

**Special Rules:**

- *Burrow:* The Fen Worm can burrow into the soft mud or silt at a speed equal to its Movement Characteristic.
- *Constriction:* When grappling, the Fen Worm gains a +20% bonus to Strength Tests made to damage its opponent.
- *Poisoned Bite:* An attack that deals at least 1 Wound deals 5 additional Wounds unless the target succeeds on a Toughness Test.

**Armour:** None

**Armour Points:** Head 3, Arms 3, Body 3, Legs 3

**Weapons:** Fangs

**Slaughter Margin:** Challenging

**Using Fen Worms**

Found almost exclusively in the Cursed Marshes surrounding Marienburg, many merchants employ mercenaries to safeguard their caravans as they move through this blighted land. Thankfully, Fen Worms are uncommon threats, encountered only rarely. Locals believe that these creatures are actually guardians for deposits of Warpstone. True or not, few go seeking the Fen Worm's lair.

**JABBERWOCK**

*"But ma! I milked the cow... but the Jabberwock stole it!"*

—PINHEAD THE MONKEY BOY, VILLAGE FOOL

*With each new IncurSION comes some new unimaginable horror, some impossible beast warped by the energies of Chaos. Many of these creatures are unclassifiable, uniquely disturbing entities so overwhelmed with corruption that their very natures bar them from reproducing. However, a few breed and do spawn a new race of horrors. One such race is the Jabberwock. Although it can reproduce, few members of its kind have any shared characteristics, being subject to an appalling number of mutations.*

—REINHOLT SCHENT, SCHOLAR OF THE FANTASTIC

The legendary Jabberwock, captured in folk tale and song, is a terrible creature of the forests. Lacking much in the way of intelligence, it is bold and aggressive, attacking nearly anything it encounters. Though varied in appearance, there are some common features that set these creatures apart from other Old World horrors. Jabberwocks are generally twelve-foot tall or more. Perched on its long, scrawny neck is a hideous head with a great slobbering maw and wattles on its cheeks. Many Jabberwocks have wings, though none fly—or, at least, none discovered have been able to fly. Instead, they flap their wings when excited, creating a disconcerting noise. Jabberwocks can be of any colour, and many are faintly luminous.

—Jabberwock Statistics—

**Main Profile**

WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
79%	0%	55%	67%	14%	12%	89%	8%

**Secondary Profile**

A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
4	47	5	6	6	0	0	0

**Skills:** Intimidate, Scale Sheer Surface, Swim

**Talents:** Night Vision, Strike Mighty Blow, Strike to Injure, Terrifying, Will of Iron

**Special Rules:**

- *Chaos Mutations:* Bizarre Colouration, Leathery Skin. A Jabberwock has a 50% chance of having (1d10+2)/3 additional mutations. Roll on **Table 3-1: Mutations** to generate the extra mutation if present and modify stats as appropriate. Re-roll any die rolls that result in Chaos Spawn.

- *Confused by Pain:* If the Jabberwock is reduced to 5 Wounds or less, it can take no actions until it regenerates to at least 6 Wounds.
- *Regeneration:* At the start of its turn each round, a Jabberwock regenerates 1d10 Wounds. Wounds caused by fire cannot be regenerated. This ability ceases to function if the Jabberwock dies.
- *Stupid:* Jabberwocks are quite stupid and often forget what they're doing. Any time a Jabberwock encounters something that might distract it, such as a fresh corpse to eat or a particular ripe smell to investigate, it must make an Intelligence Test or stop whatever it was doing to engage with the new distraction (in the above examples, eat the corpse or investigate the smell). If the Jabberwock is being attacked, it is less likely to be distracted, and the test becomes Easy (+20%).
- *Venomous Bite:* The Jabberwock's bite is vile and full of toxins. If the Jabberwock deals at least 1 Wound, the victim must succeed on a Challenging (−10%) Toughness Test or die in a number of rounds equal to his Toughness Bonus.

