The Siege of Saint-Cassian

WORK IN PROGRESS



Homebrew
Trench Warfare
(Non official)



Saint Cassian

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Saint Cassian

The Siege of Saint-Cassian

To the Attention of the Holy Siege

Enclosed with this missive, you will find the journal I have kept since my arrival at Saint-Cassian and throughout the various expeditions conducted beneath the mausoleum. I initially began these notes for my own use, to preserve a record of the places we traversed, the specimens we encountered, and any observations that might prove useful during our subsequent descents. The extent of what we have discovered now compels me to place them in other hands. I have deliberately chosen to submit this journal in its present state rather than produce a summary. Some of my earliest observations have proven inaccurate, others have been corrected over the course of our expeditions, and several questions I once believed I could answer have only grown more obscure as we ventured deeper. I have annotated these passages where necessary, but I have not removed my original conclusions. They bear witness, I believe, to the difficulty we still face in understanding Saint-Cassian and those we now call the Forsaken. Within these pages, you will find descriptions of the various areas we have managed to reach, the routes we have taken, the dangers we have encountered, and the creatures that inhabit the depths. I have also recorded the testimonies of survivors when I was not personally present, taking care, wherever possible, to distinguish what I witnessed myself from what was reported to me. Certain passages may seem anecdotal for a report intended for the Holy See; nevertheless, I ask that they be preserved. In a place where a single error of judgement can doom an entire expedition, the memory of a man who took the wrong passage may prove more valuable than a map. Finally, I must insist upon one point. We have not explored Saint-Cassian. We have traversed only a fraction of it. Every new descent reveals additional galleries, chambers whose existence we had never suspected, and structures that render our earliest estimates almost laughable. The maps accompanying my observations must therefore never be regarded as complete, much less definitive. If this journal is to serve those who descend after us, let them read it for what it truly is: not a description of Saint-Cassian, but an account of what we have managed to learn by surviving long enough.
Doctor Vauquelin

Docteur Vauquelin
Naturalist in the service of the Holy Siege



I - The Gates

When we discovered the first mention of the Siege of Saint-Cassian in the archives, none of us knew precisely what we were looking for anymore. The texts were ancient, incomplete, and at times contradictory, but several referred to a mausoleum whose entrance had supposedly been sealed at the end of the events. They spoke of two immense bronze gates, tall enough to admit an entire procession, and of a sanctuary carved directly into the mountain. Yet when we arrived at the location indicated by the records, we found no gates, no monument, not even the remains of a façade. Before us lay nothing but a mass of stones and rock that had accumulated against the mountainside for so long that trees had grown over it, and several generations of inhabitants had come to regard the mound as a natural formation. The villagers still knew the name Saint-Cassian, of course, but none of those we questioned could explain why the place bore that name, and no one remembered that a mausoleum had once existed behind that wall of stone.

The excavation began on the strength of the archives alone, and during those first few days, I must admit that several among us seriously doubted what we would find. It was only after removing several metres of rock that the workers uncovered a metallic surface beneath the rubble. The bronze was blackened, deeply tarnished and covered in mineral deposits, but it could not be mistaken for anything natural. As we continued to clear the entrance, two monumental gate leaves emerged, along with the remains of the architecture that surrounded them. We also came to understand that the obstruction was probably not the result of a simple rockfall. Some stones appeared to have been piled together haphazardly, but others had clearly been arranged to fill the gaps and make access as difficult as possible. Three centuries had taken their toll, and it is now impossible to determine with certainty what had been deliberately constructed and what the movements of the mountain subsequently added. Nevertheless, I do not believe these gates were buried by accident.

It took us almost three weeks to clear enough of the gates to even consider opening them. This work nevertheless allowed us to study their surface, and what we discovered only raised further questions. Both gate leaves were covered with religious imagery, kneeling figures, funeral processions, and saints, some of whom could be identified, while others bore no resemblance to any iconography known to those accompanying us. Several faces had clearly been defaced with considerable violence before the entrance was sealed, but the inscriptions that might have revealed their names had suffered the same fate. I requested that complete records be made before any further work was undertaken. If someone had taken the trouble to erase these figures before sealing Saint-Cassian, it seems reasonable to assume they had a reason for doing so.

When the mechanisms were finally freed, it still took several men, chains, and two winches to move the gates. I had expected to find a collapsed passage or an entrance chamber buried beneath rubble.
What awaited us was precisely the opposite. An immense hall stretched out before us, so vast that the light of our first lanterns could not reach its far end. The floor, walls, and towering vaults were fashioned from a cold blue stone streaked with broad white veins, polished with such precision that it still faintly reflected our lights after centuries of abandonment. Bronze bands encircled the columns, outlined the arches, and traced

regular patterns across the floor. Dust covered almost everything, several slabs had been shattered, and we could already distinguish traces left by the creatures that now inhabited the depths, but none of this was enough to conceal the beauty of the place. I have visited cathedrals whose builders would likely have devoted an entire lifetime to obtaining stone of such quality, yet here it had been used across surfaces whose full extent we could not even begin to estimate.

It was also our first encounter with the flowers. We did not notice them immediately; it was their scent that first alerted us to their presence. It was surprisingly sweet, almost pleasant when it reached the entrance, which probably explains why several men removed their respiratory protection once the excavation work was complete. Within moments, the first of them began to cough. Deeper within the hall, an ochre mist gathered in places between the columns, drifting slowly across the stone slabs. Some plants grew directly from cracks in the stone, while their roots burrowed beneath the bronze plates or pierced ancient burial chambers. They were beautiful in their own way, but their pollen proved sufficiently toxic that the expedition had to be abandoned before we had travelled even a hundred metres. We knew nothing of their nature, and no one yet called them Vauquelin's Roses.

All we knew was that, after three centuries behind sealed gates, something was still blooming within Saint-Cassian. For a long time, I wondered why those who had sealed the mausoleum had chosen such a primitive method. Why pile tonnes of rock before gates designed to remain closed? Why erase certain religious figures before disappearing? Why had no local chronicle preserved the memory of a monument of such magnitude? Documents recovered since then have answered some of these questions, though certainly not all of them. One thing, however, seems difficult to ignore: the men who sealed this entrance did not merely close the gates. They attempted to erase even the memory of what lay beyond them. Having seen what Saint-Cassian harbours beneath the mountain, I am beginning to think they may have been right.

II - The Mausoleum

Beyond the bronze gates, the Mausoleum of Saint-Cassian extends for a distance that we initially found extremely difficult to estimate. The hall is perfectly straight and wide enough for several dozen men to advance abreast, while its vaulted ceiling disappears in places beyond the reach of our lanterns. This impression of immensity is heightened by the bluish stone from which almost the entire structure is built, streaked with irregular white veins and polished so meticulously that some surfaces still reflect the light. Bronze is omnipresent, yet never appears merely decorative: it encircles the columns, outlines the arches, frames the burial chambers, and sometimes crosses the floor in long lines whose purpose we have yet to determine. Even after centuries of abandonment, dust, roots, and the traces left by the Forsaken have failed to erase the beauty of the place. Only Vauquelin's Roses seem truly capable of disfiguring it, their roots slowly forcing the stone slabs apart while their pollen coats the stone in places with an ochre residue.

Both sides of the hall are lined with hundreds of burial niches carved directly into the walls. Some are sealed with stone or bronze plates, while others stand open and still contain human remains, generally wrapped in what was once cloth. Several tombs have been broken open and their contents scattered throughout the galleries, probably by the Mausoleum's current inhabitants, yet a surprising number remain intact. We have attempted to catalogue the names and inscriptions that are still legible, but have so far been unable to determine the logic behind the arrangement of the dead. Soldiers, members of the clergy, and individuals bearing titles unknown to us appear to rest side by side. More troubling still, some niches were clearly designed to accommodate several bodies, while others are far too large for the remains they contain. I would, however, advise against systematically opening the tombs until we have secured the area. We already have more than enough living things to study here without unnecessarily disturbing the dead.

Progressing through this hall soon produces a sensation that is difficult to convey in a written report. The architecture repeats itself with almost perfect regularity: the same columns, the same niches, the same bronze bands, the same patterns engraved into the stone. After a few hundred metres, it becomes surprisingly difficult to judge the distance travelled simply by observing one's surroundings. Several men have claimed to recognise cracks or tombs we had already passed, despite the fact that we had never changed direction. I remain convinced that this is primarily the result of fatigue and the effect of such repetition, but our initial surveys have not entirely resolved the matter. During our second expedition, Brother Aurélien counted four hundred and seventeen niches along the western wall before reaching the terminal arch. On the return journey, he counted four hundred and nineteen. We repeated the exercise two days later and obtained four hundred and seventeen. I mention this detail only because he insisted that I record it, and because he now categorically refuses to count them again.

The silence of the Mausoleum probably contributes to this disorientation. Despite its dimensions, the hall produces almost no natural echo. Footsteps seem to fade almost immediately, and conversations become difficult to distinguish once a few metres separate two groups. The clicking sounds made by the Forsaken, however, seem to

travel through the hall with considerably greater ease. On several occasions, we have heard these sounds far ahead of us, then almost immediately behind us, without ever glimpsing their source. The men have quickly developed the habit of turning around whenever a click echoes behind their backs. I am not certain that this serves any purpose, but I have made no attempt to discourage them.

The Roses become progressively more numerous as one moves away from the gates. The first specimens are little more than isolated shoots growing between the slabs, but certain sections of the Mausoleum are now sufficiently contaminated to require respiratory protection at all times. The pollen accumulates in areas where air circulation is limited, sometimes forming an ochre mist dense enough to conceal a man's legs. It would be tempting to systematically burn every plant encountered, but I strongly advise against this practice in enclosed spaces. During our third advance, several flowers that had been set alight released a considerable quantity of pollen before being consumed by the flames, poisoning two men who had been standing at a considerable distance. Vauquelin's Rose appears to have found a particularly favourable environment within this Mausoleum, although we still do not know what sustains it here.

At the end of this seemingly endless succession of tombs, a monumental arch finally appears, occupying almost the entire width of the hall. It has no doors and does not appear ever to have possessed any. Several inscriptions are engraved around its frame, but their condition and the language in which they were written have so far prevented us from producing a satisfactory translation. Beyond the arch, the bluish stone continues for a few more metres before giving way to a staircase descending beneath the mountain. It is here that the Mausoleum, as its builders seem to have conceived it, truly comes to an end, and that what our earliest maps simply designated as the lower levels begins.

I now find that designation particularly naive.

III - The Descent

Beyond the arch marking the end of the Mausoleum, the staircase begins almost immediately. At first glance, there is nothing remarkable about it: the steps and walls are made of the same bluish stone, the same white veins run through their surfaces, and a few bronze bands still remain along the walls. Yet after a few minutes of descent, the decorative elements gradually disappear. Bronze becomes increasingly scarce, the walls grow completely bare, and the burial niches that had accompanied our progress since the entrance vanish entirely. Soon, nothing remains but a staircase wide enough for four men to descend side by side, winding continuously around itself and plunging ever deeper beneath the mountain.

It takes approximately twenty minutes to reach the bottom at a cautious pace. This may seem insignificant when written here, but I strongly advise anyone who follows this passage not to underestimate it. For nearly twenty minutes, there are no doors, no proper landings, and no openings through which to leave the staircase. The steps turn with almost perfect regularity, always in the same direction, until the descent quickly becomes oppressive. We attempted to estimate the depth reached by counting the steps, but our various measurements differ too greatly for me to provide a figure I would consider reliable. Nevertheless, they all agree on one point: by the time the staircase ends, we have descended far deeper than the architecture visible from outside would suggest.

The light is one of the most disturbing aspects of this descent. Torches burn normally, as do lanterns, and no unusual phenomenon has been observed in their flames. Yet several members of the expeditions have independently reported the impression that their light becomes progressively less effective as we descend. The walls seem to absorb the glow rather than reflect it, and the distance at which we can clearly distinguish our companions appears to diminish. I initially attributed this sensation to eye strain and the complete absence of reference points, but I must admit to having experienced it myself during every descent. A lantern that seemed perfectly adequate at the top of the staircase felt pitifully insufficient ten minutes later, despite having lost none of its measurable intensity.

The air changes as well. It becomes more humid and noticeably colder, but above all, heavier to breathe. The floral scent encountered in the Mausoleum almost entirely disappears during the first half of the journey, before gradually returning in a different form, mingled with the smell of damp stone and some organic substance that is difficult to identify. During our earliest expeditions, we believed that the pollen of Vauquelin's Rose was simply drifting down from the upper chambers. We now know that we were mistaken: the highest concentrations lie beneath our feet. The deeper we descend, the closer we come to their source.

The silence, too, becomes particularly oppressive. Sounds from the Mausoleum fade away after a few turns, and for much of the journey, nothing remains but footsteps, breathing, and the scraping of equipment against the walls. Yet other sounds occasionally rise from the depths. Sharp clicks, similar to those used by the Forsaken to communicate, can sometimes be heard several minutes before we reach the bottom.

It is impossible to judge their distance within this staircase; some seem to come from only a few metres away, others from far below our feet. We have never encountered a Forsaken within the Descent itself. I do not know whether they deliberately avoid this place or simply have no reason to use it.

The staircase ends abruptly in a chamber much smaller than anything we have passed through so far. It is a square room whose architecture still clearly belongs to the Mausoleum, although it is in considerably worse condition. Several floor slabs are cracked, the walls bear impact marks, and opposite the staircase, an ancient door has been almost entirely destroyed. All that remains is part of its frame and a few fragments large enough to establish that it was once intended to seal the passage. The damage does not resemble destruction caused from the depths. On the contrary, the arrangement of the fragments and the marks left upon the stone suggest that the door was broken down from our side. The archives mention several descents undertaken by the inhabitants of Saint-Cassian during the siege, and I suspect that what we are observing here is evidence of one of them.

It is also here that the pollen becomes impossible to ignore. An ochre plume escapes almost continuously through the opening, slowly spreading across the chamber before drifting a few steps up the staircase. When a light is directed towards the passage, the particles are so numerous that they create the impression of a thick mist.
Respiratory protection must be securely in place before reaching the bottom of the staircase; waiting until the pollen becomes visible is a mistake for which we have already paid. Its concentration varies from day to day, probably according to the movement of air through the galleries, but we have never found this chamber entirely clear.

Beyond the shattered door, the bluish stone ends almost immediately. There are no more polished walls, no bronze, no burial niches, and no obvious trace of the architecture that has accompanied us since the gates of Saint-Cassian. Bare rock appears just a few metres beyond the opening, and with it, the first passages carved into the mountain. During my first descent, I believed we had finally reached the caverns beneath the Mausoleum.

I now know that the word ”caverns” is a very poor description of what awaited us beyond that door.



Saint Cassian

IV - The Anthill

Once beyond the shattered door at the foot of the Descent, every trace of the Mausoleum's architecture disappears within a few metres. The bluish stone gives way to dark, damp, irregular rock, some sections of which appear natural, while others have clearly been excavated or widened. It is difficult, however, to speak of construction in the sense we understand it. We found no tool marks, no supports, no structures intended to reinforce the walls, and nothing to suggest the use of any known building technique. The passages appear to have been carved directly into the rock by the creatures that inhabit them, then gradually enlarged over successive generations. Some are barely wide enough for an Emaciated to crawl through, while others are spacious enough for several men to advance abreast. Their arrangement follows no logic that we have yet been able to comprehend.

We soon began referring to this first region as the Anthill. I acknowledge that the term lacks scientific rigour, but no other describes quite so accurately the sensation one experiences upon entering it. The first cavern alone is several times larger than the great hall of the Mausoleum, and its walls are riddled with hundreds of openings. Perhaps thousands. Some lie at ground level, others several metres above our heads, while several open directly into the ceiling. Passages intersect, converge, and disappear behind the rock at angles that sometimes seem absurd. We attempted to map a portion of them before abandoning the effort: many divide again after only a few metres, then again, forming a network so complex that several months of work would be required merely to chart a fraction of it.

Yet what makes this chamber particularly exhausting is not its immensity, but the constant certainty that one is never alone within it. Every footstep seems to travel through the rock and provoke a response somewhere in the network. Claws scrape against the walls, stones tumble through unseen passages, and the characteristic tongue clicks of the Forsaken sometimes answer one another from opening to opening, without our being able to determine how many individuals surround us. Occasionally, a silhouette darts across a gallery before vanishing, or a limb withdraws into the darkness just as a lantern illuminates a cavity. We have rarely been attacked immediately upon entering the Anthill. This restraint is, in my opinion, far more unsettling than a direct charge. The Forsaken know we are there long before we know where they are, and everything suggests that they observe us until some weakness gives them a reason to emerge.

It was also here that we began to understand the true importance of the underground network to the Forsaken. They do not appear to regard the galleries as mere routes of passage. They are an integral part of their way of fighting, and perhaps even of their social organisation. An individual can disappear into an opening too narrow for an equipped man to follow, travel an unknown distance behind the walls, and reappear elsewhere moments later. During the second expedition, a group assigned to guard our left flank reported three Emaciated entering a gallery approximately thirty metres away. Less than a minute later, four individuals emerged behind our rearguard. I cannot, of course, claim that these were the same creatures, but the incident put a definitive end to our attempts to secure the chamber passage by passage. In the Anthill, controlling an entrance almost never means controlling what lies beyond it.

These galleries must also be distinguished from the Vein Maws that we subsequently identified. The latter are organic structures connected to the Devouring Mother and can appear in areas where no natural passage is visible. The Anthill, by contrast, appears considerably older and constitutes a genuine physical network excavated within the mountain. The two systems



now overlap to such an extent that it is sometimes difficult to determine which one we are observing. This distinction may seem academic, but it is anything but when a man decides to pursue a creature into an opening, believing it leads merely to a neighbouring gallery. I have requested that any opening displaying organic tissue, thick roots, or visible contractions be immediately marked on our maps and left undisturbed. Several men have ignored this recommendation. None has provided me with a sufficiently convincing argument to make me reconsider it.

Despite the apparent chaos of this network, three main passages stand out clearly at the far end of the great cavern. Their size and the traces of movement suggest that they constitute important routes for the colony, and they are the only paths we have so far explored far enough to establish their destinations. The first plunges sharply into the depths along a slope that soon becomes too steep to negotiate without ropes. The second continues almost directly through the mountain, with a relatively gentle incline. The third also descends, but along a much more gradual slope that can be traversed cautiously without specialised equipment. Each leads to a very different region of Saint-Cassian, and each appears to serve a specific purpose within whatever lies beneath our feet.

I formally recommend that no one enter the first passage without specific preparations. This warning already appears on our maps, but I prefer to repeat it here, for it was written only after we came to understand the reason behind it. The slope itself is merely the first danger. Farther below lie vast expanses of subterranean water, and the creatures that inhabit them are capable of moving outside it with considerably greater efficiency than we initially supposed. We have lost enough men in that direction that no further exploration should be authorised without ropes, heavy weapons, and the means to ascend rapidly.

The central passage, meanwhile, leads towards what we now call the Hall of Roses. It is from this direction that most of the pollen flooding the Anthill originates, sometimes rising as far as the Descent. Even from the main cavern, when the air currents are favourable, one can detect the distinctive scent of Vauquelin's Roses and perceive a faint ochre tint in the air. For a long time, we assumed that this was simply an area where the plants proliferated more abundantly than elsewhere. What we discovered upon reaching the hall makes that description seem almost ridiculous.

The final passage is the one that troubles me most. It descends less steeply than the first, and its route initially offers nothing to distinguish it from the other galleries. Yet after travelling far enough, the bare rock disappears once more. The walls become regular again, structures begin to emerge, and the bluish stone we had believed unique to the Mausoleum gradually returns to the architecture. It was by this route that we discovered the City.

I shall return to each of these places separately. For now, it is enough to understand that the Anthill is not a destination. It is a crossroads, and probably the first true nexus of the Forsaken's territory that we have reached. We spent weeks attempting to secure it before accepting a truth the soldiers had understood long before us: the Anthill cannot be secured. One enters, chooses a passage, and simply hopes that everything which heard one's arrival will decide to wait until one's return.

V - The Deep Waters

The first of the three main passages leading out of the Anthill is also the one I recommend exploring with the greatest caution. After a few dozen metres, the gallery begins to descend at an incline steep enough to make progress difficult, before the slope grows so severe that continuing without ropes becomes dangerous. The rock is constantly damp and particularly slippery, turning an already arduous descent into a veritable trap for anyone attempting to traverse it too quickly. Several secondary passages branch off along the way, but most are too narrow for an equipped man to enter. The main passage, meanwhile, continues to plunge for several hundred metres before the sound of water begins to reach our ears.

The gallery eventually opens above an immense subterranean cavern whose exact dimensions we have still been unable to determine. Much of its floor is occupied by expanses of black water, interconnected by natural channels, fissures, and passages that are entirely submerged. Our lanterns cannot illuminate their depths, and the few attempts we have made to measure them have yielded no satisfactory results. Certain banks allow passage between the pools, but they are irregular, often narrow, and sometimes disappear entirely beneath the rock. The water level itself appears to vary slightly from one expedition to another, suggesting the existence of a much larger network extending beneath Saint-Cassian and probably beyond the mountain.

The presence of such a vast quantity of water answers a question we had been asking since our earliest observations of the Forsaken. A colony of this size simply could not survive without access to a permanent water source, and everything suggests that these pools fulfil that function. We have found numerous traces of their passage along the banks, as well as paths so frequently travelled that certain sections of rock have been worn smooth. The water appears relatively clear when collected away from the shores, although I would obviously advise against drinking it. Roots belonging to Vauquelin's Roses have also been discovered in several fissures extending directly into the pools, suggesting that some of the water circulating here feeds the other regions of the Veins. It is possible that what we are observing is not a collection of isolated lakes, but the heart of an underground hydrological system upon which the entire colony depends.

What surprised us more was the almost complete absence of identifiable aquatic life. An environment of this size should support a considerable number of organisms, even underground. Yet we have observed neither fish nor crustaceans, nor any significant population of smaller creatures in the waters we have explored. For some time, we believed their absence to be the result of the environment's toxicity or contamination caused by the Roses. This hypothesis was abandoned when we encountered the only animals that now appear to inhabit these pools in significant numbers. Their presence unfortunately offers a much simpler explanation: if an ecosystem once existed within the Deep Waters, it has probably been eaten.

We have named these animals Vein Predators. Their elongated bodies resemble those of enormous eels, although their anatomy differs sufficiently to make any comparison imprecise. Their dark flesh is dotted with small luminous organs, and two extraordinarily powerful forelimbs emerge from the upper portion of their bodies. In water, their speed is remarkable. They can disappear beneath the surface without causing more than a slight ripple, then travel a considerable distance before reappearing. It is therefore particularly difficult to track an individual once submerged, and I recommend treating any pool in which one has been sighted as dangerous in its entirety.

We initially believed that leaving the water would be enough to place us beyond their reach. This mistake cost us four men. On land, the Predators are indeed considerably more awkward: their long bodies must be

dragged across the rock, and they possess only their two forelimbs with which to move. These limbs, however, are capable of generating tremendous force. By folding them beneath its body and then extending them violently, the animal can propel itself forward several metres at a speed its apparent bulk gives no indication of possessing. A man watching a Predator crawl slowly along a bank might therefore reasonably believe he has enough time to retreat. He does not.

Their hunting method also deserves to be recorded. When a Predator prepares to attack, the points distributed along its body gradually begin to emit a faint light. The lure positioned above its mouth then glows much more intensely and appears to induce an extremely rapid numbness in anyone who looks directly at it. Victims describe a sensation of warmth, followed by a loss of sensation in their limbs and a progressive loss of muscular control. We do not yet know whether this effect is truly caused by the light itself or by some other mechanism associated with the organ, but one detail strikes me as particularly interesting: the Forsaken appear entirely unaffected by it. Their complete lack of visual organs may indicate that the lure's influence simply requires it to be seen. I therefore recommend never looking directly at this light, even from a distance.

The animal's mouth probably explains why so few other species have survived in these waters. It occupies a disproportionate portion of the head and can open to an angle that seems anatomically impossible until one has witnessed it. The jaws are lined with several rows of inward-facing teeth and appear designed more for gripping and swallowing than for chewing. Within the stomach of one specimen, we discovered fragments belonging to at least three individuals of its own species. Cannibalism now appears to constitute an essential part of their diet. Their reproductive capacity must be extraordinary to allow a population of such voracious predators to survive by feeding primarily upon itself, but we have yet to discover their spawning grounds.

The relationship between these creatures and the Forsaken is perhaps even more remarkable. Everything suggests that the Predators were once hunted as a source of food, and several areas along the banks contain accumulations of bones and chitinous tissue consistent with regular harvesting. Yet over time, the Forsaken appear to have succeeded in keeping certain individuals close to their colonies, and during several engagements, Predators have been observed fighting alongside them. I would hesitate to use the term domestication too readily.

These animals display none of the docility associated with a trained beast and remain extremely aggressive towards almost any form of life that approaches them. Rather, it seems that the Forsaken have learned to direct their hunger, which may be the only form of control truly possible over a creature of this nature.

We have explored only a fraction of the Deep Waters. The pools extend far beyond the areas represented on our maps, and several submerged passages are sufficiently large to suggest the existence of even greater caverns. For the time being, I have opposed any attempt at underwater exploration. Deliberately entering black water of unknown depth, surrounded by animals capable of outswimming us and swallowing us almost whole, does not strike me as an experiment whose potential findings would justify the human cost.

Note added after the sixth expedition:
This prohibition remains in force. The fact that three soldiers proposed descending with explosives strapped to their bodies does not constitute, contrary to their arguments, a satisfactory method of exploration.

VI - The Hall of Roses

The central passage of the Anthill is probably the one we have travelled most frequently, although it leads to what I now consider one of the most dangerous places in Saint-Cassian. Unlike the gallery leading to the Deep Waters, the journey presents no particular difficulty. The slope is gentle, the passage wide enough for several men to advance together, and the ground remains relatively stable for most of the way. The danger manifests itself differently. As one progresses, the distinctive scent of Vauquelin's Rose grows increasingly strong, and the pollen suspended in the air becomes dense enough to be visible in the light of our lanterns. Respiratory protection is essential long before reaching the hall itself, and I recommend checking its seals before even leaving the Anthill. Several men poisoned during our earliest expeditions had never come within two hundred metres of the first flowers.

The gallery eventually widens abruptly, opening into a cavern whose dimensions far exceed those of the Anthill. I still find it difficult to provide a satisfactory estimate of its size, as the darkness almost entirely conceals the most distant walls. Yet the first impression is not so much one of space as of vegetation. Vauquelin's Roses cover practically every available surface. They grow between rocks, cling to the walls, form immense clusters around fissures, and sometimes spread over one another until they create masses of vegetation several metres high. Some flowers reach dimensions we have never observed elsewhere, and their roots form such a dense network beneath our feet that it sometimes becomes impossible to determine whether we are still walking upon rock. The ochre colour of their petals dominates the entire hall, contrasting almost unnaturally with the darkness surrounding it.

Water appears to be the principal reason for such proliferation. A substantial waterfall descends from an opening high in the cavern and flows through part of the hall before disappearing into several fractures in the ground. We suspect that some of this water eventually reaches the pools of the Deep Waters, although we have yet to find any means of confirming this. The remainder divides into countless small streams that flow through the colonies of Roses, keeping their roots constantly moist. Analyses conducted on this water have revealed a particularly high concentration of mineral and organic matter, probably carried down from the upper layers of the mountain. It therefore appears that the hall has benefited for centuries from a continuous supply of water and nutrients, which would explain how such extensive vegetation has managed to flourish in an environment almost entirely deprived of light.

Almost entirely, because the Hall of Roses possesses one feature that I still struggle to regard as natural. Far above us, a fracture runs through the mountain to the surface, allowing a single shaft of light to penetrate the cavern. It falls almost vertically into the centre of the chamber, illuminating an area barely wide enough for a man to stand within. Everything around it remains shrouded in almost complete darkness, disturbed only by our lanterns and the reflections upon the water. The contrast is striking. Amid this immense expanse of flowers, the column of light gives the impression of having been placed there deliberately, as though the entire hall had been arranged around it. I am perfectly aware of what this statement implies, and I must emphasise that we have discovered no evidence suggesting that the opening was artificially excavated.

This detail might have remained a geological curiosity had we not discovered the inscriptions. Several sections of rock surrounding the illuminated area bear texts, some of which appear to have been carved long after the cavern's natural formation. Their translation remains incomplete, but the passages we have managed to decipher correspond to several fragments recovered from the Mausoleum's archives. They recount the arrival of the first Forsaken in these depths and their encounter with the one they call the Ochre King. If our interpretation is correct, it was in this

very hall that they first discovered him. The inscriptions describe a figure waiting beneath the light, arms outstretched, as though he had known they would come and was welcoming them into the Veins of the World.

I stood at the location indicated by the inscriptions during our fourth expedition. The beam of light fell directly upon me, and from that position, the thousands of Roses almost entirely disappeared into the surrounding darkness. I cannot explain why, but the sensation of being watched was particularly strong there. Yet there was nothing before me that we had not already examined, and no movement was reported during the few minutes I spent in that place. I mention this impression because three other individuals who stood in the same position spontaneously described the very same sensation, without my having mentioned it to them beforehand. I do not claim that it was anything more than a reaction to the environment. Nevertheless, I must admit that I did not remain there for long.

Unfortunately, the Roses are not the only inhabitants of this cavern. It was here that we first observed significant numbers of the small winged creatures we eventually came to call Bone Fairies. They live among the flowers in swarms sometimes so vast that they can easily be mistaken for pollen when moving through the upper reaches of the cavern. We have watched them carry fragments of bone to the roots, transport pollen between different colonies, and strip away dead portions of the plants with a degree of care more reminiscent of workers tending to their duties than of animals merely feeding nearby. Their relationship with the Roses therefore appears far older and more complex than we initially believed.

Their name might suggest relatively harmless creatures. Such a misconception rarely survives a first encounter. The Fairies show little interest in flesh and do not appear to seek to kill their victims directly. Instead, they attempt to enter the body, exploiting an existing wound or creating an opening themselves when sufficiently numerous. Once inside, they attack almost exclusively the skeleton. We lost three men before understanding what was truly happening. The body of one of them appeared remarkably intact when the swarm finally abandoned it, despite the movements we had witnessed beneath his skin. When two soldiers attempted to move him, his arm bent beneath its own weight at a point where no joint should exist. Examination revealed that most of the humerus had disappeared. The fragments had probably been carried back to the Roses before we had even recovered the body.

It is particularly interesting to note that the Bone Fairies never seem to attack the Forsaken. We have observed them landing directly upon them, crawling among their flowers, and sometimes disappearing beneath folds of flesh without provoking the slightest hostile reaction. I do not know whether they recognise the Forsaken as part of the same environment as the Roses, whether something within their bodies repels them, or whether a more complex relationship exists between the three species. The possibility that the Fairies inhabited these caverns before the arrival of the Forsaken must also be considered. Traces of their presence have been discovered in passages where no evidence of ancient occupation by the children of the Ochre King has yet been identified.

The destruction of this hall became a military objective as soon as we understood its importance. Most of the Roses observed throughout the galleries appear to originate from this region, and everything suggests that it constitutes one of the colony's principal sources of pollen. During the assault that allowed us to hold a position inside the hall for a sufficiently long period, several teams equipped with incendiary weapons were ordered to set fire to the largest concentrations of vegetation. The initial results were encouraging, but the attempt quickly failed. The constant humidity, the streams running through the hall, and above all the spray from the waterfall prevented the fire from spreading. Certain areas burned enough to release dangerous quantities of pollen without destroying the roots, and new shoots were observed only a few days after our withdrawal.

