



WHITE DWARF™

ISSUE
462

INDEX STARTS:
THE EXORCISTS
CHAPTER

GALACTIC WAR
HOSTS: BIEL-TAN
CRAFTWORLD

CANNIBALS OF
THE CURSED
MOUNTAINS

BONEREAPERS
VS. FLESH-EATERS
BATTLE REPORT

INTERVIEW: THE
RETURN OF URIEL
VENTRIS

AND MUCH
MORE FOR



Copyright © Games Workshop Limited 2021 excepting all materials pertaining to the New Line theatrical productions: The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring, The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers, The Lord of the Rings: The Return of the King, THE HOBBIT: AN UNEXPECTED JOURNEY, THE HOBBIT: THE DESOLATION OF SMAUG, THE HOBBIT: THE BATTLE OF THE FIVE ARMIES which are © 2021 New Line Productions, Inc. All rights reserved. The Lord of the Rings: The Fellowship of the Ring, The Lord of the Rings: The Two Towers, The Lord of the Rings: The Return of the King and the names of the characters, items, events and places therein are trademarks of The Saul Zaentz Company d/b/a Middle-earth Enterprises under license to New Line Productions, Inc. © Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc. All rights reserved. THE HOBBIT: AN UNEXPECTED JOURNEY, THE HOBBIT: THE DESOLATION OF SMAUG, THE HOBBIT: THE BATTLE OF THE FIVE ARMIES and the names of the characters, items, events and places therein are trademarks of The Saul Zaentz Company d/b/a Middle-earth Enterprises under license to New Line Productions, Inc. (s20)

All quotations from J.R.R. Tolkien's literary trilogy The Lord of the Rings (including any of the volumes thereof) © The Tolkien Estate 1954-55, 1966.

White Dwarf © Copyright Games Workshop Limited 2021. White Dwarf, GW, Games Workshop, Citadel, Warhammer Visions, Golden Demon, 'Eavy Metal, Paint Splatter, Space Marine, 40K, Warhammer, Warhammer 40,000, the 'Aquila' Double-headed Eagle logo, Warhammer Age of Sigmar, Battletome, Stormcast Eternals, and all associated logos, illustrations, images, names, creatures, races, vehicles, locations, weapons, characters, and the distinctive likenesses thereof, are either ® or TM, and/or © Games Workshop Limited, variably registered around the world. All Rights Reserved.

Please be aware that Games Workshop products are usually sold unpainted and unassembled and the contents of any products may vary from those shown herein (for example, any banners shown may not necessarily be included). Pictures are used for illustrative purposes only. In accordance with national laws, Games Workshop is prohibited from selling spray paints and bladed equipment to certain age groups. Further, certain Citadel products may be dangerous if used incorrectly and Games Workshop does not recommend them for use by children under the age of 16 without adult supervision. Whatever your age, be careful when using glues, bladed equipment and sprays and make sure that you read and follow the instructions on the packaging. Prices correct at time of going to press. Customers are advised to contact Games Workshop for current availability and current Games Workshop prices. Prices quoted are for products sold by Games Workshop through its own stores, catalogue or website. Independent retailers are responsible for determining their own prices.

White Dwarf Manager: Ian Huxley

Managing Editor: Lyle Lowery

Printed by Warners Midlands PLC in the UK.

Distributed in the UK by Marketforce UK Ltd, 2nd Floor, 5 Churchill Place, Canary Wharf, London, E14 5HU
Telephone: 0203 787 9101
Web: www.marketforce.co.uk

Email: team@whitedwarf.co.uk

WHITE DWARF (ISSN#0265-8712) is published monthly for \$9 by Games Workshop Ltd., Willow Road Nottingham NG7 2WS, United Kingdom. Periodical Postage is paid at Santa Ana, CA and additional mailing offices.

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to Games Workshop Customer Services, 6211 East Holmes Road, Memphis, TN 38141.

UK Publisher: Games Workshop Limited.
Willow Road, Nottingham, United Kingdom, NG7 2WS

EU Publisher: Games Workshop Limited - Irish branch.
Unit 3, Lower Liffey Street, Dublin 1, D01 K199, Ireland

Registered in England and Wales

— Company No. 01467092.

March 2021



ISSN: 0265-8712 / Product code: 60249999604

EXCLUSIVE SUBSCRIBER COVERS!

If you subscribe to *White Dwarf*, you may have noticed that you have a different cover on your magazine compared to the ones found in shops. Subscriber copies feature a piece of artwork without the contents listing down the side, allowing you to appreciate the art in all its glory. This month's cover features the Aeldari of Biel-Tan fighting Valhallan Ice Warriors by Paul Dainton.

If you would like to subscribe to *White Dwarf*, turn to the end of the magazine for more information.



MEET THE WHITE DWARF TEAM

From their secret sanctum, itself hidden deep within the Warhammer Studio, the White Dwarf team works tirelessly to craft everyone's favourite Warhammer hobby magazine each month.



LYLE LOWERY
Managing Editor

While his Crusade campaign has been put on temporary hold due to a local lockdown, Lyle has used the time wisely to paint some more Tome Keepers. He's painted a Funko POP! Intercessor, and he's now working on some Outriders.



MATTHEW HUTSON
Senior Designer

Matt is currently in the lead in our hobby bingo challenge for the year, having completed eight painting challenges. He is the first member of the team to complete a row after painting the Sanctioned Psyker from Blackstone Fortress: Escalation.



DAN HARDEN
Staff Writer

Dan has been working on his Armies on Parade board this month, though he has nearly finished that unit of Kharadron Arknauts he keeps mentioning. Curiously, some skaven have also appeared on his painting desk.



JONATHAN STAPLETON
Photographer

Necrons. A whole lot of Necrons. That's what's covering Jonathan's desk right now as he continues work on his A Tale of Four Warlords challenge. He's currently painting 'the big stuff', whatever that means ...



SOPHIE BOSTOCK
Designer

Sophie is running out of hero and single model slots on her hobby bingo sheet, having painted a few more characters for her Moon Eaters Chapter. She's also started reading the Horus Heresy novel series. This could take a while ...



BEN HUMBER
Designer

In his quest to build an army of sneaky stealth Marines, Ben has ordered himself an Invictor Warsuit. He's also excited to play Dawn of War using the promo code that comes with this issue. Apparently it was his favourite game back in the day.

THIS MONTH'S CONTRIBUTORS

Louis Aguilar, James Ashbey, Luke Blick, Olivier Bouchet, James Bragg, Koen Cambre, Martyn Cashmore, Thomas Clarke, Robin Cruddace, Callum Davis, Harry Feeney-Barratt, Richard Garton, Adam Gladzinski, Lydia Grant, David Guymer, Elliot Hamer, George Haynes, Arthur Higham, Nick Horth, James Karch, Phil Kelly, Ash Lowe, Joel Martin, Laura Matarasso, Graham McNeill, Orin McQuirk, Tom Moore, Martin Morrin, Erik Niemz, Thomas O'Toole, Drew Palies, Sam Pearson, Neil Roberts, Ant Saliba, Dave Sanders, Duncan Waugh, Dirk Wehner



The home of Warhammer on the web, the Warhammer Community website brings you the latest news on Warhammer 40,000, Warhammer Age of Sigmar, the Horus Heresy, Forge World, Black Library, and more!

www.warhammer-community.com

WHITE DWARF

ISSUE 462

WARHAMMER GOES PC



We have a very special treat for you in the form of some truly incredible free gifts. Included with the print version of this issue is a digital code that you can redeem for a dozen great Warhammer games on Steam! Many Warhammer favourites and classics are yours free in this instant digital library of games.

You'll get Vermintide II from Fatshark; Total War: Warhammer and its expansion Call of the Beastmen, Dawn of War and Space Marine from Sega; Warhammer Underworlds Online from Steel Sky; Adeptus Titanicus from Membrane; Sanctus Reach and Armageddon – Da Orks from Slitherine; Space Wolf from Herocraft; Warhammer Quest from Chilled Mouse; Warhammer Quest 2: The End Times from Perchang; and Talisman: Digital Edition from Nomad, all yours just by activating the Steam code in your Steam account. In addition, you'll also get the *White Dwarf* exclusive Legendary Khorne in Tilting Point's Warhammer: Chaos & Conquest

and a 75% discount on Slitherine's Warhammer 40,000: Gladius – Relics of War! All in all, it's a value of over \$200. This fantastic gift is all thanks to the aforementioned publishers of these great games, as well as to Steam and of course the hard-working folks in the licensing team (shout out to Mr. Owen Rees in particular – cheers, buddy!).

In addition, we've also included a print version of the Warhammer 40,000 Munitorum Field Manual. It includes all the matched play points updates published online earlier this year, now in a convenient booklet you can carry with you to your games or easily reference whenever you want!

These two gifts might make this *White Dwarf* the most value-packed issued of all time. Between enjoying this issue and your new collection of games, you've got your free time sorted!

WHITE DWARF CONTENTS

4 CONTACT!

Letters, painting advice and beautifully painted miniatures. Plus, a spider-tank and a load of Necrons!

10 WORLDS OF WARHAMMER

Phil delves into the evolution of Warhammer 40,000 with a case study on his favourite army: the Space Wolves.

WARHAMMER 40,000

16 A TALE OF FOUR WARLORDS

Space Marines, Sisters of Battle, Necrons and Orks (well, grots) return for a second bout of frenzied hobby activity.

WARHAMMER 40,000 FLASHPOINT: CHARADON



26 BEHIND THE CHARADON LINES

Already reeling from Typhus' attack, the systems of the Charadon Sector are further mauled by Chaos forces.

32 TERRORS OF THE SANDS

Word Bearers bikers hunt for worthy prey amid the desert dunes.

36 THE CHARADON PERIPHERY

New rules for fighting in the outlying regions of the Charadon Sector. Includes rules for fighting on asteroids!

WARHAMMER 40,000

42 INDEX ASTARTES: EXORCISTS

We delve into the dubious methods of one of the Imperium's most mysterious and controversial Space Marine Chapters.

WARHAMMER 40,000

52 THE DAEMONS WITHIN

A gallery of Exorcists painted by studio members and real-world hobbyists!

WARHAMMER 40,000

56 PAINT SPLATTER: THE EXORCISTS

You've read the background and the new rules – here's how to paint an army of Exorcists in all their crimson glory.

WARHAMMER 40,000

60 ECHOES FROM THE WARP

Board up your windows and barricade your doors – Robin Cruddace is here to talk about terrain rules.

WARHAMMER 40,000

64 GALACTIC WAR HOSTS: CRAFTWORLD BIEL-TAN

A new series all about painting specific factions. First up, the green-and-white warriors of Craftworld Biel-Tan.



Cover art by Alex Boyd



Subscription cover art by Paul Dainton

26 THE THIRD PART IN THE CHARADON FLASHPOINTS SERIES. INSIDE, YOU WILL FIND NEW RULES AND BACKGROUND, ENABLING YOU TO PLAY THROUGH THE NEXT PART OF THIS CAMPAIGN.



**SUBSCRIBE TO
WHITE DWARF
TODAY!
SEE INSIDE
BACK COVER**

64

**GALACTIC WAR HOSTS:
CRAFTWORLD BIEL-TAN**



**WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR
FLASHPOINT: BROKEN REALMS**



76 THE CANNIBALS OF THE CURSED MOUNTAINS

Don't you just hate it when a horde of deranged ghouls interrupts your battle? These rules show you how to add a third faction to a two-player game!

82 LOST IN SHADOWS

Things take an unpleasant turn for Lord-Veritant Keiser Ven Brecht in this short story when he finds himself hunted in the Realm of Shadows.

WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR

86 BATTLE REPORT: WAR OF FLESH AND BONE

The Ossiarth Bonereapers take on the Flesh-eater Courts in three linked battles amidst the Vertiginous Peaks of Ymetrica.

WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR

108 RULES OF ENGAGEMENT

Jervis joins us to talk about solo play games and how you can play an entire Warhammer battle against yourself.

BLACK LIBRARY

112 URIEL VENTRIS REBORN

Black Library author Graham McNeill talks about the return of Uriel Ventriss, while miniatures designer Olivier Bouchet tells us all about Uriel's new miniature!

WARHAMMER UNDERWORLDS

116 PATH TO VICTORY

Dave Sanders delves into the tactics of two new warbands: the Starblood Stalkers and Khagra's Ravagers.

ADEPTUS TITANICUS

126 SLAYER OF GODS

Two exclusive missions for you to pit your Warmaster Titans against each other. Things will get messy!

WARHAMMER AGE OF SIGMAR

132 CHRONICLES OF THE WANDERER: THE MAKER'S MARK

Master Engineer Rikkorn Mikazrin travels to Hysh to display his greatest works, yet the Maker moves in mysterious ways ...

142 INSIDE THE STUDIO

We talk about some of the models we've painted and the games we've played over the last month.

**WARHAMMER
AGE OF SIGMAR
FLASHPOINT**

76

AS THE ARMIES OF UNDEATH CAUSE TROUBLE IN HYSH, OTHER FORCES ARE STIRRING IN ULGU, THE REALM OF LIGHT'S DARK TWIN. NEW RULES, BACKGROUND AND STORIES AWAIT.



86

**BATTLE REPORT:
WAR OF FLESH AND BONE**



CONTACT

Where we feature your thoughts, questions and painted miniatures. Send us your letters and pictures, and we'll print the best ones we get.



TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF WHITE DWARF Dear White Dwarf team,
As I write this letter, it is the summer of 2020. A new edition of Warhammer 40,000 is around the corner, and I cannot help but reminisce what a hobbyist journey it has been so far. Attached is a picture of what twenty-five years of *White Dwarf* looks like until you (and I) went digital.

Let us take a journey back in time ...

It is 1995 and my eleventh birthday. I buy my first ever *White Dwarf* – European issue 2. The Warhammer 40,000 starter box costs 120 German Marks (the game stayed, the currency did not), and Dark Millennium had just been released. The bases of all the models are painted Goblin Green, and I was just a wee Snotling.

Fast forward to issue 115. A scary new wave of Tyranids is first seen, and my son is born – also pink and always hungry but less hive-minded.

Issue 167. New skaven pour fourth from Skavenblight. My love for the hobby remains strong. My marriage does not (non Warhammer related – possibly skaven related).

Warhammer Visions issue 19. Age of Sigmar and the new wife are the two new best things in my life. Both systems are still going strong today.

To summarise, every issue represents a different chapter of my life. Grombrindal has a new model, I have a new job. Warhammer has a new edition, I move to another city. Twenty-five years of life and hobby side by side. I

would be very happy for you to feature my letter in Contact – a true highlight to mark my twenty-five years in the hobby. I can't wait for the next twenty-five!

Leif Starke
Hamburg, Germany



What a great letter! Thanks for writing in, Leif. It looks like you've got quite a collection of *White Dwarfs* right there. Nice work! *Warhammer Visions* and *Weekly White Dwarf*, too – the whole set!

And you're right – it's interesting seeing what issues of *White Dwarf* mark pivotal moments in our lives. Many of us in the team remember with great fondness the first issue we worked on, the first issue that arrived through the mailbox of our own home, the issue that was out when we were born or started uni and – most importantly – the first issue we ever read. There must be some great first-issue stories out there. We would love to hear them if anyone fancies sharing!

Kurnoth Hunters
by Anders Engberg





EMAIL US:
TEAM@WHITEDWARF.CO.UK



FIND US ON FACEBOOK:
SEARCH 'WHITE DWARF
MAGAZINE'



WRITE TO US:
THE WHITE DWARF BUNKER
GAMES WORKSHOP
NOTTINGHAM
NG7 2WS
UNITED KINGDOM

By submitting letters, articles or photographs, you give Games Workshop permission to feature them in White Dwarf, on the Warhammer Community page or on Facebook at any time in the future. To read our full privacy policy, see the White Dwarf Privacy Notice in the Customer Services section on:

www.games-workshop.com

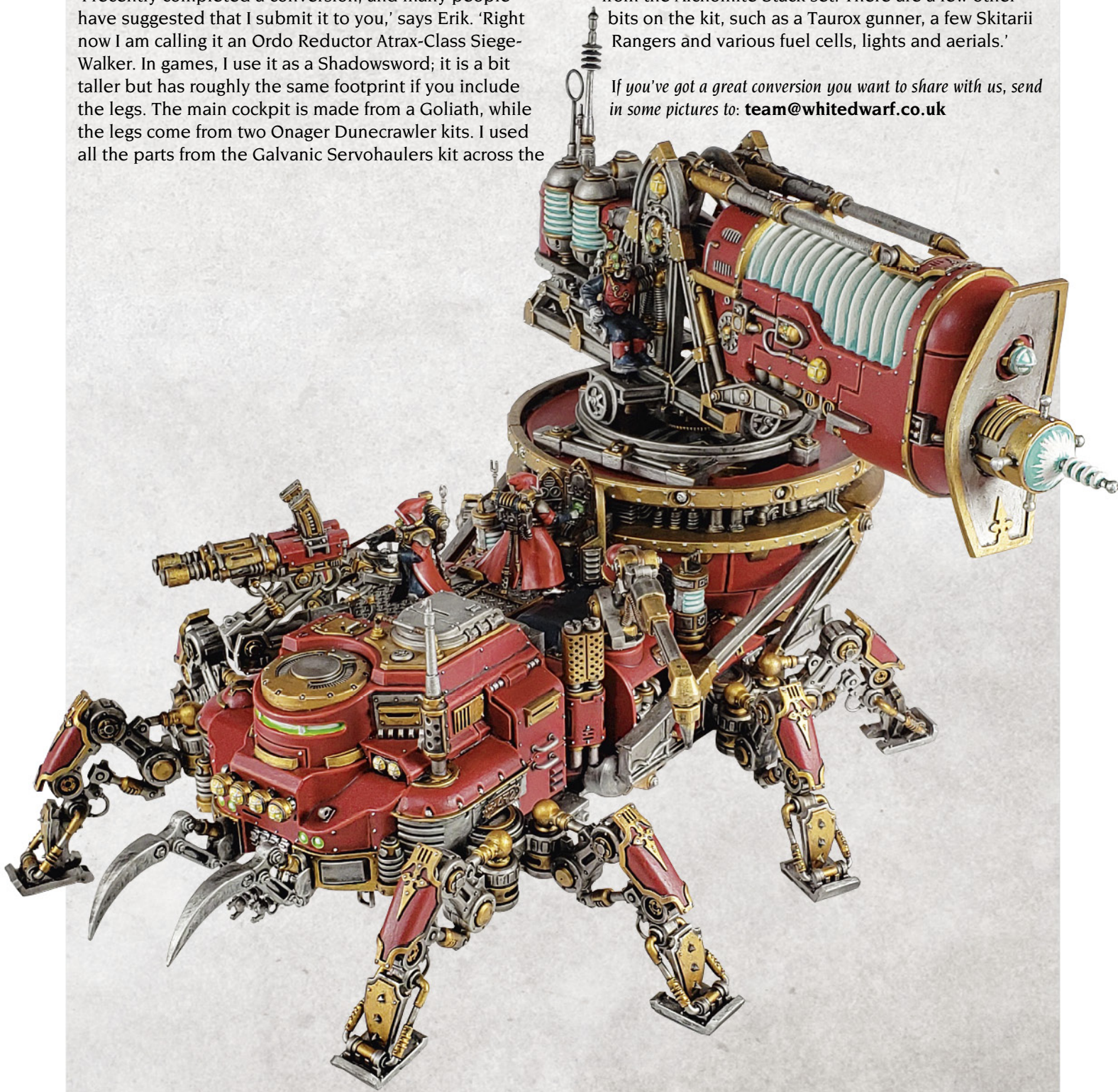
CONVERSION CORNER: THE ATRAX-CLASS SIEGE-WALKER

We bet you didn't expect this when you opened the first few pages of the magazine – a massive spider-tank! This impressive machine was converted and painted by Erik Gustafson as part of his Adeptus Mechanicus army.

'I recently completed a conversion, and many people have suggested that I submit it to you,' says Erik. 'Right now I am calling it an Ordo Reductor Atrax-Class Siege-Walker. In games, I use it as a Shadowsword; it is a bit taller but has roughly the same footprint if you include the legs. The main cockpit is made from a Goliath, while the legs come from two Onager Dunecrawler kits. I used all the parts from the Galvanic Servohaulers kit across the

model – the claws can be seen on the front, the crane stanchions are part of the superstructure on the back, and the crane turntable is the rotator for the main gun. The gun itself is made from a Thermic Plasma Regulator with Servohauler power nodes and sits on an upturned dome from the Alchomite Stack set. There are a few other bits on the kit, such as a Taurox gunner, a few Skitarii Rangers and various fuel cells, lights and aerals.'

If you've got a great conversion you want to share with us, send in some pictures to: team@whitedwarf.co.uk



MODEL OF THE MONTH: CHAPTER MASTER GABRIEL SETH

This conversion of Gabriel Seth was painted by the talented Antonio Procino. We asked him how he went about building and painting the Chapter Master of the Flesh Tearers.

Antonio: Seth is converted from a regular Intercessor. His head is taken from the Dark Vengeance Tactical Squad sergeant, while his chainblade is made from two Space Wolves chainswords and some spare Grey Knights parts. His pauldrons come from Blood Angels kits and his iron halo from the Blood Angels Chaplain. His cape is made from plastic card that I gently heated and bent into shape. To paint his armour, I used a 1:1 mix of Doombull Brown and Mephiston Red followed by a wash of Drakenhof Nightshade in the recesses. I then highlighted with Mephiston Red, Evil Sunz Scarlet and finally a 1:1 mix of Troll Slayer Orange and Ungor Flesh.



The Greenfield Grasshuggers
by Veerle Goorick



STARS AND COMETS

Hello team at *White Dwarf*. My twelve-year-old twin boys, Micah (left) and Jasper (right), are huge fans of your magazine and of Warhammer in general. They've been collecting since they were ten and have some mad painting skills! They have asked me to send you this selfie of them holding *White Dwarf* under the NEOWISE comet! Look closely – it's right above the magazine in the picture.

Hope you guys like this and keep up the great work!

Megan Martin
Halfmoon Bay, British Columbia,
Canada

What a great picture, Megan – thanks for sending it in. A few months ago, we mentioned that there are very few places *White Dwarf* hasn't visited now. It's been underwater, up mountains, inside temples, on roller coasters and in movies. It's journeyed to exclusion zones, theme parks, deserts and the middle of the ocean. It's even been up an electricity pylon and zapped with 50,000 volts. The final frontier is getting the magazine into space, and a picture with comet NEOWISE is surely a step in the right direction. 'Reach for the stars', as the saying goes. But if they're too far away, a passing comet is just as cool. Happy hobbying, Micah and Jasper!



Hammers of Sigmar Knight-Azyros
by Matteo De Biaggio



ASK GROMBRINDAL

Hello, Grombrindal! In Blood Angels lore, the Black Rage and Red Thirst are kept secret from those outside the Chapter. Given this fact, how do the Blood Angels keep these conditions secret when they send battle-brothers to the Deathwatch?



Jacob Moffatt
Chudleigh, UK

Ah ha! I know the answer to this one! All Chapters choose which veterans they send to the Deathwatch very carefully. As such, the Blood Angels and their successors send only those battle-brothers considered to be the most 'stable' when it comes to the Flaw. While they might suffer from occasional attacks of the Flaw during their service in the Deathwatch, the majority of their Kill Team comrades aren't going to recognise this for what it is. It's also likely that the higher-ups in the Deathwatch are privy to various Chapters' secrets – the entire organisation wouldn't work if there wasn't a compact of discretion involved!

Grombrindal

PAINTING QUESTION: DO YOU EVEN RIFT?

Dear *White Dwarf* team,

Would you mind me asking the right way to paint the colour scheme for the Castellans of the Rift Space Marine Chapter? Sadly I haven't found anything on the Warhammer TV channel (great channel by the way!).

Ideally, I'd like to know the classic and Contrast schemes if possible, but any information would be useful as I plan to build a 'warp cleaner team'.

Claude Vincent
Loir-et-Cher, France

We can definitely help you out with this, Claude – we have trained painters on standby to answer tough questions like this! The colour scheme for the Castellans of the Rift (and much of their background) was devised by 'Eavy Metal painter Max Faleij. As such, a lot of the colours that Max used (shown below) are mixes, as he wanted to get the green hues just right on his model. With this colour scheme, make sure to only apply the washes to the recesses rather than all over. Any layers after the washes should be applied as progressively thinner edge highlights. Good luck in your quest, Claude!

POWER ARMOUR

Basecoat: Ogryn Camo & Warboss Green

Wash: Caliban Green

Wash: Caliban Green & Rhino Hide

Highlight: Ogryn Camo & Warboss Green

Layer: Krieg Khaki

Layer: Krieg Khaki & White Scar

SHOULDER PAD

Basecoat: Ogryn Camo, Warboss Green & Deepkin Flesh

Wash: Caliban Green & Deepkin Flesh

Wash: Caliban Green, Rhino Hide & Deepkin Flesh

Layer: Ogryn Camo, Warboss Green & Deepkin Flesh

Layer: Krieg Khaki & Deepkin Flesh

Layer: Krieg Khaki, White Scar & Deepkin Flesh

BLACK DETAILS

Basecoat: Abaddon Black

Layer: Incubi Darkness

Layer: Incubi Darkness & Administratum Grey

Layer: Administratum Grey & White Scar

SHOULDER PAD TRIM



TOP PHOTO TIPS

In Contact, we want to show off the very best miniatures painted by you, our readers. Of course, great miniatures need great pictures, so we came up with a useful guide to help you out:

www.warhammer-community.com/the-model-photo

If you follow all the advice in that article, you really can't go far wrong. Our top tips are:

Always use a white background.

Make sure you've got good lighting.

Ensure the whole model is in focus, including the base and all its weapons.

Find the model's golden angle. If in doubt, take a look at the same model on the Games Workshop website to see how it was photographed.

IN THE SPOTLIGHT: ADAM GLADZINSKI

We get sent loads of great photos of models every month, but once in a while, we receive a selection all painted by one hobbyist. This issue, we look at Adam Gladzinski's Necrons.

Adam: My first contact with miniatures was a long time ago when I got a few Moria Goblins for The Lord of the Rings™. That was my first taste of the hobby, but back then I could only dream about painting a Space Marine.

Then in late 2015, I was watching a Space Wolves painting tutorial on Warhammer TV, and I really wanted to try one out. I found a local store that provided everything I needed and got my first Space Wolves unit. I was really excited and happy with what I painted, even if it wasn't as great or as neat as the model shown in the video. A few years later – and after quite a lot of practise through trial and error – here I am having painted the Necrons from the Indomitus box. I am always excited with all the new models, and recently they've popped up so quickly I've had to focus on speed-painting everything. I think they've come out pretty well, though.

'After assembling and priming all my Necrons, I basecoat them Runelord Brass using an airbrush,' says Adam. 'The paint goes through pretty well with a little dilution. (Runelord Brass is now also available as a spray paint. – Ed) Then, I painted the heads, shoulders and weapon hafts with Leadbelcher.

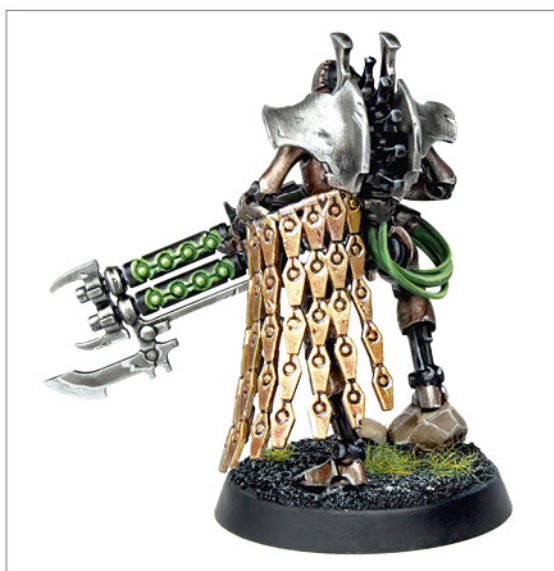
'After this came washes. I used Nuln Oil for the Leadbelcher parts and Cryptek Armourshade Gloss for all the brass parts. When the washes had dried completely, I lightly drybrushed all the brass areas with Canoptek Alloy and edge-highlighted all the metallic parts with Stormhost Silver.

