WARHAMMER

WHITE DWARF

ISSUE
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NEW RULES FOR
KILL TEAM AND
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AND MUCH
MORE FOR

WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR

WARHAMMER 40,000

160-PAGE
MEGA-SIZE
ISSUE!

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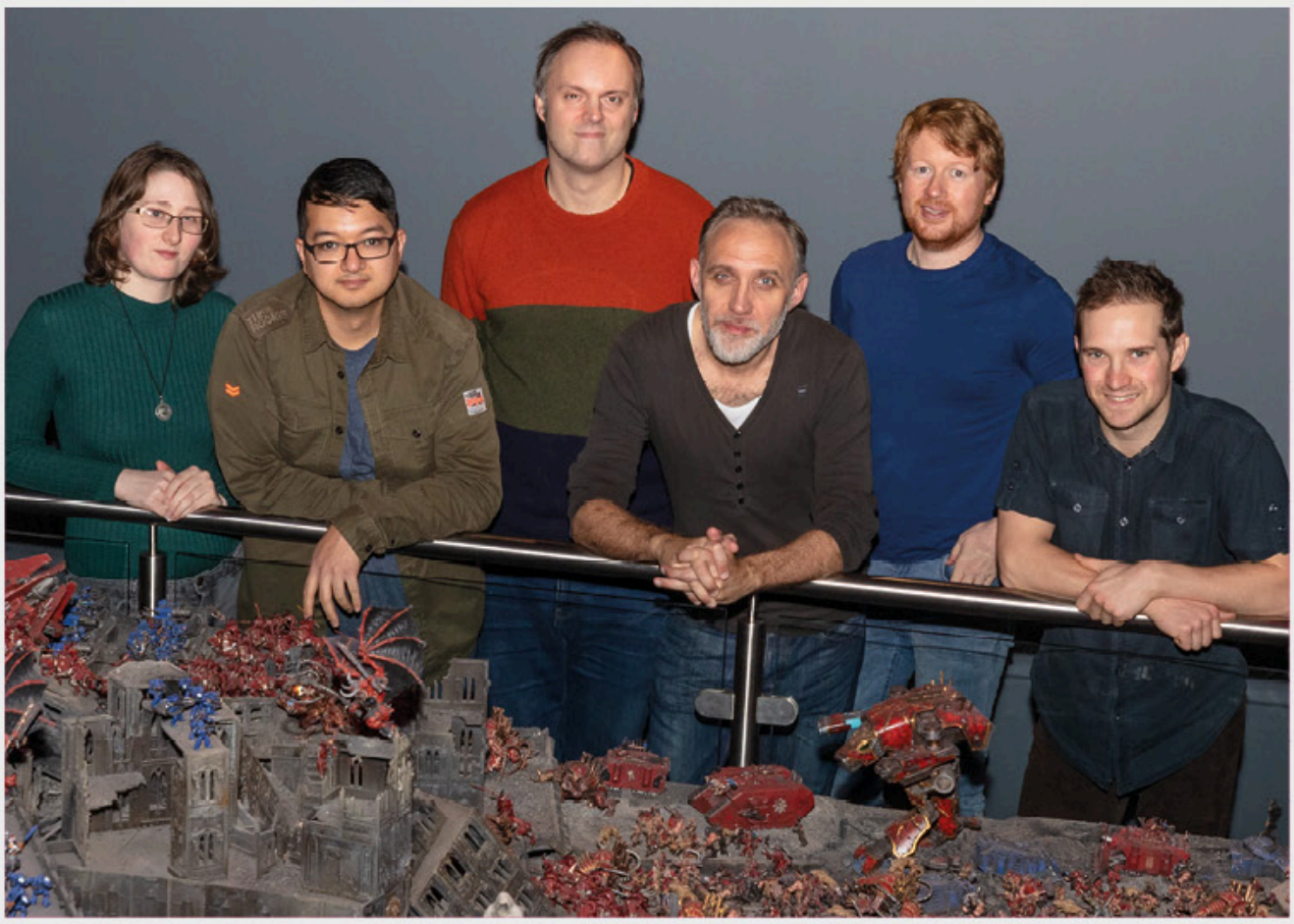
MEET THE WHITE DWARF TEAM

From their secret sanctum, itself hidden deep within the Warhammer Studio, the White Dwarf team works tirelessly to craft everyone's favourite Warhammer hobby magazine each month.



From left to right: Sophie Bostock (Designer), Lyle Lowery (Managing Editor), Matthew Hutson (Senior Designer), Shaun Pritchard (Reprographics), Jonathan Stapleton (Photographer) and Dan Harden (Staff Writer).

THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS

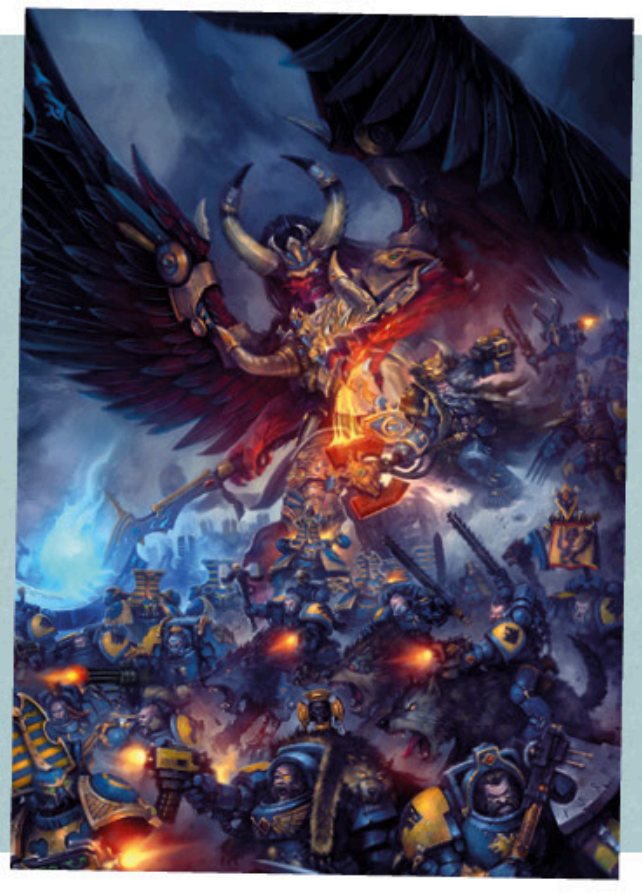
Rob Alderman, John Ashton, Andy Barlow, John Bracken, Tom Clarke, Lewis Collins, Adam Cooper, Robin Cruddace, Colin Cubbon, Jamie Forster, James Gallagher, Ben Gathercole, Simon Godwin, Simon Grant, Jordan Green, Elliot Hamer, Matt Holland, Andrew Horsley, Ben Johnson, Jervis Johnson, James Karch, Kornel Kozak, Jason Lee, Graham McNeill, Owen Patten, Sam Pearson, James Perry, Alex Puszczynska, Dave Sanders, James Swallow, Leigh Tomlinson, Emma Turner, Dirk Wehner, Steve Wren.

EXCLUSIVE SUBSCRIBER COVERS!

If you subscribe to *White Dwarf*, you may have noticed that you have a different cover on your magazine compared to the ones found in shops. Subscriber copies feature a piece of artwork without the contents listing down the side, allowing you to appreciate the art in all its glory.

This month's cover features the Space Wolves battling Magnus the Red by Jaime Martinez.

If you would like to subscribe to *White Dwarf*, turn to the end of the magazine for more information.



WARHAMMER COMMUNITY

The home of Warhammer on the web, the Warhammer Community website brings you the latest news on Warhammer 40,000, Warhammer Age of Sigmar, the Horus Heresy, Forge World, Black Library, and more!

www.warhammer-community.com

WHITE DWARF

ISSUE 452

TIMEY WIMEY STUFF

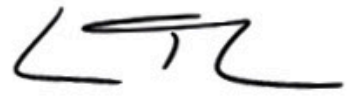
Way back in January we made some big changes to the W*hite* D*warf* cover. We spiffed it up with an eye-catching new W*hite* D*warf* title treatment, appropriately in white. We placed the Warhammer logo front and centre, because make no mistake, W*hite* D*warf is* Warhammer. And we replaced the traditional issue month with just a number. And not a 1, but a 450.

You've probably got questions. Why start with 450? Why wait till now to talk about it?

I'll answer the questions in the logical order: the latter first. You know how the Warhammer 40,000 studio likes to joke about the mysteries of the warp when they're writing about things months before you read about them? We often have to write about the future like it's the present. Such is the nature of the warp. Time is relative. Timey wimey stuff.

Well, we decided we wanted to make some changes to the cover when we were working on this issue. At that time, the January issue was just about to go to press, and given the opportunity, it made a lot more sense to implement the cover changes in the January issue rather than the March issue. But it was too late to change the editorial for January or even February, so here we are. Timey wimey stuff.

We've been silently numbering W*hite* D*warf* all along. If you look at the boilerplate on the inside front cover in issues from last year, you might notice they have a volume number of III and an issue number in the 30s. Volume III correlates to the monthly relaunch of W*hite* D*warf*, but it doesn't reflect the full legacy of the magazine. So we restored the numbering to reflect a continuation of W*hite* D*warf*'s long and storied monthly run.
Like I said, timey wimey stuff.



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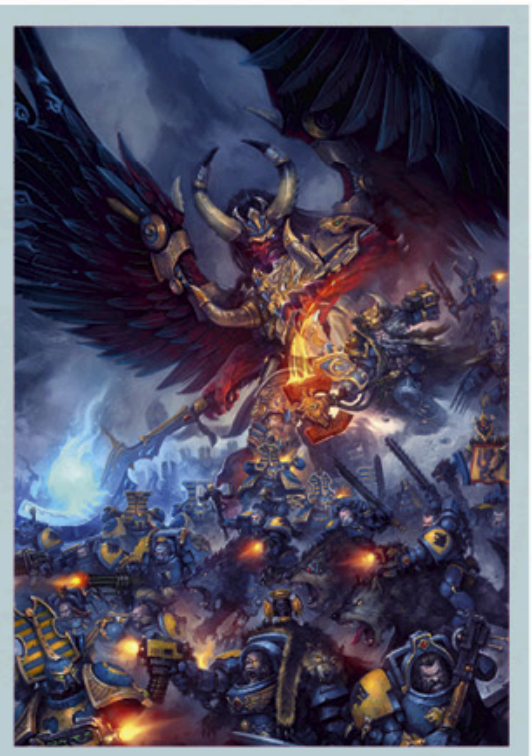
Cover art by Kai Lim



Subscription cover art by Jaime Martinez

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CONTACT

Where we feature your thoughts, questions and painted miniatures. Send us your letters and pictures, and we'll print the best ones we get!

STAR LETTER

HOLIDAYS IN THE UNDERWORLDS

I recently posted this picture of my brother and me playing Warhammer Underworlds in a villa in Portugal on an Underworlds Facebook group, and it got over a hundred likes pretty much instantly and is slowly creeping up to the two-hundred mark. Several people commented on the post to say they were now going to do the same and take the game on holiday with them.

I don't think it's occurred to many people before, but you guys have created a truly wonderful game that you can literally pack up in your bag and take anywhere in the world. We did! Our travel bag fits the entire core game plus four warbands, and it is small enough to fit in about half of your hand-luggage space. That's a win-win right there for you guys and the community. Well done, and thank you for inadvertently making this accessible game even more accessible. Keep up the great work!

Ali Maktari
Wendover, UK

Hey, Ali, and thanks for writing in. It looks like you're having a great time playing Warhammer Underworlds. We especially like how you used a row of peaches as your round counters. We assume that's what you're doing, right? Live healthy and all that!

Also, if you haven't already, don't forget to pick up a Warhammer Underworlds: Beastgrave Carry Case. It will make transporting all your models, card decks, counters and boards even easier.

Ultramarines Inceptors
by John Margiotta

A QUESTION ABOUT VETERANS

Hello, *White Dwarf*! I've been a longtime collector and player, going all the way back to Rogue Trader days. I really love the recent changes in the 40K universe. The new Space Marines codex is terrific, and I can't wait to get my hands on the Raven Guard and Imperial Fists supplements (the VII Legion is my very favourite – Rogal Dorn all the way!).

Now to the heart of the matter. I'm currently working on creating a Chapter of my own, and I have a question about the Ultima Founding. Because the Ultima Founding Chapters are comprised solely of Primaris Space Marines, do the members of the 1st Company wear Terminator armour? If not, what do the 1st Companies of these Chapters look like?

Steven Groom
Iowa City, US

A good question, Steven. Basically, Ultima Founding Chapters have no suits of Terminator armour. Their 1st Company is still made up of Veterans, they just wear Mark X armour instead. In game terms you can represent them using the Veteran Intercessors stratagem in *Codex: Space Marines*. There are even some Veteran Intercessors with white helmets featured in the Imperial Fists codex supplement.

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PAINTING QUESTION: FIRST OF THE HIVE FLEETS

Hello there, *White Dwarf* team.

I'm thinking about starting a Tyranids army from Hive Fleet Behemoth, and I was wondering what colours I should use to paint them. In particular I need to know how to paint their wings. If you could let me know, that would be great.

Eric Ellison
Burscough, UK

A simple request, that one, Eric! We had a look through one of our old painting guides and found the skin, carapace and wing membrane colours for you. We recommend basecoating the model with Mephiston Red spray, as this will make it easier to paint the skin. You can then apply Tuskgor Fur to the wings and wash both the membranes and the skin with Carroburg Crimson at the same time. For the carapace, apply nice thin lines from the edge of the chitinous plates to create the striated effect.

RED SKIN
- Basecoat: Mephiston Red
- Wash: Carroburg Crimson
- Layer: Mephiston Red
- Layer: Evil Sunz Scarlet
- Layer: Wild Rider Red

WING MEMBRANES
- Basecoat: Tuskgor Fur
- Wash: Carroburg Crimson
- Layer: Tuskgor Fur
- Layer: Bugman's Glow
- Layer: Cadian Fleshtone

BLACK CARAPACE
- Basecoat: Abaddon Black
- Layer: Stegadon Scale Green
- Layer: Sotek Green
- Layer: Temple Guard Blue

Gotrek
by Nathan Cartwright

Sons of the Phoenix Space Marine Captain
by Phil Lewis

Mollog
by Justin Kieswetter

ASK GROMBRINDAL

Greetings, oh great (and ale-loving) longbeard! I hope you are enjoying yourself in the Mortal Realms, chopping those pesky aelves in twain! Anyway, I have a question for you. How do Arkanaut pistols work? My Kharadron friend won't tell me!

Adam Chenaf Glymmsforge,Shyish

Aah, if only I were chopping pesky aelves in twain, but nowadays we're meant to be best of friends as part of Sigmar's alliance of Order. I'm not sure about Morathi's kin, though – I'm going to keep my eye on them. Anyway, in answer to your question, the Kharadron Overlords use aethergold as both propellant and ammunition in many of their weapons, including Arkanaut pistols. Essentially, they fire compressed aether that solidifies as it exits the barrel, transforming into solid (not to mention sparkly) shot. The Kharadron lads are pretty inventive that way.

Grombrindal

DATA INCOMING

I've been motivated to write in for the first time in two decades in order to express my sincere enjoyment of the current tone and direction of *White Dwarf*, and to thank the team that produces it. I have a single aesthetic suggestion, however, for fans are never satisfied. I love Index Astartes articles, and I feel the way they were presented in the early 2000s, as if on a data slate with a bordered page and grid lines, was much more immersive than the current iteration, where the article is just words on a page, illustrated with 'in-universe' screen grabs and parchment print outs. Now that many of us are reading *White Dwarf* on actual dataslates, I think being able, for a moment, to imagine one's tablet grasped in the hand of an Inquisitor would be a fine treat.

Matthew Taylor
Milton Keynes, UK

A good thought, that, Matthew, and one we're already thinking about! We've already started to include dataslates in articles such as the Indomitus Crusade series, and we're looking at more ways to make these articles even more immersive. Put simply, watch this space!

TOP PHOTO TIPS

In Contact, we want to show off the very best miniatures painted by you, our readers. Of course, great miniatures also need great pictures, so we came up with a useful guide to help you out:

www.warhammer-community.com/the-model-photo

If you follow all the advice in that article, you really can't go far wrong. Our top tips are:

Always use a white background.

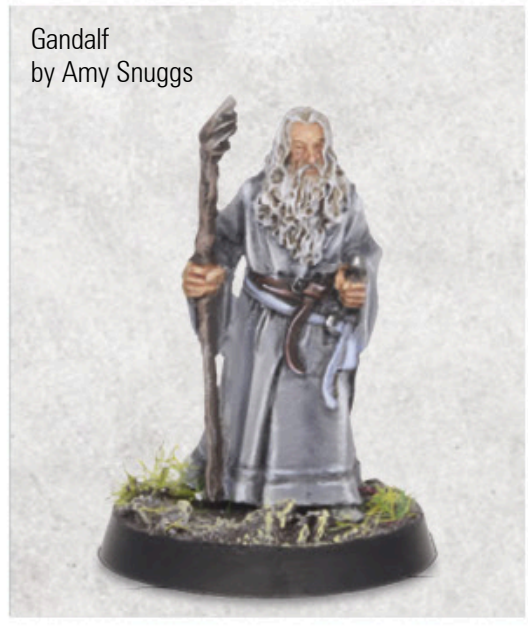
Make sure you've got good lighting.

Ensure the whole model is in focus.

Find the model's golden angle. If you're ever in doubt, take a look at the same model on the Games Workshop website.

Skink Starpriest
by Thilo Engels

Gandalf
by Amy Snuggs



Janus Draik
by Jean-Baptiste Garidel

WHITE DWARF IN THE WILD

Hey, guys. I am just enjoying the September issue of *White Dwarf* while on holiday in Kenya! I took this shot as the sun was rising over Mount Kenya in the distance. Very atmospheric, I think you'll agree! Thanks for the great magazine. I always buy a copy to take away on trips with me. All the best.

P.S. Rhinos are amazing! They would fit right into the Age of Sigmar world!

Tom Adams
Rhino Lodge, Nanyuki, Kenya

And here we see a rare example of N*anus Album* roaming the plains of the Aberdare National Park. A beautiful but solitary beast, it is famed for its colourful plumage, natural resilience and its inherent dislike of aelves. Thanks, Tom!

Tzaangor Shaman
by Joshua Dunkerly

MODEL OF THE MONTH

Back in November's issue, we featured this conversion of Azrael as one of our models of the month. But we (by which we mean Servitor 13 …) incorrectly attributed the model! It was, in fact, built and painted by Cameron Sproat, who converted the Chapter Master from a Primaris Librarian with the addition of Azrael's back banner. Sorry again, Cameron – we hope honour has been restored!

CONVERSION CORNER

Hello WD Team,

I recently got back into the hobby through *Warhammer 40,000: Conquest* after a twelve-year break, and I used the magazine to introduce my eight-year-old son, Arran, to the hobby. We get *White Dwarf* now, too, and he really loves your magazine. He was delighted to meet some of you recently at Warhammer World! He reads every page as soon as I bring it home each month, and he loves to talk about all the content and show me the miniatures he likes within your pages. It makes a Warhammer dad very proud.

Arran has really become taken with the Death Guard, despite their repulsive appearance, and is always asking questions about Mortarion and his brothers. He has a whole army of Death Guard now thanks to Conquest, and he's even started converting his own models, too. He asked me if I could send a picture of his first-ever kitbash to *White Dwarf* for possible inclusion on your Contact page. He took some leftover pieces we had lying around from the kits we'd built, plus a Space Marine Attack Bike, and made himself a Death Guard Attack Bike. I helped a bit with getting the parts to fit, but the whole idea was his own. What do you think of his creation? What could we use it as in games?

Paul and Arran Foulkes
Nottingham, UK

Hey, chaps. First off, we're glad to hear that you're back in the hobby, Paul. It's good to know that even a twelve-year break couldn't keep you away. And now you've introduced a new generation to the hobby, too – consider your duty to the Emperor complete! Well, we say Emperor, but it looks like Arran has walked straight onto the path of the heretic. As for your conversion, Arran, we think it looks excellent. We can see Plague Marine parts (the green bits), a spare gun and some armoured plates from a Foetid Bloat-drone (the grey bits) and, of course, the Attack Bike somewhere under all the corruption (the blue bits). Perhaps you could use it as a Bloat-drone, or maybe a Blight-hauler?

WORLDS OF WARHAMMER

JORDAN GREEN
Jordan joined the Warhammer Age of Sigmar team just over a year ago as a background writer. Already well versed in the background of the Mortal Realms before he started here, he has since fully immersed himself in the magic that is the Age of Sigmar. Some say he eats realmstone for sustenance. Others say salad. We all know which is more likely.

Before we begin, dear reader, I must beg your patient indulgence. With this month's Worlds of Warhammer article once again held in my unmerciful grasp, I'm going to try something a little different. Rather than the traditional didactic approach – mighty fine as it is – I'd like to tell you a story. It's a story of loss and bloodshed, of brutal skirmishes, oversized weapons and a whole lot of warpaint. Through it, though, I'd like to discuss something a little broader – that is, the practice of establishing background for your own collection within the grander setting.

Let's set the scene.[1] It was the cold, dark months of early 2019. Rain hammered down over Nottingham like someone had just rolled a double one on a weather effects table. I was the new kid on the block, looking to make my mark. Little did I know what I was getting into when that fateful email appeared in my inbox. Sam Pearson, chief Warcry games developer and part-time Talon of Carngrad, was putting together a team to start a studio campaign. 'Friday Fun', he called it. But I'd been investigating the monsters and mercenaries[2] of the Bloodwind Spoil for long enough to know just how deadly an invitation it was. Still, I was on it like a Fyreslayer on ur-gold.

But what warband to play? Even in those early days, Warcry wasn't lacking for choice. Sam chose the steadfast Iron Golem, while photographer Erik Niemz threw in his lot with the agile Corvus Cabal. Editor Kelly O'Malley was running with the Untamed Beasts. Product developer Ben Johnson and my fellow word-grot Nick Horth favoured the sadistic Unmade. The mysterious Cypher Lords were calling to me, or maybe I could do my own take on the Cabal. In the end, though, it was one random dice roll that changed my life forever.

I was going to play Bonesplitterz.

And there was going to be some krumpin'.

Like all orruks, Bonesplitterz love a scrap, and where better to smash up some propa-tough enemies than in the Eightpoints?

Worlds of Warhammer delves into the background of the Age of Sigmar and the 41st Millennium, looking at how stories are created and legends are born. In this instalment, Jordan Green talks about His Dudes – in this case, Da Morkagorka Madladz.

TAKING CENTRE STAGE

There is a point buried somewhere amongst all this nostalgia. Let's be honest with ourselves – the Bonesplitterz are as nutty as a Sylvaneth player on a nature reserve. In our grand tale of gods and souls, any major narrative impact they've had so far is almost entirely accidental, though no less entertaining because of it.

But while the Bonesplitterz may not be critical players in the story of the Age of Sigmar – at least, not yet – they, like every other faction, are a valuable aspect of the game's setting. Part of our job is trying to reconcile these two things in a way that's satisfying for as many people as possible. Some hobbyists devour every development in the narrative of Age of Sigmar; these lore-seekers keep up to date with battletomes, narrative expansions and Black Library novels, following the escapades of all the other heroes and villains who form our cast of characters. Indeed, for some, engaging with this expansive story is their hobby, without ever putting miniature to table (though I highly recommend giving one of our games a go – and with its low model count, Warcry is a perfect starting place).

Then there are those who couldn't care less about the Necro-this or Battle of Burning-that. For these hobbyists, the most important part of the Age of Sigmar's lore is its overall setting. Two very deliberate advantages the Mortal Realms possess are their sheer scale and highly adaptable nature. By establishing the fundamental rules of how this world functions, as well as the background and culture of its many factions, we open up eight[3] mind-bogglingly huge sandboxes for hobbyists to play in. Our 'camera' may be focused on warring gods, majestic cities and the indomitable mortals who try to survive within, but out in the wilds, every faction is playing its part and doing its thing. All of them add texture to the setting, and whether you want to keep them up to date with the latest campaign honours – Vigilus, Armageddon, and so on – or create something entirely off-piste, all of them can be customised to fit your vision for your army.

Want your Kharadron to belong to an Aqshian skyport that uses Fyreslayer-esque motifs and bits? That's fine. Envision your Clans Eshin skaven being as much living shadows as they are rat through cleverly combining them with Nighthaunt kits? That's fine, too. Maybe your army has conquered a Ghurish region that lies far from the focus of our narrative, but you have brought it to life over many campaigns. Perhaps your Iron Golem were once trapped in a festering bog, forced to pledge themselves to Nurgle to survive – and are now covered in rusted metal and weeping sores. These are concepts we might never give much attention to in our primary story, but there's certainly scope in the realms – and in your armies, warbands and so on – for them to exist.

This practice is sometimes known as Your Dudes, and for a lot of people, it's a central draw of our hobby. Whether you prefer the Mortal Realms or the Far Future, it's a great deal of fun to carve out your bit of the setting. There are principles that grant personalised collections a degree of 'realism'; turning up to the local store with your Space Marines coated in smiley faces, sporting bare Aeldari heads and committed to solving their problem through lengthy battlefield debate will probably raise a few eyebrows! But otherwise, the sky's really the limit.

Though great events may shake our settings, heroes rising and falling and entire kingdoms or planets being overrun, Your Dudes are doing their own thing. They're prospecting for aether-gold in the luminous clouds of Hysh, or defending their isolated home world against your buddy's belligerent Orks. All of these tales are valid and worthy in their own right – each one a compelling narrative filled with tragedy, heroism and glory. Your Dudes are the heroes of their own story, and there's a great deal of fun to be had in charting their adventures, highs and lows far away from the glare of galaxy-spanning conflicts or godly duels.

Which brings me back to Bonesplitterz.

[1] Layering over your mind's eye with a film noir black-and-white filter may help. Mysterious violin optional.

[2] Monsters & Mercenaries *was actually the first full book I worked on during my tenure with the studio. I've penned a few Warcry expansions since then, including the 2019* Tome of Champions. *To this day I lament not getting 'Slambo' into the Slaves to Darkness name generator.*

[3] Sigmar still has a 'No Ball Games' sign hanging on the Gates of Azyr, but with Warcry we've started exploring the Eightpoints more and more.

[4] *Warcry uses a narrative campaign system in which each warband follows its own journey, independent of any other. It essentially allows you to progress in your campaign even while playing pickup games. Nifty, and a good example of the legitimacy of small-scale stories that I mentioned.*

[5] *A long-lost relative of notorious Megaboss Dakkbad Grotkicker.*

[6] *Leading to something of a trend in which he was killed via hurled projectiles. Still, it drew fire away from the rest of the boyz, which I suppose was lucky?*

KRUMPING INTENSIFIES

The Bonesplitterz campaign[4] in the Warcry core book opens with a crime. The score: the Jaws of Mork, an ancient tribal totem stolen away from its warclan. The perp: Korak Halfblade, notorious warchief of the Bloodwind Spoil. Problem was that Halfblade had holed up at his camp somewhere out in the wastes. It was my job to track him down and bring him in – or at least, what was left of him – along with the Jaws of Mork.

Confession time. Despite what my surname may lead you to believe, I'd never really dabbled with the greenskinned races of any incarnation of Warhammer. I tend to prefer my armies either power armoured, devoted to Chaos or decidedly dead. As an outsider to the Waaagh! myself, therefore, it felt only right that my warband would be the same. Thus were born Da Morkagorka Madladz – a gang of rowdy loose cannons who nevertheless got results.

Using the naming tables in the Warcry core book, and a bit of imagination, I got to know da boyz. Leading the charge was Zogdakka da Bonecracka, who had gotten lost in the Eightpoints but nevertheless seemed to possess a lucky streak. Backing him up were his faithful troops. Skrog and Drog, the dauntless Big Stabba team. Kragg Krookfang, Murgg Madskull and Rogga Rokkskull – a gang of competitive Morboys spoiling for a fight. Brakka Bigteef and 'Grotpuncha'[5] could stick your eyes out with their spears like no one's business. Last came Dat Boy Wiv Da Flag, a wandering orruk who joined up with the Madladz and assured them that his Bone Totem definitely wasn't the same Bone Totem that had been stolen. Seems legit.

Already, My Dudes were starting to feel alive. To add some more character, I gave them purple warpaint. Not only is it my favourite colour, but it's not often associated with greenskins, helping to accentuate the Madladz as outsiders even within their own culture.

With that, the hunt for the Jaws of Mork was on. My first game was against Sam's Iron Golem. While this ended in a loss, with Zogdakka being assassinated in the last activation of the game through a hurled bolas,[6] it was full of memorable moments. Skrog and Drog even managed to kill the Ogor Breacher Vos stone dead! They maintained this streak into the next game against Kelly and the Untamed Beasts of the Everwild, pole-vaulting on top of a building through the handy Charge! ability and taking out her leader Tenax in the very first round. Of course, in the Bloodwind Spoil, champions must be made of sterner stuff, so the 'Dead' result rolled for Tenax on the injury table only counted as 'Loss of Favour'. But we both knew the score.

Indeed, Kelly swiftly became my greatest rival. Perhaps it was just that we were both playing bands of half-naked, monster-hunting barbarians, or maybe it was because every game promised to be a bloodbath. Often our paths crossed in convergences – special battles fought at certain intervals that progress your warband's story. I defended my warcamp against the Everwild in Kelly's first convergence, before running the gauntlet to narrowly escape her clutches in my own. Alas, in my second convergence, a hard-fought battle for a commanding central position saw the traumatic death of Skrog and Drog – who slew a Rocktusk Prowler before a Harpoon Snag

Jordan's warband – Da Morkagorka Madladz – take on Sam Pearson's Unbroken Chain in a battle … to the death!

saw them dragged into and summarily hacked apart by a marauding band of Untamed Beasts. At least they died doing what they loved. I poured out a skin of flame-ale for the lads, wiped the blood off and headed into the seediest dives in the entire Gork-damned Bloodwind Spoil. If I was going to bust Halfblade, I was going to need some backup.

Around this time, *Monsters & Mercenaries* was being finished up. I took the opportunity to add a little spice to the warband in the form of an ally: Grukk da Biggest, a lost Warchanter welcomed into the Madladz. By this point I was all in on Bonesplitterz, and it was important to me that Grukk fit into My Dudes' theme as a bunch of wandering loonies. I used some spare Savage Orruk bits to kitbash him, giving him a more fitting head and a Bonesplitterz shield strapped across his back. With minimal effort and a bit of warpaint, I had what I wanted: a Warchanter maddened by the Waaagh! and well on his way to joining the Bonesplitterz permanently.

More than that, Grukk's addition felt like a milestone in the story of my warband. He was a powerful ally coming to help the warband in their time of need – even if in order to afford him, I had to remove Brakka and Grotpuncha from active service. The story of My Dudes was evolving with each game they played. Even though they were infinitesimally minor events in the grand scheme of the Mortal Realms, to me they mattered a great deal.

The campaign continued. With each game, I was bearing down on Halfblade like a Gryph-charger with a grudge to settle. I escaped from Nick's terrifying Blissful One, thwarted the schemes of Sam's Iron Golem on numerous occasions and endured the aerial assaults of Erik's Corvus Cabal. One amusing detail was the fact that most of these battles took place in a cloying swamp[7] – not great for a mob of hulking orruks! But we battled on, carving out our little tale in the Bloodwind Spoil and developing the personalities of each warband member with every game. Murgg and Rogga tended to gain and lose Destiny levels in cyclical fashion, so I often deployed them together. Dat Boy Wiv Da Flag seemed to live a charmed life, coming through no matter the situations I threw him into.

Perhaps the greatest moment was the return of Brakka and Grotpuncha. Having raised more icons of Gork (or maybe Mork) and earned more points to spend on my warband, I could afford a second Big Stabba. There was only one thing to do – I gave the Stabba 'crew' the same heads as the spearboyz and made sure their warpaint matched up, bringing the story of these daring orruks full circle. It felt like a triumphant moment. My Dudes had passed through hardship, lost friends along the way and gained new skills, just like real characters in any tale.

Now only the final battle waited. Korak Halfblade's camp was garrisoned by the hated Everwild, the Jaws of Mork displayed atop the highest ruin. If I won, I would be the world's first Warcry Campaign champion. The Madladz had gone from being an outsider gang of deranged hooligans to the terror of the studio. I was ready. I was eager.

And I lost.

To be fair, I couldn't have fallen to a more worthy opponent. Kelly went on to become the champion – in fact, the opponent she crushed in her own final convergence was me! I took the good-natured ribaldry from my fellows, picked myself up and had a few more attempts at the convergence. Eventually I cracked it, but in truth I already had what I wanted. The Bonesplitterz had gone from a faction with no real hold on me to a beloved favourite. Each bore scars and stories of their own. In one last hurrah, they even managed to total Sam's warband in a grudge match to the death! No songs would be sung for Da Morkagorka Madladz, no battletome or novel would tell their story. But they're My Dudes, and through that, a representation of everything the narrative side of our games stand for.

[7] *Seriously, out of a 36-card twist deck I drew Murky Swampland far more than statistically feasible. At one point another twist told me to draw two more cards … only to pull Murky Swampland again. My colleagues are still in awe.*

ME AND DA BOYZ

As I finish writing this article, the Morkagorka Madladz watch me from my desk, tiny plastic faces drawn in battle-hungry snarls. It's been a while since I hurled them into the fray. They'll be back, however. One of the great things about telling stories with your collection is that those stories never really end. There's always more to explore and new battles to fight. Often this is an entirely organic process – and, in my opinion, it's a great deal of fun.

If you've never given much thought to the ongoing story of your army/warband/Blood Bowl team and so forth, I hope this article encourages you to pay it some consideration. No matter how small or peripheral Your Dudes may seem compared to the core narrative, following their exploits and exploring their personality can be a rewarding new way to look at the games you play. Of course, if you're already deep into narrative gaming, then little of this will be new. With that in mind, I can only hope you've enjoyed this brief retelling/therapy session of mine. Why not take a look at some old collections and see how you can reinvigorate their tabletop stories?

A LITTLE EXTRA READING

What would you like to read about in Worlds of Warhammer? Let us know your thoughts and we'll pass them on to Phil!

team@whitedwarf.co.uk

WARHAMMER 40,000

In the grim darkness of the far future, there is only war! Well, war, an Index Astartes article, a short story, a Space Wolves painting guide, new rules and an Adeptus Custodes army.

INDEX ASTARTES

Just how did the Space Wolves Chapter accept the arrival of the Primaris Space Marines? Find out in this month's Index article on page 18.

GALACTIC WAAAGH! ZONES

The Orks take over this month's modelling and painting article. Head to page 38 to see loads of Orky konversions and scenery kitbashes.

ECHOES FROM THE WARP

ELLIOT HAMER

Elliot joined the Warhammer 40,000 team as a games developer a little over a year ago. Before that he ran tournaments, campaign weekends and countless other events in Warhammer World. Elliot has collected many armies over the years, but it's the Dark Angels that are his current favourites. He has his own coat stand for his bone-coloured robes.

As a (relatively) new member of the Warhammer 40,000 rules team, this is a great opportunity for me to say hello and introduce myself before I steer us into the warp for the monthly column. So, hello everyone! I joined the team in November 2018 and got to work on the Psychic Awakening series. I hope you are enjoying those supplements as much as the team and I enjoyed writing them. I'm an avid gamer and passionate fan of all things grimdark, so if any of you ever see me rolling dice in Warhammer World or at Warhammer events across the UK, come say hello and let me know what you love (and hate) about the game. No Dark Angels jokes, though. I've heard them all before!

This month I want to talk about matched play and narrative play, and how they might not be as different as you think. Before I joined the Warhammer 40,000 studio, I worked for Games Workshop's events team running a variety of different gaming events at Warhammer World and Warhammer Fest. This included Grand Tournaments, Campaign Weekends and everything in between. During my time there, I interacted with so many amazing people, and many of them had different takes on how to play. It was not uncommon for some of these players to butt heads, as they wanted different experiences from the game. This was an unfortunate sight, as we all share a love for the same hobby. I believe the experience need not be dampened if we take steps to reach the common ground.

Warhammer 40,000 (like many Games Workshop games) does a fantastic job of labelling the different ways to play so that players can be sure they are playing the game types they enjoy. However, whilst these labels define the expectations of a game, the players themselves are not so easy to define. Warhammer 40,000 is a game with serious depth. It has an incredibly rich and diverse narrative, a long and preserved history, a sandbox for endless creativity, and an impassioned collection of characters and factions. Regardless of how we choose to play our games, the wonder of Warhammer 40,000 has captured us in some way. It might be the unique setting, the aesthetic of the miniatures, the plethora of expanded narrative in rulebooks and Black Library novels, or even just a single character's miniature and background. There is something about Warhammer 40,000 that makes it more than just a game.

Echoes from the Warp is a regular column about the rules, tactics and ongoing development of Warhammer 40,000. This month, games developer Elliot Hamer joins to talk about the borders and bridges between matched play and narrative play games.

Because of this, I believe players are not necessarily polarised when it comes to matched play or narrative play. Even the most cutting-edge matched play generals have an appreciation for Warhammer 40,000 that stretches beyond the mechanics of the game. Similarly, narrative gamers invested in the background of the setting have some form of appreciation for gaming, as they have chosen to roll some dice in order to immerse themselves in the setting they love. I believe that when these two players deploy their forces across from one another, there is more common ground between them than some of us might think.

Over the course of this article, I intend to discuss how you can incorporate one aspect of play into another so that two players with different appreciations can enjoy a positive, fulfilling game. Similarly, I aim to explain how players (like myself) who have an appreciation for both styles of play shouldn't feel like they have to plant their flag on one side or the other.

Firstly, army building. In the background of our publications, our factions are portrayed as efficient fighting forces that have mastered the galaxy and pose a real threat to their rivals. Therefore effective and efficient army lists can be indicative of the Warhammer 40,000 setting. Narrative players shouldn't feel bad about creating effective army lists, and similarly, if they find themselves playing in a matched play environment, they can embrace this aspect of the game without sacrificing the principles of their intended army. For example, if the Tyranids were constantly beaten back by a superior foe, the Hive Mind would adapt to gain the tactical advantage. Trying some new units, selecting different relics and warlord traits and thinking of different combinations for your army can all be a normal process that doesn't sacrifice on the narrative.

For the matched play players, army building is a great way to inject some narrative into your games without having to compromise what you enjoy. The key principle behind this involves building armies that are true to the background and theme of Warhammer 40,000 but still have some teeth for the gaming table. The Space Marines codex and its supplements are perfect examples, in which you are rewarded with more tools, options and combinations for creating a thematically appropriate force. Combat doctrines and a Chapter's doctrine bonus, for instance, are reliant on building an army composed entirely of Space Marines rather than 'Imperial soup'. You can even go one step further and find a theme within your faction to focus your build. I have a 4th Company Dark Angels army that is all Primaris. It was inspired by the *Fall of Cadia* story, in which the original Dark Angels 4th Company were wiped out to a man. This company was a natural spot for new Primaris recruits, but true to the Dark Angels character, they are not wholly trusting of their new brothers, so I have attached a single non-Primaris character to keep an eye on them. Who better than an Interrogator-Chaplain in Terminator Armour, a prime candidate to discern the loyalty of his new brothers? On the tabletop, they are an efficient fighting force built around a core of aura-based characters, with Hellblasters and Aggressors to do the heavy lifting and a ring of Intercessors to protect them from aggressive chargers. The end result is a thematic force with an effective playstyle.

Next, the games themselves. I believe that one of the common misconceptions of narrative play is that its players aren't there to win. Every mission we publish has victory conditions laid out, defining what a player must do to win the mission. This is further supported by the story that narrative play captures: mighty generals going to war in order to best their foes. The circumstances in which the armies of the 41st Millennium were not actively trying to win battles would be rare indeed – one perhaps reserved solely for the intricate machinations of Tzeentch! What narrative play does mean, however, is that winning the game isn't the sole purpose of the experience. Our forces are there to tell a story, to create thematic and evocative moments, and to further immerse us into the background of Warhammer 40,000. Therefore, players should never feel bad for winning or for making smart tactical decisions on the battlefield. That's what their armies would be trying to do!

When narrative players find themselves in a matched play mission, embracing the challenge is fitting for the narrative of their armies. If a courageous company officer was leading a bewildered force of the Astra Militarum when the Black Legion descended for a shock assault, it would be in such moments that narratives are forged as the officer marshals his forces against a superior foe. Incorporating such an experience into your narrative can be a rewarding process, witnessing your forces give their all to achieve glory in death. Therefore, don't feel disheartened when matched up against a 'superior' foe. The opportunity for a heartened fight is still narrative!

For the matched play gamers, the mission can offer a variety of experiences. On occasion, you may find yourself playing an army that usually gets the best of you, or the mission isn't suited to the army list you have constructed. This need not be a negative from the outset, as there are valuable experiences to be gained. Channelling your inner Roboute Guilliman to snatch victory points – or even a narrow win – from the jaws of defeat is one of the most memorable and rewarding challenges you can accomplish. Savvy generalship, smart tactics and a little bit of luck is the triumvirate of the matched play gamer, and using it to create a memorable game in the face of adversity is creating a narrative in itself. This also extends to narrative play missions themselves. Forces are not always equally matched, so by embracing and understanding the parameters of a mission before your forces march to war, you can still have a quality gaming experience that tests your generalship and creates an interesting puzzle for you to solve. The Open War cards are great for this; if two forces are trying to find an ancient relic, and it happens to appear in your opponent's lines, having to adapt your tactics for a daring assault to secure the objective is rewarding for both the expert tactician and the thematic storyteller.

Next, never give up! I'm sure many of you have conceded early when things haven't gone your way, as there was no hope left in the game, but it will in fact have robbed the game of a valuable challenge and narrative. The matched play gamer can instead re-adjust their goals to achieve even the smallest of victories. Additional victory points or secondary objectives could be an important tiebreaker at the end of a tournament, and even in a single game, a character or sergeant avenging his fallen brothers or sisters by slaying an enemy warlord, monster or titan is a rewarding challenge in itself. By extension, the narrative players have a perfect opportunity to recreate famous scenes from the background of Warhammer 40,000. The last stand of Crimson Fists against a horde of Orks is one of the most iconic images in Warhammer 40,000, so even if your forces are getting battered, keep playing to recreate that quintessential Far Future story.

Despite it all, your forces can still suffer humiliating defeats. The fun is not yet over! Have a chat with your opponent about the game and see what they took from it. They might offer valuable tactical insight on what you could do differently next time and may even recount exciting moments that inspire narrative. Perhaps more importantly, remember that losses are an integral part of narrative. Struggles and setbacks add character to a force. It is in adversity that their true qualities can come to the fore. For example, think about how much the Horus Heresy – a time of bitter struggle and betrayal – developed the narrative of Space Marines. Therefore, a player can use a tough game as the perfect opportunity to further define the character of their army, and even add little quirks such as grudges and scars that inspire many future battles against your opponent or their army.

I hope some of the points here give you some ideas on how you can incorporate a little bit of narrative or matched play into your usual way of gaming, and most of all inspire you to cross the waters and find the common ground on the other side. It's there for us all, and it's filled up with bolters, chainswords and all things grim and dark!

WOULD YOU LIKE TO KNOW MORE?

What would you like to read about in Echoes from the Warp? Let us know your thoughts, and we'll pass them on!

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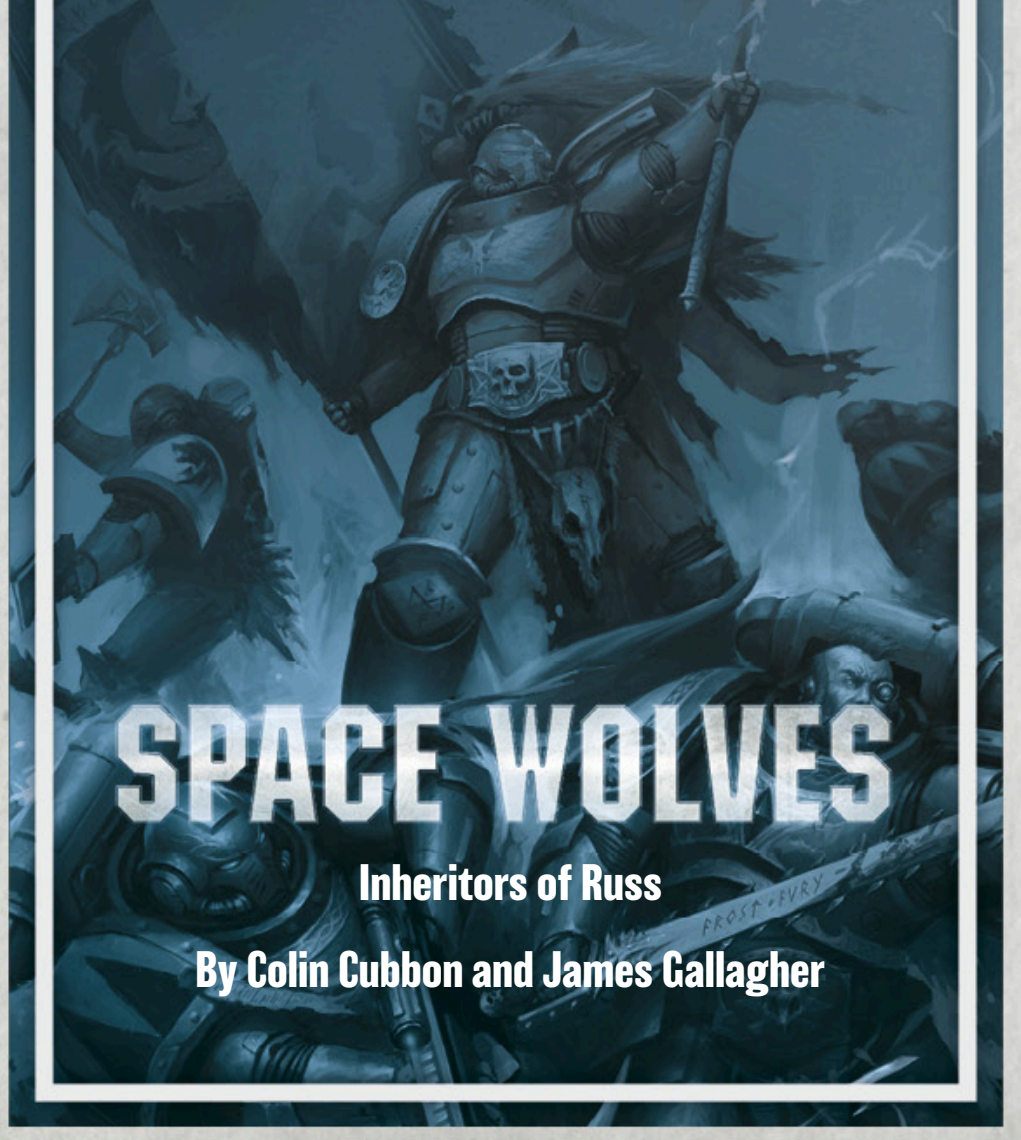
INDEX ASTARTES

The Space Wolves are a heroic brotherhood of savage warriors hailing from the icy death world of Fenris. Lauded as one of the fiercest Space Marine Chapters, they are the heirs of the tempestuous Primarch Leman Russ. The Space Wolves are hunters who stalk the stars, laughing in the face of death and howling their defiance to all enemies of the Imperium.



SPACE WOLVES

Inheritors of Russ

By Colin Cubbon and James Gallagher

For ten thousand years, the Space Wolves have been resolute defenders of the Imperium, ferocious guardians of Humanity's countless worlds. They are a fiercely independent Chapter of Space Marines and among Mankind's greatest warriors. As a First Founding Chapter, the Space Wolves were one of the original twenty Legions of Space Marines that fought alongside the Emperor during the Great Crusade. For hundreds of years, they battled under their Primarch, Leman Russ: the Lord of Winter and War, the Wolf King. Russ and their home world of Fenris have both had a great impact on the Space Wolves' character, genetics and culture, as well as their indomitable spirit.

The Space Wolves proclaim their culture through their barbaric finery, wearing the savage hues of storm and sea, blood and bone. Their warriors wear wolf pelts, runic talismans and necklaces of oversized fangs, while upon their armour and leathery, weather-beaten skins are jagged icons, tribal tattoos and curse-warding sigils. They are ferocious and terrifying fur-clad warlords who howl like beasts. To some of their wary allies, who baulk at the Space Wolves' frightening appearance and seeming lack of discipline, they appear uncivilised and uncouth.

The Space Wolves' image of the savage barbarian, however, is far from the truth. The Chapter is a highly efficient and effective martial brotherhood, possessing warp-capable ships, thunderous tanks and ancient arcane devices far beyond many Imperial worlds' capacity to maintain or utilise. Already a mountain of gene-crafted muscle and sinew, these heroes wield some of the most powerful and technologically advanced weapons in the Imperium, adorned with masterfully crafted snarling wolf heads and laser-etched runes. Hypno-indoctrinated with cunning strategies and decisive tactics, even relatively compact strike forces of Space Wolves dissect columns of enemy tanks, mobs of frothing mutants or ineffable strains of xenos with the honed instincts of true hunters. Each Space Wolf is blessed with the enhanced senses of an apex predator, gifted to them by the special organs they are implanted with upon induction, but also refined by their harsh lives upon the murderously inhospitable world of Fenris.

FENRIS

Many of the Space Wolves' values and practices stem directly from the tribal culture that persists among Fenris' hardy and nomadic peoples. Fenris is a world of ice and fire. Vast frigid oceans cover most of the planet, with scattered islands and wandering ice floes on which are built temporary settlements. The single permanent landmass is the polar realm of Asaheim, atop which towers the mountainous fortress monastery of the Space Wolves, The Fang.

The planet's long, elliptical orbit in the frozen void periodically brings it close to its star, the Wolf's Eye, when during the Season of Fire titanic forces crack the surface, releasing plumes of lava, creating or destroying fragile islands and stirring the many horrors in the seas' depths. The indigenous people live in nomadic semi-feral tribes, sailing the frozen seas and scaling ice-covered cliffs in hunting groups through the long winter, desperately seeking new havens during the upheavals of fire and rock.

Fenris is an extremely harsh world, flayed by fierce storms that freeze and rend the unprepared, and death finds many – whether beneath its grey waves or upon its icy plains. As the tribes stalk giant prey-beasts, immense predators stalk the Fenrisians in turn, and savage inter-tribal warfare is fought over resources, hunting grounds and slaves. These Humans know nothing of the Imperium and consider the Space Wolves themselves as semi-mythic deities, referring to them as the Sky Warriors.

```
Planet Signifier: Fenris

Designation: Adeptus
Astartes Chapter Planet,
Death World, Feral World

Gravity: var 0.9x
— 1.21x Terran
standard [cf. Fenris,
Orbital Eccentricity]

Temperature / Climate: var
Hypo-arctos, Tundric —
Volcanic, Tempestor

Population: pre-Siege
of Fenris <3.4 million
Current estimates
<information refused>

Planetary Governor: Logan
Grimnar, Great Wolf and
High King of Fenris [note
for diplomacy, excise all
reference to 'Chapter
Master': unaccountable
and violent exception
is taken to such ancient
and noble epithets, in
favour of cruder, more
hidebound nomenclature]

System: Fenris System [ref
Lupus Nebula]

Sub-sector: Svarteldari
Sub-Sector

Sector: Fenris Sector

Segmentum: Segmentum Solar

Tithe Grade: Solutio
Exceptius — append //
REDACTED/+

Aestimare: <under re-
assessment>
```

HATRED UNDIMMED

The Space Wolves' memories are as keen as their senses, and tales are still told on Fenris of events that have been expunged from many Imperial records. Their history is largely oral, kept alive as sagas of heroism and villainy by the Chapter's skjalds – lore-keepers and orators – and spoken during feasts around immense braziers as fiery Fenrisian ale flows. Among the hatred reserved for their enemies, a special place is kept for the Traitor Legion of the Thousand Sons. One of the Space Wolves' most enduring legends concerns the charge they believe came from the Emperor to bring the treacherous Sorcerers of the Thousand Sons to heel ten millennia years ago. The Thousand Sons and their Primarch, Magnus the Red, had persisted in using fell magic, so the tales tell. Though they are mired in exaggeration through the millennia of re-telling, the story fragments describe how the Space Wolves attacked the Thousand Sons' world of Prospero and how that cursed Legion unleashed its powers upon the sons of Leman Russ. The Space Wolves ultimately broke them and razed their world, and the surviving heretics fled into the warp. Russ' Legion lost thousands of brave warriors to the Thousand Sons' curses and witchery, and the Space Wolves' entire 13th Great Company was swallowed up pursuing the fleeing Thousand Sons into the mutating warp. The traitors' actions during that confrontation further fuelled the fierce hatred held by the Space Wolves for all forms of sorcery.

Since then, the Space Wolves have fought with bloodcurdling ferocity wherever they have faced the Traitor Legion. On more than one occasion over the millennia, the Thousand Sons have struck back viciously, using deception and lethal battle-sorcery to exact vengeance, even upon the Space Wolves' home world. In the dying embers of the 41st Millennium, the Thousand Sons began the Siege of Fenris. Their Daemon Primarch, Magnus the Red, swollen with daemonic power, ravaged the system and came close to ripping Fenris apart with an immensely powerful ritual. Selfless bravery and legendary deeds that will never be forgotten saw the Space Wolves and their allies finally drive Magnus and his Thousand Sons back, banishing them from Fenris. The cost was high. Some of the Space Wolves' greatest champions lay dead, and untold devastation had been unleashed throughout the system.

