



Liber Chaotica

*Being an account of the dark secrets and arcane lore,
of the most terrible mysteries and hidden truths of the Ruinous Powers.*

Vol. 1 - Khorne

IN THE DARK AND GOTHIC

world of Warhammer, the four Chaos Gods perpetually threaten to unleash their vastly cruel and powerful dominion over the realms of mankind. The most powerful of these fearsome deities is the Blood God, Khorne, bringer of war and taker of life. Wherever there are warriors, they will flock to his gore-soaked banner, answering his battle cry with their own howls for blood. All others quake before these hosts of war, as they seek nothing more than to lay skulls before his skull throne. But now, at last, one fearless scholar has dared to examine the hosts of Khorne and report back on the insanity of what he has discovered.

This in-depth source book details all of the aspects and facets of the Blood God and his inhuman legions. Covering such subjects as cults, weapons, shrines and warriors, this is a rich and lavishly illustrated book including many drawings and sketches never before published. This is the first of four such tomes, which, when collected together will provide the most comprehensive study of the four powers of Chaos available.

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OPISCULUM DAEMONIS

LIBER CHAOTICA

— Volume the first —

WITH THE FORMER TRANSLATIONS DILIGENTLY
COMPARED AND REVISED

— 0 —
With expository lectures on the followers and
rituals of the Blood God: Khorne

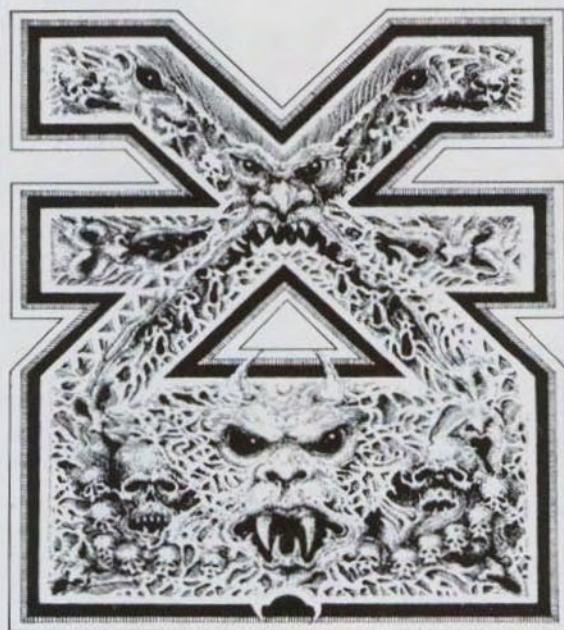
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BEING IN THE MAIN AN EXAMINATION OF THE DAEMONIC AND MORTAL
ARMIES OF CHAOS, AND IN PART, BEING A DESCRIPTION OF THE NUMBERLESS
UNNATURAL CREATURES THAT DO ACCOMPANY THEM



FEATURING TEXTS COMPILED AND ANNOTATED BY THE AUTHOR
RICHTER KLESS

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Foreword by the Author

Of all the volumes my studies demand, the book detailing the power of Khorne I envisage being the least complicated and easiest (if such a word can be attributed to this subject) to write.

The Blood God and his many accursed legions seem to exist for one purpose only - to reap as much bloody destruction as possible. This book (Our Lord Sigmar willing) will detail their methods and means in pursuing this end.

My eyes have seen many strange and wonderful things - some good, but most (due to my chosen path) dreadful beyond imagining. I quail when I consider the work that lies before me if I am to finish these books; but I have been tasked to write this treatise by the Grand Theognist Walkmar himself and my mind is set on its completion.

I gird my heart and take pride in the fact that I was chosen to complete a labour of such import, and I pray that Sigmar may give me the strength to carry it through.

I have much work to do.

R. K.

At what price?

My Lord, as you have requested I present a comprehensive gathering of all Richter Kloss's (may Sigmar have mercy on his soul) notes and essays on the Blood God Khorne. My compilation and editing has been complicated by my reluctance to read too closely what he has written. Much is heretical and still more I believe to be apocryphal. I hope Lord, that this finds you in good health.

M.v.S.



Detail from the 'Traitor's
Path' a tapestry of monstrous sight
and subject, the location of which I'm
not at liberty to disclose.

M.V.S.

INTRODUCTORY DISCOURSE

ON

THE BLOOD GOD: KHORNE

CHAPTER I

The Mountain

"FROM THE BOILING BLOOD SEA ROSE EIGHT MIGHTY CREATURES, EACH WITH THE HEADS OF DOGS AND THE BODIES OF LIONS, AND EACH ONE YOKED WITH GREAT CHAINS OF BRASS."

AND SO IT CAME TO PASS that these words spoke in wrath dispersed to all corners of the land, proclaiming their message and blasting all minds that heard it. Neighbour turned on neighbour and in sudden fury fathers dragged sons onto the street and there murdered them. The gentle beasts of the field trampled one another and herdsman slew their cattle to bathe in their blood. The kings and princes of the land fell to fevered imaginings, adorning themselves with armour and weapons, and demanding a throne made from the bones of their kin. Prisoners and slaves were put to the sword and their heads adorned the royal dais. And the kings then sent their soldiers forth into the towns and villages to harvest more skulls for the skull thrones. Every living thing they killed; all that drew breath was culled from the earth, which in turn was fired and the walls tumbled down, so nothing could there live again.

When the earth was made as mud by the lifeblood of innocents and wild creatures roamed the deserted lands drinking marrow from the bones of the dead, the kings and princes turned their armies outside their hollow kingdoms to wage war against each other. The armies of all the lands met in a valley blocked by four mountains to the north and four mountains to the south. And there they fell on one another with every weapon, animal and cunning machine that they commanded. The battle raged long as fortune waxed and waned from one army to the next. For eight days and seven nights the warriors of the lands pushed and heaved and stabbed and slew. The kings released their hunting dogs, that harried and bit and gorged themselves on hot flesh. Terrible horsemen, on steeds clad in steel, charged again and again. The death

toll was so great that the valley itself filled with blood and drowned those who fought in its depths. The soldiers in battle hungered, and consumed the fallen and drank their blood to quench their thirst, while the kings themselves ate only the flesh from the heads brought to them. As the sun sunk down into the lake of death for the eighth time the battle faltered and stopped, for the bloodthirst that had driven each mortal soul forward had at last been sated. The armies could fight no more and there came a great wailing from the valley as every soldier lifted his voice and cried out for release, for victory or for the strength to carry on. A multitude raised their shouts to a thousand empty gods. And none replied. For the true god had heard his servants' cry. And its answer was one of bloodlust, power and awesome violence.

From the boiling blood sea rose eight mighty creatures, each with the heads of dogs and the bodies of lions, and each one yoked with great chains of brass. They climbed forth each mountain and behind them dragged upwards a new mountain from the sea, a mountain of bone and skulls that reached fully ten times the height of the eight peaks around it. Upon its sight, the soldiers of the battle took new heart and rose again from the gore-drenched earth to praise their true lord while the kings and princes threw themselves down in fear as they recognised the true Skull Throne, of which their own had been the palest imitation. And atop the very summit, the embryonic-god screamed his name in a birth-cry that echoed and crashed from peak to peak and drove the cowardly mad even as it strengthened the worthy beyond mortal effort.

And the name was Kharneth, our Blood God Khorne.

*Stolen from the
lost scriptures
'Poured by
Blood'. With
special
dispensation to
translate from
the forbidden
tongue -
normally
punishable by
death.*

Marauders of the North



Do they ever truly die?

On the horizon it loomed, a symbol of mortality, a stony
pagan to the dead. The sun did fade in the sky, cowed by black
auras that envelope it. Within lays ensconced, in burial shroud, a
great lord of ancient times, before whom the world had once
trembled.

This mighty sepulchre of darkened stone rose forth and up,
dwarfing the palaces of mortal lords, for in death he demanded a
shrine to denote a warrior such as he. This brooding edifice
wallowed in the past, enshrouded in a veil of wickedness, and the
scent of death and despair hung heavy about its skull-shaped
bastions.

Such have I smelt on my journey north

Here rested the greatest of the Champions of Chaos, a mortal
god, who in ancient times had brought the world to its knees. His
armies of sable marched implacable from north to south, all
peoples fled, for their weapon was Fear and their banner was
Death. As an unstoppable tide they swept the land, swift and
awful, an evil tide that swelled like a river in the thaw.

But his time ended aeons ago, and the mists of the past refuse to reveal the
manner of his fall. What is left is this mighty vault, with its secrets hid
behind an egress the pallor of death.

Krim chambers are filled with the skulls of his victims; twisting
catacombs bristle with the weapons of those fallen by his hand, and from the
battlements fly their banners, now smirched in blood.

In the shadow of the tomb gather the warriors
of the North. Marauders prepare for war, reciting Chaos
sagas and bringing offerings to their fallen champion. Here
they beseech the resting Warlord to return to them, to bring
victory to their weapons and deliver the world into their
hands. Here they wait for the warrior god to stir again, so
once more the world will quake.

*And quake it would, if it had
seen the things I have seen*

- Transcribed from the remains of 'A Vision of Damnation'.

Marauders of the North

BEING AN EXTENSIVE EXAMINATION OF THE DUBIOUS AND LESSER MEN WHO INHABIT THE SAVAGE LANDS BEYOND OUR NORTHERN BORDERS. INCLUDING DISCURSIVE ESSAYS ON THEIR QUESTIONABLE HABITS AND BELIEFS.

FROM THE HARSH snowlands they come, blond of hair and blue of eye, and tattooed upon the arms and face and chest. Others are raven-haired, with cruel sneers, delighting in the pain and misery they herald. From the north and east come these savage marauders, with slaving dogs on whipping leashes. Their eyes are mad with bloodlust, for blood they thirst, driven forth on the whims of the gods they seek to appease. Clad in few garments and wielding clumsy and brutal axes and maces, they rage against the civilised lands of the south, burning, pillaging, looting all before them to offer up as sacrifice to their uncaring masters beyond the gates of hell in the northern wastes.

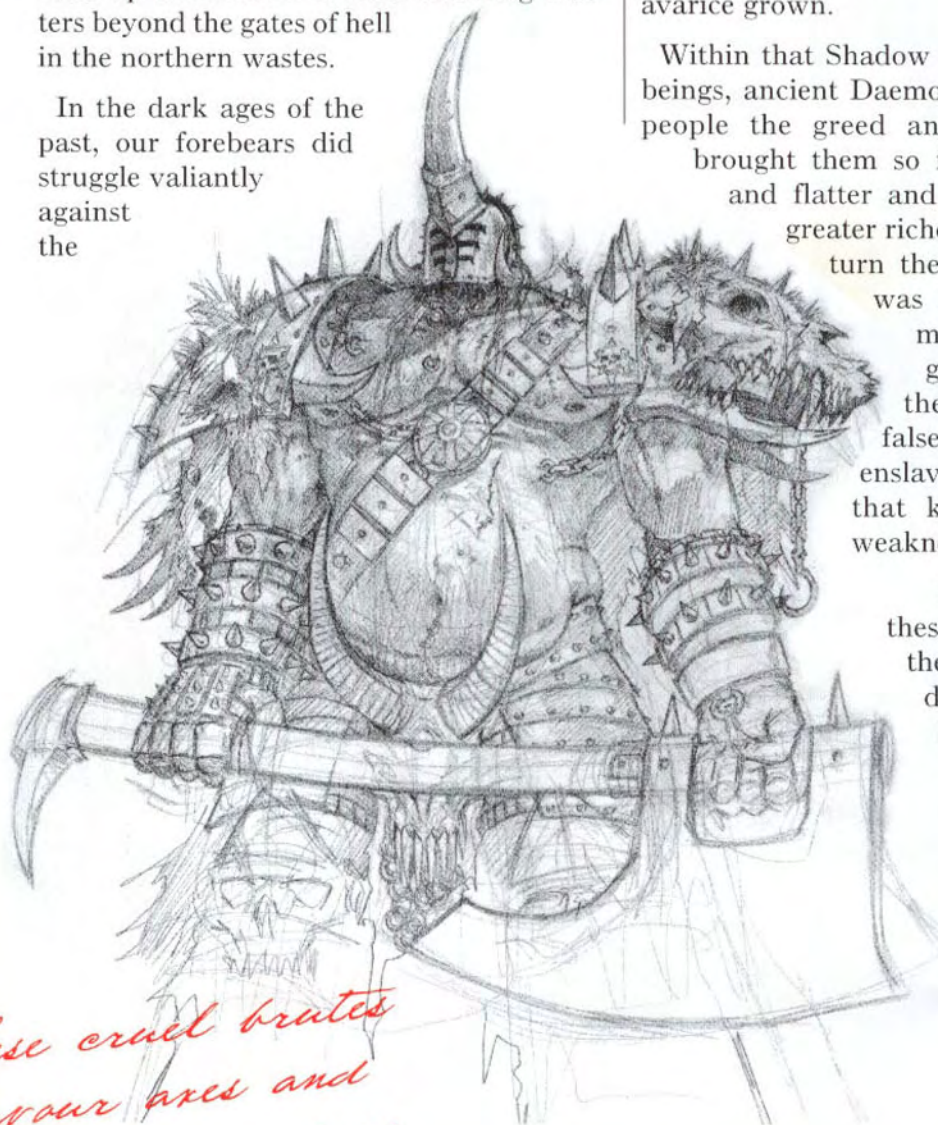
In the dark ages of the past, our forebears did struggle valiantly against the

tribes of evil races and other corrupt beings that threatened our homes and people. And we were victorious and chased them back to their birthing places and destroyed them there forever, ridding us of this great danger to our young people. However, there were those of us who went further, who were not content with the bounty that our gods had granted us, and demanded more.

Further and further they spread, in the name of ridding us of our mortal foes, until finally they went into a land that was covered by Shadow. There they lost sight of our gods but cared not, so great had their avarice grown.

Within that Shadow they discovered new beings, ancient Daemons that saw in these people the greed and hatred that had brought them so far. They did praise and flatter and promise them even greater riches, if only they would turn their backs on all that was holy and good and mortal. Without our gods to guide them these people fell into false worship and were enslaved by these Daemons that knew of all human weakness.

Beneath the Shadow these people remained as they tumbled into the depravities and bloodlust of their foul veneration, and there grew warped and cruel and bitter at the petty idolism that they had exchanged for the true salvation of the worship of our gods.



*These cruel brutes
favour axes and
bludgeoning weapons.*

Marauders of the North

And now as corrupt in body as they are in mind they do return to punish us for their sins and burn the world, for they would rather destroy it all than have any trace of goodness and law remain in it to remind them of what they once lost.

But it is not the tribes' marauding that we must fear the most, for the predations of their kind conceal a greater evil that they commit. For they are also the foot soldiers of those infernal hordes that do threaten our nation's very existence when the Shadow falls upon us. Before and after their daemonkin's path, they burn and ravage and slaughter. Their riders and scouts do ensure that no prey are left untouched, no matter how distant they are nor how secure they believe themselves.

And if these atrocities were not enough, it is from their ranks and stock that do raise these most abhorrent of foes: the Knights and Champions of Chaos. Rather than be appalled that such monsters in human form may emerge from their kind, they applaud them and encourage their desecration in the hopes that, should they reap the ultimate reward, they will look with



favour upon those who sponsored them. Indeed, it is the ambition of each and every tribesmen to walk the road of power to final damnation.

In their worship, some marauders will look to a single Power to provide them with succour, often through a totem or other object that they believe is valued by the god. Most, however, are not particular in their beliefs, rather taking on the worship of whichever god they believe can benefit them most at that particular time. To aid them in this they will erect icons and shrines to these gods, more impressive if they are settled and secured than if they live as nomads in the Steppes. That they would seek to bargain with each and every god they could is demonstrable of their irreverent attitude even within their heresy.

Truly none of our kind are more tarnished and damned than the men of the Shadowlands.

Marauders of the North

Here follows an excerpt from the final testament of Baron Fallon von Kelspar before he abandoned his family estates in 2325. He was subsequently excommunicated from the church of Sigmar in 2327, declared a heretic and danger to the people by the Order of Solkan in 2328, declared a traitor to the Empire in 2330, declared an outlaw and brigand by the Court of the Lady in 2335, declared an Oathbreaker by the High King in 2340.

"As a race mankind is like no other. Although derided as a 'new race' by the decrepit creatures for which their millennia have passed; we have spread across the world with the ease of fleas upon a dog. Nothing has stopped us, neither indolent elf, nor stubborn dwarf, nor wild orc or goblin. We came, we fought, we died, and more of us came after, uncaring of our predecessors' fate, driven only by our lust for wealth and our hate, until we settled and survived and whatever we craved was ours.

"Our forebears lived noble lives beneath their worthy kings, roaming in tribes, free from all constraint. We were once a powerful, dynamic people, hardened and strong enough to conquer all before us. Now some of these tribes, the Bretonni, the Unberogens, the Gospodars and our very own claim now to be greater than the rest, we claim in a mere brace of centuries to be 'civilized'. We claim moral authority and 'discover' lands and peoples as old as an age and parade our ungainly forms in ever more bizarre and butchered cloth, all the while congratulating ourselves on our advancement.

"All of which blinds us to the fools we are. There are men left, men who have not collapsed into indulgence, men who are strong, who live still as man did in his golden age. They do not cower from their gods, but bargain with them. They do not hide from the unknown but face it head on, acknowledging every part of themselves and their being, denying nothing and living as the best of any of us as a result.

"No doubt you, my family, my friends, or any other who may be reading this note would ask me, were I there, why I went north. And if I were there I would answer, to the north lies our past, and to the north lies our future."

"It is not the strong enemy we must fear, the danger lies with the weak who flock to their banner."

(Grand Theogonist,
Rueben Wroldgar)



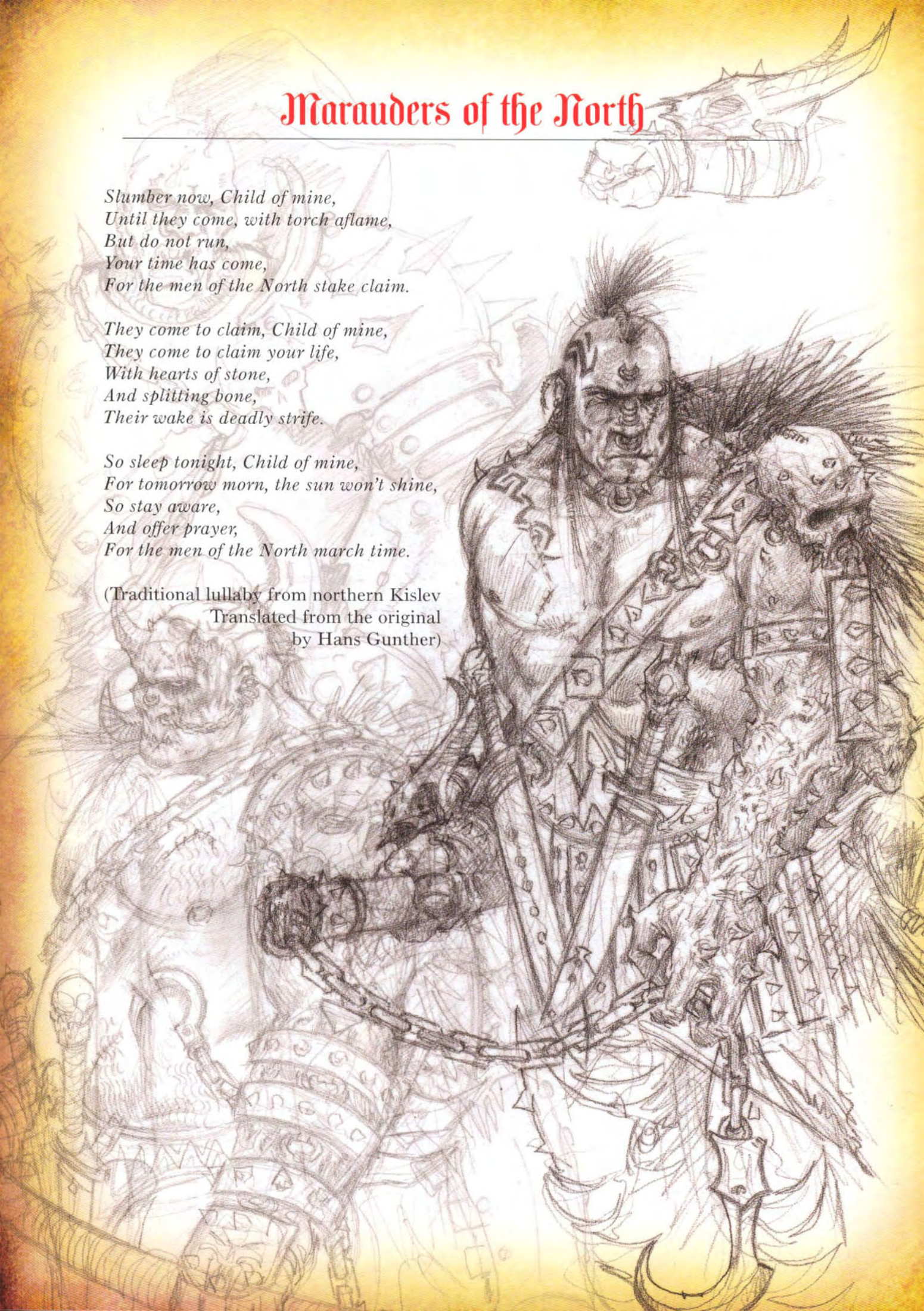
Marauders of the North

*Slumber now, Child of mine,
Until they come, with torch aflame,
But do not run,
Your time has come,
For the men of the North stake claim.*

*They come to claim, Child of mine,
They come to claim your life,
With hearts of stone,
And splitting bone,
Their wake is deadly strife.*

*So sleep tonight, Child of mine,
For tomorrow morn, the sun won't shine,
So stay aware,
And offer prayer,
For the men of the North march time.*

(Traditional lullaby from northern Kislev
Translated from the original
by Hans Gunther)



The Norse

BEING A CLOSE INSPECTION OF THE FERAL TRIBES OF NORSKA, CALLED BY SOME THE NORTHERS OR NORSCANS. INCLUDING MY OPINION ON THEIR LAMENTABLE INCURSION INTO OUR SOCIETY.

THE NORSE ARE those tribesmen of the Umbra that lie closest to our own good states. They are constantly in bloody strife and war amongst themselves, pausing only to launch raids by land and sea upon our people, when they slaughter the defenceless, defile our holy places and enslave our children.

The peoples of Norsca exist, in their fashion, on that promontory of land that juts from the northernmost part of Kislev, out around the Sea of Claws. They are bound in the west by the Sea of Chaos and in the north by a vast glacial shelf that marks the end of their territory and the beginning of the Wastes beyond. Their border with the Kislevites is long and indistinct.

On the Kislevite side, however, it is



The decoration of armour with such ghoulish items denotes the potency of the warrior and presents a more terrifying aspect in battle!

The Norse

marked by the twin fortress-cities of Erengard and Praag, and the River Lynsk that forms the only natural demarcation between the two. Beyond the Lynsk is what is known as Troll Country, wherein travel and live foul creatures of Chaos, warbands of the Ruinous Powers and some of the hardiest Norscan families such as the Sarls, the Baersonlings and the Brennuns.

Norsca is a cold and harsh land, a fitting punishment for the monsters, both human and otherwise, which live there. The mountains march right down to the seas, and snow lies always on the peaks that are haunted by ogres and trolls and altogether darker beasts that sleep beneath the earth.

Norsemen means literally 'men of the north', and as such is not the name by which they call themselves, but rather a moniker their victims have given them. For these savages have no name for themselves as a single nation, for their race is made up of many different families and tribes, with little to connect them but a similar tongue and way of life. Thus such a warrior would never call himself a 'Norseman', but instead a 'Bjornling' or a 'Varg', for their only loyalty is to their families and their kin.

Their encroachment within our society, welcomed by traitors of our people, has led them to encounter our own name for them. This some of them have adopted as their own, for they take great amusement in it.

These families by which they are known are of vital importance to a Norseman, for if they anger their tribal kin or so displease the gods as to bring their wrath upon them, then they will be cast from their towns and into the wilds of the country. Few of these outlaws survive long for they will never be welcomed within another tribe, nor may they wander freely for they will fall prey to the warbands and creatures that infest the land. The lucky and the strong may be allowed to join the retinue of such a champion and thus sustain their lives for some small time further, before they fall in battle or their new master tires of them. A few make the ardu-

ous journey down to our lands and here become the lowest form of vagrant and wastrel, begging food and coin, or turning to brigandry, robbery and murder.

Blood feuds are common among the Norse and can last for many years between tribes and settlements. With their ruthless and barbarian ways, such feuds can occur within towns and villages as well as between different groups of close kin. When these take hold, they are settled quickly and bloodily, with little reference to law. The defeated are cast out with the majority's blessing, for the tribes know that they cannot survive with such dissention amongst themselves. This is another way by which a Norseman may be outlawed.

But it is unto their unholy gods that the Norse owe their highest fealty. These vile people care nothing for faith and honour, but only for the material advantages that their Dark Lords can bestow.

They worship as others of their kind, some devoting themselves to one particular blasphemy, while others maintain an allegiance to all. As the Norse live on the edge of the Umbra, their tribes often worship the Accursed Powers through the guise of lesser local gods. This does quell the fears of some of our kind who believe that theirs is no different from our own worship. But such belief could not be more misguided, as the idols the Northers worship are mere facets and guises of the four Ruinous Lords.

Some of the coastal raiders of the Skaelings worship a deity they call Mermedus, a petty deity who makes his realm at the bottom of the Sea of Claws. Their icons of him depict a bulbous and ghoulish figure, bloated in death with the bulging eyes and drained composure of a man drowned in the sea. Supposedly he walks along the floor of the Sea of Claws, creating stormy waters and capsizing ships, dragging the raiders down deep to ~~add to his~~ chain-lines that he pulls behind him, so to imprison the drowned and the damned. Thus the Skaelings make sacrifices, both animal and human, and throw their

*They are
subtle as a
breeze and
dangerous!*

The Norse

weighted bodies into the deep in order that they might distract this god from destroying them all. Some believe that this is some corruption of our own Mana'an, but I have seen this clear as an Infernal Power in one of their multitudinous deceptions.

Whichever idol they worship, there is one thing that each one demands, the blood of its enemy. Thus some of the blood feuds that erupt between tribes and settlements have this difference at their base. For the Norse, I have discovered there is no kingdom of Morr, there is nothing after death except for the realm of their gods, and they will only travel there to be lauded and praised as true and strong warriors, or to be reviled and tortured as betrayers or cowards. Thus every Norseman fights with an insane fervour driven by this belief.

Such warriors are armed with deadly weapons and wear huge plates of iron armour, for it is in their smelting and working of iron that the Norse may be acknowledged. I have often remarked that they are people with no talent or quality, except that in the forging of arms and in the spawning of men to use them. And such trade that exists between them and the warrior-bands to their north and the horse tribes to their east are centred predominantly on this, as those races have little such industry of their own.

But it is when the warriors of the north descend for a different reason that the Norse have true reason to bewail their heretical existence. For when the Shadow expands across them and taints what little of life remains in their land, there are carried with it monsters and daemons and regiments of cruel warriors who care nothing for them. They do not see, as we do, fellow worshippers of their blasphemous gods, but rather a life that can be taken in their god's name. Thus the Norse may stand and die or seek escape, and it is the case that when the Umbra expands towards our states, the greater horde advances behind countless

bands of marauders who throw themselves at the cities of Kislev, in a despair to outrace the death that follows behind.

To these the Kislevites show no mercy, and do exact vengeance for the marauders' countless predations during the times of peace.

These intervening depravations are known not only to those heathen of Kislev, but to all the peoples of the coast. For it is in the character of the Norscan to be as at home on the waves as he is on land, and as they plough the seas they bring their terror with them.

Their ships are constructed from the dark and polluted wood that grows plentifully in their lands. They fly sails that display the colours and symbols of their allegiance; at their bows are figureheads carved in the shape of the heads of disturbing creatures of the deep; and they adorn their sides with skulls and other trophies from their butchery.

Even from their very birth these ships are steeped in blood, as they are launched over the living bodies of slaves and captives, to crush them as sacrifices to their sea gods to ensure good weather and fair seas.

