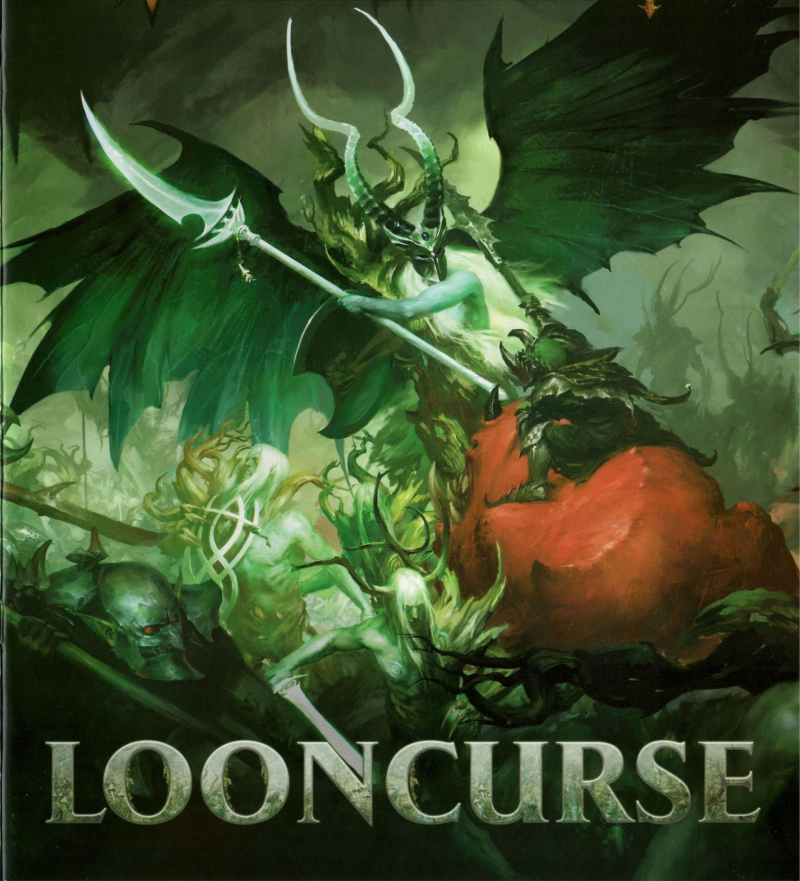



WARHAMMER

AGE OF SIGMAR



LOONCURSE



In the Age of Myth, Alarielle created the Sylvaneth. She crafted them from barkflesh and imbued them with echoes of her spirit-song. They were born of the soulpod groves and they cared for the lands, enjoying a peaceful and harmonious life.

The greenskin tribes of Gorkamorka were rambunctious and quarrelsome. Where deities like Alarielle brought balance and beauty to the realms, Gorkamorka's children wrought havoc. The teeming tribes of grots that worshipped him were devious, spiteful beings. While ostensibly they fought for Sigmar's pantheon against the marauding beasts of the realms, in truth they would happily stick their knives into anyone whose back was turned long enough.

Then came the Age of Chaos. The minions of the Dark Gods tore down civilisation, and Sigmar's pantheon was shattered. As the God-King led a retreat to the Realm of Heavens, the children of Alarielle and Gorkamorka alike were left to survive the onslaught however they could.

The Sylvaneth were driven ever back until they clung to the last of their enclaves, and Alarielle herself was almost lost to despair. Yet with the coming of the Age of Sigmar the Stormcast Eternals at last led the counter-attack against Chaos and, resurging into a fierce new season of war, the Sylvaneth drove the invaders back. Soon they had reclaimed many of their most precious enclaves, places of power and magic from which great wisdom could be derived.

Yet the followers of Gorkamorka, too, had endured. Now, as the Bad Moon rose sickly and monstrous in the skies above, they emerged from their boltholes to turn their spite against the Sylvaneth...

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ORDER AND ANARCHY

The servants of the Dark Gods did their best to eradicate or enslave all other beings during the Age of Chaos. In many places they were successful, but the Mortal Realms are immense and so – in countless hidden corners and untouched lands – the worshippers of the gods of Order, Death and Destruction endured.

SURVIVORS

Despite the ravages of the Age of Chaos, the Mortal Realms still teem with countless strange peoples, who vie constantly for supremacy. Stoic duardin sail the skies in ironclad airships. Dark tribes and cults worship the Chaos Gods and butcher all those who try to stand against them.

Foul skaven scurry through the shadows, while heroic Stormcast Eternals strike down Sigmar's foes and cold-eyed Necromancers raise hordes of the shambling dead to devour their enemies whole. There are countless others, but amongst the strangest of all these myriad races are the Sylvaneth of the deep wilds and the troglodytic greenskin hordes known collectively as the Gloomspite Gitz.

The Sylvaneth are a race of forest spirits that inhabit bodies of barkflesh and bloodsap. They are mercurial creatures, by turns peaceful and nurturing, wrathful and warlike, cold and withdrawn or twisted and cruel.

The natural magic of the realms flows through the Sylvaneth as air fills a human's lungs, and their spirit-song – the inaudible symphony of emotions and sensations, harmonies and sorcery that binds every Sylvaneth to every other – flows through the realmroots that grow for thousands of miles through the bedrock of the lands.

Every aspect of Sylvaneth existence intertwines seamlessly with the turning of the realms' strange seasons. Their territories and enclaves can be found wherever the energies of nature coalesce into places of extraordinary innate power. The Sylvaneth are both guardians of these places and greatly dependent upon them, and it is a brave or foolish hero who crosses their borders with harmful intent.

The Sylvaneth were created by the life goddess Alarielle, and before the coming of the Age of Chaos they were wholly peaceful beings who sought only to tend the forests and the springs, the wilds and the rivers. In those days there were dozens of great glades, each made up of dozens of Sylvaneth clans scattered across the realms, and each with its own cultures and traditions.

Noble Oakenbrow, wise Gnarlroot and sombre Winterleaf were but a few examples of these rich and timeless civilisations. When the reaving hordes of Chaos fell upon their lands, millions of Sylvaneth were slaughtered before they learned to hide from their persecutors, and to fight back against them. Each generation of Sylvaneth is born from soulpod groves that grow at the hearts of their enclaves, and as the Age of Chaos progressed, new and warlike sorts of tree spirit emerged from these sacred places to stand and fight against the invaders.

Meanwhile, those Sylvaneth who had once known only peace became ever more aggressive, mistrustful and warlike. They became adept at guerrilla warfare, using natural magic to veil themselves before striking from ambush, or sending twining roots and barbed thorns to tear their enemies limb from limb.

In the course of the long war against Chaos, Alarielle has become more furious and vengeful than ever before, and in the same way her children have transformed beyond recognition. The great glades that remain have turned their wisdom and their strength to the battle against Chaos. While they seek still to nurture and protect their natural places of power, the Sylvaneth now do so through force, and strike out with each new waxing of the natural energies to reclaim more of the wild and ravaged lands they once called home.

THEY LURK BELOW

Where the Sylvaneth battled Chaos head-on and – in their darkest days – were forced back to their last enclaves, the Moonclan Grots of the Gloomspite Gitz took a very different approach.

Grots are wiry and conniving creatures, green-skinned and malicious tribes of Gorkamorka, the god of destruction. Where Gorkamorka's larger and more brutish followers – the orruks and ogors – invaded and fought against the staying Chaos forces, the vast masses of grots chose instead to evade their enemies wherever possible. Many tribes fled into the deep, dank caves and tunnels that spread beneath the skins of the Mortal Realms.

These Moonclan Grots forsook the light of Hysh and gave up their claim upon the surface world. Instead they took to worshipping the Bad Moon, a belligerent and evil-faced celestial body whose light drives rational beings to madness, and in whose leering visage the grots saw an aspect of Gorkamorka.

They claimed the subterranean worlds for themselves, gravitating towards the most inhospitable, foetid and primordial deeps. Down there in the darkness the Moonclan Grots multiplied and prospered, overlooked by those who warred upon the surface.

Of course, that is not to say that the Moonclan Grots abandoned battle altogether. They are children of Gorkamorka, and the natural urge to violence runs in their veins. Rather, the grots built sprawling lurklairs, cultivated poisonous fungi and bred fang-mawed beasts called squigs while they plotted where best to drive their glinting knives into their enemies, who had all but forgotten they existed.

The numbers of the Moonclan Grots grew and grew, and whenever the Bad Moon manifested in the skies above the realms it drew them to the surface in seething hordes like a tide of violence rising from below.

As the Bad Moon passed overhead, strange fungi sprouted on every surface – even bursting from metal, bone and flesh – and a clammy twilight swallowed hope and sanity alike. In that noisome gloom the Moonclan Grots fought their wars against the defenders of the surface worlds, red eyes glinting evilly in the gloom, their squigs bounding and snapping their jaws hungrily.

GRUESOME PURPOSE

It has been the ambition of every great Moonclan leader to lead their minions in performing such deeds of treacherous infamy that they impress the Bad Moon and catch its gaze. In doing so, they hope to halt their celestial deity's progress across the skies and bring on an eternal eclipse – the Everdark – that will allow them to overrun the surface worlds.

Though many Moonclan leaders have claimed to feel the Bad Moon's blessings, or 'the Clammy Hand', only a few have truly been so blessed. The greatest of all these is the mighty grot warlord Skragrott, who arose from beneath Skrappa Spill in the land of Ayadah, overthrowing the warring races that stood in his path, and has since carved out an empire both above and below the surface that continues to spread.

Skragrott's position is a tenuous one, for greenskins buck authority by their very nature. Rivals arise from amidst even his favoured warlords, seeking always to stab the Looking in the back and claim his power for themselves. In order to prove that he is the Bad Moon's chosen prophet, Skragrott must continue not only to conquer new lands, but to do so beneath the monstrous glare of the Bad Moon. He constantly seeks any method he can find to predict the Bad Moon's erratic course, abducting mad seers and deranged prophets and interpreting their ramblings to learn where it will rise next.

ALARIELLE THE EVERQUEEN

It is said that there is no being more fair nor more fearsome in all the Mortal Realms than Alarielle, the goddess of life. Her power is rooted deep within the vital energies of Ghyran, the Realm of Life, and it waxes and wanes through countless seasonal cycles.

During fallowfrost, for example, Alarielle appears old and lined as a proud ironoak, contemplative of thought and cold of heart and deed. During bountybloom she is filled with vigorous energy and hope, and adopts the aspect of vibrant youth, while rootwither sees her become stubborn and protective. Now, though, is the season of war. Now is wrathharvest, a time for vengeful reaping of those who made victims of Alarielle's children for so long, and she has flourished into the full fury of her warrior aspect that all might cower in terror before her.

In this aspect, Alarielle towers over even the mighty Stormcast Eternals who make up Sigmar's armies of reconquest. Long-limbed and powerful, she wears the raiment of battle and wields weapons that were ancient when the Age of Myth was young. Alarielle rides to battle upon the back of a massive Wardroth Beetle, and where she passes the enemy fall like wheat before a scythe, while new, green life blossoms in her wake.



TO RULE AYADAH

Chamon is the Realm of Metal, a place of minerals and ores but also of cyclical change and constant alchemical reaction. Though the energies of Chaos have tainted much that was once pure and beautiful in Chamon, still there are many lands within this sprawling realm that are valuable enough to prove worthy of conquest.

