WARHAMMER
AGE OF SIGMAR

THE REALMGATE WARS

GODBEASTS

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.

WORLDS AT WAR

Sigmar's Tempest blackened the skies, and war raged with desperate intensity across the Mortal Realms. The celestial armies were ascendant, reinforced by hosts from High Azyr. But the dire lords of Chaos also had a grand plan, and it grew closer to fruition with every passing hour.

The opening stages of the Realmgate Wars were complete. Set in motion by the God-King himself, they had already changed the Mortal Realms forever. The Stormcast Eternals had torn down fortresses, rescued beleaguered civilisations and wrested cities from the grip of the Ruinous Powers. Above all, though, they had concentrated their efforts on seizing the portals that allowed passage between the realms.

By securing these ancient Realmgates, the vanguard of the Stormcast Eternals had opened the floodgates of Sigmar's vengeance, paving the way for the greater body of Sigmar's hosts. In doing so, they had struck hard at the dominion of Chaos, shattering the stranglehold that choked all freedom and hope from the Mortal Realms.

These first strikes were but the precursor for nation-spanning crusades of vengeance. In liberating the oppressed, the enslaved and the besieged, Sigmar's celestial armies gave the peoples of the realms a chance to strike back. Duardin lodges marched from volcanic strongholds, greenskin tribes rose up with a great roar of defiance, and shadow-shrouded aelfs emerged from hiding for the first time in centuries. Slowly at first, but in increasing number, the worshippers of Chaos fell to the retributive strikes of those who survived their rule unbowed.

However, the armoured killers of Chaos were numerous indeed, and the Slaves to Darkness fought to retain their dominance with a colossal outpouring of outrage and hatred. Beastmen and skaven also flocked to the crucible of battle, their teeming swarms covering the lands in tides of mangy fur as they sought to sate their own appetites for bloodshed.

Where the carnage grew thickest, the daemons of Chaos appeared from nowhere to stalk the lands in ravening legions, their auras shimmering with unreality as they sought new victims for their hellforged blades and fiendish engines of war.

Those sworn to the service of the Dark Gods were as fickle as their masters, never united in a single cause for long. Even when ultimate triumph was tantalisingly close, they would fight amongst themselves to claim the lion's share of the spoils. On seeing Nurgle's claim over the Jade Kingdoms all but complete, the Blood God Khorne hurled his fiercest daemons into Ghyran to claim the laurels of victory for himself. Nurgle, in his turn, cast a covetous eye over the ashen kingdoms of Aqshy, where Khorne's rule was contested only by Sigmar himself. The Dark Prince Slaanesh's most ardent worshippers fought and frolicked amongst themselves as they pursued their debauched quests for their lost deity, whilst those who paid obeisance to Tzeentch, the Architect of Fate, manipulated the strings of destiny to better steer events to their liking.

Only one soul in the service of the Dark Gods stood above the schemes and quarrels that kept the forces of Chaos from ruling supreme. Archaon, the Everchosen, Exalted Grand Marshal of the Apocalypse, had set in motion events of such magnitude that the plans of emperors and kings seemed pitiful by comparison. Having seen Sigmar's mastery of the Celestial Realm bring low thousands of despots, tyrants and bloodthirsty warmongers, Archaon had resolved to turn the Heavens themselves against their godly king.

To do this, the Everchosen intended to bind the zodiacal godbeasts that dwelt within the Mortal Realms – a task well within his reach since he claimed the cursed oracle Kiathanus as his thrall. Argentine, the Silver Wyrm of Anvrok, he turned from the light long ago, corrupting that serpentine terror with the raw mania of Tzeentch. Next he would seek its brethren. Once Archaon had gathered the mightiest of the godbeasts to his side, he would eventually hurl them against Sigmaron and shatter the sovereign domain of the Stormcast Eternals. In doing so, he would force them to defend their realm, lest they be wiped from existence. It was a plan decades in the making, so mind-boggling in scale no mortal could conceive it. But Archaon had destroyed worlds before, and would do so again, even with Sigmar's armies ranged against him.

A CALL TO ARMS

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

Vast forces are on the march. The din of war can be heard across the Mortal Realms. This volume is the third in the Realmgate Wars series and its chapters continue the epic story that will 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. Sigmar has unleashed his glittering Stormhosts, and these celestial warriors do not fight alone. Other factions have risen too, either joining this new rebellion against the rule of Chaos, or seizing upon the opportunity of the Stormcasts' assaults to launch their own vengeful crusades and conquests.

Woven into the tale of these climactic times are 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 epic warscape your own – each an example that will better enable you to tell thrilling new stories using your collection of Citadel Miniatures, recreate events or fight glorious battles of your own devising.

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

THE SURGING TIDES OF WAR

Upon the Brimstone Peninsula was the first battle fought between the Stormcast Eternals and the grim hordes of Chaos. There, Vandus Hammerhand bested Korghos Khul, mighty lord of the Goretide, in personal combat. Khul sought his revenge from the plains of Aqshy to the silver lakes of Chamon, but his daemon allies forsook him at the last. His vendetta against Vandus remained unfulfilled.

Inside the Eldritch Fortress of Anvrok, Thostos Bladestorm beheld the light of that most holy artefact – Ghal Maraz, the Great Shatterer. Though the Lord-Celestant was blasted to stardust by the sorcerer siphoning the warhammer's power for his own, Thostos was soon Reforged. With Lord Vandus, he returned to Anvrok, this time at the head of twelve stormhosts. From the Silverway to the Great Crucible, the Heldenhammer Crusade smashed a path to the Eldritch Fortress, battling through hordes of cultists, teeming skaven, and a cabal of greater daemons of Tzeentch. Though it cost Vandus and Thostos dear, at the last, they reclaimed Ghal Maraz for Sigmar.

In the Jade Kingdoms, the battle for the soul of an entire realm raged fierce. From his cauldron of divine diseases, Grandfather Nurgle had ladled unwholesome gifts without number, corrupting all but the most sacred of Ghyran's spaces until nearly every acre writhed with feculent life. Only the Hidden Vale of Athelwyrd remained sacrosanct, a spring of pure water amongst a thousand foetid swamps. The Stormcast Eternals won an uneasy alliance with the sylvaneth defending their homes, but in seeking out Alarielle, they inadvertently led Nurgle's champions to Athelwyrd. Ghyran's last haven from the taint of Chaos fell, and the hopes of the Radiant Queen fell with it.

With Ghal Maraz reclaimed, Sigmar was united with his most potent symbol of rulership. But the purpose of a weapon is to strike. The God-King awoke the Celestant-Prime, the numinous being who would lead his legions to supremacy, and gave unto him the Great Shatterer. So it was that the avatar of Sigmar's rule went forth in blazing glory to smite the evildoers, reclaim the lands in the God-King's name and save those lost souls who could still be redeemed. First amongst the Stormhosts to be led to war by this celestial demigod were the Hallowed Knights, and it was they who saved Alarielle from Nurgle's clutches when her royal court fell.

Sigmar's glorious hosts were also sent to grave-cold Shyish, their mission to seek audience with Nagash himself. To win the Great Necromancer back to Sigmar's pantheon was a perilous task, for Nagash had only contempt for the living. Sigmar sent the Anvils of the Heldenhammer to speak on his behalf. Every one of that Stormhost had been a great warrior from ages past, and many had once called those desolate underworlds home. Soon enough, the Anvils fought alongside Neferata, Mortarch of Blood, against an invasion of Slaaneshi hedonists. Nagash was drawn to the sounds of war, and the Anvils' emissaries said their piece.

In stifled Aqshy, where the first strikes of Sigmar's war struck with thunderbolt force, the spark of conflict had turned into a raging conflagration. Skaven beyond counting burrowed from the sulphurous earth to assail the proud lodges of the Fyreslayers. The duardin met the skaven in battle with such burning fury that the Hammers of Sigmar were quick to seek the alliance of the Vostarg lodge. Ultimately, it was not common cause that won the Fyreslayers to their side, but gold. When the Hallowed Knights marched upon Bloodkeep, intent on turning the Bloodthirster Skarbrand's rage against his master Khorne, a host of Fyreslayers fought and died alongside them.

In destroying Bloodkeep's portcullis, the Hallowed Knights broke apart a great metallic rune that contained the last syllable of the Tetrarch Kiathanus' true name – a fragment of power that could set the greater daemon free once more. Across the Void the sigil glimmered, hurtling like a comet into the skies of Chamon as it was drawn to the hollow sphere-world of Golgeth. Sigmar realised its import, and sent forth the Hammerhands to slay his old enemy Kiathanus before he could escape. Upon Mount Kronus the Stormcast Eternals did battle with Archaon and his lieutenants, for he too sought Kiathanus – not to banish him, but to claim the daemon oracle for his own.

Upon the peak of that graven mountain, Vandus Hammerhand stood in Archaon's path, despite having foreseen his death at the Everchosen's hand. And die he did. Vandus was bodily ripped apart by the daemon blade known as the Slayer of Kings, his soul sent flashing back to Azyr. He was not the only one to perish. In a single bloody day, the Hammerhands died to the last warrior at the hands of the Everchosen and his Varanguard. Their deaths, however, would not go unmarked. As Archaon laughed in dark triumph, the roar of the godbeast Dracothion shook the heavens – and a thousand of his children roared back.

THE BLOOD OF CENTURIES

For every battle witnessed by the scryers of Aqshy, for every crusade recorded in the Annals Celestis, a dozen more slide into obscurity and myth. Only the gods themselves know the true horrific toll taken by the new era of unending war – and it changes their agendas not one iota.

WAR RAGES ON

The thunderheads of Sigmar's Tempest eclipsed the stars in every realm, and with each dawn, the Stormhosts were hurled into the fray anew. They struck hard but were soon met with ferocious counter-attacks. Word of their coming had spread through daemon hosts and chaos-worshipping tribes alike, and the wrath of the Dark Gods was fearsome indeed.

FIRE AND BRIMSTONE

With the Brimstone Peninsula secured, the first Stormhosts to strike Aqshy fought on through feral mountains and skaven-infested undervaults to the sprawling vista of the Ashlands beyond.

ARCHAON'S CALL

Wherever the fires of conflict burned hottest, champions of Chaos were granted visions of a jagged symbol that altered their destiny forever. The most deadly and determined of their number earned a place in Archaon's Varanguard; the rest were slain.

THE STRONGHOLDS OF THE FREE

When the Knights Excelsior struck, they did so with shocking force. The scions of Chaos were slaughtered, and the peoples that had bowed to their rule were given the mercy of swift deaths. Not a single mortal soul was left to witness their grim work, and the lands were left as lightning-haunted wastelands. Upon these grim foundations new keeps and castles were built as the Stormhosts' Lord-Castellants led the fortification of Realmgates and consolidation of hard-won gains.

THE PRODIGAL FYRD

Despite the cryptic warnings of their seraphon allies, the Daltag duardin sought ur-gold in the mists of Ulgu. Only a single fyrd returned. The survivors were each scarred in a hundred places, and they spoke only in aelfen riddles.

THE SILVERWAY SUBVERTED

When the Lions of Sigmar rid the Bright Tor Mountains of copper-skinned beastmen, they strode the Silverway to Azyr, hoping to return in glory. Tragically, Tzeentch's will turned them aside. The mystical argent road emerged instead in the nether hells of Blight City, where they fought abominations beyond count.

TUNNELS OF FIRE
The Verminauts of Clan Lektrik gnawed Orefist Peak hollow in search of warpstone for their flying drill-engines. Desperate to defend their homes, the Orefist duardin sought aid from their Fyreslayer cousins. Only when a Runemaster diverted a sea of magma into the skaven tunnels did the tide turn.

A COSTLY WAR

The Birchlords of Ghyran fought back hard against the hordes of Nurgle. A huge assault was launched upon the Sludgeholds, dread fortresses that each harboured not one but two realmgates. The treelords Whitherstem and Lorhaldh led a years-long assault, ripping chunks of moss-slicked rock from castle walls so silver-barked dryads could spill inside. The Sludgeholds fell, but the birchlords were reduced to a splintered remnant of their former strength.

THE SKYBRIDGES OF GHUR
When the Crawling Swamp stalked, spider-limbed, to the Skybridges of Ghur, the titanic wyrr-maggots that lived in its nomadic morass carried warbands of Rotbringers to reinforce the Chaos hordes fighting there. The tide of the ongoing battle, briefly in favour of the Stormhosts, swung back to see the lost and the damned rise triumphant once more.

KING OF THE BEAST-WAAAGH!
The directionless waves of violence that poured across the Graklands of Ghur gained focus when a giant of an Ironjaw orruk known as Gordrakk wrested control. Under the hulking brute's command, the disparate tribes of orruks, grots and ogors united to smash apart the necropolis of the Abhorrent Ghoul King Vorth.

STARFALL

A storm of priceless wyrdstone meteors seared across Chamonvale, tempting Tzeentchian Arcanites from their towers. Only when the magical meteors glowed blue did the Arcanites realise they had been lured to a killing field. Each meteor faded away to reveal a Slann Starmaster. As fast as the Arcanites summoned their daemon allies, the seraphon were summoned in kind, and the Tzeentchians were destroyed.

THE STATUES OF ASPHYXIA
In Asphyxia, the League of New Azyrites marched under fine heraldic banners against the Bloodbound hordes. War broke out as a firestorm rolled in. After its passage, nothing remained of either side but inert ashen statues.

THE NINEFOLD SUMMONING
All nine of Archaon's Gaunt Summoners united in a month-long ritual that conjured a millions strong horde of daemons and unleashed it from the Eightpoints.

WRATH OF THE OBSIDIAN MONARCHY
Starving ogor tribes spilled into the Voidglass Desert after passing through a maw-like Realmgate in the Land of Yawning Gullets. The Crimson Monarchy, a dynasty of undying kings that had ruled for twelve thousand years, led their skeletal legions to war. Before a week was out, the skulls of the ogors adorned the Crimson Kings' chariots.

THE PILLAGING OF THE SPRAWL
The Clans Skryre acquiesced to Archaon's latest command – to drill deep under Ghyran's Scabrous Sprawl. After locating underground rivers of semi-liquid warpstone, the warlock engineers tripled their efforts, creating the walking drill-cities known as the parasite engines and reaping a rich warp-harvest from the kingdom of the Scabrous Sprawl.

THE SEEKERS SERPENTINE
Snaking caravans of warrior hedonists, pain-gourmets, cavorters and daemon charioteers sought out hidden Realmgates in their endless search for the Lost Prince Slaanesh.

THE REFORGED

The first wave of Sigmar's strike chambers crashed across the Mortal Realms, smashing into the legions of Chaos with sledgehammer force, but losing thousands of warriors in the process. The dead were quickly Reforged and flung back into the fray – perhaps too quickly. Lightning crackled from the skies once more, bearing with it those same immortals – but with many of them came a strange shadow.

RAGE OF SKARBRAND
The Bloodthirster Skarbrand, most hated of Khorne's servants, was hurled into the Mortal Realms to bring unholy rage before being shackled once more in Bloodkeep.

UNDER SCREAMING SKIES
Three Warrior Chambers of the Celestial Warbringers destroyed the daemons plaguing the Shimmerfalls of Gloriphus. Their blood up, they plunged on through the hell-portal from which the daemons had emerged. None have yet returned to high Sigmaron.

THE WAR FOR THE EIGHTPOINTS
The portals of the Eightpoints were besieged by dozens of Stormhosts, each hoping to be the first to wrench a gate from Archaon's dread legions. Thus far the corpse-hung fortresses have withstood every attack.

THE DAEMON ORACLE

By learning the daemon Kiathanus' true name just as he was freed from his servitude within Golgeth, Archaon gained a powerful weapon in his war against Sigmar. Though the oracle twisted his answers into riddles, Archaon uncovered the nature and whereabouts of the zodiacal godbeasts. As he began to harness them, the heavens themselves started to quake in fear.

TO DEAL WITH NECROMANCERS

A chamber of Hallowed Knights entered Shyish, there to seek out Nagash and strike a bargain for his allegiance. They found Mannfred von Carstein instead, and were soon caught in the web-like intrigues of the Mortarchy.

THE SCINTILLIAN AELFS

The aelfs of Scintillia rode ahead of Sigmar's Tempest, unsure of its import. However, when the Stormhosts struck at Scintillia's Khornate conquerers, the aelfs soon descended to fight at their side.

LAST CHARGE OF THE GARGANTS

The tribal giants of the Great Green Torc fell to the plagues of Nurgle-worshipping beastmen. The gargants mounted a final charge, but were felled like trees and beheaded one by one.

THE SOULSEED OF THE RADIANT QUEEN

Pursued by the vile armies of Nurgle, Alarielle abandoned her sanctum of Athelwyrd. She was borne across ice floes created by a dying Jotunberg in the form of a soulseed, gravid with incredible power. Tasting victory on the wind, the noisome hosts redoubled their attack, cutting down the sylvaneth in their path. It was left to Sigmar's hosts to hold the hordes at bay. Hundreds of Stormcast Eternals gave their lives so Alarielle could escape Nurgle's clutches.

THE MAZES OF HYSIA

Eight Stormhosts joined forces to rid the mirror-skinned mazes of Hysia of the gibbering daemons that infested them. What began as a cold, efficient extermination devolved into anarchy as the mazes took their toll, stranding each warrior in their own battle for survival.

THE SILVER WYRM DESCENDS

The capricious godbeast Argentine heard the call of its master, Archaon. With the Eldritch Fortress broken open and Ghal Maraz long gone, the Silver Wyrm turned its warpfires away from the Hanging Valleys of Anvrok for the first time in centuries. With its guardian departed, the Great Crucible cooled and turned solid, its overspill frozen in time. Hurtling through the firmament towards the Eightpoints, Argentine saw the bauble-world of Glintoc, its nations still prosperous and happy. The zodiacal monstrosity disliked the sight, and stopped to disgorge a maelstrom of daemon sky-sharks and chariot-riding flamers from its gullet. Glintoc was razed to unrecognisable ruins within the month.

WAR OF THE FLAMEWORLDS

UNDER BLAZING STARS

In a matter of days the blood-curdling conflicts of the Brimstone Peninsula spread to a dozen theatres of war, then a dozen more. By the time the Hammerhands returned to the sulphurous kingdoms of the Flameworlds, battle raged not only across the Ashlands, but also the strange domains around them.

In the midst of Aqshy's cosmic sprawl lay a series of sub-realms known as the Flameworlds. The searing passion of the Realm of Fire's denizens had seen war consume these surreal domains many times over, but throughout their history there had been nothing like the campaign waged by Sigmar against the forces of Chaos.

The largest of the Flameworlds was a vast disc-shaped kingdom known as the Ashlands, of which the Brimstone Peninsula was but a small part. Not one, but sixteen land masses floated upon the Ashlands' ocean of burning acid, waters sailed only by the hardiest of beings in magically protected ships.

Long had the Ashlands been ground beneath the heels of the Dark Gods. Though their edges were blackened and poisonous, their inner regions had been famously populous and fertile. Their people were potent, and the wilderness once harboured nomadic families beyond counting. Now, however, the lands were wretched, barren places, gore-splashed hunting grounds for the Bloodbound worshippers of Khorne.

Even the land itself had been brutalised and broken apart by the strange erosions of Chaos. The peripheral regions of the Ashlands had split away, wrenched from land and sea alike to hover in the cosmos beyond. With the winds of Chaos howling about them, these islands achieved a kind of aggressive sentience. Vast pinnacles of warpstone-laced rock pushed from each island's edge, giving them a bullish appearance and a dangerous aspect. Corrupted by Khorne's own rage, these land masses crunched into the nearby domain of Asphyxia with every seasonal cycle, allowing warherds of monstrous bullgors to spill across. Together, these predatory islands were known as the Tauroi Archipelago, and the fate of their once-strong cultures hung by a thread. Where joyous bonfires once burned bright, the natives now skulked by candlelight in the deepest of caves.

'So we are to return to the Flameworlds,' intoned Lord-Relictor Cryptborn, his words bitter as grave-mould. 'This time at a fraction of our strength, and without Lord Vandus to guide us.'

Decimator-Prime Occus stood to attention at Cryptborn's side, the hulking paladin looking upon the shifting mosaic of firestone that represented the Ashlands in the Hall of Crusades Emergent.

'At Mount Kronus we fell, every one of us,' said the big warrior. Thunder now rumbled in his words, as if the storm had somehow permeated his voice during his fast Reforging. 'I relish the chance for a swift redemption. Don't you feel the same, Lord Cryptborn?'

'Do not doubt my conviction, Occus. Instead, look to your own. Our chamber's Paladins form the sole vanguard. I am not sure they can win victory alone.'

'They will not have to,' came a cultured voice. Cryptborn turned to see a regal warrior in blue sigmarite approach, easy confidence in every stride.

'Lord Victrian,' said Occus. 'I hear much of your skills.'

'They are not mine to claim, only Sigmar's,' said the Tempest Lord. 'Well met, brothers. With your Hammerhands and my Victrians, victory is assured.'

'I hope you are right,' said Ionus. 'For all our sakes.'

Visible from every point of the Ashlands was the Unreachable Mountain. Dozens of expeditions had made futile sorties towards that distant peak; whole empires had bankrupted themselves in attempts to mine the veins of red quartz that glittered on its slopes. After the tumultuous time of the Firequake, such seekers found themselves no closer to the peak each day – some were even further away.

On the Unreachable Mountain's shoulders was a henge of crimson stone. It was said that any who entered it would find their most powerful emotion magnified a hundredfold, bleeding out across the peak and into the Ashlands below. On the hottest days, a vision of this monolithic henge shimmered above the island of Asphyxia, a mirage that some believed led to the mountain's peak. That vision had once sat upon a high cliff, but that cliff too had been eroded by the lashing gales of magic that haunted the land. After this, the fabled portal hung in the air, making the Unreachable Mountain's name ring truer than ever.

All the Ashlands suffered under the cruel dominion of Chaos, but the highest toll was paid by the Scarred Isle, a land scoured of all native cultures but for a handful of Fyreslayer lodges too stubborn to retreat. Hovering in the skies above the Scarred Isle was the crescent-shaped Land of the Chained Sun, where many Fyreslayer lodges made their homes. Above their holds was a searing sphere of colossal size, an orange-yellow giant named Ignax that was so bright that any who gazed upon it were rendered blind. It had been the ancestors of those Fyreslayer lodges that made a bargain with Grungni to forge the god-chains and entrap the sun. In doing so they ensured it would never set. Legends said that when the cursed night fell upon the Flameworlds, the fire of Aqshy itself would go out. The Runesmiters of the Fyreslayer lodges had long prepared for that day, hoping their runecraft could prevent it.

Glinting above the Ashlands was Orb Infernia, a cadaverous once-world claimed by daemons and fiends. Though the diamond-hard lands of that immense sphere remained whole, the briny sludge upon which they once floated had long boiled away, leaving a patchwork of landmasses held together only by memory – that, and the intensity of the hatred between the four Daemon Princes that ruled its mainstay continents. No mortal had trod the surface of Orb Infernia for a thousand years. It was said that should the daemon legions of that hellscape find a way to cross the cosmic seas, the subsequent invasion would see the Flameworlds subsumed within a single day of blood. Few realised how close to reality that eventuality had become.

THE LORDLY AND THE CRUEL

Most haunted of all the Ashlands was Asphyxia. Prowled by a living pyroclastic storm from a volcanic explosion in aeons past, Asphyxia was home to many of Khorne's most devout worshippers. It was here that the Hammerhands and their allies struck the first blows of the Firestorm Crusade.

The battle for the Ashlands began with an escalation of the dread rivalry first seen in the first days of the Age of Sigmar, the ongoing war between the ordered phalanxes of Stormcast Eternals and the unruly hordes of Khorne-worshipping Bloodbound. As time slid by, the battle spread from the Brimstone Peninsula of the Scarred Isle to Pumys, Asphyxia and beyond, eventually reaching the Land of the Chained Sun. Not even Sigmar himself realised that rivalry would form a crucial part of his great celestial crusade, setting in motion a course of events that would change the fate of all the realms.

Though the wars unfolding across this landscape were battles of physical strength and endurance, the most insidious of threats was all but invisible. A strange curse had taken root amidst the Flameworlds, sent by a power far subtler than the Blood God Khorne, but no less horrific.

The hinterlands of Asphyxia once teemed with populous nations, and a few were still left, for they fought with indignant fury and rugged determination against the Khornate warbands that attacked them. Even Sigmar was impressed by their resilience and warrior spirit. Thus he sent his Hammerhands, first amongst all his Strike Chambers, to save those mortals from the Goretide as its rapacious hordes swept over the lands.

After their massacre at the hands of Archaon and his Varanguard, the Hammerhands were greatly reduced in number. Most were still being Reforged, and Lord Vandus was amongst their number. Only the Paladins of that order proved stalwart enough for a swift Reforging – they, and Lord-Relictor Ionus Cryptborn, whose order was said to be one with the shadow of death. A mere fourscore Hammerhands emerged from the crackling bolts sent to Aqshy,

but nonetheless they were a potent symbol of Sigmar's determination to tear the Khornate armies apart.

Sigmar had no wish to send the Hammerhands to a fight they could not win, and so sent eight other Stormhosts into battle alongside them. Foremost were the Tempest Lords. Resplendent in blue and white, these nobles were keen to break the hordes assailing Asphyxia and thus save its peoples.

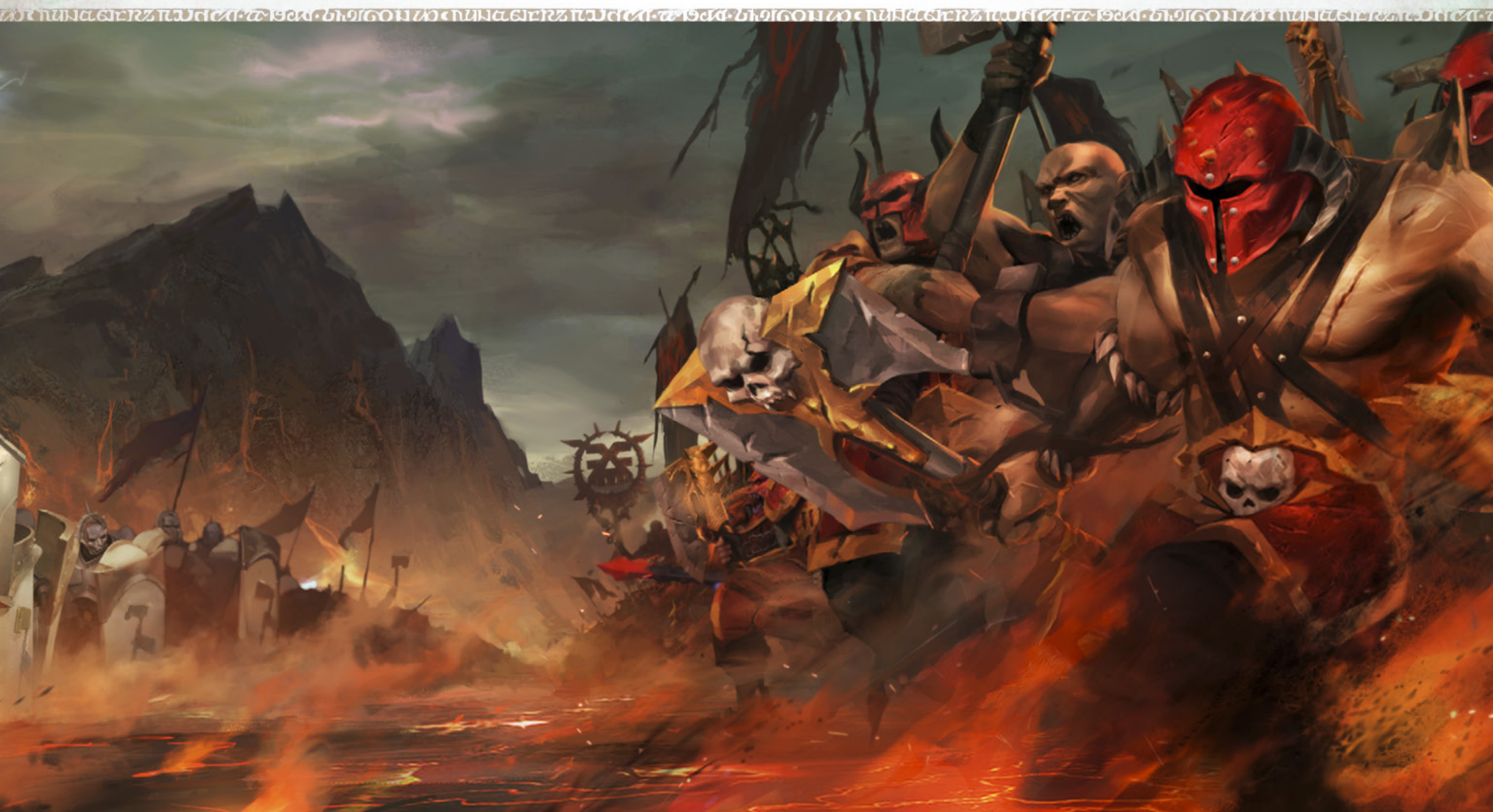
They did not have to wait long for their chance. As soon as the Bloodbound armies saw bolts of divine lightning arcing down to the open wastes, they massed towards them, many forgoing their butchery of the Asphyxians to engage stouter foes instead. The Stormcasts let them come. If they could unite with the remaining tribes of that embattled land against a common foe, victory would be well within reach.

Lord-Celestant Victrian Cyrocco looked down at the thousands strong tribe of Asphyxians milling on the plains beneath him. The Bloodbound cutting a gory path through the brave fools were only a few hundred in number, but the Asphyxians were moving sluggishly and without focus. If they could be inspired to a counter-attack, the tide could turn. Luckily, that was something at which the Tempest Lords excelled.

Victrian rode up onto the ridge, the glow of the Flameheart – a great, flaming Realmgate in the sky – casting him in silhouette as he charged down into battle. His courtsmen gently mocked him for his theatrical flair, but his chamber had won many battles through his inspiration of potential allies. 'Hear me, people of Asphyxia!' he cried, his long-hafted hammer smashing aside a muscle-bound thug with ease. 'We come to lead you to victory! Rise up, strike back, and together we shall carry the day!'

Within the shattered walls of Zodiapolis, a similar speech had been answered with a chorus of joyous warcries. Here, however, he heard only the screams of the dying. The Asphyxians still fought, after a fashion, but their blades were battered from their hands with ease.

It seemed a shadow hung over the land, evil and insidious. 'Into the fray, Tempest Lords,' said Victrian. 'We will be tested here as never before.'



IGNAX
THE FLAMEHEART
THE AETHER
SIGMAR'S TEMPEST
LAND OF THE CHAINED SUN
THE GLOWING GLACIER
OBSIDIA
THE ASHLANDS
THE SCARRED ISLE
HENGEGATE
BRIMSTONE PENINSULA
PUMYS

BEUBILOS

NUGATORIA

ORB INFERNIA

GHORDDRO

THE CRYSTAL HENGE

THE UNREACHABLE MOUNTAIN

VERMIN'S FOLLY

VULCSE

ASPHYXIA

BUCEPHIA

THE TAUROI ARCHIPELAGO

MATADROS

VALE OF BULLS

LONTZ

TEMPEST LORDS

The most regal and proud of the Stormhosts are the Tempest Lords. Taken from the strongest and most just of the rulers that fought back against Chaos, every one of these Stormcast Eternals was once a lord, a noble or a monarch. They see it as their duty to protect those less fortunate, not with edicts, but with hammer and shield.

This sense of noblesse oblige has seen dozens of mortal tribes brought from the brink of annihilation back into the fray. Those who hear the stirring oratory of the Tempest Lords find the spark of defiance flare into a roaring storm of emotion that sees them redouble their efforts, fighting valiantly alongside their saviours.

The Tempest Lords know their value well. When Sigmar told them they were each equal to a dozen mortals, they took it literally – ever since, they have kept count of the foes they have slain. For one of their number to be killed and sent back to Azyr before their tally reaches twelve is a mark of disgrace that will haunt them for years to come, while those who have not yet fallen in battle are revered as heroes, living saints of Sigmar.

THE FIRES OF WRATH

With the battle for the Flameworlds spreading unchecked, the champions of the Goretide made haste to the crucible of war, invigorated by rumours of a new breed of fighter against whom they could test their axes. They were not the only bloodthirsty entities drawn to the fires of battle…

The Stormhosts that descended to Asphyxia's heart were embroiled in battle within minutes of their arrival. Those who emerged further away quickly took up formation, and made a forced march towards the crashing battle-lines in the distance with voices raised in prayer to their God-King. They passed many ashen statues as they advanced. Some were broad-shouldered with elegant pinions upon their shoulders, some vulture-winged wretches reaching for a salvation that would never come. Strange keening moans filled the air. Some of the Stormcast war-songs faltered, their surety robbed by the sight of these cursed souls in their ashen prisons, but the hosts marched on nonetheless.

The sight of the crimson and brass armoured hordes spurred them on; there was war to be made here, and in great measure.

The legions of Khorne met this new challenge with cries of bloodthirsty joy. Since the opening of the Gates of Azyr and the destruction of Korghos Khul's pyramid of skulls, an escalating conflict had raged between Sigmar's armies and the innumerable hordes of the Goretide. There was no escape from it. Even in the remotest and most desolate regions of Asphyxia, the din of war was audible as a dull roar that persisted at all times. The ground had become black with congealed blood, and the only relief from the dark stain of violence was the bright orange-yellow of magma rivers that seared their way towards the sulphuric seas.

So thoroughly had war claimed Asphyxia that none other than Valkia the Bloody, Consort of Khorne, had been drawn to its battlefields in search of worthy disciples. She soared upon the thermals of volcano-born rivers and burning heaps of the dead, her dark wings casting flitting shadows on the duelling champions below. Where a warrior in service to Khorne fought exceptionally well, the Gorequeen would swoop down to pluck them from their mortal lives and claim them for her own. Where a champion of order proved powerful in body as well as

VALKIA THE BLOODY

Many thousands of years ago, the half-daemon known as Valkia was a stern mortal queen, strong of limb and single-minded as a shark. Her skill with the long spear Slaupnir was such that any who challenged her right to rule were swiftly put down. During her ascendancy she took offence to the Daemon Prince Locephax's insulting claim that she would make a better slave than a warlord; the still-living head of that leering fiend is fused to her shield. Even her own people turned upon her at the height of her cruel reign, but with Khorne's blessing, she slew them all.

Valkia's devotion was such that she sought Khorne himself, making the insanely dangerous and sanity-blasting journey through the Realm of Chaos. There she carved her own fiefdom from the volcanic fortress of Mount Ashenfel. Impressed by her ambition, Khorne claimed Valkia as his champion – so pure is her rage he has breathed life anew into her more than once. She fights for his red creed to this day.

mind, she would dart down to fling her spear, Slaupnir, into their chest. The force of her sudden strike was usually enough to tear out the victim's heart.

The better part of the warriors Valkia claimed came from the Redblade Riders, a blood-soaked vanguard of mortal cavaliers ranging from Chaos Knights to Mighty Skullcrushers upon Juggernauts of daemonic brass. Such was the carnage they meted out that Lord Cryptborn had marked the Riders for death on the first day of battle. He had been seeking a confrontation with that mounted elite ever since, and he was not to be disappointed.

The head of a defeated Slaaneshi Daemon Prince is fused to Valkia the Bloody's shield.

While the Stormcast Eternals had found a people wasted and slow rather than the rugged and proud tribes they had anticipated, the Goretide was still strong indeed. Their champions were a match even for the Annihilation Brotherhood fighting as Cryptborn's personal guard. On the day the two forces clashed, the bloodshed was so intense the air filled with crimson mist.

The heights of savagery seen on Asphyxia drew the eye of dark powers, and their gaze spurred the carnage on in turn. Over time the eight Stormhosts sent to Asphyxia became seven, then six. The onslaught slowed not at all.

Week by week, the fight for Asphyxia ground on until the corpses strewn across the landscape were heaped like grisly snowdrifts. Word spread of the gruelling intensity with which the war was waged, and ever more Bloodbound took their blades to the fight. Rivers of gore flowed into the magma streams that crossed the land, swathing every battlefield with a red fog. The daemons of Orb Infernia looked on through spells and scrying devices, massing their armies and searching for a way to plunge en masse into the tumult.

The Daemon Prince known as Lord Skinskein saw an opportunity to repay an old debt. On the Scarred Isle, he appeared before Korghos Khul in a vision of crimson droplets. Lord Khul had returned to the Brimstone Peninsula in search of his nemeses, the Hammerhands, but had not found them. Skinskein was quick to tell Khul that the Hammers of Sigmar fought upon Asphyxia, though he did not mention that Vandus was absent. He promised Korghos that were he to attack from one flank, Skinskein would arrive from the other to prevent the golden hosts' escape. This time there would be no reprieve for the Hammerhands, and Khul could finally claim the immortality long denied him.

So began Khul's hurried march across the Ashlands. Though his vast legion used the Brinegate at Mordacious Sound to swiftly cross into Asphyxia, the gruelling marathon still saw many Bloodreavers left for dead. Paying little heed to the flies that harried his minions, Khul put these deaths down to weakness. The truth was far stranger. When Khul searched the corpsefields of Asphyxia for the telltale gold armour of his foes, the struggle for that land still raged fierce. The surviving Redblade Riders struck the Stormcast battle line for what seemed like the fiftieth time, the Strike Chambers fighting exhaustion as well as their fierce adversaries. Khul smiled as a score of blue-armoured Victrian Liberators went down under the intensity of the assault. The flashes of soul-light soaring towards the heavens were pleasing to witness indeed – even more so than the sight of Asphyxians being torn apart by the axes of Khul's Bloodreaver vanguard. The warlord felt his black heart leap when he saw the golden Hammerhands in the melee. Yet within hours he was fighting for his life. His daemon allies had not closed the trap as promised, but abandoned him instead.

‘Fold centre and counter-attack!’ shouted Ionus, his warriors struggling to keep their footing on the field of corpses. They held true, however, their centre retreating in good order as their flanks came around to envelop the Khornate horde. It was the very same manoeuvre they had used in a dozen theatres of war in the last few weeks. With the minds of their foes consumed by a frenzy, the mad fools rode right into it, just like they always did.

Though the Paladins numbered less than two score, they made every hammer blow count. Nearby, knots of Asphyxian warriors charged the Goretide’s rear, but they were brushed aside. Ionus fought on in an attempt to reinforce them, only to find his path blocked by a winged female that soared from the skies, proud and darkly magnificent.

‘Your mortal friends are weak, it seems,’ she said, ‘and my own not much better. I expected more of a fight.’

‘It is the work of your patrons, fiend,’ replied Ionus. His storm-sight flared. The spectre of some fell disease hung over every one of the Asphyxians, and no few of their enemies too.

‘My lord Khorne wants bloodshed, nothing more,’ said Valkia. ‘It is your coward god who robs their strength.’

Ionus spat his denial, three bolts of lightning shooting from his reliquary, but the Gorequeen dodged aside. One bolt grounded on something tiny and foul – a fat-bodied fly that died with a strangely human screech.

‘This land is plagued,’ said Ionus. ‘Do you not see it? Soon there will be nothing but ash and rotting corpses.’

Valkia’s handsome features twisted into a snarl. ‘Rage will burn it away, storm-fool. Rage will overcome all.’

Ionus was silent, but in his mind, a plan began to form.

BATTLEPLAN

FURY OVERCOMES

This battleplan represents two warring armies battling against not only each other but an enervating curse that seeks to drain them of the strength to fight. Both sides are aware that the best way to overcome such an affliction is to beseech the favour of the gods of battle with displays of martial prowess and bloody slaughter. With the blessing of these warlike powers flowing through their weary limbs, the unnatural fatigue plaguing them will be swept away by the tide of violence.

An example of just such a conflict occurred upon the arid plains of the Ashlands in an ongoing war fought between the all-conquering Khornate hordes and the valiant Stormhosts of Sigmar sent to free the land. Remember that you can easily replace the narrative's protagonists with any other armies from your collection; this battle is far from the only example of such a clash in the blood-soaked Age of Sigmar!

THE ARMIES

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

CONQUEROR'S OBJECTIVES

The blood of those who have opposed you stains the land, and those who remain have been all but crushed beneath your armoured boot. Yet while your enemies still fight on behalf of the bedraggled survivors, your victory is not yet complete. Do not let up; momentum in this war is yours. Ultimate victory in this realm is within your grasp, and your immortal master demands nothing less. Wash away the strange curse tainting these lands with the blood of the slain and complete your conquest.

DEFIER'S OBJECTIVES

Your enemies have these lands within their vice-like grip and only a determined campaign will prise it from their grasp. The battle ahead represents the best opportunity to begin reversing the fortunes of this realm. Yet not only are the tribes that dwell here assailed at every turn by their would-be conquerors, but they seem to have lost the strength with which to fight. Reignite their passion and desire to win their freedom by setting an example to all who follow you. Hew the enemy and show all who witness your valour that there is always hope.

ENERVATING CURSE

A strange curse has beset the land and is sapping the strength to fight from those contesting it. The ranges of all missile weapons are reduced by 6" after any other modifiers, and wound rolls in the combat phase suffer a -1 penalty. If this reduces a missile weapon's range to 0" or less, you cannot make attacks with that weapon.

A BLOODY EXAMPLE

Through their own murderous actions on the battlefield, a general can momentarily interrupt the debilitating malediction that saps the strength of their warriors. If your general killed any enemy models in the previous battle round, your units are not affected by the Enervating Curse in the current battle round. Instead, you can re-roll all failed hit rolls in the combat phase for all of your units during that battle round.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The barren plains of this land are sparse in the extreme; little more than a desolate wasteland for hundreds of leagues in every direction. However, this battle takes place near one of the region's scattered settlements, within which the surviving tribes huddle and toil to scratch out a rudimentary living.

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 territories shown on the map below.

FIRST TURN

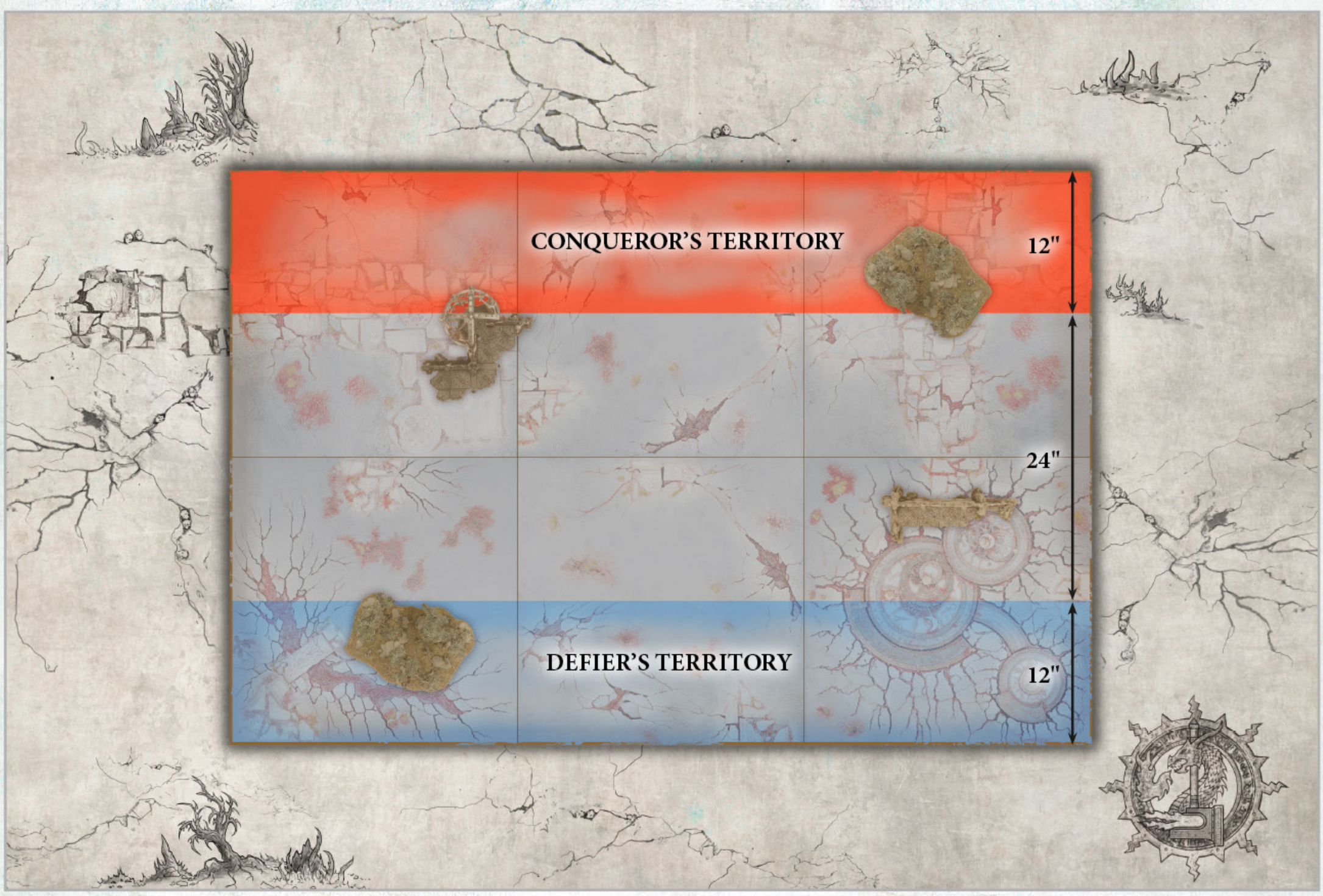
The defier decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

VICTORY

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

Instead, keep track of how many enemy units each player wipes out during each battle round. The player that wipes out the most enemy units by the end of a battle round wins that round. If the number of units each player wipes out is tied, the player whose general slew the most enemy models during the combat phases of that battle round wins that round instead. If this is also tied, that round is a draw.

The game lasts for six battle rounds.



If one player has successfully wiped out their opponent's army before the end of the sixth battle round, they win a **major victory**. Otherwise, the player that won the most rounds at the end of the game wins a **minor victory**. If both players won the same number of rounds during the course of the game, the result is a draw.

HINTS & TIPS – FOUR-PLAYER FUN!

If you wish, this battleplan can easily be fought between four players instead of only two, representing two allied factions on each side. To do so, use the modified guidelines shown here when playing this battleplan.

FRIENDLY RIVALRY

Each side comprises two allied players. Allied players take their turns at the same time and their units are all friendly. After set-up has been completed, each allied player nominates one of the models they set up to be their general.

BLOODY EXEMPLARS

The A Bloody Example rule works a little differently: one general on each side can earn the benefits, but to do so you must compete with your ally to earn the most kills!

As a result, if your general killed more enemy models in the previous battle round than your ally, your units are not affected by the Enervating Curse in this battle round. Instead, you can re-roll all failed hit rolls in the combat phase for all of your units during that battle round.

FIRST AMONG EQUALS

In addition to the victory conditions for this battleplan, keep track of the player on each side whose general slew the most enemy models during the combat phases of each battle round. At the end of the battle, the side that won the most rounds wins. However, the player on that side whose general had the greater tally of kills wins a **major victory**, whilst their ally wins a **minor victory**.

THE ROYAL VICTRIANS

Amongst the storied ranks of the Tempest Lords, there is a chamber that has a very unusual claim. When the Cyroccan Dynasty's ruling house met its demise against the hordes of the Blade-limbed Butcher, it fought so well, for so long, that Sigmar elevated every man and woman to immortality.

The Royal Victrians have been feted in many a bard's song, in Sigmaron and beyond. In their homelands of the Hyshian Sunwastes, the Cyroccan Dynasty was famed for its even-handed and wise rulership over a network of alabaster palaces that stretched from one side of the immense Zorastramaran Desert to the other. Nestled within a sprawling chasm that pinched in the centre like the neck of an hourglass, there was no way for a traveller to pass from one side of the desert to the other without enjoying the generosity of the Cyroccan Dynasty in the process – not that anyone ever complained, for King Cyrocco's hospitality was both extravagant and consistent, whether it was offered to a mendicant or to a king.

When the fell legions of Chaos stained the northern sands of the desert with the blood of its caravanserai tribes, every member of the Cyroccan Court swore to stop the invaders from passing through their palaces. The Blade-limbed Butcher turned his hungry gaze to the southern peoples of the Sunwastes and commanded a mass assault upon the glittering gates and alabaster fortresses of Cyrocco's palatial grounds. The Cyroccans had a long tradition of duelling with oakstone longhammers, weapons that can stave in a skull as easily as an iron mace, and they found their finesse equal to the raw strength of the muscle-bound killers that came against them. Under King Vittorio – the mortal that would become Lord Victrian – they held the hordes at bay for long weeks of war.

Only when the Butcher himself stormed their palace were Vittorio and his royal household laid low. But their valour did not go unnoticed. The God-King watched from high Azyr, relishing the sight of every hammer blow that took a Chaos Warrior's head from his neck. Just as the Butcher's warriors took their axes to the dynasty's last defenders, the God-King spirited the Cyroccans into the heavens in a blinding flash of light. Reforged as Stormcast Eternals, they fought together as an entire Warrior Chamber, wielding hammer and mace in memory of their finest mortal hour.

LORD VICTRIAN CYROCCO

Lord Cyrocco is the finest breed of ruler – one who fights for the just causes of his kingdom. He is the first to admit he has a certain pride, though it is tempered by the humility of the truly noble. Victrian is a generous leader – he bequeathed the Cyroccan Dynasty's traditional heirloom – the kingsblade – to his squire Xedurio long ago in favour of the long-hafted hammer of his household. Ever a great statesman, Victrian is an orator fluent in a score of mortal languages.

Lord Cyrocco has led the Royal Victrians to rousing victory in three of the Mortal Realms already, and galvanised the indigenous people he has saved to defy the dominion of Chaos. The Lord-Celestant has jested on many occasions that he will make his mark on every realm – including that of the Dark Gods – before he will even consider the notion of dying and being Reforged, at which point he intends to start the process over again.

THE WARRIOR CHAMBER OF THE ROYAL VICTRIANS

The Royal Victrians are organised around Lord-Celestant Victrian. Those of his inner court – his chamber command, Retributors and Prosecutors – are technically given authority over the Liberators and Judicators of the outer court. However, many dynastic groups span several courts, leading to familial bonds of cohesion and no few rivalries that surpass rank entirely.

TEMPEST LORDS

A cadre of the elite, the Tempest Lords were forged solely from those who were ennobled in their previous, mortal lives. Clad in armour of deep blue and elegant white, they offer the painter a subject full of regal splendour, rich hues and striking contrast.

Once lords, dignitaries and even kings from a lost age, the Tempest Lords no longer live mortal lives of grandeur. Even so, their aristocratic bearing remains, and they hold fast to an unshakable faith in their own superiority.

The Tempest Lords are entitled to their sense of supremacy. They show utter mastery over their foes, and are ferocious in battle; each knowing that honour demands at least a dozen kills with every forging. Failure to achieve this bloody tally before being slain and Reforged will tarnish a warrior's reputation with years of ignominy and shame.

In their majestic dark blue armour, the Tempest Lords are a grand yet menacing sight on the battlefield. Their white-fronted shields bear the emblem of a shining warhammer, gripped tightly by a defiant gauntlet. Recalling their noble heritage, the symbolism could not be more clear, for these are the sacred weapons they unleash upon the wretched hordes of Chaos to such devastating effect.

This Liberator wields a grandhammer of arcane sigmarite. It's painted in exactly the same way as the smaller hammer shown in the painting guide opposite.

Tempest Lords wear symbols of rank on their shoulder. This lightning bolt denotes the Redeemer rank, of which the Liberators are the most numerous.

Chaos Black Spray makes a perfect base for darker Stormcast liveries. Apply a thin, even covering, tilting and turning the miniature as you spray to reach every angle.

Kantor Blue and Celestra Grey are applied to the armour. Weapons and trim are Leadbelcher, with Retributor Gold for other metals. The tassets are painted using Khorne Red.

The armour is given a shade of Drakenhof Nightshade, while gold details are picked out in Reikland Fleshshade. Next, paint the weapon and tabard with Nuln Oil.

Apply lines of Alaitoc Blue to define the blue armour's edges and panels. Repeat the process on the tassets using Wazdakka Red, and again on the belt with Dawnstone.

Now add even finer lines of Lothern Blue to the same edges of armour plate. Use this technique on the shield and shoulders with White Scar and on the metal with Runefang Steel.

Glue Citadel Sand to the base and paint with Abaddon Black. Drybrush with Karak Stone and Screaming Skull before applying Steel Legion Drab to the base's rim.

ASHLANDS, REALM OF BATTLE

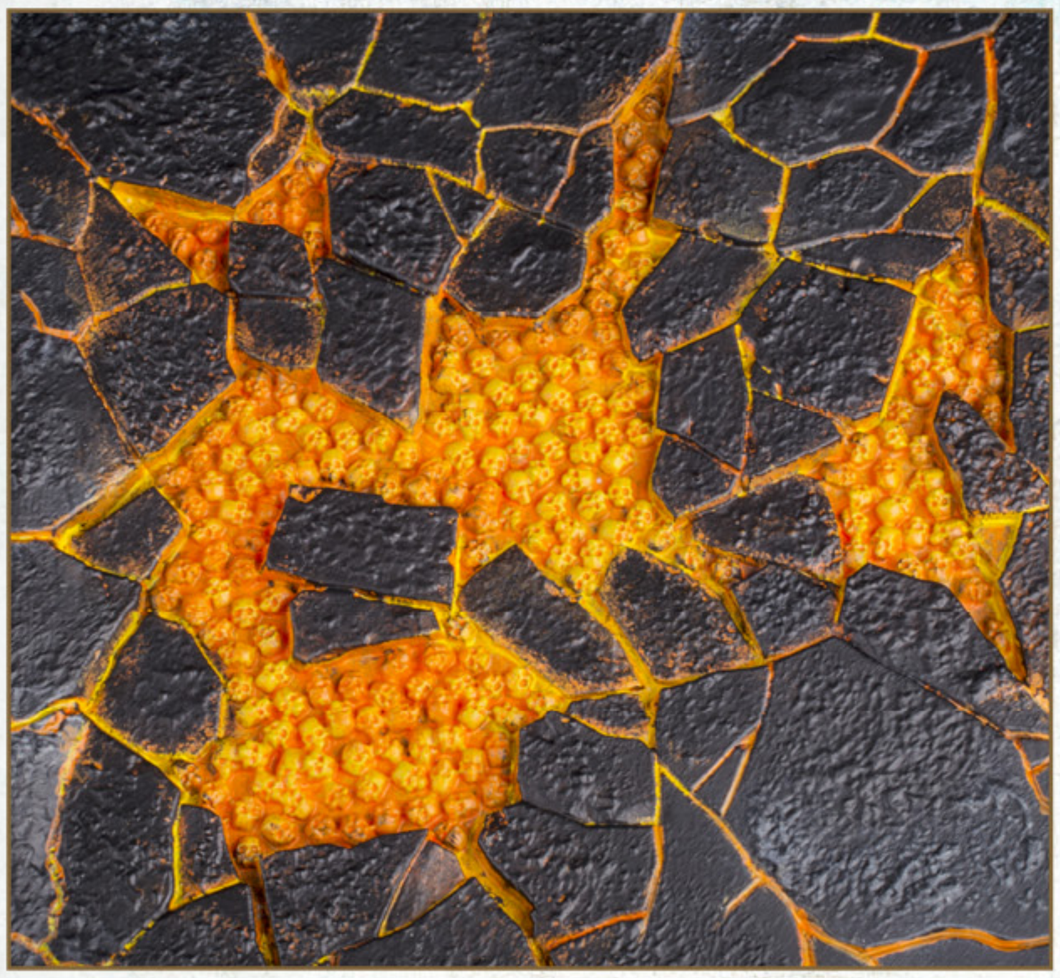
Scorched bare by a remorseless sun, its mantle fissured by boiling torrents of magma and bereft of shelter, the Ashlands are a home for war, and war alone. What better stage for your armies to play out their desperate battles for the fate of the Flameworlds?

The vast disc of the Ashlands plays a key role in the plans of all who seek to conquer the Flameworlds. A cauldron of fire and savage conflict, its desolate expanses are navigated only by those compelled to kill, and the wretched remnants of those trying to escape.

The remains of these violent wayfarers and their victims are everywhere. They are not, however, laid out in solemn tombs, or even in shallow pits. Instead, they can be found in the dreadful tracts of dried blood that stain the charred ground so indelibly, and in the flows of searing lava that cross the Ashlands.

