WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR

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

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

The Age of Sigmar had begun.

INTRODUCTION

***Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* is an epic tale of heroes, gods and monsters fighting a desperate battle for the fate of the Mortal Realms. Read on, and plunge into the storm-wracked vistas of endless war.**

Warhammer: Age of Sigmar follows the thunderous arrival of the Stormcast Eternals as they shatter the dominion of Chaos across the Mortal Realms. The Stormcast Eternals are heroes taken from the ranks of mankind and reforged as superhuman beings with celestial lightning running in their veins. They have strength enough to destroy the warriors of Chaos, tear down their vile works, and even to resist the malice of the Dark Gods. Long has the storm of their vengeance brewed, though the memories of the atrocities committed against their former peoples remain fresh.

It is their thirst for revenge that will drive the Mortal Realms into the bloodiest age of battle ever seen – an age which you can experience today.

This new war will be hard-fought, for the forces of Chaos are at the zenith of their power. Gore-clad killers stalk every realm, from the sulphurous plains of Aqshy to the gates of the grave-cold netherworlds. Daemons frolic and stomp through ravaged battlefields and virgin forests alike. Armoured brutes force noble men to commit acts of violence and savagery, rivers of blood turn fertile lands into vile quagmires, and glittering cities are laid low only to be raised up again as bone-studded monuments to the Dark Gods.

The hordes of Chaos consider their dominion all but complete, their prey cast down and scattered without hope of victory. Yet as Sigmar's Storm breaks across the Mortal Realms, they will be proved wrong indeed.

Into these worlds of battle you must go, experiencing the cut and thrust of fantastical combat for yourself. Indomitable warriors and eldritch abilities are yours to command. As you master them, your victories will become all the sweeter.

Whether you take the role of avenging hero or bloodthirsty villain is up to you. Either way, once you've braved the maelstrom of conflict roiling across the Mortal Realms, you'll find yourself wanting to revisit it again and again. As you do so, you'll uncover the rich landscapes of the Age of Sigmar: eight new worlds plunged into a new era of battle, each with its own warriors, monsters and warscapes. Simply by turning the page, you will embark upon an adventure that can last a lifetime.

The Black Years, the Reaving Time, the Great Slaughter. It was called many things, an era of long defeat, an epoch of brutality – it was the Age of Chaos.

For many hundreds of years the forces of the Dark Gods ruled triumphant, their armies mercilessly grinding all beneath iron-shod heels. Seven of the Eight Realms were overrun, and spike-ridden fortresses erected to stand guard over ruined wastelands. These strongholds were malfeasance made manifest, and each drained the land's essence and spilled forth the baleful energies of Chaos.

All who opposed the conquerors were hewn down, their short-lived empires torn asunder, their histories consumed. All were drowned in blood. Still the Dark Gods remained unsated, for boundless was their thirst for destruction and decay, change and corruption.

Minions of the Dark Gods scoured the ruins, hunting down the remnants of once great civilisations. The slain were the lucky ones, for worse was in store for those enslaved...

So grew the power of Chaos, spreading across the Mortal Realms. It seemed the onslaught would not cease until the stars themselves were torn down into oblivion. With no opposition to deny them, the Dark Gods gloated. They revelled in the corruption, sure that final victory could soon be theirs.

In the midst of battle, the mightiest of mankind's warriors were transported away, for they were needed for a greater cause. With rolling thunder and a blinding flash, each of these aspirants was taken to Sigmaron amongst the stars. It was there, in the Celestial Realm, that their true trials were to begin.

In Heldenhall, the great Hall of Heroes, can be found the endless feast. For three days and three nights each warrior must build up strength for the long trials ahead.

In the Chamber of the Broken World, barbarians and technocratic nomads alike are blasted apart by lightnings. They are reforged anew – an agonising process that can last anywhere between a few heartbeats to long centuries. Even time turns molten in the Forge Eternal. Not all survive this process.

Seven times seven are the Cairns of Tempering, where body and soul are blended with the Gifts of Gods. Those that endure these ordeals awaken for the final test.

Upon the Anvil of the Apotheosis are Stormcast Eternals finally wrought. If they endure the shock waves from the last blessings of the World Hammer, they awaken imbued with the energies of the heavens, bequeathed with a portion of the God-King Sigmar's own divine powers.

Although the armies of the free peoples were broken and their civilisations shattered, not all had been lost to Chaos. While the scattered remnants of free folk cowered, Sigmar retreated to Azyr, the Realm of Heavens. There, in reclusion, the God-King forged his new army.

It was in the great realm of Aqshy where Sigmar's vengeance was first unleashed.

Thunder rolled, and twin-tailed lightning split the lowering skies. Each strike seared the air, crackling streaks of pure incandescence. For an instant – less than a fraction of a heartbeat – each bolt lit its surroundings with stark brilliance. Following the blinding flash came a thunderclap, and the ground shook from the battle cry of the heavens.

Each thunderstrike left behind more than blackened scorchmarks. From out of that glare strode hulking shapes, lightning still crackling about their golden armour.

Thus did the Stormcast Eternals enter the fray – borne upon the lightning bolts cast by Sigmar himself.

And so began a new epoch.

The Age of Sigmar.

TO COUNTER THE DARKNESS

In the bleakest hours of the Age of Chaos Sigmar sealed off the Gates of Azyr, shutting the Celestial Realm. From that moment, the God-King prepared for the day when he could reclaim the Mortal Realms. Only when he deemed the time was right would he unleash his greatest weapon...

Upon his edifice throne, high above the remnants of the Broken World, Sigmar brooded. A king of gods and a warrior born, it was not his nature to concede.

In the wake of the disastrous daemon invasions, Sigmar had no choice but to bar the Gates of Azyr. From his throne, far-seeing Sigmar gazed upon the forsaken realms, watching the tribes struggle beneath harsh oppression.

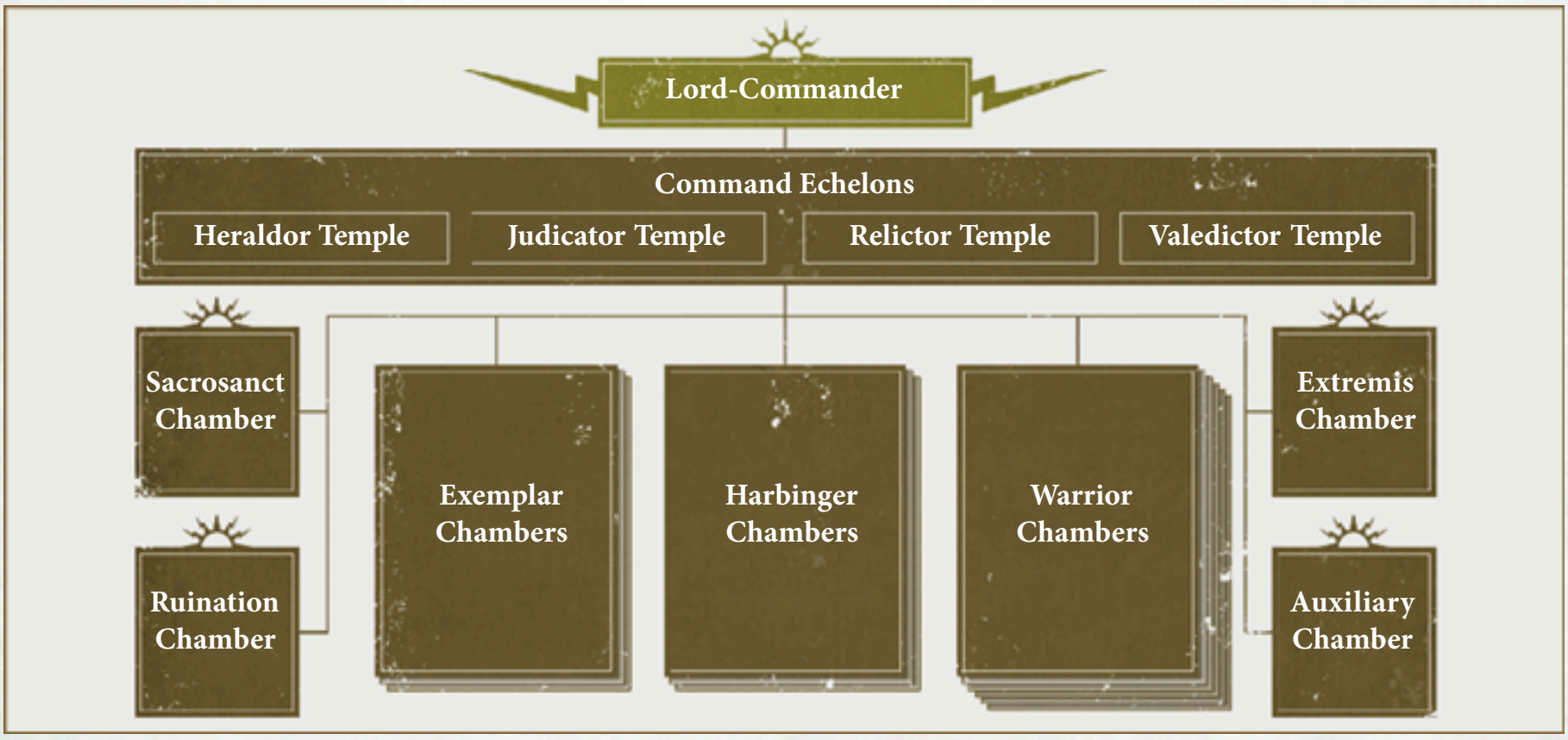
Everywhere the God-King saw his foes, like wolves amongst sheep. Monsters of indescribable horror preyed upon mankind, and armies of orruks swept over the realms. Like maggots in a corpse, ratmen burrowed through the ruins of civilisation, their gnaw-holes tearing rents in the fabric of time itself. The dead were restless – driven by Nagash's insatiable lust for power – and they marched at his command. Yet all paled in comparison to the sheer might wielded by the Chaos Gods.

Again and again the followers of the Ruinous Powers overwhelmed all that stood before them. Even the best defended of mortal settlements were overrun; all of the realms save Azyr were ablaze with battle and flame. Those not destroyed suffered an even worse fate – forced to serve dark powers. Daemons cavorted atop the piled bones of the defeated, glutting their every destructive desire upon the enslaved survivors.

Beyond hope, beyond reason, the Age of Chaos grew darker.

Sigmar knew that he could rally the far-scattered forces of mankind. What was left of the broken tribes had by now lost the vestiges of civilisation. In these barbaric warriors still fighting for their freedom, Sigmar saw a ferocity of spirit

STORMCAST ETERNAL STORMHOST



that could equal their foes' savagery. For a time they might prevail, yet he knew that, ultimately, an army of these warriors would only fall before the awful might of the Dark Gods' minions.

The history of the Age of Chaos was filled with tales of heroism, but too often those sagas ended in defiant last stands or honourable defeat. Some victories had been won – such as that at the Gnarlwood in the Realm of Ghur, and the Greenfire Gates that connected the Heavens to the Realm of Chamon. Yet such triumphs granted temporary reprieves at best. Fundamentally, the warriors of mankind were but mortal, while the unnatural power of Chaos flowed through the blood of their terrible foes.

In order to resist the conquerors, Sigmar needed a new army. It had to be a force that could stand against the terrors of the Chaos domination and emerge triumphant.

Only by laying down the mantle of Warrior-God and fully embracing the role of God-King could Sigmar succeed. To aid his new endeavours, Sigmar called upon the fractious pantheon of feuding gods that he had first assembled in the Age of Myth. Willingly or not, each gave to Sigmar a gift that became instrumental in what was to come.

In Sigmaron, Sigmar's palace-city among the stars of the Celestial Realm, gleaming new halls arose. Forges, laboratories, armouries and barracks were erected and a great work begun. There were forged the first of mankind's finest warriors, the Stormcast Eternals.

HAMMERS OF SIGMAR
WARRIOR CHAMBER

The exact combination of retinues within each conclave may vary from chamber to chamber, but in most cases the number of retinues in each will match the example below.

ANGELOS CONCLAVE

3 ANGELOS RETINUES

PALADIN CONCLAVE

6 PALADIN RETINUES

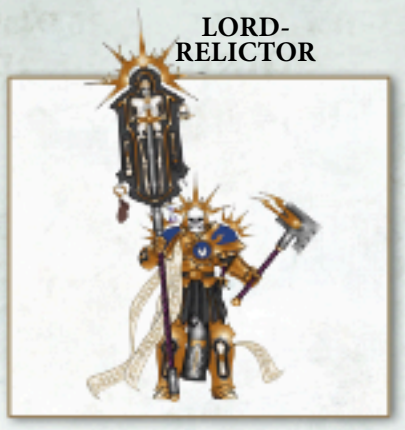
REDEEMER CONCLAVE

9 REDEEMER RETINUES

CHAMBER COMMAND

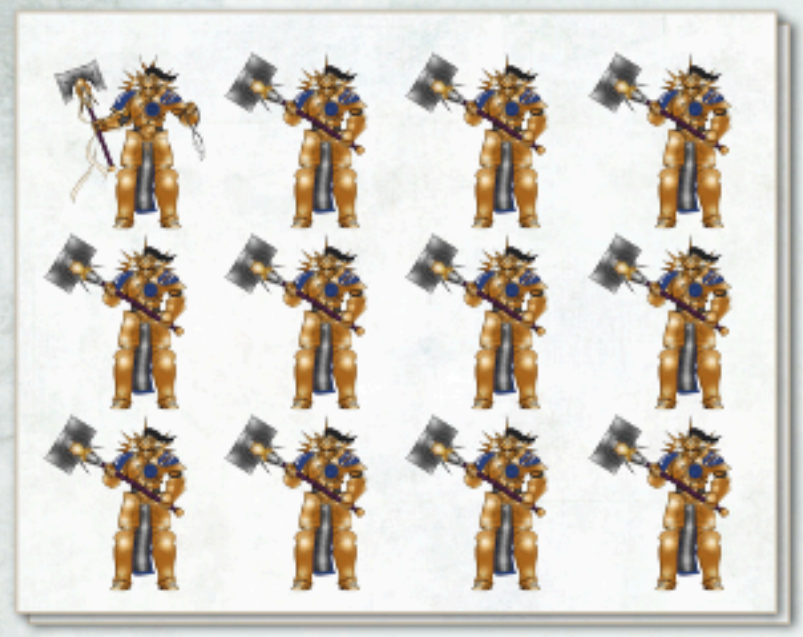
LORD-CELESTANT

LORD-RELICTOR



AUXILIARY COMMAND

May be augmented by additional officers

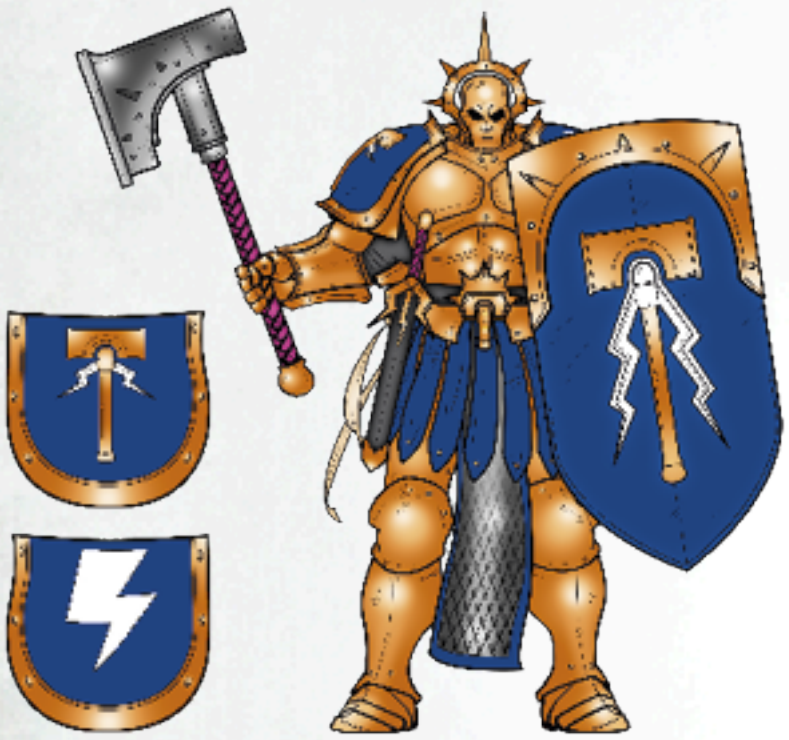


JUSTICAR CONCLAVE

6 JUSTICAR RETINUES

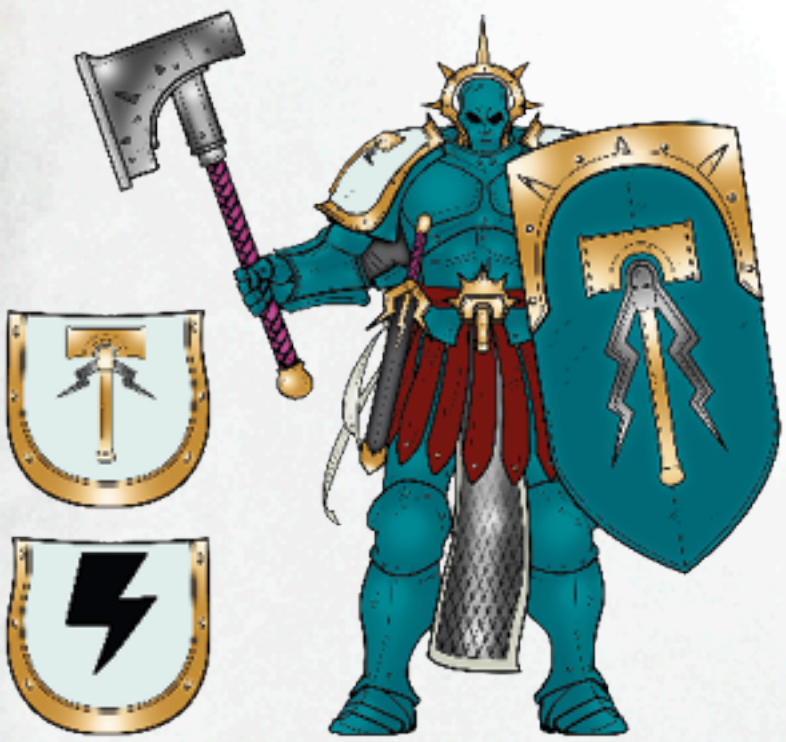
WARHOSTS OF THE HEAVENS

With battles and invasions raging unchecked across the realms, Sigmar needed his superhuman forces to wage wars on many fronts. Thus were the Stormcast Eternals organised into autonomous armies called Stormhosts. Each Stormhost has its own unique colours and insignia.

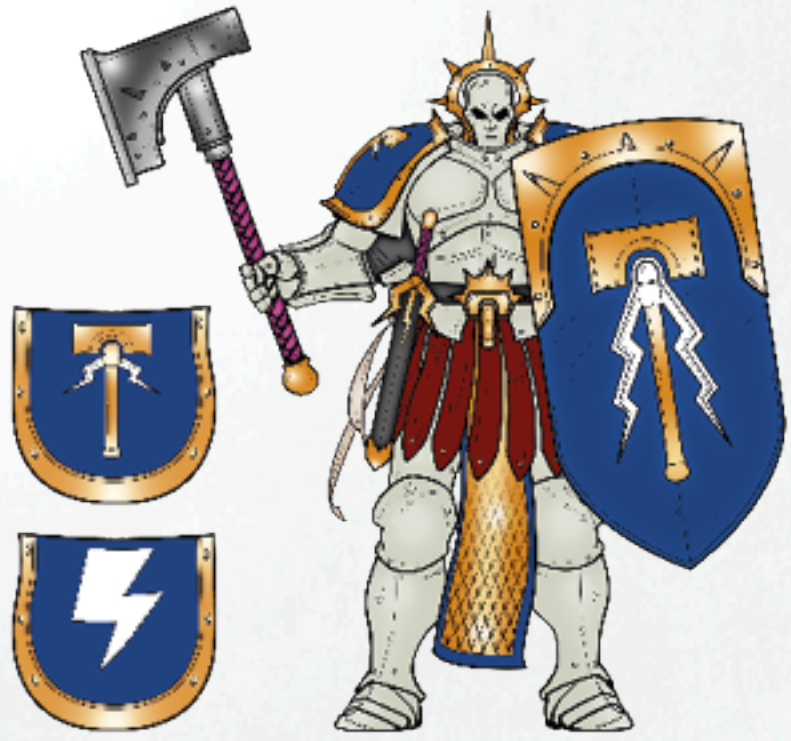


The Hammers of Sigmar were the first of the Stormhosts to be assembled. Already their war banners have been unfurled in battles across every realm.

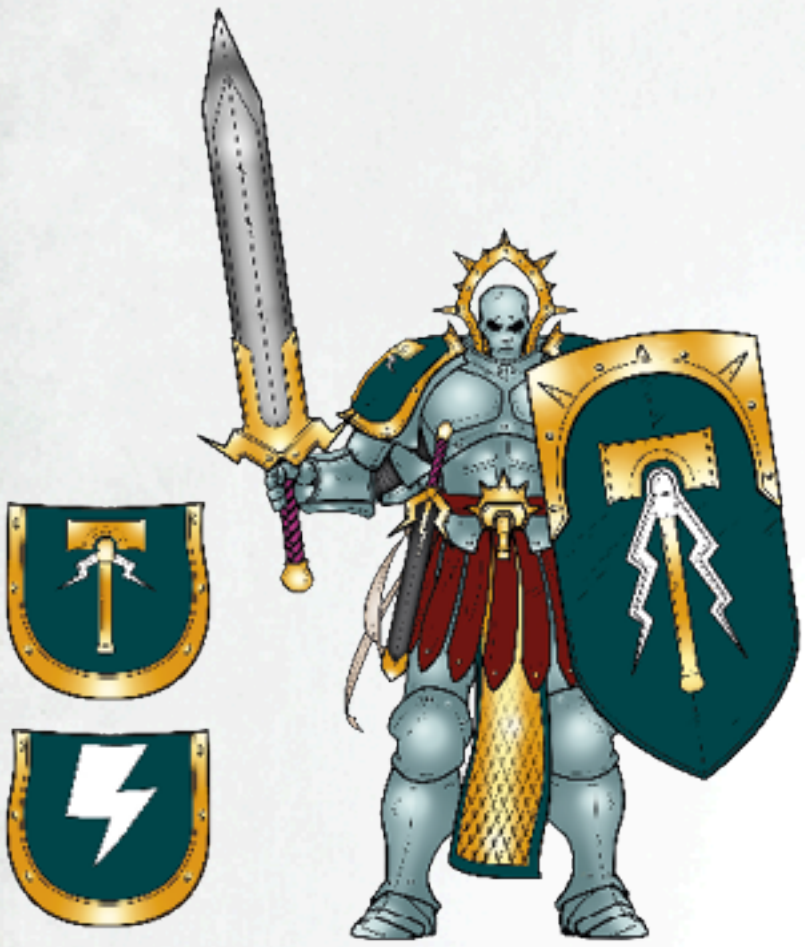
The Astral Templars not only dared to enter the Gnarlwood, but returned out of the dark victorious. They suffer no monster or beastly abomination to live.



The Celestial Vindicators know neither mercy nor restraint. These Stormcast Eternals are relentless in their pursuit of bloody and exacting revenge against Chaos.



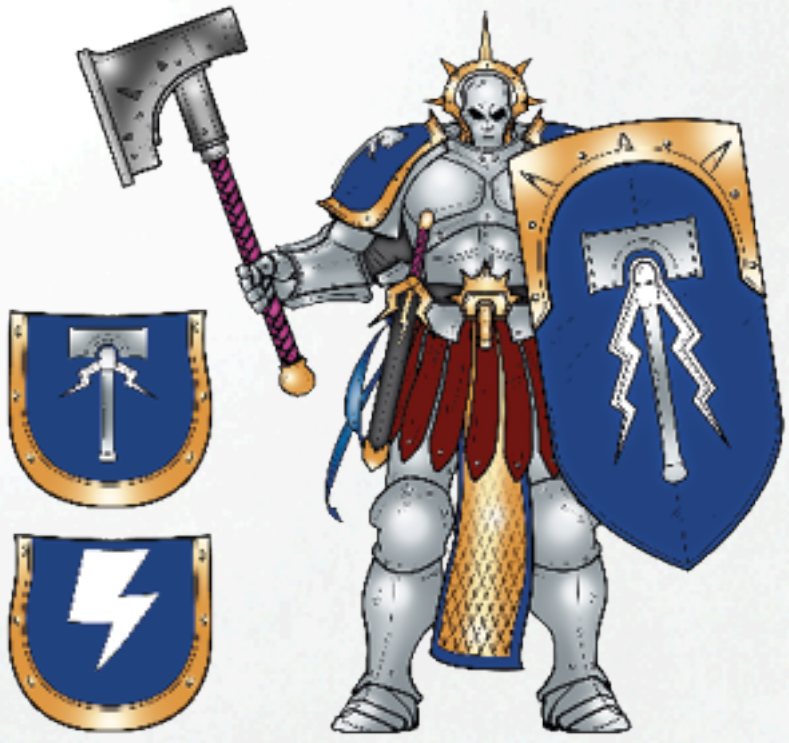
The purest of warriors make up the Stormhost known as the Maelstrom of Light. It was they that turned back the daemon legions at the Battle of Verdant Abyss.



All Stormcast Eternals strike quickly, but none more so than the Knights of the Aurora. They are as swift as the lightning that bears them, true masters of rapid assault.

The warriors of the Anvils of the Heldenhammer are dark and brooding, as their Reforging came as the Broken World spun sinister under a magical gloom.

A stoic Stormhost, the Lions of Sigmar say little, yet their actions speak volumes. The thunderous roar of their battlecry resounds wherever they march to war.



The righteous passion of the Hallowed Knights is so strong that the fell magicks of their foes have little hold upon these silver-girded crusaders.

THE BATTLE OF WHISPERING GATE

For aeons, tribes of wandering hillfolk have whispered legends of a mysterious portal. It is said that once, in the days of myth, it was possible to mount a flight of ancient stone stairs and pass through the Whispering Gate, to travel to lands far beyond their own. Simply standing near that mystic arch had been enough to feel its strange power, and one could hear the murmuring of voices calling from beyond the shimmering portal.

However, the region was shunned by the hillfolk, for it had become a place of great evil. Darksome idols had been raised before the gate, and ravager warbands gathered from their hunts to enact debased rites before the towering stone monoliths.

All of that changed when came the thunder…

Down shot bolts from the heavens, and after each strike they appeared – Stormhost after Stormhost, chamber after chamber. The Stormcast Eternals came, still wreathed in strands of lightning. Their weapons and eyes glowed, lit as if by the very fires of vengeance.

Great was that battle, for the Blood Ravagers were many, and their numbers were swollen by daemon legions. Back and forth the fighting raged, as each new threat – be it greater daemon, beast-machine, or cavalry that rode atop brass monsters – was met in turn by more Stormcast Eternals.

Eventually, through might of arms and their righteous fury, the Stormcast Eternals prevailed, yet their triumph was dearly bought. Hundreds of their armoured brethren were slain, mauled by claw, melted by daemonfire, or hewn by hellish axe stroke. By battle's end, the enemy's dead were strewn in piles many deep – yet nowhere amidst such bloody ruin could be found any sign of the slain of Sigmar's Scions.

AZYR
The Realm of Heavens

The Realm of Heavens glitters like a swirl of celestial jewels, its palaces and spires glowing from within. Here, mighty Sigmar reigns supreme.

AQSHY
The Realm of Fire

Lands of passions untold and volatile landscapes. In this realm, aggression is born and carried afar upon hot, gusting winds.

SHYISH
The Realm of Death

Domain of endings and silent decay, where all is in decline. No realm is more haunted, for all gates to the Underworlds reside here.

GHYRAN
The Realm of Life

From barren to abundant, this realm is forever flowing in cycle. Yet when in bloom, there are no lands more verdant or bountiful.

HYSH
The Realm of Light

Once the domain of reason and symmetry, here there is still purity. The very lands themselves are rife with symbolism and hidden meaning.

GHUR
The Realm of Beasts

A primeval realm of untamed savagery, all of its lands have one thing in common: only the strongest can hope to survive there.

CHAMON
The Realm of Metal

Dawn breaks golden over the hard and unyielding lands of this realm. Strange transmutations abound amongst its vast mountain ranges.

ULGU
The Realm of Shadows

Thirteen regions, each a realm of secrets and riddles whispered upon the breeze. All the shrouded countries are saturated with illusion and lurking menace.

CHAOS
The Realm of the Dark Gods

Roiling, inconceivable, this realm encompasses nightmarish landscapes beyond counting. Those who trespass upon such domains are devoured, grotesquely transformed, or damned for all eternity.

THE CONQUERORS

Rivers of blood have been spilt and skull pyres stacked, but still the Chaos Gods remain unappeased. Armed and armoured in hell-forged steel, the servants of the Ruinous Powers press onwards. By axe, sword, and claw the onslaught rages, and all who dwell in the Eight Realms must submit or die.

The road to the supremacy of Chaos was paved with skulls. Entire cities were sacrificed in dark rituals and the ruined corpses of foes piled in red mountains of triumph. Some gore-soaked victories were won through treachery, sorcery or diseased corruption; however, it was bloodthirsty armies that caused the greater part of the destruction.

Wherever the Khorne Bloodbound stalked the land, death followed. Beneath their iron stride civilisations were ground to dust, their peoples mercilessly destroyed, corrupted, or enslaved.

These mortal agents of Chaos were not left to wreak the slaughter alone. From out of the Realm of Chaos came the will of the Dark Gods made manifest – the daemon legions. Where they marched reason collapsed and anarchy erupted. Beneath their foul tread the lands themselves began to fray, transforming into nightmarish vistas – mirrored reflections of the madness-inducing realms beyond. Even the largest mortal force of arms could only slow the brutal invasions, proving powerless to halt the ravaging hordes. Worse was to follow.

In their wake, the daemon legions left more than just devastation – the wreckage of the realms was saturated with fell powers, a dark seeding. It is the nature of Chaos not just to conquer, but to corrupt as well, and each with triumph they spilled more unnatural energies into the Mortal Realms. The lands were blighted, mutating into a new Realm of Chaos.

Many of the realms' beasts became twisted, slavering monsters. Mutations rippled through the remaining mortal tribes, and some even began to worship the Ruinous Powers openly, clamouring for their favour.

There are no rewards richer than those granted by the Dark Gods. Unlimited power or earthly pleasures, all are there for the taking. In exchange for grisly tributes and foul sacrifices, the Chaos Gods granted gifts beyond compare. Mortal warriors became superhuman, ironclad killers whose martial prowess was unsurpassed. Sorcerers could mould magics with but a whispered word. All strove to please their dark masters, committing unspeakable acts in the hopes of gaining the ultimate gift: their own immortality.

Many would discover that such spoils go to the victor alone; those that displease the Chaos Gods soon suffer horrors beyond description.

'Blood for the Blood God, Skulls for the Skull Throne!'

There is no battle cry more dreaded across the Eight Realms. All who hear it know it as a prelude to wanton slaughter and merciless massacre.

THE CHAOS POWERS

From beyond the boundaries of reality, the Chaos Gods look upon the Eight Realms with covetous eyes. It is their nature, their all-consuming purpose, to destroy. Relentless and unstoppable, all of their incomprehensible energies are directed to collapsing reason and perverting order.

Far from the light of sun or star lies the infernal, ever-changing Realm of Chaos. There, the Dark Gods rule supreme – the mutable landscapes battlegrounds for their daemonic legions. Their rivalry is eternal, each god seeking dominance over his brothers. As one power gains mastery through warfare, manipulation, corruption or sorcery, the others combine against him. New pacts flourish until another conqueror emerges, only to be thrown down in his turn. Yet a common cause can unite these foes – at least for a time. The Eight Realms are new playthings – fresh battlegrounds to be vied for and fought over. Each of the Dark Gods longs to win them, that he may twist new territories into his own unnatural vision.

KHORNE

Khorne is the most powerful of the Chaos Gods. No subtlety or aesthetics has he, for Khorne is the Blood God, the Lord of Skulls. There is room in his black heart for rage and rage alone. Warfare, slaughter and martial challenge are Khorne's only desires.

NURGLE

The Lord of Disease delights in decay and physical corruption. The cycle of putrefaction, rebirth and morbidity draws Nurgle the way a corpse draws flies. During times of pestilence and rampant contagion, Nurgle waxes strongest, to the dismay of all.

GREAT HORNED RAT

The Great Horned Rat is blight and pestilence incarnate. Having recently ascended to the pantheon, the skaven deity is not yet considered an equal by his dark brothers, but stealthy insinuation and treacherous plots have ever been the vermin way. Soon he will rise...

TZEENTCH

Tzeentch's domains are magic and guile, for he is the god of sorcery and deceit, the Changer of the Ways. The Great Manipulator and Architect of Fate is forever hatching labyrinthine schemes – plots within plots that are beyond the ken of mortalkind.

SLAANESH

Slaanesh is the Dark Prince, the God of Excess and Lord of Pleasure, and the most beautiful of all the Chaos Gods. Slaanesh's throne stands empty, however, for the god himself is lost. His minions wring their hands in anguish, while the remaining powers rejoice.

THE BLOOD GOD'S DOMAIN

The largest kingdom of the Realm of Chaos is a land of blood and brass – a battlefield unending. This is Khorne's domain – a hellish land of battles beyond count, where blasted wastelands stained ruddy with lifeblood give way to bone-strewn plains pocked with rage-spewing volcanoes. Craters scar the landscape where titanic combatants have fallen, serving as jagged monuments to their fervour. This grim, desolate realm is the black heart of war itself, an endless fight pit where the greatest warriors that ever were – mortal and daemon both – are tested over and over again.

The Chaos Powers rise and fall, each ascendant for a time. None of the Dark Gods, however, can long match Khorne, and his iron will is turned to seeing his dominion last forever.

Towering over the blasted battlefields, stretching beyond the sky, stands the Brass Citadel. This is Khorne's fortress, so impossibly vast that all other strongholds seem no more than the playthings of children. Within those colossal walls can be found the Blood God's blast furnaces, armouries, rage factories, prisons and the seat of his throne. This almighty edifice of brass sits upon a mountain of skulls – an ever-growing pile that reflects the martial victories of his followers. Such tributes feed Khorne's glory but never quench the Dark God's eternal thirst for more blood and death.

Broken in body, Skul'rath was banished from the Mortal Realms, and the Bloodthirster's spirit forced to return to his maker. Such a journey – and fate – was infinitely worse than the death itself.

Alone and unaided, Skul'rath completed the excruciating odyssey, his hunched and crippled form moving in painful lurches. After an infinity of suffering, the spirit finally dragged itself across the seemingly endless skullfields. At last Skul'rath had reached the end of the broken lands, lifting his battered being to stand before the mighty Brass Citadel – an insignificant speck before that colossal edifice of spike-ridden metal and manifest rage.

The main gates were closest, yet they were not for Skul'rath. The defeated were forbidden to pass beneath those mighty, eight-pillared arches. Instead Skul'rath was forced to cross the moat of boiling blood at the Gates of the Vanquished – a dishonour worse than torture. There wailed voices of those bested in battle, deposed daemon lords and the crownless, who once were kings. Before that barrier Skul'rath was challenged.

'Who dares return defeated?' asked the Gatekeeper in its voice of iron.

The words brought shame and anger, so that Skul'rath smouldered in impotent rage as he announced his true eight syllabled name, which none should hear.

'Who has bested you?' said the same hard voice.

'By the will of Sigmar was I defeated. At the hands of the Stormcast Eternals was I cast down,' growled Skul'rath, every word like an unbearable lash.

So it was for the first time that the name of the Stormcast Eternals was spoken before the Brass Citadel. It would be repeated many times soon after.

WRATH OF AGES

It was nearly done. Almost all had fallen before the onslaught of the Chaos armies. However, the Blood God knew that true power could not be shared. It has always been the right of the strong to dominate, and none have ever been stronger than Khorne. Total victory would soon be in his iron grasp...

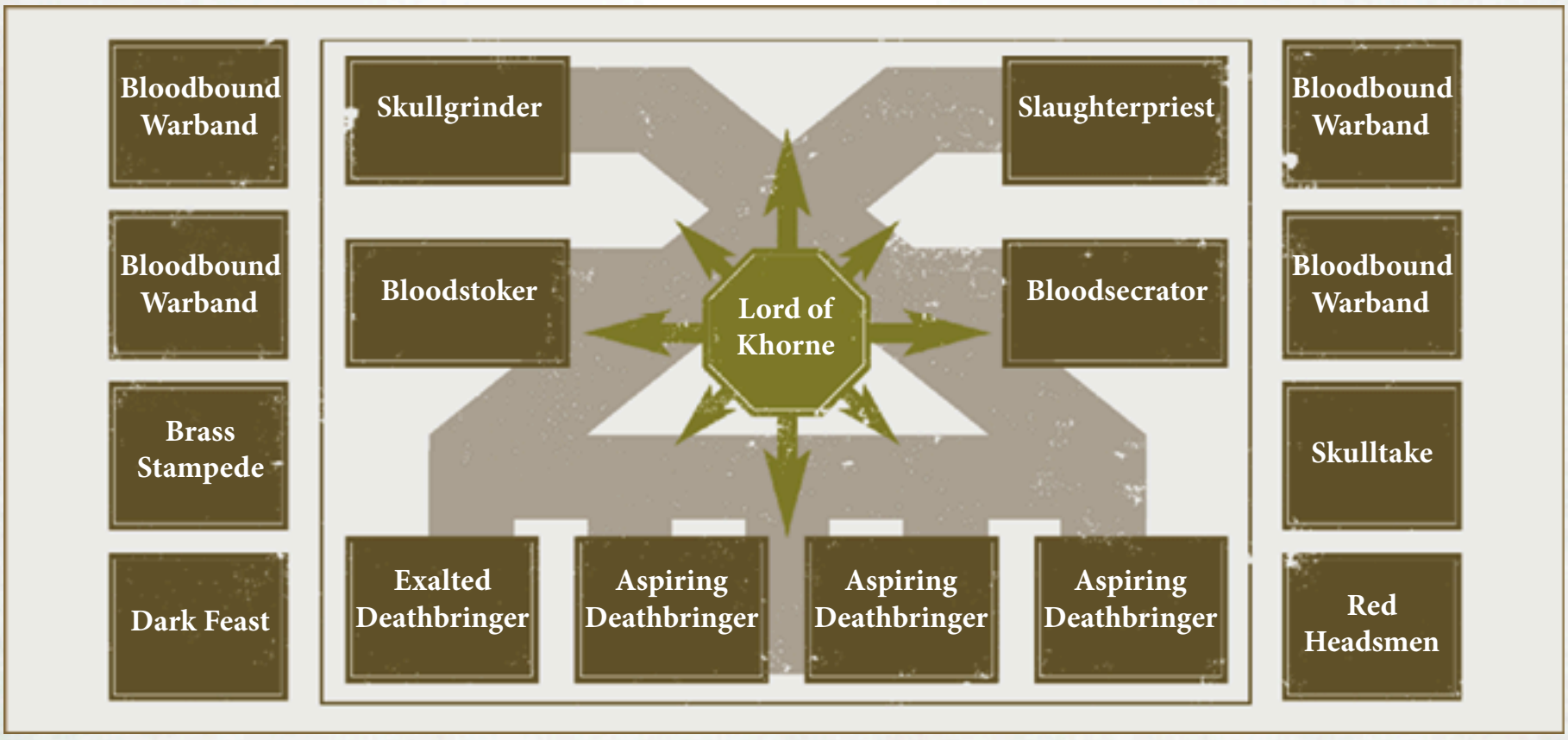
Khorne cannot long abide pacts or alliances. Ultimately, the Blood God favours only battle lust, the purer and more absolute the better. Khorne looks well upon warriors who, in their fury, turn upon even their own kind. It is they alone that grasp the greater truth: Khorne cares not from whence the blood flows, only that it does so.

During the last centuries of the Age of Chaos, victory over the Mortal Realms seemed all but assured. While the fugitive enclaves and hidden remnants of surviving civilisations were hunted down and destroyed, the Blood God allowed his smouldering gaze to be drawn towards more glorious battles. As was often the case, it was the minions of his brother gods that bore the brunt of Khorne's wrath.

A bloodtide was unleashed in the Realm of Chaos, as Khorne loosed his daemon legions. With great fury they speared deep into the Garden of Nurgle and the Crystal Labyrinth. In the Mortal Realms the Blood Times began, as Khorne warbands turned on former comrades, slaughtering them in the Blood God's name. Chaos armies tore themselves apart in a storm of violence.

Across all realms, the red and black banners of the Blood God were being raised in triumph. No foes could stop Khorne's red ravagers – not the remnants of Sigmar's alliance, not the orruk rampage, not even the arcane intrigues of Tzeentch or counter-attacks by the foul alliance of Nurgle and the Great Horned Rat. All paid a steep price for daring to defy mighty Khorne. Campaigns of skull-taking conquest only slowed when rival champions of the Blood God fell upon each other. Even this pleased Khorne, for no weak link would be tolerated, and all bloodshed was magnificent.

BLOODBOUND WARHORDE



Seeking worthier foes, assaults were launched upon the closed Gates of Azyr. Khorne alone would have the glory of breaking the heavens. This bold challenge stirred the Bloodlords, the eight dreaded greater daemons who command the Blood God's Legions. Paroxysms of rage were stoked to new pinnacles as daemon and mortal alike readied themselves for great slaughter.

It was at this time of strife and upheaval in the Chaos forces that the Stormcast Eternals struck. With lightning and hammer, they shattered ravaging Khornate warbands. Stormcast assaults seized back Realmgates and scattered the besieging forces that had gathered before the great Gates of Azyr.

Not since Sigmar created his Great Alliance had such a challenge been issued. In those days, the response of the Ruinous Powers had been as swift as it was bloody. This time, however, the Chaos armies were far diffused and divided, hesitant to join forces once again.

Seeing what was to be his final victory slipping away, Khorne started from his brass throne. So great was his bellow of rage that every realm shook to its core, the god's war cry echoing through eternity. A coppery wind – a blasting furnace gale – blew out of the Realm of Chaos, and scoured the Mortal Realms.

Everywhere – upon rippling banners or emblazoned into scaly flesh – the rune of Khorne burned bright. If it was war these bold upstarts wanted, Khorne would show them its true meaning.

WARBANDS OF KHORNE

There is but one way to gain the grim favour of the Blood God. Whether rampaging across the Mortal Realms, or battering upon the Gates of Azyr, the warbands of Khorne do not fight for honour, wealth, or even necessarily for victory. They fight for bloodshed and to attract the eye of their merciless god.

Lord Khuldrak's Reapers have not yet met a foe they could not slaughter. It was they that slew the last of the rift tribes, and defeated the orruks at the Beastgates.

Murderers all, the Brazen Butchers aspire to no more exalted an aim than indiscriminate killing – the more blood they spill in the process, the better.

The warriors who call themselves the Warmongers were once part of the Gyr tribes. They gained Khorne's favour by betraying their comrades in bloody fashion.

The distinctive black axes of the Ravagers of Khur are known too well in the ruined provinces. Many Khorgoraths follow the warband in hopes of further slaughter.

The Skullfiend Tribe slay with single-minded purpose, intent only on taking the heads of their victims as offerings for their unholy master. Skulls for the Skull Throne!

Khorne daemons fight alongside the warband known as the Grimskulls and the bloodletting is horrific. In combat there are none more brutal, nor more feared.

The Brass Skulls know that Khorne is not worshipped in temples, but upon battlefields. He craves not supplication, but blood, and the Brass Skulls deliver it.

The Axes of Skarbrand worship a mighty Bloodthirster, seeing this daemon lord as the physical incarnation of rage, and often go to war alongside his red-skinned hosts.

It is no mortal that leads the Iron Horde, but a Daemon Prince. It was after the massacre at Gnawdwell that the Blood God himself elevated Balghor to his lofty status.

The Blackspikes enter combat with battle cries of 'skulls, skulls, skulls'. The grim chant grows faster and louder as the gore-splashing violence reaches its crescendo.

The infamous Goretide subjugated Aqshy many years ago, and now their every fresh kill only cements the tyrannical rulership of their lord, the mighty Korghos Khul.

Such is their berserker fury that none may stand before, or even alongside the Crimson Fury. Be they allies or foes, all are despatched by these black-hearted killers.

THE AGE OF SIGMAR

BENEATH CLOUDS OF WAR

The lightning strikes of the Stormcast Eternals heralded the beginning of the Age of Sigmar. Yet these new warrior-elites did not fight alone, for across all realms, armies of many races were on the march. New wars erupted and spread like wildfire, and old ones rekindled, blazing again into white-hot fury.