'Next I basecoated all the black parts between the metallic areas with Abaddon Black and detailed it with Mechanicus Standard Grey, followed by a highlight of Administratum Grey.





'For all the blades, power cables and orbs, I used a solid basecoat of Warpstone Glow, on top of which I glazed Abaddon Black and Moot Green in opposite directions. I can't tell how many layers I used – I just kept fiddling with the colour transitions until it looked good. For the lightest highlights, I also mixed some Ushabti Bone into the Moot Green and added some more glazes near the edges. I added a bit of white to the mix in some places, particularly on the very edges of the blades.'



'Where I wanted the pieces to glow – like the orbs on the Scarabs or on the armour around an orb – I used Tesseract Glow. That paint is fantastic for quick and effortless object source lighting effects, especially when applied over metallic paints.'



WORLDS OF WARHAMMER



PHIL KELLY

As the Warhammer Studio's senior background writer, Phil is almost permanently (some might say eternally) immersed in the lore of the Mortal Realms and the 41st Millennium. As one of the studio's Long Fangs, he has written many codexes and army books over the years, giving literary birth to many of our favourite heroes and epic sagas.

¹ And no, I'm not talking about the kind in which a human evolves into a wolf, as fun as that might be.

² A fair few industry legends listed in the credits still work for Games Workshop, amongst them Jes Goodwin, Dave Andrews, Aly Morrison and Jervis Johnson. Each is a Wolf Lord of their respective disciplines, and they pass their wisdom down to the Blood Claws of the present day even now. No Dreadnought interments to report as yet.

³ Sometimes this is misspelled as 'Rouge Trader'. Presumably those who have made this typo are a little red in the face.

⁴ The text informs us 'The leader of the Spacewolves is known as Lord Lucan, or Lucan, for this reason.' One of many wry jokes from the book's author, Rick Priestley, and likely the origin of the name Logan Grimnar.

⁵ Or love to hate in the case of Thousand Sons players. Okay, I promise I'm done with the footnotes for a while!

Everyone has a Space Marine Chapter that they feel more of an attachment to than any other. Mine is without doubt the good old Space Wolves. They have an enduring appeal that has stayed powerful throughout all the iterations of Warhammer 40,000. Tempting as it is to tell you the saga of my own force of hairy Fenrisian nutcases – the Company of the Lightning Wolf – I'll spare you the details. Instead, I'm going to use the Space Wolves to illustrate how the lore of the various factions of Warhammer universes grows and develops over time, yet how certain core concepts underpin them no matter what iteration we portray. In essence, it's a column about the evolution of our background over the years,¹ using the Space Wolves as an example.



THE EARLY DAYS

As any hobbyist of a certain vintage will tell you, the first true Warhammer 40,000 publication was a tome of eclectic excellence known as 'Rogue Trader'.² The year was 1987, and Rogue Trader³ was the first place we got to learn in real detail about Space Marines and the universe they inhabit, with the Chapters that are now considered legendary being introduced in their prototypical forms. The Space Wolves stood proud amongst them, clad in their now famous blue-grey. We got to see their wolf's-head icon in its rudimentary form and a cutaway diagram of the Space Wolves fortress monastery – at that time, a building roughly the size and shape of a large cathedral sited upon the planet Lucan.⁴ Over time this has grown in descriptions to become the sky-piercing mountain of the Fang, the colossal fortress monastery upon Fenris.

In that same book, there is a rather grim picture of a 'Marine Commander' named Leman Russ, listed as instrumental in founding Adeptus Astartes unit 4 'Spacewolves' (one word, at this point, while Ultra Marines was two). In this incarnation, he suffered severe alveolar damage during acid storms on Susa, hence his rather snazzy cybron-osmotic gill. This leader of men (and wolves) has of course evolved from a mere commander to become the legendary Primarch we know and love.⁵

SECOND EDITION AND THE FIRST CODEXES

The journey of the Wolf-King began in earnest in a game known simply as Space Marine, released the year after Rogue Trader whilst Warhammer 40,000 was still in its first edition. Written by the eminent Wolf Lord Jervis Johnson with stories from wordsmith Bill King, it was largely about how to play games about very large battles using very small toy soldiers (a scale later known as Epic). It featured some in-depth information about the Primarch Leman Russ as well as an iconic illustration, from the pencil of Jes Goodwin no less, featuring Leman Russ with his two wolves, Freki and Geri, for the first time.

Primarch Leman Russ' background was enshrined in the very first Codex: Space Wolves, also penned by a certain Jervis Johnson in 1994 (regular readers will know he still imparts his wisdom on a frequent basis via this very magazine). At that point in Games Workshop's history, the Chapters of the Space Marines – already shown to be a huge hit through the first plastic box set known

Worlds of Warhammer delves into the background of the Age of Sigmar and the 41st Millennium, looking at how stories are created and legends are born. This month, Phil talks about some of his favourite legends of all – the Space Wolves.



comparatively small amount of pages. This time, Jervis, ably assisted by fellow games developers Andy Chambers and Gavin Thorpe,⁶ encapsulated the second-edition codex in a publication roughly a third of the size but still found room to delve into the different Great Companies that comprised the Space Wolves Chapter. In the inside back cover of the codex was a diagram of the Grand Annulus – a massive, stony disc broken into rune-inscribed segments that each bore the signature icon of one of the bombastic, larger-than-life Wolf Lords.

⁶While some of our miniatures painters are collectively known as 'Eavy Metal, Games Dev was more Hairy Metallars at that point.



to collectors as RTB01 (Rogue Trader Box 01) – were being fleshed out in comprehensive treasure troves of lore and rules content known as codexes.

Codexes (or codices if you really must) proved very successful, and they gave us a tried and tested format that we use to this day. It was at this point that the Space Wolves took their place as bombastic heroes resonant with the ice-locked, northern warrior cultures of our own world. The progression from Blood Claw to Long Fang, Wolf Guard and even Wolf Lord was detailed alongside the curse of the Canis Helix that led to the shadow of the Wulfen. Iconic characters such as Logan Grimnar, Ragnar Blackmane, Ulrik the Slayer, Njal Stormcaller and Bjorn the Fell-Handed were all brought into glorious focus for the first time. Leman Russ found his way to the rank of Primarch, the primogenitor of the Chapter, and the legend of the Wofftime – when Russ left his closest friends mid-feast to venture off into the galaxy alone until the end of days – was coined. Not only that, but the death world of Fenris was brought to life, a place that has formed a foundational pillar of the Warhammer 40,000 universe ever since.

The third edition of Warhammer 40,000 saw the grim, dark aesthetic we know so well really come into its own. The books of those times were slim and compact, covering a great deal of ground in a

LOOKING IT UP IN THE INDEX

The next milestone in the Space Wolves IP was the long-running (and now still running – Ed) series of *White Dwarf* articles known as Index Astartes. These were full-on features that took a deep dive into the history, home world, organisation, battle tactics and heraldry of each Space Marine Chapter, allowing us to flesh out the Space Marine IP for both loyalist and traitor alike. In many ways, this series formed the basis for the epic Horus Heresy stories that were to follow, for the articles featured each Primarch's origin stories in detail for the first time, and very few of these had been given the excellent foundation enjoyed by a certain Mr L Russ. At around that time, I'd just written my first article for Games Workshop –

a loose guide to 'Collecting Space Wolves' (memorably described by Jervis as 'a valiant effort'). I'd also done a fair amount of promotion for the wolfie types in support of the third-edition codex. As a result, I (somehow) got the plum job of writing the Space Wolves version of Index Astartes. With Jervis and the gang watching over me, I must have done a decent enough job this time around, because off the back of that, I was entrusted with writing the next edition's codex for hairy heroes. Insert evil laugh here.

WOLVES GALORE

Ah, the fun I had with this book. By this point, the legend of Lemman Russ and the Space Wolves was well known, but in 2009 I got to add a chunk of depth to it, restoring a lot of the detail that the third-edition codex had necessarily left out to keep its slim figure whilst building in the material from Index Astartes to boot. Most of my work on this was extrapolating from the early material masterfully laid down by Jervis and the guys, including developing the characters and warrior styles of the Wolf Lords themselves. There were a few opportunities for me to add something extra, from ways to represent the sagas of your characters by their acting in certain heroic ways to a slew of new units for the army.

At this point in the studio's history, we were looking to expand that which made each of our

Chapters special, even to the point of writing about characters and units that had no models. This included giving them rules, background and art, all in advance of a release we would get to further down the line. It's not something that we do nowadays – after all, if a hobbyist gets enthused about a miniature, we want to be able to, you know, actually offer it to them – but at the time it was pretty commonplace. As a result, I was given the go-ahead to come up with some new units and special characters for the Space Wolves.

After much scratching of the head (not flea-related, I promise) I leant into some time-honoured archetypes, each of which embodies a part of the Fenrisian psyche, and gave them a bit of a 40K spin as best I could. This resulted in the doughty blacksmith and reluctant hero Arjac Rockfist, followed by the wild-eyed 'raised by wolves' natural-born killer that is Canis Wolfborn. When I nervously presented the stupendously over-the-top notion of a Fenrisian hero mounted on one of the massive super-wolves native to the upper peaks, Rick Priestley came back with 'why not make a whole unit out of it', and the concept of Thunderwolf Cavalry was born. The use of the term 'cavalry' was very deliberate – a reference to the fact that 40K has a lot in common with the Dark Ages, and their way of war is retrograde and jarring given their levels of technology. At the same time, the concept of the Lone Wolf – the warrior whose packmates have all died, and who hence wants to go out in a blaze of glory – was introduced for much the same 'grimdark' reason, and the concept of Blood Claws was expanded to the Fast Attack choices known as Swiftclaws and Skyclaws. These last three units were facilitated by one all-singing all-dancing Space Wolves upgrade kit incorporating more outrageous haircuts than a mosh pit at a music festival.

Speaking of outrageous, the last of the special characters I managed to sneak in was the anarchic rebel Lukas the Trickster, who embodies the irreverent side of the Chapter. The firebrand Lukas has been brought to life by many a Black Library publication, for though he is a right pain in the neck to whatever Wolf Lord has to put up with him, he is always entertaining to read about. Even the Space Wolves have anti-heroes, after all.

THE MANY SNOOTS OF THE SPACE WOLF

Speaking of long-form fiction, I would be remiss not to bring up the massive contribution to the lore of the Space Wolves brought about by the authors of Black Library. In 1999 Bill King – a contemporary of Jervis's who inflamed the imaginations of a generation of hobbyists – wrote a trilogy around the exemplar Wolf Lord Ragnar Blackmane, from his early life as a





Fenrisian tribesman out on the ice, through his meteoric rise through the ranks as a Blood Claw, all the way to his current status of Wolf Lord. It is a series full of derring-do and high adventure, cracking open not only the heads of Orks and heretics but also the first barrels of the weapons-grade intoxicant mjod, and in many people's minds it is the quintessence of what makes a Space Wolf who he is. Those early books were amongst the first of Black Library's publications, and they blazed a trail for literally hundreds of Space Marine-centric adventures published since.

There have been many other Black Library luminaries who have put words into the gloriously fanged mouths of the Space Wolves. In the early Horus Heresy novels, Dan Abnett and Graham McNeill worked hand in glove to bring us a grittier, more nuanced take on the warrior culture of the Fenrisians. They coined the alternate in-world terms *Vlka Fenryka* and the *Rout*, examining their relationship with psychic powers, maleficarum and other matters of the warp, as well as looking into their original role as the Emperor's executioners. Across the novels *Prospero Burns*, *A Thousand Sons* and many others since, their fierce rivalry with the Thousand Sons fleshed out the saga excerpts of their Index Astartes to a full-blown, galaxy-spanning space opera riven with tragedy, misunderstanding and loss that has shaped the 40K universe as we know it. Since then, other Black Library authors have divided into the tempestuous waters of Space Wolves IP, amongst them Chris Wraight, Aaron Dembski-Bowden, Andy Smillie and Gav Thorpe (coming full circle in Gav's case). Together, they have given us deeper insights into the larger-than-life champions of the Fang, and an amazing job of it they have done, too.

INTO THE SEA OF STARS

Back in the studio, the Space Wolves went on to feature in several campaign books and supplements that have spanned decades of hobby fun. We've seen Ragnar, Logan and their fellow Wolf Lords fight alongside Imperial Knights in *Sanctus Reach: Hour of the Wolf*, battle for the soul

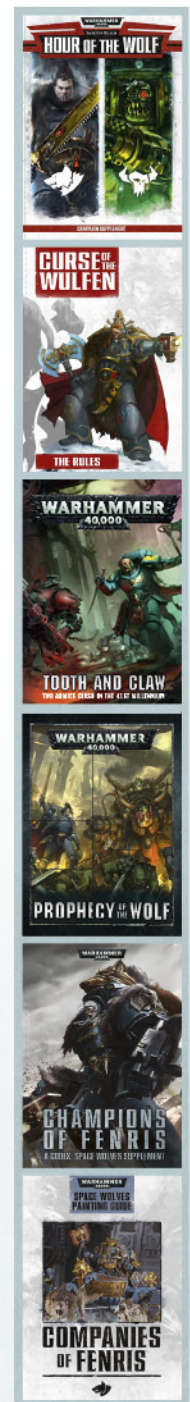
of their Chapter and the sanctity of their home world in the twin War Zone Fenris volumes *Curse of the Wulfen* and *Wrath of Magnus*, prowl the underworlds of Vigilus in *Tooth and Claw*, and lately cross the Rubicon Primaris in *Prophecy of the Wolf*. We have met Logan Grimnar's most trusted warriors and drinking partners in *Champions of Fenris*, a codex supplement that detailed many a Wolf Guard alongside the special characters that command them. Around the same time, we learned how to paint the various forces of the Wolf Lords in *Companies of Fenris*.

Alongside these campaign books, there have been several more codex editions, each more beautifully realised than the last. Next in line to pen their codex after me was the redoubtable Simon Grant, a joyous, roaring bear of a man as close to a real-life Fenrisian as I have ever met. His edition was followed up by the edition written by the gentlemanly Alex Tuxford and then the talented Colin Cubbon, who wrote the version you see on the shelves in Games Workshop stores today. Each has brought their own stories to the table, adding their own verse of the saga even as Black Library spun tales of their own. Over time, these stories have grown and sometimes shifted in the telling, just as Leman Russ has grown from an Imperial commander to a Primarch and mainstay of the Horus Heresy. But the soul of the thing remains the same – that innate ferocity, indomitability and irrepressible nature that makes the Fenrisians such good characters to write about.

Of course, the Space Wolves are but one aspect of the Warhammer 40,000 universe. The story here is only a small part of the overall body of work we've put together over the years, and the background aspect is but one part of a much greater hobby. Each faction is just as detailed and much-loved in its own way.⁷ There has been so much time, effort and thought invested in these factions that – in conjunction with the jaw-dropping work of the sculptors, painters and artists who brought these characters to life – a galaxy of grim, dark battle has slowly formed that is so detailed and well depicted it almost feels as if it could be half real.

Thank goodness it isn't, for in a world where you need the Space Wolves to fight the good fight, things must be very bad indeed. Still, it is always an absolute blast writing about them, and whatever happens, the Sons of Russ will battle against the darkness until the very end.

⁷ Don't get me started on the Aeldari and their pointy-eared kin ...



A LITTLE EXTRA READING

What would you like to read about in Worlds of Warhammer? Let us know your thoughts and we'll pass them on to Phil!

team@
whitedwarf.co.uk

WARHAMMER 40,000

In the grim darkness of the far future, there is only war! This issue: A Tale of Four warlords continues, plus Index Astartes, Flashpoint Charadon and a painting and modelling feature for Biel-Tan.





INDEX ASTARTES

Turn to page 42 for an informative look at the Exorcists – one of the most mysterious and controversial of all Space Marine Chapters.



GALACTIC WAR HOSTS

This month heralds the first in a new series of modelling and painting articles. The inaugural feature for Biel-Tan begins on page 64.



A TALE OF FOUR WARLORDS

In a galaxy sundered by an eternity of battle, four mighty warlords are assembling their armies. Will they defend the Imperium of Mankind, or do they seek to crush it underfoot? Four crusades have begun in earnest. This is A Tale of Four Warlords, Part II.



Our warlords of the far future are back! And they are accompanied by reinforcements. Following several weeks of hard graft (read: making and painting Warhammer models), our challengers have each assembled the first 25 Power Level of their Crusade forces. In fact, most of them have painted more than 25 Power – a keenness we thoroughly approve of.

In the green corner stands Joel Martin, who has been working on the core of his brightly clad Sons of Medusa Space Marines. He's converted and painted several heroes for his force over the last few weeks and, most impressively, a Redeptor Dreadnought, which he hopes will crush all before it with its big green fist.

In the other green corner is Lydia Grant, whose army of Goff Gretchin has grown from a small gaggle into what could happily be described as a vertically challenged horde. In greenskin

numerical terms, she has painted 'lotz' of models. You'll see what we mean when you turn to Lydia's section at the end of the article.

Holding court in the silver corner is *White Dwarf* representative Jonathan Stapleton, whose Thokt Dynasty Necrons have been coming along a treat. With the contents of the Indomitux box set at his disposal, Jonathan has plenty of models to keep him busy for another month at least. He's already managed to get in a couple of games with his fledgling force, too.

In our second silver corner (we need better corner colours) is Drew Palies, who has been painting Sisters of Battle from the Order of the Argent Shroud. He's included a lot of conversions in his force already, mostly involving braziers, candles and other burning stuff. Drew's created some exciting background for his force, too, more of which you can read about later. For now, though, on with the feature!

BECOME A WARLORD

As with previous years, we encourage you to join in with our challenge. Many Warhammer stores, independent stockists and gaming clubs like to run A Tale of Four Warlords alongside the series in the magazine, so why not ask them if they're planning anything this time around? If you do get involved, make sure you send some pictures of your creations to team@whitedwarf.co.uk – we would love to see what you've been working on.



Top: The Thokt Dynasty engage the Night Lords in furious battle. The Skorpekh Destroyers are the first to feel the wrath of the Chaos Space Marines and fall in the first turn. Bottom: It's grots versus Astra Militarum. According to Lydia, the Bubblechukka has only two settings: 'lots of rubbish little bubbles or one mahoosive killer one!'

THE CRUSADE BEGINS

For this edition of A Tale of Four Warlords, our four hobbyists will be using the narrative play Crusade rules, which begin on page 313 of the *Warhammer 40,000 Core Book*.

For those of your new to Crusade, the premise is simple. Once you have established the core of your Crusade force, you can fight any number of battles against any number of different opponents, and as you play more games, your army will grow in size and experience. For A Tale of Four Warlords, we decided that our warlords would need to paint 25 Power of new units to add to their force every two months. While this may be more than can ordinarily be added to a battle roster, it would have been a pretty poor challenge if they only painted one new model each month! We also started this challenge during the summer of 2020, which everyone will know was the year it all went a bit weird! Because of the pandemic, opportunities for gaming were pretty limited at the start of this series and we didn't want to hold the warlords back on their army building.

However, a couple of the warlords did manage to get a few games in with their fledgling forces. Jonathan played with his Necrons against fellow photographer (and Age of Sigmar warlord) Calum McPherson and his Night Lords. Things ended badly for the Necrons, who were mostly plasma-blasted into oblivion by Calum's Chaos Terminators. Lydia, meanwhile, played a few games against games developer James Gallagher and his Astra Militarum. Roughly half of her grots were killed in battle. The other half ran away. Lydia has since wondered if there may be an issue with morale in her army ...

SPACE MARINES

THE SONS OF MEDUSA



JOEL MARTIN

Joel's been painting a lot of green over the last couple of months as he prepares his Sons of Medusa for the battlefield. In the spirit of his Chapter, he's also been learning techna-lingua – the language of machines. We did wonder about all the white noise ...

Over the last two months, Joel has been steadily recruiting new warriors for his Sons of Medusa strike force. Then he started chopping their limbs off and replacing them with bionics. We asked Joel what he's been working on for his first 25 Power.

Joel: Well those first two months have absolutely flown by! And I have painted a lot of green in that time. It's safe to say that my brushes aren't quite the same colour they started out in life. Because I haven't been able to play any games with my force yet – 2020 was a bit of a weird year for gaming – I've spent a bit more time naming my units and coming up with background for them instead. Hopefully this will then play out on the battlefield when they begin their Crusade story.

THE AUTO-PRESCIENTS

Led by Primaris Captain Morn Graevarr, my force will utilise precision, firepower and speed to eliminate any enemy that stands in their way. The Sons of Medusa strictly follow the Moirae Creed and are said to possess a talent for auto-prescience and prophecy. Combining this with their iron logic will make for a great background hook for my army's developing narrative. I really like the idea of my war clan utilising chance, probability and visions to calculate the best course of action or even predict the movement of their foes.

The core of my starting force is Intercessor Squad Torvokh. I chose to arm them with assault bolt rifles so they have manoeuvrability and plenty of firepower. Their goal will be to move quickly to take objectives whilst firing plenty of shots to clear away enemy infantry (I'm going to need a lot

of bullets to take on Lydia's hordes of grots!). The Intercessors will be supported by the aura abilities of my Primaris Captain and his two Lieutenants Orros Naehr and Uhlkar Noxyn.

THE BIG GUNS

Bringing the heavy firepower to the battlefield will be my Redeptor Dreadnought, Xeriis the Unrelenting. A solid unit, I'm hoping that the Dreadnought will be able to sit and hold objectives, withstanding the enemy's attacks while focusing his plasma incinerator on some of those tougher units.

When putting my Crusade roster together, I selected **SONS OF MEDUSA** as my selectable keyword and will play my Crusade games using Inheritors of the Primarch, which will allow me to utilise the Iron Hands Chapter Tactic. I'm really looking forward to playing some games with the start of my newly assembled army.

Looking ahead, I want to add some more infantry to my force, then look at what vehicles and units can be used to support them. The Iron Hands and their successors are all about firepower, and that's something I really want to tap into. I think a unit of Heavy Intercessors would be a good shout and probably a unit of Aggressors, too. I also want to add some more bionic conversions to my models to show their Iron Hands heritage.



THE FIRST 25 POWER

I managed to complete the first 25 Power of my army. In fact, I slightly exceeded it and hit 27, which I'm pretty pleased about. The army fits neatly into a Patrol Detachment and shouldn't take too much work to expand into a Battalion.

Looking at Requisition points, I've decided to save most of my points for now, but I used one to increase my Supply Limit and a second to give my Captain the Storm of Fire Warlord Trait from *Codex: Space Marines*. This should help him give my Intercessors that extra punch to their weapons.

CRUSADE CARDS

		POWER RATING	CRUSADE POINTS
UNIT 1:	Primaris Captain Morn Graevarr	5	1
UNIT 2:	2 Primaris Lieutenants	8	
UNIT 3:	Squad Torvokh: 5 Intercessors	5	
UNIT 4:	Xeriis the Unrelenting: Redeptor Dreadnought	9	
UNIT 5:			
UNIT 6:			
UNIT 7:			
UNIT 8:			
UNIT 9:			
UNIT 10:			

THE BRIGHTEST LIVERY

I basecoat my models with Death Guard Green spray first, as Warpstone Glow can be notoriously hard to apply over a Chaos Black undercoat and can go streaky over the lighter undercoats, too. This way, you get a really solid green base, which makes painting most of the model pretty easy.

GREEN ARMOUR

Basecoat: Death Guard Green

Layer: Warpstone Glow

Wash: Nuln Oil (recesses)

Layer: Warpstone Glow

Layer: Moot Green

BLACK DETAILS

Basecoat: Abaddon Black

Layer: Mechanicus Standard Grey

WHITE HELMETS

Basecoat: Grey Seer

Wash: Apothecary White

Layer: Grey Seer

Layer: Pallid Wych Flesh

Layer: Blood Angels Red (eyes)

METALWORK

Basecoat: Iron Hands Steel

Wash: Agrax Earthshade

Layer: Iron Hands Steel

Layer: Stormhost Silver

DESERT BASES

Basecoat: Zandri Dust

Wash: Seraphim Sepia

Drybrush: Zandri Dust

Drybrush: Ushabti Bone

GOLD DETAILS

Basecoat: Retributor Armour

Wash: Agrax Earthshade

Layer: Retributor Armour

Layer: Liberator Gold

Layer: Stormhost Silver



NEXT TIME ...

My plan for next issue is to get some Vanguard elements painted for my force. I've got ten Infiltrators and three Eliminators that I want to paint in desert camouflage, inspired by old Rogue Trader art and the Imperial Armour books from Forge World. I'm also thinking about a character to go with them – a Librarian maybe. They will certainly help to break up all the green I've been painting over the last few months.



My army is arguably the smallest of the warlords' forces, but it packs a serious punch. The Dreadnought in particular will be a nasty foe for the others to face.

NECRONS

THE THOKT DYNASTY



JONATHAN STAPLETON

Jonathan is the *White Dwarf* representative in this series of A Tale of Four Warlords. Having also taken part in the Warcry Warlords series last year, Jonathan has had no respite between painting and gaming challenges. He loves it really!

After completing his reanimation protocols, Jonathan declared himself entirely sane. He now plans to defeat all the other warlords and take over the galaxy. Perfectly reasonable, we think. Here he explains what he's been up to for the last few months.

Jonathan: I managed to get most of my models for this month painted relatively quickly. This was during the time when Nurgle was polluting the world, so I had plenty of time indoors to get everything complete! The first models I set to work on were the Skorpekh Lord and Skorpekh Destroyers. I absolutely love these models, and in the background for my force, I imagine them to be the first to awaken from their slumber. It seemed only right that I paint them first. To take the force up to 25 Power, I painted a unit of ten Necron Warriors all armed with gauss flayers, a trio of Scarab Swarms and a Royal Warden. I painted all my units so far using the colours shown opposite. As I mentioned last month, the higher the model's rank, the more the dynastic teal colour will appear on their armour. So the Skorpekh Lord is almost entirely teal, while the warriors are almost completely silver.

DYNASTIC AMBITIONS

Once I'd finished painting, I started thinking about my force's background. Hailing from the Thokt crownworld of Meghoshta, my void legion have some typically grandiose goals: to defeat the other three warlords in battle, to prepare for the return of the Silent King and to wipe the lesser races from the face of the galaxy. Not necessarily in that order. With the goals of my ever-expanding army established, I felt they deserved to have names, too. I named the Skorpekh Lord Anaurus,

while the Royal Warden is called Accipitek. The names of the units are less grand, as befits their status. I haven't added any epithets to the characters' names yet – I'm going to wait and see what heroic things they do in battle first.

LET THE CLEANSING BEGIN!

With everything being a bit Nurgle-tinged at the time of writing, I've been unable to defeat the other three warlords as the Phaeron has commanded. However, most of us photographers are still working in the studio, so I was able to get a couple of games in this month. My first was against Calum McPherson and his Night Lords. This game was a double first for me as it was my first game of ninth edition and my first game with Necrons in seventeen years. It took me a little while to get into it and learn how the force works. During this time, Calum made short work of my army! My hard-hitting Skorpekh Destroyers were first on his kill list, followed by the systematic destruction of my other units. I did manage to slay Calum's Warlord, though, so I did score some points there. I also played against Martyn Lyon, who brought just a single Knight Castellan to the table. As it turns out, Necrons are good at killing Knights! The Destroyers caused a substantial number of wounds on it before being blown apart by its many guns, but in the end I killed it with gauss weapons. I've still got a lot to learn about Necron tactics and abilities, but I'm getting there.



THE FIRST 25 POWER

For my first month, I managed to hit exactly 25 Power using a little over half of the models from my starter set. Like the other warlords, this means I now have a Patrol Detachment ready to fight some battles. I've spent a bit of time naming all my units (not Scarabs – they're too lowly) and writing Crusade cards for all of them so I can keep track of their heroic deeds (and grievous wounds). So far, none of them have been excellent in the two battles I have fought. I have spent Crusade points on the Enduring Will Warlord Trait and the Nanoscarab Casket for Anaurus, though.