**Armour:** None

**Armour Points:** Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

**Weapons:** Teeth and Claws

**Slaughter Margin:** Very Hard

**Using Jabberwocks**

As creatures of Chaos, Jabberwocks run the gamut in appearance and characteristics. For most Old Worlders, the Jabberwock is something of a bogeyman, a tale told to frighten children into doing their chores. These creatures also serve as effigies to burn when something goes wrong. For example, when the wind blows down a line of laundry, it's clearly the work of the Jabberwock. On occasion, the superstitions of the commoners are correct, and one of these creatures really does threaten their homes. In these times, they often turn to outsiders for help. So, sometimes, a bold hero ventures into the wood to dispatch the foul beast with an exceptionally sharp sword.

**LASHWORM**

*"Watch yourself Manling! Doncha know thar's a lashworm nest? One of them buggers'll tear a chunk of yer arm away."*

—KRAGGRUM BLACKFIST

*The creatures of Chaos are many and varied. They lurk beneath the waves of the sea, in the depths of our forests, and even under our very feet. Dwarfs tell of a strange breed of rock creature that darts out from hidden crevices to snatch a morsel of flesh.*

—REINHOLT SCHENT, SCHOLAR OF THE FANTASTIC

The Lashworm is a small, carnivorous creature that lurks in shadowy crevices and fissures. Lashworms, though often found below ground, can live anywhere there is darkness and moisture and may take up residence in homes and trees. An infestation of Lashworms is hard to detect since they instinctively disguise themselves with dirt, moss, and any other available materials, and even then, only their soft hairs can be seen.

It is these hairs that allow the creature to subsist. Extremely sensitive to disturbances in the air, the hairs allow the Lashworm to detect any movement within close by. When something comes within range, the hairs trigger the creature's impossibly long, thin, saw-like organ, which it fires at the intruder. The "lash" tears a piece of flesh and then retracts, bringing the meal back to its lair. One such attack is enough to sustain the Lashworm for hours.

Lashworms come in several different shapes and sizes, depending on their climate. Forest-dwelling varieties have brown and green hairs, while subterranean ones are black and mottled brown. All Lashworms have two distinct body parts. The first is the "anchor," which holds the Lashworm's mouth and stomach as well as hundreds of tiny claws that fix it to one place. The other part is the lash. When not used, the creature keeps its lash curled up within its body.

## —Lashworm Statistics—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
0%	33%	10%	12%	24%	0%	0%	0%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	7	1	1	0	0	0	0

**Skills:** Concealment +20%

**Talents:** None

**Special Rules:**

- *Mindless:* Lashworms have no Intelligence, Will Power, or Fellowship and can never take or fail tests based on these Characteristics.
- *Motion Sensitive:* A Lashworm reactively launches its organ at any creature that comes within 6 yards (3 squares), automatically gaining surprise. Resolve this Test with the creature's Ballistic Skill.
- *Tiny:* The Cavity Worm is very small. To even notice them, a Character must succeed on a Perception Test. All hits are Body hits. Use rules for Sudden Death Critical Hits as described in *WFRP* page 133.

**Armour:** None

**Armour Points:** Body 0

**Weapons:** Lash Organ

**Slaughter Margin:** Routine

## Using Lashworms

Some Beastmen and even Cultists cultivate Lashworms as guardians. They breed these creatures and place them in concealable locations that offer a direct path to intruders.

## LIFEKISS

*“Ah my precious little bug. Restore my youth and beauty! Bring back my suitors and lovers and grant me the grace to bear the burden of renewed vigour.”*

—LADY LUCRETIA, MIDDENHEIM SPINSTER

*Kept in small, jewelled boxes, the Lifekiss is an all-too-common accessory for noblewomen in the Empire. Though Priests preach the dangers, few heed them until it's too late. And those who do keep their pacts find the powers of the Treasure Bug lessen and lessen, making them old before their time.*

—REINHOLT SCHENT, SCHOLAR OF THE FANTASTIC

Few can refuse eternal youth and beauty, perpetual health, and the envy of all their peers. Such vanity is common, and all seek out ways to preserve themselves and stave off the inevitable hand of Morr. It is for this reason that the Lifekiss continues to destroy people all over the Old World.