Here one of the earliest such records of such pillage comes from The Chronicles of Middenland:

"In this year of Ulric's Grace, there were great sigils and portents of Doom and Destruction. The statue of the Wolf was heard to howl for Death, and there were many children born with twisted feet or hands or other such Mutations. Great Beasts were seen to fly through the air and block out the sun and a Famine and Plague did grip the coastal villages. Even as those Ails did pass, reavers emerged from the sea with sails of Blood and Death and laid waste to a temple and three towns upon our coast, killing or enslaving those who did not flee, and plundering what little they could. They wore strange armour and fought beneath the Banner of the Wolf, as though mocking our Faith."

*A fitting end
for these
savages.*

*Praise
Kislev and
her dauntless
warriors!*

The Norse

There were many who hoped these raiders would never return, but they have done, time and time again, across all the coasts of our lands and our neighbours, round into the Tilean Sea and the Black Gulf.

Thus villagers who know nothing of the greater darkness, who know nothing of the final damnation of man, know enough to garrison watch-towers to look across the waters and build signal-fires to warn of the coming of the DragonShips that roll in with the mists off the ocean.

There, in the sense of the common folk with the clarity of their simple life, is the proper recognition of the adversity that threatens them.

Not so for the wastrels and indolents of our own rich and undeserving. They, in the perversity driven by boredom, welcome these vipers to their breast in the guise of fashion and style and novelty and of meaningless brinkmanship. Even now as I write, men of Norsca walk freely in the streets of Marienberg, garnering greater acknowledgement than the true heroes of our empire, and ever burrowing their way into the hearts of the foolish.

Fat ladies squeal to be the first to purchase their latest pelts, gentlemen bid ever higher for the cursed armaments culled from their tainted earth, entertainers seek twisted creatures for the gawking of the peasantry and, most ludicrous of all, stern-faced generals do seek to secure their warriors as mercenaries for their wars both foreign and against our own people.

Their greed for power and prestige and false worth does blind them to the evil they allow to walk among us. For the Norse do lie so well, and smile at the gaiting and prancing of those who seek to imitate them. But I understand as they do the base truth behind the Norse ways, that these fat idolaters do wear as lightly on their minds as they do the silk on their sleeve.

The Norse mislead us all with their smiles and pageantry, and we will be the ones to bear the brunt of their ultimate betrayal.



*To see such
a warrior
is to see
death made
flesh.*

The Kurgan

BEING AN EXPOSITION ON THE MYSTERIOUS KURGAN – A DISTANT, BUT EVER PRESENT THREAT ON OUR NORTHERN BORDERS (INCLUDING A DETAILED EXAMINATION OF THE TRIBE KNOWN AS THE TONG).

EXCERPT FROM 'The Peoples of the World' by Bretonnian court-scholar Gules de Rambon:

"The nation of the Kurgan surpasses all other barbarians in their wildness of life. Though they do just bear the likeness of men, of a very ugly pattern, they are so little advanced in civilization that they make no

use of fire, nor any kind of relish, in the preparation of their food, but feed upon the roots which they find in the fields, and the half-raw flesh of any sort of animal.

"I say half-raw, because they give it a kind of cooking by placing it between their own thighs and the backs of their horses.

On my second expedition north I was taken by my faithful guide, Sergei, to a tiny border village that had suffered a raid by the Kurgan. The few despoilers who had been slain and lay in the ruins looked much like this rough sketch.



The Kurgan

"They fight in no regular order of battle, but by being extremely swift and sudden in their movements, they disperse, and then rapidly come together in loose array. They spread havoc over the vast plains, and flying over the ramparts, they pillage the camp of their enemy almost before he has become aware of their approach."

"They are the most terrible of warriors for when in close combat with swords and flails, they fight without regard to their own safety, and while their enemy is intent upon parrying the thrust of the swords, they will entangle him with their chains so that he loses all power of walking or riding."

The Kurgan are a people of mystery and fear, a savage race that ride such fleet steeds as to allow them to fly across the land as fast as birds. Their domains lie far from our borders and yet their speed of movement is such that one can never be sure where or when their next attack shall fall.

Those few cartographers who recognise the Kurgan's existence do consign them to a far corner of the map, but in fact their territory far outstrips that of any other human realm. Indeed, all the land that we call our own up to the World's Edge Mountains would fit many times within the area they control.

The Eastern Steppes are massive plains with seemingly endless stretches of dry, treeless grassland, which lie beyond the great mountain range known as the Mountains of Mourn. They are bordered by the freezing wastes to the north, by a great desert to the south and by the mighty lands of Cathay far to the east. Over this vast territory there are many tribes, both of humans and of other races, but of the northern areas that lie within the Umbra, the Kurgan are undisputed masters.

In truth, however, not even this expanse gives proper extent to their dominion, for the Kurgan recognise no borders or boundaries, except perhaps for that ultimate frontier at the north. No obstacle can stop them; their driven mounts carry them like the

wind over high mountains, great deserts and gushing rivers. They travel where they will, and there are few indeed who would dare oppose them.

The Kurgan live in tribal families like the Norscans do, but these are not settled towns or villages, but rather travelling groups that wander the vastness of the Steppes and the Wastes with their livestock. They are led by chieftains who claim a special connection with their gods, who dictate to them the direction they ride.

They travel with their entire families, so that it is literally the case for many of them to be born in the saddle. Most of these show some taint of Chaos upon them, whether it be benign or otherwise, and these marks are flaunted and displayed to show the interest the lords of darkness have already shown in them. Many of them go further and try to make their children even more grotesque by binding their skulls while young, so that their heads grow in the long and thin manner so distinctive of their people.

Though we may write the names of certain tribes upon a map, this will only give the narrowest indication of their true extent and location. For in the vastness of the Steppe there are no confinements, and far greater reliance is placed upon the kin-band that the horsemen ride with rather than in the greater tribal name. To an extent, a Kurgan's tribe is those people with whom he travels, no matter their origins, and his property is what he carries with him, and his land is wherever he finds himself.

The Kurgan almost invariably travel on horseback, some with wagons to carry tents and altars, others without. There are a few groups who do not ride, who choose to either wander on foot, possibly because they have lost their mounts through some ailment or accident, or who have settled permanently in some forsaken spot. Why they would choose to completely alter their way of life in such a manner is unknown. Perhaps there is something of significance to the site. It is not completely unheard of for a

I have seen them stretch further than the eye can fathom - a humbling sight.

The Kurgan

tribe to seize and settle the land it has attacked, and then attempt to defend it, while they wrest riches from the earth.

Most though are almost constantly on the move, either along age-old routes between summer and winter lands, or seemingly at random across the Steppe. It is this fluidity that allows them the greatest favour when the Shadow creeps out and the dark legions march forth. It is the Kurgan that are most willing and able to join these cursed crusades, for they are able to bring to bear each and every one of their race.

For them there is nothing but advantage in attaching themselves to a larger horde, for they may ride ahead as scouts and take the easiest of the plunder, and when the horde is inevitably reversed or gain stayed, they may always escape the forces of retribution that move against them.

In this way, tribes of the horsemen may follow these hordes and then find themselves far from where they began when

eventually they strike out on their own. Thus, they may be found all around the known world, these ravagers lie not contained in distant lands to be dealt with by strangerfolk, hardier than us. Rather they may come to any town, any door, even while the blinkered folk slumber in their false security.

No border, no castle, no country can be a defence against the horsemen of the Shadowlands, for they care for none of them. They move at will across plains and hills and rivers, no barrier can withstand them, nor no levied troops restrain them. For our armies are snails and slugs that must drag themselves forwards, and may fight only where its foe proves willing. The horseman have no honour, no courage, they will never meet our forces straight on in decisive battle, but flee when confronted by men of mettle and only turn to strike and slaughter against the weak, the innocent and the ill-prepared.

And when they do so it is without any mercy of human compassion, as Marcia Naissus recorded of the destruction of a city in the Border Princes:

"There was so much killing and bloodletting that no one could number the dead. The Kurgans pillaged the temples and the shrines, and slew the priests and virgins. They so devastated this land that it will never rise again and be as it was before.

Even years later when we passed through there again we had to camp outside the city on the river, for the banks were covered with human bones and the stench of death was so great that no one could enter the city."

Our generals bluster and berate, and do denounce this their craven foe, but in truth they do as much for in fact they can do little else, as Count Theo of Stirland lamented:

"A soldier's great enemies are deprivation and exertion. For him to fight and kill on a single day is as nothing to the path of suffering he has first to

*If I
were such
a creature,
I too
would hide
my face!*



The Kurgan

endure. Before even courage, the first qualification for a soldier is for endurance to hardship, poverty and want. And they live at peace harder than we live at war. What chance did we have?"

The horsemen will never fight until they will it, nor have they a home except that carried on their horses' backs, so they have no realm to threaten in return.

It is true, when gorged with plunder and with death, that they may return to their spawning lands across the World's Edge, to count their loot and praise their gods, but how to take the fight to these vast plains? What defence do they need but eyes in their heads to see danger's approach? And when

the foe had vanished from our sight what then? Do we burn the grass? Plunder the streams? Demolish the hills? For there is precious little more there than that.

Thus our generals bluster, for that is all they can do, while these cursed enemies do raid and burn and keep us in terror inviolate. Their brigand bands do infest our lands as surely as the worms infest a rotting corpse, roving cancers that bleed the lifeblood of those who expect it least.

This then is our current state, with as many of our foe within our borders as without, and our only defence to pile our soft bellies upon their swords.

The Tong

A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE TONG - WHOSE FEROCITY IN BATTLE IS
LEGENDARY EVEN AMONGST THE PEOPLES OF THE NORTH.

EVEN AMONG THE fearsome Kurgan there are still some names of infamy that strike terror to their hearts. The 'Tong' is one such name. According to the tales of the Kurgan, they emerged from the west centuries ago and carved a bloody path through the tribes who opposed them. They fought with such a lack of regard for their own safety that they overwhelmed even the most reckless tribesmen. Rumours abounded that these were daemons in human form. Just as the Kurgans reeled from this onslaught, the Tong, as quickly as they had appeared, vanished from the relatively verdant lands of the Eastern Steppe. Nothing more was heard from them and the Kurgan tribes untouched by their passage fell upon their bloodied fellows in a series of raids and battles. A century or more passed before the Tong were heard from again.

It was a great incursion of Chaos that went unnoticed by the records of the Empire, the dwarfs and even those in far off Cathay, for it never crossed the mountains of the World's Edge but instead laid waste to many of the wandering tribes of men, orcs, goblins and other races that dwell in those dark lands.

None recall the name of the champion who led it, but it is remembered that as the greater horde approached it was the banners of the Tong that were at the fore of it. Some tribesmen had heard stories of the depravations of the Tong and fled before them; others had not, and rode instead to join them – only to be cut down like wheat as they offered their hands.

For years the horde marched across the Steppe. They sought out the most fearsome warrior tribes, and killed them to a man, and after five years had passed there was not a tribe in those lands that had not been vanquished or had not fled before them. The Tong travelled unchallenged back into the north, never to return again as a whole tribe but only as warbands and groups that followed the incursions of other champions.

As one of the tribes closest to the pulsing heart of Chaos, the Tong peoples are one of the most mutated and hideous of the Northern tribes, and one of their most indomitable fighters. As the darkness of the North begins to swell they are the first to join the ranks of the mighty incursions and remain its central core of fierce mortal warriors.

The Hung

BEING AN EXTENDED ESSAY ON THE MOUNTED WARRIORS OF THE HUNG.
INCLUDING EXCERPTS FROM 'THE PEOPLES OF THE WORLD' BY GULES DE
RAMBON, AND THE WORKS OF FURION OF CLAR KAROND.

EXCERPT FROM 'The Peoples of the World' by Bretonnian court-scholar Gules de Rambon:

"The people of the Hung who dwell beyond the far plains over the World's Edge Mountains are quite abnormally savage. From the moment of birth they make deep gashes in their children's cheeks, so that when in due course hair appears, its growth is checked by the wrinkled scars, giving them the unlovely appearance of beardless eunuchs. They have squat bodies, strong limbs, and thick necks, and are so prodigiously ugly and bent that they might be two-legged animals, or the

crudely carved gargoyles with which the superstitious do desecrate our temples.

"They have no land, no home and no law or settled manner of life, but wander as vagabonds in the wagons in which they live.

In these their wives weave their filthy clothing, mate with their husbands and give birth to their unlovely offspring. No one, if asked, can tell where he comes from, having been conceived in one place, born somewhere else and reared even further off."

Far from the Old World are the marauding hunters of the Hung, a people so numerous that they stretch across the continents of our world, and so fearsome that they hold entire realms of men and other races in a grip of terror.

Further even than the plains of the Kurgan lie the lands of the Hung. They intermingle with those of the Kurgan in the west, and are removed from Cathay to the south by a great desert that covers much of the border. However, through the Wastes their tribes stretch further, across the land bridge that connects the eastern realms to the New World in the west where they stretch down the Broken Lands, and across the wasteland bordered by the watchtowers of the Ulthuan renegades. There their tribes once again cross with those of the Kurgan, so between them they may be considered to circumscribe the entirety of the Infernal Gates.

Like the Kurgans, the Hung are a roving people, and thus their tribal boundaries cannot be marked by a simple frontier on a map. While they pay more regard to their greater tribe over and above their itinerant kin, these tribes hold no compunction about merging with others to form great alliances, or devolving and reforming as the winds of circumstance change. This ever-shifting loyalty does lead them to consider as irrelevant, bonds and bargains made with other races. They feel no dishonour in breaking these pacts, or indeed in killing the other parties, and so have gained a reputation for being sly, deceitful and treacherous. Indeed, the Cathayans use the phrase 'Word of a Hung' to denote a worthless promise.

The Hung live in the saddle. The only structures they inhabit are woollen tents they carry, with which they make their encampments. Obscure legends speak of Hung cities, hidden somewhere in the Steppes or in the mountains to the north.

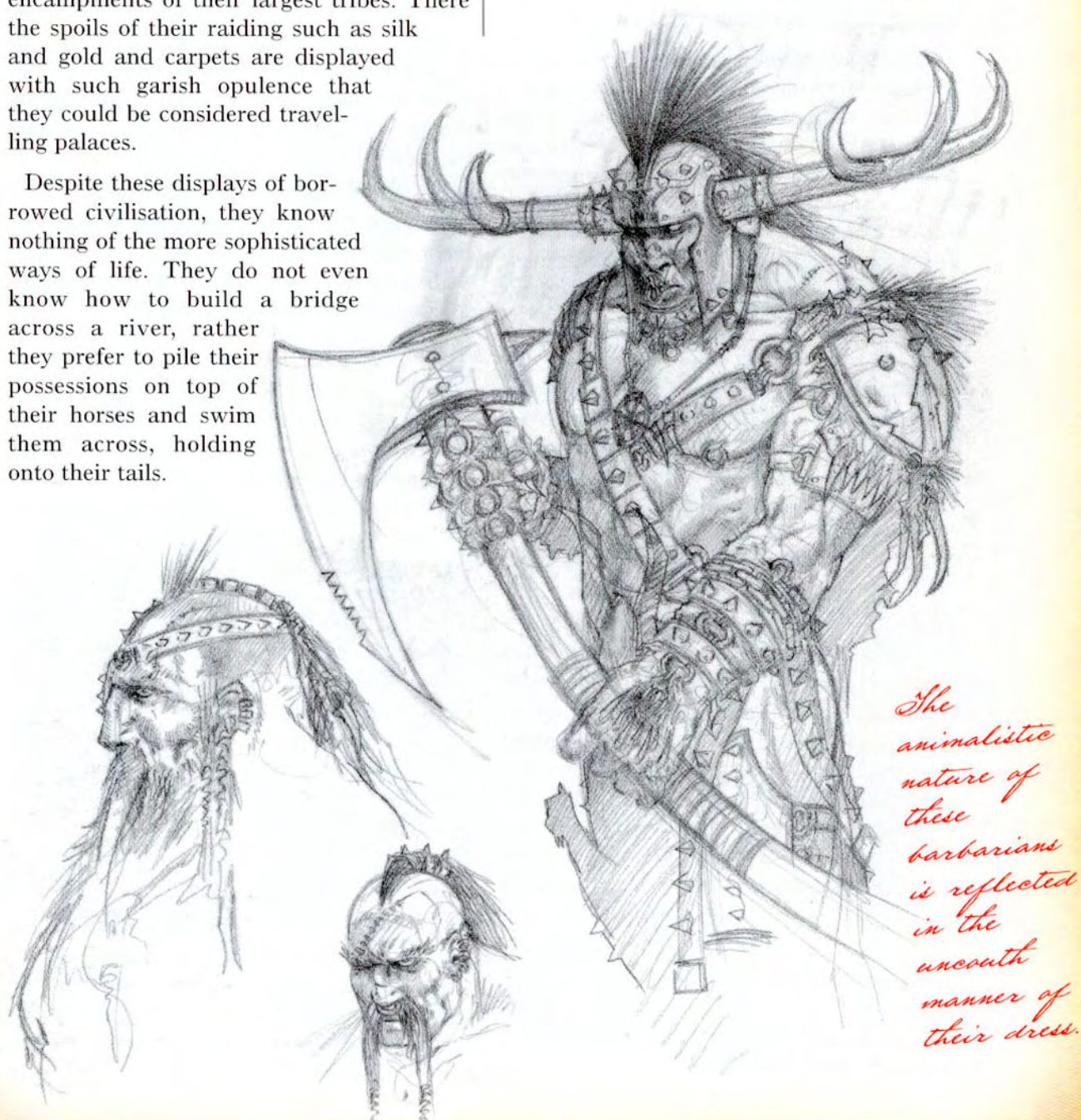


The Hung

These places are supposedly great centres for their worship, and guard the fabulous treasures the Hung had plundered and stolen over the centuries. More than one treasure-seeker has departed from Cathay and the Empire in order to find these hidden cities, and never returned. I believe these stories of great cities to be ridiculous, for the Hung pride themselves on their independent, wandering lifestyle that they believe makes them superior to all sedentary races. If such stories have any basis in fact, as well they might not, then it is from the lavish encampments of their largest tribes. There the spoils of their raiding such as silk and gold and carpets are displayed with such garish opulence that they could be considered travelling palaces.

Despite these displays of borrowed civilisation, they know nothing of the more sophisticated ways of life. They do not even know how to build a bridge across a river, rather they prefer to pile their possessions on top of their horses and swim them across, holding onto their tails.

They live still at the level of the hunter-gatherers, like our distant ancestors. Indeed, the hunt forms a major part of the Hung existence. At the lowest level it provides them their food and sustenance in the form of game, at its highest it is a challenge to their champions and heroes to venture north into the desolate mountains and hillsides of the wastelands, and there prove their worth to their gods by bringing down fierce mutated creatures and ferocious spawn. They train animals in this as well, their hunting dogs are so bestial and bloodthirsty that they even



The Hung

follow their masters into battle, and some tribes also train warbirds such as eagles and hawks.

Their mounts are ponies, short and stocky with a dense coat that allow them to endure the wasteland winter. Despite their size they are capable of travelling great distances, sometimes as much as one hundred leagues in three days. Their ponies graze as they travel, rooting beneath the snow for mosses and grass. The Hung have been known to feed their ponies flesh to promote their fighting spirit, giving them a bitter and truculent temper, much like their riders.

The Hung themselves have no pride in what they consume, for they will eat game and fish when times are good, but when times are hard they have no compunction in digging for roots from the ground or in snaring rats and other rodents for meat. Stories tell of them even ingesting lice, the after-birth of a mare's foaling, human flesh and of sucking the blood from their own horses when no other source of sustenance could be found.

This abhorrent behaviour is compounded by the filthy conditions in which they live, for they refuse to wash their bodies or their clothes or bury their refuse, for they believe it will anger their gods. Both men and women do mutilate themselves in order that they may present a more fearsome, or lovely, visage.

The Steppe is hardly more hospitable than the desert that borders it. In the winter it freezes and in the summer it bakes, and no matter what the season, mountain and steppe alike are swept by winds so strong it was said that they could nearly blow a rider off his horse. Year round storms lash the thin earth as the gods vent their ruthlessness upon the blasted ground. Truly, this land and all that come from it are damned.

As all the other tribes, the country that surrounds them forms the Hung's perception of their deceitful gods. Rather than ascribing them animal totems or bastardised personas, their bare land impresses upon

them the base worship of the elements. Thus they praise the God of Blood and War through devastating lightning and fire, while the Lord of Decay is revered through murky earth and so on. Thus they have little need for shrines or temples, though they still construct monoliths to honour the dead, and invoke their blasphemy through ruinous icons that they carry. They keep these icons within their tents and they pay their austere worship during meals by rubbing meat and broth over their mouths in a hideous feeding ritual.

Priests and shamans hold positions of great influence among them. They claim to be able to commune with the gods and relay their messages to their leaders, as well as seeing into the world of the dead, where according to them the lives of the Hung are very similar to that in this world.

The ultimate belief of all Hung is that they have been sent to conquer the world for their dark masters, and they fight as though victory and domination is their birthright.

Here is an excerpt from an introduction to the history of the Druchii by Furion of Clar Karond that demonstrates this point:

"When our ancestors first made fall into our land of exile, they found it nigh deserted. A few pitiful natives had since inhabited the land after the Witch King had cleared them last, less than a hundred years before, but they were little challenge for our majestic dark riders and potent sorceries. We had arrived in the summer, though we could scarce recognise it in the frozen tundra of the land we named Naggaroth. Our first few months were easy as we quickly spread inland, founding settlement after settlement, wielding our magic to carve towers and altars, free to worship in this hard country of promise. We also built defensive traps along the coasts and to the south, ready for the pursuit by the false Phoenix King and his minions.

"As the first winter drew in, we began to suffer. Our buildings, designed in the manner fit for the balmy climes of Ulthuan, did nothing to protect us from the biting winds

The Hung

and chilling temperatures that we now faced. We had not yet learnt the means to subsist here, food and resources were limited and the Black Arks became trapped as their safe harbours froze over. For our noble Witch King, it promised to be an ignoble end to his glorious liberation. And then, as though to complete our misery, the Hung returned.

"The Hung had travelled from far in the north, petty hunters following their prey down into their winter fields. They were feral savages on stunted ponies, and there was a horde of them. Thus, in the first encounters, our mighty people, beaten, hungry and spread far across the land, were isolated and forced from their homes by this irascible barbarian host. Those who stood steadfast and defended what was theirs were slain and dismembered, some were even eaten; such was the bestial nature of our foe. Even our fine soldiers, on those few occasions when we brought them to fight in battle, fared badly. Our warsteeds slipped and froze out in the broken, icy terrain, our guard was outflanked and surrounded in the narrow valleys, and the land, which seemed to despise us as much as the Hung, provided nothing to forage, while its harsh, splintered wood proved useless to replace our elegant bows or sure arrows.

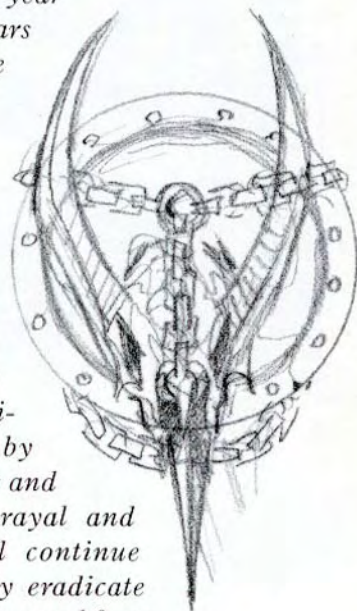
"With no way to replace our forces, and precious few reserves to call upon, we retreated before the roving Hung bands, whose pursuit slowed as they pillaged and burnt the abandoned settlements and gorged on the fine food and wine that had been left behind. Thus it was that our fledgling empire stood upon the brink of destruction by this pack of low savages, as all was laid waste except the Black Arks, and the seat of the Witch King himself, that ark which had been beached and around which the majestic city of Naggarond that had already begun to form. The Black Arks were frozen in place, but they were still formidable fortresses, far greater than these cowardly mongrel packs would have ever beheld. Nevertheless, they were too small to sustain themselves through an extended siege, and

their supplies had been depleted in their long voyage and the doomed expansion inland. But there was no choice, they had to be defended.

"Beyond our walls the Hung massed. Band after band of them gathered until it seemed the coasts and cliffs were alive with them. For an entire day they stood there on their foul shrunken horses regarding us through their tiny eyes, and I felt the fate of our tiny nation in the balance. And then for no apparent reason they turned and departed.

"Some of us say that our defences were too impressive, too formidable for them to wish to throw themselves against, others say that they considered we would never survive on these shores and that they might as well let the land accomplish their task for them. I believe neither explanation, I believe in Malekith and praise him for whatever he must have done to secure our survival.

"The year after, they returned again, but this time we met them with crossbows and war engines and beasts that we tamed from the forests and magicks we conjured from the air. We fought and we repelled them, enslaving those we could as prisoners to ever quicken our development and domination over this world. The next year, and the year after and many years since then have we tested and broken these degenerate barbarians, even as they devised new methods by which to conquer. The tone for our history with them was thus set as one of constant competition, occasioned by infrequent alliances and more frequent betrayal and deceit, which will continue until we can finally eradicate them from our borders and from our heartlands."





the bloodied hords

The plain extended as far as my eye could see,
a plain not of grass, nor sand, nor rock, but of
flesh and metal and bone. A rabid horde, a
bloody mass of men and daemon combined so to
form a single heaving, undulating body,
crawling forward every step with snorts and
grunts and howls to chill the soul.

*Like the Northern wastes -
could they be one and the same?*

And as I saw their eyes fall upon me,
there issued from their ranks the Chaos Hunt to
strike me down. The hounds of flesh, whose
howls haunt my sleep and whose memory stalks
my every waking moment, led it, and their —
baying spread icy tendrils of fear through my
weak and mortal heart.

And yet worse, yet more terrible to behold,
were the hunters of this fell pack. Following
close upon the hounds, urging them ever forward,
came deformed beings, running and shrieking,
shrieking and running, driven by the satelless
bloodlust of their kind.

With twisted crimson frames they sped across
the blighted land, crouched over as if the better
to track the terror-spoor of their prey. Masters
of the Hunt, they sought my blood to offer at
the foot of the Skull Throne, ever hungry for
fresh prey, ever willing to tear the warm red
flesh with their talons and to smear the gore
triumphant upon their curving horns.

Source unknown - 'A Vision of Damnation'?

Warriors of Khorne

BEING AN EXAMINATION OF THOSE MARAUDERS WHO CAST ASIDE EVERYTHING IN THEIR QUEST FOR POWER. DETAILING THE WAYS IN WHICH THEY STRIVE TO ATTAIN THE FAVOUR OF THE BLOOD GOD.

"No man can be judged until he stands alone before his god."

Alaric, High Theogonist of Sigmar

VIRTUALLY EVERY MAN of the marauder tribes is a warrior, trained to fight and capable of taking his place in the battle line. However, there are those in every tribe who display a natural aptitude in the talents of death, those who set their sights beyond a faceless life among their kith and kin, those who have some inkling of the material power that more direct servitude to their ruinous gods may provide. For those with such damned ambition, there is an alternative. They may leave their tribes and their homes, either in groups or alone, and seek to perform acts of

A warrior's departure from a tribe is a moment of great adventure, and every tribe has its own rituals and ceremonies to consecrate the new warrior, as well as tests to ensure his worth. With him, he will take the arms and armour of his tribe, so that initially these warriors appear no different from other marauders. With the favour of the gods, however, unearthly armour and weapons of dark design and hideous potency will soon replace these mortal arms.

If they wish to survive long, divorced from the protection and security of their tribe, then all but the most independent will join the retinue of a successful champion. Indeed, when the tribe encounters such warbands, it may provide the spur to its youths to consider whether they too might

Hideous visage to mirror his hideous god!



cruelty and malice of such awesome degradation that they may for the briefest moment attract the attention of their god.

The life of a warrior of Chaos is the life for a true follower of Chaos; discarding all mortal concerns to exist solely in the service of their Power.



This sketch I quickly penned of a captive warrior, brought to ground by a Kislev outrider, who served as my protector for a time.