The Mortal Realms are vast beyond easy comprehension, and the lands that make up each one myriad. From their names, one might expect the Realm of Fire to be all infernos and volcanic wastes, or the Realm of Life to be all verdant glades and natural bounty, but the reality is rarely so simple. The truth of the realms is that, in even the most seemingly barren landscape, the magical potential for life and beauty exists, just as in even the most paradisaical landscapes there lurks the danger of desolation and death.

Ayadah, in Chamon, exemplifies this trend. Located to the south of the Harkraken Cloud Banks and bordering the coastlines of the Amethystine Ocean and the Interrupted Sea, Ayadah seems a benighted region.

Once, Ayadah was a rugged but fertile land, its soil fertilised by strange alchemical wells that bubbled deep beneath the surface. Towering mountains looked out over grasslands and scrub woodlands that stretched for hundreds of miles, and in the deeper valleys and vales there existed beautiful – if dangerously wild – forests of vast size and many strange secrets. Change is a constant in Chamon, and over Ayadah swept a perpetual cycle of warm rains, churning mists and dry, gloriously hot weather that resembled the convection cycle inside an alchemist's alembic.

War found Ayadah during the Age of Chaos and brought much of its beauty to ruin, yet still it remained a land worth fighting for. Despite the destruction, it was a settleable and cultivatable region.

It was a huge and extremely valuable landmass, defended upon two sides by wild oceans and to the north by the towering Yhorn Mountains. The Fyreslayers of the Greyfyrd lodge laid a claim upon Ayadah from their

magmahold, the Gateswold, in the west, while the human warriors of the Freeguilds pushed down from the north, and teeming orruk tribes raised shanty-villages and brutish-looking forts wherever they could.

Then came Skragrott and his Gloomspite Gitz. As the Bad Moon swept overhead, the grot hordes overran one enemy army after another. Eventually, their deranged ferocity and sheer weight of numbers saw them drive the duardin back to their holds, slaughter the human armies and subjugate those orruks without the sense to submit. So impressed was the Bad Moon by the grot's conquest that it vomited forth a mass of asteroidal loonstone that hangs above Ayadah to this day and blocks out much of the light of Hysh.

So was the land cast into a perpetual gloom, the Everdark made manifest – or so Skragrott claimed. It was enough to cement his hold on power in the region and, to this day, he rules much of Ayadah from his vast stronghold of Skrappa Spill.



HIDDEN EYES

All this the Sylvaneth watched from behind powerful warding charms. An enclave of the Oakenbrow Glade inhabited a deep belt of ancient woodland – the Alembine Forest – in the western reaches of Ayadah, nestled between the Silverfrost

Mountains and the Sulphos Moors. Their enclave was known as Neith'y'Ghallich, which translated into the tongues of men as the Mirror of Wisdom's Light.

The enclave was hidden in the very deepest reaches of the woodland, in a region of swift-flowing rivers that cut paths through the loamy forest floor while tangled bloodbriar and densely clustered hemmerloch trees formed virtual tunnels of greenery around and overhead. Though they maintained some lookout points and cared for the sacred groves that grew above ground, the Sylvaneth dwelt largely below the surface in a sprawling network of natural caverns and tunnels that wound around the roots of the largest Wyldwood trees.

The forest spirits lived amidst breathtaking beauty, for artfully arranged beams of daylight shone down through crystal-lined shafts from the surface and spilled life-giving rays throughout the caverns. Amidst the rushing waters of subterranean rivers and falls, the sparkling beam fell upon verdant glades of trees, ferns, underbrush and lichens that filled Neith'y'Ghallich with life and colour.

The Dryads of the Clan Thyrynghall tended these underground forests while their Branchwyches saw to the upkeep of the souldpod groves that flourished in the largest and brightest caves. The Tree-Revenants of the clan's Household flitted through the tunnels and watched over the enclave's hidden entrances, and the troubles of the wider world were largely ignored as the Oakenbrow Sylvaneth devoted themselves to caring for their own vibrant corner of the realms.

They were aided in this by their greatest treasure, and the place of mystic power that gave Neith'y'Ghallich its name. In the deepest cavern of the enclave,

the Sylvaneth guarded a warded Realmgate. This was the Mirror of Wisdom's Light. Appearing as an ethereally still and shimmeringly beautiful lake, the mirror formed a one-way channel that spilled illumination through from Hysh, the Realm of Light, into Chamon. Its illumination was captured by a skilfully fashioned crystal prism that hung in the air above the lake, absorbing, filtering and then radiating the Hyshian light. The Realmgate was not a full-fledged door between worlds, for it had been sorely damaged during the Age of Chaos. Instead, it was more akin to a portal that has been left ajar, around whose jamb bright light still poured. Refracted by the Mirrorprism, the Hyshian illumination bore wisdom and life in its every ray.

Those Sylvaneth who meditated in the mirror's glow found remarkable insights springing unbidden into their minds, and the Treelords who oversaw the enclave were renowned for their exceptional counsel and brilliant minds. Moreover, where the light of Hysh seeped into the

roots of the Wyldwood trees they grew tall and strong, creating a beautiful and enchanted canopy above Neith'y'Ghallich.

It was from the magic of those trees that the Sylvaneth warding spells stemmed, ensuring that the wider world looked past or through the woodland without seeing that which nestled deep beneath its boughs.

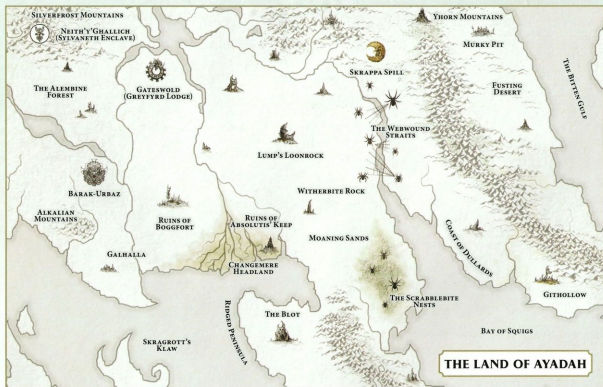
The enclave was not a wholly safe and peaceful place, of course, for few enough of those exist within the Mortal Realms. Dankholds – the lairs of lumbering subterranean troggoths – dotted the deepest reaches of the cave network and were death to any Sylvaneth impetuous enough to stray into them. Attempts had been made by the Household warriors to purge the troggoths, attempts that had even succeeded temporarily on several occasions.

However, the noxious beasts always returned. Worse were the squirming underground monsters, the huge worms and pallid skitterghasts that haunted the tunnels. These foul

creatures launched sporadic raids into the enclave's outer chambers, even as the occasional wandering herd of gor-kin or tribe of greenskins might blunder into the Wyldwood groves above. Invaders and intruders were swiftly dealt with and Neith'y'Ghallich remained safe and secure. However, so dangerous were the lands beyond their borders that the Sylvaneth remained isolationist, content to bask in the mirror's light and avoid the hostile gaze of the outside world.

"They come a-creeping or a-crashing with their feet of flesh and iron. They come a-ripping and a-tearing at the windsome roots and thorning bough. They come, oh always again they come, but never do they leave. 'Tis more than just loam and water as feeds the roots of the Wyldwood trees..."

- Ythllagh, Branchwyck of Neith'y'Ghallich



BAD MOON RISING

No matter how high defences may be raised, or how cunningly illusions may be wrought, no matter how well braced the gates, how well guarded the paths or how magnificent the monuments raised, always the tribes of Destruction will find a way to tear it all down again. In Ayadah, Neith'y'Ghallich's time was drawing short.

Everything changed for the Sylvaneth of Neith'y'Ghallich when the curse of the Bad Moon fell upon them. It began subtly, with disturbing portents and strange divinations. Then a crop of soulpods burst open to reveal not newborn Sylvaneth but deformed monstrosities of seeping sludge and fungal growth that had to be swiftly destroyed. The clan Thyrrynghall became increasingly alarmed as more unnatural fungi sprouted from the walls of their tunnels and the trunks of their beloved Wyldwood trees. Swarms of

arachnids infested the enclave's dark corners and attacked lone Dryads. A pallid light seeped through the tunnels and caverns. Where it fell, rock became slick with clammy damp and plants withered to be replaced with multicoloured fungi and creeping mould. Alarm turned to horror as the waterways of the enclave began to run sluggishly back upon themselves, causing floods and blockages. Water dripped upwards instead of down, spattering the rocky ceilings of the tunnels. Birds and beasts ran mad with terror or dropped down dead.

Finally, the Sylvaneth traced the source of the dire corruption to its source. Somehow, where before the light of Hysh had been refracted through the crystal prism of the Mirror of Wisdom's Light, now the sickly glow of the Bad Moon was pouring through it instead. So intense was the unnatural emanation around the mirror itself that none dared go near it. The enclave's leaders realised that, to end the mooncurse, some brave spirit must retrieve the Mirrorprism from the lake's heart and – in so doing – end the refraction of the Bad Moon's



SKRAGROTT

Skragrott is the self-proclaimed Loonking, the chosen prophet of the Bad Moon and ruler of all the Gloomspite Gitz. He is a supremely devious being, talented in sorcery, warfare, politicking and manipulation. He is also a supremely cruel being whose capacity for spite eclipses even that of his fellow Moonclan Grots. Who Skragrott was before he came to power is a mystery, for he has dealt swiftly and mercilessly with any who might know anything about his origins. To hear him tell it, the Bad Moon simply chose him one night while he slept, its deep voice echoing through his dreams and informing him of his greater destiny. Skragrott woke with a fungal loonycrown sprouting from his skull, and a new-found sense of power that has only grown greater since. Having overrun the land of Ayadah and claimed the mighty edifice of Skrappa Spill as his seat of power, Skragrott now looks further abroad for new sources of power, and fresh conquests to cement his position forever more.

light through the enclave's tunnels. Yet the few Sylvaneth who risked it were driven swiftly to madness even as their bodies rotted and blossomed with fungal blooms.

Then came the Arch-Revenant Druanti and her band of Kurnoth Hunters. These wandering Free Spirits had learned of the enclave's plight and came bearing a dire warning. The wards that protected Neith y'Ghallich from its enemies' sight were wavering thanks to the corruption of the Bad Moon's light. Somehow Skragrott, the Loonking of the enclave and its mirror, had learned of the enclave and its mirror, and he wanted to claim it all for himself. He had sent his swiftest minions by subterranean paths to attack the enclave from below with complete surprise. They were on their way even now. There was not a moment to lose, explained Druanti, before gathering all those Sylvaneth brave enough to fight for their home and leading them down into the loon-cursed depths.

THE BAD MOON

The Bad Moon is the deity of the Moonclan Grots, a malevolent celestial body that rampages through the heavens aggressively attacking anything that gets in its way. This strange planetoid ploughs an erratic course that even the wisest struggle to predict, and the sickly light that spills from its surface has the power to drive rational minds to madness. A huge and monstrous visage can be seen leering from the Bad Moon's surface, a face by turns spiteful, sneering, snarling, or deranged, whose aspect changes when those observing it blink or look away.

A smaller, secondary moon orbits the Bad Moon in wild ellipses, little more than a ragged asteroid that the Bad Moon uses to bludgeon smaller celestial bodies from its path. The Madcap Shamans claim that the moon and its smaller companion are the heads of Gork and Mork, that make up Gorkamorka, or else that the Bad Moon is Gorkamorka and the asteroid his club, or perhaps his huge pet squig.