CRUSADE CARDS

		POWER RATING	CRUSADE POINTS
UNIT 1:	Skorpekh Lord Anaurus	7	2
UNIT 2:	Royal Warden Accipitek	4	
UNIT 3:	Warrior Phalanx Manat: 10 Necron Warriors	6	
UNIT 4:	Skorpekh Host Oberet: 3 Skorpekh Destroyers	5	
UNIT 5:	Plasmacyte Oberet: Canoptek Plasmacyte	1	
UNIT 6:	3 Scarab Swarms	2	
UNIT 7:			
UNIT 8:			
UNIT 9:			
UNIT 10:			

COLOURS OF MEGHOSHTA

The painting stages for my Necrons are relatively simple. After undercoating them with Leadbelcher spray, I wash and drybrush all the bare metal, then apply Black Templar to any area I want to be black. Then it's just a case of applying the teal dynasty colour and details.

BARE METAL

Basecoat: Leadbelcher

Wash: Nuln Oil Gloss & Agrax Earthshade

Drybrush: Ironbreaker

BASES

Basecoat: Astrogranite & Mordant Earth

Layer: Corvus Black

Drybrush: Administratum Grey

DYNASTY COLOUR

Basecoat: Sons of Horus Green

Drybrush: Sybarite Green

Glaze: Akhelian Green

Glaze: Terradon Turquoise

Layer: Sybarite Green

BLACK UNDERSUIT

Glaze: Black Templar

POWER NODES

Basecoat: Thousand Sons Blue

Layer: Ahriman Blue

Layer: Temple Guard Blue

Layer: Temple Guard Blue & White Scar



NEXT TIME ...

I'm going to keep working on the Necrons from the Indomitus box set for the time being. I still have the Canoptek Reanimator, the Plasmancer, the Overlord and a unit of Necron Warriors to paint from the set. I will try to get them all painted, but that Reanimator is a big piece of kit! I also have a unit of Immortals that are built and basecoated, so perhaps they will sneak up the running order!

My Crusade army so far includes most of the models from the Indomitus box set. I'll be adding the rest of the units over the coming months.



ORDER OF THE ARGENT SHROUD



DREW PALIES

Drew's been going crazy with the Leadbelcher spray recently, but somehow he still found time to create the Biel-Tan painting guide for us this issue. He recently replaced all ten of his digits with paintbrushes for extra speed. This has made mealtimes difficult.

Having offered a lifetime of fealty to the Order of the Argent Shroud, master-artificer Drew has built and painted the first warriors for his crusade. This month he tells us about the units, vehicles and heroes that make up the core of his force.

Drew: This month I want to introduce all of the units I've painted for my army so far, talk about how I built and painted them and maybe even get into some of the background I've devised for them. When I started this project, I decided early on that I would paint my characters to a higher standard than my regular troopers, as they are the centrepiece miniatures. You can see the colours I used opposite, with the last couple of highlights only being used on my heroes.

CANONESS ELEANOR

Eleanor Blanche is the Canoness of the 1st Commandery of the 5th Preceptory of the Order of the Argent Shroud. Her predecessor was killed during the opening of the Cicatrix Maledictum, and Eleanor received many scars trying to defend her. She still blames herself for failing to protect her superior and, seeking redemption, has led a crusade towards the Cicatrix Maledictum to reconquer the Order's lost worlds.

She carries the Book of Saint Lucius into battle, which I converted from stuff I had in my bits box. Her backpack comes from the Repentia Superior model from the Sisters of Battle launch box, while her head is from the Amalia Novena miniature. I used it because of the huge scar and her closed mouth. She's got a good stern expression, which I think emphasises the fact that members of the Order rarely speak. The scripture on her robes

was inspired by Wayne England's illustrations from the third edition of Warhammer 40,000.

DIALOGUS WELDINA

Sister Dialogus Weldina comes from the Order of the Sacred Oath. I built her straight from the box and painted her armour to match the rest of the army. However, I painted her robes burgundy to show that she is from a different Order.

SQUADS BRIAR AND EUPHEMIA

Squad Briar suffered several casualties during the opening of the Cicatrix Maledictum, and since being at half capacity, they have been used by the Canoness as a bodyguard. Squad Euphemia are one of the force's few units still at optimal combat efficiency. They were all built straight from the box, the exception being the addition of a brazier to Euphemia's backpack.

CLARICE AND LELLIA

Adepta Sororitas vehicles are named after fallen Battle Sisters. Clarice is named after Sister Superior Clarice Helmteth, who, despite her many injuries, held a Simulacrum Imperialis high in the face of a Necron assault. I asked all my friends for any candles they had in their bits boxes so that I could create a small shrine at the back of the Rhino. I tried to keep the same ratio of colours on the tanks as the Sisters but added more weathering to them, especially on the red areas.



THE FIRST 25 POWER

My starting army fits neatly into a Patrol Detachment, though I can easily upgrade it to a Battalion Detachment with the addition of a third Troops choice and a second HQ.

I haven't played any games yet, but I will be spending my first Requisition point on the Book of Saint Lucius Relic for Canoness Eleanor. I will also be using an RP to increase my Supply Limit, as I managed to paint 26 Power in the first month. I haven't decided what else to purchase yet. Probably a Warlord Trait, and I might take a look at some upgrade Stratagems.

CRUSADE CARDS

		POWER RATING	CRUSADE POINTS
UNIT 1:	Canoness Eleanor	3	1
UNIT 2:	Squad Briar: 5 Sisters of Battle	4	
UNIT 3:	Squad Euphemia: 10 Sisters of Battle	7	
UNIT 4:	Dialogus Weldina	2	
UNIT 5:	Sororitas Rhino Clarice	4	
UNIT 6:	Immulator Lellia	6	
UNIT 7:			
UNIT 8:			
UNIT 9:			
UNIT 10:			

THE SILVER SISTERS

I undercoated all of my models with Leadbelcher spray, which is the main armour colour for all of my Sisters of Battle. I then painted them using the stages below but added an extra highlight to most areas on my character models to help them stand out.

SILVER ARMOUR

Basecoat: Leadbelcher

Wash: Nuln Oil & Nuln Oil Gloss

Layer: Leadbelcher

Layer: Runefang Steel

Layer: Stormhost Silver

RED GUN

Basecoat: Khorne Red

Layer: Mephiston Red

Layer: Evil Sunz Scarlet

Layer: Squig Orange

GOLD DETAILS

Basecoat: Retributor Armour

Wash: Reikland Fleshshade

Layer: Liberator Gold

Wash: Gore-grunta Fur

Layer: Stormhost Silver

BLACK LEATHER

Basecoat: Abaddon Black

Layer: Dark Reaper

Layer: Fenrisian Grey

Layer: Blue Horror

RED ROBES

Basecoat: Khorne Red

Layer: Mephiston Red

Layer: Evil Sunz Scarlet

Layer: Fire Dragon Bright

WHITE ROBES

Basecoat: Rakarth Flesh

Wash: Baneblade Brown & Lahmian Medium

Layer: Rakarth Flesh

Layer: Rakarth Flesh & Pallid Wych Flesh

Layer: Pallid Wych Flesh



NEXT TIME ...

I'm going to take the same approach next month as I did for this article: paint a unit, a vehicle and a character, then another unit, another vehicle and perhaps even another character if I get time. The goal will be to have a really sizeable core of Sisters with plenty of transport vehicles to carry them around. I think adding an Imagifier to the force will fit nicely with my army theme of shrines and holy reliquaries.

This is my Crusade army so far, led by Canoness Eleanor. I'm keeping the basing and weathering pretty dark and dirty to show they have been on a long campaign.



ORKS

WAAAGH! DA GOFFS



LYDIA GRANT

Lydia's approach to this challenge so far has been pretty direct: if in doubt, paint more grots! It's rumoured that much of her desk, the area around her desk and the area around her desk are covered in tiny greenies. But not a single Runtherd in sight!

In greenskin kultur, when someone shouts WAAAGH!, all the others take up the call and get themselves ready for a fight. Such is the case with Lydia's diminutive horde of grots, which is now almost one hundred strong! Has madness set in already?

Lydia: The thing about getting rampantly excited about a project that you're putting your heart and soul into is that, sometimes, you kind of stop engaging the brain because the heart takes over. That is definitely the case here. I'm in deep! I had images racing through my head of one hundred grots scrabbling over piles of scrap to swarm 'helpless' Space Marines like piranhas cleaning a carcass and Weirdboyz shooting mind-lasers across the battlefield. I was going to build a massive horde!

A WHOLE LOAD OF HIGHLIGHTS

Building ninety Gretchin was a charm. They're mostly two-part kits (heads and bodies) ideal for quick and easy building. Then it hit me – that's also ninety mouldlines that need cleaning off and ninety grot blasters that need their tiny barrels drilled out. Oh well, onwards and upwards, right? It's all easy from then on. It's not like every grot needs checks meticulously painting on them. Or the eyes painted with three colours and a highlight? Oh wait, no ... I did do that, too.

And I'm not even sorry about it. The more I painted these stunty little so-and-sos, the more the images coalesced in my head. A planet made of metal. Rust, pig iron, discarded metal scraps littering every inch, Gretchin scrabbling for the best scraps in a desolate wasteland. And among them, one grot to rule them all. He is the power

behind the throne, the grot behind the Warboss – he is Skrappaking Smolwyrd and king of this particular patch of scrap. The Gretchin follow him because they know that if they need a bit of shiny for their boss, then Skrappaking knows where to find it. If the Boyz need fuel for their Trukks, it's Skrappaking that tells the grots where to find it. If a Warboss plans an ill-advised Waaagh! into the next sector, it's strange how quickly all the power coils mysteriously disappear. Skrappaking may be small, but he's kunnin'.

THE CROOKED HAND

As I was painting all these little guys, chipping away at previously clean armour plates, I found myself pondering two things. The first was about which Waaagh! these Gretchin were part of. The second was about how my friend Mark used to paint his Orks. When I started working for Games Workshop in the Oxford store, I was always fascinated and awed by Mark's amazing collection of meticulously crafted and hilariously themed Orks. He had them all – Bad Moons, Evil Sunz, Deathskulls ... all the clans except Goffs. Sadly, Mark passed away in 2019 after battling a particularly nasty cancer, and he never got to complete his Waaagh! So I thought what better tribute to a friend – now gone to see the great Squig in the Sky – than to fulfil the missing part of the Crooked Hand Waaagh!? Galactic domination will be theirs!



THE FIRST 25 POWER

When we started this challenge, grots were a little cheaper in Power. In the new edition they're a bit more expensive, so my army now exceeds 25 Power! My first Requisition point will be spent to increase my Supply Limit so I can field all 30 Power of my little guys. I'm also going to upgrade Skrappaking with the Scorched Gitbonez Relic and the Inspiring Leader Warlord Trait. I know it's the basic trait from the rulebook, but grots need that leadership boost. Leadership 4 can be debilitating when it comes to morale tests, as I'm almost always going to fail them!

CRUSADE CARDS

		POWER RATING	CRUSADE POINTS
UNIT 1:	Weirdgrot Skrappaking Smolwyrd	4	2
UNIT 2:	30 Gretchin (led by Nuggz)	6	
UNIT 3:	30 Gretchin	6	
UNIT 4:	30 Gretchin	6	
UNIT 5:	Bubblechukka	3	
UNIT 6:	Mekboy Workshop	5	
UNIT 7:			
UNIT 8:			
UNIT 9:			
UNIT 10:			

LITTLE GREENIES

I undercoated all my Gretchin with Wraithbone spray to make painting their skin easier. The cloth is painted with a basecoat of Rakarth Flesh, then either Wyldwood, Basilicanum Grey or Skeleton Horde to create variety across my models.

GRETCHIN SKIN

Basecoat: Ionrach Skin

Wash: Athonian
Camoshade & Lahmian
Medium

Layer: Deepkin Flesh

RED DETAILS

Basecoat: Mephiston
Red

Layer: Wazdakka Red

Layer: Fire Dragon Bright

METAL

Basecoat: Leadbelcher

Wash: Nuln Oil &
Agrax Earthshade Gloss

Layer: Ironbreaker

Layer: Runefang Steel

Weathering: Wyldwood

CLOTH

Basecoat: Rakarth Flesh

Wash: Wyldwood

Wash: Skeleton Horde

Wash: Basilicanum Grey

WHITE CHECKS

Basecoat: White Scar

Layer: Black Templar

BLACK ARMOUR

Basecoat: Abaddon Black

Layer: Skavenblight Dingy



NEXT TIME ...

Next on the horizon is a Big Mek with Shokk Attack Gun, because who doesn't love the idea of firing Snotlings (and small grots) through the warp and into someone's armour? Then I'm going to start work on the Orks. I'll probably start with some Nobz in Mega Armour because they're the biggest and hardest Goffs around. I'll need them to protect my base when the other warlords come a knocking.

How can you go wrong with ninety Gretchin in an army, eh? I've got bigger stuff on the way, but a solid core of grots definitely has a quantitative quality!





BEHIND THE CHARADON LINES

The galaxy is being torn asunder, new war zones exploding into life with ever-increasing frequency. In the third part of this Flashpoints series, the outlying systems of the Charadon Sector come under attack from Heretic Astartes forces.

WHAT ARE FLASHPOINTS?

Flashpoints are collections of articles that explore a particular region or war zone at a specific point in time. Flashpoints contain new rules for you to try out on the battlefield, plus new stories and background about the setting, giving you plenty of opportunities to theme your games. You could recreate some of the battles mentioned in the background section, convert characters based on the heroes in the stories or build a new battlefield to represent one of the theatres of war.

Flashpoints span multiple issues, and articles are always marked with the Flashpoint's symbol, making them easy to find in your copy of *White Dwarf*.



Certain systems within the Obolis and Lirac sub-sectors avoided the main fury of Typhus' invasion, thanks either to strategic considerations or simple twists of fate. These places were not left untouched by war, however. They became beacons for lost fleets, refugees and troops moving between battles. Their war

was of a very different kind – one of politics, corruption and desperate measures. Though these places were not directly invaded, Typhus' machinations still affected them, whether due to forces sent to raid and distract or to the tides of neverdead brought about by the destruction of the world Saint Bartolph's Throne.





THE GILDTRAS SYSTEM

The Gildtras System was a relative safe haven in the war for the Charadon Sector. It drew all manner of refugees and military forces – Adepta Sororitas, Adeptus Astartes, Astra Militarum, Militarum Tempestus and Navis Imperialis alike. It was a system well-suited to the needs of an Adeptus Astartes Chapter but not to the accommodation of hundreds of damaged ships and millions of displaced soldiers and citizens, many of whom were wounded or mentally destroyed by what they had experienced. Though the Excruciators Space Marine Chapter had many thousands of highly trained menials and serfs, alongside thousands more servitors, they had nothing like the kind of bureaucratic infrastructure required to handle the masses arriving in the system. The vetting and testing alone required to ensure that no arrivals were carrying some kind of hideous disease required an army of administrators and medicae personnel. Most ships were given an anchorage point in Motulu's inner or outer orbits, the most vulnerable held closer to the planet, the strongest deployed in a position ready to respond to enemy attack. The Excruciators had no guarantee that they themselves would not be attacked by Typhus' forces at some point.

Even when a ship was deemed safe, there were few places for the civilians and soldiers aboard to go. The world known as The Cradle of Sinotuan is heavily mountainous, prone to severe earthquakes and largely barren. It is incapable of sustaining a large population, let alone one that lacked the skills to survive there. Even for the Excruciators it is a harsh environment, and they use it mainly for the planet's immensely hard stone, which they used to construct their fortress monastery. The stone is also used for ceremonial weapons and instruments for Chapter rituals, though it is near impossible to fashion without specialist skills. The Pyre of Mahu'it is close to the system's sun, and as such it is scorchingly hot all year round. It is a dry and heavily forested planet that endures multiple forest fires each year so huge that the world turns orange to the naked eye even as far away as Motulu. It is from this that it earned its name. Like The Cradle, it was unsuited for any long-term habitation of refugees or stranded troops. The final world in the system besides Motulu is The Rage of Rongowaqa, which was named for a being of Motulan myth that spent much of its time enraged, with brief periods of calm. Rongowaqa's rage was



The home system of the Excruciators Chapter has immense spiritual significance to Motulu's population and thus the Excruciators themselves. The system's planets and features each represent an element: The Pyre of Mahu'it is the world of Fire, The Cradle of Sinotuan is the world of Earth, The Rage of Rongowaqa the world of Water and the phenomenon known as The Wheel of Phaattoo represents Air. Motulu, with its tumultuous storms and chains of volcanic jungle-isles, represents all at once. All of these locations serve a deep purpose in local mythology and are used by the Excruciators in their training and selection processes.

like the vast oceans of the planet. They recede for only twenty percent of the world's year, revealing landmasses. Then the seas return, as did Rongowaqa's rage, for the rest of the year. With no landmass for a population for much of the time, The Rage of Rongowaqa was not suitable for landing refugees. Finally, Motulu itself has relatively little land and a tumultuous climate and is prone to great tempests and volcanic eruptions.

And so millions were left aboard ships, often in terribly cramped conditions with little food, water or sanitation. Angry generals petitioned the Excruciators daily, but amidst the sheer number of requests, their voices meant little to those they complained. The Space Marines lacked the supplies themselves to aid many of the ships in their orbit. Infighting aboard vessels became common. Murder was a daily occurrence on many. Black markets flourished, and prices of even the most basic of resources soared. Military discipline broke down on many ships, and the Excruciators were forced to destroy several troop transports and Imperial Navy ships that threatened order. When Saint Bartolph's Throne was destroyed, and the plagues of the neverdead cast throughout many systems, the refugee ships soon became abattoirs. Those military forces still able to fight were later forced to cleanse them deck by deck.



RAIDERS OF THE WHEEL

The Wheel of Phaatuo is a bizarre phenomenon that defies categorisation. It behaves like air currents, though it moves in constant flow around the hard vacuum of the Gildras System and its planets in a fashion that never changes. It was named by the people of Motulu for a figure of their mythology. Phaatuo is the individual who, according to legend, spun each cloud and hurricane on Motulu, never stopping her wheel to do so. To the Motulans, Phaatuo represents the Emperor's everlasting light, presence and desire to see his people flourish.

The Wheel is a marvel that behaves in a similar way to solar winds, but it operates in an unbroken circuit around the Gildras System. Its power is such that ancient Motulans visited other planets in the system utilising sailed voidcraft specifically designed to ride the currents. This vision had become such a part of Motulan culture that the Excruciators affixed similar sails to their own warships for ceremonial purposes, despite their lack of practical use virtually anywhere else in the galaxy. Over time, The Wheel drew into its gale large numbers of comets, asteroids and other detritus, making using it unnecessarily treacherous for most 41st Millennium Imperial vessels. This meant that it was relatively unpatrolled and unwatched. This did not result in problems before Typhus' attack, but it did after.

Numerous ships escaping the wider war entered the Gildras System without warning, many of them damaged or with depleted crews. Many were swept up in The Wheel — they had no idea it was there. Some were torn apart within hours by The Wheel's flotsam. Though these losses were tragic, it was but the beginning. The Wheel's nightmarish asteroid flows became the perfect hideout for piratical raiders, whether they were traitor, Orkoid or Drukhari. From hidden lairs they swiftly established, these forces attacked the most vulnerable Imperial ships and even deployed forces onto planets to strike at military posts or refugee camps.

The Excruciators who remained on Motulu were nearly overwhelmed by the sheer amount of shipping and distress calls they had to answer, and their strict triage often meant that ships lost in The Wheel were ignored. Entering The Wheel was a risk for the Chapter's own ships. It therefore took some cycles before enough data was collected to show that foes were using it as a kind of hideout, and the Excruciators were forced to respond. Rallying other Imperial forces that had come to them, they set about purging The Wheel. Void combat was waged amid clouds of asteroids against Freebooter squadrons. Fierce, claustrophobic battles were fought against Human pirates in hollowed-out asteroids. The greatest battle was fought between Excruciators and an Alpha Legion outpost that none expected to find.

The Heretic Astartes had brought all manner of debris into the gravity of the asteroid they claimed as their own. Ship debris, jagged boulders, wrecked fighters and more all floated around the enormous rock, creating a battlefield where at any moment a warrior might be swept into space by hunks of detritus. The Alpha Legion went further, planting decoy targets and lacing the floating obstacles with booby traps. Into this the Excruciators surged. Their only mission was to slaughter all of the Heretic Astartes, and assault forces landed at multiple insertion points. They encountered no Alpha Legion forces for some time, advancing steadily. The ever-shifting landscape meant that they could never declare any area clear of enemies and gave the Alpha Legion endless opportunities for secret manoeuvring. They let the Excruciators walk into a trap. Many Space Marines went down before they could fight back, and swiftly every squad lost cohesion as battle-brothers sought cover and targets. Were it not for the gunship support covering the Excruciators from above, they may well have lost the battle, such was the genius of the Alpha Legion's defensive strategies and hit-and-run tactics. Communication between the Space Marines on the asteroid's surface and the gunship pilots was excellent. The pilots identified sources of fire and Heretic Astartes movements. They even identified the tunnel exits used by the Alpha Legion to outmanoeuvre the loyalist battle-brothers. Even with this support, the battle was long and protracted, and though the Excruciators claimed victory here, it later became clear that some of the Heretic Astartes survived and escaped ...





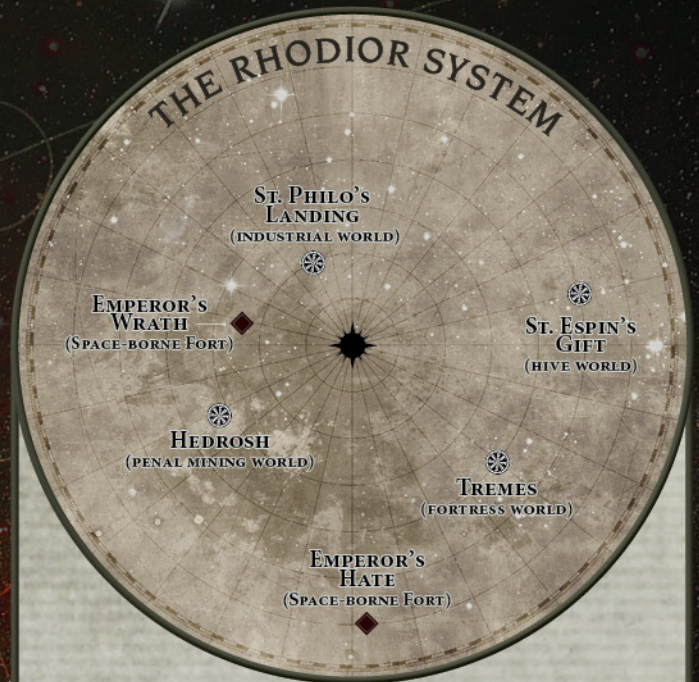
THE RHODIOR SYSTEM

Typhus' armies never invaded the Rhodior System. Where the Feior and Brezantius systems faced huge onslaughts of foes and suffered catastrophic losses, Rhodior was relatively unscathed. Its defences also received considerable reinforcements when Fabricator General Khleng ordered the withdrawal of forces from nearby systems to the Metalican Gates. This event was later called Khleng's Betrayal by some, for it weakened them considerably in the face of ongoing heretic attack.

But reinforcements were not the only people who came to Rhodior. Refugees and lost military forces also made their way there, many having attempted to reach other Metalican Gate systems first and barely escaped. They found a system in a state of paralysis. The system leadership expected an attack at any given moment, but they also knew that elsewhere, Imperial worlds desperately needed reinforcement. All they could agree on was the need for more weapons and more defences. Exhausted troops and naval crews who had barely escaped horrific war zones and had just reached what they thought was sanctuary were given punishing work and patrol details almost immediately upon arrival.

Crucial to Rhodior's military self-sufficiency were its mining and industrial worlds, Hedrosh and St. Philo's Landing, respectively. On both worlds, overseers extended shift times and increased production quotas. It was routine even before Typhus' invasion of the sector for some workers to die either of exhaustion or through accidents. These deaths increased threefold with the increase in demand. Many refugees were put to work to replace the losses, thousands of them thrown in cell blocks with hardened criminals on Hedrosh, which served as a penal colony as well as a mining world.

In all the ignorance and disorder, corruption ran rife. Commanders of rear echelon forces pilfered the best equipment for their own units, denying weapons to frontline forces. Local generals arranged it so their forces were deployed to the safest planets, and refugee troops were given the most onerous and hazardous duties. On occasion, corrupt leaders were found out, and brutal battles were fought when these commanders sought to protect themselves from retribution. Many more of these



The Rhodior System is a part of Metalica's outermost 'ring of steel' and one of the three systems that make up the Metalican Gates, alongside Brezantius and Feior. As a result, it was heavily fortified. In addition to the fortress world of Tremes and the void-borne fortifications known as Emperor's Wrath and Emperor's Hate, the system possessed a number of deep-void monitoring stations. One of the most powerful elements of its defences were ancient weapons of Metalican manufacture. These had enormous transatmospheric ranges that meant they could strike targets at the very edge of the system.

crooked individuals went undiscovered. Very often, these leaders protected each other if they were ever accused of wrongdoing. Espionage between military units was common, each trying to ascertain who was committing crimes so that they would have leverage over them. But this was not the worst of it. Almost all of the troops coming to Rhodior had seen horrors beyond their comprehension, things of the Archenemy that they should not have seen. The taint of Chaos had taken its hold upon many of these forces. They added their own uprisings to the general disorder in the Rhodior System and inspired cults that took many months for loyalist forces to root out.

NOWHERE IS SAFE

When Typhus completed his terrible ritual on the world of Saint Bartolph's Throne, there was a sudden eruption of plagues throughout great swathes of Charadon Sector space. On those worlds affected, poisonous green light burned in the eye sockets of the dead. They rose in horrifying mimicry of life and, animated by insatiable hunger, turned on those they once called family, friend or comrade.

Though the Rhodior System had avoided open war, and so did not have millions of war dead turning against it like other

systems did, it was far from immune. On Hedrosh, cell blocks were locked down when the mines' dead rose up, leaving inmates, guards and other workers trapped inside with the neverdead. The hidden bodies from the battles between corrupt officials appeared as if from nowhere to savage unsuspecting passers-by. The overwhelmed morgues on refugee ships suddenly churned with writhing, starving zombies who flooded the confines of their vessels, slaughtering the terrified people within. Entire ships turned silent, their last communications being agonised screams begging for help.

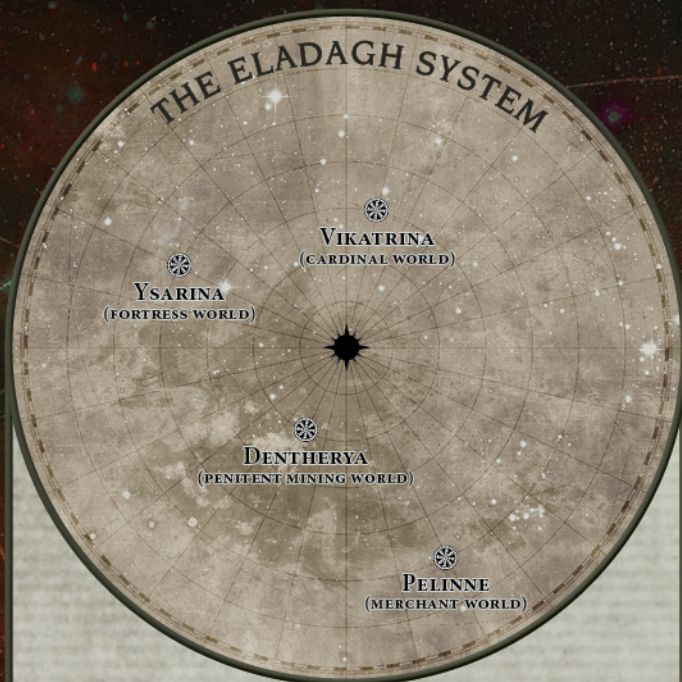
THE ELADAGH SYSTEM

Much of Pelinne's population lived and worked in huge orbital docking stations known as the Rings of Commerce. Almost every citizen belonged to a trading guild or merchant-family house, which for millennia lived together in a fragile coexistence. Conflict was not unheard of, and territory did change hands. But life was largely peaceful, if at times tense. The merchants had chosen this world because of its proximity to Thorlaf's Strait, without being too close to Vikatrina and Ysarina. They found the moral preaching of Vikatrina's priesthood to be incompatible with the more nuanced requirements of running a successful enterprise. They also found that many of these paragons of virtue demanded ludicrously high bribes in private. The commerce guild nobles also wanted to avoid the stern gaze of Ysarina's generals and admirals. The merchants found to their cost in the past that these officers were very willing to use their military resources to hamper business operations and back up ruinous extortion attempts with armed force and brutal penal sentences.