To the beat of skull-tom drums orruks emerged from hidden strongholds. Once more their numbers had swollen into menacing green tides. After years of subjugation by Chaos, the tribes were eager to roll forth, meting out their own kind of destruction. In the Jade Realm, Ghyran, new armies sprouted at Alarielle's call, relaunching their bitter campaign to reclaim their lands from the foetid servants of Nurgle. Above Chamon, mechanised cloud armies plied the skies, while in the underworlds of Shyish a great and sinister power coalesced once again...

The Age of Chaos had nearly consumed the Mortal Realms. The lands rippled unnaturally, monolithic icons thrust upwards out of the writhing grounds. Vast swathes of territory had already transformed fully into twisted replicas of the Dark Gods' domains. Yet instead of seeking out the last remaining enclaves and delivering the final blow, the forces of Chaos had turned upon one another. It was in the midst of this disarray that the lightning bolts from the heavens struck. As if inspired by these new beacons of resistance, many others joined the growing fray.

Most enigmatic of all combatants were the cold-blooded seraphon. From the stars they came, called into the thick of the war by the magic of the slann. Using teeth, claws and ineffable weaponry, the reptilian warriors set savagely upon the forces of Chaos. Following each battle, they departed with no word other than the triumphal roars of their saurian monsters.

Long had Nagash brooded upon his last defeat...

Following Nagash's crushing defeat in the War of Bones, Chaos invaders had conquered much of Shyish, the Amethyst Realm, save the lowest underworlds. The war had stretched on for centuries before Nagash's final defeat by Archaon, Champion of Chaos Champions, at the Battle of Black Skies. Yet killing the Master of Death was not so easy. Once again Nagash coalesced upon his throne, for his titanic, undying will refused to accept defeat. Rumour of his return was like a wind chill enough to freeze marrow. The undead, their numbers swollen by wars unending, rose again for battle.

In the Ulgulands – the mysterious Realm of Shadows – entire Chaos armies were swallowed up. Mystic fog banks engulfed everything, and when at last the cloying shrouds dispersed, all that remained of the Dark Gods' minions was carrion. The followers of Khorne – eager to meet a worthy challenge and scornful of anything that skulked in the fogs – marched in force upon the mistlands. Slaanesh's followers came in still greater numbers; speaking of signs that pointed towards the whereabouts of their missing god. They blamed Malerion and eagerly sought his whereabouts.

What prowls in the shadows of the Ulgulands?

The most successful and ruthless commander of the Age of Chaos was Archaon, the Everchosen. Known to many as the Three-Eyed King, he was the greatest of the mortal champions of the Dark Gods. Enemy armies fell before him like wheat before the scythe.

Before the Daemon Wars – when the Chaos powers turned upon themselves – each of the Dark Gods demanded Archaon's sole patronage. In refusing to choose a single deity, the Everchosen was forced to overcome each of the Chaos Gods' wrath. Each power felt that if Archaon did not submit solely to them, then he must be destroyed lest he be lured into serving one of their brother-gods instead.

Archaon overcame each of these trials, emerging stronger than ever. Tribes flocked to him, and from amongst them he plucked his champions. Archaon remained the foremost leader of mortal men – a master of countless hordes, and a commander of colossal beasts and monsters. Before his iron-armoured onslaught, the last bastions of the Realm of Light were swept away. It was Archaon who cast down the living idol that led the orruks of the Wildplains, and he that slaughtered the darkling beastfolk in the Realm of Shadow.

In his wake, the Everchosen still planted the banners of each of the Chaos Gods, save only the Horned Rat, whom he disdained as unworthy. Archaon never doubted his vision of Chaos triumphant, of the Eight Realms merged into the Realm of Chaos, with himself as its overlord. It was his right.

Ever fickle, the Chaos Gods eventually ceased in their efforts to slay Archaon. Khorne saw a warrior unbowed, a killer unmoved by politics or plotting. Nurgle saw a gifted corrupter – the swathes of destruction left by Archaon were fertile grounds for new plagues. Tzeentch – more suspicious than his brothers – saw in Archaon perhaps more than he had ever suspected. New gifts were bestowed upon Archaon, the Dark Gods once more anointing him Everchosen, demigod of Chaos.

For enough Ur-gold, the Fyreslayers will fight anyone.

The first strikes of the Stormcast Eternal were against the Chaos forces in Aqshy. Yet other forces rose up to battle also. The flame-bearded Fyreslayers emerged from the mountains, marching down the ironways. While Sigmar had always counted the forge-father Grungni and his offspring amongst his closest allies, these duardin worshipped the god Grimnir, and were far more mercenary. They fought against Chaos – but only for payment in Ur-gold. More disturbing still, if a counter-offer was generous enough, the Fyreslayers would just as willingly fight alongside Chaos armies.

The insidious skaven were still the most prolific of races. Despite the monumental losses suffered in their own civil war, which had just ended, the skaven were once more invading in numbers beyond measure, as they had in the early days of the Age of Chaos. Without warning, they struck from below – rising from the subterranean depths to unleash devastating attacks. Not only did the ratmen bury their foes in a living tide of gnashing, clawing warriors, but they also bore diabolical weapons of their own invention.

Not even the Realm of Heavens is safe from skaven spies.

Ethereal winds swept across Shyish – a howling spirit-storm that summoned the fallen. Throughout the infernal regions crypts burst open, burial mounds toppled, and the dead rose anew.

When Nagash emerged from the Starless Gates he did so with but a single purpose: to reclaim the Realm of the Dead. Chaotic invaders had dared to usurp his rightful rule. From the depths of the Seven Abyssal Pits to the Skull Isles, from the Helstone Monuments to the Desert of Bones, Nagash claimed lordship over all the lands of the dead. He was the father of necromancy, death incarnate, ruler of all the underworlds. Before his fall, Nagash had commanded all departed spirits. As for the living population of Shyish, only those who worshipped and paid tribute were given leave to remain.

Upon his emergence, Nagash cast an invocation of such titanic proportions that a tomb-chill could be felt across all the Mortal Realms. Black tendrils of purest necromancy spread outwards from his skeletal fingertips, awakening the dead and summoning all unquiet spirits. Soon, all across the Realm of Death, the Chaos conquerors were under attack. Warriors from long-dead civilisations lurched once more into battle, driven by a will not their own. With the creaking of bones, the undead legions marched to war again.

WARS OF THE DEAD

Driven by the will of Nagash and his fell lieutenants, the Mortarchs, the undead armies fought to reclaim the Realm of the Dead. Shambling hordes of corpses were pitted against the superhuman fighting prowess of Chaos-marked mortal warriors, barrow blade against hell-forged daemon steel.

Chaos usurpers had drained the lands of death magic, dampening the spirits of the dead. Where Nagash's crypt-like strongholds once stood, there now loomed Chaos fortresses, each bearing emblems of the Dark Gods. The burial mounds of lost civilisations had been razed, and the black pyramids' power siphons destroyed. Yet they underestimated Nagash and his necromantic might.

Once more the lands surged with fell energies, raising the dead and restoring spirits from their shadowy existence. Assailed by armies of walking corpses, the Chaos invaders were cut down. The Dark Gods had gifted their followers with supernatural abilities – with blazing axes and iron-hard skin – but they were outnumbered by a foe that would not die. A single Chaos Champion might butcher a hundred foes before being pulled down. Yet such heroics were wasted, for the dismembered corpses and scattered bones reformed anew, now joined by the fallen champion. The deadwalker and deathrattler hordes were not alone: wraith creatures and fell spirits of the ether thrust ghostly clawed hands through breastplates to clutch at their foe's hearts, or matched grave blades with Chaos Warriors. Bat-winged beasts of bone and horn battled mutated monsters. The air crackled as Chaos Sorcerers strove against the black arts of Nagash and his Mortarchs.

With Nagash at their fore, the dead won the Slaughter at the Starless Gates. Nagash had gathered his power and nursed his hatred. From rime-frozen Helspoint to Morrsend, toppled monuments arose again, rent flesh reknitted, and dissipated spirits reformed. This time Nagash would not be stopped.

WARS IN SHYISH

BARROW WARS

Towards the close of the Age of Chaos Nagash's forces were driven back. The Great Necromancer himself was slain at the Battle of Black Skies, but a fierce counter-attack by the newly returned Mortarchs claimed what remained of their master's ruined form. They retreated to a lost underworld, a remnant of a bygone era.

THE RUIN OF NAGASHIZZAR

With Nagash's overthrow, the stronghold of Nagashizzar was toppled. So thorough was its destruction that the very ground upon which the monumental fortress stood was made a blasted crater, yet the ruin still radiated a fell power.

THE STARLESS GATES REOPEN

The Wars of the Dead were begun anew when Nagash burst from the underworld of Stygxx, destroying the besieging forces.

STRANGE ALLIANCE

Undead forces attacked the Arch of Bones, a gateway to Azyr. They were turned aside by Khar'zak'ghul – a Bloodthirster with a mantle of rage. Only the arrival of Stormcast Eternals saved the undead forces from being destroyed.

After long years of peace, something slithered into the jade paradise of Ghyran...

Disease blossomed everywhere. Festering tendrils quickly wound their way to choke off the light. Blightwyrm spread so rapidly that natural wonders withered, blackened and fell in the span of heartbeats. The hale and hearty wilted before the pestilent storm, and the very lands heaved with vile corruptions, the ground churning with unnatural growths. Thus the Age of Chaos came to the verdant kingdoms and so began the war to control the fairest and most fertile of realms.

After battles uncounted, the Lord of Blight and Corruption held sway. Everywhere decay ruled, save only for a few mystically concealed sites – hidden loci and wellsprings of great power.

Yet all was not lost. Even as the Stormcast Eternals launched their lightning offensive across the realms, their actions stirred something that had all but lain dormant. From hidden vales and enchanted groves hope returned, springing up from seeds long left fallow. With the coming of the Age of Sigmar, once again the War of Life was renewed.

THE WAR OF LIFE

The jade kingdoms, also known as Ghyran, were once a fertile patchwork of lands. Each territory burst with its own bountiful cycles of life. Living mountains strode across eternal forests, geysers birthed spumes of birds, and glittering streams graced floating gardens, cascading down into silvery pools.

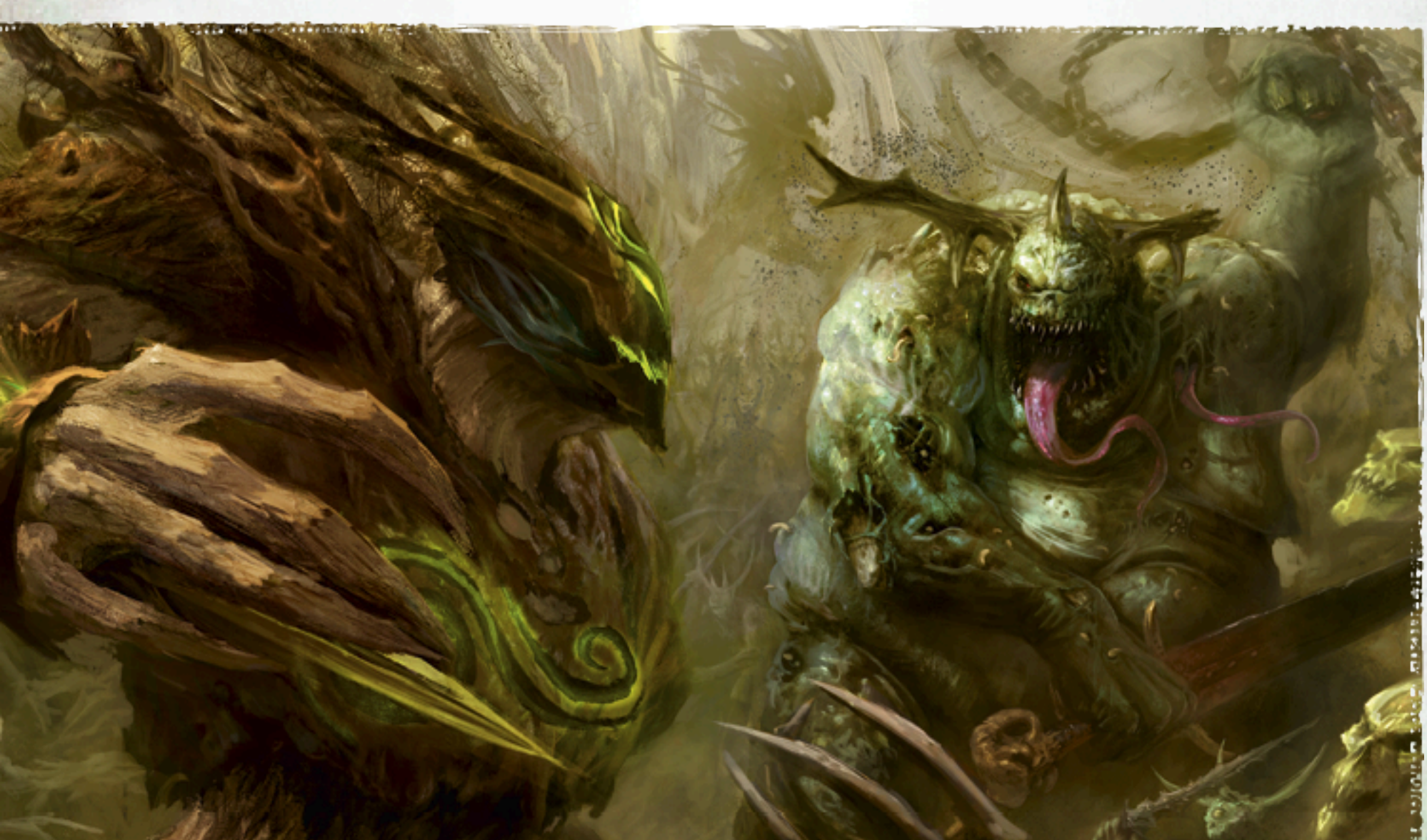
It was this blissful realm that called to Alarielle, heartsick Everqueen of a lost people. Although grateful to Sigmar for awakening her, Alarielle had grown estranged. She desired the company of neither mortal nor immortal, finding solace in nature alone. The siren song of the green paradise had lured in a new queen. After centuries wandering her new surroundings, Alarielle at last revealed her secret.

The Everqueen bore magical seeds harvested from the world-that-was. From place to place she scattered these seeds, sowing in the areas that delighted her most – amidst the eldest of tree groves, in the spray of waterfalls and at the edges of flower-filled meadows. She was unsure how her crops would fare in this new land, so she sowed some seeds at twilight, others at sea; some beneath the first rays of dawn and a few wherever the winds might carry them.

From Alarielle's seeds grew soulpods, sprouting forth treefolk and all manner of aelven spirit beings. In the magical glades they flourished. New strains mixed, even springing up in the forests of other realms. Meanwhile Alarielle tended her widespread gardens and was at peace.

And then came the sickness. Forests rotted from the inside, and the filth of Chaos streamed forth in noxious waves.

Nurgle, the Lord of Decay, had long coveted those life-rich realms, wanting to claim them as his own. Although known for his deathly pestilences, Nurgle delights in the full, glorious cycle of life. Even a corpse can house wriggling maggots and contagions untold – some of the most fecund of all creations. Chortling greedily, Nurgle had unleashed his armies, seeking full dominion. Waves of daemons and mortals alike assailed Ghyran. The wars that followed were unlike any other...



THE SHIMMERFALL CAMPAIGN

The Shimmerfall Campaign is but a single example of the attacks unleashed by the minions of Nurgle upon the countless Jade Kingdoms that make up the Realm of Ghyran. All waterfalls in Ghyran are sacred, yet perhaps none more so than the Shimmerfalls of Gloriphus. The waters that cascaded from those floating isles were radiant and magical, giving life to the forest realms beyond. By corrupting the skyfalls, the pestilent armies sent poisons rather than life-giving water to the lower forest realms below.

BATTLE OF HIGH FALL

Battles without number have been fought over this shimmerfall – neither side has yet achieved victory.

SHIMMERFALL OF MAJESTY

JADE ISLES

THE GREAT DRONING

This was a savage seven day air war.

SKYOAK

THESE WERE ONCE THE EMERALD FALLS

BETRAYAL OF THE WOODS

MOUNT DRAKSUVIUS

BATTLE OF FALLEN OAK

ROTHEART

THE FALLS OF FILTH

Some treefolk have rotted from the inside, and here the traitors revealed themselves, nearly capturing Alarielle with their sudden betrayal.

HERE BE WYRR-MAGGOTS

WRATH OF THE GLOTTKIN

It was here that the twelve Ancient Guardians fell.

GLADE OF SUMMONING

HERE FELL THE GREAT STAG

CRAWLING SWAMP

HERE MARCH THE SEVEN LEGIONS OF SPLATCHLIK

BATTLE OF JADE CRYSTAL

GORESPIRE

BETRAYAL OF VERMINTIDE

FROM HERE CAME THE SKAVEN

BRIDGE OF UNNUMBERED SORROWS

BLOOD RITUAL

GNAWHOLE

ETERNITY WAYSTONE

POOL OF TRANQUILITY

THE REBELLION BEGINS

Tidings of armoured warriors from the heavens were whispered across the broken kingdoms, yet it was not until winged messengers appeared that hope truly began to spread. Seeking out the hidden enclaves of the free peoples, these heralds spoke openly of casting down the tyrants of Chaos.

As sudden as a flash of lightning, the Stormcast Eternals launched assaults against the Chaos oppressors. Everywhere the Mortal Realms burned with war, swift and terrible. By assailing the Realmgates, the Stormhosts opened up passages between kingdoms, freeing realm-spanning bridges previously accessible only to the enemy.

The unfurling of Stormcast banners over many Realmgates did not mark war's end, but only its beginning. Long had Sigmar prepared, and now, at last, he loosed war. This was battle on a scale not seen since the days of the Ancient Alliance. Untold chambers of Stormcast Eternals descended until ground and sky alike shook with tumult.

Across the Mortal Realms, slave camps were broken and the oppressed unshackled. Monsters grown vast on the flesh of the weak were hunted down and slain. The most fearsome retribution of all, however, was saved for those tribes who had willingly submitted to the Dark Gods. For them alone was reserved a burning and incandescent vengeance.

Swift and merciless were the assaults upon the traitors of mankind. In their wake, the Stormcast Eternals left behind only the broken bodies of the their foes, ruined corpses scattered amidst the toppled idols of their foul and unspeakable gods.

'Much is demanded of those to whom much is given.'

- First Canticle of the Hallowed Knights

Led by battalions of Prosecutors, the Stormcast Eternals of the Hammers of Sigmar reclaimed the cloud-piercing towers that overlooked the slave camps at Dolgotha.

The orruks greeted the Stormcast Eternals not as liberators, but as more fodder for their choppas. Although they did not seek to battle mankind's one-time allies, the Stormhosts would let none stay their righteous wrath.

The Stormcast Eternals were forged for war, an amalgam of fury and divine retribution garbed in armour of shining sigmarite. None shall stand before them or their almighty vengeance.

Borne upon the wings of the tempest, Sigmar's warrior heralds appear in the skies above every Mortal Realm. Their message is one of inescapable violence and summary justice meted out from above.

THE LOST AGES

Into darkness he fell, a glimmering streak in the endless black void.

It was Dracothion, the Great Drake, that first beheld Sigmar. He was clinging to a lustrous sphere of shimmering sigmarite that hurtled unchecked through the dark ether.

Entranced by the gleam of its core, Dracothion chased the careening orb, seeking to capture it and set it in the Heavens to better admire its beauty. Only then did the Great Drake notice the battered form of Sigmar gripping the pitted metal. Sensing a kindred spirit, Dracothion revived the god with a warming breath, and permitted him to ride upon his back.

Sigmar was grateful and thanked Dracothion, bestowing gifts upon the Great Drake. In turn, Dracothion showed Sigmar hidden paths – star bridges and crystalline passageways – that led to each of the Eight Realms.

Thus began the Age of Myth.

THE GREAT EPOCHS

The different kingdoms and peoples of the Eight Realms have their own unique ways to mark time and record their history. There are three distinct ages, however, that overshadow everything, and it is these great epochs that have most shaped the Eight Realms.

THE AGE OF MYTH

After awakening from his drifting in the void, Sigmar embarked on great voyages of discovery, exploring each of the Eight Realms. He journeyed long and far, finding enclaves of primitive humans and overcoming monstrous beasts. Sigmar taught mankind many things, and they worshipped him. Civilisations rose, and in a few generations hunters with flint-tipped weapons ceased wandering and instead erected great spired cities. Guided by inner knowledge and fate itself, Sigmar found or awakened other gods – with mixed consequences. It is difficult to discern fact from apocryphal tale, as this era is intertwined with myths and legends. The glory of that lost age can still be glimpsed when some relic or crumbled architecture is uncovered. The secrets of such splendours, however, have been crushed beneath the heel of Chaos oppression or hidden away by the gods themselves.

THE AGE OF CHAOS

The Age of Chaos began in blood and betrayal. So devastating were the first invasions that people would later know them as the Red Century. Armies were mustered to halt them, but with old alliances shattered, and every faction fearing further treachery, no single power could stand before the forces of the Dark Gods. Even with Slaanesh mysteriously missing, the forces of the Chaos Gods swept across the Mortal Realms. Before their onslaught, cities crumbled and empires were destroyed, whole civilisations and their ancient histories annihilated overnight. It was a dark age that swallowed enlightenment and spat out in its place cruelty, enslavement and despair. The realms returned to savage states, the ruins of the brief utopia buried beneath the weight of wars untold. So complete was the dominion of Chaos that their own forces turned upon each other – fighting amongst themselves over the spoil heaps of their victory.

BRIEF UTOPIA

Grateful to be awoken, many gods pledged to aid Sigmar and the nascent civilisations. A golden age followed, a time of cooperation. Eldritch tempests brought the taint of Chaos, but these early attacks were repulsed by the strong union of many peoples and their gods. Only when the alliance faltered did a new age begin.

THE HEAVENS CLOSE

Midway through the Age of Chaos the forces of light suffered a series of disastrous defeats – and in one of them, Sigmar lost Ghal Maraz. Furious, he retreated to the Celestial Realm, and ordered the Gates of Azyr sealed. He retired to his celestial palace-city and was not seen again for centuries.

AZYRHEIM

The only one of the great cities to survive the Age of Chaos was Azyrheim, also known as the City of Hope. It stands in the heart of the Celestial Realm, directly beneath Sigendil, the High Star. Its gate was the last to be sealed by Sigmar, and many refugees from besieged realms sought safety behind the city's walls, there to shelter from the dark powers without.

HERALDS OF WAR

Even as word spread of the Stormcast Eternals' first victories against the forces of Chaos, winged messengers sent from Sigmar sought out the other powers of the Eight Realms. Despite the betrayals of the past, it was Sigmar's intent to reunite the old alliance from the Age of Myth.

THE AGE OF SIGMAR

Born of lightning and sudden war, the Age of Sigmar has only just begun. For centuries Sigmar had prepared, marshalling his great strength. At long last the God-King unleashed his Stormhosts. Shining and resplendent, the armoured might of the Stormcast Eternals launched a new era with their spearhead assaults to open the Realmgates. These marked the first counter-strikes in a new war to throw off the dominion of Chaos. In the wake of the Stormcast attacks, other armies raised their banners and wars on multiple fronts spread across every region of the Mortal Realms. Thus began a violent new age.

The Chaos forces had always known resistance, but it had been many years since any unified effort had dared to defy the dominance of their dark masters. Now, untold attacks raged across seven of the eight realms, challenging the right of Chaos to rule. Yet the mortal forces of Chaos were mighty still, and they did not fight alone. The echoes of those battles raging across the Mortal Realms reverberated across the Realm of Chaos. Bitterly, the Dark Gods realised total victory was not yet theirs for the taking. The skies shook and the ground trembled at the roar of the Chaos powers' disapproval, and countless reinforcements from beyond crashed through the veil of reality to join the growing conflagration.

THE REALMGATE WARS

Every available chamber of Stormcast Eternals was sent to war in strikes aimed at securing Realmgates. Many of the battles that followed grew in scale and ferocity as defenders poured forth. Of the battle at the Gates of Dawn the Stormcast Eternals do not speak, so grievous were their losses there.

Shrouded by the aeons and obscured by legend, the Age of Myth is remembered in song and tale.

It was a Golden Age, a time of great alliances, mighty works of magic and the founding of colossal cities.

Of the Eight Realms before Sigmar, little is known. For when Sigmar arrived, the worlds were still covered in the dew of creation, yet much within those fractured kingdoms was already ancient. The newly awakened Sigmar wandered in amazement, finding portals between realms and exploring each in turn.

There are many tales of Sigmar's encounters, such as how he slew the Hydragors that guarded the gates to Shyish, the Amethyst Realm, and how he found Nagash there, deep in the lowest underworlds, buried beneath a mountain-cairn of stone. It was Sigmar that overthrew the rule of the volc-giants, setting much of Aqshy free from their tyranny. Everywhere Sigmar travelled he discovered wondrous beasts and creatures, but also enclaves of mortalkind struggling to survive. To those he found, Sigmar was nothing less than the greatest of gods – an immortal clad in the form of a man. Barbaric warriors flocked to the one that drove off the monsters. Indeed, most predators of the Eight Realms fled before the sight of Sigmar. Those that did not were despatched by Sigmar's glowing hammer or the arc-bolts of Dracothion.

THE GREAT ALLIANCE

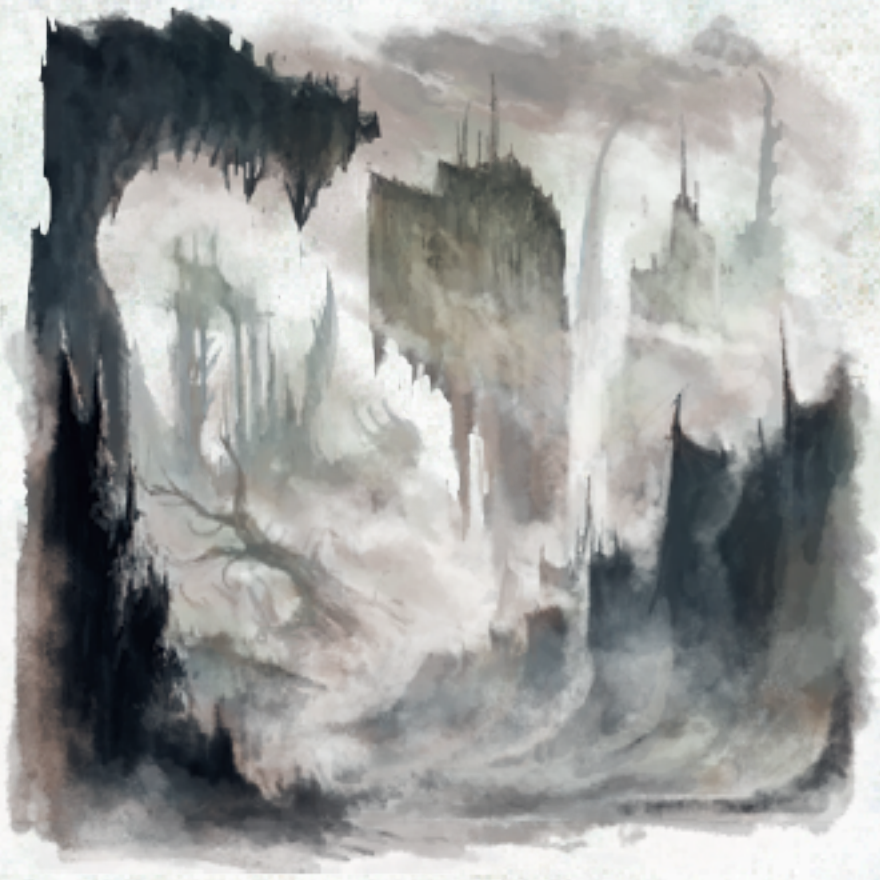
In the realm of Hysh, Tyrion was jolted awake. Groggy from his long entrancement, only slowly did Tyrion remember who he was. Certainly things were not as they had been, for he was no longer bound to the trappings of mortal flesh, but had been elevated to something yet loftier – a god of light, the Lord of Lumination.

Although he could no longer see, Tyrion felt the glowing presence of his brother Teclis beside him. He too had survived the downfall of the world-that-was. Without knowing how or why, Tyrion understood the Realm of Hysh was now theirs to shape as well as to serve and protect. Tyrion awakened his brother and discovered he could see through Teclis' eyes. Together, they explored this radiant new world. Astonished by the strange lands and creatures, Tyrion and Teclis grew ever more desperate to discover some of their own kind, yet they found none.

When Tyrion and Teclis chanced upon Sigmar, they rejoiced to find anything familiar, and yet that joy turned to despair as they learned that outside of the city of Azyrheim, the other realms bore no signs of aelfkind. Each readily swore oaths to join Sigmar, following him to the Realm of Azyr to join his growing pantheon of gods.

Long years of travelling followed before Sigmar returned to the Heavens of Azyr. There, he summoned the mightiest of those he had met upon his journey. It was a union of power unlike anything seen before, for Sigmar assembled a diverse pantheon that included gods, demigods, and even zodiacal monsters. To house that conclave, Sigmar levelled the top of the Mount Celestian, the greatest of all summits. With the stars shining around them, each of the invitees took their place and the high council was convened.

Despite their differences – and that many of the gods were arch-enemies of old – an accord was struck between them. Each of the Eight Realms was appointed a protector, and various domains and borders agreed. Furthermore, oaths of alliance were taken, and a golden age truly began.



THE LANDS OF GREY SHADOW

The being that awoke in shifting shadow was confused. Gone was his physical form and only slowly did memory of the world's ending return. He could not control his solidity, which frustrated him. How long he wandered alone across a dreary greyscape he knew not, but he feared his fate was to forever be less than shadow. Yet as his anger mounted, his own rage gave him form. With his fury came greater corporeality and thus Malerion explored the thirteen domains of Ulgu, the Realm of Shadow. He discovered many creatures, yet could find none of his kind. Only when Malerion came upon a glade of shadow daemons did he feel the spark of recognition. At the centre of that bacchanal was his mother. Morathi was still flesh and blood, but changed. Theirs was a reunion full of recriminations and anger. Neither trusted the other, but an uneasy truce was reached. Together they united under Sigmar, joining the Great Alliance.

With the aid of the gods, many new settlements grew across the Eight Realms. Grungni taught mankind metalcraft, and Nagash imposed order on the spirits of the dead while his mindless deadwalkers helped build defensive edifices. Cities rose quickly, sprouting from the spoil wastes of the Realm of Chamon, to the harsh hinterlands of Ghur. Trade flourished between realms, and, although dangers untold were discovered, they were each overcome by the powerful alliance.

Even then, however, cracks were forming in the foundations of this new utopia. Several within Sigmar's pantheon were already drifting. Most fractious of all was Gorkamorka, the twin-headed deity of the greenskins. Growing weary of the continual unrest he caused, Sigmar tasked Gorkamorka with clearing out the wild countries. For a time, the role of monster-hunter suited this most belligerent of gods, and he cleared the Ghurland plains. Meanwhile Alarielle grew yet more distant, for she pined for the lost world-that-was. Now she desired only to nurture her strange crops. Alarielle's reclusion within the Realm of Life grew longer and longer, and she rued returning to the Vault Celestial for councils and endless bickering.

Although they aided the newfound civilisations, foremost in the minds of Malerion and Tyrion was the search for their own race. No further trace of aelfkind could be found, yet in their waking dreams both heard far-off, anguished cries; the sounds the damned might make under the most unimaginable of torments.

The tale of Malerion and Tyrion's quest is convoluted, for the plots of the Dark Gods were woven within it. At the ending of the world-that-was, Slaanesh, the Dark Prince of Chaos, had consumed too many spirits, feasting and feasting with wanton abandon. Yet always more souls were drawn to him, until he was overwhelmed. After the world-storm subsided, Slaanesh was left bloated and helpless. The over-satiated Chaos God withdrew to a hidden lair in the hopes of digesting his great meal. As secretive as he was, however, Slaanesh did not escape the plotting of Tzeentch, who manipulated Khorne and the two newly born aelf gods.

Thus, in pursuing their own goals and capturing Slaanesh, Malerion and Tyrion failed of their duties to Sigmar, further weakening the Great Alliance.

METAL & FIRE

While exploring Chamon, Sigmar climbed the Iron Mountains. Upon the highest summit he found two gods fettered. Of how Grungni and Grimnir came to be there, they would not speak. Once freed, both duardin gods pledged oaths to their liberator.

How each god repaid his debt tells much of their character. Grungni was a master of metalcraft, the forgefather of his race. Now crippled in form, Grungni vowed to settle his debt through craftsmanship, offering to fabricate whatever Sigmar desired. Grimnir, however, was no warsmith but a warrior god. He asked Sigmar to name a foe worthy of his blades, for Grimnir was hot-blooded and wished to repay his debt immediately.

Grungni gathered his scattered folk and established the Iron Karak. Meanwhile, his estranged brother Grimnir strode alone to the Hills of Aqshy. There he sought to hunt down the fire wyrm named by Sigmar, which had terrorised that region. The creature Grimnir tracked to its lair was Vulcatrix, the Mother of Salamanders, the mythic creature that first birthed flame into the worlds. Endlessly the fire wyrm uncoiled from its molten abyss, rising to tower over the duardin warrior-god. The very air shimmered and crackled. Undaunted, Grimnir hefted his axes and charged.

The titanic clash that followed lives on as legend, for it flattened the surrounding hills and created the Plains of Aqshy. As Vulcatrix encircled Grimnir, his beard and crest burst aflame, but the god's rage burned hotter still. Seven times the blades of Grimnir sliced through the molten scales of Vulcatrix, and magma spilled from her wounds. In return, the Ur-Salamander raked her foe many times. Neither would submit, and as the intensity of their battle grew, so too did the raging inferno that surrounded them.

In a final tumultuous clash, the combatants smashed headlong into one another, shattering god and beast alike. Broken shards hurtled out across the void as a rain of blazing meteors. Where the hot coals of Vulcatrix landed there hatched a new volcano. As for the flaming fragments of Grimnir, what happened to them is a revelation the duardin share with no one.

THE GREEN HORDES

As Sigmar traversed the Eight Realms he discovered that each land he visited was already infested with orruks and their diminutive cousins, the grots. He knew that they would make powerful – if dangerously erratic – allies to mankind's burgeoning new civilizations.

Orruks and grots alike are warlike and unpredictable creatures; their races are collectively known as greenskins. They are divided into a number of unruly tribes that can be found scattered across every realm. The tribes regularly war upon anyone or anything in their vicinity, including their own kind. Such creatures fight for dominance, territory, and perhaps most of all, for the sheer joy of battle.

Orruks embody the brutal philosophy of might is right, and will only follow a leader whose extreme feats of physical violence are truly impressive. Orruk armies can vary widely, as all manner of like-minded creatures are attracted to greenskin hordes. They are drawn by the prospect of constant fighting and rapacious raids. Troggoths, Aleguzzlers and other ravenous monsters join the raucous campsites, eager to partake in the warfare and pillaging that they know will soon follow any such gathering. Ogors – hulking brutes who likewise live to eat and fight – can typically be found in the same regions as orruks, often going to war alongside the greenskins.

GORKAMORKA

The greenskins worship many deities, but outstripping all cults and minor idols is the almighty Gorkamorka. At the height of the Great Waaagh! Gorkamorka was a two-headed, club-wielding brute, but he later split into two separate entities, one favouring ferocity (Gork) and the other trickery (Mork). So Gorkamorka remains, sometimes two feuding beings, at others a united god.

SAVAGE ORRUKS

Some orruks forswear advancement, preferring instead to follow tradition and 'da old ways'. That boots and weapons made of metal are considered too modern for these barbaric tribes speaks volumes about just how atavistic these greenskins can be. Orruks who follow this primitive practice can be distinguished by their near-nakedness, ritual piercings, garish warpaint and strange fetishes. They are an especially superstitious lot, and perform strange rites before battle, led by their ju-ju doks – mystic shamans whose word, no matter how bizarre, is law. Mobs of such orruks often attach themselves to greenskin armies, although entire tribes of these savages on the march are not an uncommon sight.

CLASH OF IRRESISTIBLE FORCES

Sigmar discovered Gorkamorka in the Realm of Beasts. The twin-headed god of the greenskins was trapped within Drakatoa, the living avalanche that ruled Ghyrria. Suspended in the primordial muck of that amber-massed monster, Gorkamorka could bring neither his mountain-shattering might nor his base cunning into play.

Although he suspected his actions might cause further trouble, Sigmar urged Dracothion into a downward plummet. Streaking from the skies like a falling comet, Sigmar bellowed his war cry. Between the Great Drake's cosmic lightnings and thunder-blows from Ghal Maraz, Drakatoa was driven back.

Gorkamorka was pleased to be freed, yet he was also infuriated – never before had he been so trapped, never before had he required aid. As a creature of violent emotions, his natural reaction was to attack. And attack he did. Hefting up his war club, the twin-headed greenskin deity swung a blow that knocked Dracothion senseless. Moved to ire by this senseless assault, Sigmar arose from his downed steed and began what turned into a twelve-day battle. The tumult of the two gods trading blows shook the Eight Realms. When Sigmar flung down his foe, it cast up the Mountains of Maraz, while the scattered Gouge Canyons were made from errant strikes from Gorkamorka's colossal club. Myriad predatory beasts came forth, drawn by the scent of blood, but such was the spectacle that sunwyrm and Shaggoth stood side-by-side – the most hostile creatures agog at the fury and sheer destructive force unleashed before them.

Even gods grow weary. At last, leaning on weapons and panting, both gods eyed each other across the ruined surroundings. Seeing the wreckage they had wrought upon the landscape, and the onlooking audience of ferocious monsters that their battle had drawn, each began to grin, and then laugh – the harsh guffaws of the greenskin god mixing with the booming roars of Sigmar. Seeing that this strong-armed god had matched his own battle-lust, Gorkamorka clasped the man-god's hand and agreed to fight alongside Sigmar, rather than against him.

THE GREAT WAAAGH!

The fragile alliance between the greenskins and the other realmfolk was not destined to last long. When the greenskins at last broke the peace, they did so in a spectacular flurry of bloody violence.

As requested by the God-council, Gorkamorka led his greenskins into the wilds – exploring the dark corners of the Eight Realms. They were constantly forced to battle monstrous beasts, and fighting these innumerable threats kept the belligerent nature of the orruks and grots partially satisfied. Yet it was not enough. Gorkamorka grew tired of the tedious orders and the laws of his fellow gods, and at last could take no more.

Greenskin aggression cannot be bottled up or directed. With no warning, Gorkamorka snapped – howling an almighty bellow. The deep-throated roar of 'Waaagh!' shook the skies, a war cry that sent the greenskins to new heights of aggression. The invasion that followed smashed everything, a living landslide of violence that swept away monsters and former allies alike. Cities were crushed, armies were trampled. The greenskin crusade swept from one end of the Eight Realms to the other, leaving behind a wake of utter devastation. Upon reaching the edge of nothingness – the abyssal World's End – Gorkamorka turned about and set off to do it again, smashing over civilisations even as they were rebuilt from the last round of devastation.

The Great Waaagh! ended only when the greenskin tribes became mired in endless internal squabbles. Gorkamorka himself fractured into two beings, and both succumbed to the infighting so characteristic of their barbaric kind. Since that day, Gorkamorka has reformed again several times, each episode heralding another Waaagh! which would unite nearby orruk hordes into a wave of destruction. The following greenskin incursions were not as mighty or long-lived as the first invasion, however, and soon split apart once again.

THE AGE OF CHAOS

As the union of Sigmar's pantheon began to pull itself apart, other forces were already preparing invading armies. Grim portents foretold of disasters to come, but the details were clouded even from the gods themselves. All that Sigmar had strived for was about to come crashing down...

While the Age of Myth unfolded, other eyes were fixed upon the Eight Realms. From beyond reality, the Chaos Gods watched, their gaze jealously following Sigmar's explorations. Greedily they looked upon new creatures to corrupt and new cultures to conquer. Khorne, Tzeentch, Nurgle and even soul-gorged Slaanesh coveted what they saw, each desiring to claim these ripe new lands.

Before the Chaos powers could invade, they first had to breach the barrier between their own realm and reality. Once this was done, the minions of the Dark Gods found the Eight Realms saturated with the magical energies needed to sustain them.

Only the mightiest of greater daemons proved able to plough through the veil between realms. Even the fissures they tore were temporary, as the fabric of space and time re-stitched itself, once again closing off reality from the perilous realm beyond. Still, passages were forced, and daemons like Ghorgrax, commander of Khorne's Rage Legion, and Kairos Fateweaver, Oracle of Tzeentch, led horrific invasions into the Eight Realms.

At first, the Chaos attacks were short-lived – launched by slaughter-seeking armies that quickly dwindled in numbers, if not in insane ferocity or arcane prowess. Throughout the Age of Myth this gradually altered, as the Chaos Gods combined their powers and larger rents were forced through the barrier, allowing more daemon legions to spill into the lands.

Through heroism and strength of arms, the forces of Order were able to vanquish their unnatural foes throughout the Age of Myth. Yet slowly more and more rifts were opened. The increased pressure of these relentless attacks exposed the cracks growing in Sigmar's alliance. And then came the greatest invasions, vast armies that began grinding campaigns, ushering in a harsh and brutal new era. An epoch of Chaos domination had arrived.

For many years after the capture and imprisonment of Slaanesh, the remaining Chaos powers feuded, each attempting to seize a larger portion of the Dark Prince's territories. Much was taken, yet the three were ever greedy for more. At long last, Khorne, Tzeentch and Nurgle turned their full attention to a far richer prize... the Eight Realms.

Thus far, Sigmar's alliance had thwarted the disparate actions of the Dark Gods' minions. It was ever-scheming Tzeentch that pushed for a combined invasion into the Eight Realms. Khorne and Nurgle were wary of their manipulative brother, and each of the gods wanted his own lieutenant to lead any alliance. The dispute threatened to devolve back to internecine warfare. Only the suggestion that the mortal champion Archaon command the invasion kept the fell powers together. With their efforts united, the Age of Chaos truly began. A mighty rent was gouged through the barrier between realms, and daemon legions beyond count poured forth from the Realm of Chaos. They found their leader, Archaon, ender of worlds and the greatest of mortal generals, waiting to lead them. Behind him stood ironclad ranks of Chaos Warriors, bloodthirsty barbarians and savage beast herds.

It was Archaon's intention to seize the nexus of travel, the bridge called the Allpoints that spanned reality. Each realm held a single arcway – an arched portal that led to a mystic bridge that crossed the void to each of the other realms. Vast cities and fortresses had sprung up around these arcways, for they guarded the largest, most stable of passageways between the Eight Realms. Thus began the Nexus Wars, and history itself held its breath.

With numerous feints and forced marches, Archaon masterminded the attacks that simultaneously threatened all eight of the Allpoints gateways. Each of the realms saw a series of bloody battles as the Chaos forces fought their way through walled cities and towering defences. Staving off catastrophe, the warriors and gods of Sigmar's alliance rushed to aid those imperilled.

Long were those battles, and hard fought. Each side boasted of great deeds and each also bore bitter defeats. It was a war of legends, when the gods themselves waded forth into the fray to aid their children and followers. Yet even as the forces of Chaos wavered near the breaking point, the Shyish Arcway was taken, and the fighting spilled onto the Allpoints – the bridge to everywhere. It was betrayal that broke the stalemate, ushering in all of the disasters that followed.

WAR OF HEAVEN AND THE UNDERWORLDS

Sigmar's alliance had been battered by Gorkamorka, treated as peripheral by Tyrion, actively subverted by Malerion, and all but forgotten by Alarielle. When the forces of Death suddenly turned upon Sigmar's army at the Allpoints' Shyish Arcway, it was too much for Sigmar to bear. Perhaps the realm-spanning bridge could have been defended, but Sigmar left, overcome with rage by Nagash's betrayal.

Leaving behind the diplomatic God-King that he had become, Sigmar reverted to his aspect as a barbarian warrior god of old. Even as the Chaos forces captured the Allpoints, corrupting the realm-bridge, Sigmar stormed Shyish, the Amethyst Realm. This would come to be known as the War of Heaven and the Underworlds.

All across Shyish Sigmar sought his betrayer. Before the gates of each different underworld, Sigmar bellowed his challenge, naming Nagash craven, calling him traitor and deceiver both. Emissaries from the self-claimed God of Death were smashed to bone-dust before their messages could be delivered. The Spirit Hosts and Flesh-eater armies that emerged could not slow the righteous wrath of Sigmar. In other realms, civilisations were already starting to fall beneath the bloodthirsty Chaos onslaught, yet their protector god did not hear their desperate pleas – his berserker fury was not yet spent.