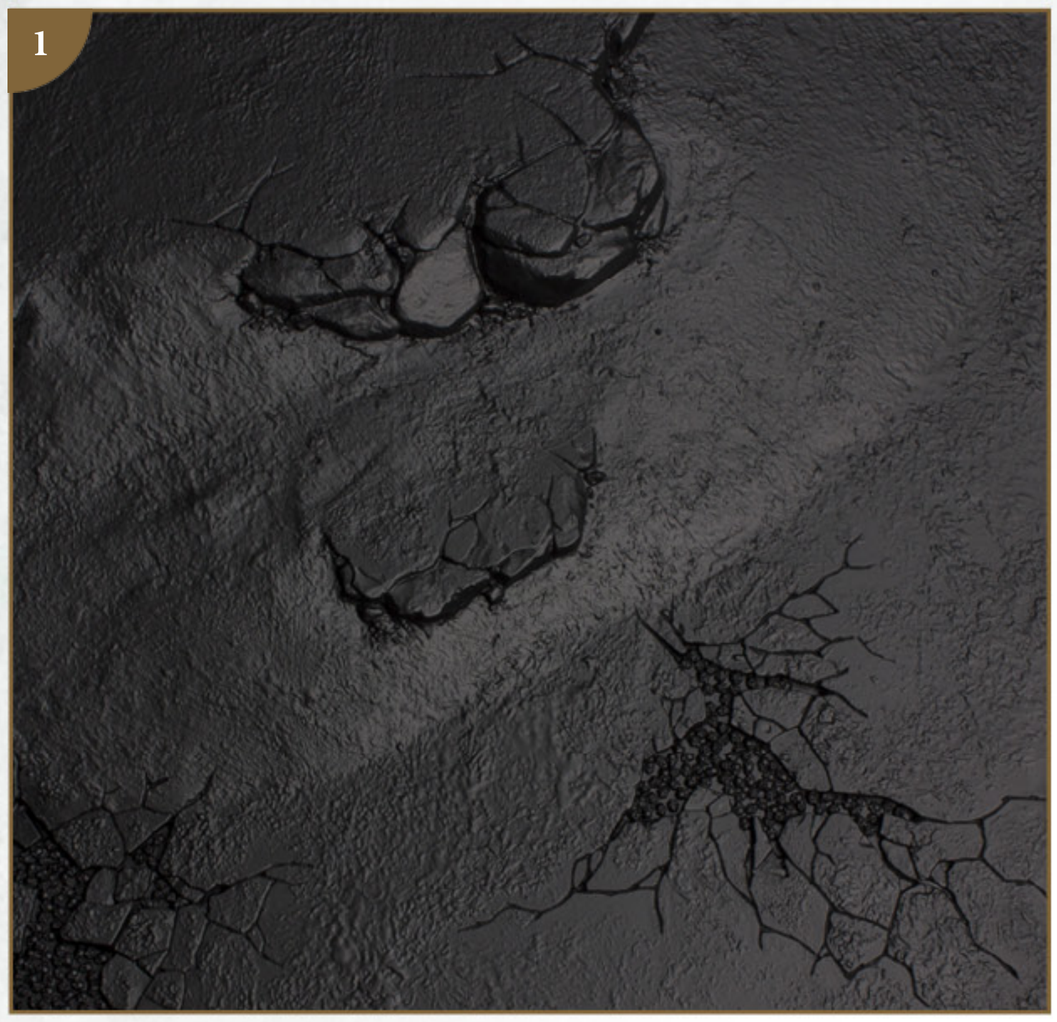
Creating this nightmarish landscape of blood and fire in miniature can be achieved with startling effect using a Realm of Battle Gameboard and the Citadel Paint System. Transformed into a seared and brutal wilderness with the aid of dramatic and vibrant paints, it's one of the most spectacular settings on which your armies will clash and makes a suitably epic background for every Age of Sigmar force, from Stormhost to Fyreslayer lodge, from orruk tribe to Chaos horde. A Realm of Battle Gameboard painted this way makes the perfect battleground for the Ashlands battleplans found in this book.

Painting a Gameboard is essentially the same as painting any other Citadel Miniature, but there are a few points to bear in mind. First, boards are big, so your normal working area might not be practical. Instead, find somewhere spacious and protect the surface with newspaper or polythene dust sheets. Secondly, you're going to need a bigger brush! Arming yourself with a set of Citadel Scenery brushes will save a lot of labour. Finally, rather than painting each tile from start to finish one after another, ensure a consistent look by painting all six in one batch at every stage before moving on to the next.

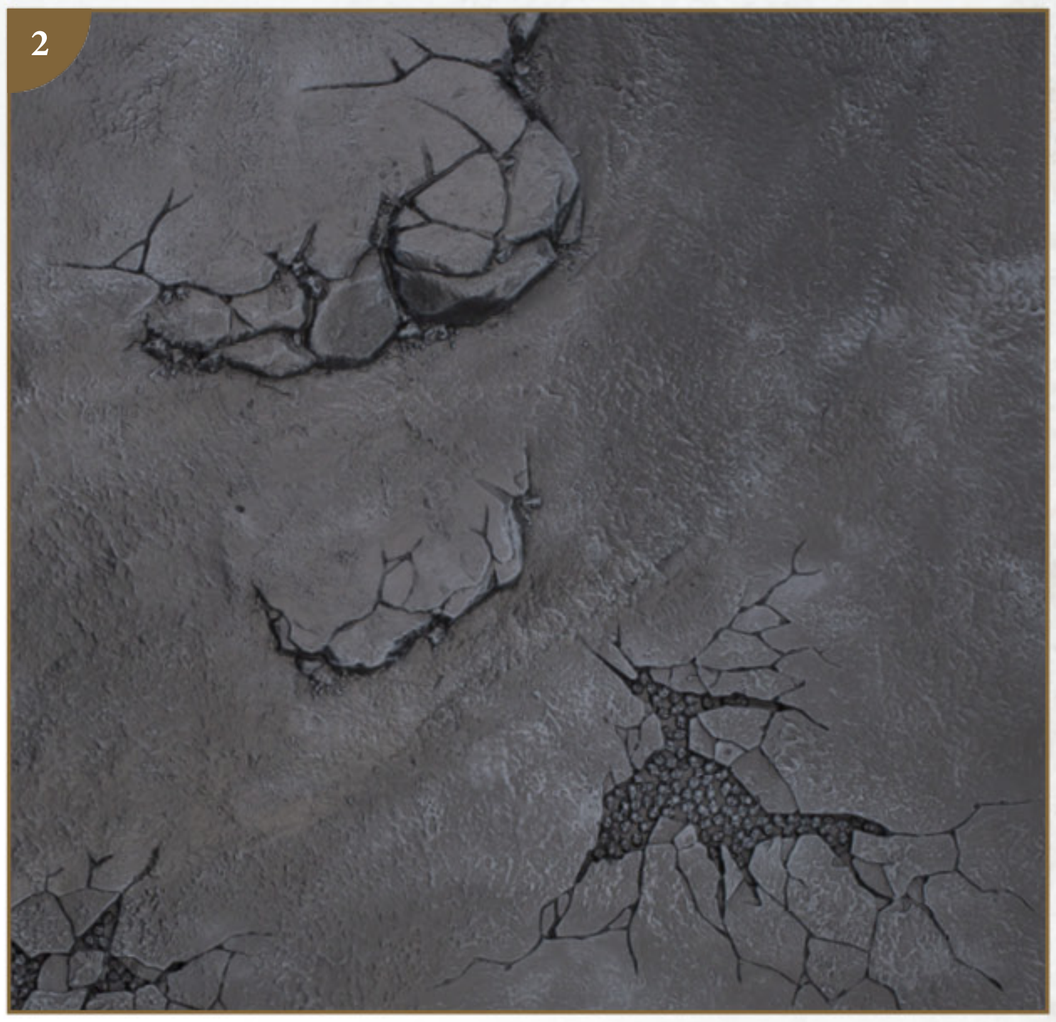


Yriel Yellow is used in two ways. First, it's drybrushed onto the skulls to highlight them, and then used to emphasise the molten streams of lava. This is achieved by painting a thin mix into the recesses using an S Layer brush.

Although the stark and barren appearance of the Ashlands is entirely intentional, adding a little scrub in the form of Mordheim Turf enhances the finished effect and adds more interest.



First, apply an even coat of Chaos Black Spray to the entire board. Make sure you use the spray in a well ventilated place – outdoors is best – and remember to keep well clear of other objects.



Drybrush Mechanicus Standard Grey over all the areas that will eventually represent ash. Using a lightly loaded L Dry brush, apply the effect in moderation, slowly building it up until you're happy with the look.

Next, using Rhinox Hide, and again in moderation, drybrush several irregular patches throughout the tiles to represent congealed bloodstains.

Now drybrush the whole area, this time with Karak Stone. This emphasises the texture and blends the underlying colours together subtly, creating a highly realistic effect.

Now, moving to the the lava streams and skulls, first apply Troll Slayer Orange, making sure it reaches the deepest recesses. You will need to apply two or three coats to achieve a dense, solid coverage.

Use Fire Dragon Bright to drybrush the skulls and lava streams. Then drybrush the skulls once again, this time with Yriel Yellow. Paint this same colour into the deepest parts of the recesses with an S Layer brush.

Keeping the effect random, paint small patches of Dorn Yellow on selected areas of the streams and skulls to mimic hotspots of superheated magma.

Finish the rocks by drybrushing them once more, but this time using Abaddon Black. This creates a convincing effect of lava cooling and solidifying.

The scorched Ashlands are seared by rivers of lava that are choked with the remains of the Bloodbound's cursed victims.

Even for the Stormcast Eternals, a single stride can be the difference between life and death upon this volcanic land.

‘Rotspawned... Swarmling... It is time. Go to the Flameworlds. Go to the Sprawl. Spread your plague to the lands, and to the godbeasts that form them...’

– Archaon the Everchosen,
Exalted Grand Marshal of the Apocalypse

OF PLAGUE & FIRE

CURSE OF THE ROTBRINGER

Over and again the Stormhosts struck from the heavens, each new wave taking hammer and sword to the hordes of Khorne. They were met by a furious whirlwind of blades in return, for by attacking the Bloodbound in force, they had brought a true challenge to their door for the first time in years.

With Lord Khul came not only the infamous Goretide, but also the Skullfiend Tribe and many more of their ravening kin. Massed charges dashed apart the lines of Liberators and Judicators that formed up on every rise and ridge. Raw muscle and frenzied abandon were the weapons of the Khornate hordes, all higher thought pushed aside by the flow of pure battle-lust. For a while, their sheer ferocity was such that entire retinues of Stormcast Eternals were sent blazing back to Azyr. But in the Bloodbound's singular strength was also weakness, for those with a mind for strategy can soon turn the berserker's rage against them.

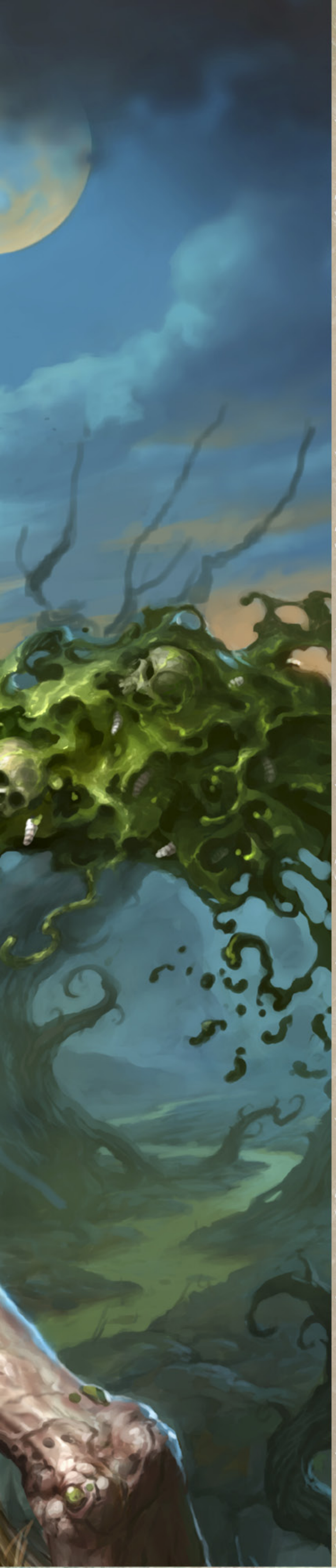
Over long and bloody days of conflict, the Tempest Lords learned to make use of the Redblade Riders' overconfidence. Lord Victrian called out strident commands at the crux point of each charge, his Dracoth Razareph darting through the foe to strike wherever the fighting was thickest. The Prosecutors of Victrian's vanguard wing took the field on foot, braced as the centre of the Tempest Lords' defensive battle line. They shot skyward at the critical moment to let the surging Khornate cavalrymen pass by at the gallop. Only then did Victrian drive home crushing envelopments that saw the Khorne warbands cast into the black ash, helms caved in and skulls crushed by well-aimed hammer blows. Many Victrians counted their twelve-tally in a matter of minutes, each Tempest Lord to pass his threshold feted with a chorus of cheers.

The Hammerhands did not fare so well. Though physically indomitable, their Paladin conclave numbered only a few dozen. The crashing tides of bladesmen that broke against their bulwark were gradually wearing them down. When a retinue of Cryptborn's Decimators unwittingly exposed their flank to the Skullfiends reaping heads from a nearby drift of corpses, the Lord-Relictor called a warning – but

Ionus had paid a strange price for his last Reforging. His once strident tones had been reduced to a deathly rasp, lost amongst the clamour of war. Cryptborn mustered the storm-spirits with a thought and flung them into the enemy, but the violence only spurred the Skullfiends on. Khorgoraths fell upon the Decimators by the dozen, a wave of Skullreapers charging in their wake. Overmatched, the Paladins were torn apart. Decimator-Prime Occus fought to the last, taking limbs and heads with every swing – but to Cryptborn's horror, Occus too was caught by the Skullfiends' charge and pulled apart in a burst of blue light.

Above the battlefield, the strange flies flitting through the sweltering air were thickening into swarms to rival the clouds of the Tempest that thundered overhead. They wound like black rivers through the sky in every direction, to every horizon. Tiny insectile faces leered as the daemon insects descended to land on the exposed skin of Khorgorath, Bloodreaver and Asphyxian alike. Abdomens like swollen thumbs jabbed their wet stingers into warm flesh.

For the most part the Stormhosts, clad head to foot in blessed sigmarite, proved inviolable. Here and there, a warrior spasmed and fell, clawing at his mask as the daemonflies wriggled through eyeholes. Those unfortunate enough to feel the curse's bite found the strength flowing from their bodies like wine from a broken amphora. They fought on valiantly, but were soon slain, blades battered from hands and wasted bodies hacked down by foes quick to take advantage. Even the Khorgoraths felt the plague take its toll. Cryptborn's Retributors closed in, hammers raised. One by one the monsters were blasted to cinders, despatched as easily as if they had been no more substantial than the ashen statues that dotted the landscape.



BLOAB ROTSPAWNED

A nauseating sorcerer of Nurgle who rides to war upon the pox maggoth Bilespurter, Bloab Rotspawned is host to a living swarm of daemonflies that infests the lands in his wake.

Though Bloab rejoices in the title Lord of the Daemonflies, in truth he is the swarm, and the swarm is Bloab.

Though he was once tall and wholesome of build, Bloab had a sickness of the mind that saw him persecute insects and small animals in his spare time, pulling their legs and wings off with an unseemly glee. Father Nurgle has endless love for all living things, no matter how small, and took exception to this behaviour. One moonlit night, when Bloab was snoring loudly, Nurgle sent a host of daemonflies pouring from the skies to funnel themselves into Bloab's yawning mouth. They laid their larvae inside him before buzzing out once more, bloodied and grinning. The daemonfly larvae hatched, and Bloab writhed in agony as he was eaten from the inside out. Now there is nothing left of the once-handsome warrior other than a toughened hide teeming with maggots.

Luckily, Father Nurgle is an indulgent sort, quick to forgive his errant children. When Bloab turned his malice to the enemies of his new patron, he was not only rewarded with a sojourn through Nurgle's Garden, but also given a pair of windspeaker bells that had hung from the veranda of the Plague God's rotting manse. So tireless has Bloab's atonement been that he was sought out by the pox maggoth Bilespurter, its intent not to devour, but to befriend. Now it is Bloab's maggoth that plucks the limbs from its master's victims, heaving digestive acid onto its prey whilst Bloab himself incants his spells of entropy. In the swarm lies Bloab's true power, for when his daemonflies travel the realms, crops of vile diseases blossom in their wake.

Bloab Rotspawned is important not only to Nurgle's plans to impinge upon Khorne's victories, but also to Archaon's plan to harness the godbeast Ignax. Already, the strength-sapping Plague of Atrophy, carried by Bloab's daemonflies, has spread like wildfire across Asphyxia. Khorne desires war without end, but by sapping the strength of the battling hordes, Nurgle intends to see the fires of battle gutter and go out altogether – and the fiery spirit of Aqshy with them. Only then can the cycle of life begin anew, and only then will the volatile godbeast Ignax be cowed enough for Archaon to enslave – for in the Ashlands, the fires of the mortal spirit fuel the inferno that burns within Ignax's noble breast.

High above, the relentless beat of Ignax seemed to wane as Bloab's plague spread far and wide. Glimpsed from the corner of the eye, the solar orb seemed dimmer, appearing less like a flaming star and more like a vast orange sphere wrapped in the coils of a titanic serpent. Few amongst the badly depleted Stormhosts and their Bloodbound enemies had the time or inclination to notice the change.

Only when the plague took physical form did its true threat become clear. From a wall-like mass of daemonflies emerged a new Chaos host, not of Khorne, but of Nurgle. An oily laugh rolled across the land as Bloab Rotspawned came to the fore upon his long-limbed maggoth, the ensorcelled bells hanging from his harvestman's scythe pealing a death knell. A mass of swollen-bellied followers, each three times the weight of the Asphyxians gagging before them, swept their scythes and flails through those brave enough to resist. Above them, elephantine rot flies bore daemon riders high, each Plaguebearer diligently tallying the diseases that spread throughout the battle-lines. Rotspawned's army was slowly overtaking all before it, stifling the fires of battle with a blanket of pestilence.

With his Retributors forming a golden barricade around him, Ionus Cryptborn searched the skies for signs of aid from the heavens. A winged figure hovered close, but rather than inspire hope, it struck hatred into his heart. The legendary Gorequeen, Valkia the Bloody, glared imperiously down before raising her arms to the sky. The Gorequeen called out for Khorne to burn away the curse-plague robbing the strength from the land. High above, a red dot glimmered in the sky as if in response. Ionus' warriors turned to him, yet Cryptborn kept his peace, shaking his head when they asked if they should intervene. He was no stranger to dealing with dark powers, and here he sensed an opportunity to turn one against another. When Decimator-Prime Malascon protested that Lord Vandus would have attacked instead of standing by, Ionus simply replied that Vandus was not there.

Closer and closer came Bloab's diseased grotesquerie, the Putrid Blightkings at its fore happily trading wounds with those Bloodbound crazed enough to attack them. The surviving Hammerhands were deep in the

enemy lines, and with the arrival of the Rotbringers, they were faced with a terrible choice – retreat in disarray, or be slain and return to Azyr in disgrace. Still Cryptborn scanned the skies. Then the clouds of the Tempest thundered.

A column of lightning blazed down not a javelin's throw from Ionus. It did not vanish in the manner of storm-light, but burned on. Within it, a heroic figure blazed down on pinions of celestial energy. A host of winged Hallowed Knights sang their warcries around him, voices raised in harmony. Just when the hour was darkest, the Celestant-Prime had come. Clad in silvered raiment with the Great Shatterer in his hand, the avatar of the God-King descended. The scions of the Dark Gods, be they frenzied or foul, could not look upon him, and they turned away in pain. With Ghal Maraz, the Celestant-Prime pointed at Valkia, drifting towards her with eerie majesty as his Prosecutors charged to attack.

One of the winged knights that had descended alongside the Celestant-Prime cried out in righteous anger. Leaving his fellows behind, the raging Knight-Venator shot like an arrow towards the foe – not the scions of Khorne, but Bloab and his Rotbringers. The hunter drew his bow and let fly a shaft, straight and true. It sizzled through the swarm, but one of Bloab's foetid bodyguards hurled himself in its path at the last moment. Impaled, the warrior fell back dead as stone.

Bloab Rotspawned's eyes widened in horrified recognition as his witch-sight revealed the identity of his assailant. The winged archer was a reincarnation of an old victim – the guardian of the Lifewells once enslaved to Nurgle's service as Torglug the Despised. Somehow, Torglug had been given new life, Reforged as a pure-bodied servant of Sigmar. He had become the epitome of holy wrath, and the need for revenge flared around him like an aura.

Bloab commanded his Plague Drones to attack, and a score of the things took their blades to the Knight-Venator. Despite being engaged in a dizzying aerial duel with Valkia, the Celestant-Prime caught a glimpse of Tornus' predicament. In a blur of light, the celestial demigod and his Prosecutor escort abandoned their assault upon the Gorequeen and shot across the sulphurous wastes to fall upon the Rotbringers with grim fury. Their weapons blazed white as they smashed Blightkings apart like sacks of rotting offal. So bright was the beacon of the Celestant-Prime's fury that the Tempest Lords and Lions of Sigmar used him as their rallying point, redoubling their attack on the Bloodbound hordes and allowing the Hammerhands to regroup. United by the avatar of Sigmar himself, the Stormhosts proved unstoppable. Though many Strike Chambers paid a high price in lives, the Chaos armies were broken and scattered to the winds. But the battle was far from over.

'Praise the fires of Ignax!' cried the ash-streaked wretch grovelling before Lord Cryptborn. The tribal elder had once been a big man, but his broad shoulders were canted by a poorly-healed wound, and his flame-tattooed chest was as sunken as his eyes. 'It is true,' he wailed, 'the sky-storm delivers! Hail thou from the Bloodhenge, stranger? Art thou an echo of war, borne from the peak of Unreachable Mountain?'

Cryptborn knelt down and helped the Asphyxian to his feet, motioning for his tribemates to stand. 'Do not kneel, old man. There is no need, for it is we who serve you. But in answer, I know nothing of that distant peak, nor its magicks. Is it of great import to this land?'

'The Crystal Henge, my lord. It echoes the spirit, and amplifies emotion. Just as its image is echoed in turn.' The elder pointed into the distance.

The Lord-Relictor's voice was dust-dry, but kindly. 'Alas, we cannot tarry,' he said, 'the gore-feasters seek to regroup in the foothills.' He gave the signal for his Paladins to move out, then turned back to the tribal elder. 'Make use of this reprieve, fire-keeper.'

When the Stormcast Eternals had marched away, the elder finally turned to his people, a sly smile on his face. 'Oh, we shall, my fortunate friend,' he muttered. 'Begin the summoning. Asphyxius shall feast well this night.'

CLASH IN THE PYROCLASM

Whilst the Stormhosts hunted down the scattered Bloodbound and Rotbringer armies across Asphyxia, ember-lit clouds choked the horizon. The strange red star glinting in the sky became a dot, then a smudge, then a hurtling fireball. A dark legend descended, and a new storm grew near...

Dusk turned to dawn, and as the surging tides of war devolved into scattered clashes, the living cinderclouds that had haunted the horizon swept across the landscape. Everywhere the hungering pyroclasm passed, it turned hard-fought conflicts into tableaux of ash. It made no distinction between Stormcast, Rotbringer or Bloodbound tribe. All it caught were forever preserved in the act of smiting, parrying, or thrusting their blades forward, a collection of morbid statues forever testament to the wild magic of the Asphyxian firestorm.

On rushed the pyroclasm in a wall of embers and stinking flame. Its roar was that of a hundred starving chimeras. Only the Asphyxians, who had appeared so weak, were left entirely untouched. Tattooed tribesmen laughed maniacally as the firestorm feasted on burned flesh around them.

Shining in the midst of the mayhem was the Celestant-Prime. Every swing of Ghal Maraz smashed Rotbringer warriors in all directions as he sought Bloab, but the firestorm clouded even his star-blessed sight. The sacred warrior raised his sceptre, and the tumultuous skies hurled a meteor in a spiral vortex of energy. It struck home, annihilating a knot of Chaos Knights. Then the Blood God replied in kind.

The red fireball that Khorne had sent to Asphyxia smashed into the Tempest Lords with explosive force. Whole retinues of Stormcast Eternals blazed back to Azyr in an instant. In the crater was a silhouette, the shadow of a monstrous daemon. Skarbrand leapt from the flames into the reeling Victrians, and the killing began anew.

Korghos Khul shouted in denial as a wall of killing heat roared across the battlefield, cutting him and his Gorechosen off from those few Hammerhands he had finally located. His daemon allies were not there to entrap them, and now the golden Stormcasts would escape again, or worse still, be slain by Valkia instead. The intensity of Khul's rage threatened to consume his mind in the fires of madness forever. He gave himself to it, taking his axe to friend and foe alike with blind abandon. A horned visage loomed amongst the crimson clouds of his fury – a visage feared even by the mightiest lords of Chaos.

'Khul,' said the vision, 'put aside your madness. I must have the godbeast, the Solar Drake. But first the flames of defiance must burn low.'

Lord Khul growled, eyes unfocused and lips spattered with pink froth as a blow from his axe tore a swollen Nurgle worshipper in two. 'What… is that… to me…'

'You will do as I bid you, Khul. Step through the portal my Gaunt Summoners offer you. The seraphon, Khul. They are the key. Events unfold too fast for their Starmasters to follow. Strike at Orb Infernia, whilst the strings of fate grow taut. You have the tools for it.'

Khul raged, but a sliver of reason pierced his mind as the voice continued on. 'The daemons that deserted you. They languish there, on the orb. Give them their due.'

'I'll kill them all!' shouted Khul, blood splashing his face as his rampage continued. 'Kill! Kill!'

'Kill, or burn,' said Archaon, appearing huge in the skies as the firestorm raged closer. 'It is your choice, mortal.' A strange swirl of red fog appeared before Korghos Khul. He gave voice to a warcry and charged, the call taken up by his Gorechosen. Together they plunged through the portal of mist before them just as the firestorm raged past. Then all was darkness.

‘Khul. Put aside your madness. I must have the godbeast, the Solar Drake... Strike at Orb Infernia, whilst the strings of fate grow taut.’

– Archaon the Everchosen,
Exalted Grand Marshal of the Apocalypse

The raw, hellish anger emanating from Skarbrand washed across the warriors of Asphyxia, driving them into apoplexies of rage. The daemonflies and the plague they had borne were burned away in an instant wherever the Bloodthirster trod; even the Tempest above thinned in his wake. Strength surged anew through every muscle and limb of those who beheld his bloody rampage. Warriors, elders, even the stricken were caught up in the wave of savagery, wildly attacking everything in reach. A rare smile creased Valkia's lips. Her ploy to banish Nurgle's curse with the power of pure rage was working.

Lord Victrian cried out in challenge, riding right past Skarbrand and smashing his tempestos hammer two-handed into the Bloodthirster's jaw. Bellowing in outrage, Skarbrand turned from the Tempest Lords and stormed after Victrian with his eyes blazing red. Victrian rode hard towards the Rotbringers, spurring Razareph into a bounding leap right over the enemy battle-line. Skarbrand ploughed into the Nurgle worshippers like a battering ram driven into a haystack, but Victrian was already wheeling back to join his men. As he surveyed the battlefield, the Lord-Celestant realised the howling flamestorm had left the Asphyxian natives untouched. Ordering his men to stay close to the tribesmen, he led his Victrians on the attack once more.

It was all too much for Bloab Rotspawned. Caught between the reincarnation of Torglug, the Celestant-Prime and the rage of Skarbrand, the sorcerer felt the claws of death reach close. He uttered a desperate incantation. Those daemonflies still crawling upon his skin swelled, bulged, and grew massively, each becoming a giant rot fly – even Bilespurter sprouted huge, membranous wings. The swarm took flight, and Bloab was borne away from danger. The black mass moved off towards the distant Flameheart in search of new lands to pollute.

Ionus called for his Paladins to regroup, but his voice was little more than a hoarse rasp. Already he had lost over half his force. To linger here was to die in vain, and there was much still to be done. Daemonfly swarms still buzzed in a haze on the horizon; left to roam unchecked, they would spread their debilitating plague to every corner of the Flameworlds. There was something else out there too, just visible amongst the lowering storm clouds – a mirage-like henge of red crystal, with a tumbled dais shattered in the ruins beneath it. A realisation struck Ionus. The henge was no illusion. It was a holy site, a way out, and the key to a victory over Nurgle and Khorne alike.

Fighting a desperate running battle against screaming Bloodreavers, Cryptborn and his Paladins finally gained the dais. The Lord-Relictor planted his reliquary upon the centre stone and whispered a dozen syllables. Not a single Stormcast Eternal heard his words, yet the Tempest above answered with a peal of thunder.

Down came twelve streaming bolts of lightning, a crackling net of energy so large it gathered the raging pyroclasm with the ease of a potter shaping clay. Whirled into an ash-choked vortex, the firestorm raged against its incarceration, but its power was nothing next to that of the divine storm. The net of lightning constricted until firestorm and combatants alike were whirled into the rising tornado.

An image of the Crystal Henge shimmers above Asphyxia – few realise it is far more than a mirage.

The Tempest itself boomed in triumph as Stormcast Eternals, Chaos worshippers and Asphyxians were carried skywards. Even the roaring Bloodthirster Skarbrand was ripped from the ground, axes lashing out at those bodies hurtling around him as he spiralled ever closer to the shimmering henge above. Through the Hengegate the combatants went, disappearing one by one until nothing was left of the battle but a mile-wide crater of ash.

BATTLEPLAN

BENEATH WARRING STORMS

This battleplan sees a dedicated hunter having finally run their prey to ground. However, their target has sought to escape retribution amid the confusion of a swirling maelstrom. Tumultuous thunderheads tower above the battlefield and forked azure lightning lances earthwards, even as raging firestorms scour the ground below. Both hunter and quarry must seek to use the power of the storms to their advantage, lest their duty remain unfulfilled.

The nature of such fell storms can vary wildly across the Mortal Realms, from natural phenomena to something altogether more esoteric. Perhaps a daemonic blizzard haunts the land, shredding those that dwell there with razor-sharp ice shards; maybe a more benevolent sentience guides the roiling storm clouds, observing the clashing armies below and only striking out at those it deems cowardly in battle.

THE ARMIES

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

PYROMANCER'S OBJECTIVES

Your momentous actions in this realm have elevated you beyond almost all others in your master's favour. It is unclear if your enemy suspects the depths of your involvement in this land's dire predicament, or whether they simply bear an inexplicable grudge against you. In either case, they have sent forth a determined hunter to seek your demise.

In order to evade your pursuer, you have taken a gamble by standing your ground amid a ferocious storm. Evade death or capture at all costs; delay their forces long enough and you can make good your escape. Use the unbridled ferocity of the firestorm that surrounds you to smite your pursuers whenever you can and victory will be yours.

STORMBRINGER'S OBJECTIVES

You have finally uncovered the mastermind behind this realm's plight and have at last drawn them into an open battle. Now is your chance to rid the land of this deadly foe and turn your fortunes in the wider war.

Yet though your duty is clear, it will not be easy. The foe has taken shelter within a raging maelstrom. Any attempt to fight within this deadly storm will likely prove costly. But you have the power to summon a storm of your own. Drive its wrath upon your foes until an opportunity arises where you can deliver the killing blow to your quarry.

THE HUNTER'S MARK

After set-up has been completed, the stormbringer can pick one **HERO** in their army to bear the Hunter's Mark. You can re-roll failed hit and wound rolls for this model when it targets the enemy general.

DIVINE FAVOUR

The pyromancer's general bears the (un)holy blessing of their god, and is able to recover from injuries that would fell even the hardiest troggoth. Reduce the Damage characteristic of any attacks that hit the pyromancer's general by 1 (to a minimum of 1). In addition, the pyromancer's general heals D3 wounds in each of their hero phases.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battlefield is a barren wasteland comprising a few copses of desiccated trees and the odd scattering of dilapidated ruins from a civilisation long since lost to the sands of time.

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 territories shown on the map below. The stormbringer must divide their units as evenly as possible between their two territories.

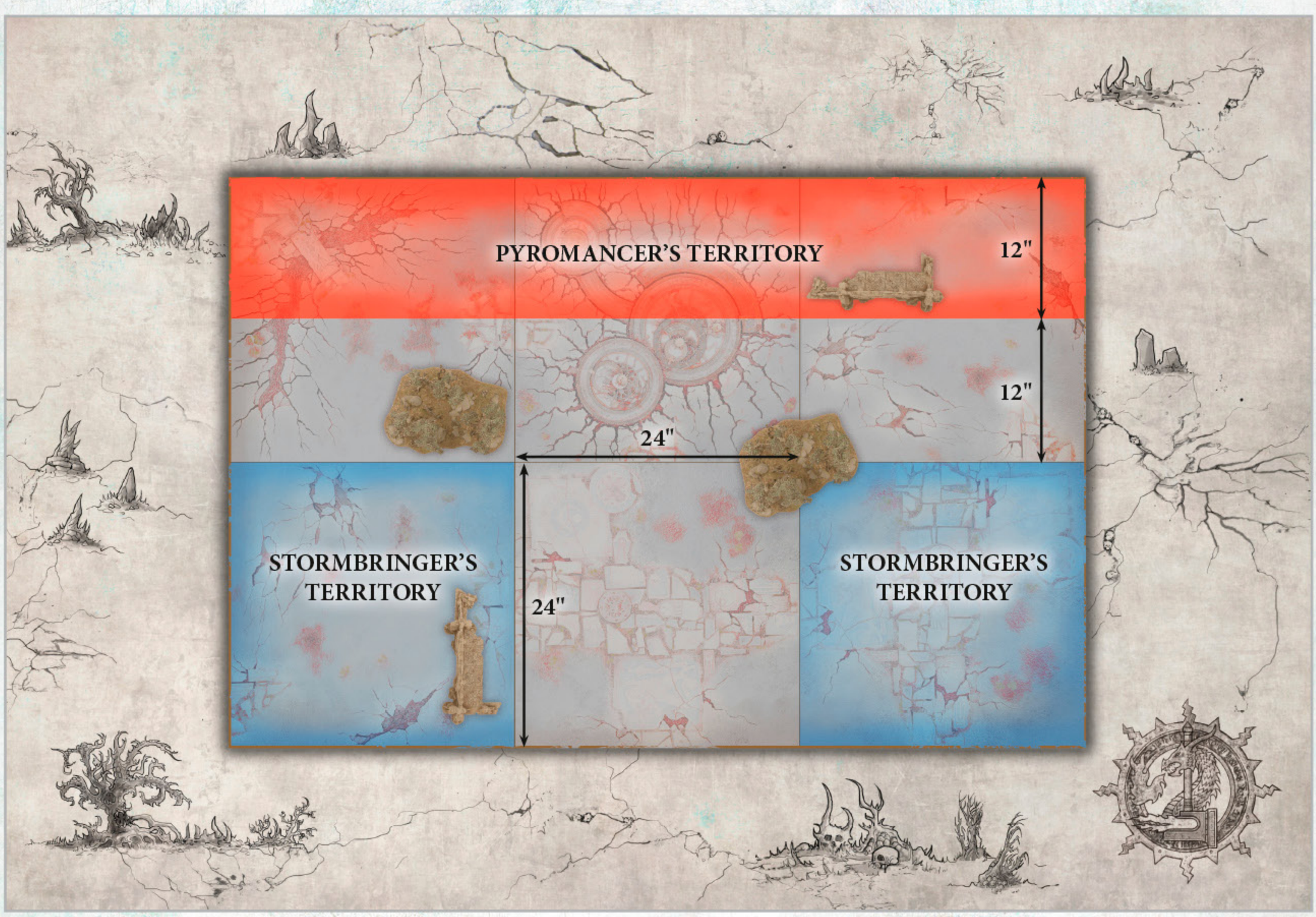
FIRST TURN

The stormbringer decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

WARRING STORMS

As the fighting below reaches its climax, so too do the sentient storms vie for control of the skies above. At the start of each hero phase, players must roll a dice to see which storm has achieved dominance. The player that rolls highest wins the roll-off; if the rolls are equal, the player whose turn it is wins the roll-off.

If the pyromancer wins, a ferocious firestorm sweeps the battlefield, wracking those whose lives have been promised to it with searing waves of flame.



The stormbringer must roll a dice for each of their units. On a roll of 1, the unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

If the stormbringer wins, lightning-wreathed clouds billow overhead and divine energies fork down with deadly force to strike the unworthy. With the exception of the pyromancer's general, who is shielded from harm by their master's unearthly power, each of the pyromancer's units on the battlefield suffers a mortal wound.

VICTORY

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

The game lasts for four battle rounds. If the pyromancer's general is still alive at the end of the game, they win a **major victory**. However, if the pyromancer's general is slain, the game ends immediately and the stormbringer wins a **major victory**.

If the stormbringer successfully slays the pyromancer's general with the model that bears the Hunter's Mark, they can roll twice on the Triumph table before their next battle.

HINTS & TIPS

Even though the objective of this battleplan may seem simple enough, it is far from it. The pyromancer will likely choose a tough and powerful model to be their general, and their Divine Favour will make them even more resistent to harm and able to replenish any wounds they suffer.

As a result, the stormbringer must try and pin the enemy general in place before engaging them with their heavy hitters.

ORB INFERNIA

THE CURSED SPHERE

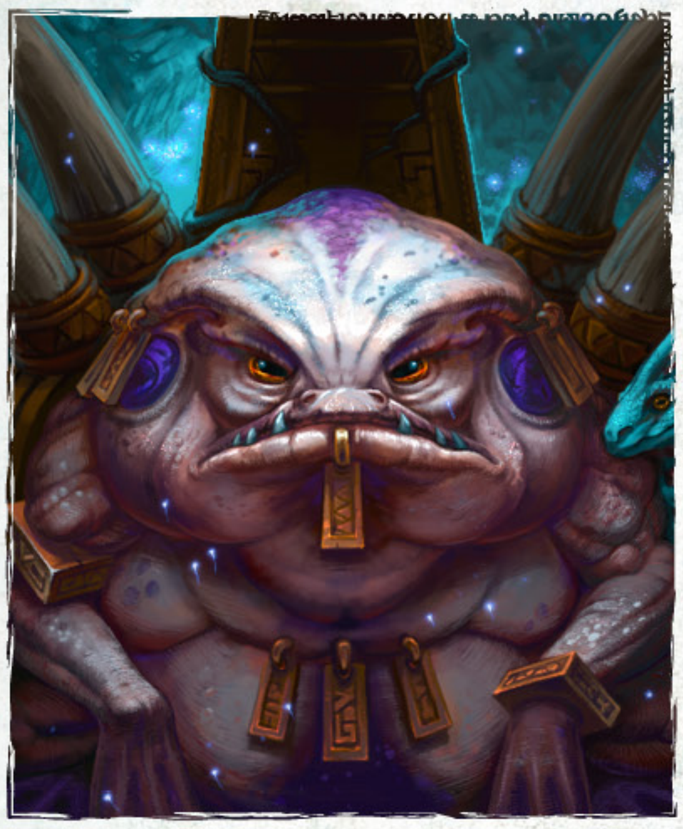
As war raged across the Ashlands, Orb Infernia gazed down from the sky, a baleful eye watching the struggles of mortals below. Beneath its blood red clouds unfolded a long war between four dark princes and a starborne mage. Its outcome would alter the fates of all who fought for the Flameworlds.

Long ago, Orb Infernia was a glittering sky kingdom whose proud people sailed Aqshy's cosmic sprawl. Miners and artisans, the inhabitants of the orb traded with countless nations, and the rulers of Infernia were famed for the grandeur of their visits to the lands below. None now remember the names of those bejewelled kings. The Age of Chaos turned their domain into a daemon-haunted wasteland, its seas consumed by sorcerous beasts until its continents floated above an empty world held together by dark magicks.

Archaon gifted Orb Infernia to four of his most troublesome Daemon Princes, tricking each for his own dark amusement into believing the prize was theirs alone. Since that day, the orb has been an ever-burning battleground.

The jagged lands of Ghorddro were ruled by the Skinskein Lord, known for raising chalices of gore to Khorne in a palace hung with flayed hides. Glurtos the Flyking made his home amid the pestilent woodlands and festering valleys of Beubilos, while the daemon sorcerer Zyrrak Mirrorkin wove his plots across the ensorcelled continent of Xzaratch. Then there were the ruins of Issthyss, fallen to fragments after the capture of Slaanesh. Even so, the Slaaneshi Daemon Prince Synnistra, and his followers, clung to the remains of this land, seeking their god amongst its island chains. Centred between the four princes' lands was the vast continent of Nugatoria, above which once stood the God's Eye, a Realmgate to the Ashlands below.

For an age the four princes had fought one another, their daemon armies spilling across the lands to break off parts of their rivals' domains and make them their own. As the war went on, the continents themselves fought. Mountains were transformed into hateful stone giants, rivers of blood wrestled like mad serpents and fanged caves chewed up any foolish enough to enter them. Due to the devious plots and plans of the four princes, the war for Orb Infernia had more treacheries and twists than a sane mind could bear.



LORD XEN'PHANTICA

The slann know it is the endless dance of the stars that binds the Mortal Realms together, and it is the passage of these heavenly bodies that determines the destiny of all who live beneath their skies. Lord Xen'phantica is a master of setting these celestial spheres in motion. The war for Orb Infernia was a weapon in the great game, and even then it was but one of the many pieces the slann had in play. Like a warmaster born, Lord Xen'phantica moved his armies across the realms, sensing when and where they could do the most damage to his foes. Not long after the four princes claimed the sub-realm for the Dark Gods, Xen'phantica foresaw the role their armies might play in future wars, and set about a plan to turn their prize into a prison. By causing the God's Eye to close and disrupting the daemons' palaces with constant assaults, the slann kept Orb Infernia cut off from the rest of Aqshy, its daemon legions unaware of the centuries passing beyond their own petty conflicts.

Over mortal lifetimes beyond count, the Slann Starmaster Lord Xen'phantica had sent his celestial hosts to ensure the daemon war never ended. Undermining the fragile alliances of the princes, the slann tricked the daemons by secretly assassinating their heralds or wiping out their vanguards into other lands, making each prince think another had betrayed him. Lord Xen'phantica also played upon the naked ambition of the princes, opening portals between their lands and presenting tempting targets ripe for the slaughter. Despite the daemon hordes outnumbering the slann's seraphon many times over, the four princes were betrayed time and again by their own base natures. So it was that with the skill of an expert bladesman, Lord Xen'phantica kept his foes at each other's throats, and ensured that the daemons remained distracted from the wars in the Ashlands below.

Lord Xen'phantica's spirit drifted upon the celestial winds, the Mortal Realms a glittering tapestry spread out beneath him. In his mind's eye the ancient slann glimpsed wars without number. Rot-skinned warriors hacked apart golden treekin beneath a sky that wept leaves. Heaving oceans of blood were sailed by black-bearded killers, their holds heavy with slaves. Glass soldiers marched between ranks of mewling beast-things. Animal eyes distorted in fear as a thousand paradoxes marched past. These and countless other battles filled the slann's mind, each one piquing his interest no more than the last.

'Where is your mind, star mage?' The voice pulled at Xen'phantica like the passing of a planet, heavy with celestial power. 'Look to your children upon the daemon orb. Fate balances upon the blade of flame.'

The slann turned his mind to the voice, his thoughts returning like the tumblers of a lock falling into place. The glorious image of Dracothion filled the stars before him like a blazing constellation.

'The daemons must not escape the orb, slann. It is later than you think.'

No, thought Lord Xen'phantica, his attention finally coming to rest upon Orb Infernia. It is precisely the right time.

WAR OF THE TETRARCHS

Visited by a many-eyed agent of Archaon, the four Daemon Princes finally realized the truth about the seraphon attacking their lands. Amidst distrustful glares, the four lords of Infernia finally colluded, devising a plan to trap Lord Xen'phantica in his own web and vanquish his armies once and for all.

Prince Zyrrak had spied a maddening pattern in Lord Xen'phantica's plans. With every battle it seemed the slann tipped the geography of the orb itself, the lands shifting in an endless dance around the continent of Nugatoria but never touching its cursed shores. This was the key, Zyrrak realised. If the daemon armies could ally and claim Nugatoria together, their lands would at last align, and the God's Eye reopen. Laying plots of his own, Zyrrak sparked a hundred wars across Infernia to draw the gaze of the slann. Under cover of this distraction, the Tzeentchian daemon then turned to bringing the other three princes to side.

With outright flattery, Zyrrak forged an alliance with Synnistra and his hedonists. He then made vile promises to Glurtos and Skinskein, offering bountiful fields to infect and skulls to harvest in the lands below. The final piece of Zyrrak's plan was to build a spell-fort upon Nugatoria itself. Here the princes would gather, their fates hidden from Lord Xen'phantica until the time was right to strike.

For the first time in centuries, armies of the four Dark Gods marched side by side in the weeping crystal mountains of Nugatoria. Their vast hosts headed for the ruins of the God's Eye among the Ghostglass Peaks. From beyond the veil of reality, Lord Xen'phantica beheld the forces of Chaos unified. As each host set foot upon Nugatoria their lands heaved closer across the void, and the pieces of the God's Eye began to shift, a pearlescent orb flickering above mountains of moaning diamond. The cold-blooded slann sent forth his seraphon, a celestial blade to cut the fabric of the princes' plan before the gate to the Ashlands could be opened. Like embers cast from the sun, a rain of stars drifted down upon Nugatoria. From their glow, reptilian armies burst forth, falling upon the tide of daemons with tooth, claw and club.

'You sully me with your coward's blood, sorcerer!' boomed Lord Skinskein, the hunger for gory gratification in his eyes.

'Nurse your hatred, rage-slave,' Zyrrak murmured, 'the trail I have chosen will lead us all to victory.' His yellowed gaze turned to the symbol-strewn vision of battle that writhed and shifted like a living map upon the back of a crucified pink horror.

'I can scent the glorious torment,' hissed Synnistra, his long tongue running down the length of his blade. 'We must join the orgy of violence, change-monger!'

'Soon,' Zyrrak snapped, despairing at the other princes' impatience. He had played this game many times before and knew as soon as the princes took to the field the slann would try to pry apart their alliance, or even cage all four at once. No, they must wait until their armies stood on the cusp of the God's Eye – until then the front lines would have to be entrusted to their heralds.

'This had best not be another of your tricks,' Glurtos rumbled, voice like gargled vomit. 'Perhaps my brothers have forgotten your betrayal at the Belching Gates?'

'Or your theft of the Onyx Bastion,' said Synnistra.

From across the scintillating chamber Lord Skinskein merely growled low and long. Zyrrak allowed himself a small sigh, offering a silent prayer to Tzeentch that the alliance would endure just a little bit longer.

‘Four princes shall rule over four lands, each so desperate to claim dominion he is blind to the power lying between them. And one shall come not of that world. With his fury shall he bind them, and forge their reality anew in the fires of war...’

– The Truthsayer’s Infernal Prophecy

The Chaos forces tore a blazing path towards the God's Eye, each of the four dark hosts led by one of the princes' chosen heralds. But Lord Xen'phantica was well versed in the weaknesses of his foes. As each army poured daemons into the shield-locked lines of saurus or tried to take down the roaring scaled beasts that barred their path, the seraphon made their move. Chameleonic assassins, their blowpipes spitting darts dipped in celestial venom, culled the heralds from the shadows. In one swift moment the daemonic advance faltered as the princes lost their eyes on the front lines, and each sensed betrayal by their brothers.

Lord Skinskein, ever rash, was the first to act. Despite a warning hiss from Zyrrak, he left the hidden fortress where his brothers sheltered and swooped out across the skies over Nugatoria. His echoing cry to the Blood God was swiftly answered in kind by a sea of gore-skinned daemons already boiling towards the God's Eye.

As Lord Xen'phantica had predicted, the princes were joining the fray. With a flicker of thought the slann despatched a hero of his own to face the Khornate Daemon Prince. Oldblood Klaq-tor and his Carnosaur, Startalon, thundered out of a curtain of light. Under the mighty reptile's claws, Bloodletters were crushed from existence, the seraphon champion slaying dozens more with sweeps of his sunstone blade. From high above, Lord Skinskein locked eyes with the saurus hero, his bloody wings snapping tight against his body as he dove down at fearsome speed.

In the passes that led up to the Ghostglass Peaks the other three daemon armies were faltering against the ordered ranks of Lord Xen'phantica's legions. Despite the daemons' vast numbers, in the narrow mirrored canyons the seraphon were able to cut them down one rank at a time until the ground was thick with smouldering daemonic remains.

Synnistra was the second to abandon Zyrrak's plan. No sooner had he revealed himself than a star-rain began to fall upon distant Issthyss. The Slaaneshi Daemon Prince cursed Zyrrak for a traitor, and for tricking him into weakening his kingdom. Without a backward glance Synnistra led his army home, his lands that had so briefly kissed the shores of Nugatoria retreating with him.

Beneath the glow of the fractured God's Eye, Lord Xen'phantica watched myriad wars unfold – not just the battle for the Ghostglass Peaks, but a thousand others spread out across Infernia.

'Lord Starmaster, what do you see amongst the daemon lands?' asked Whisperer Izekto, the skink seer perched on the edge of the slann's hovering stone palanquin. With a slow blink, a tiny portion of Lord Xen'phantica's mind opened to Izekto. All at once, the slann's seraphon constellation was laid out before him, a web of light glimmering across Orb Infernia. Close by, a single star blazed furiously, denoting the battle for the God's Eye. Izekto saw Klaq-tor battling with a crimson-skinned daemon lord. The two warriors tore at each other, each landing punishing blows upon his opponent. The outcome of this duel was not vital, Izekto knew. Even as the Daemon Prince sought to best Klaq-tor, the larger seraphon army tore apart his Khornate daemons. Soon the prince would stand alone.

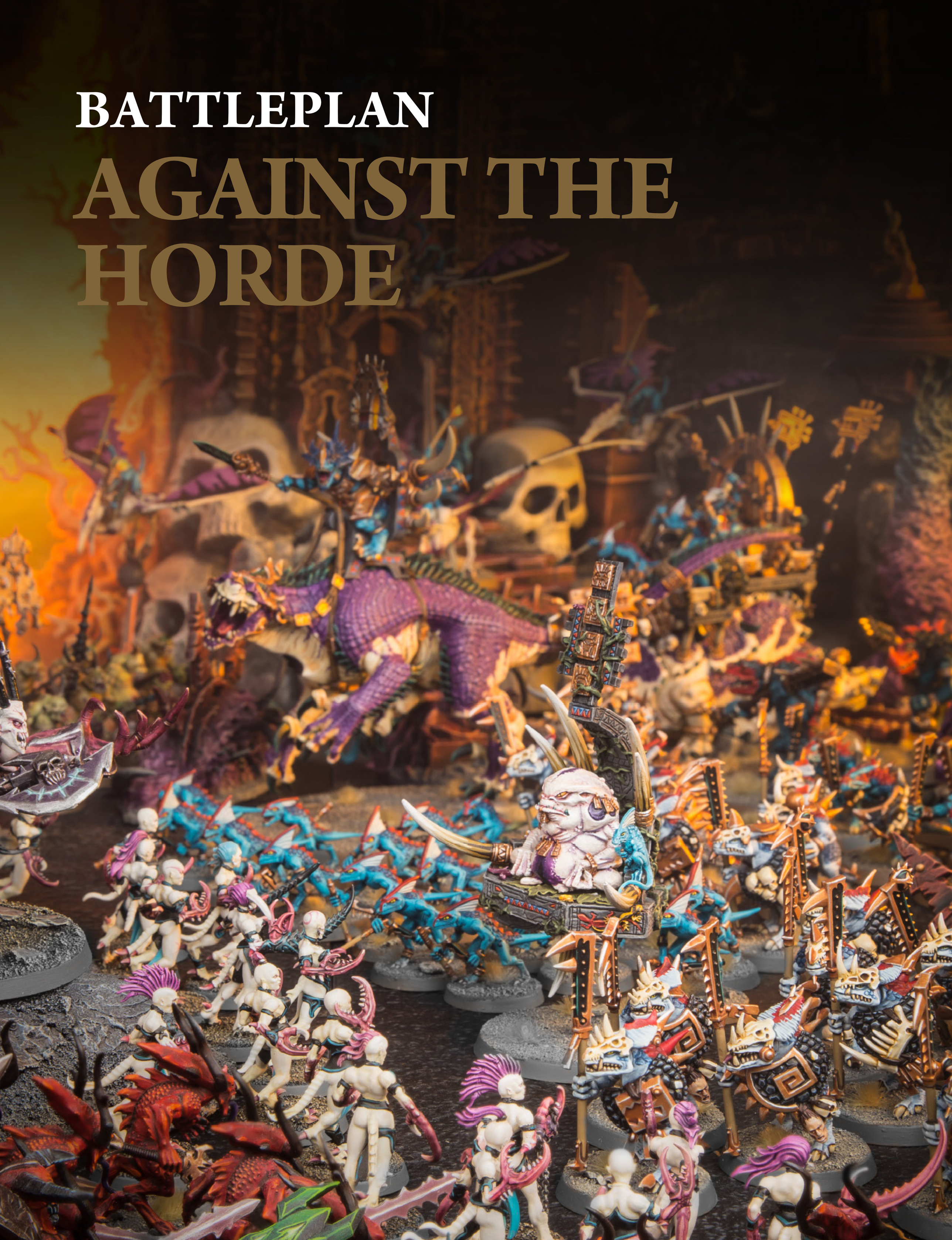
Following the threads that connected the constellation, Izekto's gaze raced out across the drifting continent of Issthyss, where his kindred raided the broken temple-camps of the hedonists. Though the skinks bravely held their ground, thousands of daemons raced across the tumbling landscape to hew and hack them apart. Izekto felt for his brothers, but such was the price of dividing their enemies. Looking further now to the outermost stars of the huge map, he saw similar wars were unfolding in gore-soaked Ghorddro and plague-ridden Beubilos. Here saurus strike forces wreaked havoc amidst the Daemon Princes' seats of power, locking in battle those monstrous daemonic cohorts who might otherwise have reinforced the battle for the God's Eye.

'The daemon alliance is all but shattered, Lord Starmaster – these creatures of Chaos, predictable still.'

If Lord Xen'phantica was listening, he gave Izekto no sign. Down below, the battle raged on.

BATTLEPLAN

AGAINST THE HORDE



This battleplan is designed to help you recreate a cunning guerilla war, such as that fought between the seraphon and the numberless daemonic hordes of Orb Infernia. In such circumstances, it is seldom wise for the outnumbered party to engage in open battle unless it is possible to manipulate the foe into a situation where the targeted destruction of their leadership is possible, thus breaking apart the enemy's fractious alliance.

Indeed, unless a suitably powerful and charismatic warlord emerges to lead a united legion of this size, lesser chieftains and would-be commanders will seek to increase their standing or usurp their rivals in the heat of battle by abandoning them to their fate or otherwise ensuring they meet a grisly end. The tales of such betrayals are without number in the war-torn realms, and as such, the armies featured in the narrative could easily be represented by those of any race you choose.

THE ARMIES

One player is the dominator, whose hordes are running rampant across the land, and their opponent is the manipulator, whose actions have been confounding and disrupting their enemy's plans for conquest. The dominator should ideally have at least twice as many models in their army as the manipulator.

DOMINATOR'S OBJECTIVES

For too long, your enemy has wrought anarchy and disruption across the land, waging a guerilla war that should have been crushed utterly by now. Now is your chance. Common cause has enabled you and your rivals to temporarily put aside your differences and form a grand alliance against the foe. The enemy now stands before your massed ranks, ripe for the slaughter.

Yet history has taught you that the enemy seldom engages in open battle without good cause. Doubtless, they will try to rob you of vengeance by prising apart your fragile alliance. Be sure that they do not succeed. You cannot afford to waste such an opportunity to see them annihilated once and for all.

MANIPULATOR'S OBJECTIVES

The enemy has gathered in vast numbers to secure your ultimate defeat. Little do they know that in doing so they have fallen into your trap. The coming battle offers an excellent opportunity to fragment their alliance for years to come. The systematic destruction of their leadership will encourage the unruly hordes to give into their more base instincts for treachery and betrayal, enabling you to turn their attack into a military blunder of the worst kind. The task before you is a high-risk strategy, fraught with danger, but should you succeed, the reward will be huge.

MAGICAL MANIPULATION

The manipulator's **WIZARDS** know the Mystical Translocation spell in addition to any other spells they know.

MYSTICAL TRANSLOCATION

Using ancient knowledge, the caster opens up a magical bridge, enabling their allies to traverse the battlefield at impossible speed, outmanoeuvring the enemy with impunity and confounding their battle plans.

Mystical Translocation has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick the caster or a unit from their army within 12". Remove that unit from the battlefield and immediately set it up anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 9" from an enemy unit. This counts as the unit's move for that movement phase.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle is fought on a phantasmal plain so saturated with magical energy that to mortal eyes the landscape appears as a glimmering haze. Ancient architecture rises sporadically across the battlefield, glowing with an otherworldly light.

As a result, add 1 to the result of any casting or unbinding rolls made for a **WIZARD** within 3" of any terrain features on this battlefield, in addition to any other effects the terrain might have.

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.

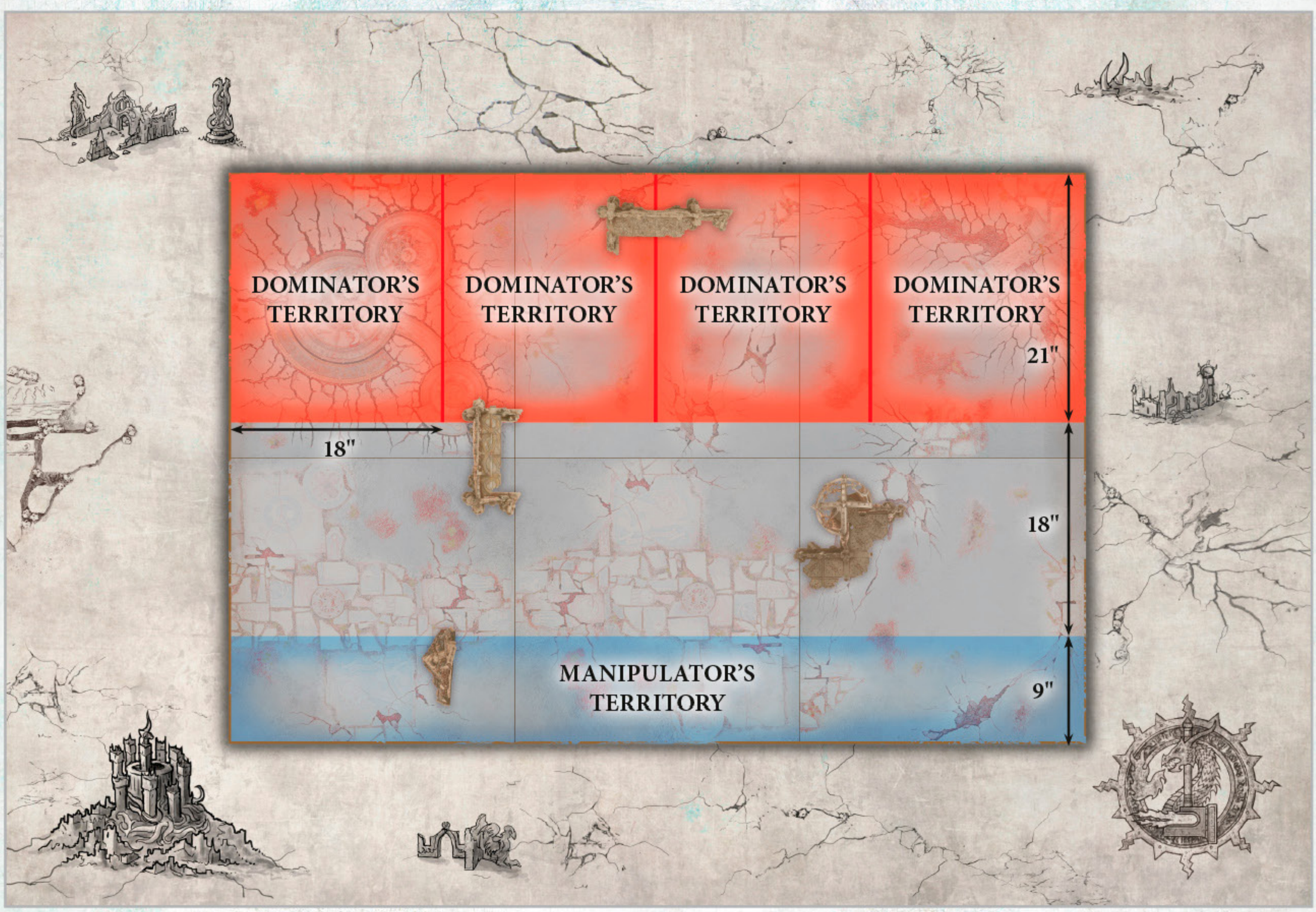
RIVAL COMMANDERS

Before set-up, the dominator must divide their army into two, three or four forces. For each separate force in their army, the dominator can nominate a model to be one of the generals of their grand alliance. Each of these models can use a command ability in the hero phase as normal.