I therefore do not believe it is possible to permanently destroy the Hall of Roses while water continues to nourish it. The sections we managed to burn already appeared to be sprouting new growth by the following day, and within a few days it became difficult to distinguish the areas that had burned from the surrounding vegetation. We would first need to locate the source of the waterfall, divert its course, or seal the channels that carry its

water here. Only then might a large-scale incendiary operation have a reasonable chance of destroying the roots deeply enough to prevent their regeneration. Such an intervention would probably also deprive the lower pools of part of their water supply and could have consequences we are still unable to anticipate.

There is, however, a far more immediate difficulty. Every attempt to damage the Roses provokes a reaction of such violence among the Forsaken that we have observed almost nothing comparable under any other circumstances. Uprooting a few flowers appears to cause only local agitation, but as soon as the damage becomes significant, tongue clicks multiply throughout the surrounding galleries, and the entire colony seems to descend into a state of collective fury. Dozens of Forsaken may then emerge from the passages of the Anthill, the fissures, and the Vein Maws, converging upon the Hall of Roses with no apparent regard for their own survival. Every one of our incendiary operations has thus turned into a pitched battle long before the flames could accomplish their purpose.

During the most destructive attacks, the response was even more disturbing. On several occasions, when a sufficient number of Roses had been set ablaze, a Devouring Mother emerged directly from beneath the ground, accompanied by a considerable number of her offspring. I cannot say whether the Mothers perceive the destruction of the flowers through their own roots, whether the Forsaken alert them by some means beyond our understanding, or whether the Roses themselves are capable of transmitting some form of signal. The result remains the same: any serious assault upon the Hall of Roses amounts to provoking the entire colony.

Nevertheless, if we truly intend to reclaim Saint-Cassian, this hall must sooner or later be neutralised. As long as it continues to bloom, every advance into the Veins will take place amid poison. The problem, therefore, is no longer merely finding a way to burn the Roses, but surviving the wrath of their guardians long enough to watch them burn.

There remains one final question that I cannot help but record. We know how the Roses survive here. We understand, at least in part, what provides them with the water, minerals, and bones they seem to require. What we still do not know is how the first of them came to inhabit this cavern. The inscriptions claim that the Ochre King was already standing among the flowers when the first Forsaken encountered him. If they speak the truth, then Vauquelin's Roses are not a consequence of their presence beneath Saint-Cassian.

They were already waiting for them.



Saint Cassian

VII - The city

The third main passage leading out of the Anthill is the one that has taken us furthest beneath Saint-Cassian and, paradoxically, the one whose initial descent presents the fewest difficulties. The gallery slopes gently down through the mountain, its incline gradual enough to be traversed without specialised equipment. For a considerable distance, nothing truly distinguishes it from the other passages of the Forsaken: bare rock, roots of Vauquelin's Roses, secondary openings, and occasional clicking sounds coming from galleries we cannot follow. Then, after several kilometres, the nature of the passage gradually begins to change. The walls become more regular, the angles more defined, and the first polished surfaces emerge beneath the accumulated deposits. The bluish stone streaked with white veins that we had believed unique to the Mausoleum reappears, soon accompanied by the same bronze structures. As we advance, the cavern gradually disappears, giving way to something I would never have imagined finding at such a depth: a street.

I use the term deliberately. This is not a succession of underground chambers, a temple, or some forgotten extension of the Mausoleum. We have discovered an actual city built beneath the mountain. Thoroughfares wide enough for several dozen men to walk abreast separate buildings, some of which rise several storeys high. Staircases lead to terraces, arches span the streets, and bridges connect structures whose far ends sometimes disappear into the darkness. We have also glimpsed monumental buildings whose purpose entirely escapes us, as well as squares large enough to accommodate several hundred people. Everywhere, the same bluish stone reappears, occasionally interrupted by great expanses of tarnished bronze. The whole undeniably resembles the architecture of the Mausoleum, but on a scale that makes the latter seem almost insignificant.

I must emphasise that nothing allows us to conclude that this city was built by the Forsaken. Indeed, everything we know of them suggests the opposite. They make use of what they find, excavate the rock when necessary, and transform their surroundings through the Roses or the Devouring Mothers, but we have never seen them carve stone, smelt metal, or erect even the simplest structure comparable to those found here. They occupy the City as they occupy the Mausoleum: by inhabiting architecture that clearly existed before them. Roots penetrate the walls, Vein Maws occasionally break through the streets, and flowers grow even within the buildings, but beneath this infestation remains a construction far older than its current occupants. Who built it, when, and for what purpose are questions to which I currently possess no satisfactory answers.

The scale of the place is what troubles me most. During our most extensive advance, we travelled for nearly six hours without reaching any identifiable boundary. We crossed several districts, skirted structures too vast or too heavily occupied to explore, and passed through two squares whose far ends were invisible from their entrances. At no point did we encounter an outer wall, a natural rock face, or anything that might suggest the City had a nearby boundary. The captain responsible for our surveys estimated that our route covered just under eleven kilometres when we received the order to turn back. I asked him to verify his measurements, as they seemed incompatible with the geography of the mountain above us. He checked them. They remained incompatible.

Since then, our surveys have produced results that I prefer to regard as incomplete rather than impossible. Certain explored sections should, if our measurements are correct, lie beyond the boundaries of the mountain beneath which we descended. Accumulated errors in our instruments, the orientation of the galleries, or our estimates of distance remain, of course, the most reasonable explanation. Nevertheless, I request that future expeditions conduct independent surveys. When a map begins to contradict the terrain beneath which it is supposed to lie, it is preferable to establish as quickly as possible which of the two is incorrect.
The City also contains the greatest concentration of Forsaken we have ever observed. Those encountered in the Anthill clearly represent only a fraction of the colony. Here, they are everywhere. Emaciated move through the streets in entire groups, Stalkers occupy the heights and façades, while larger forms can be glimpsed between the buildings. Certain structures appear to have been transformed into veritable gathering places, where hundreds of individuals sometimes remain crowded together

without our understanding what they are doing. The clicks they use to communicate are almost constant here, to the point that after several hours in the City, one eventually ceases to notice them. This is perhaps one of the most unpleasant sensations I have experienced there: suddenly realising that the sound accompanying your every step for hours comes from countless creatures that know exactly where you are.

Nevertheless, we managed to establish several temporary positions in the districts closest to the entrance. It was there that the fighting reached a scale our earliest expeditions had never encountered. In the galleries, we fought groups of hunters and struggled to survive ambushes. In the City, we face a population defending its territory. Every street we capture can be attacked from the buildings, rooftops, galleries excavated beneath the paving stones, or Vein Maws appearing behind our lines. A position held for several days can suddenly become untenable when the Forsaken begin emerging in great numbers from passages whose existence we had never suspected. The fighting rarely ends because one side has truly achieved victory; it ends when we can no longer hold our position or when, for reasons we do not always understand, the Forsaken cease attempting to reclaim it.

One observation, however, deserves particular attention. The ferocity with which they defend certain sectors is far from uniform. Some streets may be abandoned after only a few hours of fighting, while others provoke reactions comparable to those observed when we damage the Roses. We still do not know what these areas contain. Several hypotheses have been proposed: breeding grounds, significant concentrations of Devouring Mothers, access to deeper levels, or ancient remains of particular importance to the Forsaken. For the moment, I would avoid drawing any conclusions. The only certainty is that we have learned to recognise these places by the number of creatures willing to die to prevent us from entering them.

I once believed that the Mausoleum was Saint-Cassian, and that the galleries discovered beneath it were merely an infestation that had gradually spread into its foundations. I now believe that we had understood the situation entirely backwards. The Mausoleum may be nothing more than the visible portion of something infinitely older and more extensive. The architectural similarities between its entrance and the City make it difficult to dismiss their connection as mere coincidence, but they raise a far more disturbing question: if the same builders were responsible for both structures, why construct a mausoleum above an underground city whose very existence was subsequently meant to be forgotten?

Perhaps the bronze gates were never intended to mark the entrance to a tomb.

Perhaps they were simply the last gate separating this city from the surface.

It is here that what the soldiers have begun calling, not without a certain irony, the new Siege of Saint-Cassian is now taking place. We are no longer merely attempting to contain the Forsaken within their galleries or prevent their incursions towards the surface. On several occasions, our forces have managed to penetrate deep enough into the City to establish positions and attempt to reclaim certain sectors. Every advance costs us men, every retreat returns to the Forsaken streets for which we have sometimes fought for days, and no one can yet say how many districts lie beyond those we know. Nevertheless, we continue to speak of reconquest, probably because admitting that we do not even know what we are trying to conquer would be bad for morale.

I shall therefore conclude these initial notes with a warning to those who consult the maps accompanying this journal. The areas depicted do not represent the City of Saint-Cassian. They represent only the distance we have managed to advance before casualties, the Forsaken, or our dwindling supplies forced us to turn back. Beyond the last street marked on our surveys, the buildings continue. Beyond the reach of our lanterns, the clicking continues as well. We have yet to discover a centre, an outer wall, or any boundary to this place, and nothing allows us to conclude that the levels we are currently exploring even constitute its principal section.

During my most recent expedition, I climbed to the top of one of the tallest structures we had secured. From there, our lanterns illuminated several streets below, but ahead of us, the City continued until it vanished entirely into the darkness. We spent several minutes searching for a wall, a boundary, or simply somewhere the buildings might come to an end.

We saw none.

I do not know how vast Saint-Cassian truly is.

I am only beginning to understand that everything we have seen so far is merely its entrance.





Saint Cassian

The Consecrated Knights
Order of the Thorned Crown

"They were created to become the champions of Mankind. Instead, they became the custodians of a miracle no human mind was ever meant to endure."

When the first Consecrateds appeared upon the battlefields of the Great Holy War, many saw them as Christendom's ultimate answer to the horrors of Hell. Transformed through the Chemical Communion, they possessed supernatural strength, inhuman resilience and a faith that seemed beyond all doubt.

But every miracle carries a price.

Slowly, the Consecrateds succumbed to the voices of the Saints. Some became creatures incapable of distinguishing reality from vision. Others drifted into permanent ecstasy, or vanished into deserts and ruins, following calls that no other soul could hear.

Determined to preserve the blessings of the Chemical Communion without suffering its most catastrophic consequences, the Papacy embarked upon a project as ambitious as it was secret.

From among Christendom's greatest heroes were chosen knights, crusaders and veterans whose faith had already been tested by countless campaigns. Under the supervision of Mendelist scholars and the authorities of the Holy See, they received the gifts of the Chemical Communion while retaining their intellect, discipline and mastery of arms.

Thus was born the Order of the Thorned Crown.

Unlike ordinary Consecrateds, the Consecrated Knights are neither mindless war-beasts nor uncontrollable zealots. They lead assaults, spearhead expeditions beyond enemy lines and serve as the executors of Papal will wherever the forces of Hell threaten Mankind.

Yet beneath their blessed armour, the voices of the Saints remain.
Prayers, relics and Mendelist treatments may lessen their clamour, but they can never silence them completely. Every Consecrated Knight hears the whispers of the beings whose blood now flows within his veins. Some describe them as hymns. Others as eternal sermons. A few speak of an infinite choir, endlessly repeating the same sacred truths.

One thing is certain: no Consecrated Knight can ever forget his destiny.
That is why they never retreat.

Fear, hesitation and self-preservation are privileges they surrendered on the day they accepted the Communion. Where an ordinary man may still choose fight, a Consecrated Knight advances. Always. Even when victory is impossible. Even when death is certain.

At their side march the Squires. Servants, companions and wardens of their masters, they maintain their weapons, bear their relics, reload their wargear and watch over them during the long nights spent listening to the voices of the Saints. They are often the only souls who still know the man beneath the sacred armour.

The Squires understand a truth that most of the faithful never will. Every Consecrated Knight is a triumph of faith over darkness. But every Consecrated Knight is also a condemned man.

And no one knows how long his will can withstand the Eternal Choir that echoes within his mind.

Lore
Special Rules
Armoury Tables
Equipment
Elites
Troops
Warband Variants
Campaign Rules
Homebrew
Trench Warfare
(Non official)

The Constable

"Where others see a battle, I see only a future victory."

Few Consecrated Knights are permitted to bear the title of Constable. It is awarded neither for seniority, nor birth, nor even deeds performed upon the battlefield, but marks the culmination of a path that only the most exceptional ever complete. Before aspiring to command, every Constable has served among the Gallants, mastering the art of close combat until surpassing those who once taught them. Where most would devote an entire lifetime to perfecting this discipline, those destined to become Constables then abandon their favoured weapons, join the ranks of the Arquebusiers, and begin their training anew from its very foundations.

For years, they study ballistics, heavy weaponry, and the art of killing at distances where the ordinary eye can scarcely distinguish the enemy. Only after matching, and then surpassing, the finest marksmen of the Order may a Knight be deemed worthy of following the final path: that of command. For the Holy See does not entrust its armies to men who understand only one way of waging war.

A Constable must know every weapon he orders others to wield, understand the strengths and weaknesses of each of his brothers, and be capable of envisioning a battle long before the first shot is fired. Their military training is every bit as merciless as their martial education. Strategy, logistics, fortification, siegecraft, reconnaissance, and the reading of terrain become their new weapons, until manoeuvring an entire company comes as naturally to them as wielding a blade.

On the battlefield, this absolute mastery makes them terrifying. A Constable can shatter an enemy line alongside the Gallants, strike down a target hundreds of metres away with the precision of an Arquebusier, then, moments later, reorganise his entire force to exploit a weakness that only he had perceived.



They are few in number, for the Order would rather remain without a Constable than appoint one unworthy of the title. Those who complete this path are no longer regarded merely as the superiors of their brothers.

They are what every Consecrated Knight has sworn to become: the paragons of the Order of the Thorned Crown.

The Seneschal

"You haven't been given permission to die. Get back up."

Seneschals occupy a singular place within the hierarchy of the Order of the Thorned Crown. Most were once the Squires of the Constable they now serve, having fought at his side long before either bore his current title. This bond, forged over decades, explains the almost instinctive coordination between them: when a Constable conceives a battle plan, his Seneschal is often the only one to understand his intentions before the orders are even spoken.

Though they never presume to be their master's equal, the finest Seneschals stand but a single step below him. Accomplished warriors, experienced officers and formidable tacticians, they are fully capable of taking command of a force when circumstances demand it. When a Constable and his Seneschal fight together, their orders follow one another with such precision that a battle thought lost can turn within moments.

But command is not the Seneschal's true purpose.

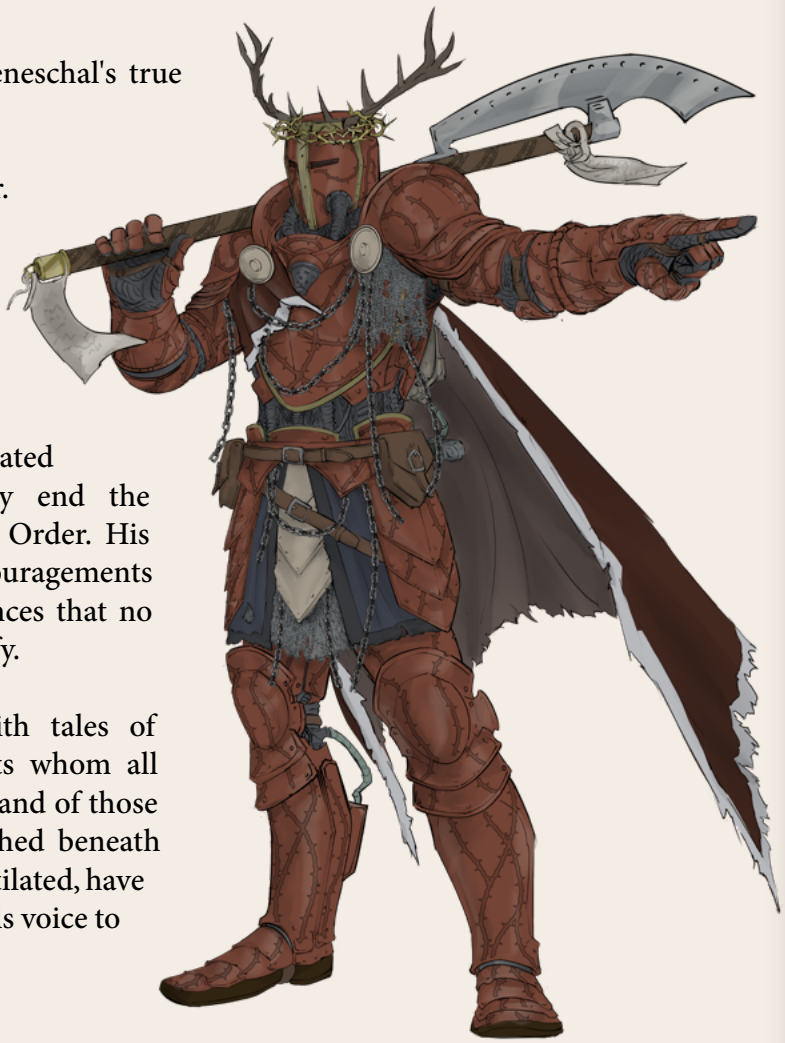
He is the Justice of the Order. On the battlefield, his word carries an authority almost as absolute as that of the Constable. He watches over his brothers, maintains the cohesion of the ranks, and ensures that every Consecrated Knight fulfils to the very end the oaths that bind him to the Order. His commands are neither encouragements nor prayers: they are sentences that no Consecrated Knight may defy.

The chronicles abound with tales of Seneschals ordering Knights whom all believed to be dying to rise, and of those Knights obeying. Men crushed beneath their armour, impaled or mutilated, have risen again at the sound of his voice to resume their place in the ranks, as though their own bodies dared not contradict the authority that had commanded them to fight.

Some see this as the manifestation of divine grace. Others claim that the discipline instilled in the Consecrated Knights is simply so deeply rooted in their flesh that it survives even their instinct for self-preservation.

The Seneschals themselves care little for the distinction.

When they order a brother to rise, they do not ask whether he is still capable of doing so. They simply remind him that he has not yet been granted permission to die.



The Gallant

"If no one has ever come back from it, then I'll be the first to do so."

Among the Consecrated Knights, the Gallants are those in whom the discipline of the Order is most dangerously entwined with a genuine thirst for glory. They obey with the same rigour as their brothers, honour the same oaths, and never question the orders given to them, but when a mission demands that someone hurl himself into the heart of the impossible, few volunteer with such enthusiasm.

Gallants seek out battles from which others would rather not return. Breaking a fortified line, holding a passage alone, facing a monstrous foe, or leading a charge with almost no chance of survival are, to them, opportunities to prove their worth. Some accept with barely concealed joy missions that their own officers consider suicidal, convinced that a glorious death is preferable to a long life spent without ever testing the limits of their courage.

Most troubling of all is that they come back. The archives of the Order are filled with accounts of Gallants found after battle, drenched in blood, their armour torn open and their chains burdened with new links, standing amidst enemies who should have overwhelmed them long before. This stubborn refusal to die in the face of the impossible fuels their reputation as much as it sometimes troubles those tasked with giving them orders.

None embodied this ideal better than Corentin the Brave. During an offensive against heretical forces, he was ordered to hold back an enemy advance alone, buying his brothers enough time to reform their ranks before a decisive breakthrough. No one expected to see him alive again. Yet when the Consecrated Knights finally advanced to support his position, they discovered that the enemy reinforcements they had expected had never arrived.

Corentin was still there.

Wounded many times, surrounded by corpses and barely able to hold his weapon, he continued to deny the heretics passage. His wounds were so grievous that they permanently ended his exploits on the battlefield, but his sacrifice allowed the Order to break through the enemy lines and secure a victory that only hours earlier had seemed impossible.

Corentin would never again be able to prove his bravery through force of arms. He had no need to.

Since that day, when a mission is deemed impossible, the Gallants do not ask how many of them will return. They simply ask who will have the honour of going.



The Arquebusier

"One bullet, one death. The second is an admission of failure."

Where the Gallants seek their trials in the fury of close combat, the Arquebusiers cultivate a radically different form of warfare. They do not charge to prove their courage, nor do they measure their worth by the number of enemies faced at once. To them, perfection lies in a single, cold and precise act: identify the right target, pull the trigger, and watch it disappear from the battlefield.

The discipline of the Arquebusiers borders on obsession. They study distances, winds, trajectories and the movements of their enemies with a patience few Consecrated Knights possess. Every round wasted is considered a failure, and some spend decades recording the exact number of shots required for each of their victories. An Arquebusier's pride is therefore measured not by how many bullets he fires, but precisely by those he never needed to fire.

"One bullet, one kill."

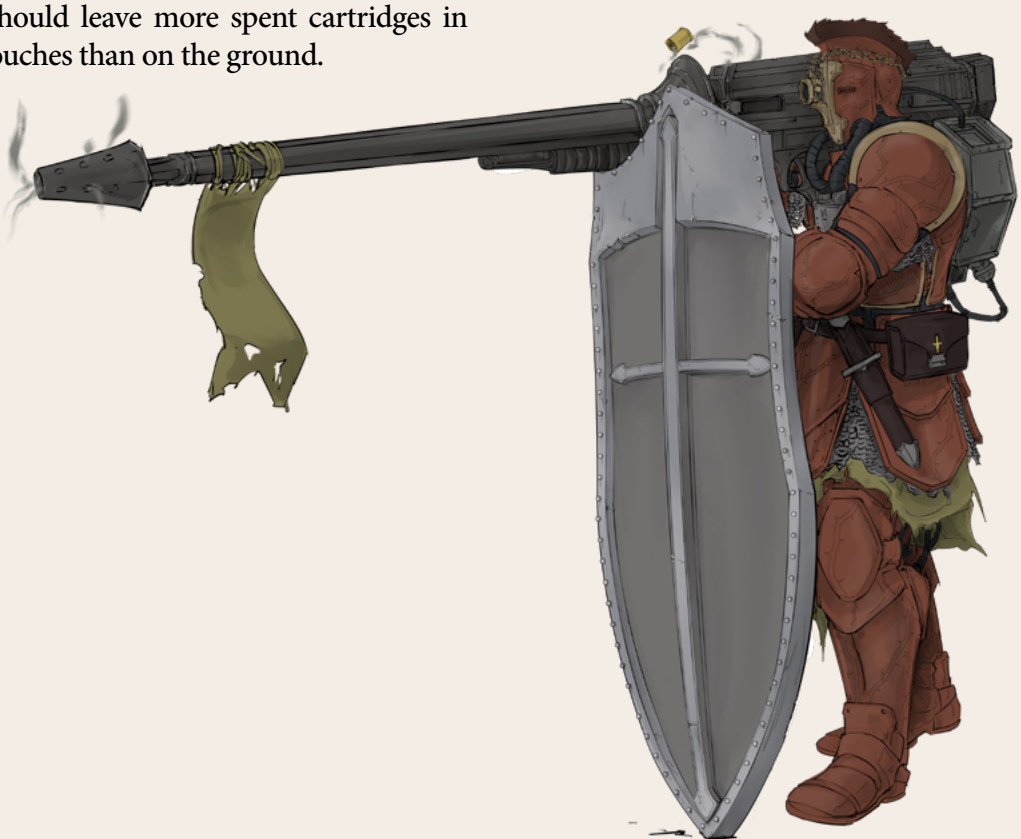
This adage has become the fundamental principle of their branch of knighthood. Two shots to bring down an enemy means the first was not accurate enough. Three is already a blunder whose shame some Arquebusiers may carry for years. In their eyes, a perfectly fought battle should leave more spent cartridges in their pouches than on the ground.

The most gifted among them may be granted the immense honour of being entrusted with one of the rare Holy Rifles of Longinus preserved by the Order. These monumental weapons are so heavy, and their recoil so violent, that an ordinary man would be incapable of wielding them without assistance. In the hands of a Consecrated Knight, however, they become instruments of terrifying precision, capable of striking down targets at distances that even other warriors struggle to comprehend.

The chronicles tell of Arquebusiers eliminating officers, artillery crews and enemy creatures that their own brothers had yet to even notice. When the thunder of a Longinus finally rolls across the battlefield, its target may already be dead before those around it have even realised they were being watched.

Arquebusiers seek neither applause nor tales of their exploits. The proof of their skill usually lies somewhere far ahead of them, with a single hole through its body.

For when an Arquebusier is forced to fire twice, he rarely considers his enemy particularly resilient. He simply considers his first shot a miss.



The Squire

"I am still just a man. But that won't stop me from performing miracles."

Often relegated to the shadow of the Consecrated Knights they accompany, Squires are sometimes regarded with condescension by those who fail to understand what their role truly demands. They possess neither the immense strength, nor the supernatural endurance, nor the monumental armour of their masters. Yet each of them already endures a training regimen that few human beings could survive for more than a handful of days.

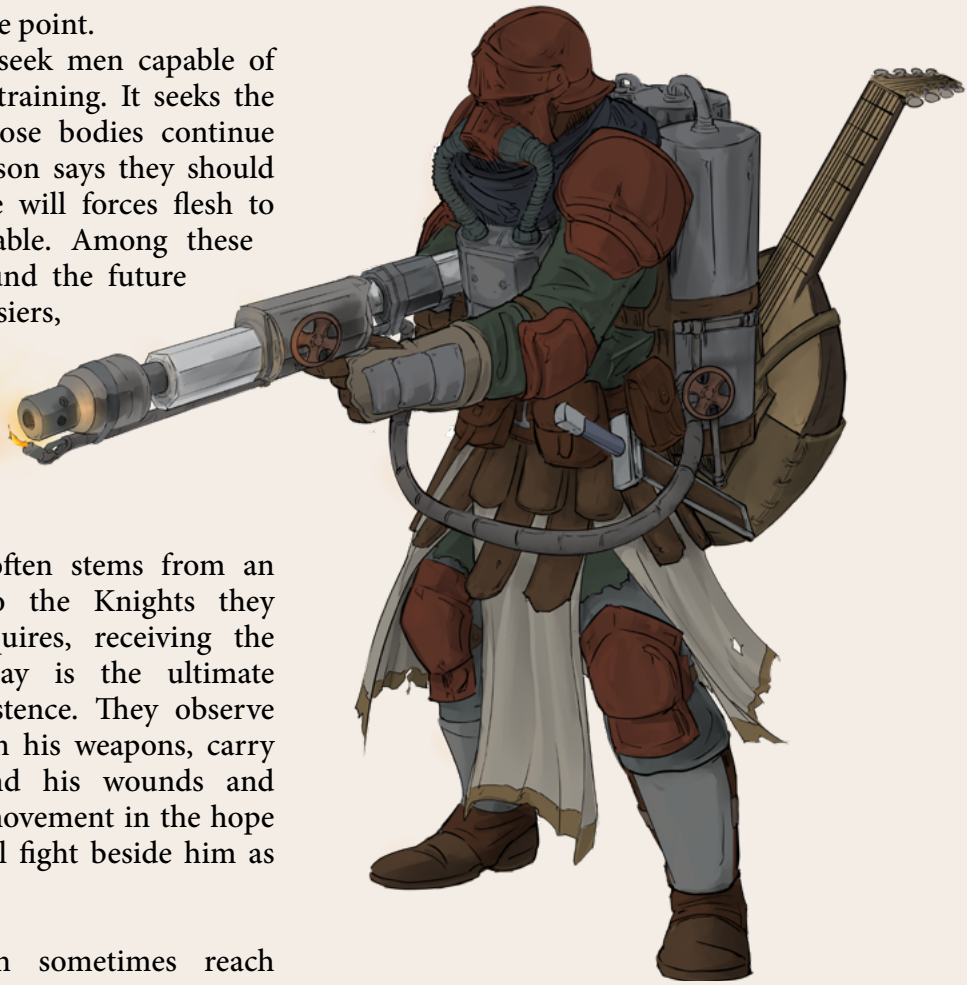
For becoming a Squire is no reward. It is an ordeal that can last for years.
Their training is deliberately excessive, brutal and often lethal. Endless marches beneath crushing loads, sleep deprivation, martial exercises carried out to the point of exhaustion, weapons training and the ceaseless repetition of the Order's rites shape their daily existence. The human body is simply not designed to withstand such treatment, and many die before ever coming close to the ritual of Consecration.

But that is precisely the point.
The Order does not seek men capable of surviving reasonable training. It seeks the exceptions: those whose bodies continue forward when all reason says they should collapse, those whose will forces flesh to endure the unendurable. Among these survivors may be found the future Gallants, Arquebusiers, Seneschals and, in exceptional cases, those who will one day bear the title of Constable.

This determination often stems from an absolute devotion to the Knights they serve. For many Squires, receiving the Consecration one day is the ultimate purpose of their existence. They observe their master, maintain his weapons, carry his ammunition, tend his wounds and memorise his every movement in the hope that one day they will fight beside him as equals.

This admiration can sometimes reach almost unreasonable extremes. The archives tell of Squires continuing to serve despite wounds that would have doomed seasoned soldiers, carrying weapons beyond their own strength, or crossing battlefields under fire simply because their master had need of them.

Some call it fanaticism. The Order prefers to call it potential.
For before becoming a Consecrated Knight, one must first prove that even a mere human body can perform miracles.



The Hounds of the Crown

"You can run from our Knights. But you'll never outrun their Hounds."

The Hounds of the Crown were never bred to rival the monstrous creatures the Order encounters on the battlefield. Born from carefully selected crosses between several species of large canids, they were bred for two qualities the Consecrated Knights considered far more valuable than brute strength: speed and precision. Their distinctive silhouette, carried on disproportionately long legs, gives them an almost fragile appearance that often deceives those seeing them for the first time. That impression usually disappears the moment they start running.

Capable of outrunning a horse at full gallop, the Hounds cross battlefields with astonishing agility. Where a mount must go around a trench, they clear it in a single bound; where barbed wire, craters and corpses slow the infantry, their long legs allow them to continue their course while barely losing momentum. Few creatures can rival them when it comes to rapidly crossing the devastated ground separating two positions.

This speed explains their frequent use as messengers. Their training allows them to memorise routes, recognise members of the Order and carry orders, maps or messages when conventional communications have been destroyed. More than one isolated company owes its survival to the arrival of a Hound carrying its Constable's latest instructions around its neck.But the Hounds remain predators above all else.

When unleashed into enemy trenches, their speed becomes a weapon. They leap from parapet to parapet, pursue fleeing soldiers and strike before their victims have even understood where they came from. The Knights use them to harass enemy positions, hunt down specific targets or sow enough disorder to prepare the way for the arrival of the Consecrated Knights.

There are, however, situations where speed and finesse are no longer enough.

When the order is no longer to pursue the enemy but to empty a trench, Constables can call upon the far rarer Trench Mastiffs. These enormous war dogs are the exact opposite of the Hounds: massive, brutal and encased in heavy armour bristling with spikes, they are unleashed in packs into enemy positions with a mission of horrifying simplicity.

They carry no messages and hunt no fugitives.
They enter a trench to make certain that nothing comes back out.



The Zealot

"We chained him up to protect him from the world.
Now, let the world pray for protection from him."

Not all Squires who survive long enough to undergo Consecration become Consecrated Knights. In very rare subjects, the ingestion of Meta-Christ blood provokes a reaction as spectacular as it is inexplicable. While most Consecrated Knights manage, through absolute discipline, to contain the ceaseless whispers of the Meta-Christs that now echo within their minds, some find these voices consuming everything else. Sermons become commands, hymns swell into deafening clamour and, within mere hours, every trace of their former personality is consumed. Those whom their masters sometimes regarded as the most promising recruits descend into irreversible madness, leaving behind nothing but a blind devotion to the extermination of Christendom's enemies.

