harnesses secured beneath to carry the war machines of the Weld into battle, the Templars of the Iron Host descending on their foes as though dropped from the heavens.

An Iron Armada consists of:

-2 Arkanaut Frigates

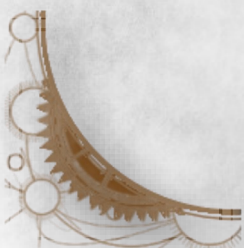
1-2 IRONSWORN TEMPLAR

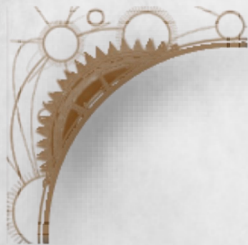
- Ironduke Coghauler

Abilities

Rain of Steel—When you deploy the Ironweld Armada, instead of deploying the Ironsworn Templars or Paladins from their battalion normally you may declare they are embarked upon the Arkanaut Frigates. No more than one Templar or Paladin can embark on each Frigate, and once embarked they follow all the rules for being embarked as found on the Frigate Warscroll. Once disembarked these model may not attempt to embark again for the rest of the battle.

Mark the Foe—If any of the **TEMPLAR** or **PALADIN** from this formation carry a Signal Lantern, the **FRIGATES** from the formation may benefit their effect as though they were Ironweld Warmachine.

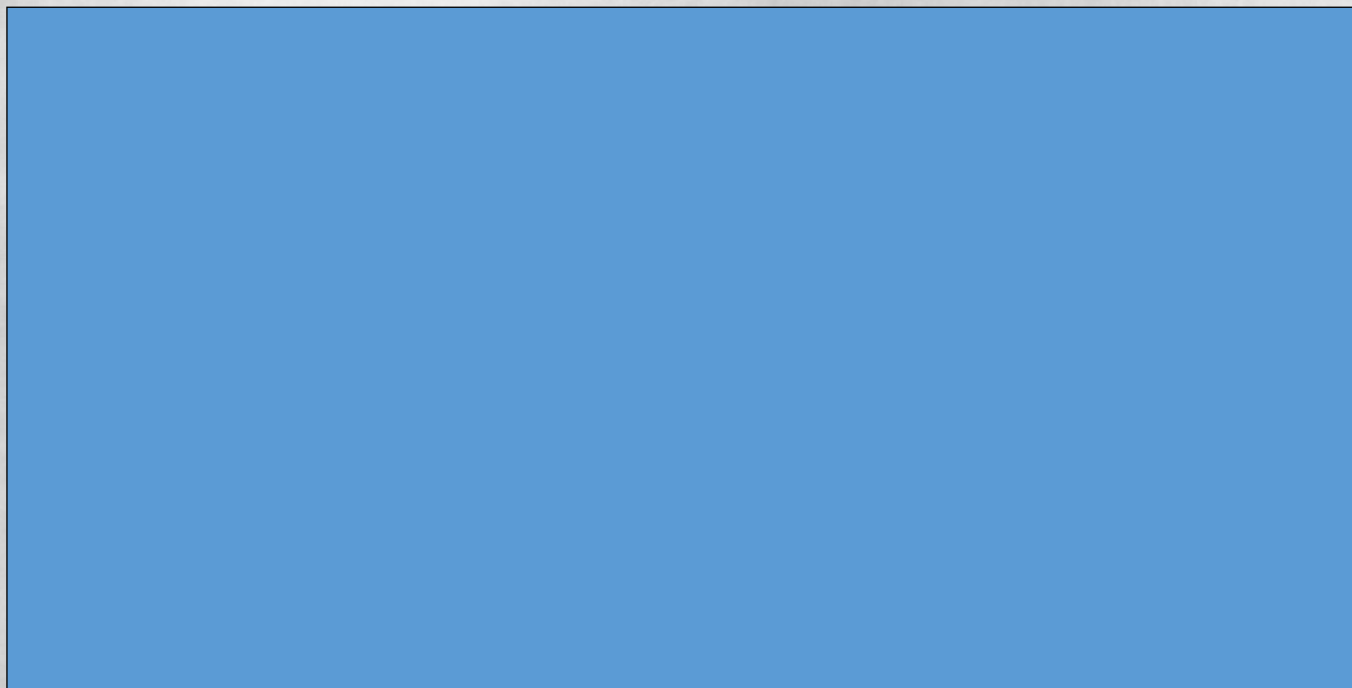




IRONWELD ARSENAL

BATTALIONS

THE QUESTING KNIGHTS



To be Ironsworn is to take the vows of the Weld, to put the orders of the Iron Council above all loyalty to house or familial bond. It had been observed that the outriders summoned to the council are dispatched on quests across the Realms to slay enemy generals or titan of war, sworn to secrecy they return successful or not at all.

