



# WARGODS

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## WENDIGO

# AGAINST THE NORTH WIND

## PART ONE

A jolt to his already battered head wrenched Timeon Dionides out of a dreamless sleep and into bleary consciousness. He found that his ankles were clutched in a single black leathery hand, which was in turn connected to the immense shaggy beast dragging him through a dim cavern passage of ice and stone. In consequence, his head and ruined shoulder bounced along the rutted floor in the creature's wake, and each shock sparked an agonizing shower of light behind his eyes.

The fog began to clear from his throbbing head and Timeon could see that his companions were being lugged off into an adjoining passageway by more of the creatures. He could also see that they would not be awakening as he had. Gaping wounds and frozen blue skin left little doubt that the men who had followed him into the frozen land of Ultima Thule were all dead. Not by my hand, he thought, but my fault nevertheless.

Their deft skill as sailors had seen them through the ice-filled sea and onto a bleak, unwelcoming shore. Their strength and determination had been tested sorely by sharp crags and savage winds as they wound their way upward through narrow mountain passes. But their courage had been bolstered by a lust for gold and glory, and that had sustained them until they had reached the Wardstones.

It had been in the shadow of those sinister monoliths that the first of Timeon's men had balked. Carved into the dark stone were eerie, otherworldly faces that screamed in silent torment. Serpentine runes twined around them, seeming to pulse and squirm when seen from the corner of the eye. Niches had been gouged deep into the stone and filled with human bones as a warning against trespassing further. Atreus of Troy had tried to sound as if he were joking when he suggested they turn back, but fear had stolen visibly into his eyes, and his voice and laughter skirted the edges of hysteria. Doubt had begun to flicker in the eyes of the others at that, but Timeon had put an end to it by reminding them of all they had lost, and of all they stood to gain by seeing their quest through. They had gladly followed him during the war against the Corinthians, and when he finished his oration beneath the Wardstones his men had steeled themselves against their fears and chosen to press on toward the fabled valley of Hyperborea.

That night the howling had come for the first time.

Huddled in their tents, it had been tempting to put the sound down to the keening of the wind. But there had been too much malice in it for them to fool themselves, too much hunger. It had finally ended with the first silver glow of dawn, and they each breathed their thanks to the gods of Olympus that it had. Despite their restless night, Timeon's companions had silently resumed their climb through the heaven-high mountains. But their doubts had begun to reawaken, and no mere words would have had the power to silence them.

The malevolent wailing had come again the next night, and the next – unrelenting and terrifying, promising a horrible frozen death for each of them. By the third morning, all thoughts of gold and glory had fled from Timeon's men, and only their loyalty to him had kept them trudging into the biting North Wind, against fear and snow and exhaustion.

The first three of his men had died that day. As they had inched along a stone ledge that projected barely an arm's length from the

rock face, a sudden sharp crack had filled the frigid air. An immense shelf of ice broke free from the mountainside above them and crashed down upon the last man to cross. The section of the stone path that he stood upon had broken away under its weight, carrying his body with it. Wits dulled by fatigue, the next men in line stood gaping, only to be pulled screaming into the mile-high abyss by the safety rope joining them all together. Atreus of Troy would have followed, but Large Leukos had moved faster than his bulk should have allowed, grabbing the Trojan's belt in his meaty left hand and cutting the rope with the sharp, antler-handled knife in his right.

Atreus had stared in mute horror at the crumbled path behind him for several minutes before they had been able to convince him to keep moving. It was only later that night that Timeon came to realize that perhaps it had been neither his near escape, nor the deaths of his comrades that had so distressed Atreus. It had been that the destruction of the rocky ledge meant that their only method of retreat had been stolen from them.

The ghastly wails had come again that night through the falling snow, as they had all known it would. But within an hour, a hideous shrieking from within the camp rose up to join it. The grotesque harmony of it had caused Timeon's skin to break out in sudden clammy gooseflesh, but its source was more terrible than the sound alone.

They found Atreus crouched atop the corpse of Large Leukos, yowling savagely and plunging the big man's antler-handled knife downward, again and again with animalistic abandon. As Timeon and the others approached, Atreus had snarled at them and fled into the darkness beyond their fitful fire. They had given chase, but the Trojan never hesitated as he reached the edge of the mountain. He flung himself into the darkness, and his chilling laughter – madman's laughter – echoed back to them for long seconds until it faded with the distance of his fall.

The piercing, hungry cries that had haunted them since the Wardstones had stopped suddenly then, and their lack was somehow even more frightening than their presence had been. Despite the silence they had all prayed for, not one of the surviving men had managed to find sleep as the snowfall grew heavier. They had placed the ferryman's fee on Large Leukos' eyes and piled stones atop his body before moving on. The snow had worsened to a blizzard, but since there was no hope of returning the way they had come, they had plodded blindly onward.