As Typhus' war dragged on, many supplies and resources grew scarce. Competition between the merchants and traders grew more intense. Armed clashes became more common and more ferocious. Profiteering, extortion and espionage increased dramatically. When Alpha Legion warbands stirred up cultist activities, fighting over turf and trading rights blew up into full-scale wars. Thousands were killed in the battles that followed, trade ground to a halt and all manner of goods vital to the war effort elsewhere were destroyed or expended.

Much of Dentherya's surface was given over to deserts of coarse sand. Ancient ruins still visible in the dunes indicate that the world's population was once large and advanced. By the time of Typhus' war, some of the population made a living in large harvesters that scraped minerals and metals out of the desert. Many peoples were hardy nomads who sustained their tribes through hunting amphibians and reptiles. They told many stories of the dangers of the sands. They spoke of colonies of moving cacti that lured the thirsty to them, speared them with poisonous barbs and slowly consumed them. Tales were told of deadly arachnids that turned boots into dens, constricting worms that would crush a person in their sleep and metre-long centipedes with jaws so strong they could chew off a person's leg in minutes. Saint Dentherya had established penitent camps on his namesake world millennia ago. The blistering heat of the desert sun, the biting cold of its nights, the choking sandstorms and all the dangerous wildlife – all were seen as giving suffering to those seeking repentance.

Dentherya became another world overwhelmed with refugees. Stuffed into ships with little more than the clothes they were wearing, many died within weeks of arriving on the planet. When the neverdead plague reached the planet, many hundreds of thousands rose to



The Eladagh System was more civilised than many others in the Lirac Sub-sector. It was ruled by the cardinal world of Vikatrina, a cold and austere place that was sister to the cardinal world of Alexistor. Like other systems in the Lirac Sub-sector, its population lived with the lurking fear of supernatural phenomena and malevolent void-spirits, but not to the same degree. Nevertheless, the population still dealt with considerable peril. As a result, their faith had been hardened, and many settlements were insular and untrusting. The system was the gateway to Thorlaf's Strait, a vital trade route. The shipping came through the merchant world of Pelinne and was guarded by the fortress world of Ysarina.





attack those who still lived. The corpses of dead penitents risen from the sands joined them. Kill teams of Word Bearers Heretic Astartes compounded the problem, conducting terrible rituals that brought swarms of terrifying daemons into reality. The Word Bearers launched hit-and-run attacks against Astra Militarum positions, wiped out patrols and crippled supply columns. With many of the local Imperial troops dispatched to investigate the mysterious events on Kolossi, those left behind were nearly overwhelmed by

the different threats they faced. The Heretic Astartes had to fight the planet as much as Imperial troops, however, and they had been highly complacent over the threats they faced. Many of their number were eaten by roving packs of sandsharks, dragged down into the sands and never seen again. The defending Imperial troops could recognise the signs of an oncoming mica-grit storm and take cover, while the Word Bearers could not. More than one of the Heretic Astartes' kill teams were sandblasted to ruin by the tempests of the harsh world.



TERRORS OF THE SANDS

Amidst the rolling desert dunes, the Word Bearers wait patiently for their prey. Guided by the will of the Dark Gods, they bring death and ruination to the world of Dentherya in this short story by Callum Davis.

The convoy crawled through the desert. The scaled bovines pulling the carts and the reptilian mounts of the cavalry trooper escorts were visibly exhausted even from two kilometres away. They barely had the energy to flick flies away with their tails. The Sentinel combat walkers moving with the column were filthy and worn out. Their legs squeaked and scratched with every laboured step. Every creature, human and machine was worn down by the ferocious heat of Dentherya's star at midday. They were heading towards a remote Imperial fort some fifteen kilometres away. Thanks to Amelagar of the Word Bearers Traitor Legion and his squad, the base had not been resupplied for several weeks now. The six Word Bearers bikers sat atop a low dune, overlooking a vast desert plain.

And it shall not have any relief today, thought Amelagar.

'They have not yet seen us, brothers,' he said.

He revved his bike, Rûndash. The vehicle roared. Amelagar could hear the bloodthirst in the metal steed's snarl. It wanted death.

'Patience. You shall have your feast,' Amelagar whispered to it.

'We have their attention,' said Zigash over the squad vox. The cavalry troops were pointing at them, shouting orders and hurriedly redressing their ranks. They and the Sentinels turned and advanced towards Amelagar and his squad. The cart drivers whipped their beasts of burden hard to make them pick up their pace in a last effort to get to the fort.

'They are playing for time,' said Mulugal. There was no sense of urgency to his voice. His statement was little more than unconcerned, casual observation.

'Indeed, brother,' said Amelagar. 'Another column that has lost its fight before it began but has to keep going nonetheless. Let us end them.'

He gunned Rûndash's engine and accelerated forwards. The rest of his squad followed. The Word Bearers fanned out, giving each other ample space to manoeuvre.

'The garrison will have to come to the column's aid when they see it under attack. They cannot last much longer,' said Beh'dad Sha'hi over the vox.

'Yes, they will. And when they try, we will crush them,' Amelagar replied.

Amelagar zigzagged erratically, switching left and right according to no pattern. The other Word Bearers did the same, kicking up great plumes of sand and gravel. Lascannon beams soared past them. Missiles shot harmlessly overhead. Amelagar laughed. The Sentinel pilots had little chance of hitting him or his warriors. It was even more difficult given that the Word Bearers were charging out of the light of Dentherya's sun – the blazing rays would have left the Imperial troops all but blind.

Blind or not, they were still advancing on the Word Bearers.

I cannot deny their bravery, thought Amelagar. *Though I cannot deny their stupidity, either.*

Amelagar aligned his bike with one of the oncoming cavalry and fired his twin-linked bolters in a quick burst. The bolts tore off the front limbs of the mount and blew a hole in the rider's abdomen. Both crumpled to the ground. The beast thrashed and screeched in agony. The trooper was already dead. Amelagar drove straight over beast and rider, Rûndash's immense weight and speed crushing them to paste. Their blood and viscera was splattered all over them both.

'Do I not keep my promises?' Amelagar asked Rûndash. Having tasted blood and flesh, Rûndash seemed to move faster without Amelagar having to work the engines any harder.

Amelagar charged straight into the next cavalry trooper. Rûndash was covered in wicked blades, which sliced through flesh and bone. The bike's immense tyres obliterated man and mount alike with horrifying ease. Both were destroyed at the moment of impact, pulverised beyond all recognition into a shower of gore. Amelagar laughed.

Looking around, Amelagar saw that the rest of his squad had slaughtered the remaining riders.

It was time to finish the Sentinels.

Amelagar found his target. The pilot was trying to get a bead on Qursu with her multilaser. She was failing miserably, the bursts of her fire striking the desert floor in



violent, yet ultimately impotent, puffs of grit.

Playing with them as always, Qursu, thought Amelagar. It is time to finish this.

He accelerated towards the Sentinel. As he drew closer, he could see the panic in the pilot's eyes. He could see terror in them as the other Sentinels exploded or toppled over. He could see her frustration as every shot she fired failed to make its mark.

She, on the other hand never saw him coming.

Amelagar drew a krak grenade that was mag-locked to the armour protecting his lower leg. As he shot past the Sentinel, he placed it perfectly on the combat walker's knee joint. In the four seconds it took the grenade to detonate, he had already sped a hundred and fifty metres away. When he heard the explosion, he performed a hairpin turn, kicking up a huge cloud of dust. He drove back to the wreckage.

The Sentinel had fallen over, much of its structure grotesquely mangled by the krak grenade's explosion. The cockpit was on fire. Amelagar heard the pilot's screams, followed by a laspistol shot. There were no more screams.

Amelagar chuckled to himself.

There were no more enemy troops left. The convoy, now unprotected, still had several kilometres to go to reach the fort.

'Destroy it all,' he ordered.

The squadron charged.

'Zigash, Beh'dad Sha'hi, with me,' he said. He steered Rûndash to the left to flank the rushing carts of the convoy. Qursu, Mulugal and Nabuik went right.

Rûndash roared, accelerating hard. The bike shook so fiercely Amelagar fought to maintain his grip.

'You hunger still? Be patient. Blood and flesh are but moments away,' he said, smiling.

'I can smell their fear,' said Zigash, laughing.

'Hardly impressive. We can all see the creatures' droppings,' said Beh'dad Sha'hi.

'Focus,' said Amelagar. 'Let them get close enough for the garrison to come out to meet them, then annihilate them. No playing, Qursu, not this time.'

They were two kilometres out from the fort when its gates opened and troops rushed out, forming loose firing lines with gaps between each soldier.

Wise, thought Amelagar. He and his warriors could smash through dense formations with ease and kill multiple

troops in a single charge. A loose formation let the defenders move out of the way of attacks. It also meant that fewer of their number would be killed with each charge.

The defenders didn't use heavy weapons against the Word Bearers. For now, at least, Amelagar's warriors were far enough away from the convoy that there was no risk of friendly fire. Amelagar was surprised.

They must be out of ammunition, he thought. The defenders had faced down numerous neverdead assaults in the passing weeks. The mounds of putrefying and shrivelling corpses were still outside the fort's walls. The ever-present threat of the Word Bearers had kept the defenders from leaving the safety of their defences to burn the bodies. The stench was so strong even Amelagar could smell it through his helmet's filters.

It was time to finish the convoy.

'Now,' said Amelagar. He suddenly swerved right. He aimed Rûndash directly at the convoy. His warriors all did the same with their bikes.

Within seconds, the Word Bearers smashed through the column. They ground wooden carts into splinters. Barrels of water shattered and cracked, their precious cargo mingled with blood and absorbed by the sands. Animals and their drivers were destroyed, cut apart,



mangled. Food stuffs and ammunition spilled over the ground. Some animals survived, panicking. Men and women were thrown from their vehicles. Those whose legs had not been shattered sprinted for the apparent safety of the fort.

Those few wagons that were still intact desperately tried to get around the wreckage, corpses, terrified pack animals and spilled goods.

The soldiers from the fort advanced in good order, yelling encouragement to the surviving drivers. They were committing themselves, each step forward making them more vulnerable. The further away from the base they were, the less likely they could make a successful retreat.

Do you not remember, soldiers of the Emperor, that hope is the first step on the road to disappointment? Amelagar thought.

'Finish them all,' said Amelagar. He drew his chainsword, *flesh-shredder*, and activated it. The weapon's engine rumbled into life. Its teeth moved so quickly around the edge of the weapon even Amelagar's augmented vision could not make out the individual links. He turned Rûndash around.

The Word Bearers tore through the survivors, leaving none alive. All of their bikes, their armour and their weapons were splattered with blood. Heavy drops of viscera fell off them and soaked the desert as they drove over it.

Amelagar saw the garrison begin their retreat to the fort.

'We cannot let them get back within their walls and close

the gates,' he said to his warriors. Though they now knew the defenders lacked ammunition for their heavy weapons, the Word Bearers would not be able to destroy the troops if they got inside. It would be many more days or longer before another resupply mission was attempted and the Word Bearers had another opportunity.

And we cannot guarantee they will not do it by air next time. Against that we will be powerless, and the defenders will be strong again.

'We win the battle here or we lose the war,' he declared.

There were enough defenders to ensure any direct attack could cost the Word Bearers. The sheer number of lasguns arrayed against them could damage tyres, piping or weak points in power armour.

'Great and mighty Four, we offer up the blood of those slain to you,' Amelagar said.

'And we offer you the blood yet to be shed,' intoned Nabuik.

'We humbly beseech you for your protection,' said Mulugal.

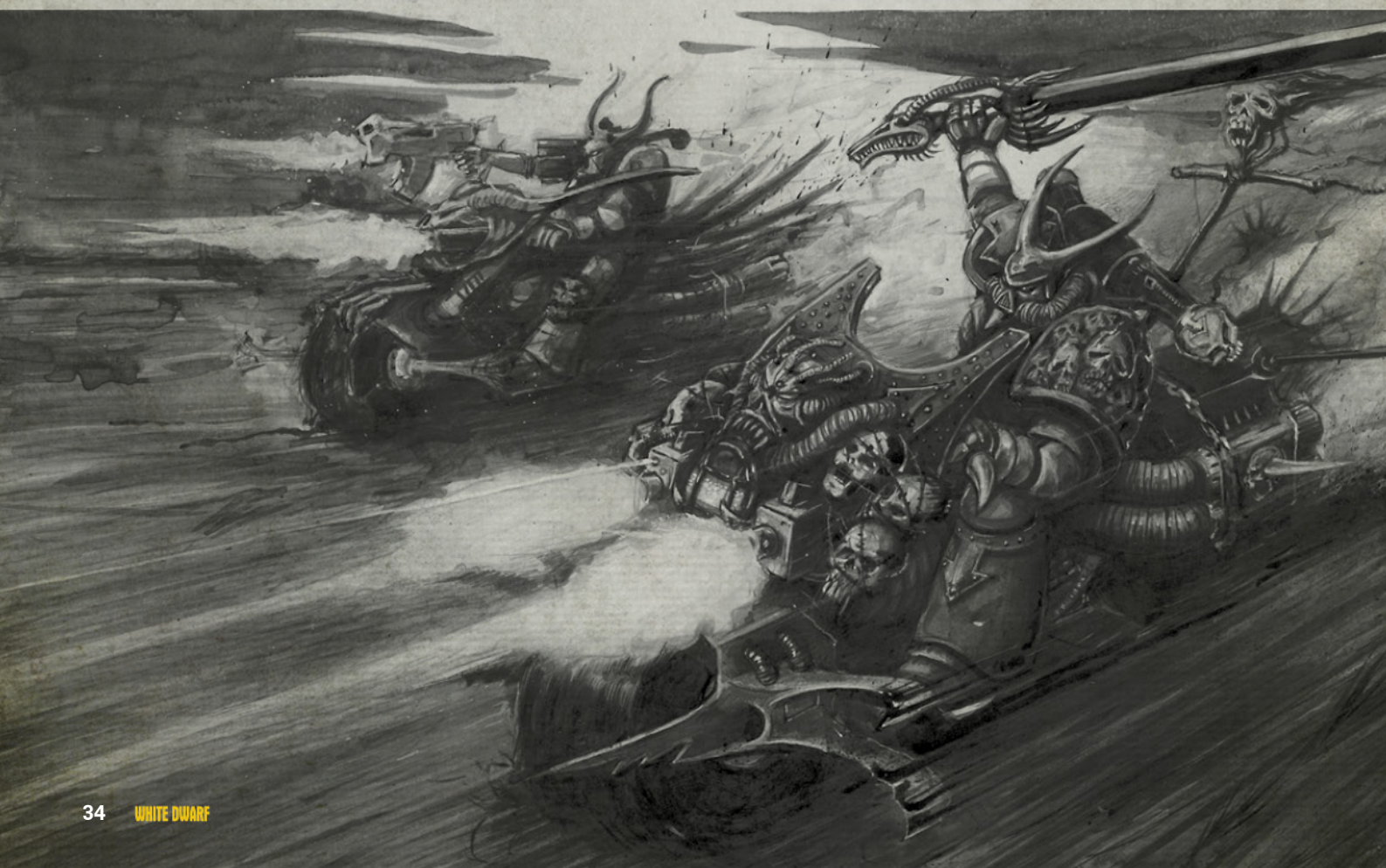
'That we may slay your foes for your glory,' said Qursu.

'Blood for the Blood God!' shouted Beh'dad Sha'hi.

'Charge,' Amelagar ordered.

At once, the Word Bearers sped straight into the garrison troops in a frontal assault.

Many of the Imperial soldiers turned and fled when they





saw the Word Bearers charge at breakneck speeds towards them, dropping their weapons. Some stood firm, however, attempting to keep some kind of order.

They opened fire. Even with so many having fled, a fierce barrage of lasbolts tore into the Heretic Astartes. Most of the shots missed Amelagar altogether. Many ricocheted off Rûndash, leaving little more than a brown scorch mark.

Gratitude, blessed deities, prayed Amelagar.

Amelagar heard a series of pained grunts over the vox.

'What was that?' he demanded.

'Zigash, brother,' said Qursu. 'Took a few hits. Then took a fall.'

'Then his faith was lacking,' Amelagar said. 'We continue.'

The remaining Word Bearers were amongst the Imperial troops within seconds.

Amelagar took the first soldier's head off without even swinging *flesh-shredder*. The sheer momentum of his advance was enough to drive it through the flesh and spine of the trooper. Blood and spinal fluid sprayed over his visor. He laughed. He heard the others laughing over the vox as well.

'Death to the false Emperor!' he roared, as a swing from his chainsword reduced another fleeing soldier to bloody ribbons.

'All hail the Dark Gods! Glory to their names! Glory to their power! Death to their enemies!'

'Blood for the Blood God!' roared Beh'dad Sha'hi.

'Hail the Prince of Perfection!' bellowed Qursu.

'Praise be to the Grandfather,' said Mulugal.

'Glory to the Architect of Fate,' said Nabuik.

Amelagar saw that a handful of exhausted soldiers had made it to the fortress gate and were attempting to close it. They waved a few of their comrades through who also made it. Amelagar gunned Rûndash's throttle and raced directly for them. He fired Rûndash's twin-linked bolters. The hail of bolts shredded the soldiers when they hit them, tearing off arms and blowing out chests. The gates themselves were dented and torn by the rounds' explosions.

Amelagar sped straight through the half-closed gate, smashing them open. He crushed the wounded who had been lying in the gateway. Amelagar span Rûndash around the courtyard, looking for targets. He drew his bolt pistol. Any troops inside could fire upon him from any number of angles.

He saw no one.

Refuse and litter bounced over the dusty ground in the wind.

The place was empty.

Amelagar dismounted.

He explored the fort. He checked the heavy weapons, which were indeed out of ammunition. He found empty storehouses. There was nothing in the barrack blocks besides soiled blankets and rags. The armoury had nothing more than a few dozen lasguns in poor condition. There were no grenades and few spare power packs. In every chamber he scratched an eight-pointed star into the walls with his combat blade.

'They were desperate indeed,' Amelagar said. 'Throwing everything into one last effort.'

He returned to the courtyard. The rest of his warriors had gathered there. All were covered in rapidly-drying gore.

'Are they all dead?' Amelagar asked.

'Every last one,' said Beh'dad Sha'hi. 'Cowards and weaklings all.'

'Some of them begged for mercy,' said Qursu. 'I gave them a slower death.'

'We made them pay for their undoing of the Grandfather's work these past weeks,' said Mulugal.

Amelagar laughed. 'Good. Very good. They never seem to learn that the Emperor does not protect.'

'If they did, life would be much more boring,' said Nabuik.

'True,' said Amelagar. 'I often think their resistance is the will of the gods, to test us and to entertain them.'

'No one knows their will,' said Nabuik. 'We are but players in their games.'

Amelagar nodded.

'It is time to leave. There are other outposts. We will silence them all, for the glory and enjoyment of the gods.'

He mounted Rûndash, stirred its engine to life again and left the fort. The other Word Bearers followed.



THE CHARADON PERIPHERY

The Charadon Sector has come under attack by the Death Guard, leaving many worlds cut off without any chance of rescue. Now, outlying systems have come under attack by scouting forces, opening up new fronts in areas that were thought to be safe.

Over the following pages you will find several Theatres of War that are set in areas of Imperial-held space, away from the front lines, in the Charadon Sector. There are also a number of unique Battle Traits that can be gained by your forces when they secure victory within these environments. You can use this content on its own or combine it with the rules found within *War Zone Charadon Act 1: The Book of Rust*, which also contains in-depth details of these war-torn locales and a wide range of exciting new rules for your games of Warhammer 40,000.

FLASHPOINTS

Flashpoints represent specific areas of conflict at particular moments in time. Some of the rules content found within the following pages is tagged with the Flashpoint that it belongs to. Rules that are labelled as belonging to one or more Flashpoints, in this case the Charadon Sector, are thematically linked to them and are not intended to be combined with rules from different locales.

When playing a game, if both players wish to use any Flashpoint rules, they should agree ahead of time which Flashpoint their battle is

set in. After this choice has been made, the only Flashpoint rules that can be used in that game are ones labelled with that Flashpoint.



CHARADON THEATRES OF WAR

If you are playing a Flashpoint, you can, when selecting your missions, choose to set that mission in a Theatre of War that is found within that Flashpoint; these are themed locations that will provide you with new rules to represent the battlefield conditions within that locale. Theatres of War are a fantastic way to add an extra level of narrative to your games as well as adding new and exciting challenges to your battle. You and your opponent can either select one of these to use for the battle, or you can randomly select one from those available.



PLAINS OF DENTHERYA



The Plains of Dentherya are an enormously hostile environment. They are populated by dangerous creatures, subject to extremes in temperature and blighted by flesh-shredding sandstorms.

Flashpoints: Eladagh System, Charadon War Zone

Designer's Note: If playing using this Theatre of War, we recommend that the battlefield is either fairly flat with few hills and tall terrain features, or has one large raised section, with the lower ground having been excavated by one of the nomadic harvesters.

When fighting a battle in the Plains of Dentherya, the following rules apply:

Exposed Plateau

The plains' extreme temperatures present immense challenges for any fighting forces. Enormous heat exhausts infantry and cavalry, whilst freezing cold renders the armour of fighting vehicles more brittle.

Before the battle, after determining who the Attacker and Defender will be, the Attacker rolls one D3 and consults the table opposite to determine what time of day it is.



D3	TIME OF DAY
1	Scorching Day: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Each time an Advance roll is made, treat a roll of 5-6 as 4 instead. Subtract 1 from charge rolls.
2	Freezing Night: Reduce the Armour Penetration characteristic of weapons by 1.
3	Twilight Glare: Each time a ranged attack targets a unit, if the Attacker is more than 12" away, that attack's hit roll cannot be re-rolled.

Denizens of the Dunes

Dentherya's deserts are home to all manner of dangerous flora and fauna that can seriously harm or even kill troops.

Before the battle, after determining who the Attacker and Defender will be, the Attacker rolls one D3 and consults the table below to determine what denizens have been disturbed by the player's forces.



D3	DENIZENS
1	Cacti Colonies: Starting with the Attacker: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> If playing a Combat Patrol or Incursion battle, each player sets up one Cactus Colony marker on the battlefield. If playing a Strike Force or Onslaught battle, each player alternates setting up Cactus Colony markers on the battlefield until they have each set up two such markers. Cactus Colony markers cannot be set up within either player's deployment zone or within 12" of each other, and must be set up at ground level. At the start of the battle round, each Cactus Colony marker moves 2D6" horizontally towards the nearest model, stopping if it enters Engagement Range of that model or can move no further. Cactus Colony markers have the following ability: Cactus Colony (Aura): While a unit is within 6" of this marker (excluding VEHICLE or MONSTER units): <ul style="list-style-type: none"> At the start of the Movement phase, until the end of the phase, subtract 1" from the Move characteristic of models in that unit. Subtract 1 from Advance and charge rolls made for that unit.
2	Biting Centipedes: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Each time a charge is declared against a unit that is receiving the benefits of cover from a terrain feature with the Defensible terrain trait (see the <i>Warhammer 40,000 Core Book</i>), roll one D6: on a 5+, until the end of the phase, that unit cannot Hold Steady or Set to Defend. At the start of the Fight phase, roll one D6 for each unit receiving the benefits of cover from a terrain feature with the Heavy Cover terrain trait: on a 5+, until the end of the phase, that unit does not receive the benefits of cover from that terrain feature.
3	Venomous Arachnids: At the start of the battle round, roll one D6 for each unit receiving the benefits of cover from an Area Terrain feature: on a 5+, that unit is poisoned until the end of the battle round. While a unit is poisoned, subtract 1 from the Strength characteristic of models in that unit. This is not cumulative with any other rules that reduce a model's Strength characteristic.



Sandstorm

Sandstorms are an enormous problem for troops. Not only are they immensely dangerous, but they make it almost impossible to fight.

At the start of the battle round, if the sandstorm has not yet hit, roll one D6: on a 5+, the sandstorm hits. The sandstorm lasts for three battle rounds, and its effects during each of those battle rounds are shown in the table below.

Battle Round	SANDSTORM EFFECT
When the sandstorm hits	Gale: The maximum Range characteristic of ranged weapons is reduced to 30".
First battle round after the sandstorm hits	Whirlwind: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> The maximum Range characteristic of ranged weapons is reduced to 24". Each time a ranged attack is made, reduce the Armour Penetration of that attack by 1.
Second battle round after the sandstorm hits	Gust: The maximum Range characteristic of ranged weapons is reduced to 36".



THE WHEEL OF PHAATUO



Within the Wheel of Phaatu there were thousands of asteroids. During the war against Typhus, many became home to pirates. It became the task of the Excruciators Chapter to drive them out, and there was much vicious fighting.

Flashpoints: Gildras System, Charadon War Zone

Designer's Note: If playing using this Theatre of War, we recommend that the battlefield features a large number of Industrial Sectors and Ruins to represent the ramshackle construction of a pirate base.

When fighting a battle in the Wheel of Phaatu, the following rules apply:

Strange Gravity: Units that can **FLY** cannot Advance.

Void-battle Impacts

Outside the asteroid a vicious void-battle is taking place. When stray munitions strike the asteroid, it impacts those fighting within.

At the start of the battle round, the Attacker rolls one D3 and consults the table below for the effect that the void fighting has on the asteroid for that battle round.

D3	IMPACT
1	No Hits: No effect.
2	Low-yield Strike: Each time a model makes a melee attack, if its unit made a charge move or performed a Heroic Intervention that turn, subtract 1 from that attack's hit roll.
3	Massive Detonation: Each time a model makes a ranged attack, if its unit did not Remain Stationary in its previous Movement phase, subtract 1 from that attack's hit roll.

Gravitational Effects

The Wheel of Phaatu is a strange phenomenon. Its 'winds' flow in a continuous circuit around the Gildras System. None who have ever studied the Wheel have ever fully understood how it works, though they do attribute some of its effects to strange gravitational forces and patterns. It can be difficult to navigate at times even for skilled pilots, and the Excruciators have established a number of 'lighthouses' in some places to aid shipping utilising the Wheel to navigate the system.

Before the battle, after determining who the Attacker and Defender will be, the Attacker rolls one D6 and consults the table opposite to determine the way that the gravitational effects can be manipulated by troops on the battlefield.



D6	GRAVITATIONAL EFFECT
1	Low Gravity: Each time a unit is selected to make a Normal Move, until the end of the phase, models in that unit can move across models and terrain as if they were not there.
2	Directed Push: Each time an Advance roll is made, treat a roll of 1-2 as 3 instead.
3	Lighthouses: Objective markers gain the following ability: Lighthouses (Aura): While a unit is within 6" of this objective marker, each time that unit is selected to make a Normal Move or Advance, until the end of the phase, add 1" to the Move characteristic of models in that unit.
4	Manipulate Terrain: Each time a unit is selected to Fall Back, until the end of the phase, models in that unit can move across models and terrain as if they were not there.
5	Energised Charge: Each time a charge roll is made, roll one additional D6 and discard one of the dice.
6	Concentrated Blast: Objective markers gain the following ability: Concentrated Blast (Aura): While a unit is within 6" of this objective marker, each time that unit is selected to pile in or consolidate, each model in that unit can move up to an additional 3" for that pile in or consolidate move. This is not cumulative with any other rule that increases the distance models can pile in or consolidate.

THE EMPEROR'S WRATH



The Emperor's Wrath was a huge space fortress, designed to protect the Rhodior System from invasion. Like many other locations in Rhodior, it was not immune to infighting. This resulted in many dead, which rose again when the effects of Typhus' sorcery spread through the Charadon Sector.

Flashpoints: Rhodior System, Charadon War Zone

Designer's Note: If playing using this Theatre of War, we recommend that the battlefield is populated largely with industrial structure, armoured container and fuel pipe terrain features to represent the space fortress.

