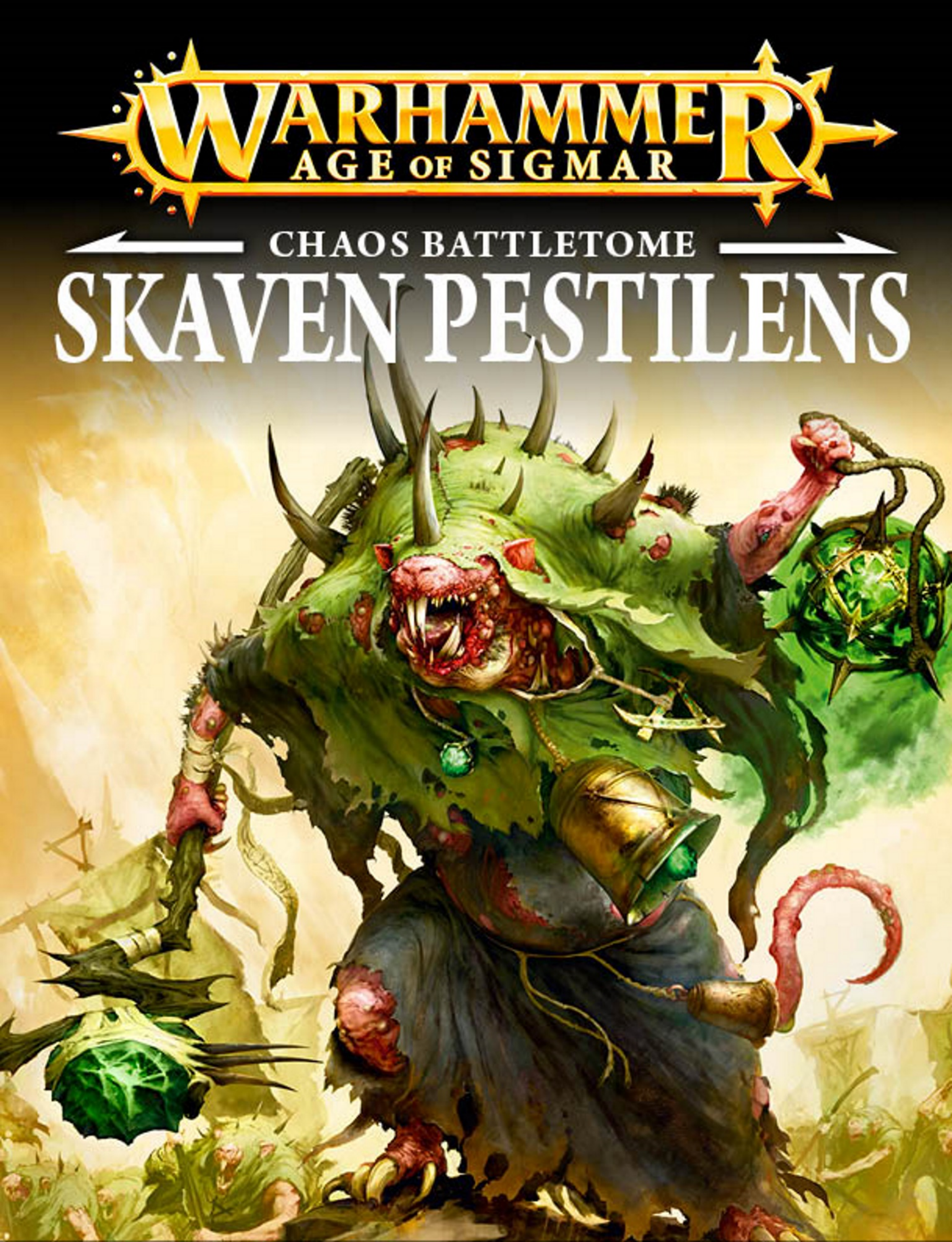
WARHAMMER
AGE OF SIGMAR

CHAOS BATTLETOME

SKAVEN PESTILENS



WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR

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

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

The Age of Sigmar had begun.

A PLAGUE UPON THE REALMS

The Children of the Horned Rat take many forms, amongst the most foul of which are the Clans Pestilens. These zealous skaven are disciples of disease, foul harbingers of decay who hurl themselves into battle with frenzied ferocity.

The Virulent Processions of the Clans Pestilens flow across the Mortal Realms like rivers of living filth. First come the rats, a matted carpet of squirming, squealing horror that spills from every crack and crevice. Behind these unnatural vermin billows the smog, towering clouds of jaundice-hued fumes that rot everything they touch.

Rolling through the pervasive murk come terrible sounds. Rusted bells peal, their echoes reverberating from every direction. Chittering voices raise shrieked prayers to the Horned Rat, the lurking god who gnaws at the roots of the realms. The skin crawls at the shuffle and scratch of a million scrabbling claws, drawing closer with every passing moment.

These ominous harbingers alone prove enough to put some armies to flight, whole tribes turning to flee from the onrushing horror that flows towards them through the smog. Enemies brave enough to stand their ground are first struck by the horrific fire of the Plagueclaws, sprays of diseased filth raining down upon their lines to rot flesh and spread rank contagion. Flesh bruises and bloats. Blisters spread across tainted skin. Bones rot and organs turn to foul slurry in moments. As the screams of the sick and the dying ring in the polluted air, the Clans Pestilens surge from the miasma.

The land blackens beneath the scurrying footclaws of countless Plague Monks. Plague Furnaces creak and groan as they are heaved into battle, vast censers belching fumes as the Plague Priests standing atop them screech exhortations to their mad-eyed Congregations of Filth. Plague Censer Bearers careen headlong towards their horrified enemies, corrosive fumes spilling from their dread flails. At the heart of the swarms stalk the looming Verminlord Corruptors, daemons of the Horned Rat who desire the ruination of every living thing in the realms. Against such horrors, there can be little chance of victory. Even the mightiest opponents are soon reduced to rat-gnawed corpses as the Virulent Procession sweeps onward.

The rancid hordes of the Clans Pestilens wish to see the Mortal Realms wither and decay. But this is not their only goal, for they are engaged in a holy war, a diseased crusade that has lasted for years beyond count. Upon the command of the Horned Rat himself, the Clans Pestilens seek the Thirteen Great Plagues, and will allow nothing to stand in their way.

Skrabulox the Rotted crouched atop a crystal promontory and basked in the cacophony of war. The Virulent Procession had been pouring across the Jewelfields, bearing down on the doomed scholars of Lastlight, when the storm-things struck. Down from the heavens they crackled in bolts of sorcery. Well, reflected Skrabulox, they could be flung back the same way. Leaping from his vantage point, the Verminlord landed amid the seething tide of skaven below. The Virulent Procession parted for him with squeals of fear.

The Plague Priests of Clan Grotus had failed to show such respect in recent days, and so he had hurled their Plaguesmog Congregation into battle first. By now, the Corruptor was sure Clan Grotus was all but annihilated. Their efforts would have thinned the ranks of the storm-things. Now, like a sickness striking when its victim is weak, Skrabulox would lead his swarms in the true attack. Conjuring up his sickle blades, the Verminlord shrieked at his minions to charge. As Plague Monks in their thousands boiled forwards, Skrabulox prepared to despoil all that was pure.

CHILDREN OF THE HORNED RAT

The skaven are true creatures of Chaos, a teeming race of mutant ratmen with a megalomaniacal desire to rule all. They are anarchic, conniving creatures, self-serving back-stabbers who proliferate in the dark corners of the Mortal Realms and beyond.

Scuttling through the shadows, the skaven infest the realms in numbers so great that – were they known – they would drive the other races to madness and despair. In foetid tunnels and war-torn ruins, amidst shadowed forests and beneath crumbling peaks, the skaven multiply by the day.

As ingenious as they are cowardly and spiteful, the deranged ratmen tamper with the very fabric of reality. They concoct monstrous plagues and invent appalling weapons of war, gnawing tunnels through the roots of the realms to spy and slaughter where they please. Every skaven holds the unshakeable conviction that he is a genius, born to lead the swarming armies of conquest to war – from an honoured position at the rear, of course.

This maniacal desire for power stems from the skaven deity, the Great Horned Rat. Skaven legend tells that, during the last days of the world-that-was, he became so powerful that the Gods of Chaos themselves were compelled to admit the Horned Rat to their ranks. Thus was he able to spread his children across the Mortal Realms, and though the other Dark Gods see this newcomer as little more than an amusing distraction, the rat-god plans to prove them wrong. The verminous empires of the skaven have grown great during the dominion of Chaos, and the Horned Rat's children see much. Each day they lay new plans for conquest and domination, and it may be that before long, the Horned Rat will provide his mocking allies with a terrible surprise.

In time long gnawed, there stood a glittering city, Kavzar, where men and duardin lived as one. Above, the men built spires, their beauty unsurpassed. Below, the duardin wrought caverns like none had ever seen, and there they feasted. Kavzar was a kingdom built to endure, eternal through the ages. Yet all must one day wither.

A great cathedral was built there in praise to the gods. Yet too great was the undertaking, and the king of men despaired. Then came the stranger, cowled and robed. The work of years he would perform, in but a single night. The price, a small thing – a dedication of the stranger's own atop the temple's heights.

So, the bargain was struck. So, the end began. As morning dawned, men and duardin saw their work was done. There was much wonder, yet murmurs spread at the sight of the great horned bell. Here was the vanished stranger's mark, and suddenly it tolled. Discordant rang each booming peal, and fear began to spread.

Upon the thirteenth chime the bell at last was still, yet dark clouds gathered overhead and rains began to fall. The people fled to their homes. The duardin barred their gates. But the storms became worse each day with no end in sight. The crops were drowned, the streets ran black, and rats began to swarm. Decay was rife. Disease spread. Green fires fell from the skies.

In fear, the king of men beseeched the duardin for aid. Desperate, starving, the men of Kavzar broke down the duardin gates. In the depths, they found only death. Empty halls. Gnawed bones. Flood and rot.

And there, beneath their cursed city, the last men of Kavzar huddled close. For in the darkness all around shone a million blood red eyes…

RIFTS BETWEEN THE REALMS

Chewing, gouging, tearing, the Clans Pestilens dig gnawholes through the fabric of reality itself. Whether excavated by arcane apparatus or eaten away by sorcerous bacteria, these unnatural tunnels through the ether allow the Clans Pestilens to move between the Mortal Realms at will.

FILTH SEEPS INTO THE MIRRORMIRE, TURNING SYLVANETH GROVES TO ROT.

MOLTEN PUS SEETHES IN THE CALDERA OF THE ROTMAW AND PLAGUE FUMES CHOKE THE AIR.

THE BASTION OF ILOS IS GNAWED TO RUIN, ITS LIGHT FOREVER TAINTED.

Skaven gnawholes form a labyrinthine warren through the bedrock of all that is real. The ability to create and travel through these gnawholes is terrifying to the Clans Pestilens' enemies, for it bypasses the need for Realmgates altogether. The devotees of the Great Corruptor can appear from anywhere, at any time, spilling from festering rents in reality to devour all in their path. Though these gnawholes rarely emerge exactly where their makers intend, they can bypass any defence and allow screeching Plague Monks to invade the very heart of their enemies' greatest strongholds. The clans pay a price in lives for this advantage, for no sane creature would chance travelling through the gnawholes of the Clans Pestilens. The revolting passageways are incredibly unstable, prone to fatal dimensional collapse. Worse, the green-lit gloom crawls with matted bacteria and filth so lethal that few creatures can long survive their touch.

The skaven are divided into myriad clans, each of which emphasises one particular aspect of their schizophrenic deity. The Clans Skryre, for example, are alchemical wizards and engineers whose insane creations can wipe out whole armies. The Clans Moulder are breeders and shapers of hideous beasts, dabblers in the secrets of life and death whose abominable broods are horrific living weapons of war.

The Clans Pestilens are concerned only with plague, decay and ruin. They form the Horned Rat's multifarious Churches of Contagion, the uncounted billions who fanatically worship him in his aspect as the Great Corruptor. The ratmen of the Clans Pestilens are the most overtly religious of their race, frothing zealots who display their faith by making themselves willing hosts to the myriad diseases and parasitic malignancies of their god.

Other skaven clans seek to manipulate the citizens of the realms, or to become their tyrannical rulers. Not so the Clans Pestilens. These feculent fanatics will ally with or enslave the peoples of the realms when it suits their ends, but ultimately they seek dominion over a withered wasteland in which they are the only living things.

The Clans Pestilens have spread across the realms in pursuit of this dire culmination, and their rancid strongholds are many and varied. Whether labyrinths of filth-smeared burrows or rat-infested dreadholds, rusting cathedrals of corruption or mist-haunted marshlands of bone and slime, each is a seething nest of plague-ridden zealots. It is in these befouled fastnesses that the Plague Priests brew their terrible diseases, plagues and poxes ready to be unleashed upon the peoples of the realms.

In their love of all things rotten and corrupt, the skaven of the Clans Pestilens might be mistaken for worshippers of the Plague God, Nurgle. In truth, though both gods bless the realms with their noxious plagues, and their devotees often ally together to achieve their ends, the differences between the two deities are significant.

Nurgle is a garrulous and incorrigible being, a chortling gardener of all things foetid and foul who delights in the rampant overabundance of life, and finds great satisfaction in the cycle of death and rebirth.

By comparison, the Horned Rat cares only for entropy and the pestilent withering of all. As the Great Corruptor, he seeks the final corruption of everything, knowing this will bring about his own ascension as the most powerful deity of them all.

The Clans Pestilens believe that the skaven will achieve supremacy only once their god is of one mind and one aspect – that of the Great Corruptor. The Churches of Contagion know that they must conquer not only the other races, but the other skaven clans as well. For this they require the Thirteen Great Plagues.

These metaphysical aberrations strike not only at the flesh but at the soul and, in some cases, even at the warp and weft of reality. Each is recorded in one of the thirteen Libers Pestilent, tomes of forbidden lore that exude spiritual foulness.

To date, the clans have discovered seven of these terrible diseases, and have unleashed their power only rarely. This is not through any sense of restraint, for such concepts are foreign to the skaven mindset. Rather, each Great Plague is a malefic concoction that requires bizarre, rare ingredients and can only be brewed under specific conditions.

Were the Thirteen Great Plagues to be combined in a single unholy vessel, the priest who achieved this dark miracle would bring about the Age of the Great Corruptor, and the ascendancy of Pestilens. There has been much debate – and many civil wars – over how this would come to pass. Some say the rest of the skaven race would be wiped out, or transformed into Plague Monks. Others claim that the resultant plague would destroy all non-skaven life, slay the great God-King Sigmar, or even rot the realms themselves. Ultimately, the question is moot; the Horned Rat has charged his disciples with finding the Great Plagues, and so they obey.

PLAGUE PRIEST ROTFANG, ARCHCHANTER OF PUSTULANCE

Amongst the upper echelons of Clan Morbidus, the name of Rotfang is infamous. Fanatically devoted to the Horned Rat, Rotfang is as driven, heartless and self-interested as skaven come. A master of plague brewing, he has slain entire conclaves of his rivals using concoctions so appallingly potent that they have overcome even the immunity of his fellow Plague Priests. Rotfang is always quick to screech that such weakness proves the unworthiness of the slain, usually while still standing footclaws-deep in their rancid remains. Rotfang has used his position to requisition a significant portion of his clan's martial strength, leading a Virulent Procession into the heart of the Sorrowoods of Ghyran. Rumour has it that he seeks one of the Libers Pestilent. Rotfang's rivals hope to seize the unholy tome for themselves once he has secured it, but the Archchanter knows something about this Liber Pestilent that they do not...

THE GREAT PLAGUES

The Clans Pestilens have searched for the Thirteen Great Plagues since the Age of Myth, when they learned of their existence from the Horned Rat himself. They follow portents, visions and tales of the monstrous diseases and – to date – have located seven of the sorcerous plagues.

