



# 





# survivors





The end of the world?
The end of yours, not mine!

Clovis' love of the law led him to become a paladin long ago. As years passed, he learned the hard way that the law is rarely black & white. Shades of grey colored his perceptions, especially in the many deeds done to keep his lord's hands clean. Now civilization is crumbling, and the lords can do naught but cower. Clovis has at last realized that justice and glory are more than a shiny shield and serving the nobility. Real honor is gained through deeds, not by lordly fiat.







appeared. Turns out bashing grabby patrons in the head with full tankards isn't too much different than bashing grabby zombies with a club. A natural with just about any weapon, Nelly has found her purpose in life: Zombicide!



### "Zombies are an insult to life and beauty. I'm here to set things right."

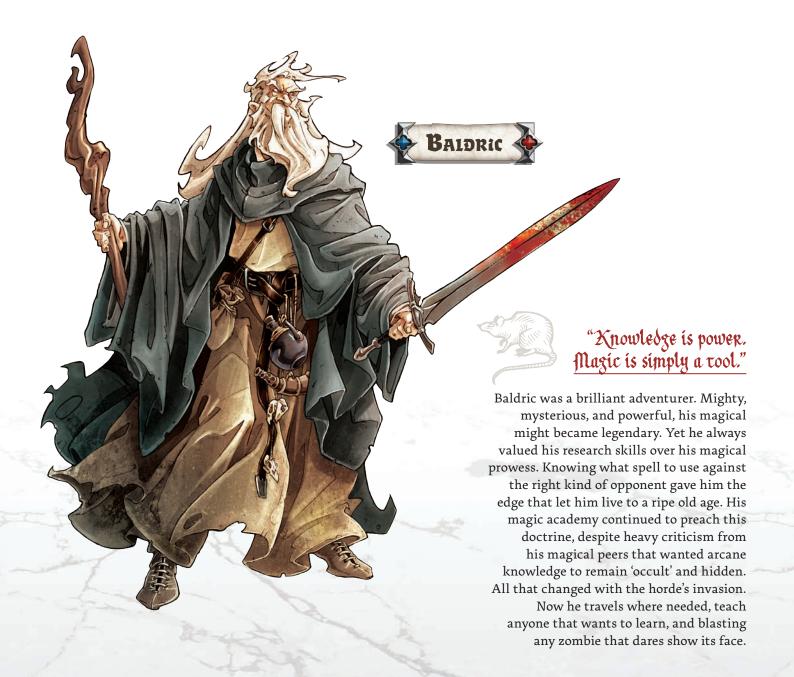
Elves lead very long lives... unless they get slaughtered by zombies. This is something Silas has tried to hammer into his elven lords' collective head. Silas urged action. Swift action! But, elves measure their lives in centuries, not decades. The debate about what constitutes a proper response could take several more years. That's not good enough for Silas. He's decided that he'll take the fight to the horde personally, do some good in the world, and maybe even save a few lives in the process. Only by uniting all the races can the free peoples hope to stem the undead tide.





"Zombies? Bah! They're no match for a true predator."

Years ago, young Ann was the sole survivor of her slaughtered village, the victims of a neighboring lord's depredations. She escaped into the wilderness where, starving and freezing, she was found by a barbarian hunting party. They couldn't bring young Ann with them, but they took her to a nearby convent where she grew up, and learned her array of survivalist skills from the convent library and extended treks into the wilds. Over time, Ann become wise to the ways of the hinterlands, and now, with the zombie threat on the rise, she returns to civilized lands to hunt this new, formidable prey.















# survivors



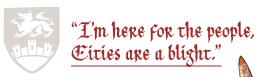


# "You could learn this, you know. It's not just 'all in the wrist'."

Karl's time as a war engineer hardened him into a veteran of many battles. He often worked closely with the King's siege wizards, enough to learn that their mysticism and rituals disguised an underlying theorems and arcane laws. Magic is a science! His unorthodox viewpoint, and considerable success, nearly saw him imprisoned. But then the invasion occurred, and the city needed anyone and everyone that could conjure fire from mana as the zombies flooded the streets. Now he believes the only chance humanity has of surviving the Dark Times is to spread his doctrine.







Theo lived as a ranger, surviving in the wilds by with and skill, usually far from any city. Thus, his first clue that anything was amiss were the zombie wulfz, who sought prey simply to kill, not solely to feed. He'd never seen this kind of infection, and it reeked of torment and dark magic. Something wicked had happened in Wulfsburg, and he soon came to learn the truth. Now he's on a new quest: to find a cure for the zombie plague, and prevent the blight from spreading too far into his beloved forests.



"Dirty fighting, you say? Let me show you about life and death."

As a bodyguard to the dark elf ambassador to Wolfsburg, Morrigan knew all about paranoia. Her people are regarded with suspicion at the best of times, and the threat of assassination haunted her every step. Alas, the ambassador chose to stand and fight the zombie horde. Morrigan alone survived.

Now, far from home, and suffering from the loss of honor that died with the ambassador, Morrigan begins her new life, where her fellow survivors have learned to see past their prejudices and appreciate the advice and sword arm this skilled veteran offers.

ARIANE



### "So, where is the law now?"

An orphan of the streets, Ariane grew up tough and agile, always one step ahead of the constables. She joined the Guilds of course, often working for more than one. The one job she took towards the end was the one she wished she could take back. She'd been hired to thieve the keys to the city, meaning the actual master keys held by the mayor alone. Her client, alas, proved to be a necromancer. She escaped his death trap, however, survived the invasion, and now offers her help to anyone willing to stand up to the menace. No one knows about her dirty little secret. ... As yet.









### survivors







### "I always keep my Enchanted Axe Of Thunderous Lockpicking, just in case."

An adventurer at heart, Berin has been seeking glory, gold and trouble for his entire life. What he likes the most is dungeon crawling: bullying monsters is his favorite hobby. When asked by the local lord to fight the orcs for gold and glory, Berin looked for trouble head-on, and won. That is, until the day his group met the first zombie orcs. They lost the cleric in the ensuing battle, and sought revenge. They killed their first necromancer, but lost another friend, and swore to avenge her...

A couple weeks later, Berin was the only one left. A group of survivors found him and offered to join. The world is now a giant dungeon, and there are monsters to bully everywhere!





# "How does my latest invention work, you ask? I'm not sure. Here, take it!"

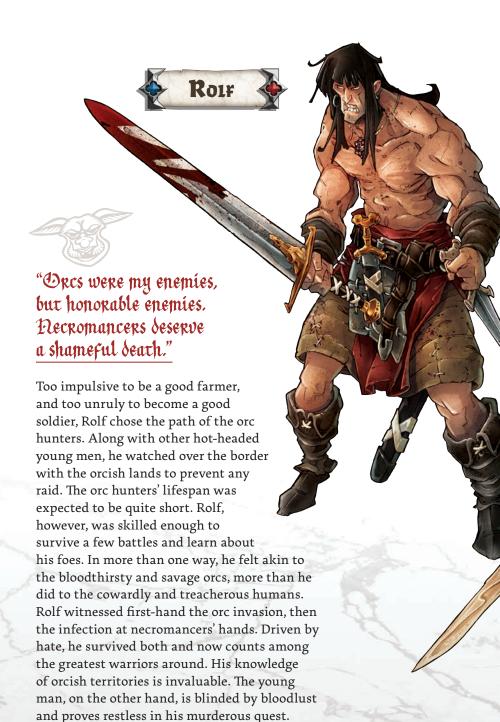
Johannes is too humble and focused to admit it, but he is one of the smartest engineer of these dark times. His native tongue is science. With the King's benevolent sponsorship, his inventions made many peoples' lives easier. He made some enemies, too: the Church saw the Devil's influence in his work. An embarrassing statement, especially considering Johannes can arrange mundane items into weapons and wonders without anyone, including himself, to give a proper explanation. As the royal army and the King himself were defeated by zombies, the inventor left his former life behind and became a survivor. Without anyone to look at his work as suspicious, Johannes can now use his abilities to their fullest, and stands as a crucial asset to the whole community.

### "My full name is... oh, nevermind, just call me Asim."

JOHAnnes

Asim used to be a daring merchant looking for new lands to explore, people to befriend with, and business to do. It took seven years for his name to be known far and wide, then the sultan called him to become his emissary to the cold northern countries. A practical man, Asim stood when the orcs came, and sold weapons with a huge discount. When zombies invaded the city, however, he had no choice but take arms and get his fencing lessons to practice. To everyone's surprise, he proved to be a skilled swordsman and soon joined a steady group of survivors. Will he escape back to the homeland as soon as he can? He's not sure. Facing death, he found another meaning to his life.





"Did... did we meet before? You remind me of someone.
Did I try to kill you?"

Survivors found an unconscious Seli among corpses, after a fierce battle against a zombie horde. At first, everyone thought the elf warrior had a bad blow land upon her head and lost her memory. It proved to be worse: for some reason, Seli is unable to remember most things past a few days. So far, no one knows if it is a curse, a permanent injury, or otherwise. The elf warrior keeps her outstanding martial abilities, though, and proves to be a breathtaking athlete coupled with a skilled assassin. Her joyful temper and sense of humor can be a sad thing to behold, though: every other day, Seli awakes amidst strangers, without any hint of her past, and in a ravaged world. Who is she?





"Knowledge is a strength. Do orcs hide their strength? No. So, let me show you how knowledge works."

Heir to a family of thieves, Megan showed an uncanny mind at the earliest age, coupled with an unquenchable thirst for learning. She chose to become a magician and, with the support of her family's guild, had access to all kinds of books. As the time went by, the girl chose an adventurer's life and became a unique kind of mercenary. After some time, Megan sought knowledge and power for herself: she was looking for an ancient burial mound deep in orc territory when the zombies came. Wise beyond her age, Megan knows she could be tempted to delve into dark magic. This is not the fate she wants, however, so she is seeking survivors to help her wipe the necromancer threat Megan is brilliant and fear no one... but her own temptation.



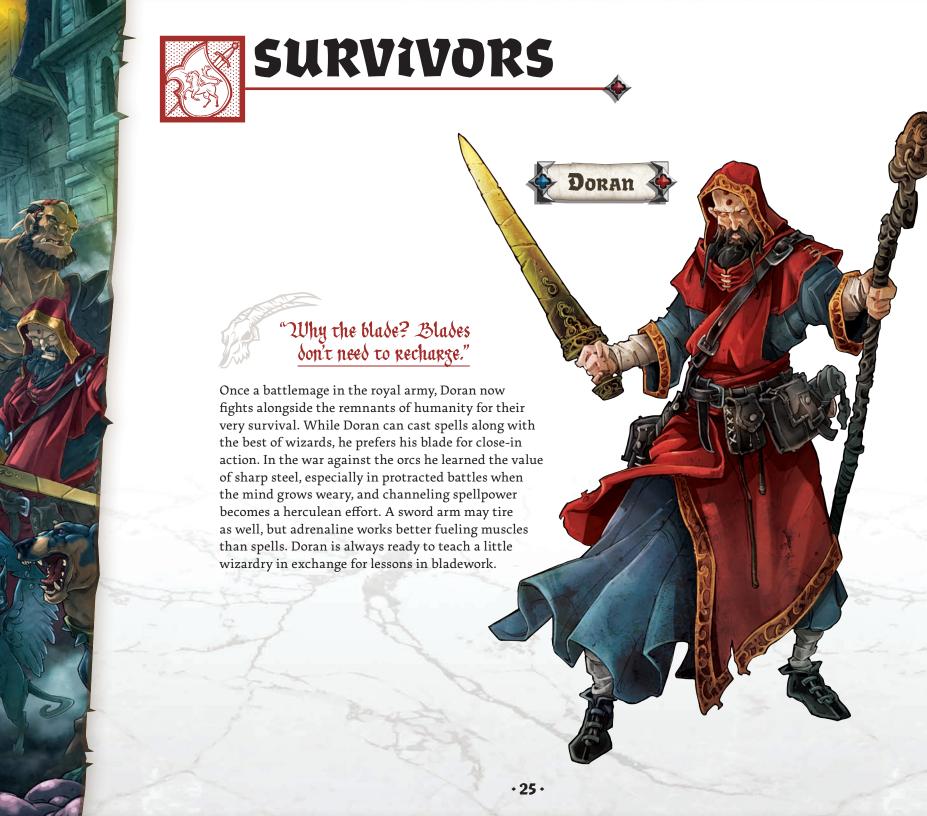










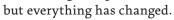




"Eezends from my homeland speak of 'choosers of the slain'. What would they make of the zombie horde, I wonder?"

