



UNOFFICIAL ORDER
BATTLETOME SUPPLEMENT

EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY

*Not all of the forces of Order are heralded with the flash of
thunder or the scent 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
labourers 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 eternally
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.*



EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY

ABOUT THIS BATTLETOME SUPPLEMENT

DISCLAIMER

This Battletome supplement is entirely written from a fan perspective by those who enjoy and embrace the vibrant lore and gameplay of Games Workshops Age of Sigmar setting. Characters and locations within the Mortal Realms that have been referenced are the property of Games Workshop, utilised for the purposes of embracing and expanding the Cities of Sigmar to encompass new realms, city themes and cultures within the Age of Sigmar. Similarly any artwork used is done with utter reverence to those with the talent to create it for the setting, and is in no way my own work and remains the property of the original creators who managed to envision and execute work to such quality.

The rules within are designed for players to utilise an expanded Cities of Sigmar faction in open, narrative and casual matched play environments, I 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 Supplement 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.

WHY PLAY EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY

The Empires of Industry encapsulate those Cities of Sigmar that shun the realms of Magics and Savagery that so many others embrace, instead turning their abilities to the realms of Alchemy, Engineering, and the Runic Empowerment of the Duardin Master Smiths. Their Cities house vast smoke stacks belching torrents of coal drenched clouds into the air, often borne aloft by hewn iron legs or aetheric balloons to traverse the Realmscape from one ore deposit to another, mining that which they need to progress their designs before moving on once more.

INNOVATION AND DESIGN

Cogwork Machinery embraces the weird and wonderful engineering and sciences of the Cities of Sigmar, from steam powered Cogwork walkers to the alchemical reactors fuelling the Iron Matriarch Excavators. These bizarre and often unstable innovations allow their engineers to compete in the madness of a world of Magic and Monsters without sinking to the depths of the Arcane.

MASTERWORK DESIGNS

By introducing the concept of Masterwork designs, similar in nature to the Mount Traits of other factions, the Empires of Industry can possess some of the most unique, diverse and potent machines of war in all of the realms. Along with the new Regiments of Renown mechanic to further personalise units into iconic regiments forged into the legends of the realms themselves these allow customisation unlike any other currently available in the Age of Sigmar.

COGFORTS

The Empires of Industry possess a unique mechanic and terrain piece that grow and shape based on how you build your list, every unique Engineer or Warmachine warscroll produces Schematic points, a limited resource that you can use to design and build up your Cogfort into a menacing machine of conquest, adding diverse options from Alchemical Labs, Engineers workshops, Gunnery turrets and more or distribute into unit and character upgrades throughout the army.



The Midnight City

EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY

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*The Shield is Breaking,
And Waters Rise.
The Darkness Waking,
A City Dies.*

*When Death comes near,
Life shall fade.
Hope cedes to Fear,
the debt is paid.*

*When Good men fall to darkened mind,
and Heaven comes upon the Gate.
All to oft the innocent find,
A shadow born of Hate.*



THE HISTORY OF MIDNIGHT

NO JUSTICE, BETRAYAL

“Justice” the cold voice crooned at her, a palpable incredulity danced with poorly veiled disgust at the concept, “My dear child, how can you be so blind? Have you not learned... not seen yet, there is no room for justice in the Realms?”

It had been centuries and yet Morathis words still clung to Amelia's memories, it had endured the long years of imprisonment with nary a soul for company. A lesson perhaps? Some attempt in vain to keep her mind and purpose fresh lest despair claim her entirely.

The Aelven goddess circled her as a wildcat would toy with its prey, her piercing eyes seeming to burn into the nascent Demi Goddess, sniffing the air lightly before curling up her nostrils in disgust “Half-blood... what are you?!?” bewildered or simply irritated at her presence it was unclear. “You think yourself better than me? You call yourself Arbiter of the Just, yet where are they?” Arms flung wide to the chambers of the first pantheon, the other gods engaged in furious dispute seemingly leaving Amelia's psyche to be clawed apart by the Khainite, “I see liars, I see traitors... ambitious, proud, deceptive, HUNGRY... but I see no Justice here”

No Justice... she had of course been taken aback, offended even in the moment. Young and naïve to the cold nature of the realm she had bought wholesale into the dream of peace and harmony that Sigmar had pitched. So enamoured with the dream was she that she had sworn service to the Pantheon, her unique gifts to see the truth in all things made her a natural arbiter of justice across the realms, a far flung role from an inception into the shifting mists of the Ulgan spires and the trickster gods she had gratefully accepted. And yet with every passing year in her sealed tomb those words dug a little deeper, was this her fate... alone in the dark for eternity, was this just... was it RIGHT?!?

Morathis hand darted out in a second, snapping like a snake sinking its fangs into a bewildered prey she seized on Amelia's head to turn her gaze to Sigmars form stood in the shadow of Nagash “Look deeper, look beyond the lies... see the moving parts...” her voice drifted, almost narcotically through the Demi-gods mind as Amelia's eyes drew the Gods into focus, at first she saw only the delicate negotiations that had proved the form for all such gatherings and yet the more she looked she saw something else... the passing moments saw fists clench, Sigmar even took a step back as though adopting a defensive guard despite words remaining civil the whole time., was that anger? Distrust? “Look beyond it... see the flaws... the entropy... see it erode before your very eyes”

See beyond.... Beyond... at once Amelia's eyes snapped back into focus, dragged from the memories that sought to keep her in ignorant apathy. Beyond what you see.... Time and time again as the spinning rings passed her gaze she tried to keep focus on their forms, it had to mean something... her psyche reaching out desperate to be freed from the cage. Tens... hundreds... thousands of times the furiously spinning rings of her cage slipped her gaze before she finally caught sight of something her subconscious must have noted long before. The flaw beyond the veneer of the engine that her locked her away for so long, the slightest alignment fault that every rotation had eroded a minuscule more.

A tiny slip-up, entropy... and for the first time she was grateful to have heard the words of the Serpentine Goddess. Seizing upon what little energy she had been to conserve these long years she coiled up for a moment, hears the rush of air with every pass the rings made beneath her, waiting... no longer for death or oblivion yet the seconds felt like years until the briefest of clicks of the poorly aligned ring could be heard before lashing out with a millennia of wrath at this injustice.

At the same time, some miles away an Ironweld prospectors expedition, lost for weeks in the shifting mists of Ulgu and half starved were on the brink of giving up hope when a piercing light erupted forth from a nearby mountain. The brilliant blue light cascaded through the veil of the Realm of Shadow, burning into the eyes of all who beheld it, and as its brilliance began to dim the prospectors clamoured to their feet, discarding all that might slow them down as they made all haste toward its origin. Hope.

THE MIDNIGHT CITY

THE COGWRAITHS

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Realm: Ulgu
Region: The Mirrored Canyon
Size: Underground Metropolis
Populace: Human, Duardin and Automata

Age: Ancient
Defining Characteristic: Cogwork Design, City of Legend
Standing Army: Ironweld, Argent Order
Trade Goods: Artificer Weaponry, Cogwork Trinkets

In Ulgu the days can be as treacherous as the Shadows around them, it is said for miles around the city of Midnight the ancient edifice of its clocktower can be seen as though dagger piercing the very veil of the nights sky. Buried in the very heart of the city it is an arcane innovation able to predict the precise time that the light Hysh will strike the mirrored valley in which the city has been build, its iridescent cascade rippling off of every surface to illuminate the only safe passage to the iron gates of Midnight. The cities original name may well have been lost to the sands of time but it a common sentiment amongst travellers when nearing the city would be "We are approaching Midnight", by way of observing that their path would soon be illuminated by the ascendancy of Hysh.

Such sentiment has persisted, and though the cities name has been lost the phrase has persevered. For many hearing it they mistook it to mean the city they were approaching was called Midnight, a moniker since taken and owned by the populace. It also informs upon their heraldry, the black of the shadows of Ulgu crested by the vibrant yellow of the light of Hysh cascading through the valley. The two together are taken as a sign of safety and prosperity by those who know of the ancient cities history, though to many it is simply the most faded of memories of a legacy long since slipped from power.

A MAD MANS DREAM

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 that strayed too far from the charted maps of Ulgu in search of fame or fortune, that they staggered through the shifting mists of Ulgu. Just as all sensibility or reason to their journey had begun to slip from conscious mind it was this small group of Weld excavators that discovered the Mirrored canyon, seemingly naturally forming the reflective nature of the rocks that walled in this corridor concealed many a pitfall and dead drop into the depths beneath the realm plate. And yet for the briefest of moments, in the dead of night as Ulgu descended this magnificent valley channelled the light of Hysh as it began its ascent, 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. As though guided by divinity itself, some say it was this beautiful light that entranced the architect to form his city at the mouth of such a canyon. Others however claim they beheld iridescent light of a long buried relic of the ages that spurred his interest, as such inspiration overtook him the architect 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 ageing heart. What followed was perhaps the most costly endeavour the Ironweld has ever sought to complete, a life well lived in service to those who called themselves nobility had granted the Architect a wealth beyond the knowledge of most of the populace of the Realms.

He called to him the finest engineers, metal shapers, labourers and with them the finest of cog work creations ever bestowed upon the realm. The years of construction of this mighty factory city dragged on and its schematics ever changing with the Architects obsessions seemingly instilled paranoia within his aged soul, his closest servants often spoke of hearing him whispering to an unseen companion deep within the radiant palace that formed his workshop in the very heart of the cities construction. Midnight was to be created to his exact specifications, jealously guarded at all times he imparted to each engineer only what they 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 Hysh 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 clockwork 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. With every passing day those who had sought their fortune began to desert the city, their coffers shrinking as all industry had ceased and the very wealth by which they judged their success began to be used for the safety of commoners. 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 resonated louder than any bell chime ever could have.

To the eyes of the greater realms, with winter fast approaching and unable to revive their city or stoke the furnaces without the great clock the populace had no choice but to abandon their homes, the great caravans streaming from its many gates until shadow is its only companion.

The outer streets of the city were ceded to the shadow beasts native to Ulgu, massive constructs of wild magic and darkness that prowl the once vibrant streets, half starved in the ghost of the city they set upon all those that would seek to disturb its slumber. And as the decades turned into centuries none had ventured beyond the great iron gates of the Citadel to see what lay within. Never then would they have cast eyes upon the endless progress that has continued in the workshops beneath the mirrored platforms of the cities streets, in the expansive under city those who refused to give up their legacy have continued their labours.

MIDNIGHT ASCENDS

Though beneath the cobbled stone streets of the Citadel progress continued, to the eyes of outsiders the cities husk became refuge to thieves, rogues and outcasts. Ever contending with the feral shadow beasts of Ulgu who sought to reclaim the buildings that slipped into disrepair, the once beautiful architecture eroded as though the very nature of the realm would take the city as its own. Even the alliances of old, to the noble houses of the Ironweld the Midnight City became little more than a playground for their engineers to loot and pilfer, picking through older disused workshops to smuggle away blueprints that they might claim as their own.

In time even this practice became a matter of pompous practice, the young nobles of the Weld making sport picking clean the legends and treasures of the Midnight City. Those who could liberate the most worthy of innovation elected to positions of stature and power within their houses and the greater weld. As the Ironweld Matriarch neared her final days contenders from all the great houses once more competed for rule of the Weld electing to once more

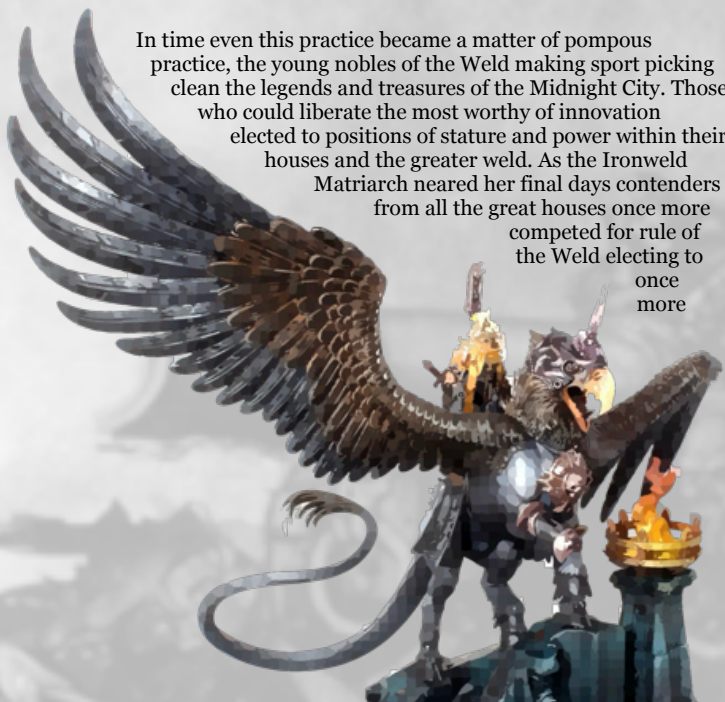
invade the resting place of the once fabled city. Though the competition was fierce, with dangers coming not only from the beasts that prowl the cities corpse, the ever shifting nature of the city itself and the sheer ambitions of those they competed against all the ambitious young nobles were laid low either through injury, desertion or death save

for a slight figure bearing the colours of the Midnight City, flanked by a royal guard of Cog work unlike any seen before. The very presence of such a contender, to drape oneself in the garb of a dead city and defile its once noble heritage sent the gathered nobility into uproar, their ever rising voices decrying the eligibility of an entrant from the abandoned city let alone handing the rule of an empire to the outsider. It would seem such political dissent had, for a time at least allowed the ailing Matriarch retain the crown of the Weld for the time being. Though it had been their claims that had led to such an act it strained already tense relationships between the noble houses, some voicing that she has overstepped her bounds.

Even those who decried her claim to the rule of the Ironweld could not help but lean into their curiosity over the Queen of the Midnight City and her kingdom behind the great Cogwork gates. What wealth was it they could barter, steal or otherwise harness from this reclusive populace, what status could they gain by coercing a noble blind to the ways of the greater realms. It was then to their great disappointment that though the Midnight City had risen phoenix likes from the ashes of its own ruins few were welcomed from within its borders as the bizarre Cog work populace seemingly spurred to life once more.

Not all it would seem were entirely unaware of the survival of the Midnight City, it would have been unable to survive the long years that marked the Age of Chaos without tenuous ties to the outer world. Vast docks are hidden in the Undercity, able to connect to waterways that shift and move beneath the realm plate and connect the populace of Midnight to the unscrupulous Corsairs of the Scourge Privateers. Yet the wealth the passes into and out of the city on their shadowed ships has been enough to buy the silence of those who visited the city during its feigned death. So too have the enclaves of Idoneth hidden in these buried waterways seen trade with the city grow their kingdoms, hidden far below the mirrored canyons the winding water passages are held secure by Idoneth and Ironweld together.

Since emerging from their absence the engineers of the Midnight City have sought to maintain a solid trading partnership with other free cities though their alliance is at time frosty. They have a symbiotic relationship with shadow beasts that patrol the abandoned outer city who both deter interlopers and feast on the cities dead. Whilst not openly confrontational with Sylvaneth they maintain little contact, however utilise subterranean smuggling coves to move large quantities of their artificer Cogworks through alliance with both scourge privateers and Idoneth residing beneath the realm plate.



In Midnight much of the power comes from geothermal vents, though vast caravans of Ashy combustible fire root form a massive bulk of their imports. Exporting the finest and most bizarre of Cogwork innovations, trinkets and treasures to fuel their relentless industry. Rumour has it the most refined Cogwork Automata are fuelled by Alchemical vials with the central heart strung from Ulgu Realmthread, the very aspect of freewill. It is said that the City spends most of its day bathed in darkness, it is only as the bell tolls midnight, and Hysh becomes ascendant the entire valley is bathed in radiant rapturous light. The outer extremities are a labyrinth of shadow stalked streets long since abandoned to the ravenous darkness, even the main causeway to the central spire is only transversal on the toll of midnight light. At its heart the grinding noise of Cogwork mechanisms reverberated across shifting platforms in an ever changing silhouette framed in the darkened sky. Much of the city now lies beneath the surface, hidden to outsiders.

Their long enemy and arguably best asset are the seemingly endless tides of Skaven hailing from the Clan Skyre pouring into the under city. What was once a minor breach as Gnawhole, seemingly by the hand of fate or pure accident breached the lowest vaults of the workshops, has escalated into what has become known as the great schism. Poorly planned attempts by the cities engineers, perhaps naïvely confident in their own abilities, saw a sequence of ore enriched charges detonated at the very mouth of the Gnawhole seeking to bury it beneath the rubble of workshops above. And yet instead of delivering salvation the explosive forces seemingly amplified the Wyrdstone maw of the gnawhole, greatly expanding it and casting hundreds of the populace tumbling in an avalanche of stone and cog into the depths never to be seen again. As the choking smog of the gnawhole continued to flood the lower workshops there was little the armies of Midnight could do but cede the lower workshops to the ratkin, climbing ever higher into the under city that they might be free of the toxins spilling into their homes. The greatest innovations of the city, they arcane engineering masterpieces of the Automata were instead sent down to wage war on the interlopers, these constructs of gem and metal need not take a breath and thus could continue their onslaught in the smog drenched lower workshops. Buried far beneath the city and unknown to the greater realms it is this constant clash of automata and Skyre innovation that has led to rapid advancement as both sides feed off of the technologies of the other. Engineers occasionally venture into the lower halls in sealed cogplate to recover Skaven technologies to strip down and improve upon them under the guise of innovations of Midnight.

THE ARGENT ORDER

Having emerged from their darkened tombs the populace of Midnight have swollen with the caravans of artisans, refugees and fortune seekers who would make it their home. Its highly defensible position and strategic location making it a rare location of safety in an otherwise deceptive and cruel realm. Among the first to join the city were the Argent Order, Witch hunters who can trace their lineage back to the militant wing of the Church of the First Pantheon. Though the Pantheon itself has long since dissolved the order have grown in the fear and paranoia that permeated the realm. Their original inception was as vigilant watchmen for the influence of chaos beginning to exert itself throughout the realms, and though their failure in that sacred duty is evident they see themselves not as culprits but victims of circumstance. Their failures, they claim, were a result of the volatile flow of magics allowed to permeate every fibre of the realms, its pervasive and corruptive influence having been allowed to flow without limit into the cities of Sigmar, and its power corrupted those who sought to wield it making them ideal candidates to fall to the whims of Chaos.

As time has dragged on there have been countless victims of the whims of magic upon the realms, those who seeking some reason for their tragedies have latched upon magic as culprit. And thus the Argent Order, now vehemently anti magic extremists have found no shortage of recruits to add to their

ranks. It is their innovations coupled with the efforts of the Ironweld Engineers that have constructed the immense reality Anchors of the cities tower, repelling the influences of magic from the very borders of the city often with fatal consequences to those who would seek to use it.

VICTIMS NO MORE

The ancient Vendati Order were once thought to have been rendered obsolete by the College Arcane and the Azyrite councils, their fanatical hatred for the arcane arts a relic of times before the enlightenment of the realms and fiery rhetoric dismissed as the rambling of mad men. It is true that for near an age their numbers receded from the greater realms, mired in darkness as they gathered strength around their patron deity in the Hidden City, yet with magic running rampant across the realms no longer able to be simply ignored they have risen anew. Their armies are composed of those who have suffered at the hands of the magical or arcane, those victims left behind after the legendary tales end. The come from soldiers and civilians, men and women, young and old, all born again the agonising crucible of an arcane fire and launched into new found purpose. There is a dark side to the arcane that many across the realms blindly seek to overlook, those innocent souls left with scorched and blackened flesh by the Aqshy fire bolts simply for the misfortune of having been nearby, those unto whom the necrotic plagues left hollow and wasted away. Yet more come from those whose minds and souls bear scars their bodies as of yet could never tell, victims of enchantment or beguilement leaving them robbed of will but not of memory of the foul deeds that were forced upon them.

There are those who would simply capitulate to their wounds, but physical and mental and fall into a deep and unbreakable despair, to these the Vendati Order offer no home or refuge. Instead the Vendati helps those who willing to help themselves, the souls with the strength to endure beyond injury and suffering to forge a new life born of purpose and vengeance against all those who would wield the arcane against them. Though beaten and bruised, their pale and drawn skin a testament to the litany of crimes the wielders of the arcane have wrought against their number, the Vendati are elevated by the Cogwork innovations of their Patron Deity, a limb lost to necrosis can be replaced by fine blades hewn in the Midnight City, scars are hidden behind blackened insectoid masks in the likeness of the Ventrian Burrowers (A now extinct species previously know to bore into the skull of magic users and consume their arcane energy enriched tissue). The armour of the Vendati order is work near of art the likes of which the Realms have rarely seen, hundreds of hair thin plates forged from coal drenched steel conceal an array of intricate Cogwork, shifting in an almost chitinous carapace with the constant click of Cogwork mechanisms oft mistaken for a bestial tick. Its delicate appearance concealed a truly robust nature, able to shift and reinforce plates where needed so as not to hinder manoeuvrability. Those who face the Vendati often hear the chattering clicks of Cogwork long before they behold its bearer, unshifting horrific masks leer out of the darkness, the shifting blackened armour presenting an ever shifting silhouette to mask their true numbers. To those who face the judgement of the Order this is often their last horrific sight as volleys of razor tipped bolts hail out of the shifting mists to find their targets.

THE CLOCKWORK HOST

The Clockwork host is a bizarre sight even for the exotic battlefields 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 ULGAN STEAMHOUNDS

A metal hewn construct forged of the finest steel of the Midnight City workshops its form vaguely reminiscent of the steeds or hunting hounds used by lesser civilisations within the realms, every bolt and rivet a masterpiece of artisan design some say each chosen by the hand of the Midnight Queen in her role as chief innovator and engineer of the Midnight Cities workshops. Though no matter how fine their design, the wealth and genius invested into every creation that leaves the workshops of this Empires of Industry nothing could compete with the raw bestial intellect of the truly wild beasts of the realms. With the SteamHounds Steamforged Heart lies the true innovation of the Midnight City, every inch of its majestic design is in perfectly etched runic engrams to house its caged beast. Within this vessel the innovators of Midnight have caged the true protectors that for centuries have prowled and protected the ruins of the old City above, Daemons forged of the Shadow of Ulgu tethered through Ulgan Realm thread, their shifting forms forced through the edifice to the heart of the innovation. It is through this bizarre symbiosis that the Steamhounds are birthed, the two veins that have protected the Midnight City through the ages, their innovation and the native beasts of their shadowed refuted fused into unnatural beasts to bear their nobles to battle.