UNDULANT SCOURGE – LIBER WRITHESOME

Simply speaking aloud the ingredients of this pox is enough to cause a hideous death. Victims are overcome by a terrible squirming that rapidly manifests in thickening, worm-like shapes beneath their skin. Horror turns to agony as slick-scaled tentacles burst from the victim's skin, while their body crumples in on itself, sucked through reality to feed some terrible presence that has latched onto their soul. The Undulant Scourge spreads to any unfortunate enough to feel its tentacular caress. Where those stinging tentacles slither from is a mystery. Even the Plague Priests believe it is better simply not to know...

CRIMSONWEAL CURSE – LIBER DIABOLUS

Once one has acquired the bloodworms that squirm amid the gore around the throne of mighty Khorne, this pox is easy to brew. Still, the Clans Pestilens do so but rarely and with great care. Crimsonweal Curse lives in the blood, and is possessed of a malicious sentience. It wants to be brewed, just as it wants to spread to all living things, Plague Monks included. Those infected find blood welling from their eyes, ears, mouths, and pores in ever greater volumes. Soon a trickle becomes a gush, which becomes a jetting spray that infects all it touches. More than one Clan Pestilens burrow has been left a corpse-strewn mausoleum awash with cooling gore after incautious priests let the curse loose on their own ranks.

REDMAW PLAGUE – LIBER RAVENOUS

With ingredients including the crystallised woes of the world and stagnant waters from the Garden of Nurgle, this is a challenging brew to create. Spread through ingestion or by bite, the Redmaw Plague drives its victims into an insane cannibalistic rage. They rip and tear with hands and teeth, devouring friend and foe alike with frantic fervour. This is a hunger that can never be sated, however, the victim's gut churning with ever more potent acids which eat through the unfortunate's flesh, dissolving it into meat-slop within hours of infection.

BUBONIC BLIGHTPLAGUE – LIBER BUBONICUS

A concoction of black warpstone, the bile of a sickened god and the fangs of the ur-behemoth, this pox can only be brewed with the Horned Rat's favour. It causes a monstrous swelling and blackening of its victims' flesh and organs, while daemonic plague-fleas burst from ravaged corpses to spread the sickness to all living things.

THE NEVERPLAGUE – LIBER CONUNDRUS

This is by far the strangest Great Plague discovered, for none yet understand its purpose. The Plague Priests have brewed this concoction once every century, following the Liber Conundrus exactly. At the precise moment that the brewing is complete, a single, spectral peal rings out as though a mighty bell had tolled somewhere in the ether. No further effects have ever been observed, but this only makes the inquisitive skaven more desperate than ever to discover the meaning of this eerie mystery.

Two more Great Plagues are known to the Clans Pestilens. The lore of the Grey Shrivelling is found within the Liber Abominus while the Liber Consumptus contains the malign secrets of the Final Rotting. Six more appalling sorcerous maladies remain lost amongst the myriad landscapes of the Mortal Realms, and the servants of the Great Corruptor will never stop searching until the last secrets of the Libers Pestilent are clutched in their scabrous claws.

THE WARS OF PESTILENS

The Clans Pestilens spread like a sickness. Their strongholds fester like infected wounds, Virulent Processions flowing from their gates to infect all that they touch. The Clans Pestilens have been beaten back time and again, yet always they resurge, more deadly and incurable than ever before.

THE FIRST DISCIPLES

The Withered Word tells how the Horned Rat plucked his favoured servants from a dying world. Pleased with his children, the Great Corruptor scattered them across new realms to ruin. Even as Sigmar's grand alliance rose to power, the first Clans Pestilens slunk through the foetid depths of the Mortal Realms to begin their holy work.

VISIONS OF VIRULENCE

Upon the Blighted Plains, the Conclave of Rot were granted a vision. The Horned Rat commanded that the Libers Pestilent must be found. His faithful, fearful children scurried to obey.

PARADISE ROTS

As the Age of Chaos began, Verminlord Corruptor Vermalanx led a coven of thirteen ancient Plague Priests in a hideous ritual within the Vitreous Vale. Reality itself rotted away before their magicks, spilling raw Chaos into that beautiful Sylvaneth enclave.

THE HORROR BELOW

Led by a Runefather of the Voltorungs, a throng of Fyreslayers set out to reclaim the ur-gold idols of lost Khaudm. Upon entering those darkened halls, the duardin found them seething with the Plague Monks of Clan Feesik. The Fyreslayers carved a path into the depths, casualties mounting with each savage clash. In the spore-lit Hall of Voices, the last survivors were pounded by countless Plagueclaws. Though defiant to the last, the Fyreslayers were slaughtered.

FALSE OMENS

An unholy triad of Verminlord Corruptors tainted the visions of the slann Xlatu'pocl, leading him into an ambush on Horned Peak by Pestilens and Skryre, and their thrall clans. Only treachery amongst the Verminlords allowed Xlatu'pocl time to manifest a seraphon host. The rat daemons sought to correct this error by engaging the Starmaster in a titanic magical duel amid the fury of the ensuing battle.

THE CURSED SIEGE

Led by a dozen Plague Furnaces, the Virulent Procession of Thirteen Witherings stormed the Khornate Citadel of Fury. Victory of a sort came when the Crimsonweal Curse was loosed, killing every living thing in a single hour.

UNDER STORM-LIT SKIES

As the Realmgate Wars brought mayhem far and wide, the great Plague-Prophet Spurrik proclaimed the time of the Second Great Withering to be nigh. His chitterings reached the ear of Nurgle himself, who was so amused that he sent a legion of his own suppurating daemons to march at Spurrik's side.

AMID THE MISTS

Seeking ingredients for the Final Rotting, a Virulent Procession burst through the Echodeep Realmgate, only to find that the portal had been claimed by the Hammers of Sigmar. A frantic and disordered battle began, Plaguesmog Congregations sending billowing clouds of fume to drive the Stormcasts back before beginning a wholesale invasion from Skittermarsh into Arborita.

INEVITABLE VENGEANCE

Several Chambers of Stormcast Eternals purged Rotstump Warren. Outraged at the damage done to his web of plots, the Verminlord Corruptor Pestifrious vowed vengeance upon those who led the attack. The daemon stalked his prey, spending untold skaven lives to see them sicken and die. That Sigmar's heroes can be reforged time and again only deepened and prolonged Pestifrious' furious vendetta.

THE BUBOE WARS

What began as a rabid quarrel between two Plague Priests rapidly escalated into full-blown civil war. Soon the Clans Septik, Virulox and their many sub-clans were tearing one another to pieces all through the fire-lit labyrinth of Pyropia. Virulox deployed their many engines of plague while Septik sealed clawpacts with the Clans Moulder, and the war became more hideous with every passing day.

THE RAIN OF FILTH

For thirteen days, the Foulrain Congregations of Clan Septik and their allies flung foulness into the sylvaneth roothold of Thornheart. Withered and dying, the tree spirits sallied forth, forging a path through the unrelenting bombardment in an attempt to bring their tormentors to battle at last.

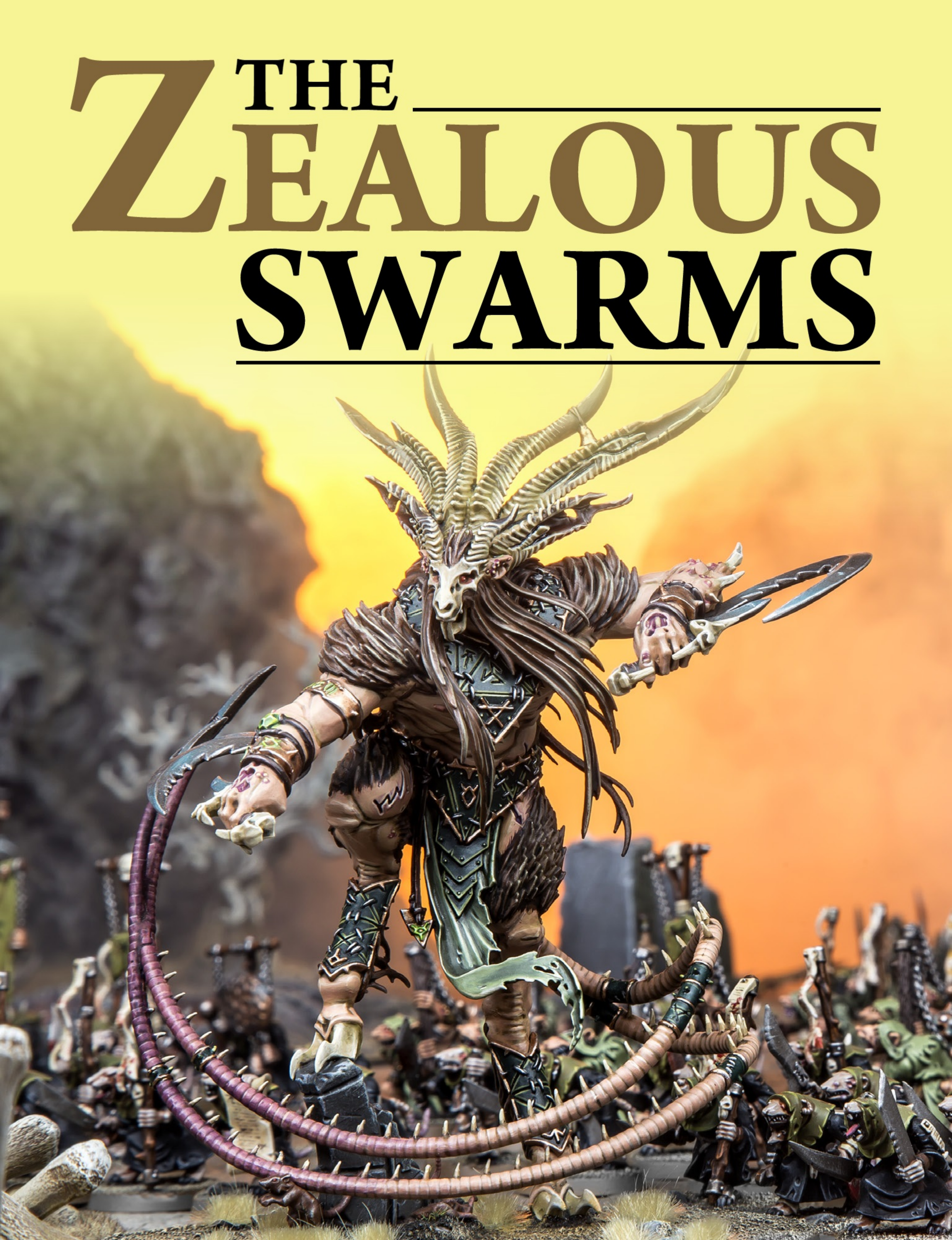
THE WAR OF LIFE

All through once-verdant Ghyran, the rank hordes of Nurgle battled the sylvaneth and their allies. At the behest of the Verminlord Corruptors, many of the Clans Pestilens bored gnawholes into the Realm of Life, there to build festering strongholds and join the savage war. The Virulent Processions of Clans Morbidus, Retchid, and myriad others scurried out to battle, withering everything they touched.

A PESTILENT BOON

Word spread that the location of the eighth Liber Pestilent had been discovered. Verminlord Corruptors appeared in great number amongst the most prominent Clans Pestilens, urging them into a violent stampede to claim the prize.

THE ZEALOUS SWARMS



THE CHURCHES OF CONTAGION

The Clans Pestilens spread like an unstoppable plague, multiplying endlessly into ever more foetid congregations of ruin. Within a clan there may be multiple Churches of Contagion, each preaching their own deranged doctrines of ruination.

Ancient Clans Pestilens such as Septik or Morbidus number their Plague Monks in the billions. These are the eldest Clans Pestilens, claiming their descent from those survivors plucked by their god from the world-that-was. Within each clan are hundreds of Churches of Contagion, each following slight variations upon their clan's holy writ.

Not all of the Clans Pestilens are so powerful. Countless smaller clans are forced from their warrens every year. Most often these are Churches of Contagion who have strayed into what their original clan views as heresy. The dark gospel of the Great Corruptor – known as the Withered Word – is subjective and convoluted. Its unreliable nature owes much to the fact that many of its passages have been dictated by Plague Priests in the grip of frothing madness, or whispered from the shadows by Verminlords whose every word drips falsehood. Combined with the skaven propensity to creatively interpret instructions, this has led to violent schisms beyond number over the centuries. Each conflict produces further splinterings, heretic Congregations of Filth spewing like spores from their parent creed, convinced that their interpretation of the shade of buboes or the consistency of mucous is the correct one.

The Withered Word dictates that such splits must happen in threes. For all their pontificating on the subject, no Plague Priest truly understands why, but none is willing to risk the Horned Rat's displeasure. Thus, when one church leaves their clan, another two will be singled out and violently ejected by rivals quick to shriek accusations of heresy for their own devious ends.

The Clans Pestilens vie for the Horned Rat's favour, warring with each other as much as other foes. For all this division, the clans will march together given suitable cause, most often the orders of a Verminlord Corruptor or the threats of another, much larger clan.

The Clans Pestilens spread like a sickness, dividing and dividing again as they infect the realms. From every clan, another three emerge, seeking always to scramble to the summit of the feculent heap. It is a struggle that keeps the Horned Rat's children hungry for power, and one that he approves of greatly.

The Horned Rat presides over all his vile broods. Even though the Clans Pestilens worship one aspect of their mighty god, many also display his greater rune.

The Rune of the Great Corruptor. This is the aspect of the fractured skaven deity that embodies withering, blight and disease.

Many say that the Clans Septik, Feesik and Morbidus were the original three Clans Pestilens, their Churches of Contagion those from which all others descend.

FEESIK

MORBIDUS

SEPTIK

Clan Septik is known as the Right Claw of Pestilens, though opinions as to why vary enormously (and violently).

Congregations of Filth beyond number radiate out from one another, ad infinitum. From huge swarms like Clan Blitus and Clan Retchid to new offshoots like the recently splintered Clans Skrofulox, Grotus and Sputix, all desire the favour of the Great Corruptor, and the power of the Great Plagues...

THE ARMIES OF PESTILENS

THE VIRULENT PROCESSION OF THE FOUL SCOURGING

This Virulent Procession is one of many currently battling the sylvaneth and their allies around the Rotweald in Ghyran. Drawn from amongst Clan Morbidus' many Churches of Contagion, this army of Pestilens seethes with the corruption, infighting and foulness typical of the Great Corruptor's worshippers.

VERMINLORD CORRUPTOR SKROLOK LIFEBANE

A blasphemy against all living things, this hideous rat daemon leads the procession of the Foul Scourging. He seeks to seize the Rotweald for himself, tainting its life energies and transforming it into a giant breeding-vat for the most hideous plagues.

THE FAVOURCURSED

A pair of Plague Priests serve as lieutenants to Verminlord Skrolok. They are Gritch Foulclaw, Most-Mighty Deacon of Rancidity, and Spukit Rotmusk, Priest-Sire of the Squealing Pits. Both serve their daemonic master while scheming incessantly against the other, each determined to eliminate their rival by making him look incompetent in Skrolok's eyes.

THE VERMINOUS SWARMS OF THE FOUL SCOURGING

Four teeming regiments of Plague Monks make up the ranks of this Virulent Procession. Amongst their number are the Brethren of the Curdled Bile – who overran the orruk lines at the battle of Blacksplinter Glade – and the Brethren of the Virulent Voice – who hate the Curdled Bile for that heroic victory and will do anything to see them dead.

THE CHURCH OF THE GREEN BILE

An influential Church of Contagion within Clan Morbidus, the Green Bile are infamous for the zealous ferocity of their assaults. This rabid sect interpret from the Withered Word that the Great Corruptor wishes all the lands to rot until only foetid green slicks of filth remain.