Solveig was a caravaneer, journeying south from her wintry homeland. Her stock consisted largely of cloth, tools, some well-preserved mead, and, most importantly, arms and armor. She'd heard of the war against the orcs, and she was relieved when her well-armed caravan made it to the capital. Unfortunately, before she could return

home, the black plague struck, and money suddenly lost all importance. Like all her people, Solveig is a trained warrior, skilled with shield and blade. She never thought to put it to much use,







### "A weapon for every occasion."

One might think Katelyn brings a few too many blades to the fight against the green horde, but then she usually ends up employing them all in any given engagement. A bow for range, long blades for open areas, short blades for close in, and as many daggers as she can carry. Before the black plague struck the green horde she'd been a weaponsmith's apprentice, and when the army was shattered and the towns and cities overrun, she and her master took everything they could carry. Alas, her master did not survive, and she now carries the burden alone.





"I've got my mother's manners. I also have my father's face. It's in my pack."

Kabral was raised on a distant farmstead, itself one of the first casualties to the rising green horde. His mother brought him as human as she could, not really knowing the orcish way. When she passed, he remained at the farm, a valuable hand, made so by his great strength and stamina, and in no small part, his natural talents as a warrior. When the green horde descended, this time as zombies, Kabral's valiant defense let most of the people escape to relative safety.



# companions





# TAINTED ORCS









# HERO BOX





# "Ehat one looks like it might have some gold. I'll take care of it."

Julian was doing pretty well for himself. The cities were growing full and fat, and a fat city is a great place for someone who lives by skimming off the top. A few coins here, a jewel or two there, and you are living like a king and working about as much as an alley cat. Julian had a great life - and then the zombies overran the cities. It's hard to pick the pocket of a brainless monster. So first, he has to kill them. Then he can steal from them. And, on the bright side, the zombies never report his crimes to the city watch.

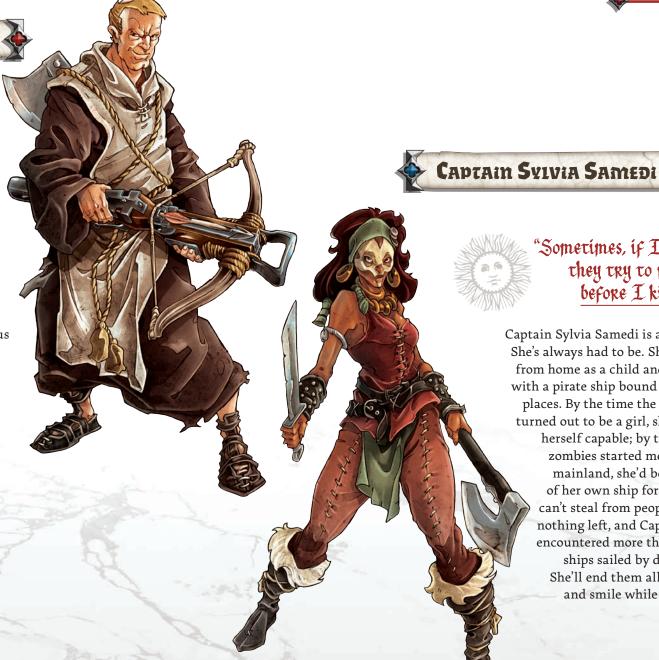




"Salvation is about faith. And an axe. Well, more axe than faith. In fact, it's pretty much the axe."

TUCKER

There is more than one way to protect your flock, and the Father Tucker knows almost all of them. The bodies must be saved so that the souls may be saved, after all, and in a time of rampaging armies as well as monstrous necromancers, Tucker has learned to use all of the weapons at his disposal to protect his flock. Bandits, heathens, zombies - all would be wise to fear Father Tucker, for he will do everything he can to stop them, and his axe is as strong as his faith.



"Sometimes, if I'm lucky, they try to run away before I kill them."

Captain Sylvia Samedi is a sharp one. She's always had to be. She ran away from home as a child and signed up with a pirate ship bound for warmer places. By the time the "ship's boy" turned out to be a girl, she'd proven herself capable; by the time the zombies started menacing the mainland, she'd been captain of her own ship for a year. You can't steal from people if there's nothing left, and Captain Sylvia encountered more than a couple ships sailed by dead people. She'll end them all, if she can, and smile while she does it.







### "I only EOOX fat."

Lord Arnaud was a petty noble, without lands of his own, the son of a wealthy merchant and famous explorer. As such, he mingled in the upper echelons of society, yet always chafed at the lack of a title. Fortune favored him when he chanced to snare the hand of a destitute count's daughter. It was a win for everyone. He got his title, and she got his money. Alas for Arnaud, he was only one week married when the zombie hordes descended on the kingdom. Determined not to let a lifetime of effort go to waste, Arnaud has decided not to flee with his family, and has taken up arms against the undead menace.



### Givnda Battiestout

### "Did you call me a GIRE?"

Glynda comes from the Battlestout clan, a large family of warriors, and every one of them learned from an early age how to fight.

Humans might look down on dwarves - that's easy to do when you only come up to most humans' chests - but they don't look down on her for very long. And nobody calls her "girl" more than once. Glynda has three advantages over the humans fighting the zombies: one, she's more durable than most of them; two, she has been combat-trained her whole life; and three, the zombies' mouths are a lot farther away from her.



# 



# ZOMBIES





We came across what we thought were ghosts amidst the zombie horde. In fact, they were a new zombie type, floating above the ground and radiating potent energies. Blades and arrows got deflected; only dragon fire and spells saved our day.

Over time, I came to the conclusion the zombie plague is evolving. Perhaps it simply adapts, or mutates. I'm not sure about this curse's origin: does the plague reflects its host's traits? Are the necromancers practicing the vilest experiments to reach unfathomable goals? Is the plague itself sentient enough to study its prey and find their weakness?

So much to unveil, so little time. Now, I need to convince my fellow survivors to pursue this new quest.

- Megan's journal





### Swarm of Ratz

From the point of view of many, rats are pests to be killed on first sight. They eat our crops and soil our houses. With a second thought, however, the destinies or rat and man seem linked. Both species are survivors. We accused rats to be responsible for the black plague, the zombie disease, but it seems they carry the burden in the same way we do. They are vulnerable, and can be turned into zombies; we call these the Ratz.

Ratz are as numerous as their brethren, of course, but their fear of man has been replaced with a hunger for human flesh. For an unknown reason so far, they act like a giant pack: as soon as some of them find a fresh food source, all ratz in the vicinity gather for the feast. The more there are, the more frantic these critters become, and you know how agile, how fast a rat can be!







# n.p.c-1

#### notorious plagued characters







# n.p.c-2

#### notorious plagued characters





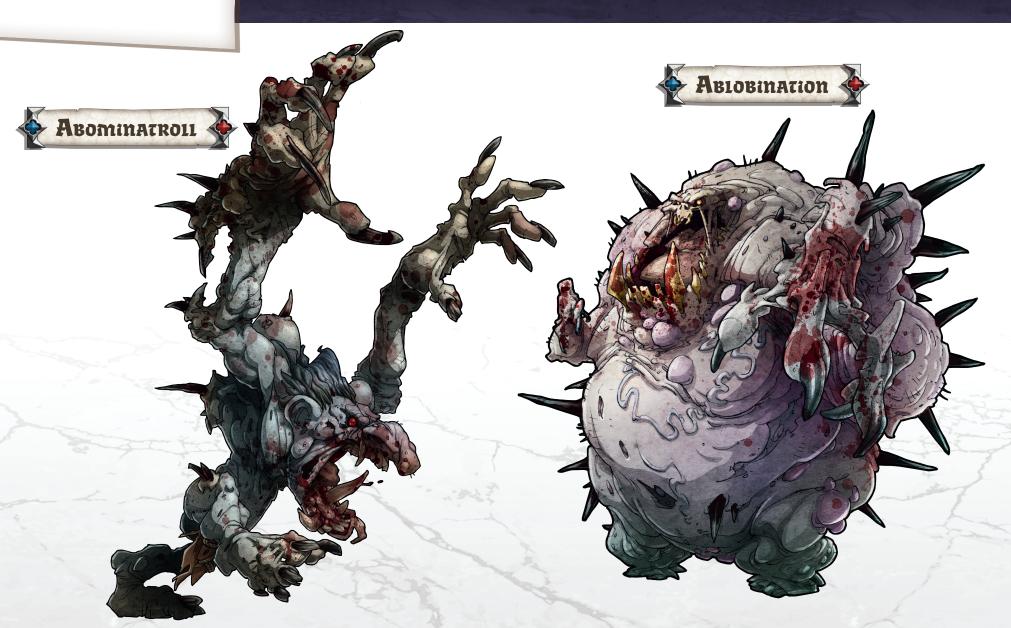
# DEADEYE WALKERS







# ABOMINATION PACK





# onstrous Beasts rave Allies





## Huntsman pack





Lord Falstaff commanded a small rural territory; his castle perched far up on a craggy mountain. That was before the zombies came. He was a good lord and protector to his people - but the necromancers and their creatures were more than he could fight against. And while he was fighting and losing, the monsters found Lord Falstaff's young bride. There are some that say the man who came down from the mountain after that night was a different person: bloodthirsty, violent, ruthless. Nobody says any of that to his face, however. No-one says anything at all to his face.









"We shall quest to slay the zombies. We will not rest until all of them are slain!"

King Mortimer is a mighty lord – or, at least he was. His kingdom was not known for much and his benevolent rule, such as it was, consisted mostly of ignoring his subjects in favor of quests of one sort or another. When the necromancers brought forth their plague of shambling creatures, King Mortimer and his knights were eager to fight this new menace. They will ride – or jog – into battle over and over again, until the last of the zombie menace is dead!

"And that is why, you see, zombies are just chickens without feathers; we must cut off the head and then keep chopping."

Gilbert

Sir Gilbert is a loyal knight and a clever one, although some say he has been hit on the head a few times too many. He was fighting battles when he was a young squire, and he'll continue fighting battles, so he says, even when he is past death himself. In this day and age, with the dead rising all around him, it no longer sounds like such a strange thing to say – even if Sir Gilbert sometimes claims he'll be fighting as a dead squid and not a dead man.







# "It's not so much running away as it is beating a strategic retreat."

Sir Montalban is not the bravest knight in the kingdom, although he's probably not the most cowardly. He knows how to use his sword, that's for certain, especially in carving a mighty exit. He earned his sword and spurs in a peaceful time, and was content to sit guard at his Lord's castle, making sure no errant peasants wandered through the long-since-rusted-open gates. But then the zombies came. And Brave Sir Montalban fought his way all the way through a retreat. He's a good man to have at your back in a fight – especially to carve your escape.



"Ehe thing about dead people is, they're extremely flammable.

And the thing about zombies is that in essence, they are dead people."

Bob is a wizard of limited magical skills and great theatricality. He learned when he was young that sleight-of-hand and misdirection would go a great distance when scholarly learning and magical talent failed. As such, he has dressed the role and carried on in the manner of a great magician, while much of what he does is not magic at all. On the other hand, he's quite good at small fire spells, and, if you make sure the zombies aren't shambling towards anything important (like the church, or a haymow), fire does a world of good against the creatures.



#### "I'm just here to kill all these dead S. O. B.s."

Troy doesn't belong in this kingdom, and he never really meant to get into the zombie-slaying business at all. But now that he's here, now that he has no option but to swing his sword around rather than swinging around bales of hay, well, he's going to be the best zombie-slayer there is. Maybe win himself a princess in the process, a small castle... There's something to be said for being a hero, Troy is discovering, especially when it comes with lovely wenches and pocketfuls of gold. Of course, he has to survive all the zombies first.



The necromancers have performed many experiments in their quest for the perfect evil, the perfect zombie. One of the worst things they managed was a simulacrum of a living being. This golem remembers everything the original human, Troy, knew; he has all of Troy's skills. But he is as undead as a zombie, as angry as a raging bull, and as absolutely evil as it is possible to be. Evil Troy is a nasty piece of work, to put it shortly, intent on killing anything - human, zombie, or necromancer - that gets in his way.





#### "I serve, my Lord."

All William wanted was to be left alone in his northern home with his wife and children. He'd fought in enough battles as a young man. He'd done his service for his king and his country and earned the lordship of House Bleak. But now the battle has come to him again, and he does as he has to. William is a staunchly loyal, honorable man, and deadly with a sword, but he had grown old, and swinging around steel is a young man's game. As long as there are zombies to kill, though, he will do as he must.







## "I'll do what I have to, wherever that might lead."

Lucas has lost almost everything he once had, and that is a far fall indeed for a man once renowned and rich, titled, and landed. Before the necromancers cast their evil over the land, Lucas was caught out in a scheme to betray the King. He was stripped of everything and cast out to live in the forest. He knows some people will suspect him of being in cahoots with the necromancers. He also knows that defeating them is his best chance to get back into the King's good graces. He'll do whatever it takes to get his life back.