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 Military is split into three main segments: The Ironsworn, nobility of the city wielding the most expensive, refined and experimental technology in the Weld. Whilst keyed to the city they are ultimately accountable to the Iron council of the Weld. They form the outriders on cog steeds, templars in Cogwork harnesses and tank commanders of the Cogstables. The Weld guard, ever many and woman in the Weld is trained in basic use of riflery and halberd, that they could in times of need be drafted into the guard. Equipped with heavy cog plate and fuelled by boilers strapped to their back they are a slow moving but resilient force that form the bulk of the army. The Arsenal, some are spared enlistment in the guard if they show prowess in the gunnery crews. Accompanied by swathes of labourers for the transport and maintenance of the artillery of the Weld.

The resilience 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 Weld guard 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.

It is said there was once the forth element, the Automata of Midnight, though they have not seen battle in a generation. With the lower holds breached by Gnaul holes leaking toxic gasses into the undercity only the Automata could be deployed to tackle the threat in any real number. What monstrosities still roam below is unknown, as the Automata have long since stopped coming up for repair.

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.

THE MIDNIGHT QUEEN

Since emerging from their hiding the Midnight City has been led by the apparently youthful Midnight Queen. Though fresh of face she stands a clear head height taller than the men and women that make her armies, yet to call her human would be to over simplify her existence. The majority of her form rippled with Cogwork mechanisms and artificer plating, with no skin visible behind the metal veneer save for her youthful complexion. None could truly say how old the Queen is, nor for how long she has led the city and shaped its futures, though she has lived far beyond the lifetimes of those who form her elite council.

Since the integration of the Argent and Vendati Orders into the city a fanaticism has begun to spread through the populace. It is, according to the Order, clearly apparent that the Queen is of divine origin. They claim that she may well be Irellia, trickster god and steward of the strands of fate for the First Pantheon, a lesser deity often paling in appearance to those of the greater pantheon. Her longevity and choice of weaponry on the field of battle has done little to dispel this notion, wielding seemingly artificer pistols without chamber for rounds able to pluck the souls from her targets. And effortlessly wielding the axe Betrayer, able to buckle and bend the armour of its victims before ever it makes contact.

The Order claims there would have been no better refuge for Amelia during the Age of Chaos, than a valley that none can traverse without a guide, buried in a city consumed by darkness, beneath mirrors streets concealing a pulsing metropolis. This claims would do well to explain how the Midnight City endured the long ages of war so well in hiding.

If true however all elements of joy and whimsy would have been drained from the trickster in the centuries of war, the Queen is clinical, logical and pragmatic but ultimately without mercy. She acts with discipline and swift retribution both in diplomacy and war, and often sees little difference between the two.

THE STAFF OF SUBJUGATION

There are many fell artefacts of the Realms, some sealed away in the Stormvaults of the God-king, others however are left to roam in the realms seeking a wielder worthy of their

Though its modern incarnation bears little resemblance to its original form, the Staff of Subjugation features in the hushed tales and legends under many names and guises throughout the history of realms so far as the Age of Myth. Each culture to have been tasked with concealing and projecting it adding their own adornments and relics over the top until its form reflects a living history of the Realms and the cultures long since lost beneath the tide of war.

Legend has it that in the Age of Myth, when the Realms themselves were young the darkness and shadows of the Ulgan mists coalesced into a rod of pure shadow. So dense was this darkness that it gained physical form, channelling the sheer subversive nature of the realm into a single artefact of purest manipulation said to be able to break the will of any that its bearer seeks to control with but a single touch. Yet there is a balance, or sense of humour of sorts to the whims of the Realms, and in the moments this aspect of darkness found itself fully formed two guardians seemingly appeared from nothing behind it, clad in robes of purest shadow across their pale skin. One male, one female, pallid and pale skin as though the darkness itself had been their old refuge for an eternity they emerged each appearing with one hand upon the artefact, to say that they were born would ignore their fully matured states of emergence instead simply coalesced in the presence of the relic that would be their burden for the Ages.

The Woman, slender and slight be comparison to her brother was possessed of keen eye and an intellect that would rival any who would walk the Realms held the gift of truest sight, a rarity in the realm of Ulgu she could see beyond all veils and lies as even the heavy mist of the Ulgan Realmscape seemingly retreated from her gaze. It was she who would become the Goddess of Justice in the ages to follow, known as Amalay the Executioner to the warrior tribes of the Bitterbreak Scar, Ameer Torch Bearer to the flame shapers of the Aqshy Rise, though when eventually she joined the Pantheon of Sigmar she had become Amelia arbiter of Justice.

Her Brother, far taller standing over twice his kins height was equally lean though possessed of sheer will and reflexes that bordered on unnaturally precognition, though lacking his sisters cold detachment he too manifested a will to see wrongs righted. If Amelia was the icy detachment of Justice, Jannik was instead the burning flame of vengeance and retribution, a swift and burning meteoric figure to smite those that had delivered wrong without care for whether the act in itself was just. He would become known as Janus the Warbringer to the cultures of the Iridescent planes of Hysh, other simply knowing him as a brilliant star overhead threatening swift vengeance to those who strayed from the light. Though as he joined the pantheon of Sigmar he too settled on but a single name, Jannik the arbiter of Retribution.

And therein lay the humour of the cosmos, that a weapon of such power would be brought into existence to those two least likely to bring it to bear, for to break the will of another is neither Right nor truly Just. These two, instinctively guarding the Stave though knowing little enough of the Realms to ever question why, using their intuitive talents for trickery and subterfuge from their Ulgan shadowy origins to evade the cultures that would seek to utilise their ward for their own means. Yet in time they were spurred to travel, visiting but never belonging in the burgeoning cultures of the Realms as they sought to keep the staff from ever falling into the hands of those who would seek to use it. It was when rumours began to reach them of a Pantheon of the divine, those righteous and pure who sought to bring peace and culture to the greater realms that the pair ventured from

their shadowed refuge into the brilliant lights of the Azyrian council to present their ward to the greatest Gods of the Realms.

Sigmar and his ilk were as much entranced as horrified by the very nature of the Stave, it radiated malign energies, hungered to be used and each god in their own way feared one amongst them might seize the power for their own. Yet even in all of their arcane potency none could devise method of destruction for the artefact, instead they resolved that it be sealed away that none might every lay claim to it, and for a time the Guardians relinquished their burden. Absent such a uniting feature the brother and sister grew apart, he became enamoured with the righteous conquest of the Realms at the head of the armies of Sigmar, venturing further and further from the light of Azyr seeking new conquest and battle.

Amelia meanwhile would face a very different fate, forever linked to the Stave she could not bring herself to stray from the boundaries of the Azyrite courts, seeing over the rule of law within the Realms from a vigil on high that she could at least keep one eye on the refuge of her burden. Some say that in time the whispers of Morathi began to bring doubt into the corners of the fledgling Goddesses mind, to confuse Justice and Morality with the whims of the nefarious, yet others cast doubts of such assertions that a being forged solely of the Just could ever slip so far from grace. They then would assert that upon hearing of the plans to seal Azyr, such an unjust action against those beyond its walls Amelia sought to seize the Stave, not for her own ends but that she might save the lives of the thousands to be abandoned beyond the gates. Yet history shows her failure in this task, betrayed by her own kin even as she sought to recruit him to her cause, cast out.... Seemingly to spend eternity sealed in a Penumbra Engine.

Fate however found her far different a destiny, Goddess of the Just, Prisoner of Azyr, Queen of the Midnight City

The Midnight City

Jewel of Ulgu

Many cartographers of the realms will tell you Midnight is nowhere of note, indeed until recently it appeared in neither the vast repositories of maps in the halls of Azyr nor the Hammerhalian archives. Though there are those who have always managed to find it, smugglers and traders can oft find their way to its vast gates either by will of their own or that of the Shadowed realms. So too can dreamers and innovators roaming the realms in search of divine inspiration often find they ways to its door. In this way the city has earned its name of refuge of the lost, those who seek it but are unworthy are cursed to wander the shadowed paths of the Ulgan realm until they meet their end but those who are truly lost or in need of its refuge are delivered unto it.

Atop a cliffs edge, rising high above the darkened seas below the Stormvault of the Seers Tears was to be the final resting place of the Midnight Queen when entombed by Sigmar, its location struck from all maps of the Realms that none who once worshipped the outcast goddess could find her penumbral jail and attempt to free her from her cage. Sigmar though should have known better than to try and bend the Realm of Shadows to his will, the very nature of the Realm rebukes such concealment made without consent, time and time again it delivered explorers to the very gates of her tomb only for them to turn away as the obfuscations of the Penumbral engine blinded them to its nature. When the Queen had managed to exploit the slightest imperfection and erupt forth the Ironweld who discovered her drained and broken atop the cliffs edge finally found the deliverance that Ulgu had sought to grant her for centuries.

Though its location is of little strategic importance the Cities perch high above the seas, and the warren of tunnels beneath the old town lead into the vast waterways beneath the Realm Plate granting smugglers and traders access free from the sight of those on the surface. This vast network allowed the city to continue trader during the Age of Chaos whilst its true location and existence remained concealed, so too would these smugglers routes find use when the armies of Azyr sought to lay siege to the Midnight City providing ample supplies and materials for the city to endure far beyond the expectations of those who bought war to her gates.

There is a beauty however to the Midnight Veil, the city leads into the mouth of a canyon, and when the light of Hysh rises above the cliff the canyons mirrored walls channels its vibrant colours in a cascade across the entire veil. Many an artist has sought the Midnight City to try and capture the pure beauty of such a sunrise, though occurring only once in a rotation of the Ulgan cycle it is a vision that the beholder will remember for a lifetime.

Rumours persist that beneath the Midnight City lays an Abyssal maw, an enormous ruptures Gnawhole that year by year inches higher seeking to lay claim to the City. Others claim that the smugglers tunnels emerge into naturally occurring realmgates to Chamon, attributing the cities ample supplies of Ore and Warpstone to such tunnels though this claim is hotly disputed and the cities stringent security makes it all but impossible to verify,



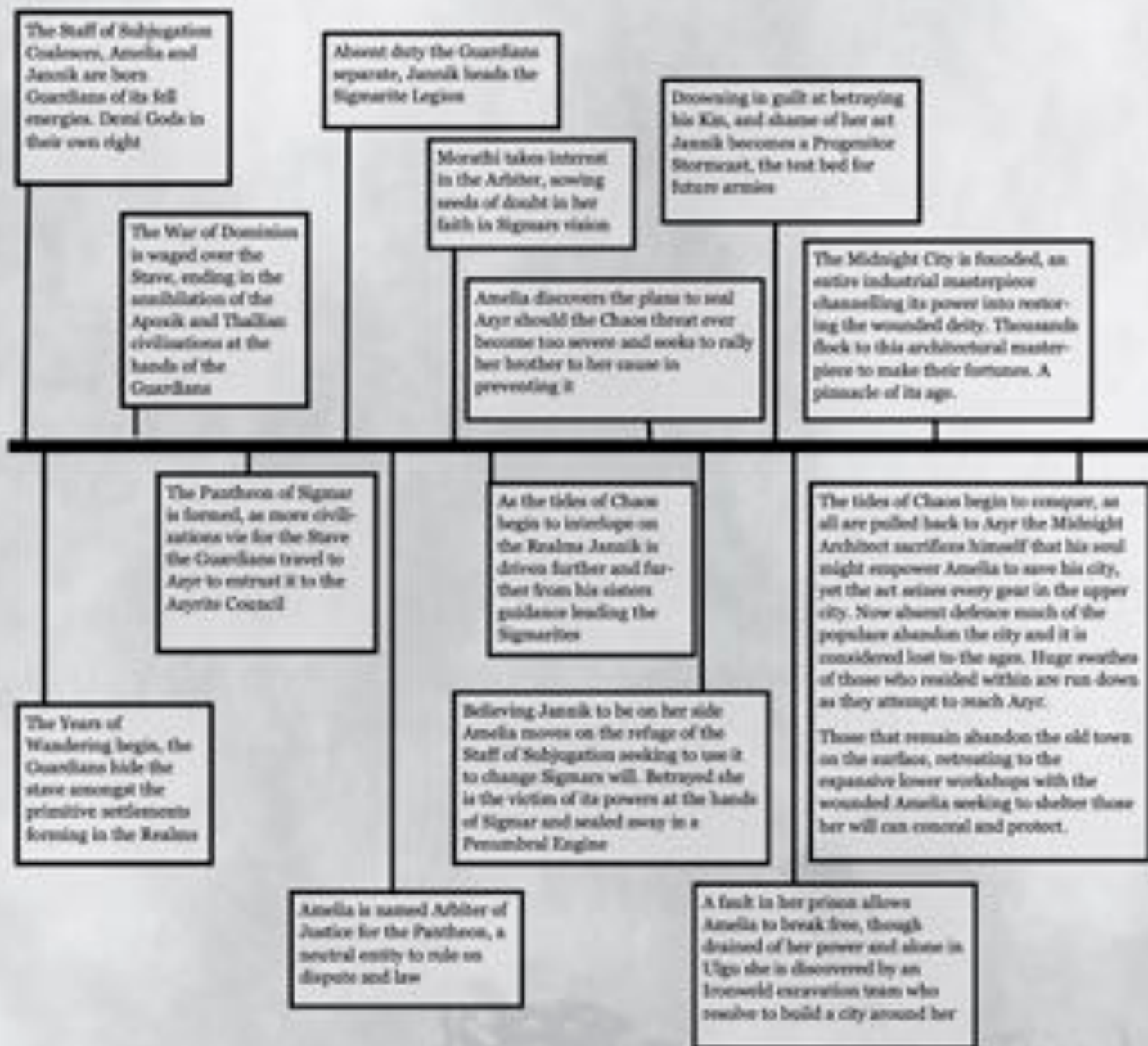
*“Magic is not the play things of mortal men,
it is the very essence of the divine that permeates every
fibre of existence. To let such reckless fools treat it as
as their toy spells doom for all that live within these
Realms.*

*If they will not capitulate and cease their childlike
interference with the very thing that binds us there can
be no logical course save for the utter eradication of
all who would practice the arcane”*

Vendati Executioner Merris



THE HISTORY OF MIDNIGHT



A Skaven Gnarwhale breaches the lowest workshops of the City, its toxic gases butchering some of the greatest minds of Midnight. In the Night of Abominations the engineers attempt to seal the breach with warpsword laced explosives. This act however expands the gnarwhale a hundred fold, becoming the Abyssal Maw beneath the city. Only the will of the Midnight Queen keeps the whole city from falling into the breach. The Cogswath legion is deployed to the lower workshops, Automata able to withstand the gases where mortals may not.

During the War of Innovation automata are used to recover the Skrye technologies to further the development of the City above. The war is ultimately a stalemate though locks up the Cogswath legions

The Age of Sigmar begins, as Sigmar begins to conquer the Realms Midnight begins trade with the Seeds of Hope, the identity of the Queen is concealed.

During the War of the Midnight tomb Amelias identity is unveiled. The Midnight Legions march forth resplendent in her Heraldry. The Age of Ascendancy is begun as she now stands defiant in the face of her Jailer. With Katakros unleashed she once more seeks to Staff to subdue the menace driving her to seek out her much changed Kin.

Discovering his solitude in the Vault of Bones guarding their burden, she arrives in time to witness the Demigod Beast Galvornak devour the tomb and Jannik wield the staff against it. Now united in failure of their duty the pair retreat to Midnight

The first members of The Grey, nomadic tribes of Ulga join the City of Midnight

Midnight deploys The Twelve, robust Cogforts staking claim to huge swaths of Ulga Ore deposits officially carving out their territories in Ulga

The Argent Order of Witch Hunters are formed and take refuge in the Midnight City

Amelia, Jannik and Galvornak head the Midnight Legions in the defence of the Midnight City, awaiting the armies of Azor to attempt the Siege. Defiant, unfettered and Ascendant.

As the Age of Chaos begins Midnight remains concealed, the upper town is conquered and pillaged countless times though the hidden city is never located. Amelia reforms her once prison into the Reclamation engine, channelling its power into intellect and prophecy to spur and Age of Innovation for the denizens of Midnight, steering them through the darkness.

The Midnight Cogswath legions are founded, using innovations in clockwork to form an army for the Cities Defence, the Daughters of Midnight are also formed to protect Amelia now the Midnight Queen

The Midnight City

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.

"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 else's plans.

Still, least they're the ones fightin', takin up the blade along with us commoners. Prefer them to the Guided, sitting 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 battle lines back inch by inch, taking back all that was lost to us... all that was stolen from us.

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 of Midnight 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 Cogwraiths. 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 Midnight City, 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.

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.



GARRET OF THE GREY

Born Garret to the nomadic Ulgan tribes of The Grey, this now staple of Midnight Hierarchy did not begin his life a native citizen of the Midnight City. Instead he and his family for generations before them lived in what they came to know as The Grey Lands, an ever shifting strip of territories on the borders of the mists of Ulgu, at once cloaked by the mists enough to avoid the marauding tribes of chaos, whilst never too deep into the mists to fall prey to the beasts that lurk beyond the realm of sight.

As Civilisation began to return to the realms many of the Grey shunned the newcomers, unwilling to be forced to conform to the rules of these preaching Azyrite outsiders who strayed upon their migratory grounds. Yet some, Garret amongst them flocked to these beacons of hope within the realms, longing for the surety of a permanent home and having spent far too long unable to strike back against the tides of chaos that had pillaged the relics of the old times they seizing upon the opportunity to fight back. Enlisting in the Hammerhal Reclaimed Militia with eager resolve Garret was soon to find that though the soft skinned azyrites might call them Reclaimed as a word full of hope, their eyes often betrayed its true meaning, Different,

Other Than, Deserving only of pity. With his optimism taking a dent with every passing year, yet true prowess and a talent for garnering the loyalty of others Garret rose through the ranks of the Reclaimed Militia as much as his "tainted" background would allow. Eventually ascending to Commander of the 41st Outriders, marshalling those behind him that, like him, had come from hardy folk who endured in the realms long before the Azyritekin emerged from their places of hiding. It was when death found his Outriders, not at the hands of Chaos but through the volatile and uncontrollable magics wielded

by Wizards forced upon their ranks by the Lords of Hammerhal that Garret found the City of Midnight. In the midsts of battle their own Wyrd energies turned against them, devastating man woman and child in an onslaught of uncontrollable magical destruction without regard.

No long able to serve Hammerhal, nor tolerate the presence of Magic bearers Garret was found to be ideal recruit for the Argent Order, secretive Witch Hunters born of the Midnight City who scoured the realms for candidates able to enforce the volatile anti magic rhetoric with conviction. It was not long after his arrival in the Midnight City, an outsider in a world more alien than he had yet experienced that he came across a creature that would change his destiny once more. It was in the early dawn when for a few precious moments it was safe to roam the old city ruins around the hub of Midnight that he saw her, little more than a half starved foal whose juvenile wings are torn and beaten in places with deep rents of claw marks littering her hide. Surviving in the ruins of the Midnight Outers City, long since abandoned to the Shadow Beasts that prowled their mist drench husks to see such life surviving in that desolation stirred a hope in the battle worn General that he rarely got to glimpse. Whether cast out of the nest by parents, or swatted from on high by the feline predators who scaled the peaks of Ulgu was unknown but this youngling had managed to find refuge in the older tower ruins, using her position of height to ambush weaker Shadow creatures and drag them back to feast upon. Garret knew what it was to be separate, the burden of being Reclaimed had weighed heavy upon his soul in his time with the Hammerhal Militia, yet in Midnight he had found home he had never dared to dream possible, it was perhaps these shared scars in their psyche that bonded man and beast and over the years has forged an unwavering trust.

He came to know her as Sun though in truth this is less an affectionate moniker and more a memory of a fond legend The Grey tell their children to hide them from the cold truths of the Realms. Each day, as the light of Hysh crested the horizon and the mists of Ulgu were illuminated in its radiant glow the children would cast their eyes skyward in anticipation of the angels racing across the sky. Through the mists their silhouettes could be seen, vast winged forms as though titanic angelic beings trying to outrun the very light of the realms as they darted high above the rippling clouds of the Realm of Shadow. To this day Garret could still hear his mother voice each morning, a comforting whisper as his wide eyes stared out at the silhouettes.

"There you see..." she would tell him
 "We are not forgotten! The Angels of Sigmar ride out every day to every part of the realms that light still holds dominion over, every day they see us and ride back to the gates of Heaven to tell him we are survive, we thrive against these hardships." A mothers voice and such comforting words did wonders to abate the fears of the children of the tribe, though half heard words of the war chiefs often shook their faith there was little doubting that the angels did in fact fly overhead every day. "So when you see them remember to smile, and



Sigmar will know that you are safe, happy and secure, and he will keep the monsters at bay". A lie, a sweet one perhaps that let the children sleep a little more soundly at night though crediting Sigmar for protection after his abandonment of their kind was hard to swallow. Yet in the years the passed, as the roving tribes of chaos came ever closer to their migration grounds the words began to feel increasingly hollow, every retelling a little more sour in the mouth.

When he came of age Garret soon came to realise the silhouettes were cast not by angels but by the great beasts of the Ulgan peaks, though their true name was lost to the tribe they were often known as Sun Chasers, for their instinctive desire to race across the illuminated mists using the first light of the day to locate their prey in fresh glow of the dawn and snatch up beasts to consume in their Eyrie nests. There is comfort, even knowing the story was little but a comforting lie, in the presence of the Sun for Garret, she reminds him of fonder times with his mother long before her passing and of a time of hope and trust in a deity that would not have abandoned them to the dark.

With Sun by his side Garrets talents as a general are beyond repute, and the fierce fire born of battle and suffering has only made him that much more lethal with age, in recent days he has ascended the ranks of the order to the envoy to the Midnight Queen herself. Executor of the Argent Order within the Midnight City, the hand of the Queen as Midnight once against extends its grasp upon the realms around it.

The Death of a Hero

Garrett would continue to serve the Midnight City until his dying day, when the Azyrite ring began to close around the freedoms of the city it was he who stood at the forefront of her defenders rousing the populace with inspiring speeches and acts of legendary bravery upon the field of battle it would seem (for a time at least) as though their victory might rest entirely on the shoulders of this hero. Such legend spread far throughout the realms, of a man reclaimed from the wild lands finding purpose, position and family within the City of the Lost, yet sadly so too would word reach the armies that formed the Azyrite Host.

