

THE TOME CELESTIAL

The skies glow with lambent witchfire as the Nighthaunt procession known as the Emerald Host rides to war. All who have besmirched the Mortarch of Grief will fall before the scythe, their screaming souls dispatched to the underworlds, where eternal punishment awaits.



THE EMERALD HOST

By Nick Horth & Jervis Johnson

Limned in baleful green flames and led by a great host of spectral cavaliers, the Emerald Host is sent forth by the Lady Olynder to ensure the deaths of her most hated foes. With spectral scythes and tearing claws they rend the souls of the living, leaving in their wake a trail of pale corpses, faces twisted in the throes of heart-stopping terror. Such is the final fate of all who dare to entertain the falsity of hope and refuse to accept the eternal truth of despair and grief into their hearts.

Only those foes who earn the Mortarch of Grief's unbridled ire are subjected to the Emerald Curse. Such a baleful hex is not lightly made, even by as cruel-hearted a creature as Olynder. Yet when her bitter hatred is stoked beyond tolerance, she unseals the Tower of Betrayers. Here, shackles of amethyst magic bind the spirits of beings who once sought to conspire against her. In death, they are kept in torturous bondage until the moment she desires to send them forth to do her bidding. Though they despise their usurper-queen above any other being, these knights of death are bound entirely to Lady Olynder's will. Streaming forth from their prison, they hunt and kill for the very being who took everything from them – a fitting punishment for the arrogance they displayed in life, in the eyes of the Mortarch, at least.

THE FALL OF DOLORUM

The tale of the fall of Dolorum is one of great tragedy and betrayal, of an ancient dynasty brought low through the vaulting ambition of a single being. Located in the Screaming Wastes of Shyish, the empire of Dolorum was once a powerful civilisation ruled over by a proud bloodline of conqueror-kings. These regal lords were a cold and merciless breed who held dominion over thousands of subjects, and paid obeisance to Nagash, God of Death.

At this time, a beautiful young noblewoman of the House Olynder rose to prominence in Dolorum. She used her wits and charm to scale the heights of society, and she eventually won the heart of the young prince of the empire. Their betrothal was announced with great fanfare. Yet the Lady Olynder was a woman of limitless ambition, and she did not care to share the throne with another – especially her betrothed, who was a boorish and callous man. While she took her vows and prepared her soul for marriage in the cloisters of a quiet church, surrounded by ladies in waiting and silent sisters of the Dolorite faith, the prince and his father, the king of Dolorum, attended a great feast of celebration. It would be the last time either was ever seen. The exact nature of their disappearance would remain forever a mystery. In the early hours of the morning, both retired to the king's chambers to



When Lady Olynder's ire is roused, she unleashes the vengeful Nighthaunt of the Emerald Host upon those who angered her.

discuss political strategies and the crown heir's future inheritance. Witnesses claimed to hear a sudden, piercing cry of horror, but when the royal bodyguards burst into the chamber, they found the rooms empty, with no sign of a struggle. A single window was open to the stormy night, spilling rainwater across the stone floor. Of the prince and his father, there was no sign at all. Suspicious glances did of course fall upon the queen in waiting, but there were many who could attest to her innocence of the crime, and her horror upon receiving the news.

Nonetheless, this tragedy left Olynder as the sole ruler of Dolorum. Vowing to mourn her missing family, the young queen took to wearing a veil. The new regent's people called her the Mourning Bride and the Unrequited Queen, and her public display of grief won over even the coldest of hearts. In truth it was all a lie – beneath her veil of sorrow, Olynder revelled in her newfound power.

Not all were taken in by this deception, of course. Many noble knights of the realm gathered to plot against the one they named usurper and murderer. This secretive fraternity proudly wore the emerald brooch of the Dolorum royal dynasty, an honour given only to the most loyal defenders of the empire. It was a symbol of the glory of old, which they hoped to restore by deposing the false queen that now sat upon the throne.

