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AGE OF SIGMAR



MALIGN SORCERY

BATTLE MAGIC EXPANSION



The Warhammer Vault exists to preserve the rich lore and background of Warhammer 40,000 and Warhammer Age of Sigmar. As such, outdated game scenarios and unit rules have been removed from this publication.

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.

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Upon battlefields across the Mortal Realms, magic is manifesting in unprecedented and terrifyingly sentient forms, the arcane heralds of a new era of rampant and uncontrollable sorcery.

HOW TO USE THIS BOOK

In the wake of the Great Necromancer Nagash's cataclysmic works, the Mortal Realms are awash with the flood tides of magic. This surge of arcane energy has created new sorcerous artefacts and empowered wizards of all races, enabling them to cast fearsome spells of unimaginable potency.

Reach out with your mind – embrace the eldritch energies that swirl through the aether. Focus. Channel. Speak the incantations. Trace the arcane sigils with your fingers. Feel the power surge, and ignore the lightning that begins to flicker about you. Chant the last words to complete the incantation, unlocking the mystic secrets. Enjoy the rush, the incredible inferno back-blast as gouts of hellfire are unleashed from your hands, engulfing your oncoming foes. Laugh maniacally, and then prepare to repeat this process again...

Welcome to Malign Sorcery. Whether you are an accomplished master or a promising apprentice, this tome is your guide to playing

games set in a new era of rampant magic – the Arcanum Optimar – that has dawned over the Mortal Realms. Adding a menagerie of arcane wonders into your games of Warhammer Age of Sigmar, this tome is akin to the inner sanctum atop a wizard's tower, for it too is filled with eldritch treasures, and mysteriously holds far more than could possibly fit inside its humble dimensions. Amongst its pages you will find a detailed history of the use of sorcery in the Mortal Realms, a guide to the many forms taken by the magic-rich substance known as realmstone, and an account of the great cataclysm of Shyish that brought about the Arcanum Optimar. You'll also find battleplans, spells and artefacts, as well as rules for

using a new type of magic – endless spells – in your games of Warhammer Age of Sigmar.

It is important to note that all of the rules presented in this book are optional; they can be used, or not, in any combination that you and your Warhammer adversaries find enjoyable. To this end, the rules content of this book has been designed to work as a gaming toolbox, providing many options to get the dice rolling and use your collection of Citadel Miniatures in new, unique and memorable tabletop clashes.

As magic is intrinsically tied to the realm in which it is being manifested or drawn from, many of the rules contained in this supplement are designed



to be used in conjunction with the Realm of Battle rules in the Warhammer Age of Sigmar Core Book. A set of unique spells can be found for seven of the Eight Realms – Aqshy, Ghur, Ghyran, Chamon, Shyish, Ulgu and Hysh – which wizards will have access to when fighting in that particular location. For instance, if the game is set in Aqshy, a wizard may be able to cast the Glare of Vulcatrix, while in Ghur they could summon a Flock of Doom. With six spells per set, there's a wide variety of such incantations to try out and master. Each of the aforementioned realms also has its own lists of weapons and relics to choose from, all empowered by the recent profusion of magic. But that is perhaps the least of the arcane phenomena to be found in Malign Sorcery.

Endless spells are available for wizards to invoke in any realm. This product includes a range of awe-inspiring Citadel Miniatures representing these endless spells, accompanied by detailed bestiary entries, rules and warscrolls. As these miniatures are made of coloured plastic, you don't even need to paint them to start using them right away – however, they'll look much better if you do!

Expertly painted examples of these models can be found in a showcase later in the book, along with a step-by-step painting guide.

Beyond their aesthetic appeal, endless spells are a powerful asset on the tabletop; unlike normal spells, they remain in play indefinitely once cast, wreaking catastrophic damage. To provide an ideal opportunity to utilise this new mechanic, we've included five narrative battleplans that allow players to recreate the challenging and unusual battlefield circumstances that occurred as the magical flood tides swept the Mortal Realms, as well as two matched play battleplans.

Path to Glory players will have access to new rules for fighting on the edge of any of the Mortal Realms, while fans of Skirmish gaming will enjoy command traits, artefacts and leader spells used when fighting a battle on the edge of Aqshy – where the magic gusts so strongly it creates a veritable arcane storm. There is also a new Skirmish battleplan, Spellhunters: this allows players to take on the role of warbands that wander the realms seeking to track and capture living spells that have gone rogue.

With the orruks closing upon the sacred grove of Garránloc, the Branchwych Chosai knew its Sylvaneth defenders were too few to hold them off for long. Truly it was time for desperate measures; she would risk anything in order to save the ancient grove and the magical obelisk at its heart. There resided all the Everqueen's blessings: the stored soulpods, the lamentiri – the life echoes or souls of her fallen kin. She knew what fate would befall all she revered if she failed. None of her spells were powerful enough to stop the onrushing hordes of greenskins; none, that was, save one – although the very idea of invoking it made her limbs tremble. Yet what other hope had she? Chosai began to say the words...

WARHAMMER TV



WARHAMMER TV

Essential viewing, Warhammer TV's painting tutorials have insights for everyone. These guides are available for free on games-workshop.com and can also be watched via the Warhammer TV YouTube channel. Painting techniques for all kinds of models are covered, from individual warriors and squads to mighty war machines, monsters and even battlefields. And while the videos are a boon for newcomers, they come packed with a host of tips, inspiring ideas and handy techniques that make them equally popular amongst even the most expert miniature painters.

MAGIC IN THE MORTAL REALMS

Pervasive and powerful, magic is a subject complex enough to puzzle the gods themselves. To delve too deeply into the study of such volatile energies is fraught with dangers, and can lead to madness – or worse. Yet glory and triumph await those who can harness the forces of the aether.

Words alone can create a sizzling fireball or cause the dead to rise from their ancient burial grounds. With the right sequence of incantations, thoughts and gestures, a wizard can channel arcane energy into all manner of spells and conjurations. It is this same power that imbues enchanted weapons with their superlative qualities, producing blades that can slice through rock, or arrows that never miss their targets. This mysterious force also grants supernatural creatures their uncanny traits, such as spirit-life beyond death for a Cairn Wraith, or the eternal fires that burn within a Flamespyre Phoenix. This is magic – the most potent and dangerous of all resources.

All across the Mortal Realms, raw magic flows. The mystic energies permeate everything, and their traces can be found in nearly every environment, drifting invisibly on the wind, soaking into bedrock, and clinging to flora and fauna. While some motes of eldritch power can be found anywhere, it is not evenly spread. Some locations draw a greater portion of magical force due to a powerful attraction, such as geomantic pylons, ley lines, temples or Realmgates, but otherwise arcane energies are generally found to be thin at the centre of the realm and progressively more powerful towards its periphery. Indeed, the raw magic is so vigorous and volatile on the extreme edges of each realm that none who dare venture there have ever returned – at least not with their sanity still intact.

Most races trace their use of magic back to the era known as the Age of Myth. Legends tell of how the pantheon of the God-King Sigmar taught various factions of aelves, men and duardin the rudiments of how to draw upon and make use of eldritch energies in their own way. Certainly the use of magic was instrumental in the rise of civilisations during that era, and many of the most powerful artefacts were created during that

time. Yet all formal history of the development of the arcane arts was swept away during the ensuing Age of Chaos. In that period, what was seen as a source of hope and civilisation became feared. Dark practices took hold and magic became a tool of corruption and destruction. After seeing many spellcasters mutate or fall to the lure of the Chaos Gods, entire peoples grew fearful of the supernatural and shunned those who used magic.

With the coming of the Age of Sigmar, the forces of Order have begun to restore hope and civilisation to the lands. Through arcane means new cities are being quickly raised, and in many places across the realms, magic is an accepted part of daily life. With no official accounts remaining, each race has their own theories or legends of how magic came to be. Many groups, as diverse as the Collegiate Arcane, the aelven Eldritch Council and the greenskins, tie such speculation into their creation myths. In the case of the Collegiate Arcane, they claim the destruction of the world-that-was released magic into the void, where it settled to form the Mortal Realms. The orruk version of these events is far more visceral, an epic tale in which their god Gorkamorka – suffering from indigestion after eating a number of defeated primal monsters – spews forth chunks of what came to be magic. The slann Starmasters claim to know an older secret, and refer to the most ancient of beings and an eternal cosmic struggle that pits the keepers of the sea of stars against the corrupting menace that lies beyond reality. Perhaps some or even all of these tales hold a degree of truth.

THE WHEEL OF MAGIC

Although it takes powerful spells or vast arcane machineries to do so, each mote of magic can be refracted into components of different colours, every one of these bearing its own elemental characteristics. Unless discovered in the aetheric void, all magic has a dominant colour, and as kindred energies are attracted to one another by cosmic laws, each of the eight Mortal Realms contains magic stronger in a particular trait – for example, bright magic is most powerful in Aqshy, whilst amethyst magic is prevalent in Shyish, and although a wizard in Ghur might draw upon available energies of any spectra, they would find it easiest to cast amber spells. Indeed, scholars of the Collegiate Arcane contend that it is these powers of attraction that formed the realmspheres. Over the years, the different races have developed their own views on how to use the spectrum of magic, employing their unique abilities to channel eldritch force in a way most fitting to their kind. New learnings have been frequent, but never more so than during the Arcanum Optimar.

ARCANOSCOPES

In normal situations, only those with witch-sight can 'see' magic. The celestial lens of an observatorium's arcanoscope, however, not only renders magic visible but also breaks it into its component colours. The astromancers of Azyrheim safeguard the secrets behind the construction of such eldritch devices.

CELESTIAL MAGIC

The magic of Azyr dissipates and drifts. It holds the power of the unknown, of prognostication, of storms, and of the stars themselves.

JADE MAGIC

The life forces of jade magic are strongest in Ghyran. Its energies wax and wane in cycles. It is a magic of growth, healing and the power of nature.

AMBER MAGIC

Dominant in Ghur, amber magic is wild and untamed. Its lore concerns the hunter and the hunted, the beast and its prey, and the feral aggression of nature.

GOLD MAGIC

Gold is the heaviest of all magical hues, and its lore concerns metallurgies and transmutations. Gold magic radiates strongly from the realm of Chamon.

BRIGHT MAGIC

The magic of Aqshy is one of flames and burning passions, of fireballs and fury. Bright magic shimmers like a heat haze and smoulders like burning coals.

AMETHYST MAGIC

The magic of Shyish is grim, being centred upon endings and death. It hovers over battlefields and cairns, a chill hue full of doom and inevitability.

GREY MAGIC

The grey magic of Ulgu is found in shadow and mist, a trickster force that fuels illusions and lies. Its lore is of phantasms, ruses and hidden meaning.

KRONUSCOUNTERS

Following the necroquake, kronuscounters were added to observatoriums to record the unprecedented levels of amethyst magic present in each realm. This recording was taken by the Collegiate Arcane in Azyrheim shortly after they received their first reports of endless spells.

LIGHT MAGIC

The Hyshian lore of light magic concerns illumination and purity, symbolism and learning. Its power banishes shadow and reveals truth – it eternally opposes grey magic.

THE LEARNING OF MAGIC

Although drawing from the same source, each of the races of the Eight Realms has their own unique approach to magic, from the legacy of how they first learned to master the mystic arts to the spells they use. Regardless of these differences, all mortal sorcerers face the same dangers.

Practitioners of magic can be found in every race across the Mortal Realms. Amongst humanity alone can be found hundreds of different types of conjurers – from tawdry illusionists to soothsayers that can predict a lover's faithfulness; from ragged hermits casting incantations to ostentatiously robed high priests that deliver mystic blessings. There are, however, few magic users skilled and powerful enough to wield the most potent and destructive of spells. It is these wizards and shamans that take to the battlefields alongside the armies of the Mortal Realms.

Both aelves and men first learned magic during the time of legends, when Sigmar's Pantheon still watched over the realms. The aelven god Teclis was credited with teaching various factions the basic principles of sorcery, and how to draw upon eldritch energies. He also showed the most talented of the nascent wizards more advanced spells, as many monsters and mythic beasts stalked the realms, and such magic was needed for survival. Much changed, however, with the breaking of the pantheon and the coming of Chaos.

FORCES OF ORDER

Not all knowledge was lost during the Age of Chaos. Amongst the forces of humanity, the teachings of Teclis were preserved by the Collegiate Arcane in Azyrheim. They brought the magic of the Eight Realms with them, establishing in that vast city towers of learning. Magic did not come easily for mankind, however, and for most it took years of arcane study and

apprenticeship to master a single discipline. Many devices, artefacts and esoteric machineries were developed by these Battlemages. Outside of Azyrheim, the formal learning of magic was lost to the remaining humans. Many feral tribes still passed down arcane knowledge and practices through generations, although few amongst them ever rivalled the power of a Battlemage. Since the arrival of the Age of Sigmar and the resumption of travel between the Mortal Realms, new branches of the Collegiate Arcane have been opened across the lands. Furthermore, with the unveiling of the Sacrosanct Chamber, the Stormhosts themselves now possess a formidable magical presence.

Aelves were adept at learning to harness magical power. Amongst those Teclis first instructed in the arcane arts were the Idoneth Deepkin, and although they proved to be unstable of spirit – soon seeking strict reclusion to escape their past torments – they remembered their mystic learnings and used them to carve out kingdoms beneath the waves. When they returned to land they brought with them eerie phantasmal seas and strange creatures of the deeps, which had been turned into beasts of war by the Idoneth's mind-control spells.

Disappointed in the Idoneth, Teclis would not make the same mistake again. Many steps were taken to ensure that those aelves introduced into the realm of Hysh would be more stable. To them, Teclis revealed as many of the secrets of light magic as mortal minds could fathom.

Other aelf factions proved equally as secretive as the Idoneth. The powerful sorceress known as Morathi maintained strict control over the aelves that followed her. She claimed to be the high oracle of Khaine, the ancient aelven god of battle, and only those most useful to her cause were taught magic. Her son, Malerion, was more clandestine still. Rumours tell of what occurred in his capital of Druchiroth, and how he brought shadow magic to new heights.

The aelves that fled to Azyrheim in the early stages of the Age of Chaos formed the Eldritch Council. Their sorcerers continue to help those armies of the Free Peoples they deem worthy upon untold battlefields, and new apprentices are welcomed every year.

In the realm of Ghyran, for the longest time the goddess Alarielle was more interested in using magic to nurture life than to destroy it. With the domain of her Sylvaneth facing invasion, however, the Everqueen was at last compelled to divulge some of the most violent of life spells to her closest creations.