SET-UP

Starting with the manipulator, the players take it in turns to set up units, as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. However, each time the manipulator sets up a unit, the dominator can set up two units.

Units can be set up anywhere within their own territory (see map). Note that the dominator's territory is divided evenly between the number of forces they choose to field (see Rival Commanders). The example shown on the map below has been divided into



four territories, each 18" wide. However, if the dominator chooses to field three forces, each territory will be 24" wide, or 36" wide if they only divide their army in two. In any case, units belonging to different forces cannot be set up in the same territory.

FIRST TURN

The manipulator decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

FRACTIOUS UNION

Should one of the dominator's generals be slain, their warriors will abandon the fight, leaving their former allies to battle on without them. At the end of a turn in which any of the dominator's generals has been slain, all units belonging to that general's force are immediately removed from play, counting as having been slain.

VICTORY

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

Both the dominator and the manipulator are seeking to achieve total victory, either by wiping out the enemy army, or otherwise causing it to fragment and abandon the battle. The game lasts for five battle rounds. If one player has successfully wiped out their opponent's army before the end of the battle, they win a **major victory**. If the manipulator has been unable to wipe out the dominator's army, they can still win a **minor victory** if, at the end of the battle, they have any models left alive on the battlefield.

HINTS & TIPS

This battleplan serves as a formidable challenge for the manipulator. Should their strategy prove insufficient for the task at hand, the battle could be over incredibly swiftly. Indeed, not only is the manipulator heavily outnumbered, but the dominator's forces begin right on top of them, leaving little room to manoeuvre. The key to victory is twofold: firstly, the Mystical Translocation spell enables you to circumnavigate the enemy's strongest battle lines, so be sure to set up a few **WIZARDS**. Secondly, by picking off one of the dominator's generals, you can instantly relieve pressure from one of your flanks.

TIME OF WAR

Orb Infernia has long been a playground for the daemons of Chaos. Yet with the help of the great drake, Dracothion, the forces of Order have conspired to keep them at bay and out of the ongoing conflict in the Ashlands. These rules enable you to fight battles on the burning plains of Orb Infernia.

ORB INFERNIA

If you decide a battle is taking place in the Realm of Fire, you can specify it is occurring on Orb Infernia. If you do, the following rules apply.

BLESSINGS OF DRACOTHION, THE GREAT DRAKE

It is rare for Sigmar's mightiest ally to intervene directly in the affairs of the Mortal Realms, but when he does so, his ancient wisdom and innate knowledge of the stars can alter the fate of battle. If your general is a **HERO** of **ORDER**, roll a dice at the start of your hero phase and refer to the table below to see what effect this has on your turn. If your general is also **CELESTIAL**, you can choose to add or subtract 1 to the result of the roll. You can roll on this table even if your general has been slain.

D6	Result
1	**Scions of Dracothion:** The Great Drake imbues the world's beasts with a measure of his celestial prescience and guides the blows of his draconic kin. Until your next hero phase, you can re-roll failed hit rolls of 1 when making attacks with **MONSTERS**. When making attacks with a **CELESTIAL MONSTER**, you can instead re-roll all failed hit rolls.
2	**Stellar Alignment:** When the stars are in alignment, the Great Drake's power is at its zenith. Roll a dice. The total rolled is the number of dice you can choose to re-roll over the course of your turn.
3	**Heavenly Boon:** Dracothion uses his unearthly power to undo the harm war has wrought upon his allies. Choose any 3 units in your army and roll a D3 for each of them. Heal the unit by a number of wounds equal to the number rolled. Add 1 to the number rolled if the unit being rolled for is a **CELESTIAL MONSTER.**
4	**Power of the Stars:** Dracothion draws upon the limitless energy of the stars themselves to imbue his chosen vassal with celestial might. Choose one **HERO** or **MONSTER** in your army. Until your next hero phase, you can re-roll failed charge, hit and wound rolls for that model, and add 1 to the Damage characteristics of all of its melee weapons.
5	**Celestial Boon:** Dracothion offers insights of the potential strands of fate to those beasts beneath his gaze, especially favouring those he sired. Until your next hero phase, roll a dice each time a **MONSTER** in your army suffers a wound or a mortal wound; on a roll of 6, the wound is ignored. Add 1 to this roll if the model being rolled for is a **CELESTIAL MONSTER.**
6	**Astral Aid:** The Great Drake sends aid to reinforce his embattled allies with powerful warriors drawn from the realm of Azyr. Set up a **CELESTIAL** unit anywhere on the battlefield that is more than 9" from an enemy unit, adding it to your army as reinforcements. This counts as their move for that turn.

MAGICAL STORMS

For as long as any can remember, Orb Infernia has been swept by powerful storms of etheric turbulence which nourishes and empowers the daemons of the Dark Gods that dwell there. Yet these prismatic winds are anathema to those not corrupt of heart or flesh, and only the incomparable purity of the seraphon has thus far enabled them to withstand the rampant energies and

wage a guerilla war against the daemon hosts that ever squabble amongst themselves for dominance.

When rolling a dice to determine who will choose the first turn in each battle round, if both players roll the same number, a powerful gust of magical wind surges across the battlefield. Every unit on the battlefield suffers a mortal wound unless it is a **SERAPHON** unit. **CHAOS DAEMON** units do not suffer a mortal wound, but immediately heal D3 wounds instead.

SORCERER'S BOON

Those that dabble in the blackest magic can draw upon Orb Infernia's magical winds, using its raw power to draw daemons from beyond the veil or hurl forth coruscating gouts of multi-spectral flame to incinerate their foes. Add 1 to the casting rolls of any spells cast by **CHAOS WIZARDS** that are attempting to summon a unit of **CHAOS DAEMONS**. In addition, **CHAOS WIZARDS** in Orb Infernia know the Prismatic Flamestorm spell (see below) in addition to any other spells that they know.

STEEPED IN MAGIC

Such is the contrary nature of the magical flora and structures of Orb Infernia that mortals can pass through them without harm or hindrance, whilst the corporeal form of those born of magic can dissipate upon contact with such obstacles. Roll a dice for any model in a **CHAOS DAEMON** or **SERAPHON** unit – or a unit with the Ethereal ability on its warscroll – that makes a run or charge move across, or finishing on, any terrain features. On a roll of 1, the model is slain. However, models in any other units can move, run, charge and pile in directly through any such terrain features without obstruction.

Orb Infernia Triumphs

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

D6	Reward
1	**Infernal Blessing:** Pick a **DAEMON** unit in your army to receive this boon. You do not need to take battleshock tests for this unit, as they are more firmly anchored to reality than their daemonic kin. You can choose to re-roll this result if you have no **DAEMON** units in your army.
2	**The Celestial Shard:** It is believed that this jewel is a crystallised shard of unreality with the power to warp space and time. Pick a **HERO** in your army to carry it to battle. Each time that model suffers a wound or a mortal wound, you can state a number and roll a dice. If you roll the number you stated, the model immediately heals all of the wounds it has suffered, after which the shard shatters as its power is exhausted – so use it wisely!
3	**The Mirror of Destiny:** Once during the game, you can use the mystical power of this mirror, forged from one of Dracothion's glistening scales, to re-roll the result when rolling to see who takes the first turn in that battle round.
4	**The Hellfyre Gauntlet:** Pick a **HERO** in your army to wear this fiery glove. Add 1 to the Damage characteristic of that **HERO**'S melee weapons unless the target is a **DAEMON**.
5	**The Scroll of Fate:** Pick a **WIZARD** in your army to carry this ancient scroll. You can re-roll a single failed unbinding attempt made by that **WIZARD** in each battle round.
6	**The Star Gem:** Pick a **HERO** in your army to bear this enchanted jewel. You can unleash the gem's awesome power once per battle in your hero phase. If you do so, until your next hero phase, you can re-roll failed charge, hit and wound rolls for that model, and add 1 to the Damage characteristics of all of its melee weapons.

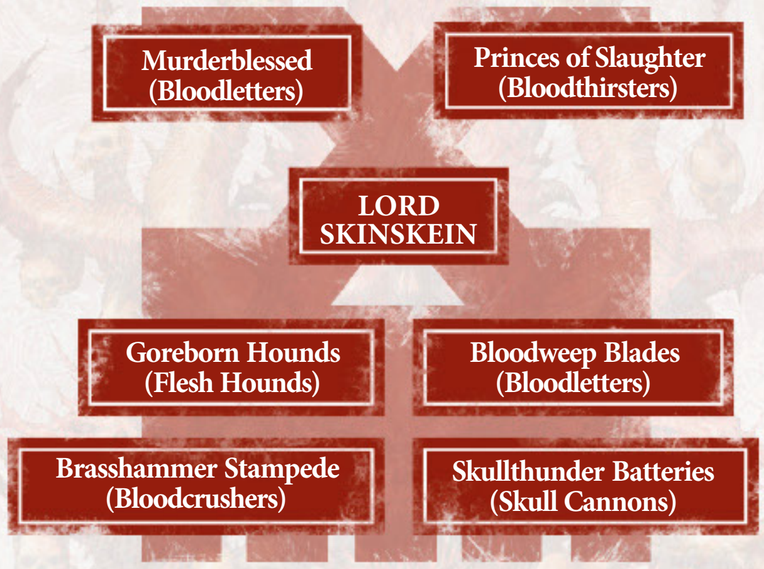
PRISMATIC FLAMESTORM

Prismatic Flamestorm has a casting value of 3. If successfully cast, the casting model can immediately unleash a searing storm of fire using the weapon profile shown below. Its Attacks characteristic is equal to the result of the casting roll.

Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
18"	✹	4+	3+	-	1

INFERNAL TETRARCHY

Infernia is a kingdom torn in four different directions, its lands claimed in equal measure by a prince of each of the Dark Gods. During the long war against Lord Xen'phantica and his seraphon, the princes were forced to work together and combine their hosts.



BLOOD LEGIONS OF GHORDDRO

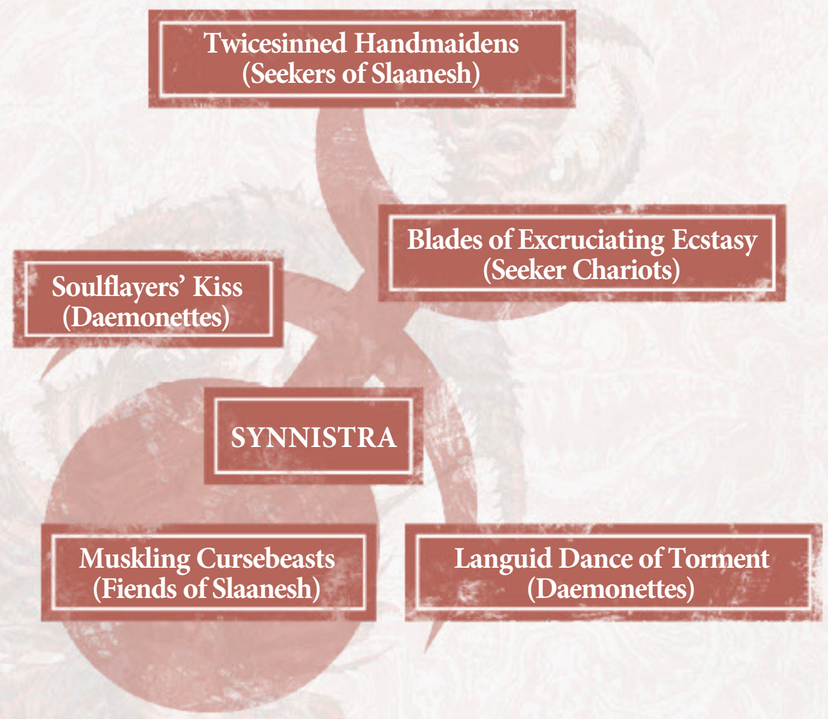
Skinskein's armies are a savage tide of killers, gorging themselves on murder and death. Among the prince's countless daemon hordes are counted the chosen instruments of his will, each one's brutality and skull-hunger matched only by their fellows and their master.

XZARATCH'S HOSTS OF CHANGE

Twisted reflections of madness, the armies of Zyrrak bring ruin and mutation to the lands of Infernia. At the peak of the Mirrorkin's pyramid of hosts are his favoured servants, their combined might a roiling storm of contorted flesh and insanity.

RANCID ARMIES OF BEUBILOS

Disease touched soldiers of Nurgle, Glurtos' daemon hosts are a walking infection upon the kingdom of Infernia. Of all the many daemon hordes to serve the Flyking a few stand out as true sons of the Plague God, their gifts to Infernia many and virulent.



HEDONISTIC FORCES OF ISSTHYSS

Pining for their missing god with voices both sinuous and terrible, the daemon armies of Synnistra scour the fragmented lands of Infernia. Counted among his broods are the blessed of Slaanesh, their faith and furor undiminished by the long war for Infernia.

CHOTEC'S BURNING SERPENT

Chotec's Burning Serpent is an ancient constellation that has wandered the heavens of Azyr since the seraphon first came to the Mortal Realms. Lord Xen'phantica chose the Burning Serpent because, of all the war stars, it was the best suited to the battle for Orb Infernia. Legend has it that Chotec blessed the serpent with the power of rebirth, the beast thriving in places where the fabric of creation grows thin – places like Orb Infernia. The constellation's warriors are imbued with these gifts, the celestial sorcery serving them well in the long battle for the daemon kingdoms.

- Lord Xen'phantica (Slann Starmaster)
  - Aklor Starscale (Oldblood)
    - Flamescale Host (Saurus Warriors)
    - Golden Talons of Toltek (Saurus Guard)
  - Iztekto (Starseer)
    - Cradle of the Star Serpents (Bastiladon)
    - Starstone Godsram (Stegadon)
    - Ark of Stars (Bastiladon)
  - Klaq-tor on Startalon (Oldblood on Carnosaur)
    - Fangs of Azlon (Saurus Knights)
    - Otek's Starspears (Saurus Knights)
  - Ech'tao Shimmershield (Eternity Warden)
    - Arrows of Azyrok (Skinks)
    - Fangs of Chotec (Scar-Veterans on Carnosaurs)
    - Sotek's Shadows (Chameleon Skinks)

KHUL THE CONQUERER

As the war for Orb Infernia shifted around the plans of the Daemon Princes, the Dark Gods watched with interest. From the Ashlands came Lord Khul and his Goretide, wreaking a violent revenge for his daemonic allies' act of betrayal. He brought a storm of rage that would change everything.

The gates of Lord Skinskein's fortress shuddered and fell amid a shower of crimson sparks. Over the gate's broken daemon wards, each powerful enough to banish a Carnosaur, Korghos Khul strode unhindered. The daemons garrisoning the keep hurled themselves at Khul's warriors and those Skullfiends that had followed in his wake, the two sides meeting in an eruption of scarlet rain. Blood fell thick and heavy upon the combatants from the bone-studded walls. Khul's masked face turned to a crimson sheet of fury. Still licking their wounds from their failure to claim the Ghostglass Peaks, Skinskein's army came at the Goretide piecemeal, their rage unfocused and their blades swinging wildly. By contrast, Khul's army was a burning blade of hatred, its razor edge determined to exact revenge for Lord Skinskein's empty promises – as a vision of blood upon the Scarred Isle the daemon had offered much, yet given nothing.

Across battlements and through tunnels the Khornate warriors fought. Slaughterpriests extolled the word of Khorne as they killed, Skullfiend Blood Warriors savaged daemons with their dripping blades, and Deathbringers laughed evilly with each mighty axe swing. For a moment it looked as if the garrison might stay the invaders when a dozen Skull Cannons rolled forward, their burning shot tearing holes in the Bloodbound's ranks. Then Khul personally waded into the war engines, his axe carving through daemon-forged steel and banishing ruddy flesh. Finally, Lord Skinskein emerged, roused from his bloodwine rituals by the clamour. Without hesitation, the two Khornate champions charged each other.

‘Khorne has a special hell for cowards like you, daemon!’ screamed Korghos Khul.

‘Your skull will make a fine plaything for my Flesh Hounds,’ countered Lord Skinskein, his bladework matching Khul’s frenzied attacks.

The two combatants were a whirlwind of flashing steel and flying blood. Any daemon or mortal that strayed too close was hacked into crimson mist. Across the corpse-choked courtyard of the Chaos keep, the two lords rampaged, stray blows from their weapons felling statues and striking showers of sparks from stone. Such was the fury of their duel that entire walls of the Khornate palace collapsed, skulls falling like rain to bounce and shatter upon the ground.

Lord Skinskein’s arrogance was to be his undoing, just as Khul knew it would be. For a split second, Korghos fell to one knee, feigning weakness. The Daemon Prince loomed over him, blade held high, sure of his kill. In a flash of red steel, Khul’s axe opened up the Daemon Prince’s throat, the weapon’s sorceries carving a rent in the reality of that strange land. To Khul’s surprise the monster did not die. By the surreal magicks of Orb Infernia the axe-tear widened, draining Lord Skinskein of every drop of his daemonic energy. Lord Khul smiled as he watched the massive daemon shrivel. Bloody muscles collapsed in on themselves, horns withered and turned to dust, and the huge blade fell from weak human fingers. At the last, the mortal Lord Skinskein had once been kneeled at Khul’s feet, gasping for mercy.

‘You are not worthy of the Blood God’s gifts,’ growled Khul, wrapping one massive hand around Skinskein’s face. With deliberate slowness he squeezed, savouring the cracking of bone and Skinskein’s piteous screams. By the time Khul looked up from his bloody work he saw the battle around him had ended. On all sides daemons and mortals bowed down before their master.

Korghos Khul gave the daemons of Infernia a simple choice – follow him or be destroyed. Like the fabled heralds of the apocalypse, Khul's Gorechosen spread out across the war-wracked world. Their mission was to lead armies of annihilation against the seraphon wherever they struck, gathering daemon allies in the process. Into harsh Ghorddro marched Khul, Goretide warriors and Skullfiend tribesmen massing in his wake. Upon plains littered with brazen bones they brought down saurus raiding parties, for the sorcerous daemon-traps laid by the slann had no effect upon mortals. To the fractured Maze of Xzaratch marched Kyor Skullharvest, his blood-forged spear carving apart illusions and daemon servants alike. Wild with rage, Kyor fought through the spell-wards of the seraphon with the ease of a ghost passing through a wall. Meanwhile, deep in the festering swamps of Beubilos, Hagred Hammerfane cleared the continent of reptilian monsters. The celestial poisons laced within the cursed kingdom had no hold over Hagred, and even the darkest grottos held no fear for him or his warriors. Finally, Guron Bloodfist vanquished the skink raiders of Issthyss. With his enscorcelled flail Guron smashed apart the brittle crusts of the floating islands themselves, sending countless seraphon spilling into the nothingness below.

From the Ghostglass Peaks, Lord Xen'phantica tried to counter Khul's months-long conquest of Infernia, but the mortals were proving unstoppable. Daemonic defences were as nothing to them, and Khul's army fought with a unity of purpose the Daemon Princes had never possessed. With each victory, more daemons fell in line behind the teeming Chaos armies, until the three surviving princes accepted that their destiny now rested in the hands of the mighty mortal lord. As the daemons united so too did their lands, the four kingdoms closing in around Nugatoria. The vast mortal and daemon army marched into the mirrored canyons of the Ghostglass Peaks, and in response Xen'phantica called forth his greatest general. In a brilliant flash of light the Oldblood Klaq-tor took form within the pass, the huge celestial army of seraphon at his back ready to keep the hordes of Chaos from the God's Eye.

The battle began just as Lord Xen'phantica had foreseen. As ever the princes drove their lesser daemons to the fore, boiling tides of Bloodletters, Daemonettes, Horrors and Plaguebearers hacking, dancing, capering and grumbling as they hit the seraphon lines. But like a rainbow tide breaking upon an azure rock, the daemons could not move their foes, and their armies found themselves caught in the confines of the pass. Seen from above it was if the ground itself had come to life, the battlefield hidden beneath hissing maws, blood-slick blades and grasping reptilian claws.

OLDBLOOD KLAQ-TOR

Whenever the magisterial slann Lord Xen'phantica sought swift vengeance upon his enemies, he would call Klaq-tor down from the stars. An ancient hero of the seraphon, the Oldblood Klaq-tor has stalked across battlefields since the dawn of time. Countless enemies have ended their miserable days screaming under Klaq-tor's blade and the Carnosaur Startalon's claws. At the Flayed Falls it was Klaq-tor that slew the thrice-born Abomination of Vermisia, hewing it into its component parts with the focus of a master butcher. In the days of the Dreaming Horror Klaq-tor swept away the Gibberling Wizards; even the Mechgor Razor-Engine fell to the Oldblood's ire. Klaq-tor has proven especially adept against the daemons of Orb Infernia. In all the long centuries of war upon that cursed sub-realm, the Oldblood never fell in battle, matching the Chaos princes blow for blow, and driving their armies back into their tainted lands.

Over the heads of the daemon foot soldiers, huge beasts traded blows. The crews of seraphon artillery-beasts unleashed scintillating energy fire, each beam burning away dozens of enemies. Then, at the height of the conflict, Khul and his Gorechosen champions led the Bloodbound into the fray. To the seraphon's surprise, the crystal walls of the canyon were as smoke to the human warriors, and they charged through them without hindrance. From all sides now the Bloodbound fell upon the saurus, thousands of Bloodreavers screaming with glee as they hammered the seraphon flanks.

Klaq-tor and his Carnosaur thundered forward to hold Khul's advance, but at once the Khornate lord sensed a worthy skull to be claimed, and charged to meet the Oldblood in turn. At Khul's side Threx Skullbrand planted his icon of Khorne, unleashing a coppery wind that cut across the battlefield. Again the eldritch energies of Orb Infernia took hold. Bloodbound corpses convulsed and hauled themselves to their feet, their eyes blazing red with Khorne's rage as they hurled themselves into the fight once more. Nearby, Khul and Klaq-tor crossed blades, Khul's Flesh Hound Grizzlemaw snapping at his adversary's Carnosaur steed. In came the Gorechosen, Kyor Skullharvest spearing Startalon's gut as Hagred Hammerfane bashed aside its great fanged jaws and Guron Bloodfist swept out its legs with his heavy flail. As the Carnosaur fell, Khul leapt high, his axe taking Klaq-tor's head in a shower of azure flame.

Comets rained down upon the battlefield as Lord Xen'phantica himself took to the field. For a moment the slann's arrival seemed to turn the tables, for Dracothion had provided a celestial alignment to infuse the seraphon with greater strength. But in all his plans, the slann had not foreseen the power of Khul's axe; the hateful weapon was a cursed thing that existed outside of reality. Seizing his chance, Korghos hurled his weapon across the field, the massive axe spinning end over end. It passed through the slann's stellar wards as if they were no more than cobwebs and buried itself in his ancient skull.

A strand of fate snapped as Lord Xen'phantica died. Across the realms, a thousand slann felt as if a piece of their souls had perished. As the starmaster's light faded, the God's Eye took true and terrible form above the battle. With a cold smile Khul tore his axe from the slann's corpse and looked up into the gateway to yet another conquest.

BATTLEPLAN

PINCER ATTACK

This battleplan focuses on a key strategy of two allied armies faced with a large enemy host. Rather than strike at the host individually and risk being destroyed piecemeal, the ideal situation would see them catch their prey in a pincer movement, and surround them on either side. Though not the easiest trick to pull off, trapping an enemy host between two allied forces is a manoeuvre that many military commanders strive to achieve.

Indeed, such was the case when the allied Khornate armies of Korghos Khul and the daemons of Orb Infernia finally caught up with their nemesis, the slann Xen'phantica. However, you could feasibly refight this battleplan with any two allied armies against a willing opponent. Such a challenge is certainly not for the faint of heart, but to earn a victory against such odds is a mighty achievement to be long savoured.

THE ARMIES

One player is the trapper, their forces having caught the enemy between two advancing armies. Their opponent is the ensnared player. Ideally, the trapper should have at least a third more models than the ensnared player.

Though they will likely be heavily outnumbered, the ensnared player has two powerful abilities, shown below, that apply to the units in their army.

TRAPPER'S OBJECTIVES

Your forces have at last run your enemy to ground and forced them into battle. They are now caught between two armies and seem resolved to their fate. Give them the death they so richly deserve for all the torments and frustrations their actions have caused. Let none escape your vengeance. Crush them utterly and without mercy, lest they seek to make their escape in the confusion of battle.

ENSNARED PLAYER'S OBJECTIVES

Your plans lie in ruins due to the unexpected arrival of a second enemy army. Having exhausted every possible avenue of escape, there is nothing left for you to do but meet them in battle with a sword in your hand, fire in your heart and a scornful curse upon your lips.

Yet hope for salvation exists if one of your warriors can elude the blades of the foe and seek aid from elsewhere. So dire is your situation that for even a few to fight their way clear, the cost in lives will be high. Make the sacrifice worthwhile.

STAND AND FIGHT!

Extolling their kinsmen to live the few moments before their death well, a respected general can inspire their warriors to fight with all of their might despite the odds that are stacked against them.

The ensnared player can re-roll failed hit rolls for their general and all friendly units within 15" during the combat phase.

NO SURRENDER!

Surrounded as they are by two mighty enemy hosts, every warrior in the ensnared army has resigned themselves to the inevitability of their own death. With a grim fatality, they have all sworn to take not one step back and fight 'til their last breath.

The ensnared player never has to take battleshock tests for their units.

THE BATTLEFIELD

This magical land is suffused with esoteric energies, and the very horizon appears to warp and shimmer in the distance. The remains of what was once a grand civilisation scatter the battlefield like silent sentinels.

As a result, add 1 to the result of any casting or unbinding rolls made for a **WIZARD** within 3" of any terrain features on this battlefield, in addition to any other effects the terrain might have.

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.

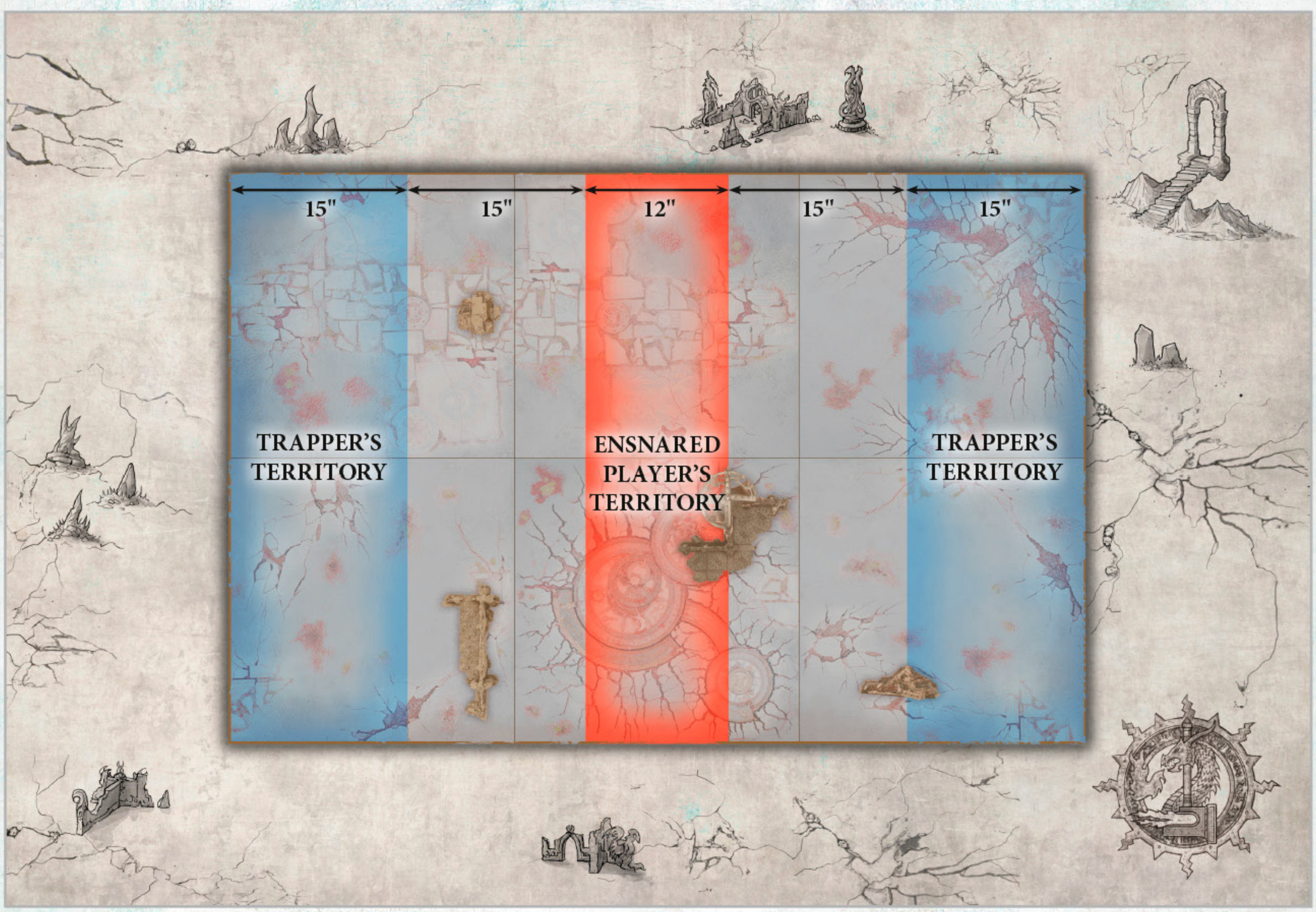
SET-UP

Starting with the ensnared player, each player takes it in turns to set up units, as described in the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. However, each time the ensnared player sets up a unit, the trapper can set up one unit in each of their territories (see map).

ALLIED COMMANDERS

Once they have finished setting up, the trapper can nominate one of the models they have set up in each of their territories to be the general of that force. Each of these models can use a command ability in the hero phase as normal. However, a general's command abilities cannot affect units that were set up in a different territory.

All units in the trapper's armies are otherwise considered to be friendly units.



FIRST TURN

The ensnared player decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

VICTORY

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

The trapper is seeking to annihilate their foe once and for all. However, should any of the ensnared player's models survive, there is a chance that their resistance will continue. The game lasts for four battle rounds. If one player has successfully wiped out their opponent's army before the end of the battle, they win a **major victory**. In addition, the ensnared player wins a **major victory** if, at the end of the battle, they have any models left alive on the battlefield.

HINTS & TIPS – THREE-PLAYER FUN!

Though this battleplan is written for two players, it could just as easily be fought with three. To do so, two players take on the roll of the trappers, each taking command of one of the encircling armies.

Before set-up, these players determine which of the two trapper's territories they will claim by rolling a dice, and rolling again in the case of a tie. The player that rolls highest has first pick of the territories; their ally must set up in the territory on the opposite side of the battlefield. Each time the ensnared player sets up a unit, both of the trappers set up one unit in their respective territories. The trappers otherwise take their turns at the same time and their units are all friendly.

If you decide to play this battleplan as a three-player game, we suggest keeping track of the number of kills each of the trappers scores over the course of the game. If they successfully wipe out the ensnared player's army, the trapper who claimed the most kills can claim a **major victory** (and bragging rights!), whilst their ally merely secures a **minor victory**. To the victor the spoils!

SKULLFIEND TRIBE

The Skullfiend Tribe honour the Blood God by scything the heads from all who stand in their path. Satisfying miniatures from a painter's perspective thanks to their grim, ornate details, these Bloodbound are a great choice for creating your own terrifying tribute to mighty Khorne.

Corpses litter a once idyllic meadow, yet their heads are nowhere to be seen. Bringing with it a sickly odour of death, a biting wind also carries distant echoes of barbaric laughter. This scene can only be the gruesome handiwork of Lord Skardrax the Slayer and his Skullfiend Warhorde.

As beseems all Bloodbound tribes, the Skullfiends are powerful and hulking to a man. Their allegiance is immediately apparent as all bear skull designs on their armour, or simply wear the skulls of their mortal victims. Stripped of flesh and used to adorn belts and battle standards, these grim trophies are the tribute they pay to almighty Khorne. Skullfiend armour is a baroque arrangement of heavy plates that are blood-misted black and crimson, and gilded with gore-spattered brass. Bloodbound runes proliferate, the most sinister of which spontaneously appear from the aether to mark the tribe's clawtally. More eldritch Chaos symbols are branded and blade-scarred into their raw flesh, or simply daubed on using the blood and guts of their hapless victims.

This Icon Bearer's totem is finished in the same menacing hues as his armour, but substituting the colours used for the armour's brass trim would look equally impressive.

This warrior's axe bears the evidence of its gruesome work. The stains are easily applied using Blood for the Blood God – an essential Technical paint for the Bloodbound.

Using Chaos Black Spray on these particular miniatures is extremely convenient, as it's also the armour's predominant colour. Light, even coats will keep details sharp.

Paint the brass trim and gorefist with Balthasar Gold. Apply Khorne Red to the helmet, Bugman's Glow to the skin and Leadbelcher to the axe and chains. Paint the skulls with Rakarth Flesh.

Two Shade paints are used for this model. First apply Agrax Earthshade to the whole miniature, except any sections of skin, then shade these areas with Carroburg Crimson.

Fine lines of Layer paint applied to the edges define different areas of the miniature. Use Evil Sunz Scarlet for the armour, Runefang Steel for the metal and Eshin Grey for the leather.

Pick out details on the helmet with Wild Rider Red, and on the skin with Cadian Fleshtone. Paint the eyes with dots of Yriel Yellow. Add some gore with Blood for the Blood God!

Glue Citadel Sand to the base. Paint it with Mechanicus Standard Grey, then drybrush with Karak Stone, followed by Screaming Skull. Paint the rim with Steel Legion Drab.

ORB INFERNIA REALMGATE

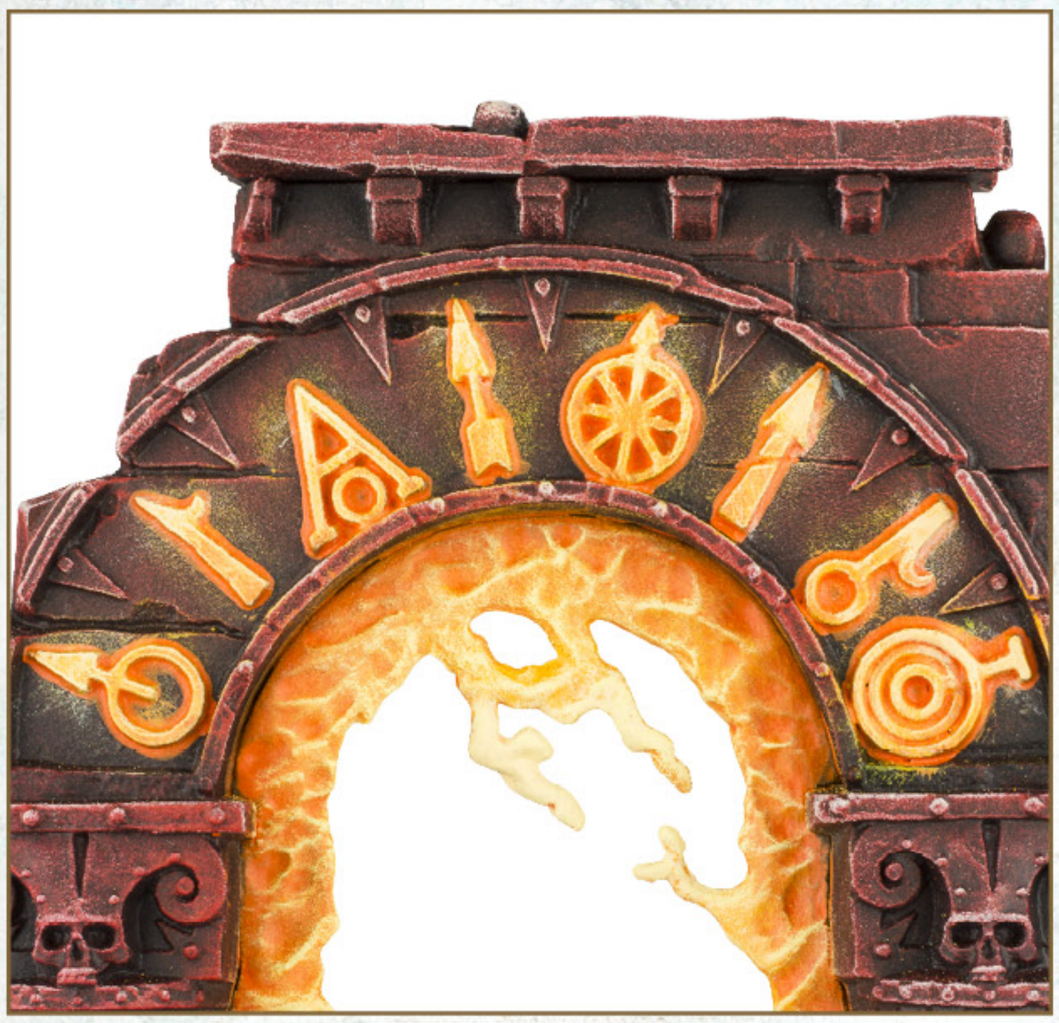
Once, the wealthy and welcoming Orb Infernia was a jewel of Aqshy. Then came the Chaos Gods with their daemonic legions, and paradise was destroyed forever. Yet rising eerily above the scorched terrain and dried seabeds are found spectacular echoes of a former glory...

Almost unimaginably, Orb Infernia was once a world of riches beyond words. It overflowed with precious minerals, renowned for their value and beauty. Mined in plenty, and crafted by the planet's skilled artificers, its jewels were coveted throughout the realms.

As the centuries passed, Orb Infernia's monarchs and merchants accrued dazzling wealth, and trade was always brisk. But then came the dark dawn of the Age of Chaos. Now, it is a place that hangs dead in the sky, blasted by ethereal gales and despoiling the heavens like a gibbeted corpse.

Millennia have passed since plump traders haggled cheerfully in bustling marketplaces, and the gem routes are just traces in the dust. Instead, Orb Infernia is now the crucible of a terrible, complex war of daemons, star-spawned warriors and Khorne's chosen.

Rising across its desolate plains are isolated ruins of that lost, golden age. Visible for miles, they stand alight with an eldritch fire that flickers across ornate, eerily familiar carvings and symbols. It is through these portals that armies now trudge towards victory or oblivion. Made using Citadel Baleful Realmgates and painted in dramatic colours, these landmarks make an essential addition to your Age of Sigmar battlefield and your collection.



Mysterious runes embellish the arch and glow with arcane energy. Paint them in the same way as the fire (see overleaf) for an otherworldly, dramatic effect.

Echoes of the realms' violent stories, skulls and ruins lie scattered at the base of the arch. Using an S Dry brush to carefully apply Screaming Skull is simple and effective.

1

First, apply an even coat of Chaos Black Spray to the entire gate. Spray in a well ventilated place – outdoors is best – and consider spraying the model within a large cardboard box to keep the paint from other objects.

2

Next, drybrush both the stonework and flames with Khorne Red using an M Dry brush. Focus your efforts on the flames, as a heavier coat will ensure the Layer paints that follow will appear more vivid.

3

Again employing the drybrushing technique, but this time applying Evil Sunz Scarlet, work back across the same areas with a slightly more gentle touch to highlight the raised details.

4

Next, using Screaming Skull and focussing solely on the carvings and raised stonework, drybrush the gate once more. Restrict the paler colour to these areas alone by brushing lightly and gradually intensifying the effect.

5

Making sure the paint enters the very small recess between the flames and masonry, use an L Base brush to apply Troll Slayer Orange to the flames. The highlights you painted previously will help to create a glowing effect.

6

Allow the orange to dry completely, then drybrush the flames with Fire Dragon Bright using an M Dry brush. Apply the effect across all the flames, but intensify it as you work backwards from the stonework.

7

The next colour to be applied is Yriel Yellow. This is also drybrushed in the same manner as the previous colour, but concentrate the effect more on the edges of the flames as they travel away from the arch.

8

The final colour is Dorn Yellow. This is paler than the underlying tones and creates a very convincing fiery effect. Once again, it is applied by drybrushing, and is restricted to the flames' tips and upper contours.

Goretide warriors and Skullfiend tribesmen join forces under Khul to unite the daemon nations of Orb Infernia.

The ravening daemon portals and etheric flames of Ghorddro prove unable to harm the rampaging Bloodbound.

THE UNREACHABLE MOUNTAIN

THE HEIGHTS OF FURY

Lord Cryptborn's stormcraft had trammelled the pyroclasm of Asphyxia, turning it from a deadly bane to an unwilling ally. Borne on its whirling thermals, the Stormcast Eternals and their Chaos nemeses were carried through the Hengegate to the Unreachable Mountain beyond.

In an explosion of arcane energy, the Asphyxian firestorm emerged from the shimmering heat haze on the far side of the Hengegate. It rematerialised above the Crystal Henge, the warrior hosts inside it still borne by the lightning-trammelled thermals. As Cryptborn had foreseen, the caged firestorm spent its energies in attempts to wrest free of the Tempest; those within its confines felt only searing hot winds, not the full flesh-melting effects of its hunger. Quickly it was drawn to the mystical peak's snow-capped pinnacle, where it was funnelled towards the Flameheart by the etheric hurricanes that flowed towards that great gate.

Ionus stilled his mind, releasing his hold upon the Tempest. The lightning-vortex whirled apart, and as one the combatants from the plains were released. Lord Cryptborn's timing was well judged. Though a great many worshippers of Chaos tumbled like rag dolls down the mountainside, and no few Stormcasts plummeted to their deaths, most survived the fall. In scant moments battle was joined once more.

The pyroclasm, released from the spiralling storm, turned the snow-capped peaks a golden yellow as it rose like a phoenix reborn into the skies. It was drawn in by the greater force of the Flameheart, inhaled by the vast Realmgate as a duardin elder might draw pipesmoke into his lungs. In his heart, Ionus rejoiced to see it leave, for it meant the firestorm's predations upon Asphyxia were at an end.

Still the spectre of unbound fury haunted the Flameworlds. Amidst the thick of the mountainside battle, Skarbrand still rampaged on. He did not just cut down those Stormcasts within reach, he halved them, tore them bodily apart, or boiled their blood with bellows of pure wrath. Ionus had banished one evil, but had left another to run rampant amongst his kin.

Victrian Cyrocco skidded to a halt upon his Dracoth, scree flying beneath the beast's claws. The Lord-Celestant's helm hung dented at his waist, his aquiline features marred by a bleeding wound. 'Lord Cryptborn!' he called. 'What have you wrought? The Bloodthirster must be banished, before it slays us all! Where is the Celestant-Prime?'

Ionus put his fury aside, waving his Paladins onward as he looked up at the skies once more. A nimbus of light soared away from them even as the winged figure of Valkia came into view. 'He makes for the Flameheart. And what of it? Do you not trust my judgement?'

'What judgement?' spat Victrian. 'We slay these cursed things one and all! This is war, nothing more!'

'Not so, fool,' said Valkia, hovering close. 'This land must be burned clean, and the Exiled One's wrath is the key. Ask your bone-clad warlock. He knows.'

Victrian looked aghast at Ionus, bloodshot eyes wide. 'You dare to truck with this hell-bitch, Cryptborn?' He rode in close, staring down imperiously at Ionus. 'Heretic! You bring disgrace upon Sigmar's name!'

'You do not understand, Victrian!' growled Cryptborn. The Lord-Celestant dismounted and stepped close, jaw clenched and fury in his eyes as the air shimmered red.

'Forgive me, brother,' said Ionus. He lunged forward and slammed his gauntleted fist into Lord Victrian's face, knocking him out cold.

SKARBRAND

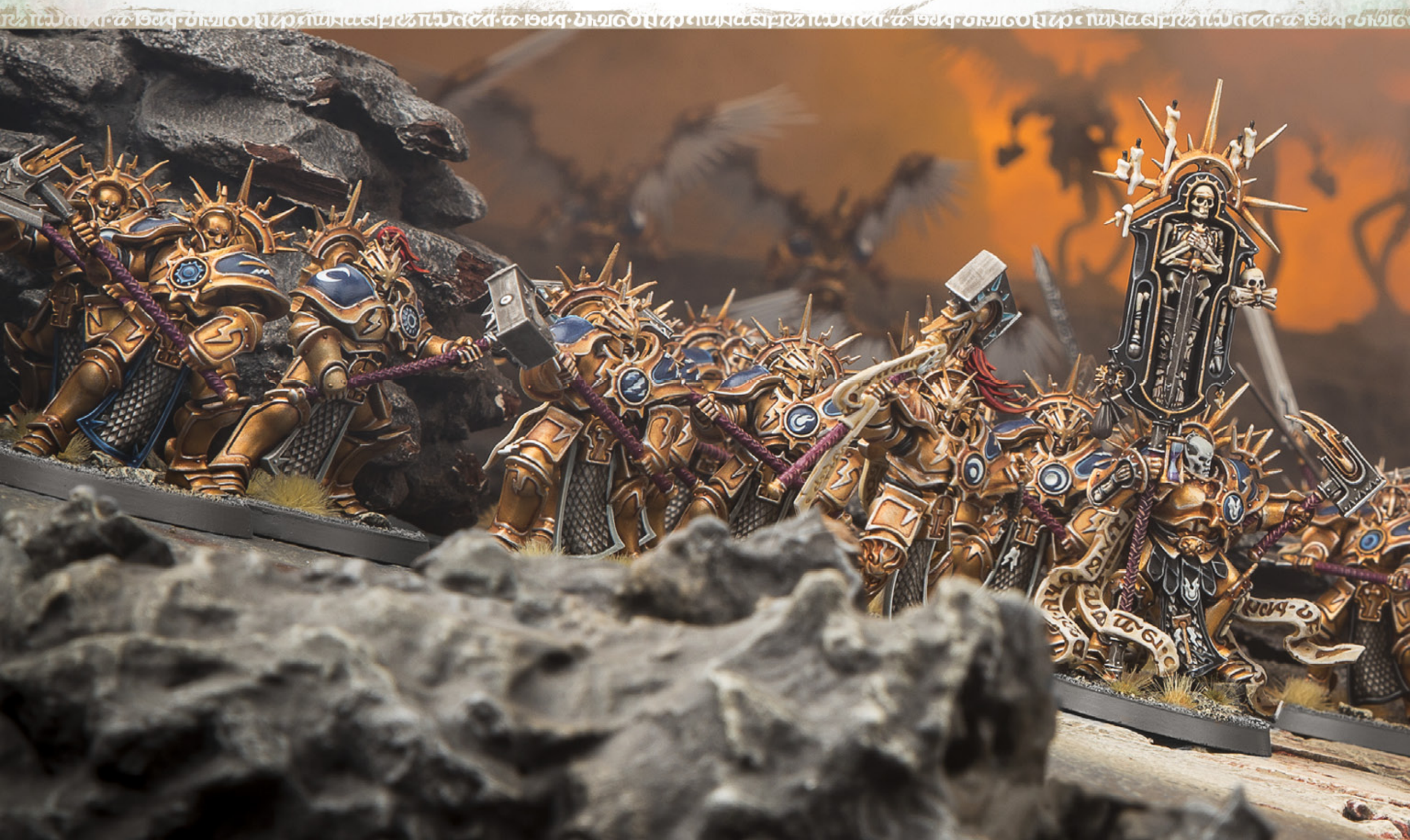
The Bloodthirster Skarbrand is fury made flesh. The deadliest of all Khorne's servants, he was once a force so powerful that he toppled cities and tore apart civilisations upon the edges of his daemonic axes. The flames of Skarbrand's fearsome pride were fanned by devious Tzeentch, and as the centuries bled past Skarbrand came to believe himself invincible, more potent even than his patron Khorne. Climbing to the top of the Skull Throne, Skarbrand levelled a mighty blow at the Blood God's neck, but did nothing more than scratch his armour. Khorne's rage was incandescent. The Blood God took Skarbrand in his claw and flung him across creation as a burning red fireball, the Bloodthirster's face torn apart and his wings crackling away to skeletal ruin. Since that day Khorne has hurled Skarbrand into a hundred different wars, his unforgiven progeny's bitter rage so intense it gives him incredible power – and even inflames the souls of those who witness it.

MADNESS ON THE PEAK

The twin banes of plague and boundless wrath dug their claws ever deeper into the Flameworlds. Though the Stormcast Eternals fought hard to break them, they were few, and the lands beneath the Chained Sun many. Only the most drastic of measures would break the twofold curse of Chaos.

Leaving Razareph to drag her master to safety, Cryptborn forced himself to focus on his plan. When he had spied the Hengegate portal, Ionus had realised its crystal pillars were similar in design to the Amethyst Dolmens of his deathly homelands. Those graven monoliths were psychic resonators that amplified grief, allowing the sepulchre kingdom's heroes to be mourned en masse. Ionus' hope was that the red henge could be used to magnify raw fury in a similar fashion – and in doing so, banish Bloab's insidious influence from the Ashlands entire.

Whilst Lord Cryptborn had been dealing with Victrian, the Paladins of his conclave had turned their blades against the scattered warbands of Bloodbound. Despite the fug of anger infecting their minds, those redoubtable warriors maintained enough discipline to heed Cryptborn's signal – three crackling bolts that formed a triangle of dissipating energy around his reliquary. Long-rehearsed battle plans came to the fore, and the Paladins fought into a wedge around their leader, fighting slowly towards the overhang of the mountain's peak. The bloodied remnants of the Redblade Riders, robbed of their steeds by the whirling mayhem of the storm-vortex, charged headlong into their path. Their anger made them careless, however, and they were unused to fighting on foot. Their haste cost them dearly. Met by the sweeping axes of the Decimators on the edges of the wedge, the Redblade Riders died in droves. Though they pulled down a few Stormcasts as they fell, the thunderaxes of the Paladins hewed shield, flesh and bone with such deadly efficiency Lord Cryptborn did not even have to break stride.



The Paladins' ascent did not go unnoticed, for Cryptborn ensured the corona of storm energy crackling around them flared especially bright. Seeing choice prey, Skarbrand hacked and stomped a crimson path to intercept the glorious few as they forged ever higher. The other Stormhosts still in the fight also strove to gain the peak, united in their desire to lay low the beast Skarbrand and the Bloodbound disciples in his wake.

Up and up the Paladins climbed. Those of the enemy high enough on the summit to hurl themselves upon the Hammerhands were skewered on the glaives of Cryptborn's Protectors and flung down the steep slopes with contemptuous flicks of the blade. When the overhanging peak was but a few steps distant, the Decimators of Cryptborn's escort peeled away, allowing their Retributor brothers to come to the fore. Only then did the Lord-Relictor gain the mountain's tip and speak. His fateful commands were heard by his Paladins alone.

Skarbrand drew closer still. Lightning hammers were raised high, corposant energy crackling atop them, before being brought down with pulverising force. The mountainside shook as if in fright, but the Exiled One came on. Thrice more did the hammers strike home. Then, just as Skarbrand's headlong charge hit home, the tip of the mountain broke away and slid downwards in a cascade of snow and black stone. To the horror of the Tempest Lords far below, the surviving Paladins of the Hammerhands Chamber were carried away with it.

The magnitude of Cryptborn's act became terrifyingly clear as a new thunder rolled across the mountain – not that of the Tempest, but of the avalanche. Many of the Bloodbound were lightly armoured and dextrous of limb, and they scrambled quickly before the snowslide, reaching the safety of jagged spars of rock that rose above the mayhem. The Stormcast Eternals, clad in heavy sigmarite war plate, were not so lucky. The avalanche buried the Stormhosts, leaving only Ionus and the unconscious Lord Victrian in safety. Scattered blurs of azure light blazed upwards from the grinding snowdrifts, each marking the death of a Stormcast. The Hammerhands fared worst of all, and only a handful of them survived; it was a terrible sacrifice, and the heavens shook in witness. But it was not in vain.

Head over cloven hoof, Skarbrand tumbled down the mountainside, his tattered wings unable to bear him aloft. Each rock and boulder that smashed into him fuelled his fury to greater heights, his outrage so profound it turned the snow to steam at his passing.

Had Lord Victrian been conscious to see it unfold, the last act of Cryptborn's plan would have left him speechless, but only Valkia, winging above the avalanche, witnessed it in full. Skarbrand was borne straight into the midst of the giant bloodquartz megaliths, the snowslide's grip finally broken by the white-hot fury of his inglorious descent. The daemon cast about himself, looking for a living soul to vent his fury upon, and found nothing but snow. He threw back his head and screamed in terrible rage.

Everywhere the effect was extreme. The force of Skarbrand's wrath, already so powerful it could boil a man's blood, was magnified a hundredfold by the crystal of the bloodquartz henge. Invisible tides of fury blasted out across the Flameworlds, concentric circles of raw emotion crashing like waves against every heart and mind. Louder and louder grew Skarbrand's bellow, the pillars of the henge shaking until their outlines blurred crimson. Mortals across the Ashlands and beyond joined their voices in hellish chorus. A million throats were shouted hoarse as the communal roar of undiluted blood lust rose into the heavens. So loud and fierce was the sound that it lit a fire of fierce joy in Khorne's brazen heart.

Eyes turned red, mouths frothed, and weakened limbs felt a savage might surge into them as Skarbrand's cry reached an epoch-shattering crescendo. The bloodquartz megaliths shattered in a titanic detonation of glowing red shards, impaling the Bloodthirster with a hundred thick spears of crystal and banishing him in a cloud of blood-coloured mist. An impossibly fearsome wave of rage blasted further and further across the Ashlands, driven forth before the thunderous boom of the explosion. At its passing, the Plague of Atrophy was incinerated. Nurgle's curse upon the Flamelands was lifted.

In the cataclysm's wake came carnage. The fires of Ignax burned with sky-searing intensity as every man, woman and child took up knives, cudgels, even sharp rocks. Shrieking in defiance, they fell upon their oppressors, and the blood of evil men filled the air.

Those closest to Skarbrand's apocalyptic fury fared the worst, their skulls bursting in explosions of gore and shattered bone. The scions of Khorne strong enough to survive the apocalyptic wave of fury turned upon their tribemates, shouting the warcries of their brutal kind as they hacked each other into steaming hunks of flesh.

The Stormcast Eternals caught in Cryptborn's avalanche felt the unnatural fury grip their minds. Its intensity was so powerful that for a moment it blotted out the god-given purity of their celestial souls. Held fast in their icy prisons, however, they were unable to fall upon their own kind. Thus were Sigmar's warriors spared the ignoble horror of turning on their own.

Atop what remained of the Unreachable Mountain's peak, Ionus Cryptborn chanted the meditative death-mantras of his order. When he sensed Skarbrand had been banished from the Flameworlds, he brought his consciousness back to the physical world. The Lord-Relictor gazed upon the aftermath of the battle, breathing a heavy sigh of relief – the deed was done. A shadow flitted above. From the skies came a jagged spear, hurled so hard it pierced Cryptborn's breastplate and took him through the heart. Ionus died in agony, the cruel laughter of the Gorequeen ringing in his ears.

Some time later, Lord Cyrocco regained consciousness, emerging from the lee of a great rock and digging his Victrians from the snow so they could free the other Stormhosts in turn. Of Ionus Cryptborn, however, there was no sign.

BATTLEPLAN

BRINGING DOWN THE MOUNTAIN

This battleplan enables players to refight the desperate plan of Ionus Cryptborn to draw the raging Bloodthirster, Skarbrand, to the Crystal Henge atop the Unreachable Mountain. The tumultuous storm that carried the warring armies through the floating Realmgate has cast them high above their target. Cryptborn is forced to enact a desperate plan to smash asunder the very ground beneath their feet with the aim of plunging Skarbrand into the Crystal Henge in the resultant landslide.

The Mortal Realms are vast beyond comprehension, their geology as varied as a madman's dreams. There are endless possibilities for such a battle to be fought between any rival armies. Perhaps two forces vie for control of one of the legendary Floating Rocks of Ipernia, or maybe your battle is set atop a majestic ice bridge that leads to the palace of the Frozen Queen of Aranae?

THE ARMIES

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

All **WIZARDS** know the Wings of Fury spell, shown below, in addition to any other spells they know.

GROUNDBREAKER'S OBJECTIVES

An enemy army stands before you, ready to destroy your warriors without mercy. Yet thanks to some powerful magic, their battle line is drawn up on a precarious position. Your best hope for victory is to turn your weapons upon the ground itself – if you can cause a landslide, huge swathes of your enemies will be sent to their graves amid a shower of razor-sharp rocks.

SLAUGHTERER'S OBJECTIVES

You have been dragged to this battlefield by esoteric means that you do not fully understand, but it changes nothing. A row of enemy heads are lined up before you and it is your duty to see them severed for the glory of your master. Let none stand in your way; yours is the fury, so do not hesitate to unleash it upon them in a whirlwind of explosive violence. Kill, kill and kill again, 'til all your foes lie slain.