### "Stand aside! I can deal with these fiends!"

The third son of a knight, Morgan was always too poor to be a knight, too strong to be a scholar, and too smart to be a thug. What magic he could find was second-hand stuff, gleaned from sneaking into old castles and stealing from necromancers. He knows enough magic to get by, but in a pinch, his staff is a wonderful mace and his dagger will slow down even a zombie. Morgan always dreamed of advising a king. Now his best bet may be saving one's life.





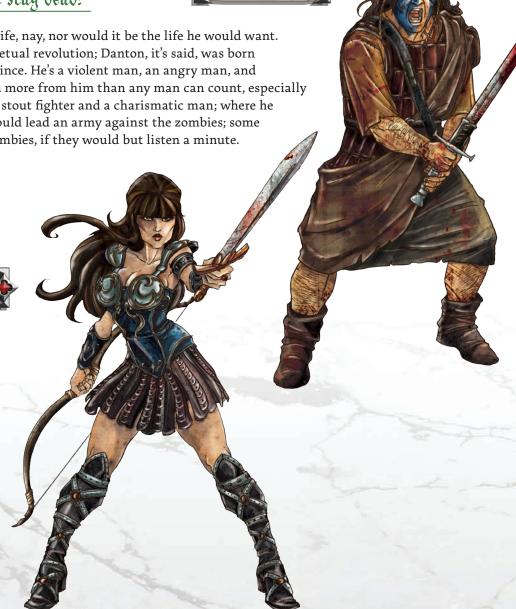
#### "They can kill us, but we won't stay dead!"

Danton has not had an easy life, nay, nor would it be the life he would want. His people have been in perpetual revolution; Danton, it's said, was born kicking and hadn't stopped since. He's a violent man, an angry man, and the necromancers have taken more from him than any man can count, especially Danton. But Danton is also a stout fighter and a charismatic man; where he yells, other men follow. He could lead an army against the zombies; some say he could even lead the zombies, if they would but listen a minute.



#### "Tell me which way the zombies went and we'll only rob you a little."

Xuxa leads a bandit crew, a great troupe of scum and villains that makes its way across the land, pillaging and stealing and never staying in one place long enough to get caught. It's barbaric, but hey, it's a living. Or, at least, it was. Then the zombies started cutting in on their business. Xuxa isn't really into humanitarian causes, but she's very into turning a profit, and if the creatures are going to get in the way of that, she's going to get in their way in return.







"The solution will be obvious - when we find it."

Brother James is a monk who, perhaps, thinks too much. At least, the fathers of his former abbey definitely felt that way. He asks inopportune questions, he looks in the wrong places, and he is never one to take no for an answer. Hardly the best traits in a humble monk! However, for a zombie hunter, one that has read some of the secret texts hidden away in the deep corners of the abbey library, asking questions may be exactly what keeps him alive.

## "Dance for me."

Hitch is a courtier of sharp edges - a sharp tongue, a sharp wit, a sharp fashion sense, and sharp blades. He has always been known more for his grace on the dance floor and his pithy turn of phrase than for his martial prowess, but that was as he desired it. It was easy for him to lounge in the center of his hangers-on and cronies, mocking the lords and ladies and scolding their old-fashioned fashion. Easy for even the necromancers to underestimate this lovely man - until he cuts apart their toys, as gracefully as he waltzes.





#### GREGORIE OF THE DEEPWOODS



"Sure, I how at the moon. It's good for the soul."

Gregorie once did battle for his king in one of the many great wars against the northern kingdoms. Though he began as a lowly footman, his prowess and natural talents (and unwavering luck) brought him much fame and glory. He refused elevation as a knight, however. His only wish was to return home to the girl he had left behind. Yet, the war had been long, and the girl's family had married her away. The loss of one so dear, the memory of whom had kept him going throughout the war, twisted his mind in an unusual way. Gregorie 'went feral' to a degree, and became a hermit, choosing to live far from civilized lands in the deep woods. He's no werewolf, as some have thought, but the hardship of living day to day became the only thing keeping him alive. But now, with the zombie threat, he has returned to living lands.

Where is more difficult to survive than in an undead-choked city?



"Growl!! Growl, I say! That's your only warning!"

When the zombies attacked, those few who survived had many different reactions. Some cowered, some fought, and some... well, lost it. Piper believes she has become a werewolf. The fact that real werewolves keep their afflictions hidden doesn't matter to her. She says mankind needs all the help they can get, and they should get over the fact that sometimes she fights on all fours. Fortunately, this 'transformation' seems to occur only in her own mind, and in battle she uses her paired blades to furious effect. If she wants to call them her 'claws' and a double-bladed attack her 'bite', then so much the better.







#### "I've killed beasts twice their size. No zombie will becorate a wall with my head!"

Paul "the Hunter from Downunder" came from a small village in the far south. He was content to live a simple life in an isolated cabin in the woods with his wife and three kids, hunting for their sustenance. Then the zombies came. They came slowly, a few at a time through the thick underbrush. And he chopped through them like old logs. He would die three times over before he'd allow them to take his family! To guarantee their





"Zombies are just the symptom, but I will be the cure."

Lady Faye was driven from her home, sent far into the woods to escape the evil necromancers. A soft noblewoman, she thought she would die, and if the huntsmen who lived deep in the forest had not found her, it is likely she would have perished. They did more than feed her and house her, however; they taught her. If Faye's land is to be saved from the zombie menace, she is going to have to slay all of the necromancers one by one, and she is ready to do exactly that.









## If I have to step over a mountain of zombies to rule, I will do so.

Queen Medea has always been ruthlessness wrapped in a beautiful package. Rumors abound about other candidates for the King's affections, and how they met a variety of unfortunate ends. The Queen remained - and so she has continued to remain and to survive despite the suspicious destruction of her husband's armies. The zombie horde fell upon them at precisely the wrong moment. With the king's mind 'shattered', as she says, she has taken over dealing with the zombie threat. The fact that Queen Medea herself is an accomplished magician has left room for quiet speculation that her skills may tend towards necromancy. But, for now, she will protect the kingdom – and her rule – no matter how many die along the way.









## KNIGHTPACK





Gowan was born in a filthy hut, lived in a filthy hut, and nearly died there when the zombies attacked. He was the only man of his village to survive their vicious, mindless attack, and, when the dust had settled, he took a sword off of a dead soldier and went about killing his former friends and kin a second time as they rose as zombies. He has been wandering the land ever since, looking for a place to call home. But everywhere he goes, death seems to follow behind.







Beauregard

Sir Beauregard was a young man when this began. Other knights teased him, calling him Beauregard the Pure, Beauregard the Chaste, even the more so when the wenches of the village were particularly accommodating to a pretty-faced young man. He has aged horribly since the zombies first showed up, losing much of his naiveté and hope for life. He had to cut his way out of the castle, mowing down zombies that had once been peasants and village wenches. Now Sir Beauregard's eyes are shadowed, and he has vowed to true purity until the scourge of zombies is ended.



## "It might be dead but it's not minced yet!"

Brave Sir Chauncey is a brave knight, not afraid to get his gloves dirty or his sword bloody. Indeed, someone would say he enjoys it. Sir John is known for being the first into any battle and the last to leave, the most violent of the knights and yet, somehow, the one who has survived the longest. He will attack just about every problem with his sword, dive into battles he has nothing to do with, and come out of it smelling of roses - and blood.





chaos wherever he goes, always with

that maniacal rotting grin on his face!

"Heckomancers get nightmakes too. I'm the keason."

Scowl is a man obsessed with eradicating the zombie threat, moreso than many other survivors. He hardly rests, he barely eats, and he speaks of nothing except the most expeditious paths to victory against the undead hordes. To him, killing zombies only addresses the symptom. To truly stem the tide, the necromancers themselves must be destroyed. A favorite strategy is to track these fiends to their lairs and sanctums. Though these are often filled with minions, traps, and other horrors, Scowl points out that the necromancers are also trapped in there with him, a nightmare scenario for any cabal.









#### "A most remarkable infection."

Doctor Stormcrow is in this fight for the research. An expert on every form of infectious disease existent, the sheer virulence of the zombie plague staggers him with its sordid beauty. He's convinced that while magic is at the core of the initial outbreak, the subsequent spreading infection has wholly natural elements. He cites the Creeping Death and the Bloody Flux as his sources (which have slain untold hundreds of thousands when left unchecked), in addition to the complete lack of magical emanations seen in most mobile zombies. If he can prove his theorems (and develop a cure), perhaps the necromancers can be deprived of their seemingly limitless hordes.





## HORDEBOX



"Bloody zombies don't appreciate my showmanship at all."

The roaring crowds and endless adoration drove Cassius to great feats in the fighting pits. His victory against the Seven Hounds (men who wore dog masks and fought with pack tactics) is still spoken of with great enthusiasm by those survivors who witnessed the day. Yet, he finds his talents somewhat wasted these days. Gone are the crowds, replaced by shambling hordes. There's still plenty of battle and blood, of course, but zombies don't cheer, and they certainly don't throw roses. Cassius wants nothing more than to eradicate them all, so he can get back to his proper place in the arena.







# "I never understood the term 'bullseye'. Bulls are easy. Ehey often just stand there."

Rocco's skill with the crossbow (and recurved bow, and throwing knives, and even rocks) allowed him to survive when so many others fell in the initial wave of orcish zombies. Growing up in a mummer's troupe, he discovered the joy of archery and knife-throwing at an early age, and demonstrated incredible natural aptitude for both. He regrets the green horde and black plague, though it has given him plenty of opportunity for practice. He often dreams of one day taking 'the most perfect shot in all history', though he's somewhat vague as to its definition.



#### "Ironically, this has made my job much simpler."

Rooting out witchcraft, black sorcery, and foul necromancy was once Thomas's daily bread. He feels some responsibility for the rising black plague, as preventing just such a catastrophe is within a witch hunter's purview. Yet, it originated far, far from civilization, and Thomas worked primarily in cities and nearby countryside. For now, he sees his primary task as defending the survivors against this vile necromantic green tide. Despite their vast numbers, the orcish (and human) necromancers still occasionally send their agents into survivor enclaves, and Thomas remains vigilant against such threats.







Jeanne has battled orcs since she joined the army. She proved her mettle in raids and skirmishes, battles and war. She really thought she'd seen the worst the orcs could offer. She was wrong. Hers was the first regiment struck by the green horde, and she was the sole survivor, owing to a bit of luck and a lot of swordplay. She quickly realized that while the orcs made for powerful zombies, they were even dumber than before. Striking at the necromancers wielding their





Ryan John

"My art promotes peace, understanding, and goodwill. Except for zombies. No, those have got to 30."

Ryan John was a brilliant poet and writer whose works have been performed and recited at palaces, estates, taverns, and wayside inns across the realm. Besides writing, his other passion was swordplay. Now that the green horde has struck and the black plague is sweeping across the land, he finds the survivors need his uplifting writing more than ever, and his sword more than he'd like. Still, while his original training was for practice and sport, the shift to warrior was no great stretch.

#### THE GREAT ZANZIBAR

"With a flick of the wrist I can produce a kind of mazic that will give these necromancers a sheer heart attack."

Zanzibar's amazing magical powers were only surpassed by his showmanship. He was as comfortable entertaining a crowd as he was handling an ogre battle or a dragon attack (and those made for quite a spectacle). You'd think the black plague would put a damper on his spirits, but even under pressure and just trying to keep himself alive, Zanzibar's powers lost none of their flair. The show must go on, as he loves to say. While the necromancers may want to live forever, Zanzibar just wants to become a legend.





## "At last, an art form where I truly excel."

THE MARQUIS DE ROGET

Few nobles promoted writing, music, fashion, sculpting, and painting more than the Marquis de Roget. While he himself possessed little in the way of these talents, the Marquis had exquisite taste in all areas, and the means to finance their creators. No, the only true talent the Marquis possessed was swordplay. He is one of the few survivors from the aristocracy, thanks entirely to his bladework. Now the Marquis travels the land with his fellow survivors, seeking safe refuge where the arts may flourish once more.



"Ares and I bring you tidings from the elven kingdoms! ...
Ares? My friend. The giant spider standing right there. Why can't you humans ever see him??"

Lord Brix has long served as a liaison between the western kingdoms and the elven courts. When the green horde began their wars in earnest, Lord Brix returned to his homeland to urge strong support for their human allies.

An ambush by plague-bearing orcs

left Lord Brix as the only survivor, and suffering a severe concussion. While his faculties all seem intact, he now constantly speaks to and references a giant spider companion named 'Ares'. While invisibility magic is not unknown, it would seem that Ares is but a figment of Lord Brix's imagination. Perhaps that's a good thing, as the last thing anyone needs on top of the black plague is an infestation of giant, invisible spiders!





