

WARHAMMER[®]

Champions of Chaos[™]



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Holding aloft the mighty Windblade, Aekold Helbrass stands defiant against the approaching Orc horde.



In the name of Khorne, Arbaal the Undeafed challenges a Vampire Lord to single combat.



Champions of Chaos™

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INTRODUCTION

Welcome! Once again you have entered the world of dark horror that is the Realm of Chaos.

Champions of Chaos is an additional supplement to be used with the Realm of Chaos boxed set. It covers the rules and background for special characters of all the varied Chaos armies, enabling you to include these powerful individuals in your games of Warhammer.

Since their introduction to the Warhammer game, special characters have become an important part of the battle. Not only are they powerful individuals, capable of turning the tide of any battle single-handedly, but the background of these mighty leaders has always inspired our miniature sculptors to produce some of the finest models in the history of wargaming.

We decided that the various Chaos armies deserved something special.

With this book you can collect and field these mighty champions in your Chaos army. Full game rules and background are included, and stories that give you an insight into the motivation and personalities of these servants of the Dark Gods.

Obviously, this book includes a lot more than just words from your humble scribe. There is some splendid new artwork from our talented artists, new miniatures from our sculptors and of course a brilliant new cover by Wayne England.

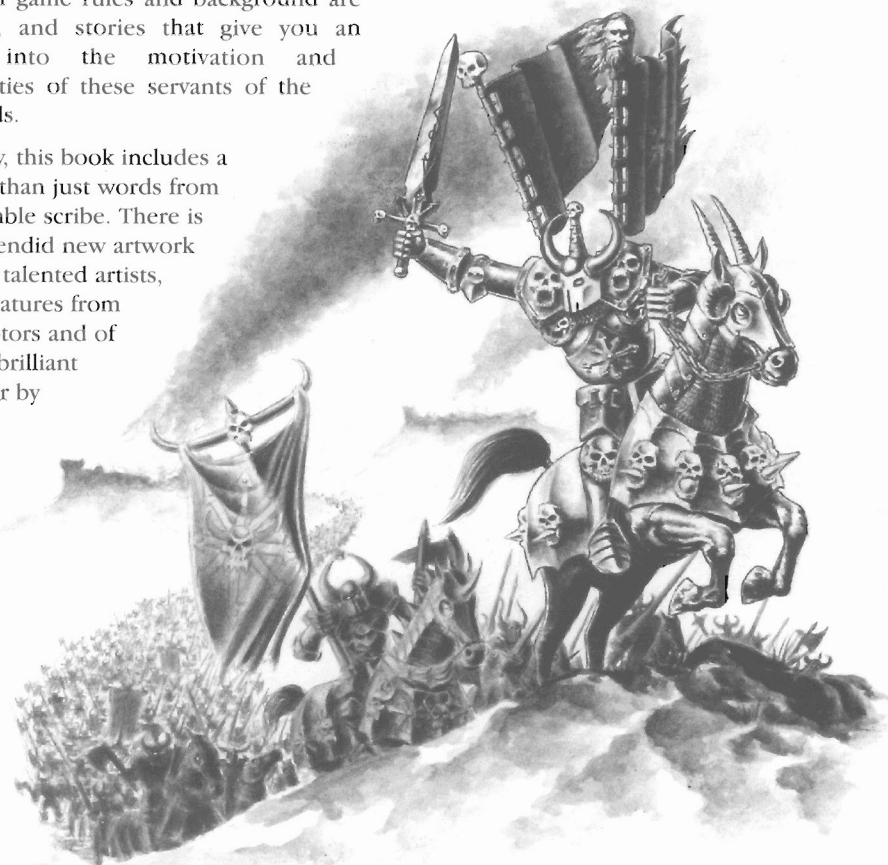
Unlike a normal army book, *Champions of Chaos* does not give you a full army list to use; instead within this book you will find the following sections:

Champions of Chaos describes the background and history of some of the most infamous Chaos Champions and Warlords ever to darken the Warhammer world.

Lords of Chaos contains rules and information for using Chaos special characters in Warhammer.

So I give you Archagon, the Lord of Chaos, the dark redeemer of the Warhammer world; the subtle and scheming Egrim van Horstmann; Azazel, the decadent Daemon Prince of Chaos; Valnir the Reaper, the terrifying Champion of Lord Nurgle, and many many others.

These are the Champions of Chaos. Let the world tremble at the mere mention of their names.



CHAMPIONS OF CHAOS

"Being an account of the mighty and vain lords of Chaos that assail the world, and a discussion of their ambitions and aims in the service of the most vile and loathsome gods of Chaos."

Those who live in the Warhammer world do so in constant fear of Chaos. To them it is a two-fold threat – armies of unnatural creatures prowl the borders of the Northlands, while the corrupting influence of Chaos threatens societies from within.

Several times in the history of the Old World the armies of Chaos have swept down through the Northlands and overwhelmed everything in their path and each time they have brought the world to the brink of destruction. Only by paying a bitter price in blood have these foul armies been vanquished and the howling Daemons driven back northwards once again.

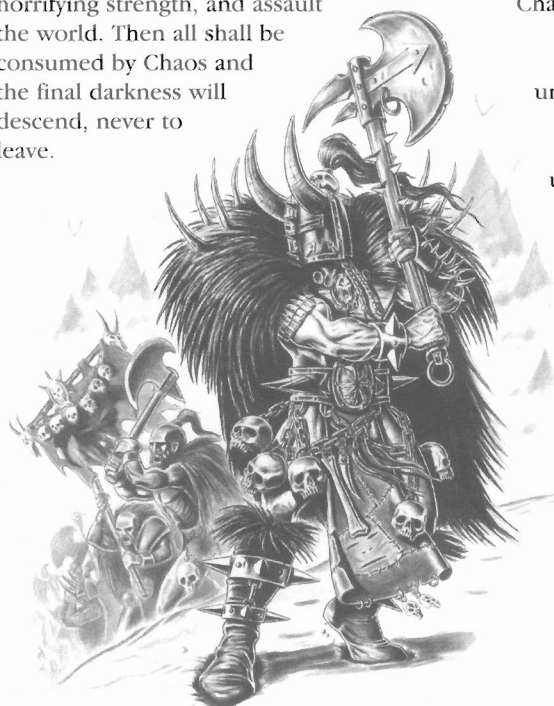
These wars have been the most terrible of all the conflicts in the history of the Warhammer world: their destruction is unrivalled by anything else. But each war has been but a test, a sham, a preparation for a greater war that is yet to come. Every battle has been but a touch of the taloned hand of Chaos, probing the human defences. Soon the day will come when the Chaos gods muster their true, horrifying strength, and assault the world. Then all shall be consumed by Chaos and the final darkness will descend, never to leave.

But the monstrosities of Chaos need commanders in the field of battle, generals for their armies. These are the Champions of Chaos, the chosen warriors of the Dark Gods.

Most widely known of the Chaos Champions are the leaders of the armour-clad warriors of Chaos, but many other great leaders follow Chaos as well. Chieftains of the Marauder tribes gather bands of barbarians to pillage the civilised world. Cultist leaders summon their covens to secret meetings in the heartlands of human society. Beastmen Chiefs muster their bestial retinues in the northern wastes and trackless forests of the Empire. And in the Realm of Chaos itself the immensely powerful Greater Daemons and Daemon Princes command the daemonic legions of their masters.

The history of the Champions of Chaos, as recorded by the free people of the Warhammer world, is an account of evil deeds and bitter wars of unrivalled destruction. Fame is fleeting, and most Chaos Champions perish before they can attain their ambition. Even if they are successful, the chances are that the uncaring gods of Chaos will pile mutation upon mutation on their servants until their minds and bodies are destroyed under the strain. These Chaos Spawn, as such mutants are named, become little more than a writhing mass of tentacles with bloated organs that spill onto the ground. No vestige of their former life remains except a vague memory of the humanity they gambled and lost.

Some Champions of Chaos carve their own dark legends. Burning with a blaze of glory, their infamy shines brighter than any star, attempting to capture the attention of their powerful masters. Be it Beastman Chieftains or Chaos Lords, the followers of the Chaos Powers strive to distinguish themselves. Rewards for those who find favour in the eyes of the Dark Gods are great, for there



is no wish that the omnipotent Chaos Gods cannot grant. Ultimately, the most successful will be rewarded with the gift of immortality as an unimaginably powerful Daemon Prince.

ROAD TO DARKNESS

The road to power begins by offering body and soul to Chaos. There are arcane and unholy rituals to summon the attention of the Chaos Powers, differing according to the god whose favour the supplicant is searching for.

Slaying warriors in combat will attract the watchful gaze of Khorne, the Blood God, eldritch magical rituals please Tzeentch, plague-ridden charnel houses and blasphemous acts of corruption amuse Nurgle, while debauchery and decadence of all kinds win the favour of Slaanesh.

Once a mortal sets foot on the path to Chaos there is no turning back. He must pledge himself to Chaos unconditionally. Whether elevation or damnation awaits, he must accept his fate. From the moment that a Chaos god accepts him there is no escape. He is a slave to darkness for all eternity.

When a Champion is accepted into the service of one of the Dark Gods, he receives a Mark of Chaos and begins to gather followers. Power and decadence always attracts the weak-willed, power-hungry and foolish. This is the reason why the gods of Chaos watch their Champions with such interest.

The more followers the dark glory of their Champion attracts, the greater the following of the patron power becomes, and the more bloated he grows with power. The gods of Chaos direct their Champions by means of

dreams, visions, portents and auguries. They expect their commands to be obeyed without question, no matter how bizarre or impossible they seem. Gods of Chaos have many Champions, and they are rarely amused by a single individual for long. Thus the Champion must constantly strive to excel in the service of his master to attract his attention and favour.

The Chaos powers are always eager to recruit free-willed mortals to their service. It is no wonder that so many are lured into the service of Chaos, for the Dark Gods offer a quick and easy way to power and success. If a Champion is favoured by his patron, he can have anything: power, glory, divine beauty, strength, intelligence, and much more. The ultimate reward all Champions of Chaos desire though is immortality! Those that are truly dedicated to their patron will be elevated to the status of Daemonhood thus becoming an immortal Daemon Prince. Then they will leave the mortal world behind and enter the Realm of Chaos to sit at the feet of their master.

Even this is not an end, for there is always room for greater glory. If the Daemon Prince serves his master well on the battlefield he will be rewarded. The Daemon Prince may be granted worlds to rule in the Realm of Chaos, armies of Daemons to command or entire nations as his slaves in one of the countless Daemon worlds.

But still the fickle nature of their masters allows the Champions no rest. For there is a hierarchy amongst the Daemons, and they constantly war with each other to attain favour in the eyes of their masters. This internal struggle is encouraged by the Chaos gods who derive endless amusement from the bickering of their servants.

Come, take my hand!

There is no wish of yours I can not grant, no desire I cannot fulfil.

Forget your gods, your family, your loved ones. What can they offer you! I can give you more than you have ever dreamed of, I have such things to show you, such pleasures for you to taste! There is no love greater than mine! Come now, join me! It is such an easy step, such a short climb! Yes that's it. Come to me, my champion, stay forever...

Azazel, Prince of Damnation



CHRONICLES OF CHAOS

The history of Chaos is not recorded by the followers of the Dark Gods. There are no libraries filled with tomes in which the deeds of the Champions of Chaos are remembered. Chaos does not attempt to build cities, elevate civilisation or cultivate art. It only destroys and corrupts everything it touches.

Some records of the deeds of the great Champions of the past remain. The followers of each Champion erect monoliths to him as a mark of respect. Across the surface of the monolith the deeds of the Champion are recorded in the harsh Chaos script. These serve as an inspiration to new Champions as they recall the might of the servants of the Dark Gods.

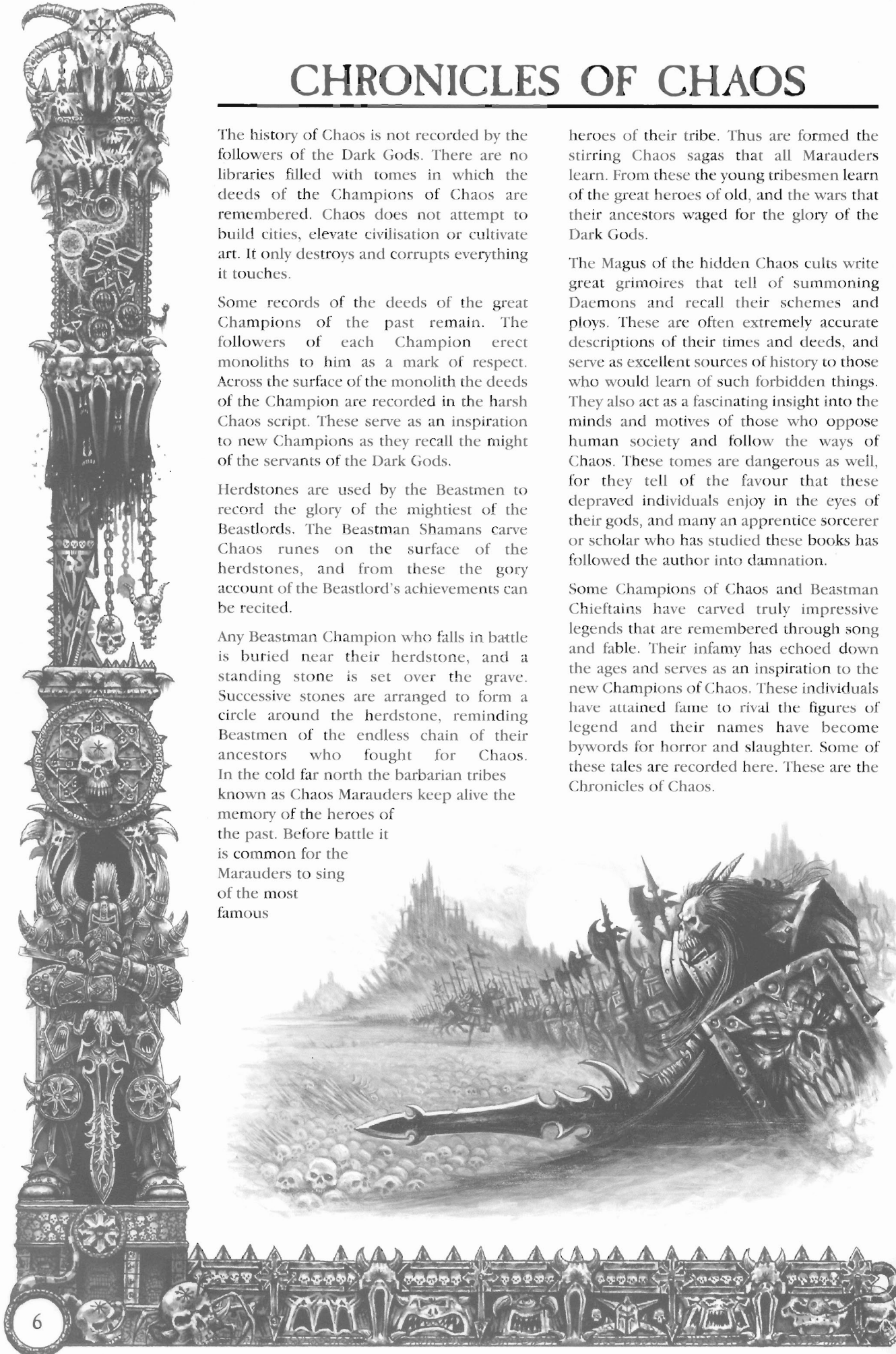
Herdstones are used by the Beastmen to record the glory of the mightiest of the Beastlords. The Beastman Shamans carve Chaos runes on the surface of the herdstones, and from these the gory account of the Beastlord's achievements can be recited.

Any Beastman Champion who falls in battle is buried near their herdstone, and a standing stone is set over the grave. Successive stones are arranged to form a circle around the herdstone, reminding Beastmen of the endless chain of their ancestors who fought for Chaos. In the cold far north the barbarian tribes known as Chaos Marauders keep alive the memory of the heroes of the past. Before battle it is common for the Marauders to sing of the most famous

heroes of their tribe. Thus are formed the stirring Chaos sagas that all Marauders learn. From these the young tribesmen learn of the great heroes of old, and the wars that their ancestors waged for the glory of the Dark Gods.

The Magus of the hidden Chaos cults write great grimoires that tell of summoning Daemons and recall their schemes and ploys. These are often extremely accurate descriptions of their times and deeds, and serve as excellent sources of history to those who would learn of such forbidden things. They also act as a fascinating insight into the minds and motives of those who oppose human society and follow the ways of Chaos. These tomes are dangerous as well, for they tell of the favour that these depraved individuals enjoy in the eyes of their gods, and many an apprentice sorcerer or scholar who has studied these books has followed the author into damnation.