Their rebellion never came to pass. The ever-watchful Lady Olynder soon learned of the conspirators, for she had spies embedded throughout her kingdom, from the poorest almshouses to the courts of Dolorum's powerful barons. She swayed one of the conspirators – a man named Gharest Malcor – to her side with promises of power and riches beyond imagination. Even before her enemies could organise their coup, Malcor's agents fell upon them, slaying many and dragging the survivors into lightless dungeons and oubliettes. There they lingered for decades, tormented and tortured by the woman they had sought to depose. Malcor himself met a swifter end, stabbed to death while in his cups by assassins hired by the young queen, who desired to leave no trace of her crimes.

Lady Olynder ruled Dolorum alone for many years, until the Age of Chaos dawned, and the plagues of Nurgle swept across Dolorum. Thousands died of weeping agues and flesh-withering poxes, but their queen cared nothing for their suffering. She even attempted to bargain for her own life with agents of the Plague God, to the fury of the Great Necromancer. In truth it was this act of faithlessness that caused Nagash to claim her soul as his own. So did Lady Olynder become the Veiled Lady, doomed to suffer all the miseries of grief and sorrow that had not troubled her black heart in life.

'I have a task for thee, my Knights of Regret. There is a being that has dared defy my will and made war upon my processions. This wretched creature seeks to spread the poisonous illusion of hope. You will bring me his everlasting soul, that I might teach him true sorrow.'

- Lady Olynder, Mortarch of Grief



Above: Gharest Malcor leads the Emerald Host into battle against a herd of beastmen, their Bray-Shaman the victim of the dreaded Emerald Curse.

Opposite: Lady Olynder, Mortarch of grief, battles the Celestant Prime in the Siege of Lethis. The Emerald Host would prove instrumental in the breaching of the Midnight Tomb and the release of Katakros, Mortarch of the Necropolis.

BALEFUL HUNTERS

It was not until the dawning of the Shyish necroquake, when Nagash sought a new general to lead his spectral legions of Nighthaunt, that Lady Olynder ascended to the rank of Mortarch. In death, as in life, Olynder had risen to rule over the haunted ruins of old Dolorum, subjugating the wraiths and spirits that dwelt there, and even bringing several neighbouring nations under her deathly grasp. Such ambition and ruthlessness was just what the Great Necromancer wished for in his Mortarchs. Thus was the Lady Olynder knighted as the Mortarch of Grief and given command of the malevolent processions of the Nighthaunt.

To mark this ascension, Nagash gifted the Veiled Lady with a dreadful new host to be deployed at her wish. The souls of the very nobles of Dolorum who had plotted Lady Olynder's destruction were remade into spirits of vengeance, wreathed in emerald fires in a mocking echo of Dolorum's lost honour. These wrathful revenants were condemned to fight on behalf of the one they despised above all else. The Great Necromancer bound these luckless souls within caskets of vitrified grave-sand, where they would linger in perpetual rage and self-pity until called for. Only when Lady Olynder lays the malefic hex known as

the Emerald Curse upon those who have displeased her are the forgotten scions of Dolorum loosed to haunt the realms, commanded by the Knight of Shrouds Gharest Malcor.

The dark rituals employed by Lady Olynder to inflict the Emerald Curse upon her foes are complex and macabre. They demand the sacrifice of thousands of souls as well as a sliver of the Mortarch's own twisted spirit; the hatred required to power such a hex demands much, even of the dead. Thus, the curse is not idly made, and it is reserved instead for Lady Olynder's most despised rivals.

Once a being is marked, their doom – and that of any who associate with them – is all but assured. The afflicted find all colour drained from the world. Everything is rendered in stark shades of black and white, and a sense of deep dread fills their soul. Food tastes like ash in their mouths, and music sounds atonal and dirge-like to the ear. Whether it takes mere days, months, or years, the riders of the Emerald Host will find their prey. Far on the horizon, the cursed soul will glimpse a baleful green glow, soft at first but blazing with more furious intensity by the moment. Soon, the entire sky will be aflame with witchlight. Only then will the riders of the Host descend from on

high, their spectral mounts wreathed in green flames, to reap their due.