THE TRAP OF GREED

The Siege of Fenris is felt still, a stain upon the Space Wolves' honour and within the fabric of their world, and the Chapter has hunted any trace of Magnus' minions since the opening of the Great Rift. Guided by an increasing number of visions and prophecies, the Chapter's Rune Priests led the Sons of Morkai Great Company to lay a great trap for the Sorcerers on the dead world of Pluus-Kambor. In the Rune Priests' dreams a laughing, prancing jackalwolf revealed a horrific treasure beneath the planet's dry surface and the Thousand Sons' intent to seize it. The Rune Priests directed Erik Morkai's packs to steal silently among its cliffs and desiccated temples. When the Sorcerers arrived, hooked by greed, the trap was sprung. Stealthy packs of Infiltrators hammered the traitors' warriors, disrupting their purposeful lines. Reivers scaled ancient walls at the Thousand Sons' flanks and tore apart the Sorcerers' braying mutant slaves. Magically imbued boltfire spat back, the Thousand Sons' commander weaving magical defences as well as whorls of fire that savaged and flensed the Space Wolves.

But the Sorcerers' glittering barriers could not hold off the Eliminators' deadly sniper fire forever and, one by one, they were executed. Pluus-Kambor was one of many worlds on which the Thousand Sons suffered at the Space Wolves' hands, but the Sons of Russ will never rest while Magnus and his traitorous sons blight the galaxy.

A GATHERING OF HEROES

The Space Wolves' individuality extends through the Chapter's hierarchy, and through their refusal to adopt the majority of the tenets of the Codex Astartes. Each of the Chapter's twelve Great Companies is a near-autonomous institution. They comprise a fluid and fluctuating cadre of warriors that at times may be far larger than the companies of Codex-compliant Chapters. Though filled with warriors fighting in what adepts of the Codex Astartes would recognise as every strategic designation, there is little to no correlation to other Chapters' standards.

Each Great Company has access to its own forges, engines of war and spacecraft. Together, its warriors have the skills to undertake any form of battle – night hunts through the twisting maze of gutted cities, sieges of traitor citadels, thunderous drop craft attacks, or vicious boarding actions in the depths of space. Each Wolf Lord rules his Great Company like a tribal warrior-king, attended by favoured warriors and advisors. The Space Wolves do not utilise the titles of many common Chapter officers. Instead, they maintain priesthoods whose practitioners are bearers of unique wisdom and skills, each avowed to one of the Great Companies. In this way, the Wolf Lord can call on the prophetic storm-wisdom of the psychic Rune Priests, the shamanic techno-mysticism of the Iron Priests and the spiritual guidance and chirurgy of the Wolf Priests. The Wolf Lords are answerable only to the Great Wolf, the master of the Chapter, who also commands his own Great Company, a gathering of the greatest champions of the Space Wolves.

A Great Company's warriors are divided amongst squad-like units known as packs. Depending on the pack's experience, temperament and character, it commonly fights in one of several unit types. All of a Great Company's fiery-tempered and often reckless warriors fight in claw packs marked with jagged sigils in yellow and red. These commonly fight as Blood Claws or Incursors, Swiftclaws or Inceptors, or in similarly aggressive roles. Once their Wolf Lord is satisfied that they have been sufficiently blooded, that their choler has been tempered by maturity, they become a hunter pack and re-dedicate their pack markings in red and black. Such packs form the majority of most Great Companies, and their Wolf Lord may direct them to fight as adaptable Grey Hunters or Intercessors, Suppressors or the skilled crew of swift anti-grav vehicles. When a pack has survived countless campaigns, their remaining members unperturbed and disciplined, they form a fang pack, and their markings are the white and black of Asaheim's mountains. With calculated patience, these enduring packs wield the fury of destructive ranged weaponry as Long Fangs, Aggressors or Hellblasters.

Most Space Wolves remain with their pack until a valorous death claims them, but some are singled out for their great deeds and individual skills, assigned to other packs where their talents can best be used. Taciturn loners spurning the hearty camaraderie of the Space Wolves and more at home in the blasted wildernesses are sometimes reassigned to the Wolf Scouts. These packs fight as prey-stalkers and shadow-walkers. Grizzled, brooding and murderous, they often fight as Scout and Reiver packs or in smaller groups as Eliminators. Warriors of all temperaments and characters – if their valiant deeds match their hunger for glory – may be appointed to the Wolf Lord's elite companions, his Wolf Guard. They are his greatest warriors, heroes who guide and inspire the other packs in his command. They fight in many different roles. Some Wolf Guard are gifted hulking suits of ancient Terminator armour, and some become Battle Leaders in their own right, leading strike forces of their lord's forces. Some Wolf Lords, like Logan Grimnar and Krom Dragongaze, maintain many packs of these highly skilled warriors.

The character and favoured tactics of individual Wolf Lords mean their packs will fight in some roles more than others. In Gunnar Red Moon's Great Company, the roaring, laughing bear of a Wolf Lord favours his experienced fang packs and the destruction they unleash. Many of his hunter packs defy convention and also fight as Aggressors, eager to secure his notice. By contrast, the taciturn Erik Morkai commands large numbers of Phobos-armoured packs and demands many of his claw packs fight with such wargear, even in roles commonly reserved for hunter packs and Wolf Scouts. So embedded is this way of war in the Sons of Morkai Great Company that some packs have fought as Reivers for decades. They darken their armour to the hue of a midwinter hurricane and embrace the grim nature of Morkai – the Fenrisian mythic being who guards the underworld – even more closely. This growing sect's renown has spread through the Chapter, and the practice is now found in every Great Company.

The Space Wolves' strongly held independence and maintenance of their traditional organisation has held true for ten millennia. They have vanquished some of the Imperium's most terrible foes on countless worlds, in the void of space and even in the crushing depths at ocean floors. Yet their Rune Priests are troubled by disturbing portents and visions that have assailed them ever more furiously since the opening of the Great Rift. There is great and malefic power seeping out of that crack in reality, they say, but even their psychic dream-sight cannot see where all threads of the Space Wolves' fate lead.

THE BEAST WITHIN

Within every Space Wolves battle-brother, deep in his blood, rages the feral heart of the Chapter. The snarling beast that gives its warriors their ferocity must be tamed, for to allow such feelings free reign is to lose all they are to the savagery within. The Space Wolves refer to this as the Curse of the Wulfen.

The Wulfen is said to take its name from a jarl of Leman Russ, in the days when the Primarch first left Fenris to bestride the stars. Wulfen was reputedly the first Fenrisian to be invited to become a Space Marine, though some evil in his heart caused him to devolve into a beast-like half-man. The Wulfen is both allegory and reality. It is the term by which Space Wolves refer to the inner beast that each must control, and also to the twisted bestial monster they risk becoming if control is lost.

As part of the rites by which a Human becomes a Space Marine of the Chapter, he undergoes a series of harsh and deadly trials – physical, mental and spiritual. The final trial is the Test of Morkai. The initiate is taken deep into the frozen wastes of Asaheim before drinking from the Cup of Wulfen and imbibing the first and fiercest component of the Space Wolves' gene-seed, the Canis Helix. As his body absorbs the genetic material, his bones twist, snap and reform. His body sprouts a shaggy mane, his teeth become fangs and his nails lengthen into claws. In this Wulfen form, the aspirant must make the perilous journey back to the Fang, holding on to his sanity lest he devolve into a beast completely. For those who fail, Fenris' murderous elements and its horrific predators await. Yet rumours persist that some eke out a predatory existence in the wild, becoming a feared reminder of the consequences of weakness.

In the events leading up to the Siege of Fenris, Wolf Lord Harald Deathwolf encountered Wulfen bearing scraps of power armour and broken weapons on the hive world of Nurades. The giant bestial figures saved his warriors from an ambush before kneeling before him. Harald returned with them to Fenris, and the Chapter was shocked to discover that they bore the sigils and heraldry of the 13th Great Company, thought lost in the warp ten thousand years earlier. Could these be those same ancient warriors? Whatever horrors they had endured within the warp, where the passage of time is meaningless, they had retained something of their Humanity alongside an unbreakable loyalty to the Space Wolves. The Chapter located other surviving Wulfen during a Great Hunt, the sites of their discovery heralded by growing warp storms that presaged the opening of the Great Rift. Many Rune Priests see the appearance of these Wulfen as yet another sign of prophesied events set in motion millennia ago, while others continue to argue that the creatures – thus changed – can no longer be thought of as the 13th.

GUILLIMAN'S ARRIVAL ON FENRIS

The Space Wolves fought many epic battles throughout the shattered and dark Imperium before elements of the Indomitus Crusade reached them. Their proud Great Companies had suffered deeply, warring across many sectors and still replacing the losses taken during Magnus' siege. Logan Grimnar, the Great Wolf, recalled as many forces as he could back to Fenris when word reached the planet of a battlegroup's approach and the legendary being who commanded it.

Roboute Guilliman, Primarch of the Ultramarines and Lord Commander of the Imperium, brought tidings both fell and unexpected. He informed the Space Wolves of worlds that had fallen to Chaos, to xenos and to fates yet unknown, of how the Cicatrix Maledictum had almost entirely cut off one half of the galaxy, but also of his plans for defence and reconquest. He presented them with the Primaris Space Marines created from Leman Russ' truest genetic stock as well as arms

and battle tanks with which they might replenish their depleted Chapter.

The Chapter's brotherhood of Wolf Priests undertook long conclaves with Magos Cawl's representatives. Arcane devices and sealed canisters that chilled even Fenris' air were borne into the depths of the Fang. These were the genetic technologies that would allow the Space Wolves to create Primaris battle-brothers from fresh Fenrisian aspirants. Initially, the Wolf Priests bore grave concerns about how Cawl had stabilised the new organs with the Canis Helix and whether these Space Marines bore that most potent part of Russ' tempestuous genetics at all. Yet it was soon discovered that however Cawl had created them, however he had drawn upon the genetic stock of the Primarch, the Primaris Space Marines brought by Guilliman did possess the Canis Helix. Thus did those who later voluntarily undertook the Test of Morkai have no need to drink from the Cup of Wulfen beforehand. Their gene-seed was indeed fully of the Wolf King, as much as any battle-brother of the Chapter – for good and ill.

This discovery, relayed to Logan Grimnar, went an enormous way to informing the Great Wolf's final decision on the acceptance of the warriors. He listened, his grey brows knitted in thought, as his Wolf Lords debated loudly and fiercely the implications of the Primarch's gift. Grimnar had received dataslates from Guilliman detailing the performance of these warriors as they had fought during the voyage to Fenris. Their conduct was not just fierce and coordinated; there was also much honour and savage heroism on display. These warriors, clad in varieties of the new Mk X war plate, had faced down and defeated daemonic beasts and towering warp-spawned monstrosities. With a finality that brooked no dissent, Grimnar made his decision to accept the warriors.

PRIMARIS FENRYKA

Like many Chapters, the Space Wolves did not adopt the creation of Primaris battle-brothers exclusively. For some of Fenris, this was out of political mistrust, either of Guilliman and the High Lords or of Cawl and the Adeptus Mechanicus. For many it was practicality and tradition; there were a great many aspirants already undergoing the established arcane processes of gene-augmentation. Who, some asked, had the right to demand the Space Wolves abandon long-trusted practises?

At first, some believed that the bio-technologies brought by Guilliman could mean an end to introducing the Canis Helix before all other parts of their gene-seed. Could it instead be introduced to the body subtly and without the horrendous

'I have witnessed these warriors fight tooth and nail. No, they have not yet torn the throat from a cave bear or fought through Asaheim's storms. But in their hearts is the ice-fire blood of the Wolf King! We will show these brothers what it means to fight and die for Fenris. Or would you rather turn our kin away – OUR KIN – and have them taught to march and parade with polished arms for Macragge's honour?'

– Logan Grimnar, the Great Wolf

transformation; might it even lessen the persistence of the Wulfen Curse? Many Wolf Priests rejected this notion. Such trials were the meat and mead of a true warrior, weeding out the weak. Regardless, something had happened during Guilliman's voyage to Fenris. Whether it was some flaw in the warded canisters, something withheld by the Archmagos Dominus or simply the nature of Leman Russ's unpredictable genetic material, the bio-samples were not complete, and the Wolf Priests could not fully replicate Cawl's work. The full truth may never be known, but the ragged howls of Fenrisian aspirants and the screech of claws on metal that echoed through the Fang dashed any hope of chaining the inner beast. Thus did the Wolf Priests return to the Cup of Wulfen. Only the Canis Helix, harvested from Space Wolves gene-seed and imbibed before the other components, could stabilise the new organs, just as it had for thousands of years. Those Space Wolves created with the Primaris technology would not be free of the Curse of the Wulfen. Like every scion of Russ, they would have to learn to tame their savage heart, or it would consume them.

The presence of Fenrisian-born Space Marines created through the Primaris technology has smoothed the final misgivings any in the Chapter harboured for Guilliman's gift. The organic and adaptable organisation of the Space Wolves has made the advancement of those Space Marines and the integration of new combat roles far swifter than among some other Chapters. Sagas await each of them and, after a lifetime slaughtering Mankind's enemies, so too does a warrior's death worthy of true sons of Russ.

CHAPTER ICONOGRAPHY

In place of a Chapter emblem, each Space Wolves battle-brother bears the marking of his Great Company. More correctly, each Great Company bears the marking of their Wolf Lord, such as the double-headed icon used by the grim Erik Morkai and borne by his Great Company, the Sons of Morkai. Although there are icons which represent Fenris, the Great Wolf and the Wolf King, it is telling of their independent streak that the Space Wolves refuse this noose of convention.

'We know who we are. I do not need to see the same rune upon one of Grimblood's packs, upon one of Ragnar's, to know that we are all Sons of Russ. Do you doubt your other companies so much?'

– Kjongul Throat-taker, of the Stormwolves Great Company, precipitates tense confrontation with the Imperial Fists Chapter at Regaddar Rimfort

Isulf Bladegaze's Saga – Verse Three (extract, *Mnemo-wafers of Fleet Secundus*, Colonel Perren-Dhos, 1102nd Yesparti Bombardiers)

Engir Krakendoom was then Wolf Lord over the Seawolves. It came that Isulf was blooded many times and was of Jorin Firefist's pack. At Dhorravar, slaying as Intercessor against the Orks, Isulf took much pleasure in the trials of the Black Glass Plain. The green-foe heard the wild roar of his bolt rifle, for it was as the snarl of Drekan, the Thunderwolf. The Orks' black hearts burst with the howling fire of Isulf's bolts, and they gave great shouts of misery. Yet there came from the Orks' midst a giant. Its arms bore great knots of muscle and in its claws was an axe larger than an ice troll's tooth. The beast cut down Torfin the Steeleye, and Brun Who Laughs also fell. Yet Isulf drove his fists together as one upon the Ork champion's skull and did crack the beast's head. But the Ork was not felled. With the calm of the helwinter floes did Isulf fire his bolt rifle into the beast.

Once, and the creature stepped back and raised its axe.

And did Isulf step forward.

Twice, and the beast roared in pain. Its axe slipped from bloody claws.

And did Isulf step forward.

Thrice, and the Ork fell.

And did Isulf howl his triumph to the skies.

Isulf Bladegaze's Saga – Verse Seventeen (extract, *Mnemo-wafers of Fleet Secundus*, Colonel Perren-Dhos, 1102nd Yesparti Bombardiers)

In the Falx-blade Stars did Isulf follow Jorin Firefist through the black innards of the traitors' ship Gjelblade, to end forever the wyrd of heretics. Flicker-lumen and poisonous fumes sought to deceive their pack, but Isulf's fever-yellow lenses cut the gloom. Many servants of the Dark Spirits were death-marked by Isulf before hunt's end, whereupon the Witch-Lord of the Gjelblade was found in his lair.

The Witch-Lord was a son of the Cyclops and spake curses. From the dark burst foul [what followed was a Fenrisian word spoken too low and swift to catch – Perren-Dhos], swift as the arms of ghul-kraken do strike a ship from blackwater. Mouths and claws and hooked blades threshed – the Dark Spirits' childer-serfs taking a blood tithe – and Fin Sturmgrim was lost in the unpeace. But did Isulf and the rest of Jorin's pack shout back warding curses of their own with each shot. The Witch-Lord's creatures stumbled and cowered, their blisterskin searing where it touched talismans gifted by Engir's Rune Priest, Bodrek Blackhammer. Isulf fired at the Witch-Lord, but soul-winds caught each shot and swept them away.

Then Isulf drew his blade.

He leapt, and the names of wolf spirits on his lips,

frit the soul-winds back into the beyond.

With fury that rose from the heart of Fenris did Isulf drive his blade with two hands into the brow of the Witch-Lord.

So end all sons of the Cyclops.

Isulf Bladegaze's Saga – Verse Sixty-Two (extract, *Mnemo-wafers of Fleet Secundus*, Colonel Perren-Dhos, 1102nd Yesparti Bombardiers)

Isulf fought for many seasons in Engir Krakendoom's packs of Wolf Guard, yet were his fangs not then long and the plaits of his mane still black as the sea-deep. Isulf led his pack through the mist-mere on Vur Te Mann when Engir came to shrive that moon of the Tyranid.

Each of the pack held much glory, but Isulf's legend was the greater. Othar saw his patience before Isulf sent an occulus round through the Cultist Magus on Itriska. Hrothgar had witnessed Isulf's rampages in the cloud forts above Quernt Betaris, butchering the blade-draped Aeldari Wyches. Isulf had defended Forskoll and Torrvald through the siege of the Dojen's Palace on Bron – heretics from the Arch Traitor's Legion burning under his Invictor's fiery wrath.

Isulf's pack sailed within the Impulsor, Truepelt, over the mist until whip-coils of flesh twisted around its keel and held it fast. Isulf and his brothers leapt from its deck, feeling through the wet ground the thunder of a mighty beast's titanic tread, heavy as the Iron Wolf's heartbeats. The creature parted the mist and bellow-screeched.

Its limbs were the buttresses of the Fang. Its gravid belly churning with movement was the hold of a Thunderhawk. Its deadly maw was the Promise of Morkai.

Isulf roared with laughter at such ugliness, and the pack howled with him.

He grinned and his fangs shone.

His blade-gaze fixed upon the unwholesome beast.

And did he leap for its throat.

THE EVACUATION OF SORILIA

The spires of Sorilia burned. Squadrons of Imperial Thunderbolts and Valkyries weaved between them. They exchanged ferocious volleys with hundreds of Ork aircraft. It was a desperate effort to keep the predacious xenos from targeting the mass-conveyors peeling off from the ruined city and heading for orbit. The ships' holds were packed full of civilians fleeing the green hordes that swamped their world.

Sorilia was a colossal, man-made island built around vast promethium extracto-factorums that pumped the vital resource up from beneath the seabed hundreds of metres below. Only one of four bridges connecting it to the mainland remained, the others had been destroyed by demolition teams of the Sorilian extracto-korps to stall the Orks.

The Space Wolves of Lord Engir's company made battle on the mainland side of the bridge, keeping the greenskins away from the vital crossing. They had fought for weeks without pause. They maintained a fluid defence, utilising their armoured vehicles and gunships to push into Ork positions, constantly slashing at the greenskins and refusing to be pinned to a single point of battle. Wherever the Orks attacked, the Space Wolves launched a vicious counterattack at the edge of the Ork assault, cutting off hundreds of greenskins and slaughtering them in isolated pockets. Predator squadrons smashed pollution-belching trukks with precision heavy fire as Stormfangs strafed hordes of charging Orks, saturating them with helfrost and heavy bolter fire. Bounding from Rhinos, Land Raiders and Impulsors, Seawolves infantry launched quick-thrust assaults to break up Ork movements, slaughter hulking greenskin alpha-brutes or clear avenues for trapped civilians to extract themselves. The Space Wolves laughed as they fought, revelling in the pure aggression of the ferocious fighting. It was but one battle among dozens the sons of Russ were fighting all over the galaxy against the rising green threat.

For all this, however, the Seawolves were losing. The Orks were numberless, and slowly but surely the Space Marines were being ground down and pushed back. Stormtalons erupted into fireballs as they were blown out of the skies. Battle-brothers were dragged down and cut apart by savage Ork Boyz. Battle Leader Hingrir Icemountain gave a simple instruction to Imperial forces garrisoning the bridge itself: destroy it. The Space Wolves would buy as much time as possible to ensure those still crossing the bridge could reach Sorilia safely, but he knew they could not hold the far side of the bridge for much longer. Dropships would see to the Space Wolves' redeployment. The garrisoning troops informed him it would take at least a day longer to clear the bridge and ready it for demolition. If the Space Wolves failed, the Orks would slaughter millions. Icemountain's warriors were battered and exhausted, and a quarter of their number had fallen. Not one son of Russ doubted they would succeed, though the thought of inevitable retreat rankled the sensibilities of all.

The Seawolves launched more attacks. Swiftclaws struck again and again, raking Orks with fire before pulling away under the cover of supporting missile barrages. The Whirlwinds fired salvo after salvo of incendiary missiles into densely built-on areas to deny the Orks space and to funnel the greenskins into kill zones that the diminishing Space Wolves could defend more securely. Gunship attack runs doubled. For all the Seawolves' efforts, the Ork rampages were relentless. The creatures seemed to sense the change in tactics, seeing it as weakness to be exploited. They roared in bestial triumph each time they hacked down a Space Wolf warrior or crippled a Seawolf tank. As Icemountain's warriors were pushed back, their numbers depleting with each passing hour, the Battle Leader wondered how his brothers in the other Great

Companies fared. He knew the greenskins were surging all over the galaxy. If they were as powerful as those he faced here, he could only imagine what horrific damage they were inflicting.

Even when the Seawolves were pushed within sight of the bridge itself, they had not yet received word that the evacuation was complete. They fought fang and claw, many reduced to fighting with their fists after ammunition ran dry and blades were blunted. Brave Seawolves fell. The Orks split Space Wolf skulls and lopped off limbs with heavy-bladed choppas. Space Wolf blood flowed, but the Space Marines refused to yield. It was many more hours before they received word that the last civilians had crossed the bridge. With heavy hearts, Icemountain ordered his dropships to begin extracting his warriors, and Stormhawk Interceptors to ensure air superiority to cover the Space Wolves' escape. Spent shell casings from the gunships fell like hail on the Space Wolves. Many dropships didn't land, saving time by instead hovering as Space Wolves leapt into the holds before launching into orbit. Icemountain was determined to be the last off the field, and he fought with berserk fury. He hacked down Ork after Ork, moving from pack to pack, exhorting his brothers to deeds of incredible heroism or ordering them to withdraw. Some were so eager to fight by his side he had to threaten them with bared fangs to goad them into retreat. Icemountain held to the last before throwing himself into the final dropship, firing at the Orks even as the gunship's ramp closed. He felt defeated, but knew the Seawolves would take their vengeance.

THE LAST BRIDGE

Hundreds of thousands of panic-stricken refugees clogged the final bridge to Sorilia, desperate to flee the Ork onslaught. Almost every strata of society was represented in the heaving mass. Pleasure-cabs of planetary nobility pushed through throngs of the destitute, many of whom tried to jump onto these rich vehicles to be dragged to safety. Local militiamen hurried and shoved all along as fast as possible. Families were broken up in the morass, and the chorus of those crying out for loved ones added to the din of furious battle that raged all around. The loudest of these were the quad autocannons built into the bridge itself. They fired torrents of anti-air fire into the sky to ward off and destroy Ork bommers. The air was filled with shot. Rounds that missed targets fell like rain into the icy depths, the mainland and even on to the bridge itself. Hundreds of civilians were killed. Such was the scale of the panic that these unfortunate souls were barely given a second glance by those around them.

CRUCIBLE OF WAR

STAND FIRM

Sometimes orders or honour will force an army to dig its heels in and prepare to resist an onrushing superior foe with everything that they can muster. Whether this is to the death or until a specific objective is achieved matters little. All that is required is that the position is held.

THE ARMIES

Each player must first muster an army from their collection. A player can include any models in their army, but this mission is most suited to armies that contain numerous units of **Infantry** and few, if any, **Aircraft** and **Titanic** units. If a player's army is Battle-forged they will also be able to use the appropriate Stratagems included with this mission (see opposite). Once the armies have been chosen, the players must decide who will be the Attacker and who will be the Defender.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Create the battlefield using the deployment map below and set up terrain. There should be cover across the battlefield, in particular within the Defender's frontline deployment zone, but none in the rearguard deployment zone.

DEPLOYMENT

The Defender deploys their army first. They can split their army however they wish between their frontline and rearguard deployment zones. However, any **Titanic** units must be set up in the rearguard deployment zone. The Defender cannot set up any models in other locations on the battlefield, but can set up units in locations other than the battlefield, such an teleportarium chambers, riding round the flanks, embarked upon **Transport Vehicles**, etc. The Defender should also make a note of how many units they have set up in their frontline deployment zone. The Attacker must set up every unit from their army on the battlefield and wholly within their deployment zone. They cannot use any abilities that allow them to deploy in other locations (other than embarked upon **Transport Vehicles**).

FIRST TURN

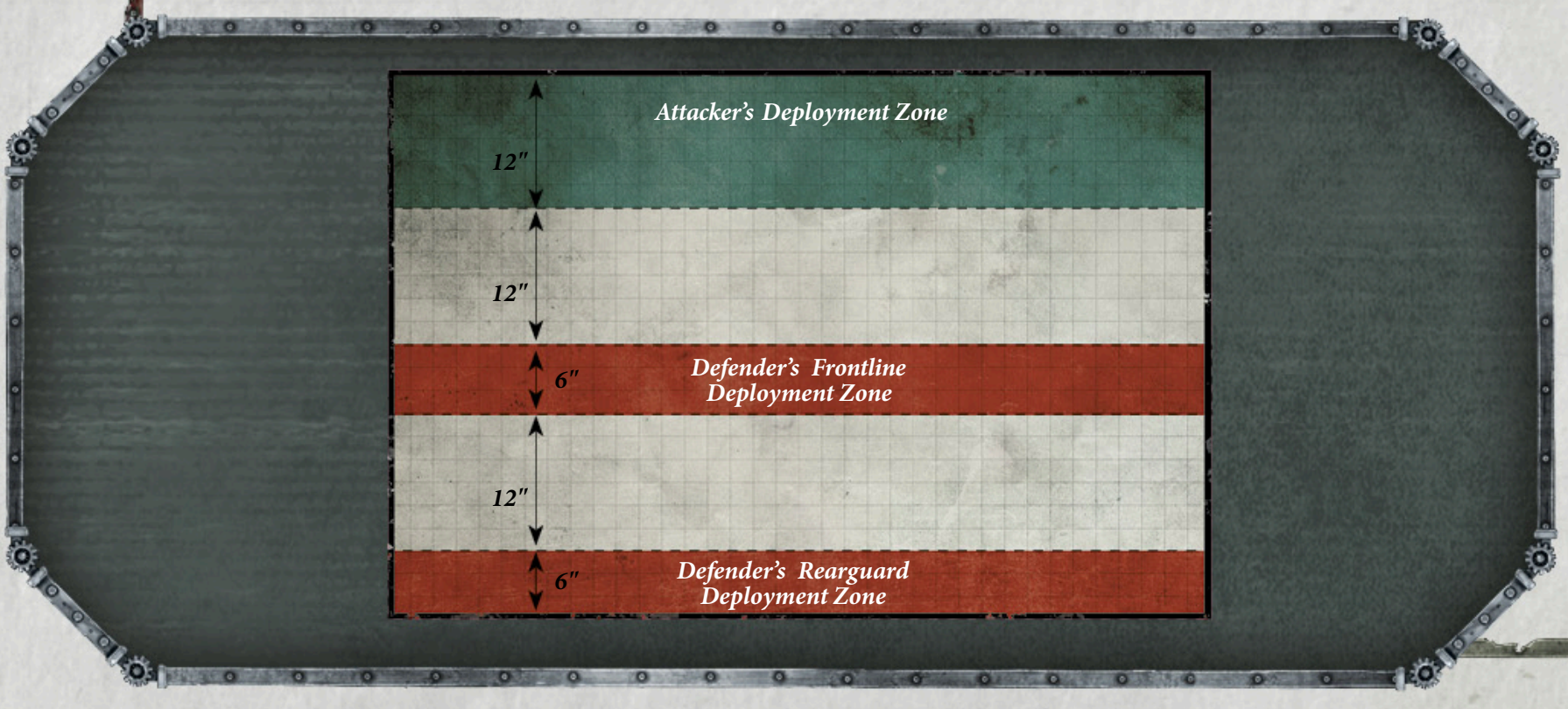
The Attacker has the first turn.

OVERWHELMING NUMBERS

At the end of each of their Movement phases, the Attacker can roll one D6 for each unit from their army that has been destroyed (other than named characters); on a 5+, they can set that unit up again wholly within 8" of the Attacker's battlefield edge and more than 1" away from any enemy units. If the unit does not fit wholly within this area, it cannot be set up.

SUPPORTING GUNS

At the start of each battle round, the Defender can pick one enemy unit and roll one D6 for each model in that unit. For each result of 6, that unit suffers 1 mortal wound. If the selected unit is an **Aircraft**, roll 6D6 instead. For each 5+, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.



STRATAGEMS

In this mission, the players can use Command Points (CPs) to use the following bonus Stratagems:

2CP THE COMING HORDE

Attacker Stratagem

A constant flow of fresh forces arrives at the battlefield, helping to push back the defenders.

Use this Stratagem at the end of your Movement phase, before rolling to see if any destroyed units return. You can select up to three **Infantry** units that have been destroyed. When rolling to see if these units can be set up again, you can re-roll the result.

1CP OVERRUN THE LINES

Attacker Stratagem

The attackers crash into the defensive lines, eager to crush the first foe to come within reach.

Use this Stratagem after a unit finishes a charge move. For each model in this unit you can select one enemy unit within 1" of that model and roll one D6; on a 6, that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

1CP HEADLONG RUSH

Attacker Stratagem

Sometimes the best tactic to get to where you've been ordered to be is to put your head down and run as fast as your legs can carry you.

Use this Stratagem at the start of the Movement phase. Select one **Infantry** unit from your army that is not within the Defender's rearguard deployment zone. When this unit Advances, add 6" to the Move characteristic of its models until the end of the Movement phase instead of making an Advance roll.

2CP INCENDIARY SHELLS

Defender Stratagem

Burning explosions bloom among the attacking army, incinerating whole swathes of troops.

Use this Stratagem before resolving the Supporting Fire rule at the start of any battle round. If a unit from the Attacker's army suffers any mortal wounds as a result of this rule during this turn it suffers an additional D3 mortal wounds.

2CP NOT ONE STEP BACKWARDS

Defender Stratagem

Orders have come through. This position is not to be abandoned under any circumstances. Fight and die to hold it.

Use this Stratagem at the start of any battle round. Select one unit from your army. Until the end of the battle round models in that unit cannot move, other than to pile in, but you can re-roll failed wound rolls for attacks made with Melee weapons by models in that unit. In addition, this unit automatically passes any morale tests it is required to take.

1CP LACK OF CAUTION

Defender Stratagem

The enemy are making themselves vulnerable in their haste. Punish them accordingly!

Use this Stratagem at the start of your Shooting phase. Select one enemy unit that Advanced in your opponent's last turn. That unit does not receive the benefit of cover to its saving throws.

BREAKTHROUGH

At the end of the battle round, if any units (excluding **Aircraft**) from the Attacker's army are within 1" of the Defender's battlefield edge, and not within 1" of any enemy units, the Attacker can remove any of those units. Each unit removed in this way is said to have 'broken through'. Units that are removed because they have broken through do not count as having been destroyed.

BATTLE LENGTH

At the end of battle round 5, the player who had the first turn must roll a D6. On a roll of 3+ the game continues, otherwise the game is over. At the end of battle round 6, the player who had the second turn must roll a D6. This time, on a roll of 4+ the game continues, otherwise the game is over. The battle automatically ends at the end of battle round 7.

VICTORY CONDITIONS

Hold them back: At the end of each battle round the Defender scores 1 victory point if more than 50% of the units from their army that were set up in the frontline deployment zone have not been destroyed.

Overrun: At the end of the battle, the Defender scores 1 victory point for each unit they have remaining on the battlefield. The Attacker scores a number of victory points equal to the number of units they have wholly within the Defender's rearguard deployment zone.

Wreaking Havoc: The Attacker scores 2 victory points for each unit from their army that has broken through.

SPACE WOLVES INTERCESSORS

The Space Wolves are one of the first founding Chapters of Space Marines, their history stretching back to the time of the Great Crusade. Now, with Primaris Marines joining their ranks, we hounded painter James Perry to create a couple of painting guides for them.

CLASSIC STYLE

James: Space Wolves are one of the most iconic Space Marine Chapters around, and their distinctive blue-grey power armour and colourful squad markings really make them stand out on the battlefield.

The colour traditionally used for Space Wolves armour is Russ Grey, so I decided to undercoat my first Intercessor with Grey Seer to make applying the blue-grey paint easier. I then used Agrax Earthshade as a recess shade to help add a little warmth to the armour colour. If you use black or blue, it can make the armour look too dark. It's worth noting at this stage that I normally apply all the basecoats and shades, then go back and do any tidying up that's required on the model. There are two reasons for

BATTLE READY

Using the stages to the right, James was able to get this Space Wolves model to a standard that most people would be happy to play games with.

POWER ARMOUR	BARE METAL	WEAPON CASINGS	LEATHER POUCHES
1 Basecoat: Russ Grey — L Base	1 Basecoat: Leadbelcher — S Base	1 Basecoat: Abaddon Black — S Base	1 Basecoat: Rhinox Hide — S Base
2 Wash: Agrax Earthshade — M Shade	2 Wash: Nuln Oil — M Shade	2 Layer: Mechanicus Standard Grey — S Layer	2 Wash: Nuln Oil — M Shade

PARADE READY

With a couple of extra highlights to each area of the model, James took the Battle Ready Intercessor and made him Parade Ready.

3 Layer: Fenrisian Grey — S Layer	3 Layer: Stormhost Silver — S Layer	3 Layer: Administratum Grey — XS Artificer Layer	3 Layer: Skrag Brown — S Layer
4 Layer: Blue Horror — XS Artificer Layer			4 Layer: Balor Brown — XS Artificer Layer

this. Shade paints can cover up a multitude of sins, so why bother fixing something if it's likely to be hidden by a shade anyway? Also, if you tidy up the basecoat, then get a fleck of wash on an area you didn't expect, you'll have to tidy it up a second time. Better to wait until you're done with both, and then assess the whole model.

HIGHLIGHTING POWER ARMOUR

When it comes to highlighting power armour, It's worth applying at least two highlights: a chunky edge highlight around every armour panel, then a really thin one right on the very edges. This helps to emphasise the hard edge of the armour and make it look like solid ceramite rather than something soft like cloth. While there are a lot of armour panels to highlight on a Space Marine, try to take your time and be as neat as possible. Remember, once you're done with the highlights, you'll actually have about 90% of the model finished!

BASE WOLVES

James painted these Space Wolves with traditional snow-covered bases. He created the texture on the base using Stirland Mud, then drybrushed it with Balor Brown to give it definition. He painted the rim with Steel Legion Drab. Once these colours were dry, James applied patches of Mordheim Turf to the base, then covered them in a layer of Valhallan Blizzard to represent fresh snow.

Basecoat: Stirland Mud
Drybrush: Balor Brown
Layer: Steel Legion Drab
Layer: Valhallan Blizzard

GOLD DETAILS

1 Basecoat: Retributor Armour — S Base
2 Wash: Agrax Earthshade — M Glaze
3 Layer: Stormhost Silver — XS Artificer Layer
4 Layer: Screaming Skull — XS Artificer Layer

WOLF PELTS

1 Basecoat: Zandri Dust — S Base
2 Wash: Agrax Earthshade — M Glaze
3 Layer: Ushabti Bone — S Layer
4 Layer: Administratum Grey — XS Artificer Layer

RUNIC STONE

1 Basecoat: Mechanicus Standard Grey — M Layer
2 Wash: Agrax Earthshade — M Glaze
3 Layer: Dawnstone — S Layer
4 Layer: Flayed One Flesh — XS Artificer Layer

SKIN

1 Basecoat: Kislev Flesh — S Base
2 Wash: Reikland Fleshshade — M Shade
3 Layer: Kislev Flesh — S Layer
4 Layer: Flayed One Flesh — XS Artificer Layer

RED HAIR

1 Basecoat: Deathclaw Brown — S Base
2 Wash: Fuegan Orange — M Shade
3 Layer: Jokaero Orange — S Layer
4 Layer: Ungor Flesh — XS Artificer Layer

SHOULDER PAD

1 Basecoat: Abaddon Black
Basecoat: Averland Sunset — M Base
2 Wash: Agrax Earthshade — M Shade
3 Layer: Mechanicus Standard Grey — S Layer
4 Layer: Administratum Grey — XS Artificer Layer

CONTRAST STYLE

James: Painting Space Wolves using Contrast paints is just as easy, if not easier, than using the classic method. Again I undercoated the model with Grey Seer, and I kept the head separate to make painting it easier. I used a Citadel Drill to make a small hole in the bottom of the head. Then I glued in a paper clip so that I could hold it without having my fingers touch the head itself. I also undercoated it with Grey Seer spray.

As the name of the paint suggests, I used Space Wolves Grey for the power armour, which I then highlighted using regular Layer paints. The advantage of using such a dark Contrast paint over such a light undercoat is that you get great shading really easily. Most of the work is done for you with one coat, and you can easily leave the armour at the Battle Ready stage if you so wish.

TOP TIP

Contrast paints are designed for painting large areas of models quickly, but they really can be used on any area of a model. On the face, for example, I used my S Layer brush to make sure I had control of where the paint was going. I then used the same brush to apply the Gryph-hound Orange to the hair and an even smaller brush – my XS Artificer Layer brush – for the beard and moustache. This ensured that the face – the focal part of the model – was kept nice and neat. No self-respecting Space Wolf would go into battle with an unkempt beard!

TOP TIP

Use two coats of Black Templar to get a really solid black on the gun casing and armour ribbing. You can highlight it as normal using Layer paints.

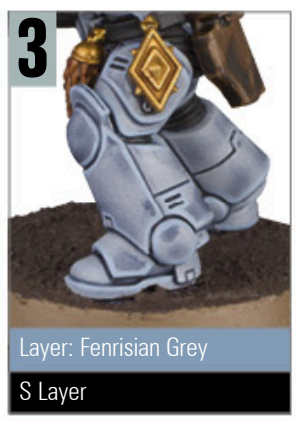
BATTLE READY

Following the stages to the right, James used Contrast paints to paint this Intercessor so that he's ready for the battlefield.

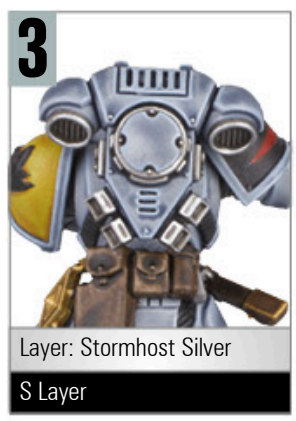
PARADE READY

James applied one or two highlights to each area of the Intercessor to get him up to a Parade Ready standard that Russ himself would be proud of.

POWER ARMOUR



BARE METAL



WEAPON CASINGS

LEATHER POUCHES

PACK MARKINGS

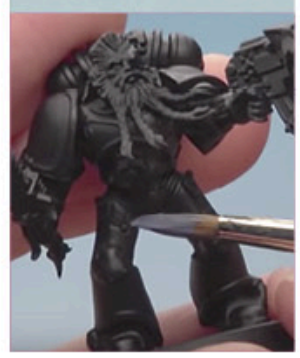
Space Wolves Intercessors wear the red and black squad markings of the hunter packs.

For the classic paint scheme, James first painted the shoulder pad Mephiston Red. Next, he placed a dot of Abaddon Black in the centre of the pad, which would become the apex of the middle triangle. He then painted two thin lines of Abaddon Black from the dot down to the bottom rim of the pad. James repeated the process twice more, then filled in the triangles.

With the Contrast method, James painted the whole pad with Black Templar, then used Grey Seer to create the markings, this time making the claw marks smaller as they rise up the pad.

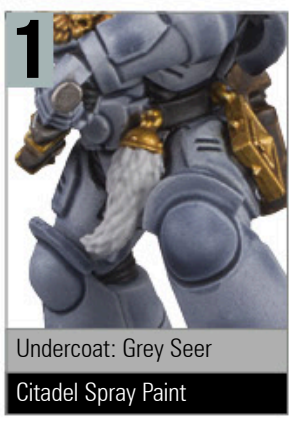
WARHAMMER TV PAINTING GUIDES

Before starting any new painting project, it's worth checking out Warhammer TV on YouTube. The channel includes several painting guides for Space Wolves, including ones for Haldor Icepelt and the Stormfang Gunship.



GOLD DETAILS

WOLF PELTS



RUNIC STONE

SKIN

RED HAIR

SHOULDER PAD

SONS OF THE WOLF

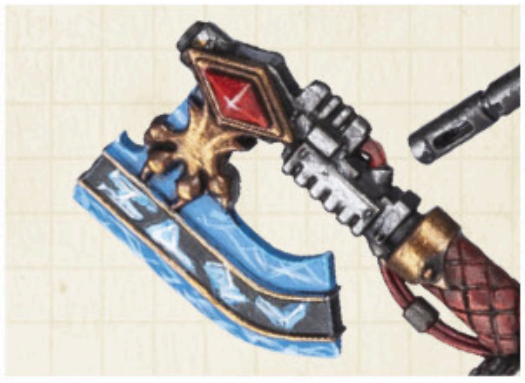
You've read all about the Primaris Space Marines joining the ranks of the Space Wolves Chapter. Now you get to see a load of painted examples! Here's a selection of our favourite Primaris Space Wolves models painted and converted by members of the studio team.

SIGVALD DEATHGRANTER'S COMPANY BY SIMON GRANT

Simon: I've collected Space Wolves for years, but I only just got around to painting some Primaris Marines for my collection. The first models I painted were a kill team made up of two Intercessors, a Wolf Guard and three Reivers. I then painted another couple of Reivers to complete the squad, each of them armed with unique close combat weapons that they forged themselves on Fenris. I used heads from the Space Wolves Pack to help give each of these warriors their own personality. I've also painted a trio of characters for my force – Haldor Icepelt; a Wolf Lord based on the Space Marine Captain model, but with a frost blade taken from the upgrade set; and a new rendition (the third, in fact) of Sigvald Deathgranter, who's armed with a Wulfen shield and the fabled Black Death axe.

1

'I've also finished my first Eliminator for my Space Wolves army,' says Simon. 'I swapped his head for a Long Fang head and painted his camo cloak **(1)** so that it will blend in with a snowy environment. I just need to paint the other two now.'



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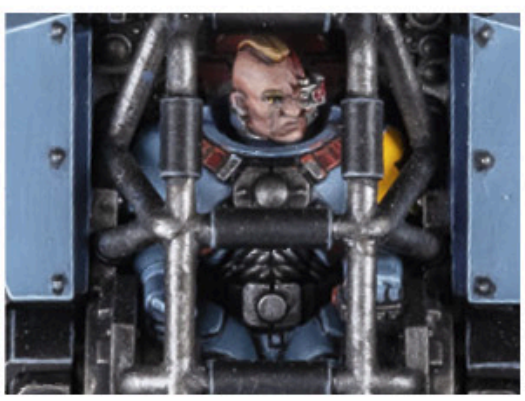


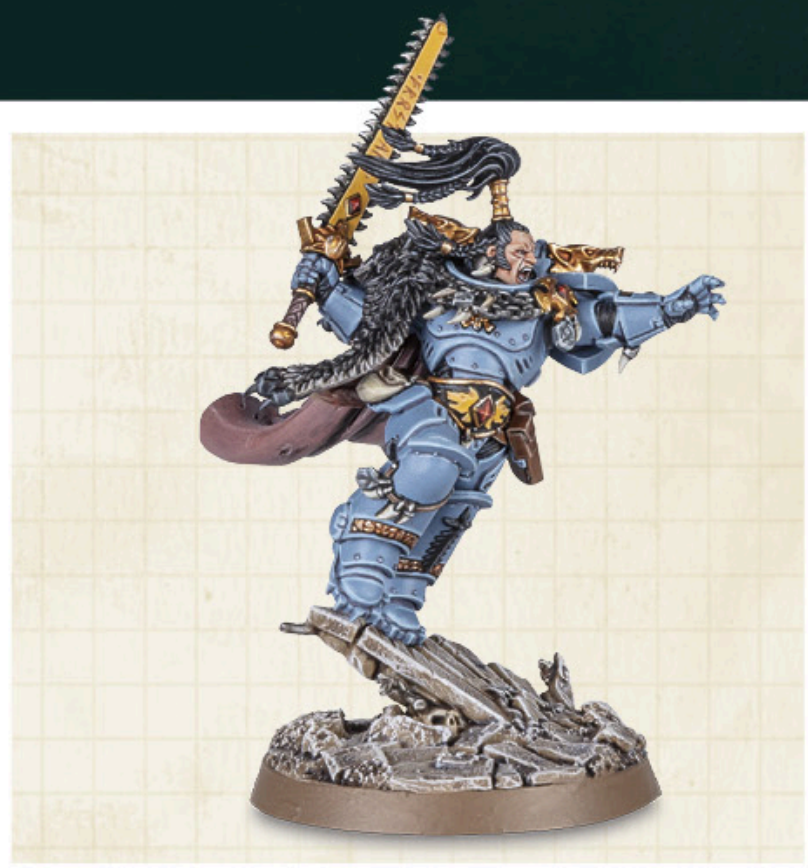
4

'My latest creation is an Invictor Warsuit. I converted it to hold a hand axe, which I made from the Fenrisian great axe **(2)** that comes in the Space Wolves Venerable Dreadnought kit. I carefully cut the rear blade off the axe, then carefully tidied up the cut marks with a hobby knife. I also added a wolf pelt and shield from the same set to the model's other shoulder **(3)**. I considered changing the pilot's head, too, but he's already got a wolfy-looking haircut **(4)**, so I kept the one that comes in the kit.

'When painting the Warsuit, I used the traditional 'Eavy Metal colours for the grey armour, but painted the metal on the model a bit darker than usual to represent the fact that this is meant to be a stealthy vehicle.'

RAGNAR'S COMPANY BY JAMES KARCH

James: I didn't feel that I'd painted enough Space Marines recently (*James basically painted a demi-company of Raven Guard for A Tale of Four Warlords. – Ed*), so I painted some Space Wolves! I've always liked Space Wolves, but I was mostly inspired by the new Ragnar Blackmane model. I painted him and my other models in quite a clean, 'Eavy metal style, using Russ Grey as the basecoat colour, with a thinned-down wash of The Fang mixed with Rhinox Hide painted carefully into the recesses. I then highlighted all the armour panels with Fenrisian Grey and Blue Horror. The bases are painted in sandy colours that are kind of reminiscent of Prospero, with broken tiles and bricks made from pieces of plastic card cut to shape.



1

'Ragnar's rubble-strewn base inspired the way I built the bases of my other models,' says James. 'As is traditional, I painted his wolf pelt black **(1)** to match his moniker. He's not called Blackmane for nothing!'

'I actually painted the Reivers a while back for Kill team, but didn't really have any vision for them at the time,' says James. 'When I painted the rest of my models, I repainted their shoulder pads and added transfers for Ragnar's Great Company. I also changed their bases at the same time. Like most people, I've upgraded my Intercessors with wolf tails, helmets and icons from the Space Wolves Upgrade packs, and bare heads taken from the classic Wolf Pack.'

BLOOD BROTHERS KILL TEAM BY EMMA TURNER

Emma: I recently finished work on a Space Wolves kill team, which I converted from a bunch of Intercessors and Reivers. The key defining feature of my unit is that they all wear (or have about their person) a wolf-shaped helm taken from the Space Wolves Pack set. I've also added wolf-tail talismans, trinkets and runic stones to the models' belts, and icons to a few of their backpacks. To show that the battle-brothers have been formed into a new kill team pack, all of them have blood-red shoulder pads and orange knee pads. This shows that they've been taken from their regular packs and formed up into a new force. I've also just finished painting a Primaris Librarian (well, Rune Priest) to act as my kill team commander.

WOLF GUARD BATTLE LEADER BY ANDY BARLOW

Andy: I created a Primaris Wolf Guard Battle Leader for Logan Grimnar's Great Company. I converted the rider using Hellblaster legs so that I'd have the extra armour plates on the thighs. The model's torso, head, right arm and shoulder pad come from the Grey Slayers upgrade frame from Forge World, albeit with the axe head replaced with a hammer taken from an Aberrant. The Thunderwolf is one of Leman Russ' Wolf-kin from Forge World, which I painted with Dryad Bark drybrushed with Baneblade Brown on the underside and Abaddon Black along the mane.

ORK MEKWORLDS

Galactic War Zones is an ongoing series of articles showing you how to build and paint your Warhammer 40,000 armies based around the many planets on which they live and fight. But this month, the Orks have taken over. Grab your choppas, we're heading for a Mekworld!

Ork-held worlds are a reflection of the barbaric conquerors that inhabit them. The once-great cities of civilised races are razed to the ground simply because the Orks feel like smashing them apart. Forests are set aflame, reduced to plains of smouldering ash, while rivers are polluted with sump oil, toxic chemicals and the bodies of the fallen. Battle-damaged manufactorums are crudely repaired and repurposed for greenskin industry, Big Meks working night and day to churn out war machines for the Ork war effort. Ramshackle shantytowns of crude tents, squig pens, fighting pits and piles of scrap spring up. If the planet is not subjected to reconquest, it quickly becomes a staging ground for future Ork invasions. Skies turn black with the smog of revving engines and the fires of tireless industry. The earth buckles as the greenskins tear its resources from it. The Orks multiply, fight amongst themselves and become tougher for it.

GLYPHS

Orks have a pretty simple system when it comes to marking their territory – they stick a big, colourful glyph on it. These crude symbols take the form of fanged maws, skulls, leering moons or suns, flames, a really killy axe or whatever the Ork Warboss in question fancies as his own personal symbol.

ORK DOMAINS

While the other influential races of the galaxy do what they can to stymie Ork expansion, inevitably some worlds will fall to the green menace. The ice world of Chosin has been overrun by Orks who now use its polar fortress as a staging post for their invasion of Armageddon. The former Squat home world of Golgotha is dominated by airfields and workshops that produce squadrons of Ork aircraft. Forge world Mordax (now renamed Moredakka) has been overrun by Deathskulls, who built an army of Stompas out of the wreckage of the planet's manufactorums, while the training grounds on the shrine world of St Rezmond's Hope have been sequestered by Boss Zagstruk's Stormboyz to practise their battle drills. The Necron tomb world of Scythia was ransacked, its teleport nodes looted by the greenskin invaders, while Gurgit's Mekworld was wrestled aggressively from the hands of the T'au Empire.

PREPPIN' DA ORKS FOR WAAAGH!

So what would an Ork army from one of these worlds look like? Orks tend to use whatever they can get their massive green hands on, and a Battlewagon is as likely to sport armoured panels scavenged from a Cadian tank as it is to have a Hammerhead turret welded to the roof. Rhinos and Land Raiders are often repurposed by Orks, who have a particular fondness for Blood Angels vehicles because they're known to go faster. Boyz and Nobz march to war clad in panel-beaten plates stolen from Chaos tanks, or wearing pieces of scavenged T'au armour. Orks have even been known to scavenge Necron technology, using it to power tellyport mega-blastas, kustom force fields and traktor kannons. Perhaps your Ork army conquered a shrine world and now proudly displays the banner of an Adepta Sororitas Order. Maybe it 'liberated' an Exodite world, Aeldari heads adorning your Nobz' banner poles.

We hope this article will provide you with some useful inspiration for how to convert your models and scenery to show they come from an Ork world. If you have an idea you would like to share with us, send us some pictures of your own creations to: **team@whitedwarf.co.uk**

LOOT IT, LADZ!

This Deathskulls Shoota Boy is a great example of an inhabitant of an Ork-held world. His wargear is cobbled together from scavenged equipment, including armour plates from Imperial vehicles that have been painted blue to show they now belong to him. Leather straps and filthy bindings hold crudely welded pieces of metal together, everything chipped, scraped and damaged by years of constant fighting. As with all Orks, this boy is covered in grime and dirt, be it oil, blood, rust or other unsavoury fluids.

The once-great cities of civilised races are razed to the ground simply because the Orks feel like smashing them apart.

THE COLOURS OF CONQUEST

Planets conquered by Orks are traditionally scorched wastelands covered in the detritus and ruins of whatever civilisation was unfortunate enough to be invaded by them. Browns, blacks and dusty tones are predominant, along with the messily daubed colours of the preeminent clan on the planet.

FILTH AND GRIME

Orks care little for aesthetics, neatness or cleanliness, and their cities are usually little more than vast junkyards. Everything is covered in rust, oil and grime, for Orks have no inclination whatsoever to clean things. A healthy amount of weathering always looks good on units from Ork Mekworlds.

KONVERTIN' YOUR MODELS

Orks are constantly looting, rebuilding and upgrading their wargear and vehicles, so what better way to represent this than with some kunnin' konversions? Here's what our budding Meks have been up to.

Normally in this section of Galactic War Zones, we talk about painting miniatures based on particular worlds. When it comes to Mekworlds, however, the Orks that live there really aren't very different to the greenskins found all across the galaxy. They wear their clan colours, plus a whole load of dirt, grease and filth – that's about it! So, rather than focus on painting Orks, we decided to concentrate on converting them.

