WARHAMMER
AGE OF SIGMAR

THE REALMGATE WARS

THE BALANCE OF POWER

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.

AN AGE OF LEGENDS

When Sigmar hurled forth his new army, the Stormcast Eternals, it heralded the dawn of a new age. All across the Mortal Realms, the tyrannical power of Chaos overlords was challenged. With thunder and lightning the Age of Sigmar was begun.

It was not long after the betrayals and defeats of the Nexus Wars that Sigmar retreated to Azyr, the Celestial Realm. The God-King commanded the heavenly realm be secluded, and that the Gates of Azyr be magically sealed. These were Realmgates – arcane portals that allowed travel between realms. As all the gates leading to Azyr closed, it seemed Sigmar had turned his back upon the other realms.

In the remaining realms, the Chaos invaders dominated. By controlling the remaining Realmgates, the minions of Chaos were able to isolate kingdoms, sacking them one by one. Without the God-King to lead them, the now fractured alliances of old fell apart. It was not long before the free peoples were broken and scattered, their gods destroyed, beaten into submission, or driven into secreted seclusion.

So complete were the Chaos triumphs that many lands began to crumble as reality frayed at the edges. Some Realmgates became twisted, usurped by the corrupting influence of the Dark Gods, warping to become pathways to the Realm of Chaos. So did entropic energies flood into the realms, tainting entire provinces beyond sanity.

High up in the heavens, Sigmar sat upon his throne. From his great palace Sigmaron, built atop the artificial ring that encircled the Broken World, the God-King watched the collapse of the Mortal Realms and brooded. It pained him to witness such wanton destruction, yet the God-King was resolute in his plan. His retreat to Azyr was not out of cowardice, but necessity. Sigmar needed a new army – one strong enough to stand against the followers of Chaos.

Those mortals corrupted by the Dark Gods had been gifted with unnatural boons, mutations and foul growths that allowed them to be like wolves amongst sheep. No human champion could long stand before such extraordinary strength. Daemon legions also stalked the Mortal Realms, and Sigmar knew he must forge a new army to stand any hope of victory against those fell-handed foes.

Putting aside the ways of war was hard for almighty Sigmar, for he was a warrior-god, a king who led his peoples from the fore. However, even a god cannot be in all places at all times, and so it was Sigmar's plan to fashion an army that could bring victory without requiring his own presence upon the battlefield. Even as the pain of his self-imposed exile burned at him, the God-King plucked the greatest heroes

Although the age had grown dark, the Stormcast Eternals were made for such an hour. Long were the God-King's labours, and great was the undertaking. Sigmar had enlisted the favour of those gods who once formed his Great Alliance. Willingly or not, each imparted some of their divine power to the God-King. None offered more help than the Great Maker, Grungni, for it was by his gifts that mortals could be reshaped. The magic of star and storm were alloyed with an aspirant's soul, broken apart, and then remade again. And again. Seven times seven were the Cairns of Tempering, just one of many steps in the arduous process, with bespoke differences for each aspirant. At last, upon the Anvil of Apotheosis, were Stormcast Eternals finally wrought. Sigmar bade the Six Smiths gird them in the magical metal, sigmarite, for the endless battles to come. The Stormcast Eternals were organised into autonomous armies called Stormhosts – each one hand-chosen by Sigmar for a reason and purpose only the God-King knew. Host by host, Sigmar's armies took shape, each warrior with the power of the tempest running in their veins.

from the Mortal Realms, choosing the finest men or women, the greatest champions of a darksome age. Only those who remained pure in their hearts and fought against the overwhelming forces of Chaos were taken aloft in bolts of lightning. Those who survived the process of Reforging, which was both long and agonising, were born anew, remade into a new breed of warrior. Clad in sigmarite plate and armed with ensorcelled weapons, the Stormcast Eternals were created.

Sigmar's revenge was long in the making. Even as the great muster in the heavens proceeded, the kingdoms of the Mortal Realms fell; their corruption grew worse with each passing day. Their civilisations smashed, the dispossessed tribes were hunted down, and each of the God-King's allies of old were cornered. The onslaught of the Dark Gods had brought reality teetering to the brink of apocalypse. At last, Sigmar could wait no longer.

Down Sigmar hurled lightning, each bolt delivering Stormcast Eternals – the vanguard of the main assault. Though Sigmar's warriors could ride the storm into the fray, not even the God-King could hurl them all at once. The Gates of Azyr must be reopened.

To unlock the mystically sealed portals, they needed to be opened from both sides simultaneously. The first Thunderstrike Brotherhoods launched attacks across the seven realms, bringing battle to a hundred Realmgates and more. The forces of darkness that guarded the portals were slain or driven back, and many of the gates to the heavens were opened wide. As the hordes of Chaos responded, bringing their overwhelming numbers to bear, more Stormhosts marched through the portals. So began the Realmgate Wars, an eruption of escalating battles with the fate of the Mortal Realms hanging in the balance.

A CALL TO ARMS ACROSS ALL REALMS

The Mortal Realms are replete with tales of mighty heroes, terrible villains, bloodshed and betrayal. If you own a collection of Citadel Miniatures then you too can create your own stories, bringing your models and the worlds they inhabit to life upon the tabletop.

Vast forces are on the march. The gods send forth their mightiest followers or even appear upon the battlefields themselves. The din of war can be heard across the Mortal Realms. The following pages contain chapters in an exciting tale that will help shape the history of a new age.

Though they have long been held in the iron grip of bloody-handed tyrants, the realms are now touched by hope once more, for like a lightning bolt from a storm-wracked sky, Sigmar has unleashed his glittering Stormhosts. The first objectives of the Stormcast Eternals have been chosen by the God-King himself, but the Stormhosts do not fight alone. Other factions rise too, either joining this new rebellion against the rule of Chaos, or seizing upon the opportunity of the Stormcast assaults to launch their own initiatives.

Woven into the tale of these climactic times a reader will find battleplans and Time of War rules. These sections allow you to lead your own armies through every tense clash and bloody slaughter described in the narrative. The rules and scenarios give you a framework to make this tale your own – an example that will better enable you to tell your own stories using your collection of Citadel Miniatures, and recreate events or fight glorious battles of your own devising.

Some will battle to free the realms from the horror of Chaos rule, others to crush the upstarts who dare challenge the Dark Gods, or to fulfil 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.

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 recreate the battle in the narrative, or you could stage your own such 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, the example battlefields are 6 feet by 4 feet unless otherwise stated, 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 do so.

IN TIMES OF WAR

Alongside the battleplans 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. However you choose to use them, these rules will instil yet more drama and excitement into the legends forged in your own battles.

MUSTER YOUR ARMIES

At the back of this book 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 to field the models in battle, and to group them together in mighty battalions. Finally, all the core rules you need to play games of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* are also included at the end of the book, so you've got everything you need to go to war.

LET LOOSE THE STORM OF WAR

The Realm of Aqshy was the first to feel the fury of the Stormcast Eternals. The Hammers of Sigmar, first of the Stormhosts to be forged, descended upon the Brimstone Peninsula in force, Lord-Celestant Vandus Hammerhand at their fore. In a series of fierce battles, the Hammers of Sigmar fought through the Goretide and their infamous leader, Korghos Khul, at last forcing open the Igneous Gate. This victory reverberated high above Azyr, and Sigmaron flashed in the Heavens. It was Vandus' task to open the initial gate, but he was far from alone. Across all of Aqshy, the Storm of Sigmar thundered. Down Sigmar cast his armies, sending bolt after bolt of Stormcast Eternals, while still more poured forth from the newly opened Realmgate. The Igneous Delta blazed with battles, even as the storm spread across all the Mortal Realms. Like the bolts that bore them, the Stormcast assaults were swift and terrible, and the tyrants of a hundred kingdoms reeled before the sudden fury of their onslaught.

This was a war the Gods of Chaos considered won long ago – indeed, each of the Dark Gods was already plotting how they could wrest the realms away from their brothers when the lightning struck. The Stormcast Eternals were wholly unexpected, the bold attacks upon the Gates of Azyr completely unforeseen. Only at that moment did the Chaos Gods fathom the true nature of Sigmar's retreat to the Heavens and the azure mist that shrouded Azyr. That mystic barrier kept Sigmar's resplendent new armies secret, even from the scrying of Tzeentch, whose prognostic powers were second to none. Thus, the shock of those assaults was indescribable – none had dared challenge the dominion of Chaos on such a scale for an age. A new epoch had truly begun. With bellows of rage that shook the Brass Citadel, Khorne demanded the skulls of these usurpers, eager to crush any who dared challenge his supremacy. With the Chaos counter-attacks, battles were joined and campaigns begun as each power rushed to send reinforcements. The Heavens were emptied and every Stormhost was cast into battle. Those Stormcast Eternals who returned to Azyr successfully, via the very gates they had opened, were sent to war once more. The spirits of those who had fallen began the process of Reforging in Sigmaron. So began the Age of Sigmar.

When Sigmar looked upon the realm of Ghyran, the God-King shuddered. What he beheld was repulsive, akin to watching lowly things consume the body of a loved one, scavengers taking savage pulls upon the corpse. The Jade Kingdoms were overrun by the minions of Nurgle. Alarielle, heartsick Everqueen of Ghyran, had grown despondent, hiding behind illusions rather than face the horrors besetting her realm. Into that quagmire Sigmar cast many bolts – if the Stormcast Eternals could not rouse Alarielle to war, they would avenge her! The Hallowed Knights spearheaded the assault into Ghyran. Sigmar chose these silver-armoured warriors for he saw what awaited them, and knew the devout faith of the Hallowed Knights could withstand even the most loathsome of trials. Across Ghyran, many of the initial Realmgates proved to be corrupted, the portals leading to the grotesque Garden of Nurgle. After many battles, the Stormcast Eternals did capture some working portals, but the cost was high. Although many sylvaneth fought alongside the Stormcasts, none would reveal the location of Alarielle's illusion-shrouded vale. Through great sacrifice, Lord-Celestant Gardus surmised the location, but unbeknownst to him, his army was followed. Thus did Chaos enter Athelwyrd, Alarielle's innermost sanctuary.

Sigmar sent forth his Stormcasts to seize Realmgates, but also to re-establish old alliances. In Chamon, elements of dozens of Stormhosts sought the god Grungni and his duardin followers. Yet there was something else for which the God-King hunted – his matchless warhammer, Ghal Maraz. Long ago, Sigmar was fooled by the Dark God Tzeentch's trickery, and he hurled his ensorcelled weapon into a rift in reality in one of the last battles before the God-King retreated to Azyr. Tzeentch discovered the artefact had come to rest in the Realm of Metal. Such was the power of Ghal Maraz that not even Tzeentch's mightiest greater daemons could move it, or bear to gaze upon it. During the ensuing centuries, the vast Eldritch Fortress was built over the precious hammer. During a failed plot by an overambitious sorcerer, elements of the Celestial Vindicators were drawn into besieging that towering edifice. There, they saw enough to alert Sigmar. The Heldenhammer Crusade followed, a series of battles through the Hanging Valleys of Anvrok. Through great sacrifice, the Stormcast Eternals at last recovered Ghal Maraz, Lord-Celestant Vandus Hammerhand taking the relic back to Sigmar in high Azyr. The God-King, in turn, bestowed the warhammer upon his greatest champion, and a new stage in the Realmgate Wars was set to begin.

THE REALMGATE WARS

The Stormcast Eternals struck into all seven realms, so that everywhere the foe might feel the wrath of Sigmar's Tempest. Their crusades were only the beginning of a new age of battle, for many armies heard that clarion call to arms and new wars blossomed across the Mortal Realms.

SWALLOWED IN SHADOWS

Sigmar sent troops to secure Realmgates in Ulgu and the Dark Gods countered. The mystic fogs thickened and no reports have returned out of that realm.

TO UNSHACKLE THE SLAVEPITS

Around the Realmgates of Ashlyon were found slavepit cities, torture dens where millions toiled to death beneath the lash of Khorne's daemons. Led by the Hammers of Sigmar and the Knights Indomitable, dozens of Stormhosts descended to bring celestial fire upon the slavers.

THE WAR OF LIFE

While the Hallowed Knights joined sylvaneth forces in their desperate plight to safeguard the goddess Alarielle, battle bloomed across all the Jade Kingdoms. Stormhost strikes and sylvaneth uprisings kept whole legions of Putrid Blightkings and daemons of Nurgle from joining the hunt to run down the Radiant Queen. Three corrupted Realmgates were destroyed.

STARSONG OF THE CONSTELLATIONS

In the furthest reaches of Azyr the Slann Starmasters awoke in numbers not seen for many centuries. The stars were in alignment, the constellations sung a song of vengeance. Thus did the seraphon armies strike at Chaos across the Mortal Realms, rank upon rank of saurus, skinks and great ravening beasts shimmering from the air to strike down their ancient enemies.

THE BLOOD PRICE

Guided by the gore-spattered visions of their Slaughterpriests, Bloodbound Warhordes redoubled their endless wars across the Mortal Realms. Screaming Blood Warriors and flesh-eating Bloodreavers cast down fortified enclaves from the Nevergulf to Mount Thunderstone, battling Stormcasts, skaven, orruks and even the followers of the other Chaos Gods with matchless savagery.

BATTLE OF FERRUSKULL MOUNTAIN

In the Ironback Mountains there was a single pit that stretched deep below the peak of Ferruskull – only there could mutable metal be mined. The substance was coveted both by Tzeentch and the skaven Skryre clans. Despite their mutual distrust, both factions united to resist an assault by four Stormhosts, ranks of Chaos Warriors and thundering Chaos Knights surging to battle amid blasts of skaven blackflame and whistling bombardments of poisoned wind globes.

THE WITHERING WAR

Bursting from a Realmgate into the onyx tunnels of the Sorrowful Pit, grim Fyreslayers of the Vostarg lodge hurled themselves into battle with thirteen Virulent Processions of the Clans Pestilens. Amidst utter darkness and crawling filth the two vast armies tore at each other without mercy or remorse. As the sightless depths filled with corpses, the foul skaven were driven back to their final bastions, and there they prepared to unleash a terrible sickness upon their attackers.

AVENGING ANGEL OF AZYR

After receiving the almighty warhammer Ghal Maraz, the Celestant-Prime joined the forefront of Sigmar's war against Chaos. With the roar of a hundred thunderbolts, the Celestant-Prime arrived upon battlefields across the Mortal Realms, striking terror into the servants of the Dark Gods. Where the lightning-wreathed avatar of Sigmar fought, victory followed.

ON THE BACK OF THE BEHEMOTH

Although the city built upon the spines of the great sea beast Muldrakus had been sacked long ago, the Realmgate at its centre still stood. When three Stormhosts arrived by lightning they found the portal held against them by a savage tribe of orruks that had learned to ply the oceans steering that massive beast.

UPON THE PLAINS OF THUNDER

As the grip of Chaos began to weaken, the oppressed and the desperate rose up in rebellion. From the fringes of the Thunderplains came the Beastclaw ogors, shaking the idol-strewn steppes with the fury of their onset. Stonehorns and Mournfangs pounded through sluggish rivers of acid to fall upon the Six Citadels of Slaanesh. Bestial roars rang to the racing clouds high above as the feral ogors and their monstrous mounts hurled down ornate walls, crushed daemons and devoured screaming pleasure-cultists whole. Seeing a chance to prove themselves to be Ur-Slaanesh, daemons and mighty mortal lords rushed to throw back the tribal invasion.

THE BEACON IS LIT

The newly risen Geometric Tower upon the Dreaming Plains of Hysh blazed with light. A single beam shone upwards, a beacon that could be seen from the palace of Sigmaron itself.

VENGEANCE OF THE HEAVENS

From the Heavens the Slann Starmasters heard the call of the constellations. Seraphon armies were summoned out of celestial magic and sent to war. At dozens of Realmgates reptilian armies materialised as battle was joined, arriving to fight alongside the Stormhosts. It was they that turned the tide of the Droxxus Campaign, that helped seal the Black Portal of Killcutta, and slew the Beast of Darden.

DESTROYER ANGELS

The fearsome reputation of the Knights Excelsior was solidified with their capture of the Jadefalls Realmgate. Tasked with cleansing the surrounding Rivenglades of Chaos, the Stormhost destroyed everything within a ten day march, fulfilling their orders but making enemies of the sylvaneth.

THE FILTHSOME ARC

With his war in Ghyran all but won, Nurgle sent forth seven thousand seven hundred and seventy-seven legions, both mortal and daemonic. Out they marched across the Filthsome Arc, spreading like pus from a wound into Chamon, Aqshy and Ghur. Great would be the ruin these putrid hosts would wreak.

THE TIME OF FLAMES

Aqshy was rocked with earthquakes and eruptions of devastating magnificence, as multiple suns blazed across the skies. The Fyreslayers saw these as signs of the return of Grimnir, while the scattered human tribes saw signs of the doom of worlds. Archaon himself sought the source of the disturbance.

PLANS WITHIN CONVOLUTED PLANS

In the gnawed depths of the Realm of Chaos stands Blight City – a great lair-nest of the skaven race. There, horned sorcerers met Clan Skryre Warlock Engineers, hatching nefarious plots to bring about the ascendancy of the Great Horned Rat. Vast clawpacks of Stormvermin, Clanrats and slaves massed, the deranged inventions of the Clans Skryre sparking and whirring amongst them as they awaited the order to surge across the Mortal Realms and into battle.

TRAGEDY OF THE KNIGHTS AURORA

In an attempt to liberate the enslaved continent of Beryllius, Sigmar cast the Knights Aurora Stormhost into battle.
Led by a mighty spearhead of Paladins and Judicators, the Knights Aurora succeeded in overthrowing the Bloodtyrant and his nightmarish daemon cohorts, and reclaiming two Realmgates. Alas the cost was terrible, as well over half of the Stormhost fell as casualties.

THE MISSING DARK PRINCE

Many champions, Daemon Princes and Keepers of Secrets led warbands on a continued search for their missing god. Some, such as Lord Lucious Dominus and Shiluux the Sinuous, declared themselves Slaanesh reborn, attracting great swathes of followers to their own causes.

BATTLE FOR THE SKYREALM

From the onset of Sigmar's Storm, the Skyrealm – one of the Twelve Wonders of Ghur – was under Stormcast assault. At great cost, the skybridges that connected the floating isles had been taken, but counter-attacks by swarms of airborne plague daemons had recaptured them. Thundering in rage, Sigmar redoubled his attacks.

ONE FOR THE IRONJAWS

Even as several Stormhosts besieged the Realmgate of Borrus Magnu, the battlefield was overrun by an enormous horde of Ironjaw orruks. Not content with destroying the Stormcast Eternals, the greenskins went on to eradicate the Chaos defenders as well. The portal has been controlled by the orruks ever since, though they have so far proven too superstitious to make use of it.

THE BRONZE FOREST WALKS

In the Alembicine Highlands of Chamon, the sylvaneth wargroves of the Bronze Forest awoke in wrath. They fell upon the Tzeentch-worshipping Goldshaper Hosts and a vast, ever-shifting war began.

THE PROVING FIELDS

Rampaging tribes of Ironjaw orruks swept aside the Khorne-worshipping tribes around the Abdorox Realmgate. Upon shattering its chains, the orruks inadvertently loosed a mighty horde of Bloodbound who poured from the gate with Valkia the Bloody at their head. So began a mighty conflict that lasted for weeks and saw the Gorequeen claim many new souls for her charnel stronghold.

WARS WITHIN THE TRI-GATE

The Tri-gate of Tristombul that once connected Azyr, Chamon and Shyish was turned into a fiercely contested war zone. Following the initial Stormcast strikes against the hordes of skaven, Moonclan, and Nurgle Rotbringers who held the gatehouses, the convoluted bridgeways of the Eternity Span changed hands several times. As fresh forces poured in from all sides, the Lions of Sigmar led the charge once more against the crumbling alliance of their foes.

THE ALLPOINTS

Now did Sigmar begin to marshal his strength for an attack upon the Allpoints. With his Stormcast Eternals locked in battle throughout the Mortal Realms, still Sigmar kept one eye always on that vital nexus.

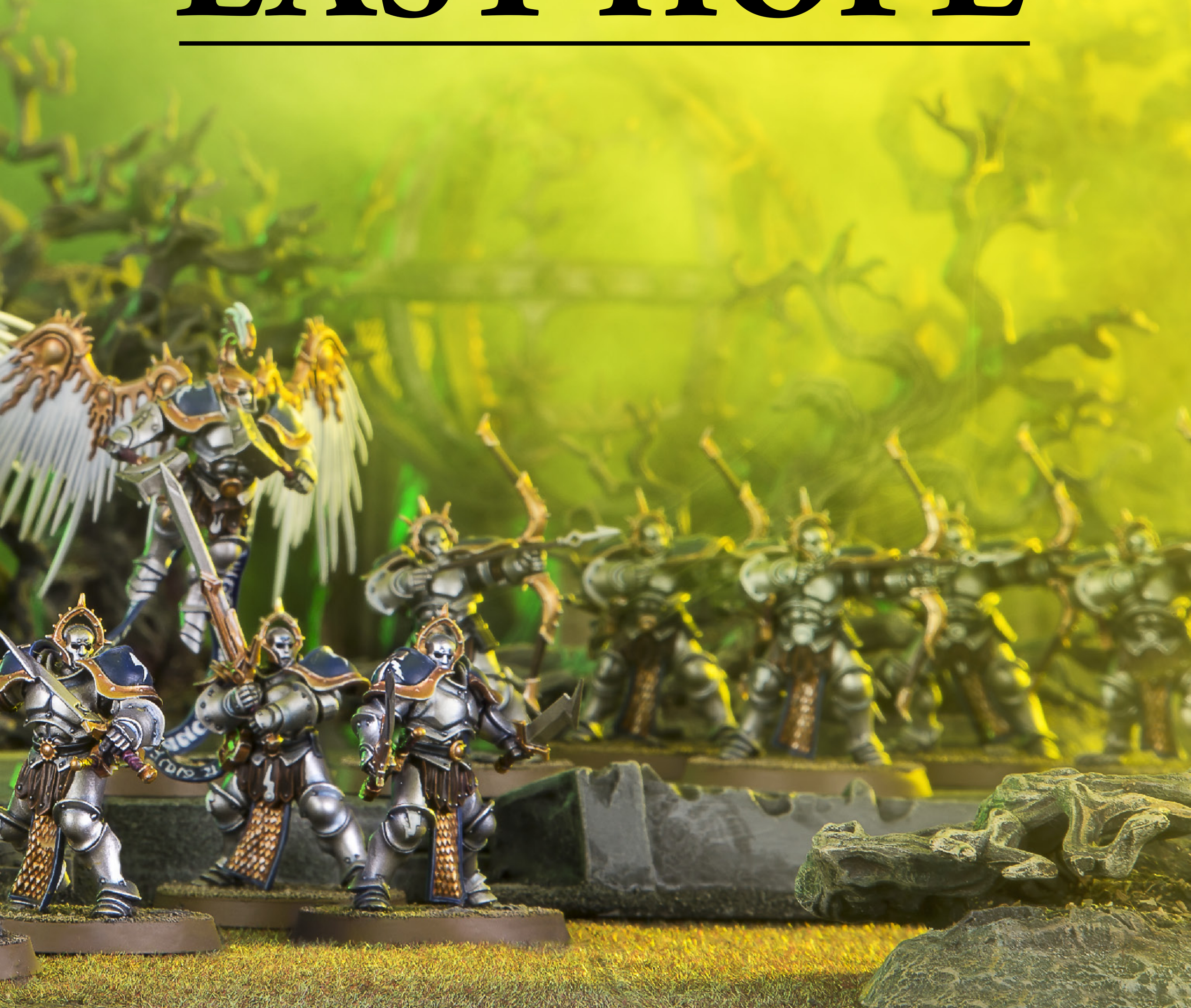
THE COILING WAR

The million-strong seraphon host of Lord Ox'Totl attacked the Wormroot fortress of Plaguelord Vomitus and his worm-ridden Rotbringers. Though the seraphon crushed one rancid wave of enemies after another, they found themselves caught within the twisted nethergates of the fortress. On the seraphon strove, through one nightmare reality after another, determined to reach the fortress' cankerous heart and sear it clean with purifying celestial flames.

ROAR OF DRACOTHION

From the Heavens of Azyr came the echoing roar of the great Dracothion, a sound that sent ripples through the stars themselves. Upon the Sigmarabulum – the artificial ring around Mallus where could be found the laboratories, sky-vaults, forges, and barracks of Sigmar – a series of sigil-sealed gates unlocked, the first sign that something stirred deep within the sealed Vaults Extremis.

GHYRAN'S LAST HOPE



RÖTTERDÄMMERUNG

Nurgle, the Dark God of Disease, coveted the Realm of Ghyran above all else. With the recent fall of its greatest hidden stronghold, Athelwyrd, he had but a single task left to complete in the Great Corruption of Ghyran – the goddess Alarielle must be captured…

Nurgle's war upon Ghyran was five centuries old when the Stormcast Eternals arrived. When Sigmar's armies arrived, they beheld a land swollen, near to bursting, with foul disease, the air thick with contagion.

Known also as the Jade Kingdoms, the Realm of Ghyran was divided into different fiefdoms – some huge continental empires, others contained within a single airborne isle. Over the years, those kingdoms, large or small, fell to disease. One by one, they were rotted from within. Great toweroaks turned black, while life-giving rivers were beslimed. Many human tribes survived plagues only to turn to the worship of Nurgle. Behind the sicknesses came armies. Armour-clad warriors, abominations and daemonic legions despoiled all in their wake.

Yet the flora and fauna of Ghyran were hardy, sprouting anew. Beneath mounded feculence curled new fronds, their wholesome magic cleansing the filth. So long as Alarielle remained, the lands could not truly be conquered. She was the Queen of the Radiant Woods, the spiritual embodiment of the cyclic Realm of Life. Once, long ago, she had joined Sigmar's Pantheon, for it was the God-King who had awakened the slumbering queen in the Age of Myth. Since then, though, she had drifted from godly councils, seeking peace amongst the lifeblooms of her realm.

When Chaos first came to Ghyran, Alarielle led the resistance, but as her lands mutated, the Radiant Queen began to retreat. Always, foul forces found her hidden glens. Using all her enchantments, Alarielle retired to her ultimate sanctum – the secret vale of Athelwyrd. From there, she fuelled a guerrilla war, revitalizing befouled lands as others wilted. The Plague God's legions relentlessly sought Athelwyrd, but Alarielle's wards were strong.

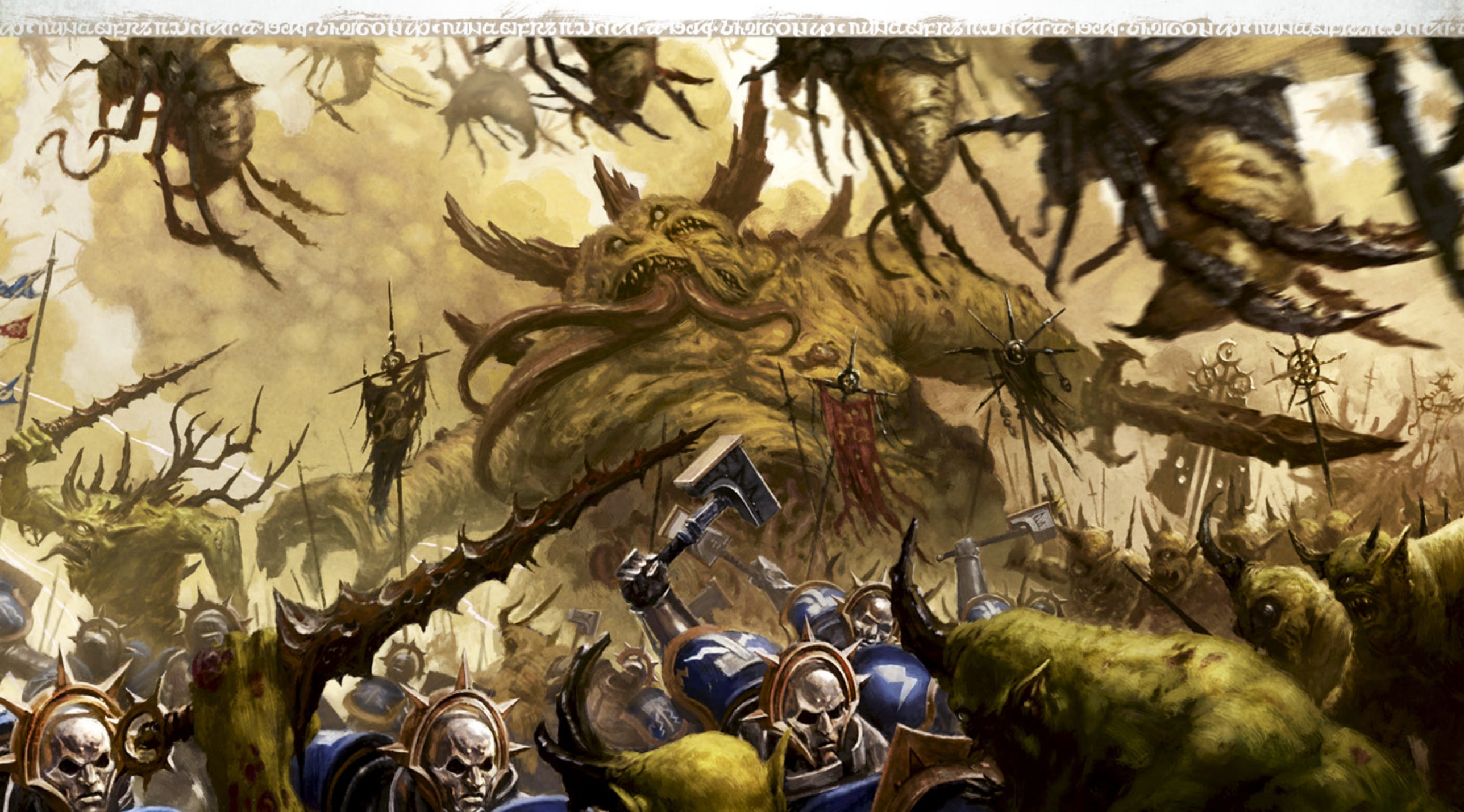
Into this dismal setting came the Stormcast Eternals. Led by the Hallowed Knights, many Stormhosts descended from the Heavens to begin shattering the iron grip of Chaos. While the Stormhosts battled to reclaim Realmgates or seal corrupted portals, they sent forth emissaries to re-establish old bonds, yet Alarielle remained hidden, unwilling to meet with her former allies. Some sylvaneth forces arrived to battle alongside the Stormcasts against their common foes, although these were alliances of need rather than any pact made with the consent of their queen.

While desperately seeking audience with Alarielle, the Stormcasts found a hidden route into Athelwyrd, but were followed. A great battle erupted as the forces of Chaos emerged in the hidden vale, driving the Radiant Queen out from her last remaining sanctuary.

From the top of a hillock, Torglug looked around what had once been the unsullied valley of Athelwyrd and laughed, a chortling, fluid-filled sound. He breathed in the richness of the vale, feeling its fecundity already blossoming into blessed corruption. The laugh rolled across Alarielle's secret valley, its answering echo a booming response that might have come straight from the hellish garden within the Realm of Chaos. Just as Torglug knew the power surging through him was a reward for infecting the vale, he also knew greater accolades, even immortality, awaited him should he complete his next task: to capture Alarielle. Across the valley, packs of Nurglings gnawed greedily on the shivered wood of fallen sylvaneth tree folk, like wolves cracking marrow out of bones. Putrid Blightkings and beastmen used rusted axes to fell sacred groves, while Plaguebearers befouled bubbling springs.

'She is escaped,' roared Torglug, his thick voice resounding down the valley. Even Great Unclean Ones halted their grotesque celebrations to look up. 'Be upforming! We are marching and bringing Grandfather Nurgle a mighty prize!' he bellowed.

This was his moment – Torglug felt it as he watched his army drag themselves into position beneath a growing forest of banners and totem poles. His beastmen trackers had already left. He would have her soon...



DESPERATE FLIGHT

Even as the hidden valley of Athelwyrd filled with corrupting armies, a warband of Stormcasts and sylvaneth formed around Alarielle and made good their escape. Thus began a perilous journey, for they were hunted and all the lands of Ghyran were now corrupted and overrun with foes.

Alarielle's shriek of anguish rang across the Jade Kingdoms. Each domain – from far-flung empires of skyborne forests to the deepest reefcastles beneath briny seas – knew of Athelwyrd's fall. In that moment, trees bowed, waterfalls halted and hills shivered. If the best protected of all Ghyran's hidden refuges was lost, then it was only a matter of time before the last enclaves were found and despoiled. Despair ruled the land.

The fighting retreat out of Athelwyrd was a frantic series of battles. Many sylvaneth held firm to the end, enraged by the desecrations of the invading hordes. In that hopeless hour, it was the Stormcast Eternals who took over. Against the overwhelming daemontide that swept the valley, the Astral Templars, the Guardians of the Firmament and the last remnants of the other Stormhosts created a blockade, giving their lives to cover the retreat of Alarielle and the Hallowed Knights.

Early in the battle, the goddess Alarielle had called upon arcane powers to smite the foe, yet that fury had dissipated, and her energy was drained. The Lady of Vines, her Branchwraith handmaiden, commanded the bodyguard that formed around the increasingly despondent goddess, and the remaining Hallowed Knights joined them. It was the Branchwraith that led them to the Cascading Path.

To travel the Cascading Path was to enter a magical slipstream, a road that made a mockery of horizons. They followed the Lady of Vines on this path, though she told none their destination, as she took them hundreds of march-days in moments.

Far above in the Heavens, Sigmar saw the plight of Alarielle and he cast down his remaining Stormhosts to distract her pursuers. The ruse distracted some of Nurgle's minions, but not all. Torglug also knew of the Cascading Path.

Upon exiting the magical path, the Lady of Vines led her now silent queen across pox-ridden bloomfields. Several brief battles were fought with corrupted beasts that attempted to waylay their flight, but more worrisome were the sounds of rusty bells tolling and the droning of Plaguebearers, which betrayed an army marching hard upon their heels. Prosecutor scouts reported a vast body of water blocking their path, and a chill wind rose suddenly. At that moment, Alarielle collapsed and the sylvaneth cried out. Amidst the panic and confusion, the Lady of Vines started up a low, keening song.

The cycles of life flow like water throughout the Eight Realms. All living beings know of birth, growth, maturity and death. Many can see the rhythm of tides or understand the changing of seasons, but there are other patterns beyond the ken of mortal minds. Although an immortal goddess, Alarielle, the mother of life, is bound to metamorphosis. The cycles that fuel her bountiful spirit, energy, and magic are more mysterious. At times, Alarielle is a great nurturer, taking the seeds of life and aiding their growth to glorious fruition. In other phases, the Queen of the Radiant Woods hibernates, an isolationist seeking solace only in a cocoon of her own reflections. In harvest time, she bears a more frightful aspect, for the reaping and ending of things is a necessary grimness and her mantle becomes accordingly red in tooth and claw. So continues the cycle. Some stages Alarielle slides into gradually, with few or subtle physical changes. Other transitions take a greater toll, straining her very being. For extreme cycles, Alarielle forms a chrysalis or collapses into a pulsing beam of green light. During these times, the goddess becomes extremely vulnerable.

As the temperatures plummeted, the first thick flakes of snow began to fall from the storm-laden skies. Only moments ago the air was warm and pungent with rot. Now, Alarielle shivered, fading as she curled into a foetal position, strange convulsions seeming to shrink her. As their patron transformed into a fist-sized ball of pulsing greenish light, the sylvaneth bowed in deference to the mystic cycle. The Lady of Vines, never halting her keening song, reached out and enclosed the green glow within her gnarled finger branches. The snow fell heavier.

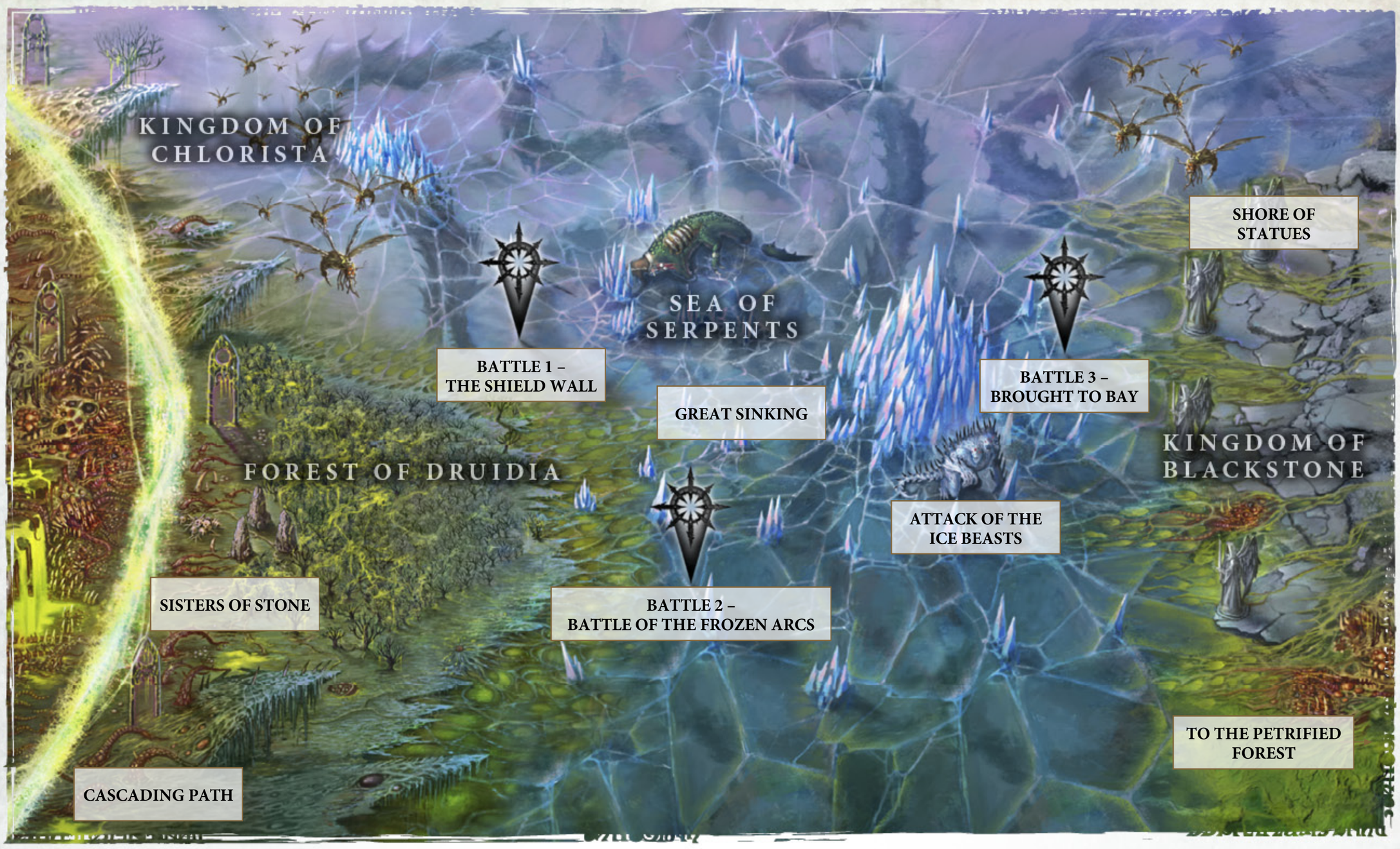
With the discordant horns blaring ever closer, Lord-Castellant Lorrus Grymn did not know what to do. The chamber's Lord-Celestant, Gardus, had been slain during the Battle of the Hidden Vale, leaving Grymn to once again assume leadership of the remaining Hallowed Knights. It was his duty to see that Alarielle was protected. Indeed, such were the last words Gardus spoke to him. Grymn looked desperately to the Lady of Vines, hoping for some explanation of the situation, some insight as to a plan, but she had eyes only for the skies, her tremulous song lifted up to the swirling snows, which were quickly turning into a blizzard.

Without breaking her melodious trill, the Lady of Vines began to lead the refugees in the exact direction that Grymn's Prosecutor scouts claimed was blocked by a horizon-spanning body of water. Seeing that there would be no explanation, Grymn, a master of defence, signalled his remaining forces to form a protective ring that wrapped around the sylvaneth forces.

Were it not for the thickening snows, the enemy army would now be visible, for they were close enough that the trudging clank of armour and the braying of beastmen could be heard. Distant tremors could be felt, as if something colossal were striding closer. Those vibrations emanated not from behind the Stormcast Eternals, though, but from somewhere to the south.

Once more, a Prosecutor-Prime was sent winging into the storm to serve as an aerial scout.

The swift return of the Prosecutor-Prime brought only ill reports to Lorrus Grymn. The enemy was fanning out in a horseshoe shape, cutting off escape to the north and south, pinning the Stormcast and sylvaneth forces against the shore. The water itself – the



Sea of Serpents, they were told – was without an end that the Prosecutor-Prime could see. The winged scout brought even more alarming news – an enormous mountain of rock and snow was lumbering its way across the rot fields to the south. Its head scraped the clouds, and each stride left behind an impression like a deep lake.

At last the Lady of Vines spoke, for she had felt the presence of this creature, and knew what it was. This was a Jotunberg – one of the living winters, a mountain that walked. It strode across the Jade Kingdoms, bringing with it an abrupt end to the growing season. It was a rare sight, for the Jotunbergs were few in number and slumbered for centuries in the northern rimelands where, it was said, ice itself was born. This Jotunberg, however, was infected, brought low by some insidious plague of Nurgle's devising. The glacial ice that formed amongst its ragged peaks pulsed with black energy. Its far-spanning stride was uneven, and even as the encircled forces neared the shore it stumbled and fell. The sudden settling of a mountain caused the ground to form waves, like ripples upon water. Since the first sunrise over Ghyran, such a thing had never before happened, but a Jotunberg was dying.

As the sound of the Lady of Vines' song penetrated the snowstorm and the cavern-like ears of the fallen mountain, the Jotunberg struggled, causing the ground to quake, and staggered upright once more. Like most creatures of Ghyran, the Jotunbergs owed a pledge to Alarielle, even if they had forgotten it. Although colossal in size and imbued with power to rival the gods, these alpine creatures were peaceful. To them, their task of bringing winter was everything, and they cared nothing for the affairs of mortals or immortals. Yet something in the Lady of Vines' song carried a distant echo from a forgotten age, and the massive rockbeast remembered his mother, if but dimly.

With a few strides, the colossus travelled far into the Sea of Serpents, and there it fell and did not rise again. Great waves spread out, but they never crested – a blast of icy air froze them solid with a crackling sound as loud as thunder. Thus, as the Lady of Vines led the sylvaneth and Stormcast Eternals across the shingle, they came not to a dead end, but instead to a frozen sea.

Once the combined forces were on the ice, Grymn called upon Morbus, the Lord-Relictor. Lifting his relic hammer, Morbus called down lightning. Even as the vanguard of the oncoming hordes left the shingle, the bolts from above struck the ice. Great holes were rent, fragmenting the sheath of ice. Yet enough pathways remained that still the hordes advanced.

It had been many years since Nurgle had come so close to capturing Alarielle. This time, there would be no hidden sanctuary to retreat to. With all of Ghyran nearly in his meaty grasp, Nurgle's power waxed stronger, yet ever greedy, Nurgle wanted more. He wanted the queen. The hordes pursuing her defenders felt the lash of their Dark God's desire, and increased their pace.

Seeing what their allies were attempting, a wargrove of Treelords advanced to stand alongside Morbus. With a grinding crack, root-like limbs burrowed into the thick ice, ripping and tearing. Within moments, they severed the connecting ice bridge, using their immense strength to push the ice so that the gap was too great to leap. Before them, the foetid enemy hordes halted, jeering and cursing.

With their pursuers foiled, Morbus and the Treelords turned, disappearing into the snowstorm to reunite with the rest of their forces. They did not see the coven of hooded sorcerers advance, calling upon their patron.

With his followers so close to claiming the last and greatest prize that the Jade Kingdoms could offer, Nurgle's attention was riveted upon Ghyran. He heard his servants seeking his aid, and he answered. Chief amongst those sorcerers was Slaugoth Maggotfang, a favoured son, particularly since his vile rains had helped flood Athelwyrd. It was he who first felt the twinge of Nurgle's blessings, a violent churning within his ample guts, as if a tempest was raging to get out. And so it did.

With a roiling heave, Slaugoth launched forth the contents of his voluminous belly. The impossible geyser of foulness and corruption was joined by streams issuing from each of the plague sorcerers. It was as if they spewed out the very swamp waters of contagion from the Garden of Nurgle itself. The chunk-ridden slurry of ooze thickened in the freezing temperatures, congealing into an arc of filth that spanned the gap over the sea below. On marched the Chaos hordes.

Alerted by the Prosecutors, Grymn ordered half of his Stormcasts to form a defensive line. The Lady of Vines, aware that the precious queen-seed she bore was the only hope for the embattled realm of Ghyran, commanded some of her Dryads and Treelords to aid the rearguard, but kept onwards with her sylvaneth entourage and the remaining Stormcasts at all speed.

The first attackers crashed upon the Liberators' shield wall, but the silver Stormcast line was unmoving. Swords and shields clanged loudly as more Brayherd gors loped out of the storm. Despite their numbers and savagery, however, the gors were repulsed, hurled back in disarray, leaving behind many dead scattered on the ice.

As another wave of beastmen fled back into the storm, Grymn focussed hard and fired the warding lantern with his will. It grew warm in his hand, a golden light spilling forth. The gusts of snowflakes were illuminated and the Stormcast battle line glowed as their armour absorbed the healing rays of celestial energy. Rents torn by blade or fang healed over. A master of the defensive line, Grymn was pleased his shield wall had held, and the mound of dead piled before the Stormcasts was a testament to their deadly efficiency. Yet this was too easy. Scouts had informed him of the Chaos horde, and it contained many more foes than beastmen alone. If the enemy wanted to crack his battle line, then they would have to send something heavier. And that was when a thought struck Grymn.

'Sigmar's Hammer!' he shouted. 'They aren't trying to break through! They're keeping us pinned. We need to pull back. All save the Annihilation Brotherhood retreat in good order. Prosecutors – find out if the scum are outflanking us or if they're just chasing Alarielle.'

With a clanking, the shield wall was dismantled and the Prosecutors lifted skywards. All other troops, save the retinues that made up the Annihilation Brotherhood, fell back. The sylvaneth troops went with them.

'Break the ice, and fall back to join us,' Grymn commanded. Not for the last time, he wished that Lord Gardus was present. Defensive formations were fine, he thought, but this battle required a subtler tactician.

The plan to pin the Stormcast Eternals in place while the main army moved around them had wormed its way into Torglug's mind. As much as the bloat-gutted Lord of Plagues wished to simply crush the silver-armoured Stormhost, that mindworm had whispered inside his head. It reminded him that the real prize was escaping, and that none of Nurgle's minions would be as favoured as the one who captured Alarielle.

Leaving a horde of beastmen to batter the Stormcasts, Torglug and the bulk of his armies bypassed the shield wall. It would have been child's play to encircle Sigmar's warriors, but a richer bounty lay ahead. The Chaos forces were so near that they could feel the radiant energies of Alarielle, even if they could not yet see her. Fearing his foes had too large a lead, Torglug ordered swarms of Plague Drones and ravenous packs of warhounds to harry them.

It was difficult to see approaching enemies in the snow squalls that swept across the frozen sea. With little or no warning, the Stormcast and sylvaneth forces were forced to turn and fight many rearguard actions. With lightning-wreathed hammers or raking branchclaws, the defenders easily beat down such trifling attacks – yet the constant skirmishes had the desired effect.

At last, Torglug and his main host emerged out of a blizzard to see their fleeing foes. The Lady of Vines accepted there was little choice but to turn and face the enemy. She hoped to beat them back savagely enough that she could buy time for her forces to cross the ice sea with their precious cargo. At the Lady of Vines' command, the sylvaneth halted.

The squalls temporarily lifted, revealing a patch of clear blue sky above as the sylvaneth set their battle lines. In the distance, the fallen Jotunberg could be seen, its craggy peaks looming upwards. On and on the Chaos hordes came out of the cloud banks, more and more of them emerging until the Lady of Vines began to quail.

Her plan would not work; there were simply too many foes. To continue to flee was no option – the enemy was too close and they would be caught upon the open ice fields. There was no hope of shaking pursuit, even under cover of the snowstorms, as the Chaos hordes had seemingly locked onto the vibrant energies that emanated from Alarielle.

If the sylvaneth and Stormcasts stood to fight, they would be overwhelmed. The Lady of Vines realised their only hope lay in cracking the ice once more.

As the Chaos Warriors advanced, the Treelords dug, their branches and roots pushing through the ice. Such was the frenzy of their work that showers of frozen shards were sent upwards. However, this time they were not aided by the Lord-Relictor calling down lightnings, and this close to the Jotunberg, the ice shell over the sea was far thicker. Despite their efforts, the sylvaneth could not open a rift before their foes closed upon them.

Judicators sent forth flights of arrows that turned into arcs of lightning as they sped into the oncoming army. Many putrescent warriors fell, but not enough to slow the impetus of the Chaos forces. The clash of the opposing battle lines rang loud, a cacophony of roaring beasts and the thunderous clang of weapons meeting shields. A Slaughterbrute crashed through the front ranks, powering its way towards the Lady of Vines. Three Treelords rose up to meet it, striking blows that could shatter rock. Dryads raked with branchclaws to gouge the fell armour of the Chaos Warriors. A Dragon Ogre Shaggoth, at the fore of three dozen of its ancient kind, reared up, bringing down its full, crushing weight to smash asunder the shield wall of Liberators.

Despite fighting heroically, the Stormcasts and sylvaneth were pushed steadily backwards. Positioned in the safest part of the battle line – the last ranks of the centre – the Lady of Vines could already feel foes pushing towards her. In desperation, she began her song, but upon the frozen sea there were none who could answer it... save perhaps one.

Whether it was because of the din of battle, the Lady of Vines' song, or even the invigorating presence of Alarielle – no matter her form – the Jotunberg stirred. Perhaps it was simply a final effort to shake off the foul corruption that wracked its rocky system. Even that slightest of movements from so vast a creature was enough to send rolling tremors across the sea and its frozen surface. In many places, the ice cracked and broke apart, and at the weakened section, right beneath the Dragon Ogres, it fell away altogether.

BATTLEPLAN

ON THIN ICE

Not all battlefields are stable, especially in the Mortal Realms. In some cases, a battle will take place upon treacherous ground which can split and crack under a warrior's feet or disappear altogether, casting entire units to their doom. A general in command of an army in such circumstances must use this uncertainty to help them achieve victory. Careful attention needs to be paid to the land used by the general's own battle formations, to ensure it is as safe as possible. On the other hand, the enemy must be forced to tread dangerously, risking their warriors upon ground that is likely to break beneath their feet.

This battleplan can be used to recreate the battle fought between Alarielle's protectors and the legions of Nurgle's warriors that have pursued them on the Jotunberg ice fields, or for similar battles fought elsewhere in the Mortal Realms upon treacherous battlegrounds.

THE ARMIES

This battle can be fought using any two armies. If one player has at least a third more models than their opponent, then the outnumbered player can pick one of the Sudden Death victory conditions from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use one of the Sudden Death victory conditions below.

OBJECTIVES

The battle you are about to fight is taking place on a highly unstable battlefield. What is more, as the battle progresses, the ground will only become more dangerous to move across, and may collapse altogether! Fortunately, you are able to keep a wary eye on the changing condition of the landscape and can manoeuvre your forces to fight where the ground is as stable as possible. You can also direct your warriors to attack the very ground upon which the enemy is standing, so that it will collapse! These things may well be the key to defeating the opposing army.

HINTS & TIPS

It is possible – though extremely unlikely – that the two armies will become separated from each other during the battle by collapsing ice fields (see The Ground Cracks overleaf). If this should happen, and it makes it impossible for the armies to carry on fighting, then the battle ends. The victor of the battle will be determined by comparing the number of models slain on each side and expressing this as a percentage, as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet.

SUDDEN DEATH VICTORY CONDITIONS

Ground Breaker: If you can smash the ice at the centre of the battlefield, the resulting barrier will give your army the time it needs to escape. You achieve this Sudden Death victory condition if the ground that lies between your deployment area and the enemy deployment area collapses (see areas 3 and 4 of the deployment map and the rules for The Ground Cracks overleaf).

Land Bridge: The ground upon which the two armies stand marks the path you must travel in order to be victorious in the current campaign. It must remain intact! You achieve this Sudden Death victory condition if no more than one area of ground has been destroyed by the end of the fourth battle round (see the deployment map and the rules for The Ground Cracks overleaf).

THE BATTLEFIELD

This battle takes place on an area of flat ground that is highly unstable and devoid of any other terrain features.

SET-UP & FIRST TURN

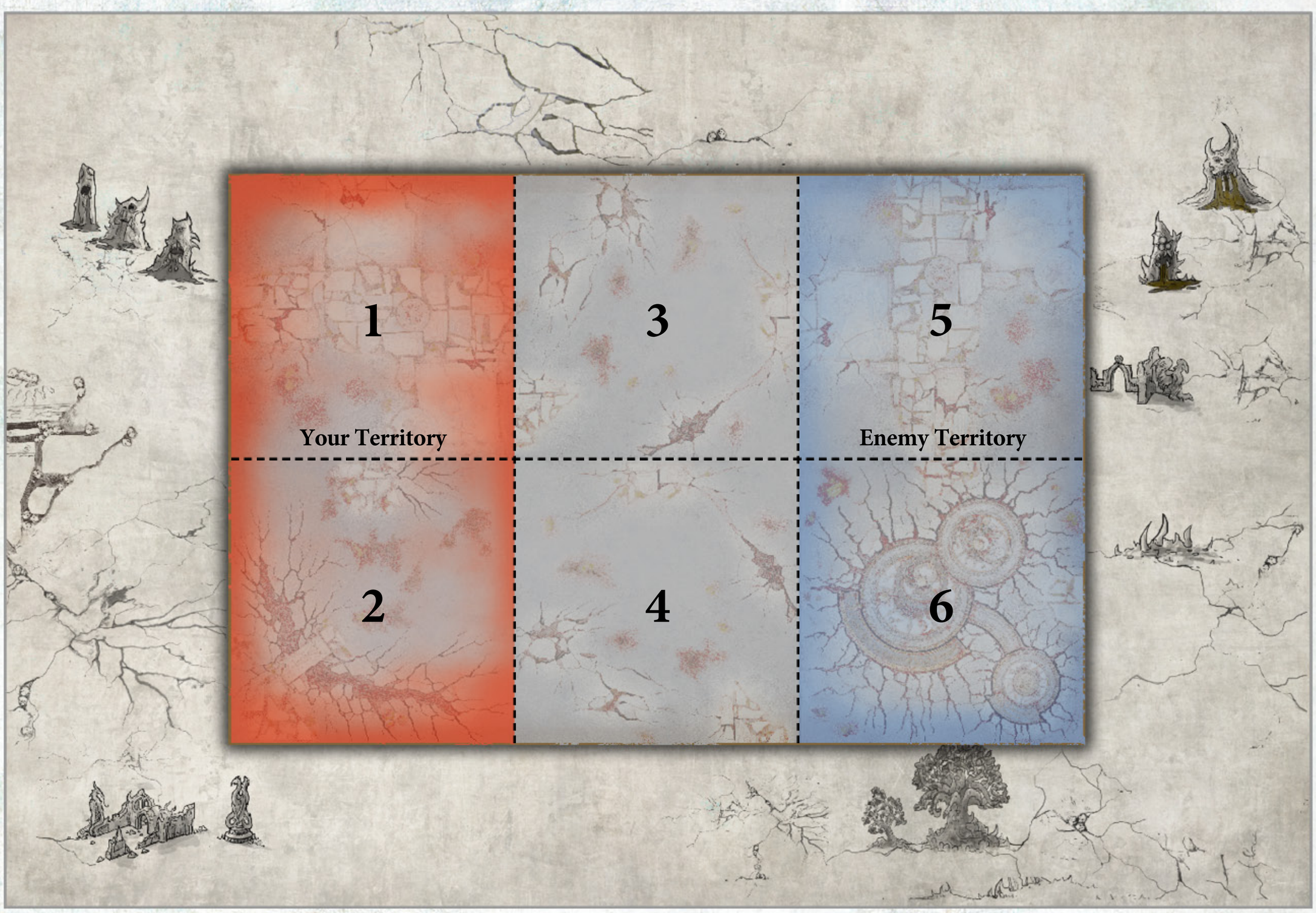
Set up the two armies and determine who has the first turn as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, but using the deployment areas shown on the deployment map for this battleplan.

THE GROUND CRACKS

The battlefield is divided into six areas numbered from 1 to 6, as shown on the deployment map. These areas are all quite safe at first, but as the game goes on they may start to collapse.

To represent this, before rolling to see who goes first each turn, roll a dice to determine one of the numbered sections of the battlefield; that section suffers 2D6 points of damage. In addition, each adjacent section, including diagonally, suffers D3 points of damage (roll separately for each).

Keep track of the damage each area suffers during the battle. An area that has taken 6 points of damage becomes unstable. Roll a dice for each model that makes a run or charge move that ends in such an area: on a roll of 1, the ground opens up under the model and it is slain! Models that fly do not have to make this roll. When an area has taken 12 or more points of damage, it collapses. All models in the area are slain unless they can fly, and models cannot move into the area for the rest of the battle unless they can fly or are using the Ice Bridge spell (see next page).



GROUND STRIKE

When any of your models attack, cast spells or use abilities that inflict damage, you can say that they are targeting the ground. These attacks always hit (it is hard to miss the ground), but you must still make any wound rolls that are required, and the ground is assumed to have a Save of 2+.

In addition (as it is also hard to damage the ground), you must subtract 1 from the Damage characteristic of a weapon used to attack the ground, or from the number of mortal wounds an ability inflicts. This means that attacks with a Damage characteristic of 1 or that only inflict 1 mortal wound cannot damage an area of ground. Add any resulting wounds to the amount of damage that the area of ground has suffered.

ICE BRIDGE

Any **WIZARD** taking part in this battle knows the Ice Bridge spell in addition to any other spells that it knows.

Ice Bridge can be used to create a bridge of ice under the feet of a unit. The bridge appears as the unit moves, created from frozen moisture in the air. Ice Bridge has a casting value of 3. When it is successfully cast, pick the caster or a unit that is within 15" of the caster. The unit you pick can safely move across areas of ground that are unstable or which have collapsed. This effect lasts until the end of the caster's next hero phase – should any models find themselves on an area of collapsed ground when the spell wears off, they are slain unless the spell was successfully cast upon the unit again in that hero phase.

VICTORY

Use the rules for determining who is the victor from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Remember to include the extra Sudden Death victory conditions from the previous page.

TIME OF WAR

The Jotunberg is winter given living form, a behemoth of stone that lumbers through the lands wreathed in sorcerous snowfall. The plagues of Nurgle have laid this incredible being low, and its demise has loosed wild winter magic upon the realmscape. The following rules allow you to stage battles set within the ensorcelled aegis of the Jotunberg. They see armies beset by enchanted hibernations and killer ice storms while wielding the power of frost magic against the enemy.

THE JOTUNBERG VORTEX

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

JOTUNBERG ICE STORMS

This area of the Realm of Life is swept by storms of ice magic. Each player must roll a dice at the start of their hero phase and refer to the following table to see what effect this has.

D6	Result
1	**Snow Storms and Blizzards:** The range of any attack, spell or ability is limited to 6" until the end of the turn.
2	**Enchanted Hibernation:** Pick a unit (friend or foe). It is struck by an enchantment that locks it into a state of frost-covered hibernation. While it is hibernating, it cannot do anything, but cannot be affected in any way by attacks, spells or abilities. The models are treated as being 'friendly' models by both sides while they are in hibernation, so the enemy can approach closer than 3" but cannot charge them, and so on. Roll a dice for the unit in each future hero phase (friend or foe). On a roll of 4 or more, the unit breaks free from the enchantment and is treated as normal from then on.
3	**Icequakes:** Pick a terrain feature on the battlefield; it is rocked by seismic Icequakes until your next hero phase. During that time, units that have any models in, or within 12" of, this terrain feature at the start of a movement phase cannot run, and you must subtract 1 from the hit rolls made for any models that are in or within 12" of this terrain feature in the shooting or combat phases.
4	**Thundersnow:** Pick a terrain feature on the battlefield; it is deluged with life-sapping Thundersnow. Roll a dice for each unit in, or within 12" of, this terrain feature. If the dice roll is less than or equal to the number of models from that unit that are within 12" of the terrain feature, then the unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.
5	**Jotunberg Mists:** Pick a unit (friend or foe). A magical fog engulfs the unit, and when it lifts at the end of the hero phase, the unit has vanished into the mists! Remove the unit from the battlefield, and roll a dice for it in each future hero phase (friend or foe). On a roll of 4 or more, the unit returns from its strange journey – the player whose hero phase is taking place must set the unit up so that all models are within 6" of any battlefield edge. This counts as the unit's move for the movement phase of that turn.
6	**Lethal Ice Spasm:** Pick an enemy model and roll a dice. If the dice roll is greater than the model's Wounds characteristic, or is a 6, then the model suffers a terrifying ice spasm, first becoming frozen from head to toe, and then exploding into dozens of icy shards. The model is slain, and all units (friend or foe, including the model's own unit) that were within 3" of it suffer a number of mortal wounds equal to the exploding model's Wounds characteristic.

JOTUNBERG ICE MAGIC

Wizards in the Jotunberg Vortex know the Ice Blast, Tower of Ice, Frost Spirit and Freeze spells in addition to all the other spells that they know.

ICE BLAST

Ice Blast has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick an enemy model within 12" of the caster and roll a dice. If the roll is greater than the model's Wounds characteristic, it is frozen solid, and the model is slain unless it is a **Hero** or **Monster**. If the model is a **Hero** or **Monster**, leave it in place: it cannot do anything while it is frozen, and cannot be attacked or affected by spells or abilities. The model is treated as being a 'friendly' model by both sides while it is frozen, so the enemy can approach closer than 3" but cannot charge it, and so on. Roll a dice for the model in each of its hero phases. On a roll of 6 or more, it breaks free from its icy prison and is treated as normal from then on.

TOWER OF ICE

Tower of Ice has a casting value of 8. If successfully cast, a tower made from blocks of ice springs up from the ground. Set up a **Skull Keep** on an area of open ground that is within 12" of the caster and more than 1" away from any other models (friend or foe).

FROST SPIRIT

Frost Spirit has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, the model turns into an icy mist that flows across the battlefield before it reconfigures into the caster's physical form. Remove the caster from the battlefield and set them up anywhere that is more than 3" from an enemy model.

FREEZE

Freeze has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, the caster encases a piece of scenery in solid ice. Pick a scenery model within 12" of the caster. Until your next hero phase, no model can end a move in or on that scenery model, and any models that are already in the scenery must remain there and cannot move (they can attack, cast spells and use abilities).