WINGS OF FURY

The caster taps into the primal instincts of their allies. Their inner beast is given shape, and they take to the skies, flexing spectral pinions formed of animalistic rage.

Wings of Fury has a casting value of 4. If successfully cast, pick the caster or a friendly unit within 24". Until your next hero phase, that unit can fly.

BEACON OF RAGE

After set-up, the slaughterer must nominate one of the models they have set up to be a beacon of rage. A palpable aura of fury emanates from this model, driving those nearby to new heights of murderous violence. In the combat phase, the slaughterer re-rolls all failed hit rolls for any of their models within 8" of the beacon of rage, whilst the groundbreaker re-rolls hit rolls of 1 for any of their models within 8" of the beacon.

THE BATTLEFIELD

This battle takes place atop a mountain of unfathomable magnitude. A rocky ledge juts forth from the mountainside, hosting the warring 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

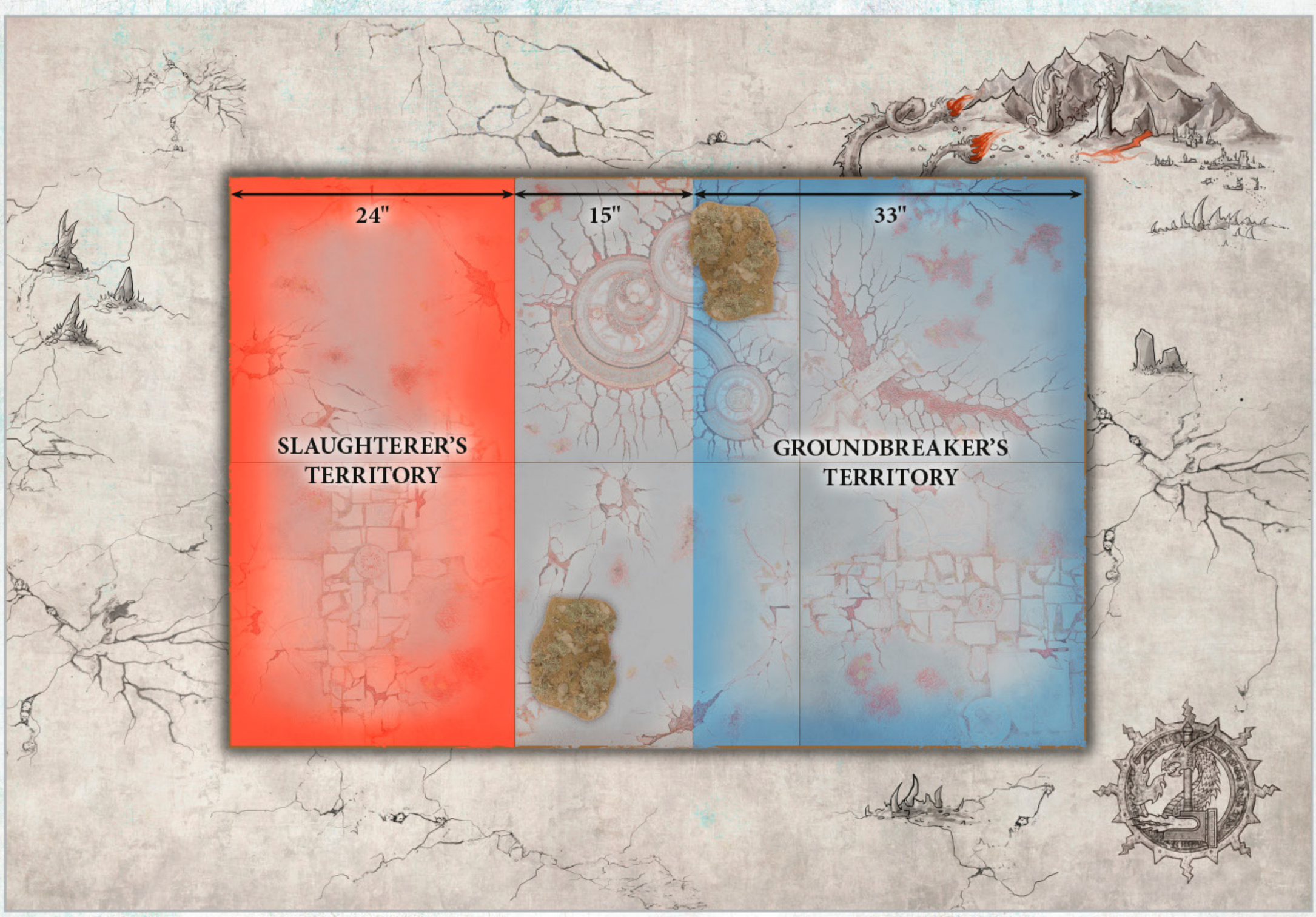
Set up the two armies as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, but using the territories shown on the map below.

THE SUNDERERS

After set-up, the groundbreaker must pick up to three units to be sunderers – these units have been tasked with causing the landslide that will bring devastation to the enemy army as they fall to their doom. Such is the importance of their task that the sunderers have been chosen from amongst the bravest of their peers. The groundbreaker can therefore choose to re-roll any battleshock tests they make for their units of sunderers.

FIRST TURN

The slaughterer decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.



STARTING A LANDSLIDE

At the end of the third battle round and at the end of every battle round thereafter, the groundbreaker can attempt to bring down the mountain. To do so, the groundbreaker rolls a dice for each unit of sunderers that is more than 24" from the eastern edge of the battlefield. To succeed, the groundbreaker must roll a 6.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, the first player to completely vanquish their opponent's army wins a **major victory**.

However, if the groundbreaker successfully brings down the mountain by starting a landslide, the game ends immediately and the groundbreaker wins a **major victory**. If, after five battle rounds have been completed, the groundbreaker has been unable to start a landslide, the slaughterer wins a **major victory** instead.

HINTS & TIPS

The groundbreaker's choice of sunderers is crucial. A large, durable unit with plenty of Wounds and/or a solid Save characteristic could be difficult for the slaughterer to kill. On the other hand, fast (perhaps even flying) units could try to circumnavigate the enemy army, forcing the slaughterer to engage in a wild goose chase. Do you risk protecting a single unit of sunderers and sacrificing the others to achieve your goal, or try to protect all three?

TIME OF WAR

The Ashlands in the Realm of Fire are barren plains tortured by the oppressive solar energies of Ignax, the godbeast bound in the skies above, and the sentient cloud of volcanic ash that haunts the land, known as the pyroclasm. The rules on this page enable you to set battles amid this war-torn landscape.

THE ASHLANDS

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

BLESSINGS OF IGNAX, THE SOLAR DRAKE

Basking in the fiery glow of the mighty Solar Drake chained in the sky above, the Ashlands are a locus for unbridled aggression and burning magical anomalies. Each player must roll a dice at the start of their hero phase and refer to the table on the right to see what effect this has on their turn.

APOCALYPTIC RAGE

Skarbrand's fateful ascent into the Crystal Henge caused a clamourous wave of unrestrained fury to sweep across the Ashlands, turning soldiers into butchers and tribesmen into berserkers. The echoes of the Bloodthirster's final roar of maddened rage still haunt this war-torn region, inspiring fits of bloodlust in all who hear it.

When rolling a dice to determine who will choose the order of turns in each battle round, if both players roll the same number, Skarbrand's roar resonates across the land once more. Until the start of the next battle round, units that are within 12" of an enemy unit in their charge phase must attempt to charge. If Skarbrand is on the battlefield, both players must also re-roll any failed charge rolls.

D6	Result
1	**Solar Flare:** Subtract 1 from the hit rolls for any missile weapons fired by your units this turn as they are dazzled by a searing burst of light.
2	**Raging Heatwave:** A wave of wrathful fervour sweeps across the battlefield, galvanising those that feel its kiss into new heights of fury. Both players add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of any melee weapons used by units in their armies in this turn.
3	**Legacy of Vulcatrix:** In the presence of Ignax, Vulcatrix's mighty offspring, beasts of every description are infused with the power to bellow forth roiling flame. In the shooting phase, all of the player's **MONSTERS** can breathe fire in addition to attacking with any other missile weapons they have. To do so, pick an enemy unit within 12" of the **MONSTER** and roll a dice. On the roll of a 4 or more, the target unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. Because of its fiery lineage, when a **MAGMADROTH** makes such an attack, the target unit automatically suffers D3 mortal wounds; there is no need to roll to see if the unit is affected.
4	**Burning Rays:** Those caught beneath the Solar Drake's piercing glare can expect only a fiery death should they be judged unworthy by the mighty godbeast. Both players must roll a dice for each of their units on the battlefield. On the roll of a 1, the unit being rolled for suffers D3 mortal wounds. **HEROES** are deemed worthy and are unaffected by Ignax's fiery judgement.
5	**Ash Storm:** Ignax beats her incandescent pinions and an ash storm of terrible ferocity sweeps the lands below. The range of any weapon, spell or ability is limited to a maximum of 8" after any other modifiers.
6	**Blazing Vista:** Rock, stone, wood and tree all burst into flame, wreathing those nearby in the fires of Ignax. The player whose turn it is selects up to D3 terrain features anywhere on the battlefield. Players must roll a dice for each of their models that is within 3" of the selected terrain pieces. For each roll of a 1, that model's unit suffers a mortal wound.

BURNING SKIES

If you decide a game is taking place in the Ashlands, then your armies will be battling beneath burning skies. This affects armies warring on the plains below in two ways.

Flying creatures that spend too long in the skies will suffer searing pain from the raging inferno above. Each time a flying unit moves more than 10" in the movement phase, it suffers a mortal wound for each model in the unit.

With the skies above wreathed in eldritch flame, it is simplicity itself for sorcerers of every ilk to summon forth fiery meteors from the firmament above to crash down into the enemy lines. Consequently, **WIZARDS** in the Ashlands know the Meteoric Conflagration spell (see below) in addition to any other spells that they know.

ASHLANDS TRIUMPHS

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

D6	Reward
1	**Ride the Thermals:** Pick a unit in your army to receive this blessing. That unit can fly. If the unit you picked could already fly, that unit instead ignores mortal wounds caused as a result of the Ashlands' Burning Skies rule.
2	**Ring of Fury:** Pick a **HERO** in your army to wear this baleful ring. You can attempt to cast the Arcane Bolt spell with that **HERO** in each of your hero phases as if they were a wizard.
3	**Boon of Flame:** Pick a **MONSTER** in your army to receive this boon. Re-roll any wound rolls of 1 for that model.
4	**Firetrap Curse:** Pick an enemy unit at the start of the battle. Each time that unit moves in the movement phase or charges, your opponent must roll a dice. On the roll of a 1, that unit suffers a mortal wound.
5	**The Solar Scroll:** Pick a **WIZARD** in your army to carry this scroll. This model knows the Meteoric Conflagration spell even if the battle is not being fought in the Ashlands.
6	**The Eye of Ignax:** Pick a **HERO** in your army to bear this fiery gem. Add 1 to the Damage characteristic of that **HERO**'s melee weapons, or 2 when targeting **SYLVANETH** models.

METEORIC CONFLAGRATION

Meteoric Conflagration has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick a model anywhere on the battlefield. Roll a dice for each unit (friend or foe) that is within 3" of the model that you picked. On a roll of 3 or more, the unit being rolled for suffers D3 mortal wounds.

THE PYROCLASM

For many years, the Ashlands have been under the oppression of the sentient storm known to the region's natives people as the pyroclasm. When this deadly cloud draws near, death will surely follow.

In each of your hero phases, decide whether you will to try and appease the pyroclasm with a sacrifice or risk suffering its wrath. If you choose to make a sacrifice, pick one of your units; that unit immediately suffers D6 mortal wounds. Now roll a dice; on the roll of a 2 or more, your sacrifice was deemed to be a worthy offering, and the pyroclasm ignores your army this turn. If you choose a **HERO** to be the victim of your sacrifice, it will always be deemed worthy. If your sacrifice was found to be unworthy, the pyroclasm inflicts one mortal wound on each of your units on the battlefield.

If you choose to defy the pyroclasm, roll a dice; on the roll of a 6, the pyroclasm ignores your army this turn. On any other roll, the pyroclasm's anger is roused and it inflicts one mortal wound on each of your units on the battlefield.

The howling hordes of the Bloodbound spill across the slopes of the Unreachable Mountain. War is their only desire.

Under the steely gaze of Valkia the Bloody, even mortal warriors fight like blood-mad daemons.

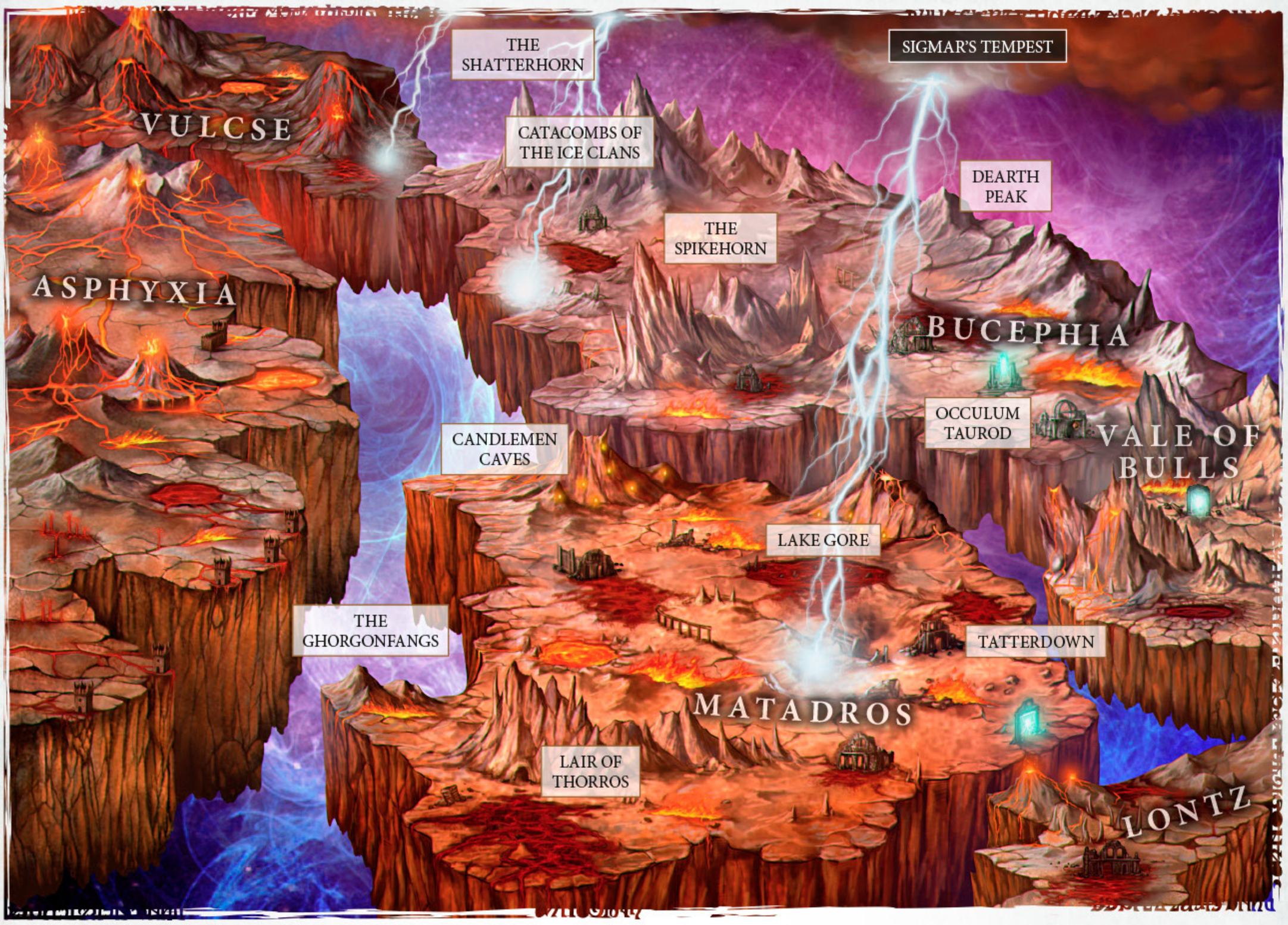
THE TAUROI ARCHIPELAGO

FATE OF THE CANDLEMEN

Long before the Stormcast Eternals descended upon the Flameworlds, the islands off the coast of Asphyxia were barren and infertile, drained to the last dregs of civilisation by the boundless battle-thirst of the Dark Gods. Murderous mutants and bull-headed giants prowled every peak.

The hill clans of the Tauroi Archipelago were once the masters of both fire and water. Their menfolk hunted and killed the bestial predators of their domain by the light of giant conflagrations lit from dried evergreens and pine sap. The clans' womenfolk raised extensive aqueducts, channelling the pure waters of the volcanic peaks to the arid plains of Asphyxia. For long centuries they lived a harmonious existence, but by the time Sigmar's Tempest broke, those proud cultures had been reduced to scattered remnants.

One fell day the malevolent gaze of Khorne had fallen upon the Ashlands' outermost realm. All who lived there felt it in their souls as a shiver of hot fear. Within hours the lands splintered, quaked and broke away from the mainland as if struck by a godly blow. A great influx of bull-headed monstrosities assailed the islands, emerging from a rift in the mountains by the thousands. Fire was no longer an ally to the hill clans, but an enemy, for it attracted the Bloodscorch beasts in great number. The native peoples fought valiantly against these ravening beasts, but were forced to concede their lands, instead scraping a lowly existence from the caves in the high peaks. Soon the people dared not light even a cook-fire; they had become masters of little more than the rags they wore and the barely edible fungi they could farm within their shadowy hiding places. When Sigmar's Tempest came to bring salvation to the Ashlands, the Stormcast Eternals despatched to the Tauroi Archipelago found there was little of the native people left to save.



Two half-strength retinues of Tempest Lords wound their way into the cave networks of Matadros in silence. Those not in the vanguard cleaned the blood of bullgor monstrosities from their shining hammers and cobalt armour. Liberator-Prime Aldecco was the first to speak. 'We bring dishonour upon our Stormhost if we simply retreat. How are we to make the twelve-tally if we do not fight?'

Encinio, blazing a path through the darkness, replied. 'We regroup first, Aldecco. Though I'll be amazed if you can take down one of those things, let alone a dozen.' The Retributor-Prime squinted into the gloom. There was a light in the depths; fading fast, but a light nonetheless. 'Swift advance,' he said sternly.

Ahead, the tunnels opened up into a cavern dotted with stalagmites. Encinio saw the light again, dimly illuminating a hollow-cheeked face. 'Be not afraid,' he called, raising the sword-length horn he had snapped from the crown of a bull-beast. 'We have a common enemy. Let us talk of how best to slay these brutes.'

The figure in the distance came forward slowly, his eyes shining in the light of a guttering tallow candle. From behind the stalagmites came a score of his fellows, then a hundred, then too many to count. Some uncovered their own candles, others made the sign of the comet.

'Aldecco, my friend,' said Encinio, turning to him. 'Looks like you'll have your fight soon enough.'

LAST STAND OF THE FAITHFUL

The Tempest Lords were not the only Stormhost to descent to the Tauroi Archipelago, nor the only ones to win the native clans to their side. Despite the horrors ranged against them, the people of that land would no longer skulk in the darkness, instead choosing to blaze bright in rebellion.

The Stormcast Eternals fared poorly in the first few days of their attack upon the Tauroi Archipelago. The Bloodscorch bullgors were horrifically strong, and all but impossible to break. Entire phalanxes gave their lives before the Lord-Celestants ordered the retreat. A new strategy was devised – to use the land and its people as the anvil, and the Stormhosts as the hammer.

With their Knights-Azyros leading the way, several Strike Chambers located the remnants of the hill clans, enclaves hidden in cave networks too small for a bullgor to access. At first, the rousing presence of the Stormcasts had little effect on those beaten down by the oppression of Chaos, for most amongst the hill clans had already given up. It soon became obvious the war for the Tauroi Archipelago was a battle of the spirit, not of the body; a battle that began without a single worshipper of Chaos in sight. On one side were the Stormcast Eternals, embodiments of Sigmar's will to break the stranglehold of the Dark Gods. On the other was the crushing weight of years of oppression, and the terror inspired by the bullgor warherds – or rather by the prospect of becoming fodder for their gory feasts.

It was a battle the Tempest Lords were well suited to fight. Their stirring rhetoric brought clan after clan to their banners, each new throng guiding them through the labyrinthine tunnels to the next. Those they could not convince of a new dawn they galvanised with talk of a last stand – a final glorious crusade that would see them rise in magnificence one last time.

Down from their caves came the Candlemen, hundreds of tattered flagellants and armoured war-priests picking up the battle hymns of the Tempest Lords as they marched in step to the bloodstained valleys below. With his statue-crowned altar uncovered and placed upon its carriage, Arch Lector Veltahren rode down the gently sloping aqueducts in splendour. It was an impressive sight, and it attracted the bullgor clans as surely as any conflagration on the open plain.

ARCH LECTOR YACKOB VELTAHREN

The eldest warrior of the clan once called the Blazemen has proven the one soul brave enough to keep a spark of defiance alive. When all around were losing hope, Veltahren's ironclad surety that the ancient god Sigmar had not abandoned them altogether was a constant solace. Though the Blazemen were forced to exchange their proud bonfires for timid candlelight, they clung to Yackob's claims like shipwrecked survivors to spars of driftwood. Many blamed themselves for their predicament, whipping and flagellating themselves in the hope that Sigmar would forgive them and return to drive the Bloodscorch bullgors from their lands. Others slowly lost faith, abandoning the Lector's teachings as the worst kind of folly. And yet, on the day the Tempest Lords arrived to aid them, Veltahren's patience was rewarded. The scions of Sigmar would burn so brightly that the darkness was banished forever – and the Candlemen would blaze alongside them.

The horned beasts that bellowed and snorted at the end of the aqueducts stood as men, but their intent was animalistic and brutal in the extreme. The creatures were huge, each so tall and muscular they made even the Paladins of the encroaching Stormhosts appear childlike in comparison. Dust devils whipped through the mountain passes as ever more beast-tribes emerged from their bone-strewn lairs. In their midst were cackling, goat-legged mutants and pot-bellied archers no bigger than men, but it was the bull-headed giants that strode through their midst that held the eye. Their broad foreheads were daubed with the dread rune of Khorne, their bellows and snorts uncannily like human voices booming praise to the Blood God.

Even the Tempest Lords were daunted by the sight. There were as many bullgors as there were Stormcast Eternals to face them, and the beastmen's ghorgon kin would further tip the scales. Still, the war-songs of the celestial armies faltered not. To hesitate now would be to break the morale of the mortal clans, and the Tempest Lords had not been Reforged to cower in the face of danger. Instead, the Knights-Heraldor of the Stormhosts sounded the clarion call to charge. The ringing command was echoed from their brothers in the valleys of Bucephia, Lontz, Vulcse, and even the Vale of Bulls. Across the archipelago, Lord-Celestants led the charge, knowing that in doing so they were likely leading the celestial crusaders and their mortal allies to their deaths.

The thunderous assault of the Stormcast Eternals shook the ground with its fury, wedge after wedge driving towards the bullgor warherds. The bestial armies did not stand idly, but lowered their heads and counter-charged with terrifying force. The largest of the horned giants bulldozed a path straight through the ranks of the Tempest Lords, the telltale blue energy of dead Stormcasts crackling skyward in their wake. Battle was joined in earnest as ordered lines were buckled and broken, reduced to heaving presses where raw strength alone would carry the day. Some of the rampaging bullgors were slain by hammer blows good and true, others pulled down by the flail-wielding Candlemen and beaten to a bloody pulp. For a moment, it seemed the valour of Sigmar's armies might win out. Then the ghorgons waded into the fray. The four-armed monstrosities lashed about themselves with sickle-sharp claws and jagged blades protruding from their wrist stumps. Their fury was so fierce that blood could be tasted in the air. The berserker-beasts crashed on through the melee, stuffing headless

corpses into their maws with a frantic, terrible vigour. The clansmen, their mortal frailty clear in the face of such lethal hatred, buckled and fled. In doing so they exposed the Stormcasts' flanks to three stampeding hordes of bullgors.

Then came a miracle.

A sky-splitting boom rang out, concentric waves of red light cascading across the heavens. A feeling of intense rage inflamed every clansman's mind to breaking point, forcing them back into the fight with shouts of bloodcurdling fury. For the bull-headed scions of Khorne – creatures already on the verge of rage-fuelled mania – the effect was far more dramatic. Thousands of grotesquely horned heads burst apart in spraying fountains of blood, bone and brain matter as the waves of Skarbrand's amplified rage broke over the bullgor clans. Delirious shouts of victory burst from every clansman's throat as the bodies of their monstrous enemies slumped to the ground. The scattered hosts of the hill clans surged forwards, bringing red vengeance to the remainder of the brayherds that had usurped their lands. Though they knew it not, a distant Lord-Relictor had reversed the course of their destiny.

Even the shields used by the Tauroi warherds can be used as brutal bludgeons when the fighting begins.

BATTLEPLAN

A TWIST OF FATE

Even though commanders of every ilk will endeavour to avoid needless battle when the enemy's strength or numbers are too great, sometimes such situations are inescapable. Under such circumstances, a general can do little more than give a rousing speech to their warriors to instil in them a steely determination, and lead them forwards into the jaws of death. Yet such courage in the face of adversity can also provide the opportunity for fate to intervene…

In the bitter conflicts fought during the Realmgate Wars, many such battles were won and lost, gods and mortals alike intervening directly to foil the plans of their rivals. The outcome of these conflicts, such as those fought by the Tempest Lords against the fearsome bullgors of the Tauroi Archipelago, were determined by the heroism of others on distant battlefields. In this way, the valiant deeds of a few can affect the fate of many, salvation coming from an unexpected quarter.

THE ARMIES

One player is the rampager, whose forces have been running wild across the land. Their opponent is the cornered player. Ideally, the rampager should have at least a third more models than the cornered player.

Each army has an additional rule, as described below.

CORNERED PLAYER'S OBJECTIVES

You have fought long and hard against your enemy, but after a bloody campaign, it has become clear that you no longer have the strength to break their iron grip on these lands. The time has come for bold action. Though you doubtless march towards your death, your choice to face the enemy in open battle will at worst earn you a noble death, and at best, a chance for victory against the odds should fate smile upon your courage.

RAMPAGER'S OBJECTIVES

You have claimed these lands through right of conquest. Your enemies have all fled before your might and spent many days cowering in their hiding places. Yet now, it seems, they have grown a spine once more and even now march down a narrow mountain pass towards you in a pitiful display of courage. You have fought many battles, butchering their kind without mercy. The coming clash will be no different. Destroy them once and for all, and leave none alive to oppose your dominance. They cannot match your strength or numbers – only a miracle can save them from annihilation by your hand.

CORNERED PLAYER'S ARMY ABILITY

Rousing Oratory: The cornered player's general has given an inspiring speech to their warriors before leading them into battle. Where the general fights, the spirits of the soldiery are bolstered as those rousing words ring fresh in their minds once more. Add 2 to the Bravery of all units from your army within 15" of your general at the start of the battleshock phase.

RAMPAGER'S ARMY ABILITY

Conqueror's Due: The rampager's hordes have dominated these lands for many years. They have long awaited the moment when they can achieve their final, bloody victory. If one of the rampager's units completely wipes out an enemy unit in the combat phase, the rampager can re-roll all failed hit rolls for all of their other units for the rest of the turn.

THE BATTLEFIELD

A narrow pathway leads down from the upper slopes of the mountains, along which the cornered player's army marches to battle. This route leads into the craggy foothills to the south – an acrid and sparse region largely unadorned for miles around.

We suggest setting up no more than one or two terrain features. The rest of the battlefield should be left barren.

SET-UP

The players alternate setting up units one at a time in their own territory, as shown on the map below, starting with the rampager.

FIRST TURN

The cornered player decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

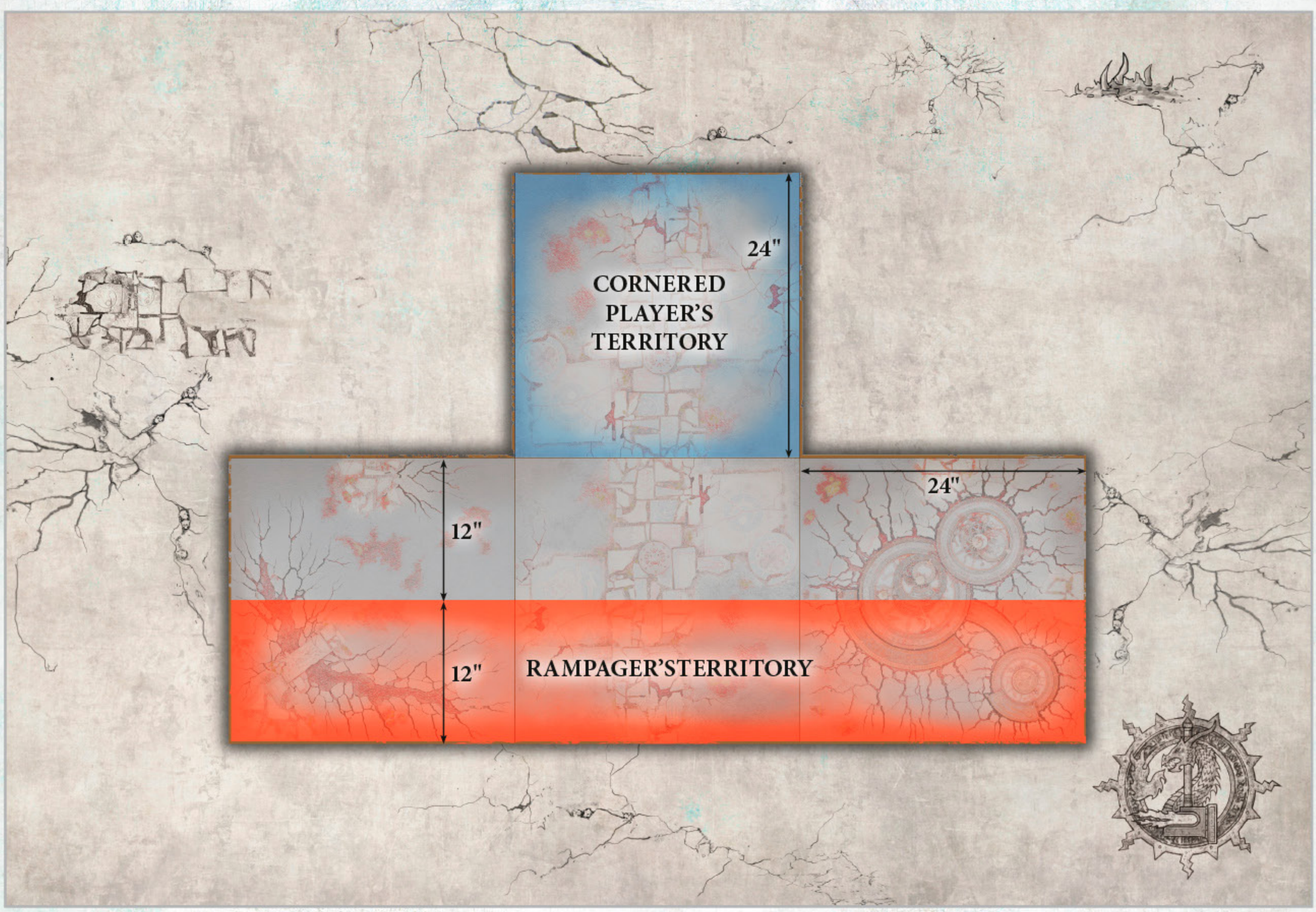
FORTUNE SMILES

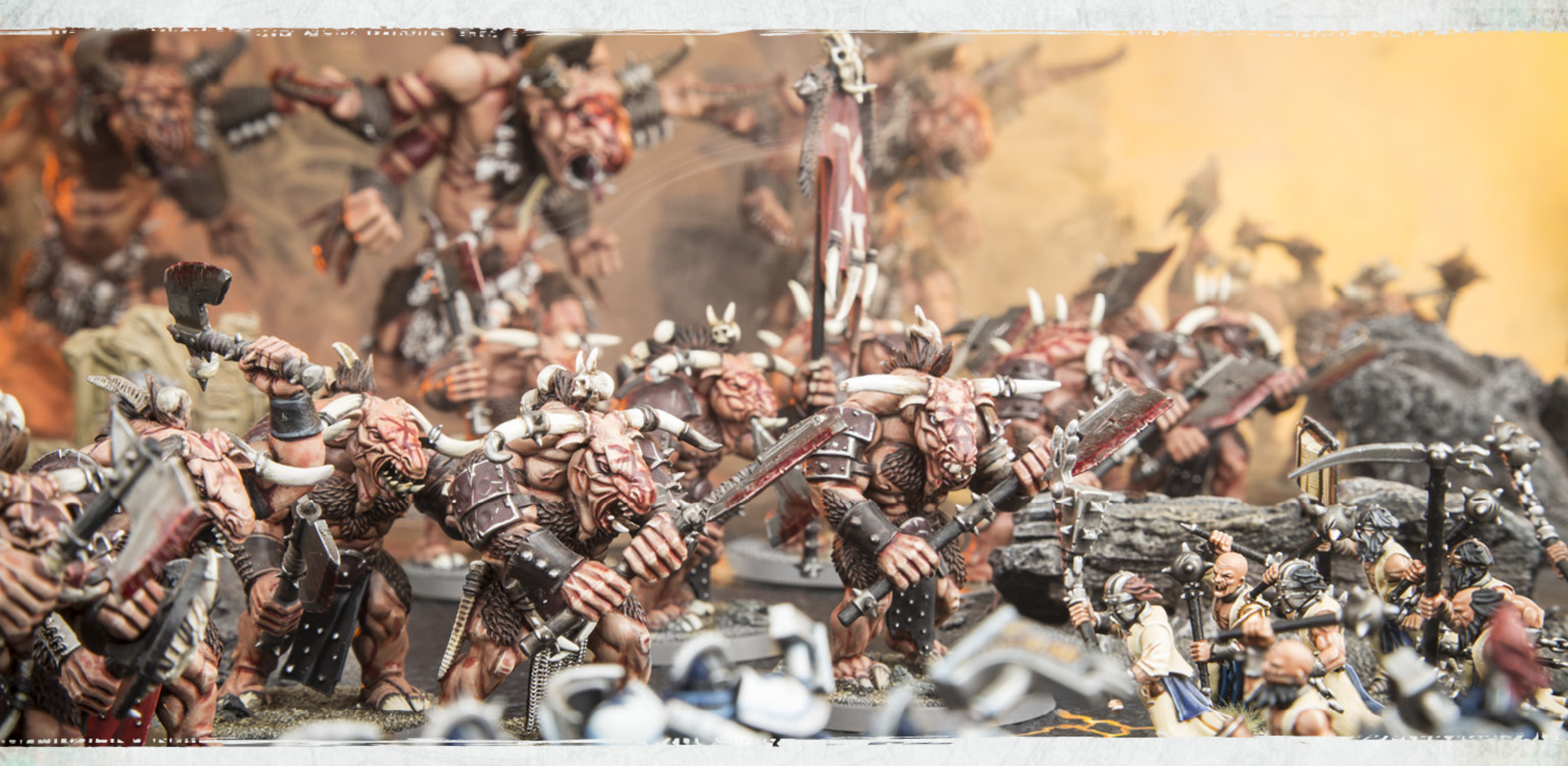
Starting from the second battle round, if the players roll the same when determining who takes the first turn, fate intervenes with the following effects:

– The cornered player decides who takes the first turn.

– Whether it be a magical tide that sweeps the battlefield to decimate the rampager's ranks, or a rift in reality that drags them into oblivion, fate takes its toll.

The cornered player rolls a dice for each of the rampager's units on the battlefield, inflicting D6 mortal wounds on the unit being rolled for. This effect can only happen once during the game.





– So traumatic and disruptive is the sudden change of events to the rampager's army that they no longer benefit from the Conqueror's Due army rule for the rest of the battle.

VICTORY

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

The game lasts for five battle rounds. If, at the end of the game, any models from the cornered player's starting force are still alive and on the battlefield, the cornered player wins a **major victory**. If one player wipes out their opponent's army before five battle rounds have been completed, they win a **major victory**.

LINKING YOUR GAMES

You can link this battleplan together with Bringing Down the Mountain. To do so, you can either play both games simultaneously alongside two of your friends, or play Bringing Down the Mountain first and use the result to determine the outcome of this battleplan.

If playing the games simultaneously, start the first battle round on each battlefield at the same time. All the rules for both battleplans still apply, with the following addition: if the groundbreaker succeeds in starting a landslide (or otherwise wins a victory), then the Fortune Smiles rules come into effect at the start of the next battle round in A Twist of Fate regardless of the numbers the players roll when determining who takes the first turn. Similarly, if playing the games one after another, if the groundbreaker wins Bringing Down the Mountain, make a note of the battle round in which the victory was achieved; at the start of the following battle round in A Twist of Fate, the Fortune Smiles rules automatically come into effect.

In either case, when playing these two battleplans as linked games, A Twist of Fate lasts for seven battle rounds instead of five, meaning that the cornered player must hold out for even longer! However, the winner of A Twist of Fate wins an overall **major victory**, even if they lost Bringing Down the Mountain.

Ghorgons see mortal men as little more than hunks of red meat to be messily devoured.

The Bloodscorch Bulltribes roam the Tauroi Archipelago, dedicating each of their gory feasts to Khorne.

BLOODSCORCH BULLTRIBE

All bullgors are consumed with rage, but the Bloodscorch tribes embody it. Huge in stature and rapacious in their desire for bloodshed, they are archetypal beasts of Khorne. Every hobbyist who delights in the raw power of Chaos will relish bringing these bullgors to terrifying life.

A nightmarish cacophony of thunderous bellows and stampeding hooves heralds the dire end of many who face the bullgors. Twice the size of a man and immensely strong, they scythe into the fray with vicious horns and ragged blades that eviscerate the flesh and splinter the bones of their woeful victims.

Being huge yet swift, bullgors have no great need for protective armour, and they tend to eschew it bar sections on their upper arms. Their hand weapons largely take the form of colossal axes and maces which, while rudimentary, are brutally effective.

Naturally larger than most miniatures, and with a wealth of characterful details, the bullgors are a lot of fun to paint. What's more, a wide choice of horns, torsos and even manes ensures that each unit can be as varied as you wish. Whether your finished bullgor horde is ranged against the forces of Order or a rival Chaos army, it'll make a spectacular and intimidating sight that's certain to rattle the nerves of any opponent.

This bullgor carries a large Chaos design on his back. Paint the shape in Khorne Red, then carefully apply Agrax Earthshade before outlining it with Evil Sunz Scarlet.

Using an XS Artificer Layer brush to apply tiny spatters of Blood for the Blood God to this warrior's snout and axe blade adds extra gory impact.

Prepare the miniature by spraying an undercoat of Chaos Black. This will give the colours you apply a darker hue, and also provide a degree of pre-shading in the recessed details.

Paint the skin with Bugman's Glow, the cloth with Mephiston Red, armour with Khorne Red, the leather and fur with Rhinox Hide, the horns with Zandri Dust and the iron with Leadbelcher.

Apply a layer of Cadian Fleshtone to brighten the tone of the skin. Then, paint fine lines of Ushabti Bone on the horns and tusks. All other areas receive a shade of Nuln Oil.

Add Carroburg Crimson to skin folds and Agrax Earthshade to the horns. Highlight the blade with Runefang Steel, fur with Gorthor Brown, and loincloth with Evil Sunz Scarlet.

Paint the raised areas of skin with Kislev Flesh. Paint the marking on the snout with Khorne Red. The gore on the blade is the Blood for the Blood God Technical paint.

Attach Citadel Sand to the base using PVA, then apply Abaddon Black. Drybrush first with Balor Brown and then again with Screaming Skull. Paint the rim with Steel Legion Drab.

LAND OF THE CHAINED SUN

SIEGE OF THE CRESCENT ISLE

The war for the Flameworlds stretched on after Skarbrand's fall, spreading to new theatres of war until a hundred battlefields were churned with gore. Archaon's plan to capture Ignax hung by a thread, but he was cunning, and his legions mighty. A battle of gods and monsters was about to unfold…

Sigmar's hosts had meted out their vengeance across the Ashlands and beyond. Asphyxia, once the undisputed province of the Blood God's hordes, had been assaulted with such unrelenting determination that its barren heartlands now belonged to the Stormcast Eternals alone. The Paladins of the Hammers of Sigmar had fought like heroes of legend, and one of Nurgle's most fecund plagues was burned away when Lord Cryptborn turned the impossibly livid rage of the Bloodthirster Skarbrand against it. In the wake of that explosive event, the bullgor tribes of the Tauroi Archipelago had been slaughtered in one fell instant, their brains boiled by the sheer intensity of Skarbrand's daemonic wrath. Over the next few years, the lesser beastmen of that splintered land were hunted to extinction by the clans they once called prey.

With the archipelago's horned beasts no longer securing the edge of the Ashlands, the Bloodbound of Asphyxia had no way to halt the advance of the sigmarite-clad phalanxes ranged against them. Within a month, almost all of Asphyxia's blood-mad usurpers were driven into the sulphuric seas. This in turn drained the rest of that landmass – the former hunting grounds of the mighty Lord Khul – of the manpower the Bloodbound needed to keep the forces of Order from consolidating their gains. The Ashlands natives rose up against their persecutors as never before, the leaders of each rebellion hoping the grip of Chaos would finally be broken.

They had reckoned without Archaon.

The mortal pawns of the Everchosen had been stymied, outmanoeuvred, even slaughtered by the Stormhosts and their allies. But they were by no means the only powers that answered Archaon's call. The seraphon armies that had long destabilised Orb Infernia had been dispelled, sent back to the heavens as motes of celestial energy after their slann master Xen'phantica met his end upon Khorgos Khul's axe. With the way ahead finally clear, Lord

LORD-CELESTANT IMPERIUS

The leader of the Hammers Draconis is Lord-Celestant Imperius, a martial strategist of incomparable skill whose life was marred by tragedy. When he was mortal, Imperius ruled justly and wisely as the monarch of a Ghurrite kingdom. His people held out for long years against the Chaos tribes that hunted them for sport, and Imperius' legend grew with every new victory. At the last, it was jealousy that undid him. His brother could no longer stand to see honours heaped upon Imperius' name, and led an open rebellion against him. Assailed from within and without, the king's power base was broken apart, and his royal armies routed. When the Chaos invaders were on the cusp of ultimate victory, King Imperius led his household knights in one last glorious charge, only to be snatched from the field in a flash of lightning. Reforged and given command of his own Extremis Chamber, Imperius still sees himself as leading that same heroic strike against Chaos to this day, each new assault an echo of that fated day he became an immortal.

Khul passed through the God's Eye of Nugatoria, his Gorechosen following in his wake. They emerged upon the Land of the Chained Sun.

That land was already scorched by the fires of war. With the pulses of anger that drove the tribes of the Flameworlds into a defiant frenzy, the Solar Drake chained above the Ashlands had flared brighter than ever. Waves of raw fire-magic blazed from Ignax's flanks, so fierce they forced everyone under her gaze to flee deep into the earth or be incinerated where they stood. Once those sky-searing ripples of emotion were spent, Ignax's flames dimmed, for even a godbeast can know exhaustion. Archaon judged the time right to take the Solar Drake for his own, and in doing so, to cement his plan to attack the Heavens themselves.

The war for the crescent-shaped island beneath Ignax had started some time ago. When he bound the Truthsayer Kiathanus to his service, Archaon had learned that the sun above the Ashlands was in truth a vast godbeast. Even the most skilled of his Gaunt Summoners were unable to reach that hovering landmass, for it was protected by a number of potent duardin shield-runes. With those abjurations warping any hostile magicks, a summoned portal was as likely to open in the heat of Ignax's fires as it was upon safe ground.

Incensed, Archaon had sent the circles of his Varanguard to root out and kill the Fyreslayer lodges that made their homes on the Scarred Isle. It was perceived by some of his captains as a gesture of spite more than strategy, as a venting of temper that had only a slim chance of uncovering the key to the conquest of the crescent isle and the capture of the Solar Drake. Ultimately, it proved the right course, though only the Truthsayer Kiathanus knew why.

Archaon's Varanguard were a force like no other. Each steel-clad rider was a champion of the Dark Gods, and no few had deadly mutations or reality-twisting powers. They rode to war on massive daemon steeds that looked from a distance to be armoured stallions, but at close quarters were revealed as something far more terrifying. Their number was dizzying, for Archaon had been claiming the best of those who fought in the names of the Chaos Gods for centuries. By the start of the Age of Sigmar, the Varanguard numbered in the tens of thousands.

Even the doughty Fyreslayers were no match for such elite foes. Though the duardin held out far longer than any had a right to expect, the fyrds were rooted out from their ancient strongholds and put to the sword. And still the Varanguard could not be everywhere at once. The Scarred Isle was massive in scale, and the Bloodbound tribes no longer scoured its wilderness for prey, for they had lost tens of thousands upon the Brimstone Peninsula. The Austarg lodge, a splinter of their Vostarg forefathers, was able to fight clear from the battles that were destroying their hold. They managed to escape the slaughter of their kin, though within a matter of days the Varanguard rode hard in pursuit. Just as the thunder of charging cavalry filled the air, the lodge's Auric Runefather summoned the fiery lifeblood of the land and burned a molten tunnel into Lodestone Peak to escape.

A boulder-strewn mountain of magnetic rock, Lodestone Peak held fast any metal not blessed by the Runesmiters, severely hampering the armoured killers that pursued the Fyreslayers but slowing the duardin not at all. Deep within the peak was hidden the rune-portal that led to the Isle of the Chained Sun, a gateway that had not been used for centuries. Using his runecraft as a key, the Runesmiter Dorryc Claimblade led the last remnants of the Scarred Isle's duardin through. The Austarg lodge had returned to the Vostarg heartland for the first time in living memory. After making their home anew upon the Land of the Chained Sun, the Austarg lodge joined that isle's Vostarg holdings in formal ceremony.

Once settled, Dorryc Claimblade bent every hour to what he considered a holy task – the forging of Auriakh, the Father Rune of Binding.

Auriakh was an icon of ownership. The ancient duardin had used it to claim dominion over those magic-saturated lands that had sentience, or even a geomantic version of a soul. It had been found wanting during the Taming of Drakatoa, the great volcano of the Shimmerfalls, and since the resultant eruption it had fallen into disfavour. Its legend was pursued by Dorryc alone.

When asked why he worked so hard to create Auriakh, Claimblade said nothing, his expression turning so dark that none dared press the matter. He took great pains to hide the truth – that in secret he was working to perfect the counter-rune, a symbol he had already inscribed on two of the Grungni-forged chains that held Ignax fast.

Though the Runes of Unbinding had no chance of undoing Grungni's magics alone, they were still blasphemies of damning magnitude. If the maverick Runesmiter had been caught he would have been sentenced to drowning in vitriol within the hour. But duardin have always been adept at keeping their secrets, and by the time Sigmar's Tempest struck, the hidden work was complete.

The Runesmiter's dire plan came to fruition when Ignax was driven into violent spasms by the waves of rage cascading across the Flameworlds. The godbeast fought against her manacles with such passion that the tiny weaknesses introduced by Claimblade's Runes of Unbinding proved critical.

Superheated by Ignax's wrath, both of the rune-weakened chains broke with thunderous cracks. They fell like headless serpents amongst a cacophony of protesting metal, whipping past the great winches that held them in place to slam into the Scarred Isle beneath. They struck that sprawling landmass with force enough to gouge deep chasms in the ground.

Such was the immensity of the draping chains they bridged the gap from the Ashlands to the isle above. The Varanguard beheld these godly fetters, each link the size of an Infernal Realmfort, and saw their opportunity. Mounting their sure-footed daemon steeds, they massed for war, and made their way up the gigantic chain-links to the unconquered lands high above.

Archaon looked upon the coming invasion with cruel approval. The Fyreslayer holds of the crescent isle were powerful foes, and together the duardin numbered in the millions, but still he felt confident of victory. Then, on the third day of battle, the heavens shook. Bolts of lightning crackled across the sky in bursts of blue flame, and meteoric strikes blazed bright as they struck each battlefield. Before the celestial light had faded, twenty full Stormhosts had emerged. Sigmar's Dracothian Guard plunged into the fight, and the war escalated once more.

DORRYC CLAIMBLADE, AURIC RUNESMITER

The duardin of the Scarred Isle have long raised their tankards to the honour of Dorryc Claimblade. Famous for quenching the unfinished Everblade in the blood of the orruk warlord Ghostkilla, Claimblade was a priest with a warrior's soul. When the Varanguard invaded Dorryc's homelands, he was deeply affected by the massacre that followed. His runesight had shown him the presence of ur-gold upon the Varanguard warriors, priceless nuggets worn as jewellery or even incorporated into the baroque weapons and armour they carried to war. There had been so much of it that Claimblade was driven to the edge of madness by the sight. Thinking it his divine duty to recover the ur-gold, he resolved to lure the Varanguard into a series of traps and ambushes, drawing them to the crescent isle so the Fyreslayers could slaughter them and take the priceless metal from their corpses. His plan was ambitious, bold and lethal. It would see the stain of death spread across the lands.

TO BIND A GODBEAST

The war for the Land of the Chained Sun unfolded in grisly splendour as the Varanguard fought their way into the Fyreslayer hearthlands. The fate of millions hung in the balance, the stakes far higher than any realised, save Archaon himself – and still his greater strategy was yet to unfold.

Though many of Archaon's hosts had been intercepted by Sigmar's finest, the Stormhosts could not prevent the invasion. A great many Varanguard fought their way into the hearthlands of the crescent isle. They were met by long-planned ambushes, Fyreslayers charging over the edges of long-dormant calderas and emerging from volcanic sally-ports to attack in their thousands. Hundreds of invaders were hacked from their saddles by the resolute duardin. The forward elements of those Varanguard armies were slain upon the arid earth, their corpses tossed from the isle's edge.

But as more and more of Archaon's champions fought their way clear of Ignax's chains to enter the wider war, the Fyreslayers were slowly driven back. Worse still, a darker fate loomed, for Archaon had never intended his chosen hordes to fight unsupported. The Everchosen dug his spurs into the neck of his daemon steed Dorghar, and the chimeric beast gave screams from all three of its maws. From Orb Infernia, a hundred daemon armies joined their voices in reply, rejoicing in anticipation of the red work to come. When spiralling portals of purple unlight opened across the crescent isle to disgorge the daemon hosts of Orb Infernia, the Fyreslayer attack swiftly turned into a rout.

It was then that the Dracothian Guard fought their way into the blazing heart of the fight. The attack wave struck with such force the daemon hosts crumbled before it, hundreds of warp-fiends banished before their masters could muster a counter-attack. The second wave broke all cohesion amongst the enemy, the Stormcasts' Dracoths breathing lightning as one. The ensuing

storm banished the daemons in clouds of ectoplasm wherever it struck home.

Each charge was the stuff of sagas, for the Dracothian Guard had been well trained in the art of mass warfare. Wherever the line-shattering charge of the Lightning Echelon left the daemon hosts free to close upon their flanks, the Thunderwave Echelon would follow up with axes swinging. It was a glorious display of Sigmar's divine might, but it did not go unchallenged.

Swooping from the skies came Archaon, hurling blasts of mutagenic fire. Dorghar roared in fierce blood lust as he raked his talons through the Stormcast Eternals, clawing an entire retinue of riders from their Dracoth steeds. Where a Dracothian Guard spurred his mount into a leap, blade outstretched, Archaon whipped the Slayer of Kings in a flaming arc to claim his head. Wherever bolts of celestial energy were launched toward the Everchosen, the amber glare of the Eye of Sheerian dissipated them in mid-air.

Another crack of sky-splitting lightning struck, grounding this time not on the crescent isle, but on the immense chains that bound Ignax to its peaks. Three bolts of celestial energy were cast down. Such was their magnitude that many Stormcasts thought they were the fabled Great Bolts, most destructive of all Sigmar's lightnings, but instead three gigantic Stardrakes materialised in their wake. Upon their throne-like saddles were Drakesworn Templars, each raising his lightning-wreathed weapon in salute. With a shout they arrowed as one towards Archaon.

Their charge was intended to be synchronous, but Archaon was a consummate tactician as well as a legendary warrior. Unfazed by the searing heat of the godbeast above, Archaon met the Templars one by one as he winged through the white-hot flares curling from Ignax. Dorghar tore the first Stardrake from the skies in a welter of blood. The second swooped to pluck Archaon from his saddle, but the Everchosen swung aside and slit the celestial beast from belly to tail. The third was simply shorn in two.

The isle-wide charge of the Chamber Extremis had dealt a grievous blow to the Varanguard, but with the Everchosen sending legions of daemons against Stormcast and Fyreslayer alike, their impetus was spent within the hour. Archaon would not be denied.

‘We must not yield!’ insisted Volgrov Borrson for the third time.

‘I do not intend to, son,’ said Borr-Grimnir, massaging his temples with calloused fingers. ‘This is our land, be it overrun or not. We will die fighting if we have to.’

‘Make them pay,’ said Ulli Drakescale, flames leaping from the ur-gold runes in his flesh. ‘Make the lands burn. We have the means. Winch Ignax closer, scour the land clean. We can take the heat. They cannot.’

‘Ignax is not ours to control, Ulli!’ shouted Borr-Grimnir. ‘We narrowly escaped a flare-burst that scorched our lands from end to end. I am in no hurry to see my people burned alive. The risks are too great.’

‘What if we could ensure the godbeast’s aid?’ said Claimblade, fingers rubbing the sigil he wore around his neck. ‘The Rune Auriakh has long been complete.’

‘And who will carry this impossible burden?’ said Borr-Grimnir. ‘Who will ride beyond death? You, Dorryc?’

Long moments of silence stretched out before Volgrov Borrson spoke. ‘I shall go,’ he said, stroking the snout of his coiled Magmadroth. ‘I shall ascend the god-chain upon noble Garrakha. I doubt I shall do so alone.’

Behind him, Volgrov’s four brothers raised their axes, shouting their assent. Borr-Grimnir looked upon his sons, proud and fierce, and felt something wither inside. ‘Go then, my children,’ he muttered, taking up his axe and heading for the doors. ‘Go to your deaths.’

And so the Fyreslayers of the Chained Sun went to their last battle. Threescore Magmadroths lumbered amongst them, coaxed from their lairs in the Glowing Glacier and girded for war. Four duardin armies marched through the vales of the crescent isle, one to each of the Great Tethers that held the drake’s remaining chains fast. Grimwrath Berzerkers sang praise to Grimnir at the fore of each, their chants taken up by the thousands-strong columns of Fyreslayers in their wake. Where daemon host or Varanguard circle moved to intercept them, the forces of Chaos were soon broken by the charges of fire-crowned warriors, for when a duardin goes to meet his doom, only a fool stands in his path. The remaining princes of the daemon armies looked upon them with suspicion, but their attention was confined to their own battles against the Stormhosts. Even Archaon, his masterful mind aflame with the business of murder, did not guess their intent. Before the day was out each of the Great Tethers was in Fyreslayer hands, and the lava-fuelled steam winches that tightened Ignax’s chains clanked into life.

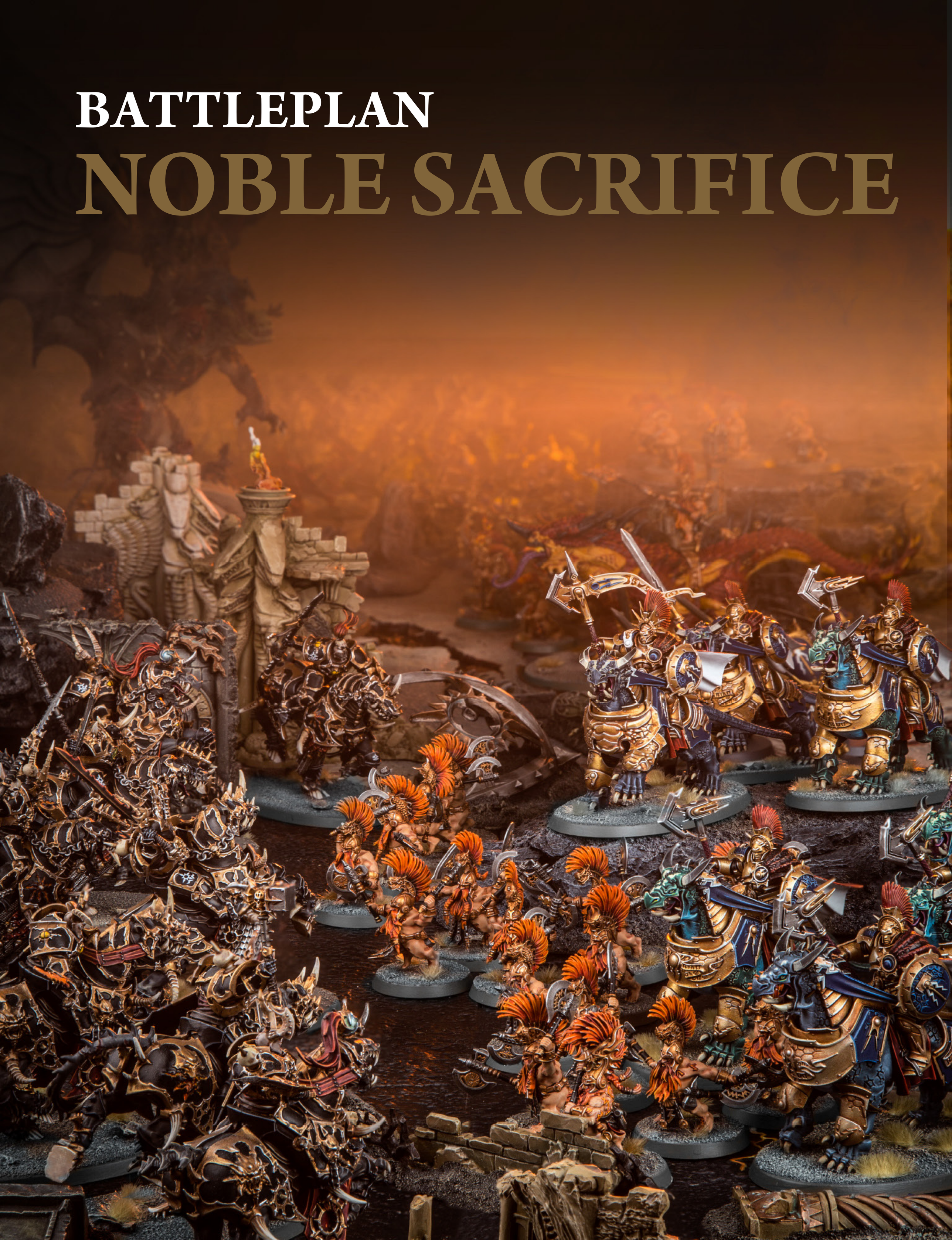
The ruddy light cast by Ignax’s flames became brighter and brighter as she was pulled ever closer. The stifling air heated to the point it could boil a man’s blood. Archaon, realising the Fyreslayer’s ploy, sent the fastest of his daemons to fall upon their garrisons. Scorpion-clawed beasts and spike-wheeled chariots of Slaanesh hurtled across the parched, heat-scorched lands, only to be met by a mile-long wall of lava sent from the magma pikes of the Auric Hearthguard. Gore-soaked armies of Khornate cavalry were hacked to pieces by duardin berzerkers alight with the fires of righteous rage. Still the winches ground on.