Formations of Dreadblade Harrows led by Malcor himself are always the first to crash into the enemy's ranks, flickering in and out of reality in bursts of eerie phantasmal mist as they hack down their prey with rusted grave-blades.

They are swiftly followed by flaming Hexwraiths, screeching with bitter fury, scythes lashing out in deadly arcs. Following behind come racing packs of Nighthaunt infantry: groaning Chainrasps and the prowling gheists known as Glaivewraith Stalkers, amongst a host of other nightmares. This terrifying onslaught does not cease until every one of the cursed mortals has been slain, their souls claimed for the Mortarch of Grief.

On occasion, a particularly lucky or formidable foe might evade or even defeat the Host. But this only delays the inevitable. In the depths of the underworlds, the baleful hunters will gradually reform and once again set forth in pursuit of their quarry. Only death can end the Emerald Curse.

THE DOLOROUS GUARD

Hexwraiths are spectral chevaliers that charge into battle illuminated by blazing balefire, swinging their lambent scythes to sever the bond between a soul and its body. They are the powerful shock cavalry of the Nighthaunt processions, capable of routing their foes in a single, terrifying charge.

The Emerald Host claims many of these ghostly riders amongst its number, for the nobility of ancient Dolorum were trained from a young age in the art of cavalry warfare. The most feared of all these champions are the Dolorous Guard. Each of these cruel spirits was once a member of the Dolorum household knights, responsible for protecting their liege-lord upon the battlefield and riding down all enemies of the empire.

Nearly all of this elite unit turned upon Lady Olynder and joined the nobility's schemes against her, paying for this decision with their eternal souls. Transformed into hideous Hexwraiths, they now ride at the fore of the Emerald Host, taking out their bitter frustration upon the Mortarch of Grief's many enemies.

'When dawn rises, cold and colourless, they are coming.'

When the sun descends behind green clouds, they are close.

When the night blazes emerald, they are here.'

- Found scrawled on a scrap of parchment in the abandoned Freeguild fortress of Gheistharbour



GHAREST MALCOR, THE TRAITOR KNIGHT

Born the youngest son of a minor feudal lord in the empire of Dolorum, Gharest Malcor was a vain and spiteful man. Though his life was one of privilege beyond the imagination of most men, Malcor was never content. He craved true power, and the chance to wreak his revenge upon those he believed looked down on him for his low status – namely the noble scions of Dolorum's great houses. Malcor was a skilled commander who had fought with distinction in the empire's many wars, but no matter how many victories he earned, he was never granted the acclaim nor the titles he believed he deserved. Bitterness and envy consumed him.

When the crown prince and king of Dolorum both mysteriously disappeared and Lady Olynder claimed dominion over the empire, Malcor saw a potential opportunity to gain the prestige he had always sought. He joined a gathering of upstart nobles seeking to depose the new queen, swearing an oath of loyalty to their cause. As a general of high standing in the empire's army, he was eagerly accepted into the fold. At the same time, however, Malcor sought audience with Olynder herself, claiming himself a loyal servant of the crown who had uncovered a most foul conspiracy against her rule.

When he looked at the beautiful young queen, Malcor saw only a tool that he could use to advance his own status. He would serve her loyally, dispose of those who plotted to unseat her, winning her favour and – ultimately, he hoped – her hand in marriage. Though he was a black-hearted creature, Malcor was tall, strong and handsome, possessed of a magnetic charm he had used more than once to seduce the wives and daughters of his rivals. Surely, he believed, the new queen would not prove immune to his charms. And when his claim upon the throne was secured, who was to say that the Lady Olynder might not meet with some tragic fate, leaving Malcor as sole inheritor of the empire?