The Questing Knights consists of:

1 Tinkerer on Cogstrider

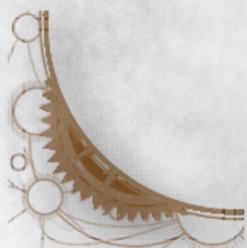
3-5 Cogstrider Lancers or Fusiliers

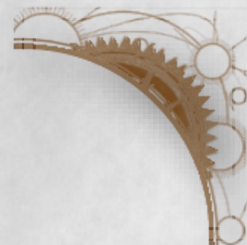
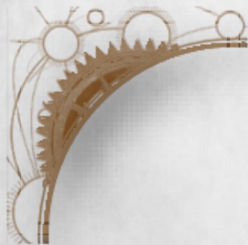
0-1 COGHAULER

Abilities

Spear Formation—Friendly units from this Battalion wholly within 9 inches of the Tinkerer on Cogstrider from this Battalion may attempt a charge move even if they performed a run move in the same turn. Add 3 inches to charge moves for units from this Battalion on turns they did not complete a run move.

Vanquish the Foe—If any model from this battalion slays an enemy **HERO** in the combat phase roll a D6, on a roll of a 4 or more the controlling player immediately gains a command point.

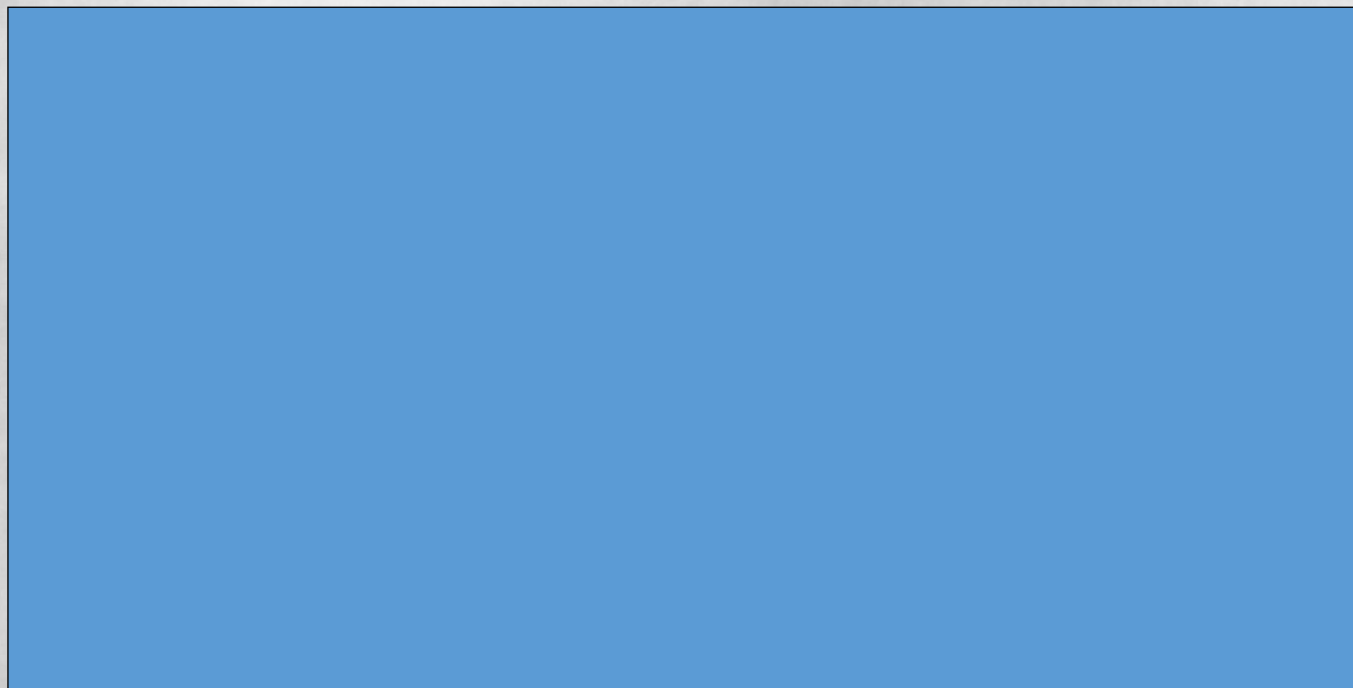




IRONWELD ARSENAL

BATTALIONS

SHIELD OF THE PEOPLE



It is through the artifice of the Weld that the forces of Azyr are armed and armoured, such bonds are not forgotten in times of war. When the cities of the Weld find themselves besieged they can call out a litany of favours owed from garrisons, armies and mercenaries across the Realms that they might form a unified army to take the fight back to the enemy. Such a combined army of men is a sight to behold, the true hosts of Order and will of mortals standing in the face of tyrants.