Whatever the truth of the Bad Moon's nature and origins, its destructive tendencies are beyond debate. Wherever it slides through the skies, the Bad Moon blocks out the light of Hysh and replaces it with a nauseous twilight in which everything becomes clammy and bug-infested, and noxious fungi sprout in profusion. At the same time, the Bad Moon spits out mouthfuls of its huge loonstone fangs. These rain down upon the Mortal Realms like meteors, impacting with ferocious force and leaving devastation in the moon's wake. So does Gorkamorka sink his fangs into the realms, and the Moonclan Grots worship him for his wanton violence and cruelty.



A SUNDERED LAND

The history of Ayadah and its tribes is one littered with examples of the greatest heroism and the foulest infamy. Always it has been a troubled and contested land, doomed by its own richness and its remote location to be the scene of countless internecine wars. Yet now it faces strife like never before.

• THE AGE OF MYTH •

CHILDREN OF ALARIELLE

It is during the Age of Myth that Alarielle, goddess of life, sows the first Sylvaneth seeds. Already she has begun to drift away from the pantheon of gods convened by Sigmar; as a being of natural cycles and harmony, Alarielle finds their constant wrangling and infighting to be deeply upsetting. Having wandered long amongst the beautiful lands of the Realm of Life, she realises that she is lonely and withdrawn. Longing for company and for beings to nurture and teach, she plants seeds that she had long kept safe after the fall of the world-that-was.

So does Alarielle usher a new kind of sentient life into her chosen realm, creating the first Sylvaneth. Full of life, purpose and drive, these beautiful beings learn quickly from their mother goddess and proliferate, spreading out across Ghyran and beyond to settle many of the wildest and most beautiful parts of the Mortal Realms. They are drawn to places of natural magical power; there their realmroots grow swiftest, their souldrop groves grow tall, and they are best able to raise magnificent living cities within which to dwell. Alarielle looks on with pride as her children create one spectacular wonder after another and make common cause with the other good-hearted races of the realms.

TRIBES OF STRIFE

As the worshippers of Alarielle spread life and harmony through the realms, so the myriad tribes of Destruction that give fealty to Gorkamorka – the Great Green God – bring the opposite. Only after besting the two-headed deity in repeated trials of strength and physical ability is Sigmar able to halt Gorkamorka's Great Waagh!, which sees millions of orrorks,

ogors, troggoths and grots rampage from one end of the realms to the other and back, wreaking indiscriminate havoc.

Instead, Gorkamorka becomes Sigmar's chief enforcer. His crude children become wardens of boundaries and hunters of wild beasts. To them falls the responsibility of keeping the wilds of the Mortal Realms from vomiting forth any threat to the great civilisations of Sigmar. Nagash, Teclis and Tyrion, Grungni and all the other deities of the great pantheon. For a time, this violent and enjoyable task keeps Gorkamorka and his followers occupied. Their nature is to fight, and their duty allows them to do so, but the tribes of Destruction soon become unsatisfied. There is a desire to tear down that which alters the natural state of the Mortal Realms, to return everything to its most basic and primal state; in a way, their drives are not so different from those of the Sylvaneth, though where Alarielle's children create, Gorkamorka's destroy. Soon enough, backstabbing grots and belligerent orrorks are raiding the fringes of the very civilisations they have been charged to defend, and disquiet builds by the day.



A RICH LAND

In the land of Ayadah, in the Realm of Metal, the burgeoning conflicts between the forces of Sigmar's pantheon find swift expression. Ayadah is a beautiful region,

teeming with life and graced with varied landscapes from sweeping plains to towering mountains and deep forests. This being Chamon, Ayadah is rich in seams of precious metals and wells of rare compounds, making it a choice prize. It also lies far enough from any true centres of civilisation that – though ostensibly a settled and peaceful place – it is never entirely free from raids and border skirmishes.

Sea-borne raiders strike at coastal villages, plundering what they can before returning to their island strongholds. Duardin mines sink deep into Ayadah's bedrock, spurring conflicts with the troggoths whose stony burrows and dankholds are invaded. At the same time the local greenskin tribes, starved of proper quarry to hunt by the very efficacy of their efforts, turn their attentions to human and duardin settlements whenever they believe no one of sufficient import is watching. During this time, the discord in Sigmar's pantheon is becoming crippling, and all the while there are more disturbing rumours that the dark forces of Chaos are seeping into the realms through hairline cracks in reality. With such distractions to consume their attention, the gods have little time for the strife in far-flung Ayadah, and so the conflicts escalate unabated.

THE SEEDING

As full-blown wars break out in Ayadah, its resources are plundered by engineers, alchemists and warlords seeking to fashion weapons with which to defeat their foes. It is Alarielle who hears the cry of the land, at last, and she alone amongst the gods who sends aid. Setting out from the Brightling Deepwoods in Hysh, a great Wargrove of the Oakenbrow Glade emerges through the Realmgate beneath the Alembic Forest bordering the Silverfrost Mountains. Accompanying them are the Clans Thyrrynghall, Challeich,

Reith'ghaln and Achemblyn. Dryads and Branchwraiths immediately set about fashioning a mighty enclave that stretches above and below ground for many miles. So does Neith'y'Ghallich rise. Meanwhile, the Treelord Ancients and Branchwyches that lead the Oakenbrow Wargrove apply the great wisdom they have gained from their centuries of dwelling in Hysh to solving the problems of Ayadah. Some warring factions are brought into harmony through negotiation and treaty. Some are crushed without mercy. For a time, as the Sylvaneth oversee a settling of affairs, Ayadah returns to a cautious state of peace and civilisation.

FLIGHT FROM FURY

The Chaos Gods unleash their myriad hordes upon the Mortal Realms. Sigmar's pantheon fight back with every weapon at their disposal, but the fractures within their alliance soon widen. Defeat follows betrayal follows disaster. Initial victories turn to devastating catastrophe upon battlefronts beyond count, and as the forces of Chaos surge on to fresh conquests with every passing day, desperation grows. In Ayadah, the enclave of Neith'y'Ghallich is stripped of all but a few Households' worth of defenders. The rest of the enclave's warriors are redirected to Ghyran, where Alarielle makes her stand against the onrushing hordes of Nurgle. Even as the rival factions within Ayadah threaten to recommence hostilities, invading hordes of Chaos worshippers fall upon them and wreak a terrible slaughter.

◆ THE AGE OF CHAOS ◆

SLOW WANING

Centuries pass, during which the enclave of Neith'y'Ghallich endures through secrecy and caution. Hiding behind warding illusions and ignoring the plight of Ayadah's tribes goes against the noble natures of the Oakenbrow Sylvaneth. For many, it is agony to watch those peoples they tried to protect and foster peace with being torn apart and scattered by the Chaos invaders.

However, cut off from the rest of their people in Hysh, and hearing only the most distant echoes of the spirit-song through their carefully husbanded realmroots, the elders of the enclave know they can do nothing else. Their soulpod groves, their lamentiri – these things must be preserved above all else. This much they owe to their mother goddess, and obligations to Alarielle are foremost in the minds of all Sylvaneth.

Thus, the centuries pass and the Sylvaneth defend their borders, enduring the slow winnowing of their strength until only Clan Thyrynghall and Clan Achemblyn occupy Neith'y'Ghallich and protect the Mirror of Wisdom's Light.



THE IRON BEASTS

Migrating across the Yhorn Mountains comes a plague of huge brass-and-iron beasts. Molten metal flows through the ironclad channels of their veins. Hellfire burns in their hearts and vents from their eyes and jagged maws. The souls of all those they devour are sent straight to the altars of the Dark Gods.

This plague of living war engines rampages across Ayadah, smashing through stockades and tearing down Dreadhold doors, massacring all in their path. After their outer tunnels are invaded, the Fyreslayers of the Gateswold sally out on the hunt

to lay the beasts low. Meanwhile, many orruk and grot warbosses proclaim that they will slay the beasts in Gorkamorka's name. Thus does the War of the Hunt consume Ayadah for decades on end until, at last, the final vast mechanical monstrosity is hurled down in ruin by Moonclan Grots spilling up from below. The damage has already been done, however – those last vestiges of civilisation that had endured the early years of the Age of Chaos have been torn down, and now Ayadah is reduced to a wild and dangerous wasteland.

SEEPING TAINT

Licentor Absolutis, a mighty champion of Slaanesh, invades Ayadah from across the Amethystine Ocean. His magnificent golden warships beach themselves along the Ridged Peninsula. Having reaved the local tribes and claimed thousands of slaves, Absolutis has them raise him a mighty palace atop the Changemere Headland. Initially, the Sylvaneth believe this to be a concern best left to others, for the Slaaneshi palace is far to the south of their hidden enclave. The taint of Absolutis' rule is insidious, however, and soon mutagenic fog-banks roll across the lands, glimmering with will-o'-the-wisp lights and twisting all they engulf.

The Sylvaneth realise that to let these tainted fumes seep into their enclave would be to invite madness, mutation and death and so – after much debate and soul-searching – they commit their carefully husbanded forces to a full assault. They hope for a swift and devastating victory, but Absolutis is a cunning commander and reacts swiftly to the Sylvaneth surprise attack before launching his own counter-attacks with relish. So begins a grinding and vicious conflict that lasts for several years.

The Sylvaneth are eventually victorious, trapping Absolutis and his last loyal warriors in an ever-constricting cage of thorns amidst the ruins of the grand palace. However, the war has cost them Clan Achemblyn, who are slain to the last during that final battle.

UNDERGROUND WAR

The skaven of Clan Skurritus gnaw their way into the bedrock beneath Ayadah and establish a stronghold. The megalomaniacal ratmen swiftly come into conflict with the Moonclan Grots that lurk beneath the surface, breaking into their dankholds and entirely overrunning the lurklair of 'Toadies' Hole. Outraged and more than a little panicked, the greenskins strike back and the underground war escalates rapidly until it drags in the Fyreslayers of the Gateswold.

A decade of constant underground conflict rages, and the war looks set to grind on for many more years. Then comes what the Fyreslayer histories describe only as the 'time of the hateful moon.' Records are patchy about this time of horror, but it is clear that the Moonclan Grots rampage through the tunnels in a rabid green tide. The skaven are eliminated altogether, while the Fyreslayers are forced into a frantic retreat that sees them collapse a number of tunnels in their wake and rune-mark them as a warning to future generations. Only in this way do they avoid complete annihilation.

• THE AGE OF SIGMAR •

STORMBREAK

Having planned and prepared for long centuries, the God-King Sigmar unleashes the first of his Stormcast Eternals. They flash down upon bolts of lightning to strike at key points across the Mortal Realms, breaking open long-sealed Realmgates and shattering the fetters of Chaos. It is but the beginning of the greatest endeavour that the Mortal Realms have ever known, and the forces of Order do not – by any means – meet victory upon every front. Yet it is enough to stir the embers of hope into glowing life once again.

In Ayadah, a strike by a Warrior Chamber of Celestial Vindicators sees the local tribes of Chaos-worshipping scavengers annihilated in the Battle at the Mountain's Feet. The Sigmarrite forces then push north, seeking to secure an ancient Realmgate located high in

the Yhorn range. In their wake, greenskin tribes move quickly to seize the abandoned territories and set themselves up as competing local warlords. Creeping up from below, Moonclan Grots from the lurklairs of Githollow and Murky Pit quietly take over the abandoned ruins of several Dreadholds, employing them as lookout points and guard towers to watch over the surface approaches to their deep-lying settlements.

WAR IN THE ECHODARK

Emboldened by the dawning of this new age, the Fyreslayers of the Greyfyrd lodge unseal a number of the tunnels that they rune-warded during the Age of Chaos. The stolid sons of Grinnir carry their fires into the cloying dark and – though they meet greenskin resistance at every turn – they succeed in reclaiming and fortifying a number of long-abandoned galleries and underways.