JOTUNBERG TRIUMPHS

You can roll on the following table instead of the Triumph table on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet if you win a **major victory** in a battle in the Jotunberg Vortex.

D6	Reward
1	**Frost Amulet:** Pick a **Hero** in your army to wear this amulet. Once during the battle, in your hero phase, this **Hero** can put themselves into Enchanted Hibernation. When they leave hibernation, any wounds they have suffered are healed.
2	**Jotunberg Talisman:** Pick a **Hero** in your army to carry this talisman. Once during the battle, in your hero phase, this **Hero** can call upon the spirit of the Jotunberg for aid. Roll once on the Jotunberg Vortex table and apply the result you roll.
3	**Ice Blast Wand:** Pick a **Hero** in your army to wield this wand. That model can attempt to cast the Ice Blast spell in each of your hero phases, even if it is not a **Wizard** or in the Jotunberg Vortex.
4	**Glacial Globe:** If you look into this globe, you see a tower made of ice. Pick a **Hero** in your army to hold the globe. Once during the battle, in your hero phase, this model can hurl it to the ground, shattering it and releasing the tower within. When it does so, the model can attempt to cast the Tower of Ice spell, even if they are not a **Wizard** or in the Jotunberg Vortex.
5	**Vial of Jotun Blood:** The general of your army has found a vial of Jotun blood. Once during the battle, in a combat phase, this model can pour the contents onto one of its melee weapons. The weapon must be one that the model wields in its hands – not a mount or chariot, for example. For the rest of that combat phase, that weapon inflicts an additional D3 damage.
6	**Winter's Essence:** Pick a **Monster** in your army. That model has been imbued with the essence of endless winters. Its icy resilience means it is hard to harm, so the enemy must subtract 1 from any wound rolls made against it. It also re-knits itself, so the model heals D3 wounds in each of its hero phases.

TO SAVE THE RADIANT QUEEN

Pursued by enemies across the frozen sea, the sylvaneth and Stormcasts were forced to contend with another danger – as the Jotunberg stirred, the ice underfoot began to break apart. With enemies closing in, the fate of Alarielle, and the entire realm of Ghyran, hung in precarious balance.

There was still hope for Ghyran, so long as the forces of Chaos did not capture Alarielle, who was in the process of transforming her aspect, and was now a glowing soulpod. Although almost pitched into the sea by collapsing ice, the right hand of Alarielle – the Lady of Vines – still bore the precious cargo.

As huge swathes of ice broke apart and a great formation of Dragon Ogres slid roaring into the freezing waters below, the Lady of Vines seized the opportunity to flee once more. She left contingents of Dryads to act as a delaying force when the Chaos hordes finally navigated the rift that had opened up between the two armies. Further rumblings from the Jotunberg created more fissures in the ice, making footing treacherous, even as a thick fog descended, blinding both armies.

Despite the difficulties, the Lady of Vines led the march with great haste. The combination of the relentless pace and the unnatural cold was beginning to take its toll, however. The hardwood bodies of the sylvaneth were sturdy, able to weather frosts that would kill less staunch creatures, but they were still slowed by the boreal temperatures. With their bloodsap running thick and sluggish, the tree folk creaked with every crunching stride. Still, onwards the sylvaneth ploughed. Mortal men would have fallen upon such a journey, frozen and exhausted, but the Stormcast Eternals were not men; they were something more. Blessed with the gifts of the gods and empowered by celestial lightnings, they persevered, but even they might be worn down. Yet of all the Stormhosts, none could claim greater resolve than the Hallowed Knights.

Before their reforging, those who would later become Hallowed Knights had worshipped Sigmar, calling his name in battle while fighting for a righteous cause. Their prayers were not answered,

but instead, they themselves were called into the Heavens. It was there that Sigmar told them it was not he that would aid them, but rather they that could better serve the God-King. 'Much is demanded of those to whom much is given' was the First Canticle of their founding, and all of the Hallowed Knights knew that they were made to suffer the woes of the world, and to overcome them. Over the ice-winds, their war cry, 'only the faithful,' could be heard as they advanced.

It was that unshakable faith and unyielding perseverance that allowed Lord-Castellant Lorrus Grymn to lead the surviving members of the first shield wall on their own perilous journey. With Prosecutors scouting ahead, they picked and fought their way over treacherous ice bridges, seeking to reunite with the main host.

'Quickly, this way,' motioned Lord-Castellant Grymn, holding aloft his warding lamp, with its golden radiance reflecting off the thick fog. Since the mists had risen, that celestial light had indicated the correct path, allowing the Hallowed Knights to wind through the packed ice, finding each bridgeway to the next section. With the fog so dense that it kept the Prosecutors grounded, the light was more essential than ever. Even with the limited visibility, the Lord-Castellant was sure the main army was nearby, picking their way across the same ice. In the quiet, Grymn's loyal Gryph-hound Tallon chirruped in warning, the beast's hackles raised. Turning instinctively, Grymn swung his halberd in time to catch a leaping Chaos Warhound in mid-air. The heavy blade carved into the beast, and such was its momentum that it clove straight through, embedding itself deep in the bloodstained ice. More hounds followed, but were swiftly put down by well-aimed volleys from the Judicators. The baying and howling was sure to attract whatever else might be nearby. The Hallowed Knights advanced across a narrow isthmus, Grymn waiting as silent sentry to ensure all crossed safely. After all had passed, he followed. Not long afterwards, the Stormcast Eternals emerged out of the mists, blinking at the fierce brightness. Before them, in the middle distance, were the rest of their brethren, the Lady of Vines and her sylvaneth guard. Grymn had not advanced far, however, when behind them came the unmistakable trudge of heavy infantry.

STAIN THE ICE WITH THEIR BLOOD

So close to his prize, Nurgle could barely contain his euphoria. His minions had thus far been thwarted, but the Dark God's exuberance grew, for he saw his plague armies closing upon Alarielle's keepers. The god of disease and decay licked his drooping jowls in anticipation of a feast to come.

Torglug emerged out of the mists to see his foe just ahead. He knew it would be wiser to allow the greater part of his army to march over the isthmus and form up as a single battle line rather than send units forward piecemeal. However, the Lord of Plague's patience had run out. This time, Torglug was not going to be denied. He commanded all his forces to speed towards the enemy.

Seeing the foul host coming out of the fog bank, the Stormcast Eternals and sylvaneth sought to destroy the ice, creating a gap between the two armies. The last few formations of Prosecutors fought the strong winds, soaring aloft. From their height, they sought out the growing fault lines cracking across the surface, hurling celestial hammerbolts to enlarge the rifts. From out of the mists flew Plague Drones to counter the winged Stormcasts, and an aerial duel ensued. Serrated daemon-limbs scythed out, while Plaguebearers swept the air with their rusted plague swords. Diving and swooping, the Prosecutors struck with their blazing hammers and stormcall javelins, sending several of their foes to splatter upon the ice below. They were not alone, however, as an equal number of Prosecutors went spiralling down, stabbed by rot-fly probosces or their wings clipped by plagueswords.

The Hallowed Knights and sylvaneth had opened dozens of separate holes in the ice, but there was not time to collapse the bridges that still spanned the icy waters. Even so, Grymn immediately recognised the potential for a formidable bottleneck. Calling his Hallowed Knights to him, Grymn vowed to hold the oncoming

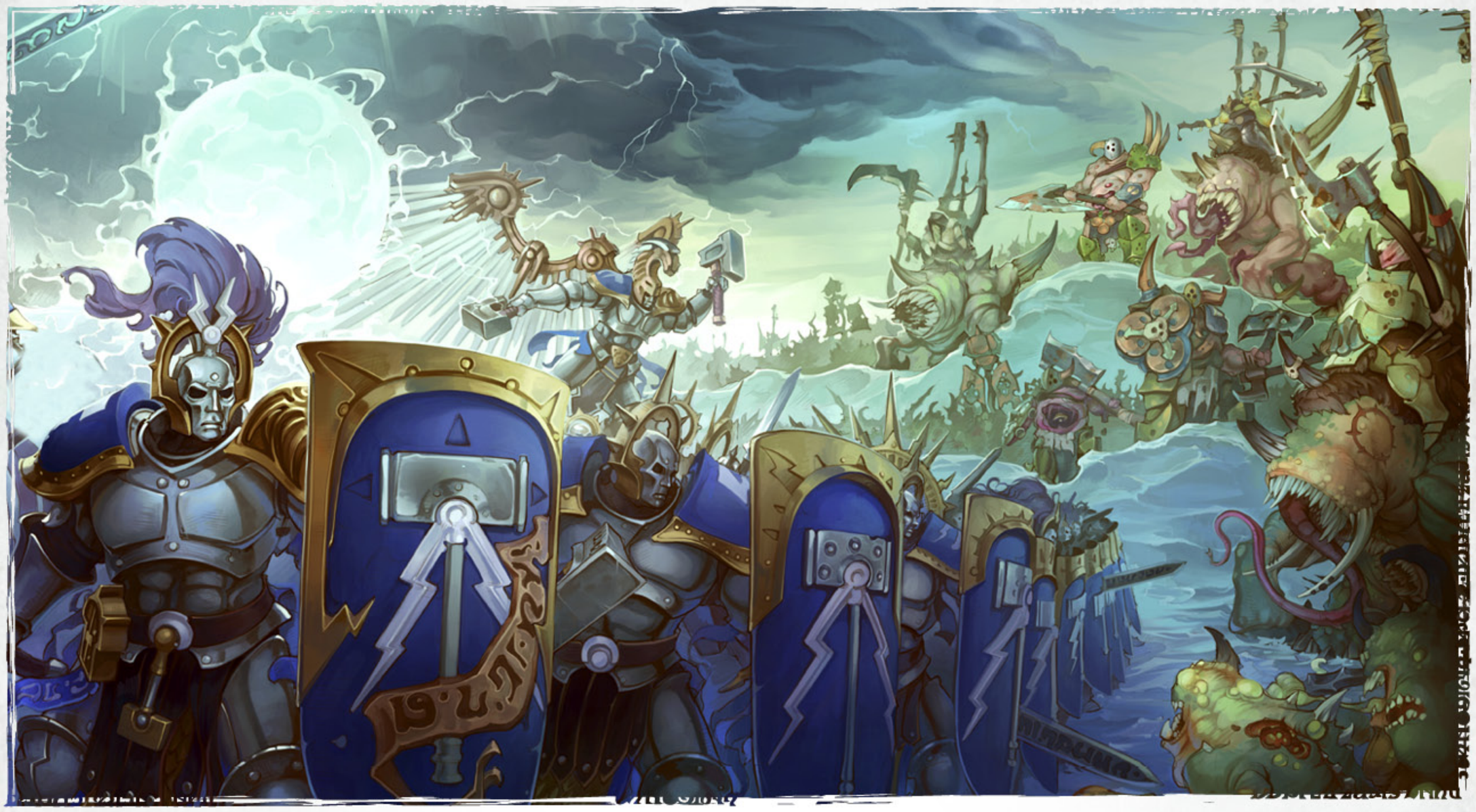
enemies as long as he could. Several smaller retinues of both Stormcasts and sylvaneth were hastily organised. These were sent to the other side of the bridges, their goal to break the ice even as the Chaos hordes advanced upon it. Such orders were surely a death sentence, for they would sink beneath the frigid waters if they succeeded, and if they did not, they would be at the mercy of the oncoming Chaos troops. Those Hallowed Knights assigned to smash the ice gave the Lord-Castellant a proud salute as they crossed the gaps to begin their final duty. Behind them, the ranks of Liberators clanged together shields, forming a wall of armour that stretched across the ice.

As the Stormcast Eternals spread out to form a defensive barrier, the Lady of Vines continued her journey eastwards. Alarielle's Branchwraith bodyguard had directed half of her remaining troops to stay with Grymn to aid his defence. The rest of the sylvaneth wargroves clustered around the Lady of Vines and moved off, disappearing into the next snow squall that swept over the plains of ice.

Despite Chaos Knights rapidly closing upon them, a Retributor retinue continued to employ their lightning hammers to smash the ice. Their Retributor-Prime led the way, swinging his hammer in great arcs to batter away at the frozen sea. Goading their steeds into a full gallop, the Chaos Knights hurtled forward. Just as the cavalry hit their target, the surface gave way, the fractured ice breaking into segments that tilted and capsized. Within moments, all the Knights and Retributors were gone, pulled down by their armour into the frigid waters.

Elsewhere, a trio of Treelords attempted to do the same, but could not finish the task. A formation of Chosen reached them, hewing them with axes until they toppled. The foul violations and raucous yells of victory that followed only hardened the resolve of those sylvaneth and Stormcasts that awaited the foe at the bridgeheads. Judicators unleashed withering fire upon the Chaos ranks, but still they came.

Although the army that now swarmed across the frozen fields was a massive horde, they were forced to squeeze themselves into narrow channels to reach their enemy. In places, the over-zealous beastmen trampled or pushed many dozens of their own kind to their deaths in their eagerness to strike. Heedless of casualties, they pressed on, and one by one, each shield wall was beset by the blood-hungry hordes.



Of all the battles the many chambers of the Hallowed Knights had thus far fought, none was as fiercely contested as was the Battle of the Frozen Arcs. Both sides fought with fierce tenacity – neither willing to concede a single footstep. It was an epic struggle fought over narrow bridgeways. Upon such precarious perches, there was no room for manoeuvres, no time for feints – it was kill or be killed. Shields were shivered and helms crushed as the two opposing sides collided. With the back ranks straining to push their own formation forward, those upon the front lines stood toe to toe with their hated enemies. Superhuman champions on each side traded blows powerful enough to shatter rock, yet on they fought. The sylvaneth creatures attacked with a desperate fury, for they knew they fought to save their queen and their entire realm.

Torglug the Despised grew anxious to break the stalemate on the bridges. He feared Alarielle might escape again, and he did not wish to give any other an opportunity to capture Nurgle's coveted prize. Torglug commanded his last Plague Drones to swoop from above, but the Hallowed Knights' Prosecutors countered them mid-air.

Lord-Castellant Grymn, meanwhile, knew that it was all he could do to blockade the dozen or so bridgeways. The onslaught of the Chaos warriors was terrible. One by one the Liberators fell, streaks of blue flashing upwards into the darkened skies, replaced in turn by the remaining Retributors and sylvaneth. All the while, the Judicators loosed lightning, reaping a fearful slaughter. The sacrifice of his troops was hard, but every moment they kept the Chaos hordes penned westward of the bridges ensured that the Lady of Vines was closer to crossing the sea of ice. And there was something else...

Like all the Hallowed Knights, Lorrus Grymn knew that Sigmar would not abandon him. Although he had no gift of prophetic vision, he knew that no matter how dark the situation, no matter how dire the odds, if he could fulfil his duty, then all would end well. Grymn knew his liege, Sigmar, had a plan, and it was his role to prove himself worthy. With every fibre of his being, Grymn knew that much depended upon this moment. His task was to hold, and hold he would.

On went the battle as the two sides battered at one another relentlessly. Despite heroics and great losses upon each side, neither could press any gains, nor follow up any advantage.

While the Greenfly Guard and the warriors of the One-horned battled to the death, Torglug was not idle. He sent Guthrax the Putrescent behind them. So great was the waddling girth of the foul greater daemon that he filled the entirety of the central bridge's expanse, his flail of skulls dragging furrows in the ice behind him. Next, Torglug ordered forward the Slothcrawlers, a host of Beasts of Nurgle, their tentacles writhing and their gasping mouths issuing clouds of green-tinted mist with every burbling, wheezing breath. Upon Torglug's command, one of the enormous slug-like creatures shuffled joyfully to the edge of a rift in the ice, dug its claws in deep and slithered over the side, thrusting out into the water. Several others followed, each attaching to the last with grasping suckers, extending the line. Slimy secretions from the beasts left oily stains on the churning waters. The first to stride across that living bridge was Torglug, marching at the head of his own Putrid Blightking bodyguard.

That which endures cannot be broken.

Seeing the looming crisis, Grymn split his last reserves. He, two Treelords and a retinue of Protectors would hold the crossing as Chaos troops moved over the living bridge. A retinue of Decimators, led by Angstun, the Knight-Vexillor, were sent to aid the thin line of Liberators that was soon to be beset by a hulking greater daemon, an avalanche of necrotic flesh.

As Guthrax mauled the Liberators, Angstun slammed his standard into the ice, calling upon its sacred power. A blue bolt flashed, disappearing into the low clouds. That call to the Heavens was answered as a twin-tailed comet hurtled down. The ensuing blast shook the ice bridge, nearly toppling the greater daemon. As the Decimators engaged the foul enormity, the ice, weakened by the comet and gouged by the flail of skulls, finally cracked and gave way, sending all to their doom. Grymn had no time for sorrow, though, as he moved to counter Torglug at the base of the living bridge.

The world was fading for Lorrus Grymn, but he knew he must hold on a little longer. The onslaught of the Lord of Plagues had been unlike anything he had ever experienced. The Treelords had been the first to fall. Grymn did not understand their language, but he could tell that his allies recognised the enemy commander. The Lord-Castellant could feel the sylvaneth's fury, yet it did little to avail them. Their chortling foe hacked them apart. The Protectors fared no better, slaughtered and sent back to the heavens. Three blows Grymn had struck his foe, his halberd chopping deep into bloated flesh each time. The one-horned Chaos Lord did not even stagger, seemingly immune to pain. His return strike clove up through Grymn's warding lantern, cutting off his hand. The feeling was beyond agony, his stump burning from the cut of the unnatural blade. Yet the Lord-Castellant fought on, until a sweeping blow stove in his armour and bit through his ribcage, the impact sending him sprawling. The edges of his vision frayed, and time held little meaning. He struggled to gain his feet, but failed, blacking out. He woke to the feel of cold, the sound of ironclad feet marching across ice. Obscene laughter. Then Grymn heard it... a booming peal rolling majestically from the storm-wracked sky. Amidst the thundersnow came arcing bolts, and this time Grymn rose to his knees, and then stood. A new Stormhost had arrived, and across the ice, battle began anew.

Torglug the Despised had no interest in wasting time upon the last remnants of the Stormcasts and sylvaneth around the bridges. Leaving such matters to his lieutenants, Torglug felt the throb of Alarielle's vital presence just beyond the horizon, and he sought to gain ground by marching the bulk of his armies forward at double-pace.

Now did mighty Sigmar play a personal part in Alarielle's deliverance. For a moment he turned his full godly attention upon the Realm of Life, long enough to hurl the valiant Knights Excelsior into battle against Torglug's hordes. The white-armoured Stormhost had already forged a reputation for the uncompromising destruction of the enemy. That which was not of Sigmaron was cleansed violently and without exception.

In flashes that smote the frozen sea, Knight-Azyros Diomar and almost the entire Firefists Warrior Chamber arrived. Thus began a new series of conflicts, as the Knights Excelsior sought to impede the Chaos advance. Torglug, so close to his prize, kept pushing, ordering segments of his forces to peel off from the main army to contend with the interlopers. Meanwhile, mixed groups of Hallowed Knights and sylvaneth fought on. A group of Judicators and Dryads, led by the bleeding, one-handed Lorrus Grymn, smashed into the Threespine tribe, destroying them utterly. Lord-Relictor Morbus, his skull-helm half shorn away by raking claws, and his armour dented and oozing blood, still summoned lightning upon the enemy. It was not one single battle being fought across the icy wastes, but a hundred.

Called forth by the vile mage Slaugoth Maggotfang and his Plague Coven, mutated beasts of the deep tore their way up through the ice. The creatures slowed the progress of those fleeing Torglug. The Lady of Vines was forced to backtrack as great larval horrors rose up, cracking the ice as they sought to swallow whole any they could reach. With the aid of this distraction, the hard-pressing vanguard of Torglug's host was finally able to close upon its quarry. Just as the statue-lined shore became discernible in the distance, the Lady of Vines was forced to slow her march. Winter's touch was lessening here, and the ice was far thinner, already cracked and treacherous. The Branchwraith knew it would require slow and careful manoeuvring to pick their way across. There was no choice but to turn to face the oncoming foe.

With a grace that belied his bloated obesity, Torglug the Despised sprang across a crevice. He landed and set his feet in a wide fighting stance, balancing himself upon the tilting slab of ice. 'You are giving her to me,' said Torglug, speaking to the Branchwraith with the burning eyes – the one who held the powerful glowing essence. 'I am knowing just the garden where that seed should be planted. Grandfather will grow something fine there...'

Torglug had no doubt each of the tree-folk would fight to the last before ever handing over their goddess, but that was fine. During his rise to power, he had been known to the sylvaneth as the Tree-cutter of Thyrr, and now he thumbed his axe, letting the blade slice into his blubbery skin. Killing them would be his pleasure. Behind him, Torglug could hear his Blightkings engaged in combat, but he cared only for one thing now. Striding forward, he windmilled his axe in a great arc. Back sprang the Lady of Vines, her branch-claws raking out to score his flabby chest. The cuts were deep, but only yielded a greyish brown fluid. Dryads leapt between him and his target, and Torglug kept sweeping his blade, felling or dismembering foes with every blow. Yet each regrew its form. This was the goddess' doing, for even her seedpod brimmed with life. He must have that power! He strode through the Dryads, ignoring their clawing attacks. As he reached out to grasp the Lady of Vines, though, a searing light dazzled him and his world burned. Sizzling, with smoke rising from his blackened skin, he turned to see what assailed him.

'Aye, face me, monster,' said the winged Stormcast alighting before him. 'I am Diomar, and I bring you this message – your time is over.' With that, the Knight-Azyros held aloft his celestial beacon, engulfing Torglug in beams of cosmic purity once more. 'Flee, Lady, I will hold them,' shouted Diomar.

Torglug laughed. 'I am thinking not for long.'

BATTLEPLAN

THE HIDDEN ARTEFACT

Scattered across the Mortal Realms are objects of great – sometimes even godlike – power. If delivered to the right hands, such an artefact can determine the result of a campaign or the fate of a realm. For this reason, their possession is hotly contested, and major battles are frequently fought to control them. Faced with capture by a superior force, the custodians of such an artefact will have little option but to flee, outdistancing their pursuers in order to buy time or reach a place where the relic can be protected.

This battleplan is based upon one of these running battles. It can be used to recreate the conflict between the bearers of Alarielle's soulpod and the warriors of Nurgle sent to capture it, or to create similar battles between any two armies that are fighting over possession of a powerful artefact.

THE ARMIES

This battle can be fought using any two armies. After the players have picked their armies, decide who will be the custodian of the artefact, and who will be the pursuer. If one player has at least a third more models than their opponent, then the outnumbered player should be the custodian. Each general has an additional command ability shown below.

CUSTODIAN'S OBJECTIVES

You have in your possession an artefact of awesome power. Unfortunately, your enemy has learnt of this fact and has been pursuing you in a bid to capture the artefact before its full power can be unleashed. The enemy is now close, and you must evade their forces if you are to have any chance of triumphing in the long campaign you have been fighting. One of the units under your command has been tasked with carrying the artefact across the battlefield and on to safety. It is fragile, so they must move with utmost care, which will hamper their escape. Fortunately, the artefact is small, and as long as its powers are not used, the enemy will not know who is carrying it until they are within touching distance of the bearer. You can use this to your benefit, hiding the location of the artefact until the warrior that carries it has a clear chance to escape.

PURSUER'S OBJECTIVES

Your enemy has come into the possession of a powerful magical item. Unless you can capture it from them, they will be able to unlock its secrets and unleash its powers in an attack that you will not be able to withstand. It is vital that the artefact be captured before it is too late. Unfortunately, there is no way of knowing who carries the artefact. No matter, you will simply slay all of the enemy army, and retrieve the artefact from the dead hand of its bearer! To this end you have despatched outriders to swing round the enemy and encircle them, while you lead your main force straight at them. There will be no escape.

CUSTODIAN'S COMMAND ABILITY

Rearguard: When your general uses this ability, pick a unit within 18". The unit that you pick must be within 3" of the enemy. Until your next hero phase, the unit does not have to take battleshock tests and you can add 1 to all save rolls that you make for it in the combat phase. In addition, enemy units within 3" of it are not allowed to choose to retreat.

PURSUER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Encircle: If your general uses this command ability, set up one or more encircling units (see overleaf). All models in the units must be set up within 6" of the north or south table edges, and within 36" of the eastern edge. This counts as their move in the ensuing movement phase.

THE BATTLEFIELD

This battlefield takes place on a flat plain. 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

Set up the two armies as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, but using the deployment areas shown on the deployment map for this battleplan. In this battle, units can be set up anywhere in their territory, even if they are within 12" of the enemy – this means that it is possible for units to start the battle within 3" of an enemy!

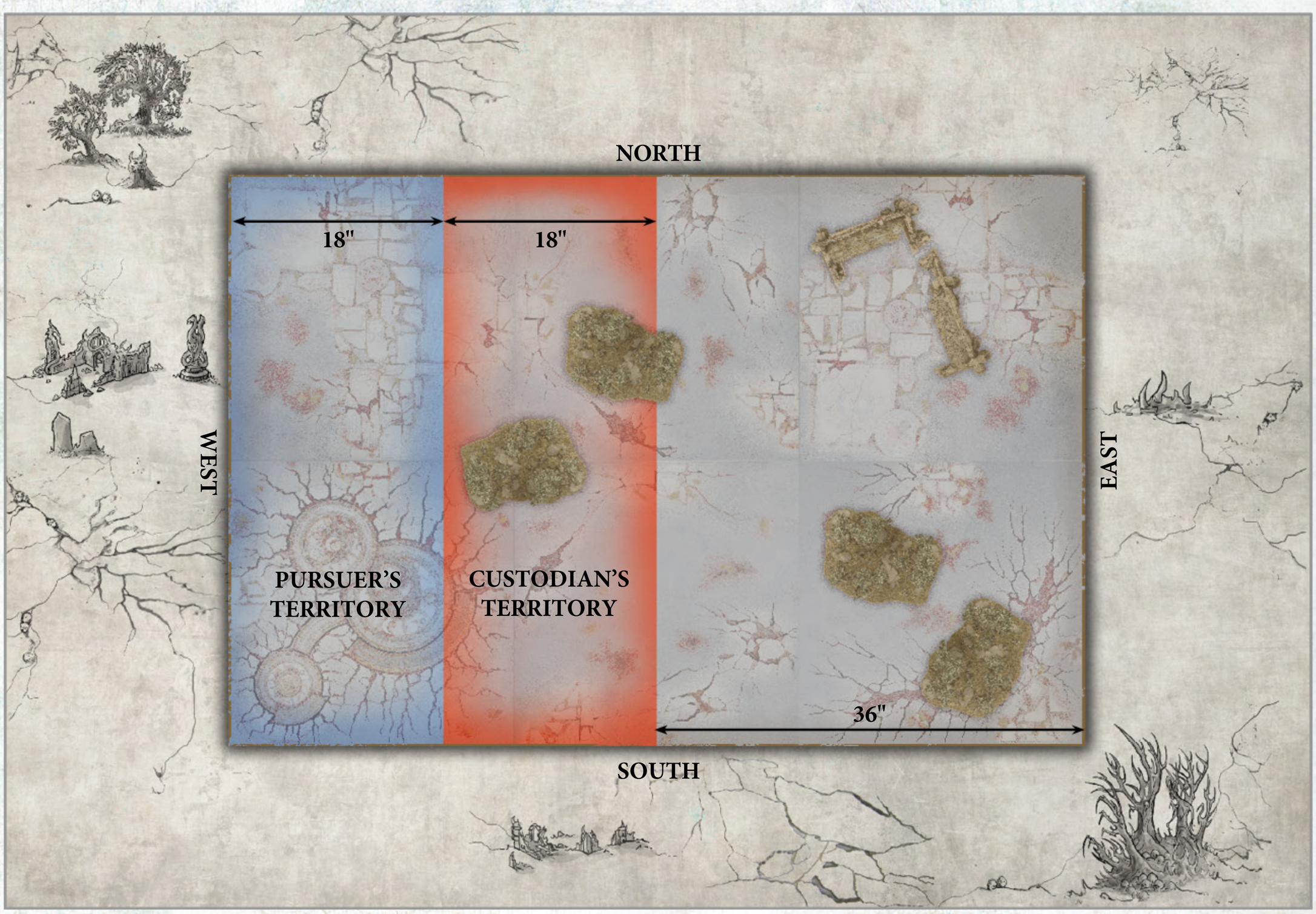
THE HIDDEN ARTEFACT

Before set-up begins, the custodian must secretly write down which unit in his army is carrying the artefact. This is only revealed to the opponent when the artefact is used, captured or its bearer escapes.

The unit carrying the artefact must be set up on the battlefield, and cannot run, charge, fly or use any ability or spell that would transport them across the battlefield for fear of damaging its precious cargo. Because of this, your opponent will know that any unit that does run, charge or fly and so on is not carrying the item they seek!

ENCIRCLED

Instead of setting up a unit from their army on the battlefield, the pursuer can place the unit to one side and say that it is attempting to encircle the custodian's army. These units can enter when their army general uses the Encircle command ability (page 42).



Alternatively they can arrive in any of the pursuer's movement phases. If the second option is chosen, all of the models in the unit must be set up within 6" of the western table edge (this counts as their move for that phase).

FIRST TURN

The custodian has the first turn in this battle.

THE ARTEFACT'S POWERS

Although the artefact has yet to reach its fullest potential, it is already a powerful magical item. You can reveal which unit is carrying it at any time. If you do so, the unit can benefit from the artefact's powers as follows:

Enhanced Ability: All models in the unit attack with unnatural skill. You can add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of all weapons that they use.

Protective Aura: All models in the unit are protected by the artefact's incredible healing powers. Roll a dice if a model from the unit suffers a wound or mortal wound. On a roll of 4 or more, the wound is stopped by the artefact's protective aura and has no effect on the unit.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the pursuer wins a **major victory** if all of the models in the unit carrying the artefact are slain (the custodian must reveal this fact as soon as it happens).

The custodian wins a **major victory** if the unit carrying the artefact escapes. To escape, all of the models in the unit must be within 6" of the eastern edge of the battlefield in the custodian's hero phase and there must be no enemy models within 3" of them. If this is the case, it is revealed that the unit has escaped and the battle ends.

OF OATHS & FIRE

THEY CAME FROM BELOW

The Vostarg lodge was amongst the eldest and most powerful of all the Fyreslayer lodges of Aqshy. Although they had weathered many dangers of the Age of Chaos, their ancient stronghold of Furios Peak was at last breached from below, heralding the beginning of a new age.

The Fyreslayers of the Vostarg lodge were angry like never before, their entire hold stirred into a frenzy like an agitated nest of firewasps.

Since the Age of Chaos, their hold had been assailed many times. The lords of the Vostarg were rightfully proud of their triumphs, and over the centuries, they had slain rampaging monsters, turned back invading armies and overcome unnatural plagues. These proud sons of Grimnir believed wholeheartedly in the impregnable defence of their hold. Always, when the lodge marched out to war or began a quest for ur-gold, they knew the magmahold of Furios Peak would hold fast, and that their volcano stronghold and forge-temple would await their victorious return.

When the ratmen came, they did not arrive beneath ominous storm clouds or to the fanfare of brass trumpets. Instead, the skaven came creeping from below, slowly, stealthily, and hidden beneath a guise of shadow. Small tremors were ignored, for Furios Peak was an active volcano, her rich magma flow powering the forge-temple. The grumble of her shifting earths long hid the insidious infiltrators as they gnawed their way inside. Far below the brightly lit halls and workshops, a system of tunnels was bored upwards from the black fathoms of the deepest underworld.

The skaven attacks were launched with a sudden frenzy. In a matter of days, a living tide of ratmen had swept from concealed tunnels to overrun the lowest mines. As inner vaults were closed and the Fyreslayers marched into the belly of their stronghold, further disaster ensued. Long had the skaven prepared, and as soon as the duardin counter-attack began, additional tunnels were opened on higher levels of the underground fortress.

So did the verminous hordes raid that which the Fyreslayers valued most, their ancestral tombs and forge-temple. The skaven had timed their attacks perfectly, for the guardians of those sacred places – the Auric Hearthguard – had been called away to join the fight many levels below. It was a callous move, using thousands of their own kind as bait, but to the skaven hierarchy, such a price was cheap.

The patriarchal leader of the Vostarg was the Runefather Bael-Grimnir. Naturally, he was in the thick of the fighting, atop his Magmadroth at the bottommost level in the mines, when he heard of the attacks upon the upper levels. Cursing, Bael immediately sent forth all his Runesons. The battle to slay the skaven was long and hard-fought. Fighting took place in cramped corridors and along twisted mineshafts, but at last, all the breaches were sealed.

'What?' shouted Bael, his eyes burning with such intensity that curls of smoke began to rise from his brows. 'Tell me that again, Vaegor,' said the Runefather, through gritted teeth. His iron grip upon his throne betrayed his rage, and while he spoke, Vaegor the Runemaster watched the polished stone cracking beneath that heat and pressure.

'Aye, Runefather,' said Vaegor. 'The ancestral tombs have been broken into and defiled. The forge-temple also. We do not know the full loss of ur-gold, but the hoardtalliers will have an accurate count soon. And,' Runemaster Vaegor paused for a moment, 'and your firstborn, Baelsson, is missing, Runefather. It is believed he was among those captured by the ratmen.'

Vaegor spat after completing his proclamation, the spittle sizzling upon the floor of the magma-heated chamber. Bael sat smouldering, the air around him rippling, and tore out a fistful of beard. 'It cannot be borne,' Bael cried, stirring to action. 'Bring me Hrathling!' he bellowed, calling for his guards to retrieve the latchkey grandaxe which his attendants had only just finished cleaning of loathsome skaven blood. 'Summon Arngard to me,' said Bael, 'It seems the Grimwrath will get his wish to follow the ratmen down their hole after all.'

By ancient tradition, the Fyreslayers have a unique hierarchy within their lodges. The Runefather is the leader, the patriarchal ruler of the magmahold. His chief councillor is the Runemaster, who resides over the forge-temple and Zharrgrim priesthood. Standing apart from both these offices are the Grimwrath Berzerkers. They are champions, best able to channel the martial power of Grimnir from gleaming ur-gold runes.

In the Vostarg lodge, the most battle-scarred Grimwrath Berzerker was Arngard. Known as 'the Fearless', Arngard had argued against blockading the invaders' tunnels, instead loudly suggesting that they launch an immediate assault; the skaven must be traced back to their lair. Knowing that 'attack' was always the Grimwrath's advice, the Runefather had withheld judgement, commanding that a full report of the damages to his hold be given to him before any further action.

Vostarg lodge had a proud history, and was led by a long and glorious lineage. It was the only lodge to retain the name of the original Vostargs, and its leader, Bael-Grimnir, was descended in direct line from Zhafor-Grimnir – the father of victories who first founded Vostarg. Zhafor learned the craft of war from Grimnir before his cataclysmic battle with Vulcatrix, for at the dawn of the Age of Myth, the gods themselves had walked amongst the duardin, guiding their children.

There was no doubt that Runefather Bael would order a retributive strike – no foe could assail his ancestral home with impunity – but he was wary of letting his emotions overrule his duty to hearth and hold; their protection was paramount. However, the unspeakable had happened – his son was missing, the forge-temple had been raided, and the interred ur-gold of the honoured dead had been stolen. The response would be swift and merciless.

Despite his Runefather's command to wait before pursuing the skaven, Arngard had disobeyed. None could dissuade Grimnir's will. Gathering a fyrd of Vulkite Berzerkers, the Grimwrath Berzerker had ventured down the skaven tunnels, ordering them to be sealed behind him.

Arngard had taken with him Turgon, the Battlesmith, for it was his task to witness battles and remember them, reciting them later in the Great Hall. Yet his memory alone would not serve, for like all duardin, the Fyreslayers keep records of deeds and oaths stretching back to time immemorial. Thus, after each battle, a Battlesmith will chisel tales of heroism, death or vengeance into runes on the back of his Icon of Grimnir, forged by his own hand. So had the Vostarg marked their deeds since the magmahold was first founded, the icons of former Battlesmiths lining the many halls, the lodge's glories remembered in unyielding metal.

Ears lifted, muzzle twitching, Warlord Smurkit Driptail snuffed the tunnel air. 'They are coming quick-fast, yes-yes,' he said.

Warlock Engineer Skrryzik could hear the fear of the Clan Grimus Warlord, and it did not surprise him. He was tired of working with lesser clans. Since retreating back into the tunnels, the skaven had moved quickly, scurrying down shafts at speed, but they were burdened with plunder. 'Of course they are coming,' said Skrryzik, 'the clawpacks took the stunted-things' gold. We took-stole the litter-son of their king.' At this, the Warlock Engineer gave the bundled sack carried by the clanrats ahead a prod and it thrashed. 'Set an ambush-trap here,' ordered Skrryzik, 'They will slow-stop the stunted-things.' Then, in a lower tone of voice, the engineer added, 'Perhaps collapse the passage, yes-yes? Warpfire throwers very combustible.'

Even Warlord Smurkit was not too thick to pick up on that clue. He rushed off to organise the clawpack that would await the foe. Skrryzik wondered if the warlord would be smart enough to puncture the fuel tank of a warpfire thrower to ensure it 'worked' properly. Probably not, he decided. Smurkit was an over-eager fool, and most-mighty Warlord Rikfang of Clan Rictus would be displeased that this underling had tipped his claw prematurely. And all to impress Rikfang's patron, the Verminlord Warbringer Kratterklaw. Skrryzik couldn't wait to see how that worked out...

RIFTS BETWEEN THE REALMS

Worrying at the very fabric of reality, the skaven burrow gnawholes from one realm to the next in anarchic profusion. The means by which these unnatural burrows are excavated are many and strange, and the very fact of their existence seems an impossibility to those who know of them. Yet they are all too real, and are the devious means by which the skaven clans outmanoeuvre their prey.

Skaven gnawholes form a labyrinthine warren through the bedrock of all that is real. The ability to create and travel through these gnawholes is terrifying to the enemies of the skaven, for it bypasses the need for Realmgates altogether. In a sprawling war where those sorcerous gates are key, such unprecedented freedom of movement makes the skaven clans a terrible threat. It is one of the reasons that skaven make such desirable allies to the worshippers of the Chaos Gods, ensuring that even in the greatest fastness their enemies cannot rest at ease.

Gnawholes are used by all the skaven clans, many of which are territorial about their own creaking, unnatural warrens. Each use their own esoteric methods for excavating these passages between worlds, usually leaving their distinctive marks upon the nature of the gnawholes themselves.

DEATH UNDER THE MOUNTAIN

While one group of Fyreslayers swept through the skaven-gnawed tunnels, Runefather Bael-Grimnir called together his Auric Hearthguard and set off on another path to vengeance. Would they be in time to save his captured Runeson?

With Arngard at their fore, the Vulkite Berzerkers plunged deep down through crudely cut tunnels. Time and again, the duardin turned a corner or entered a larger excavation to find themselves looking down the barrels of devious ratmen war machines. Cursing and screaming oaths of vengeance, the Fyreslayers charged through sheets of warpfire, clouds of poisoned gas, and the hail of warpstone bullets. Some fell, but time after time many shrugged off their wounds in their fury to close upon the skaven. Brutal axe blows followed, and when they ended, no ratmen remained.

When, at last, Arngard reached the end of the labyrinthine tunnels, he stepped forth into a skaven lair. Although their tunnelling work and excavations were of inferior quality, the sheer magnitude of the underdwellings was eye-opening to the duardin, who never suspected that vast armies were secreted beneath them. How long the ratmen had been gnawing under the roots of the volcano was unknown, but here they had produced countless tunnels, warrens, breeding pits, and more. Most of the lair seemed empty, however, although all signs pointed towards a very hasty and very recent departure.

Onwards pressed the duardin army, moving with speed through tunnels far below the deepest mines. Powered by his blazing runes and his matchless anger, Arngard led his troops, hacking down any foes they encountered.
The skaven were fast, normally able to scurry down their rough-hewn tunnels with a speed the Fyreslayers could not match, but the ratmen were loaded down with plundered treasures. Arngard and his warriors had just reached the tail end of the fleeing army as they all spilled out of the tunnels and into a vast cavern – the underlair of the largest skaven contingent, Clan Rictus.

Without waiting for the warriors behind him, Arngard charged. With a swipe of his greataxe, the Grimwrath Berzerker lopped the steel tips off the wall of spears that were thrust out to greet him. Using the massive weapon's momentum to spin himself around, Arngard's next swing clove through shields and limbs, sending a wave of splintered wood and blood upwards. As he hacked through the press of foes before him, Arngard caught a glimpse of a ragged wound in reality that lit the rear of the cavern with its emerald glow. Then he was ploughing deeper into the sea of swarming ratmen, the fiery killing fury taking over. The runes embedded in his skin glowed, the burning fuelling his white-hot battle wrath. Enemy blades stabbed his bare torso. Spiked clubs bludgeoned his hardened flesh. Although several blows drew blood, most glanced aside as power flowed through him. The greataxe tore scything holes through the foe, and in the close press of combat, Arngard used his elbows to smash skulls, and the rock-like heels of his feet to crush the fallen that tried to rise. The Grimwrath could hear those following in his wake, hoarse exultations to Grimnir and the wet sound of axes cleaving skulls. But more and more, the trance of battle overcame his senses. While he spun, parried, and mowed through enemy ranks, Arngard's mind was aflame. The cavern and its endless sea of foes seemed to melt away at the edges, and he was no longer simply Arngard. The spirit that bonded to him fuelled his body with strength beyond what even his thickly corded muscles should allow. As his axe cut down three clanrats in a single sweep, Arngard knew he was not alone. He was every Grimwrath that ever was, he was the fire of destruction that would end all, and he was Grimnir himself, fighting the great battle at the end of realms. Doom was all around him, but he heeded it not, lifting up his voice in praise of the god-spirit that made flames lick behind each axe swing. Arngard was surrounded. He had sliced a path too far ahead. None of that mattered. In that moment, the Grimwrath Berzerker was unstoppable.

It was not one skaven army that Arngard assailed but many. Clans Grimus, Skur, and several lesser factions all toiled beneath Rikfang, a warlord and Gnawmaster of Clan Rictus – the largest of the clans beneath the Cynder Peaks of Aqshy. It was Rikfang that led this horde with the unholy blessing of great Kratterklaw. Clan Grimus, wishing to move upwards in the hierarchy, had sought to steal glory by seizing duardin captives to sacrifice to the Verminlord. Now they had instead brought many Fyreslayers and a raging mad Grimwrath Berzerker into Kratterklaw's cave-lair.

Although the duardin were pushing deeply into the clanrat ranks, Warlord Rikfang knew it was only a matter of time before their bloody assault slowed, weighed down by the numberless hordes. With that problem contained, Rikfang turned his attention back to the plunder. The bound duardin struggled against their bonds, the gold pounded into their flesh gleaming. Warlord Rikfang would have liked nothing more than to devour these duardin, gold and all. He dared not risk it. Driptail was an incompetent and he would pay with his life for attempting to steal Rikfang's glory, but he had delivered the sacrificial victims that Verminlord Kratterklaw demanded.

Perhaps if Rikfang's attention had been focussed less on the failings of his underlings, he might have noticed the signs: the vibrations and the rising heat. The northernmost wall began to glow, growing progressively brighter before the stone sloughed away as the rock turned molten.

Runefather Bael-Grimnir had arrived, his Magmadroth bursting through the glowing red tunnel, roaring its reptilian challenge. Behind him came the full might of the Vostarg lodge, including many ranks of Hearthguard Berzerkers, and Runesmiter Dhurgan, who had channelled the tunnel-boring magma.

The skaven still held a large numerical advantage, but to Warlord Rikfang's experienced eyes, it would not be enough. The newly arrived foes were already wreaking havoc amongst the clanrats, and the warlord could see skaven banners topple or flee as the duardin line advanced.

As the Runefather hacked his way deep into the massed clanrats, angling towards his captured son, a new threat presented itself. Unfolding its gangling

limbs from the gnawhole at the cavern's rear came the monstrous form of Verminlord Warbringer Kratterklaw. The armoured rat-daemon waded into the fight, every blade-swing and tail-lash felling Fyreslayers in sprays of blood. Kratterklaw pressed swiftly forwards through the battle, closing on the kidnapped duardin.

The skaven hordes surrounding Arngard and his contingent had seen the new attack. They realised they were trapped between the unstoppable Grimwrath Berzerker and his axe-wielding duardin, and the tight ranks and deadly magmapikes of the Auric Hearthguard. Through it all stomped Bael's Magmadroth, along with several others ridden by Runesmiters. All were driven by a burning desire to slay those that had stolen from them. Even Fyreslayers burned by blackfire or stabbed by poisoned blades shook off seemingly mortal wounds to drive forward, axes whirling relentlessly.

Amidst the acrid smell of warplock gunpowder and burnt hair came another odour – the skaven musk of fear. As more ratmen turned tail, the battle became a slaughter. Everywhere, Fyreslayers laid about them, wielding axes in killing arcs. They sought their gold, the captured warriors, the missing Runeson and their honour. Each axe stroke exacted a small measure of revenge, but more was yet needed – none might attack the Vostarg and live to tell of it.

With his verminous patron looming over him and his sacrificial captives in claw, Warlord Rikfang opted to escape rather than face such blood-mad opponents. The warlord, his Redclaw Stormguard and Skrryzik all fled for the gnawhole, following the hissed orders of the Verminlord himself. They bore with them the duardin they intended to sacrifice to great Kratterklaw, for there was no time to complete the ritual of gold-gnawing here and now. Amongst those taken was the bound Runeson. The Verminlord was the last to step through the crackling portal of the gnawhole, which sealed with a sucking pop behind him. Hundreds of skaven – the hapless Warlord Driptail amongst them – were left cut off and utterly doomed. Poor, luckless Driptail met his death just moments later, never seeing the hoped-for reward for his cunning raid. Nor did he see the azure bolts blast down from the cavern roof, their impact leaving behind golden armoured warriors, still crackling with sizzling energies. The Stormcasts had arrived.

BATTLEPLAN

CONSUMED

Comradeship and bloody sacrifice are part and parcel of life in the Mortal Realms. In some battles, these two fundamental tenets are brought into stark relief, with one army risking everything to rescue a captured comrade in arms, while their enemy attempts the use their prisoner's life force to empower a deadly sacrificial ritual.

Battles such as this are a race against time. The rescuers must cleave their way through the enemy forces arrayed against them in order to reach their comrade before it is too late. The ritualists must try to keep the rescuers at arms length, blocking their advances and holding them in place long enough for the ritual to be completed. Neither side can afford to pause or hesitate, for to do so will quickly hand victory to a more aggressive opponent.

The attempted rescue of the Fyreslayer champion Baelsson is typical of such a battle. This battleplan can be used to recreate the Fyreslayers' desperate attempt to save Baelsson from a hideous death, and can also be used to represent similar battles fought between two different armies.

THE ARMIES

This battle can be fought using any two armies. After the players have picked their armies, decide who will be the rescuer and who will be the ritualist. If one player's general is from the forces of **ORDER**, and the other player's general is not, then the player with the forces of **ORDER** general should be the rescuer.

RESCUER'S OBJECTIVES

One of your battle comrades has been captured by a hated enemy, and you have learnt that they plan to sacrifice him in a bloody ritual. This cannot be allowed to happen! You have gathered your army and set forth to save your comrade from this ignoble fate. However, when you arrive at the sacrificial site, you find that the ritual is already underway. No time remains – you must attack now, fight your way past any of the enemy that try to stop you, and rescue your comrade before he is slain.

RITUALIST'S OBJECTIVES

You have captured one of your enemy's mightiest champions. He is just the victim needed to complete a blood ritual that will empower you and your followers, allowing you to defeat the rest of the enemy army once and for all. However, just as the ritual starts, an enemy rescue force has arrived. These upstarts must be held off long enough for the ritual to be completed so that ultimate victory can be yours!

THE SACRIFICIAL SITE

The land around the sacrificial site is steeped in the blood of the unfortunates, and is haunted by their death screams. Set up a suitable piece of scenery in a corner of the battlefield to represent the sacrifice site, as shown on the deployment map overleaf. We recommend using a Dragonfate Dais if one is available.

PRIESTS from the ritualist's army can draw on the power of the site, revelling in the death screams of the victims and using the power that this bestows to strike down their foes. Add 1 to wound rolls for any of the ritualist's **PRIESTS** who are within 12" of the sacrificial site when the wound roll is made.

On the other hand, **PRIESTS** from the rescuing army are sickened by what they feel and hear. Such is their desire to smite down those responsible that they are driven into a battle frenzy! Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of any melee weapon used by a **PRIEST** from the rescuer's army who is within 12" of the sacrifice site when the weapon is used.

THE BATTLEFIELD

This battle takes place at a sacrificial site drenched in the blood of countless victims. In one corner of the battlefield lies the sacrifice site, which is surrounded by an area of rocky ground.

SET-UP

Set up the two armies as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, but using the deployment areas shown on the deployment map for this battleplan.

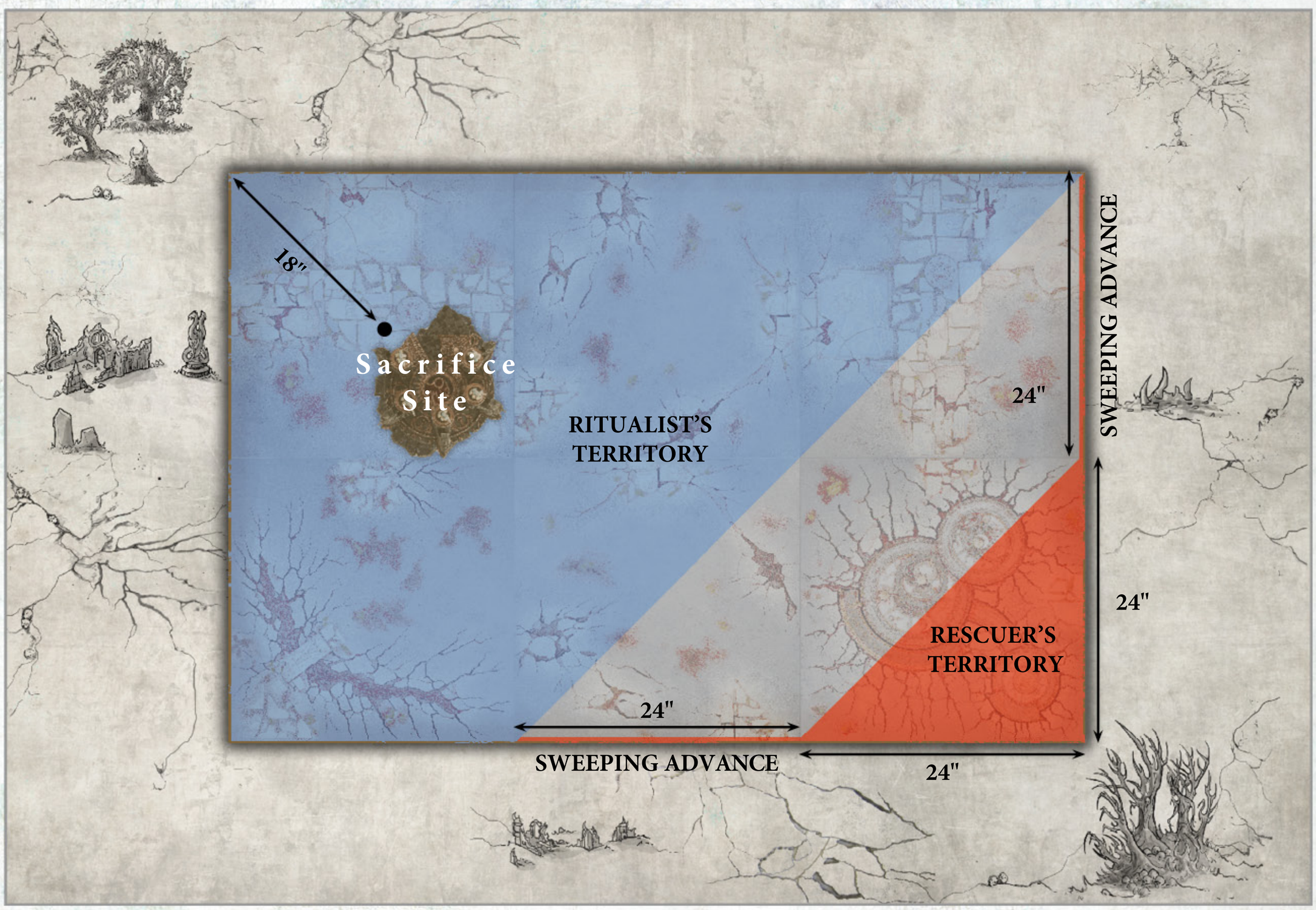
THE PRISONER

Before set up begins, the rescuer must choose a model from their army to be the prisoner they are attempting to rescue. Any model can be chosen as long as it is not the army general, and as long as it does not have a Wounds characteristic greater than 6.

The prisoner must be placed on the sacrificial site. The victim is bound hand and foot, and so cannot move, attack, cast spells or use abilities during the battle.

SWEEPING ADVANCE

Instead of setting up a unit from their army on the battlefield, the player in command of the rescuers can place the unit to one side and say that it is sweeping round to arrive on the flank of the main battle force. These units arrive in the movement phase of the rescuer's first turn. All of the models in these units must be set up within 6" of the table edges indicated on the deployment map (this counts as their move for that phase). Units can be brought into battle from either or both of the available table edges.



FIRST TURN

The rescuer has the first turn in the first battle round (do not roll dice to decide).

THE RITUAL

In each of the ritualist's hero phases, the ritualist's general or a ritualist **PRIEST** can perform the next step in the ceremony. The model performing the ritual must be within 1" of the sacrificial victim. Each time a step of the ritual is performed, roll a dice; on a 1 nothing happens this turn, but on a 2 or more the victim suffers a mortal wound that can not be stopped in any way and cannot be healed (even by abilities that normally allow mortal wounds to be negated or wounds to be healed). This is the only way the victim can be harmed – it cannot lose wounds or be affected by spells or abilities in any other way.

The stolen life force can be used by the general or **PRIEST** to feed themselves or a unit from their army that is within 16" of the victim. Add 1 to all hit, wound and save rolls for the unit fed by the victim's life force until the next ritualist hero phase.

The ritual is completed when the victim loses their last wound and is slain.

RIGHTEOUS FURY

All units in the rescuer's army are incandescent with rage about what is happening to their comrade, and are determined to rescue him at all costs. You can re-roll failed charge rolls for unit's from the rescuer's army.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the ritualist wins a **major victory** if the ritual is completed. The rescuer wins a **major victory** if the ritualist is unable to complete the ritual – this occurs once the enemy general and all ritualist **PRIESTS** have been slain.

TIME OF WAR

The firelit magmaholds of the Fyreslayers are ancient carved networks of tunnels and caverns. Into these grand halls creep the skaven, avaricious eyes locked upon the bounty of ur-gold that the duardin guard. These rules allow you stage conflicts in the flickering depths beneath the heart of Furios Peak, battling for ur-gold across landscapes seething with pyromantic energies.

BURNING CATACOMBS

If you decide a battle is taking place in the Realm of Fire, then you can specify it is occurring in the Burning Catacombs under Furios Peak. If you do, the following rules apply.

FIREGATES

All of the Baleful Realmgates found in the Burning Catacombs are linked to a massive Realmgate that lies at the heart of the volcano. This makes travel through the gates impossible. Even standing close to them is dangerous, as great gouts of fire periodically belch forth from the gates, incinerating those that are close by. The Fyreslayers use these Firegates to fuel the great forges that lie at the heart of their realm.

The volcano is also home to lava seraphs – strange elemental creatures that live in the magma seas. Priests who are willing to risk approaching a firegate – and who survive doing so – can summon groups of lava seraphs to attack their foes. The seraphs can only survive for a few scant seconds away from the white-hot magma that is their home, but in that time, they are able to inflict terrible, scalding wounds.

The following rules apply to Baleful Realmgates in the Burning Catacombs, instead of the rules on their warscroll.

Massive Firestorm: There is a chance that a firestorm will erupt from the portals of the Realmgate at the start of each battle round. Roll two dice at the start of each battle round; on a roll of 7 or more, nothing happens. On any other roll, a firestorm extends in all directions from the Baleful Realmgate, to a distance equal to the roll. Each unit that has any models in this area suffers D6 mortal wounds as they are engulfed in searing flames.

Call Forth Lava Seraphs: In your hero phase, roll a dice for each **PRIEST** from your army that is within 6" of a Baleful Realmgate. If the **PRIEST** is within that many inches of a Baleful Realmgate, then it is able to call forth D6 lava seraphs.

Each lava seraph can inflict a mortal wound on any enemy unit within 18" of the **PRIEST** – the **PRIEST** can split the seraphs' attacks between several enemy units or direct them all against only a single target as they wish.

WHITE-HOT WEAPONS

Such is the saturation of magical, pyromantic energies in the Burning Catacombs below Furios Peak that objects become infused with the raging heat of the volcano. Metal is particularly susceptible, and when a searing wind blows strong through the catacombs, sword blades and arrow heads glow white-hot. These weapons leave shimmering heat trails as they cut through the air, and set foes ablaze when they strike flesh.

There is a chance at the start of each battle round that a magical wind will blow across the battlefield, causing your warriors' weapons to glow white-hot. Roll two dice at the start of each battle round. If the combined result is an even number the wind is not blowing strongly enough and nothing happens this battle round. However, if the result is an odd number, the mystic winds fan the pyromantic energies within your warriors' weapons and they begin to glow white-hot; until the start of the next battle round both players can add 1 to all wound rolls.

If your battlefield also has any Firegates (see above), do not roll another two dice to see if there is a Massive Firestorm – the same dice roll that determines if weapons glow white hot also determines if the Firegates erupt. Furthermore, due to the constant breeze of searing magics that emanates from the Firegates, you can always add 1 to wound rolls for a unit that is within 6" of one, regardless of whether or not a hot wind is blowing across the rest of the battlefield.

THE FYRESLAYERS' REALM

The Burning Catacombs are home to the Fyreslayers, who are well aware of the potential dangers of their underground kingdom. In addition, should a Fyreslayer army suffer heavy casualties while fighting in the catacombs, its general is able to call upon reinforcements quickly, which can reach the battlefield within moments using the hidden tunnels that criss-cross their realm. The following rules apply to all **FYRESLAYER** units that are fighting a battle in the Burning Catacombs.

Home Ground: The Fyreslayers know the tell-tale signs when Firegates are about to unleash a firestorm and can take measures to avoid harm. If a **FYRESLAYER** model suffers a mortal wound as the result of the Massive firestorm rule opposite, roll a dice; on a 2 or more that model has either avoided the firestorm or endured it unharmed – ignore that mortal wound. In addition, a **FYRESLAYER** general has the Undertunnels command ability if he is fighting a battle in the Burning Catacombs, in addition to any others he has.

FYRESLAYER COMMAND ABILITY

Undertunnels: Roll a dice if this ability is used. On a roll of 4 or more, you can take a **FYRESLAYERS** unit that has been completely wiped out and return it to play. The unit arrives in the following movement phase, anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 9" away from any enemy models. This counts as the unit's move for the movement phase.

TRIUMPHS

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

D6	Result
1-3	**Lump of Ur-gold:** Once during the battle, in your hero phase, you can use the lump of ur-gold to pay a unit of **FYRESLAYERS** to join your army. The unit arrives in the following movement phase, so that all models are within 6" of any edge of the battlefield and more than 9" from any enemy units. This counts as the unit's move for the movement phase.
4	**Vial of Magmadroth's Bile:** Give the vial to a **HERO** in your army. The vial can be hurled at the foe, shattering and drenching the target in flaming bile that sears anything it touches. Once during the battle, in your shooting phase, you can pick an enemy unit within 10" of the **HERO** to hurl the vial at. The target suffers D3 mortal wounds.
5	**Vulkite Rune:** You can give the Vulkite Rune to any unit in your army that includes a model carrying a standard, banner, icon etc. The rune makes the unit stubborn and defiant in the face of death. This unit does not need to take battleshock tests.
6	**Grimwrath Pendant:** You can give the pendant to a **HERO** from your army. The rune on the pendant fills the **HERO** with a grim and determined fury when an enemy draws close. Each time the **HERO** suffers a wound or mortal wound, roll a dice, adding 1 to the result for each enemy unit within 3". If the result is 6 or more, the **HERO** is too enraged to notice the wound and it has no effect.

THIEF GRUDGE

Fyreslayers do not take kindly to any that steal their artefacts. Add 1 to the hit rolls made for a **FYRESLAYER** if the target was given a Vial of Magmadroth's Bile, a Vulkite Rune or a Grimwrath Pendant at the start of the battle. This modifier does not apply to targets that fight for **ORDER**, who will have received the artefact as a gift.

RIKFANG'S SWARMS

Gnawmaster Rikfang of Clan Rictus had drawn together a mighty swarm of ratmen to fight for him. Beneath his ragged banner massed an anarchic coalition of Verminus and Skryre clans, each of which brought ever greater numbers to swell the Gnawmaster's ranks. It was not a tight-knit army and – skaven nature being what it is – the petty Warlords and Warlock Engineers who fought in Rikfang's name were every bit as loyal as a Stormfiend is delicate, graceful and wise. The Clan Rictus alliance instead derived its strength from its overwhelming numbers and the potent, if dangerously unpredictable, war machines of the Clans Skryre. Though the enemies of a sprawling horde such as this might slaughter hundreds of ratmen, those lives were but drops in a red-eyed, chisel-fanged ocean that would devour them whole in return.

Those foes not crushed beneath the Doomwheel are subjected to bolts of warp lightning shot by its crackling conductors.

Sharp of blade and claw, a Skaven Warlord directs the ravenous hordes to ravage all before them.

CLAN RICTUS

The vaunted Stormvermin are the fastest, most vicious and cunning of all skaven warriors, perfectly capturing their fierce and devious character. A clan of these ratmen makes an ominous sight on any battlefield.

Despite their natural tendency towards treachery, Stormvermin fighters are well-equipped, strong, brutal, and – when amassed in their clawpacks – incredibly efficient killing machines.

Their chief weapons are large and jagged halberds. These fearsome implements are designed to hook and hack through the armour and helms of their foes, from Stormcast Eternals to duardin. Of course, as self-interest dictates, these weapons are often employed against other skaven clans when an opportunity presents itself.

The skaven are nothing if not inventive, and their ingenuity – and native cowardice – can be seen in the design of their defensive equipment. Alongside ragged tunics and a compact shield of wood and metal, they wear segmented torso armour, a tabard and rear neck-plate. This lightweight combination covers both their front and back, offering the wearer an equal measure of protection and freedom of movement, whether dealing with sudden, scuttling advances, pell-mell retreats or their murderous comrades-in-arms.

Stormvermin equipment varies widely, reflecting their individualistic approach to war. This skaven's bare metal helmet is painted in the same way as his halberd's blade.

The flag bearer's banner gives the claw a crucial rallying point. This one is painted with Rakarth Flesh, washed with Agrax Earthshade and highlighted with Ushabti Bone.

After using your Citadel Knife to trim away any mould lines and small tags of plastic left from the frames, assemble the miniature and apply a solid undercoat of Chaos Black Spray.