While the origin of this madness is now scarcely in doubt, the Holy See remains unable to explain what follows. The bodies of these unfortunate souls continue to transform far beyond what Consecration should allow. They grow to prodigious heights, their musculature continues to swell until it surpasses that of any Knight, and their resilience becomes almost inhuman. No theologian, Mendelist or physician has ever been able to explain why the same blood that elevates one man to knighthood can sometimes transform another into a monstrous colossus.

Such cases are fortunately exceptional, yet occur regularly enough that the Order has learned not to regard these tragedies as a loss. For while the voices of the Meta-Christs devour their minds, they turn their bodies into formidable engines of war.

A Zealot frequently stands more than four metres tall, his musculature continuing to grow until almost every trace of the Squire he once was has disappeared. Insensible to pain and incapable of distinguishing a mortal wound from a mere scratch, he must be kept blinded and heavily chained between battles. Transporting one is already a military operation in itself: confined within reinforced carts, they are released only once these have been turned towards the enemy lines.

Deprived of conventional weapons, the Zealot hurls himself at anything in his path with animalistic violence. His immense gauntlets are usually enough to crush a man, but his frenzy drives him to use anything sturdy enough to grasp as a weapon: beams, stones, pieces of fortification, corpses and, on occasion, enemies who are still alive. Several reports describe soldiers being seized by the legs before being used to beat their own comrades to death.



The instructors of the Squires still recount, with dubious amusement, the tale of Thomas, who was tasked with opening a Zealot's cart during an offensive. The young man made the mistake of remaining within its field of perception for a few seconds too long. The Zealot seized him and, apparently finding him sufficiently sturdy, proceeded to use him as an improvised weapon for much of the battle.

Against all expectations, Thomas survived. His body recovered from most of its fractures, though his face never quite regained its original shape. The incident might have served as a warning to future generations of Squires. Instead, it became a particularly popular joke within the Order. Thomas himself entered the chronicles under a name he would retain until his own Consecration: Thomas the Solid.



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The Executioners

If the Seneschal embodies the Justice of the Order of the Thorned Crown, the Executioners are those who ensure that it is carried out. For even among the Consecrated Knights, whose oaths and discipline surpass those of ordinary men, some stray from the path laid before them. Pride, cowardice, disobedience or deeds unworthy of the Order can, in mere moments, turn a respected brother into a disgrace that no past victory can erase.

It was to erase such disgrace that the Executioners were instituted.

They are neither judges nor confessors. By the time their intervention is required, judgment has already been passed and the sentence is no longer open to question. Their role is simply to find the condemned, force them to their knees and let the blade fall. Their faces remain forever concealed beneath heavy hoods that cover even their eyes, for the Executioners claim they have no need to see those they are sent to kill: their faith alone is enough to guide them towards the sinners the Holy See has ordered them to strike down.

No law of the Order forbids men from following this path. Yet for generations, the overwhelming majority of Executioners have been women. The theologians of the Holy See suppose that Consecration affects certain subjects differently, intensifying within them a particularly cold and absolute form of devotion. Where other Consecrated Knights seek glory, perfect their craft or aspire to command, the Executioners seem to lose almost all interest in such concerns. Nothing remains but duty, the sentence, and the certainty that it must be carried out.

Their weapon itself reflects this purpose. Each wields a gigantic executioner's axe known as the Guillotine, whose oversized blade was never designed for the prolonged exchanges of a duel. It exists for a single blow. The Chains of Judgment they carry allow them to seize those who would still attempt to escape their fate, their hooks dragging the condemned within reach of the blade and denying them any chance of flight.

Their jurisdiction does not end at the borders of the Order. When the Holy See determines that an enemy commander has committed deeds so abhorrent that a simple death in battle is no longer considered an acceptable punishment, an Executioner may be sent to the front with that name as her sole mission. From that moment on, the battle around her is nothing more than an obstacle between the condemned and her sentence.

The Knights pass judgment. The Executioners let the Guillotine fall.

The Consecrated Saint

The name Consecrated Saint does not refer to the Knight seen advancing beneath the weight of an immense reliquary. It refers to the sacred remains he carries. The greatest heroes of the Order of the Thorned Crown are not always allowed to rest after death. Some are consecrated one final time, their remains placed upon a throne and securely chained to it so that they may continue to accompany their brothers upon the battlefield.

The bearers of these relics are no ordinary Knights.
They belong to a brotherhood so rare that the Order currently counts only four among its ranks. All were once Zealots, consumed by the voices of the Meta-Christs until every trace of identity had been lost. Yet, against all expectations, these four beings achieved what theologians had deemed impossible. They never regained silence; the voices never ceased. Instead, they eventually came to understand them. Where Consecrated Knights struggle each day to master the whispers, and Zealots surrender themselves to them entirely, these four learned to live in perfect harmony with that eternal chorus. Since that day, the Order has called them the Attuned.

Having known blind fury before finding this impossible peace, they willingly renounced all personal glory. Each was entrusted with the guardianship of a Consecrated Saint, swearing that never again would their strength be used to destroy, but only to protect. Their names, their pasts, and even their former identities were abandoned. From that moment onward, only the Saint they carry matters.

To fulfil this duty, each Attuned is encased in Sanctimartyr Armour, among the heaviest forms of protection employed by the Order. Two gigantic Shields of Saint Armand further reinforce this walking fortress, rising on either side of the reliquary like spiked walls of metal. Beneath such weight, the Attuned advances slowly, yet with such inexorability that it can seem as though an entire chapel has begun to march.

It would be dangerous, however, to mistake this defensive purpose for helplessness. A single Shield of Saint Armand is a mass of steel weighing some fifteen kilograms, and the spikes covering its surface are far from ornamental. When an Attuned brings one of these walls crashing down upon an enemy or crushes them against a barrier, the result differs little from that produced by the Order's most brutal weapons.

But it is the sight of the Saint himself that gives this unit its true power. Raised high above the battlefield, his chained remains sit enthroned among the candles, banners, chains and relics adorning his walking sanctuary. For the soldiers of the Holy See, merely glimpsing this silhouette through the smoke is often enough to steady a wavering line. If their Saints themselves continue to march beside them after death, what living man could claim to have reason to flee?

And this fervour is not born of superstition alone. Accounts surrounding the Consecrated Saints describe phenomena that even the theologians of the Holy See struggle to explain. Mortally wounded men suddenly refuse to fall, wounds seem to worsen in the presence of certain relics, and even hardened enemies lose their resolve before them. Each Saint manifests these miracles differently, as though some fragment of what he was in life continues to radiate from his bones.

The bearer protects the Consecrated Saint. The Consecrated Saint, in turn, protects the entire Order.

The Questor Errant

There are times when a Consecrated Knight hears, among the countless voices of the Meta-Christs echoing within his mind, a call he cannot bring himself to ignore. Some hear the name of an enemy they must slay, others that of a lost relic, a forgotten sanctuary, or a place they swear to reach. Such revelations are examined with the utmost caution by the Holy See, for no Knight may abandon his duties on the strength of a mere whisper. When the call is recognised as genuine and the quest deemed worthy, the Knight is granted permission to swear a Vow of Quest and temporarily leave the Order to fulfil it.

From that moment onward, something changes within the tumult that inhabits his mind. Where the Knight has spent his entire life learning to contain the voices of the Meta-Christs, the Questor instead learns to listen to the one that called him, and to answer it. From this dialogue are born the War Litanies, words the Questor himself would often have been incapable of reciting before swearing his Vow, and whose effects reach far beyond those of mere prayers. So long as his quest remains unfulfilled, the voice accompanies him, guides him, and answers his Litanies. But when his oath is finally fulfilled, it falls silent as suddenly as it first appeared. The Questor then becomes a Knight among his brothers once more, unable to recite the Litanies that accompanied him on his journey.

Unsurprisingly, it is primarily the Consecrated Gallants who follow this path. Their fervour, their taste for impossible trials, and their almost compulsive need to test their worth against the greatest dangers make them particularly receptive to such calls. Where an Arquebusier might seek to understand and a Seneschal consult his duties, a Gallant who hears his name whispered amid the chorus of the Meta-Christs has often already decided that he will cross the world to discover why.

Once his Vow is sworn, he becomes a Questor Errant. He leaves the chain of command of the Thorned Crown and travels alone through the lands of Christendom until his oath is fulfilled. Yet he is neither an exile nor a renegade, nor is he truly freed from his obligations: his wandering itself has been blessed by the Holy See. As a sign of this sacred mission, he is entrusted with a Blade of Judgment, a consecrated weapon whose fire is meant to light his path and consume those who would seek to turn him from it.
The roads travelled by Questors are rarely direct. A quest may lead them through territories ravaged by war and compel them to fight alongside armies to which they would otherwise never have sworn allegiance. When a force of Christendom faces the Heretics with sufficient courage and glory, a Questor may therefore offer his sword to them for a time. He never fights for gold, however: every battle he wages must serve his Vow, whether directly or simply because he judges that abandoning such warriors to their fate would be unworthy of his quest.

Wherever they fight, Questors carry the traditions of their Order with them. Their War Litanies accompany their blows and sustain those who prove worthy of fighting at their side. Beneath their prayers, the wounded find the strength to continue fighting, weapons bite deeper into armour, and protective gear seems to withstand blows that should have shattered it.

None can predict how long the journey of a Questor Errant will last. Some return after only a few months, lay their Blade of Judgment before the Holy See, and take their place among their brothers once more. Others wander the world for years, their armour bearing the scars of hundreds of battles fought along the path of their oath. Some, however, never return.

For a Questor Errant, the quest can end in only two ways: through its fulfilment, or through the death of the one who swore it.

The Armour of the Order

The armour of the Order of the Thorned Crown is equipped with engines, pistons and mechanical assistance systems, but their purpose differs greatly from that of other mechanised armour. A Consecrated Knight already possesses the strength required to move his armour without any assistance whatsoever; the machinery does not replace his muscles, but preserves them. Every movement is aided by pistons, reducing the effort required and allowing the Knights to conserve their already exceptional endurance. Thanks to these mechanisms, a Consecrated Knight can fight from dawn until dusk without fatigue ever truly diminishing his effectiveness.

The exceedingly rare Sanctimartyr Armours, however, follow a far more macabre tradition. Each once belonged to a Knight who died in battle under particularly horrific circumstances, whose blood soaked the metal so deeply that the Order came to regard the armour itself as a relic. The last traces of that blood are never cleaned away, each stain preserved as a testament to the sacrifice of its former wearer. Some even claim that the martyr's soul remains trapped within the steel and continues to protect his successor, imperceptibly guiding the armour to turn aside blows that should have been fatal.

Thus, when a Knight dons Sanctimartyr Armour, he never truly fights alone.

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The Consecrated Knights

The Consecrated Knights are a faction of Christendom operating under the direct authority of the Holy See.

Warband Creation

You have 700 ⓫ to recruit a Consecrated Knights Warband for a Campaign (see Recruiting Your Warband, page 146).
A Consecrated Knights Warband is composed of Consecrated.

Special Rules

Consecrated Knighthood
No Mercenaries may be recruited in a Consecrated Knights Warband

Devoted Squires
Each Consecrated Constable, Consecrated Gallant and Consecrated Arquebusier in the Warband must be accompanied by a Squire.

Clearly designate which Consecrated is assigned to which Squire.

When you activate a Consecrated within 1" of its Squire, you may also activate that Squire if it has not yet been activated this Turn. If you do so, you may perform their ACTIONS in any order and freely alternate between the two models. However, if the activation of either model ends for any reason (for example, due to a failed Risky Success Roll), the activation of the other model immediately ends as well.

A Consecrated and its Squire must be deployed within 1" of each other.
Squires may not be included in your Warband unless they are assigned to a Consecrated.

The Eternal Choir
Consecrated Constables, Seneschals, Consecrated Gallants, Consecrated Arquebusiers and Consecrated Zealots may never perform a Retreat ACTION.
In addition, these models count as two models when controlling or contesting an Objective.
This rule does not apply to:
- Consecrated Zealots;
- Consecrated Constables with the Prince of the Celestial Choir Noble Title.

Knighthood
Each Consecrated Knights Warband begins a Campaign with a free Knighthood Glory Item assigned to its Consecrated Constable.

Models That Cannot Be Promoted
Some models in your Warband can never be promoted due to inherent limitations, mechanical nature, lack of training, insufficient equipment, or other restrictions.
The following models may never be promoted to ELITE:
Consecrated Knights
Squires, Consecrated Zealots and Hounds of the Crown

Armoury Tables

Consecrated Knights Warbands may select equipment from the following Armoury Tables. Equipment marked with a [•] is exclusive to Consecrated Knights Warbands. The rules for this equipment can be found in the Consecrated Knights Equipment section following the Armoury. (See Equipment in the Trench Crusade Digital Rulebook.)

Earned Relics

The first time a Warband purchases a piece of equipment marked with a [•], it pays its normal Ducat cost. Any additional copies of the same equipment must instead be purchased by spending the appropriate number of Glory Points. This rule does not apply to the Bardiche of the Order, Pentecost Cannon, Icon of Glory or Holy Oil.

Ranged Weapons	Restrictions	Cost
Automatic Rifle	ELITE only, Limit: 1	40
Bolt-Action Rifle		10
Sniper Rifle	Limit : 2	35
Flamethrower	Limit : 2	30
Heavy Flamethrower	ELITE only, Limit: 2	55
Heavy Shotgun	ELITE only, Limit: 2	20
Machine Gun	ELITE only, Limit: 2	50
Submachine Gun	Limit : 2	30
• Pentecost Cannon	ELITE only, Limit: 2	35 or 3
• Rifle of Saint Longinus	ELITE only, Limit: 1	6
• Sacred Reprimand	ELITE only, Limit: 2	40 or 3

Melee Weapons	Restrictions	Cost
Bayonet		2
Great Hammer/Maul		10
Great Sword/Axe		12
Polearm		7
Sword/Axe		4
Trench Club		3
Trench Knife		1
• Sanctified Flail	Limit: 1	3
• Bardiche of the Order	ELITE only	25 or 2

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Heavy Shotgun	ELITE only, Limit: 2	20
Machine Gun	ELITE only, Limit: 2	50
Submachine Gun	Limit : 2	30
• Pentecost Cannon	ELITE only, Limit: 2	35 or 3
• Rifle of Saint Longinus	ELITE only, Limit: 1	6
• Sacred Reprimand	ELITE only, Limit: 2	40 or 3

Melee Weapons	Restrictions	Cost
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Great Hammer/Maul		10
Great Sword/Axe		12
Polearm		7
Sword/Axe		4
Trench Club		3
Trench Knife		1
• Sanctified Flail	Limit: 1	3
• Bardiche of the Order	ELITE only	25 or 2

Grenades	Restrictions	Cost
Incendary Grenade		10

Shield	Restrictions	Cost
Trench Shield		10
• Shield of Saint Armand	ELITE only, Limit: 3	25 or 2

Armours	Restrictions	Cost
• Sanctimartyr Armour	ELITE only, Limit: 3	60 or 4
Reinforced Armour	ELITE only	40
Standard Armour		15

Equipment	Restrictions	Cost
• Crown of Thorns	Headgear, ELITE only	10
Medi-kit		5
Musical Instrument	Limit: 1	15
Troop Flag	Limit: 1	1
• Icon of Glory	ELITE only	10 or 1
• Holy Oil	CONSUMABLE	10
Martyrdom Pills	CONSUMABLE, ELITE only, Limit: 2	20
Combat Helmet	Headgear	5
Gas Mask		5

"They've got candles on their armour,
incense hanging from their belts, and their weapons smell like a chapel.
You'd think this was a procession, not a battl—"
Last words of a Heretic Captain

Chains are the true mantle of the Knights of the Thorned Crown.
Every heretic slain in battle adds another link to the chains they already bear, for no one can claim to serve God without accepting the weight of their deeds.

Over the decades, some Constables accumulate so many chains that their Squires must walk behind them to support part of their burden. The elders say that a Knight is never closer to sainthood than when his chains become too heavy to bear alone.

Consecrated Knights Battlekit

The following Battlekit is exclusive to Consecrated Knights Warbands.
The rules for all other Battlekit can be found in the standard Battlekit section of the rulebook (see page 132).

Sanctimartyr Armour | 50 or 4 |

Elite Only

Forged within the cathedral-forges of the Holy See and consecrated with relics taken from Christendom's greatest saints, this armour shields its wearer from the weapons of both Man and Hell.

Type	Range	Keywords
Armour	-	-2 INJURY MODIFIER: Attacks against the bearer suffer -1 INJURY DICE when making Injury Rolls.

Shield of Saint Armand | 25 or 2 |

Consecrated Constables, Senechal, Consecrated Gallants and Consecrated Arquebusiers only

A massive war relic containing the bones of Saint Armand. More than just a shield, it is a mobile bulwark designed to break through enemy lines. The spikes covering its surface impale anyone who tries to halt its advance, while the saint's whispers remind its bearer that no wall is insurmountable for one who walks in the name of God.

Type	Range	Keywords
Shield	-	-1 INJURY MODIFIER, IMPERVIOUS

Shield Bash

The bearer of a Shield of Saint Armand may make a MELEE ATTACK with it. The Shield of Saint Armand uses the same profile as a Trench Club.

Sanctified Flail | 3 ⊙ |

Consecrated Constables, Seneschals and Consecrated Gallants only

The chains of this relic were tempered in the holy oils of the Vatican, while its hollow head houses a flame that has been kept burning for generations. Each strike carries not only the weight of steel, but also the blazing wrath of the martyr saints.

Type	Range	Keywords
2-Handed	Melee	DEADLY, HEAVY, FIRE

Bardiche of the Order | 25 ● or 2 ⊙ |

Consecrated Constables, Seneschals and Consecrated Gallants only

The signature polearm of the Order of the Thorned Crown, the bardiche combines the devastating power of a war axe with the reach of a polearm. In the hands of a Consecrated Knight, it becomes an instrument of righteous execution capable of felling even the mightiest servants of Hell.

Type	Range	Keywords
2-Handed	Melee	+2 INJURY DICE, BLOCK, CRITICAL, HEAVY, RISKY, SHIELD COMBO

Rifle of Saint Longinus | 6 ⊙ |

Consecrated Constables, Seneschals and Consecrated Arquebusiers only

Forged around a purported fragment of the Spear of Destiny, this sacred weapon is said to pierce the strongest armour as though it were not there, striking directly at the flesh and soul of its target.

Type	Range	Keywords
2-Handed	36”	+2 INJURY DICE, HEAVY, IGNORE ARMOUR, RELOAD, SHIELD COMBO

Pentecost Cannon | 35 ● |

Consecrated Constables, Seneschals and Consecrated Arquebusiers only

Each shell contains a mixture of blessed powder and holy oils. When detonated, the resulting flames are said to consume not only flesh, but the very soul itself, leaving nothing for the servants of Hell to reclaim.

Type	Range	Keywords
2-Handed	36”	BLAST 3”, HEAVY, IGNORE COVER, FIRE

Sacred Reprimand | 40 or 3 |

Consecrated Constables, Seneschals and Consecrated Gallants only

The theologians of the Holy See continue to debate whether the Sacred Reprimand is a sacred relic or a firearm. Its bearers generally consider the distinction irrelevant.

Type	Range	Keywords
2-Handed	Melee/12”	+1 INJURY DICE, HEAVY, ASSAULT, ARMOUR PIERCING, CUMBERSOME, SHOTGUN

Crown of Thorns | 10 |

ELITE only

Woven from blessed thorns cultivated within the sacred gardens of the Holy See, this crown is affixed to a knight's helm during their knighting ceremony. The faithful claim that its thorns ward away the fires of Hell, while the breath of the saints steels the wearer's spirit against fear and despair.

Type	Range	Keywords
Equipment	-	NEGATE SHRAPNEL, NEGATE GAS

Icon of Glory | 10 or 1 |

ELITE only

Mounted over a knight's heart, this reliquary plate bears the names of the greatest heroes of the Order of the Thorned Crown. Some claim it shields its bearer from mortal blows. Others believe it protects the soul from the whispers of the Meta-Christs. None can say where faith ends and miracle begins.

Type	Range	Keywords
Equipment	-	NEGATE FEAR

Holy Oil | 10 |

Prepared within the sanctuaries of the Holy See from consecrated incense, the ashes of martyrs and Mendelist unguents, this sacred oil is applied to weapons before the most important battles. Blades anointed in this manner are reputed to pierce even the strongest armour as though it had already been judged wanting in the eyes of God.

Type	Range	Keywords
Equipment	-	CONSUMABLE

Holy Weapon
may only be applied to a Sword/Axe, Great Sword/Axe, Bardiche of the Order, or Bardiche of the Eternal Choir. The weapon gains ARMOUR PIERCING.

Titles of Nobility

Consecrated Constables, Seneschals, Consecrated Gallants and Consecrated Arquebusiers may be granted Titles of Nobility. Each model may possess only one Title of Nobility. Titles of Nobility must be selected when the model is added to your Warband.

Count of Ashes | 10 | Limit: 2

Some Consecrated Knights have survived so many battles against the Legions of Hell that they seem to carry within them a spark of the flames they fight. Wherever they strike, heretics burn.

All Melee Attacks made by this model gain the FIRE Keyword.

Prince of the Celestial Choir | 40 | Limit: 1

Consecrated Constable only

The rarest among those blessed by the Chemical Communion develop wings resembling those described in the tales of the saints. Considered living signs of divine favour, these beings are as revered as they are feared.

This model gains the FLY Keyword and its MOVE becomes 8".
This model may not recruit a Squire and ignores the Devoted Squires rule.

Count of the Reliquary | 15 | Limit: 1

The body of this knight has been rebuilt countless times throughout a long crusade. Reinforced bones, replaced organs and sacred relics have gradually transformed the chosen warrior into a living relic.

Whenever this model would suffer a Down result on the Injury Table, it suffers a Minor Injury result instead.
In addition, it gains a D3" Charge bonus instead of D6".

"May God have mercy on your soul. I shall have none."
Saint Seneschal Benito of the IXth Order

Count of the Sacred Blood | 25 | Limit: 1

The blood flowing through this knight's veins is exceptionally rich in Meta-Christ essence. Where others would succumb to their wounds, his flesh endlessly reforms through the miracles of the Chemical Communion.

If this model has the REGENERATION (1) Keyword, replace it with REGENERATION (2).

Baron of the Final Judgement | 10 |

The mere presence of this knight reminds mortals that their souls will one day be weighed and judged. Even demons hesitate when he advances.

This model gains the FEAR Keyword.

Count of the Sanctified Dawn | 10 | Limit: 2

The chronicles of the Order speak of knights appearing amidst enemy lines before the trumpets have announced the battle. Their foes do not behold them until judgement has already been passed.

This model gains the INFILTRATOR Keyword.
Companion of the Dawn: If a Consecrated Gallant possesses the Count of the Sanctified Dawn Noble Title, the Squire assigned to it through the Devoted Squires rule also gains the INFILTRATOR Keyword.

Marquis of the Winds | 15 | Limit: 1
Consecrated Gallant only

Some knights seem guided by an unseen force. They cross ruins, trenches and obstacles with an ease that appears more miraculous than learned.

This model gains +1 DICE to Risky Success Rolls when performing a Climb ACTION, Jump ACTION, Dash ACTION or a Diving Charge.

Titles of Nobility

Duke of the Sacred Stigmata | 20 | Limit: 1

The wounds borne by this knight never fully heal. Instead, they become sacred stigmata, visible signs of the favour bestowed upon him by the Meta-Christs.

Whenever this model removes a BLOOD MARKER through its REGENERATION (1) Keyword, place a BLESSING MARKER beside it. In addition, if your Seneschal ends the battle with at least one BLESSING MARKER, you gain 1 Glory Point.

Marquis of the Sacred Volleys | 30 | Limit: 1
Consecrated Arquebusier only

Few Arquebusiers survive long enough to master the art of the double volley. Those who do are capable of unleashing a storm of gunfire powerful enough to break even the fiercest assaults.

- This model may make two Ranged Attacks during its Activation, each of which must be made with a different weapon.
- These attacks may target different enemy models. However, if the targets are more than 6" apart, the second attack suffers -1 DICE.
- Weapons with the RELOAD Keyword may not be used with this ability.
- This model may use weapons with the HEAVY Keyword for both attacks.
- This model may not be equipped with a Melee Weapon.

Vassal of the Blade | 10 |
Consecrated Gallant only

Not every chosen warrior of the Order becomes a legendary hero. Some simply distinguish themselves through exceptional mastery of the weapons of war.

This model gains +1 DICE to its Melee Attacks.

Vassal of Powder | 10 |
Consecrated Arquebusier only

Through training, discipline and unwavering faith, this knight has become a marksman of remarkable precision.

This model gains +1 DICE to its Ranged Attacks.

Elites: The Crowned

1 Consecrated Constable - Cost: 110

A Consecrated Knights Warband must include 1 Consecrated Constable.

Consecrated Constables are the foremost strategists of the Order of the Thorned Crown. Veterans of hundreds of battles, they lead their knights with uncompromising discipline and unwavering faith. Where other commanders rely upon numbers, Constables command small elite forces capable of breaking the mightiest heretic armies through the superiority of their tactics and determination alone

Movement	Ranged	Melee	Armour	Base
6"/Infantry	+3 DICE	+3 DICE	0	50 mm

Battlekit

A Consecrated Constable may take any Battlekit from the Consecrated Knights Armoury Tables.

Abilities

Judgement by Iron

ACTION. When a Consecrated Constable ends a movement within 1" of an enemy model with the ELITE Keyword, it may challenge that model to a Duel. The opposing player must immediately choose whether to accept or refuse the Duel.
In addition, when an enemy model with the ELITE Keyword ends a movement within 1" of a Consecrated Constable, it may challenge the Constable to a Duel. A Consecrated Constable may never refuse a Duel.
The Duel ends when either model is Out of Action.

If the Duel is accepted

- The Constable and the enemy model are considered to be in a Duel.
- No other model may target, support, or make attacks against either duellist while the Duel lasts. The two duellists cannot be disengaged from one another by any ability, Special Rule, or game effect.
- Melee Attacks made by the Constable against the challenged model gain +1 INJURY DICE.
- While the Duel lasts, the Constable must always be activated after its opponent. If this prevents the Constable from activating immediately, its controller must wait until the challenged model has completed its Activation, even if this means passing their turn multiple times.

- If the enemy model has already been activated this Round, it may be activated a second time, but only to make Melee Attacks against the Constable.

If the Duel is refused

- The challenged model must immediately make a disengagement move, moving directly away from the Constable up to a distance equal to its MOVE.
- The Constable may not make any attacks against that model during this Activation, considering such a coward unworthy of even lowering his blade against them.
- The Constable may immediately make a Charge move against another target.
- For the remainder of the battle, the opposing Warband treats the Constable as having the FEAR Keyword.

"The Meta-Christs do not choose the strongest.
They choose those who can endure more than all others."
The Book of the Crowned

Above the Fray

Enemy models without the ELITE Keyword may not make Melee Attacks when a Consecrated Constable retreats while within 1" of them. In addition, a Consecrated Constable may make a normal move or a Charge move if all enemy models within 1" of it do not have the ELITE

Keyword.
CONSECRATED KNIGHT, ELITE, LEADER, REGENERATE 1, STRONG, TOUGH



0-1 Seneschal - Cost : 95

Consecrated Seneschals are the keepers of the traditions of the Order of the Thorned Crown. Entrusted with safeguarding relics, preserving sacred litanies and watching over their brothers-in-arms, they accompany the knights into the heart of battle, lending support when wounds and the voices of the Meta-Christs threaten to overwhelm them.

Movement	Ranged	Melee	Armour	Base
6"/Infantry	+2 DICE	+2 DICE	0	50 mm

Battlekit

A Seneschal may take any Battlekit from the Consecrated Knights Armoury Tables.

Abilities

Constable's Right Hand

A Seneschal has the ELITE Keyword, but does not count towards the maximum number of ELITE models that may be included in the Warband.

Guardian of the Last Sacrament

Friendly Consecrated Constables, Consecrated Gallant and Consecrated Arquebusiers within 6" of the Seneschal do not halve their Movement Characteristic when standing up from being Down

Mots-clés

CONSECRATED KNIGHT, ELITE, REGENERATE 1, STRONG, TOUGH



Consecrated Gallant - Cost : 75

The Consecrated Warriors form the heart of the Order of the Thorned Crown. Selected from among the greatest heroes of Christendom and then transformed by Consecration, they retain their discipline and intellect where other Consecrated ones succumb to madness. Clad in their sanctified armor and accompanied by their faithful Squires, they advance relentlessly toward the enemy, guided by the voices of the Meta-Christs.

Movement	Ranged	Melee	Armour	Base
6"/Infantry	+1 DICE	+2 DICE	0	40 mm

Battlekit
Consecrated Gallant may be equipped with any equipment from the Consecrated Knights Armoury Tables.

Abilities
A Consecrated Gallant may choose either Champion of the Crown or Glory in Death. It may never benefit from both abilities at the same time. Grace of the Meta-Christs may be purchased in addition to either of these abilities.

Champion of the Crown
Once per Round, after putting an enemy Out of Action with a Melee Attack, the Consecrated Gallant may immediately perform a Dash ACTION or a Charge ACTION. This ability may be purchased for 10 .

Glory in Death
If the Consecrated Gallant is put Out of Action as the result of a Melee Attack, it may immediately make a single attack before being removed from play. This ability may be purchased for 10 .

Grace of the Meta-Christs
Some members of the Order receive additional doses of the sacred substances derived from the Meta-Christs. Their flesh reforms where that of an ordinary man would succumb to injury.
This model gains **REGENERATION (1)**.
May be purchased for 15 .

Mots-clés
CONSECRATED KNIGHT, ELITE, STRONG, TOUGH

Consecrated Arquebusier - Cost : 75

Consecrated Arquebusiers are the master marksmen of the Order of the Thorned Crown. Where their brethren charge headlong into melee, they eliminate priority targets with relentless precision. Their Squires carry heavy ammunition, maintain their sacred weapons and prepare firing positions before every engagement.

Movement	Ranged	Melee	Armour	Base
6"/Infantry	+2 DICE	+1 DICE	0	40 mm

Battlekit
A Consecrated Arquebusier may be equipped with any equipment from the Consecrated Knights Armoury Tables.

Abilities
A Communicant Arquebusier may choose either Fortified Firing Position or The Last Sacrament. It may never benefit from both abilities at the same time. Grace of the Meta-Christs may be purchased in addition to either of these abilities.

Fortified Firing Position
A Consecrated Arquebusier may perform a Fortified Firing Position ACTION. If it does so, make a Risky Success Roll for the model. On a Failure, the Consecrated Arquebusier's Activation immediately ends. On a Success or Critical Success, the Consecrated Arquebusier gains the COVER Keyword until it leaves its current position.
This upgrade may be purchased for 10 .

The Last Sacrament
Once per Round, when a Consecrated Arquebusier makes a Ranged Attack, it may declare that it is administering the Last Sacrament. If this model has not performed a MOVE ACTION or a DASH ACTION earlier during this Activation, that attack gains the IGNORE COVER Keyword.
This ability may be purchased for 10 .

Grace of the Meta-Christs
Some members of the Order receive additional doses of the sacred substances derived from the Meta-Christs. Their flesh reforms where that of an ordinary man would succumb to injury.
This model gains **REGENERATION (1)**.
May be purchased for 15 .

Keywords
KNIGHT COMMUNICANT, ELITE, STRONG, TOUGH



The Consecrated Knights

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Troops: The Devoted

Squire - Cost : 30 or 1

Squires form the backbone of the Order of the Thorned Crown. Bound to a Consecrated Knight from the moment they enter service, they dedicate their lives to assisting their master in every aspect of warfare. They maintain weapons and armour, carry ammunition and relics, administer Mendelist treatments and fight whenever circumstances demand it. Each Squire receives specialised training tailored to the needs of their knight, whether in medicine, armoury maintenance or battlefield support.