Ork models – particularly vehicles – are arguably some of the easiest to convert in Warhammer 40,000. It doesn't matter if there's a dodgy weld, a mismatched track unit or a wonky gun. The Orks wouldn't care, so why should you? The only things you really need to consider are if the vehicle looks fast, whether the front is spiky enough, how many Boyz can fit inside it and the number of guns it's got. More is better, in case you were wondering.

DA BRUTE RAM DRILLA-KILLA BY JAMIE FORSTER

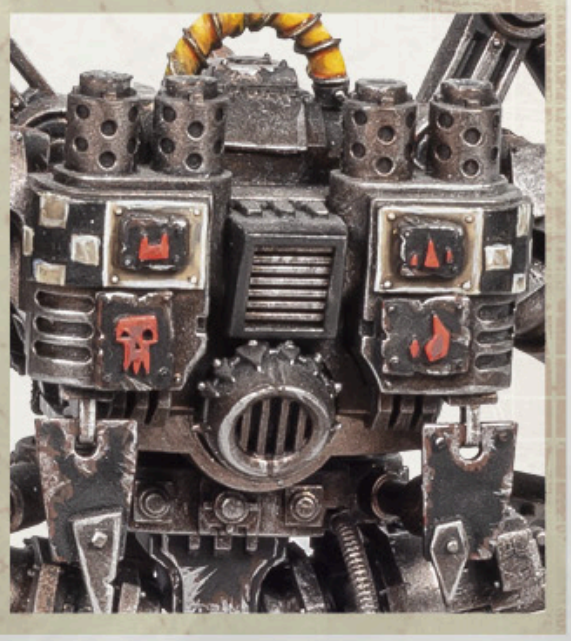
'I've always been a fan of the Brute Ram Ship in Battlefleet Gothic, and I wanted to create a Warhammer 40,000 equivalent,' says Jamie. 'I imagine an Ork Mek seeing a Tectonic Fragdrill and thinking 'I wonder if I could put wings on that?' That was the idea behind my model. The main body of the craft is two Fragdrills with the wings and tail from a Wazbom Blastajet. I used the same guns on it, too, so that I could field it easily in games. The cockpit is heavily armoured because, let's face it, it's going to be a bumpy ride for the pilot.'

INVIKTOR WAAAGHSUIT BY LEWIS COLLINS

'I built a Deff Dread using an Invictor Tactical Warsuit for the main body,' says Lewis. 'I used Deff Dread arms for the right arm and leg, and claws from the Mekboy Workshop for its big grabba. Its pistol, which mimics the original model, is a grotzooka from a Killa Kan. To paint the Waaaghsuit, I airbrushed it Yriel Yellow over a Wraithbone basecoat, then washed it with Mournfang Brown to make it look rusty.'

MEKA DREAD BY ROB ALDERMAN

'My Meka Dread is built from a Nemesis Dreadknight but with a Cybork as the pilot,' says Rob. 'I covered all the armour panels with Ork glyphs and added a claw from a Deff Dread to the right arm, plus two big shootas as secondary weapons. The left arm is a killkannon taken from the Battlewagon Upgrade Pack. Being a Goff Ork collector, I painted all the armour plates black, then used metallic paints to highlight all the edges.'



GROT TRAKBIKE BY JOHN ASHTON

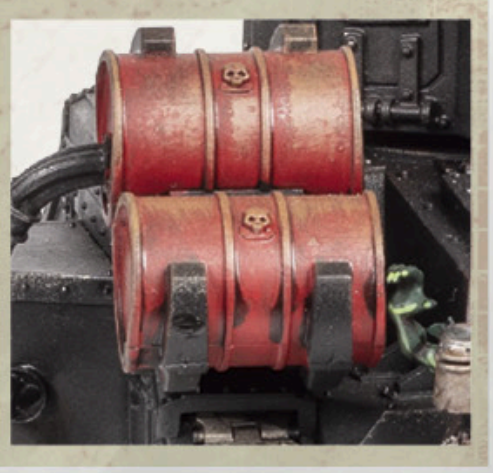
'I built this Grot bike for a racing game I was playing with my gaming group,' says John. 'It's made out of a Chimera's track unit with Ork bike 'teef' on the front, a big shoota, and a slightly manic grot pilot.'

SMASHDAKKA'S RED BOYZ BY MATT HOLLAND

'This is my Deffkilla Wartrike and biker mob for my Evil Sunz army,' says Matt. 'I replaced the Wartrike's rear wheels with trakks from a Megatrakk Scrapjet. I then added extra suspension and changed the jet engine for a kustom mega-kannon barrel to make it look like some kind of high-tech afterburner. The front wheel is actually one of the trike's rear wheels. The rest of the bikers are all subtly converted, too, using parts from Imperial vehicles, other Ork kits and, of course, skulls.'

DAKKAWAGON BY OWEN PATTEN
'Bad Moons are the richest Orks, so their Battlewagons must have the biggest guns,' says Owen. 'The back end of the vehicle is cobbled together using anything I could scavenge, including tracks from a Plagueburst Crawler. I then mounted a Hydra turret, complete with Ork gunner, on the back.'

LOOTED WAGON BY ADAM COOPER
'I based my Looted Wagon on a Leman Russ with a spare turret taken from a Battlewagon,' says Adam. 'The skorchas are from the Killa Kans set, while the fuel drums are spares from a Baneblade kit. I also welded a tank trap to the front to make it more brutal when ramming.'

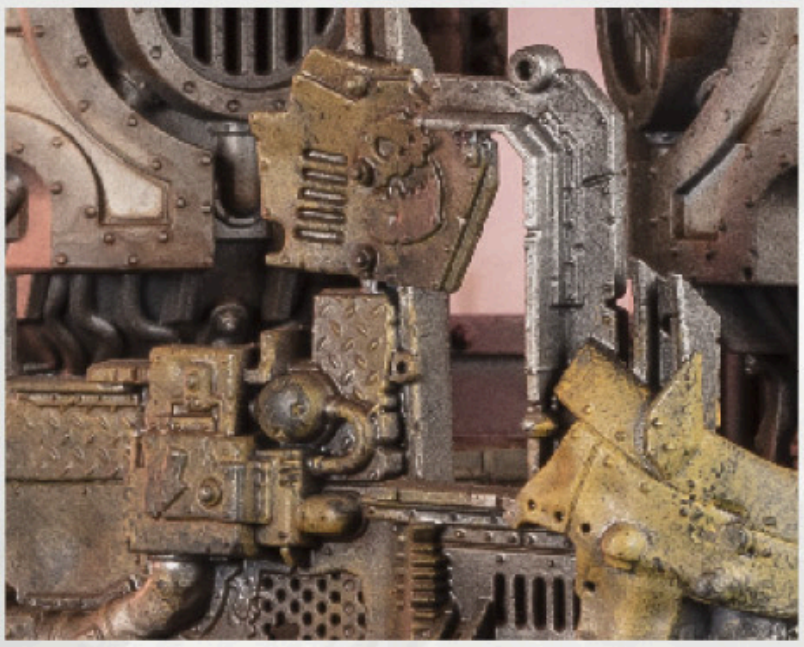


DA BIG MEK'S WORKSHOP

Every self-respecting Ork city needs a workshop where the clan's Meks can disassemble abandoned war machines, build new trukks and invent new guns. This workshop was built by Adam Cooper.

'I wanted my workshop to look like it had been built in the ruins of a bombed-out manufactorum,' says Adam. 'I used the Sector Mechanicus: Derelict Factorum kit as the basis for the scenery piece, then added parts from the Mekboy Workshop to it. I added the barricades and the Mekboy glyph to the upper walkway, the piles of rubble to the base (which is made out of MDF) and the workshop itself to the inner wall. I then added in loads of other little details to show that the workshop was being used. There's a tool box on the upper gantry, a pair of claw arms for taking out engines and a pile of looted ammo crates and containers. I also widened the door so that it's big enough to fit my Looted Wagon through.'

Adam undercoated his workshop with Leadbelcher, airbrushed it with Agrax Earthshade, then drybrushed it Iron Hands Steel. He then sprayed it with hairspray and airbrushed it Khorne Red. Once the paint was dry he used a toothbrush to chip away some of the paint, revealing the bare metal below.



For the rubble and barricades, Adam sponged on patches of Castellan Green and Averland Sunset over the metallic base. He then covered the whole scenery piece in a wash of Mournfang Brown, Skrag Brown and Air Caste Thinner to make it look rusty.

A MYSTERIOUS MENACE

Of all the hostile agents in the 41st Millennium, few are as rarely encountered or as poorly understood as the Zoats. Highly intelligent and technologically advanced, these enigmatic creatures typically appear alone, working towards shadowy goals that can only be guessed.

While vast armies clash to decide the fate of entire systems, small bands of specialists complete dangerous covert missions in places where massed military strength cannot yet reach. The environments these kill teams deploy to are as diverse as they are remote, and each operative must be braced to deal with whatever strange foes cross their path.

But no matter how prepared they may be, kill teams that encounter a specimen of the xenos race known as the Zoats must resort to raw instinct and initiative if they are to survive. Brutal and dangerously intelligent, a single Zoat can make a mockery of a kill team's battle plan, its highly advanced weaponry more than capable of punching clean through the heaviest armour. With the foe in disarray, the Zoat will move in, claim its prize and disappear as mysteriously as it arrived.

THE ARCHIVIST

The best (well, only) way to get your hands on a Zoat is to pick up the Deadly Alliance expansion pack for Blackstone Fortress. On top of all the Blackstone Fortress gubbins you get in the set, the assembly guide also includes a datasheet so you can use the model in Warhammer 40,000. Bonus!

THE ARCHIVIST

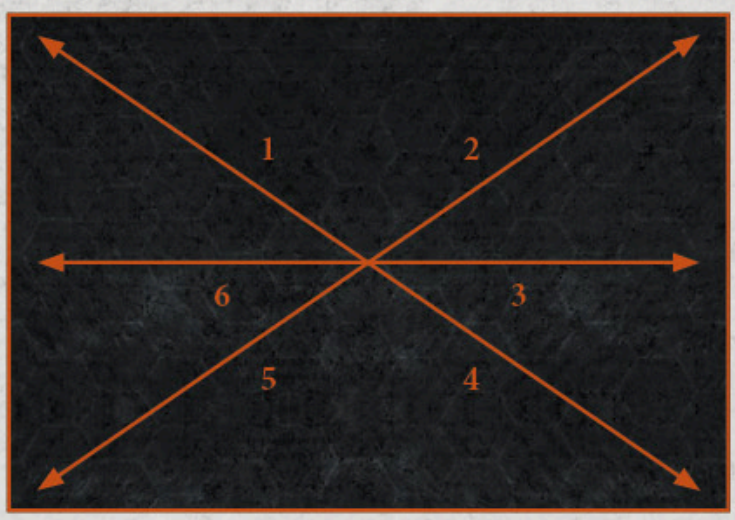
This month, the Zoat known as the Archivist has left the space station of Precipice (which should be familiar to any who have ventured into Warhammer Quest: Blackstone Fortress) and now roams the galaxy at large, presenting a mysterious and deadly new threat for your kill teams to overcome.

On the opposite page you'll find rules for using the Archivist from Warhammer Quest: Blackstone Fortress – Deadly Alliance in your games of Warhammer 40,000: Kill Team, including a new datasheet representing the creature's strange technology and abilities. Wherever this saurian quadruped appears, death and disruption (and atomic disassembly) follow as it fixes a determined gaze upon the same objectives and artefacts fought over by rival life forms. A Zoat is on the loose – you have been warned!

HOW TO USE THE ARCHIVIST IN KILL TEAM

The Archivist does not form a kill team in the traditional way. Instead, it roams your Kill Team battlefields as a deadly third party.

If you choose to use these rules, set up your battlefield as normal but, in addition, place the Archivist miniature in the centre of the battlefield. Then roll a D6 and move the Archivist 2D6" in the direction shown on the diagram to the right. If the model would end this move under any other models or terrain features, reduce the move by the minimum distance required so that the model is not within 1" of any other models or terrain features.



The following rules apply to the Archivist:

- The Archivist model is treated as an enemy model by all players' kill teams and vice versa.
- Any dice rolls that are required for the Archivist are always made by the player with the initiative that round. Players cannot pick the Archivist as the target of the Gritted Teeth Tactic, and cannot use the Tactical Re-roll Tactic to re-roll any rolls made for the Archivist.
- At the start of each battle round, each player can select one Shaken enemy model that is within 12" of the Archivist and visible to it. Until the end of that battle round, models selected in this way are said to be manipulated by the Archivist. Manipulated models can be controlled by the player who selected them as though they were a model from that player's kill team. Manipulated models are treated as not Shaken for the purposes of this rule.
- In the Movement phase, the Archivist always moves before any models from kill teams. If, when it is time to make this move, the Archivist is within 1" of any enemy models, it remains stationary. Otherwise, if the Archivist is within 12" of any enemy models that are themselves within 6" of an objective marker, it will attempt to charge whichever of those models it is closest to. If more than one enemy model is equally close, the target is chosen by the player with the initiative. If the Archivist is not within 1" of any enemy models and not within 12" of any enemy models that are themselves within 6" of an objective marker, it moves as fast as possible towards the closest objective marker. If the mission you are playing does not include any objective markers, the Archivist moves as fast as possible towards the closest enemy model, attempting to charge that model if it is within 12". The Archivist can only Advance if there are no visible enemy models within 18".
- In the Shooting phase, the Archivist always shoots before any models from kill teams, following the normal shooting sequence. When doing so, the Archivist must target the closest visible enemy model. If more than one enemy model is equally close, the target is chosen by the player with the initiative.
- In the Fight phase, the Archivist always fights after all other charging models have fought in the Hammer of Wrath section of the Fight phase, following the normal fight sequence. When doing so, the Archivist must target the closest visible enemy model. If more than one enemy model is equally close, the target is chosen by the player with the initiative.
- When the Archivist is chosen as the target of a charge and it is able to React, it always Reacts by firing Overwatch; the Archivist cannot Retreat.
- The Archivist cannot be broken and does not take Nerve tests.

THE ARCHIVIST

NAME	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	A	Ld	Sv	Max
The Archivist	**5"**	**3+**	**3+**	**5**	**4**	**6**	**4**	**9**	**3+**	**1**

This model is armed with an atomic disassembler and an eradicator glove.

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D	ABILITIES
Atomic disassembler	18"	Pistol 1	8	-3	D6	Attacks made with this weapon do not suffer the penalty to hit rolls and injury rolls for the target being obscured.
Eradicator glove	Melee	Melee	x2	-3	3	When attacking with this weapon, you must subtract 1 from the hit roll.

ABILITIES	**Disruptive Influence:** When taking Nerve tests for models in your kill team that are within 6" of any models with this ability, do not apply the -1 modifier for each other friendly model within 2".
SPECIALISTS	**None**
FACTION KEYWORD	**UNALIGNED**
KEYWORDS	**MONSTER, THE ARCHIVIST**

ALIEN MANIPULATORS

The hulking, scaly creatures known as Zoats appear so rarely in Imperial records that no two sources agree on their origins or intentions, but the dominant view within the Ordo Xenos is that the Zoats are remnants of an ancient and genetically unique race. Though the aliens have been observed in groups on a handful of occasions, most sightings concern single, nomadic individuals, and no evidence of a Zoat home world or population centre yet exists.

What is more certain is that the creatures' brutish physique belies their true nature. They are a highly intelligent, technologically advanced species capable of manipulating other life forms through a combination of arcane devices and skilled subterfuge. If the Zoats are working to some inscrutable common agenda, the actions of each specimen keep any such plan a mystery; each appears to serve only their own ends. All that seems to link their actions is a recurrent interest in obtaining rare technological artefacts. This is unsurprising, as Zoats rely on bio-technology to survive in diverse environments across the galaxy, using all manner of augmentations to support their metabolic and musculoskeletal systems. From atmospheric breather masks to synthetic organs that enable the digestion of alien proteins, these diverse enhancements are added to and upgraded throughout a Zoat's long lifespan.

Most disturbing of these technologies are the psychic resonators through which the Zoats communicate, allowing them to implant messages directly into the minds of others. Combined with their manipulative talents, these devices enable Zoats to install themselves as ambassadors, power brokers or data traders at the lawless frontiers of Imperial space. Even in places where the grip of the Imperial authorities is stronger, Zoats have been known to spread their influence by proxy, weaving webs of coercion until they have invested themselves with considerable power.

THE ARCHIVIST

The Zoat known as the Archivist first crossed paths with Imperial agents on the space station Precipice, where species of many kinds gather and plan expeditions into the Blackstone Fortress that looms nearby. Even amongst the diverse populace of Precipice, the creature stood out, its large reptilian body and bio-tech augmentations unlike anything else seen on the station. Presenting itself as a data trader, the Archivist approached a group of explorers, offering an opportunity to quell the roiling chaos in an area of the Blackstone Fortress known as the Seethe – a barely navigable region of constantly shifting matter. There the Archivist had identified fragments of an ancient Zoat spacecraft and, ever driven by the desire for precious archeotech, had resolved to salvage the remnants of the vessel before they were lost to the churning maelstrom. Crucial to its plan was another Zoat

relic, the Grayl Intulia, which would give its bearer a measure of control over the Seethe's riotous turbulence and grant access to areas otherwise impassable. Once the remains of the Zoat ship had been reclaimed with the explorers' aid, the Archivist pledged that it would calm the upheaval of the Seethe permanently.

In truth, the Archivist's proposals were just one facet of a much wider manipulation that affected many different exploring parties on Precipice and prompted several ventures into the Blackstone Fortress – some successful, others disastrous. Once the duplicitous Zoat had stockpiled a large personal cache of artefacts, it disappeared, leaving many promises unfulfilled and many hapless allies trapped in the maddening depths of the fortress.

The Archivist now roams as a free agent, capitalising on the laxity of regional authorities and salvaging relics amidst the anarchy that has proliferated in the age of the Cicatrix Maledictum. Wherever it encounters the operatives of other races, the Zoat draws upon all of its technology and intellect to disrupt their activities or mould them to its purposes, particularly when rare archeotech is at stake. Those the Archivist cannot coerce in this way soon find themselves facing much more hostile methods, as the creature will not hesitate to engage its formidable atomic disassembler or eradicator glove to destroy all who resist its manipulations.

TALONS OF THE EMPEROR

The Adeptus Custodes are the right hand of the Emperor, the Sisters of Silence his left. Between them, they guard the Imperium of Man against the galaxy's darkest threats. Behold, now, this incredible Talons of the Emperor army painted by Jason Lee.

JASON LEE
Jason is a loyal servant of the Golden Throne, having painted several Imperial armies over the years. He even nabbed second-place in the staff category at a Golden Demon event a while back, so he's bound of have plenty of useful painting advice.

Jason Lee is a man on a mission. Over the last few years, he has been on a quest to build one huge army of the Imperium that includes all of the Emperor's many servants. Back in 2016, we featured the first of his armies: a Salamanders Space Marines force. Then, in 2017, his Grey Knights army (and Armies on Parade board) graced the pages of the magazine. A year later in 2018, Jason's Adeptus Mechanicus collection from Forge World Ryza was our featured army. Now, Jason is back with another new force: the Talons of the Emperor. We poked him with a stick until he told us everything we wanted to know about it.

Jason: The Adeptus Custodes and the Sisters of Silence are the latest faction in my ongoing project to build and paint one massive allied army of the Imperium. I've always been fascinated by these mysterious servants of the Emperor, and I've loved reading about them in the Horus Heresy novels over the last few years. So when the Burning of Prospero boxed game came out a few years ago, I jumped at the chance to include some of the models in my growing army. When the Adeptus Custodes received a load more kits and their own codex, I was sold!

THE QUEST FOR INSPIRATION

The inspiration for my army's colour scheme came from two places. The first was *The Horus Heresy Book Seven – Inferno* from Forge World. I saw a colour illustration of a Custodian Guard (see opposite) in black-and-white armour and thought the colour scheme looked really smart and unusual. The Custodes are normally shown in gold, so this was an interesting alternative that really appealed to me.

The second source of inspiration was a bit of lore that indicated that some of the Custodian Guard changed the colour of their armour to black after the Emperor was interred in the Golden Throne. It was meant to be a sign of mourning to show that they had failed in their duty to protect him. I liked the idea that my shield company was around during the time of the Horus Heresy and that they have kept their armour black ever since. Rather than staying on Terra, though, they sought vengeance and raced after the Traitor Legions. They've been hunting them down ever since, only returning to Terra to resupply and take on new recruits. 10,000 years later and they're still out battling the great enemy. And so were born the Crusaders of the Last Watch.

Jason has nine Vertus Praetors in his collection. He painted their leather boots white to match the gauntlets worn by his other Custodians.

COLOURS OF THE SHIELD COMPANY

'This piece of art was one of the main inspirations for my army,' says Jason. 'I really like the monochrome colour scheme and took it a step further by replacing the red helmet plume with white and the red gemstones with an icy blue. The only real stand-out colours on my Custodians are their purple robes, which are painted with a basecoat of Screamer Pink, a wash of Nuln Oil, then highlights of Pink Horror and Emperor's Children.

'Once all the models were painted, I based them all with Valhallan Blizzard to give them a cold, wintery feel that complements the white details on the models.'

BLACK ARMOUR

- Basecoat: Abaddon Black & Dark Reaper
- Layer: Dark Reaper
- Layer: Thunderhawk Blue
- Layer: Russ Grey
- Layer: Fenrisian Grey

WHITE TRIM

- Basecoat: Dawnstone
- Wash: Agrax Earthshade
- Layer: Dawnstone
- Layer: Ulthuan Grey
- Layer: White Scar

GOLD DETAILS

- Basecoat: Retributor Armour
- Wash: Agrax Earthshade
- Layer: Auric Armour Gold
- Layer: Auric Armour Gold & Stormhost SIlver
- Layer: Stormhost Silver

PAINTING THE SHIELD COMPANY

I painted my Custodian Guard and Sisters of Silence using the same colour scheme to create a unified-looking force. I like to imagine the Cadre of the Ebon Talon joined the Custodians in their oath of vengeance and have fought alongside them ever since.

When it comes to painting my miniatures, I tend to paint them in batches of five or ten to ensure the colours are kept consistent. I apply all the basecoats first (black, silver, white and so on), then spray all the models with gloss varnish. This may sound strange, but I find it really helps with the next stage, which is applying an all-over wash of Agrax Earthshade mixed with Lahmian Medium. The varnish helps the Shade paint slide off the raised areas of the models and into the recesses, while leaving a smooth gradient across the armour panels. The effect is pretty subtle on the black armour, but it makes the gold details and the white trim really pop, while giving the silver metal a burnished, earthy tone.

With all the washes done, I highlight all the areas as normal, working through the Layer paints up to a neat edge highlight. I also applied a final dot highlight of White Scar to the very top edges of the armour to represent a reflective light spot. It helps emphasise the solidity of the armour.

One thing I stayed away from with this army was weathering. I used a lot of weathering powders and chipping effects on my Adeptus Mechanicus army, but I reasoned that the Adeptus Custodes and Sisters of Silence would probably have an army of serfs running around after them ensuring that all their wargear was kept in perfect condition. After all, they are the Emperor's emissaries; they need to look presentable!

TO THE BATTLEFIELD!

I'm more of a painter than a gamer, and I've only played a few games with my Custodes. In the battles they did fight, though, they were awesome. My favourite matchup was when they ended up fighting Magnus the Red. The Sisters of Silence lived up to their reputation and basically nullified his psychic powers. The Custodians then stormed in and started hacking away at him with their spears. Fittingly, it was a misericordia that inflicted the final wound on the Daemon Primarch. I reckon my shield company are among those who believe that every traitor slain by a misericordia helps restore a tiny portion of the Emperor's vitality. It's probably just a myth, but at least it give them hope. Maybe one day they'll be able to repaint their armour gold. In the meantime, I'm on the lookout for someone with Mortarion in their army. He's next on my misericordia hit list!

Above: Jason's army includes Trajann Valoris in the colours of his own shield company rather than his traditional gold. 'I imagine he gets about a bit and joins whichever shield company needs him,' says Jason. 'He probably wouldn't change the colour of his armour, but it felt right to blend him in with the rest of the force.' On the right of the picture is one of Jason's Shield-Captains, while to the left is Tribune Ixion Hale, a Forge World event exclusive model.

Opposite: Jason's force is virtually a demi shield company, with almost fifty Custodians in the force including Vexilus Praetors and Shield-Captains (both shown at the fore of the picture).

Right: Jason's Sisters of Silence – the Cadre of the Ebon Talon – were featured in last October's issue of the magazine along with new rules and background for the Sisters of Silence. Jason has painted a unit each of Vigilators, Prosecutors and Witchseekers along with accompanying Rhinos.

Opposite: Jason's Contemptor Dreadnoughts are made from two plastic Contemptors and one resin Forge World one. Jason mixed the arms and legs from the kits to give the models different poses. They are backed up by a Telemon Heavy Dreadnought. The gold filigree and icons on its shoulders are from a Forge World transfer sheet.

Below: Trajann Valoris is joined by Allarus Custodians and no fewer than four Venerable Land Raiders.

JOURNEY'S END

As the Indomitus Crusade spreads across the galaxy, the Adeptus Custodes are tasked with bringing Primaris Space Marines to the scattered Space Marine Chapters. But some of them are not that easy to find, as you'll soon discover in this story by Dirk Wehner.

From the viewport of the *Aeternitas Luminis*' bridge, Shield-Captain Galion Magethus of the Emissaries Imperatus studied the drifting wreckage. It hung lopsided in the starless void like a puppet with its strings cut loose. The strike cruiser, once fiery orange, was now so battered and torn it appeared dark and lifeless. Crystallised oxygen billowed into the blackness from ragged breaches in the ship's hull. At the prow of the ship, proudly depicted on a black field, was a stylised silver ram. The battle-scarred cruiser was surrounded by dozens of smaller vessels. Their shapes left no doubt about their origin – Orks. The crude ships looked equally lifeless and battered, though one could never be sure with the greenskins.

'After everything we have been through to pinpoint their position,' a voice next to Magethus muttered. He turned to see Captain Alagon Mors, the leader of the Greyshields. The Primaris Space Marine didn't look at the Custodian, instead watching the enormous wreckage that had brought their fleet here.

'I imagine you and your brothers are disappointed,' Magethus answered. His voice was cold. He felt no sympathy for the Space Marines that the Torchbearer fleet had brought here. The Custodian did not care for their feelings, nor did he fully trust them. The Astartes might have hoped to unite with their new Chapter, but all Magethus saw in the ravaged battle cruiser was another vital military asset lost to the Imperium in times of dire need.

He leant onto his castellan axe, the shaft of the huge weapon firmly planted onto the metal flooring. 'We've come a long way, and we fought for every mile of it. It seems all that is left for us to do is pick up the pieces.'

Indeed, it had not been an easy journey to find the Flames of Aries. Their Chapter had been known to be remarkably headstrong, and they always had been on the move from one battle to the next, punching from war zone to war zone in even quicker succession than usual for a Chapter of the Adeptus Astartes. This would have made tracking their movements a daunting task even at the best of times, let alone now, here, in the Imperium Nihilus. After the opening of the Great Rift, they had last been seen operating in the vicinity of the Shadefrost Sector, were they briefly fought alongside the 112th Tallarn to stop a daemonic incursion on the ravaged planes of Shadefrost Prime. Immediately after victory had been secured, they had manned their ships. After that, their trail had gone cold, and reports of further sightings were conflicting. All contact with the Flames of Aries had been lost.

Until now.

Shield-Captain Galion Magethus' fleet was one of the many that had been sent on the venture to find lost Chapters of the Adeptus Astartes, re-establish contact and bring them the gift of the Primaris Space Marines. Torchbearers, those fleets were called, and rightfully so, for they brought the Emperor's light back into the truly darkest places. This particular fleet consisted of elements of the Adeptus Custodes, Imperial Navy, Adeptus Mechanicus, Astra Militarum, Sisters of Silence, ten full companies of Greyshield Primaris Space Marines with the geneseed of the Imperial Fists, plus several dozen non-military ships for maintenance and logistics.

All in all, it was a force powerful enough to punch through the dangerous war zones of the Imperium Nihilus, securing beachheads and driving off the darkness.

In their quest to find the Flames of Aries, the Torchbearer fleet had fought in countless conflicts. Magethus could never fully silence his doubts about the Adeptus Astartes, but even he acknowledged that the Greyshields had proven their worth over and over – in the toxic wastelands of Mundus Limus, they had met the Night Lords in a grinding battle, driving them off the planet. Here they found a crashed Thunderhawk in the heraldry of the Flames of Aries. Readings from the data cogitators of the destroyed gunship brought them to the hive world of Glaba, where they rooted out a Genestealer Cult infestation together with the warriors of the Adeptus Custodes. In the lair of the slain Patriarch, the Greyshields found a single battered suit of Terminator Armour, painted in bright orange colours. It remained a mystery how it got there, but clenched in its fist they discovered a dataslate with more recent records of the Flames of Aries.

After a dozen further wars on the trail of the elusive Chapter, the Brazen Shark Cadre of the Sisters of Silence that accompanied the Torchbearer fleet captured an Aeldari Farseer in the jungles of Linth II. The obscure prophecies of the xenos finally directed them into the Villipan System.

The closer they came, the more evidence of destruction they found. The Flames of Aries had downright

slaughtered a path through the system, forcing their way through a teeming Ork infestation. They had annihilated several fleets and star forts of the greenskins on their way, but in the end they seemed to have lost their momentum. Eventually they had found themselves surrounded by xenos hordes. Thus, they had chosen to fight their glorious last stand.

'My Lords, Magos Dominus Zuhulis Vul of the *Comet Nucleus* reports that their Augurium Sensory Arrays have detected life signs aboard the target vessel.' The words of the bridge officer tore Magethus from his musings.

'Life signs of what origin?' he asked.

The bridge officer checked his dataslate. 'Most of them seem to be greenskin boarding parties pillaging the ship,' he explained, 'but there's a cluster of them around the bridge section. It's hard to make out between all the other signals, but Dominus Vul has estimated a chance that some of the Flames of Aries might still be alive and defending their bridge.'

Magethus raised an eyebrow. 'M*ight* be alive? Has Dominus Vul tried hailing them?'

'He has, Shield-Captain, but to no avail. Scans indicate that they have lost any means for communication.'

'If there is any chance that our brothers are still alive, we must act now,' Captain Alagon Mors interjected. 'We must form a boarding party and secure the bridge immediately.'

‘I agree, Captain,’ Magethus said coldly. ‘Although I can’t remember when command of this operation passed into your hands.’

The castellan axe cut through the neck of another brutish warrior. Blood sprayed from the severed stump, but the corridor was so narrow it didn’t even reach the floor, splattering the howling Orks next to their decapitated comrade instead. The teeming greenskins pushed hard at each other to reach Magethus and his boarding party, dragging the headless xenos with them as there simply wasn’t any room for it to fall.

Magethus shouldered onwards into their mass, bringing the weight of his heavy Allarus Terminator Armour to bear and weathering the pounding blows of the Orks.

Behind Magethus and his squad of Allarus Custodians, a task force of Greyshields led by Alagon Mors followed and added their firepower to the onslaught. Bolt round after bolt round exploded into the howling mass of the Orks, which in turn heightened the wrath of the angry xenos warriors. The Custodians were like a golden rock in the surging sea of screaming beasts. Their axes cut down the greenskin warriors left and right, while their balistus grenade launchers reaped a bloody harvest. Every greenskin that got past the Custodians had to deal with the warriors of the Adeptus Astartes that filled the corridor behind them. The Greyshields cut the xenos down with blade and bolt while their captain crushed heads and spines with his power fist.

But suddenly, the demeanour of the Orks changed. Their deranged shouting gave way to a more focused chanting. As their guttural voices unified, the cramped hall filled with green light.

‘Witch!’ a Greyshield Space Marine behind Magethus shouted, moments before a blinding green lightning struck his helmet with the force of a lascannon, tearing his head clean off.

An Ork with a grotesquely swollen cranium came hovering above the teeming mass of its followers, its eyes rolling in mad glee, while thick drool dripped from its fleshy lips. Maniacally laughing, the Weirdboy gestured towards another Space Marine. The warrior suddenly cramped and fell, tearing at his helmet in desperation. While the rest of the Space Marines closed their lines and opened fire, two of his brethren rushed to help him. They managed to tear off the helmet of the struggling Space Marine, and the warrior gasped for air as if something was stuck in his throat. With a gurgling noise, a red spherical creature burst from his mouth, tearing through the face and skull of the warrior in an explosion of gore. The blood-drenched beast, all legs and teeth and evil eyes, hissed and pounced to sink its fangs into the visor of the next Space Marine.

As the roaring laughter of the Weirdboy became unnaturally loud and the green light in the corridor grew more and more intense, Magethus felt that the battle was on the brink of turning against the Imperial forces.

The greenskins redoubled their efforts, pushing madly into the thin line of Custodians, while more of the Greyshields fell victim to the weird powers of their psyker. One of the Allarus Terminators was buried under the mass of green flesh, his golden armour caved in and hacked apart. Magethus felt his anger rising. Uncountable years of service had ended to save the descendants of the all too prideful warriors who had allowed the Horus Heresy.

'Fight back! Fight back in the name of the Emperor!' Magethus shouted. His righteous wrath pushed back his doubts as he raised his castellan axe once more, chopping off the hands of an Ork warrior who had tried to strangle one of the Greyshields. Yes, he felt no sympathy for the Adeptus Astartes, but his duty towards the Imperium outweighed all.

The Space Marines concentrated their fire in overlapping corridors, mowing down more greenskins as they tried to win back the upper hand. A huge Ork in clanking armour lunged at Magethus, nearly throwing him off his feet. With clenched teeth, the Custodian fought to bring his axe between himself and the snapping klaw of the beast while he simultaneously tried to regain his footing. Suddenly, Alagon Mors was at his side, throwing a devastating punch into the flank of the Meganob. The beast grunted and fell to one knee. That was all the time Magethus had needed to recover, and with a swift strike, he decapitated the greenskin.

Alagon Mors nodded curtly, and Magethus returned the gesture. Side by side, they charged into the fray. They were no comrades, but their common cause united them as it had done many times before on their quest.

But as long as the Weirdboy endured, it was to no avail. Two more Space Marines exploded into a hail of ceramite and bone splinters, swarming the lines of the Adeptus Astartes with more of the snapping and snarling spherical red monstrosities that burst from their innards. Magethus felt the crazed stare of the Ork psyker as it focused on him and braced his soul for the inescapable surge of vile power.

But nothing happened. For a brief moment, a look of dumb puzzlement showed on the face of the Ork psyker. Then it was torn apart by mass-reactive bolt rounds.

Bewildered by this turn of events, the Orks fell into disarray as they were assailed from both sides. While Magethus rallied his forces, Space Marines clad in battered orange armour charged in from the rear of the Ork troops. Chainswords whirred and bolters barked as the Flames of Aries unleashed their wrath. A figure in tattered yellow robes over blue armour led them – a Librarian. Magethus understood. Surely it was he who banished the powers of the Weirdboy.

The attack of Magethus' boarding party must have drawn in so many Orks that the last surviving Flames of Aries had gotten the chance for a counter-attack. Now the two Imperial forces were able to crush the remaining Orks in the corridor between them. With renewed fighting spirit, Magethus raised his castellan axe and charged into the reeling greenskins.

'Welcome aboard the *Spear of Aries*.' The Librarian – who had introduced himself as Salas Dimarco – had led Magethus' warriors to the bridge. It was lit only by sparse emergency lumen. 'I fear I can't offer you any accommodations, as our other guests seem to be quite fond of our ship and not very eager to share.'

Magethus looked around. 'We did not come here to exchange pleasantries. Where is Chapter Master Rigentus? There are matters I have to discuss with him.'

Dimarco shook his head and gestured towards the group of his warriors – some twenty battle-worn Space Marines. 'I am afraid what you see here is all that is left of the Flames of Aries. Our fleet was separated by the Orks several weeks ago, and we have lost contact with our brethren. We think they have faced a similar fate as us. They too will have fought gloriously, and they surely honoured the Chapter with their last breaths.'

Captain Alagon Mors took a step forward and placed his gauntlet on the tarnished shoulder pad of the Librarian. 'But you shall not share their fate … brother.'

Dimarco's expression quickly changed, and a wary smile lit his eyes. 'The days of the Flames of Aries are not counted, then?'

'They are not,' said Magethus. 'But the days of our joint venture seem to be, Captain Mors.'

The Primaris Captain turned to face Magethus. 'Indeed, Shield-Captain. But first, let us wage war together one last time, yes? We've got a battle barge to liberate.'

Weeks later, Magethus stood on the bridge of the *Aeternitas Luminis* again and watched the repaired *Spear of Aries* depart. Aboard the bright-orange ship was a new Chapter of Space Marines, born from the ashes of the past and united under Alagon Mors as their new Chapter Master. As the *Spear* slowly made for the Mandeville point, Magethus thought about what had been achieved. Another Chapter had been brought back from the brink of extinction, ready to throw themselves into the war zones of the Imperium Nihilus. Magethus knew that he had done the Emperor's will, and yet he felt bitterness when he thought about the power he had just placed into the hands of the Adeptus Astartes. Deep inside, he would never fully trust the Space Marines. But maybe his personal notions about them did not matter.

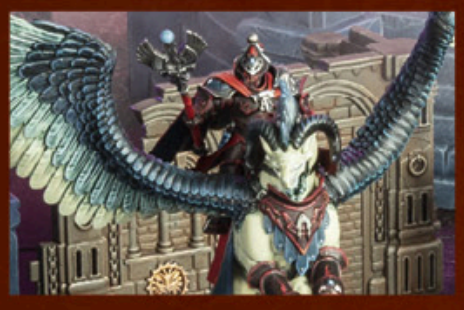
What mattered, he knew, was every front where mankind stood united, every front the Space Marines brought hope to. So Magethus was prepared to cast aside his suspiciousness, trusting in the Emperor of Mankind and ever willing to fulfil his duty. The Imperium might very well depend on it.

WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR

From the maelstrom of a sundered world, the Eight Realms were born. And with their birth began a war to claim them. This month: a new campaign, a Battle Report and the climax to A Tale of Four Warlords.

LAND OF DEAD HEROES

New background and campaign rules for the lands of Hallost in the Realm of Death. Head to page 70 to begin your crusade of conquest.



A TALE OF FOUR WARLORDS

It's the last instalment of The Stormvault Warlords series, which means it includes a massive Battle Report! Turn to page 86 to see who was victorious.

RULES OF ENGAGEMENT

JERVIS JOHNSON

Jervis Johnson has worked for Games Workshop for many years. He is currently the lead rules writer for Warhammer Age of Sigmar, but he has worked on just about every game in the Games Workshop catalogue at one time or another. Most recently he's been seen drawing little houses on bits of graph paper. We have been assured he's fine.

This month's Rules of Engagement presents a set of rules that will allow you to run a narrative play campaign or narrative play organised play event. It is based on a popular genre of game commonly referred to as 'roll and write' or 'flip and write' games. They are called this because in them you first roll some dice or flip a card, and based on the result, you get to tick off some boxes or write down some numbers on a scoring chart. At the end of the game you get points on the boxes you ticked or the numbers you recorded, and the player with the most points wins. The popular dice game Yahtzee is a great example of a roll and write game, and its enduring popularity means that there are many other games like it.

It's no secret that I am a fan of all kinds of games, and I have a real soft spot for a good roll and write game (what can I say, I just love rolling dice!). After playing one recently, it occurred to me that I could take some of the principles from these games and use them to create a narrative campaign system in which you use the results of your games instead of the rolls of some dice to determine what you write down. Thus was born, ahem, Fight and Write. You can use Fight and Write to link five games together into a simple narrative campaign. It was primarily designed as a multiplayer campaign system for a club or small group of players, or to run an organised play campaign over the course of a weekend, but you can also play it 'solo' to try to amass the highest score possible). But enough preamble. Here's how it works.

FIGHT AND WRITE

Fight and Write is an organised play and campaign system in which each player is attempting to amass the most prestige and build the most impressive settlement. To achieve this, the players must fight five battles. They receive a number of points to spend after each game depending on how well they did in the battle. The points are spent to tick off boxes on the player's Prestige charts, and then to build and improve buildings in the player's Settlement. After the points have been spent following the fifth game, the players add up the victory points they have scored on their Prestige charts and for their Settlement, and the player with the most victory points is the winner.

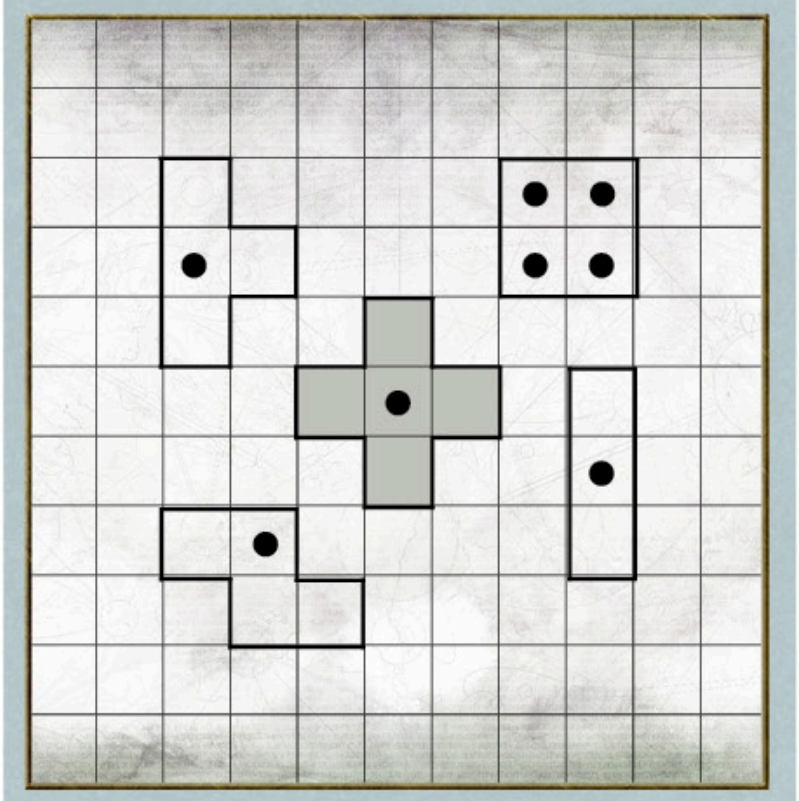
ROUNDS

Fight and Write is played in rounds. In each round, you first fight a battle, then collect battle points and fill in your Results sheet, then fill in your Prestige charts, and finally carry out improvements to your Settlement.

STARTING SETTLEMENT

Before the first round you must build the five starting structures on your Settlement sheet. The starting structures are listed at the top of the Structure Chart on page 68. As you can see, each of the structures in a Settlement is made up of one or more squares. To build a structure, just draw the shape of the structure (in any orientation) on a copy of the Settlement sheet on page 69. The Baleful Realmgate starting structure must be built at the centre of the Settlement. Each other starting structure must be built more than 1 square away from any other starting structure (including diagonally).

Here is an example of a starting Settlement:



Rules of Engagement – penned by veteran games developer Jervis Johnson – focuses on the creation, design and evolution of the rules for Warhammer Age of Sigmar. This month, Jervis has come up with a new idea based on an old concept. He calls it Fight and Write.

BATTLES

At the start of each round, you must fight a battle. In the following rules I've assumed that you will fight your battles against other players taking part in the Fight and Write event or campaign, using the Hidden Agenda rules and either the Meeting Engagement or the Pitched Battle rules from the General's Handbook. Your battles can be fought against any other player taking part in the campaign, but you can only fight a player more than once if it is impossible to fight an opponent you have not already fought a battle against.

BATTLE POINTS

At the end of each battle, you collect battle points according to the table on page 67. There are three kinds of battle points: Glory, Carnage and Agenda. These points, and your tenacity bonus, are used to cross out boxes on your Prestige charts. You must spend all of the battle points you have collected; you can't save them up for a future round.

Agenda Points: You can cross off 1 box on the Agenda Prestige Chart for each Agenda battle point that you collected.

Carnage Points: You can cross off 1 box on the Carnage Prestige Chart for each Carnage battle point that you collected.

Glory Points: You can cross off 1 box on the Glory Prestige Chart that is equal to or less than the number of Glory battle points you collected.

Tenacity Bonus: If you received the tenacity bonus for the battle, you can cross off 1 box on any Prestige chart.

PRESTIGE BONUSES

Each Prestige chart includes bonuses that can be used once each. Crossing off all of the boxes in a row or column on the Glory Prestige Chart earns you the bonus at the end of the filled-in row or column. Crossing off a box on the Carnage or Agenda Prestige charts earns you the bonus listed directly underneath the box you crossed out.

When you earn a bonus, draw a circle round it. Then, when you use a bonus you have earned, cross it out. You can use any number of bonuses one after the other if you wish. You can use bonuses immediately if you wish (you do not have to wait until the next round).

See page 67 for the Prestige bonus effects.

RESULTS SHEET

You must record the battle points you have collected on your Results sheet. Then add together the battle points you received to determine your Prestige score, and use this to determine the number of resource points you receive. In addition, you receive a tenacity bonus as long as you did not concede the battle.

After you have filled in your Results sheets, you must check the calculations on your opponent's sheet and then sign your opponent's sheet if it has been filled in correctly. You are then free to earn Prestige and improve your Settlement as described next.

RESULTS

	Round 1	Round 2	Round 3	Round 4	Round 5
Glory	3				
Carnage	1				
Agenda	2				
SCORE (for round)	6				
Resources (10 + Score + Settlement Bonus)	16				
Tenacity Bonus? (Y/N)	Y				
Witnessed	*Signature*				

A filled-in Results sheet.

GLORY PRESTIGE CHART

1	1	X		2 VP
2	1		3	2 VP
3		X	3	2 VP
	2	X	3	2 VP
4 RP	2 RP	3 RP	5 RP	x

CARNAGE PRESTIGE CHART

X	X	X							
	Tri	1 VP	1 RP	2 RP	Cmd	1 VP	X	AoP	

Filled-in Prestige charts. One column on the Glory Prestige Chart has been filled in, so the 3 RP Prestige bonus can now be used. The Tri(umph) Prestige bonus on the Carnage Prestige Chart has been used and then crossed out so it can't be used again.

IMPROVEMENTS

After you have spent all of your battle points, you must spend all of the resource points you have earned for this round. Any that you don't use before the next round are lost.

Resource points allow you to upgrade the starting Settlements you built on your Settlement sheet, and to build new structures.

Upgrades: You can upgrade up to one starting structure for each Agenda battle point that you collected in the round. So if you collected 2 Agenda points, you could upgrade up to two starting structures. If you haven't collected any Agenda points, you can't upgrade any starting structures. In order to upgrade a structure, you must also pay the number of resource points listed in its cost column. You can then fill in one of the squares on the structure to show that it has been upgraded (see the Structure Chart). With the exception of the stronghold, a starting structure cannot be upgraded more than once. The stronghold can be upgraded up to four times, but not more than twice in the same round.

Build New Structures: You can build any of the structures on the Structure Chart (apart from starting structures) by paying the number of resource points listed in its cost column. You can't build any more starting structures. Additional structures are built on empty squares on your Settlement sheet, in the same way as you built your starting structures, except that they can be placed adjacent to a structure you have already built. Note that you can't build a structure in a square that is already occupied by another structure.

SETTLEMENT BONUSES

Upgrading a starting structure or building a new structure may allow you to use a Settlement bonus. Settlement bonuses are listed in the notes column for a structure.

Settlement bonuses are used in the same way as Prestige bonuses, except that each can be used once per round, including the round in which they are built.

VICTORY POINTS

At the end of the fifth round, after spending your resource points, you must add up the number of victory points you have scored. Victory points are scored for the structures in your Settlement and as Prestige bonuses.

Structure Victory Points: Each structure in your Settlement scores you the number of victory points listed for it on the Structure Chart. If the VPs are shown as two numbers separated by a slash, the value before the slash is used if the structure has not been upgraded, and the number after the slash is used if it has been upgraded.

Prestige Victory Points: Add the VP bonuses earned on your Prestige charts to the total for your structures.

ENCLOSED STRUCTURES

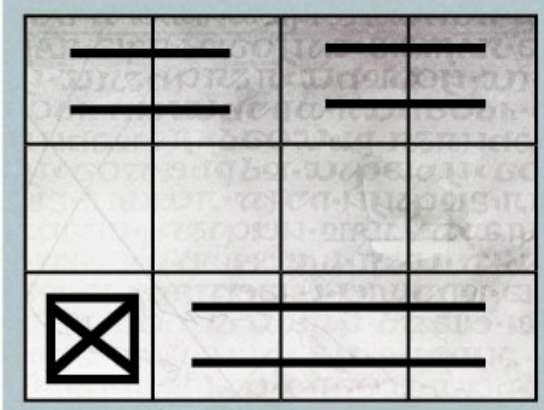
You receive extra victory points for some structures if they are enclosed by the walls and towers of your Settlement. A structure is enclosed if it is impossible to trace a path from the edge of your Settlement chart to any square that is part of the structure without the path passing through a space occupied by an attached wall or attached tower.

VICTORY

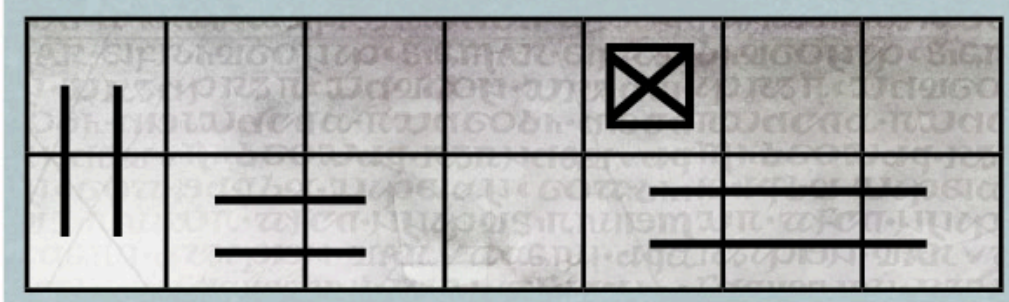
The player with the most victory points wins the campaign or event. In the case of a tie, the player that scored the most battle points wins. If still tied, the player that scored the most glory points wins. If still tied, all of the tied players are joint winners!

BUILDING WALLS AND TOWERS

Walls can only be built if they are attached to a tower or wall that has already been built. All towers after the first can only be built if they are attached to a wall. A wall is attached to a tower if the lines of the wall connect to a square with a tower. A wall is attached to a wall if the lines of the wall connect to a square with the other wall, and the lines of both walls are running in the same direction.



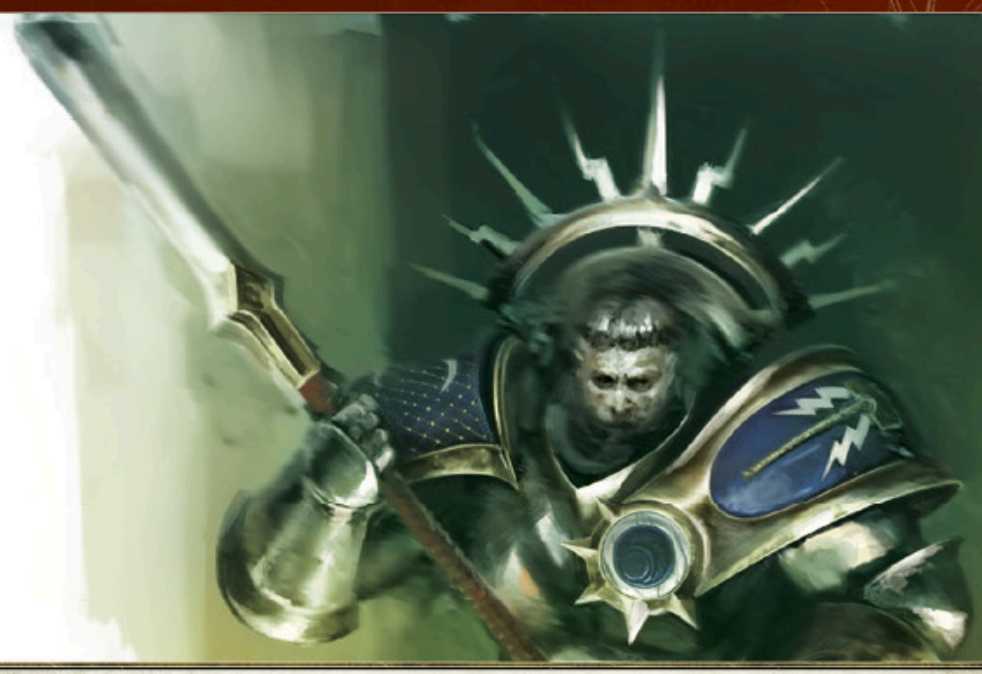
These walls are attached.



These walls are not attached.

PRESTIGE BONUSES

Tri:	Roll 1 extra time on the Triumph table (you can use all of the Triumphs you generate).
AoP:	Use this bonus before armies are set up at the start of a battle. You can take 1 extra artefact of power for your army.
Cmd:	Use this bonus at the start of your hero phase. You receive 1 command point.
X:	Use this bonus when filling in your Prestige charts. You can cross off 1 box on any Prestige chart.
x RP:	Use this bonus when you are improving your Settlement (see Improvements). You receive a number of extra resource points equal to the number shown for the bonus.
x VP:	Add 'x' to the number of victory points you score at the end of the event or campaign (see Victory Points).