Malcor fatally underestimated the new queen. Olynder saw at once the nature of the young knight, perhaps recognising some of her own duplicity in his bold pronouncements. Nonetheless, she took him into her favour and named him her castellan, feigning infatuation and promising her hand in marriage once Malcor disposed of those who intended her harm. And so Gharest Malcor betrayed his fellow conspirators, sending forth the palace's household knights to round them up – along with anyone who had ever crossed him, or in any way earned his ire. Many were slain, and countless



DEEDS OF LEGEND

When a party of Mor'phann Idoneth led by the Akhelian King Methelion had the temerity to launch a series of raids upon her spirit armies, the Lady Olynder sent forth Gharest Malcor and the Emerald Host to deliver her retribution. The Akhelian King dwelt within the darkest depths of the Sea of Sorrow, and perhaps believed himself safe in this lightless place. However, when the stygian depths were illuminated by an eerie, viridian glow, Methelion knew that doom was upon him. Malcor's spectral knights plunged into the abyss, falling upon the Akhelian King and his retinue. A soundless, otherworldly battle commenced. In their natural habitat, the Idoneth proved a formidable foe, but at last a pack of Dreadblade Harrows encircled Methelion's Deepmare, driving their rusted blades through the noble beast's ink-black scales. As the beast writhed in its death throes, the Akhelian King slid from its back. The Knight of Shrouds himself dispatched Methelion, plunging his cursed sword through the aelf's heart.



others delivered unto the queen's torture chambers. Malcor did not have long to savour his victory. As he was drinking and carousing in celebration of his cleverness, Lady Olynder had her own killers stab the traitorous knight in the belly with a poisoned blade. As he lay dying in terrible agony, Malcor prayed to Nagash to spare his wicked soul. The Great Necromancer listened, and answered.



Gharest Malcor was transformed into a Knight of Shrouds, a spectral commander forever bound to the will of the God of Undeath. Malcor was condemned to an eternity of passionless servitude, but worse was to come for the traitorous knight. In an act of cruel irony, Malcor

found himself slaved to the service of Lady Olynder – the one who had so cunningly outwitted him, and condemned him to this bitter and eternal existence.

Now, the betrayer of Dolorum is forced to obey the Mortarch of Grief's every command, leading his baleful procession forth to seek out and slay those stricken by the Emerald Curse. Unable to even give voice to his bottomless hatred of the Veiled Lady, the anguished Malcor attempts instead to assuage his self-hatred and impotent rage by cutting down mortals by the score with his cursed blade. This is only ever a temporary reprieve, for when the Emerald Host slays its quarry, Malcor is forced once more to return to the crypts of the Tower of Betrayers, to linger in darkness consumed by ancient regrets. In death, as in life, he is nothing more than a weapon for the Mortarch to wield against her enemies.

Above: The Emerald Host manifests in the Realm of Beasts, called to war by Lady Olynder. Whether the Nighthaunt win or lose the battle, they will return to enact the will of the Mortarch of Grief. The fate of her foes is inescapable.

WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

These warscroll battalions enable you to field the unique formations of Lady Olynder's Emerald Host on the battlefield.

NIGHTHAUNT WARSCROLL BATTALION

THE EMERALD HOST



Limned in baleful green flames and led by a great host of spectral cavaliers, the Emerald Host is dispatched by the Lady Olynder to ensure the deaths of her most hated foes. With spectral scythes and tearing claws they rend the souls of the living, leaving in their wake a trail of lifeless corpses, their faces twisted in the throes of heart-stopping terror. Such is the final fate of all who dare to entertain the falsity of hope and refuse to accept the eternal truth of despair and grief into their hearts.

ORGANISATION

- 1 The Forgotten Scions
- 1+ The Dolorous Guard

Any number of warscroll battalions chosen in any combination from the following list:

- The Condemned
- Chainguard
- Death Stalkers

ABILITIES

The Emerald Curse: *Once a being is marked with the Emerald Curse, their doom – and that of any who associate with them – is all but assured. Whether it takes mere days, months or years, the riders of the Emerald Host will find their prey.*

After armies are set up, but before the first battle round begins, you can pick 1 enemy **HERO**. Subtract 1 from save rolls for attacks that target that **HERO**.