Some Champions of Chaos and Beastman Chieftains have carved truly impressive legends that are remembered through song and fable. Their infamy has echoed down the ages and serves as an inspiration to the new Champions of Chaos. These individuals have attained fame to rival the figures of legend and their names have become bywords for horror and slaughter. Some of these tales are recorded here. These are the Chronicles of Chaos.



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THE UNHOLY WAR

Archaon, the lord of Chaos: the Dark Beast, the Chosen One, the Dark Redeemer. The mere mention of his name sends fear into the hearts of the citizens of the Old World. For as long as Man can remember no other Champion of Chaos has risen to such infamy. But he differs from any other Champion of Chaos, for he has a purpose beyond the ambition of becoming a Daemon Prince: he sees that it is his destiny to lead the hordes of Chaos to the final war against the free people.

When Archaon was accepted into the service of Chaos no-one knows, but rumours say he was once a fanatic Templar, a priest-knight who fought against the enemies of mankind, pure in heart and thought.

He studied the ancient scrolls and grimoires of the temples of the Old World, trying to find a way to defeat the darkness of Chaos that stirred in the north. His studies proved futile until he stumbled upon a manuscript written by one of the acolytes of Necrodomo the Insane, the mad blind prophet who foresaw the destruction of the world at the hands of the Chaos gods.

What he learned from the manuscript is not known, but legend says that Archaon screamed in rage, calling the gods liars and then fled from the temple. He gave up his name and burned down the sanctuary where he had found the manuscript. He hunted down and slaughtered his entire family so nothing of his former life would remain. Only service to Chaos held any importance to him from that moment on.

Archaon travelled north, into the Chaos Wastes, to seek the patronage of Chaos. He was not like other Champions of Chaos: where other mortals beseech the Dark Gods to elevate them to Daemonhood, Archaon asked only to be the tool of Chaos in overthrowing order in the world.

His vast intellect and gifts were placed in the service of the Chaos gods. He did not sleep, eat or drink. Every moment of his life was dedicated to Chaos. Tirelessly he planned, prepared and trained so that now he leads the greatest and most powerful of all the warbands, a mighty coalition of warriors called the Swords of Chaos. These men are totally dedicated to Archaon and his cause, and revere him as a demi-god.

Archaon hates and scorns the achievements of the petty empires of men. Old races such as the Dwarfs and Elves are deemed worthless and weak. Only Chaos can bring salvation to the world. Only by wiping the face of the earth clean of the taint of civilisation and order can the kingdom of Chaos rule supreme.

According to the prophesy of Necrodomo, the Chosen One who unleashes the new age of Chaos will be recognised by the treasures he carries. These mighty artefacts were once scattered to the four corners of the world, but Archaon was utterly determined to gather them so that the prophesy would be fulfilled.

The quest for the treasures of Chaos is an epic story in itself, and is a terrifying testament to the determination, prowess, and ruthlessness of Archaon. Where thousands had failed, he succeeded.

He travelled to the Altar of Ultimate Darkness in the far off lands of Naggaroth, and when he returned on his forehead was stamped the burning mark of Chaos. Since then none who saw him dared to touch him, lest they summoned the wrath of Chaos.

On a ship made of black metal he travelled over the seas and returned with an ancient suit of armour, dating from a time beyond mortal reckoning. The suit is rumoured to be the same suit of armour that the first and greatest Chaos lord, Morkar, wore at the dawn of time when he fought against Aenarion, the first Phoenix King of the High Elves.

From the treasure hoard of the Chaos Dragon, Flamefang, he recovered the Eye of Sheerian, and hung it from his neck as a mark of his victory. The Dragon and the man fought a great battle over the Cliff of Beasts, but finally Archaon prevailed. He touched none of the hoarded gems and gold, but took only the Eye.

He travelled to the very Gates of Chaos and returned riding W'Soraych, the Steed of the Apocalypse, stolen from the stable of the Daemon Lord Agrammon.

On the Chimera Plateau he wrestled the legendary sword, the Slayer of Kings, from the hands of the oldest of the Dragon Ogres. The titanic beast, said to be the size of a



mountain, slumbered deeply, still holding its sword. Archaon wrestled the ancient weapon from the iron grasp of the monster, and since then he has been all but invincible in combat.

Only the one final, hidden treasure of Chaos eludes him, and once he has found it he believes he can unleash the Storm of Chaos and gather all the followers of the Dark gods under his banner. Then he will march south from the Chaos Wastes and break the backs of the mortal lords of the Warhammer world.

Over the years Archaon has carefully cultivated his power and gathered many warbands under his banner in preparation for the struggle to come. He has fought hundreds of battles, and the Chaos gods have always made him victorious.

Many Chaos warbands oppose Archaon and are crushed into submission when faced with his martial skill and the fanatical Swords of Chaos. Captives are always given the same choice: join his crusade or die. Many choose oblivion, but just as many others, especially if they already follow the path of Chaos, bow to the will of Archaon. In him the eternally divided followers of Chaos recognise a leader they are prepared to follow. Other Champions see him as the greatest Champion of Chaos to have ever risen. In this way Archaon has won the service of many of the greatest Champions of Chaos and as his foul deeds have grown in stature he has gained the support of many of these fell lords even without battle. Now his armies number in their thousands, and his power grows daily.

Archaon has launched many attacks and raids against the humans and Dwarfs of the north, razing border fortresses and putting the populations of entire towns to the sword. To the Kislevites his name is a byword for death, destruction and misfortune.

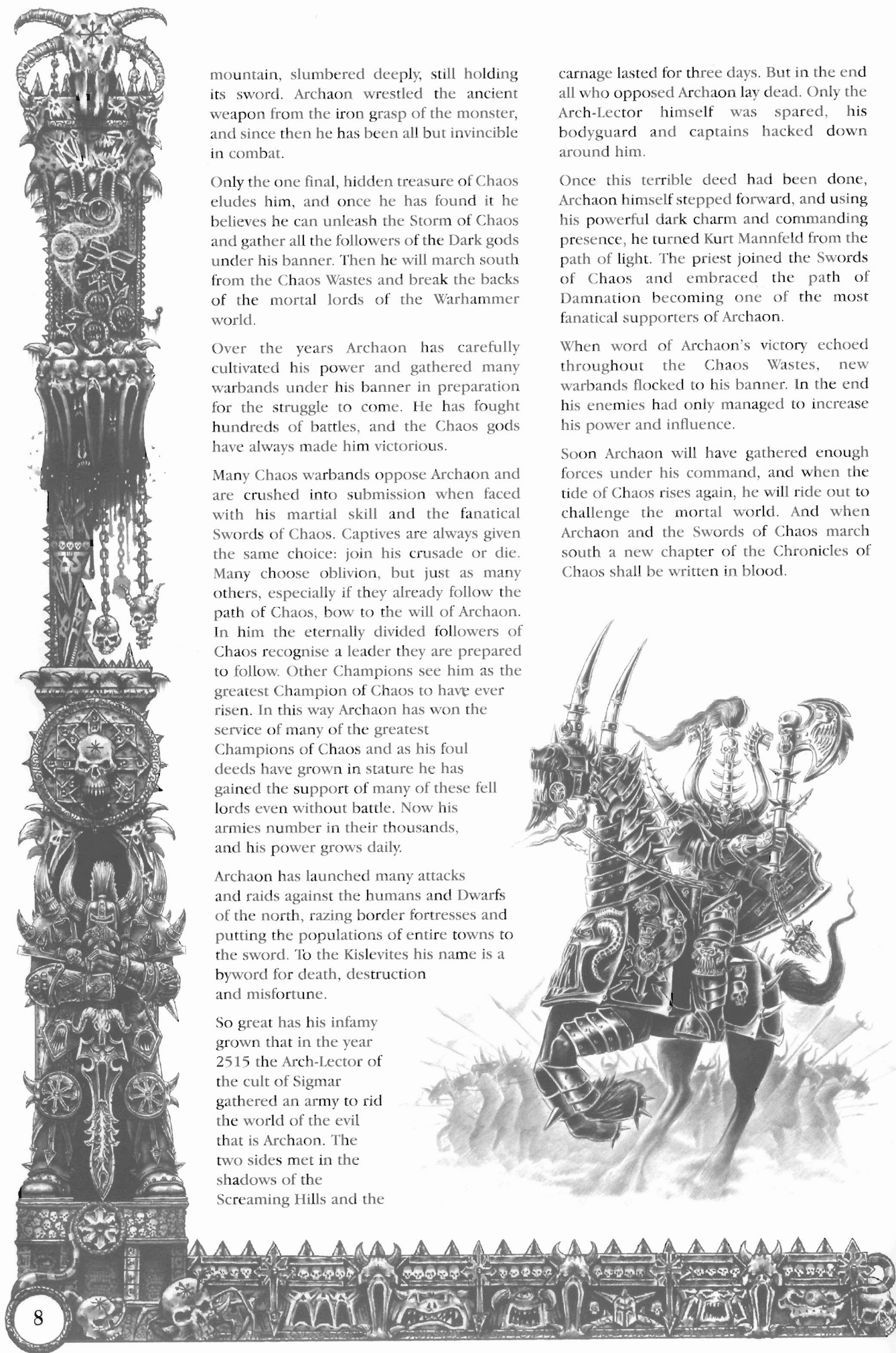
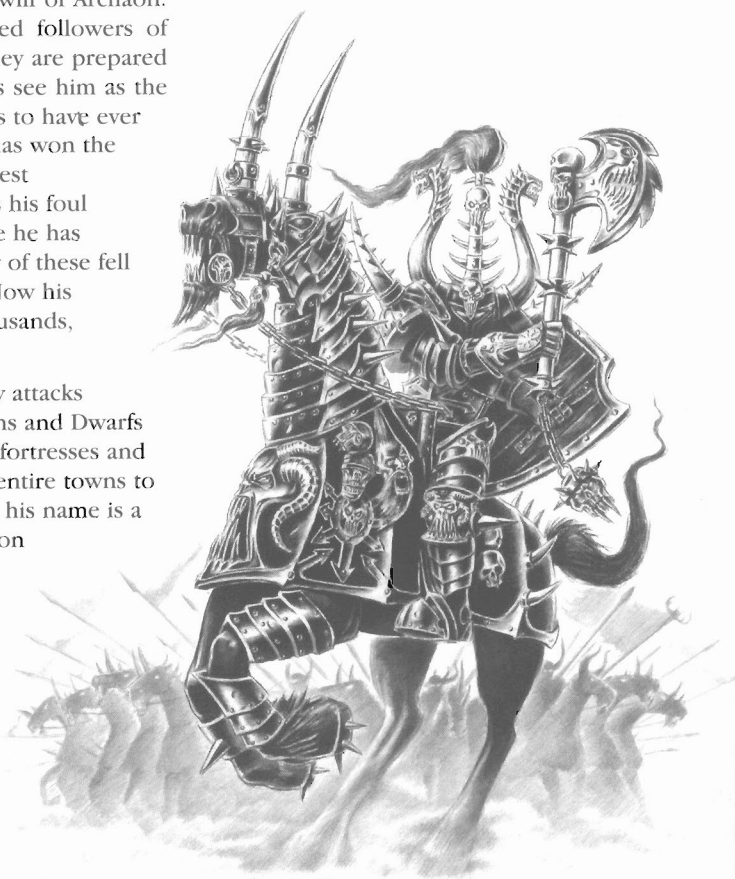
So great has his infamy grown that in the year 2515 the Arch-Lector of the cult of Sigmar gathered an army to rid the world of the evil that is Archaon. The two sides met in the shadows of the Screaming Hills and the

carnage lasted for three days. But in the end all who opposed Archaon lay dead. Only the Arch-Lector himself was spared, his bodyguard and captains hacked down around him.

Once this terrible deed had been done, Archaon himself stepped forward, and using his powerful dark charm and commanding presence, he turned Kurt Mannfeld from the path of light. The priest joined the Swords of Chaos and embraced the path of Damnation becoming one of the most fanatical supporters of Archaon.

When word of Archaon's victory echoed throughout the Chaos Wastes, new warbands flocked to his banner. In the end his enemies had only managed to increase his power and influence.

Soon Archaon will have gathered enough forces under his command, and when the tide of Chaos rises again, he will ride out to challenge the mortal world. And when Archaon and the Swords of Chaos march south a new chapter of the Chronicles of Chaos shall be written in blood.



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THE PATH OF DAMNATION

Gotthard spurred his horse on faster, the Kislevite village of Krovas fast diminishing behind him. The peasants had been suspicious, but the last of his gold crowns had persuaded them to sell him some dried bear meat, warm furs and a flask of vodka. Gotthard knew that the peasants would inform the cossack patrols of the Tzarina, so he had to make haste, unless he wanted to answer the questions of the inquisitive warriors.

Gotthard gathered his thoughts. How had he ended up here, at the edge of the civilised world? Just three months before he had been a young noble, living in his father's house in Altdorf. He'd had everything then: money, power, a beautiful betrothed and a commission in the Reiksguard. What had gone wrong?

It had all started when he'd joined a minor secret society called the Golden Eagle. He had understood little of the principles behind their complex rites, but they shared a common goal. They wanted to change the world.

Since his youth Gotthard had believed that there was more to life than the politics and petty bickering that surrounded city life. In his quest for answers he had sought refuge in religion, and devoted his life to the service of Sigmar. But even the teachings of the Grand Theogonist promised a paradise in the afterlife, and little else. It seemed that the life of a man was doomed to be spent in the pursuit of insignificant things. Day and night Gotthard prayed for Sigmar to show him a way to change the world for the better. But no answer ever came. Then, as his hopes were fading of ever finding the knowledge he sought, he was introduced to the coven of the Golden Eagle and knew it was what he had been looking for all his life. The members of the coven could, in his eyes, work miracles: their Magister could change base metals to gold, heal wounds with a word and change animals into new forms. Gotthard knew his prayers had finally been answered.

The rituals of the Golden Eagle called to a shadowy god for the changing of the world. They desired an improvement in this world and in this life. Gotthard's keen wit and powerful personality soon earned him a position in the Third Circle of the cult. Before long he had been initiated into the many secrets of the coven.

Then one night the Templars of Sigmar raided the cult's hidden shrine. Gotthard had narrowly escaped, but under the interrogation of the Grand Theogonist himself, one of the cultists had broken and revealed the names of all the members of the coven he knew. Gotthard's was amongst them.

His commission in the Reiksguard was immediately cancelled, and he was placed under arrest. His fellow knights had come to bring him before the inquisition of Sigmar. Three of them died under his sword, and the other two were so badly wounded they would never fight again. The thought made Gotthard smile bitterly: no matter what was said, at least no-one could doubt that he

was the most skilled fighter amongst his peers. He had fled through the streets of Altdorf, pursued by the town watch and his former companions; many of them he had once considered to be his friends.

He had sought refuge at the house of his betrothed, Johanna von Leber. But even she had barred her windows when Gotthard tried to explain why he had been declared an outlaw. "I never want to see you again!" Johanna had screamed. "How could you do this to me! Think what people will say!"

From then on Gotthard had known he was truly alone. He had ridden down the guards at the River Gate, and taken the road to the north. Soon he was beyond the borders of Reikland, but witch hunters, outriders and bounty hunters were never far behind. He had slept at night in the forest, stolen or bought food from roadside farms, and avoided all the toll gates. He had been forced to live like an animal. The thought of his humiliation made his blood run red hot.

A mad-eyed witch hunter had caught up with him on the borders of Ostland, and a crossbow bolt had nearly taken Gotthard's life. Only by throwing his great zwei-hander, an unthinkable deed for a knight, had he managed to kill the man before one of the fanatic's crossbolts could find its target. The two-handed sword had struck his foe squarely in the chest, and Gotthard had barely managed to recover it with the hunting dogs of the Count of Ostland snapping at his heels.

And why all of this? he thought bitterly. Because he had followed a whim that had allowed him to escape the monotony of the jaded and dull existence of a young nobleman. All around him he had seen the decadence of the Imperial capital. The streets riven with filth and the mobs of the poor, begging and scraping, trying to eke out a miserable existence in the hovels and disease-ridden slums. Gotthard had wanted to change everything, to begin anew, start afresh, to cast down the old, corrupt society. Perhaps with time and position in the Imperial court he would have been able to achieve his ambition.

But no! Now his life was in ruins. His father had disowned him, his friends turned against him, and there was a price on his head. All he had left were his weapons, his strong sword arm and his keen wit. They would be enough, he decided. None would dare to follow him to the Troll Country.



Gotthard had travelled northwards for seven days before he encountered any resistance. He had seen the groups of misshapen creatures on the horizon, but they had never sought to approach him. He heard their ululating cries and often these called more creatures from the shadows. But they seemed content with studying him. Why, he did not know, but decided not to pay them any attention unless they became a threat.

Not long after he noticed the creatures he came across a great monolith, a stone carved by some titanic hand, inscribed with sigils and wards that seemed to glow in the gathering darkness. Somehow Gotthard knew that the carved slab was of vital importance to him. He was strangely drawn to it, as if playing a pre-determined part in one of the plays of the great Altdorf theatre. He had to know what was written on the monolith, even if it would cost his soul.