BATTLE POINTS

Glory	Lose or Draw (1)	Minor Victory (2)	Major Victory (3)	
Carnage	Destroy all enemy battleline units (1)	Destroy all enemy units (2)	Slay enemy general (+1)	
Agenda	Achieve one Hidden Agenda (1)	Achieve two Hidden Agendas (2)	Achieve three Hidden Agendas (3)	Own general survives battle (+1)

CARNAGE PRESTIGE CHART

	Tri	1 VP	1 RP	2 RP	Cmd	1 VP	X	AoP	1 VP	4 RP	1 VP	1 VP

AGENDA PRESTIGE CHART

1 VP	1 RP	1 VP	1 RP	1 VP	X	1 VP	X	1 VP	X	1 VP	1 VP	1 VP

GLORY PRESTIGE CHART

1	1	2		2 VP
2	1		3	2 VP
3		2	3	2 VP
	2	1	3	2 VP
4 RP	2 RP	3 RP	5 RP	x

RESULTS

	Round 1	Round 2	Round 3	Round 4	Round 5
Glory					
Carnage					
Agenda					
SCORE (for round)					
Resources (10 + Score + Settlement Bonus)					
Tenacity Bonus? (Y/N)					
Witnessed					

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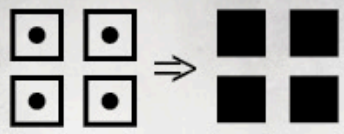
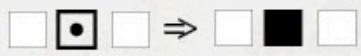
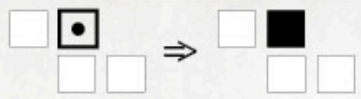
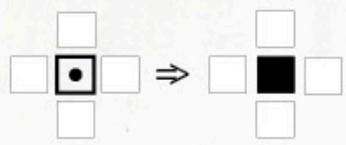
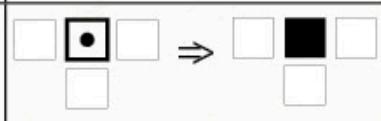
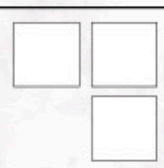
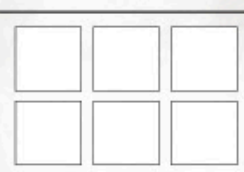
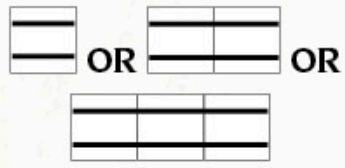
STRUCTURE CHART

Name	Improvement	Cost	VPs	Notes
Stronghold (*Starting Structure*)		See Notes	See Notes	You can upgrade 1 corner of a stronghold for 4 resource points. If you scored at least 2 Glory points, you can upgrade 2 corners instead of 1 for 8 resource points. A stronghold with one upgrade is worth 1 VP, a stronghold with two upgrades is worth 2 VPs, one with three upgrades is worth 4 VPs, and one with all four upgrades is worth 8 VPs.
Ophidean Archway (*Starting Structure*)		**5**	**0/1**	**Bonus: Tri**
Numinous Occulum (*Starting Structure*)		**6**	**0/3**	**Bonus: AoP**
Baleful Realmgate (*Starting Structure*)		**8**	**0/3**	**Bonus: Cmd**
Mausoleum (*Starting Structure*)		**6**	**-1/3**	Can only be upgraded if you scored at least 2 Carnage points.
Wall		**1**	**0**	Must be attached to a tower or another wall.
Tower		**1**	**1**	All towers built after the first must be attached to at least 1 wall.
Town Square		**2**	**0**	An enclosed town square is worth +1 VP for each adjacent empty space. Can only be taken once.
Domicile		**3**	**0**	**Bonus:** +1 VP if enclosed.
Residence		**4**	**1**	**Bonus:** +1 VP if enclosed.
Cul-de-sac		**6**	**2**	**Bonus:** 1 RP. +1 VP if enclosed.
Precinct		**8**	**2**	**Bonus:** 2 RP. +1 VP if enclosed.
Bulwark Shanty		**2**	**0**	**Bonus:** 1 RP. +1 VP if enclosed.

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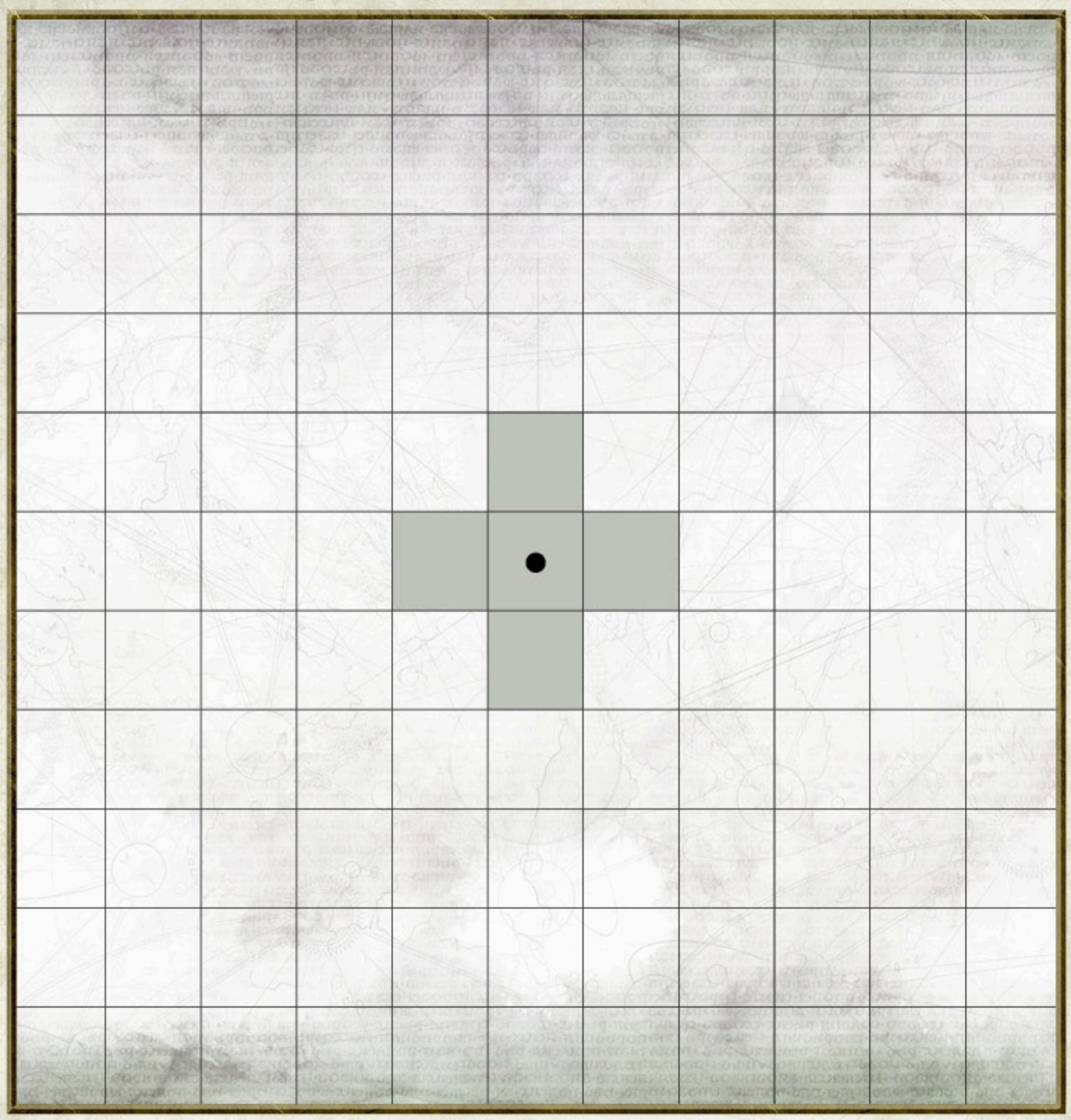
SETTLEMENT NAME: _____ **ROUND:** _____

REALM: _____



SETTLEMENT BONUSES
(can be used in every round): _____

Resource Points: _____

Triumphs: _____

Artefacts of Power: _____

Command Points: _____

VICTORY POINTS: _____

Glory: _____

Carnage: _____

Agenda: _____

Structures: _____

TOTAL: _____

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LAND OF DEAD HEROES

Innumerable underworlds await the denizens of the Mortal Realms, from utopias and wondrous vistas to sorrow-filled lands and places of eternal torment. But for one particular culture of courageous mortals, there is Hallost – the Land of Dead Heroes.

The underworld of Hallost is a vast continent in the Prime Innerlands. Stretching from the Warmsoul Uplands in the north to Cape Ghoul in the south, it contains broad open plains, winding mountain ranges and ancient untamed forests. It is home to the souls of mighty heroes – those who fought bravely in life to defend their peoples against tyrants and monsters.

When the God-King Sigmar first set foot in the Mortal Realms, Hallost was already populated with powerful spirits from the icy steppes of Ghur. Each was a champion of legend, with a warrior spirit equal to many lesser mortals, who had died in battle with the spawn of godbeasts or been slain in wars against hordes of greenskins or mutated beasts. Their tribes roamed across great swathes of the Realm of Beasts, bound by a shared belief that warriors who performed valorous deeds would be rewarded in the afterlife. In Hallost, this belief was made reality.

THE REALM OF DEATH

Hallost lies in the Prime Innerlands of Shyish, the Realm of Death. In other realms, the centre of the realm is the most stable, but in Shyish, everything is slowly being drawn into the Shyish Nadir. It is only a matter of time before the lands of Hallost suffer the same fate.

During the Age of Myth, Hallost was dotted with feasting halls and muster huts, within which the dead heroes gathered. As one they would eat, drink and make merry before marching out to do battle against the monstrous fiends that roamed the land. Hallost echoed to the clash of blades and the laughter of chanting warriors. Every day, some of these heroes would die in combat, to be cremated on towering funeral pyres. Yet the following morn they would rise from the ashes to feast and fight once more. This was their reward – an afterlife of endless battle in which their heroic lives and glorious deaths played out again and again.

Sigmar brought order and civilisation to Shyish's Innerlands. He was a father-god to mortal men,

bestowing his divine knowledge upon them and brokering alliances between their primitive societies. Grand cities were established, empires emerged and grew, nations flourished and stood together against the threats at their borders. Under Sigmar's watchful eye the living and dead coexisted in relative harmony, the former paying tribute to their ancestors, the latter sharing their wisdom. Over generations, a time of prosperity was ushered in, yet in some underworlds this was not so easy to achieve.

In Hallost, the noble dead were wary of Sigmar's arrival. The living had always been barred from their lands, and though the God-King was manifestly heroic, they knew not if he came as a friend or a conqueror. One hundred and forty-four chieftains met with Sigmar in the Longhut of the Vanquishers, a vast feasting hall carved from the ribcage of one of Hallost's many monstrosities. There they challenged the God-King to prove his might; in a single day of glorious battle, each of the heroes was slain, to be reborn the following morning. Recognising Sigmar as a god amongst warriors, the chieftains feasted with him gladly, and he demanded that they allow the living into Hallost. Many accepted, once assurances were provided that the daily battles that were their eternal reward would continue. Only twelve resisted, claiming the living had no place in the Land of Dead Heroes. But these dissenters were outnumbered.

Living settlers soon came to Hallost. Some dwelt apart from the dead, while others chose to live alongside the warrior spirits, building memorials and statuary gardens to commemorate their deeds. The greatest of Hallost's cities was Vaddenheim to the north-east, where the grand temple known as the Cerassa rose in honour of Sigmar's pantheon. Mortals who proved worthy conferred with dead heroes and wrote sagas to record their glorious histories. Palisades were constructed along Hallost's coastline, where those who had died battling monstrosities of the ocean depths kept constant vigil.

Yet not all the fallen heroes welcomed the coming of the God-King. Some remained in isolation and killed any living souls who encroached on their lands. Others looked to Nagash as the mightiest of chieftains. But these tensions were soon overtaken by a far greater threat.

TREASURES OF THE STORM

Sigmar had his own designs for Hallost. Across the continent he built Stormvaults, ensorcelled chambers in which powerful relics would be kept safe. The Land of Dead Heroes had many artefacts that were so replete with deathly energy that they could not be removed from Shyish, bound with eldritch curses or clutched in the hands of dead warriors. Many spectral heroes pledged to defend these chambers, and through the arcane Penumbral Engines the Stormvaults were hidden from memory. Yet the necroquake saw these devices thwarted; with the vaults revealed, their ancient guardians were soon assailed by all who sought to leverage a sorcerous edge in the conflict.

THE COMING OF CHAOS

Across the realms the insidious whispers of Chaos seeped through the veil of reality and took hold in mortal minds. At first in secret, then in the open, the Ruinous Powers were praised by hateful demagogues, and were given worship through profane rituals and gruesome sacrifices. Whole nations devoted themselves to slaughter and madness, turning upon their neighbours. Peoples were hunted to extinction, their grand cities devastated. As strife consumed the Mortal Realms, the Dark Gods spat forth their daemon legions, and the Age of Chaos began.

Legions devoted to each of the Dark Gods invaded Shyish. Nurgle's plague fleets emerged from the necrotic seas and besieged Athanasia, the Amethyst Princedoms, Ossia and Stygxx. Tzeentchian cabals descended upon the underworld of Biblia and devoured the spectral denizens who existed as embodiments of pure knowledge. Carnivals of Slaaneshi daemons tore through the Prime Innerlands, delighting in the torments they inflicted on their undying victims. And Khorne – the Blood God and Lord of Warfare – marched his armies upon Hallost.

Khorne's legions were eager to join the eternal battles in the Land of Dead Heroes. Cults of blood emerged in many cities, warriors dedicating themselves solely to the reaping of skulls. They butchered their fellow inhabitants, and with the gore that spilled forth conducted profane rituals to corrupt the Realmgates dotted around the continent. From these twisted portals, the Blood God's daemonic armies marched forth from the Realm of Chaos.

Snarling hosts of bloodthirsty daemons rampaged across Hallost. The port cities along the Driftwood Beaches were besieged, the seas clotting with viscera. In Morrsend, the Great Wall of Sagas was shattered, the scribe-folk who dwelt in its shadow ruthlessly slaughtered. With blades wrought in the forges of the Brass Citadel, Khorne's champions cleaved the heads from the spectral warriors, dedicating their skulls to the Skull Throne – and in doing so, preventing the dead heroes from rising anew.

THE COLD HAND OF THE GRAVE

In temples throughout Hallost, the faithful prayed to Sigmar, crying out for aid. But the enormity of the Chaos invasions kept the God-King's attention spread across the realms. Conversely, Nagash was focused solely on Shyish. The Great Necromancer believed himself the rightful lord of death, and where Sigmar had sought alliances with the spectral denizens of the underworlds, Nagash demanded complete submission. In the coming of Chaos, he saw his opportunity to bind recalcitrant Hallost to his will.

Soulblight nobles and thrall necromancers raised vast undead armies in preparation for the counterattack. Uncountable bloated cadavers shambled forth from the Valour Fjords to slow the enemy advance, while above the mountains of Modrhavn, Terrorgheists gathered in such numbers that their wailing shredded the minds

of Khorne's warriors for leagues around. While these battles raged, Nagash began work on another vector of conquest. Deep amidst the Endless Boneyard – a grim desert strewn with the remnants of ancient leviathans – the necropolis of Cartoch rose. Within lurked cohorts of Ossiarch Bonereapers, ready to begin the conquest of Hallost proper.

Yet for each victory over the invaders, the undead defenders of Hallost suffered two punishing defeats. At Dirge Peak an army of risen dead that stretched to the horizon was annihilated by an equally vast horde of Bloodletters led by the Bloodthirster Khazkhan. As the slaughter reached a crescendo, the mountain erupted with magmatic blood, a gateway from which emerged even more daemonic warriors. The bolstered army of Khazkhan surged down from the peak in search of carnage, towards the valley of the Nordyrie.

In life, the Nordyrie had fought bravely for their chiefs and warlords, but in death they served no master. They had remained in isolation when Sigmar came to their lands, and had rejected the pleading entreaties of Hallost's living settlers when the daemon hordes had invaded. With Khazkhan's army approaching, none of the Nordyrie's spirits stepped forward to lead the defence. But Nagash cared not for their resistance, believing them his to command by divine right, and sought to harness the wayward spirits in Hallost's defence.

Upon a colossal altar of desiccated marrow, Nagash sacrificed a thousand living prisoners, devouring their souls to fuel his fell magic. The Great Necromancer wrought a curse that bound the spirits of the Nordyrie to him, stripping them of their pride and independence. Reduced to slaves, the once-mighty heroes bowed before their new master. Nagash swiftly unleashed this spectral force on the Khornate horde. Only Khazkhan escaped into the lands that would thenceforth be named the Plains of Flesh and Blood, the region soon warping under the volcanic wrath of Khorne.

SAVAGERY UNLEASHED

In those early years of the Age of Chaos, Hallost's denizens held hope that they could claim victory. But like all things in Shyish, those hopes came to an inescapable end. When Archaon the Everchosen advanced on Nagashizzar, the Great Necromancer was forced to abandon the Land of Dead Heroes. Even the fortress of Cartoch was left half-finished, its Ossiarch garrison waiting for the call to war. Sigmar also retreated from Hallost, taking the most powerful souls and withdrawing to Azyr to create his Stormhosts.

With their spectral armies gutted, and their godly allies departed, the inhabitants of Hallost fought on as best they could. Ancient Realmgates were abandoned, allowing legions beholden to each of the Chaos Gods to spill forth and carve out their depraved domains. Yet these were not the only armies to emerge into the war-wracked landscape.

Rampaging hordes of greenskins and ogors surged into Hallost through the Beastmaw Realmgate, located at the head of a deep ravine known as the Booming Scar. From here they spread across the continent, seeking out those Ghurish heroes who had provided a good fight in life – and promptly killing them again. Cities of the living were reduced to ruin, while the feasting halls of the dead played host to hungering Frostlords. The Tarkan, a warglutt of the legendary Meatfist Mawtribe, settled in the Magthar Mountains that bordered the Endless Boneyard. There were even rumours of titanic gargants roaming the most inimical regions of Hallost, though those expeditions that set out in search of the beasts never returned.

A handful of civilised bastions endured, though with each passing decade their garrisons dwindled. All saw their final, inglorious end approaching, for Hallost teetered on the precipice of damnation.

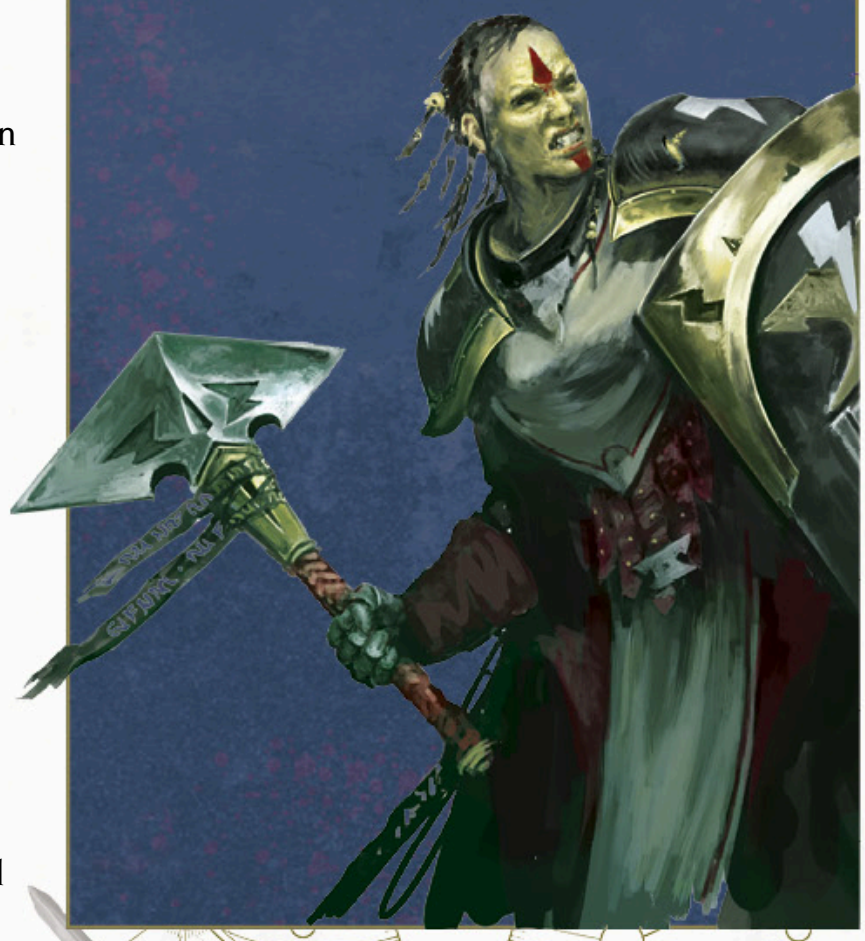
THE HEAVENS OPEN

Before the forces of Chaos could achieve total victory, the God-King at last returned. The skies above Shyish crackled with cerulean energy, and upon bolts of lightning the Stormcast Eternals descended. They crashed into the Chaos legions on countless fronts, striking down their foes with the fury of a raging tempest.

In Hallost, the Astral Templars and Anvils of the Heldenhammer recaptured the Oathsworn Gate at the underworld's heart, driving back the Khornate hordes and tearing down the eight walls of skulls that had been raised around it. Their beachhead secured, the Stormhosts pressed north into Modrhavn to exterminate the Chaos monstrosities that had overrun that mountainous country. As they battled their way across this once-hallowed hunting ground, they were joined by native warriors of Hallost – both living and dead – who had endured the bloody centuries of the Age of Chaos. Together they slaughtered every last beast of the rampaging Gnarlspine Greatfray and reclaimed the ancient feasting hall of Gordheim.

THE STOLEN HEROES

After their shared victory, the dead heroes of Hallost held a great feast in honour of their Stormcast allies. As in times gone by they drank and told tales of valour, recounting the history of the Ghurish ice tribes and the wars in which they found glorious death. The Astral Templars told of their former lives in return, bringing great joy when it was revealed that some of their number had also hailed from Ghur. But when the Anvils of the Heldenhammer spoke, the hall fell quiet. Many had been reforged from the heroic souls of Hallost, taken to Azyr when their underworld needed them most. For the assembled heroes, this revelation sparked feelings of resentment, contempt and even hatred towards Sigmar, for he had taken their greatest warriors before abandoning Hallost.



Elsewhere, it was the resurgent power of Nagash that saw the Chaos forces driven back. Following his defeat at Archaon's hands, the Great Necromancer had spent centuries marshalling his strength. At last he emerged from the Starless Gates, a swell of death magic sweeping across Shyish. In Hallost, vast legions of undead clawed up from shallow graves, and those heroic souls Nagash had claimed as his own overran their enemies in great spectral processions. In recent times, a formidable army of conquest has marched upon Hallost. These are the Ossiarch legions of Katakros. From their stronghold in the Endless Boneyard and the neighbouring underworld of Praetoria to the east, they have gradually encircled Hallost, enforcing their terrible tithes upon the living populace and encroaching ever closer to the mortal settlements around the great city of Vaddenheim.

In the final hour before claiming total dominion over Hallost, the armies of Chaos were halted. They were driven from the lands they had conquered, slaughtered in the streets of once-grand cities and banished from corrupted sites of arcane power. But they were not defeated. The once-lush Western Lowlands, now known as the Dreadscape, still echoed to the sound of profane prayers as mortal worshippers conducted infernal rituals and summoned daemons into existence.

Settlements that had been liberated from Chaos came under attack as great Waaaghs! tore across the land, headed by greenskin bosses who thrived on the endless fighting. The ogors too mobilised, though not without cost; as ancient pacts between the Tarkan Warglutt and the Bonereapers of Cartoch broke down, the herald Vokmortian was dispatched to pass judgement, sparking a war that would swiftly engulf both races.

Infighting also wracked the ranks of spectral heroes. Those loyal to the God-King regarded Nagash with horror, knowing that he sought to claim them utterly, whereas others decried Sigmar as a soul-thief who had doomed Hallost by stealing its champions for his own purposes.

So it was that the Land of Dead Heroes continued to be ravaged by war. Over time, some of the heroic souls came to see this unending bloodshed as a fitting reward for their deeds in life – for just as before the coming of Chaos, they feasted and fought and died every day, and were resurrected each morning to begin the cycle anew.

THE NORDYRIE

The valley known as the Nordyrie was once a holdout for proud warrior spirits who would not bow to any master. The surrounding lands have ever been replete with the death energies of those spirits, and of their enemies, but are now also infused with the spiteful curses of the Great Necromancer.

The Nordyrie was once a verdant valley nestled in the foothills of Dirge Peak, at the north end of the Endless Boneyard. Its heroic dead had served their masters loyally in life, fighting in wars where there was no hope for victory, facing death rather than dishonour. But in the afterlife they found their respite.

No more would they serve others; every woman and man would feast and fight, then die and be reborn as equals. The Nordyrie lent itself well to these leaderless souls, being far distant from the feasting halls where eternal chieftains ruled over other heroic, though nonetheless servile, spirits. Only those who were their own masters were allowed to set foot in the valley; the plunging meadows were even thought to swallow any who bent the knee to another.

The dead of the Nordyrie were guided not by law or dictates, but by the common bonds of courage and independence. It is said that an envoy of the Nordyrie dead was amongst the chiefs who met with Sigmar in the Longhut of the Vanquishers, and that this envoy was also among the dozen who opposed the God-King's designs to allow the living into the Land of Dead Heroes. While living settlers did come to Hallost in great numbers during the Age of Myth, they were never permitted to enter the Nordyrie.

With no settlements for leagues in any direction, the Nordyrie was not overrun by the barbaric hordes that emerged from Hallost's cities in the Age of Chaos. As such, when the army of the Bloodthirster Khazkhan descended from Dirge Peak, the warrior souls of the valley were fresh and eager – but none would take the position of chieftain in order to present a unified defence against the coming daemon legion. In this moment of hesitance, Nagash saw an opportunity to subjugate these warrior spirits.

The Great Necromancer had long coveted dominion of the Nordyrie, and had patiently waited until its spirits would be of most use to him. That time had arrived. Nagash travelled to the mound of blackened bone known as Mount Marrow, and there conducted a mass sacrifice. The souls of a thousand living, defiant prisoners were torn from their bodies and used to fuel the curse prepared for the heroes of the Nordyrie. They had ever denied his rule, so as punishment Nagash rendered them honourless slaves, not only to his own will, but to any master willing to ply them with a suitable payment in souls. Though this was a diversion from the Great

Necromancer's usual megalomania, he deemed it acceptable to humble the proud spirits utterly.

Nagash's curse had changed the Nordyrie forever. The lush vale was transformed into a desolate crater, its grassy meadows becoming lifeless clay and its copses crumbling to dust.

The Nordyrie is bordered to the east by cursed Dirge Peak, to the north by the Plains of Flesh and Blood, and to the south by the Endless Boneyard. These two former locations still pulse with the energies of Chaos, legacies of Khazkhan's campaigns of bloodshed through the valley lowlands. Though the Plains of Flesh and Blood were once amongst the most arable farmland in all of Hallost, they are now a warped hellscape of bubbling blood-geysers and brass-fanged ravines. It is said that Khazkhan's shade still haunts those lands, and that the Bloodthirster can be called forth through horrific acts of violence and sacrifice.

The Endless Boneyard, if anything, is even more dangerous to the living. Here can be found the bones of ancient behemoths that once roamed Hallost, their sandstorm-swept carcasses surrounded by drifting clouds of amethyst magic. Here too can be found the Necropolis of Cartoch. This is the prime holding of the Bonereapers in the underworld, and the tithe legions of Nagashizzar often utilise Cartoch as a staging camp, from there striking out across Hallost. Work on further necropolises – the strongholds of Nyazzar to the south and Myrmid on the eastern coast – has begun as the Ossiarch legions gradually tighten their grip on the continent.

When the shattering energies of the necroquake rocked Shyish, the lowlands of the Nordyrie collapsed into a jagged pit, revealing a grim truth. Beneath the valley was a one-way Realmgate that led from Hallost to the Great Oubliette – the dungeon-like underworld in which countless souls are imprisoned by Nagash. It was this portal that had taken those in the valley who submitted themselves to the will of another. Now exposed, the shimmering passage shows a vision of what the Nordyrie had once been, luring souls who yearn for what they have lost to pass into the Great Oubliette.

The necroquake has also stirred the arcane energies that were dormant in Mount Marrow. Bitter sorrow radiates from this place, bearing down upon the souls of all in the region and filling them with a sense of subjugation and defeat. Mighty spirits that enter the valley become broken shadows of their former glory. As they drift hopelessly, they are drawn towards the Nordyrie Realmgate and pass through it willingly, seeing it as the paradisal valley that it once was.

The armies that battle over the Nordyrie must contend with a pervasive sense of doom, knowing that Nagash has marked it as his own, yet still they fight to gather the spirits of dead heroes to their cause. The death energies emanating from Mount Marrow also serve as a powerful beacon to those seeking to strengthen their own sorcerous rites, while those who wish to prevent the souls of the land being siphoned away, as well as those who seek a passageway into the Great Oubliette, battle for control of the Nordyrie Realmgate.

CAMPAIGNS IN HALLOST

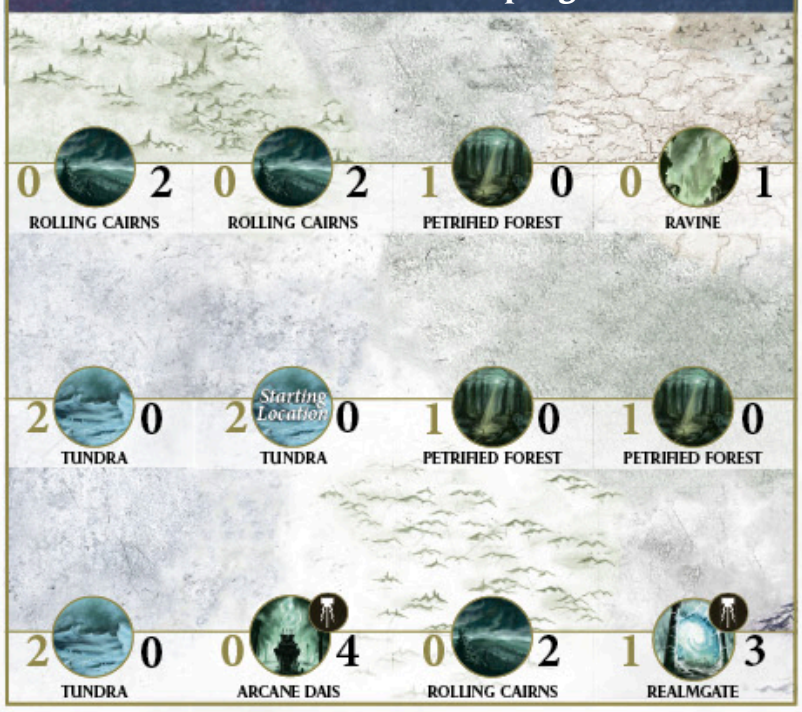
Once the final resting place of mighty heroes, this afterlife has been torn asunder as the armies of Order, Chaos, Death and Destruction seek to conquer it and harness the land's arcane power.

Over the last few pages we have explored the dark and foreboding region of Hallost. Now it is time to find out how you can set about conquering these haunted lands for yourself! In this issue you will find a full campaign system to use alongside your games of Warhammer Age of Sigmar. For the uninitiated, a campaign system is a way of linking your battles into an ongoing story. In a Hallost campaign, the battles you fight will dictate the territories you can conquer on the campaign map. Between games, you will build up resources and power that can be spent on fortifying your land, strengthening your army, and a host of other stuff too. The campaign is played in a series of rounds (referred to as campaign rounds), each made up of a battle phase and a conquer phase. Players will earn Campaign Victory points (CVPs) through various means during the campaign, and at the end, the player who meets the victory condition is declared the winner.

This issue includes a campaign map for 2 players to fight over: the Nordyrie, a desolate land to the north of Hallost dominated by a single large Realmgate. Future issues of W*hite* D*warf* will include new campaign maps that allow for more players to join in and will also feature unique battleplans set in the mysterious lands of Hallost.

THE CAMPAIGN MAP

Each campaign map is made up of 25 locations, and includes starting locations and key locations. The numbers and symbols on each location are explained later. Each campaign map also includes special rules for its key locations, as well as the victory condition that details what the players need to do in order to win the campaign.



SETTING UP A HALLOST CAMPAIGN

CAMPAIGN MAP

To get started, you will need to choose a campaign map and find fellow players to play the campaign. You can find the Nordyrie campaign map, which caters for 2 players, on page 85. Feel free to photocopy it and print it out for your games. Together with a friend, you'll be able to duke it out for control over this region.

ARMY FLAGS

Next, each player will need a set of army flags to mark their territory on the campaign map. There are four sets of coloured flags on page 84. We recommend photocopying them, cutting them out and sticking them to 25mm round bases. Or you could go old-school and glue them to a cardboard cereal packet, then cut them out – whatever works best for you.

MUSTERING THE ARMIES

Each player chooses an army allegiance for the campaign. Players note down their army allegiance on their Army Roster card, found opposite. Players must use this army allegiance in each battle played during the campaign but are otherwise free to change the composition of their army between battles.

You can photocopy the Army Roster card to the right for each player participating in the campaign. There are boxes to record the different points you accrue during the campaign: Initiative, Power and Campaign Victory points. At the start of the campaign, each player has 0 of each type of point.

PICK STARTING LOCATIONS

Each campaign map has two or more starting locations. The players sort themselves into an order using a series of roll-offs, and then take it in turns to pick their starting location by placing their army flag on that location.

DETERMINE THE RANDOM EVENT

Next, one player rolls on the Campaign Event table opposite to see which event will be in play for the first campaign round. To roll a D36, first roll a D3 to determine the ten, then roll a D6 to determine the unit. For example, if a player rolled a 2 then a 4, the result would be 24.

THE CAMPAIGN BEGINS

The campaign is now set up, and you are ready to begin!

ARMY ROSTER CARD	ARMY ROSTER CARD	ARMY ROSTER CARD
NAME:	NAME:	NAME:
ARMY ALLEGIANCE:	ARMY ALLEGIANCE:	ARMY ALLEGIANCE:
INITIATIVE POINTS:	INITIATIVE POINTS:	INITIATIVE POINTS:
POWER POINTS:	POWER POINTS:	POWER POINTS:
CAMPAIGN VICTORY POINTS:	CAMPAIGN VICTORY POINTS:	CAMPAIGN VICTORY POINTS:

CAMPAIGN EVENT TABLE	
D36	**Event**
11-16	**BRIEF RESPITE** No effect
21	**THE BARRENS STIR** While this event is in play, the Power Value of all Gallow Barrens is increased by 1.
22	**THE TUNDRAS STIR** While this event is in play, the Power Value of all Tundras is increased by 1.
23	**THE HIGHLANDS STIR** While this event is in play, the Power Value of all Highlands is increased by 1.
24	**THE MARSHES STIR** While this event is in play, the Resource Value of all Marshes is increased by 1.
25	**THE CAIRNS STIR** While this event is in play, the Resource Value of all Rolling Cairns is increased by 1.
26	**THE FORESTS STIR** While this event is in play, the Resource Value of all Petrified Forests is increased by 1.
31	**DEPLETED RESOURCES** While this event is in play, the Resource Value of key locations is decreased by 1 (to a minimum of 0).
32	**HIDDEN SOULS** While this event is in play, the Resource Value of all locations with a Resource Value of 0 is increased by 1.
33	**PLACES OF POWER** While this event is in play, the Power Value of all key locations is increased by 1.
34	**THE UNDERDOG** While this event is in play, the player with the fewest Campaign Victory points immediately earns D6 Power points. If two or more players are tied for the fewest Campaign Victory points, this Random Event applies to all of them.
35	**HIDDEN POWER** While this event is in play, the Power Value of all locations with a Power Value of 0 is increased by 1.
36	**TIME OF TRIBULATIONS** All players immediately earn D6 power points.

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PLAYING A HALLOST CAMPAIGN

Champions who lead their forces to Hallost are faced with death at every turn. The underworld crawls with rival armies, and with each day the whole continent is pulled closer towards its doom in the Shyish Nadir.

A Hallost campaign is played as a series of campaign rounds. Each campaign round has 2 phases:

1. Battle phase

2. Conquer phase

THE BATTLE PHASE

During the battle phase, the players fight battles of Warhammer Age of Sigmar. The number of battles you fight in each battle phase, and who your opponent is, depends on the number of players in the campaign. Consult the table below.

When players battle each other, they are free to choose any battleplan for the battle. For example, players could play through one of the battleplans from the Core Book, or one of the battleplans from the *General's Handbook 2019*.

Over the next few issues of *White Dwarf*, we will include 5 Pitched Battle battleplans and 5 Narrative Play battleplans set in Hallost.

All battles fought in a Hallost campaign use the Realm of Battle rules found on page 82.

NUMBER OF PLAYERS	BATTLES
2	The players fight 1 battle in the battle phase.
3	Each player fights 2 battles in the battle phase, one against each of the other players.
4	Each player fights 1 battle in the battle phase. The player with the fewest CVPs (if players are tied, they roll-off), chooses 1 of the other players to be their opponent in battle; the remaining two players fight a battle together.

Initiative Points

At the start of each battle phase, each player starts with 0 initiative points. After a battle has been fought, each player receives a number of initiative points as follows:

Winning a major victory	**3 initiative points**
Winning a minor victory	**2 initiative points**
Slaying the enemy general	**2 initiative points**
Slaying an enemy hero	**1 initiative point**
Fighting a battle against an opponent with more CVPs	**1 initiative point**

At the end of the battle phase, each player totals their initiative points. Whoever has the highest total will have an advantage in the following conquer phase. At the end of the conquer phase, each player's initiative points total is reset to 0.

THE CONQUER PHASE

Once the battle phase is complete, the players gather around the campaign map and resolve the conquer phase. This is where players capture territory and expand their empires, purchase upgrades for their army, and generally get up to as much mischief and skullduggery as possible!

In the conquer phase, the players follow these steps:

1. Determine Initiative

2. Seize Territory

3. Earn Campaign Victory Points

4. Check Victory Conditions

5. Earn Power Points

6. Spend Power Points

7. Generate Random Event

Once step 7 has been completed – or step 4 in the final campaign round – the campaign round ends.

1. DETERMINE INITIATIVE

At the start of the conquer phase, the players must determine the initiative order for that phase. The player who earned the most initiative points during the battle phase is first in the initiative order, followed by the player with the second highest and so on. If two or more players are tied for initiative points, they roll off to determine who comes before the other.

2. SEIZE TERRITORY

In initiative order, each player can conquer a single location on the campaign map, taking it under their control. To do so, the player places one of their army counters on that location, replacing any already there. A player can only conquer a location on the campaign map if it is adjacent to a location they already control (including diagonally). If that location is currently controlled by another player, it can only be conquered if the player trying to conquer it won a game against the controlling player during the battle phase of the current campaign round. In addition, a location can only be conquered once per campaign round.

Routed

If, at the end of the Seize Territory step, a player ever has zero locations, that player has been routed. When a player is routed, they immediately lose 3 campaign victory points (to a minimum of 0). Then, at the end of this step, they must establish a new territory. To do so, any players that have been routed can immediately conquer any one location on the campaign map that is not a key location. If multiple players have been routed, resolve this in initiative order. If there are any uncontrolled locations on the campaign map that are not key locations, the location to be conquered must be chosen from among such locations. Otherwise, any location controlled by a player who controls more than 1 location can be conquered, as long as it is not a key location.

Locations

Each location on the campaign map has two numbers. The gold number on the left is the Resource Value and the black number on the right is the Power Value. Army flags are placed on the location when they are conquered. The hammer icon denotes if the location is a key location. On the campaign map, you will find the special rules for each key location.

3. EARN CAMPAIGN VICTORY POINTS

Each player adds up the Resource Values (the gold number on each location) of all the locations they currently control. Each player earns a number of Campaign Victory points equal to their total.

4. CHECK VICTORY CONDITIONS

Check the victory conditions for the campaign map (the victory conditions for the Nordyrie can be found on page 84). If this is the last campaign round, determine the winner of the campaign, and do not resolve the remaining steps of the conquer phase.

5. EARN POWER POINTS

Each player adds up the Power Values (the black number on each location) of all the locations they control. Each player earns a number of Power points equal to their total and adds these to their current Power points.

6. SPEND POWER POINTS

In initiative order, each player chooses to spend any of their Power points on Power Play bonuses from the table on page 83. Each option has an associated cost (listed as PP). When a player chooses an option from the table on page 83, they reduce their Power points total accordingly. If they do not have enough Power points for a particular option, they cannot choose it. In addition, unless stated otherwise, the same option can be chosen multiple times by the same player and its effect is resolved each time it is chosen.

Once the first player in initiative order has decided how to spend any of their Power points, the next player in initiative order then decides, and so on. Any Power points that are unspent at the end of this step are carried over into subsequent rounds of the campaign.

7. GENERATE RANDOM EVENT

One player then rolls on the Campaign Event table on page 79 to determine the campaign event in effect for the next campaign round. Then the next campaign round begins!

Determining the Winner

Each campaign map has a victory condition. This details how many campaign rounds the campaign is played for and who wins the campaign.

REALM OF BATTLE

REGIONS OF WAR: HALLOST

The following rules can be used both for individual battles and campaigns fought in Hallost, in the Prime Innerlands of Shyish, the Realm of Death.

REALMSPHERE MAGIC

WIZARDS know the following spell in battles fought in these regions, in addition to any other spells that they know.

PALL OF DOOM

A cloud of terrifying darkness pours forth and engulfs the wizard's foes.

Pall of Doom has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick an enemy unit within 18" of the caster that is visible to them. Subtract 2 from the Bravery characteristic of the unit you picked until your next hero phase.

REALM COMMANDS

You can use the following command abilities in battles fought in these regions, in addition to the command abilities that you are normally allowed to use.

HONOUR THE DEAD

The dead are honoured by the living ending the lives of their remaining foes.

You can use this command ability at the start of the combat phase. If you do so, pick a friendly unit that is within 3" of a friendly **HERO** or 12" of your general, and roll a dice. If the dice roll is less than the number of models that have been slain from that unit (and not returned), you can add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of weapons used by that unit in that combat phase.

SOUL-FORCE SACRIFICE

Your general can siphon soul force from their minions to extend their life.

You can use this command ability at the start of your hero phase. If you do so, pick a friendly unit that is within 3" of your general. Allocate any number of wounds to that unit that you wish – you can heal 1 wound that has been allocated to your general for each wound that you allocate.

REALMSCAPE FEATURES

land of dead heroes

Hallost is an underworld born from the beliefs of noble heroes and warlike champions. To walk those rugged lands is to be surrounded by the spirits of these fallen exemplars; whether through heeding their sage advice or mercilessly drawing upon their essence, the lords of invading armies will soon find their own powers bolstered.

At the start of each battle round, before the players roll off to decide which player takes the first turn, one player rolls on the Random Events Table below to see which effect is in play for that battle round.

D6	RANDOM EVENTS TABLE
1	**DEATHLY MIGHT:** Add 1 to the damage inflicted for attacks made by a **HERO** with a melee weapon that target any enemy **HERO.**
2	**IMBUED WITH UNDEATH:** Each **HERO** on the battlefield immediately heals 1 wound allocated to them.
3	**SPECTRAL ADVISOR:** Each player rolls a number of dice equal to the number of **HEROES** from their army on the battlefield. For each 6, that player receives 1 additional command point.
4	**GHOSTLY GALE:** **HEROES** can charge even if they ran in the same turn.
5	**ETHEREAL ARMOUR:** Ignore modifiers (positive or negative) when making save rolls for attacks that target **HEROES**.
6	**THE DEAD RETURN:** Roll a dice for each **HERO** that has been slain during the battle (and not returned). On a 6, that model heals D6 wounds and is returned to the battlefield. The controlling player sets up the **HERO** anywhere on the battlefield more than 9" away from any enemy units.

THE POWER PLAY TABLE

During the conquer phase, players total up their power points. They can then spend them on Power Play bonuses chosen from the table below. Some of the results affect the battles you fight, while others can be used during the conquer phase to give you additional bonuses. Will you spend your power points as soon as you get them, or save them up for some of the bigger bonuses?

POWER PLAY TABLE	
1PP	**CONSOLIDATE STRENGTH:** At the start of each battle, in the battle phase of the next campaign round, you gain 1 additional command point.
2PP	**ALL OR NOTHING:** You can only choose this option once in a campaign round. In the battle phase of the next campaign round, you receive 6 initiative points for winning a **major victory** instead of 3. However, if you do not win a **major victory**, you forfeit all initiative points for that campaign round.
3PP	**PRESS THE ATTACK:** You can immediately conquer one additional location (the other restrictions for conquering locations still apply).
4PP	**FORTIFY LOCATION:** Pick one of your locations and place a fortification marker on the location to represent that it is fortified. If a player tries to conquer this territory, roll a dice. On a 1-3, that location is conquered as normal; on a 4-6, the location is not conquered. Once that location is conquered, it is no longer fortified.
5PP	**SEIZE THE INITIATIVE:** You can only choose this option once in a campaign round. In the next campaign round, you are first in the initiative order, regardless of how many initiative points you have. If multiple players choose this option, then at the end of this step, those players roll off and the winner can resolve its effect.
6PP	**DIVINER OF FATE:** You can only choose this option once in a campaign round. When generating the campaign event for the next campaign round, do not roll a dice. Instead, you can pick the campaign event in play. If multiple players choose this option, then at the end of this step, those players roll off and the winner can resolve its effect.

CAMPAIGN RULES: THE NORDYRIE

Lying at the northern edge of the Endless Boneyard, the Nordyrie is a place utterly cursed by Nagash. The yawning Nordyrie Realmgate leads those who pass through it straight to the Great Oubliette, while the arcane energies of Mount Marrow echo throughout the surrounding lands in the form of soul-crushing screams. Below you will find the rules for key locations and the victory condition for the Nordyrie campaign map.

Key Locations

Players gain the following benefits for holding key locations:

Arcane Dais: A player who holds this location adds 1 to casting rolls for friendly **WIZARDS**.

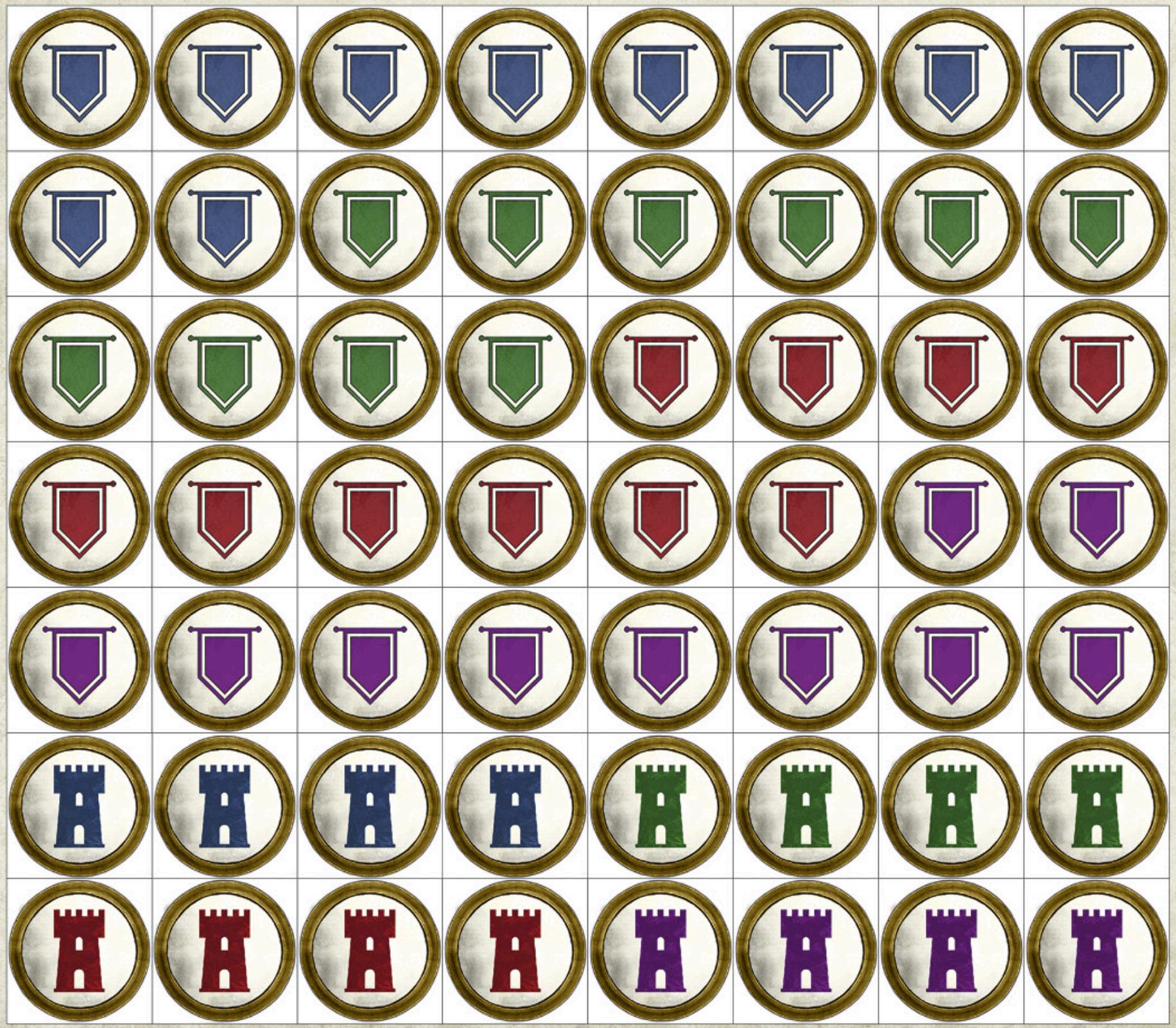
Realmgate: A player who holds this location can conquer locations that are not adjacent to any of their other locations (the other restrictions for conquering locations still apply).

Victory Conditions

Knife to the Heart: After 4 campaign rounds, the campaign ends. When the campaign ends, if one player controls all Starting Locations, they win the campaign. Otherwise the player with the most CVPs wins the campaign. If the players are tied for the most CVPs, play an additional campaign round and check the above victory conditions once more.

ARMY FLAGS

Here you will find four sets of army flags and fortification markers for use in your Hallost campaigns. Feel free to photocopy these as many times as you need for your campaign.



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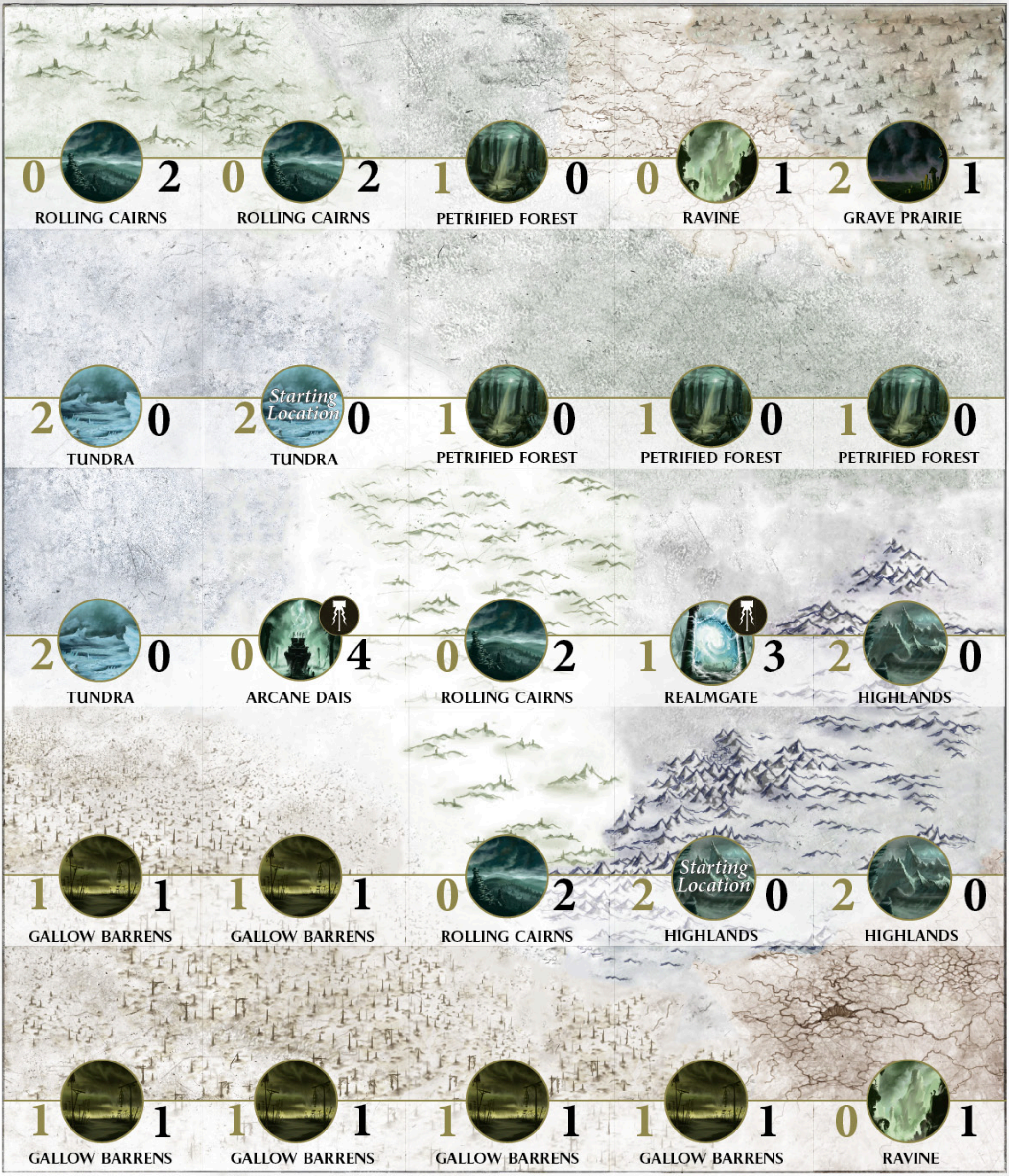
THE NORDYRIE



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THE STORMVAULT WARLORDS

In the wake of the Shyish necroquake, many of Sigmar's ancient Stormvaults have been revealed. Now with huge armies at their beck and call, our four warlords prepare for the final showdown to claim one of these ancient sites and the treasure that awaits within.