Movement	Ranged	Melee	Armour	Base
6"/Infantry	+0 DICE	+0 DICE	0	25 mm

Battlekit
A Squire may be equipped with any equipment from the Consecrated Knights Armoury Tables available to Squires.

Abilities
A Squire can purchase one of the following Abilities

Hospitaller :Add +2 DICE to Risky Success Rolls when a Squire performs a Treat ACTION using a Medi-Kit.
This ability may only be used on the Consecrated to whom the Squire is assigned through the Devoted Squires rule.
May be purchased for 10 .

Armourer : This Squire is responsible for maintaining sacred weapons, carrying ammunition and reloading the Order's heaviest armaments.
While this Squire is within 1" of its assigned Consecrated, weapons carried by that Consecrated with the RELOAD Keyword ignore that Keyword.
May be purchased for 10 .

Fusilier : Add +1 DICE to this model's Ranged Attacks.
This model may target an enemy model engaged in melee with the Consecrated to whom it is assigned through the Devoted Squires rule. Attacks resolved in this way can never hit that Consecrated.
May be purchased for 15 .

Fencer : Add +1 DICE to this model's Melee Attacks.
In addition, if it targets an enemy model engaged in melee with the Consecrated to whom it is assigned through the Devoted Squires rule, it also gains +1 INJURY DICE.
May be purchased for 15 .

Keywords
CONSECRATED KNIGHT

"No knight enters legend alone.
Some names are simply forgotten sooner than others."

Last words of Étienne, squire to Consecrated Gallant Geoffroy of Artois,
moments before being shot in the head.
The chronicler later noted that Sir Geoffroy did not realize his squire was missing until after the battle.

Crown Hounds - Cost : 35 or 1

The Crown Hounds have accompanied the Order of the Thorned Crown since its founding. Bred to hunt heretics, protect the Squires, and guard the Holy See's most precious relics, these long-legged hounds combine exceptional speed with unwavering loyalty. Wherever their masters pass judgement, the Crown Hounds ensure that none condemned escapes their sentence.

Movement	Ranged	Melee	Armour	Base
8"/Infantry	-	+0 DICE	0	32 mm

Battlekit
A Crown Hound may not be equipped with any Battlekits.

Abilities

Four-Legged
Add +1 DICE to Risky Success Rolls made by this model when performing a Climb ACTION, Jump ACTION, Fall ACTION or Dash ACTION.

Teeth and Claws
A Crown Hound may make Melee Attacks even if it is not equipped with a Melee Weapon.

War Mastiff
For 10 , this model gains +1 DICE to its Melee Attacks and may purchase Light Armour.

Faithful Companion
Your Warband may never contain more Crown Hounds than the combined number of Consecrated Gallants and Consecrated Arquebusiers in the Warband.

Mots-clés
CONSECRATED KNIGHT

0-1 Consecrated Zealot - Cost : 145

Zealots are former Consecrated whose minds have been consumed by the voices of the Meta-Christs. Where Knights still struggle to retain their reason, Zealots have embraced their condition and now live only to exterminate the enemies of Christendom.

Mouvement	Tir	Corps à Corps	Armure	Socle
8"/Infanterie	-	+3 DÉS	0	60 mm

Battlekit

A Consecrated Zealot is equipped with two Steel Fists (count as Trench Clubs) and may not be equipped with any other Battlekits.

Abilities

Fury of the Meta-Christs:

BLOOD MARKERS are never placed next to a model with this ability. This model also gains the **NEGATE FEAR** Keyword.

Irresistible Voices

If a Consecrated Zealot begins its Activation with a visible enemy model within 12", its first ACTION must be a Charge, a Dash, or a movement that brings it as close as possible to the nearest visible enemy model. A Consecrated Zealot ignores the effects of Difficult Terrain when making a Charge move.

Living Mace

ACTION. A Consecrated Zealot may perform a Living Mace ACTION. If it does so, make a Risky Success Roll and add +1 DICE to the roll.
On a Success or Critical Success, choose an enemy model on a 40mm base or smaller within 1" of the Zealot. That model becomes its Living Mace. Remove it from the battlefield and place a Living Mace marker beside the Zealot to represent its presence.

A Consecrated Zealot may only have one Living Mace at a time.

A model used as a Living Mace:

- adds -1 DICE to all Success Rolls made by this model;
- is removed from the battlefield;
- may be activated normally;
- may not perform any ACTION involving movement;
- determines all ranges, Line of Sight and measurements for its abilities from the Zealot's base;
- may make Melee Attacks against the Zealot;
- may attempt to escape at the start of its Activation by making a Risky Success Roll. On a Success or Critical Success, the controlling player places the model within 1" of the Zealot. It immediately ceases to be a Living Mace. If there is insufficient space to place the model, the attempt automatically fails.

Instead of making its normal Melee Attacks, the Zealot may make a single Living Mace Attack.

A Living Mace Attack gains +1 INJURY DICE. In addition, add the Living Mace's ARMOUR value to the Injury Roll.

After resolving the attack against its target, immediately make an Injury Roll against the Living Mace as if it had been hit by the same attack, but using the target's ARMOUR instead of its own.

If the Living Mace is taken Out of Action, the Zealot immediately ceases carrying it.

Keywords
CONSECRATED KNIGHT, FEAR, STRONG, TOUGH



Warband Variants

The Penitents of the Last Litany

Not all Consecrated withstand the voices of the Meta-Christs. Some eventually embrace their call and abandon all pretence of reason. The Penitents of the Last Litany no longer seek victory, nor even survival. They advance towards the enemy as if approaching a revelation, guided by truths that no other soul can hear.

The Penitents of the Last Litany Special Rules

Rejection of Honours
The Penitents of the Last Litany no longer seek earthly glory. No model in this Warband may receive a Title of Nobility. In addition, they never benefit from the Knighthood rule.

The Choir of the Damned
This Warband may include up to three Consecrated Zealots instead of one. It may not recruit any Consecrated Arquebusiers.

Decline of the Squires
Squires in this Warband may never purchase a Training (Hospitaller, Armourer, Fusilier or Fencer).

They Shall Never Kneel
Consecrated Zealots can never be put DOWN. Treat any DOWN result suffered by a Consecrated Zealot as a Minor Hit result instead.

Fury of the Meta-Christs
If a Consecrated Zealot is not carrying a Living Mace, it may replace all of its Melee Attacks with a single attack that gains +1 INJURY DICE and IGNORE ARMOUR.

Leap of the Damned:
Consecrated Zealots gain +1 DICE to Risky Success Rolls when performing a Climb ACTION, Jump ACTION, Dash ACTION or a Diving Charge. In addition, they gain +1 DICE to Charge Rolls and choose the highest result.

Forgotten by the Holy See:
Models in this Warband may never acquire Consecrated Knights equipment by spending Glory Points.

The House of the Faithful

After years spent serving the Consecrated Knights, some Squires attain a mastery that rivals that of many crusaders. Though they never receive the gifts of the Chemical Communion, their faith, discipline and experience make them formidable warriors. Gathered within the Houses of the Faithful, they now fight as an independent force led by a single Consecrated Constable.

The House of the Faithful Special Rules

Heirs of the Order

A House of the Faithful Warband may only recruit:

- 1 Consecrated Constable;
- 0-1 Consecrated Zealot;
- Squires;
- Crown Hounds.

The normal 0-4 restriction on Crown Hounds does not apply to this Warband.

Lessons of the Crowned

Squires may purchase equipment restricted to models with the ELITE Keyword.
This rule does not apply to Glory Items or to equipment that may be purchased using Glory Points.

Brothers-in-Arms

Squires replace the Devoted Squires rule with the Brothers-in-Arms rule. Each Squire must be assigned to another Squire when the Warband is created.
A Brothers-in-Arms team must consist of either:

- Two Fencers;
- One Fencer and one Fusilier;
- One Fusilier and one Armourer.

Whenever the Brothers-in-Arms rule refers to a partner, that partner replaces the assigned Consecrated in all Squire abilities, equipment and special rules.
Whenever a Squire activates its partner through the Brothers-in-Arms rule, apply all the normal activation rules of Devoted Squires, simply replacing the assigned Consecrated with its Brothers-in-Arms partner.

Limited Potential

Squires in this Warband may be promoted to ELITE normally. However, any Squire that reaches ELITE is considered to have the Limited Potential rule.

Men-at-Arms

Up to three Squires in this Warband may be designated as Men-at-Arms when the Warband is created or during the Recruitment phase. A Man-at-Arms gains the STRONG Keyword. Men-at-Arms remain Squires in all other respects.
This upgrade may be purchased for 5 .

The Choir of the Crowned

The members of the Choir of the Crowned represent the culmination of the Holy See's grand design. Freed from any dependence upon ordinary servants, they fight only alongside their own kind. The voices of the Meta-Christs resonate constantly within their minds, sometimes merging into a single song that the faithful describe as the Eternal Choir itself.

The Choir of the Crowned Special Rules

The Chosen of the Communion

A Choir of the Crowned Warband may not recruit Squires, Crown Hounds or Consecrated Zealots.

Brotherhood of the Crowned

Consecrated Gallants and Consecrated Arquebusiers lose the ELITE Keyword.

Crusader Arsenal

The Ducat cost of weapons, armour and upgrades purchased by models in this Warband is reduced by 10 , to a minimum of 5 .
The cost of items purchased with is reduced by 1 ,to a minimum of 1 .
This reduction does not apply to items whose cost is already equal to or lower than these minimum values.

Nobility of the Order

Increase the limit of each Title of Nobility available to this warband by 1.

Pride of the Crowned:

The Crowned always claim the honour of leading the charge. During Deployment and at the start of each Round, if this Warband would choose which player acts first, it must always choose itself.



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The Battle of the Mausoleum of Saint-Cassian

The Archives of the Ninth Order record that the Mausoleum of Saint-Cassian remained sealed for nearly three centuries. Built deep within the mountain to house the Saint's relics and the remains of hundreds of his disciples, it was gradually abandoned after the last pilgrims ventured inside and never returned. The few expeditions sent into its depths over the following centuries all reported the same unsettling phenomena: galleries whose layouts seemed to shift from one visit to the next, statues found standing in positions different from those described only years before, and above all an uncanny ochre dust that clung to every stone, giving the impression that the very walls exhaled a sickly breath. No chronicler ever discovered its true origin, yet all agreed on one point: the deeper a man descended beneath the mountain, the weaker he became, as though the poisonous haze sought to drain his strength and resolve long before the first blow was ever struck.

By the time the Holy See ordered Constable Roland of Vézelay to investigate the depths of the mausoleum, the first skirmishes had already begun. Brothers-in-arms had vanished within the labyrinthine passages without a single survivor able to describe what had taken them, while others swore they had witnessed the stone walls split open to swallow living men before sealing themselves again as though nothing had happened. Roland dismissed such tales without hesitation. He had watched demons tear cathedrals apart with their bare hands and infernal engines march over the corpses of countless pilgrims; stories born from frightened soldiers were beneath his concern. Without slowing his advance, he ordered his knights deeper into the darkness, the Crown Hounds leading the way, their low growls echoing through the galleries long before their masters could perceive whatever lurked beyond the reach of their lanterns.

A few paces behind marched Étienne, the Constable's squire. For hours he had carried his master's Longinus across his shoulder, waiting patiently for the inevitable command to prepare the enormous weapon should some monstrous abomination prove too formidable to bring down by blade alone. Though the air beneath his helm had become stifling, he never once considered removing it. The ochre dust had already begun to seep through the joints of his armour, leaving even seasoned soldiers coughing beneath their breath, and exposing his face would only hasten whatever sickness the strange haze carried. Yet it was not the dust that troubled the young squire. It was the silence. Every time the clash of steel subsided, he fancied he could hear something moving behind the stone itself—a slow, wet scraping, as though some unseen creature crawled patiently through the walls, waiting for the perfect moment to emerge.

It was that very silence which drew his attention. As the Consecrated repelled another wave of unseen assailants surging from the darkness, Étienne noticed a gaping opening appear in a section of wall that had been solid only moments before. It resembled less a doorway than the petrified jaws of some colossal beast, its jagged teeth of stone slowly closing around an abyss no light could penetrate. From within came a damp, rhythmic sound, like heavy flesh dragging itself across bare rock. Believing at first that he had discovered a wounded survivor—or perhaps one of the strange creatures cornered within the passage—he approached cautiously. He never had the chance to realise his mistake. A pale mass of living flesh erupted from the darkness with terrifying speed, coiling around his torso before wrenching him from the ground without so much as allowing him to cry out for his master. A heartbeat later, the stone jaws had already closed once more. When the first Consecrated reached the spot, nothing remained of Étienne save the abandoned Longinus, lying alone upon the cold flagstones.

Constable Roland knew at once that something had changed. The attacks became more frequent, yet none seemed intended to win the battle outright. Shadowed figures rushed him only to vanish the instant they had struck, replaced by others emerging from entirely different passages. Every time he believed he had broken through their lines, the corridors themselves seemed to birth new foes from the darkness. More troubling still was a single lithe silhouette that appeared around him again and again. Never did it linger long enough to be engaged. It struck whenever his attention faltered, melted back into the gloom, and returned moments later as soon as he began to regain the upper hand. It did not take Roland long to realise that this was no warrior seeking an honourable victory. It was a predator, patiently harrying its prey until exhaustion accomplished what neither claw nor blade could.
The ochre dust finally revealed the truth. Soldiers now coughed with every breath they drew, Arquebusiers reloaded their weapons with unusual sluggishness, and even the Consecrated—whose flesh had been strengthened through the Chemical Communion—found their movements becoming heavier and less precise. The enemy had never intended to halt their advance by force. Instead, it lured them ever deeper into the labyrinth while the poisonous haze did the rest. What unfolded beneath the Mausoleum of Saint-Cassian was not a battle. It was a hunt.

The chroniclers record that Constable Roland stood in silence for several long moments before raising his sword toward the unseen vaults above. Consecrated Knights do not abandon the battlefield; their vows forbid retreat or withdrawal before the enemy. Yet on that day Roland understood that to continue fighting while scattered throughout the galleries was to o er each of his brothers as an isolated sacrifice. With a single gesture he ordered the pursuit abandoned and commanded his warriors to reform around the Arquebusiers and Squires. Shields were raised, weapons levelled toward the darkness, and within moments they had forged an unyielding wall of steel through which no assailant could hope to pass. Still the creatures emerged from the depths, but no longer did they find isolated prey. They found only faith, iron, and fire.
”Form ranks! None shall break the line! We advance together!”

The Consecrated obeyed with unwavering discipline. Within moments the Squires had withdrawn into the heart of the formation while the Arquebusiers took position behind the immense shields of their masters. The Crown Hounds patrolled the flanks of the living bulwark without rest, growling at every movement lurking beyond the light. Thus reformed, the Consecrated Knights resumed their advance with slow, inexorable determination, refusing to chase their elusive foes and forcing them instead to throw themselves against an impregnable wall of steel. Stranger still, the creatures gradually abandoned their frantic assaults. They remained hidden within the galleries, silently watching the knights press onward, as though they already understood that this first battle would decide nothing.

To this day, the records of the Ninth Order regard the Battle of the Mausoleum of Saint-Cassian as a victory for the Consecrated Knights. The enemy's losses were said to be so immense that some chroniclers claimed the galleries themselves became choked with their dead. Yet every account also reminds the reader that the life of a single Consecrated Knight outweighs that of a hundred such creatures. The price of victory was therefore deemed acceptable.. though costly enough to convince the Holy See that Saint-Cassian could never be cleansed in a single crusade.

The battle had been won. The war, however, had only just begun

”They do not fear death. But they will learn to fear us.”
Constable Roland, after the Battle of the Mausoleum of Saint-Cassian

Campaign Rules

As described on page 254 of the Trench Crusade Rulebook, follow the normal steps of the Campaign Phase.
This section presents the rules specific to Consecrated Knights Warbands. Here you will find the rules for their Patron, the Holy See, as well as the Glory Items Table used during campaigns.
Unless otherwise stated, all other Campaign rules are used normally.

Patron

The Holy See

Few organisations within Christendom possess resources comparable to those of the Holy See. Guardian of the faith, sacred relics and the secrets of the Chemical Communion, it watches over the Communicant Knights, whom it regards as one of its most precious weapons against the forces of Hell. Warbands that bene¬t from its patronage may receive blessings, equipment and privileges reserved for the Church's most faithful servants.

Choosing the Holy See as your Patron grants access to the following Skills:

Vatican Quartermaster
The cost of exclusive Consecrated Knights equipment is reduced by 1 ⊛ (to a minimum of 1 ⊛) while a model with this Skill is part of the Warband.
A Warband may never have more than one model with this Skill.

Blessing of the Meta-Christs:
When this model is deployed for the first time, place D3 BLESSING MARKERS beside it.

Blessing of the Eternal Choir
This model gains the FEAR Keyword.

Heretic Hunter
Melee Attacks made by this model require 1 fewer BLOOD MARKER to convert an Injury Roll into a Bloodbath Roll against Heretic Legions, Black Grail and the Court of the Seven-Headed Serpent.

You Are Not Worthy to Raise Your Eyes
Enemy models that are Down may not stand up while a model with this Skill is within 1" of them (even if that model is also Down).

Blessing of the Martyr Saints
ACTION. This model may perform a Last Sacrament Miracle ACTION. If it does so, make a Risky Success Roll. On a Success or Critical Success, remove up to 1 BLOOD MARKER from this model and from one friendly model within 6".

"Refusing a duel does not save a life.
It merely condemns a reputation."
Constable Armand of Privat

Glory Items

Glory Items are particularly rare, valuable or legendary artefacts.
In many ways, they are similar to the Battlekit that can be purchased with and found in a faction's Armoury Tables. However, unlike ordinary Battlekit, Glory Items can only be acquired during a Campaign, and only when a Warband discovers a source that allows it to obtain a Glory Item for free or purchase one during the Quartermaster Step.

For example, certain discoveries obtained through Exploration allow a Warband to purchase Glory Items up to a specified value.

Glory Items Table

The Glory Items available to a Consecrated Knights Warband can be found in its faction's Glory Items Table below. Each entry lists the item's cost in as well as any restrictions on its use.
Restrictions function exactly as they do for Battlekit listed in a faction's Armoury Tables (see the Trench Crusade Rulebook).
Glory Items preceded by a bullet point [•] are exclusive to Communicant Knights Warbands. All other Glory Items can be found in the Trench Crusade Rulebook (see page 268).

Name	Restrictions	Cost
Resurrection Engine	CONSUMABLE, Limit: 1	11
• Bardiche of the Eternal Choir	ELITE only, Limit: 1	8
• Nail of Golgotha	Limit: 2	4
• Martyr's Crown of Thorns	Limit: 1	3
• Book of a Thousand Litanies	ELITE only, Limit: 1	6
• Oriflamme of the Holy See	Limit: 1	10
• Reliquary of the Meta-Christs	ELITE only, Limit: 2	7
• Coagulated Blood of the Saint	ELITE only, Limit: 1	4
• Shroud of the First Martyr	ELITE only, Limit: 1	5
• Reliquary Steed	ELITE only, Limit: 1	12

Glory Items Cartulary

This section contains the descriptions and rules for all Glory Items found in the Glory Items Tables. These descriptions function in exactly the same way as those for Battlekit presented in the Armoury section of the Trench Crusade Rulebook (see Battlekit).

Bardiche of the Eternal Choir | 8 ⊛ | limit: 1

Forged for the first Consecrated Knights, the Bardiches of the Eternal Choir were bestowed upon those entrusted with the Order's darkest duties. When the whispers of the Meta-Christs finally shattered a brother's mind, or infernal corruption claimed his soul, these weapons were used to grant him a swift and honourable death. Consecrated by centuries of prayer, they are now revered as sacred relics whose every strike carries the weight of divine judgement.

Type	Range	Keywords
2-Handed	-	+2 INJURY DICE, +1 INJURY MODIFIER, BLOCK, CRITICAL, CLEAVE 2, HEAVY, RISKY, SHIELD COMBO

Nail of Golgotha | 4 ⊛ | limit: 2

None can say how many of the nails that pierced the hands and feet of Christ survived the centuries of war. The most revered are kept deep within the Vatican's vaults, while a handful of tiny fragments are sometimes entrusted to Christendom's greatest heroes. Carried into battle, a Nail of Golgotha serves as a reminder of the Saviour's ultimate sacrifice and inspires a resolve capable of piercing both the strongest armour and the most corrupted flesh.

Type	Range	Keywords
Spécial	-	-

Saviour's Agony

The bearer's Melee Attacks gain +1 INJURY DICE.

Martyr's Crown of Thorns | 3 | limit: 1

According to the chronicles of the Holy See, this relic was fashioned around a thorn taken from the true Crown of Christ. Worn above a knight's helm, it recalls the Saviour's sacrifice and the suffering endured for the salvation of Mankind. In the face of Hellfire and demonic horrors, those who bear this relic advance without hesitation or fear, convinced that no earthly or infernal flame can rival the one Christ endured during His Passion.

Type	Range	Keywords
Equipment	-	NEGATE FEAR, NEGATE FIRE

Book of a Thousand Litanies | 6 | limit: 1

Bound in black leather, this manuscript contains centuries of prayers, battle hymns and sermons compiled by the greatest theologians of the Holy See. Its pages are so worn that some claim they were once turned by the hands of long-dead saints.

Type	Range	Keywords
Spécial	-	-

Book VII, Clause IV, Ninth Psalm of Saint Hubert

Friendly models within 6” may re-roll one die when making a Risky Success Roll.

Oriflamme of the Holy See | 10 | limit: 1

This sacred banner is only unfurled during the most important crusades. Visible through smoke, fire and infernal storms alike, it reminds the faithful that the gaze of God remains fixed upon them.

Type	Range	Keywords
Equipment	-	HELD

Take Heart!

If a model carrying the Oriflamme of the Holy See is on the battlefield (even if it is Down), your Warband does not need to make Morale Checks.

Coagulated Blood of the Saint | 7 | limit: 1

Preserved within a vial of blessed crystal, this blood belonged to a saint whose body refused to decay after death. A few drops are enough to restore a vigour long thought lost.

Type	Range	Keywords
Equipment	-	REGENERATION (2)

Reliquary of the Meta-Christs | 4 ⊛ | limit: 2

This reliquary contains fragments taken from several Meta-Christs. The voices emanating from within are almost imperceptible, yet those who hear them claim to find strength, guidance or madness.

Type	Range	Keywords
Equipment	-	-

Bodyguard

If a Ranged or Melee Attack hits a friendly non-SQUIRE model within 1" of the bearer, you may declare that the bearer intercepts the blow. Resolve the Injury Roll against the bearer instead of the original target. This ability cannot be used against attacks with the BLAST Keyword.

Shroud of the First Martyr | 5 ⊛ | limit: 1

Stained with the blood of the first martyr of the Trench Crusade, this fragment of cloth is regarded as one of Christendom's oldest relics. Those who wear it seem guided by an unseen force, crossing battlefields with a speed that defies all reason.

Type	Range	Keywords
Equipment	-	-

Towards Martyrdom

The bearer adds 3" to its MOVE characteristic. In addition, when determining the distance of a Charge, roll one additional die and discard the lowest result. However, if it begins its Activation with a visible enemy model within 12", its _rst ACTION must be a Charge.

Reliquary Steed | 12 ⊛ | limit: 1

The chronicles tell that knights once rode into battle astride noble steeds. Refusing to abandon this legacy, the Holy See commissioned a handful of Reliquary Steeds: mechanical simulacra sustained by faith, steam, and the secret rites of the Chemical Communion.

Type	Range	Keywords
Equipment	-	-

The Thunder of Hooves

The bearer gains MOVE 8" and adds +1 DICE to Dash Rolls. In addition, it adds +1 DICE to Charge Rolls and discards the lowest result. Finally, the bearer may perform a Diving Charge against an enemy model on the same level as itself.

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The Forsaken

For centuries, the Trench Crusade has consumed kingdoms. Cities vanish beneath relentless bombardments, mighty fortresses are swallowed by fire, and entire provinces cease to exist within the span of a few days. Many perish beneath the weapons of men or the infernal legions. Others simply fade from history, buried beneath the ruins or lost forever in the bowels of the earth, until even the memory of their existence is erased.
Thus was born the people now known as the Forsaken.

Long before the first stone of the village was ever laid, a vast mausoleum had already been carved deep into the heart of the mountain. Its funerary halls descended so far beneath the earth that none could say who had built them, nor where they truly ended. Beyond the crypts stretched an immense labyrinth of tunnels, so ancient that even the village elders claimed their own forefathers had called them the Veins of the World, believing them to course beneath Creation as veins run through living flesh.

When war finally reached the valley, the villagers sought refuge within that sanctuary of stone. They descended into its depths with their families, their provisions, their sacred relics, and the last remnants of their hope, convinced that the mountain itself would shield them until the fighting had passed. Instead, the mountain sealed them inside.
As the battle raged above, the earth itself closed over the mausoleum, entombing every soul within. To the survivors it was a tragedy. Generations later, the most devout would claim it had been the first miracle of the Ochre King—the moment He severed His faithful from a world unworthy of them.

Days became weeks. Weeks became months. Then, when hope itself had all but withered away.. They found Him.

Far below the world of men lay immense caverns bathed in an unnatural ochre radiance. Countless flowers, their delicate petals resembling the still wings of sleeping butterflies, clung to every wall and ceiling of polished stone. Their fragile beauty stood in impossible contrast to the endless darkness surrounding them. They filled the air with a golden pollen whose sweet fragrance lingered upon every breath, though it stung the skin and burned the eyes of all who inhaled it.
Yet none among the survivors feared them. For amidst that impossible garden stood the one who would become their guide. They named Him the Ochre King.

His voice banished fear. He taught them that their imprisonment was no punishment, but a sacred trial through which their faith would be proven. He promised that no true believer would ever be forsaken so long as they placed their trust in Him. Under His gaze, hunger soon ceased to trouble them. Each day, strange sustenance was laid before them. No one ever questioned its origin. They simply gave thanks for every gift their saviour bestowed upon them, praising His endless generosity.

Years passed, and then generations. Prayers multiplied as the faithful raised sanctuaries throughout the caverns of the Veins of the World. Ochre flowers were cultivated around every altar, their blossoms woven into crowns for the most devout, while endless frescoes portrayed the Ochre King watching over His people. The pollen continued to consume their flesh little by little, yet none regarded it as a curse. To breathe its fragrance was to share in the very breath of their sovereign, and every cough, every scar and every transformation was accepted as another sign of His favour.
Their bodies slowly changed. The colour drained from their skin until it became corpse-pale, their eyes grew ever more sensitive to the light before disappearing altogether, their ears lengthened, their limbs twisted into unfamiliar shapes and their lungs adapted to the poisonous air of the deep. Even their instincts drifted steadily away from those of men and towards those of beasts. None among them mourned these transformations, for they believed each mutation to be

another blessing bestowed upon them by the Ochre King, preparing His faithful for the destiny that awaited them.

When their transformation was complete, the Ochre King vanished. Their prayers were answered no more, for the one who had promised them salvation had already turned His attention elsewhere. Their fate no longer amused Him. Other voices, other peoples and other souls had become far more worthy of His interest, and the inhabitants of the Veins of the World faded from His thoughts almost as quickly as they had first entered them. The Ochre King never condemned them. He simply stopped thinking about them.
The faithful, however, could never conceive such a truth. They waited for His return through days that became years, and years that became centuries, never once believing they had been abandoned. To them, the silence of the Ochre King was not proof of His absence, but the greatest trial of their faith. Their devotion only deepened, convinced that every hardship endured brought them one step closer to proving themselves worthy of His return.

Their civilisation continued to flourish beneath the earth. The Veins of the World revealed countless forgotten passages where new colonies took root, while each generation taught the next that their purpose was sacred: to survive, to prosper and to explore every forgotten corner of the deep until the day their sovereign returned to lead them once more. Ochre flowers spread throughout their sanctuaries, their tombs and their endless tunnels, their sweet fragrance accompanying every birth, every prayer and every death. In time, the Forsaken learned not merely to endure the poisons of the Veins of the World, but to master them, wielding their deadly vapours as naturally as they drew breath.

Centuries passed, and the world above eventually forgot that the village had ever existed. The Forsaken, however, never forgot the Ochre King. When the ancient stones sealing the mausoleum finally gave way once more, a band of explorers dispatched by the Clergy in search of forgotten relics unknowingly opened a passage into the Veins of the World. Believing they had uncovered little more than an abandoned crypt, they instead awakened an entire people.

For the first time in centuries, the Forsaken walked beneath the open sky once again. They came neither as conquerors nor as avengers, seeking neither glory, territory nor wealth. They searched only for their King, for every colony still clung to the same certainty: somewhere beyond the endless tunnels, the Ochre King awaited His faithful. Until that day came, they would scour the world, convinced that every forgotten passage, every ruined shrine and every ancient tomb brought them closer to the sovereign who had, in truth, forgotten them centuries before.

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The Forsaken

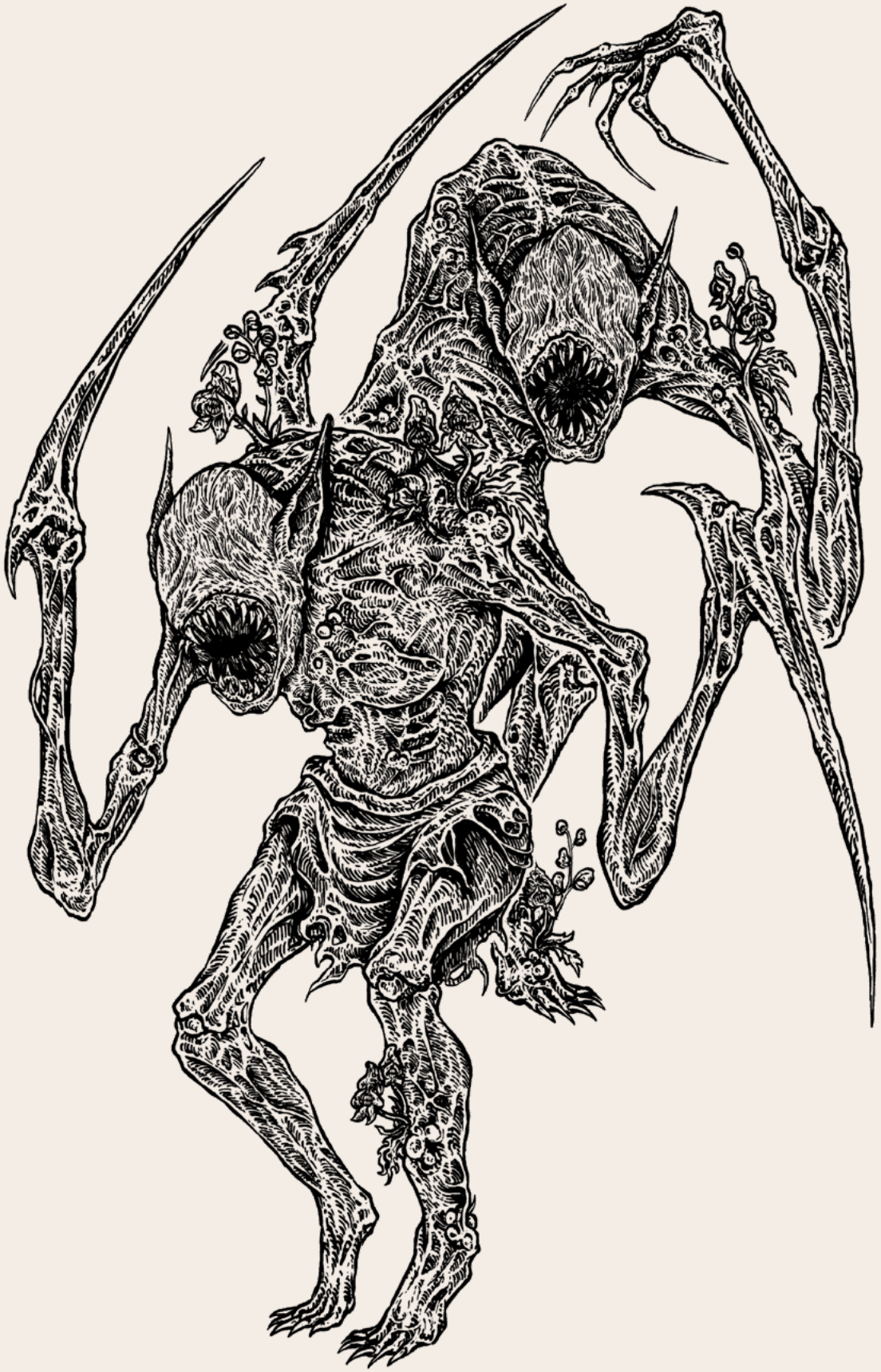
The more we study the Forsaken, the less convinced I am that we are dealing with mere degenerate creatures. Their society displays an unmistakable degree of organization, although no articulated language has yet been identified. They communicate primarily through rapid clicks of the tongue, the sequences of which appear to vary according to circumstance. Yet this alone cannot explain the almost flawless coordination observed between individuals sometimes separated by several dozen metres. I suspect the existence of a second means of communication, comparable to that of a hive, whose signals our senses are simply incapable of perceiving.