RANSKRIK'S ROTSWARM

The Green Bile employ the Foulrain Congregation of Plague Priest Ranskrik to shower their enemies with corrosive slop. By the time the Green Bile's charge crashes home, many foes are but bubbling sludge to be trampled beneath their foot-claws.

BRETHREN OF THE GREEN BILE

The senior Plague Priest amongst the Green Bile is Skriktus Skratch, Much-Praised Demagogue of Decay. So compelling are the ensorcelled chitterings of this slick-tongued priest that he has driven many of his own flock mad. This accounts for the high number of Plague Censer Bearers amongst the Church of the Green Bile. These gas-spewing fanatics are a deadly force in battle, but their appalling rate of attrition necessitates constant indoctrination of new brethren into the Church's ranks.

COLOURS OF CONTAGION

Each Clan Pestilens has its own rancid raiment in which its faithful are clad before they go to war.

Clan Morbidus's rune is the splintered temple. The Churches of Contagion within this vast Clan Pestilens wear the sacred colours of rot and mould, their brethren garbed in greens and browns both pus-pale and filth-dark.

Clan Morbidus has splintered countless times. Some of the oldest and biggest Clans Pestilens descend from its ranks.

The Clans Buborix, Corruptus, Pustulous, and Skab. Most of the descendent clans of Morbidus clad their followers in similar hues to those favoured by the parent clan.

Skaven of Clan Feesik bear the rune of the threefold corruptor. They claim to be the most devoted of all the Clans Pestilens, and show their faith through wearing the shades of jaundice, pus, rotting flesh and ripened buboes.

Clan Vomikrit and Clan Retchid both arose from amongst the ranks of Feesik and still serve as that clan's thralls. Their colouration borrows elements from the Feesik palette, featuring pallid, nauseating shades.

Further splinterings have diversified the derivative clans from Feesik ever more. Some say that, were every Clan Pestilens that claims a link with Feesik to join forces, they would overthrow Morbidus and Septik overnight.

Members of Clan Septik are often garbed in the deep colours of bruises and swellings, representing the disease that lurks beneath the skin.

Of the three great clans, Septik is the most disparate. Above are a number of heretical clans that have split from Septik. Such clans are keen to adopt different colour schemes, eager to distance themselves from their former brethren.

Minor Clans and Churches of Contagion beyond count are scattered across the Mortal Realms. Above are pictured just a handful of examples of these clans, many of which vehemently proclaim tenuous links to the great clans.

BANNERS OF THE CLANS PESTILENS

Between the zealous idolatry of the Clans Pestilens and the natural skaven tendency to proclaim their power and importance as spectacularly as possible, most bands of Plague Monks bear a verdigrised icon or ragged banner into battle to curry the favour of the Horned Rat.

The Sacred Banner of the Thirteen Plagues

The runes of the great Clans Pestilens are often inscribed upon banners, either in their original form or altered to reflect particular Churches of Contagion.

These banners show further iterations of the runes of Clans Feesik and Morbidus, as well as one entirely divergent design used by the offshoot Clan Suppuratus. It is rare that any two banners are exactly the same, even within a single Church.

Further divergent designs include the rune of Clan Brakkish, the rune of the Church of the Corrupting Claw, and a pair of banners belonging to Churches of Contagion within Clans Feesik and Morbidus.

VERMINLORD CORRUPTORS

Verminlord Corruptors are pestilence made manifest. They are the daemons of the Horned Rat in his guise as the Great Corruptor, heralds of his withering will and living plague vectors who exist only to despoil and corrupt.

Towering over their vile underlings, the terrifying Verminlord Corruptors hold absolute power over the Clans Pestilens. They are mighty warriors, able to rip their victims apart with tainted sickles and unleash sorcerous powers of plague at will.

The realms rot wherever these daemons tread, and any brave enough to face them in battle will soon be ravaged by sickness and crawling with the unnatural parasites that infest the daemons' greasy pelts. The stench of decay that billows about these terrible beings is enough to leave the mightiest hero weak and gagging, while their slightest touch blackens flesh and rusts armour.

The mind of a Verminlord Corruptor is labyrinthine in its complexity, and their cunning is such that it would take a brave or stupid Plague Priest indeed to scheme against one – openly, at any rate. The Corruptors themselves politick against one another constantly, fighting for any advantage over their rivals. Many a Virulent Procession has fought great and bloody battles just to serve the selfish agenda of a slighted Verminlord Corruptor.

Despite such rivalries, the Corruptors quickly join forces when faced with the scheming and plotting of other types of Verminlord. The Corruptors believe with the absolute conviction of fanatics that the Clans Pestilens alone are the favoured children of the Horned Rat, and so are violently resentful of any other clan's attempts to gain supremacy. They often come to blows with the exceptionally manipulative Verminlord Warpseers.

It is in the nature of Verminlord Corruptors to despise all that is pure and verdant. It is for this reason that the daemons have led many of the Clans Pestilens into the centuries-long savagery of the War of Life. Rumour speaks of a pestilent stronghold somewhere in Ghyran within which a whole conclave of Verminlord Corruptors gnaws away at a diabolical plan, something so foul that it is hidden even from the clans themselves.

PUSTULIX VILEROT

Like a canker upon reality, Pustulix Vilerot spreads corruption to everything he touches. This eldritch being is surrounded at all times by shifting, clawing tendrils of noxious green mist, and wherever he goes the scratching and gnawing of a million rats haunt the edge of hearing.

Pustulix is a being with a singular obsession, and he has spent the lives of entire Clans Pestilens in its pursuit. The Verminlord is convinced that the Horned Rat must discard all of his other aspects, that he must become the Great Corruptor in his entirety in order to unify the other wayward clans beneath a single, rotting banner. It is Pustulix's belief that the withering of all Azyr – orchestrated by himself of course – would be sufficient to bring about this radical change. He seeks to introduce the Great Plagues to Azyr itself, and to watch the heavens rot. Such is Pustulix's vision, and it is one he pursues with relentless hunger.

PLAGUE PRIESTS

Plague Priests are the fanatical leaders of the Churches of Contagion. Whole conclaves of these rancid beings rule over each of the Clans Pestilens, maintaining their tenuous grip on power through zealotry, cunning and outright violence.

The Plague Priests of the Horned Rat are frothing lunatics, ranting preachers of the Withered Word and true believers in the Great Corruptor. These diseased fanatics are unusual in skaven terms for their propensity to lead from the front. They hack, claw and bite their way through their enemies while screeching prayers that conjure unholy miracles or blessings of foetid filth. Some Plague Priests fight in this seemingly courageous fashion because their sanity is so eroded that they do not recognise their own danger. Most simply seek to win the Horned Rat's favour, and will gladly use their underlings as living shields at the first sign of real peril.

To the Plague Priests, the verminous god's blessing is their main goal, for it is vital in their climb towards ever-greater power. Even the smallest Clans Pestilens will be led by more than a single Plague Priest, while the largest have hundreds, even thousands of these vile beings to drive their clawpacks into battle and lead the devoted chitterings of their congregations to the Great Corruptor. The internal hierarchies of these pustulant priesthoods are byzantine in the extreme, but all hinge around violence and fear.

The Plague Priests within any given clan vie constantly for dominance, and will resort to any act of bribery, coercion, violence or back-stabbing to rise above their rivals. One common tactic employed by the priests of Pestilens is inventing new and ever-more-important-sounding titles for themselves. These names are tied to the priests' duties within their church, and are ridiculously overblown; names such as the Most-blessed Master of the Chittering Chant or the Archsquealer of the Followers of the Furnace impress dull minds – reason enough to tear the throat out of anyone foolish enough to laugh at them.

All Plague Priests have at least some ability in brewing the plagues and toxic concoctions that their clan uses against their foes in battle. The true masters of this art command heightened levels of fearful respect from their peers, using their great bubbling vats to create diseases and poxes so contagious and foul that they can devastate whole armies. It is these talented architects of death who attend the Foulrain Congregations in battle, working dark blessings upon the war machines to ensure their absolute lethality.

Spread-quick the blessings of the Great Corruptor, my children, and watch the unbelievers rot!'

- Gnawscrotch, Firstpriest of Rancid Chewings'

PLAGUE MONKS

Diseased devotees of the Horned Rat, Plague Monks are the heart of the seething hordes of Clan Pestilens armies. Though inherently cowardly like the rest of their despicable race, the Plague Monks' zealotry makes them brave – and extremely dangerous – in large numbers.

Corrupt congregations of Plague Monks spill across the battlefield in a hideous tide. Ragged, robed figures scrabble over and around one another in their eagerness to sink fangs into flesh. A diseased stink precedes this horrific onslaught, while the squeals and gurgled chanting of the Plague Monks are harbingers of a hideous death. Weird religious trappings clang and flap in the winds of battle, scrolls nailed into flesh and unholy icons brandished aloft. As the Plague Monks crash into the enemy lines, their madness only intensifies. Their numbers alone are enough to blunt enemy attacks and overrun defences, while the plagues they bring cause enemies to sicken and die in droves.

The weapons these fanatics wield are vectors of disease in their own right – rusted cleavers and jagged, splintered knives that drip poisoned concoctions. A mere nick from such a weapon is enough to cause rampant infection to take hold, meaning that even those who survive battle with the Clans Pestilens soon shrivel and die if they have suffered even the most superficial wounds. Even worse are the arcane weapons of the Bringers-of-the-Word. These spiteful and ambitious beings are the aspirant underlings of the Plague Priests themselves, each attaching himself to the tail of whichever priest he believes can expedite his climb to power. Bringers-of-the-Word further their priestly masters' agendas and are rewarded for their efforts with potent plague scrolls and books of woes that, when read aloud, rot the enemy where they stand.

The battle madness of the Plague Monks not only makes them deadly aggressors, but also lends them frightening resilience. Beneath their rotting robes and filth-matted pelts, the zealots' hides have been rendered leathery and tough by the cornucopia of diseases they have willingly subjected themselves to. Nerve endings are rotted, or dulled through leprous degeneration, so a Plague Monk may easily shrug off even the most agonising pain, at least until they realise the severity of their wounds and their overdeveloped instinct of self-preservation kicks in.

What Plague Monks lack in cunning and guile they more than make up for with blind religious fervour. Compared to most skaven, the warriors of Clan Pestilens are positively daring, and exhibit a surprising lack of cowardice in the face of battle, danger, or sudden loud noises. They are still skaven at heart though, and should battle begin to turn against the hordes of the Clans Pestilens they will cut and run just as quickly as their less feculent kin.

PLAGUE CENSER BEARERS

Plague Censer Bearers are the most deranged and devoted practitioners of their unhinged faith. Wielding fuming flails, these hallucinating lunatics scamper madly into battle and cause untold damage before meeting their end.

The billowing, jaundiced fog that rolls from the censers of the Plague Censer Bearers is inimical to all life. Before battle, each large brass censer is carefully filled with noxious concoctions of the Plague Priests' own devising. Whether it be pus-soaked incense of pallid rotshade, the disease-bloated hearts of butchered plague-riddled corpses, thrice-cursed ashes from a victim of a Great Plague, or some other fell concoction, the end result is the same. Infused with warpstone oils and set alight, the contents of the censers belch fumes that blister flesh, corrode metal, and cause organs and joints to swell with rancid fluids.

Plague Monks are significantly more resistant to these noxious fumes than other, less corrupt forms of life, but even they will eventually dissolve and die amid the smog. It is for this reason that only the most deluded or unfortunate amongst the teeming ranks of the Clans Pestilens find themselves wielding plague censers. Some, those with rotgrubs in their brains or frothblight flowing through their arteries, see becoming a Plague Censer Bearer as a true blessing. To such beings, the noxious fug from the plague censers only intensifies their already feverish hallucinations and strengthens their convictions that the Second Great Withering is underway.

For the majority there is some reticence, at least until the plague fumes cloud their minds and drive them into an insensible killing frenzy. Such unfortunates are likely to be selected by the Plague Priests from amongst those up-and-coming brethren who might soon become rivals. Set upon by gangs of their peers, these luckless Plague Monks are knocked unconscious, only to wake upon the battlefield with plague censers already chained to their paws. Others are captives and slaves from other clans, swaddled in filth-caked robes and given a choice between wielding the censer or being used as raw ingredients for the vile brew inside it.

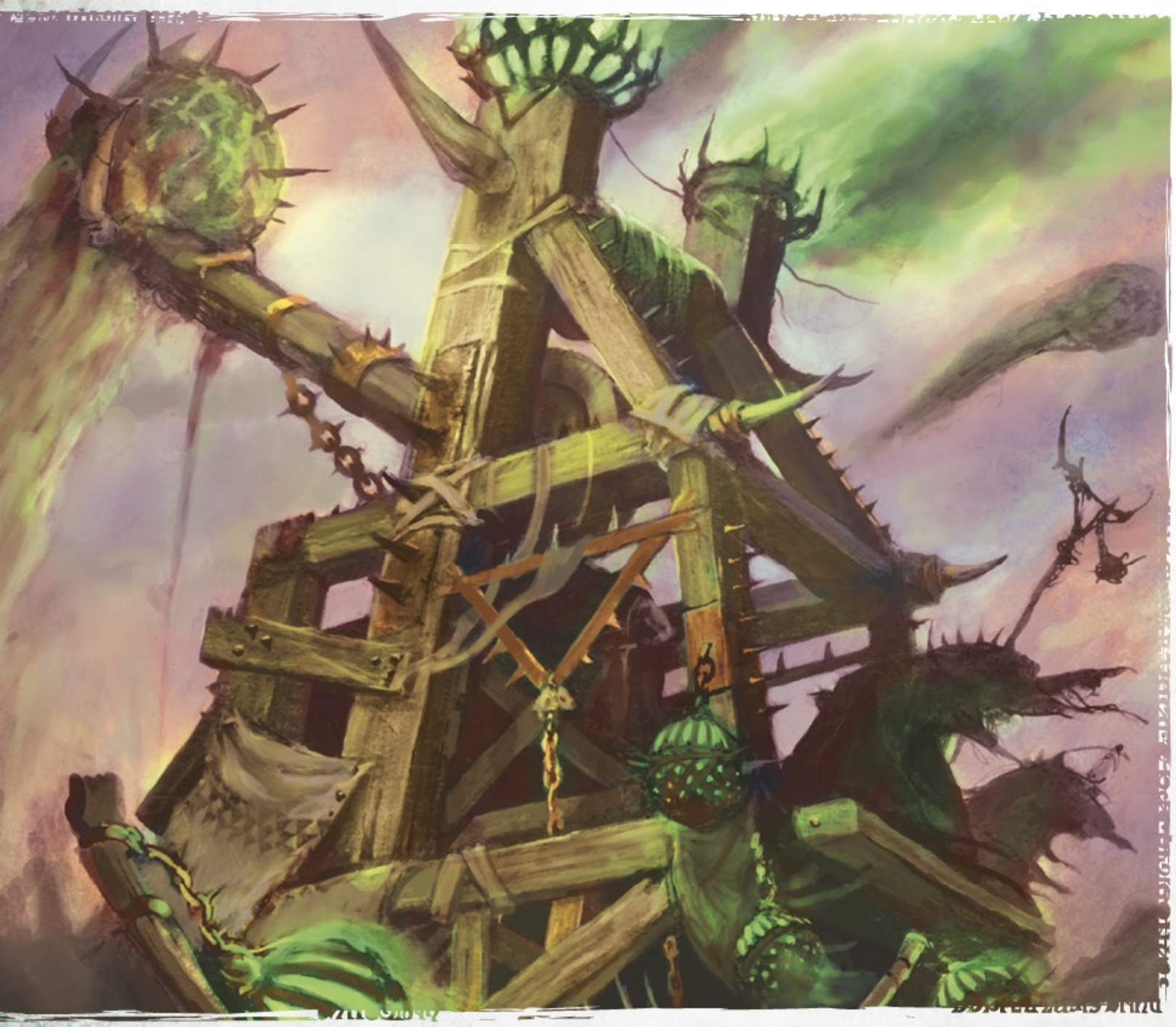
However they came to be, once the fumes take hold and the battle is at hand, the Plague Censer Bearers become whirling, slavering dervishes. They charge into the enemy lines with no thought for their own safety, ignoring whistling bolts or coruscating blasts of magic as they scurry madly across the battlefield to bludgeon and kill with their horrific weapons.

