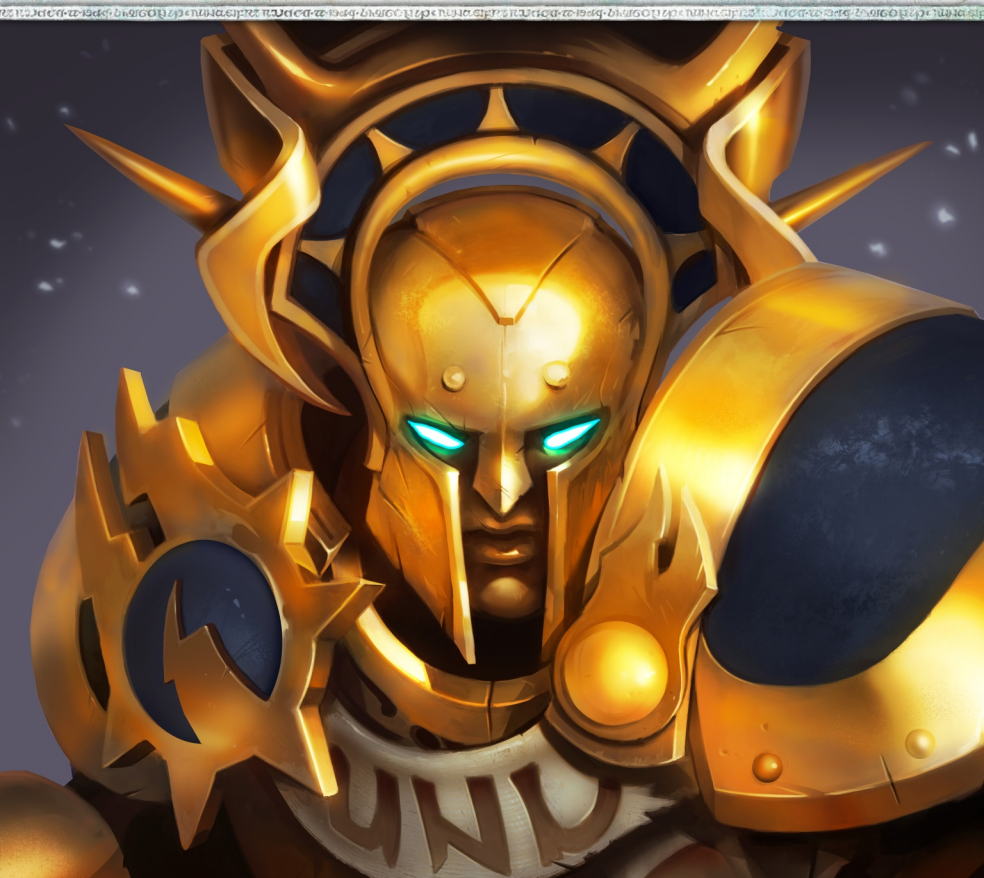
WARHAMMER
AGE OF SIGMAR

THE REALMGATE WARS

QUEST FOR GHAL MARAZ



WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR

From the maelstrom of a sundered world, the Eight Realms were born. The formless and the divine exploded into life. Strange, new worlds appeared in the firmament, each one gilded with spirits, gods and men. Noblest of the gods was Sigmar. For years beyond reckoning he illuminated the realms, wreathed in light and majesty as he carved out his reign. His strength was the power of thunder. His wisdom was infinite. Mortal and immortal alike kneeled before his lofty throne. Great empires rose and, for a while, treachery was banished. Sigmar claimed the land and sky as his own and ruled over a glorious age of myth.

But cruelty is tenacious. As had been foreseen, the great alliance of gods and men tore itself apart. Myth and legend crumbled into Chaos. Darkness flooded the realms. Torture, slavery and fear replaced the glory that came before. Sigmar turned his back on the mortal kingdoms, disgusted by their fate. He fixed his gaze instead on the remains of the world he had lost long ago, brooding over its charred core, searching endlessly for a sign of hope. And then, in the dark heat of his rage, he caught a glimpse of something magnificent. He pictured a weapon born of the heavens. A beacon powerful enough to pierce the endless night. An army hewn from everything he had lost. Sigmar set his artisans to work and for long ages they toiled, striving to harness the power of the stars. As Sigmar's great work neared completion, he turned back to the realms and saw that the dominion of Chaos was almost complete. The hour for vengeance had come. Finally, with lightning blazing across his brow, he stepped forth to unleash his creation.

The Age of Sigmar had begun.

THE DAWN OF A NEW AGE

Across the Mortal Realms a thousand battles raged. Gone was the Age of Chaos, an aeon of oppression and fear that saw the peoples of every realm subjugated and enslaved. That long night ended with the breaking of Sigmar's Storm, for the God-King's crusade was so violent it shook the stars themselves.

By the time Sigmar's great muster was complete, many of the Mortal Realms had not only been conquered, but also tainted beyond sanity. The material dimension was crumbling before the constant onslaught of the Dark Gods, and many of the Realmgates – mysterious portals that allow travel from one land to the next – were infected with raw Chaos. The Gates of Azyr – those portals that led from Sigmar's domain to the other Mortal Realms – were shut. In sequestering Azyr and those peoples still good and true, Sigmar had been forced to seal the magical pathways behind him.

Once his armies were ready to strike, the God-King worked a miracle long in the making. Sigmar's Tempest thundered from the heavens, a maelstrom of deadly celestial energy that roiled through the void. Though it could not penetrate the Realm of Chaos, every mortal land was darkened by black clouds shot through with bolts of pure magic. From this godly storm hammered columns of force, striking near the long sealed Gates of Azyr. Each bolt left in its wake a shining cadre of warriors, small but powerful vanguards of the main assault to come.

Though Sigmar's warriors could ride the storm, blazing into battle from on high, such was their number that even the God-King could not hurl them all into battle at one time. Only by opening the Gates to Azyr from both sides at once could their magic be reinstated and the full might of the newly-forged Stormhosts be brought to bear.

These Thunderstrike Brotherhoods brought battle to a hundred Realmgates and more, smashing aside the forces of darkness and seizing the Gates of Azyr. Sigmar's vanguard soon found itself fighting against impossible odds, for the armies of Chaos were without number. But hope was at hand. Dozens of Realmgates were flung wide, and the main body of the Stormhosts marched through the portals in glittering phalanxes to turn the tide.

Though every one of the Mortal Realms felt the might of the God-King, the storm hammered harder in some lands than others. The Realm of Fire was first to feel the wrath of the Stormcast Eternals. The Hammers of Sigmar, first of the Stormhosts to be forged, descended upon the Brimstone Peninsula in force, with Vandus Hammerhand at their fore.

That jutting promontory not only held a powerful Gate of Azyr, but was also

During the Age of Chaos, Sigmar's defeat upon the battlefields of the Mortal Realms was near total. He was forced to withdraw into Azyr, the Realm of Heavens. His exile was not an idle one, for the fires of wrath burned in the God-King's breast. Putting aside the ways of war, he plucked the heroes of the seven realms from their struggles and took them to the celestial forge.

In the great vaults of his palace, Sigmar enlisted the aid of the Great Maker, Grungni, to reshape those mortal men into beings of unparalleled might. They underwent a hundred torments, the magic of star and storm mingled with the fibres of their being. Those who survived were Reforged into a new breed of warrior.

Host by host, Sigmar's armies took shape until the heavens were replete with heroes. Each had the power of the tempest running in their veins and the strength of the elements in their swordarms. Sigmar named them the Stormcast Eternals, and girded them in the magical metal sigmarite for the endless battles to come.

bordered by the Sulphuric Sea, making it highly defensible. It was an excellent beachhead for the invasion to come.

A Thunderstrike Brotherhood led by Lord-Celestant Vandus was the first to strike. It blazed into existence over the Igneous Delta, a bloodstained wasteland that led from Duardinia to the acidic ocean. There the Goretide ran riot, a horde of brazen murderers that worshipped the Blood God Khorne with every kill. The warrior king of those Bloodbound armies was Korghos Khul, known as the Butcher of Scorched Keep. He had slaughtered Aqshy's people from one side of the Brimstone Peninsula to the other. In doing so, Khul had slain the Direbrand tribe – the very people that Vandus Hammerhand had once called his own.

The battle that ensued was furious beyond measure. Retributors smashed their lightning hammers into lumbering Khorgoraths, Liberators charged headlong into frothing Blood Warriors, and Lord-Relictor Cryptborn summoned the energy of the storm to blast his foes. Those Aqshian tribesmen who had turned to Chaos were cut down in their hundreds. As the battle raged, the Prosecutors under Lord Vandus' command hurled hammers of raw magical force into the Gate of Azyr, as their brothers worked to open it from the other side. Though it cost the Prosecutors dearly, the Realmgate eventually crashed open.

Pure cerulean light spilled across the Brimstone Peninsula, glinting from the golden armour of Vandus Hammerhand as he met Korghos Khul in single combat. Driven by vengeful fury, Vandus smashed Khul to the ground, but before the Lord-Celestant could land the killing blow, the tides of battle swept the two warriors apart. As he scanned for his quarry, Vandus' mind was consumed by a dark vision.

Surrounded by the fires of the Igneous Delta, Vandus Hammerhand saw his destiny unfold before him. Vandus saw that he would confront Khul even as the Chaos lord climbed his great pyramid of skulls, the bloody head of an immortal clutched in one clawed hand. Vandus knew he must find a way to thwart the butcher Khul by closing his dread portal to the Blood God's realm. Should Vandus fail, the Lord of the Goretide would become yet more powerful, forever claiming Aqshy in his master's name.

Through cannibal tribe and blood-mad horde the Hammers of Sigmar forged on, assailed by monster, beast and daemon as they went. Thunder shook the firmament, and blood ran in thick rivers across the lands. When they came upon Khul's dire portal, Vandus brought his nemesis to battle.

Torn from his ultimate victory, Khul's wrath was great. Whirling his terrible axe with unbridled fury, he struck down the Dracoth Calanax, then bested Vandus with a flurry of mighty blows.

At the last moment, Vandus grasped the Realmgate at the heart of Khul's stronghold, and called down Sigmar's lightning. It struck with such force the dread portal was destroyed. The blinding light dissipated, leaving ruin in its wake. Of Vandus Hammerhand, there was no sign.

THE STORM RAGES ON

Aqshy was not the only realm to be wracked by the tempest, and clouds soon gathered over every land. Wherever a critical portal was held by the forces of Chaos, Sigmar's legions struck. Soon, silver armour glinted in the Jade Kingdoms, even as Chamon's Hanging Valleys entered a new phase of war.

As the Hammers of Sigmar joined the fray en masse on the Brimstone Peninsula, battle was also met in the once-glorious paradise of Ghyran – the Realm of Life. Coveted by the Plague God Nurgle, many of those lands had become polluted and diseased beyond measure, yet there were areas that had escaped the plagues, those strange domains hidden from the sight of evil souls by Sigmar's old ally, Alarielle, Queen of the Radiant Wood.

The Stormcast Eternals sent to win the Gates of Dawn had been charged not only with paving the way for the rest of their kin, but with reaching out to Alarielle and winning her aid in the battles to come. The Hallowed Knights, most devout of all the Stormhosts, proved equal to the task. They took the fight to the grotesque legions of Nurgle with great passion. Though their burnished silver sigmarite was soon tarnished with blood and muck, they did not relent. While the filth of Nurgle splashed across their bodies, it could do little to dim the true faith shining in their souls, nor slacken the blazing power of the tempest itself.

Selflessness comes easily to the Hallowed Knights, and through sacrifice the day was won. Just as it seemed his kin were to be overwhelmed by a fresh attack from the Nurgle-worshipping hordes and their skaven allies, Lord-Celestant Gardus proved his worth a dozen times over. Locked in battle with a blubbery, mountainous Great Unclean One, Gardus lured his foe through a corrupted portal and into the Realm of Chaos beyond. The creature's swollen bulk was such that it collapsed the gate, sealing itself and Gardus in the unutterably foul reaches of Nurgle's Garden. With that most hideous of daemons removed, the rest of the Hallowed Knights won the reprieve they needed to claim victory. Alarielle's people, the sylvaneth of the deep forest, began to emerge from the gloom to fight at the Stormcasts' side, and the hordes of Nurgle were driven off. The battle saw the forging of a link between the Stormcast Eternals and the sylvaneth – when quenched in blood, such bonds become strong indeed.

Meanwhile, in glittering Chamon, the Stormcasts' assault was led by the fiercely determined Celestial Vindicators. Having torn the Realmgates of the Anvrok Valley from the sorcerous cabal that had claimed them, the Warrior Chamber of Thostos Bladestorm marched through the blade-haunted city of Elixia in search of a Chaos mage who had slain many of their number with fell magics. Their target lurked in the Eldritch Fortress, a vast edifice of metal and bone whose battlements thrust like jagged knives into the sky.

In truth, the Celestial Vindicators were marching into a trap. The castle's master, the sorcerous Ephryx, sought to drain the magical power of the Stormcast Eternals and use it to fuel his diabolical ploy to seal Chamon away forever. Over long centuries of preparation, Ephryx had turned the fortress into an arcane reservoir that siphoned energy from an artefact of immense power that glowed within the castle keep. Unaware of Ephryx's plot, and blinded by their hatred, the Celestial Vindicators charged in headlong, their sheer fury enough to break the jaws of Ephryx's trap. Lord Thostos cut through the Chaos garrison, even attacking the castle itself in his rage. This act forced Ephryx's hand, for he could not bear to see his creation cast down. He obliterated Thostos and his army with a spell of surpassing power, but in doing so, laid bare the secret at the fortress' heart.

The divine light that poured from the breach was that of Sigmar's long lost warhammer, Ghal Maraz.

SIGMAR'S LAST BATTLE

Few tell the tale of how Sigmar came to lose his rune-enchanted warhammer, Ghal Maraz, because few survived the Battle of Burning Skies.

In the early years of the Age of Chaos, there was a time when the lands and peoples of the realms were besieged, but not yet corrupted. Tomorrow was still a promise and not yet a threat. But everywhere dread was taking hold, for the power of the Dark Gods waxed mightily. Although Sigmar's Alliance was breaking, still the God-King fought on, alone when he must.

The first incursions cut deep into the Eight Realms. Cities fell before the onslaught, yet always Sigmar, or one of his pantheon, led a counter-attack to drive off the invaders. Each of the greater daemons that led the Dark Gods' armies was defeated in its turn. Sigmar cast down the Khornate armies of An'ggrath. He smote Feculox, most immense of Great Unclean Ones, within of the City of Branches. Through the power of his immortal soul, the God-King fought off the magicks of the Lord of Change, Kiathanus. Luxcious the Keeper, first to call herself Ur-Slaanesh, withered in the face of his unbreakable resolve.

In the Realm of Fire, Sigmar led the twelve tribes of Bellicos to victory, clearing their lands for a time. Archaon was enraged. The Everchosen united the four powers to assail Aqshy's heartlands once more, bringing the daemonic champions together upon the Fireplains. As a great host of Chaos assembled in the plains of the Burning Realm, the God-King gathered his tribes once more.

The legions of the daemon champions covered the lands. Their combined armies stretched to every horizon, reaching into the sky itself – for they had torn a rent in reality, from which poured nightmares beyond count. The gods of Sigmar's pantheon opposed that fell host, and the ruinous slaughter that followed shook the realms.

Thus began the Battle of the Burning Skies. It was a great conflict that followers of Khorne later called the Battle of Skulls, for so many foes were killed that the amassed skull pyres were as mountains, blotting out the sun. Indeed, so great was the slaughter that, for a year after that battle, the seers of other realms still looked upon blazing Aqshy and saw only a burning death's head.

From above the advancing legions, Nagash summoned necromantic armies, while Gorkamorka rampaged unstoppably, clubbing gaping holes into the oncoming hordes. The burning light of Teclis banished foes unnumbered, yet it was mighty Sigmar, always at the pantheon's fore, that turned the tide.

Crowned by thunderheads, titanic in his rage, the God-King could not be stopped. Each swing of Ghal Maraz hit with meteoric force, the hurricanes that swirled from each impact sweeping foes aside in waves.

Seven times Sigmar led the charge, his barely united coalition crashing deep into the enemy ranks that passed beyond the horizon. Seven times they threw back their Chaos foes, reaping a great tally with each clash.

On the eighth time, Sigmar shouted his world-shaking warcry and charged forth to meet the Four Foes he had defeated long ago – the daemon kings of Chaos known to their legions as the Tetrarchs of Ruin.

Sigmar bore down on the daemon commanders, a killing light blazing in his eyes. One after the other the Tetrarchs tasted Ghal Maraz's wrath, for in their pride they would not fight as one. When Archaon himself rode to oppose Sigmar, the God-King hurled Ghal Maraz, for he knew the Destroyer of Worlds was deadliest in a duel.

Yet in his battle rage, Sigmar was deceived. Tzeentchian illusion had tricked him into hurling his matchless warhammer not at Archaon, but into the very rent in reality from which poured the daemon hordes. Reality cracked and boomed as the Great Shatterer ploughed from one realm to the next, waves of destruction in its wake. Archaon's laughter was loud and cruel.

Through space and time Ghal Maraz hurtled on, lost to Sigmar's sight. The God-King despaired as the gloating of the Dark Gods rang in his ears, knowing that without his mighty hammer, the battle was all but lost.

Great was that day's slaughter, so great that it ushered in a new era. The disasters of the Nexus Wars ensued soon after, following which Sigmar retreated, shutting the Gates of Azyr behind him.

For long years Sigmar dwelt upon his losses, his rage simmering as he brooded on how best to reclaim his own.

The Dark Gods of Chaos were triumphant at last.

Seven steps took Sigmar, striding as a giant;
None could stay him, nor stand before his wrath.
Again and again His foe-cracking hammer
Wrought crimson wreckage.

Yet Archaon, the Three-Eyed King, the World-ender,
Had united Four Foes of Old, the greatest of their kind.
Across the aeons Sigmar had vanquished each before,
As well they remembered.

So great was that battle, it set the skies aflame;
So began the red dawn, the sword time, the wolf age.

– Excerpt from the Saga of the Burning Skies

THE REALMGATE WARS

Sigmar's Tempest struck, and the thunder of clashing blades rang out across the Mortal Realms. The Stormhosts, forged in high Azyr, blazed into the fray – yet in this new age of strife and battle, theirs were far from the only crusades to be unleashed.

TO HURL BACK THE DARKNESS

Chaos had claimed ascendancy over Order. With every senseless slaughter, with every nation conquered, the Dark Gods came closer to consuming the Mortal Realms entire. With the onset of Sigmar's divine tempest, however, the light of hope blazed bright once more throughout the lands.

LIGHTNING OVER BAELGHAST

Amongst the corpse-strung skycaves of Baelghast, cerulean thunderclouds hurled nine full Stormhosts into battle against the monstrous hordes of Throgg.

THE BUTCHERED KINGS

After breaking the Third Waaagh! of Garrados, the Bloodbound warlord known as Gorehelm turned upon the seven Nurgle-worshipping kings whose armies had helped clinch his victory. So much Chaos-tainted blood was spilt that day that the sentient quagmire known as Butcher's Swamp was born.

AZYRHEIM'S REVENGE

With Sigmar's blessing, the Hosts of Azyrheim set out from the newly opened Gates of Azyr. Their armies sought red vengeance against those who had slain their peoples. In many cases, their justice was meted out in great measure.

THE WORLDS BELOW

In the eerie silence of the Halls of the Dead, an alliance of duardin and Stormcast Eternals fought through armies of cannibal guardians and skeletal fiends, only to find themselves caught in the web of the Mortarchy.

THE WARRIOR'S LURE

Aelven warhosts sent to primal Dhrund stacked high the skulls of horned shamans and tusked monsters alike. Less than an hour after the death of the gargants known as Bawler's Get, the savage priests of Gorkamorka answered the challenge of the aelf trespassers en masse.

BLOOD IN THE GLOOM
Whilst pillaging the Shaomel Labyrinth, the armies of Borrogh the Black Gut found themselves embroiled in battle against shadowy foes that could not be banished by strength of arms alone.

CLASHES BENEATH THE EARTH
Sigmar's knights went in search of the sons of Grimnir in the magma-powered empire of the Burning Karaks. They found bitter war against verminous horde and duardin throng alike, but their quest to win the allegiance of the Fyreslayers led to a chain of alliances that have yet to be broken.

CURSE OF THE JADE KINGDOMS
From the seeds of conflict sown across the Jade Kingdoms, wars beyond counting grew to bloody fruition. Though Khorne sent eight times eight legions through the Gates of Chogkorr, and though Tzeentch sank his claws into those kingdoms richest in magical lore, it was Nurgle that committed the greatest hosts to conquer the Realm of Life.

TIDE OF DEVASTATION
From the Gilded Fjords to the Screaming Stones, orruks seethed from skull-faced mountains and idol crags to fall upon the Chaos tyrants that had driven them from their ancestral lands. They had allies; grots snuck from spider-fissures, and hidden ogor tribes lurched from maw-like chasms and feasting caves to gobble down those too slow to escape. Many a Realmgate's defenders were left crushed in their wake, the priceless portals claimed only by carrion crows.

AID FROM THE HEAVENS
When war raged across the bone savannahs of Bagrhati, the might of Chaos seemed insurmountable, with warriors falling in droves beneath the blades of their relentless foe. Yet at the critical hour the seraphon descended into battle. They spoke not the tongue of men, but their hatred for Chaos carried a message indisputable and clear – they shared a common cause with the armies of Sigmar.

THE SEVENTH WAR FOR THE ALLPOINTS
A vast confluence of portals that once led to every Mortal Realm, the Allpoints, vital to the plans of gods and men alike, was plunged into the most spectacular of wars.

THE SIGMARITE CRUSADES
In the Slaver's Wilderness, the Justicars of Azyr hunted evil warrior kings like beasts, whilst the Dracoth legions prowled the daemon graves of Chimeron. Meanwhile, in the Hanging Valleys of Anvrok, the Heldenhammer Crusade fought every evil the sorcerer Ephryx could muster.

MAKING YOUR MARK ON THE MORTAL REALMS

The Mortal Realms are replete with tales of mighty heroes, bloodshed and betrayal, and part of the fun of owning a collection of Citadel Miniatures is in creating your own stories and bringing your models and the worlds they inhabit to life.

The following pages contain chapters in a new and exciting tale that will shape the history of the Mortal Realms. Though they have long been held in the iron grip of bloody-handed tyrants, the realms are now touched by hope once more, for like a lightning bolt from a storm-wracked sky, Sigmar has unleashed his glittering Stormhosts. Their first objectives are chosen by the God-King himself, and across the realms, their example spurs warriors to battle in the cause of vengeance.

Woven into the tale of these climactic times are battleplans and Time of War rules which allow you to lead your armies through every vicious clash and bloody slaughter first-hand. The rules presented in the sections that follow give you a framework to make this tale your own. More than that, though, they enable you to tell your own stories set in the Mortal Realms, and use your collection of Citadel Miniatures in glorious battles of your own devising.

Some will fight to free the realms from the horror of Chaos rule, others to crush the upstarts who dare challenge the Dark Gods, or for some other, personal agenda. Whatever your goals, these rules will allow you to live out one exciting tale of battle after another, your exploits through the fantastical landscapes of the realms limited only by your imagination.

BATTLEPLANS

Each battleplan is quite simply a set of instructions that tells you how to pick an army and set it up on the battlefield, how to play through an exciting battle between two Warhammer armies, and what you need to do in order to win. These instructions complement the ones found on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, and offer you a variety of different ways to play.

In each case, the battleplans presented in this book are based upon a key battle fought during the Realmgate Wars, and they can be used to refight these battles exactly as they occurred. However, in a broader sense, each battleplan presents an archetypal conflict that can be set wherever you so choose, and feature whatever forces you like. For example, a battleplan may present a heroic breakthrough, where one army punches straight through the lines of another to reach a vital objective. You could use this battleplan to stage such a conflict in whatever realm you like, between whichever forces you have to hand; for example, you might see whether a horde of orruks can smash through the skaven lines amid the beast-haunted forests of Ghur.

The map included with each battleplan reflects the landscape on which that battle was fought during the Realmgate Wars, but, except where specified, you can use any scenery you like. Similarly, each example battlefield is 6 feet by 4 feet, but you can use a smaller or larger area if you wish.

The battleplans assume that all of the rules from the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet are used, unless it specifically states otherwise in the battleplan's instructions. For example, you still use the rules for selecting a general, and for command abilities, unless the battleplan specifically says not to.

IN TIMES OF WAR

Alongside the battleplans you will find new Time of War rules. These add another layer of atmospheric excitement to your battles, reflecting either the strange, arcane natures of the realms themselves, or the prevailing conditions of this stage of the Realmgate Wars. However you choose to use them, these rules will instill yet more drama and excitement into the legends forged in your own battles.

MUSTER YOUR ARMIES

At the back of this book you will find a selection of warscrolls. Each of these details a type of unit that sees battle in this chapter of the Realmgate Wars, providing you with all the rules and details to field the models in battle, and to group them together in mighty battalions. Finally, all the core rules you need to play games of *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* are also included at the end of the book, so you've got everything you need to go to war.

A CALL TO WAR

THE VAULTS OF SIGMARON

Already the Mortal Realms resounded to the clash of a million blades. Though the spearheads of Sigmar's hosts had plunged into battle, the Heavens of Azyr still rumbled with the promise of war to come. Vandus Hammerhand had returned, scarred but unbowed, and his duties were far from over.

Lord Vandus awoke, muscles tensed as he hung in the air under a thin dome of light. He shook bodily, not so much as if he had been struck by lightning, but rather as if a thunderbolt of energy had been torn from within him. For a moment, the Lord-Celestant found himself wondering – was he Vendell Blackfist once more? Had the powers within him been snatched away?

Vandus flexed his fingers, his sight returning. The ambient glow that filled the quenching chamber came only from the starlight filtering through the aperture at its apex. The certainty came to him that he lived on still. The Lord-Celestant checked his physique; it was that of a warrior rather than a smith. The scars of battle had replaced the forge-burns of his former life. Vandus had not met death this time; Sigmar had struck him down in order to close the Gate of Wrath, but rather than destroy him, the God-King had taken him up to Azyr, just as he had many centuries before.

Shapes resolved in Vandus' sight; burnished plates of golden armour that orbited him like satellites. At a thought, the Lord-Celestant bound them to his will. Tendrils of electric force crackled out from his muscles, each linking to an armoured plate and pulling it sharply into place until he was clad in the blessed raiment of a Stormcast Eternal once more.

Just as Vandus' helm slid into place, the sonorous boom of a Knight-Heraldor's war horn reverberated around the dome. A summons, and a familiar one. Vandus extended his hand, and the hammer Heldensen crackled into being, clapping into his grip like the hand of a warrior kinsman. The Lord-Celestant raised his empty hand and grasped at the sky glinting through the iris-like aperture above. With a smooth motion, he pulled down his cloak of star-silk and donned it swiftly. It was time to meet his maker, and he would go in glory.

Outside the dome-like quenching chamber, Vandus was met by Laudus Skythunder, the bellicose war-caller of the Hammers of Sigmar. Beside

LORD-CASTELLANT ANDRICUS STONEHEART

Andricus Stoneheart is the foremost Lord-Castellant of the Hammers of Sigmar. He is the Keeper of Storms-To-Be, the Shield Celestial and the guardian of Sigmaron's skygate. He wears his stubbornness like a cloak of iron over his embellished sigmarite plate, and his instincts for rooting out evil are almost as sharp as those of his Gryph-hound, Swiftclaw.

Long ago, the mutant menagerie of Vetcher Nadirr fell upon Andrec Stornoson's village. Though Stornoson was the village elder, more than twice the age of any of his peers, he was the first to take up shield and spear against the corrupted lava-beast ravaging the stables where the tribe's shamans sheltered. Andrec took the creature's fiery breath on his shield before spitting the beast with a golden spear – and slaying a dozen horned warriors besides. Sigmar was impressed, and gave Andrec a new life so he could defend the virtuous from Chaos forever more.

him stood an old friend – the Lord-Castellant Andricus Stoneheart. Together, they made their way through the magnificent halls and vaults of Sigmaron. Vandus' wonder at the marvels of Sigmar's palace had not dimmed; it was all he could do not to cast around like a mortal crossing the Gates of Azyr for the first time.

The warriors passed the Forbidden Vaults, taking care to look away as their oaths demanded. Suddenly, Vandus found his mind aflame with images. He saw golden figures climbing endlessly up a glacier of precious metal, battles upon bridges spanning a misted ocean of silver, and a hundred thousand eyes glinting in the darkness.

More visions came – a two-headed shadow silhouetted before a hellish portal of terrible power and a tide of daemons, each more hideous than the last, all burning with fires so hot they melted even fate itself. Holes ripped in the world's fabric split his focus wide, clawed hands and needle-toothed snouts pushing through until nothing remained but tatters of reason – and the sigil of a glowing hammer.

Vandus came to his senses with Laudus Skythunder clutching his shoulder. Dismissing Laudus' concern, the Lord-Celestant straightened and marched onward. By the time he stood outside Sigmar's throne room, he had regained his composure. The visions seemed no more real than waking dreams.

Inside, the God-King Sigmar stood before his celestial throne, raw majesty blazing around him. It took all the steel in Vandus' heart to look upon him, but he was honoured beyond measure when Sigmar called him to attend. Vandus stepped up to stand next to Thostos Bladestorm, a fellow officer called to Sigmar's side. The God-King gave his decree. They were to travel to the Realm of Chamon, for there, the hammer Ghal Maraz had been found.

Vandus and Thostos strode from the throne room, their souls aflame with righteous purpose. As they reached the celestine vaults, twelve Stormhosts turned as one, and Calanax, reborn in lightning, roared in greeting. The quest to recover Ghal Maraz had begun.

SIGMAR
AV 2161

VANDUS HAMMERHAND

Lord-Celestant of the Hammers of Sigmar and embodiment of the vengeful storm, Vandus Hammerhand has already carved himself a place in history. He was the first of his Stormhost to be Reforged, and his Warrior Chamber was the first to strike back at the dominion of Chaos.

Since his Reforging, Lord Vandus has proven himself to be a gifted leader, able to shape the rage of the Stormhosts as he once tempered and quenched the iron of his trade. Underneath his noble and dutiful aspect, however, he would like nothing more than to settle his blood debt against Korghos Khul.

Long ago, the Direbrand Tribe fell to the Goretide's wrath, its people mercilessly hacked to pieces. But for the young Vendell Blackfist's refusal to despair, the last traces of the tribe would have been lost, just as with so many others. Though Vendell had left his years as an impetuous warrior behind to forge the destiny of his tribe, his outrage drove him to battle. As his people were cut down by the dozen, Vendell took up his sledgehammer and battered his way through the Blood Warriors that crowded his stalker-smithy. He cried a wordless challenge to the armoured king in their midst, but to Khul it was no more than the bleating of a goat bound for slaughter. Vendell saw his young sons, each of whom had struggled to the last, being violently struck down by Lord Khul. Where that dread axe swung, reality itself bled – Vendell's sons did not fall so much as shrink and disappear. In fury, the smith charged in, but traded no more than two blows before a sharp kick drove him to his knees. Winded, Vendell awaited the blow that would end his misery forever.

It did not fall. Light flashed across the blood-stained battlefield, and Vendell was taken to high Sigmaron, there to be reforged as Vandus Hammerhand by the God-King. Since that day, Vandus has put his duty first; his exceptional leadership and skill at arms have seen him earn the respect of all amongst the Stormhosts, and the trust of the God-King himself. Indeed, the visions that assail Vandus in moments of high tension are proof enough that his destiny is intertwined with that of Sigmar Heldenhammer. Regardless of the Lord-Celestant's exalted position and the responsibility it entails, he has sworn an oath to see his old nemesis slain – only when the deathblow finally falls will his soul be at peace.

LORD-RELICTOR IONUS CRYPTBORN

If Vandus Hammerhand is the glory of lightning unbound, Ionus Cryptborn is the dark and brooding thunder that follows it. He carries the aspect of the grave with him, for he hails from Shyish, the Realm of Death. Even in Sigmar's palace, there are few that rest easy alongside a Lord-Relictor, for it is said their souls are scarred by the claws of the Great Necromancer. Still, a bond of brotherhood exists between Ionus and his Lord-Celestant, for Vandus can see past Cryptborn's grim and dolorous demeanour to the hero beneath. Though he speaks of it only to his fellow Lord-Relictors, Ionus was once Eonid ven Denst, a prince of the Amethyst Underworld. It was he that slew the many-skulled hydragor that wreaked havoc upon the courtiers of King Thanator's manse, and he alone that had the courage to speak against Nagash during the Days of Shattered Bone. Well might Sigmar take such warriors for his own – with the power to summon and bind the storm at will, the man who became Ionus Cryptborn is a redoubtable foe indeed.

THE LOST WARHAMMER

The Stormcast Eternals had attacked the Mortal Realms with the force of a hurricane. So fierce were the battles raging around the Realmgates that the death toll grew beyond counting, yet there was one site of power Sigmar considered so vital that he would sacrifice almost anything to secure it.

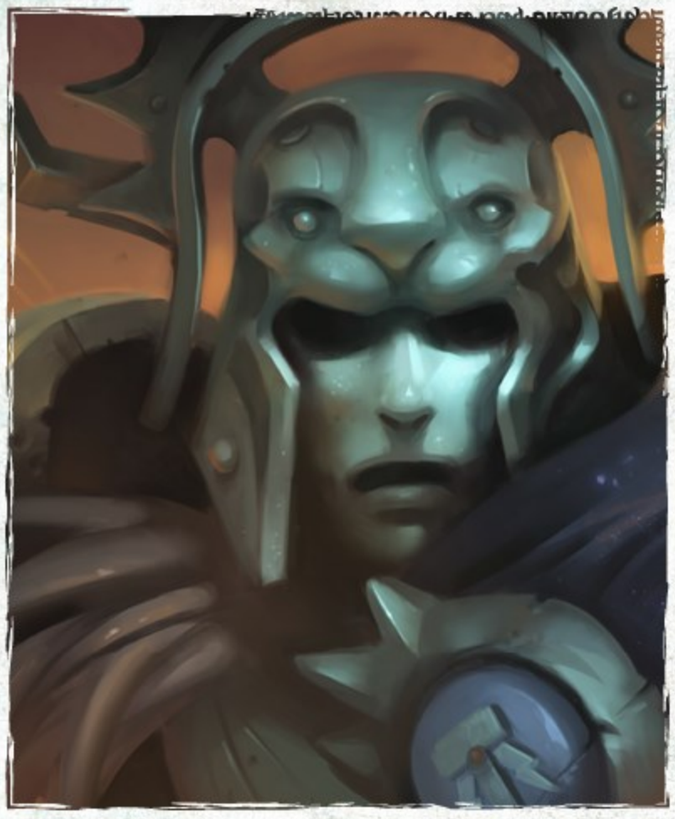
In the glittering Realm of Chamon there exists a skyscape of Hanging Valleys. Set apart in the void, these mountainous lands are much like a world torn into scraps and arranged in staggered sequence. Riverfalls of molten silver connect them, each overflowing from an unimaginably vast crucible set above it all and heated by the warpfire of the zodiac serpent Argentine.

Between each mountainous landmass these quicksilver rivers fall miles through the void, only to be caught, funnelled through vast stone channels, and slowly cooled, their magic distilled and harnessed as if in the apparatus of some godly alchemist.

The largest of those valleys is Anvrok. A once-vital realm, Anvrok's gifted metalsmiths raised exquisite wonders in a city of precious metals. However, like all others, its culture was cast down by Chaos. It was in Anvrok that Ghal Maraz came to rest, long ago.

Ghal Maraz, called the Great Shatterer, is the ultimate symbol of Sigmar's supremacy. This grand warhammer was forged in another world, and another time. It is a weapon of such legendary power it transcends reality itself, more a manifestation of godly might than a physical object. Forged by the ancestors of the duardin, Ghal Maraz has crushed the skulls of daemon kings, ended the bloodlines of titans and sent empires tumbling to dust. It is as much a sceptre of kingship as it is a tool of destruction. When Sigmar bore the hammer he commanded vast power, but in flinging it aloft at the Battle of Burning Skies, he relinquished his hold upon it. The God-King moved heaven and earth to find it once more, but to no avail.

Unbeknownst to Sigmar, the fabled hammer was drawn to Chamon, for like attracts like, and metal imbued with magical energy was in great supply amongst the Hanging Valleys. Those lands were also rich in the raw power of transmutation, and hence were greatly prized by Tzeentch, who hid the buried hammer from Sigmar's sight long ago. Only now has Ghal Maraz been found.



LORD-CELESTANT THOSTOS BLADESTORM

Thostos Bladestorm's fury is that of a midsummer tempest. His wrath is destructive, yet somehow cleansing – by his command, the Celestial Vindicators cast out the darkness and leave the light of new beginnings in its wake.

The firstborn son of the guild-king Glothian, Thostos returned from a slayerquest to find his people butchered in his absence. His guilt-haunted rampage was halted only when Sigmar granted his wish for an eternity of vengeance. It was Thostos who led the first attack against the Eldritch Fortress of Anvrok. Thostos' assault wreaked havoc upon the walls built to trammel Ghal Maraz, undoing the works of the sorcerer Ephryx. During the battle, the Lord-Celestant was turned to living sigmarite by wild transformative power, but still he fought on. Only the detonation of the castle wall stopped his wild attack. Reforged in Sigmar's vaults, Thostos' body is flesh once more – though echoes of his strange death persist.

'You found Ghal Maraz, Thostos,' said Lord Vandus. 'A tremendous achievement.'

The skyvault corridors of the palace Sigmaron rang to the footsteps of the two warrior lords as they strode towards their Stormhosts in the celestine vaults.

'Yet I failed to claim it,' said Thostos. The warrior's voice was strangely flat and monotonous. His mask, thought Vandus. It was merely the effect of his mask.

'With a dozen Stormhosts and an open Realmgate close by, we'll have it soon enough,' said Vandus.

'The sorcerer will not yield it easily.'

'Then we shall prise it from the claws of his corpse.'

The two Lord-Celestants strode on, the sound of the great muster growing louder in the distance.

'Lord Thostos,' ventured Vandus. 'Forgive me, but I must ask. Your Reforging. Has it… has it *changed* you? Are we truly eternal?'

Thostos stopped for a second, and met Vandus' gaze. Behind the mask, Vandus saw blue fires burning. They were much like will-o'-the-wisps – the soul-stuff of those cursed forever to a twilight existence.

'Yes,' said Thostos, turning away to march onward.

THE QUEST BEGINS

THE HELDENHAMMER CRUSADE

Twelve Stormhosts assailed the Hanging Valleys of Anvrok, foremost amongst them:

HAMMERS OF SIGMAR | **CELESTIAL VINDICATORS** | **ANVILS OF THE HELDENHAMMER** | **LIONS OF SIGMAR**

HAMMERS OF SIGMAR COMMAND ECHELONS

Eight Command Temples led the Heldenhammer Crusade, including elements from:

HERALDOR TEMPLE – *'AZYR'S HERALDS'*
JUDICATOR TEMPLE – *'JUSTICARS OF THE GOD-KING'*
VALEDICTOR TEMPLE – *'GUARDIANS OF THE SKYGATES'*
RELICTOR TEMPLE – *'THE RISEN SONS'*

CRUSADE CHAMBERS

The Hammers of Sigmar comprises over twenty crusade chambers. However, only ten are formally listed in the Annals Celestis.

HARBINGER CHAMBER ***'THE HURRICANUMS'*** Lord Nenthus Hurricanum	HARBINGER CHAMBER ***'THE FULGURINES'*** Lord Kaedus Fulgurine	EXEMPLAR CHAMBER ***'THE ENGLORIAMS'*** Lord Octus Engloriam	WARRIOR CHAMBER ***'THE THRICEBLESSED'*** Lord Devyndus Thriceblessed	WARRIOR CHAMBER ***'THE ANNIHILATORS'*** Lord Andrus Nihilat
WARRIOR CHAMBER ***'THE HAMMERHANDS'*** Lord Vandus Hammerhand	WARRIOR CHAMBER ***'THE SKYKINDRED'*** Lord Escrus Skykith	WARRIOR CHAMBER ***'THE HEAVENHOST'*** Lord Sargassus Heavenhost	WARRIOR CHAMBER ***'THE STORMBOUND'*** Lord Tylos Stormbound	WARRIOR CHAMBER ***'THE STARBORN'*** Lord Vectus Starborn

'THE HAMMERHANDS' CHAMBER COMMAND

Lord-Celestant Vandus Hammerhand

Lord-Relictor Ionus Cryptborn

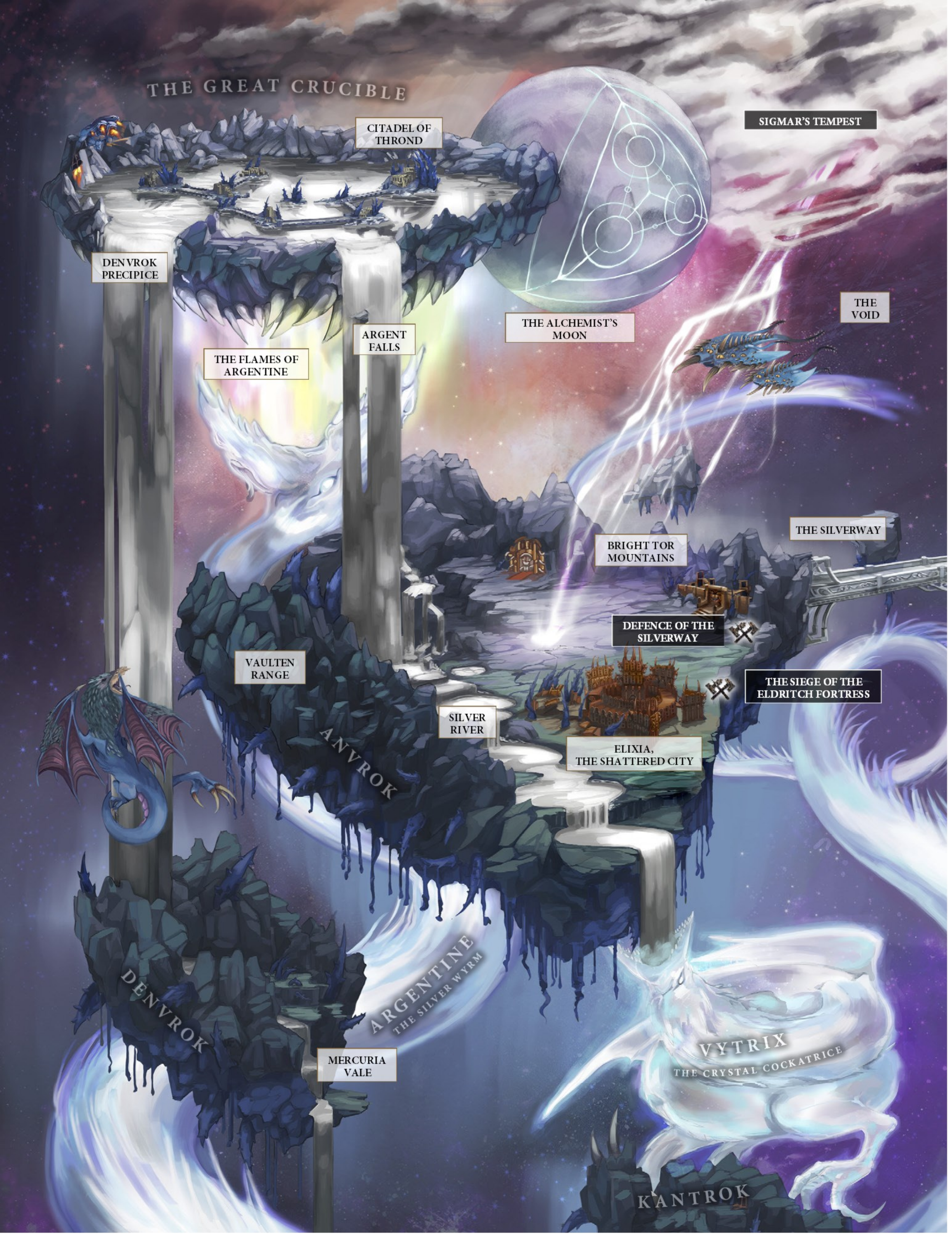
Lord-Castellant Andricus Stoneheart

Knight-Azyros Liminus Stormsight

Knight-Heraldor Laudus Skythunder

Knight-Venator Yracus Cloudstrike

Knight-Vexillor Vorticus Galespear


THE GREAT CRUCIBLE
CITADEL OF THROND
SIGMAR'S TEMPEST
DENVROK PRECIPICE
THE ALCHEMIST'S MOON
THE VOID
ARGENT FALLS
THE FLAMES OF ARGENTINE
THE SILVERWAY
BRIGHT TOR MOUNTAINS
DEFENCE OF THE SILVERWAY
VAULTEN RANGE
THE SIEGE OF THE ELDRITCH FORTRESS
SILVER RIVER
ANVROK
ELIXIA, THE SHATTERED CITY
DENVROK
ARGENTINE
THE SILVER WYRM
MERCURIA VALE
VYTRIX
THE CRYSTAL COCKATRICE
KANTROK

UNTO THE SHATTERED CITY

The vanguard of the Stormhosts blazed into existence from comets of pure celestial energy. In great gleaming phalanxes, their brothers marched from Bright Tor Gate along the valley's trail, the leaders pausing to survey their troops before taking the perilous path to Elixia, the Shattered City.

Though Lord Vandus had been charged with commanding the vanguard attack upon Elixia's jagged fortress, it was Lord Thostos Bladestorm that marched at the invasion's fore. The air crackled blue around him; all who approached him felt the heat of his rage. Small wonder, muttered his fellows, for here, in the Bright Tor Mountains, Thostos had died a sudden and shocking death. Now, under those same peaks, he would be avenged.

The Stormhosts had barely completed their muster when the avalanche began. A low rumble became a roar, then a deafening cacophony as the cliff face came down, a wave of snow and ore-laced boulders crushing the rearmost phalanxes of the Celestial Vindicators before they could get clear. Blazes of storm-magic burst from the landslide, vanishing upwards to join the distant thunderheads – each was the essence of a dead Stormcast Eternal, drawn back to high Sigmaron to be Reforged by the God-King's will.

Ripples of shock and defiance flooded through the ranks of the Stormhosts as the braying laughter of beastmen drifted down from the peaks above. Lord Vandus shouted an alert to his fellow officers, and a dozen Lord-Celestants rode their Dracoths up the mountainside, the scaled beasts bounding with the surety of mountain lions. A terrible bleating echoed through the peaks as the Dracoths tore apart the copper-skinned beastmen that had triggered the trap. Within scant minutes, the Lord-Celestants had returned, casting the heads of their assailants to the ground as proof of the kills. Yet the damage to the Celestial Vindicators could not be undone so easily.

The Stormhosts marched on in grim silence, more determined than ever to wreak bloody vengeance.

Before the Alchemist's Moon had crested the mountain peaks, the first of the Warrior Chambers had reached the Shattered City. The sense of magnificence brought low was palpable. Silvered statuary lay broken in the streets, ornate temples to Sigmar's pantheon were wrenched and split into ruin. Everywhere the corrupting touch of Chaos had twisted or disfigured exquisite works of art raised in the Age of Myth. Shadows flitted in the distance, strange shrieks both distant and uncomfortably close, yet somehow in unison.

Negotiating through the confines of the city, the Stormhosts were forced to go retinue by retinue along the streets, for their sheer numbers made them unwieldy. Only after the first Warrior Chambers had passed through the gates did horned warriors burst out from the ruins, screaming incoherently.

'Look to the shadows!' ordered Ionus Cryptborn as his Retributor escort drew in close. From the gloom, dark figures rushed out.

'Ambush!' shouted Vandus, hefting the hammer Heldensen. A pair of armoured warriors dived from a serpentine arch, jagged axes swinging. The first was caught by a blast of lightning from Calanax's fanged maw, and hit the tarnished cobbles as a steaming mess. The second met Vandus' hammer, his broken body flailing away.

'The sorcerer's minions,' said Thostos, his voice as cold as winter. 'This time he sends evil men to contest our approach.'

'We shall pass the test, brother,' said Vandus, motioning his Liberators forwards as Judicators climbed crumbled stairs to loose killing shots into the ruins below. 'These are irritants, nothing more.'

Thostos made no reply. He thundered down the street, sparks fizzling in his footsteps. A knot of bare-chested savages rushed from a ruin-strewn alleyway to fall upon him, but they were hurled back one after another, blood spouting from missing limbs and stump necks. Hacking, hewing, killing, Lord Thostos drove further on into the ruins. Within seconds, he had disappeared entirely into the unnatural shadows swathing the city.

WAR IN THE GILDED RUINS

The ambush erupted from all sides. Thousands of Chaos worshippers surged out of the twisted metal of the ruins, the uncanny synchronicity of their attack speaking to a greater mind behind it. The Heldenhammer Crusade's woes did not end there, for the city itself was turning upon the interlopers…

Movement flickered through the streets leading towards the Square of Living Blades. A heartbeat later, the vanguards of each Stormhost found themselves beset right and left. Armoured brutes and bare-chested maniacs burst from concealment, pouring from behind walls and dropping from above. With every second a hundred more were revealed. Perhaps some magic had hidden them from sight, perhaps the shining magnificence of the Stormhosts had betrayed their approach. It mattered little – though wary of ambush, they were not prepared to fight an entire army in an instant.

Though many of their number were cut down by a hail of hurled axes and boulders heaved from on high, the Celestial Vindicators gave a joyous roar, for their need for vengeance would soon be slaked. Their spearhead elements broke ranks and charged headlong down the westernmost streets, smashing rubble and shouldering aside statues in their haste to close with the foe.

Lord Vandus shouted for them to hold the line, but he may as well have called for a hurricane to halt its fury. The prey was in sight, and the Celestial Vindicators would kill them all, or die in the attempt. With Lord Thostos missing and his Warrior Chamber quickly becoming over-extended, Vandus' own flank was looking dangerously exposed. Hundreds more Chaos worshippers emerged from tumbled buildings, seeking to cut off those Celestial Vindicators storming ahead through the statue-lined streets.

Ever stoic, Andricus Stoneheart was there to meet them, three dozen Paladins at the indomitable Lord-Castellant's side. Confident the matter was in hand, Vandus called out to the

architect of the attack, challenging him to single combat. There was no reply, save for mocking laughter that echoed through the winding pathways of the city.

The taunting sound was swallowed by the clash of iron and steel. Battle was erupting across the broad road beyond the square. Spiked Chaos maces crumpled sigmarite plate, swords plunged into throats and hammers and broadblades all found their mark in turn. Before a minute was out, the Steelmarch's gutters ran red with blood. Not since the early days of the Age of Chaos had the ruined city witnessed such a horrendous deluge of killing.

Summoned by the dreadful carnage, the angry ghosts of those who had died within the city reaches rose from the cracked streets. They climbed upwards like gobbets of shimmering quicksilver, screaming skulls atop each wraith-like form.

The Great Shatterer, Ghal Maraz: a prize truly beyond measure.

In groups of two and three, the spirit creatures tore themselves free and fell howling upon Chaos Warrior and Stormcast Eternal alike. Ionus Cryptborn cast a foreboding glance towards his Lord-Celestant. Death calls to death, and the city was rife with it.