Stranger still, the Forsaken seem to possess no awareness of their own appearance. Deprived of eyes, and even of eye sockets, they naturally have no means of observing one another. Only the capture of living specimens has allowed us to study their anatomy in detail and comprehend the astonishing extent of their adaptations.

Most remarkable of all remains their relationship with the ochre roses that proliferate throughout their colonies. Their extraordinarily dense pollen is so toxic that only a few breaths are enough to condemn a man, yet the Forsaken appear not only immune to it, but strengthened by its presence. The roots penetrate their flesh, intertwine with their tissues, and sometimes use the body itself as a substrate. I initially concluded that this was a form of parasitism. I am no longer certain. The plant nourishes its host as much as the host nourishes the plant, to the point that it becomes difficult to determine where the Forsaken ends and the flower begins.

As this species corresponds to no specimen recorded in the archives available to me, I have taken the liberty of designating it the Vauquelin Rose. To avoid any confusion in our future observations, I recommend that this name henceforth be adopted as its official designation in all reports concerning the Forsaken.

Doctor Vauquelin
Naturalist in the service of the Holy See



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The Devouring Mother

"We thought we had found the heart of their colony. We never imagined the colony itself had a heart."

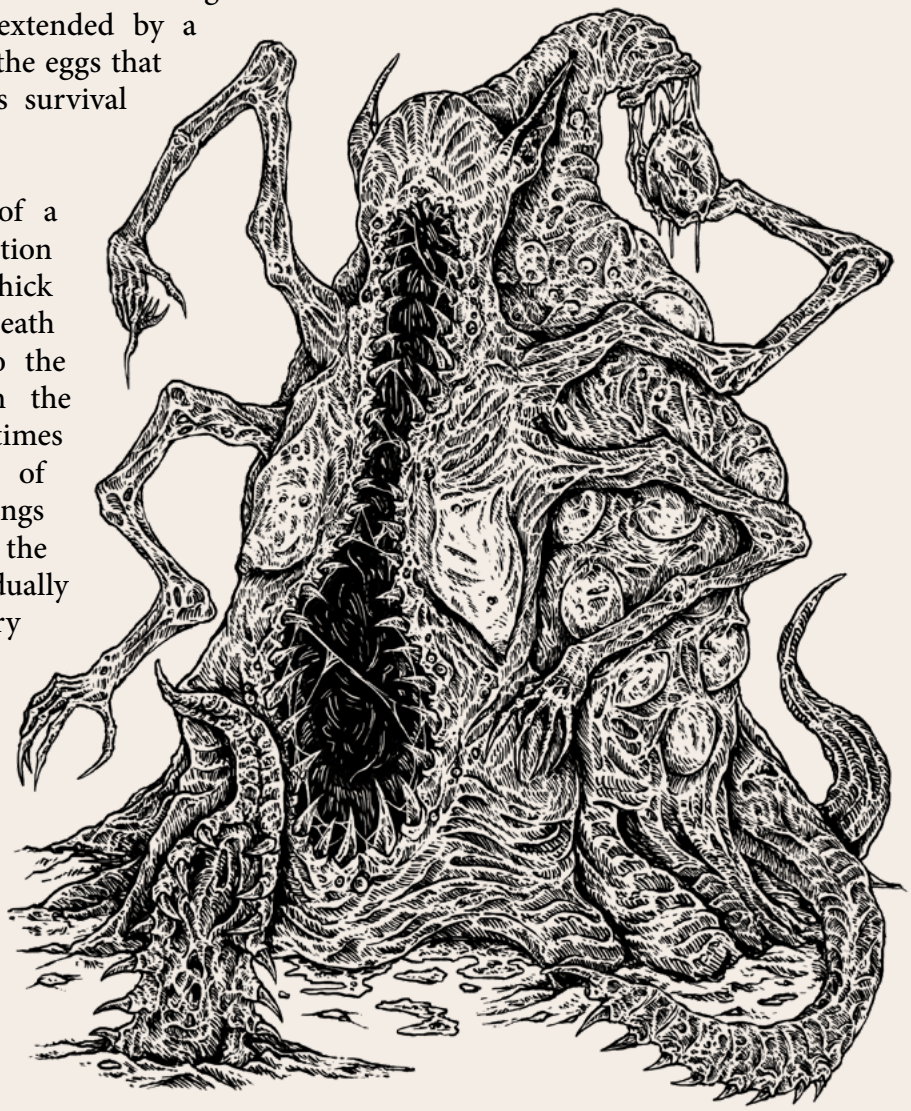
No one knows how many generations are required to give birth to a Devouring Mother. These immense abominations appear to be the culmination of centuries of adaptation to the World Veins, shaped by hunger, cannibalism, and the consumption of flesh that no human being could ingest without dying. Even among the horrors of the depths, their appearance is enough to chill those unfortunate enough to survive an encounter with them.

Their anatomy has almost nothing human left in it. Four enormous, gnarled arms writhe around a body swollen by centuries, while their torso is split by a vertical maw running from the mouth down to the navel. When it opens, the two halves of the body spread apart to reveal a cavity lined with contracting flesh and teeth, vast enough to swallow a man whole. From its back hangs an immense egg sac, extended by a tubular organ in which the eggs that will ensure the colony's survival are formed and expelled.

But the visible body of a Mother is only a fraction of what she truly is. Thick tentacles descend beneath her and disappear into the rock, winding through the tunnels before sometimes emerging again dozens of metres away. The openings they create, known as the Jaws of the Tomb, gradually transform her territory into an extension of her own organism.

The entire colony organizes itself around her. The young remain close to her egg sac, hunters bring their prey back to her, and the other Forsaken seem to perceive her intentions without any command ever being given. Yet it would be reductive to regard her as merely a reproductive queen. To her children, the Devouring Mother is at once progenitor, refuge, and living incarnation of the World Veins.

To those who come from the surface, there is nothing maternal in such a sight. Only four arms reaching out to seize them, a maw large enough to devour them whole, and the terrifying realization that the thing before them is not alone: she is the colony.



The Exhaled

"Hold your breath. In the Mausoleum, no one will hear you suffocate."

The Exhaled are those whose bodies have surrendered entirely to the miasmas of the depths. No one knows whether this transformation results from prolonged exposure to the pollen of the Vauquelin Rose, or whether certain Forsaken are predisposed to it from birth. Yet their bodies invariably become saturated with toxins until they are no longer capable of containing them.

Their spines gradually twist, forcing their heads backwards into an unnatural posture. A thick, poisonous vapour then pours continuously from their half-open mouths, each breath expelling into the air the toxins accumulated within their flesh. Around an Exhaled, breathing quickly becomes a death sentence: eyes burn, lungs fill with blood, and flesh begins to wither before the creature has even struck a single blow.

This toxicity reaches its peak when an immense Vauquelin Rose blooms from the centre of their chest. Its roots plunge deep into the Exhaled's organs and appear to filter, concentrate, and then redistribute the toxic substances coursing through its body. Flower and host then become a single living system, each sustaining the other.

Even their blood becomes dangerous. The few soldiers who have wounded an Exhaled at close range report burns, vomiting, and necrosis after merely being splashed by it. Their corpses must be burned, and no one should approach their remains without respiratory protection.

The Forsaken, however, move through these fumes without showing the slightest discomfort. Some even appear to seek out their presence, as though this deadly atmosphere were beneficial to them.

Where an Exhaled walks, poison is no longer a weapon scattered across the battlefield. It breathes, bleeds, and blooms with them.



The Vein Stalker

*"If you hear its blade scraping against the stone,
it has already chosen its next victim."*

Vein Stalkers are the most accomplished hunters of the Forsaken colonies. Where their kin hunt in packs or wait patiently for the Veins to deliver prey to them, they hunt alone, racing through the tunnels with such speed that survivors often describe them as little more than silhouettes emerging from the darkness.

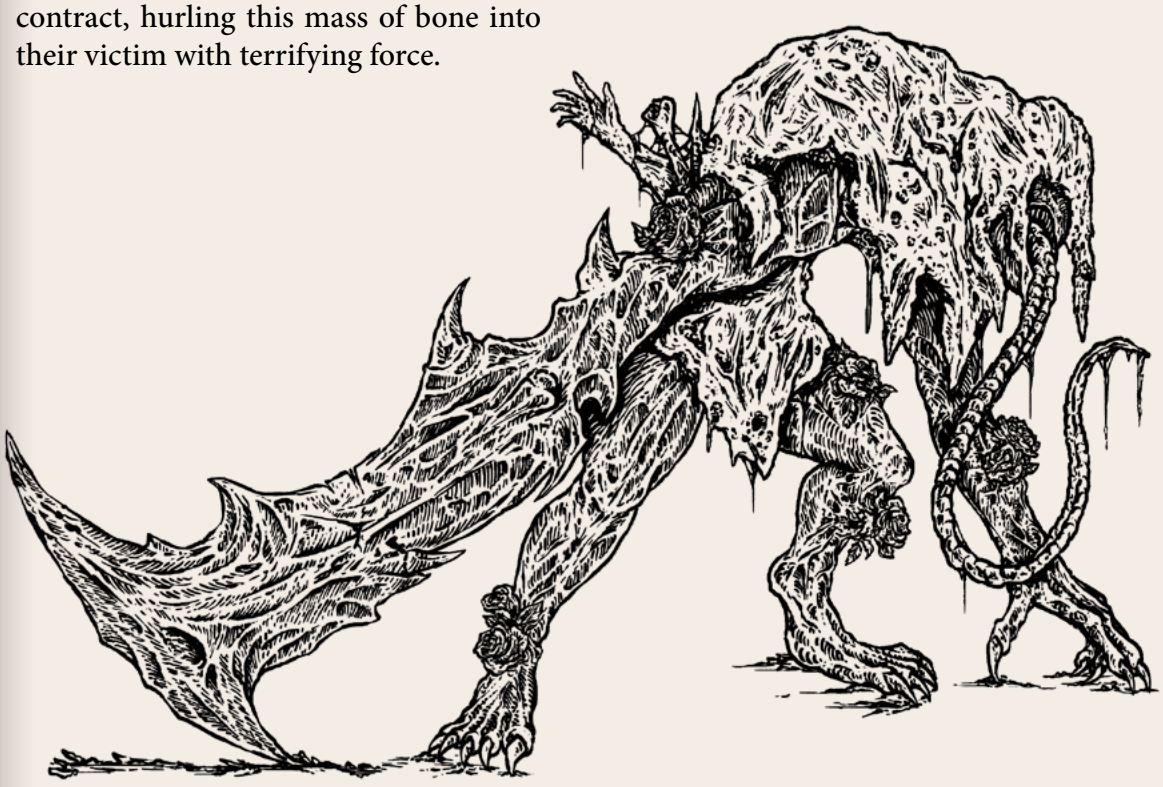
Their bodies seem to have been shaped for a single purpose: to pursue and kill. Their musculature is extremely developed, yet lacks the cumbersome bulk of the larger creatures. Every muscle is long, lean, and taut, built for sudden bursts of acceleration and almost instantaneous changes of direction. A Vein Stalker does not truly charge its victim: it descends upon them.

One of their most spectacular adaptations concerns one of their arms, entirely transformed into an immense blade of bone. Disproportionately large compared to their frame, it appears almost too heavy to wield normally. While hunting, Vein Stalkers let it trail behind them, sometimes scraping against the stone, while the rest of their body remains perfectly mobile. Only at the final instant does their entire musculature contract, hurling this mass of bone into their victim with terrifying force.

But their true danger lies in their mastery of the Jaws of the Tomb. A Vein Stalker can disappear into one of them at full speed and emerge elsewhere almost without slowing, using the Devouring Mother's network as though it were a natural extension of its own hunting territory.

Soldiers quickly learn to watch the Jaws whenever a Vein Stalker has been sighted. It is usually pointless. The one you are watching is almost never the one you should have feared.

The few survivors all agree on one thing: by the time you finally hear its blade scraping against the stone, the Vein Stalker has already chosen who is going to die.



The Emaciated

"We killed a hundred of them. The next day, there were a thousand"

The Emaciated make up the overwhelming majority of Forsaken colonies. They are the most common of their offspring, the ones surface soldiers encounter by the dozen when the World Veins open beneath their feet. Where one Emaciated appears, another is rarely far behind.

Their famished bodies conceal a hunger that seems almost impossible to satisfy. Their protruding ribs, impossibly long limbs, and hollow bellies give them the appearance of creatures slowly dying from starvation, yet this gauntness seems to be their natural state. They nevertheless feed with terrifying voracity, tearing their victims apart with claws and fangs before fighting over the remains.

Unlike the colonies' specialized hunters, the Emaciated show no patience. The crack of a weapon, the scent of blood, or the vibrations of an unfamiliar footstep are enough to draw them in. Once prey has been discovered, they rush towards it without regard for their own survival, driven by an urgency to devour that seems to overwhelm even their instinct for self-preservation.

Killing them, however, offers only a moment's respite. The tunnels seem to harbour numbers impossible to estimate. Every Emaciated slain appears to be replaced by another emerging from the depths, and then another still. Reports speak of dozens, sometimes hundreds, sacrificed to overwhelm a single position without their numbers ever seeming to diminish.

Some commanders have mistaken these losses for evidence of stupidity or desperation.

They were wrong.

For a colony capable of producing Emaciated faster than the enemy can kill them, the life of any single one costs nothing. Hunger, however, is inexhaustible.



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The Lurkers

"You will never see it coming.
And by the time you feel its bite, it will already be too late."

All Forsaken hunt. Lurkers, however, wait. They can remain motionless for hours in the darkness of the World Veins, observing prey that remains entirely unaware of their existence. When they finally decide to strike, the attack is as sudden as it is silent.

Unlike the pallid skin of their kin, that of the Lurkers is almost entirely black. In tunnels devoid of light, their silhouettes vanish against the rock, sometimes leaving only the ochre flowers scattered across their bodies visible. This adaptation makes them formidable ambush predators, capable of following prey from only a few metres away without revealing their presence.

Their hands end in immense claws designed to tear through flesh. Each is saturated with an extremely potent poison, and the Lurkers seem perfectly aware of the advantage this provides. When faced with prey too resilient to bring down immediately, they do not persist. A single cut is enough. They then disappear into the darkness and follow their victim from a distance, waiting for the poison to weaken their muscles, cloud their senses, and slow their movements before returning to finish the hunt.

Their feet bear the same claws, allowing them to cling to stone with disturbing ease. Vertical walls, ceilings, ruins, and cliffs present no obstacle to them. Several survivors claim to have watched the only entrance to a room for hours, only to discover too late that the Lurker was already above them.

Perhaps this is what makes their presence so unsettling. Against a Lurker, taking cover does not mean being safe.

It merely gives them more shadows in which to wait.

The Shriekers

"The first shriek announces its arrival. The second means it is still hungry."

Shriekers are among the most fearsome predators of the Forsaken. Where their kin still retain something vaguely human in their silhouette, the Shriekers abandoned that form long ago. Their entire bodies have adapted to the hunt, until nothing remains but a beast shaped to pursue, kill, and devour.

Their limbs have lengthened, and membranes of flesh have developed beneath their arms, allowing them to glide through the tunnels, cross chasms, and swoop down from above upon isolated prey. Their claws remain free at the ends of these limbs, ready to seize their victim at the very moment of impact.

But it is their shriek that truly announces the hunt. A Shrieker's skull can split vertically in two, unfolding a true resonating organ of stretched membranes and vibrating flesh. When it charges, this impossible maw unleashes a shriek so violent that it disorients those who hear it, shattering their concentration mere moments before the creature reaches them.

And a Shrieker that kills becomes more dangerous still. It rarely abandons a victim without feeding upon it, tearing away flesh and organs with animalistic voracity. Each feast seems to nourish both its body and the roots running through it. Its muscles grow stronger, its body becomes increasingly difficult to wound, and its predatory instinct gradually overwhelms everything else.

Veterans therefore know that a Shrieker must be brought down quickly. Allowing it a first victim means feeding the creature that will soon demand a second.
Then a third.

For once a Shrieker begins its feast, it no longer hunts for the colony.
The colony hunts through it.



The Blooming One

"The flowers had fused their flesh, shattered their bones, and intertwined their organs. And that abomination was still breathing."

Blooming Ones are not born. They blossom. When the Vauquelin Roses carried by several Exhaled reach full maturity, an imperceptible change seems to pass through their hosts. They abandon their place within the colony and gather together, guided by an instinct that no Forsaken seems to need to learn. What follows is a transformation that the few human witnesses can scarcely bear to watch.

The flowers' roots leave their hosts and penetrate the surrounding flesh. They intertwine, draw the bodies together, and break bones and joints only to rearrange them. Yet none of the Exhaled die during the process. The Vauquelin Roses keep their organisms alive as their flesh merges, gradually connecting their circulatory systems, organs, and limbs into a shared anatomy.

When the transformation is complete, the individuals still exist, yet it becomes impossible to determine where one begins and another ends. Additional limbs emerge from the fused flesh, several mouths continue to breathe independently, and the immense flowers, now in full bloom, spread across the entirety of this new creature. The Blooming One is not several bodies forming a single monster: it is several lives forced to share a single body.

The toxins accumulated over several lifetimes now circulate through this collective organism. Some growths expel these corrosive secretions with terrifying force, while each breath further thickens the miasma surrounding it.

To those from the surface, the Blooming One is an impossible abomination: several living beings dismembered, fused together, and kept alive by the flowers that have consumed them.

To the Forsaken, however, there is neither suffering nor monstrosity in this.

Several children of the Ochre King have entered into bloom.
Together, they have become something greater.

The Flayed

"We tried to put it out of its misery. The flowers wouldn't let us."

Among the Forsaken, none inspire greater unease than the Flayed. They are afflicted by a rare condition that their kin seem instinctively to recognize and fear. In them, the symbiosis with the Vauquelin Rose has gone awry: their bodies can no longer endure the plant, yet the plant refuses to let them die.

Their flesh deteriorates continuously. Skin tears apart, muscles pull away from bone, and entire portions of their bodies can suddenly give way without any apparent cause. Some have been observed continuing to advance after the complete loss of a limb, or even after their torso had split open or torn itself apart under the effects of their own degeneration.

But whenever their body should die, the flowers intervene.

Their roots burst from the wounds like living threads, seizing torn flesh and pulling the pieces back together. Bones, muscles, and organs are crudely bound together until the body becomes functional once more. The repair is never perfect. It does not need to be. It only needs to keep the host alive.

This condition has made the Flayed outcasts among the colonies. Unable to cure them, and perhaps fearing that their affliction might spread, the Forsaken drive them into isolated tunnels and seal the passages behind them. Killing them seems equally futile: as long as the flowers remain alive, they relentlessly rebuild their host.

But their true curse may not be this immortality.

The Flayed appear to be among the only Forsaken still capable of experiencing pain in its entirety. Every tear, every broken bone, and every root piercing through their flesh is felt. Their entire existence is an endless succession of mutilation and reconstruction from which they cannot escape.

When they are unleashed upon a battlefield, they are therefore rarely seen before they are heard. Their screams announce their arrival, echoing from the forgotten passages where their kin condemned them to wander. Then comes the sound of stumbling footsteps, flesh tearing apart, and roots stitching them back together.

The Flayed do not emerge from the World Veins.
Even the Veins no longer want them.

The Bone Fairies

The Bone Fairies are among the oldest creatures of the World Veins. Traces of their presence have been discovered in tunnels where no Forsaken appeared to have ever lived, suggesting that they inhabited the depths long before the emergence of the children of the Ochre King.

Despite their almost innocent name, they bear no resemblance to the wondrous creatures described in tales. Small, winged, and rarely seen alone, they live in swarms that can number several hundred individuals. They spend most of their existence around the Vauquelin Roses, carrying their pollen and tending to their colonies with almost instinctive care.

This relationship appears to be based on a particular need: the flowers require minerals that the Fairies harvest from the bones of creatures living in the depths.

When prey is discovered, the swarm gathers around it like a living mist. The Fairies show almost no interest in its flesh. They seek only a way inside. A wound, an open mouth, or a bite inflicted by one of their kin is enough for the first of them to force their way into the body.

They then begin to devour the skeleton. Some victims remain conscious through part of the process, while dozens of creatures move beneath their skin and gnaw at their bones from within. When the swarm finally emerges, it often leaves behind little more than an envelope of flesh incapable of supporting its own weight.

The fragments they collect are then carried back to the Vauquelin Roses, buried around their roots, and slowly absorbed by the plant. Strangely, the Bone Fairies never seem to attack the Forsaken, who tolerate them even upon their own bodies.

No one knows which of the two truly protects the other.

But wherever the Vauquelin Roses bloom, the Bone Fairies are never far away.

The Vein Predators

In the depths of the World Veins, almost nothing edible grows upon the bare rock. To find life, one must descend even further, into the vast subterranean waters winding beneath the colonies. Yet of the entire ecosystem that must once have inhabited these waters, only one species appears to have survived: those the Forsaken now know as the Vein Predators.

Their voracity alone may explain this silence. Everything suggests that these creatures gradually devoured the other species until they had almost completely destroyed their own ecosystem. Deprived of prey, they then turned upon one another. Cannibalism should have driven them to extinction. It did not. Their reproductive capacity seems to surpass even their appetite, sustaining a population that now feeds primarily upon itself.

In the water, the Predators are terrifyingly fast. Their long, serpentine bodies cut through the depths with remarkable ease. On land, their movements become heavier and more cumbersome, their bodies forced to drag themselves across the ground. But their two powerful forelimbs compensate for this weakness: by contracting them violently, the creature can propel its entire mass forward with sudden and unexpected speed.

Their dark flesh is covered with countless small bioluminescent organs. Usually dim, they gradually begin to glow as the Predator prepares to attack, tracing a constellation across its body that heralds the coming assault. Above its maw hangs a lure whose light appears to possess even more disturbing properties.

Victims exposed to this glow first describe numbness, followed by a progressive loss of sensation and muscular control. The Predator then needs only to draw closer and open its immense maw to swallow prey that has become incapable of escaping. Curiously, the Forsaken are completely immune to this effect. Their lack of eyes suggests that the lure's influence requires its light to be perceived directly.

The Forsaken eventually learned to hunt these monsters and, more surprisingly still, to domesticate them. Some colonies now breed them in the deep waters of the Veins, both as a source of food and as beasts of war. It is therefore no longer unusual to see one of these nightmarish creatures emerge from a Jaw of the Tomb, drag its immense body across the battlefield, and then suddenly hurl itself into the enemy ranks.

In the depths, they devoured one another. The Forsaken simply gave them new prey.

The Brood Spitter

The Brood Spitter is one of the most unusual creatures discovered within the World Veins. Four long, articulated legs support a body almost entirely concealed beneath thick, pale fibres, while immense black appendages resembling chitinous blades frame its small maw. Despite its bulk, its gait is remarkably stable. When preparing to attack, its limbs lock into place and their extremities anchor themselves deep into the ground, allowing the creature to withstand the violent contractions required to expel its brood.

What initially appears to be a thick coat of fur is in fact composed of organic filaments threaded with blood vessels, forming a kind of living cocoon around the abdomen. As the larvae reach maturity, this covering parts to reveal an immense ochre mass whose concentric folds bear an unsettling resemblance to a Vauquelin Rose in full bloom. In the dimly lit tunnels, several motionless specimens have been mistaken for enormous flowers before suddenly beginning to move. Whether this resemblance is merely a form of mimicry or evidence of a deeper biological connection with the Roses remains impossible to determine.

Dozens of larvae develop beneath this false flower. When the Brood Spitter anchors itself to the ground, contractions ripple through its abdomen and propel one of them several dozen metres, wrapped in a viscous substance that protects it from the impact and allows it to adhere immediately to its target.

Some remain attached to their host, while others begin burrowing into its flesh. More disturbing still, the Forsaken appear to have no fear of them and have been observed continuing their advance with several of these parasites clinging to their bodies.

Brood Spitters are frequently observed near Bone Fairies, with the two species exploiting different parts of the same remains. Once the Fairies have stripped away the skeleton, the creature uses a long feeding organ concealed beneath its fibres to drain the fluids and consume the flesh left behind. This nourishment appears to be intended primarily for its brood: after feeding, its abdomen swells and the ochre mass grows as a new generation of larvae reaches maturity.

The Forsaken have clearly learned to exploit this cycle. Emaciated have been observed bringing corpses to Brood Spitters before guiding the creatures towards areas of battle. It is difficult to describe this as true domestication; rather, they seem to have learned how to feed these organisms, move them, and direct their instincts towards a useful purpose. Once again, the Veins reveal an ecosystem in which almost nothing is wasted: the Fairies take the bones, the Brood Spitters take the flesh, and what remains of the dead becomes the brood.



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The Forsaken

The Forsaken are the descendants of a people who sought refuge within the Veins of the World to escape the horrors of war. Guided by the Ochre King, then abandoned without ever realising they had been forsaken, they were slowly transformed by the ochre flowers, the poisons of the deep, and a faith that never faltered. Today, they emerge from the bowels of the earth, convinced that every step they take upon the surface brings them closer to their long-lost sovereign.

Warband Creation

You have 700 ⓭ to recruit a Forsaken Warband for a Campaign (see "Recruiting Your Warband", page 146). Forsaken Warbands are composed of Hollowborn and their Patron must be the Ochre King.

Special Rules

Vein Maws

The Forsaken emerge from the depths through a vast network of forgotten tunnels, collapsed crypts and ancient passages that weave through the Veins of the World. Wherever the earth splits open, Vein Maws yawn wide, spewing their inhabitants into the world of the living.

Placing Vein Maws
After both players have deployed their Warbands, but before any models with the INFILTRATOR keyword are deployed, the Forsaken player places a number of Vein Maws on the battlefield depending on the total Ducat value of the battle:

- 700–1199 Ducats: 2 Vein Maws
- 1200–1699 Ducats: 3 Vein Maws
- 1700+ Ducats: 4 Vein Maws

Each Vein Maw is represented by a 40mm base.
Vein Maws may be placed anywhere on the battlefield, provided they are:

- More than 8" from the enemy Deployment Zone.
- Out of Line of Sight of all enemy models.
- More than 1" from any Objective Marker.

However, one Vein Maw may always be placed within the Forsaken player's Deployment Zone, even if it does not meet the Line of Sight restriction.
Underground Reserve

Between 25% and 50% of the total Ducat value of a Forsaken Warband must be placed in Underground Reserve instead of being deployed normally.
This rule applies even if the Scenario forbids the use of models with the INFILTRATOR keyword. In this case, the Warband must place between 10% and 25% of its total Ducat value in Underground Reserve.

Emergence

At the beginning of the activation of a model placed in Underground Reserve, it may emerge from a Vein Maw. The maximum number of models that may emerge during each Round is determined by the total Ducat value of the battle:

- 700–1199 Ducats: D3 models.
- 1200–1699 Ducats: 2D3 models.
- 1700+ Ducats: 3D3 models.

At the beginning of the Activation of a model in Underground Reserve, it may emerge from a Maw of the Veins, provided that the maximum number of models allowed to emerge during that Turn has not been reached. This limit is determined again at the beginning of each Turn and applies to the entire Forsaken warband.

Example: In a 900-Ducat game, the player rolls a D3 at the beginning of each Turn. If the result is 2, a maximum of 2 models may emerge during that Turn. At the beginning of the following Turn, a new D3 is rolled to determine the new limit.

A model placed in Underground Reserve enters the battlefield by performing either a MOVE or DASH Action from a Vein Maw.

When doing so, place the model wholly within 1” of a Vein Maw and more than 1” from any enemy model, then resolve its movement normally from that position.
If the model performs a DASH and fails its RISKY test, it remains trapped beneath the earth and is not deployed. It may attempt to emerge again during a later Round.
Collapsing a Vein Maw

An enemy model in base contact with a Vein Maw may perform a ACTION to destroy it.

If successful, immediately remove that Vein Maw from the battlefield.
If the test is failed, the ACTION fails and that model's activation immediately ends.

Blind but Not Deaf

A Forsaken model may declare a CHARGE against an enemy model that is not within its Line of Sight.
However, while it is within 4” of an enemy model with the MUSICIAN keyword, it suffers -1 DICE to all its rolls.
In addition, whenever it is hit by an attack with the BLAST keyword, immediately place 1 additional BLOOD MARKER next to it.

Deep Miasma

The Forsaken advance shrouded in the Deep Miasma, a dense and toxic fog that seeps from the Veins of the World. This noxious vapour softens flesh, numbs limbs and slowly suffocates those who linger within its embrace.

Poison Zones

At the start of the battle, the entire Deployment Zone of the Forsaken player is considered a Poison Zone.
At the end of each Round, the Poison Zone expands 8” beyond the Forsaken player's Deployment Zone.

In addition, each Vein Maw generates a Poison Zone within 6” of itself.
If multiple Poison Zones overlap, they confer no additional effects.
Any non-Forsaken model that begins or ends a MOVE, DASH, or CHARGE Action within a Poison Zone gains 1 Poison Marker.
Poison Markers remain on a model until removed.
A model suffers the following effects according to the number of Poison

Markers it has:

- 1-3 Poison Markers – *Corroded Armour*
  All weapons targeting this model gain the ARMOUR PIERCING keyword.
- 4–5 Poison Markers – *Numb Limbs*
  This model suffers -1” MOVE and -1 DICE to DASH, DIVING CHARGE, and JUMP tests.
- 6 Poison Markers – *Asphyxiation*
  All ACTIONS performed by this model become RISKY.

A model suffers all effects corresponding to its current number of Poison Markers. These effects are cumulative.

Protective Miasma
While a Forsaken model is wholly or partially within a Poison Zone, it is considered to benefit from the COVER keyword.

Poison Immunity

Forsaken models are immune to the effects of Poison Zones and can never gain Poison Markers. Additionally, while a Forsaken model is within a POISONED ZONE, it gains +1 to its Dash Rolls and is considered to be equipped with Climbing Equipment.

Purge the Poison

Whenever a rule, skill, piece of equipment, or other game effect allows a model to remove one or more BLOOD MARKERS, it may instead remove the same number of Poison Markers.

Equipment Keywords

Some Forsaken units and weapons have the POISONED and SUNDERING keywords. The following rules apply whenever a piece of equipment has one of these keywords:

POISONED: After making the Injury Roll for an attack with a weapon that has the POISONED keyword, place 1 POISON MARKER next to the targeted model, even if the Injury Roll had no effect.