When the Cogfort of the Iron Third fell silent it was Garrett who led out the cities defenders to aid the ailing fortification, seeking to buy time for the Cogsmiths to repair the ancient warmachine that it might continue to serve as part of the ever shifting ring of defenders protecting the city. The generals of Azyr had counted on this, observing time and time again the leader of the armies of Midnight personally leading such missions from the city they had laid ambush to the ailing Cogfort, and in his fervour to defend the city Garrett had led his small rescue mission right into the heart of the Azyrite forces.

The ensuing battle was as bitter as it was brief, Hallowheartian Mages bombarded the Midnight Expedition with foul magics from which they could find neither cover nor reprieve. In a desperate attempt to spare his men further harm Garrett charged headlong toward the enemy lines disappearing into a hail of gunfire and arcane flame as his men sought to marshal a retreat to the sanctuary of the Midnight City. They say his body still resides in that bloodied valley, Garrett and Sun both laid low in the heat of battle, yet even the carrion birds dare not touch the Midnight Queens prized general.



HEROES OF MIDNIGHT

THE LADY OPHELIA

VENTRIAN RECLAIMER

The Lady Ophelia represents the most advanced and arguably most contentious innovation of the Midnight City in memory, an abomination of refined metallic ores, warpstone, Hyshian Aetherquartz all powered by a compressed steam engine compose a machine akin to the nightmares of many within the Realms. Such a bizarre construct would not have been possible with Midnight Engineering alone, and represents a joint venture with the enigmatic Vendati order of Clockwork Witchhunters.

For centuries the underwars against Skaven in the Lower Workshops have threatened to consume the Midnight City, what once began as a minor gnawhole incursion was only worsened by the attempt to collapse it in on itself using warpstone laced demolition charges. Now much of the lower quarter of the city has fallen into an abyss known only as the Great Chasm beneath the city, with the rest of Midnight Anchored with great chains to the realmplate above that they might prevent their entire legacy falling in. In the early day of the war the death toll amongst the populace of the lower city was staggering, with whole floors lost to choking gasses pouring from the Chasm yet worse still came the tides of Skyre Ratkin seeking to loot the city. Unwilling to give up on their home and with their armies only able to withstand the choking gases for minutes at a time, the Midnight engineers devised increasingly complex Cogwork automata to fight the new menace, able to fight on for days at a time absent breath in the lower workshops to stunt their enemies advance.

The urgency and necessity of this war of attrition would soon become the biggest boon to the innovations of Midnight, in times where the gases abated whole teams of engineers in sealed boiler suits would head to the depths, scavenging materials from Skyre and Automata alike that they might rebuild, redesign and advance their own creations. Through a series of trial and error designs, much to the distaste of the once plentiful Duardin Cogsmiths a number of creations have borne fruit, dubbed the Cogwork abominations these bewildering combinations of Ironweld and Skyre technologies are remarkably in their lethality.

Yet to power these new designs the Cogsmiths could find little to replace the Warpstone of the Skyre, eventually turning to engineers of Cor Temporis, the Walking City and their Queen Ophellia for supplies of the refined Hyshian Aetherquartz that they might abate some of the negative aspects of Warpstone Technologies. In truth how much this has reduced the volatility of the Warpstone is debatable, a palpable hum of energy still radiates from the stones as they emit an eerie blue glow, though the engineers have declared it a success and in honour of the trade the first abomination to leave the workshop has been dubbed the Lady Ophellia to mark their invaluable aid.

Armed with a reverse engineered Warplightning Cannon the Ventrian Reclaimers are capable of firing a sustained blast of energy to tear through their foes, employing a number of piston driven legs that they can support themselves across the walls of the lower workshops when

the floors fall away into the Chasm. Even the head of the machine stands testament to their hatred of the ratkin, mounting a crude mockery of the bestial Ratgod to bear down upon his worshippers. Introduction of this new design has accelerated the salvage operations in the lower city, sparking an arms race in the design of Abominations and new technologies with which to make war.



HEROES OF MIDNIGHT

ELIAS “The Iron Duke”

COGSMITH, MASTER OF THE COGSTABLES

“If not now then when, if not me then who? Should I simply take a-bed to lament injury as days pass me by? Should I resign young men and women to a fate I am as of yet able to bear? I march for Midnight, for so long as she holds me to her embrace!”

For much of his life Elias was unremarkable, a true blooded descendant of the Midnight City his sole claim to fame was his families stubborn defiance to abandon the ailing city in the Age of Myth as so many others had done. Born to a fine line of Cogsmiths his talents within the city were plentiful, but in a city of Master Engineers they were found to be in a good company without ever standing out. It was to be the introduction of the first Ironsworn Battle harnesses that proved to be hand of fate pulling Elias to the fore, brought on as a simple apprentice on the project under the cities Master Cogsmith he found himself selected, albeit reluctantly, to be amongst the first test the new battle harnesses. In some tellings of the story the Engineer saw something in Elias, the spark of destiny he needed and yet others claim the lead engineer simply couldn't allow some Freeguild ruffian to don such a masterpiece at this early stage, instead entrusting it to an apprentice who had slaved alongside the engineering teams in their design.

Yet even as testing begun, to admittedly mixed results, the Midnight City suffered its first rebuke for emerging from hiding. Though the mists and canyons littered with pitfalls provided a natural defence against incursion a Bonesplitta Waaagh of remarkable size and unnatural cunning sought to bring their own war to these once peaceful lands. The mirror like, rippling stones of the canyon concealed many a dead-drop to claim the lives of the oncoming Waaagh, though not enough to deter them, and thus it came to be that the first of the Ironsworn alongside three full contingents of Weld Guard

deployed to the Canyon mouth to prevent incursion. Though not a warrior by training and in truth never having before seen let alone been in the midsts of battle Elias fought valiantly, the sheer strength of the battle harness making up for his lack of skill. However as his confidence grew tragedy struck, battling aside great mobs of Orruks with his Ironclad Spear Elias over extended, the crude battle harness twisting the torso on its pivot joint snapping the young engineers spine in an instant. Skin greying, and pain rippling through his body Elias found himself unable to move, neither to advance or retreat, instead only able to swing his pole-arm in valiant defence. Blind to his injuries the Weld Guard saw only a man defiant, in the midsts of the horde refusing to buckle a single step in retreat, it was this (admittedly mistaken) vision of valour that spurred them onwards to route the remaining Orruk horde.

Though now revered as War Hero, and having proven the potency of the battle harness. His first excursion in the Ironsworn was to prove Elias last with the damage he had sustained so severe no healer could restore unto him his legs. Yet Elias found himself unwilling to rest nor let the injury prevent him from duty, instead he and a team of loyal engineers restored a relic from the cities armouries that he might find a new mount able to bear him until the grips of battle. An ancient Cog hauler once resigned to the museum as the Ironsworn initiative had taken hold now received masterwork restoration, its aged cannon replaced with a volatile rocket battery. In this way Elias has been able to return to the fore, his legacy and legend only growing as time has passed, the hero who in the face of the Horde stood alone, never to take a step in retreat.



The House of Grey

Since its inception Midnight has been a city drawn from the noble houses that funded her innovation, it was their wealth and expertise that allowed such a marvel to be raised in the barren wastelands of the Ulgan Veil. Yet not all those who reside within her walls belong to one of these fabled houses, some instead form the ranks of the Orphan House absent of famed lineage or inherited wealth and free to pursue their own destiny.

After his death defending the Iron 5th Cogfort the cities most famous general, himself drawn from the Orphan House was named posthumously the Steward of the Orphan House. In this way all those who follow in his footsteps may now call upon his legacy and inheritance as the newly named House of Grey. All those who fall under the banner of this fallen heroes are now known as the Greysons of Midnight



THE MIDNIGHT TOMB

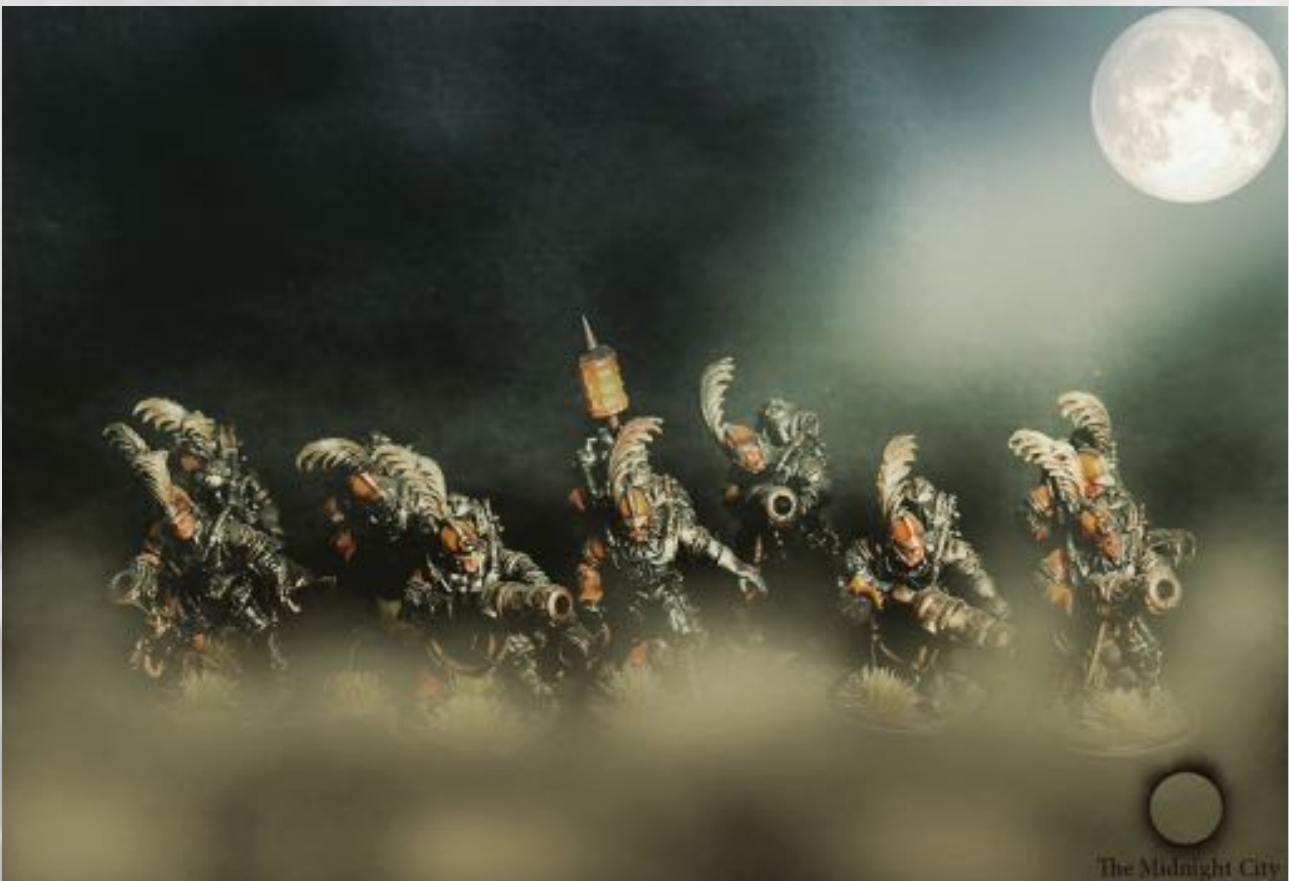
"I am blind.... Alone in the darkness. There is but death and blood, what light that once graced my face now flees my presence as though ashamed to be looked upon" her voice murmured softly, seemingly ignorant to the clamour of battle raging around her the Queen floated ascendant above her people, were her gaze to ever flicker below the sheer devastation might well have overwhelmed her already strained psyche.

The battle had raged for weeks, a climax of nearly half a year of marching from the Midnight City unto the shores of Lake Lethis at the behest of Sigmar. She had been... reluctant perhaps to answer the call of one who had so long ago sentenced her to a life imprisoned in his Penumbra Engine any yet few knew more than the Midnight City how deep the wounds of abandonment would cut into the populace of Lethis. In their time of darkness the Midnight City had been left alone, a stray torch burning in the darkness simply seeking to keep the flame of their home lit against a tide of war and oppression that ever threatened to drown them, to consign another to such a fate would be a slight beyond forgiveness. Amelia, Arbiter of Justice, Queen of the Midnight City fought not for the liar God Sigmar and his ilk, but for the people of the realm that they might know that on this day, this moment, against this tide of darkness their torch would not burn alone, her wrath would light such a beacon as to drive darkness back unto the very corners of the Realms in which it festered.

Yet while fiery speeches and good intentions had borne the forces of Midnight across barren landscape and through the ruins of civilisations long since lost to the ages the battles that had followed had sought to test their very resolve. It was through the portents of the Midnight Queen that they had managed to delay the arrival of the Skyrtek Warpdiggers apocalyptic Warpwheel and at least but the populace a handful of days to gather their numbers, and in their early victory the Cogsmiths of the Midnight Legion grew confident, taking to task mapping and dismantling the Skyrtek and sending their vast caravans back toward the Midnight City to devise their own creations.

With the populace safe, for now at least the Queen would set her mind to the task of the Vault of Sigmar, once a cage that she had been sentenced to spend her eternities there was little she wanted less than to venture once more into their cavernous darkness and yet she knew that not everything consigned to its sealed fate was so underserving. For the first time in an Age the forces of Midnight stood shoulder to shoulder with the Spellsmiths of Tarascan, a lingering memory of their vast numbers in ages past perhaps ever granting the briefest of smiles to the lips of the Midnight Queen, though her Vendati Witchhunters were ill at ease with the allies they had been partnered with. The vibrant yellow and deep blacks of Midnight Heraldry but one of dozens amongst the legions of the Spellsmiths to take up position on the hills cresting the Vaulted Valley, hidden no more their colours would rise Ascendant in the days that followed.

War however, is rarely kind to those who undertake it, and the tides that descended on the Valley came not only from the Shyshian acolytes of the foul god Nagash, but all those who sought to break or pillage the treasures of the Vaults ignorant or perhaps motivated by the hellscape they might unleash upon the realms. First came the foul Daemonspawn of the God of Change, shimmering and shifting mirages that exploded into a prismatic cascade of colour even as they wrenched soul from body, yet Midnight knew too well the scourge of the Daemonic menace. The wards of their hidden city had protected the throughout the ages and the incursion was put to blade swiftly. Yet as one foe fell yet more rose to take their place, from the wastes of Ghur came grot and Ogor alike, vicious... capricious and yet seemingly immune to the divine will of the Midnight Queen, though her forces sought to fight back these wildlings the Queen found herself seemingly still tethered to the pacts of Old. She could not raise blade to those undeserving of her just rebuke, and though a near mindless rabble these savages had done nothing to violate the crude justices of their own Societies. Absent aid from the divine her forces were repelled time and time again by these savages, forced to take up refuge in the lower crypt vaults to gather their strength.





It was here that the tides of Blood sought to carve them out once more, seemingly erupting from the very shadows themselves the Legion of Bloods advance was heralded by the low feral growl of their rotting carcass mounts. Dog, Steed and Dragon alike erupted unto their number from unexpected quarter, their vampiric masters hunger driving them in a bestial fury unto the Midnight Legions, yet here... here the Queens blade was not to be found wanting. Days of brutal assault and retreat had left her legions desperate for vengeance, and in the darkest crypt vaults the brilliant light of their cannonades erupted forth. The ferocity of the Vampires soon found itself dwindling in the face of the unrelenting fire and fury of the Midnight Legions, yet even in their victory in battle they found that in their bloodlust they had been ignorant to the true intent of the dark wizardries of the Deathlords. Beneath her feet the queen could feel the power of the vault rippling threatening to tear the very ground asunder as the dark rites reached their climax.

And here she found herself, at the end of the road... her forces erupting forth from the under-crypts, bruised and bloodied but defiant as they bore down onto the Vault heart of the Valley. Though their number made no more than Quarter of that which had left the Midnight City there was a stoic defiance in the every step they took forwards, they now fought not only for the people of Lethis but to avenge every man and woman whose blood now soaked into the ground beneath their feet. Finally the Queen cast her eyes downwards, though deaf to the sound of battle she could see her forces desperately seeking to keep the tides of Chaos and their bulbous bulk of the Maggotkin from the Vault Heart. Beneath her the Weld guard and their Riflemen contingents kept blind kings at arms length with halberd even as the shots of the rifles fired lethal volley over their guardians, carving her a route to the Vault Heart with a wall of bodies that eroded with every wasted second. To the north she could see the wings of Sun, and Garret no longer of the Grey but Paladin Ascendant shining radiant over the fallen corpses of a great beast of Nurgle, the every blow of the Nurgle rusted blades seemingly glancing of waves of energy erupting from his form. And to the east she could see the

steaming wreckage that had once been the great war engine the Lady Ophelia, its engineer seemingly having crawled a few feet from his innovation before he too was felled by corrosive blade.

Yet here, above the death and destruction the rippling energies of the Penumbra engine sought to rob her of her own Reclamation engine, to resign her to oblivion once more. All at once the noise of battle crashes into her consciousness, the screaming agony of her people a cascade of misery that pierced the haze that had descended upon her, the chime of steel against steel ringing out amongst the screech of Warbeast clashing.

"ENOUGH" her voice punctuating through the noised of battle as she raised her blade aloft, descending in a meteoric frenzy unto the very vault heart below, centuries of drowning in rage and guilt coalesced into a single strike, the bitter sting of her imprisonment at the hand of Sigmar seemingly keening her blade that much more, but it was the INJUSTICE of it all that guided her hand as the Vault heart. As her blade struck the arcane device, in a frozen moment that seemingly lasted an eternity the Queen realised her folly she could no longer avoid, clarity piercing the obfuscation of the penitent engine like a dagger through her heart as she perceived its prisoner in her minds eye. However desperately she might want to revoke her act she could do little as the Penumbra Engine exploded in a pulse of energy that drove all nearby into the dirt.

"What.... Have I done..." she murmured softly, slumping unto the dirt as exhaustion, misery and guilt sought to drown her.

The Siege of Midnight

Azyr is Come...

Years had passed since Garret had faced the Midnight Tomb, what little youth he had then seemingly having retreated to a place even memory could not find even nobility and rank could not seemingly stir it from its hiding place. Stood atop the battlements of the Midnight he watched with grim resolve as a storm unlike any he had beheld battered the valley ahead with a torrent of lightning. Lesser men would have balked, retreated even if there were any refuge to escape the guilt of their own cowardice, yet he had spent a lifetime wandering, it was only here in the City of Midnight he had found cause to stand fast. Gathering his thoughts that threatened to spill beyond grasp he turned his back to the storm, facing the gathered legions of defenders ahead of him.

"Azyr is come, it is no simple storm that batters the valley beyond the ancient walls of the old town. Even now the would-be King Sigmar sends his legions, those who were in life not unlike you or I... those who fought for all that is good, all that is right, those who believed that dying free from Tyranny was worth more than a 'neath the heel of a Tyrant!"

He will send forth his legions, common men and women like you and I to break our will, force us to shed the blood of those who know no better than the fight at his behest. By the hundreds... thousands they will come to slight the very streets with the blood of those mortals never to be forged again. Only then will his legion of gold and crimson seek to walk the streets of our Hallowed City.

They come not as liberators, not as the just and righteous that they were once hailed as.... No. Instead they seek to claim our Queen, the Goddess Amelia herself as their prisoner and consign her to a jail without end for the simple slight of seeking freedom. Yet she would not ask you to fight, even now she prepares to face this tide of injustice alone, THAT my brothers and sisters is the

work of divinity that not a drop of mortal blood could be shed at her behest.

I will not lie to you, this is a fight of Gods and Monsters, it would be madness for mortals to seek to stand against them....
His voice trailed away, he could not help but think the stoic Legions of Midnight who had never looked more than emotionless wraiths that less knowledgeable people had dismissed them as.

"No...." His voice barely a murmur, yet somehow carrying over the thunderous rapture of the storm above. *"She would not ask you to fight...."*

Garrets eyes lowered to the blackened stone beneath their feet for a few moments before a smirk began to cross his lips, when his gaze lifted once more they reflected the cascade of lightning punctuating the eyes above in a maddening display.

"So let madness reign, let the choir of the cannonade split the heavens asunder. Let heaven itself reel and from this day we'll be sure Midnight is no longer known merely as the Clockwork City. Let them say that on this day the Cogwraiths stood alone on their battlements high above the raging seas of Ulgu, that here... in this place it was mortal men who dared play in the games of Gods. She may not ask you to fight, but you'd better be damn sure I'll order it."

Raising his hand skyward the screeching steam whistles of the City let a call to arms, a piercing cry to drown even the storm above, what began as a solitary note of defiance was soon joined by distant calls of the Cogforts lurking beyond the shadowed veil of the Realm of Shadow

The Siege of Midnight

The Azyrite Cage

"Do you know why the Old Town died?" a soft voice mused thoughtfully, as much to herself as any audience to behold her. Far below the Queens Clocktower perch the flickering lights of hundreds of campfires in the war encampment below cast long shadows of the thousands who had gathered for the defence of her city. It had been an age since such vibrant life had blessed the ruin and rubble of the once glorious old town, it's haunted remnants a scar of times of old.

"They lost hope" she put simply, there was little sorrow left in her voice but a pointed statement of fact. "Chaos... darkness was washing over the Realms from every direction, each beacon of hope fading beneath a seemingly endless torrent of sorrow. And in the face of such overwhelming odds there were those to whom all sense of hope lay within the gilded bars of the cage Azyrite."

There at least was sorrow, and a hint of disgust at the notion of Azyr, all pleasant memories of the City of

Heaven had long since fallen victim to the bitterness of her imprisonment at the hands of her once mentor leaving only sour and cold to lurk in her mind. "Some... saw fit to remain, tiny candles of light defiant to burn out their last as free men and women, they dug in... they endured, they thrived. These souls.... These maddening mortals who saw hope when all had faded, they are why I stayed."