A dozen figures leapt from the broken statuary of the vault house to Vandus' left. The heavy-set warriors slammed into the Prosecutors flying through the air and bore the winged warriors down hard, crashing into the tight-packed hosts crowding the streets. The attackers met their ends at the heads of sigmarite warhammers, but not without cost – several Prosecutors spasmed, crackled, and disappeared upwards in flashes of blue energy. Vandus glowered behind his mask. Everywhere, mayhem reigned. He had the notion a greater mind was behind the attack, a force that was not planning to tackle the Stormhosts head on, but to delay them so it might make its escape.

THE SILVER MAIDEN

The Shattered City echoes to the outrage of Celemnis, Swordmaiden of the Argent Sisterhood, whose magical blades defend the city even though none are left to wield them. All who hear her banshee screams clutch at their throats, suffocated by a well of sorrow so profound they can do nought but drown in it.

Celemnis was once a weaponsmith renowned across Anvrok and beyond. The daughter of a Ninemage, she poured body and soul into each creation, threading a single hair from her russet locks into the heart of each blade so it could cut through spirit as well as flesh. Yet fate was to play a cruel trick on Celemnis. Her workshop was torn apart by Chaos invaders, its steelworkers slain to a man. When she refused the advances of Ephryx, the sorcerer ordered her boiled alive in a cauldron of molten silver. Her vengeful ghost haunts the Shattered City to this day, howling in grief at those who trespass upon her realm.

Unable to bring their full might to bear, the Stormcast phalanxes had been peeled apart by the attacks to their flanks. Ruins that had seemed deserted burst into life as deranged warriors poured through broken vaults, debris-strewn temples and windows lined with iron teeth. Those furthest into the city were completely embroiled, bogged down by warbands intercepting them via the gates of what had once been the Celemnis Armoury. Ghost-like figures and silvered wraiths harried those warriors making for the cut and thrust of battle, clawing with cruel talons and whispering their hatred of those trespassing upon their domain.

Through it all rode Lord Vandus, issuing stern orders to his men. His Liberators veered left, charging the mob of bare-chested axemen forming a battle line in the heart of the square. Judicators broke right, firing skybolts on the move as they made to outflank the horned knights galloping from the main armoury gate. In the mouth of each alleyway stood a retinue of Protectors, sent by Vandus to guard the flank of each marching column. They stood no more than five abreast, but their whirling swordstaves set up an impenetrable barrier, taking heads from necks and laying open torsos until the alleys were blocked by barricades of sundered corpses.

Across the city the death toll rose. Just as the Chaos forces wavered, a monstrous beast soared from the clouds, all claws and leonine mane. The armoured warrior on the creature's back scythed his blade through a rank of Judicators atop the ruins, kicking the lone survivor into the streets. The armoured lord muttered oaths in the dark tongue, and from nowhere, two voices answered him in unison.

The voices were drowned out by the eerie song of the Silver Maiden. As if borne upon the melody, her shimmering swords shot through the gloom to slice the throats of all who heard it. Here and there a Chaos worshipper grabbed the hilt of a passing blade and wrested it for his own, turning it against his Stormcast Eternal foes. Where iron and steel had failed to penetrate, the stolen swords cut through sigmarite as if it were no more than tin. These were Celemnite blades, legacies of a bygone age, and their edge was keen indeed.

To the east of the square, a sliding puddle of molten silver began to flow upwards until it formed a gaunt female figure with hair the colour of copper. Anguish and rage twisted her beautiful features as she beheld her creations in the hands of her persecutors. She opened her mouth wide, and screamed.

A soul-rending shriek filled the square. Chaos worshippers and Stormcast Eternals alike clutched at their throats and fell to the broken cobblestones. Within seconds, almost all had fallen still – those who survived were swiftly impaled by the flying blades that sliced through the air around them.

'This city is not short of horrors, Vandus,' called out Ionus Cryptborn. 'You cannot fight a curse with blades.'

The terrifying scream rang out again, sending another dozen warriors to an early grave. Across the Square of Living Blades, the light-blurs of dead Stormcast Eternals were reflected from the tarnished silver statue at its centre – a regal lady, clutching swords. The plaque at the statue's feet told Ionus the rest.

'Celemnis!' he shouted, 'We fight for the same cause!'

The banshee turned, mouth twisting in curiosity.

'Queen of Blades,' said the Lord-Relictor, 'I beseech thee, send your ire against those that earned it.' He took the sword from his reliquary, and held it out, hilt-first.

Celemnis looked at Ionus as if she saw him for the first time. Tendrils of her long hair reached out to take the proffered blade, the ghost of a smile on her lips. Suddenly she convulsed, head back and jaws too wide.

This time, Ionus heard nothing at all – nothing but the clatter of armour as every Chaos-tainted soul within a hundred paces fell, pallid and dead, to the cobbles.

With the heart of the city suddenly uncontested, Vandus bellowed for his phalanxes to forge ahead over the corpses of their foes. The Hammers of Sigmar obeyed without hesitation, but the Celestial Vindicators ignored him, running further into the city in search of new foes to slay. Incensed, Vandus vaulted from Calanax's back onto a tumbled ruin, intending to call the headstrong warriors to account.

As he steadied himself on a statue of a stardrake, a vision seized Vandus with such blinding force it sent him to his knees. He saw a waterfall of silver, frozen in time; in the void beyond it, strange drakes coiled and fought. Each was so vast the shimmer of its scales was as the glitter of galaxies. When his sight cleared, the Celestial Vindicators were gone.

High above that Stormhost vanguard, the leader of the Chaos ambushers, Lord Maerac, circled his manticore in the storm-wracked skies. His plan had worked well enough, catching the interlopers from all sides and slowing their progress. Anvrok's metal-sheened ghosts had forced Maerac's horde to cede the Shattered City's heart; somehow the invaders had turned its spirits against them now. Yet his warriors had won Ephryx a good deal of time to secure their mutual prize. Maerac grinned behind his helm. Once Ephryx met with an unfortunate accident, the hammer's power would belong to him alone. After all, the Oracle had promised him that only the strongest of men could claim it. Grinning, he summoned his fellow riders and dived into the embattled city once more.

The streets of the ruined metropolis were still thronged with armoured tribesmen, but ploughing into them were the Celestial Vindicators, who were proving all but unstoppable in their fury. Sheer momentum carried the Stormhost vanguard through the streets, appearing from a distance as a thunderous river of cerulean that engulfed everything in its path. Wherever a tribe of axemen blocked a choke point or cut off a plaza, a pillar of lightning would blaze from the heavens, leaving behind it a retinue of plate-clad paladins. Decimators hewed foes by the dozen, and Protectors held back the cavalry charges of the tribe's horned knights. The Stormhost vanguard was cutting a path towards the far periphery of the city, intent on assaulting the Eldritch Fortress itself. The battle was far from over.

Like a boulder hurled from the sky, Maerac's manticore dived claw-first into Vandus' command echelon. A swirl of violence erupted. Maerac plunged his spear through Vandus' shoulder, plucking him from the ruins and bearing him into the air.

With a defiant roar, a blue-armoured lord leapt from a nearby bell tower to smash his hammer into Maerac's helm. The blow took his head in a welter of gore. Lord Thostos raged, the blade in his left hand punching through the manticore's skull to send it crashing into a ruined temple. Both Vandus and Thostos emerged from the debris, battered but alive. At Vandus' command, the embattled Warrior Chambers redoubled their attack. It was enough. With their leader slain, the tribesmen melted away.

The vanguard phalanxes of each Stormhost crested the ridge of the city limits, Vandus at their head. Bloodied but eager, they were ready to charge the fortress walls beyond with the joy of righteous battle in their hearts and a fierce cry on their lips. The sight that greeted them left each warrior gasping in disbelief.

'It's gone,' said Lord Vandus, his words dull with despair.

A leaden weight pressed upon the heart of every one of Sigmar's chosen. Not a soul amongst them spoke as they slowly gathered at the ridge's edge. Beyond them was a crater, many miles in width and deep as any lake. It was as if some impossible beast had reached down from the heavens, scooped out the Eldritch Fortress, and borne it away – and with it, the sacred hammer the Stormcast Eternals had fought to claim.

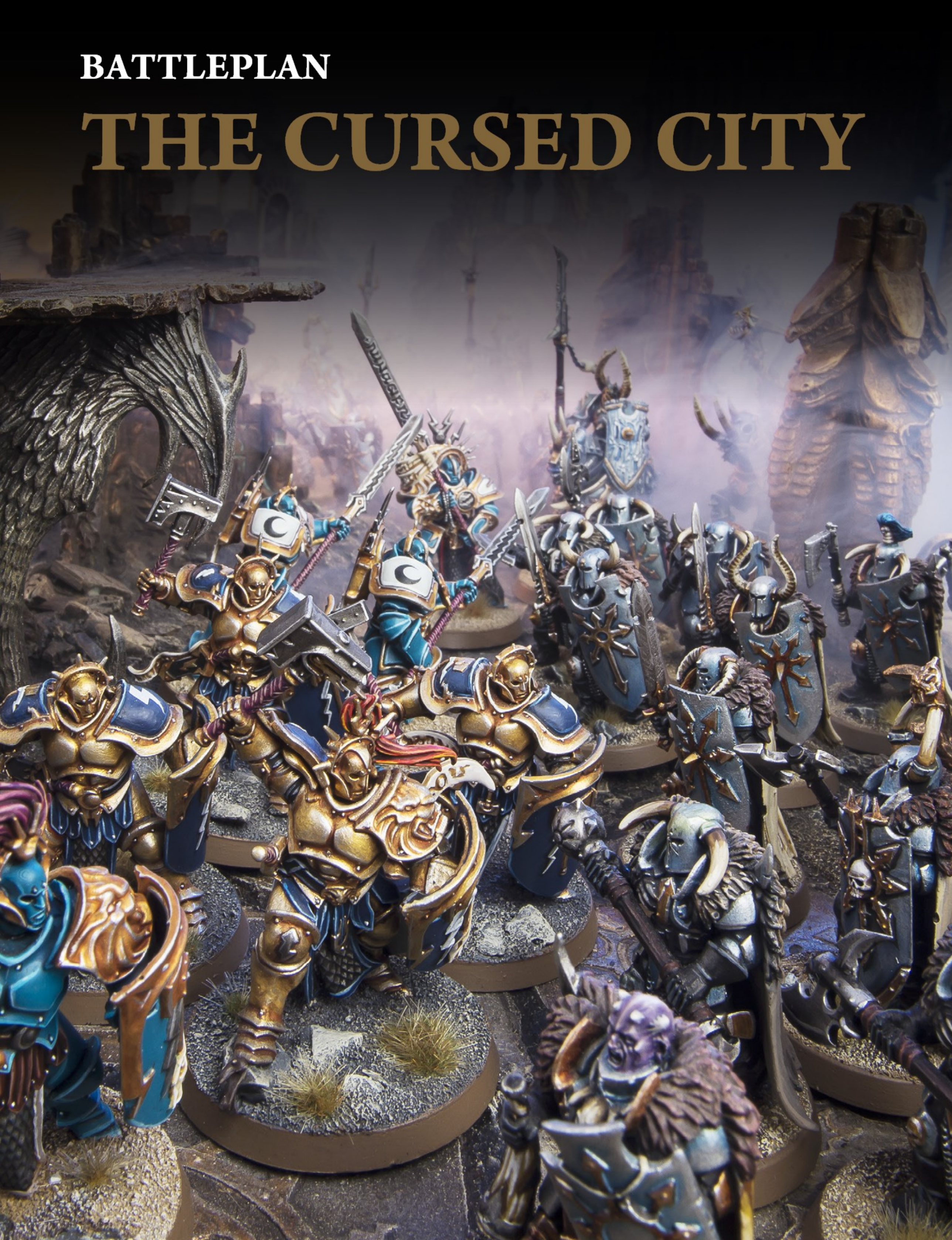
'So we go after it,' said Ionus Cryptborn. 'Our path is merely lengthened.'

'But how, if some fell power has claimed it and taken it who knows where?'

Cryptborn shrugged. 'Fear not, Lord Vandus. We will find a way.'

BATTLEPLAN

THE CURSED CITY



While many battles are fought across cracked plains or wide steppes, an outmatched force can find many advantages in a tighter environment. Cunning generals will often draw their foe into a dense forest or ruined city before springing an ambush. In the Age of Sigmar, though, there are few such places that do not hide their share of dark secrets...

When the forces of Chaos ambushed Vandus Hammerhand's Stormhost in the narrow streets of Elixia, they did not expect the intervention of a spectral host, summoned from their slumber by bloodshed and eager for vengeance. This battleplan can be used to recreate that desperate struggle, but it can just as easily be used to tell the story of an orruk tribe's ill-fated ambush of an aelven host under the boughs of a cursed glade, or any similar clash between the forces you have available.

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army, and then must decide who will be the invader and who will be the ambusher. If one player has at least a third more models than their opponent, then they must be the ambusher. Otherwise, each player rolls a dice, and whoever rolls higher may choose which they will be.

The general of each army has a unique command ability, shown below, in addition to any others they have.

AMBUSHER'S OBJECTIVES

You know this place. The shattered pillars and cracked flagstones bear witness to the slaughter that took place here. Whether the city's inhabitants were guilty of some slight against you or were simply another step on your path to glory is immaterial; what matters it that you ordered the wretched place razed to the ground, and your orders were followed without question. Now, in a twist of fate, a more recent foe marches through the very streets that once ran red. Your ambush will be swift, and your victory sure. History will be repeated.

INVADER'S OBJECTIVES

The pursuit of your objective has brought you to a ruined city, a blighted place littered with the bones of the dead. You know that your foe could be lurking ahead of you, concealed within toppled buildings or behind fallen statues, but you must press on. However, the prospect of ambush is only one of your concerns. Tales abound that this place is cursed, haunted by the souls of those that once called these streets home. You must tread carefully. If your enemy is indeed lying in wait, the ensuing bloodshed might be all that it takes to rouse the unquiet dead and stoke their thirst for vengeance...

AMBUSHER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Rapid Assault: If your general uses this ability, pick three units that are within 18" of your general. Driven to attack swiftly by inspirational words, assurances of glory or outright threats, the units you pick can charge in the charge phase of this turn even if they ran earlier in the turn.

INVADER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Desperate Redeployment: If your general uses this ability, he urges his men to reform with haste as the ambush closes in. Pick your general's unit or a unit within 6" of your general and roll a dice. Each model in that unit can immediately move up to that many inches.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place at the centre of a war-ravaged city, its unfortunate occupants slain in battles past.

The battlefield should ideally feature as many ruined buildings as possible, but if there are not many available, the battle can just as easily take place in a blasted area of parkland or a market square, where the buildings are fewer in number. If no such scenery is available, perhaps the sheer destruction of all-out war has levelled the city's buildings.

SET-UP

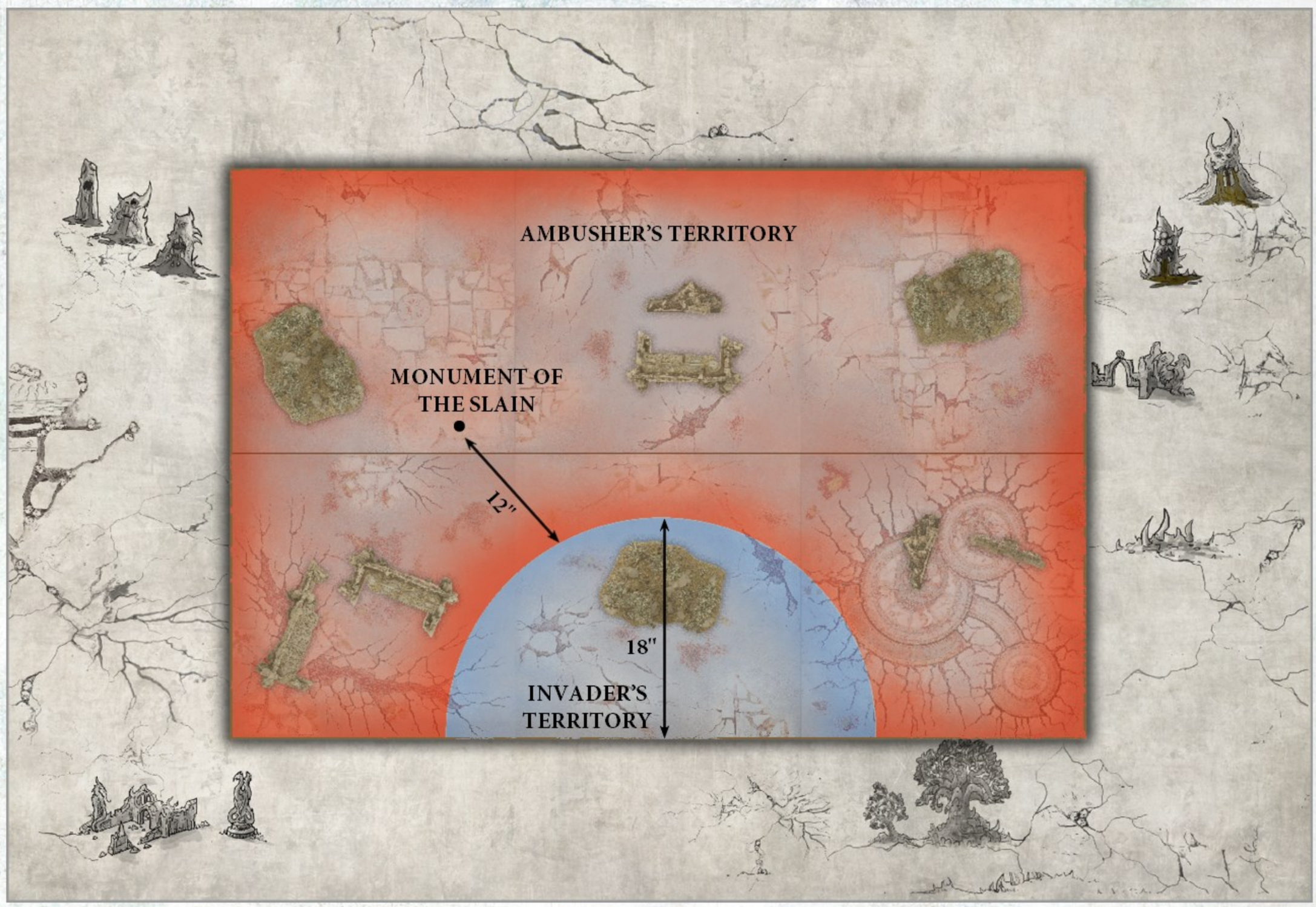
Do not use the set-up instructions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the invader chooses a table edge, then sets up their units wholly within 18" of the centre point of their table edge, as shown on the map below. Next, the ambusher sets up their units anywhere on the battlefield that is at least 9" from any units in the invading army.

MONUMENT OF THE SLAIN

After setting up both armies, the ambusher picks a piece of scenery to represent the Monument of the Slain. This piece must be at least 12" away from any units in the invader's army.

The Monument of the Slain has the Malevolent rule, in addition to any other scenery rules it may already have.

Malevolent: Roll a dice in your hero phase for each of your units within 6" of this terrain feature. On a roll of 1, the unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.



FIRST TURN
In the first battle round the ambusher decides who will have the first turn (there is no need to roll).

SUMMONED BY SLAUGHTER
At the end of each turn, take one dice for every five models that were slain during that turn. Split these dice equally between the two players, with any remainder going to the player whose turn it is.

Starting with the player whose turn it is, players alternate picking an enemy unit and rolling one of their dice, selecting a different enemy unit each time. If the result is equal to or less than the number of models in that unit, it suffers D3 mortal wounds as the city's spectral inhabitants exact their vengeance.

TRUE VENGEANCE
If the invading player's general or a **PRIEST** from his army is within 6" of the Monument of the Slain at the end of their hero phase, they can attempt to reason with the dead. If they do so, roll a dice. On a result of 4 or higher, their pleas are heard... this time.

Until the invading player's next hero phase, when resolving the Summoned by Slaughter rule (see left), the dice are not split between the players. Instead, the invading player takes them all.

VICTORY

Do not use the victory conditions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, if three quarters of the invader's starting models have been slain at the end of any battle round, the ambusher claims a **major victory**.

If half of the ambusher's starting models have been slain at the end of any battle round, the invader claims a **major victory**.

If both of the above conditions are met, the result is a **draw**.

TIME OF WAR

The battles taking place during the Storm of Sigmar are the first step in a crusade to reclaim the Mortal Realms. The following rules recreate the conditions prevailing at this turbulent time. You will also find rules for battles being fought within the mutable Hanging Valleys of Anvrok.

STORM OF SIGMAR

The following rules apply in all games of *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar*.

LEGIONS OF CHAOS

If you have a **CHAOS** general and he has not been slain, then once per battle in your hero phase you can call on the power of the Dark Gods to aid you against the enemies that you face. When you do so, roll a dice and refer to the table below to see what help (if any) is received. You can set these units up so that all the models in them are within 9" of your army general and more than 9" from the enemy. This counts as their move for the movement phase of that turn.

OVERTHROW THE TYRANTS

If you have a general who is aligned with **ORDER** or **DESTRUCTION** and he has not been slain, then once per battle in your hero phase you can call on Sigmar's aid to overthrow the tyrants that you face. When you do so, roll one dice for each battle round the battle has lasted so far (so in the first battle round you would roll 1 dice, in the second battle round 2 dice, and so on). For each dice roll of 3 or more, you can set up one unit of **STORMCAST ETERNALS** so that all the models in the unit are within 9" of your army general and more than 9" from the enemy. You cannot set up more than 1 **HERO**, or more than 1 **MONSTER**.

LEGIONS OF CHAOS TABLE

D6	Result
1	**Spawndom:** Your general suffers D3 mortal wounds. If he is slain, he is transformed into a **CHAOS SPAWN**.
2	**Daemonic Warband:** The Chaos Gods send 1 unit of **DAEMONS**. **HEROES** or **MONSTERS** cannot be chosen.
3	**Daemonic Regiment:** The Chaos Gods send 1 unit of **DAEMONS**. **HEROES** cannot be chosen.
4	**Champion of Chaos:** The Chaos Gods send 1 unit of **DAEMONS**. Any unit can be chosen.
5	**Battalion of Chaos:** The Chaos Gods send D3 units of **DAEMONS**. You cannot set up more than 1 **HERO**, or more than 1 **MONSTER**.
6	**Chaos Legion:** The Chaos Gods send D6 units of **DAEMONS**. You cannot set up more than 1 **HERO**, or more than 1 **MONSTER**.

RAIN OF SIGMAR

If your army includes a **PRIEST** of **ORDER**, then once during the battle, in your hero phase, he can pray for the Rain of Sigmar. You can only pray for the Rain of Sigmar once per battle, no matter how many **PRIESTS** you have that are eligible to do so. The model that prays for the Rain of Sigmar cannot pray for anything else in the same turn.

To pray for the Rain of Sigmar, roll a dice and add the number of rounds that the battle has lasted to the score. If the result is 6 or more, then the rains come and will last for the rest of the battle. The Celestial magic within the rain imbues Sigmar's allies and followers with a measure of his courage whilst instilling dread in his enemies; add 2 to the Bravery of all models that follow **ORDER**, and subtract 2 from the Bravery of all models that follow **CHAOS**.

THE HANGING VALLEYS OF ANVROK

If you decide a game is taking place in the Realm of Metal, then you can specify that is occurring in the Hanging Valleys of Anvrok. If you do, the following rules apply.

METALSHIFTING

Armour is little defence against priests in Anvrok – under their command the armour turns molten, searing the wearer. When a **PRIEST** from your army inflicts any wounds on an enemy model, before any saves are taken you can say that the **PRIEST** will use their metalshifting powers. If you do so, no modifiers apply to the save roll, and the wound is inflicted if your opponent *succeeds* in the save roll, and is stopped if your opponent *fails* the save roll.

TRANSMUTATION OF LEAD

WIZARDS in Anvrok know the Transmutation of Lead spell in addition to any other spells that they know. Transmutation of Lead has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, select an enemy unit within 18" of the caster. Until your next hero phase, subtract 3 from the Move characteristic of all models in the unit, to a minimum of 0. Furthermore, subtract 1 from all hit rolls made for the unit and add 1 to all hit rolls made against the unit. Being affected by this spell more than once has no cumulative effect.

ANVROK TRIUMPHS

If you win a **major victory** in a battle in Anvrok, you can roll on the following table instead of the Triumph table on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet in your next battle.

Roll	Reward
1	**Blessing of Anvrok.** Pick a **HERO** in your army to receive this blessing, infusing their weapons and armour with potent magic. Add 1 to that **HERO'S** wound and save rolls.
2	**Golden Scrolls.** Pick a **WIZARD** in your army. That model knows the Transmutation of Lead spell even if the battle is not taking place in Anvrok. If the battle is taking place there, then you can add 1 to this model's casting rolls instead.
3	**Dullblade Curse.** Pick a **HERO** in the enemy army to receive this curse. Subtract 1 from all wound rolls made by this model.
4	**Quicksilver Potion.** Liquid from the silver falls of Anvrok bestow lightning fast reflexes. Pick a **HERO** in your army to drink this potion. This model attacks in the combat phase before any other model, even if it is not your turn.
5	**Gildenbane.** Gildenbane are alchemical gems that can transmute precious metals into lead. Pick a **HERO** in your army to carry the Gildenbane. In your hero phase, roll a dice for each enemy **HERO** within 3" of this model. On the roll of a 5 or more, the target's armour becomes as heavy as lead; the model is treated as if permanently affected by the Transmutation of Lead spell.
6	**Alchemical Elixir.** Pick a **HERO** in your army to drink the elixir. You can add 1 to all hit rolls for this model, and in each of your hero phases, you can heal 1 wound suffered by them.

THE ALCHEMIST'S MOON

Anvrok's Alchemist's Moon hangs heavy in the sky, and as it waxes and wanes, it affects battlefields lit by its nimbus light. At the start of the first battle round, before determining who will take the first turn, roll a dice and refer to the table below. The result rolled applies until the start of the next battle round, when the next result on the table replaces it for a round, and so on, with a new result replacing the previous one at the start of each round. When the Full Moon result is reached, return to the New Moon result at the start of the next battle round.

Roll	Result
1	**New Moon:** Add 1 to all save rolls.
2	**Crescent Moon:** Add 1 to all hit rolls.
3	**Quarter Moon:** Add 1 to all wound rolls.
4	**Half Moon:** Add 1 to all casting rolls.
5	**Gibbous Moon:** Double the range of all spells.
6	**Full Moon:** Double the number of mortal wounds inflicted by spells that cause mortal wounds.

THE BATTLE OF ARGENT FALLS

Lord Vandus and his Stormcast Eternals were shocked to find their sorcerous enemy had fled – taking his fortress with him. Their quest lay in tatters. With the aid of their allies, they might yet prevail – but ranged against them were foes uncounted, waiting for their moment to strike.

The crusaders looked back over the Shattered City to the mountains bracketing Anvrok's great valley, seeking signs of the Eldritch Fortress, but it had passed beyond their sight. Other valleys hung in the darkening void above, smaller versions of Anvrok, lit by the lambent Alchemist's Moon. Above them all was the Great Crucible, a vast disc that filled half the sky. The fortress could be anywhere. Short of passing back through the Realmgate and being cast out once more through the storm, there was no way to search those strange realms. None amongst the Stormhosts wished to return to Azyr empty-handed, especially so soon after their quest began. Stymied, the leaders of the Stormhosts gathered atop the crater's crest. Tempers ran hot, and the same questions were asked time and time again, honest exclamations of bewilderment becoming more like mantras of confusion and despair.

As the Alchemist's Moon dipped behind distant Tavrok, a shimmer in the air resolved into a lithe figure – the Silver Maiden, Celemnis. Ionus Cryptborn felt her eyes upon him, and bade her greetings as if she was an old friend. She bowed her head, and presented the holy sword he had gifted her from his reliquary. Its edges glimmered sharp and silver. As he replaced it in the hands of the skeleton borne upon his staff, Cryptborn asked her if she had seen to where the castle had fled, and if so, how they could proceed there with as mighty an assemblage as the crusade.

In answer, Celemnis pointed upwards at the Great Crucible. She beckoned for Cryptborn to follow, and set off west into the city. The Lord-Relictor followed after her, tilting his head as he met Lord Vandus' gaze. Vandus made the sign of the hammer, nodded approvingly, and motioned for his men to follow.

Through mountain pass, clay mine and ore-strewn valley, the Stormhosts travelled, treading secret paths shown to them by Cryptborn's strange ally. Here and there, the Chaos tribes and monsters that had taken Anvrok launched ambushes and traps, but they retreated to the shadows soon enough when the Stormcast Eternals brought their strength to bear.

Before the eighth day was out, the Stormhosts had reached the Argent Falls, liquid silver splashing in glutinous waves and gobbets across the mountainside below them. A township crested the crag that overlooked it, as ruined as the Shattered City before it. At its heart was a raised dais, crested with six statues of drakes.

Celemnis silently pointed a long-nailed finger at the Dragonfate Dais, and disappeared.

Through a vortex of warpflame, the Oracle peered down at its rat-like supplicant. For once, both the daemon's heads were in agreement. This twitching, half-mechanical opportunist was no true champion of Chaos. Yet time was pressing. It would have to suffice.

'Listen, then,' said the Oracle's left head. 'I bid you breach Chamon at the Anvrok Dais and take battle to the Stormcast Eternals.'

'Yes-yes,' said the skaven warlord. 'We know the ways. And in return…'

'Do not tell me,' said the Oracle's right head, its boredom weighty enough to crush mountains, 'you wish to usurp your leader's position.'

The skaven warlord squeaked in glee. An incontinent dribble of warpfire squirted from his arm-cannon, hissing onto the ritual circle. Tendrils of foul smoke wound towards the invisible cracks in reality.

'Very well,' said the Oracle, gesturing theatrically as tradition dictated. 'Kill the one called Hammerhand, and the fates shall align as you wish.'

'Yes-yes!' chittered the skaven, scampering into the darkness. 'Biters! Drillfiends! Hurry! Follow the tell-smoke!'

The celestial vanguard made its way through the township towards the statue-ringed dais. A runic circle held aloft by a curving stairway, it overlooked the catcher-channels and siphon mills the long-dead populace had used to harness the Argent Falls. With the wealth the township had harnessed, it was small wonder its people had sought the protection of the gods. Such a shrine was hard to ignore; though every ancient settlement had its Dragonfate Dais, few indeed were rendered in red gold. And yet, against the barbaric hordes of Chaos, the protection of their old gods had availed them little.

A whine cut under the roar of the Argent Falls; something not natural, something not of this realm. Lord-Celestant Hammerhand had barely called his men to arms when there came a tearing, ripping shriek. All around the assembled brotherhoods, slivers of green light were opening like lesions in the fabric of reality itself. Strange green-black drills were poking through each split, juddering as they ripped them wide. The drills withdrew, just for a moment.

Shouldering into reality came massively-built Stormfiends. They growled loud as the ratling cannons built into their arms and chests hammered bullet-shards of warpstone into the Hammers of Sigmar at the front of the battle lines. Rank upon rank of Stormcast were shredded, falling to their knees before discorporating in blurs of blue lightning to rejoin the storm above. Wrecker-beasts with arms ending in mace-like grinders lowered their heads and charged, smashing into Lord Vandus' Paladins and flattening them into the gold-spattered streets.

Behind them, skaven poured out of the wounds in the air, a brown-black stream that spread like sewage gushing from an overflowing drain to swill through the ruins. The speed with which the creatures scurried into cover was unnatural. Here and there a verminous rifleman would rise up and bullseye a Stormcast Eternal, the shot so powerful it punctured sigmarite armour and flesh, bursting back out to spatter the ruins with gore.

Lord Thostos led a spearhead wedge in counter-charge, only to be met head on by a stream of liquid warpfire from the cackling creature skulking amongst the gun-armed Stormfiends. Tongues of black flame burned into Thostos' Decimator escort, melting them to stinking slurry inside their armour. Thostos himself shimmered golden in the flames, his footsteps clanging loud as his body spontaneously transmuted to invulnerable sigmarite. He pounded on, the iron-banded halberds of Stormvermin attackers snapping upon his metallic hide as if they were no more than twigs.

STORMFIENDS

Created from a disturbing process involving a blend of arcane science, blasphemous biology and cartloads of raw warpstone, skaven Stormfiends are the creations of diseased minds. They have the strength to batter down castle gates and armaments powerful enough to reduce those cowering inside to a gory paste. These potion-swollen monsters are born from the breeder alchemy of the skaven warrens, then have experimental weapons fused to their limbs with strange crystalline tools that mutate the wielder as much as the creation. Melded to the back of each Stormfiend is a twisted rat-thing little bigger than a human child, its bulbous brain lending a low cunning to these otherwise demented shock troops. The Stormfiends' usefulness is not restricted to the battlefield, either – they make formidable bodyguards and excellent sappers, their warpstone-powered drills, grinder-maces and ratling cannons allowing them to bludgeon and bore their way through not only rock, but even the cracks that the skaven have forced between the worlds.

Screeching in alarm at the Stormcasts' charge, the skaven warlock leapt out of reach, landing deftly on the Dragonfate Dais itself. Andricus Stoneheart charged up a stairway towards it, cutting his way through verminous bodyguards as he went.

Below, Thostos cursed and sought a new target. He ploughed into a masked Stormfiend that was thump-firing glass spheres of poisonous gas into the Liberators seeking to surround it. Thostos' meteoric charge caved in the beast's chest, sending it crashing back into the ruins and crushing the symbiotic brain-rat sutured to its spine. Lethal green vapours swathed the beast, rising up to choke the skaven weapon-teams that had taken position in the ruins and send them tumbling into the streets. Thostos emerged unharmed from the mist, his hammer and sword dripping blood as he cast about for more foes to slay.

In the shadow of the Dragonfate Dais, Lord Vandus was locked in battle against a brute with whirring scythes instead of fists. Calanax lunged and bit off its head, but somehow the Stormfiend fought on, one scimitar-like blade piercing Vandus' pauldron and reopening the wound Maerac had dealt him. The Lord-Celestant cried out in pain, desperately backhanding the hammer Heldensen into the beast's torso and sending it sprawling to the ground. He had barely regained his balance when a ragged split in the veil ripped wide nearby. A pair of lumbering Stormfiends barrelled out, warpdrill arms punching the air.

This time the Stormcast Eternals were ready for them; winged Prosecutors swept down, blinding the beasts with hurled hammers of force even as Vandus spurred Calanax into a leap that pushed one of the creatures back into the ether it had crawled from. Heldensen looped round, connecting with such elemental force that the second Stormfiend collapsed in a mass of broken bone and scorched flesh.

From an adjoining mountain pass rolled a crackling war engine, a mill-wheel contraption with sparking blades that sent green lightning crackling into the Judicators firing upon it. It crushed a pair of Liberators under its careening bulk as it came on at terrific speed through the battle lines drawn up to

intercept it. A bolt of green force shot out, blasting Calanax to his knees right in the war engine's path. Vandus sought to spur his mount aside, but Calanax would not rise.

Ionus Cryptborn thundered up the stairs of the Dragonfate Dais, raising his reliquary high. He chanted the oath of the Great Shatterer, his words amplified and sent skywards by the dais' strange magic. His prayer was swiftly answered. A column of raw energy thundered down scant metres from Vandus and Calanax, blasting the oncoming Doomwheel to a scattering of smoking splinters and scorched fur.

The Stormcast Eternals roared to the skies, redoubling their assault on the armoured ratmen that had sought to cut them down. The musk of fear soured the air as the verminous horde realised its leader had fled rather than face retribution. A shrill screeching echoed through the streets as the skaven army turned tail and ran, skittering away into the ruins like ghouls fleeing before the dawn.

Vandus bellowed his jubilation, clanging his hammer loudly against the blade raised by Thostos before saluting his Lord-Castellant, Andricus Stoneheart, who stood in the ruins above. Then Vandus' joy died as he saw the Lord-Castellant buckle and fall, a smoking bullet hole in his forehead. Andricus' body vanished in a blur of light a moment before it could hit the street.

'We cannot call upon the God-King's beneficence again,' protested Vandus. 'The others look to us. We must show strength, not weakness. And how are we to speak to the heavens?'

'Call upon the Great Drake instead,' rumbled Thostos. 'This dais was raised to honour him.'

'But… I know not how,' said Vandus, 'I am no drake.'

Below the Lord-Celestants Calanax roared, leaping up the stairs to join them atop the dais.

'My son!' boomed the Great Drake Dracothion. A ripple in the sky resolved into a smiling reptilian face, its teeth the glimmer of stars and its coils the swirl of nebulas. 'How fare the wars of men?'

Calanax roared, his dragon-tongue inscrutable.

'We have a boon to ask of you, mighty one,' called Vandus, after the two drakes had concluded their private discussion. 'We must find the Eldritch Fortress that once crested the Shattered City.'

'A dark place, yet with a heart of light,' said the zodiac-beast. 'I saw it rise. It bathes within the Crucible. You seek to reach it? To claim the Hammer of the Stars?'

'We do,' said Lord-Celestant Vandus.

'Then the sea of silver must cool,' mused Dracothion. 'It has been long since I dared the wyrm Argentine's fires. Go swift, then, whilst his will is diverted. May the heavens shine upon you, noble Calanax.'

A million shooting stars streaked across the sky, shimmering into the west. Vandus watched as under the Crucible's dimming disc, constellations writhed. Slowly, impossibly, the Argent Falls slowed, solidified, and cooled into a solid, lumpen mass of precious metal that stretched all the way to the vaulted skies above.

A silken song haunted the silence that fell across the valley. With ethereal grace a hundred of Celemnis' flying swords flew to embed themselves in the silvered mass like the rungs of a ladder.

'We climb, then,' said Thostos.

'Aye,' said Vandus. 'We climb. All of us.'

BATTLEPLAN

DEATH AT THE DAIS

Many battles in the Mortal Realms are fought between two forces arrayed for war, but there are times when one army is caught unawares through sorcery or ingenuity. For example, when the Hammers of Sigmar came to the Anvrok Dais, they had no idea that a verminous horde of skaven lay in wait beyond the skin of reality.

Although that trap was sprung by way of cunning and warp-engineered technology, there are any number of ways that a general could lay a similar ambush. Covens of wizards could use mystical means to suddenly transport an army into position, or a force adept in fieldcraft could launch an unexpected attack on their foe from concealed positions.

This battleplan lets you recreate such a battle, whether you want to decide the outcome of the battle at the Anvrok Dais for yourself or you have your own scores to settle.

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army, and then must decide who will be the invader and who will be the ambusher. If one player has at least a third more models than their opponent, then they must be the invader. Otherwise, each player rolls a dice, and whoever rolls higher may choose which they will be.

The general of each army has a unique command ability, shown below, in addition to any others they have.

INVADER'S OBJECTIVES

You have journeyed for many days to reach this place, fighting your way through all forces sent to oppose you on your quest. Yet as your army gathers atop this rocky plateau, you have been waylaid by an enemy force that appeared as if from nowhere. You must stand your ground and drive off these assailants at all costs. Victory will be yours when all of your foes have fled or been slain.

AMBUSHER'S OBJECTIVES

Your army has been tasked with the destruction of a formidable enemy host that has carved its way through the territory of your ally and looks set to reach their objective. You must deny them by launching a swift and sudden assault on your foes from an unexpected angle. With the element of surprise, you should be able to overwhelm your enemies before they can react. To emerge victorious, leave no enemy alive on the battlefield. If the enemy's numbers are too great for you to achieve total victory, your ally has made it clear that the enemy's general must die by your hand.

INVADER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Show of Strength: If your general slew any enemy models in the previous combat phase, he can use this ability to glory in his triumph, driving his warriors to their own feats of battle. You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for your general and friendly units within 12" until your next hero phase.

AMBUSHER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Concentrated Attack: If you use this ability, pick an enemy unit within 24" of your general. He orders his warriors to single that unit out for total destruction. You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for any attacks that target the chosen unit until your next hero phase.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place atop a plateau that rises high above a valley. The broken remains of a once-peaceful town lie about the battlefield. The one unsullied edifice that stands proudly in the centre of the battlefield is an ancient Dragonfate Dais, its sanctity protected by a powerful and ancient magic.

If you do not have a Dragonfate Dais, we suggest that the scenery piece you use instead has the Arcane scenery rule in addition to any other scenery rules it may have.

You can either generate the scenery for this battle as described on the Warhammer: Age of Sigmar rules sheet, or use the example scenery shown on the map below.

SET-UP

Do not use the set-up instructions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the invader can set up his units anywhere within 24" of the southern edge of the battlefield. The ambusher places all of his units to one side in preparation for them to arrive in the first battle round.

FIRST TURN

The ambusher always takes the first turn in the first battle round (there is no need to roll).

UNFORESEEN LEGACY

After set-up has been completed, the invader must secretly nominate one of his **HEROES** (this can be his general). As soon as it suffers one or more Wounds in the battle, the nominated model's Save characteristic is immediately increased to 2+ for the remainder of the battle.

FROM OUT OF NOWHERE

At the start of each of his hero phases, the ambusher must roll a dice for each unit that he put to one side during set-up. On a roll of 3 or more, that unit is transported into the fray. Set up the unit on the battlefield more than 9" from any enemy models. This counts as their move for the ensuing movement phase. If a unit does not arrive, or if there is no space to set up the unit using the above restrictions, roll again at the start of your next hero phase.

LOCI OF MAGIC

The Dragonfate Dais on this battlefield was built on a focal point of magical waylines. Wizards tapping in to the esoteric find their magical powers greatly augmented when they are standing upon these ancient stones.

If any player attempts to cast a spell with a model that is standing on the Dragonfate Dais, any casting roll of a double is automatically successful (even if the total rolled is not equal to or greater than the spell's casting value), and your opponent cannot attempt to unbind the spell.

VICTORY

The invader immediately wins a **major victory** if all the ambusher's starting models are slain or have fled. Similarly, the ambusher wins a **major victory** if he successfully wipes out all of the invader's starting models.

However, if the invader's army has at least one third more models than his opponent, then the ambusher wins a **major victory** if he slays the enemy player's general.

CELESTIAL VINDICATORS

The Celestial Vindicators were forged not from those who implored Sigmar for salvation, but from those who demanded a chance for retribution. Their close-knit brotherhoods are united in their burning hatred of Chaos, and none lay claim to a graver calling than the Warrior Chamber of Thostos Bladestorm. Its phalanxes are like natural disasters given form; once unleashed upon the foe, they will fight with great fury until the last spark has been extinguished from their bodies. Each warrior has a tale of atrocity and madness in his past that drives him on like a raging engine of destruction. Thostos' chamber, known as the Bladestorm, is treated with caution even by its allies. When the killing wrath is upon them, there is little that can stop their rampage.

The crackling volleys launched by Judicators can slay even the mutant war-beasts of Chaos.

Sigmarite axes raised, the Decimators challenge the foe to attack.

CELESTIAL VINDICATORS

Clad in their interlocking armour of cerulean, white and gold, the Celestial Vindicators look every inch the conquering heroes. Yet this noble aspect hides the killing fury burning in the breast of each and every warrior.

Like wrath incarnate, the Celestial Vindicators fall upon their foes with bellows of rage. They harbour an especially vehement hatred for the Ruinous Powers, a loathing that manifests itself as explosions of furious violence whenever they enter battle. Retribution is foremost in the minds of these Stormcast Eternals, a bold and noble cause that is reflected by their striking panoply of war.

Upon their shields, the hammer and lightning icon shared by Stormcasts of the First Striking is picked out in glinting gold, while the same shining hue haloes their helms and glints at the edges of their shoulder guards. Their armour is a rich cerulean shade, a colour that crackles vividly in every bolt of lightning the Vindicators ride into battle.

Against these deep, rich colours, the bone white of the Celestial Vindicators' shoulder guards stands out in striking contrast, the better to show off the blood of tyrants and Chaos worshippers that spatters them by battle's end.

The plume on a Liberator-Prime's helm can be painted to indicate his chamber. This Liberator-Prime belongs to the Warrior Chamber of Thostos Bladestorm.

This Liberator is armed with a warblade and carries a sigmarite shield. The rest of the Liberators in his retinue will bear the same armaments.

After carefully clipping your model from its sprue and assembling it with Citadel Plastic Glue, undercoat it with Macragge Blue Spray. Take care to ensure an even coat.

Next, paint the armour Sotek Green, then use Retributor Gold for the golden trim and details, and Celestra Grey for the tabard trim and other areas of white.

A wash of the colours in the Citadel Shade range adds contrast and brings out detail. Use Nuln Oil on most of the model and Reikland Fleshshade on the golden areas.

Use Citadel Layer paints to bring colour and definition to the raised areas. For this stage use Sotek Green, Retributor Armour and Ulthuan Grey.

Highlight the model's edges, using Temple Guard Blue on the armoured areas, Runefang Steel on the gold and White Scar to pick out all the white details.

Apply PVA glue to the base and cover it with Citadel Sand. Drybrush the sand Screaming Skull. Once dry, add Middenland Tufts with PVA glue. Paint the rim Steel Legion Drab.

THE BLIGHTED REALM

GHYRAN'S PLIGHT

The Jade Kingdoms were beset by the legions of the Dark Gods. However, while Queen Alarielle still lived, the seeds of hope survived. Seeking to renew an alliance long withered, Sigmar committed a great force of Stormcasts to the Realm of Life – and in doing so, began a new cycle of war.

Relentless as the waters of a filthy flood, Nurgle's armies flowed in great number across the Jade Kingdoms. For five centuries their war of corruption had raged. Rot-clad daemons and bloated Blightkings carved down all who stood before them, their victims' screams smothered by the drone of a billion flies. Vile contagions thickened the waterways into phlegmy gruel. The ragged banners of Nurgle jutted from every horizon, and entire civilisations turned to the Plague God's worship rather than fall to the sickness that ravaged their lands.

Life, however, is as adaptable as it is tenacious. From within the vale of Athelwyrd, hidden deep in Rotwater Blight, Alarielle directed her subjects in their war against the armies of Grandfather Nurgle. Though vast woodlands withered and corrupted shimmerfalls rained poison upon the lands, still the sylvaneth hosts fought on. Yet, gradually, the horrific grind of the War of Life wore upon Alarielle's spirit. Just as summer must give way to winter, she retreated into cold dormancy, leaving her minions to struggle on as best they could.

Noisome fogs and vast clouds of daemonic insects swarmed across the skies, and it seemed as though Rotwater Blight faced its final days. But then came the thunder, and with it, Sigmar's mighty storm. Exploding from the heavens amid blasts of crackling power, the Stormcast Eternals brought both salvation and retribution. Long ago, Sigmar and Alarielle had been allies, and now the God-King sought to reforge those bonds. The Knights-Azyros took Sigmar's light to the dark places of her domain, bearing their master's word to the brooding queen.

Meanwhile, Sigmar's Stormhosts flashed down to seize critical Realmgates. Though all faced battle, none was more costly than the fight before the Gates of Dawn. Here, Lord-Celestant Gardus' Hallowed Knights fought the daemon legions of Bolathrax, the Great Unclean One. The battle saw reinforcements hurled in from both sides, and there the sylvaneth offered their first true gesture of aid to the Stormcasts. Death filled the forests, a thousand souls slain with each passing minute. Determined to close the corrupted Gates of Dawn, and unable to best Bolathrax, Lord-Celestant Gardus plunged through the Realmgate itself. Lured after him, Bolathrax's bulk brought the gates crashing down. This sacrifice brought victory, but left Gardus stranded in the hellish garden of Grandfather Nurgle.

Gardus' breath rasped loud, cutting through the fevered pound of his heartbeat. Every step was a herculean struggle, dragging his limbs through thigh-deep, sucking ordure. Were it not for the fires of faith burning within his breast, he would have been dead days ago.

'Only the faithful,' he gasped, 'only the faithful.' The words escaped his bleeding lips again and again. They had become a mantra that kept his limbs moving, kept his abused lungs snatching in filthy breaths.

'Why dost thou flee, little morsel?' the voice boomed from the haze behind him. 'Can we not promenade Grandfather's glopsome gardens together?'

He had fought the daemon, and been found wanting. In this place, so close to the seat of Nurgle's power, he stood no chance at all. So Gardus fled, on and on through the endless filth. He forced down a choking giggle of madness at the thought he might keep doing so forever. Yet suddenly, the haze ahead lit with a flickering, golden light. So beautiful was the sight that his clotted breath caught in his throat. Wherever that glow originated, it could not be of this hideous realm. Feeling a surge of hope, Gardus pressed ahead, wading on toward the swelling, lambent light...

LORD-CELESTANT GARDUS

There are none in Sigmar's hosts more devout than Gardus, the Steel Soul. So strong is his fortitude that the curse of the daemon can gain no purchase upon him. It was Gardus that Sigmar sent against the hordes of Nurgle, but even he did not realise just how sorely the Lord-Celestant would be tested.

The qualities of honour, duty and sacrifice run so deep in Gardus they have come to define him. Even as a mortal man, when the Lord-Celestant was merely Garradan of Demesnus, his quiet strength was the foundation for an entire community of healers.

Garradan worked for many long years to bring succour to the sick and the cursed of Demesnus Harbour. His earnest goodwill and impressive physical presence won him many acolytes, with plenty of admirers amongst them. Garradan never put his own needs above those of his flock, even forsaking sleep for long weeks. His constitution was legendary; not once did he contract an ailment from the moss-lepers and mildewed starvelings he tended from dawn until dusk. Though many suspected it, his true calling only became clear when the hospice of Grand Lazzar was attacked by the madmen of the Skinstealer tribe.

With a four-foot iron candlestick in each hand, Garradan went about the defence of his colony with chilling efficiency. Blood spattered white sheets once more, spilled not in the name of mercy, but in anger. When Garradan was finally put down by a spear thrust from behind, he fell with a prayer on his lips. It was a plea to the stars themselves, a last request for the strength to smite those with cruelty in their souls, wherever they were found.

Great Sigmar listened well – Garradan was taken up to Sigmaron and given new life. In the Gladitorium his talents as a warrior surprised everyone – even Gardus himself. Seeing the mark of greatness upon him, Sigmar elevated Gardus to the rank of Lord-Celestant. When the Storm of Sigmar broke, Gardus was hurled to the swamps of Ghyran, a dire duty ahead of him. And beyond the gates of reality, an even fouler fate awaited...

LORD-CASTELLANT LORRUS GRYMN

The only warrior ever to have fought Gardus to a standstill in the Gladitorium, Grymn is the rocky cliff upon which many a tide of blades has broken. His fellow Hallowed Knights claim that Grymn could wear down a daemon lord – not just with parrying blade and indomitable stamina, but with impromptu battlefield lectures on proper bladesmanship and correct footwork.

Despite the fact that he shows friendship only to his beloved Gryph-hound Tallon, Grymn is a valued asset in the ranks of the Hallowed Knights. Given orders to defend a fellow officer or a site of power, Grymn will give every iota of his attention to the task, barking orders until an impenetrable bulwark of shields and blades surrounds his charge. Now the Lord-Castellant's stubbornness may well prove the difference between victory and defeat for his Stormhost, for with the loss of Gardus, it falls to Grymn to guide the Hallowed Knights through the treacherous lands of the Realm of Life in his stead.

TO SILENCE THE DIRGE

The Gates of Dawn were closed, Bolathrax and his horde banished. But Nurgle's taint remained. As the fog of war faded, a deeply unsettling note rang out, driving the sylvaneth to flight. The Stormhosts, sent back from Azyr to win Alarielle's assistance once more, would first have to destroy its source.

