WARHAMMER
AGE OF SIGMAR

DEATH BATTLETOME

FLESH-EATER COURTS



WARHAMMER
AGE OF SIGMAR

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

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

The Age of Sigmar had begun.

CONTENTS

FLESH-EATER COURTS 6
The Carrion King 8
Courts of Delusion.....10
Endless Feeding Grounds 12
God of the Carrion Courts 15
Tales of Madness.....16

CANNIBAL COURTS 18
Kingdoms of Madness.....20
Flesh-eater Court 21
Dark Legacies 22
Abhorrant Ghoul Kings 24
Flesh-eater Courtiers.....26
Crypt Ghouls.....29
Crypt Horrors 30
Crypt Flayers 31
Terrorgheists.....32
Zombie Dragons 33

GRISLY PAGEANTS 34

CARRION CONQUESTS.....44
Desolate Domains.....46
The Corpse Orchards 48
Battleplan: Stirring the Nest.....52
A Dark Hunger 56
Battleplan: On the Hunt.....60
War of the Wyrd-Engine 64
Battleplan: Two Became Three 68

RAVENOUS HORDES 72
Warscrolls 74
Abhorrant Ghoul King
on Terrorgheist 76
Abhorrant Ghoul King
on Zombie Dragon 78
Abhorrant Ghoul King 80
Varghulf Courtier 81
Crypt Ghast Courtier 82
Crypt Ghouls.....83
Crypt Haunter Courtier.....84
Crypt Horrors 85
Crypt Infernal Courtier 86
Crypt Flayers 87
Terrorgheist 88
Zombie Dragon 90

WARSCROLL BATTALIONS ...91
Royal Family.....92
Attendants at Court.....93
Deadwatch 94
Abattoir 95
Ghoul Patrol 96
King's Ghouls 97
Royal Mordants.....98
Royal Menagerie.....99
Flesh-eater Court 100

THE RULES.....101
WHAT'S NEXT 105







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Listen well to the tale of the Rot-skinned King and his darksome court.

From the weft and weave of war he came, claws a-scrabbling over fallow fields thick with crawling flies and milky-eyed dead. Alongside the fine king his lordly courtiers did prance, scenting the air for morbid smells. Pale of skin and wild of eye were they – seeking out the promise of riches to be had, they danced a jaunty path through the gravedigger's garden. What blade and axe had planted, hungry claws harvested for their king and his subjects.

The foolish and the desperate heeded the dark king's call – starving wretches eager to sell their souls, impatient for a chance to partake of the king's table of fleshy morsels. For a full belly they came, their minds already embracing the king's madness, if only to live a day longer. Maybe they knew and maybe not, but to take even a bite from that creature's plate was to be forever damned.

Where once stood fair and honest peoples there now were servants of the Rot-skinned King. Reason, like a setting sun, faded from their eyes, replaced with an endless night of madness. And so the court grew and grew, its hissing, cackling courtiers herding a tide of fresh-made ghouls. Those who sought to thwart or hide from them met the same fate – all were overwhelmed by frenzied cannibals caught up in the delusion of their master.

FLESH-EATER COURTS

Hidden among the ruins of the Mortal Realms thrive the Flesh-eater Courts. Bound by the madness of their Abhorrant Ghoul Kings, throngs of mordants live out their pitiful lives feasting upon the corpses provided by the endless war and strife of kingdom after kingdom.

In every corner of the realms, nightmarish tales are told of the Flesh-eater Courts. When war and famine ravage a land, its most desperate and determined people survive in any way they can. Giving in to hunger, they turn upon the fallen, the weak, and even each other in their quest for sustenance. Retreating into the shadowed ruins of their towns and cities, these cannibal cults devolve into hideous parodies of society, kept alive on a diet of rancid flesh and bone. Even then these creatures are worthy of pity, for their transformation into ghouls is not yet complete; only once a cannibal partakes of an abhorrant king's feast do they become what is known as a mordant.

The kings themselves are bestial vampires who rule over swathes of the Mortal Realms by the strength of their ragged courts. Completely delusional, they have become known as abhorrants by the rest of their bloodsucking kin. Abhorrant Ghoul Kings are so lost in their madness that they believe themselves to be mortal monarchs. When they come to a place infested with cannibals, they see not monsters, but starving peasants and soldiers eager for the hand of a beneficent master. Each abhorrant king brings with him more than just dark rulership – they also spread their contagious madness. Weak minds are quickly turned, but even the strong-willed soon see the king as he sees himself. Before long, those that once hid in shame from the light stand tall, armoured in delusion. In a mockery of civilisation, the king brings them into his court, dubbing the pale horrors that bow and scrap before him his mordants.

By the will of the abhorrants do the Flesh-eater Courts congregate in the realms. Gathering up feasts from among the living and the dead, they rend apart their enemies and prepare the fallen's flesh for their lord's culinary pleasure. Some among the mordants might even be blessed to sup the king's blood – in their minds drinking wine from their master's table. However, the thick crimson draught brings with it a terrifying transformation. These creatures arise as drooling horrors, slaved utterly to their new master, and bereft of what remained of their sanity. In time, a few of these 'blessed' ones might even ascend from mordants to join the vampire ranks of the abhorrants, and if fortune favours them, in turn found their own courts, thus spreading the madness of the Flesh-eaters.

Lord Pergrin drove his sword up to its hilt into the monster's stomach. The horrific thing hissed and spat at him, lashing out with filth-encrusted claws that sparked off Pergrin's armour.

'You are a curse upon creation!' growled Pergrin, feeling nothing but disgust for these craven creatures. With a boot, he heaved the dying beast off his blade, causing an arc of gore to spray out like a red fountain. On all sides, the sounds of combat filled the air. Pergrin's men-at-arms battled with cannibal beasts, his soldiers' brightly coloured tabards spattered with rancid blood as they stove in skulls and opened bellies with their axes and blades.

'Show no mercy, men!' he screamed, charging once more. Somehow he had lost his blade, but it mattered not, and he seized another creature. This close, he could see the naked terror in the thing's eyes. Leaning in, Pergrin wrapped armoured fingers around its neck.

'Please…' it gasped, but he was hardly listening. Not even the glimpsed reflection of red eyes and fangs in his victim's gaze was enough to stop what came next.



THE CARRION KING

From ancient vampire bloodlines were the first abhorrant kings spawned. Shunned by their kin for their cannibalistic ways, they scattered out into the realms, weaving trails of madness through the ruins left by the Age of Chaos and becoming the first generation of Abhorrant Ghoul Kings.

The origins of the abhorrants are an ancient and tragic tale. During the Age of Myth, the first abhorrant roamed the realms. He was a favoured servant of Nagash, and back then he was fair and strong. His court of knights and nobles rode resplendent as glorious children of the night. He was known by many names in many lands; Sumeros Summerking, the Blood Rose Prince and Ushoran the Handsome to name but a few. Though the truth of his descent into delusion has been lost to the march of time, it is believed by many that the king fell out of favour with Nagash and was cursed with a hideous transformation. Malformed and filled with anger against his former master, the king became a monster like no other that prowled the Nightlands of Shyish. Such was the devastation spread by the king's fury that scores of Nagash's kingdoms were destroyed, their lords slain, their peoples torn apart and their cities reduced to naught but ruins and broken corpses.

Angered by the king's excesses, Nagash imprisoned his wayward servant in a prison called the Shroudcage. A towering edifice of broken promises, its walls reflected every lie the king had ever told back upon him, reducing him to a raving wreck, as twisted in mind as he was in body. So the king might have stayed for all eternity, had not the God-King Sigmar intervened. In the first years of the Age of Chaos, Sigmar invaded the Realm of Death, incensed by Nagash's perceived betrayal at the Allpoints. During Sigmar's rampage through the Great Necromancer's domain, his armies unwittingly brought down the great bastion that held the Shroudcage, and from its ruin scuttled forth the thing that would become known as the Carrion King.

Loosed into the shadows, the Carrion King began to build his court once more. In lost and depraved mortal cannibals, known as mordants, the Carrion King found a willing source of servants. With his blood he created sycophants to sing his praises from the foot of his dark throne, and these in turn went on to create their own courts.



KING GLOOMHEART OF THE YEARNING COURTS

Pieces of Gloomheart's mind are missing. He does not remember much before waking among the Yearning Courts, except that he was a great warrior savaged by a terrible beast. Such must have been the case, for he woke clad in his questing armour, blade in hand, the fang-marks fresh upon his neck. As he got to his feet, a throng of courtiers prostrated themselves on all sides.

Since that fateful day, Gloomheart has been seeking the monster that almost killed him. Riding on the back of his spectacular solar dragon Pyrosis, the king has scoured the Gallowdeeps, Nightlands and the Wraithwyrds. In his crusade to find the elusive monster that wounded him, countless great beasts have ended their days upon the feasting tables of the Yearning Courts. A few times, Gloomheart has even glimpsed his prey, but always reflected for but a moment in the eyes of dying men or the sheen of blood-spattered armour – and so his hunt continues.

So it is that each Flesh-eater Court is a reflection of that first court, their abhorrant kings trying to recreate in madness the memories passed on to them through blood. Many of those beasts closest to the Carrion King still live within the ruins of his ancient kingdom deep within Shyish. In them, the blood of the king is strong, and their collective delusion feeds off and permeates the land. The further from these ruinous cities and empires the courts stray, the thinner the Carrion King's blood becomes, though the madness remains undiminished. Doubtless long after the king's tale has been forgotten, fragments of his story will live on in the Flesh-eater Courts, a dark pantomime played out endlessly across the ages of the Mortal Realms.

As to the fate of the Carrion King, nothing is known save that Nagash still seeks him across the Mortal Realms.

'Come closer bloodlings,' bade the vampire, 'and hear the dark tale of the Blood Rose Prince, first of the abhorrant kings. Our base brothers were not always as they are now – savage beasts that feed upon rancid leavings of battle that even the lowliest necromancer would scorn. Many are the legends of our bestial cousins, but they all come back to the first of their kind, the soulblight king who once held the favour of Neferata. Some say he was one of the missing Mortarchs, others just another blood-born lord. Whatever the truth, he was one of the first vampires, a prince of the night as we are today, blessed with true immortality by the Great Necromancer. Strong and swift was he, able to tear a troggoth in twain with a single mighty tear, or dodge a Bloodthirster's blade with effortless grace.

'With his monstrous strength came hubris beyond measure. Some will tell you he thought to challenge Nagash for dominance, others that he took to feeding on our kind, but these are the reports of the desperately misinformed. In truth, it was the ire of our blessed Queen Neferata that brought the prince low. As the Mortarch of Blood reveals to her champions, he betrayed her – his terrible vanity was such that he thought he could spurn her with impunity. So it was, she cursed him with his horrific visage and his hunger for flesh, a timely lesson for any among you that would cross our great queen.'





COURTS OF DELUSION

Just as in any mortal court, an abhorrant king's followers are each assigned a station under his beneficent rule. Lords and courtiers rule over soldiers, servants and peasants, all mordants accepting their role within the infectious madness of their masters.

To look upon a Flesh-eater Court from the outside, one might mistake it for a nest of cannibalism and horror. Mordants root around in piles of reeking dead, their filthy claws picking decaying meat from rancid bones while they snarl and spit at each other in a guttural tongue. Mobs of towering Crypt Horrors, Haunters and their kin loom in the shadows like deathless guardians, darting into the press of ghouls to claim whole corpses at will. In the midst of this pit of monsters sits the Abhorrant Ghoul King upon a throne of mortal remains. Tall and powerful, everything about the king screams that he is a bestial predator, from his lithe, corded muscles to the dark hunger in his inhuman gaze. However, this is not what the king and his followers see. To the king, he sits upon a gilt throne in a great hall. Next to him, his men-at-arms stand to attention or spar, ready for the call to war. Servants scurry about preparing another feast for their lord, or attend to the running of the kingdom.

Within the madness of a Flesh-eater Court, each has their role. The king is lord and master of all, standing at the head of the hierarchy. Sometimes, he might create other abhorrants to share in this glory, though they usually remain subservient to the king's desires. These other abhorrants are known as sycophants, and can range from a single 'heir' to the throne to a whole brood of bloodsuckers taking on the roles and titles of the king's doting family. For example, the Giblet Prince is the heir apparent and closest to his king. The Offal Queen oversees the blood-nurseries, caring for the newest of the brood, and making sure they feed regularly on the red bounty their father provides. Then there are the Sweetbread Princelings, chosen companions of the Giblet Prince who are charged by the king to keep his heir safe, be it in the madness of battle or out on a hunt.



Beyond this inner circle, favoured mordants see to the daily running of the court. Above all other mordants reign the Varghulf Courtiers, the greatest of which carries the title of Marquis Gruelsop. Regents of the court, they lead the Royal Mordants, and are often trusted by their king with command of the court's armies. Crypt Flayer Courtiers and Crypt Haunter Courtiers are field commanders and earn titles like the Lord Marrowbroth or the Lord Liverbelch, overseeing the soldiers of the Deadwatch and the Abattoir respectively. The position of Lord Chamberslough is held by a Crypt Haunter Courtier who rules over the Lickspittles keeping order at court. Then there are the Marquis Retchbile and Baron Gizzard, Crypt Ghast Courtiers who stand as marshals for the king's massed mordant armies, be it the stalwart and proud ranks of the King's Ghouls or the stealthy Ghoul Patrol.

Mogs reached inside the chest cavity of the ogor and had a good rummage round. His fingers were still slipping off a clutch of organs when he felt a bony hand scrabbling for his prize.

'Errg! Urk orf yous!' Mogs spat, the strange-looking mordant hissing right back, as they fought over the corpse's glistening innards. For a moment, the two ghouls cursed and clawed at each other, Mogs ready to take a chunk out of the thief's hide with his dripping fangs. Then, from above, a screeching howl echoed out across the corpse-littered battlefield and both mordants cowered in the dirt. Mogs was the first to look up, his red eyes growing wide with wonder as he beheld King Splinterblood atop his stately mount, treating with another lord. Both kings looked glorious in their shining golden armour and flowing capes, their steeds circling upon the wind as each noble made greeting.

Blinking, Mogs looked over at the soldier in his unfamiliar livery, and wondered why a moment ago he had been fighting him for the ogor's loot – after all there was plenty to go around, and had they not won this victory together? 'I think we can divide these spoils, can we not?' he said.

'It would be an honour,' the soldier replied, smiling wide and revealing small gobbets of meat stuck between his teeth.

ENDLESS FEEDING GROUNDS

Wise travellers know not to venture into ruined lands without good reason. In those places where the dominion of Chaos wanes, and the wind moans like a dying man across broken battlefields, the Flesh-eater Courts have taken root, and woe be to any who would trespass upon their decaying empires.

Over the long Age of Chaos, the realms have suffered. Bloodthirsty killers have turned glittering continents into reeking charnel houses, and dark wizards have loosed storms of sorcery that have warped and twisted the landscape almost beyond recognition. In the wake of the destructive tides of war, a land becomes ripe for the slow, terrifying descent into a Flesh-eater kingdom. Stumbling and shaking, the survivors of these fallen lands emerge from the ruins of their once-great civilisations, only to face a new and insidious threat. Starvation and madness take their toll, and the creatures turn to cannibalism and murder to survive. In time, packs of scavengers emerge from among the survivors to prey upon their erstwhile brothers. Soon, the darkness beyond the camp fires of marauding Chaos armies is filled with pale horrors and the sickening crunch and slurp of bones being devoured. Hearing the call of these hungry children is like a siren's song to abhorrants. Whether it is days, years or centuries later, such pits of despair and depravity will often attract the attentions of a Flesh-eater Court.

In a dark mockery of the kingdom that came before, ragged skin banners flap wetly above crumbling castles. The king swiftly sets about creating, in his own delusional mind, a functioning state. Scouting parties range across the land establishing fresh borders for their lord's armies to defend. In the broken remains of cities, nests of ghouls take up residence, stockpiling food and weapons. These offal pits and midden heaps are the treasure houses of the Flesh-eater Court, and are closely guarded. More than one foe has battled their way bitterly through waves of frenzied ghouls expecting lost treasures or precious grave goods, only to find craters filled with rotting meat and broken bones.

The Abhorrant Ghoul King is always ready for an attack against his lands. Whether he believes himself the master of a mighty fortress, which in reality is a crumbling castle long since abandoned by the conquerors that put it to the torch, or a nomad prince camped in his homelands, he will ferociously protect what is his. Like knights of the realm, Crypt Flayers soar over the court's domain, drawn by the hissing cries of the Ghoul Patrol. These flying terrors shadow those who would defile their master's kingdom, while ghoul hosts lay cunning ambushes in the invader's path. Flesh-eater armies show a level of coordination that has been the doom of countless foes.

Beyond the Gate of Tears, across the Gulf of Regrets and over the icy peaks of Helspoint lie the lands of the Carrion King. A sprawling kingdom of shroud-tipped spires, shuddering haunted woods and seas of weeping souls sailed by ghostly galleons, it was among the grandest of the soulblight empires. Those dark and glorious days are but memories now, the spires no more than broken fangs beneath boiling skies, the woods oaken graveyards, and the seas sunken deserts populated only with the skeletal remains of ships.

Even so, many of the first abhorrant king's descendants still call this land their own. They call these crumbling expanses by many grandiose titles, though collectively to the inhabitants of Shyish they are simply the Carrionlands. The brave or foolish might come to these environs seeking ghoulkin for their armies. Necromancers, unliving warlords and even brutal Chaos lords arrive with choice offerings of medusa eyes, gargant livers or troggoth bile for the abhorrants' tables – hoping that their princely gifts will be enough to coax the Flesh-eaters to fight for them.





GOD OF THE CARRION COURTS

The shadow of Nagash stretches menacingly over the Realm of Death. The Great Necromancer claims all who toil in its shade as his own, including the mordants and their kings. Yet it is a relationship plagued by division and darkness, the ruler of the undead both god and destroyer to the ghouls.

In their madness, the abhorrants' view of the Great Necromancer Nagash is divided. Some revere Nagash as a benevolent father-god and seek him out, hopeful of finding solace in his strength. Others loathe him as a force of destruction or dominance, forever fearful that Nagash is their doom or is seeking to cage them. Like lost children, abhorrants either flock to beg at Nagash's feet or flee from his gaze. To all mordants and abhorrants, however, Nagash is their god.

From bone-thick feeding grounds, those courts allied to Nagash look up to crumbling statues of the Great Necromancer, offering their praise through mouthfuls of rotting meat. Many of these courts willingly fight in the armies of the dead, often much to the distrust and disgust of other undead lords. In the delusional eyes of some Abhorrant Ghoul Kings, Nagash appears as a beneficent god wrapped in flowing golden robes, or wearing a golden crown as he smiles down from the sky. To honour their god, many courts have built churches among the ruins of their kingdoms, such as the Corpsefane of the Nightlands, covered with ten thousand flayed faces, all stitched together with the same expression of rapture.

By contrast, those courts that distrust Nagash often travel far from the Realm of Death, seeking to escape the Great Necromancer. Many of these courts would sooner face destruction or famine out in the wilds of the Mortal Realms, and will go to great lengths to stay one step ahead of the God of Death. Some are forever on the move, like the Gluttonous Carnival. Its roving corpse caravans, heavy with scavenged meat, endlessly rumble across the land as they try to stay ahead of their imagined pursuers. Others construct vast fortresses, like the Witherclaw in Ghyran. Though its high walls exist only in its inhabitants' imaginations, its bone palisades and blood moats are real enough, and make it a formidable bastion that is fiercely defended against any suspected servant of Nagash sent to bring them to heel.



NAGASH, SUPREME LORD OF THE UNDEAD

Nagash still holds the Flesh-eater Courts accountable for the destruction wrought by their maker, the Carrion King. However, many times have ghoul armies been pressed into his service, the Necromancer accepting them into the ranks of his armies in the name of expediency. During many battles, such as the Deepling Cataclysm and the assault on the Arch of Bones, mordants died fighting alongside deathrattlers and soulblights. Though they are often willing, the abhorrants and their courts are forever plagued by madness, much to the irritation of Nagash and his more lucid generals. This makes them unpredictable as troops, especially as, unlike true undead, Nagash cannot simply take control of them. For many centuries it has been Nagash's desire to find the Carrion King, wherever he might be hiding. With the blood of this lost king, the Lord of the Undead might be able to control the madness of the mordants and rule not just those that choose to bend a knee, but every dark soul sprung from the abhorrant king's lineage.

TALES OF MADNESS

Just as decay claims a mouldering corpse, the Flesh-eater Courts have spread out to infest the ruins of the Mortal Realms. Theirs are the deeds witnessed not by scholars and wise men, but by the desperate and hopeless, who either join their fiendish ranks or are devoured by courts of madmen.

CANNIBAL KING

After the Carrion King's escape from the Shroudcage, his madness began to spread across the realms. One of the first kingdoms created in his wake was that of the Gibbering Courts, a chain of asylum cities populated by the insane and the depraved. After the king vanished, the courts remained, becoming changeable allies to both Nagash and the Dark Gods across the ages.

ABHORRANT FEARS

After assassins tried to kill him, King Fangheart created a vast Deadwatch bodyguard. In their zeal to protect him, the Crypt Flayers devoured most of Fangheart's court.

THE CARVING CENTURY

The fall of the Lantic Empire led to a great gathering of Flesh-eater Courts as hundreds of abhorrant kings carved up its kingdoms. Many dispossessed Lantic warriors joined the ranks of the mordants, pieces of armour still clinging to their pale bodies.

THE RAGGED PILGRIMAGE

Ghoul Patrols from the Yearning Courts became lost scouting through the Realmgates of the Banelands. The Crypt Ghast Courtiers took charge, leading a pilgrimage to find their master. To maintain discipline and morale in their mordant warriors, the courtiers drilled them ruthlessly. They raised tattered banners, gifted pitted weapons to their followers and decked themselves in the trappings of lords, creating a spectacle of ruinous finery that was terrible to behold.

GORESLOP WARS

After they devoured their way through the Fyreslayer holds of Vulkanum, the alliance of the Swillgor Ogors and Halfblood Courts broke down, each side unwilling to give up the bounty of flesh they had claimed.

AN UNHOLY APPETITE

The Sunderbone Court cultivated a ferocious army of Crypt Horrors. Fed upon soulblight blood by the abhorrant king Hookfane, the mordants of the Sunderbone Court were able to overwhelm the defenders of the Ratchet Tombs. However, to Hookfane's dismay, his army had developed a dangerous taste for vampire blood and decimated his sycophant court in an attempt to become more powerful still.

LIBERATION OF TWILOS

In the Chaos purge of the Twilos Expanse, a hundred provinces fell to the Dark Gods. Salvation for Twilos came unexpectedly from the Carnedine Cortege, its king blessing thousands of desperate survivors in a feast that gave rise to a mordant army that swept away the invaders.