The monolith though was not unguarded.

Out of the crude shrine which stood next to the carved pillar a huge creature emerged. The earth shook under its hooves as gigantic muscles moved under its thick skin. Huge horns spiralled above its head and in its hands it carried an axe that probably weighed as much as his warhorse. Gotthard recognised the creature from the grimoires: this was a Minotaur, a gigantic blasphemy against nature, a cross between a great bull and a man.

Yet, despite its brutal appearance, an intelligence gleamed in its red eyes. The low cunning of an animal combined with the wit of a man. It is still half a man, just like me, thought Gotthard. Shaking his head, he returned to reality, if indeed this realm stood within the boundaries of sanity. Forcing his voice to stay calm, Gotthard spoke.

"I wish to study the carvings on the stone. Stand aside Beast!"

A barely understandable growling emerged from the maw of the Minotaur.

"All those who cannot change must perish. Only the Chosen One may find the path."

Then, screaming a ululating battle-cry it lifted its titanic axe and charged. Gotthard slammed down his visor and spurred Validus, his warhorse, to a gallop. They thundered towards each other, man and beast, one screaming the battle cry of the Reiksguard, the other bellowing and snarling in the dark tongue of Chaos.

They struck almost simultaneously. Gotthard's lance pierced the left shoulder of the Minotaur, and the haft of the lance shattered with the force of the blow. Rearing upwards, Validus struck with both hooves, crashing down against the skull of the Minotaur. But the gigantic axe of the Minotaur had just as great a reach as Gotthard's lance, and its strike was blindingly fast. Gotthard tried to swivel in his saddle, but it was too late. The axe struck Gotthard's shield and the tremendous force of the blow jarred the shield from his hand and his left arm went numb.

Ignoring its own wound the Minotaur swung with its free hand, and the massive fist, three times the size of Gotthard's head, threw him from the saddle. The knight crashed heavily to the ground, the air driven from his lungs, and for a moment Gotthard thought he would lose consciousness.

With a blood-curdling roar the Minotaur tore the steel tip of the lance from the wound. Licking the oozing blood running down its arm, the creature threw the broken lance to the ground, grasped its axe and turned on Gotthard again. It looked upon him now with blood-red

eyes, and crimson foam poured from its mouth. All vestiges of sanity had disappeared from the face of the man-beast. This was death incarnate. Gotthard or the Minotaur, it did not matter, but one of them had to die.

The snarling beast rushed the fallen knight, who rolled to one side. The great axe struck a stone where Gotthard's head had been but a mere heartbeat before and the awesome strength of the Minotaur was turned against itself. The blade of the axe cracked and the haft was snapped in two like a dry twig. With enormous effort Gotthard regained his footing and scrambled towards his horse to draw his sword from its scabbard that hung from the saddle. As his hands gripped the sword's hilt he felt two mighty arms closing around his chest. His armour creaked as he was lifted above the head of the Minotaur. His ribs grated against each other. But his hands still grasped the sword. With all his fading strength Gotthard brought the blade down. It struck the Minotaur in the neck, cutting muscles, severing tendons and sinew, splintering the bones beneath. A cry of fury, rage and pain cut the air. As the Minotaur fell, Gotthard hit the ground and felt the world spin and go dark.

When Gotthard woke the Minotaur was nowhere to be seen.

Groaning with pain Gotthard rose to his feet, and staggered towards the monolith to study the carved surface. Despite his pain he had to see the carvings immediately, as if forced to by some hand of fate. Gotthard realised that the sigils formed a picture. He saw a knight and the device on his shield was a rampant Griffon; the personal device of Gotthard himself. The former Reiksguard Knight studied the ancient carvings and while Gotthard was no expert, they surely dated from some forgotten century. And yet, undeniably, the knight carved on the stone was him. A chill ran down the spine of the knight, and again something more. The eerie feeling of always belonging to this place.

Days passed and Gotthard rode ever further north. Here eternal darkness reigned. Here there was no place for mortal man, only those who had pledged themselves to darkness could travel safely. Yet Gotthard sensed that he could still choose. He stood at the very edge of sanity. This was his very last chance to turn back, and rejoin civilisation. He could ride to Tilea or the land of the Border Princes and offer his services as a free lance to one of the countless mercenary bands of the Old World. He was strong and fast, well versed in tactics and strategies. With a little luck he could quickly win fame and fortune, and soon lead a mercenary contingent of his own. For a long while he held Validus in place, and then making up his mind spurred the horse onwards, to the north and darkness.

Perhaps it was his imagination, but he was sure he heard cruel, mocking laughter in the cold, whispering, wind as he rode away.

Day and night lost their meaning to him. The eternal darkness of the Wastes was lit only by the strange lights emanating from the far north. Each time Gotthard blinked his eyes, the landscape appeared to subtly change. When he tried to focus his eyes on any landmark it seemed to flee out of sight, and things he thought

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Water now could not quench his thirst. He yearned for something more than substance, something he could not yet name. He didn't feel a need to sleep any more. He felt wide awake. His senses were sharper than he had ever dreamed possible. Hunger no longer bothered him either. He felt strong, healthy and fast. Stronger and faster than he had ever been before.

His warhorse, Validus, had also changed. Its teeth had grown sharp, and it no longer shied back with fear when the foul creatures of the wastes approached: Validus' eyes instead glowed red in the eternal darkness of the Chaos Wastes. The beast's skin had also become darker and its tongue was as rough as sandpaper and had grown long and forked. It no longer brushed its nose against Gotthard's face, but always stood silent and unmoving when they were not riding.

The unearthly wind of the Chaos Wastes was full of sounds reminding him of his good and evil deeds, warring for his life and for his soul. But one voice was stronger, and it drowned out all the others.

"Be strong..." he heard it say, *"Only the strong are welcome."*

"I am strong!" Gotthard cried back. "I fear nothing!". Mocking laughter was his answer.

"Then show me, gallant knight! Prove your bravery!" said the voice softly.

Suddenly on the horizon, a new gigantic shape loomed in the darkness. It was a huge gateway that stood on top of a great flight of steps. It was a titanic altar erected by giants in the ancient times when the world was young and the Chaos gods first turned their eyes on it, desiring dominion over all things. He could go no further.

In the sky flames danced, forming the shapes of eldritch runes, not unlike the ones he had seen on the grimoires at the temple of Sigmar, hidden and locked away from the commoners. But as a part of his training he had learned to decipher them. He read aloud the message from the sky: *"Akbsso Khaos Khwearr. Khaos Limmbar Mentbar!"* then dismounted, and started to climb up the stairs. He climbed up, higher and higher until the air grew cold and the clouds whirled far below him, and yet, despite his heavy armour, he felt no fatigue.

At the top of the stairway Gotthard gazed around him. He had come to the end of his journey. The gateway at the top seemed to be made out of polished silver, reflecting the dancing lights of the Realm of Chaos. Gotthard stood before the portal, and stared at the mirror's image. A young, handsome templar in shining armour, carrying a polished sword with the blessed twin-tailed comet inscribed in its hilt stared back at him. This was what Gotthard could have been. Something he had now lost for all eternity.

Suddenly the mirror's image spoke. "I am the Guardian. I am the defender of humanity! And you are an abomination!" The reflection stepped out of the portal with its sword raised in a knight's salute, and then charged at Gotthard.

So swift was the attack that Gotthard barely had time to defend himself. From the first blow Gotthard knew that his life was at stake. Never before had he met a man who could match him in a sword fight. But this warrior from beyond the mirror-gate was just as fast, strong, and skilled as he was. They slashed and struck, weaving, dodging and parrying, circling each other warily. Now and then one of them would launch an attack with blistering speed, only to be parried by equal skill.

Gotthard suddenly felt the pointlessness of it all. Why did he struggle so much to defend himself when he had nothing left to defend? But instead of giving in he smiled, brought up his sword and charged.

Both men struck. The templar's sword sliced through his armour, cutting deep into his ribs. But Gotthard's sword took the templar's head from his shoulders.

As the body of the white templar fell gushing blood, Gotthard sank to his knees. His life blood oozing through the gaps in his armour. He was dying. He had come so close. But now he could die in peace... NO! He had to carry on to the bitter end. Agonisingly slowly he crawled back to the portal, leaving a trail of blood behind him. Now the silver of the mirror showed no reflection, only the dancing red flames of the Chaos Wastes coloured the surface.

Gotthard touched the mirror's surface. He could see how his own death waited for him on the other side of it. As the world spun he heard the voice again.

"ONLY ONE MAY ENTER! THE WAY LIES BEYOND THIS PORTAL. ARE YOU THE CHOSEN ONE?"

For one final time Gotthard felt a pang of guilt: for one last time he longed for his former life. But what had he to go back for? There was nothing left for him there any more. Finally he pushed against the surface of the mirror-portal.

A searing pain, like lances of pure white fire seared through him. What was left of his sanity was washed away in an ocean of pain. Gotthard screamed in agony as he felt talons, hotter than hellfire, colder than the void, tearing him apart, separating flesh from bone, raking his very soul. Then all sense and feeling fled him.

Gotthard, the son of Graf Heydrich of Reikland, was gone. The Champion of Chaos stood tall in front of the mirror. He turned around to study his new form.

The pale reflection in the mirror showed a face quite unlike the young knight who had left Aldorf all those months ago. Two eyes, glittering like multi-faceted gems, burning with inner balefires, stared back at him. His armour was covered in twisting eldritch runes that glowed in the darkness of the Chaos wasteland. His sword gleamed with blue light, and seemed to moan as he moved it, its shape changing with each motion.

Gotthard began to laugh, for now he could see why. He raised his sword, lifting it in a challenge to humanity, to all things he had once held dear. His laughter turned to a scream of hatred and vengeance.

"I will return!" he cried, his voice hissing with malice. "For now I know the truth!"





LORDS OF CHAOS

"Being in part an illumination of the greatest Champions of Chaos and in part a description of their powers, their woeful weapons and blasphemous magic."

SPECIAL CHARACTERS

This section of *Champions of Chaos* is devoted to the mightiest servants of Chaos: foul fiends who stem from the darkest eras of history through to those who plague the Warhammer world at the present time. These characters are wholly individual. They do not all have standard characteristics, many have magic items or abilities that are unique to them. In some cases they may carry combinations of items they would not normally be allowed, or more or fewer items than a standard character of their type.

This section serves two purposes. Firstly, it provides the Chaos player with a selection of special characters whose very presence in the army will make a significant difference to his battle plans, tactical options and chances of victory. Secondly, the special characters serve as an example of the variety that is possible within the Warhammer game, and will hopefully inspire others to invent characters for themselves.

It has become a commonly accepted convention amongst Warhammer players that special characters are used only with the prior agreement of other players. In tournament

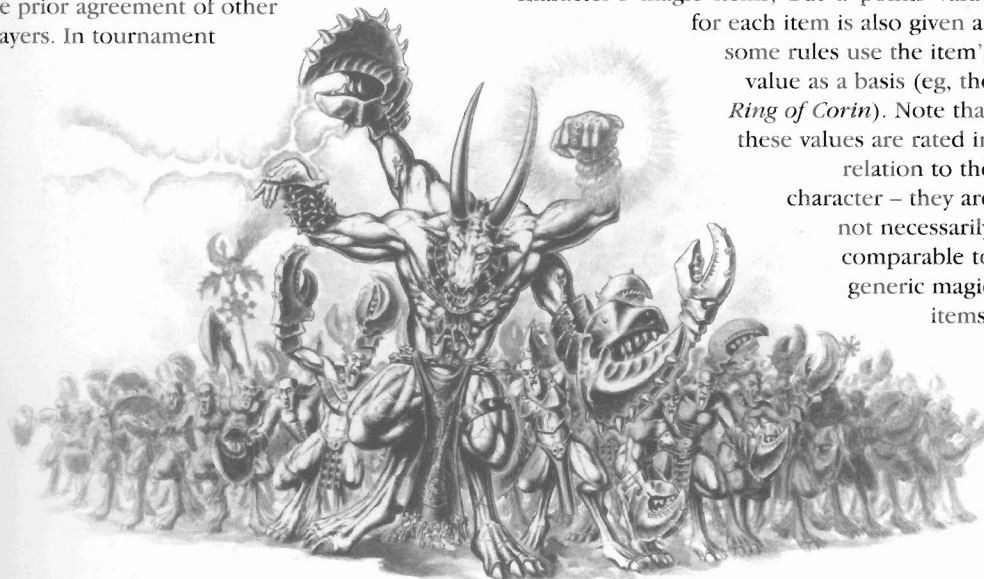
games, where players gather from all over the world to compete against a wide variety of armies, special characters are mostly disallowed in the interests of providing a level playing field. If you intend to include special characters in your army you must agree to do so with your opponent beforehand.

MAGIC ITEMS

Rules for magic items carried by special characters have been included in the text. Some of these are items unique to the character, others are more commonly available. In both cases the rules have been included for the sake of convenience. New magic items are always unique to specific special characters, they cannot be carried by other characters, but otherwise they are subject to the usual rules for their type.

POINTS VALUES

The points value of each character is given as a total, which includes equipment, mount, magic items, skills etc, as appropriate. The points value includes the value of the character's magic items, but a points value for each item is also given as some rules use the item's value as a basis (eg, the *Ring of Corin*). Note that these values are rated in relation to the character – they are not necessarily comparable to generic magic items.





ARCHAON, LORD OF CHAOS

The Darkness and Night need leaders and heroes. There must be one who others will follow, that they are prepared to recognise as their lord and master. There must be one who unites the eternally divided followers and leads them to the final victory. It is the fear of the sages of the Old World that Archaon is the one, a prophesied leader who will plunge the Old World into a new age of darkness.

It is said that Archaon was once a templar, a member of one of the many religious orders of the Old World. No one knows when the black talon of Chaos touched him. Perhaps he studied the grimoires of the Daemonologists too deeply and was tainted by their knowledge. Once he turned to Chaos he gave up his name and was ever after known as Archaon, the Chosen One of Chaos.

He travelled to the Northern Wastes and was accepted by the Dark gods as their servant.

Archaon was not prepared to follow any of the Four Great Powers. Instead he dedicated his life to Chaos Undivided and believes that while Chaos is eternally diverse, it is in fact a single entity of cosmic power, the true master of the multiverse. His faith in it is deep, fervent, and total; putting even the most fanatical priest to shame. He does not eat, sleep, or rest. Every moment of his life is dedicated to the glory of Chaos.

Archaon believes in the prophesy of Necrodomo the Insane: that whomever collects the six treasures of Chaos will unleash its awesome power and bring the world to an end. Archaon is convinced that he is the Chosen One: that it is his destiny to overthrow the mortal world, to unlock the gates of the Realm of Chaos and unleash the Daemonic legions upon the world.

Of the six treasures of Chaos, Archaon has collected five. He bears the Mark of the Chosen One and wears the Armour of Morkar; around his neck hangs the great jewel, the Eye of Sheerian, he rides W'Soraych, the steed of the Apocalypse, and wields the legendary sword, the Slayer of Kings. If he finds the final, hidden treasure, he will unleash a new Great War, the like of which has never been seen, a terrible conflict that will dwarf all earlier Chaos incursions into insignificance.

In his warped mind it is his destiny to bring about the salvation of the world; to save it from stagnation and order. He sees that the civilisation of the Humans, Dwarfs and Elves is too corrupt and decayed; that it has come to the end of its cycle. The world needs change, a change only Chaos can provide. Archaon sees himself as the instrument of Chaos Undivided who will turn the world into another Realm of Chaos, a paradise of darkness.



ARCHAON

Your army may include Chaos Warlord Archaon. He will be accompanied by a retinue worth 630 or more points. The retinue must include at least one unit chosen from the Chaos Warrior Retinue list and may also include up to one unit chosen from the Daemonic or Beastman Retinue lists. If you include Archaon he will be your General.

Archaon leads the Swords of Chaos: the most powerful of all the Chaos Warrior warbands that roam the Northern Wastes. He tirelessly challenges other warbands and demands an oath of fealty from those he defeats. He asks only that they join him in the war against those who oppose Chaos.

The number of his followers grows with each passing day. Forces of the human nations or Dwarfs who have dared to challenge him have been ruthlessly and swiftly crushed. In the Battle of the Monoliths, Archaon crushed a combined force consisting of Kislevites, troops from the Empire and Dwarfs, led by Arch-Lector Kurt Mannfeld of Nuln, who had gathered the army to eradicate Archaon as ordered by his lord Sigmar. Archaon utterly defeated the army of the

warrior-priest and persuaded the shattered man to acknowledge the rule of Chaos, claiming victory over Sigmar, the patron god of the Empire.