Gardus was gone. The phrase was muttered over and over, not only amongst the Hallowed Knights, but the ranks of the other Stormhosts too. The best of them had plunged into the hellscape of the Realm of Chaos, in the process collapsing the gate behind him. In that dread realm, the God-King holds no sway, and it was whispered that the fate of a Stormcast Eternal lost there would surely be dire indeed.

After the fall of the Gates of Dawn, Sigmar had recalled the depleted Stormhosts and issued them with a new charge. They must return to the Realm of Life in search of Alarielle. Her location was concealed even from the God-King's eyes, but he despatched his warriors to Rotwater Blight, hoping they might seek her out there. The Stormcasts' mood was sombre, for the combined force of Astral Templars and Hallowed Knights still numbered less than half their original strength.

Even as the Stormhosts struck the loam, their ears were assailed by a terrible noise – it was the Dirgehorn, a dread artefact known throughout the lands for its unearthly sound. The hideous drone rolled through the valleys as a wave of pure discord, infecting the ears of all those Stormcast Eternals who heard it with thoughts of despondency and gloom. Every blast withered healthy shoots and turned green leaves black; every tree and rock that echoed with its sonic malignance sprouted a new clutch of boils and buboes. Its effect upon the sylvaneth watching from the tree line was worse still. Crying out, the forest spirits clutched their heads with palsied fingers, their bark-like skin growing cracked and pale. Seeking those few sanctums that remained beyond Nurgle's reach, the sylvaneth fled.

Climbing atop a twisted stump, the Lord-Castellant of the Hallowed Knights, Lorrus Grymn, shouted to the shaken Stormhosts. Their course was clear. They would have to destroy the source of this dread sound if they wished to liberate Rotwater Blight from its curse. The truth held in each bellowed command was like a clarion call, cutting over the droning that filled the swampy forest. Zephacleas of the Astral Templars saluted Grymn, a high honour from a Lord-Celestant. As a gesture of respect to their brother Stormhost, Zephacleas and his warriors followed Grymn into the twisted forest.

With a clear mission ahead of them, the Stormcast Eternals found focus. Retinue by retinue they slogged through the stinking mire, Prosecutors winging above as they guided their kin to firmer ground. Though the Dirgehorn's blare made it all but impossible to talk, the Stormcast Eternals' training saw them fall into rough groups, then ordered phalanxes as they marched along the mould-spotted trails. The blaring noise was emanating from the vine-choked hills overlooking Rotwater Blight, once the site of intense war between the sylvaneth and the forces of Nurgle. Though it pained them to get closer, as long as the noise grew slowly louder, the Stormcast Eternals knew they were on the right path. The Stormhosts struggled on through belching quagmires, hillocks of dead insects and copses of chain-throttled oaks that moaned for help at their passing. Above, the skies swirled sallow puce, deathly grey and bruised yellow, here and there shot with red, like infected fluids spilling from a long-wounded gut. With every new day, the dolorous moan of the Dirgehorn grew louder.

The Dirgehorn was originally hewn from the skull of a giant plaguebeast.

Grymn bade the Stormhosts take rest every other day, yet so powerful was the demoralisation spread by the blighted realm that they could find no peace. Some amongst the Stormhosts, their spirits sapped by the hideous noise, found they could not rise without being torn from the loamy earth by their fellows. At the fore, however, the Hallowed Knights pressed on, their silver armour shining like a beacon for the others to follow. They had their duty, and they would meet it no matter the cost.

GLUHAK, THE CRUSTED BLADE

Born upon a fever victim's deathbed many centuries ago, the Beastlord Gluhak has a brutish appearance that belies a cunning mind. It was ancient Gluhak that laid the traps, brewed the poisons and organised the hunting sorties that – over the course of a week-long hunt – brought the elder beast Brondtos to its knees. Though the creature was unkillable, one of its many horns was hacked away by Gluhak's mutant giants and consecrated in the name of the Urfather, Nurgle.

It is this artefact that Gluhak dragged up to Profane Tor and fashioned into a brayhorn so powerful its rasping note can be heard by Grandfather Nurgle himself. Gluhak tells his tribe that any who sound the horn without the Plague Lord's permission will sink into the loam, never to surface. In truth, his jealous guardianship of the Dirgehorn stems not from zeal, but from a desire to personally twist and pervert every hale and healthy life form in the Jade Kingdoms.

The champions of Nurgle's armies soon heard of the invading army's approach, for news of the Stormhosts' arrival had reached them via buzzing blightfly and scurrying pox rat. The mightiest amongst them, a coven of three mutant lords whose star was waxing high, commanded their lieutenants to wait. They were content to plot their next confrontation, stacking the odds in their favour whilst letting the corrupted realm's horrors take their toll. The strategy was sound, for the blighted lands were challenging even the most indomitable of Sigmar's warriors.

At the Lake of Screaming Reeds, the Stormhosts came under attack from bulbous rot-flies and squamous daemon toads bigger than bulls. Sticky tongues yanked Liberators into the mire, yellow fangs biting through their armour before volleys of arrows burst the vile creatures in explosions of stinking pus. At the battle's climax, Zephacleas of the Astral Templars fought the toad dragon Ga'Blorrgh, but his blade was unable to penetrate the beast's blubbery flesh, for the creature had grown gigantic on a diet of tortured souls. Only with the aid of the Hallowed Knights fighting as a single mighty force could Zephacleas contain that enormity's rampage. The valour of the Hallowed Knights' Paladins allowed their brothers to force past, even as Ga'Blorrgh crushed those warriors at the fore into the suffocating muck.

Onward to the Grove of Blighted Lanterns they went, thinking the clearing's lambent lights might be a sign of succour, but instead finding them infested by daemon insects that proved poisonous foes indeed. After another half day's trudge, the battered Stormhost vanguard marched into a rain of arrows south of the Greenglow Lake. The Prosecutors winging beneath the storm-wracked skies spotted stump-horned ungors swarming the forest ruins, and the Stormhosts charged in, scouring the tumbled buildings of beastmen. Most of the ungors were quick to retreat, but the bleating screams of those left behind rang out, drawing dozens of Jabberslythes from their swampy lairs. So hideous were these creatures that an invisible wave of madness preceded them, driving many a Stormcast Eternal to his knees in despair before the beasts could be fought off.

With the Dirgehorn's dreadful cacophony growing ever louder around them, the Stormhosts found that their war mantras were drowned out completely. The long march to free Rotwater Blight was fast becoming a waking nightmare.

'Let them come,' said Gutrot Spume, briny tentacles stroking his pock-marked axe, 'I relish the chance to sully something fresh.'

'Good old Gluhak's herd will keep them occupied, should his Jabberslythes fail,' said the sorcerer Slaugoth. His jowls wobbled in silent amusement. 'That horn proved quite an asset. I shall miss its godly flatulence.'

A greataxe arced through the air to slam into a fallen yew. 'There is little to find amusing,' came the sonorous voice of Torglug. 'These invaders are disrupting the plan. We are killing them and renewing the search.'

'As you have said,' sighed Spume, flicking muck onto a clean patch of his own armour, 'several dozen times.'

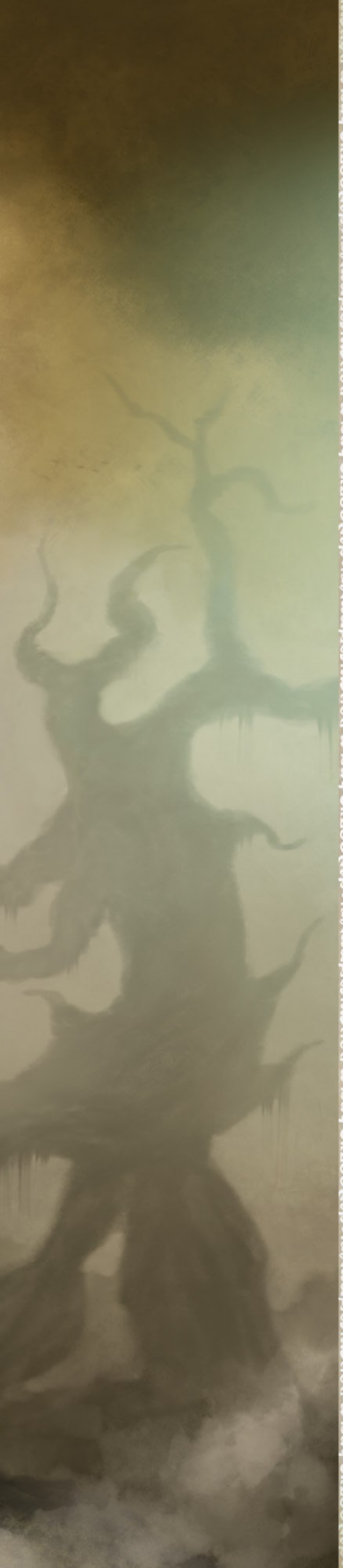
'They are making for the hag tree,' continued Torglug, rising up to his full height. 'Spume, your Drowned Men are stopping them. Sparing a few, though. Grandfather is wishing to find new test beds for his plagues.'

Spume turned on his heel and stomped away, smacking a Blightking from his path with the flat of his axe.

'Slaugoth,' continued Torglug, 'you are tainting the skies. Bringing juicy scents for the Deluge to follow.'

'And what about you, my dear?' said the obese sorcerer.

A scythe-wielding warrior emerged from the trees, whistling a harvest tune. 'He shall do as we tell him,' the newcomer said, 'for his role is the most vital of all.'



TORGLUG THE DESPISED, LORD OF PLAGUES

Torglug is one of Nurgle's executioners. His great rusted axe is the bane of warrior priests, ogor kings and daemon despots alike. Through force he rules a coalition of daemons, beasts and men.

Torglug has been ravaged most mightily by diseases and plagues, and has long since found allies in pain and despair. These he brings to all who oppose Grandfather Nurgle, for there is nothing Torglug despises more than ungratefulness and the cowardice of those too frail to embrace Nurgle's vision. The fact that he once opposed his patron bothers Torglug greatly, and he is keen to wash away the memory of his defiance in a tide of violence.

When he was merely Tornus, warrior guardian of the Everdawn tribe, Torglug was one of the most stubborn defenders of the Lifewells. He fought day and night against the invading hordes, proving so redoubtable that instead of killing him, his foes pitched him into the Pit of Filth. He survived for weeks, each of which brought some vile new development to his disease-wracked body. But still his pride would not let him accept death. He climbed from the pit on the seventy-seventh day, claimed body and soul by the power he once fought against so hard.

With each new day Torglug's axe reaped more glory for Nurgle. Soon enough he was given the honour of poisoning the Lifewells he had previously defended. The Plague God is a forgiving sort, and Torglug's past life became a distant memory for both disciple and divinity. Since that day, Torglug has risen high in Nurgle's favour. He and his bodyguard of Putrid Blightkings have claimed rulership of several noxious tribes, fighting at the forefront of the hunt for Alarielle, Queen of the Radiant Wood.

Torglug is known to the sylvaneth as the Tree-cutter of Thyrr. Many sacred groves have been denuded by the edge of his blade, just as their guardians were hacked down by the score. To the Ghyranites, he is the Despised One, a hero brought low by the slow rot of mortal pride. The Viridian Ogors call him Gut-Spiller, for his axe has opened many a stomach to the foul mist of the Graven Peaks. To the daemons of Nurgle's Manse he is Ironhood the Woodsman, for he has hacked down life-trees by the hundred to better fuel the decay spreading from his master's garden. By a dozen other names he is known, for Torglug's allegiance is a high prize indeed, and his tale is only just begun.

BLARE OF THE DIRGEHORN

The Stormcast Eternals were close to their quarry now – so near they could feel its baleful sound as a physical force. The low drone of Gluhak's fell artefact was relentless. Perhaps, if that vile noise had stopped for even a moment, they would have been alerted to the jaws of the trap closing around them.

The vanguard of the Stormhosts carved onward through the riotous life of Rotwater Blight. Wherever the path disappeared, Decimators would hack through the undergrowth, vines as thick as tree trunks spraying viscous sap where the Stormhosts hewed a path through the densest areas. More than once the Stormhosts found themselves wandering the same paths they had already cut. When they drew close to the bubbling morass of Greenglow Lake, they kept it to the west in wordless agreement, hoping it would prove a valuable landmark. In doing so the Stormcast Eternals drew too near the lake's edge. Tendrils lined with hundreds of gasping mouths lashed out from the lapping waters, catching up the closest warriors and dragging them to a watery doom before Prosecutors could soar in to drive the monsters off.

With every sunset, despair set in a little more. Gone were the tales of warrior virtue that had once kept the Stormcast Eternals hale of spirit as night drew in, their inspiring stories replaced wholly by the Dirgehorn's blare. Oftentimes, the rolling waves of sound seemed like the laughter of some grotesque god, chortling at the futility of their toil. Though they fought with every ounce of their being against Nurgle's dread influence, many a warrior's thoughts turned to survival rather than conquest. Some desired not to destroy that artefact which had proved their bane, but merely to escape its evil sound.

There were those of the Stormhosts' number that stumbled off, half-torpid as they wandered through the night. Many sought the silence of Greenglow Lake, diving deep into the brackish waters only to be dragged low by the terrors that haunted its depths. Others strode into the lake's rippling edges,

scraping blades against the filth that caked them head to toe in the hope they could wash themselves clean of the forest's taint. When the mouth-lined tendrils came for them, their struggles were short-lived; death was a high price, but not without its allure. By now, all had embraced the fact that their souls would return to blessed Azyr, and the hellish landscape that had worn them down would become a distant memory – truly it seemed that to return to the heavens in failure was better than to slog through Ghyran's foulness for even a single hour more.

Not one of those who fell to the Dirgehorn's peculiar curse hailed from the Hallowed Knights. Every night Lord-Castellant Lorrus Grymn made the circuit of a thousand of his brothers, clasping wrists with them in the warrior's handshake and exchanging a few words as he met their gaze. He would not let them forget their duty. The fortifying light of his warding lantern burned off the layers of filth caking each kinsman's sigmarite, returning their armour to a glorious lustre and sharpening blades pocked by supernatural rust.

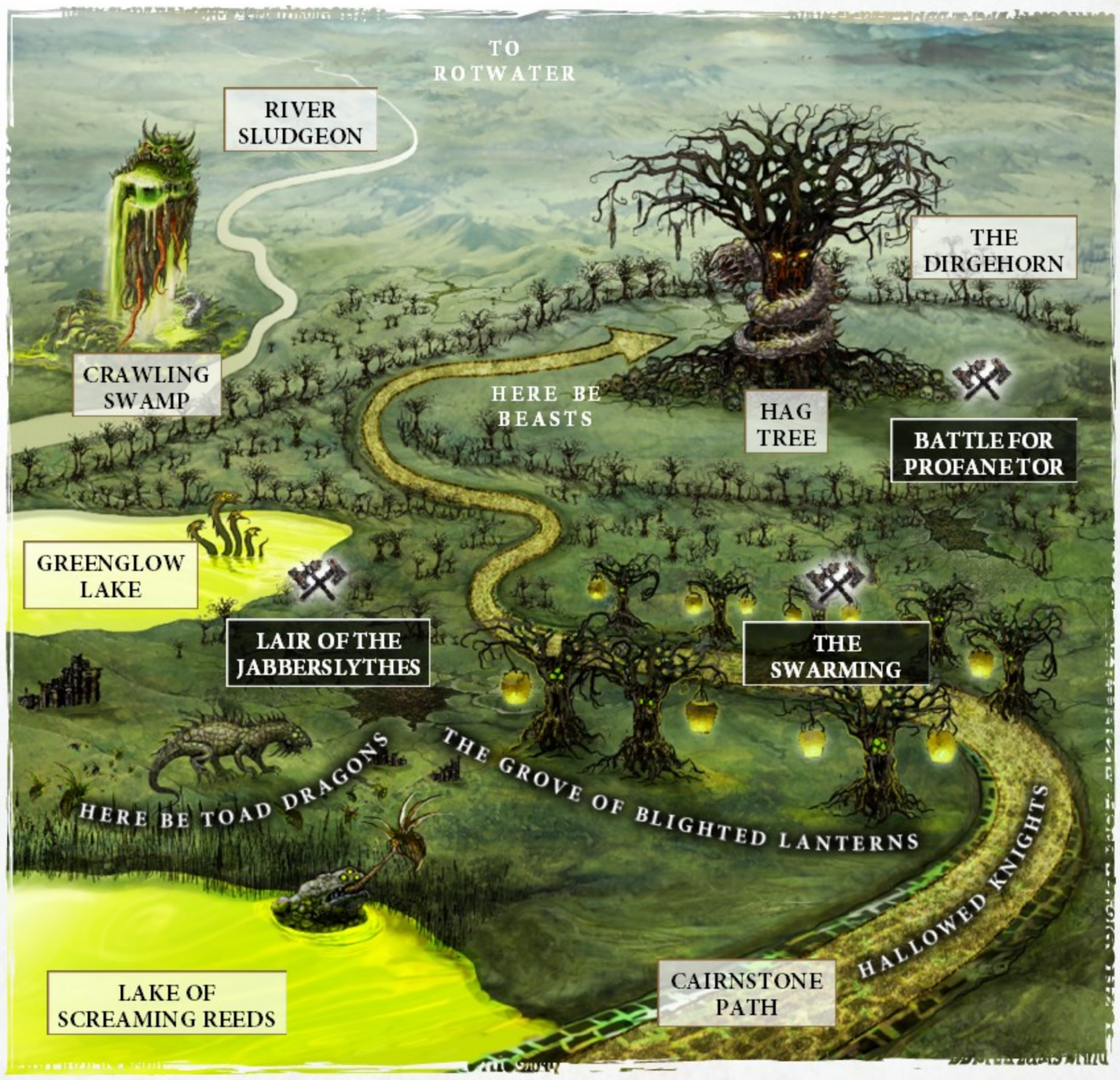
One morning, the Stormhosts found succour from another, unexpected source, when a group of ailing Dryads wordlessly beckoned them towards a hidden glade. Wary of a trap, Grymn sent his Prosecutors on ahead, but they reported back with an account of fresh bubbling springs surrounded by lush green vegetation. The Stormhosts followed the sylvaneth onwards, hoping for a safe haven from the landscape of terrors.

Grymn took off his crested helm of office, dropping to one knee and scooping a handful of spring water to his mouth. At his side, his Gryph-hound cocked its head, watching its master carefully.

'At ease, Tallon,' said Grymn, ruffling the beast's neck feathers, 'the water's clean all right.' He was amazed to hear his own words clearly; here, the constant drone that plagued them had receded to a distant hum. He drank again, and his fatigue sloughed away – warm golden light spread through him to every finger and toe. 'In fact,' he mused, 'it may be vital.'

Grymn turned to his vanguard, a broad smile splitting his lips for the first time since his Reforging. The warriors started back, suspecting their leader had finally succumbed to the feverish madness of Ghyran's curse.

'Get in here and drink, you slack-jawed oafs,' he laughed, waving the all-clear to the Prosecutors above. 'Looks like we've found the only pure water in the forest. Better than pure,' he said, crystal-clear droplets glittering from his palm. 'Perhaps our allies have not deserted us after all.'



After the respite afforded by the life-giving springs, the Stormcast Eternals felt a renewed sense of hope. They were tempest-borne warriors, the sons of Sigmar himself, and they were determined to see an end to the terrible curse of the Dirgehorn, no matter the cost.

The Stormhosts climbed against the rise of the hill with stoic and deadly focus. Each retinue's armoured heels fell in unison as they stamped down the questing black fronds and twisting lianas that grasped weakly at their ankles. So close to the Dirgehorn, the fell artefact's bray was louder than ever before. But now, instead of plaguing their minds with hopelessness and despair, the sound made them incandescent with anger.

When the Stormcast Eternals came under attack by beastmen lurking in the twisted trees, they knew they were getting close. The carnage they wrought in response was terrible. For every Hallowed Knight sent blazing back to the heavens, a dozen savage mutants were slain, their distorted bodies already half-digested by the black fronds by the time the Stormhosts marched on.

The creatures that sought to bar their path grew larger and fouler. Pot-bellied ungors were replaced by broad-shouldered gors that fought harder than any Chaos tribesman, armed with crude but deadly blades in each hand. Wherever the gors were shot down by a squall of arrows, horn-crested terrors armoured in thick rusted plates rushed in, two-handed axes swinging to hack away legs and sever swordarms. And no frenzied beasts were these – the Bestigors fought to topple their foes with sweeping cuts to the shins before placing the spiked ends of their axes under the masks of the fallen warriors and driving their killing blows home in spurting geysers of blood.

The Stormhosts were undaunted, and fought on step by bloody step, their hammers crushing elongated skulls and jag-toothed faces. When a clearing appeared in the distance, their bestial assailants redoubled their attack – tribes of snorting bullgors barrelled through the foliage, smashing aside lesser beastmen in their haste. Greataxes that could have hacked a Dracoth in two cut through tempered sigmarite as if it were parchment, driving great wedge-wounds into the torsos and necks of those Stormcast Eternals that answered their brazen challenge. Blood spilled down silver armour, gore sprayed from ragged stumps, thatched and matted hides were clotted further still. The driving assault of the Stormhosts ground to a messy halt, all semblance of cohesion broken apart by the sheer ferocity of the beastman attack.

Here and there bullgors prised away armour to gorge on the hot meat of

GUTROT SPUME, THE LORD OF TENTACLES

The Lord of Tentacles is the commander of Nurgle's plague fleets, vast galleons of rotten wood and putrid caulk that sail the void. In the Realm of Life, this foul armada burst forth from the grimy slop of the Rotwater, unclean fluids sluicing from their hulls as the drowned warriors that once manned their timbers shouted gargling warcries. Spume's flagship is no true vessel, but a titanic rot-kraken – an old ally of Spume's that now drags its way across Ghyran's reaches, a slimy trail stretching behind it as its tentacles uproot elder oaks like saplings.

With such power at his behest and an army of Nurgle's champions behind him, Gutrot Spume has grown arrogant indeed, if his fellow commander Torglug is to be believed. Perhaps, though, it is his indomitable self-belief that is his greatest strength. Only time will reveal whether he is truly a match for the Stormcast Eternals invading his master's annexed realm.

their victims. When the Stormcast Eternals discorporated into crackles of blue light, the rage of the horned monsters reached new heights. Denied the bloody feast they craved so desperately, the bullgors began lashing out at their smaller kin nearby, grabbing their broken bodies and stuffing them roughly into their fanged maws to gobble down still-warm viscera.
The Stormcast Eternals were quick to capitalise on their betrayal, hammers and blades lashing to claim life after life. Distracted, the bullgors were easy prey for the strikes of Grymn's Paladins, lightning hammers blasting through barrel chests and thunderaxes laying open spines.

The Stormcast Eternals gloried in the sight of the Retributors going about their work. Hammers rose and fell with renewed vigour, gleaming swords impaled throats and burst through chests. Sensing the ebb and flow of battle turning their way, Lorrus Grymn hooked his lantern onto his halberd's tip and held it high, bellowing a rallying call that even the Dirgehorn's blare could not drown out. His brethren took heart, forming into an armoured wedge with the Lord-Castellant at its tip.

Not a single sigmarite weapon went unused as the Stormcast vanguard mounted its counter-attack. The violence grew so intense that the air turned pink with a mist of gore.

It was Grymn that first staggered onto Profane Tor, the corrupted peak where the beast tribes made their lair. He and his Protectors struggled not to choke at the stench emanating from a towering hag tree. Noose-throttled corpses and spiked cages containing twisted skeletons dangled from its mutated branches. Amongst the piled weapons and trophy skulls stacked against its base was the Dirgehorn itself, curled like a serpent around the tree's trunk. A Beastlord with a crown of horns put his lips to it and blew, the horn's drool-slopping maws yawning wide to blast forth its unholy curse.

The Stormcast Eternals forced their way forwards against the deafening din, the noise so loud and all-consuming they fought to prevent being bowled over. Skin blackened and metal tarnished at the sound. High above, lightning flickered as Sigmar's Tempest rolled in, but even its godly rumble was inaudible over the dirge. Beastmen swarmed in from all sides, driven to utter fearlessness by the call of their dread artefact. Much to Grymn's dismay, they were not alone.

Slogging through the sludge at the clearing's edge came split-bellied axemen, their rusted armour dripping brine. The patches of flesh that bulged around straps and plates were the pallid blue-white of a swollen corpse. At their head was Gutrot Spume, the Lord of Tentacles, his iron blade held aloft in wordless challenge.

Prosecutors launched from the clearing's edge, soaring on wings of light to hurl hammer blows at the Putrid Blightkings even as Judicators sent volleys of arrows burning across the clearing. Distended guts burst, rope-like intestines spilled, breastplates fell away to reveal slither-tongued mouths behind.

Incredibly, the monstrous warriors kept coming. Their lumbering advance accelerated into a charge, and soon the Hallowed Knights found themselves beset by mutant and grotesque alike. Axes and flails whipped left and right, and one after another the silver-armoured warriors were cut down.

The battle surged and rolled across the Profane Tor. Droplets of cerulean rain turned to a shower, and then a downpour as Sigmar's Tempest broke. The gore-streaked tableau was lit by strobing lightning, each bolt revealing a new struggle. Liberators locked shields with froth-mouthed gors, desperate to land a telling blow. Judicators ran sidelong as they launched volley after volley at the cyclopean giants prowling the misted eaves. Bray-Shamans sent swarms of pincer-legged insects crawling into the fray, and armoured champions of Chaos hacked a path through the ranks of their foes.

Still the Stormcasts fought on. Lorrus Grymn smashed and kicked his way through the melee, barging a two-headed beastman from his path to slam the spike of his halberd into Gutrot Spume's shoulder guard. The Chaos champion wheeled round, three of his tentacles wrapping themselves around the polearm's haft to hold it fast. The Gryph-hound Tallon was quick to intervene, his iron-hard beak cutting through the sinewy appendages to free the weapon once more.

Grymn, loath to be caught out a second time, parried Spume's every strike. Sparks flew from clashing blades, again and again. For long minutes the duel ground on. It was not a showcase of speed and grace, but strength and bloody-minded stubbornness, for both combatants wielded weapons that could fell a tree with a single sweep. Their blows were powerful, but predictable, and neither opponent was able to best the other.

Spume became frustrated, then enraged at this upstart warrior who had the temerity to defy him. In his fervour the Chaos champion left an opening beneath his upper limbs. Grymn spotted it immediately. Snarling in triumph, he slammed the butt of his polearm through Spume's guard and into the beaked maw at his armpit.

The jabbing blow splintered the teeth that ridged its gnashing mouth, and Spume's axe fell as all seven of his tentacles withdrew in a spasm of agony. Grymn raised his blade for the deathblow. Suddenly he was plucked by the hag tree's gnarled branches and hurled across the clearing to slam hard into a moss-encrusted menhir. Grymn struggled to rise. His body was broken, but his duty was done nonetheless. In keeping the horde's champion at bay, Grymn had given his Paladins a chance to reach the Dirgehorn itself.

Decimator-Prime Machus' double-bladed axe swept back and forth with the unstoppable rhythm of a pendulum. He had spotted a tall Beastlord amongst the hag tree's roots, tendrils of magic linking him to the brayhorn that had caused so much woe.

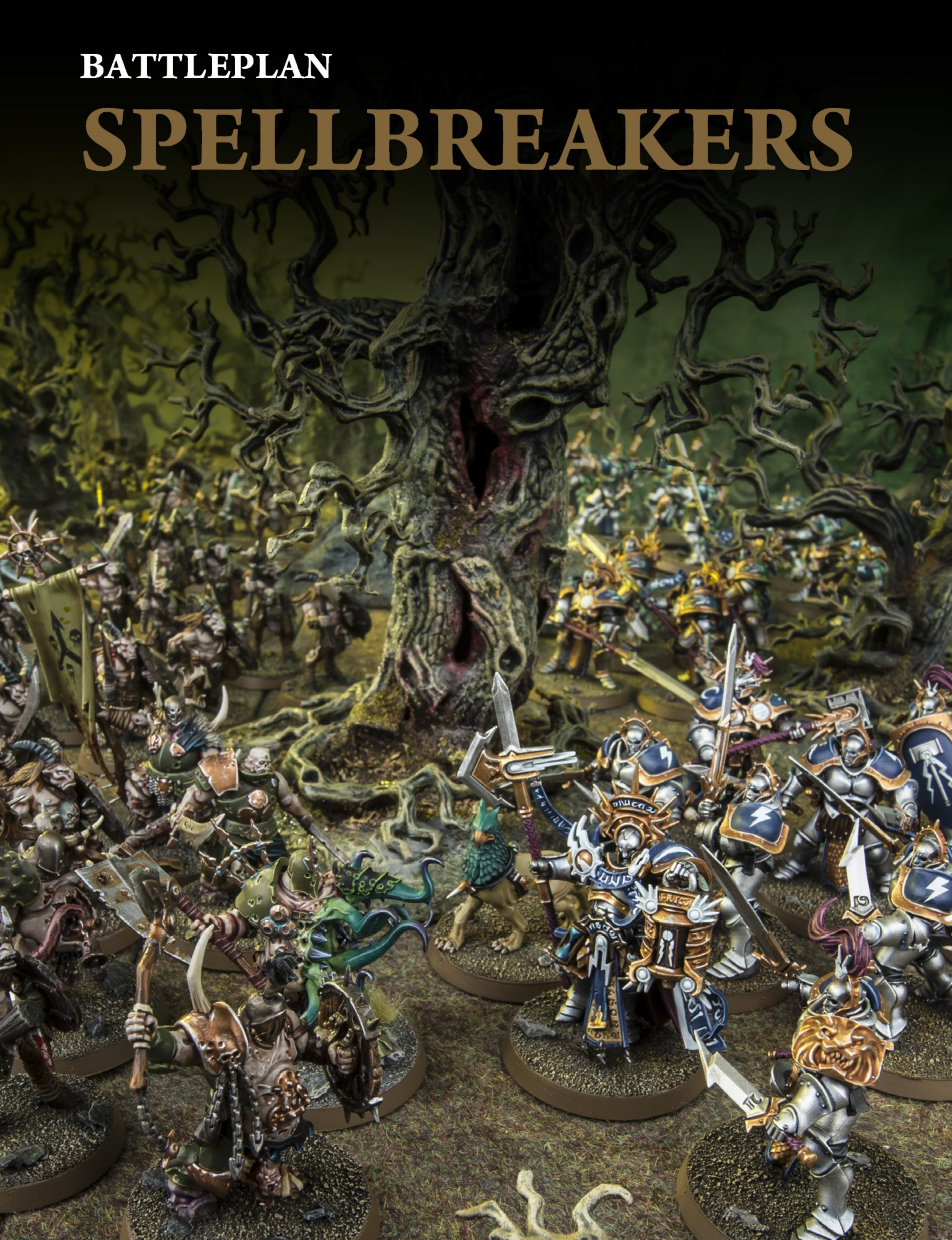
Black blood splashed across Machus' helm as his axe took the head from a four-horned beast. Rot-clad axemen stomped into his path, a wall of blubbery wet flesh between him and the Beastlord he had seen amongst the roots. His vision swam. This close to the repugnant brayhorn, he could barely think straight, let alone fight through Nurgle's finest footsoldiers.

With a yell, Machus flung his axe end over end through the air. Sigmar must have guided his arm, for it hit the Beastlord with such force it smashed him into the giant horn, splitting it along its length. The artefact's great drone rose to a scream as its magical energies roiled out of control. With a titanic boom, the Dirgehorn exploded, and the hag tree with it. A thousand sharp daggers of oak filled the air, enough to impale the flesh of every nearby warrior not clad head to toe in blessed metal.

When Machus' senses returned, he saw only Stormcast Eternals left standing in the clearing, dazed but intact. Beastmen lay broken and bloody all around. Machus hefted his axe. There was red work to be done.

BATTLEPLAN

SPELLBREAKERS



As war rages throughout the realms, it is not uncommon for an army to find a sudden advantage in the form of a magical artefact. Whether it is a boon from the gods, granted in recognition of some great deed, or an ancient treasure rediscovered and put to new use, it is as likely to draw the attention of the enemy as it is to aid its bearers.

In the previous chapter we learned of the Dirgehorn, one such artefact that the followers of Nurgle were using to sow discord in the Realm of Life. Using this battleplan, you can recreate the battle that ensued when the Hallowed Knights sought to destroy that foul relic. By using other forces, you can pit any army against another in a similar set of circumstances – perhaps a duardin runestone is disrupting the magical energies that bind an army of Deadwalkers, and the necromancer at their head must lead a force to end its damaging influence before his army crumbles to dust?

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army, and then must decide who will be the attacker and who will be the guardian. If one player has at least a third more models than their opponent, then they must be the guardian. Otherwise, each player rolls a dice, and whoever rolls higher can choose which they will be.

The attacker's general also has a unique command ability, as shown below, in addition to any others they have. All units in the guardian's army have a unique ability as shown below.

ATTACKER'S OBJECTIVES

Your enemy has come into possession of a powerful magical artefact that is sowing discord throughout your land. Those who march under its spell are imbued with dread might, while any who stand against them are sickened by its awful resonance. You have mustered a force to strike at the heart of the enemy army and destroy the artefact once and for all!

GUARDIAN'S OBJECTIVES

The song of the artefact grows stronger with each passing day, just as your army grows mightier with each victory. For weeks you have conquered all in your path, your men empowered by sorcery beyond your understanding. All you know is that you have been gifted with a great boon, and it is your duty to protect it to your last. Now, as your enemy leads an all-out assault against the source of your power, your resolve will be put to the test...

ATTACKER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Stop Them At All Costs: Your general can give the order for all-out attack, even if this results in the loss of scores of warriors. If your general uses this ability, pick your general's unit or a unit from your army that is within 12" of your general. Add 1 to all hit rolls and subtract 1 from all save rolls that you make for the unit that you pick until your next hero phase.

GUARDIAN'S ARMY ABILITY

Magical Fortitude: In the guardian's hero phase, each model with this ability that is within 6" of the magical artefact (see the set-up instructions on the next page) heals D3 wounds. In addition, you do not need to make battleshock tests for units with this ability that are within 6" of the magical artefact.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place in the guardian's lands, on the approach to the sacred site that houses a magical artefact. The terrain is dense and visibility is low, which the attackers have used to their advantage to get close to the site.

Generate the scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, with the following exception. Instead of rolling two dice and adding them together for each 2 foot square area and consulting the table on the rules sheet, roll a single dice for each 2 foot square area and consult the table below.

Roll	Terrain Features
1	1 terrain feature
2	1 terrain feature
3	2 terrain features
4	2 terrain features
5	3 terrain features
6	Choose from 1 to 3 terrain features

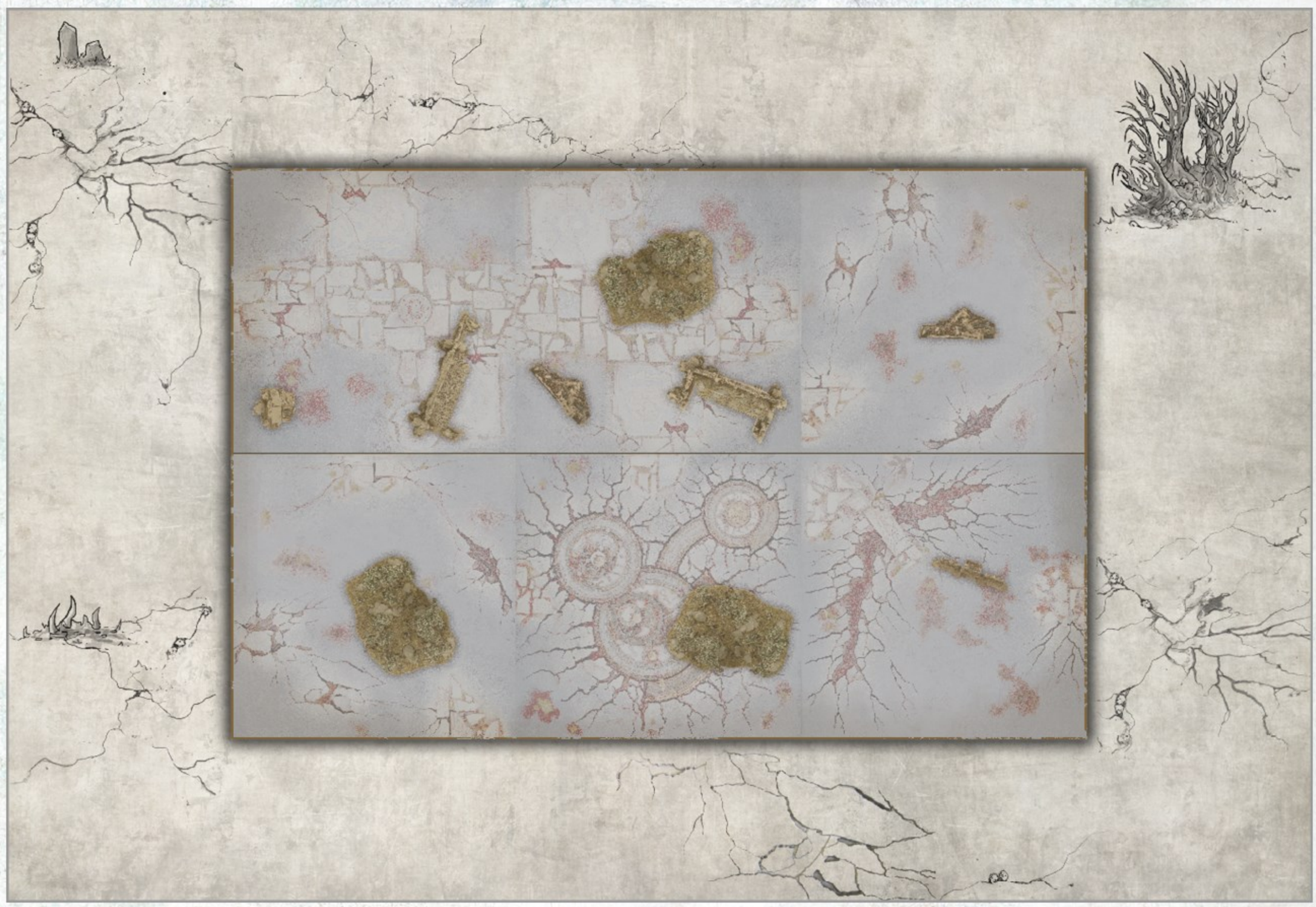
SET-UP

The players choose their territory and set up their armies as described on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet.

THE MAGICAL ARTEFACT

Immediately before the guardian sets up his first unit, he must pick a terrain feature within his territory to represent the magical artefact.

Until the artefact is destroyed, subtract 1 from the Bravery of all models in the attacking player's army.



FIRST TURN

Use the instructions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet to determine who takes the first turn.

DESTROYING THE ARTEFACT

Models in the attacking army can charge the magical artefact and attack it in the combat phase as though it were an enemy model. The artefact has a Save characteristic of 3+. If it suffers 6 Wounds it is destroyed.

If the magical artefact is destroyed, all models in the guardian player's army are demoralised until the end of the battle. When making battleshock tests for demoralised units, roll two dice instead of one and add the results together before adding the number of models from the unit that have been slain in the turn.

DISCORDANT BLAST

A **HERO** in the guardian player's army that is within 3" of the magical artefact can target an enemy unit with a discordant blast in their hero phase.

If they do so, pick an enemy unit within 18" of the artefact and roll a dice. On the roll of a 5 or a 6, the unit is blasted by the discord and suffers D3 mortal wounds. Furthermore, that unit halves its Move characteristic until your next hero phase.

VICTORY

Use the victory conditions below instead of any of the victory conditions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet.

If 75% of the attacker's starting models have been slain at the end of a battle round, the battle ends.

If the magical artefact has been destroyed, the attacker wins a **minor victory**; otherwise, the guardian wins a **major victory**.

If all of the models that the guardian set up at the start of the battle have been slain at the end of a battle round, the battle ends and the attacker wins a **major victory**.

STOPPING THE ROT

At long last, the Dirgehorn had been silenced. Saved from the deafening torment of its monstrous din, the sylvaneth emerged from hiding, filled with a fresh desire to wreak vengeance upon the servants of Nurgle. Soon enough they found a target for their ire – the Glade of Horned Growths.

The quiet that followed the Dirgehorn's fall was no true silence. Flies still droned. Swamp-sludge still bubbled and popped, while rotted boughs still creaked and moaned in the gloom. Yet the relief the sylvaneth felt was akin to the kiss of warm summer sunlight. No longer did their bodies shudder with fevered anguish, and no longer were their thoughts clouded by pain. With this realisation came relief, and then furious anger. The sylvaneth had been tortured to within an inch of their lives, and they would have revenge upon their abusers.

First to raise her voice in wrath was the Branchwraith known as the Lady of Vines. Among the most devoted of Alarielle's lieutenants, the Lady of Vines had never faltered in her prosecution of the War of Life. She had improvised her own commands when her beloved mother receded into melancholy, and had stood as foremost defender of the Shimmertarn for many years. No matter how bleak things became, the Branchwraith had never allowed the embers of her hope to die. Now, that fire was kindled anew by the arrival of Sigmar's vengeful Stormhosts.

Borne aloft upon a throne of coiling lianas, the regal Branchwraith threw back her head and sang out a perfect note. It pierced the Wyldwoods, echoing by secret ways until it reached the ears of her brothers and sisters. With a rustling hiss that grew to a tempest roar, the sylvaneth surged from their places of refuge to answer the lady's call to war anew. Alarielle might still brood on better days, but these sylvaneth would not stand by while others fought their battles for them. The fury of the forest would be unleashed once more.

As they gathered in a glimmering grove, the Lady's warriors clamoured to be heard. The Shrieking Willows should be cleansed, some insisted. Others said the Floating Isles of Talbion should be retaken, or that they should punish those who had winded the Dirgehorn. The Lady of Vines rose upon her throne, her strident tones cutting across the debate. There was one threat she wished to see ended above all others – the noxious fume that had been drifting from the Glade of Horned Growths for many days. This fug rotted everything it touched, and had already reached as far as the Vulturine Geysers. The Branchwraith feared the smog's spread might swallow Rotwater Blight entire. This, then, would be their battle; the sylvaneth would find the source of the entropic fog, and they would put an end to it once and for all.

So tall was the Treelord his shadow engulfed the Lady of Vines. With a creak of ancient wood, he dropped to one knee. The regal Branchwraith gestured languidly, though her leaves shivered in glee.

'Rise, Lorhaldh, my love. You need not bow so low.' The Treelord remained upon his knees, a gesture that sent a ripple of whispers through the Dryads thronging the grove. 'She answers not,' boomed the mighty spirit, 'Thus you are my liege, and to you I offer fealty and counsel both.'

The Lady of Vines felt a surge of hope. Treelords could be mercurial, their inconstant natures making it hard to rally them in common cause, but Lorhaldh was well respected indeed. Her face remained composed. 'As the seasons, then. What counsel give you, great Lorhaldh?'

'Only this, my lady. Much evil is there amid the Glade of Horned Growths, and gnawrats a-many. Like autumn leaves shall our warriors fall.'

The lady's throne of vines writhed as she leaned forward, a vicious smile creasing her lined face. 'Fear you not, my love. Though our foes are rich in pestilence, the god-trees shall aid us against them.'

KRATSIK OF THE RED BOIL

The Glade of Horned Growths harbours many evils, but none so foul as the Brotherhood of the Red Boil. At their head comes the rabid Plague Priest Kratsik, whose toxic faith is founded on a ravenous hunger for power. By his command do the swarms of Clan Pestilens infest Rotwater Blight.

The skaven are a conniving and endlessly selfish race, for whom betrayal comes as naturally as drawing breath. Typically, they offer fealty or worship only so long as it benefits them, and they are always convinced of their ability to manipulate or double-cross those they serve. It is thus extremely rare to find true believers amid the heaving masses of skavendom. Still, Plague Priest Kratsik is amongst their number.

When the Horned Rat ascended to join the monstrous pantheon of the Chaos gods, his Verminlords were dispatched on missions of conquest. Many a seer or warlord was undone as he attempted to wrest power from the rat-daemons, and many were punished for their temerity. It is in the nature of skavenkind to attempt to outwit their betters; even the Horned Rat himself has struck an uneasy bargain with Nurgle, an alliance born in plague and festering pox. Skaven agents would join the hunt for Alarielle; should they find her, Nurgle would gift them the choicest plagues and a Jade Kingdom in which to enjoy them.

Amongst these chosen minions is Kratsik of Clan Pestilens. Watched over by the Corruptor Vermalanx, the Plague Priest's faith has proved fanatical. His violent excesses have seen many armies brought low by disease.

This is not to say that the Plague Priest lacks the cunning to manipulate his rivals. Indeed, in his fervour to prove himself the most faithful of the Horned Rat's servants, Kratsik has engineered the demise of countless Chaos champions and skaven warleaders. However, he recognises that manipulating a god is beyond even him. Instead, Kratsik screeches his deity's praise all the louder, that the Horned Rat might favour him with his festering bounty.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF THE RED BOIL

Plague Priest Kratsik's most fanatical followers are known as the Brotherhood of the Red Boil. Wild-eyed and ferocious, these frenzied killers surge into battle with frothing spittle spilling from their fanged jaws. The corruption that weeps from their blades is so virulent that even a shallow cut can kill, while beneath their matted fur, their hides are wrinkled and leathery enough to turn aside arrows and blades. It is their total obedience to Kratsik that makes the brotherhood truly dangerous, however; at a word from their Plague Priest, the Red Boil will rush eagerly to their deaths without a second thought. Though such bravery seems to stem from fanatical devotion, in truth the brotherhood's insane courage flows from the blessings of Nurgle. Within the brain of each Plague Monk nestles a fat daemon maggot, hatched from the crimson buboes on Kratsik's foul body and utterly loyal to the Plague Priest. Even as these parasites chew hungrily at mouthfuls of rotting brainflesh, they compel their hosts to obey their skaven master in all things.

AMID THE MURK

The Glade of Horned Growths squatted amid the Forest of Blight like a vast canker. On orders from Vermalanx the Corruptor, the skaven of Clan Pestilens lurked there in vast numbers, their presence tainting the woods. As ever with the ratmen, their true purpose was obscured by conflicting schemes.

Rot-smog belched from the bulky censer of Kratsik's Plague Furnace. The skaven priest fanned the hideous fumes, coaxing the seething green clouds to rise like coiling serpents through the Glade of Horned Growths. Corrupted by the portal to Nurgle's realm that pulsed in their midst, the trees here had been infested by grotesque fungi. Foul stalks burst from hollow trunks, fans of moistened matter and fronds of spore-heavy tendrils forming a writhing ceiling that shut out the light. Yet even these horrible growths recoiled at the corrosive touch of the rot-smog.

Whatever those foul fumes engulfed turned swiftly to pus and slime. Already, several patches of the glade had been devoured. Only bubbling mounds of black ooze remained to mark an area that had once housed trees, beasts and a clawful or two of Plague Priest Kratsik's less cautious underlings. Further out, the rot-smog spread and curdled amid the woods, bark sloughing away at its touch while it ate away at land, air – even light.

This was holy work indeed, thought Kratsik proudly, and it was all thanks to the blessings of Vermalanx.

The Verminlord Corruptor had bestowed upon Kratsik an urn of moaning ashes, which now burned within his Plague Furnace to produce the tainted smog. It was Vermalanx, too, who had commanded Kratsik to lead his fecund followers to this glade, to infest and fortify it. The Corruptor had known that the energies spilling from the Realmgate would magnify the rot-smog's powers, and spread its fume far and wide. Kratsik gazed across the murky clearing, over the heads of his sea of followers, to where Vermalanx hulked amid the gloom. The Corruptor was a being that embodied the might of the gods. Whatever the Verminlord commanded, Kratsik would do to prove his worthiness.

A skaven sorcerer crouched amid the shadows, one whose opinion of Vermalanx was quite different. Perched on a jutting root, obsessively flensing the skin from an unlucky rat, Grey Seer Skurrik twitched his tail with impatience. He had come here, to this stinking, tree-infested place, in pursuit not of war but of study. Kratsik had been irritating him with questions as to his agenda, but it was none of the Plague Priest's concern. In truth, the Verminlord had promised him the resources and opportunity to capture a Stormcast Eternal for dissection. The means to achieve his goal, Skurrik had acquired – a spell of binding seared into his thoughts by the Verminlord as payment for a rune-jar full of old ash.

The Horned Rat has many guises, amongst them the Great Corruptor.

Skurrik was eager to use the spell, yet the Verminlord had kept him waiting for days while Kratsik boiled up poisoned smoke from his Plague Furnace. If something didn't happen soon, Skurrik would call upon his rot-thing allies instead. The seer jabbed his claws into his rodent specimen, grinning at the thought. There were pacts that even the Verminlord didn't know about.

It was then the entire glade began to shudder. The jolts were faint at first, but rhythmic, and grew swiftly stronger. Skurrik scrambled to his feet as Kratsik's Plague Monks became aware of the pounding and began to chitter and wail. Skurrik had a horrible feeling he knew what those reverberations were. Footfalls, but not those of mortals; nor even those of monsters. From beyond the glade, screeches rose from Kratsik's sentries, along with the frantic clanging of brass gongs. Huge forms loomed on the horizon, and they were getting closer by the moment.

THE LADY OF VINES

Gnarled and weathered by centuries of war, the Lady of Vines is Alarielle's seneschal, and one of her greatest generals. The Branchwraith is quite literally the right hand of her queen, cut from Alarielle's wrist and nurtured into a courageous and skilled lieutenant. The Queen of the Radiant Wood sprouted a new hand soon enough, for her veins sing with the magic of life, and the sacrifice was worth making – in creating her favoured daughter from the stuff of her own body she ensured unquestioning loyalty. However, the Branchwraith was born while Alarielle remained in her summer aspect, full of wrath and energy. Thus, as Ghyran's queen faded into torpor over the course of the War of Life, the Lady of Vines remained as aggressive and certain of victory as ever. Just as summer waited for its time to come again, she felt convinced that her mother would one day rejoin the fight. Those doubts that Nurgle sent to worm their way into her heartwood were swiftly burned away by the radiant vigour and certainty that permeated her being.

VERMALANX THE CORRUPTOR

A malignancy upon the Mortal Realms, the Verminlord Corruptor known as Vermalanx is ancient and cunning beyond words. In Rotwater Blight, he seeks to enact his most evil scheme yet.

Vermalanx the Corruptor is the Horned Rat's chief agent in the Jade Kingdoms. All the Verminlord's intellect is bent toward exploiting Nurgle's looming victory for his own malicious ends. Early in the War of Life, Vermalanx realised that the key to victory lay with Ghyran's fey queen. However, though his agents have crept far in search of Athelwyrd, the Hidden Vale, they have met with no success.

Undeterred, Vermalanx has concocted a plan so vile it could poison a sane mind forever. If Alarielle could not be found by her foes, he reasoned, then her own guardians would have to betray her. To this end, Vermalanx has enlisted the aid of not only Kratsik, but also the infamous vivisectionist Grey Seer Skurrik. Striking a baleful bargain with the seer, Vermalanx had Skurrik's agents creep into the basement of Grandfather Nurgle's manse. Though they risked the very foulest retribution, the terrified ratmen stole an ancient urn, said to contain the ashes of a mighty Treelord trapped for unknown aeons. These ashes Vermalanx gave to Kratsik, bidding the Plague Priest burn them in his Plague Furnace. The resultant rot-smog was so potent it dissolved the fabric of reality.

Knowing that his foes cannot not leave such an atrocity unpunished, Vermalanx has settled his forces around the Realmgate in the Glade of Horned Growths, content to wait. The sylvaneth will come to him, and when they do, he will prise Alarielle's location from them, whatever it takes.