CORPSE DRAGON COURT

The fortunes of the Sanguine Court changed when they discovered the Fields of Dracothion, a vast dragon graveyard in the hidden vales of the Wildfold. From its depths, the court conjured a deadly Royal Menagerie. The surrounding lands soon fell under the claws of the court's abhorrant king as Zombie Dragons filled the skies and scoured the vales of the living.

THIRSTING SKIES

To defend her kingdoms against the steel legions of Chaos, Queen Neferata struck an alliance with the Flayed Court of King Horgloom, an abhorrant king. She flew across the Nightlands' skies surrounded by shimmering spirits and vampire thralls, and at their side came Horgloom astride his Zombie Dragon, with Crypt Flayers in his wake. Like a rain of death, the combined host fell upon the servants of the dark gods and reduced them to red ruin.

THE ABHORRANT COURT

Betrayed by his own Fallow Court, the One-eyed King set out to claim his revenge against all mortals. Scorning mordants, he raised an abhorrant army. Across the Shadow Wastes, in the lee of Hysh's Gloaming Mountains, none who lived were safe from him, though he reserved a special hatred for ghouls.

TERROR'S CHILDREN

King Goretalon descended upon a gargant alemoot. His Terrorgheists grew so bloated on giants' blood that they burst in a cloud of bat-spawn which darkened the skies, further swelling his bountiful menagerie.

UNPLEASANT NEIGHBOURS

The Hammers of Sigmar assaulted the Arcanite Shardfane in Aqshy, only to find themselves caught in a spelltrap. Cut off from Azyr, they fought endless waves of Chaos spawn. Reprieve came when the mordants of the Crookfang Kingdom spilled from the dungeons and fell on the Arcanites. With their foes slain, the Stormcasts retired to the upper levels to secure the fane's Realmgate, leaving the mordants to their feast.

CROWN OF CORPSES

Twelve courts combined to scour the Stonespit lands of orruks. The king that led them all – Gristleglob – was elevated and crowned an abhorrant emperor.



CANNIBAL COURTS

KINGDOMS OF MADNESS

At the rancid heart of each Flesh-eater Court squats the vile presence of the Abhorrant Ghoul King. The king's mordant armies are completely in the thrall of their master as they scour the realms in search of fresh prey, their pale bodies covering the land like a horrific blanket of death.

The armies of the Flesh-eater Courts are as nothing without their kings. Descendants of the abhorrants' long and terrible bloodline, these lords are the sinew that tethers the mordants together and bestows upon them their grandiose delusions of nobility.

There is usually but a single abhorrant king ruling a court, though in rare cases a council of the most powerful vampires might be in control instead – provided, of course, that they all share a similar madness. All other abhorrants form the king's brood of sycophants and successors. Beneath this 'royal family' stand the king's favoured lieutenants – Crypt Haunter Courtiers, Varghulf Courtiers and Crypt Infernal Courtiers, which serve as nobles of the court and lead its illustrious institutions. These are the upper echelons, populated by the largest and most dangerous of the king's servants.

The bulk of the Flesh-eater population is formed of ghoul hosts that grow and shrink depending on the fortunes of their court. These are overseen by Crypt Ghast Courtiers, while regiments are led by Crypt Ghasts, all chosen from the most vicious and cunning of their kind. Crypt Ghast Courtiers often have grand and ancient titles, which they aspire to and treasure, even as they covet the attention of their king.

In times of war, an Abhorrant Ghoul King or one of his trusted Varghulf Courtiers will usually lead the army. The varghulfs are entirely devoted to their liege, and so are more trusted to enact his vision upon the Mortal Realms than any of the other courtiers. Varghulfs drink long and deep from their master's veins, and so their connection with the court's sovereign is strong. Like the king himself, varghulfs usually lead from the sky. Swooping over the battlefield, they screech at the warriors battling below them – a high-pitched sound that is terrifying to the ears of their enemies but akin to the clarion call of a hunting horn to the soldiers of the king's court.

King Gorespume drove his taloned hand deep into the abhorrant's gullet, ripping out a long-glistening tangle of organs. The so-called Sundeath King fell at Gorespume's feet amid a spreading pool of blood, and Gorespume fought the urge to fall to his knees and lap up the crimson bounty. Out beyond the red stain, the ragged Sundeath Flesh-eater Court cowered before the gates of Gorespume's city, beneath the starless heavens of the Carrionlands.

'Your youngling king has been found wanting!' bellowed Gorespume through red-spattered fangs. Such was the fate of those who thought to challenge the masters of the Carrionlands. With each new shadow-cycle more of these upstart rulers and their courts returned to the Carrion King's majestic domains. They were as children before the ancient kings. While they had walked the realms in search of kingdoms of their own, the courts of Gorespume and his brothers had grown strong. Stepping over the remains of the vampire, Gorespume stretched his powerful arms wide.

'You have come home, my children. Bow down before your new master and take your place in his magnificent court.' For a moment Gorespume felt the dead king's lingering magic still fighting against him, and among the mordant horde courtiers moved restlessly as their minds rebelled against Gorespume's influence. Then, with a supreme effort, he crushed the last vestiges of the slain vampire's will. All eyes turned to Gorespume, and he felt his court swell in numbers, its immortal might ever-growing.

FLESH-EATER COURT

ROYAL FAMILY

Sycophants
Abhorrants

THE ABHORRANT GHOUL KING

Abhorrant

ATTENDANTS AT COURT

Lord Chamberslough
Crypt Haunter Courtier

Lickspittles
Crypt Horrors

DEADWATCH

Lord Marrowbroth
Crypt Flayer Courtier

Curspock
Crypt Flayers

Vilescrape
Crypt Flayers

Slopcraw
Crypt Flayer

ABATTOIR

Lord Liverbelch
Crypt Haunter Courtier

Harfleck Butchers
Crypt Horrors

Drubscrote Slaughterers
Crypt Horrors

Bogleech Bottlewashers
Crypt Ghouls

ROYAL MORDANTS

Marquis Gruelsop
Varghulf Courtier

Glugrasp
Crypt Horrors

Spleenlick
Crypt Flayers

Slugsour
Crypt Ghouls

GHOUL PATROL

Baron Gizzard
Crypt Ghast Courtier

Slumcrawl
Crypt Ghouls

Illcreep
Crypt Ghouls

Filchlurk
Crypt Ghouls

KING'S GHOULS

Marquis Retchbile
Crypt Ghast Courtier

Spleenscab
Crypt Ghouls

Glugspew
Crypt Horrors

Slugspoil
Crypt Ghouls

ROYAL MENAGERIE

Terrorgheists and Zombie Dragons

Many and varied are the delusions of the abhorrant kings, and their courts are just as diverse. Shown here is an example of the structure of a Flesh-eater Court and its titled courtiers, but every court has its own peculiarities and may have a structure that only loosely resembles this.

DARK LEGACIES

CARRION KING
SOVEREIGN OF THE COURT

Every Abhorrant Ghoul King is an heir to the Carrion King, who was first to bear the abhorrant's curse. The delusions of a court's princes and lords are splinters of his original madness, warped echoes of the noble customs and practices of the warriors who stood beside the Carrion King so long ago. Their names too are perversions of that time, twisted by the march of years to become vile parodies of the once-great men and women they represent.

SYCOPHANTS
THE ROYAL FAMILY

There are many disturbing tales of the Carrion King's original family and their offspring. Gathered under the loving blood-gaze of their lord, the sycophants are the memory of this ancient family given form. Names like the Offal Queen and Giblet Prince hold a shred of the Carrion King's history, and in some stories, they become the Awful Queen and Gibbeted Prince, which perhaps provides a clue to the ultimate fates of the Carrion King's long lost wife and son.

LORD CHAMBERSLOUGH
VIZIER OF THE ATTENDANTS AT COURT

A prominent character of Soulblight myth, the Lord Chamberslough and his gaggle of lackeys fawn upon the king, as perhaps they once failed to do. The Iron Chamberlain, as he was once known, is said to have vied with the Carrion King for control of his kingdoms, amassing an army to usurp the throne. It is a fitting fate, then, that the role of the Lord Chamberslough has been reduced to utter subservience and his followers dubbed the Lickspittles.

LORD MARROWBROTH
FIRST KNIGHT OF THE DEADWATCH

Pride radiates from the Lord Marrowbroth, for he is the champion protector of the king. He was the most loyal of the Carrion King's servants, the Lord of the Harrow Wrath armies. These elite troops and their knightly captain defended the kingdom from the greed of the treacherous Mortarchs, chilling Nighthaunt invasions and Deathrattle conquest wars. Such was their vigilance and skill, the Harrow Wrath legions earned the title Watches of the Dead.

LORD LIVERBELCH
MASTER OF THE ABATTOIR

The Lord Liverbelch is the master of banquets and chief taster to the king. Blood feasts were always part of the Carrion King's court. Whole regions of his kingdom toiled endlessly to provide ample provisions for his dark aristocracy, the overseeing of which fell to the Lord Riverblood. Chosen from the most discerning of the Soulblight vampires, the lord lived up to his name, gathering fair-skinned youths from far-away kingdoms to quench the thirst of the king's court.

MARQUIS GRUELSOP
COMMANDER OF THE ROYAL MORDANTS

Loyal to a fault, the Marquis Gruelsop stands as the greatest of the king's courtiers and leader of the Royal Mordants. Legends suggest that he was brother to the Carrion King, but, fearful and paranoid that the marquis would usurp him, the king made him a lord of slaves and prisoners. The marquis, so it is said, managed to prove his loyalty to his liege by turning his wards into some of the finest and most devoted soldiers in the king's army.

BARON GIZZARD
CHIEF RANGER OF THE GHOUL PATROL

A keen-eyed hunter, the Baron Gizzard leads the king's scouts. Stories say the original baron was once a commoner who patrolled the icy Helfrost Empires at the kingdom's edge, though he became a favoured servant of the king. Some tales refer to him as the Baron of Blizzards, an endearing title given by the king, even though he had no noble blood in his veins. An age later, in the Flesh-eater Courts, it seems the baron has finally earned his rightful place at the table.

MARQUIS RETCHBILE
LORD OF THE KING'S GHOULS

Martial might is the domain of the Marquis Retchbile. The Carrion King was served by many skilled generals: Lord Rilegloom, leader of the charge against the Banshee Storm; Prince Retter, who made his last stand in the Gorefort Deeps; and Captain Bilgoth, slayer of the creeping Gheisthorror, to name but a few. Doubtless, the marquis is the memory of such warriors, confused into a single figurehead by the abhorrant king's madness.

ROYAL MENAGERIE

The Carrion King kept many pets from his journeys across Shyish and the realms beyond. Favoured among his mounts were the Blood Drakes and Chiropteran Behemoths. Though the names and deeds of these beasts have long been lost to history, each abhorrant king fondly remembers these creatures and lavishes his attentions on the Zombie Dragons and Terrorgheists of his menageries, as if the huge undead creatures were his own living offspring.

ABHORRANT GHOUL KINGS

Savage beyond reason, the abhorrant is a majestic horror born of blood and shadow. Gifted with vampiric strength and speed, and tempered by raging madness, they can reduce mortals to offal in moments. Captivated by their fury, their courts throng about their feet, eager to help in the gory task.

An abhorrant king is a vicious beast that believes himself a noble king. Whether scrambling across the ground with impossible speed or riding upon the back of an undead monstrosity, an Abhorrant Ghoul King is death incarnate. Time and the curse of the Carrion King have given the abhorrants a hideous appearance, far removed from the ageless beauty of other vampires. However, they are no less deadly than any of their bloodsucking kind. This is most evident in battle, when the abhorrant feeds messily upon his foes, and streams of gore spill down his face as he drains one screaming warrior after another of their vital essence.

If the size and supernatural strength of an abhorrant king were not enough to strike fear into his foes, then there is also the madness that burns in his eyes. The vampire's delusion makes him a terrifying and unpredictable opponent, much feared by the races of the Mortal Realms. Driven by the belief that he is a just noble, and that almost all creatures outside his court are savage barbarians, the king offers no quarter to threats against his people. Perhaps more frightening than the conviction this madness lends the king is its infectious nature. Those who linger too long in the abhorrant's presence risk losing their own minds, until they too see the king as he sees himself.

Abhorrants, like many vampires, are powerful wizards, steeped in the magic of death and darkness. Abhorrant Ghoul Kings can use their fell sorcery to knit together their wounds, mend the broken bodies of their mounts, hurl bolts of death magic or even summon troops with but a gesture. It is also via this dark wizardry that the abhorrant is able to transform a wretched cannibal into a mordant – it is the vital ingredient in his dark feasts, and the key to expanding his court. With a delicate stir of one of his claws, he can imbue blood draughts with strange and savage power, transforming all who sup upon them into disturbing horrors slaved to his will.

Blood like fire burned in Valich's throat, and he spat out a mouthful of vivid green fluid. His huge bat-like mount shared the abhorrant's repulsion, and with a creaking roar, the creature wrenched its fangs from the tree-beast's flanks.

Shimmering sap leaking from its wounds, the Treelord swatted at Valich and his steed, and a roar like a river bursting its banks shook the writhing Woad-land. In the roots of scuttling trees, Valich could see his soldiers fighting the branch-things, gnarled claws clashing with bone-coloured blades and the crack of splintered wood mingling with the screams of the dying. Turning his attention back to his opponent, Valich let out a long hateful hiss. Mirroring its master, the Terrorgheist loosed an air-splitting shriek.

For a hundred paces, the forest canopy was torn apart. Those tree-creatures caught in the path of the scream were reduced to tinder, their burst sides spraying sappy innards across the ground. The Treelord, however, merely rocked back on its roots, weathering the assault as it might a howling gale or punishing storm.

Oaken fingers wrapped around the throat of the Terrorgheist and the creature's scream ended in a pitiful gargle as its neck snapped. Valich paid the demise of his beast no mind and, swift as death, was on top of the Treelord. The thing tried to shake Valich loose, but the abhorrant matched its fearsome strength with his own. Reaching into the still-weeping wounds of his foe, Valich wrenched open the Treelord's chest as if it were a rusty gate, howling as its lifesap gushed forth.



FLESH-EATER COURTIERS

Misshapen monsters, the Flesh-eater Courtiers stand as hunchbacked lords within the abhorrant king's court. Grown strong upon the tainted blood of their master, these mordant leaders wade into battle, directing the king's armies as their lesser kin cluster adoringly around their clawed feet.

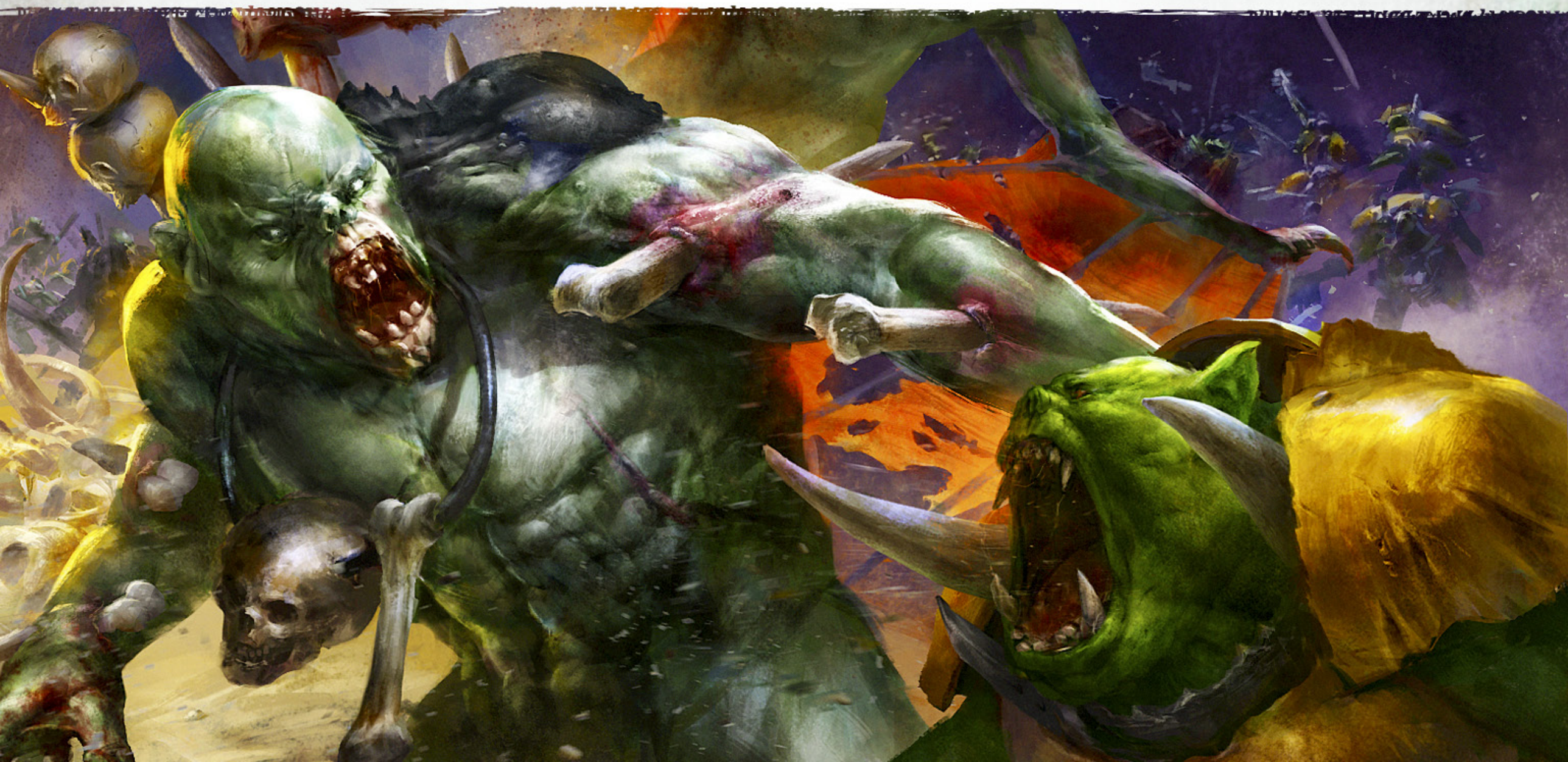
CRYPT GHAST COURTIERS

The Crypt Ghast Courtiers are vile creatures gifted in the ways of war. Displaying a measure of intelligence beyond that of their base brothers, these bent-back champions make effective field commanders for the Abhorrant Ghoul Kings' armies. Forever jockeying for position, they make fawning after their king their first priority, and hold various titles to denote their status. In their minds, they are the noble heroes of the realm, clad in shining armour, with pennants snapping on the ends of their weapons. So armed with delusion, they proudly lead the court's soldiers to war, sniffing out tasty prey either at the head of endless ranks of foot soldiers or ranging ahead with scouting parties.

Like all mordants, Crypt Ghast Courtiers have been corrupted by their king's madness. Most were once great heroes, wizards or sages who fell into despair and cannibalism. As courtiers, they retain a shred of their former selves, and they enforce their peculiarities upon the ghouls they lead. If they were gluttonous, their mordants partake in staggering displays of gorging. If they were cruel, their followers exact as much pain as possible from the foe. If they were cunning, their soldiers will melt from the very shadows in the wake of their nefarious master. A king will choose a Crypt Ghast Courtier's role in court based upon the creature's natural talents, utilising them against the many enemies of the Flesh-eater Court.

CRYPT HAUNTER COURTIERS

Beasts of rotting flesh and twisted bone, the Crypt Haunter Courtiers are among the strongest of an abhorrant king's mordant servants. They have supped from the vampiric king's veins, and his dark magic has transformed them. Most mordants given a pure draught of the king's blood devolve even further into savage madness or tear themselves apart in a frenzy of self-loathing, but those who survive are reborn with monstrous strength. In battle, they are brutal fighters who lead from the front, bathing in a rain of viscera as they tear their opponents apart. Crypt Horrors respond to the orders of these courtiers, in their madness seeing them as bold commanders who lead the way through any danger.



As trusted members of the court, Crypt Haunter Courtiers hold high status and are respected and feared by all who serve the king. They also enjoy rare autonomy amongst their mordant kin, and those that attain the rank of Lord Liverbelch will be despatched at the head of an Abattoir of ghouls and horrors, leading the charge from the front lines. When they return victorious, it is also their duty to prepare the royal feast, and test the dishes to be set before the king.

CRYPT INFERNAL COURTIERS

Crypt Infernal Courtiers are created when a Crypt Flayer has performed a heroic deed that the king deems worthy of reward. A banquet is held where individuals so honoured are fed the flesh of an undead dragon. Their guts mutate agonisingly, allowing these predators of the sky to exhale lethal clouds of noxious fumes, much like the beast they have eaten. These flying courtiers lead the Deadwatch, the Abhorrant Ghoul King's personal bodyguard. Gifted with exceptional senses, they can also detect enemies from leagues away, identifying their victims by scent alone, and swoop off into the night to bring back gory prizes for their dark master.

When an abhorrant rides to war astride his Terrorgheist or Zombie Dragon, Crypt Infernal Courtiers often soar at his side, vying for their lord's attention. Screaming summons to their kin, the courtiers lead daring strikes against the most formidable enemies, bringing back spoils and prisoners in an attempt to curry favour with the abhorrant king.

VARGHULF COURTIERS

Favoured servants of the king, Varghulf Courtiers hold the highest rank a mordant can earn. They are the most trusted members of the court, and the most likely to lead an army if the king is otherwise occupied. Varghulf Courtiers are the only members of the court that can ascend to the rank of Marquis Gruelsop, leader of the handpicked Royal Mordants.

As befits their potent position, they are gore-drenched monsters in combat, second only in their fury to the abhorrant king. When surrounded by their enemies, they enter a terrifying frenzy, slaughtering them faster than the eye can follow. As they tear a red road through a battle, mordants scurry in their wake, snatching up any discarded pieces of meat. Varghulfs are possessed of a voracious hunger, and rip great chunks off their prey which they cram down their gullets then and there. As they lick their bloody maws, wounds disappear, muscles reknit and rents in their flesh close up in moments. They feed on more than just flesh, however. With lolling tongues they lap up dark magic from the air, devouring the sorcerous tendrils that erupt from the abhorrant king when he casts spells or summons the dead. This foul energy strengthens the beast, giving it strength beyond even that suggested by its massive frame.



Scrab yelled out for his mordants to charge, gesturing with his blade to where the foe, clad in golden armour, clustered around the base of the Dragonfate Dais. The favour of the king would be his this day, and as for the invaders, they would be crushed by the relentless efforts of his loyal troops.

Amongst the packed ranks of Scrab's soldiers, his sergeants tried to maintain order and keep the mordants advancing into the crackling enemy hammers. These lesser officers were suited only to such simple tasks. Scrab secretly hoped their numbers might be thinned out during the day's battle, so he would not have to listen to their whining later as they tried to barter with him for promotion. The Crypt Ghast Courtier had not risen so high in the esteem of the king by giving in to the demands of craven underlings.