Of the duardin, the ferocious mercenary Fyreslayers make most use of the arcane arts. Their powers are elemental, tied to bright magic and to Aqshy, but also embedded into runes and ur-gold – the last remnants of their lost god Grimnir. Their airborne kin, the Kharadron Overlords, also tap into arcane energies through their inventions, but they use science rather than spells to unlock the wonders of aether-gold.

FORCES OF DESTRUCTION

It was not teaching that brought magic to the orruks and ogors. Amongst the greenskins, individuals are spawned with innate talents, and battle spells are not acquired but instinctively known. Indeed, most Wurrigog Prophets spend their lives learning how to control the spells that keep popping out of them – or, failing that, at least how to better aim them. For their part, ogors perfected their craft through trial and error, Butchers experimenting with recipes using varied ingredients to activate spells. Both greenskin and ogor magic is tied to the realm of Ghur and its bestial amber magic.

FORCES OF DEATH

The macabre god Nagash and his Mortarchs brought with them from the world-that-was necromantic knowledge. To them, the Realm of Death – with its untold underworlds and rich deposits of amethyst magic – was the ultimate haven. Nagash does not willingly teach magic to any, and shares his vast knowledge only with his thralls. Despite this, the secrets of the death-defying powers of necromancy lure in many sorcerers who seek out every hidden scrap of such forbidden knowledge.

THE PITFALLS OF ARCANES LORE

The practising of magic is a hazardous occupation. Errors during spellcasting can lead to self-immolation, and those that unleash powers beyond their control risk being destroyed by their own enchantments. These are the most obvious of possible calamities, but other dangers are more insidious.

Those who can manipulate magic find there is little they cannot do, and the lure of still-greater power often proves too

tempting for even the nimblest of minds. Those who delve too deeply into eldritch lore find innumerable opportunities to exchange their health, loyalties and even souls for incredible arcane knowledge. In following such paths, sorcerers risk death, madness and the eternal damnation of Chaos corruption. Many are the adepts that would forsake their own mortality for a chance at something more, and the Chaos powers – particularly the cults of Tzeentch – have lured countless such humans with promises of forbidden knowledge and mystic renown.

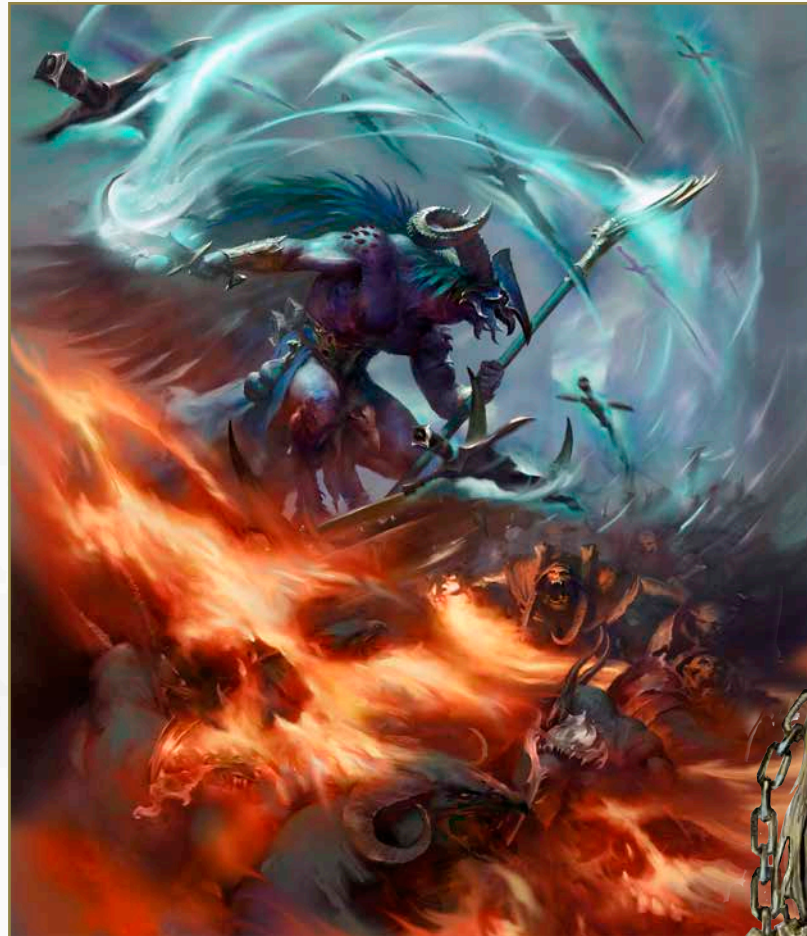
CHAOS

The mortal followers of Chaos have their own special magic and gifts granted to them

by their foul masters. These powers draw upon the energies of the Mortal Realms, but they are augmented with the dark and corrupting forces of the Realm of Chaos itself.

Daemons are the footsoldiers of the Dark Gods, their wills made manifest. Although Khorne, the God of Battle, despises and eschews wizardry, Tzeentch, Nurgle and Slaanesh readily embrace it. Their daemons are imbued with many eldritch abilities reflecting change, rot, excess and all forms of corruption.

As for the skaven, the children of the Great Horned Rat, they use magic in many ways, including decay-oriented powers and twisted alchemical sciences.



CONCERNING REALMSTONE

Upon the discovery of a rich seam of realmstone, armies march to battle and even the gods take notice. Containing enough power to raise cities and destroy nations, this mysterious substance is the most sought-after resource in the Mortal Realms – yet it often proves perilous to possess.

To those not gifted with witch-sight, the energy that fuels arcane spells is invisible, although it does have one form that even the most mundane mortal can observe. When raw magic meets reality and coalesces, either naturally over a long period of time or due to some great metaphysical pressure, it will solidify. The substance that remains from this transformation is known by many names, but most commonly as realmstone.

Across the Mortal Realms, there is no single material more desired than realmstone, no precious metal or gemstone more coveted. Even the smallest shard of realmstone can empower spells and magical abilities by titanic proportions, for it is unadulterated magic in its most efficacious form. A lone wizard with a fingernail-sized splinter of realmstone can accomplish in an hour the kind of eldritch feats that would take an entire coven of sorcerers a whole day to complete. Many of the most potent artefacts are either wrought of alloyed realmstone or forged through some magical process made possible only through its prodigious use.

There is much about realmstone that is poorly understood. Certainly not all of its manifestations are equal. The most obvious variation in the material is in its appearance, for this depends upon which fractional colour of magic is solidified. For instance, the realmstone formed in Aqshy from bright magic looks like burning coals, while that shaped by grey magic in Ulgu is the consistency of billowing cobwebs. The differences go beyond mere

physicality, however, as each type of realmstone embodies the traits of the realm in which it is found; emotions intensify near realmstone from Aqshy, while that from Ulgu is known to cause those in its vicinity to experience mystic hallucinations.

To release the powers of realmstone, wizards have experimented with grinding it to powder, harnessing its energy with arcane electricity, burning it, or even consuming it. Curiously, there is no way to ascertain the potency of a piece of realmstone. Certainly even the least portion of the rare substance can produce impressive amounts of energy, but the output fluctuates to an incredible degree. One speck might be enough to power dozens of the most complex spells, while another similarly sized particle might be expended after a single usage. It is the belief of many at the Collegiate Arcane that the strength of realmstone varies due to different levels of magical concentration, while others lean towards rate of arcane degradation being the most decisive factor.

CURSESTONE

Despite the many differences between its types, there is one eerie similarity with all realmstone: those who tamper with it find that some manner of disaster lurks close behind.

The strange scourge of catastrophe and ruin follows in the wake of all who rely heavily on realmstone; hence the substance has earned the sobriquet of cursestone. Despite the whispered tales of sorcerers that have become deranged killers or developed disturbing mutations, or became addicted to the substance and then seduced into the service of the Dark Gods, there are always some willing to take the risk to obtain such power.



GIVER OF CELESTIAL VISIONS

The realmstone of Azyr – called celestium – does not often coalesce upon the realm's surface, more typically manifesting itself as shooting stars that blaze across the heavens. The contrails of these meteors leave behind a stardust that drifts down from on high. These twinkling white and blue particles are like gleaming sand, and are particularly prized by seers seeking to boost their precognitive powers. Many of the finest celestial orreries of Azyrheim, as well of those that ring the Sigmarabulum – the artificial ring around the Broken World – are fuelled by a single speck of such realmstone. It is believed by many of the Collegiate Arcane that Dracothion, the Celestial Drake, has some relationship to celestium, and many have claimed to have seen the zodiacal godbeast weaving around the stars – although whether he is merely chasing celestium meteors or helping to generate them is unknown.



CYCLESTONE OF GHYRAN

In Ghyran, realmstone is most often recognised in its form of jade ice, but true to the natural cycles so common in that realm, it is constantly changing. Regardless of temperature, the brilliantly hued ice will melt into a lurid emerald puddle that soon begins to steam, becoming a greenish cloud that condenses before once again forming intricate frozen shapes. Known as jadeite, swirlstone or cyclestone, the substance is invaluable as an agent in healing or growth potions. The Sylvaneth have been known to incorporate deposits of realmstone into their waystones, using them to empower the spells that keep many of their groves hidden. During the long War of Life, the plague hosts of Nurgle and their skaven allies actively sought out and corrupted as much realmstone as they could find, and many battles were fought for possession of this highly desired arcane resource.

BONES OF AMBER

Bone piles are common throughout Ghur, heaped outside the dens of the realm's countless predators. It is no wonder then that so many pass over Ghur's realmstone, for it appears as nothing more than the fossilised remains of well-gnawed and cracked-open bones. Closer inspection reveals a subtle amber glow and an unusual heaviness to these objects, as if they truly were made of stone. Deposits range in size from tiny osseous matter no larger than the smallest shard of a mouse's skeleton, to larger caches on the Realm's Edge that look like the enormous bones of some long-dead godbeast. In addition to the usual properties of realmstone, that from Ghur is especially potent at fuelling spells that transform the caster into a beast or unleashes inner savagery. The most powerful of Wurrzog Prophets and Maniak Weirdnobs carry staves of amber bone, or use the substance for unusual piercings.



TRANSMUTATIONAL GOLD

The realmstone of Chamon is most commonly known as Chamonite, but amongst its other titles are wyrdgold and changestone. The substance is like quicksilver, so that no matter how it is cut or stretched, each separate piece morphs back into a globular shape. Soft and malleable, the metallic realmstone is a source of near-limitless alchemical power for those with the skills to manipulate it. Chamonite can also be forged with other metals to create new alloys with powerful traits. Because of its mutable properties, the realmstone of Chamon is favoured by the mortal followers of Tzeentch, who tap its change-magic to fuel powerful spells that further their intricate ambitions of conquest. Many Arcanite Cults search the lands of the Realm of Metal, Tzaangors leading the hunt across wild regions while Kairic Acolytes disguise themselves as citizens in order to plunder the realmstone brought into Chamon's teeming cities.



THE BURNING STONES OF AQSHY

The tribes of Aqshy know realmstone by various names, such as emberstone, ragerock, brightstone or aqthracite. It typically appears as burning coals, yet the supernatural nature of its eternally glowing embers are revealed by closer inspection. It is not just waves of heat that ripple from Aqshy's realmstone, for emotion also wafts outwards, often stoking primordial anger in those who linger long in close proximity. During the Age of Chaos, the richest vein of realmstone ever discovered in Aqshy was plundered by competing tribes of Bloodbound. It is said that the Red Crater was formed when Sigmar cast down the Exalted One, An'ggrath, during the Battle of Burning Skies, the scalding heat and trauma of the impact creating a vast deposit of realmstone. Although the followers of Khorne detest spellcasting, they value the stone for its essential role in the forging of peerless weaponry.

THE HOURGLASS OF MORTALITY

The realmstone of Shyish is known as grave-sand, a granular crystalline substance. Each rivulet is attuned to a mortal creature, and its flow determines their lifespan. When the last grain runs away, so too does that individual's life. As was the case with all realms, the largest deposits of Shyish's realmstone used to reside upon its periphery, trickling down the dunes of the lonely deserts. Upon the orders of Nagash, however, a great deal of the realm's grave-sand was laboriously moved from the Realm's Edge to its centre, resulting in the creation of the Shyish Nadir – and the necroquake that flooded the realms with magic. In addition to the usual properties of realmstone, grave-sand contains incredible power over life and death. Through its manipulation, amethyst magic can be used to nullify the aging process or even reanimate those that have long passed.



LIES GIVEN FORM

Secrecy, duplicity, illusion – these are the qualities of Ulgu and its realmstone. To the common viewer, the form of shadowstone may appear entirely unremarkable: a pebble, a fallen log, even a patch of nondescript mud. Only those with witch-sight can perceive the solidified magic as it truly appears – a hovering mist the consistency of billowing cobwebs, a grey gossamer shroud that undulates in an unfelt breeze. Of all realmstone, that from Ulgu seems the most sentient, for it actively disguises itself to remain hidden from those that seek it. Once discovered, the nearly intangible substance is thought to send out hallucinogenic waves, leaving all nearby unsure of what is real and what is not. It is said that Morathi built the Temple of Hagg Nar atop a geyser that spewed forth magic-rich realmstone mists, granting her vast resources of sorcerous power.



PRISMATICALLY PURE

The purest concentration of magic in Hysh travels the realm as beams of yellow-white illumination. These rays move so quickly that, initially, their power could not be trapped or siphoned. Only after Teclis taught the seers of Hysh the secrets to harness the rare beams was the energy they contained finally unleashed. When caught, the light transforms into magically translucent prisms, a realmstone called Hysh crystal or aetherquartz. Once solidified, the realmstone is found in mysterious symmetrical patterns or rune-like symbols, although only the aloof aelves of Hysh have thus far made any sense of the esoteric configurations. The quartz-like realmstone has strange prismatic powers, which can be used to concentrate or dissipate magical energy. Teclis constructed the enormous Tower of Prios out of aetherquartz, using its purifying beam to lessen Nagash's necroquake in Hysh.

IMPOSSIBLE IMPURITY

The most dreaded of all realmstone is warpstone. This crystalline substance is condensed magical energy that has been fully corrupted by the unwholesome powers of Chaos. Typically, warpstone is of the darkest black in appearance, and ringed with an eerie green radiance. So powerful is warpstone that it eats surrounding light, so that a supernatural shadow or pall hangs over it. Holding unrivalled mutational energy, warpstone is coveted most by the skaven clans, who use it to fuel their unstable inventions and abominable flesh-grafting mutations. The mightiest of ratmen sorcerers even consume the substance in order to generate sufficient magic for the most prodigious of their hideous spells. It is said that the skaven capital of Blight City is built upon a bedrock of this reality-bending material, yet that does not stop the ratmen from constantly scouring the realms in search of more.