Despite many victories, Sigmar could not bring Nagash to justice. Twice Sigmar had the Great Necromancer at bay, crossing weapons with his betrayer, but each time Nagash employed dark sorcery to escape. As Sigmar battered his way through armies of living dead, his red fury gradually subsided. His own messengers – long neglected – bore urgent requests from the beleaguered realms. With his vengeance unfulfilled, Sigmar turned his back upon the Amethyst Realm, leading his armies to salvage what he could from the Chaos ravagers.

By the time Sigmar returned to fight against Archaon's hordes, the Allpoints had fallen, and a Chaos tide flowed across the lands. The Allpoints itself was completely corrupted, becoming the Eightpoints, a direct route from the Realm of Chaos.

A century of slaughter followed, as malefic forces without number poured into the Mortal Realms. A spearhead of Bloodthirsters cracked the walled city of Ulgarod, flooding its streets with gore. The city of Chamontarg was defenceless against the Pandaemoniad of Tzeentch, and every citizen was transmuted to stone. Rotplague wiped out the greatest civilisations of Ghyran. The last of the great kingdoms of mankind – the Lantic Empire – was crushed beneath the iron tread of Archaon.

Despair ruled. The lands themselves crumbled around the edges, reality beginning to disappear into a sea of madness, a new Realm of Chaos.

No realm was better defended than Shyish, the Realm of Death. Many claim that Nagash made a pact with the Dark Gods, betraying Sigmar's alliance in exchange for promises the Chaos invasion would not enter the underworlds. If this was indeed Nagash's bargain, then he too was betrayed. For even as Sigmar marched out seeking vengeance, another threat surfaced to challenge Nagash's supremacy.

With perfect timing, the skaven rose from newly gnawed tunnels, unleashing their vermin-hordes and their full arsenal of hellish weaponry upon Nagash's remaining strongholds. Although this War of Bones was ultimately fought to a standstill, it left Nagash further weakened. The Great Necromancer was in no shape to withstand Archaon and his forces when they marched through the Allpoints to claim victory.

THE THREAT BELOW...

The skaven are a race of malevolent ratmen. They are found tunnelling beneath the Eight Realms, undermining the crumbling ruins of civilisation. Despite their multitudes, the skaven remain largely unseen, their armies held in check, awaiting the moment when their foes are most vulnerable.

The skaven are forever gnawing – at old bones, at the loose ends of sinister plots, even at the fabric of reality itself. As a race, they are a corrupting presence – decay and entropy made manifest. And so it has always been.

Since before time, the skaven have followed a repeated pattern, albeit sporadically. They fight amongst themselves, expand their Under-Empire, multiply their enormous population and then surge to the surface, unleashing sudden and horrific war. Eventually those teeming tides of ratmen ebb, most often due to violent treachery between their own clans, rather than any external factor. After each implosive defeat, the skaven skulk back to their lairs and the irregular cycle begins anew.

Skaven legends tell of a time when it was they who ruled supreme, when their deity – the Great Horned Rat – was invited into the pantheon of the Dark Gods. It was then that Blight City, the sprawling skaven capital, was merged into the Realm of Chaos. Yet disaster struck soon after, when the ratmen attempted to expand further.

Their arcane machinery, powerful but wayward, went awry, and the resulting implosion warped and twisted Blight City. It sank to the edges of the Realm of Chaos, a purgatorial existence that straddled reality. The skaven are adaptable, however, and from this position they gnawed tunnels into the Mortal Realms and beyond.

SUBTERRANEAN SLAUGHTER

The skaven were instrumental in Archaon's victory in the Allpoints War, as well as in Chaos triumphs throughout the Red Century. However, the seizure of so much land and so many slaves caused contention amongst the skaven. Internal rivalries and the unexpected rise of the zealous Clan Pestilens sparked fiercer than usual internecine fighting. The bloodshed escalated – stoked by agents of Tzeentch – into all-consuming civil war that spread through the skaven lairs. These conflicts and back-stabbings have overshadowed all other endeavours as the clans vie for dominance.

SKAVEN CLANS

A hierarchal order of clans rules Skaven society. All aspects of life are violent, ever changing and dominated by the struggle to not just survive, but to rise into ascendancy. As lowly slaves seek to better their station, so too do tyrannical warlords, making for a treacherous landscape of doublecrosses that traverses every strata and overshadows every action.

The Verminus Clans are the most numerous, formed of petty overlords and teeming hordes beyond count. Despite their multitudes, those clans pale in importance before the Greater Clans. Each of the famed Greater Clans has its own specialisation, troops, armaments, and methods of waging war. Ostensibly ruling over all is the Council of Thirteen, twelve leaders from the most powerful clans headed by the Great Horned Rat himself.

Proud and glittering, Azyrheim is the Great Bastion of Order, and from out of its gleaming gates pour armies of retribution.

Azyrheim is known by many names, and is home to many different peoples. Amongst its titles are the Eternal City, the First City and the City of the Lost. It is the last of its kind, for the realms' other great cities have crumbled beneath the Chaos onslaught. Directly above the walled city, far up in the mystic nimbus of the Heavens, shines the High Star Sigendil, beacon of the palace of Sigmar.

It was Sigmar who founded Azyrheim. Legends tell that he first alighted from the Heavens in that wide vale between the encircling mountains. Seen from the distant peaks, Azyrheim appears as a shimmer – its elegant spires radiating back the blue of the heavens. All who travel there are awed by the city's scale and magnificence.

Behind high walls and seven gates of gold dwell the teeming denizens of Azyrheim. Before Sigmar ordered the Gates of Azyr shut, refugees from all realms had fled there, seeking safety. The newcomers swelled what was already a vast and diverse population that included entire armies from the world-that-was. In Azyrheim mankind, aelf and duardin of different nations live in peaceful coexistence, united by their common hatred of Chaos and their dreams of one day reclaiming their lost lands.

After many disasters defending the realms, Sigmar retired to the Heavens. There, he ordered shut the Gates of Azyr, and the God-King was not seen outside the Realm of Azyr again.

Beneath the great palace of Sigmar the Broken World spun on. Shorn of its mantle, it was lumpen and unlovely, yet the core mimicked the glorious planet that it once was, casting echoes of its past life. In its day phase the core was bright, its energies full of light and purity. During such time Sigmar was full of promise and righteous wrath. In its night phase, the world turned dark, a sullen place full of destructive powers. Then did Sigmar become likewise black of mood, overcome by a vengeful brooding. Yet always, Sigmar gazed down upon the realms.

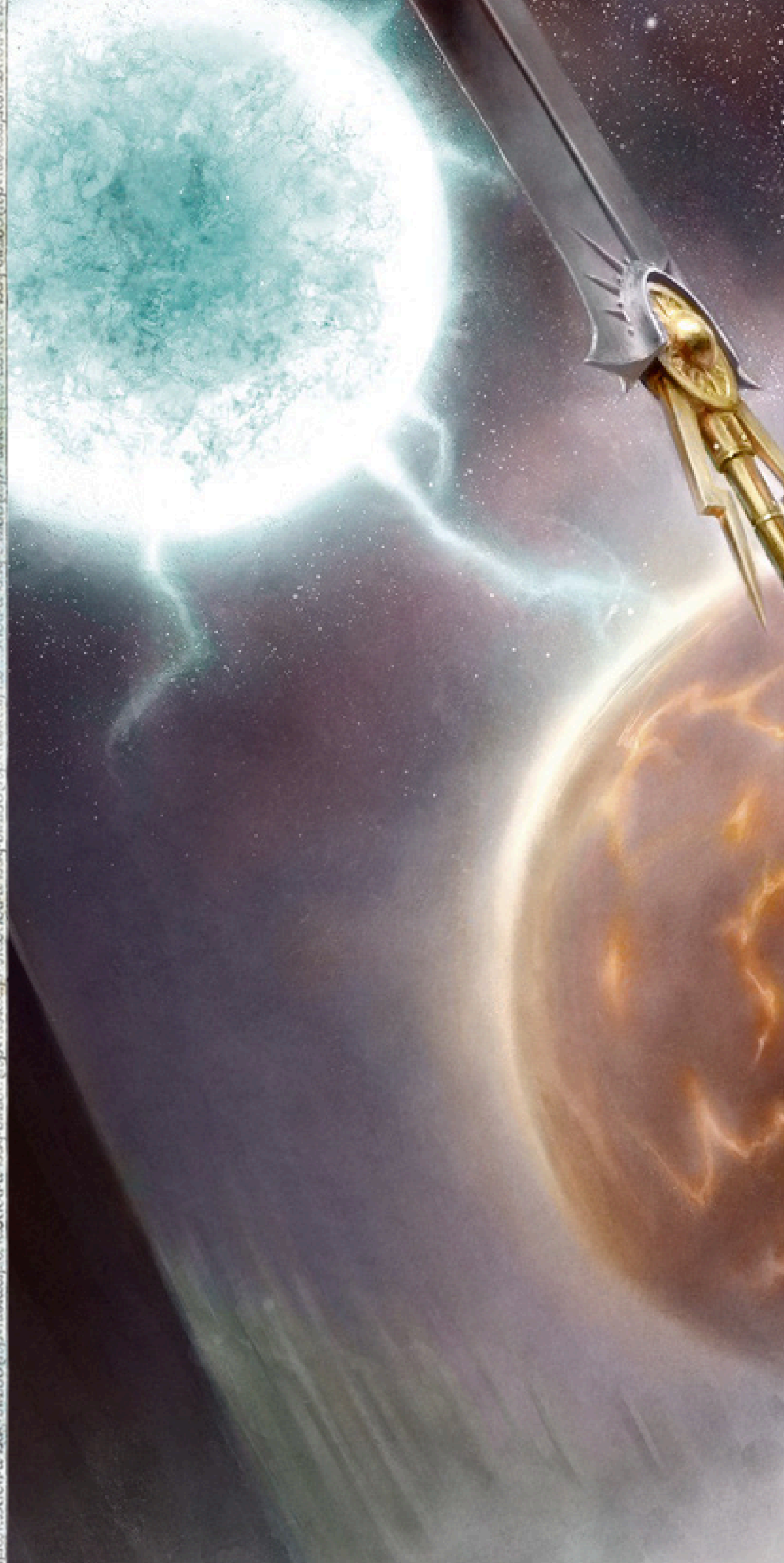
A ring was built,
round the Broken World;
Where sat the celestial palaces
built of stone; high standing, the
blocks so large only a Gighemoth
could heft them. So did Sigmar's
fastness grow...

In Sigmaron,
great stronghold of Sigmar,
the palace of the Heavens;
There shines Sigendil,
the High Star;
And dark Dharroth
glooms there also.
Loud ring the forges
of the Six Smiths;
Great armies are built,
awaiting only
the call to battle.

After the Realmgates were closed a great crusade rid the lands of Azyr of monsters, orruks and skaven. None remained in the heavens save those whom Sigmar deemed worthy. Although his own kingdom was safe, from his high throne Sigmar looked down to see the torment of the other realms, watching them crumble into Chaos. The God of the Heavens called upon his servants and all that remained loyal to him. A great work was to be undertaken.

Many were the gifts given to Sigmar, each aiding his endeavours. One of the greatest of the tributes came from Grungni, the Ancestor God of the duardin. Although Grungni had given Sigmar the servitude of the Six Smiths, he still felt debt-burdened. Perceiving Sigmar's intentions to free the remaining realms of their affliction, Grungni himself went to work. The master of smiths knew Sigmar had need of a weapon, having lost his hammer, Ghal Maraz. Yet it was Sigmar's hope to reclaim that mighty heirloom, so instead, on his anvil, Grungni captured the Winds Celestial. Loud rang the volcano forge, as if a battle were being fought there. At last, his face blackened and beard crackling, Grungni gave unto Sigmar a mighty gift – comet-headed thunderbolts, each brighter than fire.

Now Sigmar could hurl his wrath downwards. He could cast bolts from the Heavens.



THE OPENING OF THE HEAVENS

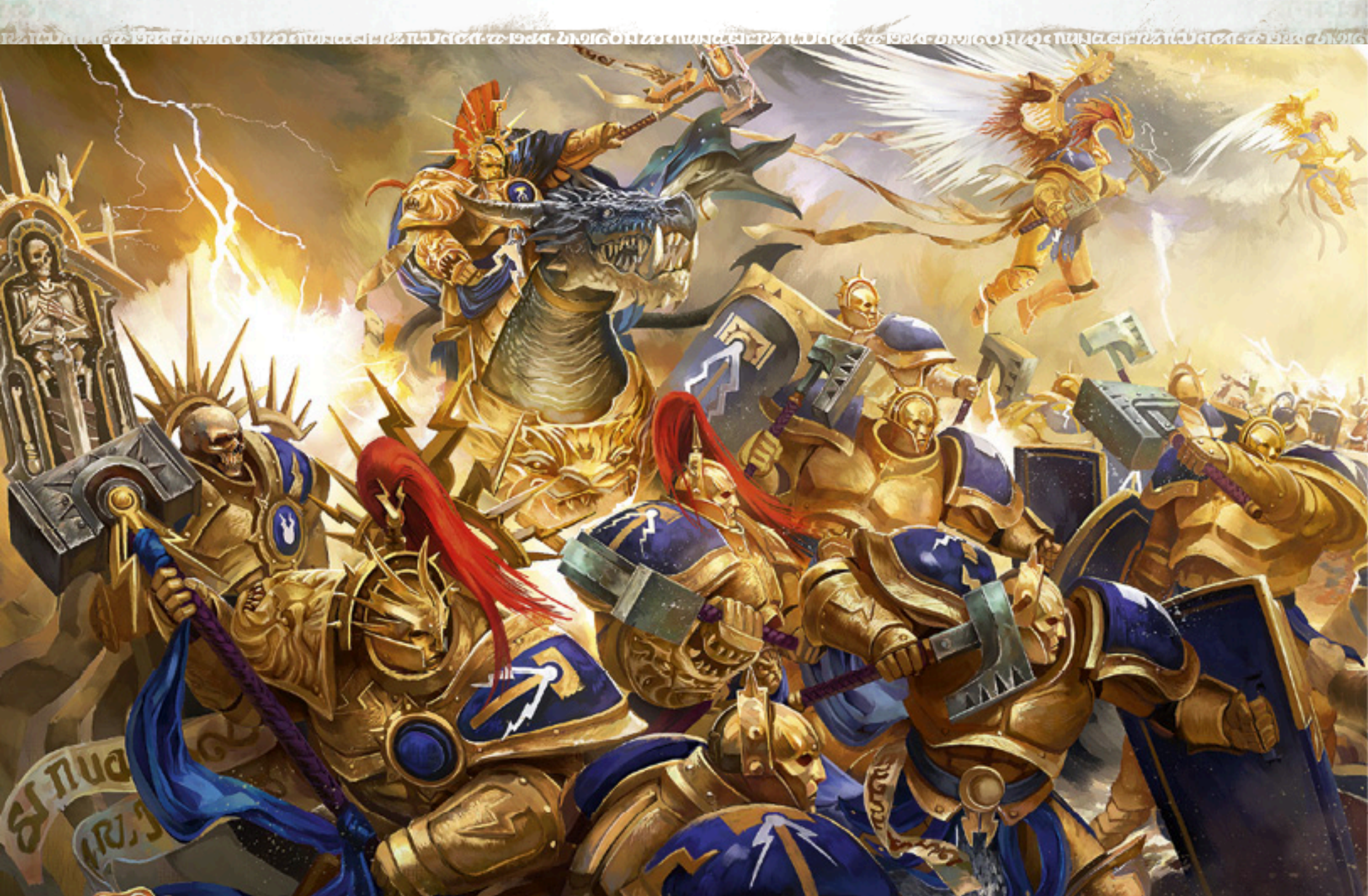
Across the realms the sudden rolling thunder and scintillating flashes heralded no mere storm, but the start of a new era. Much rode on the sudden shock attacks of the Stormcast Eternals, for Sigmar knew he had only one shot at taking his almighty foes unaware. A single failure could spell disaster...

Despite weathering blows that would level mountaintops, and shrugging off spells that could reduce entire armies to ashes, the Gates of Azyr remained closed. None had passed through those portals for untold centuries, since Sigmar sealed them during the Age of Chaos. It was not for lack of trying, as besieging armies surrounded many of the gates, monsters and hell-forged daemon engines alike pounding relentlessly upon them. Yet still the gates stood firm.

Such trifles as stout barriers did not trouble the Dark Gods. They knew that when all else had fallen across the other realms these gates too would be broken. It was only a matter of time.

When Sigmar at last unleashed his storm of war, he did so with a great suddenness. It was no easy matter surprising a foe that could call upon the precognitive powers of twisted covens, greater daemons and the Silver Towers of Tzeentch. It had taken much effort to cloud the aether, and to do so Sigmar had called upon the aid of Teclis, Tyrion, and Malerion.

None, not even the ultimate schemer and fate weaver himself, Lord Tzeentch, could be allowed to learn of Sigmar's newly created army, nor of his plans. For Sigmar knew that his ultimate goal – to free the Mortal Realms from the subjugation of Chaos – could only be achieved if his armies struck fast and did not falter.



THE REALMGATE WARS

Though Sigmar was able to hurl his Stormcast Eternals into the Mortal Realms as blazes of meteoric force, he could not do so indefinitely. The full might of the Stormhosts included tens of thousands of warriors, and to send them in piecemeal was to see them overwhelmed. To bring his full might to bear, Sigmar would need to open the Gates of Azyr, ensuring that his legions could strike as one.

The Gates of Azyr represented salvation as well as bloody revenge. Sigmar's Stormcast Eternals were creatures of magic as much as flesh, immortal after a fashion, and possessed of an unquenchable spirit. Upon death they would return to Sigmaron as a flash of energy, ready to be reforged once more, but in doing so, they would lose part of themselves, slowly leaving behind the heroes they once were. With the Gates of Azyr secured, they could march back to Sigmar's side without loss.

So potent were the wards around the Gates of Azyr that they needed to be opened from both sides simultaneously. Everything was staked on those warriors first cast into battle. Thus the first stage of Sigmar's war was the sudden assaults upon the outer portals of the Gates of Azyr. The shock that such unexpected and furious assaults sent through the Mortal Realms was indescribable, the clamour of battle reverberating all the way to the Realm of Chaos itself.

They brought a furious vengeance with them from out of the heavens.

The coming of Sigmar's unprecedented armies was like the onset of a terrible storm. In an instant the heavens grew angry, and the skies went from clear to incandescent. So unexpected and blindingly fast were those initial strikes – thunderbolts that forked down from clear blue skies – that some of the enemy warriors were slain even as they stood in amazement, awed by the shining knights that stepped out of the storm-strikes.

More often than not, though, the Chaos forces that opposed them rose up quickly to meet this new challenge. They bellowed their battle cries – words feared since the realms were young – and charged headlong at the celestial warriors.

Within moments of their arrival, the brotherhoods of Stormcast Eternals were surrounded by axe-wielding warbands seeking to hack them down. But the massed hordes of the enemy were only the beginning of the threat.

The strikes of the Stormcast brought death, swift and terrible.

Scattered amongst the warbands were individuals whose martial prowess made them equal in power to a small army themselves. Bloody-handed champions, greater daemons and towering behemoths strode the battlefields – great titans of war. They were wreckers of cities, or nation-smashing monsters capable of turning the tide of battle single-handedly. Thus were the Stormcast Eternals well and truly tested before the Gates of Azyr.

At the living portal in Ghyran, the Lord-Celestant of the Knights of the Aurora cut down a ravager-lord and opened the gate. In the Igneous Delta, Vandus Hammerhand, leader of the Hammers of Sigmar, bested Korghos Khul, the fell-handed destroyer of Scorched Keep. The Bloodthirster Khorg'tan, the Living Rage, halted the first two strikes of Stormcast Eternals at the Scintillating Portal, but fell eventually to the relentless blows of the Celestial Vindicators. Many scores of such assaults erupted across the realms.

Every one of them was a hero, their valour proven in battle. They were granters of death, bringers of justice, and in their hands they carried retribution wrought in star-forged sigmarite. Great shields they bore, the devices of their Stormhosts blazoned proud upon them, and the visage of each helm showed a merciless scowl that was echoed by the face of the wearer beneath.

As it became apparent that the Gates of Azyr were the targets of these attacks, more Chaos armies rushed to join the battles. Further reinforcements – in the form of daemon legions – were sent straight from the Realm of Chaos. At portals that had yet to be opened, the battles grew more fierce and desperate, as the Stormcast Eternals struggled to break open the mystic seals.

Where the Gates of Azyr were opened, thunder rolled and lightning split the skies. Entire Stormhosts arrived, advancing to meet the oncoming hordes. There, the clashes escalated into massive wars the like of which had not been seen since the days when Sigmar strode the fields of battle himself. Star-forged hammer met ensorcelled blade to decide the fate of the Mortal Realms.

SIGMAR
MMXVI

The disparate and oppressed folk felt something new.

In the Jade Realms of Ghyran, Alarielle felt the lands around her stirring. For the first time in an age, there was a wholesome feel to the breeze. In Aqshy, the tribes felt something rekindled, as if embers long buried had once again sprung to flame. In the savage lands of Ghur, those with the keenest senses were the first to scent it – the winds were shifting. Every living being in Shyish felt a chill, the unmistakable sign that Nagash once more strode the waking world. In the Ulgulands, the shadows parted so that Sigendil, the High Star, could be seen beaming down. In Hysh, the symbolism of new beginnings and the return of reason sprouted everywhere. Even in the hard and unyielding lands of Chamon, where ephemeral whim was despised, the promising feeling solidified. In Azyr, where it all began, the heavens rumbled and lightning flashed as mighty Sigmar sent more hosts down into the Mortal Realms.

Rumours of the gleaming knights that rode upon the thunderbolts swept the lands. Open rebellion against the Dark Gods was beginning. For the first time in generations beyond count, the desperate free folk felt the stirrings of something they had not known before.

Thus was hope reborn into the realms.

BATTLE UNBOUND

THE PAGEANTRY OF WAR

The worlds of *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* offer infinite possibilities for any avid miniature collector. Its soaring landscapes, vast armies and fantastical battles are fuel and inspiration for your own projects – this book is just the beginning of an exciting journey.

One of the greatest joys of collecting Citadel Miniatures can be found in the modelling and painting of your collection, as you assemble and recreate all of the great heroes, terrifying monsters and amazing landscapes of the Age of Sigmar. Nothing beats seeing a fully painted army arranged in a carefully crafted setting – an epic fantasy world recreated in miniature, with all the pageantry and spectacle that comes with it – or set up in a display case, there to be admired by all.

There's real satisfaction to be had in making your miniatures your own, bringing them to life with a paintbrush and teasing out all of the finely sculpted detail of each model. Some people revel in treating each individual miniature as a work of art – lavishing attention on every inch and building scenic bases – while others prefer to assemble vast legions of warriors in matching liveries,

focussing on the spectacle of massed ranks, armed and ready for war.

There's no right or wrong way to go about this – you should go wherever your inspiration takes you, and do whatever you think makes your miniatures look great. Take your time to consider. The paint scheme you select will help you to imbue your models with character and story, and to define who they are. Why has this particular chamber of Stormcast Eternals got pockmarked, battle-scarred armour? Why do they paint the shafts of their hammers in shining silver? What are they doing in a mysterious landscape of glowing ice sculptures and blue flame?

Games Workshop produces a comprehensive range of paints, brushes, tools and guidebooks to help you, but ultimately, the choice is yours – what exciting story do you want to tell with your miniatures?

Painting Citadel Miniatures is infinitely rewarding, and you will find that the more you put in, the more you get out. Painting allows you to explore your miniatures, unlocking their potential and bringing them to life, and the finished results will be truly unique.

Some factions, the Stormcast Eternals amongst them, use proud heraldry to unite them better on the battlefield. You might want to paint your collection to match those we have created for *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar*; you may be inspired by a photo or piece of artwork, or choose to replicate a particular faction's look. Alternatively, you might wish to create a brand new colour scheme of your own devising – and the icons to go with it. After all, the armies that fight for control of the Mortal Realms are without number.

Before painting your models, you'll first need to assemble them. To begin with, you'll want to follow the advice given in the construction booklet supplied with the models, but as your confidence grows, you may find yourself trying more ambitious methods, leading to ever more personal results.

There are a few pointers that can make the painting process even more enjoyable. Try basecoating all your models at the same time to ensure consistency. Some hobbyists are happy to let this first coat of paint dry and get straight to war, but when you revisit your collection, we recommend painting the models in batches of five. This not only gives more coherent results, but also a genuine sense of achievement once each batch is finished. You don't have to do all the stages at one time; you can always come back to it, or play a few games in between each session. Consider leaving the most heroic models in your army until last. That way you'll have a real treat waiting for you once the main force is done, and you'll have honed your skills so that the most impressive models in each army are the ones that have the best paint jobs. With a few units under your belt, you'll find yourself wanting to add new units, and perhaps some scenery, to your collection. Most hobbyists find that once they're bitten by the painting bug, it's hard to stop.

We've used the next section to inspire you with some collections of our own. Just remember, there are no rules – the Mortal Realms are a limitless canvas; it's up to you how you fill them.

In a blaze of lightning, the Hammers of Sigmar take their crusade to Chamon, the Realm of Metal.

The Celestial Vindicators are as merciless and unstoppable as a raging hurricane.

Grey Seer Skrillit leads a motley assortment of heavily armed Stormfiends and arcane skaven war engines to battle.

Nighthaunt Wraiths carry with them the chill of the grave.

Shrieking wildly, the Nighthaunt Spirit Hosts attack.

Hordes of Flesh-eaters lope and bound from the mists, each desperate for the taste of hot flesh.

There are few deadlier foes in all the realms than the vampiric servants of dread Nagash.

Soulblight Blood Knights are warrior lords all, their martial prowess famed across the realms.

The ground trembles as the seraphon ride their saurian monstrosities to war.

A clan of Aleguzzler Gargants on the rampage is a terrifying sight.

Few sounds inspire dread like the clicking clatter of a Spiderfang charge.

The Ironblaster cannon favoured by the Beastclaw ogors fires a clutch of cannonballs with each titanic blast.

When a Beastclaw Hunter commands his brutish menagerie to attack, even the champions of Chaos take heed.

Sylvaneth Dryads, strange fusions of spirit and elder tree, assail those who would harm the forest.

Deep in the Realm of Life, the war between sylvaneth and Rotbringer rages still.

An Aleguzzler Gargant is a law unto himself, seeing mortal folk as insects to be crushed underfoot.

The allegiance of an Aleguzzler tribe, like their sobriety, is short-lived at best.

There are those in Azyrheim whose peoples are long lost, but whose desire for revenge will never die.

Sigmar sparks zealous fire in mortal men, inspiring them to fight alongside the Stormcast Eternals.

Be they daemon, monster or mortal man, all shall kneel to the Dark Gods of Chaos.

FIRE & THUNDER

MAKING YOUR MARK ON THE MORTAL REALMS

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

Contained within the pages of *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* are the first chapters of a new and exciting tale. Overrun by the hordes of Chaos, the Mortal Realms teeter upon the brink of annihilation. Everywhere, desperation and tyranny hold sway. Yet now, like a lightning bolt illuminating a storm-darkened sky, Sigmar has unleashed his war of vengeance. Roused by this mighty show of defiance, the warriors of every realm muster for battle once more, marching forth to fight for the mystical gates that link one realm to the next. Whoever can control these Realmgates will decide the fate of the Mortal Realms.

The rules presented in the sections that follow give you a framework to make this tale your own. More than that, though, they enable you to tell your own stories set in the Mortal Realms, and use your collection of Citadel Miniatures in glorious battles of your own devising. Some will fight to free the realms from the horror of Chaos rule, others to crush the upstarts who dare challenge the Dark Gods, or for some other, personal agenda. Whatever your goals, these rules will allow you to live out one exciting tale of battle after another, your exploits through the fantastical landscapes of the realms limited only by your imagination.

This volume provides you with the core rules with which to play your *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* games. With these rules you can pit any army against any other in whatever exciting scenario you choose. However, these rules are only the beginning of your journey; the pages that follow present the first chapter of an exciting new saga in the Age of Sigmar – the Realmgate Wars. These pages intertwine exciting narrative with battleplans and Time of War rules which allow you to lead your armies through every vicious clash and bloody slaughter first-hand.

BATTLEPLANS

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

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

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

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

IN TIMES OF WAR

Alongside the battleplans presented in *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar*, you will find new Time of War rules. These add another layer of atmospheric excitement to your battles, reflecting either the strange, arcane natures of the realms themselves, or the prevailing conditions of this stage of the Realmgate Wars. From bonus spells like the roaring fireballs of Aqshy, to atmospheric phenomena such as Sigmar's mighty tempest, these rules will instill yet more drama and excitement into the legends forged in your own battles.

Finally, you will find a selection of warscrolls. Each of these details a type of unit that sees battle in this chapter of the Realmgate Wars, providing you with all the rules and details you need to field the models in battle, and to group them together in mighty battalions to send against your foes.

THE RULES

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

THE ARMIES

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

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

WARSCROLLS & UNITS

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

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

TOOLS OF WAR

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

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

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

THE BATTLEFIELD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MYSTERIOUS LANDSCAPES

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

THE SCENERY TABLE

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

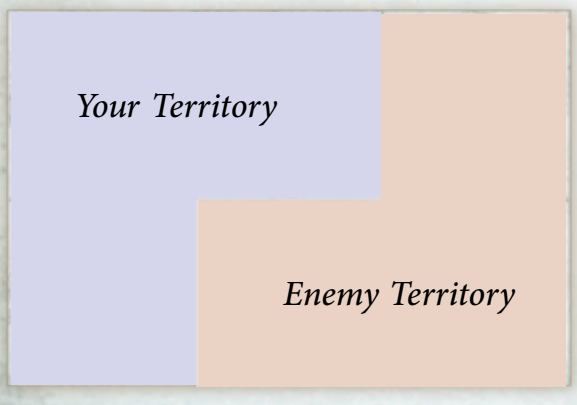
THE BATTLE BEGINS

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

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

SET-UP

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



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

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

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

THE GENERAL

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

GLORIOUS VICTORY

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

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

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

SUDDEN DEATH VICTORIES

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

TRIUMPHS

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

THE SUDDEN DEATH TABLE

Assassinate: The enemy player picks a unit with the **Hero**, **Wizard**, **Priest** or **Monster** keyword in their army. Slay the unit that they pick.

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

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

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

THE TRIUMPH TABLE

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

BATTLE ROUNDS

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

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

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

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

PRE-BATTLE ABILITIES

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

HERO PHASE

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

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

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

COMMAND ABILITY

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

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

MOVEMENT PHASE

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

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

MOVING

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

ENEMY MODELS

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

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

RUNNING

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

FLYING

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

SHOOTING PHASE

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

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

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

CHARGE PHASE

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

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

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

COMBAT PHASE

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

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

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

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

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

BATTLESHOCK PHASE

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

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

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

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

ATTACKING

Blows hammer down upon the foe, inflicting bloody wounds.

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

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

PICKING TARGETS

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

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

MAKING ATTACKS

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

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

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

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

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

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

INFLICTING DAMAGE

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

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

MORTAL WOUNDS

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

COVER

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

WIZARDS

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

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

CASTING SPELLS

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

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

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

ARCANE BOLT

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

MYSTIC SHIELD

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

THE MOST IMPORTANT RULE

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

THE REALMGATE WARS BEGIN

THE STORM IS COMING

A last lull before the oncoming storm had set over Sigmaron. It was as if the palace-city suspended in the Heavens brooded, as if it knew the fate of the Eight Realms was soon to be decided. Sigmar had staked everything on the war that he was about to launch...

For the first time in hundreds of years, Sigmar's palace-city stood in silence. For centuries, Sigmaron's industry had run on maximum capacity, a relentless pace that stopped for nothing. The clanging, grinding din had become part of the daily fabric, so that the sudden quiet that now hung over the sky palaces felt strange and oppressive.

No sound could be heard along the Sigmarabulum, the fabricated ring that surrounded Mallus. Upon that great platform stood Sigmar's forges, laboratories, armouries, alchemist factories and soul-mills. They were now as noiseless as the star-filled void in which they hung high up in the Heavens of the Celestial Realm. It was as if all of Sigmaron was drawing a deep breath, everything felt poised and overcharged with energy.

Into that pregnant abeyance came a sound. A lone bell tolled.

It was not a joyous ringing, but instead a heavy reverberation. The doleful, soul-aching sound rolled along the long avenues, the mournful toll echoing off the vast pillared structures and filling the empty plazas.

All who heard that plaintive peal recognised its significance. It meant that Mallus – the Broken World – had diminished yet again.

The great sphere of Mallus was but a fragment of the world-that-was, only a shell of its former glory, yet still the sigmarite core was a large as a moon. The metal hunk that gleamed with strange iridescences was more than just the remains of a lost planet. Mallus was the anchor of Sigmar's very being, a reservoir into which the God-King centred his divine might. And that might was waning.

As the power of the Dark Gods waxed, the realms began to fray, the rules of law and the order of reality crumbling around the edges. As they did so, Mallus waned, its own vitality dwindling as it collapsed inwards.

The surviving core of Mallus had been much reduced since Sigmar's arrival into the Heavens – the sky above the Celestial Realm. It had begun its degradation with the coming of Chaos, its reduction only increasing when Sigmar closed the Gates of Azyr – the mystic portals through which travellers might enter Sigmar's realm. Since that time, a single tolling of the Bell of Lamentation marked each of the Broken World's diminutions. All in Sigmaron knew that sound, for the wretched knell was a constant reminder of the atrocities being wreaked upon distant lands. Now, its forlorn peal broke the portentous silence, a sound of anguish that was almost palpable.

It had grieved Sigmar to seal off the Celestial Realm. The God-King knew he was abandoning many to the cruel whims of the Chaos Gods, yet there was no choice. When the final gate was closed, Sigmar bade his Six Smiths fashion for him the Great Bell of Lamentation. Forged from the blades and armour of fallen heroes, it was made to sound with every Chaos atrocity, so that all would know the price of their peaceful solitude.

It had never been Sigmar's desire merely to withstand the onslaught of Chaos. The God-King wished to defeat the armies of the Dark Gods, to end their corruption. To reclaim the realms he needed a more powerful army, he needed warriors that were more than human. Sigmar required that all his machinations be completed in secret – it was essential that none knew or even suspected his true intentions.

It was no easy task to surprise the arcane masters of the Silver Towers or the ultimate weaver of fate, mighty Tzeentch himself. It had taken a titanic effort to summon the aetheric clouds to surround the Heavens, a barrier that blinded the most gifted of clairvoyants. The ethereal clouds sent Tzeentch into spirals of perplexation. Never before had the Great Schemer been denied the ability to scrutinize and pry, and mighty was his vexation.

To create the aether cloud Sigmar required a boon from former members of his broken pantheon. Once, that council of gods had ruled the realms. Now they were estranged, or worse, yet Sigmar persuaded Teclis and Malerion to join forces one last time. They produced powerful enchantments, but not even they knew the purpose of their deceptive shield.

In secrecy Sigmar created a new army. Over hundreds of years the best of mankind's warriors had been gathered from the embattled realms. Each was granted the gifts of the gods, blasted apart by magics and machinery, and then reforged anew. Clad in armour of sigmarite and girt with ensorcelled weapons, at last the Stormcast Eternals stood ready for war. Mustered in mighty Stormhosts, the warriors were assembled in the celestine vaults on the outer layers of the Sigmarabulum. Each brotherhood had a specific mission, a linked chain of assaults that depended upon their brethren. At last, the preparations were complete; the time of judgement was nigh.

Sigmar had long planned to reclaim the realms from the grip of Chaos. To stand before the supernatural powers he needed warriors unlike any other. The foul servants of the Chaos Gods were imbued with dark gifts, and to match blades with such monstrosities required superhuman ability. This is what the Stormcast Eternals were made for – this was to be their hour.

Slowly did Sigmar rise from his throne and ascend the Celestial Stair. High into the Heavens he soared, until he stood beneath Sigendil, the High Star. Raising his hand aloft, Sigmar summoned to him a thunderbolt – a lance of living lightning that crackled and writhed in his grasp. Keen-eyed, Sigmar peered into the realms, his gaze piercing aether and cloud until the God-King espied his target and hurled forth his vengeance. Sigmar drew back, pulling another sizzling shaft from the air. Again and again Sigmar loosed his bolts, each streak accompanied by a booming clap of thunder.

The Realm of Aqshy would be the first to feel Sigmar's wrath. Thus did the Age of Sigmar begin…

THE BRIMSTONE PENINSULA

FLAMES AND VENGEANCE

The Brimstone Peninsula has been all but devoured by the battle-crazed hordes of Chaos. Khorne's wrath has ravaged the lands, and skull-fortresses and jagged bastions jut from the bloodstained plains like broken teeth. Yet Sigmar's Storm breaks over that ill-fated land, bringing a new destiny with it.

Warlords beyond counting have driven the blades of their ambition into the Realm of Fire. The heat-baked Brimstone Peninsula is scarred beyond reason by the tumultuous forces unleashed upon it; long years of war have ravaged its nations and toppled its cities into the dust. The peoples of this part of the Burning Realm did not accept their fate quietly, for they are fierce and hot of temper. The majority fought to repel the Bloodbound hordes with every weapon they could find. Ultimately, though, they were as children fighting wolves, a loose rabble of tribesmen set against the armoured giants that were the Chaos Gods' chosen. Most were slaughtered, tribe by tribe, until their blood flowed in hissing rivulets across the Igneous Delta. Their bodies were devoured in cannibalistic rites, their decapitated heads gathered up and stripped to the bone in offering to mighty Khorne. Those who survived the Age of Chaos through guile or cowardice were forced into new lives as slaves of their murderous overlords. The years slid by, and the peoples of the peninsula forgot their proud traditions, consumed entirely by war.

Just as Chaos' dominion over the Brimstone Peninsula was all but complete, lightning-lit thunderheads gathered upon the horizon. It was no natural tempest, but the coming of the Stormhosts, each a vast army of shining heroes forged by the will of the Lord of Tempests, Sigmar Heldenhammer.

Hurled from high Azyr upon twin-tailed bolts of magical power, the Stormcast Eternals slammed down into the Brimstone Peninsula. Vandus Hammerhand was given overall command, his mission to open a long-dormant portal sealed by Sigmar himself during his retreat to the Celestial Realm. In doing so, this vanguard force would allow the full might of the Stormhosts to join the war.

They were successful, though not without loss. The surprise of Sigmar's assault was a potent weapon in itself, and each soul chosen for this sacred duty was a heroic warrior empowered by celestial magic. Across the Realm of Aqshy, the heavens truly opened. The Age of Sigmar had begun.

There was blood spilt between the two warlords who would contest the Brimstone Peninsula even before the Storm of Sigmar struck Aqshy's sulphurous plains. In honour of his gory deity, the maniac warmonger Korghos Khul had butchered tribes across Aqshy's countless continents, raising a pyramid of skulls so massive it overshadowed the skull-clad towers he had built to stand sentinel around it. Amongst those to fall were the Direbrand tribe – though in that people's last battle their greatest hero, Vendell Blackfist, was transported from certain death. This noble warrior was reforged, becoming Vandus Hammerhand, foremost Lord-Celestant of the Hammers of Sigmar, and when he led a Thunderstrike Brotherhood drawn from his own Warrior Chamber to re-open the portal on the Igneous Delta he met Khul once more. Whether by a twist of fate or by Sigmar's design, Vandus duelled Khul at the climax of the battle, pitting his sacred hammer against a daemon-forged axe which could end the lives of even Sigmar's immortal warriors. The Lord-Celestant, recognising the killer of his former tribe, overcame Khul, and smote him into the mud. Khul did not die that day, though, for the tides of battle swept the two apart before the killing blow could land.

VISIONS OF ENDLESS WAR

With the portals to Azyr thrown wide, the Stormcast Eternals emerged by the thousand. Battle raged across the Brimstone Peninsula as Warrior Chambers hurled into battle by Sigmar's own hand strove to join forces. It would be no easy task, for Khul's Goretide covers the land like a sea of blood.

Though each of the brotherhoods sent from the Heavens to smite Khul's Goretide had its own mission, it was Vandus Hammerhand who faced the harshest challenge of all. The Lord-Celestant had excelled in his task, opening a vital gateway to Azyr and laying low the leader of the enemy hordes in the process. Yet a glimpse from beyond had seized Vandus' mind, an insight that suggested his work was incomplete. The warrior lord was no stranger to visions; usually these were painful images from his former life that rose unbidden with disconcerting clarity, though sometimes he saw flashes of scenes he had never witnessed. Just after his hammer struck Korghos Khul, he had been seized by the certainty that the gateway to Azyr was not the only Realmgate upon the Brimstone Peninsula. In smiting Khul, he had torn free the Chaos lord's secret – a yawning red portal through which he could channel the fell power of Khorne. It appeared as a high stone arch towering near a vast pyramid of bloodstained skulls. Daemonic energies spilled through it, turning the skies crimson and filling the air with the stench of burning blood. When Vandus' sight fixed once more upon the Mortal Realms, the battle's ebb and flow had carried him from Korghos Khul's fallen body. Revenge was put aside, for his quest was clearer than ever before. Only by finding the Chaos-tainted gate and destroying it utterly could the Stormcast Eternals secure a permanent hold over the Brimstone Peninsula.

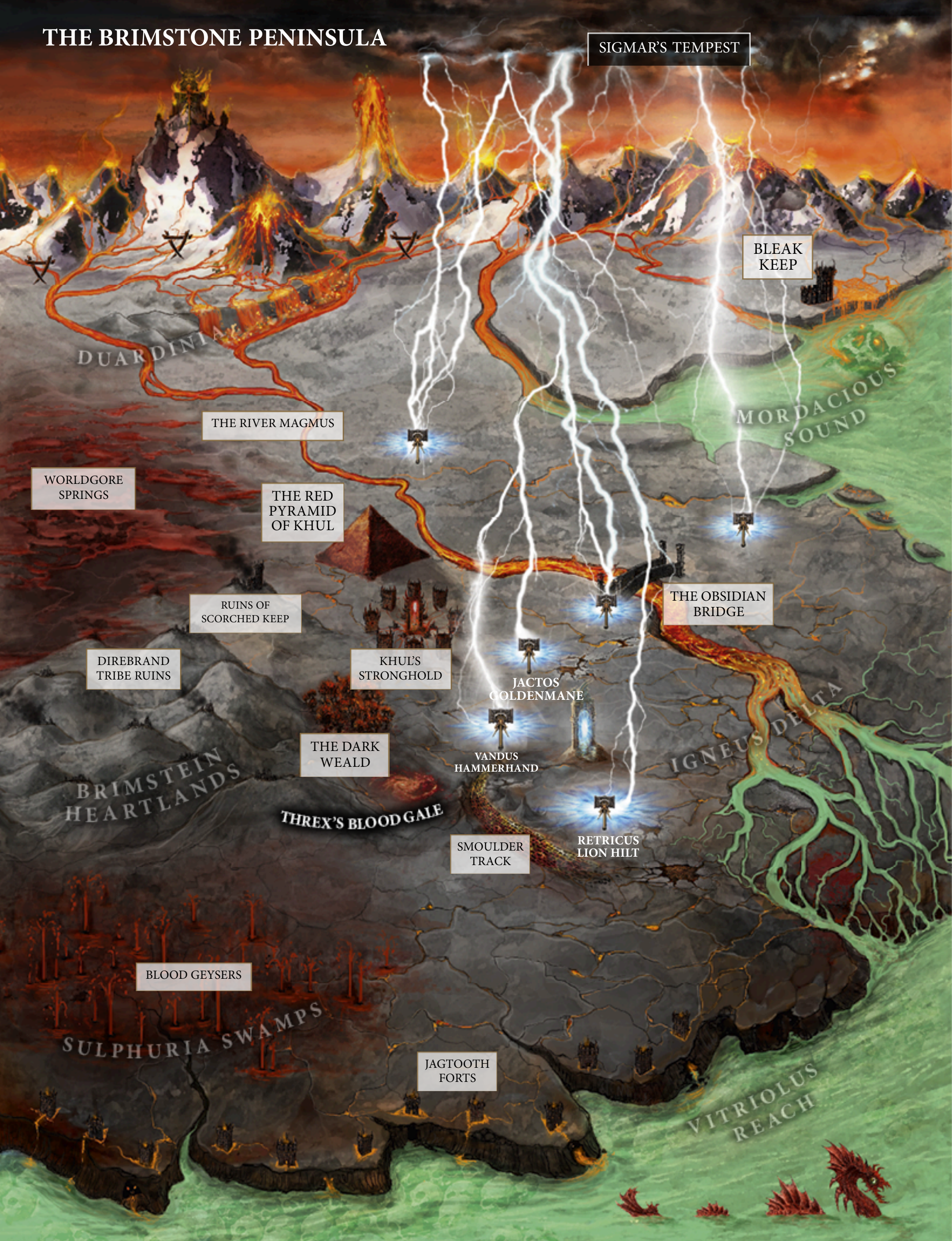
Vandus' hammer lashed out in a blaze of light, striking Khul so hard the Lord of Khorne landed sprawling on the bloodstained ground. Calanax pounced, pinning him. The noble beast waited for its master's command to kill, but it did not come.