Zephyrspites are large winged beings who bear the Arch-Revenants of the Sylvaneth into battle.

NEW SEEDINGS

In the Realm of Life, at the turning point of the Realmgate Wars, Alarielle is reborn in her war aspect. Even as she leads the fight back against Nurgle's foul armies in Ghyran, the Sylvaneth of Ayadah feel echoes of their mother-goddess' wrath and vitality through the realmroots. Their enclave, which had been fallow and sorrowful, breaks into new bloom and many new Tree-Revenants emerge from the soulpod groves to patrol Neith'y'Ghallich's borders.

FROM ATOP THE PEAKS

After the Realmgate Wars' conclusion comes a period of consolidation and construction for the forces of Order. In many places

across the Mortal Realms, they have driven the warriors of Chaos back and secured footholds within which new bastions can be raised and civilisations fostered. Armies long trained in the Realm of Heavens march out to add their blades to the war of vengeance.

It is during this period that, with much thundering of drums and waving of proud banners, several Freeguild Regiments under General Ortmund Cleng march down from the Realmgate in the Yhorn range and establish fortifications amidst the mountains' foothills. Supported by the cogfort *Firebrand* and a hired flotilla of duardin airships out of Barak-Urbaz, the human soldiery begin the long process of purging the greenskin tribes from the region. Though they are unaware of it, their efforts are aided in secret by the swift and well-hidden warriors of Neith'y'Ghallich.

THE RISE OF BOGG

Spurred by the attacks by duardin and human armies, the many forces of Destruction in Ayadah become ever more warlike and territorial. Orruks thrive on violence, and with bands of Ironjawz migrating in from distant points and Webspinner Shamans whipping their Spiderfang war parties into frothing frenzy, the greenskin threat in Ayadah grows by the day. Several prominent orruk and grot warlords soon achieve a degree of dominance, gathering competing hordes that delight in battling both the forces of Order and each other with equal vigour.

Though Scuttleboss Wazzuk and Loonboss Zotblatt are both names to be feared during this time, it is the dreaded Megaboss Bogg – fighting from the saddle of his Maw-krusha, Skurj – who seizes more and more territory. Bogg's followers gather the wreckage, weapons and armour from each battle and pile it in mighty trophy-mountains, until eventually several of these piles are so vast that they can be tunneled into and inhabited like fortresses. General Cleng's forces are pushed back into the mountains by the green tide. The Sylvaneth of Neith'y'Ghallich watch with growing concern.

SANITY ECLIPSED

The first warning is a darkening of the skies as a ferocious storm blows in from points unknown. Plagues of nightmares and gruesome visions bedevil greenskin, Sylvaneth, daurid and human alike. The skies darken. Birds are seen to fly backwards through the sky. Insects boil up from hidden clefts to devour food-stores and set upon the weak and sickly, and water drips upwards from limpid pools now swimming with foul algal blooms. A dank twilight billows across Ayadakh and, from the Bitten Gulf to the Alkanian Mountains, outcroppings of grotesque fungi burst from metal, stone, flesh and bone.

As the warring greenskin tribes look up from their violent battles, they see the ragged clouds tatter away to reveal a vast and bloated celestial terror leering down upon them. The Bad Moon has risen, and with it comes death. Surging up from below come Skragrott's vast Gloomspite hordes, launching a frenzied attack upon a dozen fronts at once.

Belowground, the Greyfyrd Fyreslayers are driven back from their hard-won holdings by wave upon wave of deranged grots and bellowing troggoths. In the mountains, General Cleng and his Freeguild soldiery find themselves beset by thousands of arachnid-mounted Spiderfang Grots who fight beneath Skragrott's banner. Yet the greatest slaughter happens upon Ayadakh's wide plains as – through cunning and wild sorcery – Skragrott contrives to bring the trophy mountains crashing down in bladed avalanches upon his enemies' armies.

No one can say where this terrifyingly powerful Moonclan Warlord has come from, or how he suddenly gained so much power, but by this point such questions are the last thing in the greenskin war leaders' minds. One by one their armies are overrun until at last Megaboss Bogg himself is unseated after Skragrott transforms Skurij into a heaving mass of quivering fungus. Choking on spores, half-blind and mad with rage, Bogg bellows

at Skragrott to face him in a fair fight. Instead, he sees the glint of a thousand shivs in the moonlight as the grots close in around him to end his rule.

AGE OF UNEASE

In the wake of Skragrott's victory, Ayadakh is left as a land of unnatural twilight in which all but the Gloomspite forces have been annihilated, enslaved, or driven back to their deepest defences. By comparison to most, the Sylvaneth of Neith'y'Ghallich have weathered the storm well. They were wise enough not to involve themselves in the ferocious territorial wars of Ayadakh and thus have – for the most part – escaped detection.



For several decades the eldest Treelords and Branchwyses meditate in the radiance of the Mirror of Wisdom's Light, hoping to gain guidance from their goddess or some other inspiration as to what they should do. They do what they can to stave off greenskin incursions, contriving subtle ways in which to slay any grots that wander inadvertently into the bounds of their enclave, whether above ground or below. For a time, survival is enough, and the hope remains that Alarielle will reach out to her distant children and offer aid.

REALITY SHAKEN

In Shyish, Nagash's great plan reaches fruition, only to be soured at the last by the interference of skaven agents. In that moment the Shyish necroquake is unleashed. The

unbridled energies of undeath race across the Mortal Realms and dread sorcery runs rampant. In Ayadakh, the long and bloody history of the land's wars echoes back to torment those still living there. Ghosts rise from the dunes of the Moaning Sands to besiege the greenskin garrison at Witherbite Rock. Ancient grave-pits disgorge tides of the shambling dead from Galhalla to the Coast of Dullards. Amidst the wilds, weird spells and swarms of sentient witch-lights roam and hunt at will, tracking down the unwary and leeching away their vital essence.

The Gloomspite Gitz and the Sylvaneth alike are compelled to defend their holdings. Sporadic clashes with the undead flare and die all across Ayadakh, and even as he seeks to consolidate his stranglehold on power over the region, Skragrott is forced to fight harder than ever to keep the dead from his door. Cunning in the extreme, Skragrott ensures that every battle is turned to his advantage, feeding potential rivals and malcontent warbosses into the meatgrinder while preserving and rewarding his favoured followers.

MIRROR OF MADNESS

The rise of the Bad Moon in Hysch sends curdled moonlight spilling into Neith'y'Ghallich.

As the Sylvaneth warding spells waver, Skragrott becomes aware of a powerful weapon – and dangerous foes – lurking upon the very threshold of his realm. His skull staff chatters to him of the prism that hangs above the Mirror of Wisdom's Light, the captives of his nightmarish fungal asylum jabbering about how he could use the Mirrorprism's energies to conjure the light of the Bad Moon at will, and thus spread its curse to lands beyond counting.

Determined to claim this powerful artefact, Skragrott despatches a Squigalanche led by the notorious Loonboss Zaggit. As they set off through tunnels deep beneath Ayadakh's surface, Skragrott prepares to strike down his enemies and seize greater power in a single, daring gambit.



Deep in the heart of the enclave of Neith'y'Ghallich, Arch-Revenant Druanti led her Sylvaneth comrades into battle against the bounding Squigalanche of Loonboss Zaggit. The clash of blades, the snarls of wild beasts and the screams of the dying rang through the caverns as the conflict raged.



THE GREEN AND BOUNDING HORDES

The craziest Moonclan Grots, known as Loons, gather great packs of fang-mawed squigs and herd, ride and hurl them into battle. These thundering battle-stampedes are known as Squigalanches, and they can sweep away armies far larger and more disciplined than themselves through sheer deranged ferocity.

LOONBOSS ON GIANT CAVE SQUIG

Of all the Moonclan Grots, the Loonbosses are the most cunning, ruthless, spiteful and bullying. Grots prize a sneaky streak above all else when it comes to their leaders, but it has to be backed up with a certain amount of muscle for those situations when a cunning plan goes south and the only solution left is to stick a nice shiny blade between your enemy's ribs.

Thus Loonbosses, as Moonclan warbosses are known, tend to be the biggest and meanest of their kind as well as being amongst the smartest. The Loonbosses' tribal importance and their tendency towards violence ensures they have their pick of the best loot from every Moonclan raid. So it is that, as well as being the biggest, the meanest, and the most conniving of grots, Loonbosses also wear the most resilient suits of armour and wield the most vicious – often sneakily enchanted – weapons.

For many Loonbosses, having fought and backstabbed their way to the top of the pile is enough. They lord it over their lurklair, and when there's fighting to be done they lead the Moonclan Grot army – known as a skrap – into battle and merrily throw away their underlings' lives, sure in the knowledge that there are always more grots to go around.

Such Loonbosses sit upon their thrones of stone, fungus and rusting metal, and are more than happy to rest on their somewhat foetid laurels.

Then there are those Loonbosses who are truly driven. Some are fanatical worshippers of the Bad Moon, who have eaten one too many strange fungi and have gotten 'the Loony Look' in their eye. Others are genuine adrenaline junkies who actually enjoy a good scrap, no matter how many sideways looks this may earn them from their lackeys.

Some are simply ambitious creatures who have reached the top of the heap but still desire more power. All these motivations and many more may lead a Loonboss to claim a Giant Cave Squig as his steed and attempt to ride it into battle.

Giant Cave Squigs are huge fungal beasts with roughly spherical bodies, gobs absolutely cram-packed with blade-like fangs, stubby little legs that can propel them along in alarmingly swift bounds, and an irrepressible desire to chomp down on anything foolish enough to get in their way.



Squig riders smear themselves in mashed looncap mushrooms to dissuade squigs from eating them.

More than one Loonboss has ended his days vanishing down the gullet of such a monstrosity instead of riding it to glory. It takes nerve, cunning, a force of presence and an awful lot of luck for a grot to cow such a huge and aggressive beast. For those who manage it, however, the rewards are entirely worthwhile.

Giant Cave Squigs are somewhat more intelligent than their lesser kin – not that this is saying much – and a suitably belligerent Loonboss can instill a brute loyalty in his steed that ensures he can ride into battle time and again with a gratifyingly reduced chance of being bucked, trampled and then eaten.

Moreover, these fungal beasts hit the enemy lines like a battering ram thrown by an angry gargant. Those foes not simply crushed or flattened by the squig's weight and impact are soon caught in its enormous jaws and bitten in half or swallowed whole. Meanwhile, all the Loonboss has to do is hang on for dear life, try to steer his madly bouncing steed in the right direction, and clobber any enemy stupid enough to remain in arm's reach for more than a moment.

SQUIG HERDS

Cave Squigs are spherical beasts, part animal and part fungus that grow to roughly the height of a human's chest. Their defining features include squat but muscular legs, beady red eyes full of idiot aggression, and an enormous maw so rammed with foot-long fangs that it is a wonder they can even close their jaws. This they do with a snap like a mantrap and pressure enough to crunch through solid rock, plate metal and any number of minor impediments like bone, muscle and sinew.

Cave Squigs spawn in the subterranean mazes beneath the realms. Some are purpose-bred by the Moonclan Grots in well-reinforced paddocks, but many more are caught by Squig Herders using long, wickedly pointed prodders. Herding squigs is a dangerous job, and ends more often than not in being messily devoured. Yet for those especially hard-bitten grots that can pull it off, prestige with the local boss and a heap of shiny riches await.