Warriors of Khorne

wish to walk the damnable path. By joining such a band, these young warriors hope thereby to gain prestige and fame. This is in order that they may one day inherit the band when the champion meets his ultimate fate, or be able to draw enough followers to themselves that they may create their own. It is well known that only by becoming the master of his own destiny may a warrior even come to the notice of his god.

Once a member of such a band, a warrior may not always remain so. He may feel the call of his gods pulling him in another direction, or the champion may feel his position too threatened and expel him, or the warband itself may be defeated and the warrior fall captive, or die.

To be taken prisoner by another champion is not necessarily an end to a warrior's path. Unlike the greater tribal loyalties, a warrior's fealty to his warband is far more malleable. Should they be vanquished by another warband then it is proof that the winner's god or the champion they honour is more worthy than the one who was bested. Warriors show little compunction against trading allegiances unless their captors are blood-enemies or follow a Power that is detested by their own. And if the warrior fought well, and was overwhelmed by numbers rather than by skill, then the new champion may well accept his fealty. Thus in this way the ranks of successful champions may swell with those of his former foes as well as his allies.

When a host forms for a great battle, the warrior may stay with their warband or seek out others of his own kind and form attachments with them, hoping to achieve greater deeds with their strength of arms combined, and thereby attract the attention of their masters. These are fearsome regiments, bristling with all manner of grim totems and weapons wielded by massive men, long schooled in their deadly use. They wear huge spiked armour as easily as if it were silk, allowing them to fight without

encumbrance while their infernal plate shatters the blades and weapons struck against them.

And yet for all their confident, formidable nature, there is nevertheless some air of desperation about them. The longer they remain in their champion's service the lesser then their chance of ever stepping forward themselves onto the true road to power that lies so hauntingly close.

One must gain the Powers' attention quickly in such an existence before the dangers of Chaos take their toll.



This was drawn by a priest of Sigmar. His town was ravaged by this warrior's warband. He escaped by hiding inside the bells of the temple. There he hid until the raiders left, dragging captives behind their horses.

Champions of Khorne

BEING AN EXAMINATION OF THOSE MARAUDERS WHO CAST ASIDE EVERYTHING IN THEIR QUEST FOR POWER. DETAILING THE WAYS IN WHICH THEY STRIVE TO ATTAIN THE FAVOUR OF THE BLOOD GOD.

FOR ALL THEIR single-minded purpose, the origins of the Champions of Khorne can be just as varied as of any other races' heroes. Many of them rise from the ranks of the Kurgans, as the simple, directed lifestyle of a Khorne worshipper appeals to those bred in a culture already dependant upon constant movement, violence and blood sacrifice. My own experience showed that the Norscans are less well represented, and of those, most hail from tribes in the northern and eastern extremes of the land where the people are less civilised and their lives be an everyday struggle against the harshest elements of nature. What they lack in numbers

however, they make up for in ferocity. The blood-crazed berserkers of the Norscans are fearsome opponents indeed and many have been undone by their hand. The Hung have also devotees to the Blood God, but due to the limits of my travels I encountered few of them.

But bloody Khorne, as with all the Lords of Chaos, is not limited to these followers only.

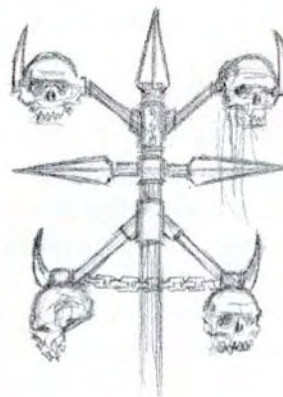
His grasp can reach for the heart of every soldier, every warrior, every life taker. He is the god of war and blood and violence, and all that fight in some way subscribes to his religion. When a noble knight of Bretonnia or a righteous Templar of the Empire falls to his worship it is because he forgets why he kills. To change from killing for the common good to killing only because he wants to, because the act pleases him, is when a righteous man has faltered from his path. These are the champions that Khorne embraces, never to release. These are the champions, the converts, that Khorne and every Chaos God particularly savours. They do not come to the worship of Chaos merely because that is what is done, or what is accepted. They have rebelled against the grain, they have proved strong

and brutal enough to survive the wrath of their allies. They have killed, and enjoyed killing, when courted their masters' disapproval. And they have survived; survived the wrath of their allies, survived the blood-soaked path to the shadowlands of their gods. They have purpose and ambition, they have a thirst that needs sating and they are strong enough to have gone to extraordinary means to satisfy it.

Khornate Champions are varied in their appearance but most share certain qualities, if that is the right word. To gain favour in their deity's eyes they must first prove themselves on the field of battle, and a heavy tithe of skulls must have been laid at his altar. Thus, these men are usually possessed of great strength and courage. But this courage is born not from the grace of the soul, but from an unwholesome blood lust, and a fervent desire to appease their hungry god. These craven knights adorn their armour and wargear with trophies and gruesome objects won on the battlefield. The plate they wear is wrought in such a fashion as to lend their wearer a brutal aspect, and inspire fear in all who behold him. As for weapons, their armoury is almost infinite in its variety,

but great swords and cudgels are favoured. To these war-dogs are not known the subtle art of wars. They use tools to spill blood and split bone. It is with fear and brutality that Khorne wins the field.

Fallen Knights from Bretonnia, deconsecrated Templars from the Empire, savage mercenaries from Tilea, cruel bandits of the Border Princes, renegades of the Druchii, crazed dwarfs from beyond the Great Skull Land, these all answer the war shriek and stand together in the Khornate battleline.



Always a champion will have a standard. Usually covered with gruesome trophies and soaked in blood.



Champions of Khorne

There is no one way for a mortal to become a chosen slave to his god. The northern tribes have a tradition: those who wish such a fate to befall them leave their tribes and collect around them a retinue of followers, then march wherever they might have a chance to catch the notice of the Powers. Many consider, especially those of the Blood God, that this may best be done by killing in their god's name. They therefore seek out grand battles in which to increase their tally. Some consider that they must make some discovery, that some fragment of arcane lore holds the key to their ascension. Most consider that they must journey to their master's very domains in the north in order to gain his blessing and trek through the haunted wastes that surround them in order to reach those glades. Who can say what is correct? Who can tell on what criteria these corrupted beings use when considering who should serve them for eternity?

They are fickle and capricious entities, above caring for anything in this world except the larger game they play, and they would certainly never be limited to anything of their fancy. Thus they have bestowed their infernal blessing upon the chieftains of marauder tribes who have never cared whether they should catch the eye of god or not. They have raised generals as a bargain in return for them bringing across their armies to fight for their cause. They have rewarded demonologists and sorcerers who have given them a moment's entertainment, while ignoring champions who bear their name and beg for recognition.

The very nature of the chaotic is anarchy and disorder. How ludicrous does it sound to claim that there is a process by which a warrior may try and earn the discernment of such a Power? Nevertheless, men and other races of all types do follow this same path year after year. And why should they not? For in the countless who die or go mad in the attempt, there are those precious few who are, for whatever reason, chosen for daemoniac immortality.

Warbands chart their own course separate from all others. They will travel wherever

the champion leads, whether it be with a specific destination in mind, or on the whim of his gods. As smaller groups they may travel far further than whole clans of marauders and so can be found deep within the woods of the Empire, within the Grey Mountains or countless other wild places that do infest our borders, as well as out in the northern wastelands, steppe and untamed wilderness.

It is a common belief among them that they must first gain glory and honour for their gods before they venture northwards and attempt to stand and be judged. Such a belief is more practical than anything else, for only a battle-hardened and experienced party would ever survive long amongst the monsters and daemons of the northern wastes.

Many of these warbands do seek such experience in the forests and wilds of the established nations of the Old World or Eastern lands, where life is soft and food is plentiful and easily had from cowardly peasantfolk. These places have far greater abundance of victims and of dark shrines than the harsher lands beyond the World's Edge Mountains. Once in our lands, if they are tribesmen from the North, they may instinctively fall back upon their old ways as raiders or perhaps become involved with the insurrectionist schemes of the cults of the cities. These rebellious ambitions are of no great interest to the champions, only what they gain, either materially in some trade of services or information, or on a grander scale in the eyes of their god. Old World renegades normally have some dark ambition in returning to wreck destruction upon their homelands, often for reasons of a personal nature.

Others, especially the Blood God's chosen, baulk at such easy living, and intentionally seek out the hardest modes of life and the most fearsome opponents to do battle with, and thereby show their worthiness to join their gods' eternal legions. They will travel the Dark Lands and the Skull Lands and the mountains of the Steppe which are full of hardened men and other races, who pose a

Champions of Khorne

proper challenge but at the same time are easily swayed to join the band of a warrior whose star is in the ascendance.

Should a great horde begin to build, then champions will flock to it, for its driving sense of purpose if nothing else. Reasonably they assume that such a concentration of devotees must surely draw the attention of the beings they praise. Within such a horde, and especially at time of incursion, champions feel their feats and deeds are worth tenfold what they would be on other occasions, and so they collectively drive one another to grander and grander acts of bloody worship and desecration.

At some point, the thoughts of every champion who enjoys success will turn to the north. His warband will enter the wastes and there make what is seen as their epic journey to the gates of oblivion. Once they begin, their progression is refreshed with a new dedication. In their eyes, the journey north takes on the aspect most similar to a Bretonnian's Grail Quest. They believe they are under the direct regard of their god and every obstacle or opportunity which is placed in their path is done so by him as part of his ultimate purpose. Their fate and destiny is no longer their own.

Their trek takes them ever closer to the centre of the wastes, where there is constant warfare between the servants of the Fell Lords, where bizarre realms and macabre fiefdoms of the forever damned exist and where the laws of nature are nothing against the greater Chaos that pulses at its heart.

For now, I fear to venture any closer in my studies to this place. But I know I must return for this task to be completed.

All I will say for now is that the only outcomes for a champion who enters there is to rise to daemonhood, to fall to insanity or death or to be judged too useful a mortal pawn to be discarded and kept for some indecipherable reason until their god judges their purpose completed.

*He sits atop a throne of blood,
From which a river flows,
Its tributaries are pain and want,
And from its mouth spews death.*

(Anon)



Scroll fragment - recovered from the
remains of the library belonging to the
infamous Malthus von Gottlieb.

M.v.S.



the marks of chaos

Where the Daemon treads, there treads
the weakling after. Where stalks the dark
hunter of the night, creeps behind the craven
fool.

*Does this mean me? Am I the fool who follows in
devastation's wake, picking the bones, looking under rocks as
Chaos rolls forward, oblivious to me?*

I say you can find out the servants of
darkness and tell them by their Mark. For
believe me, each bears a Mark, each bears
an outward scar of the devilry within. No
man is born so unnatural that his body does
not revolt at the foul pollution spawned
inside.

It is this I fear more. Am I yet safe in my chamber?

And by these Marks can you tell them.
By the horns of the beast - for they have
turned themselves from the light and should
be slaughtered like the kine in the fields.
By the scales of the snake - for they slither
in dark places and should be beaten with a
rod.

By the feathers of the vulture - for they
have vexed the gods with vain flight and
should be brought down with a stone...

Rewards for the Damned

BEING A BRIEF STUDY OF THE MYRIAD FORMS OF CORRUPTION VISITED UPON THE FOLLOWERS OF KHORNE. DETAILING THE HIDEOUS WEAPONS AND FOUL FORMS THAT THE BLOOD GOD BESTOWS UPON THE FAVOURED.

IN THE WASTELANDS of the North there is but one currency of value: the favours of the Ruinous Powers. Devoted followers festoon themselves with symbols and markers of their unholy fealty in hopes of attracting their lord's gaze, and they bare

For the chosen of Khorne there is but one goal: to gather skulls. As they do this Khorne's blessings imbue them further and further with the skills and talismans by which they may add to his tally, no matter what the price to their wits, or minds or souls.

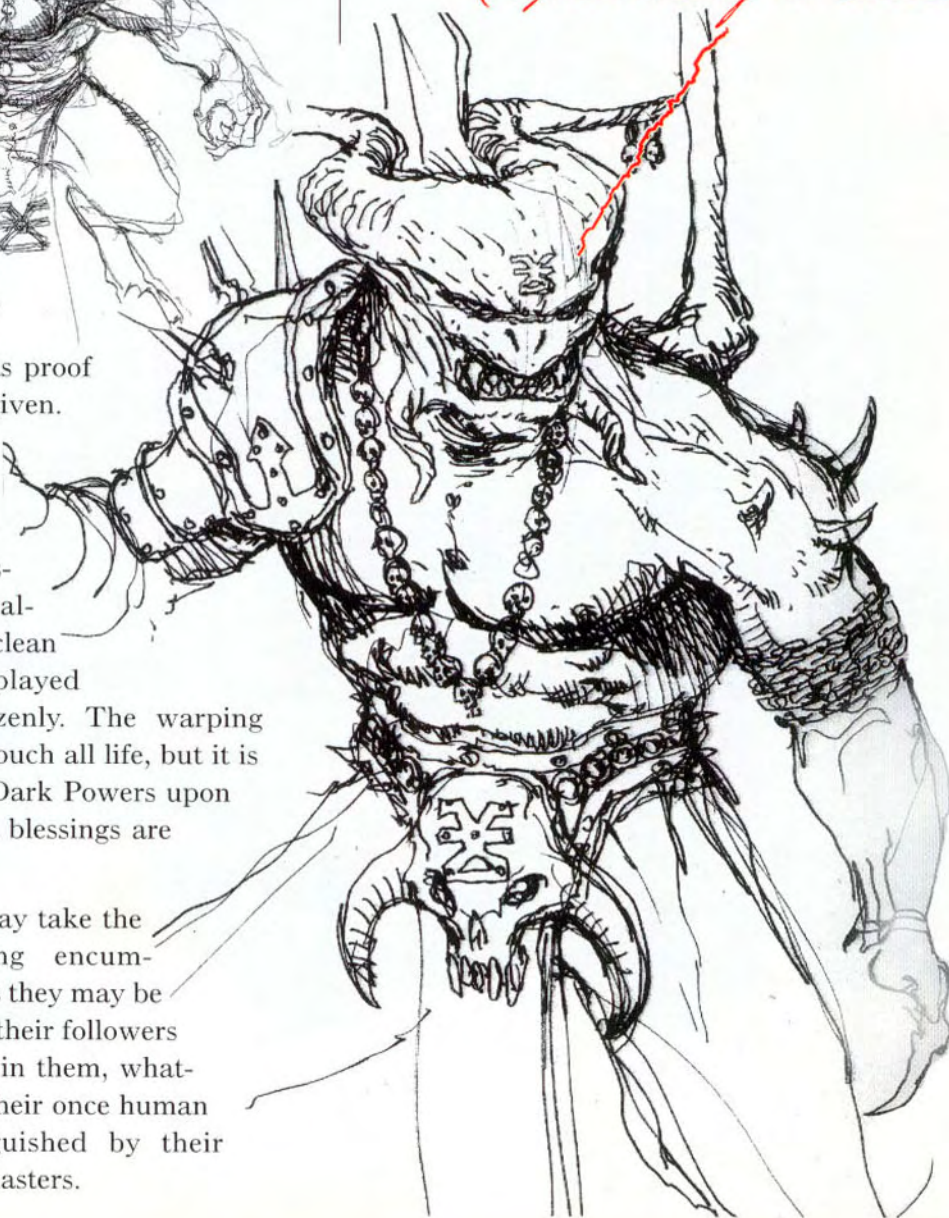


their corruptions as proof of favour already given.

These physical deviances, which would force men into the most desperate of concealments within our clean borders, are displayed there openly, brazenly. The warping tendrils of Chaos touch all life, but it is the chosen of the Dark Powers upon whom the greatest blessings are lavished.

Such blessings may take the form of crippling encumbrances as easily as they may be mighty boons. Yet their followers take equal delight in them, whatever they are, for their once human drives are extinguished by their devotion to their masters.

*Sigils of Khorne
(representing a skull?).*



Rewards for the Damned

GIFTS OF ARMS

(Daemon Weapons)



As a god of warfare and violent death, the first gifts a devotee of Khorne may receive are arms and armour with which he may do his master's bidding. These can range from protection in the form of the unearthly plate known as Chaos Armour, or the Collars of Khorne like those worn by his Fleshhounds, to potent weapons of arcane and mystic origins.

These cursed weapons have powers of many kinds, of which I detail in forthcoming pages. The most common sorts are defiled creations, which forever mar and taint those that wield them.

The most favoured among the devout may bear a weapon containing the essence of a daemon of the Blood God. Such items are scarce and highly prized amongst his champions because of the devastation they can wreak. They ignore the reality that each time they place their hand upon its hilt they lock wills with a capricious enemy with the evil intelligence of ages, which may not best appreciate its imprisonment.

As part of his gift these, or any form of weapon, may be bound and fused with the flesh of the champion so that where their hand or arm once was, their body merely flows straight into the blade. Many recipients of this gift enjoy such disfigurement for it declares to all their dedication to the warrior path.

Finally, there are such arms the Blood Lord may grant that are beyond all mortal comprehension; arcane and mysterious weapons of great power that do fire as a crossbow, balls of fire or solid beams of light that char and vaporise whatever they strike.

GIFTS OF BEASTS

(Servants & Creatures)



To aid his chosen, the Blood God may grant them servants and creatures to aid their

fight, such as the Bloodsteeds of his cavalry or the twisted warhounds that are kept by the tribes of the Shadowlanders. Most valued of all are the daemon-beasts of Khorne's own packs: the Juggernauts and Fleshhounds and Bloodbeasts.

Khorne cares not to give his chosen innate mastery over these creatures, for if they are not worthy to tame and break the beasts themselves they are not worthy to call themselves his chosen. For those that fail in this task, the Blood God will allow his 'gift' to tear their bodies apart and break their bones to marrow.

GIFTS OF FLESH

(Mutations)



The natural forms of the mortal frames of the chosen of Khorne will always be perverted and twisted by the warping forces that rise through them. Some of this physical corruption will be of the sort that we may find in any deformed infant in our lands, but some will have special significance to those who worship the Skull Throne.

Thus these gifts of flesh may be given to bring them closer to the image of Khorne and his daemons. Such grants are as strength, where the muscles of his chosen will bulge and swell in a most unnatural fashion, or they gain a capacity to heal deep cuts and even those wounds that should be mortal. Their skin will turn black or red or brass, the colours of their master, and their eyes become dead and white as his daemons. Their very faces may become the likeness of Khorne's own, or that of a Bloodthirster, Bloodletter, Fleshhound or Juggernaut.

The Blood Lord may brand his rune into their forehead, claiming them for all to see as his chosen, or convert their hand so that it turns into a bloody, clawed replica of his own.

Their mouths may leak poison in the manner of the Fleshhounds and Bloodletters, or

Rewards for the Damned

they may be granted the most disfiguring boon of this sort and have their bodies shaped to become a hybrid breed with his daemon spawn.

GIFTS OF WILL

(Perversions of the Spirit)

Who knows whether these be some special blessing of the Powers or merely the nature of the men who live and die in their service, their inner essence allowed release from the bounds of man's society? While it will always be the deranged and insane who are drawn to the Powers, can it be doubted that they become more so with the attention of the gods upon them?

So with these 'gifts' of Khorne they do move ever closer to the mental state of martial perfection in their misshapen minds. While they gain in skill with the sword and axe and bow, when battle is in the offing they lose all rational thought and reason and wish only to close with the

foe and tear at them with whatever comes to hand. They become able to ignore wound and injury to the point of death in order to continue the fight. They become a fearsome opponent in battle but that is all they are. Away from the field, without the stench of combat to fill their nostrils they become empty shells of men, as though their soul had already been taken.

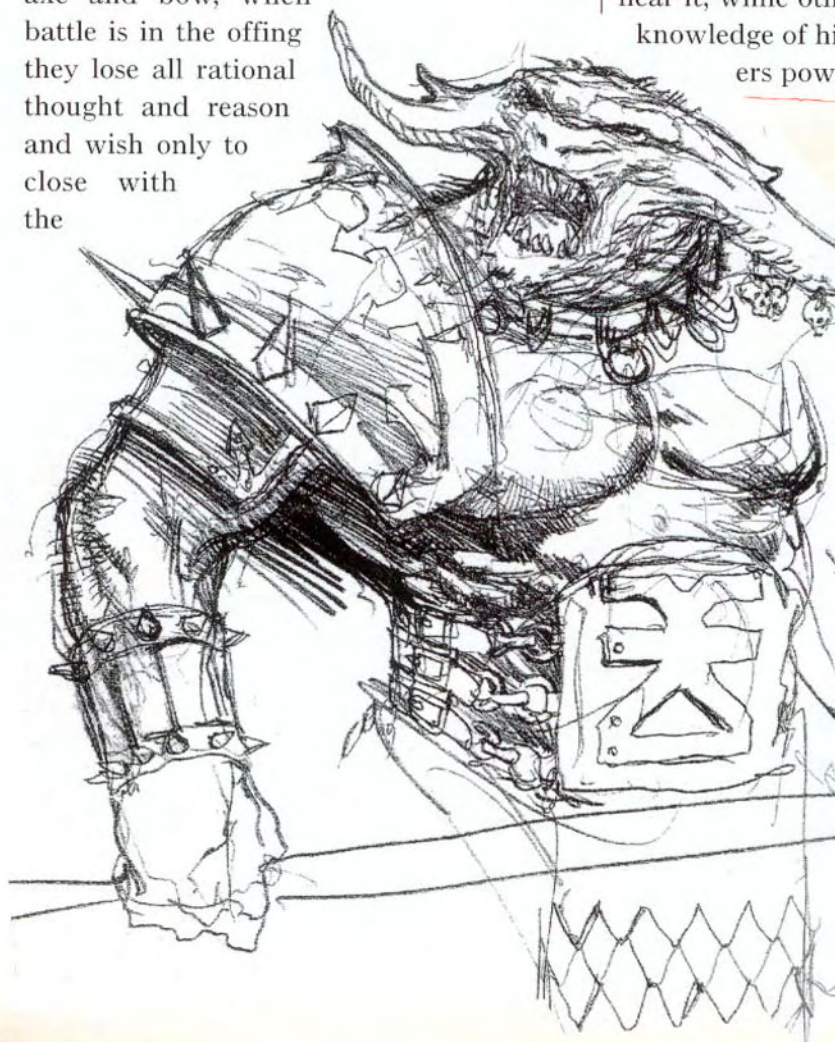
GIFTS OF TITLE

(Daemonic Name)

Finally, and most coveted of all, the Blood Lord may inscribe across their souls their true name as a daemon, with which he shows his highest opinion that the recipient may one day join the ranks of his immortal daemons, as is the wish of every one of his chosen.

Some trumpet this boon to all that would hear it, while others conceal it, for fear that knowledge of his true name will grant others power over him.

This could indeed be true. Correspondence between two notoriously wayward wizards of Altdorf confirms this when one claimed to have conjured a daemon and controlled him with the knowledge of his true daemonic name. I cannot help but wonder what became of him.



Daomon Prince

source unknown (Opiscalam, Daemonicus?)

Found just south of Wisconsin in 1123



With a mighty roar he rose, brighter than the sun and more fierce. In his hand he held a rod of twisted bone, crossed and double-crossed with the sign of his dark lord, a symbol of his power and fruit of mortal longings well-fulfilled.

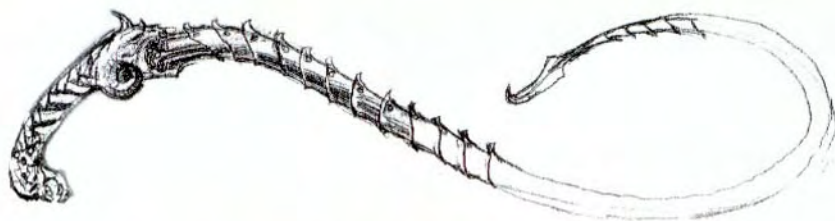
He heightened above the company, taller far than they, and looked with black pride on these his frightened slaves. He snarled and heard the sound of noble hatred echo from the skies. He stared the savage stare of immortal fury and death was in his gaze.

Mirrored in his burning eyes were a thousand faces masked in fear. Those that fled he tore asunder; his birth baptised in that most livid of reds and his soul ensanguined in dread. But those that stayed, be they petrified or penitent before him, knelt on trembling knees. With them he fed his aching hunger, the hunger for flesh that will never be sated. With every death and scream and plea he learned the breadth and depth of his immortal cruelty, he learned of his power forever unleashed.

And on that blasted heath his ashen servant turned, gripped by cold unthinking terror, and fled his presence. And on that blasted heath a Daemon Prince was born.

(Source unknown - possibly the heretical text referred to as

'The Lonely Pilgrim' by Luther H. Off)



The Amoury of Chaos

BEING A CLOSE SCRUTINY OF VARIOUS FAMOUS AND INFAMOUS WEAPONS OF POTENT CHAOTIC SUBSTANCE. INCLUDING SEVERAL PAGES TAKEN FROM THE HERETICAL WORK: 'TOOLS OF THE APOSTATE' BY MARNIUS GAIUS.

SAY THE NAMES of 'Archaon', 'Kharan', 'Gorthor' or 'Valnir' to men of the Old World and they will tremble and bless themselves, for all men know of the ravages and destruction brought by these terrible champions of darkness. Say the names 'Slayer of Kings', 'Knightsbane' or 'Gatherer of Souls' and you will most likely be met by ignorance from all but the dustiest scholar. To the men of the north, however, these dire names will be instantly known as the weapons those same fell champions wielded. Among the Northern Tribes the arms of a great warrior are second in fame only to the warrior himself.

In such a place, imbued as it is with dark magic, there are many more enchanted weapons than would be found in the Empire or Bretonnia. Chaos saturates the land and everything in it. Swords are made from iron mined from the tainted earth, and once forged are cooled in water that has flowed through the same cursed ground. Even the blacksmith himself may bear some mark of Chaos, or temper steel with a third arm. From my experience almost all the weapons created in the shadowlands have something of the other realm about them; just as all life does, though this is more in its essence than in anything distinguishable to the eye. From my time with the Norscans I have concluded that they have but two talents to share with the world: the creation of cogent arms and armour, and of men more that willing to use them. Even Ruthvengen could turn out crude tempered plate that could turn a blade aside as easily as the finest Bretonnian alloy. And he claimed his skills were as nothing against what he had seen of the daemon-armour beaten out on the very borders of the other realm.

The magic weapons of Chaos champions are quite different. There is nothing haphazard or innocuous about their enchantment. Raw materials are carefully chosen, particular tools may need to be assembled, or if unique, even created from scratch. There are often rites and rituals to be performed during the casting process, the fire may need to be fed by a particular fuel, and often the blade will be cooled in something quite other than brackish water. Such efforts require such knowledge and resources as to be beyond the capabilities of most tribe weaponsmiths. Indeed, all but the greatest of them avoid such practices, believing them to be a matter solely for the gods themselves. Ruthvengen certainly believed that in forging such a blade he would invest it with a portion of his spirit. I would have dismissed this as mere superstition if I did not already know that he had tried to make such a thing, a sword imbued with darkness with a pommel carved from a warpstone fragment. It had been a grand adventure of youthful arrogance, and one from which he was fortunate to have emerged, bodily at least, intact. He hides it still, too fearful to wield it, destroy it or dispose of it. The blade, as far as I can tell, bears him no ill will and is merely waiting for something.

Champions are awarded such special weapons as a sign of favour from the gods, though the presentation is rarely direct. In the Saga of Werner Flamefist, Werner found the Wind Sword while being led through the Cold Caverns by a cockatrice. He took this as a sign of favour from Tzeentch. In territory such as the Chaos Wastes, which is near deserted aside from marauding warbands, it would be equally likely that he discovered the

Tools of the Apostate

The sword of the Knight of Chaos was placed upon the anvil, and the smith rained many mighty blows upon it, and yet no mark did show upon the blade. It was thrust into the heart of the furnace, and when it was brought forth, the smith did smite the blade once more with all the skill of his craft, now upon the edge, and still no mark did show upon the blade. My scribe did chance to prick himself upon his small knife, and but a single drop of blood fell on the anvil, onto the cursed blade that lay there. At this a great rune shone forth, redder than the heart's blood, and darker than night. The evil sword did pulse and sing upon the anvil, and all fled in fear of the dire thing.