Elegantly pacing the artificer Cogwork that formed the peak of the cities clocktower the queen cast her gaze at the gathering storm on the horizon, for weeks now it had raged

and Sigmars wrath sought to bombard her city of wonder. Yet in his arrogance... or haste perhaps he sought to treat her as stranger, he had thought her blind to his power and sought to send his host to her city with all haste. With a sigh she turned, facing into the heart of the ancient Clocktower as azyrite energies rippled across its arcane structure, every cog a host to hand carved runes older than memory could serve, at its heart a form writhed in agony as the celestial energies coursed over his body.

Her prisoner rippled and distorted, though in the moments of stability his Sigmarite plate could be distinguished as the rippling bronze lion that adorned his shoulder was cast into view. Yet he was neither truly here nor anywhere else, seized in the moment of casting from Azyrheim unto the heart of the city, a bewildering series of lighting rods altering the trajectory of his descent and casting the remainder of the host far into the distance. Pausing a moment she spoke again, never raising her voice to compete with his wails of agony and yet piercing through somehow.

"You tried to break into my home, do you think me fool?" Her piercing eyes channelling all the anger that had failed to reach her sweetened tones. "You would have dragged me from here in chains, like thieves in the night leaving my children undefended. And that makes you the Hero? Is that what made you the finest of mankind, or is this what he has forged you into?"

Her questions of course yielded no answer, how much her prisoner truly comprehended over his pain was questionable and the universe sought to grant no wisdom to the questions

The Timeline

The Siege of Midnight

The once believed City of Midnight emerges from hiding, a bastion of innovation and technology the reclusive city is welcomed back as part of the Ironweld Arsenal and forms a strategic fortress in the Ulgan mists. Its Midnight Queen an unknown entity though amicable enough to trade limits visitors to their city save for those swearing loyalty to the crown. All magic is outlawed within the boundaries of the kingdom of Midnight leading to clashes with the Colleges of Magic over the treatment of their populace. Such strict stance draws the Argent and Vendati orders of witch hunters to take up residence in the city.

At the climax of the siege of the Midnight Tomb the queen herself faces down a tide of Nurgle spawn, with her forces risking being overwhelmed she revealed her celestial form, arcing high over the battlefield and finishing her foe in a titanic onslaught. Her actions are insane however, with the release of Katakros and her true form revealed old rivalries begin to strain allegiances with those loyal to Sigmar ordered to cease all trade with the Midnight City. Stormhosts begin to prepare to bring the Midnight Queen back to heel and seal her within a Pseudombral Engine once more.

Sensing the coming storm Garret of the Grey, Guardian of the City recalls the standing armies of Midnight. Alongside them come the nomadic tribes of the Grey, the Argent and Vendati Orders along with legions of Karak Ulgar long time allies of the city. The stone masons of Karak Ulgar set to securing the decayed walls of the ruins of the Old City to repel invaders whilst others set to task stocking the city for the coming siege. Old smugglers routes to the lower workshop become bustling troves of trade as the Moneth and Scourge Privateers begin to honour old trade agreements sworn in the darkest of times.

The Tempest appears over the City of Midnight, a storm raging for the months it takes for the Ayrrite host to march like mortal men to lay their siege. The volatile storm seemingly unable to touch the city itself leaves deep scars rent into the skin of Ulgar as the wrath of Sigmar attempts to find way of harm to the Midnight Queen. Even as his host reach the Mirrored Canyon they are welcome by hundreds of campfires burning in the distance as beacons of defiance against the endless night. The Sigmarite host find themselves waiting at the canyon mouth for the winters end, only then will they find the light of Hysh radiant enough to pick route through the treacherous canyons pitfalls. As the first days of the Season of Sowing dawn the Tempest Abates allowing light to grace the canyon floor. IN the distance the steam whistles of the Cogforts mark the battles commencement.

After decades of amicable trade and innovations shared little is still known about the populace of the Midnight City, yet when Lethia is found in dire straits the Legions of Cogswaths emerge for her defense. At the head of the army marches the Midnight Queen herself. Here the populace of the realms witness the military might of Midnight wholesale, bizarre Cogwork innovations and steamtek are abound. The Iron 3rd and 5th Cogforts leave the defensive outer boundaries to accompany the army to Lethia and defend the Midnight

Blind to Sigmar's war preparations the Midnight Queen moves with all haste to the resting place of the ancient relic The Staff of Subjugation, assessing it is the only weapon powerful enough to put halt to the advances of Katakros before he can enact his masters will. Discovering her brother its millennia old guardian their reunion is cut short by the great drake Galvorak sacking the temple on the orders of the Chaos God, forcing him to use the Staff to break the beasts will and gaining an tenuous ally in the process. Sigmar's spies perceive the recruitment of Jannak and the Great Drake as war preparations on the part of the Queen, that the relic might one day be used against the God King himself

Returning the Midnight Arsenal, the Midnight Queen discovers the war preparations Ayr has made against her, invoking old contracts made with the denizens of the realms during Sigmar's abandonment she begins to pull together a defensive force to resist his invasion. Early incursions into the City by Stormcast are found to be unsuccessful as their celestial deliverance is prevented by the cities arcane structures, those who make the attempt return to Ayr scarred by the experience and bearing the queens ill will to their god. The Iron 1st through 12th tighten their defensive ring around the Midnight City, collapsing all routes the Ayrrite host might take on the advance save for the mirrored canyon causeway.

The Siege of Midnight

Cult of the Dragon

In the days of the Siege of Midnight many across the realms felt the call of war beckoning in their restless nights sleep. Contracts of old, to the Azyrite Host or those swot in Shadow to the Midnight Queen when the gates of Azyr had held fast and sealed were invoked. Many who had long since hung up blade and shield to live out their final days soon found purpose of keening stone to bring edge to blade once more.

Yet others came uncalled for seeking glory or a valiant death upon the field of battle. Enemies of Sigmar who cared not if the Midnight City fell or stood fast came simply to put blade to their accursed foe, though the Queen would not tolerate the rabbled tribes of Orruks nor those forsworn to the Dark Gods to endure within her kingdom there were those of more questionable motives who still found home in the growing armies encampments amongst the ruins of the old town.

In this number came those to whom Dragons had long since become a thing of business, those who had heard tell that Gal Vorak, fourth of the Great Drakes of the realms had emerged from the shadows once more. His wrath bewilderingly stunted no longer left to wrack ruin upon all he beheld, this alone drew those with an affinity with such mighty beasts from every corner of the Realms to behold such majesty. Many can live their lives absent the sight of a Great Drake, should they be fortunate (or unfortunate enough) to be born during the centuries of Hibernation such titanic beasts could be discarded as little more than myth. But now, in this day, this time of war one had been awoken to stand fast against the Legions of Heaven itself... such a sight would be a marvel for the history books.

BORN OF SCALE AND SINEW

Though oft referred to as a "Cult," the Cult of the Dragon holds more in common with a mercantile enterprise harvesting, refining and selling on all goods Dragon, from the Drakescale amulets forged from those scales discarded during battle said to ward away evil spirits from those who bear them, to the less savoury Dragon Tooth powders said to provide vitality to the older denizens of the Cities in times of amorous pursuit.

Great caravans pulled by the Drakespawn of the realm, such beasts naturally inclined to seek out the larger and more refined of their species and bearing an innate resilience to the sweltering landscapes the caravan is oft found to be travelling form up the bulk of the host. Arriving in a seemingly endless train of arcane disciples, merchants, beast hunters and their entourage take up residence amongst the ruins of the Old town. On the field of battle such a host employs countless Drakespawn chariots that they might gather their prize even as the battle rages.

The mages and warlords who ride alongside the caravan possess drakes of their own, admittedly of far more limited stature than the great drake Gal Vorak such beasts are as much financial investment as they are status symbol within the Cult. Should they endure the battle the legend of the rider is further enhanced, should they fall they are unceremoniously harvested for vital organs, stripped bare with even their bones ground down and sold to alchemists for a fortune.

The loyalty of the cult lay, for a time at least, with those that controlled the Great Drake, though their quarrel is not with Sigmar himself their affiliation with the Dragon bears far more weight.





"She's dead..." blinking wildly against the stinging mist of steam and smoke that hung heavily across the chamber Charn could barely make out any figures amongst the splintered timber beams and buckled steel. Those words would have been disconcerting at the best of times, yet here they risked being final, yet as the mist began to clear a little she could make out most of the crew picking themselves out of the rubble in various states of injury and discontent.

For days they had made with all haste back toward the safety of the Mirrored Canyon, every boiler within the Queens Resolute had strained to move its titanic form across the shattered landscapes of Ulgu ahead of the ever present pursuit of the Azyrite host. Yet this bewildering beauty of a fortress had never been made for speed, the artillery of the host had ever been nipping at their steel shod heels chipping away every blessed plate of steel that had proved the Cogforts descent. Yet now even as the canyon loomed into sight one gunman had unfortunately struck a lucky volley, the screech of his rockets still stung in her ears as she dragged herself from the rubble.

Spitting into the misery of gunpowder and water flooding the lower chamber of the Cogfort the Mistress of the Shot made what attempts she could to brush the debris from her uniform, the brilliant yellow now muddied blending into the deepest black accents. The volley had torn rent through the entire rear section, sheering away the boiler housings and granting sight of the thousands of glittering plate clad forms that formed the hosts of Azyr, every passing second brought yet more into view. Her engineer, though his words had perhaps been careless was not wrong, there was no powering the fort any further without the boilers though full stock of shot and powder their mobility had been truly crippled.

The dazed expressions of her crew mirrored the fog that lurked within her own mind, ears still ringing from the impact and with few options left to her the Mistress could only sigh with

discontent. Every man and women clenched their rifle to torso as though it could spare them the coming storm, if they should have hidden behind its stock entirely many would have sought to fade from the sight of their oppressors. To the west Charn could pick the briefest of light gracing the tip of the Clocktower of Midnight, a flicker of light... hope in the coming darkness.

"Run..." As focused returned to her eyes Charns order was swift, perhaps too swift for the dazed crew, none made haste the left the shattered remains of the Queens Resolute. "I said run idiots" better she thought, sterner now the steel of her voice had returned, no lucky barrage would rob her of it again. "Keep the Queen between you and the knaves of Azyr till you reach the Canyon mouth, move fast..." even as they slowly shuffled toward the lower hatch there was little speed in the crew, only as the thunderous choir of the enemy artillery started up once more did they pick up the pace.

One by one they met her eyes as she dropped through the lower hatch, the briefest of nods would bring close to years of service together in the soot soaked corpse of their Cogfort. Even as the last dropped through Charn looked to the east, only shadow and death lurked beyond the shattered husk of her prized possession. Gripping her rifle tighter yet she staggered resolute toward the breach, ignorant to the hail of arrows that peppered what remained of the Queens hide.

Alone she stood in the breach, it had been her duty to protect the Queens Resolute so long as breath remained in her body. Spitting once more into the swirling maelstrom of boiler water and power that circled around her ankles she raised her aim toward the coming host. Truly she had always wondered how impenetrable the Sigmarite plate was, at least today she would get to test it.

“We do not invent because we can, we invent because we must, because without the light of innovation the Realms are that much darker a place. We innovate because we still bear that spark of hope that the worlds might one day live to see that which we can dare to dream. We create because if we do not those that know only destruction have won.”

Cogsmith Dormir



The Siege of Midnight

A Strange Kinship

"Was it worth it?" The voice beckoned, and yet even as it asked the question the tone immediately dismissed it as merely a fleeting thought. The Throne room at the heart of the Midnight City was bathed in shadow, only the briefest touches of moonlight illuminated its enormity, the silent guardians the Daughters of Midnight stood still as statues with their eyes cast upon the black obsidian stones that formed the chambers floors. Only a single figure, stood alone at the head of the chamber dared cast their eyes around the chamber, Amelia the Queen of Midnight stood facing into an ancient mirror, the delicate curves of its metallic accents forming beautiful Aelven runes as they frame the mirrored surface.

The moonlight seemingly rippled across the mirrors surface, what was once reflection dancing across the chambers floor, flowing and coursing as the river would flow through the valley before it began to coalesce into the owner of the taunting voice. From the mirrored pool arose the silhouette of a beast neither snake nor woman but symbiosis of both, Morathis scorn of disapproval visible even as the first touches of the facial features formed, stern eyes seemingly demanding an answer to the question she had previously seemed bored to ask.

"Was WHAT worth it?" The Queen asked pointedly, perhaps even a little petulant in tone as she moved to meet the mirrored form, even step poised and pointed, never to allow even a shade of weakness visible to the Serpentine Oracle.

"Lethiss...." The last sounds hisses snakelike from the Aelfs lips, disgust dripping from the drawn out word.

"They stood alone against the Darkness." The Queens response simply stating a fact, that alone seemingly justifying her involvement enough in her mind and yet at the silence from the Oracle she continued "We know all too well the hardship, to stand alone against the countless hordes, to be abandoned by those we had called kin and left to rot. None who could take up defence of those in such need would abandon them..." And here she paused, a flicker of irritation crossing her features was met by a smirk by the Aelf "None of Conscience would at least"

The Mirrored form of the Oracle circled the smaller form of the queen, writhing and snaking across the floor of the chamber as though assessing her prey. For the Queens part she stood still, too many times had she endured such... theatrics from her counterpart that there was little use in fighting it. Finally the Aelf spoke once more "You cast your own people into the dark, like flickering candles they were snuffed out one by one, for the sake of those who would do you harm?" Her eyes glance toward the windows, hand raised to ear mockingly as though listening to some distant sound "Oh wait, is that we war drums of those you sought to save come to your door? Those to whom you so carelessly discarded your people now heed the word of he who would drag you from here in chains?"

"I thought..." the Queen began before the tutting of the Oracle silenced her, "I believed"... once again she was silenced this time by a far more severe hiss "I hoped..."

"HOPED?" The response is a blistering mix of rage, disappointment and disgust, at once the rippling mirror form of Morathi rose up against the Queen "Hope, has always been your weakness. Hope, will be your death...." With a sigh she waved a hand dismissively "My daughters still talk of your exploits in the old days.... The Reaper of the Night, The Sinners Lament... The White Blade..." there is perhaps a sense of loss in her voice at opportunities that time had stolen from reality. "You could have been something... and yet..." She waves a hand motioning to the city surrounding them "Disappointment. Queen is it now?"

Only those keen of eye would see the tensing in the Midnight Queens jaw, she weathered the insults well until her City, her Creation was dismissed and her will strained to swallow down the anger that

sought to burst forth though it was to prove a losing battle. "Because High Oracle is so much more suitable?" She bit back before instantly regretting letting the words escape her lips, eyes flickering downwards for a second in a moment of contrition. "I could not leave them to die" she speaks slowly, pointedly even with every word a fight between civility and rage.

"I would have..." Morathis response was simple... pointed, final, as the rippling coiling form snaked its way across the chamber toward the empty mirrored frame, as she reaches out to touch the frame the liquid forming her mimicry began to course back into its housing, the mirror reforming as her shape fades from view.

"Will you?" The queens voice seemingly sought to beckon the image of the Serpentine Oracle back into view, her footfalls far more desperate as she moved back toward the mirror. "Will you stand with us?" and yet no response came, the mirror itself reformed offering no response to the cry for aid...



The Siege of Midnight

DIVINE INSPIRATION

THE CELESTIAL MAELSTROM

A unique weather phenomena observed in the heights of the Siege of Midnight this whirling maelstrom of Azyrite lightning and Ulgan smog illuminated the Mirrored Canyon as its destructive energies claimed lives from both sides of the conflict. Azyrite scholars posed that the phenomena occurred due to the singular circumstances of the interactions between Azyrite lightning and the Midnight Cities arcane technologies

blocking the arrival of Stormcast within the city itself. This, accompanied by an Aethergold infused mist from the many scuppered Kharadron vessels from the wars in the Skies above created a self sustaining storm across the region. Deep rents were cleaved from mountain, rivers rippled and shimmered as the lethal azyrite energies sought any refuge to defuse, and yet there was an eerie beauty to the pale blue illumination the Maelstrom cast across the shadowed region.



TO MAKE A GOD...

The Midnight City from its creation existed for but a single purpose, its architect in his wisdom crafted every steam tunnel, artificer Cog and arcane power conduit to revive the sleeping Goddess Amelia from her near death state having emerged from the Penumbral prison. Though successful in a fashion, contributing the last sliver of essence required to stir the Goddess with the sacrifice of his own soul there is only so much that the work of mortals can do unto the divine. Through the long centuries of her protection, nurturing and guidance over the Midnight City, to in some part repay the architect for a debt that could never truly be settled the Midnight Queen continued the great labour of turning the cities industry to channelling the raw power of the Realm into her own restoration of Godhood. Through her penumbral engine however she could divine that Shadow cannot be forged in Darkness alone, and the bitter irony came that only the God who had stripped her of Divinity could restore it once more. And thus began the long work of the infinitely patient Queen of the Midnight City.

Oracle, and of supreme intelligence the weakened Goddess wove a plan through the centuries, nudging events, influencing rumours, sparking conflict all to bring together the disparate elements needed for her true resurrection to pass. It was in the Siege of Midnight however that the star aligned on her great works, as the days turned into Months the celestial bombardments of Azyr impacted upon the cities great wards sparking the Celestial Maelstrom, vast monoliths across the city absorbing the very power Azyr would have used to destroy it and storing it into the cities ancient capacitors.

The wrath of Sigmar seemingly knew no bound, his bombardments were ceaseless and at the apex of the Siege the capacitors could hold no more. Gathering her Daughters of Midnight to the Throne room they bore witness to the energies held in the vaults buried far below the city coursing into their Queen.

In Sigmars wrath she had been struck down, In Sigmars Wrath she was restored.

REALMSCAPE FEATURES

THE MIRRORED CANYON

The Mirrored Canyon is an ancient scar across the face of Ulgu, its origins stemming back to the destructive torrent of energies released when the Goddess Amelia erupted forth from her Penumbra Jail, such potent energies never truly fade instead seeping into every rock face and crevice in the mist choked canyon. The very stone of the walls blackened to a mirrored obsidian, the shadows seemingly cling to the black sands that form the canyon floor concealing a myriad of pitfalls into the endless abyss below. Such natural defences and remote a location have kept the Midnight City safe for throughout the ages, even those who survive the journey to the Old City find only ruins and dust that proves the hunting ground for the feral beasts of the realms, blind to the pulsing heart of industry that still persists in the workshops beneath their feet. Yet as Azyr marches upon the Midnight City these once vacant walls now stand occupied, an endless vigil heralded by the braziers burning as solemn lights against the enduring darkness

RULES OF ENGAGEMENT

Below are the rule depicting the Ulgan Veil and the Mirrored Canyon on the approach to the Midnight City, they reflect the unique nature of the terrain around this ancient city and the predators who call it home.

Arcane Scars

The Necroquake tore across the magical realm scapes as an arcane torrent that woke long sleeping magics and set loose predatory spells thought lost to the world. Yet the true extent of its after effects are still being discovered, volatile pockets of arcane energy seemingly left as scars in the very skin of reality, bubbling in excitations at the invocations of wizards ready to erupt forth in a devastating explosion.

If the unmodified casting roll for a Wizard is a double 1 that model immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds, in addition they may not attempt to cast any other spells this turn.

If the unmodified casting roll for a Wizard is a double 6, that model immediately suffers 1 mortal wound, in addition they may attempt to cast an additional spell this turn. This may not be a spell that has already been attempted and must be a spell known to the Wizard.

A Litany of Dangers

Impatience and reckless bravery are far more dangerous in this treacherous landscape than any foe, those who rush blindly ahead often finding their comrades impaled by glasslike shards of rock or simply disappearing into a shadowed pitfall never to be seen again.

If any part of a units move passes through terrain and the unmodified roll for a Run move is a 1 that unit suffers a single mortal wound, in addition if the unmodified charge roll for a unit in the Mirrored Canyon is a double 1 that charge is considered to have failed regardless of modifiers. Unit that FLY are unaffected by this rule.

Enduring Heroism

It is said that true Bravery manifests not in times of peace, but in the face of greatest trials. The mirrored surfaces of the canyon can, at times, manifest visions of heroic bravery such as to stir the heart of even the most dire of cowards into acts worthy of legend.

If the unmodified result for a Battleshock test in the Mirrored Canyon is a 1 no models flee that unit flee, in addition until your next hero phase add 2 to the Bravery Characteristic for any unit that succeeds on an Enduring Heroism roll.

SPELL

Wizards within the Mirrored Canyon may cast the following spell in addition to any others they know. Only one friendly Wizard may attempt to cast this spell in each of your Hero Phases.

Shadow Blades—*Shadowy Spectres linger in the Ulgan Veil, some born of spirit, others of the imagination but to wage war upon them ultimately risks more harm to self than to any other.*

Casting Value 7, Select an enemy unit wholly within 12 inches of the Caster, until your next hero phase any unmodified to hit rolls of a 1 made by that unit in the Combat Phase are instead resolved against their own unit.

COMMAND ABILITY

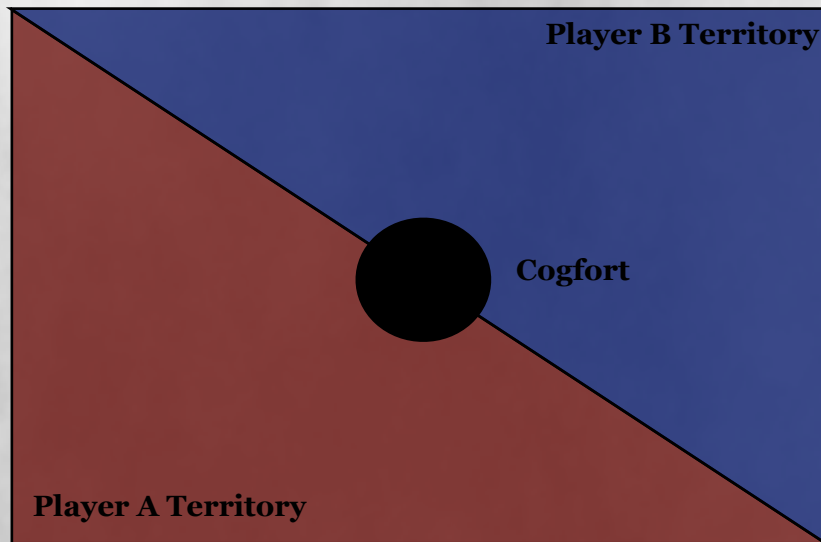
At one with the Darkness—*Ulgan scouts have long since mastered the art of perfect stillness, seemingly disappearing entirely into the shadow that hangs heavy over the Midnight Veil.*

You can use this command ability in your Hero Phase, to do so select a single friendly Hero who knows this ability. Select a friendly unit wholly within 12 inches of that hero, until your next hero phase add 2 to any save rolls made by that unit whilst in cover instead of the usual 1. Unit that cannot benefit from cover may not benefit from this command ability.