HOW LIVING MAGIC CAME TO THE MORTAL REALMS

Although the strength and flow of arcane energies has always fluctuated, magic in the Mortal Realms remained functionally the same throughout the ages. What Nagash wrought in the realm of Shyish forever changed that dynamic...

The closing of a circle, the termination of hope, and the bleaching of bones. Death, extinction, and eternal unchanging oblivion. These are all endings, all things typically associated with the realm of Shyish. This time, however, it was in Shyish that the tale began.

Nagash – the self-proclaimed ruler of Shyish – is patient. He is immortal, a master strategist who learned many ages past that he could afford to play a long game like no other. Driven by his indomitable single-mindedness, Nagash's legions of undeath can outlast nearly any foe. Yet even Nagash's patience has a breaking point.

In the Age of Myth, Nagash claimed Shyish and all its myriad underworlds as his own. In doing so, he declared his unequivocal right to receive the spirits of every mortal creature upon their death. Such was the law of order. This Nagash saw as black and white, an absolute. Sigmar could do as he pleased with the Heavens, Teclis could hold dominion over the light, and he would not begrudge Alarielle her green growing things. But all mortals died, and in doing so their souls should descend to the underworld and thenceforth belong to Nagash. And yet it had not been so.

Although he had but empty sockets where eyes should be, Nagash could see far and clearly. He spied the underhanded gods as they extracted their own levy of souls, withholding that which was his rightful due. Alarielle the Everqueen used her infernal soulpod groves in an attempt to recycle the lamentiri of her Sylvaneth. Teclis, Malerion and Morathi sequestered the remaining aelves, keeping their spirits away from not only their arch-enemy Slaanesh, but also the rightful inheritor of their souls. Worst was Sigmar, the most self-righteous of them all; he was naught but an oath breaker. The so-called God-

King was claiming souls in flashes of lightning, plucking the very best and brightest of mankind from across the Mortal Realms, even daring to plunder souls from Shyish. Long before the Gates of Azyr were reopened and the Stormhosts revealed, Nagash had gleaned the gist of Sigmar's plans. Yet even before then, when the Great Necromancer was counted amongst Sigmar's Pantheon of Order, Nagash had set his own ambitions into motion, for he knew the other gods would renege upon what they had promised him.



By the time the Age of Chaos descended upon the Mortal Realms, Nagash's plan was underway. For years he had searched out the underworlds of the Realm of Death. Like all realms, magic in Shyish was most concentrated at its periphery. There, death magic was so powerful that the living could not long survive, yet such travails did not perturb Nagash. Through amethyst hurricanes of eldritch magic he stalked, using his peerless sorcerous powers to ascertain the whereabouts of the greatest deposits of realmstone. He then entrusted his foremost lieutenant, the Mortarch Arkhan the Black, with a monumental task.



The realmstone of Shyish is grave-sand, and it was piled high amongst the forlorn dunes that encircled the edge of ultimate nothingness. Overseen by Arkhan, countless thousands of skeletons were sent to the edge of the Realm of Death. Being devoid of life, they were more resistant than mortals to the baleful amethyst energies that swirled like sandstorms in those dreadful regions. Their task was to sift through the endless dunes to claim the grave-sand. So powerful was this grave-sand, so drenched in the magics of ending, that each skeleton could carry only a single grain – any more would cause their bones to crumble to dust beneath the sheer currents of finality emanating from each blackish-purple particle.

For century after century, the long lines of undead marched. Like a line of ants they wound their way across great distances, each carrying their precious cargo. Even when the forces of Chaos invaded Shyish, Arkhan kept untold legions busy with their task.

Over many years, the hoards of realmstone that had slowly accumulated were turned to shadeglass. Harder than obsidian, the shadeglass was used to build cyclopean edifices at Nagashizzar, the Great Necromancer's capital at the very heart of Shyish. These vast monuments were constructed to encircle an upside-down black pyramid of mountainous size.

Designed by Nagash, these ominous new structures attracted magic, drawing arcane power as a corpse draws flies. Thus did Nagash alter the very nature of the realm, for the Great Black Pyramid pulled magic towards it like a funnel, so that the eldritch energy of Shyish was no longer stronger upon its periphery, but at its centre. Nagash's ultimate plan required a tremendous

amount of magical power – for it was the Great Necromancer's ambition to seize the realm of Shyish in its entirety, and from there, to conquer all life.

By the time the other gods realised what was happening, it was nearly too late. Each of the Ruinous Powers sent portents of doom, while those gods who once belonged to Sigmar's Pantheon of Order sent signs of Nagash's plot to their peoples across the Mortal Realms. So did many armies muster and begin to march towards Shyish in a desperate attempt to thwart the machinations of the Great Necromancer.

Of course, not all invading armies marched against Nagash for the noble cause of saving the Mortal Realms. In the confusion of the many invasions that followed, some simply attempted to assuage their own needs. Skaven hordes sought to pilfer the amassed realmstone, while Khornate legions advanced in the hopes of settling old scores with the Great Necromancer. Many campaigns were fought during this time of tribulations, yet the ritual could not be halted. It was, however, corrupted.

Prior to the culmination of Nagash's scheme, shadowy skaven agents had infiltrated the Great Black Pyramid and found themselves trapped inside. They were a living speck of Chaos that had disrupted Nagash's grand spell, altering its outcome. Amidst an eldritch gale, the inverted pyramid began to revolve, drawing more energies into it even as it drilled downwards into the realm's centre. This vortex became the Nadir of Shyish, and its powers fed the Great Necromancer, although not in the manner in which he initially planned. He had hoped to amass enough death magic to claim all the realms as his own, but due to the ritual's corruption, he could not contain the inflow of energy

– it proved too much even for his godly might to contain.

When Nagash could hold no more magical energy, a deluge of fell power exploded outward. A shock wave of death magic swept Shyish and washed out into the void. Like a spectral tide, the unleashed energies crashed over each of the Mortal Realms.

The Eight Realms shuddered as everywhere the dead rose up to attack the living. Cities deemed unassailable fell before that onslaught, as phantasmal hosts and walking dead sought to snuff out all life. When, at last, the dread after-effects of the Shyish necroquake dissipated, the Mortal Realms were not as they once were. The powers of ending that swept the lands had fundamentally changed the nature of sorcery, created arcane artefacts and brought into being a new age of magic.

THE SOUL WARS

The seeds of the Soul Wars were sown long ago, when Nagash claimed the realm of Shyish. To the Great Necromancer, this meant ownership of the myriad underworlds and the untold souls which they held, and so those peoples whose spirits are denied to Nagash upon their deaths are branded as foes. Since the Shyish necroquake, Nagash has waged a war of vengeance against them. Even as the Mortal Realms are swept by magic, the undead attack. Led by Nagash's Mortarchs, and spearheaded by the spectral hosts of the Nighthaunts, the living dead assail every realm, seeking to undermine the power of any who would deny Nagash his rightful due.



A NEW ERA OF MAGIC

The magic that had swept everywhere was found to have taken three distinct new forms: realm spells, empowered artefacts, and the most dynamic of them all – living magic. Across the Mortal Realms, mages of every race sought to master these incredible powers.

The greatest practitioners of the arcane arts in each of the Eight Realms swiftly began studying the after-effects of the Shyish necroquake. There was much to discover, and each went about doing so in their own way.

Lord-Ordinators looked for star-signs and attempted to gather knowledge to share with their Sacrosanct Chamber. Other mages in Azyr consulted celestial orreries or trained their arcanoscopes upon the magic that flooded the realm, seeking to learn its secrets. In Ghyran, Branchwyches used their sensitive roots to taste the magic that filled the air, water and soil. In Aqshy, bright mages gleaned information from burning embers, while Auric Runesmiters and Firebellies alike read portents in the magma flows. Idoneth Deepkin Tidecasters sought out the spells that would most help them during their soul-raids upon the surface dwellers. Greenskin shamans gave the source and nature of the surging magic no conscious thought at all – true to their nature, they became aware of it through instinct alone.

So it went, with learned masters in high towers and tribal witch doctors all coming to more or less the same conclusion: the realms were rife with magical power as never before, and it had manifested itself in a variety of ways.

REALM SPELLS

As the eldritch energies in the realms increased, so too did the abilities of the magic-users that lived there. A local healer in Aqshy might now snap her fingers and produce an arcane flame. In Ghur, one trained in

fortune telling could suddenly develop the skill to smell opportunity on the winds in the same manner as predators scenting their prey. All such talents were related to the dominant hue of the realm's magic, and were gleaned intuitively rather than learned out of some grimoire.

Where a quasi-charlatan who could do little more than entertain with gaudy tricks might draw on the influx of magic to add a minor cantrip to their arcane knowledge – like making sparks out of thin air, or changing their hair colour on a whim – true sorcerers found their already formidable powers greatly amplified. In Aqshy, for instance, those mages powerful enough to cast battle magic found a new fiery arsenal of spells at their beck and call. With but a word they could send out scorching blasts or ignite the blades of an entire regiment, wreathing the weapons in flames so they might do the enemy even greater harm. They could stoke rage the way a hot breeze fans flames into an inferno, or they could immolate their foes with a withering gaze of contempt.

Meanwhile, mages in Chamon discovered that they could instantly rust metal, or cause molten lead to rain from the sky. In Shyish, sorcerers suddenly recalled words of ending as if they had always known them, but had somehow forgotten. When spoken aloud, these words were powerful enough to cause hearts to cease beating. From spears of amber energy to illusionary wonders, the dominant magical hue of each realm became the basis for a host of new and deadly spells.

ARTEFACTS

The tides of magic did not only affect the casting of spells. Many weapons, trinkets and pieces of armour absorbed a measure of sorcery. These all grew in power, although the resultant properties differed according to the hue of magic in which the item was immersed. A well-wrought blade laid to rest with a fallen hero in Shyish might now glow with amethyst magic, its edge so keen it can sever not only a foe's flesh, but his very soul.

While seeking answers as to why so many enchanted artefacts were suddenly appearing, the Collegiate Arcane found that the only link between those items affected was that they had been, in some way, previously touched by greatness; a blade held by an accomplished champion, an amulet worn by the most devout of mortals, armour wrought from the rarest of metals – all were liable to be drenched in the sorceries unleashed by the necroquake.

In Ghur, the tusks of the most ferocious of monsters gained an amber glow. Such was the case with the Horned Graxbeak – soon after its enchantment, the hulking beast was slain, and its tusks fashioned into a helm for savage orruk Warboss Thok da Krumpa. The magically endowed helm granted the warboss the power of the Graxbeak's famed charge – a thunderous impact that could shatter granite. Da Krumpa is not alone in bearing such potent magical items onto the battlefield; as armies march to war across the realms, their warriors are girding themselves with arcane weapons and artefacts as never before.

LIVING SPELLS

While the sorcery and enchanted items being wielded across the Mortal Realms were more powerful and common than ever before, they were not entirely unfamiliar to the denizens of the realms – but there was something fundamentally different about the spells known as living magic. Somehow the Shyish necroquake had changed the nature of eldritch energy so that it could be summoned in a new way. Whether the cataclysmic event had tainted existing magic in some way, or its shock waves had jarred loose some dormant power within the aetheric void, was unknown. The latter theory was one subscribed to by the Eldritch Council, who suggested living magic was not a new form of sorcery, but rather an ancient one, reawakened by Nagash's realm-altering ritual.

Regardless of how it had arrived in the Mortal Realms, living magic takes many forms, some of which are strongly

connected to a particular realmsphere or hue of magic. The Purple Sun of Shyish, for instance, is the ultimate expression of the Realm of Death manifested in physical form – it is ending and lifelessness embodied. Others, like the Aethervoid Pendulum, are not as closely tied to a specific realm – although many of these still bear some connection to the energies of death.

Some of the apparitions of living magic are mobile and predatory. Coming to this realisation was quite a shock for many sorcerers, who found their own conjurations turning upon them in ways they tried and tested spells never had. Predatory living magic moves and hunts as if driven by some relentless inner will; spells such as the Burning Head or Ravenak's Gnashing Jaws positively lust after their next target.

It is not uncommon for living spells to break loose from their caster's control. When invoked

during battle, some mobile spells will chase a fleeing enemy formation off the field, while others dominate the area so utterly that no mortals will survive in their presence. Without a sorcerer nearby to unravel the self-sustaining magic from which these rogue living spells are composed, they will simply continue to fulfil their nature – the Suffocating Gravetide will ceaselessly roll across the living, while the Malevolent Maelstrom will rage across the lands like a whirlwind, stealing souls from all it passes. They do not need sleep or food, and they never suffer from exhaustion.

Indeed, some endless spells have become infamous, and have been named after the atrocities they committed or the regions in which they reside. They are feared, avoided, and in some cases, even worshipped by the primitive tribes upon which they feed. There are even reports of endless spells evolving, increasing in both size and power.

SPELL HUNTERS

Upon hearing of rogue spells devouring villages or setting farming communities ablaze, many warriors set out to defeat these fiendish enchantments in much the same way as they would hunt down rampaging beasts. Yet no blade or bow could harm living magic; only one who held mastery over the forces of the arcane could hope to bring an end to the otherwise endless spells.

Each Stormhost assembled teams designed specifically to end the threat of rogue living magic – Prosecutors and Knights-Venator to track the spells, led by a Lord-Arcanum mounted upon a swift Gryph-charger. Evocators raced out from strongholds in search of their arcane quarry, and Sigmar's followers were not alone. Battlemages of the Collegiate Arcane joined small parties of Freeguild men-at-arms, while the Eldritch Council rode enchanted steeds and sinuous drakes across those lands whose inhabitants were endangered by wild sorcery.

Not all of those who hunted the rogue spells did so for altruistic reasons, however. Mercenaries for hire and glory-seeking warbands, led by wizards of dubious morality or press-ganged into their service, hunted wayward spells for profit or fame. Tzaangor Shamans sought to unbind and swallow the magic of a rogue spell so as to steal its power, while the skaven Grey Seers learned that when some living spells met their demise, the unbound energies condensed into fragments of realmstone – truly a prize worth chasing.

Many new heroes arose as a result of this new occupation, such as the Lord-Arcanum Arthleone and his warband, who halted the Amber Jaws of Aquillonth and the Purple Sun of Shyish known as Death-bringer. The Necromancer Von Kressling earned great fame for stopping the devastating Bone Tide of Ull – though some whispered that it was he that had actually summoned it in the first place.