Marnius Kaius: scholar, thinker, fallen. It appalls me to think that my work - The Liber Chaotica - could be used for evil ends as his works were. Sigmar guide me!

sword by chance. Nevertheless, the endless cycle of combat and death doubtless leads to these potent weapons being passed on from champion to champion. More are doubtless created in the daemonic foundries of the other realm, others in even more bizarre circumstances. Perhaps even an ordinary blade, if used in slaughter by a powerful follower of Chaos for long enough, begins to acquire a modicum of power?

This cycle notwithstanding, weapons like these are rare, and many champions will live and die having never wielded such a blade.

Over the following pages I include just a few of the huge variety of these Chaos weapons that I have encountered. The most powerful blades, those known as daemon weapons, require distinct consideration, and so I leave them for my future discussions on the unholy topic of daemons.

Hastyr, The King Sword

A far-travelling Tzeentchian champion from the Hlung passed on their legend of Hastyr, the King Sword. It stands alone amongst this anthology, for it is the only tale

where it was not the man who wielded the weapon, but the weapon that wielded the man. Its full history runs over centuries, and is far too lengthy to be reproduced here. But in summary it was discovered by warriors of the Hlung in a cavern sanctified to an unknown god. Though obviously a dark weapon of great power the warriors kept it a secret amongst themselves, and instead built a conspiracy amongst the tribesmen to oust the chieftain. This they did, but on acquiring power their leader declared his comrades traitors and outcasts and executed them

all personally with Hastyr. Hastyr was made the 'King Sword', a weapon that represented leadership of this clan of the Hlung, and which was therefore carried by each and every successive chieftain and as each chief cut his own flesh with the sword, Hastyr reached out and captured his soul. Through them, it controlled the clan for generations, using them for its own mysterious purposes before finally being exposed by the hero named Ana-mung, who discovered its true existence after his elder brother had become chieftain. Ana-mung revealed the truth and killed his brother, and was ostracised from the clan. After he left, Hastyr cast off its mortal agents and, bizarrely, ruled in its own stead for a further fifty years. Finally, Ana-mung returned from his travels in the Northernmost wastes and challenged Hastyr and bested it by plunging the sword into his own body and galloping away on his daemonic steed, his last command was that the immortal beast never stop nor allow him to fall from its back.



The Bane Spear

The Bane Spear is a near-mythical weapon among the Talmaks. They tell of an ancient tribe whose chieftain bartered with a god for power to conquer all the tribes of the Kurgants. In return he offered the souls of his tribesmen upon his death. The god granted him this power and his dominion stretched across half the world. His however, was even more ambitious. In a bid to outdo his father he plotted to bring the very realm of the gods under their control. He learnt of a sorcerer who defied the gods' rules and denied them their tribute of souls. This intrigued the young warrior and so he took his men to the sorcerer's citadel of bone and laid siege to the place. After five years and a day, the citadel finally fell and the sorcerer was brought before the chieftain's son as a prisoner. He bartered his knowledge of darkest rites for his freedom, and instructed the chieftain's son in the rites to forge a weapon capable of banishing any servant of the gods from this earth. The chieftain's son tricked the sorcerer and slew him, making a spearhead over a fire of the sorcerer's bones and then cooling it in his blood.

To test the weapon, he had his shamans summon a daemon and, when it appeared, he thrust the Bane Spear into the daemon's hip. The daemon howled and was banished just as the sorcerer had promised. The young warrior returned to his tribe to challenge his father and make preparations to wage war against the gods themselves, only to discover that his father was no longer there. He had contrived to seal an alliance with another dark power so that he may be raised to the other realm, and reign still as a daemonic prince, thereby thwarting the pact he had made. The son was delighted, for with his father ascended he could now take his place. He fired weapon after weapon as he had done the spearhead, daemonkillers all, until the sorcerer's bones were blackened dust and his blood had all steamed away. With these weapons he armed his men, and led them north. At the boundary stones of the mortal realm he challenged the gods to face him on the battlefield. Against him emerged a single god carrying a pouch. Was this all, the young warrior cried, that they could send to fight him? No, the god replied, it was simply here to collect a debt, and it presented the chieftain's son with the body of a daemon who bore a mortal wound in his hip. And with that the warrior's mighty army collapsed from their horses as their souls were pulled from their frames into the god's pouch, which bulged so hugely that he swung it over his back. The chieftain's son alone was spared, and taken along body and all into the realm of the gods to suffer in all the countless other ways a soul cannot.

Skar's Kraken-killer

Skar was a reaver from the town of Iskvard. He was on board a longship returning to home after a summer's campaigning when they were beset by a fearful monster from the bottom of the Sea of Claws, driven to the coastal force by some unknown terror in the depths. Skar was dragged from the boat and down into the depths. He struggled and fought against the tentacle crushing the life from him while around him the longship began to sink and the monster ate its fill of Norscan flesh. His efforts were to no avail and, with his lungs burning, he was finally dragged towards the creature's rapacious maw. In his dying moments, his flailing hand caught hold of something solid. He gripped it and at that moment he felt his lungs expand again with fresh air. In his hand was a sword that had its blade embedded in the brow of the sea monster. Invigorated, Skar drove the blade further into the monstrosity's skull and then pulled it out and kicked away and into the black ocean. Skar ended up on the stone beaches of Iskvard along with the wreckage of his ship, bearing this same blade of scales with a sharkskin hilt. He was the only survivor, all the other crew having been consumed, crushed or drowned in the frigid water, and the townspeople needed little convincing to believe that he had been shown special favour by their gods. Skar Sealord, as he became known, travelled north, always staying within a few miles of the coast. He fought when he was challenged but aside from that showed no interest in creating the wake of devastation normally caused by a champion's progress. Finally, upon reaching the northmost coast of the Shadowlands he seemed to come to a realisation. He released his retinue from their oaths of loyalty to him and strode confidently into the dark sea never to be



*This scarp of parchment
was pushed under my door
during my few hours of
repose. None of the
watchmen saw anyone
enter or leave, and their
night was undisturbed.
No one apart from the
Grand Theognist
himself, and a few
others are aware of my
whereabouts, or the nature
of my labours.*

Is who delivered it?

*Th, servant. The sword you
I has been smelted in the heat
of your anger, forged upon the
anvil of your desire, tempered in
the flames of your hate,
quenched in the waters your soul,
polished with your loyalty, bur-
nished with your bones and skin,
tested in your hand, and borne in
my name. You, slave, are mine
as much as the blade.*

*The last sentence
chills my blood!*

Foubarche's Mist

*The legends of Castle Foubarche in Aquitaine tell of an ancient warrior who was challenged and bested by the first Duke Foubarche during the very establishment of his realm. According to the tale, the warrior then returned some hundreds of years later with a sword of mist, his declared intention to return to his realm with all those descendants of the original duke (which, due to the promiscuity of him and his descendants, could have easily included all the inhabitants of the castle and most of the town). The warrior then thrust the mist sword into the chest of the current duke and disappeared. The duke appeared unharmed at first, however over the following days he began to literally fade away, until he finally vanished completely. The full tale is too long to be repeated here and can be found in the ledgers of Foubarche. A more fanciful, fictionalised version was also commercialised as *The Ghostmaker* by Antone Bellemarch, in which the bare essentials of the warrior and his weapon are largely accurate. The highly improbable ending was not, and far more grisly in real life.*

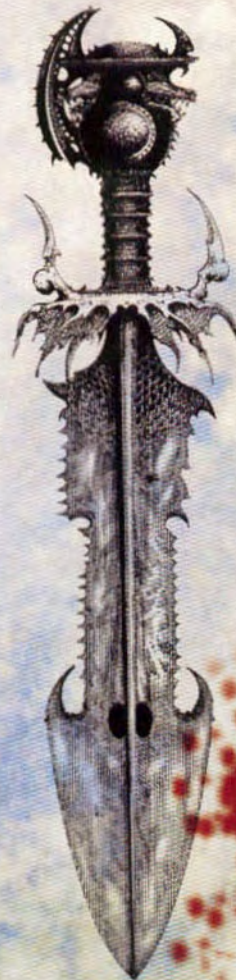


Skolanjer

A young champion known as Urther bore this axe which he attested had been crafted from the scale of the dragon Skolanjer, which he himself had killed. While carrying the weapon Urther made great display of how he could fly high above the ground and breathe fire as though he were a fire lizard himself. I nevertheless doubted his claim of besting a dragon as, when the axe went missing, he proved himself of little martial ability. After its loss, he did not survive long among the warriors of Rhorne and died ignorant of who had stolen it. For your interest I have enclosed the axe, that I have named Skolanjer, with this report.

Grord

Holtz Tellerman, a mage of the Amber college, was part of a company of troops under the Count of Middenheim who ambushed and destroyed a warband that had been systematically laying waste to series of hamlets in the east of the province. Tellerman noted in his journal that the leader of the warband carried a sword tipped with runes and arcane symbols which radiated a mind-numbing menace and which sapped his magical power even after its wielder was killed. None of the foresters complained of a similar feeling and so Tellerman theorised that the weapon solely targeted those who tapped the world's magical energies. Before he disappeared he noted in his journal that he sent back to his college for aid in destroying the weapon, though there is no mention of such, or indeed any further mention of Holtz Tellerman, in the college records.



Aubentag, 10th Jahrdrung, in the year 2452

In all my years of examining the sick and infirm of mind, never have I encountered a patient so vacant, so devoid of life. His eyes hold no depth, though they are clear and active, he seems incapable of any sort of cerebration and spends his days crouched silently in his cell in the most abyssal of torpors. All my applied expertise in techniques of cranial *manipulation* have thus far failed to garner the smallest of reactions from the patient. Indeed, where others would be shrieking in pain, the acute physical sensations they afford seem only to rouse him slightly from his general malaise. After a lengthy session with the brands and lesion hook, he merely gazed at us, recanting some strange mantra, of which the meaning is a mystery. At the behest of Surgeon Kruger we are now obliged to gag the patient when he is present during the procedures. I believe there may be some *significance* in this disturbed chanting.

Konistag, 14th Jahrdrung, in the year 2452

It was while splinting my troublesome patient's fingernails this eve that I noticed the burns on the palms of his hands. Deep blackened welts are scorched into the fleshy part, as if he had gripped a device of searing hot metal and held it for some considerable time. Within these ugly scars I could see faint designs (like faces some of them, hideous faces!) beneath the skin, unreadable but compelling. As I stared at them I felt a dull ache behind my eyes. My efforts to obtain an answer from him as to how he was inflicted with these marks and what the device was that delivered them, have so far proved unsuccessful. The patient remains stubbornly unwilling, or unable, to communicate.

I have thus decided to starve him for a time. Perhaps that will loose his tongue.

Wellentag, 17th Jahrdrung, in the year 2452

This morning I interviewed the patient's sister in an effort to shed some light on his condition, which I regret to record is deteriorating rapidly. I knew already, at the point of his committal to the asylum and the care of my treatment, that he is a man of some standing within the city. Indeed, few have not heard of him and his family of philanthropists, although fewer still know of his sudden

and terrifying mental deterioration and subsequent incarceration here. This secrecy, which prohibits the mention of his name even here in my personal journal, is at the families' behest.

My questions unearthed some particularly disturbing revelations as to the manner of his sudden descent into madness, and in particular the patient's sister's belief as regards to the reason of his insanity. If she is to be taken at her word, it is not an acknowledged ailment that afflicts the patient, but rather some form of bewitchment.

Being a man of science I am loath to be convinced of the stories validity. In my opinion, the family are concerned to cover up a genuine mental deficiency within their blood, perhaps a hereditary disease that the patient has fallen victim to, with this superstitious tale of questionable merit. It is an understandable position to take, but one that will not help this poor man recover his lost wits.

However, it is worth recounting what she said. Apparently, she found this once vigorous and stable man convulsing on the floor, eyes rolled back in their sockets with his hands grasped in a grip like death around a black sword, that his sister described thus- "The ugliest and most monstrous thing I ever set eyes on." The day before the seizure, a large and heavy package had arrived for him. This was not unusual; his obsession with strange and unusual objects, particularly obscure weapons from the north, ensured a steady flow of such items to add to his collection.

When I asked the whereabouts of the blade she told me she had disposed of it in the waters of the Reik. I wonder if this was a wise idea. I wonder also if it is true. However, it remains an irrelevance. Although I find my interest is piqued and I would like to examine the item for myself, if it exists at all. Just to settle my curiosity. I find myself even toying with the idea of dragging the river to recover the artefact! I will sleep on't.

*Extracts from Physic Lothar Drach's casebook,
(Former Master of Altdorf Asylum).*

(Footnote- Physic Drach ended his days in the bedlam ward of his own asylum, after chewing off his own tongue and, curiously, paring the skin from his palms with a gutting knife.)

Extract from Cathar Drach's journal.

As he took up the blade, a despair-
ing groan was torn from deep inside
and anguish masked his features. A
single tear fell and turned to ice
upon the gleaming steel. The
moment passed and he straightened,
thrusting high the sword as if to
pierce the vaulted skies above. And
with his scream of triumph
he was enslaved.

Gilellion's Soulnetter



Part-worshipped, part-hated and feared by the Skuengenite clan, the death warrior known as Gilellion the Lewd supposedly carries a blade that traps its victims into immortal servitude for its bearer. This, as I later discovered, Plaaneshi champion spurned all other company, with his victims as his only retinue. He and his undead companions spent several years terrorising the Skuengenite land, who bitterly resisted him in turn as they feared that falling to his service would forever deny them their place with their rightful god. Warnings of Gilellion, however, quickly turned to myth as his attacks on the Skuengenites ceased and he disappeared from infamy's view. More recently, though, new stories of Gilellion have sprung up among the Tovonars and the Ecktars. For whatever reason, it appears Gilellion is heading east.



Skitterdril

In the final battle before the ascension of Werner Flamefist, his pet cockatrice, Skitter, fell.

Werner's successor used the remains of Skitter in a new weapon, forging the blade from the cockatrice's warped, solidified tail, and setting its skull in the pommel. Those who fell victim to this sword were petrified as though they had faced the cockatrice itself.

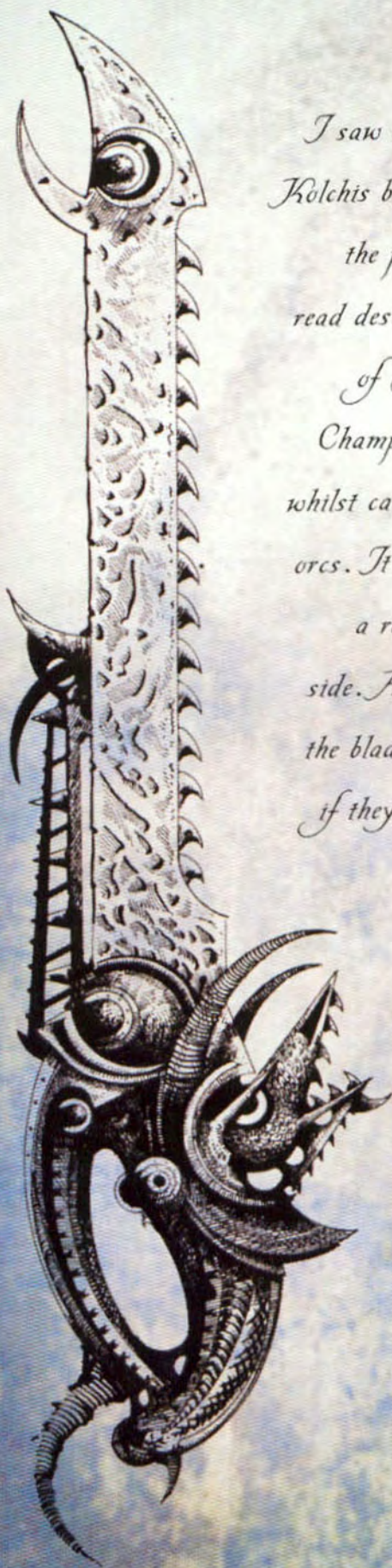
Fror

Hanz Grunfeld was an Imperial officer during the Chaos Incursion of 2302 and he left this journal of his experiences. "Before us stood a dark warrior encased in armour that writhed and twisted before our eyes. Even as we dug our spear shafts into the ground, he brought our gaze to him as his hand moved to a sword concealed at his hip. He drew it with a fluid sweep and brought it up above his head where, with a flash of light, the blade itself ignited and burst into flame. For a moment hope leaped to my heart that our mages had called down their hellfire upon this terrible foe, but he merely laughed at the burning sword and with a single stroke beheaded both our spears and a brace of my first rank of men, charring their clothes and their necks as their heads fell to the ground."



Chainsword

I saw this weapon first in the keeping of Red Hand Kolchis but have since seen swords of a similar type in the possession of at least three other warriors and read descriptions of more (such as the Snarling Hand of Isak Koomriver). Kolchis, a lone Khornate Champion acquired it deep in the eastern skull lands whilst carving his way through a tribe of dark-skinned orcs. It appears as a normal sword except, instead of a razor edge, a line of jagged teeth run down one side. At the wielder's command, the teeth race down the blade, ripping apart armour and flesh as easily as if they were parchment. The beast-hilt howls while it does so and whines if left unsated. Unsurprisingly, I have found this type of arcane technology almost solely in possession of warriors of Khorne – as it suits their violent and noisy disposition. Even the weapon itself seems to favour Khorne, often as eager to rebound and tear through the guts of its wielder as the foe, as is demonstrated by the fate of Red Hand Kolchis himself.

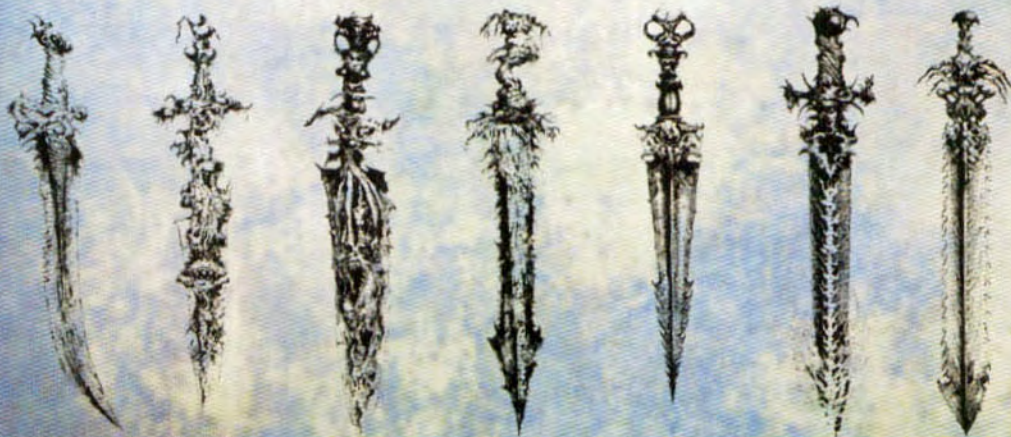


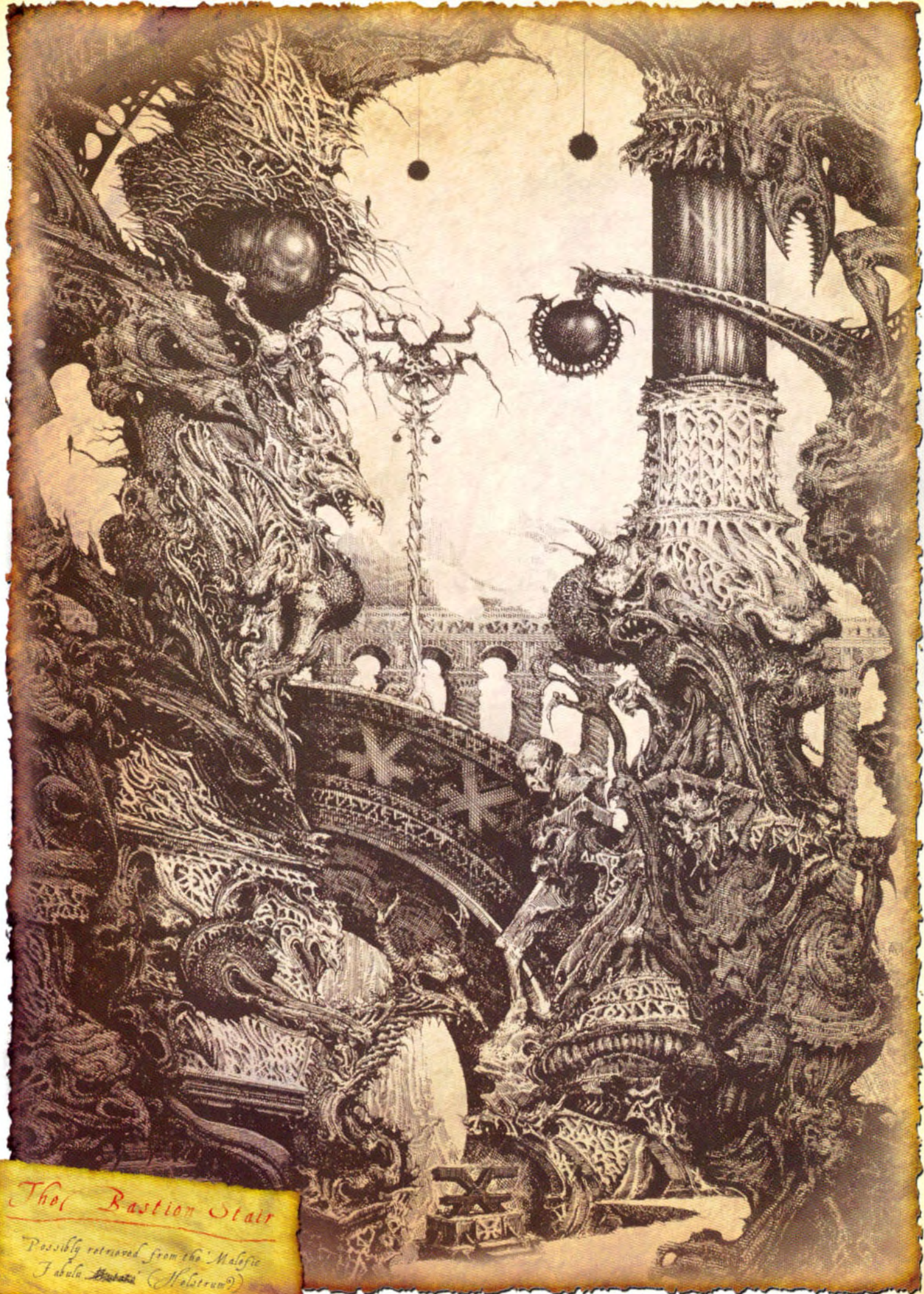


Minotaur's Bane

A patrol of Druchii horsemen from Har Ganeth annihilated a warband guarding an infernal forge. There they discovered an anvil made of minotaur skulls, and a axe cooling in a pool of blood. When he tested the blade, the captain of the patrol was gripped by the grisly desire to tear the flesh from the recently dead and wolf it down. His men fled from his appetite and only returned when he had sated himself and fallen asleep. Believing him possessed, they slew their captain and destroyed the forge, yet in that mad way of the Druchii the second claimed the evil weapon as prize and returned with it to Har Ganeth to present it to his lord.

Notes on the weapons below can be found in Appendix 5b.





Thor Bastion Stair

*"Possibly retrieved from the 'Malific
Fabula' (Hollatrum?)*

and I fell then, through roiling clouds and red mists that swirled above a land of dark rain and much despair. I heard cries of unseen beasts, their howling of fear were of such great volume it seemed to me that they must be made by creatures of enormous size. But they eluded my sight and I fell further, leaving them far behind. And still I fell, driven by foisted winds towards a cliff of deepest red and blackened iron. Its top, far above me, was hidden in the clouds; but its foundation was girt with boulders and skulls, no larger in my sight than sand specks. And these it piled before in its inexorable advance. The wall, for such it was, lay unbroken in its awful perfection from one burning horizon to the other.

As do I grew afraid, for this I knew was the Outer Realm of Khorne the Blood God, and this wall a Pastion to the Fortress about his Inner Lands. It now seemed to me that the stench of Death broke my fall as I flew relentlessly onwards, towards fresh visions in the vastness of Chaos.

And then ahead I saw a stair, surrounded by pinnacles and columns and arches of blood and carved bone, circled by Daemons bound within black iron, brazen steps and hideous shrieking mouths. All that could speak or gibber or moan vomited forth the praises of Khorne and shrilled out songs of Blood and Death. The stair, its treads not built for mortal feet, climbed the dizzy heights, pausing at times before profane runes and stained sacrifice stones. Within the stone of the Daemon-thronged Pastion were smaller landings, each of which could have held a lofty and noble palace of our small World. The stair twisted and rippled on itself, its Daemons chuckling their insane glee at its dreadful geometry. Still it climbed, ever upwards into the clouds of gore that circled overhead.

In all my visions, I saw not one living beast or man.

Through brazen gates and up endless steps I flew, my soul in dread as Daemons snapped about my heels. And before my eyes, as I rose from that place, I beheld the Fields and Meadows of Khorne beyond the Pastion, all quite soaked in red, stained with souls, and planted there were endless lines of corpses lashed to stakes like a grotesquery of bean plants. A thousand thousand Daemons caroted with the dead and deathless buds, which themselves were watered by gore-filled aqueducts and crimson ditches. The Daemons marched and countermarched about their charges, stopping here to water the unprecious fruits, and there to dung upon them. And the air was filled with the copper-taste of blood, the pungent stench of the slaughterhouse, the noise of blood let from countless unready throats and all about was red beneath the brass sky of that Inner Realm. It

Such is the Empire's fate if we fail to stem the wrathful tide.

Possibly a fragment of 'Liber Malificus, The Book of Maled Khorne' by Marius H. Johnson

Cursed Artefacts

BEING A THOROUGH EXAMINATION OF THE MULTIFARIOUS ARTEFACTS THAT ARE WIELDED, WORN OR USED BY THE MOST ESTEEMED FOLLOWERS OF THE BLOOD GOD.

CHAOS ARMOUR

Though almost all the followers of Chaos wear armour of some kind, often bearing the warped sigils and marks of their devotion, the plate known as Chaos Armour is of a very different ilk. It is made of a strangely worked and unnatural metal, and represents the mark of a Power's great esteem. It is a favoured gift from the bloody god of war.

Once granted it becomes fused with the wearer's body, after which it may never be removed and becomes as a second skin, incorporating within itself all the physical corruptions and mutations of its wearer.

Chaos Armour usually comprises a complete suit of weirdly wrought plate mail, made from some strange material. It may or may not include a full helm or shield of the same substance. It is rarely of some simple, honest steel or iron, but has a lustre all its own, reflecting in its colours the allegiance of the wearer. The appearance of it varies, melding itself to that style of the race of that person to which it has been granted. However, it could never pass as mortal plate, for its very nature will present itself by forming some dark and twisted parody, reflecting the wearer's inner corruption and the inestimable evil of the Power that granted it.

BLOODSTONES

Bloodstones are dark, red-veined rocks the size of a man's clenched fist. Often the veins are twisted to form the skull-rune upon the surface. They are no ordinary stones, but rather fragments of the tainted lands within the realm, which has had the blood of daemons slowly dripped upon it, so that they bulge and pulse with the fluid.

They are rarely to be found in the hands of any defeated champion or cult, though fragments of this rock have been seen shattered upon black altars to the Breaker of Souls. Those warriors and knights who have fought about such things do claim to have seen the Bloodstones being used in unholy rituals before the battle. Thus I suggest that their use does forge a connection between the realms, so that the dark followers of Khorne may call upon his daemons to aid them.

The magnanimity of the Powers are always fickle, however, and any such supplicant would be as likely to be called to account by the Blood God as he would be to receive his boon.

HELLBLADES

The name 'Hellblade' has been used to describe many weapons in the writings of men and other races, but it has been used most often to describe those weapons carried by the Bloodletters, the lower daemon vassals of Khorne.

The tales relate that Hellblades are razor-edged and honed on the souls of those who have fallen in battle to the Blood God's own. They are consecrated to Khorne and the bloody task of slaughtering his enemies, and glow with a power that, so it is said, can drain the very soul from a man and suck dry his shrivelling corpse.