THE MIRRORED CANYON

NARRATIVE BATTLEPLAN

With the walls of Azyr closing around the Midnight City the strain on their outermost Cogforts begins to show. Time and time again the attackers are rebuffed before the every shifting wall of steel and stone redeploys to block their enemies advance. The oldest amongst their number begin to struggle with the constant movements, their boilers screeching defiantly even as ancient mental hewn limbs seek to drag their cargo to safety. It was only a matter of time until one broke down when vitally needed, the Assault on the Iron 5th was to prove Hallowhearts ability to show their fealty to the Azyrite host and put a dent into the armour of the Midnight City.



PITCHED BATTLE

Each player picks an army as described in the Core Rules, use the Pitched Battle rules from pages 54-57

SETUP

The players roll off, and the winner decides which territory each side will use. The territories are shown on the map above.

Players then alternate setting up units one at a time, starting with the player who won the roll off. Units must be setup wholly within their own territory and more than 9 inches from enemy territory.

Continue to set up units until both players have setup their armies. If one player finished first, the opposing player sets up the rest of the units in their army, one after another.

COG OF WAR

The Cogfort begins the game on the border between territories as shown in the map above, it is considered a friendly model to both armies unless a unit is garrisoned within it. Whilst it is Garrisoned by a unit from the opposing army the Cogfort is treated as an enemy model for all rules purposes.

At the end of each Battleround, the player with the most models within 3 inches of the Cogfort may make a move of D6 inches in a direction of their choice, if as part of this move the Cogfort would be hindered by units in its way those models are moved by the minimum distance required to move the Cogfort. For the purposes of this battle plan the Cogfort cannot be moved for any other reason, including to set it up again.

ENGINEERS embarked upon the Cogfort count as 10 models when determining who controls the Cogfort.

If the Cogfort has been destroyed it may move no further in the battle.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

At the end of each Battleround the owner of the Territory that houses the majority of the Cogfort gains 2 Victory Points if it has not yet been destroyed. At the end of Battleround 5 they instead gain 3 Victory Points.

If a player kills an ENGINEER belonging to the opposing army the gain 1 Victory Point.

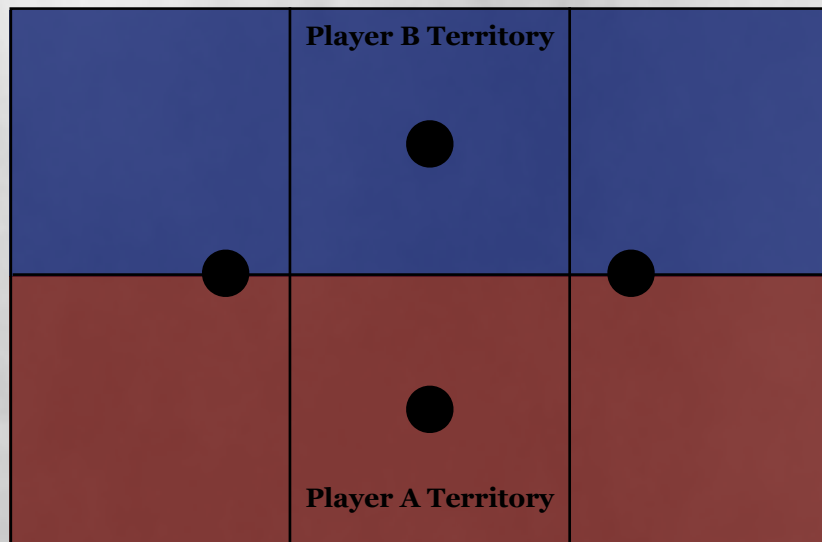
If a player destroys the Cogfort whilst it is in the opposing players territory they gain D3 Victory Points.

HANDLE WITH CARE

NARRATIVE BATTLEPLAN

33

Bruised of flesh and ego yet defiant it fell to the Midnight Queen to marshal her forces in pursuit of the creature that has escaped the Midnight Tomb. Though not entirely robbed of tactical acumen she summoned enough to send her general and his men back to the bastions of Midnight, a small cadre and the Cogfort Iron Redoubt pushed further into Shyish. Using the scar carved by the Skaven Warpwheel to direct their approach. It was in this sheer devastation, where warp lightning had infused stone, flesh and scorched bone with the warpstone dust that they found a new source of fuel for the Iron Redoubt. Yet they were not the only ones seeking to mine these ore infused bones.



PITCHED BATTLE

Each player picks an army as described in the Core Rules, use the Pitched Battle rules from pages 54-57

SETUP

The players roll off, and the winner decides which territory each side will use. The territories are shown on the map above.

Players then alternate setting up units one at a time, starting with the player who won the roll off. Units must be setup wholly within their own territory and more than 12 inches from enemy territory.

Continue to set up units until both players have setup their armies. If one player finished first, the opposing player sets up the rest of the units in their army, one after another.

OBJECTIVES

In this mission four veins of warpduct infused wreckage are available to be harvested
Two along the horizontal centre line 18 inches either side of the centre of the battlefield.

Two along the vertical centre line 12 inches either side the centre of the battlefield

If a friendly unit ends the Movement phase within 1 inch of an objective it may elect to mine the vein. Roll a D6 subtracting one from the result for every Mining Token already allocated to that objective:

On a roll of a 1 or lower vein ignites and explodes. All units within 3 inches suffer D3 mortal wounds, when these wounds are resolved the objective is removed and plays no further part in the battle.

On a 2 or more the vein is stable, the controlling player gains one victory point and a mining token is added to the objective.

A single objective may only be mined once per turn

SPELLS

For the duration of this Battleplan, all WIZARDS know and may cast the following spell:

Seismic Disturbance Casting Value 5

Sending coursing currents of the arcane racing through the dirt the caster can supercharge the ore, threatening to erupt into a cascade of raw energy on their foe

Select one objective within 18 inches of the caster, until the your next hero phase subtract 1 from all rolls to mine that objective.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

At the end of the fifth battle round the player with the Highest number of Victory Points wins a **major victory**. If there is no clear winner the player who has destroyed the highest points value of enemy units (not including those added through summoning) wins a **minor victory**.

“We do not court war, nor invite it willingly to come to our door. Yet should war reach our gates it will come not as stranger but as an enemy known, they shall not find us unprepared nor scared like babes.”

General Portus of the Weldguard.



Gallery

THE ARMIES OF MIDNIGHT



**Amelia, Goddess Ascendant
Alarielle**



**Daughter of Midnight
Freeguild General**



Jannik Veilwarden



**Midnight City
Rune Lord**



**Amelia, The Midnight Queen
Celestial Hurricanum**



**Daughter of Midnight
Knight Azyros**



Runic Diviner
Runelord



Bronze Legion
Anointed



Daughter of Midnight
Freeguild General



Daughter of Midnight
Freeguild General



Forgemaster
Lord Ordinator



Master of Shot
Cogsmith



Master of Shot
Cogsmith



Vendati Order
Executioner



Garret of the Grey
Freeguild General on Griffon



Cogseer in Aetherballoon
Knight Azyros



Midnight City Artillery (Top)
Cognizant Phalanx (Bottom)



Cognizant Repeaters



The Argent Order
Sisters of the Watch



Halfling Auxilia
Shadow Warriors



Weldguard Rifles
Irondrakes



Underwar Veteran Tunnel Warden
Lord Celestant on Dracoth



Cogstriders v2.0
The Ulgan Steamhound



Cogstriders v1.0



Ironsworn Templar with Shield
Treelord



Ironsworn Templar with Harpoon Launcher
Spirit of Durthu



Ventrian Reclaimer
Luminark of Hysh



Ironsworn Templar with Weld Lantern
Treelord



The Iron Duke
Steamtank Commander



Iyla Greyson, Steward of the House of Grey
Freeguild General on Griffon



The Smogrider Squadron
Gyrocopters



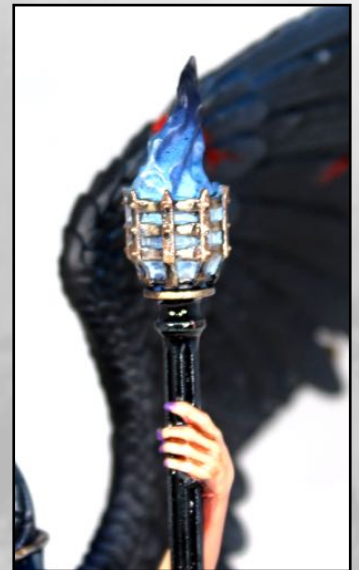
The Iron 7th
Cogfort

Goddess Amelia of Midnight

Guardian of the Lost, Patron of Retribution
Queen of the Midnight City



The raw power absorbed in her rebirth still courses within the shadow wreathed form of the Midnight Queen, her voice rumbles with the thunder of the Celestial Maelstrom. When brought to rage the air around her ripples and courses with pure energies she can barely contain.



Forged from the heart of the Cities Watchtower the Beacon of the Lost contains the heart of the Maelstrom, said to be visible to the lost, and those fighting lost causes wherever they are in the Realms ushering them to Sanctuary under the protection of the Midnight Queen and her City of Innovation.

The Queens ascension drained the fell artefact The Stave of Subjugation of its powers, yet the haft forged of purge shadow forms perfect conduit for the energies she now wields. The Cities greatest artisans forged it into the Spear of Consequence, a lethal weapon in its own right. Through the spear the Midnight Queen has found focus to channel the raw destructive powers now at her disposal



*“They call them Cogwraiths, Ghosts of the lost city.
Pallid, darkened eyes, grim and dour, joyless
monsters who know only the embrace of cold steel and
smoke belching monstrosities.*

*The Midnight Legions march again, though Sigmar
only knows who they serve”*

*Freeguild Guardsman Davis, Shortly before his
death in the Siege of Midnight.*



EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY

On the following pages you will find rules and abilities for your Empires of Industry army. These include powerful allegiance abilities and items, new battle plans, and warscrolls and battalions that describe the emergent Empires in games of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*



PLAYING AS THE EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

From enigmatic engineers to the mighty Cogforts that prowl the wild lands, this section provides rules and abilities for all **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** armies

ALLEGIANCE

Every unit and warscroll battalion in *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* owes allegiance to one of the Grand Alliances – either **ORDER**, **CHAOS**, **DEATH** or **DESTRUCTION**. Many units and warscroll battalions also have more specific allegiances – for example **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** or **IRONWELD ARSENAL**. If all the starting units and warscroll battalions in your army are from the **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY**, then it has the **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** allegiance. An army with the **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** allegiance (sometimes known as an **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** army) can use the potent allegiance abilities found in the following pages.

When your army qualifies for more than one allegiance – e.g. all of the units are **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** and **ORDER** – you must choose which allegiance your army will use before each game. These restrictions aside, you can use allegiance abilities whenever you play games of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*.

BATTLETRAITS:

An allied army fights with units and cohesion, granting it additional boons. See opposite for the battle traits available for Empires of Industry armies.

COMMAND TRAIT:

Abilities available to the general of an Empires of Industry army if it is a **HERO**, depending on which city your army hails from (pg 46-47, or see Cities of Sigmar pg64-77)

ARTEFACT OF POWER:

Artefacts available to **HEROES** in an Empires of Industry army depending on which city your army hails from. (Pg45, or see Cities of Sigmar pg64-77)

MASTERWORK DESIGNS:

If your army is a **MIDNIGHT CITY** army you may select Masterwork Designs for friendly **WARMACHINES** following the restrictions on Pg47

SPARKS OF INNOVATION:

Artisan schematics and useful tools the Sparks of Innovation available to **ENGINEERS** in an Empires of Industry army are shown on pg41.

NAMED CHARACTERS

Beings such as The Midnight Queen are singular and mighty warriors, with their own unique personalities and bespoke items of terrifying power. As such The Midnight Queen and The Mad Admiral cannot take Command Traits or Artefacts of Power

BATTLEPLANS

This section contains rules for using your Empires of Industry army in a number of narrative scenarios depicting the history of the Midnight City (See pg 29-31)

WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

This section describes formations made up of several units that combine their strengths to gain powerful new abilities. By mustering these Battalions you can form your own legions of the Empires of Industry on the tabletop. (See pg 48-50)

WARSCROLLS

This section describes the characteristic and abilities of the individual Empires of Industry models and units.

EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY BATTLE TRAITS

THE EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY

CITY OF THE REALMS

Long since having emerged from their isolation the Empires of Industry have been awash with refugees and reclaimed unable to find tolerable harbour from the winds of magic elsewhere.

Any units with the **CITIES OF SIGMAR** keyword may be taken within an Empire of Industry army. These units gain the **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** keyword for the duration of the battle.

When you choose an Empires of Industry army, you must give it a City Keyword from the list below. All **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** units in your army gain that Keyword and you can use the allegiance abilities listed for that city on the pages listed.

MIDNIGHT CITY (pg46)

HAMMERHAL (Pg64-65 Battletome: Cities of Sigmar)

LIVING CITY (Pg66-67 Battletome: Cities of Sigmar)

GREYWATER FASTNESS (Pg68-69 Battletome: Cities of Sigmar)

PHOENICIUM (Pg70-71 Battletome: Cities of Sigmar)

ANVILGUARD (Pg72-73 Battletome: Cities of Sigmar)

TEMPEST'S EYE (Pg76-77 Battletome: Cities of Sigmar)

Armies built in this manner replace the Free Cities Battle traits on pg63 of the Cities of Sigmar Battletome with those on pg44-47 of this Supplement.

In addition 1 in 4 units within the army may be a **STORMCAST ETERNALS** unit reflecting a time prior to the Siege of Midnight or some of the more heavily armoured denizens of the Realms. These units gain the **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** and corresponding city keywords for the duration of the battle.

JUST LIKE CLOCKWORK

It is not only the Automata and creations of the Empires of Industry that run like Clockwork, their military machine is a finely tuned creation with all of the moving parts shaved to precision. So long as their command structure remains intact they are able to exact their plans with ruthless efficiency.

If a friendly **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY HERO** utilises a command ability whilst within 3 inches of one or more friendly Standard Bearers you may add 3 inches to the range of that models command ability. Furthermore if the command ability is issued to a **COGWORK** unit roll a D6, on an unmodified roll of a 6 you gain a command point. Command abilities that do not target a specific unit may not benefit from friendly **COGWORK** but may still benefit from friendly Standard Bearers.

VENGEFUL ALCHEMISTS

Whether born of faith, fear or superstition these Cities have an enduring belief in all manner of charms against the magics of the realms, some have even on occasion proved effective.

An Empires of Industry army may not include more than a single unit with the **WIZARD** keyword, this includes models taken as Allies or Mercenaries.

STRUCTURED COMMAND

Some units within this supplement have tiered command abilities, represented by a number after their Command Ability (For example As One (2)). When utilising these command abilities players can choose to pay a number of command points equal to the number shown, in order to gain the relevant effects. A second tier command ability (represented by a (2)) includes the effects of both the first tier, and its own effect.

COMMAND ABILITY

As One (1)

Unity, cohesion and practice define the legions of the Empires of Industry, such practice grants tactical benefits on the field of battle.

In the movement phase immediately after a friendly unit has made a Run roll whilst wholly within 12 inches of an **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** hero you may use this command ability.

For the duration of that phase you may use the result of that Run roll for all friendly **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** units wholly within 12 inches of that hero.

As One (2)

In addition to the above units benefiting from this command ability may attack with their Missile Weapons in the Shooting Phase even if they ran in the same turn.



ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

THE INDUSTRY OF WAR

SCHEMATICS POINTS

The Empires of Industry operate a unique mechanic known as Schematics Points, depicting the collective engineering knowledge and libraries they can pull from whilst at war. This resource can be spent in a number of ways from enhancing the armies Cogfort into a true bastion of war, to utilising a vast array of reactive abilities known as Sparks of Innovation throughout the flow of battle. It is important to manage this resource as there are very few ways to regain spent Schematic Points as the battle progresses making it key to controlling the battlefield. Schematic points are gained in the following ways:

- Gain 1 Schematic Point for every **ENGINEER** in your army
- Gain 1 Schematic Point for each different **WARMACHINE** warscroll in your army (Duplicate units of the same Warscroll will not generate additional Schematic Points, however HERO units derived from an original scroll will. For example a Steam Tank Commander is considered a different scroll to a standard Steam Tank)
- Gain 1 Schematic Point for fielding a **COGFORT**
- Gain 1 Schematic Point for every Battalion in your army.

Schematic Points are accrued when the army list is written, and any points spent upgrading the Cogfort must be recorded at that time. Remaining Schematic Points may be spent throughout the battle on Sparks of Innovation as detailed below

SPARK OF INNOVATION

Whilst functioning similarly to prayers (and to a lesser degree spells) the Sparks of Innovation represent advanced Cogwork schematics memorised by the Cities artificer engineers. The beauty of their designs is the interchangeable components, able to harvest and reassemble Cogs and gears in the time it would take others to form coherent words.

Every **ENGINEER** in an **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** army knows one Spark of Innovation in addition to any listed on their warscroll and is capable of utilising Sparks of Innovation, providing the army has Schematic Points left to utilise.

No Spark of innovation may be attempted more than once per battle round.

ACTS OF INNOVATION

In each of your Hero Phases (unless the innovation specifies a specific phase) any **ENGINEER** in your army may attempt to perform a single Sparks of Innovation they know, to do so simply roll a D6.

On a roll of a 3 or more the Innovation has been implemented successfully. Spend the requisite Schematic points and follow the rules specified below.

On a roll of a 2 no effect has been gained but no Schematic Points are spent.

On a roll of a 1 however the Engineer has failed to grasp the true nature of their Innovation, simply wasting valuable resources that could have been bettered used by more skilled hands, the Schematic Points utilised are lost but no ability is gained.

SPARKS OF INNOVATION

EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY ENGINEERS only

1 - Gerunds Lesser Combustibles (1 SP)

Perfected in the Underwar each combustible forms an arachnid hewn of Cogwork, its abdomen glowing with barely contained magmic energies ready to explode at the slightest provocation. Sent scurrying into defenders quarters to flush out a foe.

If the Innovation is successfully executed select one visible Terrain feature wholly within 12 inches of this model and roll a dice for every enemy model within 1 inch of terrain feature, for every 6 that models unit suffers a single mortal wound and cannot gain the benefit of Cover until your next hero phase.

2 - Protector Swarm (1 SP)

A whirly tempest of cogs and blades make up the shimmering metallic clouds of the protector swarm, circling their charge with lethal efficiency and tearing into all those who would venture too close.

If this Innovation is successfully executed select one visible **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** unit wholly within 12 inches of this model, that unit is shrouded by the Protector swarm until your next Hero Phase. At the start of the combat phase roll a D6 for every enemy unit within 3 inches of this unit, on a 3 or more than unit suffers a mortal wound. Units wounded in this manner subtract 1 from all hit rolls for the duration of that combat phase.

3 - Personal Anchorage Shrine (1 SP)

A delicate balance of alchemical humours borne in constant rotation by artisan Cogworks these bizarre creations can help limit the effects of magic in an area, for a time at least.

If this Innovation is successfully executed, until your next Hero Phase this model may attempt to dispel a single spell per turn as though they were a wizard.

4 - Blade Keener (2 SP)

Simple by Midnight City design these glimmering alchemical stones are able to restore even the most aged and dulled blade to keen edge if only briefly.

If this Innovation is successfully executed select one visible **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** unit within 3 inches of this model, until your next Hero Phase unmodified to Wound rolls of a 6 with attacks made by that unit inflict a single mortal wound in addition to their normal damage

5 - Prismatic Cascade Cloak (2 SP)

Composed 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 wearers.

If this Innovation is successfully executed select one visible **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** unit wholly within 12 inches of this model, until your next hero phase add 1 to Save rolls made for this unit.

6 - Multifocal Array (1 SP)

Shifting, shimmering panes of glass flutter in paper thin metallic rims. Those who glance through them see the world around them distort, the pin point vision of a bird of prey illuminating their foe.

If this Innovation is successfully executed select one visible **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** unit wholly within 12 inches of this model, until your next hero phase add 6 inches to the range of all Missile Weapons used by that unit.



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

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Massive Bulk	3"	D6	5+	2+	-2	3

Wounds Lost	Move	Resolute Defender	Bastion of Industry
0-4	6"	+2	2+
5-8	6"	+2	3+
9-12	5"	+1	4+
13-16	4"	+1	5+
17	2"	-	6+

A Cogfort is a unit consisting of 1 Steamforged Cogfort. Rather than placing this feature with other units it is setup after immediately deployment zones have been chosen must be placed wholly within its controlling players deployment zone. It cannot hold Objectives, nor does it count as a model slain when determining the victor of a scenario. A Cogfort may move, shoot and act without penalty even if enemy models are within 3 inches.

Each Cogfort is drawn from the collective experiences of the Cogsmiths who forge it, integrating a myriad of features to suit their tastes. When adding a Cogfort to your army list you may spend Schematic points on upgrades, selecting at most one from each column on the following page to integrate into its features. Cogfort upgrades selected in this manner should be modelled onto the Cogfort, though how they are modelled is entirely down to the designer.

Of Stone and Steel

Such bastions of defence are nigh impervious to the blows of blade and shot, it takes far mightier weaponry to slay such a monolith of battle.

Add 1 to the Save rolls for this model against attacks with a Damage characteristic of 1.

Stone Never Dies

Such bastions of defence are nigh impervious to the blows of blade and shot, it takes far mightier weaponry to slay such a monolith of battle.

When this model is slain it remains on the battlefield as a terrain feature with the DEADLY characteristic. Once it is slain it may not be repaired, and no other abilities it possesses have any further effect on the battle.

When this model is slain roll a D6 for every model embarked, on a roll of a 1 that models unit suffers 1 mortal wound. When all wounds inflicted in this manner have been allocated all garrisoning units must immediately disembark.

Weld Garrison

A friendly EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY unit with a wound characteristic of no more than 1 per model, and no more than 20 wounds in combination, can garrison a Cogfort.

If all of the models in the chosen unit are wholly within 6" of it at the start of their movement phase, or if they could be set up wholly within 6" of the Cogfort when deploying for the battle they may opt to Garrison it. 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 add the value shown in this models Resolute Defender table to their Save rolls whilst embarked on the Cogfort.