When fighting a battle on the Emperor's Wrath, the following rules apply:

Corpse Piles

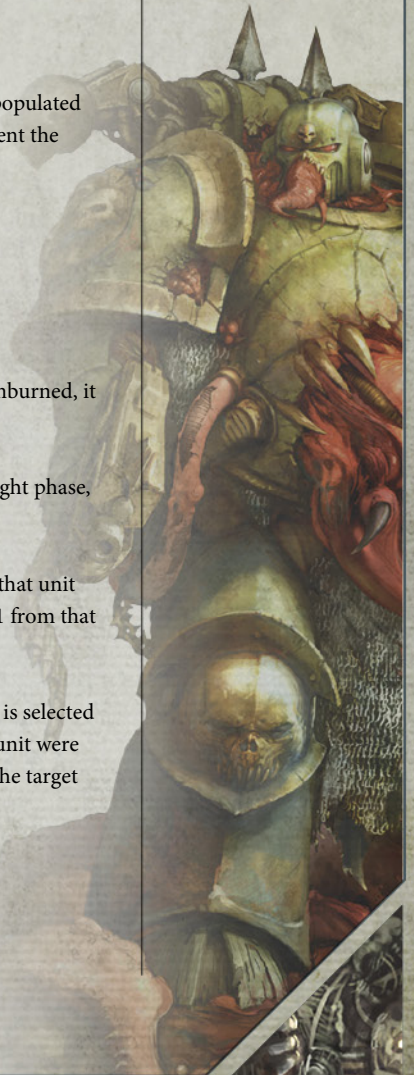
In the Rhodior System, the dead became the enemy and were ever present threat.

At the start of the battle, all objective markers are unburned corpse piles. While a corpse pile is unburned, it has the following abilities:

Cautious Advance (Aura): While a unit is within 6" of this objective marker, at the start of the Fight phase, that unit does not count as having made a charge move or Heroic Intervention this turn.

Eyes on a Swivel (Aura): While a unit is within 6" of this objective marker, each time a model in that unit makes a ranged attack that targets an enemy unit not within 6" of this objective marker, subtract 1 from that attack's hit roll.

Hands of the Dead (Aura): While a unit is within 6" of this objective marker, each time that unit is selected as the target of an attack, after the attacking unit has made its attacks, if any models in the target unit were destroyed as a result of those attacks, roll one D6 for each of those destroyed models: for each 6, the target unit suffers 1 mortal wound.



When playing a game using this Theatre of War, both players have access to the following action:

Burn the Dead

To prevent the dead from rising, many corpses were burnt to ash.

Units from your army can attempt the following action, as described in the *Warhammer 40,000 Core Book*:

Burn the Dead (Action): At the start of your Movement phase, any number of units from your army can start to perform this action (excluding **BEAST** and **SWARM** units). Each must be in range of a different unburned corpse pile. This action is completed at the end of the turn. When this action is completed, that corpse pile is considered burned.

Weapon Caches

Infighting between Imperial forces resulted in numerous arms caches being stolen or hidden away.

Before the battle, after determining who the Attacker and Defender will be, the Attacker rolls one D3 and consults the table below to determine what type of stolen equipment has been stored away in the weapon caches hidden across the battlefield.

When playing a game using this Theatre of War, both players have access to the following action:

Forage for Wargear

Warriors search abandoned and ruined buildings in the hunt for vital wargear.

Units from your army can attempt the following action, as described in the *Warhammer 40,000 Core Book*:

Forage for Wargear (Action): At the start of your Movement phase, any number of **INFANTRY**, **CAVALRY** or **BIKER** units from your army can start to perform this action. Each must be wholly within a different piece of Area Terrain that has not yet been searched. This action is completed at the end of the phase. When this action is completed, that piece of Area Terrain is considered searched, roll one D6: on a 4+, the unit performing this action has found a weapons cache. Select either the Ranged or Melee equipment stored in that cache. Until the end of the battle, that unit gains the selected ability.

D3	STOLEN EQUIPMENT
1	<p>Ranged – High-end Optics: Add 6" to the Range characteristic of Rapid Fire and Heavy weapons that models in this unit are equipped with.</p> <p>Melee – Stims: Each time a model in this unit is destroyed by a melee attack made by an enemy model, do not remove the destroyed model from play – it can, after the attacking model's unit has finished making its attacks, make one attack with one of its melee weapons. After resolving this attack, the destroyed model is then removed.</p>
2	<p>Ranged – Recoil Dampeners: Each time a model in this unit makes a ranged attack, on an unmodified wound roll of 6, improve the Armour Penetration characteristic of that attack by 1.</p> <p>Melee – Stabiliser Grips: Each time a model in this unit makes a melee attack, on an unmodified wound roll of 6, improve the Armour Penetration characteristic of that attack by 2.</p>
3	<p>Ranged – Thermic Sighting Modules: Each time a model in this unit makes a ranged attack, the target does not receive the benefits of Light Cover against that attack.</p> <p>Melee – Breaching Gear: Each time a model in this unit makes a melee attack, the target does not receive the benefits of Heavy Cover against that attack.</p>





The Dead Arise

Warriors slain in the fighting rise from the dead, possessed of all manner of terrible plagues. They are a terrifying enemy to face.

At the start of the battle round, calculate the total number of destroyed units from both players' armies and check the table below to see what effect the awakening dead have for that battle round.

COMBINED NUMBER OF UNITS DESTROYED FROM BOTH ARMIES	EFFECT OF THE DEAD
0-2	Moment of Death: No effect.
3-4	Stirrings of the Dead: Each time a Morale test is taken, roll one additional D6 and discard the lowest dice.
5-6	Darkness of Night: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Each time a Morale test is taken, roll one additional D6 and discard the lowest dice. Each time a Morale test is failed, two models flee instead of one.
7+	End of it All: <ul style="list-style-type: none"> Each time a Morale test is taken, roll one additional D6 and discard the lowest dice. Each time a Morale test is failed, two models flee instead of one. Subtract 1 from Combat Attrition tests.

CHARADON BATTLE TRAITS

When a unit from your army gains a Battle Trait, if you have just won a battle on one of the **Charadon War Zone** Theatres of War presented here, you can instead select the relevant Battle Trait from the list below. All the usual rules for selecting Battle Traits, as described in the *Warhammer 40,000 Core Book*, apply.

Plains of Dentherya: Hardened Resilience

Such are the harsh conditions of Dentherya, those that have fought there are made immensely robust – both mentally and physically.

This unit automatically passes Out of Action tests.

The Wheel of Phaatuo: Honed Marksmanship

Troops fighting in the 'winds' of the Wheel of Phaatuo have to learn to master the use of the firearms if they wish to hit a foe. The lessons they pick up prove useful on any battlefield afterwards.

Once per battle, when this unit is selected to shoot, it can make use of this Battle Trait. If it does, until the end of the phase, each time a model in this unit makes an attack, add 1 to that attack's hit roll.

The Emperor's Wrath: Resolute Spirit

Few things are more terrifying than the rising dead. Those who have faced down such an enemy are now scared by little.

Once per battle, the first time this unit fails a Morale test, that test is automatically passed instead.



INDEX ASTARTES

Forged during the Dark Founding, the Exorcists Chapter of Space Marines harbour a dark secret. Though strong of will and virtually immune to corruption, the depths to which they sink to achieve such stalwartness border on heretical. But perhaps to defeat your enemies, first you must know them ...



EXORCISTS

The Daemons Within

By James Ashbey & Elliot Hamer

The Exorcists are one of a handful of Space Marine Chapters who trace their creation to the shadowy Thirteenth Founding. Historical records of this obscure event are scant and often contradictory, so it is little wonder that the Thirteenth is commonly known as the Dark Founding. Indeed, the full details of the Exorcists' foundation are not widely known even within the Chapter itself, and those who are privy to such secrets remain tight-lipped. This is in keeping with the Exorcists' customary silence on all matters that might attract wider scrutiny. Such secrecy is a necessary defence, as although the Exorcists are renowned first and foremost as a heroic and accomplished Space Marine Chapter, they fulfil a second, clandestine role as hunters of daemons. If knowledge of this mission – and of the disturbing manner in which the Exorcists prepare themselves for it – were to spread beyond their home world, many Imperial agents would denounce the Chapter outright. Yet the likelihood of such a discovery is reduced by the fact that most archives concerning the Exorcists' founding are either mysteriously closed or missing entirely.

In the absence of hard facts, speculation has mounted, and there are some who view the Exorcists with mistrust, noting that they seem to have been present in more than their fair share of war zones blighted by Chaos. Combined with the rare glimpses of the Exorcists' strange traditions and cult practices, this has been enough to provoke accusations of heresy. However unfounded, such ideas have found support amongst some of the Imperium's most zealous defenders, including the Black Templars. This is a point of considerable irony, as in truth the two Chapters share the same primogenitor – the noble Primarch Rogal Dorn.

Conceived as a Codex-compliant Chapter, the Exorcists were created from the resilient gene-seed of the Imperial Fists, and they soon distinguished themselves as worthy scions of Dorn. In the early years of the Chapter, the Exorcists proved adaptable to many different strategic challenges, whether fighting alongside other Imperial forces or blazing their own trail of destruction through the Emperor's foes. But when the Exorcists deployed to liberate the daemon-wracked world of Totem IV, the fate of the Chapter changed forever.

The colonists of the Totem System had long prided themselves on their independent spirit, and by the time they raised the alarm that they were under attack, the invasion led by the Greater Daemon Keriath the Shrouded was already well advanced. The Exorcists were first to respond, and upon landing on the cardinal planet Totem IV, they were immediately beset by a huge



SCARRED IN MIND AND BODY

Even the most resilient Exorcists initiates who emerge from the Halls of Tempering carry physical and mental stigmata for life. The exact nature of these wounds can vary as widely as the nature of daemons themselves, with each warp entity leaving its own uniquely malign imprint. Initiates possessed by beings of a particularly duplicitous nature may be left with unshakeable paranoia that they are being plotted against, while some of those who hosted daemons of rage and wrath afterwards find their own bloodlust difficult to subdue. Beneath their power armour, meanwhile, Exorcists bear unnatural physical scars and blemishes. Some of these take the shape of fell runes that throb with a dull pain in the presence of warp-spawn. Others are tiny lacerations that never truly heal and require frequent re-purification. Discoloured eyes and patches of scaly flesh are not uncommon, and some survivors even experience spiny

growths sprouting from their head or limbs. While Exorcists regard these anomalies as marks of honour signifying the defeat of the unholy, to prying eyes they would be sure signs of heresy, and the afflicted are careful to conceal or replace with augmetics any stigmata that would draw attention.

Yet not all of the consequences of possession are burdensome. Many a hostile psyker has found the minds of Exorcists Space Marines to be particularly hard to corrupt, though they do not understand why. It has even been rumoured that Exorcists battle-brothers possess heightened psychic ability and wield arcane forces on the battlefield, but such claims cannot be substantiated. Like other Codex-compliant Chapters, the Exorcists tolerate psychic activity only amongst Librarius personnel, and any signs of deviance are quickly stamped out.

host of Tzeentchian warp-spawn. Though these eldritch horrors had the numbers to overwhelm the Astartes, the Exorcists' resilience of spirit was formidable even by the measure of Space Marines. Whether by some quirk of genetics or the invisible will of the Emperor himself, they found themselves able to overcome the corrupting touch of sorcerers and daemons in situations others would deem hopeless. So it was on Totem IV, as the Exorcists advanced boldly through the planet's blasted cityscapes, taking considerable physical damage but never yielding to the assaults their twisted foes made on their minds. Angered by the Exorcists' strange resistance to the mutagenic gifts of Tzeentch, Keriath the Shrouded sought out their leader – Chapter Master Enoch Trismegistus – and hurled his entire psychic essence into the stoic Space Marine's mind. Even the heightened resolve of the Exorcists was no defence against such a powerful entity, and the Chapter Master succumbed to the possession. Yet Keriath's victory was not complete; though the daemon spoke through his host's mouth and did much damage to the Exorcists' position, internally Trismegistus battled on, fighting a desperate battle of wills against the daemon and putting its own defences to the test. While this ordeal took a grave toll on the Chapter Master's psyche, it gifted him with profound insights into the weaknesses of his foe and awoke a measure of his own latent psychic ability. In a feat of immense mental strength, he reached out to the mind of Chief Librarian Goetos, and together the two Exorcists drew out Keriath and banished him from realspace.

The consequences of this episode were momentous for both Trismegistus and his Chapter. Unknown to the Exorcists, a radical Inquisitorial sect known as the Plutonians had

already developed suspicions concerning the Chapter's unusual spiritual resilience and had embedded an informant in a menial position within Chapter Command. When this spy reported on Trismegistus' possession, the Plutonians acted swiftly, asserting their authority as Ordo Malleus agents to relieve the Chapter Master of command and establish purpose-built quarters on the Chapter home world of Banish. Here Trismegistus was interrogated relentlessly. Only after many months was the Space Marine absolved and reinstated as master of his brethren. This was only the beginning, however.

In the course of their interrogations, the Plutonians had laid out to Trismegistus their own radical theories concerning daemoniac possession and how its controlled use might be a paradoxical weapon in the war against Chaos. Perhaps they broke their silence out of vanity, expecting the Chapter Master to face the flames of oblivion soon enough. But Trismegistus had drunk of Keriath the Shrouded's vast intellect and realised the warped genius of the Inquisitors' plan. Once his purity had been proven beyond doubt, he made his own radical proposal to the Plutonians, pledging his incorruptible brethren as partners in their cause.

Acting in utmost secrecy, the Plutonians therefore remained on Banish permanently to oversee a programme that would be met with outrage if known to the wider Imperium. Entering a forbidding facility known as the Halls of Tempering, each new Exorcists recruit – and each compliant existing warrior – would be subjected to daemoniac possession like Trismegistus had been, albeit by entities of much lesser power and under tightly controlled conditions. After a period of intense monitoring and scrutiny, the Inquisitors would then drive out the daemon and return the

victim to the care of the Chapter for a further phase of recovery and reflection. So began a unique initiation ritual that continues to this day. Those who successfully emerge from the ordeal bear disturbing physical and mental scars but also exhibit qualities that, in the Plutonians' view, justify the brutal ordeal. The process seems to render the Exorcists still more fearless and resilient to daemonic corruption, and it gifts each battle-brother with personal revelations of the nature of daemonkind that serve them well in later clashes with the Ruinous Powers. Whatever the true extent of these changes, the Exorcists maintain a stony silence on all matters of Chapter training and tradition, knowing that even a single breach of secrecy could be their undoing.

Soon after the Plutonians began their work, it became clear that the Exorcists were not just capable of enduring daemonic possession. Their corporeal forms also proved strangely suited to retaining any entities that were not successfully banished. In a series of horrifying experiments, the Plutonians found that the living bodies of failed initiates were able to hold indefinite numbers of daemons prisoner, some subjects becoming so saturated with warp-spawn that they were sustained in a state of deathless torture, their bodies enduring for centuries while their minds broke apart. Even in this ignoble end, however, the Exorcists found a use for their fallen sons. If these Broken Ones could not serve the Chapter on the battlefield, they could at least live on as vessels of imprisonment, harbouring in their flesh the myriad entities driven out of successful initiates – immortal beings that might otherwise return to the warp and scatter the Exorcists' deepest secrets far and wide. Thus arose the most chilling of all practices conducted within the Halls of Tempering, and over the millennia, the numbers of accursed Broken Ones have continued to grow.

Accommodating such vessels of evil on Banish would be unthinkable dangerous, however. As the Apothecarion is concerned with retaining only the untarnished gene-seed of successful initiates, Broken Ones are dispatched into deep space under maximum security protocols, to live out their untold years within a secret prison-craft known as the Purgatomb. Within the pitch-black bowels of this immense drifting bastion, the Broken Ones are left to writhe and scream, locked within the hyper-dense walls of their warded cells. For some five millennia the Purgatomb has served the Exorcists' grim purposes, and though its location has become known on occasion, its abominable contents have never yet become known to any ally or enemy. This is well, as if even a single Broken One were to escape, the consequences for the Chapter – perhaps even for the Imperium itself – would be catastrophic.



THE ORISON CULTS

Alongside the great institutions whose doors line the Cloister of Scars, smaller, simpler portals give access to meeting places known as Orison Shrines. In these, battle-brothers initiated into specific Orison sub-cults reflect in different ways upon their duties as Space Marines, and they work to expand the bespoke libraries each Orison maintains. These cults are an important part of Chapter identity, and they open their doors to any Exorcists who would consult their records or learn more of their traditions.

To outside observers, the Exorcists' use of esoteric titles such as Brother-Initiate might hint at clandestine layers of battlefield organisation, but such terms are honorifics signifying Orison membership. Nonetheless, certain Orisons do maintain historic associations with particular battlefield roles. Many 1st Company veterans belong to the prominent Enochian Guard, for example, while the cult known as the Obelisk Thelemus attracts Devastators and Techmarines in greater number, and the Broken Tower cult is almost exclusively formed from Librarius personnel. Membership of one Orison does not preclude membership of another, and highly regarded heroes of the Chapter may have multiple Orison honours to their name.

HOME WORLD

Though the Exorcists spend extensive periods as fleet-based campaigners, their permanent base of operations is the feral world of Banish in the Narasima Straits. Boasting little in the way of natural assets or valuable infrastructure, Banish has proved an inconspicuous sanctum for a Chapter as insular as the Exorcists, being unlikely to draw unwanted attention from over-inquisitive allies. In addition, the primitive human tribes of Banish have proven themselves a worthy recruitment pool for the Chapter's particular needs. These hardy

nomads were descended from Imperial prospectors stranded on the planet in an earlier age, and centuries of isolation have made them a regressive but highly self-reliant people who have forgotten the promise of technology and galactic exploration.

Beneath the steaming acid swamps of Banish lies the Exorcists' fortress monastery, the Basilica Malefex. This mysterious underground complex is unusual for being home to not only the strategic headquarters, armoury and other facilities typical of most Space Marine home worlds, but also the extensive precincts of the Plutonian Inquisitors. It is here that Exorcists initiates are ushered into the gloomy depths of the Halls of Tempering. Full details of the arcane technologies housed in this place of possession are known only to the Ordo Malleus radicals and senior figures in Chapter command, and those Exorcists who emerge do so with no memory of the means by which the Inquisitors work.

The remainder of the fortress monastery houses all of the infrastructure required by any orthodox Space Marine Chapter, along with a number of peculiarities. At the heart of the complex, a quadriform walkway called the Cloister of Scars links together the Chapter's training grounds, living quarters and command centres, while the huge atrium at the Cloister's centre acts as a burial ground for the battle-slain, with dimly lit spaces reserved for private meditation. The outer walls of the Cloister are studded with many stone archways of varying size and grandeur. The larger of these lead off to the great institutions of the Chapter – the Reclusiam, Apothecarion, Armoury and the Council Chamber where the Chapter Master presides.

The mightiest doorway of all leads to the Chapter Librarius. Behind thick blast doors sentried at all times, the Chief Librarian and his subordinates preserve detailed records of every Exorcists battle, paying special attention to any daemonic foes encountered and the methods used to defeat them. While all Space Marines seek to know their enemies and capitalise on their weaknesses, the Exorcists take this belief to the extreme, and their diligent accumulation of occult lore would be considered heretical by many Chapters. The Librarians understand the risks, however, and the dim vaults that harbour such tracts are wreathed in hexagrammatic wards and a perpetual haze of purifying incense. In truth, arcane subject matter forms a relatively small part of the Chapter's record-keeping; the Exorcists are a well-rounded fighting force equipped to engage all manner of enemies, and through keen analysis of Chapter records they strive to be as prepared as possible for any threats they might face.

THE ERA INDOMITUS

Since the emergence of the Great Rift, the galaxy has been beset by warp horrors and heretical uprisings on an unprecedented scale, and the renowned incorruptibility of the Exorcists has never been more in need. As a result, Exorcists strike forces have been deployed far and wide, some even plunging into the shadows of the Imperium Nihilus, their mission to combat the unholy forces rumoured to prey upon Imperial worlds there.

When the Primaris reinforcements were dispatched to the Space Marine Chapters, the Torchbearer fleet bound for Banish met with intense and repeated daemonic assaults, to the extent that the Rogue Traders travelling with the flotilla came to regard the mission as cursed. Privately, even the Adeptus Custodes attached to the fleet muttered that such attention from the Dark Gods was ominous indeed. In the heavy fighting that resulted, all of the fleet's Greyshields fell in action, and when the battered Torchbearer vessels reached the Exorcists, the Magi Biologis were able to present the Chapter with only the technologies behind the creation of Primaris Space Marines, with no living proof of the warriors Belisarius Cawl had prepared. All the same, this gift of technology suited Chapter command and the Plutonians well. Raising their own Primaris initiates on Banish would enable the close monitoring of training from its earliest stages, to watch for any signs of incompatibility with the initiation rite. No such signs came. The Exorcists' innate resistance to daemonic influence seemed present in the Primaris recruits also, further indicating that a peculiarity in the Chapter's gene-seed was responsible for the anomaly. As to the root causes of this

CHAPTER MASTER AYMIR VASAPHON

The current Chapter Master of the Exorcists is Aymir Vasaphon, a taciturn warrior who commands deep respect from those around him, though few understand the inner workings of his mind. Some three hundred years have passed since Vasaphon completed his initiation as an Exorcist, but the seasoned Space Marine is still haunted by the guttural voice of the daemon that possessed him for seven days. This malignant entity of Nurgle made many smug claims to Vasaphon before being banished, and the fact that several of these have since come true is an enduring source of concern to the Chapter Master – so much so that he pursues the destruction of the Plague God's servants with particular zeal.

Vasaphon was the first member of Chapter command to cross the Rubicon Primaris, considering it his duty to endure the procedure before asking his peers to do the same. Clad in crimson Gravis plate and armed with the relic blade Voidbane, the reborn Vasaphon is a formidable force on the battlefield.

phenomenon and why similar gifts do not present in the Imperial Fists or their other successors, no further light was shed.

Nonetheless, the strange initiation rites left their mark on the Primaris subjects also. In war zones where they fought alongside other Chapters whose battle-brothers had endured no forced exposure to daemons, subtle differences between the Primaris elements were apparent. Time and again, those of the Exorcists seemed more stalwart in the face of warp-spawn, but they were also more prone to unexplained decisions and turns of mood.

THE SWORDS OF EPIPHANY

The initiation process of the Exorcists has always had its failures. Although most of these unfortunates die during their ordeal – or worse, become Broken Ones – one dark episode in the Chapter's early history demonstrated how dangerous these fallen souls could be. The initiative came from Cardinal Rodrigo Nessun, a trusted agent of the Ecclesiarchy attached to the Plutonians on Banish. When Nessun witnessed the changes that came over those who had succumbed to possession, he experienced a revelation: to his mind, these beings were a higher breed of warrior who could take Humanity forward. Guided by the whispers of the Dark Gods, Nessun gathered up a contingent of these condemned initiates before they could be destroyed, and he escaped with them to the warp, baptising his foul host the Swords of Epiphany and swearing them to the service of Chaos.

The existence of this warband could not be tolerated by the Exorcists. More than staining Chapter honour, the heretics might have retained memories of the hellish practices carried out in the Basilica Malefex and spread damning rumours. Thus began Armadel's Purge, led by Captain Veyon Armadel, which hounded the Swords of Epiphany wherever they were sighted until at last the twisted cabal was declared extinct.

THE ENOCHIAN GUARD

The most prestigious of the Exorcists' Orison sub-cults is the Enochian Guard, named after the Chapter's first Chapter Master, Enoch Trismegistus. The shrine of the Enochians is the oldest and largest of its kind, with an archive particularly rich in occult lore. Although its doors are open to any battle-brothers who wish to broaden their knowledge or pay their respects, tradition holds that only members of the 1st Company or other high-ranking notaries may be initiated into the Orison itself. Rank alone does not qualify an Exorcist for membership of the Enochian Guard, however. Only those known to have slain a daemon in single combat are considered worthy candidates, and even then, prospective initiates must be vouched for by at least two other members.

Like all Orisons, the Enochian Guard are careful not to draw overt attention to their membership with grand visual display, so they keep battlefield markings limited. Nonetheless, before battle it is traditional for Enochians to adorn themselves with excerpts from the Liber Exorcismus and other hallowed writings in the Chapter's keeping. Some brothers choose to carve these directly into their armour and gun casings, while others ink the words onto long streamers of parchment which they then wrap around their limbs and weapons, believing that the verses will imbue them with righteous strength when the Emperor's light is furthest from reach.



COMBAT DOCTRINE

Despite their superficial similarities with the daemon-hunting mission of the Grey Knights, the combat doctrine of the Exorcists differs greatly from that of the sons of Titan. From their inception, they were conceived as a Chapter with wide-ranging strategic capabilities modelled on the tenets of the Codex Astartes. Where each Grey Knight is a psychically gifted warrior equipped with weapons and artefacts of extreme rarity, Exorcists Space Marines possess no specialised resources other than their hardened spiritual resolve and their wealth of archived lore.

Whether deployed against daemonic foes or otherwise, the Exorcists strive to be a step ahead of their enemies at all times. Key to this doctrine is effective reconnaissance, and the Exorcists make extensive use of the large numbers of neophyte Scouts necessitated by the Chapter's merciless recruitment process, deploying them behind enemy lines on covert intelligence missions. Indeed, the Exorcists also ask their Scout forces to endure combat duties that would normally fall to fully fledged battle-brothers, ostensibly to hone their martial skills but in reality to temper their spirits and weed out weakness before they pass through the possession ritual. A favoured tactic is to work neophyte forces into positions where they appear vulnerable and then reveal them, drawing out the enemy by giving them a false sense of tactical advantage before crushing their advances with the full weight of the Exorcists' main force.

In the Era Indomitus, the Exorcists have integrated the capabilities of Primaris Space



HERALDRY AND ICONOGRAPHY

The Exorcists follow traditional Codex Astartes guidelines when it comes to iconography and markings. Company colours are represented on pauldron trims, while squad designations and markings are displayed on the right shoulder pad. The Chapter icon is featured on the left. The Chapter's unorthodox 11th and 12th companies do not display company colours, instead reverting to plain red like the warriors of the 10th Company.

Exorcists are also permitted to personalise their armour and wargear with scripture and purity seals featuring words and passages from the Liber Exorcismus.



Chapter Icon



Battle-brother Argus of the 2nd Company, 2nd Squad (Battleline)



Battle-brother Pausanius of the 10th Company, 4th Squad (Battleline)

Marines into their existing doctrines, notably by designating their entire 10th Company as a Vanguard company. These Phobos-armoured units have become a natural component of the infiltration missions that precede Exorcists assaults, while other Primaris elements such as Hellblasters and Repulsor tanks lend unprecedented strength to the Chapter's battleline.

Long before the Primaris technologies of Belisarius Cawl reinforced the Chapter, the Exorcists fought alongside Ordo Malleus forces seconded to the Plutonian sect, and this close cooperation still continues on occasion. Whether the Inquisitors in these instances deploy purely as allies or to monitor behaviours that have concerned them within the Exorcists' own ranks, their specialised knowledge and potent wargear have proven decisive to several victories in the Chapter's history.

ORGANISATION

The organisational structure of the Exorcists is largely compliant with the Codex Astartes, with a command hierarchy comparable to any conventional Space Marine Chapter. This conformity continues with regard to the company structure outlined in the Codex, except that the Exorcists maintain two additional companies beyond the traditional ten. Due to the high influx of recruits required to ensure that sufficient numbers of battle-brothers survive the Exorcists' unnatural selection process, the 11th and 12th Companies solely comprise Scout novitiates. Different Scouts units serving within these companies will be at different stages of their

initiation. Some will have passed out of the Halls of Tempering and into a gamut of physical and spiritual assessments overseen by the Master of Recruits and Reclusiam staff. Others are as yet unaware of the daemoniac encounter they will soon have to face and assume the close vetting of their conduct and the intensity of their early combat missions to be typical of any Chapter.

In addition to this organisational quirk, the Exorcists 10th Company differs to those of most other Chapters in that, since the Primaris technology reached the Chapter, it has been a company entirely composed of Vanguard Space Marines. In response to this, the Chapter's unorthodox 11th and 12th Companies expanded their neophyte numbers to make up the shortfall.