As well as making good eating, Cave Squigs are useful in battle. Formed into anarchic packs, they are herded toward the enemy by means of poking-sticks, dangled fungi, crashing cymbals and discordant squigpipes. Not only do these methods serve to keep the squigs

moving in the right direction, but they make the beasts so angry that when they hit the enemy lines, they do so in an avalanche of gnashing jaws and butting heads. Occasionally the odd squig or three break off from the pack and go on the rampage amidst the anarchy of battle, but even then the carnage and panic they sow through the enemy ranks works in the favour of the Gloomspite Gitz.

SQUIG HOPPERS

When fed a prepared brew of puffgutt-balls and hopsplatter fungus, Cave Squigs bloat up with gastric gases that afford them a surprising amount of lift. This uncomfortable experience also makes them especially ill-tempered and ferocious, which is why it is even more surprising that some grots chose to ride these bouncing orb-beasts into battle.

No one is sure which maniac first decided to try riding a squig, but countless grots since have been devoured for their troubles. The luckiest or most deranged manage to hang on, however, and by dint of their suicidal determination Moonclan skraeps gain the use of some remarkably effective cavalry.

Squig Hoppers are held in awe by the majority of Moonclan Grots, who gather around to hear their (largely fictitious) tales of derring-do whenever the chance arises. In truth, all the hoppers really do is cling on for dear life and try to steer their erratically bouncing steeds into the foe where the creatures' snapping jaws and ripping talons make short work of anyone unlucky enough to stand in their way.

BOINGROT BOUNDERZ

Some Squig Hoppers survive more than their usual battle or two before being devoured by their ferocious steeds, run through by a foe or killed in some hideous bounce-related mishap. Known amongst the Moonclans as Boingrot Bouncerz, these swaggering show-offs take to wearing moon-shaped helms, reasoning that no squig worth its salt would dare try to eat the Bad Moon.

In some cases, this weird belief even seems to hold true. The rest of the time, wearing a big armoured helmet at least spares the Boingrot Bouncerz from solid blows to the bonce.



In contrast to the less-experienced squig herders, Bouncerz become so good at clinging to their steeds in battle that they can actually spare attention to think about fighting as well. This they do with long pokin' lances, which – when driven by the meteoric impetus of a hurtling squig – punch right through even the thickest armour to skewer the victims inside.

This makes Boingrot Bouncerz excellent line-breakers and shock cavalry, with the added bonus of seeing the look of horror on an enemy's face when the Bouncerz' steeds bounce clean over intervening obstacles to drive their charge home with vicious force.



DEFENDERS OF THE ENCLAVES

Sylvaneth society is like the intertwined roots of some vital, growing thing. It includes different warrior offshoots roughly comparable to the standing armies of other races. Amongst these are the warriors of the Household, who stand guard over the forest folk, and the Free Spirits who enact the goddess Alarielle's will.

ARCH-REVENANTS

As the Season of War rages and the Sylvaneth march out on the offensive, a new seeding of hot-sapped martial heroes have emerged to goad the Wargroves into battle. Known as Arch-Revenants, these swift and deadly warriors are as skilled as scouts and spies as they are as war leaders. That which they cannot strike down in Alarielle's name they soon undermine and entangle – just as the relentless creep of roots crumbles away the resistance of the strongest stone, an Arch-Revenant will complete their mission no matter the obstacles in their path.

Arch-Revenants belong to the group of Sylvaneth known as Free Spirits, those warrior beings that stand outside of the traditional hierarchies of the clans. Just like the Kurnoth Hunters alongside whom they regularly travel and fight, the Arch-Revenants give worship both to their mother goddess Alarielle and to Kurnoth, the god of the hunt. This is but one reason why more conservative spirits such as Treelord Ancients and Branchwyches look at these beings with a degree of mistrust. Charged by Alarielle herself with travelling the realms spurring Sylvaneth clans to war

and undermining the efforts of the enemy, Arch-Revenants are proprietorial beings who have neither time nor respect for the traditional structures of the clans. They are known to be exceptional manipulators and cunning agents, and can even evade notice by other tree spirits should they wish. Though they use this talent predominately to spy upon, misdirect and sabotage Alarielle's foes, still it does not endear them to their fellows.

Most disturbing of all, from the viewpoint of the more isolationist Sylvaneth, is the change in the spirit-song that Arch-Revenants bring with them – the mere presence of one of these warriors causes the spirit-song to swell with wrathful overtones. Even the most sombre forest spirits are stirred to action in their presence; those who have spent centuries surviving by secrecy and concealment suddenly find themselves filled with the urge to strike swift and true against Alarielle's foes, no matter the cost.

Arch-Revenants are not blind to the diplomatic niceties of dealing with those clans they wish to rouse to war, but their essential natures are coloured by Alarielle's most aggressive aspects; they are forthright and impatient beings who see their mission as paramount, and they will thrust aside that which impedes them, be it friend or foe.

Arch-Revenants are potent warriors in their own right, descending upon their enemies with blistering speed and leaping from one spirit path to the next like quicksilver. They rarely go to battle without first having gathered every shred of information they can about their enemies, the better to strike exactly where they will do the most harm. Moreover, their symbiotic zephyrspirites – dragonfly-like beings that cling to the Arch-Revenants' backs and bear them into battle – allow them to



soar from one battlefield to another with lightning speed, striking at the enemy's weak spots and picking them apart with relentless precision.

TREE-REVENANTS

Most Sylvaneth clans have three Households, whose duty it is to enforce the will of their clan, patrol their enclave's borders and garrison its defences, reconquer places of power in the clan's name and crush the armies of those who would do the Sylvaneth harm.

The spirits of a Household put great store in the defence of those places their glade considers sacred, and will slaughter invaders and trespassers with sudden ferocity. Those who harm a clan's forest folk are treated the same, for the warriors of the Household are utterly dedicated to the defence of their Dryads. Whatever their mission, the warriors of the Household fight with determination and skill, showing absolutely no mercy to their enemies.

Tree-Revenants make up the rank and file of each Household, and to these grim warriors, duty and custom are all. Though the specifics vary from clan to clan – even from Household to Household – these warriors observe all manner of curious rites and rituals before, after, and sometimes even during battle. Many are invisible exchanges of song or verse, but others, like the Walk of Blades or the Seven Cuts, are strange and unnerving to witness.

Tree-Revenants affect a sombre aspect, as befits the warrior caste of their people. It is said that their appearance echoes the Protectors of ancient Sylvaneth myth, their features flowing and strangely delicate, their smooth-barked limbs ending in hands that wield elegant, enchanted blades. Everything the Tree-Revenants do, from their selfless defence of the forest folk to the strokes and swirls of their eerie fighting style, is intended to uphold the memory of those beings. They even bear worm-silk banners into battle, rallying around these woodland icons like the Protectors of old are said to have done.

Though they fight in a regimented fashion, and form the core of the Sylvaneth battle-line, this does not mean that bands of Tree-Revenants simply advance stolidly into the teeth of an enemy army. Wherever possible, they prefer to use the spirit paths to arrive in battle, coursing along the realmroots from one Wyldwood to the next. Such tactics allow the Tree-Revenants to outflank or evade their enemies at the speed of thought, but they are also extremely disconcerting for the Sylvaneth's foes. Few sights are as frightening as these fey spirits flickering through the trees with murder in their eyes.



KURNOTH HUNTERS

Kurnoth is one of the few deities the Sylvaneth worship alongside Alarielle herself. He represents nature's wildness and hunger, a god of the hunt who some believe to be Alarielle's soul-consort.

The Kurnoth Hunters are living embodiments of his wrath. Hulking warriors nearly twice the size of a Dryad, they are the spearpoint of Alarielle's new war.

The Kurnoth Hunters have emerged from the souldpod groves only since Alarielle took up the Spear of Kurnoth. Masters of the sword, bow and scythe, they are strong enough to tear a Chaos Warrior in two and tough enough to shrug off dragon-fire. The Kurnoth Hunters are agile and skilful fighters with a grace that seems almost supernatural in beings so large and powerful.

Travelling in small bands, the Kurnoth Hunters range ahead of Alarielle's Wargroves. Some sorcery of their mother goddess lends speed and subtlety to their movements, allowing them to pass undetected through all but the most heavily guarded terrain. Then, they watch the enemy's movements with infinite patience before choosing the perfect moment to strike.

When they fight, the Kurnoth Hunters show none of the capricious whimsy of some of their kin. They always have a purpose, a mission, and a carefully considered method. Calm as an ancient oak, certain as the season's turn, the Kurnoth Hunters lure their victims into traps and strike swiftly from ambush.

The Kurnoth Hunters are not only exceptional scouts, but also serve as the Everqueen's executioners. Should an enemy war leader be deemed too dangerous to live, or some perpetrator of great misery against the Sylvaneth be found, the Kurnoth Hunters have their queen's dispensation to call the Wild Hunt. At such times, all Sylvaneth are compelled to lend their strength to the Hunters' quest and will not rest until their prey has been cornered and slain.

Though taciturn and strange, even by Sylvaneth standards, the Kurnoth Hunters are deeply focused beings through whom the spirit-song reverberates in full force. They venerate their living goddess and devote themselves utterly to the execution of her will. They also give praise to their soulfather, the Hunter God Kurnoth, and dedicate those slain in battle as sacrifices upon his altar.

Across the Mortal Realms, many Sylvaneth observe rites to minor deities and demigods of cycles and seasons, but their overt worship of another deity leads some to mistrust the Kurnoth Hunters. Alarielle vouches for her most warlike sons, and this is enough for most, but there are still those who watch these newcomers warily, despite all their great victories against the forces of Chaos.

WARRIORS OF AYADAH

Whether it's the ethereally graceful Sylvaneth or the monstrous and madcap Gloomspite Gitz, the forces at war in the enclave of Neith'y'Ghallich are colourful and varied. The following showcase displays the colour schemes of these warring factions and should provide a wealth of inspiration for your own collections.



Druanti the Arch-Revenant



Druanti, Arch-Revenant agent of Alarielle the Everqueen, gathers her Free Spirits and Household warriors in preparation for their deadly mission into the darkness below.



Kurnoth Huntmaster with greatbow



Kurnoth Hunter with greatbow



Kurnoth Hunter with greatbow



A band of Kurnoth Hunters lopez into battle, loosing arrows from their greatbows even as they close with the enemy. Their quiverspites scuttle around their feet, growing fresh arrows for the Free Spirits to pluck, nock and loose.



Squig Hoppers slam headlong into a band of Kurnoth Hunters.



Tree-Revenants are almost humanoid in aspect, their appearance echoing that of the mythic beings that Sylvaneth know only as the Protectors. They are courageous and merciless, seeking always to emulate the Protectors' legendary example.



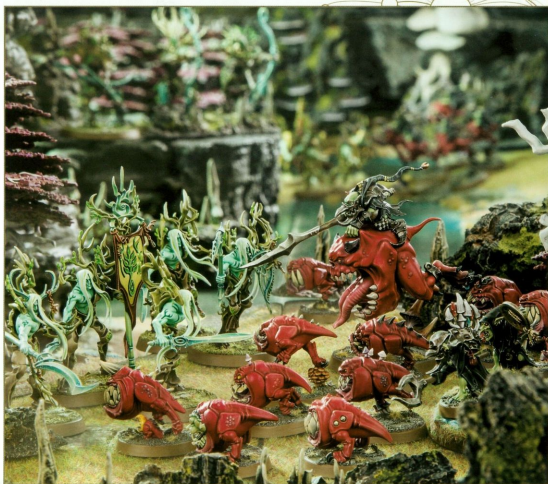
Cave Squigs pour in from all sides, gnashing and biting at the determined Sylvaneth warriors.