A Shield of the People consists of:

1 Freeguild General

1 Master of the Shot

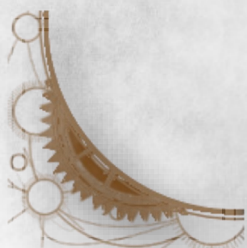
2-5 WELDGUARD

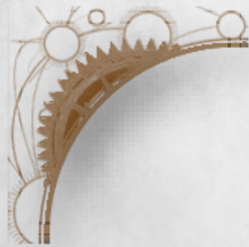
2-5 FREEGUILD GUARD

Abilities

The Peoples Army—When battle commences friendly **FREEGUILD** units from this Battalion gain the **WELDGUARD** keyword and all associated benefits for the duration of the battle. Note these units do not count as **WELDGUARD** for the purposes of meeting the requirements for the Battalion.

Training Drills—You may reroll To Hit rolls of a 1 for units from the battalion when targeting an enemy unit that has already been attacked by another unit from the Battalion in that phase. In addition add 1 to the Bravery Characteristic for units from this Battalion for every other friendly unit from the battalion wholly within 12 inches.

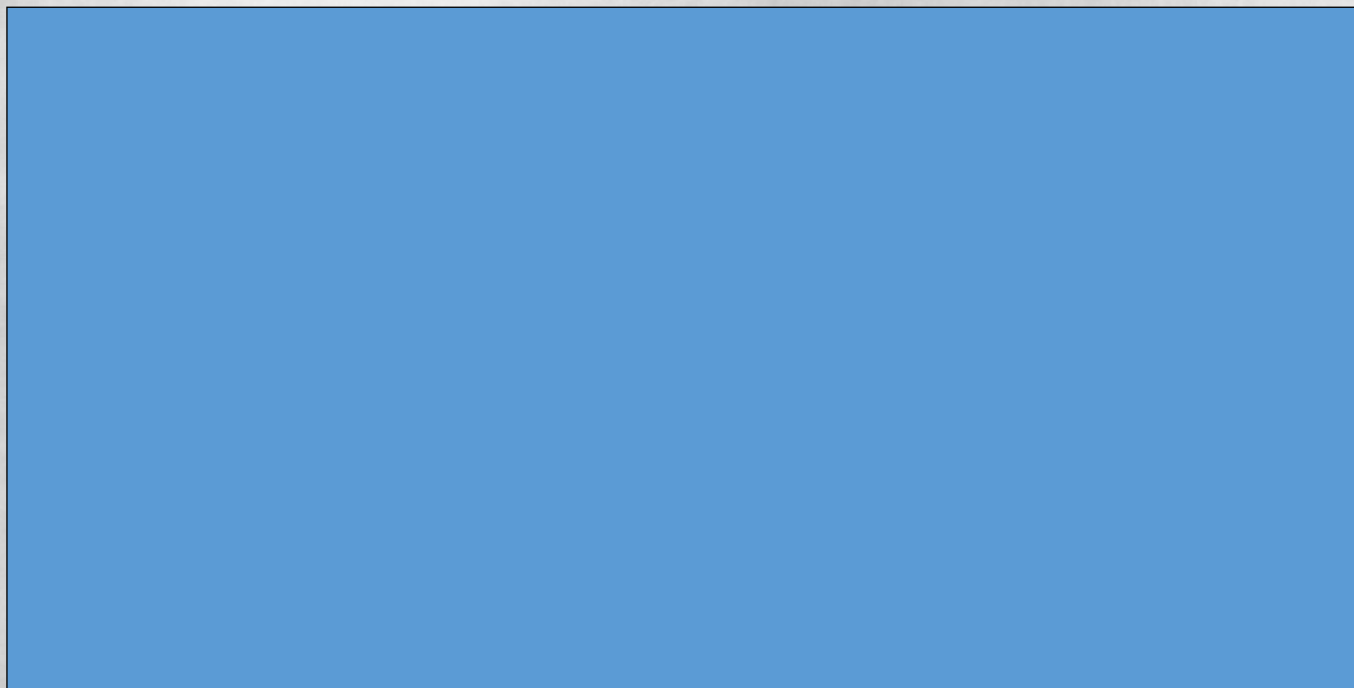




IRONWELD ARSENAL

BATTALIONS

THE COG STABLES



When the Cogstables of the Ironweld are emptied a tide of steel and belching steam engines are unleashed upon the Realmscape. With them ride a host of engineers tasked with ensuring these robust war machines are at peak efficiency throughout the battle. When in formation the Coghaulers of the Stables can form a near unshakable wall of steel to rebuff an enemies advance.

A Cog Stable consists of:

0-3 ENGINEER

1 IRONDUKE

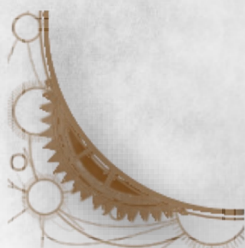
3-5 COGHAULER

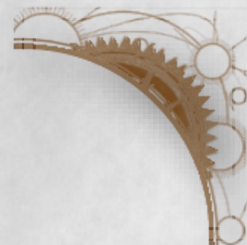
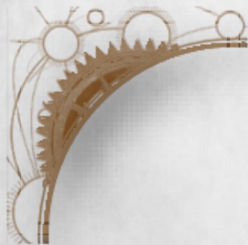
Abilities

Batten down the Hatches! - Friendly **COGHAULER** units from this Battalion may increase their save rolls by 1 on a turn in which they neither move nor charge.

Its one of my designs—When a friendly **ENGINEER** from this battalion attempts to repair a **COGHAULER** from this battalion you may roll 2 D3 and select the highest to determine the number of wounds restored.

First of the Stables—After both sides have deployed but before the battle begins the **IRONDUKE** from this formation may make a move as though it was the movement phase.