Rising above the carnage were the Runesons, braving the white heat of the lowering godbeast as their Magmadroths climbed claw over claw up Grungni’s chains. Daemon Princes soared after them on leathery wings, but those not met in battle by Volgrov’s brothers were intercepted by the Prosecutors hurtling from the Stormhosts below. Up and up went the Magmadroths, their hides impervious to Ignax’s fires, but their Runeson riders did not fare so well. One after another the duardin burned, flesh melting away to reveal blackened skeletons.

Only Volgrov Borrson, protected from the intense heat by the magic of the Rune Auriakh, made it to Ignax’s scaly hide. He placed the great rune, hammering it home with gusto, and let go. Within an instant he was consumed, falling as a blazing fireball into the void. But the deed was done.

BATTLEPLAN

NOBLE SACRIFICE



There are many situations in which an army would be prepared to fight and die to the last in order to accomplish a task imperative to the survival of their people or kingdom, sacrificing their lives for the greater good. This battleplan is based on just such a situation. In the case, the Fyreslayers were holding off Archaon's rampaging hordes whilst they cranked the great winches that held the mighty Solar Drake, Ignax, in place in an attempt to sear the lands clean with the godbeast's rising solar fury. Though their lives would doubtless also be forfeit to this endeavour, the valiant duardin were determined to see it through at all costs.

This battleplan could be refought with any other armies for a similar reason. Perhaps the noble sylvaneth are trying to defend the life-jars within the Oak of Ages Past from the corrupting hordes of Pestilens or one of Nurgle's foetid daemonic legions?

THE ARMIES

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

Each player's general has a unique command ability, shown below, in addition to any others they have.

STOIC DEFENDER'S OBJECTIVES

The enemy are upon you and time is of the essence. If you can withstand them long enough to activate the mechanism you are guarding, then hope yet remains for your people. Such a valiant defence will doubtless cost you your lives, but it cannot be avoided. Sell your lives dearly and accomplish your mission; know that your sacrifice will be honoured for generations to come.

CONQUEROR'S OBJECTIVES

You have stormed into your enemy's lands and put their warriors to the sword. Few now are left to resist your dominion of this region, yet word has come to you of an enemy host that has emerged from hiding and begun to gather about a strange construct. What they seek to achieve is irrelevant. Your master has ordered the destruction of all who dwell in these lands, so your duty is clear regardless of your enemy's intentions. Slaughter them all without mercy.

STOIC DEFENDER'S COMMAND ABILITY

Redouble Your Efforts: The stoic defender's general calls upon their warriors to pour all of their effort into activating the mechanism. If your general uses this ability, then provided there is at least one unit from your army within 5" of the mechanism, you can roll an additional D3 when determining your exertion roll for that turn (see overleaf).

CONQUEROR'S COMMAND ABILITY!

No Mercy!: With a remorseless grin, the conqueror's general urges their followers to press the attack without pity or restraint. If your general uses this ability, then pick a unit within 10". After you have made attacks in the combat phase with the unit you picked, you can immediately pile in with that unit and attack again.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battlefield is centred around a large mechanism about which the stoic defender's army has formed up.

First of all, the stoic defender sets up a single terrain piece anywhere that is entirely within 12" of the central line of the battlefield (see the map, below) and at least 12" from any battlefield edge. We recommend using a Numinous Occulum, as shown on the map below, but any piece of scenery can be used instead. Players can then generate any remaining scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the example scenery shown on the map below.

SET-UP

The stoic defender sets up all of the units in their army first. The stoic defender's territory encompasses anywhere within 15" of the centre of the terrain piece they placed. The conqueror then sets up all of the units in their army. The conqueror's territory is anywhere that is more than 15" from the stoic defender's territory.

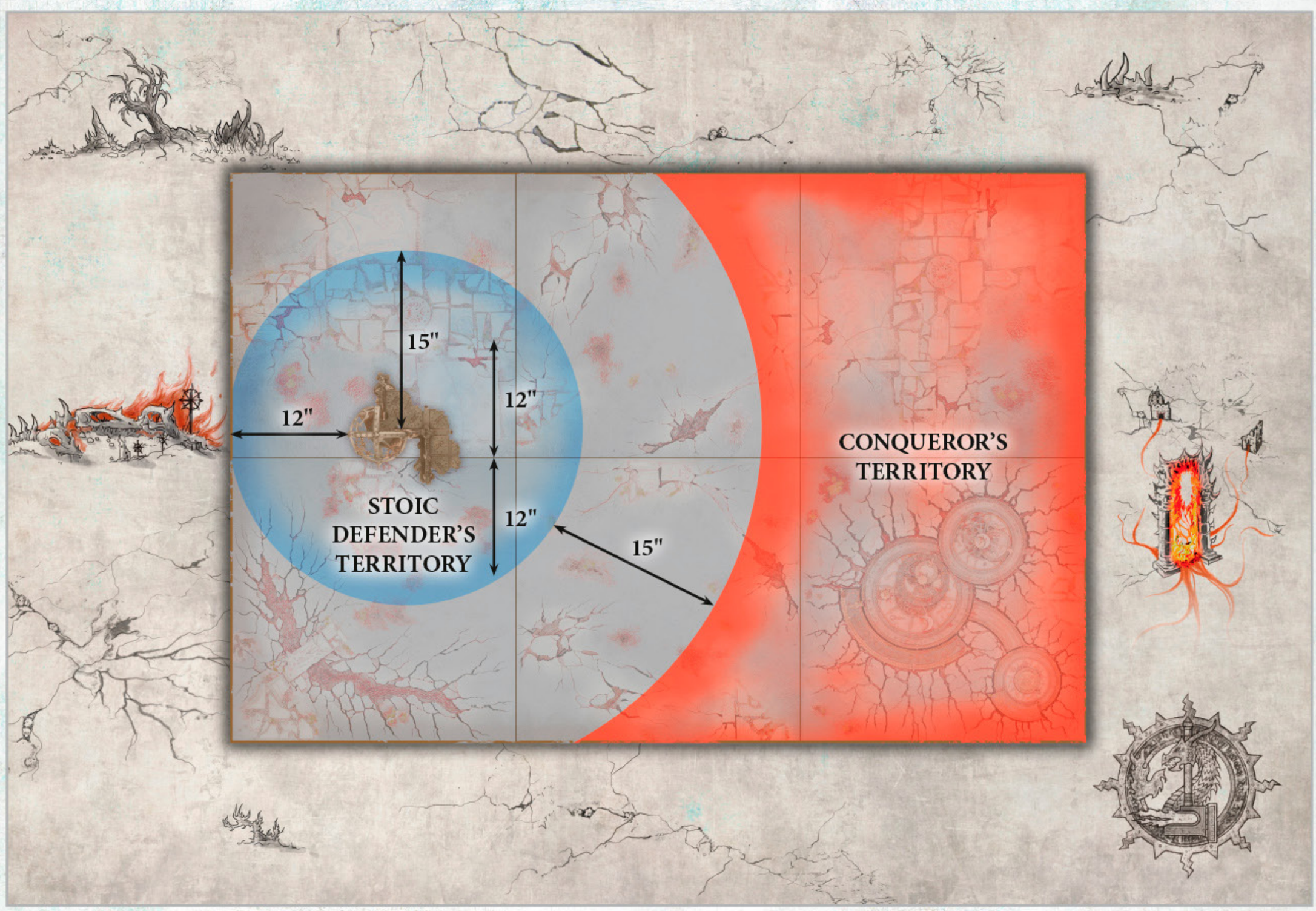
An example of each player's territory is shown on the map below.

FIRST TURN

The conqueror decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

ACTIVATING THE MECHANISM

Despite being assailed by the enemy, the stoic defender's forces are trying to activate the mechanism at all costs. At the start of each of their hero phases, the stoic defender can generate exertion points if they have at least one unit



within 5" of the mechanism: roll two dice and keep track of the cumulative score during the course of the game, as it may well determine the victor.

IMPENDING DOOM

As the mechanism is gradually awoken, the very atmosphere becomes increasingly inimical to all life. Though the hardy natives of the land are more resistant to these effects than most, they are far from immune. At the start of each battle round, consult the chart on the right to see if the warring armies suffer any damage from the impending doom. If the running total of exertion points has reached 11 or more, each unit on the battlefield will immediately suffer a number of mortal wounds equal to the amount shown. However, the stoic defender's units always suffer 1 mortal wound fewer than the amount shown (to a minimum of 0).

Exertion Points Total	Effect
0-10	No effect
11-18	1 mortal wound
19-24	D3 mortal wounds
25-30	D6 mortal wounds

TIME RUNS SHORT

As the stoic defender's forces struggle to bring the mechanism to life, their enemies continue to flood into the area seeking to complete their conquest. At the start of each of their hero phases, the conqueror can return any of their units that were wiped out earlier in the battle to play, setting them up anywhere within 6" of any battlefield edge that is more than 9" from any enemy units. This counts as their move for that turn.

VICTORY

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

Instead, if the stoic defender successfully generates a total of 31 or more exertion points, the game ends immediately and they win a **major victory**. If one player wipes out all of their opponent's models that are on the battlefield, they win a **major victory**.

The fires of Ignax grew so close to the Land of the Chained Sun that the land itself burned.

Chaos worshipper, daemon and Stormcast Eternal alike burned with it. The Fyreslayers had retreated underground, triggering ancient runes that made them immune to Ignax's flames whilst those who dared trespass upon their land died aflame. Every soul upon the crescent isle that did not worship Grimnir was incinerated, banished or reduced to foul-smelling ash – every soul barring Archaon, for the wards laid upon him would not see him slain so easily.

With Ignax's wrath temporarily spent, Archaon made his move. Dorghar bore him around the zodiacal beast's island-sized skull until Archaon could drive the Slayer of Kings into the monstrosity's temple. The daemon trapped within the Everchosen's blade clawed into Ignax's mind, driving her to the very edge of insanity. She writhed in agony. The Great Tethers were torn, roots and all, from the crumbling earth – for in causing their lands to burn so deeply, the Fyreslayers shattered the crust of the island itself.

Trailing Grungni-forged chains behind her, Ignax flew roaring into the cosmic sprawl of Aqshy. Archaon rode triumphant in her wake, unaware of the rune glinting upon her flank, for duardin magic hid it from his sight. The Everchosen had won his victory – or so he believed.

THE SCABROUS SPRAWL

A LAND IN THRALL

Though the Jade Kingdoms were more numerous than the blades of swordgrass in a meadow, Nurgle had spread his repugnant glories across the majority, and was hell-bent on claiming the rest. His eye had been drawn to the Scabrous Sprawl, a continent that proved vital in the war to come.

The war for the Jade Kingdoms was all but lost when the Stormcast Eternals descended to break Nurgle's stranglehold upon Ghyran. The sylvaneth, those wild and fierce keepers of the natural order, had given their all to defend the lands – and still they had been found wanting. So potent was Nurgle's influence that even the intervention of Sigmar's Stormhosts could not stop the rot that had spread across Ghyran's endless kingdoms. Alarielle, her worst nightmares coming true, had retreated from reality. The last seed of her existence was kept from Nurgle's putrid clutches only by a thin skein of fate and the valour of a handful of Stormcasts. There were kingdoms where the sylvaneth died out entirely, such as the Scabrous Sprawl, where only a few souls yet resisted the fate Nurgle had in store for them.

The Scabrous Sprawl was once the Harmonis Veldt, a lush continental tract that sang with raw life force. Since the Age of Chaos, the Sprawl had been scabbed over like the ravaged skin of a bloodplague victim. None of mankind's myriad cultures had ever dwelt there for long, for the Sprawl had always been home to tribes of towering gargants.

The lumbering goliaths of the Sprawl were once content with a simple existence, for their sheer strength allowed them to hunt the monsters of that land for food, and their doughty constitutions weathered the vagaries of a dozen seasons. When they needed to cross an inland sea or ocean to reach another tribe's domain, they swam there – or, in the cases of the largest of their number, waded across. When they wished to consult with the Gargant King they climbed the mist-swathed Realmgate of the Grand Umbilicus to the torc-shaped realm that hung in the jade skies, indifferent to the glowing diaphonids that crawled their skin in search of daggerfleas. Every now and then, a tribe would die out, whereupon a new tribe of gargants would crawl, clean-limbed and dripping, from the chasm near Tor Crania. They hunted massive war-beasts, brewed strong ale, took long naps at midday, and settled disagreements by thumping each other until both parties were satisfied. No external force challenged this savage lineage, for they tended the cycle of the seasons as a farmer tends sheep, and in return the land itself empowered the gargants with elemental strength.

Then came the dark powers of Chaos. As the Plague God sent his legions

Warpskreech could not believe his eyes. Seated in his brass throne above the green-lit hell that was the bridge of the *Drill-Stabber*, the Warlock Engineer pressed one beady black eye to the seeing-scope. An immense storm was rolling in. Every crackling bolt that fell from the heavens made the Warlock Engineer twitch, yet he kept watching. Driven before the thunderheads, the glowing diaphonid swarms that infested the Sprawl's sky were dissipating, taking their iridescent light with them. Soon the Sprawl was lit only by the intermittent flashes of the storm.

After years of hiding in the darkness, it was finally time. Warpskreech's underlings would spill out and seize the Scabrous Sprawl entire. The Warlock Engineer gave a squeal of alarm as a thought struck him. His rivals would see! They might not possess Warpskreech's intellect, but they could realise the same thing, and they must not be allowed to beat him to the prize. He alone should have the favour of Verminlord Gnawsoul. Frantically, Warpskreech cranked metal handles and shrieked orders into metal squeaker-tubes. His minions would go now, fast-quick, or face their master's wrath.

forth to infect the Scabrous Sprawl, everything changed. The ground itself became sick as Nurgle ladled his feculent rains across the kingdom, and over the centuries, goldgrass meadows became fields of crusted infection brimming with pus-filled boils. Wherever the lands split open, the Plague God's minions would burst out. First to emerge were the bestial scions of Nurgle, their brayherds stomping and sloshing their way into the hidden places of the Sprawl. When their numbers could be disguised no longer, the beasts took war to the gargant tribes. In time they ascended the stairs of the Grand Umbilicus to reach the hovering kingdom high above – the Great Green Torc. The land itself trembled in its sickness, and the giants of both Torc and Sprawl became enraged. For many years they drove back the bestial hordes with sheer muscle. But Nurgle's ambition is patient, steady, and strong, his devoted minions without number. Tribe by tribe the gargants were pulled down and hacked apart by rusted axes until only a few remained, and those were forced into hiding. When Sigmar's Tempest broke, the gargant tribes looked to the skies in hope. Yet the storm brought with it not illumination, but darkness, fear, and war unbound.

'You must brave the heat of the Flameheart if you seek the verdant kingdoms beyond. There, the gargants once ruled over a land of boundless fecundity – there, a great and earthly power dwells, slumbering under an aeons-long curse. But be warned, my lord. That paradise belongs to Nurgle, and it is much changed...'

– Kiathanus, the Truthsayer of Mount Kronus

‘The Scabrous Sprawl. Slumbering in the glow of a trillion insects, its surface writhes in pain at the bite of vermin great and small. Beneath the crust lies a source of immense power – power so profound, even the gods desire it...’

– Kiathanus the Truthsayer

THE PARASITES' FEAST

The Stormcast Eternals came to Ghyran's Scabrous Sprawl borne upon the fury of Sigmar's Tempest. Leading the invasion were the Knights Excelsior and the Celestial Vindicators, headstrong Stormhosts with intentions of swift conquest – but a vile and unsettling enemy had already laid its claim.

Long had the swarms of the Clans Skryre burrowed and gnawed at the Scabrous Sprawl. The warpstone-hungry skaven had been tasked by Archaon with corrupting the soul of that land before Sigmar had launched his celestial crusade. Since then the Sprawl had become a dangerous wilderness of sucking swamps and low, craggy mountains. It was lit not by a sun, but by the luminescence emitted by vast swarms of diaphonids flitting above it. Rather than brave predation from the native gargants that roamed the Sprawl, the Clans Skryre had built vast walking city-warrens from which to conquer its reaches. Known as parasite engines for their rapacious plunder of the living lands, these many-legged, segmented abominations were powered by immense warpstone furnaces fuelled by miner-claws and deforestation maws. The chief Warlock Engineer of each monstrous engine competed with his rivals to create the biggest and most powerful design, mining the subterranean riches of the Sprawl and tainting it in the process.

The *Drill-Stabber*, a parasite engine with an anatomy somewhere between that of a giant rat and a mosquito, was the brainchild of Warlock Engineer Warpskreech. It bore a drill-proboscis as thick as an adult oak with which it could suck the life force from the land. The *Scrabble-Chewer*, meanwhile, was the city of Warlock Engineer Vileskrit, and it crunched its way through the bedrock with massive mechanical jaws.

Dozens of these engines roamed across the Scabrous Sprawl, but whatever their shape, they teemed with skaven from the Clans Skryre and Verminus. For years, the engines had followed geomantic ley lines, digging down to the warpstone-rich nodes beneath. In their wake they left subterranean factories and glowing craters, the land itself writhing in ruin at their passing.

THE MOSSWASTES

ISLES OF SLURRY

Here the Driftwood sylvaneth fought to the last against the Bilge Daemon.

FALL OF SPIDERBITE WEALD

Once the domain of the spider tribes, thrice-conquered by Buctros Vulg.

CRUXIS FOREST

THE GREAT LOBES

SAID TO BE THE MARKS OF NURGLE'S OWN GRASPING FINGERS.

SCABROUS SPRAWL

MOUNT DEXTROS

CASTLE OF SCORNED HOPE

THE BLACK SLICK

THE FLAMEHEART

THE SINISTER PEAKS

DEVOURER OF MINDS, BANE OF THE SYLVANETH FOR TWELVE LONG YEARS.

PARASITE ENGINE

PARASITE ENGINE

PARASITE ENGINE

LAKE TETANOS

SPAWN-FLUID OF THE RUSTED MOTHER.

PLEXIS FOREST

Rotbringers built this fortress after the Sheafling Cull.

HAUNT WOOD

ACRID MARSH BRIDGE

BONE-STREWN CITADELS HAVE DOTTED THESE PURPLE FORESTS SINCE THE SWARMING.

BATTLE OF FORT AGUE

THE SWEATSWAMP

LAST REFUGE OF THE GARGANT KING BRODD.

The Great Green Torc

Sputal Gulf

THE NOMAD CHASM

THE RESTLESS REFUGEE OF GHUR'S HINTERLANDS.

PILLARS OF GEOSTASIS

RIVER NAUTILAC

THIS RIVER ONCE RAN RED WITH THE BLOOD OF MAN AND SKAVEN ALIKE.

THE FORGOTTEN CAIRNS

TOR CRANIA

THE SHATTERED SPIRAL

TUNDRA BUBONICUS

THE LONG NIGHT

With the coming of Sigmar's Tempest, the Scabrous Sprawl's light source was driven away. Amid lightning-split darkness, Lord-Celestant Pharakis of the Knights Excelsior set foot upon its rotting soil for the first time. All across the Sprawl his warriors were deploying for war.

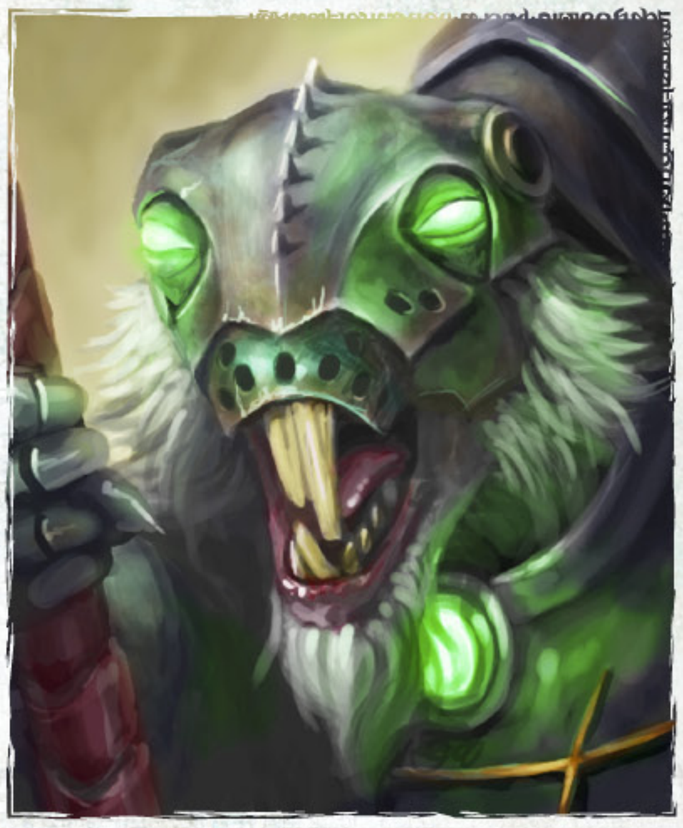
It was no subtle force that Sigmar hurled into the scarred and suppurating wilds of the Scabrous Sprawl. Chamber after chamber of Knights Excelsior and Celestial Vindicators strode from the storm into the darkness, hefting their weapons and roaring battle-cries to the storm above. These were bellicose living weapons all, the focussed wrath of the Celestial Vindicators finding its equal in the merciless Knights Excelsior.

The entire force had been placed under the control of Lord-Celestant Pharakis, the most experienced commander of the Knights Excelsior. He was an uncompromising leader, and the Celestial Vindicators willingly lent their strength to him. It was Pharakis' intent to push across the Sprawl and back again, systematically exterminating everything touched by Chaos until even the land itself was scorched clean.

The Stormhosts marched upon the sites of geomantic power that dotted the Sprawl and found themselves confronted by oceans of skaven and armies of Nurgle-worshippers. Lit only by lightning, those first clashes were vicious and confused. Strike Chambers were suddenly surrounded by skaven that burst from burrows all around them, while more vermin spilled from monstrous mechanical cities.

WARLOCK ENGINEER WARPSKREECH

Warlock Engineer Warpskreech enforces his dominance with crackling blasts of green lightning at the slightest provocation. He possesses a great talent for engineering and wears many of his own inventions into battle. A twisted genius, even by the high standards of Clan Vrrtkin, Warpskreech invented the first parasite engine, driving thousands of slaves to their deaths in order to see it built. It was he who was first chosen by the Verminlord Warbringer Gnawsoul to lead the invasion of the Scabrous Sprawl, an honour for which his jealous rivals felt him undeserving. His peers have worked hard to undermine and disrupt his schemes for domination ever since, but to no avail. Through dark sorcery and cunning, Warpskreech laid waste to the gargant tribes that called the Scabrous Sprawl their home, corrupting one vital geomantic node after another. Though he was not sure what power the Masterclan sought in this strange land, Warlock Engineer Warpskreech was sure he would claim it for his Verminlord master. Perhaps in doing so he would become the master himself.



Within hours of their arrival, the Stormcast Eternals were beset on all sides, from Acrid Marsh to Cruxis Forest. Reinforcements flashed down from the lowering Tempest even as the skaven swarmed around them in impossible numbers, and the fighting intensified. Bolts of energy threw stark white illumination across terrifying scenes of violence. Ratling guns and warpfire throwers lit the gloom with lurid green light. Judicators loosed strobing volleys into clanrat swarms, and Decimators swung glowing thunderaxes to cut apart several skaven with a single blow. Thunderhead Brotherhoods deflected vivid green jezzail bullets from their shield walls, only to choke and fall when hurled glass spheres shattered in their midst and filled the air with poisonous warp-gas. Prosecutors soared above the fighting, their magical projectiles burning like comets through the darkness to smash rampaging Stormfiends from their feet.

Always there were more skaven, for where the Clans Skryre were pushed back, those of Verminus were quick to pour in. As the Stormcast Eternals pushed out from their scorched landing sites, they faced a never-ending tide of the foe. In the first days of their campaign, with the exhortations of their Lord-Celestants in their ears and the cacophonous blare of the Knights-Heraldor ringing out, the Stormcasts still believed they could quickly throw back the enemy and achieve conquest of this land. Days became weeks of constant, bitter fighting, however, and the truth became clear; the skaven infested the Scabrous Sprawl in numbers that beggared belief, and they would not surrender these lands so easily.

Even though fresh brotherhoods flashed from the Tempest every day to join the ever-growing war, new swarms of skaven emerged from the chasms they had gouged into the land.

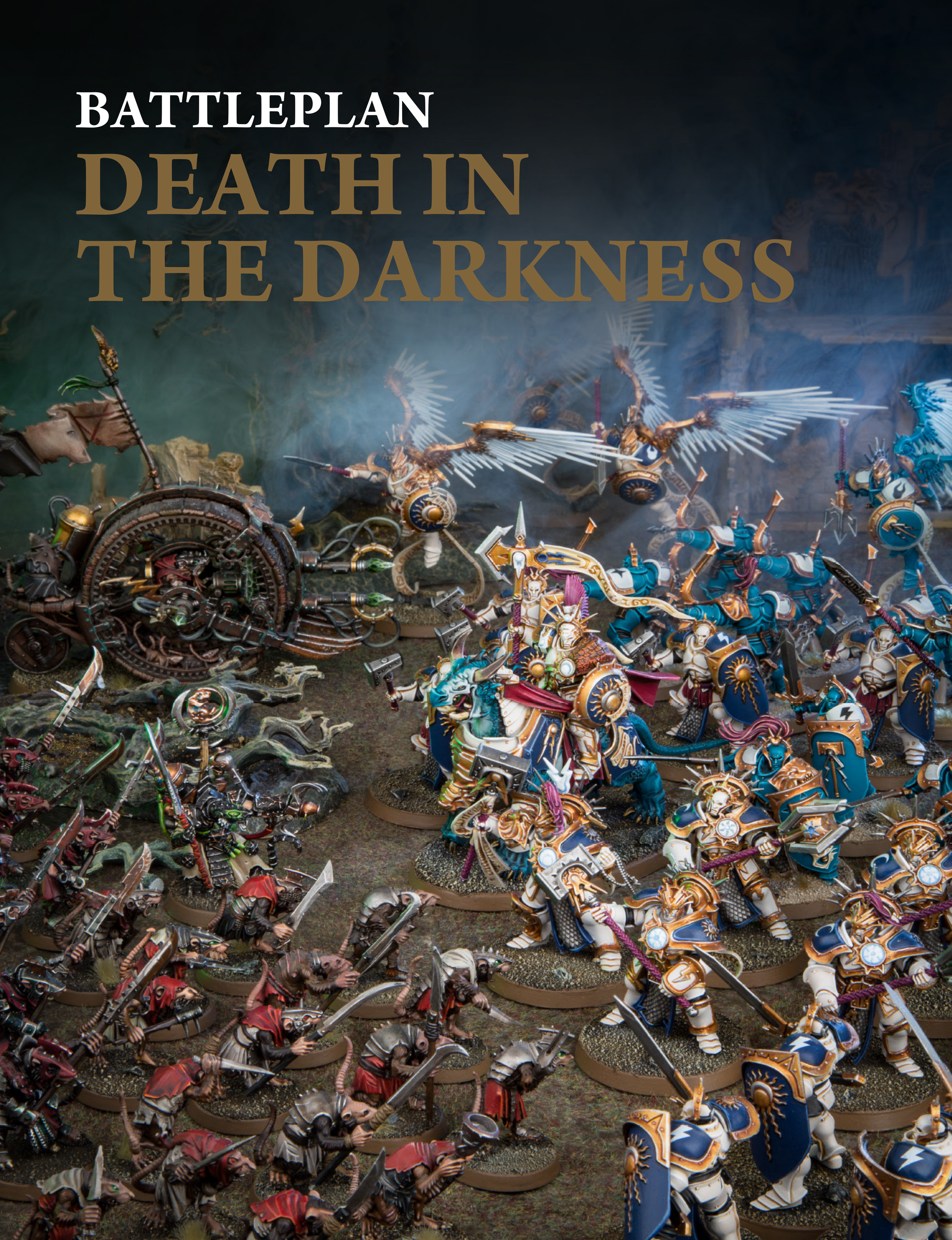
A Verminlord Warbringer marched amongst his scurrying underlings; wherever that fell daemon fought, Stormcasts flickered back to Azyr in bolts of lightning that lit the perpetual night. At Fort Septimus, Warlock Engineer Ziktsnitch hurled five hundred Stormfiends into battle against the Celestial Vindicators, his gambit inflicting appalling casualties as the mutated monstrosities unleashed their arcane weapons. Upon the lip of shuddering chasms, Lord-Relictors flung bolts of lightning into the skaven wheelworks below until they crashed down in green-flamed ruin. Across the scab-fields, the Celestial Vindicators met the charge of Warlord Skuttklaw and his Stormvermin, the two sides avoiding mutual annihilation only when the crusted ground fractured to disgorge a sea of pus. Everywhere, the Scabrous Sprawl was lit by the fires of battle, and as the weeks passed, mighty armies on both sides were ground to the brink of oblivion.

LORD-CELESTANT PHARAKIS

Sat astride his Dracoth, Zakanxar, Lord Pharakis cuts a noble and heroic figure. But behind his impassive helm, his eyes dance with cold lightning and his pale face is set in a permanent scowl. Pharakis was once the gentle high priest of Malleus Mount, though he has been reincarnated as the most unforgiving and merciless warrior in all the Knights Excelsior. He embodies the fervent belief of his Stormhost that no exceptions can be made in the cleansing of the Mortal Realms, for much has been tainted by Chaos, and even those who believe themselves pure might seethe with unseen corruption. Before his Reforging, the man who had been Pharasion the Kind saw his flock utterly torn apart by the fair-faced corruption spread by a hidden cult of Slaanesh, the Mirrored Smile. At the last, Pharasion's most trusted advisors turned on him, still grinning, with blades in hand. Though he slew several with a silvered lectern, he fell to a blade in the back. It was a lesson he would carry with him beyond his Reforging – trust nothing but that wrought in sacred Azyr.

BATTLEPLAN

DEATH IN THE DARKNESS



Countless commanders have ordered their warriors to undertake night-time attacks, their advance sheltered from prying eyes by the darkness until the moment is right to launch their attack. However, when the battle begins in earnest, the combatants must quickly adapt to fighting in the pitch blackness or risk losing the advantage. Under such circumstances, a sudden pyrotechnic blast can serve as a means by which warring armies can gain a brief glimpse of their surroundings.

This battleplan represents a nocturnal conflict, such as the clash fought between the Stormcast Eternals and the skaven of the Clans Skryre, where bursts of lightning lit the dark sky. Any two enemies could feasibly fight in such a manner, however, so use any armies you wish. Indeed, the battle need not even be nocturnal – perhaps the battlefield is instead shrouded beneath a choking cloud of dark sorcery, banished only briefly by more wholesome magic.

THE ARMIES

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

AGGRESSOR'S OBJECTIVES

Your enemy has been brazenly undertaking manoeuvres in this land, marching hither and thither with no fear of consequence. You have been sent to punish them for their arrogance. Under cover of darkness, sneak your warriors as close to their lines as possible before assailing them with everything at your disposal. Maintain the attack and do not let up until your foes lie slain.

CUSTODIAN'S OBJECTIVES

You are taking command of a night-time patrol. In order to strike fear into the hearts of any would-be attacker, your master has given you command of a sizable army. Should any enemy be foolish enough to launch a nocturnal assault against your magnificent host, your orders are to rout or destroy them wholesale. Your master's plans in this region must not be compromised – ensure that the enemy is not given a chance.

CLOSING IN FOR THE KILL

Before set-up, the aggressor must establish how close to the custodian's battle line their army can sneak. To do so, both players roll a dice. If the custodian scores a higher roll, their scouts have spotted the enemy force and the aggressor's territory begins 24" away from the custodian's territory. If the aggressor rolls equal to or higher, they can choose for their territory to begin 18" away from the custodian's territory, or try and sneak even closer. If the aggressor chooses to do so, both players roll another dice. This time, if the custodian scores a higher roll, enemy scouts have spotted them and the aggressor's army is forced back; their territory begins 24" away from the custodian's territory. If the aggressor rolls equal to or higher for a second time, the superb stealth displayed by their army earns them a territory that begins a mere 12" away from the custodian's territory.

THE BATTLEFIELD

This battle takes place in a location that the aggressor has determined to be the perfect place to infiltrate the enemy's domain after dark, be it heavily wooded or perhaps in a deep, cave-lined gorge.

To represent the ambush site, the aggressor can set up the battlefield terrain in a manner of their choosing.

SET-UP

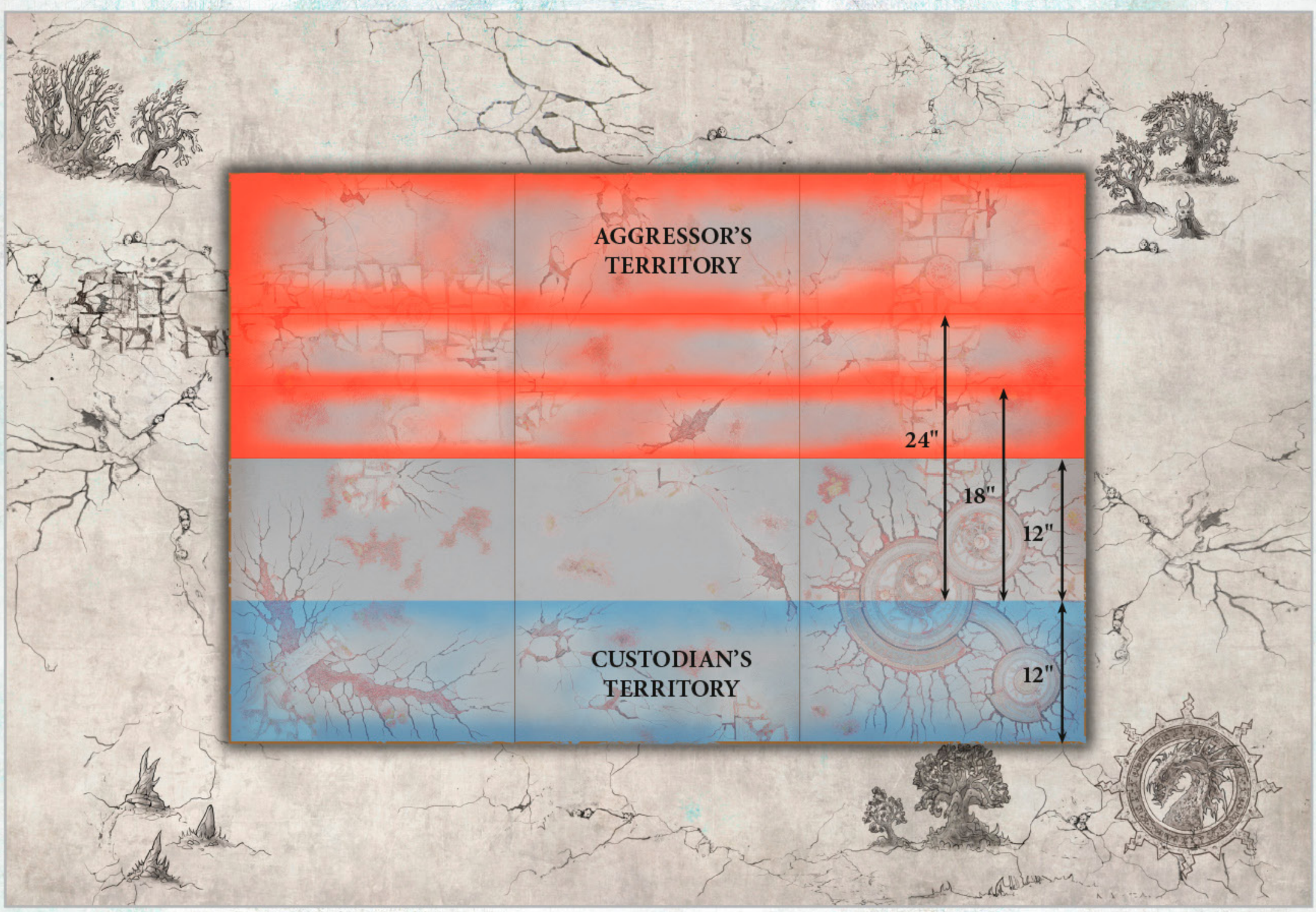
The players alternate setting up units, one at a time, starting with the custodian. Models must be set up in their own territory as shown on the map below. Note that the size of the aggressor's territory varies depending on how far their army managed to sneak to towards the custodian's battle line, as described earlier.

FIRST TURN

The aggressor decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

STYGIAN DARKNESS

Such is the all-consuming darkness that the ranges of all abilities (including command abilities), spells and attacks are reduced to 6" after any modifiers. However, charge moves can be attempted up to a 12" distance as normal – the din of battle makes the approximate location of an enemy obvious enough to engage them effectively.



A LIGHT IN THE DARK

It is but the simplest cantrip for a spellcaster to manifest their power into a glowing orb or other such source of illumination. Similarly, a priest can call upon their divine master for a ray of light to pierce the surrounding gloom.

In the hero phase, any **WIZARD** or **PRIEST** can use their magical gifts or (un)holy power to become an illuminating model for a short time. They can do this in addition to praying or casting spells as normal. Roll a dice for each model attempting to do so. On a roll of 3 or more, they succeed in their attempt to become an illuminating model. Stygian Darkness has no effect on units within 12" of an illuminating model belonging to either player for the remainder of that battle round.

VICTORY

This battle lasts for six battle rounds. The first player to completely wipe out their opponent's army wins a **major victory**. If neither side has been wiped out at the end of the game, the victor 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.

HINTS & TIPS

This battleplan makes for a very exciting and bloody game. With the range of attacks often limited by the Stygian Darkness rule, this battle will doubtless be won in the press of combat. The aggressor even has the potential to set up their units a mere 12" away from the enemy battle line, and can launch an all-out attack at the battle's outset if they successfully sneak up on the custodian's army. However, if either player wishes to try and keep their opponent at arm's length, they will have to ensure that they include as many illuminating models as possible in their army.

The insanity of the Warlock Engineers is writ large upon the Scabrous Sprawl, their hellish machines wreaking havoc.

Arrayed against the Stormcast Eternals are infernal engines that spit warp lightning from jagged prongs and blades.

CLAN VRRTKIN STORMFIENDS

Moving with feverish speed as they dominate the surging mass of a Skryre assault, Stormfiends are towering fusions of animal, machine and weapon. Now the fiendish role of Warlock Engineer is yours, so get ready to give life to these deadly abominations.

Their development marked by a trail of blasted, battered and mauled bodies, Stormfiends are the zenith of cruel skaven ingenuity. Part nurtured, part manufactured, they combine the savage killing instinct of wild beasts with fearsome warpstone weapons. In short, a pack of Stormfiends makes a phenomenally dangerous enemy. Unlike the smaller skaven, they have no need to rely on guile or vast numbers. Instead, the warpforges of the Clans Skryre have furnished them with a lethal arsenal that ranges from ratling cannons to vicious warpstone drills, all of which have been melded to limbs and torsos with grotesque efficiency.

However, the success of these living weapons is not achieved by simply letting them loose. Harnessed at the rear of each savage machine-monster like a ghastly cargo is a tiny skaven controller. Shrivelled and emaciated, bar a distended, oversized brain, this diminutive creature is hard-wired directly to the Stormfiend, and its daunting task is to direct the unalloyed fury of its host in battle.

Triple warpstone drills let this Stormfiend bore holes in reality – or people. Basecoated with Caliban Green, they're then drybrushed with Warpstone Glow and Moot Green.

Located at the back of the miniature, the skaven controller is painted in the same colours as rest of the flesh, with a shade of Druchii Violet applied to the brain.

Begin by applying an undercoat of Chaos Black Spray. For a smooth finish, hold the model at a distance of 20 to 40 cm from the can, then spray in short bursts, gradually building up a solid coat. Make sure the paint settles evenly on every surface by tilting and turning the model as you spray, rather than the can.

Apply Zandri Dust Base paint to the skin; Rakarth Flesh to the robe; Caliban Green to the shoulder armour and helmet; Rhinox Hide to the leather; Balthasar Gold to the warpfire projectors, tanks, re-breather, buckle and emblem; Leadbelcher to the other metals; Mephiston Red to the pipes; and Mournfang Brown to the fur.

Create a rich and vibrant colour by repainting the entire skin with Kislev Flesh Layer paint. Do the same to the robe using Karak Stone. Emphasise the miniature's details by applying Nuln Oil to the armour, fur, leather and any metallic areas that were painted with Leadbelcher during the previous stage.

Apply Druchii Violet Shade on the tail and scars; Athonian Camoshade on the skin; and Agrax Earthshade on all of the metals and on the robe. Highlight the edges of the armour with thin lines of Loren Forest, and do the same to the leather with Doombull Brown. Highlight the cables and lesions with Evil Sunz Scarlet.

Apply thin lines of Ushabti Bone to highlight the raised areas of flesh and cloth, and do the same to the edges of the armour with Ogryn Camo. Add thin highlights of Runefang Steel to all of the metals; Baneblade Brown to the fur and leather; and use Fire Dragon Bright to highlight the cables and make the lesions really livid.

Glue Citadel Sand to the base with PVA, then paint it with Abaddon Black. Once that basecoat is entirely dry, drybrush the sand first with Balor Brown, and then with Screaming Skull. Paint the rim of the base with Steel Legion Drab to finish. Two thinner coats of this Base paint will give a more even finish.

‘Warpskreech. Mine the Sprawl. Corrupt the nodes beneath. That which slumbers, you must awake. Behemat must be mine...’

– Archaon the Everchosen,
Exalted Grand Marshal of the Apocalypse

HARSH AWAKENING

THE LAND WRITHES

Lord-Celestant Pharakis had led his warriors to the Scabrous Sprawl believing he would break the back of the skaven armies with a few well-placed attacks. Instead, he and his Stormcast Eternals found a vicious war that would last for not days, nor weeks, nor even months, but long and gruelling years.

Amidst the moss-grown ruins and foetid swamps of the Scabrous Sprawl, the war ground on and on. Mired in mud and gore, shaken by seismic stirrings of the land beneath, the combatants tore at one another. Billions of skaven died beneath the hammers and bolts of the Knights Excelsior and the Celestial Vindicators, but always new generations poured from the breeding decks of the parasite engines.

Whole Stormhosts were slain to the last by the terrible warp weapons of their skaven enemies. So long did the fighting rage that more Strike Chambers flashed down to join the war, some amongst them those who had fallen on the Sprawl and been Reforged.

Those warriors fought harder than any, their hatred of the ratmen leaping from their eyes as sparks of lightning.

Lord-Celestant Pharakis claimed the half-submerged remains of the Castle of Scorned Hope as his command-post, sending out fresh attacks every day in attempts to finally gain control of the sprawl. He had already discovered that the cost of assaulting the parasite engines directly was simply too high. One had been felled, a dire thing that resembled an enormous mechanical flea with a rat's tail. The assault had cost him several Thunderhead Brotherhoods from the Celestial Vindicators, and soured his relationship with their officers in the process.

Now, Pharakis used his Prosecutors as aerial scouts to seek out fresh geomantic nodes across the land. By capturing and cleansing these magic-rich areas, they hoped to banish the taint of Chaos infecting the ley lines that reached across the whole of the Scabrous Sprawl. As each was located, the Lord-Celestants massed their forces and attacked, either wresting corrupted nodes from skaven control or cleansing the sacred sites with the stormcraft of their Lord-Relictors. But the skaven had designs on those sacred sites as well, and where their parasite engines crawled and lumbered and dug, no Stormcast force could live for long. Deep in the Cruxis Forest, the *Suck-Gouger* swept aside over a hundred

WARLORD HAKFANG OF CLAN MORS

When the war for the Scabrous Sprawl began, Hakfang was but a humble Clanrat fighting amidst the faceless swarms of Clan Mors. Through cunning, violence and no small measure of luck, that Clanrat fought his way up through the ranks of his clan. He flung many of his rivals to the mercy of the storm-things that struck with such devastating force, and personally disposed of the rest. Hakfang sabotaged the wonder weapons of Warlock Engineers, stabbed his superiors with the stolen weapons of his foes, and pushed engine masters into their own furnaces. Finally, he slew former Warlord Skuttklaw with a blade in the back and offered his corpse up to Verminlord Gnawsoul himself. Now, finally, Hakfang possessed the power he had always known he deserved, and he intended to use it to win the war that the Warlock Engineers had been making such a mess of. Soon he would lead the Clans Verminus to final victory – from the rear, of course.

Knights Excelsior just as their Lord-Relictors were attempting to call down the Tempest's lightning to purify a glowing life-well. Instead the well was torn open by the skaven's monstrous engine, its energies devoured. At Acrid Marsh the Stormcasts were victorious, a daring pincer movement by Celestial Vindicators and Knights Excelsior crushing the swarms of Warlock Engineer Skitterquick. Lightning blasted the menhirs of the geomantic node in the heart of the marshlands, and the land shuddered in response.

The longer the fighting drew on, and the more nodes that were corrupted or cleansed, the more the Scabrous Sprawl bucked and stirred, its crust cracking as the land buckled into mounds and pits. Soon even the skaven could not mistake the truth. There was something down there, something powerful, and their war was disturbing its slumber.

Pharakis glanced about, taking in the shape of the wider battle. The last of the ratmen were fleeing from his Knights Excelsior. Before the Lord-Celestant could order the pursuit, a creeping sensation of power blossomed at his back. Pharakis wheeled in his saddle to behold a mass of shimmering vines that had burst from the life-well, twining together to form a huge and ever-changing figure. Her visage flickered through cycles of spring-like youth to cold, wintry dotage and back again.

'Alarielle…' breathed Pharakis. The ephemeral figure looked down upon him, her features in flux.

'But an echo,' it replied, 'for my true form is far from here. But I have felt the writhing of this land, and felt its pain. Beneath your feet slumbers Behemat, the zodiacal World Titan, the Star Gargant. The geomantic sites you seek are the nodes of his corporeal energy, his nerve centres. Your God-King sent you to purge the taint of Chaos from the land, but I fear he did so too late'. Alarielle's face saddened, then twisted in rage. 'Great harm have the dark powers wrought upon dear Behemat already.' Suddenly, tears fell from the vines like rain. Alarielle's sorrow was a palpable force. 'The World Titan must not wake from his slumbers as a tool of the Three-Eyed King. If you cannot free him from that fate, little storm-rider, then there is no other choice. You must end him.'

WRATH OF THE WORLD TITAN

Behemat had slumbered for centuries untold beneath the Sprawl, but he stirred towards wakefulness. Pain wracked his continental form, the feverish ache of his corruption warring with the agonising shock of the Stormhosts' purification. Behemat writhed in distress, and the land began to break apart.

The war for the Scabrous Sprawl was becoming more desperate than ever. Behemat's stirrings caused earthquakes to shudder through the land. Great gnashing chasms split wide around the giant's imprisoned form, spewing geysers of putrefaction that drowned countless acres in filth. Mountains rose slowly into the sky, twisting with deafening cracks as the World Titan flexed his mighty knuckles. A new type of thunder rolled across the land; the World Titan's groans of pain drowning out even Sigmar's Tempest. Everywhere the land shook, ancient ruins collapsing while brave warriors vanished screaming into hungry fissures.

Driven by the goddess Alarielle's warning, Lord-Celestant Pharakis hurled his forces into an all-out attack the likes of which had not been seen since the war's first days. Amongst every chamber marched Lord-Relictors, grimly determined to cleanse the geomantic nodes with celestial lightning or die in the attempt. In many cases, they would do both.

Seeing their enemies moving with such purpose, the skaven responded in kind. Verminlord Gnawsoul commanded that the remaining nodes must be not only be taken, but heavily fortified, and that the consequences of failure would be too horrible to imagine. The tectonic fury that gripped the land took a terrible toll upon the parasite engines, seeing several destroyed altogether as burrowing machines were crushed by landslides and stalking cities were sent sprawling by splitting chasms. Yet the remainder ploughed on through the hellish earthquakes, disgorging great swarms of skaven to overrun the Stormcast battle lines and poison one geomantic node after another. Millions of skaven were devoured by the churning earth, and the Stormcasts attacked anew, yet still the ratkin fought on. Soon, only the hills of Tor Crania remained unclaimed by either side.

Warlord Hakfang vaulted up onto a mossy boulder and shrieked out the command to charge. He sneered to himself as his underlings flowed around the rock. They were surging in a great wave towards the enemy that waited upon the riverbank while conveniently leaving him safe atop his perch in the process.

The Warlord's tail lashed as he watched his swarms pour across the shuddering battlefield. The shiny storm-things were many here, and the Warlord winced as he watched them shoot volleys of energy-bolts into the skaven with their great bows. Hakfang muttered anxiously as the boggy ground gave another great heave, a hungry rent yawning wide across the battlefield to swallow Stormcasts and skaven alike. His minions poured forward, bolstered by a stream of reinforcements. Warlord Hakfang screeched in elation as he saw the Clan Mors vanguard slam into the enemy, their charge still carrying enough momentum to see the front rank of storm-things all but buried beneath them.

It was time for the true attack, the one that would see Hakfang and his Stormvermin turn the enemy flank. It would be the Clans Verminus that broke through to the mass of glowing geodes that the Stormcasts defended, not those of Skryre; it would be him that claimed the node and turned its green glow to polluted black, not the Warlock Engineers. Hakfang raised his blade as the second wave of Stormvermin mustered around his personal banner and prepared to advance. Victory would belong to Warlord Hakfang this day!

Around the Tor Crania, and along the banks of the River Nautilac, the final battles for the Scabrous Sprawl began to play out. Skaven in their millions advanced to battle, opposed by unflinching bands of Stormcast Eternals, each of which numbered no more than a few hundred. As the land shook, so the last tribes of indigenous gargants downed their last barrels of ale and went to war, believing that now was the time their great grandsire would rise to lead them once again. The lumbering creatures attacked both sides at will, bellowing as they stomped their way across storm-lit battlefields. The legions of the Dark Gods also redoubled their efforts as mayhem erupted around them. So far the Nurgle-worshipping hordes had been content to pick their fights upon the Scabrous Sprawl, for their god had other work for them atop the Grand Umbilicus. Now though, the Rotbringers and beastherds diverted a portion of their strength to further outnumber Sigmar's beleaguered warriors. Grandfather Nurgle and Archaon both sought to corrupt the last pure geomantic nodes that would ensure Behemat awoke not as a force of nature, but as a puppet of Chaos.

Leading his men in a grand assault between the Pillars of Geostasis, Lord Pharakis fought a furious battle. All around him, his Knights Excelsior hacked and blasted, smote and slaughtered until hillocks of skaven dead lay all around them. Prosecutors winged down to his position, receiving clipped orders from their commanders before swooping away into the gloom. Overhead, Sigmar's Tempest descended once more. Hissing silver rain fell in sheets from the lightning-wreathed clouds to invigorate the Stormcast Eternals fighting for those final nodes.

Into this tumultuous war came Bloab Rotspawned. By the foul magic of the swarm had he travelled, braving the gateways of the Flameheart to come at last to the Scabrous Sprawl. Nurgle had given Bloab a very particular task to achieve there, and as soon as the sorcerer's maggoth set foot upon the quivering soil, Bloab made straight for the lightning blasts that lit the night.

As his reeking steed loped across the festering wastes towards the fighting, Bloab Rotspawned sent his daemonflies buzzing away into the skies, having whispered very particular instructions to his pretties first.

Away the insectile creatures flew, winding in swarms over the raging battles until they came to the Sprawl's geomantic nodes. There the creatures buzzed in foul clouds before descending to claw, chew and defecate upon the sites the Stormcast Eternals had so recently cleansed. In a trice all the Stormhosts' good work was undone. Bloab sought to infect the World Titan with his Plague of Atrophy, and in doing so make sure that the godbeast awoke docile and ready for Archaon's total dominance. Already Ignax belonged to the Everchosen; if Behemat could be bound alongside her then Archaon would have a force like no other at his command.

Bloab Rotspawned had been pursued through the Flameheart, though he did not know it. The Celestant-Prime had also reached the Scabrous Sprawl, and alongside him flew the Knight-Venator Tornus. Now those two mighty warriors soared over the lands, sharp eyes taking in the desperate war that stretched to the shuddering horizon.

The Celestant-Prime soared away into the darkness, a comet streaking through the firmament on a holy mission from Sigmar himself. Tornus' route instead took him down into the press of battle, following the foul stink of his Rotbringer prey. He shot across the Scabrous Sprawl like a thunderbolt, his star-eagle in close pursuit, over clashing battle lines of Stormcasts and skaven. Swooping clear of the flailing club of a gargant tribesman, Tornus caught sight of Bloab's monstrous maggoth punching and vomiting its way through the battle. Using a tribe of gargants to shield him from view, the Knight-Venator nocked a crackling arrow to his bow. Not too far ahead, his quarry was fighting alongside more of Nurgle's foul followers, the cowled sorcerer exhorting a mass of skaven to overrun a shield wall of Knights Excelsior.

Tornus drew back his bowstring, a celestial arrow aimed for Bloab's heart. Before he could loose his shot, a chittering figure crashed into him and knocked him from the air. The Knight-Venator crashed hard into the heaving ground, feeling scab-like soil split at his impact. Atop him was a skaven in elaborate armour – Warlord Hakfang, yellow front teeth bared as he raised his jagged blade for the kill.

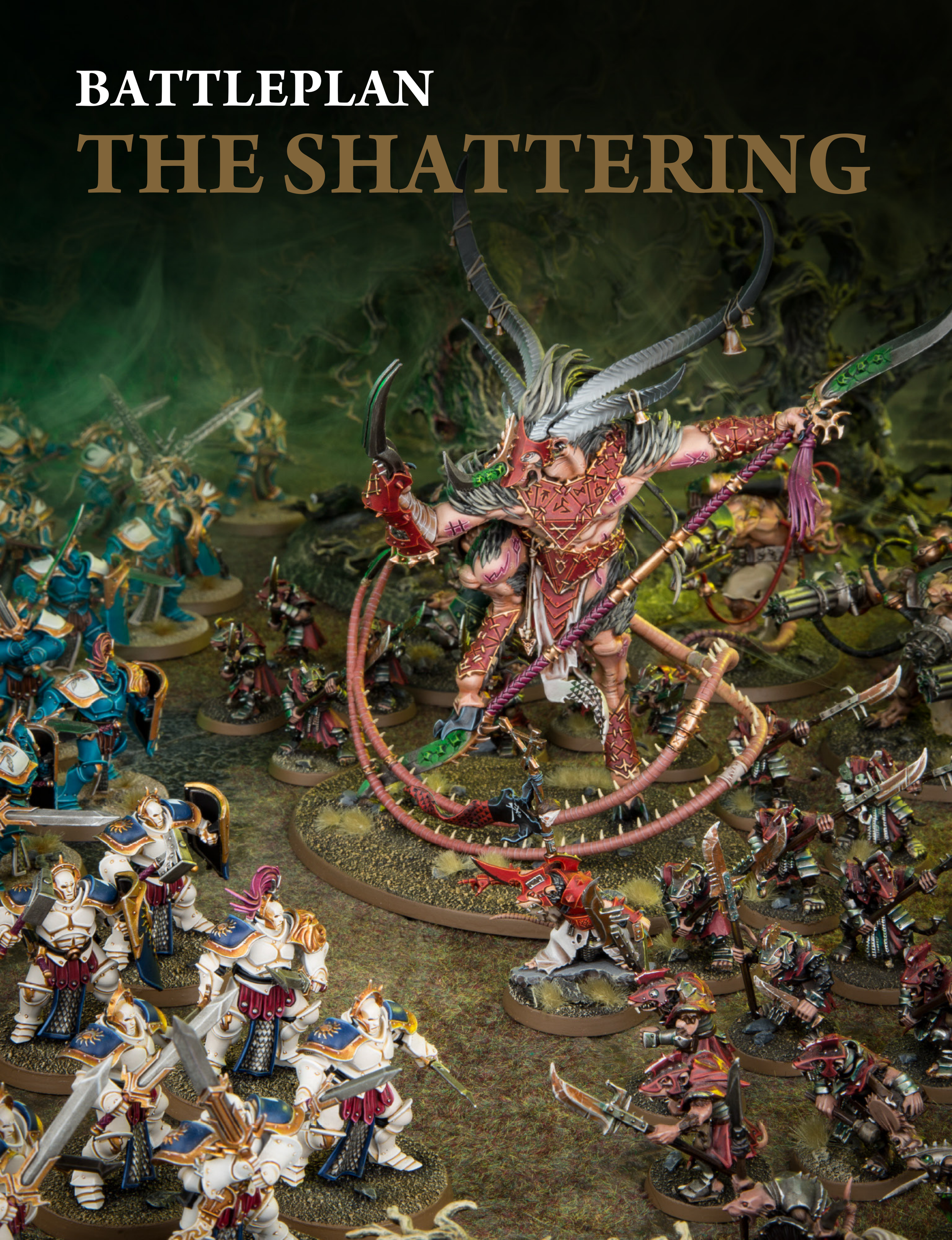
There came a scream, and Tornus' star-eagle Ospheonis struck the ratman full in the face. The bird raked at Hakfang's eyes, driving him back. Tornus sprang into the air with a cry of thanks, kicking out to catch Hakfang under the chin and send him sprawling. The Knight-Venator circled swiftly, his chittering attacker dismissed as he sought his quarry once more. But Bloab was gone, lost in the melee. Tornus cursed as he began his search anew. Below him, the fight raged on, the taste of blood and death heavy in the air.