Led by their swift-bounding Loonboss astride his Giant Cave Squig, the Moonclan Squigalanche surge into battle.



Loonboss on Giant Cave Squig



The Tree-Revenants of Neith'y'Ghallich form a hasty line to turn back a surging tide of Cave Squigs.



Boingrot Bouncerz



Squig Hoppers



As the Bad Moon's tainted light spills through the caverns beneath the Sylvaneth enclave, the Gloomspite Gitz and the Sylvaneth of Oakenbrow Glade meet in savage battle.



Cave Squigs



With cold discipline, the Tree-Revenants of Neith'y'Ghallich bottle up the bounding waves of Squigs and drive them back to the very shores of the subterranean lake.

BATTLE BY LOONLIGHT

The following pages contain all of the rules you need to use the models from *Looncurse* in games of Warhammer Age of Sigmar. They include warscrolls and warscroll battalions for the models, and battleplans that will allow you to relight the pivotal battles over the Mirror of Wisdom's Light. The rules are split into the following sections.

DARKEST DEPTHS

Darkest Depths introduces several new rules to help you fight battles below the surface of the Mortal Realms (see opposite).

BATTLEPLANS

This section includes three new narrative battleplans (pg 28-33).

WARSCROLLS

This section includes all of the warscrolls you will need to play games of Warhammer Age of Sigmar with your *Looncurse* miniatures. The warscrolls are divided into warscrolls for battalions and warscrolls for units.

WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

These are formations made up of several units that combine their strengths to gain powerful new abilities (pg 34-35).

WARSCROLLS

The rules for using a unit, along with its characteristics and abilities, are detailed on its warscroll. A warscroll for each unit in *Looncurse* is included here (pg 36-40).

PITCHED BATTLE PROFILES

This section contains Pitched Battle profiles for the units and warscroll battalions in this book (pg 41).

LOONCURSE PLAY AIDS

Looncurse includes a cardboard sheet with the following punch-out rulers, counters and makers:

2 x Rulers: These rulers are marked in inches and can be used to measure distances in your games.

10 x Command point counters: Use these counters to keep track of each player's command points.

6 x Objectives markers: Used to show the location of objectives.

1 x Mirrorprism marker: Used to show the location of the Mirrorprism in the Flooded Cavern battleplan (pg 33).

2 x Tanglethorn Thicket markers: Used to show that a unit has grown a Tanglethorn Thicket (pg 40).

2 x Cave-in markers: Used to show where cave-ins have occurred (see Unstable Surroundings, opposite).

2 x Charged! markers: Used to show that a unit has made a charge move.



BATTLEPLANS

This section includes three new narrative battleplans that can be played with the miniatures included in *Looncurse* (pg 28-33).

DARKEST DEPTHS

All of the battleplans in this book use the following Darkest Depths rules.

GLOOM AND DARKNESS

The range of missile weapons and spells is limited to a maximum of 12".

LOW CEILINGS

Models cannot fly in battles that use the Darkest Depths rules, unless both players agree to designate certain areas of the battlefield as having ceilings that are high enough for them to do so.

WALLS OF SOLID ROCK

When you set up the battlefield you can nominate some of the terrain features to be walls of solid rock. These reach from the ground to the

ceiling of the tunnel complex, and therefore cannot be moved across by any models.

MONSTROUS DENIZEN

Roll off after preparing the battlefield but before territories have been selected. The winner can choose to set up a **MONSTER**, if a suitable model that is not part of either army is available.

The monstrous denizen can be set up anywhere on the battlefield. Roll off to see which player controls the monstrous denizen at the start of each battle round. The winner of the roll-off treats the monstrous denizen as a unit from their army for that battle round. They can choose to attack the monster when it is part of their army if they wish to do so, but if they do, it joins the opposing army until the end of the battle round.

UNSTABLE SURROUNDINGS

Roll a dice at the start of each of your hero phases. On a roll of 6, the commotion of battle has either caused a cave-in or stalactites to fall from the ceiling (you can choose which).

Cave-in: Pick a point anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 3" from any models or terrain features. That point is where the cave-in took place. For the rest of the battle, no models can move or be set up within 3" of that point.

Falling Stalactites: Pick D3 different enemy units. Roll a dice for each unit you pick. On a roll of 4+ the unit suffers a mortal wound. On a roll of 6+ it suffers D3 mortal wounds instead.

COMMAND ABILITIES

You can use the following command abilities in games using the Darkest Depths rules in addition to the command abilities that you are normally allowed to use.

Hazardous Traps: You can use this command ability in your hero phase. If you do so, pick an enemy unit within 6" of a friendly **HERO** or 12" of your general. That unit is struck by falling stalactites, as described in the Unstable Surroundings rule. You can use this command ability in addition to the Unstable Surroundings rule.

Hidden Tunnel: You can use this command ability in your hero phase. If you do so, you can pick a friendly unit within 6" of a friendly **HERO** or 12" of your general. The unit you pick can move through walls of solid rock in your following movement phase, as long as no models in the unit finish the move in an area of solid rock.

Tame the Raging Beast: You can use this command ability in your hero phase. If you do so, pick one monstrous denizen (see the Monstrous Denizens rule) within 3" of a friendly **HERO**. You control that monstrous denizen for the rest of the battle round. This can allow a monstrous denizen to take two turns in the same battle round.



INFESTATION

Even as the Arch-Revenant Druanti led her Sylvaneth warriors deeper into the enclave's tunnels from above, Loonboss Zaggit was herding his wildly bounding warriors into the enclave from below. This mad-eyed loon had a simple mission – steal the crystal prism for Skragrott, no matter the cost.

Loonboss Zaggit whooped with elation, and his cries echoed back to him from the cavern's distant walls. His Giant Cave Squig, Gnashface, gave a burbling roar of its own and bounded all the harder as it sensed bloodshed in the offing. Zaggit had led his Squigalanche along the deep tunnels and squirming roads that wound their way through the bedrock of Ayadah. They had bounced madly along lightless tunnels, scrambled through tight crawlways, splashed through underground rivers and ricocheted between the moist trunks of fungal forests, and now, at last, they were nearing their destination. The 'tree-thingies' had their lair in the tunnels ahead – Zaggit could tell from the revolting smell of pure waters and clean growth that reached his flaring nostrils. Well, he thought, he and his lads would soon make a mess of whatever Mork-forsaken Sylvaneth they found up ahead. Skragrott had given Zaggit a job to

do, and you didn't reach the heady heights of power that Zaggit had – nor indeed keep your head attached to your shoulders and your back knife-free – by failing to obey the Loonking's commands.

Zaggit glanced around, making sure that his Squigalanche was keeping pace. Mobs of Squig Hoppers and Boingrot Bouncerz bounced madly along in his wake, their snarling steeds belligerently determined to keep up with the much larger Gnashface. Their riders mostly clung on for dear life, though as they felt their boss' eyes upon them a few made a show of brandishing their weapons and attempting to steer their squigs anywhere other than wherever-in-the-realms the idiot beasts felt like going. At their heels the squig herders raised a phenomenal din as they clashed their cymbals, squeezed shrieking dirges from their squigpipes and generally harassed their Cave Squig herds into

scampering in the right direction. A few of the grizzled little grots would probably get eaten by bad-tempered squigs before they made it into battle, thought Zaggit, but the ones who survived would be more than enough to play merry hell with the enclave's defenders.

Zaggit's keen eyes picked out a weird light seeping through a root-encircled tunnel entrance. He felt his pulse quicken. It was the light of the Bad Moon. He had seen that strange light once before, during the eclipse over Badhaven, and he knew its sickly rays anywhere. Zaggit kicked his heels into his squig's flanks and powered forward, he and his warriors surging into the Sylvaneth tunnels beyond. They needed to reach the underground lake at the enclave's heart, but Zaggit reckoned they could have a bit of fun on their way there. It was time to wreak some havoc, he thought, and let out another mighty whoop.



BATTLEPLAN 1 RAMPAGE

29

DARKEST DEPTHS

Use the Darkest Depths rules from page 27.

THE ARMIES

One player is the Moonclan player and their opponent is the Sylvaneth player. Their armies must consist of the following warscroll battalions and units:

Moonclan Army: 1 Zaggit's Squigalanche battalion (page 34).

Sylvaneth Army: 2 units of 5 Tree-Revenants, 1 unit of 3 Kurnoth Hunters with Kurnoth greatbows.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up terrain as described in the core rules. Place four objective markers in the locations shown on the map.

SET-UP

The Sylvaneth player sets up their army first, wholly within their territory as shown on the map below. The Moonclan player sets up second, wholly within 6" of the Moonclan arrival edges of the battlefield.

FIRST TURN

In this battle, the Moonclan player must take the first turn in the first battle round.

RAMPAGING SQUIGS

At the end of a combat phase, any objectives that the Moonclan player controls are removed from play.

ONWARDS TO VICTORY!

At the start of the Moonclan player's movement phase, any units from the Moonclan army wholly with 12" of the Moonclan exit edges of the battlefield will 'move onwards to victory' and are removed from play.

LOADS OF SQUIGS

For the purposes of the 'Loads of Squis' ability on the Zaggit's Squigalanche warscroll, anywhere within 6" of the Moonclan arrival edges of the battlefield is considered to be Moonclan territory.

In addition, in this battle any **SQUIG HERD** or **SQUIG HOPPERS** unit that moves onwards to victory (see above) can be replaced as long as it is not a replacement unit itself.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

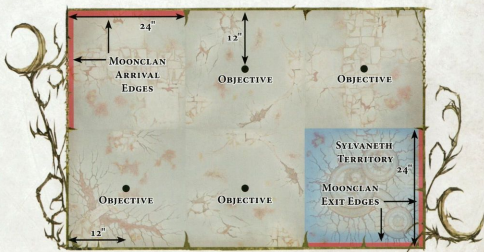
The battle ends when the last Moonclan unit on the battlefield is either destroyed or moves onwards to victory, and the unit cannot be replaced.

The Moonclan player wins a **major victory** if two or more Moonclan units have moved onwards to victory and at least three of the objectives have been removed when the battle ends.

The Moonclan player wins a **minor victory** if two or more Moonclan units have moved onwards to victory and fewer than three objectives have been removed when the battle ends.

The Sylvaneth player wins a **minor victory** if fewer than two Moonclan units have moved onwards to victory but two or more objectives have been removed when the battle ends.

The Sylvaneth player wins a **major victory** if fewer than two Moonclan units have moved onwards to victory and fewer than two objectives have been removed when the battle ends.



INTO THE DEPTHS

With Zaggit's squigs running – or rather, bounding – amok in the lowest tunnels of the enclave, it could only be a matter of time before the damage they caused became irreparable. Worse, confused reports from those few Sylvaneth who escaped the grots' path indicated that they were closing in on the Mirror of Wisdom's Light.

Druanti lunged out from a fungus-fouled cave mouth and swept her blade through a grot's neck. The greenskin's head span away, its face wearing an expression of bewilderment. The creature's steed kept bouncing for another three paces before an arrow from a Kurnoth Hunter's bow cut it down.