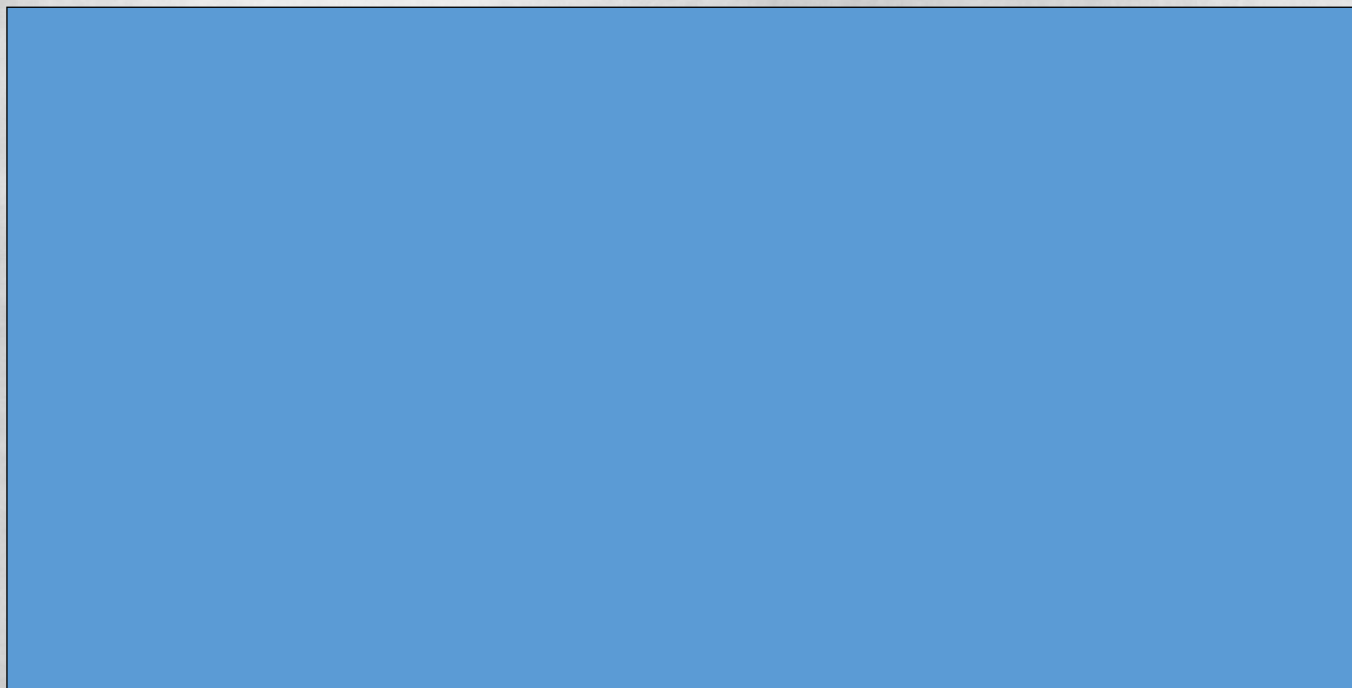




IRONWELD ARSENAL

BATTALIONS

THE THUNDEROUS CHOIR



The songs of the Ironweld are not lyrical masterpiece not the crescendo of string and horn, but the Thunderous Choir of a hundred cannons in a rippling wave, they are the screeching arc of a Helstrom rocket and the reverberating chime of the Helblaster onslaught. Such music could life the heart of any in the Weld, and they take such joy in performing such a masterpiece.

A Thunderous Choir consists of:

1 ENGINEER

1 Master of Shot

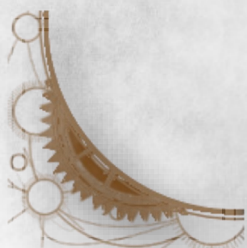
2+ LABOURER units

2-4 units selected from the following: Weld Cannon, Weld Helblaster, Weld Helstrom

Abilities

Protect the Long Guns - If a friendly **WARMACHINE** from this battalion suffers a wound or mortal wound whilst within 3 inches of a friendly **LABOURER** unit from this battalion roll a D6. On a 4+ the **LABOURER** unit suffers a mortal wound instead.

Let the Guns Sing—In your Hero phase select a friendly **WARMACHINE** from battalion within 3 inches of this Battalions **ENGINEER**. That unit may make a shooting attack as though it were your shooting phase. This does not prevent that unit firing later in the same turn.





RULES

PITCHED BATTLE PROFILES

The table below provides points, minimum and maximum unit sizes and battlefield roles for the Warscroll and Warscroll battalions in this book, for use in Pitched Battles. Used alongside the rules for Pitched Battles in the Generals Handbook, this provides you with everything you need to field your army of Ironweld Arsenal against any opponent