MAGIC UNENDING

From the Shyish necroquake came shock waves of magic that rolled across the Mortal Realms. Those with sufficient willpower and arcane might could channel this eldritch energy into new and deadly spells, but even to those masters of the arcane, doing so was not without risk.

The sorcerers that survived the initial onslaught of hostile spirits and reanimated dead that arose to attack during the necroquake later discovered that the magical disturbance was far from over. Even in the event's aftermath, strange hurricane currents of aetheric energies continued to whip through the Mortal Realms, aftershock tides containing every hue of magic.

This period was named the Arcanum Optimar by the Collegiate Arcane, the *Erus Draíocht* by the Eldritch Council of the aelves, and the Time of Ripples by the slann Starmasters. By tapping into the raging sorcerer tempests, wizards could channel magic with ease, empowering their spells. Yet there were greater opportunities still for those bold enough to seize them.

Across the Mortal Realms, magic ran amok. Godbeasts stirred in their slumber once more, the elemental creatures of the realms emerged in their fury, and enchanted items made with realmstone became more powerful than ever before. Furthermore, the sheer amount of raw magic stirring through the realms created a host of new conjurations that called upon the traits of the different magical hues. These spells concentrated the power of the realms in unprecedented ways; after being cast, the energies brought into existence did not quickly fade away in the manner of conventional manifestations, but instead lasted indefinitely.

Upon bringing one of these forces into being, a wizard – be it a haughty Collegiate Battlemage or manic greenskin

Cave-Shaman – would feel euphoria. To unleash such power was a stimulant unlike any other. Yet while the spell would not fade, the wizard's control over their conjuration swiftly would, as if the magic had a mind of its own.

This is just what occurred at the Battle of Fang Gorge. By binding the strange new gales of magic, the Great Bray-Shaman Grakhorn summoned phantasmal gnashing teeth out of raw amber magic. This lethal apparition ravaged the Stormcast battle lines, proving immune to their hammers while wreaking horrible damage upon them in return. Unlike most spells, once invoked, this incantation did not dissipate or relent in its hunger, but prowled the battlefield continuously, savaging both the Stormcast and the Brayherd.

Accounts such as these were soon pouring in to those learned and wise in the arcane arts. In the free cities, the Eldritch Council debated whether such magic was indeed sentient, or if the spells merely acted in accordance with aetheric laws. One theory held that the conjurations were something akin to the basest daemons of Chaos, for they too were beings of pure instinct, and could act only in a manner true to their nature. For instance, a spell made to destroy could only ever do that, having no inclination or even ability to act in any other manner.

While scholars theorised in the safety of their high spires, countless lives were being lost as undying spells ran amok; before the disastrous Living

Inferno of Hollowheart had even claimed its last victim, carnage was being wreaked by the Purple Death – a Purple Sun of Shyish loosed within the streets of Hammerhal. Soon after, the Battlemages of the Collegiate combined forces with the Swifthawk Agents of each city to hunt down rogue spells.

Because they never faded of their own accord or diminished in power, the only way to end the threat posed by living magic was to unbind the spell that had summoned it. Such dismantling was perilous, as it required a sorcerer to approach the arcane manifestation, and the out-of-control spells were volatile. Often it took entire covens of wizards working together to banish the most abominable of incantations. Yet they could not be everywhere, and so predatory spells soon roamed the wilds like carnivorous monsters.

The wise fled before this new terror, for none but wizards had a hope of stopping them. It is unknown how many lives were lost when a devastating spectral tidal wave crashed over the Rusted Wastes of Chamon, but it is believed to be in the hundreds of thousands. It took three different covens of the Eldritch Council working together to unbind the deadly spell, its animus pulled apart. The spell's fragments were later reclaimed from where it had been broken, and reforged into a powerful blade – a weapon made all the more dangerous because it had already claimed so many lives.

Truly had a new era of magic dawned across the Mortal Realms.

THE TREACHERY OF MAGIC

The use of magic has always been a double-edged sword; while it allows the caster to achieve their immediate goals, it takes a toll on their soul, and often causes unforeseen destruction. Many wizards have been corrupted by their zeal for the eldritch arts, and others immolated by their own incantations gone awry. Yet never had the dangers of sorcery been more pronounced than when casting those spells that were known by such epithets as living magic, endless spells or arcanus infinitum.

The proliferation of magic gave wizards the opportunity to seize greatness, and many took reckless risks in hoping they could control what they invoked. One such individual was Tzallagor, Magister of the Bluefire Pyrofane Cult, who in the aftermath of the Shyish necroquake looked to take advantage of the overflowing arcane energies to cast off his cult's illusions and lead his minions into battle. They sought to sabotage the growing heart of the Living City in Ghyran. Throwing caution to the wind, the Tzeentchian sorcerer summoned the Burning

Head of Aqshy, intending to wreak havoc upon the growing green metropolis. At first the skull-faced inferno blazed a path of death and destruction, but rather than face the pouring fountains of the Temple of Life, the spell reversed course, consuming the caster and his entire cult. The spell was last seen passing over the Globus Gulf, still seeking targets to burn. Across the realms such tales became all too familiar, with battlefields devolving from pitched contests between armies to absolute disorder as both sides sought to escape the myriad living spells that preyed upon anything that moved. The most infamous of loosed spells earned names such as the Howling Maelstrom, the Shackles of Morrgryst and the Helltide of Ghur. Bounty hunters, wizardly covens, and entire armies grew famous hunting the eldritch horrors.

Yet spells gone rogue were not the only danger. When wielding magic of such magnitude, any errors during the incantation could prove especially disastrous. Several times the outpouring of arcane energies caused breaches in reality, allowing daemons to launch swift and bloody invasions.



PURPLE SUN OF SHYISH

Here is the end given form – an amethyst manifestation of the inevitability of death. The Purple Sun of Shyish is a sphere of termination, a burning skull-faced sun that radiates not heat, but finality itself. The life force of any living creature in the path of this remorseless spell is extinguished like a candle flame in a hurricane.

There is no spell more dreaded than the Purple Sun of Shyish. Upon its summonation, the air grows chill and the wind rises as fell energies swirl and coalesce. Wild beasts – their hackles up – cringe and howl in the spell's growing presence. When the darkly pulsing horror has fully manifested, it solidifies into an orb that throbs with malevolent power. The Purple Sun hovers menacingly, a roiling sphere of arcane force that rolls across the skies.

Everything beneath the Purple Sun of Shyish risks being touched by the amethyst rays that blaze outwards from its broiling mass. The effect of these beams upon living creatures is nothing less than instant death. Those bathed in the dire glare are drained of life, and even as the victims' spirits are ripped away, their bodies are painfully transformed into unmoving crystal.

One of the most frightening aspects of the Purple Sun is the spell's grim and uncaring finality. No living creature – from the tiniest of insects to the most titanic of beasts – is safe from the amethyst orb's effects. Size and strength, status and power – all mean nothing beneath that unnatural light, for there is the sudden and stark realisation of death, the departing of the spirit and the recasting of the body into cold and unchanging crystal.

The Purple Sun's deadliness is the stuff of legend, stories of its appearance told in the same dread tones used when talking of the most terrifying monsters. One such account tells of how, when the Cult of the Grand Transcendence was uncovered in the city of Hammerhal Aqsha, their Magister covered the escape of his disciples by recklessly summoning the Purple Sun of Shyish. Unleashed in such a densely packed metropolis, thousands upon

thousands of citizens were turned to crystal as the sphere moved over the crowded streets. Not even the war engines of the Ironweld Arsenal could harm the rictus-faced orb as it reaped its grim tally. After many days of panic in which soldiers and wizards hunted the spell amidst the statue-lined plazas, the Purple Sun was seen leaving the city. Trackers sent to destroy the spell followed its unmistakable trail of crystallised victims. The hunters became the hunted when the spell turned to cast its morbid light on its pursuers. Those few that managed to avoid the living spell's glare and survive the return journey to the city told how the Purple Sun chased them for days before changing course. It is reckoned that the spell exists still, and was last seen headed out over the Crescent Sea.

It was the Purple Sun of Shyish that halted the previously unstoppable orruk invasion led by Megaboss Gak Irontoof. Executing pass after pass over the immense armoured horde, the deathly globe turned them into a field of statues that will stand for time immemorial. Even the most massive of beings is not impervious to the death magic. In Ghyran, one of the immense jotunbergs – the Winters that Walk – was drained of life by the Purple Sun, its nigh-indestructible mass turned into a crystal mountain.

Like all living magic, the spell is devilishly difficult to destroy once cast. Firstly, the Purple Sun is impervious to physical attack; whole volleys of arrows have disappeared into its swirling epicentre. Few combatants are quick enough to close with it, and the story of those that try can be seen immortalised in crystal – be it a hulking Aleguzzler Giant as he reached out to pluck the blazing amethyst sphere from the sky, or the broken remains of Khinerai, their flock transformed mid-air to fall and shatter on the ground below. All the while, the Purple Sun inexorably rolls forwards. No tempest can slow its advance, and it sails on through aetheric hurricane winds powerful enough to halt a charging bulgor.

There is but one proven way to dispel the Purple Sun of Shyish. Only when the binding magics that created it are picked apart by the considerable efforts of a wizard will the skull-faced sphere break apart. However, as befits the end of such a manifestation of the Realm of Death, the unbinding of the Purple Sun results in the orb making one final attempt to reduce the life-spans of those around it. As the sun's energies are pulled apart, its mouth opens grotesquely wide, and it emits a defiant death-scream. It is said that all who hear it find the years left to them reduced and unhappy, their dreams haunted by the echoes of the Purple Sun's demise.

XEREUS

According to ancient tomes of forbidden knowledge, Xereus was the God of the Ending to a wicked race of men that lived long ago. Although he ruled the underworld, it was the heavens that he desired. Xereus' plot to wipe out all life by imbuing the sun with the power of death itself was foiled, and the mad god was interred into his own spell. While those that worshipped him are long passed, Xereus' legacy still resonates; his name is prominent in the incantations to summon the Purple Sun of Shyish, and many of the most learned Necromancers claim it is the tormented face of Xereus himself that leers out from within the amethyst orb.





RAVENAK'S GNASHING JAWS

With an insatiable hunger, the predatory spell known as Ravenak's Gnashing Jaws streaks through the skies, hungrily searching for victims. Once manifested, the jaws exist solely to hunt down and devour any living creature they can catch. It is a task the spell performs with manic voracity.

It takes a certain kind of reckless abandon for a wizard to reach into the bestial magics of Ghur and conjure forth the dreaded spell known as Ravenak's Gnashing Jaws – for what kind of mind would wish to unleash ravaging hunger in its purest form? And although the spell might destroy a sorcerer's enemies on the battlefield, everything the jaws consume serves to feed a growing monstrosity that lurks in darkness in the Realm of Ghur.

When the incantation is correctly performed, the air swirls and swiftly congeals. With a birthing roar that shakes the ground, wisps of amber-hued magic give shape to a terrifying form – bestial jaws filled with massive, razor-sharp teeth. That shape soon becomes a moving blur as Ravenak's Gnashing Jaws streaks off in search of prey. With full concentration, its summoner might direct the jaws towards a chosen quarry, but the rapacious spell will quickly break such control and feed on anything it can catch in its eternally chomping mouth.

Not even the leanest fangwolf or hungriest ogor can match the voracious appetite of Ravenak's Gnashing Jaws. As the spell moves across the battlefield, its fangs snap greedily upon thin air – a terrible sound that is enough to unnerve even the most stalwart of warriors. Yet the noise it makes becomes even more horrible when it gets a combatant between its jaws. In a horrifying cacophony, the crunch of bones, the screech of rent armour and the screams of pain act as an accompaniment to the frenzied snap-clacking of gnashing and tearing fangs.

Ravenak's Gnashing Jaws is an indiscriminate and incautious devourer, crunching down on anything that moves. If it does not instantly sever a morsel, it will shake its meal side-to-side with great

violence as it furiously gnashes. Beneath such pressure, bones, flesh and organs are ground into paste, sinews are snapped, and even metal is ripped apart like cloth. As the jaws go about their work, bloody hunks of flesh and bone are sent outwards in a gory shower. What is consumed is swallowed in impossible gulps, the matter disappearing within the mouth's swirling amber energies.

As the spell hurtles forwards, it leaves behind a gruesome trail of dismembered limbs and streaming entrails. Even the hardiest of veterans cannot help but feel nauseous when they look upon the still-twitching body parts that mark the passing of Ravenak's Gnashing Jaws. Yet no matter how much the spell consumes, no matter how many passes the jaws make over serried ranks of panicking and fleeing troops, the relentless banquet continues.

The creature who grows steadily stronger all the while is known to many cultures by different names. To the Ironroll Gutbuster tribe it is the mighty Fangmaw; to the Icebonez Bonesplitter tribe it is known as da Great Grobbla; to the Blackhorn Brayherd it is the Fiend of the Pit. The name by which it is commonly known, the Ravenak, first appeared in an ancient text stored in one of Azyrheim's many grand libraries. The volume dates the beast's first appearance to the Age of Myth, when Sigmar learned of the human sacrifices being made to this monster. Tracking the Ravenak to its loathsome lair, the God-King heaved a mountain over the pit in which the enormous entity made its abode.