NIGHTHAUNT WARSCROLL BATTALION

THE FORGOTTEN SCIONS

Formations of Dreadblade Harrows led by Malcor himself are always the first to crash into the enemy's ranks, flickering in and out of reality in bursts of eerie phantasmal mist as they hack down their prey with rusted grave-blades.

ORGANISATION

- 1 Knight of Shrouds on Ethereal Steed (Malcor)
- 2 Dreadblade Harrows units

ABILITIES

Gharest Malcor, The Traitor Knight: *Unable to even give voice to his bottomless hatred of the Veiled Lady, the anguished Malcor attempts instead to assuage his self-loathing and impotent rage by cutting down mortals by the score with his cursed blade.*

Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of Malcor's Sword of Stolen Hours. In addition, once per battle round, you can use the command ability on Malcor's warscroll without a command point being spent.

NIGHTHAUNT WARSCROLL BATTALION

THE DOLOROUS GUARD

These knights of death are bound entirely to Lady Olynder's will. Streaming forth from the Tower of Betrayers, they hunt and kill for the very being who took everything from them – a fitting punishment for the arrogance they displayed in life, in the eyes of the Mortarch, at least.

ORGANISATION

- 2-4 Hexwraith units



ABILITIES

Knights of Regret: *Each of the cruel spirits in The Dolorous Guard was once a member of the Dolorum household knights, responsible for protecting their liege-lord upon the battlefield and riding down all enemies of the empire. Death has not freed them for these responsibilities.*

Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of melee weapons used by units from this battalion that have made a charge move in the same turn. In addition, roll a dice before you allocate a wound or mortal wound to your general if your general is within 3" of any friendly units with this ability. On a 2+, you must allocate that wound or mortal wound to a friendly unit with this ability that is within 3" of your general, instead of to your general.

UNITS	MIN	MAX	POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLES	NOTES
The Emerald Host	-	-	80	Warscroll Battalion	
The Forgotten Scions	-	-	140	Warscroll Battalion	
The Dolorous Guard	-	-	120	Warscroll Battalion	

PAINTING NIGHTHAUNT

This month's Tome Celestial is all about the Emerald Host of Shyish, so it's the perfect time for a Paint Splatter featuring the green ghoulies. Studio painter James Perry joins us with two stage-by-stage guides for a Glaivewraith Stalker, covering classic and Contrast styles.