SUNDERING: When a Critical Success is scored during an attack with a weapon that has the SUNDERING keyword, the subsequent Injury Roll ignores the target's ARMOUR.

Models That Cannot Be Promoted

Some models in your Warband can never be promoted due to their inherent limitations, unnatural nature, lack of training, or inability to make use of advanced equipment.

The following models can never be promoted to ELITE

Emaciated, Shriekers

Limited Potential

The Blooming One, Flayed

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Armoury Tables

Forsaken Warbands may select the following equipment. Equipment marked with a [•] is exclusive to Forsaken Warbands. Its rules can be found in the Forsaken Equipment section following the Armoury (see Equipment in the Trench Crusade Digital Rulebook).

Mutations and Living Weapons

Although the official names of weapons and equipment are retained for ease of play, the Forsaken neither forge weapons nor craft armour in the conventional sense. What these rules represent are the countless mutations, ossified growths and biological adaptations that have emerged over generations spent within the Veins of the World.

A Sword may be nothing more than a forearm consumed by a blade-like mass of living bone. A Flamethrower may instead be a torrent of corrosive bile expelled from one of the creature's many mouths. Armour is often represented by layers of calcified growths erupting through the flesh, while other pieces of equipment take the form of specialised organs, venom glands or other grotesque mutations unique to the Forsaken.

To the Forsaken, however, these are not deformities. Each new growth is revered as another blessing bestowed by the Ochre King, proof that their bodies are slowly being remade in His image.

The rules for each item of equipment remain unchanged; only their appearance differs.

Ranged Weapons	Restrictions	Cost
Flamethrower	Limit: 2	30
Heavy Flamethrower	ELITE only, Limit: 2	55
Shotgun		10
Heavy Shotgun	ELITE only, Limit: 2	20

Melee Weapons	Restrictions	Cost
Bayonet		2
Great Hammer/Maul		10
Great Sword/Axe		12
Polearm		7
Sword/Axe		4
Trench Club		3
Trench Knife		1
• Haemotoxic Claws		11
• Bone Reaper	ELITE only	30

Grenades	Restrictions	Cost
Unbaptised Grenade		10

Armour	Restrictions	Cost
• Ossified Growth		15
• Reinforced Ossified Growth	ELITE only	30

Equipment	Restrictions	Cost
Medi-kit		5
Troop Flag	Limit: 1	1

Forsaken Equipment

The following equipment is unique to Forsaken Warbands.
The rules for all other equipment can be found in the standard Equipment section of the Trench Crusade Rulebook (see page 132).

Haemotoxic Claws | 11 |

The Forsaken tear into their prey with twisted claws steeped in the toxic blood that now courses through their veins. Even the shallowest wound is enough to taint the victim.

Type	Range	Keywords
2-Handed	Melee	CRITICAL, POISONED, CUMBERSOME, CLEAVE 2

CRITICAL
Add +2 INJURY DICE instead of +1 INJURY DICE when a Critical Success is rolled for an attack made by a Weapon with this Keyword.

Bone Reaper | 30 | ELITE only

The bones of certain Forsaken never cease to grow, piercing flesh before fusing into immense living blades. Dragged behind them like the weight of their own damnation, these grotesque weapons carve through flesh while flooding every wound with the poisonous blood of the Veins of the World.

Type	Range	Keywords
2-Handed	Melee	+2 INJURY DICE, SUNDERING, POISONED, CUMBERSOME

Unbaptised Grenade | 10 |

The Forsaken wrap certain stillborn infants in burial shrouds soaked with poisoned blood. Hurled into the midst of the enemy, these Unbaptised Grenades burst upon impact, showering the battlefield with toxic blood whose vapours poison all they touch. Theologians still argue over the true nature of these tiny corpses. Those who have survived them rarely care to join the debate.

Type	Range	Keywords
Grenade	8”	-1 INJURY DICE, ASSAULT, BLAST 3”, POISONED, IGNORE ARMOUR, IGNORE COVER, IGNORE LONG RANGE

Bony Growths | 15 |

Generations spent within the Veins of the World have twisted the bodies of the Forsaken. In some, bone erupts through the flesh to form irregular plates that shield their most vital organs

Type	Range	Keywords
Armour	-	Injury Rolls made against the bearer suffer -1 INJURY DICE.

Reinforced Bony Growths | 30 | ELITE only

For some Forsaken, these bony growths never cease to spread. Over countless years they fuse into a living cuirass of calcified plates, forever bound to the creature's skeleton.

Type	Range	Keywords
Armour	-	Injury Rolls made against the bearer suffer -2 INJURY DICE.

"The Ochre King sleeps beneath the flowers,
The flowers guard His peaceful rest.
Close your eyes, hold back your tears,
He shall return when you are blessed.

Breathe the fragrance, soft and deep,
Let the petals guide your way.
When at last your sight has faded,
The King shall find you on that day."

A nursery rhyme taught to the children of the Ochre King before their first descent into the Veins of the World.

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The Ochre King's Blessings

The Ochre King's blessings never manifest in the same way. Some of His children see their flesh bloom, others become the guardians of the Veins of the World, while others gradually abandon their humanity to embody the oldest instincts of the hunt.

Blessings are divided into four Aspects, each representing a different facet of the Ochre King's will. Each Aspect contains three Blessings: one Minor, one Major and one Elite. A model may never receive more than one Elite Blessing.

Within a Warband, each Minor Blessing may be selected up to three times, each Major Blessing up to twice, while each Elite Blessing is unique and may only be selected once. Minor Blessings cost 10 ducats each, Major Blessings cost 20 ducats each, and Elite Blessings cost 30 ducats each.

	Minor Blessing	Major Blessing	Elite Blessing ELITE only
Aspect of the Predator	Powerful Limbs	Predatory Swiftness	Titanic Strength
Aspect of the Fangs	Blood Drinker	Blood Giver	Vital Absorption
Aspect of the Veins	Razor Tongue	Shadowed	The Ochre King's Blade
Aspect of the Blooming	Venom Gland	Horrific Bloom	Incurable Venom

Aspect of the Predator

Powerful Limbs - Minor Blessing (0/3)

The bearer's muscles and bones continue to grow long after reaching maturity. The Forsaken see this as proof that the Ochre King is preparing one of His children to bring ever greater prey back to the Veins of the World.

The bearer gains STRONG.

Predatory Swiftness - Major Blessing (0/2)

Years spent hunting through the Veins of the World have lengthened and strengthened the bearer's limbs. Every stride seems guided by the oldest predatory instincts of the Ochre King.

The bearer gains +2" MOVE.

Titanic Strength - Elite Blessing (0/1), ELITE only

The roots spreading throughout the bearer's body now feed every muscle with unnatural vitality, granting a strength that far surpasses the limits of mortal flesh.

The bearer gains +2 INJURY DICE when making Melee attacks.

Aspect of the Fangs

Blood Drinker – Minor Blessing (0/3)

The bearer's mouth has evolved into a true predatory organ, capable of draining the still-warm blood of its victims to nourish the Ochre King's blessings.

ACTION: Remove 1 BLOOD MARKER from an enemy model in base-to-base contact and place it beside the bearer.

Blood Giver – Major Blessing (0/2)

The bearer's blood has become so thoroughly infused with the Ochre King's blessings that it can sustain its kin just as surely as it nourishes the sacred flowers of the depths.

ACTION: Remove 1 BLOOD MARKER from the bearer and place it beside a friendly model in base-to-base contact.
This Blessing may never be selected by a model with Blood Drinker.

Vital Absorption – Elite Blessing (0/1), ELITE only

Every life claimed instantly nourishes the roots spreading throughout the bearer's body, knitting its wounds closed in time with its victim's final heartbeat

Whenever the bearer puts an enemy model OUT OF ACTION with a Melee Attack, remove all BLOOD MARKERS from the bearer.

Aspect of the Veins

Razor Tongue – Minor Blessing (0/3)

The bearer's tongue has lengthened into a living weapon, lashing out at its prey before its claws have even reached their target.

The bearer gains 1 additional Attack using the Trench Club profile. This attack can always be made, regardless of the bearer's equipment.

Shadowed – Major Blessing (0/2)

The bearer's skin absorbs almost all light, rendering it nearly invisible whenever it remains motionless within the shadows of the Veins of the World.

While the bearer benefits from COVER, it cannot be considered Visible by enemy models more than 12" away.
A Devouring Mother is too massive to receive this Blessing.

The Ochre King's Blade – Elite Blessing (0/1), ELITE only

One of the bearer's arms has transformed entirely into a massive blade of living bone, a mark of the Ochre King's special favour.

All of the bearer's Melee Weapons gain CLEAVE (2).
If a weapon already has CLEAVE, increase its value by 1

Aspect of the Blooming

Venom Gland – Minor Blessing (0/3)

A flowering gland buried deep within the bearer's flesh saturates every bite and claw strike with venom drawn from the depths of the Veins of the World.

All of the bearer's Melee Weapons gain the POISONED keyword.

Horrific Bloom – Major Blessing (0/2)

The bearer's face has been twisted by the Ochre King's blessings. Blossoms now bloom across its features, framing a visage so grotesque that even the bravest hesitate before confronting it.

The bearer gains FEAR.

Incurable Venom – Elite Blessing (0/1), ELITE only

The bearer's venom never truly ceases its work. Even the most potent remedies prove useless while the source of the corruption remains near.

Enemy models within 6" of the bearer cannot remove any POISON MARKERS, regardless of the source.



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Elite: The Favoured

1 Devouring Mother - Cost : 90

A Forsaken Warband must include 1 Devouring Mother.

None can say how many generations are required for a Devouring Mother to come into being. These towering monstrosities are the culmination of centuries spent beneath the earth, nourished by the gifts of the Ochre King, sustained by cannibalism, and forever reshaped by the poisons of the Veins of the World. To the Forsaken, they are revered as the mothers of every colony. To the rest of the world, they are living proof that some things were never meant to crawl back into the light.

Movement	Ranged	Melee	Armour	Base
0"/Infantry	+2 DICE	+1 DICE	0	60 mm

Battlekit

A Devouring Mother is equipped with Unbaptised Grenades and may purchase any additional equipment from the Forsaken Armoury.
A Devouring Mother may receive up to three Blessings of the Ochre King when recruited.

Abilities

Queen of the Veins:
The Devouring Mother has a MOVE characteristic of 0". She can never perform DASH or CHARGE Actions and ignores any effect that would voluntarily or involuntarily move her. In addition, whenever this model rolls Down on the Injury Table, treat the result as Light Injury instead.

Matriarch's Embrace
Once per Round, after an enemy model completes a MOVE, DASH, CHARGE, or RANGED Attack, if that model is within 6" and Visible to a Vein Maw, the Devouring Mother may immediately make a Melee Attack against it as though the two models were in base contact. Resolve this attack using the profile of a Great Hammer/Maul.

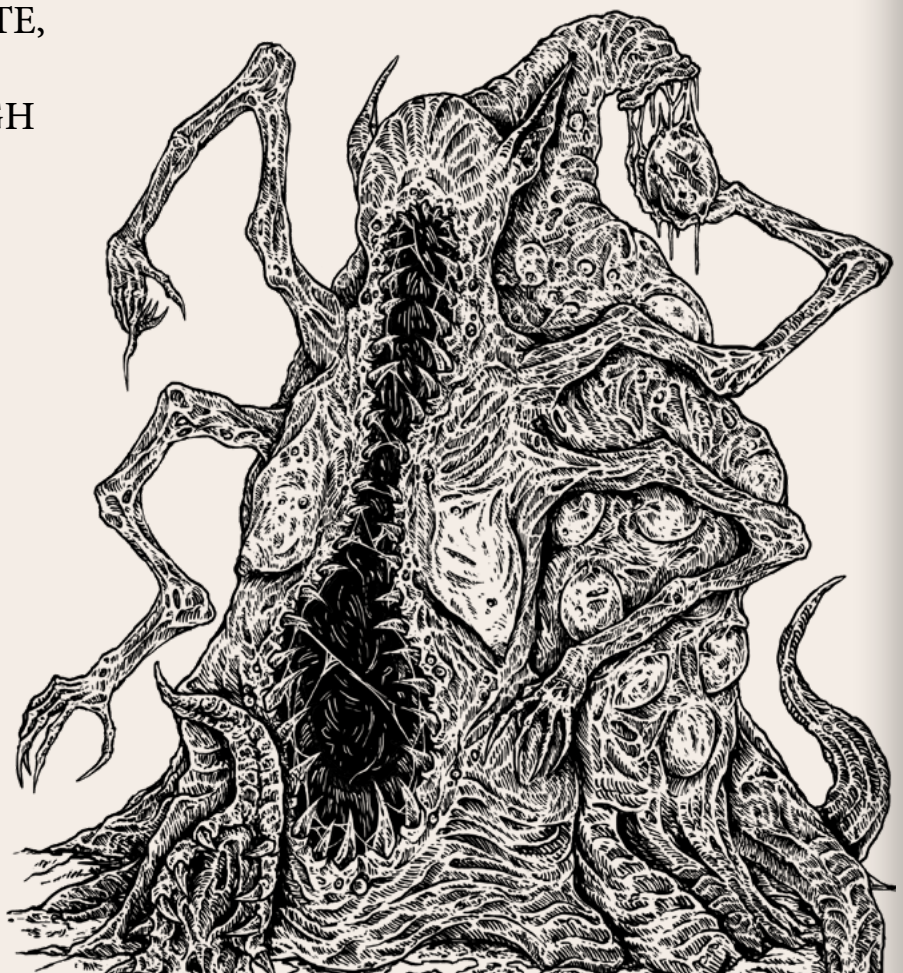
Echoing Reach:
Once per Round, after an enemy model completes a MOVE, DASH, CHARGE, or RANGED Attack while Visible to the Devouring Mother, she may immediately make a Ranged Attack with her Unbaptised Grenades, using a range of 36". The IGNORE LONG RANGE keyword of the Unbaptised Grenades is replaced by the SCATTER keyword for this attack.

Organic Network
At the beginning of her activation, if the Devouring Mother is not Engaged, she may place a new Vein Maw on the battlefield.
The Vein Maw must be placed:

- wholly within a Poison Zone created by the Deep Miasma rule;
- more than 1" from any enemy model;
- more than 6" from any other Vein Maw.

Mother's Feast:
At the beginning of her activation, if a friendly, non-Engaged Forsaken model is in base contact with the Devouring Mother, it may immediately be removed from play. If she has lost the TOUGH keyword, she immediately regains it. This rule also applies whenever an enemy model is taken Out of Action within 1" of the Devouring Mother.

Keywords
FORSAKEN,ELITE, LEADER, FEAR, STRONG, TOUGH



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0-2 Exhaled - Cost : 60

The Exhaled are those whose bodies have surrendered to the miasmas of the depths. Their spines have twisted, forcing their heads backwards as a poisonous breath escapes from them without ever ceasing. An enormous ochre flower blooms upon their chests, nourished by the toxins saturating their flesh. Where the Exhaled walk, poison is no longer merely spread: it breathes with them.

Movement	Ranged	Melee	Armour	Base
6”/Infantry	-	+2 DICE	0	40 mm

Battlekit

An Exhaled may purchase any equipment from the Forsaken Armoury.

A Exhaled may receive up to three Blessings of the Ochre King when recruited.

Abilities

Miasmic Breath

The Exhaled constantly exhale the toxic vapours that have accumulated within their bodies over countless generations.
Each Exhaled generates a Poison Zone within 3” of itself.
If multiple Poison Zones overlap, they confer no additional effects.

Tainted Blood

Whenever an enemy model inflicts one or more BLOOD MARKERS on an Exhaled with a Melee Attack, place an equal number of Poison Markers next to the attacking model.



Forsaken

FORSAKEN, ELITE, FEAR, STRONG, TOUGH

0-1 Vein Stalker - Cost : 85

The Vein Stalkers traverse the Veins of the World with terrifying speed. Guided by the faintest echo, they move effortlessly through the labyrinth beneath the earth, emerging from Vein Maws only long enough to strike before disappearing once more into the darkness. The few who survive such encounters swear that, by the time they realised they were being hunted, it was already too late.

Movement	Ranged	Melee	Armour	Base
8"/Infantry	-	+2 DÉS	0	30 x 60 mm

Battlekit
A Vein Stalker is equipped with a Bone Reaper and may purchase any additional equipment from the Forsaken Armoury.

A Vein Stalker may receive up to three Blessings of the Ochre King when recruited.

Abilities

Veinwalker
Whenever a Vein Stalker performs a MOVE, DASH, RETREAT, or CHARGE Action, it may enter base contact with a Vein Maw. Remove it from the battlefield, then immediately place it wholly within 1" of another Vein Maw and more than 1" from all enemy models. It then continues its movement normally from that position.
This ability may be used multiple times during the same Action.
If this ability is used during a CHARGE, the Vein Stalker must be placed closer to its Charge target than it was before being removed from the battlefield.

Predator of the Veins
After resolving its attacks during a CHARGE Action, if the Vein Stalker is no longer within 1" of an enemy model, it may immediately perform a MOVE Action. This movement must end more than 1" away from all enemy models. The Vein Stalker may use its Vein Hunter ability during this movement.



Keywords
FORSAKEN, ELITE, FEAR, STRONG

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Troops : The Withered

Emaciated - Cost : 30

The Emaciated make up the overwhelming majority of every Forsaken colony. Whether too young or too consumed by instinct to master the hunger that gnaws within them, they hurl themselves upon the nearest prey in a frenzy of claws and teeth. Where other Forsaken hunt with patience, the Emaciated know only the desperate urge to feed.

Movement	Ranged	Melee	Armour	Base
6”/Infantry	+0 DICE	+0 DICE	0	25 mm

Battlekit

An Emaciated may purchase any equipment from the Forsaken Armoury. A Emaciated may receive up to one Blessings of the Ochre King when recruited.

Abilities

Insatiable Hunger

Once all models placed in Underground Reserve have either emerged or been removed as casualties, destroyed Emaciated may return to the battlefield.

Whenever an Emaciated is removed as a casualty, set it aside. Whenever a model would emerge using the Emergence rule, you may instead return one of these destroyed Emaciated to play.

An Emaciated returned to play in this way does not benefit from any equipment purchased before the battle.

Returned Emaciated follow all the restrictions of the Emergence rule and count towards the maximum number of models that may emerge during that Round.

Starving Desperation

Emaciated may perform ATTACK Actions even if they are not equipped with a weapon. Such attacks are resolved with -1 DICE.

Keywords

FORSAKEN

Lurker - Cost : 50

The Lurker simply possess a patience that borders on the unnatural. Their lean, supple bodies move effortlessly through tunnels, ruined masonry and sheer rock alike, as though the Veins of the World themselves carried them forward. They emerge from the darkness without a sound, strike with frightening precision, then vanish long before their prey realises it was being watched. Even other Forsaken struggle to follow their movements, for the Lurker seem to belong more to the shadows than to the mortal world.

Movement	Ranged	Melee	Armour	Base
6"/Infantry	+1 DÉS	+1 DÉS	0	32 mm

Battlekit

A Lurker is equipped with Haemotoxic Claws and may purchase any additional equipment from the Forsaken Armoury.

A Lurker may receive up to two Blessings of the Ochre King when recruited.

Abilities

Natural Climbers
This model ignores the effects of Difficult Terrain and may move through terrain features up to 3" high during its movement. It may not end its movement in a space it could not normally occupy

Born of Shadow
While this model benefits from COVER, RANGED Attacks targeting it suffer -2 DICE instead of the usual -1 DICE.

Keywords

FORSAKEN

"We do not doubt Him.
We doubt only that we have not yet prayed enough."
Inscription carved into the walls of the Mausoleum.

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0-2 Shriekers - Cost : 105

Shriekers are among the most fearsome predators of the Forsaken. Carried by their membranous wings, they swoop down upon their prey, unleashing screams capable of shattering their courage before their claws even reach them. But killing is never enough: as soon as their victim falls, they gorge themselves on the still-warm flesh, feeding an organism that seems to grow more powerful with every feast. The more a Shrieker devours, the faster, more violent, and harder to kill it becomes. For those who face them, every death only breeds another.

Movement	Ranged	Melee	Armour	Base
8"/Flying	-	+2 DÉS	0	50 mm

Battlekit

A Shrieker is equipped with a Carpal Blade and a Carnivorous Maw. It may receive any equipment from the ARMOUR table of the Forsaken Armoury.

A Shrieker may receive one Blessing of the Ochre King when recruited.

Abilities

Rending Shriek

Whenever a model declares a Melee Attack against a Shrieker during a Round in which that Shrieker performed a CHARGE Action, that attack suffers -1 DICE.

Keywords

Whenever a Ravager takes an enemy model Out of Action, place 1 Feast Marker beside it. The effects of Feast Markers are cumulative.

- 1 Feast Marker: The Ravager gains +1 INJURY DICE on its attacks.
- 2 Feast Markers: The Ravager gains REGENERATION (1).
- 3 Feast Markers: The Ravager gains TOUGH.

Mots-clés

FORSAKEN, FLY, FEAR

Carpal Blade

An extension of bone growing from the Shrieker's arm, this immense serrated blade also supports the membrane of its wings. When it swoops down upon its prey, the speed of its charge turns its teeth into a veritable saw, capable of shredding flesh and armour alike.

Type	Range	Keywords
2-Handed	Melee	POISONED, CUMBERSOME, PREDATORY

PREDATORY
When a Shrieker performs a Charge, its Carpal Blade gains CLEAVE (2) until the end of that Activation.

Carnivorous Maw

The Shrieker's maw contains an excessive number of teeth, arranged in rows extending deep into its throat. Once its jaws close around its prey, this monstrous array of teeth does not seek to chew: it tears, rips, and swallows everything caught within its grasp.

Type	Range	Keywords
Special	Melee	IGNORE ARMOUR, +1 INJURY DICE, RISKY



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0-3 Flayed - Cost : 60

Among the Forsaken, none are regarded with greater unease than the Flayed. Their flesh never truly healed, leaving muscle, sinew and nerve forever exposed to the poisonous air of the Veins of the World. To the faithful, these wounds are not sacred blessings but unsettling imperfections, marks that inspire fear even among their own kind. Cast out to the fringes of every colony, the Flayed wander alone, drawn irresistibly towards pain and bloodshed. The more one tries to bring them down, the closer they come.

Movement	Ranged	Melee	Armour	Base
4"/Infantry	+0 DICE	+0 DICE	0	32 mm

Battlekit

A Flayed may purchase any equipment from the Forsaken Armoury.

A Flayed may receive one Blessing of the Ochre King when recruited.

Abilities

Still Alive

The first time a Flayed model would be removed as a casualty as a result of an Injury Roll, roll a D6. On a 4+, it is not removed as a casualty and remains in play with the same number of BLOOD MARKERS it had.

Eternal Torment

At the end of each of its MOVEMENT ACTIONS, or whenever a friendly or enemy ability causes it to move, place 1 BLOOD MARKER next to the Flayed, up to a maximum of 6.

For each BLOOD MARKER it has, the Flayed gains +1 DICE to its Melee Attacks and +1" MOVEMENT.

Pariah

Even among the Forsaken, the Flayed are regarded with fear and revulsion. Banished to the outskirts of their colonies, they are never permitted to travel through the sacred tunnels of their people.

Flayed models may never be placed in Underground Reserve, nor may they be deployed or repositioned using the Emergence or Vein Maw rules.

Keywords

FORSAKEN, INFILTRATOR, FEAR, REGENERATE 1

0-1 Blooming One - Cost : 135

Blooming Ones are born when the flowers of several Exhaled reach full maturity. Guided by an instinct that no Forsaken seems to need to learn, they gather together, their roots intertwining and pulling flesh, bones, and organs into one another until they form a single organism. From this union emerges a colossal mass of fused bodies and flowers in full bloom, its countless maws exhaling toxins accumulated over several lifetimes. To the Forsaken, however, this aberration is no monstrosity: it is a perfect blossoming, the moment when several children of the Ochre King cease to exist separately and become one of his blessings.

Mouvement	Tir	Corps à Corps	Armure	Socle
4"/Infantry	-	+1 DÉS	0	50 mm

Battlekit

A Blooming One is equipped with Caustic Breath, Reinforced Bony Growths, and Blooming Maws.
A Flayed may receive two Blessing of the Ochre King when recruited.

Abilities

Blooming Maws

The Blooming Maws count as three Trench Clubs and gain the POISONED Keyword.

Caustic Breath

The Blooming One countless mouths spew a mixture of acid, bile, and miasmas accumulated over centuries, dissolving flesh and equipment beneath a toxic deluge.

Caustic Breath is treated as a Heavy Flamethrower, replacing the FIRE keyword with the POISONED keyword.

In addition, each Blooming One generates a Poisoned Area within a 3" radius around it.

Breath of the Deep

At the end of each Round, increase the expansion of Deep Miasma by 3" while at least one Blooming One remains in play.

Corrupted Blood

Whenever an enemy inflicts one or more BLOOD MARKERS on a Blooming One with a Melee attack, place an equal number of POISON MARKERS next to the attacking model.

Keywords

FORSAKEN, FEAR, STRONG, TOUGH

Warband Variants

The Endless Feast

Some colonies have surrendered entirely to their predatory instincts. Here, the Shriekers reign supreme, driving the Emaciated towards every fresh kill. The Deep Miasma is no longer a weapon, but the scent that heralds the next feast.

The Eternal Hunt Special Rules

Shared Feast
Whenever a Shriekers takes an enemy model Out of Action, all Shriekers models within 6" also gain 1 Feast Marker. No Shriekers may gain more than 1 Feast Marker per Round from this rule.

The Hunt Begins
Shriekers begin the battle with 1 Feast Marker.

Predatory Instinct
Shriekers in this Warband may gain up to 4 Feast Markers. Instead of gaining no further benefit, a Shriekers with 4 Feast Markers gains the DEADLY Keyword on all of its weapons.

Scent of Blood
At the beginning of each Round, you must nominate an enemy model. Shriekers gain +1" MOVE (to a maximum of 12" MOVE) for each BLOOD MARKER that model has. Whenever a Shriekers performs a MOVE, DASH, or CHARGE Action, it must end its movement as close as possible to the nominated model.

Bestial Instincts
If a Shriekers begins its Activation with a visible enemy model within 12", its first Action must be a CHARGE, DASH, or MOVE that brings it as close as possible to the nearest visible enemy model.

Too Wild for the King's Children
Shriekers may never be placed in Underground Reserve as part of this Warband.

Warband Restrictions
An Endless Feast Warband may not recruit Exhaled or The Blooming One.
The 0–2 Shriekers restriction becomes 0–4 Shriekers.
Shriekers gain Limited Potential instead of Cannot Be Promoted.

Echoes from Below

Some Forsaken colonies do not seek to overwhelm their prey—they seek to confuse it. For years, they patiently extend their labyrinth of tunnels, watching the surface without ever revealing themselves. Guided by the faintest sound, their Vein Stalkers emerge from Vein Maws, strike with terrifying precision, then vanish once more into the darkness, leaving behind only silence.. and the dreadful certainty that no one was ever truly alone.

Echoes from Below Special Rules

The Miasma Does Not Wander

The Deep Miasma rule is modified. Poison Zones no longer expand at the end of each Round.
The only Poison Zones in play are those generated by the Forsaken deployment zone, Vein Maws, and any other rules belonging to this Warband.

Living Tunnel Network

Vein Maws are no longer placed before the battle begins. Instead, at the beginning of each of her Activations, the Devouring Mother may create up to two Vein Maws.

These Vein Maws may be placed anywhere on the battlefield except within the enemy deployment zone. Each must be placed more than 1” from all models and more than 4” from any other Vein Maw.

Expanded Tunnels

Vein Maws generate a Poison Zone within 9” instead of 6”.

Reinforced Tunnels

Whenever an enemy model attempts the Collapse Vein Maw RISKY Action, it suffers -1 DICE on its Risky Test.

Warband Restrictions

An Echoes from Below Warband may not recruit Emaciated, Shriekers, or Flayed.

The 0–1 Vein Stalker restriction becomes 0–2 Vein Stalkers.

The Battle of the Mausoleum of Saint-Cassian

The oldest hymns teach that the Veins of the World have breathed since long before the first child of the Ochre King was born, and that they will continue to breathe long after His return. Their pollen stung the skin, scorched the lungs and slowly poisoned the flesh, yet none among His children ever saw it as a curse. It was the King's blessing, the sacred gift that had transformed their ancestors and allowed them to endure where ordinary men would have perished within days. Every breath was a reminder that they still lived through Him.

None immediately understood what had disturbed their sanctuary. One by one, the Great Flowers slowly folded their petals, halting the endless drift of golden pollen. The Mothers' hymns faded into silence until not a single voice remained, leaving behind a stillness unlike anything even the eldest could remember. Then came the blows. Vast. Measured. Every impact rippled through the Veins of the World like a fresh wound, sending fragments of stone crashing down upon the sacred gardens. The children abandoned their games. The Lurkers returned from the outer tunnels to gather around the sanctuaries. All waited. The forgotten gates leading to the world above—sealed for so many generations that they had become little more than a memory preserved in song—were being struck once again.

When the stone finally yielded, it was not light that entered the depths, for none of the Ochre King's children had ever known the gaze of the sun. It was warmth. A gentle warmth, unlike the burning breath of the mountain's depths, that drifted silently through the tunnels and caressed bare flesh that had never known anything but the cold winds of the Veins. No word existed to describe such a sensation. The youngest stood motionless. The eldest Mothers slowly bowed their immense bodies and released a deep, resonant hymn unlike any the children had ever heard. They recognised this presence—not because they had known it themselves, but because their own Mothers had taught them that one day the warmth of the world above would descend into the depths to seek the Ochre King within His hidden kingdom.

Then another scent followed. Iron. Oil. Powder. Incense. Harsh and alien to the Veins of the World, it slowly overwhelmed the fragrance of the Great Flowers. The vibrations changed as well. No longer the swift, silent footsteps of the Lurkers, but the ponderous tread of towering beings whose every movement made the mountain tremble. The hymns spoke of them. The Iron Giants. The desecrators who, long ago, had driven the Ochre King into the depths so that His people might be spared. They had returned.

The Mothers gave no commands. The Veins spoke in their stead. The sacred gardens were evacuated at once, the youngest led towards the deepest chambers, while the Vein Maws awakened one after another in a slow rumble of living stone. The Lurkers did not seek to drive back the Iron Giants. They knew such a thing was impossible. Their task was only to delay them, to lure them away from the sanctuaries where the Ochre King's promises still endured, and to guide them towards whatever fate the Veins of the World had prepared.

The first clashes were catastrophic. The Giants advanced without hesitation, clad in steel and chanting prayers no child of the Veins could understand. Every blow crushed several of the King's children, scattering their broken bodies among the roots of the Great Flowers. Yet none of the hymns speak of despair on that day. Those who returned to the stone nourished the Veins that

had given them life. To die preserving the sanctuaries was no tragedy. It was simply the final service a child could offer the Ochre King.

The Vein Maws performed their work with the patience of the depths. They never opened before the Giants, only behind those who followed in their wake. One sensed the approach of a figure smaller than the others. It advanced cautiously, drawn by the heartbeat of the stone, unaware that it had wandered into the domain of a Devouring Mother. When the tentacle struck, no scream echoed through the Veins. The child of the world above vanished before the Giants could even turn within their heavy armour. The hymns tell that the Mother welcomed the offering with gratitude, for even the flesh of the desecrators could nourish the children of the King.