Apply Khorne Red paint to the robe, collar and helmet. Next, paint the skin with Cadian Fleshtone, then use Leadbelcher for the armour and Balthasar Gold for the blade.

Now, brush an even coat of Agrax Earthshade across the entire miniature. Specially formulated with a thin consistency, Shades settle into all of a model's details and crevices.

Layer Paint is applied to hard edges and raised details. Use Wazdakka Red on the robe and helmet, Runefang Steel for the armour and Cadian Fleshtone for the skin.

Add finer lines of Squig Orange to the cloth's very edges. Do the same with Kislev Flesh for the skin. Dot the eyes with Wild Rider Red, and apply Waywatcher Green to the metal.

Attach Citadel Sand to the base using PVA glue. Drybrush with Balor Brown, then Screaming Skull, before attaching Mordheim Turf. Paint the rim with Steel Legion Drab.

FATHERS OF AXE AND FLAME

The blood of Grimnir flows like a molten river through the Fyreslayers. From father to son the gifts of the warrior god are passed, and from this divine wellspring are born the lodges. Family groups forged around the will of a Runefather, each lodge is made up of a single patriarch, his sons, and their extended families. These warrior bloodlines can range from just one Runefather and a handful of duardin, all the way up to vast holds of thousands of Fyreslayers, led by a mighty lord and his many sons.

KEEPERS OF THE FORGE-TEMPLE

For countless generations, the fire of Grimnir has been kept alive by his priests, coaxed out of precious ur-gold upon the anvils of the forge-temple and hammered into hardy duardin bodies. This is the lodge's legacy, maintained by the Runemaster and his Runesmiters.

Even before Grimnir's fall, many duardin called upon him to give them strength. In the Age of Myth, slayer cults cried out Grimnir's name as they felled their foes, while warsmiths prayed to him to bless their weapons. Many Fyreslayers believe these were the origins of the first of his Zharrgrim, their faith forging the first lodges under warrior lords rich in Grimnir's blood.

A BOND MADE OF GOLD

With dead skaven piled all around them, the Fyreslayers of the Vostarg lodge looked upon the armoured warriors who had arrived in flashes of lightning. Who this fresh foe was they did not know, but they too would learn the high price exacted upon any who dared assail their magmahold.

Lord Sargassus' eyes were adjusting to the dim cavern quickly enough to know that his strike force was not in the magmahold's Great Hall. He had been told of the magnificent stonecraft of the Fyreslayers and the thousand braziers and magma-streams that lit their strongholds, yet this cavern was dim, dank and smelled of animal droppings. It was lit only by the sickly luminescent glow produced by decrepit machinery of dubious purpose. They had arrived just at the end of a battle, for everywhere lay dead and wounded, both duardin and mutated ratmen.

Eager not to appear as enemies, Lord-Celestant Sargassus stowed his hammer, climbed down from his Dracoth's back and held both hands upward, the sign of parley. To ensure all saw him, Sargassus bade his Knight-Heraldor to blast three times upon his battle-horn, the clarion call echoing off the walls of that subterranean chamber.

Despite these efforts, a lone Fyreslayer stormed forward. In his rune-rage, his shouted warcries were in a language unspoken since Grimnir walked the lands. The words were unintelligible to the Stormcasts, but his battle-crazed intent was clear. In height, the crested duardin warriors were barely past a Stormcast Eternal's midriff, but their arms rippled with muscles. Pierced, runes glowing, and bleeding from a score of wounds, the battle-crazed Fyreslayer would have cut Bandus Skybound in two had the Knight-Azyros not flown quickly out of range. Bandus unshuttered his celestial beacon, lifting the arcane lantern high so that its blinding light hovered above Lord-Celestant Sargassus, who held his hands out for peace.

The Judicators, seeing that their Lord-Celestant was about to be assaulted, nocked arrows, but then, the Runefather atop his Magmadroth gave a bellowing command. All the Fyreslayers, even Arngard the Fearless, halted at his echoing shout.

SARGASSUS AND THE HEAVENHOST

Lord-Celestant Sargassus has already led his Warrior Chamber, the Heavenhost, to glory upon the Igneous Delta and amidst Anvrok's Hanging Valleys. Sigmar has thus judged it past time that Sargassus and his devoted followers were entrusted with a mission of their own. The quest at hand is one that Lord-Celestant Sargassus is well suited to, for it will require both martial might and a certain diplomatic flair. In his life before his Reforging, the reformed sellsword Sargusson was a freedom fighter, a fearless war leader possessed of the ability to inspire any warrior of any race to join his cause. Sargusson and his followers struck at the hellish slave-cities all through the Laudnalus Reach liberating human, duardin, orruk and ogor alike and arming them to fight back against their oppressors. Sargusson stayed ahead of the Chaos slavers for almost twenty years before finally being betrayed by one of his own, he and his closest lieutenants cornered in Greyfall Vale and overrun. Sigmar saw the quality of this mercenary-turned-saviour, and spirited him from his doomed last stand to serve a greater cause.

With the skaven rift-passage snapped shut, Bael-Grimnir knew the ratmen were gone beyond his reach, at least for the moment. All his focus was now directed upon this new threat. He knew Chaos. In the Cynder Peaks it came in many forms – beastmen, corrupted humans, daemons and monsters beyond count. These interlopers in their gleaming armour did not have that feel. These intruders had lain down their weapons and called for parley. Bael felt duty-bound to at least hear them out before slaying them.

Lord-Celestant Sargassus stood still while the enormous lizard-creature moved so close he could feel the heat rippling across the creature's scales like a wind over hot coals. 'Greetings Runefather Bael-Grimnir, scion of the noble Vostarg lodge,' said Sargassus. 'I am Sargassus, Lord-Celestant of the Heavenhost of the Hammers of Sigmar. We have come from the Realm Celestial, from the halls of Sigmar himself.' Such a statement to the tribes of old would have brought exclamations and open adulation, but the stout warrior merely scowled. Licks of flame flickered out of his Magmadroth's nostrils. The duardin that had swung at Bandus strode closer, his eyes still wild with battlelust. 'We seek your aid,' Sargassus began, pausing as he stared into the dead-set eyes that glared back at him from beneath helm and bushy eyebrows. 'Against, I think,' the Lord-Celestant continued, 'an enemy common to us all.' It was not going well, and he was not the only one to sense it. Beside him, Sargassus could feel Thunos, the Lord-Relictor, begin to summon celestial lightning.

'We bring gold,' shouted Bandus, landing in their midst and holding a large ingot upwards. When that golden glimmer lit his craggy face, the look of imminent violence left the Runefather. He quickly dismounted, and so began the negotiations.

The negotiations were brief, largely consisting of various members of the Zharrgrim priesthood inspecting the payment gold. Bael still raged over the loss of his son, but he could not ignore this opportunity. When the Zharrgrim gave their approval to the Runefather, he swore aloud an oath in a voice that shook the cavern. The Fyreslayers would lead Lord Sargassus and his Heavenhost across the Zhulghar Mountains, taking them to Bloodkeep. The Runefather agreed that the Fyreslayers could even forge a path underneath that stronghold, bypassing the outer fortress walls.

Since the coming of the Age of Chaos, there was no place in all of Aqshy that evoked greater fear than Bloodkeep. Once, the fortress had been the most formidable stronghold of a great nation, yet the coming of Chaos destroyed all. So total was the devastation that the tribes that wandered the Fireplains had lost all memory of the grandeur of their former kingdom, knowing it only as the nameless ruins of some past existence.

Over time, as the Chaos powers vied for control of the Mortal Realms, Khorne declared Aqshy as his and his alone. Upon the site of the former fastness, his minions constructed a citadel, the ruling seat from which Aqshy would be dominated. A series of new walls were raised that overtopped the fortress of old. Slaves toiled beneath daemon lashes. Eight concentric rings they raised, each wall mightier than the last. Built of brass and skulls, it seemed a thing grown from out of the Realm of Chaos itself. It was a conqueror's castle that oozed the blood of those it had defeated. Bloodkeep had never fallen, and the armies that marched forth from beneath its walls had never returned defeated.

The Fyreslayers asked no questions, seeming not to care why the Stormcasts might wish to enter a fortress from which only death and destruction ever emerged. Nor did they point out the folly of so small a force assaulting the vastness of Bloodkeep. Although Lord-Celestant Sargassus was leading the entire Heavenhost Warrior Chamber – over three hundred Stormcast Eternals – the Bloodkeep had broken besieging armies whose warriors numbered in the millions. For their part, the Hammers of Sigmar knew nothing of the duardin's burning grudge against Clan Rictus, for the chamber was focussed solely on their own mission.

Within hours of arriving, Lord-Celestant Sargassus and the warriors of the Heavenhost were led out of the cavern. It was a long journey up from the deep underground. The Fyreslayers bore away their dead, chanting grim dirges of death and vengeance. Summoning his magics, Runesmiter Dhurgan called forth magma streams to melt through the rock as the Fyreslayers exited the crude tunnels beneath their hold. The great magma chamber at the heart of the volcano was siphoned, its molten rivers used both to fill in the former skaven dwellings and to fuel a solemn cremation ceremony.

The Stormcasts were taken under guard to the Hall of Kings whilst the sacred and secretive ritual ceremonies for reclaiming the dead's ur-gold took place. Only after making vows of seeking and retribution in the Fyreheart Temple did Runefather Bael-Grimnir reappear. He would lead the Fyreslayers himself, leaving his eldest remaining Runeson to sit upon his throne until he returned. Bael had chosen a large and formidable force to accompany the armoured strangers to Bloodkeep, for the journey across the Zhulghar Mountains was full of dangers, including monstrous creatures and roving warbands seeking skull-offerings to appease their lords.

Under the Cynder Peaks the Stormcast and Fyreslayer army marched, emerging from a fortified gatehouse and crossing the Blackiron Bridge before ascending Runestruck Pass to take them over the mountains. None marked the strange eyes that watched them, following their journey.

From their vantage point on the high pass, the Fyreslayers looked back upon the Cynder Peaks. In the growing dusk, the Stygrr River glowed bright orange and the great conical mountains could still be discerned. None shone more brightly than did Furios Peak. 'Come, fly down and join us,' shouted Runemaster Vaegor, motioning for Bandus to land. The winged knight, weary of flying rearguard duty, took the opportunity to alight upon the path. 'It is tradition on a journey to share a drink upon the last sight of hearth and hold.' The Runemaster brought forth not a waterskin, but a flask made of fyresteel. Each of the surrounding duardin took the flask in turn, raised it towards their magmahold and then took a long pull. The sky-herald sensed that being asked to take part in such a ritual was an honour amongst duardin, for to them the drinking of intoxicating liquids was treated as something akin to a sacred rite. Bandus also knew better than to smell the liquor first, and he swigged quickly from the flask. At first, the burning was tolerable, then the Knight-Azyros swore he could feel steam coursing through his entire body. 'Magmalt ale,' said Vaegor, clapping him upon the shoulder and laughing. 'And not bad – best quaff I've ever seen from a manling!'

BAEL-GRIMNIR

The Auric Runefather of the Vostarg lodge, Bael-Grimnir, was descended from a long line of noble leaders, and like his forefathers of old, Bael was a mighty warrior. There was nothing save breaking an oath that Bael would not do to bring glory and riches to his lodge.

Since the Age of Myth, the Runefather of the Vostarg lodge had been entrusted with Hrathling, a latchkey grandaxe said to be blessed by Grimnir himself. Wielding that massive axe, Bael had felled Aleguzzler Gargants and swept down ranks of ratmen at a time. He led his people with a fixed purpose: to seek out ur-gold by any means necessary.

During Bael's reign, the Vostarg lodge had marched out of their magmahold frequently. They often attacked the ogor and orruk tribes to the south, or sought out the lairs of beasts amongst the peaks of the Zhulghar Mountains. Bael had earned a reputation for selling his lodge's formidable axework – taking gold to fight for anyone rich enough to pay. Beneath Bael's stern gaze, the Fyreslayers had fought alongside desperate tribes of men, rival ogor clans and even some humans corrupted by Chaos as the violent tribes sought advantage over each other.

Bael's preferred way of going to battle was atop his Magmadroth, Flamespitter. His war throne, the same ridden by his ancestors, was worn by time and countless battles. Each claw mark and crater on the ornate stone of that seat bore a story, tales passed down from his own father, Brakholf-Grimnir. The only mark his father had not told him of was the notch where a Bloodthirster's axe had wedged into the stone when Brakholf himself was slain. Then, Bael had been but a Runeson, and when he slew that daemon, it was hailed as a mighty feat of arms.

Since that time, Bael has led the Vostarg lodge, putting its wants and needs over his own. Unlike Arngard, the hold's most veteran Grimwrath Berzerker, Bael must contain his emotions and battle-lust, thinking always of the glory and continuation of the Vostarg magmahold.

AURIC RUNESMITER DHURGAN

When the time comes for the Vostarg lodge to march into battle, Dhurgan can always be found amongst the front lines. An Auric Runesmiter, Dhurgan chants the war songs of Grimnir, putting battle-fire in the hearts of all Fyreslayers close enough to hear or see him. Once immersed in the press of close combat, the spirit of his warrior-god fills his being, coursing through his veins like magma, igniting the brazier atop his latch-axe with a fierce fire that cannot be quelled till the last axe blow has fallen. Runes of ur-gold that have been seared into the lodge's flesh glow with his every harsh dirge, filling the duardin warriors with the fierce might of their indomitable god. A personal favourite of both Runemaster Vaegor and of Runefather Bael-Grimnir, Dhurgan typically fights nearest the Runefather's personal bodyguard, the Vosguard – the most skilled Hearthguard Berzerkers in the Vostarg lodge. When it can be roused from its magma chamber, Dhurgan rides his ancient Magmadroth, Skarung the Glowerwyrm, and together they have kept pace with the most powerful fighters in the lodge.

AMBUSH ON RUNESTRUCK PASS

Upon the high Runestruck Pass that wound its way through and over the Zhulghar Mountains, there were many sites where the path narrowed, cliff faces and steep embankments ensuring that travellers were hemmed in. To meet a foe in such a place was to conquer or die, for there could be no retreat.

Although several beasts threatened the column of Stormcasts and Fyreslayers, the creatures had backed off, unwilling to attack an entire army. So the journey to Bloodkeep continued for days, passing into the Valley of Zorn and back up onto what the Fyreslayers called Runestruck Pass. The eyes that marked their travels remained unseen.

A number of opportunistic Verminus clans had spies throughout the Cynder Peaks and Zhulghar Mountains. Their tunnel network ran everywhere, stretching from gnawholes opened up deep below the unsuspecting magmaholds of the Fyreslayers. The skaven sought warpshards, but the ratmen were also drawn to the same gold that the Fyreslayers coveted. Both the Clans Skryre – the weapon-makers – and the ruling Masterclan of horned mage-rats paid high prices for duardin captives, dead or alive.

Although it cost the lives of many clanrats, the skaven succeeded in luring several Khorne Bloodbound warbands to follow them up the pass. They did this under cover of a moonless night, to avoid the aerial patrols of the Stormcast Eternals. Then the skaven forces lurked close by, eager to take advantage of the inevitable battle.

When Bael's Magmadroth gave a low, rattling growl, the Auric Runefather signalled that trouble was ahead. He had learned to trust Flamespitter, for the beast could taste the air with its forked tongue, scenting prey from a long distance. At that point on the Runestruck Pass, the trail was broad and rocky. The Fyreslayers and Stormcasts had their left flank secured by a steep drop down the mountain side, while their right flank was at least partially protected, for the rocky incline there was steep, impassable to all but the most agile of creatures, and even they would be forced to pick their way slowly down the slope.

Up the path from the opposite direction came the clanking trudge of armour. These were Khorne Bloodbound – savage warriors who roamed the lands, seeking worthy skulls to stack before the pyres that surrounded Bloodkeep. Howls of fury went up as these feral hunters sighted prey.

Battle was joined just as dawn's first fiery rays slanted over the horizon. Their foes, Blood Warriors, stood as tall as the Stormcast Eternals, and towered over the duardin. The Khornate warriors did not entirely eschew armour as did the Fyreslayers, but wore only partial cover; some sported warped helms that melded with their flesh, others daemon-faced plates or heavy couters designed to inflict damage as much as to protect from it. Rushing through several volleys of incoming fire, the enemy closed quickly, calling out their hated warcry.

'Blood for the Blood God, skulls for the Skull Throne!' came the dreaded chant. Just before the foes closed, the Judicators loosed a volley, dropping the front rank of the oncoming Blood Warriors. In a blur, each had nocked another arrow, aimed, and loosed again. Still the enemy rushed on, the lines clashing together with the ring of sigmarite on metal. While he smashed aside enemy axes with his hammer, Lord-Celestant Sargassus tried to watch the Fyreslayers fighting upon his flank. Although he was following orders in hiring the duardin, he did not trust their mercenary ways. Now that he could see them in action, Sargassus could not help but be impressed. The Fyreslayer battle line did not yield a single step, despite the onslaught of the Blood Warriors. In fact, the Hearthguard Berzerkers matched the frenzied axeplay of their foes. From atop Flamespitter, Runefather Bael chopped all who came within reach of Hrathling, while the reptile itself bit enemies in two. None of the Fyreslayers, however, went as amok as Arngard. He did not hold formation, but ploughed forward, churning his way through the maelstrom and hacking down foes twice his height. Seeing the fury of his gold-bought allies, Sargassus smiled beneath his golden helm. Perhaps the plan would work after all... Even as the thought sprang to his mind, though, green streaks flashed by him, trace lines left by shots fired from above. Stormcasts fell all around him, fist-sized holes blasted through their armour, before they disappeared in flashes of light.

As soon as the Khornate warriors were amongst the foe, the skaven unleashed their own ambush. Secreted high in the rocks above, Warplock Jezzail teams discharged their long rifles, sending down deadly warpshard bullets. Accurate shots from these powerful weapons could penetrate sigmarite armour, while missed shots shattered rock, spraying shrapnel in all directions. To the rear of the Fyreslayer column came a swarming horde of clanrats, their clan symbols emblazoned upon shields or hung from tattered skin banners. Weapon teams prowled in their midst, sending gas globes arcing upwards or spraying out bursts of warpstone bullets. Hulking above all were Stormfiends, heavily muscled monstrosities with arcane weaponry and fangs the size of rapiers.

At that moment, whirling metal hammers upon the ends of thick chains, Wrathmongers spun bloody paths through their own battle lines to assail Fyreslayers and Stormcasts alike. These were not just corrupted human tribesmen, but something far more. Swollen with daemonic powers, these enraged warriors oozed out a red mist, causing all those nearby to enter the same mindless battle fury.

Arcs of blue light streaked up to the Heavens as casualties began to mount amongst the Heavenhost of the Hammers of Sigmar. Prosecutors lifted high above the pass, soaring upwards to engage the jezzail teams. Despite their careening and zigzagging, however, several of the winged Stormcasts were struck, plummeting down and crashing amongst the rocks. Those that closed, however, fell upon their foes without mercy, slaughtering the skaven and hammering down even those that turned tail, flung aside their long weapons and attempted to flee back into the cover of rocky outcroppings.

Lord-Celestant Sargassus himself led the countercharge that sought to destroy the flail-whirling menaces. Urging his Dracoth to smash a path through the reeling Blood Warriors, the leader of the Heavenhost spearheaded a group of Stormcasts that pushed into enemy ranks. Arngard had also marked the danger, instinctively carving a bloody path towards the greatest threat. Unfortunately, neither Fyreslayer nor Stormcast knew the true nature of the red mists rising before them.

Khorne craves slaughter and cares not who is slain, only that the blood flows freely. Once in the red mists, Lord-Celestant Sargassus felt power surge through his limbs. His hammer smashed a Wrathmonger's chain, sending its heavy weight careening off into the battle. With a single blow, the Lord-Celestant crumpled his foe, but he could not stop there. Over and over, he pulped the gory remains into the ground, before driving on into the next-nearest combatants – a group of Fyreslayers – with his hammer. Sargassus was an unstoppable force.

Arngard the Fearless ducked beneath a wrath-flail, using his greataxe to cut the Wrathmonger down. He too inhaled deeply of the red mist, and his course took him crashing through the shield wall of Liberators. Unable to distinguish friend from foe, he rent open half a dozen, sending many flashing back to the Heavens.

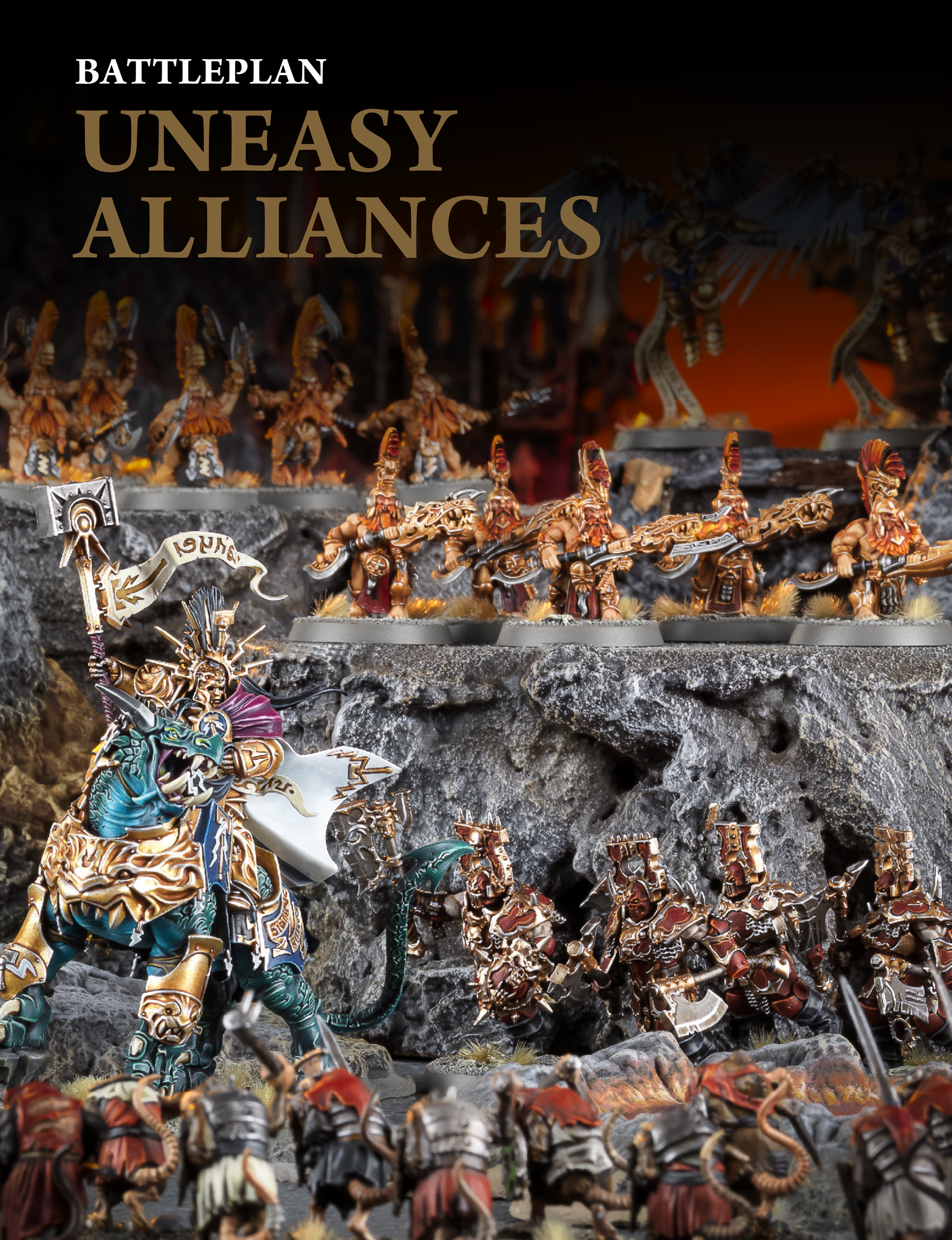
It was Auric Runefather Bael and Lord-Relictor Thunos Blackheart who brought sense back to their rage-filled comrades. Bael commanded his Magmadroth to belch forth a sheet of liquid flame, and a cloud of fire rolled across the battlefront. Sargassus rode through the scorching heat unharmed, thanks to his sigmarite plating, but the red mists were burned away, along with the foe. Thunos Blackheart brought down arcs of searing lightning that hammered the enemy all around Arngard, but one struck his fyrestorm greataxe. In an instant, ripples of blue current snaked over the Grimwrath Berzerker's body. With runes glowing, Arngard withstood the jolt as the ability to tell friend from foe returned to him.

A wave of Khorgoraths fell upon the remaining Liberators, the sounds of their mighty fists pounding against the shield wall echoing across the mountainsides. With the Liberators' shields dented and knees buckling, it would only be a matter of time before the crimson brutes broke through, allowing the last wave of Blood Warriors to claim their trophies. Arngard arrived just in time, alongside Sargassus. The greataxe of the Grimwrath Berzerker reaped a wicked toll amongst the hulking Khorgoraths, while the Lord-Celestant blazed with celestial energies, his Dracoth roaring in fury. The battle lines of the Fyreslayers and Stormcasts stabilised.

In the rearguard, the Vulkite Berzerkers withstood the clanrats, counter-charging them. Bladed slingshields were hurled, cutting down ratmen before being pulled free and used in the ensuing engagement. Unable to use their numbers to outflank in the pass, the skaven hoped to hold the duardin in place long enough for their weapon teams to move into position and lay down punishing fire.

BATTLEPLAN

UNEASY ALLIANCES



Most battles are fought between two clearly defined foes, but this is not always the case. Rarer, but by no means uncommon considering the vast size of the Mortal Realms, are battles where each side is made up of two or more armies forced into an uneasy alliance in order to defeat a hated foe. The circumstances of such alliances can be many and varied, but all boil down to the same philosophy – the enemy of my enemy is my friend. This said, the forging of such an alliance is not always easy. The realms' inhabitants have learnt from bitter experience not to trust anyone, and because of this, the initial contact between the two potential allies is fraught with peril.

The following battleplan is based upon the ambush at Runestruck Pass between the alliance of Fyreslayers and Stormcast Eternals on one side, and Bloodbound and skaven on the other. It can also be used to stage a battle between any alliances made up of any combination of armies.

THE ARMIES

This battle is fought by four players, with each player using their own army. After the players have picked their armies, decide which two players will be in each alliance. We recommend that the alliance with the largest combined army should be the ambusher in this battle.

AMBUSHERS' OBJECTIVES

You have been spying on your foes as they try to forge an alliance to defeat you. The fools have done nothing but put themselves in a trap where you can destroy them both! As they bicker and cajole and bluster with each other, your army has moved into position to attack them from one side, while an allied army attacks them from the other. In moments your warriors will be in their battle positions, and you will be able to smash the enemy 'alliance' apart.

INVADERS' OBJECTIVES

Nearby lurks a foe that both you and your new ally hate. It would make sense for you both to forget your differences and unite against your mutual enemy, but you are still not sure that you can trust each other. Because of this, you and your ally agree to keep your distance, rather than fighting together as a single combined force. You can only hope that this does not allow the enemy to destroy each of you piecemeal.

COMMAND ABILITIES

Each general from the alliance can use one command ability each turn. Command abilities only apply to units from the general's own army, not units from their uneasy ally's.

INVADERS' ABILITY

The invaders' generals have the following command ability, in addition to any others they have.

We Must Not Be Outdone!: The general can only use this ability if their ally's army has slain more enemy models during the battle than their own army (see The Greater Share of Glory on the next page). If a general uses this ability, you can add 1 to all wound rolls made for units from their army in the next combat phase if they are within 15" when they attack.

AMBUSHERS' ABILITY

The ambushers' generals have the following command ability, in addition to any others they have.

Signal the Attack!: Each general can only use this ability once, and only if they are within 3" of a model from their army that is carrying a horn, drum or other instrument. If they do so, add 1 to the roll for the ambushers when rolling to see who has the first turn in the next battle round.

THE BATTLEFIELD

This battlefield takes place in a narrow pass. Ruins and woodland frame it to the left and right, which the ambushers have used to sneak up on the invading armies. 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.

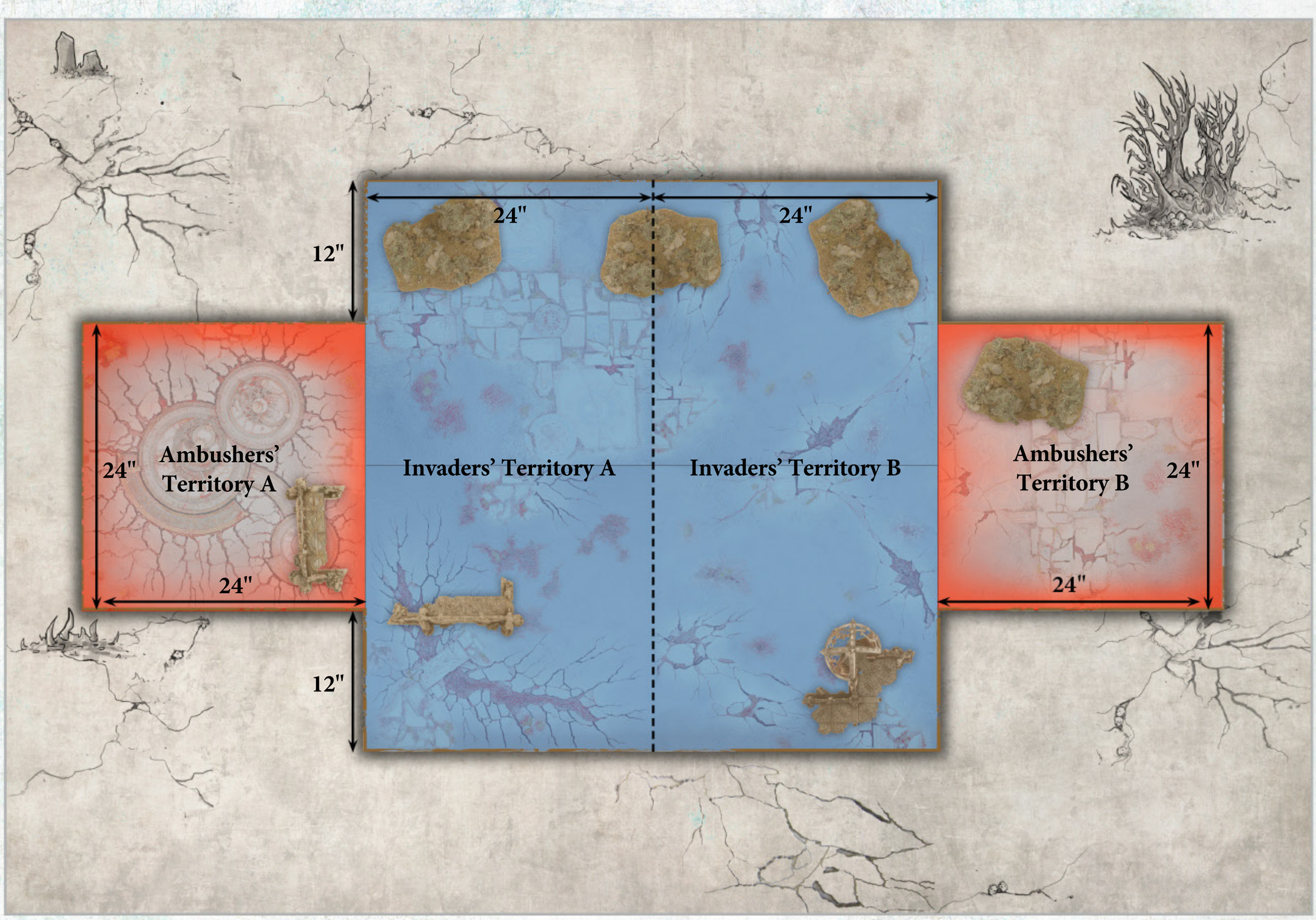
SET-UP

Set up the two invading armies first, using the invaders' territory shown on the map. Each invading player rolls a dice, and whoever rolls higher picks one of the territories to set up in and sets up all of their army. The other invader then sets up all of their army in the second territory.

The ambushers set up second, with one army in each of the two ambushers' territories. Each ambushing player rolls a dice, and whoever rolls higher picks one of the ambushers' territories to set up in and sets up all of their army. The other ambusher then sets up their army in the second territory. Ambushing units can be set up anywhere in their territory more than 9" from an invading model.

THE ALLIANCES ARE FORMED

Each pair of allied armies are treated as a single force and share the same turn. Each player decides what the units in their army will do during the combined turn, and must agree with their ally in what order any actions are



carried out in each phase. For example, the players will need to agree which unit will attack next in the combat phase. If they cannot decide, each rolls a dice, and whoever rolls highest makes the choice.

Note that abilities, command abilities or spells that apply to 'friendly units' or units from 'the same army' do not apply to allied units.

TURN ORDER

At the start of each round, including the first, all four players roll a dice to see who gets the first turn. Add together each alliance's dice rolls, and the pair of players whose result was higher pick who has the first turn in that battle round.

THE GREATER SHARE OF GLORY

Each player in an alliance must keep track of the number of models they have slain during the battle. Should an alliance win the battle, these scores will be used to determine which of the alliance's players is the overall victor.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the ambushers win if the invading alliance is destroyed or has no models left on the battlefield.

In addition, if the number of models in the invading alliance outnumbers the number of models in the ambushers' alliance by more than a third after set-up, then the ambushers win if both invading generals are slain.

The invaders win if the ambushing alliance is destroyed or has no models left on the battlefield. In addition, if the number of models in the ambushing alliance outnumbers the number of models in the invading alliance by more than a third after set up, then the invaders win if both ambushing generals are slain.

Whichever alliance wins the battle, only one of the players earns a **major victory**, this being the player from the winning alliance that has slain the most models during the course of the battle (see The Greater Share of Glory, above). The other member of the alliance achieves a **minor victory** instead.

Goading his Magmadroth forward to bite down on a Blood Warrior, Auric Runefather Bael-Grimnir took his place on the front line, fighting alongside Lord-Celestant Sargassus. Before them, the Chaos forces began to fall.

The skaven were pressing against the rearguard. Several Warpfire Throwers wreaked havoc, but the Prosecutors, having disposed of the jezzail teams, were able to swoop down and target the ratmen weapon teams. With their best hopes of destroying the duardin slain or driven away, it was not long before the skaven line crumbled, scurrying away with great speed. The Prosecutors dived down, scattering the remnants further.

The Khornate warriors fought to the bitter end, the last slain by Lord Sargassus himself. Once more, the Runestruck Pass was open, and once again the armies continued their fateful journey to Bloodkeep. This time, however, each marched alongside the other with a newfound respect for the allies beside them.

VOSTARG LODGE

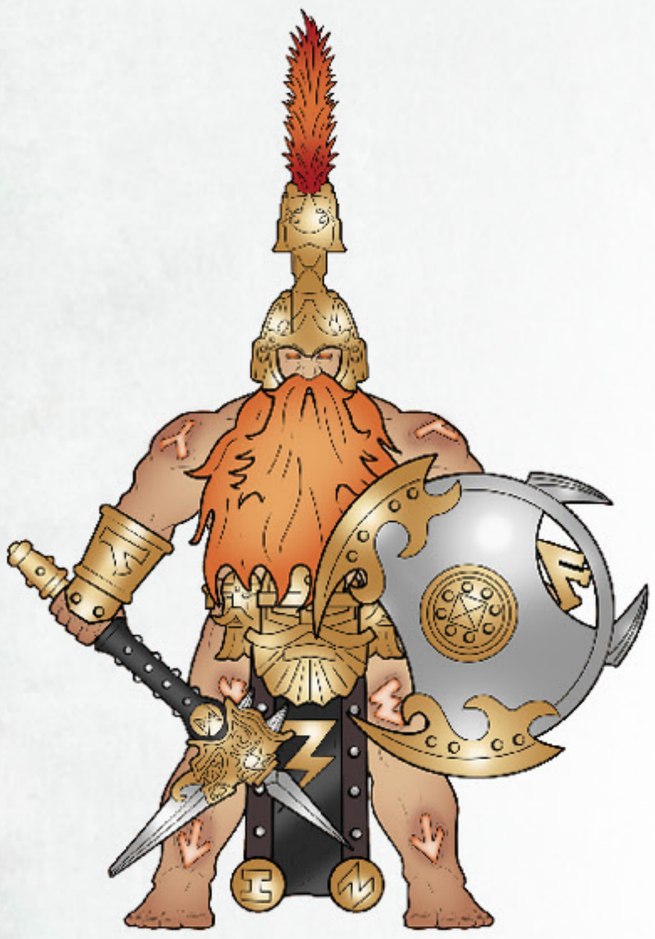
The Fyreslayers of the Vostarg lodge surge across the battlefield like molten lava, their inexorable advance destroying everything in its path. Under the glowering gaze of Auric Runefather Bael-Grimnir, rank upon rank of Vulkite Berzerkers and Auric Hearthguard advance into the teeth of the enemy without fear or doubt. It is the search for ur-gold that motivates these mercenary duardin, but it is their inherent nobility that leads them to fight with fury and courage. The Vostarg Fyreslayers unleash spectacular carnage upon their enemies, and in this way do the Fyreslayers prove that they are worthy of the payment they seek. Bellowed warcries leave cinders dancing upon the air. Axes and roaring blasts of flame fell victims with every strike, until nothing remains of the foe but charred and blackened bodies.

Surging with runic power, a Grimwrath Berzerker charges forward to be in the thick of the fighting.

The Auric Hearthguard use sizzling volleys from their dragon-headed magmapikes to fell even the largest of foes.

VOSTARG LODGE

Fierce warriors made mightier by sacred ur-gold runes hammered into their burly bodies, the Fyreslayers are a joy for every hobbyist with an eye for fiery colours and rich symbolism.



Honourable mercenaries ready to fight for their ur-gold reward, Fyreslayers' strength derives from the innate knowledge of their Zharrgrim priests. These few can detect ur-gold's divine presence within what many would already consider a bounty worth the potentially fatal risk. Forged into runes and hammered into the flesh of the Fyreslayers, ur-gold imbues the recipients with a divine vestige of the power of their slain godhead, Grimnir.

The Fyreslayers' metalcraft is also evident in their armoury – a formidable array of intricate gilding and glinting steel, encompassing throwing axes, vast pikes, war picks and, not least, the Vulkite Berzerkers' slingshields. Unique in the realms, these bladed shields are first hurled into the enemy, then snatched up to be deployed in the more orthodox, defensive manner.

The many lodges are most readily identified by the hues of their hair, which hint at their origins in the volcanic realm of Aqshy. Weighted with gold, bonded by kinship, a Fyreslayer army is always a spectacular sight.

The incandescent shades of this Fyreslayer's hair are found on all Vostarg warriors. Other lodges display various colours, but all recall the hues of fire, lava, ash and smoke.

This Fyreslayer has higher status as a Karl. This is denoted by the two plumes on his helmet and the keys he carries – symbols of the lodge's vaults and its treasured ur-gold.

Vivid colours will appear even more intense if Corax White Spray is used for their undercoat. Try to keep the can upright as you spray the model to ensure even paint coverage.

Paint the skin with Kislev Flesh, then apply Troll Slayer Orange to the hair and runes. Abaddon Black is used for the belt; Leadbelcher and Retributor Armour are applied to the metals.

Citadel Shades are designed to accentuate recesses and define details. Use Reikland Fleshshade on the skin and gold, Fuegan Orange on the hair and Nuln Oil on the silver.

Once the shades have dried, apply Carroburg Crimson to the hair, and then use Kislev Flesh once more to re-paint all the raised detail on the skin, avoiding the recesses.

Add fine lines of Runefang Steel to the hard edges of metallic areas, then outline the muscles with Flayed One Flesh. Carefully apply Nuln Oil to the deepest recesses in the hair.

Attach Citadel Sand with PVA and apply a coat of Mechanicus Standard Grey. Drybrush with Karak Stone and Screaming Skull. Lastly, paint the rim with Steel Legion Drab.

WHEN COMETH DEATH

LORDS OF THE DEAD

Shyish was a fearful place, a realm of endings and blackest night, a realm that concerned all powers. To Sigmar, Shyish weighed heavily, for Nagash would be a valuable ally in his war against Chaos. To the Dark Gods, the realm of Shyish and its former ruler were anathema to their own desires.

It is said that, in the end, all things go to Shyish. It is the terminus, the ultimate, the final destination, a realm full of cessation and finality. Even the winds that sweep the Mortal Realms must end their journey, and whether by defiant last gust or whispering final sigh, all expire in Shyish. Although the realm's lands are myriad and varied, all are haunted. For it is in Shyish where the gates to the underworlds reside, accessing every netherworld that ever was, or ever will be. There, the spirits of empires long forgotten can still be found, if one knows where to look.

During the Age of Myth, the realm of Shyish was dominated by the Wars of the Dead, an era of battle when Nagash led his Mortarchs to claim lordship over the lands of the dead. Those who did not submit to the Father of Necromancy were consumed by him. Shyish was not only a realm of spirits, however. Those who lived their lives upon the mortal spheres of Shyish were also subjugated, forced to worship Nagash as a god or be hunted out of existence. Yet all was to change after the first invasions that came with the dawning of the Age of Chaos...

The anarchic and impassioned Dark Gods were diametrically opposed to Nagash, their only similarity being that none wished to share power. So began a devastating series of wars that turned the kingdoms of Shyish into battlefields. The campaigns were evenly matched, for Nagash and his Mortarchs were formidable foes, and they also had an alliance with Sigmar and his pantheon. It was not until Archaon and Tzeentch conspired together to drive a wedge between Nagash and his alliance with Sigmar that the Chaos forces truly gained the upper hand.

After the War of Heaven and the Underworlds, Nagash's power was greatly reduced, leaving him easy prey. Realm-tunnelling skaven unravelled Shyish's defences, and the War of Bones culminated in the destruction of the great stronghold of Nagashizzar. Thought slain at the Battle of Black Skies, Nagash instead reformed anew, aided by his Mortarchs. Centuries later, when Sigmar opened the Heavens and sent forth his Stormcasts, the Chaos Gods believed Nagash long defeated. His armies had been trapped by Archaon in the Cage of Bones, and were not considered a threat. However, Nagash was growing in power, absorbing the influx of dead from countless ongoing wars. The first step for Nagash in putting his shattered kingdoms back in order was to find and reunite his lieutenants, his wayward Mortarchs.

Neferata, the Mortarch of Blood, left her coven, their ready agreements no longer pleasing her. She strode out onto the balcony of her palace-temple to gaze over her city. The invaders were at the walls, their assault likely to begin any moment. Neferata's military commander and latest lover, Lord Harkdron, had rushed to the gates, professing that his legions would hold back the foe. Neferata, however, had little faith in defences – she had seen too many crumble. The vampire queen knew that many in her court thought that her cold, unbeating heart was not capable of love. Yet she knew they were wrong. She loved her exquisite city, for she had designed it herself, its architecture based on ancient memories. Neferata loved her palace-temple: the grand columns, the rich silks, and the polished marble. She loved that the mortal denizens of the city marched up to the palace to worship her. Perhaps best of all, she loved the endless nights of blood-laden depravities that went on and on and on. Neferata would do anything to save her city, even seek help from those she despised. It would be folly to wait until the enemy was besieging her hilltop palace-temple to send for help. She knew she must give the command to set alight the braziers of lost souls, to send the spirit beacons upwards, yet she delayed still. Just a little longer. Were there any of her fellow Mortarchs left to answer her summons, she wondered?

THE RAZING OF NULAHMIA

Bypassing illusions and desolate tracts of wasteland, Lord Lascilion led his army after the scent-trail of the decadent Mortarch, Neferata. Now that he had found her city, Lascilion intended to reap its riches. No wall or gate could withstand his army, and soon the sack of the city was underway.

The battle to clear the Queensroad had been long and difficult. In the end, it had taken the Lord of Slaanesh Lascilion himself, and his elite Amethyst Guard, to break the dead gathered at the avenue's northern end. Sliding off the back of his serpentine steed, Lascilion landed on the skull-studded street. To better savour the sights, sounds and smells of the burning city, he took off his plumed helm and turned full circle, taking it all in. There was the lick of flame, the stench of rot, and the wailing screams of pain from the dying. It was a fine reward for his hard fighting.

The battle was far from over, but Lascilion needed a respite. The Lord of Slaanesh was not wounded or tired, for he was gifted with strength and endurance that could best a dozen men. Rather Lascilion occasionally grew despondent, and could only reinvigorate himself by indulging in sensations of agony, so he allowed himself to revel in the city-sacking.

Since the walls of Nulahmia had been breached, the fighting between Chaos forces and the dead had grown fiercer, now sprawling out along streets and within colonnaded buildings. Only the temple district remained standing, and at its centre, raised upon a hillock, stood the palace of the queen herself.

Of the twelve Chaos commanders Archaon had tasked with discovering the hidden city of Neferata, none of the others had Lascilion's ability to sniff out excess. The indulgences of the vampire queen were so lavish they seemed to Lascilion like a perfume, leading him and his legion through the illusions that enshrouded the kingdom. While the city burned around him, Lord Lascilion looked up upon the hilltop palace; soon it, and its queen, would be his.

Meanwhile, from her palace, Queen Neferata watched as fires raged across her ruined city. Above her, half-seen spirits flickered in and out of the spectral beams that protruded upwards from the braziers of lost souls, the beacons basking all nearby in eerie green-tinted light. Although she had expected Lord Harkdron to fail, the vampire queen was startled with the speed with which the enemy had broken through his defences. She focussed her eyes to red gleaming slits as she used her enhanced sight to peer through the darkness and smoke. She saw the all-too-familiar armoured shapes crashing through the ranks of her legions. Chaos Warriors. Yet the attackers were not all mortals...Pale, lithe shapes danced and twirled through the close press of combat – claw-armed Daemonettes. A shudder involuntarily ran through Neferata. The handmaidens of Slaanesh had come calling for her before.

After crashing through the main gates, the enemy swept through the city's skull-paved avenues. The Chaos forces had broken all the cohesive defences, save around the temple district. Only Throne Mount – the large, flat-topped hill dominating the centre of Nulahmia – was still defended. The discipline of the invaders had broken down, however, and they had lost all momentum. Battering down doors and burning as they went, they despoiled the city, burying it in wanton acts of violence and cruelty. Nulahmia had been fabulously wealthy, its citizens spoiled by their ever-living queen. Now all was consumed in a gluttony of destruction and degradation.

'Send the fool to me!' snarled Neferata. Gone was the glamorous queen, her face of alabaster beauty transformed to that of a cornered predator. Her Morghast Archai bodyguard stepped aside, allowing Lord Harkdron to enter.

'My queen,' he said, his armour creaking. 'They were too many... I have failed you.' The Vampire Lord fell silent, so fierce was Neferata's gaze.

'A zombie dragon has been summoned as your new steed. It awaits in the crypts,' said Neferata levelly. 'You must keep them off Throne Mount. Help is on the way, but you must hold them.'

At the mention of help, Harkdron's eyes shifted to the spectral beacon. 'When we next meet,' said Harkdron, 'you will think better of me.' The Vampire Lord turned heel, and marched off. Pleased with her act, Neferata let her mask of composure drop. No help was on the way – in fact, Neferata was preparing to flee. Her palace had many secret escape routes, including one with access to a Realmgate. The longer her enamoured lord held the foes at bay, the better she could make her escape.

Behind her, the skies blazed as forks of lightning struck the city.

Having let his army scatter through the city, plundering, Lascilion knew it was once more time to grab the reins. The unspeakable acts of destruction and depravity unleashed upon Nulahmia would have whetted his troops' appetite for the excesses to come – much could be done within the lavish palace of the vampire queen. It promised indulgences never before enjoyed.

On Lord Lascilion's command, a Daemonette blew trilling blasts upon a writhing horn. Answering calls echoed throughout the city, rallying points for the packs of ravagers to gather, and reform into a coherent army. Lascilion had seen the lightning strikes. Indeed, it was those bolts that had shocked the Lord of Slaanesh out of his swaying reverie. He did not know what they meant, but he had an ill foreboding. Mounting his snake-daemon, he motioned the Amethyst Guard forward.

All across the burning city, the Stormcast Eternals slammed straight into battle. Black-streaked lightning bolts hammered into the Nulahmian backstreets, hurling Lascilion's straggling followers from their feet. Striding from amidst those arcing energies came the Anvils of the Heldenhammer, firelight reflecting from their expressionless masks as they waded into the scattered foe.

Slaaneshi warriors gave ululating shrieks of joy at this unexpected chance for violence, but their cries were short-lived. Sigmarite hammers slammed down on horned helms and crushed breastplates with thunderous swings. Perfumed gore spattered the tumbled walls and scorched cobbles of the back alleys. With wordless efficiency the Stormcasts eradicated their victims before redressing their ranks and beginning the advance.

At their head rode Lord-Celestant Makvar upon his noble Dracoth. Sigmar had despatched Makvar with the sole intent of securing a diplomatic link to the Mortarch of Blood. The God-King had effortlessly pierced the veil of illusion hanging about Neferata's capital, deploying his Stormcasts with expert precision to catch the Chaos invaders from the rear. Makvar intended to make the most of the advantage he had been given. He would drive a path through the foe to the ornate palace that rose atop a hill at the city's heart. There, surely, the toweringly vain Mortarch of Blood must await him.

As they advanced, the Stormcast Eternals cut down every invader they found. Rampaging Chaos Warriors, blood-muzzled warhounds, cavorting daemons: all fell beneath the flashing skybolts of Makvar's Judicators.

At the summit of the Throne Mount, Neferata garbed herself in her gear of war and summoned her abyssal steed, though the vampire queen viewed fighting as a last resort. Her agents – both undead and mortal – had penetrated every kingdom of Shyish, bringing reports, captives, and converts back to Nulahmia. She had heard rumour of these storm-knights, and she knew they sought Nagash and his Mortarchs to parley. She longed to treat with them herself; she could not save her city, but perhaps, Neferata thought, she might gain powerful leverage. No man that breathed could resist her, and Neferata coveted the idea of wrapping an alliance with Sigmar around her own needs, especially if she could do so before her fellow Mortarchs ruined everything. In the meantime, she was content to let Lord Harkdron lead from the front. If it did not go as planned, her escape was prepared.

Lord Lascilion could not help but smile as he swung his glaive to cleave apart an oncoming rank of skeletal warriors. His quarry really did impress. The only road up to Neferata's palace-temple was the Pathway of Punishment. Here could be seen the malicious side of the vampire queen, for along the broad, switchback road were countless spikes, each bearing a bloody head like some grotesque fruit. Interspersed with those grim skewers were any number of iron gibbets, torture wheels, and spiked pillories. Whatever colour the paving stones had once been, they were now red. Such was the necromantic power of Neferata, however, that each of her victims still writhed, calling out in their agony. Powerful enchantments were at work, allowing the torment to be prolonged long after the victims had drawn their last breath. Here, thought Lascilion, was a fellow artist. He drove his heels into his daemonic mount and the snake-like creature reared, lifting the Lord of Slaanesh high over the press of combat. The path was choked solid with legions of skeletal warriors, but these gave Lascilion no pause. The baroque armour of his Amethyst Guard withstood their blows, and inexorably, the Chaos forces ground their way upwards. It was only a matter of time, thought Lascilion – but then a commotion below made him look down. Black-armoured warriors were emerging from the surrounding streets, attacking his rearguard at the base of the Throne Mount. They were warriors like nothing Lascilion had ever seen before, their weapons wreathed with lightning.

THE DEAD

The dead do not rest easy in Shyish. Spirits, corpses, and the bones of the deceased all serve, reanimated by the necromantic arts. And that which is not alive cannot be slain...

At the height of his power, during the Age of Myth, Nagash won control over the majority of Shyish. At Nagash's command, his Mortarchs led unstoppable armies of the dead to conquer surface empires and spirit realms alike. Those who bowed before the Great Necromancer were annexed beneath his dark rule, while those who offered defiance were destroyed – either way, they ultimately served, for not even in death can one escape Nagash. The coming of Chaos, however, fractured Shyish. Through battle and betrayals, many kingdoms slipped from Nagash's bony grasp, and his alliance with Sigmar was broken. Since that time, Nagash's Mortarchs have grown wilful, making their own bids to rule in Nagash's stead. To conquer, he must first unite.

NAGASH

The Supreme Lord of the Undead, the Great Necromancer. Nagash has risen to godhood. It is his desire to rule all.

THE MORTARCHS

Foremost amongst Nagash's lieutenants are his Mortarchs, each an almighty warlord in their own right.

MANNFRED

Mortarch of Night. Wields armies and sorceries with equal skill.

NEFERATA

Vampire Queen, Mortarch of Blood. Master of intrigue and manipulation.

ARKHAN

Arkhan the Black, Mortarch of Sacrament. First of the Mortarchs.

SOULBLIGHT

Through the blood of the living, the Soulblight Vampires fuel their evil.

DEATHMAGE

Using the black arts of Nagash, these mages summon the dead.

NIGHTHAUNT

Nighthaunts are undeparted spirits of fell champions from ages past.

DEADWALKER

Raised in numbers untold, the dead rise and march to war.

DEATHRATTLE

Hollow eye sockets. Clacking bone. Relentless legions of another age.

FLESH-EATER

The eaters of the dead, the scavenger folk. Beware the foul skulkers.

To ensure he had gained his adversary's full attention, Lord-Celestant Makvar goaded his Dracoth mount forward. The beast breathed an arc of searing lightning which ploughed into the ranks of the Chaos Warriors as they fought their way up the hillside. On Makvar's flank, Kreimnar, the Lord-Relictor, called to the skies, summoning forth his own celestial strikes.

With his skull-mask helm and relic-topped stave, Kreimnar hardly looked out of place in this macabre setting. All of the Anvils of the Heldenhammer were grim of aspect, for their Stormhost was created under foreboding portents. Even their armour was ominous, absorbing light rather than reflecting it, resulting in their recognisable sable plate. It was said that the mien of the Stormhost was similarly overcast. Around the Sigmarabulum, whispers were heard when the Anvils of the Heldenhammer were away at war. Although it was known each was a hero of ancient times, many made sinister predictions for those legendary warriors, supposing their future fates matched the omens of their creation.

The Stormcast Eternals were not the only threat to Lord Lascilion and his Chaos forces. It was at that moment that the undead unleashed their own counter-attack. Upon the back of a zombie dragon, Lord Harkdron arrived, landing upon the ruins. With every beat of its tattered leathery wings, the creature wafted a noxious charnel-house smell over the invaders. At its croaking roar, the portcullis gates that lined the bottom of the Throne Mount were raised. Out of those dark corridors lurched the animated remnants of lost ages, the contents of catacombs filled with the dead of countless generations. The streaming columns of bone warriors and deadwalkers advanced upon the intruders, Stormcasts and Chaos alike.

Thus did the battle for the Throne Mount become a complicated, convoluted affair. Warriors of three different armies wove in and out of the ruined and burnt-out buildings surrounding Nulahmia's central hill. Lord Harkdron's legions made no distinction between the Stormcast Eternals, Chaos Warriors, or Daemonettes – they were all invaders. As she advanced down the hill, Neferata

used her necromantic powers to direct those undead nearest her to attack only the Chaos forces. She wished to spare Sigmar's knights, for she anticipated them seeking alliance, not war. However, Lord Harkdron was too far off for her to give him similar direction, so she could only seethe while the undead beneath his will continued to attack indiscriminately.

Lord-Celestant Makvar called for a shield wall – the Liberators locking their shields into a barrier of sigmarite, while the Judicators behind poured out deadly volleys. Rank after rank of skeletal warriors disappeared, dropped by that fiery fusillade, yet on they came, mindless flesh and bone automatons still driven by Harkdron's will. When, at last, the undead waded over their own fallen and pressed close their attack, rusted blades bounced off the Stormcasts' shields. While the Liberators brought their own heavy hammers and blades to bear, the Judicators kept loosing shots, targeting the skeletons upon the raised road that led up the Throne Mount.

Lord Harkdron raised and reformed the battered and crushed skeletons falling in droves before the Anvils of the Heldenhammer. Even so, the vampire's necromantic magics could not keep pace. Inexorably, the shield walls advanced, crushing underfoot those dead warriors already dropped.

In the streets below, the Daemonettes parted ranks, allowing sinister chariots to pass through. Pulled by strange, lithe creatures, the spike-wheeled chariots moved at astonishing speeds. Two of them, side by side, filled the street as they hurtled towards the undead. The chariots' impact sent up the sound of cracking bone, like the sound of heavy feet crunching fallen branches. As the reanimating magic coursed through shattered bones, the broken skeletons rose once more to rejoin the fight. Another squadron of chariots sped past, their scythes and spiked wheels ensuring nothing but a carpet of writhing limbs remained.

Attempting to draw attackers from the assault upon the Throne Mount, Harkdron flew over them on his zombie dragon, landing near the battered Obelisk of the Underworld. Built to draw upon the powers of Nagash's Black Pyramids, the monument held a reservoir of untapped necromantic power, even though the pyramids were long destroyed. New legions were summoned from ancient crypts, but despite their numbers, the snipping claws of the Daemonettes continued to cut through the endless ranks. Harkdron himself would have been in danger but for the arrival of a swirling storm of spectral warriors. The air grew chill and a feeling of dread fell over all.

Neferata looked up from the slaughter, letting her dread abyssal feast upon the hacked remains of the Daemonettes before they faded into the Realm of Chaos. The daemons had slipped and danced their way through the undead lines, seeking Neferata, calling out her name. As inhumanly fast as the daughters of Slaanesh were, the vampire queen was faster still.

Across the burnt ruins of Nulahmia a black cyclone spun, darker than the night itself. From its whirling centre flew spectral warriors, ghastly apparitions of greenish mist. Though they appeared ephemeral and wisp-like, their blades were all too lethal. Stormcast Eternals and undead fell before that swirling ghoststorm, but it was the forces of Chaos that paid the highest price. A bow wave of purest terror swept ahead of the cyclone, and where it passed, nothing but bones remained – bones that soon arose to rejoin the fight, but on a different side.

To some, the chill upon the battlefield felt like their impending doom. Neferata, whose learned eyes could discern amethyst magics, watched the arcane energies swell like a bloating corpse. This immense uprise in necromantic power gave her pause. Neferata had thought no aid was coming – either that none of her fellow Mortarchs had felt the call of the spirit beacon, or perhaps that none were willing to overlook her previous betrayals. But this magic storm wreaking havoc across the battlefield felt mightier than the eldritch imprint of any of her fellow Mortarchs, and it was all too familiar.

Although he could not see the coiling tendrils of necromantic sorcery slithering around him, Lord Lascilion's unnatural senses could still feel them. He sensed the enormity of the new foe taking the battlefield. Deciding to make one last push to claim his prize, the Lord of Slaanesh drove his steed to climb straight up the wall, bypassing the cutback trail that wound up the Throne Mount. Winding with sinuous grace, the daemonic snake-beast slithered upwards, avoiding the regiments of skeletal warriors that defended the roadway.

With Lord-Celestant Makvar at the fore, the Stormcast Eternals had ground through the Chaos rearguard, advancing to the base of the Throne Mount. At last, they saw the vampire queen, for she sat atop an osseous steed perched on a broken rampart halfway up the hill. They saw the creeping, snake-like menace that closed upon her, crawling closer while she remained unaware. On Makvar's command the Prosecutors took flight – their Prime hurled a javelin a great distance, yet still it fell short. They were too late to intervene. However, a single spear of azure lightning split the sky, striking just before Neferata. In the bolt's searing wake stood a winged warrior.

Still crackling with the last coils of the thunderbolt, the armoured angel rose to his full height, his wings unfolding. Neferata could feel the sizzling heat coming off his armour and she steadied her mount with a hiss. Ere a word could be said, the Lord of Slaanesh arrived. Snaking over the rampart, the long neck of his beast darted forward, striking with blurring speed. A dozen paces back, even Neferata knew she was not quick enough to intercede. Then all flashed with brilliant light, radiance so blinding that Neferata averted her eyes – a scream escaped her involuntarily, for the light was searing. When her vision cleared, she looked up, blinking, to see the winged warrior before her holding high a lantern, now angled away from her so she was shielded from the full effect. Still, even half-shaded, Neferata gasped at the azure light that blazed forth. It was cold and warm at the same time – the glow pierced Neferata to her core. She both craved and feared its righteous purity. With a snap, the lantern closed and the spell was lifted. While her eyes were averted, the daemon-snake's head had been severed – the knight of Sigmar's starblade dripped purple ichor. As for the Chaos general, the daemon-snake's writhing death throes had sent him tumbling back over the edge. The dark-armoured angel turned to face her.

'Greetings, Lady Neferata. I am Huld, Knight-Azyros of the Anvils of the Heldenhammer. I hail from the Realm Celestial, and I come seeking alliances as were of old.'

BATTLEPLAN

HOME GROUND

An opponent cornered on their home ground is a deadly foe indeed. They will know every inch of their own territory, and will be able to call upon nearby reinforcements. More often than not, they will have prepared magical defences in their domain which provide succour to their armies and make the attacker's task even more difficult.

However, the attacker has advantages in such a battle too. The defender will have been worn down, and with their forces surrounded, they will almost certainly be outnumbered, at least at the start of the conflict. In addition, the warriors in the attacker's army will have been buoyed by earlier victories and will know that this is their best chance to defeat their foe once and for all.

Such conflicts can vary enormously. Sometimes the defender will have retreated to a mighty fortress, or formed a battle line in a narrow valley where the attacker's superior numbers cannot tell. This battleplan is based upon Neferata's defence of Nulahmia against Lascilion, but don't let this stop you using it with other armies as well. After all, a desperate battle such as this one, which will decide the fate of an entire kingdom, is the stuff of legend!

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army using the instructions on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet.

After the players have picked their armies, decide who will be the defender on their home ground, and who will be the invader. If one player has at least a third more models than their opponent, then they should be the invader.

The general of the defender's army can use the command abilities below if they are in the right location.

DEFENDER'S OBJECTIVES

Hard as it is to believe, you have been defeated in open battle, and driven back to your homelands. Your enemy has seized the opportunity to pursue you, and now their victorious army lies at the gateway to your realm. However, the enemy general has underestimated your resolve and the size of the forces you have near at hand. If you can just reach the summoning portal, you will be able to call upon reinforcements and may yet be able to grab victory from the jaws of defeat. However, you must be careful not to expose yourself to unnecessary danger – should you be slain, your army will crumble and all will be lost.

INVADER'S OBJECTIVES

Having smashed your opponent's army in battle, you have pursued them back to their lair. They are cornered, and this makes them dangerous, but you and your warriors are thirsting to annihilate the enemy, and you know you will be victorious. The only hope your foe has is to use an arcane portal to summon reinforcements – but knowing this gives you the chance you need to slay the enemy's general. With their death, victory will be yours!

DEFENDER'S COMMAND ABILITIES

The defender's general has the following command abilities, in addition to any others they have.

Soul-force Sacrifice: If your general uses this ability, pick a unit from your army that is within 3". Inflict any number of mortal wounds on that unit that you wish – your general heals a single wound for each mortal wound that was inflicted upon the unit as it siphons their life force.