Timeon could remember a sudden startled shout and a guttural growling that sounded to him like angry lions. He remembered Satyros bringing his spear to bear against a white shape charging from the swirling curtain of snow, and then the hulking, snarling silhouettes were all around them and his own sharp kopis was in his hand. Nearby, Pelecles had fallen to his knees, the snow turning red beneath him. When Timeon turned to help him up, the stone-headed hammer meant for Timeon's skull had crushed his shoulder instead. He found the snowy ground strangely soft and luxurious beneath him, and it had suddenly seemed important to catch up on the sleep he had been so long denied. He remembered blackness filling his vision where there had only been blinding white before.

And then he had awoken in this place, the only living man of a party of ten. But not for long, he thought as the creature glanced hungrily back at him. Not for very long at all.





# HYPERBOREA



There is a Greek legend that tells of a frozen land at the top of the world, a place many days sail beyond the most northerly human settlement. Here the cold sea is studded with floating mountains of ice, turning the waters into a frothing tempest that can crush the hulls of the strongest ships and freeze the bodies of the unfortunate sailors who dared to sail there. The land beyond the frozen sea is Ultima Thule: The Land of Farthest North. A great ring of frozen mountains surround this land whose peaks are impossibly high and whose slopes are steep and treacherous. The legend says that these mountains hide a warm, rich valley, where in times before the coming of man the Old Gods forged the world on great anvils of unbreakable stone, and all living things were there created and promptly forgotten. In this mysterious valley the magical treasures of the Old Gods abound and fantastic creatures never dreamed of by man roam. The valley is called Hyperborea—the Land Beyond the North Wind.

Sages from all over the world have read the few enticing fragments of lore that describe this ancient, forbidden land. The scrolls tell of a place where the

magical energy of the world is most potent, and it can be seen in the night sky as flickering waves of luminescence. It is drawn and focused into places of power: ancient stone altars of long-forgotten gods, where items of greatest magical might can be crafted. They tell of a place where riches abound, where gold and gemstones are not hidden away deep with the earth, but instead litter the streams, as plentiful as the fish that swim there. They tell of a place where the days and nights seem to last forever, where beautiful sun-worshippers frolic in the warm light of the day, and monsters unknown crawl and slither in the cold gloom of the night. Though none can say with certainty if these fantastical legends are true, they have enticed many to attempt the long and hazardous journey across the frozen sea to gain the power and riches of Hyperborea.

But the sea of ice is only the first challenge one must face, and the least dangerous of Hyperborea's defenses. Travelers are then confronted with the wall of imposing mountains that surrounds the land, like a towering fortress of ice and stone. The mountains are impassable save for a few narrow, windswept passes, where avalanches and ice storms are an ever-present threat. These paths through lead along narrow ledges clinging precariously to the sides of mountains and over slim ice bridges, where the slightest misstep will send the traveler falling to their doom. From somewhere beyond the mountains the chill North Wind blows, so cold that it can steal the breath from a man's chest, and tear the flesh from his bones. This wind carries upon it a shrill wailing, a terrifying shriek filled with hate and hunger that echoes down from the mountains. The sound is said to be the cry of the Wendigo, the legendary guardians of Hyperborea, and it is a warning to foolish travelers who would seek to pass.

Within the forthcoming pages, the secrets of the Wendigo are revealed. Journey to distant Hyperborea, and take command of the most savage warband of the Antidulvian Age – the Wendigo!



## A NEW FACTION FOR WARGODS

Hyperborea is one of the many lands that exist in the world of WarGods. It lies at the top of the world, many months journey from the warm lands of Ægyptus or Olympus. Hyperborea is guarded by a race of fierce creatures called the Wendigo, who are led to battle by the mysterious Ice Witches—human women with the magical power to command wind and snow. This book provides the specific rules and background for playing the Wendigo in your WarGods games, a campaign designed to introduce them as raiders to the warmer lands of the south, and a set of Hyperborea-themed Command Counters for your warband.

Also required is the *WarGods of Aegyptus* rulebook, which contains the complete game rules. A common question asked is, are all the WarGods games compatible with one another? The answer is yes, the land of Hyperborea exists in the same world as Aegyptus and Olympus, and all these factions can be played against one another. You can test your Wendigo warband in battle against the Spartans or Titans of Hellas, or fight against the Harbingers of Aegyptus!