Yet the greatest of the Giants refused to yield. Around him, the Lurkers appeared and vanished without end, striking at the joints of his armour before melting once more into the tunnels. The youngest could not understand why so many of their brothers willingly gave their lives to bring down a single foe. The Mothers, however, knew that no colossus could withstand the patience of the Veins forever. The pollen of the Great Flowers had already begun to fill the breached galleries. Every breath grew heavier. The Giants' footsteps became ever so slightly slower. Even their fury seemed to fade. The Veins themselves had joined the battle.
Then a voice echoed through the mountain itself.

The Lurkers halted at once. The Giants were no longer pursuing the children of the Veins. Instead, they gathered around their weakest, raising a wall of iron that even the Mothers could not breach without sacrificing yet more of their children. The first assaults shattered against that living bulwark like waves breaking upon stone. Then the Mothers understood. The desecrators had abandoned their descent. The sanctuaries had endured. One by one, the Vein Maws fell silent. The Lurkers withdrew into the darkness. The Giants resumed their march, slow and wary, never once turning their backs upon the depths, while the Veins of the World slowly found their breath once more.

The oldest hymns still celebrate that day as a great victory. The Veins had been nourished by the sacrifice of hundreds of their children, yet the sanctuaries remained inviolate, the Great Flowers continued to scatter their sacred pollen, and the Iron Giants had finally learned that the realm of the Ochre King was not some forgotten tomb, but a living people. The desecrators departed believing they had won the battle. The Mothers, however, knew that more than a hundred of their children had been returned to the Veins for every Iron Giant that fell. Yet no sacrifice could ever be too great if the desecrators could be made to bleed. The sanctuaries still stood. The price of victory was insignificant.

The battle had been won.
The war had only just begun.

Campaign Rules

As described on page 254 of the Trench Crusade Rulebook, follow the normal sequence of the Campaign Phase.
This section presents the campaign rules unique to Forsaken Warbands. Here you will find the rules for their Patron, the Ochre King, as well as their Glory Items table.
Unless otherwise stated, all other campaign rules are used as normal.

Patron

The Ochre King

For centuries, the Forsaken have worshipped the Ochre King, convinced that He still guides them through the depths. Whether their prayers truly reach their sovereign is a mystery lost to time, yet their faith has become so absolute that it seems capable of bending reality itself. The blessings bestowed upon their champions may not be gifts from the Ochre King at all, but manifestations of a belief powerful enough to reshape the world

Choosing the Ochre King as your Patron grants access to the following Patron Skills:

Virulent Poison:
Whenever the bearer places one or more Poison Markers on an enemy model with a weapon or ability, place 1 additional Poison Marker on that model.

Veil of Miasma:
While the bearer is within a Poison Zone, it cannot be considered Visible to enemy models more than 12" away.

Killer Instinct
Whenever the bearer scores a Critical Success with a Melee Attack, resolve the Injury Roll as though the weapon had the DEADLY Keyword.

Master of the Veins
The bearer automatically succeeds all Risky Tests made for a DASH Action when using the Vein Maw Emergence rule to emerge from a Vein Maw.

Profane Ascension
The bearer gains the FLY Keyword and increases its MOVE characteristic by 2". A Devouring Mother may never gain this Skill

Opportunistic Predator
Once per Activation, when the bearer makes a Melee Attack against an enemy model that has already activated this Round, that attack ignores the target's ARMOUR.

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Glory Items

Glory Items are exceptionally rare, valuable or legendary pieces of equipment. In many respects, they function like the equipment purchased with from a faction's Armoury. Unlike ordinary equipment, however, Glory Items can only be obtained during a campaign, and only when a Warband discovers a source that allows it to receive a Glory Item for free or to purchase one during the Upkeep step.
For example, certain discoveries made during Exploration allow a Warband to purchase Glory Items worth a limited amount of ⊙.

Glory Items Table

The Glory Items available to a Forsaken Warband are listed in its faction's Glory Items Table below. Each entry lists the item's cost, along with any restrictions on who may use it.
These restrictions work exactly like those found in the faction's Armoury (see the Trench Crusade Rulebook).
Glory Items marked with a [•] are exclusive to Forsaken Warbands.
All other Glory Items can be found in the Trench Crusade Rulebook (see page 268).

Name	Restrictions	Cost
• Flower Crown	ELITE only, Limit: 1	4 ⊙
• Profane Brood	ELITE only, Limit: 1	3 ⊙
• Fleshrender	ELITE only, Limit: 1	10 ⊙
• Insatiable Hunger	ELITE only, Limit: 1	6 ⊙
• Hands of the Abyss	ELITE only, Limit: 1	5 ⊙
• Royal Neodermis	ELITE only, Limit: 1	7 ⊙

Glory Items Cartulary

This section contains the descriptions and rules for all Glory Items listed in the Glory Items Tables. These descriptions function exactly like those for the equipment presented in the Armoury section of the Trench Crusade Rulebook (see Equipment).

Flower Crown | 4 ⊙| limit: 1

Woven from the ochre flowers that bloom deep within the Veins of the World, this crown is bestowed upon the most devout servants of the Ochre King. Where its fragrance soothes the Forsaken, it scorches the impure, turning aside both flame and flying steel.

Type	Range	Keywords
Equipment	-	NEGATE GAS, NEGATE SHRAPNEL, NEGATE FIRE

Profane Brood | 3 ⊙| limit: 2

This pulsating sac of flesh beats in time with its bearer's heart. Within it, countless stillborn offspring grow, nourished by the poisons of the depths until they are torn from their fleshy womb and hurled at the enemies of the Ochre King.

Type	Range	Keywords
Spécial	-	-

Profane Brood

The bearer gains Unbaptised Grenades if it did not already have them. Those grenades gain the SCATTER Keyword

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Fleshrender | 8 ⊙ | limit: 1

Fashioned from a single colossal bone, this grotesque blade tears far more readily than it cuts. Every blow rips away great strips of flesh, leaving wounds so savage that even the surgeons of Christendom struggle to close them.

Type	Range	Keywords
2-Handed	Melee	+1 INJURY DICE, SUNDERING, DEADLY, POISONED, CUMBERSOME

Insatiable Hunger | 6 ⊙ | limit: 1

The blessing of the Ochre King slowly consumes the mind of His chosen. Every victim feeds a hunger that can never be sated, until the bearer no longer distinguishes between battle and feast.

Type	Range	Keywords
Spécial	-	-

Voracious

The bearer gains the Feast ability of the Shriekers.

Hands of the Abyss | 5 | limit: 1

The bearer's claws never cease growing. With each successive molt, they harden and lengthen until they become true blades of living bone. No longer meant merely to kill, they exist to tear prey apart piece by piece.

Type	Range	Keywords
2-Handed	Melee	CRITICAL, POISONED, CUMBERSOME, CLEAVE 3, SUNDERING

Royal Neodermis | 7 | limit: 2

Among the oldest and most devoted of the Forsaken, a second skin of living bone sometimes grows over the first. To them, this is undeniable proof of the Ochre King's favour, a sacred sign that their sovereign is already preparing their return to His side.

Type	Range	Keywords
Armour	-	Injury Rolls made against the bearer suffer -3 INJURY DICE.



Saint Cassian

Scenarios

An Unofficial Campaign Supplement for Trench Crusade.

Using These Scenarios

The twelve scenarios in The Siege of Saint-Cassian were designed for use with the Mausoleum of Saint-Cassian gaming board and depict the struggle between the Order of the Thorned Crown and the Forgotten. Many objectives, special rules, and battlefield events make use of terrain unique to this board, creating a deeply narrative experience in which the battlefield itself becomes part of the story.

These scenarios are not limited to this specific setup, however. With only minor adjustments, they can be played on any battlefield using the warbands of your choice. Whenever a scenario refers to a specific terrain feature, simply replace it with an equivalent piece from your own collection.

Whether you choose to relive The Siege of Saint-Cassian or adapt these battles to another corner of the Holy War, these scenarios are designed to enrich your games with varied objectives, dynamic battlefield events, and a strong narrative focus. Make them your own, adapt them to your battlefield, and write the next chapter of the Holy War.



Playing the Campaign

The Siege of Saint-Cassian uses the Campaign rules presented in the Trench Crusade Rulebook. Follow the normal Campaign Battle Sequence (see page 256), with the exception of Scenario Selection. Instead of determining the scenario using the standard rules, play the scenarios in the order presented in this supplement, from the first through to the twelfth.

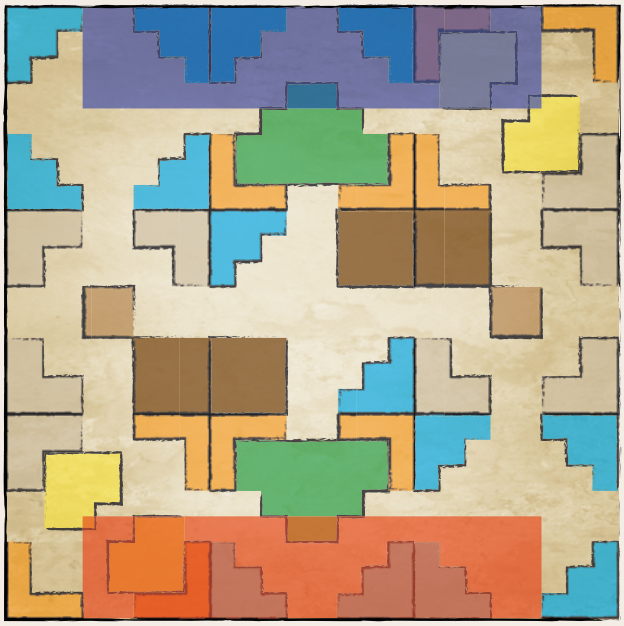
The scenarios in The Siege of Saint-Cassian are designed to be played at any stage of a campaign. As such, they are not divided into Early Campaign, Mid Campaign, or Late Campaign scenarios. Each scenario may be played regardless of the number of Ducats or the current development of the participating warbands.

Alternatively, the scenarios may be played in a random order. To do so, roll 1D6. On a result of 1–3, consult Table 1. On a result of 4–6, consult Table 2. Then roll 1D6 on the selected table to determine which scenario will be played.

Table 1	Table 2
1. The Price of Ground	1. The Heart of the Mausoleum
2. The Death Knell of Saint-Cassian	2. The Breach
3. The Warren	3. The Martyr's Bridge
4. The Last Light	4. The Powder Wagon
5. The Relic Bearers	5. The Last Bastion
6. Dawn and Dusk	6. The Final Judgment

1
The Price of Ground

Deploiment A



48"

Deploiment B

The first Forgotten Ones emerged from the depths as the Knights of the Thorned Crown deployed around the Mausoleum. Pale figures emerged from collapsed crypts and forgotten passageways, advancing through the ruins as if the stones of Saint-Cassian had always belonged to them.

Orders were relayed from trench to trench. Arquebuses were loaded, blades drawn from their sheaths, and the last barricades hastily reinforced. Yet even before the battle truly flared up, each side realized that it would not be decided by a glorious charge or the death of a single hero.

It would be fought a few meters at a time.
Every wall could become a rampart.
Every ruin, a firing position.

Every abandoned barricade offered the enemy a new vantage point from which to continue its advance. It was no longer enough to kill: one had to conquer the ground, occupy it, and be ready to die to hold it.
And so began a struggle as methodical as it was bloody. Positions changed hands as the dead piled up around the same patches of land. A meter gained at the cost of several lives could be lost moments later, only to be recaptured at the cost of a few more.

For around the Mausoleum, giving up one position meant handing the next one over to the enemy. Then the one after that. And soon, perhaps, the very gates of Saint-Cassian.

That day, both armies learned the first law of siege: at Saint-Cassian, even the smallest step forward is paid for in blood.



4 Rounds	Complete	Prohibited	Control

FORCES

There are no special restrictions on the miniatures either player may include in their Force for this scenario.

THE BATTLEFIELD

If you are using the Siege of Saint-Cassian gaming board, use the deployment map shown above. The players determine who is the Attacker and Defender as normal; the winner places any additional terrain features required by the scenario.

Otherwise, the winner sets up the battlefield before placing any additional terrain features required by the scenario.

Infiltrators

Infiltrators must deploy normally and may not use any special deployment rules.

GAME DURATION

This scenario lasts 4 Rounds

GLORIOUS DEEDS

Masters of the Field

Control the three central Sectors at the end of a Round.

Death from Above

Put an enemy miniature *Out of Action* with a **DIVING CHARGE.**

Reaper

The same miniature puts at least three enemy miniatures *Out of Action* during the battle.

Decapitation

Your **LEADER** puts an enemy **ELITE** miniature *Out of Action*

Breakthrough

Without controlling more than one Sector adjacent to your deployment zone, control three Sectors forming a horizontal, vertical, or diagonal line at the end of a Round.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

This scenario uses the Control the Ground rule.

At the end of each Round, determine which warband controls each of the nine battlefield Tiles. A warband controls a sector if it has more miniatures enRangedely within that sector than its opponent.

Each controlled Tiles awards the following Victory Points:

1 Victory Point for each of the three sectors adjacent to your deployment Tiles.

2 Victory Points for each of the three central Tiles.

3 Victory Points for each of the three Tiles adjacent to your opponent's deployment zone.

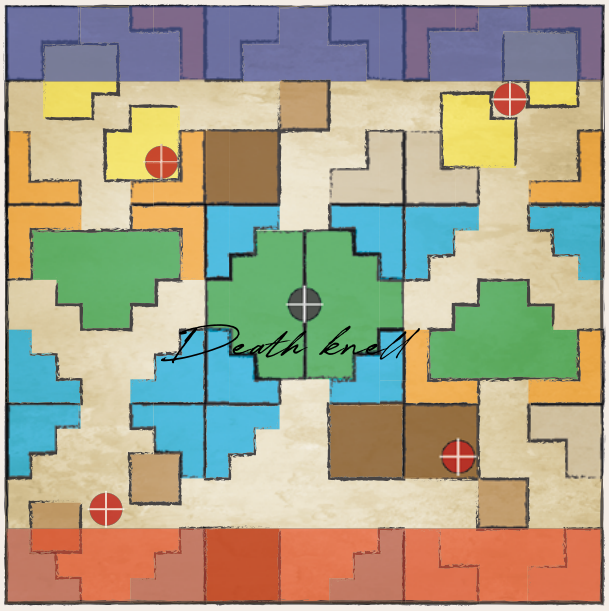
If both players have the same number of miniatures in a Tiles, neither player controls it.

In addition, each Glorious Deeds achieved during the battle awards 1 additional Victory Point

2

The Death Knell of Saint-Cassian

Deployment A



Deployment B

For centuries, the bell tower of Saint-Cassian had stood silent. No one knew what power still slumbered within its great bell, nor why both sides sought to make it ring.

But when its first death knell echoed across the battlefield, all understood that something far greater than a simple sound had been awakened.

Result	Effect
1	**Distorted Senses** Until the beginning of the next Round, all ACTIONS performed by miniatures on the battlefield suffer -1 DICE.
2	**Shaken Foundations** Until the beginning of the next Round, reduce the MOVEMENT characteristic of all miniatures by 1", to a minimum of 0".
3	**Nightmarish Visions** Until the beginning of the next Round, all enemy miniatures are considered to have the FEAR keyword.
4	**Unfathomable Pain** Each miniature on the battlefield gains 1 BLOOD MARKER.
5	**Divine Renewal** Each miniature on the battlefield gains 1 BLESSED MARKER.
6	**Heightened Senses** Until the beginning of the next Round, all ACTIONS performed by miniatures on the battlefield gain +1 DICE.

5 Rounds	complete	Allowed	Ring & Kill

FORCES

There are no special restrictions on the miniatures either player may include in their Force for this scenario.

THE BATTLEFIELD

If you are using the Siege of Saint-Cassian gaming board, use the deployment map shown above. The players determine who is the Attacker and Defender as normal; the winner places any additional terrain features required by the scenario.

Otherwise, the winner sets up the battlefield before placing any additional terrain features required by the scenario.

Infiltrators

Infiltrators may deploy either normally or by using their special deployment rules.

GAME DURATION

This scenario lasts 5 Rounds.

GLORIOUS DEEDS

Divine Ecstasy
One of your miniatures has 6 BLESSED MARKERS.

Punish the Heretic
Put an enemy miniature with 6 BLESSED MARKERS Out of Action.

Unwavering Devotion
The same miniature performs the PRAYER ACTION during three consecutive Rounds.

Sacred Pilgrimage
Perform the PRAYER ACTION at three different Objectives during the battle, whether the ACTION succeeds or fails.

Perfect Penitent
The same miniature performs the PRAYER ACTION during every Round of the battle.

Wavering Faith
One of your miniatures never performs the PRAYER ACTION during the battle. Each player may achieve this Glorious Deed once per battle.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

At the beginning of each Round, the bell at the top of the Bell Tower tolls. Roll 1D6 and apply the corresponding effect from the table below.

If a miniature is within 1" of the bell, it may ring it a second time. Resolve a second effect by rolling again on the table.

ACTION: PRAYER

During any Round in which the bell has rung at least once, a miniature within 1" of an Objective may perform the PRAYER ACTION.

On a success, it gains 1 BLESSED MARKER and 1 BLOOD MARKER.

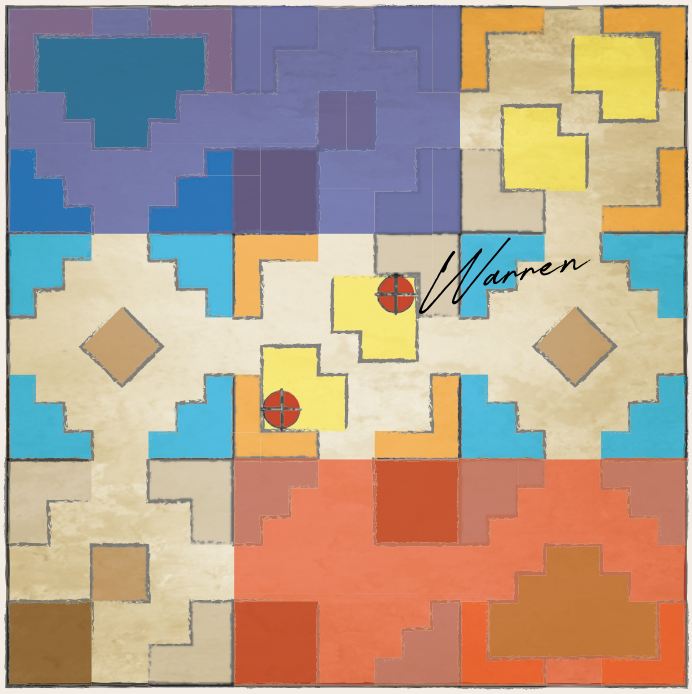
Restrictions
A miniature that has made a RANGED ATTACK or MELEE ATTACK this Round cannot perform this ACTION.
A miniature that performs this ACTION cannot make any RANGED ATTACKS or MELEE ATTACKS for the remainder of its activation.

Victory Points
2 Victory Points each time an enemy miniature with at least 1 BLESSED MARKER is put Out of Action.
1 Victory Point each time the PRAYER ACTION is performed at one of the two Objectives closest to the enemy Deployment Zone.

At the end of the battle, each Glorious Deed achieved awards 1 additional Victory Point.

3
The Warren

Deploiment A



Deploiment B

The tunnels beneath the Mausoleum are home to creatures that even the Forgotten refuse to approach. Among them dwells a small beast with immaculate white fur, whose innocent appearance is every bit as deceptive as its razor-sharp fangs.

For generations, survivors have whispered that no mortal can tame the Beast of the Warren… only pray that it chooses to devour someone else.

"That's No Ordinary Rabbit!"

Each player deploys one Rabbit of Laerbannog within their Deployment Zone.

The Rabbit is controlled by its owner and counts as part of their warband. While it is CALM, it is controlled normally.

At the beginning of each Round, both players roll 1D6. If either die shows a result of 1, both Rabbits immediately change state:

If the Rabbits are CALM, they become ENRAGED.

If the Rabbits are ENRAGED, they become CALM.

Whenever the Rabbits become ENRAGED, each player immediately takes control of their opponent's Rabbit.

Whenever the Rabbits become CALM again, they return to the control of their original owner.



5 Rounds	complete	Allowed	Survive

FORCES

There are no special restrictions on the miniatures either player may include in their Force for this scenario. In addition, each Force includes one Rabbit of Laerbannog.

THE BATTLEFIELD

If you are using the Siege of Saint-Cassian gaming board, use the deployment map shown above. The players determine who is the Attacker and Defender as normal; the winner places any additional terrain features required by the scenario.

Otherwise, the winner sets up the battlefield before placing any additional terrain features required by the scenario

Infiltrators

Infiltrators may deploy either normally or by using their special deployment rules.

GAME DURATION

This scenario lasts 5 Rounds.

GLORIOUS DEEDS

Miracle Survivor

One of your miniatures survives an attack made by a Rabbit of Laerbannog.

The Beast Slain

Put a Rabbit of Laerbannog Out of Action.

Unleashed Fury

A Rabbit of Laerbannog under your control puts at least three miniatures, friendly or enemy, Out of Action during the battle.

Hold the Line

Control the same Warren
for three consecutive Rounds.

Master of the Warren

Control both Warrens at least once during the battle

VICTORY CONDITIONS

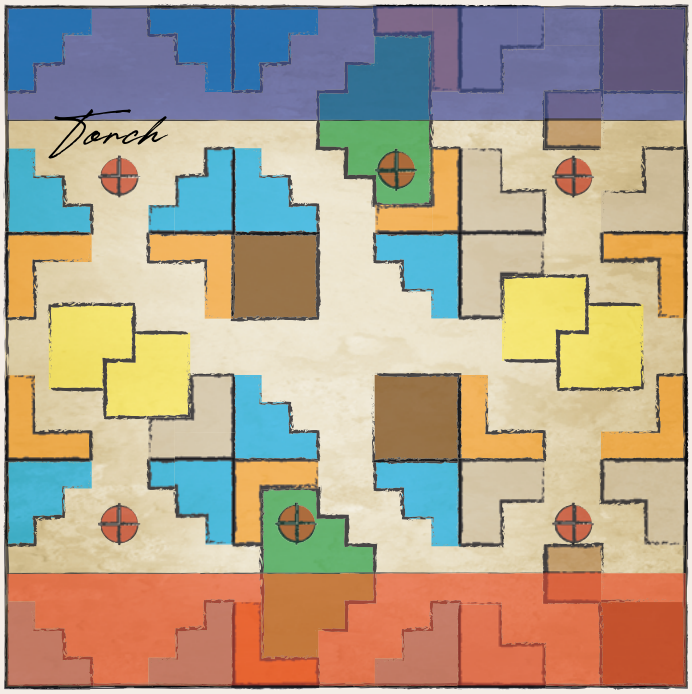
Players score Victory Points as follows :

- 1 Victory Point for each enemy miniature put Out of Action.
- 2 Victory Points for each enemy ELITE miniature put Out of Action.
- 3 Victory Points for each enemy LEADER put Out of Action.
- 5 Victory Points for each Rabbit of Laerbanog put Out of Action.
- 1 Victory Point for each Objective (Rabbit Warren) controlled at the end of each Round.
- At the end of the battle, each Glorious Deed achieved awards 1 additional Victory Point.

The Rabbit of Laerbannog's profile is in the glossary at p.145

4
The Last Light

Deploiment A



Deploiment B

For centuries, the depths of Saint-Cassian had known nothing but darkness. The few torches still burning guided the faithful.. and betrayed their every movement.

Each flame could save a life—or doom a hundred. When night fell, light became the most precious weapon on the battlefield.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

During this battle, miniatures may Light a Torch or Extinguish a Torch.

A Lit Torch illuminates all miniatures within 12". Illuminated miniatures are considered Visible.

A miniature may not declare a RANGED ATTACK against a target that is not illuminated unless that target is within 6".

Blind miniatures ignore this restriction. This includes Sniper Priests, the Forgotten, and any miniature equipped with an item that grants the NEGATE GAS keyword, as the lenses of their gas masks allow them to see even in complete darkness.

In this scenario, the Defender must Extinguish Torches, while the Attacker must Light Torches. The Forgotten are always the Defender.

All Torches within the Attacker's Deployment Zone begin the battle Lit.

All Torches within the Defender's Deployment Zone begin the battle Extinguished.



5 Rounds	complete	Restricted	Control

FORCES

There are no special restrictions on the miniatures either player may include in their Force for this scenario.

THE BATTLEFIELD

If you are using the Siege of Saint-Cassian gaming board, use the deployment map shown above. The players determine who is the Attacker and Defender as normal; the winner places any additional terrain features required by the scenario.

Otherwise, the winner sets up the battlefield before placing any additional terrain features required by the scenario

Infiltrators

Infiltrators may deploy either normally or by using their special deployment rules. However, if they do so, they may not be deployed within 8" of a Torch

GAME DURATION

This scenario lasts 5 Rounds.

GLORIOUS DEEDS

Flamebearer
The same miniature Lights or Extinguishes three different Torches during the battle.

Behind Enemy Lines
Light or Extinguish a Torch within your opponent's Deployment Zone.

Keeper of Light and Shadow
The same miniature successfully performs Light a Torch or Extinguish a Torch during two consecutive Rounds.

Master of the Flames
All six Torches are simultaneously Lit or Extinguished.

Death in the Dark
Put an enemy miniature Out of Action while it is not illuminated by any Lit Torch.

Divine Light
The same miniature ends each of your Rounds illuminated by at least one Lit Torch throughout the battle.

Light a Torch and Extinguish a Torch are ACTIONS.

Players score Victory Points as follows:

1 Victory Point each time the Attacker lights a Torch or the Defender extinguishes a Torch.

3 Victory Points each time the Attacker lights a Torch within the Defender's Deployment Zone, or the Defender extinguishes a Torch within the Attacker's Deployment Zone

At the end of the battle

The Attacker scores 2 Victory Points for each friendly miniature illuminated by at least one Lit Torch.

The Defender scores 1 Victory Point for each friendly miniature that is not illuminated by any Lit Torch.

At the end of the battle, each Glorious Deed achieved awards 1 additional Victory Point.

5
Relic Bearers

Deploiment A



Deploiment B

The relics of Saint-Cassian could not be allowed to fall into enemy hands. As the battle raged around the Mausoleum, a single warrior was chosen to bear the sacred burden to safety.

All knew that victory no longer depended on the battlefield.. but on protecting the one who carried the last hope of their warband.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

Each player begins the battle with two Relics, placed within their Deployment Zone.

A miniature within 1" of a Relic automatically picks it up, provided no enemy miniature is also within 1" of that Relic.

If one or more enemy miniatures are within 1" of the Relic, a miniature must perform an ACTION to pick it up.

A Relic lying on the battlefield belongs to neither player and may be picked up normally by any miniature.

The objective is to escort the Relics to the opposing Deployment Zone.
A Relic is considered Recovered once its bearer leaves the battlefield through the edge of the opposing Deployment Zone.

			
5 Rounds	complete	Prohibited	Protection

FORCES

There are no special restrictions on the miniatures either player may include in their Force for this scenario.

THE BATTLEFIELD

If you are using the Siege of Saint-Cassian gaming board, use the deployment map shown above. The players determine who is the Attacker and Defender as normal; the winner places any additional terrain features required by the scenario.

Otherwise, the winner sets up the battlefield before placing any additional terrain features required by the scenario.

Infiltrators

Infiltrators must deploy normally and may not use their special deployment rules.

GAME DURATION

This scenario lasts 5 Rounds.

GLORIOUS DEEDS

Pilgrim to the Horizon

Recover a Relic by leaving the battlefield through the Deployment Zone diagonally opposite the one where that Relic began the battle.

First Across

Be the first player to recover a Relic.

The Warrior's Burden

Put at least one enemy miniature Out of Action with a MELEE ATTACK while carrying a Relic.

No Retreat

Declare at least two CHARGES with the same Relic Bearer during the battle.

Mission Accomplished

Recover two Relics during the battle.

Keeper of the Relics

Recover a Relic that was carried by only one miniature during the entire battle.

The Bearer

may not move more than 12" during a single activation, regardless of the source of that movement (teleportation, special rules, abilities, etc.);

cannot voluntarily drop the Relic or have it removed while it remains alive.

If the bearer is put Out of Action, place the Relic within 1" of the miniature before removing it as a casualty. It may then be picked up normally.

Victory Points

Players score Victory Points for each Recovered Relic, depending on how many different miniatures carried it during the battle:

5 Victory Points if only one miniature carried the Relic.

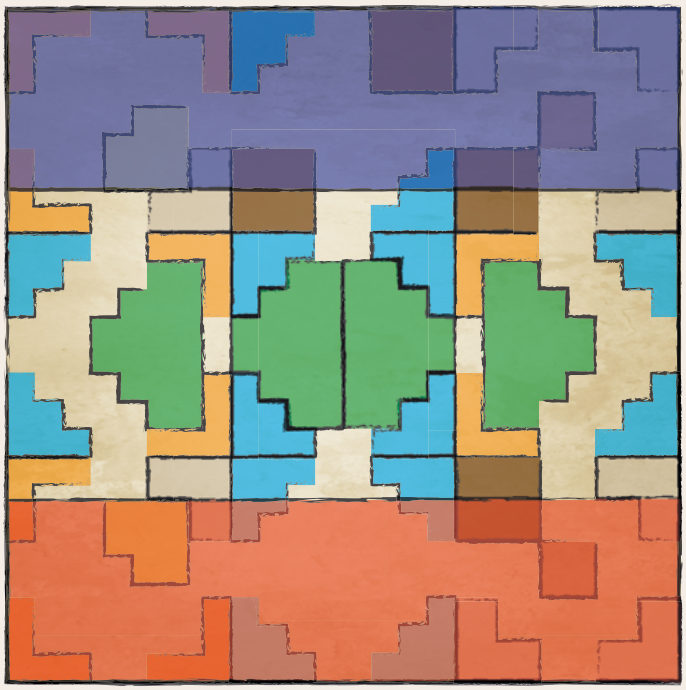
3 Victory Points if two different miniatures carried the Relic.

1 Victory Point if three or more different miniatures carried the Relic.

At the end of the battle, each Glorious Deed achieved awards 1 additional Victory Point.

6
Dawn and Dusk

Deploiment A



48"

Deploiment B

The Siege of Saint-Cassian endured far longer than a single day. From the first light of dawn to the fading glow of dusk, the battle never ceased.

When the sun vanished behind the mountains, only the most resolute continued to fight.. until a new dawn summoned them to war once more.

A Day in Hell

The battle begins in the dead of night and continues until darkness falls once more. Each Round represents a different time of day and uses the following rules.

Round 1 – *Night*

No miniature may be considered Visible beyond 12".

Round 2 – *Dawn*

The rising sun blinds the Attackers.
All ATTACK ACTIONS made by Attacker miniatures suffer -1 DICE.

Round 3 – *Zenith*

The sun stands at its highest point.
All ATTACK ACTIONS made by miniatures on the battlefield gain +1 DICE.
In addition, each miniature removes 1 BLOOD MARKER.

Round 4 – *Dusk*

The setting sun blinds the Defenders.
All ATTACK ACTIONS made by Defender miniatures suffer -1 DICE. .

Round 5 – *Night*

No miniature may be considered Visible beyond 12".



5 Rounds	complete	Restricted	Kill

FORCES

There are no special restrictions on the miniatures either player may include in their Force for this scenario.

THE BATTLEFIELD

If you are using the Siege of Saint-Cassian gaming board, use the deployment map shown above. The players determine who is the Attacker and Defender as normal; the winner places any additional terrain features required by the scenario.

Otherwise, the winner sets up the battlefield before placing any additional terrain features required by the scenario

Infiltrators

Infiltrators may deploy either normally or by using their special deployment rules. However, if they do so, they may not be deployed within 12" of a Sanctuary.

GAME DURATION

This scenario lasts 5 Rounds.