Vandus stared into nothingness, the eyes of his mask burning with blue-white fire. In his mind's eye he saw bone-strewn wastes and skies of poisonous red. The thunderheads of Sigmar's Tempest reached across the vista like black talons passing over a cauldron of gore. The horizon was marred by eight high towers, built from thrice-cursed metal and the bones of the dead.

Amongst the towers was an archway high enough for a daemon lord to pass through without stooping. A name sprung unbidden – the Gate of Wrath. Through it could be seen the maddening light of the Realm of Chaos, and the eye-searing architecture of a fortress the size of a mountain. Nearby, lit by its red glow, was a pyramid of human skulls that scraped the skies. A red-armoured figure climbed towards the missing capstone. Impossibly, in its clawed hand, it held the bloody head of a Lord-Celestant. Vandus' heart skipped a beat as recognition dawned upon him.

That warrior was Khul, and the head was Vandus' own.

THE BRIMSTONE PENINSULA



HAMMERS OF SIGMAR

First to be forged by Sigmar's will, the Hammers of Sigmar are foremost amongst the Stormhosts. To a man they are honourable and just, and their weapons and armour shine the gold of unalloyed sigmarite. The weight of their duty presses heavily upon them, a pressure that could soon become unbearable. Just as the races of the realms will soon look to the Stormcast Eternals for salvation, the other Stormhosts look to the Hammers of Sigmar as exemplars of what it is to be the God-King's vengeance made flesh. They know they cannot fail, for to do so would cast doubt on their crusade of retribution before it had even truly begun. Because of this the Hammers of Sigmar burn with a steely determination that will become the bane of monsters and tyrants across the realms.

ISLANDS OF GOLD

Even Vandus' Thunderstrike Brotherhood could not take on a blood-crazed flood of berserkers and hope to prevail for long. To find the Gate of Wrath, the Lord-Celestant would join forces with his kin and fight north across the delta to the Red Pyramid beyond.

The shocking power of Vandus' assault upon the Chaos hordes had bought him time, but it was fast running out. Across the Igneous Delta the forces of Chaos flowed towards him like blood welling from a wound. The golden armour of the Hammers of Sigmar glittered like scattered riches in the distance, but for Vandus, the path ahead was barred by numbers uncounted – the Lord-Celestant would have to lead a charge to see each Thunderstrike Brotherhood united. Only with whole chambers of warriors at his side could Vandus cross the Igneous Delta to the fiery portal he had beheld in his vision.

Even should he succeed, the Lord-Celestant would be straying from the path Sigmar had given him – to secure a vital Gate of Azyr and hold it until a Lord-Castellant could relieve him. Yet not even the God-King could know that which Vandus had seen in his mind's eye. If they were merely to defend the gate they had already conquered, Khul would use his own portal to summon allies uncounted and retake the Realmgate within days. Though the grime of battle already discoloured the Stormhost's armour, and though their muscles were burning, they had no option but to forge on.

Ionus Cryptborn did not share Vandus' conviction. Though he did not doubt his commander's wisdom, the Lord-Relictor was reluctant to defy Sigmar's orders to follow a vision of unknown provenance. Cryptborn had been charged with casting down the brass forts that studded the Brimstone Peninsula, not driving right into the heart of Khul's stronghold. The Lord-Celestant argued that eight of these sentinel forts surrounded Khul's Gate of Wrath – they could achieve both missions at one time. Each brass tower was built at a place of magical energy, not purely as a strongpoint, but as an

anchor to suppress the fickle nature of magic and keep Khul's portal active indefinitely. By attacking these brazen towers, Cryptborn's forces could obey the letter of Sigmar's orders, whilst aiding Vandus as he sought the fell gate the towers held stable. Clasping forearms in a warrior's handshake, the two agreed to forge north across the lava-scoured wastelands, splitting forces as they approached the brazen towers so that Vandus' warriors might strike at the very heart of Khul's fortress.

The Hammers of Sigmar marched on; they hacked and battered their way through warband after warband, losing warriors with every new day, but their resolve did not falter. With Vandus as the tip of a shining golden wedge, the Thunderstrike Brotherhood fought their way over the Volatus Ridge, a jagged fault line that wound like a badly-healed scar across the land.

In the middle distance were the shining phalanxes of Jactos Goldenmane, Lord-Celestant of the Stormhost's second Warrior Chamber. Their lines were hard pressed indeed, the dusty ground they defended surrounded on all sides by Bloodreavers and Khorgoraths beyond counting. A great cheer went up from Goldenmane's brotherhood as Lord Vandus' men pounded down the ridge, smashing aside the tribesmen that swarmed to block their path.

With hammer and fist the Stormcast Eternals bludgeoned a path through the hordes to fight at Goldenmane's side, a trail of broken corpses left twitching in their wake.

Jactos Goldenmane hefted hammer and blade. His sword swept diagonal, cutting through the torso of one Bloodreaver and hacking the knees from another.

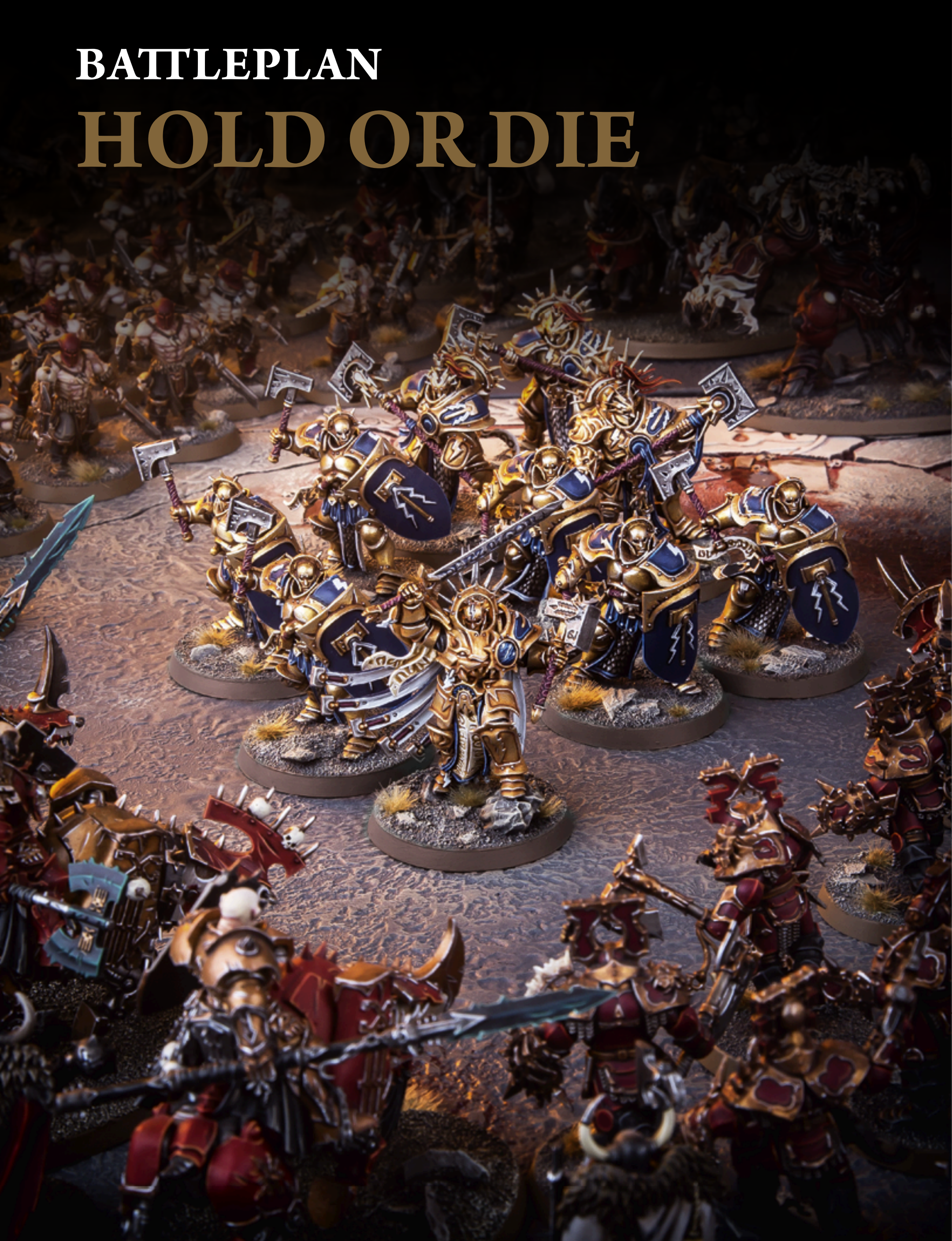
He sensed an assailant behind him and lashed backwards, his hammer crushing the skull of a third. How many had he killed this day? And always there were more – circling, charging, pressing home the attack. He felt like he was drowning in the hot rage of his foes, fighting with every ounce of strength to keep his head above the surface. Yet he could not fail here – he would not allow his death to endanger Sigmar's great plan.

A clarion shout; the crackle of a Dracoth's roar. Charging over the ridge was a shining warrior who bore the mantle of command as if born to it, Aqshy's red skies burning behind him. At his side came a score of Stormcast Eternals, then a dozen more. With hammers raised high the brotherhood charged to smash hard into the Bloodbound ranks. Bodies flew, blood spurted, and evil men died.

'Hold fast, Jactos!' shouted Lord Vandus Hammerhand, his star-blazoned cape billowing as he plunged into the fray, 'But leave some for us!'

BATTLEPLAN

HOLD OR DIE



Few tales are as dramatic as the heroic last stand. Outnumbered, facing desperate battle against an overwhelming foe, one force must dig in their heels and hold on until reinforcements arrive.

This battleplan is perfect to reflect the courageous stand of Jactos Goldenmane's Stormcast Eternals against Khul's Goretide, but you can also use it to tell a new tale all your own – maybe a sylvaneth Branchwraith and her handmaidens find themselves surrounded amid the Golden Glades by a seething tide of skaven, and must hold out until their tree-spirit kin can rush to their rescue, or perhaps an expedition of duardin must hold out amid the ruins of ancient Nheilm against howling hordes of orruks. Whatever you decide, this is sure to be a battle loaded with tense, desperate drama.

THE ARMIES

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

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

INVADER'S OBJECTIVES

You are deep in enemy territory, and have just discovered that you are surrounded on all sides by a much larger force. Fortunately, help is near at hand, but you must still hold out long enough for it to arrive. You will need to balance aggression with tenacious defence. Your objectives are for your surrounded force to survive, and for the enemy that surrounds you to be annihilated!

CUSTODIAN'S OBJECTIVES

You are the commander of a mighty warhost. The lands around you have long been subjugated, and you did not expect to suddenly find an enemy force in your midst. How or why it has arrived you do not know, but that matters very little to you – the enemy are outnumbered and surrounded, and will shortly all be dead! Your plan is a simple one, destroy the foe before any help can arrive to save them.

INVADER'S COMMAND ABILITY

All-out Defence: The general orders his men to stand firm and concentrate on repelling the enemy's attacks. If your general uses this ability, he, and all units from your army that are within 12" of him, cannot move, charge or pile in until your next hero phase. However, until then you can re-roll all failed save rolls for these units.

CUSTODIAN'S COMMAND ABILITY

Destroy At All Costs: The general orders his followers to ignore thoughts of their own safety and turn all their efforts to slaying their foes. If your general uses this ability, pick D3 units from your army that are within 12" of him. Add 1 to all hit rolls, and subtract 1 from all save rolls, that you make for the units that you pick until your next hero phase.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place on one of the many broken plains scattered across the realms. Broken plains are dotted with the ruins of long destroyed settlements. The only vegetation that remains are small stands of deformed trees – no other living thing can survive in this desolate landscape for long.

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

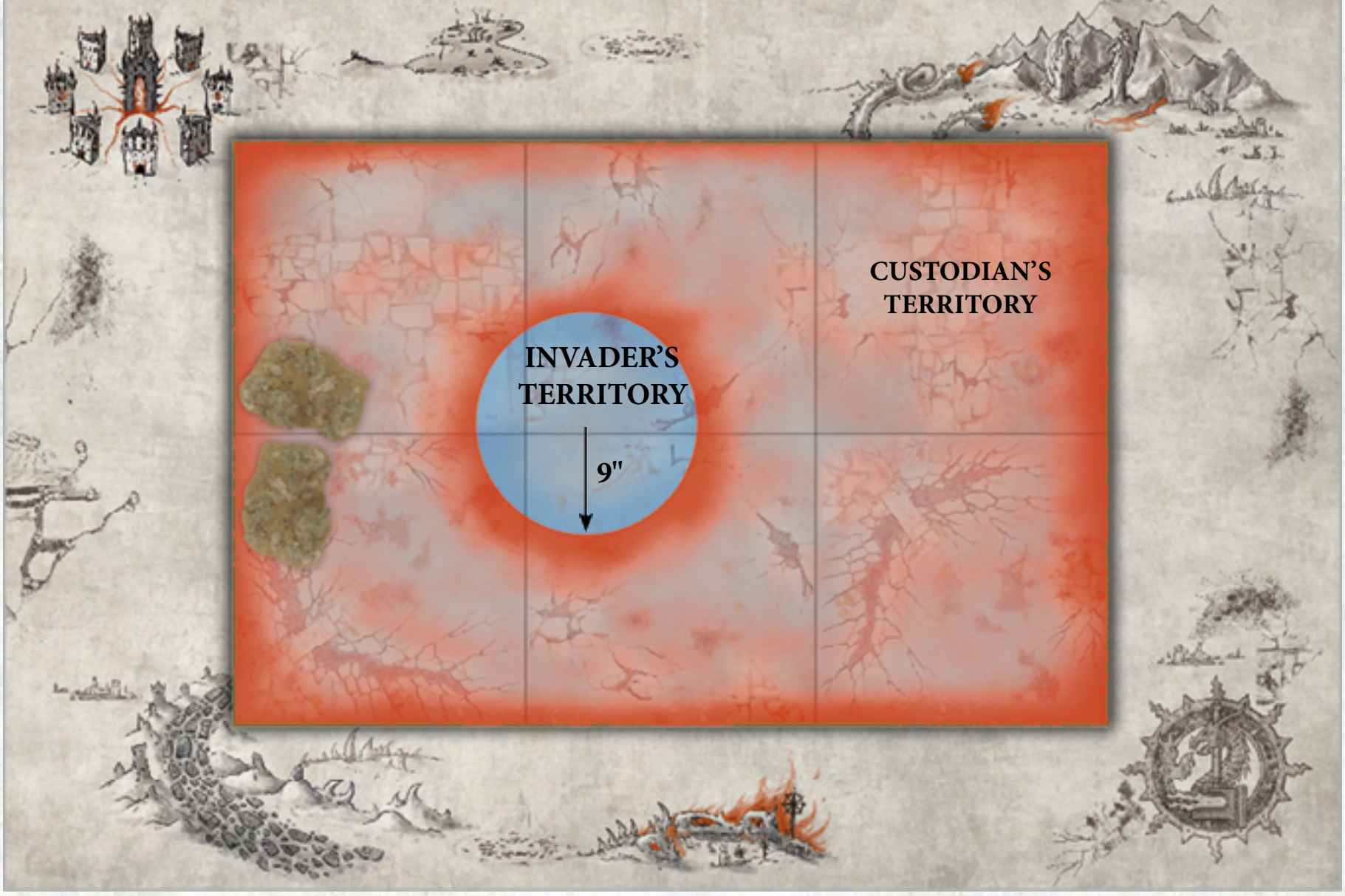
SET-UP

Do not use the set-up instructions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, before setting up, the invader must split their army into a starting force and a set of reinforcements. There must be at least twice as many reinforcing models as there are starting models.

Next the invader must determine their starting territory. To do so, the invader chooses any point on the battlefield. The invader's territory is the circular area within 9" of that point.

The remainder of the battlefield is the custodian's territory.

The players then take it in turns to set up units. The invader can only set up units from their starting force, anywhere in their territory. The custodian can set up units anywhere that is more than 12" from the invader's territory.



INVADER'S GENERALS

The invader is allowed to pick 2 army generals rather than 1. One must be part of the starting force, and the other part of his reinforcements.

DEFIANT STAND!

After set-up, the invader can select a **Totem** in their army and declare that this model will not move until the enemy are defeated. If the invader does so, that model cannot move during the battle, but whilst it is alive, friendly units do not have to take battleshock tests. In addition, when damage is inflicted upon the **Totem**, the invader can inflict that damage on a friendly unit within 3" instead.

FIRST TURN

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

INVADER'S REINFORCEMENTS

The invader's reinforcements arrive in the movement phase of their second turn. The invader must pick an edge of the battlefield after set-up is complete, secretly noting their choice on a piece of paper. All the models in the reinforcement units must be set up within 6" of that edge, more than 3" from the enemy. This counts as their move for that movement phase.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the custodian immediately wins a **major victory** if all of the invader's starting models are slain or have fled. The invader immediately wins a **major victory** if all of the custodian's starting models are slain or have fled.

TIME OF WAR

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

STORM OF SIGMAR

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

LEGIONS OF CHAOS

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

OVERTHROW THE TYRANTS

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

LEGIONS OF CHAOS TABLE

D6	Result
1	**Spawndom:** Your general suffers D3 mortal wounds. If he is slain, he is transformed into a **Chaos Spawn**.
2	**Daemonic Warband:** The Chaos Gods send 1 unit of **Daemons**. **Heroes** or **Monsters** cannot be chosen.
3	**Daemonic Regiment:** The Chaos Gods send 1 unit of **Daemons**. **Heroes** cannot be chosen.
4	**Champion of Chaos:** The Chaos Gods send 1 unit of **Daemons**. Any unit can be chosen.
5	**Battalion of Chaos:** The Chaos Gods send D3 units of **Daemons**. You cannot set up more than 1 **Hero**, or more than 1 **Monster**.
6	**Chaos Legion:** The Chaos Gods send D6 units of **Daemons**. You cannot set up more than 1 **Hero**, or more than 1 **Monster**.

RAIN OF SIGMAR

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

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

BRIMSTONE PENINSULA

If you decide a battle is taking place in the Realm of Fire, then you can specify it is occurring in the Brimstone Peninsula. If you do, the following rules apply.

FLAMING MISSILES

Missiles start burning with a magical fire as they streak through the super-heated air of the peninsula. You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for missile weapon attacks taking place at a range of more than 12".

CLOUDS OF SMOKE & STEAM

Terrain features in the Brimstone Peninsula are wreathed in smoke and steam that block sight. A model cannot see over a terrain feature to any targets that lie beyond it.

BRIMSTONE PENINSULA TRIUMPHS

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

D6	Reward
1	**Breath of Elemental Fire.** Pick a **Hero** in your army to be gifted with fiery breath. You can declare that he is unleashing this elemental power before he makes any attacks in the combat phase. If you do so, inflict D6 mortal wounds on an enemy unit within 3" of this model, but then inflict 1 mortal wound on this model.
2	**Essence of Scarlet Flames.** Pick a **Hero** in your army to embody this essence. The opposing player must subtract 1 from all hit rolls made against that model.
3	**Tome of Aqshy.** Pick a **Wizard** in your army. That model knows the Fireball spell even if the battle is not taking place in the Brimstone Peninsula. If the battle is taking place there, then you can add 1 to this model's casting rolls instead.
4	**Blessing of Eternal Flame.** Pick one **Totem** or Standard Bearer in your army to receive this blessing. Increase the Rend characteristic of weapons used by friendly models within 6" of the model with this blessing by 1 (i.e. '-' becomes '-1', '-1' becomes '-2', and so on).
5	**Phoenix Stone.** Pick a **Hero** in your army to carry this stone. In each of your hero phases you can heal 1 wound suffered by the model.
6	**Ruby Ring of Ruin.** Pick a **Hero** in your army to carry this ring. That model can attempt to cast the Fireball spell even if they are not a **Wizard** or in the Brimstone Peninsula.

FIREBALL

Wizards in the Brimstone Peninsula know the Fireball spell in addition to any other spells that they know. Fireball has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, select a target unit within 18" of the caster. If the target unit consists of a single model it suffers 1 mortal wound, if it has 2-9 models it suffers D3 mortal wounds, and if it has 10 or more models it suffers D6 mortal wounds.

GEYSERS OF BOILING BLOOD

The battlefield is pockmarked with bubbling geysers that suddenly erupt. Before setting up any units, the players take it in turns to place three dice each to mark the locations of the geysers. Each dice must be placed more than 9" from any of the other dice and more than 3" from the edge of the battlefield. The first dice must be placed so that it is showing a roll of 1, the second dice to show a roll of 2, and so on.

Each player rolls a dice at the start of each of their hero phases to see which of the geysers erupts. The geyser that erupts is the one marked with the same number as the roll. Any unit within 6" of an erupting geyser suffers D3 mortal wounds. If your army includes one or more **Priests** of **Khorne**, you can choose to add or subtract 1 from your dice roll to determine which geyser erupts.

THE DELTA RUNS RED

With their first furious assaults, the Stormcast Eternals secured a beachhead on the Brimstone Peninsula. However, the true site of Khul's power remains unbroken. Lord Vandus leads his men north, intent on destroying the Gate of Wrath as Ionus Cryptborn attacks its outlying defences.

When the Stormcasts had first struck, the warriors of the Goretide had been so eager to reach the killing ground that they formed a single surging mass of muscle and iron. A scrum of Bloodreavers had barrelled into Lord Vandus as he stood triumphant over the fallen Korghos Khul, forcing even his Dracoth, Calanax, to retreat. The Khorne worshippers' momentum sent them slamming into the Stormcast Eternals, who fought back with a fury of their own. In the heat of battle, the war-crazed Bloodreavers had trampled Lord Khul unconscious into the dirt.

Khul spent long hours in a black daze. When he rose roaring from the bloody mire, the battle had moved on, and Lord Vandus was nowhere to be seen.

Khul's rage was great indeed. The warrior king had been bested in combat just as his utmost triumph was within his reach, and his own minions had added insult to injury. They would pay, as would the golden-armoured warrior he saw as pretender to his throne – Lord Vandus had succeeded where orruk warlords, gargants and even ember drakes had failed.

Part of Khul's soul rejoiced that he had finally found a worthy rival in the art of war. Yet Khul would not attack alone. He knew that his greater duty – to ensure the dominion of Khorne – took precedence over simple revenge.

Khul fought north with grim purpose, hacking down those of his warriors who dared speak to him. He passed the outer towers of his stronghold on the third day, and marched onwards until he reached the Gate of Wrath, a mystical site of surpassing power, which loomed at its heart.

Khul strode into the central courtyard of his fortress, where stood the gargoyle-sculpted arch of the Realmgate. The clangour of infernal industry intruded upon his thoughts; daemon blacksmiths and teams of whip-scarred slaves laboured night and day to erect brass walls studded with the skulls of entire mortal tribes. Such construction was not warrior's work, but it was a necessary evil. Eight distant brass towers formed a ritual star around Khul's Realmgate, and while they stood, the portal to the Realm of Chaos could be kept permanently open. Through it had come a thousand monstrosities, and Khul intended to summon a thousand more, to drown the Brimstone Peninsula in blood.

The Lord of Khorne made his way to the Realmgate itself. The tall stone archway – a formerly unstable portal that had once blinked in and out of existence on an almost nightly basis – was held fast by invisible chains of pure hatred, each anchored by a slaughterer's oath to one of the distant towers. The red light pouring from inside the gate was painful to behold; its maddening glow gave Khul a powerful urge to kill.

Around the portal were hundreds of Bloodreavers, each preoccupied by their gory ritual of consuming the hearts of the fallen. Here and there were strewn the bodies of Aqshy's native tribesmen, men foolish enough to fight back against the Goretide. The vast majority of the corpses, however, belonged to Khul's own warrior tribes.

Khul began to shake, froth gathering at the corners of his mouth. With a great roar, he unleashed his Flesh Hound, hefted his axe, and began to hew heads from necks. The slaughter that followed was immense. By the time the sun rested its glowering eye, the site around the Realmgate was slick with a lake of blood. Shimmering within it was the reflection of the portal, a brighter crimson than ever. Bubbles spread across the glowing blood slick as it simmered, then boiled furiously.

The tip of a horn emerged, then another, then a dozen more. One by one, a legion of Khorne's Bloodcrushers rose through the boiling lake of gore and emerged, dripping, to stand before Lord Khul. The gangling Bloodletter riders looked towards Khul as one, their elongated tongues licking congealed lifeblood from long blades.

Khul merely pointed south. A second later, the brass walls echoed to the thunder of a daemonic stampede.

THE GORETIDE

Of all the Bloodbound hordes that assail the Realm of Aqshy, the Goretide is by far the largest. This monstrous assembly of murderers is so numerous that from the volcanic peaks of Duardinia it appears like an inland sea slowly claiming the land. The glistening red of its warriors' armour is the hue of freshly spilt blood, and they wear the bones of those who fought well before death with grisly pride. Under the rulership of the tyrannical Korghos Khul, the Goretide has decapitated so many victims that their trophy-skulls form a pyramid that scrapes the clouds. The choice Khul's numberless Bloodreavers offer is simple: join their dark feast, or become another skull on the pile.

THE BRASS TOWERS

Bound by the orders of Sigmar, Ionus Cryptborn leads his army on. He intends to tear down the works of Chaos that corrupt the Brimstone Peninsula until no stone stands upon another. At Khul's southernmost towers, the Lord-Relictor takes his crusade of vengeance to the fell garrisons of Khorne.

Lord-Relictor Cryptborn headed north with an entire Exemplar Chamber in support. Nothing could stand in their way; those not felled by his massed Retributors were hunted until death by the Prosecutors that circled high above.

Three nights later, the first of Khul's brazen towers pierced the horizon. Raising his relic standard, Cryptborn summoned a tempest to conceal his phalanx's strength as they advanced. To the Bloodreaver sentries atop the keep's battlements, the oncoming host appeared as a storm front bound to the land rather than to the sky.

The Bloodreavers did little more than hurl obscenities, but the sentinel towers had a deadly malice of their own. Mouths agape, the brass gargoyles atop each corner chanted evil verse in deep, metallic tones.

Cryptborn's suspicion of fell magic turned to a shout of alarm when a geyser of hot blood burst from the soil nearby, hurling a knot of Retributors skyward. The warriors landed with a series of crushing impacts. Three more geysers erupted as the Stormcasts closed in, knocking dozens of warriors from their feet.

Ionus sent a bolt of energy towards the battlements, blasting back those warriors his Prosecutors could not reach. Moments later, the tower's garrison surged from the keep as if vomited from a ragged maw. It was met head-on by storm-blessed hammers.

Hundreds died in those first minutes. A sudden charge by brass-shod daemonic cavalry almost overwhelmed Ionus and his warriors, but eventually the determination of the Stormcasts overcame the savagery of the Goretide, and the victors took their weapons to the skull-studded walls.

With a high-pitched scream, another geyser of boiling blood erupted from the cracked soil. Gobbets of hissing liquid spattered Cryptborn's armour, trickling inside and burning his cold white flesh. The Bloodreavers on the battlements of the tower ahead howled, but did not emerge.

'So the Bloodbound are craven!' boomed Cryptborn, his sonorous voice loud and clear. 'I thought as much. Those who skulk are unworthy to hold a blade!'

The insult was well judged. Cryptborn nodded grimly as the keep's thick portcullis clanked upwards, armoured warriors spilling out in a red tide. 'Dolts and simpletons,' he muttered, motioning for the attack.

'For Sigmar and Azyr!' shouted Retributor-Prime Theodrus, hammer held aloft. Nearby, Prosecutors took wing, hurling bolts of force toward the battlements as the Retributors met the Blood Warriors head-on.

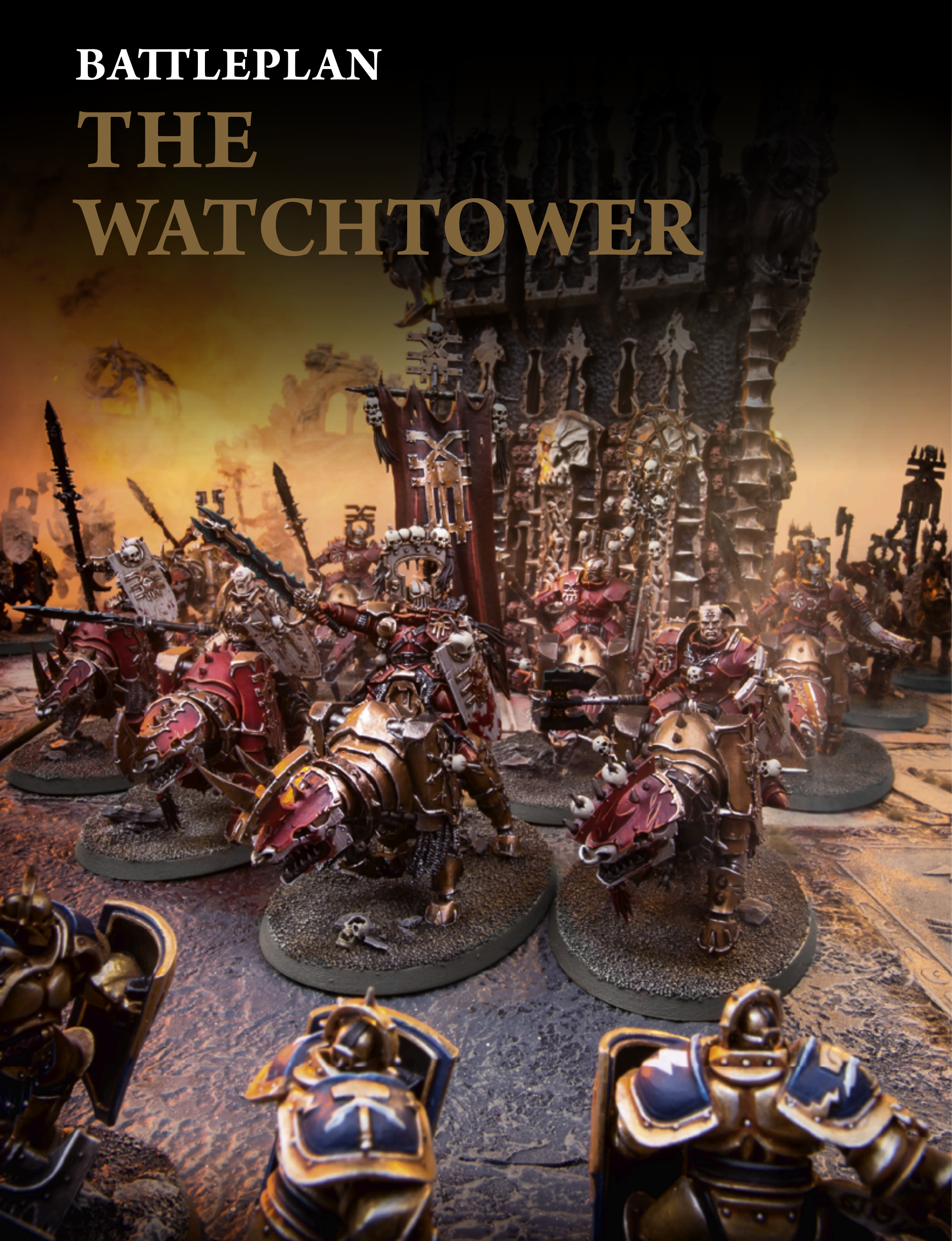
The battle lines crashed together in an avalanche of metal. Theodrus' Retributors smashed Bloodbound to ashes with their lightning hammers even as razored axes cut down Stormcast Eternals in turn.

From the lee of the tower came an answering war cry, as wordless as the bellow of a bull. A giant of a man hurtled into the fray, leaping over a pile of corpses to slam his axe into a swooping Prosecutor. In his other hand he held a standard of his own, the hated icon of Khorne glowing with a fell light. Ionus knew what was to come, and charged to intercept his enemy, but he was too late. The Khornate champion plunged his standard into the blood-slicked earth with a howl.

The stink of blood filled the air; a gale of Khorne's wrath shook the earth. Drawn by the god's roar, a stampede of brazen beasts turned from their headlong charge south, daemon riders atop their haunches. Now the true test would begin.

BATTLEPLAN

THE WATCHTOWER



Towering over the surrounding lands, the watchtower stands redoubtable against the foe. This battleplan allows you to fight either as the watchtower's defenders, or as the attackers who flock to tear it down. The attackers must strike hard and fast to claim their target, for every moment that passes brings enemy reinforcements closer.

This is a tale that has played out countless times across the Mortal Realms, and you can tailor it to whatever models your collections contain. You've read of Ionus Cryptborn's attack upon one of Khul's brass towers, but your battle could as easily see shambling deadwalkers trap a force of Stormcast Eternals in an ancient keep, or gutbuster ogors besiege a warped watchtower garrisoned by grumbling daemons of Nurgle.

THE ARMIES

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

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

GUARDIAN'S OBJECTIVES

You are the commander of a fortified watchtower, and it is your duty to watch out for enemy incursions into your warlord's territory. Should an enemy force be spotted, you and the warriors under your command must hold out long enough for the rest of the army to arrive. Once they do so, you can sally forth to join your comrades, and drive the enemy from your lands.

INVADER'S OBJECTIVES

You are the commander of a mighty warhost that has been ordered to invade the lands of one of your most hated rivals. Soon after entering the enemy's territory, you have come across a watchtower. The warriors under your command have quickly moved into positions from which they can attack the tower, and are now eagerly awaiting your orders for the assault to begin. Should the tower fall to your troops, the first step in the invasion of the enemy empire will be complete.

GUARDIAN'S COMMAND ABILITY

At The Double: The general quickens his pace, bellowing at his warriors to keep up with him. If your general uses this ability, then your general and any unit within 12" of your general in the charge phase can charge even if they ran in the same turn.

INVADER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Lure Them Out: Your general can use this ability if he is within 12" of an enemy unit that is within or on a terrain feature. If he does so, roll two dice. If the total rolled on the dice is higher than the enemy unit's Bravery characteristic, it is lured out of the terrain. The enemy player must immediately set up the unit on open ground within 6" of the terrain feature it was within or on.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place on the blasted plains that border the territory controlled by the guardian. At the centre of the battlefield stands a tower, the garrison of which has been ordered to watch out for enemy incursions into the ruler's territory.

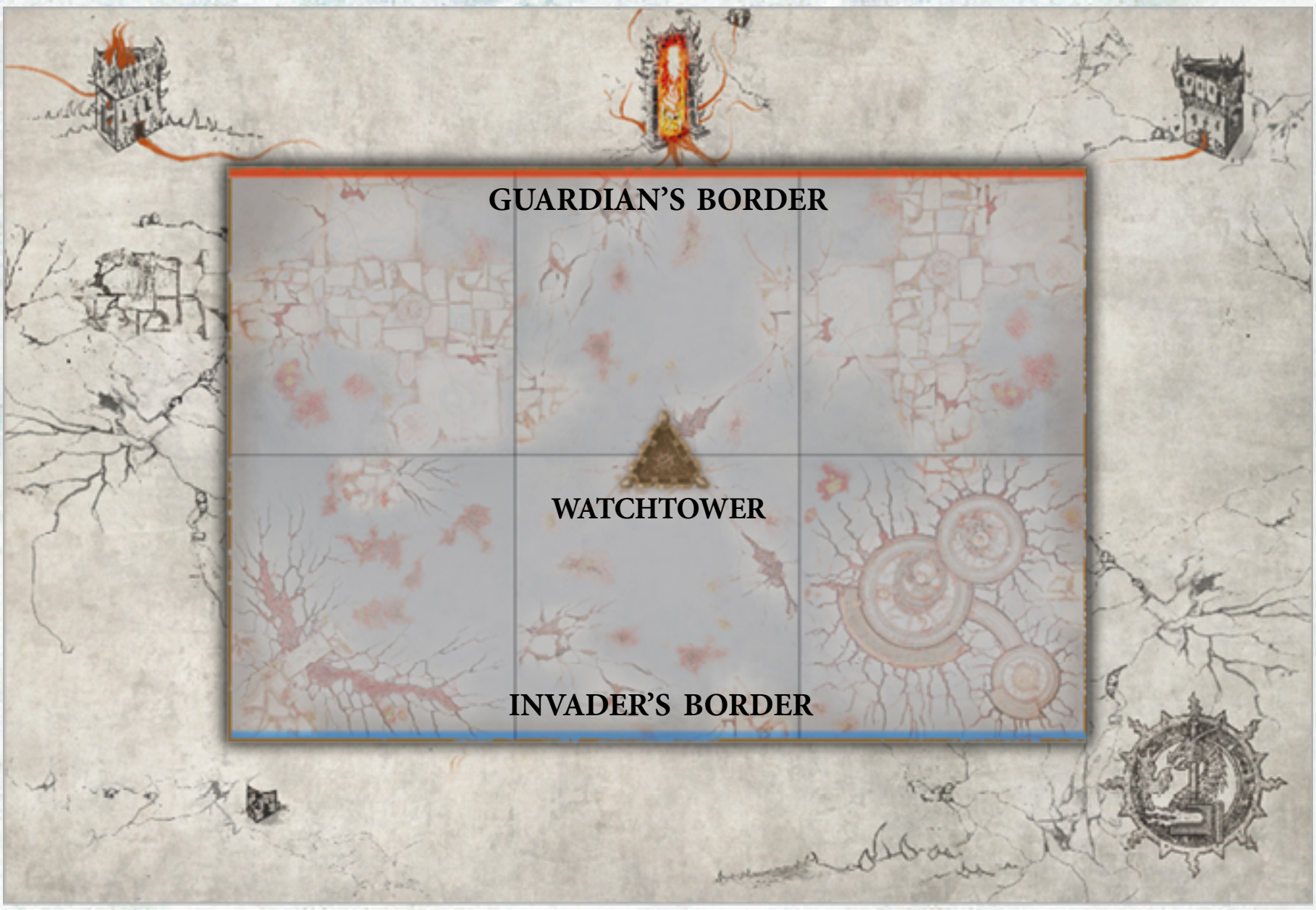
Set up a terrain feature in the centre of the battlefield to serve as the watchtower. Any suitably defensive area of terrain can be used – a hill or a wood for example – but a lofty tower is best if you have one.

The rest of the scenery for the battle can be set up as described on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Once all of the scenery is ready, the guardian must pick one edge of the battlefield as their border. The opposite edge of the battlefield is the invader's border.

SET-UP

Do not use the set-up instructions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the guardian sets up their army first. Before setting up any units, the guardian must pick a unit to garrison the watchtower. In addition, the garrison can include one **Hero**.

The garrison is set up first, either in or on the terrain feature that has been set up as the watchtower. The remainder of the guardian's army is set up in reserve, and will enter as reinforcements as described below. The general of the



guardian's army cannot be part of the garrison.

The invader then sets up their entire army, so that all models are within 12" of their border.

FIRST TURN

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

MAN THE BARRICADES!

Add 3 to the Bravery characteristic and add 1 to all hit rolls for any models from the garrison that are either in or on the watchtower.

GUARDIAN'S REINFORCEMENTS

The guardian's reinforcements arrive in the movement phase of their first turn. All the models in the reinforcement units must be set up within 6" of the guardian's border, more than 3" from the enemy. This counts as their move for that movement phase.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, roll a dice at the end of each battle round, starting from the third. On a roll of 4, 5 or 6, the battle ends. When the battle ends, the player with the most models in or on the watchtower achieves a **major victory**. If neither player has a model in or on the watchtower, the player with the closest model to the watchtower achieves a **minor victory**.

HINTS & TIPS

As noted in the instructions, this battleplan works best if the garrison can be set up in a fortified tower. However, if you do not have such a model in your collection, do not let it put you off playing the game. A hill or a circle of rocks will work almost as well and still allows you to play a gripping game.

The guardian needs to pick their garrison carefully. Whichever unit they choose will probably suffer badly at the hands of the much larger enemy force, so they should try to pick a unit and a hero that are resilient enough to hold out, but which they can afford to lose.

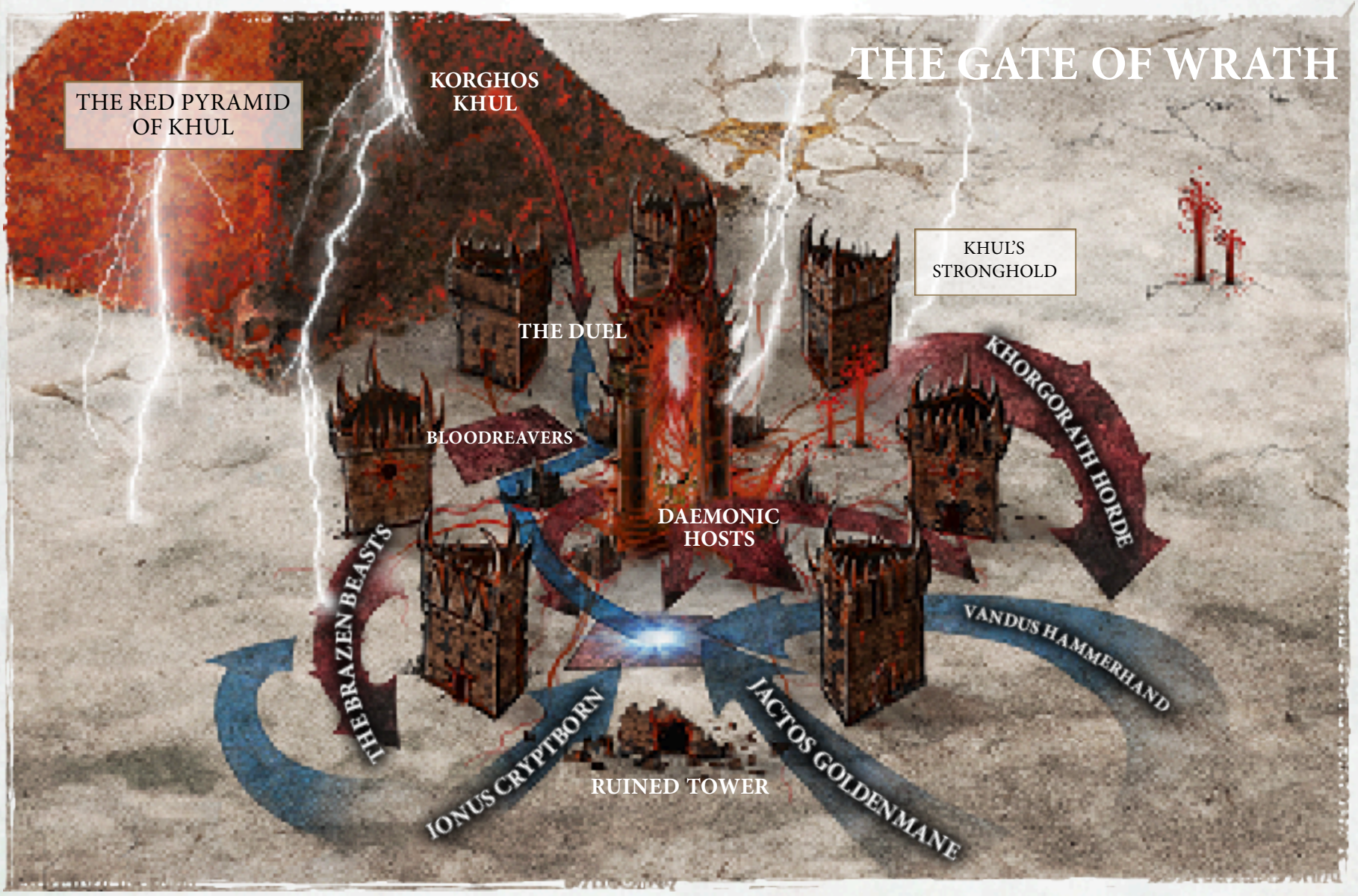
THE STORMS CONVERGE

For all its fury, the celestial blitz striking the Goretide was but the first phase of a greater battle. The warriors of Khorne were hitting back so hard that the Stormhosts were hard pressed to cut off Khul's reinforcements – the chances of claiming the peninsula entire were diminishing by the hour.

Across the Brimstone Peninsula each Stormhost blazed its own path of retribution. The Lord-Celestants in charge of each Thunderstrike Brotherhood were quickly embroiled in the cut and thrust of melee, though they kept at the forefront at their minds their part in Sigmar's greater plan.