Archaon is the greatest warlord of Chaos, the arch champion, the dark redeemer of the world. He is perhaps the deadliest warrior to walk the Northern Wastes, and the fact that he has not been elevated to Daemon Princehood speaks on behalf of his belief that the Chaos Powers have a great task planned for him. Once Archaon is ready, the armies of Chaos will assemble beneath his banner, Beastmen will flock to his side and Daemons will emerge from the Chaos Gate to follow him into battle. Then the world must be prepared to face the full might of Archaon and the hosts of Chaos.

ARCHAON, LORD OF CHAOS - 630 POINTS

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
ARCHAON	4	9	9	5	5	4	9	5	10
W'SORAYCH	12	6	0	5	4	1	6	3	10

Weapons/Armour. Archaon carries the *Slayer of Kings*, wears the *Armour of Morkar* and carries a shield.

Save. 1+ (see below).

Rides. Archaon rides W'Soraych, the Chaos Steed of legend; a monstrous barded steed of Chaos.

Mark of Chaos. Archaon bears the *Mark of the Chosen One*. See the special rules below.

SPECIAL RULES

Psychology. Archaon is wholly dedicated to the cause of Chaos so is immune to all psychology and cannot be broken. The only exception is that he *hates* the Grand Theogonist of Sigmar who he sees as his chief opponent.

Mark of the Chosen One. Archaon is the chosen champion of Chaos Undivided, and is thus favoured by the infernal gods. This Mark is unique to him and only he may have it. At the start of each of your own magic phases, Archaon may pick one spell at random from either the Dark Magic deck or any of the Chaos decks. He can then cast it as if he were a level 4 wizard, without using any power cards; and may power up the spell with power cards as normal. Once cast, the spell is discarded, unless it remains in play, in which case it is discarded once it has been dispelled. The spell is also discarded at the end of the magic phase if Archaon decides not to cast it. Note that Archaon is **not** a wizard and is not affected by spells or magic items that normally affect wizards.

The Swords Of Chaos. If you include Archaon in your army, one Chaos Warrior or Chaos Knight regiment in his retinue can be the Swords of Chaos. The Swords of Chaos *bate* all troops in any enemy army. Those that oppose Chaos must be made to see its glory or be eradicated. It costs +2 point per model to upgrade any Chaos Warrior to a Sword of Chaos and +4 points for each Chaos Knight.

MAGIC ITEMS

Archaon carries three magic items: the *Slayer of Kings*, *Armour of Morkar* and *Eye of Sheerian*. These items are unique to Archaon and only he may have them. Their value is already included in his points total.

Slayer of Kings

Magic Weapon 100 points

Inside this blade is trapped the Greater Daemon U'Zubl. Aeons of imprisonment inside the blade have driven it insane with rage. In battle the blade moans with barely contained fury. It is a truly mighty weapon that is just as dangerous to its user as it is to his enemies.

In battle Archaon may fight with the statistics of the Daemon trapped in the blade. If Archaon does this, he fights with a WS of 10, 7 Attacks, and Strength 7. However, for each 1 you roll when determining if he hits or not, Archaon or any friendly models in base contact with him (chosen by you) suffers one S7 hit. The *Armour of Morkar* will protect Archaon as normal. You may choose not to use the *Slayer of Kings*, in which case Archaon fights with his own statistics (ie WS9, S5 and 5 Attacks).

The Armour of Morkar

Magic Armour 70 points

This armour was lost to Chaos for eight thousand years. During the Age of Chaos, Morkar, the first Chosen One of Chaos, was slain by Aenarion the Defender, the first Phoenix King. How Archaon came to possess this armour no one knows, but thus far it has shielded him from harm.

Bearing the ever-burning Mark of Chaos Undivided this armour twists and alters reality, bending swords raised against its wearer, deflecting arrows and robbing strikes of power. Roll a D3 at the start of the battle, and deduct the result from the strength of any attack made against Archaon, be it from magic, shooting, or hand-to-hand combat. Note that attacks without a strength rating are unaffected. The armour also includes a shield and gives a 3+ armour saving throw, so when riding W'Soraych and carrying a shield, Archaon has an armour save of 1+.

The Eye of Sheerian

Enchanted Item 60 points

The Eye of Sheerian is an incredibly ancient jewel, dating from the age before the Time of Chaos when the Old Ones walked the land. The jewel holds ultimate power over the flow of magic and it is said that whoever brings the Eye before the Gateway of the Old Ones will unleash the hordes of Daemons that are beyond it. This gem now hangs about the neck of Archaon.

At the beginning of the battle, roll a D6 to see which power the Eye of Sheerian will grant Archaon.

- 1-2 Archaon is completely immune to the effects of hostile spells. Note that any spell cast against Archaon is not dispelled as such, and can affect other troops even though Archaon remains unharmed.
- 3-4 Archaon can not be harmed by magic weapons. Any magic weapon used against him simply counts as a normal weapon of its type. Note that this does not affect magic bows like the *Bow of Loren* for example, or other magic weapons used in the shooting phase.
- 5-6 Archaon can take his armour save on 2 dice, rolling 2D6 and saving on 2+. Any Armour save modifiers reduce this as normal, and attacks which ignore armour saves altogether will ignore this save.

AEKOLD HELBRASS

Your army may include the Chaos Warlord Aekold Helbrass. He is accompanied by a retinue worth 248 or more points chosen from the Chaos Warrior Retinue list. Aekold may not be the General of your army.

Aekold Helbrass, Champion of Tzeentch, bears a most unusual gift – the gift that is known as the Breath of Life. Where Aekold walks the grass springs green and meadow flowers blossom. When he walks upon desert sands and stony rocks the land bursts into life as he passes.

Any living thing he touches springs into new and vigorous growth. The long-dead wood of doors and staves takes root upon his touch. His touch can restore to health creatures

that are upon the threshold of death, for such is the power of the Breath of Life. His touch is as indiscriminate as it is potent, behind him he leaves a trail of new life and everything he touches is affected.

While lifegiving is the gift of Aekold, he slays his opponents without pity or care for their life, for he knows all life is but an endless dance of change, dictated by Tzeentch, the Master of Fate.



AEKOLD HELBRASS – 248 POINTS

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
AEKOLD	4	8	8	5	5	2	8	4	10

Weapons/Armour. Aekold wears Chaos armour and carries the double-handed broadsword *Windblade*.

Save. 4+ (Chaos armour).

Mark of Chaos. Aekold is a Champion of Tzeentch and bears his Mark. This means that he can re-roll any single dice roll during the game and add or deduct 1 from the result.

MAGIC ITEMS

Aekold has two magic items, the great sword Windblade and the special Chaos Reward Breath of Life. Both of these are unique to Aekold and only he may have them. The cost of these items is already included in his points cost.

The Breath of Life

Chaos Reward 25 points

The Breath of Life is one of the mysterious and bizarre gifts Tzeentch has granted to his most favoured of followers. At the start of each Chaos turn Aekold will recover a single wound on a D6 roll of 4+. He can only recover 1 wound per turn and can recover his full number of wounds in time. In addition, any model in base contact (friend or foe) will recover a single wound on a D6 roll of 6. The Breath of Life can bring Aekold back to life, but it cannot restore any other dead model. Once slain he can still recover wounds and thereby reincarnate himself, but a D6 score of 5+ is required to return his first wound. Mark the place where he is slain so that he can be returned once recovered.

The Windblade

Chaos Reward 50 points

The Windblade is the great double-handed broadsword of Aekold, granted to him by his master, Tzeentch. Like all the favours given by the Changer of Ways, it is an erratic and unpredictable weapon.

The Windblade is a double-handed weapon, so requires two hands to use. It adds +2 to the Strength of its user but it will always strike last. In addition, before the battle roll a D6 and consult the chart below to see what effect the Windblade will have on its bearer.

1-2 The Windblade allows its bearer to walk the winds of magic and move with an astounding speed. Aekold may fly as detailed in the Warhammer rulebook.

3-4 The Windblade becomes as light as a feather in the hands of its bearer, and yet still retains its deadly power. The Windblade will therefore always strike first in hand-to-hand combat, regardless of Initiative and charging, and it will still confer the +2 Strength bonus. If both sides are allowed to strike first because of magic items or spells, roll a dice to see which side goes first.

5-6 The Windblade swirls and leaps from the hands of its wielder, striking his enemies at a great distance before returning to his hand.

Aekold may throw the Windblade once in the shooting phase at any target within 12" that is within his line of sight. Use Aekold's Ballistic Skill to determine whether the Windblade hits its target or not. If the unit is hit it suffers D6 S5 hits.



COUNT MORDREK

Your army may include Count Mordrek the Damned. He may not be the General and cannot join or lead a unit as Mordrek fights alone as an independent character without a Retinue. The cost of Count Mordrek is deducted from the 25% allowance for Allies.

Do any remember how Count Mordrek the Damned came to his fate? Are there any amongst the wise of the Old World who recall which god he served? If such men exist they keep their own council.

It is commonly supposed that the gods rewarded Count Mordrek with the gift of Living Damnation. He walks the world at the whim of the Chaos gods, never dying, yet never ascending to the Realm of Chaos. He has been slain many times and each time he has been resurrected to serve his masters again. He has endured many deaths and lived many lifetimes of mortal men.

The curse that lies upon Count Mordrek the Damned is to endure eternal change as well as eternal life. Within his Chaos armour his form writhes with constant mutation. Only the Chaos gods know why they have chosen such a fate for their servant, and their reasons are not for mortals to understand.

He slays in the name of the Dark Gods, hoping against hope that one day he might be freed of his curse and ascend to the peaceful rest of death. Those that die under his sword or turn into grotesque Chaos Spawn he envies, for they gain the oblivion he craves. Such is the curse of Count Mordrek the Damned.

COUNT MORDREK THE DAMNED – 398 POINTS

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
MORDREK	4	D6+4	9	D3+3	D3+3	3	9	D6+1	10
CHAOS STEED	8	4	0	4	4	1	4	1	5

I have no right to pray for White Sigmar any more, but from the Daemons guarding the gateway to the Realm of Chaos, I ask for your deliverance. Rest now, sleep for eternity. You are now free of the withering clouds of war.

Count Mordrek the Damned, to a dying Reiksguard Knight

Weapons/Armour. Mordrek carries the *Sword of Change* whose touch turns his foes into Chaos Spawn. His eternally changing form is enclosed within Chaos armour and he also carries the *Chaos Runeshield*.

Save. 1+

Rides. Count Mordrek rides a Chaos steed that has armoured barding. Note that Mordrek has no Mark of Chaos – which god he served and why the Chaos gods abandoned him are unknown.

MAGIC ITEMS

Count Mordrek carries three magic items. These are the Sword of Change, the Chaos Runeshield and the third is a special Chaos Reward, the Living Damnation. Count Mordrek may not have any other magic items. The value of these are included in his points cost.

Sword of Change

Magic Weapon 50 points

The Sword of Change has the power to warp its foes and turn them into vile monstrosities: dribbling mindless creatures known as Chaos Spawn.

If the wielder inflicts 1 or more wounds upon an enemy but does not kill him then roll a D6. Add +1 for each wound inflicted above 1. On a score of 5+ the enemy is turned to Chaos Spawn as described in the special rules section in Realm of Chaos. The Chaos player moves the newly created Chaos Spawn 2D6" away from the bearer of the Sword of Change. Subsequently, move the Chaos Spawn in the Chaos player's turn.

A card for this magic item appears in Warhammer Magic.

Chaos Runeshield

Magic Armour 50 points

The Chaos Runeshield is covered with writhing runes that have the power to destroy an enemy's magic.

The Chaos Runeshield gives its wearer an armour saving throw of 6+. It can be combined with ordinary armour and/or armour saves from a mount in the usual way. It can also be combined with Chaos armour, the two counting as one magic item when combined in this fashion. Any magic weapons carried by enemy models are rendered ineffective whilst they remain in base contact with the bearer of the Runeshield.

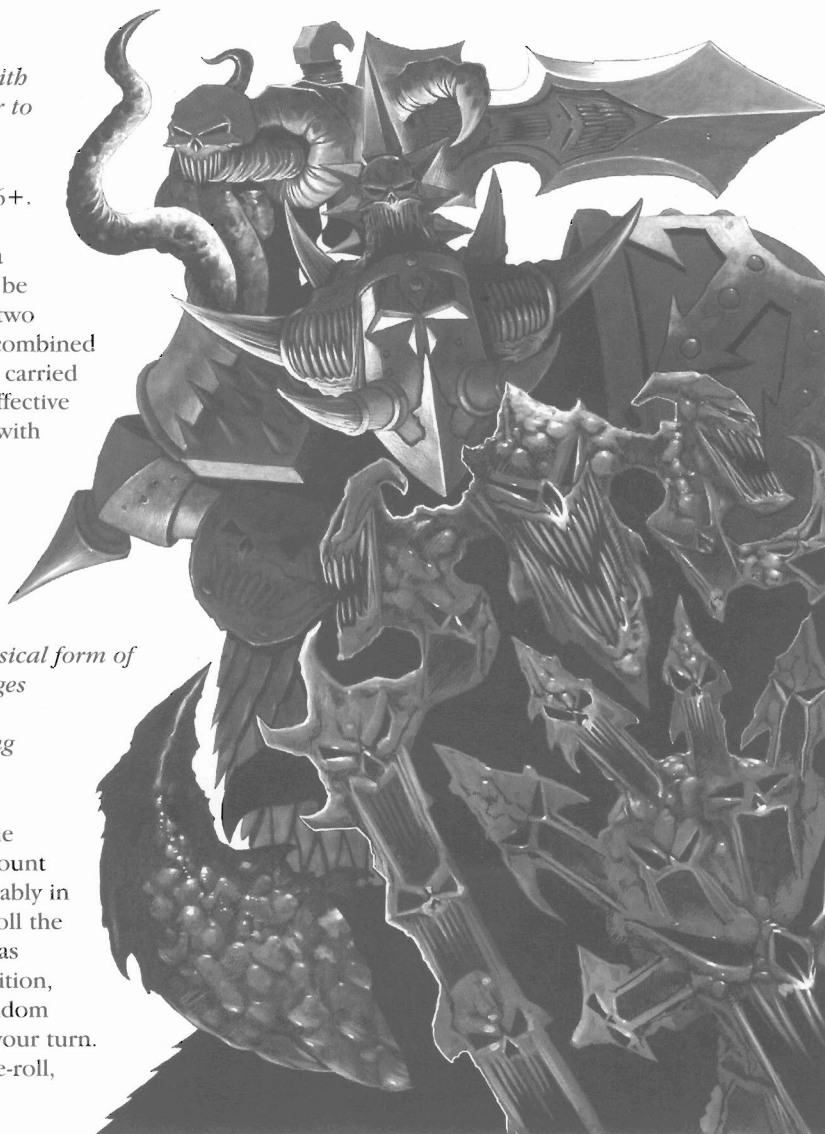
A card for this magic item appears in Warhammer Magic.

Living Damnation

Chaos Reward 15 points

Beneath his Chaos armour the physical form of Count Mordrek the Damned, changes constantly, ravaged by the terrible mutations caused by the changeling power of Chaos.

Living Damnation affects some of Mordrek's characteristics. Before the beginning of the battle, generate Count Mordrek's profile randomly (preferably in the presence of your opponent). Roll the appropriate dice and modify them as noted on Mordrek's profile. In addition, you **must** re-roll any one of his random characteristics at the beginning of your turn. You must accept the result of the re-roll, even if this lowers Mordrek's characteristics.





VALNIR THE REAPER

Over two hundred years ago, the name of Valnir the Reaper was feared throughout the lands of Kislev and the Empire. As a great warrior in the Tribe of the Crow, he took the path over the Mountains of Dusk to the Realm of Chaos and became a Chaos Warrior and then, in time, a feared and mighty Champion of Chaos.

Lord Nurgle made him the Reaper, the gatherer of souls whose task was to slay in the name of the god of Pestilence. He granted Valnir a daemonic weapon of great potency, a flail that could take souls as easily as it could take lives. Great was the number of innocents harvested by Valnir the Reaper.

When the Great Chaos War came, Valnir answered the call to arms like so many other Champions of Chaos. He fought for his patron at the siege of Praag and the titanic battle for the Gates of Kislev. In the final cataclysmic mêlée he charged Alexis, the Tzar of Kislev, but was cut down, mortally wounded. Somehow he managed to stagger away from the battlefield.

His followers carried his body back to the lands of the Marauders as was his final wish. The Marauders of the Crow tribe built a great stone throne from where Valnir could survey his ancestral lands. Thus it remained for over two hundred years. But Valnir's work was not yet done. Over the years the black wind from the Realm of Chaos grew stronger, and one day his rotted, skeletal form lurched to its feet. Thus Valnir stood tall once more, not dead, not alive, but a daemonic creature sustained by the power of Nurgle, the god of pestilence. His soul had returned to its carcass. Valnir the Reaper stalked the land once more. The tribesmen of the Crow fell to their knees when they saw him, and worshiped him as a demi-god. To them he was living proof that the lord of Pestilence was with them.