TORNUS THE REDEEMED, KNIGHT-VENATOR

Tornus the Redeemed has a dark past indeed, for he was once a worshipper of Chaos. As a mortal, Tornus defended the Lifewells from the hosts of Nurgle. He fought with such stubborn vigour that Nurgle's chosen made an example of him, pitching him into the Pit of Filth. Refusing to die, he emerged corrupted on the seventy-seventh day as Torglug the Despised, a true believer in Nurgle's creed. For a time, he led the armies of the Plague God, and ultimately led the invasion that drove Alarielle from her haven. His rise to power brought him into conflict with the Celestant-Prime. Recognising a buried seed of valour under the villainous exterior, the avatar of Sigmar smote Torglug with Ghal Maraz, killing him outright – and in doing so, redeemed what remained of his soul. His essence blazed to Sigmaron, where he was Reforged as a Knight-Venator, and given the weapons he needed to wreak his vengeance upon the Chaos tyrants that had once polluted his spirit.

BATTLEPLAN

THE SHATTERING



Many regions of the Mortal Realms are rife with seismic activity. Such is the all-consuming nature of the ongoing war for the Realmgates that it is simply inevitable that battles must be fought upon hazardous ground that both sides would choose to avoid traversing at any cost. Commanders do not always have this luxury, however, and they must on occasion lead their warriors to do battle upon these unstable lands.

This battleplan represents just such a hazardous environment, where the ground can lurch uncontrollably to unhorse cavalry, disrupt an archer's aim or send an unfortunate plummeting down a freshly-torn crevasse. When the titanic godbeast Behemat was being violently roused from his torpor, tremors swept across the Scabrous Sprawl, but this battleplan can be used to represent hundreds of other similar situations across the Mortal Realms.

THE ARMIES

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

PRIESTS from both armies can make use of two unique abilities (shown below) in addition to any other prayers or abilities they have.

BREACHER'S OBJECTIVES

Urgent need has forced you to brave the seismic wrath of this volcanic region, and you have force-marched your army into the hazardous heart of these lands. As ill fate would have it, a large enemy host also seeks to traverse this province and now bars your path. Haste is of the essence. If you are to succeed in your mission and survive this harsh country you must fight your way past this obstacle and press on to your final objective. Contact with the foe is inevitable, but do not get bogged down in a protracted combat if it can be avoided, for you must break through the enemy to reach your goal.

OBSTRUCTOR'S OBJECTIVES

An enemy army lies before you. Evidently they thought to try and circumnavigate your patrols in this dangerous region, but in this they have failed. Now your forces bar their path, the onus is on you to hold the line and prevent the enemy from breaching your cordon. It is as yet unclear what larger purpose they have in mind, but the urgency with which they are pressing onwards hints at an objective of some importance. Deny them the opportunity by surrounding and crushing this enemy force.

PRIEST ABILITIES

Becalm Land: In your hero phase, you can declare that the **PRIEST** will call upon their divine master to soothe the land and stay its anger. If you do so, you can subtract 1 from the roll made to determine the effects of Seismic Wrath (see overleaf). If more than one **PRIEST** uses this prayer, the effects are cumulative.

Tectonic Manipulation: In your hero phase, you can declare that the **PRIEST** will beseech the gods to turn the fury of the land to your side's advantage. If you do so, you can add 1 to the roll made to determine the effects of Seismic Wrath (see overleaf). If more than one **PRIEST** uses this prayer, the effects are cumulative.

THE BATTLEFIELD

This mountainous region has little in the way of an architectural legacy, but is covered in copses of hardy trees that have long since adapted to the frequency of the local seismic activity.

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

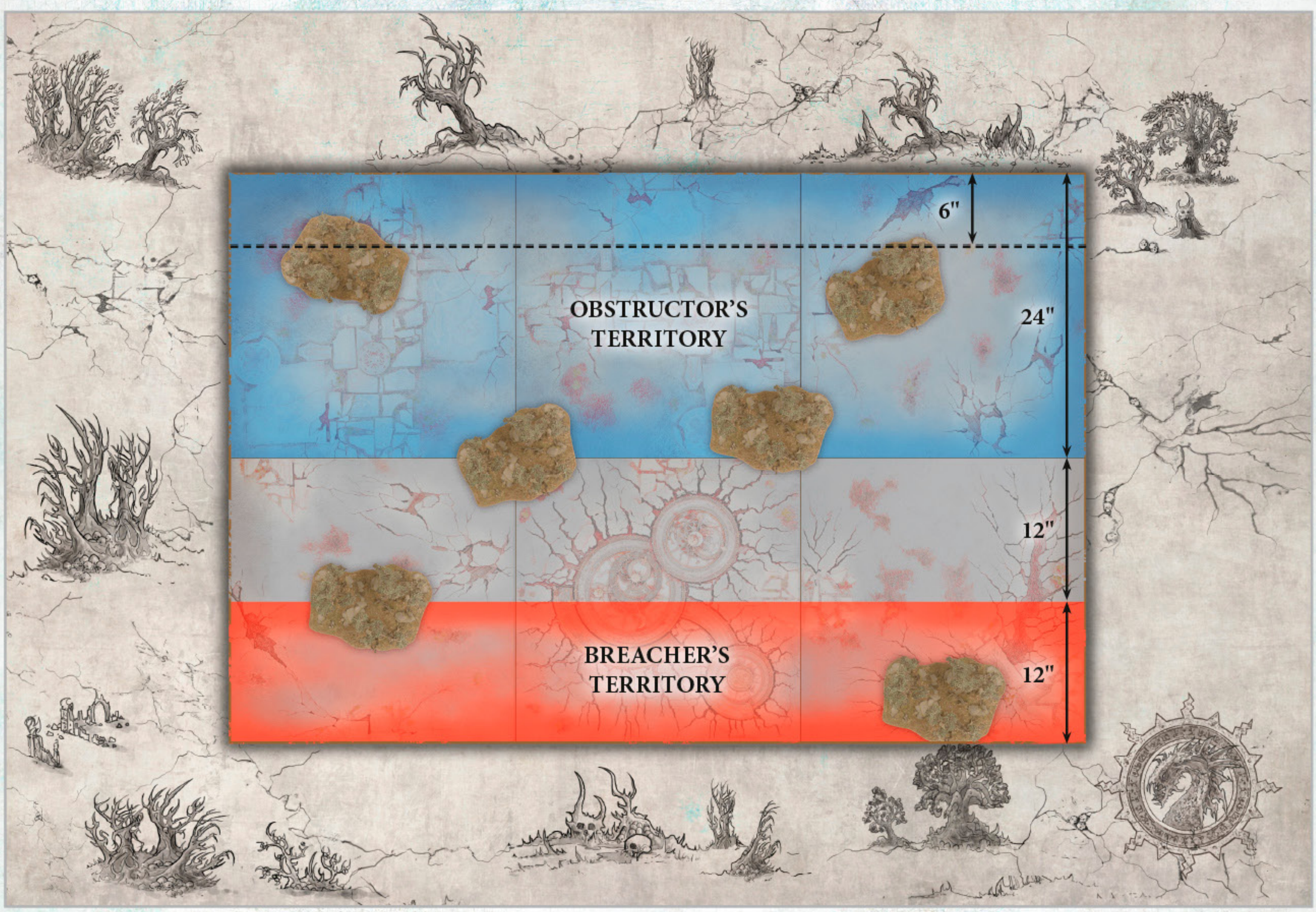
First of all, the obstructor sets up half of their units (rounding fractions up), after which the breacher sets up all of the units in their army. After they have finished, the obstructor then sets up all of their remaining units. Models must be set up in their own territory as shown on the map below.

FIRST TURN

The breacher decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

LEAVING THE BATTLEFIELD

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



SEISMIC WRATH

At the end of each hero phase, the player whose turn it is rolls a dice to determine the effect of any seismic activity this turn. Units that can fly are never affected by Seismic Wrath.

D6	Result
1 or less	**No Effect:** The land is calm for the moment…
2	**Minor Tremors:** Reduce the distance in inches that all units can move, run and charge by 1 until the end of the turn.
3	**Fierce Shaking:** Subtract 1 from any hit rolls in the shooting phase.
4	**Epicentre of the Quake:** Pick a point anywhere on the battlefield. Roll 2 dice for each unit (friend or foe) within 12" of the point you picked. If the total amount rolled is greater than the distance between the unit and the point chosen (in inches), the unit being rolled for suffers D3 mortal wounds.
5	**Split Asunder:** Pick two points up to 10" apart anywhere on the battlefield. Draw an imaginary line between these two points, and roll a dice for each model crossed by the line (friend or foe). On the roll of a 1, it plunges into a crevasse that yawns open and is slain. **MONSTERS** are never affected.
6 or more	**Tectonic Upheaval:** All of the results from 2 to 5 on this table take effect this turn!

VICTORY

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

The game lasts for six battle rounds. After set-up is complete, count up the number of models in the breacher's army. The breacher immediately achieves a **major victory** if a third of these models have left the battlefield as described opposite, or if they wipe out all of the obstructor's models that are on the battlefield. If a quarter of the breacher's models have left the battlefield in this fashion when the battle ends, the breacher achieves a **minor victory**. If no models have left the battlefield in this fashion when the battle ends, the obstructor achieves a **major victory**. In any other case, the obstructor achieves a **minor victory**.

TIME OF WAR

The Scabrous Sprawl in the Realm of Life is the resting place of the godbeast, Behemat. As he is slowly roused from his slumber by the cruel attentions of the skaven parasite engines, Behemat's every move causes severe tectonic upheaval. These rules enable you to fight battles in this tumultuous time.

THE SCABROUS SPRAWL

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

BLESSINGS OF BEHEMAT, THE WORLD TITAN

In the presence of the mighty World Titan, creatures and beasts of every allegiance find themselves infused with great strength and nourished by regenerative energies. Roll a dice at the start of your hero phase and refer to the following table to see what effect this has on your turn. If your general is a **MONSTER**, you can choose to add or subtract 1 from the result of the roll.

D6	Result
1	**Skin of Stone:** The mighty World Titan grants his blessing, offering those who would seek his protection a portion of his indomitable resilience. Pick a unit in your army. Until your next hero phase, your opponent must subtract 1 from any wound rolls they make against that unit.
2	**Brought to Earth:** Behemat's otherworldly spirit breathes deep of the magical energies coursing across the land, absentmindedly drawing all airborne creatures earthwards. Until your next hero phase, models cannot fly – flying models halve their Move characteristic and cannot move over other models or terrain.
3	**Final Surge:** Behemat's life-giving energies bestow both the strength and the will to fight upon those creatures at death's door. Until your next hero phase, all **MONSTERS** (friend and foe) that have suffered wounds count as having suffered none for the purposes of determining the characteristics on their damage tables.
4	**Gift of Renewal:** Transformed into restorative energies by Ghyran's intrinsic power, the will of Behemat manifests as a wave of healing force. Each model (friend or foe) immediately heals D3 wounds. If the model being rolled for is a **MONSTER**, it instead heals D6 wounds.
5	**Titanic Vigour:** Weary warriors feel their limbs infused with Behemat's vital energy and they surge towards their foes at a relentless pace. All your units can run and charge this turn.
6	**The World Titan's Fury:** Behemat's wrath pours into an unsuspecting vassal, coursing through its body to lend it immense strength, but leaving it weakened once the godbeast's fury is vented. Pick one model in your army. After making attacks with that model in the combat phase, you can immediately pile in and attack again with that model, after which it immediately suffers a mortal wound.

BEHEMAT RISING

When the World Titan stirs in his slumber, the consequences are felt across the Scabrous Sprawl as the tectonic shift sends violent tremors surging across the land. Warriors and beasts are sent sprawling to the floor to be trampled by friend and foe alike amid the bitter fighting.

When rolling a dice to determine who will choose the first turn in each battle round, if both players roll the same number, Behemat has shifted in his sleep, causing the battlefield to be affected by a powerful quake. Each unit on the battlefield (except units that can fly) suffers a mortal wound and has their Move characteristic reduced by 1 until the end of the battle round.

The ferocity of these tremors can vary depending on the scale of Behemat's movement. If, when the players re-roll their tied scores, the roll is tied for a second time, all non-flying units instead suffer 2 mortal wounds and have their Move characteristic reduced by 2 until the end of the battle round. This effect increases accordingly, so in the case a third tied score, these units suffer 3 mortal wounds and have their Move characteristic reduced by 3, and so on.

SCABROUS SPRAWL TRIUMPHS

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

D6	Reward
1	**Gift of Ghyran:** Pick a **MONSTER** in your army to bear this gift upon its flanks. The model you picked heals D3 wounds in each of your hero phases. If you have no **MONSTERS** in your army, treat this result as a 3 instead.
2	**Seismic Strength:** Pick a **MONSTER** in your army to wear this magical torc. Roll a dice after making attacks with this model. On the roll of a 4 or more, all enemy units within 3" of it suffer a mortal wound. If you have no **MONSTERS** in your army, treat this result as a 4 instead.
3	**Might of Behemat:** Pick a weapon used by one **HERO** in your army. Add 1 to its Damage characteristic.
4	**Behemat's Doom:** Pick a **HERO** in your army to bear this fateful blessing. If an enemy **HERO** or **MONSTER** suffers any wounds from the blessed model then, for the rest of the battle, that unit cannot be picked to attack in the combat phase until all of your units have attacked.
5	**Amulet of the World Titan:** Pick a **HERO** in your army to wear this amulet. Add 1 to any wound rolls you make for them.
6	**The Earth Jewel:** Pick a **HERO** in your army to bear this gem. They can unleash its power once per battle in your hero phase. If they do so, enemy models that can normally fly cannot do so in your opponent's next turn – they halve their Move characteristic and cannot move over other models or terrain.

THE GREAT GREEN TORC

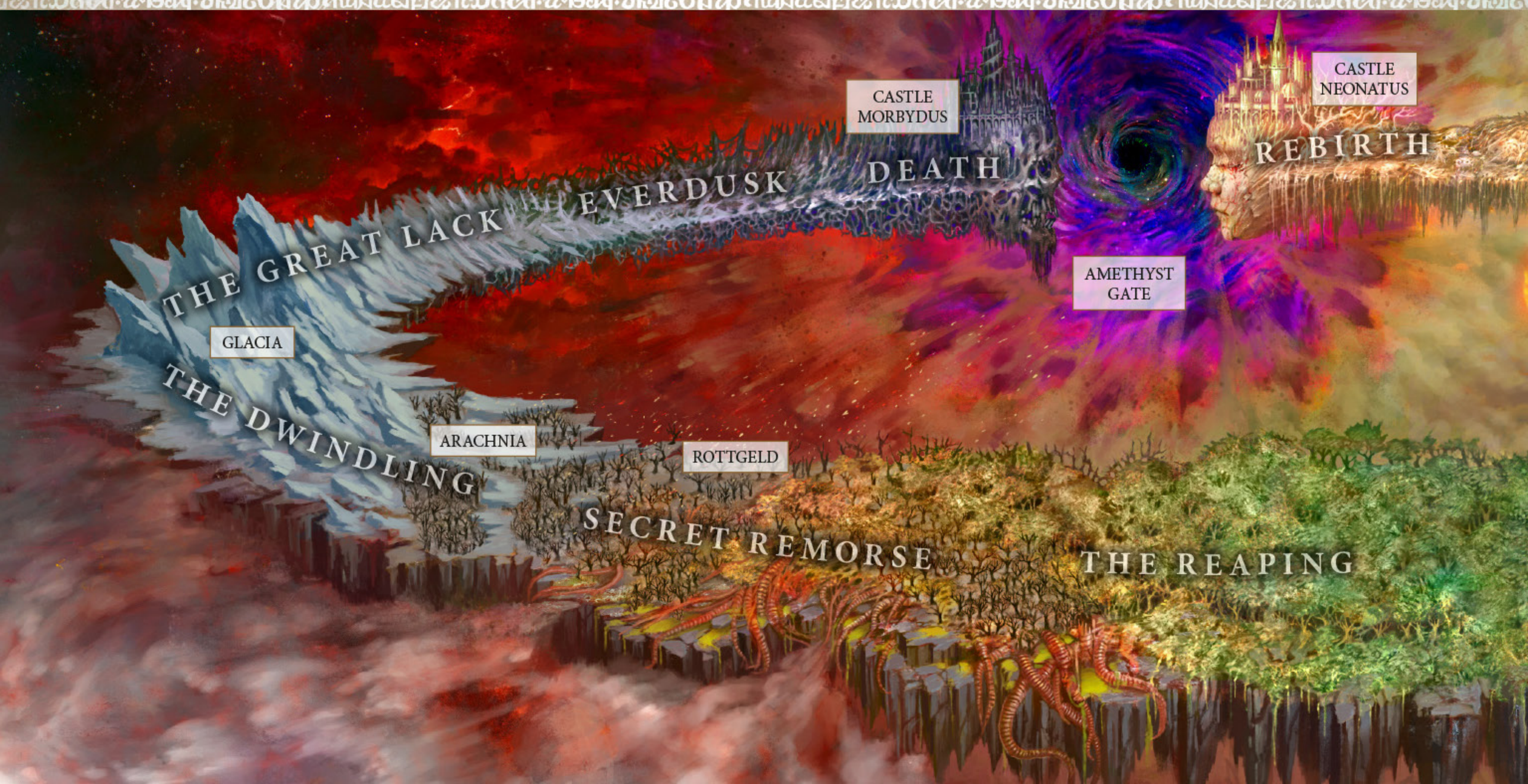
THE CYCLE CORRUPT

The cycle of life, death and rebirth is common in the Jade Kingdoms, and nowhere more profound than upon the Great Green Torc. Here, upon a sky-borne toroid made from the soulstuff of a dozen seasons, the stages of the yearly cycle are manifest as domains that are both times and places.

One end of the Great Green Torc embodies Rebirth. It is as pure and unblemished as a newborn cherub, the citadel upon it an architectural triumph of smooth alabaster. The soft, cool lands there are those least touched by Nurgle's plans to claim the Torc as his crown. Should a traveller walk clockwise from Rebirth, they would see the tiny fronds and mycelial fungus of Springseed lead to sprouts and stalks of foul-smelling mushrooms. These shoots grow taller and stouter through the season of Naive Hope until they become the yellowish plants and straining saplings of The Blooming. This in turn gives way to the unbound fecundity of The Burgeoning, where grandiose orchards burst with overripe fruit on the verge of rot. If the traveller were to continue they would see the colours of midsummer change through the mildewed golds of the Mellowing to the vibrant palette of the Reaping, then the season of Secret Remorse, where finger-veined leaves are tossed in the wind. On go the seasons to the Dwindling, where frost creeps across the land, and the Great Lack, a band of greasy ice fields choked with bone-white forests. Finally, the journey reaches its end with the season of Everdusk, a morbid landscape of grave-cold tombs. Beyond that stands Death, and the Amethyst Gate, said to lead to the domain of immortal Nagash.

Once, the greatest of gargants presided over the Torc. They also ruled over the Sprawl below, though they rarely left their sumptuous homelands. They were not alone there, for spider-worshipping tribes of grots lived in the web-strewn reaches where the Reaping's sentient trees turned to ice-clad forests.

When the brayherds of Nurgle came, however, gargants and grots alike were put to the sword. Robbed of even the most foul-tasting nourishment by the diseases the brayherds spread across the land, the starving gargants descended down the Grand Umbilicus in search of food, only to find the Scabrous Sprawl just as infected.

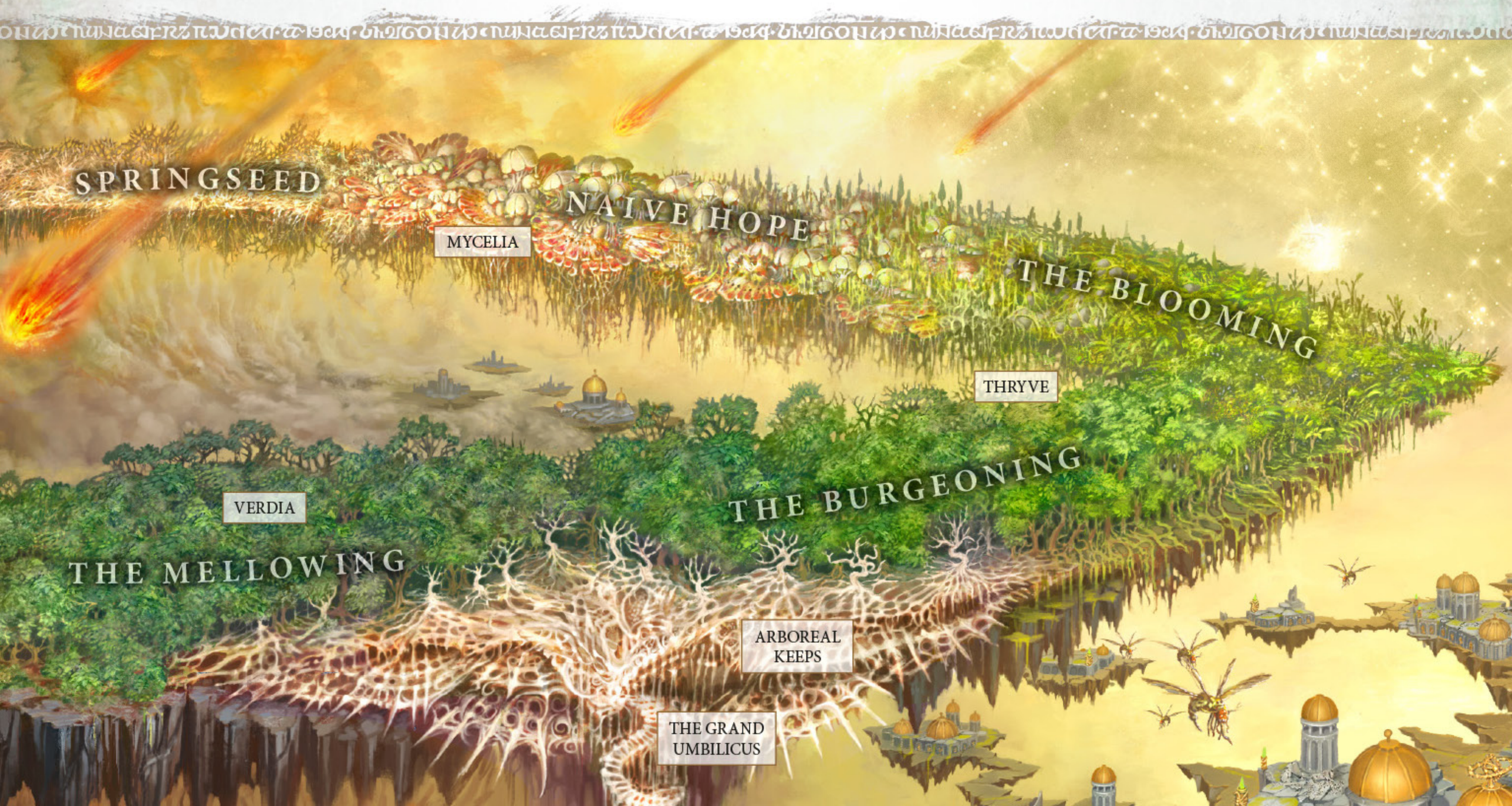


Perhaps the spider tribes would have fared better had they allied with the gargants, but they were territorial, and would not stray from Arachnia. They found themselves forced into hiding within a few years of war.

Nurgle was not the only fell power to lay claim to the Torc. Archaon, too, wanted that strange land under his control as an asset in his war against the Heavens. His plan to harness Behemat was threefold. Though he despised the children of the Horned Rat for their weakness of spirit, no other force could burrow through the earth with such speed. To awaken the titan Behemat he had need of the skaven's eldritch earth-gnawing abilities. Once the godbeast was brought to wakefulness by their warpstone drills, Archaon would ensure the World Titan's placidity with the daemonfly curse. He would then bind him into eternal servitude by placing the Great Green Torc around his titanic neck. Archaon had learned from his oracle, Kiathanus, that the magic of the polluted Torc would fill Behemat with Nurgle's riotous power, both ensuring his loyalty and increasing his incredible strength.

This victory was well within Archaon's reach. The Torc already belonged to the brayherds of Nurgle. The Scabrous Sprawl teemed with skaven, their infernal weaponry driving the remaining gargants into hiding amongst the swamps and ruins of that land. The godbeast himself shuddered in agony as he fought towards consciousness, chasms yawning across the land as Behemat ripped his giant limbs from the Sprawl's rocky crust. Once the World Titan awoke and reared up to his full star-scraping height, Archaon would fill his mind with twisted half-truths, just as his body had been filled with the pollution of the Plague God. The Everchosen's plan was to tell the dim-witted monstrosity that it was Sigmar who slew Ymnog, the Father of Gargants and Behemat's zodiacal sire, during the Age of Myth – a fact free of the context that might justify it. Despite Behemat's allegiance to Ghyran, the seed of hatred would flourish within him, convincing him to defend the Jade Kingdoms not against the Chaos scourge, but against the armoured invaders that rode the storm. The placement of the Torc around Behemat's corded neck would cement the alliance between demigod and giant.

The capture of such a mighty godbeast would be an unfathomably powerful asset in the war for the realms. With the Eightpoints allowing Archaon to move his legions at will and a pantheon of godbeasts at his beck and call, the siege of Sigmar's precious stronghold would not be long in coming.



THE TORC ASSAILED

The Tempest of Sigmar broke upon the Great Green Torc with the clamour of worlds splitting apart, thunderous bolts of lightning hammering from the skies to leave gleaming phalanxes in their wake. Mile-wide craters smouldered in the orchards of Verdia where fecund vegetation had before grown.

The Hallowed Knights emerged from the afterglow of their celestial assault in spotless glory, the burnished silver of their armour limned blue by the crackling energies of the Tempest above. At their head was Lord-Celestant Gardus, he who had fought through the Garden of Nurgle and survived, though none truly knew how. Thin beams of pure light streamed from the cracks in the heroic lord's armour.

Together, the Hallowed Knights filled the air with a cleansing presence that burned away the omnipresent miasma of Nurgle's filth as a rising sun banishes the fog of dawn. They raised their voices, shaking the foliage of Verdia with their mantra – 'Only the faithful!'

In stark contrast were the Anvils of the Heldenhammer. They stood immobile in the scorched aftermath of their arrival, eyes closed and heads hung in silent prayer for supremacy in the battle to come. After the initial flash of light that saw them borne to the Great Green Torc, they became one with the darkness, their obsidian-hued armour blending with the shadows so that only by the rims of gold around each black plate could they be picked out. Lord-Celestant Thaddeon ven Denst climbed upon his Dracoth and rode onto the smouldering side of a fallen oak, his sonorous voice rolling like bass thunder across the clearing. A silent salute from a thousand blades, and his Griefbringers too marched to war.

The first brayherds, oblivious to what the celestial bolts of light represented, had the temerity to ambush the massed Stormcast Eternals as they secured their beachhead. They were swiftly put to flight – so many punitive volleys were loosed from each Stormhost's Judicators that the bestial armies recoiled like a living thing stuck by a needle-sharp blade. They melted away into the trees, long having mastered the beast-paths that wound across the seasonal domains of the Torc. Shouting fierce praise to Sigmar, the Stormcast Eternals hastened in pursuit.

The beastmen resolved to let the twisted forests and their territorial denizens take their toll before attacking again.

GARDUS OF THE STEEL SOUL

Lord-Celestant Gardus is a living beacon of hope. Even as a mortal he made it his life's work to defend those in need. When his grand hospice was assailed by Skinstealers, he took up two massive iron candlesticks and fought to the death in its defence. At the last, Sigmar answered his prayer for strength, snatching his soul to Azyr and Reforging him as a lord amongst warriors. His first battle as a Stormcast saw him plunge through the Gates of Dawn in order to draw the immense greater daemon Bolathrax away from his men, little realising that the portal led to the hellish lands of Nurgle's Garden. He emerged alive, though only just, and was slain soon after in the battle for Athelwyrd. His subsequent Reforging has seen him return to the Mortal Realms with a blazing aura, like sunlight upon snow. Those who whisper that he was tainted by his ordeal in Nurgle's Garden need only to look upon him to see the truth – his purity is more powerful than ever.

Their bray-shamans reasoned that if the newcomers could be led to the door of the spider-worshipping tribes still holding out in Arachnia, two foes could be set against one another.

The Stormhosts, intent on finding the strongholds of their enemies and tearing them down in Sigmar's name, were easily led. Engaged in a carefully orchestrated running battle with nimble ungor skirmishers, they chased shadows through the leafy drifts of Rottgeld before the denuded trees became entirely shrouded with thick, sticky webs. There, the beastmen disappeared altogether, fleeing via hidden paths. The Stormhosts marched on, hacking the ropy cobwebs that barred their path until they were surrounded by grey-white gossamer hung with bound, desiccated cadavers – the dead bodies of birds, of beasts, and of those who had trespassed before.

The Stormcast commanders convened under a canopy of bundled corpses. 'This is a place of ill omen,' said Gardus, making the sign of the comet over his heart.

'We fear not the dead,' said Lord-Celestant Thaddeon. His words fell flat in the web-strewn clearing, muffled like grave-slabs thudding into wormy earth. 'Nor do we recoil from that which the Plague God has wrought.'

Gardus shuddered. 'That cursed work, I am more than familiar with,' he said. 'It is the lack of it I find peculiar. This is not the Plague God's doing.' He turned full circle, eyes scanning the tangled webs above. 'Something else lives here, amongst the spider-lairs. Something… not of Chaos.'

'Carest thou what manner of beast haunts these reaches?' asked Thaddeon. 'Doth the shadow of the monstrous give you pause?'

Gardus turned, the eye sockets of his mask blazing white. 'Yes,' he said, motioning for his Stormcasts to form a shield wall. 'As it should any warrior who fights with mind as well as blade.' Affronted, Thaddeon wheeled his Dracoth. Then the webs around the Lord-Celestants quivered and thrummed. Dark shapes resolved into giant spiders with shrieking greenskins upon their backs, and the clearing erupted into violence.

TRAPPED BY THE GRIM TIDES

The Stormcast Eternals, having been led into Arachnia by their beastman prey, came under attack from hundreds of greenskin spider riders. Forming up into a tight defensive wedge, the Stormcast Eternals sought open ground on which to make their stand – but the trap's jaws were closing fast.

The web-forests of Arachnia, once as silent as the corpses tangled in their midst, burst into frenetic life. Everywhere, the Stormcast Eternals found giant spiders parting webs with their forelimbs to scuttle quickly through, the feather-crested grots upon their backs shrieking in shrill voices as they loosed arrows and stabbed jagged blades at the Stormcasts. Greenskins were skewered on the points of sigmarite swords; giant spiders were pulped in explosions of stringy gloop by the swings of glowing warhammers. The Stormhosts' enemies were skilled in the arts of ambush, however, and the death toll rose high on either side.

In the open field, the Stormcast Eternals would have made short work of their scrawny assailants – but with thick ropes of web clustered all around, the spider riders had the advantage. Shield walls were of little use against foes that dropped down from above, Prosecutors could not take flight without risking entanglement, and the Judicators found it hard to use their bows to full effect in such dense terrain.

Confusion reigned as fat-bodied spiders dropped from the canopy to shatter the Stormcasts' battle line, dagger-sharp legs jabbing through the gaps in their victims' armour to send souls soaring back to Azyr in bursts of cerulean light. As the Stormcast Eternals turned to wreak their revenge, grot stalkers darted in and jabbed with flint spears at the exposed backs of their adversaries. Then came the monstrosities that the forest's grots worshipped as deities – building-sized Arachnarok spiders that knocked spindly trees aside as they stormed into the fray. Realising their predicament, the Lord-Celestants of both Stormhosts ordered their warriors to mount a fighting retreat. Slowly, the phalanxes fought their way backwards – only to find all the paths to Rottgeld blocked by hordes of evil-eyed beastmen.

'Beware! Foemen at our back!' hollered Lord Thaddeon, his Protectors taking the legs from a monstrous spider-thing before their Retributor brothers caved in its exoskeleton. More giant arachnids swarmed in, Decimators hacking them down with arcing sweeps to allow their fellows to regroup. Ahead, Gardus the Steel Soul shone like a beacon, light streaming from cracks in his armour as he killed over and over again. Despite his valour, he and his men were becoming surrounded. Thaddeon felt the gaze of Death itself upon his soul. The enemy was everywhere.

'Get clear!' shouted Gardus. 'We shall hold them off!' Around him, his Retributors were battering at tree trunks and spider-swarms with equal determination, forging a perimeter to shield the Anvils from encirclement. The price was steep, for dozens of the Hallowed Knights were overwhelmed in the attempt. Thaddeon shook his head, wheeling his scaled steed, Voytragon, toward the beastmen massing behind them.

'We shall bring ruin to the beasts, stem the tide of these newcomers,' called Lord Thaddeon. 'Stay true, and together we shall cleanse this place!' The Lord-Celestant spurred his Dracoth to a gallop, and a wedge of regrouped Anvils pounded through a trampled morass of blood-strewn webs after him. Trusting his steed to charge on, Thaddeon turned briefly to see Gardus disappear under a tide of scuttling bodies. 'Fare thee well, Lord Gardus,' he said, jaw clenched as he turned to the hated beastmen ahead. 'You of all people understand. We must win out, no matter the cost.'

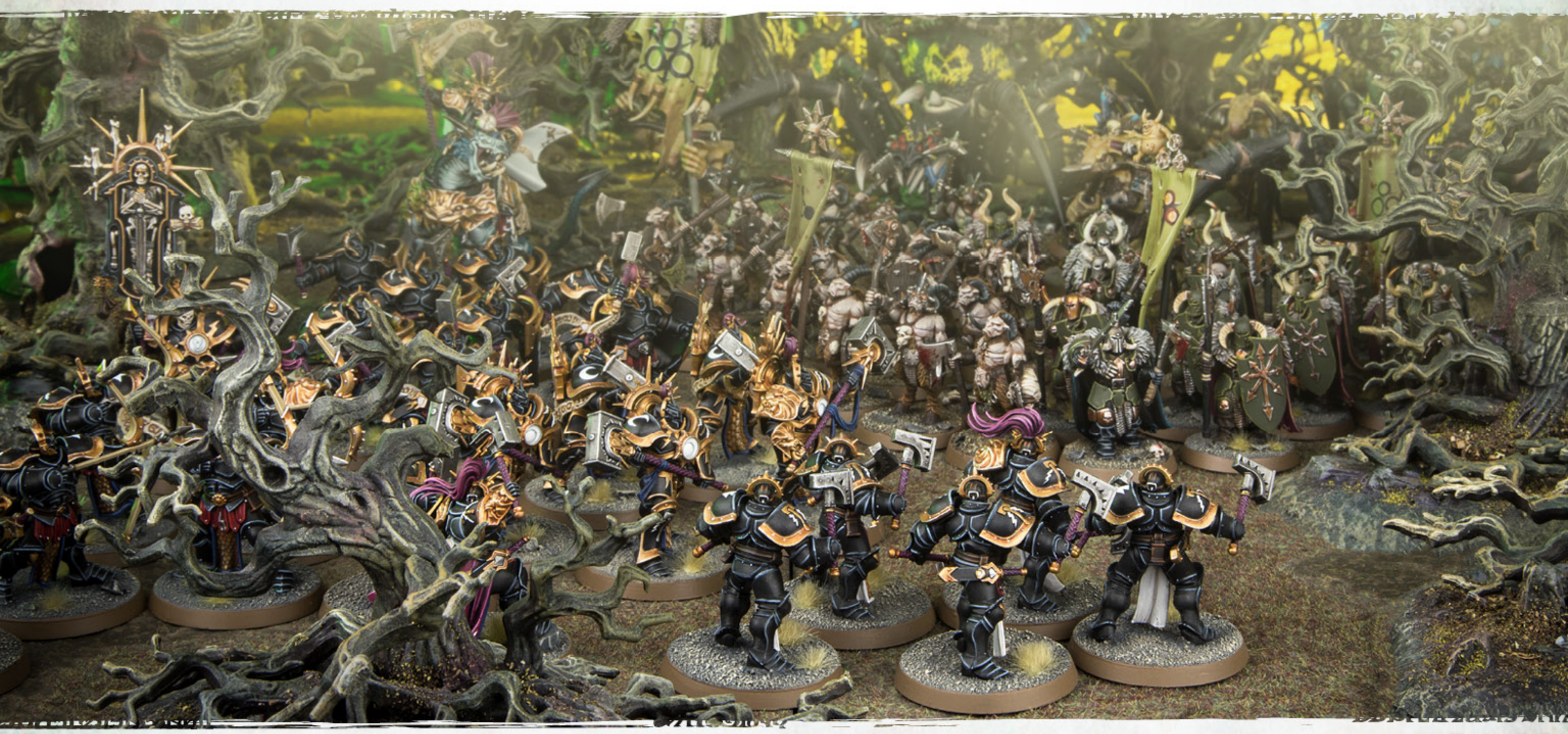
The Hallowed Knights had bought time for the Anvils of the Heldenhammer to escape the web-strewn lairs of Arachnia, and in doing so had saved them from complete encirclement. Thaddeon was determined to make use of the reprieve, his vanguard slamming into the beastmen lines like a mailed fist driven into an unprotected gut.

At first the slaughter went well. Hundreds of bloated goat-mutants were smashed apart and trampled by the armoured assault of the Anvils' Paladins. Thaddeon himself took a mighty toll, his tempestos hammer arcing out over and over to smash horned heads from bubo-covered necks. When his Warrior Chamber broke free of the spider tribes' trap and concentrated their force upon the beastmen, they left a path open behind them, the only obstacles the corpses of their vanquished foes.

Only hours later did Lord Thaddeon realise the assault was perhaps going too well. The beastmen were yielding ground on purpose, only sending in those so riddled with disease that they achieved little more than spattering the Stormcast Eternals with unclean fluids. In doing so, they were leading the Anvils further and further away from their kin, the Hallowed Knights.

The beastlords of the brayherds reasoned that, if they could not slay their enemies by ambush, they would draw them apart, weakening them with long weeks of strife before surrounding and overwhelming them. Their bray-shamans drove their bleating warriors forward with surges of atavistic magic, each savage assault forcing the two Stormhosts further and further apart until the gap between them seethed with muscular, mould-matted bodies. The air stank of mildew, sweat and rust, and crushed fungus and gore-strewn mulch made the ground slippery underfoot, but the Anvils kept their heads. With their Liberators forming a wide shield wall they pushed forward, hacking a path onwards and out of Arachnia. Each warrior was as grimly determined as the next, and those not in the front put their shoulders to their comrades' broad backs in order to lend their strength.

So began a laborious odyssey for the Anvils of the Heldenhammer. With Lord Thaddeon at their head, they doggedly fought their way back the way they had come along the length of



the Great Green Torc. Their aim was ultimately to eradicate the bestial tribes from Arachnia all the way to Castle Neonatus, but as they found themselves beset upon all sides, their goal began to seem ever more remote.

When the beastmen were driven back by a running battle waged through the autumnal glades of Secret Remorse, sharp-eyed ungor archers sniped at the Anvils from hiding places in boles and caves. Most of the shots rebounded from sigmarite war-plate, but a few found their mark, and every warrior the Griefbringers lost was a dolorous blow. When the Stormcasts were forced to extend their lines to fight through the beast-tracks of overgrown Verdia, a strange chanting presaged an attack by looming cygors. The beasts hurled moss-covered menhirs into their ranks, crushing those without room to evade.

The Anvils kept to their course nonetheless, their Decimators hacking a pincer movement through the vine-throttled vegetation to dismember the half-blind cygor giants wherever they could catch them. Ambushing Bestigors burst screaming from hidden bivouacs to slam moss-bearded greataxes into the Griefbringer vanguard, and flickers of blue light illuminated the canopy before the Stormcasts could drive them off with a concerted counter-attack.

Despite his losses, Lord Thaddeon kept discipline amongst his retinues with stern orders and long-practiced drills. The Anvils fought grimly on through the grasping forests of the Burgeoning, axes and swords hacking down the Torc's infected vegetation as often as they carved into beastman flesh. Not a single warrior spoke of turning back, though many felt thoughts of retreat rise unbidden after every new ambush. Thaddeon had promised Gardus and the Hallowed Knights they would bring ruin to the beasts, and his warriors would not make a liar of him. He would keep that promise no matter the cost.

By the time the Griefbringers reached the wasted orchards of the Arboreal Keeps, their numbers had been more than halved. There, tangled in the vista of bone-white roots ahead of them, was the top of the winding stair that led through mystic means to the Scabrous Sprawl below. Beastmen were boiling over it like termites surging from a subterranean nest, bleating and braying in grotesque glee as they surged towards Lord Thaddeon's vanguard. There was no end to them. Girding themselves for a last stand, the Griefbringers prepared to sell their lives as dearly as possible.

BATTLEPLAN

STEM THE TIDE

Stories are often told of bands of valiant warriors who stood against a foe many times their own number, bravely holding their ground against seemingly impossible odds. In such circumstances, when retreat is not an option, the only hope for victory lies in inflicting such massive casualties on the enemy hordes that their morale breaks and they are forced to withdraw. Yet this task is a challenge beyond all but those whose deeds are destined to pass into legend.

The essence of such a challenge is replicated in this battleplan, enabling players to refight the epic war between the Stormcast Eternals and Nurgle's vast brayherds running rampant across the Green Torc. However, any two armies could feasibly fight one another in such a manner – after all, the Age of Sigmar is a time of desperate battles and endless warfare with thousands of clashes taking place at any given time across the Mortal Realms.

THE ARMIES

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

DEFIER'S OBJECTIVES

Your army is heavily outnumbered, but you have wisely chosen to make your stand in a narrow gully in which your enemies cannot bring their overwhelming numbers to bear at the same time. Your only hope lies in the relentless slaughter of the foe. Butcher each wave of warriors they send against you; the more you cut down, the more likely they are to break off the assault and rethink their strategy. Until then, expect no mercy, for the enemy is confident in the victory to come. Stand firm and show them the folly of such arrogance.

DOMINATOR'S OBJECTIVES

Having been beaten again and again in open battle against your superior numbers, the enemy is once more ripe for the slaughter. Yet they have chosen their position wisely and you will be unable to assail them with more than a fraction of your full strength. Hurl your warriors into battle and overwhelm the enemy until none live to resist you. Should the enemy offer particularly stubborn resistance, you may run the risk of your orders being questioned and the attack faltering. A swift victory is your best hope – press onwards with all haste, and do not waste this opportunity to secure the foe's annihilation.

DWINDLING MORALE

As the dominator's warriors are wounded and slain by their heavily outnumbered foe, their confidence begins to suffer in the face of such valour. At the start of the third battle round, reduce the Bravery of all models in the dominator's army by 1. At the start of the fourth battle round, reduce the Bravery of all models in the dominator's army by 2 rather than 1, and by 3 rather than 1 at the start of the fifth battle round.

NEVER GIVE UP!

The defier's forces are determined to fight on for as long as possible, no matter what it costs. Each time one of their models is slain in the combat phase, roll a dice; on the roll of a 6, the model lashes out one last time, inflicting a mortal wound on an enemy unit within 1" of them before they are removed from the battlefield.

THE BATTLEFIELD

Tall trees scatter the gully, either side of which rear tall cliffs that are all but impossible to navigate for many leagues around, making this site an excellent defensive location.

First of all, the dominator sets up a single terrain piece in the exact centre of their territory to represent the Realmgate their forces are pouring forth from. If a model is available, we suggest using a Baleful Realmgate to represent this. The players can then generate any remaining scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the example scenery shown on the map below.

SET-UP

The defier sets up all of the units in their army first. The dominator then divides the units in their army as evenly as possible into two forces, then sets up all of the units in one force. The units in the other force arrive later in the battle. Models must be set up in their own territory as shown on the map below.

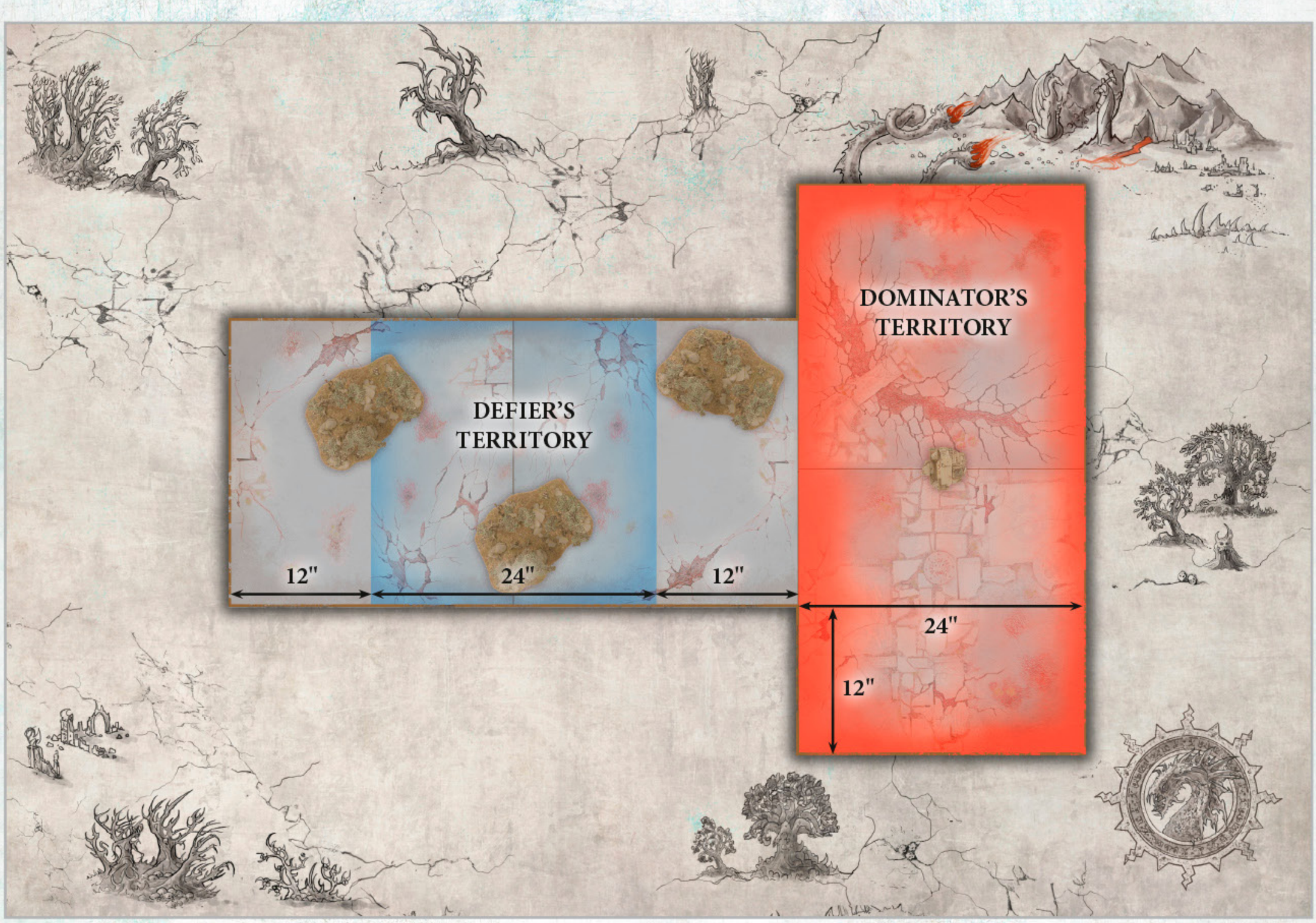
FIRST TURN

The dominator decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

AN ENDLESS WAVE

As the battle begins in earnest, additional forces continue to pour forth from the Realmgate as the dominator gradually brings their overwhelming numbers to bear.

At the start of their second movement phase, the dominator can set up all of the units from the second half of their army, anywhere within 9" of the



Realmgate and more than 3" from an enemy unit. In addition, starting from their second turn and in each subsequent turn, at the start of their movement phase the dominator can set up any units from their army that have been wiped out anywhere within 9" of the Realmgate and more than 3" from an enemy unit. This counts as their move for that movement phase.

VICTORY

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

The game lasts for five battle rounds. If the dominator wipes out all of the models from the defier's starting force before the end of the game, they win a **major victory**. Any other result is a **major victory** to the defier.

LINKING YOUR GAMES

If you want to make for an especially exciting challenge based on the narrative you have just read, you can link this battleplan together with Fleeting Fealty. To do so, you can either play both games simultaneously alongside two of your friends, or play Fleeting Fealty first and use the result to determine the outcome of this battleplan.

If playing the games simultaneously, start the first battle round on each battlefield at the same time. If the demolisher succeeds in destroying the Realmgate in Fleeting Fealty (or otherwise wins a victory), then the dominator can no longer use the rules for An Endless Wave from that moment on – their reinforcements have been cut off! Similarly, if playing the games one after another, if the demolisher wins the Fleeting Fealty battleplan, make a note of the battle round in which the Realmgate was destroyed; from that battle round onwards when playing Stem the Tide, the dominator can no longer use the rules for An Endless Wave.

In either case, when playing these two battleplans as linked games, Stem the Tide lasts for seven battle rounds instead of only five, meaning that the defier must hold out for even longer against the odds! However, the winner of Stem the Tide wins a **major victory** overall, even if they lost Fleeting Fealty.

TIME OF WAR

The Great Green Torc that drifts above the Scabrous Sprawl is caught in an endless seasonal cycle as each of its unique regional climates take hold. These rules enable you to fight battles atop the Great Green Torc as the equilibrium shifts in this fantastical ecosystem.

THE GREAT GREEN TORC

If you decide a battle is taking place in the Realm of Life, you can specify it is occurring in the Great Green Torc. If you do, you can either choose which season you wish to fight in, or roll a dice and apply the rules for the corresponding season.

1: REBIRTH

That which had once diminished and ceased to be now bursts into new life at the start of the seasonal cycle. Fallen warriors surge to their feet once more, their limbs strong and bodies unmarked by the grievous wounds that saw them slain but moments before.

In your hero phase, roll a D3 for each of your units on the battlefield, and return that many slain models to that unit. In addition, all **WIZARDS** know the following spell whilst this season is in effect:

BACK FROM THE DEAD

Back from the Dead has a casting value of 8. If successfully cast, pick one of your **HERO** or **MONSTER** models that was slain earlier in the battle and set up a new unit of that model anywhere within 9" of the caster that is more than 3" from the enemy. This counts as that model's movement for this turn.

2: THE BLOOMING

Where new life has taken root, it now grows at an astonishing rate, and the land itself is awash with rejuvenating and replenishing energies. Injured warriors, stubbornly refusing to fall despite the terrible harm wrought upon them during the battle, find their wounds suddenly seal shut and shattered bones reknit. Fresh vigour coursing through their veins, they grip their weapons with renewed strength and fresh purpose.

In your hero phase, each of your units heals D3 wounds. In addition, all **WIZARDS** know the following spell whilst this season is in effect:

RENEWAL

Renewal has a casting value of 8. If successfully cast, pick one of your **HERO** or **MONSTER** models within 12" of the caster that has suffered wounds. Heal the model you picked to its starting number of wounds.

3: THE BURGEONING

The power of life is at its zenith during this season, and death has little hold on any that bask within its bountiful splendour. Creatures great and small are nourished and enriched with benevolent, life-giving energies, and are able to shrug off harm that would prove fatal during any other time in the Torc's cycle.

Each time a model suffers a wound or mortal wound, roll a dice. On the roll of a 6, that wound is ignored. You can always make this roll, irrespective of other similar abilities a model may have. In addition, all **WIZARDS** know the following spell whilst this season is in effect:

AESTIVAL'S BOON

Aestival's Boon has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick one of your units within 12" of the caster. Until your next hero phase, add 1 to the result when rolling to see if any models from the unit you picked ignore wounds or mortal wounds as a result of the Burgeoning (see above).

4: THE REAPING

After the rise comes the fall. The Reaping feeds upon the land's bountiful energies and exacts a heavy toll upon all beneath its sway. Foliage of every description is shorn of its leaves even as the life is torn from those who are injured in battle.

At the end of the battleshock phase, any models that have suffered wounds earlier in the battle immediately suffer one mortal wound. In addition, all **WIZARDS** know the following spell whilst this season is in effect:

HARVESTER OF PAIN

Harvester of Pain has a casting value of 8. If successfully cast, pick a single enemy model within 12" of the caster. The model you picked immediately suffers a mortal wound if it has a Wounds characteristic of 1, 2 or 3; D3 mortal wounds if it has a Wounds characteristic of 4, 5 or 6; or D6 mortal wounds if it has a Wounds characteristic of 7 or higher.

5: THE DWINDLING

As the cycle of life draws to a close, enervating energies sweep across the land as the will to live is shorn from those that dwell upon the Torc in preparation for what is to come.

Subtract 1 from the Bravery of all units. In addition, all **WIZARDS** know the following spell whilst this season is in effect:

WEAKEN RESOLVE

Weaken Resolve has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick an enemy unit within 12" of the caster and roll a D3. Until your next hero phase, the unit you picked suffers a penalty to their Bravery equal to the amount you rolled.

6: DEATH

In the circle of life, death is inevitable. Those caught within its clutches will wither and die unless the life energies of others can be stolen and offered in their place.

At the end of each battleshock phase, the units belonging to each player will suffer from death's embrace unless their army has achieved a sufficient sacrifice that turn. If no enemy models were slain during the turn, each of your units immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds. If 1-9 enemy models were slain during the turn, each of your units immediately suffers one mortal wound. If 10 or more enemy models were slain during the turn, your units suffer no harm this turn. Models that flee count as slain for these purposes – death comes for them first!

In addition, all **WIZARDS** know the following spell whilst this season is in effect:

CHEATING DEATH

Cheating Death has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, until your next hero phase, friendly units within 5" of the caster in the battleshock phase are unaffected by death's embrace (see above).

SEASONS IN TURMOIL

If you wish, you can choose for a battle fought upon the Great Green Torc to take place during a seasonal flux. Unpredictable periods of unrestrained change, these freak occurrences rapidly hasten the land's seasonal cycle to the extent that all six seasons can pass within a single day.

If you decide to represent this, you can either choose which season you wish to start fighting in, or roll a dice to randomly determine which as normal. That season's effects apply for the duration of the first battle round. At the start of the next battle round, the season shifts to the next in the cycle and that season's effects apply during that battle round, and so on. Note that the sixth season is always followed by the first season. For example, if your battle began during the Burgeoning, the season would change to the Reaping at the start of the second battle round, and the Dwindling at the start of the third, etc.

The Anvils of the Heldenhammer make a gruelling journey through the changing seasons of the Great Green Torc.

Though forced to fight in close confines, the stoic discipline of the Anvils sees them make a slow but unstoppable advance.

ANVILS OF THE HELDENHAMMER

Dark of mien and manner, the Anvils of the Heldenhammer are Reforged from mortal heroes slain many centuries ago. Now you must bring these warriors back from their graves with your painting skill, then strike at the hordes of Chaos with these most venerable and battle-hardened Stormcasts.

A brooding presence, the Anvils of the Heldenhammer stand silent in prayer before each battle. Only then are they ready to unleash a relentless assault that has proved the nemesis of countless Chaos foes.

Though their demeanour, customs and even manner of speech reflect their archaic origins, the Anvils of the Heldenhammer have a mastership of tactics gained through long experience. Their fighting stance is one of grim determination, for they have known death for long centuries, and they do not wish to be reacquainted. As befits their provenance and austere nature, the Anvils' armour is fashioned of dark, ancient sigmarite. This gives the miniatures a severe appearance that's made all the more imposing by the sigmarite lightning and shining gold adorning their shield, helm, pauldrons and tabard. This livery is a boon for hobbyists who enjoy fielding larger armies. By using Chaos Black Spray for both primer and base coat, it's possible to paint an impressive number of miniatures to a high standard in a relatively short span of time.

Using his lightning hammer to blast the enemy's ranks into dust, this Retributor is a true heavy hitter. The stages shown opposite can also be used to paint this warrior.

The two warhammers carried by this Liberator allow him to feint, parry and create openings in his opponent's guard. Remember to pick out the end pommels in gold.

After assembling the miniature, clean up any mould lines with the Citadel Mouldline Remover tool. Now undercoat the model with an even coat of Chaos Black Spray.

Apply Base paints: Retributor Armour, Leadbelcher, Rhinox Hide (leather), Khorne Red (tassets), Celestra Grey (sigil), Screamer Pink (weapon haft) and Macragge Blue (tabard trim).

Shade paints add depth – use Reikland Fleshshade for the gold trim, Nuln Oil for the Leadbelcher and blue trim, and Druchii Violet for the weapon haft and tassets.

Highlight the edges: use Dark Reaper (armour), Auric Armour Gold, Ironbreaker, Altdorf Guard Blue, Wazdakka Red, Pink Horror (haft), and White Scar (sigil).

Now add even finer lines: Fenrisian Grey (armour), Runefang Steel (all metals), Calgar Blue, Wild Rider Red, Emperor's Children (haft) and Skrag Brown (leather).

Glue Citadel Sand to the base. Paint it with Mechanicus Standard Grey, then drybrush with Karak Stone followed by Screaming Skull. Paint the rim of the base with Steel Legion Drab.

CHILDREN OF THE SPRAWL

LORDS OF THE SWAMP

The Stormcast Eternals came to free the oppressed and the enslaved, but for every tribe that welcomed them as saviours there was another so warlike it attacked on sight. During the war for the Sprawl the Stormhosts were to encounter just such a savage people – and no ordinary mortals were these.