ENGINES OF PLAGUE

The macabre war engines of the Clans Pestilens are more than just weapons. They are the befouled altars at which the Virulent Processions worship, mobile fanes of corruption towards which the Plague Monks direct their devotions.

As clouds of tainted incense billow and foul green lightning bursts overhead, the Engines of Plague spread the diseases of the Great Corruptor, slaughtering his enemies and leaving blackened husks in their wake.

Plague Furnaces are huge wheeled carriages of rotting wood and rusting metal, heaved into battle by teeming hordes of Plague Monks. Their sheer bulk is deadly in its own right, crushing victims beneath their grinding wheels. Each of these horrific contraptions is ridden to war by a Plague Priest, who uses the furnace as a moving pulpit from which to hurl foul sorcery at the enemy. More dangerous still is the great censer at the Plague Furnace's heart. Concoctions of unbelievable foulness are heaped, poured and ground into this massive sphere before being doused with rancid warpstone and set aflame. The resultant smoke clouds billow outward in toxic waves, while the ball itself can be swung into the enemy ranks to crush and destroy.



Rolling at the rear of each procession, Plagueclaws are towering rotwood catapults festooned with jangling bells and rusted icons. They are seen as holy instruments of the Horned Rat, the devices by which he bestows pestilence upon the unworthy. These weapons hurl rains of diseased filth into the enemy's midst. Into the Plagueclaws are ladled the most horrific brews the Plague Priests can conjure and even precious doses of the Great Plagues, ready to infect entire nations from the catalyst of a single battlefield. Whether lofting their shots high over castle walls or into the midst of tightly packed enemy armies, accuracy is of little concern, for the Plagueclaws need only drop their ammunition in the general vicinity of their victims to begin an epidemic amongst their ranks.

It is seen as a great blessing to crew a Plagueclaw; many believe that those who do so become so saturated with filth that, upon their inevitable deaths, they become one with the Great Corruptor himself. There are always more fanatics willing to shed their robes and expose themselves to the full virulence of the Plagueclaws, false martyrs gambling on a shortcut to eternal power.

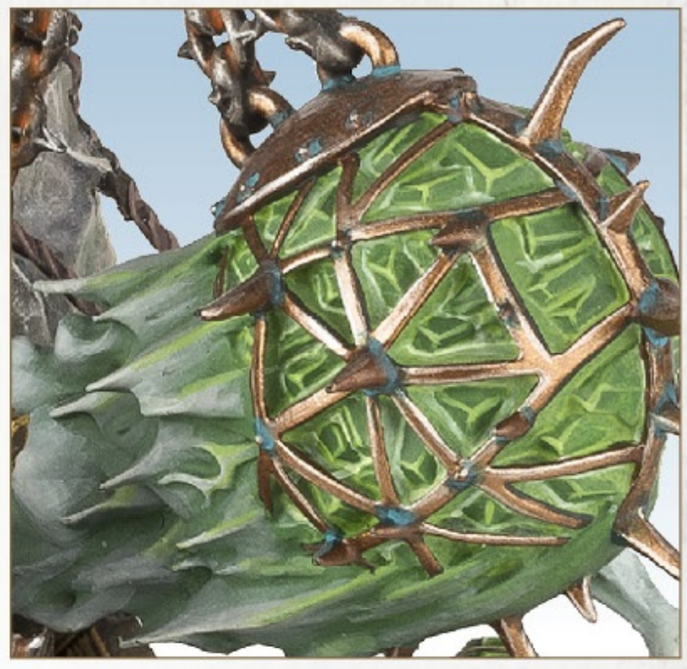
THE FOETID HORDES

A Plaguesmog Congregation hurl themselves into battle with plague censers swinging.

A Plague Priest chitters passages from the Withered Word as the Plagueclaw is readied.

The revolting swarms of Clan Morbidus surge into battle.

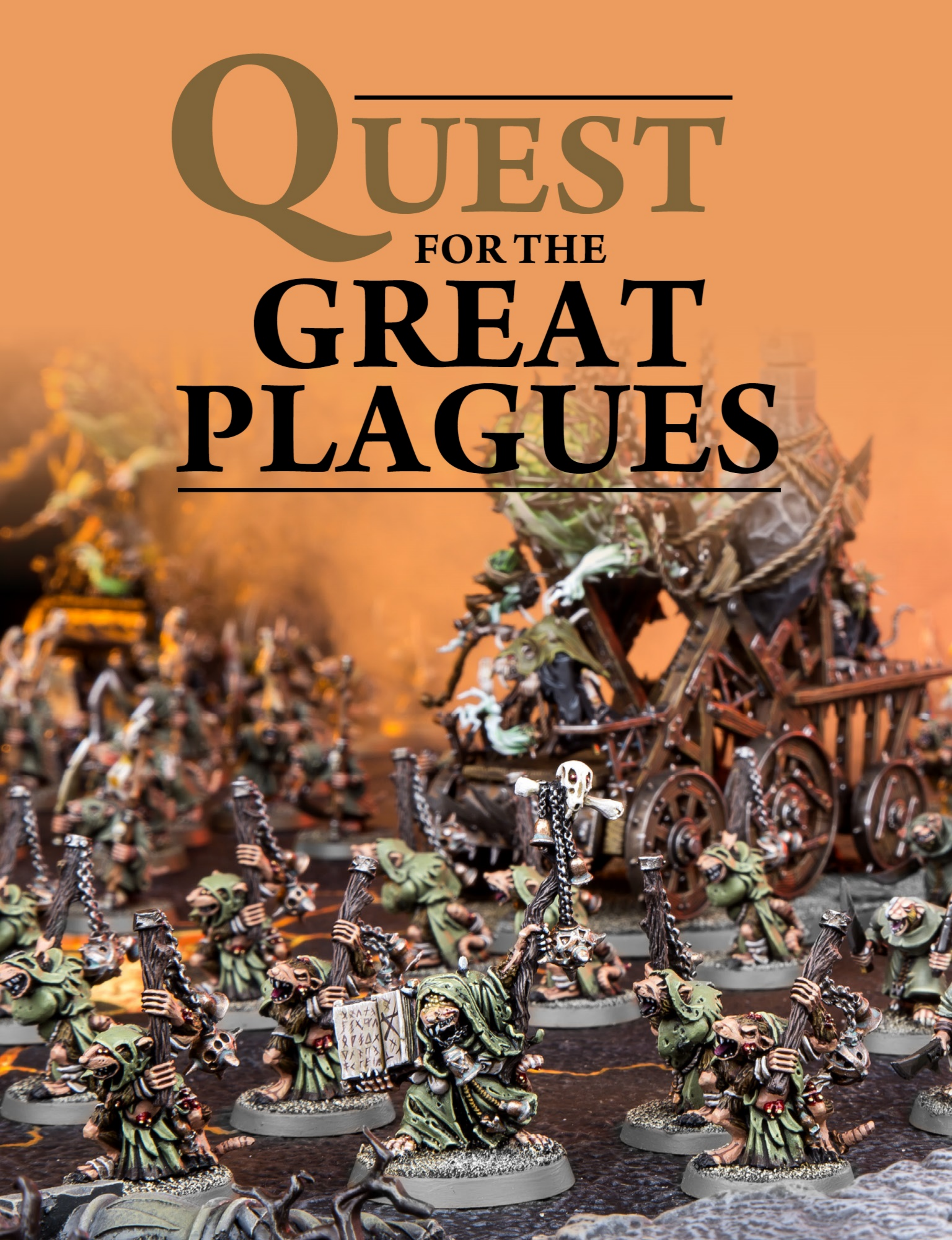
These frothing Plague Monks wield foetid blades and are led by a Bringer-of-the-Word.



Plague Furnace

Verminlord Corruptor

QUEST FOR THE GREAT PLAGUES



SPREADING CONTAGION

The Realmgate Wars stirred the Clans Pestilens into a frenzy. Festering strongholds echoed to the booming clangour of war gongs, plague cauldrons bubbled and spat, and everywhere the Virulent Processions surged into battle, ready to bring misery and death to the Mortal Realms.

The Blood Times were a horrific time for the skaven race. As the worshippers of Khorne turned upon their erstwhile allies, the Children of the Horned Rat found themselves caught between the warring Chaos factions. Many clans attempted to form alliances with the Blood God's warriors, desperate to find a way onto the winning side. This was proved unwise when they were either slaughtered wholesale by the lunatics they attempted to treat with, or worse, struck their bargains only to find themselves flung into battle like chaff. The Clans Pestilens fared a little better than most, for they were able to exploit their occasional alliance with the followers of Nurgle in order to gain a modicum of protection. Even this availed them little, as great Clans Pestilens such as Clan Morbidus and Clan Rancik were drawn into costly, sprawling battles or became victims of devious Tzeentchian plots. Eventually, the Clans Pestilens were forced to all but abandon their search for the Great Plagues, receding into the shadows of the Mortal Realms to wait and plot.

Then, as the Storm of Sigmar broke and the Realmgate Wars escalated rapidly, the Clans Pestilens rose again. With the eyes of the Chaos Gods elsewhere, and the strengths of every people and nation committed to the growing war, the Churches of Contagion seized their chance. Just as war bred desolation, sickness and despair, so too did it breed fresh opportunities for the Virulent Processions to attack from below against weakened enemies and spread once more across the realms.

Verminlord Corruptors began appearing to the Clans Pestilens in unprecedented numbers. Plague Priests found themselves able to beseech the aid of the monstrous rat daemons more readily as the Verminlords came to preach the Great Corruptor's wishes to even the smallest congregations.

Those instructions were clear. The Realmgates must be seized where possible, for they served as both stable pathways through which to expand the search for the Great Plagues and excellent routes by which these sicknesses might be transmitted. Where such conquest was not possible, the Great Corruptor desired to see the Realmgates contaminated so that all who risked travelling through them would be struck down by the pestilent blessings of the Clans Pestilens' most hideous plagues.

From the Lowering Peaks of Ghur to the Shimmerdepths of Aqshy, the Clans Pestilens resumed the search for the Great Plagues, sure in their rotted hearts that this was their hour to conquer all.

Virrik lurked in foetid darkness, his rancid brethren packed in on all sides. A sucking rent breached the air and Virrik was charging into battle with a zealous shriek upon his sore-pocked lips. The Plague Monk squinted against the harsh light of strange skies, taking in the swirling savagery of the battle that he was being borne into. Orruk-things filled the shimmering valley, their harsh war cries competing with the maddened chittering of the Plague Monks spilling from gnawholes all around. There must be hundreds of orruks, thought Virrik with a surge of panic, but there were many thousands of skaven, led by their daemonic master Skuttervyle. The ambushed brutes did not stand a chance.

As he scurried into battle with his daggers clutched tight, Virrik caught a glimpse of the true prize atop the ridge to the orruks' rear. A glowing gate hung aloft in the umbral light, an ancient and powerful looking thing around which the stupid green-things had built dung-idols. Sprinting through a bilious wall of plague smog, Virrik and his Congregation of Filth crashed into the orruk lines. Huge, roaring greenskins swung axes into the Plague Monks, but their flesh was running from their bones as the pestilential fumes did their work. Virrik screeched as he rammed his daggers into the throat of a dying brute, then scrambled over its corpse in search of another. Plague Monks swarmed. The gate would be theirs, and the great Verminlord Skuttervyle would be pleased…

THE RUIN OF MOSSGLEAM

When Gruptious Brelch, arch-sorcerer of Nurgle, ordered the attack upon the sacred sylvaneth glade of Mossgleam, he did so in the belief that his Pestilens allies would aid in the attack. His trust was to prove horribly misplaced.

Great Plaguestoker Skrapefang watched avidly as the last of the Rotbringers was torn limb from limb. The withered old Plague Priest chittered appreciatively at every gristly crunch and crack, sneering to himself amid the shadows of his cowl as the last of his supposed allies died. The plan had been for the Virulent Procession of Clan Feesik to surge into the tree-things' glade of power from the marshes to the south whilst the followers of Nurgle attacked from the Jade Crags to the north.

Skrapefang, tired of taking orders from the bloated and imperious Gruptious Brelch, had instead formulated a plan of his own. The skaven still lurked amid the blighted fog of the marsh, and had watched with glittering red eyes as the Rotbringers battled the guardians of the glade. Sylvaneth and Stormcast Eternals had fought side by side to defend this sacred wellspring of life energy. Now, with the glade stained with foetid gore and its defenders weakened from battle, Plague Priest Skrapefang raised his rotwood staff high and shrieked the order to attack.

The swarms of Clan Feesik surged from the fringes of the marsh in a sudden, horrifying tide. Skrapefang rode his rumbling Plague Furnace at their centre, its great censer belching noxious green smoke that caused the plants and grass of the glade to blacken at its touch. Hundreds of Plague Monks and Censer Bearers scurried forwards around the Plague Furnace, their bodies crawling with the filth that would be the sacred glade's death.

The surviving defenders of the green sanctuary turned in shock at the appearance of this new foe. Treelord Cerswyn boomed his rage and led his Dryads to meet the attackers head on,

while the brave band of the Knights Excelsior formed a fortress-like shield wall with their Lord-Celestant, Amachus, as its anchor.

At the very presence of the Pestilens horde, the magics of the sacred glade began to falter and die. Ancient trees of living jade and beautiful glowing vines crumbled to ash, while bubbling springs of pure life energy blackened and congealed as the chittering chant of the Plague Priest carried on the wind. As the charge of Plague Monks and sylvaneth collided with a terrible crash, the destruction only grew worse.

Whole Congregations of Filth scrambled over one another to hack at bark-like flesh with their crusted blades. Sylvaneth branch-claws ripped through leathery skin to spill festering blood across silver grass that rotted at its touch. Corrosive smog billowed as a Plaguesmog Congregation surrounded Cerswyn, battering at the ancient

The censers of the Plaguesmog Congregations are hideous weapons.

The icons of the Clans Pestilens are foul to look upon.

Treelord with their foul weapons. Every impact blackened his wooden hide and smashed rotting chunks from his limbs. The Treelord stamped and raged, hurling broken skaven corpses through the air with every swing of his mighty fists but eventually, inevitably, Cerswyn crashed to his knees, bark skin cracking and weeping as the fumes overcame him. Another mass of Plague Monks surged forwards, and the Treelord was lost from sight.

Seeing the sylvaneth being swiftly overwhelmed by the zealous swarms of ratmen, and the sacred glade dying by the moment, Lord-Celestant Amachus ordered his Knights Excelsior to make for the Plague Furnace at the skaven swarm's heart.

Plague Priest Skrapefang saw the white armoured warriors coming and raised one claw.

GREAT PLAGUESTOKER SKRAPEFANG

The self-proclaimed Great Plaguestoker Skrapefang of Clan Feesik is the high overseer of his church's many Plague Furnaces. It is Skrapefang who drives the clan's army of sweating, sickly slaves to build new carriages and censers for their verminous masters, and he who rides the finest of these macabre war engines to war.