Come Forth, My Minions: Only half of the defending army is set up at the start of the battle. The remaining units are placed to one side as reinforcements. To use this ability the general must be within 3" of the summoning portal (see overleaf). The first time your general uses this ability choose half of the units that were placed to one side as reinforcements; these answer the summons and will arrive in the following movement phase. The second time your general uses this ability, all remaining reinforcements answer the summons. Summoned units are set up with all models within 12" of the summoning portal, and more than 3" from any enemy models. This counts as their move in the following movement phase.

THE BATTLEFIELD

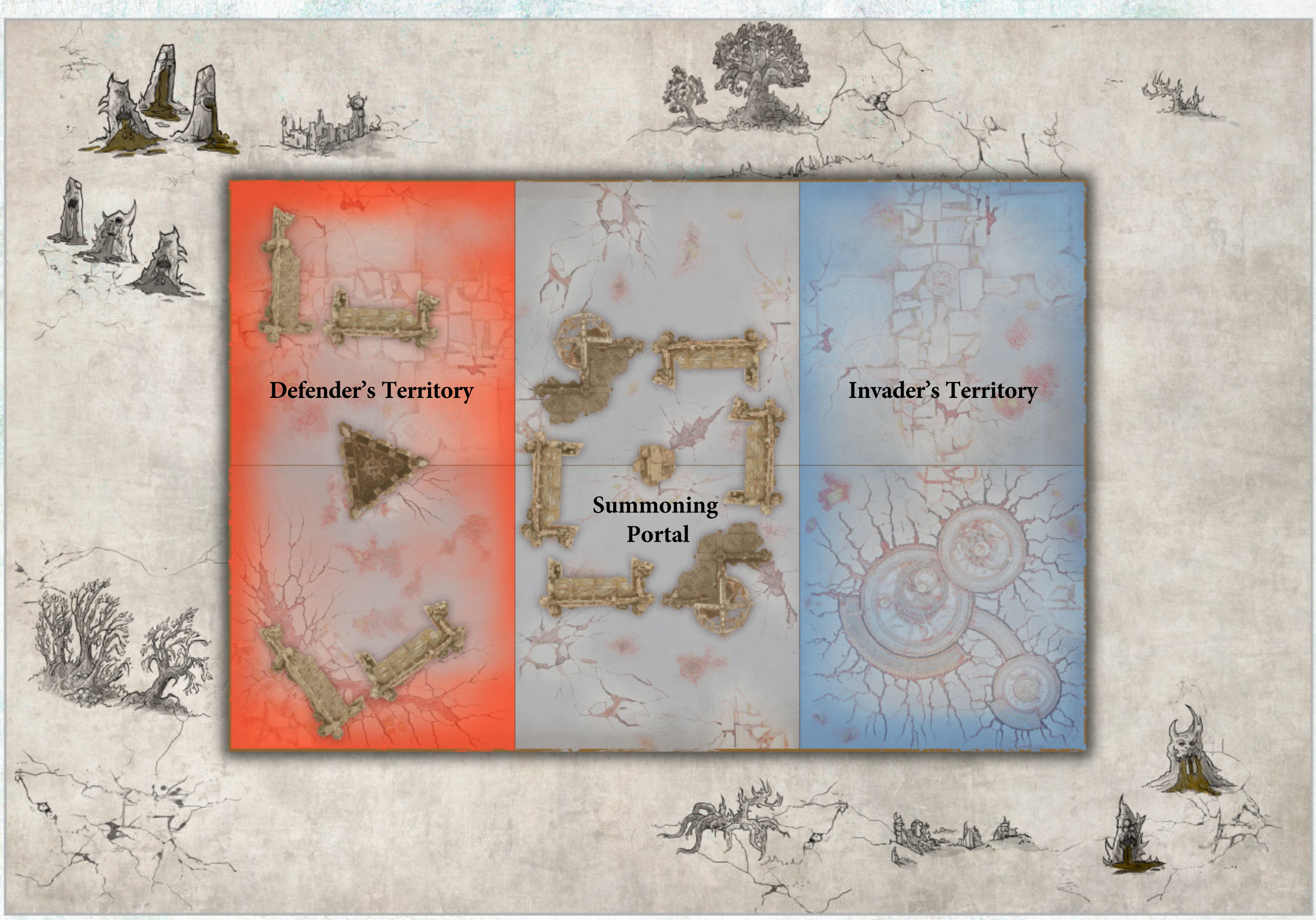
This battle takes place in an ancient ruined city. At the centre of the battlefield is an ancient portal that can be used by the defenders to summon help. We recommend representing the portal with a Baleful Realmgate, as shown in the deployment map below, but any piece of scenery can be used instead. You can either generate additional 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 Summoning Portal is an ancient device that can be used by the general of the defending army to send a message that will summon much-needed reinforcements.

If the defender's general is within 3" of the summoning portal in their hero phase, they can use it to issue the Come Forth, My Minions command ability (page 109). Any scenery rules that normally apply to the model used as the portal still apply to it.

SET-UP

Set up the two armies as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, but using the deployment areas shown on the deployment map for this battleplan.



DEFENDER'S REINFORCEMENTS

The first unit that the defender sets up on the battlefield must be their general. After that, every alternate unit that the defender sets up, starting with the unit after the general, must be placed to one side as reinforcements. Reinforcements are not set up on the battlefield until they have been summoned (see the rules for the Summoning Portal).

FIRST TURN

In the first round, both players roll a dice to see who gets the first turn – whoever rolls highest can choose (roll again if the results are tied).

BUOYED BY VICTORY

The invading army knows that victory is within their grasp, and this inspires them to keep on fighting whatever the enemy tries to throw at them.

To represent this, the number of models forced to flee from an attacking unit in the battleshock phase is halved, rounding any fractions down. For example, if an attacking unit failed a battleshock test by 3 points, then the result would be halved to 1.5, and then rounded down to only 1 – so only a single model would flee.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the invader wins a **major victory** if they slay the defender's general before the end of the sixth battle round.

Any other result is a **major victory** for the defender.

TIME OF WAR

Amidst the many underworlds of Shyish, Neferata's personal kingdom of Nulahmia glinted like a dark jewel. Long protected by a sorcerous veil, this vast city was a centre of worship where living and dead alike gave fealty to the Mortarch of Blood. With the invasion of Lord Lascilion's Slaaneshi hordes, the city has become a ruined battleground inhabited by spirits of the world-that-was, and the following rules allow you to stage your battles in what remains of the haunted city.

NULAHMIA

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

THE HAUNTED CITY

The buildings of Nulahmia are dedicated to Neferata. Countless sacrifices have suffused them with death magic, and they are haunted by ghosts and spirits from ancient times. The streets between the ruined buildings swirl with unearthly shadows that can engulf the unwary, leaving them disorientated and lost.

The following rules apply to Ophidian Archways in addition to the normal rules on their warscroll.

Suffused with Death Magic: You can re-roll unsuccessful casting and unbinding rolls for **DEATH WIZARDS** that are within 3" of an Ophidian Archway in Nulahmia.

Dark, Shadow-haunted City: At the start of the enemy movement phase, roll a dice for each enemy unit that is within 6" of any Ophidian Archways. If you roll a 6, the unit becomes engulfed in shadow. The unit is not allowed to move or attack in the shooting phase of that turn. In addition, subtract 1 from any hit rolls made for or against the unit in the combat phase of that turn. **DEATH** units can never be engulfed in shadow.

SPIRITS OF THE WORLD-THAT-WAS

The streets and ruined buildings of Nulahmia are inhabited by the ghosts of a long lost city. They do not attack, but their ghostly presence is deeply unsettling for material creatures that enter the city. In your hero phase, pick an enemy unit and roll two dice. If the total you roll is greater than the enemy unit's Bravery it becomes unsettled by the ghosts, and 1 is subtracted from any hit, casting and unbinding rolls it makes until your next hero phase. **DEATH** units are never affected by Nulahmia's ghostly inhabitants.

NEFERATA'S PALACE

Neferata has lived for aeons, and to pass the time she will lure brave heroes into her lair with tales of riches, magical artefacts or untold glory – whatever they may desire.

Stories tell that Neferata's palace can be entered through one of several Realmgates, each attuned so that they will only allow the worthy to pass through. Those that enter find themselves lost deep within the building, surrounded on all sides by Neferata's minions. Most intruders die, but sometimes it amuses Neferata to allow an especially pleasing adversary to escape her lair. It is said that those who do escape remain haunted by their memories of Neferata, which invade their dreams and their every waking moment. Eventually these longings draw the hero back to the palace, to enter for the last time. There is no true escape from the Mortarch of Blood…

If the battlefield includes any Baleful Realmgates, pick one at the start of the battle to lead to Neferata's palace. Only **HEROES** are allowed to make a Hazardous Journey through such a Realmgate. If they do so, before they can return they must survive the palace of Neferata. Take five dice and roll them. You can, if you wish, re-roll any of the dice. After your first re-roll, you can re-roll any of the dice a second time. After you have done so, look up the result below.

Favoured Foe: All five dice show the same number. Pick a result from the Triumph table, right, for the **HERO**. The **HERO** has the item you pick for the rest of this battle and also in the next battle that they fight.

Pleasing Adversary: Four dice show the same number. Roll a result from the Triumph table, right, for the **HERO**. The **HERO** has the item you roll for the rest of this battle and also for the next battle that they fight.

A Brief Distraction: Three dice show the same number. The **HERO** survives but receives nothing.

Disappointing Failure: Any other result. The **HERO** is slain.

NULAHMIAN TRIUMPHS

If you win a **major victory** in a battle in Nulahmia, you can roll on the following table instead of the Triumph table on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet in your next battle. In addition, you may be able to roll or pick a result from the table for **HEROES** that survive entering Neferata's palace (see opposite).

D6 Result

1 **Black Periapt:** A Black Periapt can store magical energy and fills the bearer with an unnatural vigour. Choose a **HERO** in your army to carry the periapt. The **HERO** adds 1 to their Wounds characteristic. In addition, if the bearer is a **WIZARD**, they can use the energy stored in the periapt to empower a spell or unbinding attempt that has failed. If they do so, they can roll an extra dice and add it to the total for the casting or unbinding attempt, but lose the extra wound they received after the attempt has been made (which could result in them being slain!).

2 **Doom-stone:** This stone of black jet is carved with ancient runes of fell power, and temporarily drains the soul-energy of any foe it touches. Choose a **HERO** from your army to carry the stone. In the combat phase, touch an enemy model within 1" of the **HERO** who has the stone. Subtract 1 from the hit and wound rolls of the model that is touched for the rest of that combat phase.

3 **Damned Goblet:** Neferata sups the blood of handsome youths from golden cups, as enthralled courtiers play harps, pipes and lutes, to ease the burdens of immortality. The Damned Goblet is one of the cups she uses and any that drink from it become tainted with a small portion of her vampiric vitality. Choose a **HERO** in your army to carry the goblet. They can drink from it once during the battle in their hero phase. Should they do so, they immediately heal D6 wounds, but if they have the **ORDER**, **CHAOS** or **DESTRUCTION** keyword, it changes to **DEATH** for the rest of the game.

4 **Shadowshroud Ring:** If this obsidian ring is turned round the wearer's finger three times, it emits a cloud of black shadow that engulfs the ring-bearer. Choose a **HERO** from your army to wear the ring. Once per battle, the **HERO** can turn the ring three times in any of their hero phases. If they do so, they are engulfed in shadows and the maximum range of attacks, spells and abilities used either by or upon the **HERO** is limited to 3" until their next hero phase. In addition, the **HERO** can fly until their next hero phase.

5 **Spirit Mirror:** This small silvered mirror contains the captured spirits of scores of unfortunate victims that have been slain before it. The spirits batter and scream from the other side of the glass, and can be released by shattering the mirror. If released, the spirits must do the bidding of the person that broke the mirror until the sun next rises. Choose a **HERO** in your army to carry the mirror. The **HERO** can shatter it in any of their hero phases. If they do so, set up a unit of up to 3 Spirit Hosts within 3" of the **HERO** and more than 6" away from any enemy models. The unit is added to your army, but cannot move in the following movement phase.

6 **Howling Blade:** A howling blade is a small dagger that is usually keep carefully sheathed. When drawn, the thin dirk starts to vibrate and then releases a piercing banshee howl that can be directed at nearby foes. Choose a **HERO** from your army to carry the blade. Once per game, they can draw the blade instead of attacking in their shooting phase. If they do so, pick an enemy unit within 9" of the **HERO** and roll two dice. The target unit suffers 1 mortal wound for each point by which the result exceeds the highest Bravery characteristic in the unit.

THE NULAHMIAN DEAD

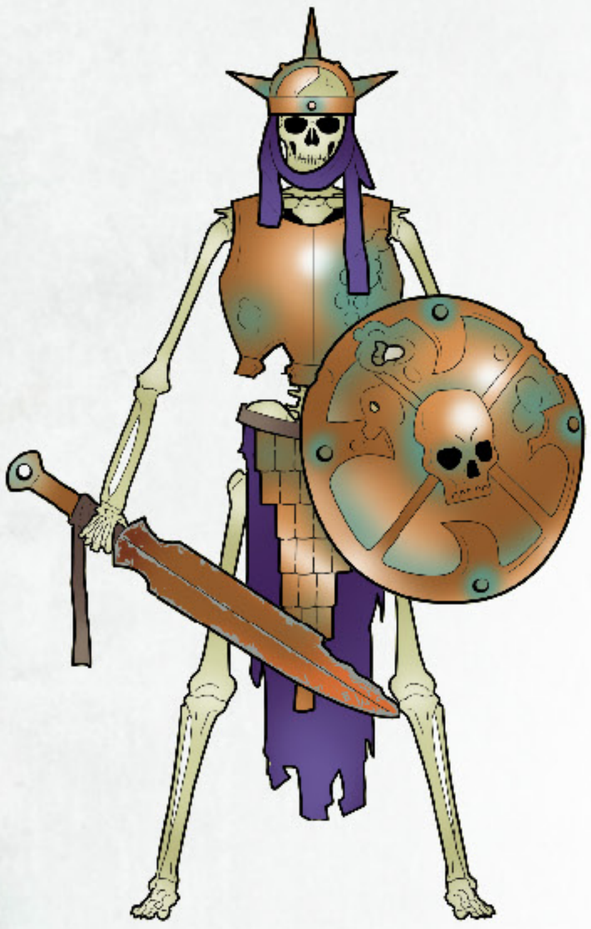
Whether living or dead, all Nulahmia's creatures bend to the will of Neferata. The Mortarch of Blood commands a level of adulation from her subjects that borders on worship. It is an adoration she does not return, for to Neferata all other beings are but tools through which to enact her will. She recognises her subjects' devotion for the powerful weapon it is, and uses it as the cornerstone of Nulahmia's deathless army. Rank upon rank of clattering skeletons and cold-eyed vampires march at their dread queen's command, hundreds of thousands of dead men fighting with mindless determination. Rusted blades and grave-stained armour plate glint in the green-tinged halflight, while moaning spirits circle in search of prey. Here is a terrifying host of the living dead, a single dreaded blade for Neferata to wield.

Many foes have been impaled upon the cruel lances and blades of the Blood Knights.

The air chills before the spectral hosts. At their approach even the bravest might know fear.

THE LEGIONS OF NULAHMIA

Bound by the will of their necromantic masters, Skeleton Warriors enter the crucible of warfare unburdened by mortal fear or compassion. Brilliantly sculpted models, an impressive number of these miniatures can be painted to a pleasing standard within a surprisingly short amount of time.



A lone Skeleton Warrior rarely equals its living foe in terms of brute strength or skill. However, the dead are only too plentiful, and when mustered in hordes they make for a fearsome enemy.

Even though the blades they wield are ancient and tarnished, and their parched bones are clad in only the most spartan of armour, this skeletal rank and file can be relentless and seemingly unstoppable. They represent a macabre, undying nightmare for any hindered by the corporeal weaknesses shared by those who remain but mere mortals.

These highly intricate miniatures are in fact rather straightforward to paint. Their bone structure is best rendered by simply applying a Citadel Shade directly over the undercoat, then applying the drybrushing technique to create their final ashen hue. Besides being a method that produces great results, it also means that sizeable formations of well-painted models can be completed quite quickly.

This skeleton has a longer, tapered shield featuring an eerie faded effect. It's easy to recreate by applying layers of Kantor Blue and Sotek Green over an Abaddon Black base.

Most legions rely heavily on their skeleton spearmen. Paint the spear blades with exactly the same colours as those of the warrior's sword on the page opposite.

Undercoat the Skeleton Warrior using Corax White Spray. The white primer saves time when painting skeletons, as it removes the need to apply a separate Base paint.

Apply Seraphim Sepia directly over the undercoat. Next, paint the metals with Balthasar Gold or Leadbelcher and the cloth with Naggaroth Night. Apply Rhinox Hide to the belt.

Drybrush the bones with Praxeti White. The sword, armour and cloth are then given a shade of Nuln Oil, while the shield gets a shade of Agrax Earthshade.

Lightly drybrush the silver and gold areas with Necron Compound to highlight the detail. Add fine lines of Xereus Purple around the cloth, and Gorthor Brown to the belt's edges.

Finish the figure by carefully adding even finer lines of Genestealer Purple to the very edges of the cloth, then add patches of verdigris on the metal and brass using Nihilakh Oxide.

Glue sand to the base with PVA glue, then apply a coat of Abaddon Black. Drybrush twice: first with Ogryn Camo then with Screaming Skull. Paint the rim with Steel Legion Drab.

Across the ruins of Nulahmia, the battle raged. Neither undead nor minion of Slaanesh knew the meaning of mercy, and the Stormcasts of the Anvils of the Heldenhammer were no less relentless. Against this backdrop Huld, the Knight-Azyros, delivered his message seeking alliance to Neferata. Even as Huld spoke, the shrieking vortex of spirits swept down upon Nulahmia like a spiteful storm.

With every new death the bow wave of bleak sorcery swelled, until Neferata knew with dread certainty who commanded it. Only one being had might enough to wield such unbridled entropic energies, and now she realised that her hopes of his banishment had been foolish indeed. At this revelation the Mortarch slipped from her saddle and knelt amid the ashes of her vanity. Ignoring the battle that still raged around her, Neferata submitted absolutely to the will of her much-displeased master.

When the Mortarch raised her head and opened her lips once more it was not her own silken tones that issued forth, but the stentorian boom of the Great Necromancer. Nagash demanded that the knight of Sigmar repeat his offer of allegiance and this Huld did, his voice never wavering though he spoke to fear itself. Then he waited, the clangour of battle ringing all around, as Nagash considered his response…

WRATH UNBOUND

PERIL AHEAD AND BEHIND

The army of sylvaneth and Stormcast Eternals that guarded the soulpod of Queen Alarielle had begun the next leg of their perilous journey. They were pursued by a deadly enemy, and the ancient path that lay before them was fraught with dangers. Many eyes, of both friends and enemies, looked to Ghyran...

The Branchwraith known as the Lady of Vines was amongst the most devoted of Alarielle's lieutenants. She was the Queen of the Radiant Wood's right hand – quite literally, for she was an offshoot born of Alarielle's own severed right hand. The goddess' hand grew back, as her blood sung with the magic of life itself, while the sundered hand took on a life of its own.

The Lady of Vines was gnarled, weathered by uncounted centuries of battle, for she had served as a captain of war since the Age of Myth. During her long service to her Queen-mother, the Branchwraith had witnessed Alarielle in many stages of the cycle. Throughout the War of Life, Alarielle's champions had weathered the increasing torpor and melancholy of their goddess' lean seasons, hoping for a return to vitality, dreading that their godly mother might never again achieve fullest bloom or wield the wrath of the summer tempest. Now, with Alarielle starting another metamorphosis, the Lady of Vines had a desperate plan.

All in Ghyran knew that a seed – no matter how full of life or energy – must be nurtured to blossom. It was thus for the toweroaks, who craved soil, rain and sunlight, and the same was true of those flora and fauna birthed in the eldritch forces. To grow to their fullest, river nyads needed to bathe in the magic-rich pools beneath waterfalls, while the lunesprites' cycles followed the waxing and waning of the moon. What then of the soulpod of a goddess? The Lady of Vines was a battle leader, and the grow-sprite tenders were left behind, lost in the ruin of Athelwyrd.

The Lady of Vines feared for Alarielle, for the goddess was vulnerable in her soulpod stage. In her rootheart, she feared Alarielle – worn and despondent from the toll wracked on her lands – might lie fallow and not grow at all.

Perhaps she was a barren seed, one that would bear no fruit. Or, worse still, it might be that the unnatural blight of her nemesis had contaminated her. If so, her rebirth would not be a thing of glory, but a scene of revulsion, a maggot-birth of twisted, crawling things unfit for the natural world.

It was the Lady of Vines' plan to take Alarielle's soulpod along the Path of the Purified, cleansing the pulsing light of any corruption that had taken root. Then, mounting Blackstone Summit, the Branchwraith hoped to plant Alarielle upon the memorial erected over the site of one of Ghyran's greatest triumphs. Below, upon the plains of Peth, the Jade Kingdom tribes had united to defeat Chaos during the First War of the Ironthorne Wall. Amongst the bones of those fallen champions, Alarielle's soulpod should absorb only glory, heroic deeds, and vengeance.

The Treelord Haldroot shook, his eyes glowing in his rage. Still, the Lady of Vines waited patiently, for she knew the anger of the most ancient of the sylvaneth must run its course. It had been building since the new wargroves had heeded her call for aid, marching out of their hidden homes to assist those who guarded Alarielle. That had been many days past, near the statues that rose out of the shoreline. It was not until the party had advanced into the former kingdom of Blackstone, entering the petrified forest once known as the Greengyr, before Haldroot finally dared question the Lady of Vines, whose position outstripped his own.

'It is not The Way of Things. *They* should not be carrying the Radiant Queen!' he said. The Lady of Vines held her ground, looking over at the Stormcast Eternals. The one known as Lorrus Grymn carried the soulpod, its glow beaming out of his regrown hand. Slowly, she turned to Haldroot.

'Nay, Elder,' she replied, keeping her voice calm. 'Fought by our side did these newsprung. Lives they gave for our queen, and so they bear her a while. I intend to take the Path of the Purified, and great danger marches close behind us. Their help is needed.' As she spoke these words, a fiery streak flashed across the night skies, landing deep within the petrified forest. A fireball erupted in the distance and the ground shook from that ominous impact. 'And,' she added, 'I think enemies stand before us also.'

The greatest of all Khorne's daemons was Skarbrand,
He who once tore down Slaanesh's First Palace,
And visited ruin upon those who had dared enchain him.
Two Bloodthirsters did Skarbrand slay and bind in turn,
Their soul-stuff trammelled within his ancient axes.
Thus were the blades Slaughter and Carnage forged.
Ascendant rose the right hand of Khorne,
Toppling cities with a single blow apiece.
Great were the honours heaped upon him.
A god to many a mortal tribe was Skarbrand,
For the mountains of skulls he reaped in Khorne's name
Covered the lands, their peaks scraping the skies.

And so was Skarbrand's hubris born.
Hated Tzeentch whispered and sneered,
Stoking the fires of rage and pride.

Incandescent, Skarbrand sought to fell Khorne himself,
He smote the Blood God with all his might.
The tiniest scratch was the only mark upon his master.

Khorne seized his once-favoured by the throat,
Climbed the brass citadel's highest spire
And hurled Skarbrand, burning, across reality.

Mindless with rage, Skarbrand slew all he saw,
All those who behold him slay each other in their turn.
The lands burn, the red rivers flow – so it shall ever be.

INTERVENTIONS

From his brass throne, Khorne saw his brother closing upon a mighty prize. He would rather destroy that power than see another claim it, and cracked his world-whip. His first blow split reality, plucking the Exiled One from his bondage in Aqshy. The next hurled Skarbrand into Ghyran as a fiery comet.

The Blood God's aim was unerring, the impact of the comet near instantaneous, but something else was quicker still. Alarielle was vulnerable, yet a spell raced down from the stars themselves to protect her. An invisible dome surrounded the Radiant Queen, and the rage-comet was shunted away, crashing down in a forest of stone trees.

Skarbrand rose from the flame-rimmed crater and roared. Although he was already Khorne's rage made manifest, that he had been bound by the Brass Chain made the greater daemon more furious still. In a flurry of bellowing rage, Skarbrand laid about him, stomping his cloven hooves, snarling fire, and swinging his axes.

All around Skarbrand, the stone trees cracked and fell, engulfed in hellfire. It was not flames alone that poured from the greater daemon, for such was Skarbrand's berserk fury that it drew forth a red mist from out of the Realm of Chaos. The blood fog pulsated with hate, quickly coalescing into a daemonhost, his own Legion of Exiles.

Crimson-skinned Bloodletters stretched out their long limbs, their tongues snaking out to taste the sheer rage that hung in the air around the being that had once been Khorne's greatest Marshal of Warhosts. Flesh Hounds gnashed their razor-sharp teeth, their reptilian frill-crests fanning as they howled at the promise of impending bloodshed. Bloodcrushers of Khorne stamped, the beasts of brass snorting curls of flame in their eagerness to wreak havoc.

Even in his blind fury, Skarbrand felt surging life energy nearby. Leaving a wake of broken ruin behind him, the Exiled One stalked off in Alarielle's direction. Staying clear of his arcing axe strokes, the daemon army followed. Doom and bloodletting awaited...

Yet it was not just the eye of almighty Khorne that had been drawn to the conflict unfolding in the realm of Ghyran. The uneasiness in the stars themselves had awakened Lord Xen'phantica from his cosmic slumber.

KRAZKOTH, HERALD OF KHORNE

At the fore of the blood-dripping Eighth Cohort of the Legion of Exiles is Krazkoth, the Blackbladed Reaper. During the pandemic of the Dripeye Plague, tendrils of the Garden of Nurgle had encroached deeply into Khorne's realm. At that time, Krazkoth fought in the Brass Legions, and his slaughterpack was sent to cast back the invaders – any that dared set foot upon the Blood God's domain must pay. Such was the power of Nurgle, riding the zenith of his reign of disease, that the plague legions won every battle. Instead of tasting defeat, Nurgle's minions pushed deep into the skullplains of Khorne, transforming them into a swampy morass. Livid at his battalion's ineffective assaults, Krazkoth turned upon his fellow Bloodletters with such fury that his rampage could not be halted. Whether as punishment or reward for that hate-filled deed, Khorne sent Krazkoth to lead the Eighth Cohort that fought beneath the rage banners of Skarbrand, the Exiled One. There, Krazkoth laps up the furious hate of his leader, using it to fuel his own blood-mad slaughter.

The Slann Starmaster had awoken abruptly. Three times he blinked, and each time, a series of three membranes swabbed his large eyes. The outermost protected his sight, the middle translucent eyelid held moisture and allowed him to see underwater, and the innermost membrane allowed Lord Xen'phantica to view the cosmic threads and gateways, the connecting strands of fate that bind the realms. Knowing the time was right, it had been Lord Xen'phantica that sent forth the spell protecting Alarielle. More was yet needed, and so he hurtled through space with the power of his mind alone.

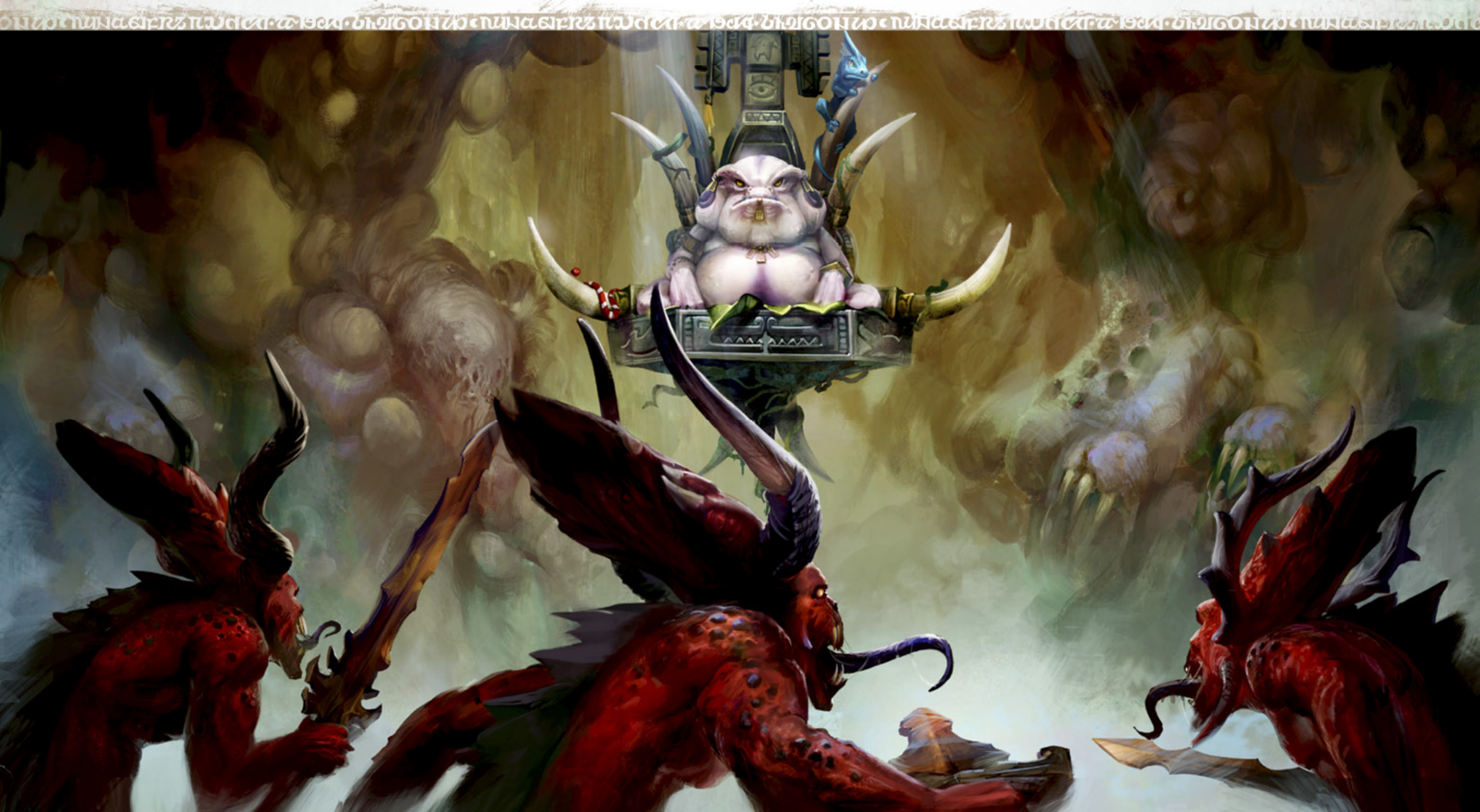
Skarbrand had smashed a path through the stone forest until he reached a clearing. There stood a starstone circle, and the greater daemon toppled the nearest pair of menhirs as he advanced. Before him, in the centre of that ancient ring of standing stones, something flickered, as if the air folded upon itself. In one moment, the empty shape contained a view of stars and the swirling cosmos, and then that void was filled with the shimmering form of the slann, Lord Xen'phantica.

Slaughter and Carnage, the ever-thirsting axes of Skarbrand

Afloat on his stone palanquin, Lord Xen'phantica watched Skarbrand with a clinical eye. The towering daemon strode forward, each of his snorting exhalations sending wisps of hate-fire skywards. The ground cracked and split beneath the beast's hooves, and before it ran a wave of hate and aggression, a bloodlust that was almost palpable. Behind Skarbrand marched a red host, a daemon legion that spread far back into the Petrified Forest, an army that could raze an empire.

Calmly, serenely, Lord Xen'phantica blinked again. Though he gave no outward sign, he began channelling his thoughts into the star-guided sequences that would summon his own army from out of his mind-maze of memory and onto the field of battle.

In the distant heavens above him, the stars flickered.



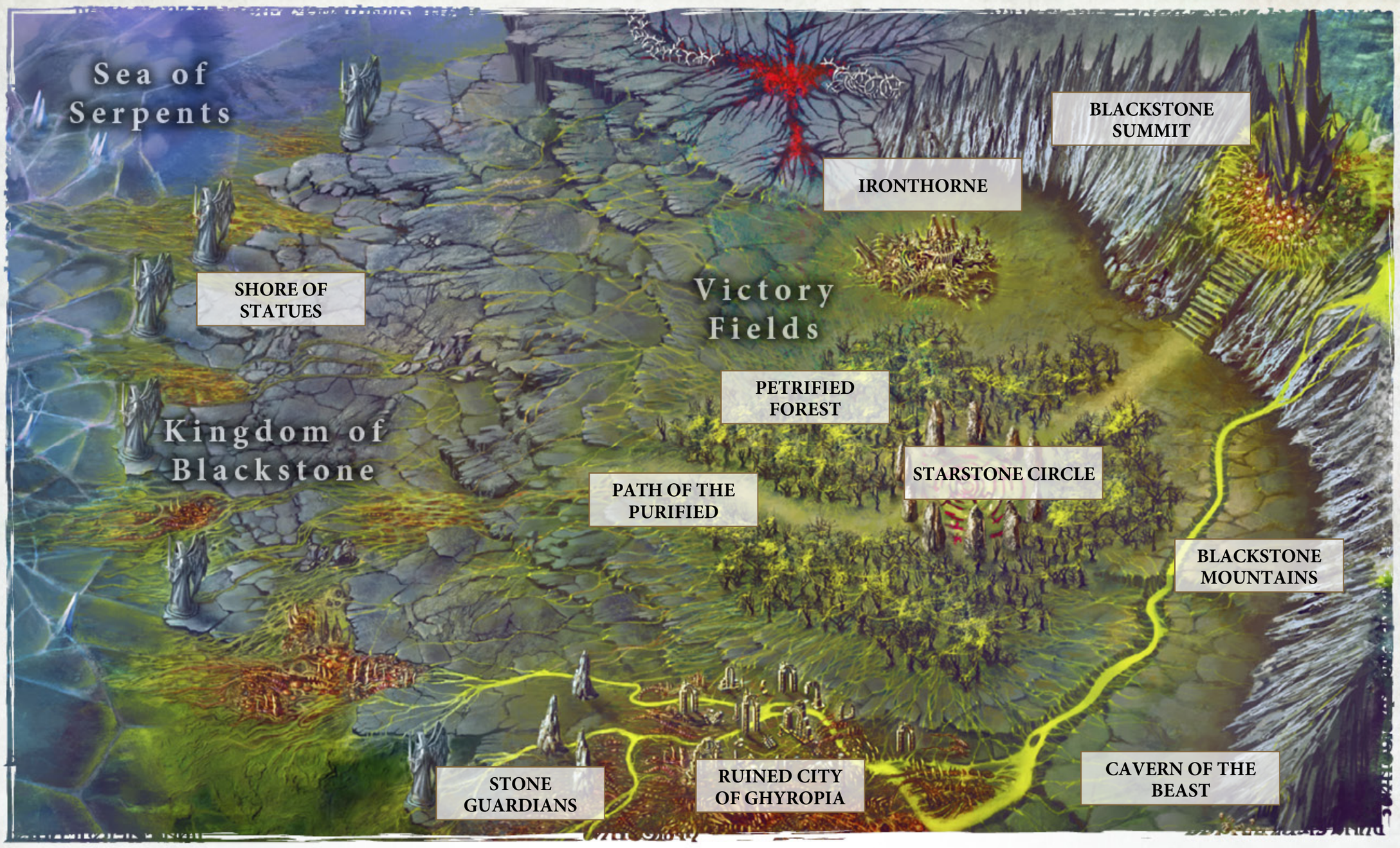
As Skarbrand and his daemon-host surged across the clearing, the stars themselves seemed to fall from the skies. At Lord Xen'phantica's silent command came the meteors, each one that struck the ground blazing with celestial energies. As blue mists rose out of the craters, they swirled to form a seraphon constellation, the stone forests echoing with the beating of war drums and guttural roars.

Thus did the aged stone menhirs witness a battle between monsters even more ancient than they, for the towering creatures that came from the heavens seemed to have stepped out of some primordial reptilian age. Alongside them, rank after ordered rank of saurian warriors advanced. All were protected by thick scales, a natural body armour that could turn even hell-forged blades. The massed infantry bore celestite weapons, while the larger creatures bared spear-sized teeth and fangs that could rend steel.

The seraphon swept towards their ancient nemeses, an avenging tide of blue. The red host of Khorne did not await their foe, but counter-charged, their own bellowed challenges lifted against the heavens. The clash of battle lines resounded across the petrified forest, a cacophony of ground-shaking collisions and inhuman roars, punctuated by brazen horns and the beating of skin-drums.

With a bounding leap, a Saurus Oldblood atop a Carnosaur came crashing into the front lines of a regiment of Bloodletters, scattering them like seedpods on a hurricane wind. The Oldblood sought larger prey, steering his Carnosaur until the beast dug its talons into a Bloodcrusher. Not even the brass body of the Juggernaut was proof against those celestial claws.

Razordons unloosed a hail of shard projectiles, scything down an oncoming pack of Flesh Hounds. Despite the devastation wrought by that volley, not all of their quarry were felled. Those red hounds that survived the cloud of shrapnel sprang over their mutilated comrades and leapt upon their foe in a flurry of snapping jaws. Nearby, jets of flame blossomed from Salamander packs, the great cones of fire washing over the tightly packed Bloodletters before them.



With their thick scale shields held high, the massed ranks of saurus met the hordes of the Bloodletter legions head on, beginning a churning, grinding combat. For every saurian warrior that beat his opponent down with a heavily spiked club, another was himself slain, hacked down by a slicing hellblade. Each side inflicted horrific casualties, neither slowing their attacks – the back ranks strode forward to take the place of the fallen in the heat of the combat.

The daemons fought with inhuman hatred, a blood frenzy that sustained them beyond anything mortals could achieve. Even those Bloodletters that were cut down or crushed continued to attack in unrelenting fashion. Not until all the magic that bound their unnatural forms dissipated did their bodies finally drop like puppets shorn of strings. Those fallen soon melted into steaming blood pools before fading away altogether.

In contrast to the red fury of the Khornate daemons, the seraphon betrayed no emotion save for a savage glint in their unblinking eyes. The reptilian ranks fought with an unwavering tenacity, and they too were seemingly immune to pain. Even when skewered through by hellblades, a saurus would launch itself forward, seeking to sink its serrated fangs into the neck of its killer before all life energy drained away.

While the daemonhost and their saurian foes clashed, another element of the Starfire War Constellation slunk around the battle's perimeter. Armed with blowpipes and throwing javelins, lithe skink swarms scurried close enough to launch volleys into the snarling red mass of their enemy. The darts the skinks peppered their foes with were not large, and should have been little more than an annoyance to the daemons, but all was not as it seemed. Each javelin and dart tip was cosmically blessed, coated with a star-venom particularly lethal to the warp-essence of which the daemons of Chaos were made. Such stings did not merely aggravate their larger foes, but caused the howling enemies to burst into celestial flame.

With their flanks under intense pressure from the skinks, the daemon army would have been in jeopardy were it not for Skarbrand. Heedless of tactics, the towering Bloodthirster rushed headlong into the centre of the seraphon army. With each sweep of his twin axes, Skarbrand clove through the surrounding foe, each stroke turning waves of reptilian forms back into shimmering clouds of azure stardust. No matter how many the Exiled One slaughtered, however, he remained unsated. Bellowing with a fury that shattered shields, the Bloodthirster was unstoppable, a living maelstrom.

Channelling energy from Azyr, Lord Xen'phantica attempted to bolster the seraphon that stood before Skarbrand. Although the saurian ranks glowed with celestial power, they were no match for the unbridled fury of the Bloodthirster, who seemed to grow larger still in his rage. With each bound, Skarbrand crushed foes beneath his hooves, his axes reaping swathes of his reptilian attackers.

Hate so palpable it rippled the air like waves of heat ran before Skarbrand. Near their lord and inspiration, the daemons felt their already hellish vigour for battle increase. Yet it was not just Khorne's minions that felt the pull of that berserk energy. A fey and illogical fury swept over the seraphon. The skinks grew so eager for blood that they abandoned the hit and run dart-throwing tactics that had served them so well early in the battle and charged to their violent doom in close quarters.

With eyes that burned with such intensity that slivers of flame formed where his gaze was directed, Skarbrand looked up from the vale of destruction that surrounded him. Heaving and pulsating with wrath, the Bloodthirster foamed at the mouth, howling with frustration at having slain all within his reach, for the creature simply could not slake his insatiable craving for further slaughter. No matter how many Skarbrand killed, it was not enough.

Lord Xen'phantica conjured more meteoric strikes, summoning forth starhost after starhost. It was just feeding the fire, however, for each new phalanx that marched at the Starmaster's command was quickly reduced to nothing more than clouds of energy dissipating back to the heavens. Skarbrand vanquished so many of the celestial soldiers that the hulking daemon was enshrouded by an azure fog. Even the largest of the reptilian challengers could do little more than give momentary pause to Skarbrand, who brought down a Stegadon mid-charge, and split open a Bastiladon with a single blow. When a Carnosaur clamped its jaws upon Skarbrand's iron-hard skin, the greater daemon responded with an axe blow that clove the behemoth's skull in twain. Onwards the Exiled One strode, always seeking further enemies to slay.

Soon, the battlefield held Skarbrand alone. Those the greater daemon had not slain had ripped each other apart in a slaughter-frenzy. Only the slann, Lord Xen'phantica, remained – last as he was first.

Even as the carcass beneath his hoof faded into stardust, Skarbrand lifted his horned head and roared to the skies. The long, ground-shaking howl was at once triumphant and tortured, a challenge to the very gods themselves.

Lord Xen'phantica watched the daemonic abomination before him with his large, impassive eyes. The Starmaster was moving slowly, his stone palanquin hovering silently. The slann cleared his throat, a burbling croak as he began to put his cognitive powers through a final mind-maze.

Turning swiftly, Skarbrand instinctively moved towards the sound. Where there was movement or noise there was something to be slain. Blood and gore steamed off his black-maned body, and his broken wings spread wide. The greater daemon crossed the clearing, gaining momentum with every bounding stride. Sparks flew where the Exiled One's hooves touched the ground.

Three times did Lord Xen'phantica blink. Each time the slann saw before him the past, the present and the alignments of the stars. It was not writ in the cosmos for him to die today, although he knew of no spell or conjuration that could best the living fury that was hurtling towards him. However, Lord Xen'phantica knew what he must do. Perhaps today held no hope of victory, yet he knew by the stars that his task this day was to shield the soulpod of Alarielle – not to triumph, but to prevent further disaster in the Realm of Life.

Concentrating with so much effort that, nearby, petrified trees cracked and fell, the Slann Starmaster squeezed the fabric of reality, opening a gateway before the charging Bloodthirster. Into that black portal the greater daemon fell, disappearing as he travelled through space and the voids between, his last roars still shaking the ground. His deed complete, Lord Xen'phantica vanished in a thought beam back into the stars, leaving behind only a broken stone circle.

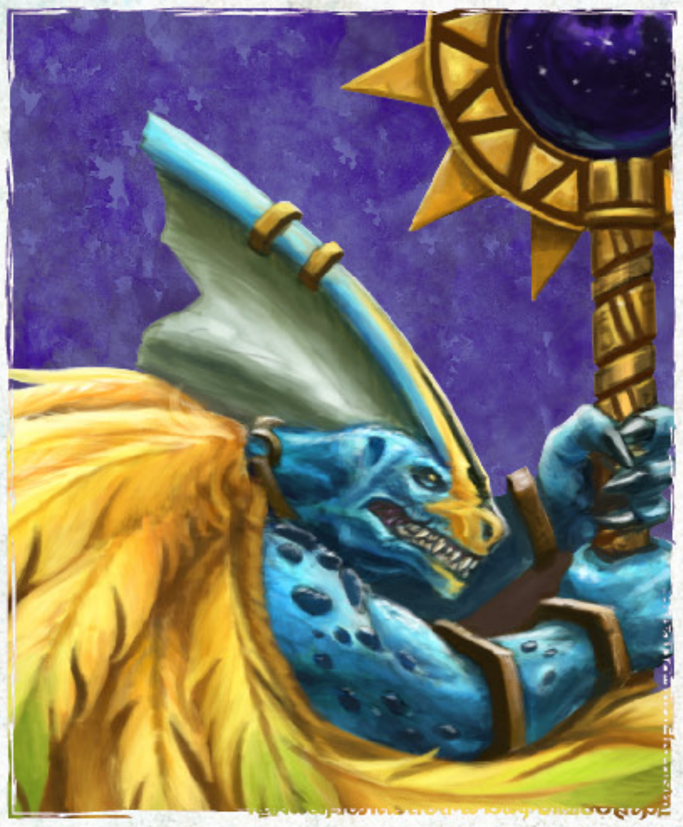
LORD XEN'PHANTICA

Mighty in magics, Lord Xen'phantica is a Slann Starmaster and a great champion of Order. It is his desire to see the realms remade anew, cleansed of the corrupting influence of Chaos and bathed in the purity of celestial light. Lord Xen'phantica is guided by portents written in the stars themselves.

Down the ages, Lord Xen'phantica has been known as many things. He is the all-seeing Venerable One to the Skink Priests that attend him. In an age now forgotten, in a civilisation that no longer exists, he was Lord of the Third Temple-pyramid, and Invoker of the Red Eclipse. Before he obliterated their entire army, he was the Pale Avenger to the Bloodseekers. To the primitive tribes of the Fireplains, he was the Saviour from the Stars.

Lord Xen'phantica is one of the eldest and most powerful of his rare and ancient kind. Much of his time is spent in highest Azyr, his mind adrift amidst the cosmos, forever searching the heavens for answers while he basks in the celestial radiance of the sea of stars. Yet when those very stars align, then does the venerable slann awaken, willing himself into action.

With frail limbs and a lumpen body, Lord Xen'phantica is far from physically menacing. Indeed, it is doubtful he could long support his considerable weight, and so he is born aloft by a floating throne of sun-stone. Like all slann, however, it would be foolish to judge Lord Xen'phantica's power by his appearance alone. The energies of the cosmos are his to command, and with a flick of his long fingers, the slann can summon an army of implacable seraphon. With his mind alone, he can disappear, shifting his position through space in order to suddenly appear far away, if such is his whim. In battle, Lord Xen'phantica is formidable, single-handedly able to alter the course of future wars and change the fate of realms. It was by summoning the Light of the Heavens that Lord Xen'phantica banished the vast Plaguehost of the greater daemon Althrax. To destroy the mindbeast of Ix, the venerable Starmaster belched forth crackling bolts of azure lightning, later claiming the creature's tusks to adorn his floating throne. The skaven invasion of the Vorstak magmahold was halted when the skaven tunnels were overrun by the reptilian hordes of the seraphon. Lord Xen'phantica has never yet been defeated in battle.



TAKTAK'RILLO, SKINK PRIEST

The Skink Priest Taktak'rillo is the master of the cerulean rites, the Azyrite star rituals that grant celestial blessings upon a seraphon starhost. Lord Xen'phantica favours Taktak'rillo, for not only is his star sign in ascension, but it also blends perfectly with the slann's own Red Eclipse. Thus, the two share harmonic qualities, and Lord Xen'phantica can easily pour his own prodigious magics through the Skink Priest with none of the painful after-effects associated with using an arcane vassal with a different celestial hemisphere. At the Battle of Sunken Isles, it was Taktak'rillo's ability to predict the actions of his foes that allowed the seraphon to counter enemy assaults and, at last, wreck the Idols of Gizta. Taktak'rillo has been slain many times, most spectacularly by the greater daemon Kiathanus at the dawn of the Age of Chaos. Yet Lord Xen'phantica always reconjures his favoured skink – reshaping him out of memory and star magic, only occasionally forgetting the exact pattern of feathers Taktak'rillo prefers to wear in his cloak.

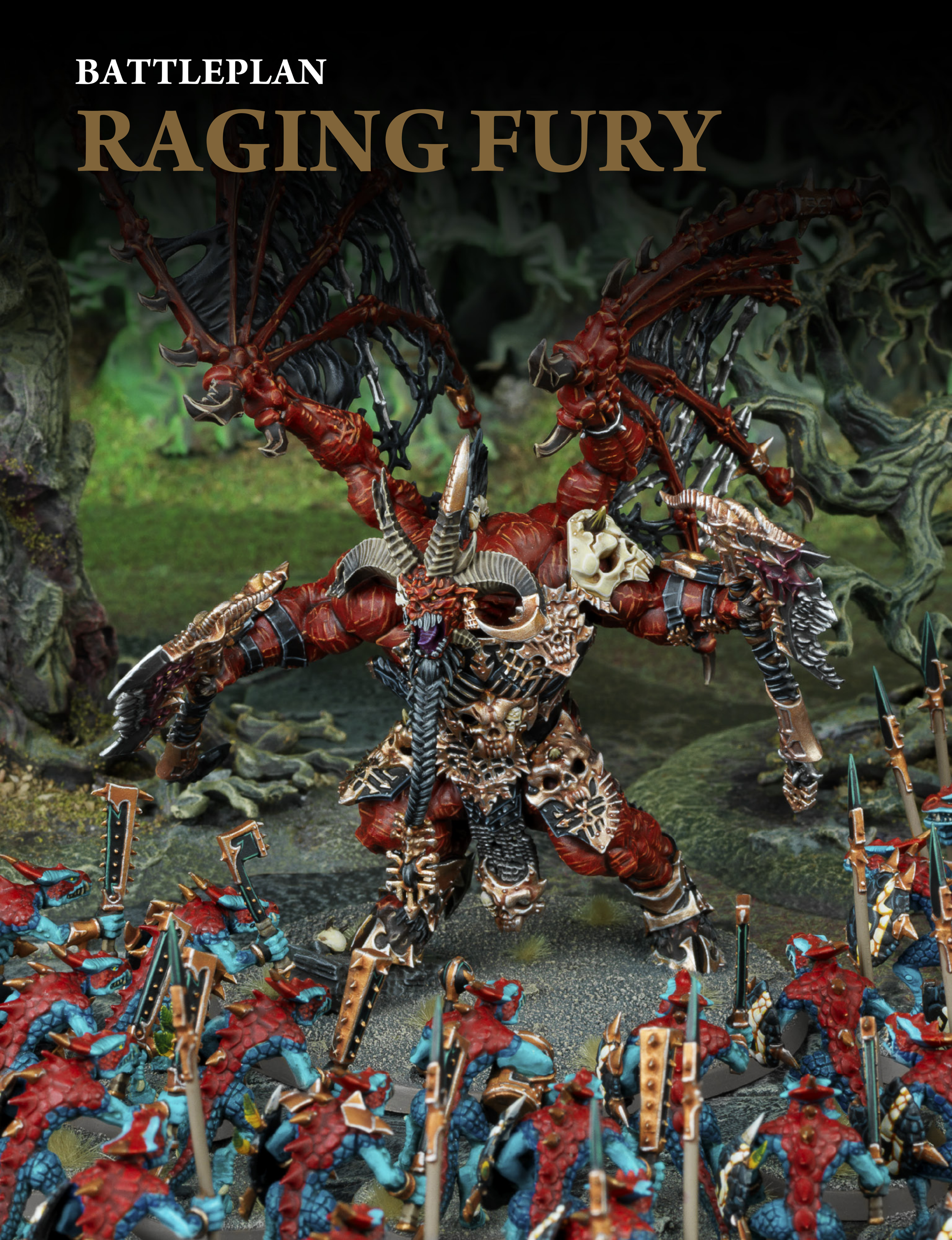
Lord Xen'phantica was old when the realms were still covered with cosmic dew. His mind can conjure memories from primordial times, and it is these ancient thoughts that allow him to summon forth the seraphon armies.

Like all slann, Lord Xen'phantica is working to bring about the fall of Chaos. He awaits the Great Conjunction, the spiralling of the stars that signifies the Final Battle. Only then will he be reunited with all of his estranged spawnmates. Although Xen'phantica can gaze far into the future, not even he can see the exact order of events or their outcome – the vagaries of chance and Chaos enshroud even the order of the stars. Until such time as he can see more clearly, it is all he can do to contemplate the cosmos and to awaken when the constellations call out to him.

Different slann are attuned to certain constellations. Guided by his stars, Lord Xen'phantica has awoken time and again to wreak vengeance upon the forces of Chaos across each of the Mortal Realms. Twice in his long life has Lord Xen'phantica fought alongside Sigmar, although one of those times, the God-King did not know he was there. Lord Xen'phantica is also aware of the Stormcast Eternals, for his ethereal self watched them being made after he detected the surge of celestial power and was drawn to investigate. Although he cannot not put a multi-jointed finger upon it, the slann knows that somehow, someway, his future is interwoven with Sigmar's celestial knights. Already, they are weaving into the future-fates, and their paths criss-cross more and more often in the war against Chaos. With patience only the ageless can rival, Lord Xen'phantica awaits the answers in the stars. He knows that future events are already speeding towards him and will find him when the time is ripe.

BATTLEPLAN

RAGING FURY



Battles are usually fought between two armies, but this is not always the case in the Mortal Realms. Some battles will see a single monstrous opponent take on an army of foes – one gargantuan creature against a horde of smaller enemies! The blows that the monster strikes will smash down a score of its foes, but there will be plenty more to take their place, each one stabbing and slashing at the huge creature and slowly wearing down its mighty strength.

In such a battle, the monster must rely on its brutal killing power, while its opponents will need to use more guile and planning, sacrificing some units in order to allow others the freedom to attack from range or use spells to bring the monster down. However, no army can be expected to keep fighting against a monstrous foe indefinitely. Unless the monster is slain before too long, the warriors opposing it could start to lose heart, and eventually quit the battle altogether.

Skarbrand's single-handed demolition of Lord Xen'phantica's reinforcements is one example of just such a confrontation, but this battleplan can be used to recreate a battle between any monstrous creature and a more numerous foe.

THE ARMIES

This battle is fought between a single terrifying monster and an army of more numerous foes. Decide who will command each side before picking your armies.

The player who wishes to command the monster army simply picks one **MONSTER** to be their army. The foe's army can consist of any models they choose, but it cannot contain any **MONSTERS** – in other words, one side has a **MONSTER** and the other does not have any!

MONSTER'S OBJECTIVES

You are a raging beast of pure destruction. All around you stands an army of foes, but they are as ants to you, and you will punish them for the effrontery of challenging you. You will smash them down, not giving them a chance to catch breath, until they realise the foolishness of fighting you in open battle and flee from your wrath.

FOES' OBJECTIVES

Standing at the centre of the battlefield is a single monstrous creature – it must be slain for you to win this battle! Although nothing in your army is capable of achieving this deed on its own, between you the monster can be cut down. You will have to sacrifice some of your warriors in order to slow the creature down, holding it in place by selling their lives as the rest of your army moves into position to deliver a final killing blow.

BANISHMENT

The general in command of the army of foes has a choice if the battle is going against them – either carry on and try to slay the monster, or instead banish it from the realm so it can do no more harm.

In order to banish the monster, it must be lured towards a point on the battlefield where a gateway can be called forth to transport it away. These points are each represented by a piece of scenery, as shown on the map on the next page. Before setting up, the player commanding the army of foes must pick one of the pieces of scenery, and secretly note down their choice on a piece of paper. Their choice is revealed if the gateway is used.

The gateway can be called forth once during the battle, if the monster is within 6" of the selected piece of scenery in a hero phase. Roll a dice, and measure the range from the monster to the scenery. If the roll is equal to or greater than the range between the two in inches, the monster is drawn through the gateway and the battle ends. Otherwise, the battle continues, and the gateway cannot be called forth again.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battlefield represents a small square area that is part of a larger battlefield. A piece of scenery must be placed at the centre of each quarter of the battlefield, as shown on the map below.

SET-UP

The monster is set up first, at the centre of the battlefield. The opposing player then sets up one unit from their army within each quarter of the table. All the models from the units must be set up within their quarter, and more than 8" away from the monster. All of the remaining units from the army of foes are set up in reserve, and will arrive during the battle as described below.

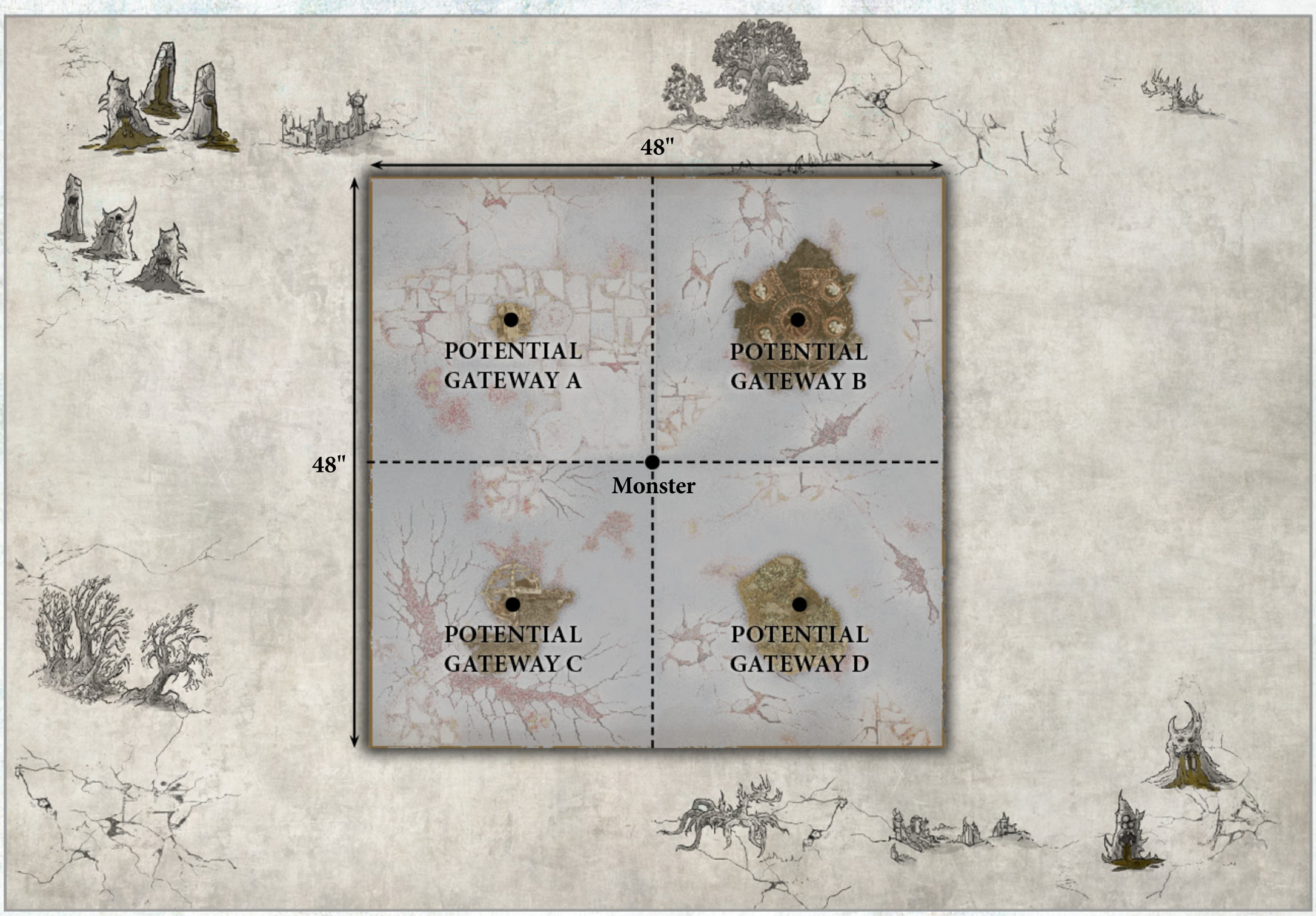
FIRST TURN

Each player rolls a dice, and whoever rolls highest decides who will have the first turn in the first round. In the case of a tie, the monster player chooses.

AN ARMY OF FOES

The monster is surrounded by its foes. Although only a handful of foes are on the battlefield at the start, more units keep on arriving all the time.

The player in command of the army of foes is allowed to bring on units from their reserves each turn after their first. One reserve unit can be set up in each of the four areas in the foes' movement phase – at least one unit must arrive each turn if any are available, and the maximum number that can arrive is four (one per area). The units that arrive



must be set up with all models within their area and within 6" of the edge of the battlefield, and more than 8" away from the monster. This counts as their move for that movement phase.

RAGING FURY

The monster has been driven into a state of fury, and the sight of more enemies arriving upon the battlefield fuels the monster's rage and revitalises it even further. The monster can pile in and attack twice in each combat phase, instead of only once. In addition, the monster immediately heals one wound each time an enemy unit is set up on the battlefield.

THE BETTER PART OF VALOUR

It is a terrifying prospect to fight an opponent many times your own size, and the challenge only gets worse as casualties mount and the foe's might becomes more obvious. The Bravery of all units in the army of foes is reduced by 1 on the second battle round, by 2 on the third round, by 3 on the fourth round, and so on. A unit's Bravery can never be reduced to less than 0.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, keep track of the number of models that are slain or that flee during the battle. The game ends and the monster wins a **major victory** if 30 or more enemy models have fled or been slain. If there are no foes on the battlefield at the start of a battle round the monster has total command of the battlefield and also wins a **major victory**.

The army of foes wins a **major victory** if the monster is slain, and a **minor victory** if it is banished.