Where Valnir walks, plague and pestilence follow. Wells and fountains dry up and rivers and streams turn foul. Animals become rabid and men sicken and die. Many times has Valnir won a battle before it has started, his fanatic Marauders cutting swathes through an army of stricken and diseased men, weakened by the onslaught of the Breath of Nurgle.

The lands of the Empire and Kislev will have to pay a thousandfold for the death of Valnir.



VALNIR THE REAPER

Your army may include the Chaos Warlord Valnir the Reaper. He is accompanied by 340 or more points chosen from the Chaos Warrior Retinue list. If your army consists entirely of Marauders Valnir may be your General if you wish,

Valnir was awakened by Nurgle for a reason. The Reaper's work was not yet done. Although the power of the lord of Pestilence grew ever greater, Nurgle was not satisfied. He remembered his champion who had sent so many souls to him. Now he would continue to do so.

Only Valnir and his patron know how many souls he must gather before he can rest again. In the passage of time Valnir has come to hate all living beings because they stubbornly hold on to their souls and do not surrender them to his lord Nurgle. His flesh has rotted

almost completely away. His Chaos armour is a shattered ruin. Maggots writhe in his eye sockets. His entrails ooze through the gaps in his armour. Yet a terrifying strength lives on in his skeletal frame. His grip is like iron, and no foe struck by his terrible flail ever recovers. The more he slays, the greater his vitality grows. His body has been crushed in battle many times, yet he has always risen again, ever eager to slay more and leave their rotting carcasses empty of their essence, their souls sent screaming to the realm of Nurgle.

VALNIR THE REAPER - 340 POINTS

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
VALNIR	4	8	8	5	6	2	8	4	10

Weapons/Armour. Valnir carries the great flail *Gatherer of Souls* and wears Chaos armour. Valnir fights on foot.

Save. 4+ (Chaos armour).

Mark of Chaos. Valnir bears the Mark of Nurgle, increasing his Toughness from 5 to 6.

SPECIAL RULES



Psychology. Valnir *bates* all living enemies. How dare they walk the earth and deny lord Nurgle their souls! Note that he does not hate Daemons or the Undead as they are not truly alive. Valnir is also immune to *fear*, *terror* and *panic*. He has walked the paths of the world beyond and nothing in the mortal world holds any terror for him.

Fear. Valnir is infested with maggots and worms. His body is surrounded by the sickly stench of death and a cloud of carrion flies hovers around him wherever he goes. His horrifying visage therefore causes *fear* as detailed in the Psychology section of the Warhammer rulebook.

Wind Of Pestilence. Where Valnir walks, disease and death follows. To represent this, at the beginning of the game you may nominate one enemy unit that has been infected by the deadly contagion of Valnir. Roll a D6 to see which ailment this unit suffers.

1-3 The Red Plague. The horrifying disease of the north wipes out men like a scythe cuts wheat. The unit suffers D6 S3 hits with no saves of any kind allowed.

4-5 Brain Fever. As their brains become infested with worms and a burning fever, the victims become insane and weak-willed. The unit becomes subject to *stupidity*.

6 Black Rot. The flesh of the victims of the Black Rot turns dark, their hair falls out and their skin becomes a leprous, putrefied mess. All the members of the unit suffer a -1 Strength penalty.

No chariots, war machines or characters are affected, even if they are with a unit. No Undead and Daemons are affected either.



MAGIC ITEMS

Valnir carries two magic items. These are always the great flail Gatherer of Souls, and the Chaos Reward Regeneration. The first magic item is unique to Valnir and only he may have it.

Gatherer of Souls

Magic Weapon 50 points

The Gatherer of Souls is a massive rusted flail, charged with the corpulent power of Nurgle. Its blows do not only kill, they consume the souls of its victims as well. Much of this stolen energy is passed to Lord Nurgle, but it also strengthens Valnir, making him stronger and faster in his task of collecting souls.

The Gatherer of Souls gives Valnir the Reaper a +2 bonus to his Strength. It requires two hands to use, just like an ordinary flail, but as Valnir never tires, he can always add +2 to his Strength in hand-to-hand combat. For every 3 wounds caused by Valnir during the battle, he may increase his Attacks, Weapon Skill or Strength by 1, up to a maximum of 10.

Regeneration

Chaos Reward 50 points

Valnir can regenerate damage in the same way as a Troll. When he suffers wounds from shooting, magic, or hand-to-hand fighting then you may test to regenerate for each wound when it is inflicted (ie. after that turn's shooting/hand-to-hand/magic). On the score of a 4+ the wound is regenerated and is immediately restored. Valnir may regenerate wounds even if he is killed. Regenerated wounds do not count towards combat results or for purposes of working out 25% casualties on Panic tests and so on. Valnir may not regenerate if burned, so once he has suffered wounds from a flaming attack this ability is completely nullified. Even wounds suffered from normal weaponry cannot be regenerated once the character has been burned.

A card for this Chaos Reward is included in the Realm of Chaos box.

DECHALA

Your army may include the Chaos Warlord Dechala. She is accompanied by a retinue of 355 or more points chosen from the Chaos Warrior Retinue list and may be your General if you wish. If your army includes any Khornate characters or Daemons, you may not include Dechala.

Dechala is the mistress of the Tormentors, the greatest of all of Slaanesh's warbands to ever roam the Chaos Wastes. She is as cruel as she is beautiful and as pitiless as she is beguiling.

The earliest records of the ravages of Dechala reach down through the centuries. Some say that she was blessed with great age by Slaanesh, or maybe the legends that she was once a High Elf princess are true.

Dechala is mutated beyond recognition, making her a creature of Chaos more akin to a Daemon than a mortal. Her skin is smooth and milk-white. Her legs have been replaced by the lithe and sinuous body of a snake. Her multi-headed tail cracks like a whip, and drips with poison. Her multitudinous arms grasp heavy-bladed swords and her deep blue eyes glow with an inner light, promising terrible pain and pleasure to any who dare to

stand before her. She has beauty that only Slaanesh may grant, but it is as unearthly and disturbing as it is irresistible. Her visage evokes loathing as much as it arouses pleasure.

Dechala seeks the ultimate self-indulgence and freedom from the shackles of law and order, but she desires this pleasure only for herself: others can suffer and die as long as her wishes are fulfilled. She is served by a host of slaves, victims of her hideous poison that erodes both the will and the body.

In battle Dechala is an enchanting sight, her snake-like body dancing to amuse her patron. And as delicate and as sensuous as her movements are, they are nonetheless lethal to those who dare to oppose her, and many an opponent has been cut to pieces while entranced by her dance.



DECHALA,

THE DENIED ONE – 355 POINTS

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
DECHALA	8	8	7	5	5	2	10	5(6)	10

Weapons/Armour. Dechala wears Chaos armour and carries a multitude of swords.

Save. 4+ (Chaos armour).

Mark of Chaos. Dechala the Denied One bears the Mark of Slaanesh, which makes her immune to psychology and Break tests.

Hates Khorne. Dechala was once wounded in battle by a Champion of Khorne. Her face still carries the scar and because of this she *bates* Daemons of Khorne and any creature bearing the Mark of Khorne.

SPECIAL RULES

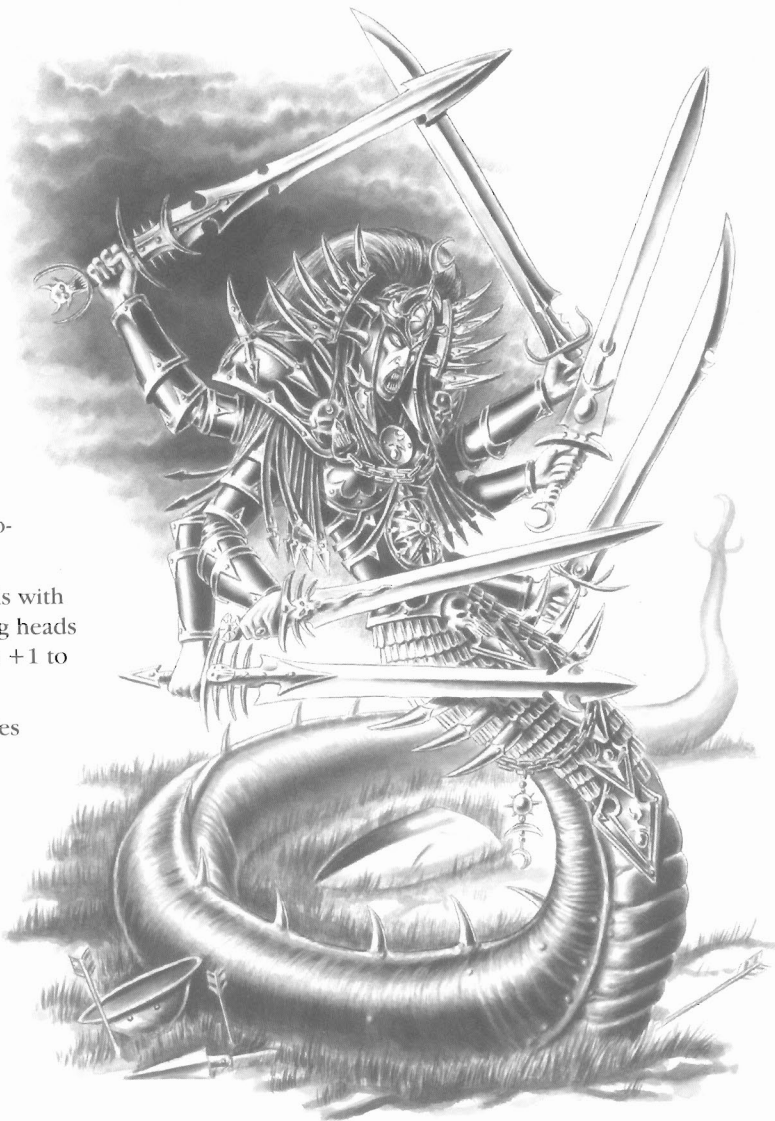
Dances of Slaanesh

Even battle is a way for Dechala to please her master. She dances across the battlefield sensuously, her blades making eerie whistling music to accompany her movements. Pick one of the following dances at the beginning of each of your turns. The effect applies until the beginning of your next turn.

The Praise of Slaanesh. Dechala fights with dancing movements that enthrall her enemies, and her twisting body becomes almost impossible to hit. Because of this she is -1 to hit in hand-to-hand combat or by shooting.

Dance of Destruction. Dechala swirls with frantic energy, cutting limbs and severing heads with her whistling blades. Dechala gains +1 to all her to hit rolls.

Daggerdance. Dechala's twisting blades make a wall of steel around her that no sword master can penetrate. Dechala may deflect up to 3 of her opponent(s) attacks but each parry costs her 2 attacks during the same hand-to-hand combat phase. At the beginning of the hand-to-hand combat phase declare how many attacks she will parry and which enemies in base contact with her lose their attacks. Note this has no effect on special attacks like the "yell and bawl" attack of a giant, only against normal attacks.



MAGIC ITEMS

Dechala always carries the following magic items: the Elixir of Damnation and the Chaos Reward Many Arms. The first magic item is unique to Dechala and only she may have it.

Elixir of Damnation

Enchanted Item 50 points

The Elixir of Damnation mutates its victim, leaving him in the grip of pain and ecstasy, unable to oppose Dechala. Dechala's weapons and tail are coated in this noxious elixir. If an opponent suffers an unsaved wound but is not killed, they cannot attack Dechala by shooting, in hand-to-hand combat, or casting any spells at her. Note this elixir has no effect on Undead or Daemons who are not truly alive.

Many Arms

Chaos Reward 25 points

Slaanesh has rewarded Dechala with additional limbs: six arms with delicate hands.

This Reward allows Dechala to carry an extra weapon gaining +1A, giving her 6 attacks. This has already been included in her profile (see above).

A card for this Chaos Reward is included in the Realm of Chaos box.

ARBAAL

Your army may include the Chaos Warlord Arbaal the Undefeated. He is accompanied by a retinue worth 570 or more points from either the Chaos Warrior Retinues list or Daemons of Khorne from the Daemon Retinues list. Arbaal may not be your General.

Of all the warrior heroes of Khorne the Blood God, there are few so devoted to their thirsting master as Arbaal. Thousands have felt his axe blade at their necks and now their white skulls lie at the feet of Khorne. At the city of Praag in the northlands, Arbaal led a hundred Daemons in the assault on its boundaries. It was Arbaal who finally breached the gates of the city and ended the siege. Legends claim that Arbaal slew a thousand warriors that day.

Arbaal is the favourite of his master and his most devoted servant. Khorne has gifted him with the power of the Destroyer in recognition of his devotion, a reward that belongs to Khorne's most favoured Champion alone. Only one warrior may bear the gift of the Destroyer of Khorne. Should his Champion be defeated Khorne's wrathful eye will turn Arbaal to foul Chaos Spawn, for only the victorious are worthy enough to serve Khorne.

ARBAAL THE UNDEFEATED, DESTROYER OF KHORNE – 570 POINTS

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
ARBAAL	4	9	8	6	5	3	8	2D6	10
KHORNE'S HOUND	8	6	0	6	5	3	10	4	10

Weapons/Armour. Arbaal is armed with an axe and wears Chaos armour (the *Mark of Khorne*).

Save. 4+ (Chaos armour).

Rides. Arbaal rides the *Hound of Khorne*. See special rules below.

SPECIAL RULES

Mark of Chaos. Arbaal has the Chaos armour of a Champion of Khorne. Note that he is not affected by *frenzy* as Khorne's Champions usually are. The *Destroyer of Khorne* Reward effectively replaces the *Frenzy* rule.

Wrath of Khorne. Arbaal is the most favoured of Khorne's many Champions. He is constantly under Khorne's scrutiny and should he fail in his duty then the Blood God's anger will descend upon him. If Arbaal flees for any reason (broken in combat, etc) then rather than fleeing he will be turned into Chaos Spawn. As soon as he turns to Spawn move Arbaal 2D6" directly forward, and then move him using the rules for Chaos Spawn. Once Arbaal becomes Spawn he loses his magic items and the Hound of Khorne returns to the Realm of Chaos.

Challenge. If fighting a unit containing an enemy character, Arbaal must make a challenge on behalf of his master. If a challenge is issued to Arbaal or a unit he is with then he must meet it. If Arbaal fights a challenge and slays his enemy he may immediately issue another challenge and fight another round of combat. If his challenge is not met then he may fight a round of combat against ordinary troops as normal. When Arbaal fights, the Hound of Khorne also fights, both during challenges and ordinary combat. If an enemy unit contains more than one character willing to fight him it's possible for Arbaal to fight several rounds of combat within a normal round. Work out combat results only when all fighting is finished, counting all wounds inflicted toward the result.

MAGIC ITEMS

Arbaal has two magic items, both of which are Chaos Rewards of Khorne – Khorne's Hound and Destroyer of Khorne. These are unique to Arbaal, and only he may have them. He may not have any other magic items. The points value of Arbaal includes the value of his magic items.

The Hound of Khorne

Chaos Reward 250 points

The Hound of Khorne is the Blood God's own Flesh Hound, a Daemon of huge proportions combining the attributes of the Flesh Hound with massive size and power. Only Khorne's chosen Champion is rewarded with the Hound of Khorne which the Champion rides in the fashion of a monstrous beast.