GENE-SEED

The Exorcists trace their genetic lineage to Rogal Dorn, the Primarch of the Imperial Fists, and echoes of Dorn's legendary resolve can certainly be seen in the incorruptible nature of the Chapter's warriors. Yet like so many details of their heritage and identity, the Exorcists give no outward signs of this bloodline. Dorn's name makes no appearance in battle cries or pageantry, and the Chapter maintains no fraternal links with the Imperial Fists or any of their many successors. Indeed, the truth is not even widely known amongst the rank and file of the Chapter, and it is only upon induction into the 1st Company that Exorcists are formally told of their descent from Dorn. This gift of knowledge is seen as a mark of great honour by veterans accustomed to the secretive ways of their Chapter, and they guard it with their lives.

CODEX SUPPLEMENT: EXORCISTS

This section presents the rules for fielding an army formed from the Exorcists Chapter – an Imperial Fists successor Chapter. If your army is Battle-forged and includes any **EXORCISTS** units, the rules in this section can be used in addition to those presented in *Codex Supplement: Imperial Fists*.

Designer's Note: *The Exorcists are a mysterious and secretive Chapter from the Thirteenth Founding, commonly known as the 'Dark Founding'. Being a successor Chapter of the Imperial Fists, they possess the unbreakable resolve of their primogenitor Rogal Dorn. With the exception of the Ordo Malleus, they share little affinity with other Chapters or institutions within the Imperium, for the Exorcists' very existence is devoted to understanding the nature of the denizens of the warp to better engage them on the battlefield. They are an adaptable Chapter capable of engaging on all fronts, thus a force with a variety of battlefield roles is suitable. Due to the heavy toll of their initiation rituals, the Chapter makes extensive use of neophyte scout companies, which not only provide them with reconnaissance and intel for their strategic assaults, but also ready initiates for the trials in the Halls of Tempering. In*

the Era Indomitus, the Chapter has integrated the Primaris Space Marines into their combat doctrines, in particular by establishing a dedicated company of Vanguard Space Marines.

CHAPTER TACTIC

The Chapter Tactic (see *Codex: Space Marines*) gained by **EXORCISTS** units is *By My Will I Deny Thee*.

EXORCISTS: BY MY WILL I DENY THEE

The Exorcists possess an unbreakable strength of will that allows them to face the mental and physical horrors of the galaxy and emerge victorious.

- Each time an attack is made against a unit with this tactic, an unmodified wound roll of 1 or 2 always fails, irrespective of any abilities that the weapon or the attacker may have.
- Each time a model with this tactic would lose a wound as a result of a mortal wound, roll one D6: on a 5+, that wound is not lost.

RELICS

If your army is led by a **EXORCISTS WARLORD**, you can, when mustering your army, give one of the following Chapter Relics to a **EXORCISTS CHARACTER** model from your army. Named characters and **VEHICLE** models cannot be given any of the following Relics.

Note that some Relics replace one of the model's existing items of wargear. Where this is the case, you must, if you are using points values, still pay the cost of the wargear that is being replaced. Write down any Chapter Relics your models have on your army roster.

CESSATION

When the halls of the Basilica Malefex ring with a single discharge from this ancient bolt pistol, it is a sobering reminder of the Chapter's chilling practices, and what they must do to fight their great enemy.

Model equipped with a bolt pistol, heavy bolt pistol, master-crafted special issue bolt pistol or absolver bolt pistol only. This Relic replaces a bolt pistol, heavy bolt pistol, master-crafted special issue bolt pistol or absolver bolt pistol and has the following profile:

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D
Cessation	18"	Pistol 1	5	-3	3

Abilities: Each time an attack is made with this weapon, you can re-roll the hit roll and you can re-roll the wound roll.

EXILE PLATE

Etched into the ceramite of this suit of armour are powerful wards and hexagrams of exile. With the culmination of the Chapter's anagogic knowledge adorning every aspect of its surface, the bearer purges those black of soul.

- The bearer has a Save characteristic of 2+.
- While an enemy unit is within Engagement Range of the bearer, each time an invulnerable saving throw is made for a model in that enemy unit, an unmodified roll of 1-4 is always a fail (or 1-5 if that enemy model is a **CHAOS DAEMON** model).

EXPULSIARIS

The length of this blade burns with an inextinguishable white flame, exemplifying the unquenchable resolve that burns within the Exorcists. It is a guiding light when the Chapter is most beset by the darkness, and when its edge strikes, it sets a fire in the souls of the enemy.

Model equipped with a power sword or master-crafted power sword only. This Relic replaces a power sword or master-crafted power sword and has the following profile:

WEAPON	RANGE	TYPE	S	AP	D
Expulsiaris	Melee	Melee	+2	-4	2

Abilities: Each time an attack is made with this weapon, an unmodified wound roll of 6 (or 4+ if the target is a **CHAOS DAEMON** unit) inflicts 1 mortal wound on the target in addition to any normal damage.

WARLORD TRAITS

If a **EXORCISTS CHARACTER** model is your **WARLORD**, you can use the Exorcists Warlord Traits table below to determine what Warlord Trait they have. You can either roll one D3 to randomly generate one, or you can select one.

1. ENOCHIAN GUARD

As a member of this most prestigious Orison cult, this warlord imbues themselves with righteous strength by adorning their weapons and wargear with excerpts from the hallowed writings of the Chapter.

- Once per battle, you can modify the result of a hit roll, wound roll or saving throw made for this **WARLORD** to a 6.
- Once per battle, you can use an **ADEPTUS ASTARTES** Epic Deed Stratagem without spending any CPs if this **WARLORD** is the model specified by that Stratagem's keyword.

2. KNOW THY ENEMY

This warlord is learned in the wealth of archived lore the Chapter has collected over centuries of warfare against their enemies, and applies this knowledge with effectiveness upon the battlefield.

Before the battle, select one unit in your opponent's army. Until

the end of the battle, this **WARLORD** has the following ability:

'Know Thy Enemy (Aura): While a friendly **EXORCISTS CORE** or **EXORCISTS CHARACTER** unit is within 6" of this **WARLORD**, each time a model in that unit makes an attack against the enemy unit you selected, add 1 to that attack's hit roll.'

3. ERUDITE IN THE VERSES

This warlord is well versed in the Liber Exorcismus, reciting its rites to banish enemies and defeat their sorceries.

- This **WARLORD** can attempt to Deny the Witch as if it were a **PSYKER**. If this **WARLORD** is a **PSYKER**, in each of your opponent's Psychic phases, this **WARLORD** can attempt to Deny the Witch one additional time.
- In each of your Shooting phases, instead of shooting with this **WARLORD**, if it is not within Engagement Range of any enemy units, you can attempt a banishment. If you do so, roll one D6: on a 3+, the closest enemy unit within 12" of and visible to this **WARLORD** suffers D3 mortal wounds.

STRATAGEMS

If your army includes any **EXORCISTS** Detachments (excluding Auxiliary Support, Super-heavy Auxiliary or Fortification Network Detachments), you have access to these Stratagems, and can spend CPs to use them.

CAST OUT THY BLACKENED SOUL 2CP

Exorcists – Battle Tactic Stratagem

Daemonic possession gives each battle-brother of the Exorcists a personal revelation about the nature of daemonkind, and with this knowledge they banish their foe.

Use this Stratagem in your Shooting phase, when an **EXORCISTS CORE** or **EXORCISTS CHARACTER** unit from your army is selected to shoot, or the Fight phase, when an **EXORCISTS CORE** or **EXORCISTS CHARACTER** unit from your army is selected to fight. Select one enemy **CHAOS DAEMON** unit within 12" of that unit. Until the end of the phase, each time a model in that friendly unit makes an attack against that enemy unit, you can re-roll the wound roll.



ORISON CULT 1CP/2CP

Exorcists – Requisition Stratagem

The Chapter houses a series of cults, each a proud sub-sect with traditions and associations concerning the role of a battle-brother on the battlefield.

Use this Stratagem before the battle, when you are mustering your army, if every unit in your army has the **ADEPTUS ASTARTES** keyword (excluding **AGENT OF THE IMPERIUM** and **UNALIGNED** units). Select one **EXORCISTS CORE** or **EXORCISTS CHARACTER** unit from your army, then select one combat doctrine. Once per battle, in your Command phase, you can select that combat doctrine to be active for that unit instead of any other combat doctrine until the start of your next Command phase. If that unit contains 5 or fewer models, this Stratagem costs 1CP; otherwise, it costs 2CP.

SPIRITUAL RESOLVE 2CP

Exorcists – Strategic Ploy Stratagem

The ordeals of the Halls of Tempering grant heightened spiritual resilience to those who survive them.

Use this Stratagem in your opponent's Psychic phase, when an **EXORCISTS** unit from your army is selected for a psychic power manifested by an enemy **PSYKER**. The effects of that psychic power are not resolved for that manifestation.

THE DAEMONS WITHIN

The Exorcists may not be one of the best-known Space Marine Chapters (probably on account of their dubious practices ...), but there are still lots of people who have painted models for them. Check out this gallery of Exorcists painted by staff and hobbyists.

THE ABSOLVUTOREM CRUSADE BY KOEN CAMBRÉ

Koen has collected Inquisition forces since the old days of *Codex: Daemonhunters*. His original army included a lot of Grey Knights and inducted Imperial Guard units, but with the release of the new Primaris Space Marines, he has decided to explore the Exorcists Chapter and their ties to the Ordo Malleus. These models are the most recent additions to an ever-growing Imperial force but with a slightly more radical leaning compared to his original, more puritan force.



1



2



3



4



5

Koen has painted loads of new characters for his combined Inquisitorial and Imperial armies force, including a Captain in Phobos Armour (1), a Chaplain (2), a Judiciar (3), a Lieutenant in Phobos Armour (4) and a Librarian in Phobos Armour (5).

These Eliminators (6) feature grey camo cloaks to help them blend in with their rocky surroundings.



6



The Absolutorem Crusade is mostly drawn from the 5th Company, with close support from the 1st Company (7).

Koen paints his models in a gritty style that befits their sinister background. He undercoats them with Chaos Black, followed by a zenithal highlight of Corax White. He then applies Evil Sunz Scarlet in very thin layers using an airbrush, which allows the shading to show through. Koen then highlights the red by painting on Evil Sunz Scarlet mixed with Kislev Flesh, then pure Kislev Flesh on the very top edges. Nuln Oil is used to shade the deepest recesses. You can even see arcane symbols on the armour panels of his Repulsor (8).

7



8

CAPTAIN BY ANT SALIBA

Ant followed a Blood Angels painting guide for his Captain, but he added battle damage and weathering to the armour. He also applied texture to the model's cloak to make it look like rough, well-worn leather.



LIEUTENANT BY STEPHEN MAY

Stephen converted his Lieutenant to wield a hammer – a traditional daemon-slaying weapon. He also added purity seals and a Grey Knights tome. The armour is painted with Leadbelcher, shaded with Nuln Oil and tinted with Blood Angels Red.



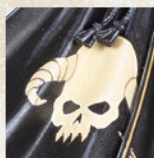
LIEUTENANT BY RICHARD GARTON

Richard converted his Lieutenant from a Bladeguard Veteran by adding a Grey Knights force sword, purity seals and a decapitated daemon head. The armour is also painted with Blood Angels Red over Leadbelcher.



CAPTAIN BY JAMES KARCH

James converted this Captain by combining Lieutenant Tolmeron's legs and power sword arm with the Primaris Captain's upper torso and cape.



LIEUTENANT BY ARTHUR HIGHAM

Arthur converted his Lieutenant by adding an Intercessor head, as he felt the scars fitted the background of the Chapter. He followed the Warhammer TV painting guide but added chips and scratches to the armour to show his Lieutenant's been fighting hard.



APOTHECARY BY NEIL ROBERTS

Neil's Apothecary has had the progenoid gland he normally holds replaced by a vanquished daemon's skull. The head is from a Sternguard Veteran, while the shoulder pad is from a Librarian.



INTERCESSORS BY JAMES KARCH

James painted these Intercessors almost two years after the Captain above and has brightened up his colour scheme since by using Mephiston Red as a basecoat instead of Khorne Red. The Sergeant's power sword comes from the Dark Angels upgrade frame, while his burning brazier is from the Salamanders upgrade set.



CAPTAIN BY MARTYN CASHMORE

Martyn converted his Captain by adding a load of extra purity seals to show his strength and fortitude. He also added a set of keys to his belt to represent the secrets he keeps safely locked away.

**ERADICATORS BY GEORGE HAYNES**

George painted his Eradicators in the traditional deep red of the Exorcists. He painted the Sergeant's rebreather to look like bone, mimicking the Chapter symbols that he has hand-painted on their shoulder pads. Note also the tiny white scrollwork on their armour, which represents litanies of faith and purity.

**ASSAULT INTERCESSORS BY GEORGE HAYNES**

George paints his Exorcists using Grey Seer as an undercoat, followed by a layer of Flesh Tearers Red for the armour and Black Templar for all the black details. He highlights the red with Evil Sunz Scarlet and Wild Rider Red, while the black is highlighted with Eshin Grey and Dawnstone. George also converted one of his Assault Intercessors by giving him a Mark VI helmet.

**OUTRIDERS BY GEORGE HAYNES**

George's last featured unit is a trio of Outriders. Again, he converted one of the models (the one on the left) using a spare head from the Infiltrators kit. George painted the front fairings of the bikes black and added the Chapter symbol to the engine housing.



THE EXORCISTS

We know how it works - you've just finished reading about the Exorcists, so now you might want to paint red-armoured Space Marines. Fortunately, the ever-prescient studio army painter, Tom Moore, has created two paint guides for just such an eventuality.

Tom: I used a Chaos Black undercoat for this Intercessor to help keep the colour scheme nice and dark. I then painted on the Khorne Red basecoat with a brush, but you could always apply Khorne Red Air through an airbrush to make the basecoat stage even quicker. If you like painting in

sub-assemblies, you can keep the backpack separate from the model's torso, as it doesn't feature any red paint at all.

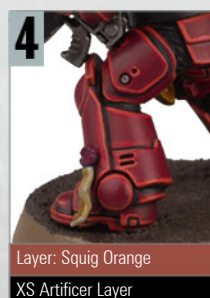
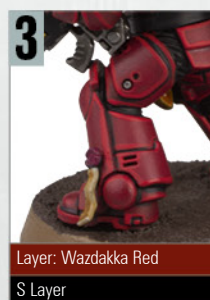
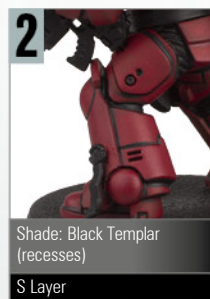
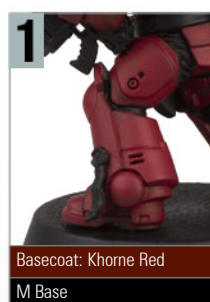
I actually used two methods of painting black on this model. This was to help show a difference between certain parts of the Space Marine - the gun, leather, pouches and

BATTLE READY

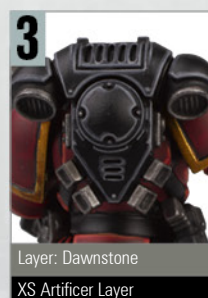
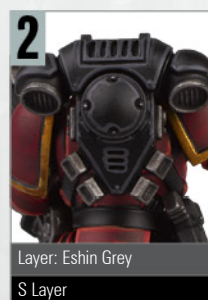
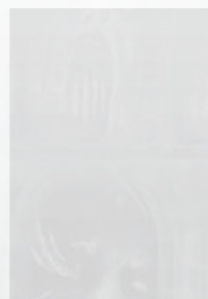
Using the stages to the right, Tom painted an Intercessor so that it is ready for the battlefield. An army painted to this standard would look brilliant.



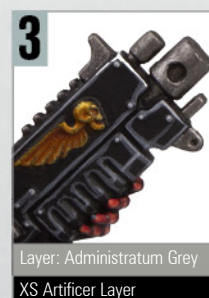
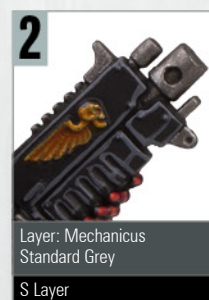
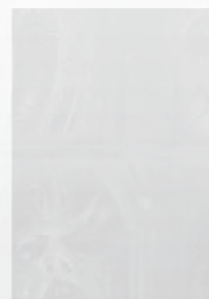
RED ARMOUR



BLACK ARMOUR



LEATHER & GUN



PARADE READY

With a few extra highlights to each area of the model, Tom took the Battle Ready Exorcist and made it Parade Ready. Daemons beware!



undersuit – and his armour. Of course, you can always paint these areas the same way for speed or convenience! I opted for cool highlights on both examples, which contrast nicely with the warm red armour.

The glowing eyes were inspired by the line drawings of the Exorcists in the Index Astartes article. Painters can spend a lot of time trying to paint Space Marine eye lenses like gemstones when in fact a layer of Tesseract Glow applied over Grey Seer creates a brilliant glowing effect. It really helps make the helmet the focal part of the model.

CHAPTER SYMBOL

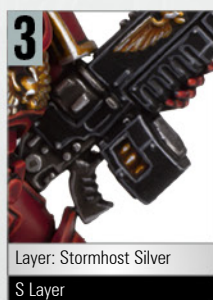
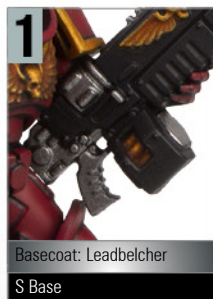
The Exorcists Chapter symbol is surprisingly easy to paint if you know this clever trick. First, apply a skull transfer from the Intercessors decal sheet. Once it's set, paint on a pair of horns using Corax White. If you make any mistakes, you can tidy up with Khorne Red. Add in the striations on the horns with Rhinox Hide, then wash the icon with Skeleton Horde. Don't worry if it gets on the red; it's dark enough that the wash will hardly show.



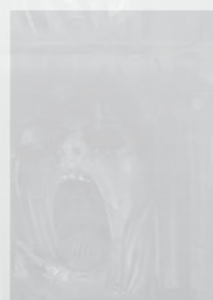
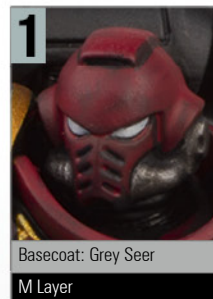
GOLD



GUN METAL



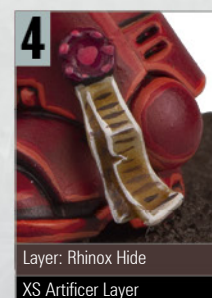
LENSES



PURITY SEAL



PARCHMENT



CONTRAST STYLE

For the Contrast paint method, I used Grey Seer as an undercoat. I picked this over Wraithbone because Flesh Tearers Red is a slightly cold red, and I wanted to keep that tone by using a colder undercoat. My goal was to keep the armour colour as true to the one shown in the Index article as possible.

While you can apply Contrast paints pretty heavily and quickly, I've found the best way to apply them to Space Marines is with control. Too much paint on the brush and it will pool in the recesses, leaving dark patches that are hard to work over. Too little paint and it will go streaky. My advice is to practice on a spare model if you have one. Paint one or two armour panels (the legs are good for this), let it dry and see how it looks. That will help you decide if you need more or less paint on the brush. Check out Warhammer TV for more advice on using Contrast paints.

BATTLE READY

Following the stages shown to the right, Tom used Contrast paints to paint this Exorcists Intercessor. He already looks ready for war!



PARADE READY

Tom added one or two highlights to each area of the model, taking this Intercessor from Battle Ready to Parade Ready in no time at all.

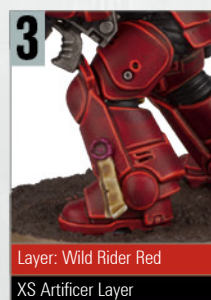
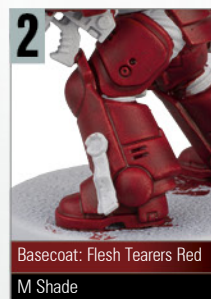


Once the Flesh Tearers Red is applied, you'll see that your shading and first highlight are pretty much done for you. I only needed one more highlight to finish off the armour. Wazdakka Red was too dark and Squig Orange too bright, so I opted for the colour in between: Wild Rider Red! For the black areas, I applied two coats of Black Templar to establish a solid basecoat and then highlighted as normal. Again, you can paint the backpack separately from the rest of the model to make painting both sub-assemblies easier.

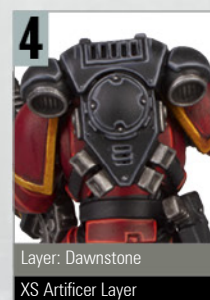
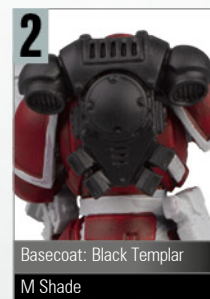
TOP TIP

Most of the studio armies are painted with neutral brown or grey bases. There are two reasons for this. Firstly, they don't detract from or overwhelm the model. Secondly, they look good on pretty much any battlefield. While you may already have a basing style in mind, the scheme opposite is perfect if you're uncertain how to paint your models' bases. You can always add some skulls later!

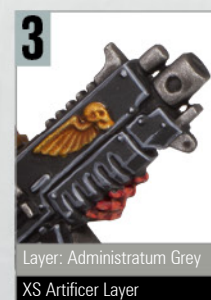
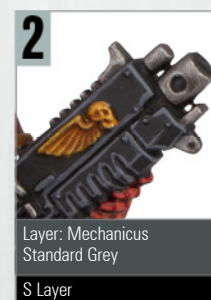
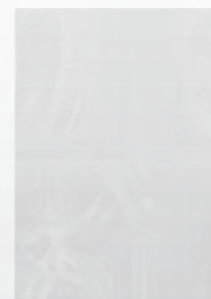
RED ARMOUR



BLACK ARMOUR



LEATHER & GUN



DIGITAL EXORCISM

Prefer to watch your painting guides live? Well look no further than the Warhammer TV YouTube channel. There are two Exorcists videos on there – one for painting an Intercessor, the other a step-by-step guide for the Chapter symbol. What more could you ask for?

WAZDAKKA RED
LAYER



PAINTING BASES

Tom painted the bases of his Exorcists using the traditional studio method. For the Battle Ready models, he applied a basecoat of Stirland Mud Technical paint and left it at that. For the Parade Ready models, he drybrushed the bases with Balor Brown and Screaming Skull. The base rim is painted with Steel Legion Drab. The patches of grass are from the Middenland Tufts set.



GOLD



Basecoat: Retributor Armour
S Base



Wash: Reikland Fleshshade
M Shade



Basecoat: Retributor Armour
S Layer



Layer: Stormhost Silver
XS Artificer Layer

GUN METAL



Basecoat: Leadbelcher
S Base



Wash: Nuln Oil
M Shade



Layer: Stormhost Silver
S Layer



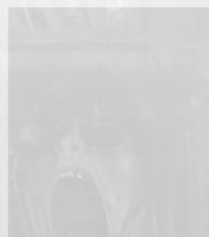
LENSES



Basecoat: Grey Seer
M Layer



Wash: Tesseract Glow
M Glaze



PURITY SEAL



Undercoat: Grey Seer
M Layer



Basecoat: Volupus Pink
M Glaze



Layer: Pink Horror
S Layer



PARCHMENT



Undercoat: Grey Seer
M Layer



Basecoat: Skeleton Horde
M Glaze



Layer: Pallid Wych Flesh
S Layer



Layer: Rhinox Hide
XS Artificer Layer

ECHOES FROM THE WARP



ROBIN CRUDDACE

Robin is the Fabricator General of the Warhammer 40,000 games development team and the lead developer behind the game's rules system. Recently he's been out and about in the urban environment, debating whether things are dense or obscuring. Here he illustrates how two of the most important terrain traits are designed to work on the tabletop.

¹ It is also easily expandable, should we wish to add new categories or traits in the future.

² Both Obscuring and Dense Cover have a few exceptions to this, such as **AIRCRAFT** and very large models (18+ wounds).

³ The rules for terrain categories are detailed in the Warhammer 40,000 Core Book. The term 'receiving the benefits of cover' in this context was simply meant as a term to satisfy a condition with certain terrain traits, such as Light Cover or Heavy Cover, which specifically states they only apply to units 'that are receiving the benefits of cover from this terrain feature'.

⁴ A picture being worth several hundred words, and all ...

⁵ Such are the odds every Space Marine hero must face in the 41st Millennium.

'block' visibility when it is between the firing model and its intended target, while Dense Cover terrain imposes a hit penalty whenever it is between the firing model and its intended target.² A target unit is not required to fulfil the criteria of 'gaining the benefits of cover', as described for Obstacles and Area Terrain,³ for these rules (blocking visibility or imposing a penalty to hit rolls) to apply. To help illustrate this, I will use this column to show some examples⁴ of how these rules are meant to work.

The rules set for terrain is one of the bigger things to get overhauled in the ninth edition of Warhammer 40,000. In addition to separating terrain features into different categories (Hills, Obstacles, Area Terrain and Buildings), we also added terrain traits. The idea was that these together would create a games developer's toolbox¹ that they could use to describe the terrain features adorning the battlefields of the 41st Millennium. Two of the most important terrain traits are Obscuring and Dense Cover – two traits that interact with visibility and your ability to shoot an enemy unit. Obscuring terrain is designed to

In Diagram 1 below, a firing model (a Redeptor Dreadnought) faces five enemy units.⁵ They are three units of infantry (Aspect Warrior units A-C), an aircraft (a Crimson Hunter, unit D) and a monster (a Wraithlord, unit E). Unit A is within the Area Terrain feature, unit B is partially behind it and unit C is completely behind it. The Area Terrain feature is completely between the firing model and these enemy units. The terrain feature is more than 5" in height, and the two straight lines on the diagram show the limits of where lines of sight can (or can't) be drawn from the Redeptor Dreadnought without going over or through the terrain feature.

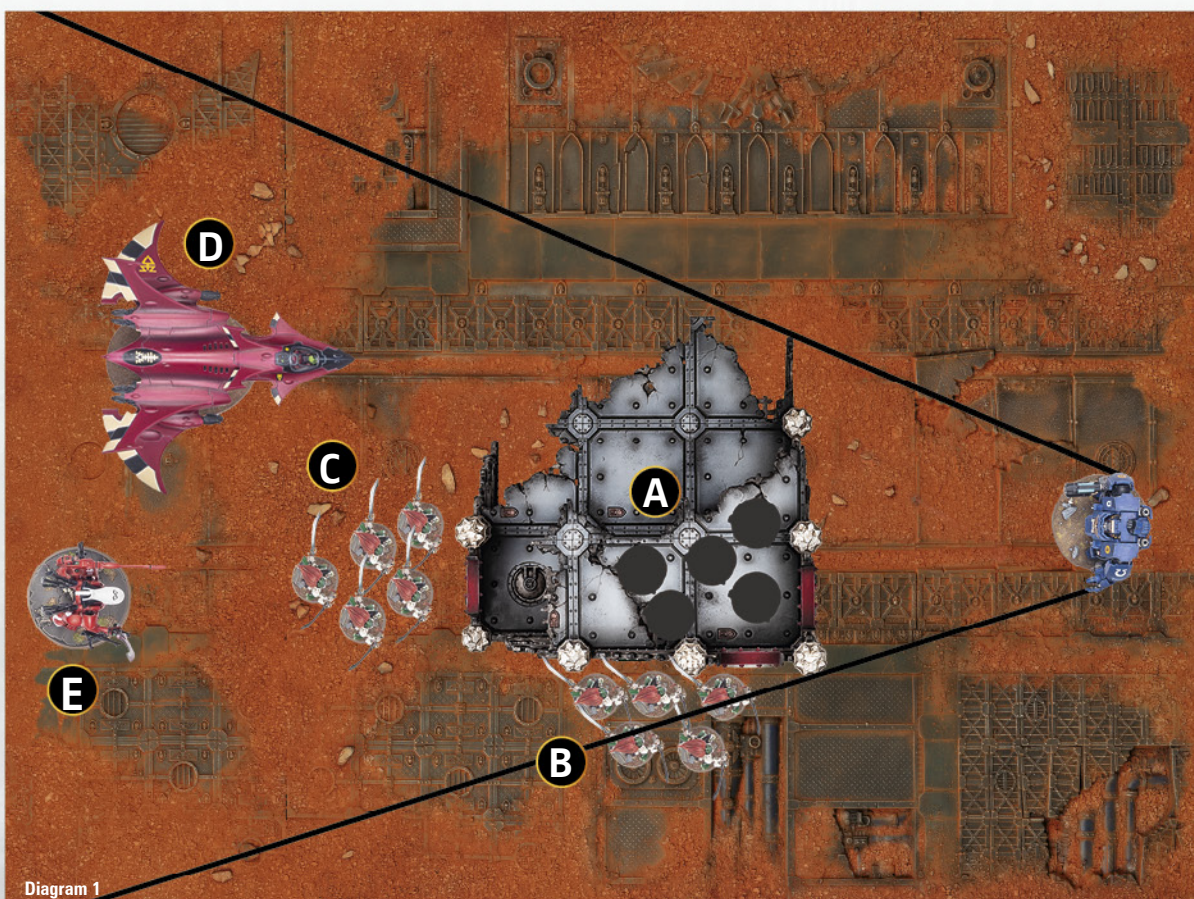


Diagram 1

Echoes from the Warp is a regular column about the rules, tactics and ongoing development of Warhammer 40,000 presented by the team's games developers. This month, Robin Cruddace talks about terrain and the impact it can have on your battles and tactics.