These beasts were not easy to kill, thought Druanti, and there were far too many of them. She had led her hunting parties down the Widdershins Winding and through the Jade Galleries, noting with horror how even the realmroots in the tunnels' walls had taken on an unhealthy pallor. She had thought the touch of the foul moonlight was bad; the distracting and confusing visions it set bubbling in her mind, the swarms of pallid insects that squirmed in its shadows, the sheen of unwholesome damp that clung to everything it illuminated and the weird fungi that sprouted beneath

its glow and felt hateful and alien to the forest spirits' senses. Yet all that had been as nothing to the wanton destruction she saw now. The squig-riders had rampaged through the lower rootways and had murdered and despoiled all in their path. Dryads lay twisted and broken where they had fallen, limbs and heads snapped off, bloodsap congealing in amber pools. Geodal statues and crystalline lights that had taken centuries to fashion had been shattered in seconds. Spites lay in forlorn little heaps like the fallen leaves of wytherwinter, their luminescence extinguished in death. And everywhere, the grots and their idiot beasts continued their spree.

Druanti felt the spirit-song swell with fury inside her. It rose like a river in flood, like a howling gale through a Wyldwood grove that causes branches to lash and forest debris to fill the air in a deadly hail. Those energies flowed outward to

the Sylvaneth she led, causing their sap to surge hot and the rune-whorls in their barkflesh to glow. Even her zephyrspite, Ylloth, gave an angry thrum of her wings, and Druanti felt the loyal creature's desire to rend and tear the invaders.

Soon the greenskins would pay for their transgressions, thought the Arch-Revenant as she advanced, her warriors fanning out around her. She sent imperatives flowing through the harmonies of the spirit-song, forcing them through the maddening interference of the loonlight to coordinate her hunting parties. They were closing in upon the leader of this foul host, the greenskin lord that led the slaughter. Druanti would see him slain and then, when his underlings collapsed into disarray, she would butcher them without mercy. None would escape, she thought, and felt the silent rush of approval from her warriors. The trap was set. Now to spring it.



BATTLEPLAN 2

CUT OFF THE HEAD

DARKEST DEPTHS

Use the Darkest Depths rules from page 27.

THE ARMIES

One player is the Moonclan player and their opponent is the Sylvaneth player. Their armies must consist of the following warscroll battalions:

Moonclan Army: 1 Zaggit's Squigalanche battalion (page 34).

Sylvaneth Army: 1 Druanti's Wrathkin battalion (page 35).

THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up terrain as described in the core rules. The battle is being fought in a large underground cavern, and appropriate terrain features should be used to represent the stygian depths where it takes place.

SET-UP

The Moonclan player sets up their army first, wholly within their territory and wholly within 12" of the centre of the battlefield. The Sylvaneth player sets up second. The Tree-Revenants must be set up wholly within one of the Sylvaneth

territories, and the Arch-Revenant and Kurnoth Hunters must be set up wholly within the other Sylvaneth territory.

ALL-OUT ATTACK

At the start of the Sylvaneth player's hero phase, if the Arch-Revenant is on the battlefield, the Sylvaneth player can return D6 slain models to the Tree-Revenant unit. Set up the models one at a time within 1" of a model from the unit (this can be a model you returned to the unit earlier in the same phase). The slain models can only be set up within 3" of an enemy unit if one or more models from the unit they are returning to are already within 3" of an enemy unit.

If the Tree-Revenant unit has been destroyed and the Arch-Revenant is on the battlefield, a new Tree-Revenant unit with D6 models is added to the Sylvaneth army instead. It is considered to be part of Druanti's Wrathkin. Set up the new unit wholly within the Sylvaneth territory in which the unit of Tree-Revenants was set up at the start of the battle, more than 3" from any enemy units.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

The battle ends when the last Moonclan unit on the battlefield is destroyed, and the unit cannot be replaced, or when the last Sylvaneth unit on the battlefield is destroyed.

The Sylvaneth player wins a **major victory** if the Moonclan army has been destroyed and the Arch-Revenant has not been slain when the battle ends.

The Sylvaneth player wins a **minor victory** if the Moonclan army has been destroyed and the Arch-Revenant has been slain when the battle ends.

The Moonclan player wins a **minor victory** if the Sylvaneth army has been destroyed and the Loonboss on Giant Cave Squig has been slain when the battle ends.

The Moonclan player wins a **major victory** if the Sylvaneth army has been destroyed and the Loonboss on Giant Cave Squig has not been slain when the battle ends.



THE MIRRORPRISM

Grots and Sylvaneth alike had wrought carnage in the deep tunnels of the underdark. Green-skinned and barkflesh corpses alike lay in heaps, and blood and sap spattered fungus-thick cavern walls. Yet now the two forces' champions closed upon the prize over which they had fought...

The Sylvaneth swept down the tunnel, forging a path through loonlight so dense it felt like cloying cobwebs and fever-sweat. Druanti exclaimed in disgust as another grey-capped mushroom burst through the barkflesh of her arm and quested into the light. She snapped the parasitic growth off and threw it aside.

This had to end, soon. With every passing moment the foul radiance of the Bad Moon tainted the enclave, saturating its delicate ecosystem with the threat of final ruin. Yet the true danger was greater still. Druanti had sent her spying spites into Skragg's Spill long ago, and she knew the work of Skraggrott when she saw it. In a moment of dread inspiration, she had grasped the grots' true purpose, and now she raced to reach the Mirror of Wisdom's Light before the Squigalanche could. It was the crystal prism they wanted, the artefact that absorbed and

beamed out the mirror's light – the very artefact that it was her sworn duty to purify. If the grots got to it first, the theft would spell the slow death of Neith y'Ghallich. Worse, Skraggrott would have a powerful weapon that could be used to spread the maddening light of his lunar deity wherever he so chose. Ahead, Druanti heard the echoing drip of water through the deep stillness of the caves and saw the light's intensity flare. There, she thought, and put on a burst of speed.

Loonboss Zaggitt burst into the part-flooded cavern from one tunnel mouth just as the tree-things swept in from the opposite direction. He leered at the sight of them, amused at the fungal infestations bursting from their flesh and the expressions of wrath and horror that twisted their angular features. This was the place, he realised. This was what Skraggrott had sent him to snatch. The cavern was huge, supported by columns of

mineral-stone that had twisted over centuries into strange and flowing shapes. Around their bases was a lake, whose surface had perhaps once been placid and mirror-like. Now, with the loonlight of the Bad Moon pouring up through them, the waters churned and flowed as though dragged this way and that by weird tidal forces. Here they flooded deep, there they drained quickly away until they were all but gone. Water surged suddenly in vicious spouts, or dripped maddeningly upward to pool upon the ceiling before slithering away again down the walls. And there, hanging in the middle of the cave, beaming the corrupting light across every surface, was a glowing crystal the size of Zaggitt's head. That was Skraggrott's prize, and Zaggitt meant to claim it. He shrieked a wordless war cry at his surviving lads and, as one, the Squigalanche surged forward. The final battle for the Mirror of Wisdom's Light had begun.



BATTLEPLAN 3

THE FLOODED CAVERN

33

DARKEST DEPTHS

Use the Darkest Depths rules from page 27.

THE ARMIES

One player is the Moonclan player and their opponent is the Sylvaneth player. Their armies must consist of the following warscroll battalions:

Moonclan Army: 1 Zaggit's Squigalanche battalion (pg 34).

Sylvaneth Army: 1 Druanti's Wrathkin battalion (pg 35).

THE BATTLEFIELD

Set up terrain as described in the core rules. The battle is being fought in a flooded cavern. The areas shown in blue on the map start the battle flooded (see Rising Flood Tide below).

THE MIRRORPRISM

The Mirrorprism starts the battle at the centre of the battlefield – this needs to be represented by a suitable marker. Measure distances to the centre of the marker.

A model captures the Mirrorprism if it finishes a move within 3" of it. Place the Mirrorprism marker beside the capturing model's base to show this, and move the marker along with the capturing model whenever it moves.

The capturing model keeps control of the Mirrorprism until it is slain. If a **HERO** slays the enemy model that controls the Mirrorprism, then that **HERO** immediately gains control of the Mirrorprism. In any other circumstances, remove the slain model but leave the Mirrorprism marker on the battlefield – it is no longer controlled by either side, and can be picked up as described above.

SET-UP

The players roll off. The winner of the roll-off sets up their army first, wholly within their territory. The loser of the roll-off sets up second, wholly within their territory.

RIISING FLOOD TIDE

At the start of each battle round, before the players roll off to determine who has the first turn, the Sylvaneth player rolls a dice and

refers to the map below. The area of the battlefield corresponding to the dice roll is flooded for the rest of the battle. If it is already flooded, there is no additional effect.

Roll a dice each time a model finishes a normal move wholly within a flooded area of the board. On a 1, the model is slain.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

The battle ends when a model that controls the Mirrorprism finishes a move wholly within their own territory (after rolling to see if the model is slain, if this move was a normal move that finished in a flooded area).

When the battle ends, the player whose model controls the Mirrorprism wins a **major victory**.

In the rare circumstances that the model that controls the Mirrorprism is slain, and all other models have been slain and cannot be replaced, then both players win a **minor victory**.



WARSCROLLS

This section includes Gloomspite Gitz and Sylvaneth warscrolls and warscroll battalions. Updated May 2019; the warscrolls printed here take precedence over any warscrolls with an earlier publication date or no publication date.

WARSCROLL BATTALION

ZAGGIT'S SQUIGALANCHE



Loonboss Zaggit leads a bounding, scampering, scurrying mass of squigs into battle, a Squigalanche whose numbers seem to be never-ending. As wave after wave of fanged beasts crashes through their lines, the enemy are soon overwhelmed by the sheer numbers and ferocity of Zaggit's horde.

ORGANISATION

Zaggit's Squigalanche consists of the following units:

- 1 Loonboss on Giant Cave Squig
- 1 Squig Herd containing 10 Cave Squigs and 2 Squig Herders
- 1 unit of 5 Squig Hoppers
- 1 unit of 5 Boingrot Bouncerz

ABILITIES

Loads of Squigs! *Loonboss Zaggit is supported in his quest by a seemingly endless stream of Cave Squigs, and their grot herders and riders.*

At the end of each of your turns, you can pick 1 friendly **SQUIG HERD**, **SQUIG HOPPERS** or **BOINGROT BOUNDERZ** unit from this battalion that has been destroyed to be replaced. If you do so, roll a dice. On a 4+ a new replacement unit with half of the models from the unit that was destroyed (rounding fractions up) is added to your army. Set up the replacement unit wholly within your territory and wholly within 6" of the edge of the battlefield, and more than 9" from any enemy units. Each destroyed unit can only be replaced once – replacement units cannot themselves be replaced.

WARSCROLL BATTALION

DRUANTI'S WRATHKIN

35



In her quest to save the Oakenbrow enclave and recover the mirror crystal for cleansing, Arch-Revenant Druanti has gathered the finest warriors of the Neith'y'Ghallich Household and joined them with her own lethal Kurnoth Hunters to create a furious cleansing force.

ORGANISATION

Druanti's Wrathkin consists of the following units:

- 1 Arch-Revenant
- 2 units of 5 Tree-Revenants
- 1 unit of 3 Kurnoth Hunters with Kurnoth greatbows

ABILITIES

Sacred Guardians: *The Arch-Revenant and her chosen warriors will fight bravely to protect the Mirror of Wisdom's Light, no matter the cost.*

Units from this battalion that are wholly within 18" of the Arch-Revenant from the same battalion do not take battleshock tests.



LOONBOSS ON GIANT CAVE SQUIG

Giant Cave Squigs are especially huge and ferocious beasts that make excellent steeds for the more daring grot Loonbosses. They hurtle into battle like rubbery meteors, all fangs, prodding spikes and shrieked war cries.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Moon-cutta	1"	5	3+	4+	-	1
Moonclan Stabba	2"	5	4+	3+	-	1
Massive Fang-filled Gob	1"	4	4+	3+	-1	D3

DESCRIPTION

A Loonboss on Giant Cave Squig is a single model armed with a Moon-cutta or a Moonclan Stabba.