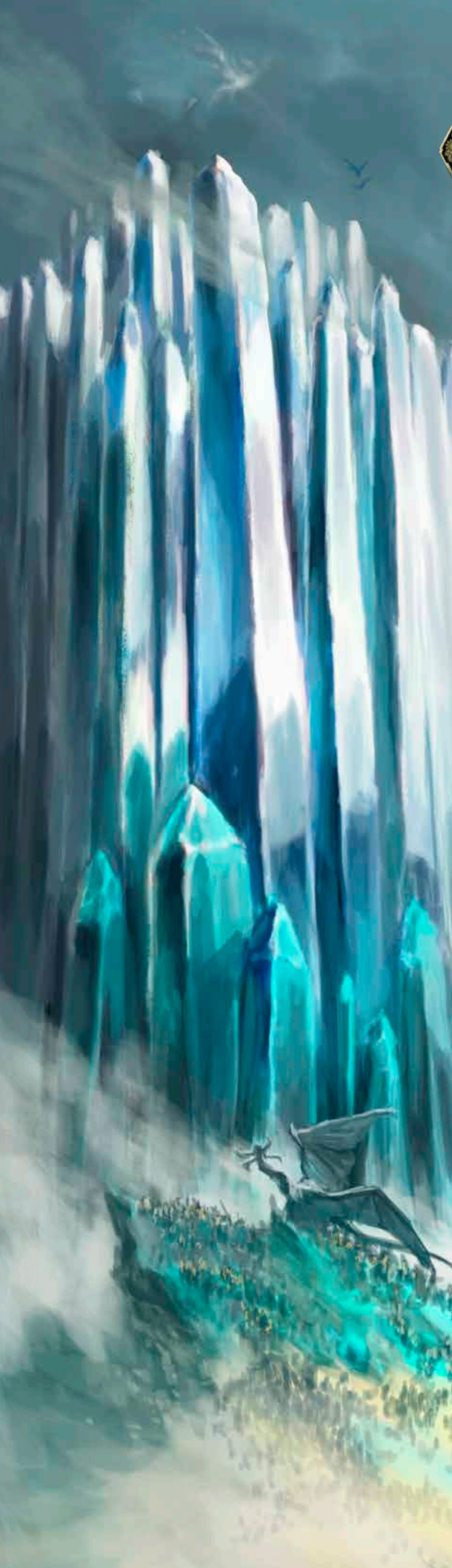
For many centuries the Ravenak gnawed at the black nothingness of its surroundings in its all-consuming hunger. It would have died, perhaps, save for its discovery by corrupted tribes during the Age of Chaos. Many a bloodpriest would drag unwilling victims into the mountain caves to

drop them into the darksome pit, revelling in the screams and horrible crunching sounds that followed.

What the Ravenak is, exactly, is unknown. Some say it is a godbeast, while many greenskins maintain it is the displaced and always hungry belly of Gorkamorka himself. Over the ages, many tribes – human, beastmen, orruk and ogor – have worshipped the creature, hoping to appease it by hurling living offerings into its foul pit. It was an ogor Butcher that first learned to summon an avatar of the Ravenak – the Gnashing Jaws. Everything consumed by the disembodied mouth is said to be transported to the pit of the Ravenak itself, where it is quickly devoured all over again. In essence, the spell is a black hole of nothing but fangs and insatiable hunger, through which sacrificial offerings are made to a primal beast that has now grown so large that it fills the entirety of its mountain prison.

In desperation, Branchwych Chosai summoned Ravenak's Gnashing Jaws. She shivered as the amber magic appeared in the sky; it was abhorrent, but it was her only chance to save her charges. For a single moment she felt as one with the incantation, and she recoiled from that raw hunger. Even as she did so, she felt her own mouth snapping and chomping. With the sound of rent armour and snapping bones, the spell barrelled through the orruks. Chosai had done it – she had saved the sacred grove. She felt a surge of relief, like rain after a long drought. That feeling faded when the Gnashing Jaws turned in mid-air and began chewing their way straight through the remaining Sylvaneth.





PRISMATIC PALISADE

The Prismatic Palisade rises into place amidst the resonating sound of ringing crystal. Summoned forth at the right time, this blinding barrier can be the difference between victory or defeat, life or death.

With a blinding glare, a crystalline wall shimmers into being. The newly formed barricade radiates yellow-white light across the battlefield, as brilliant as a newborn sun. This is the Prismatic Palisade – a spell that instantaneously coalesces the magic of Hysh into a formidable barrier.

So intense is the light and sheer purity that blazes forth from the Prismatic Palisade that all must avert their gaze lest they be struck blind. In the presence of that stark illumination, masterful swordsmen and keen-eyed marksmen alike find their skills diminished. Few dare lift their eyes long enough to observe the Prismatic Palisade, but those that do often note a strange occurrence: even arcane energy is refracted off the crystal barrier, so occasionally its bright light is broken as the constituent spectral colours of magic spray outward in vivid flashes.

The elegant crystal spars of the Prismatic Palisade seem as if they would be delicate; however, they are harder than steel. Not even charging Juggernauts can dent them, much less break through them. Surging armies, bolts of magic, even Sigmar's hammer – none have the power to shatter the pure light of Hysh.

On the battlefield, the ability to instantly erect such a formidable barricade has innumerable tactical uses. It can be cast into being to rob a charge of its momentum, or slow down an unexpected flanking manoeuvre, allowing a brief reprieve so that commanders might swiftly reposition troops. Where once the foe thought there was only clear passage to their quarry, they instead find their way blocked as hails of missiles rain down upon them. To end the battle known as the Goldgates Massacre, a retributive Celestial Vindicators Lord-Arcanum cast the Prismatic Palisade to prevent a fleeing skaven army from escaping. The spell slowed the fleet-footed

ratmen just long enough for the Stormcast Eternals to mete out justice. Indeed, there have been several battlefield accounts claiming that skaven fear to cross a Prismatic Palisade, and Chaos Daemons that do so smoulder, as if the pure rays of Hysh burn the unnatural creatures.

Notorious raiders, the Idoneth Deepkin have perhaps been the force most likely to employ the Prismatic Palisade. Their Tidecasters use the barrier to slow down defenders, pinning them in place so that Namarti Reavers can loose hails of arrows at them; while the magical walls impede enemy movement, they are easily traversed by the swift Akhelian Guard eel-mounted cavalry, who swim over the top of the crystal projections. After attacking the Fyreslayer lodge of Kraghdhar, a Tidecaster ensured a safe retreat by manifesting the Prismatic Palisade so as to bar the duardin gates while the attackers made good their escape.

Once cast, the Prismatic Palisade is self-sustaining, a permanent shining fixture that can only be removed by another mage. Unbinding the palisade is not easy, for the light magic of Hysh is notoriously intricate, and the minds of many wizards attempting to dispel such a work have become trapped inside the logic loops of the spell itself. On rare occasions, the banishment of the Prismatic Palisade has resulted in a shattering that leaves behind small quantities of pure aetherquartz – a substance that has been used to forge blades and artefacts filled with brilliant and deadly illumination.

'Only light can drive out darkness, and no impurity can long withstand the brilliant beams of Hysh.'

- Teclis the Ever-Radiant

AETHERVOID PENDULUM

With every arc of its slashing blade, the Aethervoid Pendulum cuts down an enemy rank. Those that have seen the spell known as the Hanging Blade quickly learn to fear the unceasing scything of its devastating edge.

To invoke the Aethervoid Pendulum is to call upon an eldritch executioner, causing a vast blade-tipped pendulum to materialise upon the battlefield. To many, it resembles some spectral version of the clockwork parts that make up the enormous Ironweld Arsenal machines of the free cities. The long arm sweeps back and forth, trailing wisps of the arcane energies from which it was summoned. Although ethereal in appearance, the cutting blade is all too real – its wide sweeps slice through armour, bone and flesh with ease.

Even as the spell solidifies it begins its fell work, the scything blade swinging back and forth. It does this without zeal or malice, but with a terrible, measured regularity – for in that glittering crescent of death is the fearful inevitability of time itself, monotonous and endlessly repeating in its devastating motion, swinging again and again and again.

Once cast, the Aethervoid Pendulum does not stay in position, but instead will drift across the battlefield. The only sound made by the unstoppable mechanism is the hissing of its blade's descent, which becomes ever more unnerving as it draws nearer. When the spell passes over enemies, this sibilant swish is drowned out by the splintering of shields and the screams of the dying. The heavy sweeps of the pendulum's blade slice through all, sending showers of gore and lopped-off limbs with each swing.

Whether it is hacking through heavily armoured Stormcast Eternals, or shearing off a Stonehorn's foreleg, the velocity of the pendulum is never slowed or altered. Like a metronome of mortality, the Aethervoid Pendulum maintains its eternal rhythm, each sweep as regular as the last, leaving a consistent red pattern of ruin as it goes.

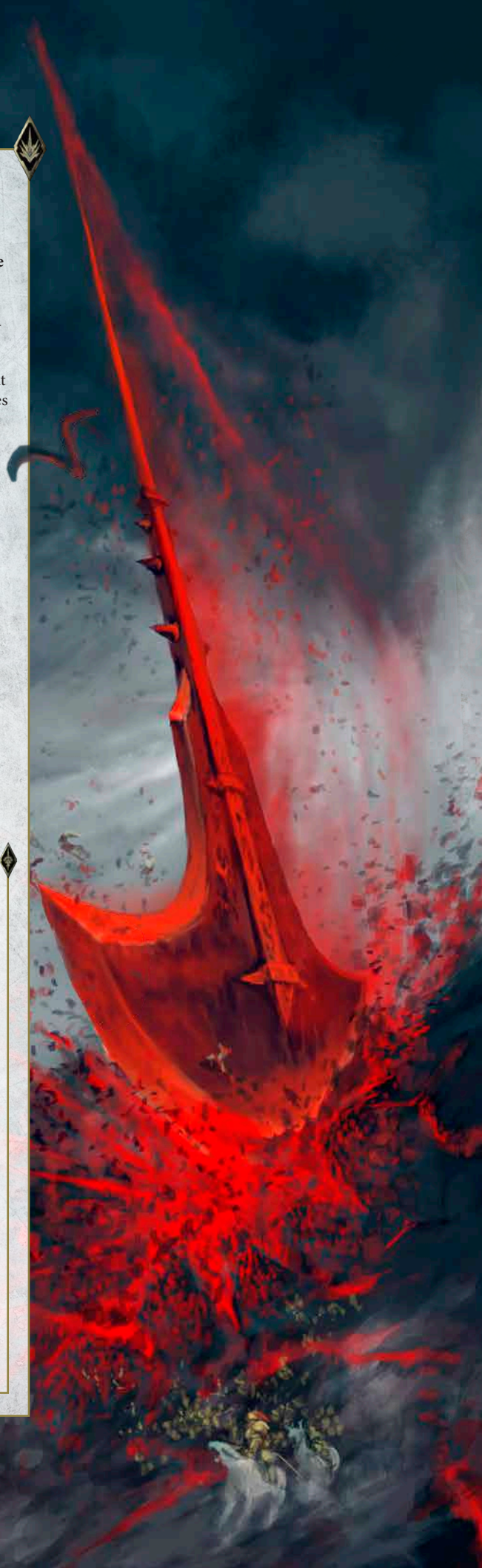
As its name suggests, the Aethervoid Pendulum is summoned out of the void, the colourless nature of which results in the spell taking on different hues depending on the circumstances of its manifestation. Although it has proven difficult to confirm, the Eldritch Council have theorised that with each casting of the spell, a duplicate pendulum appears in every realm simultaneously. This means that a wizard summoning an Aethervoid Pendulum in Aqshy would also cause one to appear at the same time in each of the other Mortal Realms, the blades swinging in perfect unison all the while.

Whether this is due to the process of the incantation itself, or because the aether touches every realm, is unknown, but this strange duplication phenomenon does help to explain why the Aethervoid Pendulum is the most common of the rogue living spells.

THE PHANTOM BLADE

There is one Aethervoid Pendulum feared above all others – the Phantom Blade of Ulgu. Some say it was Morathi herself that first summoned the Phantom Blade, setting the spell against her own son, Malerion. Others say it was not created by Morathi, but instead invoked to kill her.

Whatever the truth, the Phantom Blade is surrounded by pure shadow-magic, rendering it all but invisible in the fog. The illusionary mist works in strange and terrifying ways; many have fled the pendulum's onset only to run straight into its blade, its true location fatally revealed. Thousands have died to the Phantom Blade, and it moves still through Ulgu's shadows.



SUFFOCATING GRAVETIDE

The ground heaves with the upwelling of the dead, the earth splitting as unquiet souls breach the surface to surge forward and smother the living. To be caught in the whirl of a Suffocating Gravetide is to be buried alive, entombed within the roiling dirt before being dragged down to Shyish by the spectral undertow.

Where the souls of the deceased once would have remained undisturbed in the underworlds of the Realm of Death, the Shyish necroquake has sent many of them surging outward to the realms they inhabited in life. By drawing upon the death energy that lingers within the morbid ground, a wizard can pull the souls of the unquiet dead to the surface, and send them forwards in a great wave to engulf their enemies.

Anguished moans pierce the air as souls bulge through the cracked earth, filling the minds of those who hear them with the final dying memories of the fallen. A pungent waft accompanies them – the smell of mouldering skin and desiccating marrow, mingled with the bitter scent of freshly turned soil. Flesh-fattened worms form a wriggling spume as the rushing undead wall grows higher and gathers speed, and the jaws of the spectral faces gape widest just as the wave's crest crashes into the ranks of the living.

Those struck by the Suffocating Gravetide find themselves fighting for every step, with most quickly dragged beneath the churning loam where the currents of death magic pull them ever downward. A lucky few are torn to pieces by the savage swirl of spirits and earth-matter – those less fortunate are entombed within the ground, their bodies broken and left to die of asphyxiation. These newly departed souls are subsequently churned up from deep beneath the ground to join those that had brought about their demise, causing the Gravetide to rise up again and again.

Most Gravetides are large and powerful enough to knock infantry and mounted combatants to the ground. Even those beasts and monstrosities not instantly overwhelmed are raked by withering necrotic energy, torn at by spectral claws and buffeted by shards of shattered stone as the Gravetide washes over them. However, some instances of the spell manifest in

truly terrifying proportions. It is said that the Abhorrant Ghoul King known as the Tyrant of Werrow Weir raised a wave of the dead so large that it crested the highest bough of the Gros mire Forest before crashing down on the Sylvaneth within. Other grim stories tell of Gravetides stuck in perpetual eddies, circling endlessly across the same ancient battlefields, adding any souls who draw near to the hundreds of thousands that already roil in their vast mass.

'Rise, restless spirits. Leave your fallen corpses where they lay. Gaze once more upon the world of the living, and unleash the hatred you have harboured for so long. Let your sorrow drown out their joy as you drag them down to the breathless dark of the grave.'
- Millophas the Necromancer



UMBRAL SPELLPORTAL

Appearing as a pair of gloom-filled mirrors bound in shadow, the Umbral Spellportal forms a passage through which the flow of magic can pass unhindered. Wherever these panes of darkness are summoned, they are used to cast spells across great distances.

Those who look with an untrained eye upon an Umbral Spellportal see little more than a swirl of murky shadow. Some may perceive vague shapes in the undulating ripples across its surface, and in these forms they may see hints of secrets long kept or memories thought to be forgotten. But those able to peer through the veil of magic see a shadowy reflection of what lies on the other side of the portal. Into this they can pour their sorcerous energies, launching bolts of oblitative flame or beams of invigorating energy that pass through an Umbral Spellportal and emerge from its twinned construct. In this way a wizard can greatly augment the range at which their spells can strike, using the dark passage to smite their foes and bolster their allies from afar.