The scions of Khorne, true to their nature, gave no thought to defence. For them, attacking was all. Starved of worthy prey, they hurled themselves into the mayhem of battle with abandon. In doing so they dispersed from their bastions, unwittingly giving Lord-Celestant Hammerhand a chance to strike at the heart of Khul's realm.

The Lions of Sigmar, resplendent in purple and gold, had forged north to draw off the Goretide's westernmost Blood Warrior warbands. Their roaring battle cry could be heard even in the east of the peninsula, where the Anvils of the Heldenhammer defended the Obsidian Bridge in silence. Their role was to hold back those of the Goretide north of the River Magmus, at any cost. Many gave their lives to bar the berserk Wrathmonger tribes from crossing, bolts of azure energy shooting skywards wherever they fell.



To the south the battle raged on. Khul could ill afford to lose another of his skull-clad keeps – his foes had already torn down one tower, and knew this would dangerously destabilise his portal to the Realm of Chaos. Khul did not lack for manpower, however. Although the Stormcast Eternals had assailed many of Khul's warbands, he was still able to call upon endless reinforcements.

From the Gate of Wrath in Khul's stronghold came crimson-skinned daemons, each host of horrors attracted by the stink of carnage. Flesh Hounds howled, Bloodletters raised banners high and Juggernauts stampeded

south across the plains. Brazen hooves threw up great clouds of ochre dust as hundreds of daemon riders hurtled into the crucible of war. Such was the brute force of their charge that Cryptborn's Exemplar Chamber was forced to retreat, lest it be trampled into the dust. The chamber did so in well-drilled unison; though dozens of their number had fallen to the charge, their ranks were untouched by panic or doubt. Back they fell in lockstep, their ranks closing behind the brass riders wherever they broke through. Soon the cavalry of Khorne found itself trapped. Then came the counter-attack, Cryptborn leading a two-pronged assault that crushed his foes utterly.

AT THE GATE OF WRATH

Khul's counter-assault was turning the Stormcast Eternals' invasion into a gory war of attrition, but in doing so had left the Gate of Wrath dangerously vulnerable. Vandus' strategy was likewise being tested, for just as he was attacking Khul's stronghold, his portal to Azyr was being assailed in kind.

With Jactos Goldenmane at his side, Lord Vandus' attack continued apace. Sheer determination carried them north, driving further with each new dawn. Along the way, the Warrior Chambers suffered greatly. Their fallen discorporated by the score, returning to the Celestial Realm as jagged shards of lightning. For every madman the Stormcast Eternals slew, two more joined the fight. Before long, the tides of battle had divided the two Warrior Chambers – Lord Vandus fought his way to the heart of Khul's stronghold with barely a hundred souls at his side. Day turned to night, the Brimstone Peninsula ever more ravaged by war. At the Gate of Azyr, Skullreaper tribes attacked in great number, but they had met their match.

Andricus Stoneheart was the first of the stalwart Lord-Castellants that Sigmar had forged to defend his military gains. Stoneheart had arranged his forces in concentric rings around the celestial gate – the outer rings were Liberator shield walls, the inner circles Judicators with sigmarite arrows nocked to skybolt bows. The Skullreapers attacking the outer rings were axemen of consummate skill. They decapitated many a golden warrior, but wherever a Stormcast Eternal fell, a volley of crackling arrows blasted through into the berserkers until the gap could be shored up. Whenever the inner circle of Judicators was threatened, the Lord-Castellant personally turned the tide with storm halberd and savage Gryph-hound. They fought like true heroes that day, and the Gate of Azyr remained in the hands of Sigmar's chosen few. Yet not all of Andricus Stoneheart's fellow leaders claimed victory...

'Lord Vandus,' shouted Cryptborn. 'Atop the pyramid!'

Vandus Hammerhand smashed the flat of his hammer into the drooling skull of the Khorgorath looming over him. The beast reeled back, its head in splinters, to reveal the Pyramid of Khul pulsing red in the distance.

A figure was clambering up the skull-stacked ziggurat's side with a blood-red hound leaping at its side. In its hand it clutched a golden helm. Blood drizzled from the decapitated head inside. With a jolt, Vandus recognised the helm-crest of Lord-Celestant Jactos Goldenmane. A dread certainty seized him. Khul needed to offer up the head of an immortal in order to secure daemonhood – and he had claimed not Vandus', but that of his ally.

Stepping bloody from the slaughter to Vandus' flank came Ionus Cryptborn, his visage cold and fierce.

'Sigmar speed you!' said the Lord-Relictor, harnessing the crackling wild magic in the air. The energy blasted from his relic staff to envelop Vandus and his Dracoth. Like a thunderbolt, the Lord-Celestant shot out from the battle. Moments later, he struck the base of the pyramid of skulls in an explosion of blue energies. He felt his body become heavy and corporeal once more.

'Khul!' shouted Vandus, 'Korghos Khul! Slayer of the Direbrand tribe! Face me now, or I name you coward!'

Lord Khul, but a stone's throw from finally capping his offering to Khorne with the skull of an immortal, turned back. He looked down at Vandus and met his gaze. The Lord-Celestant could see pride in his eyes – pride warring with daemonic ambition.

Screaming to the skies in frustration, Korghos Khul turned and vaulted down the side of the pyramid.

BATTLEPLAN

THE RITUAL

Across the Mortal Realms, the gods look on as their worshippers fight and die in their name. Should the correct rituals be performed, it will surely spell destruction for their foes.

Whatever the case, using this battleplan, you can play out an exciting race against time. One force – such as Korghos Khul's Bloodbound, in the drama on the Brimstone Peninsula – seek to enact a mighty ritual, the consequences of which will be dire indeed. Maybe a Deathmage Necromancer seeks to raise an unstoppable undead horde from a mass grave in the Ulgulands – or perhaps the Rotbringers of Nurgle strive to curse an entire city to sickness and death. The other force must stop the ritual's completion, no matter the cost.

THE ARMIES

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

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

RITUALIST'S OBJECTIVES

After much toil and hardship, you are finally close to completing the ritual that will ensure you achieve victory. But now, just as your triumph seems assured, one of your most hated enemies has arrived, and is determined to thwart your ambitions. You will not allow them to succeed! You must stop the cur from disrupting the ritual so that you can fulfil your rightful destiny.

DISRUPTER'S OBJECTIVES

You are the commander of a mighty warhost that has been ordered to stop a hated foe from carrying out an unspeakable ritual. Should your enemy succeed they will be able to dominate this land and all those around it – they must be stopped at all costs! In order to achieve your goal, you must fight your way past the enemy army that blocks your way, and shatter the artefact that is the focus for the ritual.

RITUALIST'S COMMAND ABILITY

Destroy At All Costs: The general orders his followers to ignore thoughts of their own safety and turn all their efforts to slaying their foes. If your general uses this ability, pick D3 units from your army that are within 12" of him. Add 1 to all hit rolls, and subtract 1 from all save rolls, that you make for the units that you pick until your next hero phase.

DISRUPTER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Shatter the Artefact: The general gathers all of his strength and strikes the artefact with a mighty blow. Your general can use this command ability if they are within 3" of the terrain feature used to represent the magical artefact. If they do so, roll a dice. On a roll of 2 or more the artefact has been shattered and you immediately win a **major victory**.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place near an ancient, tainted artefact which is being used as the focus for an arcane ceremony. We recommend using a suitable piece of scenery, such as a Baleful Realmgate, or a set of markers, such as small stones or rocks, to represent the artefact.

Generate the rest of the scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet.

THE ARTEFACT

No model may pass over or move through the terrain feature representing the magical artefact, including models that can fly. The artefact can be shattered by the general of the disrupter's army, or their second in command should the general be slain (see the disrupter's command ability, above, and the second in command rule below).

SET-UP

Do not use the set-up instructions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the players take it in turns to set up units. Units can be set up anywhere within their own territory (see the map below) more than 6" from enemy territory. No model may deploy within the area occupied by the magical artefact.

FIRST TURN

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

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, if the magical artefact is shattered, the disrupter immediately wins a **major victory**. The ritualist immediately wins a **major victory** if the disrupter's general is slain and not replaced, or if the ritual is completed (see below).

SECOND IN COMMAND

If the general of the disrupter's army is slain, then the player commanding the army can pick a **Hero** from their army to take the general's place. The replacement becomes the general of the army for the rest of the battle.

The disrupter's general can only be replaced once. If the replacement general is also slain, or if there is no **Hero** to take the original general's place, then the ritualist wins a **major victory** when the general is slain.

THE RITUAL

The ritualist must roll a dice in each of their hero phases. Add 1 to the roll for each friendly **Wizard** or **Priest** that is within 12" of the magical artefact, and subtract 1 from the roll for each enemy **Wizard** or **Priest** that is within 36" of the artefact. The roll cannot be increased beyond 6 or reduced to less than 1. Keep a note of the cumulative sum of these rolls.

The ritual is complete when the cumulative total of all the ritual rolls is 20 or more.

HINTS & TIPS

This battle is a challenging one for the disrupter, especially if the two armies are closely matched in size. The player commanding the disrupter's army will need to pick their general with care, and ensure that a **Hero** is also nearby in case the general is slain. Whoever is picked should be able to move swiftly, and be tough enough to soak up whatever the enemy throws at them.

If you are the ritualist, you must keep the invader away from the artefact for as long as possible. Try to slay the enemy general and second in command if you can, but keeping them away from the artefact should be your main aim.

THE TEMPEST RAGES ON

A deluge pelted from the skies as the vengeance of the Stormcast Eternals was brought to bear. Rivers of blood poured across the lands, and the blue-white energy of unbound magic crackled from hammer and axe alike. Everywhere Sigmar's Tempest struck, its crackling talons were fierce enough to kill.

High above Khul's stronghold there came a strobing flash of azure light, and a cracking boom loud enough to split the earth. Thunder rumbled, the heavens opened and glowing rain hammered down. It hissed from the parched red earth and rose again as azure steam, lending a dream-like quality to the battle. The mayhem only intensified as pillars of lightning speared down, blasting smoking holes in the battle. Wherever they struck, corpse-strewn craters were left behind. Lava spurted from the gouged earth at their hearts, immolating those close by.

Near the western towers, the Judicators of the Lions of Sigmar took aim with their boltstorm crossbows. Their target, a pack of frenzied Khorgoraths driven by the whip of Vekh the Flayer, was riddled with so many explosions that half their number were cut down in a trice. The rest charged the Judicators, killing with tentacle and claw even as they were slain in turn. Soon only Vekh remained, cackling amidst the corpses.

The portal to Khorne's realm glowed hot, red steam gushing from its roaring mouth. To the east, geysers of boiling blood erupted to catch soaring Prosecutors mid-flight and unbind the celestial magic holding them aloft. They crashed to earth in the shadow of the Red Pyramid, where they were hacked to pieces by the axes of the Bloodreavers who pounced upon them.

Even as the souls of Sigmar's warriors blazed upwards, a side of the pyramid slid away, burying dozens of murderers under an avalanche of snapping, gnawing skulls. Khul leapt amongst the landslide, axe raised, and hurtled snarling towards Lord Vandus.

'Die then, fool!' bellowed Lord Khul, an eye-watering slash of unlight trailing from his axe as he flew towards Vandus Hammerhand. The Lord-Celestant tilted hard in his saddle, but Calanax was not so quick. Khul's axe carved deep into the Dracoth's scaled flank, and Vandus leapt from his saddle with a cry, swinging his hammer at Khul as he came. Serpent-fast, the Lord of Khorne sidestepped, hefting his gory trophy by its flaxen hair and slamming the bloody stump of Jactos' neck into Vandus' helm.

The feint was horrific enough, but when Khul's daemon hound snapped at his face, Vandus had to stumble back. 'Your skull shall be mine after all,' growled Khul, his axe whistling in so fast Vandus barely raised Heldensen in time to block it. The Lord-Celestant channelled his anger into strength and drove his hammer forward, but Khul was somehow already inside its reach.

'You are nothing without your drake,' said Khul, clapping a hand over the hammer Heldensen's neck.

'Damn you!' shouted Vandus, unable to break his foe's grip. He drove his helm into Khul's face, breaking mask and bone alike. Bellowing, Korghos Khul wrenched Heldensen from Vandus' hand and cast it aside.

In that instant, inspiration struck Vandus, and he leapt sidelong to land in a crouch at the burning red portal. Rising up with a cry, he reached out and placed a hand on the pillars that framed the Realmgate.

'Lord Sigmar, strike down thy servant now!'

A deafening blast, a blinding white light, and when the blaze faded, the portal was no more than a steaming mess of molten rock. Of Lord Vandus and of the hammer Heldensen, there was no sign.

The lightning strike that ended the duel between the two warrior lords was so powerful it shook Duardinia's distant peaks. For a hundred paces all around, Stormcasts and Bloodbound alike were flattened, thin wyrms of living lightning crawling over their half-dead forms as they lay amongst the powdered bone that was all that remained of Khul's grisly pyramid.

The lord of the Goretide was the first to recover his senses, roused by the celestial energy that crackled around him. Bloodied, Khul got to his knees, casting about himself in dread wonderment at the smoking ruin that was all that was left of his works. He felt a savage pain grow in his chest, a pain that grew into a maelstrom of anger. Head hurled back, he roared his fury to the sky.

To a Stormcast Eternal his hammer is more than a weapon, it is retribution made manifest. To swing such a weapon is to wield a thunderbolt.

Thunder rumbled in response, not merely across the Brimstone Peninsula, but across all eight of the Mortal Realms. Sigmar's Tempest roiled over far-spread kingdoms as his Stormcast brotherhoods brought his light to lands long benighted.

The Brimstone Peninsula had been claimed by Sigmar, and his warriors poured through the Gate of Azyr in the south to ensure that none could refute his rule. Towers fell beneath sigmarite hammers, gore-soaked idols were cast down, and tribes that had known only the dominion of Chaos were freed from their cruel slavery. The first blow had been struck, and its echoes would reach even into the Realm of Chaos. The Dark Gods fumed at their loss, and their vengeance would not be long in coming.

THE STORM SPREADS

FROM THE HEAVENS

With all the shock of bolts striking from blue skies, the first Stormcast Eternal assaults had been triumphant. Kingdoms long lost to Chaos were lit by the flashes of Sigmar's Tempest, and entire Stormhosts emerged from newly captured Realmgates to bring vengeance to the realms' oppressors.

The Dark Gods of Chaos looked upon their stolen lands with great displeasure, for Sigmar's Tempest loomed large over every domain. Ghur's bone-strewn continents were lashed by glowing rain; pillars of energy burst from Ulgu's lowering skies to throw light where no light had ever been seen before. The Realm of Life, so long infested by entropy, flickered virginal white as Chamon's metallic landscapes pulsed azure. Only the Realm of Chaos escaped the tempest.

In the space of a single moon, a hundred tyrants had been cast down. Ten times that many armies of Stormcast Eternals had blasted out from the heavens, starting anew the war the Gods of Chaos considered already won. The tides of fate, so long flooded with the blood of innocent men, were being washed clean by the magical deluge the God-King had unleashed upon the Mortal Realms. The realms themselves, though, would not be so easily cleansed.

Since time immemorial, the realms had been linked by the mystic portals known as Realmgates. There were many of these gateways, most spanning their way through impossible gulfs of space to link the far-distant kingdoms that made up each realm. Many of the Stormcast Eternals were sent to seize these portals in lands that had long been bent under the lash of the Chaos powers, and they soon became aware of a new – but not wholly unexpected – development.

Gardus, Lord-Celestant of the Hallowed Knights, stared out, lost in wonder. He stood upon the precipice, at the edge of the Sigmarabulum. Beyond was not an empty black pall as it appeared from the distant ground, but instead something far more grand, far more majestic. Stars were everywhere, multicoloured nebula drifted through the firmament and below him, covered in clouds of brilliant aetheric magic, was the realm of Azyr. He truly was standing in the Heavens themselves.

Soon he would lead his Stormhost to battle for the first time. He had trained many lifetimes for this moment, yet still he was unsure. Gardus had been chosen by Sigmar and a portion of godly power now flowed in his veins. Although Gardus could bend metal with his bare hands, right now he was filled with ever-growing self-doubt.

'Fear not, Lord Gardus,' said a voice behind him. 'It is the waiting that unsettles you. And that wait will soon be over.'

Gardus started. He turned quickly, gazing up at Zephacleas, Lord-Celestant of the Astral Templars. Truly, Gardus had been wrapped up in his own thoughts, for Zephacleas had approached unheard, and he was a towering man even before his Reforging.

Removing his mask-like helm, Zephacleas revealed a broad smile beneath. 'Until we fought in Aqshy,' said Zephacleas, 'I too was unsure. Combat – real fighting, not training – will bring it all back to you, you'll see. We'll meet again. I will see you upon Ghyran, and we will be victorious.'

With a parting grip upon Gardus' shoulder, the Lord-Celestant turned and walked towards the celestine vaults. Gardus watched him depart, wishing he had said something in return. Mostly, however, Gardus wished that he too had been in the first wave of attacks – that he and his Stormhost had already been blooded in battle. It would not be long now, but still... he hated the waiting.

Many former passageways between the realms had been badly corrupted. As was its way, the cloying presence of Chaos had twisted the Realmgates. The Bridge of Fire that once spanned the realms of Aqshy and Shyish now burned with multicoloured and sentient flames. Branches of fire had grown off course, solidifying to form a prismatic path leading directly to the edge of a crystalline labyrinth – to the very border of the Realm of Chaos. It was reported that grasping tentacles and streams of contagion burst forth from the archway to the Five Gates of Ghyran. Across each new realm dozens of similar examples were uncovered.

As Sigmar had foreseen, it was not just the free folk of the Mortal Realms that had been under attack, but the very lands themselves. Each contaminated portal poured forth anarchic energies, hastening the debasement in which it lay. Already rife with Chaos, many of the scattered worlds were fraying at the edges. Holes in reality were growing, and the leering hungry things beyond were becoming bolder with each passing day. Indeed, had Sigmar waited any longer to send forth his Stormcast assaults, it would have been too late; there would have been nothing left to save.

Sigmar had decreed that any portal deemed corrupted beyond redemption was to be destroyed – though the ruination of these ancient structures was no easy task, it was the only way to stem the tides of Chaos across the Mortal Realms.

Many of the initial Stormcast attacks which struck near these gates encountered strong resistance – the Dark Gods would not willingly give up the routes by which their forces were sent to plunder and ravage, nor abandon their gradual corruption of the realms themselves.

Those Stormcast Eternals that returned successfully from their first strikes via the very gates they had opened were soon sent to war once more. The spirits of those that had fallen in battle began the process of Reforging in Sigmaron. Crackling lightning storms raged over the aetherdomes that ran along the Sigmarabulum as the injured were bathed in sizzling celestial energies which saw wounds rejuvenated and rent sigmarite mystically mended. They knew it was but a fleeting reprieve – standing once more atop the Celestial Stair, Sigmar hurled forth his lightnings. Further storm-strikes blazed all across the embattled realms.

THE SPREAD OF NURGLE

Ever greedy, Nurgle looked over the Mortal Realms. His ulcerated maw, and the many lesser mouths that covered his bulk, watered at the sight of so much life. There was much to do, for the Plaguefather wanted it – wanted it all. Yet of all the realms he espied, there was one Nurgle coveted above all others.

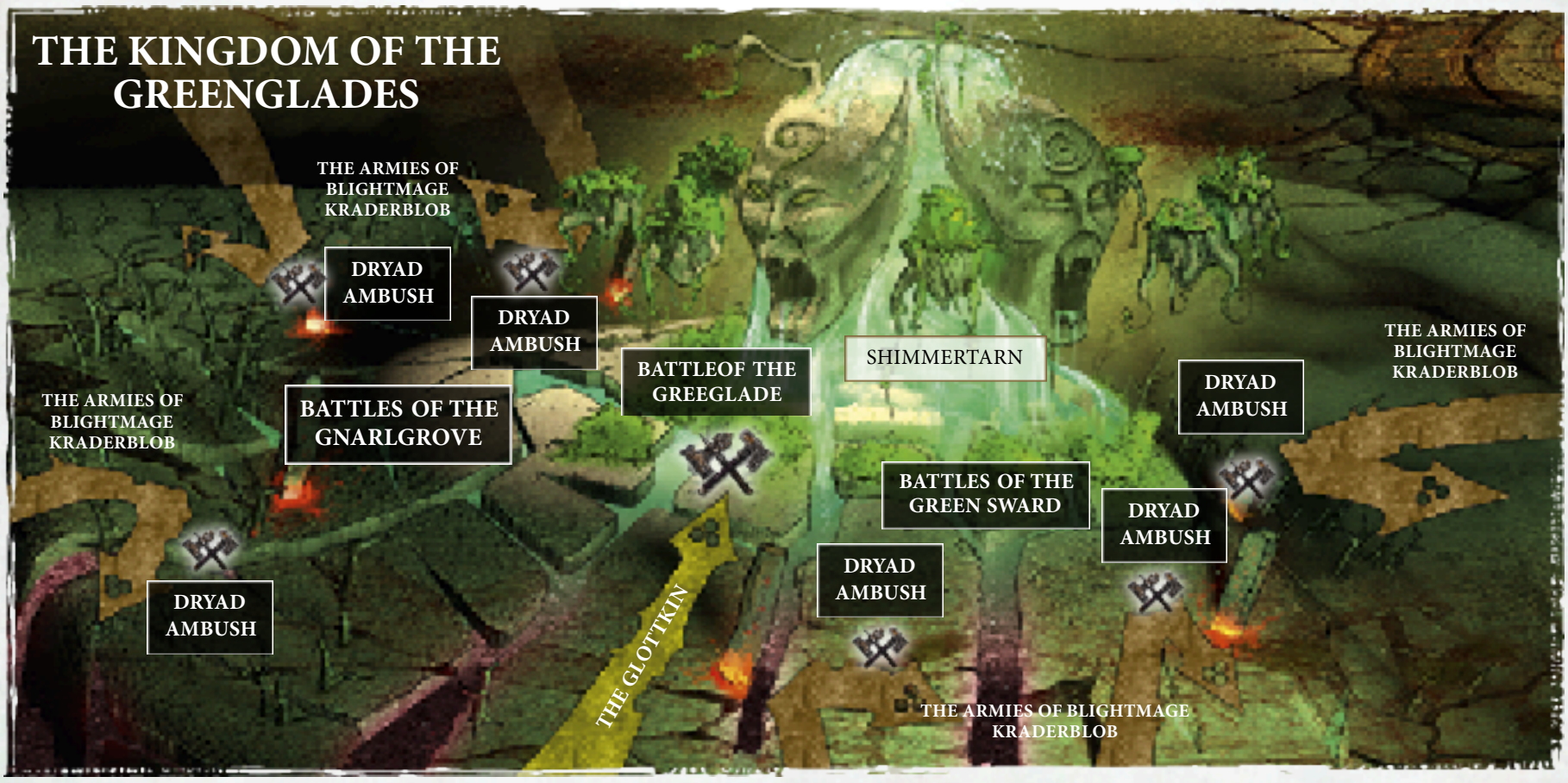
In the eternal battle for supremacy, all of the Chaos Gods wax and wane in power, yet none more so than the much polarised Lord of Disease.

When plagues roll across the realms in pandemic proportion, then the Lord of Pestilences swells like some blood-bloated tick. Indeed, Nurgle's leathery skin stretches so wide during such periods that there is nary a pockmark for even the smallest of Nurglings to nestle within. However, when diseases lay fallow, Nurgle shrinks. This leaves the Lord of Decay as a ragged mass, multiple flaps of haggard skin swinging and rippling with every stride.

During the Age of Chaos, all the Dark Gods had, at times, claimed ascendency, save only Slaanesh, the Lost God. Most of these periods, however, were short-lived, save for the dominion of Khorne. The Blood God's might was currently at its zenith, a fact that greatly worried Tzeentch, yet Nurgle was not concerned. He knew his time was coming, and he could feel his own virulent strength increasing.

In the wake of the all-conquering Khornate hordes came the intertwining tendrils of contagion and contamination. Like despair, a rot grew within many of the last defenders who still dared to defy the Chaos powers. As their desperation grew, so too did disease and decay. And while the Plague God's minions could be found lurking throughout all realms, save only Azyr, it was Ghyran that attracted the bulk of Nurgle's attentions. It was Ghyran – known also as the Realm of Life, or the Jade Kingdoms – where the plague legions exerted their greatest efforts.

Nurgle's assault upon the many lands that made up Ghyran began centuries ago. Since then, armies, plague-spells, and contagions have been unleashed in Nurgle's bid to rule.



Under the relentless assault of the plague legions, dozens of skyfalls were polluted, the Isles of Rain turned rancid, and the Great Marsh curdled and transformed into a crawling plague, a sprawling monstrosity that swallowed mountain ranges whole.

At all times, there were three different spearheads attacking the realm, each led by a great champion of Nurgle. The invading armies drove deep into the Jade Kingdoms, despoiling and contaminating all they touched. The competition between the three commanders was fierce, for each wished for supremacy. All searched for the Queen of the Radiant Woods, Alarielle. She was the ultimate goal, for she was the spiritual embodiment of the lands, and only her capture would signify the final collapse of Ghyran.

The many nations of mankind that once lived in Ghyran were broken. Entire cities had died to plague, others were mercilessly slaughtered or enslaved by invading armies. Worst of all, amongst the destruction many mortals were twisted to their oppressor's vile cause. Some were corrupted through the promise of power, others by the chance to survive the foul poxes that ran rampant across the lands. That which rose from each wrecked civilisation was a mockery of its former glory. The followers of Nurgle did not build, they destroyed, for they lived only to serve their new god. In great roving warbands they spread their pestilence, seeking out others to infect.

Once the varied Kingdoms of Ghyran had been beautiful to look upon, but now they were twisted, blighted places. Where the tread of Chaos was heaviest, the land had been transformed, its lush vitality usurped. The cycle of life was everywhere, but writ in its most loathsome form.

Where the diseased dead fell, their bones lay heaped in piled masses. Yet life writhed there still, for a moving carpet of maggots and scavenger creatures covered all. The putrescence upon the forest floor was a rich loam of decaying matter. The sickly trees fed upon this rich abundance, and new unnatural growths branched out, intertwined with skulls. Creeper vines slithered like tendrils, sucking deep upon the marrow of the land itself. The noxious decay was so rife that roiling clouds of miasma drifted across the lands – a plague fug that fuelled Nurgle's armies with fell powers.

AMBUSH IN THE GREENGLADES

Many of the kingdoms of Ghyran were overrun by the Ruinous Powers, little more than withered husks of the wild grandeur that once was theirs. Those that remained – hidden vales or illusion-masked woodlands – were being relentlessly sought out and consumed by the plague legions.

The forest realm of the Greenglades had been sick many times. Each occurrence came after disease-tainted fog banks rolled over the dense boughs. The unnatural mists left leaves covered in a sticky, glistening moistness. The corruption followed shortly, as the trees withered, twisting into grotesque shapes. Yet disease alone could not conquer the forest.

At the heart of the woodland kingdom was the Shimmertarn – an ornately carved standing stone from which flowed numerous streams. These streams wound through the woodlands like arteries, ranging in size from trickling freshets to deep runnels with cascading falls. The jade-coloured waters carried a purifying force, potent magic that counteracted Nurgle's deadly blight. Within days, renewal would bloom in the woods, as blackened bark and wither-gnarled branches regained their lusty green vitality. A new spring flourished once again.

Many of the surviving kingdoms of Ghyran had proven resilient to the mutating defilements of Nurgle. At the Skyfall of Rhyros, the province of the Ivy King and countless other domains within Ghyran, strong roots and powerful regenerative magics helped them overcome the festering rot. But the disease-bearing clouds were not the only threat, for behind the putrid fog marched something that was far more dangerous still.

Another cloud approached the Greenglades, yet this one was different – it droned as it approached. The plague legions had come, heralded by thick swarms of black, three-eyed flies.

'A bloggorbs-rotting pox upon it,' Glutrik cursed. He wrenched up his rusted visor, hawking loudly before spitting forth a fist-size blob. With a wet splat, the matter hit a nearby tree and began to ooze downwards. Of course it hit a tree, thought Glutrik. There was nothing but trees out here.

It was Kraderblob's fault. The blightmage had felt potent magics nearby, but could not locate the source. It was his fault the troops were forced to search these forsaken woods. The whole Dripping Skull warband was spread out; Glutrik could hear them crashing through the undergrowth on either side of him.

As Glutrik pondered a curse strong enough for his feelings about the wizard, something nearby moved. The tree he had just passed – still dripping with his spittle – flickered, battering Glutrik with its branches. Before the startled warrior could bring his rust-pitted axe to bear, he felt himself lifted off his feet. Looking down, Glutrik saw that he was impaled; a talon-like branch had pierced his thick armour, and was now hoisting him aloft. There was no pain – Glutrik was beyond that – only intense pressure. As he gasped, the bark-creature lowered Glutrik, bringing him closer until they looked into one another's eyes. A fierce green hatred burned there. Mustering his strength, Glutrik tried to curse, but only phlegmy foam bubbled out. With contempt, Glutrik was flung unceremoniously to the ground and left there to convulse his last.

As the sylvaneth Dryad strode away, Glutrik felt the gaping hole in his chest close, his body reknitting, vital strength coursing through him. He reached out for his fallen axe and clattered upright once more.

'Come back,' Glutrik burbled through blood and phlegm, 'this time I'm ready.'

Blightmage Kraderblob could feel it in his bloated body, he could taste it in the air, he could smell the pure vitality even through his rheumy, dripping nose. There was a source of great magical power nearby, some wellspring that was gushing forth rejuvenating energies. And he must have it – so came the orders from the Glottkin themselves. All of Nurgle's greatest champions now raced each other, leading their armies to conquer the last uncorrupted lands of Ghyran, each wishing to be the one to place the mightiest offering before their Plaguefather.

Kraderblob did not know what witching powers the woodlands possessed, yet when he sent search parties forth they reappeared too soon, and too bewildered. None penetrated deeply into that cursed forest, for illusionary misdirections ensured each warband marched circuitously. Back into the woods Kraderblob sent them, but thus far to no avail. Naught had been seen, and each returning group's tidings sapped more and more joy from the usually ebullient blightmage. He was even beginning to chew upon the ragged flesh of his decaying fingers, a sure sign of frayed nerves.

The Glottkin would be arriving shortly, and the thought of having no prize to deliver made Kraderblob shudder. He glanced over at the beslimed, many-tentacled beast that burbled by his side and remembered the sheer agony that had been inflicted upon his predecessor. He knew better than any that it did not pay to disappoint the Glottkin…

The sound of the Crasshorn interrupted his musing, its baleful drone echoing through the forest. At last the troops had found something. Like hounds on a scent, all the disparate warbands searching the woods would now make for that sound. Kraderblob, throwing caution to the wind, ordered his reserves to march towards the horncall as well, shuffling after them as quickly as his rot-raddled legs would allow.

The Battle of the Greenglades began as a trickle. A few lone Chaos Warriors stumbled upon some sylvaneth Dryads – the canny creatures had disguised themselves as trees within that interminable undergrowth. As more warriors of the Dripping Skull crashed through the thickets to join the fray, they found the forest itself was alive, actively attacking and misleading them. Grasping vines slithered out to strangle, binding roots ensnared, and gleaming will-o'-the-wisps led the unwary to hidden quagmires.

Yet what hope had root or branch against the pitted iron of a plague-axe? The heavily-armoured warriors chopped and battered their way towards the sounds of fighting, for the Crasshorn was calling, calling them to war. If the battle had begun as a trickle, it now grew to become a downpour as fierce fights erupted throughout the woodlands.

BATTLEPLAN

THE TRAP

Lured into the jaws of a deadly trap, one faction must fight to survive as they are suddenly beset from all sides. The defender must marshal their warriors with danger on all sides, while the attacker can run wild through the enemy ranks, but must keep the pressure up lest their victims gather their wits and fight back.

In the Greenglades, this type of battle has been fought time and again between Nurgle's chosen warriors and the vengeful sylvaneth. However, you could just as easily cast a band of ogors as the defenders, beset from all sides by Deathrattle Warriors as they slog through the Drowned Marshes. Whatever the setting and forces, both players are in for a desperate fight.

THE ARMIES

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

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

INVADER'S OBJECTIVES

You have been pursuing the enemy for some time. Just minutes ago you finally came across one of their hunting parties. Heavily outnumbered, they fled almost immediately, and you have led your warband in a pell-mell pursuit. Then, as suddenly as they appeared, the enemy have vanished. Although they may simply have made good their escape, your hard-earned battle-wisdom warns you that you have just walked into a trap. Shouting a quick warning to your warband, you prepare to turn the tables on your ambushers and wipe them out for their effrontery!

AMBUSHER'S OBJECTIVES

Your enemy is brave but foolhardy, and sadly lacking in your own natural cunning. This is a failing for which you will make him pay. A small group of your warriors have led the foe into a carefully prepared killing ground, where they are surrounded on three sides by your warhost. You can see that their leader has sensed this is a trap, but it is far too late – with a mighty war cry you leap to your feet and order your warriors to attack! The enemy must be completely annihilated, as a warning to any others that would dare invade your homelands.

INVADER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Counter-attack!: If your general uses this ability, pick up to 3 of your units that are within 12" of your general and within 3" of the enemy. In the next combat phase, you attack with all of the units that you picked (instead of a single unit) before your enemy is allowed to attack with a unit. In addition, add 1 to the hit rolls for all models in the units you picked in that combat phase.

AMBUSHER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Coordinated Attack: The general orchestrates his forces to attack in concert, turning on one foe in a timely strike. If your general uses this ability, pick one enemy unit. Add 1 to the hit rolls for all attacks made by models from your army on that enemy unit until your next hero phase.

THE BATTLEFIELD

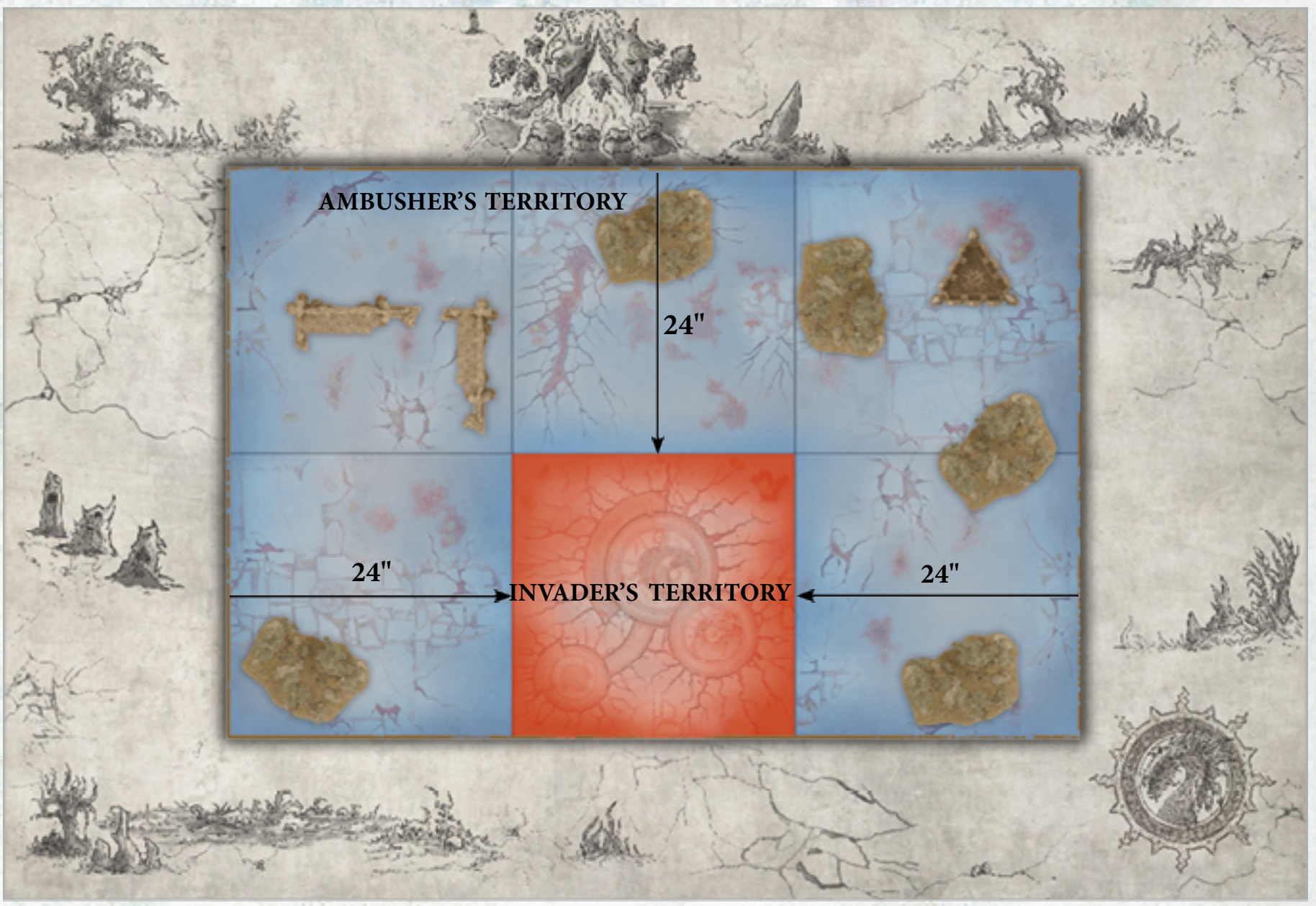
The trap is sprung with the invading army caught out in the open, in a killing ground devoid of any cover. The ground occupied by the ambushers, on the other hand, offers ideal areas of defensive terrain, behind which the ambushers can take cover and hide from sight.

You can either generate the scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the example scenery shown on the map below. If you choose to generate the scenery, then do not place any terrain features in the invader's territory, and place at least one terrain feature in each two-foot area of the ambusher's territory if you have enough scenery models to do so.

SET-UP

Do not use the set-up instructions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the invader sets up their entire army first, anywhere within their territory. The invader's territory encompasses the area on the battlefield that is more than 24" from the northern, eastern and western edges of the battlefield.

The ambusher sets up their entire army second. Ambushing units can be set up anywhere in their territory that is more than 9" from an enemy unit.



FIRST TURN SURPRISE

The ambusher must take the first turn in the first battle round of this battle.

It is hard for the attacker to coordinate an ambush, and difficult for the defender to respond. Because of this, units are not allowed to move in the movement phases of the first battle round. In addition, in the first battle round units can either shoot in the shooting phase *or* attempt to charge in the charge phase (but not both).

KILLING GROUND

The invader must subtract 1 from all save rolls he makes in the ambusher's shooting phase of the first battle round.

PREPARED POSITIONS

The ambusher can add 2 to the save rolls for any units from his army that are in cover during the enemy shooting phase, instead of only adding 1 to the save roll.

VICTORY

Use the rules for determining the victor from the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet for this battle. However, only use the rules for Sudden Death Victories if the invading army has at least twice as many models as the ambushers – otherwise the battle must be fought until one side achieves a glorious victory.

HINTS & TIPS

The invader needs to play carefully for the first turn or two, weathering the ambusher's storm and then launching their own attack once the enemy is spent. The invader will need to balance spreading his army out around the edge of the killing ground, so that the ambusher has less territory in which to set up, with keeping his army concentrated so that units can support and help each other. The ambusher, on the other hand, needs to strike hard and fast. Make sure to set-up your army so that the invader is surrounded. It is usually best for troops with missile weapons to use them in the first round, rather than risk failing a charge.

TIME OF WAR

When Sigmar unleashed his storm of reconquest, war was already raging in the Greenglades in the Realm of Life. The following rules are specific to battles being fought within this verdant realm, and recreate its fantastical and corrupted nature during the War of Life.

THE GREENGLADES

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

SPONTANEOUS GROWTH

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

LIFEBLOOM

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

SHIELD OF THORNS

Wizards in the Greenglades know the Shield of Thorns spell in addition to any other spells that they know.

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

GREENGLADES TRIUMPHS

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

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

HIDDEN FESTERING CORRUPTION

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

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

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

HELP ME, GRANDFATHER NURGLE!

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

MIASMA OF PESTILENCE

All **Wizards** in the Greenglades that are followers of **Nurgle** know the Miasma of Pestilence spell in addition to any other spells that they know.

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

THE STORM ARRIVES IN GHYRAN

Even as the first blow was struck on the Igneous Delta, Sigmar cast forth more Stormhosts. Amongst the Jade Kingdoms of Ghyran they sought to stem the tide of Nurgle that was swamping the lands, and Sigmar also hoped to rebind an alliance long severed.

When the Stormcast Eternals arrived in Ghyran they found a realm that was badly corrupted. A sickness hung over the lands like a pall, the very rocks growing pus-filled boils.

Despite the vast swathes conquered by Nurgle's minions, the defilement of the Jade Kingdoms was not yet complete. Both the native creatures and the lands themselves were proving more resilient than the Plaguefather had imagined. Even the most bucolic regions of the realm displayed a hardened survival instinct, and this was magnified a thousandfold in the truly wild regions. Like creatures hiding behind ingenious camouflage, some kingdoms in the Realm of Life remained concealed from view. Sometimes these regions were but a dell hidden by powerful illusionary enchantments, yet others were vast – whole continents shrouded in secrecy. Only by grubbing augurations could these clandestine realms be discovered.

Even the lands that were wholly invaded had a way of shaking off the diseases that assailed them. In this, the lands proved similar to those hardy plants that sprout up in the most unlikely of places. A contagion might level a region, turning once-fertile ground to a festering swamp, but amidst that ruination a single growth might remain unblemished. That new life burgeoned, growing hale and clean of limb in spite of the swirling putrescence, as if some sorcery kept Nurgle's blessings at bay. The plague legions found they needed to lift up every proverbial rock, to scour even the most obscure of places. But slowly, one by one, the last of the Jade Kingdoms were being uprooted by those inexorable forces.

And then came the thunder...

The first Stormcasts to be cast into the Realm of Life were Knights-Azyros. Detached from their Stormhosts, each of these would not deploy to fight alongside their brethren, but instead were sent as emissaries to seek the paths that were hidden. Even all-seeing Sigmar could not perceive the exact locations of the secreted enclaves, only pieces of the mystic trails that connected everything in Alarielle's realm. It was the mission of the Knights-Azyros to follow these hidden paths, meet the sylvaneth guardians in council, and to request their aid. This would mean asking the sylvaneth forces to forego their isolationism, and to leave their hidden sanctuaries to join the greater battle. Long ago, the sylvaneth leader, Alarielle, had withdrawn from Sigmar's god-council, choosing to lose herself in the natural beauty of the realm of Ghyran rather than become embroiled in war.

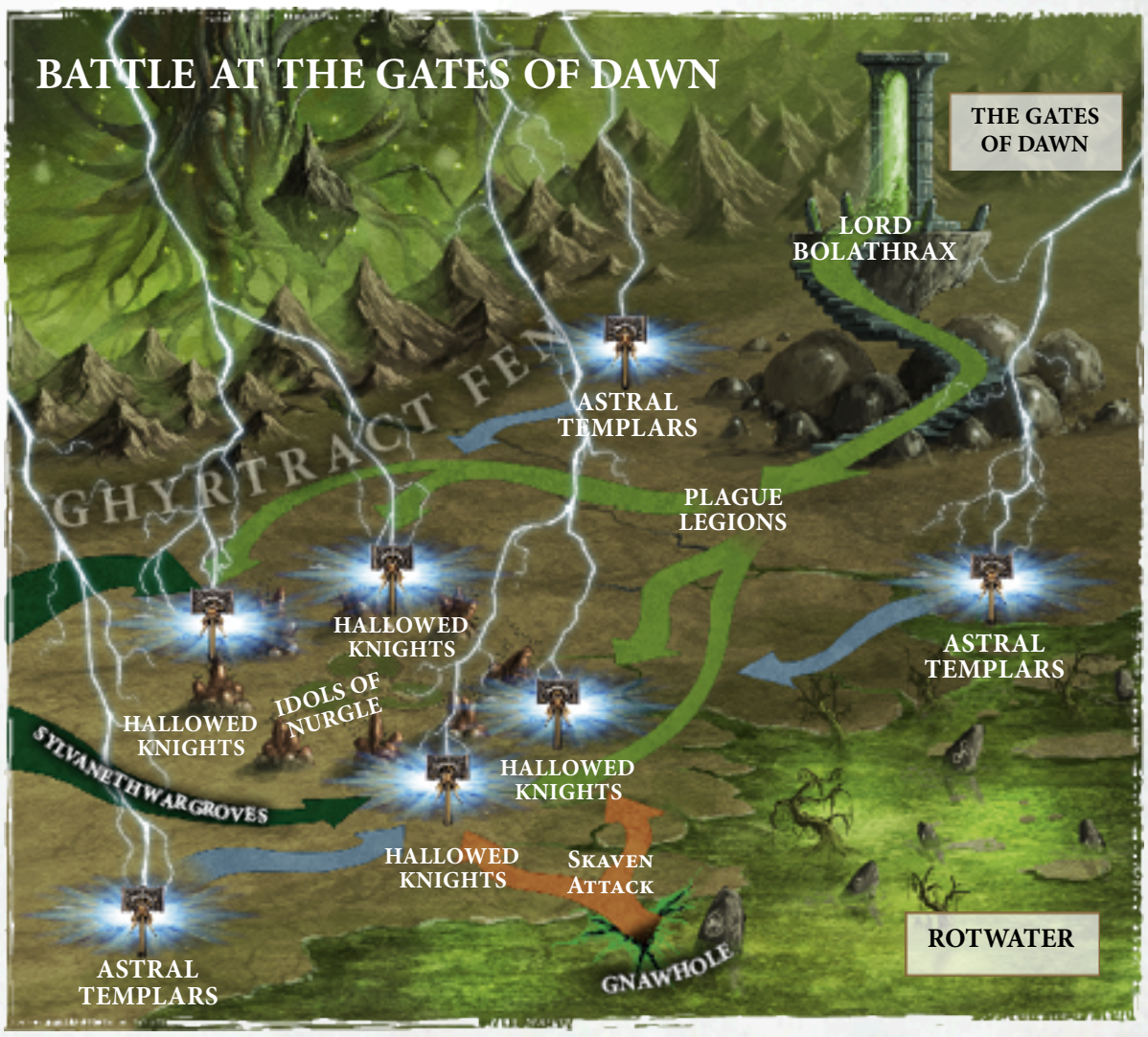
Sigmar cast a succession of Stormhosts into the varied Jade Kingdoms, each assigned a Realmgate to secure. If the passages were not opened, there would be no path of return, save only in death. Of those chosen to assail Ghyran, only one Stormhost was held back. The Astral Templars would remain in the celestine vaults, thrown into battle only if victory hung in the balance.