A TALE OF FOUR WARLORDS

After twelve months of painting, gaming, more painting, a bit of modelling and plenty of late nights trying to get their armies finished on time, our four keen hobbyists have come to the end of the Stormvault Warlords challenge. Over the next few pages, we showcase their complete collections and chat to them about their involvement in this epic challenge. Matt explains what it was like creating a new Stormhost from scratch, while Alex shares her thoughts on being thrown in the deep end as a new hobbyist. Steve talks about fancy basing, colourful fish, big monsters and tricky deadlines, while Ben espouses the merits of planning your army and whether painting squigs for a year is a good idea or not (of course it is, he loves them).

To finish off the series, the four warlords played one final, climactic battle to see who would gain control of Sigmar's Stormvault. It was Alex and Ben versus Matt and Steve in one massive battle where mayhem and carnage (and a little bit of objective grabbing) became the order of the day. Would the forces of Order triumph, or would Chaos and Destruction reign supreme?

MATT HUTSON
A year painting Stormcast Eternals (amongst many other things) has seen Matt amass over 3,500 points of lightning-forged warriors. His Stormhost – known as the Umbral Spectres – hails from the Shadow Realm of Ulgu, which explains their sombre colour scheme. For the final month, Matt painted a trio of Celestar Ballistas for his force, but will they be enough to see off the forces of Chaos and Destruction?

ALEX PUSZCZYNSKA
The hobby newbie of the team, Alex has taken to painting like a Nurgling to a puddle of vomit (basically, she's loving it). Her Maggotkin of Nurgle force has grown steadily over the last year into an impressive force that is now led by a monstrous Great Unclean One, more of which you can see in a few pages. Though still new to gaming, she's played a fair number of practice games in preparation for the final battle.

STEVE WREN
Despite his busy schedule running Warhammer events both here and abroad, Steve has managed to paint a sizeable shoal of Idoneth Deepkin over the course of this challenge. His painting has garnered a lot of interest in the studio from passers-by, who often stop to look at his latest colourful creation. This month he's painted a second Eidolon of Mathlann, which he hopes will help him secure the coveted Stormvault.

BEN JOHNSON
Twelve months painting squigs finally got to Ben this month, and he decided to paint something different. No, wait … it was more squigs, this time with shamans sitting on them! Ben has amassed the largest army of the four warlords by number of models, having painted close to a hundred squigs (and their enthusiastic riders). Read on to find out what Ben has to say about collecting such a bouncy force.

BREACH THE STORMVAULT

As this month is the final instalment of The Stormvault Warlords, we gathered our four mighty generals around our gaming table for one huge, climactic battle. Matt and Steve teamed up to defend one of Sigmar's hidden Stormvaults (lovingly painted by Matt especially for the final game), while Ben and Alex attempted to crack it open and steal or defile the contents. Seeing as both Matt and Ben have armies hailing from Ulgu, it was decided that the Realm of Shadow would be the setting for our battle, which prompted us to cover the battlefield in loads of eerie, smokey terrain. You can read more about it after this article!

CAN I BE A WARLORD?
Of course you can! Many Warhammer stores, independent stockists and gaming clubs like to run their own A Tale of Four Warlords challenge alongside the one taking part in the magazine. Why not ask them if they're planning anything this time around? Let us know how you're getting on at: **team@whitedwarf.co.uk**

MATT HUTSON | STORMCAST ETERNALS

FROM SHADOW, ENLIGHTENMENT

With the forces of Chaos and Destruction gathering in the Shadow Realm, the Stormcast Eternals of the Umbral Spectres Stormhost take up arms once more to protect Sigmar's Stormvault.

Matt: This is the fourth time I've taken part in A Tale of Four Warlords, and as always, it was great fun to be a part of it. I class myself as more of a painter than a gamer, and I love assembling large armies, which is pretty much one of the prerequisites of taking part! Honestly, though, Stormcast Eternals weren't my original army choice – I almost started painting Disciples of Tzeentch – but the Fantastical Realms articles we'd been working on encouraged me to explore what I could do with creating my own Stormhost from the Realm of Shadow. The end result is a Sacrosanct Chamber of the Umbral Spectres, which I'm really proud of.

One of the reasons I enjoyed painting my army is because I love painting armoured models. I've painted many Space Marines armies over the years, and I found working on Stormcast Eternals to be a similar process – a solid basecoat followed by a wash, then some neat edge highlights to finish. It's a tried and tested approach that I think yields great results. On that note, if anyone out there is planning on trying out a challenge like this, I would highly recommend breaking up your painting with other projects. As much as I loved painting red-armoured Stormcasts, it's nice to mix things up a bit. I tended to paint Stormcast Eternals one month, then maybe some Imperial Fists, then Stormcasts again, then Aeronautica Imperialis or Adeptus Titanicus. It kept things exciting and stopped it from becoming a chore, which is never a good thing in any hobby.

As for playing games, Stormcast Eternals are good fun to use, especially when they're all magical like mine are. The first few hero phases of my first couple of games were quite lengthy while I got used to my range of spells, but I got the hang of them eventually (the Everblaze Comet is especially dangerous if you can land it in the right place). Evocators being able to Empower themselves is probably my favourite ability – it makes them even deadlier on the battlefield. Hopefully they'll do well in the final battle. I'm taking quite a few of them!

FAVOURITE MODELS

'I really enjoyed painting the Evocators on Celestial Dracolines,' says Matt. 'Painting the beasts with pale skin really makes them stand out and provides a great contrast to the dark-armoured riders. Of the other warlords, I particularly like Steve's Akhelian Leviadon. It's so colourful and in-your-face. He puts a lot of work into his models, and his bases are so over the top. They're a delight. Using half a ship for a base is surely his most ambitious creation yet.'

THE SHATTERING STRIKE

'I've always loved bolt throwers in Warhammer, so painting a few Celestar Ballistas was always part of my plan,' says Matt. 'I painted two more this month, plus a Lord-Ordinator so I could field a Hailstorm Battery. I also finished a Lord-Exorcist this month to make a Grand Convocation.'

SACROSANCT CHAMBER OF THE UMBRAL SPECTRES

Leaders	
Lord-Arcanum on Tauralon	**320**
Lord-Arcanum on Gryph-charger	**220**
Lord-Exorcist	**120**
Lord-Ordinator	**140**
Knight-Incantor	**140**
Knight-Incantor	**140**
Knight-Incantor	**140**
Units	
5 Sequitors	**130**
5 Sequitors	**130**
5 Sequitors	**130**
5 Sequitors	**130**
5 Evocators	**220**
5 Evocators	**220**
5 Castigators	**160**
3 Evocators on Celestial Dracolines	**300**
War Machines	
Celestar Ballista	**110**
Celestar Ballista	**110**
Celestar Ballista	**110**
Warscroll Battalions	
Grand Convocation	**130**
Hailstorm Battery	**120**
Cleansing Phalanx	**120**
Endless Spells & Terrain	
Everblaze Comet	**100**
Dais Arcanum	**30**
Celestian Vortex	**40**
Penumbral Engine	**100**
TOTAL:	**3610**

ALEX PUSZCZYNSKA | MAGGOTKIN OF NURGLE

THROUGH POX AND PLAGUE, DECAY AND DESPAIR

For over a year, the forces of Nurgle have burgeoned, growing ever more rotten and corrupt. Now, with a greater daemon at their head, the Maggotkin of Nurgle make their bid to claim the hidden Stormvault.

Alex: As a first-time painter and gamer, this challenge has been a pretty intense experience, but I've loved every minute of it. I've certainly picked up a lot of skills very quickly, particularly when it comes to painting miniatures.

What I learned early on is that, even if you love this hobby and love painting, knuckling down and getting all your models finished can be really tough sometimes. The deadlines really helped me with this, giving me a tangible goal to work towards every couple of months. I was also very encouraged by how willing other hobbyists were to offer me advice, particularly the other warlords. They recommended different paints to try out and new techniques I hadn't thought of, which changed my perspective on how to paint. I remember painstakingly layering every colour onto my first Plaguebearers, when in reality drybrushing would have achieved a similar, if not better, result. Who'd have thought listening to experienced hobbyists would be a good idea, eh? I'm definitely more confident with my painting, but I'm still pretty critical of my own work and I would love to improve further. Hopefully I can get my hands on some more Nurgle models soon and do something disgusting with them.

The hardest part of the challenge for me was learning the game. Fortunately I'm surrounded by gamers here at work, and they were more than happy to play some practice games with me so that I could learn what my models do. I reckon at the start of the challenge I was basically playing rule by rule, reading each one as I went. Now I can actually think a turn ahead, which is definite progress! I'm already looking forward to using my Nurgle army in a few more battles in the near future.

MORE ROTTEN MINIONS

The latest addition to Alex's army is her Great Unclean One. 'We call him Mr Pickles on account of the fact that he looks a bit like a toad of the same name who is an internet celebrity,' says Alex, laughing. 'I wanted to give his skin a sickly, mottled effect like a toad, so I used patches of Shades and Contrast paints to create the effect, then drybrushed on the highlights to tie all the colours together. I particularly enjoyed applying Nurgle's Rot to his burst belly to make it look like it was oozing pus. Or vomit. Or toxic slime. Or all of the above.'

THE MAGGOTKIN LEGION

Leaders	
Morbidex Twiceborn	**240**
Lord of Plagues	**140**
Poxbringer, Herald of Nurgle	**120**
Great Unclean One	**340**
Units	
Beast of Nurgle	**80**
3 bases of Nurglings	**100**
3 bases of Nurglings	**100**
3 Plague Drones	**200**
10 Plaguebearers	**120**
10 Plaguebearers	**120**
10 Plaguebearers	**120**
10 Plaguebearers	**120**
5 Putrid Blightkings	**160**
TOTAL:	**1960**

FAVOURITE MODELS

'The models I'm most proud of in my army are my Plague Drones,' says Alex. 'I painted them early on in the challenge when I was just learning that painting rules were there to be broken! I think they're really impressive models, and they always stand out when I deploy my army because of their iridescent wings. Drybrushing a metallic paint over them, followed by the gem paint Waystone Green was, in my opinion, a stroke of genius!

'As for models painted by the others, I love Steve's Eidolons. They are such beautiful models, and the way he's painted them is exceptional. I also like what he's done with the bases of all his models. He's inspired me to do so much more with my own miniatures.'

STEVE WREN | IDONETH DEEPKIN

LORDS OF STORM AND SEA

As the high tide arrives, the Idoneth Deepkin emerge from the gloaming to strike out at their foes. Will they aid Sigmar's lightning-forged warriors, or do they have their own mysterious agenda?

Steve: I've enjoyed this challenge a lot! I'm also hugely grateful to have been asked in the first place. I didn't work for Games Workshop when we started the series, and it was nice to see that *White Dwarf* was reaching out to the community for people to take part in such a well-known series. Incidentally, had I not been asked, I may never have painted an Idoneth army – I was quite happy working on my Disciples of Tzeentch. It just goes to show that with a little bit of motivation, your hobby can take an unexpected turn for the better!

I found the Idoneth to be an exciting modelling, painting and gaming project. I had a theme in mind for the force right from the beginning: the Alliance of Wood and Sea. This really helped me nail down my basing style and colour scheme early on, which featured more green and less blue than traditional Idoneth colour schemes. I tried out new ways of painting gold, new techniques using an airbrush, and really went to town on my bases to make them stand out. If I have any advice for would-be warlords, write down your colours as you go, as forgetting them midway through a project can be frustrating!

Gaming with the army was also really interesting. I played a few games early on where I combined my Idoneth and Sylvaneth as I originally intended, but I actually think the Idoneth perform better on their own without the help of their woody friends! I had a dry spell for gaming during the middle of the project due to work commitments, but I played seven or eight games before the final showdown and took part in a doubles tournament, too, just to get my tactics figured out. I think my one regret is not playing one huge game with both my Idoneth and Sylvaneth. Maybe I'll be invited to a big *White Dwarf* Battle Report one day …

THE OTHER ASPECT OF MATHLANN

'As I mentioned the other month, I love painting centrepiece miniatures and large monsters, which is why I decided to paint a second Eidolon of Mathlann for my army,' says Steve. 'Like the first Eidolon, I heavily converted the model's base to match the style and theme of the rest of my force. For this one I used the huge statue head from the Warcry scenery range and adorned it with fish and foliage. I also painted this Eidolon with more metal than the previous one to give it a more lustrous, slightly more benevolent look.'

THE RAIDERS OF FUETHÁN

Leaders	
Akhelian King	**240**
Eidolon of Mathlann, Aspect of the Storm	**400**
Eidolon of Mathlann, Aspect of the Sea	**420**
Isharann Soulrender	**80**
Isharann Soulscryer	**130**
Isharann Tidecaster	**100**
Lotann, Warden of the Soul Ledgers	**80**
Treelord Ancient	**300**
Branchwych	**80**
Units	
1 Akhelian Allopex	**120**
1 Akhelian Allopex	**120**
3 Akhelian Ishlaen Guard	**140**
3 Akhelian Ishlaen Guard	**140**
3 Akhelian Morrsarr Guard	**170**
10 Namarti Reavers	**130**
10 Namarti Thralls	**130**
10 Dryads	**100**
10 Dryads	**100**
Behemoths	
Akhelian Leviadon	**350**
Merwyrm	**260**
Battalions	
Alliance of Wood and Sea	**140**
Endless Spells	
Quicksilver Swords	**30**
Chronomantic Cogs	**80**
Umbral Spellportal	**70**
TOTAL:	**3910**

FAVOURITE MODELS

I'm really proud of all my models, but I think the Akhelian Leviadon is my stand-out miniature. I followed the tips and advice on the Warhammer TV video, but I used my own colours, and it came out really well. I also used an airbrush on the howdah, which I wouldn't normally do, and I'm really pleased with the result. As for the models painted by the others, I think Matt's Tauralon is my favourite. I was really impressed with its grandeur when I saw it on the battlefield for the first time. A shout out to Alex's Great Unclean One, too. He looks awesome.

BEN JOHNSON | GLOOMSPITE GITZ

OVER DA MOON!

From the dank forests of Ulgu they came, a bouncing tidal wave of squigs and grots. With the light of the Bad Moon shining upon them, they make their bid to claim one of Sigmar's hidden treasure troves.

Ben: Why, oh why, did I decide to paint so many squigs?! The answer is simple, really. When we were working on the battletome for Gloomspite Gitz, someone – I think it was Sam – came up with the idea of the Squigapalooza, and I thought it was so funny that I decided to base an army around it. The result was a horde of manic bouncing squigs and squig riders that had the potential (if they all bounced in the same direction) to cause utter carnage on the battlefield. Painting all that red was quite a task, though, I won't lie!

If I have any advice for budding warlords out there (or hobbyists in general looking to start a new army), think carefully before you embark on a project about what you want to paint and what you want to achieve with it. In hindsight, I think perhaps I should have diversified more – maybe painted squigs one month, troggoths another, spiders in the third and so on, but I'm actually really pleased with how the force came out in the end. The Gloomspite Gitz army has a diverse range of miniatures, and even though I was focusing on one sub-faction within it, I still had loads of models to choose from to build my army. I even converted a few, as you can see on the opposite page.

FAVOURITE MODELS

'My favourite model that I've painted is my Loonboss on Mangler Squigs,' says Ben. 'The model is incredible, and it was great fun converting it with parts from the Boingrot Bounderz and Fanatics kits to create a unique hero. Like Matt and Alex, I'm a huge fan of Steve's Idoneth collection. I think it's the best-looking of the four armies. The bases and vibrant colours really make it stand out on any battlefield, and the Alliance of Wood and Sea theme really suits it, too.'

As many of you will know, I love playing games of Warhammer Age of Sigmar, and I've played a fair number with this force over the last year. I took the 2,000-point army that I'm using in the warlords Battle Report to the FaceHammer tournament in Stockport last year and came twentieth overall, which I'm pretty pleased with. It certainly helped me nail down my tactics for the final showdown (more on that later). An army of squigs is great fun to use, mostly because it's so random and crazy. You have to think very carefully about what you want your units to achieve, then make backup plans when they inevitably fail to do what you want. On the flip side, though, when they hit hard, they really do hit hard! Just goes to show that an army of little green guys can be pretty competitive on the battlefield.

THE SQUIGAPALOOZA

'The Squigapalooza is my squig-based rendition of the Gobbapalooza,' says Ben. 'The Squigmonger is basically the Scaremonger standing on a squig, while the Squigmancer is a Shroomancer sitting on a squig. The Squigcap Shaman is converted from a Squig Hopper with a staff from a Fungoid Cave-Shaman. The Squig Herder with Mini-Mangler is my favourite. He's made from Drizgit and the squigs that come with Zarbag's Gitz from Warhammer Underworlds. I even got Sam, one of our rules writers, to write rules for them so I could use them in the Battle Report.'

THE SQUIGPOCALYPSE!

Leaders	
Loonboss on Mangler Squigs	**280**
Loonboss on Mangler Squigs	**280**
Loonboss on Giant Cave Squig	**110**
Loonboss on Giant Cave Squig	**110**
Units	
12 Squigs and Herders	**140**
12 Squigs and Herders	**140**
10 Squig Hoppers	**180**
15 Boingrot Bounderz	**300**
15 Boingrot Bounderz	**300**
15 Boingrot Bounderz	**300**
1 Squig Gobba	**160**
1 Squig Gobba	**160**
Behemoths	
Colossal Squig	**300**
Mangler Squigs	**240**
Mangler Squigs	**240**
Battalions	
Squigalanche	**90**
Squig Rider Stampede	**140**
Squigapalooza	**240**
Endless Spells	
Mork's Mighty Mushroom	**90**
Scuttletide	**30**
TOTAL:	**3830**

BREACH THE STORMVAULT

For many ages, a great treasure has lain hidden within the Maze of Mists in the Realm of Shadow. Buried deep beneath the earth, locked behind potent magical seals and obscured by one of Sigmar's mighty Penumbral Engines, the Shrouded Sanctum has remained undisturbed for countless lifetimes.

Until now, that is.

Following the Shyish necroquake, the sigils and wards that veiled the Stormvault failed, revealing it once more to the realm's denizens. Word began to spread of a great treasure hidden inside – a scrying mirror from which no truth could be concealed. Sigmar dispatched a Sacrosanct Chamber of the Umbral Spectres Stormhost to recover the forgotten relic, but other forces were already on the march. Only through hard-fought battle would the scrying mirror be claimed …

THE ARMIES

After a year of modelling and painting, our four warlords all have a different number of models completed, which means their final points are also different. To even things up for this final battle, each player can deploy around 2,000 points from their army, with other units possibly coming on as reinforcements later in the game. You can see what units they picked for their starting armies on the following pages.

BATTLE FOR THE STORMVAULT

And so we come to our final climactic battle in the Stormvault Warlords series. Four armies – Stormcast Eternals, Maggotkin of Nurgle, Idoneth Deepkin and Gloomspite Gitz – stand ready to do battle for the grand prize. Will Matt and Steve – the forces of Order – prevail? Or will they be driven from the battlefield by Alex and Ben's combined army of Chaos and Destruction? And who of the four warlords will score the most points and be crowned warlord of warlords? It's not just a team game, folks, but a matter of personal honour, too!

To celebrate the culmination of the series, we asked games developer (and Vigilus warlord) Sam Pearson to write an exclusive battleplan for the four warlords. You can find it over the page should you wish to play it with your own gaming group in the comfort of your own Stormvault.

Having discovered the location of one of Sigmar's great Stormvaults, four mighty warlords send their armies to claim the prize within. Though the forces of Order have prepared their defences well, the armies of Chaos and Destruction are intent on carnage.

Mabisien Paleshell, Guardian of the Coral Forest, watched the new arrivals as they strode purposefully through the mist towards the Shrouded Sanctum. The poor light did nothing to limit his vision, the Akhelian King accustomed to a life of darkness beneath the oceans of the realms.

The warriors marching up the defile were clad in deep-red armour, the scowling expressions on their metal masks radiating an air of cold menace, their blades and maces crackling with arcane energy. Mabisien had encountered Sigmar's lightning warriors before, and he had little desire to battle them again. They were formidable foes, and their souls, though vital and pure, were hard to capture.

He turned to the Soulscryer lurking nearby to seek his counsel. Dyon Asvati, Oracle of the Calcified Reef, shrugged almost imperceptibly and gestured with his hand at the stone bowl floating before him. The water parted, then coalesced, showing images that only the Soulscryer could see. Mabisien waited impatiently.

'Pure are their spirits, but not ours for the taking,' said Dyon, his eyes intent on the shimmering water. 'Others come to claim the prize also. Weak are their souls, promised to dark gods in a moment of hopelessness. Corruption lies in their wake. They are not alone. Bright anima burn with evil intent, and many of them. In midnight they are clad, a deluge of claws and fangs.'

The Akhelian King slid his hand across his bare scalp and frowned. Acquiring the ancient mirror would not be as easy as he had hoped, not if three other armies were also intent on claiming it.

'Only through truce, lightning forged, is victory possible,' said Dyon. Mabisien was inclined to agree.

BATTLEPLAN

THE SHROUDED SANCTUM

Ulgu is a realm of secrecy and illusion, where nothing is ever quite as it seems. It was therefore a fine location for the God-King to hide many Stormvaults. But thanks to the necroquake, these ancient sites have been unveiled once more. One such vault, the Shrouded Sanctum, is said to contain a potent scrying mirror that can unmask even the most artfully crafted glamours. It must not fall into the wrong hands.

Led by Lord-Arcanum Korian Shadowblade, the Stormcast Eternals of the Umbral Spectres have braved the obfuscating Maze of Mists to reach the Sanctum. Just as they arrive, a weird, sickly glow fills the skies to the east. The Bad Moon rises, its lunatic eyes fixed squarely upon the Stormvault. Under its lurid light cavorts a veritable avalanche of bounding cave creatures ridden by whooping and cackling grots – and they have not come alone. As the droning of seven thousand flies and the dull clamour of dolorous tocsins fills the air, the worst fears of the Stormcasts are realised. It seems that the grots have struck a bargain with a mighty champion of the Plaguefather, whose diseased host now marches to claim and defile the Stormvault in Nurgle's name.

Yet as the Umbral Spectres prepare to sell their lives dearly, the air is filled with the sound of crashing waves and roaring tides. Over the crest of the horizon surges a phalanx of Idoneth Deepkin. They too know what lies within the Shrouded Sanctum, and the danger it poses to their concealed enclaves. Though neither Stormcast nor aelf entirely trusts the other, an alliance is soon forged – even as the capering horde of cave-grots and befouled horrors begin their attack in earnest. Who will emerge triumphant?

COALITION OF DEATH

This is a battle for 4 players. Use the Coalition of Death rules from page 272 of the Core Book.

THE ARMIES

One coalition is the Guardians of the Vault and the other is the Despoilers. This battle uses Pitched Battle profiles (*General's Handbook 2019*).

REALM OF BATTLE

This battle is fought in Ulgu. The realmscape feature used is 'Shrouded Lands' (do not roll on the Realmscape Features table).

THE BATTLEFIELD

This battle is being fought around the Shrouded Sanctum. The centre of the battlefield should include many Stormvault scenery pieces, while the edge is scattered with ruins and debris of civilisation destroyed in the Age of Myth.

OBJECTIVES

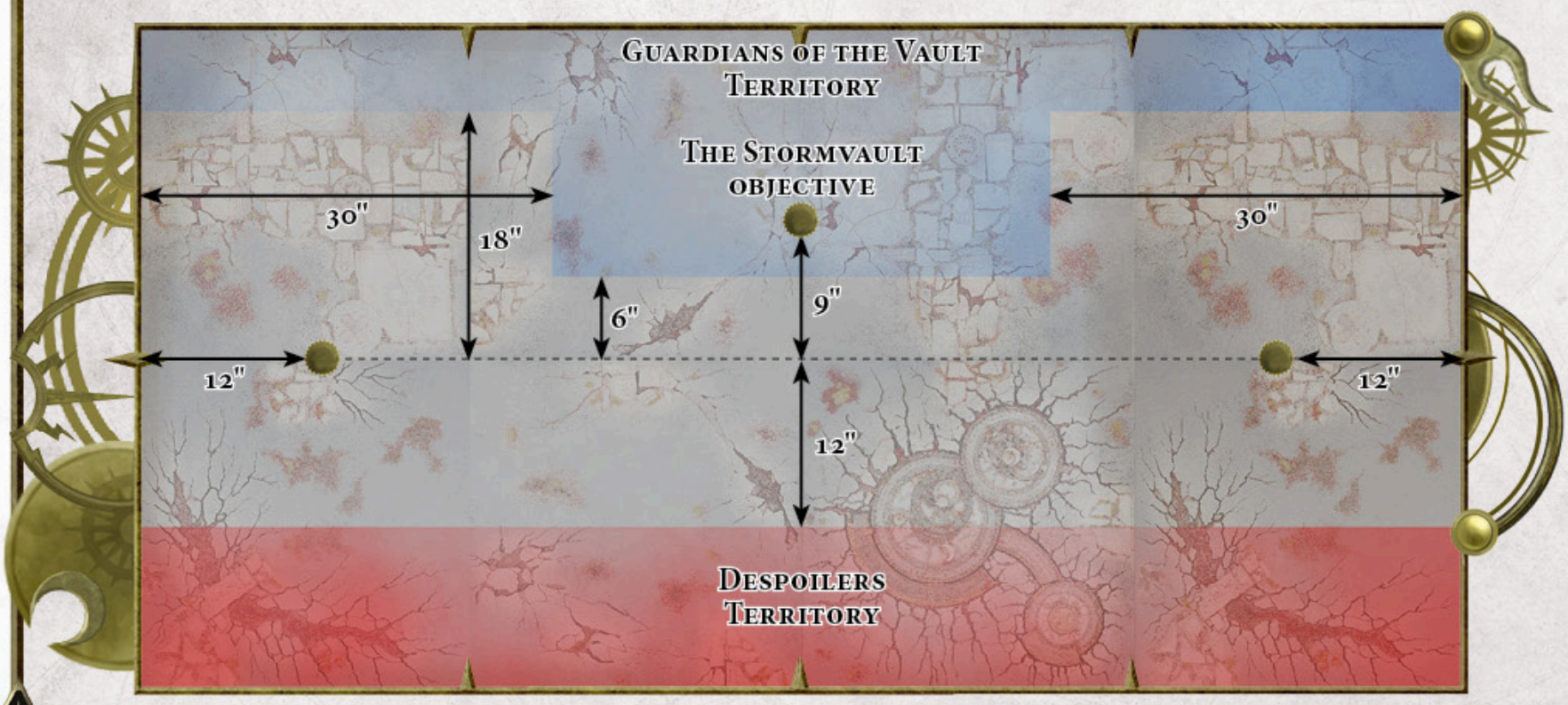
Set up 3 objectives as shown on the map. The central objective is referred to as the **Stormvault objective**.

SET-UP

The Guardians of the Vault set up their armies first, wholly within their territory. The Despoilers then set up their armies wholly within their territory.

FIRST TURN

The Despoilers take the first turn in the first battle round.



SANCTIFY THE LAND

Stormcast Eternals Hidden Ploy

Lightning crashes down from the sky in thunderous blasts of Azyrite magic, scouring the earth of those who would defy the God-King's will.

You can use this hidden ploy once per battle at the start of your hero phase. If you do so, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 6" of an objective. On a 4+, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

TSUNAMI OF STEEL

Idoneth Deepkin Hidden Ploy

As the rolling currents of the ethersea cover the battlefield, the Idoneth Deepkin launch a devastating attack upon the enemy.

You can use this hidden ploy once per battle at the start of your hero phase. If you do so, roll a dice for each friendly IDONETH DEEPKIN unit on the battlefield. If the roll is lower than the number of the current battle round, until the end of the turn, add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with melee weapons by that unit.

GIFTS FOR ALL

Maggotkin of Nurgle Hidden Ploy

A putrid wind sweeps the battlefield, and even the mightiest warriors collapse as their wounds fester at an alarming rate.

You can use this hidden ploy once per battle at the start of your hero phase. If you do so, roll a dice for each enemy HERO or MONSTER on the battlefield that has any wounds allocated to it. On a 2+, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

DA MOON IS WATCHING

Gloomspite Gitz Hidden Ploy

The Bad Moon seems to grow larger in the night sky, sapping the strength of those beneath its ominous gaze.

You can use this hidden ploy once per battle at the start of the hero phase. If you do so, until the end of the turn, subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made by enemy models that are affected by the light of the Bad Moon.

COMMAND ABILITY

The following additional command ability can be used in this battle.

CALL REINFORCEMENTS

As the battle progresses, allies and reinforcements emerge from the mists of Ulgu, hurrying to the thick of the fighting.

You can use this command ability at the end of your movement phase. If you do so, you can add 1 new unit with a Pitched Battle points cost of up to 300 to your army and set it up wholly within 6" of the edge of the battlefield and more than 9" from any enemy units. In addition, if it is not the first battle round and you did not use this command ability in your previous movement phase, the new unit can have a Pitched Battle points cost of up to 600 instead of 300.

HIDDEN PLOYS

Each player receives 1 hidden ploy card (see above) at the start of the first battle round. The hidden ploy card they receive depends on their army's allegiance. The hidden ploy cards cannot be shown to other players until they are played (including fellow players in their coalition). Each hidden ploy card will state when it can be played and how it is resolved.

BATTLE LENGTH

Starting from the third battle round, at the end of each battle round, roll a dice and add the number of the current battle round to the roll. On a 9+, the battle ends. On any other roll, the battle continues.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

The coalition with the most victory points at the end of the battle wins a **major victory**. If both coalitions have the same number of victory points, use the tiebreaker to determine which coalition wins a **minor victory** or if the battle is a **draw**.

VICTORY POINTS

At the end of each battle round, each coalition scores victory points as follows:

- 1 victory point for each enemy unit that was destroyed in that battle round. If the last model from a destroyed unit was slain within 12" of an objective, you receive 1 additional victory point.
- 1 victory point for each objective you control. You receive 1 additional victory point if you control the **Stormvault objective**.

TIEBREAKER

If the coalitions are tied on victory points at the end of the game, then each coalition adds up the points values of any enemy units that were destroyed during the battle (excluding any units that were added to the armies after the battle started). If one coalition has a higher total, they win a **minor victory**. If neither coalition has a higher total, the battle is a **draw**.

MAGICAL DEVASTATION

Matt: The choices I made for my army are pretty simple – I just picked the models I like the most! I chose a Lord-Arcanum on Tauralon and three units of Sequitors as the core of my army, then put in as many wizards and ballistas around them as possible. My goal is to saturate the battlefield with magic! Because I have the most firepower, Steve and I have decided that my Stormcasts will watch over the central objective while his Idoneth claim it. We can then use our faster units to nip round the flanks and take the outlying objectives. I get the feeling I'm going to be dealing with a lot of squigs right from the outset of the game, so I'm going to keep my units close together and make it as hard as possible for Ben to get clean charges against individual units. I reckon Alex's Maggotkin will be slower to get to the objectives, but I am really not looking forward to fighting a greater daemon.

OVERWHELMING FIREPOWER

Steve: In my practice games I've found the Leviadon to be pretty survivable, so I'm fielding it along with the Allopexes and the Akhelian King to create a powerful core to my army. I have nine eels to provide a lot of punch and manoeuvrability while the Namarti Thralls claim objectives. The Soulscryer enables me to place two units in the ethersea, while the Eidolon of Mathlann has the potential to smash up some of Ben and Alex's monsters. My plan is to use the Leviadon as mobile cover for my army, with the Ishlaen Guard pretty close by. Combined with the Forgotten Nightmares rule, their 3+ Rend-proof save and Tides of Death, I should be able to get my units into combat pretty safely. Or wait for the enemy to hit me and counter-attack with the Eidolon, eels and the King. I think we should be able to take the outlying objectives; taking the central one might be tricky!

DEFENDERS OF THE STORMVAULT

Leaders

Lord-Arcanum on Tauralon	**320**
- General	
- Command Trait: Consummate Commander	
- Artefact: Storm Scroll	
- Mount Trait: Steel Pinions	
- Spell: Chain Lightning	
Lord-Ordinator	**140**
Knight-Incantor	**140**
- Spell: Lightning Blast	
Knight-Incantor	**140**
- Spell: Starfall	

Units

5 Sequitors	**130**
5 Sequitors	**130**
5 Sequitors	**130**
5 Evocators	**220**
3 Evocators on Celestial Dracolines	**300**

War Machines

Celestar Ballista	**110**
Celestar Ballista	**110**

Endless Spells / Terrain

Celestian Vortex	**40**
Penumbral Engine	**100**

TOTAL: **2010**

FUETHÁN UNLEASHED

Leaders

Akhelian King	**240**
- General	
- Command Trait: Born From Agony	
Eidolon of Mathlann, Aspect of the Storm	**400**
- Artefact: Cloud of Midnight	
Isharann Soulscryer	**130**

Units

1 Akhelian Allopex	**120**
1 Akhelian Allopex	**120**
3 Akhelian Ishlaen Guard	**140**
3 Akhelian Ishlaen Guard	**140**
3 Akhelian Morrsarr Guard	**170**
10 Namarti Thralls	**130**

Behemoths

Akhelian Leviadon	**350**

Extra Command Point	**50**

TOTAL: **1990**

AN INEXORABLE DEATH

Alex: My army is made up of all the models I've painted, so picking what units to take wasn't difficult for me! My army is notoriously slow, so while Ben's army is off bouncing around, I'm going to run as fast as I can to keep up, then hunker down on the objectives. The combination of the Cycle of Corruption, Disgustingly Resilient and the Poxbringer's Witherstave should make my units pretty hard to get rid of. And if I hold out long enough, I can use contagion points to summon new units to the battlefield, too. I'm going to place my Feculent Gnarlmaw near the centre of the board to enable nearby units to run and charge in the same turn. That will be pretty handy because I plan to park something unpleasant on the central objective. I'm also excited to see what the Great Unclean One can do, as I've yet to use him in a game. Fortunately Steve has some big beautiful models that I want him to defile.

HIT THEM HARD, HIT THEM FAST

Ben: I'm using the same army list that I took to a FaceHammer tournament last year, so I know how all the units work and how to get the most out of them. According to the battleplan, Alex and I are going first, so I'm going to pile most of my units towards the central objective as quickly as possible and do whatever I can to hold onto it. My Mangler Squigs, Boingrot Bounderz and Squig Herds should be able to swarm the central objective pretty quickly and claim it through sheer weight of numbers. If I can get them into combat, even better – that way I can try to hold Steve and Matt's armies back and stop them from contesting the objective. I also have a Loonboss with the Sword of Judgement waiting for the right moment to strike. I know Steve will take quite a few of his monsters, and the Sword of Judgement is the perfect way to take them down quickly.

THE HOST OF CONTAGION

Leaders

Great Unclean One	**340**
- General	
- Command Trait: Pestilent Breath	
- Spell: Favoured Poxes	
Morbidex Twiceborn	**240**
Lord of Blights	**140**
Poxbringer, Herald of Nurgle	**120**
- Artefact: The Witherstave	
- Spell: Glorious Afflictions	

Units

Beast of Nurgle	**80**
3 bases of Nurglings	**100**
3 bases of Nurglings	**100**
3 Plague Drones	**200**
10 Plaguebearers	**120**
10 Plaguebearers	**120**
10 Plaguebearers	**120**
10 Plaguebearers	**120**
5 Putrid Blightkings	**160**

TOTAL: **1960**

THE UNSTOPPABLE SQUIGTIDE

Leaders

Loonboss on Mangler Squigs	**280**
- General	
- Command Trait: Fight Another Day	
- Artefact: Doppelganger Cloak	
Loonboss on Giant Cave Squig	**110**
- Artefact: Sword of Judgement	
Loonboss on Giant Cave Squig	**110**
- Artefact: Spellmirror	

Units

12 Squigs and Herders	**140**
12 Squigs and Herders	**140**
5 Squig Hoppers	**90**
15 Boingrot Bounderz	**300**
15 Boingrot Bounderz	**300**

Behemoths

Mangler Squigs	**240**

Battalions

Squigalanche	**90**
Squig Rider Stampede	**140**
Squigapalooza	**240**

Endless Spells

Mork's Mighty Mushroom	**90**
Scuttletide	**30**

You may have noticed that Ben's army is a little over the agreed 2,000 points. This is because Ben and Alex worked out their army before the battle, but forgot to include Alex's Great Unclean One, so Ben added models to his list to account for the shortfall. Good job it's a friendly match!

TOTAL: **2300**

DEPLOYMENT: THE MANY AGAINST THE FEW

The Stormcast Eternals and Idoneth Deepkin form a tenuous alliance against the Maggotkin of Nurgle and the Gloomspite Gitz. Desperately outnumbered, they prepare to defend the Shrouded Sanctum.

With enemies on the horizon, the Umbral Spectres and the Idoneth of Fuethán ran to defend the Stormvault. From the back of his Tauralon, Korian Shadowblade ordered his warriors to take up positions around the Penumbral Engine that had emerged from the hidden vault, Evocators and Sequitors standing to the fore ready to intercept any foes that strayed too close. Most of the Idoneth floated languidly to the east, but Korian noticed several of their eel-riders darting off into the gloom. Hopefully they would return before battle was joined.

Arrayed against the forces of Order was a horde of squig-riding grots – a tidal wave of viciousness and mayhem. The majority of the grots were already bouncing eagerly towards the Stormvault, intent on getting to the prize within, but it was the army that marched alongside them that worried Korian most. Daemons of Nurgle, rife with pestilence, lumbered along in the grots' wake, a Great Unclean One at their head. Victory would be hard fought, thought Korian.

Matt places his Celestar Ballistas **(1)** on the Shattered Temple along with his Lord-Ordinator **(2)** and the Penumbral Engine. In front of them stand a unit of Evocators and both Knight-Incantors **(3)**, ready to tackle anything that tries to take the central objective. A unit of Sequitors is deployed nearby **(4)**, with a second unit further to the west **(5)**.

Matt places his Lord-Arcanum on Tauralon **(6)** and Evocators on Celestial Dracolines **(7)** to the west of his main defensive force. His final unit of Sequitors begin the game in the Celestial Realm, ready to arrive later as reserves.

Steve deploys his Leviadon **(8)** to the east of the central objective along with the Ishlaen Guard **(9)**, Akhelian King **(10)** and

Namarti Thralls **(11)**. He places the Gloomtide Shipwreck nearby **(12)** in the hope that it will help him negate wounds later in the battle.

The Allopexes are positioned ready to swim towards the easternmost objective **(13)**.

Steve uses the Soulscryer's Finder of Ways ability to place the priest and both units of Morrsarr Guard in reserve.

Ben deploys most of his squigs in the centre of the battlefield around his Loonshrine **(14)**. A Squig Herd takes centre stage **(15)** with the Loonboss on Mangler Squigs **(16)** and the regular Mangler Squigs **(17)** on either side. Both Loonbosses on Cave Squigs **(18, 19)** also sit in the centre, along with the Squigapalooza **(20)**. Units of Boingrot Bounderz sit on the flanks of the attack force **(21, 22)**.

Lastly, Ben deploys a Squig Herd **(23)** and a unit of Squig Hoppers **(24)** on the western flank.

Alex deploys the Great Unclean One **(25)** and Morbidex Twiceborn **(26)** in the centre to back up Ben's advance, along with the Feculent Gnarlmaw **(27)**. Two units of Plaguebearers also join the squigs to the west **(28)**.

The majority of Alex's army is deployed to the east, including the Plague Drones **(29)**, Putrid Blightkings **(30)**, Beast of Nurgle **(31)**, Poxbringer **(32)** and twenty more Plaguebearers **(33)**.

The two Nurgling swarms are placed in reserve as a Hidden Infestation.

'I really want to set up my Eidolon on the Stormvault, but those squigs are really close.' – Steve

BATTLE ROUND ONE: MADNESS MEETS MAGIC

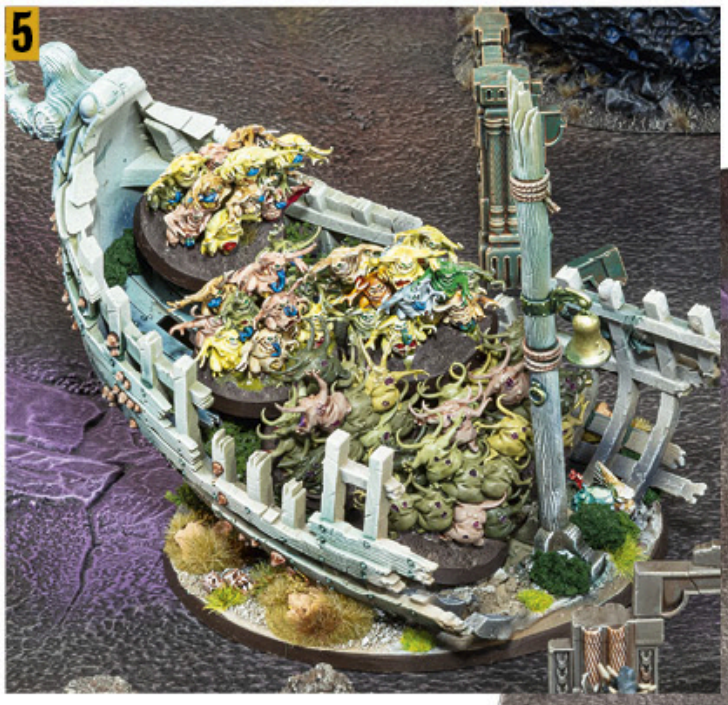
A barrage of squigs assaults the Stormcast Eternals before being assailed in turn by the Idoneth Deepkin. Meanwhile, the Maggotkin of Nurgle seize the outlying objectives.

CALL REINFORCEMENTS
In the first battle round, Ben and Matt both brought new units to the battlefield. Ben brought in a Colossal Squig behind Matt's Evocators on Celestial Dracolines, ready to charge them in the rear, while Matt deployed a unit of Evocators in the south-west corner of the battlefield ready to hamper the enemy's advance. True to form, both units subsequently failed their charges.

With a weedy cry of unrestrained excitement, Snikwik da Loonboss bounded forwards, the Sword of Judgement held bodily in the air. Ahead of him, Dagfing was already spurring his Mangler Squigs into combat, the huge beasts pulverising Stormcast Eternals beneath their massive, red bodies. Snikwik was pleased to see the other Manglers having an equally destructive time, crushing and chomping some of the more magical Stormcasts. Snikwik didn't like those ones much and planned to keep well out of their way.

A quick glance around assured him that the battle plan they'd made with the Maggotkin was taking shape. The Plaguebearers were shuffling miserably towards the torches to the east and west, while behind him the Great Unclean One lumbered slowly down the hill. Snikwik eyed the daemon suspiciously. It looked hungry …

Korian Shadowblade gasped in disbelief as ten bolts of azure lighting shot skyward in as many seconds. The Gloomspite Gitz, driven into a frenzy by magic, manic shouting and psychotropic fungi, were slaughtering his warriors with impunity! With the security of the Stormvault under serious threat, the Lord-Arcanum ordered the largest squigs annihilated. One was torn to shreds by the Celestar Ballistas, while another that had appeared behind his army was dispatched by his mounted Evocators. A tidal wave of briny water announced that the Eidolon of Mathlann had also joined the fight, the godly avatar running through the other Mangler Squigs with its Spear of Repressed Fury. Further to the east, the Leviadon and the Akhelian eel-riders were valiantly holding back the rotten horde of Maggotkin that were marching inexorably onwards, but Korian could see that the forces of Order were already pushed to the limit.



The Squigcap Shaman summons Mork's Mighty Mushroom in the centre of Matt's army, wounding several units **(1)**.

To the west, the Plaguebearers **(2)**, Squig Hoppers **(3)** and Squig Herd **(4)** move towards the western objective, while a gaggle of Nurglings appear in a haunted boat **(5)**.

In the centre of the battlefield, the Shroomancer **(6)** casts Squig Lure on the Loonboss on

VICTORY POINTS
5-8

Mangler Squigs **(7)**, while the Loonboss on Cave Squig **(8)** uses the Let's Get Bouncing! command ability to make all the nearby squigs move faster. This enables the Loonboss on Mangler Squigs to charge the Sequitors and the other Mangler Squigs **(9)** to reach the Evocators **(10)**. Both units of Stormcasts are obliterated.

The Poxbringer and Plaguebearers claim the eastern objective **(11)** while the Plague Drones **(12)**, Putrid Blightkings **(13)** and Beast of Nurgle **(14)** all run forwards. Morbidex **(15)** and the Great Unclean One **(16)** move towards the central objective.

Matt uses a Storm Scroll to inflict six wounds on the Colossal Squig **(17)**. He then wounds the Loonboss on Mangler Squigs with his hidden ploy before shooting it to death with a ballista **(18)**.

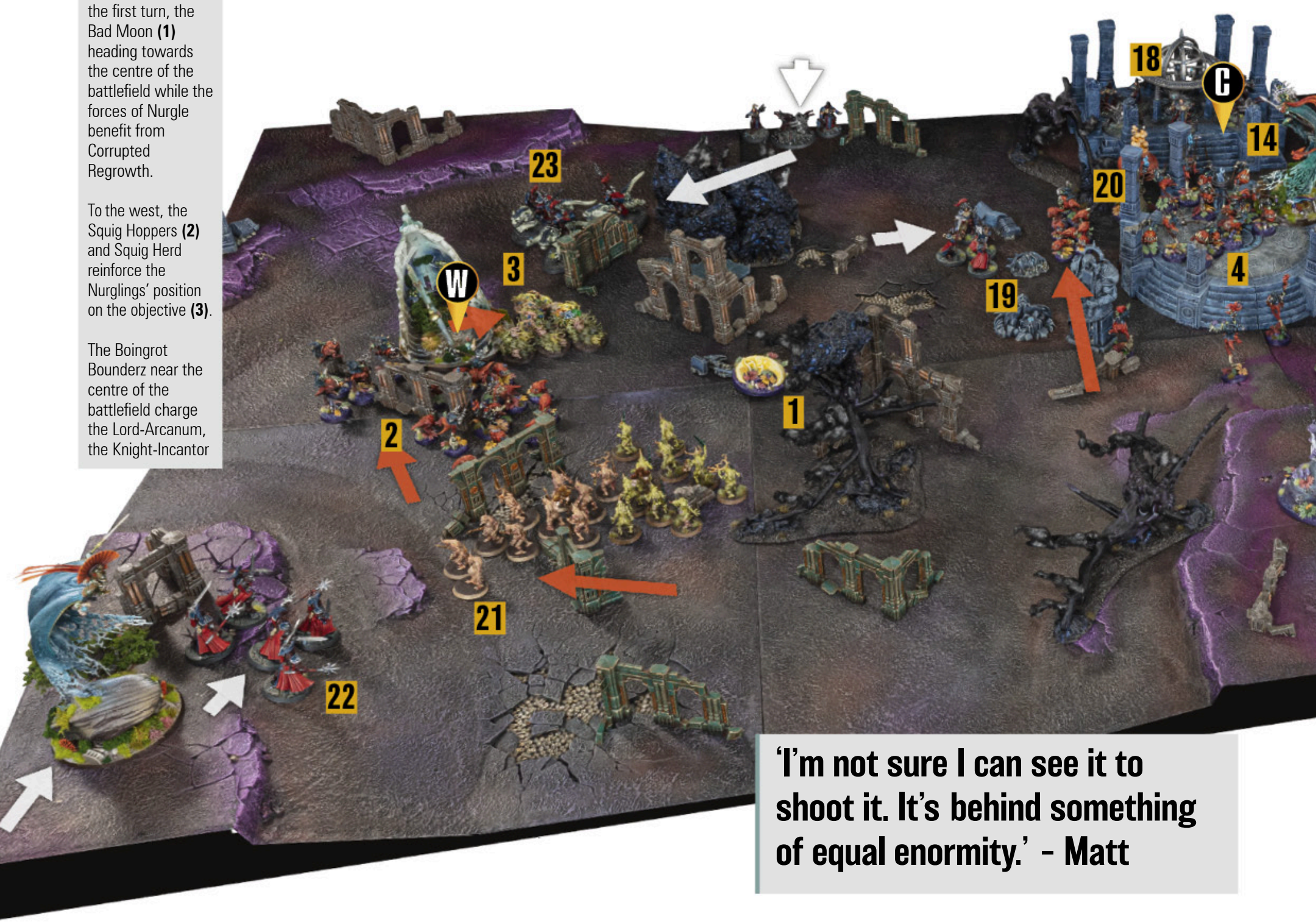
Steve charges the Leviadon **(19)** and the Ishlaen Guard **(20)** into the Boingrot Bounderz **(21)**. They kill five of the squig riders between them, but the Leviadon takes five wounds in return. The nearby Great Unclean One **(22)** also joins the fight, inflicting a further two wounds on the sea beast.

In the centre of the battlefield, the Lord-Arcanum **(23)** and the Squig Herd inflict a few wounds on each other, the Evocators on Celestial Dracolines **(24)** massacre the Colossal Squig, and the Eidolon of Mathlann **(25)** fatally skewers the other Mangler Squigs on its spear.

Ben and Alex take the first turn, the Bad Moon **(1)** heading towards the centre of the battlefield while the forces of Nurgle benefit from Corrupted Regrowth.

To the west, the Squig Hoppers **(2)** and Squig Herd reinforce the Nurglings' position on the objective **(3)**.

The Boingrot Bounderz near the centre of the battlefield charge the Lord-Arcanum, the Knight-Incantor



'I'm not sure I can see it to shoot it. It's behind something of equal enormity.' – Matt

BATTLE ROUND TWO: THE HOUR OF JUDGEMENT

With Grots swarming over the Stormvault and Maggotkin encroaching on their position, the Stormcast Eternals fall back. But the Idoneth have only just begun their offensive ...

MORE NEW ARRIVALS

Several new units turned up in this round. Ben brought in a second Loonboss on Mangler Squigs behind Steve's Idoneth force. Steve retaliated by deploying a second Eidolon behind Ben's and Alex's army in the south-west corner. Matt brought on a third Celestar Ballista. Yet again, they all failed to charge anything (though in all fairness, Matt didn't try with the ballista – he just shot stuff).

Snikwik was having the time of his life. Dagfing was dead, zapped to death by lightning, so he was now da big boss! Ahead of him, the Boingrot Bounderz were swarming over the Stormvault, smashing into the Stormcast Eternals and, curiously, passing straight through the towering sea-god, whose form had become eerily insubstantial. Even as Snikwik watched, the manic squig riders trampled the Stormcast lord and his winged beast into the ground. Behind him, the Leviadon was having an equally tough battle against the Maggotkin, who were now making steady gains to the south-east. Yet something was nagging at Snikwik's little green brain. To be da big boss, he had to prove himself. Glancing around, he spied an aelf hero lurking in the darkness. Holding aloft the Sword of Judgement, he goaded his cave squig forward and stabbed the aelf straight through the heart. T*hat wasn't so hard*, mused Snikwik.

With both of their generals dead, the forces of Order were in a dire situation. From his position next to the Penumbral Engine, Lord-Ordinator Glavus Nightfire took command, ordering the nearby ballistas and Sequitors to bring down the squigs that were leaping around in front of them. The Evocators, he already knew, were racing to secure the western objective, so he would have to do what he could to retake the central one.

A sudden flash lit up the gloom of the Maze of Mists. In the distance, Akhelian eel riders raced onto the battlefield, slicing into the daemons of Nurgle that were gathered around the easternmost objective. They gave no quarter as they surged past, banishing the foul creatures back to the Realm of Chaos. Perhaps if the other Idoneth forces could hold back the Maggotkin, the Umbral Spectres could defeat the Gloomspite Gitz. There was still hope, thought Glavus.

VICTORY POINTS

16-19

and the Eidolon **(4)**. They inflict eight mortal wounds on the Eidolon with their Boing! Smash! rule, then slay the Lord-Arcanum and Knight-Incantor in combat. They pile into the Namarti Thralls **(5)** in the following turn and kill them all, too!

An Allopex is charged by a unit of Plaguebearers and kills seven of them **(6)**.

The other Boingrot Bounderz **(7)** are joined by Morbidex Twiceborn **(8)** and a Loonboss on Cave Squig, while the nearby Ishlaen Guard **(9)** are charged by the Putrid Blightkings **(10)** and Plague Drones **(11)**. The Loonboss is eaten by the Leviadon, the Leviadon is flogged by the Great Unclean One **(12)**, a Blightking is killed and two Ishlaen are slain. The badly wounded Leviadon retreats from combat **(13)**.