Beneath his stinking robes, the Plague Priest is as gnarled and twisted as an old root. Skrapefang's pelt is thin and greying, lank with foetor and age. His joints are bulbous and shiny with pus, and his flesh is riddled with the scars of countless poxes and failed assassination attempts. However the hideous old monster's mind is as sharp as a blade, and his malice and cruelty are horrifying in their intensity. Skrapefang lives to inflict suffering on all around him, if only to see the fear in their eyes as they realise that he has absolute power over their meaningless lives.

Foul black-green energies shot into the churning sky. At the Great Plaguestoker's signal his Plagueclaws, still lurking in the mists of the marsh, let fly with their foul ammunition. Diseased slop rained upon the battlefield, sizzling and putrefying wherever it spattered across the sacred flora of the glade. Where it sprayed the Stormcast Eternals, the foul substance ate through their sigmarite armour and spread bubbling, popping blisters across their skin. Mighty heroes collapsed, roaring in pain as their joints swelled and their flesh blackened.

Crackling with lightning, the surviving Stormcasts ploughed into the Clan Feesik lines. Every swing left a blinding arc of energy in its wake, Liberators and Retributors smashing diseased vermin to bloody pulp with their hammers. Skaven fangs shattered and blades broke against the white armour of the Stormcast Eternals, while plague censers rebounded from blue and gold shields. At their head fought Lord-Celestant Amachus, calling out praise to Sigmar as he hacked and hewed at the seething vermin. The last handful of sylvaneth backed towards the thin Stormcast line, fighting wildly to disentangle themselves from the horrifying consequences of Cerswyn's impetuous attack. All around they could see their glade dying, but they were powerless to save it.

From atop his rickety wooden perch, Plague Priest Skrapefang sneered in derision and screeched to redouble the attack. Another splattering volley of Plagueclaw ordure fell from above, raining filth on friend and foe alike. With a great wrenching of levers and jangling of rusted bells, the mighty censer of Skrapefang's Plague Furnace was released, swinging forwards to crunch through the enemy ranks. The monstrous weapon sent forth a wall of billowing green smog that engulfed the Stormcast battle-line just seconds before the Plague Furnace crashed into it at speed.

Gas-rusted white armour crumpled and smog-weakened shields cracked. Noble forms rotted by noxious fumes were crushed and mangled, and Skrapefang cackled manically as bolts of lightning leapt skyward from beneath the rumbling wheels of his pestilent shrine.

The weakened Stormcast line buckled at the sudden fury of the onslaught, losing ground against the frenzied attackers with every second, and the last few sylvaneth raised a mournful dirge as their sacred glade rotted and blackened around them. The defenders still fought, but Skrapefang could see his victory was at hand.

Skrapefang swung his censer against a white helm hard enough to send another storm-thing crackling back to join his god. The Plague Priest exulted in the sounds and sights of carnage that surrounded him. Diseased fog billowed everywhere, obscuring the details of the fight, but Skrapefang could still see that only a handful of Stormcast Eternals remained around their master. The last of the tree-things had been torn apart by the Plaguesmog Congregations and, while mounds of skaven dead carpeted the ground, the glade itself was withering and rotting to mulch by the second. The dead mattered not, thought the elated Plague Priest; such was the fate of traitors and weaklings, and it was a mark of true genius that his scheme had seen not only the Rotbringers eliminated, but the enemies within his own ranks as well!

Skrapefang's self-aggrandisement was short-lived as the storm-things gave a deafening shout and began smashing a path through the Plague Monks towards his Plague Furnace. The Plague Priest knew a moment of blind panic, but his towering arrogance overwhelmed it. They dared challenge him? Skrapefang threw out one claw and chanted dark and terrible words, sending tendrils of filthy light stabbing out towards the Stormcasts. One by one the last of the figures fell, convulsing and vomiting as rampant disease took them. Their leader endured the longest, staggering from amid his convulsing brethren and managing three defiant steps towards Skrapefang before the flesh sloughed from his bones. The Great Plaguestoker raised his claws to the sky and shrieked praises to his pestilent god, for victory was his.

BATTLEPLAN

ON TAINTED GROUND

HOW TO USE BATTLEPLANS

This book contains two battleplans, each of which enables you to fight a battle based upon the exciting narrative that leads up to it. These battles should be fought using all of the rules on the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet unless the battleplan specifically indicates otherwise. Each of the battleplans includes a map reflecting the landscape on which the battle was fought; these maps usually show a battlefield that is 6 feet by 4 feet in size, but you can use a smaller or larger area if you wish.

In the bloody clash between the Virulent Procession of Clan Feesik and the embattled Stormcast Eternals and their sylvaneth allies, the defenders of Mossgleam were heavily outnumbered, but did all they could to save the enchanted glade from the skaven force's tainting presence. This battleplan can be used to recreate that feverish struggle, or any similar skirmish in which the multitudinous swarms of the Clans Pestilens threaten to corrupt their foe's sacred ground.

THE ARMIES

One player commands the Pestilens horde, and the other represents the valiant guardian host attempting to stop them. The Pestilens army should ideally have at least twice as many units as the guardian's army.

Units in each army have unique abilities, shown below, in addition to any others they have.

PESTILENS OBJECTIVES

The land before you lies ripe for corruption, but by standing their ground despite their diminished strength, your enemy has shown remarkable determination to thwart you. Kill-kill them for their insolence! Snuff out their candle of hope by driving them from the battlefield and desecrating of their land. Defile, taint and sully all that is pure for the glory of the Great Horned Rat!

GUARDIAN'S OBJECTIVES

Your army is depleted and your warriors weary from battle, yet your duty is clear – this land must be protected. Stand your ground against the enemy's superior numbers and fight to ensure their foul taint cannot spread. The land is pure here, and the skaven will suffer for each step they take. However, the vile rituals of the Clans Pestilens will undoubtedly befoul the earth as they draw closer. Only by holding back the tide of filth will you preserve this sacred place.

GUARDIAN'S ARMY ABILITY

Protect the Land: The guardian's warriors redouble their efforts to drive the enemy from their sacred land before it is despoiled. The guardian can re-roll all failed hit rolls for any of units that are within 6" of a terrain feature when the attacks are made, so long as the terrain feature is not on a contaminated section of the battlefield (see right).

PESTILENS ARMY ABILITY

Salt the Earth: The priests of the Clans Pestilens can taint the land with an arcane rite. If the Pestilens player has any **HEROES** within 3" of a terrain feature in their hero phase, they can nominate one to corrupt and infect the area – the section of the battlefield that the terrain piece is on is now contaminated (see Victory). If the terrain piece straddles two or more sections, choose one to contaminate.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place near an enchanted glade, and the land is scattered with Sylvaneth Wyldwoods.

CREEPING CORRUPTION

Divide the battlefield into six sections of equal size as shown on the map below. Place one terrain feature in each section.

The section in the Pestilens player's territory is already contaminated at the start of the game, but all other sections of the battlefield are untainted.

Each of the Pestilens player's units that have any models on an untainted section of the battlefield at the start of a battleshock phase suffer a mortal wound. However, each of the guardian's units that have any models on a contaminated section of the battlefield in the battleshock phase reduce their Bravery characteristic by 2 for the duration of that phase.

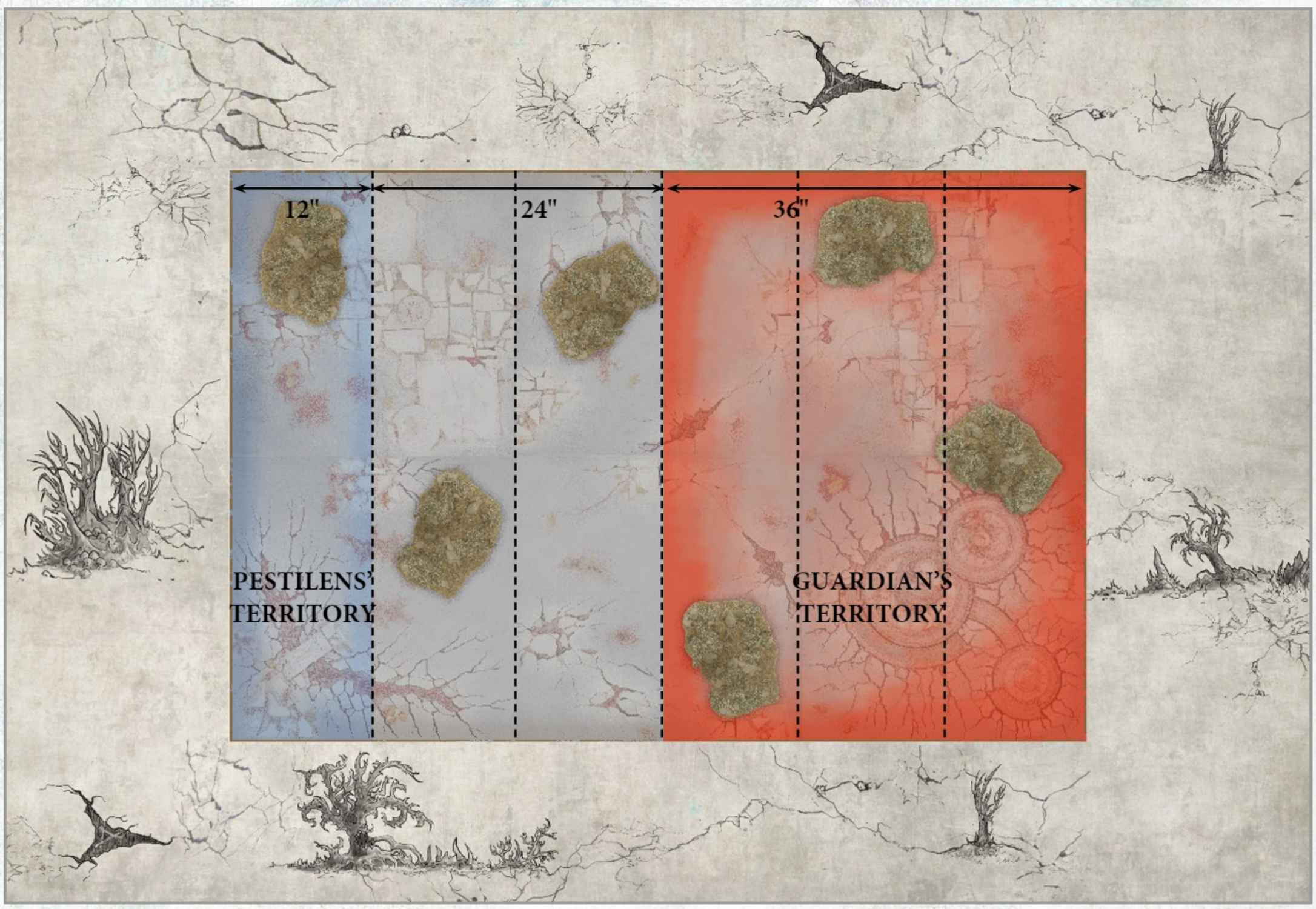
SET-UP

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

Units can be set up anywhere within their own territory (see the map).

FIRST TURN

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



VICTORY

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

The game lasts for six battle rounds. If, at the end of the game, the Pestilens player has contaminated two sections of the battlefield or fewer, the guardian wins a **major victory**, or a **minor victory** if three have been contaminated. If, at the end of the game, the Pestilens player has contaminated four sections of the battlefield, they win a **minor victory**, or a **major victory** if five or more have been contaminated.

HINTS & TIPS

The purity of this land is anathema to the Pestilens forces, and until they can despoil it, they will suffer the consequences. The Pestilens player should decide quickly whether they will try to sweep aside the guardian's army first, leaving them ample time to contaminate the battlefield, or prioritise the contamination of terrain features in order to benefit from the boons this will bestow. The guardian must defend their territory to deny the Pestilens army their ultimate victory and avoid suffering the results of the corruption. If the guardian is feeling bold, he can attempt to pick off enemy **HEROES** before they are able to Salt the Earth.

BATTLE FOR THE SERPENTSTONE

Serpentis, the City of Secrets, fell long ago amid fire and death. Its desolate ruins lay scattered around the feet of the great volcano Ashmaw. Serpentis had one secret left to surrender, however, a secret discovered by the vile Verminlord Corruptor Sepskrik.

Deep within the trackless wastes of the Basalt Plains, the volcano Ashmaw rumbled angrily. None had trod the still, dead streets below its slopes for many a long age. But scurrying, scuttling claws marked them now.

From the Bitterglass Realmgate deep within the ruins, a foulness seeped into the City of Secrets. Plague Monks from half a dozen Clans Pestilens spilled from the crackling portal. Festering Plague Priests chittered passages from the Withered Word while Plague Harbingers frantically clanged doom gongs and rusted bells, the sound falling dead in the oppressive, airless heat.

Hundreds of Plague Monks gathered amongst the ruins, forming a clotted mass as they waited for Verminlord Sepskrik's arrival.

He was the last one through the Realmgate, a vast, pestilent presence before whom the stench of dying things billowed. Striding on taloned hooves, the Verminlord Corruptor had come to claim a very particular prize. Here was a daemon powerful enough to force an alliance between the rival clans of Morbidus, Vomikrit, Retchid and the rest. Here was the being that knew where a rare ingredient for the Great Plague known as the Undulant Scourge had been revealed, vomited from the ground somewhere within this city.

Other, ancient eyes watched from on high as the skaven emerged. Levitating above the leaping flames of the volcano's caldera, the Slann Starmaster X'loc X'hul watched with serene interest. The slann knew what this city had so recently spat out – an ancient serpentstone so evil that no celestial being could lay hand upon it and live. He knew that Sepskrik could not be allowed to get his claws on the venomous gem. Though his physical form remained motionless, the slann's mind began to spin like an ancient

machine. His magics reached out into the ether, to the Realm of Heavens, and summoned an army.

By now the Plague Monks had spread out into the empty streets and shadowed, smouldering ruins of the City of Secrets. They followed the whispered words of their daemonic master, leaving churned trails of clawprints in their wake as they hefted aside rubble and dug through the dust of ages for their prize. When the first motes of light fell from the smoke-wreathed skies, the verminous hordes slowed their desperate search and looked up. Tails twitched nervously, and the musk of fear drifted amid the rank stink of the filthy, verminous bodies. Suddenly the motes began to explode in dazzling bursts of light. From the illumination thundered saurus warriors on great riding beasts.

Sputrik dug through the dust, fear and avarice lending strength to his frantic motions. If he, a lowly thirdchanter, were to find the prize for most-mighty Sepskrik... the thought alone made Sputrik's tail twitch with excitement. The great daemon would make him a Plague Priest, and then he would see how the secondchanters liked their victim becoming their master. Oh how they would squeal before he let them die!

The Plague Monk's venomous thoughts and addled mutterings were interrupted by drifting sparks of light. He stopped, whiskers twitching and heart racing. Was it the volcano? An eruption? Fire from the skies? Sputrik's glands clenched hard as something far worse coalesced into being with a thunderous bang.

Looming over the hapless Plague Monk was an enormous reptilian beast, a vast monster with dagger fangs and huge, terrifying claws. From high atop its back, a seraphon warrior stared imperiously down upon him. Sputrik took one look at his rusty sword, then another at the terror before him, before turning tail with a shriek and fleeing through the ruins. Ancient walls tumbled as the great beast loped after him, its footfalls sending shockwaves through the ground which hurled Sputrik off his claws. The skaven squeaked one last cry of terror before the huge monster's jaws snapped shut upon his head.

Within moments, the search for the serpentstone had become a scattered and bloody battle. Heavenly light was bursting into being throughout the streets of the City of Secrets, and Sepskrik cursed as he recognised the magics of the seraphon. All was not lost, however. The Verminlord could feel the serpentstone's power calling to him. He was closing in.

Throwing back his head, the Verminlord let loose a great shriek of rage that echoed out impossibly long and loud across the ruins. Rallying to that fearsome cry, the Plague Monks fought back against their terrifying attackers, forming larger and larger swarms as they battled their way towards their master.