By Nagash, these strange barbarians could fight. However, they were few and the mordants many, and Scrab knew his men would not turn from battle while his eyes rested upon them. With the enemy lines wavering, Scrab decided it was time to enter the fray himself. In these instances, it was always good to set an example for the men and, incidently, claim a piece of the glory for himself.

Scrab was just moving toward the dais when a shadow swept overhead. Upon snapping wings, the Deadwatch descended, their lord, Granpyr, the first to touch down amongst the foe. Scrab seethed at the Crypt Infernal Courtier's timely arrival, certain that Granpyr had been watching the battle from afar, waiting for him to make his move. Years of service to his king forced him to bow his head and cede the kill to the Crypt Flayers.

'You have done well, Marquis Retchbile, and I thank you for corralling the enemy,' Granpyr called. At the Crypt Infernal Courtier's back, his winged warriors were already devastating the invaders.

'Anything for you, my Lord Marrowbroth,' Scrab drawled, already making plans to see the Crypt Infernal Courtier fall from the king's good graces.



CRYPT GHOULS

Reeking drool slavers from mouths lined with rotting fangs as hordes of Crypt Ghouls hiss their adulation for their king. They scuttle into battle at his command, their chipped talons tearing at the ground as their maws stretch wide in eager anticipation of the feast to come.

Ghoul is a word known in almost every corner of the Mortal Realms. These are the vile creatures who make up the majority of an Abhorrant Ghoul King's seething armies, and they have an appetite for flesh that is both repulsive and insatiable. Infected by the abhorrant king's insanity, the longer Crypt Ghouls serve in the king's court, the stronger their madness becomes. Soon, the ghouls do not see themselves as monsters, nor do they consider the flesh they feast upon as an aberration to the natural order. They believe themselves to be stout foot soldiers of the king's court or keen-eyed scouts ranging ahead of his armies. In truth, they are a cannibal horde of naked and hungry monsters. Anyone caught in the path of a ghoul pack has but two choices: fight or be devoured. Once the king has set his ghouls on an enemy's trail, the flesh-eating creatures will not rest until they have returned to their master laden with dripping slabs of freshly harvested meat.

Crypt Ghouls are especially deadly in large numbers. A single creature will take its time feeding, gorging itself on raw flesh, often until it is sick. However, as soon as there is competition for its meal, it flies into a frenzy, eager to kill its prey swiftly and feast on the remains before its brothers and sisters can steal its prize away.

Utterly devoted to their abhorrant master, Crypt Ghouls will brave death without hesitation. Any craven parts of their soul have been extinguished by the madness of their king, and they fight like rabid beasts, often dying to the last rather than displease their lord. In those rare instances when a ghoul does turn to flight, their kin swiftly drag them down. Such is the fate for cowards in the Flesh-eater Courts, where the courageous fight on in their king's favour, their bellies filled with the flesh of the weak.



CRYPT HORRORS

Lumbering and snarling into battle come the Crypt Horrors. Their flesh stuck through with jagged bones and dripping blades, these are the knights of their court. Armed not with sword and steed, but claw and fang, they are monstrous beasts, though loyal and eager to serve their lord in battle.

Despite their hunched forms, Crypt Horrors loom above their smaller brethren, each one a monster of pale flesh and twisted bone. Hideously strong, they rip organs right out of their victims, stuffing shining handfuls of offal into their dripping maws. Crypt Horrors were once ghouls who have been fed vampire blood by their Abhorrant Ghoul King, and as a result, have been given a larger, stronger form by the power of dark sorcery.

In the depths of their delusion, Crypt Horrors believe themselves to be heroic knights charging into battle clad in shining plate. As befits their role within the court, they are often the first to the fight, sprinting out ahead of the king's foot soldiers to crash into the midst of their enemies. Here, their supernatural resilience and prodigious strength are put to good use, each sweep of their claws opening throats and shattering shields. Return attacks have little effect, the Crypt Horrors' own bodies quickly healing mortal wounds, even closing around their enemy's blades. These regenerative powers are a gift of the abhorrant's blood that runs in their veins, though it comes at a price. Their muscles and bones are constantly twisting and growing, spines from their ribs and backs forcing their way through flesh, just as their talons and teeth push their way free of fingers and gums. Only the attentions of the king's Abattoir keeps their growth in check, the bones regularly harvested to make trophies for the king's men.

Crypt Horrors are routinely honoured for their service by the king and his courtiers, and they will be offered tokens of the court's appreciation. Prized skulls, decaying limbs and crude bone weapons are presented to the Crypt Horrors as trophies, and the most decorated might even rise in the ranks to become Crypt Haunters and take leadership of a Crypt Horror pack. Crypt Horrors lovingly care for these gifts, which they see as pennants, shining armour or swords. They may even claim such spoils in battle, and relieve their victims of burdens like their arms or spines. The Crypt Horror may shove its newly acquired trophy, still dripping with gore, through its skin or down its maw, or it may turn it against its former owner.



CRYPT FLAYERS

Crypt Flayers haunt the night, dark shadows against a moonless sky, as their keen eyes seek out enemies of the court. With grasping claws, they snatch hapless victims off their feet, sinking their fangs into their captives even as they soar back into the sky, leaving behind naught but spilled blood.

When the blood of monsters flows freely upon the feasting table, an Abhorrant Ghoul King might bestow a horrific transformation upon his servants. On these fell nights are the Crypt Flayers born. As the blood of the king mingles with a concoction of Terrorgheist flesh and necromantic fluids, ghouls are twisted into new and terrifying shapes until, like monstrous moths, they emerge into the world.

It is at this moment, as the enchantments cast upon their meal by the abhorrant king take full hold, that they turn into dark predators. Growing huge and twisted like Crypt Horrors, Crypt Flayers gain the added nightmare growth of leathery wings. Their claws elongate, spines burst from their backs and their eyes glow stronger to pierce the dust and gloom of battle. No longer bound to the earth, they take to skies as airborne scouts and warriors for the court. Ferocious killers, Crypt Flayers wheel through the air above the Flesh-eater Court's domain, sniffing the wind for juicy hunting grounds.

Crypt Flayers are regarded with awe and adulation by their mordant kin. It is viewed as a good omen to see one or more of these winged beings circling above an expedition, and their shrill screams in the darkness fill each ghoul with pride to be in their king's court. The Crypt Flayers themselves believe they are warriors borne aloft by enchanted pinions, thanks to the blessing of their sovereign. The noblest of their number are the Crypt Infernals – taller and stronger than the rest, they lead from the front as shining examples to their 'men'.

Whether seen through a lens of madness or in all their rotting glory, none that have faced them can doubt that Crypt Flayers are brutally efficient in battle. Darting from the sky like harpoons of sharpened bone, they run warriors through, lifting them from the ground even as their prey dies screaming in a spray of gore. As they take back to the sky, the pack fights among themselves for the largest trophy from the kill.

Crypt Flayers are darkly blessed by the tainted Terrorgheist flesh they have ingested. In their chests dwells a measure of the undead beast's capacity to unleash a mind-shredding shriek. Opening their mouths impossibly wide, they let loose a chorus of chilling howls, as if the gates to a dozen underworlds had been flung wide at once. The victims feel their blood turn to ice in their veins and terror grip their hearts as the sonic assault washes over them. The Crypt Flayers then descend to pick over the resultant field of corpses, seeking out the choicest trophies to bring back to their king.



TERRORGHEISTS

Beasts of doom and darkness, Terrorgheists blot out the sky as they fall upon their victims in a flurry of massive wings and dripping fangs. With a scream that cuts through warriors' souls, these mighty creatures swoop into battle, often with blood-mad abhorrants clinging to their backs.

Nightmare creatures born of the oldest Shyish sorceries, Terrorgheists are undead monsters bound to the will of the abhorrant kings. Heaving carcasses of rotting muscle and cracked bone, these terrible beasts have a thirst for blood equal to that of their vampire masters. In battle, they soar over the press of combat, their otherworldly senses seeking great foes to slay. Especially large enemies are latched onto, the Terrorgheist sinking its fangs into warm flesh and drinking deep. The foul creatures strengthen visibly as they savour this dark feast, their ragged flesh regenerating and wounds disappearing, to the dismay of their enemies.

A Terrorgheist's fangs are far from its deadliest weapon, and the beast's scream is as unmistakable as it is devastating. A high-pitched wail, it cuts across the battlefield, shattering the minds of nearby prey. Those not slain outright are reduced to gibbering wrecks, howling as blood runs freely from their ears and eyes.

There are many tales about the origins of the Terrorgheists. Some say they were once the noble mounts of vampires, kept alive long after death by dark magic. Others believe they came to Shyish from Ulgu to feed on death itself, but were enslaved by Nagash and gifted to his vampire servants. All that is known for sure is that the last living Terrorgheists have long since vanished. Now they exist only as undead slaves, to be corrupted and controlled by those with the power to master them. They inhabit dark haunts throughout the realms, in towers and caves where they hang upside down in repose. Hundreds of monstrous bats are drawn to these places, the creatures burrowing inside the sleeping Terrorgheist. When the monster is slain, these lesser bats burst forth. If one of the bats is caught, it can be taken to the king and nourished with his blood and magic, until it grows into a new Terrorgheist.



ZOMBIE DRAGONS

Incongruously regal bundles of ancient bone and flapping flesh, Zombie Dragons soar above the Abhorrant Ghoul Kings' armies. Bound by dark magic, they are horrors of the battlefield, with claws the size of blades, fangs fit to punch through the thickest armour, and breath that is death itself.

The air roars to the beat of leathery wings as a Zombie Dragon descends. As the stench of the beast washes over its prey, the air becomes chill, for the aura of death around the undead dragon is strong. Deep inside the eye sockets of its huge skull glimmers a ghostly intelligence, awakened by an abhorrant. Yet this is but an illusion created by the vast quantities of dark magic used to animate such a creature, and it is the very stuff of death that emanates from the monster's skull. Only the strongest wielders of this power can command these creatures, and without their will the beasts are swiftly rendered inert once more.

An Abhorrant Ghoul King may ride into battle from the back of one of these beasts, his own devastating combat prowess augmented many times over by the might of the Zombie Dragon. Blades spark from the creature's iron-hard bones, while arrows bury themselves harmlessly between gaping ribs. The dragon rampages through the enemy, killing with massive snaps of its jaws. Even as chunks of meat fall from its fleshless throat, it continues to attack until commanded otherwise. Around the monster's clawed feet throng mordants, snatching up this discarded bounty as they follow the king and his proud mount into battle.

The darkness that animates a Zombie Dragon is never more evident than when it looses its breath, expelling it as a coiling cloud of pestilential death magic. This killing miasma withers flesh, sapping life from the living. In its wake are left husks where once were soldiers.

Zombie Dragons are rare and powerful creations, and an abhorrant might spend centuries seeking out a dragon graveyard. To a Flesh-eater Court, the discovery of such a location is a prize indeed. Many have been the lands reduced to ruin in the wake of such a darkly fortuitous find.



GRISLY PAGEANTS













A Crypt Haunter Courtier leads the Attendants at Court into savage battle.



Crypt Flayers of the Deadwatch swoop down from the skies to strike at their prey.



An Abhorrant Ghoul King goads his massed ranks of Royal Mordants into battle with the promise of grisly rewards.





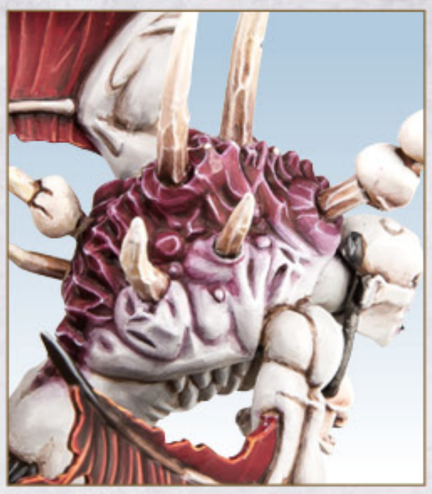
The slavering Crypt Horrors of the court's Abattoir follow the Lord Liverbelch into the fray.



'EAVY METAL









Crypt Flayers



Crypt Ghouls



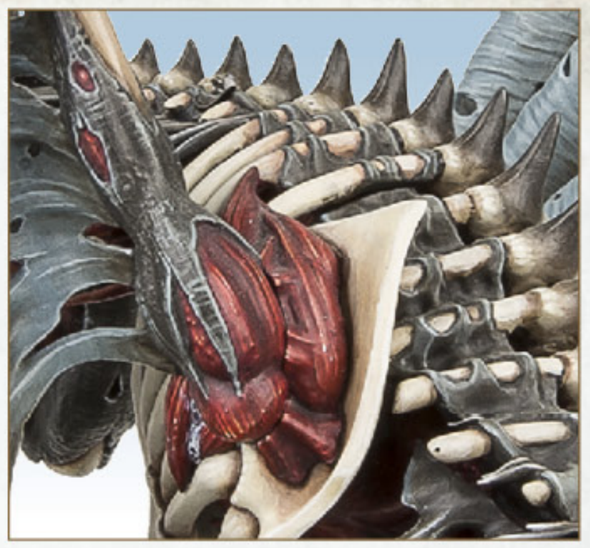
Crypt Horror and Crypt Haunter



Varghulf Courtier





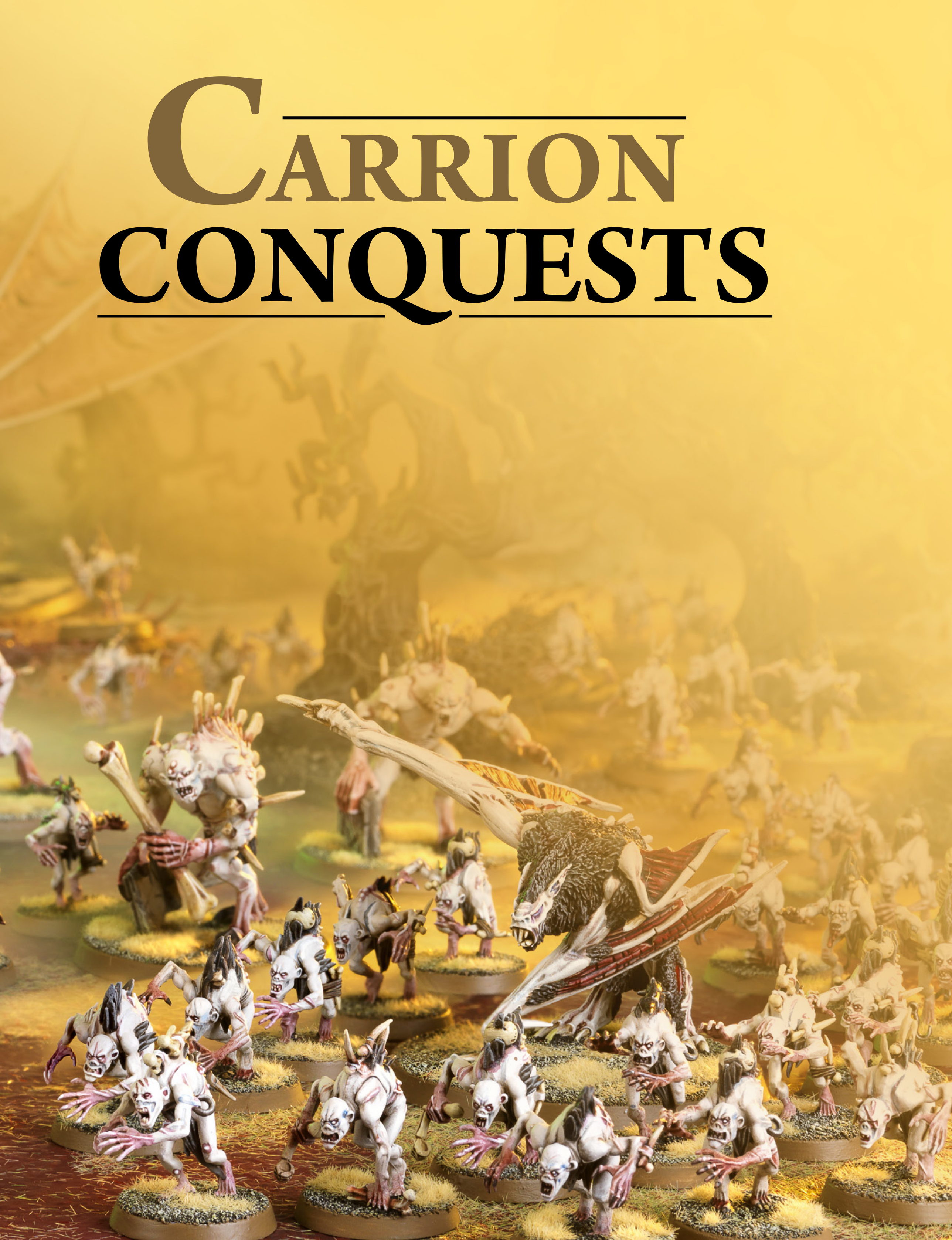




Terrorgheist



CARRION
CONQUESTS



DESOLATE DOMAINS

Amid the ruins of fallen empires there lurk countless mordant nations bound together by a shared madness. Abhorrant kings rule over these fallow kingdoms, and in their shadow thrives a mockery of civilisation that is slowly spreading its sinister influence across the realms.

By the beginning of the Age of Sigmar, the Flesh-eater Courts thrived in dark corners across the Mortal Realms. For centuries beyond count the abhorrants had followed the heady scent of battle, claiming for themselves places to raise their banners and form their courts from amid the mayhem of war. It was these ghoulish migrations that seeded Flesh-eater Courts from the Dreaming Tombs of Hysh and the great Oakbastions of Ghyran to the Quicksilver Vales of Chamon and Themacarn Wastes of Aqshy. In the Penumbral Sea of Ulgu, floating kingdoms are filled with countless mordant shadows, while the Splinterbridge cities of Shyish's carrion deltas groan under the weight of corpulent cannibals. Few are the domains of the Mortal Realms that do not conceal a Flesh-eater Court. As mortal, daemon and undead armies storm through Realmgates and into continents and kingdoms new, the abhorrant kings go to battle both with and against them.

Many courts have made their homes around Realmgates, learning that these are places of battle and riches, and the nearby lands are always ripe for conquest. Often, an invader will have no knowledge that they are walking into a domain claimed by an abhorrant king until the ruins around them come alive with a thousand sets of hungry eyes. Utilising the sorcery of these gates, there also exist sprawling Flesh-eater alliances. Kings and their courts, having divided up portions of the realms, use the gates to connect their ruinous lands. Some of the largest of these mordant confederations even span different realms, like the Wargspine Citadel Courts. In the vast ruin of Wargspine, the castle's three great bastions exists in different realms, each one home to its own Flesh-eater Court. It is a prize many foes have tried to claim, though all have failed.



From the perspective of the abhorrant kings, the other races are usually usurpers and invaders. Unholy barbarians hammer at their gates and slay their subjects, and thus deserve only death. After all, it is the duty of a good king to watch over his people.

As far from Shyish as the mordants and their abhorrant kings have spread, it is still not enough to escape the gaze of Nagash. The Lord of Death has his own plans for the Flesh-eater Courts. Despite the strange place they occupy between the living and the dead, Nagash considers them his own, and there has been a shadowy struggle fought between the Flesh-eaters and their deathless god over the centuries. Some have returned to the Realm of Death to kneel before the necromancer, their kings cowed by the Death God's might. Many, however, have purposefully put distance between themselves and their would-be overlord, fearful of the revenge the god of death might visit upon them.



In their madness, Flesh-eaters see bone weapons as glorious blades.

It is the greatest of these breakaway nations – called Highhaven by its mordant inhabitants – that Nagash most seeks dominion over. Highhaven controls areas at the foot of vital Realmgates, that are beyond the reach of his armies. The courts of Highhaven have noticed Nagash's attentions, and have begun taking steps to keep his cold claws from their kingdoms. Ghouls have been spied crawling like pale beetles upon the nation's Realmgates, scratching ancient sigils and dark runes into the stones to ward against transgression by the unliving. With a Realmgate so defended, the land falls deeper under the dominance of the Flesh-eaters.

There was nothing here but ash and death. Lord-Relictor Daeroth looked out across the bones of a city long since put to the sword. Dry canals crisscrossed the rubble, spanned by broken bridges and filled with ancient corpses. Nowhere did a wall stand higher than a man. At his back, a dozen Hammers of Sigmar stood sentinel, their golden armour reflecting the flickering light of the crumbling Oculus Gate.

Strange. Daeroth had been told hostile forces held the Realmgate, and the Fyreslayer mercenaries hired to clear it had failed to return to the Celestrium Fortress for their pay. There was no sign of an enemy, however.

Suddenly, from the shadows, a clawed figure loped into view, and the Stormcasts readied themselves for battle. However, rather than baring fangs and charging, the lone creature bowed, its red eyes gleaming in the gloom.

'Trespassers, know you whose realm you tread upon?' The creature slurred between jagged teeth.

'This is the free city of Heldost, and we come to reclaim it in the name of the God-king Sigmar!' Daeroth replied his voice booming across the ruins.

'Lies! These lands have ever belonged to his beneficence King Shivergore! Invaders meet but one fate!'

The creature let out a long hiss, which was answered a second later by a thousand more from the gloom. Daeroth raised his hammer and called upon the power of the Heavens, but it was too late. Like a curtain drawn across the world, the mordant host descended. The unnatural darkness was broken only for a moment by flashes of lightning, as Daeroth and his brothers were returned to Azyr.

THE CORPSE ORCHARDS

A line of dark sigmarite, the Anvils of the Heldenhammer marched into the rotting Corpse Orchards of Voldyr. From the shadows, hungry eyes watched, their hate-filled owners ready to repel all who would trespass upon the lands of the great and regal Marrowthirst.

Even by the grim standards of Shyish, the ruined kingdom of Voldyr was a disturbing region. Yurvash the Gallowsward, a Lord-Celestant of the Anvils of the Heldenhammer, led the way. From the Gloomdream Vales, the three hundred Heldenhammer warriors marched, fighting their way through the spire-tombs of the deathrattler queens to reach Voldyr and claim its fabled Gate of Corpses. It was a sacred mission to capture another of the Realmgates between Azyr and Shyish, a quest Yurvash bore as if the eyes of the God-King were upon his every step. As the Stormcasts pressed deeper into the strange woodlands surrounding the gate, they felt a deathly chill descend upon them. Once dead themselves, Yurvash and his warriors remembered all too well the cold embrace of the underworld. It clung to the trees, each as high as fortress towers, their branches thick with hundreds of swaying cadavers. Mailed fists tightened on sigmarite hammers, and black helms turned to watch the darkness, ready for whatever this place might throw at them.