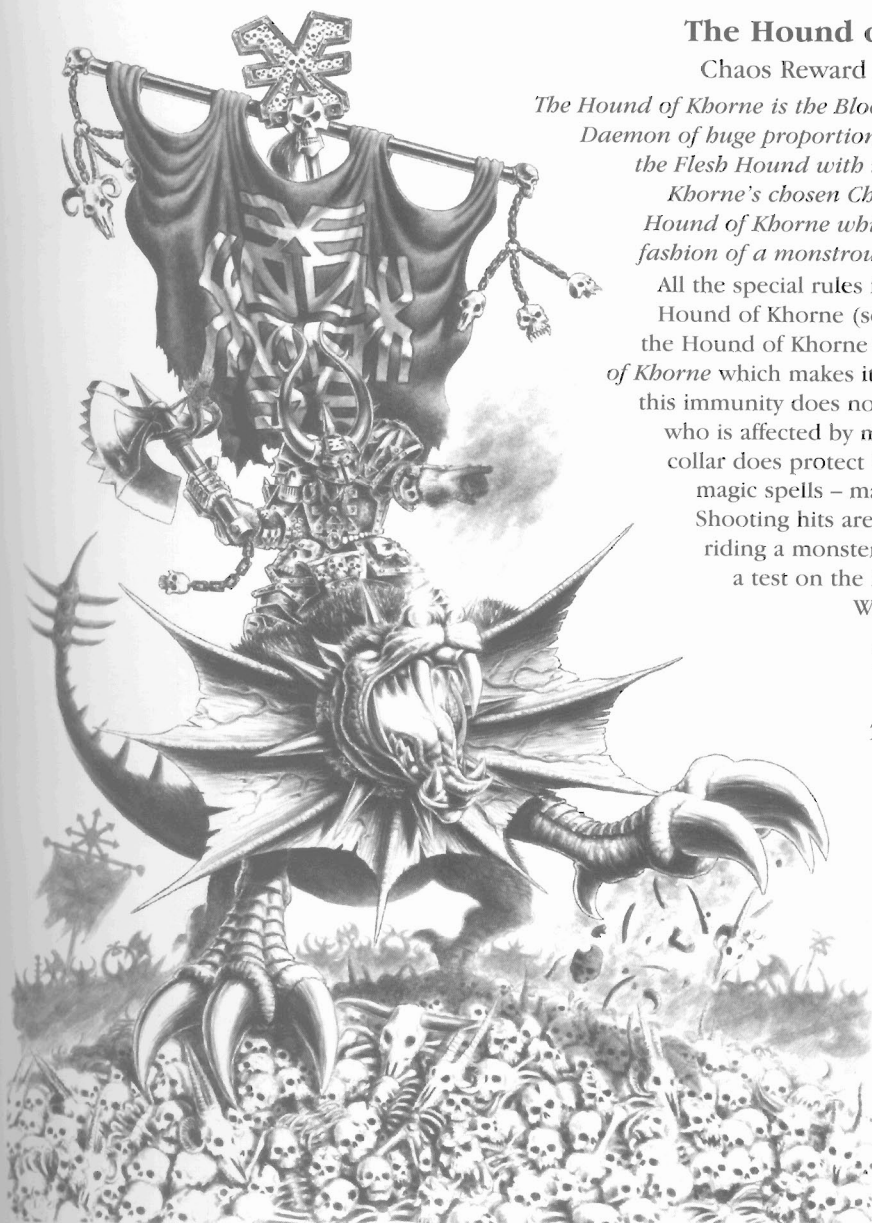
All the special rules for Flesh Hounds apply to the Hound of Khorne (see Realm of Chaos). Note that the Hound of Khorne wears a Flesh Hound's Collar of Khorne which makes it immune to magic weapons – this immunity does not extend to the Hound's rider who is affected by magic weapons as normal. The collar does protect both Hound and rider against magic spells – making them immune to magic. Shooting hits are randomised as if Arbaal were riding a monster. If Arbaal is killed then make a test on the Monster Reaction Table in the Warhammer rulebook, page 70.

Destroyer of Khorne

Chaos Reward 25 points

The Destroyer of Khorne is the gift Khorne, the god of war, gives to his most favoured of Champions. It turns Arbaal into a tireless warrior; a hurricane of fury and destruction upon the battlefield.

The Destroyer of Khorne allows Arbaal to make 2D6 attacks during the hand-to-hand combat phase. Roll at the start of each hand-to-hand combat phase to see how many attacks Arbaal can make against his opponents.





EGRIMM VAN HORSTMANN

When Egrimm van Horstmann was ordained as Grand Magister of the Order of Light he was acclaimed as the youngest and most gifted wizard to rule over a magical order. As he knelt down and swore allegiance to the Emperor, no-one guessed that his loyalty had already been given over to another, far more sinister master.

As an Apprentice Chanter of the ritual bound Order of Light Wizards he served under Master Chanter Alric, the Saviour of Apesto, who taught him many of the order's ancient secrets. But all the time he served the Order of Light, Horstmann prayed to the gods of Chaos for the power to defeat his peers. His progress was rapid. By day he studied Light Magic, and by night he pored over ancient manuscripts devoted to the lore of the Chaos gods.

Daemons of Tzeentch whispered their timeless secrets into his sleeping mind and Egrimm's evil powers waxed strong.

For three years the Grand Magister worked his evil in the darkness. Seeds of corruption were planted in the hearts of the Acolytes of the Order of Light. Rituals were subtly modified and their powers redirected. Beneath the College Egrimm laboured at the sealed vaults one-by-one defeating their magical locks to uncover the forbidden things they contained. It is impossible to calculate the damage done or the horrors unleashed upon the world by the Grand Magister before his evil was uncovered by the Inquisitors of Sigmar and the Grand Theogonist Volkmar.

The search for and discovery of the source of corruption would make a long and horrific tale in its own right. In the end the Grand Magister unlocked the Dragon Baudros from its timeless prison beneath the Pyramid of Light and upon the winged and two-headed form of this most infamous of all Chaos Dragons he ascended into the sky and departed towards the Chaos Wastes.

With his corrupted acolytes Egrimm formed the Cabal, perhaps the mightiest of all the warbands of Tzeentch. These sinister warrior-wizards of Tzeentch deemed Egrimm van Horstmann as their master. Egrimm covets nothing less than dominion over the entire world. He is a great conspirator, second only to his master Tzeentch. His acolytes are everywhere, and many of the secrets, cults and covens in the Old World are ultimately controlled by Horstmann. Such plots and schemes please Tzeentch immeasurably, and he has rewarded van Horstmann greatly, making him the most favoured of his servants.



EGRIMM VAN HORSTMANN

Your army may include the Chaos Warlord Egrimm. He is accompanied by a retinue of 521 or more points chosen from the Chaos Warrior Retinue list. Egrimm may be your General if you wish. The cost of Baudros is deducted from the 25% allowance for allies as normal.

At the edge of the Screaming Hills stand the Silver Towers of the Cabal. Here Tzeentch's Sorcerers study arcane lore and augur divinations, trying to foretell the moment when the Storm of Chaos will arise again, and how to harness it to their will. The Sorcerers of the Cabal do not speak: instead they communicate using telepathy, even over great distances. This way no-one will know their plans.

The Chaos Warriors of the Cabal are called the Thralls – they are the willing slaves of van Horstmann. Upon joining the Cabal, a warrior or wizard must swear unending loyalty to the master of the Cabal and his lord Tzeentch. He is branded with the magical sign of Tzeentch on his forehead so that he can never rebel against the will of his masters. In return he is initiated into the secrets of the Cabal.

The armour of the Cabal is archaic and ceremonial to the point of impracticality covered in a mass of talismans, ribbons and warding sigils. Their weapons are often magical, ensorcelled by the sorcerers of the Cabal. In battle their blades give off an eerie glow that is frightening and yet at the same time fascinating. The Cabal are a terrifying foe: they act and fight in perfect synchronicity, guided by the mad genius of the Chaos Sorcerers. Their battle plans are infinitely complex and often seem contradictory, and yet they are always victorious. Their opponents feel that they are part of an act in which their roles are predestined, and trying to resist is like struggling against invisible chains. The symbol of the Cabal is the unblinking Withering Eye of Tzeentch on an open palm. Their banner bears this symbol, and it is a source of pride to the Cabal that it has never been captured. It is said that a man who gazes into the Withering Eye will grow old and waste away in mere moments.

EGRIMM VAN HORSTMANN – 521 POINTS + CHAOS DRAGON BAUDROS – 625 POINTS

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
EGRIMM	4	6	6	5	5	4	9	4	10
BAUDROS	6	6	0	7	7	7	6	8	8

Weapons/Armour. Egrimm van Horstmann wears Chaos armour and carries a Chaos Runeblade.

Save. 4+ (Chaos armour).

Rides. Egrimm rides on the back of the Dragon Baudros, a mighty twin-headed Dragon of Chaos. See Realm of Chaos for details of Chaos Dragons and their special Breath attacks.

Magic. Egrimm is a Sorcerer Lord and has four spells drawn from the Tzeentch, Battle Magic or Dark Magic decks.

Mark of Chaos. As a Sorcerer of Tzeentch, Egrimm van Horstmann has his master's usual Mark and can re-roll any single dice roll during the game and add or deduct 1 from the result.

SPECIAL RULES

Power of Mind. The will of Egrimm is stronger than steel so he always makes any Leadership-based test on 3D6 and may pick the two lowest scores. This is of most use when he uses the *Skull of Katam*.

MAGIC ITEMS

Egrimm van Horstmann is a Sorcerer Lord of Tzeentch and carries three magic items: Chaos Runeblade, Chaos Familiar, Skull of Katam and the Chaos Reward Cunning of Tzeentch. He may not have any other magic items. The cost of these items is already included in his points cost total.

Chaos Runeblade

Magic Weapon 45 points

This is a black blade encrusted with writhing Chaos runes that radiate a dark and malevolent power. Its touch is deadly and its bite will penetrate ordinary armour with ease.

No armour saving throw is allowed against wounds inflicted by the Chaos Runeblade except for magical armour. Each wound inflicted by the Chaos Runeblade causes not 1 but D3 wounds.

A card for this magic item appears in Warhammer Magic

Chaos Familiar

Wizard's Arcana 50 points

A Chaos Familiar can take almost any shape, from a tiny midget or strange beast to a walking tome or, as in the case of Egrimm's, a swirl of sulphurous smoke.

Egrimm van Horstmann is accompanied by a Chaos Familiar with a profile as follows:

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
Familiar	4	3	3	2	3	1	4	1	8

As long as the Familiar remains with Egrimm, it can add or subtract 1 from any single dice roll made on Egrimm's behalf in any turn (his and/or his enemy's turn). The player must declare he is using the bonus before rolling the dice. If used with the Mark of Tzeentch, the Chaos player may re-roll a single dice roll with a -2/+2 modifier.

A card for this magic item appears in Warhammer Magic

Cunning of Tzeentch

Chaos Reward 20 points

Egrimm is blessed with the deep wisdom and cunning of Tzeentch himself. In battle he can confuse enemy plans and foil their attacks. The opposing generals are like puppets in a play staged by Egrimm.

The army that includes Egrimm van Horstmann always has the first turn in the game, regardless of other factors, unless the Chaos player wishes otherwise. In addition, the Chaos player may choose one of his regiments to be deployed after all other troops on both sides including those with special deployment rules, and place it anywhere in his deployment zone.

Skull of Katam

Wizard's Arcana 35 points

The Skull of Sorcerer Katam continues to whisper words of power into the ears of its owner.

The bearer of the Skull of Katam may cast his spells with 1 less power card than is normally required. A spell normally requiring 2 power cards can be cast for 1, a spell requiring 3 is cast for 2. A spell requiring 1 power card can be cast for free.

Each time he uses the Skull Egrimm must test against his Leadership. If he succeeds then the whispering skull reveals secrets which weaken his mind, reducing his Leadership value by 1. If he fails he becomes a gibbering maniac and takes no further part in the game.

A card for this magic item appears in Warhammer Magic

SCYLA ANFINNGRIM

Your army may include Scyla Anfinngrim, the Spawn of Chaos, as a monster. His points cost is paid out of the allowance for Allies as he forms part of the Monstrous Host. Due to the effects of being turned into Chaos Spawn, Scyla cannot be your General.

Once Scyla of the Tribe of the Hound enjoyed the favour of his Chaos god. At one time Scyla's Raiders plagued the northern coasts of the Empire. His name was feared by the Kislevite merchants of Erengard. Many remembered the daring night raids that left the docklands of the Lynsk an inferno of destruction. But power of such magnitude has its cost, and Scyla paid the highest price for his ambition.

At first his body swelled with chitinous plates. This gift made him even more powerful, but it was the beginning of the end for Scyla. Within the year his head had grown elongated and reptilian and a beaked tail sprouted from his back. His limbs lost their clean human shape, becoming long, hairy, and ape-like. Soon he could no longer grasp his sword and fell

upon all fours like a beast. At last his mind gave up its grip and Scyla was lost in the depths of gibbering abomination, becoming a Chaos Spawn.

Scyla's warband took pity on him, some even revered hi, in his new form and paid homage to him as a living god. Subsequently, his trusted lieutenant One-Eyed Erlock was chosen as Khorne's Champion, and Erlock placed around Scyla's malformed head the potent Collar of Khorne. When Erlock led the warriors to battle he took Scyla with him, directing the horrific creature like a tamed beast. The ultimate fate of Scyla is not recorded, but he was said to have fallen at the Gates of Kislev, the titanic battle that ended the Great War against Chaos.

SCYLA, SPAWN OF CHAOS – 320 POINTS

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
SCYLA	6	6	0	6	6	4	3	6	8

Save. 4+ unmodified save (Iron Hard Skin).

SPECIAL REWARDS

Iron Hard Skin. Scyla has Iron Hard Skin which gives him an armour saving throw of 4+ on a D6. This save is not modified by the attacker's Strength (as other armour is). Where no armour save is permitted (eg, a cannon shot or stone thrower) then Iron Hard Skin has no effect.

Collar of Khorne. Scyla wears the Collar of Khorne. If attacked by a magic weapon and he makes a successful armour saving throw for his Iron Hard Skin then the magic weapon is destroyed. If attacked with a magic spell then the spell is dispelled on a D6 roll of a 4+. If dispelled the spell is automatically destroyed and the caster sustains 1 wound on the D6 roll of a 4+. The destroyed spell is removed from your opponent's hand and cannot be used for the remainder of the game.

Scyla's Master. Scyla obeys the will of his master and can be controlled like any other monster. The Chaos Spawn rules do not apply whilst Scyla remains under his master's command. He moves and attacks normally, just like a monster included in the army.

If you include Scyla in your army you must appoint a special character as his master. Scyla deploys within 6" of his master at the start of the game, but is free to move as he wants thereafter. Should his master be slain or leave the table Scyla becomes subject to the rules for Chaos Spawn as described in *Realm of Chaos*. Note that his profile stays the same.

Fear. Scyla is a monstrous beast of horrific appearance and therefore causes *fear* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer rulebook.



AMON 'CHAKAI

Your army may include Daemon Warlord Amon 'Chakai. He will be accompanied by a retinue of 855 or more points of Tzeentch Daemons chosen from the Daemon Retinue list. Amon 'Chakai may be your General if you wish.

Amon 'Chakai is the wisest and oldest of all the Lords of Change. While others of his kind are intelligent beyond human comprehension, Amon 'Chakai alone holds ultimate knowledge over fate and destiny. This great Lord of Change despises civilisation and order; and delights in bringing the world into ruin and Chaos. He can impose his omnipotent will upon hapless mortals, twisting the natural flow of their destiny and bringing misery and ruination to their lives. Nothing pleases him more than seeing the world broken and made anew, in the endless flow of change.

Amon 'Chakai can see the threads of destiny as clearly as a mortal man can see the path ahead of him. He can destroy or elevate both his followers and his enemies by what appears to be a mere whim, for the motives behind the actions of Daemons are not for mortals to comprehend.

For a thousand years Amon 'Chakai has sat immovable on his throne in the Impossible Fortress, studying the antics of mortals in fascination. Now he has been roused from this state, perhaps by the whim of Tzeentch or maybe by his own design. He has summoned his Daemonic minions to battle, and now commands the greatest Daemonic army ever assembled in the Realm of Chaos. His ambition does not end there for he has now turned his diamond-like eyes upon the mortal realm. Madmen locked away in the sanatoriums of the Old World see visions of the Great Winged Daemon, and scream that the end of the world is coming. In the far north of the Dark Elf realm of Naggaroth, the Sorcerers of the Witch King studying the Realm of Chaos read their auguries and omens and shudder in terror; for they show a promise of the entropy and destruction brought about by Amon 'Chakai.



AMON 'CHAKAI, LORD OF CHANGE – 855 POINTS

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
AMON	8	9	9	7	7	8	9	6	10

SPECIAL RULES

Wings. Amon has a pair of huge multi-coloured wings that allow him to *fly* as described in the Warhammer rulebook.

Terror. The Lord of Change is awesome in appearance and his penetrating gaze alone can drive mortal men to insanity. Amon 'Chakai therefore causes *terror* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer rulebook.

Daemonic Aura. Due to his omnipotence Amon 'Chakai has a daemonic saving throw of 1+.

Hates Nurgle. Amon 'Chakai *bates* all Nurgle Daemons, any creatures that bear the Mark of Nurgle and any unit led by a Champion of Nurgle.

DAEMONIC REWARDS

Amon 'Chakai has three Daemonic Rewards: the Hand of Destiny, Master of Sorcery and the All Seeing Eye. The Hand of Destiny is unique to him and only he may use it.

The Hand of Destiny

Daemonic Reward 30 points

Amon 'Chakai can doom any mortal to die in combat. The doomed one is almost certain to perish, such is the power of Amon 'Chakai.

One enemy model, chosen by the Chaos player, is doomed to perish by Amon 'Chakai. All hand-to-hand combat and shooting attacks against this model will automatically hit. This lasts until the end of the battle, even if Amon 'Chakai is killed.

The last door opened before Witch Hunter-General Gunther Munz. Now he finally stood atop the Impossible Fortress, his quest to slay Amon 'Chakai was near its end. He stepped into the Chamber of Glass and saw the Greater Daemon sitting upon his throne deep in meditation, its omnipotent will travelling the vastness of the multiverse. Taking a deep breath Gunther raised his enchanted sword and prepared to strike down the foul Daemon.