The following table shows the effect on the firing model depending on whether the terrain feature has the Obscuring or the Dense Cover traits.

It is important to reiterate here that the rules described in the Obscuring and Dense Cover terrain traits do not overwrite the normal rules for determining visibility; they are in addition to them. This means, for example, that even though the rules state that **AIRCRAFT** and models with a Wounds characteristic of 18+ can be seen through Obscuring terrain, they are still only visible (and hence eligible) targets if the firing model can physically see any part of them. If the intervening terrain in question is solid and opaque, such models are still not eligible targets.⁷

Let's illustrate this with some diagrams, too. Diagram 2 shows a firing model's view of three enemy units: a unit of Ratlings on the upper floor of an Area Terrain feature and an Armoured Sentinel and a Shadowword that are both behind (not within) the terrain feature. The terrain feature has the Obscuring trait and is more than 5" tall. In this example:

- Even though the Armoured Sentinel can be physically seen through the terrain feature's windows, due to the Obscuring trait, it is not visible to the firing model.

UNIT	TERRAIN FEATURE IS OBSCURING	TERRAIN FEATURE IS DENSE COVER
A	This unit can be seen and targeted normally.	Ranged attacks against this unit will suffer a -1 penalty to their hit roll.
B	This unit can be seen and targeted normally.	Ranged attacks against this unit will not suffer any penalty due to the Dense Cover.
C	This unit is not visible.	Ranged attacks against this unit will suffer a -1 penalty to their hit roll.
D	This unit can be seen and targeted normally.	Ranged attacks against this unit will not suffer any penalty due to the Dense Cover.
E	This unit is not visible.	Ranged attacks against this unit will suffer a -1 penalty to their hit roll. ⁶

- The Shadowword has a Wounds characteristic of 18+, so the normal rules for visibility and targeting apply to it. However, as no part of it can physically be seen, it is not visible to the firing model.
- The Ratling squad is within the terrain feature, so the normal rules for visibility and targeting apply to it. However, as none of models in the unit can be physically seen, they are not visible to the firing model.

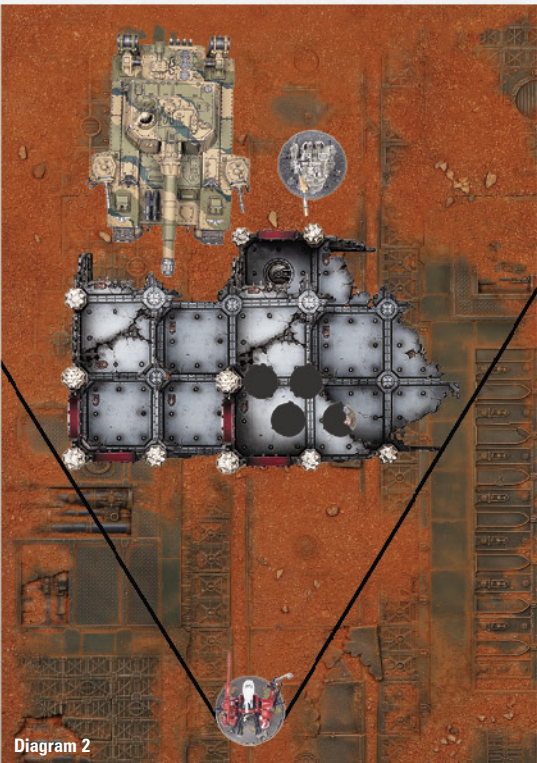
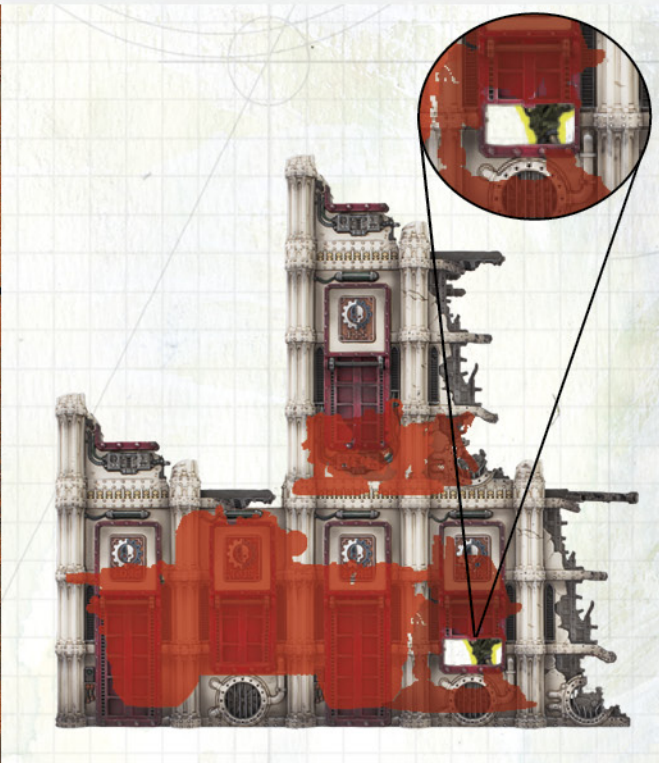


Diagram 2



⁶ Note that if the firing model has a rule that says its attacks ignore the benefits of cover, or they ignore the benefits of cover that impose a penalty on hit rolls, then it can ignore the penalty incurred by Dense Cover.

⁷ The exceptions are models or weapons that can target units that are not visible to the firing model. I'll discuss these separately later in the column.

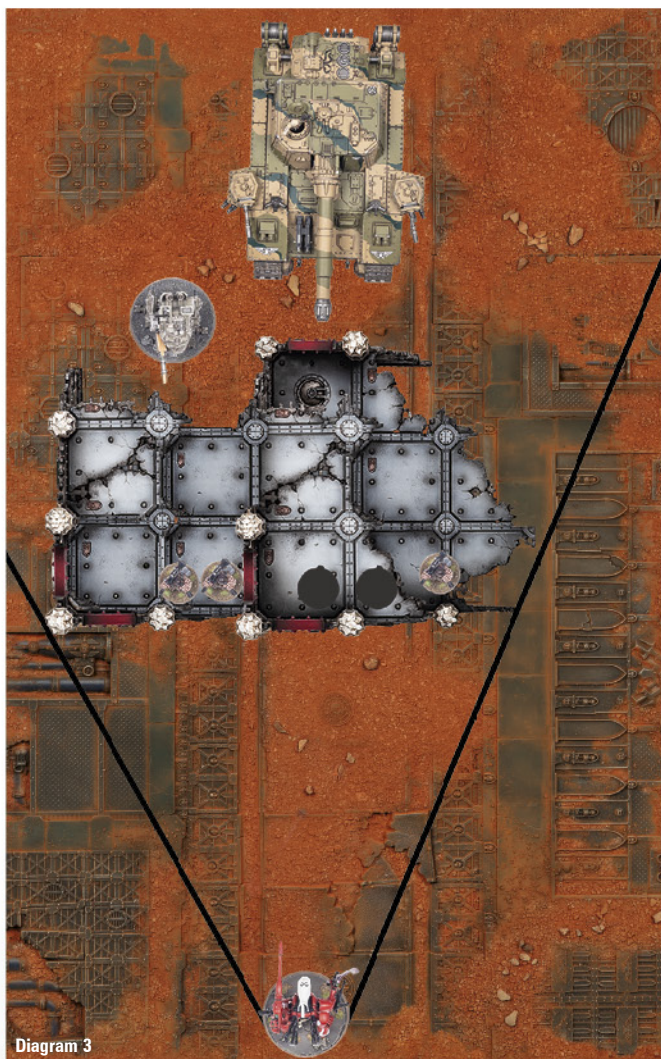
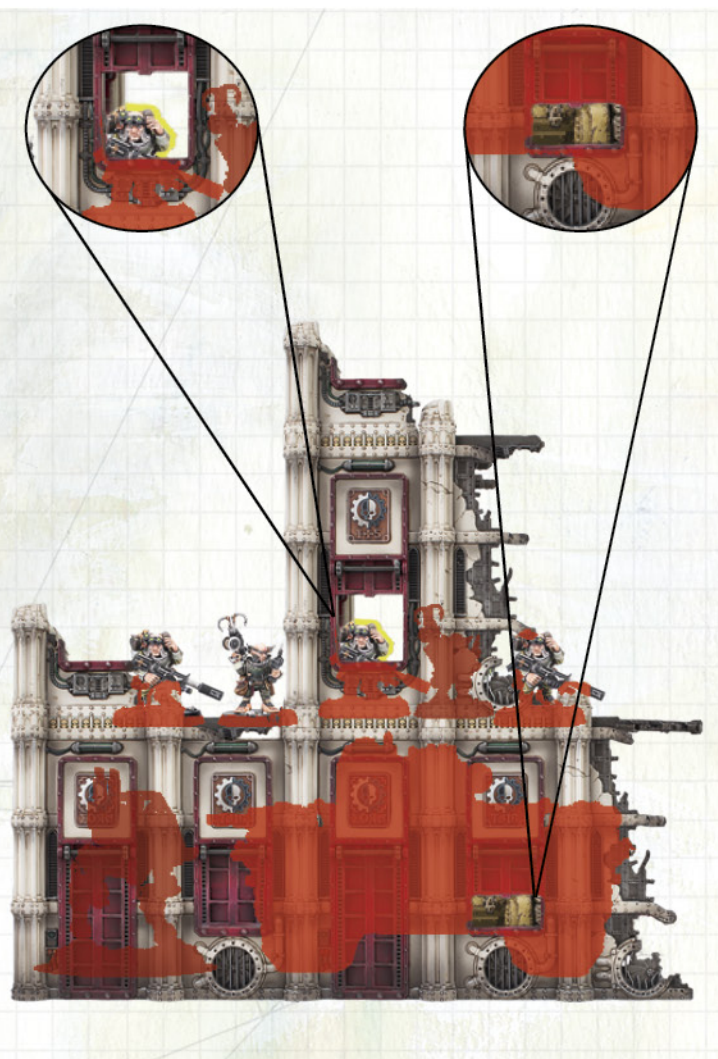


Diagram 3

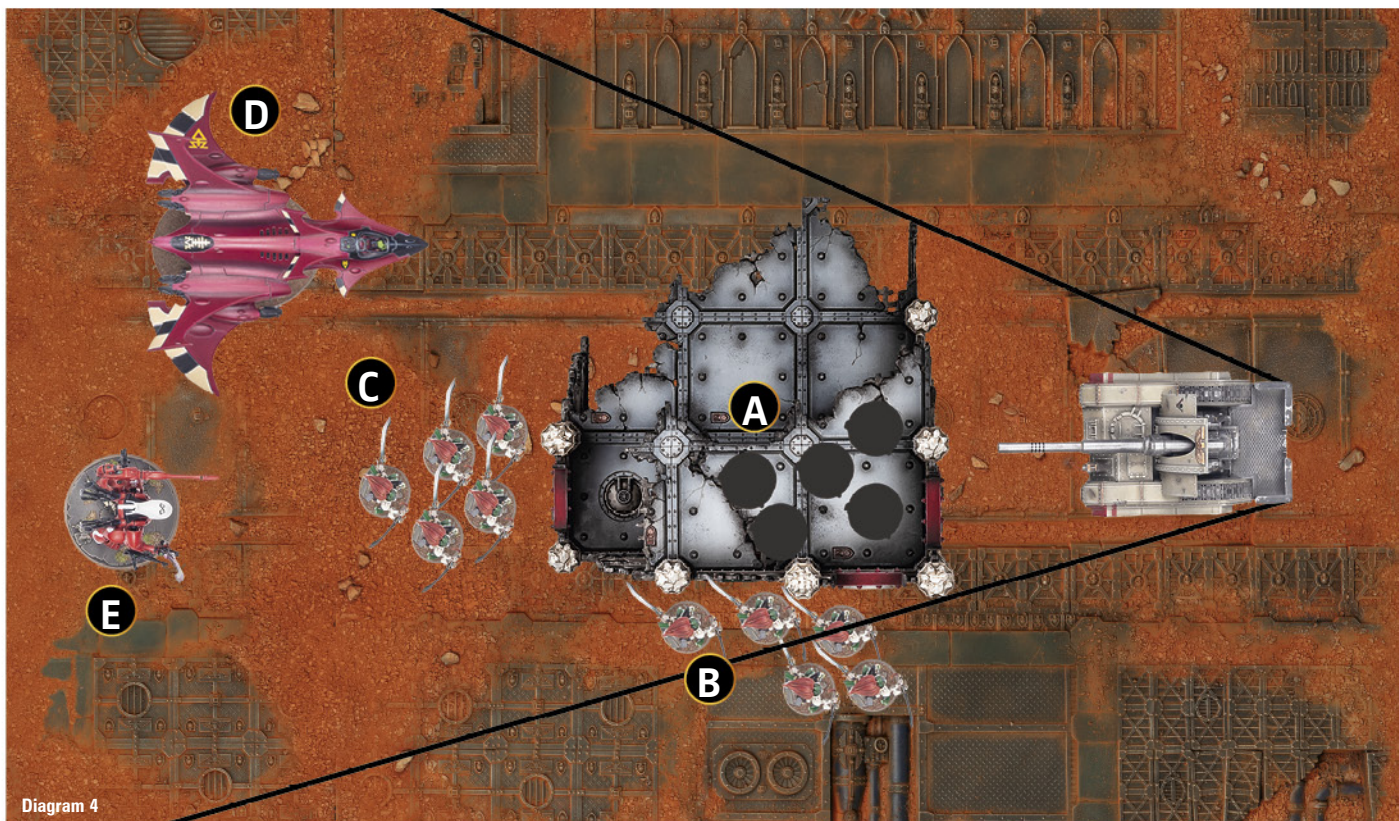
^g Note, however, that the Shadowword itself would not be able to see the firing model through the same 'line of sight' drawn through those windows, unless the firing model is itself an **AIRCRAFT** or has a Wounds characteristic of 18+.

If we move the units around a bit, as shown in Diagram 3, the situation is different. In this example:

- The Armoured Sentinel can not be physically seen through the terrain feature, so is not visible to the firing model.
- Part of the Shadowword can now physically be seen, so it is visible to the firing model.^g
- Several Ratling models can now physically be seen, so the Ratling unit is visible to the firing model.



Before I wrap this article up, I'd like to briefly illustrate how Obscuring and Dense Cover interact with 'barrage' type weapons that can 'target units that are not visible to the firer'. I'll only repeat the first example, but I'll substitute the Redeptor Dreadnought for an Astra Militarum Basilisk in Diagram 4. This vehicle is armed with a heavy bolter and an earthshaker cannon, the latter of which is just such a barrage weapon. All the enemy units and the size of the intervening terrain feature remain the same.



The table to the right shows the effect on the firing model's weapons depending on whether the terrain feature has the Obscuring or the Dense Cover traits.

As you can see, unlike for the heavy bolter, Obscuring terrain has no real effect on the earthshaker cannon, but Dense Cover does. It does not matter that the earthshaker cannon launches shells 'over' the terrain; the line of sight is still drawn 'over or through' that terrain feature, so the Dense Cover penalty applies.

Hopefully, these examples help to clarify how these two vital terrain traits are designed to work in your games of Warhammer 40,000. Their impact on a battlefield cannot be understated. The type, density and placement of terrain can radically alter how the opposing armies will fight and if one or another side has a particular advantage or not. In some games, such as an Ambush, it can be highly desirable to create a battlefield that favours one side more than the other. In some cases, however, say for a Grand Tournament matched play mission, it probably isn't. For this reason, I urge you to take another look at the example battlefields section in the core book, which aims to show the key principles that you should bear in mind when setting up your terrain features.

UNIT	TERRAIN FEATURE IS OBSCURING	TERRAIN FEATURE IS DENSE COVER
A	Heavy bolter: This unit can be targeted. Earthshaker cannon: This unit can be targeted.	Heavy bolter: Ranged attacks against this unit will suffer a -1 penalty to their hit roll. Earthshaker cannon: Ranged attacks against this unit will suffer a -1 penalty to their hit roll.
B	Heavy bolter: This unit can be targeted. Earthshaker cannon: This unit can be targeted.	Heavy bolter: Ranged attacks against this unit will not suffer any penalty due to the Dense Cover. Earthshaker cannon: Ranged attacks against this unit will not suffer any penalty due to the Dense Cover.
C	Heavy bolter: This unit cannot be targeted. Earthshaker cannon: This unit can be targeted.	Heavy bolter: Ranged attacks against this unit will suffer a -1 penalty to their hit roll. Earthshaker cannon: Ranged attacks against this unit will suffer a -1 penalty to their hit roll.
D	Heavy bolter: This unit can be targeted. Earthshaker cannon: This unit can be targeted.	Heavy bolter: Ranged attacks against this unit will not suffer any penalty due to the Dense Cover. Earthshaker cannon: Ranged attacks against this unit will not suffer any penalty due to the Dense Cover.
E	Heavy bolter: This unit cannot be targeted. Earthshaker cannon: This unit can be targeted.	Heavy bolter: Ranged attacks against this unit will suffer a -1 penalty to their hit roll. Earthshaker cannon: Ranged attacks against this unit will suffer a -1 penalty to their hit roll.

CRAFTWORLD BIEL-TAN

This month sees the beginning of a new series of modelling and painting articles focusing on the many factions and sub-factions of the 41st Millennium. In this inaugural instalment, we journey into the void to find the Aeldari of Craftworld Biel-Tan.



The Aeldari of Biel-Tan are a people consumed by bitterness and memories of past glories. Unusually bellicose for members of their race, many Biel-Tani tread the Path of the Warrior, for they believe that bloodshed is the only way to return the Aeldari to their rightful place as rulers of the galaxy. Driven by this belief, many become Exarchs and Autarchs, their lives dedicated to the mastery of war. Among the craftworlds, none have as high a proportion of Aspect Warriors as Biel-Tan.

THE SWORDWIND

The warhost of Biel-Tan is known as the *Bahzhakain*. In the human tongue, this roughly translates as the Swordwind but is more accurately understood as the 'Tempest of Blades' or 'Frozen Leaves Falling to Cut'. When the Swordwind is deployed, its warriors strike with utter surety of purpose, descending upon foes with such swiftness that

REBIRTH OF ANCIENT DAYS

The Biel-Tan world-rune symbolises reincarnation – the fate of every Aeldari before the Fall. The name of the world-rune loosely translates as 'Rebirth of Ancient Days' and is proudly worn on a warrior's helm or upon the cockpits of their war engines. Following the fracture of Biel-Tan, the world-rune is often shown with a pair of blood drops falling from it, symbolising the sacrifice of its people.

they rarely realise their peril until it is far too late. All thoughts of tolerance and mercy are put aside, for the fury of Biel-Tan leaves room for only one outcome: annihilation.

Yet the collected vision of Biel-Tan's populace has become much harder to achieve in recent times. Once a shining beacon of enlightenment and wonder, Biel-Tan was almost destroyed by an army of daemons led by the Masque of Slaanesh. Though the craftworld was saved from destruction by Yvraine, the Emissary of Ynnead, the world-ship's infinity circuit was corrupted and its wraithbone core shattered. Almost half of Biel-Tan's population was slain, and in the wake of the cataclysm, many more left the craftworld to join the ranks of the Ynnari. Yet those who remain stand stronger and more stubborn than ever, the blades of the Swordwind as sharp – if not sharper – than they have ever been.



The Aeldari of Biel-Tan are amongst the most aggressive of their kind. They will actively seek out other races with the sole intention of annihilating them.

ASSEMBLING THE SWORDWIND

Creating a Biel-Tan army is an exciting prospect for modellers and painters alike. The craftworld's striking green-and-white colour scheme can be achieved very simply while still leaving plenty of scope for more experienced painters to show off their talents. The vine motif common on Biel-Tan vehicles, for example, is the perfect way to try out some freehand painting. Add to this the many varied and vibrant colour schemes of the Aspect Warriors, and you have an army that will be instantly recognisable on the battlefield.

But the painting doesn't stop there. What is the story behind your Biel-Tan strike force? Perhaps they are fighting a gruelling war of attrition on an Imperial world, and their armour is scratched and weathered from months of desperate battle. Perhaps they are protecting their own home from daemons – a great opportunity to paint some craftworld-inspired bases for your miniatures. And what about conversions to personalise your force even further? Perhaps your Crusade games have created a notorious Autarch who deserves a fancy conversion. Maybe your force has strong ties with Exodites, and they wear feathers, furs and other trinkets to show their allegiance. It could be that they are renowned Ork hunters who take trophies of their kills. Perhaps they have been corrupted (gasp) by the Masque's invasion of Biel-Tan and become something much darker entirely!

We hope this article will provide you with some useful inspiration for how to create your very own army of Biel-Tan. If you have an idea you would like to share with us, send us some pictures of your own creations to team@whitedwarf.co.uk.

THE REBORN

Galánta of House Kre-Swift is an Autarch of Biel-Tan and a great example of what one of the craftworld's warriors can look like. She wears the classic white armour of her world-ship accented with arboreal green – a representation of the purity the Biel-Tani wish to bring back to the galaxy. The spirit stones that surmount her armour are red – the colour of spilled blood – while her own is a vibrant blue. Note also the vine-like filigree on her forceshield and the warrior runes on her gorget and helm.



PAINTING THE WARRIORS OF THE SWORDWIND

The Aeldari of Biel-Tan have a striking colour scheme that can be seen on their infantry, vehicles and wraith constructs. Drew Palies shows you how to paint it, including their iconic vine motif.

Drew: The Guardians of Biel-Tan wear white armour with green details – a scheme that is reversed for their vehicles and wraith constructs. Regardless of whether I'm painting green or white, I tend to use a Chaos Black undercoat for the whole model. This may seem a little strange, but if you want to highlight white, then first you need to paint the area grey; you can't highlight white with a lighter white! So I started with a 1:1 basecoat of Celestra Grey and Ulthuan Grey. The Celestra Grey provides the opaqueness of a Base paint, while the Ulthuan Grey provides the lightness of a Layer paint. This approach is perfect for other light colours such as yellow and red, too. Mephiston Red mixed with Evil Sunz Scarlet, for example, is an ideal basecoat for Saim-Hann Craftworld. I tend to apply this first base colour quite messily. After all, the later colours are going to be darker and will need basecoats of their own, so it doesn't matter if you get a bit of grey on the gun, for example.

TOP TIP

Aeldari armour is covered in lots of little bumps, often known as blisters or blips. Contrary to popular belief, these are not spirit stones but rather a part of the armour. The easiest way to tell which blips are spirit stones is whether they have a setting (like a stone in a ring). The one on this Guardian's chest, for example, is a spirit stone, as is the one hanging from the gun. All the rest are armour and should be painted as such.

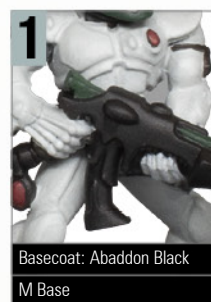
WHITE ARMOUR



RED SPIRIT STONES



BLACK WEAPON



GREEN HELMET



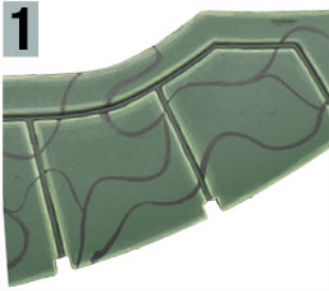
THE DIGITAL SWORDWIND

If you like to watch painting tutorials, then take a look at our Warhammer TV channel on YouTube. It features painting videos for both green and white Biel-Tan armour, plus a handy tutorial showing you how to achieve that wonderful vine pattern on a jetbike.



THE TWISTING PATH

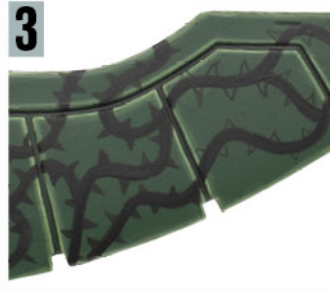
Biel-Tan vehicles and constructs often feature a thorn motif – traditionally black on green. Here, Drew shows you how to apply this iconic design to the hull of a Falcon grav-tank.



1 Thin down Abaddon Black with water (or use a pencil) to apply a very thin pattern. Make the lines thin so that if you make a mistake, you can paint over them easily.



2 Carefully thicken the lines with Abaddon Black. Try to keep the lines a consistent width all the way along their length. This will make the next stage easier.



3 Draw tiny triangles with watered-down Abaddon Black to represent the thorns. Offset each thorn so they are equidistant on opposite sides of the vine.



4 Fill in all the thorns with Abaddon Black. They are all the same size, but notice how some of them are straight and others are curved, just like on a real thorn bush.



5 Highlight the thorns where they meet the edges of the armour panels with Dawnstone. You can leave the design here if you like, but ...



6 ... if you want to go the extra mile, highlight the top edges of each vine and one side of each thorn with Eshin Grey to make them look three-dimensional.



7 Apply a second, even finer highlight of Dawnstone to the same areas, making the highlight even smaller. Note how the thorns on the underside of each vine have

no highlights at all, as they are in 'shade'. A useful tip: turn the model around when painting the vines; don't try and bend your hand and brush to apply the design.



GALLERY OF GLORY REBORN

What happens when you ask a load of keen hobbyists to build and paint some models for a Biel-Tan gallery? Well ... this! Here are some of the cool conversions and paint schemes they came up with.

There are loads of brilliant painting and modelling options when it comes to Craftworld Aeldari, and this is especially true of the militant warriors of Biel-Tan. Craftworld and Drukhari kits both offer up loads of conversion opportunities, particularly when it comes to heads and weapons. Bare heads are a brilliant way to pick out a leader or weapon specialist within a unit, for example, and they're especially good if you're building a Kill Team. It's

worth looking as some of the aelf models in the Age of Sigmar range, too. Shadow Warriors, Eternal Guard, Dark Riders and more besides all offer up interesting conversion opportunities (as you can see below) and provide loads of fancy-looking blades that you can use to convert Storm Guardians or even Aspect Warriors. Lastly, don't forget your bases. Rubble, ruins and bodies are all perfect for these aggressive pointy-ears!

GUARDIAN DEFENDERS BY THOMAS O'TOOLE

Thomas converted these Guardian Defenders using the plastic Guardians kit and some spare Shadow Warrior torsos, which also incorporate the flowing capes. They are currently on a mission to recover spirit stones from

a lost craftworld, hence their weathered appearance. Thomas airbrushed them using Administratum Grey and White Scar, then washed the recess with Nuln Oil. The dirt was achieved using weathering powders.



YVRAINE BY ASH LOWE

Ash built this model to represent Yvraine when she was still a Warlock. He used a Warlock Skyrunner with the addition of Yvraine's torso (minus the headaddress) and a spare blade from Amallyn Shadowguide.