Floating down the mountainside, Lord X'loc X'hul enjoyed a god's eye view. The skaven were strewn at random across the ruined city, but their numbers were many and they were fighting with a zealous fury. By comparison, his own forces were arrayed in the radiating, ever-turning wheels of the sun and stars configuration. Galloping down streets and crashing through ruins, the saurian warriors drove the Plague Monks before them. But now that the enemy had recovered from their surprise, the seraphon were losing momentum, plague fog engulfing them and rusted blades hacking through their hides.

Lord X'loc X'hul drew the celestial energies to him and blinked out of existence, re-manifesting in the city's old square. Around him appeared Saurus Guard, with shields locked. Beneath his palanquin, glinting beside the lip of the ragged rift from which it had escaped, lay the serpentstone. Lord X'loc X'hul meant to see that Sepskrik never laid a claw upon it.

The sounds of battle swiftly grew closer. Suddenly the reek of filth swept the square, and Sepskrik strode into view, surrounded by a seething horde of devotees. Wasting no time, the Verminlord Corruptor raised one yellowed talon and ordered the attack.

Plague Monks and Censer Bearers dashed across the ashen square, corrosive fumes swirling around them. In response, Lord X'loc X'hul summoned up his greatest magics. A sweeping wave of golden fire roared forth, blasting the front skaven ranks to ash. Even as those behind were squealing their fear and blinking cinders from their eyes, the slann raised his hands and saurus cavalry came thundering in from the side streets, hitting the skaven flanks like battering rams. At the same time, his bone-helmed guards pressed forwards, slamming Plague Monks into the dirt with their shields and hacking through verminous bodies with their glowing polearms.

SEPSKRIK THE FOUL

The Verminlord Corruptor known as Sepskrik the Foul has been responsible for some of the most horrific plague outbreaks in the history of the Mortal Realms. It was he who introduced the Crimsonweal Curse to the fountains of the Glittering City, and who set loose the Grey Shrivelling amid the Everwoods of High Sephardia. Sepskrik is known as the Foul for his pestilent stench and for the living carpet of parasites that seethes over his fur. Yet even though the Verminlord's very presence leaves greasy trails of dark corruption on everything he touches, the daemon is actually a fastidious and obsessive collector of the very finest plague ingredients. Hagwolf teeth must be polished to a fine sheen, rotwater must retain the perfect, porridgy consistency, while troggoth warts must be shrivelled to just the right size. The daemon's strange lair is a clinking, creaking repository of alembic jars beyond count, within which float myriad horrors gathered from across the realms, horrors that he has slain entire armies just to possess…

Seeing his lackeys dying in droves, and with his own flesh scorched by the slann's magic, Sepskrik let out a low and dangerous hiss. He had not come all this way just to be denied his prize by the incompetence of underlings.

Conjuring up plague magics of the blackest sort, the Verminlord Corruptor hurled them into the stumbling, panicking mass of his own followers. The results were horrific and immediate. Plague Monks coughed and squealed as they vomited great gouts of black, stinking blood across one another. Every new victim struck by this stinking substance was infected in turn, the sickness racing through the Plague Monks like a tide.

In moments, the sickness had reached the seraphon, and it was no more merciful to them. Lord X'loc X'hul blinked in surprise as his warriors fell, vomiting and convulsing before shimmering away like heat haze. Tar-like sputum covered everything, as the square was reduced to a seething morass of writhing, retching figures and reeking vomitous gore. Even the slann himself felt a noxious stirring deep in his gut, and was forced to devote precious energies to keeping the sorcerous contagion at bay. The Verminlord Corruptor strode through the scene of horror, plaguereapers in hand. With a vicious backhand sweep, he tore the throat from the last Saurus Guard and flung its corpse aside. In response, Lord X'loc X'hul tried to hurl his foe through a rift in reality.

Contemptuously, the Verminlord unravelled the weakened magics and, jaws yawning wide, belched a great sizzling cloud of corrosive fog across the ancient slann. Lord X'loc X'hul uttered his first vocalisation in millennia – a croak of agony – as his flesh began to blister and bubble. With a sneer, Sepskrik raised a sickle and brought it down on the slann's skull. The blade met only air. Lord X'loc X'hul had vanished.

The Verminlord Corruptor reached down into the swilling, bloody filth of the battlefield and plucked the pulsing serpentstone from the ground. Carefully, he rubbed it clean with his claws. The mounds of fallen Plague Monks that surrounded Sepskrik were already dismissed from his mind; he had eyes only for his wondrous bounty. With a cruel leer of satisfaction, the Verminlord Corruptor turned and strode back through the filth-spattered corpses towards the Realmgate, his prize in hand.

BATTLEPLAN

AT SEARCH'S END

The intoxicating scent of malignant foulness had drawn the Verminlord Corruptor Sepskrik and his coalition of clans to the shattered city of Serpentis. Yet arriving at the ancient ruins was but a step on the path to recovering the plague ingredient they sought. They first had to search through a veritable maze of rubble-strewn streets to find their prize, all the while being assailed by the seraphon cohorts of Lord X'loc X'hul, who intended to prevent them from achieving their sinister goal.

You can use this battleplan to recreate the Verminlord's quest for the serpentstone, and the seraphon's valiant attempt to stop him, or any other battle in which the Clans Pestilens must recover a vital artefact before their enemy can destroy them.

THE ARMIES

One player commands the Pestilens swarms, and the other leads the determined army intent on preventing the skaven from finding that which they seek.

The Pestilens army has a unique ability, shown below, in addition to any others they have.

PESTILENS OBJECTIVES

It has taken much time, effort and a great many warpstone tokens to gather such a mighty host as this to pursue the artefact that will bring your nefarious plot-scheme to fruition. You have arrived at your destination, but must now search through a ruined city to claim your prize. The enemy will try to delay your forces as they explore. Maim-slay all who oppose you with blade, tooth and plague – nothing can stop the rise of the Horned Rat!

PREVENTOR'S OBJECTIVES

Your enemies seek a relic that will enable them to enact a fiendish plan long in the making. They cannot be allowed to succeed. Do your best to prevent them from searching the places where the prize is likely hidden, but should they find it, assail them without hesitation until you have driven them away from these lands empty-handed.

The enemy general is a wily sort, and has bullied, bribed and politicked his way into command of his army. He is the key to holding their fractious alliance together – ridding yourself of him will doubtless lead to mass desertion, so make his death a priority.

PESTILENS ARMY ABILITY

If the Pestilens army includes any **VERMINLORD CORRUPTORS**, then the Pestilens player can pick one of them to know the Indiscriminate Contagion spell in addition to any other spells it knows.

INDISCRIMINATE CONTAGION

With spiteful glee, the caster unleashes a highly virulent plague upon its own minions, using them as a conduit to infect its foes. Indiscriminate Contagion has a casting value of 7. If successfully cast, pick a unit from your army within 13". Roll a dice for each model in the unit. For each roll of a 6, that unit suffers a mortal wound. After resolving the spell's effects, roll another dice to see whether the contagion spreads. On the roll of a 2 or more you can pick a different unit (friend or foe) within 7" of the previous one and resolve this spell's effects against that unit. Continue doing this until you roll a 1 when rolling to see whether the contagion spreads, or until there are no more units within range that have not already been affected by this spell in the same phase.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle takes place at the foot of a great volcano, amid the dense, ash-covered ruins of an ancient city.

SECRET LOCATIONS

The players must place a total of six terrain features on the battlefield. These represent the potential locations of the artefact. Each must be placed so that it is at least 10" from any battlefield edge and any other secret location. If your battlefield is smaller than six feet by four feet, place these terrain features as far apart from each other as you can.

SET-UP

The players take it in turns to set up units, as described on the Warhammer Age of Sigmar rules sheet. Units can be set up anywhere within their own territory (see the map).

FIRST TURN

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

LOYALTY IS FICKLE

After set-up is complete, the Pestilens player divides his units as equally as possible into three forces. If the Pestilens general is slain, at the end of that turn the Pestilens player randomly determines which of their three forces will abandon the fight. Remove all of the units belonging to that force from the game (even if they have not yet arrived on the battlefield); these units count as having been slain.

SEIZED OPPORTUNITY

After resolving which force leaves the battle should the Pestilens general be slain, the Pestilens player can choose one **HERO** from his remaining forces to assume command. That model can now use command abilities as if it were your general. However, should this replacement also be slain, no other can take his place – evidently, it's far too dangerous!

SEEKING THE ARTEFACT

As long as they have a unit within 3" of a secret location at the start of their movement phase, and there are no enemy units within 3" of that unit, the Pestilens player can have the unit search the location instead of moving that turn.

To do so, roll a dice for that location, adding 1 to the total for each location that you have already searched. If the total rolled is 7 or more, the artefact is discovered at that location. However, each location can only be searched once per game; if this roll is unsuccessful, the artefact cannot be found at that location – better luck next time!

VICTORY

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

Instead, the Pestilens player must discover the location of the artefact and ensure that the preventor does not wrest it from their grasp. If, at the end of any battle round, the Pestilens player has a unit within 3" of the secret location where the artefact has been found, and there are no enemy units within 3" of that location, they win a **major victory**.

If one army is wiped out, the game ends immediately and their opponent wins a **major victory**.

However, if, after seven battle rounds, neither of the above conditions have been met, the preventor wins a **major victory**.

THE PESTILENT SWARM

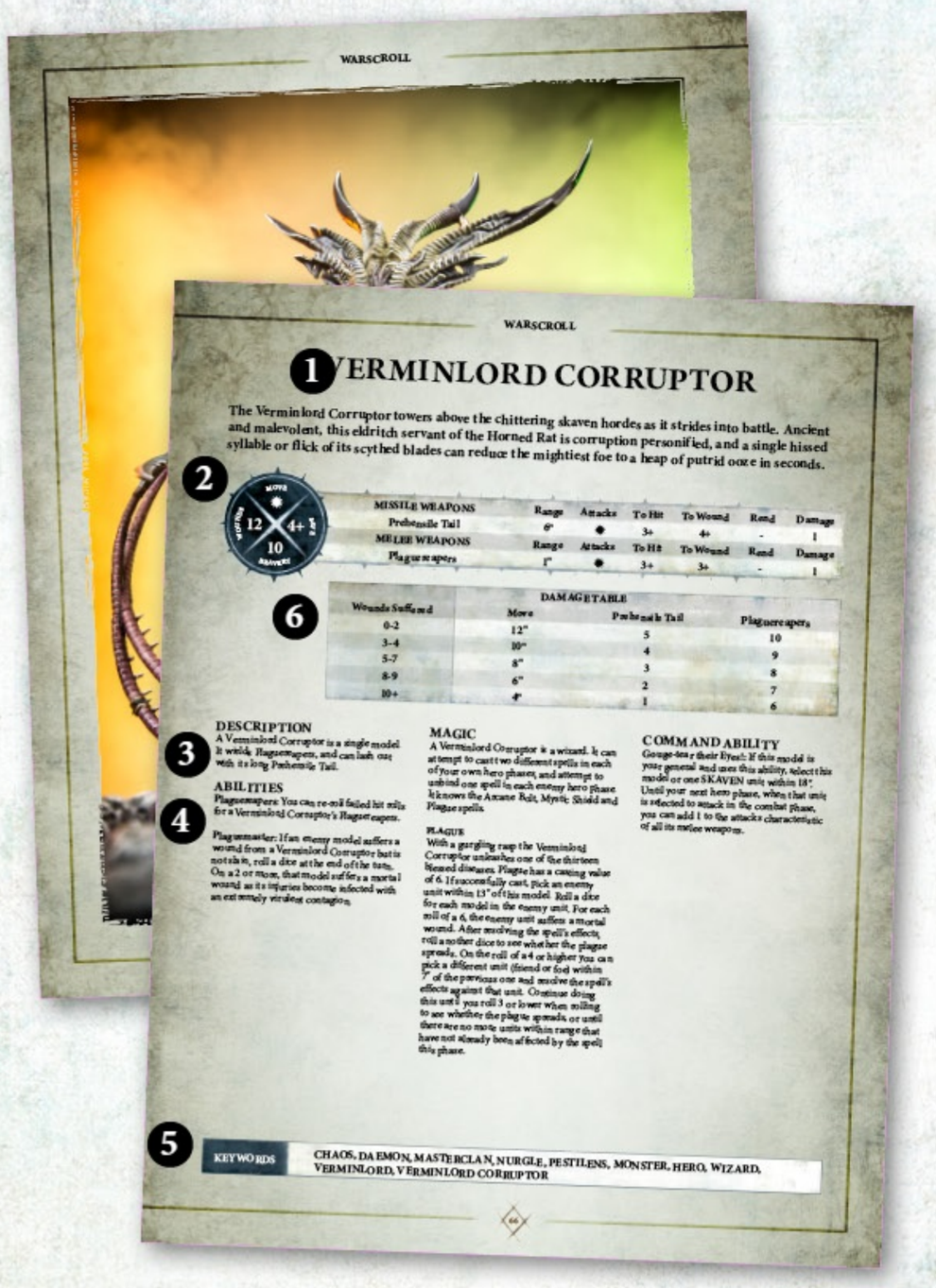
WARSCROLLS

The warriors and creatures that battle in the Mortal Realms are incredibly diverse, each one fighting with their own unique weapons and combat abilities. To represent this, every model has a warscroll that lists the characteristics, weapons and abilities that apply to the model.

Every Citadel Miniature in the Warhammer range has its own warscroll, which provides you with all of the information needed to use that model in a game of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*. This means that you can use any Citadel Miniatures in your collection as part of an army as long as you have the right warscrolls.

When fighting a battle, simply refer to the warscrolls for the models you are using. Warscrolls for all of the other models in the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* range are available from Games Workshop. Just visit our website at games-workshop.com for more information on how to obtain them.

The key below explains what you will find on a warscroll, and the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules sheet explains how this information is used in a game. The warscroll also includes a picture of a unit of the models that the warscroll describes, and a short piece of text explaining the background for the models and how they fight.



1. **Title:** The name of the model that the warscroll describes.

2. **Characteristics:** This set of characteristics tells you how fast, powerful and brave the model is, and how effective its weapons are.

3. **Description:** The description tells you what weapons the model can be armed with, and what upgrades (if any) it can be given. The description will also tell you if the model is fielded on its own as a single model, or as part of a unit. If the model is fielded as part of a unit, then the description will say how many models the unit should have (if you don't have enough models to field a unit, you can still field one unit with as many models as you have available).

4. **Abilities:** Abilities are things that the model can do during a game that are not covered by the standard game rules.

5. **Keywords:** All models have a list of keywords. Sometimes a rule will say that it only applies to models that have a specific keyword.

6. **Damage Table:** Some models have a damage table that is used to determine one or more of the model's characteristics. Look up the number of wounds the model has suffered to find the value of the characteristic in question.

HINTS & TIPS

Modifiers: Many warscrolls include modifiers that can affect characteristics. For example, a rule might add 1 to the Move characteristic of a model, or subtract 1 from the result of a hit roll. Modifiers are cumulative.

Random Values: Sometimes, the Move or weapon characteristics on a warscroll will have random values. For example, the Move characteristic for a model might be 2D6 (two dice rolls added together), whereas the Attacks characteristic of a weapon might be D6.

When a unit with a random Move characteristic is selected to move in the movement phase, roll the indicated number of dice. The total of the dice rolled is the Move characteristic for all models in the unit for the duration of that movement phase.

Generate any random values for a weapon (except Damage) each time it is chosen as the weapon for an attack. Roll once and apply the result to all such weapons being used in the attack. The result applies for the rest of that phase. For Damage, generate a value for each weapon that inflicts damage.

When to Use Abilities: Abilities that are used at the start of a phase must be carried out before any other actions. By the same token, abilities used at the end of the phase are carried out after all normal activities for the phase are complete.