Suddenly its eyes snapped open, shining with amusement as it studied the man before it. Gunther knew he should strike now, but could only stare into those fascinating eyes. Amon 'Chakai spoke.

"I have watched you since your birth, Gunther Munz and I have watched the birth of your father, his father, and all your ancestors from the time when they still roamed the Plains of the Sun in the Southlands. I have watched you grow and I have watched your studies. I saw how your plans to destroy me came to fruition. I have seen every footstep you have taken to come before me. There is nothing I do not know. You are here because I wished it. Did you not know that!

For a fleeting moment the Daemon held the gaze of the Witch Hunter-General. Then released him and he collapsed to the floor. Gunther struggled to his feet, but lacked the strength. In the glassy surface of the floor he saw his reflection. His arms were thin and feeble, his hair white, his face ancient and withered. It seemed as if fifty years had passed him by, though it had been but a moment. He had been a man in his prime, now he was old and weak.

The mocking laughter of Amon 'Chakai rang in his ears as it rose from its throne and moved towards him.

Master of Sorcery

Daemonic Reward 250 points

Through his immense wisdom and knowledge Amon 'Chakai is a potent user of magic.

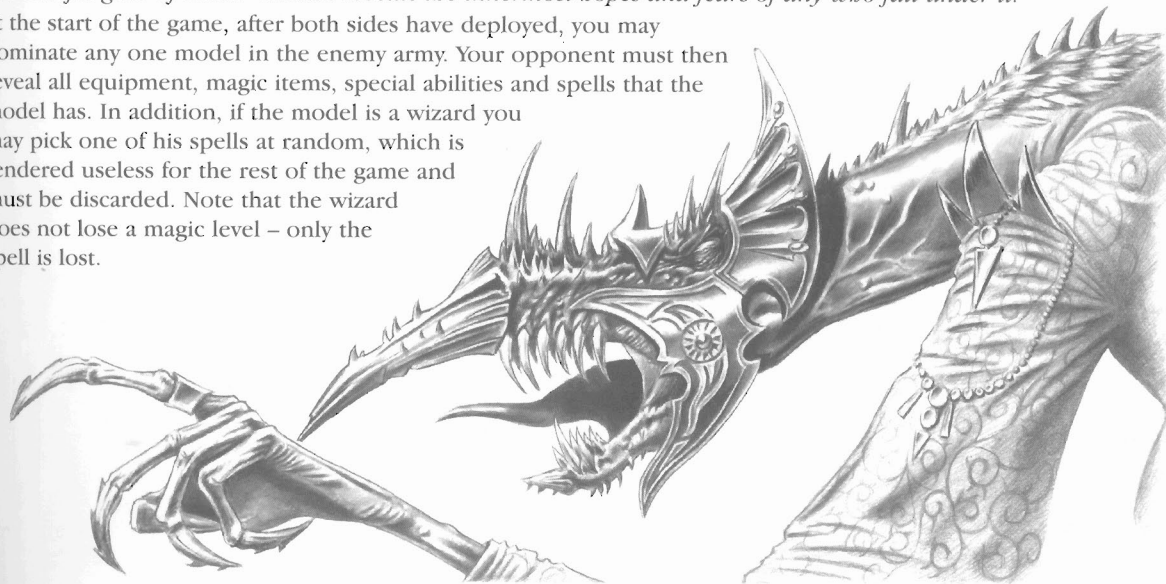
Amon 'Chakai is a level 5 wizard. So great is his cunning and wisdom he can draw five spells from either the Tzeentch, Dark Magic or Battle Magic spell deck.

All Seeing Eye

Daemonic Reward 50 points

The baleful gaze of Amon 'Chakai reveals the innermost hopes and fears of any who fall under it.

At the start of the game, after both sides have deployed, you may nominate any one model in the enemy army. Your opponent must then reveal all equipment, magic items, special abilities and spells that the model has. In addition, if the model is a wizard you may pick one of his spells at random, which is rendered useless for the rest of the game and must be discarded. Note that the wizard does not lose a magic level – only the spell is lost.





AZAZEL, PRINCE OF DAMNATION

When Azazel abandoned humanity and pledged his mortal soul to the service of Slaanesh none can say, but it is rumoured that in the distant past he was the leader of the Gerreon tribe, one of the twelve great peoples that followed Sigmar, the first Emperor. The legend says that he betrayed his liege lord and escaped to the Northern Wastes, pledging loyalty to Slaanesh, the young Prince of Chaos.

Azazel was greatly favoured by his master, and rose quickly in his esteem. After slaying Arthar, the exalted Champion of Khorne in single combat, Slaanesh turned his eyes upon Azazel and elevated him to Daemonhood, making him commander of the Prince of Chaos' daemonic legions.

It is said that the beauty of Azazel is second only to his patron. But as irresistible as his beauty is, there is a deadly edge to it. Those who have gazed upon him never forget the sensual temptation his presence arouses. It is a beauty which evokes loathing and a temptation that sickens the soul.

Azazel's hair is long, jet-black, and as fine as flax. Two great lacquered horns crown his handsome brow. His eyes are full of innocence and yet they are cruel, calculating and without pity. His smooth skin is white, the colour of the finest porcelain, and his movements are graceful, his limbs long and delicate. In his right hand he carries an enchanted blade that writhes as if alive, and his left hand is a long, chitinous claw, delicate and yet deadly.

His wings are of the purest white, their beauty unmatched by swans or other creations of nature. He soars over the battlefield, sometimes sweeping low to strike his foes, and yet his feet never touch the ground. Azazel dresses in robes made of the finest silks, and his body is bedecked with gorgeous jewels and shining gems.

Azazel commands a legion of Daemons of his master, and under his command the armies of the Prince of Chaos have enjoyed one blissful triumph after another. Most of their opponents give up the fight before it even begins, for few can bring themselves to harm such an enchanting and wondrous being as Azazel.

Azazel, on the other hand, has no such qualms...

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Azazel sees into the very hearts and souls of men, and even their deepest desires and hidden passions are plain to him. With his silvery voice Azazel whispers to his opponents, promising them all they have ever desired if they abandon the folly of opposing Slaanesh and embrace the mercy of the Prince of Chaos instead.

And there are very few that can resist his temptations. All who know of him dread to face him in battle, for the cost of losing to Azazel is not only the death of the body, but the damnation of the soul as well.

At the Battle of the Moors a force of zealous Templars of Ulric had made vows before the Flame of Ulric in Middenheim that they would banish Azazel or perish trying. But before the battle ended the Templars had been reduced to gibbering imbeciles, slaves to the slightest whim of Azazel. He set collars around their necks and made them walk on all fours like dogs to amuse his patron Slaanesh. The Questing Knight, Guido de Brionne, sought out Azazel, intending to challenge him to single combat to fulfil his grail quest, but instead he kneeled before the Daemon Prince, begging him to accept his undying devotion. Laughing, Azazel severed the head of the Bretonnian Knight, who stood unmoving, convinced in the justification of the act. Woe to those who face Azazel, the right hand of Slaanesh.

AZAZEL

Your army may include the Daemon Warlord Azazel. He will be accompanied by a retinue of 570 or more points of Slaanesh Daemons chosen from the Daemon Retinue list. Azazel may be your General if you wish.

AZAZEL, PRINCE OF DAMNATION - 570 POINTS

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
AZAZEL	6	7	7	6	5	5	9	6(7)	10

Weapons/Armour. Azazel carries the *Daemonblade*.

Save. 4+ (*Dark Halo* – see below).

SPECIAL RULES

Mark of Chaos. Azazel is the Daemon Prince of Slaanesh and thus bears the Mark of Slaanesh. Azazel takes pleasure in experiences that would leave a mortal man insane, and is therefore not affected by psychology rules. In addition, he never needs to take a Break test, for death in combat would be just another welcome consummation of experience. If Azazel is with a unit that is forced to flee then he is not affected and can continue as normal. Note, however, that he can be driven off because of his wings.

Wings. Azazel has a pair of swan-white wings that allow him to *fly* as detailed on page 71 of the Warhammer rulebook.

Terror. Azazel exudes sensual horror that can break the mind of mortals. Azazel causes *terror* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer rulebook.

Great Claw. Azazel's left arm ends in a gigantic, lustrous claw. This gives him an additional attack (making a total of 7) with +2 Strength for this attack only (S8), and causes D3 wounds.

Dark Halo. Azazel is crowned by the Dark Halo of Slaanesh, marking him as the favoured one of the Prince of Chaos. This halo gives him an unmodified save of 4+ in the same way as a ward.

Striking Tail. Azazel has a huge double-headed tail. In battle he uses it to fend off the blows of his opponents. One model in base contact with Azazel (chosen by the Chaos player) will therefore lose one attack. Declare which model will lose the attack before making any dice rolls. This replaces Azazel's normal Daemonic save.

DAEMONIC REWARDS

Azazel has three Daemonic Rewards. He is a Master of Sorcery (level 2), carries a Daemonblade and the special Daemonic reward of the Temptator as detailed below.

Temptator

Daemonic Reward 50 points

Those who come face to face with the awesome presence of Azazel risk gambling with their very souls. Many who see him lose their free will and become incapable of opposing him. They are used as play things by Azazel until he grows bored of them and disposes of them as he sees fit.

At the beginning of the Chaos player's turn, one enemy character in base contact with Azazel has to take a Leadership test (2D6 against Ld in the same way as a psychology test). If several characters are in base contact, the Chaos player may choose which one has to take the test. If the test is failed, the character can be controlled by the Chaos player from now on, and he fights exactly as if he was part of the Chaos army. Nothing can change the affected character's allegiance back – he belongs to Slaanesh now, mind, body and soul. If he is killed he is worth his own victory points to the opposing army as if he had been part of the Chaos army from the beginning. If he lives through the battle the Chaos player will gain the victory points exactly as if the model was part of the opposing army and was killed.

Master Of Sorcery

Daemonic Reward 100 points

Azazel has potent magic powers. He is a level 2 wizard and can only use the spells of Slaanesh, his master.

Daemonblade

Daemonic Reward 50 points

Azazel wields a mighty enchanted blade, a deadly living weapon against which mortal armour is no proof. No armour saving throws are allowed against the *Daemonblade* except for magical armour.



KHAZRAK THE ONE-EYE

Your army may include the Beastman Warlord Khazrak. He will be accompanied by a retinue of 240 or more points chosen from the Beastman Retinue list, except that Khazrak's retinue must include at least one unit of Chaos Hounds, each cost 10 points per model. Khazrak may be your General if you wish.

Khazrak the One-Eye is the Beastlord of Drakwald forest. He is a constant threat to all the travellers of the roads around the great city of Ulric. Massive in size and crowned with huge horns, Khazrak is one of the most fearsome Beastman chieftains of all time.

Khazrak has managed to defeat his rivals to become ruler of the Beastmen in the north through sheer brute force. His warband may not be large, but he is an expert at raising Chaos Hounds, and the massive Chaos Hound Redmaw fights savagely by his side in battle.

His pack of Chaos Hounds are a menace to the area around Middenheim, slaughtering cattle and attacking lone farmsteads. Many coaches have been ambushed by Khazrak and his savage

warband. The men and horses are slain and torn apart by the Chaos Hounds, and their weapons and valuables are taken back to the herdstone of Drakwald.

Khazrak lost his left eye in single combat against Boris Toddbringer, the Elector Count of Middenland. A year later Khazrak's warband ambushed the Count's retinue and that time it was the Count who had to flee, blinded in one eye by one of Khazrak's horns. The Count has promised a reward of 10,000 gold crowns for anyone who can slay the Beastman chieftain. Such a reward has attracted bounty hunters from all over the Empire, and they have scoured the Drakwald Forest many times, but Khazrak has the cunning of a wolf and the strength of a bear. Every time the hunters have returned empty-handed, or failed to return at all.

KHAZRAK THE ONE-EYE - 165 POINTS & REDMAW - 75 POINTS

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
KHAZRAK	4	6	5	5	5	3	5	3	8
REDMAW	6	6	0	6	5	3	5	3	6

Weapons/Armour. Khazrak wears heavy armour and carries a sword and a long barbed whip.

Save. 5+

SPECIAL RULES

Redmaw. Redmaw, the Chaos Hound, always stay in base contact with Khazrak unless Khazrak sends it to attack an enemy model or unit within Redmaw's charge range. Redmaw may then separate from his master until the specified enemy is dead, then he must immediately return to Khazrak's side. As long as Redmaw and Khazrak are together, Redmaw does not test for psychology separately from Khazrak as the two models are treated as a single entity. If Khazrak is killed, Redmaw will become subject to *frenzy* as described in the Psychology section of the Warhammer rulebook.

MAGIC ITEM

Khazrak carries a single magic item: Scourge, his battle-whip. This magic item is unique to Khazrak and only he may carry it. He may have no other magic items.

Scourge

Magic Weapon
25 points

Scourge is the barbed lash of Khazrak the One-Eye, a lethal weapon that is over ten feet long. Its cruel barbs can tear out great chunks of flesh and bone, causing the victim tremendous agony.

Scourge is a lethal whip carrying the most bitter curses of Beastman Shamans. In battle it has an extra -1 armour save modifier. Combined with Khazrak's Strength of 5 Scourge will have a -3 armour save modifier. Khazrak may use Scourge as a normal hand weapon, or alternatively he may attack up to four models in an enemy regiment once. Simply work out each attack as normal. Note that Khazrak may pick any models in the enemy regiment not just those that are in base-to-base contact with him.



As the battle raged around him, Johann Gensher, Knight of the White Wolf, spied the infamous Khazrak the One-Eye in the middle of the Chaos Hound pack. His head filled with the vision of the Count's reward as he rushed forward, his warhammer aloft, ready to strike the Beastman down. But Khazrak ducked under his wild swing and grasped the harness of Johann's warhorse. In a show of unrivalled power Khazrak hoisted the horse above his head, and threw it to the ground. As the Knight struggled to his feet, the great barbed whip of Khazrak curled around his neck and ripped it open, leaving behind only red ruin.

GORTHOR

Your army may include the Beastman Warlord Gorthor, the Beastlord of the Crag. He will be accompanied by a retinue worth 400 or more points chosen from the Beastman Retinue list. If you decide to include Gorthor he will always be your General.

Of all the Beastmen leaders who have gathered the scattered warbands together, Gorthor the Cruel was the most dangerous. Gorthor had something that other Beastman Chieftains lacked: he had vision and an unquenchable faith in the Chaos gods.

Gorthor summoned all the Beastmen between the River Lynsk and the Middle Mountains under his banner, and attacked the northern provinces of the Empire without warning.

The savage horde of Beastmen burned a trail of destruction through the provinces of Ostland and Hochland and almost completely destroyed Hergig, the capital of Hochland, before a force of crusading knights came to assist the defenders. This sealed the fate of the Beastman army, and Gorthor perished in the battle.

Gorthor was both a shaman and a mighty warlord. He was cunning and ruthless, a perfect leader for the Children of Chaos.



GORTHOR, THE BEASTLORD – 510 POINTS & CHARIOT – 110 POINTS

PROFILE	M	WS	BS	S	T	W	I	A	LD
GORTHOR	4	6	4	4	5	4	5	4	10
CHARIOT	–	–	–	7	7	3	1	–	–
BAGRAR	4	4	3	3	4	2	3	1	7
TUSKGOR	7	3	0	4	4	2	2	1	3

Weapons/Armour. Gorthor carries a gigantic spear, the *Impaler*, and wears the *Cloak of the Beastlord*. He rides in a chariot, equipped with scythed wheels, pulled by two Tuskhors. His Beastman charioteer, Bagrar, carries a whip that counts as a hand weapon.

Magic Spells. As a Master Shaman Gorthor can have three spells from the Chaos spells or Dark Magic deck.

SPECIAL RULES

Beastlord. Any regiment of Beastmen within 12" of Gorthor will be immune to the effects of *infighting*. When Gorthor is present the Beastmen simply don't dare to squabble amongst themselves. Each of them is too eager to please their master, and is also too fearful of his wrath.

Bagrar the Tamer. Gorthor's chariot is driven by Bagrar, his loyal charioteer. Bagrar is an expert at applying the goad and lash, and he personally captures and trains the Tuskgors for his master's chariot. As long as Bagrar is alive, Gorthor's chariot is allowed to add D6" to its pursuit move. Note that Bagrar is not a character, and no rules that apply to characters apply to Bagrar.

MAGIC ITEMS

Gorthor carries three magic items, and these have already been included in his points cost. These magic items are unique to Gorthor and only he may have them.

The Impaler

Magic Weapon 60 points

The Impaler is the huge spear Gorthor uses in battle, some nine feet long and bristling with barbed hooks. It leaves terrible tearing wounds that rip bodies apart.

The Impaler gives a +2 bonus to Gorthor's Strength while charging. If all of Gorthor's four attacks with the Impaler score 4 or more on their 'to hit' rolls against a model, that model is killed outright with no need to roll to wound. This applies every turn, not just when charging. The victim will be pierced by the Impaler and his innards ripped apart when Gorthor pulls his spear free. No saves of any kind apply.