| IRONWELD ARSENAL | UNIT SIZE | | POINTS | BATTLEFIELD ROLE | NOTES |
|-----------------------------|-----------|-----|--------|------------------|--|
| UNIT | MIN | MAX | | | |
| Anchorage Coghauler | 1 | 1 | 260 | BEHEMOTH | |
| Coghauler Bombard | 1 | 1 | 260 | BEHEMOTH | |
| Cogsmith | 1 | 1 | 100 | LEADER | |
| Cogstrider Fusiliers | 3 | 9 | 120 | | |
| Cogstrider Lancers | 3 | 9 | 120 | | BATTLELINE if IRONWELD ARSENAL Allegiance and General is an Ironsworn Templar |
| Ironduke Coghauler | 1 | 1 | 300 | LEADER, BEHEMOTH | |
| Ironsworn Templar | 1 | 1 | 260 | LEADER | |
| Ironweld Cannon | 1 | 1 | 160 | ARTILLERY | |
| Ironweld Helblaster | 1 | 1 | 120 | ARTILLERY | |
| Ironweld Helstorm | 1 | 1 | 180 | ARTILLERY | |
| Master of the Shot | 1 | 1 | 80 | LEADER | |
| The Midnight Aspirant | 1 | 1 | 220 | LEADER | UNIQUE |
| Tinkerer on Coghauler | 1 | 1 | 120 | LEADER | |
| Weld Militia | 10 | 30 | 90/240 | BATTLELINE | |
| Weld Phalanx | 10 | 30 | 100 | | BATTLELINE if IRONWELD ARSENAL Allegiance |
| Weld Riflemen | 10 | 30 | 100 | | BATTLELINE if IRONWELD ARSENAL Allegiance |
| | | | | | |
| BATTALIONS | | | | | |
| <i>The Iron Armada</i> | - | - | | | |
| <i>The Questing Knights</i> | - | - | | | |
| <i>The Peoples Shield</i> | - | - | | | |
| <i>The Cog Stables</i> | - | - | | | |
| <i>The Thunderous Choir</i> | - | - | | | |