The clearing was thick with writhing shadows and chittering Plague Monks. In its midst towered Vermalanx, eyes glowing faintly amid the haze. From beyond the glade, he could hear the screech of Kratsik's sentries. The jarring shrieks brought a death's-head leer to the Verminlord's cadaverous features. Surely these trespassers were Alarielle's minions, walking right into his trap. They would give him their lady, whether they wished it or not – and when he had Ghyran's faded matriarch in his claws, the spell of transformation would be unleashed through that puffed-up fool Skurrik. Athelwyrd would soon dance to his tune, and once one Jade Kingdom was his, more would follow...

THE BATTLE FOR THE GLADE

The sylvaneth launched their attack upon the Glade of Horned Growths, determined to cut off the choking rot-smog. The skaven responded with the ferocity of true fanatics. Yet when others encroached upon the conflict, the swift strike of the sylvaneth wyldwood descended into utter mayhem.

The ground shuddered beneath the crashing limbs of Rotwater Blight's god-trees. From a distance the strange creatures resembled giant, upside-down oaks lumbering along on thick, silver-leafed branches. Eyes bulging in disbelief, Kratsik's sentries watched from perches amid the warped canopy of the glade as a trio of the towering, impossible tree-things ploughed towards them. Atop the foremost tree, her tendrils entwined with the roots that writhed there like a crown, stood the Lady of Vines. The Branchwraith's head was tilted back, her eyes screwed shut as she enforced her will upon the elder tree-spirits that bore her into battle. Still, the Lady's mouth quirked, her sap running hot at the sounds of squealing coming from below. The ratmen were right to fear, for an army of Dryads amassed in the hollow trunk below her. Vengeance was coming.

The sylvaneth attack hit the rat-infested canopy of the Glade of Horned Growths with tremendous force. Emitting rumbling booms, the mighty god-trees leaned forward, revealing their trunks to be filled with tendrils and creepers to which the sylvaneth clung. Dryads and Treelords leapt from within to attack. Bulwarks of bloated fungus were smashed aside, spores bursting from their stringy flesh as they toppled and tore. Maddened skaven scrambled through the twisted eaves, hacking at Treelords with rusted blades, but to no avail. Swarming around the giant sylvaneth came branchlings grown in the hidden places of Rotwater Blight. These spry tree-spirits keened with fury, the desire to slay their foul oppressors resonating in their song. They landed amid the tangled branches of the glade and set about the teeming Plague Monks with screams of indignation. Lashing,

taloned limbs whipped out to tear through rotting cloth and leathery skin. Skaven blood fell like rain, pattering down upon the thirsty, sucking leaves of the glade. Plague Monk corpses followed, tumbling through the branches with their necks broken and their bodies torn.

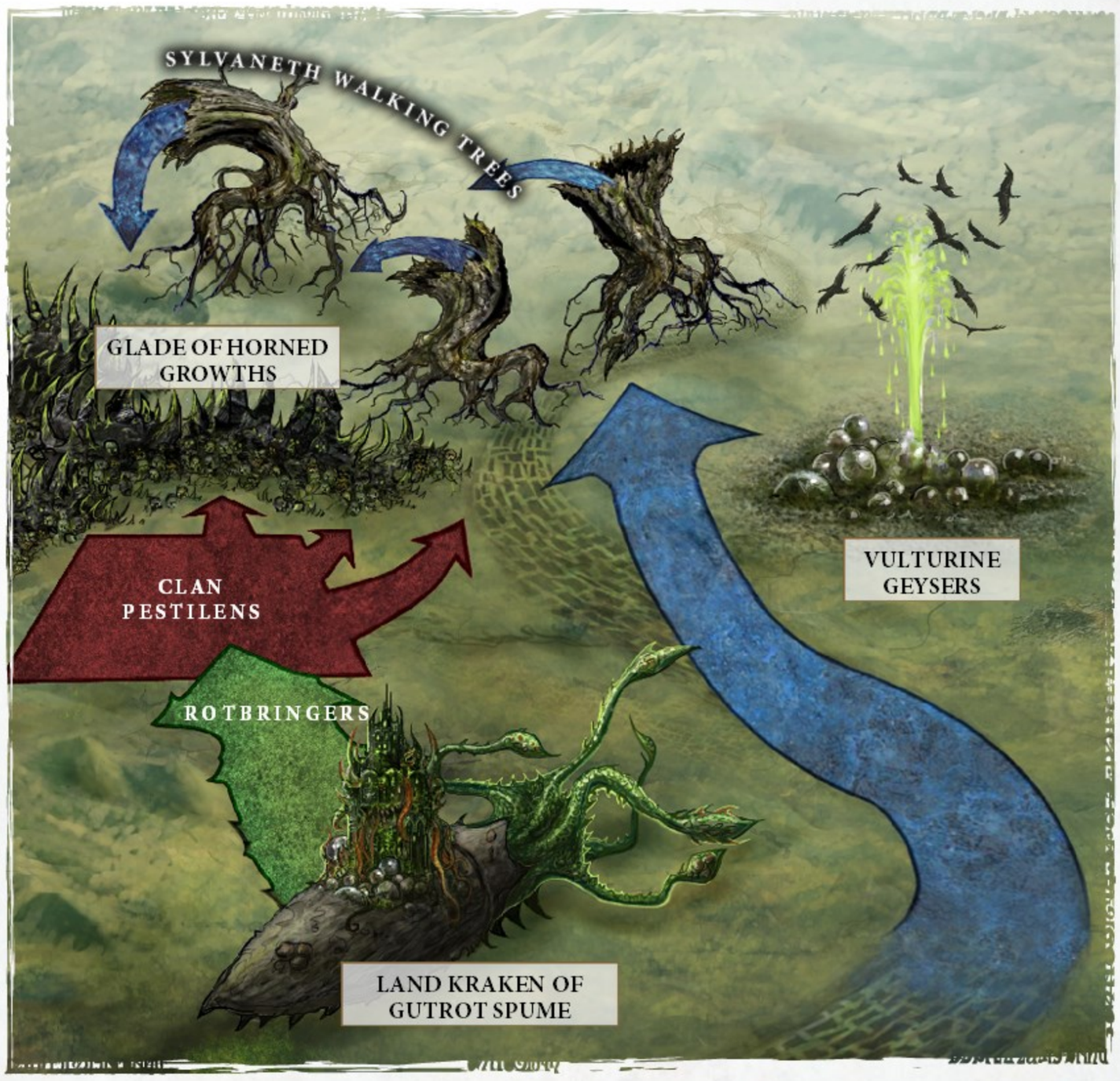
Behind the first wave of Dryads came older, war-weathered spirits meeting the frenzied counter-attack of the surviving Pestilens sentries with implacable fury. In their midst were a pair of Treelords, Lorhaldh and his seed-sibling, Thellembhol. The Treelords climbed ahead of their Branchwraith matriarch, swatting ratmen from the Lady of Vines' path. Thick, coiling branches swept left and right, smashing shrieking skaven from their perches and pulverising them in sprays of gore. Already, another wave of gabbling Plague Monks was scurrying along the branches to meet the Lady of Vines' warriors. Marking their approach, the Branchwraith knew well that the hardest fighting still lay ahead.

Down in the clearing, Grey Seer Skurrik watched an army of sylvaneth stalk from the tree line. While the Plague Monks chanted their foul litanies, Skurrik scampered over to stand in the dirty light that spilled from the Realmgate. Skurrik wasn't sure who was attacking, but he wasn't one to take chances. It was time to call upon the rot-things with whom he had made pacts behind the Verminlord's back. Swiftly, the Grey Seer knelt before the fungus-covered Realmgate at the clearing's heart and scratched a sigil into the muddy ground.

'Wither and split, blacken and crack!' screamed Kratsik as a thicket of sylvaneth dropped from the trees. He swung his plague censer furiously, fumes spilling over the Brotherhood of the Red Boil as they scurried beside him. At his back, the Plague Furnace rumbled and creaked. Rot-smog billowed from it, melting branches and dissolving those luckless skaven standing downwind.

Somewhere great Vermalanx was lurking in the shadows, watching and waiting for his moment to strike. There would likely be hundreds more tree-things skulking around, too, encircling the skaven encampment in a devious ambush. As though the thought had summoned them, lithe shapes emerged from the treeline. The Dryads darted forward, talons whipping out to impale a band of luckless Plague Censer Bearers.

'Now!' shouted Kratsik, 'Kill-kill!' At the head of a tide of plague-ridden ratmen, he charged frothing into the fight. There was no better way to prove devotion than with blood sacrifice, after all – and as usual, Kratsik intended to be on the right end of the knife.



The Realmgate's jaundiced glow flickered, then flashed brightly. The pulse of light speared into the sky, a beacon that Skurrik's allies could not fail to see. Sure enough, horns moaned to the south just moments later. Distant, for the moment, but they would be here soon enough, for they had been waiting for the Grey Seer's signal. Skurrik was not the only one keen to capture one of the Stormcast Eternals alive.

The seer was just turning away when the Realmgate issued another pulse. Skurrik span in surprise, tail twitching nervously as a figure in filth-caked, silver armour staggered coughing from the gate. In one hand, the figure clutched a hammer that crackled with aetheric energy, while a slime-slicked cloak clung to his shoulders.

For a moment, Skurrik just gaped. Then the wild-eyed warrior gave a terrible scream, a bellow of mingled horror and relief. Panic surging, Skurrik chittered a swift incantation and vanished in a puff of reeking smoke.

Left alone before the gate, half-mad with fever and horror, Lord-Celestant Gardus vomited painfully. Only one clear thought remained in the warrior's head. He must find his brothers. They must be told. They must know the secret. Gardus stumbled from the clearing, following the sounds of fighting in the distance.

Meanwhile, war raged on beneath the trees. With the Brotherhood of the Red Boil leading the charge, the skaven had swarmed into battle. The first Dryads to stand in their path were buried by the chittering tide. Though lashing branches impaled dozens of Plague Monks, the sylvaneth were swiftly overrun. Black-slimed blades rose and fell, hacking through bark hides and spraying green sap in all directions. Yet these first Dryads had been brave volunteers, bait for a trap that the skaven had taken without a second thought.

Now the greater force of the sylvaneth joined the fight, dropping down from the canopy above. Kratsik's forces were caught completely by surprise. The battle soon became a vicious slaughter as the vengeful Dryads choked and stabbed, flayed and throttled. Screaming Plague Monks fell at an astonishing rate.

With twinned booms that shook the ground, the Lady of Vines' Treelord guardians dropped from above, crushing ratmen into paste beneath their splaying feet. Rising to his full height, Lorhaldh sent strangleroots rushing out to entangle a warband of the Red Boil. Even as he tore the frantic ratmen to pieces, his seed-kin Thellembhol waded into the fight, each swing of his long limbs hurling skaven through the air.

GREY SEER SKURRIK

A rebellious sorcerer with ambitions of conquest, Grey Seer Skurrik is utterly obsessed with the energy that drives living things. For years he has haunted the fringes of Rotwater Blight, preying upon the fallen in his quest to understand the magics of life itself. Skurrik desires to create an army of arcane super-beings, with which he hopes to assume rulership of the skaven Masterclan. Such plans were but fever-dreams until the onset of Sigmar's Tempest. However, having learned of the storm-born power that fuels Sigmar's warriors, Skurrik knows he has found his raw material. To this end, the Grey Seer struck a bargain with Vermalanx the Corruptor. In exchange for a single – admittedly dangerous – theft, Skurrik has been taught a mighty spell that can bind even a Stormcast Eternal for capture. Congratulating himself on manipulating the rat-daemon, Skurrik has allied himself with Vermalanx's forces. Such a powerful fiend would surely see battle against the storm-things soon enough, and when he did, Skurrik would be ready to pounce.

In the midst of it all, the Lady of Vines descended from above, arms outstretched and face a cold mask of fury as her throne lowered her to the ground. Here were defilers and poisoners, those whose kind had driven her mother into sorrowful torpor. None would be forgiven. Singing her song of death, the Branchwraith stabbed and slashed, and Plague Monks died.

Kratsik screeched his fury at the sight of his pox-ridden flock laid low. The Plague Monks were fighting back in a blind frenzy, Dryads falling left and right to their rusted blades, but the sylvaneth attack had wreaked havoc. Worst of all, Vermalanx was nowhere to be seen, seemingly oblivious to his subjects' cries for deliverance.

Turning, Kratsik smashed a Dryad to the ground with his plague censer, then chittered a command to the embattled Plague Furnace crew. Kicking away the sylvaneth attempting to clamber onto the carriage, the crew-rats wrenched on their ropes and chains. With a discordant clang, the Plague Furnace's mechanism released, allowing its great censer to swing forward in a wide arc.

The moan coming from within the censer became a wail of anguish as the huge metal ball swung into the melee. Its crushing weight pulverised Dryads and Plague Monks alike, but the worst was yet to come. Rolling forth in a great cloud, the rot-smog engulfed a swathe of the battlefield, annihilating everything it touched.

Dryads collapsed, bodies melting away in seconds to leave steaming puddles of sludge. Plague Monks fell too, squealing their last amid the fumes.

Yet as the cloud dispersed, it was clear that the sylvaneth had suffered worse. Dryads by the score simply dissolved. Even noble Lorhaldh was down on hands and knees, one side of his body reduced to a huge, festering wound. His strangleroots thrashed at the skaven nearby, but they darted clear.

Kratsik, seeing his chance, broke into a manic charge. His claws splattered through rotting muck as he ran. He leapt from a fungus-stump, plague censer arcing high. The toppled Treelord raised a branch to stay the blow, in doing so brushing a cloud of vile rot-smog. His features twisted in revulsion as the limb sloughed away into mulch. Kratsik's censer whirled, its smoking ball mashing Lorhaldh's face into rotting wood and rancid sap. Kratsik stamped his feet and screeched in victory as the Treelord fell dead.

At the same moment, a discordant blaring of horns sounded from the southern edge of the clearing. The Lady of Vines turned her horrified gaze from poor, slain Lorhaldh to behold the hulking warriors now forcing themselves between the fungus-riddled trees. As if matters had not been desperate enough, now the bloated servants of Nurgle had joined the fight. Heaps of dead skaven lay everywhere, far more than remained standing, but the Branchwraith's forces were also in disarray, shocked by the sudden deaths of so many of their own.

Bellowing their glottal war cries, the Blightkings charged. Their axes and scythes swung in ponderous arcs, cutting Dryads down to bleed ruddy sap into the muck. As one, the surviving sylvaneth recoiled, panic blooming in their hearts. The Lady hissed her rage, vines lashing out to punch through the nearest swollen warrior and tear him messily in two. She grasped for the flowing magic of the land, dragging a mass of thorned tendrils from the ground to tangle the Blightkings' legs. But they would not be stopped, stomping down root and liana with pox-riddled blades swinging.

It was at that moment that Lord-Celestant Gardus charged from the trees. Catching sight of the suppurating servants of Nurgle, the Stormcast lord roared with a fury that bordered on madness. Gardus brought his weapons to bear, hammer smashing a Blightking's head from its blubbery neck even as his blade cut the legs from another. The hammer came back down to shatter the Rotbringer's skull. Divine lightning crackled from Gardus as he slew over and over, burning away the slurry that caked his armour and setting the Putrid Blightkings aflame.

So great was Gardus' wrath that he blazed like a newborn sun, white fires lining him like an aura. Try as they might, the Blightkings could not stop his onslaught.

As the servants of Nurgle were smote to the ground, the sylvaneth renewed their assault. Maddened by grief, Thellembhol stormed forward, kicking skaven from his path. Strangleroots lashed out, ensnaring the ramshackle structure of the Plague Furnace. Bellowing his fury, the Treelord wrenched the foul contraption sideways, sending it crashing down into the Plague Monks that surrounded it. Its censer split, spilling a billowing cloud of red hot ashes that melted ratmen to gory sludge.

Kratsik watched in disbelief as his last warriors burned. How could this be? He screeched long and loud, beseeching

Vermalanx for aid, but the Corruptor was nowhere to be seen.

Instead, it was the Lady of Vines who approached, striding from the swirling ashes with her thorned tendrils lashing. Kratsik snarled, baring his fangs. But instead of charging, the Branchwraith halted a stone's throw away, answering his challenge with a hiss of contempt.

The Lady of Vines fixed her eyes on something over Kratsik's shoulder. The Plague Priest span, his snarl curdling into a frightened croak as Thellembhol loomed over him. Kratsik spat the first syllables of an incantation that would turn the monster's sap to sludgy pus, but he knew he was already too late.

A massive foot rose, and then slammed down again as Thellembhol stamped the life from the vile skaven who had slain his seed-sibling.

Behind a cloud of sorcerous shadow, Vermalanx had watched the battle in gloating silence. The tree-things had come as he had predicted, slaughtering Kratsik and his expendable vermin. The rot-things had been an interesting surprise, but the sudden arrival of the blazing Stormcast Eternal had sealed their doom. As Vermalanx looked on, the silver warrior staggered across the clearing, his holy fires dying. The surviving Treelord moved to block his path, but the female tree-thing waved it back. Vermalanx listened intently as the silver warrior spoke.

'Lady,' said the warrior, 'through great horror have I come. I must return to my brothers. I... I have seen the Hidden Vale, reflected... I can lead them to...' As if realising to whom he spoke, the silver warrior stopped short.

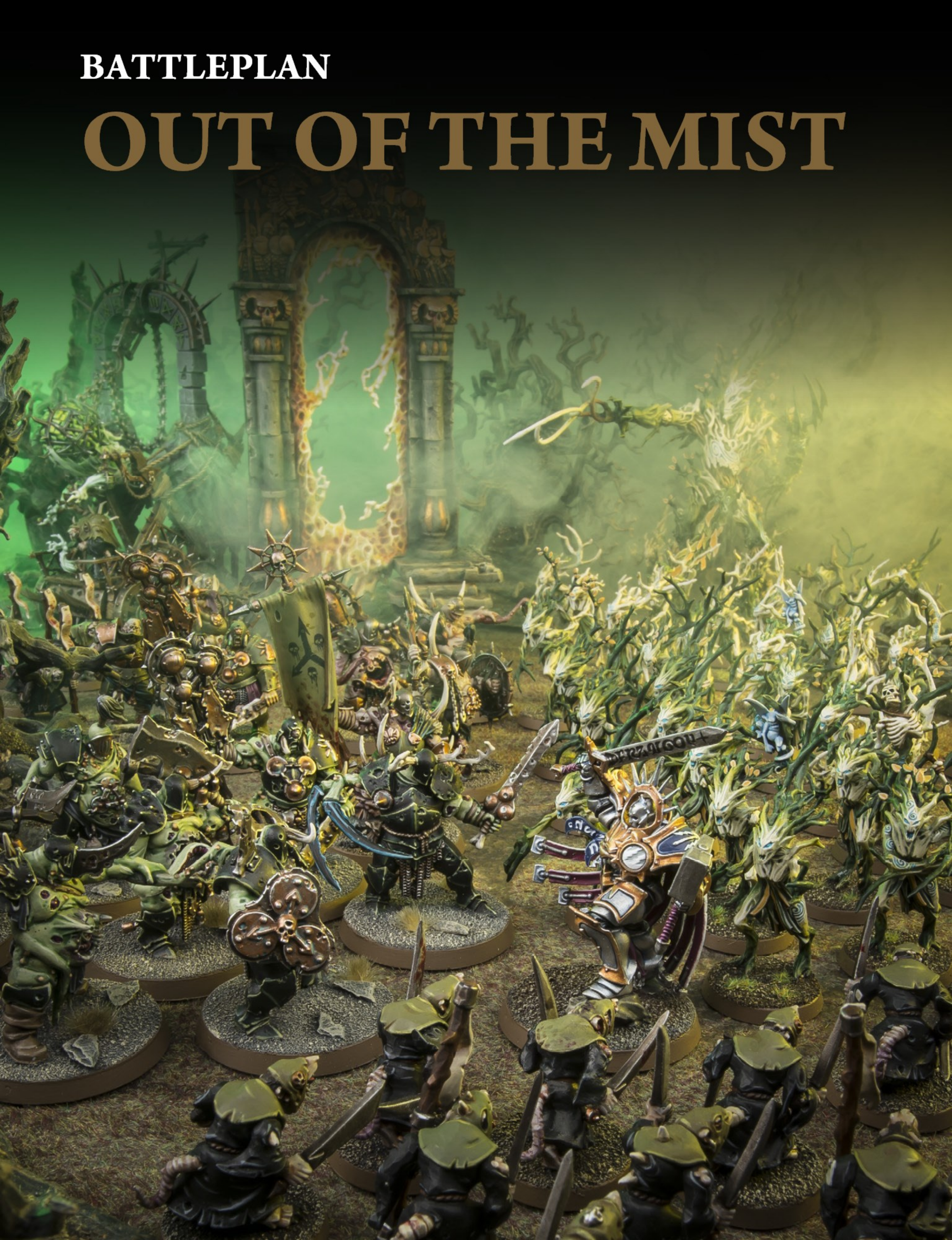
'Fear you to tell your tale, son of Sigmar?' replied the tree-thing. 'You have learned a dangerous truth, it seems. Perhaps your coming shall bestir my mother from darkling dreams. We shall take you to your brothers.'

With that, the tree-thing turned away, her surviving sylvaneth and the silver warrior following. At a gesture from Vermalanx, the Gutter Runners who lurked in his shadow rose and filtered through the trees.

The Hidden Vale, thought the Verminlord. Soon, Alarielle would be his.

BATTLEPLAN

OUT OF THE MIST



Information is key to victory in war. Without it, an army could wander into a trap, blindly enter the territory of a hulking predator or battle through wave after wave of enemy warriors only to find that the objective they seek is long gone.

Sometimes, two warring parties will come across a messenger or scout carrying such information, often in less-than-ideal battlefield conditions. In this case a foul smog blankets the battlefield, hiding enemy and friend alike, as it did when Gardus returned from his terrible journey through the Garden of Nurgle. One side must do everything it can to ensure the messenger survives, while the other must make every effort to bring about his demise.

Whether you re-enact the fight in the Glade of Horned Growths or use this battleplan with different armies, this battle will provide both players with interesting decisions and tactical options.

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army, and then must decide who will be the attacker and who will be the defender. The attacking army must include at least one **HERO**.

If one player has at least a third more models than their opponent, then their opponent's general can choose one of the Forlorn Hope command abilities below in addition to any others they have.

ATTACKER'S OBJECTIVES

Days of constant battle have driven your enemy back time and time again, but now they have retreated into a dark forest shrouded in a strange mist. Furthermore, your scouts have spotted one of your heroes, long missing and presumed captured, or dead. Knowing that he might have useful strategic information, you resolve to recover your lost hero before the enemy can overwhelm him.

DEFENDER'S OBJECTIVES

The past days have been trying, with your forces pushed back again and again, but now you have found an opportunity to overthrow your hated foe. You have drawn their army into a forest known for its creeping mists, where you can pick them off piecemeal while avoiding direct confrontation. Furthermore, you have spied one of their number, separated from the rest – a scout, perhaps? No matter. His doom is as certain as that of his allies...

FORLORN HOPE COMMAND ABILITIES

Heroic Charge: If you use this command ability, your general and all friendly units within 3" of him in the charge phase of this turn can charge even if they ran or retreated earlier in the turn. In the combat phase of this turn, add 1 to the result of any hit rolls you make for your general and any models within 3" of your general.

Stalwart Defence: If you use this command ability, your general gives the order to lock shields and bear the brunt of the enemy's attack. You can re-roll failed save rolls for your general and units within 3" of your general until your next hero phase. In addition, you do not need to take battleshock tests for units within 3" of your general until your next hero phase.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place in a forest where twisted branches and gnarled roots provide cover against the enemy's attacks. Visibility is low beneath the spreading boughs, worsened by the strange mist that pervades the region.

You can either generate the scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the example scenery shown on the map below.

SET-UP

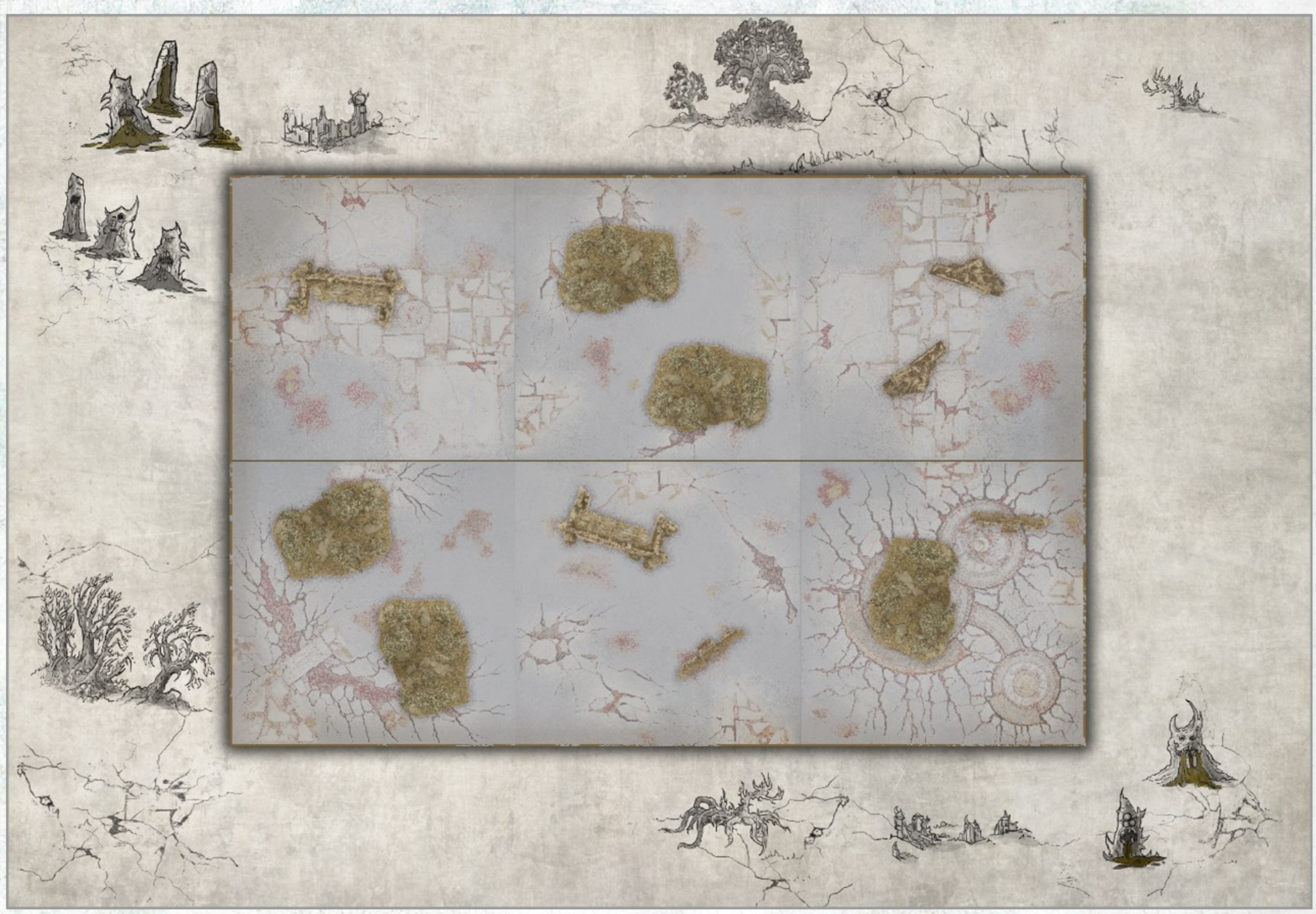
The players set up their armies as described on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet.

FIRST TURN

Use the instructions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet to determine who takes the first turn.

THE MESSENGER

The attacking player picks one model in their army that has the **HERO** keyword to be the Messenger. This model is not set up with the rest of the attacking army, but arrives at the start of the attacker's third movement phase. When the Messenger arrives, the defender picks a terrain feature that is not within 6" of the centre of the battlefield. The attacker then sets up the Messenger on or within 3" of that terrain feature, at least 12" from the edge of the battlefield. This is the Messenger's move for the movement phase.



If the Messenger is within 6" of any edge of the battlefield at the start of the attacking player's hero phase, he can leave the battlefield. If he does so he is removed from play and will not return.

ELDRITCH MIST

A strange, obscuring mist clings to the trees and ruins of this region. Every scenery piece on the battlefield is covered in a patch of this mist, which extends for 3" in every direction from the scenery's edges. A model cannot see through a patch of mist to any targets that lie within or beyond it, and a model that is within a patch of mist cannot see anything.

Roll a dice for any model that makes a run or charge move through, or finishing in, a patch of mist. On a roll of 1, the model mysteriously and unexpectedly vanishes and is slain.

CONTROLLING THE MIST

WIZARDS in this battle can use the Magical Gust and Mistcaller spells in addition to any other spells that they know.

MAGICAL GUST

Magical Gust has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick a scenery piece within 16". The patch of eldritch mist around that scenery piece is lifted until your next hero phase.

MISTCALLER

Mistcaller has a casting value of 4. If successfully cast, pick a scenery piece within 16" that is enshrouded in mist. The patch of mist around that scenery piece extends for 6" in every direction from its edges until your next hero phase.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet.

If 75% of the defender's starting models have been slain at the end of a battle round, the attacker wins a victory. This is a **major victory** if the messenger has left the battlefield, otherwise it is a **minor victory**.

If 75% of the attacker's starting models have been slain at the end of a battle round, the defender wins a victory. This is a **major victory** if the messenger was slain, otherwise it is a **minor victory**.

THE GRAND CONGREGATION OF NURGLE

The Chaos-worshipping armies that roamed abroad in Ghyran were collectively known as the Grand Congregation of Nurgle. Amongst their number were diseased tribes of beastmen, hosts of droning plague daemons, scurrying swarms of Plague Monks and gangrenous Rotbringer warriors determined to claim Ghyran for their own. Though they were far from the only Chaos forces to assail Ghyran, the armies of the Grand Congregation were led by some of the most potent champions ever to have given their bodies and souls to Nurgle. So great is the Lord of Plagues' desire to take the Jade Kingdoms for his own that he will stop at nothing to claim them, even if it means unleashing every foul spell and contagion ever brewed in his legendary cauldron.

Entropy made flesh, the daemon hosts of Nurgle spread disease and despair wherever they go.

The air itself rebels against the horrendous stench of the Grand Congregation.

THE GRAND CONGREGATION

Retching foul warcries from between their ravaged lips, the worshippers of Nurgle surge into battle. Clouds of buzzing flies swirl around these befouled warriors, crawling across bloated flesh, ragged cloth and verdigrised plates of armour. Truly, the servants of Nurgle are a vision of horror made real.

Suppurating foulness leaks from diseased rents and fat boils all across the bodies of Nurgle's servants. Everything about these warriors is rotten and foul, whether they are hulking Putrid Blightkings or hunched, chittering Plague Monks. Weapons and armour crawl with rust and pox, their edges stained with poisonous filth.

Flapping robes and cloth are hued in dull greens, browns and greys, caked with muck and teeming with fat lice. Their claws, teeth and jutting horns are the colour of mouldering bone, while their fleshy hides vary from the pale white of a bloated corpse, to the foul grey of spoiled gruel.

The banners that these disease-ridden warriors hoist aloft display the vile signs of their masters, ranging from the three foul orbs of Nurgle to the jagged rune-scratch of Clan Pestilens. Each of these profane symbols brings horror to the foe in equal measure, for all know that the onset of the legions of Nurgle heralds sickness and woe without end.

Use a selection of different Citadel Shade paints – such as Reikland Fleshshade, Athonian Camoshade and Biel-Tan Green – to recreate the various diseased complexions of the Putrid Blightkings.

The shield of this Putrid Blightking bears many marks of battle. You can create this weathering easily, by applying Runefang Steel in rough patches where the brass has been chipped away.

Clip your model carefully from its sprue and assemble it with Citadel Plastic Glue, then apply a basecoat of Zandri Dust Spray over a Chaos Black undercoat.

Next, apply base colours. Use a mix of Citadel Shades and Base paints; Seraphim Sepia on the flesh, Castellan Green on the armour, and Balthasar Gold on the brass.

Washes from the Citadel Shade range form the next stage. Apply Reikland Fleshshade to the skin and brass, then apply Agrax Earthshade to the armour and weapon.

Use Waywatcher Green, Brass Scorpion, Skavenblight Dinge and Gorthor Brown to add definition, retaining the shading from the previous stage in the recesses.

Highlight the model's details with a Citadel Fine Detail Brush. Use Screaming Skull on the flesh, Straken Green on the armour, and Runefang Steel on the metal.

Glue sand and stones to the base, then paint them Mechanicus Standard Grey, adding drybrushed layers of Karak Stone and Screaming Skull. Paint the rim Steel Legion Drab.

THE GREAT CRUCIBLE

A GRUELLING CLIMB

In the realm of Chamon, the Heldenhammer Crusade fought through perils both physical and mystical, only to find the Eldritch Fortress ripped from the land. The Stormhosts scaled the solidified silver of the Argent Falls, hoping to find Ghal Maraz's resting place at its zenith.

Hand over hand the Stormhosts ascended, higher and higher until mountainous Anvrok was but a shadow in the clouds beneath. The Celemnite blades embedded themselves in the soft metal like rungs; where the last of the Stormcast Eternals lifted his foot from a sword, the blade would yank free and hurtle upward to take its place as a new handhold at the top. The Stormhosts were still strong, despite the trials suffered thus far – seen from the city of Elixia, they glinted like a glorious constellation rising slowly over the horizon. Winged Prosecutors orbited like comets around them, Dracoths climbed with talons dug into silver. The climb took days of hauling, grasping and grinding of teeth. Stormcast Eternals were built for war, not feats of agility, and in their battle plate, each weighed as much as three normal men.

Exhaustion was not the only foe on this fell climb, for dread Tzeentch had claimed even the gaps between the lands. From that bleak space between the Hanging Valleys came creatures of Chaos by the score. Razor-winged skyrays swooped from the nothingness, screaming shrilly. Those not intercepted by soaring Prosecutors dived in, wings slashing at outstretched wrists and spiked tails crunching into faceplates. Many a blow caused a Stormcast Eternal to miss his footing, or to grasp so hard at a ladder-sword that his fingers were sliced clean away. Boots slipped and grips failed, sending warriors plummeting for long minutes to break upon the rocks of the Vaulten Range – or tumbling away into the dark void, lost even to the reach of Sigmar.

In the far distance, the stardrakes Dracothion and Argentine coiled and fought. The Silver Wyrm had its jaws clamped upon Dracothion's flank; the celestial dragon's bellows of pain mingled with godly thunder rumbling through the void.

In Anvrok far below, many a Warrior Chamber still marched across the valley's ore-laced tracks. Their Lord-Celestants, unconvinced by Vandus' plan to ascend to the Great Crucible, sought Ghal Maraz elsewhere. The Anvils of the Heldenhammer took battle to the copper-skinned beastman tribes that roamed the peaks; the Lions of Sigmar hunted for potential duardin allies and found something far darker instead.

Yet the stardrake had spoken truthfully at the Dragonfate Dais, and those who braved the terrifying climb did not do so in vain. The vanguard eventually gained the lip of the Great Crucible at the edge of the Argent Falls, hauling themselves onto the slick of solid metal that stretched away to meet a distant perimeter of shallow hills. A pall of condensation hung over the panorama. Within it, dark shadows gathered.

Vandus peered into the mist, trying to make sense of the silhouettes and muffled sounds beyond. Something was massing there. War drums thudded and boomed in the distance.

'We have a welcoming party,' he mused, vaulting into Calanax's saddle and hefting Heldensen. 'It seems our foes are forewarned.'

'The silver grows warm, lord,' answered Ionus Cryptborn. 'Perhaps Dracothion can no longer keep Argentine's fires at bay.'

'Alchemy reigns here, even over the stars,' said Vandus. He motioned for Thostos to join him. 'Form a wedge, brothers. This is likely to turn ugly.'

'Some of us were never pretty in the first place,' said Cryptborn.

'Your first jest, Ionus?' Vandus laughed uneasily. 'Congratulations!'

Echoed by the mist, the Lord-Celestant's forced mirth became wild laughter. 'Congratulations!' mocked the mist, over and over. The sound turned to eerie music, then to thunder, then to shouts of hatred and spite. With a rising roar, a horde of fell warriors emerged from the mist.

The silvery mists thinned, swirled away by invisible hands as if the gods themselves wished a clear view of the carnage to come. The Stormcast Eternals formed up, their Lord-Celestants at their fore. Though more warriors joined them with every passing second, and though dozens of Prosecutors had landed upon the crucible's silvered lip to help haul their kin over the edge, those who had completed the climb were outnumbered many times over. Up ahead, the tribe of Chaos worshippers known as the Bleak Horde was emerging from a jagged confusion of high towers, walkways and bridges. Warband after warband poured down wide stairways to the surface of the Silver Sea. In the far distance jutted a plug of rock, a bowl-like plateau veiled by multicoloured clouds. Vandus could see in his mind's eye that the Eldritch Fortress sat atop it; even as he witnessed it, the castle – or more accurately the Realmgate under which it had settled – was scrying him in turn.

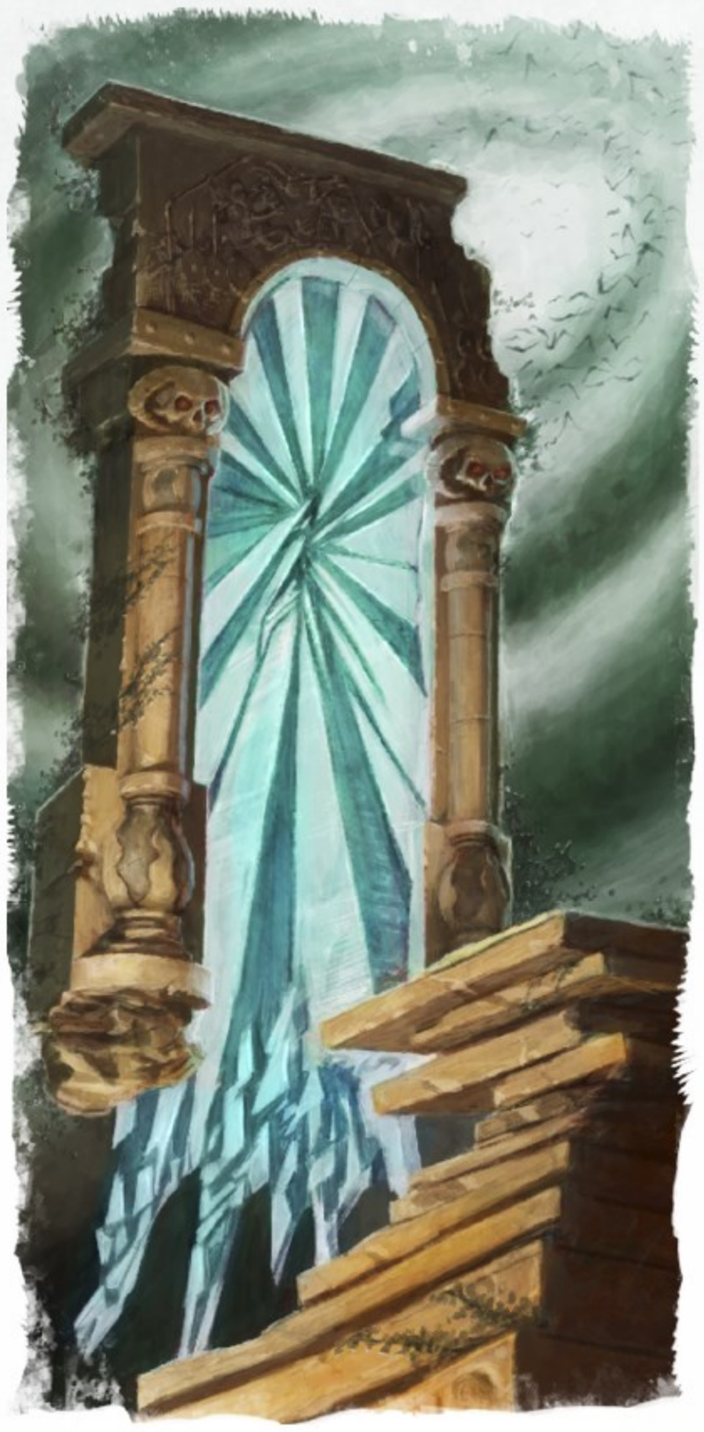
The Silver Sea was growing warmer to the touch. Dracothion had returned to the Heavens of Azyr to heal the wounds torn in its flanks, and the corrupted drake Argentine was breathing its warp-fires once more. The crepuscular light of the Alchemist's Moon shone down upon soot-black plates as the Chaos horde broke into a charge, the clangour of their war cries deafeningly loud. Rather than setting a shieldwall, the Stormcast Eternals counter-charged, for they had little enough ground without conceding more.

The points of the Stormcast wedge formations struck the enemy line like shovels thrust into a mass of coal. With their best and brightest at the fore, the phalanxes were all but unstoppable. Head lowered, Thostos ploughed through the plate-clad ranks, smashing aside all in his path as his fellow Celestial Vindicators drove in to widen the breach. Lightning crackled around Ionus Cryptborn as he blasted armoured mutants to steaming heaps; nearby, Lord Vandus cried in triumph as his every blow smashed a hulking brute against the anvil of the hot silver underfoot. Blood flew as Retributors laid about themselves with their lightning hammers; Decimators lopped heads with each smooth sweep of their triangle-bladed axes. At the edge of every Stormcast wedge, Protectors whirled their blade-staves, their tips lashing out to take a life wherever a Chaos Warrior sought to pass their guard. The Warrior Chambers fought together as they had been trained; hundreds of magical weapons wielded

as one. It was a sight that would make Sigmar himself proud.

Their foes cared little, for they had blades to spare. Where their battle line wavered, a pair of disembodied voices rang out in unsettling unison, and the horde pressed on. A semblance of military discipline steered these black-armoured warriors, and the centre of the battle line fell back towards the stairways – in doing so, allowing their flanks to envelop the Stormcast Eternals pushing through their lines.

The war axes and halberds of the Chaos Warriors began to take their toll, biting deep into sigmarite armour and hacking limbs from bodies in welters of glittering blood. Half-armoured mutants stormed from a tall keep, knocking Stormcast Eternals to the ground with malformed claws and club-like limbs. Half-daemon warriors bullied their way to the fore, their strange living blades gibbering in freakish satisfaction as they drank hot blood and gnawed through bone.



The Shardgate glows above the inner keep of the Eldritch Fortress.

Thostos changed direction to veer towards these fell savages, leaning into the fight as he battered his way through the press. He roared in fierce joy, taking a great tally as the mutants found their Chaos-tainted blades, which had cut through plate so effortlessly, rebounding from the living sigmarite of the Lord-Celestant's flesh. Behind Thostos, the last Celestial Vindicators to gain the crucible's lip charged in, their exhaustion burned away by the fires of war as they massacred their mutant foes. Yet despite their valour, they were too few to stem the tide.

Slowly, agonisingly, the battle was turning against the Stormhosts. If the Chaos Warriors pushed past to the top of the Celemnite ladder, those yet to ascend would be at the mercy of their axes, and the quest would end in blood.

EPHRYX, NINTH DISCIPLE OF TZEENTCH

The sorcerer Ephryx swore himself to Tzeentch long ago, bargaining away his soul in exchange for the ability to enslave magic. He did so not for the sake of mortal power, but in order to claim an entire realm in the name of his Dark God, casting a ritual that would see all Chamon's gates diverted to Tzeentch's Crystal Labyrinth. In aeons gone by, Ephryx oversaw the binding of the Great Shatterer, Ghal Maraz, to this master plan. Over long centuries the sorcerer built the Eldritch Fortress, a skull-encrusted edifice as much a magical siphon as it was a physical stronghold. Harnessed by the castle's keep, the warhammer's magical potential gave Ephryx much of the aetheric energy he needed for his ultimate goal. Since the Storm of Sigmar broke, Ephryx has planned to steal the power of the Stormhosts to supply the rest. Ephryx manipulated events so that allies both mortal and daemonic were aligned to bend the Heldenhammer Crusade to his will. But as with all who seek the boon of Tzeentch, the puppet master is all too often a puppet in his turn...

TO SPAN THE SILVER SEA

Beset on all sides, the Stormcast Eternals fought with the fury of lions. Stubborn defence alone would not be enough, for the Silver Sea was growing painfully hot. Only by fighting their way to the bridges that spanned it could Vandus and his kin hope to continue their quest.

The determined assault of the Stormcast Eternals was devolving into a swirling, desperate melee. Overhead, unseen voices called out commands in the dark tongue, attempting to marshall the overwhelming Chaos force even as Lord Vandus ordered feints and counterthrusts of his own. His efforts were largely in vain, for at such close quarters the battle only grew more frantic. Few amongst the combatants had time to dwell on tactical manoeuvres with so many blades and hammers slashing left and right. The armoured corpses that grew thick on the ground hindered cohesion all the more. Soon, trampling the dead became preferable to the alternative, for the silver underfoot was yielding and unsteady. Each new footstep pressed deeper into the metal's softening surface as it grew ever closer to melting point. The Stormcast Eternals had to break the deadlock, or friend and foe alike would sink into viscous metal, never to escape.

Thinking quickly, Vandus swept his arm at a swathe of nearby Decimators, shouting for them to forge a path to the nearest stairway. They went about their allotted task with pitiless efficiency, taking it in turns to swing wide blows with their heavy axes, then peeling off and retreating so that a fresh warrior was ever to the fore. Mutant brutes charged in, axes and weapon-limbs lashing out, but a host of Prosecutors soared overhead to blast them down before they could intercept.

The Decimators found themselves slopping through the corpse-strewn silver sludge, the flesh of their feet searing within their armour. Ahead, a

garrison of Chaos Warriors emerged from the coils of mist still clinging to the towers, wading forward with shields raised to block the Stormcast assault.

Lord Thostos ploughed into them like a battering ram, his escort of Judicators loosing arrows into those still standing after his rampage had passed. Vandus' Decimators made it to the keep wall, establishing a perimeter so that those Stormcast Eternals nearby could leap to the safety of the ramp. Thostos roared a command, and a spear's throw away his own Decimators followed suit, opening a path for their fellows to reach safety. Rank by rank, the Stormcast Eternals fought their way onto the blood-spattered stairs leading up to the bridges and into the complex of walkways beyond. Behind, the larger part of their crusade fought on.

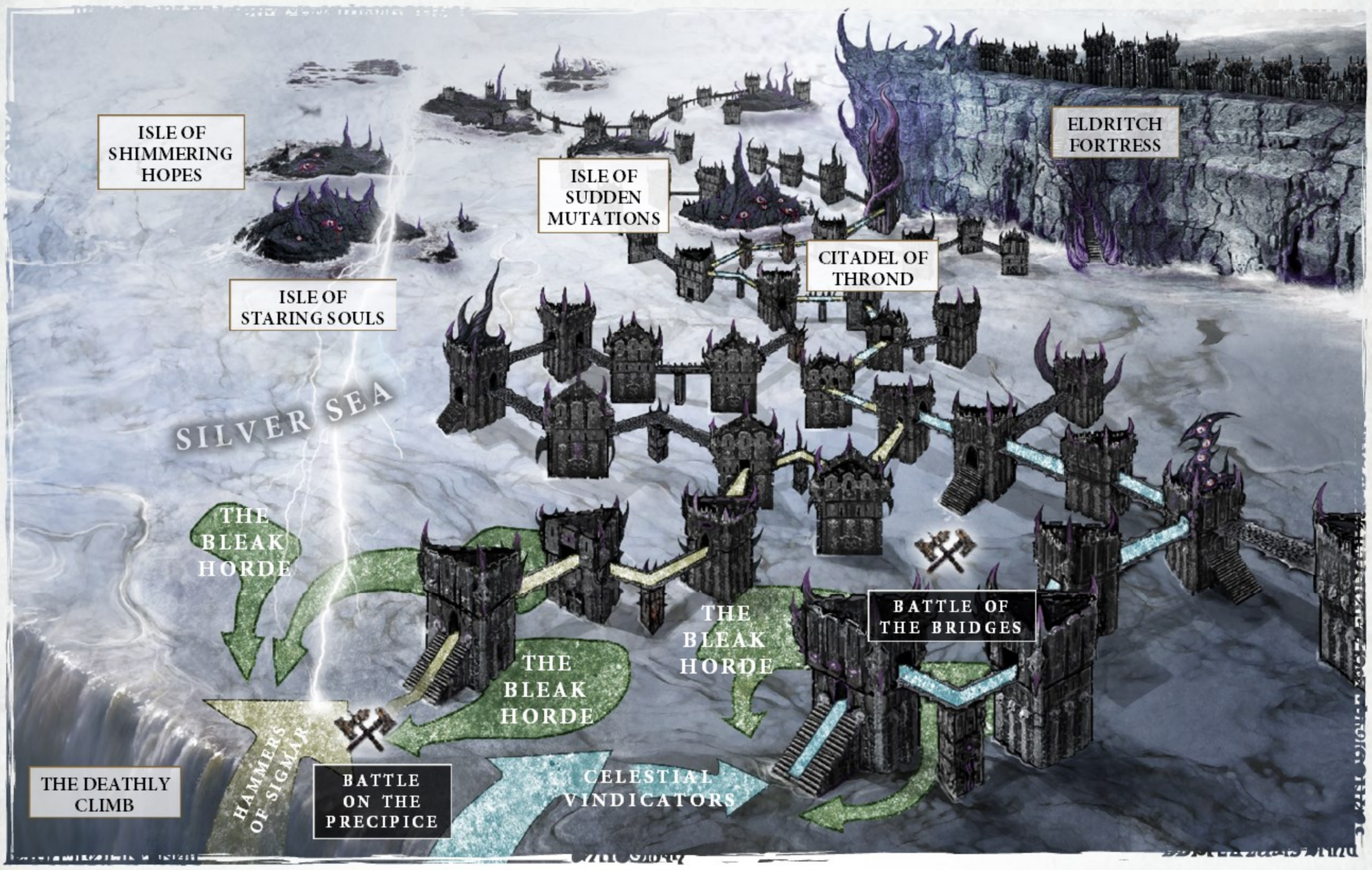
'Ionus!' shouted Vandus from atop a spiked walkway. 'Make haste!'

The Lord-Celestant felt frustration heat his blood. Though scores of warriors had fought to the stairways and beyond, the rest were still intermingled with the Chaos horde. Perhaps a tenth of their number would make it through before Argentine's fires boiled the rest alive.

'There are too many!' shouted Ionus Cryptborn, raising his reliquary. 'I shall forge a path if I can! For Sigmar and Azyr!'

A colossal bolt of lightning shot from the skies to slam into the Lord-Relictor. It coursed through him, shooting across the molten silver to turn every servant of Chaos within a hundred paces to scorched meat. The Stormcast Eternals were empowered and found their passage suddenly unbarred. They surged for the walkways, wading through the simmering metal. Cryptborn was the last to leave. He sank further as he struggled on.

As Vandus watched, a horned hulk of armour and burned flesh surged up from the molten silver, axe drizzling as it carved an executioner's arc. Vandus roared a warning, but it came too late. The blow struck the Lord-Relictor in the face, splitting his head in two as a forester would split a log.



Vandus cried out in horror, leaping from Calanax's back to rush down the stairway. A defensive screen of Protectors closed in front of him, three of their number shoving him roughly back. Vandus stumbled, eyes drawn to the skies as the blue light – all that remained of his friend – vanished upward. Aghast, the Lord-Celestant was hauled to safety.