XEN'PHANTICA'S CONSTELLATION

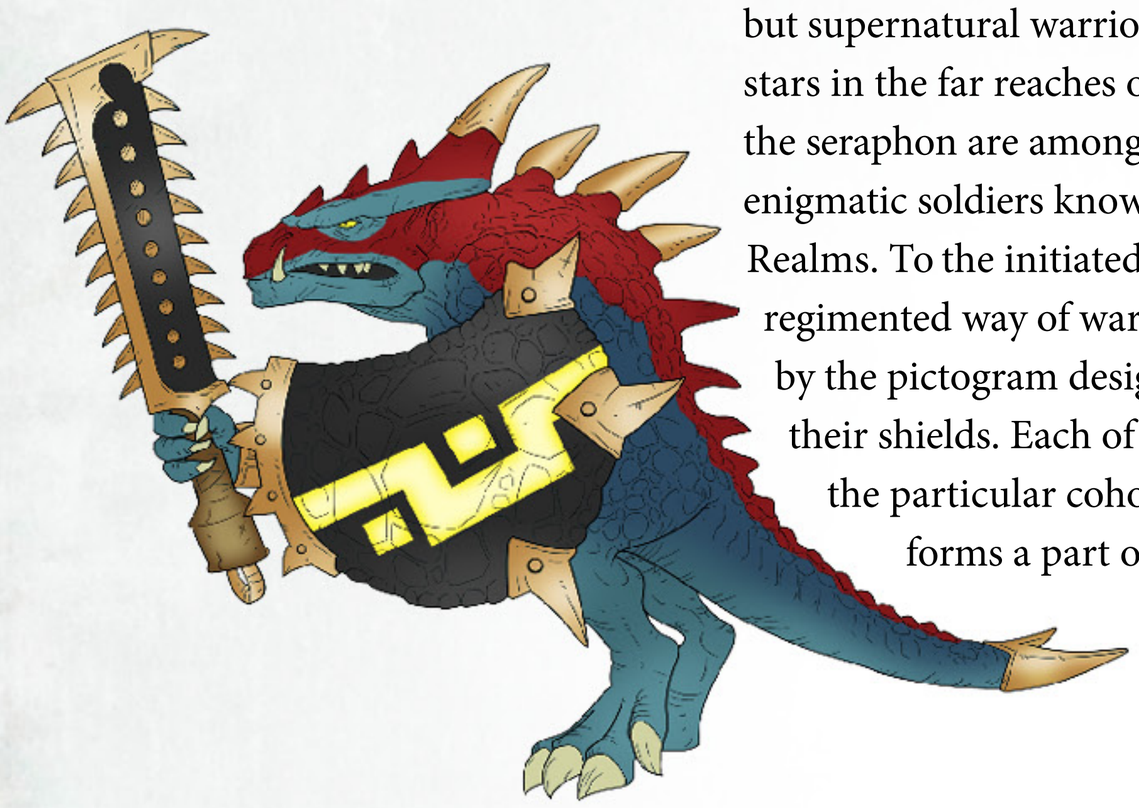
The seraphon host summoned to battle by Lord Xen'phantica was a mighty one. These were beings of pure Order, celestial warriors who combined the raw strength of saurian beasts with serene and absolute discipline. Even the towering predatory monsters that stalked through the seraphon's midst kept their animalistic savagery reined tight. This was not to say that Lord Xen'phantica's cohorts were emotionless creatures. Like all seraphon, their hatred for the worshippers of the Chaos Gods was absolute, but in contrast to the raging wildfire of fury that drove their enemies, the wrath of the seraphon was cold and intense. It was starlight and celestial flame, focussed through the lens of millennial vengeance and loosed upon the servants of Chaos without mercy.

A Slann Starmaster conjures forth a seraphon army from ancient memory and celestial matter.

Skinks cluster around a hulking Stegadon carrying a cosmic Engine of the Gods.

XEN'PHANTICA'S COHORTS

A celestial host of scale, claw and metal, the seraphon are invoked from the distant heavens by the all-powerful sorcery of the slann. Now is the time to face the howling fury of Chaos, so take up your brush and bring to life a reptilian army of your own...



Said to be no longer of flesh and bone, but supernatural warriors who exist as stars in the far reaches of high Azyr, the seraphon are amongst the most enigmatic soldiers known to the Mortal Realms. To the initiated, the saurus' regimented way of war is made clear by the pictogram design carried upon their shields. Each of these indicates the particular cohort the bearer forms a part of.

An echo of the night sky with their deep azure and comet-tail red, these saurus' scales are more than a chance reminder of their supernal origin. Impervious to all but the mightiest hell-forged blade, they form the only armour the saurus require, bar the golden spikes that cap their dorsal horns.

The seraphon's fearsome weapons are honed from celestite, a mystical material of incredible strength and durability. Whether fashioned into blades or bludgeons, it is perfect for wreaking slaughter on chaotic hordes.

A neat way to paint the shield pattern is to first apply thin lines that establish the centre of the design, then successively broaden each side to form the final shape.

This is one of Xen'phantica's champions. Its authority is signalled by shoulder armour which is painted in the same way as the metalwork on its shield and weapon.

Apply a primer coat of Chaos Black Spray. When this is dry, apply a basecoat of Macragge Blue Spray – you'll find this a convenient way to prepare your seraphon.

Use Sotek Green for the underbelly flesh and Kantor Blue for the scales. Metalwork is painted with Retributor Armour while Rakarth Flesh is used for the design featured on the shield.

Shade paints give the model's details depth and texture. Use Coelia Greenshade on the skin, Nuln Oil on the scales and Reikland Fleshshade for the teeth, gold and shield.

Apply the markings with Mephiston Red. Pick out the belly details with Temple Guard Blue. Do the same to the gold with Runefang Steel. Drybrush the scales with Imrik Blue.

Pick out the teeth and claws with Screaming Skull and the eyes with Yriel Yellow. Now finish with fine highlights of Thunderhawk Blue on the edges of the shield scales.

Apply PVA and sand, then paint the base with Mechanicus Standard Grey. Drybrush with Karak Stone then repeat with Screaming Skull. Paint the rim with Steel Legion Drab.

THE PATH OF THE PURIFIED

Even with unseen aid clearing Alarielle's path before her, the goddess' doom seemed close at hand. Although reinforced by additional wargroves, the Stormcast Eternals and sylvaneth forces that guarded the Radiant Queen were battered, worn and badly outnumbered by their pursuers.

Many varied and mystical seasons had passed since the Lady of Vines had last visited the province of Blackstone. Once, in the Age of Myth, the kingdom had been amongst the most prominent within the realm of Ghyran. The citizens of Blackstone had sacrificed much to honour the Radiant Queen, and in turn, Alarielle had granted many boons, making the lands fertile beyond belief. It had been a paradise of bounty, not the bleak landscape seen today.

It was Blackstone that had borne the wrath of the initial Chaos incursions into Ghyran. The Long Peace was shattered, and many battles were fought across these lands. At first, great glories were won; the noble sons of the Blackstone settlements allied themselves alongside sylvaneth forces. The Lady of Vines remembered it well, for she had been there. She marched at the head of an army during the First War of the Ironthorne Wall, where they proved victorious. Then the lands were still green and fair, but more battles followed, and terrible betrayals.

Many within the armies of men and sylvaneth had become corrupted, turning upon their own kind. Distrust was rife even as new hosts of daemons attacked the lands. It was then that the druidic cults which worshipped Alarielle pooled their arcane might to create the Path of the Purified. It was said that only those free of the taint of Chaos could traverse its length, be they fey creature or mortal. Built along ley lines of power and imbued with powerful magics, it was a journey that tested mind and body, and those who completed the trek were proven loyal.

As the Lady of Vines led her war-weary party of sylvaneth and Stormcast Eternals along the path, she noted how much had changed. The Greengyr Forest had once teemed with life, but now the land was barren. The trees

themselves were petrified, and twisted faces could be seen upon their gnarled trunks and twisted branches. Many of the menhirs along the path had been toppled, but the Lady of Vines had no doubts that the purifying magic was still at work.

Those of the sylvaneth who had fought longest against the Chaos forces glowed with a green light. Treelord Haldroot gleamed brightest of all. It was not an eerie aura, but something more wholesome, as if corruptions were being burnt away. The Stormcast Eternals, she noted, were not affected – they carried with them only the same faint blue shimmer of celestial energies that was more prominent in their rage. There was no sign of their pursuers. The Lady of Vines doubted the Chaos forces would dare that path, but she feared its winding nature would allow their foes to steal a march upon them.

Darting through the trees like a flock of enormous birds of prey, the winged Stormcast Eternals wove their way towards the marching column. Lord-Castellant Grymn marvelled at their manoeuvrability. Even with the additional reinforcements of the Knights Excelsior, leadership still fell to Grymn, and it was a burden he felt with every step. Landing, Giomachus – a Knight-Venator of the Knights Excelsior – strode forward to report. 'There is a stone circle ahead, as you said, my lady,' said Giomachus, 'and the ground is pitted and scarred, as from recent battle. The air smells of blood, but there is none to find.' Such news was mysterious to Grymn, but seemingly not to the Lady of Vines.

'In the craters,' she asked, 'were there broken fragments of a strange shimmering rock, as if something had hatched from within?'

Giomachus had taken off his plumed helm and looked upon the Branchwraith with wide eyes. 'Aye, my Lady, just as you say...' he nodded.

'I have seen such long ago,' she replied. 'There are others who fight Chaos, though they are as cold and distant as the stars. These strange allies have surely helped us, but we should expect no further aid. The last stretch of the path lies before us. We must take the goddess to the top of Blackstone Summit, and unless I am mistaken, our foe will find us ere journey's end.'

Battles raged across all the realms, and every faction was busy weaving plots for their own supremacy, yet the eyes of the gods were drawn inexorably towards a single nexus. All sought to sway the events unfolding in Ghyran in their own favour, for the fall of a god or of an entire realm would drastically alter the balance of power.

Never one for patience, almighty Khorne had been the first to act. Jealous of the prize about to be seized by his brother, Nurgle, the Blood God had sent forth his own champion to steal the glory for his own cause. Tzeentch had watched the unfolding events closely. He stood ready to drop his other machinations in order to intervene should Khorne's plan succeed. The Changer of Ways could not afford to see his rival become more powerful still, for already Khorne ruled the largest swathe of realms, mortal and immortal alike. Even to far-seeing Tzeentch, however, the seraphon attack had come as a surprise. Not even his powers of prediction could foresee the intervention of the ineffable slann, their motives and actions alien even to him.

Nurgle, with his minions so close to his long-sought quarry, was beside himself. His normally garrulous nature turned tense and focussed. Grown flush with power from the rampant plagues, Nurgle channelled all his diseased energies towards his champions. Of his seven greatest lieutenants in Ghyran, all were pinned in battle, save only Torglug the Despised, a favoured son who was waxing strong. At his call were daemonic legions and into him were poured the utmost of Nurgle's corrupted gifts, so that the Chaos Lord was swollen near to bursting, with all the power a mortal could contain.

Other gods, too, felt the rising doom. Red eyes peered out of the mists of Ulgu, and deep in the Labyrinth of Light, another paused, sensing the looming import. Sigmar, watching from High Azyr, called back to the Heavens the one warrior he might send to the succour of Alarielle.

The column of sylvaneth and Stormcast Eternals had left the stone forest and ascended the Great Stair that wound up to their journey's end, the Blackstone Summit. The sickly green clouds that clogged the skies above were pregnant with menace, the Prosecutors flying low until they all reached the plateau of that flat-topped mountain. A horrifying sight awaited them – blocking their path was Torglug the Despised, at the fore of a mighty warhost that outnumbered Alarielle's guardians many times over. There was no choice but to fight through them...

'Only the faithful,' whispered Lorrus Grymn, surveying their foes. There was a sea of Plaguebearers, thick clouds of flies buzzing above them. Rank after rank of rust-armoured warriors clanged their weapons against shields, while looming over the army strode flesh-mountains, a trio of greater daemons of Nurgle. On one flank, a horde of robed ratmen pushed forward a rotted carriage carrying a smoking censer of enormous size. Grymn drew his gaze away from the foe to survey his own troops. Of his Hallowed Knights, less than fifty remained, a number roughly equalled by the white-armoured Knights Excelsior. The sylvaneth that marched alongside the Lady of Vines doubled the Stormcasts' total. They were a formidable force, but seemed as nothing against the army that filled the plateau before them.

Yet despair was not in his nature, and Grymn shouted – a wordless war cry of pure defiance, a bellow that was answered by every Hallowed Knight. Next the Knights Excelsior picked up the call, the din growing as the sylvaneth added their own thumping reverberations. All was drowned by a single, almighty peal of thunder. A lone twin-tailed bolt pierced the firmament, striking no-man's land between the two armies. And in that coruscating flash, he was there, hovering upon blazing wings, the shimmering light of Azyr shining about him. In awe, utterly unconscious of what he was doing, Lorrus, and all the Stormcasts, dropped to one knee. All had heard rumours, but none had yet basked within that radiant presence. The Celestant-Prime had arrived, righteous wrath given form. High he lifted Sigmar's warhammer, Ghal Maraz, and the heavens roared.

SIGMAR

BATTLE OF BLACKSTONE SUMMIT

Flushed from her refuge of Athelwyrd, Alarielle and her bodyguard were finally brought to bay. Atop the burial site of ancient heroes, Torglug the Despised led his army to capture the prize most sought by Grandfather Nurgle. To contest the dark god, Sigmar sent forth his greatest champion.

When the Celestant-Prime manifested out of the lightning strike, Torglug the Despised thought at first that the Great Enemy, Sigmar himself, had arrived. Certainly the greater daemons amongst his host recognised the hammer the radiant warrior bore – for only the most powerful of their kind could stand to gaze upon it. Each Plaguebearer lowered its lone eye, hissing contempt. In that moment, both armies stood as if frozen. Alongside the hammer of legend, the Celestant-Prime also carried a gleaming sceptre. Hovering above the ground in a storm of celestial magic, the Celestant-Prime raised this to the skies and a light appeared, faint at first, then growing brighter. Closer and more brilliant it grew, until a blazing twin-tailed comet ripped through the cloud cover, its fiery roar the challenge of the Heavens itself.

The hurtling meteorite smashed into the enemy's battle line with ground-shaking force, and an explosion of celestial energies blossomed, sending broken Plaguebearers skywards. At this signal from their champion, the Stormcast Eternals charged as one. Battle cries of 'Only the faithful' and 'For Sigmar' rang loud as the scions of the God-King rushed forward. With Ghal Maraz thrust high before him, the Celestant-Prime led them.

For a moment, Torglug stood agog. He had been relishing the thought of dismantling the goddess' small army of protectors, of wrenching the glowing orb of her presence from the disease-wracked tree folk or their armoured comrades. Now, it was they who were charging his own legions. With a booming laugh, Torglug shook off the shock. Hefting his axe high, the Lord of Plagues shambled forward, motioning his army to charge.

The opposing battle lines met with a clash of metal on metal. On the right flank of the Celestant-Prime came Lord-Castellant Lorrus Grymn, still leading his Hallowed Knights in the absence of their Lord-Celestant. Inspired by the avatar of Sigmar, the Stormcasts fought as never before. Into the sea of foes they plunged, their momentum unstoppable. Neither daemon nor Chaos Warrior could stand before them.

The Knights Excelsior held the left flank of the Celestant-Prime, and they were not to be outdone. A lashing storm of lightning filled the air around the Stormcasts, hurling enemies from their feet and scorching their corpses black. With every hammer blow or sword stroke, an enemy fell. Their chamber was all but leaderless – their Lord-Relictor and Lord-Celestant claimed in the fierce fighting on the ice floes. Diomar, too, had been slain upon the frozen ice that covered the Sea of Serpents. Torglug himself had killed him as the Knight-Azyros single-handedly sought to delay pursuit of the Lady Alarielle. Now it was the Knight-Venator, Giomachus, who led the remaining Knights Excelsior. With the sky-archer to the fore, the Stormcasts clove a path into their foes, seeking vengeance for their fallen.

Every one of the Stormcast Eternals battled like heroes, but there was one who fought like no other. Blazing with azure light, the Celestant-Prime swept whole enemy ranks away. Each arcing hammer stroke sent up waves of sundered shields and broken bodies. None could survive contact with his vengeful wrath. For a time, it was as if the battles of old had sprung back to life, harkening back to an era when Sigmar himself strode the battlefields in command of the legions of Order.

Behind the spearhead of armoured warriors from the Heavens came the Lady of Vines. Her sylvaneth wargroves had not yet joined the fray. They too felt the power of the Celestant-Prime, but they were of Ghyran – offspring of Alarielle, not scions of Sigmar. Their first duty was to protect their Queen-mother. The glowing soulpod that Alarielle had transformed into was grasped in the gnarled hands of the Lady of Vines. The Branchwraith could see her goal, the strange growth that protruded out of Blackstone Summit. Once a proud monument, the deformed obelisk now stood like a spear of twisted rock.

The Lady of Vines knew she must act quickly, for in her branch-hand she could feel the soulpod dwindling, its pulses growing further and further apart as it grew more dormant. It was her plan to sow Alarielle amidst the fallen heroes of her realm. If she could do so, Alarielle would awaken in the full mantle of war. And then let all who opposed her beware...

With the Celestant-Prime leading the way, the Stormcasts drove deep into the hordes assembled by Torglug the Despised. Such was the impetus of their charge that the warriors of Sigmar soon disappeared out of view of their sylvaneth allies who trailed behind in tight formation.

Confident in the superior strength and size of his armies, Torglug was drawn towards the martial challenge before him. Surrounded by his Blightking bodyguard, the Lord of Plagues set off to intercept the Celestant-Prime, when he felt a twisting in his bloated gut. Through past experience, none of which was pleasant, Torglug knew a parasitic rotworm of prodigious size lined the insides of his partially exposed intestines. Like a sick oracle, the twitching intensified when his actions displeased his patron. In his rotted heart, Torglug knew Nurgle did not crave the destruction of his foes as much as he desired to possess the goddess Alarielle. With harsh commands, he motioned forth his Great Unclean Ones, sending them wallowing off towards the head of the Stormcasts' assault. Torglug himself, however, marched his Blightkings straight toward the sylvaneth forces. Instantly, the roiling in his guts quelled.

Several Treelords strode forward, placing themselves in the path of the oncoming Chaos force. Torglug led his warriors in at a shambling run, smashing headlong into the waiting wall of living wood. Even when Blightkings were pulverised beneath stamping root-limbs or pierced by branch-spear fingertips, the rot-swollen warriors continued to hack away. In the presence of Torglug, no wounds seemed fatal. As ancient and powerful as the Treelords were, they proved to be only a temporary barrier protecting the greatest of prizes.

The Celestant-Prime had not forgotten his true mission. Even in the maelstrom of the combat that raged all around him, the avenging angel of Azyr sensed the threat moving towards Alarielle's guardians. Once more he called down a comet, the twin-tailed meteor cutting a blazing trail through the thick clouds above. Downwards it streaked, crashing amidst Torglug and his guard as they were dismembering the last twitching branches of their fallen foes. In an explosive geyser of blue flame, broken plate armour and battered flesh, the Lord of Plagues was blasted skywards.

Torglug the Despised, Lord of Plagues, lifted himself off the carpet of slain. Those of his Putrid Blightking bodyguard that remained reformed around their leader, their dented plate armour clanking. Torglug stood, his eyes drawn back to the distant Celestant-Prime. The winged cyclone of destruction was storming through ranks of Plaguebearers, fighting his way back to Alarielle. The powerful aura of his presence had stirred memories long buried in Torglug's putrid soul. Once, long ago, when he was but Tornus, a warrior guardian of the Everdawn tribe, he had aspired to human perfection. In his pride, Tornus had believed in a righteous power, clinging to that idea even in the midst of the squalid poverty that beset his disease-wracked people. When the tainted tribes attacked, it was Tornus who held out longest, guarding the Lifewells that his folk depended upon. In that battle, Tornus proved so steadfast that instead of killing him, his foes pitched him into a pit filled with every contaminating substance imaginable.

Tornus survived in that cursed Pit of Filth for weeks, his befouled body developing a new disease every day. In his pride, he would not accept death but lived on, despite his growing deformities. Voices whispered to him, claiming that there was no human perfection, there was only power. Finally, on the seventy-seventh day, he crawled out of the pit. In the dark, he had at last embraced the voices, becoming reborn as Torglug. With his warrior's heart and disease-toughened skin, it was not long before the name of Torglug grew to be feared, and with each success came further gifts of power. How long he had conquered in the name of his new patron, Torglug no longer recalled. Yet now, seeing the undeniable majesty of the warrior from the heavens, the Chaos Lord looked down at his repugnant form, a seed of unrest stirring within him that was not a belly-worm. At that moment, the poisoned skies above opened, and Torglug felt a deluge of filth rain down upon him. The blessed baptism from Grandfather Nurgle washed away his doubts, filling the Chaos Lord with unholy energies.

Infused with unnatural vitality by the polluted downpour, Torglug and his Blightkings pressed on towards the Lady of Vines and her sylvaneth guardians. The clash that followed was unrelenting. The armoured plague warriors buffeted the Dryads and Treelords with axe-blows. Branch-limbs were severed and trunks hacked through. Despite the onslaught, the Lady of Vines still held the glowing radiance of Alarielle, and the nearby sylvaneth were able to regenerate lost branches, new growths sprouting before their attackers' eyes. For their part, the minions of Nurgle proved equally able to shrug off mortal blows. When raking branch-claws tore through armour plate, or bludgeoning root-fists shivered bone, the fallen Blightkings stood back upright. Even the most horrific of wounds slurpily congealed while pox-hardened flesh reknitted. Were that confrontation merely a contest of life-giving power, then the two sides would have been evenly matched. Nurgle, however, was also the god of corruption and decay.

The earlier deluge of filth had not just reinvigorated Torglug, but its foetid contaminations had blessed the weapons of Nurgle's minions. The recently healed wounds of the sylvaneth began to blacken and fester; new-grown limbs withered. No blade was more damaging than Torglug's, and he hewed down Dryads by the dozen. Step by step he closed upon his quarry. Soon, only a few ranks stood between the Lady of Vines and her pursuer.

Meanwhile, the Stormcast Eternals had wreaked great damage upon Torglug's host. Hundreds of daemons had fallen to the Celestant-Prime's assault, while marauder tribes, deprived of the Lord of Plague's iron will, simply fled. So fiercely did the winged avatar of Sigmar hurl himself into the fray that the gleaming warrior disappeared, buried beneath the surging tides of daemonflesh. The Celestant-Prime freed himself in spectacular fashion – with hammer blows that split the air with lightning, or whirling thunderstrikes that caused showering rains of sundered flesh and rancid gore.

It seemed nothing could slow the greatest champion of Azyr until the unholy trinity of Great Unclean Ones struck. Whilst two of the gargantuan monstrosities engulfed the Celestant-Prime with spume-sprays of vomit, the other swung its flail of skulls with such momentum that the blow sent the winged warrior hurtling high. At first, the trio chortled to see their foe bested, but the laughter died when their quarry did not descend to crash broken-winged and limp upon the ground. Growing increasingly anxious, the creatures strained their lumpen necks to peer into the skies.

The Celestant-Prime did not fall from above. However, something else did. A star-fated arrow from the Knight-Venator, Giomachus, blazed a trail of fire across the sky, piercing a Great Unclean One's eye. The beast howled with agony, and more shots followed until it dissolved into a pool of bile. As the remaining greater daemons searched the skies, Lorrus Grymn charged. The Lord-Castellant drove his heavy-bladed weapon through the triple-heart of a foul foe, weakening it so that the rays of his warding lantern sent it back to its maker. The last Great Unclean One swatted Grymn, its meaty fist driving him to the ground.

Lying on his back and struggling to rise, Grymn saw his doom – the greater daemon moved to crush the Stormcast with its sheer bulk. As the beast waddled closer, something flashed in the skies. Down came the Celestant-Prime on wings of lightning. Suffused with power in the thunderheads above, Ghal Maraz shone like a star. With a single, almighty blow, the warhammer split the Great Unclean One's skull, toppling the fleshy mountain with a flash of celestial energy. The remaining daemons recoiled before the power of Ghal Maraz, fleeing across the slopes rather than face that holy weapon.

With the pathway clear for the Celestant-Prime and the remaining Stormcast Eternals, they rushed to the aid of the Lady of Vines. They nearly came too late. She fought to the finish, for she was the last of Alarielle's guardians, but in the end, Torglug cut her down. Her lifesap splattered in arcing sprays, what remained of the Lady of Vines crawled to retrieve the dim-glowing soulpod that was still clutched in her severed hand. Chortling as he crushed the Dryad beneath his tread, the Lord of Plagues reached out his rotten fingers to wrest the gleaming essence out of the clasped branches. Both he and Nurgle, far away in his garden, leered as one, when a scintillating light fell upon Torglug.

In iridescent fury, the Celestant-Prime landed before Torglug, bringing down Ghal Maraz in a two-handed blow. The warhammer shattered the Lord of Plague's attempted parry, breaking his axe and crushing in his three-eyed helm. So hard was Torglug struck that his rotten soul – a foul green miasma – was torn free from his body. Even as the lifeless form of the Chaos Lord toppled, the foul cloud shimmered blue and flashed upwards, streaking into the Heavens where it was received with a single, booming peal of thunder.

BATTLEPLAN

BREACH THE LINE

The objective for most battles is not just to destroy the foe – although to do so is usually considered a benefit! It is just as likely that one side will be attempting to achieve a different goal, and their opponents will be trying to stop them. Typical of such battles are those where one army wishes to smash through an enemy position in order to reach something that lies beyond.

Breaching an enemy battle line requires different tactics to those used in a battle of annihilation. Both sides need to remain focussed on the primary goal, and not let themselves get distracted by the lure of combat. Failing to do so will leave a general proudly standing upon the heaped bodies of the foe, only to suddenly discover that his more focussed opponent has captured the objective – and victory! Never was the admonishment to keep an eye on the prize more apt.

The attempt by the Stormcasts and their sylvaneth allies to smash through the defensive cordon created by Nurgle's minions is a perfect example of such a battle, and has been used as the basis for this battleplan. However, the battleplan can be used with other armies in order to create any number of battles of the same type.

THE ARMIES

This battle can be fought using any two armies. Just follow the instructions for picking an army on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet.

After the players have picked their armies, decide who will be the invader, and who will be the defender. If one player has at least a third more models than their opponent, then they should be the invader. The army generals have the Eye on the Prize command ability below, in addition to any others they have. Note that the ability can be used by both generals!

INVADER'S OBJECTIVE

A unit in your army is carrying a vital artefact that must be delivered to a specific location. You have marched long and hard to carry out this vital mission, but just before reaching your destination you have found your path blocked by an enemy army. These scum must either be destroyed, or failing that you must break through the cordon so that you can reach the objective and deliver the artefact.

DEFENDER'S OBJECTIVE

Your lord and master has ordered you to stop an enemy army from taking an artefact of great power to a location where it could be used to change the course of the current campaign. You have deployed across the one path the enemy can take to reach their objective, and are now prepared to destroy your opponents, or, failing that, to seize the artefact and steal it away.

BREACH THE LINE COMMAND ABILITY

Both generals are aware of the vital importance of the artefact, and will do all in their power to stop their opponent from having it. To represent this, both generals have the following command ability.

Eye on the Prize: If your general uses this ability, pick one unit from your army that is within 10". The general and that unit are allowed to charge even if they run this turn. In addition, they receive the following benefits depending upon which army they belong to:

Invaders: Re-roll failed hit and wound rolls against enemy units that are within 3" of the unit with the artefact.

Defenders: Re-roll failed hit and wound rolls against the unit with the artefact.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The main part of the battlefield is an area of open ground upon which the two armies have deployed for battle. Just behind the defenders lies a narrow path that leads to the objective of the invading army.

The objective can be represented by any small piece of scenery from your collection – we recommend using a Numinous Occulum if you have one. Place the objective 9" from the table edge farthest from the invader's territory, as shown on the deployment map. Generate additional scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet.

THE ARTEFACT

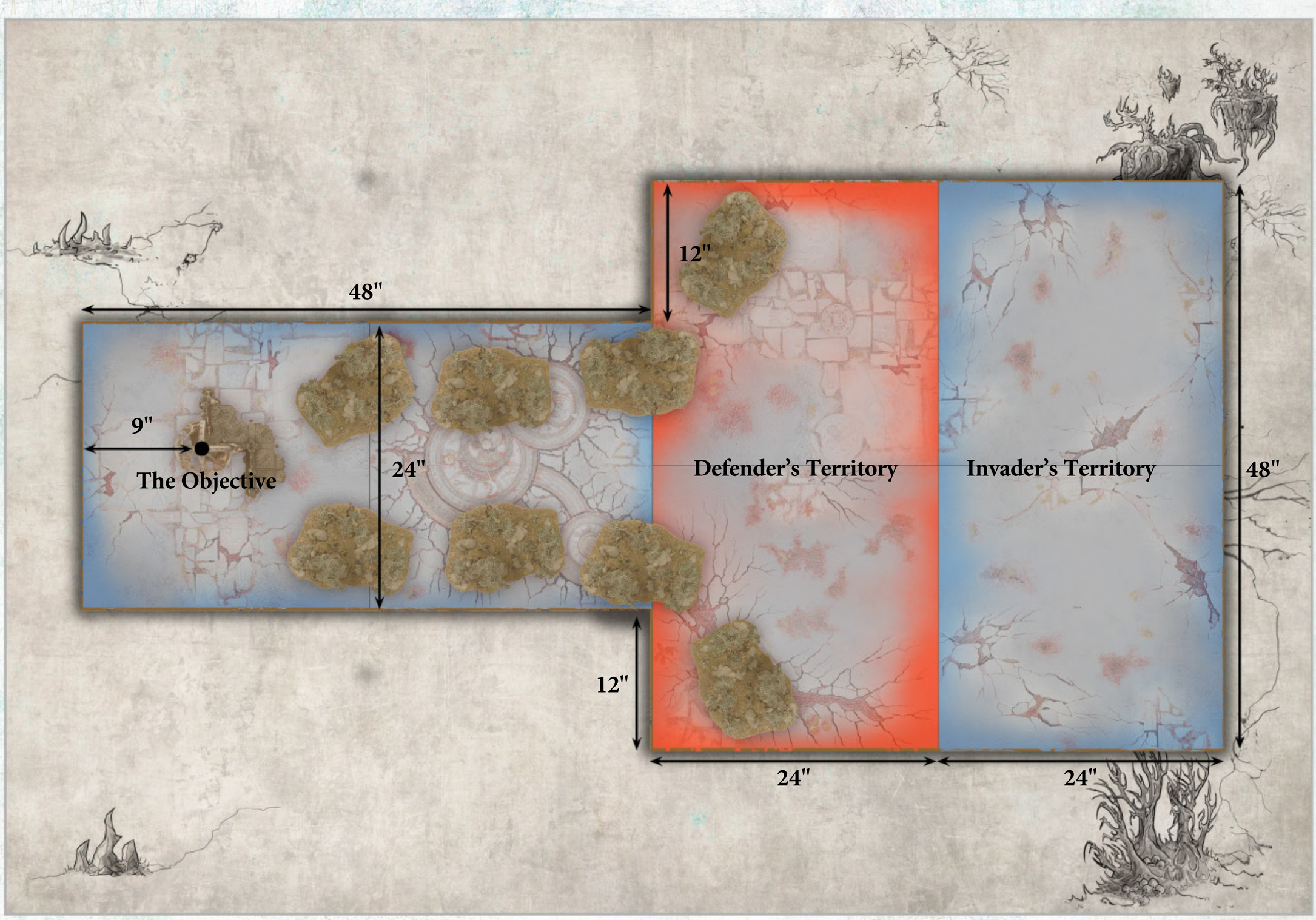
Before set up begins, the invader must state which unit in their army is carrying the artefact. The unit carrying the artefact must be the first unit the invader sets up on the battlefield, and it cannot run, or use any ability or spell that would transport them across the battlefield in case it damages its precious cargo.

SET-UP

Set up the two armies as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, but using the territories shown in the deployment map below. Units can be set up within 12" of enemy territory, but cannot be set up within 12" of an enemy unit.

FIRST TURN

The invader chooses which player has the first turn in the first battle round.



SELF-SACRIFICE

Warriors from the invading army will put themselves in harm's way in order to protect the troops that are carrying the artefact. Because of this, the invader can choose to inflict any wounds or mortal wounds suffered by the unit that is carrying the artefact upon a friendly unit that is within 3" of it instead.

THE ARTEFACT'S POWERS

Although the artefact has yet to reach its fullest potential, it is already a powerful magical item. To represent this, the unit carrying the artefact benefits from its powers as follows:

Protective Aura: All models in the unit are protected by the artefact's incredible healing powers. If a warrior from another unit does not intervene using the Self-sacrifice ability (see above), roll a dice if a model from the unit suffers a wound or mortal wound. On a roll of 4 or more, the wound is stopped by the artefact's protective aura and has no effect on the unit.

Enhanced Ability: All models in the unit attack with unnatural skill. You can add 1 to the Attacks characteristics of all weapons that they use.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the invader immediately wins a **major victory** if there are no enemy models left on the field of battle, or if a model from the unit carrying the artefact is within 1" of the objective. The defender immediately wins a **major victory** if all of the models from the unit with the artefact are slain.

ABSOLUTE CARNAGE

WITHIN BLOODKEEP

As the Runestruck Pass wound upwards, a grim vista was revealed. The last thing before the Fireplains stretched endlessly away was a lone mountain, its summit crowned with an impossibly imposing fortress of brass and skulls. Matchless. Indomitable. Simply to gaze upon Bloodkeep was to lose hope.

The Runestruck Pass wound out of the Zhulghar range to the Fireplains below. Looking over that flat land was a last bastion of the high lands, the Greatiron Tor. This final mountain stood apart from the Zhulghar Mountains, and for centuries had served as a stronghold of kings, but in the Age of Chaos, those rulers of the plains were all vanquished. So completely did Chaos conquer the once-proud nations of the Fireplains that their nomadic, ragtag descendants know not even the names of those former empires, understanding not a whit of the former glories from which they long ago proceeded.

The Greatiron Tor, however, still stands, although it too has been corrupted. After changing hands many times, the peak, and all that could be seen from its summit, were claimed in the name of Khorne. The once-majestic sides of the cliff-faced edifice have turned sinister. The imposing rock wall now leers with cruel faces and the foul marks of the Dark Gods. The waterfall which graced the summit now pours forth the blood of the lands, for the dominating power of Khorne will not cease draining Aqshy's lifeblood until that realm is naught but a mirror of the ruined landscapes of the Realm of Chaos.

The valley between the Greatiron Tor and the Zhulghar Mountains was once fertile, rich in nourishment. Now, it is the Valley of Skulls. To win Khorne's favour, warriors must incessantly make offerings. Countless years of violence have left vast skull piles, bleached white by the blazing sun, piled high against the mountainsides like snow drifts. This sight greeted Lord Sargassus and his Heavenhost. True to his oath, Auric Runefather Bael-Grimnir had led the Stormcasts through the mountains. The second part of their agreement included showing the Stormcasts a secret way inside.

Long ago, when there had been frequent alliances between the races, the duardin had helped tunnel underneath the massive fortress that sat atop the Greatiron Tor, excavating deep dungeons and secret passages. Although the human tribes had long forgotten, the Fyreslayers had not. Long years, and millions of skulls, had buried those entrances, but it was no matter. Using the magma-channelling powers of Runesmiter Dhurgan, the Fyreslayers planned to bore into the core of the mountain, emerging beyond many of the outer curtain walls.

To reach the base of the Greatiron Tor was a grim journey. Awaiting nightfall, the armies marched out of the rocky cover at the foot of the mountain trail, passing through the near endless piles of bones. Scattered amongst the bleak trophies were the horns and skulls of massive creatures – some so large that the Magmadroths could pass through a vacant eyehole. Here and there were outlandish bone-wrought monuments raised to honour the brutal god of battle. There were many signs of just how infused with Chaos power the landscape had grown, for there was no shortage of foul creatures feasting upon the stacked remains. Not all such beasts retreated before the oncoming army, and some were so large it took entire Fyreslayer fyrds to hack them down. Based on the triumphal roars from the distance, there were other, even larger predators hunting the Valley of Skulls. Undoubtedly such commotions were commonplace, for they did not draw any attention from the stronghold atop the summit. At last, they reached the Greatiron Tor's base.

Craning his neck, Lord-Celestant Sargassus looked up, gazing upon the imposing mountain and the towering outermost walls of the Bloodkeep. Night and day, its braziers were lit – a beacon of hate that could be seen for vast distances across the Fireplains. Not even with ten complete Stormhosts at his command could he successfully besiege such an edifice. After the battle upon the Runestruck Pass, the Lord-Celestant had less than half of his Heavenhost left, but they would have to suffice. A pang of doubt flashed across Sargassus' mind as he watched the Runesmiter summon magma, directing its flow with his will alone. He turned to summon Bandus to him, but found the Knight-Azyros was already by his side. Taking off his helm, the Lord-Celestant spoke to his closest advisor. 'The pact we have made is for the Fyreslayers to get us inside the walls,' said Sargassus, 'I didn't want to trust to mercenaries in such a terrifying place, but now that I have seen them fight I think we might need their help. What do you say?'

Bandus replied, his eyes still gazing upwards apprehensively. 'Yes, but are they fool enough to accept the task? 'Tis said dead duardin spend no gold, and I fear that none who enter that place will see the morrow.'

UR-GOLD

In the Age of Myth, a duardin god, Grimnir, battled the Mother of Salamanders, Vulcatrix. In the cataclysmic fallout, both were blasted apart, but so stubborn was Grimnir that even obliteration could not conquer his will. His divine essence spread to the far corners of existence and settled slowly, adhering to gold. Not all gold contains Grimnir's power, but that which does is called ur-gold by the Fyreslayers. None are better than Runemasters at detecting its radiant presence. So do the Fyreslayers covet gold, not for simple monetary greed, but because it is holy to them – a metal to be wrought into runes and worn in one's flesh to bring a warrior closer to his deity.

Since they first struck their deal, the leadership of the Vostarg lodge had been awaiting the rest of the proposal. None could sense ur-gold better than Runemaster Vaegor, and he had surmised that the Stormcast Eternals had more of the substance about them than was originally proffered.

The Vostarg lodge, like all Fyreslayer lodges, sought gold tirelessly. They mined for it across Aqshy and all over every Mortal Realm. When they could not find the precious metal embedded in rock or soil, the Fyreslayers would hire out their axes, selling their very lives to obtain more gold. All was not, however, as it seemed.

Runemaster Vaegor sensed a large sum of ur-gold upon the Hammers of Sigmar. Fyreslayers were well known for their skills of negotiation. It was perilous to bargain with them, for they took every nuance to heart and angered quickly. It was deadlier still to cheat them of their due, but there was no trial too severe, no test of courage or mettle too dangerous to dissuade them from a well-paying task. If it was possible to succeed, there were no risks that Fyreslayers would not dare.

When Lord-Celestant Sargassus broached the subject, wishing to hire the Fyreslayer lodge to aid their mission once inside Bloodkeep, Runefather Bael heard them out. To attempt to besiege such a fastness with so few troops would have been suicide, and the Fyreslayers were not a death cult – it was their mission to reunite their people with their lost god. However, as Lord-Celestant Sargassus explained, it was their mission to enter Bloodkeep, sever the mystical Brass Chain and escape with it, not to conquer the keep. And they had much gold with which to

pay. Bloodkeep had long been the seat of rule for kings, tyrants and daemon lords. As a symbol of power, it was coveted by the mightiest of Khorne's minions, a prize that only the most bloodthirsty might seize. For the last millennium, however, Bloodkeep had also served as a prison to Skarbrand. He was the Exiled One, and slaughter incarnate. Skarbrand's wanton violence did not concern Khorne, who cared not from whence the blood flowed, but Archaon grew weary of his own armies being devastated by the Bloodthirster's rampages. Beseeching Khorne's aid, the Everchosen intimated that even the Blood God's armies could not triumph if a rebellious greater daemon was annihilating them. Khorne, pleased at an opportunity to further chastise his insubordinate son, agreed to keep Skarbrand out of Archaon's path. Thus was forged the Brass Chain, to bind the daemon until his rage was required.

The tunnel path glowed, although it was cooling quickly. The air shimmered within that smooth rock passage. Accustomed to stifling temperatures, Runefather Bael-Grimnir strode behind the chanting Auric Runesmiters. Boring the pathway with magma took time and drained the Zharrgrim priests. Bael was concerned about straining them, knowing there would be hard fighting ahead. He had no illusions as to the size of the armies they would soon encounter. They must fight their way to the centremost keep, allowing the Stormcast Eternals to cut the binding chains before escaping with them. At least the monstrous daemon those chains held would not be present for this desperate fight. For days now the clangour of Skarbrand battling his fetters had been audible for miles beyond the fortress' walls, and sudden silence had been the signal for Bael's employers to order the attack. It was a sure sign that the daemon was elsewhere, spreading murder on his master's behalf. Speed was of the essence now. Should the beast return before the deed was done, the invaders would surely be annihilated. That said, for what the Stormcasts were paying Bael would have faced Skarbrand by himself. Since the skaven had plundered Furios Peak, he had focussed solely upon replenishing the forge-temples with ur-gold. Bael's every instinct demanded he pursue the skaven and retrieve his son, but he knew that his duty to the lodge did not permit it. Instead he buried his rage and sorrow deep, vowing to draw upon them in the fight now at hand.

NONE SHALL STAY HIS WRATH

Together with their hired Fyreslayer lodge, the Stormcast Eternals launched their assault within the walls of Bloodkeep. Lord-Celestant Sargassus knew his only hope lay in speed and surprise, for they could not hope to match the foe's overwhelming numbers.

The ground grew hot, glowing as if lit from beneath. Swelling upwards, it burst in a wave of magma, spilling throughout the innermost courtyard deep within Bloodkeep. For a moment nothing could be seen in the smoking hole below save the glowing rock. Gasses filled the air and the magma bubbled as it cooled, going from vibrant orange to a carpet of dull red. Then something rose from the darkness.

Out from the tunnel scrambled a Magmadroth, a mane of fire crowning its head. With a roar of challenge, the beast unleashed a roiling cloud of flame that engulfed the Skullreapers now running towards the intruders. On the fire-lizard's back was Auric Runefather Bael, and his axe trailed flames as he clove a path through the swarming foes. Winging out of the hole came Prosecutors, hurling celestial hammers and stormcall javelins, driving back the warriors rushing to counter-attack. Side by side came the Liberators and the Vulkite Berzerkers, their shields held high. The clear notes of the Knight-Heraldor's horn rang throughout Bloodkeep, but that sound was soon overwhelmed as skin drums and brazen trumpets called forth the defenders.

It had been over two hundred years since any enemy had dared to assail Bloodkeep. The Slithering Host, led by the Daemon Prince Vyletongue the Sinister, had sought their lost god within the great fortress, but found only death and defeat. Now, the Khornate legions ran to the ramparts, only to learn that the foe was already within the walls. The garrison soon came howling, frothing at the mouth with bloodlust, eager to destroy the invaders that dared enter their domain. Chained beasts were unleashed, and they loped or stalked towards the battle, eager to join in the slaughter.

Despite the armies descending upon them, the Stormcasts were fortunate. The tunnel had brought them directly to their destination. Only the Conqueror's Gates barred them from entering the Brassheart – the central tower where lay the chain they must cut and steal.

In an effort to reach the chain, Lord-Celestant Sargassus led a spearhead towards the Conqueror's Gates. That barrier was made from the melted slag of broken portcullises and the crowns of defeated kings, emblazoned with symbols of Chaos. Before the gates stood the Crimson Guard, elite Skullreapers that had fought their way to that honoured position. With armour that oozed blood, and a hate that was insatiable, they would not be broken. The two sides met with a thunderous clash. So great was their urge to kill that even those Crimson Guard dealt mortal blows used their last breaths to strike back. Many beams of light flashed up to the heavens. However, with Lord-Relictor Thunos upon one flank and the Knight-Azyros Bandus upon the other, Lord Sargassus and the remainder of his Heavenhost clove a path to the Conqueror's Gates.

Three times Lord-Celestant Sargassus struck the gate with his sigmarite hammer. Each blow was accompanied by a thunderclap, yet the gates held. Sargassus stood high in the saddle, calling Sigmar's name as he struck and, whether at this demand, or because the earlier blows had weakened it, the gates shattered. At their collapse, a magic sigil drifted out from the broken metal and disappeared through the ceiling – an event that, unbeknownst to the Stormcasts, would have dire ramifications upon other realms. Ere Sargassus could take a step into the Brassheart, however, a hellstorm descended upon the Stormcasts.

Skarbrand had returned.

THE BRASS CHAIN

At need, Khorne could reach down to pluck up Skarbrand, hurling him wherever the Blood God deemed destruction was needed. When the massacre was complete, Khorne grasped his avatar of rage and flung him elsewhere, or put him back in chains within Bloodkeep. Archaon was also given mastery of the Brass Chain, although he needed his Gaunt Summoners to realmshift Skarbrand where he was needed, or to return him to his chains. It was Khorne himself who had forged the Brass Chain, infusing the hellsteel with an alloy he believed none could counter – his own indomitable will. The Brass Chain alone could bind Skarbrand's fury, and his struggle against its weighty links was terrible to behold.

A towering Bloodthirster, Skarbrand was rage beyond sanity's limits. His sole purpose was to drown his sins in the blood of the slain. Against the Slann Starmaster in Ghyran, the greater daemon had been denied his kill, magically transported back to the site from whence he had come. Skarbrand's unquenchable anger was further fuelled by the sight of his hated prison. However, the spell that returned him did not place him in the Brass Chain.

Unchecked, Skarbrand would have struck out at the sun. Yet when he looked out of the broken gateway of the Brassheart, he saw invaders. Skarbrand bellowed in rage. Striding through the burst gate, the greater daemon's first axe, Slaughter, cut down a rank of Liberators, the blazing blade making a mockery of their shield wall. Simultaneously, Skarbrand brought down his other weapon, Carnage, cleaving Lord-Relictor Thunos from head to crotch, the two sides falling apart in a shower of spilled innards before disappearing in a flash of blue.

Lord Sargassus cursed the delay at the gates, knowing the task to secure the chain was now nigh impossible. They had been so close, but the Lord-Celestant would not give up, not yet. This task had been appointed to him by the God-King himself. His Stormhost had been tasked with severing the Brass Chain and stealing it back to the Heavens. If they could accomplish it, Sigmar would have the power to entrap Skarbrand, thus gaining a great advantage against one of the Blood God's most powerful greater daemons. There were indirect benefits as well – left unbound as he was, Skarbrand's rampage would wreak havoc upon the Chaos forces of Bloodkeep and beyond. Such disruption would keep the eyes of Khorne and Archaon from the works of Sigmar's own armies. They might never have a better opportunity to wreak havoc on their enemy.

Determined to do his part, Sargassus rode at the Bloodthirster. Leaping to avoid Skarbrand's blows, his Dracoth dashed through the shattered gate, entering the Brassheart. It was a fell place, dripping with blood. In coiled loops, the chains lay piled within the eight-sided tower. Ranked Bloodletters guarded the mighty links, the daemons forming ranks and hissing their hatred as they advanced. With a flash of wings, Bandus landed at Lord Sargassus' side. He would not fight alone.

The rays of Bandus' celestial beacon sent many daemons screaming back to the abyss, but still red waves of Bloodletters drove in upon them.

Sargassus could feel the metal weight of his hammer as he brought it down again and again, smiting a path towards the Brass Chain. In the courtyard they left behind, Lord-Celestant Sargassus could hear the slaughter, the fiery roar of Magmadroths and the boiling rage of Skarbrand. The Knight-Heraldor sounded his battle-horn, calling the shield wall into formation. They could not hold out much longer. To accomplish the mission, Sargassus would sacrifice his entire Heavenhost, for he knew they were blessed by Sigmar and would be born again. But even so, the Lord-Celestant knew that they, like himself, did not wish to die, did not wish to be forever haunted by agonising deathblows. Before he and Bandus lay a crimson swarm, a hundred Bloodletters or more, hellblades darting and stabbing. It would be easy to die here, but Sargassus knew bravery was more than insatiable fury and lost causes. He knew the Great Enemy valued strength alone, just as he knew his hammer could shatter that chain if he could reach it. Not because it was forged by the incredible skill of the Six Smiths or because it was made of sigmarite and could smash the hardest rock. Sargassus knew it would defeat the chain forged by Khorne himself because it was pure and just, a weapon blessed by Sigmar with the power of righteousness. Strength alone would never be enough, and that was why the Great Enemy would ultimately fall. 'But not today,' said Sargassus aloud, as his Dracoth crushed a loping foe beneath its claws. It hurt to admit it, but with the majority of his forces battling Skarbrand, they could not press forward to reach the Brass Chain. 'We cannot reach it, Bandus, we must retreat,' said the Lord-Celestant, knowing that if they pressed onwards they would soon be overwhelmed. Despite waves of anger, and the pain caused by each backwards step of their fighting retreat, Sargassus knew it was the right decision. He cursed Skarbrand's return.

BATTLEPLAN

THE DILEMMA

This battleplan allows you to carry out a surprise assault on an enemy fortification. However, with enemy reinforcements arriving every second and threatening to overwhelm your army you are faced with a dilemma – push on for an all-out attack, possible glory and almost certain death, or withdraw from the battlefield to fight again another day.

This battleplan is based upon the Stormcast Eternals' attempt to smash the Conqueror's Gates within Bloodkeep. Their Fyreslayer allies had bypassed the near-impregnable outer walls of Bloodkeep by tunnelling beneath them, using the opportunity this offered to launch an assault on the Brassheart.

Although this battleplan is based on a very specific set of circumstances, you can use any forces to refight the battle, either sticking with the adversaries you have just read about, or trying out different armies to see how well they fare in the battle.

THE ARMIES

This battle can be fought using any two armies. Just follow the instructions for picking an army on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet.

After the players have picked their armies, decide who will be the besiegers, and who will be the relief force. If one player has at least a third more models than their opponent, then the outnumbered player should be the besiegers. The army generals have the command abilities below, in addition to any others they have.

BESIEGER'S OBJECTIVE

You have bypassed the enemy's outer defences, and surrounded a strongpoint that contains an artefact you need to capture. Unfortunately, the strongpoint has proved to be a tough nut to crack, and now enemy reinforcements are arriving. You must decide whether to carry on with the assault at the risk of your entire command being destroyed, or to fall back to your entry point and live to fight another day.

RELIEF FORCE'S OBJECTIVE

The enemy have launched a surprise attack, but your warriors have proved to be worthy opponents, and you have been able to rally a relief force to drive the attackers off. You now have a chance to surround the foe and destroy them before they can escape. Only the complete annihilation of the enemy will restore the slight to your honour that this incursion represents. However, you cannot afford to gather your forces for one crushing blow – if you delay too long, the enemy could use the time to destroy the objective you have been ordered to protect.

BESIEGER'S COMMAND ABILITY

All-out Assault: If your general uses this ability, pick a unit within 8". In the following combat phase, add 1 to all hit rolls made for your general and that unit if their target is garrisoning the Overlord Bastion. If that target is slain by the end of that combat phase and the bastion is no longer garrisoned, the general (if it is a **HERO**) and this unit can immediately garrison the bastion.

RELIEF FORCE'S COMMAND ABILITY

Send Reinforcements: If your general uses this command ability, you can pick up to three units from your army that have been destroyed, and return them to play. The units are set up at the end of the your movement phase, using the rules for Late Arrivals on the following page.

THE BATTLEFIELD

This battle takes place on an area of open ground within the walls of Bloodkeep. On one edge of the battlefield stands the Brassheart (represented by an Overlord Bastion). At the other end of the battlefield stands the outer wall of the keep and the entrance to the tunnel that was used to bypass it.

In order to fight this battle, you will need an Overlord Bastion. It helps to have a Magebane Greatwall too, though you can get by without this at a pinch (just assume the nearby table edge represents the wall). You will also need something to mark the tunnel entrance – if you have a suitable piece of scenery, use that.

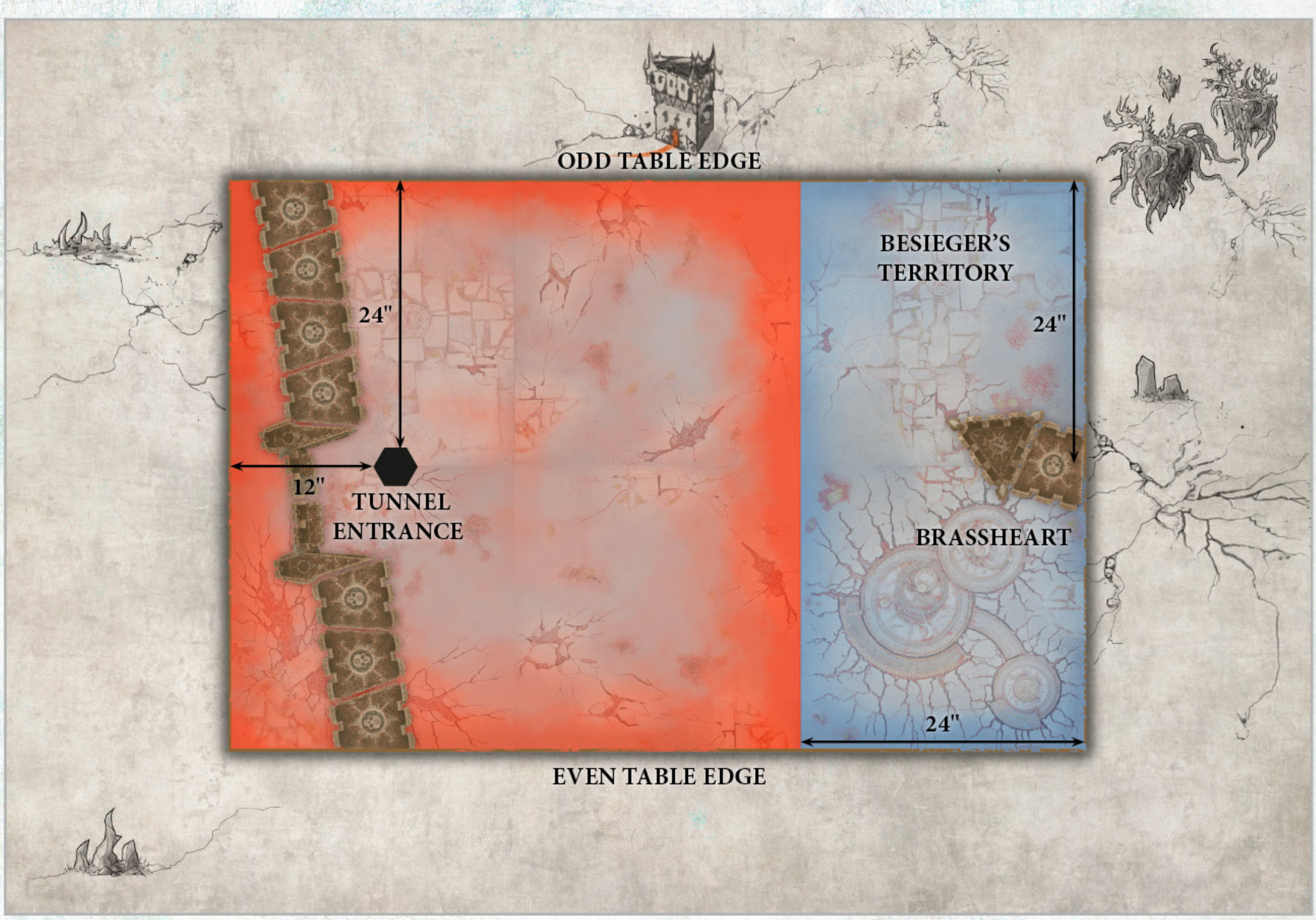
SET-UP

The player in command of the relief force must first pick a garrison for the Overlord Bastion (the Bastion's warscroll has details of how to garrison it). **MONSTERS** and the army general cannot be chosen as members of the garrison.

The besieger then sets up their entire army. All models in the besieging force must be set up in their territory, more than 3" away from the Brassheart (see the map below).

THE RELIEF FORCE

The player in command of the relief force does not have complete control over when or where they arrive. After the besieger has set up, the player in command of the relief force rolls a dice for the remaining units in their army. On a roll of 1 to 4 the unit has



not arrived yet (keep it to one side). On a roll of 5 the unit is set up with all models within 6" of the 'Odd' table edge, and on a 6 the unit arrives with all models within 6" of the 'Even' table edge. Any units that cannot fit in their deployment area are kept back with those that have not arrived yet.

LATE ARRIVALS

Any units that did not arrive at the start of the battle, or that are summoned by the general as reinforcements, are rolled for at the end of the relief force's movement phase. In this case the units arrive within 6" of the 'Odd' edge on a roll of 1, 3 or 5, and within 6" of the 'Even' edge on a roll of 2, 4 or 6. This counts as their move for that movement phase. Any units that cannot fit are held back, and rolled for again in the relief force's next turn.

FIRST TURN

In the first round, the players each roll a dice to see who gets the first turn – whoever rolls highest can choose (roll again if tied).

FINDING THE ARTEFACT

If one or more units from the besieging force are garrisoning the Overlord Bastion in their hero phase, they can attempt to find the artefact. Roll a dice, adding 2 to the result if at least one model in the garrison is a **HERO**. On a result of 4 or more the artefact has been found. Otherwise the attempt is failed, but the besieger can try again in their next hero phase as long as they still garrison the bastion.

THE ENTRANCE TUNNEL

Any besieging unit that finishes a move within 1" of the entrance tunnel can use the tunnel to escape the battlefield. The unit is removed and cannot return.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rulesheet. Instead, the besieger immediately wins a **major victory** if the artefact is found. They immediately win a **minor victory** if at least half of the models in the army set up on the battlefield at the start of the battle escaped through the entrance tunnel. The relief force immediately wins a **major victory** if more than half of the models in the besieging army set up at the start of the battle are slain.

Against Skarbrand, no shield wall could stand. His advance undeniable, the greater daemon strode the battlefield like a fiery avalanche of destruction. Side by side, the Fyreslayers and Stormcasts sought to hold before that onslaught, and side by side they were hewn down. The retreat to the magma tunnel had turned into a rout. All might have perished had not Lord-Celestant Sargassus returned. While Bandus, the Knight-Azyros, cleared a path of retreat with the searing light of his celestial beacon, Sargassus blazed his own way, slaying all before him until he stood beneath the towering daemon. Dodging and parrying in his saddle, the Lord-Celestant used all his skill simply to stay alive against the maelstrom that was Skarbrand. Shining like a star beneath a fiery cloud, Sargassus would surely have fallen were it not for Arngard and Runefather Bael stepping up beside him. Loud rang that clash of arms. With weapons sparking, the trio deflected blows that would have lain waste to regiments. Only when all their troops had fled into the tunnel did they too turn. Battered and bleeding, they escaped, magma sealing the way behind. Earth-shaking bellows of frustration and the tumult of continued combat haunted every step through that tunnel. Stating the oath-honour of the Vostarg lodge, Bael-Grimnir would not accept final payment. The task, he said, was not yet done.

THE HAMMERS OF SIGMAR

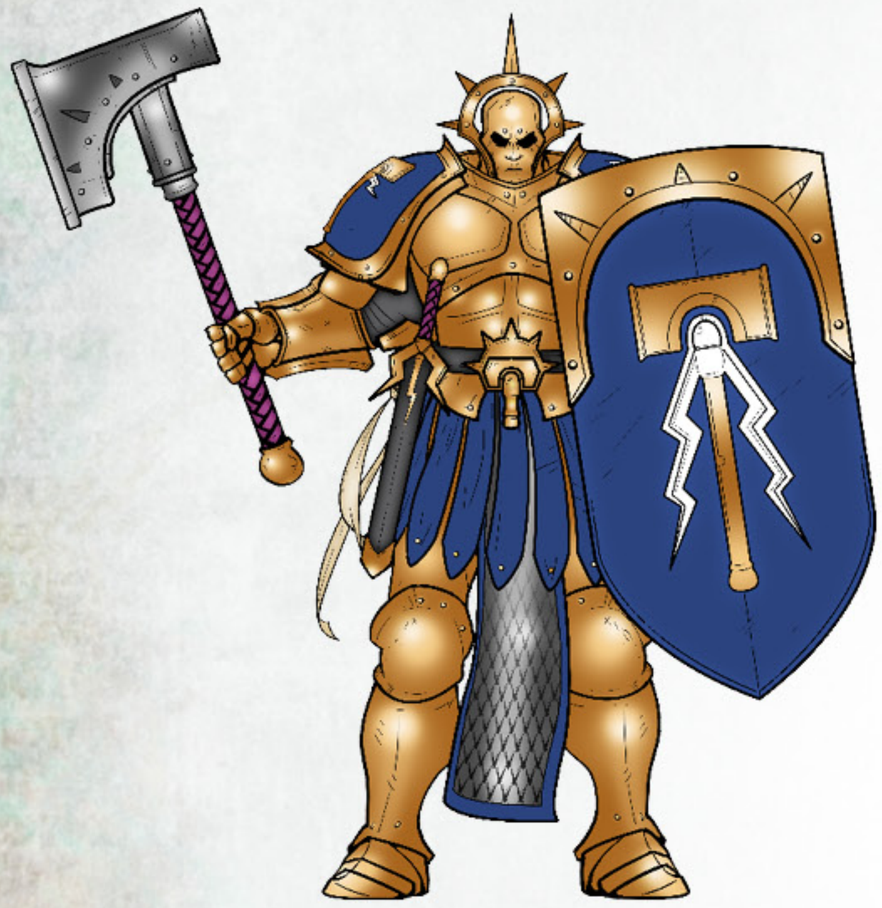
Noble and courageous beyond measure, the Hammers of Sigmar embody their master's war of vengeance. They are magnificent warriors, gold-clad heroes one and all and they would rather face death than defeat. It was the Hammers of Sigmar who struck the first blow of the Realmgate Wars, and they who lead the Stormcast attack upon the oppressors of the Mortal Realms. The other Stormhosts look upon the Hammers of Sigmar with a respect that borders on reverence. First-forged of Sigmar's warriors, held high in the esteem of the God-King himself, the Hammers of Sigmar are greatly honoured. With such respect comes a huge weight of expectation; the hopes of countless kingdoms, of high Azyr itself, rest upon the actions of the Hammers of Sigmar. Thus they can never falter, standing forever strong no matter the cost to themselves.

Retributors march into battle to the clarion call of a Knight-Heraldor's battle-horn.

Swooping from the skies like avenging angels, none may escape the Prosecutors' wrath.

HAMMERS OF SIGMAR

First to strike from the Celestial Realm, and first into battle, the Hammers of Sigmar are the spearhead of their God-King. With their iconic armour of deep blue and shimmering gold, the very sight of them signifies hope and liberation to the people of the Mortal Realms.



These are the Stormhost who humbled Korghos Khul twice over on the Igneous Delta. These are the very warriors who tore into the Tzeentchian fortress within the Hanging Valleys of Anvrok, gloriously seizing back Sigmar's talismanic Ghal Maraz. The Chaos hordes know only too well that theirs is a heroic reputation without parallel – and that never has a reputation been more deserved.

Within powerful fists they wield warhammers and swords. Forged of magical sigmarite, these sacred weapons share but one purpose – to annihilate the enemies of Order. Their task is mammoth, and will only be complete when the last worshippers of Chaos lie choking on their own blood.

Upon their arms they bear shields emblazoned with the golden hammer and lightning shared by all the Stormhosts of the First Striking. Contrasting dramatically with the rich blue beneath, this vaunted emblem is respected and welcomed by allies, and feared and cursed by foes.

While shield-bearing Stormcasts may form an impervious defensive wall, some brethren focus purely on attack. Using twin weapons, they smash through the enemy.

This Liberator is armed with a two-handed grandhammer. Painted with the same techniques as its smaller brothers, its sigmarite harnesses the elemental power of the storm.

After carefully clipping your model from its sprue and assembling it with Citadel plastic glue, undercoat it with Chaos Black Spray. Take care to ensure an even coat.

Next, add the base colours. We used Retributor Armour and Kantor Blue for the armour, Leadbelcher for the hammer and tabard, and Screamer Pink for the hafts.

A generous wash of the colours in the Citadel Shade range will add contrast and bring out the detail. Reikland Fleshshade is a great choice for Stormcast Eternals.

Use Citadel Layer paints to bring colour and definition to the raised areas. For this stage we used Auric Armour Gold, Altdorf Guard Blue, Runefang Steel and Pink Horror.

Highlight the model's edges with a Citadel Detail Brush. We used Fenrisian Grey to highlight the blue, White Scar for the symbols, and Liberator Gold for the armour.