Of all the targeted Realmgates, there was one that caused great consternation to Sigmar. There was something about the archway known as the Gates of Dawn that caused the God-King great foreboding. For that assignment he chose the Hallowed Knights and kept his far-seeing gaze upon them especial.

His whole body invigorated by the lightning travel, Lord-Celestant Gardus landed with a shower of sparks. Instantly he swivelled his gaze to find the arched Realmgate, high up the stone stairs of an outcrop that dominated the Ghyrtract Fen. Before him were milling slaves, whip-armed taskmasters and several looming icons of the Ruinous Powers. Already corrupted warriors had drawn weapons and were advancing upon the newly arrived Stormcast Eternals.

'To me, to me, Hallowed Knights. Cast down these fell idols!' shouted Gardus, his voice like thunder booming over the battlefield. His mind was filled with battle as he strode to meet the foe – a fierce joy was upon him.

Gardus swung his hammer around in a mighty arc. Sparks and gore flew as the heavy hammer strike pulverised both helm and head of an oncoming warrior. The path to the dark icons and the Realmgate beyond was almost clear. The Hallowed Knights fought like warriors born, executing Gardus' orders or countering unforeseen threats on their own with equal skill. Gone were the Lord-Celestant's doubts. Now, his only concerns were smiting the foe and toppling the darksome monuments.



THE HALLOWED KNIGHTS

The Hallowed Knights were the fourth Stormhost to be founded. Unlike some Stormhosts, the Hallowed Knights were not selected from the same region, but rather they came from all the Mortal Realms. Only those warriors who devoutly worshipped Sigmar were chosen. They who called upon Sigmar's name in battle while heroically fighting for a righteous cause did not receive the aid they desired. Instead, they were taken into the Heavens. There, the God-King spoke to them of a grim truth – it was not Sigmar who would aid them, but rather they who could further serve their god. Soon their war cry, 'only the faithful,' would be heard around the Mortal Realms.

BEFORE THE GATES OF DAWN

At long last the Hallowed Knights were cast into battle. Their mission was to recapture the Gates of Dawn, which stood in the Ghyrtract Fen. They little knew what dangers awaited them...

Lord Grelch gazed down through the virulent green mists and watched the slaves toil. It gave him a soothing feeling – like watching maggots writhe in a corpse. All was going according to plan: the monuments would soon be raised and the consecration begun.

Above Grelch the stairs climbed upwards, ending at an arch at the edge of the cliff. Rumours swirled about that arch, and Lord Grelch had heard many of them as he oversaw the building of a tribute to the Plaguefather. Most claimed it was built in ancient times by druidcasters. As the story went, they discovered the sun was hollow, and inside lay the Realm of Aqshy. A mystic path was built to span sky and fire, so that if a traveller stepped through the arch as the first rays of dawn broke he would begin an epic journey.

Perhaps that had once been true, but now no dawn rays could pierce that mystic archway. These days the region was perpetually shrouded in a dense and foetid fog that rolled over from the nearby swamp, the Rotwater. Lord Grelch had no doubt there was some hidden power within the Ghyrtract Fen, however – he could feel it. Doubtless, this was why he had been bidden to raise the idols at this place.

GRANDFATHER NURGLE

Nurgle is the Lord of Decay, and presides over physical corruption and morbidity. He is also known as the Father of Plagues, for he concocts foul contagions that he inflicts upon the mortal world, the results of which greatly fascinate him. Nurgle's gaze is thus drawn to those mortals bloated with sickness, and he unashamedly favours those who spread disease in his name, all the while revelling in the charming results of their generosity.

Although Nurgle is ranked behind Khorne and Tzeentch, the truth is that his power is not necessarily weaker, but that it is less stable than that of his brothers. Like a plague, his strength can grow in virulence and reach epidemic levels, temporarily overshadowing that of all the other gods put together, before consuming itself and waning again.

The skies blackened ominously, so that even the slavers stayed their whips to look upwards. In the darkness, Lord Grelch could barely distinguish pale faces turned upwards to mark the lowering skies. A cataclysmic clap of thunder followed, a sound like the end of worlds. Incandescent bolts blazed close by and Grelch turned away.

When his eyes were no longer flash-blind, Grelch looked down to see armoured warriors standing where each strike had landed. Each was lit in that darkness by flickering chains of lightning that crackled around their masks and warhammers.

Few dared defy the rule of the Ghyrtribe, and Lord Grelch could not recall the last time a foe had dared to attack them. As he strode down the steps, he saw slaves scampering away, while individual warriors of his tribe ran to confront these bold interlopers.

Lord Grelch could only watch as he plodded down the stone stairs. His chosen warriors had never before been bested in battle, yet these newcomers battered them down with seeming ease. Perhaps in a one-against-one duel, his Ghyrtribe warriors might make an even match against this new foe, however, his disorganised troops were running into battle alone or in small packs. These offered little resistance against the tight phalanxes of the silver-armoured foe, who presented an impenetrable shield wall. They moved as one, a crushing front that cleared a bloody path with blade and hammer.

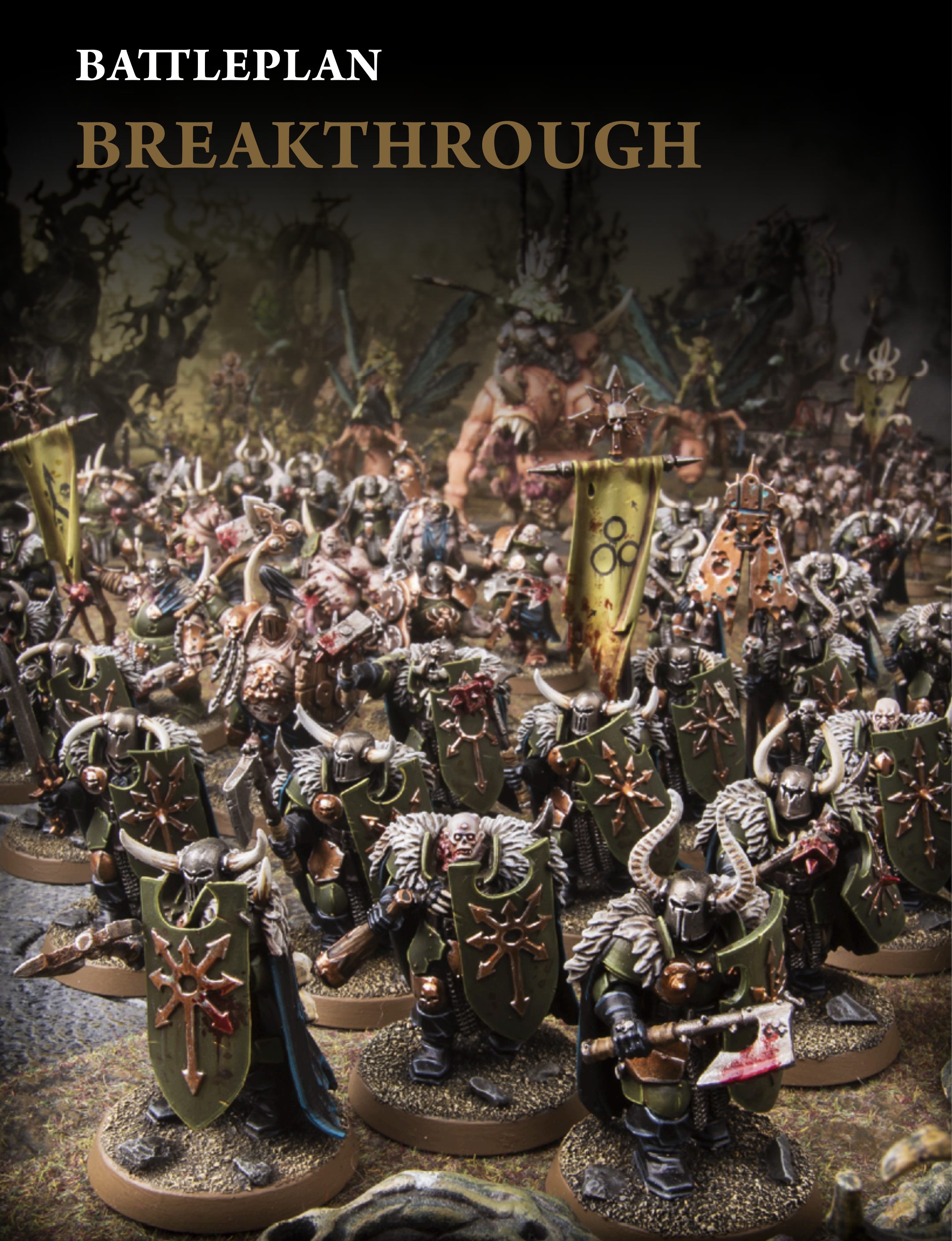
Lord Grelch could see that a few of the Chaos slain rose again, great rents in their bloated bodies scabbing over, or severed limbs regrowing. More often, however, the lightning-infused weapons of this cursed new foe proved too deadly for his warriors' regenerative powers to overcome.

Only around Grelch's chieftains did any of the Ghyrtribe rally. Knots of resistance held on near those one-horned champions, but even they could not stand before the mauling blows of the enormous hammers the enemy wielded to deadly effect. After felling all opposition, those same warriors used their two-handed hammers to smash down the half-built idols.

By the time he reached the bottommost stair, Lord Grelch realised he stood alone. Still, he would make these upstarts pay – he advanced into the semi-circle that awaited him. A single warrior strode out to meet his challenge, and the clash of their weapons echoed far. Mighty Lord of Chaos though he was, Grelch soon realised he could match neither the skill nor the silent fury of his adversary. The last thing he saw was the hated symbol of Sigmar upon his enemy's armour and a brilliant flash of lightning.

BATTLEPLAN

BREAKTHROUGH



In the wars that rage throughout the Mortal Realms, there are often objectives so crucial that the foe must simply be swept aside, their lines smashed asunder that the attackers might seize that which will win them the day. In the Ghyrtract Fen, the attackers are Lord-Celestant Gardus and his Hallowed Knights, pushing through the Ghyrtribe and sweeping the worshippers of Nurgle from their path in order to hurl down their corrupted idols and claim ownership of the Realmgate they were sent to seize. Yet such a battle might equally see the Bloodbound smashing through a thin line of seraphon to claim a daemonically empowered axe, or a screeching horde of skaven overrunning the ironjaw lines amid the Crags of Fury to capture a Numinous Occulum. Whatever story you wish to tell, this battleplan will ensure you have an exciting and action-packed game.

THE ARMIES

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

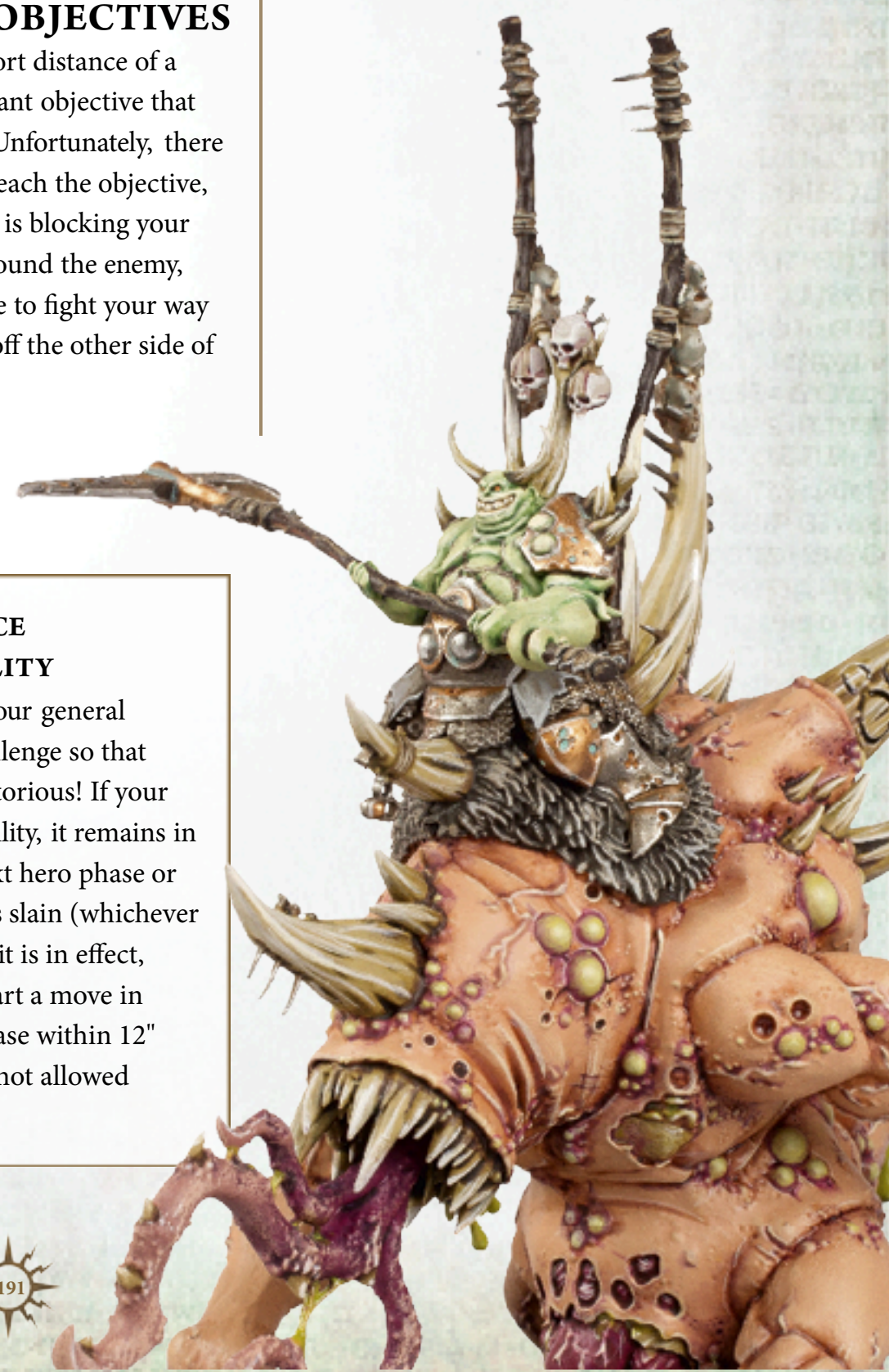
The general of each army has a unique command ability, shown below, in addition to any others they have.

INVADER'S OBJECTIVES

You are within a short distance of a strategically important objective that you need to reach. Unfortunately, there is only one way to reach the objective, and an enemy force is blocking your way. With no way round the enemy, you will simply have to fight your way through them and off the other side of the battlefield.

BLOCKING FORCE OBJECTIVES

You are guarding the route to an important location. Moments ago an enemy warhost arrived, and is clearly intent on reaching the place that you are guarding as quickly as they can. Although your forces are scattered, you must quickly form a line of battle, and either stop the enemy from advancing, or at least slow them down as much as possible.



INVADER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Break-out: Your general orders his men to move at the double. If your general uses this ability, pick D3 units from your army that are within 12" of your general. If the units that you pick run in the movement phase of the current turn, roll two dice instead of one and keep the highest when determining how much to add to the Move characteristic of all models in the unit.

BLOCKING FORCE COMMAND ABILITY

None Shall Pass: Your general makes a daring challenge so that his army can be victorious! If your general uses this ability, it remains in effect until your next hero phase or until your general is slain (whichever comes first). While it is in effect, enemy units that start a move in their movement phase within 12" of your general are not allowed to run.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place on the only route that leads to an objective that the invading army is trying to reach. The objective is located just off the battlefield, beyond the blocking force's territory.

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

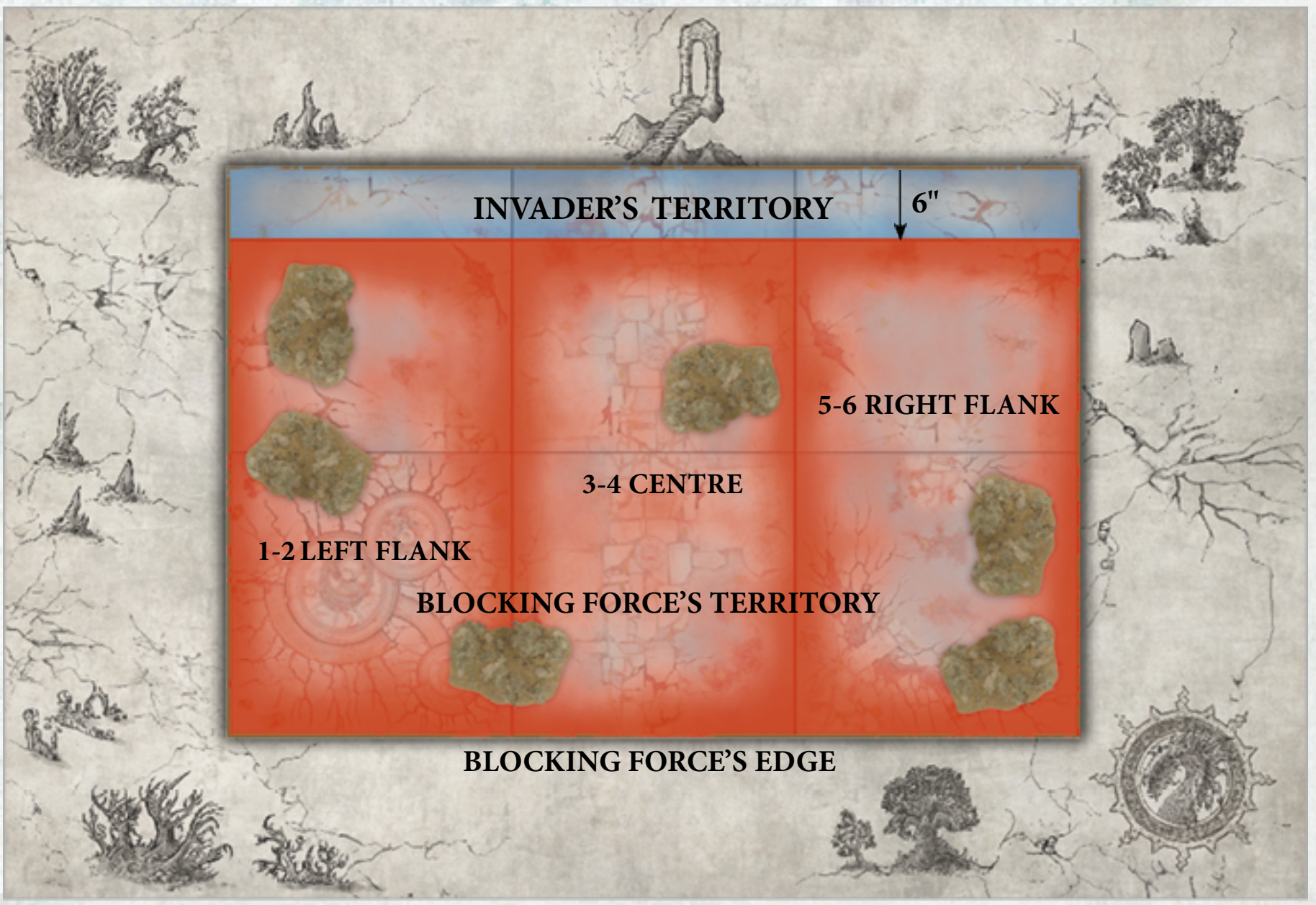
SET-UP

Do not use the set-up instructions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the invader picks one edge of the battlefield. They then set up their entire army wholly within 6" of the edge they picked. This area is the invader's territory.

The remainder of the table is the blocking force's territory. It is split into three equal sized areas, as shown on the map below. The commander of the blocking force sets up their entire army within their territory, rolling a dice before setting up each unit and referring to the map below to see where it must be set up. The unit must be set up fully within the area shown, more than 18" from enemy territory. Set up each unit before rolling to see where the next one is located.

FIRST TURN

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



A RACE AGAINST TIME

At the end of the fifth battle round, the invader rolls a dice. If the result is 1 or 2, the battle ends. Otherwise, the invader rolls again at the end of the sixth battle round. If the result is 1, 2 or 3, the battle ends. Otherwise, the battle ends at the end of the seventh battle round.

LEAVING THE BATTLEFIELD

Models in the invader's army can leave the battlefield at the end of the battleshock phase of the invader's turn. To leave the battlefield, a model must be within 6" of the blocking force's edge of the battlefield (see the deployment map). A model that leaves the battlefield is removed from play and will not return.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions from the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, after set-up is complete, count up the number of models in the invader's army. The invader achieves a **major victory** immediately if a third of these models have left the battlefield as described above. If a quarter of these models have left the battlefield when the battle ends, the invader achieves a **minor victory**.

If no models have left the battlefield when the battle ends, the blocking force achieves a **major victory**. In any other case, the blocking force achieves a **minor victory**.

HINTS & TIPS

If you command the blocking force in this battle, you will need to carefully consider how to deploy your units to block the invaders. Your general's position is particularly important, as his command ability can slow the enemy force significantly – and render your enemy's command ability useless. If you are the invader, you must go all out to get units off the opposite table edge. Always run if you can, only engaging units that are easy to destroy and which are blocking your path. Also, consider retreating away from and then around enemy units rather than staying in a fight that may slow you down.

AT THE HEART OF GHYRAN

No emissary had sought an audience with Alarielle at the Verdant Palace since the bygone era of the Age of Myth, yet down the Jade Bridge came a pair of Stormcast Eternals, their clanking armour an incongruous sound amidst so much natural beauty.

Before the coming of Chaos, the Realm of Life had broken into hundreds of regions – the Jade Kingdoms. Some were small and self-contained, such as the floating isles of Talbion, while others were enormous principalities, like the sprawling forests of the Ghyrwood. However, whether continent-sized or confined to a single enormous tree, each kingdom in Ghyran had its cycles, both of seasons and of mystic energies, and all of their denizens bowed to a single ruler: the Queen of the Radiant Wood, Alarielle.

Alarielle had long been a reclusive queen, more interested in planting and growing her soulpods and nurturing the lands than ruling over subjects. For many years she sought only to surround herself with serenity, to wash away the wars and sorrows of past lives. Yet she, of all those upon Ghyran, knew that everything moved in cycles.

Alarielle had dwelt in the Verdant Palace long ago, but with the onslaught of Chaos, she had fled – time and again escaping the clutches of the foul entities that now invaded her lands. She was mighty in magics, and for long centuries she summoned illusions to hide her lands and herself. Yet when Alarielle witnessed the horrors and withering destruction that the plague legions unleashed as they spilled into each of the Jade Kingdoms, she vowed never again to rest until the invaders had been cast out. Thus she had directed the Hidden War, sending forth powerful enchantments to restore and resist, and despatching armies to repel the enemy's advance.

Alarielle had made her sanctuary at the Hidden Vale of Athelwyrd, and within her innermost sanctum she sat enthroned upon the World's Roots. Upon that living throne she was connected to the myriad lands of her realm like no other ruler could be. If she bent her mind to it, not a bird could sing nor a fish swim in any of the Jade Kingdoms without her knowledge.

Yet as time passed and the atrocities mounted, Alarielle looked less upon the suffering. She was disconnected, setting herself adrift into memory rather than witnessing the horrors of reality. More and more, her war-guardians received no new orders for counter-attacks, no new commands to retake the disease-stricken lands that she once claimed as her own.

Lost in forlorn musings, Alarielle had left word that she was not to be disturbed. It had been a long time, however, since the Verdant Palace had received any visitors, let alone ones such as these armoured warriors, and so word was sent to Athelwyrd. The most ancient and gnarled of the treefolk recognised the symbols upon the newcomers' armour, and it was they that demanded that Alarielle be told.

While the emissaries awaited Alarielle's verdict, they stood at silent attention. From afar, through her rippleglass, Alarielle gazed upon the silver-armoured splendour of these outsiders. They were of the race of mankind, yet Alarielle's vision could see the touch of Sigmar upon their brows. These were much more than mortal men, they were demigods of the Celestial Realm and they exuded power.

Alarielle had an epiphany, seeing in her mind's eye what the God-King had been doing, locked away in the Heavens for so many years. To what purpose had Sigmar sent his new army to her palace? To rebuild an old alliance? As the atrocities and woes of the worlds came flooding back to her, Alarielle screeched, sending shivers through the growing things of Ghyran. She bade the guardians around the Verdant Palace send the emissaries away unseen.

Later, pacing back and forth, Alarielle could not put aside her anger. Perhaps, she thought, the cycle of mourning was complete – the time was near when she must don her mantle of war once more.

THE PLAGUE LEGIONS

In the race to conquer the Realm of Life, none had wreaked more damage or spread more disease than Bolathrax and his plague legions. It was they who withered the entire forest realm of Rhyran, subjugated the Ghyrtribes, and sank the isle nations. They sought to capture Alarielle herself to ensure it was they, and not the Glottkin, that were best rewarded by their Plaguefather, Nurgle. Corrupted mortals and daemons alike marched beneath the loathsome, fly-covered banners of the plague legions. Organised into seven distinct armies, each of the plague legions grew in size and power – and the mighty seventh legion was commanded by the Great Unclean One Bolathrax himself.

WHERE STRIDES BOLATHRAX

The Hallowed Knights thought they had retaken the Gates of Dawn from the clutches of the enemy. The Stormcast Eternals did not know that the Realmgate now serviced a different route. They did not yet realise that the real battle for the Gates of Dawn was about to begin...

No sooner had the Lord-Celestant of the Hallowed Knights slain the tribal Plague Lord than the archway atop the tall stair shuddered. Something bubbled beyond the stone frame, a chill rippling through the cloying air.

Long ago, the last remnant of the Oak of Ages – an icon of the world-that-was – spun across the sea of stars. It was but a splinter of that mighty bough, and it was caught up like cosmic driftwood in the strange eddies of the black void. The currents dragged that piece, rotting at its core, until it fell blazing out of the skies of Ghyran. The wooden hulk landed in the midst of the forest realm of Drydenwald, the crash sending clouds of contamination upwards, transforming that land into the ruinous marsh now known as the Rotwater. Thus did the power of Nurgle first begin to fester in the Realm of Life.

The disease-laden clouds that drifted up from the Rotwater soon spread across Ghyran like an epidemic. The green fogs contaminated the people, the lands, and even the Realmgates. No morning rays of sun pierced the archway on the cliff these days, and the Gates of Dawn no longer formed a path to distant Aqshy. Instead, the route led directly to the sporefields – oozing spawning grounds for the Plaguefather's beloved poxes, hidden deep within his great garden in the Realm of Chaos.

The late Lord Grelch did not recognise the new threat that had descended upon lightning to Ghyran, but his master did. Squeezing his tremendous bulk through the Gates of Dawn, the Great Unclean One Bolathrax emerged.

Gardus felt his elation over the first victory of the Hallowed Knights turn in the pit of his stomach. Some manner of abomination had lurched through the Realmgate – surely that monstrosity was a greater daemon of Nurgle. It was already summoning allies so quickly that the Stormcast Eternals were completely surrounded.

'Form up around me, Hallowed Knights,' boomed Gardus, keeping all trace of fear or panic from his voice. 'Fall back in a circle, but keep the line. Make them pay for every step, my brothers!'

Gardus was pleased to hear the remaining phalanxes echoing his calls to 'keep the line' as they had trained. Before the Lord-Celestant came a living tide of one-eyed daemons, their skin taut over bloated bodies, their rotten innards leaking outwards in ropey trails. Yet, horrific as they were, the daemons were smashed asunder beneath Gardus' heavy hammer. 'Who will be triumphant?' said Gardus, while his hammer arced out to break skulls and send the closest wave of oncoming foes reeling backwards.

'Only the faithful!' came the hoarse response from every one of the Hallowed Knights. The shouted cry rose above the din of battle – the cracking sound as hammers crushed foes, and the drone of the daemons.

'If we should fall, who will be reborn again?' shouted Gardus, his hammer breaking a Plaguebearer's sword and driving down to splinter its leering skull.

'Only the faithful!' came the response. They were fighting as warriors born, thought Gardus, but it might not matter – the foe's numbers were too many.

With a burbled word, Bolathrax summoned swarms of cloying flies. They rose in black clouds from the nearby swamp, from out of the archway, and from the enormous Great Unclean One's distended mouth. While the greater daemon loomed in the archway, the flies coalesced onto the battlefield, forming into the loathsome shape of Plaguebearers. Behind Bolathrax, his blubbery bodyguard erupted from the Gates of Dawn – the dreaded Rotguard came forth to do their leader's bidding.

Now the minions of Nurgle entirely surrounded their foe. Bloody lanes were hacked into the Stormcast Eternals as one-eyed Plaguebearers advanced, droning in monotone, phlegm-thickened voices. The Stormcast Eternals were hemmed in, their numbers dwindling before the daemonic onslaught. Upon orders from Gardus, their Lord-Celestant, the Hallowed Knights gave ground, slowly stepping backwards into an ever-tightening circle. For a time, they held, their slaughtered foes falling into piles before that battle line of sigmarite. Yet the odds grew against them as more daemons formed out of the fly- and fume-filled air or marched out of the Gates of Dawn. Step by step the Stormcasts were driven back.

Despite the Hallowed Knights' inspired defence, and uncounted heroic acts, their cause looked hopeless, their survival impossible. Each of Sigmar's warriors was bleeding, his armour battered. Then, from lowering skies, thunder roared and lightning flashed.

More and more daemons poured forth from the Realmgate.

Sensing the import of the growing clash in the Realm of Life, Sigmar hurled more Stormcast Eternals into the fray. At the tip of the spearhead came the warriors of the Astral Templars, fell-handed heralds of vengeance.

To Gardus, the bolts from the blackened skies meant salvation. Moments ago, the annihilation of the Hallowed Knights had seemed inevitable. The never-ending flow of daemons could not be stemmed, although the Stormcast Eternals had maintained their resolve. Each warrior strove to take down as many foes as possible before his end. Now, as more lightning strikes speared down, the hordes pressing against the last phalanx of the Hallowed Knights lessened. The daemons were forced to divide to face the new threat advancing upon them.

No sooner had the beleaguered Hallowed Knights begun to push outwards once again, than Bolathrax sent forth his Rotguard. Seven hulking Great Unclean Ones lumbered into battle, their skull-headed flails wreaking havoc as they stove in the Stormcast ranks. Several of the vile behemoths halted their onslaught to vomit forth streams of corruption, washing toxic filth over the defenders.

Only sigmarite armour and a faith equally as strong kept the remaining Hallowed Knights in the battle. Gardus lost track of all else on the battlefield as he led the counter-attack. Soon lightning-wreathed hammers and blades bathed in celestial fires were reaping their own toll upon the necrotic flesh of the foul greater daemons of the Rotguard.

Elsewhere, the daemons still outnumbered their foe, but such was the fury of the Astral Templars that their assault changed the battle's momentum. Only a steady flow from the Gates of Dawn kept the plague legions from the brink of defeat.

Yet the impetus of the Astral Templars became mired, stalled by droning ranks of Plaguebearers and tumbling tides of Nurglings. After felling one of the Rotguard, Gardus quickly surveyed the field. The largest of the greater daemons – the fell leader of the army – stood in the archway of the Gates of Dawn. From that vantage, the obese behemoth was chanting words of foul summoning, drawing more and more flies out of the passageway behind him. These he flung to form into Plaguebearers about the battlefield.

Unless Gardus could seal the Gates of Dawn, the outpouring of daemons would grow worse. Already the Hallowed Knights were few in number, and the Astral Templars were no longer making headway as they attempted to fight their way through the cordon of foes – they were now doing all they could merely to hold their own.

With a shout that he was attempting to close the Realmgate, Gardus left the swirling melee with the Rotguard and sprinted towards the stone stairs. Up he ran, until he reached the greater daemon, daring to pit his glowing hammer against that hulking creature. It seemed at first as if the fury of Gardus' attack might win the day. Yet Bolathrax shrugged off the enormous rent in his fleshy belly, swinging his immense chained flail to shatter stone. Foul juices flowed out of Bolathrax's wound, that bile making the footing treacherous. Out of that spilt blood Nurglings sprouted, as the combatants swung and parried, jabbed and blocked beneath the arch. With no warning, the sky was torn asunder once more.

This time there was no glorious bolt from above, no celestial majesty, but instead a sound like a million scratching claws, as the earth itself tore open. A gnaw-hole gouged reality, and from that abyss flowed the skaven. At their fore, a Verminlord Corruptor screeched, and behind it came a rabid tide of frothing mad Plague Monks.

The battle reached new levels of ferocity. In the skies poisoned contrails marked descending Plagueclaw catapult shots. Three times an angelic host of Prosecutors sallied out to break this new encirclement. They inflicted great losses, but were driven back each time. The final foray was on the verge of breaking through when a Plague Drone swarm buzzed from out of black clouds. The aerial duel that followed sent blood and noxious gore raining down upon the combatants below.

The power of Nurgle flowed freely, and his foul minions regrew severed arms and fought through wounds that would fell a gargant. These regenerative energies had no effect on the Stormcast Eternals, however, and when encrusted blades penetrated their armour, they fell in agony, withering before their comrades' eyes. Yet their spirits were not destroyed. In flashes of bright light, their fallen returned to Azyr, there to begin the Reforging.

The sight of their fallen comrades ascending to the Heavens made the remaining Stormcast Eternals fight with even greater resolve. Every hammer blow crackled with vengeful lightnings as they pulverised the diseased creatures of Chaos. The skaven Plague Monks died in droves, yet the rabid ratmen did not slow their attacks. Frantically they scurried forward, swamping the Stormcast Eternals, overrunning them and pulling many down under a sea of stabbing blades.

Gardus knew the plight of his Stormhost. However, try as he might, the Lord-Celestant could not land a killing strike upon Bolathrax. Again and again Gardus' hammer bludgeoned the bloated body of his foe, yet its necrotic flesh reknitted each time, and the Great Unclean One only grew in size and strength as the battle progressed. Gardus, meanwhile, was weary and bled from a score of wounds.

Gardus did not fear death, although he knew the Reforging was painful, and he had heard whispers that the process sapped mortal memories. Yet Gardus knew, above all else, that it was his duty to serve. He knew then what he must do in order to close the Realmgate.

Ducking under the crushing fist of his hulking foe, Gardus leapt through the archway. As he did so, he gripped his hammer for a mighty two-handed blow. Concerned that Gardus might attempt to destroy the Realmgate from within, Bolathrax heaved his enormity in pursuit. The remaining Hallowed Knights looked up in horror as the archway began to teeter. As the daemon's bulk squeezed through and disappeared, it splintered the ancient stones. Now they cracked and gave way, releasing the binding magic of the Gates of Dawn. With an explosion of eldritch force, the portal shattered.

Seeing the heroic sacrifice of one of their own commanders, a killing rage was awoken in the Stormcast Eternals. Battle-weariness and wounds were forgotten as they plunged recklessly into the ranks of the foe.

Although deprived of reinforcements, the Chaos forces were vast. Victory still lay within their grasp, but then came the call of the hunting horns – the sylvaneth forces had arrived.

Resolved to destroy their mutual foe, the wargroves came, hatred glowing green from their eyes. Furiously, they struck into the side of the Clan Pestilens army, led by an enormous oaken lord of old. In his wrath, the Treelord trampled the plague pontifex, embedding his splattered remains deep within that foot-stomped crater. Great was the rout that followed, and few ratmen escaped the vengeful blows of their pursuers.

The daemons proved sterner foes, but they too were vanquished. When the last Plaguebearer was finally struck down, few Stormcasts remained. Fewer than three dozen warriors could still stand unassisted. Zephacleas, Lord-Celestant of the Astral Templars, leaned upon his hammer warily as the Treelord approached him.

Dryads drove deep into the skaven ranks, killing hundreds.

Speaking slowly – as if human speech was difficult – the oaken lord told of another gate, a secret way to return to Azyr. Offering his salute to this ancient creature, Zephacleas knew an important bond had been forged this day. Yet he also knew in his heart that there would be one amongst all the living and the dead who could not again reappear in the celestine vaults of far-off Sigmaron. As one, the Stormcasts bowed in silent reverie, offering prayers for Gardus, Lord-Celestant of the Hallowed Knights.

BATTLEPLAN

PRE-EMPTIVESTRIKE

The nature of war within the Mortal Realms is fluid and strange. Realmgates connect points that may be separated by vast oceans, continental masses or even yawning gulfs within reality itself. Thus the Realmgates are the key to strategic dominance of the realms, yet their use is not without risk. Armies take time to file through these narrow conduits between worlds, and precious moments can be lost as hordes mass for battle. At such times, a canny commander knows to strike without warning, shattering the gathering foe before they can shake off the disorientation of entering a new realm.

The story of the Realmgate Wars sees Lord-Celestant Gardus leading his Hallowed Knights against the growing tide of Bolathrax's daemons, but this is just one example of such a conflict. With this battleplan and your own collections and scenery, you can play out a preemptive strike between whichever forces you choose.

THE ARMIES

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

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

TRESPASSER'S OBJECTIVE

You have claimed a Realmgate that leads into the heart of your enemy's territory, and the time has come to make your move. You led the way and established a beachhead, but before the bulk of your force could follow you were discovered by an enemy patrol.

Although the Realmgate is a source of great power, it could be destroyed by a sufficiently determined enemy. This cannot be allowed to happen!

SENTINEL'S OBJECTIVES

How could this have happened? The enemy have infiltrated deep into your territory, and are massing to attack. The only explanation is that they have used a Realmgate to travel from an unexpected quarter.

The patrol that first discovered the incursion is outnumbered, but reinforcements are on the way. You must rally your forces and send your mightiest warriors to destroy the Realmgate, even if it means their death. If the enemy is not stopped here, there will be nothing preventing them from amassing a huge force and laying waste to swathes of your lands.

TRESPASSER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Come Forth to Conquer!: If your general is within 6" of the Realmgate in your hero phase and uses this ability, you can attempt to summon reinforcements (page 207) as though he were a **Wizard** or **Priest**. If your general is a **Wizard** or **Priest** and is within 6" of the Realmgate when you summon reinforcements, add 2 to the result of the dice roll to see whether you are successful.

SENTINEL'S COMMAND ABILITY

Barge Through: If your general uses this ability, pick your general or a **Hero** or **Monster** from your army within 12" of your general. The model you pick can ignore enemy models in the movement phase, moving through them or within 3" of them freely. Roll a dice at the end of the movement phase. If the result is 1, the model you picked suffers a mortal wound.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place deep within the sentinel's territory, in an area claimed by the trespasser as a beachhead. A piece of scenery must be set up in the centre of the battlefield, as shown on the map below, to represent the Realmgate. A Baleful Realmgate would be ideal.

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

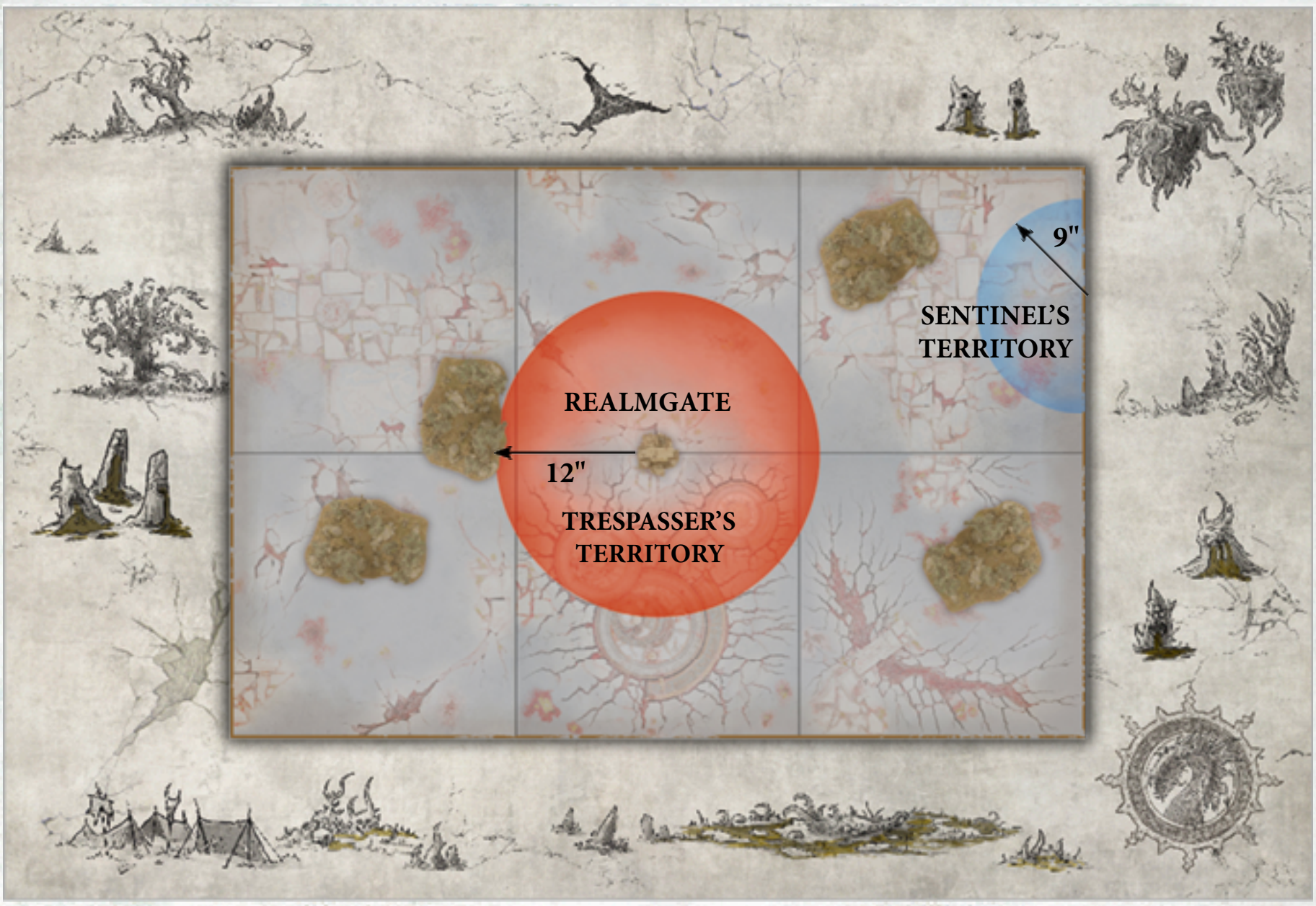
SET-UP

Do not use the set-up instructions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the trespasser sets up his entire army so that all models are within 12" of the Realmgate.

The sentinel then picks a point on any edge of the battlefield and sets up one to three units from their army. All the models in those units must be within 9" of the point they picked and more than 12" from any enemy units. These are the advance scouts who have sworn to do as much damage as possible before reinforcements arrive, even if this seals their doom. The rest of the sentinel's units are not set up at the start of the battle, but will arrive later.