Umbral Spellportals are summoned in pairs – two devices inextricably connected by some unseen tether of shadow magic. Stories abound of spellcasters summoning these linked portals on opposite sides of fortress walls, pouring destruction on besiegers from within the safety of their citadel or flushing out entrenched defenders from outside its perimeter. But whoever establishes such an aetheric gateway must be ever wary, for an Umbral Spellportal works both ways; these creations know no master, and can just as easily be used by their conjurer's magic-using enemies to deliver baleful spells of their own. Furthermore, the dark wound that Umbral Spellportals create in the fabric of reality is notoriously difficult to close, and often continues to yawn open long after it has outlived its potential usefulness to the wizard who summoned it – but not necessarily to the conjurer's rival sorcerers.

Though a spell cast into one end of an Umbral Spellportal will invariably

emerge from the other, scholars of the arcane are divided as to whether it is the same spell that reappears or merely a shadowy reflection. A bolt of green lightning that passes through the portal may emerge with a much darker hue, or instead of radiating bright light, it may drown its surroundings in darkness. Some posit that the passage linking paired Umbral Spellportals passes through the darkest corner of Ulgu, causing some portion of the Realm of Shadow to become infused into each spell that traverses it.

Grandelthorpe the Lesser, a famed scholar from Hysh, became obsessed with understanding what happened to magic as it passed through an Umbral Spellportal. To this end, she devised a way to transform her body into pure light-energy, and then walked into the darkness of the rippling mirror to observe first-hand the device's inner workings. When she emerged, her white hair had turned a dull grey and her sapphire eyes were the colour of lead, but she was otherwise unchanged. Though she stated unequivocally that no mystery lay between the portal's two ends, she began to show signs of growing hysteria, claiming that her chamber arcane, the place in which she had studied for decades, now appeared to have more dimensions than it did before.

'You should neither trust your eyes nor should you rely upon your other senses. They are not to be trusted, for this is Ulgu. And in this realm no fortress is ever safe – for the shadows fall everywhere and there are many creatures that move at will through the darkness.'

- Morathi, High Oracle of Khaine

MALEVOLENT MAELSTROM

A Malevolent Maelstrom is a tempest of pure death magic that draws into itself sorcerous energies as well as the souls of those slain in battle. As this roiling orb consumes more and more, it becomes increasingly unstable, until it inevitably explodes under the weight of its own morbid existence.

Death comes in many forms, and each of these is contained within the furore of a Malevolent Maelstrom. These dark and unnatural storms of necrotic energy scream as they swirl across the battlefield, drawing in the souls of the dead. From within their murky clouds appear spectral faces wracked with pain and despair – souls straining to free themselves from the grip of death, their anguished pleas ringing out as they are sucked back into the ghostly vortex. Some have claimed to have seen the faces of heroes long dead amongst these tormented spirits, and have rushed forward in a vain attempt to pull them back into the world of the living. But this is just one more way for the Maelstrom to grow, for even hope finds a place to die within the stormy orb.

To summon a Malevolent Maelstrom is to open the mouth of an ever-hungering grave, one that gorges itself indiscriminately upon whatever dying energies it finds. But it is not only the souls of the dead that the Malevolent Maelstrom feeds on, but also the forces of magic. Cyclonic winds whip around the Maelstrom's eye, diverting the flow of magical energies and drawing them inward. As spells cast across the battlefield are pulled towards the grim centre of the storm, they release their own dying cries – bolts of Aqshian fire let out suffocated gasps, enchanted Chamonian shards groan under the pressure of inescapable entropy. The tortured manner in which such magic is unwoven has led the Malevolent Maelstrom to become known by some wizards as the Death of Spells.

So great is the withering force bound within a Malevolent Maelstrom that, eventually, the dark power by which it is sustained is itself also undone. The dark orb swells as it becomes engorged with souls and dead magic, growing large and gibbous as a corpse ripe with decay. Finally, the tenuous barrier that contains the Maelstrom bursts open, and the raging necrotic power held inside explodes violently outwards. Those caught within the blast are bathed in blinding amethyst light, their souls shorn from their bodies by the spectral shock wave. Tattered fragments of spirits are sent flying in all directions, the incorporeal remnants of those drawn in by the Maelstrom, their shattered essences doomed to an eternity of uncomprehending misery. So devastating is this morbid nova that, on rare occasions, the souls of those obliterated by the explosion collapse together and form another Malevolent Maelstrom.

Many have observed that the cycle of a Malevolent Maelstrom mirrors that of the cataclysmic Shyish necroquake, albeit on a far more contained scale. This has led to the belief that each Malevolent Maelstrom is in fact a fragment of the Realm of Endings itself, a tortured gheist of some obliterated underworld destined to repeat its final moments of existence.

QUICKSILVER SWORDS

Forged from the realm magic of Chamon, the Quicksilver Swords slice through the air as they fly towards their quarry, piercing armour, scale and flesh before seeking out new prey. The clouds of metallic vapour that bear these blades aloft are blown by an unseen wind which grows even more blustering in the presence of Chaos.

When summoned, the Quicksilver Swords stab their way into existence, flying in a tight flock before darting out to cut down all nearby. Each blade moves with unmatched grace and power, as though wielded by an invisible weapon-master the likes of which the realms have never seen. With incessant flurries of thrusts and moulinets, they cleave through the most robust defences their quarry can offer. Even as they slash and riposte, the Quicksilver Swords move ever onwards, always seeking out new partners with whom they can conduct their ghostly duels.

It is said that the Quicksilver Swords were wrought by the banshee Celemnis. Known by many titles – the Silver Maiden of Elixia, the Smith Queen of Anvrok, the Swordmaiden of the Argent Sisterhood – she forged magical blades that would defend her city in Chamon long after there was no one left alive to wield them. The daughter of a ninemage, she imbued her creations with a portion of her body and soul, casting a single

hair from her own head within the heart of each blade. Thus forged, the weapons were able to cut not only through metal, flesh and bone, but also through the souls of those they struck. Yet even her masterworks were unable to defend Elixia against the advance of Chaos, and the sorcerer Ephryx boiled Celemnis alive in a cauldron of molten silver.

The Quicksilver Swords bear the hallmarks of Celemnis' exquisite artisanship – perfectly balanced and sharp as a freshly whetted razor. Furthermore, an eerie wail intermingles with the dying gasps of those struck down by the magical blades, a grief-stricken howl reminiscent of that which echoes through the shattered streets of Elixia to this day. Many believe the Quicksilver Swords seek still to avenge the death of their creator, but without eyes or ears they can only lash out violently at all in their path. Others say that the Shyish necroquake has freed Celemnis from the bondage of death, and she now

guides the blades to do her wrathful bidding. Yet perhaps the strangest beliefs surrounding the Quicksilver Swords are those held by the duardin, who see in the quality of these magical blades a prize whose worth is beyond measure. They believe each of the swords is destined to be used by a great warrior, but that many who are unworthy would try to take them for their own. As such, the blades are nestled within seams of airborne aether-gold, which stir them into action against those with greed in their hearts.

Whatever their origin, the Quicksilver Swords are devastating when unsheathed within the ranks of an enemy army. With violent rapidity they reduce ordered infantry formations to piles of corpses and severed limbs, and when surrounded by the servants of Chaos, this storm of metal is even more ferocious. Yet whosoever summons the blades must be constantly wary, for their keen edges cut both ways and will quickly turn upon any who stray too near.

THE BURNING HEAD

Wrought from the fires of Aqshy, the Burning Head ignites flesh, bone and even emotions as it scorches across the battlefield. Those not incinerated outright by this flaming skull are filled with intense passion, their blood boiling with rage as they charge towards their enemies.

The wind sparks and sizzles, and the air shimmers as the rites to summon a Burning Head draw to completion. First dozens and then hundreds of individual fiery motes swirl together, their brightness and heat growing in intensity until, with an eardrum-tearing crack, they burst into a singular skull-shaped conflagration. As this infernal death's head races forwards, its jaws yawn open, sucking in the air before it with a ghastly howl to stoke the roaring flames that blaze in its wake.

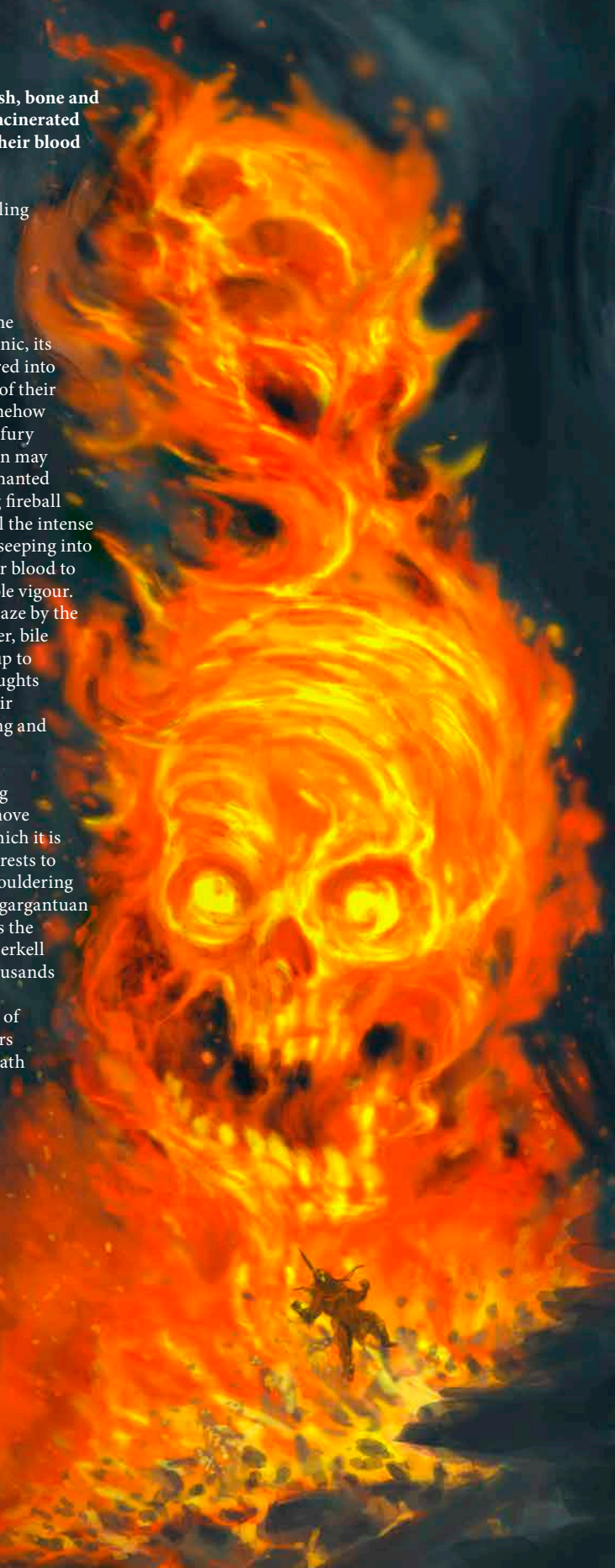
A wizard daring, foolish or reckless enough to conjure the Burning Head can shape the summonation so that it immediately surges towards their enemies. However, once loosed the Burning Head will rage in whatever direction it is able, driven ever onward by reckless fury to scorch through friend and foe alike. Though it moves like wildfire, there is a sort of impulsive sentience to the Burning Head, an ember of intelligence that guides its wrath. Its white-hot gaze focuses hatefully on the phlegmatic, those who remain calm amidst the clangour of battle, for their flesh and blood is untapped fuel through which the impassioned fires can spread.

When the Burning Head reaches its victims, it crashes into them with the force of an exploding volcano. Walls of shields are blasted aside like splintered kindling, and those warriors who stand fast are raked by torrents of flame. Even the most resolute formations and dauntless monstrosities provide little impediment – fires wash over skin and bore through flesh without slowing; muscle and bone are churned into ash within the flaming skull's gnashing maw. Magic-infused armour and sorcerous wards are devoured by the ravenous inferno, and in its wake the Burning Head leaves billowing plumes of black smoke and a trail of

charred earth still bubbling with the rendered fat of those consumed.

Most who witness the destruction caused by the Burning Head flee in panic, its fire-wrought visage seared into their minds for the rest of their days, but those who somehow manage to avoid its full fury and resist the urge to run may still be kissed by its enchanted flames. As the streaking fireball passes them by, they feel the intense heat emanating from it seeping into their veins, causing their blood to pump with unquenchable vigour. Their very soul is set ablaze by the impassioning fire – anger, bile and blood-lust boiling up to drown out all other thoughts – and they fall upon their foes with brightly blazing and pitiless wrath.

Left unbound, a Burning Head will continue to move across the realm into which it is summoned, reducing forests to cinders and cities to smouldering ruins. One particularly gargantuan Burning Head known as the Doomed Crown of Emberkell has left a trail of ash thousands of leagues long through Aqshy. A massive horde of Bloodbound Skullreapers continues to follow its path of desolation, seeing in the flaming skull the ultimate trophy to offer up to Khorne.





GEMINIDS OF UHL-GYSH

Like the realmspheres of Ulgu and Hysh that encapsulate the Hidden Gloaming, the Geminids of Uhl-Gysh are twinned entities locked in orbit around each other. One is formed of darkest shadow, the other of pure and piercing light, yet despite their polar opposite natures, each of these orbs of raw magic are equally destructive.

Into the frenetic dance of light and shadow on the battlefield the twilight energies of Uhl-Gysh are manifested. A single point glows increasingly bright while another is drained completely of colour – a blinding star tethered to an impenetrable shroud, opposite yet inseparable. From these points the Geminids of Uhl-Gysh are conjured into existence, a pair of binary spheres containing a portion of the intermingled magic of the twilight domain known as the Hidden Gloaming.

The Geminids orbit one another as they race across the battlefield, spinning around on elliptical paths. Tendrils of twilight trail behind each orb, occasionally intertwining with those extending from the opposite sphere only to come free again as the Geminids sling-shot away once more. The miasmatic clouds left in the wake of the Shadow Geminid continually shape and reshape themselves, forming deceptive images of looming enemies and despairing allies. All the while, the Light Geminid leaves behind it flittering mirages of allies and loved ones, instilling the beholder with hope.

Those struck by the Shadow Geminid are engulfed in pure darkness, the world around them fading as they are cast adrift amidst endless gloom. All of their senses are rendered numb – sights, sounds and even the passage of time disappear, and in their place come phantasmal tentacles wrought of malevolent and swirling blackness. These grasping shadows surround and seep through the entrapped victims, painfully eroding their souls and sanity. Most who become imprisoned within the Shadow Geminid are reduced to mere wisps of smoke, or else driven completely mad by their seemingly unending isolation.