Paint the base with Steel Legion Drab. After applying PVA glue to the top, cover it with Citadel Sand. Once the base is dry, glue on a few Mordheim Tufts with PVA glue.

THE WAR OF LOST TIME

THUNDER IN THE VAULT

Far and wide raged Sigmar's war, one vital battle overlapping another like booming peals of thunder. Even as one of their Warrior Chambers was retreating from Bloodkeep, another great force of the Hammers of Sigmar crackled into being upon the Anachron Plateau to begin a campaign of their own.

The Battle of Burning Skies was a conflict so legendary that its aftermath has rippled throughout history. On that tumultuous day, gods and mortals alike united under Sigmar's banner, fighting like lions against the hosts of the Dark Gods. Their battle lines surged beneath a sky blazing with mind-shattering energies. Sigmar himself met the mightiest daemon lords in personal combat, one by one, for they were too proud to unite their blades against him.

And in those duels he defeated them, each in turn, while the battle raged. He bested An'ggrath in combat, burned bright through the mire of Feculox, and resisted the intoxicating allure of Luxcious. Not even Kiathanus' cunning could halt his fury, for the Lord of Change found his magics impotent against the purity of Sigmar's soul.

At the last, Sigmar's ascendancy was brought to a crashing halt by Archaon, Exalted Grand Marshal of the Apocalypse. Tzeentch wrought a great illusion that saw Sigmar hurl his hammer with all his might – but not to smite Archaon as he had intended, rather directly into a rift between realms. The artefact hurtled across time and space, ripping through reality in a series of world-splitting booms.

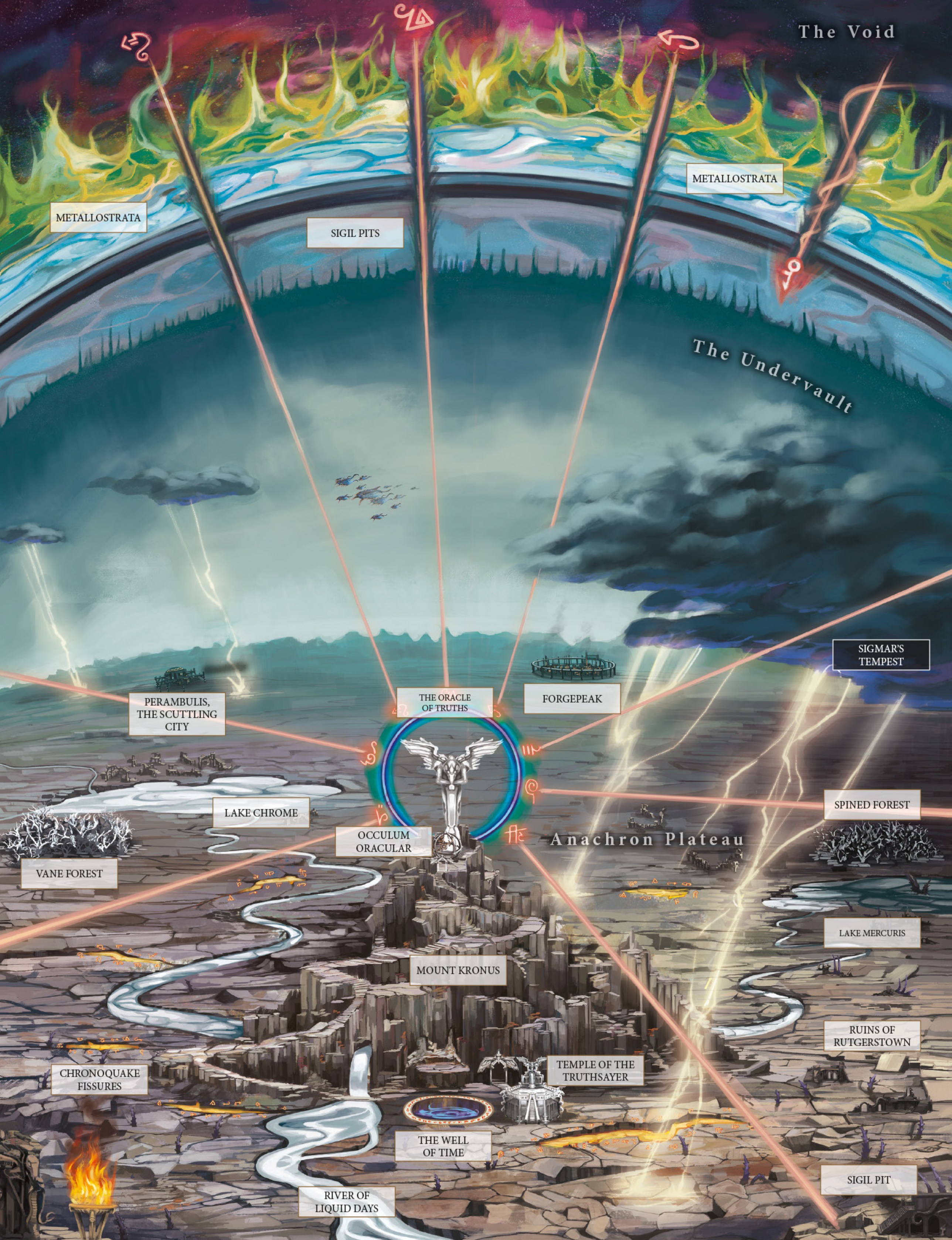
Without his hammer, Sigmar soon spent the thunderhead of his wrath. The daemon hordes battered against the God-King and his armies, wearing him down and slaughtering his people. After that cataclysmic loss, Sigmar was forced to retreat from Archaon's armies, and his people with him. They made haste to Azyr, where he sealed them away for many centuries.

The divine hammer, Ghal Maraz, finally came to rest in far Anvrok, deep in the mountain-clustered realm of Chamon. There, the weapon languished for aeons, for the scions of the Dark Gods could not look upon it. It was the sorcerer Ephryx who eventually harnessed Ghal Maraz, constructing a great siphon-structure around it. With the coming of Sigmar's Storm, the walls of this eldritch fortress were cast down, and the whereabouts of the Great Shatterer became known. The God-King sent twelve Stormhosts to retrieve it, Vandus Hammerhand at their head. Though few of these crusaders survived the quest, the Stormhosts found Ghal Maraz. In breaking the daemon cabal that sought to steal the hammer away forever, Vandus claimed the relic for its rightful owner once more. Yet his duties were far from over...

Vandus Hammerhand writhed in agony as the visions struck him: a mountain, its sides glittering, so massive its gravity made his veins ache; a crudely-wrought idol, shimmering like spilt oil as it turned against a sparking sky; a cursed soul trapped in a prison of sigils. That soul alone knew the truths that could save the Mortal Realms. There came the beat of leathery wings, and a great chimera-beast fell upon Vandus. Its triple maws yawned in wrath, in laughter, in contempt. Inside its belly, Vandus saw a vortex of chaotic energy, an eternity of pain severed from Sigmar's grace. The armoured figure atop the beast spoke. Cold fear bound his limbs, gripping him like the tendrils of some parasitic grave-plant. Here was true death, the ultimate fate all Stormcast Eternals feared. The chimera reached down, its mouths gaping to swallow him whole. Then there was only darkness.

Vandus spasmed in pain, his mind freezing as the vision left him cold, doomed and alone. Then, cutting through the ice of his thoughts, came footsteps.

'Lord Vandus,' said Laudus Skythunder, herald of Sigmar. 'The God-King has need of you.'


The Void
METALLOSTRATA
SIGIL PITS
METALLOSTRATA
The Undervault
PERAMBULIS, THE SCUTTLING CITY
THE ORACLE OF TRUTHS
FORGEPEAK
SIGMAR'S TEMPEST
LAKE CHROME
OCCULUM ORACULAR
Anachron Plateau
SPINED FOREST
VANE FOREST
MOUNT KRONUS
LAKE MERCURIS
CHRONOQUAKE FISSURES
TEMPLE OF THE TRUTHSAYER
RUINS OF RUTGERSTOWN
THE WELL OF TIME
SIGIL PIT
RIVER OF LIQUID DAYS

Deep within Chamon glittered the spined sphere, Golgeth. Hanging heavy in the firmament, Golgeth was an orb so dense it drew arcane energies to it. It attracted lost magic as a lodestone attracts splinters of iron, and its surface was so saturated with arcane energies it was inimical to life. Inside Golgeth's core, however, a hidden world thrived.

The Undervault within attracted time as well as magic, and gravity fluctuated as the arcane energies interacted. A few brave peoples made their homes within Golgeth, settling upon a vast disc of metal ore known as the Anachron Plateau. They were kept safe from the destructive aether of Golgeth's exterior by the density of the time inside – where several years would pass in a neighbouring realm, a single day might pass on the plateau. They lived simple lives, carrying hourglass sand from the Well of Time or farming the algae upon the mountain of fool's gold in their midst – Mount Kronus.

Slowly, subtly, Chaos came to the Undervault. Unable to penetrate Golgeth's barrier of time, it invaded not as an all-conquering horde, but as an insidious threat that slowly corrupted the people of the plateau.

After the Battle of Burning Skies, the Dark Gods were displeased with the four greater daemons who had acted as their generals. Though Archaon had forced Sigmar to retreat to Azyr, the Everchosen served all the Chaos gods and none at all, so no single deity could claim the victory. This did not sit well with them, and they punished their generals according to their natures.

The Lord of Change, Kiathanus, was dealt perhaps the harshest fate of all. By breaking his daemon servant's true name, the Great Architect, Tzeentch, unbound the very soul-stuff of his minion, casting the nine syllables across time and space to bind them to reality as magical sigils – one into each of the seven accessible Mortal Realms, one spinning into the void, and one into the Realm of Chaos.

Each far-flung site of this ninefold prison shimmered with a fragment of sentience. The first syllable of Kiathanus' true name was hurled into Chamon, where it fell to rest on the Anachron Plateau. The people there came to revere the site, for part of the daemon's essence whispered secrets to them in the night. Before long, they had begun to worship the whispers as the voice of an oracle, and raised a great goldenstone statue above the sigil.

The people of the Anachron Plateau had learned of many wondrous things simply by asking the Truthsayer statue, for whilst Kiathanus was robbed of his true name, he had no recourse but to tell the truth whenever he was asked – a singular punishment for a duplicitous Lord of Change. But there are many sides to each truth, and the daemon knew them all. With painstaking care, Kiathanus tailored and twisted his answers to tell the people the angles of truth that would serve him best. When a warrior or seer sought arcane power, he steered them through a series of Realmgates to the very lands where his name-sigils were bound. Over generations uncounted, he set the tribes that sought out and drew power from these sites against each other. Rivalries turned to feuds, feuds to vendettas, and vendettas to open wars. As the death tolls spiralled higher, the wise men and women of those peoples placed the blame upon the mystic symbols they had once treasured, and bade their warriors break them apart.

Over the centuries, seven syllables of the daemon's true name flew free into the aether, eventually gravitating towards Golgeth. Hissing with raw magic, they melted through its metallostrata one by one, leaving strangely-shaped canyons in their wake. Eventually, they burnt through to the core. They united with the first sigil, and orbited close around the towering Truthsayer statue, reuniting Kiathanus with most of his true name – and in doing so, all but freeing him.

Only one sigil remained missing when Sigmar's Storm broke – that which was seared into the Conqueror's Gate of Bloodkeep. Though he realised it not, in smiting that sigil, Lord-Celestant Sargassus Heavenhost had freed the last piece of Kiathanus' soul.

The sigil winged through the void, burning through the barrier of time that surrounded the Undervault. In a matter of days, Kiathanus would learn his true name and thereby reclaim his power. Not only would a great evil be released, but one with knowledge torn from the Mortal Realms, the Realm of Chaos, and the void besides. One who claimed Kiathanus as an ally would have all the knowledge he needed to unlock the secrets of the Mortal Realms – and thereby ensure their conquest.

Sigmar had witnessed the last sigil of Kiathanus' name drawn across the void to Golgeth, and foreseen the chaos that would follow in its wake. To the Anachron Plateau he hurled the Hammers of Sigmar, for they were already thrice-proven in battle.

The Stormcast Eternals felt the pull of Mount Kronus from the very moment they blasted from the aether. At times, the dense gravity made even walking an arduous trial. They felt the effects of the Well of Time upon them, too; as that yawning pit breathed in lost hours and wasted days, they found their limbs moving slower, as if they marched through spoiled honey. Whenever the Well breathed back out, spewing temporal cancellations and swathes of spare time, they found they moved with blurring speed.

The Stormhosts' tumultuous arrival did not go unnoticed. The Gaunt Summoner called the Watcher King – though only Archaon knew his true name – observed them from the Temple of the Truthsayer, a bastion at the foot of Mount Kronus. Fearing his plan to harness Kiathanus' full power was in jeopardy, he spoke words of conjuration that echoed from the mountainside. From every cave came a horde of Tzeentch's minions, all giving praise to the Changer of the Ways.

The daemons of Mount Kronus had been bound to its defence for many generations. The people that had consulted the Truthsayer had grown powerful long ago, but they also became greedy, as all men do. They had asked the Truthsayer of the arts of daemon summoning, thinking to bind the creatures to their will so they might never need to labour again. At first, their scheme was successful, but the daemons of Tzeentch revel in the undoing of mortal artifice. It was not long before the roles were reversed. The daemons enslaved all the peoples of the Undervault, forcing them to take up sword and shield in the name of Chaos.

It was these daemons and vast warrior tribes that surged forth to bar Vandus' path. Capering and whirling, the Pink Horrors that had answered the Watcher King's call surged in a kaleidoscopic blur towards the Hammers of Sigmar. Warpfire belched and spat from their tube-like fingers, riddles spilled from their lips, and discordant ditties erupted from strange mouths that grinned and gaped from within boiling daemonflesh.

Wherever a Judicator's arrow sizzled in to blast a Pink Horror apart, two Blue Horrors would clamber from the fleshy ruin of their predecessor, grumbling and moaning about the unfairness of it all. And so the army grew even as it gathered momentum.

With a roar that shook the heavens, the Hammerhands' Devastation Brotherhood met the wave of Tzeentchian grotesques head on. The first few ranks of Stormcast Eternals were consumed by billowing clouds of warpfire, turning to statues of black marble, clouds of bubbling froth, even glowing strings of hermetic symbols. Lord Vandus had warned them they would fight against fiendish magic such as this, however. The remainder of the chamber's warriors gritted their teeth and prepared to fight to the death.

Ionus Cryptborn looked not upon the horde cascading towards them, but at the figure standing upon the statue-lined temple beyond. Tall and regal, the creature sketched arcane sigils in the air. As the magisterial being looked upon him with the nine eyes of its helm, the Lord-Relictor felt the lightning in his blood burn cold.

'The heart of the horde, Vandus,' he shouted, 'the sky-rider! He is the key!'

Yet it was not words that issued from Cryptborn's lips, but fat sparks that turned quickly to shrieking flickers of pink lightning. The coruscating entities flowed together until they formed a net of crackling magic that held Cryptborn fast. Memories haunted him of his defeats, his unfulfilled dreams, and of his royal consort, trapped in Nagash's power. His long-slain enemies flickered through the Lord-Relictor's mind, each stealing a sliver of his wits until they left his soul cut adrift in an eternal wasteland.

Nearby, Vandus Hammerhand shouted out to him. 'Ionus! Call the storm! Drive these gibbering fiends back before they overwhelm us!'

The Lord-Relictor, lost in the reaches of his own deathless mindscape, did not reply.

Lord Vandus watched Ionus Cryptborn stand unmoving, arm raised to point imperiously into the distance. Since his death to a Chaos axeman and his subsequent Reforging, the Lord-Relictor had become even more inscrutable, speaking in riddles if he deigned to speak at all. But here he seemed frozen as if in ice.

Vandus swept his hammer low to drive a knot of Horrors from his path, his Dracoth Calanax tearing apart a pair of leaping flame-creatures with tooth and claw. The Lord-Celestant scanned the horizon, seeking out the foe powerful enough to paralyse one of Sigmar's chosen. A cloud of warpfire billowed towards him, but Calanax was already leaping sidelong, and the mutagenic flame roared past. Nearby, a Protector's glaive slashed a daemon in two, streams of its ichor rising like glittering rainbows in the air. Behind it, atop the temple's fulcrum, was an unnaturally thin figure wearing a helm clustered with staring eyes. For a moment, Vandus met the creature's gaze.

A thousand visions came upon Vandus at once, each more confusing than the last. He struggled to comprehend the messages and prophecies within, but it was as futile as trying to count the motes of dust in a raging tornado. The rush of vivid hallucinations whirled past with hurricane force, and Vandus was suddenly alone in a grey wilderness. In his heart, he knew he was trapped at the end of time itself.

Vandus set off at a march, hoping to find something, anything, in the empty vista. Minutes stretched into hours, then days, then years. All the while Vandus was haunted by the unfulfilled duty he had left behind. Desperation dogged his every step, and he began to see mirages, a thousand eyes staring at him from every angle.

A flicker on the edge of vision. Slowly, coalescing from the nothingness, a spectre of blue light hobbled towards him. It leaned in close, seeming to peer at Vandus like a myopic old man. His face was wrinkled and gaunt, but Vandus recognised him nonetheless. It was Lord-Relictor Cryptborn, aged to the threshold of natural death. His face resembled the skull mask he once wore to battle. Vandus stumbled back, feeling the effects of the time-spell redoubling upon him. His spine ached, bending him double as his muscles weakened and his mane of hair thinned.

As eternity stretched on before him, Vandus fought off the panicked notion he was running out of time. He clung to the fact he was of the Hammers of Sigmar, those who would not fail.

Blazing conviction took hold of Vandus, and he reached into the spectre of lightning that squinted at him. It stood

upright with a start, the blue light of its incorporeal being blazing bright. Vandus called out his Lord-Relictor's name, and the wraith-form became even more defined, more corporeal. It peered at him again, and resolve hardened in its gaze. Before long, Ionus Cryptborn stood whole again, untouched by the aeons. The Lord-Relictor spoke words of the storm, and the Watcher King's spell was broken.

Vandus came to as if shaken awake. Where a century had dragged past in that timeless realm, but a few grains of sand had trickled from the hourglasses of Mount Kronus. Battle raged all around; the flame-creatures that Calanax had torn apart were still dissipating and the arc of rainbow daemon-blood finally splashed to the ground. In that brief flash, the battle lines had crashed together. Prosecutors duelled soaring Screamers in the high mists, the Stormcasts' meteoric hammers blazing out even as the warping maws of the sky-rays burned the wings from their foes. Liberators chanted war-hymns as they locked shields, a horde of screaming warriors smashing against that impenetrable barrier before the Stormcast Eternals thrust their warblades through the gaps. Behind them, Judicators climbed atop ridges of jagged ore to send volleys of shockbolts slamming into the Chaos Warriors pressing on the Liberators. The tallest of the Judicators, Khostos Bale-eye, raised his Thunderbolt Crossbow and hurled a crackling, twin-tailed bolt of force. It detonated amongst a formation of armoured knights, sending the elite warriors flying. Still the mortals advanced, their chanting a bass rumble under the shrieks of the Tzeentchian vanguard.

Vandus took a deep breath, spurring Calanax to rear up high. He called for his carefully marshalled reserve to join the fight. Circumventing the shield wall, he lunged for the enemy's exposed flank. Behind him, his Devastation Brotherhood charged as one, its winged heralds clearing a path so their fellows might take hammer, axe and glaive to the exposed side of the Tzeentchian army. Their charge was as unstoppable as a raging thunderstorm, and daemons and Chaos Warriors were swept away as they crashed deep into the foe.

Lord-Celestant Hammerhand cried in raw exultation as Calanax rode down a hulking Chaos Lord in the shadow of the temple's fulcrum. They had weathered the storm. The many-eyed mage was nowhere to be seen, whilst atop the mountain, the giant idol of the Truthsayer was in clear sight.

THE TRUTHSAYER'S TEMPLE

With the Hammers of Sigmar attacking in full force, the Gaunt Summoner who sought to claim the Truthsayer's power for his own schemes called upon every pact and promise made with his daemon allies. But those who seek to bind dark powers to their will risk more than life and limb...

The Watcher King rode his disc of Tzeentch on tendrils of pure magic, hurtling through the sky towards the looming ruin at the ore-strewn base of Mount Kronus. To the Gaunt Summoner, it represented not only escape, but retribution. The daemons and warriors he had thrust into the path of the Stormcast Eternals had been found wanting, for the force of the newcomers' assault had battered a path through the horde with shocking efficiency. It was time to rely on other pacts – even if it meant calling in oaths of fealty sworn aeons before.

The Watcher King chanted words of power, his many eyes weeping blood as he stared intently at a single point in space. A shimmer in the air became a lesion, then a gaping wound. With a howl of pain, the Gaunt Summoner ripped open a Realmgate long sealed.

The summoner's call was heard in the reaches of the Realm of Chaos, and the scions of the Dark Gods burst into view. First to emerge was Slishy's Cavalcade, a carnival of sinuous beast-riders and charioteers born from pure lust for the hunt.

The Gaunt Summoner gestured towards a crackling pocket of loose time, and his daemon allies charged through it, accelerating to blurring speed. A high-pitched skirling of hunting horns, and the daemon chariots hurtled into the ranks of the oncoming Hammers of Sigmar. Gracefully curving blades laid open breastplates and greaves to scythe through the flesh beneath; the ridged claws of the lithe she-daemons atop each construction reached down to pluck Stormcast heads from necks with the ease of children picking flowers. In their wake leapt Slaaneshi riders, laying

open throats and plunging daggers into eye sockets whilst the Stormcasts – still stuck in a slower timeflow – were powerless to resist.

Vandus swiftly changed tactics to defend against this new assault. He ordered his Prosecutors to stand close to his side with their wings spread out behind their backs, obscuring the fissure that spread out behind them. Sure enough the cavalcade, still moving with uncanny speed, burst through towards them.

At the last moment, the Prosecutors leapt backwards. Cackling at their prey's attempt to evade, the daemon cavaliers hit them full force. Many a Prosecutor was slain by cruel blades, but in letting their battle-lust control them, the Slaaneshi daemons had charged headlong to their own doom.

Vandus' luminous sky-warriors took flight, floating gracefully above the crevasse even as the writhing daemons plummeted into the depths. There, the fiends would remain until the end of days, always falling, yet never meeting their final release. Vandus looked to the skies as lightning blazed down from the clouds to coalesce into ranks of shining warriors. A shouted command, and his Hammerstrike Force battered the rest of the cavalcade into oblivion.

More of the Watcher King's allies marched into the fray – this time slain tribesmen of the Anachron Plateau, dragged back through a temporal anomaly to fight once more at the Gaunt Summoner's behest. Warriors pushed forward in tight-packed ranks, heavily armoured Chaos Knights galloping in slow motion through the glinting scree at their side. Ionus Cryptborn was quick to react, raising his relic standard high as a sign for his Paladin allies to form up in the pocket of accelerated time formerly occupied by the Slaaneshi daemons. Storm-summoned energies flashed, blasting a path through the enemy to fell the Manticore-riding Chaos Lord at their heart. As their brothers below sought to withstand the tide of foes, Cryptborn's Annihilation Brotherhood moved lightning-fast up the slopes. Only when they were directly above the Realmgate did the Retributors take their weapons to the mountain in a pounding tattoo. An entire cliff face came away, boulders burying Anachron tribesmen and Realmgate alike.

The Watcher King was already summoning more aid from his allies in the Realm of Chaos. This time, however, it was to cost him dear.

UPON THE TIMELESS PEAK

The Stormcast Eternals had fought off the Watcher King's daemon armies and repelled his Chaos Warrior hosts. The Gaunt Summoner hastily sought help from other allies, fleeing to the peak of Mount Kronus and consulting the Truthsayer, even as Kiathanus' final sigil burned towards him.

Surveying the battle from high above, the Watcher King called upon a fearsome entity indeed – Skarbrand, Bloodthirster of Khorne. Sketching symbols in the air, the Watcher King opened a doorway through the aether, a channel of time-rich energy that could speed the greater daemon's passage to Mount Kronus. Through that portal came a burst of crimson flame and a bellow of raw, immortal fury. It blasted the Gaunt Summoner from his fulcrum, the intensity of the emotion causing his mind and body to spasm. He leapt back onto his disc, eyes blood red. Ripping an ensorcelled dagger from its spine-sheath, he rode a wave of liquid magic towards the Prosecutors fighting below.

The winged Stormcasts were raining hammers of energy down onto the rot-fly daemons circling up towards them, and they were not expecting an attack from the rear. Pink froth spilling from his maw, the Gaunt Summoner slammed into one of the Prosecutors. He all but bounced off his enemy's broad back – until he sunk his dagger's tip into the gap under his victim's helm.

The Prosecutor's cry echoed from the side of Mount Kronus. Moments later, a volley of sizzling arrows hurtled skyward from the Judicators below, but it was too late to save the winged herald of Sigmar. The blade of change had bitten deep, and its mutagenic curse was already causing the warrior's flesh to swell and bulge. Above the landslide triggered by Ionus Cryptborn, the Knight-Venator Ghodric Truebolt took careful aim. His arrow hit the tortured creature that had once been the Prosecutor, killing him instantly. A second sizzling arrow from the Knight-Venator's bow hit the Watcher King in the gut. The pain drove the red fug of anger from his mind. A moment of stark clarity seized hold of him – Skarbrand had not answered his summons. He had to escape, or face the wrath of Sigmar's elite himself. A dozen Prosecutors were turning towards him, but already skyborne Screamers were swooping in to bar their path. A flicker of the newly-opened Realmgate, and the Gaunt Summoner was gone.

With the Stormcast Eternals left fighting the daemons in his wake, the Gaunt Summoner stepped out of the Realmgate atop Mount Kronus to look up at the colossus at its peak. The last of the magical sigils that would yield the Truthsayer's true name was burning through the vault-trammelled skies. Perhaps now, so close to freedom, it would give him the answers he had sought for so long.

'Can the Everchosen be bound to another's will?' asked the Watcher King, his voice shaking. This time, the daemon statue turned to face him, the goldenstone prison becoming fluid around its contemptuous smile.

'He can. In truth he was corrupted long ago.'

'Then how? What secrets does he most seek to hide?'

'The secrets of his past,' answered Kiathanus. 'The name he used when he was a champion of light, a name that still burns with injustice and injured pride – burns so fiercely he could be turned against the gods once more.'

The Watcher King choked in shock as the Truthsayer spoke Archaon's true name. 'Should he be blessed with daemonhood, this name could bind him to my will!'

'And yet to learn it is to die. Good luck, little sorcerer.'

There was a loud boom, and a shadow loomed from the Realmgate. Archaon had come to claim his due.

ARCHAON, DESTROYER OF WORLDS

Archaon is the Everchosen, Exalted Grand Marshal of the Apocalypse and the master of disorder. It is by his will the multifarious armies of Chaos are united, bound together by the chains of tyranny to ensure the downfall of order.

Though his might is unparalleled, surpassing that of the most vaunted daemon kings, Archaon has never succumbed to the worship of one Chaos power in particular. Instead he seeks to take strength from them all, giving little but temporary service to his patrons in return – and the Dark Gods value the service of this mortal agent most highly. Not for Archaon the fate of the mewling, mutated Chaos Spawn, nor that of the diabolical Daemon Prince, powerful beyond measure yet bound to an immortality of servitude. The steel in Archaon's soul is so strong he has walked the Path to Glory for thousands of years, leaving entire worlds dead in his wake – and still his body and mind remain whole.

Whispers abound concerning Archaon's former life, for he never speaks of the time before he became the Everchosen. Some say he climbed from the blackest void fully-formed, others that he wrought the ruin of the world that birthed him, shattering it forever in contempt for its weakness.

All the legends that surround the Everchosen agree on one aspect; that he has crossed the sea of stars, seeking out the most priceless of prizes and claiming them for his own. Amongst them are the Armour of Morkar, which can turn aside any blade, the Eye of Sheerian, which gazes into the souls of men, and Dorghar, the Steed of the Apocalypse, a shape-changing daemon with the power to consume souls. In his right hand he carries the Slayer of Kings, its jagged blade host to the daemon U'zuhl. Though its allegiance is fickle, its potency is without question.

The greatest testament to Archaon's skill is seen in his relationship with the Dark Gods. Where a lesser warlord might seek a quick route to unearthly power by selling his allegiance – and perhaps his soul – to the Chaos Gods, Archaon has earned his supremacy with a sharp mind and a strong sword arm. His endless ambition and unquenchable thirst for conquest drives him ever on, an unstoppable force that cannot be turned aside by man, or daemon, or god.

THE VARANGUARD

Archaon has always ridden to battle with a warband of exceptional warriors behind him. The latest incarnation of this warrior elite, the Varanguard, are arguably the most fearsome warriors in all the Mortal Realms. Each has fought his way from mortal bladesman to hulking champion of the Dark Gods, granted a vision of Archaon's own symbol before following portents and omens to the Everchosen's side. These chosen ones have been rewarded with not only physical strength, but daemonic steeds to bear them to war. Though many of their number devoted themselves to a particular patron deity in the past, since joining the ranks of the Varanguard these warrior lords serve only Archaon. Over the centuries, the Everchosen has amassed eight circles of these supernatural warriors to ride at his side, each an army in its own right. In their wake, they leave not only the red ruin of their conquests, but the crushed bones and pulped flesh of a million aspirants ground into the dust by the ambition of mightier men.

Eyes blazing, Archaon looked up at the Truthsayer he had long sought. It seemed so far in the past, the cataclysmic battle where Kiathanus had been found wanting, but the Everchosen remembered every sword thrust, every spray of blood. In this place, past mistakes could be rectified, excised from the stuff of time. Likewise, the future could be torn free, twisted into new shapes, and set in stone.

Atop the peak of the mountain were the baroque arches of the Oracular Occulum. Above it was Kiathanus' prison, an immense statue carved in the likeness of a Lord of Change. The Gaunt Summoners had long known its location, but had sought to keep it from their master with illusions and obfuscations – Chamon was vast beyond imagining, and even a being such as Archaon could not search its every peak and valley. The Everchosen had always suspected one of the Gaunt Summoners would lead him to Kiathanus eventually. He had not expected one to open a gateway right to the threshold of the daemon's prison.

At a kick from Archaon's spurs, Dorghar flew high over the Realmgate. The Steed of the Apocalypse roared in fierce jubilation, for he could taste destiny in the air. Shrinking before the beast's splendour was the Watcher King, one of the Nine, cowering back in fear. The Gaunt Summoner had lured the daemon hosts of the Dark Gods to this place in order to save himself – that much was obvious from the crash and bellows of battle on the plateau far below. In doing so, he had inadvertently revealed his location to Archaon, for many a daemon herald had been bound to the Everchosen's rule.

Below Dorghar, the Varanguard charged headlong through the Realmgate by the hundred, some forming up beneath their lord and others charging headlong at the Stormcast Eternals. Archaon himself had not emerged from the Realmgate at the foot of the mountain – as much as he wanted to teach Sigmar's chosen their place, he had not the time to join the fight against the golden warriors below. Ultimately, those shining armies were of little significance here, mere daemon-fodder in the greater scheme of things. The Everchosen had instead emerged near the mountain's peak, far above the Anachron Plateau. Kiathanus was minutes away from regaining his true name, and in doing so, rejoining the Great Game. Archaon planned to bind the Lord of Change to his will and his alone, a pet seer with the secrets of reality at his behest.

To stand in Archaon's presence was to face the heat of an erupting volcano. The Gaunt Summoner felt like his bones were turning liquid within him. For a second, he panicked, mistaking sensation for reality, but it was not his time to die just yet.

'You dare to challenge my rule?' said the Everchosen, more of his Varanguard riding hard from the Realmgate, until a small army mustered in Dorghar's shadow. 'You dare to claim that which is rightfully mine?'

'No! I… I implore you for aid, as a supplicant implores a god!'

'So you wish for me to grant you a boon,' said Archaon darkly, intolerable menace in every word. 'And why should I do that?'

'I know of your mortal past, my lord,' ventured the Watcher King, 'and should your Varanguard learn of your former allegiance…'

'Ha!' sneered Archaon, the sheer intensity of his contempt blasting rock dust from the mountainside. The Gaunt Summoner's many eyes bled with the effort of holding Archaon's gaze. He longed to look up at Kiathanus, to ask the daemon to intercede – any moment the last sigil of its name would burn home, and it would be free. But the Watcher King resisted the urge. To disrespect Archaon was to spend eternity in Dorghar's gullet.

'Do not seek help from the Truthsayer, fool,' snarled Archaon, 'its knowledge will soon be mine forever. You defied me, daemon, and I shall reward you accordingly.'

The Everchosen leaned forwards in his saddle, relishing every word. 'To the Whisperfane with you.'

The Watcher King screamed, all three of his scrabbling hands forming symbols of conjuration, calling forth yet more fiendish hosts in the hope of staving off the torture of long imprisonment. Reality thinned, a thousand daemon claws pulling apart the veil between the Realm of Chaos and that of Chamon. Archaon merely smiled, motioning his Varanguard forward to intercept the horde of Tzeentchian grotesques that surged from the aether towards him.

'A last lesson, then,' said Archaon, kicking Dorghar into a diving charge. 'Summoner, your doom is upon you. Prepare for an immortality of pain!'

The Watcher King took flight, his disc steed not needing any encouragement to flee from Archaon as fast as it could. The blade-ridged thing was malevolent enough in its way, and the Gaunt Summoner cherished its company, but next to Dorghar it was an insect in the shadow of a rampaging vortex beast.

The Steed of the Apocalypse hurtled after it, first one daemon maw then another snapping closed a hand's breadth from the Watcher King. The Gaunt Summoner cried out one incantation after the next, a shield of warpflame flickering in a halo around him as he plunged through the arches of the Occulum. Archaon flicked out killing fires from his blade, each near-miss turning a pillar or statue to glittering ash. The Watcher King, bobbing and weaving under the goldenstone idol, prayed for Kiathanus to break free as Dorghar crashed bodily through the ancient ruins behind him.

On the mountainside below, a newly-summoned horde of Tzeentchian daemons blinked and muttered, startled at having being summoned so suddenly from their labours in the Crystal Labyrinth. The war horns of the Varanguard sounded close by, and the daemons had barely the time to take stock of their predicament before the first of the armoured hell-knights slammed into their midst.

The tableau that followed was one of utter destruction. So many Tzeentchian daemons were banished by sheer violence that Kiathanus, forced to watch from the prison of his oracular idol, shed quicksilver tears of frustration at not being able to affect the fight in person. Warpflame flickered as the first wedge of the Varanguard plunged onward, each hell-forged lance spitting a Pink Horror through its central mass and slicing into the ranks behind. No sooner had each maniacal daemon split into two than the hulking steed of the Varanguard lancer came crashing home, bowling over the sour-faced Blue Horrors that sprang up in their predecessor's wake, and trampling them into the hard, jagged stones with a series of loud pops.

A gauzy river of blue fire wound from the Watcher King's outstretched hand, yanked downwards by pockets of rogue gravity and caught shimmering in the air by bubbles of dense time. Wherever it touched the mountainside it coalesced into a cascade of interlocking, fleshy crescents that rose up as Flamers of Tzeentch.

Lorgore the Cruel, storied tyrant of the Swords of Chaos, motioned for his second wedge to ride hard up the mountain even as flame-formed daemons hurled torrents of pure mutating energy towards them. The Varanguard raised their shields, but three fell nonetheless, flesh running away in ribbon-like streamers that floated upon the wind to spell out inventive obscenities.

The rest of Archaon's cavaliers drove their charge home, each steed's armoured head lifting high to hurl the fire-daemons into the air. Laughing madly, those riders in their wake caught the Flamers on the tips of their blades, impaling their spongy torsos with such force they simply burst apart in multicoloured strings of viscera.

Again and again the Varanguard charged, revelling in their own power and their freedom to slaughter the minions of the Dark Gods. More warbands marched from the Realmgate atop the mountain; pallid brutes with soot-black breastplates holding in their wobbling guts, blood-crazed madmen and three-eyed curselings from beyond the void. Every one was hungry for the kill, and they took blade and axe to the Tzeentchian daemons the Watcher King had summoned to defend him.

High above, Dorghar swooped. From his back Archaon reached out with a beckoning finger, leaning over as his steed's dive brought him close to the Watcher King. He plucked the errant sorcerer from his flying disc by grabbing the nape of his neck, his grip tight enough to silence any spell the summoner might seek to cast.

The mountainside grew bright, for the last syllable of Kiathanus' true name was growing larger and larger as it approached, rocketing down through the Undervault to join the sigils floating like a halo around the goldenstone idol.

At a command from his master, Dorghar snapped his wings hard and shot like a hurled javelin towards the sigil, the fires of raw change lancing from his centremost head to consume the arcane symbol entirely. And then, in a thunderous blast of sound and light, the Stormcast Eternals burst from the Realmgate onto the glittering peak of Mount Kronus.

BATTLEPLAN

PATH OF RETREAT

There are times in war where the only sensible course of action is to flee before a proper battle can start. Sometimes a group of warriors will find themselves so hopelessly overmatched that standing and fighting would simply spell their doom. At other times it will be vital that a warrior escapes a battle in order to carry out a more important task elsewhere. In either case, if an enemy is close by, they will do their utmost to stop their opponent from getting away, pursuing them with a bloodthirsty vigour, advancing as quickly as possible, and positioning their forces in such a way as to block their enemy's path of retreat.

The following battle recreates such an encounter, with one player needing to escape the battlefield and the other trying to block their retreat. It is perfect for recreating Archaon's pursuit and ultimate capture of the hapless Gaunt Summoner known as the Watcher King, but works just as well with any two armies.

THE ARMIES

This battle can be fought using any two armies. Just follow the instructions for picking an army on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet.

After the players have picked their armies, decide who will be the escapee, and who will be the pursuer.

ESCAPEE'S OBJECTIVE

You know that there is no point in trying to stand and fight, although your heart burns for you to do so. However, much as you would like to teach your foe a lesson, it is vital that you get away and live to fight another day. Unfortunately, the route you must travel to escape is both long and fraught with peril. You will need to use all of your cunning to avoid capture, and may have to sacrifice some of your followers in order to slow down your pursuers and to clear your own escape path. Although distasteful, such tactics are necessary if you are to outwit your foe and escape with your life.

PURSUER'S OBJECTIVE

Your foe is cornered, and has no choice but to try to flee the trap you have set. Unfortunately, he is making his move before you have been able to get all of your warriors into a position to stop him. This will force you to launch a pursuit with the troops that you do have at hand. Luckily, some of your warriors are astride the enemy's path of retreat, and they should be able to slow him long enough for you to capture and kill your target.

ALL-OUT DEFENCE

Units from the escapee's army can concentrate on defence rather than make any attacks. They can do this in any combat phase, and also during the pursuer's shooting phase.

The escapee must declare if any of their units will be concentrating on defence at the start of the relevant phase. Until the end of that phase, roll a dice each time a wound is inflicted on a unit that is concentrating on defence. On a roll of 4 or more, the wound is negated – it has either been dodged or parried – and has no effect. Mortal wounds cannot be negated with this ability.

A unit that is concentrating on defence in a combat phase is not allowed to attack at all in that phase. A unit that concentrates on defence in a shooting phase is not allowed to charge in its next turn.

THE BATTLEFIELD

This battle takes place on a long and narrow battlefield that leads to a Realmgate that the escapee can use to get away. We recommend you use a Baleful Realmgate to represent the Realmgate, but any suitable model from your collection can be used instead if you prefer. Generate additional scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the scenery from the map below. The battlefield is split into six equal sized sections, as shown on the deployment map.

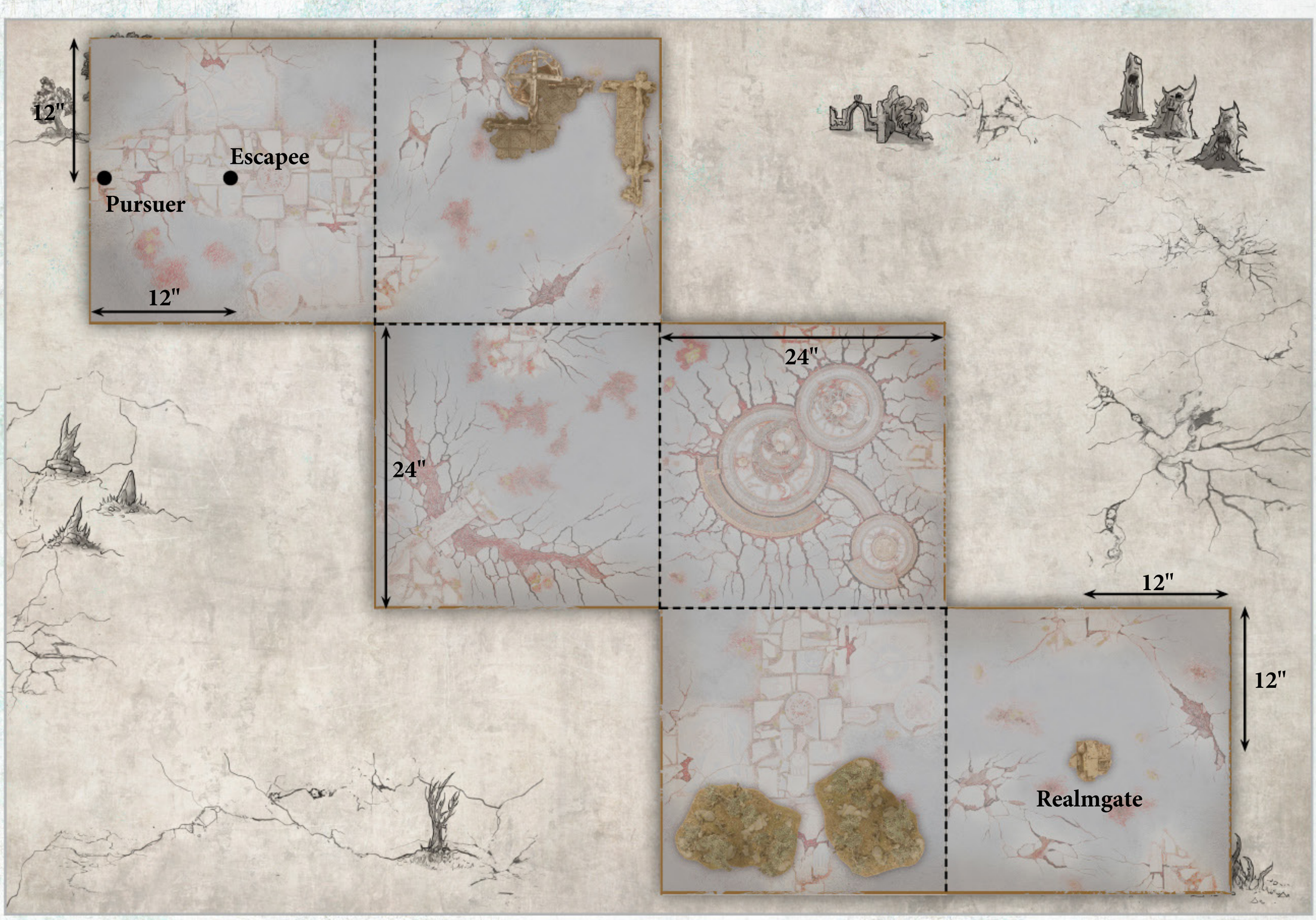
SET-UP

Each player must select three units from their army as their starting forces. These units are the only ones to be set up at the start of the battle – any remaining units are available as reinforcements, and can arrive during the battle as described below.

Each player must pick one unit from the three they have chosen to be (or include) their army general. The players alternate setting up their three units, starting with the escapee. The army generals must be set up first, on the battlefield section furthest from the Realmgate. The escapee is placed at the centre of the section, and the pursuer touching the table edge, as shown on the map. The remaining units are placed on the sections between the one with the generals and the one with the Realmgate. No more than one unit can be placed in a section, and all models from the unit must be in that section and more that 3" from the enemy.

FIRST TURN

The escapee decides who has the first turn in the first battle round.



REINFORCEMENTS

Each army general is allowed to summon a unit of reinforcements to the battlefield in their hero phase instead of using a command ability. This can be any unit from the general's army that was not deployed on the battlefield at the start of the game. Reinforcements can be set up on any battlefield section apart from the one that includes the Realmgate. All of the models in the unit must be set up within 6" of the edge of the battlefield, and more than 9" away from any enemy models. This counts as their move for the following movement phase.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the escapee wins a **major victory** if their general finishes a move within 1" of the Realmgate. The pursuer wins a **major victory** if they slay the enemy general and their own general is still alive. The pursuer wins a **minor victory** if they slay the enemy general but their own general has also been slain.

HINTS & TIPS

Both players face an important decision at the start of the battle, which is picking their army general. Whoever is picked needs to be both fast and tough, which tend to be contradictory qualities. Remember that any model can be your general, so you may want to pick a model that is part of a unit. This will allow you to allocate wounds to models other than the general, which can help the general survive, especially if the unit you pick moves quickly!

TIME OF WAR

Atop the Anachron Plateau stands crumbling Mount Kronus. This is a warped place where the laws of reality bend and flex. Not only does gravity fluctuate all around the mountain's feet, but time itself flows like the currents of some deep ocean, riptides racing swiftly ahead while whirlpools crawl to a stop. These rules allow you to fight battles in the shadow of Mount Kronus, using time fluctuations and strange gravitic phenomena to your advantage even as they cripple the armies of your foes.

MOUNT KRONUS

If you decide a battle is taking place in the Realm of Metal, then you can specify it is occurring at the foot of Mount Kronus. If you do, the following rules apply.

TEMPORAL CONVERGENCE

The Baleful Realmgates that dot the landscape at the foot of Mount Kronus are saturated with quantum particles that cause strange temporal anomalies affecting anybody nearby. The following rules apply to Baleful Realmgates in addition to the normal rules on their warscroll.

Any unit within 10" of a Baleful Realmgate in their hero phase will be affected by time slippage. Roll a dice and look up the result on the table below to see what effect the time slippage has. The result lasts until the end of the turn.

D6	Result
1	**Slowed Down:** The unit cannot move in its next movement phase.
2	**Speeded Up:** The unit doubles the distance it can move in its next movement phase.
3	**Quick Draw:** The unit can be picked to attack twice in its next shooting phase.
4	**Flash Charge:** The unit can declare a charge if it is within 24" of any enemy units, and doubles the distance rolled when it charges.
5	**Blade Blur:** The unit can be picked to pile in and attack twice in the next combat phase.
6	**Time Repeats:** The unit battles on for several blood-soaked minutes only to be dragged back in time with their wounds and fatalities yet to occur. Knowing the path of the immediate future, the warriors are thus able to repeat their actions with the gift of hindsight, thrusting forwards to lay a killing blow when before their attack was parried, dodging left instead of right to avoid a fatal strike and so on. For a time at least, these gifted few can stride through the battlefield like gods of war. You can re-roll any and all dice for this unit until the end of the turn.

COGNITIVE CONVERGENCE

The buildings around Mount Kronus are haunted by ghostly memories of the glories and outrages of the past. Sometimes these create cognitive memory surges in beings that are nearby – reality fades from view for those affected as they relive deeds and acts from their past. Warriors trapped in such a memory fugue are very vulnerable if they are attacked before they can shake off the effect.

In your hero phase, pick an enemy unit and roll two dice. If the total beats the unit's Bravery, it is overcome by a memory fugue. If this happens, it cannot attack in the combat phase of that turn until after all other units have made their attacks (do its attacks separately, after all other attacks have been completed).

GRAVITIC CONVERGENCE

Every Numinous Occulum and Dragonfate Dais near to Mount Kronus becomes suffused with weird matter particles. The following rules apply in addition to the rules on their warscroll.

Density Well: A Numinous Occulum in the vicinity of Mount Kronus mysteriously increases the density and heft of nearby units' weapons and armour. Units cannot run if they are

within 5" of a Numinous Occulum at the start of their movement phase, and only roll one dice to see how far they can charge if they are within 5" of a Numinous Occulum at the start of their charge phase. On the other hand, add 1 to the save rolls of units within 5" of any Numinous Occulums when their save roll is made, and add 1 to the Damage characteristic of any melee weapons used by a unit within 5" of any Numinous Occulums when it attacks.

Null Zone: A Dragonfate Dais near to Mount Kronus will be coated in null particles, which decrease the effects of gravity in their vicinity. Roll two dice to see how far a unit can run if they are within 5" of a Dragonfate Dais at the start of their movement phase, and roll three dice to see how far they can charge if they are within 5" of a Dragonfate Dais at the start of their charge phase. On the other hand, subtract 1 from the save rolls of units within 5" of any Dragonfate Daises when their save roll is made.

Gravitic Quagmire: If a unit begins a phase within 5" of a Numinous Occulum and within 5" of a Dragonfate Dais at the same time, it becomes mired by the competing forces. As long as it is within this gravitic quagmire, it does not use the Density Well or Null Zone rules. Instead, the Move characteristic of the models in the unit is reduced by 3" (to a minimum of 0"), and 1 is subtracted from all hit rolls for the unit.

KRONOTIC MAGIC

Wizards in the vicinity of Mount Kronus know the Thief of Time and Temporal Healing spells in addition to any other spells that they know.

THIEF OF TIME

Thief of Time has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, an enemy unit begins to age rapidly as the years of their life are stolen away. Pick an enemy unit within 18" of the caster. That unit suffers 1 mortal wound at the end of each hero phase for the rest of the battle. This effect only ends when the spellcaster is slain!

TEMPORAL HEALING

Temporal Healing has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, the wizard reverses time for a nearby unit. Pick a model within 4" of the caster. All wounds suffered by that model are healed.

MOUNT KRONUS TRIUMPHS

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

D6	Reward
1	**Heavy Metal Ingot:** Choose a **HERO** in your army to carry the ingot. The **HERO** cannot run and you can only roll one dice to see how far they can charge, but you can add 1 to all save rolls for the model, and 1 to the Damage characteristic of any melee weapons that the model uses.
2	**Null Metal Finial:** Choose a unit standard, banner or icon bearer in your army to carry the finial. As long as the model has not been slain you can roll two dice to see how far its unit can run, and three dice to see how far it can charge, but must subtract 1 from all save rolls for the unit.
3	**Mercurial Potion:** Choose a **HERO** from your army to carry the potion. The **HERO** can drink it once during the battle at the start of their hero phase. If the **HERO** does so, they can move as if they can fly and enemies must subtract 1 from all hit rolls made against the **HERO** until your next hero phase.
4	**Kronotic Copper Bracelet:** Choose a **HERO** from your army to wear the bracelet. The first mortal wound inflicted on the **HERO** each turn is absorbed and has no effect on the model.
5	**Temporal Siphon:** Choose a **HERO** from your army to carry the siphon. The **HERO** can cast the Thief of Time or Temporal Healing spell in their hero phase even if they are not a **WIZARD** or near to Mount Kronus.
6	**Timeslip Chronograph:** Choose a **HERO** in your army to carry the chronograph. The **HERO** can use it once during the battle at the start of their hero phase. If the **HERO** does so, roll on the Temporal Convergence table, left, for each unit from the **HERO**'S army that is within 10".

THe BATTLE OF KRONUS PEAK

The Stormcast Eternals had battled their way to the Temple of the Truthsayer to gain the Realmgate beyond, and by passing through it they reached the peak of Mount Kronus. There they battled against an army like none other, and Vandus Hammerhand was to face the deadliest Chaos tyrant of all.

Weapons still dripping with daemonic ichor, the Hammers of Sigmar emerged from the Realmgate at the peak of Mount Kronus. Their shoulders sagged, and their stride was slow. To fight a single daemon takes a toll upon a warrior's sanity, but to take on horde after horde was to face a vision of madness that sapped strength from the body and forever scarred the mind.

They could not allow themselves a moment's rest, however, for they had been created for just such a purpose, and the eyes of the gods were upon them. If the God-King's first Stormhost could not overcome the dread legions of Chaos, how could those who followed in their footsteps be expected to prevail?

The sight that greeted them upon Kronus' peak was mind-numbing in its spectacle. A vast goldenstone idol twisted in the sky, multicoloured light pouring from the cracks that spread across it. Beneath it an army of dread cavaliers, each clad in the raiment of the Dark Gods' chosen, rode down the last of a daemonic host. Ectoplasmic blood drizzled from the mountainside in a series of shimmering waterfalls, whilst eddies of wild magic blazed bright, some agitated by bubbles of boiling reality, others trapped by hungry but invisible time-traps. Here, a knot of Varanguard were borne aloft by a pocket of anti-gravity, their weapons cutting Tzeentchian heralds from Screamer-hauled chariots. There, a bladesman was blasted backwards by warpfire, then squashed bloodless by the unpredictable densities of the mountain itself.

High above it all, the titanic winged form of Dorghar was silhouetted by the light of an eldritch sigil the size of a portcullis. A blaze of warpfire shot from Dorghar's maw, and the sigil shrank in the fires of change, altering in form and meaning until it became little more

than a band of gold. The Everchosen stood upon Dorghar's nape, hurling the broken body of a Gaunt Summoner to vanish screaming into the aether. Archaon then reached out to pluck the diminishing sigil from his steed's warpflame, sliding the twisted thing onto his wrist and taking it for his own – and in doing so, claiming Kiathanus' true name forever.

Lord Vandus cried out in denial, for his shock at seeing Archaon in the flesh had put aside all caution in his mind. At the sound of his voice, a gibbering knot of daemon-things turned, eyes widening as they saw the Stormcast Eternals emerging from the Realmgate. They coiled and curled their arms, ready to send a tide of warpflame burning into the ranks of the Hammers of Sigmar. A single word from above stopped them dead.

'Welcome,' called Archaon, his voice rich and deep. He looked down upon the golden host emerging from the Realmgate – a vision of Azyr's splendour that had shaken the dominion of Chaos to its core – and saw only victims waiting to be slaughtered.

And yet there was one amongst them who embodied the will of Sigmar above all others, one whose aura crackled intensely with the power of the Heavens. A true warrior born, and maybe even a worthy challenger for his blade. Archaon looked closer, his second sight flaring. Yes, this one had wielded Ghal Maraz itself. Still, thought the Everchosen, now that Kiathanus was bound to him by his true name, his purpose in coming here was complete. It was no time to get distracted – with the secrets of the realms at his behest, the Heavens themselves would soon feel his wrath.

But first, perhaps, he would have a little fun.

'You,' said Archaon, 'on the half-dragon. What do you call yourself?'

'Why not come and find out, coward?' the golden warrior shouted back.

Archaon shook his head. 'No respect,' he muttered, kneeing his steed into a sharp dive. 'Dorghar, you shall dine well tonight.'

Despite the ice of fear in his veins, Lord-Celestant Vandus Hammerhand met Archaon's gaze. Here was his fateful vision made real. He steeled himself for the duel to come as the Everchosen dived towards him. Calanax was fast; as Archaon's behemoth swooped down, Vandus evaded a crunching impact that broke free a cliff-sized landslide of rock.

Most of the stone tumbled down onto the plateau below, while the rest tumbled upwards into a vortex of anti-gravity. Above it, Dorghar took flight once more with a screech, circling around the rising boulders for another pass. Calanax, seeking to strike back whilst the beast was still coming to bear, reared up and spat a helix of storm energy. The celestial bolt dissipated upon Dorghar's hide, leaving not so much as a scorch mark.

Archaon laughed hollowly. Dorghar's foulest head, cast in the likeness of a Great Unclean One, turned to look at Vandus and belched a cloud of raw disease. The miasma broke, and moments later Lord-Celestant and Dracoth alike were coughing up phlegmy black mucus. It was then that Dorghar dived, manic light in his eyes.

This time Dorghar caught Calanax by the shoulder, yanking him from the mountainside in a shower of gore and lifting him into the air. Vandus twisted in his saddle straps to level a swing of his hammer at the creature's knee. The blow struck with a loud crack, and the daemon's cry of pain could be heard from the mountain's peak to its rubble-strewn foothills. It released its hold, beast and rider alike tumbling to land amongst spikes of rough iron.

Dorghar came about again, his Tzeentchian head spitting a bolt of pure change that missed by a finger's breadth. Another claw strike, and Vandus himself was gored, a thick talon puncturing his sigmarite breastplate to plunge into his torso. The Lord-Celestant blurted out a cry of pain, a welter of infected blood spilling from his mouth across Calanax's neck. For a moment Vandus thought of the Celestant-Prime, hoping against hope that Sigmar's avatar would join the fight and save his Stormhost from disaster.

There was a screech from above as Dorghar batted aside Calanax's biting maw, the beast's talon all but tearing the Dracoth's jaw from his skull. Archaon was content to watch as his steed went about his gory work. Standing nearby atop an outcropping of rock, Ionus Cryptborn called out to the heavens, and a twin-tailed lance of celestial lightning arced from the clouds to strike at Archaon's helm.

Eyes still upon Vandus, the Everchosen reached up his fist at the last moment

and caught the lightning bolt as it fell, twining the divine energy around his gauntlet before squeezing it into nothingness.

Vandus stood tall in the saddle, swinging the hammer Heldensen at Dorghar's outstretched claw. The beast recoiled, but the runic weapon connected nonetheless, tearing away one of his claws in a spray of blood.

The third of Dorghar's heads, wearing the dog-daemon face of a Bloodthirster, bellowed with rage. Vandus' senses seemed to burst, every thought shattered by the intensity of the sound. There was a tremendous impact as Dorghar backhanded Vandus from the precipice, a contemptuous blow intended to send an unworthy challenger toward an ignominious death on the rocky peak below.

Calanax vaulted away from the cliff, rolling with the impact to leap sidelong into nothingness. A moment of weightlessness – and then steed and rider rose like eagles, borne aloft by the same channel of anti-gravity that had flung shattered boulders skyward. The beast Dorghar was caught unawares, and Vandus' Dracoth dug its claws into its thigh, then its hip, then its back as he climbed nimbly upwards.

'Yes!' shouted Vandus as he loomed over Archaon's saddle. 'Now face the vengeance of Sigmar!' He brought his hammer crashing down towards the Everchosen's head, twin tails of golden light streaming out behind it.

It never connected. The Slayer of Kings lashed out, quicker than the flicker of a serpent's tongue. The blade caught the hammer Heldensen in mid-swing and flung it out wide.

'So be it,' said Archaon dolefully, twisting in the saddle and reversing his thrust. Time slowed to a nightmarish pace. Vandus felt the daemon blade burning towards his chest, melting through his sigmarite armour to puncture his chest, his lungs, and his spine.

The Everchosen of the Dark Gods ripped the Slayer of Kings upwards, and Vandus Hammerhand came apart in an explosion of torn flesh.

Lord-Celestant Vandus discorporated in terrible slow motion, his mutilated remains blazing with blue energies. Every vein, artery and organ was visible to the hosts below, glowing bright and unravelling as Azyr claimed its due.

There was a collective moan of dismay and disbelief from the Hammers of Sigmar below; none could believe their blessed leader had been so violently slain. Above the cries of horror, Archaon laughed loud, his deep bass voice given the timbre of a dread storm by the raging magical energies of Kronus Peak. The Everchosen reached into the lightning that poured slowly from Vandus' insubstantial corpse, letting the spirit-energies play over his fingers. Pink sparks leapt wherever Archaon's touch threaded the stuff of the Lord-Celestant's soul.

A long moment passed, and those energies that had once been Vandus vanished into the aether. Another moment, and the Slayer of Kings took Calanax's head from his neck in a burst of blinding white energy. Dorghar screamed in triumph, winging high to revel in his master's supremacy.

On the slopes of Mount Kronus, the Hammers of Sigmar fought on, but by attacking the mortal, daemon and Varanguard armies at the same time, the Stormcast Eternals had given them all a common foe. Ionus Cryptborn led brotherhoods of vengeful Paladins in focussed charges even as Laudus Skythunder and Lord-Castellant Stoneheart formed their conclaves into tight battle lines. Their aim was to divide the remnants of the Watcher King's host from the elite warriors of Archaon's Varanguard, hoping to break the cohesion between the two forces and force one side to flight. But with the Everchosen glaring down upon them, not a single mortal nor daemon gave any thought to retreat.

Thunderhead Battalions of Stormcast Eternals knelt in serried lines atop ridges ideal for defence, their shields locked tight to protect the Judicators loosing volleys behind. The dark riders of Chaos rode headlong into them, forcing a path through volleys of stormbolts. Some of Archaon's Varanguard fell, but the others drove their lances home with such brute force they shattered the shield wall in a single devastating charge, cutting down the Stormcast Eternals behind with cruel blades and jagged axes.

Wherever the Hammerhands' Paladins swung their giant-killing weapons, nimble Pink Horrors would cavort and swarm, clambering limpet-like onto arms and legs. Each kill left two more many-fingered daemons to clutch at axe hafts and glaive hilts. Gradually, the Paladins found their killing rampage losing its impetus, and when the Horrors baited them into pockets of slow time, their momentum stopped altogether. Prosecutors winged down to aid their stricken fellows, but they were scattered in blazes of blue energy by the swooping attacks of Dorghar.

Archaon, not willing to sully the Slayer of Kings with the blood of lesser champions, hurled beams of mutagenic fire into the ranks of those who dared strike his chosen warriors.

The battle ground on for another hour, but with Lord-Celestant Vandus so spectacularly slain and a full half of their number already blazing back to Azyr, the remaining Stormcast Eternals found their spirits failing fast, despite the steadfast example set by Ionus Cryptborn and his Paladins.

Their foes, many of whom were veterans of a hundred battles, felt the change in the air. They redoubled their efforts, their war shouts echoing from the tumbling slopes around them. The Varanguard, having found a spar of shattered gravity that stretched from one precipice to the next, rode hard through the air to fall without warning upon Lord-Castellant Stoneheart as he fought for control of the Realmgate. The wanton butchery that followed saw the portal in Archaon's hands, and the Stormcast Eternals shorn of any means of escape save noble deaths.