FIRST TURN

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



WRATH AWAKENED

At the start of each of the sentinel's movement phases, roll a dice for each of the units in their army that they have not yet set up, or that has been slain. If the roll is 3 or higher, they can pick a point on any edge of the battlefield, then set up all the models in the unit within 9" of the point they picked and more than 9" from any enemy units. This counts as that unit's move for that movement phase.

SUMMON REINFORCEMENTS

If one or more **WIZARDS** or **PRIESTS** from the trespassing army are within 6" of the Realmgate in the trespasser's hero phase, then the trespasser can attempt to summon reinforcements. To do so, roll a dice. If the result is 4 or higher, a unit is added to the trespasser's army as reinforcements. This could be an entirely new unit from the trespasser's collection, or a unit that was slain earlier in the battle. The trespasser sets it up so that all of its models are within 6" of the Realmgate and more than 3" from the enemy. This counts as that unit's move for the following movement phase.

ATTACKING THE REALMGATE

Models from the sentinel's army can charge the Realmgate and attack it in the combat phase as though it were an enemy model. The Realmgate is considered to have a Save characteristic of 3+. If it suffers 8 wounds it is destroyed, and the sentinel claims victory (see right).

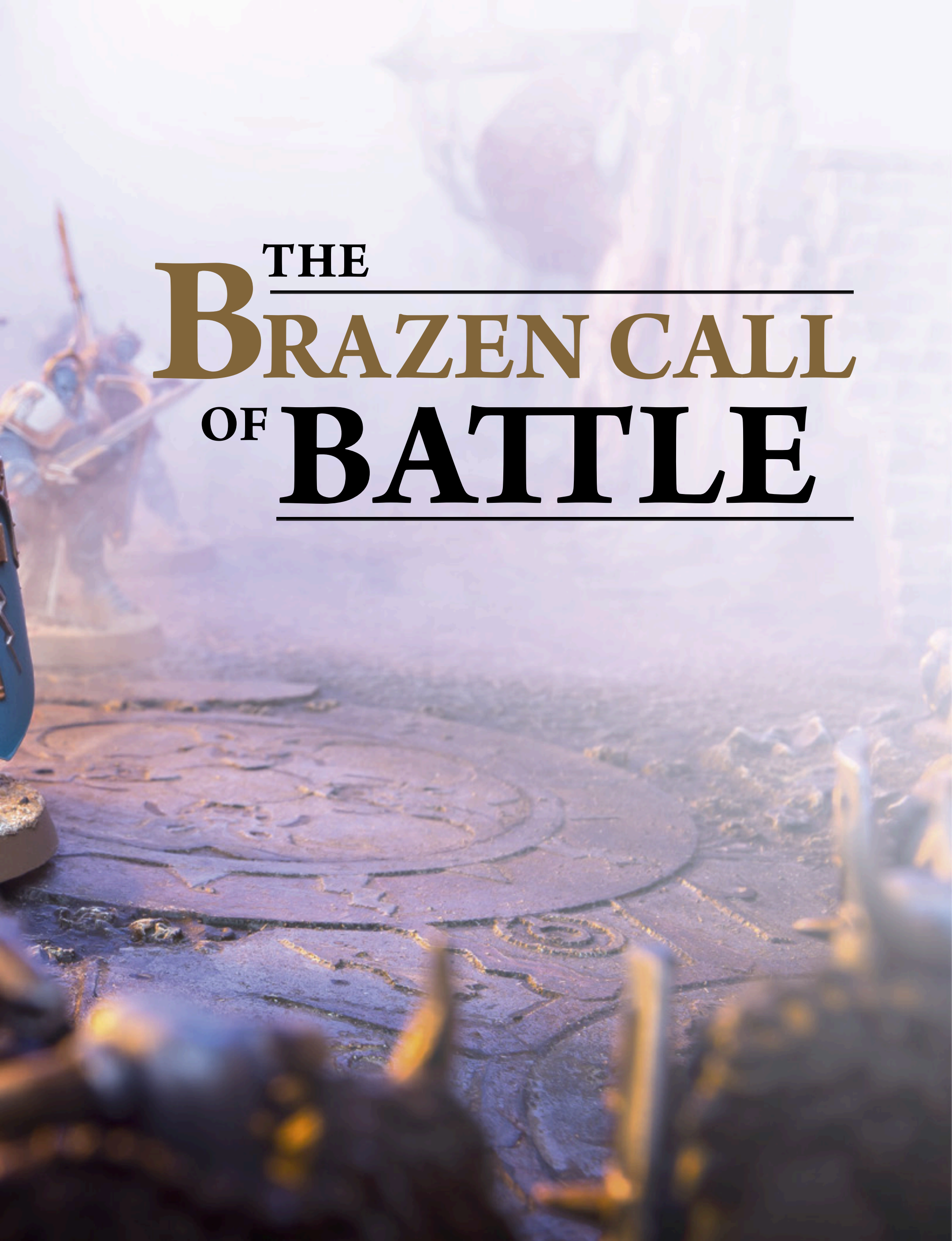
IMPENDING DOOM

Roll a dice at the end of the fourth battle round. If the result is 1 or 2, the battle ends. Otherwise, roll again at the end of the fifth battle round. If the result is 1, 2 or 3, the battle ends. Otherwise, the battle ends at the end of the sixth battle round.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, if the Realmgate is destroyed, the sentinel immediately wins a **major victory**. Otherwise, the sentinel rolls two dice at the end of the battle and adds the total together. If the result is lower than the number of wounds the Realmgate has suffered, the sentinel wins a **minor victory**. In any other case, the trespasser wins a **major victory**.

THE BRAZEN CALL OF BATTLE



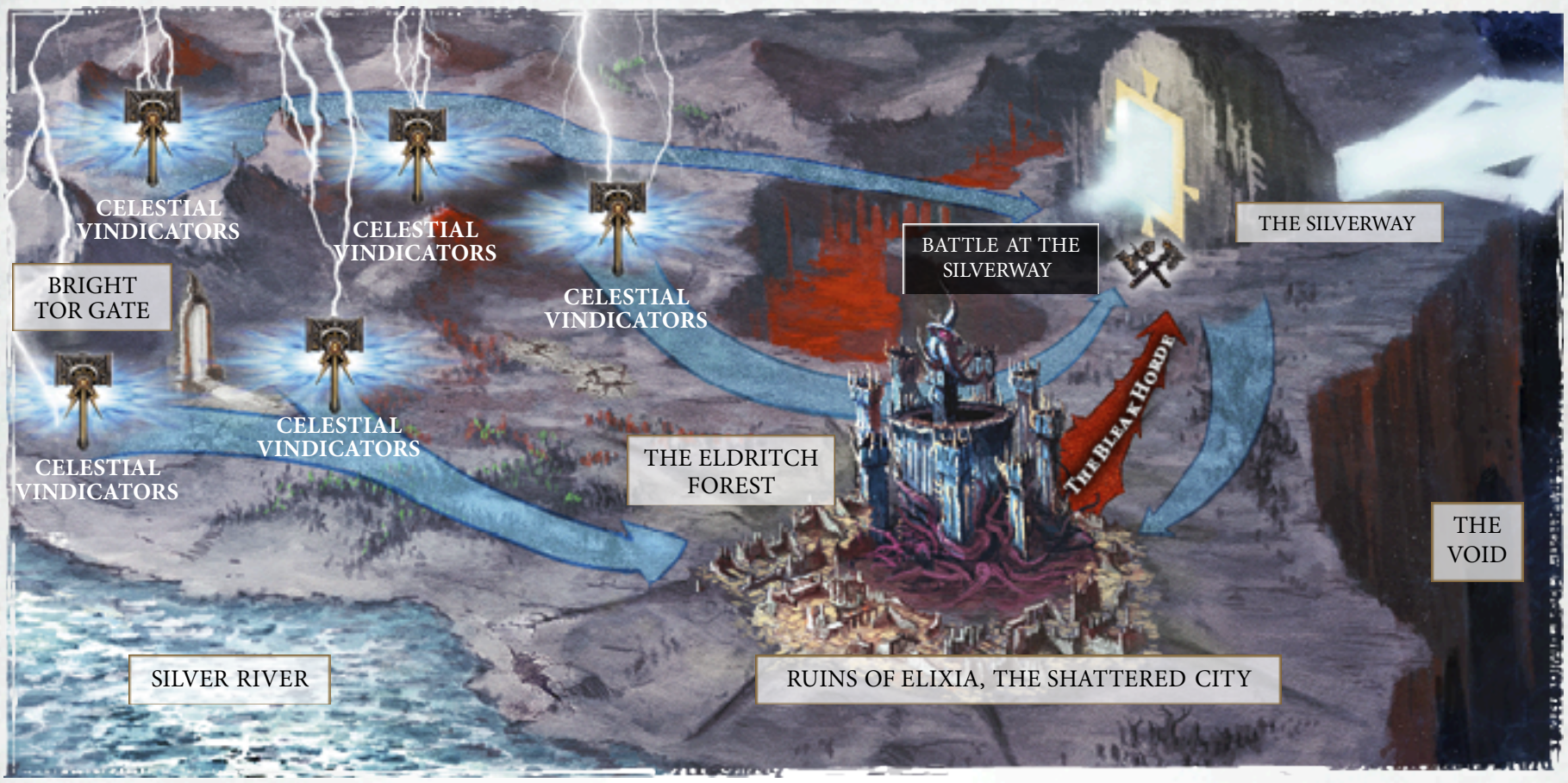
TO ENTER CHAMON

As Sigmar's Storm struck across the realms, the first Stormcast Eternals marched in Chamon. The Hanging Valleys of Anvrok held special importance to the God-King, for he longed to reunite with old allies there, and Sigmar suspected those hard lands withheld a secret for which he had long sought.

Dawn was breaking purest gold across the mountainous lands of Anvrok. Once it had been a great valley kingdom, nestled between the Bright Tor Mountains and the steep cliff faces of the towering Vaulten range. Now, Anvrok was little more than ruins, its cities destroyed, its peoples reduced to nomadic tribes – or worse. None, however, marked the lone bolt that struck high upon a nearby peak.

In the wake of that bolt, a Knight-Azyros and his guard stood upon a high trail. Their task was to re-establish ties with Grungni, absent from Sigmar's pantheon since the Reforging of the first Stormcasts. Unlike the Fyreslayers, the duardin of Anvrok were staunch allies, yet they had disappeared even before the God-King closed the Gates of Azyr. After the Battle of Zaruk, Grungni and his folk become reclusive, and they were seldom seen outside of their mountain holds and cloudmines.

The Stormcast Eternals did not arrive in Anvrok as emissaries only. Three more lightning strikes ripped out of the blue skies, striking up and down the colossal valley. Each of the bolts left behind an army of turquoise-armoured warriors standing atop the blackened earth. These were the Celestial Vindicators,



and they were tasked with finding and capturing the hidden Realmgate known as the Silverway.

The claiming of a Realmgate was the first priority, for without passage back to Azyr, only by their deaths could the Stormcast return to the Heavens. Although the Stormcast Eternals had been gifted with immortality, none were anxious to test it. Troublesome rumours followed the few of their ranks that had died and been reforged anew.

The Silverway was a bridge of quicksilver built by the duardin at the peak of their craft during the Age of Myth. The Realmgate could be found underground, protected by a hidden entrance carved into a mountainside, its mystical properties concealed by runes of warding. Legend told that once they discovered it, a traveller would enter a tunnel that led to the great abyss of space. Most Realmgates only accessed a single destination, but not so the Silverway. When a word of power was spoken, the quicksilver flowed out to form a bridge that would connect to any one of the Eight Realms named. As the bridge was traversed, the living metal melted away behind the traveller; any who tried to return by the same route would find passage impossible.

The reclusive duardin had abandoned the Silverway and, it was believed, the hidden entrance remained undiscovered by Chaos. Thus, three separate brotherhoods pounded the Valleys of Anvrok, the Celestial Vindicators searching along the high cliff walls of its eastern border.

Yet those lightning strikes did not go unobserved. The mountains were home to many hunting beasts, but the most dangerous creature walked upon two legs. The sorcerer, Ephryx, the Ninth Disciple of Tzeentch, watched the lightning strikes. His third eye, the prismatic witch-eye, saw the bolts for what they were, and Ephryx gazed long upon the armoured figures – specks beneath the vast mountains. Just today his master had sent waking dreams, scenes of far-off Aqshy. Ephryx recognised the scions of cursed Sigmar!

As Ephryx watched the newcomers search the base of the cliffs, he calculated a thousand plans, his scheming mind probing for ways to manipulate the situation to his advantage. Ephryx reasoned that Sigmar had sent his new army to reclaim that which he had lost, that which the sorcerer now guarded. Tzeentch, the Great Schemer had always insisted this day would come. Yet, Ephryx mused, simply slaying the foe would not be victory enough. What if he could use the power of Sigmar's army to fuel his own diabolical needs? He knew how to lure them closer…

CELESTIAL VINDICATORS

None loathe the horrors of Chaos more than the Celestial Vindicators. Each of the mortals chosen to become part of the sixth of the Stormhosts to be founded was selected because they had made the grimmest of pledges. Whilst soaked in the blood of the enemy, the warriors had prayed to Sigmar. They neither begged to be saved, nor wished to be transported to safety in the Heavens. Instead, each of those warriors – whether tribal leader or youngling refugee – asked Sigmar only for more strength with which to smite the foe. Those with potent enough offerings – the blood of Chaos Champions – were taken and reforged anew. Bound to their brethren by this bond of hate, the Celestial Vindicators are relentless in their pursuit of bloody revenge.

DEFENDING THE SILVERWAY

The thunderous blitz to open Realmgates won great gains for the Stormcast Eternals, yet only through superhuman tenacity could Sigmar's armies remain in control of their newfound territory. The inevitable Chaos counter-attacks were swift and brutal.

Eldroc was disappointed. The Stormcast Eternals had found and opened the entrance to the Silverway, securing Anvrok's first Realmgate without facing any opposition. Two of the brotherhoods had already used that passage to return to Azyr, leaving just Eldroc's, led by Thostos Bladestorm. Eldroc knew the others would be readying themselves to be cast into battle elsewhere. As Lord-Castellant, it was his duty to organise the defence, yet he longed to face the foe. Then Eldroc noticed the roiling blue fire that was closing swiftly upon their position.

Shouting orders, Eldroc directed swift manoeuvres to ready the defence. Liberators formed a semicircle around the tunnel entrance. As the cloud of living flame approached, Judicators unleashed a flurry of bolts, but the streaking shots clanged off swirling tongues of fire as if they had struck impenetrable metal. Now, mere strides away, darksome figures could be distinguished beyond that dancing flame, outlines of distinctive horned helms and cruel-bladed axes. The enemy was upon them, and all at once the protective fireshield disappeared.

Fell-handed warriors of Chaos encased in hell-forged armour strode forth, ploughing straight into the wall of Celestial Vindicators. The sound of that meeting resounded down the valley, as shield clashed upon shield, and hammers smote and axe blows bit. Above them, pulling raw power from the air to hurl as molten metal, was a horned sorcerer who rode upon a hovering platform of purest gold. At a signal from the mage, silver-armoured cavalry reared and charged as one. Eldroc's armour sparked with his fury as he welcomed the attackers.

Eldroc swung his halberd while singing his battle song. It was a song of vengeance, a grim and terrible celebration of the carnage he was wreaking. Only in the press of combat did Eldroc forget the pain of the past. In another time and place, when he had been a different person, Eldroc had asked Sigmar for this very thing. He had asked for the strength to cleave his foes like they had hewn down his tribe. Now, with every brutal swing, Eldroc knew his boon had been fully granted. He had become vengeance itself.

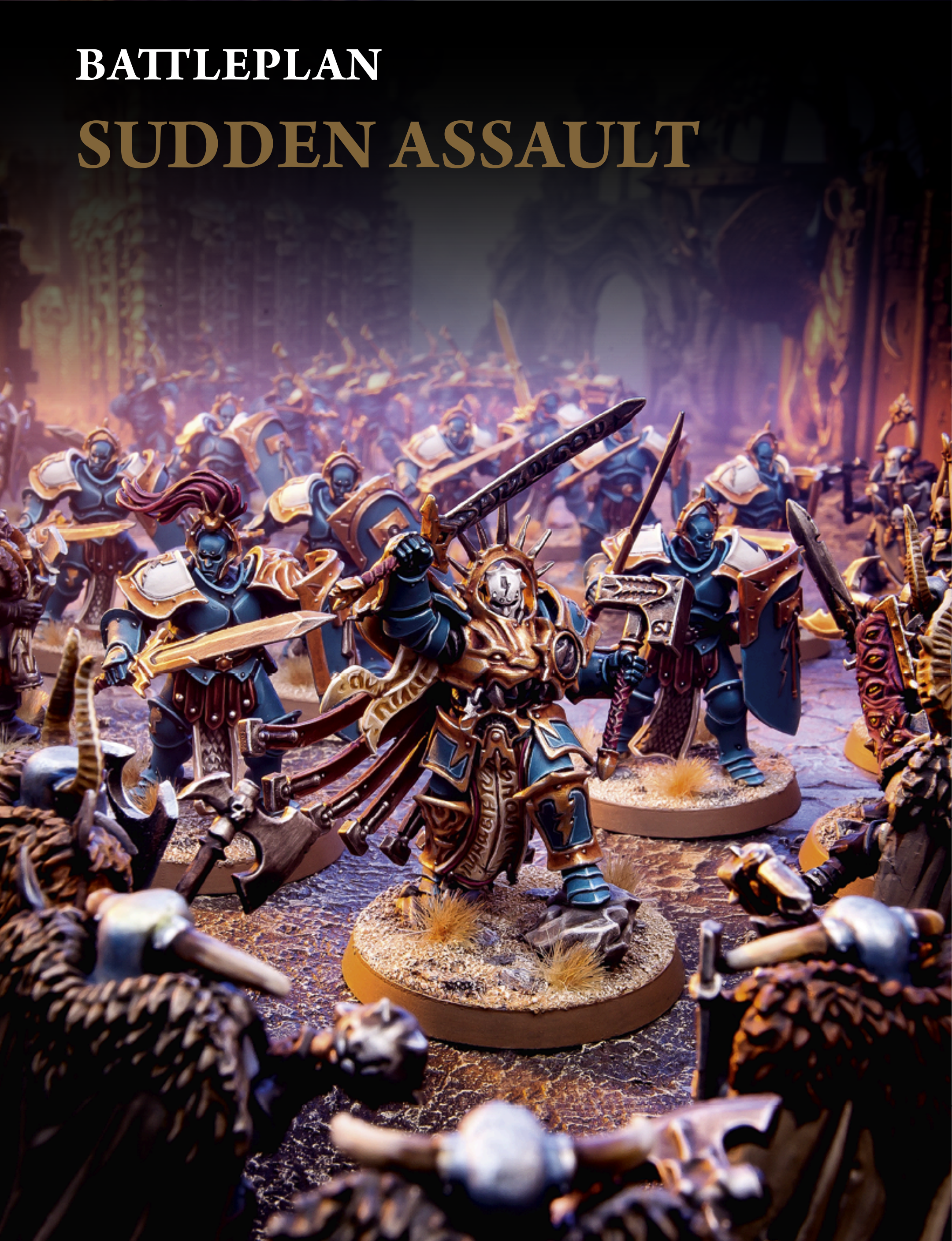
'Judicators, protect the flanks,' yelled Eldroc, his voice rising above the tumult. He longed to lose himself in the fierce joys of battle, but was no mad berserker. It was his task to lead the troops – warriors as eager to reap revenge as he was himself. And so the Lord-Castellant controlled his fury rather than letting it wash over him. Still, he could not entirely contain his emotion. Eldroc struck a knight so hard his foe was decapitated, gore spraying in a wide arc. Eldroc roared at the sight.

The momentum was shifting, and Eldroc knew to press the advantage. 'Liberators, to me' he called, and, without waiting, he hacked his way deep into the enemy's ranks. His halberd spun, his mailed fist crunched, and the Lord-Castellant left behind him a wake of broken bodies and cracked shields. At his side came Redbeak, his Gryph-hound, and behind pressed the shield wall of Liberators. Ephryx, the horned mage, had clearly seen enough. In a swirl of robes, the enemy leader turned to race back towards his golden platform.

'Judicators, bring down the curse-caster,' Eldroc called, recklessly surging forward himself. They were too late. Once the mage was upon his hovering platform, the impenetrable flames leapt up once more. Even while Eldroc led his Stormcast in slaying the last of the fell knights, he marked the point upon the southern horizon where the shimmering flames disappeared. Not until the last foe was mercilessly slain did Eldroc turn south and contemplate his next move.

BATTLEPLAN

SUDDEN ASSAULT



The Storm of Sigmar sees Lord-Castellant Eldroc and his Celestial Vindicators beset by a mighty force of Tzeentchian Chaos worshippers, who attack as if from nowhere. Soon the Stormcast Eternals find themselves hard-pressed to survive, fighting back-to-back against this surprise attack.

This battleplan allows you to play out your own versions of this story, with the models and scenery from your collections providing the protagonists and setting. Perhaps a cavalcade of Slaaneshi daemons have ventured deep into the ruins of the Crystal Caverns, following a rumour of their missing god but finding themselves suddenly ambushed by a moonclan horde. Alternatively, the skaven forces of Grey Seer Skretch may have finally scaled the impossible heights of the Tower of Shards, only to be beset before the very Realmgate they seek by the Stormcast Eternals of the Astral Templars. The possibilities are endless.

THE ARMIES

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

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

CUSTODIAN'S OBJECTIVES

The enemy force has brazenly violated your territory and must be made to pay dearly for their arrogance. Though the motives behind their presence here remain unclear, for the moment at least, one thing is certain – the presence of an enemy force is an affront to your rule in this realm and they must be destroyed at all costs. Consequently, your objective is to wipe out the entire enemy army.

INVADER'S OBJECTIVES

You are the general of a powerful army that has been sent deep into enemy territory to seek out a long-hidden Realmgate. Though you have already discovered its location and taken measures to secure its defence, your presence has been revealed to the enemy, and they have gathered a mighty host to drive you from their lands. Your plan is to defend the secret of the Realmgate's whereabouts by standing your ground and crushing the army sent to destroy you. Ideally, you should leave none alive that could potentially bring news of its location to your enemies. If numbers are against you, however, stand firm until reinforcements can arrive from the Realmgate to relieve you.

CUSTODIAN'S COMMAND ABILITY

Relentless Purpose: The general surges towards the enemy, ordering his men to follow him into battle. If your general uses this ability, then until your next hero phase you can re-roll any run and charge rolls for the general, and all units from your army that are within 12" of your general when the run or charge roll is made.

INVADER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Oath of Vengeance: If your general uses this ability, he swears to lay low his foes. Re-roll all failed hit rolls for your general's attacks until your next hero phase.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place near a secret entrance to a Realmgate that, until very recently, had remained hidden for an age. The battlefield bears the scars of the fallen civilisation that once lived there, and is littered with ruined buildings that once formed the outer districts of a majestic city.

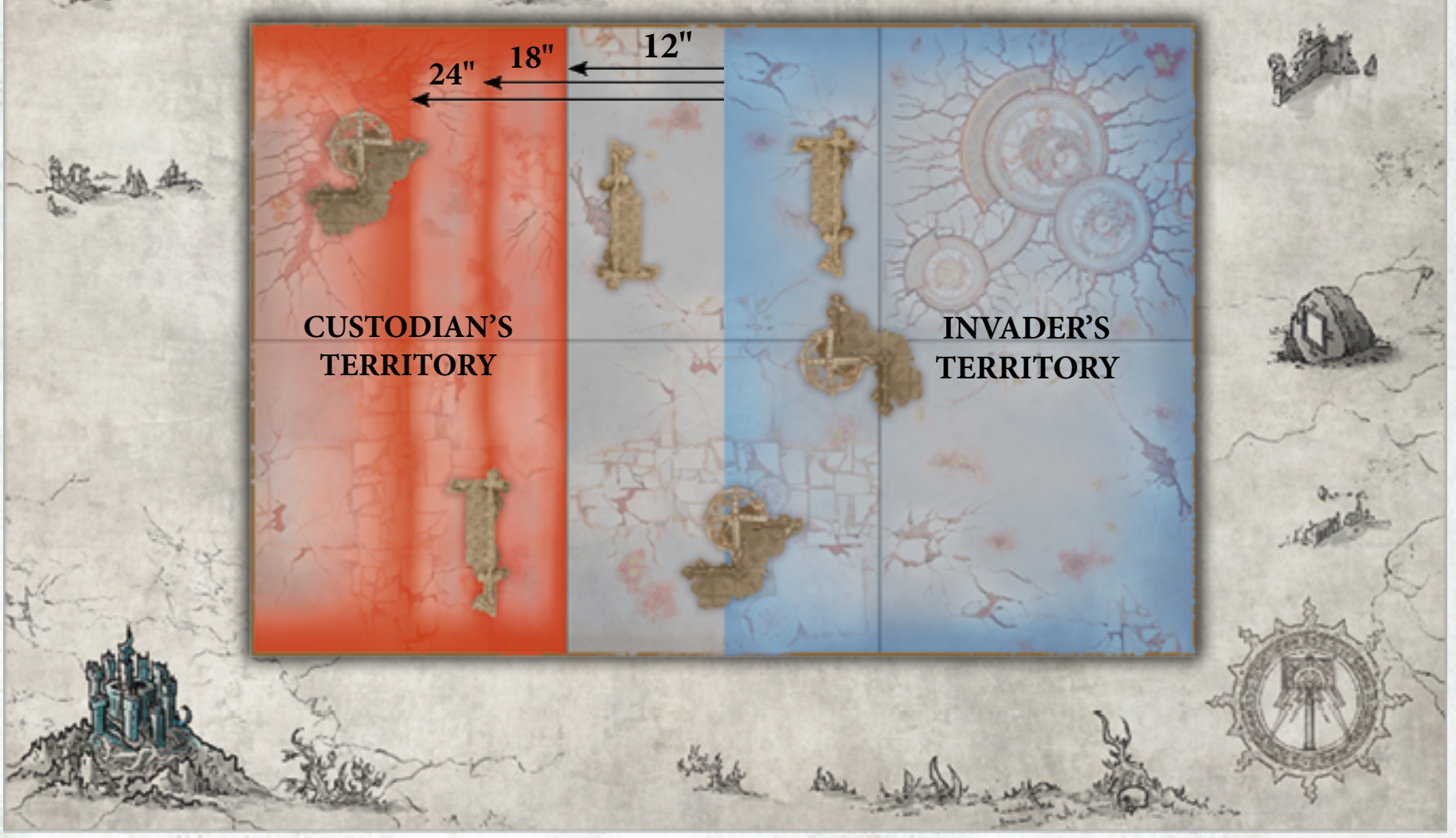
You can either generate the scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the example scenery shown on the map below.

SET-UP

Do not use the set-up instructions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the custodian chooses one side of the battlefield to be their territory, as shown on the map below. The players then take it in turns to set up units. The invader can set up their units anywhere in their territory. Each time it is the custodian's turn to set up a unit, they must roll a dice. On the roll of a 1 or 2, set up the unit at least 24" from the invader's territory; on the roll of a 3 or 4, set up the unit at least 18" from the invader's territory; on the roll of a 5 or 6, set up the unit at least 12" from the invader's territory.

FIRST TURN

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



INVADER'S REINFORCEMENTS

As the battle is joined in earnest, reinforcements can be summoned via the secret Realmgate if the need is dire. Once per battle, at the start of one of their movement phases, the invader can select one unit in their army that has been slain earlier in the battle and return it to play as a new unit in their army. To do so, set up the chosen unit wholly within 6" of the eastern edge of the battlefield, and more than 3" from the enemy. This counts as that unit's move for that movement phase.

SUMMON FORTH THE MAELSTROM

The custodian can pick a **Wizard** from his army to be the summoner. The summoner can use the Summon Forth the Maelstrom spell in addition to any other spells that they know.

Summon Forth the Maelstrom: Summon Forth the Maelstrom has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, add 2 to any save rolls you make for your units in the enemy's shooting phase until your next hero phase.

If attempted in the custodian's first turn, the controlling player can choose to re-roll the summoner's casting roll, as he has had more time ahead of the battle to prepare the appropriate incantation.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the custodian immediately wins a **major victory** if all of the invader's starting models are slain or have fled. The invader immediately wins a **major victory** if all of the custodian's starting models are slain or have fled.

However, if the custodian had at least a third more models in his army after set-up than his opponent, the invader can win a **major victory** if at least one of his starting models is still in play at the end of the sixth battle round.

THE ELDRITCH FORTRESS

With the Silverway held by Eldroc, Thostos Bladestorm the greater part of the Celestial Vindicators south after the sorcerer that had dared to attack them. A titanic bastion soon marred the horizon – not only the stronghold of their prey, but a focal point for the corrupting power of Chaos.

As the remaining Celestial Vindicators marched into the Glimmerlands, not a word was spoken amongst their ranks save for muttered oaths of vengeance. To the west, Sigmar dispatched a further Warrior Chamber to seize Bright Tor Gate, and their hammers found bloody work in its capture. As these reinforcements pushed on to meet their brothers, a trail of Chaos-tainted corpses stretched out behind them, fodder for metal-feathered carrion birds whose shear-beaks tore strips off shattered armour.

The two cerulean-decked forces were united as they reached a worthy target for their ire, a castle that squatted in the sculpted ruins of an ancient city. The fortress was colossal, with a metal heart and a body clad in skulls. Each tower was crested with jutting blades, and daemonic gargoyles capped every corner and wall. The Celestial Vindicators gazed upon it in contempt, but kept their silence. They all knew what was to be done, and did not wish to waste effort upon words instead of the war to come.

Watching their advance from the highest tower was Ephryx, the Ninth Disciple of Tzeentch. He had long dwelt in the Eldritch Fortress; indeed, much of it had been built to his own specifications. An eerie laugh escaped from the sorcerer's lips, coloured smoke curling from his needle-fanged maw. These storm-borne strangers that had been sent against him were creatures of magic and raw energy. To him, it was a delicious irony that those seeking to kill him would instead likely bring him the means to achieve his greatest ambition.

Hundreds of years ago, an artefact of surpassing power had been uncovered by the original settlers of the Glimmerlands. They had built a great monument with the artefact as its centrepiece – a monument the forces of Chaos had cast down. Yet evil men could not look upon the artefact within; it robbed their sight as sure as staring at the red heart of Aqshy.

Ephryx believed such an artefact held great power – power that was his to seize. His slavers gathered thousands of subjugated workers from all nations, races and creeds. Ephryx's warriors blinded ogors and forced them to hew monolithic bricks of lead from the peaks nearby, rolling them upon lodestone cylinders to the encampment. The artefact was surrounded by a rough cairn, then an iron keep, then a gilded castle, until its light was hidden altogether. By the time Sigmar's Tempest blackened the skies, the fortress had grown vast, its outer layers clad in the grisly remains of a dozen mortal tribes. A hundred thousand skulls peered sightlessly from its walls. They were no longer honest bone, for each night Ephryx transmuted the heads of his victims into copper vessels, the better to hold the magic he would syphon off and store within them. With each new dawn, these vessels would draw energy from the artefact at the castle's heart until they glowed with iridescent power. With the energies of the Stormcast Eternals likewise harnessed, the sorcerer would have enough captive energy to fuel his crowning achievement.

Such was Ephyrx's paranoia that he had told his ultimate plan to no one. Even his ally, Lord Maerac of Manticorea believed the castle's power to be purely a defensive measure. Yet the sorcerer planned to enact a great ritual that would corrupt every Realmgate in Chamon – a transmutation spell that would redirect them all into Tzeentch's crystal labyrinth. In this way Ephryx would steal the Realm of Metal from mortal hands, much as Sigmar had sequestered the Realm of Azyr. Chamon would become an annex of the Realm of Chaos, and thus Tzeentch's fractal madness would wreak impossible and disturbing change with every new dawn. If Ephryx was successful, the forces of Chaos would strike a devastating blow to the Mortal Realms that could never be undone.

A THUNDEROUS ASSAULT

Through metallic ruins and copper-sculpted arches the Celestial Vindicators strode on, eyes fixed grimly on the fortress walls ahead. When the castle loomed large, their attack began with a controlled barrage of firepower, but as Ephryx's own warriors poured out, the battle devolved into utter anarchy.

At a command from Lord-Celestant Thostos Bladestorm, the Stormcast Eternals ran from the shattered city that surrounded the castle. Their attack was unsullied by doubt or hesitancy – they erupted from the ruins like thunder thought distant but suddenly overhead. The host of Celestial Vindicators numbered in the thousands; the rumble of their armoured feet shaking flinders from the ravaged city's ruins.

As they neared the Eldritch Fortress, curved blades leapt from metal walls as if wielded by invisible swordsmen. A dozen assailed the leading Stormcasts to strike mortal blows, but as soon as their measure was taken, the rest were shot from the air by the disciplined volleys of nearby Judicators. Silver-skinned hounds bounded down thin alleyways, molten metal slavering from their jaws. The leading pair leapt at the phalanx's flank to clamp jaws around Stormcast helms, but the rest were met head-on by the broadswords of the Liberators, silvery gore spilling from each canine carcass. Empty suits of Chaos armour rose from deserted anvils, jerking from smithy cradles to fall upon the Stormcast Eternals at the rear. They too were put down, smashed to ruin by sigmarite warhammers.

The Celestial Vindicators had lost many good men, but it had daunted them not at all. There could be no stopping the oncoming storm.

The Stormhost's warriors formed their battle line a stone's throw from the Eldritch Fortress, a Liberator shield wall to the fore. Judicators were ranged behind, their arrows forming skybolts of celestial energy which struck not at the warriors atop the battlements, but the daemon gargoyles and enscorcelled skulls of the castle itself.

Atop his citadel, Ephryx frowned. A great many of his foes had raised heavy bows and strange mechanical cannons that were levelling a storm of lightning at the walls. At first he thought it well and good, for the copper skulls would harness even this barrage of magic without harm. Yet the Stormcast Eternals stitching detonations across

Reasoning that the most grandiose of structures would contain the mightiest of foes, the Celestial Vindicators concentrated their assault on the eastern gates of the Eldritch Fortress. Seen from above, the towering curtain wall and its attendant towers formed an eight-pointed star. At the castle's heart was the keep built long ago by blind slaves and masons, beneath which rested a secret even Tzeentch himself could not bury forever.

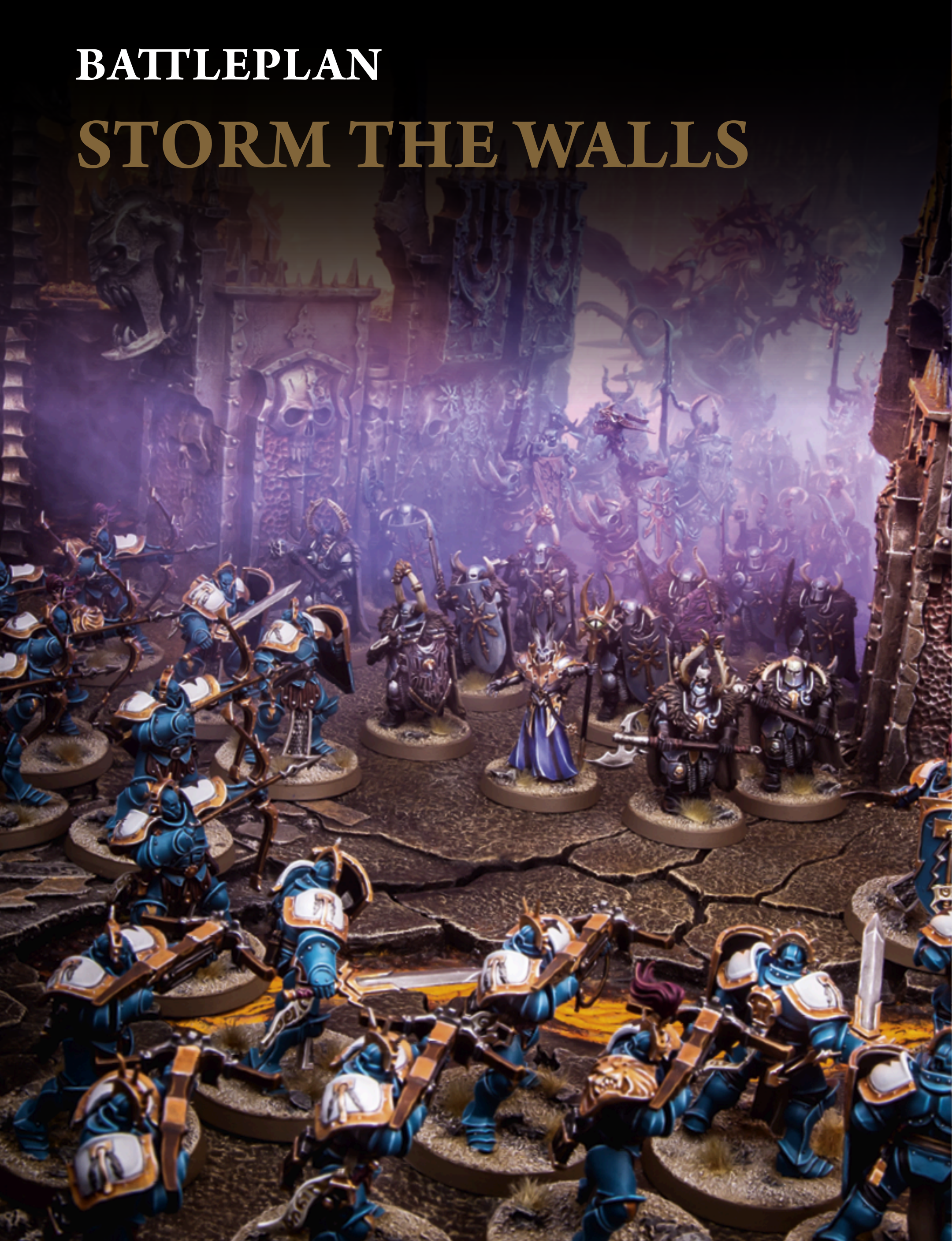
his fortifications were chanting songs of destruction, each warcry punctuated by the percussion of each new volley. Such things stirred the hearts of many warriors, and fewer still could stand idle as their foes attacked without hindrance. It would not be long before the fortress' defenders were lured into battle by their need to prove their superiority over the new foe.

From atop his manticore, Lord Maerac stayed his warriors, but as he saw the vast gates of the fortress were already creaking open, he dived down to join the fight. Ephryx spat curses as hordes of Chaos worshippers spilled from the gates to charge the thickening blue line of Stormcast Eternals outside the walls. The canniest of the plate-clad warriors hooked axes over sigmarite shields and bodily pulled the Liberator battle line apart, only to be met with a counter-attack of shocking force as the Stormcast Eternals broke ranks and gave themselves to wrath. The Celestial Vindicators were finally in their element, their anger turned to fierce joy as they smashed those they once called persecutors to the coppery earth.

No berserker worshippers were these, for Ephyrx and Maerac valued sharp minds as well as swords. As the first ranks of Chaos worshippers were hewn down, those behind locked their shields, stepping forwards in impressive unison. Ephyrx worked a mystic enchantment, and the warriors were surrounded by a glittering shield that proved all but impenetrable. The Judicators found their skybolts exploding harmlessly until Lord Thostos commanded them to fire at the metallic crust upon which the Chaos worshippers walked. The Judicators let loose another volley – this time, the crackling force coursed through the coppery earth and grounded on the metal armour of the Chaos battle line. The stench of burning flesh filled the air as the shield wall broke apart, and soon the Stormcast Eternals assailed courtyard and battlement alike. Then came a burbling roar that gave even the bravest man pause. Something hideous was coming through the smoke.

BATTLEPLAN

STORM THE WALLS



Throughout the realms stand mighty fortresses unnumbered. Whether fastnesses built to hold back the hordes of Chaos, or the towering, hellish fanes to war erected amid their tumbled ruins, these mighty constructions dominate the lands all around. No commander can risk ignoring these fortresses; instead they must be stormed, and either thrown down or conquered.

This battleplan allows you to play out a decisive attack upon a castle's walls, pitting hosts of determined attackers against the thin line of warriors that garrisons the walls. The Stormcast Eternals under Thostos Bladestorm attacked the fortress of the vile sorcerer Ephryx, but this is just one way you can use this battleplan. Using your own collections, you can as easily pit the sylvaneth against the orruk fortress of Badtusk, a brayherd from the Gnarlwoods against the duardin defenders of the Silverwall Stockade, or whatever else takes your fancy…

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army, and then they must decide who will be the attacker and who will be the defender. If one player has at least a third more models than their opponent, then they must be the attacker. Otherwise, each player rolls a dice, and whoever rolls higher decides whether to be the defender or the attacker. This battleplan is well suited to uneven armies; we recommend that the defender has half the number of models of the attacker!

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

DEFENDER'S OBJECTIVES

The enemy have forged a bloody path through your lands and now threaten to cast down your greatest stronghold in the region. Your objective is to drive the enemy from your walls and, if at all possible, wipe them out for their impudence as a lesson to others that may seek to assail your mighty fortress. Should the determination of your enemy prove too great, it is paramount that you prevent them from securing a foothold by maintaining control of three critical locations within the fortress walls.

ATTACKER'S OBJECTIVES

You are the commander of a mighty warhost that has been ordered to conquer a powerful enemy stronghold. Not only will its destruction massively deplete the enemy's strength in this realm, but rumours abound of an artefact of pure and extraordinary power that lies secreted within its confines. By scouring the enemy from their fastness, you can secure this relic for your master. To achieve victory in this battle, you must drive all before you and claim vital locations within the fortress that will enable you to secure a permanent breach. With a suitable beachhead secured, the fortress' defenders will be all but doomed.

DEFENDER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Animate Infernal Guardians: The general calls upon daemonic creatures to help him to victory. If your general uses this ability, you can set up a unit of 2D6 **Daemons** within 12" of the fortress and more than 3" from the enemy. This counts as that unit's move for the following movement phase. All models in the unit must have a Wounds characteristic of 1 or 2.

ATTACKER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Rousing War Chant: If your general uses this ability, your general and all units from your army that are within 12" of your general start bellowing a rousing war chant. Add 1 to the hit rolls as well as to the Bravery characteristic of the chanting units until the start of your next hero phase.

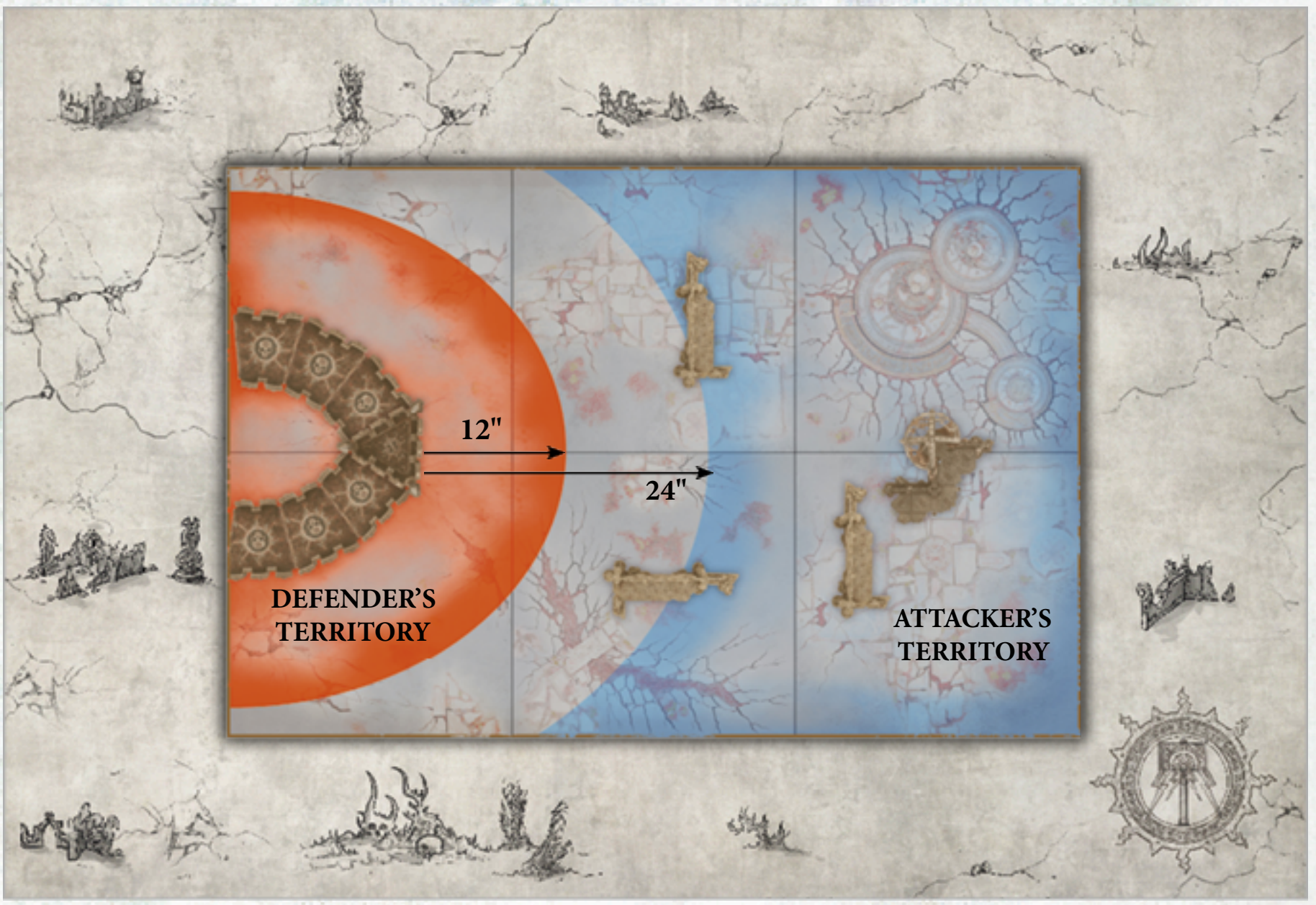
THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place atop a rocky bluff that overlooks a ruin-strewn plain. Towering over the surrounding valley rises an imposing fortress, a vast stronghold that dominates the land as far as the eye can see.