At the foot of the stairway, liquid silver bubbled and popped. Decimators hacked down the Chaos worshippers clambering to escape the glooping metal below. Hundreds more simply sank, their screams becoming liquid gurgles as their throats filled with boiling, viscous metal. Soon their corpses were claimed by the silver tide.

Brought to his senses by the calls of his Protectors, Vandus felt his anguish turn to hot anger. The Lord-Celestant had lost not only Andricus Stoneheart, whose expertise in siege theory would be keenly missed, but also Ionus, his most trusted advisor and link to the God-King. Lord Thostos was an excellent tactician, but he was all but lost to his battle rage, already out of earshot as he smashed through the hordes choking the western walkways. It was for Vandus alone to command the survivors of the vanguard – less than five hundred warriors in a twisted land thronged with madmen.

The Lord-Celestant vaulted back into Calanax's saddle and rode his Dracoth hard up the stairways. On the walkway to his left, the Celestial Vindicators smashed their way through the mob of hardened warriors and bare-chested tribesmen that tried in vain to slow their progress. Horn-helmed axemen and tattooed berserkers tumbled from the bridges to plunge screaming in the molten silver below. The sight of their demise brought grim smiles to many in the ranks of the Celestial Vindicators, for their hatred of evil ran deep.

Calanax bounded from walkway to bridge to shattered spar, approaching the front line once more. There, a knot of Decimators hacked a gory path through the warriors of the Bleak Horde. The Chaos forces, sensing their numbers were of little use on such a narrow frontage, began to fall back.

A blaring warhorn rang out, sonorous and deep. The retreating warriors, many of whom were heading for the keeps and towers, broke into a run, some clambering atop the spars and statues of the walkways in their haste to clear a path.

From the maw-like gates of the nearest keeps rode regiments of twisted knights. Calling out in the harsh tongue of Chaos, they lowered their cruel-looking lances and galloped straight towards the Stormcast Eternals. The Decimators at the fore of Lord Vandus' brotherhood were spitted through chests, guts and necks, their axes all but useless against the long-hafted polearms of the foe. The dying Stormcast Eternals vanished upward in shafts of azure light, and the Chaos knights carried their momentum into the Liberators behind. More lances pierced sigmarite, the knights laughing as they drove their attack deeper still.

Behind the knights hurtled heavy iron chariots, each pulled by an armoured beast with saurian jaws and the barrel chest of a mountain ape. The Stormcast Eternals, unable to move aside on the narrow walkways, charged to meet them – and in doing so, ran headlong to their deaths. Scythed wheels struck sparks as the chariots ploughed into the Stormhost battle line, maiming and killing as they went. Any that survived the tremendous, crushing weight of a chariot's impact were cut down by the halberds and axes of its riders.

Telltale flashes blazed into the heavens by the score. A ripple of shock flowed through the advancing Stormcast Eternals; the Bleak Horde had found a way to break their relentless advance.

Vandus spurred Calanax forward, whirring Heldensen around his head before commanding his beast to leap – not forward into the crush, but sidelong, from one walkway to the next. The Dracoth ploughed bodily into the foremost chariot, bowling the whole construction over into the sea of bubbling metal beyond. Heartened, the Stormcast Eternals fought back all the harder. Decimators and Retributors joined the fray, and soon chariot, knight and warrior alike were reduced to mangled ruin.

'It appears, King Thrond, that our guests fight on.' The horn-crowned sorcerer stirred the scrying pool with long fingers before casting a baleful glance at his ally, a giant of a man with a billowing scarlet cloak. 'Clearly harsher measures are called for.'

'My chariots, Lord Ephryx. If not those running the ramps and walkways, then those in the fortress. Such fusions of metal, man and beast cannot be stopped.'

'They must not be allowed to reach the hammer, fool! Your ape-like monsters have already failed,' sneered the sorcerer, 'as have the beasts that pull their chariots.'

'Then perhaps you shall have to risk your own neck.'

'Unlikely,' scoffed Ephryx. 'I have other... allies. They will win time for me to harness the energies I need and steal Sigmar's prize away to the Crystal Labyrinth, before the moon's passing changes the silver's state.'

The sorcerer stroked the molten gold of his scrying pool, and the surface shimmered as if alive. A skull-like visage swam in the depths, eyes burning with hate.

'The ones you call Stormcast,' crooned Ephryx. 'They fight to the shadow of the Shardgate. They seek the fortress, and that which Sigmar must not claim.'

'Your sorceries prove weak, then,' said the apparition. 'Why should I help? I have my own concerns.'

'If you consider your strength so superior to mine, it's time to prove it.' Ephryx smiled. 'And Vandus is here.'

'The Hammerhand,' spat the figure. 'I shall march for the Allpoints, and summon a daemon host of my own.'

Ephryx chuckled as the pool grew still. In the alcoves beyond, a two-headed giant nodded to itself, drew a sign in the air, and dissipated in a swirl of dark flame.

THE LAST ASCENT

Lord Vandus had taken a desperate gamble. He had led the Stormhosts to win passage across the Silver Sea, but the Eldritch Fortress was still out of reach. Only by harnessing the energies of Chamon at the critical moment could the Lord-Celestant hope to seize ultimate victory.

The Stormcast Eternals had been roused to the peak of violent indignation by the Bleak Horde's cavalry attack. They struck back at their foes in a hurricane of hammers and blades, the Chaos forces soon reduced to corpses and twisted scrap metal. Clearing a path, Judicators and Liberators put aside their weapons and heaved cadavers over the side as if they were no more than sacks of grain. They would not be stopped, for the fate of the crusade hung in the balance.

Every second spent idle burned Thostos like acid. The Lord-Celestant paced like a trapped lion, eager to begin the slaughter once more. Vandus instead sought enlightenment from the great constellations above, just as when he had gazed into the void during the Long Calm. He was greatly vexed. Though he could now see the Eldritch Fortress atop its plateau, he knew not how to reach it. The rocky cliff was angled sharply against them, and the muscles of the Stormcast Eternals still burned from their exertions.

As Vandus watched the Alchemist's Moon creep slowly through the sky, an image flickered in his mind. A vision of the great orb's passage around the Hanging Valleys came to him. When it was at its apogee, the silver drake Argentine would shy from its brightness, and the sea of molten metal would set solid once more.

In a flash of inspiration, Vandus had the answer. He rode Calanax to the top of a skull-strewn keep and addressed his Stormhosts en masse, giving a speech that banished the fatigue from their muscles and fanned the spark of righteous fury to an inferno. Ghal Maraz was within their reach – they must claim it, or die in the attempt.

The Stormcast Eternals fought on through the Bleak Horde's warbands, taking keeps and towers one by one as they conquered the Silver Sea. They fought also the land itself, for at times the magical flux that infected it was like a physical force. The moon's arcane influence buffeted both sides with ripples of change, for when clad head

KING VEXOS THROND OF ANVROK

King Thrond is the lord of the Silver Sea, master of the Gorebeast Menagerie and terror of the Hanging Valleys. After enslaving the beasts of the crucible's rugged edge, Thrond and his army of monstrous chariots soon brought death to their rival tribes. When the Alchemist's Moon waxes and the Silver Sea sets firm, Thrond leads hunting parties across its surface, running down all those who do not pay him tithe.

In the Age of Chaos, Tzeentch cast his malign influence over the people of Anvrok. It was Thrond that turned most readily to his worship. The jealous monarch had no intention of passing his crown to his son, and bartered away his soul in return for everlasting life. Thrond is slowly realising that this eternity will be spent as a puppet rather than a lord, and his anger at the Changer of the Ways grows with each day. Still, whilst he claims dominion over the Great Crucible, he can still salvage some pride – any who threaten his domain are met with the full measure of his wrath.

to foot in metal, the warriors were like lodestones for the realm's transmutative magics. Here, the combatants found themselves clad in dull lead; there, they were suddenly wearing precious gold, or filigree frameworks of spun wire. When the moon turned their sigmarite as hard as diamond, the Stormhosts surged forward with great alacrity. But ultimately it was the steel in their souls that saw them win out. Their bravery never wavered; even in the face of terrible losses they ploughed on without a backwards glance.

The Stormhosts reached the plateau's cliffs just as the moon rode high. The moment of truth was nigh, for the skull-clad towers of the Eldritch Fortress shuddered with strange energies as Ephryx's rite of translocation fought to raise it from its resting place once more.

Great was the struggle that took place in the fortress' shadow. King Thrond's keeps studded those reaches, and his warriors were far from beaten. When Retributors took their hammers to the foundations of Thrond's own mighty citadel, the crusade's intent was finally clear to its foes. The Stormhosts sought not to lay low the horde, but to push past to the true prize.

The timing of Vandus' plan was immaculate. Groaning as if in pain, the citadel's foundations crumbled under the pulverising blows of the Stormcast Eternals. The citadel toppled into the Silver Sea, sending a tidal wave of metal splashing towards the plateau. Its crest broke across the cliffs just as the Alchemist's Moon set the silver solid.

From the highest battlements, Ephryx stared aghast. His whispered protests grew into a scream of genuine fear. His beloved fortress was held fast, trapped by a bridge of solid metal that the Stormcast Eternals were already charging up in great number.

BATTLEPLAN

BATTLE AGAINST TIME

There are a great many marvels across the Mortal Realms, most of them as deadly as they are wonderous to behold. Natural laws bend or are broken entirely as magic works its influence, leading to floating islands, rivers of fire and waterfalls that spring from the clouds themselves. Worse are the dangers that lurk behind a seemingly benign facade.

This battleplan describes the meeting of two armies across a great open plain that becomes more treacherous as battle is met. This makes it ideal for recreating the battle that came to pass when the Hammers of Sigmar clashed with the forces of Chaos across the rapidly melting Silver Sea. You can just as easily use it to represent a battle across a Ghurish sinkswamp or an encounter amid the shadowmires of Shyish.

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army, and then must decide who will be the attacker and who will be the defender. If one player has at least a third more models than their opponent, then they must be the defender. Otherwise, each player rolls a dice, and whoever rolls higher decides whether to be the attacker or the defender.

The general of each army has a unique command ability, shown below, in addition to any others they have.

ATTACKER'S OBJECTIVES

After a long and gruelling journey, you are drawing ever closer to your destination, but a huge enemy host now bars your path. To make matters worse, the ground underfoot is becoming increasingly dangerous to traverse. You must fight your way through the enemy blockade and reach safety, or all you have accomplished thus far will be for naught.

DEFENDER'S OBJECTIVES

Your overlord has given you the unenviable task of holding back the enemy long enough for him to complete his preparations for a mighty incantation. Your army has been deemed expendable in its entirety, but if you can prevent the foe from breaching your lines and escaping the trap before your master's task is complete, you will have fulfilled your duty.

ATTACKER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Press Onwards!: Your general has no intention of being held back from his objective, and orders the swiftest advance possible. If he uses this ability, all units from your army that choose to run this turn automatically move an additional 6" – there is no need to roll a dice to determine how far these models can run.

DEFENDER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Hurl Them Back!: If your general uses this ability he gives the order for a furious assault that will halt the enemy in their tracks. Pick a friendly unit within 18" of your general. Until your next hero phase, you can move models in that unit up to 6" when making pile in moves.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place atop a vast basin that floats many leagues above ground. The surface of the battlefield is barren and as smooth as glass, though two large towers erupt from its northern fringe, promising a route of escape from the deadly ground below.

You can either generate the scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the example scenery shown on the map below.

SET-UP

Do not use the set-up instructions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the players take it in turns to set up units. The defender can set up his units anywhere within 24" of the northern edge of the battlefield. The attacker can set up his units anywhere within 6" of the southern edge of the battlefield. If the attacker has any units in his army that he has been unable to deploy due to lack of space, these should be placed to one side – these units will arrive later in the battle as reinforcements.

FIRST TURN

Use the instructions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet to determine who takes the first turn.

UNSTABLE GROUND

As the battle continues, the ground is churned into a quagmire and begins to give way beneath the feet of the warring combatants, dragging the unwary beneath its cloying surface.

At the end of every battle round after the first, each player rolls a dice for each of their units on ground level and

consults the table below to see if the unit sinks into the quagmire. **HEROES** and **MONSTERS** that sink are unable to move at all in the next battle round as they work themselves free. Remove D3 models from all other units to represent those that have become irrevocably stuck or dragged beneath the surface.

Battle round	Unit sinks on roll of
2	6
3	5 or more
4	4 or more
5	3 or more
6	2 or more

SAFETY OF THE SKIES

Units that are described as being able to Fly on their warscroll can avoid the deadly effects of the unstable ground by remaining airborne – do not make unstable ground rolls for these units.

ATTACKER'S REINFORCEMENTS

The attacker's reinforcements can arrive in any one of his movement phases, provided that they have room to move onto the battlefield. All reinforcements must be set up within 6" of the southern table edge, no further than 12" from the arrival point (see map), and more than 3" from the enemy.

VICTORY

The battle lasts for six battle rounds. Do not use any of the victory conditions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the attacker wins a **major victory** if all of the models in the defender's army are slain or have fled. The defender wins a **major victory** if he successfully wipes out all of the models in the attacker's army.

However, if the battle ends and the attacker has one or more units anywhere within 3" of at least one of the towers along the northern edge of the battlefield, he immediately wins a **major victory**.

THE BLEAK HORDE

The Bleak Horde of King Throng has subsumed, corrupted or slain every one of the tribes that eked a living on the Great Crucible's edge. Though the Hanging Valleys are rich in every precious metal known to man, metals from Anvrok can change from solid to liquid or from gold to lead in the cycle of a moon – and when every man claims riches, notions of wealth are obsolete. Gold and silver are of little use in the brutal economy of the blade and the dagger – since the age of Chaos, violence has become the only true currency. In this, the Bleak Horde is rich indeed. Many are its iron-clad tribes – the body of King Throng's horde numbers in the thousands. But it is the chariot-riding aristocracy of the Great Crucible that is to be feared the most. Exceptional bladesmen to a man, they ride to war in chariots pulled by brutal gorebeasts that can rip a man's head off as easily as a child might pluck the legs from a fly.

Lord Maerac of Manticorea, scourge of the Shattered City, was slain by Thostos Bladestorm.

King Thrond of Anvrok rides his Gorebeast Chariot in defence of the Eldritch Fortress.

THE BLEAK HORDE

Cruel-hearted worshippers of Tzeentch, the Bleak Horde of King Vexos Thrond rules over the crucible with an ironclad fist. Alongside them stand the mighty warriors that serve the twisted sorcerer Ephryx. Garbed in savage finery and precious metals, this dark alliance is a terrifying sight.

The cruel servants of the Sorcerer Ephyrx and Chaos Lord Thrond radiate menace and power. Many bear the twisted sigil of almighty Tzeentch with them to war upon their standards and shields, bellowing praise to the Changer of the Ways that he might steer their fates towards glory and conquest rather than bloody defeat.

Multicoloured flames dance around screaming, unnatural blades, while weird, warped notes skirl from their war horns to pluck at the strands of their foes' sanity.

Ephryx' towering warriors wear spiked plate armour of silver-blue hue, within whose plates the reflected light bends and warps in unnatural ways. Gold detail stands out brash upon shield and blade, while weapons flicker with the pink and blue fires of change.

Not all of the Bleak Horde worship Tzeentch; others march in simple, barbarous black. Still, as masters of the crucible they carry weapons and shields crafted from silver, bronze and iron, upon which the sigils of the dark gods stand stark and proud.

To create a sense of unity throughout your collection, use a consistent colour palette and basing technique on all of your models.

The unit that this Chaos Warrior belongs to is distinguished by the colour of its cloaks, but features the gold details worn by the rest of the force.

After clipping your model carefully from its sprue and assembling it with Citadel Plastic Glue, undercoat it using Chaos Black Spray. Take your time and ensure an even coat.

Next, use Leadbelcher followed by Ironbreaker to paint the armour. Use Balthasar Gold for the gold details, and Khorne Red for the model's cloak.

Use washes from the Citadel Shade range to add contrast. Use Nuln Oil on the cloak and leather, and apply Guilliman Blue to the armour to give it a blue sheen.

Add Waywatcher Green in patches to create the effect of shifting colours. Then apply Gehenna's Gold to the gold details, and Khorne Red to the cloak.

Highlight the model's edges using a Citadel Fine Detail Brush. Apply Runefang Steel to both the armour and gold areas, and highlight the cloak with Evil Sunz Scarlet.

Add sand to the base, then paint it black, and add drybrushed layers of Balor Brown and Screaming Skull. Paint the rim Steel Legion Drab. Glue on Middenland Tufts with PVA glue.

WAR OF LIFE

THE OAK OF AGES PAST

The Hidden Vale of Athelwyrd remained beyond the sight of Chaos invaders and Stormcast Eternals alike. Only Lord-Celestant Gardus knew how to find it – and even should the Stormhosts uncover its whereabouts, the strange portal that led there was obstructed by a daemon of surpassing power.

Having shattered the Dirgehorn and slain its bestial defenders, the Stormhosts left Profane Tor for the smog-shrouded reaches below. There a lambent glow wound ever closer. Its light was so warm it could hardly belong to an evil creature.

There was great jubilation when Lord Gardus emerged from the twilit undergrowth, borne upon a living throne of wicker like some Ghyranite saint. As one the Hallowed Knights knelt, blades held forth in allegiance. With them saluted Astral Templars, Guardians of the Firmament and many Stormhosts besides. Gardus was rejuvenated by the sight of his brothers, just as they were energised by his return. All had heard of his sacrifice at the Gates of Dawn. That he had returned alive was miraculous.

Many questions were levelled at Gardus, most born from awe and admiration. He told of his travails in the Garden of Nurgle, though it cost him both physically and emotionally to speak of them. In the long weeks of his exile, he had fought not only to survive, but to stay one step ahead of Bolathrax, the Great Unclean One. In doing so he had uncovered many a surreal sight – including, he said softly, the location of Alarielle's Hidden Vale. Athelwyrd's essence had been reflected in Nurgle's realm all along, but the daemons of Nurgle were simply unable to look upon it, and thus remained oblivious to its presence. His tone strange, Gardus said that only a pure soul could perceive it. It was clear to all who listened that the Lord-Celestant did indeed hold that honour, even after his terrible ordeals.

OAK OF AGES PAST
SIGMAR'S TEMPEST
THE ROTWATER
THE OAK OF AGES PAST
PROWLING CLOUDS OF FUG
RUINS OF OAKHAVEN
THE WORLD PIMPLES
PUPA GROTESSE
FLOATING ISLES OF TALBION
VULTURINE GEYSERS
GELID GUSH
GLADE OF HORNED GROWTHS
THE WALKING TREES
LAND KRAKEN OF GUTROT SPUME
GLACIA OCCULUM
LAKE OF THE MER-WIGHTS

Not an hour passed without Gardus' hard-won wisdom being sought by his fellows. How had his sojourn lasted weeks when only a few days had passed in Rotwater Blight? How had he confounded Nurgle in his own garden, and lived to tell of it? What of the sylvaneth he encountered in the Glade of Horned Growths? A shadow passed over the Lord-Celestant's features whenever he was forced to recall his ordeals, and his answers were guarded. But his sense of duty prevailed, and he treated each of his brothers with patience and respect.

That eventide, after hearing of his brothers' victory over the Dirgehorn, Gardus told the Hallowed Knights a tale in his turn. The Lord-Celestant gathered his officers around the cleansing light of Lorrus Grymn's lantern, secretly hoping the artefact's light would remove the tarnish from his soul as he spoke of matters that would ruin the minds of lesser men.

In order to locate the Hidden Vale, they must find the Oak of Ages Past – celestial driftwood cast through the void to settle in Ghyran's misty swamps. Though only a part of that gnarled old tree had survived the cataclysm that befell the world-that-was, that splinter had grown vast, glutted on the energies of Ghyran. One end of the Oak was twisted and foul, its roots mutated into questing tentacles and dribbling mouthparts. The other end, however, remained pure. Green flowers and new shoots tentatively unfurled from its budding twigs, and a stream of immaculate water flowed from its trunk, becoming a river that bestowed life-giving energy to the lands.

Scant distance away, even this once-pure watercourse had been tainted by Nurgle's greed. Night after night Bolathrax had lumbered in pursuit of Gardus, mocking him as he went. The garrulous greater daemon boast of the many foes ranged against the Stormcast Eternals. Amongst them was a Great Unclean One, known as Pupa Grotesse, that squatted mid-stream to befoul the once-clean watercourse.

Since Pupa Grotesse had settled into his new home, the waters south of his lumpen buttocks became a flood of infected fluids – his vileness was so potent his hourly ablutions saw the waters turn filthy rather than his blubbery flesh turn clean. That repugnant watercourse had once been called the River Vitalis, but was now better known as Gelid Gush. It would have to run clear once more, for in order for the Stormhosts to reach Alarielle and request her aid, they would have to pass through it. The Hallowed Knights must fight their way to the mouth of the Gush and slay the daemon at its heart.

Dawn broke, and the Stormhosts plunged on. Tendrils and thorn-vines recoiled from Gardus' path as he strode

TEGRUS OF THE SAINTED EYE

Wherever Lord Gardus leads his chamber, Tegrus wings through the sky, always ready to dive into the fray and cast down the worshippers of Chaos wherever they may hide. But in order to smite the foe, one must first hunt him down – a maxim Tegrus of the Hallowed Knights swore as a mortal, and still holds as a vital truth.

During the Cleansing of Azyr, Tegrus scouted out the Chaos warbands infesting the Nihilad Mountains, raining blazing arrows down upon them to expose their position to Sigmar's armies. He fulfils a similar role as Prosecutor-Prime of the Hallowed Knights, though he now smites his foe with hammers of celestial energy. It is to Tegrus that Lord-Celestant Gardus turns whenever the foe eludes him, be it in the peaks of Azyr or the jungle-thick kingdoms of Ghyran. Though he has been offered a place as one of Sigmar's hunter-assassins, he feels a great duty to his warrior chamber, and will fight there until the God-King himself orders otherwise.

forth, new energy in his steps. With the hideous din of the Dirgehorn gone, the Stormhosts gained momentum. They reached the Vulturine Geysers in a matter of hours, intending to press onwards along the wide sprawl of moss-covered cairnstones that served as Rotwater Blight's only true road. Those strange springs, which once birthed beautiful paradise birds in great plumes of feathers, now spat copious gobbets of infected oil. Within the black morass flapped the creatures that had given the geysers their new name; drip-winged carrion birds with cruel beaks that took flight at the Stormhost vanguard's approach. Spraying black liquids left and right, they fell upon the Liberator retinues at the fore.

Gardus shouted a command, and Prosecutor-Prime Tegrus took wing, his warriors following close behind.

Whilst the Liberators below raised shields to block their attackers and Judicators fired arrows to make sure of each kill, Tegrus and his brethren hurled hammers of raw force at those carrion flapping unsteadily through the air above.

In a matter of minutes the ground was covered in avian corpses and tar-slicked feathers, and Tegrus had returned to his Lord-Celestant with news. From the air he had seen the Oak of Ages Past, its enormous hollow trunk unmistakable as it jutted on the horizon. An arboreal city smouldered in its shadow. To the east, something massive did indeed bulge upwards at the oak's widest end, but the landmark's nature was obscured by a dark and swirling mist. To the northwest, Tegrus had seen strange floating islands, their snow-capped peaks crowned by ugly green clouds.

To the northeast, a pale swathe of foulness smudged the Blight as Gelid Gush wound to the opposite horizon. If they made for its riverbank, suggested Tegrus, they merely had to follow its flow upstream and they would eventually reach their quarry.

Gardus thanked the Prosecutor-Prime for his advice, but in his heart he knew that simply marching up to Pupa Grotesse would be impossible. To tarry in water polluted by a greater daemon would kill even a Stormcast Eternal – or worse, infect him with supernatural sickness that could claim his soul. The gate to Alarielle's vale would not be reached quite so easily. Even should they slay Grotesse, his foulness would likely damn them all in the process. Nonetheless, he spoke a quiet command, and the Hallowed Knights strode onward.

THE BATTLE OF ROTWATER

Every creature infesting Rotwater Blight seemed against the Stormcast Eternals, from the magic-eating leeches that drained the vitality in their blood to the plague daemons plotting their downfall. Though there were new allies still to be won, finding them would prove a challenge in itself.

Perhaps, if it were not in the nature of the Hallowed Knights to simply endure, the solution would have come to them sooner. Rather than discuss their next move, the Stormhosts ploughed onwards in stoic lockstep. For many long days they navigated the wilderness of Rotwater Blight, finding only strife. They clashed many times against the foul minions of Chaos, from running battles against pestilent skaven to the siege of Slaugoth's Rotfane, but took not a single backward step. None gainsaid Gardus' dogged approach, for he was a hero to all, and even the other Lord-Celestants looked to him for guidance.

But with every day that passed, Nurgle's influence waxed stronger. The creeping corruption of Rotwater Blight was once more taking its toll.

Nurglings are mischievous, fun-loving, and utterly repulsive.

It was the sound of battle that brought them to their senses, the screams of the dying waking the Stormcast Eternals like splashes of cold water in a sleepwalker's face. Those screams, though born of true agony, were extremely high pitched.

No ordinary clash was this. Many of Gardus' vanguard blinked in disbelief as they took in the tableau ahead.

Hundreds of fat-bellied plague daemons no bigger than a swamp grot's head were splashing and squealing in the roadside mire as they slashed, clawed

and bit at foes even stranger than they. Ranged against the Nurglings were scores of diminutive forest spites, brightly-hued and peculiar. Their forms ranged from thorned serpents to giant dragonflies glowing with inner light, and their intelligence was impressive – Lorrus Grymn raised an eyebrow to see the mismatched creatures enacting a perfect pincer attack. The forest spites would likely have had the upper hand, despite being badly outnumbered.

Unfortunately for them, the bulbous and disgusting beast-rider leading the daemon assault fought like a cruel goliath set loose amongst children.

Massive of gut, head a gurning likeness of his Nurgling charges, Morbidex Twiceborn swung a long-bladed scythe from atop his towering pox maggoth. His eyeless steed, Tripletongue, swept its simian arms through the army of forest spites, casting handfuls through the air even as its warty tongues yanked others into its mouth. Steed and rider alike were so intent on slaughter they spared not a glance for the road, nor the swamp bubbling around it.

Gardus silently motioned his Judicators to the edge of the swamp, letting the tip of his blade fall as the signal for the killing to begin. Skybolts sizzled from behind a shield wall of Liberators, each bursting the blubbery gut of a plague daemon in a spray of vile fluids.

The three-lobed symbol of Nurgle is feared across the Mortal Realms.

Prosecutors took flight, winging towards the beast rider still cutting down forest spirits at the heart of the fight. The rest of the Stormcast Eternals, faces set behind their masks, drew their weapons and started forward.

It was then that Morbidex's unnatural grin grew wider still. His trap was sprung as from the other side of the road, behind the column of Stormcast warriors that had turned to watch the fray, the festering swamp began to boil. Rising from the muck, brackish water sluicing from their stooped and suppurating frames, came a horde of Nurgle's tallymen. Those at the rear muttered a monotonous chant, counting the diseases abroad in the swamp, but Wrech Gab'larr, the daemon herald at their front, was deathly silent. He and his daemon guard stared with malign intent at the backs of the Stormcast Eternals, eyes wide as they fell upon the trespassers with plagueswords jabbing.

WRECH GAB'LARR, HERALD OF FRESH WOES

Many are the sacred duties of Nurgle's tallymen, but Wrech Gab'larr has one of the juiciest. It is given to him to catalogue the effects of Nurgle's plaguely concoctions on specimens never before encountered. Wherever a new breed of creature enters Nurgle's sphere of influence, Wrech Gab'larr is there, a clutch of virulent diseases crawling over his pock-marked flesh and a quill of bone tucked within his sagging sleeves of skin. Blessed with the observational skills of a born apothecary despite only having one eye, the daemon herald watches with unblinking interest as his master's latest experiments spread unchecked. Not a single detail of his subjects' agony will go unnoticed, for his duties do not end upon the field of battle. As the sun sets over his foetid paradise, Grandfather Nurgle likes nothing more than to sit upon the porch of his rotting manse, listening to Wrech Gab'larr's rolling bass tones as he recounts the tale of brave little diseases pioneering their way across fresh landscapes of flesh.

The daemons shoved their blades into the rearmost ranks, hoping to see diseases blossom in great measure. They were greatly disappointed. Rust-curses had little effect upon sigmarite, and wherever a blow proved fatal, their victim swiftly discorporated in a blur of azure energy. Moments later the daemons' crestfallen expressions turned to surprise, then horror. At a barked command from Gardus, the Stormcast Eternals turned as one. A thicket of blades thrust outwards to sizzle into pox-raddled flesh, and with a series of crackling pops, ranks of Plaguebearers simply disappeared in puffs of foul-smelling gas. Maggoty tongue protruding from his lips, Wrech Gab'larr hacked a gap in the Stormcast lines, determined to bury his choice poxes in Stormcast flesh. The daemon had fought in Ghyran before – mortal prey usually quaked in terror whenever he so much as looked at them. Somehow, though, these silver-armoured knights remained stoic, fighting back with finely-tempered fury.

At the head of the Stormcast counter-attack was Gardus, the white fires of his purity blazing across sigmarite to scorch and burn the foe. Whilst his Liberators crushed the Nurgling swarms, he fought towards Wrech Gab'larr. Hammers fell, horned heads burst in explosions of toxic fluids. Nurgle's tallymen had not expected anything like this level of resistance. At a shouted cry from Wrech, the Plaguebearers belly-flopped into the swamp, digging into the muck and disappearing from sight. Left alone, Morbidex Twiceborn lost his taste for battle, and kicked his maggoth deeper into the swamp. Tegrus soared in pursuit, but Gardus called him back, reticent to lose another warrior to the swamp's dire curse.

The Stormhosts were redressing their ranks when a frog-limbed spite flew its owl steed into their path. The spite warbled and squeaked, and Gardus was surprised to find he understood its meaning; the spites would pay their debt any way they could. Gardus explained the Stormhosts' dilemma – they had no way of passing through the poisoned waters of Gelid Gush. The frog-thing clicked its fingers, turned its mount, and headed north. Gardus, who had seen a strange nobility in the tiny creature, followed behind.

The alliance proved wise. The forest spites led the Stormcast Eternals along secret paths, emerging through a veil of vines into the ruins of Arborea. The treetop city was impressive despite its dilapidation, but for all its faded glory, it was dwarfed by the floating mountain that hovered above it. The Stormcasts' greatest test yet was ahead of them.

'Only the faithful,' whispered Gardus as he clung to the topmost bough of the huge elder tree. Far below, the city of Arborea was pale in the mist. One missed step would be fatal.

Summoning every mote of power in his body, Gardus flung himself into the mist. A second of weightlessness stretched out before he slammed into the loam of the floating isle. For once, he was thankful for the spongy vegetation swathing the lands; his fall was cushioned, and he regained his feet, bruised but unbroken. Lord-Relictor Morbus was next to land as Retributor-Prime Feros tumbled next to him in the mossy scree. Almost all of his warriors made the leap in safety – almost, but not all. Gardus watched in horror as the tree swayed at a critical moment, and three warriors fell to their deaths.

Overhead, the green-grey fog clouds that plagued the floating isles rumbled angrily, spitting unclean rain upon the Stormhosts as if in disgust. Gardus, his expression anvil-hard, motioned to his Lord-Relictor. Morbus nodded and lifted his reliquary, chanting loud. Before long a lightning-storm of azure energy had driven the fog clouds before it, releasing the isles of Talbion from their taint. Underfoot, the floating isle shuddered, grateful to its bedrock.

Gardus' voice echoed from the peaks. 'We freed you, great island! Now bear us east, to the river's mouth!'

An awkward silence stretched out for long minutes. Not a single soul in the Stormhosts dared to speak. Then, incredibly, the airborne mountain began to move.

At the fore of the floating island stood Lord Gardus, looking down on the green-grey reaches of Rotwater Blight as a ship's captain would survey a stormy sea. The Stormhosts massed behind him, lost in a mixture of wonder and horror. There was the Oak of Ages Past, larger than a range of foothills. From its end flowed a ribbon of pure crystal water, turning midstream to a flow of putrid slop.

Their quarry, the greater daemon Pupa Grotesse, wallowed in the distance. The faint strains of his operatic bass drifted up to the Stormhosts as the mountainous blubber-fiend scrubbed his armpits and buttocks with a knobbly boulder. As the isle grew closer, Tegrus' keen eyes picked out hordes of plague beasts frolicking and splashing around their lord.

In the heartlands of Rotwater Blight stood Ethrac Glott, his daemonflies whispering to their master of the danger in the sky. Stoking the long-smouldering bones of his parents in his brazier, Ethrac summoned a great swarm of daemons. Then he ordered Ghurk to bear his siblings towards the World Pimples at the edge of the Gush. The daemons flew skyward. Before the hour was out an aerial battle erupted around the floating isle, Plague Drones soaring in to engage the Prosecutors defending it. Many a daemon was banished, just as many a blade-winged warrior was sent spiralling to the distant slop. The isle itself, however, continued to float on.

Ghurk Glott reached the World Pimples as the floating isle passed overhead. At the behest of his brother Otto, the lumpen giant squeezed the largest of the World Pimples with his giant tentacle, bursting it in a tremendous geyser of pus. The fluid splashed across the underside of the floating island, disrupting the magic that was holding it aloft.

The island fought with every ounce of its spirit to stay aloft, but it ailed still from the vile rains that had tainted it. The floating mountain drifted lower and lower until it plunged into the shallows of Gelid Gush, crushing entire mobs of plague daemons and sending a tsunami of infected water surging over Pupa Grotesse. Wobbling with anger at having his ablutions interrupted, the greater daemon yanked a rusted flail from the water and smashed it into the foremost Stormcast Eternals. Many perished, but the survivors charged in with hammers and swords raised.

Grotesse waved a fat hand, and packs of slug-like monstrosities bounded forth, flolloping and splashing through the river to fall upon the Stormcast Eternals. Eager to play with their new friends, the creatures shrugged off stab wounds and hammer blows as they bellied and crushed their way through the Stormcast ranks. Only the Retributors proved capable of felling

MORBIDEX TWICEBORN

Morbidex Twiceborn has always honoured his debts, and to the Nurglings of his master's garden he owes a great deal indeed. Born in fire, the man who became the Lord of Nurglings was badly disfigured in his youth. Blaming flame-wreathed Tzeentch for his misfortune, he made it his life's work to seek out the Architect of Fate's arch-enemy, Grandfather Nurgle. In the end, it was Nurgle that found him. Whilst climbing a high peak that led into the Realm of Chaos, the young aspirant was buried alive under an avalanche of Nurglings. The daemon mites were of good humour, and posed Morbidex riddles in exchange for their help. For every quandary he got right, they squished him upwards, but for every wrong answer, they gifted him a physical attribute that echoed their own. Since his slimy rebirth amid that avalanche, Morbidex has become more powerful than ever. In Rotwater Blight he rides to battle once more on his pox maggoth Tripletongue, gaggles of faithful Nurglings swarming in his wake.

them, each hammer blow shrivelling the slimy beasts into gobbets of wet ash.

Pupa Grotesse grew increasingly angry as the battle raged on. Boulder-sized fists flew, and Stormcast Eternals were crushed, their bloody cadavers swiftly discorporating. The skull-flail whirled, and whole retinues were hurled back like broken dolls. Though hundreds of Gardus' men charged in, few had strength enough to fight through the thick slop around the monster's haunches, and those that did found their blows rebounding harmlessly from his elephantine hide. Even the axes of the Decimators did little more than draw thin traceries of black blood. In contrast, the greater daemon's every swipe sent shattered bodies flying through the air. Many vanished in blazes of blue light, others splashed down to be claimed by noxious waters.

Gardus shared a glance with his Lord-Relictor, Morbus, before bludgeoning his way towards the greater daemon. His sigmarite hammer crackled with white fire as he slew Plaguebearer and Beast of Nurgle alike. Morbus came close behind, lightning crackling across his reliquary to spark out in a thick bolt that grounded upon Pupa Grotesse. This time the Great Unclean One took note. The daemon roared a spell that saw a dozen of Morbus' Protectors turned to boiling mush, and reached out to pluck Morbus from the mire and bring the Lord-Relictor towards his yawning maw. Gardus took his chance, running up a stump of rotten driftwood and shouting the daemon's name.

The Great Unclean One's eyes grew wide in alarm, for Gardus had used not his usual epithet, but his true name – spoken by the over-talkative Bolathrax during his taunting pursuit in the Garden of Nurgle. Morbus, still clutched in the beast's hand, took his chance. He called out to the tempest – and the tempest answered. Crackling bolts split the skies, swathing Grotesse in sacred lightning. Morbus chanted louder, and Pupa Grotesse's flesh began to smoulder black. A deafening bang, and the daemon exploded like a sack of rotting offal left too long in the sun.

As soon as the curse of the Great Unclean One's foulness was gone, the sparkling stream flowed pure once more, its scintillating waters eating away like acid at the daemon horde even as it invigorated the Stormhosts. The Hallowed Knights plunged once more into the fray, and this time, there was no stopping them. Before the night was out, the daemon host was slain, and the River Vitalis was born anew.

BATTLEPLAN

KILL THE BEAST

There are many terrifying creatures abroad during the Age of Sigmar. Towering gargants thunder across the plains, great Shaggoths dominate the higher passes of the Magmacrag Peaks, and gigantic Arachnaroks ensnare entire settlements at a time. Those with evil intent are not beyond yoking these mighty creatures to their will, and even worse, sometimes the monsters themselves can be found at the head of a mighty war-horde.

Pupa Grotesse was one such warlord, a massive daemon of Nurgle who had taken it upon himself to pollute the waters flowing from the Oak of Ages Past. Using this battleplan, players can recreate the clash that took place when the Stormcast Eternals stood against him. These rules could also represent an orruk warlord looking to deprive an enterprising grott boss of his prize Squigoff, or a Pestilent Clawpack hunting down a Treelord at the edge of the Forgotten Forest.

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army, and then must decide who will be the hunter and who will be the beastmaster. If one player has at least a third more models than their opponent, then they must be the beastmaster. Otherwise, each player rolls a dice, and whoever rolls higher decides whether to be the hunter or the beastmaster.

The general of each army has a unique command ability, shown below, in addition to any others they have.

THE GREAT BEAST

The beastmaster must pick a **MONSTER** in their army to be the great beast, or any other model if their army does not include any **MONSTERS**. Add 3 to the great beast's Wounds characteristic.

HUNTER'S OBJECTIVES

A terrible beast has been causing great havoc at the behest of your enemy, but now you have tracked it to its lair. Knowing that you could not easily approach by land, you have planned a two-pronged assault; while one force marches forth to deliver the killing blow, a second host will cause a diversion in the skies. Even if it costs the lives of all of your warriors, victory will be yours if the beast lies slain at battle's end.

BEASTMASTER'S OBJECTIVES

The mighty creature at the heart of your plans for conquest has been no less than a boon from the gods, but the enemy now moves to slay it. This cannot be allowed, for you have concocted a great purpose for it in this realm. Dispatching airborne warriors to deal with an obvious feint, you prepare yourself to defend your beast to the last and slaughter those who would dare stand in your way.

HUNTER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Fleet of Wing: If your general uses this ability, he and all friendly flying units within 6" of him are affected until your next hero phase. You can re-roll charge rolls for affected units if they move from one battlefield to another during this battle round. (see Sky War, page 142).

BEASTMASTER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Living Bulwark: If your general uses this ability, pick either the general's unit or one friendly unit that is within 24" of the general and within 12" of the great beast. Until your next hero phase, re-roll failed save rolls for that unit.

THE BATTLEFIELDS

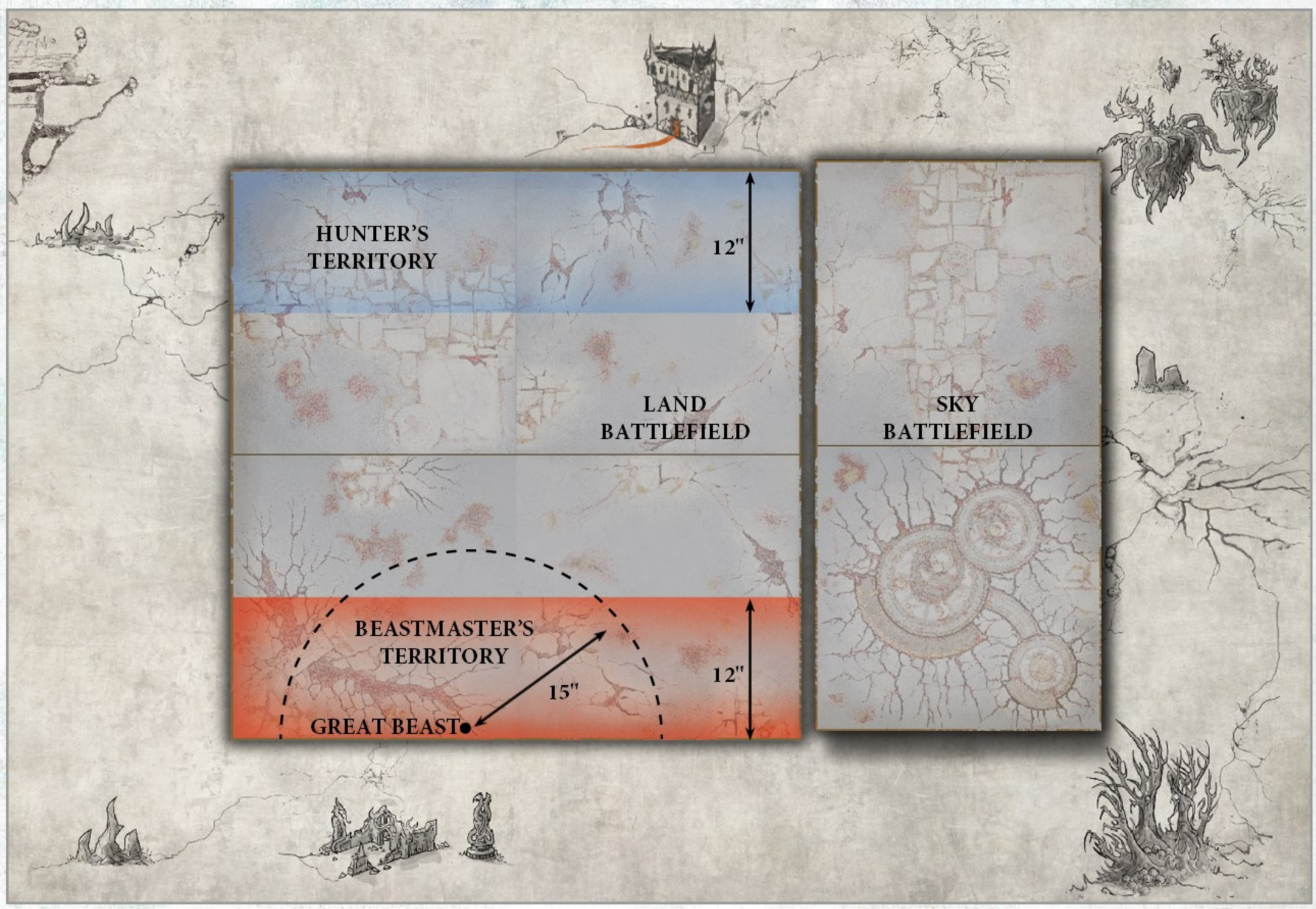
The battle takes place across two separate battlefields. The larger of the two represents the land, while the smaller represents the sky.

If you do not have enough room to set up two areas, you can divide your battlefield as shown on the map below. Just remember that the two are entirely separate – units can't move between them without using the Sky War rules below, and you can't measure distances between them.

Generate the scenery for the land battlefield as described on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the example scenery shown on the map below. The sky battlefield should be mostly clear, aside from the tops of tall trees or towers.

SET-UP

Do not use the set-up instructions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. The beastmaster begins by placing the great beast on the land battlefield within 1" of a battlefield edge, claiming that edge as his own. The hunter claims the opposite battlefield edge, then sets up a unit so that all of its models are within 12" of it. The players continue to alternate setting up a unit, making sure that they don't set up any models more than 12" from their battlefield edge, until they have set up all the units they want to fight in the battle or have run out of space. Units that can fly can instead be set up anywhere on the sky battlefield that is more than 9" from an enemy unit.



THE BEAST'S LAIR

The point on the edge of the battlefield closest to the great beast when it is set up marks the centre of its territory. The beast's territory extends out from this point for 15" in all directions. Add 1 to any hit and wound rolls made for the great beast while it is within its territory.

If the great beast is within its territory in its hero phase, it can inflict D3 mortal wounds on a friendly unit within 3". It heals one wound for each wound it inflicts in this way by feasting upon the flesh of its masters.

FIRST TURN

In the first battle round the hunter decides who will have the first turn (there is no need to roll).

SKY WAR

Units on the sky battlefield can move, shoot, charge and fight as normal, but move 6" when they pile in rather than 3". In addition, each time a unit in your army slays an enemy model in the sky, roll a dice. On a roll of 6, pick a unit in the enemy army that is on the land. That unit immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds as a body crashes down upon them from above.

In your movement phase, units that can fly can soar to the other battlefield instead of moving. Remove the unit from play and set it up anywhere on the other battlefield so that is it more than 9" from the enemy.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the hunter immediately wins a **major victory** if his forces slay the great beast and there are no models belonging to the beastmaster on the Sky Battlefield. If the hunter slays the great beast, but there are still models belonging to the beastmaster on the Sky Battlefield, the hunter immediately wins a **minor victory**. The beastmaster immediately wins a **minor victory** if he successfully slays if all of the models the hunter has in play on the Ground Battlefield, but will instead win a **major victory** if he has also slain all of the models the hunter has in play on the Sky Battlefield.

TIME OF WAR

When Sigmar sent his Stormhosts to find Alarielle once more, they entered the corrupted environs of Rotwater Blight. The following rules are specific to battles being fought within its verdant landscapes, and recreate the warring influences of the realm's natural vitality and Nurgle's pestilent boons.

ROTWATER BLIGHT

If you decide a battle is taking place in the Realm of Life, then you can specify it is occurring in Rotwater Blight. If you do, the following rules apply.

SPONTANEOUS GROWTH

Roll a dice at the start of each of your hero phases. If you roll a 6, you can set up a **SYLVANETH WYLDWOOD**. It must be set up on a flat area of ground on the battlefield in which it can fit. Temporarily remove any models standing in the area where the Wyldwood springs up, and return them to the battlefield as close as possible to their earlier location after the Wyldwood has been set up.

LIFEBLOOM

If the roll for a unit's battleshock test is a 1, then that unit is blessed with magical vitality and no models from the unit flee, regardless of any modifiers. In addition, the life-sustaining magics have a curative effect, and all wounds suffered by models in that unit are healed.

SHIELD OF THORNS

WIZARDS in Rotwater Blight know the Shield of Thorns spell in addition to any other spells that they know.

Shield of Thorns has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, select a friendly unit within 18" of the caster. Until your next hero phase, any enemy unit that is within 3" of that unit at the end of the combat phase suffers D3 mortal wounds.

ROTWATER BLIGHT TRIUMPHS

If you win a **major victory** in a battle in Rotwater Blight, you can roll on the following table instead of the Triumph table on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet.

D6	Reward
1	**Talisman of Preservation.** Pick a **HERO** in your army to wear this talisman. Ignore rend modifiers when making save rolls for the model wearing the talisman.
2	**Acorns of the Ages.** Once during the battle you can set up a **SYLVANETH WYLDWOOD** as if you had rolled a 6 for Spontaneous Growth (see above). You can do this even if you are not in Rotwater Blight.
3	**Verdant Blessing.** Pick one **Totem** or Standard Bearer in your army to receive this blessing. Add 1 to the save rolls of all friendly models from units that are within 3" of the model with this blessing.
4	**Essence of Ghyran.** Pick a **Hero** in your army to embody this essence. Once during the battle, in your hero phase, this model can heal all wounds it has suffered.
5	**Jade Scroll.** Pick a **HERO** in your army. That model can attempt to cast the Shield of Thorns spell even if they are not a **WIZARD** or in Rotwater Blight.
6	**Moonstone of the Hidden Ways.** Once during the battle, in your hero phase, you can pick a friendly unit that is wholly within a **SYLVANETH WYLDWOOD**. Remove the unit, and set it up in another **SYLVANETH WYLDWOOD** more than 3" from any enemy models.

HIDDEN FESTERING CORRUPTION

All terrain features in Rotwater Blight have the Hidden Festering Corruption scenery rule, in addition to any other scenery rules that they have.

Roll a dice for each enemy unit that is within 1" of a terrain feature at the end of your hero phase. Add 1 to the dice roll if your general is a follower of **NURGLE** and is still alive.

On a roll of 5 or more that unit suffers 1 mortal wound. If the unit is made up of followers of **NURGLE**, then instead of suffering a mortal wound, a wound is healed.

HELP ME, GRANDFATHER NURGLE!

Once in each battle in Rotwater Blight, when a **HERO** from your army who is a follower of **NURGLE** is slain, you can beseech Nurgle for help. If you do so, roll a dice before removing the model. On a roll of 5 or more, the **HERO** is not slain and instead has all of its wounds healed. On a roll of 3 or 4 the **HERO** is slain and removed as normal, while on a roll of 1 or 2 the **HERO** is slain and replaced with a **CHAOS SPAWN**.

THE OAK OF AGES PAST

The Oak of Ages Past is a fragment from the world-that-was, a splinter of a once mighty tree. From one end of its hollow trunk a flows a stream of pure and untainted water, but Nurgle has seen to it that this sacred river is contaminated by the noxious issues of his minions.

At the start of the battle, a corrupt stream is flowing from the Oak and into the Rotwater Blight, granting unholy vitality to Nurgle's minions. While a corrupt stream flows, roll a dice every time a follower of **NURGLE** suffers a wound or a mortal wound; on the roll of a 6, that wound is negated.

Roll a dice at the end of each battle round. On the roll of a 5 or a 6, the followers of **NURGLE** who are corrupting the stream are assumed to have been driven off. The stream then flows with pure untainted waters. Whilst a pure stream flows, players roll three dice and choose the lowest whenever one of their **ORDER** units takes a battleshock test.

MIASMA OF PESTILENCE

All **WIZARDS** in Rotwater Blight that are followers of **NURGLE** know the Miasma of Pestilence spell in addition to any other spells that they know.

Miasma of Pestilence has a casting value of 4. If successfully cast, pick a friendly unit within 12" of the caster. Until your next hero phase, the opposing player must subtract 1 from the hit rolls for any of his models that are within 3" of the unit that you picked. If you wish, before making the casting roll for this spell, you can increase its casting value by 1 or more. You can pick 1 extra friendly unit to be affected by the spell for each point by which you increased the casting value.

THE WYLDWOOD AWAKENS

If your general has the **ORDER** keyword, and your opponent's general has the **CHAOS** keyword, there is a chance that you will receive aid from the sylvaneth in your battle. To see if this happens, roll a dice at the start of each of your hero phases (even if either your general or the opposing general has been slain). On a roll of 6 you receive aid from the sylvaneth.

If this happens, roll 3 times on the table below to see what aid you receive. If you have models to represent the units, you can set them up so that all the models in them are within 3" of a **SYLVANETH WYLDWOOD** and more than 9" from the enemy. This counts as their move for the movement phase of that turn.

Once aid has been received, it cannot be received again for the rest of the battle (do not roll in your hero phase to see if it is received again).