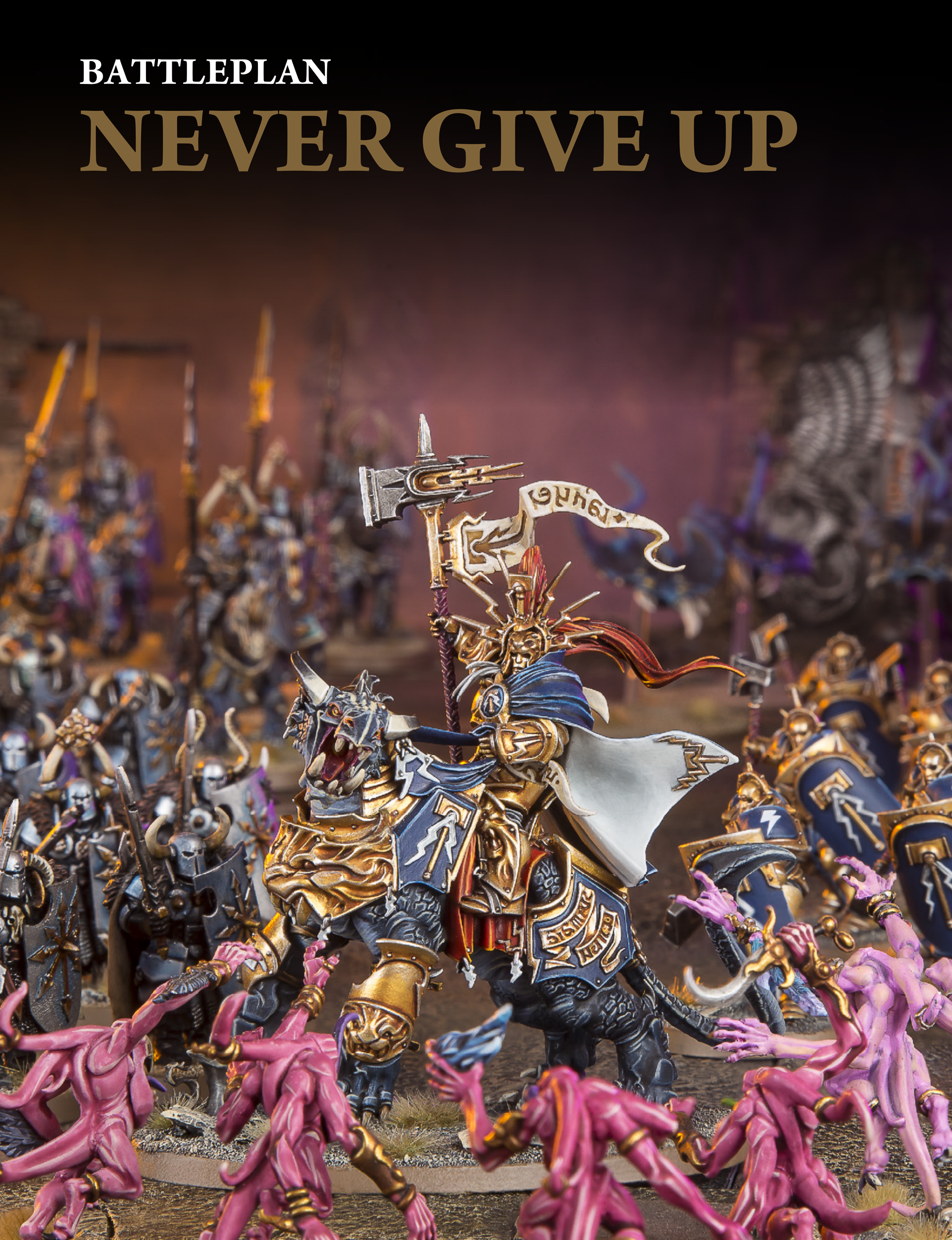
And die they did, to a man. Every one of the Hammerhands found a warrior's death, blade or hammer in hand, the blood of the foe spattered upon their once-spotless armour. Ionus Cryptborn, silent but for the furious blows of his hammer, was the last to fall. Their souls blazed high, finding their way back through the void to be reforged once more in Sigmaron.

The message the defeated Stormcast Eternals carried with them was clear, and soon it echoed from every star that shone in High Azyr.

Archaon was roused to war, and there was no force in the Mortal Realms that could stop him.

BATTLEPLAN

NEVER GIVE UP



Battles are very rarely even. A general of any talent will always try to ensure that the odds are heavily shifted in their favour, so that their opponent has little – if any – chance of winning. This can be achieved through the use of cunning tactics, clever manoeuvring, or outright subterfuge, but most commonly through the application of overwhelming force!

This battleplan will allow you to enjoy the highs and lows of just such a battle. It can be used to recreate the Hammerhands' tenacious stand against the endless horde of daemons and mortals at Archaon's command, but works equally well with other armies. Make no mistake, it will be hard for the defenders to win the battle, but should they do so, the reward will be eternal glory (or, failing that, bragging rights for quite some time to come!).

THE ARMIES

This battle can be fought using any two armies. Just follow the instructions for picking an army on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet.

After the players have picked their armies, decide who will command the endless host, and who will be the tenacious defenders.

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

ENDLESS HOST'S OBJECTIVES

Your army outnumbers your opponent's many times over – the only problem is that your host is so vast that it is difficult to bring all of your troops to bear upon the foe. No matter, you will hurl those troops that are currently on hand at the enemy, and summon forth more units from your limitless pool of reserves to replace any casualties that are suffered. After all, your losses do not matter – all that is important is the total annihilation of the enemy.

TENACIOUS DEFENDER'S OBJECTIVES

You face an almost overwhelming enemy, but are not deterred. Trusting in the righteousness of your cause, you and your battle-comrades stride forth with grim determination to give battle. Experience in countless battles has taught you to never, ever, give up. By simply opposing the foe you win a victory, and if you can cut off the head of the beast by slaying the enemy general, victory can still be yours.

ENDLESS HOST'S COMMAND ABILITY

Press the Attack: The general orders a unit to press forward and attack. If your general uses this command ability, in the combat phase of that turn you can pick one unit to attack if it is within 6" of the enemy, rather than within 3" as would normally be the case. The unit piles in 6", and then attacks in the combat phase normally.

TENACIOUS DEFENDER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Stubborn Defiance: If your general uses this command ability, they plant their feet solidly on the ground and dare the enemy to do their worst. The general cannot move, charge or pile-in until your next hero phase. However, you can re-roll failed hit and save rolls for the general and all other units from your army that are within 12" when the hit or save roll is made.

THE BATTLEFIELD

This battle takes place on an area of open ground. On one edge of the battlefield stands a Realmgate which allows the general of the endless host to summon units to the battlefield. We recommend using a Baleful Realmgate, but any scenery model in your collection can be used instead. You can generate additional scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the scenery shown on the map below.

SET-UP & FIRST TURN

Set up the two armies and determine who has the first turn as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, but use the territories shown in the deployment map below. The general of the endless host must be set up within 3" of the Realmgate and cannot move during the battle.

THE REALMGATE

The following scenery rules apply to the scenery model representing the Realmgate, in addition to any other scenery rules that apply to it.

Fulcrum of Power: The general of the endless host must start within 3" of the Realmgate and is not allowed to move during the battle. A seething vortex of pure energy surrounds the Realmgate that can be used to summon units to the battle, and it also protects the general from harm. Roll a dice if the general suffers a wound or mortal wound; if the result is 3 or more the wound is stopped by the vortex and has no effect upon the general.

Summon Endless Host: The Realmgate's energy can also be used to summon units from the endless host to replace casualties that have been suffered. However, the energy field is disrupted each time it saves the general from harm, reducing the number of units that can be summoned.

As long as the general of the endless host is still alive, roll a dice at the start of each of their hero phases to determine how much energy is available, subtracting 1 from the roll for each wound that the energy field has negated since the last endless host hero phase (or since the start of the battle on the first round). The dice roll cannot be modified to less than 0.

The result is the number of destroyed units that can be replaced, and/or depleted units that can be restored to full strength. For example, if the result was three, you could replace or restore up to three units.

A unit that is replaced must have been completely destroyed – the unit is replaced by an identical unit that can be set up anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 9" from the enemy. This counts as its move in the following movement phase.

Units that are restored have all wounds healed, and all their slain models returned. Set up the returning models with their unit, more than 3" from the enemy. If any models cannot be placed for any reason, they remain slain.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the endless host immediately wins a **major victory** if all of the tenacious defenders have been slain before the end of the sixth battle round, or if no models from the tenacious defender's army are left on the battlefield at any point before the end of the sixth battle round. The tenacious defenders win a **major victory** if the enemy general is slain, or if any models from their army are still alive and upon the battlefield at the end of the sixth battle round.

THE ARMY OF THE APOCALYPSE

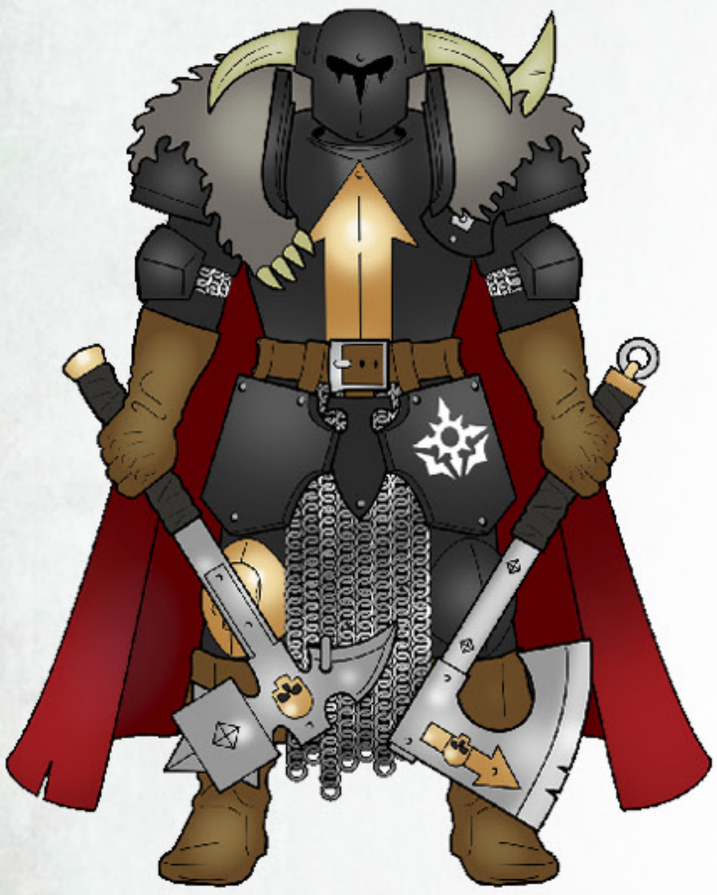
Wise foes flee at the mere whisper of Archaon's name. He is the ultimate champion of Chaos, a steel-souled destroyer beneath whose shadow nations uncounted have crashed down in ruin. Upon Archaon's blade kings and heroes beyond number have met their end, and at his word the legions of Chaos march unquestioning. Greatest amongst those legions are Archaon's personal host, the terrifying Varanguard. Every one of these armour-clad killers is a warrior to equal the mightiest heroes of the Mortal Realms. Their charge is unstoppable, their might absolute, and their contempt for all living things is the stuff of legend. In the wake of these world-slaying warriors come Slaves to Darkness and daemons whose numbers blacken the land. Beneath Archaon's gaze these destroyers fight harder than ever, fear lending them unholy strength.

Astride his rearing steed, a Varanguard bellows in challenge to his fearful enemies.

The Gaunt Summoners bring forth the daemonic hordes of Chaos to destroy their enemies.

SERVANTS OF THE EVERCHOSEN

As foot soldiers of the Dark Gods, Chaos Warriors form the dark heart of the armies that threaten to annihilate the Mortal Realms. Menacing and imposing miniatures, they form iconic adversaries to those allied with Sigmar, their most despised and antithetic foe.



These hellish legions of brutality and rage are the spearhead of evil. Viciously armed and heavily armoured, only the most courageous can dare to stand before the ferocious onslaught of the Chaos Warriors.

Their faces inscrutable beneath visored helms, the Chaos Warriors wear thick capes of coarse fur and slashed animal skin. The bestial appearance this lends them is, of course, no coincidence.

Swords with scabrous blades and axes notched from use are clenched in gauntleted fists, impatient to split the flesh of their innumerable enemies. Many carry tall shields of hell-forged iron, embellished with Chaos stars rendered in cold brass, and habitually streaked with gore.

Heavy and as black as the carnage they reap, their blade-scarred and bloodstained armour bears the grim evidence of their ceaseless hunger for turmoil, death and ruin.

As you'd expect of the forces of Chaos, no two warriors look exactly alike. This one carries a vicious-looking halberd and wears a sinister perforated visor.

Readied to smash through enemy ranks, this warrior's warhammer is painted with Leadbelcher, shaded with Nuln Oil and its edges and star picked out in Ironbreaker.

Remove any mould lines and sprue tags. After checking the parts all fit well, use Citadel Plastic Glue to build the miniature. When fully set, apply a coat of Chaos Black Spray.

The base paints are Leadbelcher and Balthasar Gold for metal areas, Rakarth Flesh for the cloak, and Rhinox Hide on the fur collar. The helmet's horns use Zandri Dust.

Agrax Earthshade is applied to the cloak, and Nuln Oil over the armour, shield and weapon. These add depth to the model's details and tone down the overly bright chipped metal.

Sycorax Bronze highlights the gold areas, while raised detail is redefined using Zandri Dust on the horns and Rakarth Flesh for the cloak. Drybrush fur with Gorthor Brown.

The edges of the armour plate are given Ironbreaker highlights. On the black leather, use Stormvermin Fur;then use Ushabti Bone and Pallid Wych Flesh for the cloak highlights.

Attach Citadel Sand to the base using PVA glue and paint with Abaddon Black. Drybrush the area with Balor Brown, and repeat with Tyrant Skull. Paint the rim Steel Legion Drab.

The warrior woke with a sudden gasp. Strong hands flew up to clutch at a shattered skull, finding only undamaged scalp. Sparks danced across eyes of deep jade green as the warrior gradually sat up. He looked down at his sculpted form, unblemished skin and iron-hard muscles where once was suppurating, bubo-infested fat. The warrior felt a sense of relief so profound that he choked back a sob. With it came recollection. All the horrors that had been heaped upon him. All the horrors he had wrought himself. He felt the sharp stab of shame, quickly eclipsed by a far stronger emotion. Anger.

Rising from the ensorcelled altar where he had awoken, the warrior stood tall. As he did so lightning leapt from his body, drawing in plates of sculpted armour to gird him for war. He felt no surprise, only fierce elation as crackling pinions of crystal and light spread majestically from his shoulders, and an ornate huntsman's bow appeared in his hand. The weapon felt good there, right in a way his monstrous axe never had. He knew not what miracle had given him this chance at redemption, but he was Torglug the Despised no longer – he was reborn as Tornus, Knight-Venator of Sigmar's hosts. No longer was he Nurgle's slave. Instead he was redeemed, a warrior of righteous vengeance. And he would make the Plague God pay dearly for what he had endured.

LEGENDS OF WAR

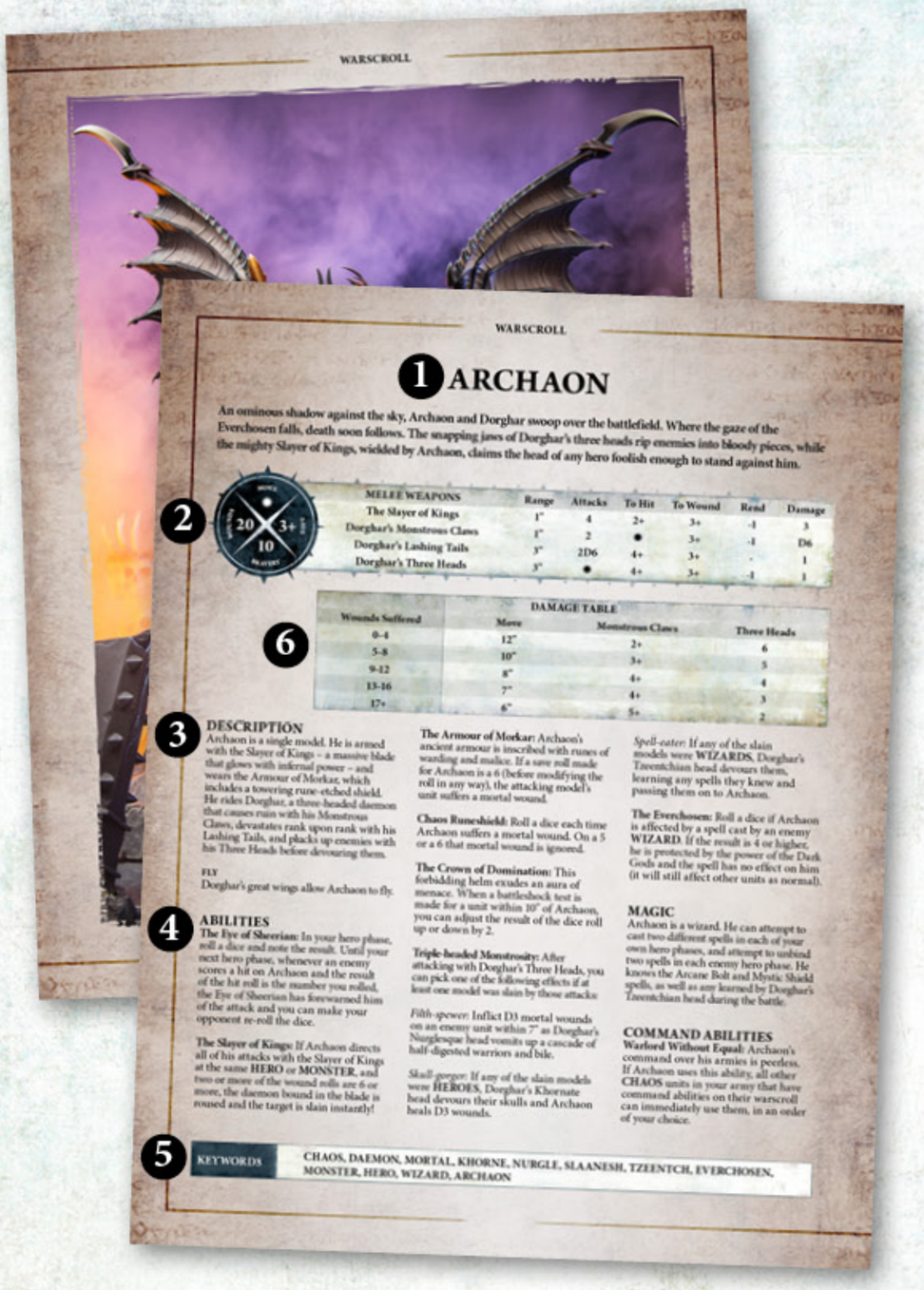
WARSCROLLS

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 other models in the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* range are available from Games Workshop. Just visit our website at games-workshop.com for more information on how to obtain them.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

HINTS & TIPS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Keywords: Keywords are sometimes linked to (or tagged) by a rule. For example, a rule might say that it applies to 'all **STORMCAST ETERNALS**'. 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.

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

CELESTANT-PRIME

HAMMER OF SIGMAR

The first of the Stormcast Eternals, the Celestant-Prime is nothing less than the embodiment of Sigmar's Storm, a living tempest. Bearing the warhammer Ghal Maraz, the Avenging Angel of Azyr crashes into the foe like a thunderbolt, the impact of his blows sweeping away whole enemy ranks at a time. The very comets above are his to command.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
The Cometstrike Sceptre	24"	—	—	See below	—	—
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Ghal Maraz, the Hammer of Sigmar	2"	2	3+	2+	-3	3

DESCRIPTION

The Celestant-Prime is a single model. He wields Ghal Maraz, the Hammer of Sigmar, and carries the Cometstrike Sceptre. You can only include one Celestant-Prime in your army.

FLY

The Celestant-Prime can fly.

ABILITIES

Cometstrike Sceptre: In your shooting phase, the Celestant-Prime can hold the Cometstrike Sceptre aloft to seize a comet from the heavens, then send it crashing down amid the enemy. If he does, pick a point on the battlefield within range and roll a dice. Each unit within that many inches of that point suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Retribution from On High: Instead of setting up the Celestant-Prime on the battlefield, you must place him to one side and say that he is set up in the Celestial Realm. In each of your movement phases you must declare whether he will strike from the Heavens or remain in the Celestial Realm imbuing Ghal Maraz with additional energies. For each battle round that he remains in the Celestial Realm, add 2 to the Attacks characteristic of Ghal Maraz until the end of the battle.

When the Celestant-Prime strikes from the Heavens, set him up on the battlefield more than 9" from any enemy models. This is his move for that movement phase. Until your next hero phase, subtract 2 from the Bravery of all models in any enemy unit within 12" of him.

Orrery of Celestial Fates: A storm of celestial energy swirls around the Celestant-Prime's feet, granting him mystic insights that aid him in battle. Once per turn, you can change the roll of one dice for the Celestant-Prime to a roll of your choice, before applying any modifiers.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, HERO, CELESTANT-PRIME

KNIGHT-HERALDOR

Onwards to Glory! Forward For Sigmar! With blasts sounded upon his battle-horn, a Knight-Heraldor inspires nearby Stormcast Eternals, its eldritch energies driving them to still greater feats. So powerful are the thunderous calls of the battle-horn that the celestial shockwaves can topple buildings, fell trees or cast down the dark idols of the Chaos Gods.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Sigmarite Broadsword	1"	4	3+	4+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

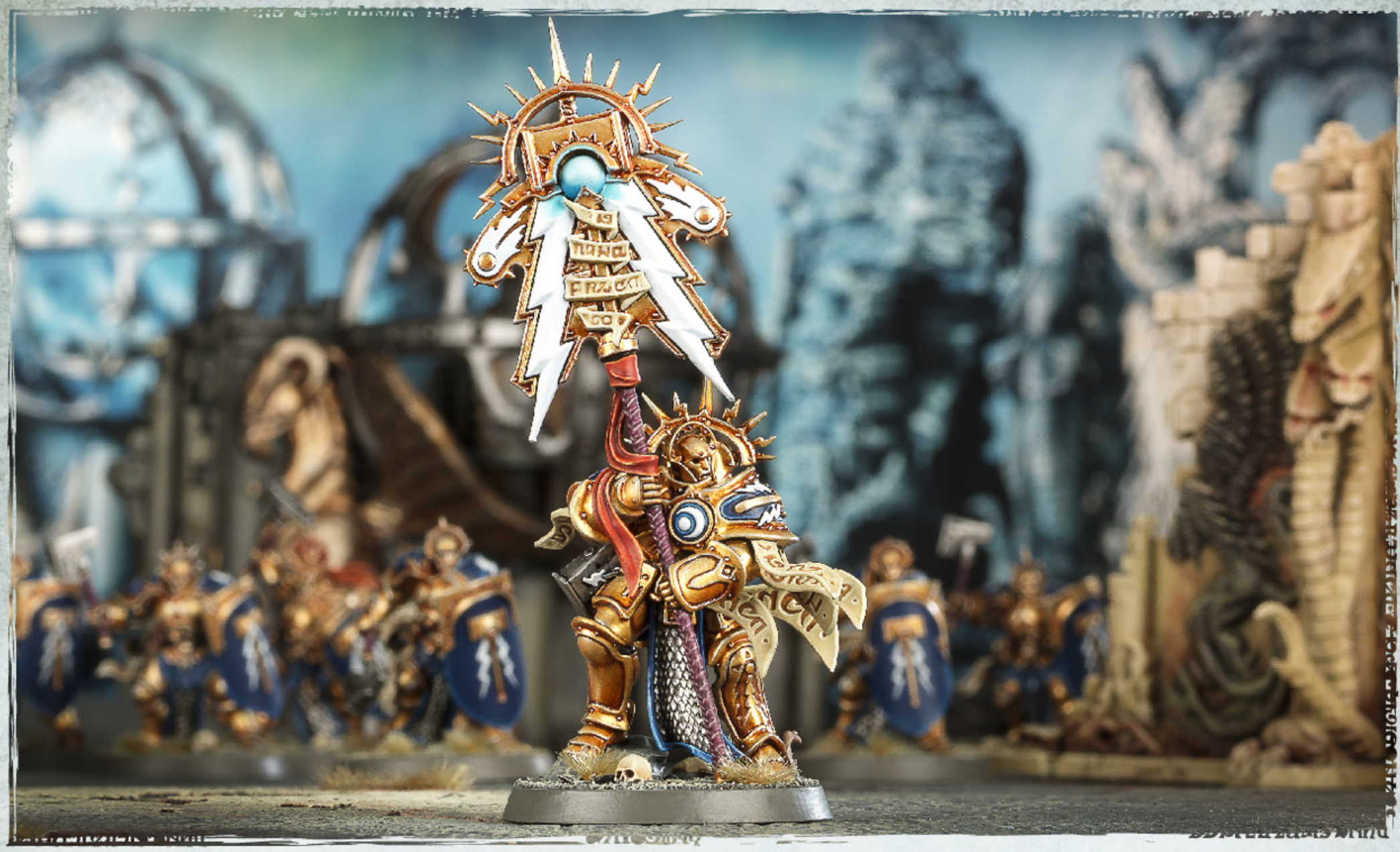
A Knight-Heraldor is a single model. He is armed with a Sigmarite Broadsword, and carries a Battle-horn.

ABILITIES

Onwards to Glory: In your hero phase, you can signal a call to arms with this model's Battle-horn. To do so, pick a **STORMCAST ETERNAL** unit that is within 10". That unit can charge this turn even if it retreats or runs in the movement phase.

Thunderblast: In your shooting phase a Knight-Heraldor can sound a thunderblast with his Battle-horn, shaking buildings to their foundations and causing trees to topple. If he does so, pick a terrain feature within 15" and roll a dice. Each unit within that many inches of the terrain feature suffers D3 mortal wounds.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, HERO, KNIGHT-HERALDOR



KNIGHT-VEXILLOR

Blazing with celestial energies, the banners of the Stormcast Eternals are carried proudly into battle by Knights-Vexillor, champions who can always be found in the thick of combat. These standards are more than just proud regalia; they have the power to pull down comets to smite the Stormcasts' foes, or to summon forth the swirling power of a hurricane itself.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Warhammer	1"	4	4+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Knight-Vexillor is a single model armed with a Warhammer. Some Knights-Vexillor carry a Meteoric Standard, while others carry a Pennant of the Stormbringer.

ABILITIES

Icon of War: You can re-roll charge rolls for **STORMCAST ETERNAL** units in your army that are within 12", as they are inspired to glorious acts of valour.

Meteoric Standard: Once per battle, a Knight-Vexillor carrying a Meteoric Standard can call down a comet in your hero phase. To do so, pick a point on the battlefield within 24" of this model and roll two dice, adding the results together. Each unit that is within that many inches of the point that you picked suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Pennant of the Stormbringer: Once per battle, a Knight-Vexillor carrying a Pennant of the Stormbringer can summon a mighty hurricane in your hero phase. To do so, pick a **STORMCAST ETERNAL** unit in your army and remove it from play, then set it up anywhere more than 3" from the enemy. It cannot move in the following movement phase. After setting up the unit, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 6"; on a result of 4+, it is blasted by the gale and suffers D3 mortal wounds.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, HERO, TOTEM, KNIGHT-VEXILLOR

KNIGHT-AZYROS

At the speartip of Sigmar's Tempest come the Knights-Azyros, heralds of the sky. Each bears a celestial beacon, and where a Knight-Azyros shines its light, there too can almighty Sigmar see, casting forth more Stormcast Eternals into battle. That illuminating beam is a boon to allies, and a bane to foes, most especially to the minions of Chaos.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Starblade	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A Knight-Azyros is a single model. He is armed with a Starblade and carries a Celestial Beacon.

FLY

A Knight-Azyros can fly.

ABILITIES

Leader of the Way: STORMCAST ETERNAL units in your army that use the Lightning Strike ability to be transported to the battlefield can be set up within 5" of a Knight-Azyros, even if this would mean that they are within 9" of the enemy.

Illuminator of the Lost: In the shooting phase, you can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for attacks made against enemy units that are within 10" of a Knight-Azyros.

The Light of Sigmar: Once per battle, in your hero phase, you can declare that this model will unleash the searing light of its Celestial Beacon. If you do so, it cannot move, charge or pile in during your turn. However, each enemy unit within 8" of the Knight-Azyros when the searing light is unleashed suffers D3 mortal wounds as they are blinded and driven from the battlefield. The light is anathema to **CHAOS** units, so they suffer D6 mortal wounds instead.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, HERO, KNIGHT-AZYROS

KNIGHT-VENATOR

The Knight-Venator is the sky-hunter, a winged archer that rains down death from above. Able to soar into position and loose volleys of precise shots, Knights-Venator hunt down and eliminate vital targets. Not even large monsters or powerful enemy leaders are safe from the deadly missile fire loosed by this soaring angel of Azyr.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Realmhunter's Bow	30"	3	2+	3+	-1	1
Star-eagle's Celestial Talons	30"	3	4+	3+	-	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Star-eagle's Celestial Talons	1"	3	4+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Knight-Venator is a single model. He is armed with a Realmhunter's Bow and is accompanied by a vicious Star-eagle that attacks with its Celestial Talons.

FLY

A Knight-Venator can fly.

ABILITIES

Celestial Talons: If the wound roll for the Star-eagle's Celestial Talons is 6 or more, that attack has a Rend of -3.

Star-fated Arrow: Once per battle, in your shooting phase, you can declare that this model will loose a Star-fated Arrow. When you do so, he makes 1 attack with his Realmhunter's Bow rather than 3, but it causes D3+3 Damage. If the target is a **HERO** or **MONSTER**, the Damage is D6+3 instead.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, HERO, KNIGHT-VENATOR

ARCHAON

An ominous shadow against the sky, Archaon and Dorghar swoop over the battlefield. Where the gaze of the Everchosen falls, death soon follows. The snapping jaws of Dorghar's three heads rip enemies into bloody pieces, while the mighty Slayer of Kings, wielded by Archaon, claims the head of any hero foolish enough to stand against him.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
The Slayer of Kings	1"	4	2+	3+	-1	3
Dorghar's Monstrous Claws	1"	2	*	3+	-1	D6
Dorghar's Lashing Tails	3"	2D6	4+	3+	-	1
Dorghar's Three Heads	3"	*	4+	3+	-1	1

	DAMAGE TABLE		
Wounds Suffered	Move	Monstrous Claws	Three Heads
0-4	12"	2+	6
5-8	10"	3+	5
9-12	8"	4+	4
13-16	7"	4+	3
17+	6"	5+	2

DESCRIPTION

Archaon is a single model. He is armed with the Slayer of Kings – a massive blade that glows with infernal power – and wears the Armour of Morkar, which includes a towering rune-etched shield. He rides Dorghar, a three-headed daemon that causes ruin with his Monstrous Claws, devastates rank upon rank with his Lashing Tails, and plucks up enemies with his Three Heads before devouring them.

FLY

Dorghar's great wings allow Archaon to fly.

ABILITIES

The Eye of Sheerian: In your hero phase, roll a dice and note the result. Until your next hero phase, whenever an enemy scores a hit on Archaon and the result of the hit roll is the number you rolled, the Eye of Sheerian has forewarned him of the attack and you can make your opponent re-roll the dice.

The Slayer of Kings: If Archaon directs all of his attacks with the Slayer of Kings at the same **HERO** or **MONSTER**, and two or more of the wound rolls are 6 or more, the daemon bound in the blade is roused and the target is slain instantly!

The Armour of Morkar: Archaon's ancient armour is inscribed with runes of warding and malice. If a save roll made for Archaon is a 6 (before modifying the roll in any way), the attacking model's unit suffers a mortal wound.

Chaos Runeshield: Roll a dice each time Archaon suffers a mortal wound. On a 5 or a 6 that mortal wound is ignored.

The Crown of Domination: This forbidding helm exudes an aura of menace. When a battleshock test is made for a unit within 10" of Archaon, you can adjust the result of the dice roll up or down by 2.

Triple-headed Monstrosity: After attacking with Dorghar's Three Heads, you can pick one of the following effects if at least one model was slain by those attacks:

Filth-spewer: Inflict D3 mortal wounds on an enemy unit within 7" as Dorghar's Nurglesque head vomits up a cascade of half-digested warriors and bile.

Skull-gorger: If any of the slain models were **HEROES**, Dorghar's Khornate head devours their skulls and Archaon heals D3 wounds.

Spell-eater: If any of the slain models were **WIZARDS**, Dorghar's Tzeentchian head devours them, learning any spells they knew and passing them on to Archaon.

The Everchosen: Roll a dice if Archaon is affected by a spell cast by an enemy **WIZARD**. If the result is 4 or higher, he is protected by the power of the Dark Gods and the spell has no effect on him (it will still affect other units as normal).

MAGIC

Archaon is a wizard. He can attempt to cast two different spells in each of your own hero phases, and attempt to unbind two spells in each enemy hero phase. He knows the Arcane Bolt and Mystic Shield spells, as well as any learned by Dorghar's Tzeentchian head during the battle.

COMMAND ABILITIES

Warlord Without Equal: Archaon's command over his armies is peerless. If Archaon uses this ability, all other **CHAOS** units in your army that have command abilities on their warscroll can immediately use them, in an order of your choice.

KEYWORDS **CHAOS, DAEMON, MORTAL, KHORNE, NURGLE, SLAANESH, TZEENTCH, EVERCHOSEN, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, ARCHAON**

GAUNT SUMMONER OF TZEENTCH

Fear and lies swirl around the Gaunt Summoners in a sorcerous miasma that spells death for their foes. Gliding over the battlefield upon strange Discs of Tzeentch, the Summoners unleash their wizardry, calling forth daemons from the Realm of Chaos or transforming enemies into quivering piles of mutated flesh.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Changestaff	18"	1	3+	4+	-	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Warptongue Blade	1"	1	3+	4+	-	See below
Disc of Tzeentch's Blades and Stingers	1"	D3	4+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Gaunt Summoner of Tzeentch is a single model. He is armed with a Changestaff that can blast his enemies with the iridescent fires of Tzeentch, and a Warptongue Blade. He is never without a Book of Profane Secrets, with which he can call cohorts of daemons to the battlefield through a Realmgate. He rides a Disc of Tzeentch that can attack with its Blades and Stingers.

FLY

Gaunt Summoners of Tzeentch can fly.

ABILITIES

Hovering Disc of Tzeentch: The Summoner's Disc of Tzeentch keeps him out of reach of all but the largest opponents. Add 2 to the Summoner's save rolls in the combat phase unless the attacker is a **MONSTER** or can fly.

Book of Profane Secrets: If a Gaunt Summoner is within 9" of a **REALMGATE** at the start of its movement phase, it can summon a unit of **CHAOS DAEMONS** to the battlefield, adding it to your army. Place the unit so that all models are within 6" of the Realmgate and more than 9" away from any enemy units. This is the summoned unit's move for the movement phase.

Warptongue Blade: The body of anyone cut by a Warptongue Blade is wracked with sickening and uncontrollable mutations. If a Warptongue Blade inflicts damage on an enemy unit, roll two dice. If the roll is higher than the enemy unit's Bravery, one model in the unit is slain. Otherwise, the blade inflicts 1 wound.

MAGIC

A Gaunt Summoner of Tzeentch is a wizard. He can attempt to cast two different spells in each of your hero phases, and attempt to unbind two spells in each enemy hero phase. A Gaunt Summoner knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield, and Fractal Mindstorm spells.

FRACTAL MINDSTORM

Fractal Mindstorm turns an opponent's mental strengths against themselves. Before attempting to cast the spell, choose an enemy unit within 9" of the caster. The spell has a casting value equal to the Bravery of the unit you chose. If the spell is successfully cast, roll a number of dice equal to the unit's Bravery. It suffers 1 mortal wound for each dice that rolls 4 or more.

KEYWORDS	CHAOS, DAEMON, MORTAL, TZEENTCH, EVERCHOSEN, HERO, WIZARD, GAUNT SUMMONER OF TZEENTCH

DAEMON PRINCE

Transfigured as a reward for their service as mortal champions of Chaos, Daemon Princes are vast in stature, their gigantic frames twisted into shapes more pleasing to the masters that claim their allegiance for all eternity. Tirelessly they hunt the enemies of Chaos from one realm to another, for their meat is mortal flesh and their wine the stuff of souls.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Daemonic Axe	2"	4	4+	3+	-2	D3
Hellforged Sword	2"	4	3+	3+	-1	D3
Malefic Talons	1"	3	4+	3+	-	2

DESCRIPTION

A Daemon Prince is a single model. It cleaves the foe with a Daemonic Axe or Hellforged Sword and rends them apart with its Malefic Talons. Some Daemon Princes have been blessed with the ability to fly.

FLY

A Daemon Prince that can fly has a Move of 12" instead of 8".

ABILITIES

Cursed Soul-eater: A Daemon Prince that is not dedicated to one of the Chaos Gods heals 1 wound at the end of any combat phase in which it killed any models. If it killed any **HEROES** or **MONSTERS**, it heals D3 wounds instead.

Immortal Champion: When you set up this model, you can declare that it is dedicated to **KHORNE**, **NURGLE**, **TZEENTCH** or **SLAANESH**. If you do, the Daemon Prince replaces its Cursed Soul-eater ability with the relevant ability from the following list:

KHORNE Daemon Princes, their veins running with liquid fire, are blood-crazed champions. You can add 1 to all hit rolls made for a Khorne Daemon Prince.

NURGLE Daemon Princes are bloated with disease, and are unnaturally resistent to harm. A Nurgle Daemon Prince has a save of 3+.

TZEENTCH Daemon Princes are surrounded by a nimbus of magical light. A Tzeentch Daemon Prince is a wizard. It can attempt to cast one spell in each of your hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. A Tzeentch Daemon Prince knows the Arcane Bolt and Mystic Shield Spells.

SLAANESH Daemon Princes are impossibly quick. When your opponent selects a unit within 3" of the Daemon Prince to pile in and attack in the combat phase, you can immediately select the Daemon Prince to pile in and attack before the enemy unit, even though it is not your turn to do so. This model can only do this if it has not already attacked in this phase.

MAGIC

CHAOS WIZARDS know the Summon Daemon Prince spell, in addition to any others they know.

SUMMON DAEMON PRINCE

Summon Daemon Prince has a casting value of 8. If successfully cast, you can set up a Daemon Prince within 16" of the summoner and more than 9" from any enemy models. The model is added to your army but cannot move in the following movement phase.

DAEMON PRINCE

KEYWORDS	CHAOS, DAEMON, MONSTER, HERO, DAEMON PRINCE

DAEMON PRINCE OF KHORNE

KEYWORDS	CHAOS, DAEMON, KHORNE, MONSTER, HERO, DAEMON PRINCE

DAEMON PRINCE OF NURGLE

KEYWORDS	CHAOS, DAEMON, NURGLE, MONSTER, HERO, DAEMON PRINCE

DAEMON PRINCE OF TZEENTCH

KEYWORDS	CHAOS, DAEMON, TZEENTCH, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, DAEMON PRINCE

DAEMON PRINCE OF SLAANESH

KEYWORDS	CHAOS, DAEMON, SLAANESH, MONSTER, HERO, DAEMON PRINCE

LORD ON DAEMONIC MOUNT

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Cursed Warhammer	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	2
Daemonic Mount's Mighty Hooves	1"	3	4+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Lord on Daemonic Mount is a single model. He wields a Cursed Warhammer and bears a Chaos Runeshield. The Lord takes to battle atop a Daemonic Mount that thunders forth to strike down enemies with its Mighty Hooves.

ABILITIES

Eye of the Gods: The life of a Chaos Lord is a quest for power, and with each mighty foe slain he takes one step closer to immortality. Each time this model slays a **MONSTER** or **HERO**, roll a dice. If the result is 2 or more, this model heals D3 Wounds. If this model is already at full health, increase his Wounds by 1 instead.

Mark of Chaos: When you set up this model, you can declare that it has a mark of **KHORNE**, **NURGLE**, **SLAANESH** or **TZEENTCH**. The model has that keyword and gains the relevant ability from the following list:

Khorne: You can re-roll all hit rolls of a 1 for this model's Cursed Warhammer if it has a mark of **KHORNE**.

Nurgle: If this model has a mark of **NURGLE,** it has 8 Wounds instead of 7.

Tzeentch: You can re-roll failed save rolls for a this model if it has a mark of **TZEENTCH**.

Slaanesh: This model can run and charge in the same turn if it has a mark of **SLAANESH**.

Chaos Runeshield: Roll a dice each time this model suffers a mortal wound. On a 5 or a 6 that mortal wound is ignored.

Command Abilities

The Knights of Chaos: If a Chaos Lord on Daemonic Mount uses this ability, select a unit of **CHAOS KNIGHTS, CHAOS CHARIOTS** or **GOREBEAST CHARIOTS** from your army within 15". Until your next hero phase you can re-roll charge rolls for that unit and add 1 to any hit rolls for them in the combat phase.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, DAEMON, MORTAL, SLAVES TO DARKNESS, HERO, LORD ON DAEMONIC MOUNT

LORD OF CHAOS

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Daemon-possessed Reaperblade	2"	3	3+	3+	-2	2
Chaos Sword	1"	3	3+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Lord of Chaos is a single model, unsurpassed in battle. Each is armed with a Daemon-possessed Reaperblade, and carries a Chaos Sword at their hip.

ABILITIES

Glory or Damnation: A Lord of Chaos is one step from becoming a Daemon Prince – and just as close to spawndom! If a Lord of Chaos slays the opposing army general, then you can choose to replace him with a Daemon Prince model. On the other hand, if a Lord of Chaos is slain, you can replace him with a Chaos Spawn model. In either case, the new model has its full complement of starting Wounds.

Mark of Chaos: When you set up this model, you can declare that it has a mark of **KHORNE**, **NURGLE**, **SLAANESH** or **TZEENTCH**. The model has that keyword and gains the relevant ability from the following list:

Khorne: You can re-roll hit rolls of a 1 made for a Lord of Chaos with a mark of **KHORNE.**

Tzeentch: You can re-roll save rolls of 1 for a Lord of Chaos with a mark of **TZEENTCH**.

Slaanesh: A Lord of Chaos with a mark of **SLAANESH** can run and charge in the same turn.

Nurgle: You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for a Lord of Chaos with a mark of **NURGLE**.

Reaperblade: Once during the battle, before attacking with the Lord of Chaos' Reaperblade, you can say that he will unleash the fury of the daemon that possesses it. If you do, it makes only 1 Attack, but inflicts 2D6 Damage.

COMMAND ABILITY

Aided by the Gods: If a Lord of Chaos uses this ability, pick a **SLAVES TO DARKNESS** unit within 10" that has the same mark of Chaos as the Lord. Until your next hero phase, that unit receives the same benefit as the Lord of Chaos receives for his mark of Chaos.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAVES TO DARKNESS, HERO, LORD OF CHAOS

CHAOS SORCERER LORD

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Chaos Runestaff	2"	1	4+	3+	-1	D3
Chaos Runesword	1"	1	4+	4+	-	1
Chaos Steed's Flailing Hooves	1"	2	4+	5+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Chaos Sorcerer Lord is a single model, armed with a Chaos Runestaff. Many Chaos Sorcerer Lords also carry a Chaos Runesword to battle.

CHAOS STEED

Some Chaos Sorcerer Lords ride to battle on Chaos Steeds; these models have Move 10" instead of 5" and gain the Chaos Steed's Flailing Hooves attack.

ABILITIES

Oracular Visions: In your hero phase, pick either the Chaos Sorcerer Lord or a unit within 10" to receive the gift of foresight. Until your next hero phase, you can re-roll save rolls of 1 for that unit.

Mark of Chaos: If you wish, when setting up this model, you can pick one of the following keywords to assign to it for the duration of the battle: **TZEENTCH**, **NURGLE** or **SLAANESH**.

MAGIC

A Chaos Sorcerer Lord is a wizard. He can attempt to cast one spell in each of your hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. He knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Daemonic Power spells.

DAEMONIC POWER

The Sorcerer bestows his followers with daemonic essence, boosting their skill, strength and resilience to unholy levels. Daemonic Power has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick the caster or a unit within 18". Until your next hero phase, you can re-roll any hit rolls of 1, wound rolls of 1 and save rolls of 1 made for that unit.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAVES TO DARKNESS, HERO, WIZARD, CHAOS SORCERER LORD

EXALTED HERO OF CHAOS

Many are the champions of Chaos on the road to damnation. Most will earn only death or damnation, but there are those whose bravery and skill at arms sees them exalted in the eyes of the Ruinous Powers. Carnage is left in the wake of these glory-hungry axemen as they seek out the truly heroic and the monstrous to further prove their might.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Chaos Death-axes	1"	D6	4+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

An Exalted Hero of Chaos is a single model. He can unleash a rain of blows upon his enemies with his pair of Chaos Death-axes. He also carries a Thrice-damned Dagger that is used to carve the still-beating heart from defeated foes.

ABILITIES

Mark of Chaos: If you wish, when setting up this model, you can pick one of the following keywords to assign to it for the duration of the battle: **KHORNE**, **TZEENTCH**, **NURGLE** or **SLAANESH**.

Trail of Red Ruin: If an Exalted Hero of Chaos charges, he can pile in and attack two times in the following combat phase instead of only once. The second pile in move and attacks are made immediately after the first set of attacks is completed.

Glory-hungry Axeman: Add 1 to the hit rolls for an Exalted Hero of Chaos if the target is a **HERO** or a **MONSTER**.

Thrice-damned Dagger: An Exalted Hero can use his Thrice-damned Dagger at the end of a combat phase to cut the heart from one enemy **HERO** or **MONSTER** slain by his Death-axes in that phase. If he does so, he can double the number of attacks he makes with his Chaos Death-axes in the next combat phase.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAVES TO DARKNESS, HERO, EXALTED HERO OF CHAOS

CHAOS SPAWN

Howling and gibbering, Chaos Spawn lurch into battle with their twisted limbs flailing. These once-great warriors have been warped by the powers of Chaos until nothing remains but mindless mutants whose only desire is to rend and kill. This they do with horrific strength, every lash, snap and stomp mangling another luckless foe.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Freakish Mutations	1"	2D6	4+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Chaos Spawn has any number of models. They are armed with a variety of Freakish Mutations.

ABILITIES

Cursed of the Dark Gods: If you wish, when setting up this unit, you can pick one of the following keywords to assign to this unit for the duration of the battle: **KHORNE**, **TZEENTCH**, **NURGLE** or **SLAANESH**.

Writhing Tentacles: If you roll a double when determining the number of attacks made by a Chaos Spawn's Freakish Mutations, resolve those attacks with a To Hit and To Wound characteristic of 3+, instead of 4+.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAVES TO DARKNESS, CHAOS SPAWN

CHAOS CHOSEN

Amongst the ranks of the Chaos-worshipping hordes are those who have felt the eye of the gods upon them. Known simply as Chosen, these ironclad slaughterers form the inner circle of their lord's warband. Every head claimed by their greataxes is met with a roar of bloodlust from those warriors nearby – for they too would become the Chosen of the gods.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Chaos Greataxe	1"	3	3+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Chaos Chosen has 5 or more models. Chaos Chosen wield mighty double-handed Chaos Greataxes that can cleave a warrior in half with one blow.

EXALTED CHAMPION
The leader of this unit is the Exalted Champion. An Exalted Champion makes 4 attacks rather than 3.

ICON BEARER
Models in this unit may be Icon Bearers. If the unit includes any Icon Bearers, add 1 to the Bravery of all its models.

SKULL DRUMMER
Models in this unit can be Skull Drummers. If the unit includes any Skull Drummers, add 1 to its run and charge rolls.

ABILITIES

Mark of Chaos: If you wish, when setting up this unit, you can pick one of the following keywords to assign to it for the duration of the battle: **KHORNE**, **TZEENTCH**, **NURGLE** or **SLAANESH**.

Slaughter-leaders: Chaos Chosen lead their kin in battle through excessive bloodshed and violence. If a model from this unit slays an enemy model, you can re-roll failed wound rolls for other **Slaves to Darkness** units from your army within 8" of this unit until the end of the phase.

Chaos Greataxe: If the wound roll for a Chaos Greataxe is a 6 or more that attack inflicts a mortal wound on the target instead of its normal damage.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAVES TO DARKNESS, CHAOS CHOSEN

CHAOS WARRIORS

The horn-helmed killers known as Chaos Warriors are legion. Every realm save Azyr echoes to the tread of their iron-shod feet and the clangour of the battle they bring. These men have cast everything aside in exchange for eternal war and the promise of power. Some may find the glory they seek, but for most there is only blood, violence and cruel fate.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Chaos Hand Weapon	1"	2	3+	4+	-	1
Chaos Halberd	2"	2	4+	4+	-	1
Chaos Greatblade	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Chaos Warriors has 10 or more models. Some units wield either Chaos Hand Weapons or Halberds and carry Chaos Runeshields. Some units eschew defence, hefting double-handed Chaos Greatblades or entering battle with a Chaos Hand Weapon in each hand.

STANDARD BEARER

Models in this unit may be Standard Bearers. If the unit includes any Standard Bearers, add 1 to the Bravery of all its models.

ASPIRING CHAMPION

The leader of this unit is the Aspiring Champion. Add 1 to the result of any hit rolls for an Aspiring Champion.

HORNBLOWER

Models in this unit can be Hornblowers. If the unit includes any Hornblowers, add 1 to its run and charge rolls.

ABILITIES

Chaos Runeshields: Roll a dice each time this unit suffers a mortal wound. On a 5 or a 6 that mortal wound is ignored.

Mark of Chaos: If you wish, when setting up this unit, you can pick one of the following keywords to assign to it for the duration of the battle: **KHORNE**, **TZEENTCH**, **NURGLE** or **SLAANESH**.

Berserk Fury: Chaos Warriors who wield a blade in each hand batter aside the enemy's defences. You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for Chaos Warriors wielding a pair of Chaos Hand Weapons.

Legions of Chaos: You can re-roll save rolls of 1 for this unit if it contains 20 or more models.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAVES TO DARKNESS, CHAOS WARRIORS

CHAOS KNIGHTS

Those whose path to glory sees them gifted with great iron-shod destriers band together into groups of Chaos Knights. These warrior elite have a fell reputation, and rightly so, for they ride as a wall of blades and spiked armour to crash through the enemy ranks in an explosion of torn flesh. Even brave men quail before the charge of these fell cavaliers.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Ensorcelled Weapon	1"	3	3+	4+	-	1
Chaos Glaive	1"	2	4+	3+	-	1
War Steed's Roughshod Hooves	1"	2	4+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Chaos Knights has 5 or more models. Some units wield Ensorcelled Weapons, while others bear Chaos Glaives. In either case, they carry Chaos Runeshields. They ride War Steeds which slay the enemy with great sweeps of their Roughshod Hooves.

STANDARD BEARER

Models in this unit may be Standard Bearers. If the unit includes any Standard Bearers, add 1 to the Bravery of all its models.

DOOM KNIGHT

The leader of this unit is the Doom Knight. You can add 1 to any hit roll for a Doom Knight.

HORNBLOWER

Models in this unit can be Hornblowers. If the unit includes any Hornblowers, add 1 to its run and charge rolls.

ABILITIES

Chaos Runeshields: Roll a dice each time this unit suffers a mortal wound. On a 5 or a 6 that mortal wound is ignored.

Impaling Charge: This unit's Chaos Glaives inflict 2 damage rather than 1 and have a Rend of -1 instead of '-', if it charged in the same turn.

Mark of Chaos: If you wish, when setting up this unit, you can pick one of the following keywords to assign to it for the duration of the battle: **KHORNE**, **TZEENTCH**, **NURGLE** or **SLAANESH**.

Terrifying Champions: Subtract 1 from the Bravery of any enemy units within 3" of any Chaos Knights in the battleshock phase.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAVES TO DARKNESS, CHAOS KNIGHTS

CHAOS CHARIOTS

The chariots of the Chaos hosts are brutal war engines that strike with a crushing impact. Sturdy constructions pulled to battle by muscular destriers, Chaos Chariots are driven pell-mell towards the enemy lines, the lashing whips of their charioteers spurring them forward so their momentum can shatter a shield wall like dry tinder.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Lashing Whip	2"	2	4+	4+	-	1
Chaos Greatblade	2"	3	4+	3+	-1	1
Chaos War-flail	2"	D6	4+	3+	-	1
War Steeds' Roughshod Hooves	1"	4	4+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Chaos Chariots consists of any number of models. Each chariot is an imposing fighting platform drawn by a pair of War Steeds that attack with their Roughshod Hooves, and is driven by a charioteer who cracks a Lashing Whip at any who draw near. A second charioteer wields a hellforged weapon; some might carry Chaos Greatblades, while others prefer Chaos War-flails.

EXALTED CHARIOTEER

The leader of this unit is the Exalted Charioteer. His attacks with a Chaos Greatblade or Chaos War-flail hit on 3+ rather than 4+.

ABILITIES

Don't Spare the Lash: Before this unit moves in the movement phase, the charioteers can lash their War Steeds to gain more speed. Roll a dice, and add that many inches to this unit's Move characteristic for the rest of the phase.

Mark of Chaos: If you wish, when setting up this unit, you can pick one of the following keywords to assign to it for the duration of the battle: **KHORNE**, **TZEENTCH**, **NURGLE** or **SLAANESH**.

Swift Death: Chaos Chariots are at their most deadly on the charge, where their considerable bulk and bladed wheels can cause devastation amid the enemy. You can add 1 to all hit and wound rolls for the War Steeds' Roughshod Hooves if this unit charged in the same turn.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAVES TO DARKNESS, CHAOS CHARIOTS

CHAOS WARSHRINE

The Warshrines of the Chaos hordes are varied in construction, but all are resplendent and baroque, for it is their role to draw the eye of the Dark Powers. Lumbering mutants hoist them high, the better to inspire those fighting in their shadow – and to aid the Shrinemasters in calling down the blessings of the gods so their followers can claim victory in their name.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Sacrificial Blade	1"	4	4+	4+	-	1
Clubbed Fists	1"	*	4+	3+	-	2

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Clubbed Fists	Protection of the Dark Gods
0-2	8"	6	9"
3-4	7"	D6	7"
5-7	6"	D6	5"
8-9	5"	D3	3"
10+	4"	1	1"

DESCRIPTION

A Chaos Warshrine is a single model. A Shrinemaster stands atop the Warshrine, wielding a Sacrificial Blade and shouting prayers to the gods, while a pair of huge mutant Shrine Bearers fight with gigantic Clubbed Fists.

ABILITIES

Dedicated to Chaos: When you set up this model, you can declare that it

is dedicated to **KHORNE**, **NURGLE**,

SLAANESH or **TZEENTCH**. The Warshrine has that keyword for the duration of the battle.

Protection of the Dark Gods: Roll a dice each time a **MORTAL** model from your army suffers a wound or a mortal wound whilst within range of a Warshrine's Protection of the Dark Gods ability. The range of this Warshrine's ability is shown in the damage table above. On a 6, that attack has been turned aside by the fell power of Chaos and is ignored.

Favour of the Ruinous Powers: In your hero phase, the Shrinemaster can pray to the Dark Gods to bless his followers with the Favour of Chaos. If the Warshrine has been dedicated to a particular Chaos God, the Shrinemaster instead prays to his patron for their favour. When a Shrinemaster prays, pick a **MORTAL** unit within 16" and roll a dice. On a 3 or more his prayer is answered and its effects take place until your next hero phase:

Favour of Chaos: The Shrinemaster carves the symbol of Chaos into his chest, urging his followers to redouble their efforts and kill in the name of the Dark Gods. You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 and wound rolls of 1 for the unit.

Favour of Khorne: Raising an axe in a white-knuckled fist, the Shrinemaster leads his kin in a howl of battle-lust, urging them onward to spill the enemy's blood. You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for the unit. If you picked a **MORTAL KHORNE** unit, you can instead re-roll all failed hit rolls.

Favour of Tzeentch: The Shrinemaster recites passages from a forbidden tome and the air turns thick with magical energy that deflects fatal blows. You can re-roll save rolls of 1 for the unit. If you picked a **MORTAL TZEENTCH** unit, you can instead re-roll all failed save rolls.

Favour of Nurgle: Cracking a rotting head open on the altar and feasting on the viscid matter within, the Shrinemaster blesses his followers' blades with foul contagions. You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for the unit. If you picked a **MORTAL NURGLE** unit, you can instead re-roll all failed wound rolls.

Favour of Slaanesh: The Shrinemaster casts sickly-sweet incense into the shrine's braziers and lets out a sensuous cry, driving those nearby into frenzied, ecstatic bliss. You can re-roll failed charge rolls and battleshock tests for the unit. If you picked a **MORTAL SLAANESH** unit, you can re-roll failed charge rolls for the unit and it does not need to take battleshock tests.

KEYWORDS **CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAVES TO DARKNESS, TOTEM, PRIEST, CHAOS WARSHRINE**

GOREBEAST CHARIOTS

Gorebeasts are rightly feared for their explosive ferocity. Grotesque predators at once simian and reptilian in aspect, these brutes are immensely strong, and are much prized under the yokes of chariots. Though slow to accelerate, once the Gorebeast hits its stride the chariot becomes a force of bloody destruction that is all but impossible to stop.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Lashing Whip	2"	2	4+	4+	-	1
Chaos Greatblade	2"	3	4+	3+	-1	1
Chaos War-flail	2"	D6	4+	3+	-	1
Gorebeast's Brutish Fists	1"	3	4+	3+	-	2

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Gorebeast Chariots consists of any number of models. Each chariot is drawn by a hulking Gorebeast which pummels its prey with Brutish Fists, and is driven by a charioteer who cracks a Lashing Whip at the foe. A second charioteer wields a hellforged weapon; some might carry Chaos Greatblades, while others prefer Chaos War-flails.

EXALTED CHARIOTEER

The leader of this unit is the Exalted Charioteer. His attacks with a Greatblade or War-flail hit on 3+ rather than 4+.

ABILITIES

Explosive Brutality: There is little as terrifying or destructive as the sudden bursts of rage that characterise Gorebeasts. If this unit makes a charge move, and the result of the charge roll was 8 or more, all Gorebeasts in the unit make 6 attacks with their Brutish Fists rather than 3 until the end of the turn.

Gorebeast Charge: Gorebeast Chariots thunder into enemy formations in a rampage of destruction. After this unit has finished a charge move, roll a dice for each enemy model within 2"; for each roll of 6 that model's unit suffers a mortal wound as a warrior is pounded into the dirt, impaled on metal horns or eviscerated by spinning wheel-blades.

Mark of Chaos: If you wish, when setting up this unit, you can pick one of the following keywords to assign to it for the duration of the battle: **KHORNE**, **TZEENTCH**, **NURGLE** or **SLAANESH**.

KEYWORDS **CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAVES TO DARKNESS, GOREBEAST CHARIOTS**

CHAOS MARAUDER HORSEMEN

Cunning are the outriders of the Chaos hordes, and skilled with javelin, axe and flail. Many hail from horse-tribes that pound the wastes of the Mortal Realms. Their command over the ill-tempered steeds they ride is such they can hurl their deadly throwing weapons as they charge, run down their foes, and dart back out for another volley with shocking speed.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Marauder Javelin	9"	2	4+	4+	-	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Barbarian Axe	1"	1	4+	4+	-	1
Marauder Javelin	2"	1	5+	4+	-	1
Barbarian Flail	1"	1	5+	3+	-	1
Chaos Steed's Flailing Hooves	1"	2	4+	5+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Chaos Marauder Horsemen has 5 or more models. Many units of Marauder Horsemen are armed with Barbarian Axes, but some prefer to wield Barbarian Flails instead. Some units instead carry Marauder Javelins which they can hurl at the foe and use as spears in close combat. Many units also carry Darkwood Shields. They ride swift Chaos Steeds, which strike at the enemy with their Flailing Hooves.

HORSEMASTER
The leader of this unit is the Horsemaster. Add 1 to hit rolls for a Horsemaster.

ICON BEARER
Models in this unit may be Icon Bearers. Icon Bearers bear either a Damned Icon or a Tribal Banner.

HORNBLOWER
Models in this unit can be Hornblowers. If the unit includes any Hornblowers, add 1 to its run and charge rolls.

ABILITIES

Darkwood Shield: Units carrying Darkwood Shields have a Save of 5+ rather than 6+ .

Feigned Flight: This unit can shoot and charge even if it retreated in the same turn.

Damned Icon: You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for a unit that contains any Damned Icons.

Tribal Banner: If this unit includes any Tribal Banners, add 1 to the Bravery of all its models.

Mark of Chaos: If you wish, when setting up this unit, you can pick one of the following keywords to assign to it for the duration of the battle: **KHORNE**, **TZEENTCH**, **NURGLE** or **SLAANESH**.

KEYWORDS **CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAVES TO DARKNESS, CHAOS MARAUDER HORSEMEN**

CHAOS MARAUDERS

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Barbarian Axe	1"	1	4+	4+	-	1
Barbarian Flail	1"	1	5+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Chaos Marauders has 10 or more models. Units of Marauders wield either Barbarian Flails or Barbarian Axes. Some units of Marauders also carry Darkwood Shields.

MARAUDER CHIEFTAIN

The leader of this unit is the Marauder Chieftain. He makes 2 attacks rather than 1.

ICON BEARER

Models in this unit may be Icon Bearers. Icon Bearers bear either a Damned Icon or a Tribal Banner.

DRUMMER

Models in this unit can be Drummers. If the unit includes any Drummers, add 1 to its run and charge rolls.

ABILITIES

Barbarian Hordes: Roll a dice before a unit of Chaos Marauders piles in. Add 1 to the roll if the unit includes 20 or more models. If the result is 4 or more, add 1 to the result of any hit rolls for the unit's attacks until the end of the phase. If the result is 6 or more, add 1 to the result of any wound rolls as well.

Darkwood Shield: Units carrying Darkwood Shields have a Save of 5+ rather than 6+ .

Damned Icon: You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for models in a unit that contains any Damned Icons.

Tribal Banner: If this unit includes any Tribal Banners, add 1 to the Bravery of all its models.

Mark of Chaos: If you wish, when setting up this unit, you can pick one of the following keywords to assign to it for the duration of the battle: **KHORNE**, **TZEENTCH**, **NURGLE** or **SLAANESH**.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, SLAVES TO DARKNESS, CHAOS MARAUDERS

AURIC RUNEFATHER ON MAGMADROTH

The Auric Runefather is the warrior lord of his lodge, chosen by Grimnir to ride to war at the head of an army of Fyreslayers. From the back of his fire-belching Magmadroth, the Runefather thunders into battle, hacking down enemies with his grandaxe as his steed tears apart foes by the dozen with its searing molten talons and blazing maw.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Fyresteel Throwing Axe	8"	1	3+	4+	-	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Magmadroth's Claws and Horns	1"	*	4+	3+	-1	2
Latchkey Grandaxe	3"	3	4+	3+	-1	3

	DAMAGE TABLE		
Wounds Suffered	Move	Roaring Fyrestream	Claws and Horns
0-2	12"	1 dice	6
3-5	10"	1 dice	5
6-7	8"	2 dice	4
8-9	7"	2 dice	3
10+	6"	3 dice	2

DESCRIPTION

An Auric Runefather on Magmadroth is a single model. He wields a mighty Latchkey Grandaxe, a symbol of office that unlocks the great vaults within his lodge's forge-temple, and he carries a brace of Fyresteel Throwing Axes. He takes to battle seated atop a terrifying Magmadroth, a volcanic creature with fire in its veins. It swipes at the foe with its Lashing Tail or tears them apart with its Claws and Horns.

ABILITIES

Roaring Fyrestream: Throwing back its head, a Magmadroth can spew a wave of flaming bile that sears through armour as though it were wax. In your shooting phase, pick an enemy unit within 15" and roll a number of dice as shown on the damage table above. If the result is the same as or less than the number of models in the unit, the unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. If it is within 5" of the Magmadroth it suffers D6 mortal wounds instead.