MOUNT: This model's Giant Cave Squig attacks with its Massive Fang-filled Gob.

FLY: This model can fly.

ABILITIES

Redcap Mushrooms: A grot that eats a redcap mushroom turns into a crazed killer.

Once per battle, in your hero phase, you can say that this model is eating a redcap mushroom. If you do so, you can re-roll hit and wound rolls for this model's Moon-cutta or Moonclan Stabba until your next hero phase.

COMMAND ABILITIES

Let's Get Bouncing! The Loonboss holds onto his squig as tightly as possible and prepares to lead his followers on a wild ride!

You can use this command ability at the start of your movement phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly model with this command ability. All friendly **SQUIG** units wholly within 12" of that model at the start of that phase can move an extra 3" if they make a move in that phase. A unit cannot benefit from this command ability more than once per movement phase.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, SQUIG, GLOOMSPITE GITZ, MOONCLAN, HERO, LOONBOSS



SQUIG HOPPERS



Squig Hoppers bound madly into battle, wreaking havoc on anything they collide with. Each hurtling squig has a cackling grot clinging to its back, flailing wildly at nearby enemies as he tries vainly to steer his weird steed.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Slitta	1"	1	5+	5+	-	1
Fang-filled Gob	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Squig Hoppers has any number of models, each armed with a Slitta.

MOUNT: This unit's Cave Squigs attack with their Fang-filled Gobs.

FLY: This unit can fly.

SQUIG HOPPER BOSS: The leader of this unit is a Squig Hopper Boss. You can add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with a Squig Hopper Boss' Slitta.

ABILITIES

Boing! Boing! Boing! *Squig Hoppers can cause considerable damage simply by bouncing on top of their foes as they hurtle across the battlefield.*

After this unit has made a normal move, pick 1 enemy unit and roll a dice for each model in this unit that passed across a model from that unit. For each 4+ that unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

KEYWORDS DESTRUCTION, SQUIG, GLOOMSPITE GITZ, MOONCLAN, SQUIG HOPPERS

BOINGROT BOUNDERZ



Squig riders who have managed to survive more than a single, violently short-lived battle, Boingrot Bouncer wear loon helms and skewer their enemies with wickedly pointed pokin' lances.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Pokin' Lance	2"	2	4+	4+	-1	1
Fang-filled Gob	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Boingrot Bouncer has any number of models, each armed with a Pokin' Lance.

MOUNT: This unit's Cave Squigs attack with their Fang-filled Gobs.

FLY: This unit can fly.

BOUNDER BOSS: The leader of this unit is a Bouncer Boss. You can add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made with a Bouncer Boss' Pokin' Lance.

ABILITIES

Boing! Smash! *Mobs of Boingrot Bouncer smash into their enemies like toothy meteors.*

After this unit has made a charge move, pick 1 enemy unit within 1" of this unit and roll a dice for each model in this unit. For each 4+ that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

Lances of the Bouncer: *The pokin' lances carried by Boingrot Bouncer are especially dangerous on the charge.*

Add 1 to wound rolls for attacks made with this unit's Pokin' Lances if this unit made a charge move in the same turn.

KEYWORDS DESTRUCTION, SQUIG, GLOOMSPITE GITZ, MOONCLAN, BOINGROT BOUNDERZ



SQUIG HERD



Herds of Cave Squigs scamper into battle gnashing their huge fangs and sinking them into anything that comes near. Their tough little grot herders keep the squigs moving in the right direction, using pointy sticks and noisemakers to really rile them up.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Fang-filled Gob	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	1
Squig Prodder	1"	2	5+	5+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Squig Herd unit has any number of models, each armed with a Fang-filled Gob.

SQUIG HERDERS: 1 in every 6 models in this unit must be a Squig Herder model instead of a Cave Squig model. A Squig Herder is armed with a Squig Prodder instead of a Fang-filled Gob.

ABILITIES

Go Dat Way! A Squig Herder keeps any nearby squigs heading in the right direction.

You can re-roll run and charge rolls for this unit while it includes any Squig Herders.

Squigs Go Wild: When a Cave Squig decides to flee it snaps at anything that is foolish enough to get in its way.

Roll a dice each time a Cave Squig model from this unit flees, before the model is removed from play. On a 4+ the nearest other unit within 6" of the fleeing model suffers 1 mortal wound. If two or more such units are equally close, you can pick which suffers the mortal wound.

KEYWORDS

DESTRUCTION, SQUIG, GLOOMSPITE GITZ, MOONCLAN, SQUIG HERD



ARCH-REVENANT

Arch-Revenants swoop high over the battlefield, borne upon the wings of a zephyrspite. Swooping down to strike where the foe is most vulnerable, their regal presence inspires nearby Sylvaneth, filling them with courage and warlike aggression.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Revenant's Glaive	2"	3	3+	3+	-2	2
Zephyrspite's Tail Pincers	1"	1	4+	3+	-	D3

DESCRIPTION

An Arch-Revenant is a single model armed with a Revenant's Glaive.

COMPANION: An Arch-Revenant is accompanied by a zephyrspite that attacks with its Tail Pincers. For rules purposes, it is treated in the same manner as a mount.

FLY: This model can fly.

ABILITIES

Crescent Shield: This shield can be used to deflect blows or to steady the shaft of a weapon.

At the start of the combat phase, say whether this model is using their shield for protection or to steady their weapon. If they use their shield for protection, you can re-roll save rolls of 1 for attacks that target this model in that phase. If they use the shield to steady their weapon, you can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks made with this model's Revenant's Glaive in that phase.

Champion of Kurnoth: An Arch-Revenant commands instant obedience and commitment from Kurnoth Hunters that are nearby.

Re-roll hit rolls of 1 for friendly **KURNOTH HUNTERS** units while they are wholly within 12" of this model.

Ultimate Sacrifice: A zephyrspite will throw itself in front of an enemy attack, sacrificing its own life to save that of its master.

Once per battle, when you allocate a wound or mortal wound to this model, you can choose to negate it. If you do so, this model cannot fly or use its Zephyrspite's Tail Pincers attack for the rest of the battle.

COMMAND ABILITY

Call to Battle: An Arch-Revenant's fiery spirit-song incites the children of the Everqueen to attack her enemies with all of their ire.

You can use this command ability at the start of a combat phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly **SYLVANETH** unit wholly within 9" of a friendly model with this command ability, or wholly within 12" of a friendly model with this command ability that is your general. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of that unit's melee weapons in that combat phase. You cannot pick the same unit to benefit from this command ability more than once per combat phase.

KEYWORDS ORDER, SYLVANETH, FREE SPIRITS, HERO, ARCH-REVENANT



TREE-REVENANTS

The Tree-Revenants move with flowing grace, flickering along the spirit paths to carve their way through the enemy's ranks. Their highly ritualised way of war lends them a lethal speed and skill that few enemies can stand against.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Enchanted Blade	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	1
Protector Glaive	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	2

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Tree-Revenants has any number of models, each armed with an Enchanted Blade.

SCION: The leader of this unit is a Scion. Add 2 to the Attacks characteristic of a Scion's Enchanted Blade. A Scion can be armed with a Protector Glaive instead of an Enchanted Blade.

GLADE BANNER: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can carry a Glade Banner. Models in a unit containing any Glade Banners can move an extra 3" when they pile in.

WAYPIPES: 1 in every 5 models in this unit can carry Waypipes. Instead of making a normal move in the movement phase, a unit with any Waypipes can walk the spirit paths. If it does so, remove that unit from the battlefield and then set it up again anywhere on the battlefield more than 9" from any enemy units.

ABILITIES

Martial Memories: *Tree-Revenants can draw on centuries of experience when they go to war.*

Once per phase, you can re-roll 1 failed hit roll or 1 failed wound roll for an attack made by this unit, or 1 failed save roll for an attack that targets this unit, or 1 charge or run roll for this unit, or 1 battleshock test for this unit. You cannot use this ability to re-roll more than once dice for this unit in the same phase.

KEYWORDS ORDER, SYLVANETH, HOUSEHOLD, TREE-REVENANTS



KURNOth HUNTERS

WITH KURNOth GREATBOWS

Huge and powerful, yet swift and all but silent, Kurnoth Hunters stalk their foes across the battlefield before unleashing salvos of arrows from their Kurnoth greatbows to skewer their luckless prey.



MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Kurnoth Greatbow	30"	2	4+	3+	-1	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Vicious Claws	1"	3	4+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Kurnoth Hunters with Kurnoth Greatbows has any number of models, each armed with a Kurnoth Greatbow and Vicious Claws.

HUNTMASTER: The leader of this unit is a Huntmaster. Add 1 to hit rolls for attacks made by a Huntmaster.

ABILITIES

Envoys of the Everqueen: *Kurnoth Hunters act as the voice of the rulers and commanders of the Sylvaneth race.*

If a friendly SYLVANETH HERO uses a command ability, friendly SYLVANETH units wholly within 12" of this unit are treated as being in range of that command ability.

Tanglethorn Thicket: *Kurnoth Hunters can sprout a thick weave of thorned branches that protects them from harm.*

At the start of the charge phase, you can say that this unit will sprout thorned branches. If you do so, until the end of that turn, this cannot move except to pile in up to 1", but you can re-roll failed save rolls for attacks that target this unit.

Trample Underfoot: *Kurnoth Hunters use their size and strength against their foes, stamping and crushing them.*

At the end of the combat phase, you can pick 1 enemy unit within 1" of this unit and roll 1 dice for each model in this unit. For each 4+, that enemy unit suffers 1 mortal wound.

KEYWORDS ORDER, SYLVANETH, FREE SPIRITS, KURNOth HUNTERS

PITCHED BATTLE PROFILES

The table below provides points, minimum unit sizes and battlefield roles for the warscrolls and warscroll battalions in this book, for use in Pitched Battles. Spending the points listed on this table allows you to take a minimum-sized unit with any of its upgrades. Understrength units cost the full amount of points. Larger units are taken in multiples of their minimum unit size; multiply their cost by the same amount as you multiplied their size. If a unit has two points values separated by a slash (e.g. '60/200'), the second value is for a maximum-sized unit. Units that are listed as 'Unique' are named characters and can only be taken once in an army. Updated May 2019; the profiles printed here take precedence over any profiles with an earlier publication date or no publication date.

GLOOMSPITE GITZ UNIT	UNIT SIZE		POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES
	MIN	MAX			
Loonboss on Giant Cave Squig	1	1	110	Leader	
Squig Herd	6	24	70		Battleline in Gloomspite Gitz army if general is MOONGLAN.
Squig Hoppers	5	20	90		Battleline in Gloomspite Gitz army if general has a Giant Cave Squig or Mangler Squigs mount.
Boingrot Bouncerz	5	15	100		

SYLVANETH UNIT	UNIT SIZE		POINTS	BATTLEFIELD ROLE	NOTES
	MIN	MAX			
Arch-Revenant	1	1	100	Leader	
Tree-Revenants	5	30	80/420		Battleline in SYLVANETH army
Kurnoth Hunters with Kurnoth Greatbows	3	12	200		



*"Bounding through the dark they come,
a-slaving and a-snarling. They seek the
light of madness, the taint that twists
this place from true. Yet by blade and
by bough we shall stop them here, and
slay them unto the last, for this is our
enclave, our place, our home, and they
shall not befoul it!"*

- Arch-Revenant Druanti