You can either generate the scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the example scenery shown on the map below. The terrain within 24" of the western edge of the battlefield must be set up so that it includes at least one suitable terrain feature to represent the fortress walls. The terrain features that represent the fortress and any of its constituent parts have the Arcane scenery rule in addition to any other scenery rules they may have.

SIEGE OBJECTIVES

After preparing the battlefield, starting with the defender, the players take it in turns to place three siege objectives anywhere on or within the fortress' boundaries. However, a siege objective cannot be placed within 6" of another siege objective.



SET-UP

Do not use the set-up instructions on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the players take it in turns to set up units. The defender can set up his units anywhere within 12" of the fortress. The attacker can set up his units anywhere that is more than 24" away from the fortress.

FIRST TURN

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

VICTORY

At the end of the sixth battle round, count the number of models that each player has within 3" of each siege objective. The player with the most number of models within range has control of that siege objective.

If the defender controls all three siege objectives, he wins a **major victory**. If the defender controls two siege objectives, he wins a **minor victory**. If the defender only controls 1 siege objective, the attacker wins a **minor victory**. If the defender controls no siege objectives and the attacker controls at least one, the attacker wins a **major victory**. If neither side controls any siege objective, then the battle ends in a bloody stalemate.

ESCALATING ENGAGEMENT

Before fighting this battle, it is worth discussing with your opponent approximately how many units each of you are intending to field. The greater the number of units, the more the game will benefit from an increasingly impressive fortress. You'll probably find you need a larger battlefield if your fortifications require quite a lot of room, but the spectacle of a huge fortress surrounded by waves of determined attackers is its own reward.

A GLIMPSE BEYOND

Such is the fury of the Celestial Vindicators' assault that even the machinations of Tzeentch's ninth disciple Ephryx cannot hold them back forever. As the heat of battle grows white-hot, reality itself pays the price. Yet at battle's end, a secret is won that only the God-King himself can unravel.

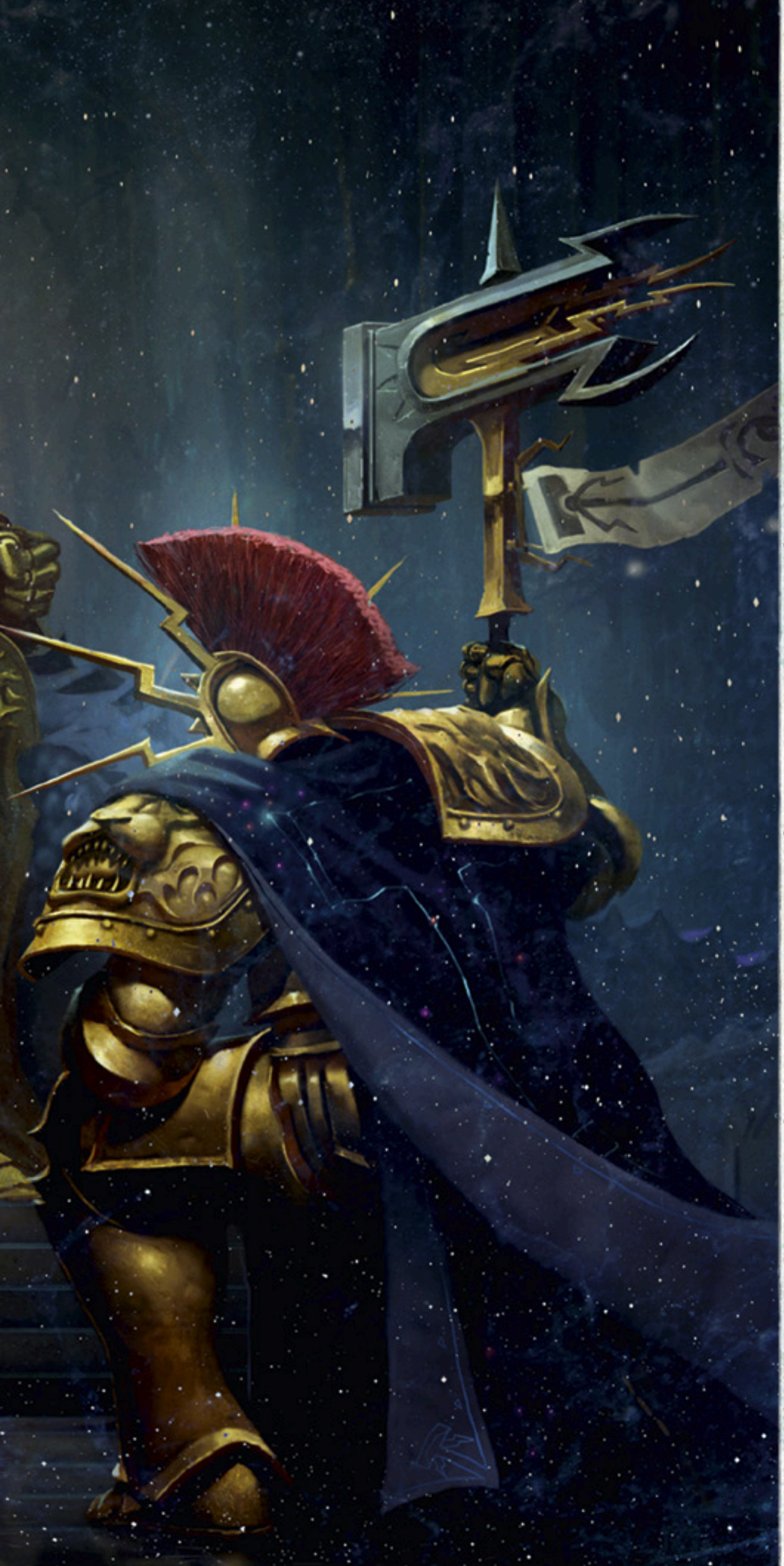
Thick columns of celestial energy roared out of the skies to slam into the spines of the fortress walls. The castle's magic-eating powers consumed the lesser bolts even as they struck, its copper skulls glowing with multispectral light. Other bolts were too violent for Ephryx's magic to contain, blasting metal and stone into jagged slivers that scythed down Stormcast warrior and armoured cavalier alike. For all the power the magical storm brought, its fury was such that it could not be tamed, and its warrior sons likewise. The Celestial Vindicators butchered and crushed with abandon. Drunk on the heady draught of vengeance long awaited, they barged and smashed and shouted, hacking the limbs and heads from their foes and punching their swords into the metal skulls that lined the castle. Wild magic spewed through the air, tendrils of pink-blue warpflame seeming to wrestle with jagged webs of pure white lightning. Everywhere utter mayhem erupted, a glorious sight to a warrior of Chaos, but a living hell for the sorcerer who had painstakingly crafted the domain to his liking.

Ephryx sent gales of billowing fire into the ranks of the foe, turning proud Stormcast Eternals into slithering lion-snakes, crystal statues and guttering puddles of molten goop. A volley of searing bolts arced towards him. He waved them into nothingness even as his other hand throttled a trio of Judicators from afar. Yet the sorcerer was beginning to panic. As roaring Stormcast Eternals sprinted along the battlements towards him, Ephryx chanted an arcane phrase three times. The copper skulls in the castle walls began to glow, brighter and brighter...

Lord Thostos Bladestorm growled with the fierce joy of vengeance. He broke a savage's jaw with the hilt of his sword and kicked another over the battlements. The sorcerer was ahead, a gaunt raptor of a man with the curving horns of an antelope.

The Lord-Celestant was about to make the leap when the battlements turned to a waterfall of molten gold under his feet. He slid amongst a shoal of cog-scaled fish into the courtyard below, coming face to face with a betentacled horror the size of a house. All around him, warriors were being horrifically changed by the wild magic that surrounded the monster, becoming disturbing fusions of man and beast. Great plasmic bolts of energy whipped out from the strange sphere upon its back, a blasphemous imitation of a Realmgate that led only to Chaos itself. One of the crackling tendrils grounded upon Thostos' helm. He staggered back in horror, his flesh turning to metal. As lightning crackled around him, Thostos realised that his entire body had become living sigmarite.

The Lord-Celestant's laugh rang loud as he slashed his sword through the tentacles ineffectually trying to crush him. His hammer arced high, smashing through the beast's ridged pate. The Mutalith slumped to the boiling flagstones; behind, its sorcerous master looked down in horror. The mage babbled a stream of blasphemer's syllables, a last resort he had planned never to use. Reality screamed as the greatest of all changes was unleashed – that of life unto death. The fortress' harnessed power was spent in one blinding blast, cracking open the inner keep's walls and burning the Celestial Vindicators from the castle walls. The last thing Thostos saw was a golden light at the castle's heart – a light pure as the Heavens themselves.



The terrible pain was over. Slowly, the warrior opened his eyes to a soul-cleansing light. There before him was Sigmar, limned in starsilver. He was majesty made manifest.

'Stand, Thostos Bladestorm.' The God-King's voice rolled like thunder around the vaulted chamber of his throne room. 'Stand. We shall kneel no more.'

Thostos, thought the warrior. Yes, that was his name. Had there once been another?

'Your Reforging is complete. Now tell me of Chamon.'

'A fortress of magic...' said Thostos. 'We breached its walls, only to die in a burst of light.'

'Speak on,' said Sigmar, gaze crackling with daunting intensity. 'Speak of this light.'

'Golden,' said Thostos. 'Not the bastard energy of Chaos. Violent but pure.'

Sigmar tensed, clenching fists that could level mountains. 'I remember it well,' he said. 'Lord Vandus! Prepare thy warriors.'

Lord-Celestant Hammerhand stepped forward with a salute.

'That light is mine,' said Sigmar, his voice the ending of worlds. 'We have found Ghal Maraz.'

Unobserved in the shadows, something moved. A spindly figure cut a slit in reality and slipped through, tail twitching.

LEGENDS OF WAR

WARSCROLLS

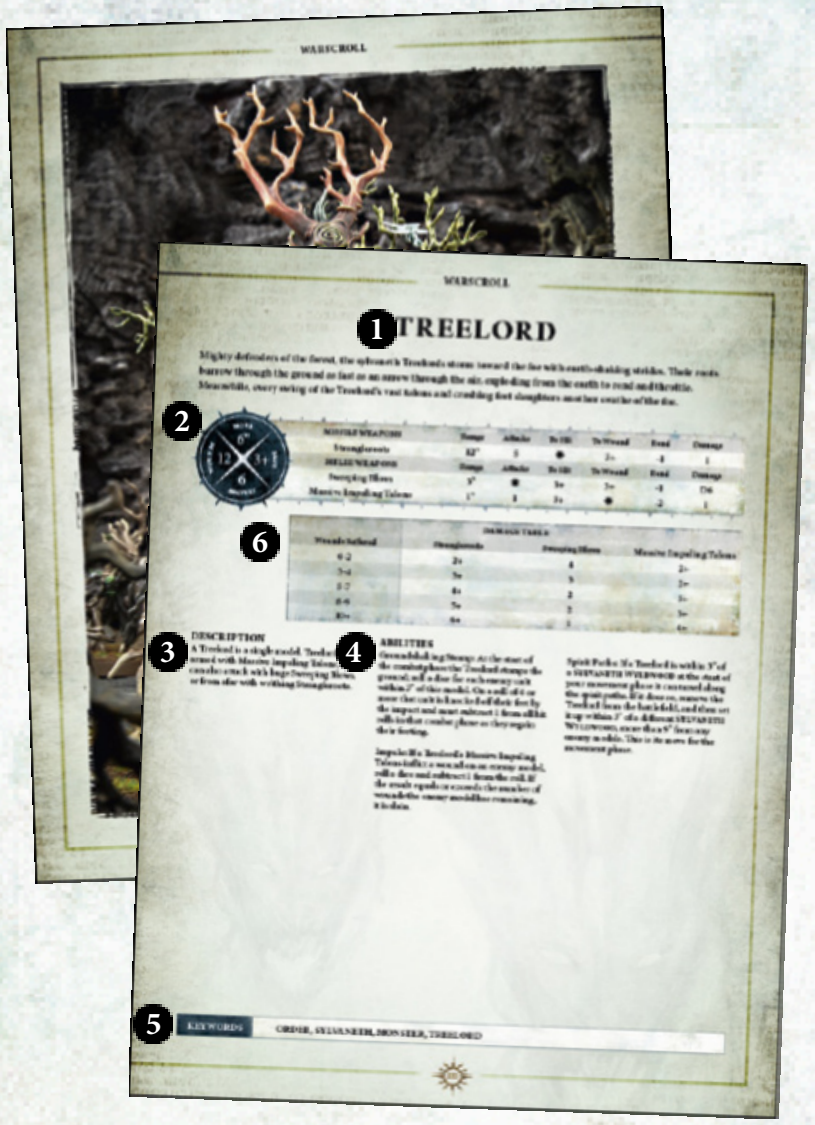
The warriors and creatures that battle in the Mortal Realms are incredibly diverse, each one fighting with their own unique weapons and combat abilities. To represent this, every model has a warscroll that lists the characteristics, weapons and abilities that apply to the model.

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

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

SCENERY WARSCROLLS

Some scenery models have scenery warscrolls, which provide you with all of the information needed to use them in a game. Set up the scenery normally, but use the rules on the warscroll instead of rolling on the scenery table.



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

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

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

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

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

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

HINTS & TIPS

The following hints and tips will help you get the most from your warscrolls:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Keywords can also be a useful way to decide which models to include in an army. For example, if you want to field a Stormcast Eternals army, just use models that have the **Stormcast Eternal** keyword.

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

LORD-CELESTANT ON DRACOTH

The Lord-Celestants that lead each Stormhost are exceptional warriors even amongst their immortal kind. Majestic upon their lightning-spitting Dracoths, Lord-Celestants bolster their brethren's resolve as they plunge into the thick of the fray. With the power to ride the storm in flashes of azure light, their vengeance is both violent and inescapable.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Tempestos Hammer	2"	3	3+	2+	-1	D3
Dracoth's Claws and Fangs	1"	3	3+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A Lord-Celestant on Dracoth is a single model. He is armed with a Tempestos Hammer and rides a Dracoth. The Dracoth fights with its ferocious Claws and Fangs.

ABILITIES

Inescapable Vengeance: If this model has made a charge move this turn, it can make D3 extra attacks with its Tempestos Hammer.

Intolerable Damage: If the wound roll for the Dracoth's Claws and Fangs attack is 6 or more, then that attack has a Damage characteristic of D6 rather than 1.

Storm Breath: You can make a storm breath attack with this model in your shooting phase. To do so, pick a point on the battlefield that is within 12" of this model. Roll a dice for each unit (friend or foe) that is within 2" of the point that you picked. On a roll of 4 or more, the unit being rolled for suffers D3 mortal wounds.

COMMAND ABILITY

Lord of the Host: If this model is your general and uses this ability, until your next hero phase you do not have to take battleshock tests for this model or any friendly unit with the **Stormcast Eternal** keyword that is within 24" of this model at the start of the battleshock phase.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, HERO, LORD-CELESTANT

LORD-CELESTANT

Inspiring leaders of the Warrior Chambers, the Lord-Celestants march to war mantled in the might of the storm. None can escape the vengeful blows of their sigmarite runeblades and warhammers – should any try, the Lord-Celestant swirls his armoured cloak, loosing a hurtling cloud of sorcerous hammers that strike down the cowardly foe.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Sigmarite Runeblade	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	1
Warhammer	1"	2	4+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Lord-Celestant is a single model. He is armed with a fearsome Sigmarite Runeblade and a Warhammer, and wears a Sigmarite Warcloak.

ABILITIES

Inescapable Vengeance: If this model has made a charge move this turn, it can make 1 extra attack with each of its melee weapons.

Sigmarite Warcloak: In your shooting phase, you can unleash D6 hammers from this model's Sigmarite Warcloak. Pick an enemy unit within 16" of this model for each hammer that is unleashed, then roll a dice for each unit you picked. On a roll of 4 or more the unit suffers a mortal wound. Note that you can pick the same unit more than once in a phase.

COMMAND ABILITY

Furious Retribution: If this model is your general and uses this ability, then until your next hero phase you can add 1 to the result of any hit rolls in the combat phase for this model and friendly **Stormcast Eternal** units within 9" of him.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, HERO, LORD-CELESTANT

LORD-RELICTOR

Lord-Relictors are noble but sinister figures. Their ritual weapons and armour are replete with icons of death, for these fell guardians keep the warrior souls of the Stormcast Eternals from the gloom of the underworld. Potent healers as well as mighty warriors, their arcane powers channel the glory of Sigmar and call storms from the darkening skies.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Relic Hammer	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A Lord-Relictor is a single model. He is armed with a Relic Hammer.

ABILITIES

Lightning Storm: In your hero phase, you can declare that the Lord-Relictor will pray for a lightning storm. If you do so, pick an enemy unit that is within 12" of this model and roll a dice. On a roll of 3 or more, the unit you picked suffers D3 mortal wounds, and your opponent must subtract 1 from all hit rolls for the unit until your next hero phase. A Lord-Relictor cannot pray for a lightning storm and a healing storm in the same turn.

Healing Storm: In your hero phase, you can declare that this model is praying for a healing storm. If you do so, pick a friendly model with the **Stormcast Eternal** keyword that is within 12" of this model and roll a dice. On a roll of 3 or more you can heal up to D3 wounds that have been suffered by the model that you picked. A Lord-Relictor cannot pray for a healing storm and a lightning storm in the same turn.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, HERO, PRIEST, LORD-RELICTOR

LORD-CASTELLANT

Masters of defensive warfare, the Lord-Castellants watch over their Stormcast brothers. From their warding lanterns, a glorious golden glow spills forth. This magical light has many uses, from driving back the tainted foe with its purifying aura, to shielding and healing wounded Stormcast Eternals with celestial energy.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Castellant's Halberd	2"	3	3+	3+	-1	2

DESCRIPTION

A Lord-Castellant is a single model. He is armed with a Castellant's Halberd and carries a Warding Lantern.

ABILITIES

Warding Lantern: In your hero phase the Lord-Castellant may unleash the magical energies of his Warding Lantern. If he does so, pick either a **CHAOS** unit or a **STORMCAST ETERNAL** unit that is within 12" of the Lord-Castellant.

If a **CHAOS** unit is chosen it is struck by the searing light of the Celestial Realm and suffers a mortal wound. **CHAOS DAEMON** units cannot abide the touch of this light and suffer D3 mortal wounds instead.

If a **STORMCAST ETERNAL** unit is chosen it is bathed in the healing energies of the lantern and you can add 1 to all save rolls it has to make until your next hero phase. In addition, until your next hero phase, each time you make a save roll of 7 or more for that unit, one model in the unit heals a wound.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, HERO, LORD-CASTELLANT

GRYPH-HOUNDS

Gryph-hounds are pack-hunting creatures from the realm of Azyr, noble beasts that detest corruption. Their sharp senses pierce deception as easily as their beaks and claws shred the flesh of the unfaithful. Packs of Gryph-hounds are known to ally themselves to those fighting for a just cause, and they offer loyal protection to their companions.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Beak and Claws	1"	2	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Gryph-hounds can have any number of models. They savage their foe with their razor-sharp Beaks and Claws.

ABILITIES

Loyal Companion: Once a Gryph-hound has bonded with a companion, it will defend it to the death. A Gryph-hound makes 4 attacks with its Beak and Claws rather than 2 if the target unit is within 3" of a **Lord-Castellant**.

Darting Attacks: Gryph-hounds attack in a series of darting strikes. Immediately after this unit attacks in the combat phase, roll a dice and move each model in the unit up to that many inches.

Warning Cry: It is said that it is impossible to sneak up on a Gryph-hound. If an enemy unit is set up within 10" of this unit, roll two dice. Any unit within that many inches of the Gryph-hounds is alerted to the enemy unit's presence, and can attack it with one of its weapons as though it were your shooting phase.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, STORMCAST ETERNAL, GRYPH-HOUNDS

PROSECUTORS

Prosecutors are the warrior-heralds of Sigmar, and the message they bear is one of violence and retribution. Soaring upon the wings of the storm, they hurtle across the battlefield in a blur of sigmarite. They throw hammers of magical force as they descend upon their prey, each meteoric impact smiting the enemies of the God-King.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Celestial Hammers	18"	2	4+	4+	-	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Celestial Hammers	1"	2	3+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Prosecutors has 3 or more models. They are armed with Celestial Hammers. Celestial Hammers can be used as either a missile weapon or a melee weapon, and can be used as both in the same turn.

PROSECUTOR-PRIME

The leader of this unit is the Prosecutor-Prime. A Prosecutor-Prime makes 3 Melee attacks rather than 2 when he uses his Celestial Hammers as a melee weapon.

FLY

Prosecutors can fly.

ABILITIES

Heralds of Righteousness: Roll 3 dice instead of 2 dice when determining the charge move for this unit. In addition, you can declare a charge with this unit if it is within 18" of the enemy rather than 12".

Celestial Hammers: You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for models from this unit.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, ANGELOS, PROSECUTORS

RETRIBUTORS

Retributors are the wrath of the heavens made flesh. They bring swift and deadly justice to the lands of the Mortal Realms. Their Lightning Hammers are forged from ensorcelled sigmarite, and by channelling the energy of the storm they can release thunderous bursts of sky-magic that blast the foe to ash.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Lightning Hammer	1"	2	3+	3+	-1	2

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Retributors has 3 or more models. They are armed with Lightning Hammers.

RETRIBUTOR-PRIME

The leader of this unit is the Retributor-Prime. A Retributor-Prime makes 3 attacks rather than 2.

ABILITIES

Blast to Ashes: If the hit roll for an attack made by a model from this unit is 6 or more, the blast from its Lightning Hammer inflicts 2 mortal wounds instead of its normal damage. Do not make a wound or save roll for the attack.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, PALADIN, RETRIBUTORS

JUDICATORS

Whistling volleys of arrows and bolts herald the attack of the Judicators. Evil men are found wanting in their sight, and fall pierced by crackling arrows of pure lightning, or feathered with dozens of sigmarite crossbow bolts. Rank upon rank of the enemy tumble to the floor as the Judicators ply their deadly trade, until nothing remains of their foe but corpses.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Skybolt Bow	24"	1	3+	3+	-1	1
Boltstorm Crossbow	12"	2	3+	4+	-	1
Shockbolt Bow	24"	1	3+	3+	-1	1
Thunderbolt Crossbow	18"			See below		
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Storm Gladius	1"	1	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Judicators has 5 or more models. Units of Judicators are armed with either long-ranged Skybolt Bows or rapid-firing Boltstorm Crossbows. 1 in every 5 models may instead be armed with either a Shockbolt Bow or a Thunderbolt Crossbow. In addition, every model in the unit carries a sharp Storm Gladius.

JUDICATOR-PRIME

A Judicator-Prime leads this unit. Add 1 to the hit rolls for a Judicator-Prime.

ABILITIES

Rapid Fire: If a unit of Judicators does not move in the movement phase, then you can add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of any Boltstorm Crossbows the unit uses in the shooting phase of the same turn.

Chained Lightning: If a Judicator attacking with a Shockbolt Bow scores a hit then the bolt explodes into a storm of lightning. Instead of making a single wound roll, roll a dice and make a number of wound rolls equal to the number scored.

Eternal Judgement: You may re-roll any hit rolls of 1 when a Judicator attacks a **Chaos** unit in the shooting phase.

Thunderbolt Crossbow: When a model attacks with a Thunderbolt Crossbow the target is struck by a mighty blast of Celestial energy; pick an enemy unit within 18" and roll a dice. Subtract 1 from the roll if the target is a **Monster**. If the result is equal to or less than the number of models in the unit, the unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, JUSTICAR, JUDICATORS

LIBERATORS

The hosts of the Stormcast Eternals thunder down from the Celestial Realm, intent on laying low the tyrant and the fiend. The core of each Stormhost is comprised of Liberators, men who have been magically reforged with the power of a god. In battle, these warriors use weapons of magical sigmarite to smite all enemies of Order.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Warhammer	1"	2	4+	3+	-	1
Warblade	1"	2	3+	4+	-	1
Grandhammer	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	2
Grandblade	1"	2	3+	4+	-1	2

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Liberators has 5 or more models. Some units of Liberators are armed with a Warhammer in each hand, while others wield paired Warblades. Other units enter battle armed with a single Warhammer and carry Sigmarite Shields, and others still pair a Sigmarite Shield with a Warblade. In any case, 1 in every 5 models may instead be armed with either a Grandhammer, or a Grandblade.

LIBERATOR-PRIME

The leader of this unit is the Liberator-Prime. A Liberator-Prime makes 3 attacks rather than 2.

ABILITIES

Paired Weapons: An extra weapon allows a Liberator to feint and parry, creating openings in their opponent's guard. You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for models armed with more than one Warhammer or Warblade.

Lay Low the Tyrants: If any model from this unit selects an enemy unit with a Wounds characteristic of 5 or more as the target for all of its attacks in a combat phase, add 1 to all of that model's hit rolls in that combat phase.

Sigmarite Shields: You can re-roll save rolls of 1 for this unit if any models from the unit are carrying Sigmarite Shields.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, REDEEMER, LIBERATORS

MIGHTY LORD OF KHORNE

The lords that Khorne sends to conquer the Mortal Realms are demigods of battle. Their skill at arms is unmatched save by Sigmar's own, and their endless battle-lust infects all who follow them. Their master gifts them with reality-splitting Axes of Khorne and daemon hounds that make their masters all but impervious to the loathsome magic of their foes.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Axe of Khorne	1"	3	3+	3+	-1	D3
Flesh Hound's Blood-dark Claws	1"	4	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Mighty Lord of Khorne is a single model. He is armed with an Axe of Khorne, and accompanied by a Flesh Hound. The Flesh Hound fights with fearsome Blood-dark Claws.

ABILITIES

Collar of Khorne: A Flesh Hound has a collar of Khorne, which allows its owner to unbind spells in the same manner as a wizard.

Reality-splitting Axe: At the end of the combat phase, roll a dice for each enemy model that suffered one or more wounds inflicted by the Axe of Khorne in that phase but was not slain. On a roll of 5 or more the axe cleaves a rent in the fabric of reality, hurling the victim to Khorne's realm. The model being rolled for is slain.

COMMAND ABILITY

Gorelord: If this model is your general and uses this ability, pick up to 3 friendly units with the **Mortal** and **Khorne** keywords that are within 24" of this model in your hero phase. Until your next hero phase, when you make charge rolls for this model or any of the units you picked, roll 3 dice rather than 2 dice, and use the 2 dice with the highest rolls to determine the charge move of the unit being rolled for.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, KHORNE, HERO, MIGHTY LORD OF KHORNE

BLOODSECRATOR

Khorne's Bloodsecrators bear the sacred duty of carrying their master's icon to every corner of the Mortal Realms. By tearing ragged holes in the fabric of reality, they allow the red-hot wrath of Khorne himself to pour forth, causing the followers of the Blood God to enter apoplexies of battle rage as their minds cloud over with killing fury.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Ensorcelled Axe	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A Bloodsecrator is a single model. He is armed with an Ensorcelled Axe. He carries the Portal of Skulls, the blessed icon of Khorne.

ABILITIES

Portal of Skulls: In your hero phase, you can declare that this model will open the Portal of Skulls. If you do, you may not move the model until your next hero phase, but it has the following abilities until your next hero phase:

Loathsome Sorcery: Both sides must re-roll successful casting rolls for wizards within 18" of this model, before any unbinding rolls are made.

Rage of Khorne: This ability affects all friendly units that have the **KHORNE** keyword and are within 18" of this model at the start of the combat phase. When they are selected to attack, you can add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of all the melee weapons used by these units. In addition, players do not have to take battleshock tests for any unit with the **KHORNE** keyword that is within 18" of this model at the start of the battleshock phase.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, KHORNE, HERO, TOTEM, BLOODSECRATOR

BLOODSTOKER

There are warriors amongst the brazen hordes of Khorne that live to inspire wrath in those around them. Known as Bloodstokers, these whip-wielding sadists are experts with the lash and the blade. Such is their skill that they can drive their fellows into pain-fuelled fury just as easily as they can slaughter those that Khorne deems weak.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Torture Blade	1"	3	3+	3+	-	1
Blood Whip	3"	3	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Bloodstoker is a single model. He is armed with a Torture Blade and Blood Whip.

ABILITIES

Whipped to Fury: In your hero phase, pick one friendly unit with the **KHORNE** keyword that is within 12" of this model. Until your next hero phase, you can add 3" to all run or charge rolls for that unit, and can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for models from that unit.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, KHORNE, HERO, BLOODSTOKER

KHORGORATHS

The Khorgorath is a horrific predator attracted to the stink of slaughter. These creatures were once native to the Mortal Realms, but since their consecration to the Blood God, they have become truly monstrous. A Khorgorath lives only to kill, and to devour the heads of its victims. Whilst they are on the prowl, Khorne's pyramid of skulls grows ever higher.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Bone Tentacles	6"	3	3+	4+	-	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Claws and Fangs	1"	5	3+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A Khorgorath unit can have any number of models. They lash their enemies with nightmarish Bone Tentacles and fight with vicious Claws and Fangs.

ABILITIES

Horrific Predator: If this unit inflicts damage on one or more enemy units in the combat phase, then you must subtract 1 from the Bravery of all enemy units within 12" of this unit in the battleshock phase of the same turn.

Taker of Heads: If the attacks made by this unit in the combat phase result in one or more enemy models being slain, then you can heal 1 wound suffered by a model from this unit.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MONSTER, KHORNE, KHORGORATHS

BLOOD WARRIORS

Amongst the Bloodbound are those whose rage has become so intense it has possessed them entirely. The air shimmers around these killers, for the burning heat of their anger radiates off them as visible waves. To strike such a warrior down is no respite from his wrath, for even when mortally wounded these warriors will fight with frenzied abandon.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Goreaxe	1"	2	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Blood Warriors can have any number of models. They are armed with Goreaxes and carry Gorefists.

CHAOS CHAMPION

The leader of this unit is the Chaos Champion. A Chaos Champion makes 3 attacks rather than 2.

ABILITIES

No Respite: If a model from this unit is slain in the combat phase, you can make a pile in move and then attack with the model before you remove it.

Gorefists: Each time you make a successful save roll for a model from this unit, and the attacking unit is within 1" of this unit, roll a dice. For each roll of a 6, the attacking unit suffers 1 mortal wound after all of its attacks have been made.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, KHORNE, BLOOD WARRIORS

BLOODREAVERS

Bloodreavers dedicate their lives to the gory business of slaughter. Murderers all, these warriors are mortal men, yet their frenzied devotion to the Blood God makes them fearsome indeed. Immersing themselves in wanton butchery, such men court a violent death. Still, their death matters little to their master, for Khorne cares not from whence the blood flows...

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Reaver Blades	1"	1	4+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Bloodreavers can have any number of models. They are armed with Reaver Blades.

CHIEFTAIN

The leader of this unit is the Chieftain. A Chieftain makes 2 attacks rather than 1.

ICON BEARER

Models in this unit may be Icon Bearers. If the unit includes one or more Icon Bearers, add 1 to the Bravery of all its models.

HORNBLOWER

Models in this unit may be Hornblowers. If the unit includes one or more Hornblowers, add 1 to its run and charge rolls.

ABILITIES

Frenzied Devotion: If this unit is within 12" of a model with the **Chaos** and **Totem** keywords when it is selected to attack, then all models in this unit have 2 attacks rather than 1, and a Chieftain has 3 attacks rather than 2.

Reaver Blades: You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for models from this unit.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, KHORNE, BLOODREAVERS

TREELORD ANCIENT

The very fury of the forest is roused by the magical powers of the Treelord Ancient. Amongst the oldest living creatures in the Realms, these towering tree-spirits are not only fearsome warriors able to walk the spirit paths at will, but also potent spell-wielders who can loose the wrath of the Wyldwoods upon their victims.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Doom Tendril Staff	18"	1	✹	3+	-1	D6
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Sweeping Blows	3"	✹	3+	3+	-1	D6
Massive Impaling Talons	1"	1	3+	✹	-2	1

	DAMAGE TABLE		
Wounds Suffered	Doom Tendril Staff	Sweeping Blows	Massive Impaling Talons
0-2	2+	3	2+
3-4	3+	2	2+
5-7	4+	2	3+
8-9	5+	1	3+
10+	6+	1	4+

DESCRIPTION

A Treelord Ancient is a single model. A Treelord Ancient is armed with Massive Impaling Talons, and can also attack with huge Sweeping Blows, or from afar with its Doom Tendril Staff.

ABILITIES

Groundshaking Stomp: At the start of the combat phase the Treelord Ancient stomps the ground; roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3" of this model. On a roll of 4 or more that unit is knocked off their feet by the impact and must subtract 1 from all hit rolls in that combat phase as they regain their footing.

Impale: If a Treelord Ancient's Massive Impaling Talons inflict a wound on an enemy model, roll a dice and subtract 1 from the roll. If the result equals or exceeds the number of wounds the enemy model has remaining, it is slain.

Spirit Paths: If a Treelord Ancient is within 3" of a **Sylvaneth Wyldwood** at the start of your movement phase it can travel along the spirit paths. If it does so, remove the Treelord Ancient from the battlefield, and then set it up within 3" of a different **Sylvaneth Wyldwood**, more than 9" from any enemy models. This is its move for the movement phase.

MAGIC

A Treelord Ancient is a wizard. It can attempt to cast one spell in each of your own hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Awakening The Wood spells.

AWAKENING THE WOOD

Awakening the Wood has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick a **Sylvaneth Wyldwood** that is within 24" of the caster. Each enemy unit within 3" of this **Sylvaneth Wyldwood** suffers D3 mortal wounds as the trees come to life and attack with twisted branches and thorny boughs.

KEYWORDS ORDER, SYLVANETH, MONSTER, WIZARD, TREELORD ANCIENT

TREELORD

Mighty defenders of the forest, the sylvaneth Treelords storm toward the foe with earth-shaking strides. Their roots burrow through the ground as fast as an arrow through the air, exploding from the earth to rend and throttle. Meanwhile, every swing of the Treelord's vast talons and crashing feet slaughters another swathe of the foe.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Strangleroots	12"	5	✹	3+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Sweeping Blows	3"	✹	3+	3+	-1	D6
Massive Impaling Talons	1"	1	3+	✹	-2	1

	DAMAGE TABLE		
Wounds Suffered	Strangleroots	Sweeping Blows	Massive Impaling Talons
0-2	2+	4	2+
3-4	3+	3	2+
5-7	4+	2	3+
8-9	5+	2	3+
10+	6+	1	4+

DESCRIPTION

A Treelord is a single model. Treelords are armed with Massive Impaling Talons, and can also attack with huge Sweeping Blows, or from afar with writhing Strangleroots.

ABILITIES

Groundshaking Stomp: At the start of the combat phase the Treelord stomps the ground; roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3" of this model. On a roll of 4 or more that unit is knocked off their feet by the impact and must subtract 1 from all hit rolls in that combat phase as they regain their footing.

Impale: If a Treelord's Massive Impaling Talons inflict a wound on an enemy model, roll a dice and subtract 1 from the roll. If the result equals or exceeds the number of wounds the enemy model has remaining, it is slain.

Spirit Paths: If a Treelord is within 3" of a **Sylvaneth Wyldwood** at the start of your movement phase it can travel along the spirit paths. If it does so, remove the Treelord from the battlefield, and then set it up within 3" of a different **Sylvaneth Wyldwood**, more than 9" from any enemy models. This is its move for the movement phase.

KEYWORDS ORDER, SYLVANETH, MONSTER, TREELORD

BRANCHWRAITH

Their lithe limbs singing with the power of Ghyran, the Branchwraiths are the sacred priestesses of the sylvaneth. At their behest, the Wyldwoods stir to life, slumbering Dryads emerging from their long sleep to answer the Branchwraiths' call to war.

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

DESCRIPTION

A Branchwraith is a single model. It is armed with vicious Piercing Talons.

ABILITIES

Blessings of the Forest: Subtract 1 from all hit rolls made against this unit if it is within 3" of a **Sylvaneth Wyldwood**.

MAGIC

A Branchwraith is a wizard. It can attempt to cast one spell in each of your own hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Roused To Wrath spells.

ROUSED TO WRATH

Roused to Wrath has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, set up a unit of 2D6 Dryads more than 3" from the enemy, and fully within a **Sylvaneth Wyldwood** that is within 12" of the caster.

KEYWORDS ORDER, SYLVANETH, HERO, WIZARD, BRANCHWRAITH

DRYADS

Crooning their song of slaughter, the sylvaneth Dryads stride from the forest's depths to fall upon those who defile their sacred glades. With whipping, vicious talons the Dryads stab and strangle, dancing lithely between their enemies even as they tear them savagely apart. They are nature's wrath made manifest, and few can resist their assault.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Wracking Talons	2"	2	4+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Dryads has 5 or more models. They are armed with vicious Wracking Talons.

BRANCH NYMPH

The leader of this unit is a Branch Nymph. A Branch Nymph makes 3 attacks rather than 2.

ABILITIES

Blessings of the Forest: Subtract 1 from all hit rolls made against this unit if it is within 3" of a **Sylvaneth Wyldwood**.

Enrapturing Song: In your own combat phase, you can enrapture one enemy unit that is within 3" of this unit. Add 1 to the hit rolls for attacks made by this unit against the enraptured in that combat phase.

Impenetrable Thicket: When Dryads gather in great numbers their many twisting limbs and branches form an interlocking shield of thorns that protects them against the enemy's blows. You can add 1 to the result of save rolls for this unit if it includes at least 12 models.

KEYWORDS ORDER, SYLVANETH, DRYADS

SYLVANETH WYLDWOOD

The Wyldwoods of the sylvaneth are far more than simple trees. Ancient, powerful spirits lurk within every sentient trunk and bough, eager for the chance to vent their spite upon beings of flesh and blood. Many who venture below the shadowed canopy of a Wyldwood do not live to see the light of day again.

DESCRIPTION

A Sylvaneth Wyldwood is a terrain feature consisting of two or more Citadel Woods. For the denizens of the forests they are places of shelter and respite. However, the spirits within the trees are easily angered by other creatures that trespass their boundaries, and magical power is guaranteed to drive the Wyldwood into a fury.

SCENERY RULES

The following scenery rules are used for these models (do not roll on the Scenery Table on the *Warhammer: Age of Sigmar* rules sheet).

Wyldwood: Roll a dice for each model that makes a run or charge move across, or finishing on, a Sylvaneth Wyldwood. On a roll of 1 the model is slain. Do not roll for models that have the **SYLVANETH** , **MONSTER,** or **HERO** keywords.

Roused By Magic: Roll a dice whenever a spell is successfully cast within 6" of a Sylvaneth Wyldwood (even if it is unbound). On a roll of 5 or more the forest is roused by the magical energy and attacks. If this happens, all units within 1" of the Sylvaneth Wyldwood suffer D3 mortal wounds. **SYLVANETH** units are not attacked if a Wyldwood is roused in this way.

KEYWORDS	SCENERY, SYLVANETH WYLDWOOD

WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

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

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

BATTALION SET-UP

When you are setting up, you can set up all of the units in a warscroll battalion instead of setting up a single unit. Alternatively, you can set up some of the units from a warscroll battalion, and set up any remaining units individually later on, or you can set up all of the units individually.

For example, if you were fighting a battle where each player takes it in turns to set up one unit, you could set up one, some or all of the units belonging to a warscroll battalion in your army.

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

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

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

STORMCAST ETERNALS

THUNDERSTRIKE BROTHERHOOD

Blasting onto the battlefield in explosions of force, Thunderstrike Brotherhoods are led into the heart of the fray by heroic Lord-Celestants. These warriors are tightly bound by honour and duty.

ORGANISATION

A Thunderstrike Brotherhood consists of the following units:

- 1 Lord-Celestant on Dracoth
- 1 Lord-Relictor
- 1 unit of Retributors
- 1 unit of Prosecutors
- 2 units of Liberators

ABILITIES

Brothers in Arms: Add 1 to the Bravery of any unit from this warscroll battalion that is within 6" of one or more other units from this warscroll battalion.

Lightning Strike: Instead of setting up a unit from this warscroll battalion on the battlefield, you can place it to one side and say that it is set up as part of your army in the Celestial Realm. In any of your movement phases, you can transport the unit to the battlefield. When you do so, set up the unit on the battlefield more than 9" from any enemy models. This is their move for that movement phase.

STORMCAST ETERNALS

HEROES OF THE HOST

Gathering their divine might, the heroes of the Stormhosts can hurl forth arcing waves of power. Foes are driven back by these crackling blasts, blinded and reeling before the fury of Sigmar's storm.

ORGANISATION

The Heroes of the Host consists of the following units:

- 1 Lord-Celestant or Lord-Celestant on Dracoth
- 1 Lord-Relictor
- 1 Lord-Castellant
- 0-1 unit of Gryph-hounds

ABILITIES

Aura of Command: Add 1 to the Bravery of all friendly **Stormcast Eternal** units that are within 6" of one or more **Heroes** from this battalion.

Wave of Power: If all 3 **Heroes** from this battalion are within 3" of each other in your opponent's hero phase, they can summon an arcing wave of power to drive their foes back. If they do so, roll a dice for each enemy unit that is within 3" of a **Hero** from this battalion; on a four or more, that enemy unit suffers one mortal wound and must retreat in the following movement phase if possible.

KHORNE BLOODBOUND

GOREBLADE WARBAND

The lords of Khorne surround themselves with those devoted to the Blood God's creed. When a Goreblade Warband joins the fray, each retinue strives to outdo the others in the slaughter.

ORGANISATION

A Goreblade Warband consists of the following units:

- 1 Mighty Lord of Khorne
- 1 Bloodsecrator
- 1 Bloodstoker
- 1 unit of Blood Warriors
- 1 unit of Bloodreavers
- 1 Khorgorath

ABILITIES

Blood Rivals: You can re-roll charge rolls for units from this warscroll battalion if another unit from the warscroll battalion has made a successful charge earlier in the same phase.

Khorne Cares Not From Whence The Blood Flows: If a unit (friend or foe) is wiped out during the combat phase, you can add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of all melee weapons used by units from this warscroll battalion for the remainder of that combat phase.

SYLVANETH

GUARDIANS OF THE DEEPWOOD

Amid the deepest Wyldwoods of the sylvaneth, guardians lurk in wait. Roused to sudden wrath, these furious spirits emerge as one to punish those who would profane the sacred groves.

ORGANISATION

The Guardians of the Deepwood consists of the following units and pieces of scenery:

- 3 Treelords and/or Treelord Ancients
- 2 units of Dryads
- 2 Sylvaneth Wyldwoods

ABILITIES

Forest Spirits: Instead of setting up a Treelord, Treelord Ancient or unit of Dryads from this battalion on the battlefield, you can place it to one side and say that it is set up as part of your army in the hidden sanctuaries. In any of your movement phases, you can transport the unit to the battlefield. When you do so, set it up so that all models are within 3" of a **Sylvaneth Wyldwood** and more than 9" from any enemy models. This is their move for that movement phase.

Sacred Groves: This battalion's Sylvaneth Wyldwoods are set up on the battlefield after all other pieces of scenery are set up, but before the battle begins and either side sets up their armies. You can place them anywhere on the battlefield.