Bastion of Industry

A single friendly EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY HERO with a wound characteristic of 6 or less may Garrison this Cogfort in addition to the Weld Garrison following the same rule to embark and disembark.

In addition at the start of your HERO PHASE if a friendly HERO is embarked on the Cogfort roll a D6 and consult this models Bastion of Industry table, if the roll equals or exceeds the value shown you may immediately generate an additional command point.

Disengage: *A veritable fortress of steel and stone mere men at arms can do little to hold this Cogforts guns from firing.*

This model and any models in its garrison can still shoot if this model retreats in the same turn, as long as there are no enemy MONSTERS within 3" of this model at the start of the retreat move and there are less than 10 wounds allocated to this model at the start of the retreat move.

INDUSTRY	ARSENAL	DEFENCE
Alchemical Laboratory—3 SP Heady potions, elixirs and choking gases are all created within this bizarre yet effective madmans laboratory.	Steam Drenched Maw— 2 SP Oft modelled on the maw of the Drakes of the Realms, these metallic maws host the exhaust vents for the boilers searing steam.	Ironbark Bulwark—1 SP Forged from the finest Ironbark these Cogforts are said to be near indestructible, their crew however are often less resilient.
Master Forge—2 SP No true artisan would travel so far from a forge without the knowledge they could maintain their creations on the march.	Titans Cannonade— 3 SP The Ironweld love war and artillery, some Cogforts combining these loves in a thunderous choir of shots.	Plentiful Powder Cache— 2 SP Some seek refinement, others seek to drown their foes in sheer weight of shot. Who can say which is truly right?
Field Surgery—3 SP Though crude, even barbaric by Azyrite standards these field surgeries can, for a time, keep their garrison in the fight.	Gunnery Nest—2 SP Though less glorious than the Cannonade those in the Gunnery Nests can pick out enemy commanders with lethal precision.	Runic Wards— 2 SP Few things in the Realms are more destructive than Magic, only a fool leaves their forts undefended against such things.

INDUSTRY

If any selections are made from the Industry table when constructing the Cogfort they confer the corresponding abilities to this unit. Should the Cogfort be destroyed it may no longer use any abilities it possesses

Alchemical Laboratory—In your Hero Phase roll a D6 and consult the table below to discover the results of the Alchemists most recent labours, the results last only until your next hero phase as he carelessly disregards those innovations that do not receive immediate praise.

1—No Effect, though studying laboriously he has simply succeeded in making a mess and little else
2-3—Ethereal Mists, Until your next hero phase friendly units embarked upon the Cogfort ignore the rend characteristics of enemy attacks. 4-5—Incendiary Rounds, Until your next hero phase Enemy units targeted by units embarked on this Cogfort do not gain the benefits of Cover 6—Eternity Stone, In your Hero Phase if any friendly HEROES have been slain this battle you may shatter the eternity stone buckling time and reality itself, setup the slain Hero within 3 inches of this model and more than 9 inches from any enemy models. Models setup in this manner have D3 wounds restored to them.

Master Forge—In your Hero Phase select a friendly WARMACHINE within 6 inches of this model, that unit immediately heals 3 wounds lost earlier in the battle. The Cogfort can be selected as the target of this ability.

Field Surgery—In your Hero Phase you may attempt to restore models to a single unit embarked upon the Cogfort, to do so select a unit that has lost models this battle and roll a D6. On a roll of a 1 that unit immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds as the surgeries take a turn for the worse, on a roll of a 4 or more you may immediately restore up-to 3 models to that unit lost earlier in the battle.

ARSENAL

If any selections are made from the Arsenal table when constructing the Cogfort they confer the corresponding Missile Weapon profile to this unit. Should the Cogfort be destroyed it may no longer use any weapons it possesses.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Steam Drenched Maw	8"	*	3+	4+	-1	1
Titans Cannonade	30"	D6	4+	3+	-2	3
Gunnery Nest	30"	3	4+	3+	-1	2

Steam Drenched Maw—Before attacking with a Steam Drenched Maw, pick 1 enemy unit within 8" of the attacking model. The Attacks characteristic of that model's Steam Drenched Maw is equal to the number of models from that enemy unit within 8" of the attacking model. All attacks made with that Steam Drenched Maw must target that enemy unit

Gunnery Nest—Attacks made by this models Gunnery Nest ignore the penalties from Look Out Sir, additionally abilities that would allow wounds inflicted upon the target model to be transferred to a secondary unit have no effect on attacks made by Gunnery Nests.

DEFENCE

If any selections are made from the Defence table when constructing the Cogfort they confer the corresponding abilities to this unit. Should the Cogfort be destroyed it may no longer use any abilities it possesses

Ironbark Bulwark—When you make a save roll for this unit, or units embarked upon this unit, ignore the enemy Rend characteristic unless it is -2 or better.

Plentiful Powder Cache—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. The Cogfort itself may never be the target of this ability.

Runic Ward—If this model, or models Embarked upon it are selected as the target of an enemy Spell roll a D6, on a roll of a 5 or more that spell has no effect.

THE MIDNIGHT CITY BATTLE TRAITS

THE COGWRAITHS MIDNIGHT CITY armies only

BORN OF THE MIDNIGHT VEIL

This once hidden city lies within the shifting mists of Ulgu, beyond treacherous canyon and lethal drops into the abyss. A Midnight City army must be from Ulgu

SHADOWS IN THE SMOG

The choking mists that accompany the Midnight Cities advance are born of their creations furnaces, yet shift and coil as though they bring the will of Ulgu in their wake.
Reduce the range of enemy shooting attacks, abilities or spells that target a friendly MIDNIGHT CITY unit by 3 inches, to a minimum of 6 inches (unless their range was already lower). Abilities that do not have a range, or do not target a specific unit are unaffected

STUDIOUS OBSESSION

The Nobles of Midnight study all things with an obsession that put others to shame, every battle plan, every ploy, every strategy become reflexive.
When utilising the Just Like Clockwork rule, friendly Midnight City Cogwork units regain command points on a roll of a 5 or more, instead of a 6.

COMMAND ABILITY

Trenching Charges: *Warriors of this Bastion of the Ironweld march to war with rudimentary black powder trenching charges, able to dig in at a moments notice in makeshift craters throwing up clouds of dust to disorient attackers*

You may use this command ability at the end of your opponents charge phase. If you do so select a friendly unit with 6 inches of a friendly **MIDNIGHT CITY HERO**, for the duration of the following combat phase that unit counts as being in Cover.

THE MIDNIGHT CITY COMMAND TRAITS

WELD NOBILITY MIDNIGHT CITY generals only

1 Artisan Engineer

All the Nobles of the Weld are trained in the art of Engineering, but it is the truly gifted who master these lessons.

This model gains the **ENGINEER** keyword. In addition In your hero phase, you may pick 1 friendly **MIDNIGHT CITY WARMACHINE** or **COGWORK** within 3" of this model and heal up to D3 wounds allocated to that unit

2 Titan of Industry

War is a matter of Industry to the Weld, it is the particularly savvy nobles who can see the profit in every engagement.

At the beginning of your Hero Phase if this model is on the battlefield roll a D6, on a 4 or more generate an additional command point.

3 Ulgan Scout

Born of the shifting mists of Ulgu, the Generals of the Midnight City have deception coursing through their veins

After both sides have setup, but before the first battle round you may immediately move D3 **MIDNIGHT CITY** units as though it was the movement phase. Units moved in this manner may not run but may opt to Garrison or Disembark.

THE MIDNIGHT CITY ARTEFACTS OF POWER

ARTISAN COGWORKS MIDNIGHT CITY HEROES only

1 Personal Anchorage Pendant—

Forged from the same stone as the Anchors of the Midnight City 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 unbind a single spell, or dispel a single endless 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 unbound however the Pendant has no effect for the rest of the game.

2 The Clockwork 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. If this model has 6 or less wounds it instead counts at damage characteristic of all weapons that target it as 1.

3 Oracular Time Keeper—

A Timepiece unlike any other, it is said these Time Keepers are infused with the raw prophetic energies of the Midnight Queen, allowing their bearer to directly influence the flow of time around them.

At the start of the Combat phase select a friendly unit within 3 inches of this model and within 3 inches of an enemy Unit. That unit may pile in and attack immediately, units activated in this manner may not attack again in the same combat phase.

THE MIDNIGHT CITY MASTERWORKS

WELD INNOVATIONS MIDNIGHT CITY Warmachines only

A **MIDNIGHT CITY** army may select a single **MIDNIGHT CITY WARMACHINE** in a unit no larger than 1 model to receive a Masterwork Design. You may select one additional **WARMACHINE** to receive a Masterwork design for every Battalion in the army, no Warmachine may have more than one design nor may any design be duplicated within the army

1 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 with missile weapons

2 Tunnelling Machine

So much of the Midnight City exists beneath the surface, a warren of tunnels and workshops carved out by Cogwork diggers over the Aeons.

Instead of setting this model up as normal you may set it and one other **MIDNIGHT CITY** unit to one side as it tunnels. At the end of any of your movement phases you may set this model and any unit that tunneled with it up anywhere on the battlefield more than 9 inches from any enemy models and within 3 inches of each other. Any models that cannot be setup in this manner, and units tunnelling that have not been set up by the end of turn 3 are destroyed.

3 Excessive Shot Reserves

Midnight is a bastion of Ironweld Warmachine, its lower workshops stocked with enough powder and shot to endure centuries long sieges. In battle this excess is oft put to lethal use.

At the beginning of each of your Shooting Phases select one of this units missile weapons to benefit from the shot reserves (these cannot belong to the rider). For the duration of that phase any unmodified 6's to hit inflict two hits instead of one.

WARSCROLL BATTALION

THE IRON CIRCLE



To be chosen for the ranks of the Ironsworn, the military arm of the cities Nobility is honour enough, but those who ascend to the ranks of the Queens elite Iron Circle are heroes forging their own legends to be told for years to come.

The Battalion must include:

- 1 Ironsworn Paladin
- 2 Ironsworn Templars
- 1 Unit of Ironsworn Guardians
- 2-3 Units of Cogstriders

ABILITIES

King Slayers

The Knights of the Midnight City serve the queens will on the battlefield, seeking out her most potent foes to lay them low in the name of their Queen and City.

In the Combat phase (of either player) if an Enemy HERO is within 6 inches of a unit from this battalion that has not attempted a charge move that turn, that unit may be selected to pile in, and may pile in up-to 6 inches so long as they end that move within 1 inch of that Enemy Hero. If multiple enemy heroes are within range the unit only has to end their pile in within 1 inch of one of those models.

A Shield of Iron

Every Ironsworn bears a creation of the finest cogworks of their household, others march to war clad in the armour of the Orphan House. Regardless their origin the Iron Circle now bear the greatest armour born of the Midnight City

Unit from this Battalion may reroll unmodified save rolls of a 1 in the combat phase.

WARSCROLL BATTALION

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.

The Battalion must include:

0-3 ENGINEERS
1 Steam Tank Commander
3-5 Steam Tanks

ABILITIES

Setting the Pace -

The Cogstables practice synchronicity in movement, that the whole formation might move as one on the field of battle. Each engineer practicing a paced, steady advance readying to open the valves to full when needed to deliver thunderous speed. At the start of the Movement Phase roll 2D6, you may opt to use the result instead of rolling for the move characteristic for any friendly Steam Tanks from this Battalion during that phase.

Rolling Inferno—

A single steam tank is able to deliver a skin searing blast of steam from their steam gun, however when functioning together a host of steam tanks can cause the cloud of blistering steam to swell to boiling inferno that no life could survive.

Add 1 to hit rolls and rend characteristics for attacks made with Steam guns in the Shooting Phase for units from this Battalion for every Steamtank from this battalion that has already fired their Steam gun at the same unit this turn.

WARSCROLL BATTALION

COGNIZANT LEGIONS



Reborn in the fires of hatred, those who suffer at the hands of arcane bear with them scars that will endure long past their mortal lifespans, it is these lost souls who are drawn to the Cognizant, schooled by the Vendati Order to bring their hate to bear against all who seek to use the Arcane to further their own ends.

The Battalion must include:

1-3 **VIGILANT**

3-5 **COGNIZANT**

0-1 Ventrian Reclaimer OR Ventrian Redeemer

ABILITIES

Turn Hate to Steel -

The Vendati Order train their Cognizant legions in the art of killing Witches, more so they teach them to channel their own pain, suffering and scars at the hands of the Arcane into a weapon to wield against their foe.

You may reroll 1s to hit when making attack rolls for Units from this Battalion that target a WIZARD

Let Old Debts be Settled.... -

Cognizant live and breath to bring an end to Arcane Tyranny, to see a wielder of fell Arcane magics fall upon the field of battle can spur untold bravery amongst them as they are warmed by the fires of their hate.

Unit from this battalion do not take Battleshock tests if a WIZARD (friend or foe) has been slain in the same turn.





AMELIA

The Midnight Queen, Goddess of Retribution

Once cast down by the hand of Sigmar and cursed to live out her years in a penumbral prison, the Midnight Queen fight for ascension culminated in the Siege of the Midnight City, turning the Celestial Maelstrom itself to her own ends she rises clad in shadow and shrouded by the storm.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Celestial Maelstrom	*	1	3+	2+	-2	D6
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Beacon of the Lost	1"	4	3+	4+	-	1
The Spear of Consequence	2"	5	4+	3+	-2	*

Wounds Lost	Move	Celestial Maelstrom	Spear of Consequence
0-4	16"	30"	5
5-7	14"	25"	4
8-10	10"	20"	3
11-13	8"	15"	2
14+	6"	10"	1

DESCRIPTION

Amelia the Midnight Queen is a single model bearing the Beacon of the Lost and wreathed in the Celestial Maelstrom

MOUNT: The Spear of Consequence acts with a will of its own, and is treated as a weapon wielded by a Mount

FLY: This model can fly.

ABILITIES

Beacon of the Lost: *This brazier burns brighter in the presence of lost souls, to be struck by it is to have ones soul ravaged by the hundreds of souls that never found rest.*

If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made by the Beacon of the Lost is 6, that attack inflicts D3 mortal wounds on the target in addition to any normal damage.

Spontaneous Innovation: *The Midnight Queen is an innovator nearly without rival, able to call on the shadows of Ulgu to manifest ideas, and shield her ailing creations.*

In your hero phase, you can heal up to D3 wounds allocated to each friendly COGWORK unit wholly within 30" of this model (roll separately for each unit).

The Siege Breaker: *The Spear of Consequence was born to break the Siege of Midnight, it craves battle in a very unnatural form seeking out armies that might prove worthy of it,*

Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with this model's Spear of Consequence if the target unit contains 5 or more models.

Queen of Midnight: *Shadows length in the presence of the Midnight Queen, some say that to fall beneath the shadow of the Goddess is to do battle with it.*

Roll a dice for each enemy unit that is within 1" of this model after this model makes a charge move. On a 4+ that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Shadow Walkers: *Though by no means as impressive as realmgates there are those who marvel at the Queens ability to pull innovations through shadow and onto the battlefield*

Once per battle, at the end of your movement phase, you can summon 1 of the following units to the battlefield:

- 3 Ironsworn Guardians

- 1 Ironsworn Templar

The summoned unit is added to your army, and must be set up wholly within 9" of this model and more than 9" from any enemy units.

COMMAND ABILITY

Bridge of Shadows: *There is a saying amongst those who walk the shadowed paths. If you see only one blade the other is buried in your ribs.*

You can use this command ability at the end of your movement phase, select one friendly **MIDNIGHT CITY** unit wholly within 18 inches of this model and within 3 inches of any **SCENERY** and remove them from the battlefield. Setting them up again wholly within 3 inches of any other **SCENERY** piece and more than 9 inches from any enemy models.



STEWARD OF THE HOUSE

The Stewards of the Houses of Midnight form a tight knit inner circle of masters of Warfare, it is through their experience on the field of battle that they can drive forward the innovation of the engineers under their purview. When they march to war it is as much a display of the wealth of their household clad in the finest of armour and arsenal atop Cogwork griffons.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Brace of Pistols	9"	3	3+	3+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Heirloom Blade	1"	5	3+	4+	-1	2
Ironwrought Beak	2"	2	3+	3+	-2	*
Piston Talons	2"	*	4+	3+	-1	2

Wounds Lost	Move	Ironwrought Beak	Piston Talons
0-3	15"	4	6
4-6	13"	3	5
7-9	11"	2	4
10-11	9"	1	3
12+	7"	1	2

DESCRIPTION

Iyla Greyson is a single model on Clockwork Griffon, she may attack with her Brace of Pistols and Heirloom Blade

MOUNT: Clockwork Griffon may attack with its Ironwrought Beak and Piston Talons

BOUNDING STRIDE: This model can pass over terrain as though it can FLY.

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.

Add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of friendly **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** units wholly within 12 inches of any models with this special rule.

ABILITIES

Steward of the House

Unlike the other cities, noble houses of Midnight haven't delegated command of their forces to career soldiers or mercenaries, instead relying on grit and ingenuity to drive their cause forwards

Once per Battleround this model may use one of the following command abilities without spending a command point:

- All Out Attack
- Volley Fire
- At the Double
- Forward to Victory

Arsenal of Privilege

The noble houses of Midnight are built on ingenuity and innovation, each a repository of engineering marvels the likes of which the realms have rarely seen..

This model may be given an Artefact in addition to any others normally allowed in the army. This model may only carry a single artefact.

COMMAND ABILITY

Marshalling the Guard

There is a creed in the city of Midnight, that no noble can prepare their house for war without first having lived it. To this creed many continue to fight alongside their forces long into their lives.

You may use this ability in the combat phase if this model is within 3 inches of any enemy models. If you do so add 1 to Hit rolls for attacks made by friendly **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** units wholly within 9 inches of this model during that Combat Phase. This model may then self benefit from the Marshalling the Guard special rule



BRAGGA

“THE MAD ADMIRAL”

Once Admiral of a Kharadron Pirate fleet Bragga legend tells that he scuppered his flagship to prevent the forces of Azyr claiming the East gate of Midnight. Now this Pirate King and Master Engineer marches to war in the Guardian harness of the Midnight City, albeit a little worse for wear after an ill thought out dispute with a Stardrake



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
The Cordial Invitation	24"	1	3+	3+	-2	D3
Brace of Pistols	8"	3	3+	4+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Weldforged Drills	1"	2	3+	3+	-1	2

DESCRIPTION

Bragga “The Mad Admiral” is a unit consisting of a single model. His damaged Ironsworn harness bears his own unique Drill Cannon “Braggas Token of Cordial Invitation” and a brace of pistols for him to lash out with. In combat its one remaining arm bears the Weldforged

ABILITIES

Sundering Drill: Repurposed drills designed to cleave through even *Ulgan Obsidian* there is little that can stop these mighty weapons.

If the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with a Weldforged Drills is 6, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target in addition to any normal damage.

Braggas Token of Cordial Invitation:

A drill cannon salvaged from the wreckage of his Ironclad and fitted to the one good arm of his battle-harness this savage harpoon has drawn many a foe into punching distance for the Mad Admiral.

If the unmodified to Hit roll for an attack made by this weapon is a 6 that attack inflicts d3 mortal wounds and the attack sequence ends (do not make a wound or save roll) . If the target of the attack is a MONSTER or WARMACHINE it instead inflicts D6 mortal wounds.

Unnaturally Resilient: Though those around him seem to not benefit from the luck that has kept the Mad Admiral alive there seems little that can hinder the legend of Bragga

If Bragga loses his final wound do not remove the model from the battlefield, at the end of the phase in which he was slain roll a D6. On a 4 or more he remains on the battlefield on a single wound, on a 1-3 remove his model from the battlefield as slain.

Master Endrinrigger: To quote the Admiral “Its all basically Endrinrcraft, just not flying, and less advanced, and filthier”

In your hero phase, you can pick 1 friendly **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** War Machine or **COGWORK** unit within 3" of this model. You can heal up to D3 wounds allocated to that unit



IRONSWORN PALADIN

Though borne to battle in the Templar Harnesses refined by the Midnight City those who ascend to the rank of Paladin lead the armies of Midnight. The Paladin creed is nigh exclusively Duardin and feature some of the most advanced Cogworks the city can produce.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Harpoon Cannon	16"	1	3+	3+	-2	3
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Aethershock Hammer	2"	3	3+	3+	-1	D3
Piston Stomps	1"	D3	4+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

An Ironsworn Paladin unit consists of a single Ironweld Noble in a Templar Harness. Each marches to war carrying a unique Aethershock Hammer of their own personal design, in addition to their Templar harness able to lash out with Pistol Kicks, many often accompany this armament with a Harpoon Cannon.

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. Add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of friendly **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** units wholly within 12 inches of any models with this special rule.

ABILITIES -

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 able to push it to the limit to compete with the monsters of the Realms.

At the start of your hero phase, you can choose to overpressure this model's boiler. If you do so, roll 2D6. If the roll is less than the number of wounds currently allocated to this model, this model immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds. If the roll is equal to or greater than the number of wounds currently allocated to this model, until the start of your next hero phase, you can add 3 to this model's Move characteristic and add 2 to the Attacks characteristic of this model's Aethershock Hammer.

Aethershock Hammer - The Duardin innovators of the Ironsworn Paladins have learnt from the craft of their Kharadron kin, channelling Aethergold into an earth shattering Hammer

If the unmodified hit roll for an attack made with an Aethershock Hammer is 6, that attack inflicts 2 mortal wounds on the target in addition to its normal damage. If a unit suffers any mortal wounds in this way, it cannot pile in later that phase

COMMAND ABILITY

It's a thing of Precision - Every gear, every lever a delicate balance of skill and precision. The art of war is no different, the precise application of pressure can often do more than a hundred imprecise blows, You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do select a friendly **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** unit wholly within 12 inches of this model. Add 1 to Hit rolls for attacks made by that unit during that combat phase.

VENDATI EXECUTIONER

The Vendati Executioners are forged of those who suffered the most agony at the hands of Witches, their constant pain leads to burning hatred and the desire to channel that agony upon others. Masked as Clockwork Angels from on High they stalk above the realms, searching the arcane to deliver judgement



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Alchemical Volley	12"	3	3+	3+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Myriad of Blades	1"	4	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Vendati Executioner is a single model unit, marching to war with their refined artisan revolver firing alchemical rounds. Should a foe stray too close the Vendati lash out with a myriad of blades concealed around their person.