Across the Scabrous Sprawl the grand congregations of Nurgle spread their diseases far and wide, for the peoples of that land had fallen to plague, war, or despair. Even the twelve seasons had been twisted by the Plague God's unwholesome vision. The Grand Umbilicus, a Realmgate in the form of a dizzying pillar of stone and wood that connected the Sprawl to the Torc, was firmly in the hands of beastman brayherds. Piled with mouldering trophies and the captured weapons of gargant tribes, the pillar was used as a herdstone in many of the beastmen's vile rituals. After every bacchanal, the horned ones would send hundreds of their mightiest warriors up the mist-shrouded stairs of the Umbilicus. In moments the magic of that Realmgate would see them emerge on the Torc above. It was those same brayherds that took up their weapons as the lightning of Sigmar's Tempest struck the Sprawl once more. And yet they were not the first to meet the Stormhosts in battle.

Stepping from the afterglow of their meteoric strike, two Warrior Chambers strode into the Sprawl's lightning-lit gloom. One was the Gleaming Host of the Hallowed Knights, led by Lord Gardus' spiritual brother, Silus the Untarnished. The other was the Noble Donatans, a chamber of Tempest Lords led by the former guild-king Donatan Threccio. Lord Threccio was a legendary opponent of Chaos in mortal life; elevated to Azyr after his personal defeat of the Ninefold Warlock. He was accustomed to fighting under fluttering banners with highborn heralds to announce his presence. Upon his Reforging, he was aghast to find that none of his former people had joined him, and that no-one had heard of his legendary deeds. Resolving to win his reputation all over again with hammer, blade and rousing speech, Threccio named his warrior chamber the Noble Donatans and went to war in Ghyran with his jaw set firm and his head high.

When the Gleaming Host made straight for the sucking, stinking quagmire of the Sweatswamp, Lord Threccio of the Tempest Lords hastened to Silus'

KING BRODD, LAST TRUE SON OF BEHEMAT

The massive gargant King Brodd came from the wilderness to lead the gargant tribes of the Sprawl, insisting that he crawled full-grown from the chasm known as Titansmawr. Those giant elders belligerent enough to challenge him had their brains bashed out in such spectacular displays of violence none have questioned his rule ever since. Brodd is exceptionally strong, even for a gargant – the skull he wears as a crown came from a mouldragon he killed with his bare hands. Wherever he goes, Brodd carries a huge granite pillar – both his symbol of rulership and his weapon in times of war. The stony artefact was a part of the old Behematian Temple that once crested Tor Crania, a monolithic structure toppled by cyclopean mutants long ago. Once his swamp-dwelling gargants have gathered in numbers enough to take revenge, Brodd intends to see the temple to his titanic father rebuilt, its mortar the ground bones of the same beastmen that dared tear it down.

side and queried his path. Silus replied that his Dracoth, Melchoristan, had communed with the Great Drake himself, and that their destiny lay straight ahead. Threccio's nose wrinkled behind his mask at the stench, secretly disgusted at the sight of rank after rank of silver-armoured Stormcasts wading unhesitatingly into a morass of yellowish liquid that looked and smelt like acrid sweat. He ordered his men to march alongside them nonetheless.

Over hard days of travel, the land shuddered and shook as Behemat stirred in his slumbers. Sinkholes opened and geysers jetted out hot filth. Lesser men would have turned back long ago when Threccio's Prosecutors finally came upon the gaunt, long-limbed gargants that made their home in the depths of the swamp.

When the giants realised there were intruders in their midst, a great bellow of alarm went up, and a knot of warpainted goliaths splashed through the mustard-hued mire to stomp and smash at the trespassers with clubs made from fallen trees. The Tempest Lords fought back hard, but only in defence – Threccio's commands meant that many a hammer blow was pulled at the last. The Stormhosts made haste away from the region, for the gargants bore not the mark of Chaos, and both Threccio and Silus realised they could only lose good warriors in a protracted battle. Those giant sentinels they had felled came to their senses soon after, awaking with livid bruises on their bodies and headaches worse than the fiercest hangover. By then, the armoured interlopers were long gone.

THE BATTLE OF THE UMBILICUS

Leaving behind the territory of the gargants they had disturbed in the swamp, the Stormhosts approached the stairway pillar that loomed ever larger on the horizon. The stench of Chaos was thick upon the wind, and the Stormhosts wished for nothing more than to eradicate it at the source.

The Stormcast Eternals emerged from the Sweatswamp reduced in number, but with not a bowed head amongst them. Traumatic weeks ground past as the Stormhosts forced their march across the bucking, seething wilderness. The din of the parasite engines reverberated in the distance, a constant grinding that set the teeth on edge. The beastmen war parties that roamed the land dared not challenge the Stormhosts in the open, for word of their deadly prowess had spread from the greatest bray-shamans to the lowliest of ungors. Instead, the horned beastlords of Nurgle sent their filth-draped armies to wait in ambush, infesting the woods around Tor Crania. Their plan was to strike only once, but with horrendous force.

Growling Dracoths bore their riders to the front of each phalanx as they closed on the Grand Umbilicus, each knowing the eye of their celestial patron was upon them. Knights-Azyros winged high, lanterns raised. They scanned the darkened skies, perturbed at the pinpricks of azure light flickering up from the Torc like shooting stars hurled backwards in time. Their Stormcast brothers, sent to cleanse that blighted sub-realm, were faring badly. Only by securing the umbilical Realmgate would those upon the Sprawl buy their kinsmen a chance of victory.

A strange buzzing haunted the cusp of hearing, its nature a mystery – until at the witching hour of the seventh week, the sound suddenly intensified. The skies filled with winding clouds of daemonflies, each a horizontal tornado of segmented legs and diaphanous wings. They spiralled into a single mass, a wave of fiendish insects that battered the Stormcast vanguard like a hurricane. At the centre of it all was a ghastly sight – Bloab Rotspawned upon his pox maggoth. Rotbringers shambled in their hundreds at his side.

The squalling swarm of daemonflies was so thick the air itself seemed alive. Lord-Celestant Silus cursed in frustration, his hammer connecting with nothing solid. He was all but blind. In the daemon-haunted darkness, not even the Hallowed Knights could keep the light of their defiance shining for long.

'So easily dealt with,' said a chuckling, buzzing voice nearby. 'So easily confused.' Silus' mind flared with pain as the talons of a maggoth pierced his abdomen, raising him level with the cowl of a maggot-eaten fiend.

Then it seemed that the blazing sensation of agony intensified into light from the heavens, pure and gleaming as it shone from above. A thousand daemonflies screamed shrilly, burned away in a moment. Silus peered into the lambent white glow to see a Knight-Venator and his Prosecutor bodyguard descending from the mists of the pillar high above.

'So you are showing your hand at last, lord of Filth Pit,' said Tornus the Redeemed, his syntax unmistakable even over the sorcerer's incantations. 'And thus you are meeting your end.' The Knight-Venator loosed an arrow that stuck in Bloab's throat, cutting short his spell. 'That is for your torturing of my body,' he said coldly, drawing an arrow that shone with the light of new stars. 'And this, sorcerer – this is for the torturing of my soul.'

Lord Silus fought his way free of the claw gripping him just in time to see Tornus' star-fated arrow plunge into Bloab's black heart.

When Tornus' celestial arrow slammed through Bloab Rotspawned's chest, the sorcerer and his maggoth burst into a cloud of tiny insects, but the Stormcasts were ready. Hurling their stormcaller javelins, the Prosecutors summoned chain lightning from the tempest above. The actinic fires burned every one of the flies to crisped ruin. Only a single daemon maggot escaped the notice of the vengeful Hallowed Knights, burrowed as it was in the corpse of a nearby Blightking.

Leaderless, the daemon swarm dispersed – and revealed the armies of beastmen that had used Bloab's attack as a distraction. Adding to the mayhem, over fifty gargants lumbered out of the swamps, belching monosyllabic warcries as they vented their pent-up fury on man and beast alike. The ground itself seemed eager to join the fight, and amongst every earthquake and eruption of quicksand another slew of warriors met their deaths. The giants seemed not to care who they fought, smashing Rotbringers, beastmen and Hallowed Knights through the air with each swing of their clubs. King Brodd stomped rot-clad beastmen into the mire wherever he saw them, breaking the spines of the horned cygors in their midst with swings of his granite pillar.

Lord-Celestants Silus and Threccio led the counter-attack, each the spearhead of a thin wedge from their Stormhost – one silver, one blue. They battled to reach the Tor Umbilical against overwhelming odds, rot-bloated beastmen and horn-helmed warriors pressing in from all sides; without the rampaging gargants breaking the cohesion of the Chaos attack, the Stormcasts would have been destroyed within hours. As it was, the Lord-Celestants turned the pandemonium to their advantage, directing a shield wall to guard their rear whilst leading a concerted assault to batter their way through the throng. The Paladins of each chamber reached the peak of the Tor on the twelfth hour of battle, and their commanders bade them raise hammer, axe and mace to hew down the Grand Umbilicus itself. They might as well have brought daggers to fell an elder oak. The ancient pillar of wood and stone was heavy with the weight of aeons, and would not yield. Their attack had consequences nonetheless. Seeing these strange new intruders taking their weapons to part of his homeland, King Brodd, lord of the gargants, bellowed in defiance and stormed towards them.

'This had better work,' muttered Lord Threccio, hurling himself clear of the monolith swung toward him. He tucked his shoulder and rolled across a carpet of bestial corpses into a fighter's crouch. Before he could move away the gargant king struck again with shocking swiftness. Threccio barely jumped clear before an explosion of infected blood and limbs flew in all directions. The monstrosity was overextending itself each time, but Threccio would not strike back. Not yet.

Around him the Paladins of the Stormcast Eternals hacked and pummelled their way through the beastmen throng to the base of the Grand Umbilicus. A few wore the deep blue of the Tempest Lords, those who had volunteered to go to their deaths in the name of Threccio's desperate plan. To his shame, they were outnumbered ten to one by the Hallowed Knights.

In came the monolith again, smashing a dozen beastmen to boneless mush as Threccio dived over a fallen goliath's torso and leapt for the sky-scraping stairway beyond. The gargant king raised his granite pillar for the kill, so close Threccio could smell the spoiled ale on his breath.

'Pathetic worm!' shouted Threccio, 'your father was a rat-licking weakling!'

The gargant roared in blind rage at Threccio's insult, brown spittle flying as he brought the monolith around in a tremendous arc. 'Now!' commanded Threccio. Every hammer-wielding Paladin that had fought to the Tor's peak struck one side of the umbilical pillar just as the gargant king's monolith struck home on its other side. There was an explosion of energy, its tooth-loosening force so intense it felled Stormcast, gargant and beastman alike for a league in all directions.

The Grand Umbilicus began to crumble and fall, mile by impossible mile, and the world cracked apart.

BATTLEPLAN

FLEETING FEALTY

Of all the many neutral and independent tribes that survived the tyranny of the Age of Chaos, amongst the most powerful are those comprising great beasts and powerful monsters that have banded together for mutual benefit. Since the Realmgate Wars erupted into life, commanders of every ilk have sought – by fair means or foul – to win the allegiance of these creatures, if only for the briefest of moments. The outcome of many battles have been turned on their heads by cunning manipulation or a hasty bribe.

This battleplan enables you to recreate such a situation, like the clash between the armies of Nurgle and Stormcast Eternals, the outcome of which would likely have been entirely different were it not for the intervention of the Gargant King and his towering kin. Many such battles have occurred across the Mortal Realms, so you can reenact this battleplan with any two opposing armies and a collection of monsters.

THE ARMIES

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

Neither player can include any **MONSTERS** in their army. Any available **MONSTERS** in each player's collection are kept to one side, and form the Monstrous Horde which will arrive as the battle unfolds (see overleaf). We suggest fielding roughly one **MONSTER** for every five units on the battlefield.

DEMOLISHER'S OBJECTIVES

In order for your forces to stem the tide of enemies in this area, the Realmgate that they have been using to bring their overwhelming numbers to bear must be destroyed. Yet this land is also the territory of a powerful warband of creatures that, should they arrive, could thwart or aid your ambitions. Be careful when treating with them, lest you rouse their anger. Should you win them to your cause, their strength could prove decisive in destroying the Realmgate.

RAMPAGER'S OBJECTIVES

An enemy army is approaching a Realmgate crucial to your dominance of this region. It must not fall. Yet the lair of a monstrous warband lies not far away, and they could well be drawn to the din of battle to defend what they believe to be their territory. Either find a way to turn their presence to your advantage or take this opportunity to destroy the creatures once and for all.

ATTACKING THE REALMGATE

Models from the demolisher's army can charge the Realmgate (see overleaf) and attack it in the combat phase as though it were an enemy model. The Realmgate is considered to have a Save characteristic of 4+. If it suffers 8 wounds it is destroyed, and the demolisher immediately claims victory.

STURDY CONSTRUCTION

The Realmgate is constructed of durable materials and esoteric wards are inscribed into its surface. Save rolls for the Realmgate are not modified by an attack's Rend characteristic. In addition, roll a dice for each mortal wound inflicted on the Realmgate; on a roll of 4 or more the wound is negated and causes no damage.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The Realmgate is located in an enormous valley, the low ground saturated by foetid water, resulting in the surrounding area being little more than a fly-infested swampland as far as the eye can see.

First of all, the rampager sets up a single terrain piece anywhere within their territory that is more than 6" from the edge of the battlefield to represent the Realmgate. If a model is available, we suggest using a Baleful Realmgate to represent this. Players can then generate any remaining scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the example scenery shown on the map below.

SET-UP

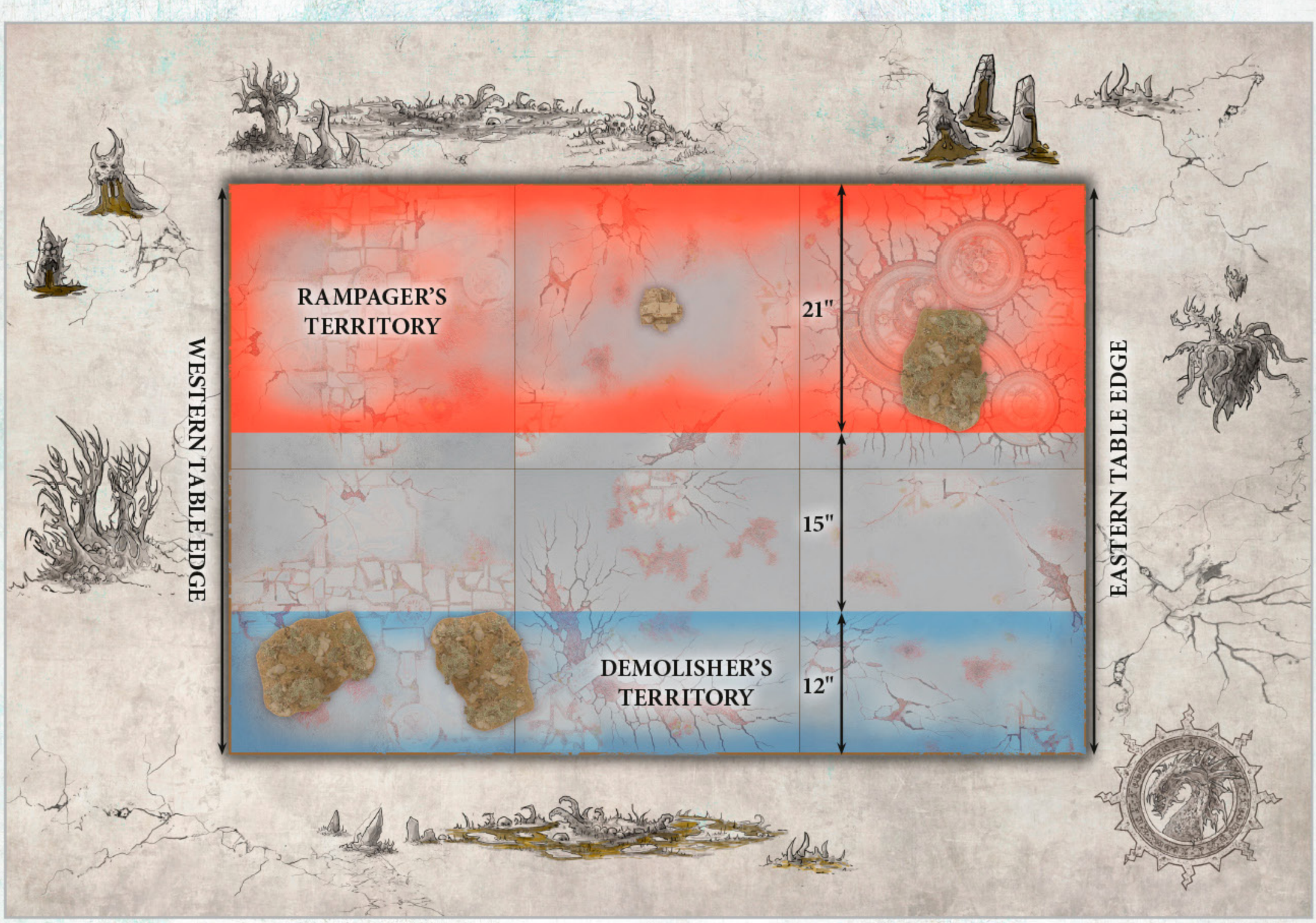
The players alternate setting up units, one at a time, starting with the rampager. Models must be set up in their own territory as shown on the map below. Note that none of the units from the Monstrous Horde (see below) are set up at this stage.

FIRST TURN

The demolisher decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

THE MONSTROUS HORDE

At the end of the first battle round, one player must roll a dice. On an even roll, the Monstrous Horde arrives from the western edge of the battlefield (see map); on an odd roll, they arrive from the eastern edge of the battlefield. Starting with the demolisher, players take it in turns to set up a model from the Monstrous Horde anywhere within 9" of that table edge, more than 3"



from either player's units. Continue this process until all of the Monstrous Horde models have been set up (or there is no more room).

STRIKING A PACT

At the start of every battle round after the first, both players can bid to gain the allegiance of the Monstrous Horde. Both players roll a dice and apply the following modifiers as appropriate (to a minimum of 0).

– If none of your units within 3" of a model from the Monstrous Horde made attacks against them in the previous battle round*: +2

– If any of your units attacked a model from the Monstrous Horde in the previous battle round: -1

– If any of your units killed a model from the Monstrous Horde in the previous battle round: -2

**Note that players can choose for their units not to make attacks in the combat phase if they are within 3" of units from the Monstrous Horde, even though this is not normally allowed.*

If one player has a higher total, all of the Monstrous Horde units are controlled by that player, becoming friendly to their units for the duration of the battle round. If the scores are tied, roll again, applying the same modifiers to the rolls.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. Instead, if the Realmgate is destroyed, the demolisher immediately wins a **major victory**. Otherwise, the games lasts for six battle rounds. The demolisher rolls two dice at the end of the battle and adds them together. If the result is lower than the number of wounds the Realmgate has suffered, the demolisher wins a **minor victory**. The demolisher also wins a **minor victory** if they wipe out all of the rampager's models on the battlefield. In any other case, the rampager wins a **major victory**.

The gargants of the Sweatswamp, descendants of a once-great civilisation, have become brutes with a territorial streak.

Wielding a monolithic chunk of an ancient temple as a weapon, King Brodd leads his lumbering kinsmen into battle.

BATTLE FOR THE TORC

FURY OF THE SKY-SPIDERS

The war for the Great Green Torc had been a catalogue of pain and strife. Such trials are the meat and drink of the Hallowed Knights, for of all Sigmar's Stormhosts they are the most willing to sacrifice themselves upon the altar of a worthy cause – especially if it aids their allies in the process.

The Steel Souls, warrior chamber of Lord Gardus, were locked in vicious combat against the spider-worshipping hordes of Arachnia. Every warrior found himself fighting a teeming mob of enemies, but despite the greenskins holding every advantage, the Stormcasts did not contemplate retreat. Blurs of pale light hurtled skyward with every minute as the Stormcast Eternals paid the price for their unwavering defence. Giant spiders dropped from the trees to bite as cunning grots stabbed flint blades into knee joints and necks. Scores of greenskins were slain, but the light of the Stormcasts was slowly being smothered by darkness.

Determined to take a grievous toll, the Hallowed Knights fought with every ounce of grit and passion they could muster. Their sacrifice had allowed the Anvils of the Heldenhammer to break free, fighting clear in stoic phalanxes that pushed back the beasts trying to entrap them. It was a hard-won reprieve, but the protracted engagement had subtler consequences that were yet to unfold.

Used to generations of oppression from the forces of Chaos, the spider tribes had fought a guerrilla war, only too aware of the fact that their kind was slowly dying out. They had attacked the Stormcast Eternals unreservedly in the hope that beneath the gleaming armour of each intruder they would find red meat, for there was little left to eat upon the Torc, and even their fungus farms were tainted by the miasma of Nurgle's conquest. The grot tribes were appalled to discover that whenever a Stormcast fell their body would discorporate, leaving behind nothing but the scent of the storm and a brief lambent glow.

The grot chieftain, Spiterakk, found himself facing a wedge of Liberators that closed on his position with a cold and implacable fury. He fought with the jerky urgency of the coward, and even

managed to lay low a few Liberators before they could surround him. Thinking this a brave display of martial prowess, the rest of his tribe fought on all the harder, shrieking as they vented their pent-up fury on the intruders.

An engagement as massive as the battle for Arachnia had not been seen on the Torc in living memory. The grots found the din of conflict awoke something within them, a spiritual strength they had subconsciously abandoned long ago. In their worship of strange and shadowy monsters, their tribes had neglected the call of honest, head-cracking thuggery represented by that colossus of battle, the deity Gorkamorka. Here, amongst the roars, bellows and screams of conquest, they communed with that primal power once more – they had no choice, for it rose up within them like sap through a flourishing plant.

The Steel Souls were down to their last few men when Lord Gardus gave the order to break off the fight. Grasping his hammer two-handed, he smashed a path through the massing foe towards the curved edge of the Torc. The Hallowed Knights bulled through the press, their struggling strides becoming a run, then a sprint. Gardus shouted a command and the Stormcasts leapt into nothingness, vanishing one by one into the lightning-lit clouds that drifted below the Torc. Watching wide-eyed, the feather-garbed grot chieftain threw back his head and let rip a shriek of triumph. Ten thousand greenskins, their voices raised above a whisper for the first time in years, joined in – each screamed at lung-searing volume as they revelled in the victory. The light of battle danced in every black pupil and compound eye. Below, the storm rumbled like the belly laugh of Gorkamorka himself as the greenskins surged from the forest in a scampering tide. The sky stampede had begun.

THE ANVIL TESTED

The Anvils of the Heldenhammer had battled from one seasonal domain to the next, fighting brayherd after brayherd as they went. Though the Hallowed Knights had held back the grots of Arachnia, and the Tempest Lords had cut off the beastmen's reinforcements, the Stormhost was still sorely pressed.

After the Grand Umbilicus had crashed down to the infected soil of the Sprawl, the Great Cherub of the Torc had sobbed loud, opening a mouth more cavernous than any gatehouse. Its drawbridge of a lower jaw drooled rivers of spittle as it gave voice to a terrible bawling.

The awful noise was loud enough to reach the Griefbringers in distant Verdia, but it dimmed their resolve not at all. The beastlords of the Sprawl were no longer able to send their goat-headed minions through the portal against the black-armoured Stormcasts, and that was making a critical difference. Battling through the defenders of the Arboreal Keeps, the Griefbringers found the forests beyond all but deserted. Though it took long weeks, they reached Castle Neonatus without losing another life. That ancient aelven fortress, perched upon the Great Cherub's brow, proved empty of all but the screaming wail of the Torc itself. Given the signal by their Knight-Heraldor, the Griefbringers climbed to the alabaster curtain walls. They manned them not a moment too soon.

From the fungal shoots and fronds of Mycelia surged the last of the Dark Gods' minions to have infested the Torc's reaches; a wave of beastmen and Chaos warriors. Having followed the Anvils to the fortress, they drove home a punishing assault. Horned monstrosities charged the castle walls headlong to smash home with stone-shattering force. Beastmen running in their wake hurled spears at the Judicators trying to thin the herd, and here and there were rewarded by flashes of azure. Warshrines devoted to the Plague God called down rains of

filth that made battlements slick and rendered visibility a distant memory. Cygors hurled boulders the size of Dracoths, each direct hit shaking the ancient structures to their foundations. The Torc, wounded and in flux, shifted underfoot – and an entire section of the castle slid away into the Amethyst Gate, carrying with it Lord-Celestant Thaddeon ven Denst and Lord-Relictor Todenhavt.

The remaining Anvils of the Heldenhammer fought on in stoic silence. With dozens of their finest warriors gone, time was fast running out. No matter how many of the foetid beasts they struck down with sword, axe and hammer there were always more to take their place. Bereft of their chamber's leaders, the Griefbringers reverted to the tactics that gave the Anvils their name, forming up in indomitable shield walls to cover every breach. Each Liberator vowed to stand their ground, unyielding as the forge-slabs of the Six Smiths until they were sent back to Azyr on the point of a rust-pocked blade.

The battle seethed upon the precipice, the rampant magic swirling around that strange kingdom carrying with it blessings and curses in equal measure. When the Torc glowed bright, even the most grievously wounded Stormcast Eternals found themselves whole once more, invigorated by the energies of Rebirth. Tiny, scampering simulacra climbed from the plague-wracked cadavers of the enemy, quickly growing into pale-skinned lesser beastmen that took up the weapons of their former incarnations.

The battle became one of endurance, testing the sanity as much as the body, but the Anvils proved equal to the task. Though they lost more blades with each fresh assault, not one of them gave in to despair. If they had to die, they would die well, their weapons and armour slick with the blood of evil beings.

Barely two score Stormcast Eternals were left when the fungal spires of Mycelia began to shake on the horizon. The Judicators standing upon the castle walls peered into the mist, but could only make out distant lumpen shadows. It was not until a screeching wave of sound broke across them that they realised their deliverance was nigh.

The bawling of the Great Cherub still rang in Lord Thaddeon ven Denst's ears as the purple mists dissipated around him. He had not truly died, thank Sigmar. Though he could neither hear clearly, nor see more than a swirl of amethyst before him, a familiar cold seeped into his bones from the chill droplets of dark magic hanging in the air. He was back in Shyish, without a doubt – he could taste it. Back in the Realm of Death, where he and his brother Ionus had met their mortal end so many thousands of years ago.

A skull leered out of the thinning fog, causing Thaddeon to step forwards with the haft of his tempestos hammer at battle readiness. A moment later, he realised it was the visage of not an enemy, but an ally – Lord-Relictor Todenhavt, his reliquary glowing in the gloom.

'A welcome sight awaits thine eyes, my liege,' said Todenhavt, motioning to the edge of an amethyst outcrop up ahead. 'Friends – and more besides.'

Thaddeon held his Lord-Relictor's gaze for a moment before striding to the layered gemstone, stowing his hammer at his belt and climbing hand over hand up the strata of powdering crystal. 'I see them, Lord Todenhavt,' he said as the mists dispersed entirely. 'And a strange gladness doth warm my heart. If our brothers have met with success, perhaps there is hope yet.'

Ahead was a vast cliff with a glacier of iridescent ice sloping away from it like a ramp. Down that megalithic pathway marched a parade phalanx of Stormcast Eternals in deep black armour – a fellow strike chamber of the Anvils of the Heldenhammer; the Sombre Sons by their heraldry. In their wake marched another army, their military column stretching to the top of the cliff and beyond. Wight blades glowed within scabbards, and white bone shone under ancient chain mail and hauberks long decayed.

The undead warriors bore the livery of Nagash.

On the Great Green Torc, the remaining Griefbringers redoubled their efforts as a wave of chitin and green-skinned flesh crashed into the rearmost hordes of the besieging armies. A swathe of horse-sized spiders fell upon the reeling beastmen with stabbing claws and biting mandibles. Where ghorgons and cygors stomped and crushed the arachnids underfoot, vast Arachnarok spiders barrelled the monstrous beastmen to the ground and jabbed poisonous stingers into unprotected muscle.

After what seemed like an eternity, the endless host of beastmen was finally thinning out. Shorn of its bountiful reinforcements by the toppling of the Grand Umbilicus, the Chaos army was caught between the Stormcast Eternals and the greenskin spider-riders. The Torc's strange geography meant there was nowhere for them to run.

The Griefbringers did not charge forward on the attack, nor raise their voices in fierce joy, for that was not their way. Instead, they dug their heels in all the firmer, killing the Chaos worshippers driven towards their shield walls with merciless efficiency. On and on went the slaughter, long hours of bloodshed stretching into days until the ground was six deep with the corpses of Nurgle's minions.

Ultimately, the hammer to the Stormhost's anvil had not come from the Hallowed Knights, as planned in far-off Sigmaron. Instead it came from a source so savage, so vengeful, and so numerous there could be no escape from it. The wisest Primes amongst the Anvils wondered if that could have been Lord Gardus' plan all along; to rouse the natives' ire, for in stirring the hornet's nest with their sacrifice, the Hallowed Knights had unleashed a force with greater claim to the Torc than any still alive. It had proven a decisive move, for the pent-up rage of the oppressed spider tribes had dealt the final blow to the bestial hordes.

The battle at the castle's broken walls saw the Griefbringers come back from the brink. Chieftain Spiterakk ordered a halt to the greenskin assault moments before it reached the fortress, for his tribe had been halved in number, and even grots can learn that the enemy of your enemy is your friend.

Though it took a long and arduous crusade to achieve, the Torc was rid of Nurgle's foul worshippers. The healing process was swift once the Plague God's baleful influence was broken. The Great Cherub fell silent, and the natural cycle of life returned to its pure and primal roots as the Great Green Torc cast its healthy glow once more.

Rotfang's lips drooped over his chisel teeth as he watched the glorious moulds and mildews of the landscape wither under his sharp-clawed toes.

The skaven priest had lurked long upon the Sprawl in search of one of the Great Plagues, for it was a kingdom rich in promise. He had only a dim conception of the war for the Torc high above. But in matters magical Rotfang was learned enough. Before his eyes, the Torc was shimmering, waves of pure green light coruscating around it. The choking grip of Nurgle was waning there, and the natural order of things was reverting to boundless life and innocence. The sight was traumatic. Tears pricked in Rotfang's cataracted eyes.

A strange buzzing caught the skaven's attention. Something was wriggling from a huge-bellied corpse nearby – an insect, but with a bulbous human face. Rotfang frowned. Its features were somehow familiar.

The eldritch fly broke free, spiralling dizzily into the air and moving swiftly away when it set eyes upon Rotfang. Not fast enough. The Plague Priest twitched his tail like a whip, batting the daemon insect into his ulcerated maw and swallowing before it could escape. He felt the daemon insect wriggle unpleasantly in his stomach as he drew a shimmering warpstone blade from the severed forearm of a grot shaman he had lately been using as a scabbard.

'Still-still, my pretty,' he whispered, cutting a slit in the fabric of reality and slipping through. 'Get rest. You will need it. We have much great work ahead of us.'

BATTLEPLAN

HAMMER AND ANVIL

For an army to fall back before a rampaging enemy force is often the wisest course of action, letting the strength and momentum of the foe burn itself out until a counter-attack can be launched at the perfect moment to sweep them aside. However, this strategy can be dramatically undone by a cunning and opportunistic commander. Should they march forth with an army of their own, they can catch the retreating army in a trap, leaving them vulnerable to assault from the front and behind. Both sides of these entrapping forces need not even be allies for such a circumstance to arise; if they share a mutual foe, they will often put aside their differences to ensure their enemy's annihilation.

In the case of the vast Nurgle horde caught between the onslaught of the Sky-spider clans and the stoic Anvils of the Heldenhammer, a mutual alliance swiftly developed that would ultimately rid the Green Torc of their vile foe once and for all.

This battleplan allows you to refight just such a scenario either with the narrative's protagonists or any other armies of your choice.

THE ARMIES

One player is the opportunist, and must divide their army as evenly as possible into two forces: the Hammer and the Anvil. Any **MONSTERS** and units that can fly should be included in the Hammer force. Their opponent is the entrapped player. If one player has at least a third more models than their opponent, then they must be the opportunist.

OPPORTUNIST'S OBJECTIVES

An enemy army, though much larger than your own, continues to give ground before a marauding force. It is apparent that they merely seek the right moment to turn and strike, but with bold action, you can not only foil their plans, but deliver a blow to their military strength from which they may never recover. Though you and your prospective ally may not see eye-to-eye, the opportunity to land such a blow against a mutual enemy will surely act as a salve to any past differences.

ENTRAPPED PLAYER'S OBJECTIVES

Despite your army vastly outnumbering the enemy force, you wisely gave ground before the preponderance of large creatures at the army's fore. Yet your plans to lure your foe into a trap have been scuppered by the arrival of another enemy host to your rear. You now face a fight for survival against two bitter adversaries that will surely join their meagre forces against you to form a threat much greater than the sum of its parts. Yet you are not yet beaten. You have dominated these lands for many years with good reason, and now have the opportunity to demonstrate once again why you are the dominant power in this region.

HAMMER: RAMPAGING HORDE

It is with good reason that the entrapped army has sought to avoid open battle with the monstrous beasts of the Hammer force for so long, as they have rampaged through everything that stood in their way for many days now. Enemy units suffer a mortal wound for each **MONSTER** from the Hammer force that finishes its charge move within 3".

ANVIL: SHIELD WALL

The warriors of the Anvil force have earned a reputation for forming up as a nigh-invincible wall of armour and shields against which wave after wave of the enemy will shatter. You can re-roll any save rolls for units from the Anvil force that did not move in their previous movement phase.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battlefield is situated in a large valley populated by budding trees and sporadic architecture.

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

SET-UP

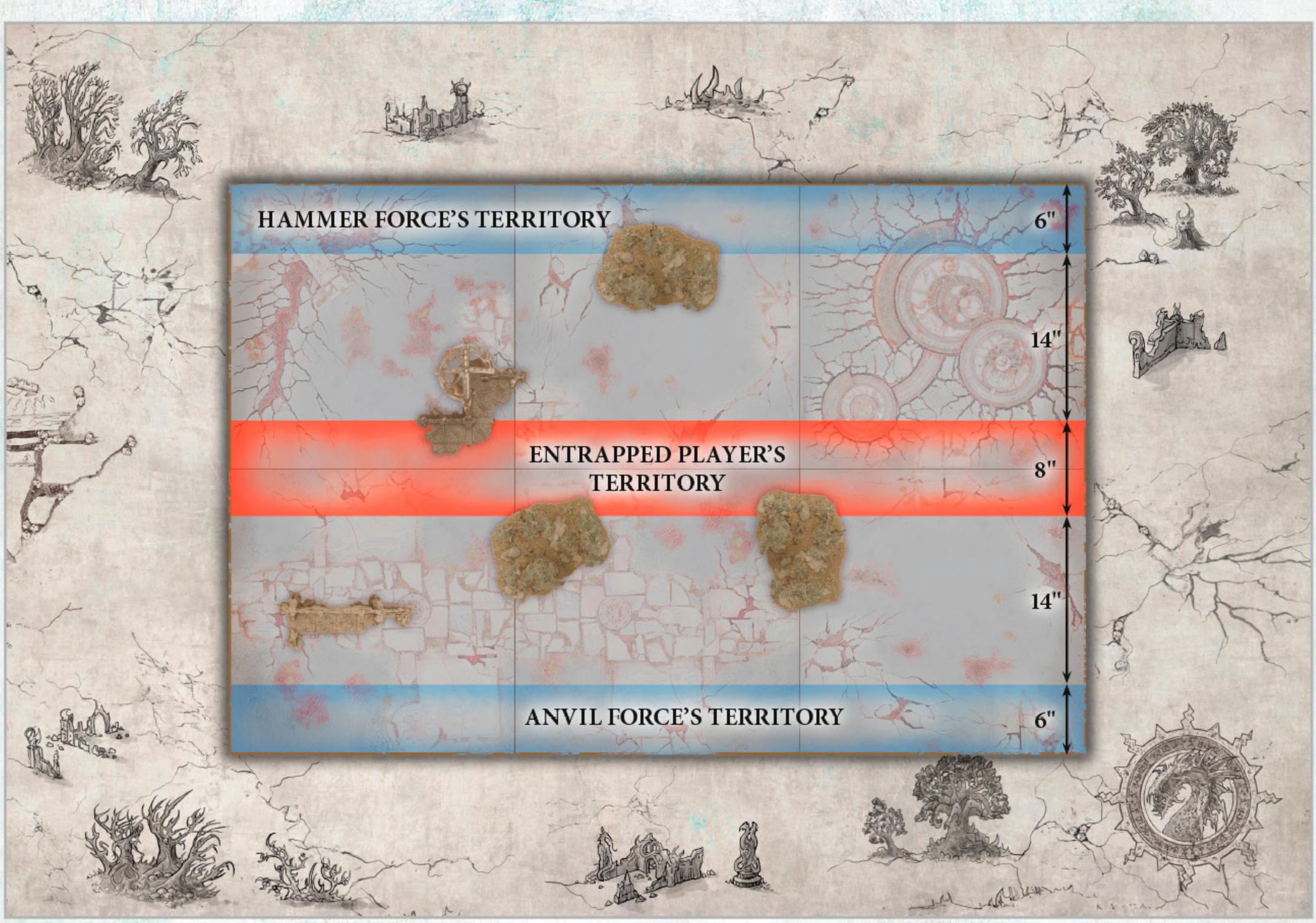
The players alternate setting up units, one at a time, starting with the entrapped player. Models must be set up in their own territory as shown on the map below. Each time it is their turn to set up a unit, the opportunist must alternate between setting up a unit from their Hammer force and a unit from their Anvil force.

FIRST TURN

The opportunist decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.

ALLIES OF CONVENIENCE

Once they have finished setting up, the opportunist can nominate one model from each of their forces to be the general of that force. Each of these models can use a command ability in the hero phase. All units in the opportunist's forces are considered to be friendly units for the duration of the battle.



HAUGHTY PRIDE

The entrapped player's forces have dominated these lands through many long years of war, and refuse to cede their control to these upstart usurpers. The entrapped player can choose to re-roll any battleshock tests they take.

VICTORY

Do not use any of the victory conditions on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet. The game lasts for six battle rounds. If, at the end of the game, any models from the entrapped player's starting force are still alive and on the battlefield, the entrapped player wins a **major victory**. Otherwise the opportunist wins a **major victory**.

HINTS & TIPS – THREE-PLAYER FUN!

Though this battleplan is written for two players, it could just as easily be fought with three. To do so, two players take on the roll of the opportunists, each taking command of one of the encircling forces.

Before set-up, each opportunist player determines which of the two territories they will claim by rolling a dice, rolling again in the case of a tie. The player that rolls highest has first pick of which territory they will claim; their ally must set up in the territory on the opposite side of the battlefield. The two players take it in turns when it is the opportunists' turn to set up a unit.

The opportunists otherwise take their turns at the same time and their units are all friendly.

If you decide to play this battleplan as a three-player game, we suggest keeping track of the number of kills each of the opportunists scores over the course of the game. If they successfully wipe out the entrapped player's starting force, the opportunist who claimed the most kills can claim a **major victory** (and bragging rights!), whilst their ally merely secures a **minor victory**. To the victor the spoils!

THE TITAN RISES

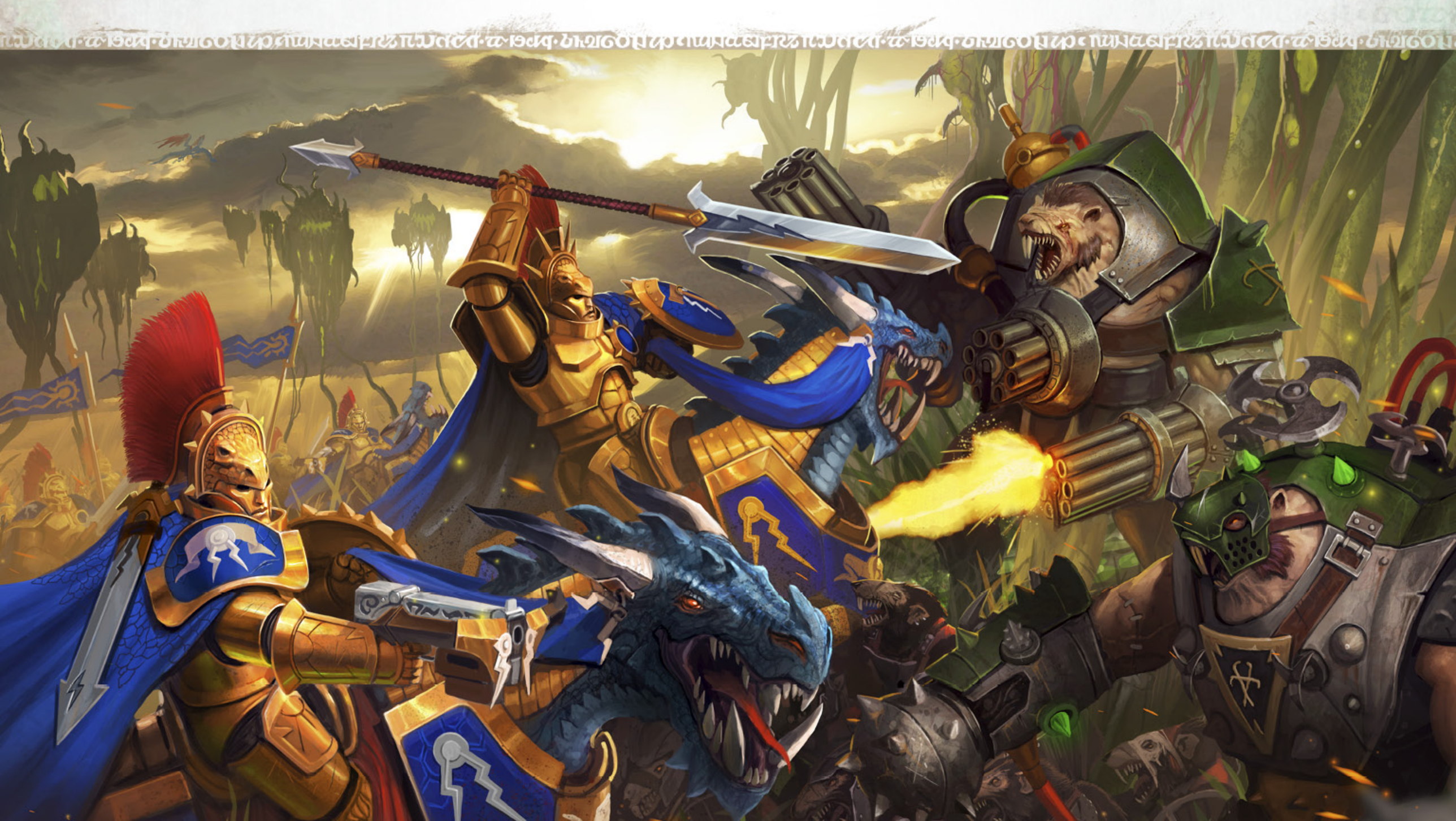
A SHATTERED WORLD

Even as the Torc was becoming vibrant with new life, the Scabrous Sprawl was caught in the grip of catastrophe. Anarchy reigned in all corners of that blighted kingdom. Only by the most determined of assaults launched at the most critical time could the Stormcast Eternals hope to win through.

Behemat had been roused to a state of demented agony by the drills bored into the crux points of his earthbound form. Everywhere, cracks and chasms opened across the land, splitting along the perimeter of mountain ranges to outline the titanic arms buried beneath. Peak-knuckled hands, each so large it blotted out the stars, sent avalanches tumbling down as they lifted slowly from the earth. One crashed down near Fort Septimus to crush the city-sized parasite engine *Scrabble-Chewer* with the ease a man might swat a bothersome insect. The land convulsed so hard it sent tidal waves rippling across Sputal Gulf, drowning the fjord tribes on the opposite coast. Their deaths went uncounted in the tumult.

The grinding roar of tectonic collisions filled the dust-choked air, making coordination between the armies of the Sprawl impossible. The Pillars of Geostasis, staked through the World Titan's earlobes during the ritual that bound him under the earth, shook and fell apart, crushing hundreds of the skaven skittering across the lands. Forests of strange tapered trees were revealed as the hair upon the titan's colossal toes as one immense digit after another burst from the lands in a series of juddering earthquakes. The vast mound of Tor Crania began to rise, its true nature as Behemat's domed head made clear when the Titansmawr chasm yawned wide to roar in pain at impossible volume. It was a battle in itself to keep from toppling into the fissures and cracks appearing across the kingdom, and many a warrior met a sudden and futile end.

Through the carnage came the swarming armies of the skaven, the gargantuan parasite engines in their midst sending bolts of sizzling warp lightning into those Chaos warbands too slow to clear the way. The masterminds of Clan Vrrtkin waved



forward their most lethal war-hybrids – a bodyguard of three hundred cannon-armed Stormfiends that lumbered to battle around Verminlord Gnawsoul. Be they skaven or beastman, any in their path were mown down in a hail of glowing bullets. Drill-tipped Warp Grinders bored through mounds of rubble to launch surprise attacks; scything Doom-flayers and spiked Doomwheels careened downhill to crush the Stormcast Eternals with the force of rolling boulders. With Bloab's Rotbringers left leaderless, the skaven led the attack, focusing the genius of Clan Vrrtkin and the might of Clan Mors as a single force.

Archaon's plan to awaken Behemat had worked, for Sigmar's attention was divided between Alarielle's plight and the fate of his vanguard in the Flameworlds. But the near-omniscient Dracothion was not so easily diverted. Though Alarielle's message to the Knights Excelsior did not go unheeded, and though the Hallowed Knights fought to the last with never a backward glance, the Great Drake had sensed that the Chaos forces would outnumber the Stormhosts to the point of desperation. So it was that Dracothion turned his form to starlight and rippled across the skies, hurling a rain of meteors towards the war zone.

Behemat reached out to grab him with a hand the size of an island, but the Great Drake weaved nimbly aside in a shimmer of cosmic light as the Tempest roared in approval. Amongst the blazing energies raining from the heavens were the sons and daughters of Dracothion. Wise minds and strong bodies burned with celestial fire as the noble beasts manifested upon Tor Crania. On their scaled backs they bore fine cavaliers resplendent in silver and gold, their weapons raised to the sky as they saluted their masters in the stars.

The Chamber Extremis had taken the field, and with them came glory.

SLAUGHTER AT TOR CRANIA

The main thrust of Lord Pharakis' assault had driven a deep wedge into the skaven armies pouring up the shaking flanks of Tor Crania. The Stormhost's single-minded attack was to be its undoing, for in their haste to exterminate the skaven vermin, the Stormcast Eternals had plunged into their trap.

Though the Stormcasts were taking lives with every thrust of blade and swing of hammer, the Skaven Warlords and Warlock Engineers leered gleefully from the viewing decks of their parasite engines. Those jezzail teams and Warp Lightning Cannons upon the tumbled Pillars of Geostasis had a perfect vantage point to lay down enfilading fire into the Stormcasts' ranks.

The skaven gunners fired upon the embattled slaves of Clan Mors without hesitation, destroying great swathes of their kin in order to kill but a handful of Knights Excelsior.

The Hallowed Knights fared little better, for their assault had taken them into the midst of the Rotbringers who had once formed Bloab's personal army. Though they blitzed through the beastmen that stormed down the shuddering hillside of Tor Crania, their advance had ground to a halt against the bloated Chaos warriors behind. The Hallowed Knights were eager to mete out summary justice upon the scions of Nurgle, and were already famed for their willingness to die in a righteous cause. Yet here their sacrifice seemed futile. They were still an impossible distance from the prize they sought – the death of the World Titan himself.

Slowly, unstoppably, Behemat raised his immense head. Free of the hard-packed crust that had held him slumbering beneath the Sprawl, he looked upon the realm of Ghyran for the first time in millennia, and grew livid. Gone were the paradisiacal vistas of his prime – now he beheld only teeming parasites and unbound ruin. Hill-ridged brows knotted, he gave vent to a mind-numbing roar of fury that shook even the trees of the Torc high above.

Lord Pharakis sank low in the saddle, his Dracoth digging its talons into the rock as the entirety of Tor Crania began to rise slowly into the skies. Miles-long swathes of rubble cascaded from every side of the domed hill; the Lord-Celestant could just make out the rough shape of Behemat's rocky pate upon the horizon. He corrected himself – it *was* the horizon. A vast crusted eyelid slid back to expose a shallow lake with a bloodshot orb beneath. Pharakis cast about himself, orders drowned out as the air filled with deafening roaring. His Retributors had taken their hammers to the earth itself in the hope of stunning Behemat into submission, but had elicited not so much as a shudder. Now the vermin were closing in, the towering rat daemon at their fore cleaving Stormcasts in two with every swing of his polearm blade.

'Sigmar's Fist,' swore Pharakis as the fiendish thing loped close, eyes glittering red. 'Here we shall die.' He raised his hammer and readied himself for a last stand.

A clarion call rang out from behind. A flash of claws, teeth and golden sigmarite, and a Lightning Echelon of the Hammers Draconis stormed past. The regal blue of their cloaks flashed before Pharakis' eyes. A retinue of Fulminators lowered their long-bladed glaives to impale the Verminlord. It jumped clear, but was brought down instead by a volley of stormbolts from the Tempestors close behind. Then came the Concussors, one lightning hammer after another slamming into the rat daemon's chest. With an earsplitting scream and a puff of brimstone, the creature was gone. The Lord-Celestant's brief smile fell as another roar shook the skies.

Pharakis turned to his Lord-Relictor, Vaedris. 'I have been a fool,' he said. 'There is no way we can cleanse this foe with hammer and blade. Summon the Great Bolts.'

'No, my lord,' said Vaedris, 'that is dire blasphemy!'

'Summon them nonetheless. We have a titan to kill.'

Time was running short. The Knights Excelsior pushed free of the Chaos tribes encircling them and followed hard on the heels of the Chamber Extremis as they smashed headlong into the rot-slick cygors ahead. One by one, the cyclopean beastmen were brought low. Stardrakes sank sabre-length teeth into grey flesh, pulling each cygor close so their Paladin riders could land the deathblow.

The Stormhosts fought hard to gain Tor Crania's domed peak, each Lord-Relictor and Knight-Vexillor calling out to the storm as they began the summoning of the Great Bolts. Mobs of gargants clambered dripping from the Titansmawr chasm to the south; their godbeast father retched them out in a great geyser of acidic saliva that hissed across the Chaos warrior hosts the Stormcasts were pushing back. The bilious tide dissolved an entire battle line of Nurgle worshippers and filled the air with a horrendous stink, but with that blessing came a curse. The gargants stormed towards the Lord-Relictors, smashing their Paladin bodyguards to blurs of discorporate storm-magic.

Just as it seemed the Lord-Relictors and Knights-Vexillor would die an ignominious death, Lord-Celestant Imperius and his Drakesworn Templars

'The Great Bolts. Retribution given form. To wield them is to wield the power of a god.'

- The Annals Celestis

swooped from above, their Stardrakes plucking the callers of the Great Bolts from the ground and bearing them high into the air. The Stardrakes breathed billowing thunderheads of celestial magic before them as they flew, the azure storm clouds blinding gargants and ghorgons alike with the blazing intensity of Sigmar's judgement.

The Dracothian Guard rode echelon by echelon through the mayhem, Pharakis at their head. Their scaled steeds were heavily built enough to slam aside those that tried to bar their path, yet dextrous enough to spring over fallen gargants and tumbled rocks as they pounded along the quaking ground. Up towards the summit they went, a shimmering shield of energies raised before them by the Fulminators in the vanguard.

Only when those mighty cavaliers reached the crest of Behemat's mountainous dome did they pull to a halt. At the roar of Lord Pharakis' Dracoth, every one of the scaled steeds exhaled a bolt of crackling energy at the same point atop Behemat's skull, blasting a great crater that sent molten gobbets of rock spraying in all directions. The Stardrakes of Lord Imperius' Hammers Draconis, still carrying the Brotherhood of the Great Bolts, released them above the crater.

Such were the powers the Lord-Relictors and Knights-Vexillor were calling down that they hung suspended in a twelve-sided star of celestial magic. The Tempest came in low, lit from below by the unimaginable energies called down by the storm-summoners.

The chanting of the Stormcast heroes reached a climax, and the Great Bolts – those very same spears of lightning with which Sigmar had slain Behemat's father, the godbeast Ymnog – shot down from above. Each was a pillar of world-shattering energy that slammed downwards towards Behemat's pate. The Lord-Relictors and Knight-Vexillors shook with the effort of harnessing them, screaming themselves hoarse against the Tempest.

They were found wanting. The Great Bolts struck at random, scorching mile-wide craters in the Sprawl. One leapt between three parasite engines in turn, blowing each to pieces. On Tor Crania, their godly energies melted the storm-summoners into steaming pools of liquidised flesh and bubbling sigmarite.

Lord-Celestant Pharakis watched in horror as his best and noblest warriors were blasted into so much molten sludge. Pillars of lightning roamed loose, incinerating everything they touched.

'All is lost,' whispered Pharakis. The tides of battle were sweeping over the cratered ritual site, ratmen teeming by the thousands to bury the Stormcast line in mangy bodies. The Lord-Celestant felt the full magnitude of his mistake in commanding his warriors to summon the Great Bolts. A cold claw of fear clutched his heart. Sigmar himself would pay the price for his error.

An axe slammed into his helmet, ripping his neck open and toppling him from his saddle into the dirt. Head ringing with pain, he caught a glimpse of a cowled, flab-bellied executioner hacking his Dracoth to death before stepping over the discorporating remains. Pharakis reached for his axe just as the executioner kicked it away, raising his own rusted weapon for a killing blow.

Then came light. Something shot from the skies above, a hurtling comet that blazed through the skies with a vortex of celestial energy spiralling behind it. The Great Bolts were caught up in the tornado of its passing. They whirled around into a mile-wide helix that narrowed to a single point, a point so bright that to behold it was to look upon the birth of a star.

Though he could feel the impossible brightness taking his sight, Pharakis could not look away. At the heart of that nexus was a winged silhouette, its warhammer held high. The Celestant-Prime brought Ghal Maraz down, each of the Great Bolts bound upon its head as it thundered into Behemat's cratered skull with the force of a channelled supernova.

Blinded, Pharakis could only roll helplessly as the ground canted sharply away. Along with a thousand other souls he tumbled to his death, but he did so with a smile, for his troubled heart had found its peace.

BATTLEPLAN

TO BIND THE STORM

The Mortal Realms are replete with regions beset by lightning storms of terrible magnitude. Some are naturally occurring anomalies in the local meteorology, whilst other lands are endlessly lashed by fulminating storms of an altogether more esoteric nature. With such energy to fuel their incantations, sorcerers and electromancers of every description can harness these wild forces to their will, using them to lash out and smite their foes or to bring down enemy fortifications otherwise thought to be impregnable.

Such was the case when the Stormcast Eternals gathered in force to deliver the killing blow to the World Titan, Behemat, before he could fully awaken. In that battle, the storm in question was none other than the legendary Great Bolts of Sigmar, but similar clashes could readily happen between any rival armies across the Mortal Realms.

THE ARMIES

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

All **WIZARDS** know the Fury of the Storm spell, shown below, in addition to any other spells they know, and all **HEROES** have the Electromancers rule, shown below.

DESTROYER'S OBJECTIVES

The edifice stands before you and, just as planned, a raging lightning storm courses through the skies overhead. All of the pieces are now in play; what will separate victory from defeat is the will to bend the storm to your will and use it to destroy the edifice once and for all. Press onwards and complete your victory. Remember that the destruction of the edifice is of the utmost importance for, even now, its power grows – once unleashed it will be all but impossible to stop.

CUSTODIAN'S OBJECTIVES

Your enemy advances towards the edifice, intent on its destruction. It cannot be harmed by normal means, but should they seek to manipulate the raging storm overhead to do their bidding, then the threat that they may actually cast it down is very real indeed. This cannot be allowed to happen. Hold them back at all costs and drive them from these lands. The edifice must not be allowed to fall, or all the recent years of warfare in this domain will have been for naught.

ELECTROMANCERS

Whether by magical or divine means, those with the strength of purpose can bind the storm to their will. All **HEROES** can attempt to cast the Fury of the Storm spell once in each of their hero phases as if they were wizards. You can add 1 to the casting roll for **CELESTIAL HEROES**.

FURY OF THE STORM

The caster draws upon the untamed power coursing across the skies, willing it to seek out their target with unerring accuracy. Fury of the Storm has a casting value of 7. Pick a target unit within 36" and roll a dice. On a roll of 3 or more, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. However, if the casting roll for this spell was a double, the unit suffers D6 mortal wounds instead.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The petrified, scorched woodland in the south gives way to a huge, barren hilltop, atop which rises the edifice, visible for many leagues around.

First of all, the custodian sets up a single terrain piece anywhere on the battlefield to represent the edifice. If the model is available, we suggest using a Dragonfate Dais to represent this.