If you can use several abilities at the same time, you can decide in which order they are used. If both players can carry out abilities at the same time, the player whose turn is taking place uses their abilities first.

Save of '-': Some models have a Save of '-'. This means that they automatically fail all save rolls (do not make the roll, even if modifiers apply).

Keywords: Keywords are sometimes linked to (or tagged) by a rule. For example, a rule might say that it applies to 'all **SKAVEN**'. This means that it would apply to models that have the Skaven keyword on their warscroll.

Keywords can also be a useful way to decide which models to include in an army. For example, if you want to field a Pestilens army, just use models that have the Pestilens keyword.

Minimum Range: Some weapons have a minimum range. For example 6"-48". The weapon cannot shoot at an enemy unit that is within the minimum range.

Weapons: Some models can be armed with two identical weapons. When the model attacks with these weapons, do not double the number of attacks that the weapons make; usually, the model gets an additional ability instead.

VERMINLORD CORRUPTOR

The Verminlord Corruptor towers above the chittering skaven hordes as it strides into battle. Ancient and malevolent, this eldritch servant of the Horned Rat is corruption personified, and a single hissed syllable or flick of its scythed blades can reduce the mightiest foe to a heap of putrid ooze in seconds.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Prehensile Tail	6"	✹	3+	4+	-	1
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Plaguereapers	1"	✹	3+	3+	-	1

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Prehensile Tail	Plaguereapers
0-2	12"	5	10
3-4	10"	4	9
5-7	8"	3	8
8-9	6"	2	7
10+	4"	1	6

DESCRIPTION

A Verminlord Corruptor is a single model. It wields Plaguereapers, and can lash out with its long Prehensile Tail.

ABILITIES

Plaguereapers: You can re-roll failed hit rolls for a Verminlord Corruptor's Plaguereapers.

Plaguemaster: If an enemy model suffers a wound from a Verminlord Corruptor but is not slain, roll a dice at the end of the turn. On a 2 or more, that model suffers a mortal wound as its injuries become infected with an extremely virulent contagion.

MAGIC

A Verminlord Corruptor is a wizard. It can attempt to cast two different spells in each of your own hero phases, and attempt to unbind one spell in each enemy hero phase. It knows the Arcane Bolt, Mystic Shield and Plague spells.

PLAGUE

With a gurgling rasp the Verminlord Corruptor unleashes one of the thirteen blessed diseases. Plague has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick an enemy unit within 13" of this model. Roll a dice for each model in the enemy unit. For each roll of a 6, the enemy unit suffers a mortal wound. After resolving the spell's effects, roll another dice to see whether the plague spreads. On the roll of a 4 or higher you can pick a different unit (friend or foe) within 7" of the previous one and resolve the spell's effects against that unit. Continue doing this until you roll 3 or lower when rolling to see whether the plague spreads, or until there are no more units within range that have not already been affected by the spell this phase.

COMMAND ABILITY

Gouge-tear their Eyes!: If this model is your general and uses this ability, select this model or one **SKAVEN** unit within 18". Until your next hero phase, when that unit is selected to attack in the combat phase, you can add 1 to the attacks characteristic of all its melee weapons.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, DAEMON, MASTERCLAN, NURGLE, PESTILENS, MONSTER, HERO, WIZARD, VERMINLORD, VERMINLORD CORRUPTOR

PLAGUE FURNACE

The great censer of the Plague Furnace roars low and loud as it swings ominously back and forth. Clouds of billowing smog roll from within, spilling forth to engulf the foe in a tide of choking foulness. As the screams of the dying rise to a crescendo, the chittering Plague Priest that rides the furnace to war spreads the blessings of filth to his befouled flock.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Great Censer	3"			See below		
Warpstone-tipped Staff	2"	3	4+	3+	-	D3
Rusty Wheels and Spikes	1"	D6	✸	3+	-	1

DAMAGE TABLE			
Wounds Suffered	Move	Great Censer Damage	Rusty Wheels and Spikes
0-2	4"	D6 mortal wounds	2+
3-4	4"	D3 mortal wounds	3+
5-7	2"	D3 mortal wounds	4+
8-9	2"	1 mortal wound	4+
10+	1"	1 mortal wound	5+

DESCRIPTION

A Plague Furnace is a single model crewed by a trio of fanatical Plague Monks, who chitter with delight as they send the smouldering Great Censer crashing into the enemy's ranks. At its fore stands a cackling Plague Priest wielding a Warpstone-tipped Staff that sparks with malign power. Any who come too close to the Plague Furnace meet a quick and messy end beneath its Rusty Wheels and Spikes.

ABILITIES

Great Censer: In the combat phase the chain holding the mighty swinging censer can be let loose, sending a giant spiked ball of death crashing through enemy formations. To resolve a Great Censer attack, pick a point on the battlefield within 3". Roll a dice for each unit (friend or foe) within 2" of that point other than the Plague Furnace itself. On a 4 or more, that unit is caught by the Great Censer attack and suffers a number of mortal wounds as shown in the Damage Table above.

Poisonous Fumes: The Plague Furnace is wreathed in a deadly fog. In your hero phase, roll a dice for each unit that is within 3" of this model. If the result is 4 or more, the unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. **NURGLE** units are not affected by the poisonous fumes and do not suffer any mortal wounds.

Pushed Into Battle: For every 3 **SKAVEN** models that are within 1" of a Plague Furnace at the start of your movement phase, add 1" to its Move characteristic until the end of the phase. If there are at least 10 **SKAVEN** models within 1" of this model when you roll the dice to see how far it can charge, it makes 2D6 attacks with its Rusty Wheels and Spikes in the following combat phase rather than D6.

Icon of the Horned Rat: The loathsome power of a Plague Furnace's fumes increases the devotion of nearby Plague Monks. Add 1 to the Bravery of all **PESTILENS** units that are within 5" of a Plague Furnace.

Noxious Prayers: In your hero phase, the Plague Priest aboard a Plague Furnace can pray for diseases to bless his followers. Pick one of the prayers below then roll a dice. If the result is 3 or higher the prayer is answered, and its effect takes place. If the result is 1 the Plague Priest utters an incorrect phrase and the Plague Furnace suffers a mortal wound.

Rabid Fever: Select a **PESTILENS** unit within 13". The Plague Priest bestows that unit with a brain fever that drives them into a rabid killing frenzy. Until your next hero phase, if a model from this unit is slain in the combat phase, it can make a pile in move and then attack with one of its weapons before you remove it.

Bless With Filth: Select a **PESTILENS** unit within 13". A foul mist wraps around that unit's weapons and their blades begin to drip with toxic filth. You can re-roll all failed wound rolls for that unit until your next hero phase.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, SKAVEN, NURGLE, PESTILENS, HERO, PRIEST, PLAGUE PRIEST, PLAGUE FURNACE

PLAGUE PRIEST

WITH WARPSTONE-TIPPED STAFF

A living nexus of disease, the Plague Priest wields a gnarled staff of rotten wood and warpstone with which he bludgeons his foes. The Plague Priest can also belch forth a tide of foulness that chokes and rots everything it touches.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Warpstone-tipped Staff	2"	1	4+	3+	-1	D3

DESCRIPTION

A Plague Priest is a single model. The priest carries a Warpstone-tipped Staff and a censer filled with pestilent magic.

ABILITIES

Pestilence-filled Censer: The foul vapours in these censers cause spellcasters to retch and vomit. All **WIZARDS** must subtract 1 from their casting rolls if they are within 6" of any Plague Priests. This does not affect **NURGLE WIZARDS**.

Frenzied Assault: A Plague Priest makes 1 additional attack with its Warpstone-tipped Staff if it charged in the same turn.

Pestilent Prayers: In your hero phase, a Plague Priest can pray for a foul disease to be unleashed upon his foes. Pick one of the prayers below then roll a dice. If the result is 3 or higher the prayer is answered, and its effect takes place. If the result is 1 the Plague Priest utters an incorrect phrase and suffers a mortal wound.

Pestilent Breath: The Plague Priest belches forth an impossibly foul cloud. Pick a point on the battlefield that is within 13". Roll a dice for each unit within 2" of that point. On a 4 or more, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. **NURGLE** units are only affected on the roll of a 6.

Wither: Pick a unit within 13". Until your next hero phase that unit is ravaged by a terrible wasting sickness; add 1 to all wound rolls made against that unit.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, SKAVEN, NURGLE, PESTILENS, HERO, PRIEST, PLAGUE PRIEST

PLAGUE PRIEST

WITH PLAGUE CENSER

Chittered words ring across the battlefield as the Plague Priest reads aloud from his plague tome, while a toxic green smog issues from the vile censer he holds aloft, wafting out to poison and decompose any who breathe it.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Plague Censer	2"	2	4+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A Plague Priest is a single model. The priest carries a Plague Censer and bears a Plague Tome enchanted with foul sorcery.

ABILITIES

Plague Tome: Within these pages lies the power to make deadly diseases even more virulent. Once per battle, in your hero phase, pick an enemy unit within 13". Until your next hero phase, you can re-roll all failed wound rolls made against that unit.

Frenzied Assault: A Plague Priest makes 1 additional attack with its Plague Censer if it charged in the same turn.

Pestilent Prayers: In your hero phase, a Plague Priest can pray for a foul disease to be unleashed upon his foes. Pick one of the prayers below then roll a dice. If the result is 3 or higher the prayer is answered, and its effect takes place. If the result is 1 the Plague Priest utters an incorrect phrase and suffers a mortal wound.

Pestilent Breath: The Plague Priest belches forth an impossibly foul cloud. Pick a point on the battlefield that is within 13". Roll a dice for each unit within 2" of that point. On a 4 or more, that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. **NURGLE** units are only affected on the roll of a 6.

Wither: Pick a unit within 13". Until your next hero phase that unit is ravaged by a terrible wasting sickness; add 1 to all wound rolls made against that unit.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, SKAVEN, NURGLE, PESTILENS, HERO, PRIEST, PLAGUE PRIEST

PLAGUE MONKS

Driven into battle by their frenzied faith, the Plague Monks of Clan Pestilens overwhelm their enemies in a pestilential swarm. They hack and stab wildly with their foetid blades, spreading disease and infection with every blow while scratching with jagged claws and biting with chisel-like, rotted fangs.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Foetid Blade	1"	2	4+	4+	-	1
Woe-stave	2"	1	4+	5+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Plague Monks has 5 or more models. Some units of Plague Monks are armed with a pair of Foetid Blades, while others attack with a Foetid Blade in one claw and a Woe-stave in the other.

BRINGER-OF-THE-WORD
The leader of this unit is a Bringer-of-the-Word. Some Bringers-of-the-Word choose to wield a Foetid Blade and carry a Plague Scroll; others bear a Book of Woes in one claw and a Foetid Blade in the other.

ICON BEARERS
Models in this unit may be Icon Bearers. Some Icon Bearers carry Contagion Banners, while others bear an Icon of Pestilence.

PLAGUE HARBINGERS
Models in this unit may be Plague Harbingers. Some Plague Harbingers carry clanging Doom Gongs, whilst others go to war with dreaded Bale-chimes.

Icon of Pestilence

Contagion Banner

ABILITIES

Foetid Blades: You can re-roll all failed hit rolls for models that are armed with more than one Foetid Blade.

Frenzied Assault: On a turn in which they charge, all models in this unit make 3 attacks with their Foetid Blades rather than 2.

Plague Scroll: Once per battle, in your hero phase, a Bringer-of-the-Word with a Plague Scroll can chant a vile passage to weaken his foes with fevers and poxes. Pick an enemy unit within 13" of the Bringer-of-the-Word. Until your next hero phase, you can re-roll all wound rolls of 1 made against that unit.

Book of Woes: Once per battle, in your hero phase, a Bringer-of-the-Word with a Book of Woes can read aloud a corrupt prayer and release a stinking blast of diseased fury. Roll a dice for every unit within 13" of the Bringer-of-the-Word. On the roll of a 4 or more, that unit suffers a mortal wound. **NURGLE** units are only affected on the roll of a 6.

Icon of Pestilence: If a unit contains one or more Icons of Pestilence, the Plague Monks are infected with highly diseased blood. If an infected Plague Monk is slain in the combat phase, roll a dice; on a 6 the attacking unit suffers a mortal wound.

Contagion Banner: If a unit contains one or more Contagion Banners, then in one of your hero phases the Plague Monks can use their power to bless their weapons with even more contagious diseases. Until your next hero phase, whenever you roll a 6 or more to wound for this unit, roll an additional dice. On the roll of another 6, the target unit suffers a mortal wound in addition to any other damage.

Doom Gong: A Doom Gong causes those that hear it to stumble and vomit. Subtract 1 from the run or charge rolls of all enemy units within 12" of at least one unit that includes any Doom Gongs.

Bale-chime: If a unit includes one or more Bale-chimes, the clamour causes the enemy's armour to rust and rot. Each wound roll of 6 or more you roll when attacking with such a unit is resolved with a Rend Characteristic of -1.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, SKAVEN, NURGLE, PESTILENS, PLAGUE MONKS

PLAGUE CENSER BEARERS

Plague Censer Bearers rush forwards in a foaming frenzy, shrieking and squeaking as they charge into battle. Plague-maddened, the Censer Bearers swing their weapons in devastating arcs, crunching armour, flesh and bone. Suffocating in the clouds of sorcerous fumes that surround them, few can stand long against their attacks.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Plague Censer	2"	2	4+	3+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

A unit of Plague Censer Bearers has 5 or more models. They wield Plague Censers – spiked metal balls filled with billowing, noxious filth that are attached to lengths of rusty chain. The frenzied monks flail these foul weapons around with a rabid fervour, breaking bones, rupturing organs and infecting those nearby with virulent contagions.

ABILITIES

Frenzied Assault: On a turn in which they charge, all models in this unit make 3 attacks with their Plague Censers, rather than 2.

Poisonous Fumes: In your hero phase, roll a dice for each unit that is within 3" of any Plague Censer Bearers. If the result is 4 or more, the unit suffers 1 mortal wound. **NURGLE** units are not affected by the poisonous fumes and do not suffer any mortal wounds.

Plague Disciples: You can re-roll failed hit rolls for a Plague Censer Bearer if it is within 13" of any **PLAGUE MONKS** when chosen to attack in the combat phase. You can also choose to re-roll any battleshock test for this unit if it is within 13" of any **PLAGUE MONKS** in the battleshock phase.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, SKAVEN, NURGLE, PESTILENS, PLAGUE CENSER BEARERS

PLAGUECLAW

Rotten wood creaks as the throwing arm of the Plagueclaw is cranked slowly back, until it strains near to breaking point. Only then are the foul plagues of the Clans Pestilens loaded into the weapon's claw, bubbling and hissing with virulence. A single wrench upon a rusted lever and the vile brew is hurled high into the air to rain down upon the enemy.

MISSILE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Plagueclaw Catapult	6-31"	1	3+	3+	-2	D6
MELEE WEAPONS	**Range**	**Attacks**	**To Hit**	**To Wound**	**Rend**	**Damage**
Crew's Tools and Knives	1"	D6	5+	5+	-	1

DESCRIPTION

A Plagueclaw is a single model consisting of a deadly contraption crewed by a trio of fume-addled skaven. The catapult lobs a bubbling blend of semi-congealed poisons and diseases at the foe, and the crew defends their scaffold-like charge with a variety of Tools and Knives.

ABILITIES

Ponderous War Machine: A Plagueclaw cannot make charge moves. However, you can add 1 to all save rolls for a Plagueclaw in the shooting phase.

Arcing Shot: A Plagueclaw can shoot at enemy units that are not visible to it.