The uneaten Loonboss **(14)** charges the Akhelian King and kills him outright (14 wounds!) with the Sword of Judgement.

The Morrsarr Guard **(15)** arrive to the south-east and slaughter a unit of Plaguebearers **(16)**, while the new unit of Ishlaen Guard kill the Poxbringer **(17)** to secure the objective for the Idoneth.

The Ballistas **(18)** and Sequitors **(19)** wipe out a Squig Herd **(20)**.

A unit of Plaguebearers **(21)** are charged by the Evocators **(22)** and wiped out. Nearby, the Evocators on Celestial Dracolines massacre a swarm of Nurglings **(23)**, but another gaggle still remain …

BATTLE ROUND THREE: HIGH MOON, HIGH TIDE

As the Bad Moon casts its manic light across the battlefield, so too does the ethersea reach high tide. The four armies fight all the harder, knowing that victory hangs in the balance.

INCOMING!
Further reinforcements turned up in this battle round. Matt brought on a Lord-Arcanum on Gryph-charger near the Shattered Temple, while Ben summoned a new unit of Boingrot Bounderz to the east. Alex, meanwhile, used her accumulated contagion points to deploy a new unit of Plaguebearers onto the main objective. Two of the units even make successful charges, much to everyone's surprise.

As the ethersea rose to high tide, the Idoneth Deepkin surged into battle, eager to drive off the forces of Chaos and Destruction. Having seen the Akhelian King fall, the Soulscryer Dyon Asvati took command of the aelven army and ordered the Akhelian Guard to drive back the Maggotkin of Nurgle on the eastern flank. The eel riders smashed into the advancing daemons, but quickly found themselves surrounded and dragged from their mounts by their putrid foes. Dyon watched on in horror as the Aspect of the Storm was smashed asunder by a horde of rampaging squigs, and the nearby Leviadon succumbed to its wounds as Nurgle's Rot set in. The Stormcast Eternals were faring little better. Though they had cleared most of the squigs from the Stormvault and had nearly secured the western objective, enemy reinforcements were beginning to overwhelm them.

The Great Unclean One known as Picklebloat the Festering was looking for something to befoul. To the east, his rancid followers were slowly pulling apart the aelves that had tried to sneak up on them, while to the west, his dour Plaguebearers were moving to avenge the deaths of his precious Nurglings. Meanwhile, around the Stormvault, the grots were busy smashing into Sigmar's lightning warriors. The small green critters he'd joined forces with were pretty jolly allies, but they moved too fast for the daemon's liking. He preferred to fight a little more sedately.

The Great Unclean One looked around for a foe to sate his desire for corruption. He settled his beady eyes on a Knight-Incantor who was busy fending off a mob of squigs. Hefting his bilesword, Picklebloat let it drop on the man's head. The Stormcast expired in a blast of lightning that left the daemon feeling deeply cheated.

VICTORY POINTS
20-39

'It's like taking a sledgehammer to jelly. Nasty, regenerating jelly. I hate Nurgle.' – Steve

Matt and Steve go first in this round. Ben plays his hidden ploy and Steve counters with a hidden ploy of his own. Steve then uses the Lord of the Shadow Realm command ability to move his Eidolons across the battlefield **(1)**.

Steve charges an Allopex **(2)** into the Plague Drones **(3)**, and both units of Akhelian Guard **(4)** into the Putrid Blightkings **(5)** and the Beast of Nurgle. The beast is slain, as are a Plague Drone and a couple of Putrid Blightkings. In a disastrous turn of events, however, both units of Akhelian Guard are wiped out. The Boingrot Bounderz **(6)** leave the fight and move east to take the objective.

The Great Unclean One **(7)** reaches something tasty and slays the Knight-Incantor.

The Boingrots **(8)** finally kill off the Eidolon on the Stormvault, but they are wiped out in return by the Celestar Ballistas **(9)** and the Sequitors **(10)**. The Sequitors are then slain by the Loonboss **(11)** and Plaguebearers in combat **(12)**.

The Leviadon is hit by the 'Gifts for All' hidden ploy and slain, while the Lord-Ordinator is devoured by a summoned Scuttletide **(13)**.

To the west, the Evocators **(14)** are smashed apart by a herd of squigs **(15)**. Nearby, the other Evocators **(16)** squash all the Nurglings.

The Allopex **(17)** is slain by the newly arrived Boingrot Bounderz **(18)**.

‘I’m gonna lick your shark. Gonna lick it good with my slabrous tongues.’ – Alex

Ben and Alex take the first turn of the final battle round. As a result, the Scuttletide turns on the Great Unclean One, but it only tickles the mighty daemon **(1)**.

The greater daemon then casts a few spells of its own, wounding the nearby Allopex with Plague Wind and blasting the Lord-Arcanum on Gryph-charger to oblivion with an Arcane Bolt.

The Boingrot Bounderz **(2)** secure the eastern objectives despite a measly 3" move and run.

Nearby, Morbidex Twiceborn **(3)** and the Plague Drones **(4)** do something

BATTLE ROUND FOUR: THE STORMVAULT IS BREACHED

With cruel grots and mouldering daemons crawling across the Stormvault, the forces of order make one last desperate attempt to retake the Shrouded Sanctum.

MORK’S TRULY MIGHTY MUSHROOM

Right from the start of the game, Ben’s endless spell happily churned out mutating spores. Over the course of the battle it caused twenty-three mortal wounds, with six on Ben’s own squig riders and two on Alex’s Plaguebearers. The rest all hit Matt’s units, mostly his Celestar Ballistas. In hindsight, Matt wishes he’d used one of his Knight-Incantor’s Voidstorm Scrolls to get rid of it!

Snikwik, da new big boss, was having a wonderful time. He’d slain a king, almost killed a flying turtle, and quite probably destroyed a sea god. Well, he was pretty certain he had, anyway. Now he was going to kill a second one! His squig-riding reinforcements were pouring in from the east to take the outlying objective, while to the west his Squig Hoppers were just about clinging on to the other one. Behind him, his stinking allies were beginning to rust the doors of the Stormvault, trying to gain access to it, but he could deal with them later. Poking his cave squig in the head, Snikwik launched himself towards the Aspect of the Sea, Sword of Judgement held ready to strike. As the grot leapt forward, a strange sensation washed over him. Snikwik swore he could smell the sea. Water began to fill his lungs. Looking up, the grot gargled a terrified squeal as the Eidolon crashed down upon him.

Dyon Asvati watched in horror as victory slipped further and further from the grasp of the Idoneth. The servants of the Plague God, though battered, were ascendant, and there were manic, frenzied squigs bounding all over the battlefield. The Stormvault had been taken, and it wouldn’t be long before it was breached. Though brave, the Soulscryer saw no sense in fighting on. As he made to retreat, the Eidolon of Mathlann dispersed in a spray of sea water, destroyed by a pair of vicious Mangler Squigs. The Stormcast Eternals would be overrun soon enough, too.

With the children of Nurgle happily defiling the battlefield, Dyon watched as the grots squabbled around the entrance to the vault. One of their shamans, magic coalescing around his head, pushed the others aside and broke the seal to the Shrouded Sanctum with his staff. The forces of Destruction had claimed the Stormvault.

FINAL VICTORY POINTS

23-47

unspeakable to the Akhelian Allopex. It suffers greatly. To the west, the Squig Hoppers **(5)** bounce back and forth over the Evocators on Celestial Dracolines, badly wounding one of them. The Plaguebearers **(6)**, on the other hand, are not interested in fighting them and decide not to make a disgustingly short charge. The Evocators charge the Daemons of Nurgle instead, killing eight of them with their blades and blasting the remaining two apart with celestial lightning arcs.

In the centre of the battlefield, the Squigapalooza **(7)** fail to cast any useful spells on the Loonboss on Cave Squig **(8)**, who then bounces into the Eidolon **(9)**. The grot causes six wounds with the dreaded Sword of Judgement, but is slain in return by the god-aspect. Steve feels some measure of vindication.

The Loonboss on Mangler Squigs **(10)** thunders towards the Shattered Temple and flattens one of the Celestar Ballistas **(11)**. The remaining ballistas fire at point-blank range and wound the Mangler Squigs, which are also engulfed by a cloying sea mist from the Eidolon.

The Eidolon then charges the beasts, wounds them, enrages them even further, and then dies to their frenzied attacks **(12)**.

A WARLORD CROWNED AND A TREASURE STOLEN

The Shrouded Sanctum has been breached, the treasure within spirited away by the Gloomspite Gitz. Here, the four warlords talk about the battle and their successes, failures and favourite moments.

'My tactic right from the start was to get amongst the enemy and cause as much damage as possible.' – Ben

'I got a bit preoccupied with killing the Mangler Squigs rather than concentrating on the objectives.' – Matt

LIGHTNING NEVER STRIKES TWICE

Matt: We had some great moments in that game, but we got squigged early on, and there was very little we could do about them – there were just too many of them for us to deal with. I got a bit preoccupied with killing the Mangler Squigs rather than concentrating on the objectives, but what can you do when they're right up in your face? Especially when they do so much damage. I was actually so preoccupied with magic and shooting that I even forgot to bring in one of my units of Sequitors. Oops!

On the subject of magic, I think my wizards did pretty well throughout the game, particularly my Evocators on Celestial Dracolines. In hindsight, though, I should have used one of my Knight-Incantor's Voidstorm Scrolls to unbind Ben's endless spell. It caused me no end of pain. Ah well, you live and learn (then die and turn into lightning to come back again another day).

HUNG OUT TO DRY

Steve: So, that did not go as well as we hoped! The Squigalanche really surprised us with how fast it moved, and it meant we were fighting an uphill battle to regain the objective in the centre. We also had to dedicate resources to killing the Mangler Squigs, as they really kicked out some damage! We did well to stay in the game, and at the end of the second battle round, we were only a few points down due to the eels going in and stealing the eastern objective from Alex's Nurgle horde. However, I then had a complete brain meltdown and ran from the objective, leaving it unguarded for Ben to take back with his squigs! In the end, I claimed a minor moral victory as I took down the Loonboss wielding the Sword of Judgement, which was extremely gratifying. In retrospect, a Tidecaster would have been a good model to squeeze in somewhere, as The Wide Ethersea ability would really have benefitted my army in this game.

DISGUSTINGLY RESILIENT

Alex: That all seemed to go to plan. Yay! While Ben's army bounced about all over the place causing a nuisance, my army moved up slowly and surely, glooping all over the objectives and whatever enemy units got in their way. Then, suddenly, there were eels, turtles and sharks everywhere! Steve's army really slowed down my advance and caused a lot of damage, but I was pleased to see how well my army held its ground and dished out even more damage in return. I did struggle to get all my units into the fight because of how I'd positioned them, but that just meant that when the front ones eventually died, Steve had another rank to deal with. The Putrid Blightkings proved to be particularly vicious, and I rolled a lot of 6s for them in combat. Mr Pickles didn't do quite as much damage as I would have liked, but he did splat Matt's Lord-Arcanum and almost killed the Leviadon in combat, which was pretty good for his debut.

BOUNCY, BOUNCY, HAVING SUCH A GOOD TIME

Ben: Squigs for the win! Alex and I had a plan before the game, we stuck to it, and it all paid off. Always, always, always remember the objectives. My tactic right from the start was to get amongst the enemy and cause as much damage as possible while holding on to that central objective until Alex's units could get to it. Gloomspite Gitz – especially ones riding squigs – can be pretty random and hard to work with, but you can counter that with spells, artefacts, warscroll battalion rules (the Squigalanche is a must-have in my opinion) and by timing your attack to coincide with the position of the Bad Moon. Fortunately, it cooperated! I was a bit worried when Matt killed my Loonboss on Mangler Squig so quickly, but the Boingrot Bounderz more than made up for it, as did the Loonboss with the Sword of Judgement – what a hero! And Mork's Mighty Mushroom – it just puffed away for the whole game, slowly whittling away those Stormcasts that stood too close.

MATT'S HIGHLIGHT OF THE GAME

I thought it was really funny when Alex deployed her Nurglings in Steve's Gloomtide Shipwreck – they looked so at home there! We just kept joking about Nurgling pirate captains sailing the high seas in rotten boats looking for booty. What was frustrating, though, was when my Evocators on Celestial Dracolines charged them. I assumed it was one massive unit of Nurglings, not two smaller ones, and I fully expected to pound them all to paste. Instead, I only destroyed one unit while the other capered about between my Evocators and the objective. Well played, Alex.

STEVE'S HIGHLIGHT OF THE GAME

I have to say that the Loonboss on Cave Squig carrying the Sword of Judgement was my highlight, even if it caused me a great deal of pain and suffering! Once he'd killed my Akhelian King, I decided that revenge against him was my only course of action, so that became a secondary goal that I decided to achieve, possibly at the expense of trying to help Matt win the actual game. Watching that little grot bounce about all over the place was immensely funny, and I'm amazed at how much damage he managed to dish out. Beware the Sword of Judgement!

ALEX'S HIGHLIGHT OF THE GAME

Killing the Leviadon surely has to be my moment of the match. My Great Unclean One was having a lazy day and wounded it a little bit in every fight, as did several of my other units, but I just couldn't take it down in combat. That's why I was really happy when I got to use my hidden ploy. Steve had retreated the Leviadon from combat (very cowardly if you ask me), and it only had a single wound left. So I thought I would give it a wonderful Nurgle-flavoured gift. I like to imagine it got filled full of Nurglings, or something like that. Either way, it was a big blow to Matt and Steve's plans.

BEN'S HIGHLIGHT OF THE GAME

A tough choice, this. I thought Alex's use of her hidden ploy was a stroke of tactical genius, and I always appreciate that in a game. It was perfectly timed to cause maximum damage and finished off that annoying Leviadon that just wouldn't die. I think, though, that it was our third turn that I enjoyed most. Steve and I have known each other for years, and I have never seen him have such a disastrous round of combat. His Idoneth were fighting first because of the Tides of Death, yet he did virtually nothing to Alex's army. I think she killed four units of his in return!

LORD OF THE PITS

The Spire Tyrants are the champions of the Varanspire's infamous fighting pits, their lives dominated by ceaseless killing. Weapons are highly prized by these brutal warriors, so when word reaches your warband of a great treasure, you must surely claim it for your own.

The Spire Tyrants are amongst the most experienced and callous fighters in the Bloodwind Spoil. Having sharpened their skills and dulled their blades in the arenas of the Varanspire, they know all too well the price of glory. For these brutal warriors, the prospect of a violent death is rarely far away. Forming up into deadly warbands, the Spire Tyrants head out into the Eightpoints in search of great foes to battle, for only the greatest warriors can join Archaon's mighty legions.

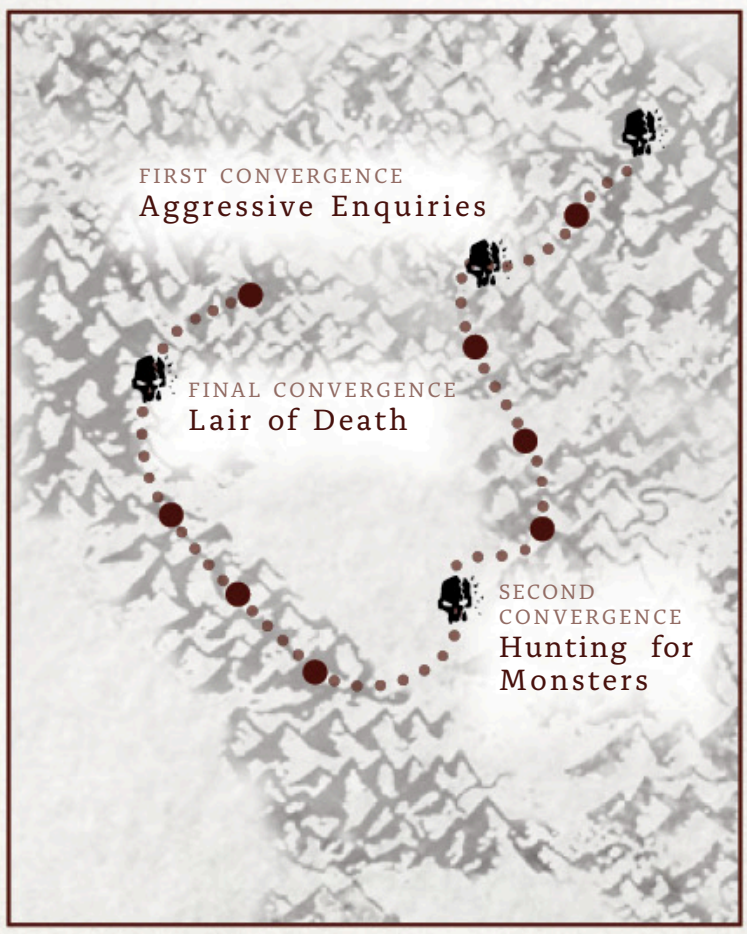
Over the next few pages, you'll find a new campaign for the Spire Tyrants warband. The campaign includes a map, territory rules, new artefacts and command traits (Hamstringer is a team favourite, if only for its name), convergence battleplans and – what you're all fighting for – the spoils of victory! So go forth, Spire Tyrants, and make merry with the carnage!

Orresk smashed his axe into the face of the closest Raptoryx, the keen-edged blade cleaving through the creature's beak right up to its eye sockets. The beast emitted a piercing wail as it died, its claws scrabbling in the dirt as death-throes wracked its mutated body. The pit veteran didn't give the Raptoryx a second thought. He had slain more foes than he could ever remember, their many faces just a blur in his mind. Dispatching these foul creatures was nothing short of killing vermin.

Risking a quick glance to his left, Orresk spied Kargrav, the warband's leader. The muscle-bound pit champion was duelling an Untamed Beast, his blade easily parrying his foe's axe before lashing out to slice at his bare skin. Kargrav was toying with his opponent, the pit veteran realised, eking out the torment. Orresk scowled, knowing he was not yet powerful enough to challenge Kargrav for leadership of the warband. He spun on his heel and brought his axe crashing into the shoulders of another Raptoryx. S*oon*, he thought. S*oon*.

LORD OF THE PITS

The name of Gorm the Wrecker is still muttered with a combination of fear and awe across the Bloodwind Spoil, years after his disappearance. A legendary pit champion who maimed and slew for the amusement of some of the Eightpoints' most fearsome warlords, Gorm was said to have become weary of slaughtering unworthy opponents. Thus, he entered the hellish wastes of the Spoil in search of foes that might offer a greater challenge, taking his ensorcelled axes and daemon-skull helm with him. Such potent treasures would surely grant you tremendous power and prestige, should you track Gorm down – or find his corpse.



TERRITORY RULES

Raise Monolith: *The Spire Tyrants leave behind only the piled weapons of those they have slain, and the heads of those unfortunate victims impaled upon spears and swords.*

You can spend 10 glory points to dominate a territory by raising a monolith. Mark on your warband roster how many territories you dominate. Dominating territory offers the following bonuses:

For each territory dominated by your warband, you can include 1 thrall in your warband when mustering for a campaign battle. Thralls included in this manner are not added to your warband roster and cost points like any other fighter.

For each territory dominated by your warband, increase the points you have available to spend on fighters when mustering your warband for a campaign battle by 50. Include the points costs for any thralls in your warband when mustering your warband. Thralls are not added to your warband roster and can never gain destiny levels, bear artefacts or be chosen to become a favoured warrior.

D3	ARTEFACT OF POWER
1	**Gutspiller Katar:** *This spiked punch-blade is designed for swift and painful disembowelling.* Add 1 to the damage points allocated by each hit and critical hit from attack actions made by the bearer that have a Range characteristic of 3 or less.
2	**Troghide Gambeson:** *This pocked and pitted hide is as tough as stone, and it knits back together when damaged.* Add 1 to the Toughness characteristic of the bearer. In addition, each time the bearer makes a wait action, remove D3 damage points allocated to the bearer.
3	**Belt of the Brutalist:** *Crafted from the blubbery hide of an ogor pit champion, this girdle grants the bearer unnatural strength.* Add 2 to the Strength characteristic of the bearer.

D3	COMMAND TRAIT
1	**Mocking Taunt:** *This warrior's insults cause their foes to act with rash fury.* Subtract 2 (to a minimum of 1) from the value of abilities used by enemy fighters while they are within 6" of this fighter.
2	**Hamstringer:** *This warrior likes to slow their foes down before taking them apart.* If an attack action made by this fighter scores any critical hits, halve the Move characteristic of the target fighter until the end of the battle round.
3	**Eyegouger:** *This warrior goes for the eyes, preferring to fight unsighted foes.* If an attack action made by this fighter scores any critical hits, subtract 1 from the Attacks characteristic (to a minimum of 1) of attack actions made by the target fighter until the end of the battle round.

FIRST CONVERGENCE: AGGRESSIVE ENQUIRIES

Word has reached you that a band of pit fighters who once witnessed Gorm the Wrecker in his pomp might have some notion as to where he was headed. Yet these scarred and savage killers will tell you nothing until you prove yourself worthy of their attention. Sighing, you draw your weapons. Kill the loudest of them in the messiest and most painful fashion possible. That should loosen the others' lips.

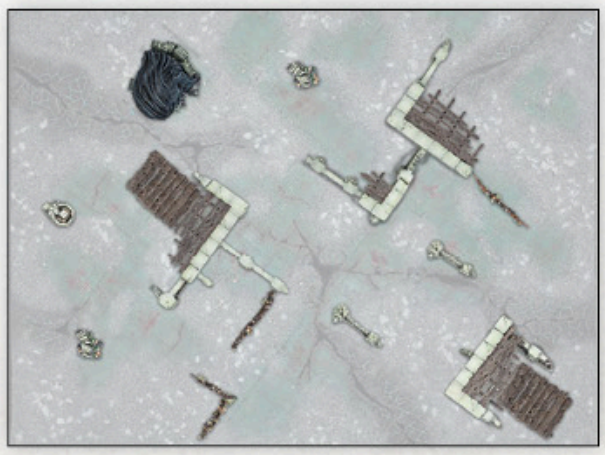
BATTLEPLAN
Terrain: See map.

Deployment: Draw a deployment card as normal.

Victory: Assassinate

The Aspirant warband is the attacker.

Twist: Eager for the Fight



SECOND CONVERGENCE: HUNTING FOR MONSTERS

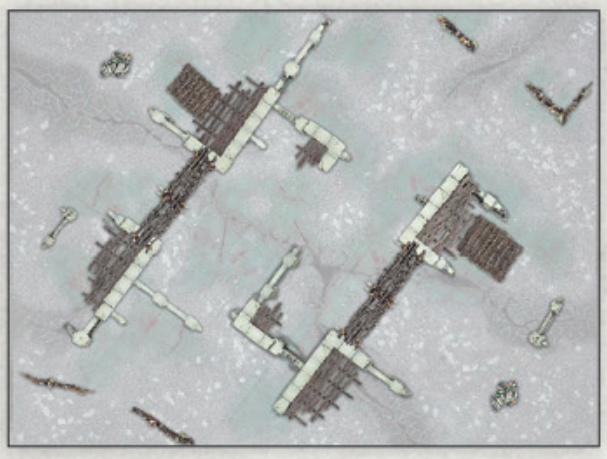
Gorm was seeking a legend – the monstrous bone-scorpid known as Bloodsting. According to rumour, this gargant-sized arachnid once laired in the Tormented Lands. You head into these blistered and sulphurous wastes, and you soon find yourselves under attack by a band of wild raiders. Even as you ready to carve them apart, you hear the beating of wings – a flock of malicious Furies descends from above!

BATTLEPLAN
Terrain: See map.

Deployment: Draw a deployment card as normal.

Victory: Crush

Twist: Rampaging Beasts



FINAL CONVERGENCE: LAIR OF DEATH

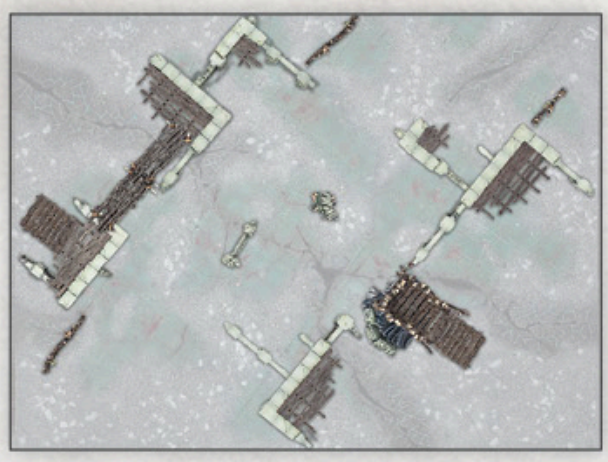
After many days of travel, you discover Bloodsting's nest, a hollow stuffed with piles upon piles of splintered bone. Atop the largest mound lies the many-legged horror itself, wound in a deathly embrace with the corpse of Gorm the Wrecker. The sound of crunching footsteps alerts you to another presence. A rival party of raiders seeks to steal your prize. Put these fools to the sword, and lay claim to Gorm's treasures.

BATTLEPLAN
Terrain: See map.

Deployment: Draw a deployment card as normal.

Victory: No Mercy

Twist: No Holding Back



CAMPAIGN OUTCOME
If the Aspirant warband is the winner, they complete this campaign quest. See opposite for the outcome and claim your reward.

SPOILS OF VICTORY

Through cunning, fearlessness and strength of arms you have triumphed over your rivals and left your mark on the Bloodwind Spoil. Under your leadership your warband has grown into a truly deadly force, feared by all who have heard the legends of their exploits. Your tale is not yet over, but for now you can relish the rewards of your victory.

SPIRE TYRANTS – LORD OF THE PITS

Your foes offer good sport – for a few brief moments, at least. Soon they have been hacked and bludgeoned to bloody ruin. You drag Gorm's corpse free of the bone-scorpid's stinger, which had been thrust straight through the pit champion's gut. The venom gushing from the tip of that spear-like appendage has dissolved the warrior's famed twin axes along with his most of his flesh, but Gorm's helm remains undamaged. Said to be fashioned from the leering skull of a daemon, this mighty relic is sure to strike terror in your foes.

ARTEFACT OF POWER

The Wrecker's Helm: *Carved from the bleached and rune-etched skull of a daemon, this horned helm radiates a potent aura of dread.*

Subtract 6 from the Strength characteristic (to a minimum of 1) of Attack actions made by enemy fighters while they are within 3" of the bearer.

WARHAMMER UNDERWORLDS BEASTGRAVE

GLORY POINTS

DAVE SANDERS
Dave is the senior games developer on the boxed games team and has worked on many notable games over the years, including Warhammer Underworlds. When he's not coming up with new ways to push unwary foes into lethal hexes (it's how he got the job in the first place), he can be found teaching his dice how to roll critical successes.

One of the concepts that runs throughout Games Workshop's games is the idea of different ways to play, commonly grouped under the categories of open, narrative and matched play. While Warhammer Underworlds is billed as the ultimate competitive miniatures game, seemingly seating it quite firmly in the matched play category, there are actually a number of different ways to play and enjoy this game, and I want to talk about some of them in this article.

KEEPING IT SIMPLE

First off, each iteration of Warhammer Underworlds has been designed as a stand-alone game. When we release a new core set, it includes two new warbands and their cards, some universal cards for building decks, and everything else two people need to play the game. This means that in its simplest form, you can play Warhammer Underworlds by just getting the core set and playing with that on your table at home or in your friendly local game shop as you would any other game. The fact that each warband is unique, and that building decks allows you to tailor your playstyle, means that each core set has a huge amount of replayability all by itself.

In this form, it's also a fantastic introduction to miniatures games for any of your family and friends who aren't sure about taking the plunge. With Beastgrave, you can use each warband's deck straight out of the box, eliminating any need for pregame planning so that new players can just jump straight in. The game's short playtime, low model count, card-based elements and high replayability should appeal to people who like all sorts of games.

I've fallen in love with each core set and the rivalries encapsulated in them. I've played and watched more games between Steelheart's Champions and Garrek's Reavers than I can count, and yet I still come across new tactics in that contest that surprise me. The challenge to make the most focused decks, to make the most of each activation, and to wrest victory from your foe is something that keeps me coming back to each core set over and over.

There's also something about having a regular opponent, such as a sibling or a best friend, who you'll play this game with time and again. As you get to learn each other's preferred tactics, strengths and weaknesses, you'll learn to adjust your decks and tactics accordingly. We talk quite a lot about how the 'meta' is developing in Warhammer Underworlds – that is, which cards and strategies are proving popular and affecting how people play. You and your regular opponents will have a meta all of your own that can be wildly different to that found anywhere else. You might use cards that are rarely seen in Grand Clashes but are ideal for the latest monster deck you've crafted for the specific destruction of your rival! It's the perfect environment in which to be creative, to try out all of the whacky cards and combos you've wondered if you can get to work, and to utilise knowledge of your opponent that you won't necessarily have when playing this game in other settings.

BRANCHING OUT

If you're itching for more after playing with the core set, then you're spoiled for choice for expansions. By the time you read this there will be more than twenty warbands to choose from, each with their own character, strengths and weaknesses. This means that there is almost endless variety in the games you and your friends can play, even if there are just one or two additional warbands that appeal to you. You may find that your collection grows alongside that of your rivals, as you try to find the best answer to their current favourite warband.

Some people love to collect, and Warhammer Underworlds is a very collectable game. If you decide to collect a season of Warhammer Underworlds, by the end of the season, you'll generally have eight or so warbands to choose from, complete with their own miniatures and cards, and around 200 universal cards to choose from when constructing their decks. That's enough to keep the most avid gamer going for a

In this monthly column, games developer Dave Sanders explores various aspects of Warhammer Underworlds, sharing insights, designer's notes, tactics and advice. This time, he joins us to talk about the different ways to play this wonderful game.

JUST THE BEGINNING
There have been six warbands released for Warhammer Underworlds: Beastgrave so far, with more on the horizon. Every release provides players with new warriors, cards, tactics and, ultimately, ways to play.

long, long time. Some of the joy in collecting is collecting for its own sake, to complete a collection, and we try to make sure there are elements in each season of Warhammer Underworlds that will appeal to collectors and give them new ideas for ways to play the game.

Branching out doesn't just mean grabbing everything that's available, though. The way that new expansions are released for Warhammer Underworlds several times a year means that the game itself branches out. There's always the potential for new combos, new themes for your decks, and new options for cards and warbands already in your collection. Essentially, the structure of the game changes with each new release, keeping it fresh and constantly evolving. As new deck archetypes become possible, warbands that haven't seen the battlefield in a while may find themselves fielded as newly kitted-out contenders as the options available to them change.

GETTING ORGANISED

What we've covered so far is termed 'open play' in Warhammer Underworlds. If you find that you enjoy this evolving system, and the opportunity to try out different warbands and decks against different opponents, then Organised Play may well be the thing for you. Warhammer Underworlds is played competitively all over the world, and chances are there's a shop near you where you can play Organised Play Warhammer Underworlds events.

There are different kinds of Organised Play events, but they all have some common themes. First and foremost, Organised Play is a way for a group of people to get together and play a lot of games of Warhammer Underworlds. When we were first designing the game, we wanted this to be a great experience, so games are quick, balanced and competitive. When you play in an Organised Play event, you'll likely play games against four or more opponents, which means potentially meeting four new people who like the same things you do.

Then there's the competitive aspect of the game. Luck certainly is a feature in every game of Warhammer Underworlds, but as you play more games and become more experienced, you'll find that it's less and less of a deciding factor, while your skill in piloting your warband and your decks will become far more important. This is enormously satisfying in itself, but as you rack up victories, you'll also be rewarded with some of the great swag found in our Organised Play packs,

including premium game components, alternate art cards and the coveted glass trophies. These are a great record of your achievements, and players use the prizes they have won with pride.

FORMATS TO FIT

There are three main formats of Organised Play, each with something different to offer. The closest of these to 'open' play is the Relic format. The Relic format allows you to play competitively with your whole Warhammer Underworlds collection (with the exception of some 'forsaken' cards which are excluded to make sure the game is fun for everyone). This format gives you the greatest potential for wild new deck ideas, crazy combos and meta-destroying builds. You can use cards from every season, all your warbands and boards, so there's no format more full of variety and creativity.

The Championship format is the one used most widely, and is the format used for Grand Clashes, the premier Warhammer Underworlds Organised Play events. In the Championship format, you can use any warband you like alongside universal cards and boards from the current and previous season of Warhammer Underworlds. This means that older cards are 'cycled out', keeping the card pool for your deck-building manageable and constantly changing. It also means that it has a low bar to entry for new players, as they don't have to hunt down older expansions for some 'must-have' cards. In addition, a list of forsaken and restricted cards, regularly updated, helps us ensure that no card has too great an impact on the meta. The Championship format is as 'matched play' as the game gets, and is ideal for those who enjoy the competitive aspect of the game.

The Alliance format is related to the Championship format, using the same rules except that players enter Alliance events in teams of three. This presents a different deck-building challenge to the other formats, as each card across all three players' decks needs to be unique. Working out which player of the three will make the best use of each of the best cards is the sort of puzzle I love, and something found only in this format. This is also the most social Organised Play format, as you'll enter and win or lose alongside your teammates, creating some memorable experiences along the way.

THE MORE THE GORIER

What I've covered so far has been one-on-one games of Warhammer Underworlds, but right from the start this has been a game designed for multiplayer as well. In the rulebook you can find the rules for playing games with three or four players (you'll need two core sets), which provides a completely different open play experience to the normal head-to-head format.

When you have more than one opponent to consider, you'll find yourself looking at many cards in a whole new light. You'll also find yourself making temporary alliances, spotting opportunities for game-shaking betrayals, and all sorts of skullduggery besides. Multiplayer games are amongst the most chaotic, most exciting games of Warhammer Underworlds you can play, and they have a social element to them that appeals strongly to some players. If you haven't played one yet, I strongly suggest that you give it a try!

There's even been a multiplayer variant in the hallowed pages of W*hite* D*warf* (July 2019). Arena

ARENA MORTIS
In Arena Mortis, you have just one character with which to score glory. With no objective deck and only one central objective to claim, glory is won by defeating your foes. The only problem is they do tend to come back!

THE GLASS-MAD GARGANT
Why battle each other in the Underworlds when you can fight a massive Gargant? This version of the game fits the setting of Beastgrave perfectly. After all, where better to find a massive angry beastie?

Mortis is a variant for 3-6 players in which each player uses a single fighter. The deck-building rules are very different, with no objective deck and separate upgrade and gambit decks, giving players a whole new puzzle to solve. Games of Arena Mortis are fast, bloody and fun, with fighters getting struck down right and left, only to rise once more to take their vengeance.

FORGING A NARRATIVE

We've also featured two narrative play variants in W*hite* D*warf* – the Glass-mad Gargant (December 2018) and Apex (November 2019). These variants are no less competitive than other games of Warhammer Underworlds, but each has a distinct narrative. In the Glass-mad Gargant, a Chaos Gargant has strayed into Shadespire and gone irrevocably mad. Players must work together to take the Gargant down, while each of them tries to make sure that they get the lion's share of the loot or are the last warband standing. Apex, on the other hand, features a Ghurish spirit that possesses the strongest fighter on the battlefield, granting them matchless power until another fighter proves their better.

Both of these variants result in games that feel completely different to other games of Warhammer Underworlds, and demonstrate how even some slight tweaks to the core rules can bring the narrative of your games to the fore. Narrative play is a perfect opportunity to exercise your creativity; think of the core rules as a kind of toolbox rather than something set in stone.

If you have a neat idea for a story set in Shadespire or Beastgrave, think about what changes to the rules might make that work and then give it a try with some friends. You might play games set during a freakish magical storm, an earthquake or something similar. Just think about what could happen in the game to represent these catastrophes, and then try it out. You might play linked games in which some of a fighter's wounds and/or upgrades can carry over to the next game. You might decide that the warbands are fighting a contest over something very different to objectives or glory. Once you start adjusting the rules to tell your own stories, you'll quickly find that there are no limits.

END PHASE

That's it for this article on different ways to play Warhammer Underworlds. As you can see, there are loads of ways to play the game, each offering you a different experience. If you haven't tried them all, I encourage you to. There's so much to discover here, and plenty of opportunity to get really creative!

TELL US YOUR THOUGHTS

As ever, do write in if you have any suggestions or something that you'd like to read about. You can contact me by email at:

whunderworlds@gwplc.com

or by sending a letter to
Dave Sanders,
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Games Workshop,
Willow Road,
Nottingham,
NG7 2WS.

I may not be able to reply directly, but you might see your suggestion or question in a column in a future issue.

ALIEN INTELLIGENCE

The Blackstone Fortress attracts many explorers, be they humans looking for plunder, or aliens with their own esoteric agendas. Quite why the Jokaero are investigating the fortress is a mystery, but one of their number has gone missing. Your team must rescue him.

The Jokaero are one of the more mysterious races of the 41st Millennium. Simian-like creatures in appearance, they give the impression of being unassuming and nonthreatening, yet that is far from the truth. As masters of technology and artifice, they are able to craft some of the most potent weapons the galaxy has ever seen, from powerful force fields and warp-capable starships to miniature digital weapons that could easily pass for fancy jewellery. Many foolish warriors have thought a Jokaero easy prey, only to be blasted apart when the diminutive creature points in their general direction.

This article enables you to use a Jokaero Weaponsmith as a retinue character in your games of Blackstone Fortress. Be warned, though, you have to find it first, and you really don't want to disturb its tinkering …

'Can't you hurry it up?' yelled Gotfret as he smashed another cultist aside with his crusader shield. Ahead of him the corridor was swarming with heretics, every one of them pushing and shoving to get their filthy hands on him. He lashed out with his power sword, severing both arms of an onrushing cultist. The warrior scrabbled uselessly at the Crusader's silver armour, painting it red with his own gore before being trampled underfoot by the onrushing horde.

'I do not understand what it is doing,' replied Daedalosus, who was watching the Jokaero Weaponsmith keenly, his bionic eye trying to record everything the diminutive alien was doing. Its nimble fingers danced across the control panels of the ancient terminal, pulling out wires and circuits and rebuilding them with ferocious speed. A smattering of autogun rounds ricocheted off the terminal, causing the Jokaero to pause. Looking back over its shoulder, the simian creature pointed past Gotfret at the charging cultists. One of them detonated as if struck by a missile. The Jokaero returned to its project unfazed.

RETINUE CHARACTERS

WHAT ARE RETINUE CHARACTERS?

Retinue characters represent characters who, while not being the central protagonists of the Blackstone Fortress story, still play a part. These individuals may be hired – or otherwise persuaded – to accompany the explorers into the fortress. In the game, they can be fielded in addition to a full party of four on an expedition into the Blackstone Fortress. As they are less inclined to act on their own initiative, they are not controlled by one player but by whichever player is the leader that turn, moving and fighting as directed by that player. Incredibly useful for any party of explorers, retinue characters have their own unique weapons and sometimes unique actions, lending their strength to the group and allowing the explorers to overcome obstacles they would otherwise find impossible.

Retinue characters were introduced in the Blackstone Fortress: Escalation expansion. The first, a combat servitor designated X-101, was discovered in the fortress itself, and once rescued, gave the explorers a powerful asset – an unquestioningly loyal companion they could bring on their expeditions to fight against the minions of Mallex. This article introduces a new retinue character for you to use, including background that explains how the character came to the fortress, a reference card for the character, and rules for how you can win the characer to your cause – a necessary step, as most of them will not be waiting around gathering dust like X-101!

Adding More Retinue Characters

Precipice is populated by a diverse collection of individuals. Representatives of many different facets of Imperial life have found their way to the station, along with members of dozens of different alien races. This has allowed us to pick some great Warhammer 40,000 miniatures and present them as retinue characters so that you can use more models in your games of Blackstone Fortress.

Of course, these followers won't just cheerfully join your crusades into one of the most mysterious and dangerous locations in the known galaxy for no reason! To recruit these fighters to your cause, you must first succeed in a unique quest. Completing this quest not only allows you to pick these characters for future expeditions, but also tells the story of why they are on the Blackstone Fortress and how your explorers came across them.

Retinue Character Rules

To use these retinue characters, follow the rules below.

When starting a new expedition, one retinue character can be chosen to accompany the explorers. Some retinue characters have conditions which must be met to recruit them; the explorers must achieve these before that character can be picked to accompany the explorers. A retinue character is treated as an explorer in all regards with the following exceptions:

- A retinue character does not have an initiative card and is always controlled by whoever is the current leader. Retinue characters are activated immediately after the leader's own explorer.
- A retinue character can never use destiny dice.
- Retinue characters do not use activation dice. Instead, their character card will tell you how many actions (and what actions) that character can take each time it is activated. A stunned retinue character takes one fewer action in a turn in which it stands back up. Retinue characters suffer wounds and grievous wounds and are taken out of action in the same manner as explorers.
- A retinue character can never have discovery or resource cards. If a rule or ability would cause a retinue character to receive a discovery card, the leader receives that discovery card instead.
- Retinue characters can never receive any cards that are given as rewards. If a reward would be given to a retinue character (because, for example, they slew a specific enemy or achieved a certain goal), that reward is instead given to the leader.

SIDEQUEST

An expedition to recruit a retinue character can be undertaken as a one-off expedition before, after, or even during another quest. If you begin this expedition whilst on another quest (such as the quest for the hidden vault or the quest for the Black Shrines), do not treat this expedition as part of the quest you are currently undertaking – that quest is placed on hold, using the following rules:

- During this expedition, discovery cards cannot be drawn for any reason.
- There is no Legacy or Trading step when the explorers return to Precipice.
- No cards, counters or tokens are drawn, placed or added to the databank to affect the amount of time the explorers have to finish the quest that is currently on hold. Menace counters and legacy cards are good examples of this. Those cards, counters and tokens that have already been drawn, placed or added to the databank are, however, still in use – the forces of Chaos are relentless, after all. This means, for example, that the cumulative penalties from the menace tracker will still affect this expedition during combats.
- Cards and equipment that would go in an explorer's stasis chamber at the end of a session's play remain in use and affect explorers as normal.
- Once the explorers have completed this expedition, these rules cease to apply and the explorers can continue once again with their quest.

Running Out of Time: The Search action, and equivalent actions that discard discovery markers (such as Daedalosus' Omniscan ability), cannot be used in a quest to recruit retinue characters.

THE TINKERER

One of the earliest ships to arrive at Precipice was a vessel crewed by the simian-like xenos called the Jokaero. This vessel was alien in design, seemingly formed of open lattices which could shift and flex to allow it to traverse the void. The ship's passengers rarely left their strange vessel, but were content to open its bulkheads to the denizens of Precipice. Though they appeared to ignore any attempt to communicate with them, Jokaero were keen to trade with those who had visited the Blackstone Fortress, whether they had discovered precious archeotech or apparently worthless gewgaws. Despite the best efforts of Precipice's data traders, none could determine whether this trade was the Jokaero's only motivation for having travelled to the station, or even if they had come there intentionally.

Regardless, the shaggy, bipedal aliens quickly became a vital part of Precipice's ecosystem. With sufficient raw materials, they could create, enhance or replicate almost any device, though they seemed to work upon whatever took their fancy. Their skills extended to the medical – aboard their vessel, an injured explorer could have almost any injury healed, so long as they could pay the creatures' price. The extraordinary vessel was dubbed Sawbone Station by those who had the requirement, and the resources, to call upon its services.

No inhabitant of Precipice could claim to know any of the aliens in any personal capacity, but those who traded with them regularly recognised individuals amongst the Jokaero group that seemed to specialise in – or simply prefer – specific technologies or treatments. One of the red-furred creatures, who had been the first to set foot outside Sawbone Station, became known for the elaborate weaponry it crafted. Those explorers fortunate enough to bear weapons enhanced by the creature's ingenuity dubbed it the Tinkerer – an ironic moniker, given the whole species' predilection for working upon whatever technology was within their reach.

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THE TINKERER

JOKAERO WEAPONSMITH, RETINUE CHARACTER

"Blast you! Give that back, it's a priceless heir-loom!" - Janus Draik

Move: 3 Defence: ■ Agility: ⬟ Vitality: ▲ Size: Small

WEAPON ACTIONS

Weapon	Range		
	1	2-3	4+
Jokaero Digital Weapons	See Below		

SPECIAL RULES

Inconceivable Customisation: The first time during their activation that an explorer takes a weapon action whilst they are in the same hex as the Tinkerer, roll ▲ before taking that weapon action. If the result is a critical success you can re-roll any failed action dice for that weapon action.

A Creature of Pure Science: Do not roll activation dice for the Tinkerer. Instead, it can take up to three of the following actions, in any order and combination: Move, Recuperate, Defence Orbs, Incessant Tinkering or Jokaero Digital Weapons actions. In addition, the Tinkerer can never gain inspiration points.

Defence Orbs: This action can be taken once per activation phase. If this action is taken the Tinkerer is Defence value ▲ until the next time it is activated.

Incessant Tinkering: The Tinkerer can take this action if it is adjacent to or in the same hex as an explorer. Increase the value of a single activation dice on that explorer's character card activation track by 1 (to a maximum of 6).

Jokaero Digital Weapons: This weapon action can be taken once per activation phase. When this action is taken, the leader can choose to use one, two or three of the Tinkerer's remaining actions to take this weapon action. The number of actions used determines which action dice is used to make the attack roll as shown below.

1:■ 2:▲ 3:⬟

SECRET AGENDA

A resource card of value 2 or more is discarded.

THE TINKERER

JOKAERO WEAPONSMITH, RETINUE CHARACTER (INSPIRED)

"I don't know what you did to my weapon, but it worked!" - Janus Draik

Move: 4 Defence: ■ Agility: ⬟ Vitality: ▲ Size: Small

WEAPON ACTIONS

Weapon	Range		
	1	2-3	4+
Jokaero Digital Weapons	See Below		

SPECIAL RULES

Inconceivable Customisation: The first time during their activation that an explorer takes a weapon action whilst they are in the same hex as the Tinkerer, roll ⬟ before taking that weapon action. If the result is a critical success you can re-roll any failed action dice for that weapon action.

A Creature of Pure Science: Do not roll activation dice for the Tinkerer. Instead, it can take up to three of the following actions, in any order and combination: Move, Recuperate, Defence Orbs, Incessant Tinkering or Jokaero Digital Weapons. In addition, the Tinkerer can never gain inspiration points.

Defence Orbs: This action can be taken once per activation phase. If this action is taken the Tinkerer is Defence value ⬟ until the next time it is activated.

Incessant Tinkering: The Tinkerer can take this action if it is adjacent to or in the same hex as an explorer. Increase the value of a single activation dice on that explorer's character card activation track by 2 (to a maximum of 6).

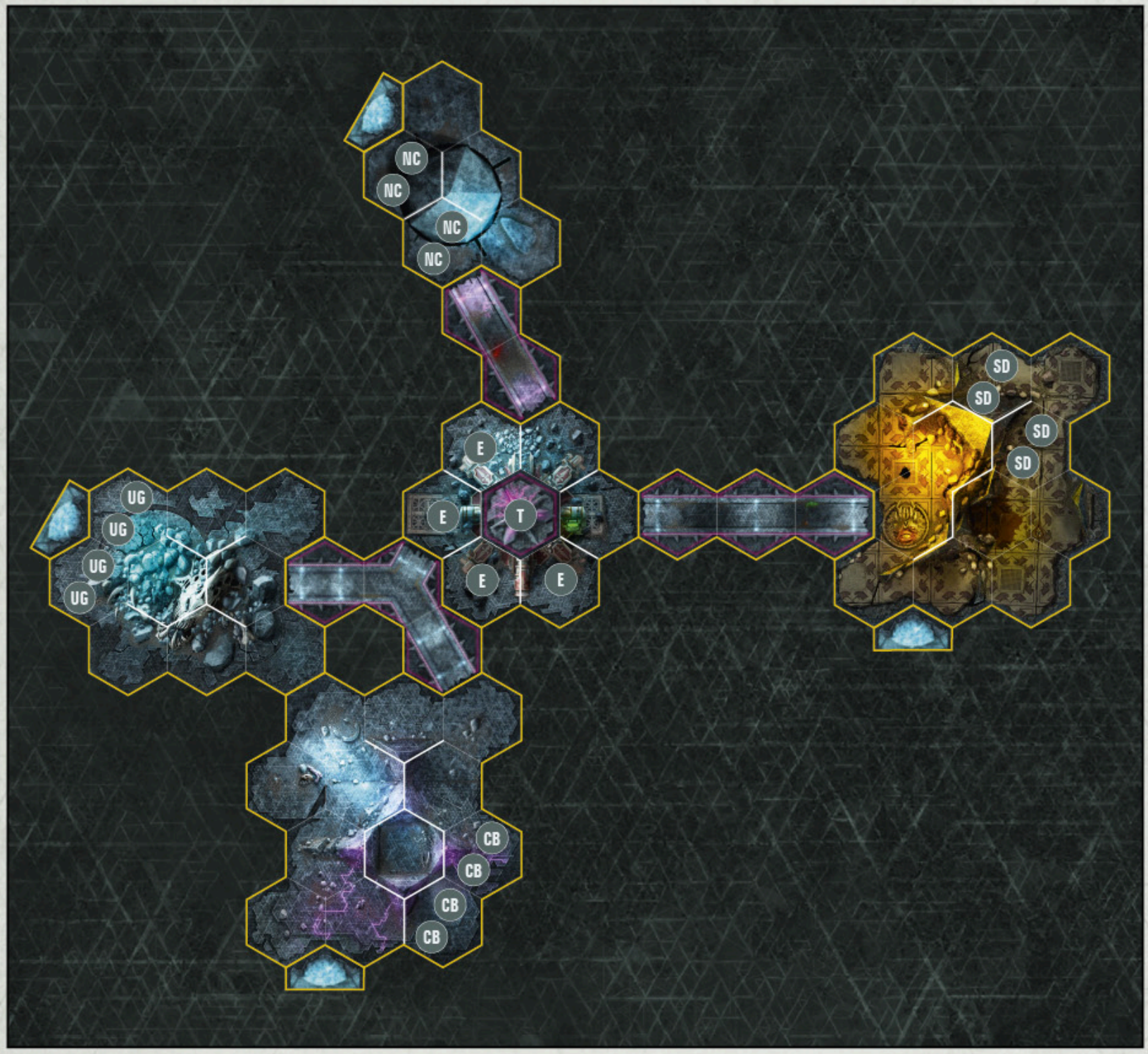
Jokaero Digital Weapons: This weapon action can be taken once per activation phase. When this action is taken, the leader can choose to use one, two or three of the Tinkerer's remaining actions to take this weapon action. The number of actions used determines which action dice are used to make the attack roll as shown below.

1:■■ 2:▲▲ 3:⬟⬟

STRONGHOLD

THE TINKERER'S INVENTION

A member of the race of aliens known as the Jokaero has gone missing. Its fellows aboard Sawbone Station have refused to dispense any further medical aid, and the explorers have deduced that the Jokaero will continue to withhold their services until the Tinkerer is returned to them safely. The group manage to track the creature amidst the nightmare halls of the Blackstone Fortress, but when they eventually reach its location, they find it tinkering with a man-high piece of barely recognisable technology. Finding it impossible to convince the creature to leave, the explorers resolve to defend it until the bizarre-looking contraption it is working on is completed – perhaps it will be prepared to return to safety with them once its work is done.



ACCESS ROUTE

This expedition is one combat, set up as shown here. Place the Tinkerer's miniature in the hex marked T. Deploy the explorers in the hexes marked E.

HOSTILE GROUPS

1. 4 Spindle Drones (SD)
2. 4 Negavolt Cultists (NC)
3. 4 Ur-Ghuls (UG)
4. 4 Chaos Beastmen (CB)

STRONGHOLD RULES

The Great Work: Place a wound counter next to the Tinkerer at the end of the event phase to keep track of its progress. Starting from the end of the second turn, before the event phase, roll the Blackstone dice, adding 2 to the result for each wound counter that is next to the Tinkerer. If the result is 21 or better, the Tinkerer completes its invention.

Busy Tinkering: The Tinkerer makes no actions in this combat, and is not treated as an explorer by hostiles - it is busy assembling its latest invention and stays out of the way.

No End To Their Numbers: When a hostile is slain, immediately deploy it adjacent to a portal and as close as possible to another hostile from their group that is already on the battlefield. If there are no hostiles from their group on the battlefield (because they have all been slain), deploy the hostile adjacent to a portal and as close as possible to an explorer. Note that this is not the same as a reinforcement roll, so the hostile takes no further action unless the hostile group of which it is a part activates later that phase as normal.

Driven to a Frenzy: Treat all Hold and Sneak results on any hostile behaviour table as Charge.

EVENT TABLE

ROLL	EVENT
1	**All Is Dust:** If any discovery markers are still on the battlefield, the leader must discard one of them. If there are no discovery markers, each explorer loses 1 inspiration point, to a minimum of 0.
2-3	**Unfulfilled Destiny:** Do not make a destiny roll at the start of the next turn.
4-6	**Not Dead Yet:** The leader must pick one hostile that was slain during the combat and has not returned to the battlefield, and then deploy them as close to an explorer as possible.
7-10	**Changing Conditions:** Draw an encounter card. If the card has a twist, it applies for the rest of the combat. If not, there is no effect.
11-14	**Furious Tinkering:** Place 3 additional wound counters next to the Tinkerer.
15-17	**Inspiration:** The leader picks an explorer. That explorer receives 1 inspiration point.
18-19	**Heroic Effort:** The leader picks an explorer that is out of action. Deploy the explorer in the same hex as another explorer or as close to another explorer as possible, and then make a vitality roll for them. If no explorers are out of action, the leader picks an explorer. Make a vitality roll for that explorer.
20	**Lucky Find:** The leader picks an explorer. That explorer draws a discovery card.