Those who endure the Shadow Geminid find themselves back on the battlefield with only the briefest of moments having passed since they were struck. Their enemies still loom large around them, and the clangour of combat is like thunder after an eternity of silence. The sudden influx of sensory information leaves these victims reeling, temporarily stunned and vulnerable.

Those struck by the Light Geminid are subjected to an entirely different experience. With a flash they are bathed in rays so bright that the skin, flesh and bones of all but the most pure are bleached from existence. These same rays pierce the victims' thoughts, filling them with unfathomable knowledge in a singular moment. The weak-willed are crushed by the impossible weight of this information, whereas those more robust of mind experience a fleeting instance of blissful omniscience.

Survivors of the Light Geminid are cast out from the luminous sphere as quickly as they were engulfed. The ocean of knowledge they so recently held ebbs away from their grasp, becoming steadily more vague, like a receding dream. This sudden absence renders their mind temporarily barren, a desert of thought unable to focus on the simplest of tasks.

*'One realm is enlightened,
the other is bleak,
but in between there is a place
the daemons come to seek.'*

- Inscription found in the
Morthak Ruins

CHRONOMANTIC COGS

The Chronomantic Cogs are a series of meteoric gears, given shape and placed in perfect order by the magic of Azyr. Each component is a thing of stately beauty, resolute and austere, and together they form a complex mechanism through which the procession of time can be accelerated or brought to a grinding crawl.

When summoned, the cogs turn with the effortless rhythm of the heavens, the toothed wheels revolving steadily around unseen axles. The smallest cogs spin the fastest, and those who

look closely at them see glimpses of sunrises and sunsets shining in the whirring metal. The larger cogs move with less haste, and reflected in their spinning facets are images of forests growing, civilizations developing and lives beginning and ending. The largest cogs turn the slowest, dragging with them the weight of aeons, and only the most perceptive see the visions cast as these wheels turn in and out of being.

Those with a command over magic can reach into the mechanism of the

Chronomantic Cogs, changing the pace at which they revolve. A wizard who speeds up their movements causes time around them to blaze forward like a comet. Warriors on the battlefield become blurs around them as they charge like lightning into their equally swift enemies. Conversely, a wizard who slows the cogs causes time to creep like poured pitch. Relative to them the frenzy of combat becomes languid and laboured, giving the spellcaster ample time to unleash destruction on their torpid foes.



EMERALD LIFESWARM

Heralded by the buzzing of hundreds of insectile wings, an Emerald Lifeswarm is a manifestation of the healing animus of Ghyran, come to impart vitality to the dead and dying. These swarms burst their way into existence through the remnants of those once living – rotting tree trunks, decaying corpses, or ponds of stagnant muck – and once birthed they rapaciously seek out the wounded. They flock towards their quarry with reckless abandon, paying no heed to the raging combats into which they emerge, and are undaunted by blazing fires, hails of arrows or sorcerous maledictions.

When an Emerald Lifeswarm finds the battered and bleeding creatures it seeks, it descends upon them with the ferocity of a pack of scavengers. The green insects envelop the wounded, flying into the gaping rents in their flesh, impacting with shattered bones and ruptured organs at blistering speeds. The swarm meld into the broken tissue, reknitting muscles and tendons, sealing skin and imparting vigour. Even the bodies of those thought to be dead are imbued with vitality anew as the Emerald Lifeswarm pours over them. Chunks of diseased and decrepit flesh are torn free from

these bodies, ensuring that poisons and magical infestations are severed completely. This same shorn flesh is then devoured within the buzzing cloud to form even more of the buzzing creatures.

A gargantuan Emerald Lifeswarm formed around the Realms Edge of Ghyran when the first shock wave of the Shyish necroquake hit. The swarms summoned to battlefields across the realms are thought by the learned to be small portions of that original one, each a single organism that is part of the unfathomably larger whole.

SOULSNARE SHACKLES

Reaching up from the Great Oubliette, the vast dungeon lying within the Realm of Death, Soulsnare Shackles thrash viciously as they strive to bind the spirits of the living. The manacles at the end of each rusting chain snap open and shut like the jaws of a hungry predator, the sharp grinding of their hinge-work providing a lifeless growl. As warm bodies draw nearer, the chains scabble over one another to be the first to grasp them, clinking and tangling together as they tear at the ground from which they sprout.

When one of the manacles finds a victim to entrap, it clasps shut around their arm, leg or neck. Though this victim still sees and hears with their own senses, the

feeling of their soul being dragged violently to the Great Oubliette is unmistakable. Whatever hopes and dreams they may have had are brutally savaged, and are replaced by waves of remorse and misery. A grave cold seeps through their body, and the voices of everyone they have ever wronged come screaming into their mind.

As the prisoner attempts to pull loose from the Soulsnare Shackles, they learn that the manacles have not actually bound their physical form – only their spiritual essence is encircled by the Shyishan metal. Yet to free oneself takes a greater will than is possessed by most. For even the most resolute warriors and faithful priests, those who claim


to harbour no fear of death, it is an immense struggle. With every step they feel the shackles tug on their inner self. Eventually, some manage to break free of the iron grasp, allowing their soul to return to them, but many others simply die where they stand as the essence of their being is sealed away for eternity.

In the absence of living victims, Soulsnare Shackles will also feed on the withered spirits of the undead. Vampires, gheists and even shambling zombies – all have some trace of animus in them that can be latched onto. Though the spirits of these risen dead make unsatisfying prey for the Soulsnare Shackles, there are at least plenty of them to feast upon since the Shyish necroquake.





**MANIFESTATIONS
OF MAGIC**



We have often remarked that there is no sight more glorious than two painted armies of Citadel Miniatures squaring off against each other on a well-presented field of battle. However, there is now a new aspect to this spectacle! No longer are the powerful incantations of sorcerers confined to dice rolls and imagination alone, as a new range of arcane conjurations is available to collect, paint, and game with. The addition of these endless spell models adds a fantastical and evocative element to your Warhammer Age of Sigmar battlefield.

A visual feast for your eyes, this section of the book provides a showcase featuring expertly painted examples of the new endless spell Citadel Miniatures to inspire your own collections. To aid you in this venture, a painting guide can be found immediately after the showcase that describes the Citadel Colours and painting techniques that were used by Games Workshop's hobby team to achieve such remarkable results.

*'Hail of comets, spectral wave,
Stirrings of Nagash.
When the sun sets who does not look for darkness?
Seek you all the sorcerer, for now has come
A time of New Magic.
Beware the Time of Spells Without End...'*

- Prophecy of Motuk,
Slann Starmaster

Churned up from the blasted earth, a Suffocating Gravetide rushes towards the fey Sylvaneth. The Nighthaunts advance close behind, watched over by a Guardian of Souls upon a Balewind Vortex.





By manipulating the pervasive energies of the Realm of Death, a Necromancer summons forth the dread Purple Sun of Shyish, bathing the landscape in sickly amethyst light. It is a hubristic act that may prove to be the caster's own undoing should the grim visage turn upon him.



Driven by an insatiable hunger, Ravenak's Gnashing Jaws streak off in search of prey, the Weirdnob Shaman who recklessly brought it into being caught up in the anticipation of the bloody carnage to come.



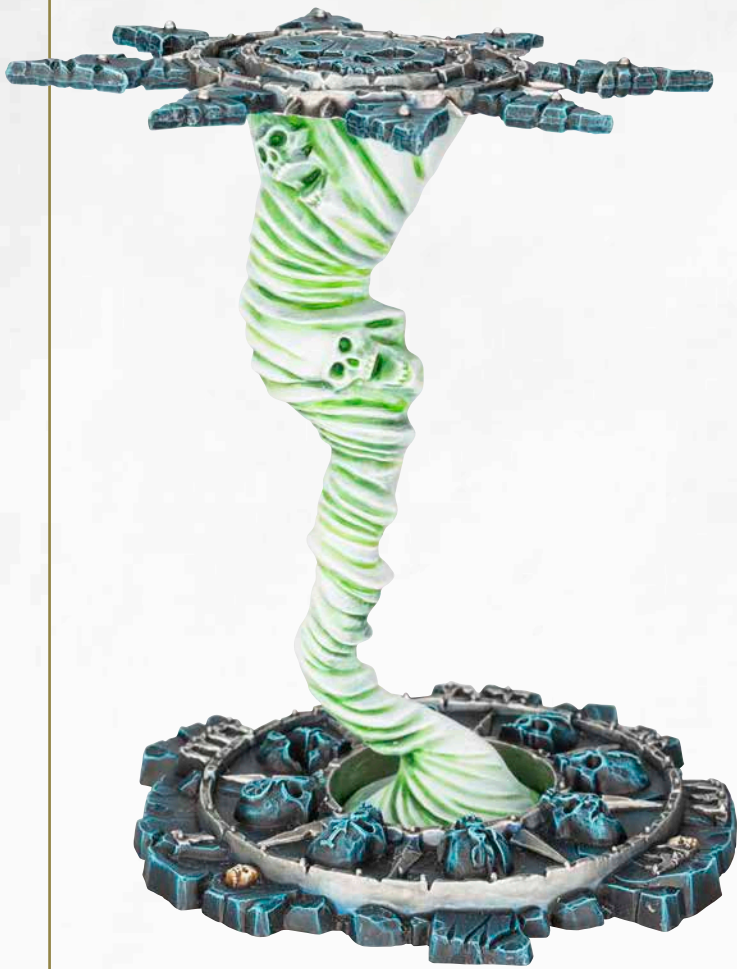
Drawing upon her knowledge of the twilight dimension known as the Hidden Gloaming, the ancient matriarch Morathi manifests the Geminids of Uhl-Gysh.



A Knight-Incantor of the Stormcast Eternals shapes the undying fires of Aqshy into a Burning Head, risking immolation to lay low the enemies of the God-King.



With the whipping aetheric winds of the Malevolent Maelstrom drawing in all magical energy around it, its conjuration is a tactical gambit by the Isharann Tidecaster – and should the roiling Shyishan energies engulf her, it may be the last spell she will ever cast.



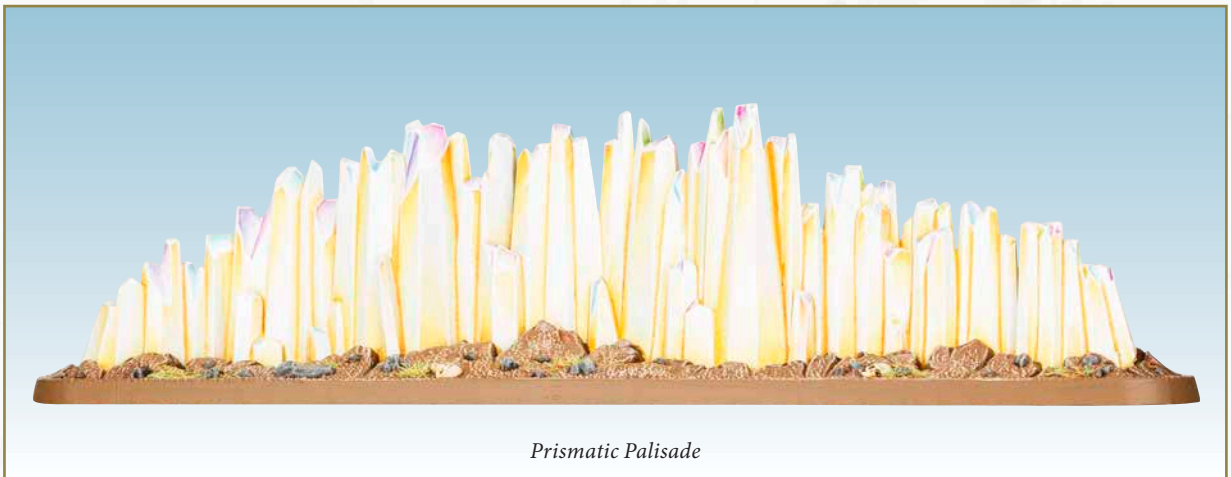
Balewind Vortex



Suffocating Gravetide



The Daughters of Khaine leap acrobatically into battle against the daemons of Nurgle as the endless spells of the Arcanum Optimar play havoc across the battlefield. While the Malevolent Maelstrom claims the souls and sorcery of both sides, Quicksilver Swords fly through the air towards the daemonic horde, where they will inflict wounds that will soon be healed by the verdant energies of the Emerald Lifeswarm.



Prismatic Palisade



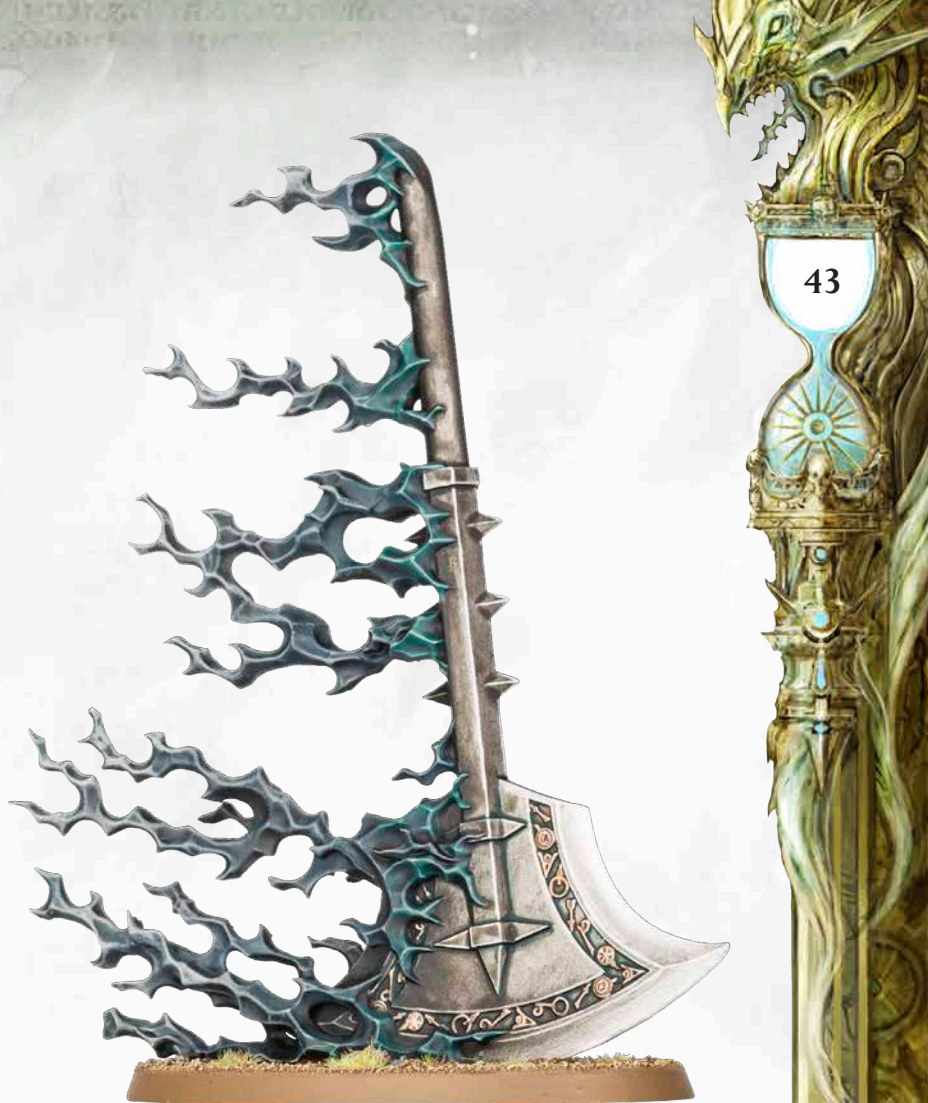
Quicksilver Swords



Emerald Lifeswarm



Empowered by Ghur, Ravenak's Gnashing Jaws speed towards the seraphon alongside an Ironjawz' fist as a Skink Starpriest manifests a Prismatic Pallisade to protect his allies and blind his enemies.