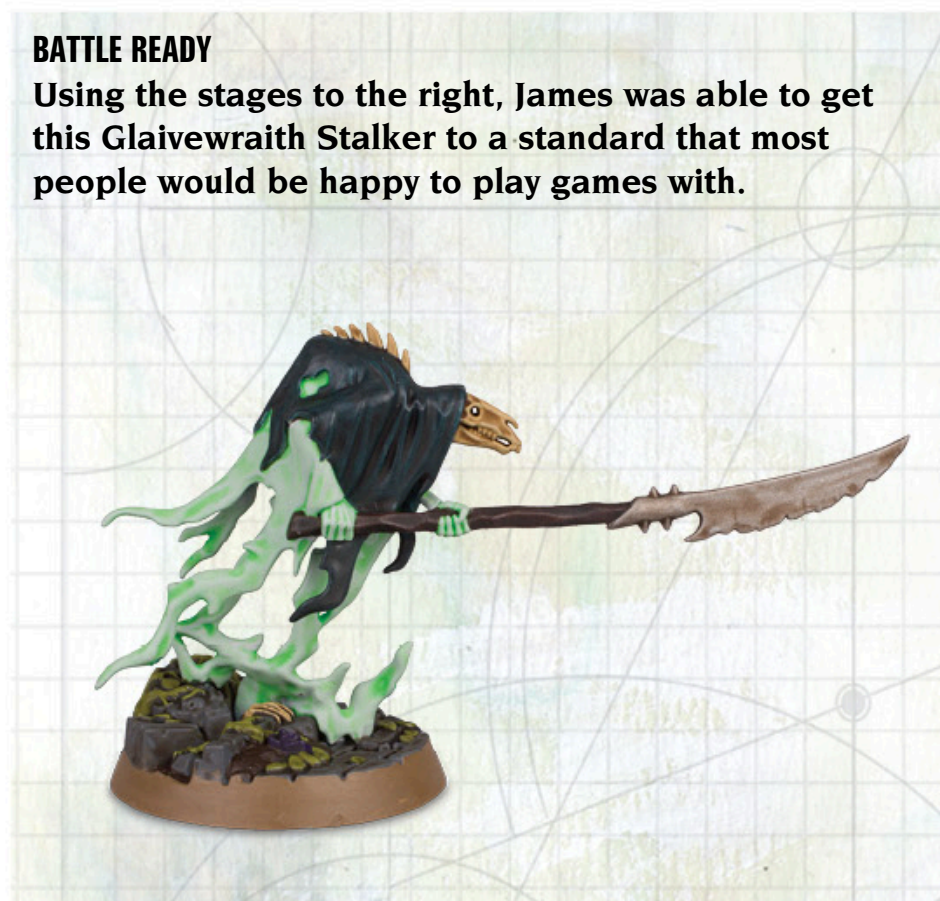
CLASSIC STYLE

James: Nighthaunt can be really simple to paint, but they can look incredible if you get your colour choices and techniques right. One of the most effective ways to paint them is to use a light-coloured undercoat, then wash their 'flesh' with either a Shade or a Contrast paint. On this

Glaivewraith Stalker, I chose to undercoat it with Grey Seer, then shade it with Hexwraith Flame mixed with Lahmian Medium. Adding the Lahmian Medium is really important at this stage – Hexwraith Flame is a really rich colour, and it will dominate the model if you don't dilute it

BATTLE READY

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



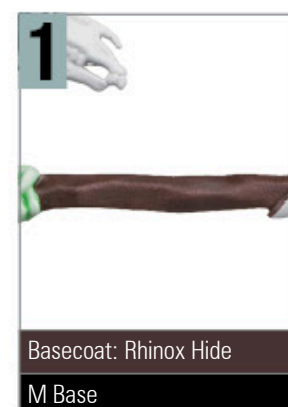
GHOSTLY ECTOPLASM



TATTERED CLOTH

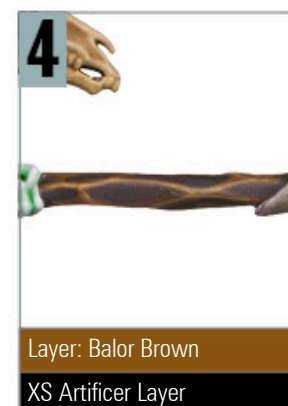
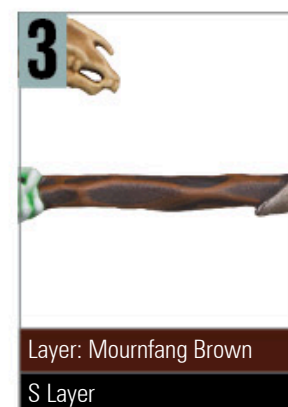


WOOD



PARADE READY

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



with medium. What you're looking for is a 1:1 mix that sits well in the recesses and still tints the raised areas green. To help with the smooth transition of colour, I also watered down the Ulthuan Grey a little so that it is more translucent than opaque.

I used Agrax Earthshade to shade several areas of the model, including its blade, skull, and base. On the blade, it helps emphasise the rust effect, while on the base, it gives the stones a dirty, muddy look. Using the same Shade paint on the model's skull helps tie the overall colour scheme together even more, giving the natural aspects of the model (as opposed to the spectral ones) a unified look and feel.