#### "No biting. That's bad sportsmanship."

The gladiator known as Gannicus made quite a name for himself in the pits. He took to heart the maxim that warriors make their weapons a part of their body. Thus, while he can use just about any blade he picks up, he chooses his fists whenever possible. In his long career, Gannicus remained undefeated. In fact, he was mere days away from the greatest fight of his life when the green horde descended. He unleashes his fury on the zombie menace whenever and wherever possible. Just get him in reach of a necromancer and see what happens.



#### "Nothing I enjoy more than working with my axe."

The Deathmaster's name is clearly an affectation, yet few can pass it off without looking ridiculous. One need only see him in action to understand that it's no hollow boast. The Deathmaster came to these lands in search of new music, strange enough. He had no notion of becoming a skald himself, but he could and would go great distances to hear something new. He hated nothing more than making such arduous journeys only to hear the exact same edda being performed with only slight variations. If the poser was egregious enough, the Deathmaster would take matters into his own hands.







## "Don't wander off the road unless I say it's safe."

While his manner is somewhat abrupt, and he can be somewhat less than empathetic towards his companions, Lorentz wishes only that they keep safe and out of harm's way. From a very young age Lorentz trained with his father to become a hunter and woodsman, and now those skills have been put to the ultimate test, keeping the companions out of the horde's everwidening path. While he's most at-home in the wilderness, Lorentz's archery skills are just as adept at felling orcs as wild game. He generally forages most of the food the companions need, although Zee's pastry obsession leaves him confounded.



"I always joked about leaving the country. This is not how I imagined it."

Though a very young man, Billy's skill with shield and mace are undeniable, and when it comes to protecting his friends, his bravery knows no bounds. None of his little band were noble-born, yet all lived in proximity to their lord's lands. While the lord himself was a just, respectable count, his son was a notorious bully that crossed paths with Billy and his friends all-too-often. More than once Billy stood between his friends and danger, and now the habit comes naturally.











"We battle that which is unfixed, mutating, and ultimately indestructible."

There are few wizards as formidable as Grayson Grüber in the battle against the green horde. His command of destructive magics exceeds dedicated elementalists many years his senior. Where he walks, charred, frozen, or disintegrated zombies lie strewn in his wake.

Unfortunately, there are few wizards as dour and gloomy. Tragically, when the black plague struck, Grüber was away from the capital, and his long-standing (and unrequited) love was lost in the initial invasion. However, while Grüber may believe their cause is ultimately doomed, he will fight to his last breath in the name of vengeance.

#### Countess Ordelia



Despite her slight stature, Countess Ordelia's presence can fill a room. Before the black plague, she commanded troops in the field to combat the orc hordes, and won more victories than many other commanders combined. She's renowned for her sharp tongue and razor wit, which was fearsome for her enemies at court and a delight for her friends everywhere. Now, among the ruins of civilization, when she speaks, people listen. And if they want to escape the green horde's depredations, she may be their only hope.





"My people have a saying: Don't kill if you can wound. But, since zombies are already dead...."

Princess Ayla hails from a distant island that is practically a utopian paradise. Yet, while her people have long avoided contact with the world at large, the black plague is cause for concern for all free-willed peoples. As such, Princess Ayla, their mightiest warrior, lends her blade against the green horde. As a veteran of many battles, she advises striking directly at the necromancers behind the plague. In fact, in studying their grand designs, she senses there may be one particular mastermind, always directing the bigger picture.





# "Alliteration almost always approys the artistically archaic."

Once known for his imaginative and antiestablishment plays and poems, the bard called Asmodeus has turned his barbed wit towards the green horde with a passion. It's not that the zombies understand his utterances in combat, but they possess a cadence and flow that draw in his fellow survivors, allowing them all to fight almost as one. Rumor holds that he was horribly disfigured in the opening days of the black plague. When asked, Asmodeus himself simply grins, and remains, as ever, an enigma.

Asmodeus





#### "Nature roars in fury against these abominatiaons. I am her voice."



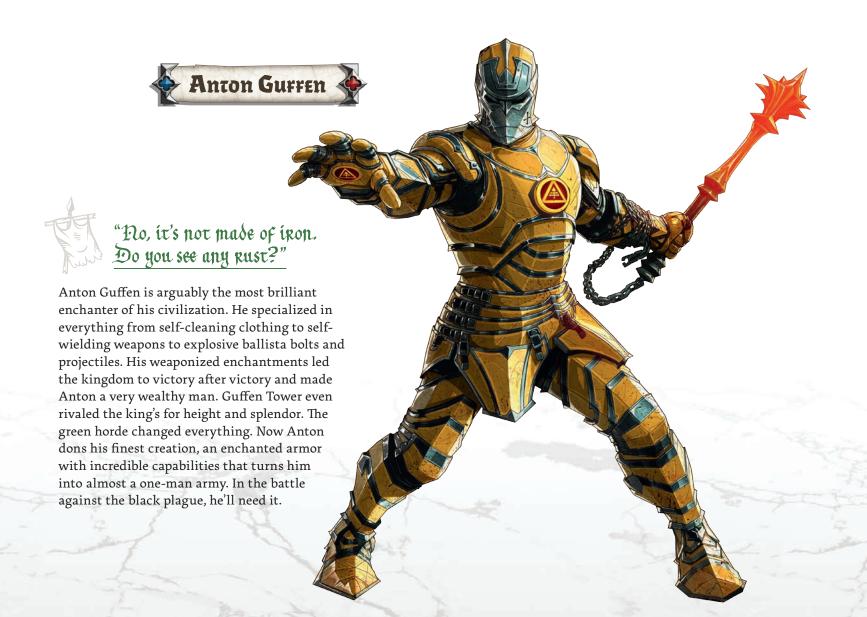
While the elven high lords still debate entry into the war against the black plague, the druidic orders have heard the earth's agony at the tread of undead feet, and from among them Fylguria has answered. Her command of the natural elements makes her an unstoppable force and a potent ally against the green horde. She wishes only that her order had responded sooner, as necromantic magic saps the natural energies she summons to battle them. Yet, as the battle grows, so does her powers.



"Annoyed' be my natural state, buddy."

It's no surprise that for a people that exalt brewing as their highest art brawling comes in a close second. While every dwarven man, woman, and child knows how to throw a good punch, professional brawlers take this national pastime to new heights. 'Badger' Brummuin made a name for himself at formal brawls in cities and towns throughout the dwarven deeplands. Then the zombies came. Rank-and-file zombies present him little challenge, and orc zombies only marginally more so. His true delight is slugging it out, dwarf-to-monster with abominations. Like his namesake, there's no enemy too big to fight.











Warchief Lividia's nomadic tribe inhabited the dusty badlands and deserts northeast of the western kingdoms, and were among the first hit by the rising green horde. While one might think nomads relatively immune to the slow-moving shambling hordes, there are only so many oases and safe harbors in the deserts, and all of them have been overrun. Warchief Lividia has journeyed to the western kingdoms, only to find them in even more dire straits. She believes her blade is needed more desperately here, and hopes to return to her people with allies at her back soon.



#### "Eheck me out! WODD!!"

He might have a real name, or he might not, but Spearhead certainly lives up to his chosen moniker. Few seasoned warriors seem so keen to leap into the thickest fray with little regard for their own safety. Indeed, Spearhead is happiest with other survivors around to witness his reckless deeds. His people are barbarians that once roamed the deserts and badlands northeast of the western kingdoms, and thus, they were among the first hit by the surging green horde. While some may survive in isolated pockets across the badlands, Spearhead and his warchief have journeyed west seeking allies against the horde. Alas, they've found all too few.





#### YGRAINE SHIELDMAIDEN OF THE HORSE CLAN





"Some good warhorses would be perfect for this. But just try finding living beasts in this zombie-infested wasteland."

Ygraine's people have long had an affinity with horses, and were known for breeding the strongest, fastest, noblest beasts seen in any kingdom. Ygraine herself was a shieldmaiden of many battles, and was at home in the saddle as on her own two feet. Alas, the black plague has scattered the great herds to the winds, and Ygraine's people along with them. She fights now afoot alongside her fellow survivors, and would trade an entire kingdom for a horse.

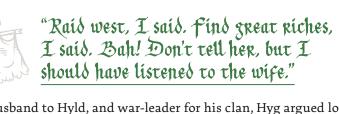




# "King? King o' what? Ain't nothin' left to be king of!"

Brannog Steelgreaves was once lord and king of a mighty dwarven city-state beneath the northern mountains. His rule was as peaceful as any dwarven government can be (meaning only four wars in two decades as opposed to a dozen), and he was hailed as one of the wisest, most benevolent kings dwarven kind had ever known. Yet, when the black plague struck, their small kingdom was taken completely unawares. Overnight the mountains were drowned beneath the green horde, and King Brannog and his family were forced to flee. Now he pays the orcs back in kind, one crushed skull at a time.





Husband to Hyld, and war-leader for his clan, Hyg argued long and eloquently for the right to raid lands west of the great mountains, having discovered hidden paths through their forbidding heights. Yet, when they arrived, what did his warband find? Zombies! Orc zombies, no less! Hyg and Hyld are the only survivors of the once mighty warband, and they desperately wish to return home, fearing the devastation the black plague may have wrought in their absence.



"Raid west, he said. Find great riches, he said. Ehat hairy oaf never listens!"

Wife to Hyg, and shieldmaiden of remarkable skill, Hyld argued against her husband's desires to raid the lands west across the great mountains. Besides the late season and threat of early snows, Hyld had a vision of a great darkness sweeping over the world. Naturally, and to his lament, Hyg dismissed this as nonsense. He has since apologized to her on bent knee, which would be all well and good, if they weren't completely surrounded by orc zombies. Now they fight to return home, fearing the worst.





Sigrun the Slaver

"Wait, they're kising from their graves? You mean I get to kill them twice!??"

For a woman of blood with an axe to grind, the black plague striking the green horde could not have been a greater blessing. Sigrun has battled the orcs since a very young age. When her nomadic tribe unknowingly traveled through orc territory, the greenskins descended en masse and slaughtered any they couldn't take captive. Sigrun eventually escaped and has dedicated her life towards hunting and slaying orcs anywhere she can find them. While the black plague is a horrible menace, she can't conceal at least a little glee in hacking them up a second time.



### Earl Jaimie the Spoiler of Dhüm

"All great tales must come to an end. Let me tell you what happens!"

Earl Jaimie was a wealthy noble from that far-off (and strangely named) land of Dhüm. He's traveled the world, collecting books and stories, watching mummer's shows and stage plays, and he especially enjoys riddles. Unfortunately he also loves sharing the endings with anyone that listens, and thus came by his somewhat ignominious title. Now, trapped in the west by the black plague and green tide threatening to overwhelm humanity, Earl Jaimie fights alongside his fellow survivors. He only wishes he knew how this would end.







### Finanton the Giant



"We killed all our wizards for good reason. How I have to clean this up!"

Finarton is grumpy. He likes his mountains. He likes his solitude. But most of all he likes peace and quiet. The black plague (and now the green horde) has brought him anything but. The orcs were noisy neighbors to begin with, and now they seek out living flesh day and night. If Finarton has one thing, it's a lot of living flesh. Giant society has no wizards after a similar incident in the distant past, remembered only by oral tradition among the giant folk. He suggests humankind use their own rather drastic method of prevention.



"The plague can infect giants?? How do we even fight that??" — Distraught Survivor

There may be more magic involved in turning giants into zombies than the plague alone, yet this huge, terrifying monstrosity has been sighted more than once, striding across the battlefield and crushing anything in its path (survivor or zombie alike). Living giants tell of an ancient, forgotten time before humankind when their once-thriving civilization faced a similar crisis. With any luck, 'Shaggrant' as he has become known is a singular creation. Alas, the survivors are often rather short on luck.





## When the living are no more, I shall reign supreme.

Queen Severa was indeed reigning monarch of a far-flung kingdom in the eastern lands. Her reign was one of terror and oppression the likes of which have not been witnessed among civilized nations for hundreds of years. Yet, it was here that many necromancers found safe haven to develop the black plague and plot the civilized world's destruction. All this is due to a prophecy that one day a child will be born that will bring about Severa's destruction. If there are no living people left to give birth, her eternal reign is assured.

#### Everything I do is for the greater good.

Count Temeraire has been a blight on the densely forested south for what seems like ages. Every time people think him defeated, he slithers away, only to rise and begin his reign of terror anew. His particular form of insanity has been exacerbated by his vampirism, wherein he believes himself a just and righteous lord, and the people desire nothing more than his guiding hand on their lives. The black plague has indeed been a blessing for the Count, as he greatly prefers subjects that eat brains rather than use them.