Several miles away, the ruins of Voldyr Keep rose from the Corpse Orchards like a broken finger of bone. In its central courtyard there stood the Gate of Corpses, an arch of writhing human remains, forever moaning into the night. Before the gate, the abhorrant Marrowthirst was holding court when one of his Crypt Infernals soared down to inform him of the invasion of his realm. With a hiss of annoyance that sent his sycophants scurrying for the shadows, the abhorrant ordered his Marquis Retchbile to gather the troops. Marrowthirst would teach these intruders the folly of their ways.

Out in the woodlands, the Anvils of the Heldenhammer had reached the edge of the Corpse Orchards. From the trees, dismembered limbs and half-corpses reached hungrily for the Stormcasts or pleaded for the mercy of true death. Ignoring the rotting hands pawing at their armour, Yurvash and his Warrior Chamber pressed on. Then the ground began to shake.



MARROWTHIRST AND THE SUPPURATING COURT

Marrowthirst has long been the keeper of the Corpse Orchards. Even before his court grew as far as the Penumbral Vaults, he tended to its writhing populace of dead things. In his madness, he believes himself the regal warden of a great prison, and each corpse a prisoner. With meticulous care, the king's soldiers bring 'criminals' from far and wide, lashing them to their wooded jail. Now, few undead groves can match the majesty of his forests. It is a position that he jealously guards, adding the remains of those who try to free his prisoners to the growing orchard.

Another of Marrowthirst's duties is the execution of troublesome prisoners. These corpses are dragged before the king and read their supposed crimes, from larceny to treason, before being hurled from the rock upon which Voldyr Keep is founded. To maintain order, the remaining prisoners are then formally warned of the penalty imposed on these unfortunates, whose fate is to plunge eternally through the dark.


FALLOW KINGDOM OF VOLDYR
HARROW DELVE
ORGAN FOUNDRY
VOLDYR KEEP
FLAMEWEEP RIVER
CORPSE ORCHARDS
FLAYED TOWNS
SCALDED HILLS
GLOOMDREAM VALES
SPIRE-TOMBS OF THE DEATHRATTLER QUEENS

The King's Ghouls had the honour of being the first into the fray, their ghast lord leading the charge. In their minds, they let out a heroic cheer and raised their banners before thundering through the shimmering summer woodlands. What Yurvash saw, however, was a very different sight. The Lord-Celestant recoiled in horror at the sight of thousands of misshapen creatures bursting out of the undergrowth, their animalistic hisses loud enough to drown out speech and quieten the swaying corpses. Like insects shaken from a disturbed nest, a thousand mordants flooded across the ground, their claws tearing at the earth in their eagerness to attack. Yurvash quickly recovered from his shock, ordering his Liberators to form a defensive circle. Behind this wall of black shields, Judicators levelled their massive crossbows, sending volleys of bolts slamming into the enemy ranks.

Though scores of pale bodies tumbled into the dirt, hundreds more piled over their twitching remains to slam into the Stormcasts. Stoic and cold, the Anvils of the Heldenhammer held their ground. For every Liberator pulled down beneath filthy claws, scores of mordants died, their bald heads and cadaverous bodies smashed apart by thunderous hammer blows.

Dark shapes suddenly loomed above the Stormcasts as Crypt Flayers swooped low over the savage combat. The massive beasts dived down into the Stormcasts. The Flayers' eyes alight with madness, they plucked Liberators from the line and tore them apart in flashes of lighting. Prosecutors took to the air, their shimmering wings casting ghostly shadows across the haunted wood. With crackling hammers they struck the flying horrors, the two sides spiralling in deadly aerial duels.

From Voldyr Keep, Marrowthirst followed the battle with his keen eyes. So far, the newcomers had repulsed the Lord Liverbelch's foot and cavalry formations, though the mordants had them nicely pinned. It was time to send in the Royal Mordants to break them. Scores of his most elite warriors charged from the keep at the snarled commands of the Marquis Gruelsop.

Yurvash knew that to stand his ground against this fresh wave of enemies was to die. With a mighty war cry, the Lord-Celestant led his warriors in a bid for freedom, sallying out of the encirclement as they pressed on through the mordants. At that moment, before the new wave of horrors could strike, Yurvash's Lord-Relictor appeared at his side. The priest motioned to a clearing in the woods, a bare hillock which might afford them a defensible position.





Fighting a desperate battle through the grasping trees, the Anvils of the Heldenhammer hacked a path toward the clearing. In the darkened sky above, the Deadwatch ripped into the Prosecutors, and the Stormcasts were flung broken to the ground to vanish in eye-searing flashes. Crackling crossbow bolts from the Judicators covered the Stormcast host as they forged through the sea of mordants, each deadly missile ripping pallid flesh to ruin. As the rolling battle raged, more mordants joined the fray. Stormcasts flickered and vanished into the heavens, while a road of pale, broken bodies lay in their wake. Thrice did the Deadwatch try to break Yurvash's formation, but each time volleys of bolts, and lightning from the Lord-Relictor, repelled them.

Lopping the head from a snarling Crypt Horror, Yurvash arrived at the clearing, charging to the top of the hillock and rallying his warriors around him. Strangely, the assault slackened. Even the winged monsters swooped away, leaving the black-armoured Stormcasts gasping for breath and wondering from whence their reprieve had come. They did not have to wonder for long.

A ghastly sound made Yurvash start, and he turned to see the Abhorrant Ghoul King atop his Terrorgheist uncoiling from a tree on the edge of the clearing. The vampire was laughing at him. With one long talon, Marrowthirst pointed to the Lord-Celestant, the challenge unmistakable. Ignoring the warning glance from his Lord-Relictor, Yurvash strode forward, sword and hammer held ready to strike. At that same moment, the Royal Mordants burst from the trees and into the Stormcasts. Cut off from his warriors, Yurvash fought for his life. Marrowthirst's talons scored lines down his armour, while Yurvash swung thunderous blows in return. Then, Yurvash drove his sword through the Terrorgheist's skull and lunged under Marrowthirst's guard. Impossibly swift, the king leaned in, and Yurvash caught a glimpse of Marrowthirst's madness. A lord in shining armour looked down at him, his cold eyes promising death. The second's distraction was all it took. The abhorrant impaled his enemy and Yurvash turned to lightning, joining his warriors once more in death.

BATTLEPLAN

STIRRING THE NEST



HOW TO USE BATTLEPLANS

This book contains three battleplans, each of which enables you to fight a battle based upon what drives the Flesh-eater Courts to wage war upon the nations and peoples of the Mortal Realms. These battles should be fought using all of the rules on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet unless the battleplan specifically indicates otherwise. Each of the battleplans includes a map reflecting the landscape on which the battle was fought; these maps usually show a battlefield that is 6 feet by 4 feet in size, but you can use a smaller or larger area if you wish.

Such is the decrepit nature of the lands ruled over by the Abhorrant Ghoul Kings that it is common for armies on the march to be entirely unaware of the danger they are marching into until it is far too late. As they advance into territory that has seemingly been long abandoned, swarms of Flesh-eaters burst forth from every angle to overwhelm the unwitting invaders. There are countless hidden lairs that house Flesh-eater Courts across the Mortal Realms, and as such, you should feel free to attack any opposing army with your Flesh-eater Court when playing this battleplan.

THE ARMIES

One player commands a Flesh-eater Court army and their opponent's army represents the unwitting intruders that have strayed into their lands.

Both generals have a unique ability (shown below) in addition to any others that they normally have.

FLESH-EATER'S OBJECTIVE

The enemy have brazenly marched a host of warriors across your borders and into your lands. Such an affront to your rule cannot be allowed to stand! Gather your armies and prepare to launch an attack that will drive the foe from your kingdom or see them slain to the last for their arrogance. These are your lands; use your knowledge of the local terrain to encircle and destroy your foes. You can call upon loyal serfs from far and wide to maintain the attack until the battle is won.

INTRUDER'S OBJECTIVE

You are assailed! From every nook and cranny, ghoulish creatures are surging towards you, foetid claws outstretched and saliva dripping between rotting teeth. It is clear that you cannot escape without a fight, so you must hastily form up your regiments and try to force a passage through the enemy lines. If enough of your warriors can fight their way clear, then disaster may yet be averted.



FLESH-EATER GENERAL'S ABILITY

Encircle the Prey: The general clenches their outstretched fist – a simple command that orders their minions to surround their foes and cut off their escape. If the general uses this ability, pick a friendly unit within 10" of them in the hero phase. The unit you pick can both run and charge in this turn.

INTRUDER GENERAL'S ABILITY

Force a Passage: With a desperate command, the general calls upon their warriors to disengage and attempt to breach a different section of the enemy lines. If the general uses this ability, pick a friendly unit within 10" of them in the hero phase. The unit you pick can both retreat and charge in this turn.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place within a seemingly abandoned courtyard. A ruined tower rises in the distance, offering dubious sanctuary within its boundaries should any seek to claim it.

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

SET-UP

The Flesh-eater must first divide their army into two halves that contain a roughly equal number of units.

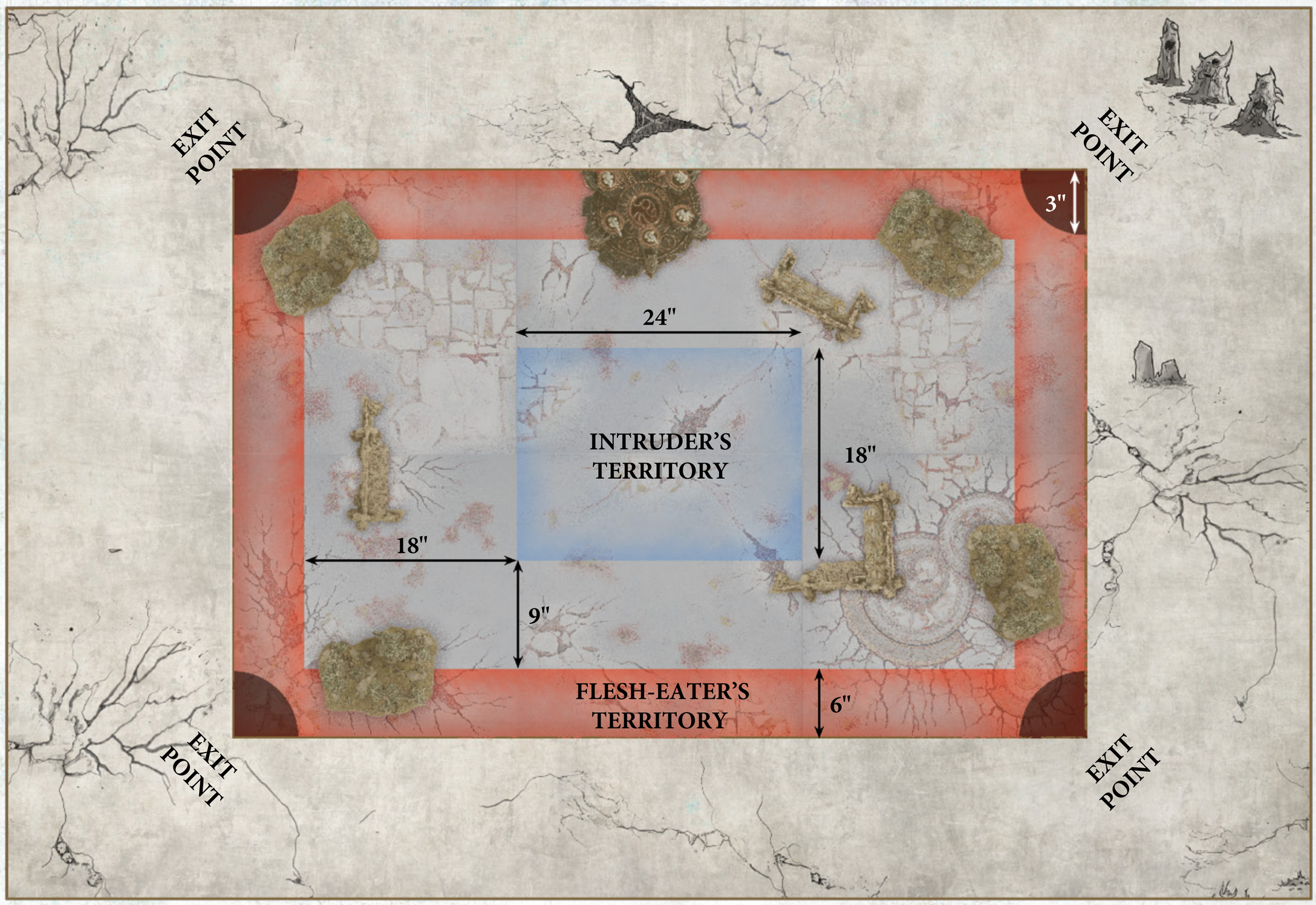
The intruder now sets up their entire army. The Flesh-eater then sets up one half of their army. Models must be set up in their own territory as shown on the map below. The units in the other half of the Flesh-eater's army are placed to one side – they arrive as reinforcements during the second battle round.

FIRST TURN

The Flesh-eater decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

THE NEST EMPTIED

At the start of the Flesh-eater's second turn, the Flesh-eater sets up all of their remaining units within 6" of any edge of the battlefield and more than 6" from enemy models. They cannot move in the subsequent movement phase.





ESCAPING THE BATTLEFIELD

Units in the intruder's army can escape by leaving the battlefield at the start of any of the intruder's movement phases. To leave the battlefield, a unit must be within 3" of any of the Exit Points marked on the map. A unit that leaves the battlefield is removed from play and will not return.

VICTORY

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

The game lasts for five battle rounds. If, at the end of the game, none of the intruder's units have escaped from the battlefield, the Flesh-eater wins a **major victory**. If the intruder has escaped with fewer than a third of the units (rounding down) that they set up at the start of the game, the Flesh-eater wins a **minor victory**. If the intruder has escaped a third or more of the units (rounding down) that they set up at the start of the game, they win a **minor victory**; if they escaped with more than half of these units, they win a **major victory** instead. If the intruder wipes out all of their opponent's models that are on the battlefield before the end of the game, they win a **major victory**.

HINTS & TIPS

The start of this battle is challenging for the Flesh-eater. With only half of their forces available to them and four points to blockade, any error in deployment may prove costly. However, this difficult choice is mitigated somewhat by the option to choose whether to take the first or second turn in the opening battle round, and also by the ability to head off any early escape attempts when the rest of their forces arrive at the start of their second turn.

A DARK HUNGER

The Abhorrant Ghoul King Gloomheart and his followers scoured the Banewoods of Ghyran for food. However, cursed, diseased lands confounded the mordant court as they scavenged one ruin after another. Then, at last, they came upon enemy forces flying the banners of the Dark Gods.

Gloomheart's court was starving. He had sent forth his Lord Liverbelch, the Crypt Haunter Urglom, to find food among the wilds of the Banewoods, but there was naught for the mordants to feed upon except the rancid leavings of the Dark Gods. Once, the Realm of Life had been a place of bountiful banquets, but no more. For days without number, the court had scuttled through the Empires of the Willow-Folk only to find their mangrove continents filled with nothing but squirming toxic worms that whispered Nurgle's many names. Onto the Floating Plains wandered Gloomheart and his followers, where grasslands drifted upon clouds of flying insects. Here too they found nothing but spoiled provender oozing with virulent plagues, unfit for the king's table. The king knew that if his court did not find sustenance soon, it would turn upon itself.

When Gloomheart's court came to the Rotwood Road, its perpetually winding path lined with tortured trees, Urglom spied dark banners in the distance. Taking wing, the Crypt Flayers of the Deadwatch soared out, soon returning with garbled news about a well-stocked enemy army marching toward them. Gloomheart didn't waste a moment, and at his barked order the Baron Gizzard led his Ghoul Patrol forward in a rush to lay an ambush.

Lord Hadrak Darkfist led his army down the snaking road through rotting, crumbing trees, his Chaos host fresh from slaughtering sylvaneth in the Oakadia Peaks. In burnished iron ranks his Chaos Warriors marched, heavy with plunder, their cruel weapons still crusted with blood-sap. Behind them came knights, the riders watchful of the rotting trees that lined the writhing road. At the rear of the column lumbered mutants bearing a pair of massive Warshrines, each profane altar pulsing with dark energy.



It was Lord Hadrak's hounds that scented the ghouls first. Initially, their growls and yelps were met only with the backs of mailed hands or plate boots, but as their disquiet grew, Hadrak took notice. Chaos Warriors scanned the woods, picking out flashes of pale bodies and red eyes peering back until, with a great hiss, the first wave of ghouls burst forth, naked hunger in their manic gaze.

Had Gloomheart's court been rested and well fed, he might have constructed a more elaborate ambush. As it was, the abhorrant accepted that his soldiers were eager for the fray and let them have their fun. His one concession to tactics was to bid his Lord Liverbelch, Urglom, to lead the warriors of the Abattoir in a blocking action. Urglom slunk off into the twisted wood, packs of the mighty Crypt Horrors accompanying him into the shadows to cut across the march of their enemies and bring them to battle.

On the road, Lord Hadrak's warriors turned the ground crimson with torn mordant corpses. Ghouls hurled themselves from the trees in howling knots, their piecemeal attack shattering against the disciplined ranks of the Slaves to Darkness. Atop the Warshrines, the Shrinemasters screamed out praise to the gods, driving the warriors below into even greater acts of violence. Amid his bodyguard of Chaos Knights, Hadrak smiled cruelly as he killed, pleased to have a distraction from the monotony of the road. Even when charging Crypt Horrors burst from the decaying forest, they were quickly cut down as a dozen dark fighters competed for the honour of claiming their skulls.

Out of sight amid the trees, the Lord Liverbelch knew what Hadrak did not. From the road, the Chaos army could see but a fraction of Gloomheart's court. Further back, the ground heaved with hissing mordants, and as each moment slipped away, the haphazard ambush closed its reeking jaws. Urglom sent his footmen to block off Hadrak's retreat, while a hulking line of handpicked Crypt Horrors advanced up the road toward the lead Chaos regiments, making any advance impossible.

Soon, the path back through the woods behind the Chaos forces was choked with lines of howling, biting ghouls. A wall of malformed flesh, the countless mordants tore at the rear ranks of the Chaos Warriors, filthy claws finding gaps in armour and sinking into the sweet flesh beneath, while the Deadwatch dived down into the boiling combat like great birds of prey. Meanwhile, Lord Hadrak was fighting simply to hold his ground, the smirk gone from his face as he realised he was surrounded. With a blast from his horn, the Lord of Chaos massed his knights, aiming to break out of the trap before his army was overwhelmed.



LORD LIVERBELCH URGLOM

What reason might once have lurked in Urglom's mind has been completely consumed by the madness of King Gloomheart. Once, Urglom was a mortal champion of the Spyrglass Warrens of Ulgu. When the twisting tunnels of the warrens were decimated by Chaos daemons, Urglom resisted the call of the Dark Gods – or death at the hands of their servants – by hiding in the darkness and feeding on his kin. For years he preyed on any creature foolish enough to stray into his domain, until he came under the spell of the abhorrant king and his journey into damnation was complete.

Since that time, Urglom has risen high in the court of King Gloomheart, drinking deep of the abhorrant's magically infused blood and surviving the ensuing dark transformation into a Crypt Haunter. Now he stands as his master's Lord Liverbelch, trusted overseer of the Abattoir.

Urglom roared a command, breaking from the treeline with his mordant packs to stop Lord Hadrak and his knights from escaping. However, he had mistimed his attack. The wedge of Chaos Knights struck the mass of Crypt Horrors like a mailed fist, even as rancid fangs and filth-encrusted claws dragged down Hadrak's warriors and their steeds, the grim sound of tearing flesh and snapping bone accompanying their fall. Driven by the momentum of their mounts and a pure hatred for their foes, the majority of the Chaos Knights smashed a hole in the mordant lines. For a glorious moment, the path to freedom lay open before the Chaos army and its lord.

Then, from the gloom-shrouded canopy of the forest, the abhorrant king swept down after the knights astride his Zombie Dragon. Branches snapping under its outstretched wings, the beast flew straight through one of the Warshrines in a blur of monstrous claws and fangs. The massive platform was hurled into the air, exploding into hundreds of spinning, broken pieces as its mutated bearers cowered in the dirt. As the dust was blown away, Gloomheart urged his mount down the road, eyes locked on the Chaos Lord.



The Lord Liverbelch gave a messy grin to see his splendiferous king joining the battle. Leaving the fate of the Chaos infantry to the hordes of the King's Ghouls, the Crypt Haunter Courtier let out a chilling howl and, with the Abattoir, fell in alongside his lord. As Gloomheart and Urglom pursued the knights, the warriors around the remaining Warshrine fought on. Despite their heavy armour and dark ferocity, the Chaos Warriors could not compete with the sheer numbers of mordants still pouring from the woods. As pale bodies scaled the Warshrine to sink their fangs into the screaming Shrinemaster, the battle was all but done, and down below the ghouls were already claiming their spoils from the vanquished.



Gloomheart felt his dead heart beat faster, the withered muscle eager for the red bounty he was about to reap. Down below, the battle swept past, framed by the shimmering wings of his dragon. The enemy colours were already being trampled into the dirt by his brave footmen, some of the more brazen warriors holding up shining trophies taken from their opponents. Such was the right of all who served his court, the king mused, and it was just and fitting that those who fought hard should be rewarded for their valour.

His gaze shifted toward where the enemy lord had turned to flee. Gloomheart urged his dragon lower and raced ahead of even the flying warriors of his Deadwatch. On either side, the swaying trees loomed higher, oaken faces leering through the gloom. Swift as the steeds of the foe were, they could not compete with the mighty wings of his majestic mount. The hindmost knights were snatched from their saddles, and the king drew them into a dark embrace even as they swung wildly with their blades and axes. At last his quarry was within reach. Spinning his steed, the armoured general looked up at Gloomheart.

'Darkness take your soul, leech!' the Chaos Lord screamed, his eyes blazing with hate.

Gloomheart merely smiled – he was used to the rage of the small-minded who could not appreciate his true glory. Swooping down, the dragon landed in the midst of the surviving knights and their master. Swords flashed in the shadows, slicing through dead flesh or sparking off ancient bone. Quick as thought, Gloomheart sent riders tumbling to the ground, the air filled with crimson arcs and the blur of his weapons. Stronger than his men, the Chaos Lord charged forward, driving his blade toward Gloomheart's chest, but the jaws of the dragon were there, long fangs closing around the outstretched arm and shoulder. Leaping down the neck of his mount, Gloomheart ripped the lord's helm free. For a fleeting moment, their stares locked, then the king leaned in with his fangs bared. This one would make a worthy addition to his court…

BATTLEPLAN

ON THE HUNT



When hunger threatens to disrupt the decorum of a Flesh-eater Court, the ruling abhorrant will send forth his Ghoul Patrols and Abattoirs, bidding them not to return unless they do so with a feast upon which his courtiers can dine. If circumstances are especially dire, the ruling abhorrant may even deign to join the pursuit himself, leading his ghoulish host in a macabre parody of a royal hunt.