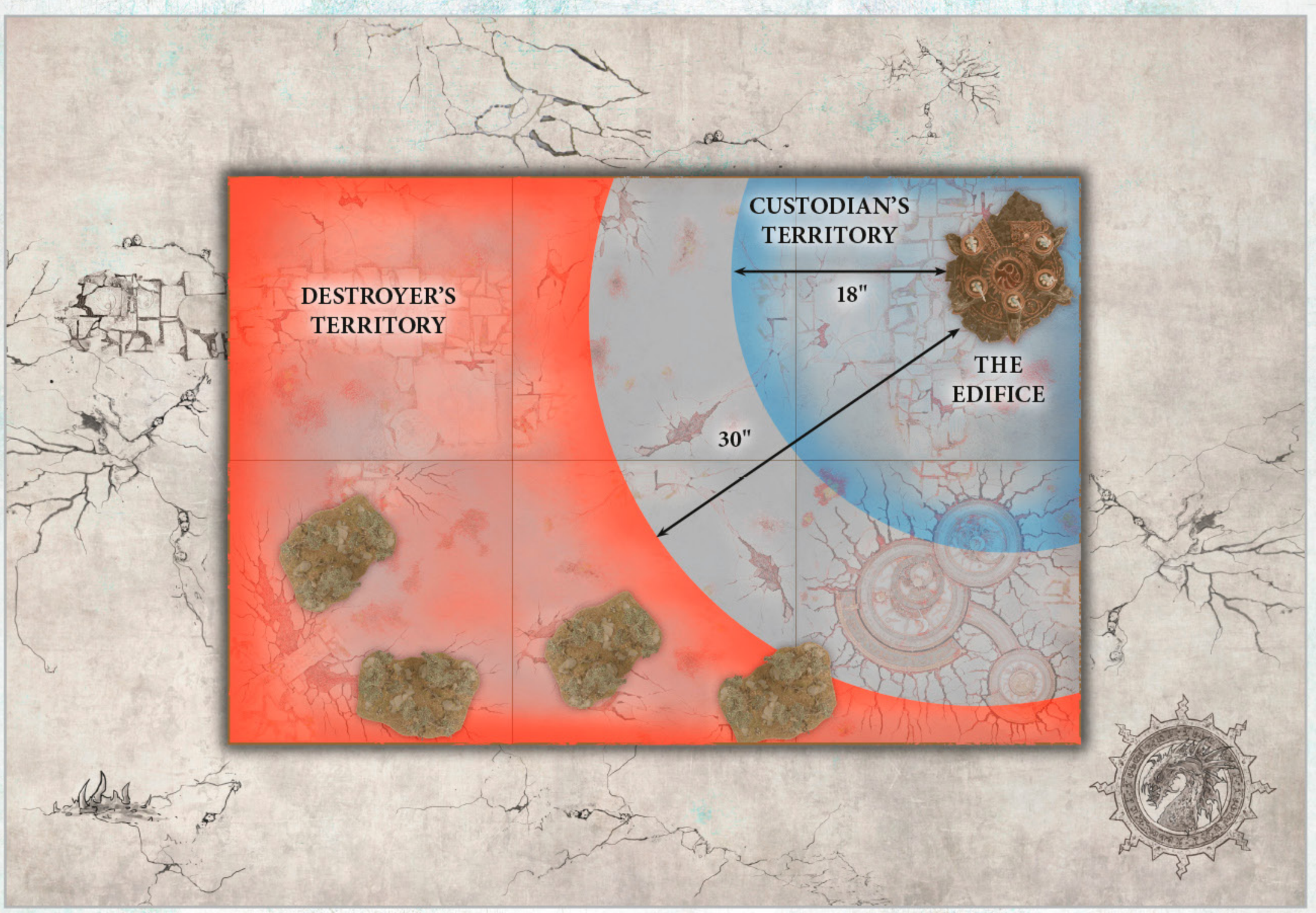
Players can then generate any remaining scenery for this battle as described on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet, or use the example scenery shown on the map below.

SET-UP

The players alternate setting up units, one at a time, starting with the custodian. Models must be set up in their own territory. The custodian's territory is anywhere within 18" of the edifice, and the destroyer's territory is anywhere that is more than 30" from the edifice. An example is shown on the map below.

FIRST TURN

The destroyer decides who takes the first turn in the first battle round.



LIGHTNING STORM

In this region, blinding forks of lightning wrack the landscape every few heartbeats, lashing out at any who would dare to march beneath its angry skies.

At the end of each hero phase, the player whose turn it is rolls a D3. Their opponent can immediately make a number of lightning storm attacks equal to the number rolled, each resolved as follows: pick a target unit anywhere on the battlefield and roll a dice. On a roll of 3 or more the unit being rolled for immediately suffers D3 mortal wounds. However, as electromancers, **HERO** models that are picked as targets only suffer D3 mortal wounds on the roll of a 5 or more instead of 3 or more.

THE EDIFICE

The edifice has a total of 20 Wounds and can be targeted as if it were an enemy unit, but cannot be damaged by any means other than mortal wounds. As soon as the edifice suffers 20 or more mortal wounds, the game ends immediately.

VICTORY

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

The game lasts for six battle rounds. If the destroyer destroys the edifice, they win a **major victory**. If, at the end of the game, the destroyer has inflicted 10 or more wounds on the edifice, they win a **minor victory**. If, at the end of the game, the destroyer has inflicted fewer than 10 wounds on the edifice, the custodian wins a **major victory**. If one player wipes out all of their opponent's models that are on the battlefield before the end of the game, they win a **major victory**.

So it was that Behemat's skull was split asunder by Ghal Maraz, his mind blasted to nothingness by the stellar intensity of the Great Bolts. Down the godbeast fell, slumping slowly backwards to slam into the Scabrous Sprawl with the force of worlds colliding. This time the land was not his prison, but his grave.

Behemat's death reduced that kingdom to utter devastation. Those skaven not crushed or burned to death by their own erratic creations scurried back through their gnawholes once more. A thousand leagues had been ripped asunder, chasms wide enough to swallow nations yawned across the land. Further afield, tidal waves pounded every coast, crumbling ancient fjords and grinding majestic cities to rubble. On the lightning-scorched mainland of the Sprawl, the air was so filled with the dust of long-parched earth that no starlight would be seen in that kingdom for a thousand days and nights. Sigmar's Tempest dissipated soon after the battle for Tor Crania ended in spectacular catastrophe. The diaphonid sky-swarms returned, but they shone their light upon only ruin.

The Hallowed Knights wept to see what had become of the realm they had come to save, praying as one for forgiveness.

The Knights Excelsior looked upon the destruction wreaked upon that once-fertile land, and saw that it was good.

‘...the World Titan fell, slain by divine lightning, and the Everchosen’s plan fell with him. Yet Ignax still flew in the Everchosen’s wake – the Solar Drake, in whose vast eye glinted a secret yet to be unveiled. Fate was unravelling fast, and the Realms would burn anew...’

LEGENDS OF WAR

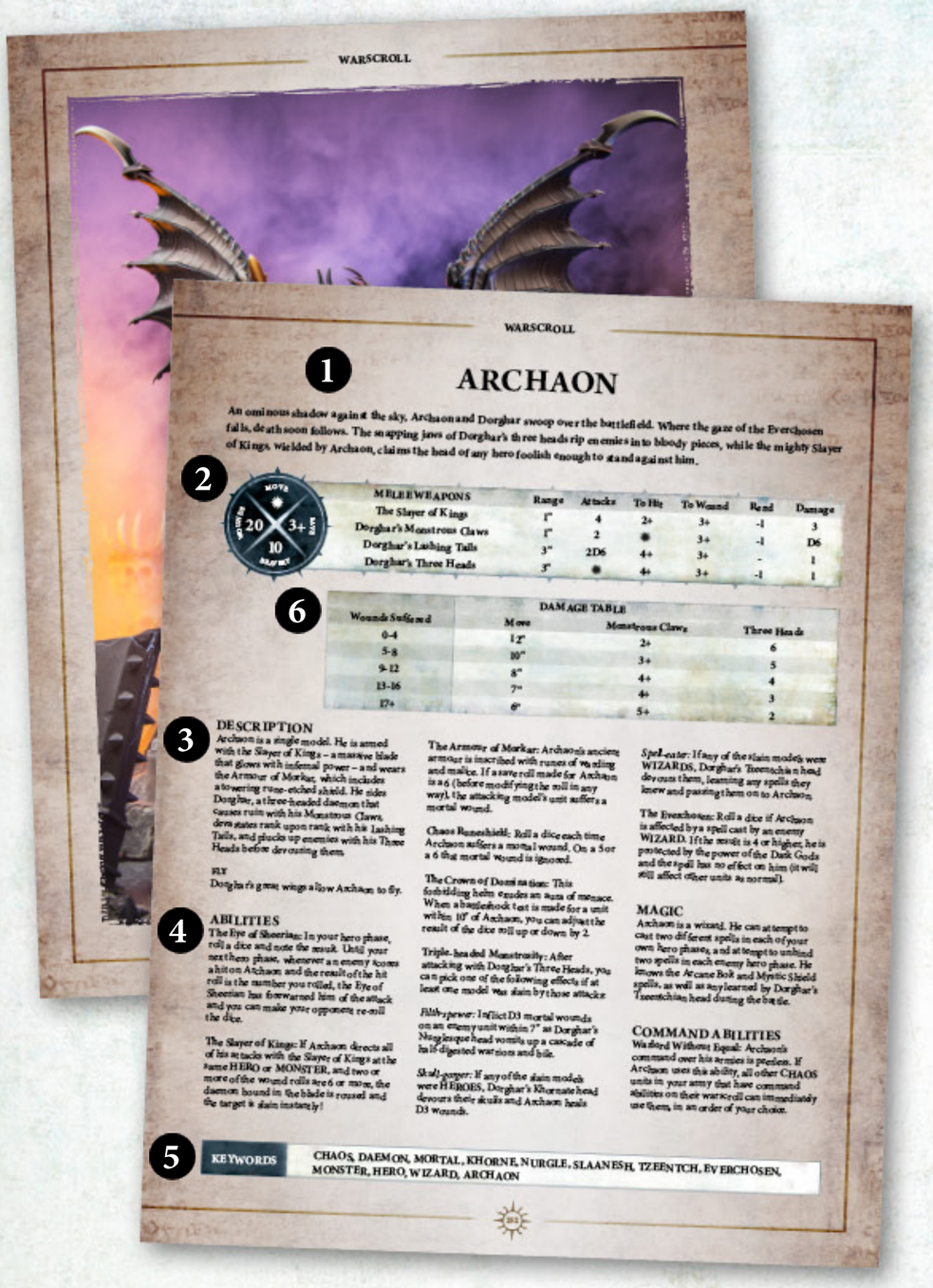
WARSCROLLS

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 ETERNAL** models'. This means that it would apply to models that have the Stormcast Eternal keyword on their warscroll.

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

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

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.

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**

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

LORD-RELICTOR

Lord-Relictors are noble but sinister figures. Their ritual weapons and armour are replete with icons of death, for these fell guardians keep the warrior souls of the Stormcast Eternals from the gloom of the underworld. Potent healers as well as mighty warriors, their arcane powers channel the glory of Sigmar and call storms from the darkening skies.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Relic Hammer	1"	4	3+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

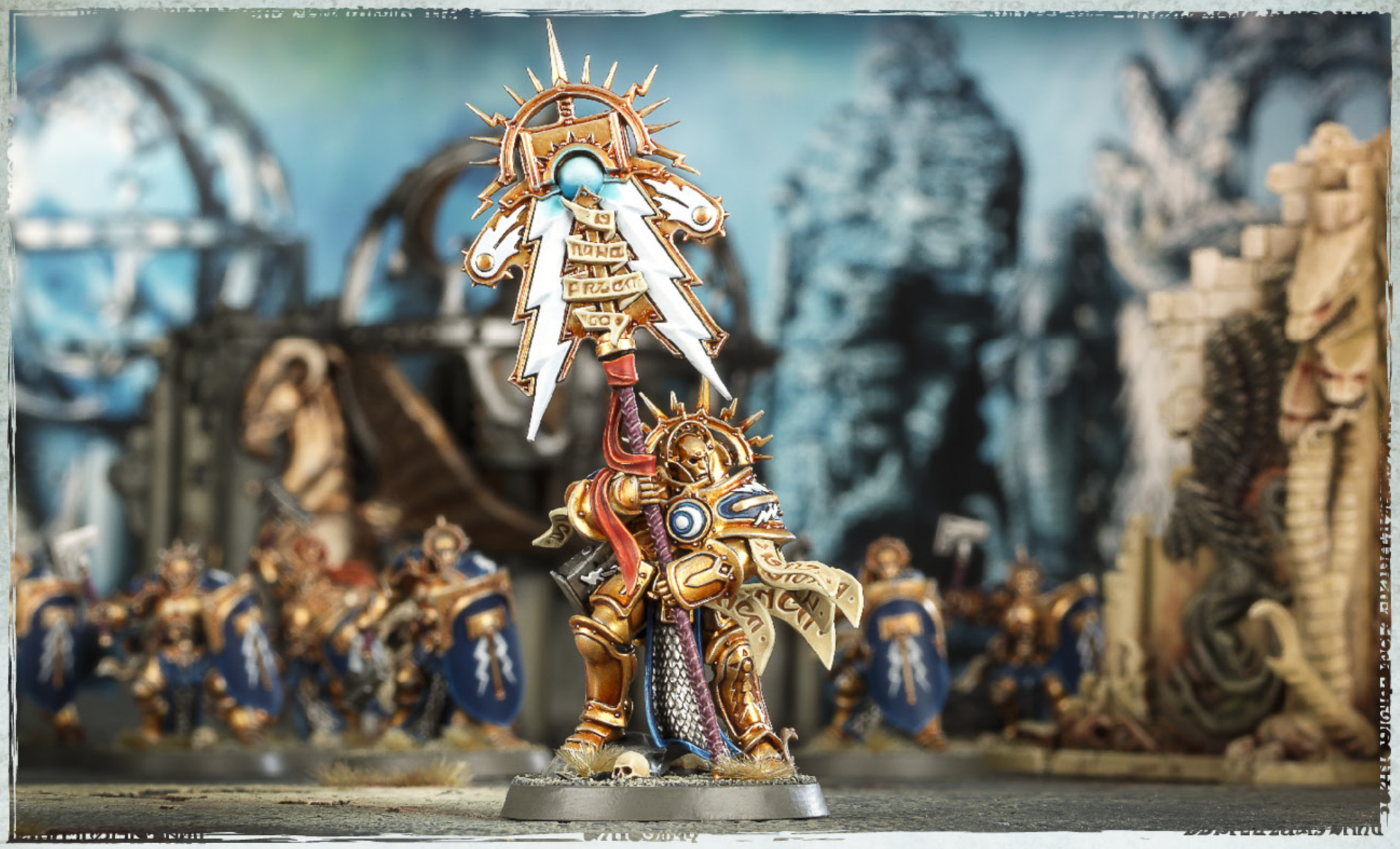
A Lord-Relictor is a single model. He is armed with a *Relic Hammer*.

ABILITIES

Lightning Storm: In your hero phase, you can declare that the Lord-Relictor will pray for a lightning storm. If you do so, pick an enemy unit that is within 12" of this model and roll a dice. On a roll of 3 or more, the unit you picked suffers D3 mortal wounds, and your opponent must subtract 1 from all hit rolls for the unit until your next hero phase. A Lord-Relictor cannot pray for a lightning storm and a healing storm in the same turn.

Healing Storm: In your hero phase, you can declare that this model is praying for a healing storm. If you do so, pick a friendly model with the **STORMCAST ETERNAL** keyword that is within 12" of this model and roll a dice. On a roll of 3 or more you can heal up to D3 wounds that have been suffered by the model that you picked. A Lord-Relictor cannot pray for a healing storm and a lightning storm in the same turn.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, HERO, PRIEST, LORD-RELICTOR



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

LORD-CELESTANT ON STARDRAKE

Even amongst the gloried ranks of the Stormcast Eternals and the starborn hierarchy of the Children of Dracothion, only the mightiest and noblest are chosen to lead an Extremis Chamber. So infused with celestial power are the Lord-Celestant and Stardrake that they radiate azure energies. The power of the stars themselves is theirs to command…

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Celestine Hammer	2"	3	3+	2+	-1	D3
Stormbound Blade	2"	3	3+	4+	-1	2
Stardrake's Great Claws	1"	4	✹	3+	-1	D3

	DAMAGE TABLE		
Wounds Suffered	Move	Great Claws	Cavernous Jaws
0-4	12"	3+	3
5-8	11"	3+	2
9-11	10"	4+	2
12-13	8"	4+	1
14+	6"	5+	1

DESCRIPTION

A Lord-Celestant on Stardrake is a single model. Whether the Lord-Celestant wields a Celestine Hammer or a Stormbound Blade, he will also bear an enchanted Sigmarite Thundershield. He rides a formidable Stardrake to battle, which rends its prey with its Great Claws.

FLY

A Lord-Celestant on Stardrake can fly.

ABILITIES

Inescapable Vengeance: If this model has made a charge move this turn, it can make D3 extra attacks with its Celestine Hammer or Stormbound Blade.

Sigmarite Thundershield: You can re-roll save rolls of 1 for this model. If the re-rolled save is successful, the shield unleashes a deafening peal and each enemy unit within 3" suffers a mortal wound.

Stormbound Blade: If the result of any hit roll for a Stormbound Blade is 6 or more, the target is wracked with the fury of the storm. Make three wound rolls against the target rather than one.

Cavernous Jaws: After this model piles in, but before it attacks, pick an enemy model within 3" and roll a dice. If the result is greater than that model's Wounds characteristic, it is swallowed whole and slain. You can do this as many times as shown on the damage table above.

Sweeping Tail: After this model has made all of its attacks in the combat phase, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3". If the result is less than the number of models in the unit, it suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Lord of the Heavens: In your shooting phase, a Stardrake can either breathe a Roiling Thunderhead or call a Rain of Stars down from the heavens.

Roiling Thunderhead: Pick an enemy unit to be engulfed in a furious storm cloud, then roll a dice for each of its models that is within 18" of the Stardrake and which it can see. For each result of 6, a bolt of lightning streaks out and the unit suffers a mortal wound.

Rain of Stars: Roll a dice and choose that many enemy units on the battlefield, then roll a dice for each. On a result of 4 or more, the unit is struck by a fragment of a falling star and suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Arcane Lineage: Each time a casting roll is made for a **WIZARD** within 18" of any Stardrakes in your army, you can choose to increase or decrease the result by 1.

COMMAND ABILITIES

Lord of the Celestial Host: The Stardrake ridden by a Lord-Celestant is more than a mere mount; it is an intelligent and cunning hunter in its own right, a radiating beacon of power for its star-spawned kin. If a Lord-Celestant uses this ability, all **STARDRAKES**, **DRACOTHIAN GUARD** and **STORMCAST ETERNAL HEROES** riding Dracoths in your army (including this one) are suffused with the power of Azyr. Until your next hero phase, you can re-roll failed wound rolls whenever those models attack with their Claws and Fangs or Great Claws.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STARDRAKE, STORMCAST ETERNAL, MONSTER, HERO, LORD-CELESTANT

DRAKESWORN Ttemplar

Drakesworn Templars are the Heavens' might made manifest. A Stardrake can roar forth lightning-charged clouds, summon starfire from the skies, or sweep enemies away with claws, fangs and a tail that strikes like a thunderbolt. From atop his mount, the Templar wields a storm-wrought weapon to smite down all that are judged unworthy.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Skybolt Bow	24"	1	3+	3+	-1	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Tempest Axe	2"	6	3+	3+	-	1
Arc Hammer	1"	2	3+	3+	-1	3
Stormlance	3"	3	3+	3+	-1	2
Stardrake's Great Claws	1"	4	✸	3+	-1	D3

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Great Claws	Cavernous Jaws
0-4	12"	3+	3
5-8	11"	3+	2
9-11	10"	4+	2
12-13	8"	4+	1
14+	6"	5+	1

DESCRIPTION

A Drakesworn Templar is a single model. The Templar wields either a Tempest Axe, an Arc Hammer or a Stormlance, and some also bear a Skybolt Bow. He rides a fearsome Stardrake, which strikes down its prey with its Great Claws.

FLY

A Drakesworn Templar can fly.

ABILITIES

Inspirational Lieutenant: Although Drakesworn Templars do not often lead Sigmar's armies to war, they are held in awe by other Stormcasts for the bond they have forged with a Stardrake. Add 1 to the Bravery of **STORMCAST ETERNAL** units in your army while they are within 10" of any Drakesworn Templars from your army.

Tempest Axe: A hurricane is unleashed each time a Tempest Axe strikes the foe. After this model attacks with its Tempest Axe, roll a dice for each unit that suffered any wounds from it. If the result is higher than the unit's Wounds characteristic, its models move 1" rather than 3" when they pile in until the end of the phase.

Arc Hammer: The static hum of an Arc Hammer rises to an almighty concussive crescendo as it strikes. If the hit roll for an Arc Hammer is 6 or more, make two wound rolls instead of one.

Stormlance: If the hit roll for a Stormlance is 6 or more and the target is a **MONSTER**, lightning surges forth and the attack inflicts D6 mortal wounds instead of its normal damage.

Skybolt Bow: Drakesworn Templars often direct attacks with well-placed skybolts. If this model scores a hit on an enemy unit with a Skybolt Bow, that unit is illuminated by a blazing bolt of lightning. In the next combat phase, you can add 1 to the result of any hit rolls for **DRACOTHIAN GUARD** that attack that unit.

Cavernous Jaws: After this model piles in, but before it attacks, pick an enemy model within 3" and roll a dice. If the result is greater than that model's Wounds characteristic, it is swallowed whole and slain. You can do this as many times as shown on the damage table above.

Sweeping Tail: After this model has made all of its attacks in the combat phase, roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3". If the result is less than the number of models in the unit, it suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Lord of the Heavens: In your shooting phase, a Stardrake can either breathe a Roiling Thunderhead or call a Rain of Stars down from the heavens.

Roiling Thunderhead: Pick an enemy unit to be engulfed in a furious storm cloud, then roll a dice for each of its models that is within 18" of the Stardrake and which it can see. For each result of 6, a bolt of lightning streaks out and the unit suffers a mortal wound.

Rain of Stars: Roll a dice and choose that many enemy units on the battlefield, then roll a dice for each. On a result of 4 or more, the unit is struck by a fragment of a falling star and suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Arcane Lineage: Each time a casting roll is made for a **WIZARD** within 18" of any Stardrakes in your army, you can choose to increase or decrease the result by 1.

KEYWORDS **ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STARDRAKE, STORMCAST ETERNAL, MONSTER, HERO, DRAKESWORN TEMPLAR**

DESOLATORS

The Desolators form the ultimate attack wave of the Dracothian Guard. It is their task to finish the battle, for they are the final judgement of the Heavens. Lightning arcs between the Desolators' axe strokes, a cumulative fury that scythes down all who have not fallen before the burning bolts spat by the Dracoths. Against their celestial reckoning, none may escape.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Storm Blast	12"	1	4+	See below		
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Thunderaxe	2"	3	4+	3+	-1	2
Dracoth's Claws and Fangs	1"	3	3+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Desolators has any number of models. They bear keen-edged Thunderaxes for scything down entire ranks of the foe, and carry Sigmarite Shields. They ride ferocious Dracoths which spit deadly Storm Blasts at their victims before attacking with their enormous Claws and Fangs.

ABILITIES

Fury of the Storm: Lightning crackles between the heads of the Desolators' axes when they attack as one. A Desolator makes 4 attacks with its Thunderaxe rather than 3 if there are at least 4 models in its unit, or 6 attacks if there are at least 6 models in its unit.

Intolerable Damage: If the wound roll for a Dracoth's Claws and Fangs is 6 or more, then that attack causes D6 Damage rather than 1.

Sigmarite Shields: You can re-roll save rolls of 1 for this unit.

Storm Blast: Dracoths can spit devastating bolts of lightning which blast open amid the enemy ranks, leaving warriors maimed and reeling. When a unit is hit by a Storm Blast, do not make a wound roll; instead, the unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, DRACOTHIAN GUARD, DESOLATORS

CONCUSSORS

Thunder cracks with every weighty blow delivered by the Concussors. Those foes not slain outright by bludgeoning strikes are battered into submission, stunned by the azure shock waves released by those resounding impacts. Thus do the Concussors dispense justice upon the unworthy, leaving the enemy hordes ripe for the killing blow.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Storm Blast	12"	1	4+	See below		
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Lightning Hammer	1"	3	3+	3+	-1	2
Dracoth's Claws and Fangs	1"	3	3+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Concussors has any number of models. They wield sparking Lightning Hammers and carry Sigmarite Shields. They ride ferocious Dracoths which spit deadly Storm Blasts at their victims before attacking with their enormous Claws and Fangs.

ABILITIES

Thunderstrike: If the result of a hit roll for this unit's Lightning Hammers is 6 or more, the attack inflicts a mortal wound in addition to any other damage it causes. If a unit suffers any mortal wounds in this way, it is stunned for the rest of the combat phase and cannot pile in before it attacks.

Intolerable Damage: If the wound roll for a Dracoth's Claws and Fangs is 6 or more, then that attack causes D6 Damage rather than 1.

Sigmarite Shields: You can re-roll save rolls of 1 for this unit.

Storm Blast: Dracoths can spit devastating bolts of lightning which blast open amid the enemy ranks, leaving warriors maimed and reeling. When a unit is hit by a Storm Blast, do not make a wound roll; instead, the unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, DRACOTHIAN GUARD, CONCUSSORS

FULMINATORS

Aggressive and bold, there is no foe the Fulminators dare not charge. A surge of celestial energy builds before the ground-shaking impetus of their onset, a crackling war-cloud that travels like a bow wave before their lowered Stormstrike Glaives. They are the tip of the Dracothian Guard spear, and they clear a path for all who follow.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Lightning Surge	6"	D3	3+	See below		
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Stormstrike Glaive	2"	3	3+	3+	-1	1
Dracoth's Claws and Fangs	1"	3	3+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Fulminators has any number of models. They bear gleaming Stormstrike Glaives and Sigmarite Shields, and ride ferocious Dracoths which unleash a Lightning Surge as they close in to attack with their enormous Claws and Fangs.

ABILITIES

Glaivewall: Fulminators swing their glaives in great arcs as they advance, projecting a barrier of Azyrite force. Add 1 to the result of any save rolls you make for this unit during the shooting phase.

Impaling Strikes: This unit's Stormstrike Glaives cause 3 Damage rather than 1 if it charged in the same turn.

Sigmarite Shields: You can re-roll save rolls of 1 for this unit.

Intolerable Damage: If the wound roll for a Dracoth's Claws and Fangs is 6 or more, then that attack causes D6 Damage rather than 1.

Lightning Surge: Some Dracoths, trained for line breaking, spit a crackling torrent at enemies that come too close. When a unit is hit by a Lightning Surge, do not make a wound roll; instead, the unit suffers a mortal wound, or two mortal wounds if it is within 3" of the attacking model.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, DRACOTHIAN GUARD, FULMINATORS

TEMPESTORS

While their Dracoths charge forward spitting sizzling bolts of lightning, the Tempestors unleash the fury of their volleystorm crossbows, loosing a hail of bolts that burn like blazing meteorites. Tempestors can concentrate their fire to fell the most powerful of foes, or blast holes in enemy lines for other Dracothian Guard to exploit.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Volleystorm Crossbow	12"	4	3+	4+	-	1
Lightning Surge	6"	D3	3+	See below		
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Warblade	1"	3	3+	4+	-	1
Dracoth's Claws and Fangs	1"	3	3+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Tempestors has any number of models. They are armed with rapid-firing Volleystorm Crossbows and bear lethal Warblades across their back, ready to face the foe at close quarters. They also carry Sigmarite Shields, and ride ferocious Dracoths which unleash a Lightning Surge as they close in to attack with their enormous Claws and Fangs.

ABILITIES

Disruptive Fire: At the start of your shooting phase, you can declare that this unit will concentrate its fire on an enemy unit within 12". All models from this unit must attack that unit with their Volleystorm Crossbows. Until your next hero phase, your opponent must subtract 1 from the result of any hit rolls made for that unit.

Sigmarite Shields: You can re-roll save rolls of 1 for this unit.

Intolerable Damage: If the wound roll for a Dracoth's Claws and Fangs is 6 or more, then that attack causes D6 Damage rather than 1.

Lightning Surge: Some Dracoths, trained for line breaking, spit a crackling torrent at enemies that come too close. When a unit is hit by a Lightning Surge, do not make a wound roll; instead, the unit suffers a mortal wound, or two mortal wounds if it is within 3" of the attacking model.

KEYWORDS ORDER, CELESTIAL, HUMAN, STORMCAST ETERNAL, DRACOTHIAN GUARD, TEMPESTORS

BLOAB ROTSPAWNED

Bloab Rotspawned is a living swarm – no longer a man, but instead a fleshy sac full of giant maggots. With a cloud of daemonflies as his servants and a bile-spewing pox maggoth as his steed, this obese sorcerer is an unholy terror in battle. Yet it is the magical plagues he carries that are to be feared the most, for where the daemon swarm flies, nations fall.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Bilespurter's Vile Bile	12"	D3	4+	✸	-2	D3
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Harvestman's Scythe	2"	3	3+	3+	-1	2
Bilespurter's Monstrous Claws	3"	✸	4+	2+	-1	1

	DAMAGE TABLE		
Wounds Suffered	Move	Vile Bile	Monstrous Claws
0-2	10"	2+	5
3-4	8"	3+	4
5-7	6"	3+	4
8-9	6"	4+	4
10+	4"	4+	3

DESCRIPTION

Bloab Rotspawned is a single model armed with an enormous Harvestman's Scythe. He rides the maggoth Bilespurter, which douses its victims with sprays of Vile Bile or tears them limb from limb with its Monstrous Claws.

ABILITIES

Daemon Flies: Bloab Rotspawned is always surrounded by a droning cloud of daemon-flies, showing his patron's favour. In your hero phase, roll a dice for every enemy unit within 7" of Bloab Rotspawned. On a roll of 4 or more, that unit is covered with a thick layer of flies. Subtract 1 from any hit rolls for that unit until your next hero phase.

Windspeaker Bells: Your opponent must subtract 1 from the casting rolls of any of his **WIZARDS** within 14" of Bloab Rotspawned.

MAGIC

Bloab Rotspawned is a wizard. He can attempt to cast one spell in each of your own hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. He knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Miasma of Pestilence spells.

MIASMA OF PESTILENCE

Bloab Rotspawned completes a complicated gesture in the air and a vile mist rises from the ground around his chosen target. Warriors cough and splutter, their throats burning, and even the lightest graze seems to turn gangrenous. Miasma of Pestilence has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick an enemy unit within 14". Until your next hero phase, roll a dice at the end of each phase in which that unit suffered any wounds or mortal wounds. If the result is 2 or more, the unit suffers an additional D3 mortal wounds.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, NURGLE, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, BLOAB ROTSPAWNED

EXALTED DEATHBRINGER

WITH IMPALING SPEAR

Roaring in triumph as he spears his foe through the torso, the Exalted Deathbringer hoists his victim high with a single muscular heave. The weight of the enemy's own body drives them further onto the impaling polearm, pushing the blade ever deeper with each convulsion. Before long another impressive trophy is added to the Deathbringer's grisly collection.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Impaling Spear	2"	5	3+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

An Exalted Deathbringer with Impaling Spear is a single model. He slays his opponents by skewering them with his enormous Impaling Spear and heaving them into the air for all to see.

ABILITIES

Blooded Lieutenant: This model makes 2 additional attacks whilst he is within 12" of a **KHORNE** general.

Brutal Impalement: Those caught on the end of an Impaling Spear will suffer an agonising death. Roll a dice when an enemy **HERO** is wounded by an Impaling Spear but not slain; on a 1, 2 or 3 nothing happens, but on a 4, 5 or 6 the hero suffers a mortal wound as their own weight forces them further down the length of the weapon's haft. Continue to repeat this process until you either fail to inflict a mortal wound or the enemy **HERO** is slain.

COMMAND ABILITY

Brutal Command: If this model is your general and uses this ability, all **MORTAL KHORNE** units in your army within 12" of the Exalted Deathbringer can use his Bravery characteristic instead of their own until your next hero phase. If there is a unit from your army within 1" of the Exalted Deathbringer when he uses this ability, you can inflict D3 mortal wounds on that unit to increase its range from 12" to 24".

KEYWORDS	CHAOS, MORTAL, KHORNE, HERO, EXALTED DEATHBRINGER

SLAUGHTERPRIEST

WITH HACKBLADE AND WRATH-HAMMER

A spiked metal ball curves through the air like a meteor, its anchoring chain rattling out from the Slaughterpriest's forearm. Those not slain by his wrath-hammer are pulled into his reach and roughly decapitated by his jagged hackblade, even as he howls out his devotion to the Blood God.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Hackblade	1"	3	3+	4+	-	1
Wrath-hammer	3"	D3	4+	4+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Slaughterpriest with Hackblade and Wrath-hammer is a single model. He wields a bludgeoning Wrath-hammer and a jagged Hackblade.

ABILITIES

Scorn of Sorcery: Slaughterpriests share their master's distaste for magic. This model can unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase in the same manner as a wizard.

Bloodfuelled Prayers: In your hero phase, a Slaughterpriest can pray to Khorne for aid. Pick one of the prayers on the right, then roll a dice, adding 1 to the result if the Slaughterpriest slew any enemy models in the previous turn. If the result is 4 or higher, the prayer is answered, and its effect takes place. If the result is 1, the Slaughterpriest's supplication is seen as unworthy of a follower of the Blood God, and he suffers D3 mortal wounds.

Blood Boil: Pick an enemy unit within 16". That unit suffers D6 mortal wounds, its warriors screeching in agony as superheated blood jets from their bodies.

Blood Bind: The Slaughterpriest fires the blood in his targets' veins, urging them to succumb to bloodlust. Pick an enemy unit that is within 16" and not within 3" of any of your units. All models in the unit must run as far as possible towards your nearest unit, as if it were their movement phase.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, KHORNE, HERO, PRIEST, SLAUGHTERPRIEST

ASPIRING DEATHBRINGER

WITH GOREAXE AND SKULLHAMMER

The Blood God's contempt for cowards is personified in those Aspiring Deathbringers who hunt the weak. Striding forward with menace in every step, their twisted snarl hidden by a death's head mask, these butchers strike the fear of Khorne into their victims. Those that show even a flicker of doubt are mercilessly slain and left to rot where they fall.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Goreaxe	1"	3	3+	4+	-	1
Skullhammer	1"	3	4+	3+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

An Aspiring Champion with Goreaxe and Skullhammer is a single model. He wears gore-encrusted armour and wields a Goreaxe and Skullhammer, the better to hew his way through ranks of the weak and cowardly.

ABILITIES

Bane of Cowards: Nothing infuriates this champion more than to see cowardice writ large on the faces of his foes in battle. Such wretched weakness will see this warrior reach new heights of murderous killing fury. If any enemy models flee within 8" of this Aspiring Deathbringer in the battleshock phase, this model can, at the end of that phase, pile in and attack as if it were the combat phase.

COMMAND ABILITY

Slaughter Incarnate: If this model is your general and uses this ability, then until your next hero phase you can add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of all melee weapons used by **MORTAL KHORNE** units in your army while they are within 6" of this model.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, MORTAL, KHORNE, HERO, ASPIRING DEATHBRINGER

WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

STORMCAST ETERNALS

BROTHERHOOD OF THE GREAT BOLTS

The Great Bolts are the weapons of the God-King. They can be called into being if Sigmar's storm-callers combine their powers, but only the Celestant-Prime can truly harness their explosive energies.

ORGANISATION

The Brotherhood of the Great Bolts consists of the following units:

- Celestant-Prime
- 2 or more Lord-Relictors
- 2 or more Knights-Vexillor

ABILITIES

The Great Bolts Unleashed: In your hero phase, you must unleash D3 of the Great Bolts for each Lord-Relictor and Knight-Vexillor from the Brotherhood that is on the battlefield (roll separately for each). Resolve each bolt's effects as follows. Pick a target unit and roll a dice: on the roll of a 2-4, the target unit suffers D3 mortal wounds; on the roll of a 5 or 6, it suffers D6 mortal wounds; and on the roll of a 1, the model unleashing the bolt suffers D3 mortal wounds instead.

The Power of Ghal Maraz: When the Celestant-Prime is on the battlefield, after picking a target for the Great Bolts of Sigmar as described above, treat any rolls of a 1 as a 2-4 instead. In addition, Ghal Maraz has a Damage characteristic of D3+3 instead of 3 so long as at least one other model from this battalion is on the battlefield.

STORMCAST ETERNALS

THE ROYAL VICTRIANS

The Royal Victrians are famed amongst the Tempest Lords. An entire noble household Reforged by mighty Sigmar, they are united by bonds of brotherhood and a warrior tradition that spans centuries.

ORGANISATION

The Royal Victrians consist of the following units:

- 1 Lord-Celestant on Dracoth
- 4 units of Retributors
- 3 units of Prosecutors
- 9 units of Liberators
- 6 units of Judicators

ABILITIES

Fierce Loyalty: Such is their unbreakable sense of duty and honour that whilst their Lord-Celestant is alive and on the battlefield, you never need to take battleshock tests for Royal Victrian units. In addition, Royal Victrian units can pile in up to 6" instead of only 3".

Warrior Household: The martial reputation of the Royal Victrians was legendary even before their elevation to the ranks of the Stormcast Eternals. You can re-roll hit rolls of 1 for models from this battalion. You can re-roll all failed hit rolls instead for models from this battalion armed with two warhammers or two celestial hammers.

STORMCAST ETERNALS

THE MERCILESS HOST

The Knights Excelsior, led by Lord Pharakis, are a dauntless and unforgiving force that leaves scorched ruin in its wake. Theirs is the true justice of Sigmar, and it is fearsome indeed.

ORGANISATION

The Merciless Host consists of the following units:

- 1 Lord-Celestant on Dracoth
- 1 Lord-Castellant
- 1 Knight-Heraldor
- 1 unit of Desolators
- 1 unit of Retributors
- 1 unit of Decimators
- 2 units of Liberators
- 2 units of Judicators

ABILITIES

Scorched Earth: When the Merciless Host assails the enemy's lands, it exterminates all before it with a ruthless dedication that is truly terrible to behold. You can re-roll wound rolls of 1 for units from the Merciless Host, so long as the target of the attack is within the opposing player's territory.

Without Mercy: In the heat of battle, the Knights Excelsior never hold back. If any enemy models flee whilst they are within 6" of any models from the Merciless Host, one additional model is removed from that unit as they are ruthlessly cut down in the confusion of the rout.

STORMCAST ETERNALS

THE HALLOWED HUNT

Accompanied by Tornus the Redeemed and an escort of angelic Prosecutors, the Celestant-Prime hunts down the foetid warriors of Nurgle, his aim to bring them a swift and inescapable death.

ORGANISATION

The Hallowed Hunt consists of the following units:

- Celestant-Prime
- 1 Knight-Venator
- 2 units of Prosecutors

ABILITIES

Masters of the Sky: Such is their task that only the swiftest and most agile of the airborne Stormcast Eternals have been chosen to join the ranks of the Hallowed Hunt. In the shooting phase, either immediately before or after making attacks with a unit from the Hallowed Hunt, you can roll a dice and move the unit up to that distance in inches.

Purge the Unclean: Formed to end Nurgle's iron grip upon the realm of Ghyran, the warriors of the Hallowed Hunt are death incarnate to the followers of the Plague God. You can re-roll any failed hit rolls when Hallowed Hunt models target **NURGLE** units.

Swift Hunters: You can re-roll failed charge rolls for units from the Hallowed Hunt.

KHORNE BLOODBOUND

REDBLADE VANGUARD

United upon the Path to Glory, the vanguard of the Redblade Riders drew the eye of the Gorequeen Valkia, and hence that of Khorne himself, with their ever more devastating acts of slaughter.

ORGANISATION

The Redblade Vanguard consists of the following units:

- Valkia the Bloody
- 1 Lord of Khorne on Juggernaut
- 3 units of Mighty Skullcrushers
- 2 units of Bloodcrushers
- 2 units of Chaos Knights
- 1 unit of Chaos Chariots

ABILITIES

Blessings Born of Blood: The Redblade Vanguard can often be seen hurtling towards the deadliest foes, safe in the knowledge that, in the presence of his consort, their mighty deeds will be seen by the Blood God and they will be rewarded accordingly. If a Redblade Vanguard model slays an enemy **HERO** or **MONSTER**, any wounded models in the slayer's unit are immediately healed.

Armoured Avalanche: When they smell the scent of blood, the merciless Redblade Vanguard hurl themselves at their prey with frightening speed; when their charge crashes home, nought but ruin is left in their wake. Redblade Vanguard units can run and charge in the same turn. In addition, if you roll a 10 or more for the charge distance of a Redblade Vanguard unit, you can make 1 additional attack with each of their melee weapons in the ensuing combat phase.

SLAVES TO DARKNESS

THE INFERNAL TETRARCHY

The Daemon Princes of Orb Infernia are fierce rivals, given common cause only by their hatred of the celestial hosts. When they unite their powers, the might of an entire daemon world is at their behest.

ORGANISATION

The Infernal Tetrarchy consists of the following units:

- 1 Daemon Prince of Khorne
- 1 Daemon Prince of Tzeentch
- 1 Daemon Prince of Nurgle
- 1 Daemon Prince of Slaanesh

ABILITIES

Combined Might: When the daemonic generals of the Dark Gods join forces, their power merges, greatly increasing their individual strength. All models in the Infernal Tetrarchy have the following benefits depending on how many of them are on the battlefield at the same time:

No. of Models	Benefits
4 models	Re-roll failed hit, wound and save rolls of 1
3 models	Re-roll failed hit and wound rolls of 1
2 models	Re-roll failed hit rolls of 1
1 model	No benefit

Summon Minions: Once in each of your hero phases, a Daemon Prince from the Infernal Tetrarchy can seek daemonic reinforcements from beyond the veil by attempting to cast a single summoning spell from a **CHAOS DAEMON** warscroll as if it were a wizard.

NURGLE ROTBRINGERS

BLOAB'S SWARMBROTHERS

The plague-carrying daemonflies of Bloab Rotspawned sap the strength from those they infect. So vital is this work that Bloab's bodyguards swarm close, giving their lives to protect the flies' host.

ORGANISATION

Bloab's Swarmbrothers consist of the following units:

- Bloab Rotspawned
- 3 units of Putrid Blightkings
- 2 units of Plague Drones of Nurgle

ABILITIES

Bloated Bodyguards: Such is the importance of Bloab Rotspawned's task in the Ashlands and the Scabrous Sprawl that Nurgle tasked his Swarmbrothers with his protection at all times. Each time Bloab suffers an unsaved wound or a mortal wound, you can roll a dice. On the roll of a 4 or more, you can choose for a Swarmbrother unit within 3" of Bloab to suffer the wound in his place.

Curse of Atrophy: Those who face the Swarmbrothers are assailed by an oppressive swarm of daemonflies whose mere presence causes an enervating sickness in those not blessed in the sight of the Plague God. Players must subtract 1 from any wound rolls they make for any of their units within 3" of any Swarmbrothers. The curse of atrophy has no effect on **NURGLE** models.

SERAPHON

KLAQ-TOR'S TALONS

The slann Xen'phantica had no surer weapon in his celestial wars than the battle-scarred Oldblood Klaq-tor, whose indomitable army of Saurus Knights had never known defeat.

ORGANISATION

Klaq-tor's Talons consist of the following units:

- 1 Saurus Oldblood on Carnosaur
- 2 Saurus Scar-Veterans on Carnosaurs
- 3 units of Saurus Knights

ABILITIES

The Indomitable Lord: The Saurus Oldblood on Carnosaur from this battalion represents the mighty Klaq-Tor, for whom the shame of failure is unknown. Re-roll any failed hit rolls you make for this model's Sunstone Spear, and increase the Attacks characteristic of this weapon from 3 to 5.

Never Known Defeat: Klaq-tor has a flawless record of victories in battle, and his presence boosts the morale of the seraphon beyond measure. Whilst Klaq-tor is on the battlefield, you do not need to take battleshock tests for any friendly **SERAPHON** units.

FYRESLAYERS

GUARDIANS OF THE GREAT CHAIN

By harnessing the searingly intense flames of the bound godbeast Ignax, the Fyreslayers of the Chained Isle burned the taint of evil from their ancestral homelands and beyond.

ORGANISATION

The Guardians of the Great Chain consist of the following units:

- 1 Auric Runefather on Magmadroth
- 1 Auric Runesmiter on Magmadroth
- 1 Grimwrath Berzerker
- 1 unit of Auric Hearthguard
- 1 unit of Hearthguard Berzerkers
- 3 units of Vulkite Berzerkers

ABILITIES

Solar Fyre: The Fyreslayers have dwelt upon the Land of the Chained Sun's searing vistas for countless generations. Their smiths have long since developed enchantments that capture the solar energies of Ignax within the fyresteel blades of their kin, which ignite with the godbeast's fiery wrath as they are hurled through the air. Add 1 to the wound rolls of any Fyresteel Throwing Axes hurled by models from the Guardians of the Great Chain.

Scions of Ignax: The Magmadroths that are reared under the fires of the Solar Drake are capable of unleashing fyrestreams of terrible magnitude, bathing entire regiments of their foes beneath a roaring wave of molten flame. Magmadroths from the Guardians of the Great Chain can use their Roaring Fyrestream attack twice in each of their shooting phases, instead of only once.

ALEGUZZLER GARGANTS

SONS OF BEHEMAT

Under the rule of their Gargant King, the ale-guzzling giants of the Scabrous Sprawl fiercely defend the last enclaves of their homelands against devious skaven, Chaos tyrants and Stormcast interlopers.

ORGANISATION

The Sons of Behemat consist of the following units:

- 5 Giants

ABILITIES

The Gargant King: After set-up, pick one of the Sons of Behemat to be the Gargant King. This model gains the **HERO** keyword. In addition, when attacking with the Gargant King's Massive Club, do not roll to determine how many attacks you can make; instead, you can always attack with the maximum number of attacks possible. For example, if the Gargant King had suffered 2 wounds during the battle before making his attacks, he would make a whopping 18 attacks with his Massive Club!

Territorial Temperament: You can re-roll failed hit rolls for a model from the Sons of Behemat when making attacks against an enemy unit that is outside of its own territory.

FREE PEOPLE

TAUROI WARCLAN

For decades, the mortal clans of the Tauroi Archipelago hid from the bullgors conquering their lands. Then came Sigmar's Tempest. Now the clans gather for war, hungry for revenge upon their oppressors.

ORGANISATION

A Tauroi Warclan consists of the following units:

- 1 War Altar of Sigmar
- 3 or more Warrior Priests
- 1 or more Flagellants Warbands

ABILITIES

From a Spark to a Flame: As the tribes of the Tauroi Archipelago gather to face their oppressors with renewed confidence, they are drawn towards the conflict in ever-growing numbers. Each time a Warrior Priest or a Flagellants Warband from a Tauroi Warclan is wiped out, roll a dice: on the roll of a 3 or more, at the start of your next hero phase you can set up an identical unit within 6" of any edge of the battlefield that is more than 9" from the enemy. This counts as that unit's move for the turn.

Vengeance Long-awaited: Having been preyed upon by the bestial warherds of the Tauroi Archipelago for years beyond count, the opportunity for the tribes to avenge themselves upon their hated foe has lent them a fanatical devotion to the cause, and they fight without fear and restraint against their oppressors. You can re-roll failed hit rolls for units from a Tauroi Warclan when attacking models from a Bloodscorch Bulltribe, and add 2 to their Bravery characteristic if the enemy army includes any **BULLGOR** units.

WARHERD

BLOODSCORCH BULLTRIBE

The desolate islands upon the fringe of Asphyxia are prowled by tribes of ox-headed monsters devoted to Khorne. They have grown huge and fierce by gorging on the blood of the Tauroi hill clans.

ORGANISATION

A Bloodscorch Bulltribe consists of the following units:

- 3 Ghorgons
- 3 units of Bullgors

ABILITIES

From Voracity, Vitality: The Bloodscorch Bulltribes have long preyed upon the vulnerable tribes of the Tauroi Archipelago, feasting so greedily upon them that they have become swollen with stolen vitality. Add 1 to the Wounds characteristic of all Bloodscorch Bulltribe models.

Slaughterers of Khorne: All units in a Bloodscorch Bulltribe have the **KHORNE** keyword. In addition, you can re-roll failed charge rolls for a Bloodscorch Bulltribe unit.

Prey of Choice: The Bloodscorch Bulltribes are terrible in their bloodgreed when hunting their favoured prey. You can re-roll all failed wound rolls for Bloodscorch Bulltribe models when attacking models from a Tauroi Warclan.

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.

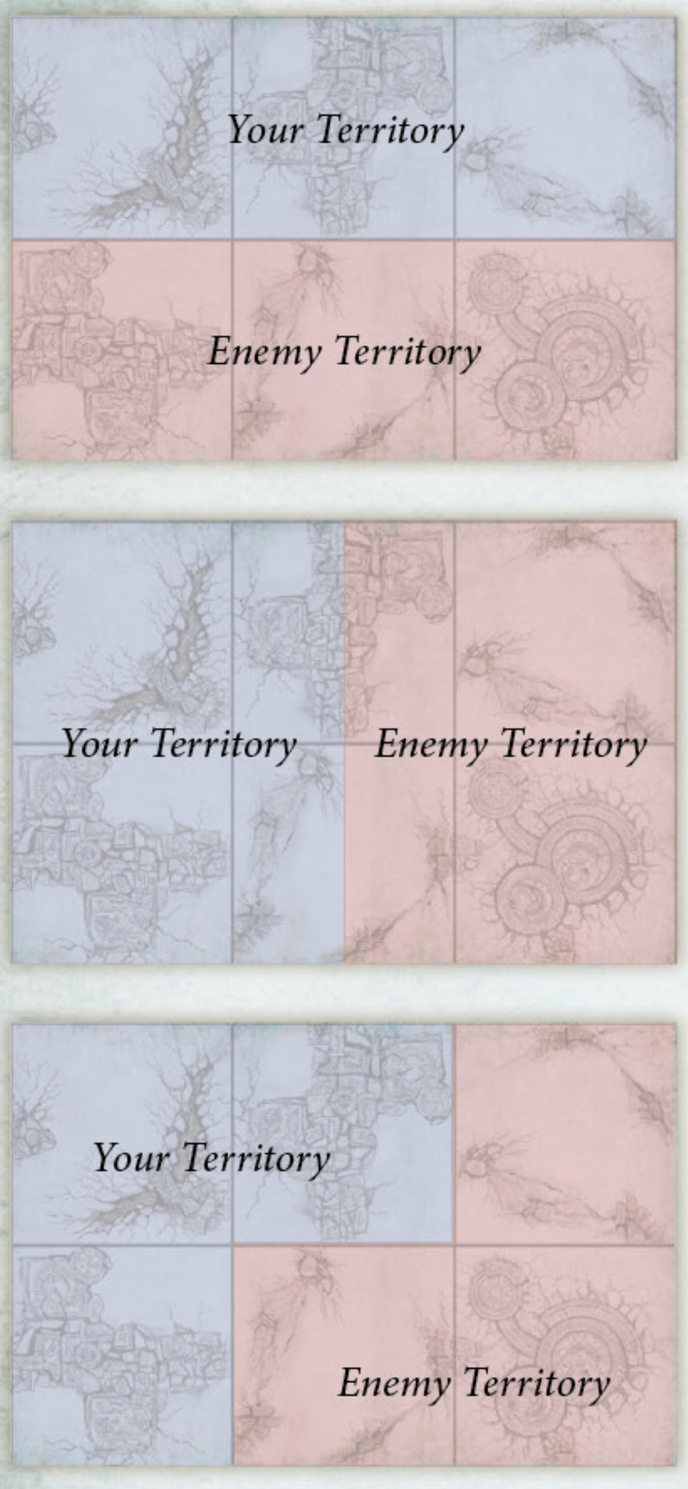
THE BATTLE BEGINS

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 THE FLAMEWORLDS

Celestant-Prime .....Hammer of Sigmar

HAMMERS OF SIGMAR

Ionus Cryptborn .....Lord-Relictor
Occus.....Decimator-Prime

TEMPEST LORDS

Victrian Cyrocco .....Lord-Celestant
Aldecco .....Liberator-Prime
Encinio .....Retributor-Prime

HALLOWED KNIGHTS

Tornus the Redeemed .....Knight-Venator

CANDLEMEN

Yackob Veltahren.....Arch Lector

KHORNE BLOODBOUND

Valkia the Bloody .....The Gorequeen
Korghos Khul.....Mighty Lord of Khorne

NURGLE ROTBRINGERS

Bloab Rotspawned .....Maggoth Rider

DAEMONS OF KHORNE

Skarbrand .....Bloodthirster

ORB INFERNIA

Dracothion .....The Great Drake

SERAPHON

Lord Xen'phantica .....Slann Starmaster
Klaq'tor .....Saurus Oldblood
Whisperer Izekto.....Skink Starseer

SLAVES TO DARKNESS

Lord Skinskein.....Daemon Prince of Khorne
Glurtos the Flyking .....Daemon Prince of Nurgle
Zyrrak Mirrorkin .....Daemon Prince of Tzeentch
Synnistra.....Daemon Prince of Slaanesh

KHORNE BLOODBOUND

Korghos Khul.....Mighty Lord of Khorne
Kyor Skullharvest .....Gorechosen
Hagred Hammerfane..Gorechosen
Guron Bloodfist .....Gorechosen
Threx Skullbrand .....Bloodsecrator

LAND OF THE CHAINED SUN

Ignax.....The Solar Drake

HAMMERS DRACONIS

Imperius.....Lord-Celestant

VOSTARG LODGE

Borr-Grimnir .....Auric Runefather
Volgrov Borrson.....Auric Runeson
Ulli Drakescale .....Auric Runeson
Dorryc Claimblade.....Auric Runesmiter

EVERCHOSEN

Archaon .....Exalted Grand Marshal of the Apocalypse
Kiathanus.....Lord of Change

THE SCABROUS SPRAWL

Alarielle.....Queen of the Radiant Wood
Behemat .....The World Titan
Dracothion .....The Great Drake
Celestant-Prime .....Hammer of Sigmar

HALLOWED KNIGHTS

Tornus the Redeemed . Knight-Venator
Silus the Untarnished..Lord-Celestant

TEMPEST LORDS

Donatan Threccio.....Lord-Celestant

HAMMERS DRACONIS

Imperius.....Lord-Celestant

KNIGHTS EXCELSIOR

Pharakis .....Lord-Celestant
Vaedris .....Lord-Relictor

MASTERCLAN

Gnawsoul .....Verminlord Warbringer

CLAN VRRTKIN

Warpskreech .....Warlock Engineer
Vileskrit .....Warlock Engineer
Ziktsnitch .....Warlock Engineer
Skitterquick .....Warlock Engineer

CLAN MORS

Skuttklaw.....Warlord
Hakfang .....Warlord

CLAN MORBIDUS

Rotfang.....Plague Priest

NURGLE ROTBRINGERS

Bloab Rotspawned .....Maggoth Rider

ALEGUZZLER GARGANTS

Brodd.....Gargant King

THE GREAT GREEN TORC

HALLOWED KNIGHTS

Gardus.....Lord-Celestant

ANVILS OF THE HELDENHAMMER

Thaddeon ven Denst….Lord-Celestant
Todenhavt.....Lord-Relictor

SPIDERFANG GROTS

Spiterakk.....Chieftain

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

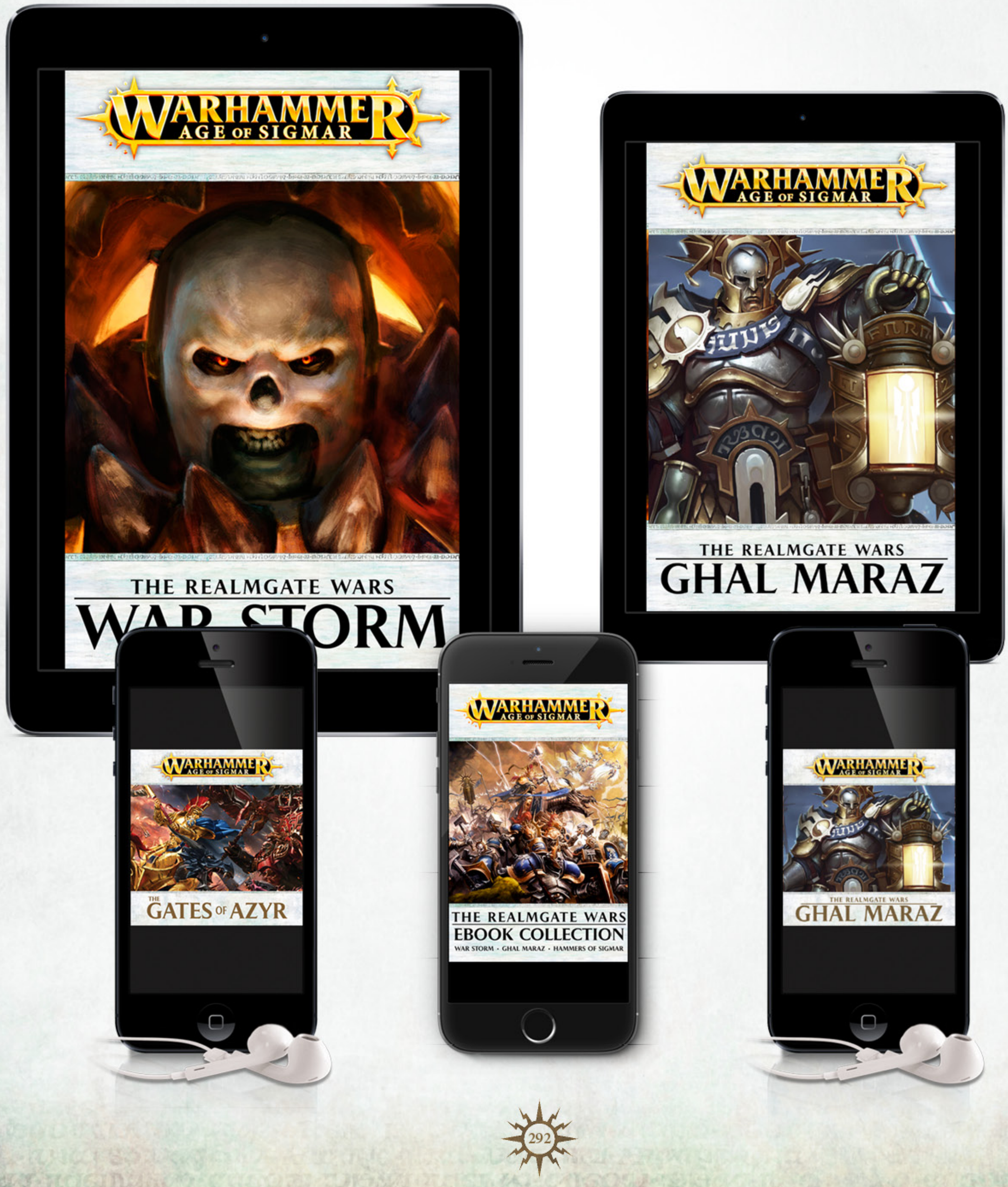
A major feature of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* is its grand, ongoing narrative. This is more than just a collecting and gaming experience, it is also an interactive saga of battle in which you play the lead role. Just as *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* helps you begin this journey, so your copy of *The Realmgate 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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British Cataloguing-in-Publication Data. A catalogue record for this book is available from the British Library. Pictures used for illustrative purposes only.

ISBN: 978-1-78581-477-8

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Upload date: 02/04/2016

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