The Skull of Mugar

Enchanted Item 50 points

Attached to Gorthor's chariot is the Skull of Mugar, the Minotaur lord of legend.

The skull carries an evil curse that Gorthor may unleash upon his enemies.

The curse of the Skull of Mugar affects all enemy models in base contact with Gorthor or his chariot. Any enemies fighting against him or his chariot will suffer a -1 penalty to their rolls to hit **and** to wound.

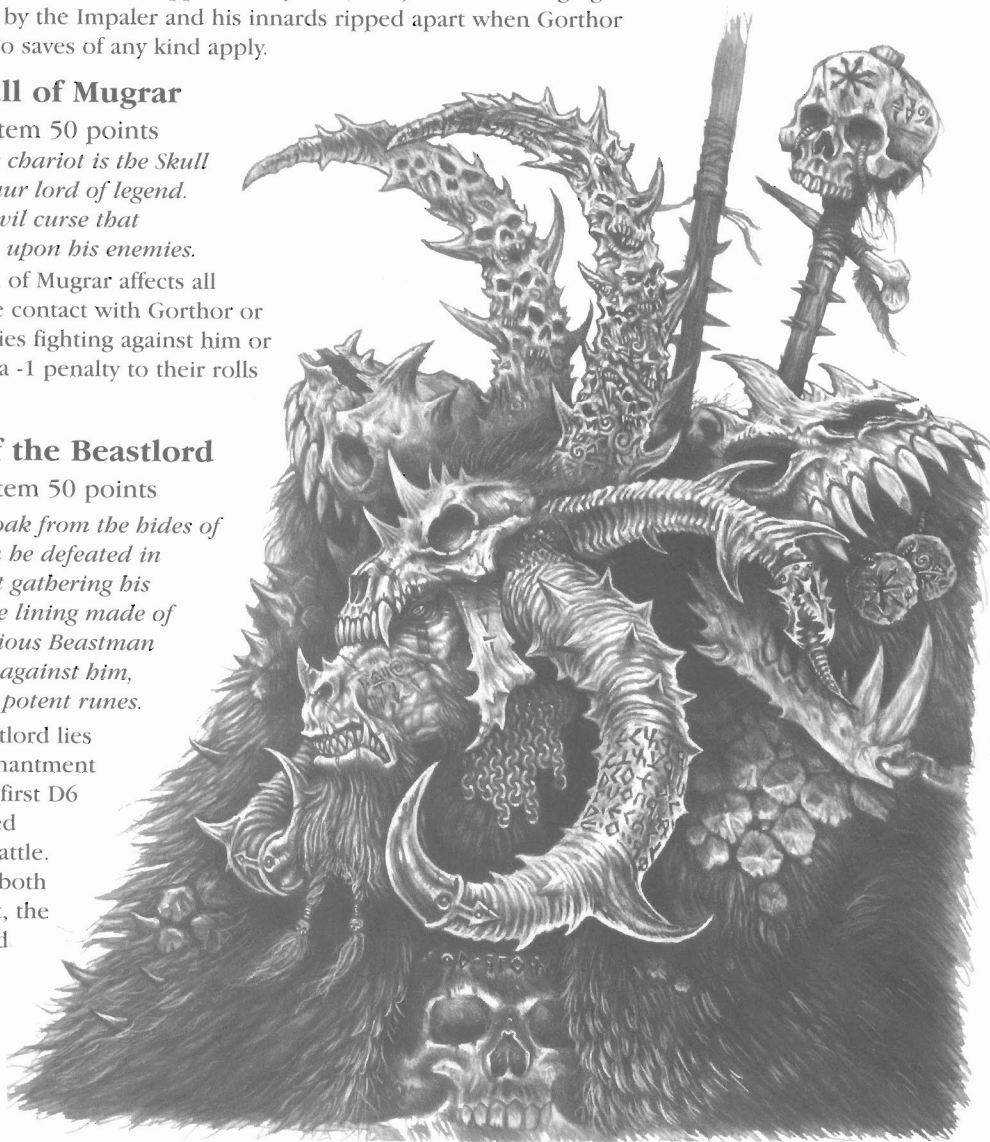
The Cloak of the Beastlord

Enchanted Item 50 points

Gorthor made this cloak from the hides of the Beastmen Shamen he defeated in sorcerous duels whilst gathering his army. He then had the lining made of the hides of the rebellious Beastman Chieftains who stood against him, and enscribed it with potent runes.

The Cloak of the Beastlord lies under a powerful enchantment which will absorb the first D6 wounds that are caused against Gorthor in a battle. Note that this applies both to Gorthor, his chariot, the Tuskgors pulling it and Bagrar, his charioteer.

Roll a D6 at the beginning of the battle to determine how many wounds will be absorbed.



RAVAGES OF GORTHOR

Many chieftains have combined the power of the Beastman tribes that are scattered throughout the forests and mountains of the Old World. Usually such throngs will soon break apart striven by internal struggle, and then be hunted down and destroyed by the men of the Empire or the chivalrous Knights of Bretonnia. Sometimes an exceptionally powerful Gor can unite dozens of warbands and keep them under his control. Most famous of these Beastlords was Gorthor, whose name in the dark tongue means 'cruel'.

Gorthor rose to power in the Middle Mountains during the time of the Crusades. He possessed something that other Beastman Chieftains lacked: he had vision. Being a Shaman as well as a mighty warlord, he soon grew to become a great leader of Beastmen and a prophet of Chaos. He often fell into a trance to commune with the Chaos Powers and preached to the assembled warbands that the civilisation of the humans deeply offended the Chaos Powers. Only by destroying the human settlements could the Dark gods be appeased.

Unlike other Beastlords, Gorthor did not confine himself to one area, but instead travelled from herdstone to herdstone, gathering ever more Beastmen under his banner. To a Beastman the warbands followed him, and each vowed before their unholy herdstones to follow him to the death. Soon he commanded an army of thousands.

For many months they prepared, building crude chariots, luring flocks of Harpies with corpses so that they would follow his hordes and gathering Chaos Hounds that roamed the Middle Mountains. Finally Gorthor was ready.

Like an unrelenting storm the Beastman horde descended upon the unsuspecting humans of Ostland and Hochland. This time the Beastmen did not just come to plunder and pillage a few outlying villages. This time they had come to destroy the northern provinces once and for all.

Gorthor left a trail of destruction behind him. Such was the terror inspired by Gorthor and his horde that men claimed that no grass would grow where he had stamped his hooves. Many of the armies that had attacked the Empire before spared the lives of the civilians and left the villages and towns intact, understanding their own need for food and shelter. Gorthor was different. All humans, man, woman and child were butchered without mercy. The crops in the fields were trampled and ruined by the snorting Tuskgors. Whole villages were razed to the ground.

The Beastmen feasted on great lumps of raw flesh and drank blood – human blood. It seemed that Gorthor was determined to finish mankind once and for all. After each battle the mighty Beastlord always spared a single man, who was fated to carry the news to others and spread panic in the face of the oncoming horde.

On route Gorthor was confronted by an army of Forest Goblins who at that time were extremely strong in the area around the Middle Mountains. The Forest Goblins wished to join the Beastman horde, in the hope of collecting rich spoils. Instead Gorthor announced that in the Realm of Chaos there would be no room for weak Goblins, only those that followed Chaos. He commanded his horde to eradicate the astounded Goblins. Gorthor led his own warband, consisting entirely of chariots, into the heart of the Forest Goblin army. The Spider Riders charged the chariots, but were merely swept aside. Meanwhile hundreds of Chaos Hounds tore the Goblin foot regiments to shreds whilst Gorthor sought out the Goblin commander who rode into battle on top of a gigantic Spider. He drove his chariot straight into the heart of the massive creature and with one thrust of his monstrous spear he pierced the skull of the Forest Goblin warlord.

After seeing their general fall the Goblins lost heart and fled the field, closely pursued by the Beastmen. Now it seemed that nothing could stop Gorthor.

The battle gave the humans some time to gather their forces. The Elector Count of Ostland sent an allied force to join with the defenders of Hochland, in the hope that their combined forces would be enough to vanquish their foe. But this force was ambushed and defeated by a band of Beastmen who had been ordered by Gorthor to guard the roads from the east, according to a vision he had received.

The horde then turned to the south, and cut a path of devastation through the farmsteads and towns of Hochland. Their destination was soon clear: they were marching against Hergig, the capital of Hochland itself.

Hochland had never been an especially powerful province, and while it had a long and honourable military tradition, Hochland lacked the manpower of the major electoral provinces such as the Middenland or the Reikland. Also Hochland was not as rich as the provinces of the south, so its army was not as well-equipped and did not contain as many mercenary regiments as the forces of the other Electoral states.

In addition, most of the knights of Hochland were fighting a holy war in the distant land of Araby. Elector Count Mikael Ludenhof marshalled his forces. He was a ruthless man who ran his province with an iron fist and was respected rather than admired by his men. During those dark days it was perhaps better to have a merciless leader to match the savagery of Gorthor.

Because he lacked heavy cavalry and elite infantry, Mikael decided not to try to match Gorthor's horde in the open field of battle. He ignored the pleas of his subjects who implored him to save the countryside from the ravages of the Beastmen, and instead busied himself with strengthening the defences of his provincial capital, Hergig.

Mikael's forces were heavily outnumbered, but he had a strong force of hunters armed with longbows who were well versed in the lay of the land around Hergig. His standing force of twelve regiments of halberdiers were always in readiness, and he could raise a considerable number of town militia. He hired several regiments of Ogres as mercenaries, and every horse in the province was confiscated and put to use by the army.

Mikael also had under his command a regiment of Sigmarite Templars who formed his personal guard, and who he had prevented from joining the Crusade, much to their annoyance. Now they would have their chance of winning glory in battling against impossible odds.



Mikael divided his troops into two contingents. The first group, mostly mounted troops, were to slow down the approaching horde, executing hit-and-run attacks and destroying smaller warbands that had strayed from the main horde. The other half were to begin preparing the defences of Hergig. Count Mikael supervised the preparations personally, and under his watchful gaze the men and women of Hochland slaved with little sleep or food. Many died of exhaustion and were branded as traitors.

The hunting grounds around Hergig were filled with cunning traps and snares. Wells were poisoned and animals brought into the city, and those that could not be sheltered were butchered and left to rot so that the Beastmen could not use them for food. The forests around Hergig were burned to create a killing ground for archers. Iron cooking pots, plowshares and the bells of the shrines were melted down and used to make weapons. The outriders of Count Mikael captured all travellers and pressed them into service. These included a group of travelling Dwarf sappers who

were put to work in the forges of the Count. To this day the Great Book of Grudges holds a long chapter against Mikael Ludenhof.

Mikael divided the defenders according to their physical fitness and age, giving the best weapons and armour to the young and strong, and leaving the older men with nothing but spears and wooden shields. When one of the captains of the militia confronted the Count and demanded to know how they could fight with such make-shift weapons, Mikael answered: "I don't expect you to fight. I expect you to die!"

When the horde arrived, the preparations were ready. It took the Beastmen three weeks of unremitting fighting to break through the ingenious defences the Count had prepared. Meanwhile the workshops and forges of Hergig burned red hot as the smiths and engineers of Count Mikael laboured to make even more war engines and weapons of war.

Frustrated with the stubborn resistance of the humans, Gorthor promised his troops that he would let them have the entire city for plunder as soon as it was taken. He would ask for nothing himself, save the head of Count Mikael. The Beastmen doubled their efforts in anticipation of the plunder.

So it was that on one terrible night, twenty-two days after the siege had begun, the gates of Hergig splintered under the giant battering rams, and the horde poured into the city. Savage packs threw themselves against the barricades. Count Mikael had made the children fetch food and water for the men who manned the barricades. This way he made sure that the sons and daughters of the militia were within sight of their fathers, to make any thoughts of abandoning their duties impossible. Mikael had banned the archers from carrying quivers, but instead they had to drive their arrows into the ground so that they would not give an inch of ground to the hordes of Gorthor.

In the streets the men of Hochland struggled with the gigantic Beastmen; unequal battle at the best of times. The Count's hunting dogs attacked the Chaos Hounds and in turn were torn apart by the slaving beasts of Chaos. Mikael Ludenhof unleashed his hunting birds against the Harpies, and the air became full of the terrifying shrieks and cries as the noble hawks, eagles and falcons struggled with their hideous foe. While most of the hunting birds died, they undoubtedly saved Hergig from being harried by air as well as by land. Now though the citizens of Hergig were bone-weary and badly-equipped. Almost a quarter of the defenders had already died, either in battle or by starvation. And yet they still fought on.

The Greatswords of Hochland hamstringed the giant Minotaurs with their double-handed blades and their skulls were crushed in turn by the gigantic axes of the horned creatures. Spearmen stood up to the charges of the Beastman chariots unflinchingly, dying in droves, but stopping the lumbering Beastman constructions from breaking through. The war engines of Hochland mowed down entire ranks of Beastmen, before they were overrun and their unarmed crews butchered. Hochland hunter-snipers shot at Beastmen from hidden windows, picking out Shamans and leaders and the priests of Ulric and Sigmar competed with each other by attacking the Beastmen with zealous frenzy.

For three days and nights the battle raged on, with no quarter being asked or given. In the end the Beastmen finally drove most of the defenders out of the city. They were victorious but their casualties were horrendous. At least half of the horde was either dead or seriously wounded. Most of their chariots were crushed by stones thrown from the walls or broken in the savage street battles.

With only a handful of troops left, Count Mikael withdrew back to his palace, and ordered the archers on his walls to open fire. They were ordered to shoot with flaming arrows, and soon most of the once great city of Hergig was ablaze. Hundreds of Beastmen, along with many citizens hiding in the cellars and attics were roasted alive. Mikael did not care – there was no place for those who would not fight.

When the possibility of surrender was offered to Mikael by his councillor, Mikael flew into a terrifying rage. He sent the poor man to Gorthor, saying that he was more a Beastman than a true son of Hochland. Gorthor offered the man freedom if he betrayed his lord and let the Beastman into the palace. The councillor, loyal to his liege lord, refused and was eaten alive by the Chaos Hounds of Gorthor.

The defenders of the palace knew their time was almost up and began to prepare for the final battle. After many days preparation, Gorthor's horde, still thousands strong, was in position to attack the gates of the Count's palace.

Then, as the sun rose, the battle took on a new dramatic turn. The earth suddenly began to shake under the heavy hooves of warhorses. Knights of the newly founded Order of the Blazing Sun galloped through the streets of Hergig. They had returned from Araby merely two months before, and upon hearing of the Beastman army threatening the hinterland of the Empire, they had immediately ridden to the aid of the defenders of Hochland.

The crusader army had destroyed the Beastman camps around Hergig and now drove into the rear of the invading army. These men were veterans of the wars of Araby, and led by their Grand Master Heinrich, they crushed warband after warband with their tall lances and hungry swords. In an attempt to meet the new threat Gorthor ordered his retinues to turn to face the newcomers. Seizing his chance Mikael led his own templars, the reserves he had saved for just such an occasion, to battle. Caught between the hammer and the anvil the Beastmen began to falter. Gorthor realised that his cause was doomed unless he did something quickly.

Guarded by his Bestigor bodyguards he fell into a trance, seeking the advice of the Chaos Powers. While the battle raged around him, Gorthor howled incantations in the dark tongue of Chaos. Then he ordered his Bestigor to get him as close to Count Mikael as possible. The brutal Beastmen cut a red swathe through the battlefield until the Beastlord spotted the Elector Count amongst his retainers. Gorthor stepped forward, and challenged Count Mikael to single combat. Despite the advice of his captains, the Count accepted.

For an hour the two struggled, and it seemed that Mikael would lose when faced by the fury of the gigantic Beastman. His armour was pierced by the spear of Gorthor and his shield was splintered. But then the Runefang, his magic sword bit deep, and it seemed that the blessed blade hungrily drank the blood of the mighty Beastman. Count Mikael had slain Gorthor, but his own wounds were mortal as well. With his dying strength he cursed Grand Master Heinrich arriving too late, and then gave up his life. The Beastmen, who had believed their leader to be invincible, brayed in fear and confusion, fleeing into the surrounding countryside. The men of Hochland were too tired to give chase.

Hochland recovered slowly, though some areas around the Middle Mountains were never reclaimed. They remain a domain of the Beastmen to this day, for men will not go near them, fearing the memory of those evil times.

And still when men tell of the ravages of Gorthor, they shudder with fear, hoping against hope that the Beastmen will never rise again. But in the dark forests of the Empire the Beastmen breed and multiply again, and new Beastlords rise up from amongst them. One of them will be just as mighty as Gorthor the Cruel, and will gather the Beastman warbands together again, and once more the thrones of the Old World will tremble before the fury of the Children of Chaos.