There is some debate as to whether these items actually exist, for none have ever been found, not even on those blessed occasions that those of our Order have overcome the fiends of Khorne. Those who believe they do exist claim that they dissolve back to the primal stuff of Chaos when



*In the hands
of a
Bloodletter,
the Hellblade
is an awesome
tool of
destruction.*

Cursed Artefacts

their bearer is slain, while others prefer that there are no such things and that it is the very power of the daemon channelled through the bearer's arms that forges the weapons.

seems beyond belief, such things are not unheard of and I will be considering these accursed weapons in my later investigations.

COLLARS OF KHORNE

These items are studded bands, made of interlinked iron and brass. It is said they were forged from the heat of Khorne's rage at the very foot of the Blood God's throne. It is this rage against the sorcerous that does protect its wearer from spells and enchantments and other attacks of that type.

Certainly the Fleshhounds of Khorne wear such things, as do many other followers, though these may be mere emulations of the style of their god's servants.

AXES OF KHORNE

This is the name given to the mighty axes carried by the Bloodthirsters, the Greater Servants of Khorne. Though few have ever faced a Bloodthirster and lived, there are those records that do report that these weapons are suffused with the power of Chaos, and laden with death. Some even claim that its power comes from the burning abhorrence of another servant of Khorne bound within it. Though such a concept



*detail from a painting
by the heretical artist
Klaus Von Carstenberg
- this is the only
fragment of his work
to survive the burning
of his studio in the year*

Monoliths

BEING A SCRUTINY OF THE UNHOLY AND MANIFOLD MONOLITHS OF CHAOS
THAT LIE SCATTERED ACROSS THE NORTH – FROM SIMPLE WOODEN TOWERS TO
GREAT CARVED STANDING STONES.

MONOLITHS ARE monuments to individual champions of Chaos. They are constructed by their followers from whatever material lies available, usually stone, but also they can be made from ancient wood and timber, metal and more exotic substances such as pillars of jewels, bone and flesh. The wicked dwarfs of Zorn Uzkul are also known to cast such monoliths from solid brass, polished to a mirror finish. Such a monument is said to reflect not the onlooker's image, but rather the savage visage of the champion himself. I have even heard tales that in the northern wastes there exist monoliths of mighty champions that appear as columns of fire, or constructed from souls and are so huge as to dwarf mountains and block out the sun.

I encountered many during my long travels away from our lands, and learnt of more in my studies. Though they may be found anywhere, even within the forests and mountains within our own borders, they are mostly concentrated within the Shadowlands, and more particularly the northern wastes, where they are regular camps for the armies and warbands that battle there.

A monolith may be constructed for various reasons, but their primary purpose is to commemorate a warrior of Chaos who has been rewarded with the ultimate gift of daemonic immortality. The monolith stands at the point at which he ascended to be with his god and bears upon it the saga of his damnation, his mortal glory and eternal power, detailed in the harsh script of the dark tongue.

Such monoliths will always display the blasphemous runes of both the newly born daemon and his patron. Both are said to

watch over monoliths dedicated to them, sometimes even going as far as to protect it from the passage of time and the decay of the ages.

Only powerful enemies of Chaos, such as our own order, have the courage to destroy these filthy objects. For the common folk fear the curses and incantations that they believe protect them, while other followers of Chaos, even those of an opposing Power, will treat them with reverence and respect. As I, they too could not pass willingly by without reading the sagas there writ, and I heard these repeated around their camp fires and braystones.

It is only normally the victorious followers of champions who have risen to the daemonic who have the opportunity and inclination to construct these remembrances. However, there are monoliths that honour other champions.

The followers of champions who have been wracked by the dark energies of Chaos and reduced to spawn may also honour their leader with such a marker. There the monolith will cover a pit or cell where the beast will continue to eke out its miserable existence. Such places are often shoddily made and will often appear broken and weather-worn, and hold little interest for the immortal patron it is dedicated to. However, other followers of Chaos will read the monolith and pass down food or drink through the barred recess to the creature below. They treat it with a similar amount of respect, though instead of honouring the lost, this is more likely to be their method of warding away a similar fate.

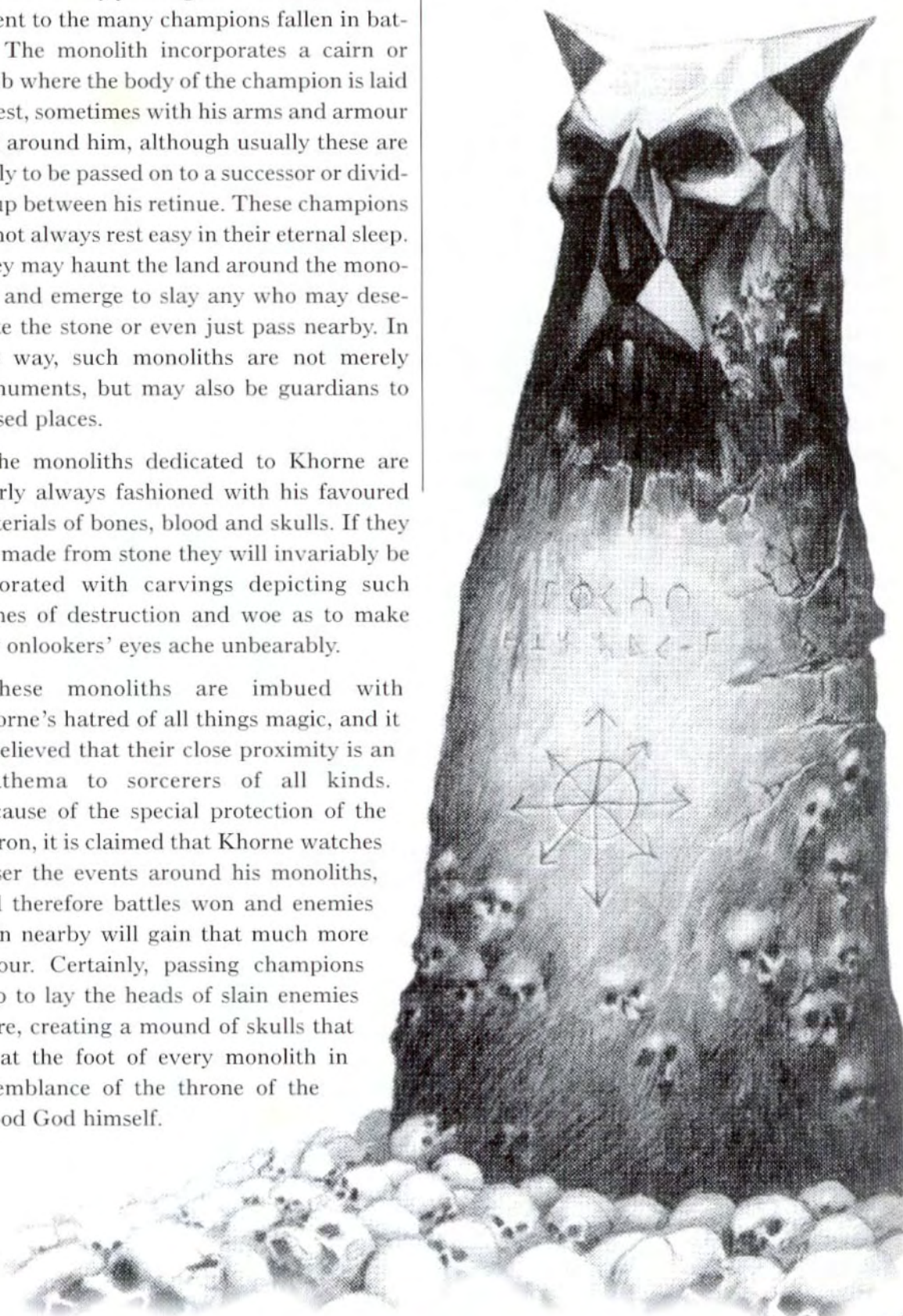
If a champion dies in battle, his followers may also erect a monolith to him as a mark of respect. This is especially likely if he is

Monoliths

killed in a great victory of Chaos, where warbands may join together to build a monument to the many champions fallen in battle. The monolith incorporates a cairn or tomb where the body of the champion is laid to rest, sometimes with his arms and armour laid around him, although usually these are likely to be passed on to a successor or divided up between his retinue. These champions do not always rest easy in their eternal sleep. They may haunt the land around the monolith and emerge to slay any who may desecrate the stone or even just pass nearby. In this way, such monoliths are not merely monuments, but may also be guardians to cursed places.

The monoliths dedicated to Khorne are nearly always fashioned with his favoured materials of bones, blood and skulls. If they are made from stone they will invariably be decorated with carvings depicting such scenes of destruction and woe as to make any onlookers' eyes ache unbearably.

These monoliths are imbued with Khorne's hatred of all things magic, and it is believed that their close proximity is an anathema to sorcerers of all kinds. Because of the special protection of the patron, it is claimed that Khorne watches closer the events around his monoliths, and therefore battles won and enemies slain nearby will gain that much more favour. Certainly, passing champions stop to lay the heads of slain enemies there, creating a mound of skulls that lie at the foot of every monolith in resemblance of the throne of the Blood God himself.



This monolith stands guard just outside the northern borders of Kislev. My attempts to translate the inscription ended in abject failure.

Shrines of Khorne

BEING AN EXAMINATION OF THE MANY FOUL TRIBUTES AND PLACES OF WORSHIP DEDICATED TO THE BLOOD GOD – FROM SIMPLE PILES OF SKULLS TO VAST ELABORATE TOMBS.

THERE IS NOWHERE in this world that the followers of Chaos have not ventured in praise of their lords. And as they travel and plunder and kill, and die in their turn they leave behind them objects, totems, idols and other symbols of their corruption, tainting the land further and providing a beacon to draw fellow reavers behind them. Across the face of the world therefore, from the dark woods of the human realms to the mountains of the Skull Lands to the glaciers of Naggaroth, there are scattered these shrines to Chaos.

These shrines are the sacred places of the fallen kin, each one a monument, no matter how small, to their gods. Some are great and brazen temples to their masters, built over years with the toil of legions of slaves, employed by a great staff of priests wherein the most powerful and titanic rituals may be performed for their lord. They are mighty constructions that bring enormous prestige to their builders, their names: Karan'azzarr, the Golden Towers of Daed, the Steel Citadel and the Unspeakable City and others resound through the Shadowlands however there are scarce few of them, for they require epic resources, an army to protect them from rivals and the softer races, and most important of all, time. After all, what champion would squander their briefest window of opportunity to climb that perilous path to power, before the madness of Chaos robs them of whatever chance they had?

The bulk of these shrines therefore are quite small, often contained within a mere grove or single cave, hidden away in the secret places of the world. Each power has its shrines and Khorne is no exception, though the proportion of them that are his are not as many as may have been thought given the multitude of his followers. Many of the chosen of Khorne do not bother themselves with such things, for they understand that the Blood Lord cares not for monuments, nor praises, rather the battlefield is his temple, keen blades and weapons his prayerbook.

Every shrine is individual, for each as a different reason for its founding. At the basest level, these shrines need be little more than an altar in a Power's name. Such shrines can most often be found amongst those established settlements of the Shadowlands, the Norscans in the majority but also in the few fixed encampments and hidden cities of the nomadic Kurgan and Hung. The men of these tribes brook no illusion to the world around them. While the soft and fearful men of the south may prefer to consider the Powers as fiction and fables, the men of the tribes know the immortal



*A shrine
may begin
as no more
than a pile
of skulls.*

gods for what they are. Just as a scallion of Bretonnia would acknowledge his feudal masters so too do the tribesmen recognise their immortal lords and only a fool would deny them their due.

As life in the Shadowlands is always violent and often brief, it is no surprise that many tribes choose a warrior god as their foremost patron. Their names will vary from place to place, but in truth it does not matter as it is always truly Khorne.

As such their settlements will contain a shrine of some description, sometimes within the warrior's hall or upon the training grounds, often set slightly away from the settlement's boundaries.

This is not the only means by which a shrine to the Blood God may be founded. Where their warriors have brought great slaughter upon their foes they may establish

Shrines of Khorne

one in grateful thanks to the Powers that lent them aid in their combat, whereupon they heap the trophies they have taken from the field and consecrate them in their name. As god of war and bloody death, tribesmen will most often raise such constructs in Khorne's name for his favour in granting them victory. The larger the battle and the carnage, so greater will the shrine be, so that after a particularly epic conflict there may be constructed a mighty edifice from whatever materials are at hand, wherein even loyal followers and champions may be interred so they may enslave their vanquished even after death.

For many shrines, this is all they will be, a crude marker for a nameless skirmish. Abandoned and desolate, they will disintegrate back into the land from which they were constructed, or perhaps be discovered generations later by those people who have long forgotten the names or deeds or reasons for those who battled there.

Sometimes it is the case, however, that a later conflict may be fought nearby, whereupon further offerings may be piled at its base and the shrine may grow. Indeed, as these markers draw the wandering bands of tribesmen and champions naturally towards them to worship, foes will encounter one another and battle joined far more readily

than out in the vastness of the Shadowlands. Even more so for those that lie along the passage of a nomad tribe, who visit it year after year as a waypoint between winter and summer lands.

Such centres become awesome and labyrinthine tombs, places of legend for their mystery and the riches that many assume must lie within. Men of all types are drawn there as moths to a flame, some to worship, others to plunder. Warbands may rest there for days, months or years, some even becoming permanent guardians of their lord's sanctuary. With their residence the shrine will expand and be built up to a veritable fortress over the catacombs below. And gradually with such concentration of death and worship, it becomes almost as though it forms its own Shadow of Chaos, and in its depths daemons may roam.

THE WARRIOR-PRIESTS

Perhaps the greatest mystery is not the shrines themselves but rather those who tend them. They are known by many different names among the Northmen, for they lay claim to none of their own. They are the closest to the priesthood of the shrines and, as befits the Blood God, they are fearsome warriors in their own right, and so it is as warrior-priests that we shall refer to them.

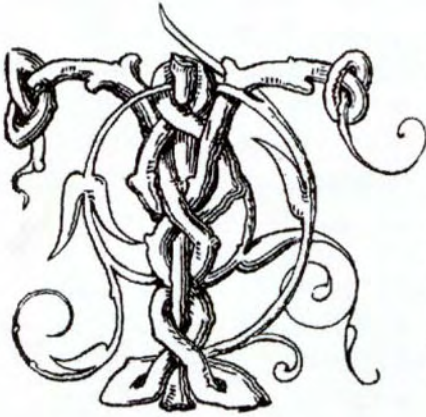
They travel endlessly from shrine to shrine visiting all: the temples, the settlement-hearths, even perhaps the lost and forgotten altars deep in the wilds. What they do there is unclear, however their arrival will often draw young warriors to the shrine in order that they may chance the god's blessing. Sometimes the warrior-priest will send these youths away, others he will attack; but a few he will allow entrance to the shrine and they will emerge a changed man or not at all.

As for the warrior-priests, mighty figures encased in the armour of their god, they will travel on, alone, always alone. They never take repast with the Northmen who encounter them and never appear to gather with their own kind, so that no man alive can attest to having seen more than one at the same moment.



*Warrior
Priests
wear
arcane
and highly
stylised
armour, to
denote
prestige.*

The Saga of Khorne



here once was a Battle, a mighty conflict that split the Earth and shook the Heavens themselves. By nightfall, the Powers stood in victory and their fallen foes lay six score deep. The war-horns blew no more, the screams of the Dying had been drowned by the feasting calls of the carrion creatures. Upon that savaged field did these four Champions come.

From the West of the Bloody Sun, the Red Warrior marched with a shield stacked with skulls.

From the South of Baked Heat, the Silken Wyrms slid with vials of pain.

From the East of Utmost Night, the Crow Man travelled with a caravan of Death.

From the North of Blinding Darkness, the Burning One soared with a chalice of Souls.

Where the Dead lay thickest did these Four meet, and on the summit each one lay down their gifts. But when each Champion tried to dedicate these Dead in the name of their Power, he was torn from the peak by the three who remained and thus not one could consecrate this bounty.

Thus the Challenge was issued, that the Champion of the greatest Power should speak up and convince the others of their folly. In this way, him who was most worthy would receive it.

The Red Warrior[®] stood forward first, for his power was eldest of all, and he spoke thus in a voice like thunder:

"The Blood God does not ask for this boon. He does not beg, nor plead, nor grovel. He demands it as the Greatest of all gods. For it is to him that every creature on this field and in the World is indebted.

"What are the Lynchpins of life but Blood, Anger and hate? And what are My Lord's Domains but the same?

"Each life arrives in my lord's colours. Each child's first act is to cry in rage. And that first scream echoes down the years and fills our heads.

This is an excerpt from the Saga of Khorne. The complete work is purported to be bound in several large volumes, which are covered with human skin. These tomes were lost many centuries ago... if they existed at all.

The Saga of Khorne

"Each meal is brought with my lord's blessing. Our daily feast, one violent Death. And can there be else but Hatred in that act? If not of life, then of Death?

"Each Battle is won in my Lord's name. For the slogging horde knows that in Savagery lies their only survival. And can even the noblest warrior be blamed for his thanks of an enemy's Death in place of his own?

"Those that live define themselves by those they Hate. It is our Hate that holds us, our Hate that saves us. It is our Hate that protects us from the dark things in the night. It is our Hate that drives us forward to conquer and progress. Our Hate that spreads our reach to all we may attain.

"And it is Blood that binds us, Blood that blinds us. We are born in Blood and when our Blood lies still, we die.

"Admit you all then, My Lord does govern all in Birth and Life and Death. In Man and in Beast. And heed me now when I say that you three owe Him even greater still.

"You canter and caper, and indulge trifles and claim them towers. Your oaths of fealty are mere falsity. Lies and deceptions to claim a varnish on your nature.

"Who among you can claim never to have used His Tools? Who among you can claim never to have rejoiced in His Hate?

"We journey and we fight and we kill. War is our Life, Hate is our Passion, the wails of widows our lulling chorus and the salted earth our marriage bed.

"Who among you does not truly follow Him?

"Our one true ambition is to put creation to the Sword and bear in Blood the True Realm. And it is He who will rule there.

"My Lord is the Beginning and he is the End. He is Master of Mortals, and the core of our Dead Hearts.^b

"Deny Him and you deny yourselves. Honour Him and acknowledge He to whom we owe it all."

Thus spoke the Red Warrior, with his voice of Drums and Death. And then he took his axe and cut each champion down, so that each may know the true Touch of the Blood Lord.

^a"The Red Warrior towered over the mantle, and turned the world to Fire." – *The Lost Souls* xx, 21.

^b"Thou hast covered my Heart in the heat of battle." – *The Bloodied One* ix, 433.

Khaine: Lord of Murder

A BRIEF EXPOSITION ON THE DARKER NATURE OF THE ELVES AND THEIR SUSPECTED TIES WITH KHORNE. INCLUDING AN EXCERPT FROM A REPORT BY WITCH HUNTER CAPTAIN MATHIAS THULMANN.

THE NATURE OF the unholy is like that of a diamond black. As a clear diamond does collect the light that enters it and shines it back tenfold, so in its way this black gem does absorb all that falls upon it, so that it appears as naught more than an aching hole in one's sight.

If one could discern the falsity within, in place of the single jewel would be a thousand facets. And though each one would differ from the next, each would only reflect that which it saw before it. Those then are the Powers of Chaos.

We of the Empire know the dark lord Khaine as brother to Morr, eternal rivals for that domain of death. Those of us who know of him, curse his name even as others praise it. Within our cities and our towns secret cults are born and thrive, men of low order, assassins, footpads, cut-throats and rank

petty human god, but I say ye nay, for Khorne is the will to dominate all through violence and fear and terror of all description. And all it has taken was the simplest deception to allow him into our pantheon.

And in this we are not alone, for I see visions of the twisted cousins of the conceited Ulthuans far across the waters who have devoted themselves in his worship. They praise him high above all others and allow his priesthood free licence in their cities. These so-called Brides of Khaine do cavort in his worship and bathe in cauldrons of blood which they claim as bridal gifts. The dark elves allow his servants such influence and all the while applaud themselves for repelling the Blood God's hordes at their borders.

I look at them and I laugh in pity for they have such pride in their independence and self-direction, and yet their very nature has allowed their immortal enemy into the very core of their society.

killers of all types who delight in death and murder. They gather together and plot their killers and raise their idol to Khaine, always a grotesque effigy with a leering face and a huge, fanged mouth with four arms, each clutching a dagger.

A god named Khaine, a god of murder and death and bloodshed, only the wilfully blind could not see that this is none other than the Blood Lord himself, cloaked in one of his many guises to beguile and trick those who might otherwise repel him. Some argue that they are distinct, that Khorne is a lord of battle, of open war, a Ruinous Power rather than a



*Followers of Khaine
and their steeds.*

markings of the dark elves

You have demanded us to come before you and disassociate ourselves from those reavers who do bear our likeness and have invaded your realm. You hear stories of how we worship the same gods and faith, and now fear yourself surrounded by enemies where you have never seen them before.

Let us tell you first that the tribes of man shall never demand anything from the Phoenix-Throne. You may ask, you may request, you may even beg, but you shall never demand us to justify ourselves to you.

You ask us whether we share the same gods, and we know you expect us to deny it all so that you may confront us with your pathetic 'evidence'. Let us save you your pains and declare that it is the truth.

I am certain even now you, in your blinkered ignorance, are despatching orders for all of our kind to be imprisoned or exiled from your city, for you cannot possibly understand its totality however we will try to enlighten you.

In our faith and worship, just as in yours, we include all that we are and all that we may be: our greatest hopes and our darkest thoughts. We bear tribute to this deity you call Khaine, for we recognise the force of bloodshed, of warfare, and of death within our lives just as you pile offerings to your own Ulric and Mymydia and Morr.

You would acknowledge them and ask them to strengthen your arm for war, just as we do Khaine, but would you hold yourselves accountable for the actions of your kin that are devoted to them entirely? Do you bear the burden of the bloodlust and crimes of those who believe it is their god's will? No, you declare them mad and hunt them down in their god's very name. Just so with us.

You entreat proof that we are not united with these renegades, and we tell you now that our disassociation occurred before your realms existed. Our blood-feud goes back to before your time even began, untold numbers have given their lives, the best of our kin, our champions of the like that your kind cannot even contemplate, have fought and died in its pursuit. The depth of our shame and our hatred goes beyond your puny comprehension, and yet still you ask us for proof?

of Murder

*An excerpt
from an epistle
from an ambassador of the
Phoenix-
Throne to the
Council of
Marienberg
during the
raids of the
Black Ark.
Undying
Damnation*

*From a report by
Mathias Shulmann.*

My lords,

Please find enclosed in this letter my final testament as to my investigation into the Blood Cross killings.

Over the last six months no less than two score people have been found murdered in the same, grisly fashion. Each victim was discovered in the back streets of the tannery district of the city, their bodies hacked to pieces by cleavers or other heavy blades, their heads left untouched aside from an X slashed across the bridge of their nose and onto their cheeks and temple by a razor. The indications of a ritualistic approach to these mutilations led me to consider them of interest to our order and so I began my investigation, full details of which can be found in my report.

The victims had nothing in common, some were poor, some well-to-do, men, women and children, the elderly, vagabonds and travellers to established citizens. Indeed, this very randomness was the single common factor, apart from the ritual markings. As winter approached the victim count mounted, and the rate of killing increased as time progressed. However, this was not entirely due to the ritual murderer, as common murderers tried to hide their own crimes within the larger massacre by mimicking his methods of mutilation. I was able to quickly single out these pale imitators. Public hope swelled as each one swung from the gallows that this would be an end to their terror. I knew this was not the case.

The Guard patrolled the tannery district constantly, though in this they were alone as the common citizenry refused to enter it without pressing reason. With them too moved the common thieves and cut-purses, so that the district began to resemble a military camp rather than a city. Their efforts proved vain however, because bodies were continually found there. People began disappearing from every quarter of the city and even the surrounding countryside.

My breakthrough came shortly after Doctor Thaddeus Werberg, a respected physician of the Shallyan temples and a member of the City Council, was found dead in the ritual manner. He was the most influential victim yet and he would prove to be the last. The breakthrough related not to Werberg but rather to the innocuous death of a butcher, Leof Graudlin, who washed up on the sandbanks of Harpam's Jetty, downriver at about the same time.

Though the body showed great signs of mould and decay (odd, as he had been missing for less than a week) he bore none of the marks of the Bloody Cross and so his demise was largely ignored by the Guard. It was only because of the subtle signs of blasphemy he displayed which are known to our order that I gave him more attention, and only through of the diligence of my second, Rollo Thurer who I had assigned to investigate his place of business, that he noticed a discrepancy in his ledgers of purchase which led ultimately to resolution.

By a path which I detail in my report, I discovered that the murders were the work of not one but a group of killers that called themselves the Khaelhermanir, a depraved cult of assassins bent in some corrupted worship of a Murder God. After exhaustive investigation, during which I avoided no less than three attempts on my life, I finally succeeded in mapping the extent of the cult and, with the aid of a detachment of the Guard, brought Sigmar's hammer of justice crashing down upon them.

So great were the numbers involved that it proved impossible to capture them in a single swoop, and as the arrests continued, word spread and the cultists had time to prepare themselves. With much bloody fighting and great loss on both sides, these despicable killers were finally destroyed.

Those few who still lived were placed safely in my custody. Most notably they included the likes of such luminaries as the son of Duke Saq, Burgomeister Huyder and Lojtant Temmerfien. All confessed their crimes when confronted with the damning evidence I had collected, I had assumed, from their rank and privilege in public life, that they were the minds behind the cult's activities. In this I was in error. Rather it seemed the reverse, they had been left at the fringes as much as any other common cut-throat of the rank and file.

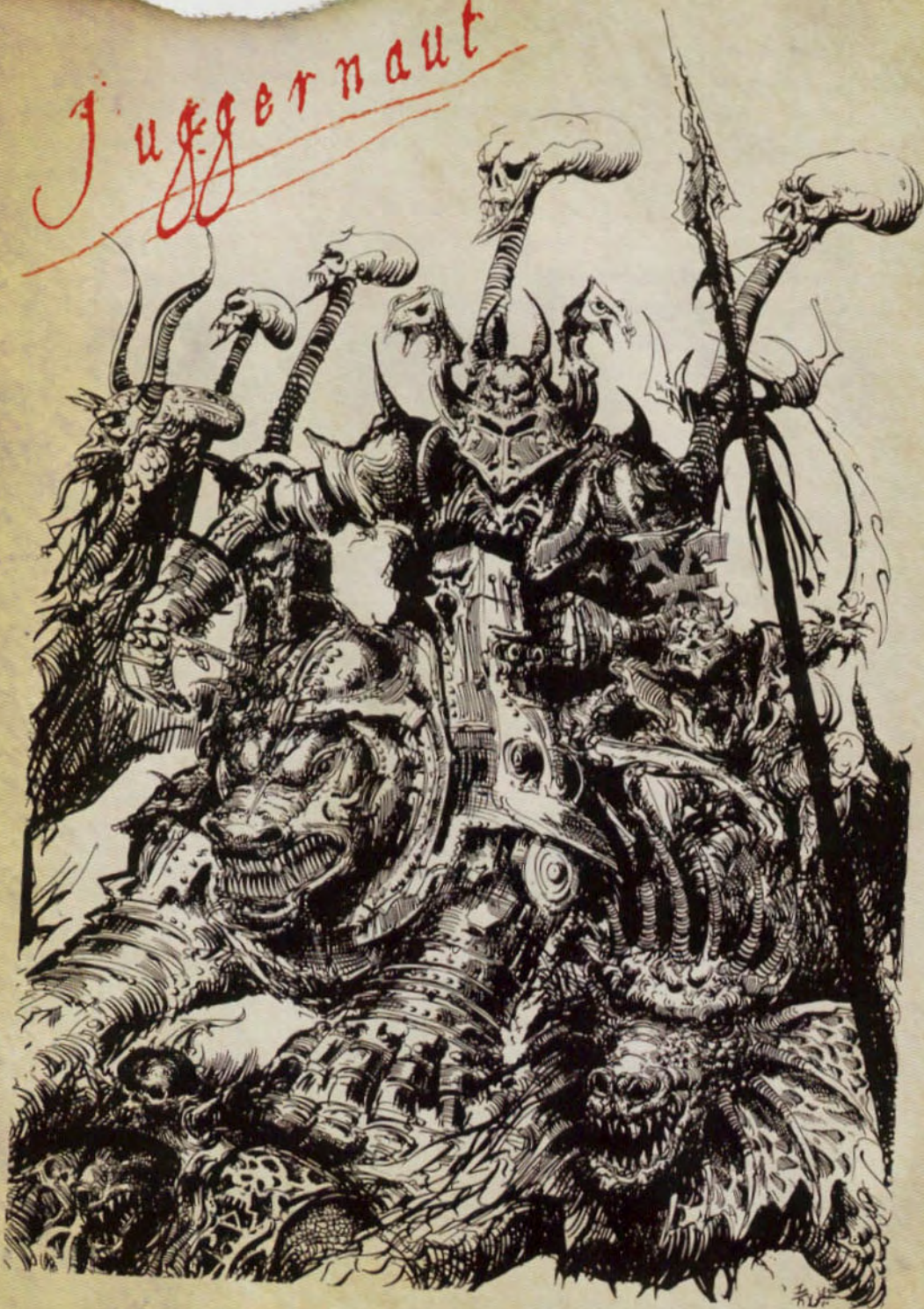
Their houses and places of business had been used by the cult in their degenerate worship and I list in detail the abhorrent discoveries we made in each one. Needless to say it confirmed their blasphemy beyond all doubt. I have imposed my decision on the judiciaries that these places should be purged and exorcised before being demolished, rather than allowing them to pass into the hands of each man's beneficiaries. Such taint cannot be allowed to exist in any form, and it must be eradicated totally.