Those who find themselves in the unenviable position of being the quarry of such a hunt will usually be overrun and devoured in short order. Yet hope remains for those with the courage and strength to fight (and, more often than not, the shrewd willingness to sacrifice a few for the sake of the many). Should the prey be able to outrun the main Flesh-eater horde, their pursuers may be distracted long enough by feeding on the remains of the fallen for them to make good an escape.

THE ARMIES

One player controls the Flesh-eater Court host, and the other is the quarry, whose warriors must flee for their lives or be hungrily devoured.

Any **Wizards** controlled by the Flesh-eater know the Unholy Sustenance spell (see below) in addition to any other spells they know.

FLESH-EATER'S OBJECTIVE

Starvation has been rife within your court for many long days, and you have been forced into action before hunger takes its toll. Your loyal armies have already been weakened by food deprivation. You must secure a suitable food source as soon as possible.

Yet it seems that your luck has turned, for your patrols have picked up the scent of a marching column nearby – surely they have supplies enough for all and more besides! Hunt them down and slaughter as many as possible to save your court.

QUARRY'S OBJECTIVE

The chase is on. The enemy have caught your scent and are drawing nearer with each passing moment. To make matters worse, your scouts have reported sightings of fell creatures darting through the shadows on either side of your advancing column. You must make haste for the relative safety of the woodland nearby before you are surrounded. What are you waiting for? Get a move on!

STARVING HUNGRY

The Flesh-eater Court has survived for many days without food – a predicament only exacerbated by the exhausting necessity of the hunt. The Flesh-eater must halve the Move characteristic of their units, and subtract 2 from any charge rolls they make. However, any units that are within 3" of an enemy unit when it is wiped out gorge themselves on the fallen and are no longer affected.

UNHOLY SUSTENANCE

The wizard infuses the weak and weary bodies of their minions with dark sorcery, re-energising them with unnatural vigour. Unholy Sustenance has a casting value of 3. If successfully cast, pick a friendly unit within 18". Until your next hero phase, that unit is unaffected by the Starving Hungry rules.



THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place along a narrow road. At the road's end lies the relative safety of a more densely forested area – terrain much less suited to the swiftly tiring hunters.

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

SET-UP

The Flesh-eater must first divide their army into two halves that contain a roughly equal number of units. The quarry then sets up their army. Models must be set up in their territory as shown on the map below.

The quarry now picks one half of the Flesh-eater's army – these are the pursuers. Their remaining units are the outflankers. The pursuers and outflankers will move onto the battlefield during the first battle round.

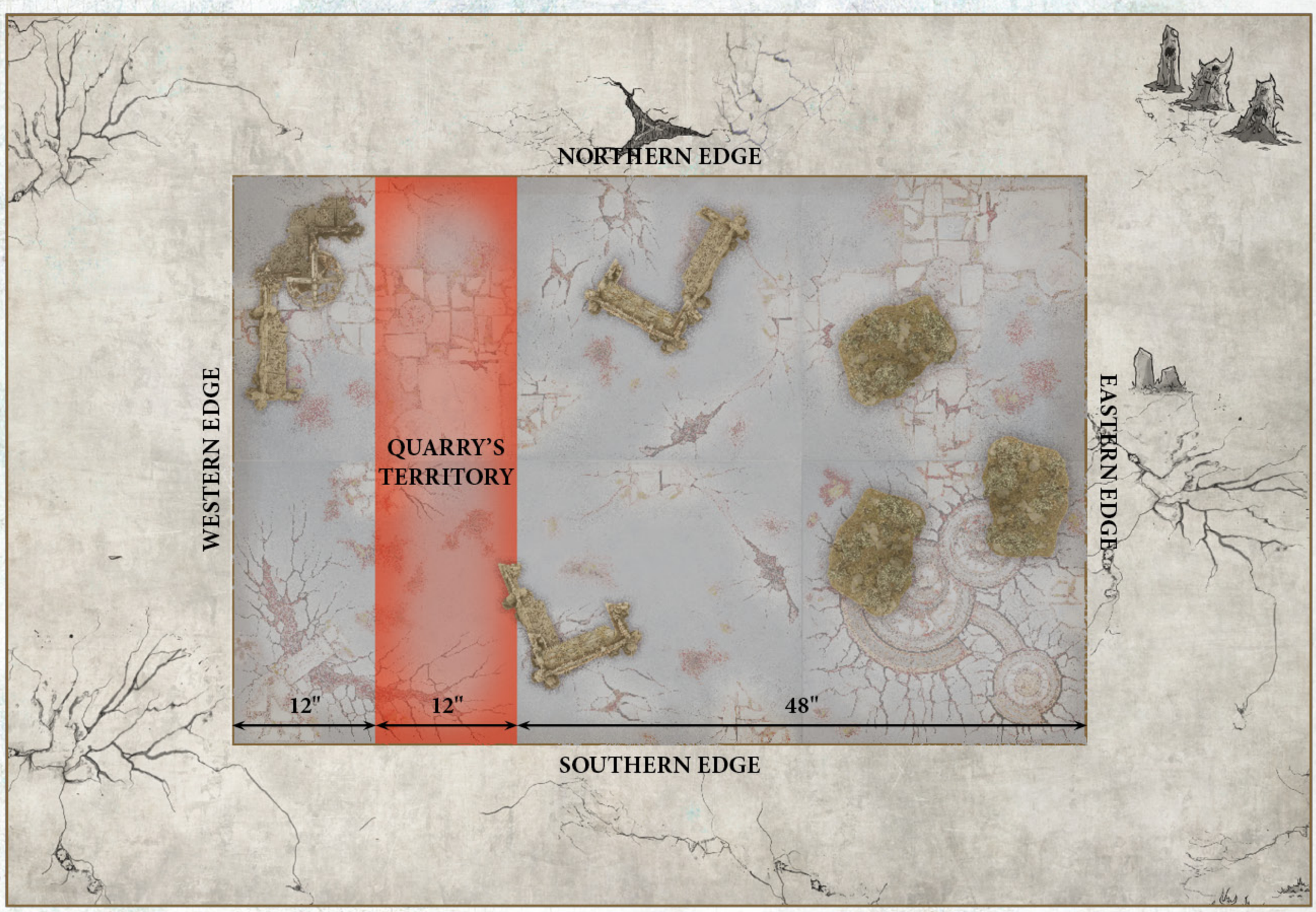
FIRST TURN

The Flesh-eater takes the first turn in the first battle round.

ON WITH THE CHASE

At the start of their first turn, the Flesh-eater sets up all of their pursuer units within 6" of the western edge of battlefield (see map), and more than 6" from enemy models. This counts as their move for that turn.

The Flesh-eater then sets up all of their outflanker units within 6" of the northern or southern edges of the





battlefield (see map) and more than 6" from enemy models. They cannot move in the subsequent movement phase.

DRAWN BY THE SCENT

As the fighting begins in earnest and the smell of freshly spilled blood is carried upon the wind, more and more of the starving Flesh-eaters are inexorably drawn towards the potential feast. At the start of each of their turns, the Flesh-eater can return any units of Crypt Ghouls, Crypt Horrors or Crypt Flayers that have been completely wiped out to the battlefield. These units must be set up within 6" of the northern or southern edges of the battlefield and more than 6" from enemy models. They cannot move in the subsequent movement phase.

LAVING THE BATTLEFIELD

Units in the quarry's army can leave the battlefield at the end of the battleshock phase of the quarry's turn. To leave the battlefield, all models in a unit must be within 6" of the eastern edge battlefield (see map). A unit that leaves the battlefield is removed from play and will not return.

VICTORY

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

The game lasts for eight battle rounds. If, at the end of the game, more than half of the models that the quarry set up at the start of the game have fled or been slain, the Flesh-eater wins a **major victory**; if fewer than half have fled or been slain, the quarry wins a **major victory**. If the quarry wipes out all of their opponent's models that are on the battlefield before the end of the game, they win a **major victory**.

HINTS & TIPS

Even though the quarry's units do not need to leave the battlefield to achieve victory, any models that do so cannot then flee or be slain – they are safe, for the moment at least…

WAR OF THE WYRD-ENGINE

Over the endless Iron-Scree Wastes lumbered the Wyrd-Engine. Upon its back were a dozen broken kingdoms of Chamon, and in its depths, Fyreslayers and skaven were locked in perpetual battle. Unknown to the duardin and ratmen, other enemies lurked in the darkness below their battlegrounds.

The ratmen boiled up from the bowels of the Wyrd-Engine. At the entrances to the Fyreslayer's cavernous forge-temple, sweating lines of Hearthguard locked ranks, sharing eager grins for the battle to come. They did not have to wait long. Like a breaking wave of yellowed fangs and rusting blades, the skaven crashed into the duardin defences. In their eagerness to kill, the ratmen scrambled over each other, the air heavy with their stench. The first ranks of clanrats met their end upon sharpened axes and blazing magmapikes, dying with piteous shrieks. Soon, the entrance to the forge-temple was heaped with skaven dead. However, this was only the barest fraction of Grey Seer Reeknik's attack.

Bursting through the bodies of the fallen came the Grey Seer atop his Screaming Bell. Hundreds of slaves heaved and screamed under the lash of skaven overseers to drive the massive war machine into the forge-temple. Then, with a deafening clang, the bell rang out, and the closest duardin fell to their knees at the awful sound, hands pressed to their bleeding ears. At that same moment, Reeknik spat out the final hateful syllable of his vermintide incantation, and in the tunnels below, skaven charges blasted open blocked passages. From the depths came the sound of a million claws scrabbling over steel, and Reeknik cackled with glee. Soon, the Fyreslayers would be no more!

Then like a roar of rushing water, the sound of hissing throats rose up from below, and a pale wave crashed into the rearmost ranks of the skaven army. At first, the screams of the ratmen dying in the tunnels were drowned out by the battle raging for the forge-temple. A few at a time, then in ever-increasing numbers, twisted bodies were glimpsed by the Grey Seer through the ranks of his army. The tide of rats he had summoned had not materialised, and Reeknik could not fathom why. All too soon, though, the terrible truth became apparent: a vast army of ghouls and their depraved undead king had been loosed from the deep tunnels where they had been feasting on a bounty of skaven and duardin corpses.



GREY SEER REEKNIK

Grey Seer Reeknik has outwitted his rivals at every turn in his quest to find the fabled ensorcelled heart of the Wyrd-Engine. He rose to power after years of cunning schemes, whereupon he set about building a weapon of devastating power to destroy the Fyreslayers. Enlisting the aid of several of the Clans Skryre, the Grey Seer constructed a sorcerous incinerator of prodigious size to hurl fire into the duardin tunnels. After the subsequent disaster of the Warpfire Flood, the blame for which was laid squarely at the feet of his incompetent warlords, Reeknik devised a new and even more deadly plan – the massive Verminous Machine. Despite the throngs of duardin that perished in the gnashing jaws of the clanking serpent, and the spectacular explosion that accompanied its eventual destruction, victory still eluded Reeknik. By this time, both Fyreslayer and skaven dead had been lost in droves to melted or collapsed tunnels, leaving impromptu tombs throughout the Wyrd-Engine. Reeknik planned to use these nests of decay to his advantage…

RYGORN-GRIMNIR

Rygorn's father said he was mad to seek out the Wyrd-Engine, warning only ash and death lay within its heart. Casting aside the grumbled admonition of his lodge elders, the then-Runeson set out with a loyal band of followers. Rygorn was sure if he could find the mythical walking continent, he would find ur-gold in its heart – Grimnir himself had revealed this to the duardin in a dream. As the fates would have it, Rygorn found the great machine, and established his lodge within its belly.

Rygorn-Grimnir's people have found incredible wealth in the depths of the Wyrd-Engine, but it has been a hard road. The Wyrd-Engine is a deadly place, and filled with enemies. No fewer than twelve of Rygorn's sons have been lost in the long war against the skaven. These tragedies are as nothing, though, compared to the loss of the duardin dead – and their ur-gold runes – in the collapsed tunnels. Expeditions to reclaim them have found no trace of the bodies, to the fury of the Runefather.



Stuffing rancid rat-flesh into their mouths, King Splinterblood's mordant warriors tore through the skaven like starving beasts. The clanrats desperately tried to mount a defence, raising battered wooden shields and lowering rusting spears. Though scores of ghouls were sent hissing to the ground with skaven blades in their guts, hundreds more vaulted over their bodies. Crouched on a tumbled archway looking up the long tunnel leading to the forge-temple, Splinterblood snarled out orders to his soldiers, his blood-mad eyes seeing not a slaughterhouse filled with naked flesh and matted fur but a regal army pushing back its foes. Warriors in bright livery hacked down the rat-beasts with blows from their shining swords, while among the press of infantry, plumed knights spitted enemies on gleaming lances. If a soldier let out a war cry and held aloft a weeping trophy, or a knight leant down to lap blood from his weapon, it disturbed the king not at all.

As the mordant court fell upon the rear of the skaven army, the ratmen found themselves fighting a war on two fronts. In the temple proper, the Grey Seer urged his slaves to push his war carriage deeper into the cavern. Seeing their nemesis, Rygorn-Grimnir and his sons joined the fight, their Magmadroths spitting flame as they tore their way toward the Grey Seer. From the monolithic statue of Grimnir in the centre of the temple, the lodge's Runemaster and his Runesmiters rang out a steady beat of hammers on anvils, the ur-gold runes of the duardin burning brighter in response.

To counter the Fyreslayers, Reeknik ordered his Stormvermin forward. The black-furred warriors scurried into the fray, their halberds and heavy armour forming a wall of ragged steel. Turning his attention back to the ghouls, the Grey Seer hurled bolts of black-green sorcery, each arcing spark of energy bursting apart twisted bodies and ripping holes in Splinterblood's force. However, the mordants were now coming from all sides at once. In addition to the main thrust, the abhorrant had sent his Ghoul Patrol to hunt around the ratmen's flanks, ambushing reinforcements as they tried to race to the battle and picking off those still trapped behind the Grey Seer's mighty Screaming Bell.

A sudden, bold charge by Rygorn's Runesons broke through the Stormvermin lines and turned the skaven warriors to flight. Seeing this, Reeknik furiously motioned forward his underlings to protect him from the vengeance of the Fyreslayers, blind to the true threat. From the shadows, Splinterblood's Deadwatch swooped in. Latching on to the bell, they tore its supports apart, sending the great instrument crashing to the ground. The Crypt Infernal snatched up the Grey Seer himself, hoisting him away from the furious Rygorn-Grimnir.

Incensed by the arrival of this new foe, the Fyreslayers surged through the skaven lines. Clangour from the anvil-altar in the middle of the vast chamber filled the air, and the thumping tempo of their bare feet on stone echoed into the yawning darkness on all sides.
The skaven, still clustered around the single megalithic entrance to the forge-temple, tried to stand their ground, but leaderless and trapped between two savage foes as they were, what little courage they possessed was quickly melting away.

Even before the final booming toll of the falling bell had faded, the ratmen were fleeing. What little semblance of order that had existed was gone, and the space between the mordants and duardin became a morass of scrabbling claws and filthy fur. In its death throes, the Grey Seer's army still inflicted massive casualties. Fyreslayers vanished under a storm of notched weapons, while the King's Ghouls were in danger of being overwhelmed by ravenous vermin even as they tried to devour the fallen.

Across the battlefield, the Runefather spied Splinterblood feeding on the hated Grey Seer. The Abhorrant Ghoul King, feeling the duardin's eyes upon him, looked up from Reeknik's exsanguinated remains, black blood running down his face. With a bellow, Rygorn ordered his Auric Hearthguard to attack, and the air sizzled as magmapikes hurled flaming projectiles at Splinterblood. The abhorrant leapt away, jumping halfway across the huge forge-temple to land before the altar. Following their king, the mordants barrelled forward over the surviving skaven. In the lead, the Crypt Horrors of the Abattoir cleared a path for their smaller kin. Soon, Fyreslayers and ghouls were embroiled toe-to-toe from one end of the cavern to the other.
In the mayhem, the few remaining ratmen made good their escape, the surviving warlords already planning an illustrious return…

Weakened by the skaven assault, the Fyreslayers were driven back toward the towering statue of Grimnir that loomed over the anvil-altar like a grimacing mountain. There, they fought a defence to the ringing of the golden anvils, but they were without their leader. Rygorn and his sons were still pursuing Splinterblood, murder in their eyes. The abhorrant saw his foes' approach and, with a hiss, called forth his Terrorgheist. Booming wing beats accompanied the monster's arrival, and with a graceful jump, Splinterblood leapt up onto the beast's neck just as his opponents got close enough to launch their attack.

The fragrant scent of fear filled Splinterblood's nose, a brew as heady as any blood wine or rose-heart nectar. Through a red haze, he could not tell if the monsters he faced were daemons or mortal beings. Each one was a huge flaming quadruped, hissing and spitting, while a bearded face on its back coughed insults in a strange tongue.

Under Splinterblood's sure feet, his winged mount soared upon the underground thermals, then rider and beast swept in for the kill. The first creature tried to spear Splinterblood upon a long tongue of steel, but he dodged out of the way. As his steed snapped and clawed at the flame-creature's body, Splinterblood ripped off its bearded head and sated his hunger. The other two were cursing even louder now and came at him together.

Up above his battling soldiers the abhorrant king flew, drawing both monsters after him. Splinterblood snarled a command and his steed let loose a screech that reverberated through the cavern ceiling, dislodging a cluster of huge stalactites. Down they fell upon his foes like great stone spears, pinning the fiery monsters to the ground in gouts of boiling blood.

Crawling like a fleshy spider along the spars of stone, Splinterblood despatched any foes foolish enough to come to the defence of the pinned creatures. Then, with care, he eased back the fire king's head, brushing the beard away from his madly pulsing neck, before offering his victim final peace. Over the sounds of his feast, Splinterblood heard the victory cries of his men, and the wet crunching as they claimed their reward.



BATTLEPLAN

TWO BECAME THREE



When armies clash, the din of battle and the screams of the dying can be heard for miles around. Yet it is the smell of blood and death that is more likely to attract the base creatures that comprise the Flesh-eater Courts. Indeed, the annals of every race detail moments such as these, when a ghoulish horde bursts forth from the treeline or undergrowth to converge upon two warring armies. Should either host fall or flee from the ensuing carnage, the grisly fate awaiting the dead and wounded becomes apparent as the ravenous mordants tear into the bodies of the fallen to slake their thirst for blood, gorging upon their still-warm flesh.

THE ARMIES

This battleplan requires three players, each with their own army. Two of these armies represent the warring factions engaging each other in one final battle, while the Flesh-eater Court army arrives to gorge itself on the battlefield dead.

FLESH-EATER'S OBJECTIVE

The unmistakable scent of death has drawn you forth from your domain. Two rival armies battle furiously before you, unaware that you watch from the shadows, salivating at the prospect of the feast to come. You stand ready to descend upon the combatants in glory and righteousness, and win trophies the likes of which few amongst your court have ever seen. Slaughtering one of the armies before you will cause the other to melt away from the battle, leaving you undisturbed to take the spoils left behind.

WARRING PLAYERS' OBJECTIVE

Your armies have clashed many times in the past, but neither side has been able to gain the upper hand. Having both all but exhausted your strength, the coming battle promises to be the deciding final engagement. Yet as you draw your battle lines for the decisive contest of arms, a ravening horde of Flesh-eaters gathers upon your flank, seemingly intent upon entering the fray and feeding upon the fallen of both sides.

Your feud cannot be forgotten despite these trying and altogether unexpected circumstances, but your only hope for survival lies in destroying one of your two opposing foes, causing the other to fall back before your fury.

EAGER TO SPILL BLOOD

The Flesh-eaters are champing at the bit to hurl themselves into battle and sink their teeth into the prey.

The Flesh-eater can re-roll failed charge rolls for all of their units.

A GRUDGE TO SETTLE

The armies of the warring players have been slaughtering one another over the course of a long and bitter conflict. Given the option to do so again, they will not hold back.

The warring players can re-roll failed wound rolls of 1 for any of their models when targeting units belonging to the other warring player in the combat phase.



THE BATTLEFIELD

This battle is fought in an enormous underground cavern. The bloody ground is littered with corpses from many previous battles.

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

SET-UP AND FIRST TURN

The warring players each roll a dice, rolling again in the case of a tie. The player that rolls highest picks one of the warring player's territories (see map), and sets up their first unit anywhere within it. The other warring player then sets up a unit in the territory opposite. The Flesh-eater now sets up a unit in their territory.

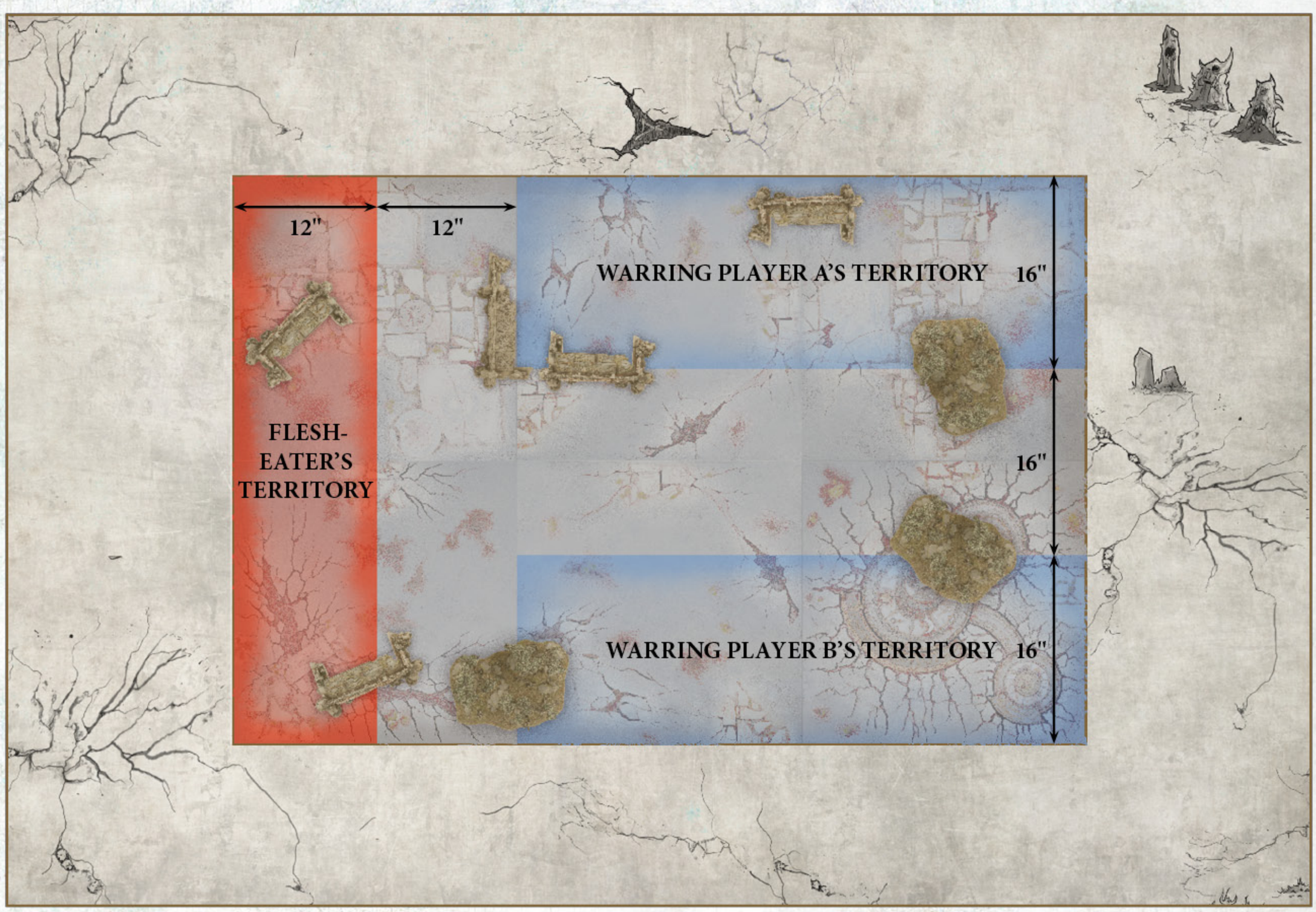
The players continue to take it in turns to set up units, one at a time. The player who finishes setting up first chooses who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

THREE-WAY BATTLE

All models belonging to a different player are enemy models. In addition, the following rules apply:

BATTLE ROUNDS

Each battle round is split into three turns – one for each player. At the start of each battle round, the players each roll a dice, rolling again in the case of a tie. The player that rolls highest decides who will take the first turn in that battle round. After the first player has finished their turn, the two players that have not yet had a turn roll a dice, rolling





again in the case of a tie. The player that rolls highest decides who will take the next turn in that battle round. After that player has finished their turn, the last player takes theirs. Once all three players have finished, the battle round is over and a new one begins.