#### "Papers, please."

Sir Schwarz was once guardian of the palace gates. He was renowned for his steadfast resolve, combative prowess, and unflinching adherence to any orders given. Thus, when the green horde descended on the capital, Sir Schwarz guarded his gate, and only his gate. The palace was ransacked via the other three gates, but in front of the eastern portcullis a vast mound of zombie corpses served as a new bulwark. Some believe that Sir Schwarz is a kind of golem. He is never seen without his armor, never seems to sleep, and can sustain truly shocking wounds with no apparent debility.





#### THE MAGENTA COVFERE OF AARGH



#### "What the— ARGA!!"

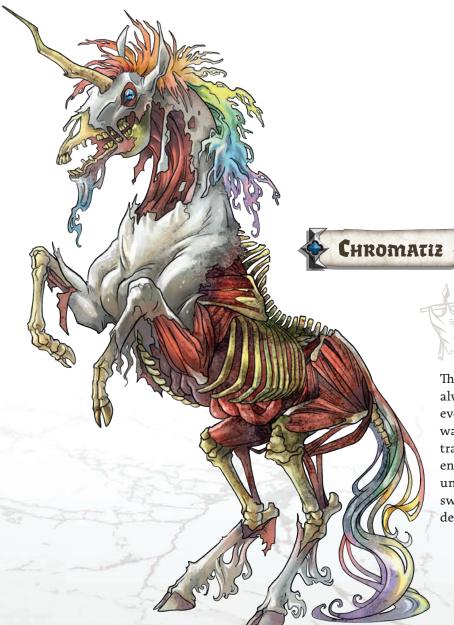
No one's really sure what it is, where it came from, or even what it might have been in life. All anyone knows is that this particular undead abomination is powerful, dangerous, and a startling color. Current theory holds that the necromancers discovered any number of horrific creatures kept by the orcs as pets or beasts of burden, and they've been experimenting with monstrous results. It's a particularly successful destroyer thanks to a combination of paralyzing terror and intellectual challenge as people simply can't believe what they're seeing and their brains involuntarily work to puzzle it out.



### ABominabunny



'Beware its grin', the old tales say of the Abominabunny. While the legendary stalker of the old shire woodlands was always considered a fable, the necromancers herding the green horde seem to have found this lurking menace to man and beast, and made it all the more terrifying. Survivors speak in fearful whispers of the fate of those said to have seen a cute little bunny amidst all the carnage. Beware and take care, and mind any vast fields strewn with bones stripped of flesh!

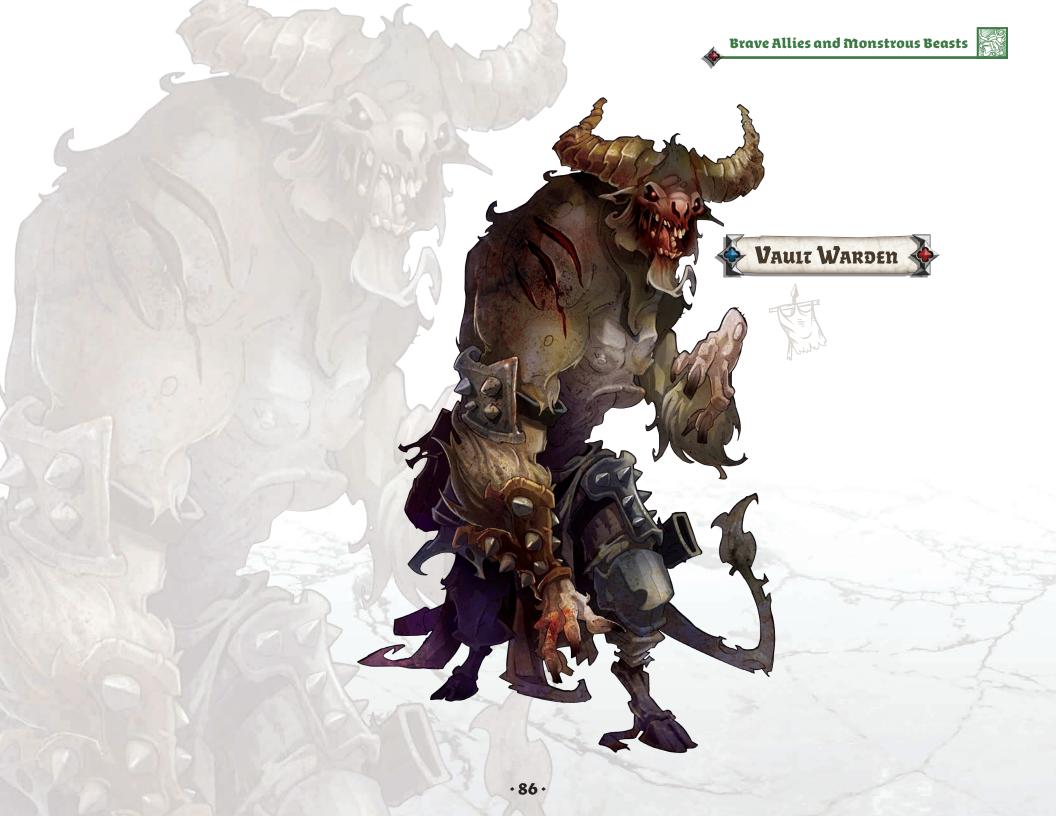


"Well now that's just wrong."
-Common Survivor Reaction to Chromatiz

The fabled Chromatic Unicorns from the elven realms were always rather curious creatures. Literally: they're curious about everything. Strangers to their woods would often find themselves watched from afar, or turn about to spot a unicorn following their trail by scent. Most had little to fear from these beasts, lest they enter the wood with evil intent. Then they'd discover that the unicorns were far from helpless. But now, with the black plague sweeping the world, it seems at least one of these noble beasts has developed an intense curiosity concerning the taste of living flesh!













# Ultimate survivors





"From a numerical standpoint, teaching everyone in the world to read is actually possible now."

Baldric's long adventuring career was defined by his quest for knowledge. When delving a dungeon or journeying to distant lands, he would spend months researching every aspect, and making his findings public. He always contended that the more people knew about their world, the safer they would be. When the black plague struck, Baldric feared little for his own survival, and lamented that he could not convey his knowledge to the masses. They might have stemmed the tide before it began. It has since been his mission to spread knowledge everywhere he journeys.







## "As one, ladies and lads! We fight as one!"

Nelly has come a long way from serving ales in the local pub. When the black plague brought the first zombies she discovered talents she never knew she had. She would never have wished for the horrifying apocalypse that's descended on the land, yet she's proud of the woman she's become. She doesn't see herself as the heart of her adventuring group, but her gift for inspiration continually surprises even those that know her best. When it comes to rallying survivors, Nelly's gifts and unflagging spirit bring out the best in everyone.



"I'm not dumb enough to wish the enemy was smarter, but their predictability presents no real tactical challenge."

Clovis looks like a man more apt to use his forehead for a battering ram, but that skull conceals a tactical mind like few others. His tactical plans and strategies have led the companions to victory time and time again. He especially relishes going up against necromancers who have at least a passing knowledge of warfare and its arts. Yet, when the time comes, he's more than capable of wading into the fray, blades swinging, sending zombie heads flying.





"I'd never have wished this on anyone, but plague has ever been a means by which new institutions grow."

While Silas' people still debate entering the war (the elven lands have yet to be seriously affected), Silas has spent his time on the front lines, gathering survivors and plying his bow in their defense. He argues that if all nations were one, and if all were united in common cause, nothing like the black plague could ever have occurred. He may very well be right. Yet, his notion of government is one that the rich and powerful fear with every fiber of their being. He calls it 'democracy'.



"Zombie killin' be like workin' the forze. Eots o' hammer work!
... Eots messier though."

Samson's first love is smithing, and his second love is zombicide. The group owes their superior arms and armor to Samson's talents, and their survival to his martial skills. Now that the black plague has spread to the orc tribes, Samson can indulge yet another passion: killing orcs. While not a traditional enemy to the dwarves, the orcs in Samson's homeland were a constant nemesis to his clan, and old enmities die hard. Samson also serves as the group's defacto father figure, and they rely on his sound judgment and level head at all times.





# "Blessed are the peacemakers. But, we're not at peace."

Behind the nun's habit and stern mask lurks the heart of a true berserker Since the initial black plague, Ann has fought alongside her companions through thick and thin, desperate and hungry. Her survivalist skills proved invaluable to the tight-knit band of adventurers in the early days, and her combat prowess served even better. With the green menace on the rise in the west, and the black plague showing no signs of slowing, the group looks to Ann for her level head in the wilds, and her raging blades in combat.



## promos



### Erik Summoner



"I control the towns and villages, and specially the people who plague them!"

Erik used to be a herald to the king, using his powerful voice to spread the ruler's word throughout the kingdom. However, his lust for power consumed him, filling his mind with dark thoughts of overthrowing the king and sowing chaos in the streets. Meddling with the dark arts, he soon discovered his velvety voice could do more than attract the people's attention, it could raise the dead from the very ground! Wheverever Erik the Summoner roams, death follows.





#### "How many more must I kill?"

Benson has crusaded. He has fought in wars. He has shed blood, time and again, taken life after life, in the pursuit of all that is right and true, in service of god and king. Benson has been fighting for so long, sometimes it seems he cannot remember not fighting. He had hoped he could come home to the countryside, to his wife and his children, to rest for a time, but along the way, he encountered the zombie hordes. He has many more challenges to meet before he may finally see his home, but he will meet them honorably.





"If we can defeat them, then we can go home."

Homer has held down many jobs in his long life. He has sailed the wild seas, fought for country and for money, and now he's an outlaw. He's found it suits him; it would be wonderful to stay in the forest, stealing what he needs and passing out his leftovers. But the zombies are making that impossible. When they first overran his forest encampment, Homer grabbed who he could and fled deeper into the woods. He'd keep fading deeper and deeper in - but the zombies just keep coming, and he keeps losing more men. He has to strike back.





#### "So, about this job. How much does it pay?"

Bruce will do anything for money, anything at all, which is how he ended up in this situation. He's not all that clever about which contracts he takes. and not at all discriminating, but, then again, he has no problem sneaking away from a job if it turns out to be unpleasant or just not enough fun. Say, just for example, working for a necromancer who turned out to be loosing a horde of zombies on the nation... Bruce fled from that job with nothing but the clothes and armor on his back. He counts it a win.



Heir to a merchant family from a distant country, Willow was crossing the border when her convoy was attacked by a zombie horde. The escorts fell quickly, and the merchants had no choice but to use the exotic goods they expected to deliver to their noble customer. Most of them survived this first attack, but the party ran out of luck over the following days. Willow soon found herself alone and realized the zombie plague had crossed the border back to her homeland faster than she could. The merchant apprentice was smart enough to understand that her old world had vanished. Willow understands the common tongue way better than she speaks or reads it, and is wary of anyone trying to make contact. She's quite good in a fight, however, and kept one of the artifacts she was supposed to deliver. This lone stranger knows she won't survive long on her own. While defiant and outwardly moody, Willow is looking for someone to trust.





#### "Zombies are bad, but... well, I've seen some things."

Liam has always been something of a loner. He enjoys spending time with his friends well enough, but he was known to vanish, sometimes for weeks at a time. In the beginning, everyone was concerned with his disappearances, none moreso than his parents. Yet, he always returned, and never really spoke about where he'd been or what he'd been up to. As such, Liam now displays a surprising array of talents one might ordinarily associate with a thief. He can open locks, spirit items from people's pockets, and almost even hide in plain sight!





### North the Haifling

"Don't hide from curiosity! Throw open the door! ... Well, unless you hear zombies behind it."

North's true name is somewhat unpronounceable by humans, so he shortened it for his friends' benefit. As he was born with an unerring sense of direction (even on the darkest nights or beneath thick clouds), the moniker fits perfectly. If there's a beating heart to their ragtag group, it's North. His song and stories keep them going, no matter the odds. North wanted nothing more than to journey the world, see new sights, and meet everyone he could find. The zombie menace has not deterred his ambitions.





"Armor? Ba! This is a costume. Biz difference, my friend."

Daughter to a maid in the Grom family's service, Thalia was shipwrecked with the 'prodigal son' Grom on a desert island for nearly five years. After rescue, she discovered she had no taste for the life of luxury that Grom's family offered. She wanted to earn her own way in the world, and Grom tagged along. As the brains of the pair (and sometimes the muscle), Thalia's wit and cunning have gotten them out of more scrapes than she can easily count. When the hordes attacked, they'd been at a costume ball, working to 'acquire' a treasure map from the city mayor. Now, Thalia would trade just about any treasure for a decent suit of armor.



"What to wear, what to wear? My sword, or my axe?"