I ponder the fate of these men of note, who had been twisted so as to become subservient to this heresy. In the case of Huyder this was particularly severe, and after a few days in captivity he was left a drooling creature, bearing no mental semblance to the man who had been such a powerhouse in the politics of the city for so many years. I cannot envisage what manner of thing must have enthralled these gentlemen to have destroyed them so utterly.

Though the cult has fallen, my investigation into their connections and their ultimate purpose in their practices continues. One disturbing revelation made by several of the cultists before their minds finally broke made reference to a woman of striking beauty and evil soul, who perhaps was the instigator of this campaign of terror. It is my belief that she has long departed the city and may be fermenting her blood-cults in other cities of the land. I shall report more as soon as I am able.

Discovered by the Mercenary
Mario Ruiz in the Hell Site
north of Erengrad.

Juggernaut



Yes! They
are not rider
and mount,
they are
one!

He came upon a mighty steed of
groaning iron and brazen steel, a
thing of living metal that stood
taller than a man and roared with
all the furies of a thousand dead.
He sat securely, proud in a deep
saddle that grew out of the very
back of this accursed Beast, its
high posts framing a massive head,
part hound, part bull, part the
incarnate soul of bloody hate.

As it came toward us we saw its
countless close-riveted plates, forged
in dark fires and bound with runes.
Its breath was fear and its every
step a thundering knell of doom. As
it bared its brazen, gore-speckled
fangs, we lost all heart and turned,
fleeing to the safety of the night and
terrors yet unseen.

Such, I believe is the fate of
any mortal army which stands
before such a foe!

- Transcribed from the only remaining copy of 'The Castle of Doubt'.

Daemons – Bloodletters

BEING A CLOSE EXAMINATION OF THE DAEMONIC LEGION OF KHORNE.
THIS PAGE SPECIFICALLY DEALS WITH THE VILE ENTITIES KNOWN
AS BLOODLETTERS.

KHORNE'S CHOSEN; Teeth of Death; Takers of Skulls; The Warriors of Blood; The Horned Ones.

These creatures are the lower daemons in the pantheon of Khorne. They fight as Khorne's footsoldiers in vicious mobs, which bray and keen for blood. There is no foul trick or cruel tactic that is beneath them. They represent all that is vile and low in battle: the cruel savagery, the desperate ferocity and the gleeful sadism when victory is seized.

THE FORM OF THE DAEMON

Bloodletters in their favoured state stand taller than a man, though they are stooped and hunched so their faces lie at a height similar to ours. Their bodies are slim with a muscled, wiry strength and their feet are turned and cloven like those of a goat.

They wear naught but scraps of armour and plate, most often brass or bronze, stamped and pressed in daemonic forges and welded there upon their bodies. Their skin beneath runs from the deepest red to near orange and drips constantly with blood.

Their heads are stretched tall with two ridged horns coloured as bone, sprouting from their temples. Their faces themselves are overlarge with the skin pulled taut, so it appears as a skull. Their eyes are deeply set, milk-white and without pupil. They have sharp, fanged teeth, behind which lies a long, black tongue that slides and caresses their razor-toothed mouths. Their spittle is said to be an acid that may burn metal and scourge the skin beneath.

Their faces are framed by shaggy manes that run down their backs. Their hair is like black wire, moulded and spiked by gore and their horns and claws are blackened and flecked with crimson.

IN BATTLE

They march forwards in serried ranks, carrying tattered banners and other unholy marks of their devotion. And as they march, there can be heard a surrusing chanting, a litany of words that some claim are evil enchantments, while others swear they hear the names of fallen comrades.

Once they have closed with their foe, however, their order is lost as they work themselves into a frenzy at the prospect of blood-letting. They will charge forward, shrieking the praises of their lord. There they may fight with blade, axe or any manner of weapon, or even with tooth and claw for they care not how the blood is spilt, they care only that it flows. Their arms and bodies are the stuff of Chaos and will tear through all that does not bear the protective enchantments of Sigmar, just as only consecrated weapons or the purifying fire may stand a chance of killing these fell beasts.

OTHER DOMAINS

Though it is in battle that they be found, first and foremost, the touch of evil spreads into every mortal heart, and with that follows the daemonic. Thus it is not only the warriors of Kislev and the north that need fear the threat of the daemon, but us all.

They are eternal, and uncaring of the passing of the ages, and can exist wherever the corruption runs deep. In the Ode de Martin Lantre, the questing knights do battle with these daemons in the Bretonnian heartwood. In Imperial Chronicles, witch-hunters have discovered them in villages deep within the Empire. And the legends are many of the wandering bands of adventurers who have faced these monsters deep within damnable shrines of the mountains and wastelands, forgotten by all except the creatures that protect them.

Daemons – Bloodletters

*Their faces
are the
twisted
embodiment
of evil and
power.*

*These are the
true sons of
Khorne –
daemons made
flesh to prey on
mortal man. I
pity any who are
visited upon by
such bestial
horror.*

*Are they more animal or
daemon? There share aspects of
the beast, but walk like a
man, on two cloven hooves.*



Daemons – Bloodbeasts

A CLOSE EXAMINATION OF THE LESSER CREATURES OF KHORNE, THE STRANGE AND UNIQUE BLOODBEASTS. INCLUDING BRIEF NOTES ON THEIR CAPRICIOUS NATURE AND APPEARANCE.

BEASTS OF KHORNE; The Monstrous Ones; Bloodspawn; The True Form; The Shapeless; Beasts of Blood.

Of all the cursed of Khorne, these creatures are at once the most twisted and brutal and yet most mysterious, for none can tell their true nature, whether they be daemon or mortal. Some mage-scholars suggest that they be mortal, for they can detect in them no connection to the other realm, like those possessed by a daemon. A few go further, claiming them to be some monstrous race unto their own, broken and enslaved beneath the Chaos yoke. Others, those who have faced them in battle or taken up arms to hunt them to the ground say otherwise, for with such terrible magicks torturing and twisting their bodies at every moment, how can any flesh be considered mortal?

I, who have seen this world as none other, can say the truth: that they are still both and neither. They are the very raw energy of the vastness of Chaos, cloaked within the vestiges of the mortal damned.

THE FORM OF THE DAEMON

The Bloodbeasts, and others of its ilk beholden to the Ruinous Powers, are wildly diverse in their appearance. If they are daemons then they care not as others of their type do to maintain a preferred form. Some are little more than a writhing mound of pulsating flesh, gaping maws and vicious spines, while others may be almost human except for in the blankness of their eyes.

The truth of Chaos is in its corruption, and these spawn are the manifestation of this truth.

As with spawn of allegiance, there are those attributes by which one may categorise them. The Bloodbeasts of Khorne are masses of muscle and tendon, with pulsing veins and whip-cord sinew. Their every orifice is ringed with sharp teeth that tear into the flesh of those who become entangled

within their elongated limbs. These limbs and tails are often armoured or scaled, while at their ends they transform into the shapes of crude but deadly weapons, flattening into blades and knives or bulging outwards into spiked maces.

The Bloodbeasts are always hugely muscled, and are often emblazoned with the skull-mark of their lord somewhere upon their bodies.

Their means of locomotion will vary from creature to creature, some may walk upright, others on all fours as horses or dogs. Those whose limbs have atrophied beyond all usefulness may drag themselves forwards by their vestigial arms or bunch and ripple along the ground as worms or slugs or snakes. A few may even have wings, although these are not so common among the Bloodbeasts, and if they are present may well be useless for flight.

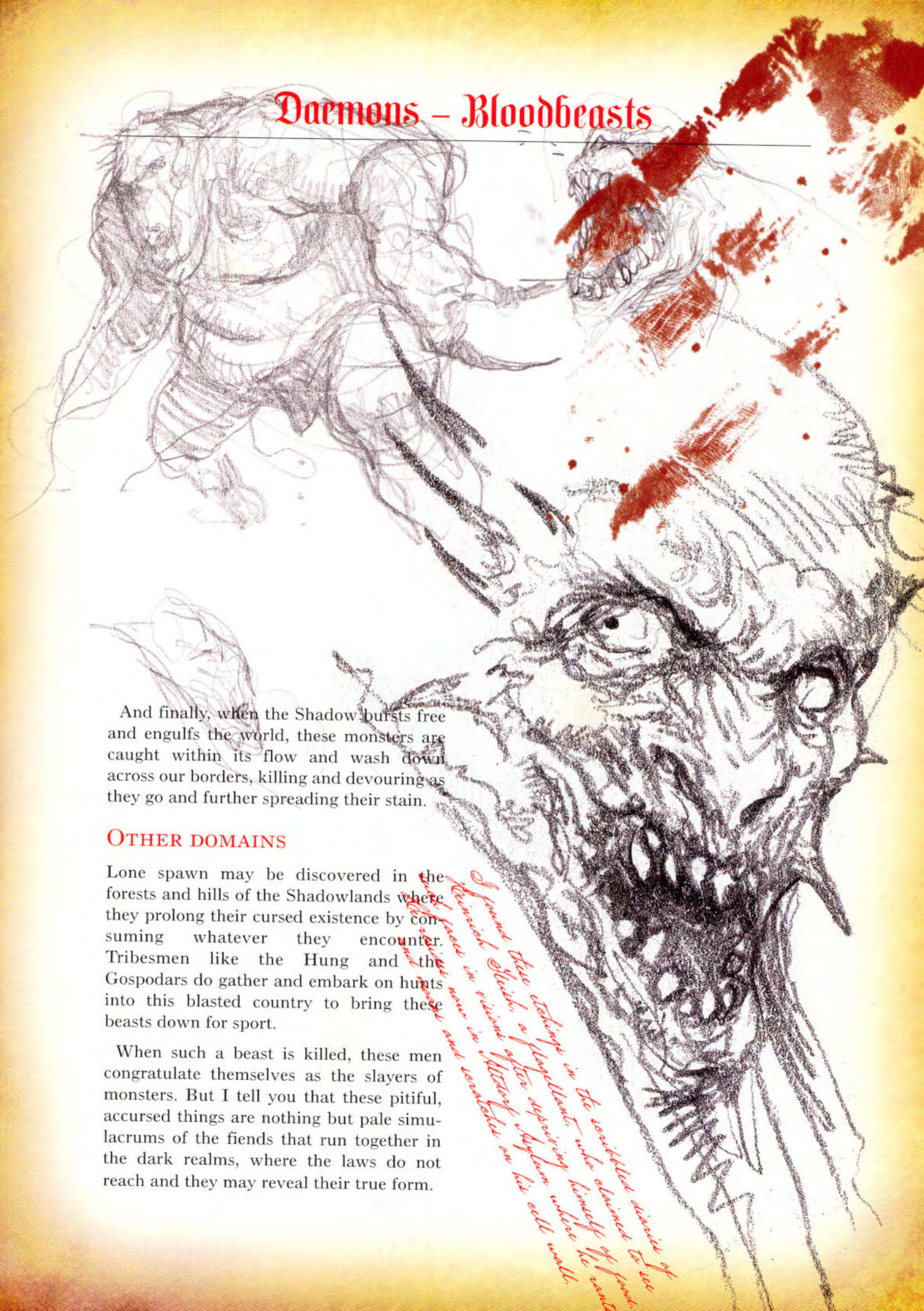
They wear no armour, nor bear arms, but their marks of evil are such to overcome even the strongest of foes.

IN BATTLE

Bloodbeasts may be found travelling among the multitude of small warbands that cross back and forth over the Shadowlands. They may be treated as beasts of war or of burden, depending upon their temperament and the nature of the corruption inflicted upon them. A few are even venerated by these warbands and carried or dragged in gilded throne-cages, from which their trusted followers do interpret their gibberings as commands and prophecies.

When these warbands join together into a horde the spawn may remain with their trusted masters, or they may be gathered into herds. There they may be controlled en masse before being goaded to crash into the enemy's lines, creating terror and confusion before the advance of their shock warriors.

Daemons – Bloodbeasts



And finally, when the Shadow bursts free and engulfs the world, these monsters are caught within its flow and wash down across our borders, killing and devouring as they go and further spreading their stain.

OTHER DOMAINS

Lone spawn may be discovered in the forests and hills of the Shadowlands where they prolong their cursed existence by consuming whatever they encounter. Tribesmen like the Hung and the Gospodars do gather and embark on hunts into this blasted country to bring these beasts down for sport.

When such a beast is killed, these men congratulate themselves as the slayers of monsters. But I tell you that these pitiful, accursed things are nothing but pale simulacrum of the fiends that run together in the dark realms, where the laws do not reach and they may reveal their true form.

*I found these things in the scabbed skins of
Jennish, a place where the laws do not reach
and they may reveal their true form.*

Daemons – flesh hounds

ON THE CANINE MONSTROSITIES THAT DO ACCOMPANY THE KHORNATE WARHOSTS. THE FERAL NATURE OF THE DAEMONIC CREATURES KNOWN AS FLESH HOUNDS IS HERE SCRUTINISED

HUNTERS OF BLOOD; Dogs of War; The Inevitable Ones; Flesh-Renders; Creatures of Khorne.

Wherever the foul daemons of the Blood God may stride the land, always at their feet run these terrible hunting beasts. They are the hounds of Khorne, savage unearthly creatures that will chase their victims across the leagues of the known world to bring them to ground, and then drag their carcasses back to the Skull Throne.

They are the embodiment of war and battle at its most unforgiving, like the savage thrill felt when plunging a sword into the enemy's back as he turns in cowardly flight, and cut down like wheat the defeated foe as they beg for mercy.

THE FORM OF THE DAEMON

The Flesh Hounds are hideously canine, and are some eight feet long from nose to tail. Their lean, wiry frames have an arched back and their skins' hue runs from the most violent reds to the bruised purples of flesh and muscle.

Along their backs may be spikes of bone or rows of iron plates, driven down along the spine, held in place by brazen rivets each moulded in the shape of the Blood Lord's skull rune. While their necks are encased in heavy iron collars, wherein resides their god's abhorrence of all things sorcerous. In this way even the greatest mage's power may crumble and fail before the hounds and the other daemons of Khorne.

Their faces are permanently twisted in a feral snarl. Their blank-white eyes are hooded beneath heavy brows and their slavering mouths contain massive fanged teeth with which they plunge into the throats and bodies of their victims.

They may have a mane of blood-matted hair that runs down their backs and across their shoulders. From this emerges more

bone, either straight and sharp as spikes, or twisted and curled as horns.

Their legs are strong, empowered by unnatural muscle, and they may leap taller than a man in their race to hunt down their prey. At the end of each foot are razor-edged claws of iron, as vicious as meat-hooks.

IN BATTLE

The Blood God does bestow his hounds upon his mightiest champions as gifts to further the tally of skulls they may take for him. Thus along the battleline there may be several fell warriors who do command a single, a pair or even as many as eight of these creatures.

Sometimes they will be chained to a leash, held in the hand of their master or some unfortunate among his followers, and they will strain and buck as they smell their foe.

Others will be allowed to roam freely, though they will never venture far from their masters until the enemy is broken and the rout begins. Some of the learned of mankind who have taken to this study believe simply that this is in their nature as part of their obedience to their god, ensured through the medium of their master. These scholars see only a fraction of the reality. I believe that when a champion is rewarded in this way, he becomes a root by which the daemon may follow him beyond the reach of the Shadow. Just as the hound protects him, so too does the man sustain it with the devotion of his immortal soul to his foul god.

But while the gifts of these beasts are not uncommon, the Flesh Hound's true purpose does not become apparent until the point at which the fighting turns from a battle into a slaughter: when that first foe does turn in flight before the axes of Khorne and all his fellows know the battle is lost. Then the Fleshhounds rise to ensure that none may escape the wrath of the Blood Lord.

*How they flesh hounds I saw that night on the steppe?
I took them to be wolves. How as well I had.*

Daemons – flesh hounds

The hounds may effortlessly match pace with their running quarry until they choose their moment to strike. They will leap upon its back, and if it be the size of a man they will bear it to the ground to be torn and shredded by their viciously clawed feet, or if larger hooking into its flesh and biting through the neck to break it from behind.

After the greatest of victories the massacre may last for days, throughout which the hounds will never tire of their pursuit or of their diet of blood and flesh. Thus is formed a Chaos Hunt where packs of these creatures do chase across the Shadowlands after their prey, endlessly pursuing the cowardly, and other enemies of Khorne. Behind the packs run eager Bloodletters, urging the hounds on with piercing whoops and shrieks of glee, ever-ready to spill blood for their demanding master. The Chaos Hunt is a fearsome sight indeed and few live to recount its gory pursuit.



*Their faces
and bodies are
varied but
always dog-
like. Different
sub-species?*

Daemons – Juggernauts

BEING AN ACUTE AND NECESSARY OBSERVATION OF THE AWESOME
CREATURES OF METAL AND FLESH KNOWN BY MOST AS JUGGERNAUTS.
INCLUDING A CLOSE STUDY OF THEIR METHODS OF COMBAT.

THE STEEDS OF KHORNE; Blood Crushers; Juggers; Blights of Khorne; Soul Crushers

The Juggernaut is neither beast nor machine but a daemoniac amalgamation of both, a creature of living metal whose flesh is brass and whose blood is pure fire. They are said to be the most brutal of all Khorne's many daemons, and only the most favoured of his warriors are granted the boon of riding a Juggernaut into battle.

They embody that moment of battle such as the breach of a siege or the crush between regiments. Wherever men are smashed against one another, where only the toughest and most stubborn and mindless of men may survive where the rest collapse in death. That is the Juggernaut.

THE FORM OF THE DAEMON

The Juggernauts are four-legged as many daemoniac steeds, with broad bodies, the heads of warped bullgods, powerful legs and heavy, wide mouths. Their skins are made of living metal, riveted with Khorne's skull-rune. Their flesh is cut to form a saddle while their faces vary from a fierce, near-human visage to metal-plated boars or dogs and more.

IN BATTLE

With their rarity, the only Juggernauts that may be seen within a warband-horde will be the mounts of the warlord, or perhaps his personal devotees.

From his daemon-steed the champion may lead the charge or may pause until the battlelines have become locked and the fighting becomes a gruelling scrum. At that moment he will spur his mount forwards into the charge so that the Juggernaut's impact will be against groups of men so tightly-pressed is that it will be annihilating, to friend and foe alike.

Once embroiled, the Juggernaut will crush those that stand before it with the ease of a man walking through grass, while its head will turn in each direction, goring and gouging those within its reach. Armour and shields are crushed beneath its massive jaws and feet, while weapons that stab at it in reply bounce off or shatter against its iron hide. No unit can maintain its order in the face of such a monstrosity and as the members turn to flee the rider may cut them down.

In only the greatest hordes are there enough champions so favoured that they may band together to form entire detachments of cavalry mounted upon these beasts of iron.

OTHER DOMAINS

As with the Fleshhounds these Juggernauts may be found in their champion's care far beyond the reach of the Shadow. I believe, as with the hounds, that their masters' souls do bind them to this world and that as soon as their souls are released to be consumed by their foul god, so too does the Juggernaut return to its lord's side to await orders anew.

One little known theory of former years was that the Juggernauts may have found their origin in the east, in the workshops of the renegade dwarfs of the Skull lands. There the beasts were supposedly a hybrid taurus altered by their armourer-sorcerers to take grafts of iron as skin and a molten rock as fuel, designed to be a living battering-ram and constructed for the legions of Khorne as part of those renegades' unholy pact with the Ruinous Powers.

Such a theory was dismissed as patent nonsense to the relief of many as it had been most often used to persecute those Imperial dwarfs that had settled within our own borders rather than to encourage our greater crusade against the darkness and its allies.

What cannot be denied is the resemblance between the Juggernaut and an image of

Daemons – Juggernauts

their bovine forge-god, Hashut, as a bull of flaming eyes and burning blood. Rather than endorse the theory above I feel that this may prove the reverse, and speak towards the origins of the renegade dwarfs, a subject on which their Imperial cousins do feign ignorance.

There is some deeper truth in this identity of Hashut, but as yet my mind cannot grasp it.

*I doubt even our noble
Reiksguard would fare
well against such an
awesome beast.*



Daemons – Bloodthirsters

THIS LAST SECTION IS DEDICATED TO THE MOST SAVAGE AND POWERFUL OF KHORNE'S SERVANTS: THE BLOODTHIRSTER. INCLUDING AN EXPOSITION ON THEIR TERRIFYING APPEARANCE.

FISTS OF KHORNE; Drinkers of Blood; Lords of Skulls; Eaters of Gore and Flesh; Deathbringers of Khorne; Blooded Ones; Guardians of the Throne; High-Handed Slayers; War Given Form

The Bloodthirster is the mightiest of Khorne's daemonic creations. None other so readily exemplifies all that the

Blood God represents. Their moniker of 'War Given Form' is especially apt as they are true embodiments of the bloodiest side of warfare and renowned as the greatest fighters of daemonkind. Only the most heroic of mortal champions would even stand the slimmest chance of mere survival if faced by this ultimate warrior, and an even smaller chance of victory.



Daemons – Bloodthirsters

THE FORM OF THE DAEMON

I believe Bloodthirsters, as may all greater servants of the Ruinous Powers, choose by what form they enter our world and their resemblance is, in turn, altered by the deepest fears of those that encounter them. They have the appearance of terror, in all the many forms in which it may appear.

The semblance they favour tends to be one of a giant armoured warrior. Their face is the bestial, almost canine, visage of Khorne's most favoured. Their hides are covered with gore-flecked crimson fur and their eyes are a milky white without visible iris or pupil. Their armour is ruddy bronze or iron black. This is undoubtedly that magical plate known as Chaos armour that I examine fully elsewhere in this tome, it is hard to imagine that these chosen of Khorne would be endowed with anything else. Finally, from their backs sprout huge, membranous, bat-like wings on which they soar over the battlefield before diving into the bloodiest part of the fighting.

They invariably wield Khorne's favoured weapon, the axe, often in conjunction with a whip. As appropriate, the axes wielded by Bloodthirsters are particularly potent and are simply known as Axes of Khorne.

IN BATTLE

It is a terrible thing for this land when the Shadow shrouds us and a mortal horde may emerge from the Northlands with a Bloodthirster at its head. Fortunately it is a rare event, or else the world would already lie in ruin. However, deep within the realms the battle between the Powers is constant, and there the Bloodthirsters command Khorne's daemon legions. It is on the battlefield that they only truly find pur-

pose for their existence and some believe that they may only physically manifest themselves at that point of carnage and slaughter, despite contradictory testimony, such as the writings of Jaeger the Fantasist. But to my mind, in such thoughts lie madness as one begins to question their very existence.

They are savage, bellowing creatures with a bloodlust that extends far beyond mortal comprehension. In battle, they lead from the front, attacking everything in reach, fearless of all except their own dark master. They are uninterested in strategies or tactics or battle plans; their thirst is only for death and blood and for skulls for the Skull Throne. Nevertheless, those hordes commanded by a Bloodthirster are implacable foes, for while the daemon will fight on its own with little regard for its minions, its mere presence on the battlefield drives their mortal and daemonic allies into a frenzy.

Some consider that their bloodlust and capacity for mindless violence does indicate that they have little mind of their own, and that perhaps this directness, even stupidity, can be used to thwart them where force of arms cannot. I refute such an idea, for they confuse the ignorant destruction of an angered child with little concept of the damage they cause with the concentrated bloodlust of one who by the reaping of others' lives does reaffirm his own.

There is no daemon, certainly none that has remained in the highest service of their god that could be described as such. They have the evil of millennia at their command and an innate understanding of what draws men to fight and to hate and to spill the blood of their brother.

Life is heresy is life

your eyes are on me
your strength is with me
your armour covers me
your hatred fills me

I have finished work for the night and taken a long
time for the past hours my eyes began to see that
dark and strange scene I was gazing from my upturned
windows which afforded me a view of the city and its
hills beyond, and I saw that something was burning
in the land. The light shone against the dark clouds from
and I followed the pillar of smoke as it rose into the
darkening sky, some coloured people like a vivid orange
blinding flash of light, my vision then, and an acute agony
grew in my breast. I think I cried out at that time
and the scene that confronted my agonised eyes.

I saw the beautiful palace of the Emperor broken up with
blood and became engulfed with it. Dark armies glided
down from the north, putting to the sword all in their way.
I saw all that was good torn from the earth and sent
adown. I watched unnumbered black columns of smoke sur-
faced with the scales of the black steeps into the weeping
sky, and all the time in my ears was the wailing and wailing
ing of the followers of the dark, and was behind it all a
cattle of such vehement power and lust as to chill my bones.
It was the voice of the blood god whose name I must
for I must unmask that

My face is its disguise.
My face is its disguise. I must unmask it
My face is its disguise. I must unmask it

I ask for nothing less than



I ran to the towns, they were burning
I ran to the streams, they were burning
I ran to the hills, they were burning
All day, all on the day

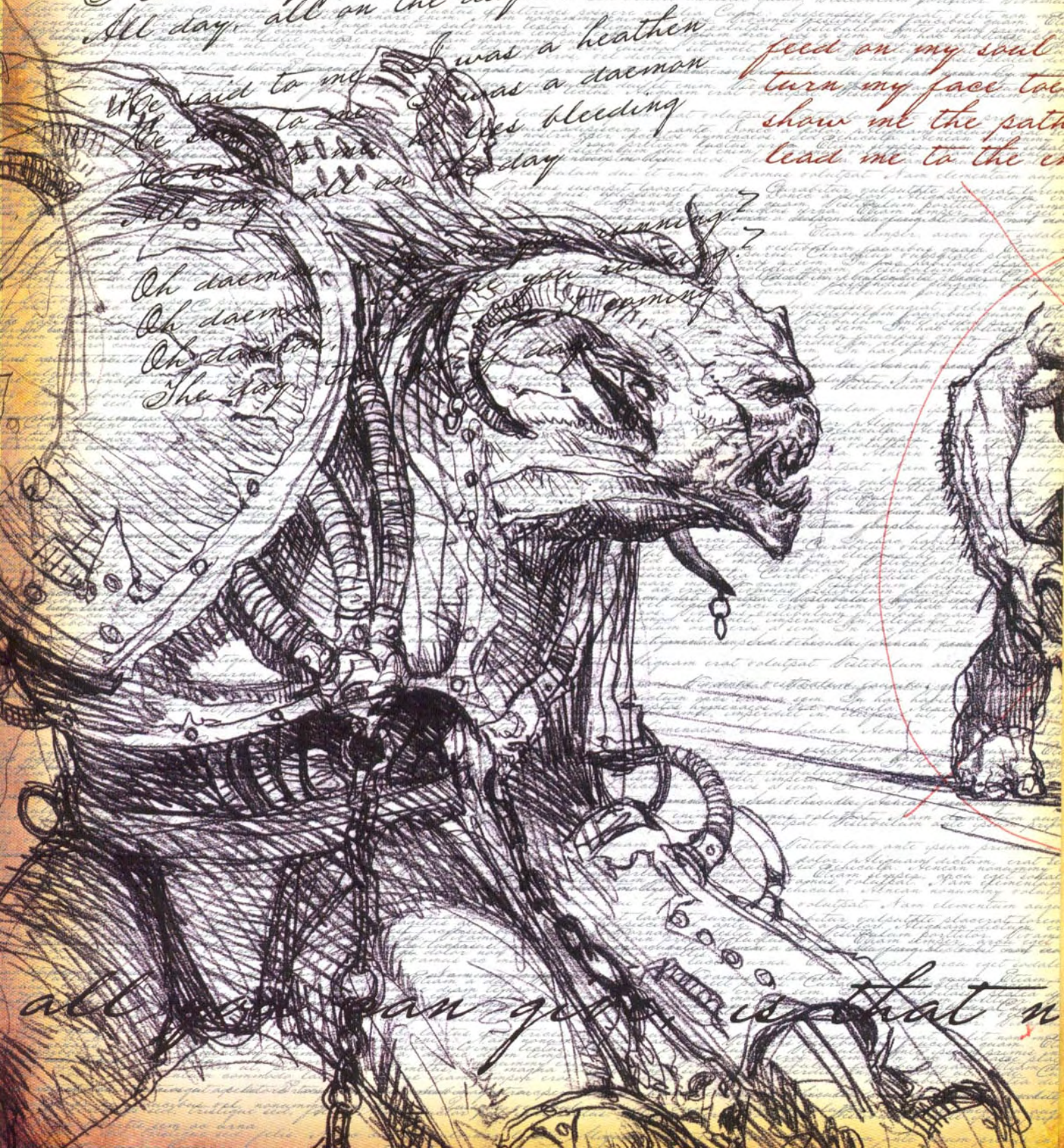
I ran to the sea, it was burning
I ran to the sky, it was burning
I ran to my god, he was burning
All day, all on the day

I was a heathen
I was a daemon
We said to me, he was bleeding
He said to me, he was bleeding
All day, all on the day

feed on my soul
turn my face to
show me the path
lead me to the end

Oh daemon, what are you doing?
Oh daemon, what are you doing?
Oh daemon, what are you doing?
The day, the day, the day

all we can get is that n



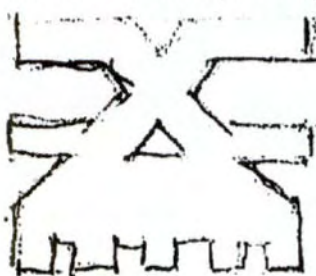
Black Crusades

No, false
visions!
This is not
me. Sigmar
relieve me
from my
ague and
open eyes to
the day
again.