Lashing Tail: Magmadroths use their tails to communicate with their kin, but also to slaughter scores of lesser prey with a single swipe. At the end of the combat phase, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3" of the Magmadroth. If the result is less than the number of models in the unit, it suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Volcanic Blood: Magmadroths pulse with the heat of the volcanic caverns where they make their homes. At the end of each phase in which a Magmadroth suffered any wounds, roll a dice for each unit within 3". If the result is lower than the number of wounds the Magmadroth suffered during the phase, the unit is hit by a jet of fiery blood and suffers D3 mortal wounds. **FYRESLAYER** units, experienced at fighting alongside these beasts, only suffer wounds if the result of the roll is 1.

Stare Down: In your hero phase, the Runefather can fix an enemy unit within 3" with a level stare, the sort that can bring doubt to the mind of even the mightiest warrior. Subtract D3 from that unit's Bravery until your next hero phase.

Weapon-breaker: A Latchkey Grandaxe's unique design allows a Runefather to catch an enemy's weapon between the teeth and give a sharp twist. If the Runefather is attacked in the combat phase by a **HERO** or **MONSTER**, and the result of a save roll is 6 or higher, roll another dice. If the result is 4 or more, the attacking weapon is damaged for the rest of the battle. Your opponent must re-roll successful hit rolls for damaged weapons.

Command Ability

Steadfast Advance: Gazing sternly down from his throne atop a mighty Magmadroth, a Runefather can compel his kin to march into battle against a thousand times their number in search of ur-gold. If you use this ability, then until your next hero phase you can re-roll save rolls of 1 and battleshock tests for **FYRESLAYER** units from your army whilst they are within 20".

KEYWORDS **ORDER, DUARDIN, MAGMADROTH, FYRESLAYERS, MONSTER, HERO, AURIC RUNEFATHER**

AURIC RUNESMITER ON MAGMADROTH

Sparks fly from the Runesmiter's runic altar as he awakens the ur-gold runes of his Fyreslayer kin. It is his sacred duty to see the spirit of Grimnir stirred from slumber within the lodge's warriors – a task he carries out in the midst of raging combat, smashing down foes with his latch-axe, or immolating them with the furnace breath of his Magmadroth.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Fyresteel Throwing Axe	8"	1	3+	4+	-	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Magmadroth's Claws and Horns	1"	*	4+	3+	-1	2
Latch-axe	1"	1	4+	3+	-	2
Runic Iron	1"	2	3+	4+	-	1

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	**Move**	**Roaring Fyrestream**	**Claws and Horns**
0-2	12"	1 dice	6
3-5	10"	1 dice	5
6-7	8"	2 dice	4
8-9	7"	2 dice	3
10+	6"	3 dice	2

DESCRIPTION

An Auric Runesmiter on Magmadroth is a single model. The Runesmiter is armed with a Latch-axe, and many also carry Fyresteel Throwing Axes. Some Runesmiters also fight with a Runic Iron, while others bear a Forge Key – an ur-gold artefact with both symbolic and mystical power. He rides a great Magmadroth, which swipes at prey with a Lashing Tail and gouges them with its many Claws and Horns.

ABILITIES

Roaring Fyrestream: Throwing back its head, a Magmadroth can spew a wave of flaming bile that sears through armour as though it were wax. In your shooting phase, pick an enemy unit within 15" and roll a number of dice as shown on the damage table above. If the result is the same as or less than the number of models in the unit, the unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. If it is within 5" of the Magmadroth it suffers D6 mortal wounds instead.

Lashing Tail: Magmadroths use their tails to communicate with their kin, but also to slaughter scores of lesser prey with a single swipe. At the end of the combat phase, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3" of the Magmadroth. If the result is less than the number of models in the unit, it suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Volcanic Blood: Magmadroths pulse with the heat of the volcanic caverns where they make their homes. At the end of each phase in which a Magmadroth suffered any wounds, roll a dice for each unit within 3". If the result is lower than the number of wounds the Magmadroth suffered during the phase, the unit is hit by a jet of fiery blood and suffers D3 mortal wounds. **FYRESLAYER** units, experienced at fighting alongside these beasts, only suffer wounds if the result of the roll is 1.

Runic Empowerment: In your hero phase, a Runesmiter can raise his weapons and intone a sonorous chant, infusing the ur-gold runes set into the flesh of his Fyreslayer kin with power. Pick a unit of **FYRESLAYERS** within 10", or 20" if the Runesmiter bears a Forge Key. Until your next hero phase, you can re-roll failed wound rolls for that unit.

Grand Ritual of Awakening: Once per battle, the Runesmiter can consecrate a small nugget of ur-gold over the runic altar, then consume it to unleash a wave of energy. Until your next hero phase, re-roll failed wound rolls for **FYRESLAYER** units from your army whilst they are within 10" of the Runesmiter.

KEYWORDS **ORDER, DUARDIN, MAGMADROTH, FYRESLAYERS, MONSTER, HERO, PRIEST, AURIC RUNESMITER**

AURIC RUNESON

Fearless and bold, Auric Runesons show their devotion to Grimnir with daring assaults and furious charges. Where the fighting is at its thickest, or the largest foes lumber though the press of combat, the Runesons will be there. With a deadly weapon in hand and a savage grin splitting their beard, they vent their rage upon all who stand before them.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Wyrmslayer Javelin	12"	1	3+	3+	-1	D3
Fyresteel Throwing Axe	8"	1	3+	4+	-	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Ancestral War-axe	1"	3	3+	4+	-	D3
Wyrmslayer Javelin	3"	1	4+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

An Auric Runeson is a single model. Some Runesons wield an Ancestral War-axe, while others prefer Wyrmslayer Javelins. They also carry Fyresteel Throwing Axes.

ABILITIES

Wyrmslayer Javelins: A Runeson armed with these javelins can bring down even the fiercest creatures. Add 2 to the Damage of a Wyrmslayer Javelin in the shooting phase if the target is a **MONSTER**.

Explosive Rage: In the hero phase, pick an enemy unit that is visible to the Runeson to be the subject of his latest outburst of wrath and rage. Until your next hero phase, you can re-roll hit rolls of 1 when the Runeson attacks that unit. In addition, if a battleshock test is made for the unit before your next hero phase, add 1 to the result of the dice roll if you can deliver a suitably characterful insult or furious put-down (aimed at the unit in question, of course – not your opponent!).

COMMAND ABILITY

Dauntless Assault: Runesons are intrepid to the last; to them, even the most fearsome enemy is simply a worthy challenge for the Fyreslayers. If you use this ability, then until your next hero phase you can re-roll failed wound rolls for the Runeson and any **Fyreslayer** units from your army within 15" if the unit they are attacking has a Wounds characteristic of 3 or more.

KEYWORDS ORDER, DUARDIN, FYRESLAYERS, HERO, AURIC RUNESON

GRIMWRATH BERZERKER

The power of Grimnir burns strongest in the hearts of the Grimwrath Berzerkers. Covered in glowing runes of ur-gold, they are avatars of destruction and endurance, hurling themselves through battle in a storm of blood and flame. Pain is nothing to a Grimwrath, and even should he be dealt a mortal wound, dozens of foes will join him in death.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Fyresteel Throwing Axe	8"	1	3+	4+	-	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Fyrestorm Greataxe	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	D3

DESCRIPTION

A Grimwrath Berzerker is a single model armed with a Fyrestorm Greataxe. Some also carry Fyresteel Throwing Axes.

ABILITIES

Unstoppable Berzerker: Each time a Grimwrath Berzerker suffers a wound or mortal wound, roll a dice, adding 1 to the result for each enemy unit within 3". If the result is 6 or more, he is too enraged to notice the wound and it has no effect.

Dead, But Not Defeated: Tales abound of mortally wounded Grimwrath Berzerkers still fighting on, determined to wreak destruction upon whichever fools had the temerity to kill them. If a Grimwrath Berzerker is slain in the combat phase, roll a dice. If the result is 2 or more, he is not removed as a casualty until the end of the phase, and in the meantime can still pile in and attack as normal.

Battle Fury: As a Grimwrath Berzerker hews left and right with his Greataxe, felling scores of foes, he enters a state of single-minded frenzy. Once per turn, after this model has made its attacks, you can roll a dice. If the result is less than the number of wounds that the Grimwrath Berzerker has inflicted this phase and there are still enemy models within 3", he can immediately pile in and attack again.

KEYWORDS ORDER, DUARDIN, FYRESLAYERS, HERO, GRIMWRATH BERZERKER

AURIC HEARTHGUARD

A line of unyielding veterans, the Auric Hearthguard face down their foes. Fired from their ornate magmapikes, flaming gobbets of lava pummel the enemy, reducing them to pyres of smoking flesh and molten steel. It is the sworn duty of the Auric Hearthguard to protect the forge-temple and the lodge's priesthood – a duty they execute with grim determination.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Fyresteel Throwing Axe	8"	1	4+	4+	-	1
Molten Rockbolts	15"	2	4+	3+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Magmapike	1"	1	4+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Auric Hearthguard has 5 or more models. They are each armed with a Magmapike, a bladed polearm that can loose Molten Rockbolts at the enemy. Some units also carry Fyresteel Throwing Axes as a backup weapon.

KARL

The leader of this unit is the Karl. A Karl's Magmapike causes 2 Damage rather than 1.

ABILITIES

Molten Rockbolts: Magmapikes spit gobbets of molten rock that solidify around large targets, and Hearthguard often use them to ensnare wild Magmadroths. Roll a dice at the end of the shooting phase for each **MONSTER** that was wounded by a Molten Rockbolt but was not slain. On a result of 5 or more, it is encased in rapidly cooling stone. Until the end of its next turn, halve its Move and subtract 1 from any hit rolls for its attacks.

Sworn Protectors: Auric Hearthguard are fiercely protective of those who rule the lodges that they guard. Add 1 to the result of any hit rolls for Auric Hearthguard if their target unit is within 5" of a **FYRESLAYER HERO** from your army.

KEYWORDS ORDER, DUARDIN, FYRESLAYERS, AURIC HEARTHGUARD

HEARTHGUARD BERZERKERS

Hearthguard Berzerkers are the chosen champions of the Runefather. Masterful warriors, they wade into battle, their broadaxes hewing apart the foe while their flamestrike poleaxes set enemies alight with smouldering braziers. Under the steely gaze of their lords, they fight on even unto death, shrugging off all but the most devastating wounds.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Fyresteel Throwing Axe	8"	1	4+	4+	-	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Berzerker Broadaxe	1"	1	3+	3+	-1	2
Flamestrike Poleaxe	1"	1	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Hearthguard Berzerkers has 5 or more models. Some units wield mighty Berzerker Broadaxes, while others carry Flamestrike Poleaxes, trailing smouldering braziers on lengths of chain. Some units also carry Fyresteel Throwing Axes.

KARL

The leader of this unit is the Karl. A Karl's Berzerker Broadaxe inflicts 3 Damage rather than 2, and a Karl's Flamestrike Poleaxe inflicts 2 Damage rather than 1.

ABILITIES

Duty Unto Death: Hearthguard Berzerkers are sworn to protect their lodge and its masters to their dying breath. Each time this unit suffers a wound or mortal wound, roll a dice. If the result is 6 or higher, the wound is ignored. Add 2 to the result if there is a **FYRESLAYER HERO** from your army within 10" of this unit.

Smouldering Braziers: With each swing of a Flamestrike Poleaxe, the brazier chained to it arcs toward the foe, sparks and fire trailing in its wake. Each time a model attacking with a Flamestrike Poleaxe scores a hit, roll a dice. If the result is 3 or more the target suffers a mortal wound after the attacks have been resolved.

KEYWORDS ORDER, DUARDIN, FYRESLAYERS, HEARTHGUARD BERZERKERS

VULKITE BERZERKERS

Fyreslayers are natural warriors, skilled with axes and fearless in battle. Gifted with ur-gold runes, they become even more fearsome as the power of Grimnir courses through their bodies. Filled with this divine might, they can suffer horrific wounds, face legions of foes and fight on relentlessly, until naught but corpses lie at their feet.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Fyresteel Throwing Axe	8"	1	4+	4+	-	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Fyresteel Handaxe	1"	2	4+	3+	-	1
Fyresteel War-pick	1"	2	4+	4+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Vulkite Berzerkers has 5 or more models. Some units of Vulkite Berzerkers are armed with Fyresteel Handaxes or War-picks and carry Bladed Slingshields, while other units fight with a Fyresteel Handaxe in each hand. Some also carry well-balanced Fyresteel Throwing Axes at their belts.

KARL

The leader of this unit is the Karl. A Karl's Fyresteel Handaxe or Fyresteel War-pick causes 2 Damage rather than 1.

HORN OF GRIMNIR

Models in this unit may carry a horn of Grimnir. After making a charge roll for a unit that contains any horns of Grimnir, you can sound the advance and re-roll one of the dice.

ABILITIES

Berserk Fury: Vulkite Berzerkers are as stubborn as they are resilient – even the deadliest blows fail to slow their advance. Each time this unit suffers a wound or mortal wound, roll a dice. If the result is 6 or higher, the wound is ignored. Add 1 to the result if the unit had 10 or more models at the start of the phase, or 2 if it had 20 or more; after all, no Vulkite Berzerker will easily accept death's embrace while his kin are still fighting.

Fyresteel Handaxes: When attacking with two Fyresteel Handaxes, a Vulkite Berzerker can easily turn aside an enemy's defence before landing a flurry of furious blows. Re-roll failed hit rolls for models armed with two Fyresteel Handaxes.

Bladed Slingshield: Some Vulkite Berzerkers carry razor-sharp shields which they hurl at the enemy as they charge. After a unit with Bladed Slingshields makes a charge move, pick an enemy unit within ½" and roll a dice for each model carrying a Bladed Slingshield. For each result of 6, the unit you picked suffers a mortal wound. Vulkite Berzerkers carrying Bladed Slingshields have a Save of 4+ in the combat phase of turns in which they did not charge.

KEYWORDS ORDER, DUARDIN, FYRESLAYERS, VULKITE BERZERKERS

SKARBRAND

A daemonic engine of destruction like no other, Skarbrand carves a red road of ruin across the battlefield. His bellowing roars cause the blood to boil in his enemies' veins. His twin axes – Carnage and Slaughter – trail a rain of gore with every almighty swing. The angrier Skarbrand gets, the more dangerous he becomes. And there is none angrier than Skarbrand.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Slaughter	2"	*	4+	3+	-2	3
Carnage	2"	1	4+	See below		

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Rage	Slaughter	Carnage
0-3	Angry	4	Total carnage on a 5+
4-6	Furious	5	Total carnage on a 4+
7-9	Seething	6	Total carnage on a 3+
10-12	Enraged	7	Total carnage on a 2+
13+	Incandescent	8	Total carnage on a 1+

DESCRIPTION

Skarbrand is a single model. He carries two axes, one called Slaughter and the other Carnage, which he uses with deadly effect in combat. As the battle progresses, Skarbrand's rage grows, making him an increasingly dangerous opponent – and wounding him only makes him angrier.

ABILITIES

Skarbrand's Rage: The angrier that Skarbrand gets, the more dangerous he becomes, as shown on his damage table above. Skarbrand starts the battle Angry, but this will change during the course of the battle as his rage increases or he vents his fury to fuel his attacks.

In each of your hero phases, look on Skarbrand's damage table to see his current level of rage. If Skarbrand was not able to attack in at least one of the combat phases of the previous battle round, he is always Incandescent, regardless of the wounds he has remaining – nothing makes Skarbrand angrier than not being able to fight!

Skarbrand can use his rage to fuel one or more of the following abilities. Each can only be used once per battle round. The effects of these abilities last until your next hero phase (with the exception of a Roar of Total Rage, which is resolved immediately). If Skarbrand is Angry he can use one ability, if he is Furious he can use two abilities, if he is Seething he can use three, if he is Enraged he can use four and if he is Incandescent he can use five.

- Make a Roar of Total Rage (see below).
- Re-roll the dice to determine Skarbrand's charge distance.
- Re-roll all failed hit rolls made for Slaughter.
- Re-roll all failed hit rolls made for Carnage.
- Re-roll all failed wound rolls made for Slaughter.
- Re-roll the dice rolled to see if Skarbrand inflicts Total Carnage.

Roar of Total Rage: When Skarbrand roars, his anger breaks the bounds of reason, causing the blood of those near him to boil in their veins, or their heads to explode in apocalyptic, eye-bulging fury!

If Skarbrand makes a Roar of Total Rage, pick a unit within 8". Roll one dice if Skarbrand is Angry, two dice if he is Furious, three if he is Seething, four if he is Enraged and five if he is Incandescent. Each roll of 4 or more inflicts 1 mortal wound on the unit.

Total Carnage: Roll a dice each time Skarbrand hits a target with the axe Carnage; if the roll is greater than or equal to the result shown in the damage table, the hit has caused total carnage and one enemy model in the target unit loses 8 wounds (or is slain if it has 8 wounds or fewer remaining). No saves can be taken against total carnage – there's no escaping the axe's wrath! If the roll is less than the result shown in the table, the hit inflicts one mortal wound on the target unit instead.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, DAEMON, KHORNE, MONSTER, HERO, BLOODTHIRSTER, SKARBRAND

BLOODMASTER, HERALD OF KHORNE

Loping into battle, the Bloodmaster carves unstoppably through the enemy ranks. Each whistling swing of his blade of blood opens throats and splits torsos, while truly worthy victims find their heads severed from their bodies. Around the Herald, the Bloodletters of Khorne fight all the harder, driven on by his murderous aura.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Blade of Blood	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A Bloodmaster, Herald of Khorne is a single model that wields a ruinous Blade of Blood.

ABILITIES

Decapitating Blow: If the hit roll for a Blade of Blood is 6 or more, that blow inflicts a mortal wound instead of its normal damage.

The Blood Must Flow: After a Bloodmaster attacks in the combat phase, you can pick another **BLOODLETTER** unit within 8". That unit can immediately pile in and attack if it is within 3" of the enemy and has not already attacked this phase.

MAGIC

Chaos Wizards know the Summon Bloodmaster spell, in addition to any others they know.

SUMMON BLOODMASTER

Summon Bloodmaster has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, set up a Bloodmaster, Herald of Khorne within 16" of the caster and more than 9" from any enemy models. The Bloodmaster is added to your army but cannot move in the following movement phase.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, DAEMON, BLOODLETTER, KHORNE, HERO, BLOODMASTER

SKULLMASTER, HERALD OF KHORNE

The warcry of the Skullmaster rings furiously over the thunderous hoofbeats of his ironclad steed. Leading his daemonic brethren from the front, the Herald slams into the enemy with titanic force. Bones shatter. Armour buckles. Flesh tears and blood falls like rain, while the Skullmaster exults in the absolute slaughter he has unleashed.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Blade of Blood	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	1
Juggernaut's Brazen Hooves	1"	3	3+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Skullmaster, Herald of Khorne is a single model. The Herald wields a ruinous Blade of Blood, and rides atop a mighty Juggernaut of Khorne that gores and tramples its victims to death beneath its Brazen Hooves.

ABILITIES

Slaughter and Ruin: You can re-roll all failed hit rolls for this model if it charged in the same turn.

Decapitating Blow: If the hit roll for a Blade of Blood is 6 or more, that blow inflicts a mortal wound instead of its normal damage.

Murderous Charge: After this model completes a charge move, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 1". On a roll of 4 or more that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

MAGIC

CHAOS WIZARDS know the Summon Skullmaster spell, in addition to any others they know.

SUMMON SKULLMASTER

Summon Skullmaster has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, you can set up a Skullmaster, Herald of Khorne within 16" of the caster and more than 9" from any enemy models. The model is added to your army but cannot move in the following movement phase.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, DAEMON, BLOODLETTER, KHORNE, HERO, SKULLMASTER

BLOOD THRONE

The Blood Throne roars into battle with its monstrous maws gaping wide. From atop its dais, a Herald of Khorne hisses out commands to his daemonic foot soldiers, he and his charioteers hacking down any enemy foolish enough to draw close. Their corpses are swiftly gobbled down by the throne itself, their soulstuff sustaining its unnatural flesh.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Blade of Blood	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	1
Hellblades	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	1
Gnashing Maw	1"	1	4+	3+	-1	D3

DESCRIPTION

A Blood Throne is a single model. The Herald riding the Blood Throne wields a deadly Blade of Blood, and the Bloodletter Charioteers carry glowing Hellblades. The Blood Throne itself rolls forward to maul the foe with its Gnashing Maw.

ABILITIES

Gorefeast: The Blood Throne heals a wound at the end of the combat phase for each wound that was inflicted by its Gnashing Maw.

Decapitating Blow: If the hit roll for a Blade of Blood or a Hellblade is 6 or more, that blow inflicts a mortal wound instead of its normal damage.

MAGIC

CHAOS WIZARDS know the Summon Blood Throne spell, in addition to any others they know.

SUMMON BLOOD THRONE

Summon Blood Throne has a casting value of 8. If successfully cast, you can set up a Blood Throne within 16" of the caster and more than 9" from any enemy models. This model is added to your army but cannot move in the following movement phase.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, DAEMON, BLOODLETTER, KHORNE, HERO, BLOOD THRONE

BLOODLETTERS

Bloodletters brandish their brazen hellblades and howl maddened battle cries as they lope into battle. Terrifying horn blasts ring out as they charge, their deafening clarion call resounding in the enemy's ears even as the Bloodletters' blades, claws and fangs rip through their flesh.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Hellblade	1"	1	4+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Bloodletters has 10 or more models. They each wield a murderous Hellblade.

BLOODHUNTER

The leader of this unit is the Bloodhunter. A Bloodhunter makes 2 attacks rather than 1 with its Hellblade.

ICON BEARER

Models in this unit may be Icon Bearers. Icon Bearers bear either a Gore-drenched Icon or a Bloodsoaked Banner.

HORNBLOWER

Models in this unit can be Hornblowers. Your opponent must re-roll battleshock tests of 1 for units that are within 6" of any Hornblowers.

ABILITIES

Decapitating Blow: If the hit roll for a Hellblade is 6 or more, that blow inflicts a mortal wound instead of its normal damage.

Gore-drenched Icon: If you roll a 1 when making a battleshock test for a unit that includes any Gore-drenched Icons, reality blinks and the daemonic horde is bolstered. Add D6 Bloodletters to the unit.

Bloodsoaked Banner: Daubed in the blood of champions, a Bloodsoaked Banner drives its bearers on in the name on Khorne. Each time a unit containing any Bloodsoaked Banners slays a **HERO**, add 1 to any charge rolls you make for it for the rest of the battle.

Locus of Fury: You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for this unit if there is a **DAEMON HERO** of **KHORNE** from your army within 8".

Murderous Tide: Bloodletters attacking en masse are a terrifying prospect, swarming forward to eviscerate foes with their Hellblades. You can add 1 to hit rolls made for a Bloodletter if its unit contains 20 or more models.

MAGIC

CHAOS WIZARDS know the Summon Bloodletters spell, in addition to any others they know.

SUMMON BLOODLETTERS

Summon Bloodletters has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, you can set up a unit of up to 10 Bloodletters within 16" of the caster and more than 9" from any enemy models. The unit is added to your army but cannot move in the following movement phase.
If the result of the casting roll was 11 or more, set up a unit of up to 20 Bloodletters instead.

KEYWORDS **CHAOS, DAEMON, KHORNE, BLOODLETTERS**

BLOODCRUSHERS

The ground shakes with the onrushing fury of the Bloodcrushers. They stampede into their enemy's midst and leave a trail of mangled bodies behind them. Those not crushed beneath the merciless weight of the Juggernauts are decapitated by the swinging hellblades of their riders.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Hellblade	1"	1	4+	3+	-1	1
Juggernaut's Brazen Hooves	1"	3	3+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Bloodcrushers has 3 or more models. The Bloodletter riders wield deadly Hellblades, while their Juggernaut mounts trample the foe with their Brazen Hooves.

BLOODHUNTER

The leader of this unit is the Bloodhunter. A Bloodhunter makes 2 attacks with its Hellblade instead of 1.

ICON BEARER

Models in this unit may be Icon Bearers. If you roll a 1 when taking a battleshock test for a unit that includes any Icon Bearers, reality blinks and the daemonic horde is bolstered. Add D3 Bloodcrushers to the unit.

HORNBLOWER

Models in this unit can be Hornblowers. Your opponent must re-roll battleshock tests of 1 for units that are within 6" of any Hornblowers.

ABILITIES

Decapitating Blow: If the hit roll for a Hellblade is 6 or more, that blow inflicts a mortal wound instead of its normal damage.

Murderous Charge: After this unit completes a charge move, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 1". On a roll of 4 or more that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Locus of Wrath: You can re-roll all failed hit rolls for this unit if it charged this turn and there is a **DAEMON HERO** of **KHORNE** from your army within 8".

MAGIC

CHAOS WIZARDS know the Summon Bloodcrushers spell, in addition to any others they know.

SUMMON BLOODCRUSHERS

Summon Bloodcrushers has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, you can set up a Bloodcrusher within 16" of the caster and more than 9" from any enemy models. The model is added to your army but cannot move in the following movement phase. If the result of the casting roll was 10 or more, set up a unit of up to 3 Bloodcrushers instead.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, DAEMON, BLOODLETTER, KHORNE, BLOODCRUSHERS

SKULL CANNONS

Like a warped mockery of Sigmar's tempest, the Skull Cannons of Khorne fill the skies with the echoing thunder of their discharge. Each hideous war machine vomits forth a barrage of skulls amid blasts of sulphurous smoke and flame, their macabre ordnance screaming through the skies before exploding with murderous fury in the enemy's midst.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Burning Skull	30"	1	3+	3+	-2	D6
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Hellblades	1"	2	4+	3+	-1	1
Gnashing Maw	1"	1	4+	3+	-1	D3

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Skull Cannons can have any number of models. Each is ridden by a pair of Bloodletter crew that carry glowing Hellblades, whilst the cannon itself swallows victims with its Gnashing Maw and launches their Burning Skulls from its great, fanged barrel.

ABILITIES

Skull Cannon: When a Skull Cannon shoots a Burning Skull, add 1 to the hit roll if the target contains 10 or more models.

Grind their Bones, Seize their Skulls: Enemies seized by a Skull Cannon's jaws are used to power the infernal machine, their skulls taken and used as fiery munitions. If the Skull Cannon's Gnashing Maw causes any wounds in the combat phase, at the end of that phase you can make a Burning Skull attack as though it were your shooting phase.

Decapitating Blow: If the hit roll for a Hellblade is 6 or more, that blow inflicts a mortal wound instead of its normal damage.

MAGIC

CHAOS WIZARDS know the Summon Skull Cannon spell, in addition to any others they know.

SUMMON SKULL CANNON

Summon Skull Cannon has a casting value of 8. If successfully cast, you can set up a Skull Cannon within 16" of the caster and more than 9" from any enemy models. The unit is added to your army but cannot move in the following movement phase.

KEYWORDS **CHAOS, DAEMON, BLOODLETTER, KHORNE, SKULL CANNONS**

FLESH HOUNDS

Even the mightiest heroes are worn down by the Flesh Hounds' tireless pursuit. Swift, strong, and tenacious beyond mortal reason, these daemonic hunting hounds run their quarry to ground without mercy. Those who seek to trick or destroy the Flesh Hounds with sorcery find their powers flickering to nothing, extinguished by the wrath of Khorne.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Blood-dark Claws	1"	4	3+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Flesh Hounds has 5 or more models. They tear their victims to pieces with their Blood-dark Claws.

ABILITIES

Collars of Khorne: This unit can unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase as if it were a wizard. Add 1 to the unbinding roll if the unit contains 10 or more models.

Tireless Hunters: You can re-roll failed charge rolls for this unit.

Locus of Abjuration: You can re-roll failed unbinding attempts for this unit if it is within 8" of a **DAEMON HERO** of **KHORNE** from your army.

MAGIC

CHAOS WIZARDS know the Summon Flesh Hounds spell, in addition to any others they know.

SUMMON FLESH HOUNDS

Summon Flesh Hounds has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, you can set up a unit of up to 5 Flesh Hounds within 16" of the caster and more than 9" from any enemy models. The unit is added to your army but cannot move in the following movement phase. If the result of the casting roll was 11 or more, set up a unit of up to 10 Flesh Hounds instead.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, DAEMON, KHORNE, FLESH HOUNDS

SPIRIT HOSTS

The unquiet spirits bound to the masters of Shyish are beyond counting. Howling and wailing their immortal hatred for the living, these spectres can be summoned from places thick with the energies of death to fall upon their enemies in ghostly swarms, sapping the soul with every caress of their ice cold claws and stab of their grave-soiled daggers.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Spectral Claws and Daggers	1"	6	5+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION
A unit of Spirit Hosts has 3 or more models. The spirits rend the souls of mortals with their Spectral Claws and Daggers.

FLY
Spirit Hosts can fly.

ABILITIES
Ethereal: Ignore the weapon's Rend when making save rolls for a Spirit Host.

Frightful Touch: If the hit roll for an attack made by a Spirit Host is 6 or more, the spirit's frightful touch stills the victim's beating heart, immediately inflicting 1 mortal wound instead of its normal damage.

MAGIC
DEATH WIZARDS know the Manifest Spirits spell, in addition to any other spells they know.

MANIFEST SPIRITS
Manifest Spirits has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, you can set up a unit of up to 3 Spirit Hosts within 18" of the caster and more than 9" away from the enemy. The unit is added to your army, but cannot move in the following movement phase. If the result of the casting roll was 10 or more, set up a unit of up to 6 Spirit Hosts instead.

KEYWORDS DEATH, MALIGNANT, NIGHTHAUNT, SPIRIT HOSTS

MORGHAST HARBINGERS

The Morghasts were angelic servants of benevolent death-gods before Nagash bound them to his service forever. Now they are the harbingers of living death, dread spectres of ancient bone and malevolent spirit that fall upon their master's foes, hacking down rank after rank with blades that cut through both body and soul.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Spirit Swords	1"	5	3+	3+	-1	2

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Morghast Harbingers has any number of models. Morghast Harbingers are armed with Spirit Swords.

FLY

Morghast Harbingers can fly.

ABILITIES

Heralds of the Accursed One: You can add 1 to the casting rolls for spells that allow you to set up a **DEATH** unit if the caster is within 18" of any Morghasts.

Harbingers of Death: Roll 3 dice instead of 2 when determining the charge range for this unit. In addition, you can declare a charge for this unit if it is within 18" of the enemy rather than 12".

MAGIC

DEATH WIZARDS know the Summon Harbingers spell, in addition to any other spells they know.

SUMMON HARBINGERS

Summon Harbingers has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, you can set up a unit of up to 2 Morghast Harbingers within 18" of the caster and more than 9" away from the enemy. The unit is added to your army, but cannot move in the following movement phase.

KEYWORDS DEATH, REANIMANT, DEATHLORDS, MORGHAST HARBINGERS

MORGHAST ARCHAI

The Morghast Archai are skeletal giants armoured in the baroque plate of a bygone age. Torn from history to fight at the side of Nagash and his lieutenants, the Archai are the heralds of not only a painful death – for their long halberds can slice through the heaviest mail as if it were silk – but also an eternity of servitude bound as a necromantic thrall.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Spirit Halberd	2"	3	3+	3+	-2	3

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Morghast Archai has any number of models. They are armed with Spirit Halberds and wear Ebon-wrought Armour.

FLY

Morghast Archai can fly.

ABILITIES

Heralds of the Accursed One: You can add 1 to the casting rolls for spells that allow you to set up a **DEATH** unit if the caster is within 18" of any Morghasts.

Ebon-wrought Armour: Each time this unit suffers a mortal wound, roll a dice. If the result is 5 or 6 their Ebon-wrought Armour protects them and the wound is ignored.

Magic

Death Wizards know the Summon Archai spell, in addition to any other spells they know.

SUMMON ARCHAI

Summon Archai has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, you can set up a unit of up to 2 Morghast Archai within 18" of the caster and more than 9" away from the enemy. The unit is added to your army, but cannot move in the following movement phase.

KEYWORDS DEATH, REANIMANT, DEATHLORDS, MORGHAST ARCHAI

NAGASH, SUPREME LORD OF THE UNDEAD

Nagash is death incarnate. Called the Great Necromancer, he has died and been reborn many times. Dark spells spill from his jaws, each new phrase summoning a legion of undead warriors to his side. Look upon his majesty, and despair...

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Gaze of Nagash	12"	1	3+	2+	-1	D6
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Alakanash	3"	1	3+	2+	-3	D6
Zefet-nebtar	2"	*	3+	3+	-2	3
Spirits' Spectral Claws and Daggers	1"	6	5+	4+	-	1

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	**The Nine Books of Nagash**	**Zefet-nebtar**	**Alakanash**
0-3	Cast and unbind 5 extra spells	6	+3 cast /+3 unbind
4-6	Cast and unbind 4 extra spells	5	+3 cast /+2 unbind
7-10	Cast and unbind 3 extra spells	4	+2 cast /+2 unbind
11-13	Cast and unbind 2 extra spells	3	+2 cast /+1 unbind
14+	Cast and unbind 1 extra spell	2	+1 cast /+1 unbind

DESCRIPTION

Nagash is a single model. He fights with Zefet-nebtar, the Mortis Blade, and is protected by the black plates of Morikhane, his magical suit of armour. Around him swirl the Nine Books of Nagash, and in one hand he holds Alakanash, the Staff of Power. Even his deathly Gaze can strike down the most powerful of foes. Nagash is accompanied by a host of spirits that fight with Spectral Claws and Daggers.

FLY

Nagash can fly.

ABILITIES

The Staff of Power: Add the modifier listed on the Damage Table to any casting or unbinding rolls for Nagash.

Death Magic Incarnate: If Nagash successfully casts a spell that allows you to set up a new **DEATH** unit, you can double the number of models set up in that unit (if he summoned a **HERO** or a **MONSTER**, you can set up two units instead of one).

Frightful Touch: If the hit roll for an attack made by the spirits' Spectral Claws and Daggers is 6 or more, their frightful touch inflicts 1 mortal wound instead of the normal damage.

Morikhane: Roll a dice each time Nagash suffers a mortal wound. If the result is a 4 or more, the Black Armour deflects the mortal wound and it is ignored; if the result is 6, the unit that inflicted the mortal wound suffers one in return as the attack is reflected back at them.

The Nine Books of Nagash: The Nine Books of Nagash allow him to cast extra spells in his own hero phase, and unbind extra spells in the enemy hero phase. The number of different spells he can attempt to cast or unbind is shown on the damage table above.

MAGIC

Nagash is a wizard. He can attempt to cast three different spells in each of your hero phases, and attempt to unbind three spells in each enemy hero phase. In addition, he can attempt to cast or unbind extra spells with the Nine Books of Nagash. He knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield, Hand of Dust and Soul Stealer spells, as well as any spells known by other **DEATH WIZARDS** on the battlefield.

HAND OF DUST

It is said that the touch of Nagash can wither and age any mortal, turning them to little more than a pile of dusty bones in mere moments. Hand of Dust has a casting value of 8. If successfully cast, pick an enemy model within 3". Then, take a dice and hide it in one of your hands. Hold your hands in front of your opponent and ask them to pick one. If they pick the one holding the dice, their model dodges the attack. If not, the model is turned to dust and is slain!

SOUL STEALER

Levelling Alakanash at the enemy, Nagash can steal their souls for sustenance. Soul Stealer has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick an enemy unit within 24" and roll two dice. If the total score is greater than that unit's Bravery, it suffers D3 mortal wounds. If the total score is at least double that unit's Bravery, it suffers D6 mortal wounds instead. Nagash heals one wound for each mortal wound inflicted on the target.

COMMAND ABILITY

Supreme Lord of Death: Nagash's unbreakable will infuses his army with unknowable power. If Nagash uses this ability then until your next hero phase you can re-roll hit and save rolls of 1 for all **DEATH** units in your army and they do not need to take battleshock tests.

KEYWORDS **DEATH, DEATHLORDS, MONSTER, HERO, PRIEST, WIZARD, NAGASH**

NEFERATA, MORTARCH OF BLOOD

Neferata is the Mortarch of Blood and the Queen of Mysteries, a vampiric empress who has cast a long shadow across the reaches of history. Subtle and quicksilver-fast, Neferata is as lethal a political adversary as she is a warrior. Many are the lords and princes she has claimed with her scarlet kiss. Nations fall at her whim and entire civilisations quake before her.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Akmet-har	1"	5	2+	3+	-1	1
Aken-seth	1"	2	2+	3+	-2	2
Nagadron's Skeletal Claws	1"	*	4+	3+	-2	2
Spirits' Spectral Claws and Daggers	1"	6	5+	4+	-	1

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Skeletal Claws	Twilight's Allure
0-2	16"	6	15"
3-4	13"	5	12"
5-6	10"	4	9"
7-8	7"	3	6"
9+	4"	2	3"

DESCRIPTION
Neferata is a single model. She is armed with Akmet-har, the Dagger of Jet, in one hand, and carries Aken-seth, the Staff of Pain, in the other. She rides into battle on the back of Nagadron, a dread abyssal mount that strikes down her foes with its Skeletal Claws. Neferata is accompanied by a host of spirits that fight with Spectral Claws and Daggers.

FLY
Neferata can fly.

ABILITIES
Dagger of Jet: The Dagger of Jet saps the vitality and fighting spirit of its victims, leaving them at Neferata's mercy. If a model suffers any wounds from Akmet-har but is not slain, roll a dice at the end of the phase. If the roll is greater than that model's remaining number of wounds, it cannot fight on or defend itself and is contemptuously slain by Neferata.

Feaster of Souls: Neferata, Mortarch of Blood, heals 2 wounds at the end of each combat phase during which she slew any models.

Mortarch of Blood: Each time Neferata slays an enemy **HERO** in the combat phase with either Akmet-har or Aken-seth, she transforms that hero into one of her thralls; you can set up a Vampire Lord within 6" of Neferata. This model is added to your army, but cannot attack in that combat phase.

Frightful Touch: If the hit roll for an attack made by the spirits' Spectral Claws and Daggers is 6 or more, their frightful touch stills the victim's beating heart, immediately inflicting 1 mortal wound instead of the normal damage.

MAGIC
Neferata is a wizard. She can attempt to cast two different spells in each of your hero phases, and attempt to unbind two different spells in each enemy hero phase. She knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Dark Mist spells.

DARK MIST
At her arcane command, tendrils of dark mist coil around Neferata's minions, turning their corporeal forms as insubstantial as smoke. Dark Mist has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick a unit within 18". Until your next hero phase, that unit can fly and ignores the Rend of any weapons that target it.

COMMAND ABILITY
Twilight's Allure: Neferata's beauty is never more apparent than when she marches at the head of a mighty army. If Neferata uses this ability, then until your next hero phase enemy units that are within range (see the damage table) are distracted by her dark majesty – your opponent must subtract 1 from all hit rolls for these units.

KEYWORDS DEATH, VAMPIRE, DEATHLORDS, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, NEFERATA

WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

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

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

When you are setting up, you can set up all of the units in a warscroll battalion instead of setting up a single unit. Alternatively, you can set up some of the units from a warscroll battalion, and set up any remaining units individually later on, or you can set up all of the units individually. For example, 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.

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

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

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

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

NURGLE ROTBRINGERS

TORGLUG'S FOULBLESSED

Bloated with the powerful gifts of his patron, Torglug is an all-but-unstoppable force of destruction. Feculent might shudders through his straining form, even seeping out to empower his foul warriors.

ORGANISATION

Torglug's Foulblessed consists of the following units:

- 1 Lord of Plagues (Torglug)
- 3 units of Putrid Blightkings

ABILITIES

Filled To Bursting: Torglug has received the utmost of Nurgle's blessings, and has all the power a mortal body can contain. Re-roll failed wound rolls for Torglug, and add 1 to the Damage inflicted by any weapons that he wields. In addition, Torglug's bountiful blessings are such that his Rotten Regeneration ability is enhanced – he heals two wounds in each hero phase instead of only one.

Torglug's Bodyguard: The Putrid Blightkings are Torglug's bodyguard. They refuse to give up fighting as long as he is nearby, even enduring what would otherwise have been fatal wounds. You can re-roll save rolls of 1 for these units whilst they are within 7" of Torglug. In addition, these Putrid Blightkings do not have to take battleshock tests whilst Torglug is visible to them.

SYLVANETH

ALARIELLE'S HEARTWOOD GUARD

With the existence of their queen hanging by a thread, the Heartwood Guard fight like never before. They are bolstered by the lilting lament of the Lady of Vines, their hurts healed by her sorcerous song.

ORGANISATION

Alarielle's Heartwood Guard consists of the following units:

- 1 Branchwraith (The Lady of Vines)
- 3 Treelords or Treelord Ancients in any combination
- 3 units of Dryads

ABILITIES

Alarielle's Guardians: The Heartwood Guard fight on where others might give in to despair or fear. The Bravery of all units in Alarielle's Heartwood Guard is 10.

The Song of the Lady of Vines: The Lady of Vines' song has magical healing powers. She can use the song in each of her hero phases. If she does so, pick a model anywhere on the battlefield; that model heals 1 wound (it heals D3 wounds instead if it is within 18").

Alarielle's Handmaiden: All of the Guardians are subservient to the Lady of Vines, and carry out her commands with swift efficiency. You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for models from Alarielle's Heartwood Guard if their unit is within 15" of the Lady of Vines when the roll is made.

STORMCAST ETERNALS

GRYMN'S BROTHERHOOD

Led by the redoubtable Lorrus Grymn, these warriors lock shields and form an impenetrable fortress of sigmarite and selfless courage. Such a heroic brotherhood holds back any foe until the bitter end.

ORGANISATION

Grymn's Brotherhood consists of the following units:

- 1 Lord-Castellant (Grymn)
- 0-1 unit of Gryph-hounds
- 1 unit of Prosecutors
- 2 units of Liberators
- 1-2 units chosen in any combination from the following: Liberators, Judicators, Retributors, Protectors, Decimators

ABILITIES

Master of Defence: Lorrus Grymn is a master of defensive warfare. Add 1 to the save rolls of Grymn, and to the save rolls of any units from his Brotherhood that are within 9" of him when the save roll is made.

Grim Determination: Lorrus Grymn is never known to despair and the Hallowed Knights under his command would sacrifice their lives rather than leave a comrade in peril. Ignore any modifiers for number of models slain when taking a battleshock test for a unit from Grymn's Brotherhood if it is within 9" of Grymn.

FYRESLAYERS

ARNGARD'S BERZERKER FYRD

With the spirit of mighty Grimnir flowing through his veins, the ferocious Grimwrath Berzerker Arngard leads his Berzerkers to war, inspiring them to new heights of violence with every axe-swing.

ORGANISATION

Arngard's Berzerkers consists of the following units:

- 1 Grimwrath Berzerker (Arngard)
- 1 Battlesmith (Turgon)
- 3 units of Vulkite Berzerkers

ABILITIES

Spirit of Grimnir: Once during the battle, at the start of a combat phase, Arngard can become one with the spirit of Grimnir. When he does so, any wounds he has suffered are healed, and for the remainder of the combat phase his Fyrestorm Greataxe has a Damage of 3 rather than D3.

Inspiring Lord of Destruction: If Arngard inflicts 6 or more wounds in a combat phase, his feats of prowess inspire all other units from his Berzerker Fyrd that are within 7" of him. For the rest of the combat phase, these units add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of any weapons they use.

SKAVEN SKRYRE

SKULKERS OF RUNESTRUCK PASS

The skaven infesting Runestruck Pass can call upon vast amounts of firepower to annihilate their foes, and consider a few explosive malfunctions no great price to pay for such destructive might.

ORGANISATION

The Skulkers of Runestruck Pass consists of the following units:

- 1 Skaven Warlord
- 1 unit of Stormvermin
- 2 units of Warplock Jezzails
- 2 units of Stormfiends

ABILITIES

Fire & Flee: The Skulkers never let up their torrent of fire, not even when in full retreat. Models from this battalion can shoot even if they retreated that turn.

Deadly Fusillade: Once during the battle, the Warlord can order that a Fusillade be fired in his shooting phase. If he does so, any units of Warplock Jezzails and Stormfiends that are within 13" of him can shoot twice with any missile weapons in that phase. Roll a dice for each model that attacks twice, after the attacks have been carried out. On a roll of 1 or 2 the model is slain. Add 1 to the dice roll if the model was within 13" of the Warlord.

DEATHLORDS

NEFERATA'S BLOOD-COURT

The Mortarch of Blood goes to battle surrounded by adoring sycophants and unyielding bodyguards. Neferata's displeasure is a thing feared by all her followers, a fact she exploits to goad them on in war.

ORGANISATION

Neferata's Blood-court consists of the following units:

- 1 Neferata, Mortarch of Blood
- 1 Vampire Lord on Zombie Dragon (Lord Harkdron)
- 1 Coven Throne (Neferata's Handmaidens)
- 2 units of Morghast Archai (Neferata's Bodyguards)

ABILITIES

Sycophantic Adulation: Members of Neferata's entourage constantly reassure her of her own magnificence. Once per turn you can re-roll a dice from any roll made for Neferata, as long as Lord Harkdron or Neferata's Handmaidens are within 5" of her when you do so.

Terrifying Mistress: When Neferata's Blood-court is set up, pick one unit from it apart from Neferata. The unit has displeased Neferata, and is eager to make her think better of them. Re-roll hit rolls of 1 for the unit for the duration of the battle.

Unyielding Guardians: The Morghasts from Neferata's bodyguard will let none approach her without their mistress' permission. Enemy models cannot attack Neferata or target her with spells or abilities whilst they are within 3" of any of her Blood-court's Morghast Archai.

SLAVES TO DARKNESS

LASCILION'S WANTON HORDE

Lord Lascilion and his degenerate warband seek to revel in the most violent excesses of battle. They pursue this desire with a single-minded savagery that spreads terror through the ranks of the foe.

ORGANISATION

Lascilion's Wanton Horde consists of the following units:

- 1 Lord of Slaanesh on Daemonic Mount (Lord Lascilion)
- 1 unit of Chaos Chosen with the Mark of Slaanesh (Amethyst Guard)
- 3 units of Daemonettes of Slaanesh
- 1 unit of Seeker Chariots of Slaanesh

ABILITIES

Revel in Battle: Lascilion is invigorated by battle, whether he is successful or not. You can roll on the Triumph table for Lord Lascilion even if he did not achieve a **major victory** in your last battle. If he did achieve a **major victory**, you can roll twice and choose which of the two results you wish to use.

Wanton Acts of Violence: Lascilion's Amethyst Guard are renowned for their acts of sadistic cruelty. If a model from the Amethyst Guard slays an enemy model, you can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for all other units from this battalion until the end of the phase. In addition, enemy units that are within 3" of the Amethyst Guard in the battleshock phase must subtract 1 from their Bravery.

Part Ranks: The Seeker Chariots in Lascilion's Wanton Horde can move through the Daemonettes from this battalion in the same manner as a unit that can fly.

STORMCAST ETERNALS

KNIGHTS EXCELSIOR VENGEFUL STORM

Wreathed in the tempest's fury, the Vengeful Storm fall upon their enemies with elemental power. Bolts of cleansing lightning blast their victims to ash as the Stormcasts purify all without mercy.

ORGANISATION

The Knights Excelsior Vengeful Storm consists of the following units:

- Knight-Azyros (Diomar)
- 2 units of Prosecutors
- 3 units of Liberators

ABILITIES

Lashing Storm of Lightning: As they advance on the foe, the Knights Excelsior are surrounded by crackling chains of celestial lightning. After a unit from this battalion has finished a charge move, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3"; on a 4 or more that enemy unit is struck by arcing bolts and suffers a mortal wound.

Seekers of Vengeance: Diomar's warriors are driven of purpose and utterly lacking in mercy. You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for models in this battalion.

DAEMONS OF TZEENTCH

THE WATCHER KING'S HORDE

Determined to destroy its foes utterly, the Gaunt Summoner known as the Watcher King conjures wave upon wave of Tzeentchian daemons from the Crystal Labyrinth.

ORGANISATION

The Watcher King's Horde consists of the following units:

- 1 Gaunt Summoner of Tzeentch (The Watcher King)
- Any 9 **TZEENTCH DAEMON** units

ABILITIES

Summoned from the Crystal Labyrinth: When you set up this battalion, only the Watcher King is placed on the battlefield; all of the remaining units are labouring in Tzeentch's Crystal Labyrinth. The Watcher King can summon up to 3 of these units to the battlefield in each of his hero phases. Set up the units within 18" of the Watcher King and more than 9" away from any enemy units. This counts as their move in the following movement phase.

Myriad Hordes of Tzeentch: Any unit from the Watcher King's Horde that is completely destroyed (apart from the Watcher King himself) is replaced with a new unit of the same size and type in the Crystal Labyrinth. This replacement unit can be summoned by the Watcher King as described above.

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.

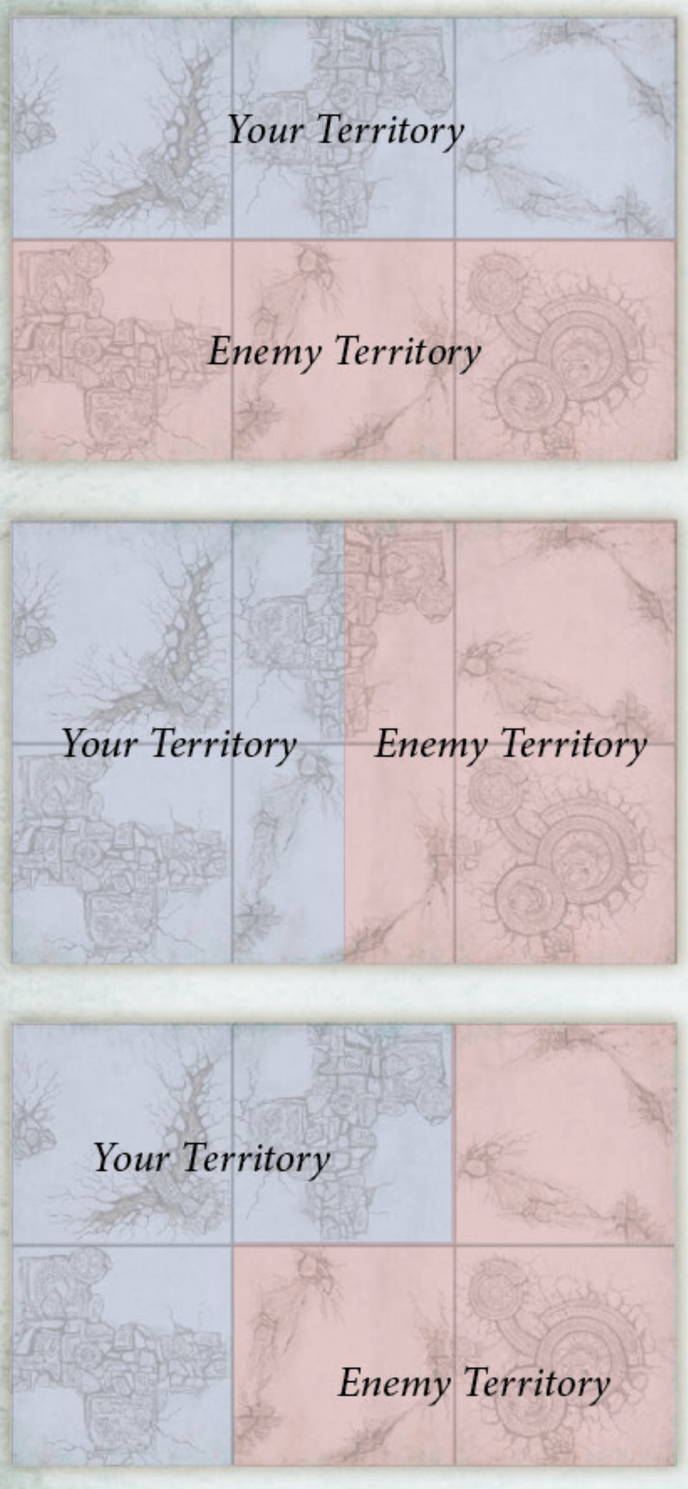
THE BATTLE BEGINS

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!

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

WAR OF LIFE

GUARDIANS OF THE RADIANT QUEEN

THE STEEL SOULS

Lorrus Grymn ..... Lord-Castellant
Morbus ..... Lord-Relictor
Angstun ..... Knight-Vexillor

THE FIREFISTS

Diomar ..... Knight-Azyros
Giomachus ..... Knight-Venator

SYLVANETH

The Lady of Vines ..... Branchwraith
Haldroot ..... Treelord

NURGLE'S HUNTSMEN

DAEMONS

Guthrax the Putrescent ..... Great Unclean One

ROTBRINGERS

Torglug the Despised ..... Lord of Plagues
Slaugoth Maggotfang ..... Summoner of Vile Rains

BENEATH FURIOS PEAK

VOSTARG LODGE

Bael-Grimnir ..... Auric Runefather
Flamespitter ..... Magmadroth
Baelsson ..... Auric Runeson
Vaegor ..... Auric Runemaster
Dhurgan ..... Auric Runesmiter
Skarung the Glowerwyrm ..... Magmadroth
Arngard the Fearless ..... Grimwrath Berzerker
Turgon ..... Battlesmith

RIKFANG'S SWARMS

Kratterklaw ..... Verminlord Warbringer
Gnawmaster Rikfang ..... Clan Rictus Warlord
Skrryzik ..... Clan Skryre Warlock Engineer
Smurkit Driptail ..... Clan Grimus Warlord

THE RAZING OF NULAHMIA

LEGIONS OF NULAHMIA

Neferata ..... Mortarch of Blood
Nagadron ..... Dread Abyssal
Lord Harkdron ..... Vampire Lord

SLAVES TO DARKNESS

Lord Lascilion ..... Lord of Slaanesh

ANVILS OF THE HELDENHAMMER

Makvar ..... Lord-Celestant
Kreimnar ..... Lord-Relictor
Huld ..... Knight-Azyros

SLAUGHTER AT STARSTONE CIRCLE

XEN'PHANTICA'S CONSTELLATION

Lord Xen'phantica ..... Slann Starmaster
Taktak'rillo ..... Skink Priest

LEGION OF EXILES

Skarbrand ..... Bloodthirster
Krazkoth ..... Bloodmaster

BATTLE IN BLOODKEEP

THE GOLD-BONDED

THE HEAVENHOST

Sargassus Heavenhost ..... Lord-Celestant
Thunos Blackheart ..... Lord-Relictor
Bandus Skybound ..... Knight-Azyros

VOSTARG LODGE

Bael-Grimnir ..... Auric Runefather
Flamespitter ..... Magmadroth
Vaegor ..... Auric Runemaster
Dhurgan ..... Auric Runesmiter
Skarung the Glowerwyrm ..... Magmadroth
Arngard the Fearless ..... Grimwrath Berzerker
Turgon ..... Battlesmith

WRATH UNBOUND

LEGION OF EXILES

Skarbrand ..... Bloodthirster

WAR OF LOST TIME

THE HAMMERHANDS

Vandus Hammerhand ..... Lord-Celestant
Calanax ..... Dracoth
Ionus Cryptborn ..... Lord-Relictor
Andricus Stoneheart ..... Lord-Castellant
Laudus Skythunder ..... Knight-Heraldor
Ghodric Truebolt ..... Knight-Venator
Khostos Bale-eye ..... Judicator

DISCIPLES OF TZEENTCH

The Watcher King ..... Gaunt Summoner of Tzeentch

THE EVERCHOSEN

Archaon ..... Everchosen of Chaos
Dorghar ..... The Steed of the Apocalypse
Lorgore the Cruel ..... Varanguard

WHAT'S NEXT?

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

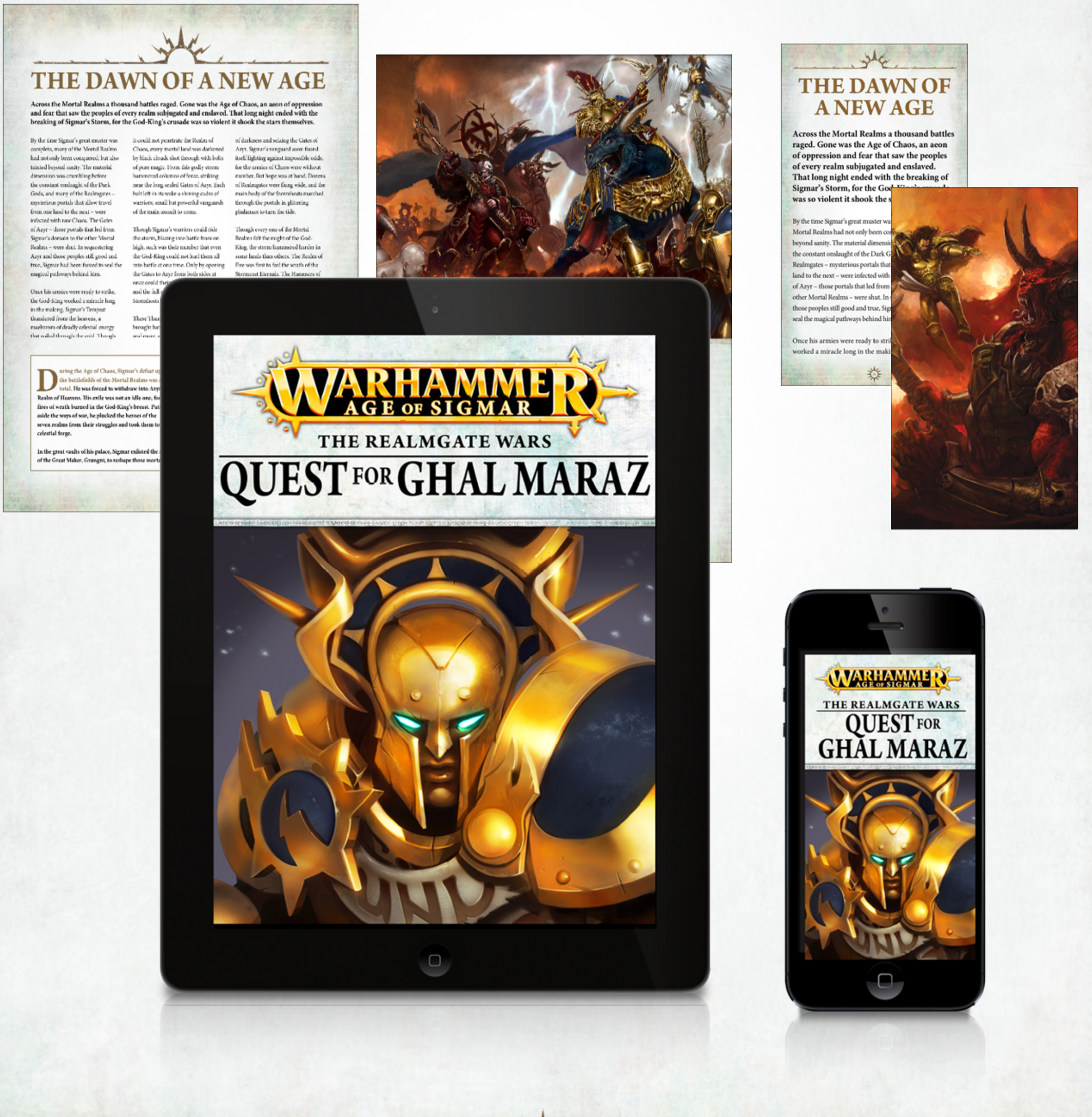
INTO THE REALMS…

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

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

THE REALMGATE WARS

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

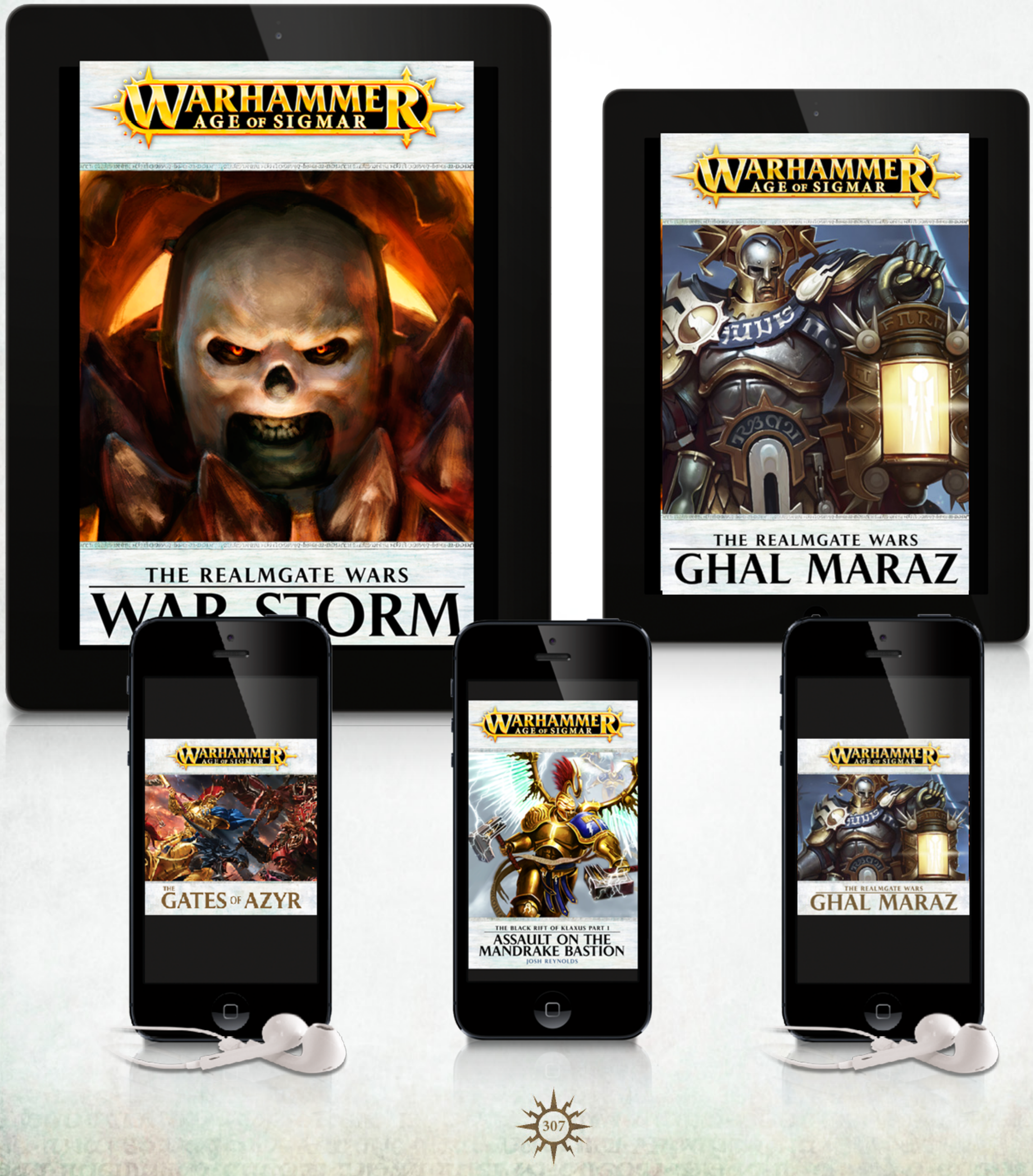


BATTLETOMES

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

THE STORY CONTINUES

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



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