### Game Terminology

For the sake of simplicity, the same rule terms that were established in the *WarGods of Aegyptus* rulebook will be used for the Wendigo whenever possible. For example, Ka Points and Ka Rating are the game terms used to refer to the power of the gods in the land of Aegyptus, and the same terms are used in this book to describe the power of the Ice Witch. Though the Hyperboreans would likely use the term “Vril” for the source of their powers rather than “Ka”, a uniform terminology is necessary for rules that must apply to characters from culture to culture.

Likewise, when the *WarGods of Aegyptus* rulebook refers to the term “Harbinger” in reference to the limitations or applicability of a Spell or Power, the rule likely applies to the Ice Witch as well unless common sense dictates otherwise. For example, if a Scenario said “Only a Harbinger can open the doorway,” this likely applies to the Ice Witch, for she is in effect a Harbinger – a mortal being infused with the power of a god.



# WARBAND CONSTRUCTION

**W**hat follows is a simple overview of constructing a Wendigo warband. Remember, the total number of independent units that the Ice Witch may have in the warband is determined by her Command Value (Disc. Rating + Ka Rating.)

## Ice Witch

The Wendigo warband is lead by a single Ice Witch. Unless otherwise noted, she functions in the same manner as a Harbinger, as described in the War-Gods of Ægyptus rulebook. She is essential to the warband, and does not count as a Character option.

## Wendigo Troops

Warriors and Hunters are the two basic types of Wendigo troops, and they are organized into units of 6 models or more. The Warband must contain at least one unit of Warriors or Hunters. Each unit of Warriors or Hunters included in the warband allows the player to include 2 Character options.



*"The Ice Witch, the leader of the Wendigo Warband."*

## Frostmaidens

These are human followers of the Ice Witch, young witches who may someday take her place. A warband may include a single unit of Frostmaidens. A Frostmaiden unit does not create any additional Character options.

## Ice Warriors

These are the Champions and Heroes of the tribe, and often lead units of Wendigo in battle. Each Ice Warrior counts as a single Character option. The player's warband may only include as many as his Character options allow.

## Wendigo Chieftain

The Chieftain is the largest Wendigo in the tribe, feared by all the others. One Chieftain is allowed per tribe, and he counts as a Character option. The Chieftain cannot be attached to Wendigo units.

## Shaman

The old Shaman is a Specialist, a type of priest for the Wendigo who is capable of creating magical runestones that improve their Profiles. He may also attempt to summon the Abominable Snowbeast, the living embodiment of the god of the Wendigo. One Shaman is allowed per tribe, and he counts as a Character option.

## Master of the Hunt

The Master of the Hunt is a powerful Wendigo Hunter, who commands a pack of hungry, wolf-like creatures known as Howlers. Only one Master of the Hunt is allowed in the Wendigo warband. He is considered a Specialist, and counts as a single Character option.

## Kriyscia, the Silent Huntress

She is a powerful Ice Witch of great renown, who rides to battle in a sled pulled by a team of Howlers. She may replace the Ice Witch, provided that players are participating in a battle of the appropriate size and Ka Rating.

## BUILDING LARGE WARBANDS

Most warbands under 1500 points consist of the Ice Witch and a single tribe of Wendigo. Occasionally, a powerful Ice Witch calls together a massive force of several tribes of Wendigo with promises of conquest and slaughter. Though it is unlikely that any Ice Witch maintain such a force an extended period of time, she may keep the force together long enough to carry out raids and attacks against foreign lands, so long as the bloodshed remains plentiful.

If you are playing large games of WarGods (1500+ points) then you may want to play a multi-tribe warband. A multi-tribe warband allows the player to include multiples of models that are normally limited to 1 per tribe, such as the Chieftain and Shaman. A multi-tribe warband may contain up to three individual tribes of Wendigo, all led by a single Ice Witch. Each of these tribes must be complete and legal, with the appropriate core of basic troops and properly allocated Character options. To call two tribes together, the Ice Witch

must have a Ka Rating of 2 or higher. To call three tribes together, the Ice Witch must have a Ka Rating of 3 or higher.

### Limitations to Remember

It is important to remember that there are some models that are limited to 1 per warband, no matter how many separate “tribes” comprise the warband. A warband may have only a single Shaman equipped with a Summoning Horn. Only a single unit of Frostmaidens may be included in any warband. Only a single Master of the Hunt may be included in any warband.

*For example, a large warband could contain:*

- 1 Ice Witch (required, limit of 1, Ka Rating must be 2 or more)
- 1 unit of 6 Warriors (allowing 2 Character options)
- 2 units of 6 Hunters (allowing 4 Character options)
- 1 Shaman (uses 1 Character option)
- 2 Chieftains (uses 2 Character options)
- 3 Ice Warriors (uses 3 Character options)



*A typical sized Wendigo warband prepares to raid the lands to the south. Larger Wendigo warbands can be created by uniting multiple tribes under a single Ice Witch.*