The son of a very wealthy family, life was easy, until he found himself a castaway after a mighty storm wrecked the family yacht. With his (soon to be) friend Thalia, the maid's daughter, as the only survivors, they managed to eke out an existence for nearly five years before rescue. Now, dissatisfied with 'the good life', Grom and Thalia have set out to see the world. The pair are known for their acerbic barbs and mutual antagonism. Strangers might think them a couple, but could not be more wrong about these companions. Wherever they go, trouble follows.







### PAUL BONNNER



Paul Bonner, a Yorkshire born
Englishman, has lived in Copenhagen
since the early '90s. After earning his
degree in Illustration at the Harrow
College of Art, he illustrated many
children's books on a freelance basis in
London, then spent three years with the
Games Workshop Design Studio. After
moving to Denmark, he continued his
relationship with Games Workshop, and
also contributed to such titles as Mutant
Chronicles, Rackham's Confrontation,
Shadowrun, and Riotminds.





"Ehese wretched souls didn't deserve this. Not even the orcs."

As a highly devout individual, Carol Black-Oak finds the black plague particularly vile. Not only has it killed countless numbers, but their souls may well be trapped within these undead husks. The mages and priests among the survivors can't say either way, as their animation could be due to a number of foul energies. Carol won't take that chance. She sees it as her holy cause to free the souls trapped within these withered, shambling husks, and send those responsible screaming down to the netherworld.





# "E'mon if you think you're tough enough."



Klom isn't afraid of Zombies. He's not afraid of anything - except spiders, but he'll never own up to that one. He was a tough son-of-a-gun, a fighter and a bandit, long before the zombies started overrunning his camp. Once those pests showed up, well, then he just had something else to fight. With his flail in hand, Klom can stop just about anything. And if that doesn't work, he'll just stomp them. He's taken a few trophies in his day, but the others tend to complain about rotting zombie heads. Maybe fingers won't bother them as much?

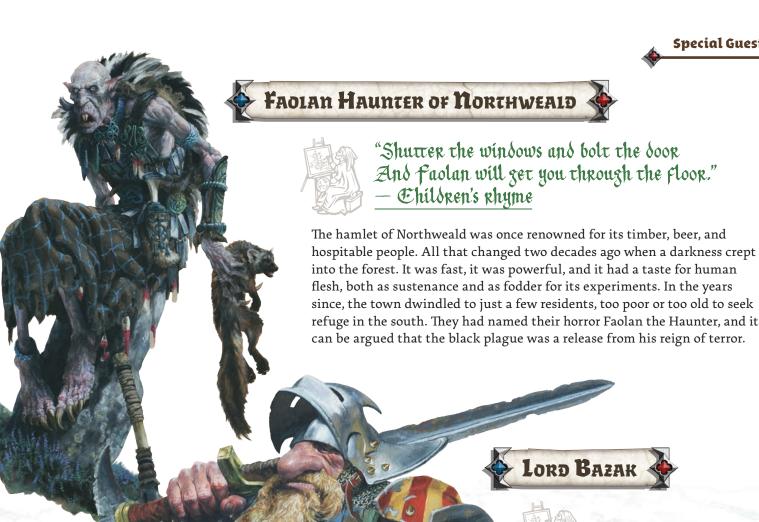






### "Dis 'ole ting is pants. Won' find 'aught but gubbins fer suppa'."

Where once Tola would've happily butchered any of them for their loot, now he fights alongside the survivors against the rising green horde. For the survivors part, the renegade orc is a welcome addition. They just wish they could understand anything he says. His dialect of common is unknown in the west, and though the words sound like common, they're not ordered in any sane manner. Tola himself has no complaints with days of endless battle, save that there's rarely enough scavenged food to eat his fill.



"Forward! Forward to victory! Ever onward!"

Lord Bazak is in this battle for the long haul. He knows - or, at least, he's heard rumors - of some of the antics of the necromancers, and he knows they won't be stopped easily. He's seen firsthand what the zombies can do. They managed to drive them off when they attacked Lord Bazak's lands, but only at the cost of several lives, and the even harder price of putting down those dead that rose as undead. Lord Bazak plans to move through the land like a plow, pushing the zombies before him and his warriors until there are no undead and no necromancers remaining.





"Ehere is a writ for this. There is a writ for everything of importance. But there is also a scythe, for times that do not deserve a writ."

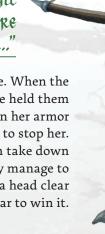
Inquisitor Mizar knows more than a little about the ways of death, dying, and the undead. His order has been studying necromancy - in order to wipe it out – for far longer than this current crop of necromancers has been around. They know all the secrets. They know all of the ritae. And they will bring a proper and holy death to everything that needs to die. With his scythe and his will, with his prayers and his ritae, Inquisitor Mizar will bring death where it is needed, and stave it off where it is not yet welcome.





"All right. You have to the count of three to show me you're still breathing. One... Ewo..."

Genevieve is taking absolutely no guff from anyone. When the zombies attacked her home in the dead of night, she held them off while still in her nightclothes. Now that she's in her armor and well-armed, it's going to take a siege engine to stop her. Genevieve is a crack shot with her crossbow. She can take down a man, a boar, or a zombie from fifty yards. If they manage to get too close to shoot, she has been known to take a head clear off with her machete. Genevieve is in this war to win it.









## CAR1 CRITCH10W







Carl Critchlow is a UK based illustrator and comic book artist. He first created the character of 'Thrud the Barbarian' while still at art college in 1981, Thrud went on to feature in his own comic strip in Games Workshop's 'White Dwarf' magazine for five years during the 1980s and in a series of Eagle Award winning self-published comics in 2002 - 2007. He has worked for many companies in the UK and US including DC comics, 2000AD and has illustrated over 200 individual cards for Magic the Gathering.



# "By the Sacred Jockstrap of Robert E. Howard, You'll pay for that, Hellspawn!"

With the stealth and agility of a jungle cat, the strength and ferocity of a rhinoceros and the intelligence of a garden snail, Thrud is a simple soul who wants nothing more than to be able to enjoy a beer in peace. Unfortunately things seldom work that way for this mightily thewed colossus. Anyone who gets in his way, whether it's a band of marauding brigands, giant demon minotaur or an army of crazed flesh-eating zombies, will soon learn a lesson they'll never forget with the help of his unfeasibly large axe.







"Some simpletons should surely cease their skullduzzery. Or else!"

On learning of the demise of her father, Percival Pursuivant, during a hazardous mission to the town of Carborundum, young Persephone and the other daughters of the Knights of St Simeon the Saintly formed the 'Seven Sisters of St Simeon the Saintly'. Their intention: carry on their fathers' good works as well as avenging their deaths. Ironically, their superior skills in all aspects of martial combat make them a far more effective force than their fathers ever were.





"You thought you could defeat me, I who have defeated death itself?"

To-Me Ku-Pa is a necromancer, and entirely unabashed about it. He has been tormenting the lives of adventurers and barbarians for many years, and working with the nastiest bandit group in the land, the Black Currant's gang. He had any number of powers, most of them gained through nefarious means: he's been known to turn people into frogs for a laugh, and raising the recently dead is a child's game for him compared to some of the things he's done. To-Me Ku-Pa is a foul, nasty man, and loves every minute of it.







### KAR1 KOPINSKI







Karl Kopinski was born in Nottingham in 1971, drawing became an obsession from an early age. After studying fine art at university, he worked for the main art department of Games Workshop for 7 years. He returned to freelance work around 7 years ago. He is currently still based in Nottingham and now works in a wide variety of fields and media including book illustration, concept design for the games industry, military history paintings and portraiture, and of course the legendary Magic: the Gathering cards!

# "Ale will continue, however filthy the foe - or the ally."

Ulfo is chief of his clan, just as his father was and his father before him. Ulfo has led his clan into many mighty battles, fighting against beasts and elves, orcs and wizards. Many times, they have fought against the very people that they now fight beside. But that is the curse of the zombies, that they have made new alliances where there should not be such. Ulfo accepts that, just as he accepts the dishonor of fighting such shambling, awful creatures. This is the battle that has been lain before him.





DAME AHELISSA

## "He's not Aezlbard anymore! Slice his head off and move on!"

Dame Ahelissa was still young as a knight when the zombies first attacked, but she had already been blooded in battle. The land fights in skirmish after skirmish, and the zombies are just one more fight. But when normal enemies - northman, dwarves, orcs, or wild boars - when they strike down your allies, your allies stay dead. Dame Ahelissa has not quite gotten used to her former brothers- and sisters-in-arms getting back up and attacking her. Still, former friend or no, she has gotten quite adept at slicing the enemy down with both halberd and sword.

### MARCUS THE MIGHTY



#### "B-b-beware, f-f-foul creatures."

"You're so mighty," his mentor sneered. "I'm sure you could terrify a bird, maybe a mouse. You're going to be the world's mightiest wizard at fighting small rodents." The thing is, Marcus knows his strengths - what few he has - and he has become very mighty indeed when it comes to small animals. But he has been calling himself Mighty for so long, it's not as if he can suddenly say "Oh, no, I'm sorry. I'm only Mighty sometimes." So when his lord called upon him to help fight the zombies, what else could he do?





#### "Dieeeee!"

Garuk likes fighting. He liked fighting when he was a youngling, at least. Now he has a nest of younglings of his own, and he finds the axe and sword are less light in his hands than they were before. But, the thrill of the battle, that still sings in his blood. The thud of his axe in the enemy's neck, that still spurs him forward. The thought of these creatures and what they would do to his younglings... that keeps him going when all else fails him.





## Stefan Kopinski





After completing a BA Honors in Fine Art, Stefan worked in various design fields, including 5 years in Games Workshop's Production and Design Studios in Nottingham as a Photoshop consultant, project coordinator and digital illustrator. Since 2004 he has dedicated himself to freelance illustration. He now works primarily for the games industry, helping visualise and realize the weird and wonderful ideas from the minds of some great companies around the world. Stefan now lives with his family in West Yorkshire.





#### "Rise, ancestors, and aid us."

The Blackheart has been the shaman of his tribe since he was a young man, since their last shaman vanished. He has given so much of his life to the magic, he looks as much one of the dead as of the living. He can speak to those dead - the further he gets from youth, the easier the dead are to talk to. But the zombies are neither dead nor alive, and the Blackheart finds them repulsive and terrifying.

Dead that are not dead... they have to go.





"Ehere's not much difference between a zombie's neck and a log."

Miss Ysabel was her father's pride and joy growing up, the biggest in a big family, the strongest in a line of mostly boys. Her mother insisted on the dresses; her father insisted on the axe. She was chopping wood while she was still playing with dolls; she was hauling wood while the boys had started to come calling. When the zombies came, Miss Ysabel added a few more weapons to her repertoire and shifted her swing to aim a little further up.



"Work with me, and we'll all get through this alive."

T'zzird's people - his mother's people - are not known for being kind, giving, loving, or friendly. By the standards of his people, T'zzird is warm, fuzzy, and cheerful. By the standards of the humans, he is... helpful. His people have no problem with raising the dead, no problem with necromancy at all. Yet, T'zzird, the white sheep in his dark family, has found he's not very pleased by the creatures. And if that means he have to work with the humans, with the dwarves, with the ORCS, well, he has always been the most-friendly of the dark ones.





"These things are foul.
And they taste even fouler."

Gaak believes that death comes when it should come. Death is the one true lord, the one true power. These things, these zombies, they get in the way of the proper order of death. Things are killed. Gaak kills them. They stay dead, more fuel to the death lord. And now, now he has to kill things twice. Gaak finds this irritating. But maybe, if he kills enough of these things enough times, he'll satisfy his gods anyway.







Xavier Gueniffey Durin, also known as Naïade, is a French artist born in 1981. He has worked as a freelancer since 2007, and is considered one of the top artists in boardgaming today. His most famous work includes Tokaido, Lord of Xidit, Seasons, and The Big Book of Madness. He's also worked as a concept artist for many miniatures companies, and as an illustrator for some children's magazines. Xavier's favorite settings include postapocalyptic and medieval fantasy



"Eake this blade, and stay out of my range. We can still stop them."

Merieil spent her long childhood and adolescence in an apprenticeship to her town's magesmith. When the necromancers began spewing their vile seed over the countryside, she was one of the few of her people to see the threat the zombies would pose, not only to the humans, but also to the elves and the forests. She has come among the humans to ply her trade, making weapons that will not break and armor that can repel even the strongest monsters. It is not exactly what she was trained for, but it is what is needed, as she was taught.







#### "Hang on, I think I have it!"

Apprentice Milo is not quite ready to face the world on his own, but he's going to have to, so he's doing the best he can. His master has wandered off - something about seeking truth far in the south-lands - and Milo's friends and family are still at risk. What's a wee kid to do? Armed with the things his master left behind, Milo is going to do his best with the few spells he knows. At least he can light a candle...