D6	Aid Received
1	One unit of up to ten Dryads
2	One unit of up to twenty Dryads
3	One unit of up to thirty Dryads
4	One unit of up to forty Dryads
5	One Branchwraith
6	One Treelord or Treelord Ancient

WAR IN THE HIDDEN VALE

The River Vitalis ran clean once more, washing away the filth of the plague daemons and fortifying the warriors that had been its salvation. In passing through it, the Stormcast Eternals would not only find the Hidden Vale, but also bring the war for Rotwater Blight to a bloody conclusion.

The Stormhosts raised their voices in war-song, for the rewards of their victory against Pupa Grotesse were clear in moments. The Gelid Gush was swiftly becoming a bad memory. Those who submerged themselves in the life-giving waters of the River Vitalis found their wounds clotting, puckering and healing over entirely.

Though many renewed themselves in this way, Lorrus Grymn was the first to immerse himself in the scintillating liquid – soon he felt the tiredness fall from his limbs, his body bursting with energy as if he were freshly Reforged. He was quick to tell Gardus of the river's magics, and before long every one of the injured had bathed his wounds. The exhausted, filth-caked Stormcast Eternals stood shining and undaunted once more.

The question was not long in coming – where next? Gardus summoned Prosecutor-Prime Tegrus to his side, and asked him to divine the secret of the river. Tegrus did not hesitate, but dived down into the glittering waters, his wings tucked back as he swam deeper and deeper. Minutes passed; long enough for a seed of doubt to blossom in many a Prosecutor's heart, but Gardus remained impassive.

Suddenly Tegrus burst from the water and soared into the air, the spray of droplets shining like scattered diamonds. He told of an emerald light where the river's bed should be. Lord Gardus' suspicions were correct – they had found the Hidden Vale.

Gardus was first, as ever. Holding his breath, he waded deeper into

the river, letting the weight of his sigmarite armour pull him down. He felt the air burn in his lungs, every instinct screaming at him to claw his way back to the surface. But Gardus did not, for he was Stormcast. He took in a great lungful of water, and blacked out.

Tegrus, helm immersed, watched Gardus disappear. He nodded, the truth as clear as the water itself. They had to take Ghyran into themselves if they wished to reach Athelwyrd, to become one with the river rather than fighting against it. The warrior phalanxes took heed, their trust in Gardus and his officers so great they forced their will to override their survival instincts.

One by one, the warriors walked deep into the river, lost consciousness, and disappeared.

Skurrik grinned in horrible satisfaction as the last of the silver warriors vanished into the stream. His own agents had found the gate to Athelwyrd before those of Vermalanx. The Grey Seer took a tiny clay urn from his robes and smashed it with the hilt of his dagger. A swarm of fat-bodied flies spiralled out, growing larger by the second.

'Storm-things pass into the river,' chittered Skurrik. 'It... it is the portal!'

The Glottkin coalesced from the swarm, hideous and proud. 'That does make a kind of sense,' said the warlord known as Otto, brushing flies from his open gut. 'Ethrac, oh second-favourite sibling. This river is too pure by half. Summon Grandfather's Deluge so we can flood this place for good.'

'A meritorious idea, brother of my mother's womb,' said the sorcerer, stoking his brazier. 'Gates can be forced open as well as unlocked.'

'Oh yes! Ghurk, give the signal. Loud as you like, my lad. We're going in.'

Skurrik covered his ears as Otto's monstrous brother threw back his misshapen head and bellowed at deafening volume. In the middle distance, war horns answered by the score.

The Stormcast Eternals felt their senses returning one by one, and sat up to find themselves atop a lichen-clad slope of rock. Above their heads stretched the undulating swathe of the River Vitalis, glimmering ripples of light playing across its underside. The vale beneath it was breathtaking, so large it had its own mountain ranges; each was draped in evergreen forests and hung with glittering waterfalls. The trees lining the lower vale glowed softly, each as silver-skinned as the most youthful birch – many were entwined to form arboreal citadels of impossibly elegant design. Gossamer floated through the warm air, fan-tailed birds winged through skies of coloured mist. Truly they had found paradise. For long hours the Stormcast Eternals wandered through Athelwyrd's bounty; if not for the abrupt orders of Lord-Castellant Grymn, they may never have escaped its spell.

The Stormhosts wound through many a dell and forest path in search of the denizens of the valley. Everywhere they felt eyes upon them, every strange animal, bird and insect falling silent at their passing. Unease set in, and when the path led to a grove lined with spiral-etched menhirs, the ranks shuffled to a halt. Lorrus Grymn tutted and strode in, calling out for the shy sylvaneth to attend him.

A heartbeat later a thicket of iron-thorns shot up to enwrap the Lord-Castellant, tearing armour and flesh alike to hurl him to the ground in a bloody heap. Sylvaneth Dryads burst from the trees with eerie shrieks, falling upon the Stormcast Eternals to rip and slash and kill. Blazes of blue light shot upwards. The Lady of Vines untwined herself from an elder oak, whipping limbs catching and throttling the Prosecutors that hurtled towards her

with hammers raised. Only Gardus prevented a costly battle of attrition, calling out for his men to use shields alone against the foe. When the Lord-Celestant cried out to the sylvaneth, asking why it had come to this, the Lady of Vines stretched out a gnarled hand and pointed, shaking with rage, to the other side of the vale.

Pouring down the opposite valley wall was a wave of feculent fluid. Knee-deep amongst it were horde upon horde of Chaos worshippers, goat-headed beastmen, scurrying skaven and fat-bellied daemons. At their head pounded the lumpen form of Ghurk Glott, his brothers laughing in triumph atop his shoulders as the vanguard of the Nurgle army bowled headlong into the Dryads spilling from the trees. The battle between Chaos horde and sylvaneth blockade was fierce, but painfully one-sided. By crossing into Athelwyrd, the Stormcast Eternals had led the sylvaneth's worst nightmare right to them.

Just as the sylvaneth were about to renew their attack, the trees all about the menhir glade shook, twisted their branches together, and weaved twig and leaf to form a female face. Burning jade eyes met the gazes of Stormcast Eternal and sylvaneth alike. Murmuring in amazement, the wounded stood once more; even Lorrus Grymn was healed. Then, in a voice like the whisper of a thousand winds, Alarielle spoke.

They had little choice, she said. This day, the armies of Azyr and Ghyran would fight together, or die apart.

Morbidex Twiceborn was having the time of his life. The deluge had spilled through the river portal, carrying the plague legions with it. To the flank, his old allies Bloab Rotspawned and Orghotts Daemonspew rode their maggoths down the vale, racing to be the first to find Alarielle. The Glottkin followed, only to be intercepted by three towering tree spirits; Morbidex chuckled as Ghurk picked one of them up with his arm-tentacle and used it as a club against the other two.

A barrier of thick, thorny vegetation sprung up before Morbidex, his maggoth recoiling and his Nurgling swarm coming to a tumbling halt. 'Up-then, Tripletongue,' he burbled. The maggoth was quick to obey. Leaping up, it grabbed at the stout branches overhead and swung, ape-like, over the thorns. Morbidex flicked his scythe toward the tree-shaman behind the wall, decapitating her with a splintering crack. The barrier withered and fell apart. His Nurglings swarmed the sylvaneth nearby, scampering up their bark-like exteriors and vomiting in their boles. This day got better by the moment, thought Morbidex. He put out a hand, palm upwards, and his eerie smile grew wider still. It was beginning to rain.

Across Rotwater Blight, the pregnant clouds that had haunted the Floating Isles of Talbion grew thick, turning from off-white to brooding, greyish-green. Rain fell in squalls – not the sparking blue water of Azyr, but oily fluids that pelted the Blight in such great measure that the River Vitalis burst its banks. Those same dolorous clouds trailed behind the Glotts, drawn through the aqueous portal the flood had forced wide.

The daemon flies of Nurgle buzz loud around his favourite minions.

That dire fug boiled across the landscape, corrupting swathes of lush vegetation. Pox-raddled skaven scampered through the gloom, their smoking censers adding to the foulness in the air. The priest Kratsik lived on through these verminous disciples, for his ragged soul was tied to the fat daemon maggots in their brains. When the sylvaneth emerged to bar their path, the Plague Monks charged in, smashing oak-hard limbs to flinders and driving rusted blades into wooden hearts.

Whilst Nurgle's Deluge bathed the repulsive legions in its pale liquids, the energies of Azyr crackled over the phalanx of Stormcast Eternals descending into the vale. Each chamber's Lord-Relictor chanted loud, invoking the energies of the tempest. Their prayers were soon answered, for the thunderheads of Sigmar's Tempest gathered thick. The cloudscape seemed to be fighting against Nurgle's Deluge, ebbing and flowing as the battle raged below. Tendrils of foul cloud inveigled into the tempest, only to be evaporated by blasts of pure blue energy. The boom of thunder echoed down the valley like the battle cries of the gods themselves.

Across the vale, thousands of warriors clashed. Wherever the tempest roiled thickest, twin-tailed comets of celestial lightning hurtled out of nothingness to blast into the fight at the heart of the vale. Each left in its wake a retinue of Stormcast Eternals, voices raised in strident battle cries as they charged the Chaos worshippers pouring down the mountainsides. Astral Templars, Hallowed Knights, Hammers of Sigmar and a dozen more Stormhosts raced to fight alongside their brothers as the fury of Sigmar's Tempest intensified.

To the east, the cursed host of Torglug the Despised trampled a field of emerald roses on their way to the front lines. The Treelord Thellembhol jumped from the capstone of a nearby

PLAGUESWORDS

From the least important bubo-licker to the most vaunted herald of disaster, every one of Nurgle's Tallymen has a plaguesword to call his own. Forged of ancient iron, yet badly rusted and festering with a thousand diseases, the slightest cut from one of these corroded weapons can damn a mortal in an instant. Some contract the dreaded soul-blight known as Nurgle's Rot, and gradually morph into Plaguebearers themselves. So virulent are these slimy contagions they can even cause supernatural creatures to wither and fade. At the Battle of Athelwyrd, many a sylvaneth Dryad was turned to powdery white ash by Wrech Ga'blarr and his fellow heralds. So strong were the energies of Nurgle coursing above that conflict that even those Stormcast Eternals struck by such blades became wracked with disease. Many a herald looked on in morbid interest as the bodies of their victims convulsed, the warring energies of storm and plague tearing the warriors apart in explosions of blue light and greenish-white fluid.

cairn, the impact of his landing stamping Putrid Blightkings into squirting piles of viscera. Then came another Treelord, escorted by a swathe of thorn-skinned sylvaneth, shrieking as their wooden claws ripped open spoiled flesh and punched through jellied eyeballs. Torglug was unfazed. Skirting around the Treelord's flank, he hacked at its legs over and over again, felling it as a forester would an oak. Dryads raked and stabbed, but Torglug, inured to pain by endless plagues, felt nothing. He bisected his assailants one by one, axe rising and falling as he used the fallen Treelord's body as an executioner's block.

The sickly rainclouds thickened further still, their fat raindrops growing fist-sized, then even larger. Here and there a shower of Nurglings fell from the skies, bouncing and sliding down the vale like a rockslide of suppurating flesh. Morbidex howled in delight. Leading a swarm of his diminutive allies in a flank attack, the champion joined the daemon host fighting the Hallowed Knights. Gardus was there at the fore, white flames crackling around him as he crushed cyclopean heads with each sweep of his hammer. Plague Drones flew in, hurling scooped-out heads full of daemon pus into the ordered ranks below. Gardus took a few long steps; a moment later he was boosted from the upturned shield of a kneeling Liberator comrade, pushed up with impetus enough to slash his glowing sigmarite blade through rot fly and rider alike.

Then came Bolathrax.

The greater daemon burst from the flooding river above to roll like an immense boulder down the side of the vale, arms flailing. He carved a bloody, slimy swathe through the ranks of the Stormcast Eternals before righting himself with a bellowed challenge, a flail made from the skulls of giants whirling through the rain.

ALARIELLE, QUEEN OF THE RADIANT WOOD

Alarielle is the embodiment of all natural life. A goddess of incredible power, she was once a vital member of Sigmar's pantheon. Since the Dark Gods invaded Ghyran, however, she has become withdrawn and cold.

Alarielle has existed in one guise or another for aeons. She is the nurturer of worlds, the mother of all life, who brings the endless potential of nature to glorious fruition. It is her children that raise the greatest life forms to maturity, that fashion beautiful worldscapes from the simplest seeds, and that sing the songs of paradise as the great cycles wind ever on.

Some mortal seers say Alarielle was born from the humblest of beginnings, others that she has always existed, but in Ghyran, the first depictions of her bounty date back to the Age of Myth. Those who walk the living branch-tapestries of Oyrha first see the barbarian king Sigmar waking Alarielle from a long hibernation, winning her gratitude, and the two hurling back a tide of darkness. Later Alarielle is shown as a plant queen surrounded by a court of glowing tree-spirits, then as a wandering nymph distributing soulpods throughout the Mortal Realms. The last tableaus, wiry and barren, show a weeping goddess curled in her private kingdoms, sealed away in a paradise besieged on all sides by scenes of anarchy and destruction. In these times of strife, it is these latter images that ring truest of all. Most of the Jade Kingdoms have been stolen from Alarielle's guardianship by the rapacious armies of the Dark Gods.

And yet there is still hope for Ghyran. Alarielle's mournful introspection has availed her little; even the roots she has put down into her last haven have proved brittle and dry. The seeds of her vengeance are sown, awaiting the light that will see them grow to deadly fruition once more. She is already working her life-giving magics to aid those who fight in the realm's cause. With the forces of Order working as one, a new dawn may yet rise upon the Jade Kingdoms – an era that sees Chaos banished from her realm.

THELLEMBHOL THE BEREAVED

The Treelord Thellembhol was once supple as a willow, content to blow this way and that with the prevailing wind. Since the coming of Chaos, he has become as sharp and deadly as a splinter. He cannot bear to see his native forests defiled by Nurgle, nor to see his queen so distraught at what has befallen her realm. Worse still, she has of late grown distant and morose. It is not merely tainted flesh and steel that Thellembhol fights every new day, but the corruption of the soul that leads to apathy and despair.

Thellembhol recently left Alarielle's side to strike hard at the invaders of their realm. By joining forces with the Lady of Vines, he intended to win his mistress the gift of hope. However, in the ensuing battle, Thellembhol lost his twin brother Lorhaldh to the poisons of Clan Pestilens. Since that day his rage has been incandescent, and he has grasped every opportunity he can find to strike back at the Chaos invaders.

Gardus cried out, half in fear and half in outrage as Bolathrax barrelled towards him. The greater daemon swept ranks of Hallowed Knights from his path, crushing those who ducked each swipe in rolls of his rotting fat. Gardus ran up a fallen oak's trunk, leaped into a spin, and with a tremendous backhand blow smashed his flaming hammer into Bolathrax's chest. The blow simply bounced off as if it had struck a wall of rubber. Bolathrax laughed long and loud as he swatted Gardus into the muck.

To the east, the pall of foul smog had spread to cover skaven and beastman alike. Two baleful green eyes shimmered within, a long-nailed claw beckoning to the beastmen skidding down the scree of the valley wall and pointing to the forest of glowing trees. Bullgors and Bestigors hefted their greataxes and took them to the arboreal citadels. Sap sprayed like blood as they hacked away at the ancient forest.

An ethereal screech echoed through the valley as a glowing manifestation of Alarielle coalesced in the twilight, glittering seeds cast from her outstretched hands. Within a matter of a few heartbeats, a hundred green shoots had burst from the ground and grown into giant carnivorous plants that snapped up the nearest Bestigors and broke their bones to powder.

Sighting his quarry, Vermalanx gave a cry of triumph. He loped from the smog, snatching Skurrik from the fallen Stormcast Eternal the Grey Seer was flaying alive. Skurrik squealed as he was thrust towards Alarielle, squirting the musk of fear as the Verminlord Corruptor whispered terrible threats in his ears. Shaking fingers stretched towards Alarielle, Skurrik began the incantation known as the Dread Thirteenth Spell. His fur stood on end across his body, eyes glowing green-black whilst his body was consumed by the energies pouring through it.

Alarielle remained oblivious, her long fingers glowing as she tore a herd of bullgors into bloody shreds. A beam of unclean light shot out from Skurrik towards the goddess' back. In a blur of silver, sharp-eyed Tegrus dived down. The magical beam caught the Prosecutor-Prime full in the chest, and he shrank into himself, horribly changing, face elongating. Wreathed in warping energy, he mutated from a glorious warrior hero to a screeching, mangy man-rat with bat wings hanging limply from his shoulders.

Alarielle span, her face a mask of indignation. She extended a hand, and a tendril of emerald energy connected her to Vermalanx, the rat-daemon screeching as he rose into the air. Shaking her head in sorrow, Alarielle flicked a silver acorn into the Verminlord's maw. Shoots, then branches, then boughs burst through him in great profusion, tearing him apart in a stink of sulphurous musk.

SLAUGOTH, SUMMONER OF VILE RAINS

The sorcerer Slaugoth Maggotfang is usually a merry and jocular fellow, for he long ago made his peace with the bone-deep diseases that enable him to channel Nurgle's power. However, since the intrusion of the Stormcast Eternals into what he sees as his master's rightful domain, Slaugoth's good humour has drained away. At the Rotfane, the sludge-walled keep the sorcerer used as his power base, Slaugoth fought against Gardus and the Lord-Relictor Morbus. The storm of filth he brought upon the invaders was thwarted by the power of Sigmar's Tempest, and the Rotfane was torn down. Slaugoth escaped, seething with hatred. Before long he had allied with Ethrac Glott, a sorcerer of surpassing power. Together the twisted disciples of the Plague God have summoned Nurgle's Deluge, an unholy monsoon so powerful it has breached the river gates of Athelwyrd and even contested Sigmar's divine thunder for control of the skies. If Slaugoth has his way, the entire Hidden Vale will fill with noisome fluid, claimed forever in the name of Nurgle's infinite putrescence.

For a fraction of a second, Bolathrax's attention had been broken by the screams of the thwarted Verminlord. His coup de grace missed Gardus, sword tip thunking deep into the earth. Gardus took his chance, running up the daemon's blade to thrust his blazing sword into his foe's eye socket. Bolathrax bellowed in pain, swiping his flail blindly around his head. Infernal luck was with the daemon, and he battered Gardus to the ground. A splayed foot lifted and fell, breaking Gardus' spine and crushing his sword hand to splinters. The skull flail came down, jaws chattering, and crunched Gardus' legs to twisted ruin.

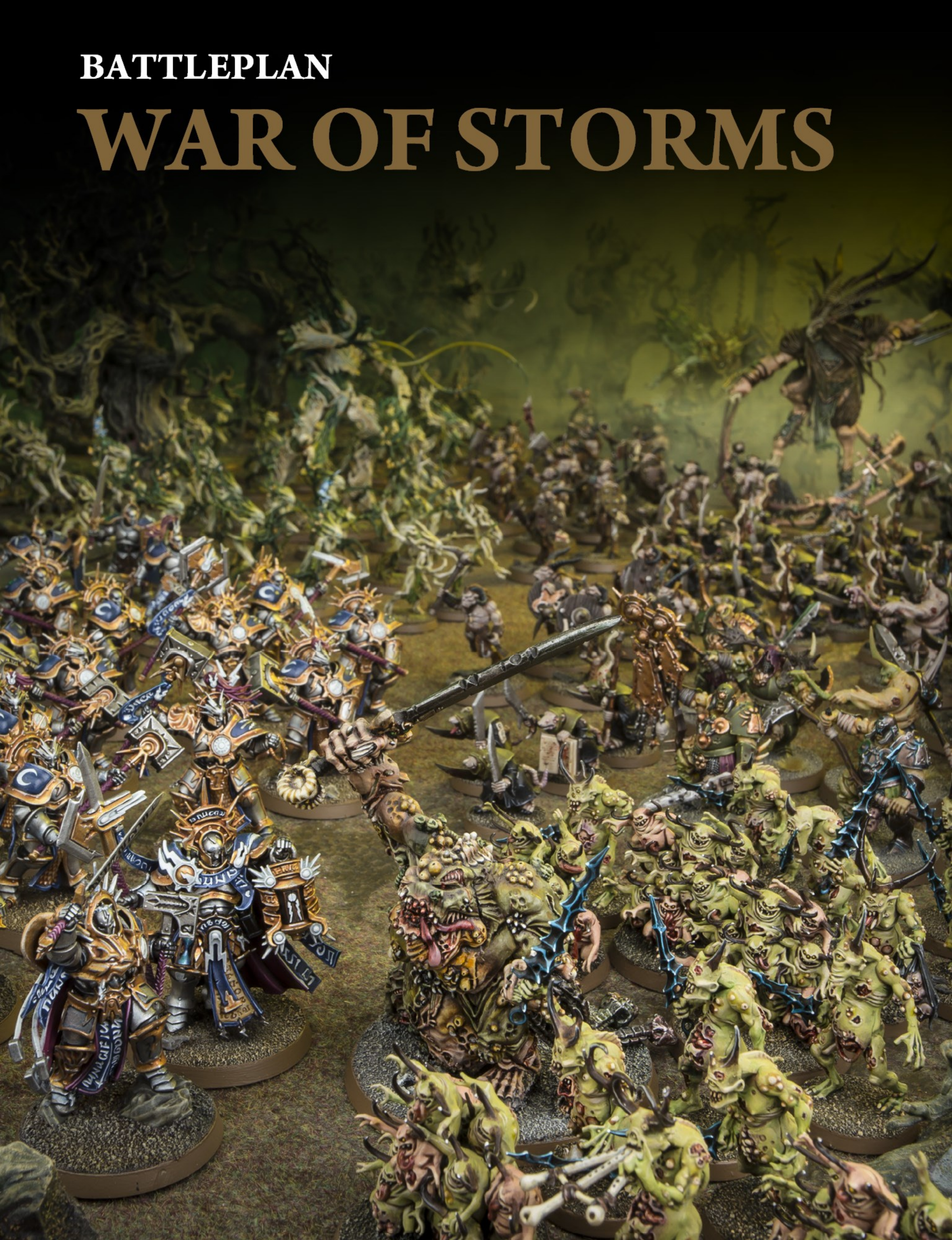
Chortling evilly as the hellish rain pelted down, Bolathrax picked the Lord-Celestant up by the ankle. The daemon lifted his belly folds wide to expose the swirling vortex within. Gardus was in agony, gasping out the sacred phrase of his Stormhost as he stared an eternity of visceral torture in the face. Nearby, Lorrus Grymn shouted an oath of denial. Dropping his halberd, he yanked a Judicator's thunderbolt crossbow from his hands and took aim. The bolt sizzled gold through the rain, striking Gardus in the back of the neck. A blaze of blue light, and Bolathrax found his hand and the prison of his vast gut empty and cold.

Alarielle drifted in close, green fire in her eyes. She chanted a strange rhyme, and a thick net of ironthorns erupted from the vale to enfold Bolathrax's vast girth. The daemon struggled, roaring, but could not break free. That same verse Alarielle chanted backwards, and the cage of briars constricted, lacerating Bolathrax, then slicing him apart entirely so he collapsed into gory ooze.

The leader of the daemon host had been slain. Everywhere the Stormcast Eternals fought, their enemies died in droves. But they were few indeed, and the greater battle, that of the magical forces clashing in the sky, was slowly being lost. Athelwyrd was flooding, inch by inch. Those Stormcast Eternals and sylvaneth still battling in its midst were forced to retreat to the valley walls or drown in diseased slurry. With painstaking slowness the vale was claimed. The armies of Alarielle and Sigmar were forced to its upper reaches, then back through the breached portal of the River Vitalis, for none but a servant of Nurgle could survive in the vale now. Alarielle's screams of denial echoed loud across Ghyran's near-infinite scope, her anguish so intense it drove uncounted souls mad. There was no safe haven or sanctum left in all the Jade Kingdoms. Only war remained.

BATTLEPLAN

WAR OF STORMS



When the Stormhosts led by Lord-Celestant Gardus descended into the Hidden Vale, they were followed by a vast host of Rotbringers. The great battle that followed was accompanied by the warring thunderheads that roiled in the sky above, Nurgle's putrescent deluge crashing against the mighty tempest of Sigmar. This battleplan provides a set of rules for recreating such a battle, one in which the war in the heavens is as key to victory as the one taking place on the ground.

The magics of the realms are myriad and strange, and this battleplan can represent any number of alternative situations. Perhaps a dread coven of Soulblight Vampires seeks to invade the Glimmersand Isles under a pall of arcane darkness, while a powerful aelven archmage must do his best to drive it back?

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army, and then must decide who will be the corruptor and who will be the guardian. If one player has at least a third more models than their opponent, then they must be the corruptor. Otherwise, each player rolls a dice, and whoever rolls higher may choose which they will be.

The general of each army has a unique command ability, shown below, in addition to any others they have.

CORRUPTOR'S OBJECTIVES

After many long years of searching for the last hidden enclave of your rival, total victory is finally within your reach. You have been granted the honour of delivering the decisive blow. Cut down your enemies and slay the storm-empowered avatar that leads them to achieve ultimate victory this day and ensure that your master can wrest control of the heavens.

GUARDIAN'S OBJECTIVES

The enemy have forced a passage into your most sacred lands. Such an affront cannot be allowed. You must meet the enemy in battle and destroy them utterly. As otherworldly storm fronts writhe overhead, victory on the battlefield will aid your immortal master's defeat of his rival in the heavens as surely as it will see your enemies crushed on the ground. Your enemy's commander bears the favour of his god – slay him to ensure your master's dominance of the firmament.

CORRUPTOR'S COMMAND ABILITY

A Fell Voice on the Air: Your general can use this ability if your territory is larger than your opponent's (see the set-up instructions on the next page). If he does so, subtract 2 from the Bravery of any enemy units within your territory until your next hero phase as they are tormented by ethereal voices and horrific visions.

GUARDIAN'S COMMAND ABILITY

Heralds of the Storm: Your general can use this ability if your territory is larger than your opponent's. If he does so, set up a new unit of up to 10 models in your territory so that it is more than 12" from the enemy. This unit is added to your army and must share at least two keywords with your general. It cannot move in the movement phase of this turn.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place on the threshold of a long-hidden sanctuary, now revealed at last. Death and decay follow in the wake of the corruptor's advance, the groves of trees that scatter the battlefield, once lush and vibrant, are now left barren and withered as the army marches further eastwards.

You can either generate the scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the example scenery shown on the map below.

SET-UP

Do not use the set-up instructions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, split the battlefield into two halves across its width (as shown below). The guardian chooses one half as their territory; the other half is the corruptor's territory. First the guardian sets up their entire army, more than 12" from enemy territory, then the corruptor does the same.

FIRST TURN

Use the instructions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet to determine who takes the first turn.

THE STORM FRONT

The skies above the battlefield heave in conflict as godly powers vie for supremacy, their unearthly might bolstering the strength and resolve of the warriors fighting below.

The dividing line between the two players' territories is the storm front, the point where the two warring

thunderheads meet. As the battle progresses, this will move, causing one player's territory to grow and the other's to shrink as one of the divine powers gains an advantage over the other.

At the start of each battle round, before rolling to see who takes the first turn, each player rolls a dice and adds 1 to the result if there are any **PRIESTS** in their army. If one player rolls higher, the storm front moves 6" away from their edge of the battlefield (see map), increasing the size of their territory. The storm front can also be moved if the enemy general is killed or wounded (see Avatar of the Storm).

The guardian adds 1 to the result of any hit rolls he makes in the combat phase for models that are entirely within his territory. The corruptor adds 1 to the result of any wound rolls he makes in the combat phase for models that are entirely within his territory.

AVATAR OF THE STORM

At the end of each player's battleshock phase, the storm front moves 6" away from their edge of the battlefield if any of their models inflicted any wounds on the enemy general during the turn. If they slew the enemy general during the turn, the storm front moves 18" instead of 6".

For each wound a general heals, the storm front immediately moves 3" away from his edge of the battlefield.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet.

If the storm front ever reaches one player's battlefield edge, their opponent immediately wins a **major victory**.

If this has not happened by the end of the sixth battle round, the player whose territory is the largest wins a **minor victory**. If both players have equally sized territories, the result is a **draw**.

HALLOWED KNIGHTS

The war for Rotwater Blight forever changed the Hallowed Knights. When first hurled into battle they were fresh, clean of limb and mind, but their long battle against the foulness of Nurgle has left its mark. Though none of the Stormhost's number have fallen to Nurgle's plagues, the sights they saw in Rotwater Blight will haunt them forever. On several occasions their blazing zeal guttered in the face of the horrible sights and fates that awaited them, but the fires of their faith can never truly be extinguished. Wiser, sterner and all the deadlier for their experiences, these steel-souled knights of Sigmar would fight through a thousand infested battlescapes if it meant securing victory for their God-King.

A Lord-Castellant marshals his warriors, holding fast against even the direst foes.

Protectors form a barrier of unyielding sigmarite that deflects arrow and blade alike.

HALLOWED KNIGHTS

None shine with such burning purity as the Hallowed Knights. Clad in silver sigmarite, armour and weapons crawling with skeins of pure white lightning, these warriors bear the light of Sigmar into battle against their foes. No unclean creature can stand before such righteous ire and live…

In an explosion of silver light, the shining heroes of the Hallowed Knights descend from Sigmar's Tempest to bring vengeance against their foes. Every single Hallowed Knight was raised up from the Mortal Realms for the purity of his faith, his strength of belief in Sigmar as the God-King of all. Like a blade folded again and again in the heat of the furnace, the Reforging has only served to strengthen the Hallowed Knights' faith a hundredfold. Now they are a shining beacon of light that illuminates even the darkest and most terrible places.

This glorious purity is reflected in their panoply of war. Every curving plate of sigmarite armour gleams, shimmering silver interspersed with rich gold. Their shoulder guards are the deep, regal blue of the heavens, as are the sigmarite shields borne by the Stormhost's Liberators. Against these dark colours the Stormcast Eternals' noble devices are proudly displayed. These are emblazoned in untarnished silver and purest white, reflecting the holy fire that burns in each Hallowed Knight's heart.

This Liberator readies his warblade to impale his foes. You can assemble your models in a variety of poses to create a dynamic collection that comes to life on the battlefield.

These Liberators all belong to the same retinue, as is shown by the blue trim on their tabards and the gold of their belt clasps.

After carefully clipping your model from its sprue and assembling it with Citadel Plastic Glue, undercoat it with Chaos Black Spray. Take care to ensure an even coat.

Next, use Leadbelcher followed by a layer of Ironbreaker for the armour, Celestra Grey for all white details, and Kantor Blue for the blue areas.

Apply a generous wash of the colours in the Citadel Shade range to add contrast and bring out the detail. Use Nuln Oil on the armour and Reikland Fleshshade on the gold areas.

To add further definition to the raised areas, layer the shoulder guards with Kantor Blue, and the white details with Ulthuan Grey.

Next, highlight the model's edges. Use Runefang Steel on the armour and gold areas, Calgar Blue on the shoulder guards, and White Scar on the white detailing.

Glue sand and stones to the base, then paint the sand Zandri Dust, adding patches of Agrax Earthshade and drybrushing with Screaming Skull. Paint the rim Steel Legion Drab.

THE HEART OF CHAMON

RETURN TO THE FORTRESS

Having fought across the Great Crucible to the reach the Eldritch Fortress, the Heldenhammer Crusade neared its nigh-impossible goal. Warpflame lit the skies and around the Stormcasts a hurricane of magical energy raged – the battle for Ghal Maraz was reaching its bloody conclusion…

With a roar that echoed through the mist, the Stormcast Eternals pounded up the frozen promontory of silver that led towards the craggy plateau above. It was treacherous going. The silver was soft enough that blades could be dug into its surface to afford a better grip, but in places the solidified wave was little thicker than a breastplate. Here and there armoured feet plunged straight through, in places sending warriors tumbling down to break upon the unyielding sea of metal beneath.

And still, energised by the prospect of reclaiming Ghal Maraz, the Stormhosts pressed on. With every minute, a hundred more successfully made the climb to muster in the shadow of the Eldritch Fortress. And still Vandus and Thostos were torn; with every heartbeat they tarried, the sorcerer Ephryx had more time to concoct his spells and gather his armies. Yet only by holding fast and delaying their assault could the Stormcast Eternals gather a force strong enough to assail the fortress.

An eerie whine came from the crystal-studded Realmgate hanging above the citadel's highest point. Every one of the Stormcast Eternals could feel baleful energies behind it, their skin crawling as if a thousand hateful eyes were gazing down upon them. The gate traversed reality itself, leading to a realm of crystallised insanity. In translocating the Eldritch Fortress from the Shattered City to the Great Crucible, Ephryx had intended not only to keep it from the reach of Sigmar's fresh-forged armies, but also to place it near a portal that already led to Tzeentch's labyrinthine domain.

Vandus and his warriors stood before the forbidding wall of skulls that formed the outer perimeter of the Eldritch Fortress, the Shardgate pulsing bright above them. Faster and faster it strobed, the piercing whine quickly

growing into a shriek, then a cacophony of a thousand screams.

The crystals encrusting the Shardgate splintered free in an instant. They stuttered through prismatic flourishes of light, of darkness, of blazing warpfire – before finally coalescing into new and strange physical forms. The terrible howling grew louder as the portal yawned wide, fanged with serried splinters of crystal like the ridged maw of some unknowable sky-beast.

From within the Shardgate came a howling gale of ethereal force. Gusts of raw mutation curdled the sky, leering faces gibbered as they vomited forth the spawn of madness. Tzeentch's legions had entered the fray. The Heldenhammer Crusade would face not only the mortal denizens of the Eldritch Fortress, but also the daemon hosts of a Dark God.

'Leave the one named Vandus to me,' rumbled the skull-faced figure.

'He's all yours,' said Ephryx. 'You must hold them back, Khul, whether your daemon allies join you or not. But you will not do so alone. Throng; take your chariots to the breach and kill as many as you can.'

King Throng nodded in assent. The warrior lords, eyeing each other in contempt, strode from the room. In the gloom, feathers rustled.

'Distractions,' said Ephryx. 'The daemon gale should slow our guests.'

'It should,' said the two-headed daemon emerging from the shadows, 'for it was I that summoned it, just as I shall summon the Arcanabulum. You will use it to cast the Lunar Reversal, that we may escape the silver's grip.'

'The Lunar… Will its power not kill me? What have you seen, Oracle?'

'Sigmar once learned that even he is not beyond Tzeentch's influence,' said Kairos Fateweaver, pushing a long talon into Ephryx's left eye. Both of the sorcerer's eyes suddenly glowed with a wan green light. 'It is high time we reminded him.'

The Stormhost phalanxes plunged into the daemon gale, every step a new trial. The Shardgate's magic pushed and plucked at them with ethereal claws, raining down daemons that hurled blasts of warpfire from the battlements or fell burning into their ranks from on high. Sigmar's Tempest rumbled above but, without the focus of the Lord-Relictors to channel it, the thunderstorm could offer no aid. Even the Eldritch Fortress itself took a grave toll. Daemon carvings called in guttural voices to those Stormcast Eternals who hailed from Chamon, driving them to the edge of insanity with tales of the tortures wreaked on their people. Those warriors who died did not ascend to the Celestial Realm, but instead found their spirits drawn into the copper skulls, which served as conduits for their master's dark magic. Here the fell energies of Chaos reigned supreme.

Atop the spined keep at the fortress' heart, more devilry was afoot. Ephryx the Ninth Disciple invoked dark magics to conjure creatures from beyond, his hidden master Kairos always lurking in the shadows, working rites more insidious and subtle still. Within sight of the inner keep walls, the land upon which the fortress was built began to bubble and seethe. Rising from the metallic morass came the rings of an Arcanabulum, glowing with the heat of the spell wrenching it from the unseen mechanisms of reality.

The Daemon Oracle snapped an order, and Ephryx stepped so close to the Arcanabulum that his robes began to smoulder and burn bright. The sorcerer did not shrink from his allocated task, for with danger so close, Kairos had entirely usurped his pawn's will. Ephryx began the casting of the Lunar Reversal, his spine hunching and his limbs withering as the spell siphoned his life energy.

In the skies above, the Alchemist's Moon was caught by the grand spell's emanations. Its crawling advance across the firmament slowed, stopped, and – though it made reality scream to witness it – began to reverse.

Manic laughter echoed throughout the keep. When the moon turned the sea to liquid metal once more, the plateau would be freed from its silver claws. By harnessing the storm magic that crackled through the spirits of Sigmar's chosen, the fortress had claimed enough aetheric energy to rise up into the yawning Shardgate. In a matter of hours, Ephryx would transfer his prize to the Realm of Chaos, beyond the reach of the God-King forever.

Through fire-hurling daemons and skyborne chariots, the Stormhosts fought on, fearing their time was running out. Though the daemons of Tzeentch were no match for the Stormcast Eternals at close quarters, many warriors were burned to bubbling corpse-stuff by the mutating flames they wielded. Lord-Castellant Kanlaus of the Celestial Vindicators met a painful death when, in leaping sidelong to batter a daemon herald from its flying disc, he passed through a blast of warpflame. Bellowing in agony, the warrior lord exploded into splinters of bloodglass. Within the stake-lined Gallery of Punishment, the Stormhosts were beset by a horde of leaping, curve-bodied creatures that belched torrents of warpfire, their flames reducing a Decimator retinue to gold-flecked ash. A dozen Hammers of Sigmar were cut down when King Thrond and a trio of Gorebeast Chariots hurtled from an open portcullis, ploughing through the ranks to emerge in a spray of blood.

When a manic Pink Horror dies, two Blue Horrors lurch from its remains.

Even as the heavy iron contraptions hurtled past, the spirits of the dead Stormcasts were claimed hungrily by the gargoyle-skulls of the fortress walls.

As the war raged on, the ranks of the Stormcast Eternals grew ever thinner. Energised by the Rite of Translocation, the Eldritch Fortress shivered like a living thing under the feet of Vandus' diminishing vanguard. When the entire plateau wrenched itself free of the silver, dripping molten metal as it ascended towards the Shardgate, there were less than two score Stormcast Eternals forging on through the daemon hordes. When the Lord-Celestants hammered a red path to the fortress' inner circle, only a few dozen warriors were at their side. In their hearts, they knew it was not enough.

And then, with a cry of hate audible even over the daemon gale, Lord Korghos Khul and his Goretide came charging from the central keep.

KAIROS FATEWEAVER

Kairos Fateweaver, known to mortals as the Daemon Oracle, has gazed upon aspects of the universe that even Tzeentch himself has never dared witness. In many ways that is Fateweaver's entire reason for existence; he was flung by his master's ineffable will into the Well of Eternity, where he learned dire truths that Tzeentch only draws upon in times of extreme need. Since his passage through the well, no scheme has been hidden from Kairos' two-headed gaze. His rightmost head sees the future; the infinite possibilities of tomorrow are his to unpick. The eyes of his left head gaze upon past, perceiving the entirety of history, uncoloured by perspective or bias. Yet despite his cosmos-spanning prescience, Kairos is oblivious to rapid acts and evolutions that occur around him – the future does not unfold for him quickly enough to predict the ebb and flow of battle. Because of this, the greater daemon manipulates his pawns from a safe distance. Only in times of grave importance does he stoop to personally intervene, but when he does, the results are spectacular.

Lord Vandus, his fears and doubts transformed to fury, bellowed for his tattered brotherhood to form up. The first wave of Bloodbound was met by a barrage of arrows. Stricken tribesmen fell to the ground, the smoking craters in their chests filling the air with the stink of cooked meat. A tribe of Blood Warriors, leaping over the corpses of their fallen kin, slammed home into a wedge of Liberators. The Stormcast Eternals stood their ground. Retributor hammerblows blasted apart even the most heavily armoured of the Bloodbound, and Judicators picked off the foe whenever the Liberators pushed their assailants back.

From above, Prosecutors rained death upon the hordes of Chaos. They were met by the suicidal charges of helmeted madmen that sprinted from the battlements to hurl themselves, flails whipping, into the air. Many crashed to their deaths, but here and there a chain-flail would connect, tangling wing and breaking armour to bear both Prosecutor and Wrathmonger to a messy death.

Even as Blood Warriors were hacked down by the swords of their Liberator foes, the last Protectors gave their lives to hold back Khul's mutated elite. Thostos and Vandus took full advantage of the reprieve. Thostos' sigmarite flesh was proof against any mundane blade, and even the most blood-maddened brute dared not raise his weapon against Vandus with Khul close by. The two Lord-Celestants hacked and bludgeoned their way through the Goretide, leaving a path of obliteration behind them.

Suddenly Lord Khul surged from the warband's ranks, axe blazing with flames of pure hate. His flesh hound Grizzlemaw leapt for Thostos, the daemon's scaled bulk slamming into him. The Lord-Celestant toppled back onto the blood-slicked flagstones. Seizing his chance, Khul leapt, his flaming axe cleaving the air at insane speed. Desperate, Vandus parried the furious assault, the hammer Heldensen barely keeping the dread weapon from his neck. Khul's aggression and speed rendered thoughts of counter-attack irrelevant. A cold dread seized Vandus' heart as he realised that he and Thostos were alone in a sea of crimson.

A rattle of iron wheels filled the courtyard as King Thrond led his chariots into the fray. Thostos, having regained his feet, caved in the skull

of the leading yoke-beast. The royal chariot of Thrond himself followed, hurtling into the melee. Thrond barked in triumph as his greataxe whirled towards Vandus' back. Khul roared his defiance, heaving Calanax aside and levelling a backhand blow at Thrond.

Lord Vandus sprawled from the saddle as the two fought. He scrambled away, shouting for Calanax and Thostos to join him as the castle walls rang with the metallic clangs of the Chaos lords' duel. Incredibly, none moved to stop him; even the most frenzied Bloodbound would not lightly risk the wrath of Khul. Thostos made to rejoin the fight, but Vandus grabbed him roughly by his shoulder; their duty lay elsewhere. Reluctant to retreat but grateful to be alive, the lords made for the gate and the inner keep beyond it.

'Through here!' roared Thostos, barrelling under a portcullis. Vandus followed atop Calanax. They were so close now, he could almost taste the indomitable spirit of Ghal Maraz.

A clatter of metal, and a chariot burst from the gate to the left. A heavily muscled figure stood in its carriage, his icon banner held high; the same man who had summoned Khorne's own wrath to the battlefield. Bloodbound warriors boiled by the hundred from the gate behind him.

'We sell our lives dearly, then,' said Vandus. Thostos merely snarled.

'Sigmar is weak,' said the Bloodsecrator. 'I will take your heads to prove it.' He shook his banner. 'Can you hear me, craven one? You are nothing!'

The sky split apart, and a dozen blazing comets of light slammed down with such force that a section of the castle wall fell away to reveal the silvered horizon. In their wake stood hundreds of incandescent Stormcast Eternals, Ionus Cryptborn in their midst. A column of electricity shot from his hammer, slamming into the Bloodsecrator and pitching him through the crumbled wall to flail into the Silver Sea beyond. Vandus cried in raw exultation as he led the charge. There was hope yet.

The crusade fought on, its numbers swollen once more by Sigmar's beneficence. With Ionus at Vandus' side and warrior brethren from a dozen Stormhosts at their command, they fought through gibbering daemons, walls of living crystal and raging Bloodbound warriors to reach the innermost keep. The layered walls of the Eldritch Fortress seemed endless, folding back on themselves like the most complex of mazes. Thostos alone had experience of them, and even then could claim only passing knowledge of their convolutions. Nonetheless, he led the crusade unerringly through the daemon gale; Vandus believed he was likely guided by vengeance itself. Soon enough, the Celestial Vindicators stood before the breach they had forced when the fortress had blighted Anvrok.

In the courtyard of the inner keep, the ground bubbled lazily around the cog-like workings of an Arcanabulum. The forbidden device plinked and pinged as it cooled in the ethereal winds raging around it, its magic spent in the titanic feat of wrenching the Alchemist's Moon backwards in the sky. Standing haggard by its side was a long-limbed, horned sorcerer – bent with age, yet still recognisably Ephryx, Ninth Disciple of Tzeentch. Thostos gave vent to a bellow of rage and charged, head lowered. Eyes lambent green, the sorcerer moved back inside the inner keep, waving for his army of halberd-wielding guardsmen to bar the Stormcast Eternals' path. In less than a minute, the broken cadavers of the Chaos Warriors were strewn across the courtyard, and eight hulking Retributors were taking their hammers to the wall of flame that formed its gate.

Cerulean shafts of light poured outward as widening holes appeared in the warpfire barrier. Thostos lifted his voice in thanks, and a thousand strident cheers echoed him – they saw the light of Ghal Maraz. All those struck by it found their tired limbs imbued with strength anew. The Retributors redoubled their efforts – their prize was within reach. Fell chanting in the dark tongue drifted from within, a sign that the trickery of Tzeentch was not yet over. The curtain of flame finally vanished, revealing glory and horror alike. The Great Shatterer was found.

Held suspended by fetters of pure magic, the ancient relic was surrounded by a coven of nine greater daemons of Tzeentch. Each was chanting syllables so foul they made the ears of the Stormcast Eternals trickle with blood. The bird-like monstrosities turned to face the intruders, their wizened visages twisted with hatred. At the head of the ritual cabal was a two-headed Lord of Change clutching a tall staff, its elongated features leering cruelly.

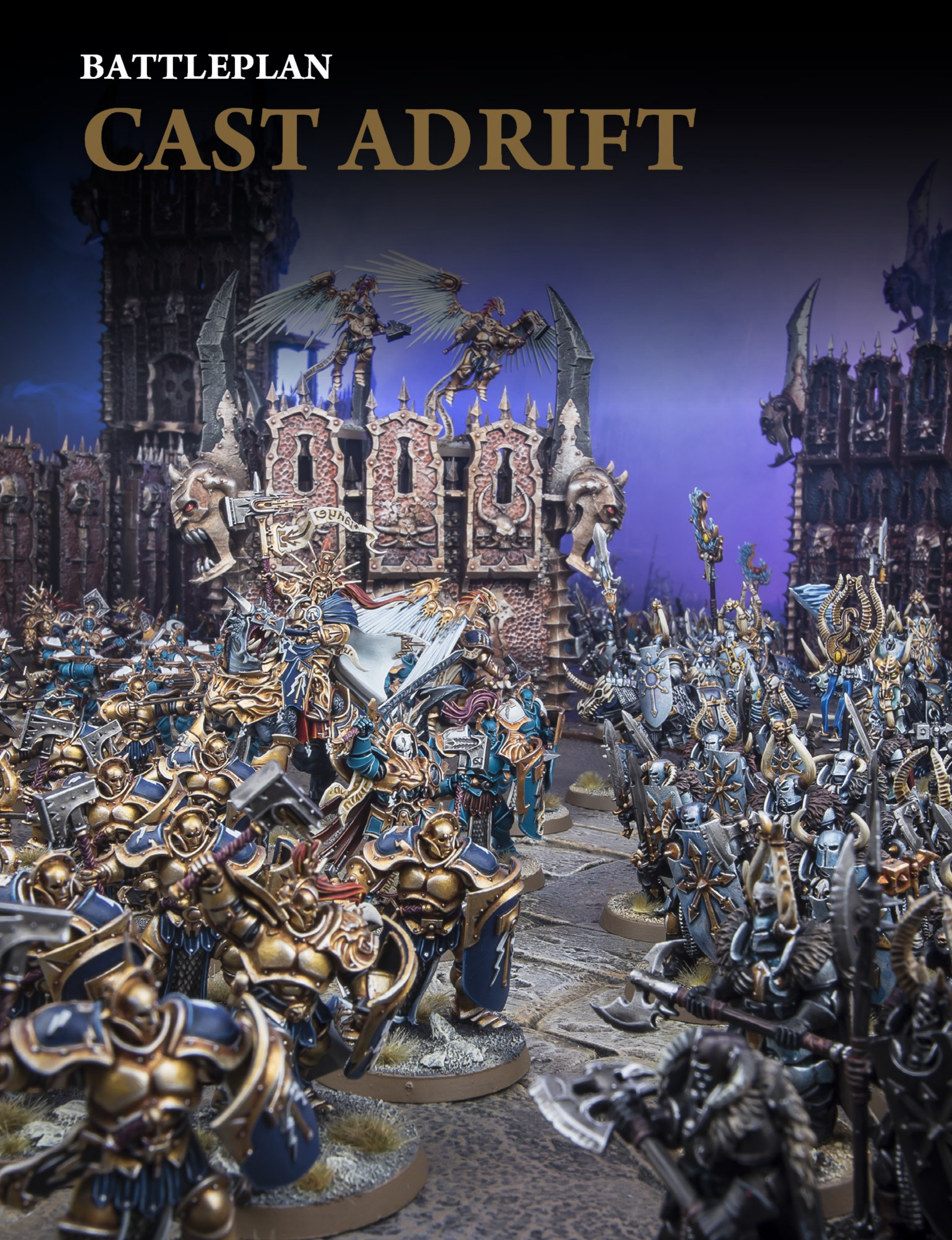
Rippling and burning , the Shardgate descended through the domed roof of the keep. Time had run out.

LORDS OF CHANGE

The avian greater daemons known as Lords of Change are feared by man and daemon alike. They have power over reality itself, and can turn a foe to sludge or swathe him in magical warpflame with the twitch of a hooded eyelid. Though their frames are wiry and sparse, they loom over mortal men, and have strength enough to shatter walls or sweep aside whole ranks of warriors with their spellcrafted staffs. More commonly, though, Lords of Change revel in covert manipulation, trickery and transformation. They are attracted in great number to the mutable kingdoms of Chamon, though their labyrinthine schemes cross the bounds of space and time. They stitch careful tapestries of cause and effect that bind their playthings tight and squeeze their lives into ever more surreal incarnations until nothing is left but madness. Truly it is said across the Realm of Chaos that to come under the beady gaze of one of these horrors is to invite a thousand fates, each as twisted and deadly as the vulture-like daemons themselves.

BATTLEPLAN

CAST ADRIFT



The ascent of the Stormhosts to the Eldritch Fortress was the climax of Vandus Hammerhand's quest to retrieve Ghal Maraz, but could very well have ended prematurely had the Stormcast Eternals lingered any longer on the promontory of silver. This battleplan lets you enact their final ascent towards the fortress. Will you be able to amass enough reinforcements to take the stronghold before your prize is snatched away forever?

Of course, you could also use this battleplan to tell any number of similar tales, such as that of a seraphon cohort marching to claim a Morathian sea-fortress before it is claimed by a rising bloodtide, or a battle to hold territory amid the shifting bone-sands of Shyish.

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army, and then must decide who will be the attacker and who will be the defender. If one player has at least a third more models than their opponent, then they must be the defender. Otherwise, each player rolls a dice, and whoever rolls higher may choose which they will be.

The general of each army has a unique command ability, shown below, in addition to any others they have.

ATTACKER'S OBJECTIVES

Your quest to retrieve an all-powerful artefact is near its end. You have overcome every obstacle that threatened to block your way, and you now stand on the brink of achieving your goal. And yet, it appears that your enemy has one final trick to play. You must race ahead before his followers complete the ritual that will steal away the artefact and rob you of your hard-earned victory. Time is short – do not tarry!

DEFENDER'S OBJECTIVES

Against impossible odds, your enemies have fought their way to your stronghold and stand ready to assault the fortress walls. The priceless artefact ensconced within cannot be allowed to fall into their hands – you must do everything in your powers to stall them while your last plan is enacted. Your sorcerers near the completion of an arcane ritual that will free the fortress from its foundations, allowing the artefact to be spirited away to safety, but if the enemy can breach your gates, all may yet be for naught...