This small, innocent-seeming creature easily worms its way into the hearts of any who see it. Similar in appearance to a bee, it has a soft furred body and a long tongue that tastes the air and its surroundings. But pleasant appearances aside, what makes this creature so appealing are the beads of moisture that appear in its fur. A simple dab of this nectar can wash away the years, restoring vigour where age has crept in. Hence, such creatures are in high demand by those who can pay its price.

Price indeed! The Lifekiss, despite its pleasant disposition and gentle manner, is a horror of Chaos—one of the foulest. It does indeed wash away the years, but never for long and not without a price. Its restorative excretions are highly addictive, inciting deep cravings for its powers. All it asks for is a little blood, no more than a pinprick, and it will keep its “owner” young... for a time. But once a bargain with the Lifekiss is made, don't break it lest it become cross. Many a notable has tried, but found a stinger for their efforts.

## —Lifekiss Statistics—

Main Profile							
WS	BS	S	T	Ag	Int	WP	Fel
12%	0%	5%	11%	60%	35%	30%	55%
Secondary Profile							
A	W	SB	TB	M	Mag	IP	FP
1	1	0	1 (3)	1 (6)	0	0	0

**Skills:** Charm +10%, Concealment +20%, Dodge Blow +20%, Heal, Perception, Shadowing, Silent Move +10%, Speak Arcane Language (Daemonic)

**Talents:** Fearless, Flier, Keen Senses, Lightning Reflexes, Night Vision

**Special Rules:**

- *Chaos Mutations:* Poisonous Bite (Sting).
- *Milk and Honey:* The Lifekiss exudes thick syrup from its body that can be wiped off easily. When spread on a mortal face, the syrup restores and maintains youth and beauty, removing 1d10 years of age in a single day. For every 30 days of use, apply a cumulative -1 penalty to the number of years removed. This can result in a negative number, making the mortal appear older. A single use of this fluid causes Obsession.
- *Obsession:* Whenever a mortal uses the Lifekiss's Milk and Honey, he must succeed on a Will Power Test or become addicted. He must use the liquid each day. Failure to do so imposes a -20% penalty to all Fellowship Tests for one day. Characters who go seven days without using the Treasure Bug are freed from Obsession.

**Armour:** None

**Armour Points:** Head 0, Arms 0, Body 0, Legs 0

**Weapons:** Stinger (SB-2)

**Slaughter Margin:** Routine

## Using Lifekisses

These creatures are in high demand the world over and are sold in illicit marketplaces for a steep price. One of the PCs' allies could suddenly look younger, growing in confidence, but also be oblivious to her new condition. In time, she might start showing the effects of age, growing more and more haggard and desperate. When she invites guests to her quarters, her attention seems drawn to a jewelled box. Days later, she's found dead.

## SILKENS

*“Itsy bitsy spider...”*

—CHILDREN'S RHYME

*The Silkens of the Forest of Shadows are one of the many threats found in this dangerous wood. Believed to be kin to spiders, they stretch strands of nearly-invisible sticky silk from tree to tree in the hopes of catching a meal. Make no mistake: these strands are coated with a strong adhesive that tears the flesh to remove. The strands themselves are stronger than two-inch-thick rope. Now, I've never seen a Silken up close, but I've seen chunks of meat suspended in the air, presumably where the victim tore himself free from their strands.*

—REINHOLT SCHENT, SCHOLAR OF THE FANTASTIC

The Silkens are a queer breed of spider creature. Far smaller than any man, they stand no taller than one-foot high. A Silken has eight limbs, but each is more like an extra arm that ends in tiny hands equipped with sucker-like fingers. Their faces are alien, warped into snarling expressions of pure hate. Eight red eyes randomly placed on their heads allow them to see in all directions. Their filthy maw drips foul yellow bile. However, the most defining characteristic of this malicious creature is its silk duct. Just above where a Human's navel would be, is a large, sucking orifice crusted with old