Thundergut was not the sort of dwarf known for his fighting prowess. He was a hero in the bar, the king of the keg, the baron of beer, a pub fighter, and a nasty drunk. But with a hammer? No. He lost his leg in a mine accident when he was a young dwarf, and has been drinking his woes away for all the long years since. But now, with the zombie menace washing over the lands, they need every dwarf that can still stand up. As long as he's partially sober, Thundergut counts.

(Long, drawn-out belch)







## EDOUARD Guiton



Born in Chicago on March 30, 1977 to a French father and Franco-Belgian mother, Edouard Guiton grew up in the Paris suburbs never imagining that his passion for sketching monsters, warriors, and other childish fantasies could be a job. In 1997, he participated in the creation of the game production company Rackham where he worked as main character designer for many years. In 2009, his first comics was published by Soleil, and he began working with Ankama, an important French company producing cartoons, video games, games, toys, and comics.





## "They may not die, but they can be stopped."

Shalheira's people came down from the north during the last war. While many of her people left again, moving back to more comfortable climes, Shalheira stayed. She is in service to a human lord, hunting to feed human mouths and fighting to save human lives. All this is for a reason, however. Shalheira's people have seen these zombies before. Long ago, her people fought them and won, but it was a hard victory. If the zombies make it all the way back north, Shalheira's people may not survive. She fights here to save now only human lives, but elfin.





#### "Ehere is no compromise, no peace. There are no treaties with zombies."

The wars have been hard on Lord Hewelin. Before the necromancers, there were the barbarian invaders. Before the barbarians, there were the border wars. Before that, there were the creatures from the north. The creatures are gone now. The border countries are all allies. The barbarians are citizens. Lord Hewelin has never lost a war, and yet he's found the wars lost for him by his superiors, ground he's won given away, soldiers he's saved sent off to spend their lives elsewhere. He is determined that this war will be his last - and that this war, he will win.







Brickborn knows rites that the tall people know not. His people have studied the lores and passed down the truths, mother to son and father to daughter as long as the moon has passed over the sky. Brickborn knows the secrets of living rock, which have served him well since he lost his first arm. He can fight the zombies - he can chase the zombies away - he can make both the undead beasts and the necromancers run in fear, or make the earth swallow them up. The zombies will fall, and Brickborn will fell them.







#### "Hou're nice. I'll save you 'till last."

Kaila the Barbarian had never heard of lords or kings, queens or knights. She'd never heard of necromancers either. That didn't stop the zombies from killing her family. Kaila's clan was travelling, moving from the summer hunting grounds to the winter campground, when they came across the necromancer in his hut. They were just passing through. That didn't stop the necromancer from turning his zombies on them. Kaila was one of the few to survive. Now, she doesn't just want vengeance. She wants to wipe the slate clean - not just of the necromancers, but of everything that caused them.





## MARCSIMONETTI



Marc Simonetti (born in 1977) is a
French concept artist and illustrator.
Best known for his work on GRR
Martin's books "A song of Ice and
Fire", and his Iron throne, he has also
illustrated some of the most well known
fantasy and SciFi novels, such as the
Discworld by Terry Pratchett, The Royal
Assassin trilogy by Robin Hobb, or Terry
Goodkind's "The Sword of Truth", or
Frank Herbert... He worked for many
video games companies (Activision,
Ubisoft, EA, Square Enix and King
Isle Entertainment) and for the film
industry (EuropaCorp, nWave...)







#### "I foresaw your actions."

Antha was born with the second sight, and has developed her vision and her connection to the Otherworld as a young child. She saw the threat of the zombies coming, and she has seen the paths that this can take. There are a few roads coming that lead only in blood and tears and death. She has come from her home to block off those roads, knowing that the very act of her travel changes some of the paths. But there are still so many dark paths ahead.







"Go."

They call her Lady Grimm, the other knights, the peasants, her lord. Nobody has asked her what her name is, but neither has she volunteered it. She volunteers almost nothing, says almost nothing. Since the day she showed up at the fort, half-drowned and wearing a ruined arming jacket, her eye and face marred by a livid cut, she has been mysterious and quiet. But she has also been fierce, the strongest defender of the fort, the first into any fray. Zombies stop moving when she hits them with her war hammer, and don't get up again.



"You ruined my life.
I'm zoing to destroy yours."

Cadence didn't mean to go feral. When her family was wiped out by the necromancers, she only meant to flee into the woods for a day or two. She knew how to shoot - any self-respecting huntsman's daughter would - and how to live off the woods. Her father taught all of them, daughters and sons. Now the rest of them are dead, and just Cadence, the baby of the family, remains. She has lived in the forest for months, practicing her shooting, surviving off her wits. Now she's ready for revenge.



## REDCAP RODNEY

#### "Heh. Any last words? Heh, heh."

There will always be criminals to execute, and Redcap Rodney's headsman's axe will always be ready. Always, that is, except when the scourge of zombies pushes into the cities, wiping out criminals and the lawful alike, threatening the very survival of humanity and, more importantly, threatening Rodney's comfortable state of employment. For the moment, Rodney has moved from decapitating criminals to decapitating zombies. The swing is a little different, the results a little more messy, but his hood was already red. A hundred or a thousand zombies worth of blood won't dye it - or his hands - any darker.



## PAOLO PARENTE



Paolo Parente (born 1965, Italy) is an illustrator and concept artist who spends most of his time locked away in his factory-monastery in Shenzhen, China. Paolo produces toys, games, and comic books for his own universe, DUST (a super science WW2 setting). Paolo is best known for his work with WoTC for Magic: the Gathering and numerous other game and comic book properties. Lately he's done concept design for upcoming films with HK director Tzui Ark and French director Christophe Gans.







#### "It is your time."

Religious power in the Northern tribes is held by women: the priestess caste of the All-Mother. From her all life is born: earth, men, even dragons. And what the All-Mother gave, she can take back. When her servants decide that a life must end, they send their own warriors to complete the task, the feared Maidens of War. Their most famous member is Arbwal, and though there are no ranks within this group -as all obey to the priestess- everyone looks for this young woman for advice and leadership. This Maiden of War has fought many enemies of the All-Mother, and so far none has been able to escape its fate.





#### "My domain will one day encompass yours."

In the far North, just below the frozen wastes and the Great Glacier, lives the famed Tribe of the White Eagle. Their uncontested leader is Undraal, the Queen of the North. She rules over this bleak landscape of tundra with an iron fist, always trying to expand her tribe's power and influence. Undraal is kind at heart but knows she needs to be more ruthless than she'd wish for, or her kind may suffer greatly from all the perils of the world of Anastyr.





#### "My blades speak for me."

As the White Eagle Tribe's military leader, Konrad bears the coveted title of "Master of Blades". The feats he accomplished to gain his rank and position are far beyond the scope of any ordinary human. Konrad now wields two of the Tribe's most sacred weapons, the swords "Sorrow" and "Frost Wave". These ancient weapons have slain countless enemies. Konrad intends that they will continue to do so in its hands for a long time.







## "You no hurt mother!" "Yeah, you no hurt!"





## JOVEM NERD







from their story now come to fight the zombies in Zombicide: Black Plague.

## "Eazy

#### "Lazy saint! We need you!"

It was the Prior that first identified the young Ruff as a descendant of a line of kings called the Ghanor. The Prior considers Ruff a gift from Saint Arnold himself, and with Ruff's astounding powers, the Prior knew Ruff would be the one to defeat the tyrant dragon Zamir. Although the Prior's past has been clouded in mystery, he eventually opened up to Ruff, revealing that he was half-hobgoblin, and had once been a warrior in Zamir's brutal army. It was this experience that convinced the Prior that destroying Zamir would be his life's mission.

Art by

Karl Kopinski





Art by

Karl Kopinski



## "It might be dead but it's not minced yet!"

Discovered as an abandoned child in a cave, Ruff was clearly a prodigy. Hard-working, quick to learn, and imbued with a talent for warfare, the monks that raised Ruff were not wrong to call him a prodigy. Most surprising of all, however, was his bizarre magical talent to create what could only be called earthquakes with his bare hands. The Prior, leader of the monastery, saw that he had the makings of a true dragonslayer on his hands, and raised Ruff with the specific goal of freeing all the known lands from the tyrant dragon Zamir.



Korin was the son of a local guardsman, and often stole away to the monastery to study (which he didn't like) and train in combat (which he very much did like). Although their relationship was antagonistic at first, Korin's good nature and natural ebullience soon made them fast friends. Although Ruff's abilities now surpass Korin's by a vast gulf, the two remain constant companions, with Korin serving as the anchor when Ruff falters and a cheerful counterpoint when Ruff falls into fits of despair.





Giants are strong and hardy, with limitless endurance. They're also dumb as the stone they seem made of. Johrgrund the Giant had the misfortune of attacking Korin and Ruff one day, as they traveled the forest road that Johrgrund considered his. Ruff easily defeated the giant, destroying the creature's hand in the process. Korin wished to slay Johrgrund, but Ruff thought that would be a waste. Johrgrund swore his everlasting loyalty to Ruff, and has since become his faithful follower. Ruff also forged a giant morningstar to replace Johrgrun's right hand. The giant couldn't be happier with the trade.





## ADRIAN SMITH







Adrian Smith (born in 1969 in England) is a freelance illustrator/concept designer living in Scotland. Best known for his work with Games Workshop and numerous similar companies, Adrian has also done concept design work for video game companies such as THQ, EA, RIOT, Gameloft, and others. Recently, Adrian has been self publishing, the first projects being his art book Illuminations, and a series of graphic novels called Chronicles of HATE, which was adapted into a CMON board game.

"I have a new pack now, though I do miss the old one."

Jorvak was left on a hillside at birth where it was expected he'd be taken by the wild dogs. Instead, he became one of them in a very literal sense. He learned to hunt and fight alongside his four-legged brethren. Alas, one fateful day, he was captured by scouts from the Tyrant King's war host. He spoke no language, and it amused the Tyrant to see a man who would be a dog. The Tyrant ordered that he be put into the army with the other 'dogs of war'. Since then, Jorvak has proven himself time and again as one of their most capable warriors.







"Their mistake was giving me weapons that can't be taken from me."

Gurbak was cast from his tribe for crimes he didn't commit. Cast into a wilderness unfamiliar to him, far from his tribe's territory, he would certainly have perished of exposure and hunger, but he was taken up by a slaver's caravan and sold into the Grand Arena. He became a Champion of great renown, one of the most feared in the arena. Rioting in the city led to his eventual escape, and now he stalks the world, searching for all who have wronged him.

The Lord of Skulls



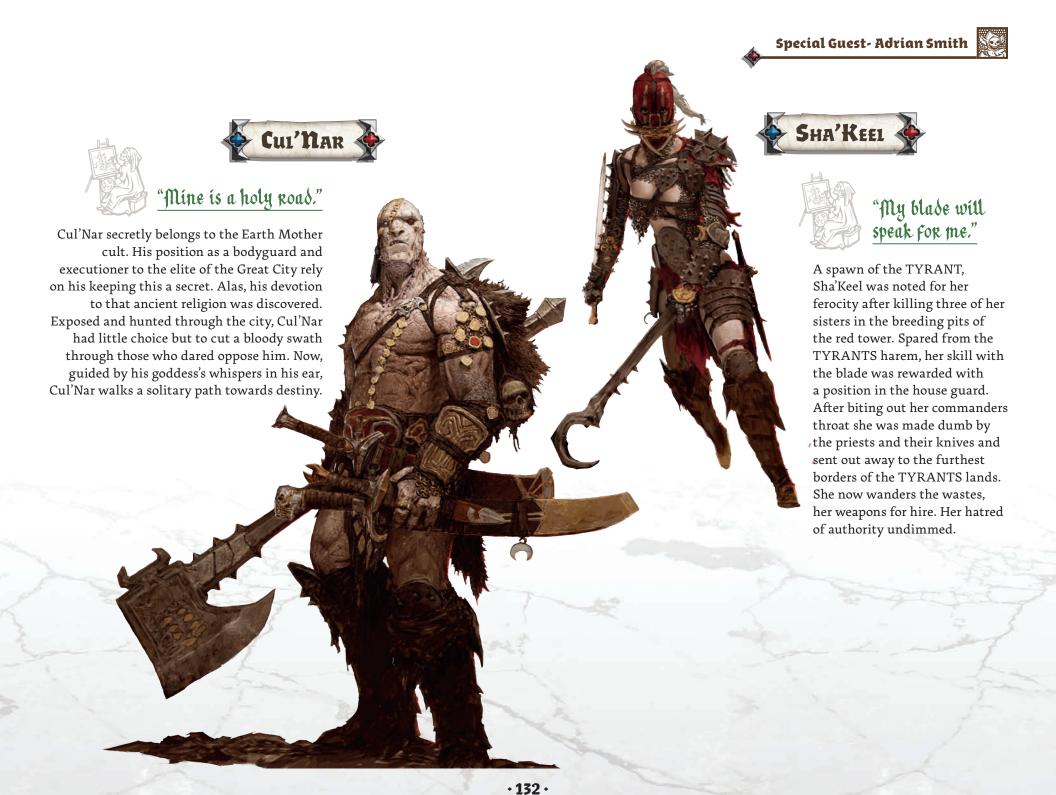
"There's one among them so twisted, so vile, so evil that even they fear his gaze."