FLY—The unit can fly

Hatred Beyond Reason - *The burning hatred the Vendati hold for wizards has become their obsession, their sole purpose.* Add 2 to this models Bravery characteristic whilst within 12 inches of any WIZARDS

Witch bane Vapours—*The Vendati have experimented extensively on the vulnerabilities of Wizards, in manners some have even felt a glimmer of shame for. Yet these tests have yielded... results. Their alchemical rounds have been infused with the potent vapours refined from these experiments*

If the target of this models Alchemical Volley is a **WIZARD**, for every successful hit the target suffers 2 mortal wounds and the attack sequence ends.

Patient Hunter—*Such is the toxicity around the Executioners that even their own kin cannot bear them for long. As such they often move ahead of the host, seeking battle on their own.*

Instead of setting up this unit at the start if the battle you may declare he is infiltrating. At the end of your first movement phase place this model anywhere on the battlefield more than 9 inches from any enemy model and within 3 inches of a terrain piece.

COMMAND ABILITY

Tactical Feint (1)

At the start of the enemy charge phase you may select a model that knows this command ability to use it. If you do so select a friendly **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** unit wholly within 12 inches of that model, that unit may immediately move D3+2 inches in a direction of your choice.

Tactical Feint (2)

In addition after completing this move that unit may immediately make a shooting attack with any missile weapons on their Warscroll as though it were the shooting phase.



VENDATI SPECULATOR

The Vendati Speculators are obsessive, paranoid and more comfortable amongst their creation than their own kind. Each goes to war amidst a swarm of clockwork innovations of bizarre and often unwieldy design.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Brace of Pistols	9"	3	3+	3+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Speculators Tools	1"	2	4+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Vendati Speculator is a single model unit, marching to war with their myriad of Cogwork innovations. They carry a brace of pistols with which to defend themselves though they can if strictly needed lash out with their Speculator tools in a pinch.

Hatred Beyond Reason - *The burning hatred the Vendati hold for wizards has become their obsession, their sole purpose.* Add 2 to this models Bravery characteristic whilst within 12 inches of any **WIZARDS**

Master Engineer: *Speculators are no mere engineers but artisans in their own right. Still if needed they can patch up lesser designs.* In your hero phase, you can pick 1 friendly **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** War Machine or **COGWORK** unit within 3" of this model. You can heal up to D3 wounds allocated to that unit

SPARK OF INNOVATION

The Engineers of the Vendati are perhaps more obsessive than their hunter kin. Each buries years of grief and pain in the pursuit of the perfect Cogwork mechanisms. In each of your Hero Phases if this model does not use its Master Engineer ability, it may instead may attempt a single Spark of Innovation (See Allegiance Abilities). A Vendati Speculator knows the Witch bane Bolts Innovation

Witch bane Bolts (1 SP)—In the shooting phase select a friendly **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** unit within 3 inches of this model. If this Innovation is successful add 1 To Hit rolls for that unit for the duration of the phase. If that units attacks inflict one or more unsaved wounds on a **WIZARD** whilst this innovation is in effect that Wizard suffers a single mortal wound at the end of the shooting phase.

COGNIZANT REPEATERS

Pallid, drawn faced men and women, the Cognizants are clad in interlocking Cogwork plate and inhale alchemical infusions to dull their fear receptors on the field of battle. They fire lethal volleys from refined Clockwork Repeater crossbows to wither a foe to nothing.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Clockwork Repeater - Full Draw	24"	1	4+	3+	-1	1
Clockwork Repeater - Hair Trigger	16"	2	4+	4+	-	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Mailed Fists	1"	1	5+	5+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Cognizant Repeater unit has 10 or more models. They march to war in interlocking Cogwork plate and wield artisan Clockwork Repeater crossbows. In melee they rely on the brute force of their plated fists for defence.

Vigilant—*The Vigilant have long since surpassed simple militia command, they are responsible for both moral and military enforcement to those under their command. One model in this unit may be a Vigilant. Add 1 to the attacks characteristic of this models Missile weapons.*

Vendati Standard Bearer—

Those that bear the banner of the Vendati are spurred to act of valour, or malice against those who would wield magic to their own ends.

One model in this unit may be a Vendati Standard Bearer, add 1 to the bravery characteristic for any units including a Vendati Standard Bearer. Whenever a Wizard (Friend or Foe) is slain while visible to this unit, you may instead add 3 to this unit's Bravery for the remainder of the Battle round.

ABILITIES

Clockwork Repeater—*The Cognizants attack in perfect unison, every routine practiced with industrial efficiency to the sound of their Vigilant overseers commands* When this unit is selected to make an attack with its Missile Weapons you must declare whether it will be firing Full Draw or Hair trigger shots. The entire unit must attack with the same profile and may not use both profiles in the same turn.

Withering Volleys—*The artisan repeater crossbows that make up the Cognizant armoury are fitted with magazines of bolts able to be emptied and replaced within the blink of an eye.* Add 1 to the attack characteristics of this units Clockwork Repeaters if they did not move in the preceding movement phase and there are no enemy units within 3 inches.



COGNIZANT PHALANX

The shadows beneath the eyes of these soldiers speak of horrors yet untold. Now serving military might the Cognizant Phalanx carry with them long steam venting pikes and heavy cog-plate to defend the battle line of the Empires of Industry.



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MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Steampike	3"	1	2+	4+	-	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Steampike	1"	1	4+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Cognizant Phalanx unit has 10 or more models. They march to war in interlocking Cogwork plate and wield long Steampikes connected by hoses to their own personal boilers, able to vent burning steam at a foe even as they impale them upon the pike.

Vigilant—*The Vigilant have long since surpassed simple militia command, they are responsible for both moral and military enforcement to those under their command.* One model in this unit may be a Vigilant. Add 1 to the attack characteristic of any Vigilants Steampike.

Vendati Standard Bearer—

Those that bear the banner of the Vendati are spurred to act of valour, or malice against those who would wield magic to their own ends.

One model in this unit may be a Vendati Standard Bearer, add 1 to the bravery characteristic for any units including a Vendati Standard Bearer. Whenever a Wizard (Friend or Foe) is slain while visible to this unit, you may instead add 3 to this unit's Bravery for the remainder of the Battle round.

ABILITIES

Anchoring the Long Lines—*The Defensive Phalanx of the Cognizant is a perfect harmony of pikes and precision, able to use the momentum of a foe to their hoist them upon the pike.*

Add 1 to Wound rolls for this unit in the combat phase when targeting an enemy unit that charged this turn. If this unit has 10 or more models instead add 1 to Hit and wound rolls when targeting an enemy unit that charged this turn.

Blistering Cloud—*It is a brave soul indeed who makes the charge into the thorny lines of the Cognizant Phalanx, even as they near the Steampikes release a blistering cloud of steam to sear and disorient a foe*

Once per turn, if an enemy unit finishes a charge move within 3 inches of this unit and there are no other enemy units within 3 inches of this unit, they may opt to fire a blistering cloud of steam.

If you do so roll a dice for every model in the target unit within 3 inches of a model from this unit. For every unmodified roll of a 6 that unit suffers a mortal wound, units wounded in this manner subtract 1 from all To Hit rolls in the following combat phase

VENDATI SKYMARSHALS

Pale of skin and gaunt the Vendati Skymarshals commitment to the hunt of the arcane is unwavering, sacrificing even their legs to the bladed talons of the hunt. They stalk the realms on high before descending to fire a hail of hardened steel rods from steam powered pressure rifles.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Steam rifles	12"	1	3+	3+	-1	2
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Bladed Talons	1"	2	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

Vendati SkyMarshals form a single unit of 3 or more models.

They fly to war on Clockwork harnesses and canvas wings, swooping like the Carrion bird over wounded foes to deliver the final blow. In the Shooting phase each may launch hardened steel rods from their Steam Rifles whilst able to defend themselves in combat with their Bladed Talons

FLY—The unit can fly

High Marshall—*There is little that can cement the faith of the Vendati more than their disgust for magic and its practitioners.* One model in this unit may be a High Marshall. Add 2 to any unit's bravery containing a High Marshall while it is within 12 inches of any enemy WIZARDS.

Steamforged Arsenal —*The Skymarshals are adept engineers, able to regular the flow from their Steam powered harness from weapon to wing in the heat of battle. To do so allows them to unleash a torrent of shots whilst perched before flying away should a foe stray too close for comfort.* If this unit does not move in your movement phase increase the attack characteristics of its Steam Rifles to 3 for the duration of the following Shooting Phase

Vultures in the Mists — *The Mists of Ulgu hide many a predator, the Vendati Skymarshals learn from the carrion birds of the Ulgan cloudscape. Able to swoop down in the heat of battle and pluck the vulnerable and wounded from the field without ever being seen.*

After this unit has made a normal move, pick 1 enemy unit and roll a dice for each model in this unit that passed across any models from that enemy unit. For every roll of a 4 or more you may remove a single model with a wound characteristic of 1 from that unit as slain.



COGSTRIDER LANCERS

Those of noble birth and steel resolve often seek to forge their own legends upon the field of battle, each crafting their own bizarre Cogstrider mount upon which ride to war bearing Forgesunder Lances.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Rotary Pistol	9"	D3	4+	3+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Forgesunder Lance	2"	2	4+	3+	-1	1
Piston Kicks	1"	D3	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 City, 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 and a Rotary Pistol.

MOUNT:

This units Cogstriders attack with Piston Kicks

Apprentice Engineer -

The Cogstrider crews are no mere nobles, each is an apprentice to the master engineers of the Ironweld capable of maintaining the warmachines of the Arsenal.

One model in this unit may be an Apprentice Engineer, if this unit contains any Apprentice Engineers in your hero phase you may select a single friendly **WARMACHINE** within 3 inches of this unit and restore 1 wound to that model lost earlier in the battle

Master of the Hunt -

The young nobles of the Industrial Empires are shepherded to war by the more venerable Masters of the Hunt steering their youthful enthusiasm to purpose

One model in this unit may be nominated to be the Master of the Hunt. Add 2 to all charge rolls for this unit whilst it contains any Masters of the Hunt

Steady Platform -

The many pistons and gears of the Cogstriders afford their riders are more stable firing platform than any horse could, allowing them to fire even as they speed forwards.

This unit may fire their Rotary Pistols even if they ran in the same turn.

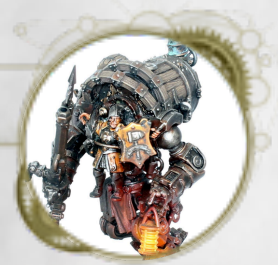
Steel Buckling Charge -

Hardened steel, momentum and the will to do righteous harm combine into a crescendo of battle when the Cogstriders deliver a charge.

This units Forgesunder Lances have a rend of -2 and Damage of 3 if this unit made a charge move in the same turn.

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	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Valve Lance	2"	3	3+	3+	-2	2
Piston Stomps	1"	D3	4+	3+	-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 and able to unleash Piston Kicks from their Harness

Some Templars couple this with either a Signal Lantern or heavy Weld Shield,

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. Add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of friendly **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** units wholly within 12 inches of any models with this special rule.

ABILITIES -

Signal Lantern - The flickering lanterns of the Ironsworn Templars can be seen standing out against the dark, marking targets for the City's artillery.

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

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

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

Add one to Wound rolls and the Damage characteristic of this weapon if this model made a charge move in the same turn.

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 able to push it to the limit to compete with the monsters of the Realms.

At the start of your hero phase, you can choose to overpressure this model's boiler. If you do so, roll 2D6. If the roll is less than the number of wounds currently allocated to this model, this model immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds. If the roll is equal to or greater than the number of wounds currently allocated to this model, until the start of your next hero phase, you can add 3 to this model's Move characteristic and add 2 to the Attacks characteristic of this model's Valve Lance.

Keywords:

ORDER, HUMAN. EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY, IRONSWORN, COGWORK, WARMACHINE



IRONSWORN GUARDIANS

Smaller than their Templar kin the Ironsworn Guardians are crewed exclusively by Duardin miners, their resilience to the foul fumes in the deep mines and hardy natures help them bear the heavy armour and blistering heat of the industrial harness and savage drills



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MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Weldforged Drills	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	2

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Ironsworn Guardians has any number of models, each armed with a Weldforged Drill.

Foreman: 1 model in this unit can be a Foreman. Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made by that model.

ABILITIES

Sundering Drills: *Repurposed drills designed to cleave through even Ulgan Obsidian there is little that can stop these mighty weapons.*

If the unmodified wound roll for an attack made with a Weldforged Drills is 6, that attack inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target in addition to any normal damage.

Lock Armour: *Duardin are a naturally resilient race, the Ironsworn Guardians take this trait to a new level, able to lock the gears in their armour and create a nigh unshiftable wall of plate armour.*

At the start of the charge phase, you can say that this unit will lock its armour. If you do so, until the end of the turn, this unit cannot move except to pile in up to 1", but you can re-roll save rolls for attacks that target this unit.

Smog Cloud: *Smaller and more compact the furnaces of the Ironsworn Guardians spew far more smog than their Templar counterparts. The air around them thick with choking black clouds.*

At the end of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 1" of this unit and roll 1 dice for each model in this unit. For each 4+ that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

Keywords:

ORDER, DUARDIN. EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY, IRONSWORN, COGWORK

VENTRIAN RECLAIMER

A Coghewn beauty of a Warmachine the Ventrian Reclaimer resembles a giant metal hevn insect, its rear carapace bearing and exposed Warpstone reactor channelled into a lethal energy beam known as the Reclaimer Cascade



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Reclaimer Cascade	30"	6	3+	*	-2	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Arcing Bolts	2"	4	4+	4+	-	1
Crushing Legs	1"	*	5+	3+	-1	2

Damage Table

Wounds Lost	Reclaimer Cascade	Crushing Legs	Vendati Engineer
0-2	2+	D6	FOCUSED
3-4	2+	D6	FOCUSED
5-7	3+	D3	-
8-9	4+	D3	ERRATIC
10+	5+	1	ERRATIC

DESCRIPTION

A Ventrian Reclaimer is a unit consisting of a single Cogwork Warmachine, crewed by an elite Ventrian Engineer who operate the Reclaimer Cascade. In combat the volatile arcing electrical bolts from its grounding pylons can rebuff attackers, other less fortunate foes can find themselves crushed beneath massive piston driven legs.

ABILITIES

Volatile Payload—Powered by reclaimed Warpstone pendulums impacting with a channelled core, the lightning cascade produced can be lethal but highly unpredictable.

Before firing this models Reclaimer Cascade in the shooting phase you may declare the engineer is tapping into more of the volatile payload. If you do so this models Reclaimer Cascade has an attack characteristic of 12 for the duration of that shooting phase, however every unmodified to hit roll of a 1 for that weapon inflicts a mortal wound on this model at the end of the shooting phase.

Excavation Engine—The Ventrian was forged in the Underwar, designed to use its weaponry to clear huge swathes of rock, rubble and crude Skaven icons from its path. Once per Battle in the shooting phase instead of targeting an enemy unit with this units Reclaimer Cascade you may instead select a single terrain piece wholly within range of this weapon and roll a D6. On a 3 or more that terrain piece does not grant cover, nor do any abilities it possesses have any effect until your next Hero Phase. On a roll of a 6 however the terrain piece is completely obliterated and is removed from play.

Vendati Crew - Whilst their creations work in perfect synchronistic harmony the Vendati engineer controlling it requires total focus to channel the reclaimer beams energies effective.

Whilst this models Vendati Engineer is FOCUSED reroll 1's to hit in the shooting phase with this models Reclaimer Cascade. Whilst this model is ERRATIC add 2 to its Arcing bolts attack characteristic instead.

Keywords:

ORDER, HUMAN. EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY, WARMACHINE, RECLAIMER



VENTRIAN REDEEMER

A Coghewn beauty of a Warmachine the Ventrian Redeemer provides those who understand the true magic of their Arcane blood a chance to turn it to the City's defence, entering the interrogation chamber each knows they might never emerge, but should they do so their crimes may in some small way be forgiven.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Arcane Blast	*	3	See Below			
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Crushing Legs	1"	*	5+	3+	-1	2
Interrogators Blade	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	D3

Wounds Lost	Arcane Blast	Crushing Legs	Runic Wards
0-2	18"	D6	4+
3-4	16"	D6	4+
5-7	14"	D3	5+
8-9	12"	D3	5+
10+	10"	1	6+

DESCRIPTION

A Ventrian Redeemer is a unit consisting of a single Cogwork Warmachine, crewed by an elite Ventrian Interrogator who operate the Redeemer Chamber. In combat less fortunate foes can find themselves crushed beneath massive piston driven legs.

ABILITIES

Arcane Siphon—The Warpstone matrices lay over Duardin runic protections, each forming a complex network of pathways absorbing and channeling any latent arcane energies into the Redemption chamber at the head of this metallic beast.

Every time a spell is successfully cast and not unbound within 18 inches of this model add 1 to its Arcane Siphon count, these can then be spent on the following:

- In the Shooting Phase when making an attack with this models Arcane Blast you may add 1 to the attack characteristic for that attack for every point of Arcane Siphon spent
- One per Hero Phase you may spend an Arcane Siphon point to attempt to unbind a single spell as though this model were a wizard
- When making a Runic Ward roll you may spend an Arcane Siphon point to reroll a failed roll.

Runic Wards—The Duardin of Midnight are not ignorant of their heritage, each versed in the libraries of runes and wards against fell magics.

Roll a dice if this model is affected by a Spell or Endless spell and consult the wound table. If the result equals or exceeds this models Runic Wards that spell or endless spell has no effect.

Arcane Blast- Those wizards housed in the Redemption Chamber are bound to the machine by chain and wire, every trace of arcane energy channelled through their energy wracked forms to provide arcane rebuff to attackers.

When making an attack with this weapon roll a number of dice equal to the attack characteristic (including any bonuses from Arcane Siphon) for every roll of a 3 or more the target unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Keywords:

ORDER, HUMAN. EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY, WARMACHINE, REDEEMER

PITCHED BATTLE BASE SIZE GUIDE

Whilst the rules within this Battletome supplement have been designed to embrace the joy of creativity, converting and kitbashing they have been play tested with the following bases in mind for each unit. feel free to expand onto more scenic bases for display purposes however this may have unforeseen impacts on gameplay,

UNIT	BASE SIZE
Amelia, The Midnight Queen	160mm
Bragga, The Mad Admiral	50mm
Ironsworn Paladin	105 x 70mm
Vendati Executioner	32mm
Vendati Speculator	32mm
Cognizant Repeaters	25mm
Cognizant Phalanx	25mm
Cogstrider Lancers	75 x 42mm
Vendati Skymarshals	50mm
Ironsworn Templar	105 x 70mm
Ironsworn Guardians	50mm
Ventrian Reclaimer	120 x 92mm
Ventrian Redeemer	120 x 92mm
Cogfort	280 x 210mm

*For Every Dreamer, Converter, Kitbasher and Lore
Writer.*

*For Every Narrative gamer,
Thank you for all the inspiration.*

Ricki

*And to Charlotte
for enduring my madness.*



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 Empires of Industry against any opponent

EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY	UNIT SIZE		POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES
UNIT	MIN	MAX			
Amelia, The Midnight Queen	1	1	600	LEADER, BEHEMOTH	Unique
Bragga, The Mad Admiral	1	1	140	LEADER	Unique
Iyla Greyson	1	1	300	LEADER, BEHEMOTH	Unique
Ironsworn Paladin	1	1	240	LEADER	
Vendati Executioner	1	1	100	LEADER	
Vendati Speculator	1	1	80	LEADER	
Cognizant Repeaters	10	30	140	-	BATTLELINE in an EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY army
Cognizant Phalanx	10	30	100/260	BATTLELINE	
Cogstrider Lancers	3	12	140	-	
Vendati Skymarshals	3	12	100	-	BATTLELINE in an EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY army if your general is a Vendati Executioner
Ironsworn Templar	1	1	180	-	
Ironsworn Guardians	3	9	190	-	BATTLELINE in an EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY army if your general is an Ironsworn Paladin
Ventrian Reclaimer	1	1	200	BEHEMOTH	
Ventrian Redeemer	1	1	200	BEHEMOTH	-
Cogfort	1	1	200	UNIQUE	-
<i>The Cog Stables</i>			100	BATTALION	
<i>The Iron Circle</i>			120	BATTALION	
<i>Cognizant Legions</i>			120	BATTALION	

Whilst not included in this supplement the following units have noted added:

Steamtank - Battleline in an Empires of Industry army if your general is a Steam Tank Commander
Gyrocopters - Battleline if the unit contains 3 models in an Empires of Industry army if your general is
GREYWATER FASTNESS

The Lights are going out...

The Seven Sirens fall silent and the refuge at
Needlepoint lay empty.

Nought but death and ruin will remain if we cannot
hold our nerve.

In Midnight we trust, the candle in the dark.



When the Age of Chaos dawned the Architect of the Midnight City sacrificed himself, using his soul as the final spark to wake the sleeping goddess he had found in the Stormvault.

Though roused from slumber her power was much diminished, a frail creature barely able to sit upright in her throne with a pallid and drawn complexion.

The Midnight Queen committed much of her power to sealing the city away from the eyes of roving Chaos tribes leaving herself drifting in and out of consciousness.

The city's populace did not know what to make of their new ruler, some even interpreting her deathlike form as a sign they had all perished when the city was sealed away and she was their steward into the afterlife.

It was this belief that spawned the Stewards of the Vigil, a covenant of priestesses to their new steward who set about preparing those around them to embrace their loss.



THE RESOLUTE GATE

Though known to only a select few the Midnight City was constructed over a ruptured Stormvault that would in later years gift them their Goddess and Queen. When the forces of Chaos began to overrun the realms this hidden vault deep beneath the city streets was made ready in secret, its many vaulted hauls converted into sanctuary, underground farming and workshops to sustain but the smallest portion of the populace for the coming age.

The seal on the Vault however had long since been ruptured by the energies unleashed when its prisoner broke her bonds, so the Ironsmiths of the Midnight City set to work forging monolithic gates that would form their bulwark against any who would seek to violate their refuge.

Woven into every inch of these titanic constructs with the whisper thin realmthread of Ulgu was a tapestry of runes, every enchantment and beguilement to shield them from the eyes of their enemies.