GLORIOUS DEEDS

Shadow Hunter

Be the first player to put an enemy miniature Out of Action with a RANGED ATTACK during Round 1 or Round 5.

This Glorious Deed may be achieved twice: once during Round 1 and once during Round 5.

Bathed in Light

One of your miniatures ends the battle with no BLOOD MARKERS. Each player may achieve this Glorious Deed once per battle.

Death from Above

Put an enemy miniature Out of Action with a DIVING CHARGE.

Spearhead

The same miniature declares at least two CHARGES during the battle.

Reaper

The same miniature puts at least three enemy miniatures Out of Action during the battle.

Decisive Victory

Your LEADER is still alive at the end of the battle while the enemy LEADER has been put Out of Action.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

Players score Victory Points as follows:

3 Victory Points for each enemy LEADER put Out of Action.

2 Victory Points for each enemy ELITE put Out of Action.

1 Victory Point for each other enemy miniature put Out of Action.

In addition:

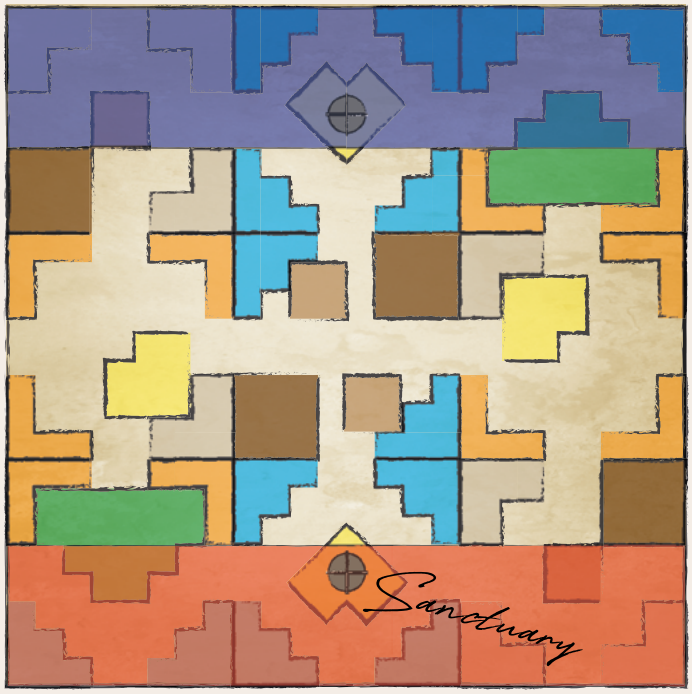
The Attacker scores 1 additional Victory Point for each enemy miniature put Out of Action during Round 2 – Dawn.

The Defender scores 1 additional Victory Point for each enemy miniature put Out of Action during Round 4 – Dusk.

At the end of the battle, each Glorious Deed achieved awards 1 additional Victory Point.

7
The Heart of the Mausoleum

Deployment A



Deployment B

For centuries, the sacred heart of Saint-Cassian had remained sealed beneath layers of stone and prayer. Within its depths stood the Sanctuaries, where the relics of the saint had been guarded since the earliest days of the Holy War.

As the battle reached the Mausoleum's inner chambers, both sides understood that whoever claimed these holy places would decide the fate of Saint-Cassian itself.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

Each player controls a Sanctuary that they must defend while attempting to destroy their opponent's.

Sanctuaries follow the rules below:

They never gain BLOOD MARKERS.
Any DOWN result on an Injury Roll is treated as a Minor Hit instead

A Sanctuary is destroyed after suffering three *OUT OF ACTION* results.

Sanctuary Guardians

Sanctuaries are considered sacred. Any friendly ELITE miniature within 1" of a friendly Sanctuary may use the BODYGUARD rule to redirect Wounds inflicted upon the Sanctuary to itself.

5 Rounds	complete	Restricted	Protection

FORCES

There are no special restrictions on the miniatures either player may include in their Force for this scenario.

THE BATTLEFIELD

If you are using the Siege of Saint-Cassian gaming board, use the deployment map shown above. The players determine who is the Attacker and Defender as normal; the winner places any additional terrain features required by the scenario.

Otherwise, the winner sets up the battlefield before placing any additional terrain features required by the scenario.

Infiltrators

Infiltrators may deploy either normally or by using their special deployment rules. However, if they do so, they may not be deployed within 12" of a Sanctuary.

GAME DURATION

This scenario lasts 5 Rounds.

GLORIOUS DEEDS

Desecration
Destroy the enemy Sanctuary. Each player may achieve this Glorious Deed once per battle

Unyielding
Your Sanctuary suffers no OUT OF ACTION results during the battle.

Secure Perimeter
At the end of the battle, no enemy miniatures are within 8" of your Sanctuary.

Last Bastion
Put at least two enemy miniatures Out of Action within 8" of your Sanctuary during the same Round.

At the Altar
One of your miniatures makes a MELEE ATTACK against the enemy Sanctuary.

At the Heart of the Sanctuary
One of your miniatures ends the battle within 8" of the enemy Sanctuary.

Victory Points

Players score Victory Points as follows:

4 Victory Points each time an OUT OF ACTION result is inflicted upon the enemy Sanctuary.

2 Victory Points each time an enemy miniature is put Out of Action within 8" of your Sanctuary.

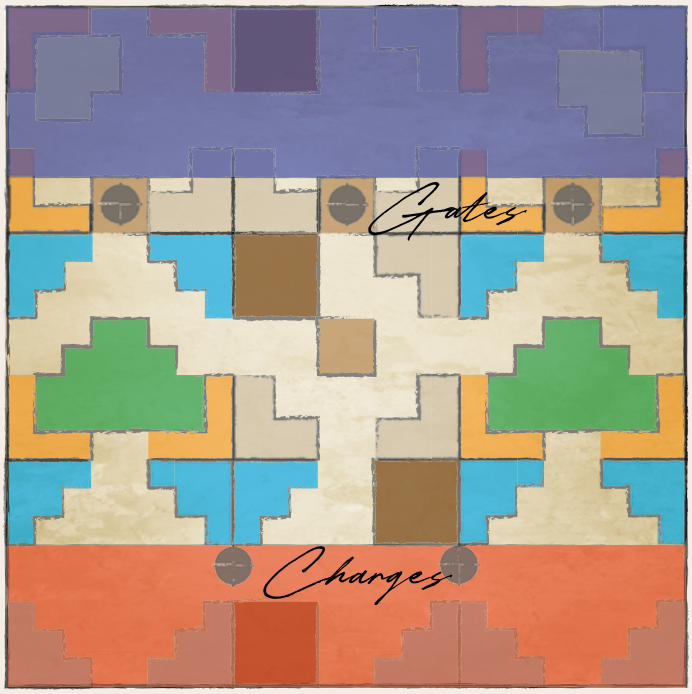
1 Victory Point each time an enemy miniature is put Out of Action after using the BODYGUARD rule to protect its Sanctuary.

1 Victory Point for each friendly miniature within 8" of the enemy Sanctuary at the end of the battle.

At the end of the battle, each Glorious Deed achieved awards 2 additional Victory Points.

8
The Breach

Deployment A



Deployment B

The walls had withstood centuries of war, but no stone endures forever. As the defenders repelled wave after wave of attackers, the besiegers dragged great barrels of black powder towards the main gate. Should the charge detonate, the walls would fall.. and with them, the fate of Saint-Cassian.

Explosive Charges

The Attacker begins the battle with Explosive Charges placed within their Deployment Zone.

A miniature within 1” of an Explosive Charge automatically picks it up.

A miniature carrying an Explosive Charge may perform the PLANT CHARGE ACTION while in base contact with a Gate within the Defender's Deployment Zone.

This is a RISKY ACTION.

On a success, the Gate is immediately destroyed. Every miniature standing on the Gate when it is destroyed immediately suffers an Injury with the DEADLY keyword.

The Gates

While at least one Gate blocks an entrance, no miniature may enter the Defender's Deployment Zone.

Miniatures equipped with Climbing Gear or with the FLY keyword ignore this restriction.

Each Gate is protected by a Machine Gun.



5 Rounds	complete	Restricted	Destruction/ Protection

FORCES

There are no special restrictions on the miniatures either player may include in their Force for this scenario.

THE BATTLEFIELD

If you are using the Siege of Saint-Cassian gaming board, use the deployment map shown above. The players determine who is the Attacker and Defender as normal; the winner places any additional terrain features required by the scenario.

Otherwise, the winner sets up the battlefield before placing any additional terrain features required by the scenario.

Infiltrators

Infiltrators may deploy either normally or by using their special deployment rules. However, if they do so, they may not deploy within Deployment Zone A.

GAME DURATION

This scenario lasts 5 Rounds.

GLORIOUS DEEDS

The Breach Is Open
Destroy all three Gates.

They Shall Not Pass
None of the Defender's Gates are destroyed during the battle.

Friendly Fire
An Explosive Charge detonates as a result of the Unstable Charges rule and puts at least one miniature Out of Action.

Master Sapper
No Explosive Charge carried by your warband detonates as a result of the Unstable Charges rule.

Crossfire
At least two different Machine Guns each put an enemy miniature Out of Action.

Bridgehead
At the end of the battle, your warband has more miniatures than your opponent within Deployment Zone A.

Unstable Charges

Whenever a miniature carrying an Explosive Charge is put Out of Action, its controlling player immediately makes an ACTION Roll.

On a success, the Explosive Charge is recovered intact. Place it in base contact with the miniature before removing it as a casualty.

On a failure, the Explosive Charge immediately detonates.

Place a 3" BLAST template centred on the miniature. Every miniature touched by the template immediately suffers an Injury with the FIRE keyword

VICTORY CONDITIONS

Players score Victory Points as follows:

Attacker
2 Victory Points for each Gate destroyed.
1 Victory Point for each enemy miniature put Out of Action.

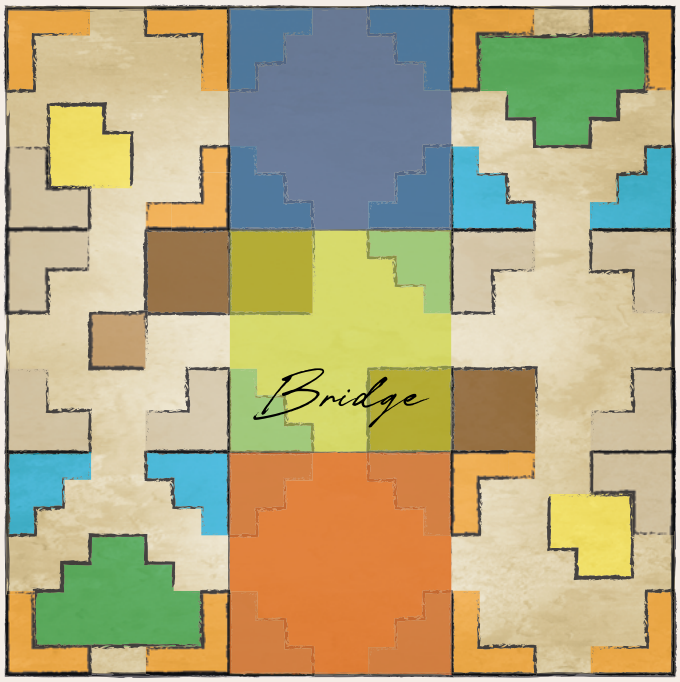
Defender
1 Victory Point for each enemy miniature put Out of Action.
1 additional Victory Point if that miniature was carrying an Explosive Charge that detonated because of the Unstable Charges rule

At the end of the battle, each Glorious Deed achieved awards 1 additional Victory Point.

9

The Martyr's Bridge

Deployment A



Deployment B

For centuries, the Martyrs' Bridge had been the only passage into the heart of Saint-Cassian. Countless faithful had fallen defending its ancient stones, their blood sanctifying every step.

Now, once more, the bridge would demand its toll, and only those willing to cross through fire and death could hope to claim victory.

Deadly Fall

Whenever a miniature falls from the Bridge, resolve falling damage as though it had fallen 12". These Injuries gain the IGNORE ARMOUR keyword.

A miniature that falls from the Bridge cannot return to it for the remainder of the battle unless it has the FLY keyword or is equipped with Climbing Gear. Such miniatures also cannot cross to the opposite side of the battlefield beneath the Bridge.

Regardless of Line of Sight, miniatures not on the Bridge cannot make RANGED ATTACKS against miniatures on the Bridge or against miniatures on the opposite side of the Bridge.

Cast into the Abyss

A miniature whose base is the same size as, or larger than, an enemy miniature's base while within Engagement Range may perform the SHOVE ACTION.

If the target miniature is within 3" of the edge of the Bridge, this is a RISKY ACTION.

On a success, the target miniature is immediately pushed from the Bridge. Resolve the effects of the Deadly Fall rule.

Add +1 DICE to this ACTION if the acting miniature reached its target with a CHARGE during this activation and/or has the STRONG keyword.

4 Rounds	complete	Restricted	Control

FORCES

There are no special restrictions on the miniatures either player may include in their Force for this scenario.

THE BATTLEFIELD

If you are using the Siege of Saint-Cassian gaming board, use the deployment map shown above. The players determine who is the Attacker and Defender as normal; the winner places any additional terrain features required by the scenario.

Otherwise, the winner sets up the battlefield before placing any additional terrain features required by the scenario.

For this scenario, place a Bridge at the centre of the battlefield. It must be elevated above the trench level, though its exact height is unimportant.

You may use a model bridge, build your own, or simply mark its position using suitable markers.

Small terrain features such as barrels, crates, or other light obstacles may be placed on the Bridge.

Infiltrators

Infiltrators may deploy either normally or by using their special deployment rules.

GAME DURATION

This scenario lasts 4 Rounds.

GLORIOUS DEEDS

Timber!

Put an enemy miniature Out of Action by pushing it from the Bridge using the Cast into the Abyss rule.

First Among Equals

One of your miniatures survives a Deadly Fall.

Long Shot

Put an enemy miniature Out of Action with a RANGED ATTACK made from more than 24" away.

The Impossible Climb

One of your miniatures returns to the Bridge during the same battle.

Master of the Bridge

Control two Sections of the Bridge simultaneously.

The Bridge Is Ours

Control all three Sections of the Bridge simultaneously.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The Bridge is divided into three 16" Sections.

A Section is controlled by the player with more miniatures entirely within it than their opponent. Only miniatures wholly within a Section count.

A miniature whose base overlaps two Sections neither controls nor contests either of them.

At the end of each Round, players score Victory Points as follows:

1 Victory Point for controlling the Section closest to their Deployment Zone.

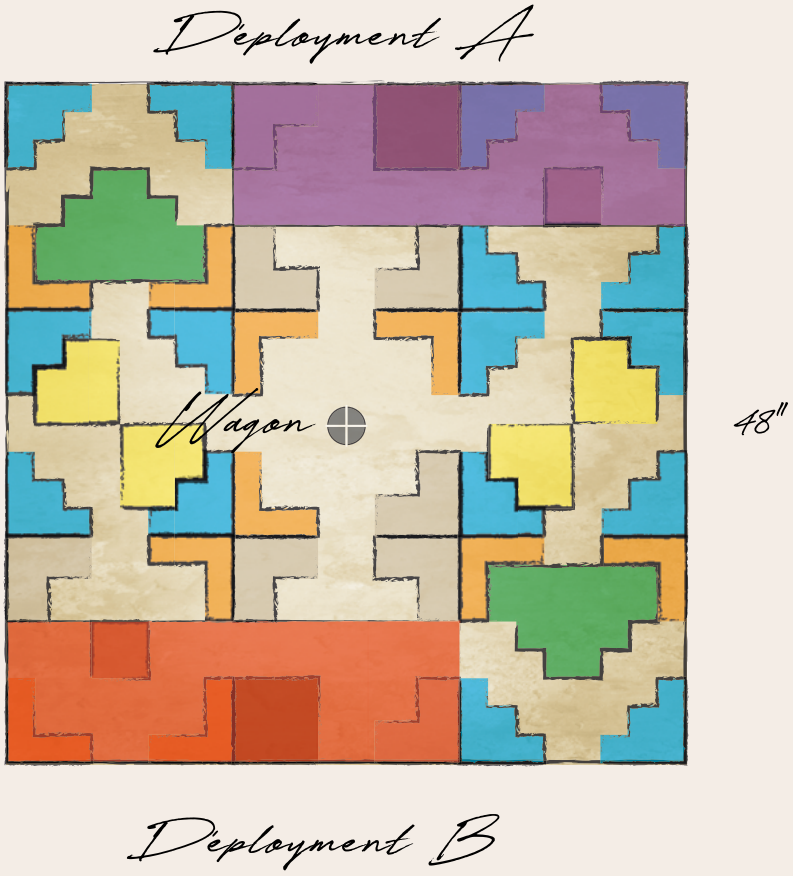
2 Victory Points for controlling the central Section.

3 Victory Points for controlling the Section closest to their opponent's Deployment Zone.

1 Victory Point each time an enemy miniature falls from the Bridge.

At the end of the battle, each Glorious Deed achieved awards 1 additional Victory Point.

10
The Powder Wagon



The last reserves of black powder had been loaded onto a single wagon. Should it reach the enemy lines, one explosion would be enough to bring down the last defences. Both sides quickly realised that the battle was no longer about protecting the convoy.. but about deciding where the explosion would take place.

The Powder Wagon

Place the Powder Wagon at the centre of the battlefield. A model measuring approximately 6” × 3” is recommended, though any similarly sized model may be used.
At the end of each Round, if one player has more miniatures than their opponent within 3” of the Powder Wagon, they may move it.

Miniatures with the STRONG keyword count as two miniatures when determining control of the Powder Wagon.

The Powder Wagon moves:
1”, plus 1 additional inch for each miniature by which that player outnumbers their opponent.

Examples: 4vs3 = 2” ; 5vs2 = 4” ; 6vs1 = 6”

The Powder Wagon is moved in a straight line towards the controlling player's opponent's Deployment Zone.



5 Rounds	Complete	Restricted	Control

FORCES

There are no special restrictions on the miniatures either player may include in their Force for this scenario.

THE BATTLEFIELD

If you are using the Siege of Saint-Cassian gaming board, use the deployment map shown above. The players determine who is the Attacker and Defender as normal; the winner places any additional terrain features required by the scenario.
Otherwise, the winner sets up the battlefield before placing any additional terrain features required by the scenario.

Infiltrators

Infiltrators may deploy either normally or by using their special deployment rules. However, if they do so, they may not deploy within 8" of the Powder Wagon.

BATTLE LENGTH

This scenario lasts 5 Rounds,
or until the Powder Wagon is entirely within a Deployment Zone.

GLORIOUS DEEDS

Full Steam Ahead!

Move the Powder Wagon at least 5" in a single movement.

Driven Back

A Round begins with at least one enemy miniature within 3" of the Powder Wagon, and ends with no enemy miniatures within 3" of it.

Numerical Superiority

At the end of the battle, your warband has more miniatures than your opponent within 3" of the Powder Wagon

Hands on the Wagon

The same miniature contributes to moving the Powder Wagon during two consecutive Rounds.

Sabotage

Put at least three enemy miniatures Out of Action that contributed to moving the Powder Wagon during the battle.

Until the End

The same miniature contributes to moving the Powder Wagon during at least three Rounds of the battle.

Moving the Powder Wagon

The Powder Wagon moves in a straight line towards the opposing player's Deployment Zone.

Only miniatures at ground level can contribute to moving the Powder Wagon. All miniatures that contributed to its movement move with it, remaining at the same distance from the Powder Wagon at the end of its movement.

Any miniature in the Powder Wagon's path that would prevent its movement is pushed ahead of it by a distance equal to the Powder Wagon's movement.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

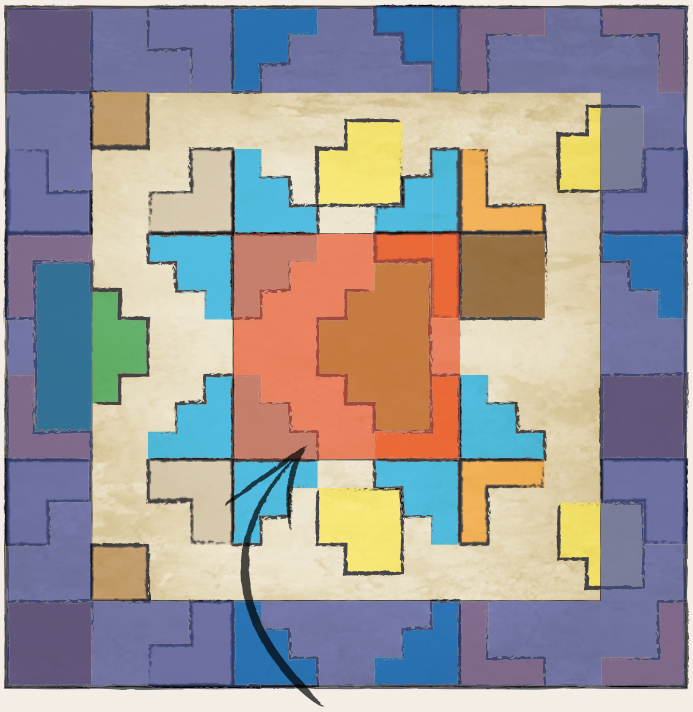
The battle immediately ends if the Powder Wagon is entirely within a Deployment Zone.
At the end of the battle, award Victory Points according to the Powder Wagon's final position:

- 10 Victory Points if the Powder Wagon is entirely within your opponent's Deployment Zone. Your opponent scores 0 Victory Points.
- 7 Victory Points if the Powder Wagon is partially within your opponent's Deployment Zone. Your opponent scores 3 Victory Points.
- 5 Victory Points each if the Powder Wagon remains entirely within the central Sector of the battlefield.

At the end of the battle, each Glorious Deed achieved awards 1 additional Victory Point.

11
The Last Bastion

Deployment A



48"

Deployment B

The walls had fallen. The lines had broken. Around the Sanctuary, the last defenders formed a ring of steel as the Forgotten poured endlessly from the depths of the Mausoleum. Victory was no longer possible.. only the hope of holding long enough for History to remember their sacrifice.

5 Rounds	Compete	Prohibited	Survive/ Kill

FORCES

There are no special restrictions on the miniatures either player may include in their Force for this scenario.

THE BATTLEFIELD

If you are using the Siege of Saint-Cassian gaming board, use the deployment map shown above. The players determine who is the Attacker and Defender as normal; the winner places any additional terrain features required by the scenario.

Otherwise, the winner sets up the battlefield before placing any additional terrain features required by the scenario. The Defender deploys their warband in the centre of the battlefield, within the scenario's designated Deployment Zone, while the Attacker deploys around the outer edges of the battlefield.

Infiltrators

Infiltrators must deploy normally and may not use their special deployment rules.

BATTLE LENGTH

This scenario lasts 5 Rounds.

GLORIOUS DEEDS

Unbroken Line
The Defender loses no miniatures during Round 1.

First Wave
The Attacker puts at least two enemy miniatures Out of Action during Round 1

Death from Above
Put an enemy miniature Out of Action with a DIVING CHARGE.

Against All Odds
At the end of the battle, the Defender has put more enemy miniatures Out of Action than the Attacker.

Relentless Tide
At the end of the battle, the Attacker has put more enemy miniatures Out of Action than the Defender.

They Shall Hold
The Defender ends the battle with at least 50% of the miniatures in their warband still alive.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

The battle ends at the end of Round 5, or immediately once the Defender has lost 75% or more of the miniatures in their warband (rounding up).
When this threshold is reached, consult the current Round and award Victory Points as follows:

Rounds 1–2
Defender: 2 Victory Points
Attacker: 8 Victory Points

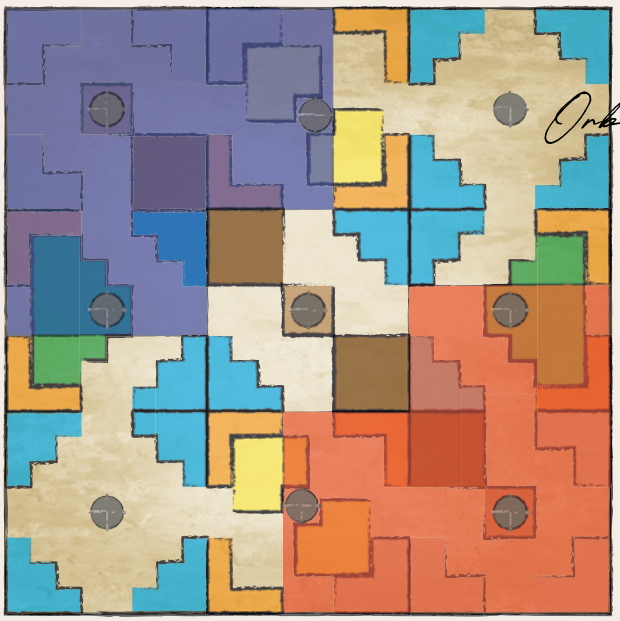
Rounds 3-4
Defender: 5 Victory Points
Attacker: 5 Victory Points

Rounds 5
Defender: 8 Victory Points
Attacker: 2 Victory Points

At the end of the battle, each Glorious Deed achieved awards 1 additional Victory Point.

12
The Final Judgment

Deployment A



Deployment B

The walls had fallen. The Sanctuaries had been desecrated. The last defenders had nothing left to offer but their faith. As the depths of the Mausoleum finally opened, the First Devouring Mother emerged from the darkness. No mortal could hope to stand against such an abomination. Yet one warrior stepped forward. Clad in sacred armour, the Paladin raised his sword to the heavens. The fate of the Siege of Saint-Cassian would be decided in a duel no chronicler would dare believe

The World Breaks

Starting from Round 2, resolve the Impact rule at the beginning of each Round:
Roll 2D3.
The first die determines the Row.
The second die determines the Sector.
The intersection of the two dice identifies a Sector of the battlefield.
Every miniature within that Sector immediately makes an Injury Roll.
If a Power Orb is within the affected Sector, it is destroyed. Remove it from the battlefield.
The blows exchanged between the Paladin and the First Devouring Mother hurl massive blocks of stone through the air, tear apart ancient walls, and shake the battlefield to its foundations.

Round 3 – The Earth Splits

Resolve the Impact rule as normal.
Deep fissures tear across the battlefield. Until the end of the battle, all ground Sectors (excluding trenches) are treated as Difficult Terrain.

Round 4 – The Depths Open

Resolve the Impact rule as normal.
The earth buckles beneath the titans' struggle as rivers of molten rock burst forth from the depths.
Until the end of the battle, all ground Sectors (excluding trenches) are treated as Difficult Terrain.
Whenever a miniature enters, moves across, or ends its activation in a ground Sector, it immediately suffers an Injury with the FIRE keyword, unless it has the NEGATE FIRE keyword.

5 Rounds	complete	Allowed	Defeat

FORCES

There are no special restrictions on the miniatures either player may include in their Force for this scenario.

THE BATTLEFIELD

If you are using the Siege of Saint-Cassian gaming board, use the deployment map shown above. The players determine who is the Attacker and Defender as normal; the winner places any additional terrain features required by the scenario.

Otherwise, the winner sets up the battlefield before placing any additional terrain features required by the scenario. The Defender deploys their warband in the centre of the battlefield, within the scenario's designated Deployment Zone, while the Attacker deploys around the outer edges of the battlefield.

Infiltrators

Infiltrators may deploy either normally or by using their special deployment rules.

BATTLE LENGTH

This scenario lasts 5 Rounds.

EXPLOITS GLORIEUX

The Fate of the World

Successfully perform the CHANNEL ORB ACTION during every Round of the battle. Each player may achieve this Glorious Deed once per battle.

Champion of Champions

Your Champion (the Paladin, the First Devouring Mother, or another equivalent entity) wins the Duel of Titans.

Among Giants

One of your miniatures survives at least three Impacts during the battle.

Buried Beneath the Ruins

At the end of the battle, you have lost fewer miniatures than your opponent as a result of the Impact and Collapse rules.

Unwavering Faith

The same miniature successfully performs the CHANNEL ORB ACTION on at least three different Power Orbs during the battle.

The Last Survivor

One of your miniatures is never affected by the Impact rule during the battle. Each player may achieve this Glorious Deed once per battle.

Round 5 – The Collapse

Resolve the Impact rule as normal.
Every Sector that has been affected by the Impact rule at least once during the battle collapses.
Every miniature within one of these Sectors is immediately put Out of Action.
Remove all collapsed Sectors from the battlefield for the remainder of the battle. If your gaming board does not allow you to physically remove them, simply treat those Sectors as Impassable Terrain for the remainder of the battle.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

Power Orbs

Neuf Orbes de Pouvoir sont répartis sur le champ de bataille, à raison d'une dans chacune des neuf zones.
Nine Power Orbs are placed on the battlefield, with one Power Orb in each Sector.
A miniature within 1" of a Power Orb may perform the CHANNEL ORB ACTION.
Each Power Orb may only be activated once per Round, regardless of which player activates it.
On a success:
The player scores 1 Victory Point.
The opposing Champion immediately suffers 1 Injury.
Injuries suffered by Champions cannot be healed, prevented, or ignored by any means.

The Duel of Titans

The Champions fight beyond the battlefield. Players cannot intervene directly in their duel, but the power of the Power Orbs allows them to influence its outcome.
At the end of the battle, compare the number of Injuries suffered by each Champion.
The Champion that has suffered the fewest Injuries wins the duel and slays its opponent.
If both Champions have suffered the same number of Injuries, neither gains the upper hand. Their battle rages on beyond the battlefield, leaving the outcome uncertain.

Glossary

Reading The Battlefield Diagrams

The scenarios use several terms and symbols to identify the different elements of the battlefield. Here is how to interpret them on the battlefield diagrams:

Trenches
Refer to the terrain pieces representing trenches, placed on the battlefield tiles.

Sectors
Refer to the nine 16 × 16-inch square tiles that, arranged in a 3 × 3 grid, form the 48 × 48-inch battlefield.

Objectives ( )
This symbol indicates the location of an objective that players must control according to the scenario's victory conditions.

Interactive Element( )
This symbol represents a battlefield element that miniatures can interact with, following the specific rules of the scenario.

Deployment Zones
Deployment Zones are shown in red or purple on the battlefield diagrams. Each colour represents one player's Deployment Zone.

			
Number of Round	Forces	Infiltrators	Objectif

White Rabbit of Laerbannog

At first glance, it appears to be nothing more than a small white rabbit. This mistake has already cost the lives of hundreds of crusaders, several knightly orders, and at least one bishop. The Holy See strongly advises against approaching it.

Movement	Ranged	Melee	Armour	Base
10”/Infantry	-	+4 DICE	-3	28 mm

Equipment

A White Rabbit of Laerbannog is equipped with Demonic Teeth and Claws and cannot receive any other Equipment.

Abilities

Demonic Teeth and Claws

The White Rabbit of Laerbannog can make MELEE ATTACKS even if it has no melee weapon. These attacks gain +1 DICE, +1 INJURY DICE, and IGNORE ARMOUR.

The Warren

The White Rabbit of Laerbannog never stays dead for long.
When a White Rabbit of Laerbannog is taken Out of Action, immediately remove it from the battlefield.

At the end of the activation in which it was taken Out of Action, place a new White Rabbit of Laerbannog in base contact with a Warren controlled by the same player.

If that player controls no Warrens, place the Rabbit in base contact with the Warren closest to their Deployment Zone.

The new Rabbit is considered a new miniature and does not retain any BLOOD MARKERS, BLESSED MARKERS, or other game effects.

The Only Weakness

Attacks with the BLAST, GRENADE, or EXPLOSIVE keywords gain +2 INJURY DICE against the White Rabbit of Laerbannog

Keywords

WHITE RABBIT OF LAERBANNOG