The Lord of Skulls may well be among the initial cabal that conceived and executed the black plague. His mastery of necromantic energies is virtually unmatched, and he commands his countless minions with as much skill as any general. Rumors say that to even look him in the eye is to see your own death, and it will be soon. In the fight against the green horde, the Lord of Skulls represents one of the greatest challenges the survivors must endure, not the least for the pair of hulking abominations he keeps by his aside as bodyguards.



"Doom smash!" "Gloom... smash!"

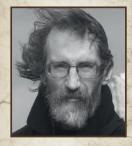
Ogres are fearsome creatures by nature. But ogres turned into undead abominations are truly terrifying. The necromancer known as the Lord of Skulls knew any survivors of the black plague would try to interfere with his rituals, and so he created the perfect bodyguards. He took a pair of the strongest ogres he could find and turned them into abominations. Doom and Gloom, as they are known, retain only enough thought in their shriveled brains to follow their master anywhere he goes. However, they do tend to charge towards any survivors they see, smashing them to a pulp.





## JOHN HOWE





John Howe (born in 1957) is a Canadian book illustrator, living in Neuchâtel, Switzerland. Best known for his work based on J. R. R. Tolkien's Middle-Earth, Howe was one of the two chief conceptual designers for Peter Jackson's movie trilogies The Lord of the Rings and The Hobbit. His work is however not limited to this, and includes images of myths such as the Anglo Saxon legend of Beowulf. He has illustrated many books and games, amongst which many belong to the fantasy genre



"Water and air, earth and fire, all are repulsed by the undead menace."

In another world, a world where she made different choices, Cyrine could have ended up a necromancer. Her art is so very different from necromancy - and yet its roots are intertwined with those of the death art. In another world, Cyrine may have been free, not chained to her master and to her art. She may have commanded zombies instead of dragons of air and will and fire. This world, however, sees her fighting those necromancers. And if she is to pay for her decisions with chains, well, she will not be the only one to pay.





#### "Ah-ha-ha-ha, childe. Ah-ha. You will learn in time."

Hildir the Wise has seen much and understood even more. She first threw the bones when she was a wee kid and Tokor her sheep was a lamb. She has been studying the mysteries of the world, of life and death, and in that time she has learned things the wizards and necromancers don't dream of. Hildir is wise indeed, and she won't show her hand more than she needs to. There are those that aren't meant to know the secrets of the wise, after all, and would not hesitate to try to steal those same secrets.





## "Aye, one more battle. I can fight this once more."

The weight of a thousand battles rests on Gorvin's wide shoulders, the weight of a hundred thousand enemies, the weight of hundreds of felled friends. He has been fighting for so long. The dwarves are long-lived and sturdy, but even the longest-lived will find life and war tiring at some point, and even the sturdiest will find their shoulders bowed with age. His axe is chipped. His helmet was struck by a firebolt. But Gorvin will stand proud. He will swing his mighty axe. He will fell a thousand more enemies. He will protect a hundred friends. He will persevere.







## nealadams







Neal had legendary runs on Batman, X-Men, Green Lantern, Green Arrow, and Deadman. Adams rescued Batman from the campy TV show, and transformed him into the present "Avenging Knight" persona. When people say 'modern Batman,' they mean Neal Adams' Batman. His run led directly to the realistic incarnation seen in "Batman Returns", and the "The Dark Knight" movies. Written and drawn by Neal, "Batman Odyssey" is a thirteen issue series, out now in graphic novel form. For Marvel he penned and drew "The First X-Men", a five issue series.

#### Yrina the Savage



## "Get out of my way if you don't want to end up dead."

Yrina was born and raised the daughter of a Lord and a Lady, a wealthy, pampered child. She was twelve when the savages overran her parents' manor and kidnapped her. She tried to hold them at bay with her fire-poker, and they were impressed enough that they took her along. Now, she is a woman grown, and every bit as much a savage as those who took her – and at least as good a warrior. They've brought her along on this trip to the "civilized" lands to fight the zombies because she speaks the language, and because she loves to fight.







#### "foe-Burner! Alight!"

Gronstag has never had much use for civilization, for law, for cities. He grew up in the hard lands, and he fights like a hard person. That's all that life has been for him. He has never had much use for the soft city people and their soft clothes and rules. But people are still people, and zombies... well, even Gronstag can figure out that those aren't people. So with Foe-Burner, his mighty sword, he will cut through these soft zombies until they are all ash.





Golor the Smith makes the best weapons in the land. When he was young, he made the best plows and scythes in the village. When he was a little older, he made the best wood-working tools and mining tools in three days ride. Now that he's a grown man, the zombies have come, and he has no time to focus on better tools and better scythes. All his ploughshares have been beaten into swords, and still they clamor for more.





# BRUAL





Gianni Pacinotti (aka Gipi) began illustrating stories and comics in 1992. His graphic novel, Notes for a War Story, published by Coconino Press, won the 2005 Goscinny Prize for Best Script, and was proclaimed Best Book at Angoulême in 2006. Gipi's Eisner Award- winning work was Gli Innocenti. Gipi founded Santa Maria Video, edits the Esterno Notte anthology, and teaches in various fine arts academies. Gianni has long beenan avid gamer and gamedesigner. The charactersfor his special guest box come straight from his card game Bruti.

## "Aammering heads is a lot like hammering an anvil. Just squishier."

Donna Carlotta was her father's child in every respect, both in temper, talent, and brawn. Practically raised in the smithy as the daughter of a single parent, Donna Carlotta learned every aspect of forge work, and mastered most of its arts by her early teens. Alas, her father took sick one brutal winter, and never fully recovered. When he died, the smithy was deep in debt, and the creditors were unsympathetic. Desperate for funds, Donna Carlotta took a chance and entered an 'exhibition day' event at the pits, featuring tests of strength and weaponplay. She won every even by a far margin, even against the men. Now, with a taste for crowds and coin, Donna Carlotta has become a crowd favorite, and her winnings easily maintain the old business, just as her father would've wanted.





## "Still not sure if the death sentence was for me or my opponents."

Principino aka The Little Prince earned his nickname through a particularly villainous deed. Once a squire to the son of King Budragone, Principino's likeness to his liege rarely went unremarked. In fact, it was rumored the two were brothers, such was the resemblance. Unhappy with his lot as squire to the spoiled prince, Principino seized the opportunity one day to put a spear in the prince's back, and attempted to take his place. The deception was soon uncovered, alas. He was given the choice of dismemberment or becoming a pit fighter. He chose the latter, obviously. Even then, everyone thought he would die miserably and quickly, but the Little Prince survived, and still fights to this day.

THE LITTLE PRINCE



#### "You hurt? Sorry. You hurt me first."

Pipino is what one might call a 'gentle giant'. In fact, he may well have some giant or ogre blood in his lineage, such is his size, strength, and limited mental faculties. Sold to the pits, and expected to be little more than a kill spectacle, the hulking man defeated twelve warriors on his first day. His style is rather unorthodox in that Pipino rarely perceives anything to be a threat until it hurts him. Once wounded, he typically only fights until the thing that hurt him can't hurt anything anymore. If his opponent still lives, his concern for their well-being is in stark contrast to his savage brutality. More than one wounded opponent crying for succor has found it beneath Pipino's heel or at the edge of his blade, owing their fate to Pipino's literal-minded view of the world. His brain perceives death as the best way to end suffering, rarely considering that death is a tragically permanent solution.





"If you survive, I may be the one sewing you up."

Clelia La Santa (Saint Celia to those who don't speak her native tongue) was once a healer and herbalist, cast into the fighting pits for failing to cure a nobleman's impotence. She was not expected to survive long, but two weeks of thundering storms left the pits closed to exhibitions. During that time, she was housed with her fellow fighters, where her natural healing talents came to light. In exchange for her healing arts, many of the grateful pit brawlers taught her the basics of survival in the pits. As it so happened, the gentle herbalist was a fast learner. Her swordmanship isn't the best, but her spellcraft gives her an edge that so many others lack.



## SEAN A. MURRAY





Sean Andrew Murray is a freelance illustrator, concept artist, author, and teacher who has worked in the entertainment industry for over fifteen years. The bulk of his career has been spent as a video game concept artist, working on such titles as Dungeons & Dragons Online and Kingdoms of Amalur: Reckoning. The production of Sean's illustrated fantasy book, Gateway: The Book of Wizards was a primer for a fantasym world which Sean has been working on in his sketchbooks since his college days. The latest Gateway project is the board/ card game hybrid Gateway: Uprising.

TAK "Spelibones" Trooblood



"Let's zet this revolution business over with soon, so I can zet back to my work - bones don't talk to just anybody, ya know?"

Paleomancy is the study of ancient bones, and the ability to invoke powerful magic derived from those bones. Tak Trooblood is perhaps the most famous and successful practitioner of this type of magic today. Using his vast knowledge of extinct animals, and drawing upon his own very impressive collection of ancient bones, Tak can call forth the power of little-known magical creatures that once roamed the landscape of the Known World. The authorities of Gateway have declared him a heretic and forced him to close the doors to his beloved Museum of Magical Beasts. Shortly thereafter Tak went underground and joined forces with the resistance.



#### Cardinal Birmbauer

"I believe the power of the Gods can persuade mankind to do terrible things, just as I believe the barrel of my zun can persuade them to be good again."

Once a peaceful priest with his own small neighborhood church, Cardinal Reginald Birmbauer turned away from his life of piety when the goddess he worshipped abandoned him in his time of need – the temple he had built with his own hands consumed by giant spaceworms. Determined to move on with his life and to make a difference in the world, Reginald dusted off his old rune-shot blunderbuss and joined the underground resistance to fight against the forces of evil that were spreading throughout The Great City of Gateway. He is a ballistics expert and an unmatched scholar of theology.



#### GRAND INQUISITOR INNSMOUTH



"By the time I am done with you, you will not only confess your sins against mazic, you will be confessing to atrocities your feeble mind can barely comprehend."

Warped by his devotion to the False God Daeus, and bound by his unbreakable loyalty to the False Prophet, The Grand Inquisitor is a terrifying enemy to any who would dare practice true magic within the city walls of Gateway. His inhuman tactics for extracting confessions out of wizards is the stuff of nightmares – even the dead are not beyond the reach of his torturous methods! Instead of the requisite truth-smoke, it is rumored that his censers emit a serum meant to break down his victims' will and confess non-existent crimes. Like many servants of Daeus, The Grand Inquisitor is partially undead and requires a constant drip of a magical cocktail to keep his body functioning.







"Our great city's leaders have zone astray
- I can no longer watch as our wizards are
carted away to prison or worse - now is the
time for disobedience with a venzeance."

Once a loyal officer of the Gateway City Guard, Kendra's loyalties switched when she could no longer, in good conscience, execute the orders of the Chancellor and his Inquisitors whose sole objective is to mercilessly crush the Wizard Uprising. Kendra was mainly responsible for beating back the Drueggar Horde from the city walls, a cause she believed to be just and righteous, but when her talents were recognized by her superiors, she was given new tasks relating to raids on resistance hideouts and such. It became too much to bear when she was forced to arrest and witness the execution of one of her childhood friends. From then on she vowed to fight only for the resistance.







# MELEE WEAPONS



















# Siege Weapons







# MAGIC WEAPONS





# SHIELD @ ARMOR



Shield Of Ages

















# Supplies













# BOX COVERS







Black Plague Cover Art by Jérémy Masson





Wulfsburg Cover Art by Jérémy Masson





Green Horde Cover Art by Jérémy Masson





Friends And Foes Cover Art by Jérémy Masson





No Rest For The Wicked Cover Art by Jérémy Masson





Horde Box Cover Art by Jérémy Masson

# entatior

# ornamentation





































Hero Box

N.P.C.-1



**Abomination Pack** 

Murder Of Crowz







Green Horde



















Kickstarter Exclusives





Special Guest

## Art by Jérémy Masson

## Additional art by

Adrian Smith, Carl Critchlow, Edouard Guiton, Gipi, Giovanna Guimarães, John Howe, Karl Kopinski, Marc Simonetti, Naiade, Neal Adams, Paolo Parente, Paul Bonner, Saeed Jalabi and Stefan Kopinski.

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