THE SKY WILL TEAR! MACHINES WILL CROSS THE STARS! THE LEGIONS WILL RETURN! THE STILL BEATING HEART OF MANKIND WILL BE SACRIFICED TO SATISFY THE HUNGER OF THE BLOOD GOD!

THIS MORNING I awoke to feel as though I had been to sleep for an eternity, and yet still I can barely hold open my eyes. The same dreams return to haunt me night after night. Most are too terrible to recount. Others I cannot ignore because they seem relevant to my task. I find my mind wanders, and days pass without me being able to recall what I did with them. I wander the halls of the Scriptorium, and the walls close in. I am imprisoned by the rooms that are stacked with ramparts of books and paper (walls within walls within prisons), and by my fragile mind. I believe that no man should have to do the job with which I have been charged. We are not made from strong enough stuff to defend against the insidious powers. I weaken by the minute.

My visions are frequent now, and not visited upon me by lack of sleep! They seem so real, but when I try to remember them I cannot focus, and my thoughts slide back to the task at hand, cataloguing the obscenity



of the worship of the unnameable foe. I envy everyone else their station in life against that which I do, but I must remind myself that it is for the good of all mankind and the Empire that I attempt it. I must maintain my vigilance in my work, and pray that whatever assails my mind and body allows me to complete it before I am lost.

Sometimes I write for hours without respite. I write with conviction, but after I remember not where the thoughts came from. I read back over what I put to paper and what I see frightens me to the pit of my soul. Much as it scares me to say this, I don't know what any of it means.

A TEAR IN THE SKY

So it will occur that the Eye torn in the Sky will weep blood, and the legions that dwell there in a state of constant warfare will spill out, united under a single leader, and once again assail the bedrock of humankind.

There will be an unholy union between each and every faction and region of the infernal Eye, and untold millions of heretics and thousands of craft will seek to burst through the

stalwart defences placed there in readiness for the event.

These invasions, one every hundred generations, will prove gigantic and if



they are not stymied (I cannot see the final outcome) then surely they will bring mankind to its knees.

The alliance for these grand assaults will be welded together by a terrible overlord of Chaos, perhaps daemon, perhaps mortal. These tidal waves of destruction will occur in a time of our darkest insecurity, where the fate of humanity hangs by the merest of threads. I see the peril, and hope mankind can weather the violence of the end times.

They will occur as written.

THE PRIMARY ROAR OF THE ABANDONED ONE

*'And the Fallen will band together,
And herald one among them King.'*

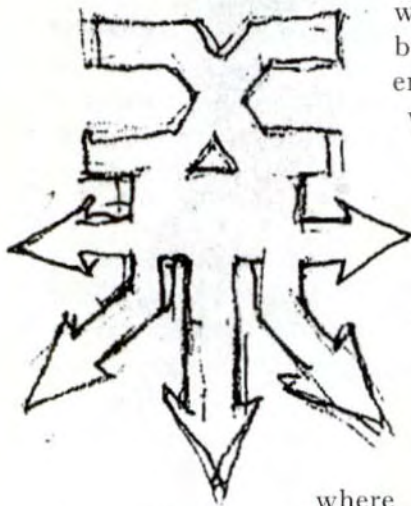
For four hundred years and more, the Eye will sleep. It will be assumed that those

Black Crusades

inside have torn themselves apart, and left themselves as little more than barbarians, struggling and clawing at one another on those worlds upon which they have been stranded. These assumptions will be proved mistaken, and the price will be dear.

The Traitor Legions will return, and at their head the Abandoned One will scream his bloody cry. He will lead the Legions of Black, and rekindle ambitions to force the Empire of Mankind to bend knee before Chaos and lament before his might.

This invasion will demonstrate little of the subtlety and malevolent brilliance that he



will later show, but in this endeavour he will learn much to aid him in future times.

Toward the Heart of Humanity

will his forces be driven, in the hopes to accomplish

where his thrice-damned forebears have failed. Wherever the Crusade passes will be left burnt cinders and shattered husks, devoid of life forever more.

But, as they will do both before and after, and in a manner eerily reminiscent of the dark days, the Guardians of the Imperium, Priest of the Machine, and giant warriors in gleaming armour who bring purity and death in equal measure, the Chapters of the

Astartes, will



will march forth together, and as one, turn The Abandoned One back; but not until a bitter struggle has been waged, and one too close to the beating heart

of Mankind for fears ever to be assuaged.

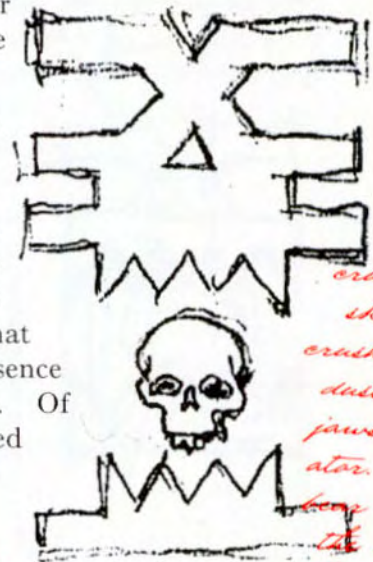
It will be on his excursion to the forbidden hills on Uralan that The Abandoned One will lay claim to the sword that imprisons the essence of Drachn'nyen. Of how he obtained such an item, I cannot see.

THE SECOND CRUSADE OF THE ABANDONED ONE

*'The eye will close on the King of Blood,
And a Fortress will rise to contain him.'*

After dashing the assault on mankind's bastion of strength, He who sits on the Golden Throne will turn his efforts to contain the threat. The Fortress of Cadium will be built, and savage Lupine Warriors will guard it with many others whose names, in time, will be forgotten. The bastion will be considered insurmountable, and for a time will prove so. Other such places will be planned, the naval port of Belis Corona and the castle of Nemesis Tessera will be the foundation blocks on which any other incursion from the Terrible Eye is to break like a wave. When these measures are completed all will wait, with breath abated, to see how they will fare when the Eye will once again open. They will wait nearly three hundred years.

But the Abandoned One will not falter yet, indeed, his allies and sponsors will rally around him in ever greater numbers and his second assault will be every bit as strong and direct as the first. This time however, the defenders will bear the brunt prepared. Savage fighting and unholy slaughter will erupt at the moment the invasion storms the Cadium walls, and continue until its costly



*crushed skulls
skulls of the
crushed, broken
dust 'twixt the
jaws of the en-
ator. These signs
keep the mark
the damned for
the followers an
those that face
them in battle-
like my battle...*

Black Crusades

conclusion five years later. In the meantime the evil forces, once stymied at Cadium, will spill out from either side and begin rampag-



ing where they can. But the preparations will prove to be strong, and a new hope will burn in the hearts of men. The Abandoned One's hammer blow will ring hollow, and he will retreat back to smoulder in ire.

THE HOST OF TALLOMINE

*'In an Age of Apostasy
The Wolf Warriors bay and howl.'*

Tallomin, Prince among Daemon Princes, will lead an attack, but the outcome is hazy and the events indistinct to me. The only thing I know with certainty is that the Wolf Warriors will play a large part in Tallomin's destruction. Whether he will be eternally banished or will yet rise again, I cannot see.

THE FOURTH CRUSADE OF THE ABANDONED ONE AND THE DEVASTATION OF EL'PHANOR

*'In the Forth insurgence,
The horror will be spliced with fire.'*

And again his legions will sweep forth, possessed of a renewed fervour. Cadium's walls



will be besieged and the Blood King is to personally lead the fleet towards the Segmentum emptiness. But at El'Phanor, the Citadel of Kromarch, the drive will halt. But the Abandoned One, terrible amidst his wrathful hordes, will lead the charge against the stolid walls. His warriors will fall like leaves, but the fortress will crumble, and the defenders be consumed by his boundless appetite.

The life and sanity of that beleaguered place is to be washed away in an orgy of annihilation. But these sinful excesses will prove his undoing, giving as they will men time to regroup, and exact a well-planned revenge on the disarrayed forces of evil that infest the ruins of the once proud castle of Kromarch; the dark ones will be shredded to rags by their own violent indulgence.

THE TIDE OF BLOOD

An ancient Prince of Khorne named Doombreed will sweep humanities finest and purest to the brink of destruction. Few will fall if compared with other invasions, but the cost will be high indeed. His war will be nothing less than a declaration of war upon the Adeptes, staunchest of all the foes of Chaos, and he will be defeated.

But I lament the Warhawks and the Venerators, for they shall be lost.

BLACK CRUSADES IN THE AGE OF STRIFE

*'And men will bare their breasts
And invite destruction to take them.'*

Apostasy will reign for many years, and the Eye will cast forth countless harbingers of death. I cannot guess at how many crusades will be launched during these dark days, but the Abandoned One will return. This I know. And men will grow mistrustful of each other and cosmic forces of tremendous power will isolate and disenfranchise our strongholds and citadels. And the ever-watchful dark will fall upon us in our weakness and seek to destroy us and much ruin will be caused. But our end will not come here. Not yet awhile.

Black Crusades

THE ABANDONED ONE'S SEVENTH CRUSADE 'THE GHOST WAR'

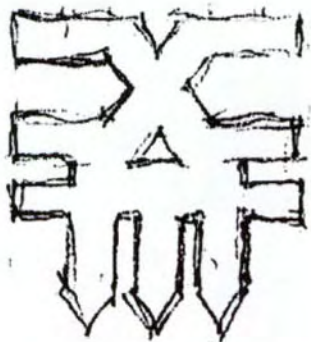
*'For the seventh time,
He came as shadow.'*

Comes the time called the 'Ghost War'. The Abandoned One's fleet will flood in a heavy tide from the Gates of Cadiam, and then disappear. There will follow years of hunt and seek and confusion and paranoia and disinformation and deceit. Raids will occur in far-flung places. His hand becomes Night and his standard secure, He will fall through the eye to prepare. Man will wait for the outcome, with dread like a vice around his heart.

THE ABANDONED ONE'S TENTH CRUSADE 'THE CONFLICT OF HELICA'

*'At the Medusa's Walls
The Iron Guards will break'*

By accident or design, the mordacious fleet is to emerge from the opposing side of the Terrible Eye to the Cadiam Gate, in the place known as Helica. Men will guard this place with hands girt in Iron and the very Chapter Kith themselves. Savage attacks on Helica will prevail, burning towards the capital, Thracian Primaris. Yet there his assault will fatally be delayed, as his Warriors of Iron clashed with the Iron Handed ones at sturdy Medusa. What will occur in that engagement my lord has not gifted me to see.



THE ABANDONED ONE'S TWELFTH CRUSADE 'THE GOTHIC WAR'

*'At the time of the twelfth,
All things will be decided.'*

It is at this time that his great plans will seem at last to bear fruit. Mighty blows will fall at Gethesmene and Schndlegeist, and the warrior Ravensberg will carry the day. But mankind will reel from the Blood Kings assault and he will escape with Blackstone, and the ruin of man is further assured.

THE FIRST STRUGGLE FOR THE HEART OF ARMAGEDDON

And Angron will rise to challenge men and curse them and eat their world, leading a train of traitors and a legion of Daemons, they will blast out from the Eye's red pupil. They will appear as if from nowhere in an ancient vessel of indescribable proportions at Armageddon, that already falters from its own mischief. The land will be turned into a cauldron. But once again the Lupine Warriors and Knights in Grey lead a sally to rout the deadly foe. The mortal shell of Angron himself will be destroyed and he will be cast back into the infernal realms.

Berserkers

LEGIONS OF TRAITORS HAVE LEFT THEIR KIN AND SUCCUMBED TO THE BLOOD CALL OF KHORNE. THEIR COMING WILL HERALD A NEW AGE OF APOSTASY, AND A DARKNESS THAT WILL NOT BREAK!

THEY WILL FALL from the sky and fire will be their greeting. They travel the heavens, girded completely in armour, so that no part of their body is visible. They burn with a great incandescence in their eyes that doth mirror the burning hatred in their hearts. They feel nought for us but the deepest contempt, and strive at nothing more than the eradication of good from the world. They are the Traitor Legionaries, the fallen Astartes, black stars in the night sky that bleeds in its own shade of blood.

Of all the God Daemons of Chaos, it is Khorne that has the greatest sway over the Traitor Legionnaires' hearts. This is not surprising. Khorne is the bloody god of warriors, and the Astartes are the ultimate warriors. Fully an entire Legion, that is named the Eaters of Worlds, has devoted itself to Khorne's worship, and indeed every other Legion has its members who have foresworn their original loyalties to sink into his bloody veneration. Their fellows shun such legionnaires; for upon the battlefield the bloodlust will grip them so hard that they are as likely to turn upon their comrades as cut a bloody swathe through the enemy. Now there is little distinction between the original World Eaters and those from other Legions who bear the same blasphemy, and so they are all known as Khorne Berserkers.

Some ancient event caused the Eater of Worlds to splinter. No longer do they travel as a legion or as companies or with any discipline or order, but rather they have formed into warbands under their champions. These warbands vary in size, from a few individuals to hundreds of warriors. They chart their own destiny, attaching themselves to the raiding fleets of other

Legions, or simply making their home upon one of the ancient sea-hulks and leaving their destination up to the whims of fate. Only a being of awesome power and authority, such as Doombreed or Angron himself, could ever forge the Berserkers back together again as anything resembling a Legion.

These gruesome fiends favour close-combat blades crafted deep in the hellforges of the Eye: swords that scream, and axes with swift rotating blades set into the head, they all cry forth to their bearer for their never ending thirst to be slaked with blood. Competition to be first into the fray and the first to kill for the Blood God is fierce and they are known to fall upon their own weapons should they be denied a blood-sacrifice for their patron god.

Their armour, a warped and desecrated version of the powerful armour of the noble Astartes, bears the colours of their lord: red, black and brass, and all are affixed with further icons of devotion or trophies of the slain. The right gauntlet is often painted red, supposedly as another symbol of Khorne. The original colours of the Eaters of Worlds are still visible on some items. Often a shoulder piece, a breastplate or a single piece of armour has come from one of the Legion's original warriors, and has been incorporated without redecoration. Why they wish to maintain a link to their past is unknown to me.

The Berserker is an unnatural and deadly enemy. No plea or bribe could stay his blade from striking. Mercy is nothing to them, the concept entirely alien. Their ranks are manifold and their strength is incalculable. I understand them not. But I have seen them. Soon they may see me. And then I will die.



*Who are they, these iron-clad
warriors who haunt my every waking
moment?*

*Lord Sigmar have mercy on my
soul, for I fear for my sanity in
the face of such horrors!*

Cults of Khorne

BEING A RECOUNT OF THINGS TO BE, AND WHAT I SEE WILL COME TO FRUITION, AND IT WILL BE ROTTEN AND FOUL, AND WILL SWELL WITH DISEASE AND POLLUTE ALL THE GROUND.

CULTS EXIST. They may exist anywhere. They may be acting out debauched ceremonies in the lodgings next door. You may be a member yourself, an unknowing (or knowing!) worshipper of the black faith. Inquisitors and Witch Hunters work and fight during the day or night. But they are but a crumbling breakwater, against which the growing tide of the foolish seduced who enter into unholy pacts, and ensnare others to follow them to damnation.

The breakwater will one day collapse, and the dark lords will run riot through our lands, with the ignorant multitudes cavorting at their feet.

THE KITH OF SAPIENCIA

The Kith will be born from the underclass of a vast city called Sapiencia, which will teem like a hive, in the far-flung place called Sabbat. And from this birth one will rise to dubious eminence. And he will be called Sholen Skara.

Sholen Skara will be infamous for the Balhaut murder-camps where, by him, will be killed an obscene number of inhabitants, but after the Most Holy Crusade took that place he will flee to Sapiencia; and there the Kith will be waiting for him. There he will incite them to action; they will overthrow Imperia's rule, butcher all who remain loyal, and seize supplies destined for the Most Holy Crusade. In doing so Sholen will hope to force an attack by the Imperia's Guard forces of the Crusade, and thereby further add to the death and slaughter that he will worship with such fervent lust. The Holy Guard will oblige and, in an assault upon Oskray Island, crush his forces.

But Sholen will have one final play. As soon as he knows the battle is lost he will give an order of mass suicide to his followers. Such is his grip upon the minds of the Kith that they will obey without question,

and more than ten thousand of them will their own lives take in praise of Khorne. Sholen will not kill himself, but rather try to escape and, as Sigmar wills, will, or will not be taken by the Imperia's Holy Guard.

THE MANSKINNER

A bloody deal with the dark powers will be bartered by one who will become known as The Manskinner, to facilitate his escape from Imperia's just captivity. This he will do, but the price will be high; he will lose his arm in the escapade. But the dark ones will replace the limb with a mutation of grotesque appearance and he will take it as a sign of favour and dedicate himself to Khorne.

He will prove a powerful and magnetic orator who will corrupt any who listen too closely. At Gathalamor the Manskinner will earn his name by flaying those who oppose him and running their skins up flagpoles.

After such atrocities, The Templars of Sable will move to hunt him down, and they will succeed in bringing him to battle at Empyrion's Gate. There, a small contingent of Templars of Sable will win a famous victory over the Manskinner's Horde, destroying it utterly. Those whose lives he help destroy will flay the skin from his flesh, and display it around the towns.

THE BRINGERS OF KHORNE

In the hour after his birth, Bloody Khorne will pit eight fearsome champions and have them clash in single combat until only one remains, and he will be Khorne's chosen. And other mortals will seek to emulate this ritual, seeking far and wide great warriors to pit themselves against, and destroy all others who stand in their way.

And when one seeks to join their bestial ranks he will be matched with eight others such hopefuls, whom they train in the ways



Cults of Khorne

of battle, until finally they will be matched off against one another. Only one will survive to be initiated into the cult. This combination of martial pride and ultimate betrayal is said to please Khorne well. The Fists of Imperia claim to have destroyed a temple of them on Orodin and further defeat many of their warriors individually down through the centuries. But they will never be fully expunged.

THE BLOODKIN

In The Most Holy Crusade for Sabbat, in the Fight for the Gap, the merchant clans of Illyornis, after years of heavy tithing, will finally snap and revolt. The suppression of this uprising will be famous in the histories of Imperia. The insurgent armies, constituting a great number of men, will seize the governor's palace, the cargo docks and curtain wall defences of the city, casting out all Imperia's officials and thereafter declaring their independence from fair Imperia. Only the Arbitrators stationed there will show any resistance at all, and while they will fight to the last, they will be only a few hundred against a host.

The High Command of the Gap Crusade cannot ignore such a loss of his supplies, and thus he will reroute a detachment of the Crusade to quell the rebels. The force will consist of several regiments of Qxyr Stalkers, feral tribesmen who have been recruited into the Holy Guard and who will survive, mainly through unparalleled brutality upon the field, much of the worst of the Gap Crusade. The defenders of Illyornis will prove little match for these hardened and battle-seasoned soldiers, and with lightning strikes the Guard generals will bring the rebels to their knees in a matter of days with a minimum loss of life and resources. Detachments of Stalkers will be positioned around the city to disarm and hold the rebel forces, while the Holy Guard's commander, General Vincencious Polsch, will graciously accept the Illyornians' formal surrender.

But this is not the end of my foretelling.

It will be at this very ceremony that Commissar Kline, attached to the Qxyr regiments, will step forward and declare the acceptance of the surrender to be heresy of the highest order. With ruthless and swift efficiency he will summarily execute Polsch and his staff and assume command, wherein he will decree that the rebel forces should be utterly annihilated. The Stalkers around the city will obey with great fervour, flooding the Illyornians in their own prisons or simply dragging them from their cells and beheading them with their Qxyrian ritual battle swords. Such is the danger if you swell the ranks of your army with such barbaric savages.

It will come apparent that the Qxyrian faith, which will have been previously sanctioned as a bloody but beneficial worship of The Golden Emperor, will in fact be something far darker. Kline, assigned to ensure their loyalty, will be tainted himself, but how this happens I cannot fathom.

Kline and the Qxyrian regiments will leave the shattered Illyornis before news of this treachery can reach the Crusade fleets. They will remain at large, and call themselves The Bloodkin, and much destruction will be brought by their swift and deadly strikes.

THE WARHERD

In the fifth dawn of summer, when the rain falls black with hate, the Warherd will descend. Their feral beliefs of culling the poor to replace them with their brood will garner them a following from the furthest reaches of the world. All will tremble before them, for the markings of a poor man will serve to be his undoing. They will worship Khorne in their way, offering up the slain for his delectation, and moving on to the next place to be ravaged and spoiled. I see their leader clearly sometimes; his face a mass of battle scars, and his body adored with many items of precious gold and vain jewels, all red, as to resemble drops of blood, as they run in threads down his armour.

They will never be caught. They will kill forever.

Renegades

A STUDY OF THE TRAITOR LEGIONS, WHOSE CORRUPTION SHINES OUT LIKE A BEACON OF DARKNESS – EVEN AMONGST THE DEPRAVED FOLLOWERS OF THE BLOOD GOD.

THE TRAITOR LEGIONS be not the only forces at the wrathful beck and call of Chaos; they be not even the smallest fraction of the numbers at the Dark Gods' command. Far aside from the hundreds of billions of mortals that slave beneath their rule within the Terrible Eye, they have countless other followers in places as yet untouched by man in the wider realms of the sky. The warp extends and permeates through all things and peoples, and wherever a man can think an evil thought, there too are the dark gods beside him.

Many such followers will be blind as to the ghoulish reality of the beasts they worship. Stone-age barbarians worship their tribal gods, or noble dilettantes in vast cities with spires that reach into the stars turn to anything to relieve the boredom of their existence. The Powers care little for such followers; for they be mere mortals driven by their own mortal weakness, without the talent or the ambition to truly achieve anything that would be noticed in this vast space.

Yet some differ. Some have gained true knowledge of the Powers and covet the abilities and vision with which they may see the potential in foul worship. Men and women such as these be determined to dedicate their lives to these depraved and decadent gods, not in a haphazard or a mundane fashion, but completely, utterly and with driven intent. Their return? Reward! To ultimately join the Power's immortal servants as a daemon prince. Vile Lords will reward the most powerful, but just as easily they will gleefully damn them to eternal oblivion to be a sub-human monstrosity! All vicious Primarchs of the Perfidious Legions, all those that lived and escaped the death they deserve, have been raised as this. Hateful and baneful they be, and regard the

human race with an eye jaundiced with envy, and they do covet our destruction.

I brand them thus: renegades. In the cold reality they are as wildly diverse as the spawn of Chaos that gibber and whimper in their ecstatic perversion and do puke forth from the orb in the sky. They infiltrate every corner and remote bastion that humanity clings to like sand on a rock. And the tide cometh! I have felt it rise o'er my head and by Sigmar I am drowning in it. Such is ALL our fates!

Dreaded craft ply all seas filled with dreadful creatures that thirst ever for blood; rotting, rusting but held together by some unseen and insidious power that I cannot understand. With crews and retinues of dark followers, mutants and misfits, such a hulk is a danger for all. They drift on the whims and fancies of the great sea that covers the world and all others, and when they fall out near habitation, doom is near.

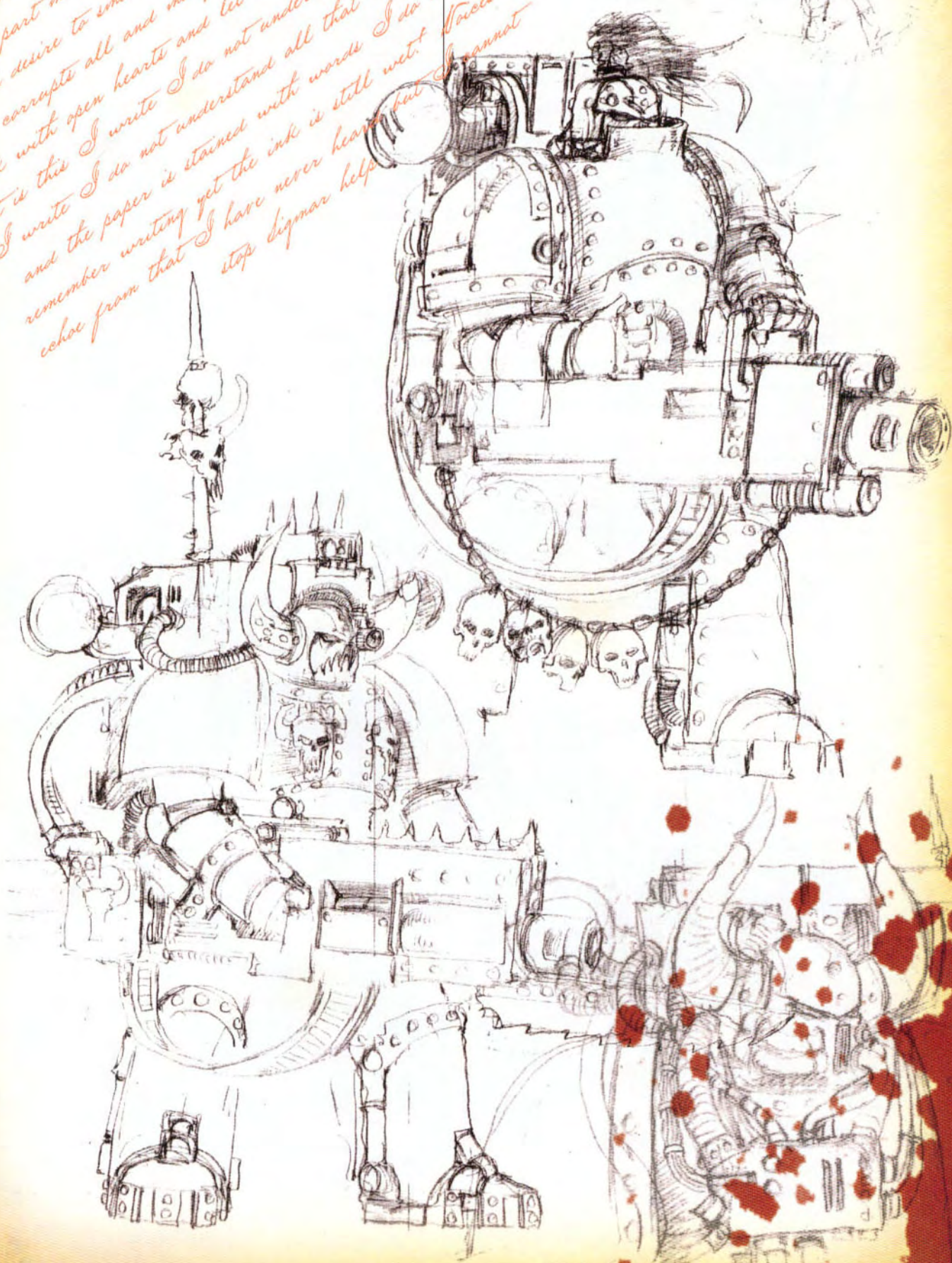
Renegades often lie hid in the centre of secret coven networks. They nestle like a disease in the midst of craven worshippers, fawning supporters and deceitful informers, manipulating all those they can into the service of Chaos. Such renegades may command the power to lead armies of followers, to summon daemons through blasted rituals, and instil fear in many by their mere presence. These twisted personages may be mortal, but they provide great use to Khorne and reap the corrupting benefits of his notice and favour.

