

MAD MELLIKOR THE GIANT SLAYER SLAYER

Level 20 Chaos Dwarf Hero

| M | WS | BS | S | T | W | I | A | LD | INT | CL | WP |
|---|----|----|---|---|---|---|---|------|-----|------|------|
| 3 | 7 | 4 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 5 | 4 | 10+3 | 7 | 10+1 | 10+1 |

Equipment: Double handed axe and enchanted shield.

Special Rules:

- 1) **Hatred of Troll and Giant Slayers:** Due to their interference in the past, Mellikor hates Slayers with a passion. He follows the usual rules for hatred as covered in the 3rd edition rulebook.
- 2) **Inspirational Hatred:** Mellikor's rhetoric is enough to inspire his minions. Any unit of chaos dwarfs that he becomes associated with will share his hatred for Slayers. If the unit pushes back a unit of Slayers on two consecutive turns they will become frenzied.
- 3) **The Face of Woadguzzler:** An enchanted shield that causes fear to all dwarf kind. This includes Halflings and Gnomes.

Background:

Mad Mellikor was once the chief fleshsculptor of the Chaos Dwarfs of Khazid Doom (the corrupt city of the Chaos Dwarfs in the Grey Mountains) where he rose to a position of some significance. He worked his hideous fleshforges day and night, distorting the creatures that lurked in the underbelly of the ancient, vaulted halls. Blasphemous monstrosities were crafted that sickened even the hardened stomachs of the crazed dwarfs of chaos. Most prized of all were the great fighting giants that we used to entertain the howling, stunted masses of the great keep of Khazid Doom.

These gigantic constructs fought each other in filthy pits deep within the vaults of the mountains in a cruel mockery of dwarven animal bouts. There, the legions of darkness would jibber and cajole, betting vast sums of slaves, warpstone or, in the darkest recesses of the viewing stands, their very souls on the outcomes of these matches. Occasionally, the Chaos Dwarfs would capture some horrific beast of chaos, perhaps a chimera or a cockatrice, and set these savaged beasts against their most favoured giants.

In this arena Mellikor excelled. The roaring surge of the crowd as they beat their gnarled or armoured fists against the rough stone of the underground arenas filled his black soul with a sense of completeness. He cared passionately for his creatures, no matter how foul or deranged they came to be, much as more favoured folk may love and cherish their more natural pets. In time, he grew to be a considerable influence of the Chaos Dwarfs of the Grey Mountains.

His downfall came when his brethren captured a young Dwarf Slayer. The manic eyed killer challenged them to all types of armed combat, but the goblins in the dwarfs' employ begged to set the flamed haired axe wielder against Woadguzzler, the most prolific killer that Mellikor had ever produced. So successful was this particular giant that Mellikor treated him like a beloved son, personally tending to its every foul

need in between the savage bouts the giant was encouraged to engage in. Instead of cowering in fear at the hideous site of the fleshsculpted giant, the slayer, whose name is familiar to history as Gotrek Gurnisson, charged forth as if eager to come to blows with such a monster. The struggle between them was short lived. The slayer clambered up the limbs of Woadguzzler, who, despite his appalling strength, was too slow and too clumsy to fight fairly with such a small opponent, before chopping off the giant's putrid head. The cacophony of chaos that this resulted in caused the different factions of Chaos Dwarfs to uproot themselves in raging anger, with Gotrek slipping through the slimy bars that led to the natural sewers beneath the city, the dwarfs we left to vent their anger on each other. Old scores were settled and thousand new ones begun.

When the bloodshed ebbed, as bloodshed must always do, even amongst those black hearted beasts of Khazid Doom, much of the city had been destroyed and the fleshforges razed to the ground. Mellikor struggled to come to terms with his loss. Most keenly felt was the death of his beloved giant, Woadguzzler. The chaotic enchanters of the city, owing the former fleshsculptor a favour or two, skinned the flesh from the fallen colossus and created a magical shield that when sighted by any of dwarf kind will fill their souls with abject terror. Upon seeing what his cronies had crafted, Mellikor's mind finally snapped and he slipped into a raging rant that lasted over two days.

When the anger finally faded from his eyes he was a different dwarf. He swore on all the dark gods that he would have his revenge on the Slayer cult that had destroyed his life. From that day, Mellikor left the broken crags of Khazid Doom and set forth on a quest to kill all the Slayers he could find. He became the first, and to this day, only Giant Slayer Slayer.