COMBAT PHASE

Any unit that has charged or has models within 3" of an enemy unit can attack with its melee weapons in the combat phase.

The player whose turn it is picks a unit to attack with. After these attacks have been resolved, the two players that have not yet picked a unit to attack with roll a dice, rolling again in the case of a tie. The player that rolls highest picks a unit to attack with, followed by the last player; this is the order in which players will take in it turns to pick units to attack with until all eligible units belonging to all three players have attacked once each. If one player completes all of their units' attacks first, then the other players complete all of their remaining attacks, one unit after another, in the same order as established earlier in the phase. No unit can be selected to attack more than once in each combat phase.

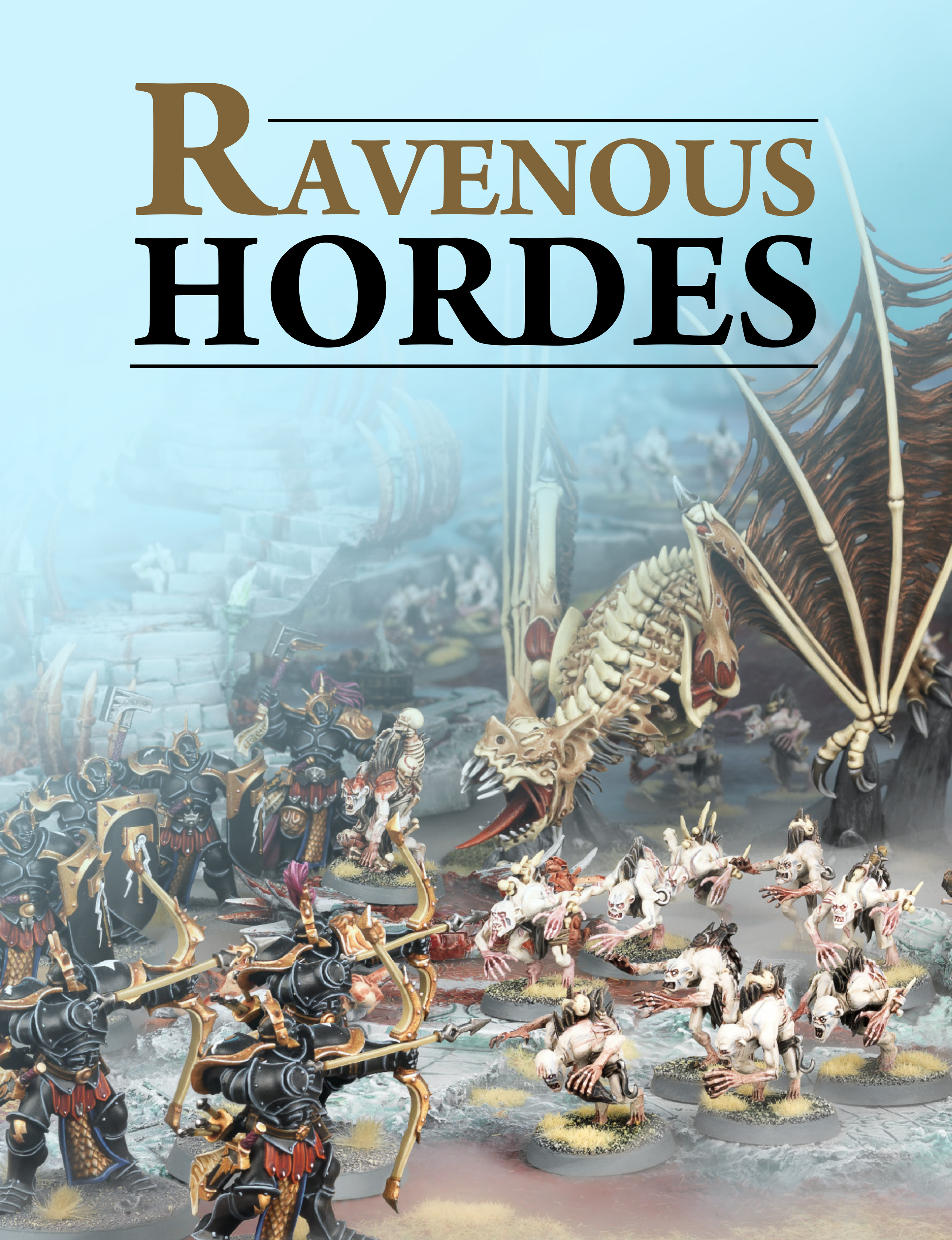
BATTLESHOCK PHASE

In the battleshock phase, all players must take battleshock tests for units from their army that have had models slain during the turn. The player whose turn it is tests first. After these battleshock tests have been resolved, the two players that have not yet made their battleshock tests roll a dice, rolling again in the case of a tie. The player that rolls highest tests next, followed by the last player.

VICTORY

The game ends when all of the models that any one player originally set up for the battle have fled or been slain. The other two players must then compare the number of models from their force that have been removed from play with the number of models they originally set up for the battle, expressing these as percentages. Whichever player has lost the smallest percentage of their force claims a **major victory**. For example, if one player lost 75% of their starting models, and the other player lost 50%, then the player that only lost 50% of their models claims a **major victory**.

RAVENOUS HORDES





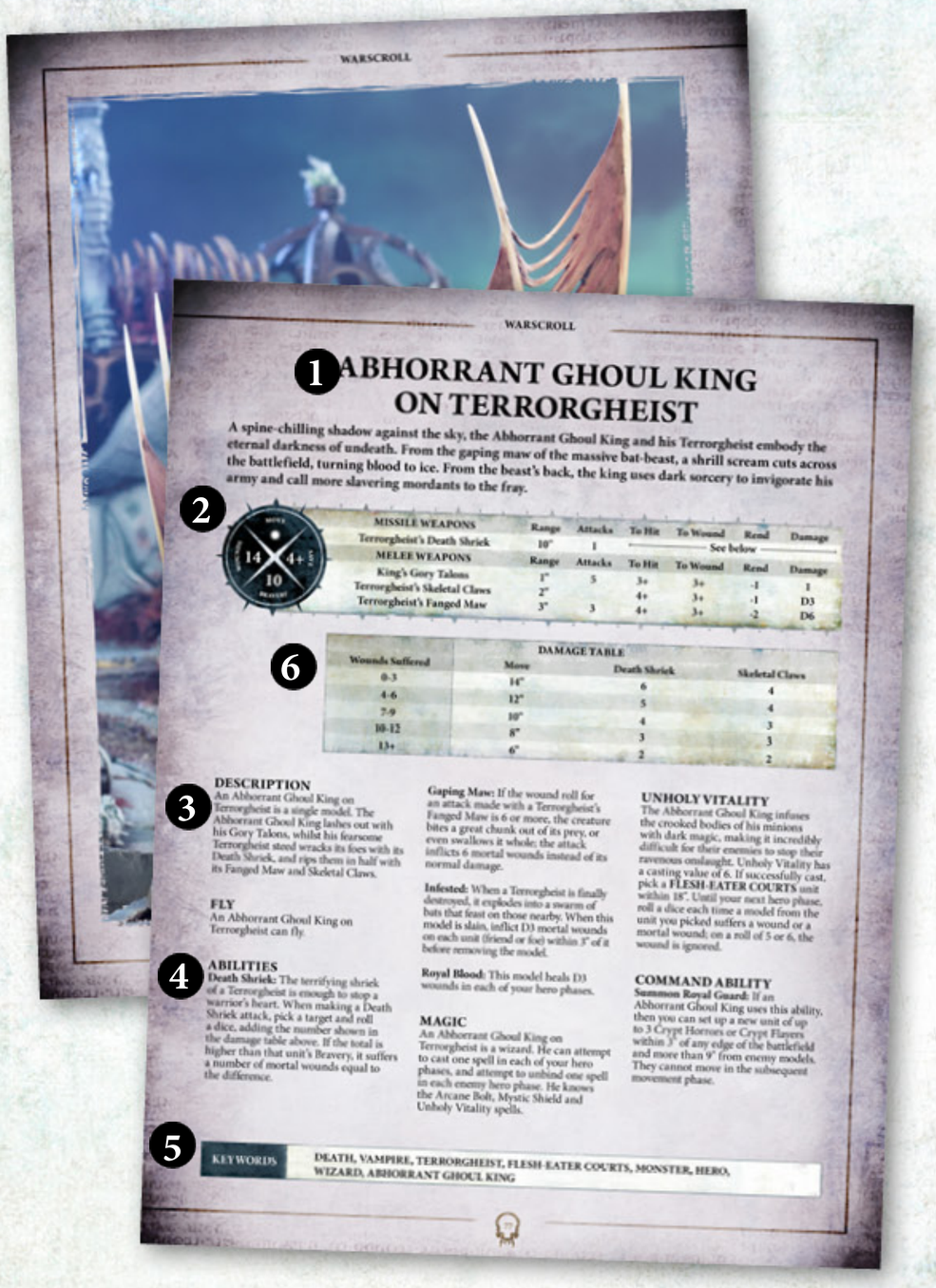
WARSCROLLS

The warriors and creatures that battle in the Mortal Realms are incredibly diverse, each one fighting with their own unique weapons and combat abilities. To represent this, every model has a warscroll that lists the characteristics, weapons and abilities that apply to the model.

Every Citadel Miniature has its own warscroll, which provides you with all of the information needed to use that model in a game of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*. This means that you can use any Citadel Miniatures in your collection as part of an army as long as you have the right warscrolls.

When fighting a battle, simply refer to the warscrolls for the models you are using. Warscrolls for all of the other models in the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* range are available from Games Workshop. Just visit our website at games-workshop.com for more information on how to obtain them.

The key below explains what you will find on a warscroll, and the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet explains how this information is used in a game. The warscroll also includes a picture of a unit of the models that the warscroll describes, and a short piece of text explaining the background for the models and how they fight.



1. **Title:** The name of the model that the warscroll describes.

2. **Characteristics:** This set of characteristics tells you how fast, powerful and brave the model is, and how effective its weapons are.

3. **Description:** The description tells you what weapons the model can be armed with, and what upgrades (if any) it can be given. The description will also tell you if the model is fielded on its own as a single model, or as part of a unit. If the model is fielded as part of a unit, then the description will say how many models the unit should have (if you don't have enough models to field a unit, you can still field one unit with as many models as you have available).

4. **Abilities:** Abilities are things that the model can do during a game that are not covered by the standard game rules.

5. **Keywords:** All models have a list of keywords. Sometimes a rule will say that it only applies to models that have a specific keyword.

6. **Damage Table:** Some models have a damage table that is used to determine one or more of the model's characteristics. Look up the number of wounds the model has suffered to find the value of the characteristic in question.



HINTS & TIPS

Modifiers: Many warscrolls include modifiers that can affect characteristics. For example, a rule might add 1 to the Move characteristic of a model, or subtract 1 from the result of a hit roll. Modifiers are cumulative.

Random Values: Sometimes, the Move or weapon characteristics on a warscroll will have random values. For example, the Move characteristic for a model might be 2D6 (two dice rolls added together), whereas the Attacks characteristic of a weapon might be D6.

When a unit with a random Move characteristic is selected to move in the movement phase, roll the indicated number of dice. The total of the dice rolled is the Move characteristic for all models in the unit for the duration of that movement phase.

Generate any random values for a weapon (except Damage) each time it is chosen as the weapon for an attack. Roll once and apply the result to all such weapons being used in the attack. The result applies for the rest of that phase. For Damage, generate a value for each weapon that inflicts damage.

When to Use Abilities: Abilities that are used at the start of a phase must be carried out before any other actions. By the same token, abilities used at the end of the phase are carried out after all normal activities for the phase are complete.

If you can use several abilities at the same time, you can decide in which order they are used. If both players can carry out abilities at the same time, the player whose turn is taking place uses their abilities first.

Save of '-': Some models have a Save of '-'. This means that they automatically fail all save rolls (do not make the roll, even if modifiers apply).

Keywords: Keywords are sometimes linked to (or tagged) by a rule. For example, a rule might say that it applies to 'all **Flesh-eater Courts** models'. This means that it would apply to models that have the Flesh-eater Courts keyword on their warscroll.

Keywords can also be a useful way to decide which models to include in an army. For example, if you want to field a Flesh-eater Courts army, just use models that have the Flesh-eater Courts keyword.

Minimum Range: Some weapons have a minimum range. For example 6"-48". The weapon cannot shoot at an enemy unit that is within the minimum range.

Weapons: Some models can be armed with two identical weapons. When the model attacks with these weapons, do not double the number of attacks that the weapons make; usually, the model gets an additional ability instead.



ABHORRANT GHOUL KING ON TERRORGHEIST

A spine-chilling shadow against the sky, the Abhorrant Ghoul King and his Terrorgheist embody the eternal darkness of undeath. From the gaping maw of the massive bat-beast, a shrill scream cuts across the battlefield, turning blood to ice. From the beast's back, the king uses dark sorcery to invigorate his army and call more slavering mordants to the fray.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Terrorgheist's Death Shriek	10"	1	See below			
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
King's Gory Talons	1"	5	3+	3+	-1	1
Terrorgheist's Skeletal Claws	2"	✹	4+	3+	-1	D3
Terrorgheist's Fanged Maw	3"	3	4+	3+	-2	D6

	DAMAGE TABLE		
Wounds Suffered	Move	Death Shriek	Skeletal Claws
0-3	14"	6	4
4-6	12"	5	4
7-9	10"	4	3
10-12	8"	3	3
13+	6"	2	2

DESCRIPTION
An Abhorrant Ghoul King on Terrorgheist is a single model. The Abhorrant Ghoul King lashes out with his Gory Talons, whilst his fearsome Terrorgheist steed wracks its foes with its Death Shriek, and rips them in half with its Fanged Maw and Skeletal Claws.

FLY
An Abhorrant Ghoul King on Terrorgheist can fly.

ABILITIES
Death Shriek: The terrifying shriek of a Terrorgheist is enough to stop a warrior's heart. When making a Death Shriek attack, pick a target and roll a dice, adding the number shown in the damage table above. If the total is higher than that unit's Bravery, it suffers a number of mortal wounds equal to the difference.

Gaping Maw: If the wound roll for an attack made with a Terrorgheist's Fanged Maw is 6 or more, the creature bites a great chunk out of its prey, or even swallows it whole; the attack inflicts 6 mortal wounds instead of its normal damage.

Infested: When a Terrorgheist is finally destroyed, it explodes into a swarm of bats that feast on those nearby. When this model is slain, inflict D3 mortal wounds on each unit (friend or foe) within 3" of it before removing the model.

Royal Blood: This model heals D3 wounds in each of your hero phases.

MAGIC
An Abhorrant Ghoul King on Terrorgheist is a wizard. He can attempt to cast one spell in each of your hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. He knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Unholy Vitality spells.

UNHOLY VITALITY
The Abhorrant Ghoul King infuses the crooked bodies of his minions with dark magic, making it incredibly difficult for their enemies to stop their ravenous onslaught. Unholy Vitality has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick a **FLESH-EATER COURTS** unit within 18". Until your next hero phase, roll a dice each time a model from the unit you picked suffers a wound or a mortal wound; on a roll of 5 or 6, the wound is ignored.

COMMAND ABILITY
Summon Royal Guard: If an Abhorrant Ghoul King uses this ability, then you can set up a new unit of up to 3 Crypt Horrors or Crypt Flayers within 3" of any edge of the battlefield and more than 9" from enemy models. They cannot move in the subsequent movement phase.

KEYWORDS	DEATH, VAMPIRE, TERRORGHEIST, FLESH-EATER COURTS, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, ABHORRANT GHOUL KING



ABHORRANT GHOUL KING ON ZOMBIE DRAGON

Surrounded by an aura of potent dark magic, the Abhorrant Ghoul King and his Zombie Dragon are death incarnate. As the monster shreds foes with fangs the size of swords, the king pulls warriors apart with his bare hands. With a dark utterance, the king looses his will through his court, its warriors descending into an uncontrollable feeding frenzy.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Zombie Dragon's Pestilential Breath	9"	1	3+	✹	-3	D6
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
King's Gory Talons	1"	5	3+	3+	-1	1
Zombie Dragon's Maw	3"	3	4+	3+	-2	D6
Zombie Dragon's Claws	2"	✹	4+	3+	-1	2

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Pestilential Breath	Claws
0-3	14"	2+	7
4-6	12"	3+	6
7-9	10"	4+	5
10-12	8"	5+	4
13+	6"	6+	3

DESCRIPTION

An Abhorrant Ghoul King on Zombie Dragon is a single model. The Abhorrant Ghoul King lashes out with his Gory Talons, whilst his mighty Zombie Dragon rips apart its foes with its Claws and fanged Maw. The dragon's Pestilential Breath can strip flesh from bone.

FLY

An Abhorrant Ghoul King on Zombie Dragon can fly.

ABILITIES

Pestilential Breath: Roll a dice when you attack with the Zombie Dragon's Pestilential Breath. If the roll is equal to or less than the number of models in the target unit, the attack scores a hit without needing to make a hit roll.

Royal Blood: This model heals D3 wounds in each of your hero phases.

MAGIC

An Abhorrant Ghoul King on Zombie Dragon is a wizard. He can attempt to cast one spell in each of your hero phases and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. He knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Feeding Frenzy spells.

FEEDING FRENZY

As the Abhorrant Ghoul King imposes his dark will upon his minions, they see a ripe banquet before them and descend upon it with an insatiable hunger. Feeding Frenzy has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, until your next hero phase you can re-roll all failed wound rolls for **FLESH-EATER COURTS** models from your army within 10" of the caster in the combat phase.

COMMAND ABILITY

Summon Courtier: If an Abhorrant Ghoul King uses this ability, then you can set up a new **COURTIER** model within 3" of any edge of the battlefield and more than 9" from enemy models. It cannot move in the subsequent movement phase.

KEYWORDS **DEATH, VAMPIRE, ZOMBIE DRAGON, FLESH-EATER COURTS, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, ABHORRANT GHOUL KING**



ABHORRANT GHOUL KING

On foot, the Abhorrant Ghoul King fights among his infantry, urging them into battle even as rends apart foes with dripping claws and razor fangs. Calling forth his necromantic magic, the king imbues his followers with even greater fury, blessing them with a ravenous hunger that can be sated only with the sweet flesh of their enemies.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Gory Talons and Fangs	1"	6	3+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

An Abhorrant Ghoul King is a single model. He is a terrifying opponent possessed of inhuman strength and agility, who rips his victims apart with his Gory Talons and Fangs.

ABILITIES

Royal Blood: This model heals D3 wounds in each of your hero phases.

MAGIC

An Abhorrant Ghoul King is a wizard. He can attempt to cast one spell in each of your hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. He knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Black Hunger spells.

BLACK HUNGER

The Abhorrant Ghoul King's dark sorcery raises the cravings of his minions to terrible new heights. Black Hunger has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick a **FLESH-EATER COURTS** unit within 18". Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of any melee weapons used by that unit until your next hero phase.

COMMAND ABILITY

Summon Men-at-arms: If an Abhorrant Ghoul King uses this ability, you can set up a new unit of up to 10 Crypt Ghouls within 3" of any edge of the battlefield and more than 9" from enemy models. They cannot move in the subsequent movement phase.

KEYWORDS DEATH, VAMPIRE, FLESH-EATER COURTS, HERO, WIZARD, ABHORRANT GHOUL KING



VARGHULF COURTIER

Blood gushing from its fanged maw and matting its fur, the Varghulf Courtier kills without restrain or reason. Even as enemies are heaped broken at its feet, it looses a piercing howl, calling the warriors of the court to its side. Not that the Varghulf needs help to dismember its victims – each sweep of its claws fells warriors by the handful.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Immense Claws	2"	4	3+	3+	-1	2
Dagger-like Fangs	1"	1	3+	2+	-2	D3

DESCRIPTION

A Varghulf Courtier is a single model. It rips its prey apart with Immense Claws and Dagger-like Fangs.

FLY

Varghulf Courtiers can Fly.

ABILITIES

To the King!: In each of your hero phases, roll 6 dice. For each roll of a 2 or more, add one model to a unit of Crypt Ghouls from your army within 10". However, for any roll of 5 or more, you can instead add one model to a unit of Crypt Horrors or Crypt Flayers from your army within 10". You can distribute these models between any units within range if you wish.

Feed on Dark Magic: If this model is within 18" of a **FLESH-EATER COURTS** Wizard that successfully casts a spell, you can re-roll all its failed hits rolls that turn.

King's Champion: If there are at least 10 enemy models within 3" after a Varghulf Courtier piles in, it makes 6 attacks rather than 4 with its Immense Claws.

Victory Feast: A Varghulf Courtier heals D3 wounds at the end of each combat phase in which it slew any models.