VICTORY

If all explorers are out of action, or if the Tinkerer completes its invention, the combat ends in the following event phase. If when the combat ends, all the explorers are out of action, this stronghold is failed and must be attempted again. If any explorers are not out of action and the Tinkerer has completed its invention, the stronghold is conquered and the Tinkerer can be picked as a retinue character in future expeditions.

CAMPAIGN OF VENGEANCE

During the Horus Heresy, the war engines of the Titan Legions found themselves pitted against each other in campaigns of annihilation and retribution. Here we present two new narrative missions and provide a few ideas for creating scenarios of your own.

The Horus Heresy was a dark time for the god-machines of the Collegia Titanica, for it pitted these rare and invaluable war engines against each other in some of the most destructive battles that Mankind has ever seen. Colossi of war marched against their former allies, bringing weapons to bear that could flatten entire city blocks or bring a world to compliance with a single salvo. Titans that had walked the stars for millennia were torn asunder, while others were corrupted beyond recognition, a parody of the noble machines they once were. Battles raged across cities, countries, continents, planets and eventually entire systems. Campaigns of annihilation, vengeance and hatred lasted years, if not decades. The names of treacherous Legios were struck from official records and declared Hereticus, while those who remained loyal would be remembered in Imperial history for all time.

ADEPTUS TITANICUS

If you're new to Adeptus Titanicus, make sure you pick up a copy of the main rules, available from the Games Workshop website in English, German and Japanese. If you're into your narrative gaming, check out the campaign books Titandeath and Doom of Molech, both of which feature new rules and background and providing great inspiration for your games of Adeptus Titanicus.

TITANIC BATTLES

This article includes two examples of famous battles from the time of the Horus Heresy – The Invasion of Paramar V: Plain of Fire, and Scouring of the Ollanz Cluster: Breakthrough. As you'll notice, the first mission is quite evenly balanced, but features some pretty hazardous conditions in the form of cloying smoke and radioactive ground. The second mission features rivers of lava and is a little more one-sided, representing a desperate gamble by one Legio to try and destroy their foes while their forces are split.

Either of these missions is great fun to play on its own, but you could always try writing the next scenario in the story yourself. If the Warp Runners win the first mission on Borman IV, perhaps their controlling player gets to write the next scenario. You never know, it could lead to a lengthy campaign of vengeance and retribution.

NARRATIVE MISSIONS

Designing your own Adeptus Titanicus missions is an incredibly fun and rewarding experience that can forge some truly memorable games. More often than not, such missions revolve around a battle from the rich background and lore of the Horus Heresy, which, in Adeptus Titanicus, is known as Narrative Play. There are various ways to write your own missions, and we're going to discuss how you might go about it, as well as provide some examples of brand-new narrative scenarios for you to play.

The Horus Heresy was a galaxy-spanning conflict that saw untold numbers consumed by the fires of war. On both sides, hundreds upon hundreds of Titan Legions and Knight Households fought to the last in service to the Emperor or the Warmaster, both seeking complete dominion over Mankind. Many battles are doomed to be forever forgotten, nothing more than a footnote to grander actions. Some, however, were destined to shape the coming war, as both sides fought over strategic locations and vital star systems.

For players wishing to relive their favourite moments of Titan warfare during the Horus Heresy, the narrative missions presented in the Adeptus Titanicus rulebook and the various supplements offer a perfect medium to do so. Of course, not every battle depicted in the game background or in Black Library novels currently has a mission, and if you're wishing to create your own, there are a few things to consider before you do so.

The first thing to decide before you put pen to paper is what battle(s) you want to re-enact. There is a wealth of literature to draw inspiration from, including Black Library novels, the Horus Heresy black books and various snippets of background scattered across publications such as army books. Once you've found something that inspires you, make some notes as to the major events of the battle, including the various forces on either sides. If these match up with the Titan Legion your models represent, all the better!

The background you're drawing from will go a long way in determining the kind of scenario you'll be playing; the fate of the Nine Paragons at the Battle for Ithraca would work perfectly for a grand last stand, while many battles fought in the Beta-Garmon cluster were drawn-out, brutal conflicts where total destruction was the only goal.

The size of the forces used during the mission will be somewhat dictated by the narrative, but don't be put off if you feel your collection is too small to represent the full scale of the forces described. A mission can be a snapshot of a particular battle rather than a complete rendition of your favourite Black Library novel. The simplest solution is to assign a Battle Rating to both sides, which can be different for each player to reflect an uneven balance of power, and allow players to construct their own list. If players agree, they can decide on a set list for either side that mirrors the forces that fought that battle.

Another important aspect of narrative missions is special rules. These are additional rules exclusive to each mission that define the unique factors of that conflict. When designing special rules for a mission, you can either pick and choose battlefield rules (which can be found in Adeptus Titanicus supplements) and special rules from other narrative missions to create your vision of the narrative you're aiming to create, or you can design your own rules from scratch. The second option is more difficult but creates a more tailored experience.

When deciding on the special rules you'll be using, it's best to stick to four or fewer unique rules, to avoid the game having too many spinning plates. Each one should influence the battle in a unique way, whether that be by allowing reinforcements to arrive during the course of the battle or allowing Titans to do feats that are impossible during a normal game. Rules can either affect the whole battlefield or only some of the players depending on what they're trying to represent, and both players should be aware of their effects before finalising them.

Designing a scenario is as much an art as it is a science, so the best thing to do is just give it a go. Over the next few pages, we've created two brand-new narrative missions for you to play through. Hopefully they will inspire you to create your own.

THE INVASION OF PARAMAR V: PLAIN OF FIRE

This mission represents the assault upon the Paramar Nexus during the Invasion of Paramar V. A world that served both as a vital lynchpin of the Imperium's tangled skein of empyreal travel and a vital staging post and supply terminus for outward expansion, Paramar V proved a primary target for the Warmaster's initial blows against the Imperium. The greater part of the task of conquering the world was entrusted to the Alpha Legion, partially in recognition of the subtlety needed to achieve it and partially as a final demonstration of loyalty for Alpharius and his warriors towards the Warmaster, for many were convinced the Alpha Legion had yet to truly bleed themselves against the Imperium. Before the fires of Isstvan V had settled, the Alpha Legion fragmented, departing for numerous far flung systems, nearly half its number destined for Paramar V. With them came significant strength drawn from the Warmaster's Mechanicum allies, including ten entire maniples of Legio Fureans Titans.

The conquest of Paramar V was intended to be a swift affair, with the Alpha Legion hoping to overwhelm the world with an assault led by subterfuge. But events conspired against it, the Legion's presence revealed before the plan could be enacted. Switching to a more traditional assault, the Traitor force made landfall upon the planet, conceiving of a single assault spearheaded by the armoured elements of the Legion against the Paramar Nexus, the central spaceport terminus of Paramar V and centralised command of the planet. With the god-engines of the Tiger Eyes at the fore, the Traitors focused their advance on the Nexus, committing the best part of their strength against a single goal. It was the guns of the Legio Fureans that spoke first, the Tiger Eyes engaging the engines of Legio Gryphonicus that stood as wardens of Paramar V. Both sides unleashed firepower capable of levelling entire cities in a single sweep, and the battlefield over which they fought soon became a radioactive wasteland wreathed in deadly mist. The clash between the two Titan Legions created a no-man's land to the fore of the Nexus complex that no man or lesser machine could hope to cross and survive. As the ground forces of the Traitor assault moved to circumvent this deadly miasma, the two Titan Legions continued their deadly duel, both sides seeking nothing short of the total eradication of their foe.

Battlegroups

One player controls the Legio Fureans forces, while their opponent controls those of Legio Gryphonicus. Both players select a battlegroup as described on page 53 of the Adeptus Titanicus rulebook. Both players' forces should have a Battle Rating of up to 2,500 points. Each force must consist of at least one maniple, plus any reinforcements. Neither side may include Knight Banners.

Battlefield

The battle is played on a 4'x4' board. The battlefield should contain a moderate amount of buildings, with several open sections representing roads and landing zones.

Stratagems

Both players have 2 points to spend on Stratagems (see the Adeptus Titanicus rulebook). Neither player may choose the Outflank Stratagem or any Tertiary Objectives Stratagems.

Mission Special Rules

Radioactive Mire: As the action progressed, the battle between the two Titan Legions turned the battlefield into a radioactive wasteland deadly to anything left exposed. When rolling on the Catastrophic Damage table, add 2 to the result of the roll. In addition, when a Titan with a Void Shield level of X is activated in the Strategy phase, roll a D10, adding one to the result for each Titan that has suffered Magazine Detonation or

Catastrophic Meltdown Catastrophic Damage this battle. On an 8+, increase that Titan's Reactor Status level by 2.

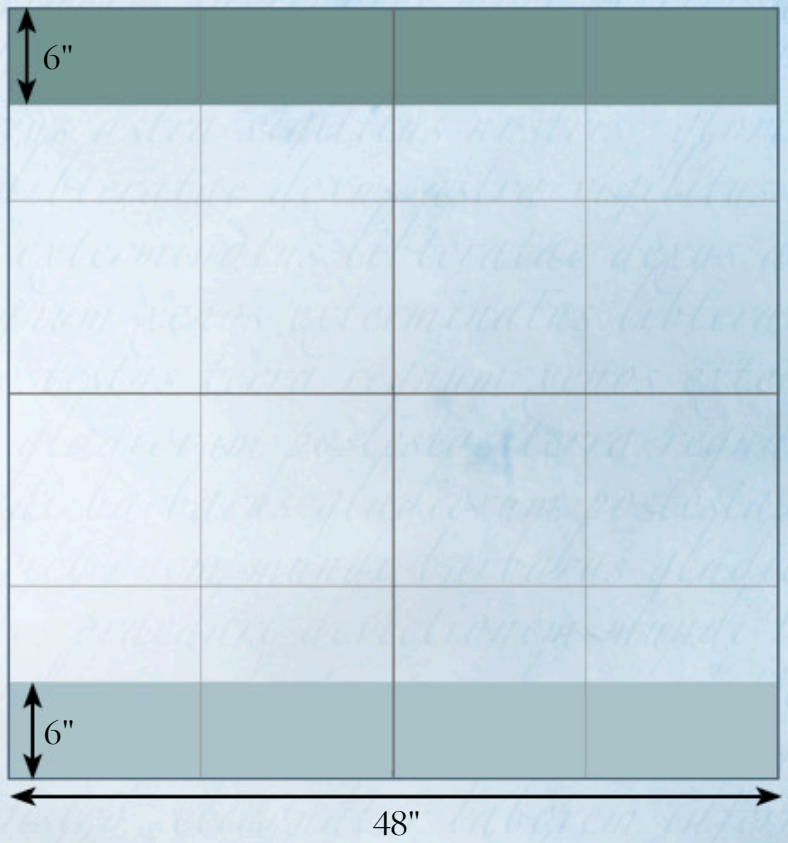
Smoke and Smog: The battlefield over which the two Legios fought soon became wreathed in smoke, hampering sight lines and blinding both sides. Any attack made by a unit against a target more than 24" away suffers a -1 modifier to its Hit rolls, in addition to any other modifiers. In addition, at the start of each round, both players, starting with the First Player, may deploy a single smoke marker anywhere on the battlefield. Any part of the battlefield within 2" of a smoke marker counts as Blocking terrain. Smoke markers are removed during the End phase of the round they are placed.

Deployment
The Legio Gryphonicus player deploys their forces within 6" of a board edge of their choice. The Legio Fureans player then deploys their forces within 6" of the opposite board edge.

The First Round
In the first round, the Legio Fureans player chooses who will take the Opus Titanica and be the First Player.

Battle Length
The battle lasts for five rounds, after which one side will have emerged victorious. If all the units controlled by either player are destroyed at any point before this, the battle ends immediately.

Victory
At the end of the battle, both players score a number of Victory points equal to the points value of each enemy Titan that has been destroyed; units that are Structurally Compromised award half their total points value (rounding down). The player who scores the most Victory points claims victory.



SCOURING OF THE OLLANZ CLUSTER: BREAKTHOUGH

As the battle for Beta-Garmon escalated, the unfolding conflict drew increasing numbers of forces into its brutal embrace, but it was not the sole target of the Warmaster's ire. Further afield, smaller detachments sought to conquer star systems deemed important to the Loyalists' war effort with the aim to drain the Imperium forces at Beta-Garmon of supplies and reinforcements. To this end a Traitor force, supported by Titans drawn from Legio Fureans, advanced upon the Ollanz Cluster, intent upon gaining control of the valuable resource worlds within it. Believing the Cluster to be devoid of any meaningful resistance, the advancing Traitors were surprised by the sudden appearance of a demi-Legion from Legio Astorum, supported by elements of the Iron Hands Legion. Intending to reinforce Beta-Garmon, the Loyalists had been rearming and refuelling at the Borman system when the Traitors moved upon the Ollanz Cluster. Although outnumbered, the Warp Runners dared not give the invaders unrestricted access to the cluster and moved to oppose their advance.

It was upon Borman IV that the turning point of the brief but intense conflict came about. Aware that they were outnumbered and unlikely to triumph in a straight fight, especially against an entrenched enemy, the Loyalists moved to break open their foes' defences with a targeted assault. Marshalling their numbers upon the Yrevendi Desert, the Titans of Legio Astorum focused their efforts upon a weak point in the Legio Fureans lines. With a Loyalist vanguard luring the Traitors into the Yrevendi Desert thanks to a bold diversionary assault, the Titans of Legio Astorum unleashed their fury upon the Tiger Eyes, hoping to shatter the enemy's strength in a single surprise thrust aimed at devastating the isolated Titan Legion and leaving the overall Traitor strength critically weakened. Such an assault was not without risk, for though the Warp Runners' assault was carefully calculated to ensure the Loyalists outnumbered the pursuing Tiger Eyes, nearly the entire Loyalist strength was committed to this single battle, meaning defeat would effectively hand control of the Ollanz Cluster to the Traitors.

Battlegroups

One player controls the forces of Legio Fureans while their opponent controls the forces of Legio Astorum. Each player selects a battlegroup, as described in the Adeptus Titanicus rulebook. The Traitor player's force should have a Battle Rating of up to 2,000 points, while the Loyalist player's Battle Rating should be up to 2,500 points. Each force must consist of at least one maniple, plus any reinforcements. Neither side may include Knight Banners.

The Battlefield

The battle is played on a 6'x4' board. Parts of the battlefield represent rivers of lava; at least two should be on the battlefield, although more can be added if players wish, with each being at least 2" wide and flowing from one battlefield edge to another. The remainder of the board should contain a light amount of rocky outcrops and other natural terrain pieces.

Stratagems

Both players have 2 Stratagem points to spend on any Stratagems they wish. The Traitor player may not choose the Outflank Stratagem.

Mission Special Rules

Punishing Assault: The Tiger Eyes have been lured into the path of the advancing Warp Runners through a series of diversionary attacks, leaving them vulnerable to a surprise thrust by the Loyalist forces. At the start of the first round, after determining the First Player but before any Titan is activated, roll a Command check for each of the Tiger Eyes Titans, subtracting

2 from the result. If the check is failed, the Titan can only be activated in the Movement or Combat phase of the first round, not both. In addition, no Tiger Eyes Titan can be issued an Order during the Strategy phase of the first round.

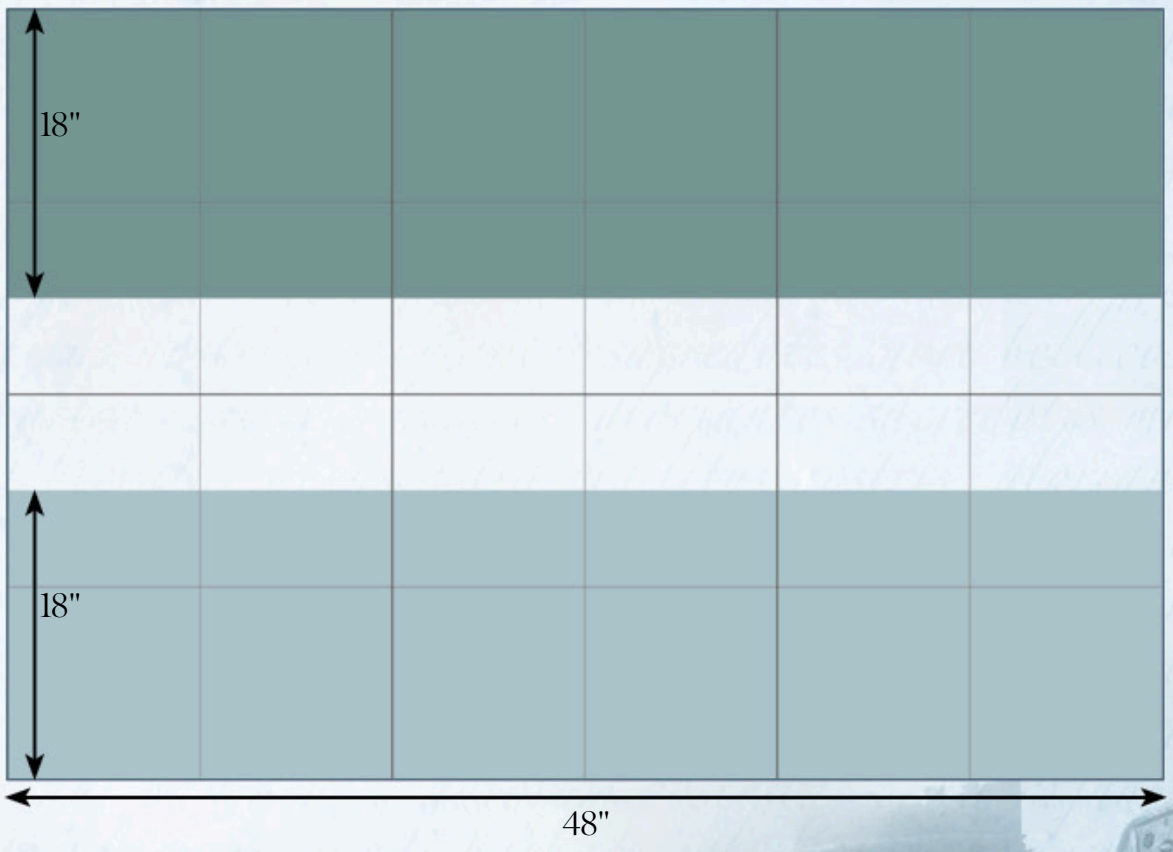
Lava Rivers: Rivers of lava cross the Yrevendi Desert, presenting a danger even to a massive Titan. When setting up the battlefield, players should clearly designate which parts of the battlefield are Lava Rivers. Lava Rivers count as Dangerous Terrain. In addition, if a Titan moves into a Lava River involuntarily, for example due to the Concussive trait, roll a D6. On a 5+ the Titan rights itself before falling into the lava and nothing else happens. On a 1-4, the Titan counts as having moved into Deadly Terrain.

Deployment
The Legio Fureans player picks a board edge and deploys their units within 18" of that edge. Each unit must be placed at least 6" from an already deployed unit; units that are part of a Squadron may be deployed within 3" of each other instead. If a unit cannot be deployed in this way, the Legio Astorum player deploys the unit instead, placing it anywhere within 18" of the Legio Fureans player's board edge. The Legio Astorum player then deploys their units anywhere within 18" of the opposite board edge.

The First Round
In the first round, the Legio Astorum player chooses who will take the Opus Titanica and be the First Player.

Battle Length
The battle lasts for five rounds, after which the Warp Runners have either decimated the Tiger Eyes or their sudden assault has been blunted. If all the units controlled by either player are destroyed at any point before this, the battle ends immediately.

Victory
At the end of the battle, calculate the total number of points of Legio Fureans Titans that have been destroyed, counting units that have been Structurally Compromised as half their points (rounding down). If the total is equal to or greater than 65% of the Legio Fureans' starting Battle rating, the Legio Astorum player is victorious. Otherwise, the Legio Fureans player is victorious.



A RETURN TO HOLY TERRA

This month, we're joined in interview corner (it's just a table, really) by Black Library author and former White Dwarfer Graham McNeill. Here, Graham chats about his time at Games Workshop, his move to writing novels, and his latest work, Sons of the Selenar.

GRAHAM MCNEILL
Graham has been writing stories about Warhammer for almost twenty years. As a former member of the design studio, he used to write codexes and army books, but one day he decided to turn his hand to writing novels. As it turns out, he's pretty good at it!

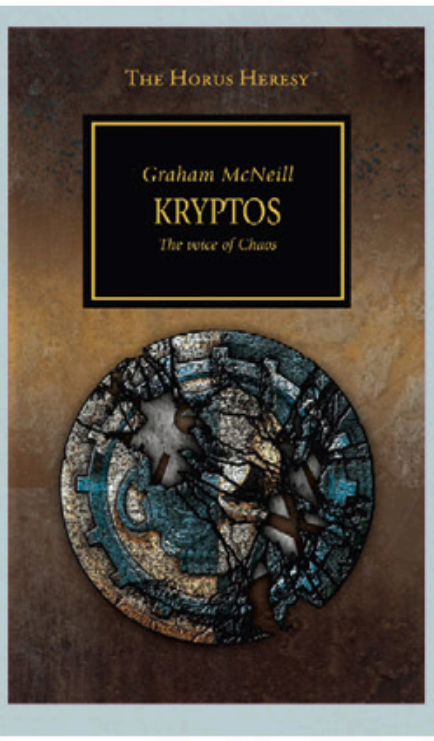
Nightbringer, *Storm of Iron*, *Heldenhammer*, *The Ambassador*, *False Gods*, *Fulgrim*, *Angel Exterminatus*, *Lords of Mars* – these are just a few of the many Warhammer novels written by Graham McNeill, one of Black Library's most prolific and well-known writers. In fact, Graham has written twenty-eight novels for Black Library over the years, plus countless novellas, short stories and graphic novels. He's had his works featured in omnibuses and compilations and made into audiobooks. His Horus Heresy novel *A Thousand Sons* was the first Black Library novel on The New York Times Best Seller list.

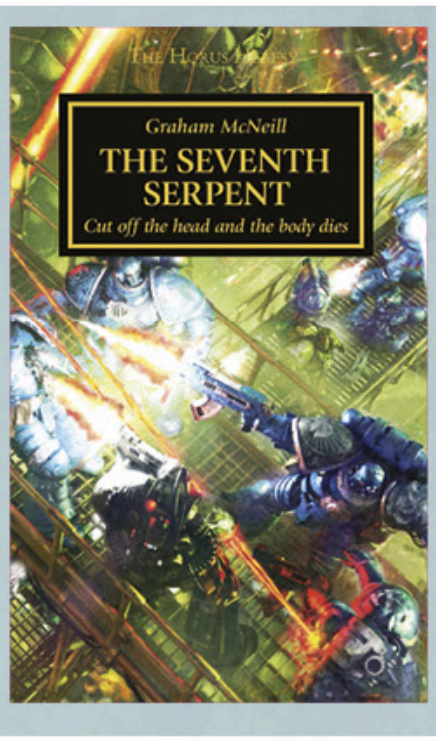
But Graham has been suspiciously quiet on the writing front for the last few years – apparently the Californian sun required a lot of his attention. But now he's back with three new novellas – one for Warhammer Horror and two for the Siege of Terra series. We set our interrogator on him …

When did you first get into Warhammer, Graham?
The first game I played was the third edition of Warhammer, but I actually started with Choose Your Own Adventure books and roleplaying games. When I was eleven years old, my mother was trying to get me into a private school, so she dragged me around book shops for a whole day trying to find revision guidelines and past papers. For an eleven-year-old, that's just torture! But at the end of the day she said I'd been a really good boy, so I could pick any book I wanted as a treat. The book I picked had a picture of a wizard on the front cover and some kind of ghost dragon swirling out of a crystal ball type thing. I had no idea what it was, but I thought it looked cool, so that's what I got. As it turns out, it was *The Warlock of Firetop Mountain*.

After that, I got into roleplaying games. I was always the Dungeon Master because I loved

The cover of *Sons of the Selenar*, illustrated by Horus Heresy cover artist Neil Roberts. The characters depicted are, from left to right, Nykona Sharrowkyn, Cadmus Tyro, Atesh Tarsa and Ignatius Numan.





THE JOURNEY OF THE SISYPHEUM

Graham's latest novella, *Sons of the Selenar*, is a continuation of one of the most popular story arcs in the Horus Heresy – that of the strike cruiser *Sisypheum* and a few desperate survivors of the Isstvan Dropsite Massacre. The first tale in the series is the short story 'Kryptos', followed by the novel *Angel Exterminatus* and the novella *The Seventh Serpent*. All are available from the Black Library website.

being able to craft stories for the other players. There are few better tools for training to be a writer than being the DM in a roleplaying game. You prepare the story, come up with multiple avenues the players can take, then they go down the one you don't expect, and you have to come up with a new story on the fly. I think my ambition always outstripped what the games could support, though. I wanted nations at war, but RPG rules couldn't handle anything on that scale, so I wrote my own rules. Then I saw Warhammer and everything changed. Warhammer third edition was everything to me and my friends. Then *Warhammer* 40,000: *Rogue Trader* came out, and we were hooked.

When did you join Games Workshop then?

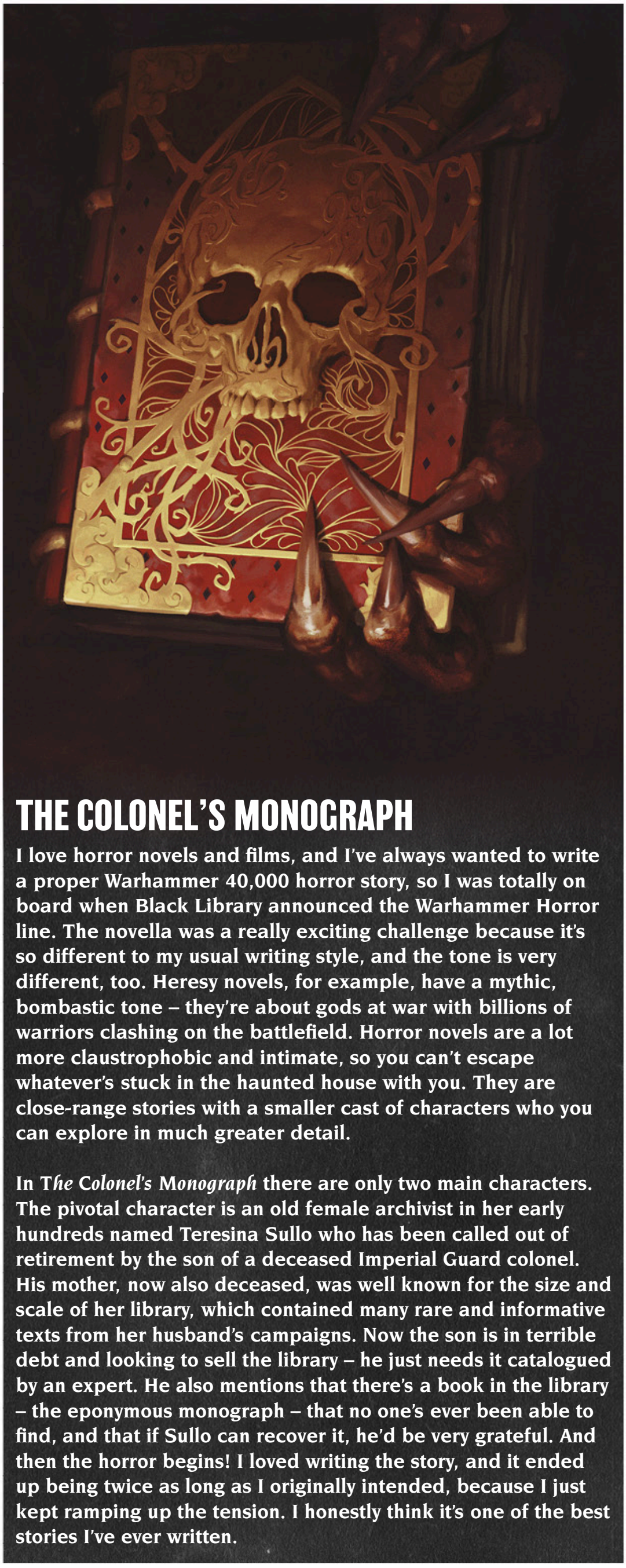
I started back in 2000, which gives me a cold shiver down my spine – that was almost twenty years ago now! I was working as an architect in Glasgow when I saw an advert in *White Dwarf* for a staff writer. I thought, what's the worst that can happen – they'll say no. Six months later, I was moving to Nottingham! I was originally hired to write journalistic stuff – reporting on events, grand tournaments and Games Days, but there weren't actually enough events for me to report on, so I ended up writing more fiction pieces. One of the first things I wrote was about the famous regiments of the Imperial Guard such as the Catachans, Savlar Chem Dogs and the Death Korps of Krieg. I ended up writing a lot more background, not just for *White Dwarf*, but for Warhammer and Warhammer 40,000, too. The first game I properly worked on, and the first thing published with my name in it, was Inquisitor, along with Gav Thorpe and Phil Kelly.

After that, I moved on to writing codexes and army books. *Codex: Tau* was one of my first, along with Andy Chambers and Pete Haines, then Daemonhunters, Witch Hunters, Necrons, Black Templars, The Empire, The Two Towers and Fall of the Necromancer for The Lord of the Rings … there were quite a few! It was around that time that I also wrote my first short story, a Dark Angels piece called 'Unforgiven'. I really enjoyed writing a longer piece of prose, and it wasn't long before I started chatting with Black Library about writing a full novel. That novel was *Nightbringer*.

Writing that first novel was a huge learning experience for me. I didn't know what I was doing or where I was going with it, I was just putting one thing after another. As Uriel Ventris found his feet as a company commander, so too was I finding my

A COUPLE OF FIRSTS

Graham's very first short story for Black Library, 'Unforgiven', is still available to download from the Black Library website. So, too, is 'Chains of Command', the first short story to feature the now-legendary Captain of the Ultramarines, Uriel Ventris. Apparently, Graham's got plans for Uriel Ventris. Sadly, they're top secret for now …



THE COLONEL'S MONOGRAPH

I love horror novels and films, and I've always wanted to write a proper Warhammer 40,000 horror story, so I was totally on board when Black Library announced the Warhammer Horror line. The novella was a really exciting challenge because it's so different to my usual writing style, and the tone is very different, too. Heresy novels, for example, have a mythic, bombastic tone – they're about gods at war with billions of warriors clashing on the battlefield. Horror novels are a lot more claustrophobic and intimate, so you can't escape whatever's stuck in the haunted house with you. They are close-range stories with a smaller cast of characters who you can explore in much greater detail.

In *The Colonel's Monograph* there are only two main characters. The pivotal character is an old female archivist in her early hundreds named Teresina Sullo who has been called out of retirement by the son of a deceased Imperial Guard colonel. His mother, now also deceased, was well known for the size and scale of her library, which contained many rare and informative texts from her husband's campaigns. Now the son is in terrible debt and looking to sell the library – he just needs it catalogued by an expert. He also mentions that there's a book in the library – the eponymous monograph – that no one's ever been able to find, and that if Sullo can recover it, he'd be very grateful. And then the horror begins! I loved writing the story, and it ended up being twice as long as I originally intended, because I just kept ramping up the tension. I honestly think it's one of the best stories I've ever written.

feet as an author. I had a great deal of editorial help! The book proved to be pretty popular (thanks, all!), and I followed it up with the direct sequel, *Warriors of Ultramar*, and the Iron Warriors novel *Storm of Iron*. That novel was born out of my frustration of seeing our villains not being treated seriously. They were just being used as punchbags for the good guys, which seems crazy because they've been around longer, fought harder, and they're more powerful because of the influence of Chaos – they need to win sometimes! So, spoiler alert, the bad guys win in *Storm of Iron*. Because they can!

But you didn't stay in the design studio, though.
I didn't, no. In 2006 I came to a fork in the road in my career. I could stay in the studio and keep working on army books and codexes, or I could take up writing novels full time. I was comfortable working in the studio, and I think that's what influenced my decision – I wanted to pursue a new challenge. So in 2006 I made the tough decision to leave and take up writing full time. I spent the next ten years writing novels, comics and short stories, most of them for Black Library, though I did stray from the path every now and again, if you know what I mean!

Wasn't 2006 when *False Gods* came out?
It was, yes. That was my first Horus Heresy novel. Obviously I wrote it while I was still at Games Workshop, but it didn't come out until after I left. The day after, in fact! One moment I was writing rules for Space Marines, the next I was signing novels. Writing for the Horus Heresy series has been one of the biggest privileges of my life – it's the backstory of Warhammer 40,000, and without it there is no grimdark. In fact, just the other day I had one of those clichéd writer flashbacks. I was sitting in a coffee shop with my laptop writing a confrontation between Magnus and Vulkan, and I recalled the back room in my parents' house where my friends and I used to play games of Titan Legions and Epic. If only that sixteen-year-old kid knew what I was writing today. His head would have exploded. I've really enjoyed working on my Siege of Terra stories.

Well that was a neat segue into the next part of the interview! Would you like to tell us a bit about *Sons of the Selenar*?
Yes indeed! *Sons of the Selenar* is the continuation of my Shattered Legions arc that began with the short story 'Kryptos' and continued into the novel *Angel Exterminatus* and the novella *The Seventh Serpent*. It follows the story of the very battered strike cruiser *Sisypheum* and the ragtag crew of survivors who were swept up in the wake of the Isstvan Massacre. The story is one of working behind enemy lines to sabotage Horus' attempts to get to Terra and to cause as much damage to the traitors as possible. The story picks up almost

the second after John French's novel *The Solar War* ends and focuses on the maelstrom of shocking events that are taking place on Luna.

Wayland and Sharrowkyn head up the team once again, but not all of the crew are keen to join them. Many of them want to return to Terra and join their battle-brothers and Primarchs. As it turns out, their actions, whether they succeed of fail, will have very far-reaching consequences for the Imperium. My desire for the novella was that it didn't massively impact the main story arc, but also that you'd feel you'd missed something if you didn't read it.

It all sounds pretty climactic.
Hmm … yeah, it is. I'm not going to give away any spoilers – the book's only just come out – but it is pretty emotional by the end. You can read my thoughts on the direction I took with the story in the book's afterword. All is explained there!

Do you have a favourite character in the group?
Oh, the Raven Guard character Sharrowkyn, without a doubt. He's a Space Marine ninja – what's not to like about that? I think the Raven Guard have been my favourite Legion since Gav wrote about them in Index Astartes all those years ago, and it's been great taking that Chapter background and turning it into a character. Saying that, though, the Isstvan survivors have given me a great opportunity to delve into the personalities of warriors from several different Legions, which has been really great fun. I've been writing about Salamanders, for example, in my latest novella.

Is that another well-placed segue?
Yep! I'm working on my next story for the Siege of Terra series. It will be out later this year.

Can you tell us more?
A little bit, yes. It's kind of the mid-season break in the series, coming after Dan Abnett's book *Saturnine*. In terms of storyline, it picks up where *The Crimson King* left off. Ahriman and his cabal of Sorcerers have travelled through space and time to find the missing soul shards of Magnus the Red that were scattered across the galaxy when Leman Russ broke him over his knee during the final battle of Prospero. Though Magnus managed to transport the Thousand Sons and most of Tizca to the Planet of the Sorcerers, his own essence was broken, and he began to diminish and fade. The novel ends with Magnus having recovered all but one of his soul shards – the one that was cloven from him when he tried to warn the Emperor about Horus. So that is why Magnus joins Horus in his invasion of Terra – to recover his lost soul shard. If you've read all the Horus Heresy stories so far, you'll know that Magnus is not going to have an easy time getting it back. If you haven't, you should read *The Last Son of Prospero* by Chris Wraight before my novella comes out!

One of the internal pieces of artwork from *Sons of the Selenar*, illustrated by Akim Kaliberda. What will the warriors of the Shattered Legions discover on Luna, and how will they survive the coming battle?

That doesn't sound good for Magnus.
No, it isn't. He wants to recover that last part of himself – what he regards as his best part. He wants to know if he can be a good person again, or has he done too many bad things to ever come back from that? He feels that he's been pushed into a corner, that others have been manipulated to ensure his downfall (because obviously he could never be manipulated himself). I imagine Magnus thinks that he's above this whole conflict, that there are much bigger things at stake. Perhaps he should go along with things, let the Emperor and Horus battle it out, then step in when they've beaten each other and their armies to a pulp and become the benevolent dictator the Imperium needs. Magnus' greatest crime is that he thinks he knows better than everyone else. His arrogance and hubris blind him. That's his Achilles heel. Maybe I've said too much …

The *Colonel's Monograph* is available now from the Black Library website, while *Sons of the Selenar* will be on general release very soon. The new Siege of Terra novella will be out later in the year. Keep an eye on **blacklibrary.com** and **warhammer-community.com**

FAITH & FIRE

BY JAMES SWALLOW

On the Ecclesiarchy world of Neva, a squad of Adepta Sororitas are mourning the loss of a fallen Battle Sister. Seeking vengeance for her death and penance for their perceived sins, they begin the hunt for the escaped psyker Torris Vaun. Part II of IX.

CHAPTER THREE

The hatch fell open like a drawbridge, allowing a perfumed gust of Neva's pre-dawn air to sweep in and scour the transport's cargo bay. The shuttle pilot eyed the three women standing on the lip of the hatch and rubbed at his face. He was wondering if there was some sort of special dispensation he could get from the Blessing for carrying Adepta Sororitas down from orbit. There had to be a little value to it, he reasoned. They were holy women, after all. That had to count for something towards his yearly tithes.

The tallest of the three, the ebony-skinned one with the hair that fell in lengthy curls, gave him a warning glance with her dark eyes. The pilot was smart enough to read it and pretended to make himself busy with a cargo web that was hanging loose. Better to let them complete their business without interfering. When she turned away again, the pilot stole another look at the trio. They had kept to themselves all the way down, talking in hushed voices at the back of the compartment while he had navigated the flight corridors to Noroc's port complex. Now and then, the winsome-looking one with the brown tresses would sob a little, and the other one, tawny of face and elegant – by his lights, the prettiest of the three – would comfort her with whispers.

He would never had even dared to stay in the same room with them had they been Battle Sisters; but the Adepta Sororitas had many faces to it, and these three, they were just nurses. Sister Hospitallers, they called themselves. The pilot amused himself thinking of how he might like them to comfort him in bed one night.

As if she smelled the notion in his brain, the tall woman broke away and came over to him. 'Could you give us a few moments, please? In private.'

'Uh, well.' He stalled. 'The thing is, you said this would be quick. I've got a perishable load waiting on the dock up at the commerce station, bound for the epicurias in Metis City.' The pilot gave a vague wave in the direction of the ocean. 'I can't spare the time.'

'No,' said the woman firmly, 'you can. And you will. I am a servant of the Divine Imperial Church. Do you know what that means?'

'That… I have to… do what you say?'

'I'm glad we understand each other.' She turned her back on him and returned to her Sisters, who were walking out on to the starport apron.

'Are you sure you don't want Sister Zoë or I to go with you? You do not have to bear this sorrow alone, Verity.'

The girl swallowed hard, watching the first rays of sunlight cresting the mountains in the distance. She could smell the salt of the sea in the cool air. 'Inara, no. You have already done enough.' Verity forced a weak smile. 'This is something that I must attend to myself. It is a matter of family.'

'We are all family,' Zoë said gently, 'All Sisters by duty if not by blood.'

Verity shook her head. 'I thank you both for accompanying me, but our order's work on the outer moons is more important. The Palatine might bear to lose me for a time, but not you two as well.' She took up her bag from Zoë and gave them both a curt bow. 'Ave Imperator, Sisters.' With finality, the Hospitaller withdrew a black mourning shawl from her pocket and tied it about her neck.

Inara said her farewell with a light touch on her arm. 'We will pray for her,' she promised, 'and for you.'

'Ave Imperator,' said Zoë, as the hatch began to rise up again.

Verity made her way down from the landing pad, turning back just once to see the cargo shuttle throw itself up into the lightening sky on plumes of dirty smoke. She brushed dirt from the ruby hem of her robes and set off across the port, a fistful of papers and consent seals in her hand.

She found a stand of cable-carriages outside the port proper, where the hooded drivers congregated in clusters under clouds of tabac smoke. Verity had Imperial scrip with which to pay, but none of them would even meet her gaze. Instead, the driver at the head of the group pulled a mesh veil down over his eyes and beckoned her toward his vehicle. With a rattle of gears, he worked the lever on the carriage's open cockpit and the boxy vehicle moved off along the wide, curved boulevard. Pits set in the surface of the roadway crisscrossed every major artery in the city, through which lines of cable rolled on endless loops. The carriages had spiked cogs in their wheel wells that bit into the cables and locked, allowing the vehicles to move about with no power source of their own. It kept the city's air clean of combustion fumes and engine noise, replacing it with the constant hiss and clatter of cabs jumping slots and passing over points. The metal landaus that travelled Noroc's streets varied in size from small taxis to large flatbed haulers and triple-decker omnibuses. Only the wealthy and the church had their own. Verity understood from her indoctrination assemblies that Neva's laws forbade everyone but the agents of the Emperor himself – and by that they meant the Arbites, Imperial Guard and Ecclesiarchy – the use of a vehicle with any true freedom of movement.

She had never been on Neva Prime before. In all the months that the Order of Serenity had been in service to the poor and wretched of the outer moons, Verity had never once come to the world those innocents served. The moons were desolate places, each and every one of them. Whole planetoids given over to open cast mines or deep-bore geothermal power taps, riven with sickness from the polluting industry that controlled them. It was no wonder that Neva itself was such a jewel of a world, she reflected, when every iota of its effluent and engineering had been transplanted to the satellite globes about it.

She caught reflections of her face in the windows of shops as they trundled through the vendor district. Her flawless skin and amber hair did nothing to hide the distance in her eyes; what beauty she had was ruined by the sadness lurking there. Stallholders were already erecting their pitches, piling high stacks of fat votive candles, cloth penitent hoods, paper offerings and icons cast out of resin. Once or twice there was the crack of a whip on the wind, but that might have just been the cables. The cable-carriage clanked past a flatbed piled high with what seemed to be hessian corpse sacks, there and then gone. At an interchange, a train of teenagers, ashen, shaven-headed and sexless, were lead across the avenue by priests in bright regalia. Then the cab was moving again, the driver plucking at the wires in the road to steer it.

Verity sighed, and it felt like knives in her chest. Gloom crowded her; she was hollow and echoing within, as if everything that had made her who she was had been scooped out and destroyed. Once again, tears prickled at her eyes and she gasped, trying to hold them back and failing.

Through the gauzy muslin curtains across the carriage she saw the Convent of Saint Katherine emerging in the distance, and presently the woman surrendered herself to the grief that churned within her, muffling her sobs in the folds of her black shawl.

They buried Sister Lethe in the memorial garden, a space of light and greenery on the southern face of the Convent. It grew out of the side of the building in a flat disc-shaped terrace, emerging from the wide portal doors of the chapel. The garden was dominated by a statue of Saint Katherine, dressed in the armour of a Sister Seraphim. She stood as if ready to leap off her plinth and take to the air, carved coils of flame and smoke licking from the jump pack on her back.

In keeping with her new status and penances, Iona was not permitted to attend the funeral. Instead, Cassandra walked ahead of the pallbearer helots in their white robes, a censer of votive oils burning as she swung it back and forth like a pendulum. Miriya, Isabel and Portia followed the cloaked body, their black Celestian armour polished to a mirror-bright sheen. In accordance with the rites of the order, cloths of red silk were tied across the barrels of their guns to signify the silence of the weapons in this moment of reflection.

Reiko, the veteran Sister Superior who served Canoness Galatea as her aide, conducted the ceremony in a correct but not heartfelt manner. A scattering of other Battle Sisters, women that Miriya did not know by sight – most likely members of the Convent's garrison – paid their respects as they were wont to do. Yet, not one of them had known Lethe, none of them had fought

alongside her against traitors and xenos, none of them had bled red for the same patches of accursed ground.

Miriya grimaced. She had lost women under her command before, in circumstances much worse than this one; and yet, the simple and utterly brutal manner of Lethe's murder weighed her down with guilt. It was all the Sister Superior could do to hold back the tirade of inner voices that would willingly blame her for her error aboard the *Mercutio*. In her mind's eye she saw herself again, in that moment when she placed the plasma pistol against Vaun's capsule and threatened to kill him. *Why didn't I do it? Then Lethe would still be alive, Iona would still be one of us…* But to do so would have been to disobey a direct command from her church. Miriya had often called to account for her frequently 'creative' interpretations of instructions from her seniors, but she had never defied a superior; such an idea was anathema to a Sororitas. Her gaze dropped to the stone path beneath her feet. Sister Dione had warned her not be complacent, and she had not fully heeded that warning until it was too late. *I will make those responsible pay*, she vowed.

An oval slot in the stony path of garden was open to the air, revealing a vertical silo several feet deep. Reiko brought the litany of remembrance to a close, and the white-clad servitors tipped Lethe's body into the space and filled it with earth. As the Nevans did with all their dead, they buried her standing up with her face tilted back toward the sky. So their clerics said, it was for the deceased to see the way back to Terra, and to the path that led them to the right hand of the Emperor.

'In His name, and by the sanction of Our Martyred Lady, we commit our Sister Lethe Catena to the earth; there to rest until the Divine One calls upon His fallen to rise once more.' Reiko bowed her head, and the others did the same. Miriya hesitated for a second, catching the eye of a young Sister wearing the robes of a different order. She gave the Celestian a look loaded with pain and anger.

'Praise the Emperor, for in our resolve we only reflect His purpose of will,' intoned Reiko. 'So shall it be.'

'So shall it be,' they chorused.

Drawn inexorably to the place where Lethe lay, Miriya approached the woman kneeling there even though part of her knew only ill could come of it. Closer, and she recognised the unbroken circle symbol on the girl's robes, the mark of the Order of Serenity. Like the Order of Our Martyred Lady, the Sister Hospitallers who served in the name of Serenity came from the Convent Sanctorum on Ophelia VII. Hospitaller orders were, by Imperial law, non-militant, but that by no means meant their ranks were filled with weaklings. These women were chirurgeons and nurses of expert skill and great compassion, serving the warriors of the Imperial military machine on countless thousands of worlds. No planet that dared to consider itself civilised was without a hospice or valetudenarium staffed by such Sisters.

The woman stood and met Miriya's gaze. She seemed on the verge of tears, but her hands were balled into fists. 'You… You are Lethe's commander. Sister Miriya.'

'I had that honour,' Miriya replied carefully.

The words seemed to pain the girl. 'You. Let her die.'

'Lethe ended her life as she lived it, in battle against the heretic and the witchkin.' Miriya tried to convince herself of the rightness of what she was saying, but it was ashes in her mouth.

'I want to know how it happened!' snapped the Hospitaller, 'You must tell me!'

She gave a slow shake of the head. 'That is a matter for the Orders Militant, not for you.'

'You have no right to keep it from me!' Tears streaked the woman's face. 'I am her sister!'

Miriya's gesture took in the whole of the convent. 'We are all her Sisters.'

The Hospitaller pulled at her collar and tugged out a length of intricate silver chain; a rosary, the like of which Miriya had only ever seen worn by one other person. 'Where did you get that?'

'I am Sister Verity Catena of the Order of Serenity,' said the girl, 'sibling to Sister Lethe of the Order of Our Martyred Lady, orphan of the same mother!' She grabbed Miriya's wrist. 'Now you will tell me how my only blood kin was killed, or by the Golden Throne I'll claw it from you!'

She saw it instantly; the same curve of the nose, the eyes and the determination burning behind them. The moment stretched taut in the silence, Verity's anger breaking against the cold dejection that cloaked Miriya.

'Very well,' said the Celestian, after a long silence. 'Sit with me, Sister Verity, and I will tell you the hard and unforgiving truth.'

The skinny youth rolled the lit candle between his fingers, playing with the soft tallow, tipping it so the rivulets of molten wax made coiled tracks around its length.

'Nervous?' said Rink, balancing on the edge of the table.

Ignis glanced up at the other man. 'Are you asking me or telling me?' Rink hadn't been able to sit still for five minutes since they arrived in the saloon, and even now in this secluded back room, he was constantly in motion. As if to illustrate the point, Rink fingered the tin cup of recaf on the table and licked his lips.

'I'm not nervous.' The large guy said it with such bland innocence that it made Ignis smirk. 'I just… don't like this place.'

'You'll get no argument from me,' said the youth, teasing the flame along the candle's wick. He shook his head. 'Ach. I can't believe we're even here.'

'My point,' retorted Rink, putting the cup down again. 'Maybe we should just give this up as a bad job and–'

'And what?' A hooded figure pushed open the bead curtain cordoning off the room from the rest of the saloon. 'Whistle down a starship to come get you?'

Rink gaped like a fish and Ignis got to his feet, a grin springing to life on his lips. 'Ork's balls, is it you?'

Torris Vaun returned the smile. 'Oh yes, laddie, it's me. In the flesh.' He patted both of the men on their shoulders. 'Bet you never thought you'd see this face again, eh?'

'Well, uh, no, to be honest,' admitted Rink. 'After them nuns took you in the nets on Groombridge, we reckoned that was it. All over.'

'*Some* of us did,' Ignis added, with a pointed look.

'They were a bit rough with me, but nothing I wasn't ready for.' Vaun helped himself to a cup of recaf and sweetened it generously with the brandy bottle on the table. 'Got a smoke?' he asked, off-handedly. 'I'm gasping.' Rink nodded and fished out a packet of tabac sticks. Vaun made a face at the label – it was a cheap local brand that smelled like burning sewage – but he took one just the same. 'Your hand is shaking, Rink,' noted the criminal, 'you're not happy to see me?'

'I'm… uh…'

'He's nervous,' explained Ignis. 'Honestly, Vaun, I'm in there with him on that. Coming here… Well, there's been talk it was a mistake.'

'Mistake?' Vaun repeated. He tapped the end of the cigarillo with the flat of his finger and it puffed alight. 'Who has been saying that?'

The two other men exchanged glances. 'Some people. They didn't come.'

'Like?'

'Gibbin and Rox. Jefter, too.' Rink sniffed.

Vaun made a dismissive gesture. 'Ah, the warp take them. Those bottom-feeders never had the eye for a big score, anyway.' He smiled. 'But you boys came, didn't you? That warms my heart.' The tip of the tabac stick glowed orange.

'The others are scattered about. Lying low,' noted Ignis. 'But we all came.'

'Even though you didn't want to,' Vaun voiced the unspoken part of the sentence. 'Because you're asking yourself, what in Hades made Torris Vaun think he could get free from the Adepta Sororitas?'

'Yeah,' said Rink, 'and the message. Didn't even know the twerp who brought it, some moneyed little fig with his hands all high.'

'You still came, though. That's good. Even though LaHayn's dogs and every city watch on Neva will be sniffing for us, you still came.' He exhaled sweet smoke. 'You won't regret it.'

Ignis blinked. 'We're not staying here… Vaun, tell me we're not gonna stay on this churchy prayer-pit one second longer!' His voice went up at the end of the sentence.

'Watch it,' said Vaun, amused, 'this is my homeworld you're disparaging. But yes, we're staying. There's a big prize here, Ig. Bigger than you can imagine. With the help of my, ah, moneyed friends, we're going to have it, and more besides.'

'More?' asked Rink. 'What like?'

'Like revenge, Rink. Bloody revenge.' Vaun's eyes glittered with violence.

Ignis looked away. He toyed with the candle some more, making the flame change shape. 'Who are these friends of yours, then? High-borns and top caste lackwits? Why do we need them?'

'For what they can give us, boy. You know the way it is, rich folk only want to be richer. They don't know what its like to be poor and powerless, and they're terrified of falling to it. Makes them predictable, and fat for the gutting.'

The youth frowned. 'I don't like the way the people around about look at me. Like they see the mark on me. Every time I'm walking down the street, I think I see folks on the vox to the Ordos, calling out… "Come and get him! Witchboy!" I don't want to stay here.' The candle burned brightly, licking his fingers. Ignis seemed not to notice.

Vaun took a long draw on the tabac. 'How about you, Rink? You have a complaint, too?'

'Don't like the priests,' said the big man at length. 'They beat me when I was a nipper.'

A slow smile crossed Vaun's face. 'Aren't we all the wounded little birds? Listen to me, lads, when I tell you there's no man alive who hates Neva more than I do. But I have unfinished business here, and with the good grace of the Sisters of Our Martyred Lady, I am now delivered back to my place of birth to conclude it.' He waved the cigarillo in a circle. 'For starters, we're going to light some fires back in Noroc and give the goodly lord deacon the hiding he so richly deserves. Then we'll move on to the main event.' A smile crossed his lips. 'When we're done, this entire damned planet will be burning.'

Ignis perked up at those words. 'I'd like that.'

'Wait and see,' promised Vaun, 'Just you wait and see.'

The prison was a monument to deterrence. There were no windows of any kind along its outer facia, nothing but the thin slits where cogitator-controlled autoguns peeked out at the open plaza around it. The brassy weapons hummed and clicked as people passed beneath their sights, ever prepared to unleash hails of bullets into escapees or troublemakers.