Throughout the Age of Chaos the Midnight City sent out trading and scouting parties posing as nomadic tribes clad in filthy robes and masks to conceal their comparatively softer skin and robust health.

Those they traded with in this time slowly began to mimic the attire, with example being found in the roaming Grey Tribe and cultists of the Argent Order to this day.



To this day it is allegedly an executable offence to utter the phrase “A Gryphon feeds a family for a week” within the boundaries of the Midnight City.

This has been claimed to date back to their isolation during the Age of Chaos, when growing tired of eating rats and mushrooms the labourers rose up and killed, cooked and ate the bestiary of the nobles.

The phrase has become synonymous with uprisings and class disparity in the city.



Although the excavation work on the Vaults and Lower Workshops was ever ongoing space was at a premium in the Midnight City.

On the eve of their 10th year children underwent The Proving, those who did not show prowess in a field of importance to the city were summoned to the court of the Midnight Queen.

Here all traces of the city were erased from their memories, and the next expedition would distribute them amongst local tribes as rescued refugees that they might attempt to forge a new life on the outside.



Whilst the Vendati Order would become synonymous with witch hunting extremists their lineage can be traced back to a far more noble origin.

In the Age of Myth when the Pantheon of Sigmar included a litany of lesser gods the Vendati were the chosen hand of the Goddess of Justice.

They would become the Hand of the Just across the realms, exactors of her will and judgement. When the Pantheon disbanded, absent their Goddess the Vendati turned to their own interpretations of judgement.

After several philosophical schisms all that remained of the Order were those who interpreted the perversion of magic to serve mortal needs as the ultimate injustice to eradicate.



Kyrios, First Magister of Midnight is credited second only to the Goddess herself with the saviour of the Midnight City. It was under his guidance the runes of obfuscation were woven into the Resolute Gates that shielded their refuge, and by his hand the first Cogsworn Automata guardians forged.

Though these achievements paled compared to his ultimate goal, in the lowest workshops far below he laboured tirelessly to create an artificial Realmgate to allow the city to one more unite with Azyr.

This dangerous and highly experimental labour has, by some scholars, been linked with the location of the Abyssal Gnawhole that later risked consuming the city. With one suggestion posited that the Artificial Realmgate, lacking fixed destination point, tore straight into a Skaven tunnel network.



With her forces travelling under the guise of survivors from a myriad of civilization some say the Midnight Queen used her expeditionary forces in the Age of Chaos to garner favours and broker alliances with those who had no real clue as to who they swore loyalty to.

In this way she chose those she had foreseen surviving beyond the age, gathering a repository of treaties she could call upon when the darkness had passed to cement the power of the Midnight City in the Region.

Many of those who would later come to defend her city in the Siege Azyrite were bound by such contracts, sworn millenia ago in a time many sought to forget. 03332076606



The East Road into the Midnight Veil has always been known as the Sanctuary Path, one travelled by refugees to find salvation from the manifold risks of Ulgu on their journey to the Midnight City.

Even throughout the Realm of Chaos shadowed sentries defended this path, showing attackers with barbed bolts from concealed firing positions to allow local tribes to pass through.

Millenia later, with the armies of the Azyrite Host preparing to lay siege to the Midnight City it would be Garrett of the Grey who laid down his life in the defense of the Sanctuary path. With his passing for the first time since the founding of the Midnight City there would be no Sanctuary to be found, and the road was closed.



Innovation is currency within the Midnight City, with the ascendancy of Ulgu-Hysh once every decade the Queen gathered court of the city's noble houses.

Each would offer up their Houses most prized schematic to the city that all might use it to further protect their home and cement their Legacy. Those who presented the most prized schematic by the Queen would be elected to the seat of Cogmaster General, tasked with being the singular vision to drive the city's industry for the following decade.

To ascend to Cogmaster General is a prize few could compete with, with resources scarce it allows the chosen noble house to allocate vital materials to their own projects before any other, and shape the city to their own vision.



Whilst referred to as a Goddess the Midnight Queens true nature is somewhat more complex. At a moment of particular tragedy, a climax of darkness and cruelty the Realms made an adjustment to balance themselves. In this moment a Shadow Aspect, a shape shifter of sorts, was birthed in Ulgu as a manifestation of Justice that she might steer the realms to lighter times.

In her early years the Midnight Queen was known by many names, with the feral tribes of the lands needing a firmer hand to steer them toward civility and justice. To some she was the Sinners Lament, The White Blade, The Reaper of the Night, a cautionary tale told to children of one who would strike down the unjust. It was through fear of her that the first steps toward justice were made.



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THE MIDNIGHT CITY - AGE OF CHAOS BATTLE TRAITS

THE COGWRAITHS MIDNIGHT CITY armies only

BORN OF THE MIDNIGHT VEIL

This once hidden city lies within the shifting mists of Ulgu, beyond treacherous canyon and lethal drops into the abyss. A Midnight City army must be from Ulgu

SHADOWS IN THE SMOG

The choking mists that accompany the Midnight Cities advance are born of their creations furnaces, yet shift and coil as though they bring the will of Ulgu in their wake.
Reduce the range of enemy shooting attacks, abilities or spells that target a friendly MIDNIGHT CITY unit by 3 inches, to a minimum of 6 inches (unless their range was already lower). Abilities that do not have a range, or do not target a specific unit are unaffected

FROM UNSEEN QUARTER

Stealth and subterfuge are all that keeps the Midnight city from the tides of Chaos, they know all too well the value of movement in their fight for survival
After both sides have setup, and before battle begins upto half your units (rounding up) may make a normal move of upto 6 inches. Units may not run as part of this move

COMMAND ABILITY

An Eye for Weakness: *The minds of engineers and scientists are the heart of the Midnight City, able to analyse a structure or foe for weaknesses to exploit*
You may use this command ability immediately after a friendly **MIDNIGHT CITY HERO** has made an attack against an enemy unit. If you do so for the duration of that phase any unmodified to wound roll of a 6 for attacks made friendly **MIDNIGHT CITY** units wholly with 6 inches of that Hero targeting the same unit inflict 1 additional damage.

THE MIDNIGHT CITY COMMAND TRAITS

THE TEMPERED BLADES MIDNIGHT CITY generals only

1 Artisan Engineer

All the Nobles of the Midnight are trained in the art of Engineering, but it is the truly gifted who master these lessons.

This model gains the **ENGINEER** keyword. In addition In your hero phase, you may pick 1 friendly **MIDNIGHT CITY WARMACHINE** or **COGWORK** within 3" of this model and heal up to D3 wounds allocated to that unit

2 Prodigal of the Proving

All children of Midnight are tested for prowess enough to remain in the city. Among them are the exceptional few who even at such a young age show the prowess to shape a generation.

At the beginning of your Hero Phase if this model is on the battlefield roll a D6, on a 4 or more generate an additional command point.

3 Ulgan Scout

Born of the shifting mists of Ulgu, the Generals of the Midnight City have deception coursing through their veins

Instead of setting this unit up normally you may instead declare they and upto one additional unit (of no more than 20 models) will be scouting. At the end of your first movement phase you may set each scouting unit up wholly within cover or within 6 inches of the edge of the battlefield and more than 9 inches from any enemy models.

THE MIDNIGHT CITY ARTEFACTS OF POWER

ARTISAN CREATIONS MIDNIGHT CITY HEROES only

- 1 Personal Anchorage Pendant—**
Forged from the same stone as the Arcane Anchors of the Midnight City 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 unbind a single spell, or dispel a single endless 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 unbound however the Pendant has no effect for the rest of the game.

- 2 The Clockwork 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. If this model has 6 or less wounds it instead counts at damage characteristic of all weapons that target it as 1.

- 3 Oracular Time Keeper—**
A Timepiece unlike any other, it is said these Time Keepers are infused with the raw prophetic energies of their sleeping goddess allowing their bearer to directly influence the flow of time around them.

At the start of the Combat phase select a friendly unit within 3 inches of this model and within 3 inches of an enemy Unit. That unit may pile in and attack immediately, units activated in this manner may not attack again in the same combat phase.

THE MIDNIGHT CITY MASTERWORKS

WELD INNOVATIONS MIDNIGHT CITY Warmachines only

A **MIDNIGHT CITY** army may select a single **MIDNIGHT CITY WARMACHINE** in a unit no larger than 1 model to receive a Masterwork Design. You may select one additional **WARMACHINE** to receive a Masterwork design for every **ENGINEER** in the army, no Warmachine may have more than one design nor may any design be duplicated within the army.

- 1 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 with missile weapons

In addition enemy units treat this unit as though it has the Overgrown terrain feature special rule.

- 2 Tunnelling Machine**
So much of the Midnight City exists beneath the surface, a warren of tunnels and workshops carved out by Cogwork diggers over the Aeons.

Instead of setting this model up as normal you may set it and one other

MIDNIGHT CITY unit to one side as it tunnels. At the end of any of your movement phases you may set this model and any unit that tunneled with it up anywhere on the battlefield more than 9 inches from any enemy models and within 3 inches of each other. Any models that cannot be setup in this manner, and units tunnelling that have not been set up by the end of turn 3 are destroyed.

- 3 Excessive Shot Reserves**
Midnight is a bastion of Ironweld Warmachines, its lower workshops stocked with enough powder and shot to endure centuries long sieges. In battle this excess if oft put to lethal use.

At the beginning of each of your Shooting Phases select one of this units missile weapons to benefit from the shot reserves (these cannot belong to the rider). For the duration of that phase any unmodified 6's to hit inflict two hits instead of one.

WARSCROLL BATTALION

THE COG STABLES



Beneath a veil of steam and mist there is the ever present rumbling of the shifting Cogstables of the Midnight City, the blackened iron hulls lurking in shadow providing a wall of steel against interlopers. When summoned to battle however they come with thunderous rapture of cannon fire and the shriek of steam whistles marking their arrival

The Battalion must include:

0-3 ENGINEERS

1 Steam Tank Commander

3-5 Steam Tanks

ABILITIES

Setting the Pace -

The Cogstables practice synchronicity in movement, that the whole formation might move as one on the field of battle. Each engineer practicing a paced, steady advance readying to open the valves to full when needed to deliver thunderous speed.

At the start of the Movement Phase roll 2D6, you may opt to use the result instead of rolling for the move characteristic for any friendly Steam Tanks from this Battalion during that phase.

Rolling Inferno—

A single steam tank is able to deliver a skin searing blast of steam from their steam gun, however when functioning together a host of steam tanks can cause the cloud of blistering steam to swell to boiling inferno that no life could survive.

Add 1 to hit rolls and rend characteristics for attacks made with Steam guns in the Shooting Phase for units from this Battalion for every Steamtank from this battalion that has already fired their Steam gun at the same unit this turn.



STEWARD OF THE HOUSE

The Stewards of the Houses of Midnight form a tight knit inner circle of masters of Warfare, it is through their experience on the field of battle that they can drive forward the innovation of the engineers under their purview. When they march to war it is as much a display of the wealth of their household clad in the finest of armour and arsenal atop Cogwork griffons.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Brace of Pistols	9"	3	3+	3+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Heirloom Blade	1"	5	3+	4+	-1	2
Ironwrought Beak	2"	2	3+	3+	-2	*
Piston Talons	2"	*	4+	3+	-1	2

Wounds Lost	Move	Ironwrought Beak	Piston Talons
0-3	15"	4	6
4-6	13"	3	5
7-9	11"	2	4
10-11	9"	1	3
12+	7"	1	2

DESCRIPTION

A Steward of the House is a single model on Clockwork Griffon, she may attack with her Brace of Pistols and Heirloom Blade

MOUNT: Clockwork Griffon may attack with its Ironwrought Beak and Piston Talons

BOUNDING STRIDE: This model can pass over terrain as though it can FLY.

HOUSE 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.

Add 1 to the Bravery characteristic of friendly **EMPIRES OF INDUSTRY** units wholly within 12 inches of any models with this special rule.

ABILITIES

Steward of the House

Unlike the other cities, noble houses of Midnight haven't delegated command of their forces to career soldiers or mercenaries, instead relying on grit and ingenuity to drive their cause forwards

Once per Battleround this model may use one of the following command abilities without spending a command point:

- All Out Attack
- Volley Fire
- At the Double
- Forward to Victory

Arsenal of Privilege

The noble houses of Midnight are built on ingenuity and innovation, each a repository of engineering marvels the likes of which the realms have rarely seen..

This model may be given an Artefact in addition to any others normally allowed in the army. This model may only carry a single artefact.

COMMAND ABILITY

Marshalling the Guard

There is a creed in the city of Midnight, that no noble can prepare their house for war without first having lived it. To this creed many continue to fight alongside their forces long into their lives.

You may use this ability in the combat phase if this model is within 3 inches of any enemy models. If you do so add 1 to Hit rolls for attacks made by friendly **COGWORK** units wholly within 9 inches of this model during that Combat Phase. This model may not benefit from the Marshalling the Guard special rule themselves.

Keywords:

ORDER, HUMAN, CITIES OF SIGMAR, IRONSWORN, WARMACHINE, HERO, COGWORK, MIDNIGHT CITY



• WARSCROLL •

CITIES OF SIGMAR

RATCATCHER

In the Long Years the citizens of Midnight found themselves having to seek out new ways of fighting a war in which they were hideously outmatched. Turning to the two things they found in abundance, rodents and mining explosives left over from the excavation of the lower workshops their Rat Catchers served both as primary food collectors and when needed saboteurs in the camps of chaos tribes



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Bomb Rats	SEE BELOW					
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Incessant Gnawing	1"	D6	4+	5+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Ratcatcher is a unit consisting of a single model armed with a swarm of Bomb Rats who can protect him in melee with their incessant gnawing.

ABILITIES

Bomb Rats: Mining explosives and rodents are two of the few things found to be in abundance in the early years of the Midnight City. Some Rat Catchers training the rodents as rudimentary explosive delivery mechanisms

When making an attack with this models Bomb Rats you may opt to release one, two or three rats. If you do so select an enemy unit within 18 inches of this model and roll a number of dice equal to the number of rats released. For every 4 or more that unit suffers d3 mortal wounds, however for evert result equal to or under the number of rats released your opponent may instead select a unit within 18 inches of this model to suffer D3 mortal wounds. This model may never be chosen as the target of a Bomb Rat attack by either player.

Skulking in Darkness: *The citizens of Midnight know all too well that stealth is all that keeps them from destruction, the Rat Catchers able to sow discord in the enemy camp without ever being seen.* This model does not need line of sight when making an attack with its Bomb Rats. In addition add 2 to this models save instead of 1 when in Cover.

Keywords:

ORDER, HUMAN, CITIES OF SIGMAR, HERO, RATCATCHER



• WARSCROLL •

CITIES OF SIGMAR

MAGISTER OF MIDNIGHT

There is an exquisite intricacy to even the enchantments of the Midnight City, though use of flamboyant magics treasured by fools the Realms over is rare there are those Arcane Engineers who weave enchantments into the innovations of the great workshops of the city. Engineering and the Arcane wove into a tapestry of prowess that makes the city the envy of all who would seek to rival it. On the field of battle these arcane technomancers wield blades of living metal known as the Singing Blade for the shriek they unleash as they cleave through the air.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
The Singing Blade	1"	1	4+	3+	-1	D3

DESCRIPTION

A Magister of Midnight is a unit consisting of a single model armed with The Singing Blade.

ABILITIES

The Singing Blade: *Enchantments are woven into the very fabric of this blade, serving both as lightning rod to the technomancers power and living defender.*

If this model successfully uses their Arcane Engineer ability change the attacks characteristic of this weapon to 3 and add 1 to all hit rolls until your next hero phase.

Arcane Engineer: *Mining explosives and rodents are two of the few things found to be in abundance in the early years of the Midnight City. Some Rat Catchers training the rodents as rudimentary explosive delivery mechanisms*

In your Hero Phase this model may attempt Technomancy, if they do so select one of the following abilities below and roll a D6. On a 3 or more that ability has been successfully implemented.

The Unmaker - *Just as the Technomancers engineer the warmachines of Midnight so too can then render their oppositions constructs to rubble.* Select an enemy **WARMACHINE** within 18 inches of this model. That model suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Spontaneous Innovation - *The progress of technologies in the Midnight City were to be the envy of the Realms, their Technomantic Magisters able to construct instruments of exquisite precision.* Select a friendly **WARMACHINE** within 18 inches of this model. That model may heal up to 3 wounds lost earlier in the battle

Keywords:

ORDER, HUMAN, CITIES OF SIGMAR, HERO, ALCANE ENGINEER



• WARSCROLL •

CITIES OF SIGMAR

ULGRAN STEAMRUNNER

A bizarre bridge between the Cogstrider steeds and the more traditional Steamtank the Steamrunners allow powered transport in terrain too inhospitable for the Steamtanks and at far more reliable speed. Each is crewed by a Technomancer of Midnight, arcane enchanters who through their technological and magical arts are able to influence the Steammare mounts and guide the chariot with a thought.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Rotary Pistol	9"	D3	4+	3+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Technomancers Stave	1"	1	4+	3+	-1	D6
Piston Kicks	1"	4	4+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

An Ulgran Steamrunner is a unit consisting of a one or more models armed with a Rotary Pistol and Technomancers Stave

MOUNT

This model is drawn by a pair of Ulgran Steamhounds that count as a mount. They attack with their Piston Kicks.

ABILITIES

Iron Behemoth: The thundering of pistons and crunch of metal against bone punctuates a charge from the Steamrunners, though refined in design the impact is nothing short of barbaric.

After this model makes a charge move, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 1" of this model and roll a dice. On a 3+, that enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Strain the Boiler: Life in the Midnight City is ever balanced between discovery and disaster, even their boilers can be balanced on this knives edge to draw as much power as possible.

At the start of your hero phase, you can choose to overpressure this model's boiler. If you do so, roll 2D6. If the roll is less than the number of wounds currently allocated to this model, this model immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds. If the roll is equal to or greater than the number of wounds currently allocated to this model, increase its move characteristic to 14 and the damage from its Iron Behemoth ability to 3 mortal wounds.

Keywords:

ORDER, HUMAN, CITIES OF SIGMAR, COGWORK, STEAMRUNNER



• WARSCROLL •

CITIES OF SIGMAR

COGSTRIDER LANCERS

There is little to do in the undervaults beyond innovate, from a young age every child who passes The Proving sets to work crafting innovations to show their value to the city. Many start with a Steammare, a steed to bear them through the many tunnels and workshops forged from steel and steamtech. When unleashed upon the field of battle these mounts have been through years of trial and refinement, bearing their riders forth.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Rotary Pistol	9"	D3	4+	3+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Forgesunder Lance	2"	2	4+	3+	-1	1
Piston Kicks	1"	D3	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 City, 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 and a Rotary Pistol.

MOUNT:

This units Cogstriders attack with Piston Kicks

Master of the Hunt -

The young nobles of the Industrial Empires are shepherded to war by the more venerable Masters of the Hunt steering their youthful enthusiasm to purpose

One model in this unit may be nominated to be the Master of the Hunt. Add 2 to all charge rolls for this unit whilst it contains any Masters of the Hunt

Apprentice Engineer -

The Cogstrider crews are no mere nobles, each is an apprentice to the master engineers of the Midnight City capable of maintaining the warmachines of the Arsenal.

One model in this unit may be an Apprentice Engineer, if this unit contains any Apprentice Engineers in your hero phase you may select a single friendly WARMACHINE within 3 inches of this unit and restore 1 wound to that model lost earlier in the battle

ABILITIES

Steady Platform -

The many pistons and gears of the Cogstriders afford their riders are more stable firing platform than any horse could, allowing them to fire even as they speed forwards.

This unit may fire their Rotary Pistols even if they ran in the same turn.

Steel Buckling Charge -

Hardened steel, momentum and the will to do righteous harm combine into a crescendo of battle when the Cogstriders deliver a charge.

This units Forgesunder Lances have a rend of -2 and Damage of 3 if this unit made a charge move in the same turn.

Keywords:

ORDER, HUMAN, CITIES OF SIGMAR, COGWORK, LANCERS



• WARSCROLL •

CITIES OF SIGMAR

COGSWORN TEMPLAR

An Arcane Engineering innovation the Cogsworn Templars utilise a refined Cogfort Harness powered by a Steamboiler, in order to provide basic sentience a crude Gargant brain is integrated as they are one of the few creatures used to wielding such a heavy body. These Automata are outfitted with Ironwrought Mauls to pulverise their foes and tended to by Midnight Engineers at all times.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Ironwrought Maul	2"	3	3+	3+	-2	2
Piston Stomps	1"	D3	4+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

An Cogsworn Templar unit consists of a single Steampowered Automata. Each marches to war carrying a complex Ironwrought Maul and able to unleash Piston Kicks.

AUTOMATA

The crude Gargant Brain used to control the Automata relies on constant guidance from the Engineers, absent this they can fall into stupour Ignore all modifiers (except from this special rule) to this models Bravery, however at the start of each of your Hero Phases if this model is not wholly within 12 inches of a friendly **ENGINEER** or **ARCANE ENGINEER** roll a d6, on a roll of a 1 halve this models Bravery and Attack Characteristics (rounding up) until the start of your next Hero Phase

ABILITIES -

Ironwrought Maul- *The Cogsworn Automata wield hefty Ironwrought mauls as much at home smashing through walls as flesh and bone. On the charge they deliver staggering momentum to send their enemies flying.*

Add one to Wound rolls and the Damage characteristic of this weapon if this model made a charge move in the same turn.

Sworn Protector - *The Cogsworn are built to serve the Midnight City Nobility, it is in their every fibre to sacrifice themselves for those more worthy.*

When this model is setup you may select one friendly **MIDNIGHT CITY HERO** to be its ward. If you do so whenever that model suffers a wound or mortal wound whilst this model is within 3 inches you may roll a d6. On a 3 or more this model suffers a mortal wound instead.

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 able to push it to the limit to compete with the monsters of the Realms.*

At the start of your hero phase, you can choose to overpressure this model's boiler. If you do so, roll 2D6. If the roll is less than the number of wounds currently allocated to this model, this model immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds. If the roll is equal to or greater than the number of wounds currently allocated to this model, until the start of your next hero phase, you can add 3 to this model's Move characteristic and add 2 to the Attacks characteristic of this model's Ironwrought Maul.

Keywords:

ORDER, AUTOMATA. CITIES OF SIGMAR, COGWORK, WARMACHINE