KEYWORDS DEATH, MORDANT, FLESH-EATER COURTS, HERO, COURTIER, VARGHULF COURTIER



CRYPT GHAST COURTIER

Hissing captains of the mordants, Crypt Ghast Courtiers move among the pale ranks of the king's army and direct its cannibal formations. Biting and clawing, they drive more ghouls into the fray, while, should a powerful enemy be slain, they will be first to descend upon the remains, picking it clean of trophies to bestow upon their 'men'.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Bone Club	1"	3	3+	3+	-	1
Filthy Claws	1"	2	4+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Crypt Ghast Courtier is a single model. He bludgeons and tears his victims with a Bone Club and Filthy Claws.

ABILITIES

Muster Men-at-arms: In each of your hero phases, roll 6 dice. For each roll of 2 or more, add one model to a unit of Crypt Ghouls from your army within 10". You can distribute these models between any units within range if you wish.

Trophy Hunter: If this model slays an enemy model in the combat phase, add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of any melee weapons used by units of Crypt Ghouls from your army within 10" for the remainder of the phase.

KEYWORDS DEATH, MORDANT, FLESH-EATER COURTS, HERO, COURTIER, CRYPT GHAST COURTIER



CRYPT GHOULS

Filled with a dark hunger, Crypt Ghouls pounce upon their prey. While each ghoul is a dangerous enemy, they are even more ferocious in greater numbers, as each mordant competes with its voracious kin for food. Should a ghoul catch a glimpse of their king, they will fight all the harder, eager to prove their worth to the court.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Sharpened Teeth and Filthy Claws	1"	2	4+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Crypt Ghouls has 10 or more models. They frantically tear into their victims with Sharpened Teeth and Filthy Claws.

CRYPT GHAST

The leader of this unit is a Crypt Ghast. You can add 1 to wound rolls for a Crypt Ghast.

ABILITIES

Battalion Strength: Crypt Ghouls make 1 extra attack with their Sharpened Teeth and Filthy Claws if their unit has 20 or more models.

Royal Approval: You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for units of Crypt Ghouls that are within 15" of an **ABHORRANT GHOUL KING** from your army.

KEYWORDS DEATH, MORDANT, FLESH-EATER COURTS, CRYPT GHOULS



CRYPT HAUNTER COURTIER

A twisted carrion knight, a Crypt Haunter Courtier charges into the fray to the sound of ripping flesh and splintering bones. Broken and battered, their foes die by the dozen, even as their own misshapen body knits itself back together again with terrifying speed. Crypt Horrors gather at the Courtier's haunting howl, and they plunge into battle once more.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Massive Bone Club	1"	3	4+	3+	-	3
Rancid Talons	1"	2	4+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Crypt Haunter Courtier is a single model. It hacks down and mauls its enemies with a Massive Bone Club and Rancid Talons.

ABILITIES

Noble Blood: This model heals 1 wound in each of your hero phases.

Chosen of the King: You can re-roll failed hit rolls for this model if it is within 15" of an **ABHORRANT GHOUL KING** from your army.

Muster King's Chosen: In each of your hero phases, roll 6 dice. For each roll of 5 or more, add one model to a unit of Crypt Horrors from your army within 10". You can distribute these models between any units within range if you wish.

KEYWORDS DEATH, MORDANT, FLESH-EATER COURTS, HERO, COURTIER, CRYPT HAUNTER COURTIER



CRYPT HORRORS

Each sweep of a Crypt Horror's claws ladles heaps of dripping meat into its gaping maw. Especially powerful blows plunge right through their victims, leaving nothing but ruined corpses and a wash of gore. Blessed by the abhorrant's blood, their own flesh heals quickly, and even mortal wounds close over as if they never were.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Clubs and Septic Talons	1"	3	4+	3+	-	2

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Crypt Horrors has 3 or more models. They fight with Clubs and Septic Talons.

CRYPT HAUNTER

The leader of this unit is a Crypt Haunter. A Crypt Haunter makes 4 attacks.

ABILITIES

Warrior Elite: Each time you make a wound roll of 6 for a Crypt Horror, that attack inflicts 3 damage instead of 2.

Noble Blood: Each Crypt Horror heals 1 wound in each of your hero phases.

Chosen of the King: You can re-roll failed hit rolls for this unit if it is within 15" of an **ABHORRANT GHOUL KING** from your army.

KEYWORDS DEATH, MORDANT, FLESH-EATER COURTS, CRYPT HORRORS



CRYPT INFERNAL COURTIER

Leathery wings tucked against its body, the Crypt Infernal Courtier dives down from the sky, shrieking its rage. Plunging into the midst of its enemies with killing force, the vicious beast impales its prey in a shower of steaming gore. Even the courtier's breath is lethal – a gift bestowed upon it by the consumption of an undead dragon's flesh.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Foetid Breath	9"	1	4+	3+	-1	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Skewering Talons	1"	5	4+	3+	-1	2

DESCRIPTION

A Crypt Infernal Courtier is a single model. It impales its enemies with Skewering Talons and chokes them with its Foetid Breath.

FLY

A Crypt Infernal Courtier can fly.

ABILITIES

Skewering Strike: Each time you make a hit roll of 6 for a Crypt Infernal Courtier's Skewering Talons, that attack has impaled its target, inflicting two mortal wounds instead of its normal damage.

Muster Royal Guard: In each of your hero phases, roll 6 dice. For each roll of 5 or more, add one model to a unit of Crypt Flayers from your army within 10". You can distribute these models between any units within range if you wish.

KEYWORDS DEATH, MORDANT, FLESH-EATER COURTS, HERO, COURTIER, CRYPT INFERNAL COURTIER



CRYPT FLAYERS

Monstrous predators of the sky, Crypt Flayers flock together in a beating of dark wings and hissing maws. Enemies are snatched from the ground by their sudden strikes, torn asunder by claw and talon, while the keening call of the Flayers is enough to break a warrior's spirit and send them scrabbling from the battlefield in terror.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Fearsome Battle Cry	10"	1	See below			
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Piercing Talons and Claws	1"	4	4+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Crypt Flayers has 3 or more models. They take wing before descending with a Fearsome Battle Cry to skewer their prey with Piercing Talons and Claws.

CRYPT INFERNAL

The leader of this unit is a Crypt Infernal. A Crypt Infernal makes 5 attacks with its Piercing Talons and Claws.

FLY

Crypt Flayers can Fly.

ABILITIES

Skewering Strike: Each time you make a hit roll of 6 for a Crypt Flayer's Piercing Talons and Claws, that attack has impaled its target, inflicting a mortal wound instead of its normal damage.

Fearsome Battle Cry: Crypt Flayers can unleash a shrill scream that can kill and debilitate their victims. Each model in the unit can make a Fearsome Battle Cry attack in your shooting phase. To do so, pick a target within 10" and roll a dice, adding 1 to the result. If the total is higher than that unit's Bravery, it suffers a number of mortal wounds equal to the difference.

KEYWORDS DEATH, MORDANT, FLESH-EATER COURTS, CRYPT FLAYERS



TERRORGHEIST

The Terrorgheist is a bloodthirsty undead beast that hungrily rips apart its victims in welters of gore. Its piercing cry scythes through the enemy as it plunges into the fray, snapping and tearing through enemy battle lines. Should the beast be slain, another horror awaits its foes, as hundreds of shrieking bats burst from its remains to ravage those nearby.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Death Shriek	10"	1	See below			
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Skeletal Claws	2"	✹	4+	3+	-1	D3
Fanged Maw	3"	3	4+	3+	-2	D6

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Death Shriek	Skeletal Claws
0-3	14"	6	4
4-6	12"	5	4
7-9	10"	4	3
10-12	8"	3	3
13+	6"	2	2

DESCRIPTION

A Terrorgheist is a single model. It wracks its foes with its Skeletal Claws and rips them in half with its Fanged Maw. Its piercing Death Shriek can freeze the lifeblood of those that hear it, killing them where they stand.

FLY
A Terrorgheist can fly.

ABILITIES

Death Shriek: The terrifying shriek of a Terrorgheist is enough to stop a warrior's heart. When making a Death Shriek attack, pick a target and roll a dice, adding the number shown in the damage table above. If the total is higher than that unit's Bravery, it suffers a number of mortal wounds equal to the difference.

Gaping Maw: If the wound roll for an attack made with a Terrorgheist's Fanged Maw is 6 or more, the creature bites a great chunk out of its prey, or even swallows it whole; the attack inflicts 6 mortal wounds instead of its normal damage.

Infested: When a Terrorgheist is finally destroyed, it explodes into a swarm of bats that feast on those nearby. When this model is slain, inflict D3 mortal wounds on each unit (friend or foe) within 3" of it before removing the model.

Royal Menagerie: As a magical creature whose animus is directly tied to the will of the Abhorrant Ghoul Kings, a Terrorgheist unwittingly draws upon the dark power that infuses the abhorrants with rejuvenating energies. This model heals D3 wounds in your hero phase if it is within 5" of an **ABHORRANT GHOUL KING** from your army.

KEYWORDS **DEATH, FLESH-EATER COURTS, MONSTER, TERRORGHEIST**



ZOMBIE DRAGON

With a deafening roar, the Zombie Dragon dives into battle on tattered wings and darkest magic. Eye sockets aglow with the necromantic energy that animates it, the beast shreds flesh, bone and steel with equal ease, its massive talons and snapping maw matched in their lethality only by its billowing pestilential breath.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Pestilential Breath	9"	1	3+	✹	-3	D6
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Snapping Maw	3"	3	4+	3+	-2	D6
Sword-like Claws	2"	✹	4+	3+	-1	2

DESCRIPTION

A Zombie Dragon is a single model. The Zombie Dragon rips apart its foes with its Sword-like Claws and Snapping Maw, and its Pestilential Breath can strip flesh from bone.

FLY

A Zombie Dragon can fly.

ABILITIES

Pestilential Breath: Roll a dice when you attack with the Zombie Dragon's Pestilential Breath. If the roll is equal to or less than the number of models in the target unit, the attack scores a hit without needing to make a hit roll.

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Pestilential Breath	Sword-like Claws
0-3	14"	2+	7
4-6	12"	3+	6
7-9	10"	4+	5
10-12	8"	5+	4
13+	6"	6+	3

KEYWORDS DEATH, FLESH-EATER COURTS, MONSTER, ZOMBIE DRAGON

WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

The warriors of the Mortal Realms often fight in battalions. Each of these deadly fighting formations consists of several units that are organised and trained to fight alongside each other. The units in warscroll battalions can employ special tactics on the battlefield, making them truly deadly foes.

If you wish, you can organise the units in your army into a warscroll battalion. Doing so will give you access to additional abilities that can be used by the units in the battalion. The information needed to use these powerful formations can be found on the warscroll battalion sheets that we publish for *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*. Each warscroll battalion sheet lists the units that make it up, and the rules for any additional abilities that units from the warscroll battalion can use.

When you are setting up, you can set up all of the units in a warscroll battalion instead of setting up a single unit. Alternatively, you can set up some of the units from a warscroll battalion, and set up any remaining units individually later on, or you can set up all of the units individually. For example, in a battle where each player takes it in turns to set up one unit, you could set up one, some or all of the units belonging to a warscroll battalion in your army.

On the following pages you will find a selection of warscroll battalions. Usually, a unit can only belong to one battalion, and so can only benefit from a single set of battalion abilities. However, some very large battalions include other, smaller battalions, and in this case it is possible for a unit to benefit from the abilities of two different battalions at the same time.



1. **Title:** The name of the warscroll battalion and a short overview of the background for it and how it fights.

2. **Organisation:** This section lists the units that make up the warscroll battalion and any restrictions that may apply to the models that you can include.

3. **Abilities:** Every warscroll battalion includes one or more abilities that some or all of the units from the battalion can use. The abilities listed for a warscroll battalion only apply to the units that make it up (even if there are other units of the same type in your army). These abilities are in addition to the abilities listed on the units' warscrolls.



FLESH-EATER COURTS

ROYAL FAMILY

Blood calls to blood, and under the bestial gaze of the Abhorrant Ghoul King, his royal family gathers to unleash red ruin upon their foes, calling forth an unending tide of twisted mordant warriors.

ORGANISATION

A Royal Family consists of the following units:

- 1 of the following units:
  - Abhorrant Ghoul King on Terrorgheist
  - Abhorrant Ghoul King on Zombie Dragon
- 2-6 Abhorrant Ghoul Kings

ABILITIES

Lords of the Manor: In the dominating presence of their royal masters, courtiers of every rank call forth their minions in ever greater numbers. Each time a **COURTIER** in your army uses an ability to call forth additional **FLESH-EATER COURTS** models, add one additional model to one eligible unit if the **COURTIER** is within 10" of a Royal Family model when the ability is used.

COMMAND ABILITIES

Summon Sycophant: If your general was chosen from this battalion and your Royal Family currently has fewer than 6 Abhorrant Ghoul King models, your general can use this command ability instead of any others he can normally use. If he does so, set up a new Abhorrant Ghoul King within 3" of any edge of the battlefield and more than 9" from enemy models. It cannot move in the subsequent movement phase, and it counts as part of the Royal Family for the rest of the battle.



FLESH-EATER COURTS

ATTENDANTS AT COURT

Favoured creatures of the court, the Lickspittles have free rein to rend and tear their foes at will. The Lord Chamberslough gives what few orders they will follow, enacting the king's will.

ORGANISATION

An Attendants at Court battalion consists of the following units:

- 1 Crypt Haunter Courtier
- 2 units of Crypt Horrors

ABILITIES

Loyal Subjects: The Crypt Horrors known as the Lickspittles are the king's most trusted subjects, and can be relied upon to fight with murderous fury even when they are far from their master's prying gaze. You can re-roll failed hit rolls for units of Crypt Horrors from the Attendants at Court, even if they are not within 15" of an **ABHORRANT GHOUL KING** from your army.

Steward to the King: As the king's chief minister at court, the Lord Chamberslough is adept at relaying and enforcing the commands of his master in battle. If your general is an **ABHORRANT GHOUL KING** and is within 10" of this battalion's Crypt Haunter Courtier during your hero phase, he can use two command abilities that phase (and can even use the same command ability twice).



FLESH-EATER COURTS

DEADWATCH

Trusted guardians of the king, the Deadwatch hammer into any who might endanger him. Victims not slain in the first attack are sent fleeing in terror as the Crypt Flayers loose their keening war cry.

ORGANISATION

A Deadwatch consists of the following units:

- 1 Crypt Infernal Courtier
- 3 units of Crypt Flayers

ABILITIES

The Abhorrant King's Own: Nominally the king's bodyguard, the winged monstrosities that form the ranks of the Deadwatch epitomise the belief that the best defence is a good offence. In your hero phase, you can make a pile in move and attack with each Deadwatch unit as if it were the combat phase.



FLESH-EATER COURTS

ABATTOIR

The Abattoir reaps a fleshy toll from the opposing army, the Lord Liverbelch directing its warriors with exacting precision to carve off bloody chunks of meat for the king's feasting table.

ORGANISATION

An Abattoir consists of the following units:

- 1 Crypt Haunter Courtier
- 2 units of Crypt Horrors
- 1 unit of Crypt Ghouls

ABILITIES

Body Part Acquisition: True to their purpose, the Abattoir displays an uncanny talent for acquiring culinary provisions in battle. In your hero phase, roll a dice for each enemy model within 3" of an Abattoir model. On the roll of a 6, the unit of the model being rolled for suffers a mortal wound.

The Choicest Cuts: As Lord Liverbelch, the Crypt Haunter Courtier in command of the Abattoir knows exactly where to carve the best cuts of meat from the flanks of a prey-beast. Add 1 to the wound rolls for an Abattoir's courtier in the combat phase if the target is a **MONSTER**.



FLESH-EATER COURTS

GHOUL PATROL

Scuttling through the shadows, the mordants of the Ghoul Patrol burst from the darkness to ambush their prey, pulling them down in a flurry of rancid fangs and crusted claws before devouring them.

ORGANISATION

A Ghoul Patrol consists of the following units:

- 1 Crypt Ghast Courtier
- 3 units of Crypt Ghouls

ABILITIES

On Patrol: Instead of setting up the units in a Ghoul Patrol on the battlefield, you must place them to one side. In your first movement phase, you must set up all of these units wholly within 6" of any edge of the battlefield, and more than 9" from any enemy models. This counts as their move for that turn.

Drawn to Battle: Though the logistical organisation of the Ghoul Patrol's ambushes often leaves much to be desired, those that wander astray and miss the initial attack are soon reunited with their kin as the stragglers trickle onto the battlefield. In each of your hero phases, roll a dice for each unit of Crypt Ghouls from this battalion that is on the battlefield and add that many models to the unit.



FLESH-EATER COURTS

KING'S GHOULS

The proud heart of their ruler's armies, the King's Ghouls advance in motley ranks, give voice to hissing war chants and charge madly into battle, burying their enemies under their reeking bodies.

ORGANISATION

A King's Ghouls battalion consists of the following units:

- 1 Crypt Ghast Courtier
- 1 unit of Crypt Horrors
- 2 units of Crypt Ghouls

ABILITIES

Guardians of the Court: Tasked with protecting the lair of their master, the King's Ghouls would rather fight to the last than see it ransacked by intruders. You do not need to take battleshock tests for King's Ghouls units that are within your territory.

Valorous Men-at-Arms: The King's Ghouls will hurl themselves bodily into the foe in order to pin them down and prevent their enemies from breaking through to their territory beyond. If any King's Ghouls units are within 3" of an enemy unit in your hero phase, you can make a 6" pile in move with any models in those King's Ghouls units as if it were the combat phase.



FLESH-EATER COURTS

ROYAL MORDANTS

Under the leadership of the Marquis Gruelsop, the elite warriors of the Royal Mordants demonstrate a twisted parody of military strategy in battle, instantly reacting to their courtier's roared commands.

ORGANISATION

A Royal Mordants battalion consists of the following units:

- 1 Varghulf Courtier
- 1 unit of Crypt Horrors
- 1 unit of Crypt Flayers
- 1 unit of Crypt Ghouls

ABILITIES

Martial Excellence: Well drilled on parade and instilled with iron discipline – to their deluded minds, at least – the Royal Mordants heed the bestial roars of their courtier without a moment's hesitation. In your hero phase, one unit in the Royal Mordants within 10" of their Varghulf Courtier can immediately reform around one of its models. That model must stay where it is, but each other model in the unit can move up to 6" so long as it does not end this move within 3" of the enemy. This unit can still move in the ensuing movement phase as normal.



FLESH-EATER COURTS

ROYAL MENAGERIE

Tattered wings beat the air, gigantic shadows fill the sky and a dread chill washes over the land as the Abhorrant Ghoul King orders his menagerie of undead dragons and monstrous bats into battle.

ORGANISATION

A Royal Menagerie consists of the following units:

- 3 or more units chosen in any combination from the following list:
  - Terrorgheist
  - Zombie Dragon

ABILITIES

Forward, My Pretties!: At their master's command, vast wings are unfurled as the monstrous beasts of the Royal Menagerie take to the skies in search of fresh prey. If your general is an **ABHORRANT GHOUL KING,** then in your hero phase, you can make a 6" move with any models from a Royal Menagerie that are within 15" of him. They can still move in the ensuing movement phase as normal.

Monstrous Ensemble: When massed together, the creatures of the Royal Menagerie gain mutual benefit from the dark energies coursing through their vast bodies. Models from the Royal Menagerie that are within 5" of any other model from the Royal Menagerie heal 1 wound in your hero phase, in addition to any other wounds that they heal.



FLESH-EATER COURTS

FLESH-EATER COURT

A resplendent procession of mad, ragged wretches, the Flesh-eater Court marches to war. At its head stands the Abhorrant Ghoul King in all his dark majesty, his subjects crouched at his feet.

ORGANISATION

A Flesh-eater Court consists of the following warscroll battalions:

- 1 Royal Family
- 1 Attendants at Court
- 1 Deadwatch
- 1 Abattoir
- 1 Ghoul Patrol
- 1 King's Ghouls
- 1 Royal Mordants
- 1 Royal Menagerie

ABILITIES

On the March: When a Flesh-eater Court marches forth from its lair, any who oppose them will find themselves assailed at great speed by a tide of voracious cannibals. All units from the Flesh-eater Court (including any new **FLESH-EATER Courts** units that are summoned by models from the Flesh-eater Court), can make a move in your hero phase as if it were the movement phase. They can still move in the ensuing movement phase as normal.

Dark Master: The abhorrant king can summon forth minions and sycophants from across his domain at will. If your general is an **ABHORRANT GHOUL KING** from this battalion, he knows all the command abilities found on the Flesh-eater Court warscrolls and battalions included in the Flesh-eater Court, and can use up to three different command abilities each turn.

THE RULES

Warhammer Age of Sigmar puts you in command of a force of mighty warriors, monsters and war engines. This rules sheet contains everything you need to know in order to do battle amid strange and sorcerous realms, to unleash powerful magic, darken the skies with arrows, and crush your enemies in bloody combat!

THE ARMIES

Before the conflict begins, rival warlords gather their most powerful warriors.

In order to play, you must first muster your army from the miniatures in your collection. Armies can be as big as you like, and you can use as many models from your collection as you wish. The more units you decide to use, the longer the game will last and the more exciting it will be! Typically, a game with around a hundred miniatures per side will last for about an evening.

WARSCROLLS & UNITS

All models are described by warscrolls, which provide all of the rules for using them in the game. You will need warscrolls for the models you want to use.

Models fight in units. A unit can have one or more models, but cannot include models that use different warscrolls. A unit must be set up and finish any sort of move as a single group of models, with all models within 1" of at least one other model from their unit. If anything causes a unit to become split up during a battle, it must reform the next time that it moves.

TOOLS OF WAR

In order to fight a battle you will require a tape measure and some dice.

Distances in *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* are measured in inches ("), between the closest points of the models or units you're measuring to and from. You can measure distances whenever you wish. A model's base isn't considered part of the model – it's just there to help the model stand up – so don't include it when measuring distances.

Warhammer Age of Sigmar uses six-sided dice (sometimes abbreviated to D6). If a rule requires you to roll a D3, roll a dice and halve the total, rounding fractions up. Some rules allow you to re-roll a dice roll, which means you get to roll some or all of the dice again. You can never re-roll a dice more than once, and re-rolls happen before modifiers to the roll (if any) are applied.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Be they pillars of flame, altars of brass or haunted ruins, the realms are filled with strange sights and deadly obstacles.

Battles in *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* are fought across an infinite variety of exciting landscapes in the Mortal Realms, from desolate volcanic plains and treacherous sky temples, to lush jungles and cyclopean ruins. The dominion of Chaos is all-pervading, and no land is left untouched by the blight of war. These wildly fantastical landscapes are recreated whenever you play a game of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar.*

The table and scenery you use constitute your battlefield. A battlefield can be any flat surface upon which the models can stand – for example a dining table or the floor – and can be any size or shape provided it's bigger than 3 feet square.