TOP TIP

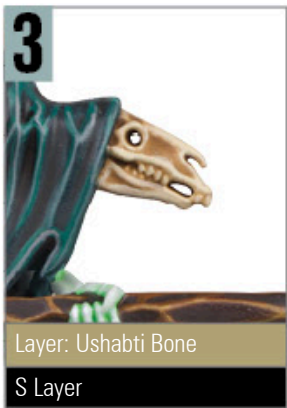
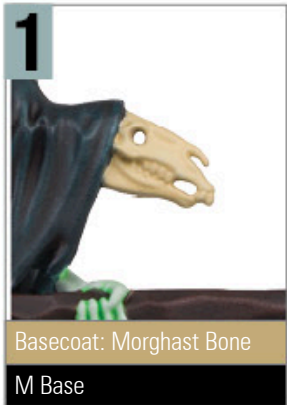
Drybrush the grey on the paving slabs before painting the leaves, vines, and roses. It's much easier that way!

BIGGER GHOSTS

The painting guides shown over these four pages are perfect for painting any model in the Nighthaunt range. The colours below, for example, could just as easily be applied to a Black Coach as a Glaivewraith Stalker, while the Battle Ready painting guide over the page would make painting a horde of Chainrasps really quick and easy. You could even use the same colours to paint ethereal skeletons. Why not give it a go?



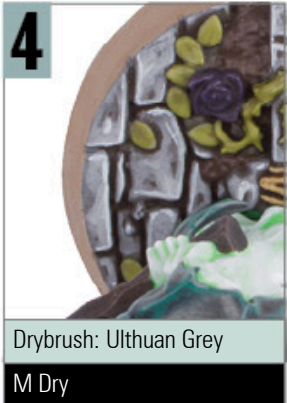
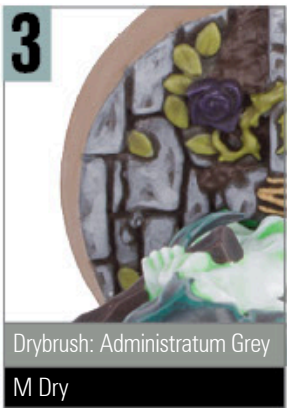
BONE



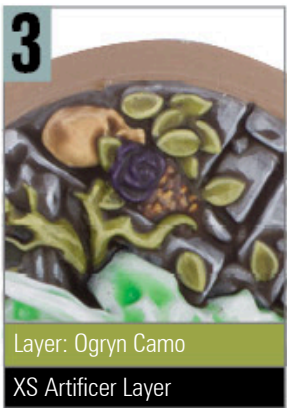
METAL



PAVING SLABS



LEAVES AND VINES

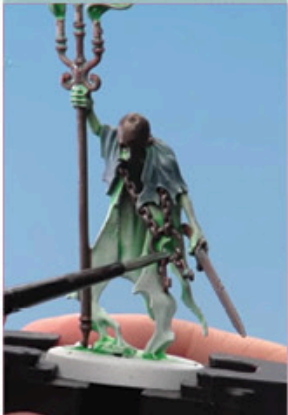


ROSES



WARHAMMER TV PAINTING GUIDES

There are loads of painting guides for the Nighthaunt on our Warhammer TV channel. Just search for Battle-Ready Nighthaunt Troops, Nighthaunt Ghostly Robes, or Nighthaunt Ethereal Weapons.



CONTRAST STYLE

James: The first stages of this Glaivewraith Stalker are very similar to the ones shown on the previous page – I just used Contrast paints instead of Shades and Technical paints.

Like Hexwraith Flame, Warp Lightning contains a lot of pigment, so I combined it with Contrast Medium in a 1:1 mix to make it more translucent before applying it to the areas of ectoplasm. The result is more intense than the Hexwraith Flame, which has a paler finish.

When painting the model's cowl, I didn't use any medium to thin it down – I just painted the Leviadon Blue straight on. This is because I wanted the colour to be really deep and dark, not pale. The same applied to painting the wood, bone, and all the other Contrast Paints – I just used them straight out of the pot.