There was never any of either, of course. Noroc's central district was a model of pious and lawful behaviour, and had it not been for the less salubrious activities of the commoners in the outer zones of the city, the local Adeptus Arbites precinct would have had little to do but polish their power mauls and take part in parades. Part of the strength that kept the citizenry quiet came from buildings like the prison. One only had to raise one's head and look to see the cone-shaped construction, with the relief of brutal carvings that covered its every surface. The reformatory, as it was known, was a propagandist artwork on a massive scale; each level showed sculptures of the Emperor's agents – Arbites, Space Marines, Inquisitors, Battle Sisters and more – killing and purging those who broke Imperial law and doctrine. Crimes as base as rape and child-murder were there, along with petty theft, lying and tardiness. Each and every perpetrator was shown in the moment of their guilt, suffering the full weight of retribution upon them. At the very top of the conical construct, laud hailers broadcast stern hymns and blunt sermons on the nature of crime. Everything about the building was a threat to those who would entertain thoughts of malfeasance.

Sister Miriya approached the prison across the plaza, with Cassandra at her side and the Hospitaller Verity a step or two behind.

'Is her presence really necessary, Sister Superior?' Cassandra said from the side of her mouth.

'Another pair of eyes is always useful,' replied Miriya, but in truth that was a poor justification. Had she wanted another observer, it would have been a simple matter for her to summon Isabel or Portia to accompany them. She was conflicted by Verity, pressured by a sense of obligation to her comrade Lethe. In some way Miriya felt as if she owed the Hospitaller a debt of closure. *Or is it my own guilt she reflects back upon me?* The Sister Superior shook the thought away. Verity wanted to see the men who had aided Vaun in murdering her sibling, and Miriya could think of no good reason to refuse her.

An Arbites trooper with veteran sergeant chevrons on his duty armour was waiting for them at the gate, and with grim purpose the enforcer ushered the three of them in through the prison's layers of security. Other Arbites stopped what they were doing to watch the Sisters passing by. They did not look at them with reverence or respect; the lawmen half-hid smirks or sneers and muttered among themselves, quietly mocking the women who had so publicly lost the notorious psyker.

Cassandra's lip curled and Miriya knew she was on the verge of snapping out an angry retort, but the Sister Superior silenced such thoughts in her with a brief shake of the head. They had more serious concerns than the opinions of a few common police troopers.

'We've got them segregated,' said the Arbites sergeant. 'A couple have died since we got them here.'

'How?' piped Verity.

He gave her an arch look. 'Wounds, I imagine. Fell down the stairs.'

'Have you interrogated them?' Miriya studied the line of cell doors as they passed into the holding quadrant.

'Couldn't get much sense,' admitted the Arbites. 'Crying for their wives and kids, mostly.' He grimaced. 'Big men, some wetting their britches and wailing like newborns. Pathetic.'

'They know the price they will pay for turning on the Emperor's benificence,' said Cassandra. 'They have nothing to look forward to but death.'

The sergeant nodded. 'You want to see them all, or what? You won't learn anything of use, I'll warrant.' He handed a fan of punch cards to Miriya and signalled another Arbites trooper to open the heavy steel door to an interrogation chamber.

She scanned the names. 'This one,' said Miriya after a moment, tapping her finger on a worn card. 'Bring him to us.'

The sergeant and the trooper returned with Midshipman Vorgo strung between them like a side of meat. The sailor's face was all pallid skin and fresh bruising, but even a swollen-shut eye was not enough to hide the look of abject terror that appeared when he saw the Battle Sisters. Vorgo made weak mewling noises as the Arbites shackled him into the stained bronze restraint harness, above the drainage grate in the centre of the room.

Miriya gave Verity a sideways look; the Sister Hospitaller's expression was conflicted, compassion at the wretched man's mien warring with anger at his misdeeds. The Sister Superior stepped closer, into the circle of light cast by the biolumes overhead. 'You remember my face, don't you?'

Vorgo gave a jerky nod.

'Let me explain what is going to happen to you. There will be no court of law, no appeals, no due process.' She took in the lawmen and the prison with a wave of her hand. 'You will not be heard by the judges of the Adeptus Arbites, you will not submit to a captain's mast aboard the *Mercutio*.' Miriya studied him gravely. 'You have aided and abetted in the murder of a Sororitas, colluded in the escape of a terrorist witch. You belong to the Sisters of Battle for us to persecute as we see fit. You have no rights, no voice, and no recourse. All that remains to be decided is how you will perish.'

Vorgo emitted a whimper and said something unintelligible.

'Have you ever seen an arco-flagellant, Vorgo?' Miriya signalled to Cassandra and the other Battle Sister dropped her bolter into a ready stance. 'Let me tell you about them.' Her voice took on a cold, steely quality. 'As the Emperor wills, those who are found guilty of heresy and crimes of similar gravity are taken into the service of we who hunt the witchkin. Chirugeons and Hospitallers adapt them to this new life with surgery and conditioning, implanting pacifier helms and lobotomaic taps in their brain.' For emphasis, she tapped Vorgo's forehead with a finger. 'Imagine that. Your limbs removed, replaced with spark-whips and nests of claws. Eyes bored from your skull and stained glass in their places. Your heart and organs fixed with stimm injectors and neuropathic glands. And then, proud in your new body, what remains of your drooling waste of a mind will be turned to the good of the Imperium. With a word of my command, you'll willingly fling yourself into the jaws of hell, a berserk flesh-machine bound for a long, long death.' When she threw Cassandra a nod, the Battle Sister took aim at Vorgo's head. 'There is a cleaner, quicker way… but only for the repentant.' Miriya paused in front of the restraint rig. 'I will give you that gift if you tell me who you were working for. What compelled you to free Torris Vaun?'

'Who?' said Vorgo, pushing the word out of his mouth. 'Don't know any Vaun.'

'Are you playing games with me?' Miriya growled. 'There are others I can offer my mercy to. Now answer me, why did you free Vaun?'

'Don't know Vaun!' The sailor shouted suddenly. 'My daughter! What have you done to my daughter, you bitch!'

'What is he talking about?' said Verity.

The Arbites sergeant shifted and frowned. 'This again. Like I said, crying for his family, like all of them. Can't get a proper answer from any of these wastrels.'

Verity took the punch card that showed Vorgo's record and held it up to the light. 'The Imperial census notation here shows this man has no family. No daughter.'

'You can read the machine dialect?' said Cassandra.

The Hospitaller nodded. 'A little. I have worked closely with Sisters of the Orders Dialogous in the past. Some of their skills are known to me.'

'I love my daughter!' spat the sailor, desperation making him lunge at the manacles. 'And you took her and put her in that glass jar! You black-hearted whores–'

Miriya slapped him with the flat of her ceramite gauntlet, knocking out a couple of teeth and silencing him for the moment. 'He thinks our prisoner was his daughter? What idiocy is this?'

'Why in Terra's name would he think we had his non-existent child as our prisoner?' Cassandra shook her head. 'This man was *there*. He saw the capsule's occupant first hand! He freed Vaun from the pskyer hood himself!'

Miriya cupped the prisoner's chin in her hand. 'Who was in the capsule, Vorgo?'

'My daughter…' He sobbed. 'My beautiful daughter.'

'What is her name?' said Verity, the question cutting through the air. 'What does she look like?'

Something went dark behind the sailor's eyes. 'Wh-what?' His face became slack and pasty.

'Her name, Vorgo,' repeated the Hospitaller. 'Tell us your daughter's name, and we'll bring her back to you.'

'I… I don't…remember…'

'Just tell us, and we'll let you go free.' Verity took a step closer. 'You *do* know the name of your own daughter, don't you?'

'I… I…' From nowhere, the midshipman let out a piercing scream of agony, throwing his head from side to side. Vorgo wailed and his eyes rolled back in their sockets, blood streaming from his nose and ears. Verity ran to him as the man went limp against the rack.

After a moment she shook her head. 'Dead. A rupture within his brain, I believe.'

'The psyker did that to him?' said the Arbites trooper with disgust.

'Impossible,' Miriya shook her head. 'Vaun's witchery is all brute strength and violence. He lacks the subtlety for something like this.'

'He would not have been able to control this man's mind from inside the capsule,' added Cassandra, 'and certainly not the minds of a dozen men.'

Verity looked at the sergeant. 'The others from the *Mercutio* who helped Vaun escape, you say they are all calling for their loved ones?'

A nod. 'Like lost children.'

The Hospitaller turned to face Miriya. 'Sister Superior, your prisoner did not escape of his own accord. Someone freed him, someone who used these weak men like regicide pawns. They were compelled to believe that a person they cared for deeply was in your custody.'

The sergeant snorted. 'You're an inquisitor now as well as a nurse, then, Sister?' He snapped his fingers at the dead man and the trooper at his side took the corpse away. 'Please excuse me if I don't take the word of a dozen lying traitors as to why they took it into their heads to free a mass-murderer! These men are bilge-scum, plain as nightfall! They reckoned they might earn some gratitude from Vaun, so they busted him out. There's no witch-play or magick about it, pardon me for my impertinence!' He said the last words in a way that clearly showed he didn't mean them.

'The simplest explanation is usually the right one,' admitted Cassandra, and Verity looked at the floor, crestfallen.

'When one deals with witches, nothing is simple,' said the Sister Superior, musing.

CHAPTER FOUR

The Canoness did a poor job of hiding her dismay as Miriya entered her chambers, frowning deeply over the pict-slate in her hand. The Sister Superior gave a contrite bow.

'Your eminence. I would speak with you.'

Galatea did not offer her the room's only vacant chair. Instead, she placed the slate on her wide wooden desk and rolled back the sleeves of her day robe. 'I knew, Miriya. I knew it, somewhere deep in my marrow, from the moment the astropaths brought me the message from Prioress Lydia. When I saw your name on the document, I knew this day would not run smoothly.' She gave a bitter laugh. 'I was in error, it seems. I underestimated considerably.'

Miriya scowled. 'You and I have always read from different pages of the Emperor's book, but you understand me, Sister. We have fought the foe and prayed together afterward a hundred times. You know I am not so lax that I would have let this happen–'

'But you did,' Galatea insisted, 'through your fault or not, Vaun's escape was on your watch and so you bear responsibility. And as our order's prime representative on this planet, by extension so do I. You have brought disgrace to Saint Katherine's name.'

'Don't you think I am aware of that?' Miriya snapped angrily. 'Don't you think I would take my own life here and now if that could undo what happened? I lost two comrades to that monster, one buried, one broken!'

The Canoness nodded. 'And more will die before Vaun is made to answer for his crimes, that much is certain.' She turned to study the view through the room's stained glassteel window. 'You have given me a bloody mess to clean up, Miriya.'

'Let me do something about it.' The Celestian took a step forward. 'No one on this world wants Vaun to pay more than I do. I want your permission to pursue my investigation of the fugitive.'

'He will be found. Neva is sealed tight. Vaun will never make it offworld alive.' Galatea shook her head. 'His arrogance in coming home will be his undoing.'

'Vaun's not going to leave,' insisted Miriya, 'not until he gets what he wants.'

'Oh?' The Canoness threw an arch look at her. 'Suddenly you are an expert on this man? You have some inner knowledge of his thoughts and desires? Pray tell, Sister, of your belated insight.'

She ignored the thinly veiled sarcasm. 'He's a brute, a thief and a corsair drawn only to what makes him richer or more powerful. He came to Neva because he wants something that is here.'

'Vaun came to Neva because he was captured, not of his own will.'

'Did he?' It was Miriya's turn to sneer. 'Or perhaps he allowed himself to be caught, knowing full well he would be freed.'

Galatea returned to her pict-slate, her attention fading with every moment. 'Oh, this is the theory advanced by the Hospitaller, yes? What is her name? Verana?'

'Sister Verity,' corrected Miriya, 'of the Order of Serenity.'

'That order is not known for their expertise in martial matters. You'll forgive me if I value the thoughts of some nursemaid less than you do.'

Miriya suppressed a snarl. 'She may not be a Battle Sister, but she has a keen mind and a strong heart. Her skills would prove useful to us.'

'Indeed? Or is it merely that you feel an obligation for letting her sibling perish?'

She looked away. 'There is some truth in that, I will not deny it. But still I stand by what I have said. I… I trust her.' The admission surprised her as much as it did the Canoness.

Galatea shook her head again. 'Be that as it may, Sister Verity has no place here. Her dispensation to visit Neva extended only to the duration of Lethe's funerary service. The Order of Serenity has its works to perform on the outer moons with the sick and the diseased. It is my understanding that the workers there suffer in their service to the Imperium…'

'You outrank the Palatine leading the mission on the moons,' noted Miriya. 'You would be within your remit to order Verity to linger here, if you wished it.'

'*If* I wished it,' repeated Galatea. 'I'm not convinced there is any value to having her remain. It's enough that you, a senior Battle Sister, have allowed your emotions to cloud your judgement on this matter. What can I expect of a mere medicae like Verity, a woman unprepared for the violence and trials that we face?'

'The same as any one of us,' Miriya said grimly, 'that we embrace the passion and do the Emperor's will!' She advanced as close as she could and laid her hands flat

upon the Canoness's desk. 'Give me this, Galatea. I will ask you for nothing else, but give me this chance to make amends.'

The weight and intensity behind the Sister Superior's words gave her pause, and the two women studied each other for a long moment, measuring each other's resolve. Finally, Galatea broke the stalemate and gathered up a fresh data-slate and an electro-quill. 'Despite what you may think of me, Miriya, I have always considered you to be an exemplary warrior. Because of that, and that alone, I'll grant you the freedom to pursue this.' She scratched out a line of words, the glassy plate turning her flowing script into precise letters as she wrote. 'But understand, you have no margin for error. If you do not bring Vaun to book, it will be the end for you – and you will drag the Hospitaller down as well.' The slate gave a soft, melodic chime as the messenger programme within came to an end.

Miriya gave a low bow. 'Thank you, Sister Canoness. I promise you, we will see the witch burn for his transgressions.'

Galatea smiled a crooked smile. 'It is not I that you need to convince, Sister Superior. The esteemed Deacon Lord LaHayn is watching our convent like a hawk. I'm certain he will want to know every detail of how you plan to locate the psyker.'

'I do not understand.'

'You shall. The Blessing of the Wound begins at eight-bell today, and tradition requires that our order be in attendance at the fête of observance in the Lunar Cathedral.' She made a dismissive gesture with her hand. 'You will accompany my party. Dress robes and full honours, Sister. Inform your squad.'

In the streets, children who were too young to understand the true nature of an adult's penance ran alongside the flagellatory wagons and threw loose cobbles at the moaning, soiled people inside. Drawn down in cattle-shuttles from the penitentiary mines and work camps on the moons, the remorseful were brought to Neva by the promise of time deducted from their indentures or sentences, should they survive the great games of festival. The ones who were already broken in will were of no use; those were kept on the moons to work until they died. Only the men and women who still held a living spark of inner strength were allowed to sacrifice themselves to the machine of the church in this great annual celebration.

So the priests and clerics in the chapels told it, everyone was remorseful. To be human was to be born that way, already alive only at the sufferance of the Emperor; but hard graft and piety were a good salve, and only the truly low were irredeemable. Criminals and heretics, dissidents and slaves, only they had no voice in the church – and as such, they were the best sacrifices for the Blessing of the Wound. Persistent rumours said that they would be joined by innocents who spoke too loudly about the church's severe rule or the flaccid, ineffectual regime of the planetary governor; the festival was always a good time to rid the city of unmutual thinkers. On other Imperial worlds, there would be harvest celebrations and burnt offerings, great hymnal concerts, sometimes fasting or dancing. A million planets and billions of people celebrated the greatness of the Master of Mankind in their own sanctioned ways; and here, on this world of theologians and rigid dogma, there was no dividing line between zealous penance and devout worship.

This year Noroc was alive with chatter on the streets and in the pulpits, even among the youths spilling out of the seminaries and schola. The lord deacon had promised the death of a witch to cap the festival's commencement this year, not a make-believe one using fireworks and lightning guns like they'd seen before, but a real live psyker. Now that was not going to come to pass, and rumours ran about the city like mice in the walls. The barony and the moneyed castes looked on at the commoners and pretended they knew what was to be done instead, but they were just as ignorant – save for the knowledge that Lord LaHayn and Governor Emmel would have to collude to create something of equal spectacle to placate the people. All across the metropolis, individuals donned their ritual wear or chose their costumes if they were lucky enough to have received a blood red summons paper. The icon sellers filled their stalls and emptied them, filled and emptied them again, taking in fists of Imperial scrip and church-certified tithe beads. This year, it was the new cotton shirts adorned with a gold-thread aquila that were the must-have item, and the Arbites had already broken up a minor fracas in the linen quarter after stock had sold out. Elsewhere, devotional parades where local girls painted themselves sun-yellow and wore wings celebrated the passing of Celestine; in other districts there were gleeful, impromptu stonings for those whose petty crimes had gone unpunished by the judges. The mood was a strange, potent mix of the buoyant and the fierce, with the lust for hard violence hovering just beneath the surface. You could see it in the eyes of the running children, on the faces of their parents, reflected in the fervour of the city's thousands of clerics.

The carriages jumped cables and fell down the gentle incline toward the grandest of Noroc's basilicas, the lofty pinnacle of the Lunar Cathedral. From a distance, the cathedral resembled a tall cone with geometric scoops cut from its flanks; in fact, these carefully assembled voids were aligned with the complex orbital paths of Neva's many moons, and during midnight mass it was often possible for parishioners inside to see the pinprick lights of fusion furnaces on the surfaces of the distant, blackened spheres. Below the church itself was the oval ring of the amphitheatre from which LaHayn himself sometimes held sermons. The ancient power of the great hololithic projectors ringing the edges turned him into a glowing ghost ten stories tall, the ornate brass horns of a thousand vox-casters throwing his voice across the city. For now, the arena was quiet, but that would soon change. Already, the shapes of elaborate scenery flats and large sections of stage set were coming together, casting alien shadows beneath the crackling yellow floodlights that hung from gas balloons. Once the carriages disgorged their cargoes of conscript actors, once the guns were charged and the mesh-weave costumes donned, the great performances of the day would begin in earnest.

Verity's first glimpse of the Lunar Cathedral's great chamber came over the shoulder of Sister Miriya's power armour, the high vault of the white stone ceiling rising away from her. The rock had a peculiar glitter about it where flecks of bright mica were caught in its matrix. Lights seemed to dance and play up there in the heights, and it was a far cry from the close, introspective feel of the convent. The Hospitaller had never seen so much gold in one place. It was on every surface; worked in lines across the mosaics on the floor, climbing up the columns in coils of High Gothic script, fanning in thick cables like a vast, honeyed web.

The people here were just as gilded as the cathedral interior. She passed by women with arch expressions and a sense of disdain that seemed so deeply ingrained that it must have been bred into them. Their clothes mimicked the cut of inquisitorial robes or, among the more daring, the garb of living saints. They fanned themselves with tessen, semicircles of thin jade that could double as an edged weapon in a fight. Verity doubted that any of these perfumed noble ladies would ever do anything so base, though; there were troupes of elaborate servitors hovering about each of them, some peeling grapes, some tasting wines for their mistresses. Each of the helots was probably armed with all manner of discreet – but lethal – firepower. She watched the machine-slaves drift to and fro, and observed the way the women edited their servants from their world; they never looked directly at them, never spoke to them. They ignored their very existence, and yet depended entirely upon it.

One of the more audacious of the ladies said something whispered behind her fan and set a clutch of her friends giggling. Verity, the smallest and plainest thing for what must have been miles around, instantly knew the insult was directed at her.

At her side, the Battle Sister called Cassandra caught the ripple of spiteful amusement and made a show of sniffing, before turning a soldier's eye on the servitors. 'A passable combat construct,' she noted to no one in particular, 'but I imagine any attacker would be turned back before these slaves could be called to arms.'

'How so?' asked Sister Portia.

'Even a Space Marine would find those fragrances an irritant,' she replied, her voice low – but not *that* low. 'I suspect a crop-duster was used to apply them.'

Verity couldn't help but snatch a look back at the noblewomen, and the pink blushes colouring their faces. They walked on, the rolling murmur of the fête rising and falling as merchants and theologians made their small talk in drifting shoals of conversation. The Hospitaller kept in line with Miriya and her unit, as Miriya in turn followed the Canoness Galatea and her adjutant Sister Reiko. Verity saw dozens of priests of ranks too numerous to tally, all in various cuts of crimson and white. A very few wore gold and black, and the men in red congregated around them, pups before pack leaders. Verity bowed whenever one of them crossed the orbit of the Adepta Sororitas contingent, but she suspected that her presence was not even noticed. She allowed herself to survey the edges of the gathering as they crossed beneath a great silver glow-globe hanging on suspensors in the chancel. There were a few Sisters from other orders here, representatives of the Orders Famulous and Dialogous. She shared looks with those women, curt nods that carried a dozen subtle signals.

The mix of the pious and the laity was about even. The cream of Neva's magnate class preened in their copious robes, and something of the arrogance of it made Verity uncomfortable. This was, after all, a place of the Emperor's worship, not a ballroom for foppish merchants. The men – they were almost all male – proudly displayed the sigils of their noble houses on medallions, tabards and tunics. The Hospitaller

reflected; the last time she had seen many of those symbols, they had been rendered as livid brands burnt into the flesh of indentured workers, or carved across the smoke-belching stacks of manufactories, as an undisciplined child might daub their name on a wall.

Their procession stopped with such abruptness that Verity was jolted from her thoughts and almost walked into the back of Sister Isabel. She recovered quickly, frowning at her lack of focus.

It took a moment for Verity to recognise the man that Galatea stood before, a stiff salute in her pose. She had seen his placid, patrician face on billboards out at the port, and on some of the moons, on posters drawn over with rude graffiti.

'Governor Emmel, are you well?' said the Canoness.

He presented an expression of theatrical sadness. 'As well as can be expected, my dear lady. It has been explained to me that my festival's star attraction will not be appearing.' Verity could tell from his tone of voice that Emmel was more distressed about the prospect of throwing a poor festival than he was that Torris Vaun was at large among his people.

'The Adepta Sororitas will ensure that your distress will be short-lived,' Galatea replied smoothly, 'the matter is in hand.'

That seemed to be enough to satisfy the planetary ruler, his gaze already wandering to the perfumed women congregating at the wine fountain. 'Ah, good. I know I can place my trust in the Daughters of the Emperor…'

From the edge of her vision came a cluster of other aristocrats, buoyed on drink and sweet tabac smoke. 'With all due respect, that may not be an entirely good idea.' This new arrival was of the same stock as Emmel, but he had the look about him of a hunting dog. He was lean and spare, and hungry with it. The analytical part of Verity's mind automatically noticed the telltale yellowing around the edges of his eyelids common to those who smoked kyxa; the plant extract from worlds in the Ulitma Segmentum was a mild narcotic and aphrodisiac, far too costly for the common folk.

Governor Emmel gave a shallow bow. 'My honoured Baron Sherring, your counsel is welcome at all times. There is an issue you wish to bring to my attention?'

Sherring glanced at Galatea and the assembled Sisters, then away again. 'I would not be so bold as to cast doubt on the dedication of these fine women, but voices are raised in chambers, governor. My fellow barony wonder if our personal guards might not take up the hunt for this Vaun fellow.'

Miriya spoke for the first time since they had entered the room. At first she seemed apologetic. 'Begging the baron's pardon, but you overlook a matter of some importance.'

'Does he?' piped Emmel, drawing a goblet from a passing cherubim. 'Do tell.'

'Torris Vaun was loose on this planet for a full two solar years before he ventured offworld to further his criminal career. In that time, the soldiers of your noble houses utterly failed to effect the witch's capture.' She laid a cool eye on Sherring. 'But forgive me. I am not party to the radical, sweeping changes in combat doctrine that you must no doubt have instilled in your guardsmen since then.'

Sherring covered his annoyance with a puff from a tabac stick, and Emmel tapped his lips thoughtfully. 'I don't recall any changes,' he said aloud. 'Perhaps there were and I was not informed?'

The baron bowed and made to leave. 'As I said, it was a suggestion, nothing more. Clearly the Battle Sisters have everything in hand.' Sherring retreated back into the gathering, bidding farewell with a plastic smile.

Emmel found Verity watching him and he threw her a slightly boozy wink. 'Good old Holt! Stout fellow, if a bit ambitious.' He glanced at Miriya. 'Sister, your forthrightness is refreshing. A good trait for a warrior.' The governor leaned closer to her, and in that moment his mask of affable geniality slipped. 'But I will be disappointed if that is the only arrow in your quiver.' Then the smirk was back and he was drifting away, draining the goblet to the dregs.

In his place appeared an officer of the planetary guard garrison, bearded and furrow-browed. The man wore the local uniform of grass green and black, dotted with highly polished decorations of many kinds. At his waist was a ceremonial lasgun made of glass and a scimitar. 'The lord deacon asks that you attend him on the tier.' His voice was flat and without affect.

'I would be glad to do so, Colonel Braun,' began Galatea, but the officer gave a slow shake of the head.

'Lord LaHayn wishes to address Sister Miriya.' Braun looked at Verity. 'And the Hospitaller as well.'

The Canoness covered a twitch of annoyance. 'Of course.' She nodded, but the colonel was already walking.

Verity felt her throat go dry as she fell into step with Miriya. It took her a moment to find her voice. 'What do I tell him?'

Miriya's expression remained rigid; her distaste for these people was more potent than the perfumes. 'Whatever he wants to hear.'

The Tier of Greatest Piety extended out like a jutted lip from the cathedral tower at its thickest point, high up over the teeming masses below. While white noise generators kept the genteel music inside the chapel, out here on the crescent-shaped terrace the night seemed to float on waves of cheering and hymnals. There were ranks of illuminators everywhere, but none of them were operating at the moment. The only light came from below, from the floodlamps and the uncountable numbers of electro-candles in the hands of the amphitheatre audience. Braun guided them between busy lines of servitors preparing hololith lenses and nets of vox cabling. At the raised edge of the terrace, the great Lord Deacon of Neva, Viktor LaHayn sat atop a stone battlement watching the crowd, apparently unaffected by the dizzying view.

He had to raise his voice a little to be heard. 'They can't see us up here yet,' began the priest-lord. 'We are dark. Anyone who looks up will miss the words and that would be unforgivable.'

Miriya saw down below where vast turning boards made of small painted shutters flapped and clacked into words in High Gothic. The lyrics to the hymns rolled over them for the massive crowd to see. 'Surely, lord, they should know the words by heart?'

LaHayn threw an amused look to the dean at his side. 'Spoken like a true Sororitas, eh Venik?'

The other man just nodded, and then gestured to Braun. Without words, the colonel gave a shallow bow and retreated into the company of a dozen armsmen near the chapel door. It became clear to Miriya that the deacon was waiting for the soldiers to be out of earshot.

'Those who cannot read, learn by rote,' said LaHayn. 'In this way, the word of the God-Emperor is never lost to us. It remains unalterable, inviolate, eternal.'

'Ave Imperator.' The ritual coda slipped from her mouth without conscious thought.

'Indeed,' said the priest-lord, and he smiled again. 'Sisters Miriya and Verity, I hope you will not think ill of me for my display in the convent. Understand that the zeal the Emperor imbues me with is sometimes more than an old man may conduct. In the matter of the criminal Vaun, I am most ardent.'

'His light touches all of us in its own way,' piped Verity, keeping her eyes lowered.

'And you share my passion for this mission, yes?' LaHayn's voice was casual, level, but aimed like a laser at the Sister Superior.

'How could I not?' she replied. 'The man took the life of one of my most trusted comrades, a decorated Sister who devoted her entire existence to our church, and for that alone he should die a hundred deaths.' She kept her voice steady with effort. 'His violation of Sister Iona's mind blackens him further still. If it is in my power, I should like to present the wastrel to her so that she might be the one to strike his head from his neck.'

Dean Venik raised an eyebrow but LaHayn's expression did not alter. 'It pleases me to hear you say those words. I prayed for Sister Iona's soul today at my private mass. I hope that in the grace of the Condicio Repentia she might find the solace she seeks.'

A nerve jumped in Miriya's jaw. Iona might never have taken the terrible exile of the repentant had it not been for LaHayn's demands for contrition; that simple fact seemed to escape the priest-lord.

'Honoured Sisters, I require you to keep the dean appraised of your investigations at all times. I'm sure you understand that Governor Emmel and the planetary congress have their issues with your continued involvement, but I have ensured that you may progress without undue censure.'

'His lordship has instructed me to open my office to you during your hunt for the criminal,' added Venik. 'You may petition me directly on any matters that fall outside your purview.'

'You are most generous,' added Verity.

'Tell me,' the priest-lord said in a confidential tone, 'I understand you conducted an interrogation at the reformatory. What did you discover?'

'I have no conclusions to offer at this stage, lord,' Miriya spoke quickly, pre-empting anything that Verity might say. 'But I fear that the orchestration of Vaun's escape was not mere opportunism. There is a plan at work here.'

'Indeed? We must consider that carefully.' Something below in the arena made the crowd cry out in awe and it caught LaHayn's attention for a moment. He studied Miriya. 'Vaun is no easy prey, Sister. He is elusive and deadly, but brilliant with it.'

'He's a thug,' she grated, a growing sense of irritating building in her.

The priest seemed not to notice. 'Only on the outside. I've met him face to face, my dear, and he can be charming when he wants to be.'

'If you were close enough to look him in the eye, why is he not dead?' Venik inhaled sharply and shot her a warning glare, but Miriya ignored it. 'I find myself wondering why a creature such as he was not gathered up as a youth for the harvest of the Black Ships.'

'Torris Vaun is wily,' noted LaHayn, 'compassion and love are absent from his heart. He burns cold, Sister.'

Verity studied his face as he spoke. 'You sound as if you admire him, lord.'

The priest snorted lightly. 'Only as one might admire the function of a boltgun or the virulence of a virus. Believe me, there is no one on Neva who will be more content than I when Vaun meets the end I planned for him.'

The dean made to dismiss them, but Miriya stood her ground. 'If it pleases the deacon, you have not answered my questions.'

LaHayn stood, brushing a speck of dust from the rich crimson and gold fabric of his robes. 'Sometimes, death alone is not enough to satisfy the Emperor's decree.' He was terse now, each word sharp and hard. 'As to the inner workings of the Adeptus Telepathica, that is something that I am pleased to be untouched by.' The priest-lord gave the two women a long, calculating look. 'Let me ask you something. Do you fear the witch?'

'The psyker is the gate through which Chaos enters. Only by sacrament and denial can those cursed with the witch-sight hope to live and serve Terra.' Verity repeated the words from the liturgy of retribution.

'Well said, but now it is *you* who does not answer *my* question.' He stared at Miriya. 'Answer me, Sister. Do you fear the witch?'

She didn't hesitate to respond. 'Of course I do. Verity is right in what she says, the witchkin would destroy mankind if left unchecked. They are as great a foe as the mutant and the heretic, the alien and daemon. Our fear makes us strong. It is the spur that takes us to destroy these monsters. If I had no fear of these things, I would have nothing to fight for.'

'Just so,' LaHayn nodded. 'If there were any doubts in my mind that you are the one to catch this pestilent, they have fled.' He bowed to them. 'Now, forgive me, but the bell comes close to ringing and I have a sermon to deliver.' The priest-lord took in the crowds below with a sweep of his arms.

As Venik ushered them away, Miriya halted and turned back to face LaHayn. 'Begging your pardon, deacon. There is one other question I wish to pose to you.'

'If you are quick about it.'

She bowed again. 'While we have focused on the incidence of Vaun's escape, a single factor eludes me. The criminal had the chance to go where he wanted, to strike out for a hundred worlds other than this one. Why, in the Emperor's name, did he elect to return to a planet where his face and his villainy are so well known? What possible bounty could exist on Neva that he would risk all for it?' Miriya became aware that Verity was watching both of them very closely.

LaHayn's face became very still. 'Who can fathom the mind of a madman, Sister? I confess I have no answer for you.'

Miriya bowed once more and let Venik hand them off to Colonel Braun, who in turn led them down a few levels to the viewing galleries. Verity was quiet, her face pale and her gaze turned inward.

'What say you?' she asked.

Verity took her time answering. 'I… am mistaken,' said the Hospitaller, the words difficult for her to give voice to. 'For a moment, I thought… the dilation of his eyes, the blush response…'

Miriya leaned in close, so that only the two of them could hear one another. 'Say it.'

'No.' Verity shook her head. 'I am in error.'

'*Say it*,' repeated the Battle Sister. 'Tell me so I know I am not alone in my thoughts.'

Verity met her gaze. 'When you asked him about Vaun's reasons… he lied to us.'

'Just so,' said Miriya, 'but to what end?'

When the lamps illuminated him, LaHayn felt as if he were being projected upward into the stars, cutting free of the confines of his human meat and becoming something greater and more ephemeral – something linked directly to the bright supernova that was the Light of the God-Emperor. It never failed to elate him.

There was an old saying on Neva, that all men born there had the calling. Indeed, every male child was required to take a term in the seminary to see if they were suitable for the planet's massive caste of clerics. It had been under such simple circumstances that Viktor LaHayn had come into the orbit of the Church of Terra, and in those gloomy cloisters, among the grim-faced adepts and the priests alight with brimstone oratory, he had truly found his first vocation. The mere thought of those days brought a smile to his face. Those were less complicated times, when the word and deed of persecution was all that occupied his mind, when all he needed was the chainsword in his strong right hand and the Book of the Fated in his left.

The roaring crowd filled his senses and he welcomed them in, raising his hands in the age-old sign of the aquila, the divine two-headed eagle. Blind and yet not blind, forward looking yet knowing the past, wings unfurled to shield humanity.

In moments of introspection like this one, LaHayn wondered what he would say if he were able to step back into the past and meet his younger self in those lost days. What would he have told him? Could he have stood to whisper the secrets that would later be revealed to him? How could he, when to do so would deny that callow youth the shattering, soul-blazing revelation that his later years brought?

LaHayn watched his hololithic image grow to giant proportions and drank in the awe of his congregation. If his first calling had taken him to a vast, new world in the Emperor's service, then his second had pressed him to very foot of the Golden Throne. None of them down there in the amphitheatre could see it, but they sensed it in the words he spoke, in the touch he laid on them. They knew, in their hearts, just as he did, never doubting, unflinching in his righteousness.

The final pieces were coming together. Lord Viktor LaHayn was the hand of the God-Emperor; and His will would be done. Nothing would be allowed to prevent it.

Continued next month

INSIDE THE STUDIO

It's been business as usual here in the studio this month – lots of models being painted, lots of games being played. Oh, and plenty of work being done, of course. Those rules don't write themselves, you know. Here in our team, Matt has mostly been preparing himself for the culmination of A Tale of Four Warlords, Lyle has been gearing up for a new campaign (see opposite), Jonathan and Sophie have been painting Space Marines for a studio-wide challenge and Dan has just got his hands on Mephiston. There's been a lot of activity across the rest of the studio, too, as you can see from the pictures on this page. And these are just a small selection of the models that people are working on. One day we'll find a way to fit them all in. One day …

IN SIGMARITE CLAD

Games developer Robin Cruddace has been painting new warriors for his Hallowed Knights Stormhost. In fact, he finished the last model – his Lord-Celestant – on the same day his daughter was born. Apparently he just needed some time to himself that night! Robin's Hallowed Knights army now stands at a respectable (and very shiny) 2,000 points.

SHAMBLING TO VICTORY

Conquest designer Andrew Horsley has been playing a lot of Blood Bowl recently, and he's just finished his Shambling Undead team. His most recent game was against fellow designer Steve, whose humans felt the full force of two Mummies on the line of scrimmage. He used Contrast paints so he could get his models ready for the pitch in no time.

As we come to the end of the magazine, we take a look at the games people have been playing and the models they've been painting in the studio over the past month. This issue: Stormcasts, Idoneth, Shambling Undead, a rusty tank and some squiggy warscrolls.

UNDER THE SEA

Studio editor Leigh Tomlinson has recently completed work on the first wave of his Idoneth Deepkin army. 'I really love the studio colour scheme for the Ionrach, so I painted mine the same way, albeit with red weapon hafts instead of black,' says Leigh. 'Aside from that, I pretty much followed the painting guide in the battletome to the letter. My army is led by the Eidolon of Mathlann, Aspect of the Storm – I really like the sea imagery on the model – and an Akhelian King on a Deepmare. The Deepmare's colour scheme was inspired by an illustration I saw of a blue marlin.'

WATCH YOUR STEP ...

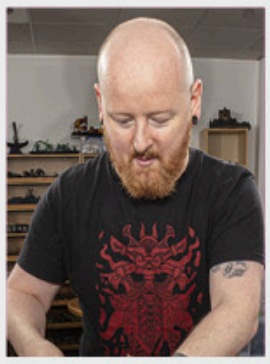
James Perry painted this Onager Dunecrawler after being inspired by the Realm of Nurgle article we featured in last month's magazine. 'I wanted the Onager to look like it was suffering from severe corrosion,' says James. 'I used a sponge to apply loads of paint chips to the armour, first with Dryad Bark, then with Mechanicus Standard Grey. I then highlighted the chips with Rakarth Flesh. The evil goo on the base is Waaagh! Flesh with a layer of Nurgle's Rot over the top.'

WHAT'S GOING ON?

The team behind White Dwarf are always engaged in hobby activities behind the scenes. Here's what some of them have been up to recently.

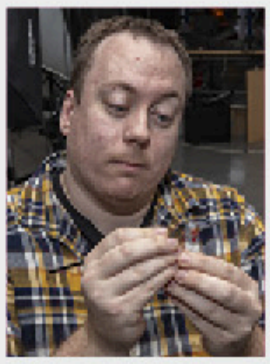
LYLE LOWERY

Our very own editor has instigated A Tale of Four Warbands, a *White Dwarf* team Warcry campaign. Lyle reckons his Splintered Fang will emerge victorious. We will endeavour to prove him wrong.



JAMES GALLAGHER

Games developer James has set a Studio challenge: to paint a 25-power Warhammer 40,000 army in three months. We'll be showing off some of the entries very soon.

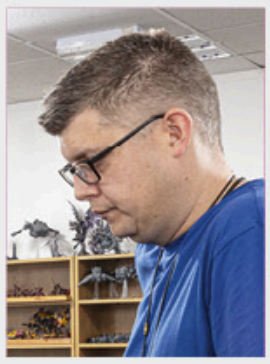


MARTYN LYON

No doubt inspired by the new Mephiston miniature, former WD photographer Martyn has begun painting a Blood Angels army. He's painted an arm so far, but what a great -looking arm it is!

JONATHAN STAPLETON

Our photographer's desk is a hobby magpie's dream, with Space Marines, Unmade, T'au, Necrons and grass tufts all over it. His keyboard is under there somewhere.



BEN JOHNSON

He's only just finished a Tale of Four Warlords, but Ben is already planning his next tournament army – Varanguard led by Archaon. Don't say we didn't give you all fair warning.

BATTLE REPORT EXTRA – WRITING THE BATTLEPLAN

Games developer Sam Pearson joins us to talk about the battleplan he wrote for this month's Battle Report. He even shared the Squigapalooza warscrolls that he created for Ben's converted models. Isn't Sam nice?!

SAM PEARSON
Sam is one of the Warhammer Age of Sigmar games developers, not to mention the winner of the Warhammer 40,000 edition of A Tale of Four Warlords. Who better to write some exclusive rules for the Stormvault Warlords finale?

When *White Dwarf*'s esteemed editor, Lyle, asked me If I would like to come up with a battleplan for the A Tale of Four Warlords finale, I let out a small burst of maniacal laughter before gladly accepting and then scampering away to my desk to begin my plotting and scheming.

You see, although it is my job to write missions and scenarios for Age of Sigmar all day long (and yes, in case you were wondering, it probably is the best job in the world!), it's not often that I get to write a battleplan where 1) I know exactly which armies will be used, and, 2) I will be on hand when the battle is being fought.

Understandably, most of the battleplans we write have to be broad enough to cater to all of the diverse armies you players collect. So when a rare chance like this comes along, you get to do something more than just come up with the rules, you get to be a ***Game Master*** for the battle to come, and with that there is a whole host of fun new twists you can add.

That's what I want to talk about with you now, to give you some thoughts behind designing the battleplan and to hopefully inspire you to try being a Game Master yourself and coming up with a battleplan for your friends to play through.

BEING A GAME MASTER

Now, the idea of designing a battleplan but not getting to play it yourself might seem odd. After all, there are few things more exciting than fielding your own Age of Sigmar army in battle! And yes, while that is true, being a Game Master is an incredibly rewarding experience that I urge you all to try at least once. The role you take is akin to a novelist or movie director; you set the scene and then get to watch how the madness unfolds.

So with that in mind, what sort of madness did I want to curate for our budding Warlords?

Well firstly, I wanted the battle to have a suitably epic setting. Fortunately, Matt Hutson did most of the heavy lifting here having already painted up some beautiful Stormvault scenery. I asked Matt to tell me about the Stormvault, and why his Stormcast Eternals sought it. The rest of the story sort of fell into place after that. The lesson here is to ask your players first about the stories and backgrounds of their armies, as these are gold mines of good ideas to base battles off!

Next, I wanted the battleplan objectives to be simple because there would be close to 10,000 points of Citadel miniatures on the battlefield, and having just completed the Vigilus Tale of Four Warlords myself, I knew from experience that the players would be painting right up until the deadline. This might even be the first time some of their units were fielded in battle (*we call it 'wet on the table'* – Ed).

For these reasons, the victory conditions needed to be straightforward. I came up with a victory point system that rewarded both standing on objectives and destroying enemy units. After all, you'd probably need to be doing both to capture a Stormvault!

Now it was time to add the spice to the game, the unknown element that the Game Master would control. The something extra that would make this battle a memorable experience for all. For this I cooked up a system called 'hidden ploys'.

HIDDEN PLOYS

In warfare, there is the term 'fog of war' which describes the uncertainty of battle. You might never know exactly what the enemy are up to, what their goals are, where the strength of their forces

lie or what resources they have at their disposal.

In most battles of Age of Sigmar, however, we tend to know every bit of information right down to the name of the magical sword wielded by that warrior over there with the big shiny hat!

Having a Game Master allows you to bring in this uncertainty for the players. There could be things that only you know about – surprises you will spring on them mid-battle that will reward the player who reacts and adapts to the changing situation.

The hidden ploys are cards the players can use with a one-off effect in battle (inspired by the Stratagem cards used in Warhammer 40,000). Each is themed around the army the player is commanding. But there is one catch! None of the players know what any of the other players' hidden ploys do, even their own teammate's! Only the Game Master knows all.

DESIGNING YOUR OWN

You can find the hidden ploys used on page 103, and of course you can use these hidden ploy cards in your own games (with your opponent's permission, of course). But as they are tailored to the four armies used by the warlords, how would a budding Game Master come up with some hidden ploys for other armies?

There are two things to keep in mind: keep them thematic and keep their power in flux.

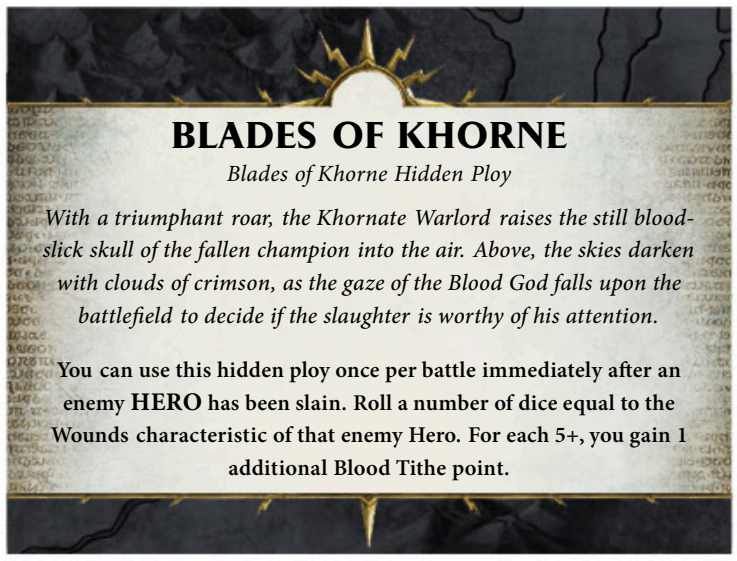
When coming up with the hidden ploys, I wanted each to key off the character of the armies being played. So I went straight to the background pages on the battletomes and scoured them for cool ideas and narrative hooks. As a result, the Stormcast Eternals army can bring down bolts of holy Azyrite magic onto the battlefield, the Idoneth army can use the power of the ethersea to launch a devastating attack, the Gloomspite Gitz army can bring the leering gaze of Da Bad Moon onto the battlefield and the Nurgle army can unleash a contagion that causes open wounds to fester. Fitting and disgusting in equal measure, I'm sure you agree! Playing to the character of the armies gave me some great inspiration and also meant that the players could imagine the scene unfolding before their eyes on the tabletop without it seeming unbelievable.

My second bit of advice is to keep their power in flux throughout the game. The worst case scenario would be if everyone played their hidden ploy in the first turn, because 'why not?'. Instead, I made sure that during the game the hidden ploys would become more powerful as the game went on, giving the players each a nail-biting decision on if to use their hidden ploys now, or just to wait one more turn, when conditions might be perfect.

This is crucial for adding an element of strategy to them that will reward the cunning general for playing them at the right time. For example, as the Stormcast Eternals hidden ploy deals damage to enemy models near objective markers, the player has the tough call between waiting until more enemies are in range, or using it early to make sure a key objective does not fall into enemy hands. For the Gloomspite Gitz army, as the hidden ploy was tied to the light of Da Bad Moon (T*he Gloomspite Gitz allegiance ability*. – E*d*) the player will want to use their hidden ploy when Da Bad Moon is in the centre of the battlefield, thus affecting every model in the battle – but what if Da Bad Moon skips across the centre entirely and lands in a far flung corner?

These are the sorts of decisions you want to wrack the brains of the players as they are playing through the battle.

So if I was to put this into practice and make a hidden ploy card for, oh, I don't know, Blades of Khorne, what would it look like? (S*igh*, *we wondered how long it would take before Sam brought Khorne into this*! -E*d*). Well, I would go for something like this:



A hidden ploy like this would be very thematic. After all, Khorne is a simple fellow who desires nothing more than bloodshed and skulls. The mechanics of this also means the greater the enemy hero slain, the more potent it will be (as you'll be rolling more dice for a higher-wound hero). There will be some tough decisions for the Blades of Khorne player to make. Do they spend it now after killing the 5-wound hero, or do they think in the next combat phase they'll be able to take down that Stardrake. H*mmmmmmmm* …

So there you have it. I hope you have found my musings helpful and informative, and more importantly, I hope it inspires you to have a go at being a Game Master for your friends' next battle!

Happy gaming.

SQUIGAPALOOZA!

Over the next three pages, we present the rules that Sam cooked up for Ben's quartet of converted squig-shamans. Feel free to try them out – or even make up some warscrolls for your own heroes!

WARSCROLL BATTALION

SQUIGAPALOOZA

This warscroll battalion cannot be used in a Pitched Battle without obtaining your opponent's permission. These models must be taken as a set for a total of 240 points. Although taken as a set, each is a separate unit.

ORGANISATION

A Squigapalooza consists of the following units:

- 1 Squigmonger
- 1 Squigmancer
- 1 Squigcap Shaman
- 1 Squig Herder with Mini-Mangler

240 Points

WARSCROLL

SQUIGMANCER

Squigmancers experience such vivid fungus-brew hallucinations that their magics spill out to animate the fungi around them and bring their visions to life. This can have deeply unpleasant effects for anyone stood too close!

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Moon Staff and Jaggedy Knife	2"	2	4+	3+	-1	D3

DESCRIPTION

A Squigmancer is a single model armed with a Moon Staff and Jaggedy Knife.

FLY: This unit can fly.

ABILITIES

Hallucinogenic Fungus Brews: *Squigapalooza shamans drink long draughts of hallucinogenic fungus brew before the battle begins, making them almost impervious to pain. However, as the battle progresses the effects start to wear off.*

In the first battle round, add 2 to save rolls for attacks that target this model. In the second battle round, add 1 to save rolls for attacks that target this model.

Slippery Git: *Squigapalooza shamans seek to put as many of their fellow squigs between themselves and incoming enemy fire as possible.*

Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made with missile weapons that target this model while it is within 3" of a friendly **MOONCLAN** unit with 3 or more models.

MAGIC

This model is a **WIZARD**. It can attempt to cast one spell in your hero phase and attempt to unbind one spell in the enemy hero phase. It knows the Fungoid Cloud spell.

Fungoid Cloud: *The Squigmancer stamps upon the squig he rides, releasing a cloud of magical spores that engulfs the enemy.*

Fungoid Cloud has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within 8" of the caster that is visible to them. Until your next hero phase, subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made by that unit, and subtract 1 from save rolls for attacks that target that unit.

KEYWORDS	DESTRUCTION, SQUIG, GLOOMSPITE GITZ, MOONCLAN, SQUIGAPALOOZA, WIZARD, SQUIGMANCER

WARSCROLL

SQUIGMONGER

The Squigmonger capers and hoots from behind his terrifying Glareface mask. Riding upon the grot-borne skull of a Cave Squig representing the immolated godbeast Boingob, he puts the fear of the Moonclan bogeyman into the Gloomspite hordes.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Boingob's Tusks and Fangs	1"	4	4+	3+	-1	D3

DESCRIPTION

A Squigmonger is a single model armed with Boingob's Tusks and Fangs.

FLY: This unit can fly.

ABILITIES

Hallucinogenic Fungus Brews: *Squigapalooza shamans drink long draughts of hallucinogenic fungus brew before the battle begins, making them almost impervious to pain. However, as the battle progresses the effects start to wear off.*

In the first battle round, add 2 to save rolls for attacks that target this model. In the second battle round, add 1 to save rolls for attacks that target this model.

Bogeysquig: *The Squigmonger generates palpable waves of fear that scare nearby squigs into fighting with renewed vigour.*

In your hero phase, you can make a Squigapalooza Know-wotz roll for this model. If you do so, roll a dice. On a 3+ pick 1 friendly **MOONCLAN SQUIG** unit wholly within 18" of this model that is visible to them. You can re-roll charge rolls and run rolls for that unit until your next hero phase.

Slippery Git: *Squigapalooza shamans seek to put as many of their fellow squigs between themselves and incoming enemy fire as possible.*

Subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made with missile weapons that target this model while it is within 3" of a friendly **MOONCLAN** unit with 3 or more models.

KEYWORDS	DESTRUCTION, SQUIG, GLOOMSPITE GITZ, MOONCLAN, SQUIGAPALOOZA, SQUIGMONGER

WARSCROLL

SQUIG HERDER

WITH MINI-MANGLER

The most ambitious Squig Herders will disappear into the depths of the realms to hunt down baby Mangler Squigs. Many of these herders are eaten in the process, but a brave and kunnin' few will train their Mini-Manglers into huge and voracious warbeasts.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Squig Prodder	1"	3	4+	4+	-	1
Not-So-Huge Fang-filled Gobs	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	2
Tiny Balls and Chains	1"	3	3+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A Squig Herder with Mini-Mangler is a single model armed with a Squig Prodder.

COMPANION: A Squig Herder with Mini-Mangler is accompanied by a Mini-Mangler that attacks with its Not-So-Huge Fang-filled Gobs and Tiny Balls and Chains. For rules purposes, it is treated in the same manner as a mount.

ABILITIES

Mini-ker-splat!: *Mini-Manglers produce an impact that is definitely short of spectacular. At best, a foe might lose their balance and be sent tumbling to their death.*

Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with this model's Tiny Balls and Chains if this model made a charge move in the same turn.

Probably Best To Watch Out!: *Mini-Manglers are not capable of much destruction even in their wildly bouncing death throes. Still, it is probably wise to keep your distance.*

If this model is slain, before the model is removed from play, roll a dice for each unit within 1" of this model. On a 4+ that unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

COMMAND ABILITIES

Lead Da Herd!: This Squig Herder keeps any nearby squigs heading in the right direction.

You can use this command ability at the start of your movement phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly model with this command ability. Until the end of your turn, you can re-roll run and charge rolls for friendly **SQUIG HERD** units while they are wholly within 12" of this unit.

KEYWORDS	DESTRUCTION, SQUIG, GLOOMSPITE GITZ, MOONCLAN, SQUIGAPALOOZA, SQUIG HERDER WITH MINI-MANGLER

WARSCROLL

SQUIGCAP SHAMAN

Black-clad Squigcap Shamans caper into battle, chanting and jabbering madly. They stuff madcap mushrooms into their gobs, eyes crackling with power as they channel the Gloomspite into deadly magical attacks.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Moon Staff	2"	1	4+	4+	-1	D3

DESCRIPTION

A Squigcap Shaman is a single model armed with a Moon Staff.

FLY: This unit can fly.

ABILITIES

Squig-cap Mushroom: *This mushroom enhances the eater's magical capabilities – as long as it is not a deadly poisonous madcap toadstool…*

Once per battle, in your hero phase, you can attempt to cast one additional spell with this model. If you do so, and the casting roll is a double, this model suffers D3 mortal wounds after the effects of the spell (if any) have been resolved.

MAGIC

This model is a **WIZARD**. It can attempt to cast one spell in your hero phase, and attempt to unbind one spell in the enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Night Shroud spells.

Night Shroud: *The shaman throws a black-capped nightshade mushroom into the air, which bursts to form a cloud of pitch blackness.*

Night Shroud has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick 1 friendly unit wholly within 12" of the caster that is visible to them. Until your next hero phase, subtract 1 from hit rolls for attacks made with missile weapons that target that unit.

KEYWORDS	DESTRUCTION, SQUIG, GLOOMSPITE GITZ, MOONCLAN, SQUIGAPALOOZA, WIZARD, SQUIGCAP SHAMAN

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