Barrage of Disease: If the target unit of a Plagueclaw's shooting attack has more than 10 models, you can add 1 to the hit roll, and the Damage of the shot is increased to 2D6. **NURGLE** units find the toxic payloads showering them rather refreshing, and only suffer damage from a Plagueclaw's shooting attack on a wound roll of a 6 or more.

KEYWORDS CHAOS, SKAVEN, NURGLE, PESTILENS, WAR MACHINE, PLAGUECLAW

WARSCROLL BATTALIONS

The skaven of the Clans Pestilens often fight in battalions. Each of these deadly fighting formations consists of several units that are organised and trained to fight alongside each other. The units in warscroll battalions can employ special tactics on the battlefield, making them truly deadly foes.

If you wish, you can organise the units in your army into a warscroll battalion. Doing so will give you access to additional abilities that can be used by the units in the battalion. The information needed to use these powerful formations can be found on the warscroll battalion sheets that we publish for *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*. Each warscroll battalion sheet lists the units that make it up, and the rules for any additional abilities that units from the warscroll battalion can use.

When you are setting up, you can set up all of the units in a warscroll battalion instead of setting up a single unit. Alternatively, you can set up some of the units from a warscroll battalion, and set up any remaining units individually later on, or you can set up all of the units individually. For example, in a battle where each player takes it in turns to set up one unit, you could set up one, some or all of the units belonging to a warscroll battalion in your army.

On the following pages you will find a selection of warscroll battalions. Usually, a unit can only belong to one battalion, and so can only benefit from a single set of battalion abilities. However, some very large battalions include other, smaller battalions, and in this case it is possible for a unit to benefit from the abilities of two different battalions at the same time.

1. **Title:** The name of the warscroll battalion and a short overview of the background for it and how it fights.

2. **Organisation:** This section lists the units that make up the warscroll battalion and any restrictions that may apply to the models that you can include.

3. **Abilities:** Every warscroll battalion includes one or more abilities that some or all of the units from the battalion can use. The abilities listed for a warscroll battalion only apply to the units that make it up (even if there are other units of the same type in your army). These abilities are in addition to the abilities listed on the units' warscrolls.

SKAVEN PESTILENS

CONGREGATION OF FILTH

Massed around their rumbling Plague Furnace, the Congregation of Filth surges towards the enemy with frightening speed, shrugging off the most horrific injuries in their fanatical frenzy.

ORGANISATION

A Congregation of Filth consists of the following units:

- 1 Plague Furnace
- 2 or more units of Plague Monks

ABILITIES

Fanatical Zealotry: When throngs of Plague Monks mass about a Plague Furnace, their fervent determination to spread disease across the realms increases exponentially. You can re-roll charge rolls for any units of Plague Monks from a Congregation of Filth that include 20 or more models and are within 13" of their Plague Furnace.

Plague Altar: The Plague Monks that accompany a Plague Furnace into battle are amongst the most fanatical of their kind, and will fight to their last breath for the greater glory of the Horned Rat at their priest's command. Roll a dice each time a Plague Monk from a Congregation of Filth that is within 13" of their Plague Furnace suffers a wound or a mortal wound; on a roll of 6, the Wound is ignored.

SKAVEN PESTILENS

FOULRAIN CONGREGATION

The air fills with a torrent of infectious slop as the foulrain congregation opens fire. Each loathsome payload seethes with unholy blessings, and as the shots rain down the foe are soon mired in filth.

ORGANISATION

A Foulrain Congregation consists of the following units:

- 1 Plague Priest
- 3 Plagueclaws

ABILITIES

Foetid Blessings: The Plague Priest can infuse the vile ammunition of his congregation's Plagueclaws with even greater virulence. Add 1 to any wound rolls you make for any of the congregation's Plagueclaws during the shooting phase, so long as they are within 13" of the Plague Priest.

Saturation of Filth: In the shooting phase, if a Plagueclaw from this congregation successfully hits an enemy unit, you can re-roll failed hit rolls for the congregation's other Plagueclaws if they target the same unit in that shooting phase.

SKAVEN PESTILENS

PLAGUESMOG CONGREGATION

Great billowing banks of corrosive fumes engulf the enemy as the Plaguesmog Congregation attacks. Anyone caught in the lung-rotting cloud is reduced to a useless retching mess before death takes them.

ORGANISATION

A Plaguesmog Congregation consists of the following units:

- 1 Plague Furnace
- 2 or more units of Plague Censer Bearers

ABILITIES

Billowing Cloud of Plague Smog: A cloying, green fog surrounds a Plaguesmog Congregation at all times, shrouding them from sight and confounding the aim of enemy missile troops. Your opponent must subtract 1 from any hit rolls that target any units from a Plaguesmog Congregation in the shooting phase.

Poisonous Miasma: So thick is the roiling cloud of poisonous smoke that issues from a Plaguesmog Congregation that to breathe its tainted air is a death sentence. Replace the Poisonous Fumes ability of all units in a Plaguesmog Congregation with the following, more virulent version: in your hero phase, roll a dice for each unit that is within 3" of any units in a Plaguesmog Congregation. If the result is a 2 or more, the unit suffers D3 mortal wounds. **NURGLE** units are not affected by the poisonous fumes and do not suffer any mortal wounds.

SKAVEN PESTILENS

VIRULENT PROCESSION

The Virulent Procession streams across the battlefield, corrupting and infecting all in its path. At its heart strides a Verminlord Corruptor, drawing hideous life from the sickness of his servants.

ORGANISATION

A Virulent Procession consists of the following units and warscroll battalions:

- 1 Verminlord Corruptor
- 2 or more Congregations of Filth

ABILITIES

Nefarious Sustenance: In your hero phase, you can choose to heal the Verminlord Corruptor from this Virulent Procession by draining the life essence of its underlings. To do so, pick a unit from this Procession that is within 7" of the Verminlord Corruptor; that unit suffers D6 mortal wounds. The Verminlord Corruptor immediately heals a single wound for each mortal wound that was inflicted upon the unit as it siphons their life force.

Verminous Infestation: As the Virulent Procession advances, plague-ridden rats surge forth from their hiding places in furry waves to gnaw upon and infect the enemies of the Horned Rat. At the start of each of your hero phases, pick one terrain feature within 13" of this Procession's Verminlord Corruptor. Roll a dice for each enemy unit within 3" of that terrain feature; on a 4 or more that unit suffers D3 mortal wounds.

THE RULES

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

THE ARMIES

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

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

WARSCROLLS & UNITS

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

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

TOOLS OF WAR

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

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

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

THE BATTLEFIELD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MYSTERIOUS LANDSCAPES

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

THE SCENERY TABLE

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

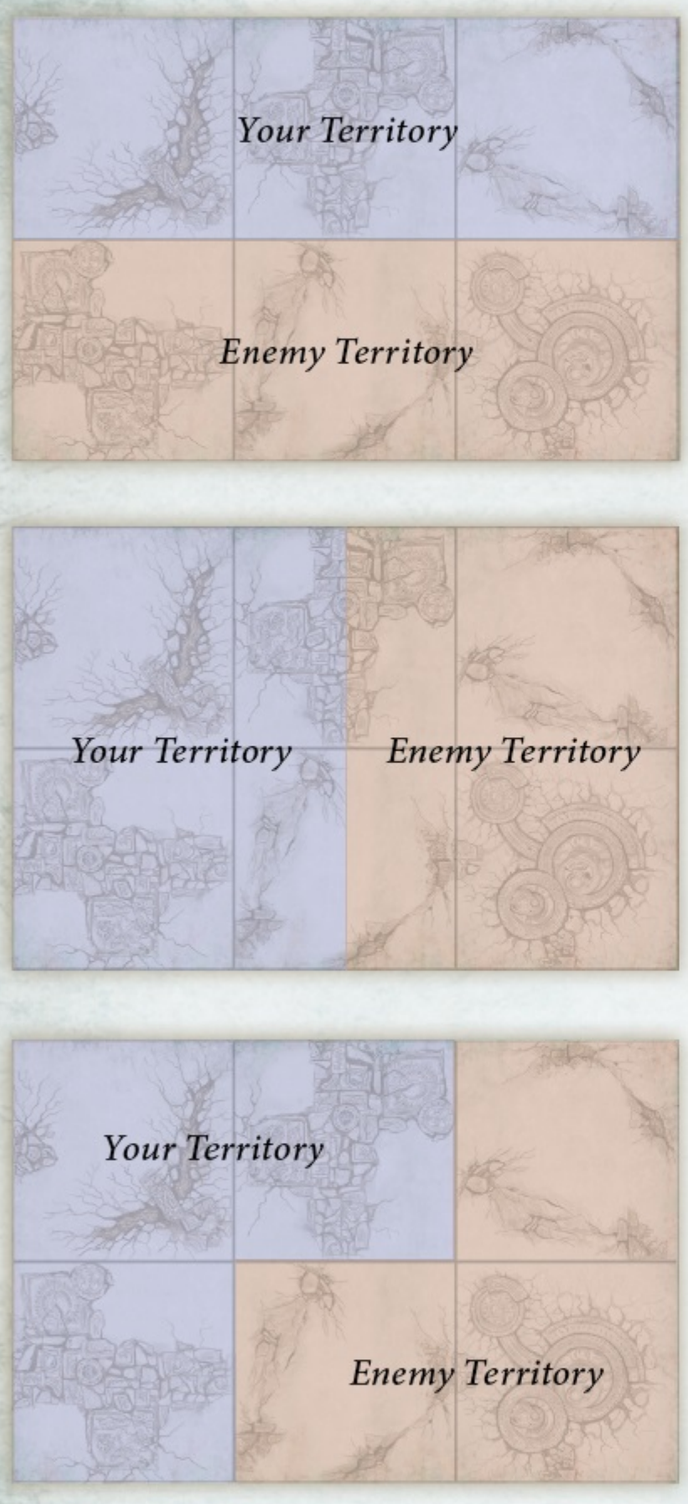
THE BATTLE BEGINS

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

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

SET-UP

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



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

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

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

THE GENERAL

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

GLORIOUS VICTORY

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

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

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

SUDDEN DEATH VICTORIES

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

TRIUMPHS

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

THE SUDDEN DEATH TABLE

Assassinate: The enemy player picks a unit with the **HERO**, **WIZARD**, **PRIEST** or **MONSTER** keyword in their army. Slay the unit that they pick.

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

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

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

THE TRIUMPH TABLE

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

BATTLE ROUNDS

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

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

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

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

PRE-BATTLE ABILITIES

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

HERO PHASE

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

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

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

COMMAND ABILITY

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

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

MOVEMENT PHASE

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

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

MOVING

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

ENEMY MODELS

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

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

RUNNING

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

FLYING

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

SHOOTING PHASE

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

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

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

CHARGE PHASE

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

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

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

COMBAT PHASE

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

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

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

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

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

BATTLESHOCK PHASE

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

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

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

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

ATTACKING

Blows hammer down upon the foe, inflicting bloody wounds.

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

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

PICKING TARGETS

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

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

MAKING ATTACKS

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

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

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

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

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

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

INFLICTING DAMAGE

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

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

MORTAL WOUNDS

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

COVER

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

WIZARDS

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

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

CASTING SPELLS

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

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

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

ARCANE BOLT

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

MYSTIC SHIELD

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

THE MOST IMPORTANT RULE

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

WHAT'S NEXT?

Warhammer Age of Sigmar **is a collecting, painting and gaming experience whose appeal and excitement lasts a lifetime. Whether it be assembling and painting a mighty horde of fantastical warriors or immersing yourself in the magical worlds and stories of the realms,** ***Warhammer Age of Sigmar*** **offers endless opportunities for enjoyment. Equally, if you hunger to launch your own crusade of conquest, you'll be hurling your armies into bloody battle before you know it.**

INTO THE REALMS…

They say that every journey begins with a single step, and in the case of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* there is no better first step than the starter set itself. Contained within this exceptional set is an impressive range of beautifully detailed Citadel Miniatures, excellent starting forces for the brave and noble Stormcast Eternals and the murderous Khorne Bloodbound. This starter set is the starting point of a truly epic story, pitting Vandus Hammerhand and his Hammers of Sigmar against the daemon-worshipping Korghos Khul and his cruel Goretide warriors. As such, not only does this starter set get you off to a great start with your model collections, but it also represents an excellent way to learn the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* rules and plunge straight into the story of the Age of Sigmar.

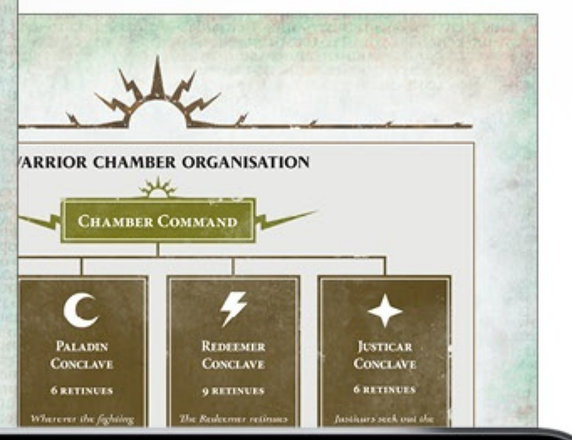
Another excellent avenue into *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* is the book of the same name. Providing the perfect companion volume to the contents of the starter set, this book is replete with beautiful artwork, helpful painting guides and showcases of models painted by the world-renowned 'Eavy Metal team – all in all, it's an excellent visual guide to the war across the realms. Furthermore, this book expands hugely upon the back story of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar*, setting out the blood-soaked history of the Age of Chaos and revealing the opening moves of the God-King Sigmar's great gambit to defeat the Dark Gods. As if all this were not enough, it provides a wealth of warscrolls and battleplans allowing you to expand your own collections of miniatures, add new factions to your battles, and fight through many exciting new scenarios as your army grows.

THE REALMGATE WARS

A major feature of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* is its grand, ongoing narrative. This is more than just a collecting and gaming experience, it is also an interactive saga of battle in which you play the lead role. Just as *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* helps you begin this journey, so your copies of *The Realmgate Wars: Quest for Ghal Maraz* and *The Realmgate Wars: Balance of Power* plunges you deeper into this epic tale. This is an excellent next step down the collecting road, as these books detail a plethora of new units to add to your armies and new battleplans for them to fight through. This will be an ongoing series of narrative supplements, so as your collection of Citadel Miniatures grows and diversifies, so the stories you can tell on the battlefield grow ever more grand and exciting as well.

BATTLETOMES

Many collectors begin their journey with the miniatures from the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* starter set, which provides all the excitement and satisfaction you need in your introduction to the battlefields of the Mortal Realms. Soon enough though, you will probably find that the many factions that wage war across the realms draw your eye. With their ever-growing miniatures ranges and inspiring stories, the races of the realms offer near-endless diversity for collectors; in each case, this history and model range is fully explored in the battletome that accompanies that race. Whether it be the gore-drenched berserkers of the Khorne Bloodbound, the god-forged heroes of the Stormcast Eternals, the strange and otherworldly seraphon, or any of the other warlike races that populate the realms, the battletome will furnish you with everything you need to collect, organise, and tell stories upon the battlefield with that race. Thus, with each battletome you read, your knowledge of the races of *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* will grow, and most likely your miniatures collection along with it.



THE STORY CONTINUES

With such vast and thrilling worlds to explore, there's always scope for more stories and greater adventures. As a fantastic companion to the narrative presented in the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* collecting and gaming supplements – and your own tabletop tales of war and glory – you can also read about the exploits of the heroes and villains of the realms in our accompanying novels. These books can be both an invaluable source of inspiration for your collection, and a great way to live out the action of the Realmgate Wars and beyond, blow by visceral blow. Such exciting tales as *War Storm* and *Ghal Maraz* tie directly into the *Warhammer Age of Sigmar* narrative as it develops, giving you yet another route into the Mortal Realms and providing unique insights into the action that aren't available anywhere else.

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