Aethervoid Pendulum



Chronomantic Cogs



The Hammers of Sigmar find themselves bombarded with the transformative magics of the Changeling, given great reach by the corridor of mist and shadow created by the Umbral Spellportal.



Umbral Spellportal



The Ironjawz' charge against the spectral Nighthaunts is robbed of momentum by the sudden appearance of the Soulsnare Shackles. The questing chains threaten to pull the combatants from their feet before dragging their souls to the Great Oublette.



Soulsnare Shackles

PAINTING ENDLESS SPELLS

Endless spells add a new level of visual splendour to your Warhammer Age of Sigmar battles. In this section we will show you how to paint many of the Endless Spell Citadel Miniatures, including step-by-step guides and effective techniques to pick out a model's key features.

RAVENAK'S GNASHING JAWS

AMBER MAGIC

The Ravenak's Gnashing Jaws spell draws its energies from the amber hue of arcane power – the magic most associated with Ghur, the Realm of Beasts. It was for this reason that we wanted to give the spell a predominately amber colour scheme. A varied level of shading was used to give the impression that the model is in full streaking motion.



1 Begin by undercoating the model with Corax White.



2 Wash with Seraphim Sepia, applying it more heavily towards the teeth.



3 Wash with Casandora Yellow, applying it more heavily towards the teeth.



4 Drybrush Praxeti White over the ridges, focusing on the wispy ends.

TOP TIP

To help give the impression of Ravenak's Gnashing Jaws being in motion, a colour-transitioning technique was used. The washes were applied liberally on the side closer to the teeth, and only lightly on the opposite end. Conversely, the white highlight was drybrushed onto the model with a particular focus on picking out the trailing magical tips furthest away from the teeth.

RAVENAK'S TEETH



1 Paint over the Corax White undercoat with a basecoat of Ushabti Bone.



2 Apply Agrax Earthshade, concentrating upon the recessed areas.

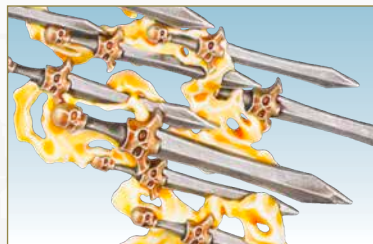


3 Apply a layered highlight of Screaming Skull.



4 Finally, apply a fine edge highlight using White Scar.

QUICKSILVER SWORDS AND UMBRAL SPELLPORTAL



Blades: Ironbreaker with a Nuln Oil wash and Stormhost Silver highlights. Flames: Lamenters Yellow over white.

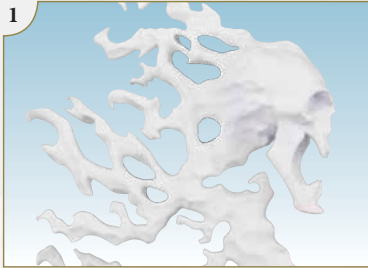


The portal is painted with Celestra Grey, washed with Coelia Greenshade, and highlighted with Ulthuan Grey.

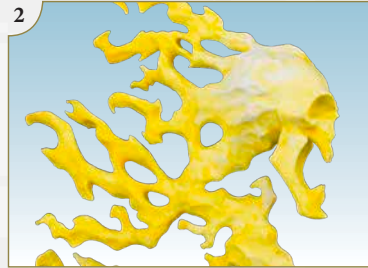
TOP TIP

In the case of both the Quicksilver Swords and the Umbral Spellportal, basecoat and wash the metal parts first and then paint the magical effects – this will help minimise the need for time-consuming touch-ups later. The gold on both spells is Retributor Armour base followed by a Reikland Fleshshade wash, then a layer of Auric Armour Gold followed by a fine edge highlight of Stormhost Silver.

THE BURNING HEAD



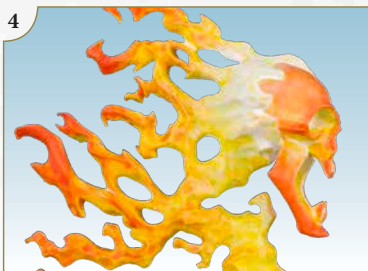
1 Begin by undercoating the model with Corax White.



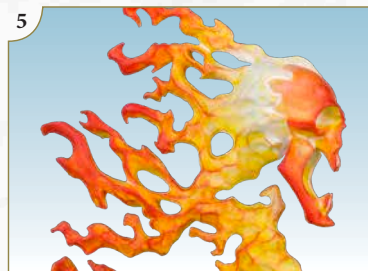
2 Glaze the model with Lamenters Yellow, applying it more lightly where the flame meets the skull.



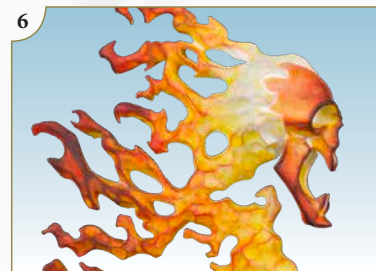
3 Apply a glaze of Bloodletter across the surface of the skull and towards the tips of the trailing flames.



4 A highlight of White Scar is used to pick out the hottest parts of the flames and dot the insides of the eye sockets.

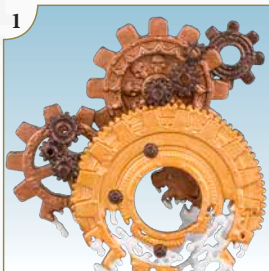


5 Drybrush Astorath Red over the contours of the skull and towards the end of each flame tip.



6 For a cindered look, lightly drybrush Abaddon Black over the tips of the flame and the edge of the skull.

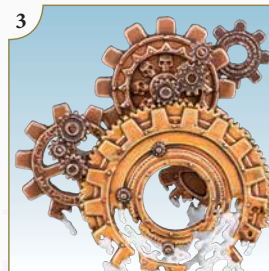
CHRONOMANTIC COGS



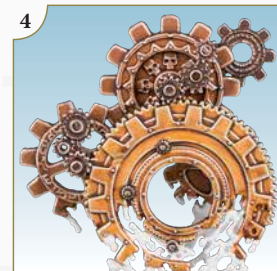
1 Basecoat with Balthasar Gold, Fulgurite Copper and Warplock Bronze.



2 An Agrax Earthshade wash can be used on all the differently coloured cogs.



3 Highlight Balthasar Gold with Sycorax Bronze, Fulgurite Copper with Liberator Gold, and Warplock Bronze with Runelord Brass.



4 Apply a fine highlight of Stormhost Silver – the thinner the edge, the sharper it will look.



5 Basecoat the magic effects with Ulthuan Grey, applying it only lightly towards the base.



6 Apply a Guilliman Blue glaze. Note that it is better to apply two thin glazes here than one overly thick one.



7 A highlight of White Scar on the raised surfaces of the magic effects will add depth.

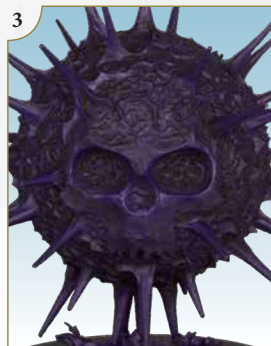
PURPLE SUN OF SHYISH



1 As the Purple Sun of Shyish will be dark, it should first be undercoated with Chaos Black spray.



2 Basecoat the entire model with Naggaroth Night.



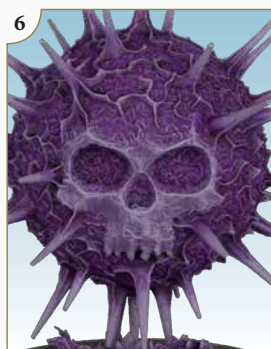
3 Wash the entire model with Nuln Oil.



4 Drybrush the Purple Sun with Xereus Purple.



5 Progressively build up a drybrush of Genestealer Purple, focusing on the skull, ridges and spikes.



6 A drybrush of Warpfiend Grey follows. Be careful to pick out the orb's raised ridges.



7 A Fenrisian Grey highlight is added to the skull, ridges and spikes.



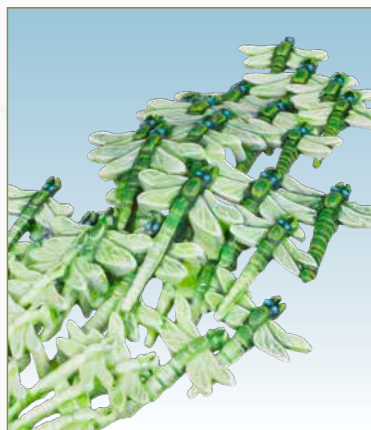
8 Ulthuan Grey is used to pick out the tips and extremities of the skull, orb and spikes.

PRISMATIC PALISADE



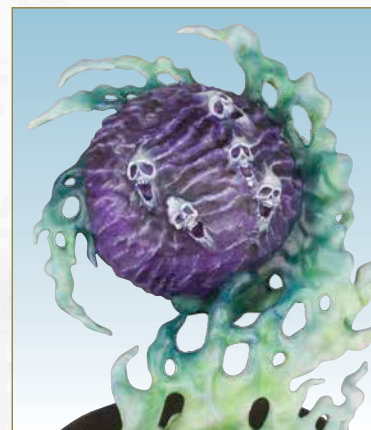
Lamenters Yellow over white was used to make the crystals look illuminated from below. Glazes of colour were used to represent prismatic refractions.

EMERALD LIFESWARM



Glaze Waywatcher Green over a white undercoat. Pick out each insect with Warpstone Glow and Moot Green, then glaze the wings with Guilliman Blue.

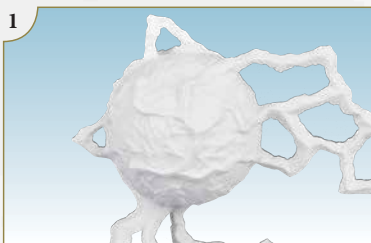
MALEVOLENT MAELSTROM



The orb is painted in the same colours as the Purple Sun. The arcane swirl is Waywatcher Green glaze over white, with Biel-Tan Green shade in recesses.

GEMINIDS OF UHL-GYSH

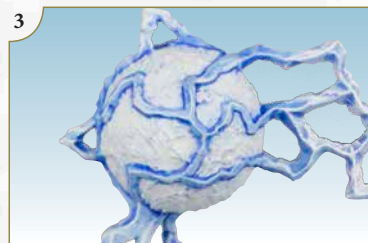
LIGHT GEMINID



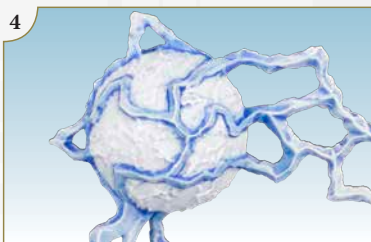
1 Undercoat the geminid with Corax White spray.



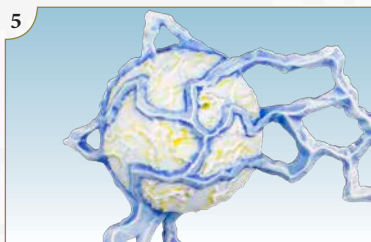
2 Give the geminid a wash with Guilliman Blue glaze.



3 Apply highlights to the orb and bolts with Ulthuan Grey.



4 Apply a highlight of White Scar.

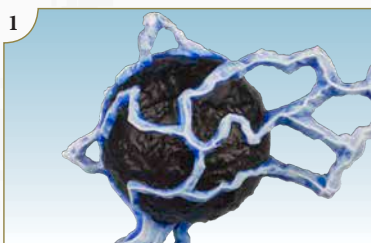


5 For the final stage, carefully apply a wash of Lamenters Yellow around the raised ridges of the orb.

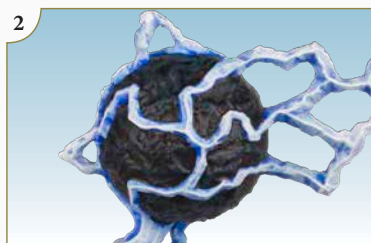
TOP TIP

There are two different orbs that make up the Geminids of Uhl-Gysh, but you can use the same first two steps on each of them. Steps three and four can also be applied to the arcane bolts of the dark geminid, but for the orb itself, use the guide below.

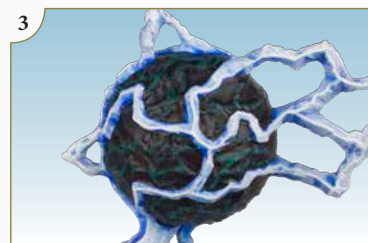
DARK GEMINID



1 Carefully paint the dark geminid orb with Abaddon Black.



2 Use Incubi Darkness to line the ridges of the orb.



3 Apply Kabalite Green highlights to the raised orb ridges.

SUFFOCATING GRAVETIDE



Apply Mournfang Brown to the earth and Mechanicus Grey to the rocks, and wash both with Agrax Earthshade. Paint the skulls Ceramite White and wash with Waywatcher Green glaze. Add gold details with Retributor Armour.