First you should decide in which of the seven Mortal Realms the battle will take place. For example, you might decide that your battle will take place in the Realm of Fire. Sometimes you'll need to know this in order to use certain abilities. If you can't agree on the realm, roll a dice, and whoever rolls highest decides.

The best battles are fought over lavishly designed and constructed landscapes, but whether you have a lot of scenery or only a small number of features doesn't matter! A good guide is at least 1 feature for every 2 foot square, but less is okay and more can make for a really interesting battle.

To help you decide the placement of your scenery, you can choose to roll two dice and add them together for each 2 foot square area of your battlefield and consult the following table:

Roll	Terrain Features
2-3	No terrain features.
4-5	2 terrain features.
6-8	1 terrain feature.
9-10	2 terrain features.
11-12	Choose from 0 to 3 terrain features.

MYSTERIOUS LANDSCAPES

The landscapes of the Mortal Realms can both aid and hinder your warriors. Unless stated otherwise, a model can be moved across scenery but not through it (so you can't move through a solid wall, or pass through a tree, but can choose to have a model climb up or over them). In addition, once you have set up all your scenery, either roll a dice on the following table or pick a rule from it for each terrain feature:

THE SCENERY TABLE

Roll	Scenery
1	**Damned:** If any of your units are within 3" of this terrain feature in your hero phase, you can declare that one is making a sacrifice. If you do so, the unit suffers D3 mortal wounds, but you can add 1 to all hit rolls for the unit until your next hero phase.
2	**Arcane:** Add 1 to the result of any casting or unbinding rolls made for a wizard within 3" of this terrain feature.
3	**Inspiring:** Add 1 to the Bravery of all units within 3" of this terrain feature.
4	**Deadly:** Roll a dice for any model that makes a run or charge move across, or finishing on, this terrain feature. On a roll of 1 the model is slain.
5	**Mystical:** Roll a dice in your hero phase for each of your units within 3" of this terrain feature. On a roll of 1 the unit is befuddled and can't be selected to cast spells, move or attack until your next hero phase. On a roll of 2-6 the unit is ensorcelled, and you can re-roll failed wound rolls for the unit until your next hero phase.
6	**Sinister:** Any of your units that are within 3" of this terrain feature in your hero phase cause fear until your next hero phase. Subtract 1 from the Bravery of any enemy units that are within 3" of one or more units that cause fear.

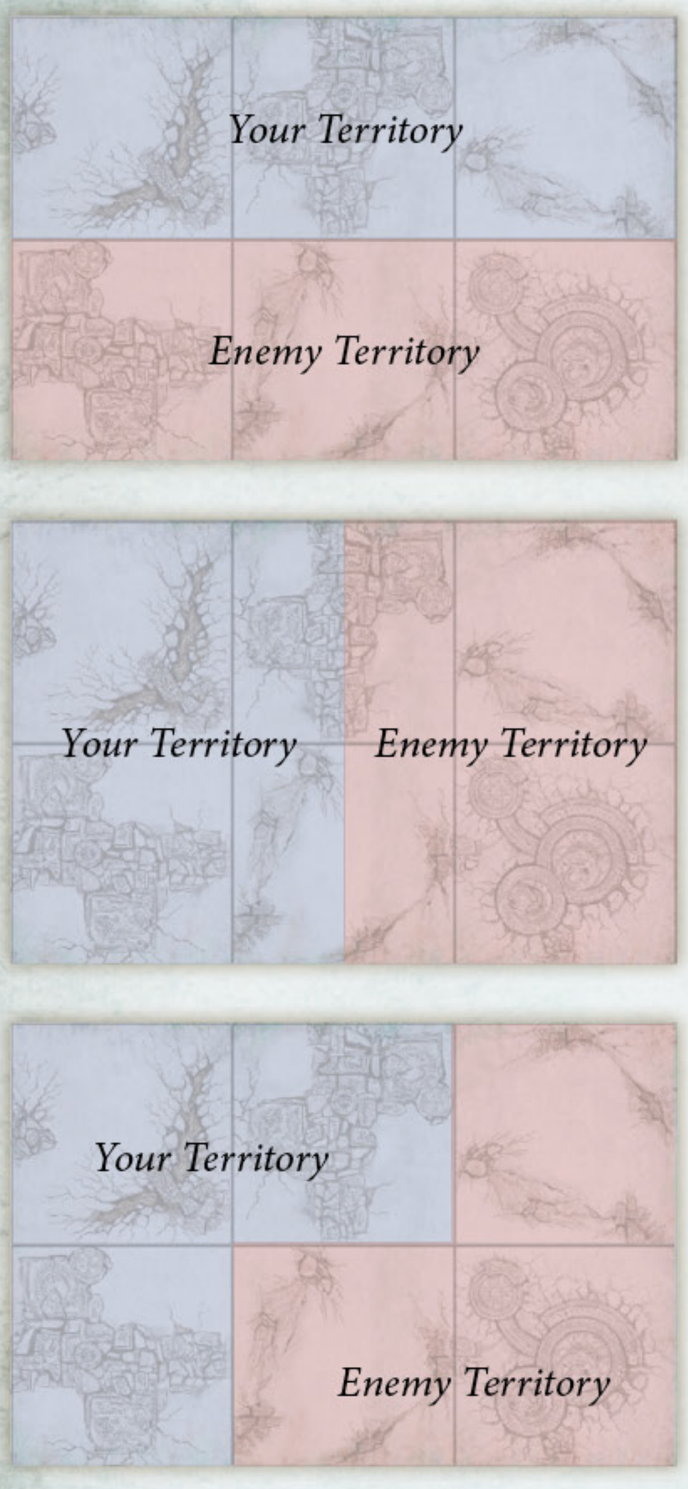
THE BATTLE BEGINS

Thunder rumbles high above as the armies take to the battlefield.

You are now ready for the battle to begin, but before it does you must set up your armies for the coming conflict.

SET-UP

Before setting up their armies, both players roll a dice, rolling again in the case of a tie. The player that rolls higher must divide the battlefield into two equal-sized halves; their opponent then picks one half to be their territory. Some examples of this are shown below.



The players then alternate setting up units, one at a time, starting with the player that won the earlier dice roll. Models must be set up in their own territory, more than 12" from enemy territory.

You can continue setting up units until you have set up all the units you want to fight in this battle, or have run out of space. This is your army. Count the number of models in your army – this may come in useful later. Any remaining units are held in reserve, playing no part unless fate lends a hand.

The opposing player can continue to set up units. When they have finished, set-up is complete. The player that finishes setting up first always chooses who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

THE GENERAL

Once you have finished setting up all of your units, nominate one of the models you set up as your general. Your general has a command ability, as described in the rules for the hero phase on the next page.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

In the Mortal Realms battles are brutal and uncompromising – they are fought to the bitter end, with one side able to claim victory because it has destroyed its foe or there are no enemy models left on the field of battle. The victor can immediately claim a **major victory** and the honours and triumphs that are due to them, while the defeated must repair to their lair to lick their wounds and bear the shame of failure.

If it has not been possible to fight a battle to its conclusion or the outcome is not obvious, then a result of sorts can be calculated by comparing the number of models removed from play with the number of models originally set up for the battle for each army. Expressing these as percentages provides a simple way to determine the winner. Such a victory can only be claimed as a **minor victory**. For example, if one player lost 75% of their starting models, and the other player lost 50%, then the player that only lost 50% of their models could claim a minor victory.

Models added to your army during the game (for example, through summoning, reinforcements, reincarnation and so on) do not count towards the number of models in the army, but must be counted among the casualties an army suffers.

SUDDEN DEATH VICTORIES

Sometimes a player may attempt to achieve a sudden death victory. If one army has a third more models than the other, the outnumbered player can choose one objective from the sudden death table after generals are nominated. A **major victory** can be claimed immediately when the objective is achieved by the outnumbered player.

TRIUMPHS

After any sudden death objectives have been chosen, if your army won a major victory in its previous battle, roll a dice and look up the result on the triumph table to the right.

THE SUDDEN DEATH TABLE

Assassinate: The enemy player picks a unit with the **HERO**, **WIZARD**, **PRIEST** or **MONSTER** keyword in their army. Slay the unit that they pick.

Blunt: The enemy player picks a unit with five or more models in their army. Slay the unit that they pick.

Endure: Have at least one model which started the battle on the battlefield still in play at the end of the sixth battle round.

Seize Ground: Pick one terrain feature in enemy territory. Have at least one friendly model within 3" of that feature at the end of the fourth battle round.

THE TRIUMPH TABLE

Roll	Triumph
1-2	**Blessed:** You can change the result of a single dice to the result of your choosing once during the battle.
3-4	**Inspired:** You can re-roll all of the failed hit rolls for one unit in your army in one combat phase.
5-6	**Empowered:** Add 1 to your general's Wounds characteristic.

BATTLE ROUNDS

Mighty armies crash together amid the spray of blood and the crackle of magic.

Warhammer Age of Sigmar is played in a series of battle rounds, each of which is split into two turns – one for each player. At the start of each battle round, both players roll a dice, rolling again in the case of a tie. The player that rolls highest decides who takes the first turn in that battle round. Each turn consists of the following phases:

1. ***Hero Phase***
   Cast spells and use heroic abilities.
2. ***Movement Phase***
   Move units across the battlefield.
3. ***Shooting Phase***
   Attack with missile weapons.
4. ***Charge Phase***
   Charge units into combat.
5. ***Combat Phase***
   Pile in and attack with melee weapons.
6. ***Battleshock Phase***
   Test the bravery of depleted units.

Once the first player has finished their turn, the second player takes theirs. Once the second player has also finished, the battle round is over and a new one begins.

PRE-BATTLE ABILITIES
Some warscrolls allow you to use an ability 'after set-up is complete'. These abilities are used before the first battle round. If both armies have abilities like this, both players roll a dice, re-rolling in the case of a tie. The player that rolls highest gets to use their abilities first, followed by their opponent.

HERO PHASE
As the armies close in, their leaders use sorcerous abilities, make sacrifices to the gods, or give strident commands.

In your hero phase you can use the wizards in your army to cast spells (see the rules for wizards on the last page of these rules).

In addition, other units in your army may have abilities on their warscrolls that can be used in the hero phase. Generally, these can only be used in your own hero phase. However, if an ability says it can be used in every hero phase, then it can be used in your opponent's hero phase as well as your own. If both players can use abilities in a hero phase, the player whose turn it is gets to use all of theirs first.

COMMAND ABILITY
In your hero phase, your general can use one command ability. All generals have the Inspiring Presence command ability, and some may have more on their warscroll.

Inspiring Presence: Pick a unit from your army that is within 12" of your general. The unit that you pick does not have to take battleshock tests until your next hero phase.

MOVEMENT PHASE
The ground shakes to the tread of marching feet as armies vie for position.

Start your movement phase by picking one of your units and moving each model in that unit until you've moved all the models you want to. You can then pick another unit to move, until you have moved as many of your units as you wish. No model can be moved more than once in each movement phase.

MOVING
A model can be moved in any direction, to a distance in inches equal to or less than the Move characteristic on its warscroll. It can be moved vertically in order to climb or cross scenery, but cannot be moved across other models. No part of the model may move further than the model's Move characteristic.

ENEMY MODELS
When you move a model in the movement phase, you may not move within 3" of any enemy models. Models from your army are friendly models, and models from the opposing army are enemy models.

Units starting the movement phase within 3" of an enemy unit can either remain stationary or retreat. If you choose to retreat, the unit must end its move more than 3" away from all enemy units. If a unit retreats, then it can't shoot or charge later that turn (see below).

RUNNING
When you pick a unit to move in the movement phase, you can declare that it will run. Roll a dice and add the result to the Move characteristic of all models in the unit for the movement phase. A unit that runs can't shoot or charge later that turn.

FLYING
If the warscroll for a model says that the model can fly, it can pass across models and scenery as if they were not there. It still may not finish the move within 3" of an enemy in the movement phase, and if it is already within 3" of an enemy it can only retreat or remain stationary.

SHOOTING PHASE
A storm of death breaks over the battle as arrows fall like rain and war machines hurl their deadly payloads.

In your shooting phase you can shoot with models armed with missile weapons.

Pick one of your units. You may not pick a unit that ran or retreated this turn. Each model in the unit attacks with all of the missile weapons it is armed with (see Attacking). After all of the models in the unit have shot, you can choose another unit to shoot with, until all units that can shoot have done so.

CHARGE PHASE
Howling bloodcurdling war cries, warriors hurl themselves into battle to slay with blade, hammer and claw.

Any of your units within 12" of the enemy in your charge phase can make a charge move. Pick an eligible unit and roll two dice. Each model in the unit can move this number in inches. You may not pick a unit that ran or retreated this turn, nor one that is within 3" of the enemy.

The first model you move must finish within ½" of an enemy model. If that's impossible, the charge has failed and no models in the charging unit can move in this phase. Once you've moved all the models in the unit, you can pick another eligible unit to make a charge, until all units that can charge have done so.

COMBAT PHASE
Carnage engulfs the battlefield as the warring armies tear each other apart.

Any unit that has charged or has models within 3" of an enemy unit can attack with its melee weapons in the combat phase.

The player whose turn it is picks a unit to attack with, then the opposing player must attack with a unit, and so on until all eligible units on both sides have attacked once each. If one side completes all its attacks first, then the other side completes all of its remaining attacks, one unit after another. No unit can be selected to attack more than once in each combat phase. An attack is split into two steps: first the unit piles in, and then you make attacks with the models in the unit.

Step 1: When you pile in, you may move each model in the unit up to 3" towards the closest enemy model. This will allow the models in the unit to get closer to the enemy in order to attack them.

Step 2: Each model in the unit attacks with all of the melee weapons it is armed with (see Attacking).

BATTLESHOCK PHASE
Even the bravest heart may quail when the horrors of battle take their toll.

In the battleshock phase, both players must take battleshock tests for units from their army that have had models slain during the turn. The player whose turn it is tests first.

To make a battleshock test, roll a dice and add the number of models from the unit that have been slain this turn. For each point by which the total exceeds the highest Bravery characteristic in the unit, one model in that unit must flee and is removed from play. Add 1 to the Bravery characteristic being used for every 10 models that are in the unit when the test is taken.

You must choose which models flee from the units you command.

ATTACKING

Blows hammer down upon the foe, inflicting bloody wounds.

When a unit attacks, you must first pick the target units for the attacks that the models in the unit will make, then make all of the attacks, and finally inflict any resulting damage on the target units.

The number of attacks a model can make is determined by the weapons that it is armed with. The weapon options a model has are listed in its description on its warscroll. Missile weapons can be used in the shooting phase, and melee weapons can be used in the combat phase. The number of attacks a model can make is equal to the Attacks characteristic for the weapons it can use.

PICKING TARGETS

First, you must pick the target units for the attacks. In order to attack an enemy unit, an enemy model from that unit must be in range of the attacking weapon (i.e. within the maximum distance, in inches, of the Range listed for the weapon making the attack), and visible to the attacker (if unsure, stoop down and get a look from behind the attacking model to see if the target is visible). For the purposes of determining visibility, an attacking model can see through other models in its unit.

If a model has more than one attack, you can split them between potential target units as you wish. If a model splits its attacks between two or more enemy units, resolve all of the attacks against one unit before moving onto the next one.

MAKING ATTACKS

Attacks can be made one at a time, or, in some cases, you can roll the dice for attacks together. The following attack sequence is used to make attacks one at a time:

1. Hit Roll: Roll a dice. If the roll equals or beats the attacking weapon's To Hit characteristic, then it scores a hit and you must make a wound roll. If not, the attack fails and the attack sequence ends.

2. Wound Roll: Roll a dice. If the roll equals or beats the attacking weapon's To Wound characteristic, then it causes damage and the opposing player must make a save roll. If not, the attack fails and the attack sequence ends.

3. Save Roll: The opposing player rolls a dice, modifying the roll by the attacking weapon's Rend characteristic. For example, if a weapon has a -1 Rend characteristic, then 1 is subtracted from the save roll. If the result equals or beats the Save characteristic of the models in the target unit, the wound is saved and the attack sequence ends. If not, the attack is successful, and you must determine damage on the target unit.

4. Determine Damage: Once all of the attacks made by a unit have been carried out, each successful attack inflicts a number of wounds equal to the Damage characteristic of the weapon. Most weapons have a Damage characteristic of 1, but some can inflict 2 or more wounds, allowing them to cause grievous injuries to even the mightiest foe, or to cleave through more than one opponent with but a single blow!

In order to make several attacks at once, all of the attacks must have the same To Hit, To Wound, Rend and Damage characteristics, and must be directed at the same enemy unit. If this is the case, make all of the hit rolls at the same time, then all of the wound rolls, and finally all of the save rolls; then add up the total number of wounds caused.

INFLICTING DAMAGE

After all of the attacks made by a unit have been carried out, the player commanding the target unit allocates any wounds that are inflicted to models from the unit as they see fit (the models do not have to be within range or visible to an attacking unit). When inflicting damage, if you allocate a wound to a model, you must keep on allocating wounds to that model until either it is slain, or no more wounds remain to be allocated.

Once the number of wounds suffered by a model during the battle equals its Wounds characteristic, the model is slain. Place the slain model to one side – it is removed from play. Some warscrolls include abilities that allow wounds to be healed. A healed wound no longer has any effect. You can't heal wounds on a model that has been slain.

MORTAL WOUNDS

Some attacks inflict mortal wounds. Do not make hit, wound or save rolls for a mortal wound – just allocate the wounds to models from the target unit as described above.

COVER

If all models in a unit are within or on a terrain feature, you can add 1 to all save rolls for that unit to represent the cover they receive from the terrain. This modifier does not apply in the combat phase if the unit you are making saves for made a charge move in the same turn.

WIZARDS

The realms are saturated with magic, a seething source of power for those with the wit to wield it.

Some models are noted as being a wizard on their warscroll. You can use a wizard to cast spells in your hero phase, and can also use them to unbind spells in your opponent's hero phase. The number of spells a wizard can attempt to cast or unbind each turn is detailed on its warscroll.

CASTING SPELLS

All wizards can use the spells described below, as well as any spells listed on their warscroll. A wizard can only attempt to cast each spell once per turn.

To cast a spell, roll two dice. If the total is equal to or greater than the casting value of the spell, the spell is successfully cast.

If a spell is cast, the opposing player can choose any one of their wizards that is within 18" of the caster, and that can see them, and attempt to unbind the spell before its effects are applied. To unbind a spell, roll two dice. If the roll beats the roll used to cast the spell, then the spell's effects are negated. Only one attempt can be made to unbind a spell.

ARCANE BOLT

Arcane Bolt has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick an enemy unit within 18" of the caster and which is visible to them. The unit you pick suffers D3 mortal wounds.

MYSTIC SHIELD

Mystic Shield has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick the caster, or a friendly unit within 18" of the caster and which is visible to them. You can add 1 to all save rolls for the unit you pick until the start of your next hero phase.

THE MOST IMPORTANT RULE

In a game as detailed and wide-ranging as *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*, there may be times when you are not sure exactly how to resolve a situation that has come up during play. When this happens, have a quick chat with your opponent, and apply the solution that makes the most sense to you both (or seems the most fun!). If no single solution presents itself, both of you should roll a dice, and whoever rolls higher gets to choose what happens. Then you can get on with the fighting!

WHAT'S NEXT?

Warhammer Age of Sigmar **is a collecting, painting and gaming experience whose appeal and excitement lasts a lifetime. Whether it be assembling and painting a mighty horde of fantastical warriors or immersing yourself in the magical worlds and stories of the realms,** ***Warhammer Age of Sigmar*** **offers endless opportunities for enjoyment. Equally, if you hunger to launch your own crusade of conquest, you'll be hurling your armies into bloody battle before you know it.**

INTO THE REALMS…

They say that every journey begins with a single step, and in the case of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* there is no better first step than the starter set itself. Contained within this exceptional set is an impressive range of beautifully detailed Citadel Miniatures, excellent starting forces for the brave and noble Stormcast Eternals and the murderous Khorne Bloodbound. This starter set is the starting point of a truly epic story, pitting Vandus Hammerhand and his Hammers of Sigmar against the daemon-worshipping Korghos Khul and his cruel Goretide warriors. As such, not only does this starter set get you off to a great start with your model collections, but it also represents an excellent way to learn the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules and plunge straight into the story of the Age of Sigmar.



Another excellent avenue into *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* is the book of the same name. Providing the perfect companion volume to the contents of the starter set, this book is replete with beautiful artwork, helpful painting guides and showcases of models painted by the world-renowned 'Eavy Metal team – all in all, it's an excellent visual guide to the war across the realms. Furthermore, this book expands hugely upon the back story of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*, setting out the blood-soaked history of the Age of Chaos and revealing the opening moves of the God-King Sigmar's great gambit to defeat the Dark Gods. As if all this were not enough, it provides a wealth of warscrolls and battleplans allowing you to expand your own collections of miniatures, add new factions to your battles, and fight through many exciting new scenarios as your army grows.



THE REALMGATE WARS

A major feature of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* is its grand, ongoing narrative. This is more than just a collecting and gaming experience, it is also an interactive saga of battle in which you play the lead role. Just as *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* helps you begin this journey, so your copy of *The Realmgate Wars: Quest for Ghal Maraz* plunges you deeper into this epic tale. This is an excellent next step down the collecting road, as this book details a plethora of new units to add to your armies and new battleplans for them to fight through. This is but the first in an ongoing series of narrative supplements, so as your collection of Citadel Miniatures grows and diversifies, so the stories you can tell on the battlefield grow ever more grand and exciting as well.









BATTLETOMES

Many collectors begin their journey with the miniatures from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* starter set, which provides all the excitement and satisfaction you need in your introduction to the battlefields of the Mortal Realms. Soon enough though, you will probably find that the many factions that wage war across the realms draw your eye. With their ever-growing miniatures ranges and inspiring stories, the races of the realms offer near-endless diversity for collectors; in each case, this history and model range is fully explored in the battletome that accompanies that race. Whether it be the gore-drenched berserkers of the Khorne Bloodbound, the god-forged heroes of the Stormcast Eternals, the strange and otherworldly seraphon, or any of the other warlike races that populate the realms, the battletome will furnish you with everything you need to collect, organise, and tell stories upon the battlefield with that race. Thus, with each battletome you read, your knowledge of the races of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* will grow, and most likely your miniatures collection along with it.



THE STORY CONTINUES

With such vast and thrilling worlds to explore, there's always scope for more stories and greater adventures. As a fantastic companion to the narrative presented in the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* collecting and gaming supplements – and your own tabletop tales of war and glory – you can also read about the exploits of the heroes and villains of the realms in our accompanying novels. These books can be both an invaluable source of inspiration for your collection, and a great way to live out the action of the Realmgate Wars and beyond, blow by visceral blow. Such exciting tales as *War Storm* and *Ghal Maraz* tie directly into the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* narrative as it develops, giving you yet another route into the Mortal Realms and providing unique insights into the action that aren't available anywhere else.