ATTACKER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Grim Determination: If your general uses this ability, he pushes his force to press against the odds. Until your next hero phase, when your general's unit or a unit from your army within 12" suffers a wound or mortal wound, roll a dice. On a result of 6, the wound or mortal wound is ignored.

DEFENDER'S COMMAND ABILITY

His Head is Mine!: If your general uses this ability, double the Attacks characteristic of all your general's melee weapons until your next hero phase. However, until your next hero phase, no other models from your army can attack the attacker's general, and your general cannot attack any targets other than the attacker's general.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place at the walls of a mighty fortress in the defender's realm, atop a raised plateau. The attacker's army approaches across an unstable causeway that could disappear at any moment as the defender's sorcerers work a great ritual.

You can either generate the scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the example scenery shown on the map below.

SET-UP

Do not use the set-up instructions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the defender chooses one edge of the battlefield. The attacker's territory extends 24" from the opposite table edge; everything else is the defender's territory. Then, starting with the defender, the players take turns setting up units within their territory, more than 12" from enemy territory, until they run out of space or have set up all the units that they want to take part in the battle.

FIRST TURN

Use the instructions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet to determine who takes the first turn.

THE PLATEAU RISES

At the end of the third battle round, the defender must roll a dice. If the result is 5 or higher, his sorcerers have completed their ritual and the plateau breaks free of the causeway. Otherwise, the ritual continues and the defender must roll again at the end of the next battle round.

When the plateau breaks free, any models even partially on the causeway (as shown on the map) are slain. If possible, remove that section of the battlefield entirely!

ATTACKER'S REINFORCEMENTS

The attacker's army is a mighty horde, and for each warrior that is slain there is one to take his place. At the start of each of the attacker's movement phases, he can set up any units that were slain earlier in the battle within 6" of his battlefield edge (as shown on the map), more than 3" from the enemy. This counts as the units' move for that movement phase.

Once the plateau has broken free (see *The Plateau Rises*) the attacker receives no more reinforcements.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet.

If either player has no models on the battlefield at the end of a battle round, the battle ends. Otherwise, the battle lasts for a further three battle rounds after the plateau breaks free.

If there is at least one model from the attacker's army within 6" of the defender's edge of the battlefield at the end of the battle, or if the defender has no units on the battlefield, the attacker wins a **major victory**.

Any other result is a **major victory** for the defender.

HINTS AND TIPS

This battleplan requires the attacker to be canny as well as aggressive. Reinforcements are available in the early stages of the battle, enabling you to hurl your forces into the thick of the fighting and wear down your opponent, but any that arrive too late risk being left behind when the plateau breaks free. Make a foothold in the enemy's territory before this happens if you wish to be victorious.

As the defender, push forwards as quickly as you can and try to pin as many of the attacker's forces on the causeway as possible, thereby weakening his forces for the final stage of the battle.

TIME OF WAR

The Chaos God Tzeentch is exerting his will in the realm of Chamon, determined to stop Sigmar's warriors. The following rules recreate the unnatural assault as the Great Deceiver unleashes a daemon warpgale and the Hanging Valleys are suffused with magical energy.

THE GREAT SORCERER

If you decide a game is taking place in the Realm of Metal, and you specify that is occurring in the Hanging Valleys of Anvrok, you can further say that your battle will be fought atop the Great Crucible. If you do, the following rules apply.

FIRES OF CHANGE

When attempting to cast a spell with a **TZEENTCH WIZARD**, any casting roll of a double is automatically successful (even if the total rolled is not equal to or greater than the spell's casting value), and your opponent cannot attempt to unbind the spell. In addition, after the spell has been resolved, choose a friendly unit of Pink Horrors, Flamers or Screamers that is within 12" of the caster. You can add one or more models to the unit that you pick. If you rolled a double 1, one model is added to the unit, on a double 2, two models are added, and so on. The models are set up one at a time, within 1" of another model from the same unit.

IRRESISTIBLE FORCE

The Chaos God Tzeentch covets the Realm of Metal, and his interference has made spellcasting more effective but also more fickle. When attempting to cast a spell with a **WIZARD** that does not worship **TZEENTCH**, any casting roll of a double is automatically successful (even if the total rolled is not equal to or greater than the spell's casting value), and your opponent cannot attempt to unbind the spell.

However, after the spell has been resolved, look up the double that was rolled on the table below.

Roll	Result
1	**Warp Spasm:** The wizard suffers D3 mortal wounds. If the model is slain as a result, it is replaced with a **CHAOS SPAWN**. The new Chaos Spawn model is considered to be in the same army as the wizard that was slain.
2	**Dimensional Cascade:** Roll a dice for the wizard, and any other models (friend or foe) within 3" of the wizard. On a roll of 1, that model is slain.
3	**Calamitous Detonation:** The wizard and all units (friend or foe) within 3" of this model suffer 1 mortal wound.
4	**Magical Feedback:** The wizard cannot cast any more spells in this hero phase and cannot be used to unbind enemy spells in the next enemy hero phase.
5	**Spatial Displacement:** Both players roll a dice, rolling again in the case of a tie. Whichever player rolls highest can move the wizard to a new location on the battlefield, more than 18" from its current location and more than 3" away from any enemy models.
6	**Power Siphon:** The enemy player can pick a **WIZARD** in their army, and cast a spell with that **WIZARD** as if it were their own hero phase. The spell cannot be unbound if it is successfully cast.

ALL PRAISE LORD TZEENTCH!

Once during the battle, if a **TZEENTCH WIZARD** is slain, you can beseech the Changer of the Ways for help. If you do so, roll a dice before removing the model. On a roll of 4 or more, Tzeentch plucks the strands of fate and the **WIZARD** is not slain but instead has all of its wounds restored. On a roll of 2 or 3 the **WIZARD** is slain and removed as normal, while on a roll of 1 Tzeentch's fickle gifts prove all too effective – the **WIZARD** is slain and replaced with a **CHAOS SPAWN**.

THE DAEMONGALE

You must roll on the Daemongale table below at the start of each battle round, before determining who has the first turn. The roll will result in a unit of daemons being summoned to the battlefield.

Before the summoned unit is set up, you must determine which army they join. If one general serves **TZEENTCH** and the other does not, then any daemons summoned as a result of the roll count as part of the **TZEENTCH** general's army. If neither, or both, player's generals serve **TZEENTCH**, each player rolls a dice (roll again if tied) and the daemons join the army of the player that rolls the highest.

Summoned units can be set up anywhere on the battlefield, but all of the models in the units must be set up more than 3" from any enemy models.

THE DAEMONGALE TABLE

2D6	Summoned unit
2	Any units that have been summoned in previous rounds are banished back to the Realm of Chaos – remove all of them from the battlefield.
3	The Blue Scribes are summoned to the battle. If they have already been summoned, re-roll this result.
4	One Herald of Tzeentch is summoned to the battle.
5	One unit of up to ten Flamers of Tzeentch is summoned to the battle.
6	One unit of up to ten Pink Horrors of Tzeentch is summoned to the battle.
7	One unit of up to twenty Pink Horrors of Tzeentch is summoned to the battle.
8	One unit of up to thirty Pink Horrors of Tzeentch is summoned to the battle.
9	One unit of up to ten Screamers of Tzeentch is summoned to the battle.
10	One Burning Chariot of Tzeentch is summoned to the battle.
11	The Changeling is summoned to the battle. If he has already been summoned, re-roll this result.
12	One Lord of Change is summoned to the battle.

BETRAYAL AND TRIUMPH

The Great Shatterer was finally within Sigmar's reach, though it was far from undefended: a cabal of nine Lords of Change stood between the Stormcast Eternals and their prize. The gods looked on, unable to tear their gazes away as the fate of Chamon was decided.

The dome-capped chamber burned as bright as the noonday sun as magical energies clashed and roiled within. With the Eldritch Fortress rising unstoppably and the Shardgate closing in, the fiercely-glowing warhammer was soon but a lance's length from the portal that would see it stolen into the Crystal Labyrinth forever more.

Spells seared and crackled from the Lords of Change even as they laid about themselves with staff and claw. Stormcast Eternals met one grisly fate after another; some were burned alive, some hideously transformed, some set against one another, others torn open or banished in droves. On they came regardless, the Lord-Celestants at their head, fighting the illusions and mirages that the greater daemons wove. Only the Celestial Vindicators forged a true path, however, for their rage was pure and hot enough to burn away the glamours sent against them.

Vandus fought blind, knowing that to trust his senses was folly – his foes were giants, and in such cramped confines Heldensen found its marks with ease. Calanax bore his master in Thostos' wake, focussing only upon the Lord-Celestant's back as he bludgeoned a path towards Ghal Maraz.

The great artefact was but a few feet from Stormcast and Shardgate alike when Kairos Fateweaver sent a searing column of multicoloured flame into Thostos. Its unnatural fires were so hot they ate away at even the living sigmarite beneath the Lord-Celestant's battered armour, setting his metal skin aflame. Fateweaver cackled manically at the sight. He hurled every one of the Stormcast Eternals backwards with a pulse of magical force and cried out that Tzeentch's favour was his alone.

In his shadow, Ephryx the Ninth Disciple blinked to his senses, released from Kairos' mental grip whilst his master was engaged in battle. His face twisted in fury, Ephryx picked up a fallen Staff of Change and, with a great overarm blow, struck the Daemon Oracle along the length of its spine.

The daemon's twin screams rose above the din of battle as it lost control of the magical energies coursing around it. Its form flickered, becoming a pink-skinned horror, a tusked skyray, a pair of blue grotesques, a moon-faced puppet.

Vandus was already in motion, leaping from the back of Calanax to soar over the spasming daemon. A saw-beaked terror lunged at him, only to be struck by a bolt from his steed's maw. Another was blasted away by Ionus, his reliquary held sidelong like a wizard's staff.

Shouting in triumph, Vandus grabbed Ghal Maraz, tore it from its aetheric chains, and landed in a rolling crouch. A corona of power crackled through him, burning his hand with its intensity. The daemon lord, having regained control of its wild transmutation, span to point a crackling finger at Vandus' head. The Lord-Celestant cried out and swung Ghal Maraz, his hand on fire as energy blazed through his veins. A thunderous impact, and the daemon's arm was ripped away. Vandus swung again and struck its screaming heads – one into the other, then both into the ground. The daemon's body shrivelled to become a glinting crystal in the dust. Vandus swiftly crushed it under his armoured heel.

The entire fortress lurched violently, and Chamon resounded to godly thunder. As the roof of the keep tumbled apart, Vandus looked up to see a twin-tailed comet burning down towards him. Then all was light.

And so it was that the hammer Ghal Maraz returned to high Azyr, and the Eldritch Fortress was snatched into the Realm of Chaos, its curse lifted from the Hanging Valleys forever.

Many were the sagas and feasts that followed. The Lord-Celestants that had led the crusade were feted by all, their wounds healed in the Chambers of Renewal and their deeds praised. New legends were already being sung throughout the Mortal Realms; tales of saviours that struck from above, and of heroes that never turned back, no matter the horrors arrayed against them.

As for the God-King Sigmar, he did not rest, for there was much to be done. The retrieval of his hammer had reunited him with much of his storm-borne power, and his tempest raged stronger than ever. Sigmar knew well, however, that the purpose of a weapon is to be wielded. On the twelfth day of celebrations, the God-King made his way to the Chamber Extremis, opened the gates, and wakened the numinous being inside.

The War for the Allpoints was about to begin.

LEGENDS OF WAR

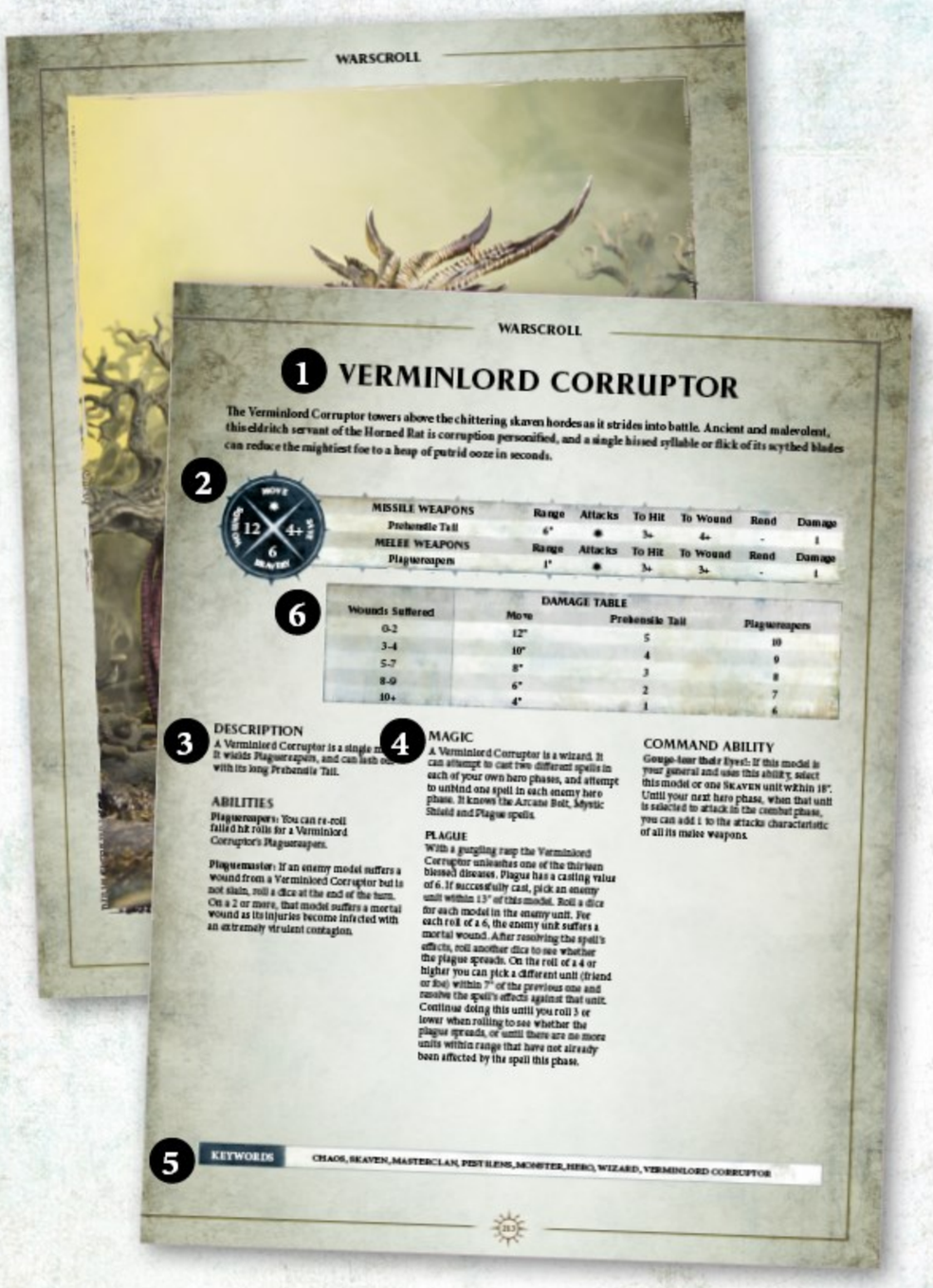
WARSCROLLS

The warriors and creatures that battle in the Mortal Realms are incredibly diverse, each one fighting with their own unique weapons and combat abilities. To represent this, every model has a warscroll that lists the characteristics, weapons and abilities that apply to the model.

Every Citadel Miniature in the Warhammer range has its own warscroll, which provides you with all of the information needed to use that model in a game of *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar*. This means that you can use any Citadel Miniatures in your collection as part of an army as long as you have the right warscrolls.

When fighting a battle, simply refer to the warscrolls for the models you are using. Warscrolls for all of the other models in the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* range are available from Games Workshop. Just visit our website at games-workshop.com for more information on how to obtain them.

The key below explains what you will find on a warscroll, and the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet explains how this information is used in a game. The warscroll also includes a picture of a unit of the models that the warscroll describes, and a short piece of text explaining the background for the models and how they fight.


WARSCROLL

1 VERMINLORD CORRUPTOR

The Verminlord Corruptor towers above the chittering skaven hordes as it strides into battle. Ancient and malevolent, this eldritch servant of the Horned Rat is corruption personified, and a single hissed syllable or flick of its scythed blades can reduce the mightiest foe to a heap of putrid ooze in seconds.

2

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Prehensile Tail	6"	*	3+	4+	-	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Plaguereapers	1"	*	3+	3+	-	1

6

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Prehensile Tail	Plaguereapers
0-2	12"	5	10
3-4	10"	4	9
5-7	8"	3	8
8-9	6"	2	7
10+	4"	1	6

3 DESCRIPTION

A Verminlord Corruptor is a single m... It wields Plaguereapers, and can lash out with its long Prehensile Tail.

ABILITIES

Plaguereapers: You can re-roll failed hit rolls for a Verminlord Corruptor's Plaguereapers.

Plaguemaster: If an enemy model suffers a wound from a Verminlord Corruptor but is not slain, roll a dice at the end of the turn. On a 2 or more, that model suffers a mortal wound as its injuries become infected with an extremely virulent contagion.

4 MAGIC

A Verminlord Corruptor is a wizard. It can attempt to cast two different spells in each of your own hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Plague spells.

PLAGUE

With a gurgling rasp the Verminlord Corruptor unleashes one of the thirteen blessed diseases. Plague has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick an enemy unit within 13" of this model. Roll a dice for each model in the enemy unit. For each roll of a 6, the enemy unit suffers a mortal wound. After resolving the spell's effects, roll another dice to see whether the plague spreads. On the roll of a 4 or higher you can pick a different unit (friend or foe) within 7" of the previous one and resolve the spell's effects against that unit. Continue doing this until you roll 3 or lower when rolling to see whether the plague spreads, or until there are no more units within range that have not already been affected by the spell this phase.

COMMAND ABILITY

Gouge-four their Eyes!: If this model is your general and uses this ability, select this model or one SKAVEN unit within 18". Until your next hero phase, when that unit is selected to attack in the combat phase, you can add 1 to the attacks characteristic of all its melee weapons.

5 KEYWORDS CHAOS, SKAVEN, MASTERCLAN, PESTILENS, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, VERMINLORD CORRUPTOR

1. **Title:** The name of the model that the warscroll describes.

2. **Characteristics:** This set of characteristics tells you how fast, powerful and brave the model is, and how effective its weapons are.

3. **Description:** The description tells you what weapons the model can be armed with, and what upgrades (if any) it can be given. The description will also tell you if the model is fielded on its own as a single model, or as part of a unit. If the model is fielded as part of a unit, then the description will say how many models the unit should have (if you don't have enough models to field a unit, you can still field one unit with as many models as you have available).

4. **Abilities:** Abilities are things that the model can do during a game that are not covered by the standard game rules.

5. **Keywords:** All models have a list of keywords. Sometimes a rule will say that it only applies to models that have a specific keyword.

6. **Damage Table:** Some models have a damage table that is used to determine one or more of the model's characteristics. Look up the number of wounds the model has suffered to find the value of the characteristic in question.

HINTS & TIPS

The following hints and tips will help you get the most from your warscrolls:

Modifiers: Many warscrolls include modifiers that can affect characteristics. For example, a rule might add 1 to the Move characteristic of a model, or subtract 1 from the result of a hit roll. Modifiers are cumulative.

Random Values: Sometimes, the Move or weapon characteristics on a warscroll will have random values. For example, the Move characteristic for a model might be 2D6 (two dice rolls added together), whereas the Attacks characteristic of a weapon might be D6.

When a unit with a random Move characteristic is selected to move in the movement phase, roll the indicated number of dice. The total of the dice rolled is the Move characteristic for all models in the unit for the duration of that movement phase.

Generate any random values for a weapon (except Damage) each time it is chosen as the weapon for an attack. Roll once and apply the result to all such weapons being used in the attack. The result applies for the rest of that phase. For Damage, generate a value for each weapon that inflicts damage.

When to Use Abilities: Abilities that are used at the start of a phase must be carried out before any other actions. For example, abilities carried out at the start of the movement phase must be used before any models are moved.
By the same token, abilities used at the end of the phase are carried out after all normal activities for the phase are complete.

If you can use several abilities at the same time, you can decide in which order they are used. If both players can carry out abilities at the same time, the player whose turn is taking place uses their abilities first.

Save of '-': Some models have a Save of '-'. This means that they automatically fail all save rolls (do not make the roll, even if modifiers apply).

Keywords: Keywords are sometimes linked to (or tagged) by a rule. For example, a rule might say that it applies to 'all **STORMCAST ETERNAL** models'. This means that it would apply to models that have the **STORMCAST ETERNAL** keyword on their warscroll.

Keywords can also be a useful way to decide which models to include in an army. For example, if you want to field a Stormcast Eternals army, just use models that have the **STORMCAST ETERNAL** keyword.

Minimum Range: Some weapons have a minimum range. For example 6"-48". The weapon cannot shoot at an enemy unit that is within the minimum range.

LORD-CELESTANT ON DRACOTH

The Lord-Celestants that lead each Stormhost are exceptional warriors even amongst their immortal kind. Majestic upon their lightning-spitting Dracoths, Lord-Celestants bolster their brethren's resolve as they plunge into the thick of the fray. With the power to ride the storm in flashes of azure light, their vengeance is both violent and inescapable.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Tempestos Hammer	2"	3	3+	2+	-1	D3
Dracoth's Claws and Fangs	1"	3	3+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A Lord-Celestant on Dracoth is a single model. He is armed with a Tempestos Hammer and rides a Dracoth. The Dracoth fights with its ferocious Claws and Fangs.

ABILITIES

Inescapable Vengeance: If this model has made a charge move this turn, it can make D3 extra attacks with its Tempestos Hammer.

Intolerable Damage: If the wound roll for the Dracoth's Claws and Fangs attack is 6 or more, then that attack has a Damage characteristic of D6 rather than 1.

Storm Breath: You can make a storm breath attack with this model in your shooting phase. To do so, pick a point on the battlefield that is within 12" of this model. Roll a dice for each unit (friend or foe) that is within 2" of the point that you picked. On a roll of 4 or more, the unit being rolled for suffers D3 mortal wounds.

COMMAND ABILITY

Lord of the Host: If this model is your general and uses this ability, until your next hero phase you do not have to take battleshock tests for this model or any friendly unit with the **STORMCAST ETERNAL** keyword that is within 24" of this model at the start of the battleshock phase.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, HERO, LORD-CELESTANT

LORD-CELESTANT

Inspiring leaders of the Warrior Chambers, the Lord-Celestants march to war mantled in the might of the storm. None can escape the vengeful blows of their sigmarite runeblades and warhammers – should any try, the Lord-Celestant swirls his armoured cloak, loosing a hurtling cloud of sorcerous hammers that strike down the cowardly foe.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Sigmarite Runeblade	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	1
Warhammer	1"	2	4+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Lord-Celestant is a single model. He is armed with a fearsome Sigmarite Runeblade and a Warhammer, and wears a Sigmarite Warcloak.

ABILITIES

Inescapable Vengeance: If this model has made a charge move this turn, it can make 1 extra attack with each of its melee weapons.

Sigmarite Warcloak: In your shooting phase, you can unleash D6 hammers from this model's Sigmarite Warcloak. Pick an enemy unit within 16" of this model for each hammer that is unleashed, then roll a dice for each unit you picked. On a roll of 4 or more the unit suffers a mortal wound. Note that you can pick the same unit more than once in a phase.

COMMAND ABILITY

Furious Retribution: If this model is your general and uses this ability, then until your next hero phase you can add 1 to the result of any hit rolls in the combat phase for this model and friendly **STORMCAST ETERNAL** units within 9" of him.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, HERO, LORD-CELESTANT

LORD-RELICTOR

Lord-Relictors are noble but sinister figures. Their ritual weapons and armour are replete with icons of death, for these fell guardians keep the warrior souls of the Stormcast Eternals from the gloom of the underworld. Potent healers as well as mighty warriors, their arcane powers channel the glory of Sigmar and call storms from the darkening skies.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Relic Hammer	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A Lord-Relictor is a single model. He is armed with a *Relic Hammer*.

ABILITIES

Lightning Storm: In your hero phase, you can declare that the Lord-Relictor will pray for a lightning storm. If you do so, pick an enemy unit that is within 12" of this model and roll a dice. On a roll of 3 or more, the unit you picked suffers D3 mortal wounds, and your opponent must subtract 1 from all hit rolls for the unit until your next hero phase. A Lord-Relictor cannot pray for a lightning storm and a healing storm in the same turn.

Healing Storm: In your hero phase, you can declare that this model is praying for a healing storm. If you do so, pick a friendly model with the **STORMCAST ETERNAL** keyword that is within 12" of this model and roll a dice. On a roll of 3 or more you can heal up to D3 wounds that have been suffered by the model that you picked. A Lord-Relictor cannot pray for a healing storm and a lightning storm in the same turn.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, HERO, PRIEST, LORD-RELICTOR

LORD-CASTELLANT

Masters of defensive warfare, the Lord-Castellants watch over their Stormcast brothers. From their warding lanterns, a glorious golden glow spills forth. This magical light has many uses, from driving back the tainted foe with its purifying aura, to shielding and healing wounded Stormcast Eternals with celestial energy.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Castellant's Halberd	2"	3	3+	3+	-1	2

DESCRIPTION

A Lord-Castellant is a single model. He is armed with a Castellant's Halberd and carries a Warding Lantern.

ABILITIES

Warding Lantern: In your hero phase the Lord-Castellant may unleash the magical energies of his Warding Lantern. If he does so, pick either a **CHAOS** unit or a **STORMCAST ETERNAL** unit that is within 12" of the Lord-Castellant.

If a **CHAOS** unit is chosen it is struck by the searing light of the Celestial Realm and suffers a mortal wound. **CHAOS DAEMON** units cannot abide the touch of this light and suffer D3 mortal wounds instead.

If a **STORMCAST ETERNAL** unit is chosen it is bathed in the healing energies of the lantern and you can add 1 to all save rolls it has to make until your next hero phase. In addition, until your next hero phase, each time you make a save roll of 7 or more for that unit, one model in the unit heals a wound.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, HERO, LORD-CASTELLANT

LIBERATORS

The hosts of the Stormcast Eternals thunder down from the Celestial Realm, intent on laying low the tyrant and the fiend. The core of each Stormhost is comprised of Liberators, men who have been magically reforged with the power of a god. In battle, these warriors use weapons of magical sigmarite to smite all enemies of Order.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Warhammer	1"	2	4+	3+	-	1
Warblade	1"	2	3+	4+	-	1
Grandhammer	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	2
Grandblade	1"	2	3+	4+	-1	2

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Liberators has 5 or more models. Some units of Liberators are armed with a Warhammer in each hand, while others wield paired Warblades. Other units enter battle armed with a single Warhammer and carry Sigmarite Shields, and others still pair a Sigmarite Shield with a Warblade. In any case, 1 in every 5 models may instead be armed with either a Grandhammer, or a Grandblade.

LIBERATOR-PRIME

The leader of this unit is the Liberator-Prime. A Liberator-Prime makes 3 attacks rather than 2.

ABILITIES

Paired Weapons: An extra weapon allows a Liberator to feint and parry, creating openings in their opponent's guard. You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for models armed with more than one Warhammer or Warblade.

Lay Low the Tyrants: If any model from this unit selects an enemy unit with a Wounds characteristic of 5 or more as the target for all of its attacks in a combat phase, add 1 to all of that model's hit rolls in that combat phase.

Sigmarite Shields: You can re-roll save rolls of 1 for this unit if any models from the unit are carrying Sigmarite Shields.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, REDEEMER, LIBERATORS

JUDICATORS

Whistling volleys of arrows and bolts herald the attack of the Judicators. Evil men are found wanting in their sight, and fall pierced by crackling arrows of pure lightning, or feathered with dozens of sigmarite crossbow bolts. Rank upon rank of the enemy tumble to the floor as the Judicators ply their deadly trade, until nothing remains of their foe but corpses.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Skybolt Bow	24"	1	3+	3+	-1	1
Boltstorm Crossbow	12"	2	3+	4+	-	1
Shockbolt Bow	24"	1	3+	3+	-1	1
Thunderbolt Crossbow	18"	—	—	See below	—	—
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Storm Gladius	1"	1	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Judicators has 5 or more models. Units of Judicators are armed with either long-ranged Skybolt Bows or rapid-firing Boltstorm Crossbows. 1 in every 5 models may instead be armed with either a Shockbolt Bow or a Thunderbolt Crossbow. In addition, every model in the unit carries a sharp Storm Gladius.

JUDICATOR-PRIME

A Judicator-Prime leads this unit. Add 1 to the hit rolls for a Judicator-Prime.

ABILITIES

Rapid Fire: If a unit of Judicators does not move in the movement phase, then you can add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of any Boltstorm Crossbows the unit uses in the shooting phase of the same turn.

Chained Lightning: If a Judicator attacking with a Shockbolt Bow scores a hit then the bolt explodes into a storm of lightning. Instead of making a single wound roll, roll a dice and make a number of wound rolls equal to the number scored.

Eternal Judgement: You may re-roll any hit rolls of 1 when a Judicator attacks a **CHAOS** unit in the shooting phase.

Thunderbolt Crossbow: When a model attacks with a Thunderbolt Crossbow the target is struck by a mighty blast of celestial energy; pick an enemy unit within 18" and roll a dice. Subtract 1 from the roll if the target is a **MONSTER**. If the result is equal to or less than the number of models in the unit, the unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, JUSTICAR, JUDICATORS

RETRIBUTORS

Retributors are the wrath of the heavens made flesh. They bring swift and deadly justice to the lands of the Mortal Realms. Their Lightning Hammers are forged from ensorcelled sigmarite, and by channelling the energy of the storm they can release thunderous bursts of sky-magic that blast the foe to ash.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Lightning Hammer	1"	2	3+	3+	-1	2
Starsoul Mace	1"	See below				

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Retributors has 3 or more models. They are armed with Lightning Hammers. 1 in every 5 models may instead be armed with a Starsoul Mace.

RETRIBUTOR-PRIME

The leader of this unit is the Retributor-Prime. A Retributor-Prime makes 3 attacks rather than 2 with a Lightning Hammer.

ABILITIES

Blast to Ashes: If the hit roll for a model attacking with a Lightning Hammer is 6 or more, that blow strikes with a thunderous blast that inflicts 2 mortal wounds instead of its normal damage. Do not make a wound or save roll for the attack.

Starsoul Mace: A model armed with a Starsoul Mace can make a starblast attack in each combat phase. Pick an enemy unit that is within 1" of the model with the Starsoul Mace. That unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, PALADIN, RETRIBUTORS

PROTECTORS

Inexorable and relentless, the Protectors advance. Their stormstrike glaives weave in intricate patterns around them, creating a shield of celestial energy which casts incoming missiles aside. When they reach the enemy's lines, their masterful bladework is turned to a deadlier purpose, dismembering lesser foes and executing leviathans alike.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Stormstrike Glaive	3"	3	3+	3+	-1	1
Starsoul Mace	1"	See below				

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Protectors has 5 or more models. They are armed with Stormstrike Glaives. 1 in every 5 models may instead be armed with a Starsoul Mace.

PROTECTOR-PRIME

The leader of this unit is the Protector-Prime. A Protector-Prime attacking with a Stormstrike Glaive makes 4 attacks rather than 3.

ABILITIES

Deathstrike: A Stormstrike Glaive can slay monstrous foes with a single blow. If the wound roll for a Stormstrike Glaive is 6 or more and the target is a **MONSTER**, it does D6 Damage instead of 1.

Storm-shield: Arrows are deflected by the Protectors' weaving Glaives. Subtract 1 from the hit rolls of enemy shooting attacks that target a unit of Protectors, or which must cross a unit of Protectors to hit a model that lies beyond them.

Starsoul Mace: A model armed with a Starsoul Mace can make a starblast attack in each combat phase. Pick an enemy unit that is within 1" of the model with the Starsoul Mace. That unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, PALADIN, PROTECTORS

DECIMATORS

Let the foe come in their teeming hordes, for there to meet them will be the Decimators. With their whirling thunderaxes, these Paladins wade into enemy formations, reaping a bloody toll with every swing. Corpses form grisly piles around the Paladins' feet as these grim destroyers lay low rank after rank, and few foes hold for long in the face of such devastation.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Thunderaxe	2"	See below	3+	3+	-1	1
Starsoul Mace	1"	See below				

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Decimators has 5 or more models. They are armed with Thunderaxes. 1 in every 5 models may instead be armed with a Starsoul Mace.

DECIMATOR-PRIME

The leader of this unit is the Decimator-Prime. Add 1 to the wound rolls for a Decimator-Prime.

ABILITIES

Cleaving Blow: A single swing of a Thunderaxe can carve through several foes. When a model attacks with a Thunderaxe, select a target unit and make one attack against it for each model it has within range.

Grim Harvesters: Fear surrounds Decimators as they set about their gory work. Add 2 to the result of battleshock tests made for enemy units that are within 6" of any **DECIMATORS.**

Starsoul Mace: A model armed with a Starsoul Mace can make a starblast attack in each combat phase. Pick an enemy unit that is within 1" of the model with the Starsoul Mace. That unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, PALADIN, DECIMATORS

PROSECUTORS

Prosecutors are the warrior-heralds of Sigmar, and the message they bear is one of violence and retribution. Soaring upon the wings of the storm, they hurtle across the battlefield in a blur of sigmarite. They throw hammers of magical force as they descend upon their prey, each meteoric impact smiting the enemies of the God-King.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Celestial Hammers	18"	2	4+	4+	-	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Celestial Hammers	1"	2	3+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Prosecutors has 3 or more models. They are armed with Celestial Hammers. Celestial Hammers can be used as either a missile weapon or a melee weapon, and can be used as both in the same turn.

PROSECUTOR-PRIME

The leader of this unit is the Prosecutor-Prime. A Prosecutor-Prime makes 3 Melee attacks rather than 2 when he uses his Celestial Hammers as a melee weapon.

FLY

Prosecutors can fly.

ABILITIES

Heralds of Righteousness: Roll 3 dice instead of 2 dice when determining the charge move for this unit. In addition, you can declare a charge with this unit if it is within 18" of the enemy rather than 12".

Celestial Hammers: You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for models from this unit.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, ANGELOS, PROSECUTORS

GRYPH-HOUNDS

Gryph-hounds are pack-hunting creatures from the realm of Azyr, noble beasts that detest corruption. Their sharp senses pierce deception as easily as their beaks and claws shred the flesh of the unfaithful. Packs of Gryph-hounds are known to ally themselves to those fighting for a just cause, and they offer loyal protection to their companions.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Beak and Claws	1"	2	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Gryph-hounds can have any number of models. They savage their foe with their razor-sharp Beaks and Claws.

ABILITIES

Loyal Companion: Once a Gryph-hound has bonded with a companion, it will defend it to the death. A Gryph-hound makes 4 attacks with its Beak and Claws rather than 2 if the target unit is within 3" of a **LORD-CASTELLANT**.

Darting Attacks: Gryph-hounds attack in a series of darting strikes. Immediately after this unit attacks in the combat phase, roll a dice and move each model in the unit up to that many inches.

Warning Cry: It is said that it is impossible to sneak up on a Gryph-hound. If an enemy unit is set up within 10" of this unit, roll two dice. Any unit within that many inches of the Gryph-hounds is alerted to the enemy unit's presence, and can attack it with one of its weapons as though it were your shooting phase.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, STORMCAST ETERNAL, GRYPH-HOUNDS

MIGHTY LORD OF KHORNE

The lords that Khorne sends to conquer the Mortal Realms are demigods of battle. Their skill at arms is unmatched save by Sigmar's own, and their endless battle-lust infects all who follow them. Their master gifts them with reality-splitting Axes of Khorne and daemon hounds that make their masters all but impervious to the loathsome magic of their foes.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Axe of Khorne	1"	3	3+	3+	-1	D3
Flesh Hound's Blood-dark Claws	1"	4	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Mighty Lord of Khorne is a single model. He is armed with an *Axe of Khorne, and accompanied by a Flesh Hound. The Flesh Hound fights with fearsome Blood-dark Claws.*

ABILITIES

Collar of Khorne: A Flesh Hound has a *collar of Khorne*, which allows its owner to unbind spells in the same manner as a wizard.

Reality-splitting Axe: At the end of the combat phase, roll a dice for each enemy model that suffered one or more wounds inflicted by the Axe of Khorne in that phase but was not slain. On a roll of 5 or more the axe cleaves a rent in the fabric of reality, hurling the victim to Khorne's realm. The model being rolled for is slain.

COMMAND ABILITY

Gorelord: If this model is your general and uses this ability, pick up to 3 friendly **MORTAL KHORNE** units that are within 24" of this model in your hero phase. Until your next hero phase, when you make charge rolls for this model or any of the units you picked, roll 3 dice rather than 2 dice, and use the 2 dice with the highest rolls to determine the charge move of the unit being rolled for.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, KHORNE, HERO, MIGHTY LORD OF KHORNE

EXALTED DEATHBRINGER

Exalted Deathbringers fight to scale the final heights of glory, hewing bloody handholds for their ascent with every worthy foe they butcher. Second only to the Mighty Lords of Khorne, each Exalted Deathbringer is a whirlwind of violence amid the madness of battle that leaves nothing but severed heads and corpses in its passing.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Ruinous Axe	1"	3	4+	3+	-1	2
Bloodbite Axe	1"	6	3+	4+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

An Exalted Deathbringer is a single model. Some Exalted Deathbringers wield a Ruinous Axe and carry a Skullgouger, while others enter battle armed with a Bloodbite Axe and carrying a Runemarked Shield.

ABILITIES

Blooded Lieutenant: This model makes 2 additional attacks whilst he is within 12" of a **KHORNE** general.

Runemarked Shield: If an Exalted Deathbringer carrying a Runemarked Shield suffers any wounds or mortal wounds as the result of a spell, roll a dice. If the result is 2 or more, the wounds or mortal wounds are ignored.

Skullgouger: Each time you make a save roll of 6 in the combat phase for an Exalted Deathbringer with a Skullgouger, he turns aside the attack and delivers a brutal counterblow, inflicting D3 mortal wounds on the attacking unit.

COMMAND ABILITY

Brutal Command: If this model is your general and uses this ability, all **MORTAL KHORNE** units from your army that are within 12" can use the Exalted Deathbringer's Bravery characteristic instead of their own until your next hero phase. If there is a unit from your army within 1" of this model when it uses this ability, you can inflict D3 mortal wounds on that unit. If you do so, this ability's range is increased to 24".

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, KHORNE, HERO, EXALTED DEATHBRINGER

BLOODSECRATOR

Howling in rage, the Bloodsecrator hacks and smashes his way through the foe with his icon of Khorne held high. Slamming its haft into gore-soaked ground, the Bloodsecrator rips a ragged wound in the veil of reality. Through this rift pour the wrathful energies of Khorne, which infuse the Bloodbound and drive them on to new heights of violence.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Ensorcelled Axe	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A Bloodsecrator is a single model. He is armed with an *Ensorcelled Axe*. He carries the Portal of Skulls, the blessed icon of Khorne.

ABILITIES

Portal of Skulls: In your hero phase, you can declare that this model will open the Portal of Skulls. If you do, you may not move the model until your next hero phase, but it has the following abilities until your next hero phase:

Loathsome Sorcery: Both sides must re-roll successful casting rolls for wizards within 18" of this model, before any unbinding rolls are made.

Rage of Khorne: This ability affects all friendly units that have the **KHORNE** keyword and are within 18" of this model at the start of the combat phase. When they are selected to attack, you can add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of all the melee weapons used by these units. In addition, players do not have to take battleshock tests for any unit with the **KHORNE** keyword that is within 18" of this model at the start of the battleshock phase.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, KHORNE, HERO, TOTEM, BLOODSECRATOR

BLOODREAVERS

Descending upon their foes in a howling, chanting tide, the barbarous tribes of the Bloodreavers sweep the enemy away with sheer weight of numbers. Each Bloodreaver is a frothing killer, his body thick with slabs of muscle and his fists wrapped around the hafts of heavy weapons that can lop heads and dismember foes with every swing.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Reaver Blades	1"	1	4+	4+	-	1
Meatripper Axe	1"	1	4+	4+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Bloodreavers has 10 or more models. Some units of Bloodreavers fight with Reaver Blades, while others prefer Meatripper Axes.

CHIEFTAIN
The leader of this unit is the Chieftain. A Chieftain makes 2 attacks rather than 1.

ICON BEARER
Models in this unit may be Icon Bearers. If the unit includes one or more Icon Bearers, add 1 to the Bravery of all its models.

HORNBLOWER
Models in this unit may be Hornblowers. If the unit includes one or more Hornblowers, add 1 to its run and charge rolls.

ABILITIES

Frenzied Devotion: If this unit is within 12" of a model with the **CHAOS** and **TOTEM** keywords when it is selected to attack, then all models in this unit make 2 attacks rather than 1, and a Chieftain makes 3 attacks rather than 2.

Reaver Blades: You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for models from a unit armed with Reaver Blades.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, KHORNE, BLOODREAVERS

BLOOD WARRIORS

Smashing their way through the maelstrom of battle, Blood Warriors roar incoherent curses as they hack and bludgeon their foes to ruin, the air around them shimmering with the rising heat of their fury. Such is their dedication to Khorne that they continue to chop and hew even after suffering wounds that would fell a lesser man where he stood.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Reaver Blades	1"	1	4+	4+	-	1
Meatripper Axe	1"	1	4+	4+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Blood Warriors has 5 or more models. Some units of Blood Warriors take to the battlefield with a Goreaxe in each hand, while others prefer to use a single Goreaxe so that they can also carry a Gorefist. 1 in every 10 models may instead be armed with a Goreglaive.

CHAOS CHAMPION

The leader of this unit is the Chaos Champion. A Chaos Champion makes 3 attacks rather than 2.

ICON BEARER

Models in this unit may be Icon Bearers. If the unit includes any Icon Bearers, add 1 to the Bravery of all its models.

ABILITIES

No Respite: If a model from this unit is slain in the combat phase, you can make a pile in move and then attack with the model before you remove it.

Goreaxes: You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for models armed with more than one Goreaxe.

Gorefists: Each time you make a successful save roll for a unit that contains any models carrying Gorefists, and the attacking unit is within 1" of this unit, roll a dice. For each roll of a 6, the attacking unit suffers 1 mortal wound after all of its attacks have been made.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, KHORNE, BLOOD WARRIORS

WRATHMONGERS

With the chained hammers of their wrath-flails spinning and whipping around them, the Wrathmongers hurl themselves into the midst of their foes. A red mist of blood and fury hangs around these Chaos-twisted berserkers, driving friend and foe alike into a murder-maddened frenzy from which none will walk away alive.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Wrath-flails	2"	4	4+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Wrathmongers has 5 or more models. They are armed with Wrath-flails.

WRATHMASTER

The leader of this unit is the Wrathmaster. A Wrathmaster makes 5 attacks rather than 4.

ABILITIES

Wrath-flails: Add 1 to any hit rolls made for a model attacking with Wrath-flails if that model charged in the same turn.

Crimson Haze: All models (friend or foe) that are within 3" of any Wrathmonger in the combat phase are overcome with a murder-frenzy and make 1 more attack with each of their melee weapons. This does not affect **WRATHMONGERS,** who are already in this state of blood-lust.

Bloodfury: Each time a Wrathmonger is slain in the combat phase the spilt blood drives the enemy into a berserk rage in which they can no longer tell friend from foe; you can pick an enemy model that is within 2" of the slain model. Immediately attack with the enemy model you picked as though it was part of your army. The model can attack its own unit, and even itself! No enemy model can be picked in this way more than once in a single phase.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, KHORNE, WRATHMONGERS

PLAGUE PRIEST

A living nexus of filth and disease, the Plague Priest wields a smoking plague censer whose fetid fumes corrupt the flow of magic itself. Worse, his vile sorcerous powers allow the Plague Priest to belch forth a tide of foulness upon the foe that chokes and rots everything it touches.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Warpstone-tipped Staff	2"	1	4+	3+	-1	D3

DESCRIPTION

A Plague Priest is a single model. He is armed with a Warpstone-tipped Staff and carries a censer filled with pestilent magic.

ABILITIES

Pestilence-filled Censer: The foul vapours in these censers cause spellcasters to retch and vomit. All **WIZARDS** must subtract 1 from their casting rolls if they are within 6" of any Plague Priests. This does not affect **NURGLE WIZARDS**.

Frenzied Assault: A Plague Priest makes 1 additional attack with its Warpstone-tipped staff if it charged in the same turn.

Pestilent Prayers: In your hero phase, a Plague Priest can pray for a foul disease to be unleashed upon his foes. Pick one of the prayers below then roll a dice. If the result is 3 or higher the prayer is answered, and its effect takes place. If the result is 1 the Plague Priest utters an incorrect phrase and suffers a mortal wound.

Pestilent Breath: The Plague Priest belches forth an impossibly foul cloud. Pick a point on the battlefield that is within 13". Roll a dice for each unit within 2" of that point. On a 4 or more, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. **NURGLE** units are only affected on the roll of a 6.

Wither: Pick a unit within 13". Until your next hero phase that unit is ravaged by a terrible wasting sickness; add 1 to all wound rolls made against that unit.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, SKAVEN, NURGLE, PESTILENS, HERO, PRIEST, PLAGUE PRIEST

PLAGUE MONKS

Driven into battle by their frenzied faith, the Plague Monks of Clan Pestilens wash over their enemies like a flood of filth. They hack and stab wildly with their foetid blades, spreading disease and infection with every blow while scrabbling with jagged claws and biting with chisel-like, rotted fangs.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Foetid Blade	1"	2	4+	4+	-	1
Woe-stave	2"	1	4+	5+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Plague Monks has 5 or more models. Some units of Plague Monks are armed with a pair of Foetid Blades, while others attack with a Foetid Blade in one claw and a Woe-stave in the other.

BRINGER-OF-THE-WORD

The leader of this unit is a Bringer-of-the-Word. Some Bringers-of-the-Word choose to wield a Foetid Blade and carry a Plague Scroll; others bear a Book of Woes in one claw and a Foetid Blade in the other.

ICON BEARERS

Models in this unit may be Icon Bearers. Some Icon Bearers carry Contagion Banners, while others sport an Icon of Pestilence.

PLAGUE HARBINGERS

Models in this unit may be Plague Harbingers. Some Plague Harbingers carry clanging Doom Gongs, whilst others go to war with dreaded Bale-chimes.

Icon of Pestilence

Contagion Banner

ABILITIES

Foetid Blades: You can re-roll all failed hit rolls for models that are armed with more than one Foetid Blade.

Frenzied Assault: On a turn in which they charge, all models in this unit make 3 attacks with their Foetid Blades rather than 2.

Plague Scroll: Once per battle, in your hero phase, a Bringer-of-the-Wordwith a Plague Scroll can chant a vile passage to weaken his foes with fevers and poxes. Pick an enemy unit within 13" of the Bringer-of-the-Word. Until your next hero phase, you can re-roll all wound rolls of 1 made against that unit.

Book of Woes: Once per battle, in your hero phase, a Bringer-of-the-Wordwith a Book of Woes can read aloud a corrupt prayer and release a stinking blast of diseased fury. Roll a dice for every unit within 13" of the Bringer-of-the-Word. On the roll of a 4 or more, that unit suffers a mortal wound. **NURGLE** units are only affected on the roll of a 6.

Icon of Pestilence: If a unit contains one or more Icons of Pestilence, the Plague Monks are infected with highly diseased blood. If an infected Plague Monk is slain in the combat phase, roll a dice; on a 6 the attacking unit suffers a mortal wound.

Contagion Banner: If a unit contains one or more Contagion Banners, then in one of your hero phases the Plague Monks can use their power to bless their weapons with even more contagious diseases. Until your next hero phase, whenever you roll a 6 or more to wound for this unit, roll an additional dice. On the roll of another 6, the target unit suffers a mortal wound in addition to any other damage.

Doom Gong: A Doom Gong causes those that hear it to stumble and vomit. Subtract 1 from the run or charge rolls of all enemy units within 12" of at least one unit that includes any Doom Gongs.

Bale-chime: If a unit includes one or more Bale-chimes, the clamour causes the enemy's armour to rust and rot. Each wound roll of 6 or more you roll when attacking with such a unit is resolved with a Rend Characteristic of -1.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, SKAVEN, NURGLE, PESTILENS, PLAGUE MONKS

PLAGUE FURNACE

The vast censer of the Plague Furnace roars low and loud as it swings ominously back and forth. Clouds of billowing smog roll from within, spilling forth to engulf the foe in a tide of choking foulness. Meanwhile, the chittering Plague Priest that rides the furnace to war spreads the blessings of filth to his befouled flock.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Great Censer	3"			See below		
Warpstone-tipped Staff	2"	3	4+	3+	-	D3
Rusty Wheels and Spikes	1"	D6	✹	3+	-	1

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Great Censer Damage	Rusty Wheels and Spikes
0-2	4"	D6 Mortal Wounds	2+
3-4	4"	D3 Mortal Wounds	3+
5-7	2"	D3 Mortal Wounds	4+
8-9	2"	1 Mortal Wound	4+
10+	1"	1 Mortal Wound	5+

DESCRIPTION

A Plague Furnace is a single model crewed by a trio of fanatical Plague Monks, who chitter with delight as they send the smouldering Great Censer crashing into the enemy's ranks. At its fore stands a cackling Plague Priest wielding a Warpstone-tipped Staff that sparks with malign power. Any who come too close to the Plague Furnace meet a quick and messy end beneath its Rusty Wheels and Spikes.

ABILITIES

Great Censer: In the combat phase the chain holding the mighty swinging censer can be let loose, sending a giant spiked ball of death crashing through enemy formations. To resolve a Great Censer attack, pick a point on the battlefield within 3". Roll a dice for each unit (friend or foe) within 2" of that point other than the Plague Furnace itself. On a 4 or more, that unit is caught by the Great Censer attack and suffers a number of Mortal Wounds as shown in the Damage Table above.

Poisonous Fumes: The Plague Furnace is wreathed in a deadly fog. In your hero phase, roll a dice for each unit that is within 3" of this model. If the result is 4 or more, the unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. **NURGLE** units are not affected by the poisonous fumes and do not suffer any mortal wounds.

Pushed Into Battle: For every 3 **SKAVEN** models that are within 1" of a Plague Furnace at the start of your movement phase, add 1" to its Move characteristic until the end of the phase. If there are at least 10 **SKAVEN** models within 1" of this model when you roll the dice to see how far it can charge, it makes 2D6 attacks with its Rusty Wheels and Spikes in the following combat phase rather than D6.

Icon of the Horned Rat: The loathsome power of a Plague Furnace's fumes increases the devotion of nearby Plague Monks. Add 1 to the Bravery of all **PESTILENS** units that are within 5" of a Plague Furnace.

Noxious Prayers: In your hero phase, the Plague Priest aboard a Plague Furnace can pray for diseases to bless his followers. Pick one of the prayers below then roll a dice. If the result is 3 or higher the prayer is answered, and its effect takes place. If the result is 1 the Plague Priest utters an incorrect phrase and the Plague Furnace suffers a mortal wound.

Rabid Fever: Select a **PESTILENS** unit within 13". The Plague Priest bestows that unit with a brain fever that drives them into a rabid killing frenzy. Until your next hero phase, if a model from this unit is slain in the combat phase, it can make a pile in move and then attack with one of its weapons before you remove it.