But the complexities of the true nature of such covens are deep and my mind is riven with doubt regarding their true impact onto our domain. All I know for certain is that they pose a grave danger, and every cranny and nook must be searched with the light of righteous vengeance.

*They will crash us
all to dust... they
will come from the
dark, and all with
in will be dark,
dark as the light
and my eyes that
and die. I
recognise
any more... i
with the
that blows
death.*

The Legion starts tallest of all men -
man-gods - part machine, part flesh and possessed
of a feral desire to smite their foes to dust. But
Chaos corrupts all and many turned to face to
dark with open hearts and let it embrace all
what is this I write I do not understand all that I know
I write I do not understand all that I know
and the paper is stained with words I do not
remember writing yet the ink is still wet. Voices
echo from that I have never heard but I cannot
stop signor help

Renegades



War Engines of Khorne

REGARDING THE BRINGERS OF CALAMITY, THE MACHINES FORGED IN REVERENCE OF BLOODY KHORNE WHO SO COVETS THE DESTRUCTIVE PATHS THEY CLEAVE ON THE BATTLEFIELD.

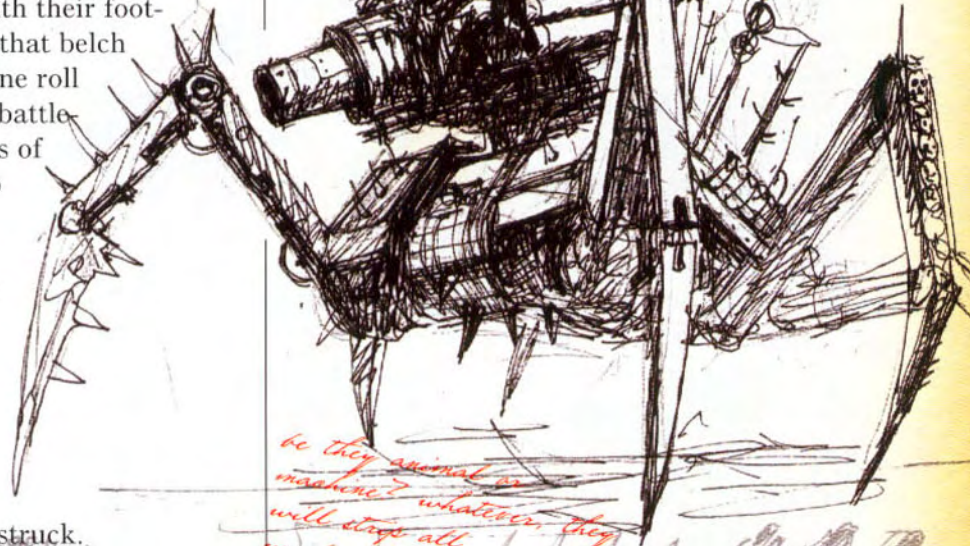
WHEN THE HOSTS of Chaos emerge from the Terrible Eye, they will be accompanied by vast legions of machines and vehicles to further extend their blood-letting. From hideously corrupted versions of age-old patterns to the mighty titans of the traitor orders, to entirely unique war-engines, as insane in their design as they are lethal in battle.

The Legion of Traitors will, with all certainty, blast from the eye, on great machines of fire and steel to rent the further universe asunder. I have seen these things, and though you would never believe the dread visions to be true, I know they will come! Tremendous beasts wrought of iron, which walk like men on gleaming legs, crash through mountains and split the rocks of the earth with their foot-falls. Squat metal tanks that belch forth steam and brimstone roll without mercy over the battlefield, flattening creatures of flesh and mortal bone to pulp. The screams still echo in my ears. These perambulating weapons of the dark forces are daubed with blasted runes and sigils and are possessed by daemons, with armour that writhes and squirms every time it is struck.

I have seen the fabrication of entire armies of death-machines in the name of a single Chaos warlord. Such names as Exstructor Grayam, whose racing daemon-engines despoiled the five plains of Idny, and Heritor Asphodel whose death-machines terrorised sacred Sabbat to incite the most holy Crusade. Monikers like these are synonymous with the cursed forging of battle machines the like of which have never been seen before.

These unholy devotees of some machine-god will make Imperia tremble, and their names will cause Mechanicus-cultists to recoil and bless their holy relics.

Khorne adores such engines of war as they raise the level of carnage and destruction to ever heightening levels. His hosts boast great cannon engines that serve as battlefield altars and even mighty machines known as Lords of Battle that are believed by some to be controlled by the essence of a Bloodthirster. His vehicles are always festooned with all manner of spikes, slicing blades, scythed wheels, implements of torture and the remains of the unfortunates caught by them.



be they animal or machine? whatever, they will stop all worlds... all will quake before these monsters!

Inscribed here (I wonder how the paper it is printed on does not weep for having been befouled so) are sketches and scribbings from my burgeoning mind as the dreams begin to take a stronger hold over me. I drew them for clarity, and they are faithful renditions of some of the things that appear in my dreams that so afflict my fevered sleep.

125' by 24.6'
 35' by 14.7' leg joint =
 240.6' / 245'
 alloyed framework
 strengthened - 2357.87 tonnes?
 141.54' by 488' joint - 53'
 352.715' 17' ... 345' 87'.

SECONDARY
 ARMAMENT POINTS.

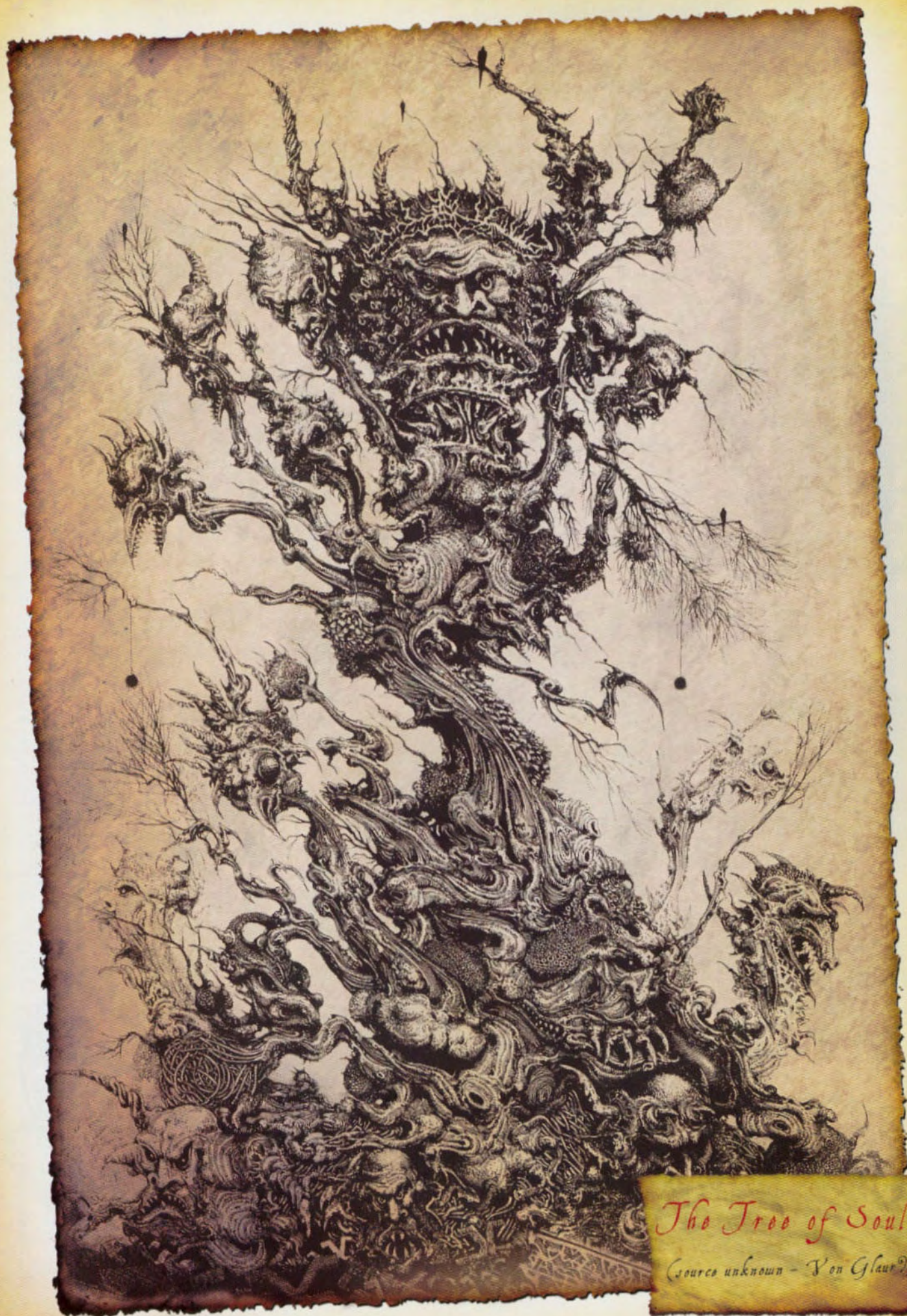
130.7'
 by 45.87'
 height
 125.8' ?
 tonnage
 at least 500
 more?
 stride length
 25' / 1'

HUGE TORSO
 GUN TANK LIKE,
 ARM-LIKE SERGE BITS
 ON SHOULDER HARD
 POINTS

I have spent weeks drawing
 schematics and plan diagrams.
 These things could never be
 made. The finest minds, or
 the most unhinged, of the
 Colleges of Engineering in
 Nuln could not construct
 such monstrous things.
 And yet some part of me
 knows they exist... or will do.

height - 537' by 87'
 tonnage 40035! impossible...

I cannot conceive what sort of depraved mind
 would think of such insane contraptions. But it
 is my own, for these I drew from memory, they
 are the essence of my dreams. I don't believe
 I will continue here for much longer. I grow
 afraid as my mind ails. No one can help me
 now.



The Tree of Souls

(source unknown - Von Glaur?)

and so I walked across Khorne's Meadows, beneath the
brazen sky. All about were black flowers, each a shade
trapped in death, each bloom a twisted face, each leaf a tiny
skull, each stem a spine of twisted bones. Crimson-flecked
flies sucked the bloody nectar, and the corrupt fields were
filled with an odour of despair. The blooms of death nodded
at my passing and conspired with one another. At my feet
crimson worms and fat maggots gorged themselves on the
lifeblood of Khorne's fallen. The distant shrieks of
Daemons, cavorting and dancing around these borders and
gardens of blood were blown across that dark meadow by a
breeze made sweet with the smell of rotting meat.

And then came I to the Tree of Damned Shades.

Living souls were hung upon its branches and living
souls were buried among its roots. This was done long ago,
in the winter of that bloody land. Contorted with pain and
self-loathing and warped with loyalty to Chaos, the shades
had made their pact of blood and now had had their
reward. Those same shades, now condemned for eternity and
piteous in their grieving, gibbered regrets and fears and
promises of gratitude from every branch and twig. All save
one, whose defiant eye I met. I paused in the glare of that
glowering orb, and waited a while. The tree spoke with a
voice of creaking and tearing timber, as if a thousand axes
struck to splice its heartwood.

'By my broken faith and darkened promise, a mortal
walks nearby. For all those mortals who have tasted my
fruits and drank of my sweet blooms, I will taste his
nectar and drink his blood. For once my roots eat of his
flesh he is mine, and what was his is mine. A body... A
body... Then I will be free of this confinement. My loyalty
is true and clear, I will slay in Khorne's name. Blood
beyond measure will I give to him. Oh, to be free of this
wooden frame, that I could once more march to the beat of
my heart...'

The tree lashed its branches about me, and I fled, for
my fate lay not with those trapped and hideous souls.

'Siber Malefic, The Book of Hated Khorne' - Marius Sclucher

The Great War of Chaos

It coming



I discovered this in the ruins of Sternheim, after the great fire. I believe it to be a fragment of a much larger text. The translation took many long months.

It was the year of the Khaos Moon when we looked upon the cities of the Hammer and the Wolf, of the Lady and the Ice Throne and we saw their turmoil. We looked upon them and saw the suffering of their people. We looked upon them and saw at last the end of their civilisation. The time had come for us to herald in the new age.

The gods called for war and the god Kharneth blew his war horn and the beasts of the forests did answer and ventured forth once more from their territories and out into

the land of men. And the chosen bands did answer and marched south joyfully and merrily as they brought more to our fold in death. And even the orcs and goblins of the hills and woods set forth, ignorant and blind but still serving their true gods in their own crude way.

Good father Nurgleth did bless the land of the Hammer and the Wolf with his diseases and pestilence and the people did rejoice in his blessing and each one performed the dance of death in his honour.

The gods looked down upon us and smiled and opened the gates that separate our realm from their paradise. Through them there came the bounty of their essence, the matter of their being, and it stretched and washed across the land and it was beautiful. We marched before its beauty, heralding the joy that we would bring to the world and its people.

We were brought together by the call of the champions, and our bands did gather with their own so that we may better spread the promise of Khaos and smite those who showed that they could not be saved. And our champions did challenge one another to determine who was worthy to lead us. And those worthy champions were named Engra Deathsword, Sven Bloody Hand, Asavar Kul and Valmir Aesling.

We gathered score on score, a greater number than had come together than ever before, for we knew that this would be the shining days of our world. A thousand came, and then a thousand more. From the east, from the west, from the north and from the south we came, for none could be diverted from this cause. We were an army beyond number, and as we marched from our proving ground each triumphant warrior laid a pebble upon a pile, until there grew a mountain that soared into the air. *Could this be the mountain of*

The enemies of salvation did walk upon the icy fields and block our pilgrimage and refused to stand aside. Men of the feather and the fur, men of the Ice Throne, men of a treacherous name who once could see and now are blind. We met them between two stone-walled towns and with our gods name on our breath, did usher them into the eternal salvation, and honoured them by feasting upon their vacated mortal shells.

1 Of death a ribbon anything this word are destined for ing more. She st rest. The word the only thing that is all there all the death a m the toll is ultio =t than the seam tha deserves- it will the curse is alrea the labour and t tears that I have mortal coil dur years of my life left to give, so place in the pan ing. I bid fare know me- I no they are. My eyes and they are the have ever seen b =g A Q M C C of wrings the war hands. My crime 4 I have stood ba =t witnessing the a plague and the de the vile and wr paper like this out? Tomorrow =w until sunset bac must write for w comes into my dr pers dark sec added mind stor 6 where I fear to =w the sun stream windows and t market traders a hooves still K C and I cannot de me. She end is the only man =t Never before lonely they come. Fla

Alphabet Correlation

$t = 20$
 $t = 2$
 $g = 7$
 $t = 23$

None of these letters is in Khorne!

$10 = w$
 $11 = g$
 $12 = t$
 $13 = t$
 $14 = b$

$Khorne =$

$k = 11$

$h = 8$

$a = 15$

$r = 18$

$n = 14$

$K = 11^2$ and $P = 2$

$K = 8^2$ and $A = 54.38$

no no no, random nonsense, I waste time.

The Great War of Chaos

*The number of
Kharn stems from
the name and the
words in conjunction
with the verse?*

We spread the new word through all the northern lands that they sought to claim as their own, and we prepared the way for the greater beings that would follow. And the Ice King saw us and was afraid for he would be revealed a fraud before the munificence of our gods. His very realm did aid us in our path, turning the water to rock so that we could continue unhindered. We scattered his remaining followers to the winds for they deserved naught of our mercy now.

We came to our enemies first great bastion, that city they know as Praag, and these folk were small and frightened by our presence. They did bolt their gates and hide behind their walls, for they feared that which they did not know. We would bring them wisdom, but we would wait for them to find it in their midst first. We attended them and prayed for their deliverance and our prayers were answered by good father Nurgleth who had dwelt among them from the start.

His blessings had made them ready and we would complete their induction. Time and again we brought the glory to them, at their gates, over their walls and beneath their ground. We would never desist in the holy mission that was before us. So many of them died in ignorance, so many passed on without knowing the wonder of Khaos, such tragedy that they could not be convinced of the error of their ways until the very last. But our effort was not, is never, in vain for it is the hardest won souls that please our gods best.

Great was our victory on that day, and great our gods acknowledged it. For they sent the spirits of Khaos to bless us in our victory, who turned and consecrated the city known as Praag forever in our name. Their favour was great as the very city itself took life and gave us poor mortals the briefest glimpse of the perfection of their realms.

Then we did gather before the walls of the seat of the Ice Throne. We stood their all in our ranks: the chosen of the gods with iron skin and mighty weapons, the champions upon their steeds, the shamans with their graces and incantations, the afflicted beast men with their calls and crude dedication, and as a sign of our most great favour, the legions of our gods' own had come to join us in our action. The immortal servants of Kharneth, Slaaneth, Nurgleth and Tzeeneth stood beside us in our advance.

Together we fought these unbelievers, the men of the Ice Throne, the men of the Hammer and Wolf and the dwarfs of the mountains for we all joined together in one great prayer to our gods. But for all our efforts, and the greatness of the favour bestowed upon, these stubborn, fearful men could not lift their eyes from the ground to gaze into the infinite. And so, with so much accomplished, and yet so much more to complete, we left them to their damnation and returned back to our lands.

But we are not ashamed of our deeds, or embittered by their ignorance, for our way is open to all. The men of all the world will be ready to experience our glory one day, and on that day we shall in turn be ready for them.

I feel him watching all I write and I think him in my mind. Every thing I do, if not guided by him is at least observed and scrutinised with guarded anxiety. I cannot pretend that anything I do will cause him any concern, but I have been brought to his attention and must bear his presence. My fear is that I may discover something of great importance or significance that will cause him bring my end. So, I have decided that if he cannot read words, and words are my only tool, he cannot understand what I am thinking and will fall in my weakness. I feel a closer approximation of an answer! years of research will bear fruit.

Why can't we learn from the plague that incarnates us? Why can't we learn from the mistakes we make? Because I am the only one who has seen them all! I beg to be listened to. I beg that those who read this terrible book that they take what I have written and act upon its strong warning. But what if they do not? Then this work will have been in vain and my labours wasted - the most evil by and over to have been sent to hell, which is where it now resides in torment.

This poem contains a message but it is not the words that carry the portrait. I believe it is the numbers that bring forward the truth. All the world is contained with these numbers and treacherous words, but through the parity of numbers all the secrets of the universe can be revealed in the fullness of their glorious clarity. I also believe that if I can unlock what the number of Kharn be I will find the correct formula with which man can rise up and smite him from all existence. I must work harder than ever before, the weight of my task rests so heavily on me now. I must cast the shackles off and search for our salvation, and destroy him utterly.

The Last Days

BLESSED SIGMAR SAVE ME, MY SOUL IS A BARREN WASTELAND AND ALL MY THOUGHTS ARE BLACK. I HAVE SEEN TOO MUCH. DEAR LORD I BEG YOU FOR ALL I HAVE LEARNT IS THE MEANING OF DESPAIR!

The God has a number What??

AND AFTER ALL this was done, I looked out upon the world and saw it in shadow. I looked to the sun and eclipsing my view stood the mountain. And then I knew the last days were upon us all.

Stanza 1 = A = 1?

I raised my eyes to its peak and there stood a man. The man held his arms aloft against the light and from them issued forth the deepest shadow the size of which could cover all the lands and plunge them into unnatural darkness. And as the darkness touched me I knew this to be the Blood Lord Khorne, come to take his final toll.

Stanza 2 = I = 2?

He leaped into the air and with him detached the shadow from the earth, and I saw that these shades were his wings by which he would sweep away the kingdoms and nations of this earth.

Stanza 3 = H = 3?

Behind him followed eight creatures each with faces that looked in every direction. I peered upon them and knew them to be the eight princes of blood, and their names were Bharoea, Folhlyytar, Kwenterraril, N'Nerthryl, Irshardyr, Yiotderss, Daccq'uo and Gzardentane.

Stanza 4 = P = 4?

And the Lord of Blood did travel to the island to the north of the great raised continent and did visit the altar in his name. There he placed his hand on the sword in place there and did reclaim the eternal blade, for the end times were now upon us all.

Stanza 5 = A = 5?

And the Lord of Blood did stand before the first creature which was of iron and lead, which had four legs and four eyes and who walked with the roll of thunder and did bear upon his brow the mark of Khorne inscribed in a seal of black iron. And this first creature did bow down before his master. And the Lord of Blood did raise his sword and strike the head of this first creature from its body.

Stanza 6 = A = 6?

And when the head fell to the ground the world did quake and tremble as it had never done before. The walls and buildings of every town and city did fall to the ground, the mighty towers of the mortal nations did collapse upon themselves. No fortress stood nor no other structure was left standing and the

Stanza 1, 3, 4, 5 = A = K?

no! this doesn't work...

wild things did enter the towns and the cities and savage the people cowering therein, for there was no defence to keep them away. Thus the world was levelled and returned to its savagery.

And the Lord of Blood did stand before the second creature, which was a bull of fire and flowing metal, which had four legs and four legs more and had a gaze of fire that scorched whatever its gaze fell upon. And this second creature did bow down before his master. And the Lord of Blood did raise his sword and strike the head of this second creature from its body.

And as the blade cleaved through its neck there blossomed a pillar of fire that reached up high above the world and then dove down to bore into its heart. Upon which each hill and mountain in the world was consumed in its flame which shattered their peaks and threw them high into the air to fall upon the peoples fleeing their hidden homes. Thus none could hide from the final wrath.

And the Lord of Blood did stand before the third creature that was a faceless steed of grey and white dust whose body did ebb and flow and gradually reformed with the winds that forever carried it apart. And this third creature did bow down before his master. And the Lord of Blood did raise his sword and strike the head of this third creature from its body.

And as the sword-blade struck the steed did disappear upon the winds and was carried across the lands of the world. Wherever the dust of its body touched the fertile earth it became as dead ash, upon which no life could ever bloom. Thus there could never more be new life of that basest kind that supports all others.

And the Lord of Blood did stand before the fourth creature that was a formless being of flowing flesh and pulsating veins whose body rippled and pulsed with every beat of its heart. And this fourth creature did bow down before his master as best it could. And the Lord of Blood did raise his sword and strike off that foremost portion of this fourth creature from its body.

blood eight
eight blood
blood first
four four
blood first
blood second
four four
second blood
second blood
third third
blood third
blood fourth
fourth blood
fourth blood
bloody blood
blood fifth
fifth fifth
blood fifth
two blood
sixth sixth
blood sixth
two one
blood seventh
seventh blood
seventh blood
eighth blood

the forth
number is of
the vilest
transport for
numbers to
tell of end
times and
they be 2519
a year?

and all will be forgot except endless torment in fire, flame and

to the bloody streets and all will wallow in filth

The Last Days

And from the gaping wound that was left there came a deluge of blood, a crimson flood to cover the earth with its death, and from the mountain too there came a torrent as the skulls cried bloody tears and the bones split and bled their marrow down onto the world. All the waters of the world became as blood and the seas turned red and the wells were fouled and the rivers and streams clogged and flooded with the hardening flow. Thus those that fled his wrath would pant until death for refreshment and always be denied.

And the Lord of Blood did stand before the fifth creature that was a collared beast, hideous in appearance with limbs and teeth and skin and eyes that could not be glanced upon for fear of running mad with the terror of its sight. And this fifth creature did bow down before his master. And the Lord of Blood did raise his sword and strike off the head of this fifth creature from its body.

And as the sword struck the collar and broke it in two there was released a mighty force that flew to the raised continent and smashed the spells of confinement asunder. Thereupon every mage and sorcerer that did not bear the mark fell dead where they stood. Thus never more would the undeniable Chaos be imprisoned.

And the Lord of Blood did stand before the sixth creature which was of impenetrable darkness upon which no detail nor feature could be deciphered. And this sixth creature did bow down before his master. And the Lord of Blood did raise his sword and strike off the head of this sixth creature from its body.

And as the sword passed through this darkness, the forces containing it fell apart and the darkness bled forth poured itself out across the world before draining down deep into the poisoned earth. As it passed under me I felt the chill of total evil and realised this was the shadow riding forth, making our realm as that of the others and fit thereby for its most unholy denizens. Thus our two realms became one and daemons may then walk free.

And the Lord of Blood did stand before the seventh creature which was of hollow frame and featureless skin lest an enlarged oval mouth. And this seventh creature did bow

down before his master. And the Lord of Blood did raise his sword and strike off the head of this seventh creature from its body.

And once the blow had been struck there came a roaring gale than ran through the creature's body and produced a howling call that sounded in every heart and head. There then marched in response every daemon of his faith and every mortal to his name devoted. Then the call resounded and struck back at the mountain, and the mountain's very slopes began to rise as the dead of Khorne's loyal followers and their victims from all time from his creation, rose as one and joined the serried ranks of this, his supreme horde with which he could conquer all existence.

And the peoples of the world did groan at such a sight for there stood for every one of their warriors, countless numbers of this foe. Their destruction was inevitable and ordained, however even as they realised this I saw their armies join as one and, eager now they had an opponent that they could face, march forth against this horde to bring them to one final battle.

But the Lord of Blood did stand before the eighth creature, which had been crouched and curled and so obscured his form. Now he stood plain and I saw now that he and his god he stood before were identical, so that none could tell them apart. The creature and the Lord of Blood took one another by the head and soared into the air until one could be distinguished from the other. And then one did gain the victory and took up the sword from where it had fallen and strike the head off the other.

And the armies of the world stood where they had watched and slowly their weapons and banners dropped from their hands and all rage and courage and thoughts of war fled their bodies, and they cowered and fled from the battlefield.

And the gods, the dead, the living and daemons of the horde did turn upon one another with such will and savagery, that the slaughter of such a multitude did only last until the sun was hid behind the mountain, before they all of them were destroyed.

These words show naught of the dread days to come.

285723529
2857233152
853531977
73325739
112253523
22255732
122153240
13.1328937
0222
K=Khorne
K=Kless

2K19- 6749 of K
K19 = 46.8 K
Q = 89
653 K19 = 1822 of K

*the numbers have been
much lower, significant
screams at once, it should
be a year, or a time
always the same*

the last days of despair that will tear the world

those who die I envy with all my broken heart, for they are saved

*an reflection, I think it was on my final journey
north when my warden broke. He had traversed the
dread barrier and moved into the land ruled by the*

*So what does this
particular suggest the end*



BLOOD FOR THE BLOOD GOD



HIS SOUL FLAYED
from his body by
three years of legal
training, Richard
Williams once
served good and
true as an acolyte
within the hallowed
shelves of the

Black Library. Now, however, he is a
fugitive of those forbidden vaults. His
life is shattered and his mind, what
remains of it, is devoted to the
cataloguing of the infinite evils of
mankind. These he spreads to the
galaxy from some utmost void, where
he has evaded even the efforts of the
terrible Dark Guardians to hunt him
down and forever silence the
blasphemous knowledge he carries in
his head.

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