TOP TIP

If you're using Contrast paints, I find it best to start with the darker colours first and paint the lighter ones last. There's a logic to this – if you paint, say, the bone first, then get a darker Contrast paint on it accidentally, you'll have to repaint the bone area. On the other hand, if you get a spot of Skeleton Horde on the Leviadon Blue cowl, it's unlikely you'll ever notice.

ANOTHER TOP TIP

To help control where your Contrast paints sit, always use the right brush for the job. The M Base brush is perfect for the cowl, but you would struggle to paint the skull with the same brush, which is why I picked a smaller one. I used an even smaller brush (S Layer) to paint the bone spines coming out of the model's back and the crow's beak.

BATTLE READY

Just like the Glaivewraith Stalker on the previous page, James applied just a few paints to get this model ready for the battlefield.



GHOSTLY ECTOPLASM



TATTERED CLOTH

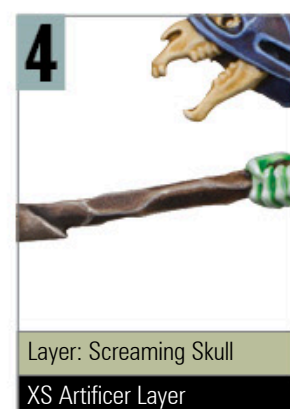
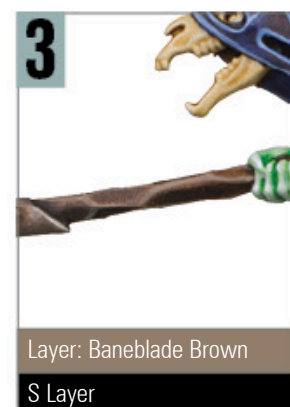


WOOD



PARADE READY

After finishing the Battle Ready stages, James added just one or two highlights to each area of the Nighthaunt model to get it Parade Ready.



EMERALDS, SAPPHIRES, AND RUBIES

One of the great things about Contrast paints is that you can use the same technique of applying them and just change the colours. You could, for example, use a darker green for the ghostly ectoplasm. You could even change the green entirely and have blue or even red Nighthaunts. Here are a few examples.

Undercoat: Wraithbone Citadel Spray Paint	Undercoat: Wraithbone Citadel Spray Paint	Undercoat: Grey Seer Citadel Spray Paint
Basecoat: Ork Flesh M Base	Basecoat: Blood Angels Red M Base	Basecoat: Aethermatic Blue M Base
Layer: Ulthuan Grey M Layer	Layer: Wild Rider Red M Layer	Layer: Ulthuan Grey M Layer
Layer: White Scar S Layer	Layer: Fire Dragon Bright S Layer	Layer: White Scar S Layer



BONE

1

Basecoat: Wraithbone
M Base

2

Basecoat: Skeleton Horde
S Base

3

Layer: Pallid Wych Flesh
S Layer

METAL

1

Basecoat: Leadbelcher
M Base

2

Wash: Nuln Oil
M Shade

4

Layer: Stormhost Silver
XS Artificer Layer

GRAVESTONE

1

Undercoat: Grey Seer
Citadel Spray Paint

2

Basecoat: Basilicanum Grey
M Base

3

Drybrush: Administratum Grey
M Dry

4

Drybrush: Ulthuan Grey
M Dry

LEAVES AND VINES

1

Undercoat: Grey Seer
Citadel Spray Paint

2

Basecoat: Militarum Green
S Base

3

Layer: Ogryn Camo
XS Artificer Layer

ROSES

1

Undercoat: Grey Seer
Citadel Spray Paint

2

Basecoat: Shyish Purple
S Base

3

Layer: Warpfiend Grey
XS Artificer Layer

UNDEAD CROW

1

Undercoat: Grey Seer
Citadel Spray Paint

2

Basecoat: Black Templar
S Base

3

Layer: Stormvermin Fur
S Layer

4

Layer: Administratum Grey
XS Artificer Layer