Bless With Filth: Select a **PESTILENS** unit within 13". A foul mist wraps around that unit's weapons and their blades begin to drip with toxic filth. You can re-roll all failed wound rolls for that unit until your next hero phase.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, SKAVEN, NURGLE, PESTILENS, HERO, PRIEST, PLAGUE PRIEST, PLAGUE FURNACE

VERMINLORD CORRUPTOR

The Verminlord Corruptor towers above the chittering skaven hordes as it strides into battle. Ancient and malevolent, this eldritch servant of the Horned Rat is corruption personified, and a single hissed syllable or flick of its scythed blades can reduce the mightiest foe to a heap of putrid ooze in seconds.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Prehensile Tail	6"	✹	3+	4+	-	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Plaguereapers	1"	✹	3+	3+	-	1

DAMAGE TABLE

Wounds Suffered	Move	Prehensile Tail	Plaguereapers
0-2	12"	5	10
3-4	10"	4	9
5-7	8"	3	8
8-9	6"	2	7
10+	4"	1	6

DESCRIPTION

A Verminlord Corruptor is a single model. It wields Plaguereapers, and can lash out with its long Prehensile Tail.

ABILITIES

Plaguereapers: You can re-roll failed hit rolls for a Verminlord Corruptor's Plaguereapers.

Plaguemaster: If an enemy model suffers a wound from a Verminlord Corruptor but is not slain, roll a dice at the end of the turn. On a 2 or more, that model suffers a mortal wound as its injuries become infected with an extremely virulent contagion.

MAGIC

A Verminlord Corruptor is a wizard. It can attempt to cast two different spells in each of your own hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Plague spells.

PLAGUE

With a gurgling rasp the Verminlord Corruptor unleashes one of the thirteen blessed diseases. Plague has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick an enemy unit within 13" of this model. Roll a dice for each model in the enemy unit. For each roll of a 6, the enemy unit suffers a mortal wound. After resolving the spell's effects, roll another dice to see whether the plague spreads. On the roll of a 4 or higher you can pick a different unit (friend or foe) within 7" of the previous one and resolve the spell's effects against that unit. Continue doing this until you roll 3 or lower when rolling to see whether the plague spreads, or until there are no more units within range that have not already been affected by the spell this phase.

COMMAND ABILITY

Gouge-tear their Eyes!: If this model is your general and uses this ability, select this model or one **SKAVEN** unit within 18". Until your next hero phase, when that unit is selected to attack in the combat phase, you can add 1 to the attacks characteristic of all its melee weapons.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, DAEMON, MASTERCLAN, NURGLE, PESTILENS, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, VERMINLORD, VERMINLORD CORRUPTOR

THE GLOTTKIN

The Glottkin are triplets high in Nurgle's favour. Otto Glott's indestructible pragmatism contrasts starkly with the mean and devious nature of his sorcerous brother Ethrac. The two elder siblings ride to war on the shoulders of Ghurk Glott, a champion so swollen by Nurgle's blessings he could flatten a gargant.

MISSILE WEAPON	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Pestilent Torrent	12"	1	3+	4+	-2	✹
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Ghurk's Flailing Tentacle	3"	✹	4+	2+	-2	2
Ghurk's Lamprey Maw	2"	1	3+	2+	-1	D3
Otto's Poison-slick Scythe	2"	3	3+	3+	-1	D3

	DAMAGE TABLE		
Wounds Suffered	Move	Pestilent Torrent	Ghurk's Flailing Tentacle
0-3	8"	2D6	6
4-6	7"	D6	5
7-10	6"	D3	4
11-14	5"	2	3
15+	4"	1	2

DESCRIPTION

The Glottkin are a single model. Ghurk Glott is a heaving mass of flesh, attacking with a Flailing Tentacle and scooping hapless victims into his Lamprey Maw. His brothers Ethrac and Otto ride upon his festering, boil-encrusted shoulders; Ethrac casts foul spells while Otto attacks with his Poison-Slick Scythe and unleashes a Pestilent Torrent of corrosive filth from his swollen gut. You can only include one Glottkin in your army.

ABILITIES

Mountain of Loathsome Flesh: Ghurk Glott's sheer bulk is in itself a devastating weapon. Roll a dice for each enemy unit within 1" of the Glottkin after they have completed making a charge move. On a roll of 4 or more the enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Blessings of Nurgle: The Glottkin heal D3 wounds in each of your hero phases.

Horrific Opponent: Roll a dice for each enemy unit within 7" of this model at the start of a combat phase. The opposing player must subtract 1 for any hit rolls they make for the unit in that combat phase if the roll is greater than the highest Bravery characteristic in the unit.

MAGIC

Ethrac Glott is a wizard. He can attempt to cast two different spells in each of his own hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. He knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Fleshy Abundance spells.

FLESHY ABUNDANCE

Ethrac Glott generously bestows a growth spurt of the most repulsive kind upon his allies, and their bodies bloat with great wobbling mounds of grey-green fat. Fleshy Abundance has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick this model or a friendly unit within 14". Until your next hero phase, add 1 to the Wounds characteristic of all models in the unit that you pick. At the start of your next hero phase, the target unit's Wounds characteristic is reduced to its original value, which may result in a model that has suffered wounds suddenly being slain!

COMMAND ABILITY

Lords of Nurgle: If this model is your general and uses this ability, then until your next hero phase, add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of any melee weapons used by the Glottkin and any other friendly **NURGLE** units that are within 14" of them.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, NURGLE, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, GLOTTKIN

MORBIDEX TWICEBORN

Three whipping, rot-sinewed tongues lash through the air to impale and choke, heralding the onset of Morbidex Twiceborn. This lord of Nurglings rides a monstrous Maggoth into battle, a giggling, bubbling tide of daemon mites spilling forward around its feet like a deadly living carpet of filth.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Slabrous Tongues	6"	3	3+	✹	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Fleshreaper Scythe	2"	5	3+	3+	-1	2
Monstrous Claws	3"	✹	4+	2+	-1	1

	DAMAGE TABLE		
Wounds Suffered	Move	Slabrous Tongues	Monstrous Claws
0-2	10"	2+	5
3-4	8"	2+	4
5-7	6"	3+	4
8-9	6"	4+	4
10-11	4"	5+	3

DESCRIPTION

Morbidex Twiceborn is a single model. He is armed with the deadly Fleshreaper Scythe and rides the belligerent maggoth Tripletongue, which snatches its victims up with its Slabrous Tongues or gores them with its Monstrous Claws. You can only include one Morbidex Twiceborn in your army.

ABILITIES

Lord of Nurglings: Wherever Morbidex goes, Nurglings emerge from hiding places or tumble from his fleshy folds to caper along in his wake. In your hero phase, pick a unit of **NURGLINGS** within 7" and add D3 models to it. If there are none within range, set up a new unit of **NURGLINGS** that has D3 models anywhere within 7", more than 9" from the enemy.

Malicious Mites: Morbidex Twiceborn has a paternal affinity for the tide of mischievous Nurglings who surround him, and his favoured fellows reap the blessings of his putrid benevolence. Add 1 to all wound rolls made for **NURGLINGS** that are within 7" of Morbidex Twiceborn.

Nurgle's Rot: Nurgle's Rot is the most dreaded and contagious of all diseases, for it gnaws at the victim's soul as well as their mortal body. In your hero phase, roll a dice for each unit within 3" of any models with this ability. On the roll of a 6, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. **NURGLE** units are not affected by Nurgle's Rot.

Repugnant Regrowth: Roll a dice in your hero phase. If the result is 4 or 5, Morbidex Twiceborn's blubbery flesh knits itself back together and he heals 1 wound. If the result is 6, he heals D3 wounds instead.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, NURGLE, HERO, MONSTER, MORBIDEX TWICEBORN

LORD OF PLAGUES

The Lord of Plagues wears the blank helm of Nurgle's executioners, the monstrous frame beneath a horrible spectacle of bulging flesh and torn-open guts. Even to stand near this champion is a death sentence, for the grisly blessings that swathe him are so powerful they can poison a man at a dozen paces.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Plague-ridden Great Blade	1"	3	3+	3+	-1	D3

DESCRIPTION

A Lord of Plagues is a single model. He wields a Plague-ridden Great Blade.

ABILITIES

Rotten Regeneration: The Lord of Plagues heals 1 wound in every hero phase.

Nurgle's Rot: Nurgle's Rot is the most dreaded and contagious of all diseases, for it gnaws at the victim's soul as well as their mortal body. In your hero phase, roll a dice for each unit within 3" of any models with this ability. On the roll of a 6, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. **NURGLE** units are not affected by Nurgle's Rot.

.

COMMAND ABILITY

Grandfather's Gift: If this model is your general and uses this ability, pick a unit within 21". That unit gains the Nurgle's Rot ability until the end of the phase.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, NURGLE, HERO, LORD OF PLAGUES

GUTROT SPUME

A towering monster of a man, Gutrot Spume's strength and resilience are matched only by his prodigious arrogance. The whipping tentacles that spill from one side of his body can easily tear a foe limb from limb, while his enemies' blows glance from rusted armour, or sink into flabby flesh to no avail.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Rot-pocked Axe	2"	4	3+	2+	-1	2
Flailing Tentacles	1"	D3	2+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

Gutrot Spume is a single model. He is armed with a Rot-pocked Axe and grasps at his foe with a mass of Flailing Tentacles. You can only include one Gutrot Spume in your army.

ABILITIES

Clutching Pseudopods: At the start of each combat phase, Gutrot Spume can attempt to ensnare an enemy model within 1". If he does so, pick a weapon carried by that model. You and your opponent then both roll a dice. If your opponent rolled the higher score, his model breaks free of the clutching pseudopods and suffers no adverse effects, otherwise his model's weapon is ensnared and it cannot make any attacks with it until the end of the phase.

COMMAND ABILITY

Towering Arrogance: If Gutrot Spume is your general and uses this ability, keep count of the number of wounds inflicted by him until your next hero phase. If he inflicts 7 or more wounds he has won Nurgle's favour, and heals all wounds he has suffered. If he inflicts 6 or fewer wounds, Nurgle punishes him for his arrogance and he suffers a mortal wound.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, NURGLE, HERO, GUTROT SPUME

PUTRID BLIGHTKINGS

Huge, plague-bloated warriors, the Putrid Blightkings are Nurgle's favoured mortal servants. Blessed with the bite of the daemonfly, these bellicose killers lumber into battle with their tocsins tolling. They wield scythes, mauls, axes and flails with shocking speed and skill, utterly destroying any foolish enough to stand before them.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Blighted Weapon	1"	3	3+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Putrid Blightkings has 5 or more models, armed with a variety of filth-encrusted Blighted Weapons.

BLIGHTLORD

The leader of this unit is a Blightlord. A Blightlord has 4 Wounds rather than 3.

ICON BEARERS

Models in this unit may be icon bearers. If the unit includes one or more icon bearers, add 1 to the Bravery of all its models.

SONOROUS TOCSIN

Models in this unit may carry a Sonorous Tocsin. If the unit includes one or more models carrying Sonorous Tocsins, add 1 to its run and charge rolls.

ABILITIES

Virulent Discharge: In your hero phase, roll a dice for this unit and each other unit within 3". On the roll of a 6, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds, or heals D3 wounds if it is a **NURGLE** unit.

Blighted Weapons: If the hit roll for a Blighted Weapon is 6 or more, that attack scores D6 hits rather than 1 as the victim's flesh begins to blacken with necrosis and foul disease.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, NURGLE, PUTRID BLIGHTKINGS

NURGLINGS

Born from sickness and despair, Nurglings giggle and sport wherever the Lord of Decay's power waxes strong. Individually they can deliver a nasty infectious bite, but are easily slain. When they gather together, however, they can bury their victims under slobbering heaps of rotund flesh.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	Hit	Wound	Rend	Damage
Tiny, Razor-sharp Teeth	1"	5	5+	5+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Nurglings has 3 or more models. Nurglings attack with their Tiny, Razor-sharp Teeth.

ABILITIES

Disease-ridden Demise: At the end of the combat phase, roll a dice for each enemy unit that suffered any wounds inflicted by Nurglings in that phase but was not slain. On a roll of 5 or more the unit begins to succumb to the virulent maladies carried by the Nurglings and suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Endless Swarm: During each player's battleshock phase, any Nurgling models that have suffered Wounds that turn but have not been slain are immediately healed to their starting number of Wounds.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, DAEMON, NURGLE, NURGLINGS

CHAOS SPAWN

Howling and gibbering, Chaos Spawn lurch into battle with their twisted limbs flailing. These once-great warriors have been warped by the powers of Chaos until nothing remains but mindless mutants whose only desire is to rend and kill. This they do with horrific strength, every lash, snap and stomp mangling another luckless foe.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Freakish Mutations	1"	2D6	4+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Chaos Spawn has any number of models. They are armed with a variety of Freakish Mutations.

ABILITIES

Cursed of the Dark Gods: If you wish, when setting up this unit, you can pick one of the following keywords to assign to this unit for the duration of the battle: **KHORNE**, **TZEENTCH**, **NURGLE** or **SLAANESH**.

Writhing Tentacles: If you roll a double when determining the number of attacks made by a Chaos Spawn's Freakish Mutations, resolve those attacks with a To Hit and To Wound characteristic of 3+, instead of 4+.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAVES TO DARKNESS, CHAOS SPAWN

WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

The warriors of the Mortal Realms often fight in battalions. Each of these deadly fighting formations consists of several units that are organised and trained to fight alongside each other. The units in warscroll battalions can employ special tactics on the battlefield, making them truly deadly foes.

If you wish, you can organise the units in your army into a warscroll battalion. Doing so will give you access to additional abilities that can be used by the units in the battalion. The information needed to use these powerful formations can be found on the warscroll battalion sheets that we publish for *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar*. Each warscroll battalion sheet lists the units that make it up, and the rules for any additional abilities that units from the warscroll battalion can use.

BATTALION SET-UP

When you are setting up, you can set up all of the units in a warscroll battalion instead of setting up a single unit. Alternatively, you can set up some of the units from a warscroll battalion, and set up any remaining units individually later on, or you can set up all of the units individually.

For example, if you were fighting a battle where each player takes it in turns to set up one unit, you could set up one, some or all of the units belonging to a warscroll battalion in your army.

1. **Title:** The name of the warscroll battalion and a short overview of the background for it and how it fights.

2. **Organisation:** This section lists the units that make up the warscroll battalion, how many models each of the units must have, and any other restrictions that may apply to the models that you can include.

3. **Abilities:** Every warscroll battalion includes one or more abilities that some or all of the units from the battalion can use. The abilities listed for a warscroll battalion only apply to the units that make it up (even if there are other units of the same type in your army). These abilities are in addition to the abilities listed on the units' warscrolls.

STORMCAST ETERNALS

THUNDERSTRIKE BROTHERHOOD

Blasting onto the battlefield in explosions of force, Thunderstrike Brotherhoods are led into the heart of the fray by heroic Lord-Celestants. These warriors are tightly bound by honour and duty.

ORGANISATION

A Thunderstrike Brotherhood consists of the following units:

- 1 Lord-Celestant on Dracoth
- 1 Lord-Relictor
- 1 unit of Retributors
- 1 unit of Prosecutors
- 2 units of Liberators

ABILITIES

Brothers in Arms: Add 1 to the Bravery of any unit from this battalion that is within 6" of one or more other units from this battalion.

Lightning Strike: Instead of setting up a unit from this battalion on the battlefield, you can place it to one side and say that it is set up as part of your army in the Celestial Realm. In any of your movement phases, you can transport the unit to the battlefield. When you do so, set up the unit on the battlefield more than 9" from any enemy models. This is their move for that movement phase.

STORMCAST ETERNALS

DEVASTATION BROTHERHOOD

Guided to their foe by the Prosecutors, the Paladins of the Devastation Brotherhood plough into enemy battle lines, a crash of sigmarite, fury and celestial energy that hits like a thunderbolt.

ORGANISATION

A Devastation Brotherhood consists of the following units:

- 1 unit of Retributors
- 1 unit of Protectors
- 1 unit of Decimators
- 1 unit of Prosecutors

ABILITIES

Crushing Assault: If models from all of the three **PALADIN** units in this battalion inflict wounds on the same enemy unit in the same combat phase, that enemy unit suffers a further D6 mortal wounds at the end of the phase as warriors are smashed to the dirt and trampled beneath their sigmarite-clad footfalls.

Heralds of Ruin: In your hero phase, you can pick an enemy unit within 9" of the brotherhood's Prosecutors. Until your next hero phase, while the Prosecutors are within 9", that unit subtracts one from its Bravery. In addition, before it moves in its movement phase, roll a dice and subtract that many inches from the distance it can move.

STORMCAST ETERNALS

ANNIHILATION BROTHERHOOD

The Annihilation Brotherhood strides out to lay waste to the fortresses and fanes of the foe. Every mighty swing of their hammers sends walls crashing down, and vile idols tumbling in ruin.

ORGANISATION

An Annihilation Brotherhood consists of the following units:

- 1 Lord-Relictor
- 3 units of Retributors

ABILITIES

Demolition Orders: In your hero phase, the Lord-Relictor from this battalion can order the demolition of one terrain feature (or one piece of scenery from a warscroll battalion) that is within 12" of him. If he does so, roll a dice and add 2 for each Retributor model from this Annihilation Brotherhood that is within 1" of that terrain feature (add 3 instead if that model is armed with a Starsoul Mace). If the result is 20 or more, the Retributors raze their target to the ground and it is destroyed. If possible, remove the terrain feature (or piece of scenery) from play and place any models that were in or on it amidst the ruins and wreckage where it once stood.

Sure-footed: If a unit from this battalion suffers a mortal wound as the result of a scenery rule, or a model from this battalion is slain as the result of a scenery rule, roll a dice. On a 4 or more, the unit or model is unharmed.

KHORNE BLOODBOUND

VENGEFUL SKULLHUNT

Rage and hatred drive the warriors of the Vengeful Skullhunt into battle, each vicious killer eager to butcher the one who has given the Lord of Khorne personal insult.

ORGANISATION

A Vengeful Skullhunt consists of the following units:

- 1 Mighty Lord of Khorne
- 1 Exalted Deathbringer
- 1 Bloodsecrator
- 1 unit of Blood Warriors
- 1 unit of Wrathmongers

ABILITIES

A Score to Settle: At the start of your first turn, pick a **HERO** in the enemy army to be the warhost's quarry. You can add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of all melee weapons used by models from this battalion if they are within 12" of their quarry. If the quarry is slain by a model from this battalion, you can add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of all melee weapons used by units from this battalion for the rest of the battle.

Khorne Cares Not From Whence The Blood Flows: If a unit (friend or foe) is wiped out during the combat phase, you can add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of all melee weapons used by units from this battalion for the remainder of that combat phase.

SKAVEN PESTILENS

PESTILENT CLAWPACK

Heralds of disease, bringers of the words of filth and withering, the clawpacks of Clan Pestilens spill from their lairs in a chittering mass to bring sickness and death to their foes.

ORGANISATION

A Pestilent Clawpack consists of the following units:

- 1 Plague Furnace
- 1 Plague Priest
- 3 units of Plague Monks

ABILITIES

Enthusiastic Vectors of the Foulest Contagions: Whenever you roll a 6 or more to wound for a model in this battalion, that wound immediately begins to fester and rot and inflicts double the damage it normally would.

Filth-sodden Pack-nest: After you have set up your force, pick a terrain feature that is within 13" of at least two units from this battalion. That terrain feature is befouled. Units from this battalion automatically pass battleshock tests if they are in or on any such terrain. Roll a dice for all other units that start the hero phase in or on befouled terrain; on a 1, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds (**NURGLE** units never suffer mortal wounds as the result of this ability).

SKAVEN PESTILENS

BRINGERS OF THE ROTSMOG

Wielding the stolen powers of a corrupted Realmgate, the Horned Rat's servants turn the fumes of their Plague Furnace into a corrosive blight that renders whole armies down to rancid pus in seconds.

ORGANISATION

The Bringers of the Rotsmog consist of the following units and pieces of scenery:

- 1 Verminlord Corruptor
- 1 Plague Furnace
- 1 Baleful Realmgate

ABILITIES

Captured Realmgate: Do not set up the Baleful Realmgate when setting up the scenery for the battle. Instead, set it up immediately after the Plague Furnace from this battalion is set up. No model can use the Hazardous Journey ability to travel to or from the Baleful Realmgate as long as the Realmgate is within 6" of this Plague Furnace.

The Rotsmog: In your hero phase, roll a dice if the Plague Furnace from this battalion is within 6" of this battalion's Baleful Realmgate. Add 1 to the roll if the Verminlord Corruptor is also within 6" of both of these models. Multiply the range of this Plague Furnace's Poisonous Fumes ability by the total result.

NURGLE ROTBRINGERS

BLIGHTED WARBAND

The drone of countless plague-flies heralds the coming of the Blighted Warband. With clanging, rusted blades at the ready, they fall upon the enemies of Grandfather Nurgle and lay waste to all.

ORGANISATION

A Blighted Warband consists of the following units:

- 1 Lord of Plagues
- 4 units of Putrid Blightkings
- 2 Chaos Spawn

ABILITIES

Dense Cloud of Buzzing Blightflies: The swarm of flies surrounding a Blighted Warband is so dense that it all but shrouds them from the enemy's sight. Subtract 1 from the hit rolls of any attacks made against units from this battalion.

Blessings of Grandfather Nurgle: Grandfather Nurgle loves all his followers, and blesses them with unnatural resilience. Roll a dice each time a model in this battalion suffers a wound or a mortal wound, adding 1 to the roll if the unit has 7 or more models; on a 6 or more the wound is negated.

DAEMONS OF NURGLE

NURGLE'S DELUGE

Booming with mirth, Grandfather Nurgle rains his pestilent blessing down upon the battlefield, answering his children's prayers with a deluge of foulness that soon sees the foe submerged in filth.

ORGANISATION

Nurgle's Deluge consists of the following units:

- Morbidex Twiceborn
- 1 unit of Putrid Blightkings
- 3 units of Nurglings

ABILITIES

Deluge of Nurglings: Instead of setting up Nurgling units from this battalion on the battlefield, you can place them to one side and say that they are set up as part of Nurgle's Deluge. In each of your movement phases, you can unleash up to two units of Nurglings from the deluge onto the battlefield. When you do so, set up the unit on the battlefield more than 3" from any enemy models. This is their move for that movement phase.

Glutinous Suffocating Rain: As the deluge of Nurglings rain down upon the battlefield, many tiny daemons fall amongst enemy regiments like rotten fruit, covering them in diseased filth. In your shooting phase, pick an enemy unit anywhere on the battlefield for each unit of Nurglings that has been set up this turn using the Deluge of Nurglings ability. Roll a dice for each enemy unit that you picked; on a 4 or more, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

THE RULES

***Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* puts you in command of a force of mighty warriors, monsters and war engines. This rules sheet contains everything you need to know in order to do battle amid strange and sorcerous realms, to unleash powerful magic, darken the skies with arrows, and crush your enemies in bloody combat!**

THE ARMIES

Before the conflict begins, rival warlords gather their most powerful warriors.

In order to play, you must first muster your army from the miniatures in your collection. Armies can be as big as you like, and you can use as many models from your collection as you wish. The more units you decide to use, the longer the game will last and the more exciting it will be! Typically, a game with around a hundred miniatures per side will last for about an evening.

WARSCROLLS & UNITS

All models are described by warscrolls, which provide all of the rules for using them in the game. You will need warscrolls for the models you want to use.

Models fight in units. A unit can have one or more models, but cannot include models that use different warscrolls. A unit must be set up and finish any sort of move as a single group of models, with all models within 1" of at least one other model from their unit. If anything causes a unit to become split up during a battle, it must reform the next time that it moves.

TOOLS OF WAR

In order to fight a battle you will require a tape measure and some dice.

Distances in *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* are measured in inches ("), between the closest points of the models or units you're measuring to and from. You can measure distances whenever you wish. A model's base isn't considered part of the model – it's just there to help the model stand up – so don't include it when measuring distances.

Warhammer: Age of Sigmar uses six-sided dice (sometimes abbreviated to D6). If a rule requires you to roll a D3, roll a dice and halve the total, rounding fractions up. Some rules allow you to re-roll a dice roll, which means you get to roll some or all of the dice again. You can never re-roll a dice more than once, and re-rolls happen before modifiers to the roll (if any) are applied.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Be they pillars of flame, altars of brass or haunted ruins, the realms are filled with strange sights and deadly obstacles.

Battles in *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* are fought across an infinite variety of exciting landscapes in the Mortal Realms, from desolate volcanic plains and treacherous sky temples, to lush jungles and cyclopean ruins. The dominion of Chaos is all-pervading, and no land is left untouched by the blight of war. These wildly fantastical landscapes are recreated whenever you play a game of *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar*.

The table and scenery you use constitute your battlefield. A battlefield can be any flat surface upon which the models can stand – for example a dining table or the floor – and can be any size or shape provided it's bigger than 3 feet square.

First you should decide in which of the seven Mortal Realms the battle will take place. For example, you might decide that your battle will take place in the Realm of Fire. Sometimes you'll need to know this in order to use certain abilities. If you can't agree on the realm, roll a dice, and whoever rolls highest decides.

The best battles are fought over lavishly designed and constructed landscapes, but whether you have a lot of scenery or only a small number of features doesn't matter! A good guide is at least 1 feature for every 2 foot square, but less is okay and more can make for a really interesting battle.

To help you decide the placement of your scenery, you can choose to roll two dice and add them together for each 2 foot square area of your battlefield and consult the following table:

Roll	Terrain Features
2-3	No terrain features.
4-5	2 terrain features.
6-8	1 terrain feature.
9-10	2 terrain features.
11-12	Choose from 0 to 3 terrain features.

MYSTERIOUS LANDSCAPES

The landscapes of the Mortal Realms can both aid and hinder your warriors. Unless stated otherwise, a model can be moved across scenery but not through it (so you can't move through a solid wall, or pass through a tree, but can choose to have a model climb up or over them). In addition, once you have set up all your scenery, either roll a dice on the following table or pick a rule from it for each terrain feature:

THE SCENERY TABLE

Roll	Scenery
1	**Damned:** If any of your units are within 3" of this terrain feature in your hero phase, you can declare that one is making a sacrifice. If you do so, the unit suffers D3 mortal wounds, but you can add 1 to all hit rolls for the unit until your next hero phase.
2	**Arcane:** Add 1 to the result of any casting or unbinding rolls made for a wizard within 3" of this terrain feature.
3	**Inspiring:** Add 1 to the Bravery of all units within 3" of this terrain feature.
4	**Deadly:** Roll a dice for any model that makes a run or charge move across, or finishing on, this terrain feature. On a roll of 1 the model is slain.
5	**Mystical:** Roll a dice in your hero phase for each of your units within 3" of this terrain feature. On a roll of 1 the unit is befuddled and can't be selected to cast spells, move or attack until your next hero phase. On a roll of 2-6 the unit is ensorcelled, and you can re-roll failed wound rolls for the unit until your next hero phase.
6	**Sinister:** Any of your units that are within 3" of this terrain feature in your hero phase cause fear until your next hero phase. Subtract 1 from the Bravery of any enemy units that are within 3" of one or more units that cause fear.

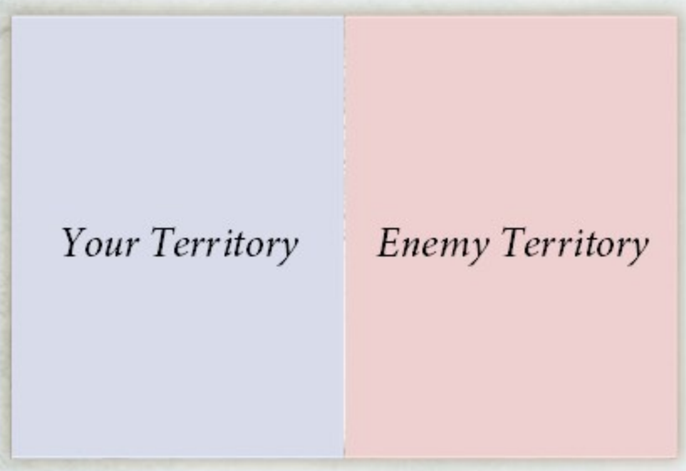
THE BATTLE BEGINS

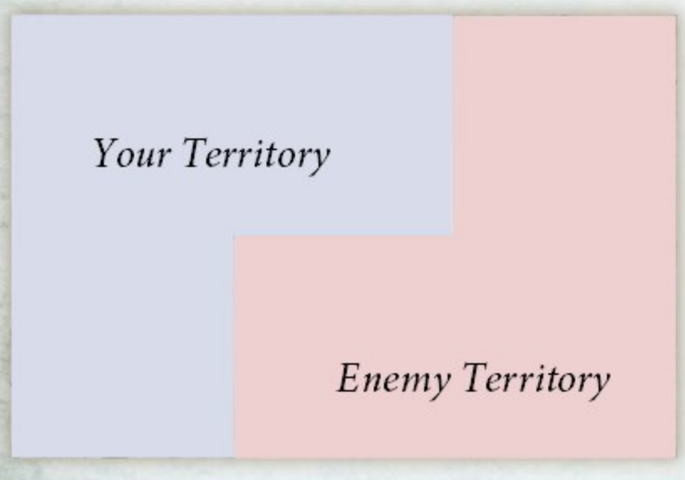
Thunder rumbles high above as the armies take to the battlefield.

You are now ready for the battle to begin, but before it does you must set up your armies for the coming conflict.

SET-UP

Before setting up their armies, both players roll a dice, rolling again in the case of a tie. The player that rolls higher must divide the battlefield into two equal-sized halves; their opponent then picks one half to be their territory. Some examples of this are shown below.





The players then alternate setting up units, one at a time, starting with the player that won the earlier dice roll. Models must be set up in their own territory, more than 12" from enemy territory.

You can continue setting up units until you have set up all the units you want to fight in this battle, or have run out of space. This is your army. Count the number of models in your army – this may come in useful later. Any remaining units are held in reserve, playing no part unless fate lends a hand.

The opposing player can continue to set up units. When they have finished, set-up is complete. The player that finishes setting up first always chooses who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

THE GENERAL

Once you have finished setting up all of your units, nominate one of the models you set up as your general. Your general has a command ability, as described in the rules for the hero phase on the next page.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

In the Mortal Realms battles are brutal and uncompromising – they are fought to the bitter end, with one side able to claim victory because it has destroyed its foe or there are no enemy models left on the field of battle. The victor can immediately claim a **major victory** and the honours and triumphs that are due to them, while the defeated must repair to their lair to lick their wounds and bear the shame of failure.

If it has not been possible to fight a battle to its conclusion or the outcome is not obvious, then a result of sorts can be calculated by comparing the number of models removed from play with the number of models originally set up for the battle for each army. Expressing these as percentages provides a simple way to determine the winner. Such a victory can only be claimed as a **minor victory**. For example, if one player lost 75% of their starting models, and the other player lost 50%, then the player that only lost 50% of their models could claim a minor victory.

Models added to your army during the game (for example, through summoning, reinforcements, reincarnation and so on) do not count towards the number of models in the army, but must be counted among the casualties an army suffers.

SUDDEN DEATH VICTORIES

Sometimes a player may attempt to achieve a sudden death victory. If one army has a third more models than the other, the outnumbered player can choose one objective from the sudden death table after generals are nominated. A **major victory** can be claimed immediately when the objective is achieved by the outnumbered player.

TRIUMPHS

After any sudden death objectives have been chosen, if your army won a major victory in its previous battle, roll a dice and look up the result on the triumph table to the right.

THE SUDDEN DEATH TABLE

Assassinate: The enemy player picks a unit with the **HERO**, **WIZARD**, **PRIEST** or **MONSTER** keyword in their army. Slay the unit that they pick.

Blunt: The enemy player picks a unit with five or more models in their army. Slay the unit that they pick.

Endure: Have at least one model which started the battle on the battlefield still in play at the end of the sixth battle round.

Seize Ground: Pick one terrain feature in enemy territory. Have at least one friendly model within 3" of that feature at the end of the fourth battle round.

THE TRIUMPH TABLE

Roll	Triumph
1-2	**Blessed:** You can change the result of a single dice to the result of your choosing once during the battle.
3-4	**Inspired:** You can re-roll all of the failed hit rolls for one unit in your army in one combat phase.
5-6	**Empowered:** Add 1 to your general's Wounds characteristic.

BATTLE ROUNDS

Mighty armies crash together amid the spray of blood and the crackle of magic.

Warhammer: Age of Sigmar is played in a series of battle rounds, each of which is split into two turns – one for each player. At the start of each battle round, both players roll a dice, rolling again in the case of a tie. The player that rolls highest decides who takes the first turn in that battle round. Each turn consists of the following phases:

1. ***Hero Phase***
   Cast spells and use heroic abilities.
2. ***Movement Phase***
   Move units across the battlefield.
3. ***Shooting Phase***
   Attack with missile weapons.
4. ***Charge Phase***
   Charge units into combat.
5. ***Combat Phase***
   Pile in and attack with melee weapons.
6. ***Battleshock Phase***
   Test the bravery of depleted units.

Once the first player has finished their turn, the second player takes theirs. Once the second player has also finished, the battle round is over and a new one begins.

PRE-BATTLE ABILITIES
Some warscrolls allow you to use an ability 'after set-up is complete'. These abilities are used before the first battle round. If both armies have abilities like this, both players roll a dice, re-rolling in the case of a tie. The player that rolls highest gets to use their abilities first, followed by their opponent.

HERO PHASE
As the armies close in, their leaders use sorcerous abilities, make sacrifices to the gods, or give strident commands.

In your hero phase you can use the wizards in your army to cast spells (see the rules for wizards on the last page of these rules).

In addition, other units in your army may have abilities on their warscrolls that can be used in the hero phase. Generally, these can only be used in your own hero phase. However, if an ability says it can be used in every hero phase, then it can be used in your opponent's hero phase as well as your own. If both players can use abilities in a hero phase, the player whose turn it is gets to use all of theirs first.

COMMAND ABILITY
In your hero phase, your general can use one command ability. All generals have the Inspiring Presence command ability, and some may have more on their warscroll.

Inspiring Presence: Pick a unit from your army that is within 12" of your general. The unit that you pick does not have to take battleshock tests until your next hero phase.

MOVEMENT PHASE
The ground shakes to the tread of marching feet as armies vie for position.

Start your movement phase by picking one of your units and moving each model in that unit until you've moved all the models you want to. You can then pick another unit to move, until you have moved as many of your units as you wish. No model can be moved more than once in each movement phase.

MOVING
A model can be moved in any direction, to a distance in inches equal to or less than the Move characteristic on its warscroll. It can be moved vertically in order to climb or cross scenery, but cannot be moved across other models. No part of the model may move further than the model's Move characteristic.

ENEMY MODELS
When you move a model in the movement phase, you may not move within 3" of any enemy models. Models from your army are friendly models, and models from the opposing army are enemy models.

Units starting the movement phase within 3" of an enemy unit can either remain stationary or retreat. If you choose to retreat, the unit must end its move more than 3" away from all enemy units. If a unit retreats, then it can't shoot or charge later that turn (see below).

RUNNING
When you pick a unit to move in the movement phase, you can declare that it will run. Roll a dice and add the result to the Move characteristic of all models in the unit for the movement phase. A unit that runs can't shoot or charge later that turn.

FLYING
If the warscroll for a model says that the model can fly, it can pass across models and scenery as if they were not there. It still may not finish the move within 3" of an enemy in the movement phase, and if it is already within 3" of an enemy it can only retreat or remain stationary.

SHOOTING PHASE
A storm of death breaks over the battle as arrows fall like rain and war machines hurl their deadly payloads.

In your shooting phase you can shoot with models armed with missile weapons.

Pick one of your units. You may not pick a unit that ran or retreated this turn. Each model in the unit attacks with all of the missile weapons it is armed with (see Attacking). After all of the models in the unit have shot, you can choose another unit to shoot with, until all units that can shoot have done so.

CHARGE PHASE
Howling bloodcurdling war cries, warriors hurl themselves into battle to slay with blade, hammer and claw.

Any of your units within 12" of the enemy in your charge phase can make a charge move. Pick an eligible unit and roll two dice. Each model in the unit can move this number in inches. You may not pick a unit that ran or retreated this turn, nor one that is within 3" of the enemy.

The first model you move must finish within ½" of an enemy model. If that's impossible, the charge has failed and no models in the charging unit can move in this phase. Once you've moved all the models in the unit, you can pick another eligible unit to make a charge, until all units that can charge have done so.

COMBAT PHASE
Carnage engulfs the battlefield as the warring armies tear each other apart.

Any unit that has charged or has models within 3" of an enemy unit can attack with its melee weapons in the combat phase.

The player whose turn it is picks a unit to attack with, then the opposing player must attack with a unit, and so on until all eligible units on both sides have attacked once each. If one side completes all its attacks first, then the other side completes all of its remaining attacks, one unit after another. No unit can be selected to attack more than once in each combat phase. An attack is split into two steps: first the unit piles in, and then you make attacks with the models in the unit.

Step 1: When you pile in, you may move each model in the unit up to 3" towards the closest enemy model. This will allow the models in the unit to get closer to the enemy in order to attack them.

Step 2: Each model in the unit attacks with all of the melee weapons it is armed with (see Attacking).

BATTLESHOCK PHASE
Even the bravest heart may quail when the horrors of battle take their toll.

In the battleshock phase, both players must take battleshock tests for units from their army that have had models slain during the turn. The player whose turn it is tests first.

To make a battleshock test, roll a dice and add the number of models from the unit that have been slain this turn. For each point by which the total exceeds the highest Bravery characteristic in the unit, one model in that unit must flee and is removed from play. Add 1 to the Bravery characteristic being used for every 10 models that are in the unit when the test is taken.

You must choose which models flee from the units you command.

ATTACKING

Blows hammer down upon the foe, inflicting bloody wounds.

When a unit attacks, you must first pick the target units for the attacks that the models in the unit will make, then make all of the attacks, and finally inflict any resulting damage on the target units.

The number of attacks a model can make is determined by the weapons that it is armed with. The weapon options a model has are listed in its description on its warscroll. Missile weapons can be used in the shooting phase, and melee weapons can be used in the combat phase. The number of attacks a model can make is equal to the Attacks characteristic for the weapons it can use.

PICKING TARGETS

First, you must pick the target units for the attacks. In order to attack an enemy unit, an enemy model from that unit must be in range of the attacking weapon (i.e. within the maximum distance, in inches, of the Range listed for the weapon making the attack), and visible to the attacker (if unsure, stoop down and get a look from behind the attacking model to see if the target is visible). For the purposes of determining visibility, an attacking model can see through other models in its unit.

If a model has more than one attack, you can split them between potential target units as you wish. If a model splits its attacks between two or more enemy units, resolve all of the attacks against one unit before moving onto the next one.

MAKING ATTACKS

Attacks can be made one at a time, or, in some cases, you can roll the dice for attacks together. The following attack sequence is used to make attacks one at a time:

1. Hit Roll: Roll a dice. If the roll equals or beats the attacking weapon's To Hit characteristic, then it scores a hit and you must make a wound roll. If not, the attack fails and the attack sequence ends.

2. Wound Roll: Roll a dice. If the roll equals or beats the attacking weapon's To Wound characteristic, then it causes damage and the opposing player must make a save roll. If not, the attack fails and the attack sequence ends.

3. Save Roll: The opposing player rolls a dice, modifying the roll by the attacking weapon's Rend characteristic. For example, if a weapon has a -1 Rend characteristic, then 1 is subtracted from the save roll. If the result equals or beats the Save characteristic of the models in the target unit, the wound is saved and the attack sequence ends. If not, the attack is successful, and you must determine damage on the target unit.

4. Determine Damage: Once all of the attacks made by a unit have been carried out, each successful attack inflicts a number of wounds equal to the Damage characteristic of the weapon. Most weapons have a Damage characteristic of 1, but some can inflict 2 or more wounds, allowing them to cause grievous injuries to even the mightiest foe, or to cleave through more than one opponent with but a single blow!

In order to make several attacks at once, all of the attacks must have the same To Hit, To Wound, Rend and Damage characteristics, and must be directed at the same enemy unit. If this is the case, make all of the hit rolls at the same time, then all of the wound rolls, and finally all of the save rolls; then add up the total number of wounds caused.

INFLICTING DAMAGE

After all of the attacks made by a unit have been carried out, the player commanding the target unit allocates any wounds that are inflicted to models from the unit as they see fit (the models do not have to be within range or visible to an attacking unit). When inflicting damage, if you allocate a wound to a model, you must keep on allocating wounds to that model until either it is slain, or no more wounds remain to be allocated.

Once the number of wounds suffered by a model during the battle equals its Wounds characteristic, the model is slain. Place the slain model to one side – it is removed from play. Some warscrolls include abilities that allow wounds to be healed. A healed wound no longer has any effect. You can't heal wounds on a model that has been slain.

MORTAL WOUNDS

Some attacks inflict mortal wounds. Do not make hit, wound or save rolls for a mortal wound – just allocate the wounds to models from the target unit as described above.

COVER

If all models in a unit are within or on a terrain feature, you can add 1 to all save rolls for that unit to represent the cover they receive from the terrain. This modifier does not apply in the combat phase if the unit you are making saves for made a charge move in the same turn.

WIZARDS

The realms are saturated with magic, a seething source of power for those with the wit to wield it.

Some models are noted as being a wizard on their warscroll. You can use a wizard to cast spells in your hero phase, and can also use them to unbind spells in your opponent's hero phase. The number of spells a wizard can attempt to cast or unbind each turn is detailed on its warscroll.

CASTING SPELLS

All wizards can use the spells described below, as well as any spells listed on their warscroll. A wizard can only attempt to cast each spell once per turn.

To cast a spell, roll two dice. If the total is equal to or greater than the casting value of the spell, the spell is successfully cast.

If a spell is cast, the opposing player can choose any one of their wizards that is within 18" of the caster, and that can see them, and attempt to unbind the spell before its effects are applied. To unbind a spell, roll two dice. If the roll beats the roll used to cast the spell, then the spell's effects are negated. Only one attempt can be made to unbind a spell.

ARCANE BOLT

Arcane Bolt has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick an enemy unit within 18" of the caster and which is visible to them. The unit you pick suffers D3 mortal wounds.

MYSTIC SHIELD

Mystic Shield has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick the caster, or a friendly unit within 18" of the caster and which is visible to them. You can add 1 to all save rolls for the unit you pick until the start of your next hero phase.

THE MOST IMPORTANT RULE

In a game as detailed and wide-ranging as *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar*, there may be times when you are not sure exactly how to resolve a situation that has come up during play. When this happens, have a quick chat with your opponent, and apply the solution that makes the most sense to you both (or seems the most fun!). If no single solution presents itself, both of you should roll a dice, and whoever rolls higher gets to choose what happens. Then you can get on with the fighting!

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

THE BATTLE OF BURNING SKIES

SIGMAR'S PANTHEON

Sigmar Heldenhammer	The God-King
Alarielle	Queen of the Radiant Wood
Grungni	The Great Maker
Nagash	The Great Necromancer
Gorkamorka	God of the Greenskins
Teclis	Brother of Tyrion, Lord of Lumination

THE TETRARCHS OF RUIN

An'ggrath	The Unbound
Kiathanus	The Fatesmith
Feculox	Greatest of the Great Unclean Ones
Luxcious	The Keeper, Ur-Slaanesh
Archaon	The Everchosen

THE DARK GODS

Khorne	The Blood God
Nurgle	The Lord of Disease
Tzeentch	The Changer of the Ways
Slaanesh	The Dark Prince
The Great Horned Rat	

THE QUEST FOR GHAL MARAZ

THE HELDENHAMMER CRUSADE

HAMMERS OF SIGMAR

Vandus Hammerhand	Lord-Celestant
Calanax	Dracoth
Ionus Cryptborn	Lord-Relictor
Andricus Stoneheart	Lord-Castellant
Swiftclaw	Gryph-hound
Laudus Skythunder	Knight-Heraldor
Liminus Stormsight	Knight-Azyros
Yracus Cloudstrike	Knight-Venator
Vorticus Galespear	Knight-Vexillor

CELESTIAL VINDICATORS

Thostos Bladestorm	Lord-Celestant
Kanlaus	Lord-Castellant

THE FOLLOWERS OF TZEENTCH

DAEMONS

Kairos Fateweaver	The Daemon Oracle

AGENTS OF CHAOS

Ephryx	Ninth Disciple of Tzeentch
Lord Maerac	Lord of Manticorea
King Vexos Thrond	Master of the Bleak Horde
Korghos Khul	Mighty Lord of Khorne
Grizzlemaw	Flesh Hound

OTHERS

Celemnis	The Silver Maiden of Elixia
Argentine	The Silver Wyrm
Dracothion	The Great Drake

THE WAR OF LIFE

DEFENDERS OF ROTWATER BLIGHT

HALLOWED KNIGHTS

Gardus, the Steel Soul	Lord-Celestant
Morbus	Lord-Relictor
Lorrus Grymn	Lord-Castellant
Tallon	Gryph-hound
Tegrus of the Sainted Eye	Prosecutor-Prime
Machus	Decimator-Prime
Feros	Retributor-Prime

ASTRAL TEMPLARS

Zephacleas	Lord-Celestant

THE SYLVANETH

Lorhaldh	Treelord
Thellembhol	Treelord
The Lady of Vines	Branchwraith

THE GRAND CONGREGATION OF NURGLE

DAEMONS

Bolathrax	Great Unclean One
Pupa Grotesse	Defiler of the Gelid Gush
Wrech Gab'larr	Herald of Fresh Woes

ROTBRINGERS

Gutrot Spume	The Lord of Tentacles
Slaugoth Maggotfang	Summoner of Vile Rains
Torglug the Despised	Lord of Plagues
The Glottkin	Befouled Brothers of Nurgle
Morbidex Twiceborn	Champion of Nurgle
Tripletongue	Pox Maggoth
Bloab Rotspawned	Chaos Sorcerer of Nurgle
Orghotts Daemonspew	Chaos Lord of Nurgle

BEASTMEN

Beastlord Gluhak	The Crusted Blade

SKAVEN

Kratsik	Plague Priest
Skurrik	Grey Seer
Vermalanx	Verminlord Corruptor

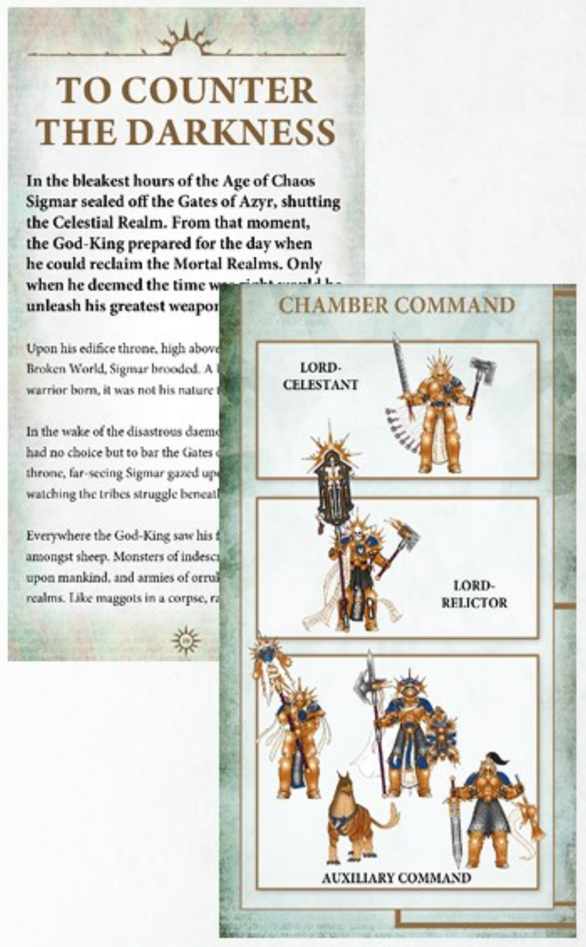
WHAT'S NEXT?

Warhammer: Age of Sigmar is a collecting, painting and gaming experience whose appeal and excitement lasts a lifetime. Whether it be assembling and painting a mighty horde of fantastical warriors or immersing yourself in the magical worlds and stories of the realms, Warhammer: Age of Sigmar offers endless opportunities for enjoyment. Equally, if you hunger to launch your own crusade of conquest, you'll be hurling your armies into bloody battle before you know it.

INTO THE REALMS…

They say that every journey begins with a single step, and in the case of Warhammer: Age of Sigmar there is no better first step than the starter set itself. Contained within this exceptional set is an impressive range of beautifully detailed Citadel Miniatures, excellent starting forces for the brave and noble Stormcast Eternals and the murderous Khorne Bloodbound. This starter set is the starting point of a truly epic story, pitting Vandus Hammerhand and his Hammers of Sigmar against the daemon-worshipping Korghos Khul and his cruel Goretide warriors. As such, not only does this starter set get you off to a great start with your model collections, but it also represents an excellent way to learn the Warhammer: Age of Sigmar rules and plunge straight into the story of the Age of Sigmar.

Another excellent avenue into Warhammer: Age of Sigmar is the book of the same name. Providing the perfect companion volume to the contents of the starter set, this book is replete with beautiful artwork, helpful painting guides and showcases of models painted by the world-renowned 'Eavy Metal team – all in all, it's an excellent visual guide to the war across the realms. Furthermore, this book expands hugely upon the back story of Warhammer: Age of Sigmar, setting out the blood-soaked history of the Age of Chaos and revealing the opening moves of the God-King Sigmar's great gambit to defeat the Dark Gods. As if all this were not enough, it provides a wealth of warscrolls and battleplans allowing you to expand your own collections of miniatures, add new factions to your battles, and fight through many exciting new scenarios as your army grows.



THE STORY CONTINUES

With such vast and thrilling worlds to explore, there's always scope for more stories and greater adventures. As a fantastic companion to the narrative presented in the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* collecting and gaming supplements – and your own tabletop tales of war and glory – you can also read about the exploits of the heroes and villains of the realms in our accompanying novels. These books can be both an invaluable source of inspiration for your collection, and a great way to live out the action of the Realmgate Wars and beyond, blow by visceral blow. Such exciting tales as War Storm and Ghal Maraz tie directly into the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* narrative as it develops, giving you yet another route into the Mortal Realms and providing unique insights into the action that aren't available anywhere else.

Designed BY GAMES WORKSHOP in Nottingham

The Realmgate Wars Quest for Ghal Maraz © Copyright Games Workshop Limited 2015. The Realmgate Wars Quest for Ghal Maraz, GW, Games Workshop, Warhammer, Stormcast Eternals, and all associated logos, illustrations, images, names, creatures, races, vehicles, locations, weapons, characters, and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are either ® or TM, and/or © Games Workshop Limited, variably registered around the world. All Rights Reserved.

No part of this publication may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means, electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording or otherwise, without the prior permission of the publishers.

This is a work of fiction. All the characters and events portrayed in this book are fictional, and any resemblance to real people or incidents is purely coincidental.

British Cataloguing-in-Publication Data. A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library.
Pictures used for illustrative purposes only.

Certain Citadel products may be dangerous if used incorrectly and Games Workshop does not recommend them for use by children under the age of 16 without adult supervision. Whatever your age, be careful when using glues, bladed equipment and sprays and make sure that you read and follow the instructions on the packaging.

Games Workshop Ltd., Willow Road, Lenton, Nottingham, NG7 2WS, United Kingdom

games-workshop.com