SHINING SPEAR BY ORIN MCQUIRK

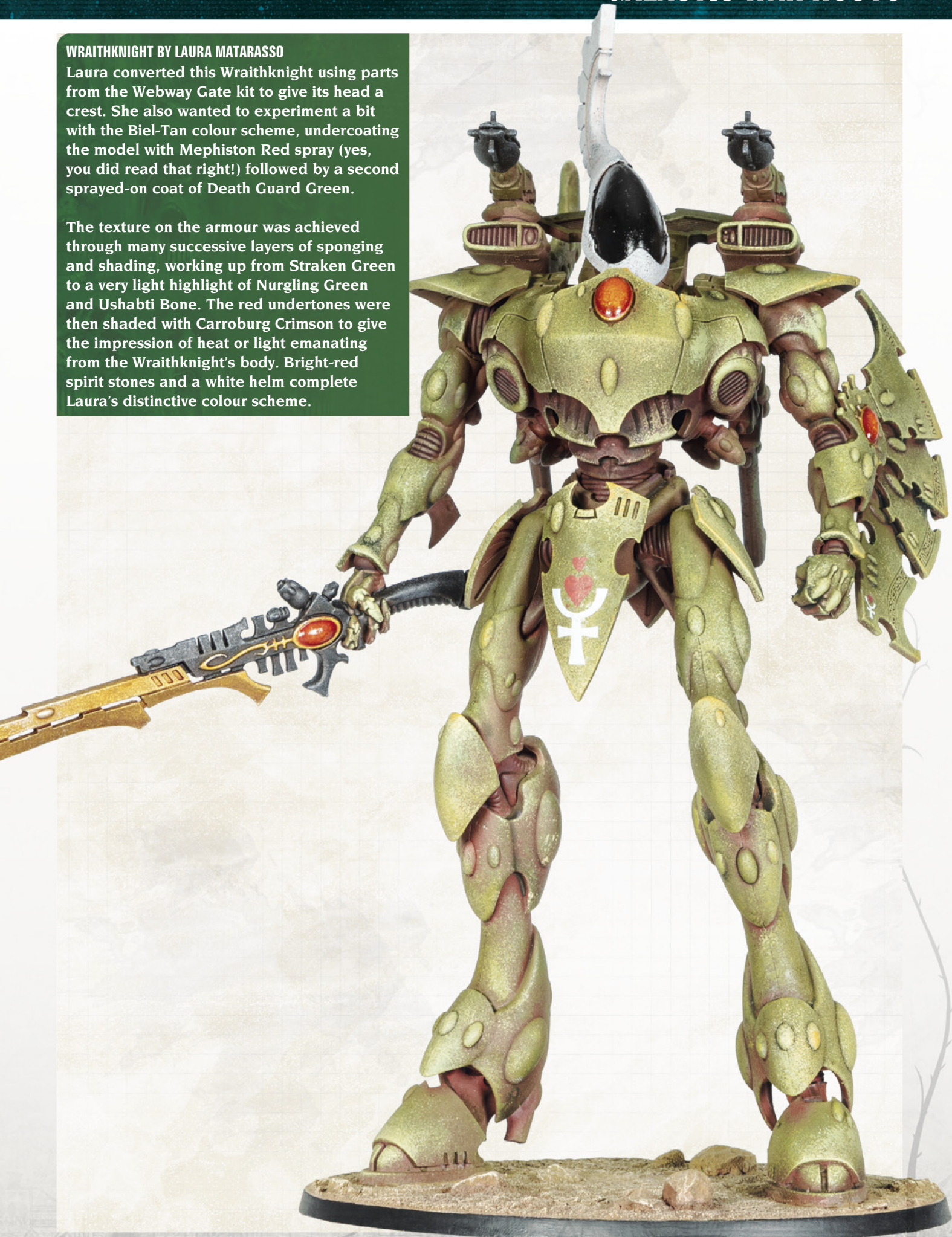
Orin converted this Shining Spears Exarch leaping from his crashing jetbike and into the fray. He used Howling Banshee legs to get the dynamic pose and combined them with the Shining Spears torso.



WRAITHKNIGHT BY LAURA MATARASSO

Laura converted this Wraithknight using parts from the Webway Gate kit to give its head a crest. She also wanted to experiment a bit with the Biel-Tan colour scheme, undercoating the model with Mephiston Red spray (yes, you did read that right!) followed by a second sprayed-on coat of Death Guard Green.

The texture on the armour was achieved through many successive layers of sponging and shading, working up from Straken Green to a very light highlight of Nurgling Green and Ushabti Bone. The red undertones were then shaded with Carroburg Crimson to give the impression of heat or light emanating from the Wraithknight's body. Bright-red spirit stones and a white helm complete Laura's distinctive colour scheme.



HEMLOCK WRAITHFIGHTER BY MARTYN CASHMORE

Martyn built his Hemlock Wraithfighter straight out of the box but converted it to be flying low over a jungle canopy. To represent this, he used parts from the old Deathworld Forest terrain set, plus some small rocks and aquarium plants, which are great for creating jungle foliage. He then drilled a hole for the aircraft's flying stand to slot into one of the trees and hid it with orange foliage.

Martyn undercoated the model with Wraithbone, and then he airbrushed it with Pallid Wych Flesh and White

Scar. He picked out the panel lines with Seraphim Sepia. For the grey vines, Martyn lightly traced out the pattern with a pencil and then went over them with Administratum Grey. For the green areas, Martyn started with a basecoat of Caliban Green, followed by a layer of Warpstone Glow and a highlight of Moot Green. The darker areas of the panels were then (appropriately) shaded with Biel-Tan Green to give them a darker tone and tie them into the model's base. Finally, Martyn applied a layer of 'Ardcoat to make the panels shiny.





WRAITHLORD BY LUKE BLICK

Luke converted his Wraithlord to be standing over an Aeldari ruin. To achieve this effect, he cut the model at the knee and repositioned the right leg. He also cut off the model's left hand and resculpted the fingers so that they are holding the bright lance like a rifle. To paint his Wraithlord, Luke used Incubi Darkness as a basecoat followed by an airbrush of Kabalite Green, then a further airbrush of Moot Green. Both were applied from above to leave the darker colours on the undersides of each panel. Luke's final highlight was a 1:1 mix of Moot Green and White Scar. The bone areas are Karak Stone highlighted with a mix of Karak Stone and White Scar. The black areas are Abaddon Black highlighted up to Incubi Darkness then Tallarn Sand.

HOWLING BANSHEES BY JAMES BRAGG

James loves painting in a gritty style, so his Banshees are painted using Steel Legion Drab as a basecoat with Terminatus Stone airbrushed over the top. The green areas (to match the craftworld colours) are painted Warpstone Glow, highlighted with Moot Green then washed with Agrax Earthshade Gloss with a bit of earthy weathering powder mixed in. James finished off his Banshees by adding Imperial ruins to their bases. Clearly they're purging interlopers!



THE AELDARI RESURGENT

Martin Morrin has painted many armies over the years, including this impressive Biel-Tan force. Here, he explains the inspiration behind it and how he went about painting his models.

Martin: The inspiration for this army comes from a very long time ago – *White Dwarf* 171 from March 1994 to be precise, which featured a Battle Report between Fred Reed's beautiful Biel-Tan army and the studio's Ork collection. For me, this Battle Report captured the elite yet fragile nature of the Aeldari, and in reading it I was hooked on this hard-hitting army that left little room for error. As I looked through that issue, I found that I could buy that very same army, and after completing a few extra household chores, my mum kindly provided the postal order to get it! This was one of the hobby highlights of my young life. I loved that army, and it served me well. However, over the years it got lost ...

Then a few years ago (and perhaps twenty years later), I decided to build that army again – a modern version, but staying true to the units and the theme and painted in homage to the original. The units in the original army translated easily into my newer list, but I wanted a bit more. My goal was to get to 100 Power Level, which would be perfect for regular use with my gaming pals. I liked the

idea of maxing out the units of War Walkers and Aspect Warriors to bulk out the force, and I also upgraded the single Warlock to three – one to accompany each Guardian squad. Add to that an Avatar, an Autarch and a few other units, and I had a solid force.

Next, I had to paint them all. The white is Corax White spray with a fine recess shade of The Fang. The green started as a couple of coats of Caliban Green followed by highlights of Warpstone Glow and Moot Green. The guns and other bits I painted black with minimal highlights and then an all-over layer of 'Ardcoat – it's a great little trick that adds a different colour and texture to your models. I painted the gems following one of the many guides from over the years and finished off with some ruined city bases. The bases were painted dull grey and covered in Forge World weathering powders to create a contrast to the bright, colourful models. I took special care not to get any weathering on the models themselves to create an almost otherworldly look of pristine warriors battling in a destroyed urban environment.



WARRIORS OF THE WARHOST

We picked out a small selection of Martin's models for you to take a closer look at, including a War Walker, Farseer, Warlock and Autarch. As you can see, Martin painted his models in the traditional Biel-Tan green and white and used red as a spot colour on most of his models. The bases are made from sheets of cork board.





From the maelstrom of a sundered world, the Eight Realms were born. And with their birth began a war to claim them. In this issue we have new fiction, a deathly Battle Report and two very special battleplans.





FLASHPOINT: BROKEN REALMS
The Broken Realms Flashpoint continues with two unique battleplans in The Cannibals of the Cursed Mountain. Page 76 is where it all begins.



BATTLE REPORT
This month's Battle Report pits the forces of Death against each other. Head to page 86 to see ghouls battling skeletons in a three-game showdown.



THE CANNIBALS OF THE CURSED MOUNTAINS

The Vertiginous Peaks are home to debased flesh-eaters and deranged cannibals. They rarely leave their mountain sanctuaries, but they have been known to intervene in the wars of others when the scent of battle proves too tempting. Sam Pearson explains all.





Sam: As I am sure is the case for lots of fellow hobbyists, I often find myself reading through the background sections of a rulebook, a battletome or an issue of *White Dwarf*, when suddenly inspiration strikes, and my mind is filled with all kinds of exciting ideas for battles to be fought on the tabletop. It is one of the joys of our great hobby and is in large due to the fantastic work of our studio scriveners and wordsmiths (or background writers, as they are officially known), who spend their time crafting the excellent lore and stories that fill our different books and the hallowed pages of this magazine.

This article is a result of such inspiration. I was reading last month's *Broken Realms Flashpoint* (penned by the talented Jordan Green) and was immediately drawn to the section on the Cursed Mountains. This is a region of the sacred Avalenor mountain range in Hysh known as the Vertiginous Peaks. Lying just beyond the domain of the Lumineth Realm-lords, it is haunted by the delusional and cannibalistic Flesh-eater Courts.

What I find interesting about the Vertiginous Peaks is although the Lumineth Realm-lords loathe their ghoulish neighbours, they have found them to be useful of sorts. You see, the Flesh-eater Courts that dwell in these mountains serve as a natural barrier to the threats of Chaos that seek to find a footing in the Realm of Light. For the forces of Chaos, these remote mountains look like the perfect place to establish a stronghold in secret from which to wreak terror across the nearby lands. That is, until they find

themselves beset on all sides by hordes of these deranged creatures and other nasties!

In this article, you'll find two battleplans set in the Cursed Mountains. Each is a narrative battle for two players that involves a third army, the Flesh-eater Courts, controlled by the game. In the first battleplan – Temple of the Myrmidesh – two armies are both searching the ruins of a wasted Slaaneshi temple where a powerful relic is rumoured to lie. As the two forces clash amidst the ruins, the din of furious battle draws more and more of these insane cannibals, and soon the battle becomes a desperate fight for survival for both sides!

In the second battleplan – Hallowed Ground – the Lumineth Realm-lords stand ready to protect their realm from an invading army of Chaos. As the battle commences, a horde of ghouls appears on the northern horizon seeking blood and flesh. In this battle, the cunning general will be able to use the Flesh-eater Courts to their advantage, leaving the enemy to face the brunt of their assault. But it comes with a lot of risks, and either force is just as likely to be overrun.

At the end of the article, you will find the full rules to use the Cannibal Horde in both of these battleplans, or in a battleplan of your creation. In addition to these rules, you'll want the warscrolls for the Flesh-eater Courts units you are using, which are all available for free either in the Azyr app or from the Games Workshop webstore (www.games-workshop.com).



BATTLEPLAN 1

TEMPLE OF THE MYRMIDESH

Located high upon the Vertiginous Peaks lies the ruined Temple of the Myrmidesh. Once a stronghold where decadent and profane rituals dedicated to the Dark God Slaanesh took place, this fell site now harbours nothing but deranged ghouls that stalk the shadows and prey on intruders.

Two armies have been drawn to the temple ruins by rumours that a powerful relic resides within. Whether they intend to destroy the relic or to use it for their own means, neither side can allow the relic to fall into the hands of the enemy. However, as the din of battle draws more and more flesh-eating cannibals into the fray, both sides find themselves fighting for their survival first and foremost!

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army, and then they roll off. The winner chooses which player is the **invader** and which is the **custodian**.

THE CANNIBAL HORDE

In addition to the two armies is the Cannibal Horde. This army is commanded by the game rather than a player. It uses the rules for Cannibal Hordes (pg 80-81).

The players agree on how many units are in the Cannibal Horde. If you are using Pitched Battle profiles, we recommend the combined points value for the Cannibal Horde should not exceed that of either of the other two armies.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle is fought over the ruins of a Slaaneshi temple, high up on a mountain among the Vertiginous Peaks. To represent this, the battlefield should have ruins set up around the centre. The map includes a suggestion for the layout.

OBJECTIVES

Place 3 objectives as shown on the map. The objectives are **relic sites**.

FACTION TERRAIN

Neither army can include any faction terrain that is set up before the battle begins (both armies are far from their domains).

SET-UP

The invader sets up their army first,

wholly within their territory. Then, the custodian sets up their army wholly within their territory.

Once both armies have been set up, the players roll off. The winner chooses 1 unit from the Cannibal Horde and sets it up wholly within 6" of the centre of the battlefield.

THE FIRST TURN

The invader chooses which player takes the first turn in the first battle round.

THE DESCENDING HORDES

While the battle rages, ghoulish howls ring out into the night as more and more of the Flesh-eater Courts' denizens descend upon the battlefield.

At the end of their hero phase, a player can set up 1 unit from the Cannibal Horde on the battlefield. To do so, the player picks 1 of the units not yet on the battlefield and rolls a dice. On a 1-5, the unit must be set up within 6" of a short battlefield edge. On a 6, the unit must be set up within 6" of any battlefield edge.

In both cases, units can be any distance from units in either player's army – be wary of the edge of the battlefield!

SEARCHING THE RUINS

Each army has been tasked to retrieve an ancient relic. However, neither knows of its location and must find it before the enemy does.

At the end of a player's turn, they must search 1 of the relic sites they control to see if the relic is to be found there. To do so, the player picks 1 of the relic sites they control and rolls a dice. On a 1-5, the relic is not found and the relic site is removed from play. On a 6, the relic is found.

During the battle, if 2 relic sites are removed from play, the relic is automatically found at the remaining relic site. Similarly, once the relic is found at a relic site, any other relic sites are immediately removed from play.

THE RELIC

Dangerous chaotic powers reside within the relic still, making it volatile and dangerous to all within its vicinity.

Once the relic has been found, at the end of each player's movement phase, they must roll a dice for each friendly model within 6" of it. On a 1, that model's unit suffers 1 mortal wound. Cannibal Horde units are not affected by this rule.

BATTLE LENGTH

The battle lasts for 5 battle rounds.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

At the end of the battle, the player who controls the relic wins a **major victory** unless their general has been slain, in which case they win a **minor victory**.





BATTLEPLAN 2

HALLOWED GROUND

At the foot of the Vertiginous Peaks, battlelines have been formed. On one side of the valley stands an army of Chaos invaders, threatening to strike deep into the territory before them, sowing terror and death in their wake. On the other side stand the defenders of this realm, the Lumineth Realm-lords. Each of these stoic warriors stands side by side with their kin, ready to pay dearly with their own blood to protect their domain. As the warhorns sound and the two armies advance, the northern horizon darkens. The ghouls of the Hollowmourn Court have arrived, but they hold fealty to none except the Bright Emperor, and they descend upon the battle like carrion crows, hungry for flesh.

THE ARMIES

Each player picks an army, and then they roll off. The winner chooses which player is the **invader** and which is the **defender**.

While the narrative of this battleplan has the invader command a Chaos army and the defender command a Lumineth Realm-lords army, any two armies from the players' collections can be used.

THE CANNIBAL HORDE

In addition to the two armies is the Cannibal Horde. This army is commanded by the game rather than a player. It uses the rules for Cannibal Hordes (pg 80-81).

The players agree on how many units are in the Cannibal Horde. If you are using Pitched Battle profiles, we recommend the combined points value for the Cannibal Horde should not exceed that of either of the other two armies.

THE BATTLEFIELD

The battle is fought at the base of the Vertiginous Peaks. We recommend any buildings or structures are placed in the defender's territory to represent the settled lands they seek to protect, while the invader's territory should be barren or filled with rocky crags.

OBJECTIVES

Place 6 objectives as shown on the map. In this battle, the Cannibal Horde can take control of objectives in the same manner as the players.

FACTION TERRAIN

Only the defender can set up faction

terrain before the battle begins (the invaders are far from their domain).

SET-UP

The invader sets up their army first, wholly within their territory. Then, the defender sets up their army wholly within their territory.

The Court of Hollowmourn Arrives

While the battle rages, ghoulish howls cry out into the night as more and more of the Flesh-eater courts descend upon the battlefield.

At the end of the first battle round, the players roll off. Starting with the winner, the players alternate picking 1 unit from the Cannibal Horde and setting it up on the battlefield until all Cannibal Horde units have been set up. Each time a unit from the Cannibal Horde is set up on the battlefield, it must be set up wholly within 6" of the northern battlefield edge (see map). If there is not enough room for the unit to be set up, it can instead be set up wholly within 6" of any battlefield edge. In both cases, units can be any distance from units in either players' army – be wary of the edge of the battlefield!

BATTLE LENGTH

At the end of the 5th battle round, one player rolls a dice. On a 1-3, the battle ends. On a 4+, the battle ends at the end of the 6th battle round.

GLORIOUS VICTORY

At the end of the battle, if one player controls three or more objectives and neither the other player nor the Cannibal Horde does, that player wins a **major victory**. Otherwise, the player who controls the most objectives wins a **minor victory**. If the players are tied on the number of objectives they control, the invader wins a **minor victory**.



CANNIBAL HORDE RULES

The following rules allow you to battle against ravening hordes of Flesh-eater Courts controlled by the game. These units are referred to collectively as the 'Cannibal Horde'.

The battleplan will tell you how many units are in the Cannibal Horde. If you are playing against the Cannibal Horde in a battleplan of your own creation, you must choose how many units are in it (with the question being: how many do you dare to face at once?). The quickest method to do this is to total up the Pitched Battle points cost for all the units in the Cannibal Horde and make sure it is approximately the same as that of the other armies in the battle.

ALLEGIANCE ABILITIES

Allegiance abilities are not used for the Cannibal Horde.

BATTLE ROUNDS

At the start of each battle round, one of the players rolls a dice. On a 1-3, the Cannibal Horde takes the first turn, before the players. On a 4+, the Cannibal Horde takes the last turn, after the players. Then, the players determine which of them takes a turn before the other as normal.

THE CANNIBAL HORDE TURN

When it is the Cannibal Horde's turn, a special turn sequence is used instead of the standard turn sequence, as follows:

- Delusion Phase
- Action Phase
- Combat Phase
- Battleshock Phase

This means that if your units have any abilities that can only be used in an enemy phase not shown in the list above, you cannot use that ability during the Cannibal Horde's turn.

THE DELUSION PHASE

During the delusion phase, one of the players rolls on the table to the right to determine which delusion is afflicting the Cannibal Horde. The effect stays in play until the start of the Cannibal Horde's next turn.

THE ACTION PHASE

During the action phase, the players roll off and then, starting with the winner, alternate activating units in the Cannibal Horde, one at a time,

D6 Delusion

- 1 **Dark Hunger:** *The smell of blood and flesh sends these deranged cannibals into a maddened frenzy.*

Add 1 to rolls on the Mordant Behaviour Table (to a maximum of 6).

- 2 **Impervious to Pain:** *Each of these wretched creatures sees themselves as being donned in gleaming armour that no blow can penetrate.*

Only unmodified wound rolls of 6 are successes for attacks that target a unit in the Cannibal Horde.

- 3 **Righteous Reinforcements:** *Sickening howls ring in the air as fresh waves of ghouls enter the fray.*

The players roll off. The winner can set up 1 unit from the Cannibal Horde that has been destroyed. The returned unit must be set up wholly within 6" of the edge of the battlefield.

- 4 **Honed Steel:** *Each time they rake their filthy claws across the enemy, these creatures imagine they hold noble longswords and see flashes of exquisite steel.*

Improve the Rend characteristic of melee weapons used by Cannibal Horde units by 1.

- 5 **Frenzied Zeal:** *With heightened fervour, the mordants will not let their quarry escape.*

Add 1" to the Move characteristic of Cannibal Horde units. In addition, add 1 to run and charge rolls for Cannibal Horde units.

- 6 **Encroaching Insanity:** *The delusions of the Flesh-eater Courts begins to waver and falter. In brief flashes, they catch glimpses of the horrific creatures they truly are ...*

Subtract 1 from rolls on the Mordant Behaviour Table (to a minimum of 1).

until every unit has been activated. To activate a unit, roll a dice and consult the **Mordant Behaviour Table** opposite.

The Mordant Behaviour Table has three columns, each with four results. To determine which column to use, start with the column on the left and check to see if the unit meets the criteria written below the title of the column. If not, move on to the middle column and check again. If the criteria are still not met, move on to the column on the right. Each result on the behaviour table has a corresponding list of actions that the unit will perform. The actions are carried out in the same order as they appear on the behaviour table. Immediately resolve the actions before activating the next unit in the Cannibal Horde.

Many of the actions require the players to determine the closest model or closest unit. If there are ever two or more eligible models or units, the player who picked the unit to activate can decide which is treated as the 'closest' for the purpose of that action.

Cannibal Horde units must finish any sort of move as a single group, with all models within 1" horizontally and 6" vertically of at least one other model from their unit.



MORDANT BEHAVIOUR TABLE

D6	In Combat <i>Any models within 3" of any enemy models.</i>	Close <i>Any models more than 3" from but within 12" of any enemy models.</i>	Far <i>All models more than 12" from all enemy models.</i>
1	Gripped by Madness	Gripped by Madness	Gripped by Madness
2-3	Hold	Hold	Hold
4-5	Hold	Charge	Bloodthirsty Advance
6	Feeding Frenzy	Charge	Bloodthirsty Advance

Gripped by Madness

The unit does nothing as it is gripped by its own delusions. In addition, it is not picked to fight in the combat phase this turn.

Hold

The unit does nothing in the action phase of this turn, unless any of the models in the unit are armed with any ranged weapons, in which case each of those models attacks the closest enemy unit with all of its ranged weapons.

Charge

- 1 The unit makes a normal move. Each model from the unit must finish the move as close as possible to the closest enemy unit.
- 2 The unit then attempts to make a charge move towards the closest enemy unit. The first model moved in the unit is the model closest to that enemy unit.
- 3 If the first model moved can finish its charge move within ½" of the closest enemy unit, it moves as close as possible towards the enemy unit and the charge is successful. Otherwise, the charge fails and no models from the unit move.
- 4 If the charge is successful, each model from the unit must finish its charge move as close as possible to the closest enemy unit.

Bloodthirsty Advance

The unit makes a normal move and runs. Each model from the unit must finish the move as close as possible to the closest enemy unit.

Feeding Frenzy

The unit immediately fights. It is picked to fight in the combat phase of this turn, too.

THE COMBAT PHASE

In the combat phase, when it is a player's turn to pick a unit to fight, they can pick an eligible unit from the Cannibal Horde to fight.

Each time a unit from the Cannibal Horde is picked to fight, each model in that unit piles in towards the closest enemy model and attacks that model's unit with all of its melee weapons that are in range.

In the combat phase, all units in the Cannibal Horde that are eligible to fight must be picked to fight. This means that, once a player has run out of friendly units to pick to fight, they must pick an eligible Cannibal Horde unit to fight.

ALLOCATING WOUNDS

When wounds are allocated to a Cannibal Horde unit, the players roll off. The winner picks which model in the unit to allocate the wounds to (following any restrictions that normally apply). When removing models in a Cannibal Horde unit, the players must keep the unit in coherency if possible.

At the end of the turn, if a Cannibal Horde unit is split into two or more groups, no models are removed from that unit. Instead, the next time that unit makes any kind of move, the models must reform into a single group. If they are unable to do so, that unit cannot move.

THE BATTLESHOCK PHASE

Cannibal Horde units do not take battleshock tests.

WARSCROLL ABILITIES

Abilities on the warscrolls of Cannibal Horde units that automatically come into effect are always used (for example, the Trophy Hunter ability found on the Crypt Ghast Courtier warscroll or the Warrior Elite ability on the Crypt Horrors warscroll).

If a rule says you can re-roll a charge roll or a roll that occurs during the attack sequence, do so if the roll would fail after any modifiers are applied.

Cannibal Horde units do not attempt to unbind spells, and command abilities are not used for them.

CANNIBAL HORDE SPECIAL RULES

In addition to the above, Cannibal Horde ABHORRANTS and COURTIERs have special rules as follows:

Abhorrants: Flesh-eater Courts ABHORRANTS each have a unique spell on their warscroll. When an ABHORRANT in the Cannibal Horde is picked to activate, it first attempts to cast the spell on its warscroll. WIZARDS in the army of the player who did not pick that ABHORRANT to activate can attempt to unbind the spell as if it were the hero phase. If the spell is successfully cast, the target of the spell is a friendly Cannibal Horde unit within range that is the closest to any enemy units. ABHORRANTS do not attempt to cast any other spells.

Courtiers: Flesh-eater Courts COURTIERs each have a Muster ability on their warscroll (for example, the Crypt Infernal Courtier has the Muster Royal Guard ability). When a unit in the Cannibal Horde with a Muster ability is picked to activate, it first uses this ability. The player who picked the unit to activate sets up any returning models following the normal restrictions.



LOST IN SHADOWS

An imprisoned Lord-Veritant is released from his bondage by a mysterious benefactor. In this short story by Nick Horth, the beleaguered warrior finds himself on the run from the Shadow Queen's agents, bearing a message of utmost importance to the survival of the God-King's empire.

Draped in ragged, scavenged hides, every inch of his massive frame caked in mud and dried gore, Keiser Ven Brecht pressed himself against the gnarltree oak and became one with its rough, black bark. Two figures entered the clearing, sliding cautiously through the mist to his left. They carried twin scimitars, and their bald heads were spider-webbed with tattoos.

Even as they drew near, the mist swirled about the two hunters, pulling at the edges of their robes and masking their features so that only their eyes shone in the darkness, like gleaming diamonds. Their blades became grasping talons, and their jaws distended and grew slaving fangs. The very landscape about them began to shift, trees melting into oily smears at the edge of Ven Brecht's vision.

Lies and mistruth. Shut the visions out. Your other senses are not so easily deceived. Remember what has kept you alive these past days.

Ven Brecht gritted his teeth and squeezed his eyes shut. He waited instead until the footfalls of the aelves were close and he could smell the briny tang of their breath. Then he struck. The crude knife he held in one hand lashed out, and he felt it slide neatly between the ribs of one of the corsairs. Ven Brecht grabbed at the leg of the other, seizing hold of the slimy surface of a sharkskin boot and hauling with all his strength. The remaining aelf toppled in the mud, cursing. By then Ven Brecht was already atop him, eyes still closed, pressing his forearm into the corsair's throat and ignoring a white-hot lance of pain in his side as he forced all his weight down. He felt the sickening crunch of a shattered windpipe and at last opened his eyes.

The dead body of a Stormcast Eternal lay beneath him, clad in the black plate of the Anvils of the Heldenhammer. Ven Brecht recognised the corpse, its face twisted in an expression of agonised betrayal. Yulhen, one of his own trusted Paladins, lost during the fall of Anvilgard.

Yuhlen's pale eyes snapped open.

'You failed us, brother,' the dead Stormcast hissed. 'And now we are lost.'

'No!' Ven Brecht roared, squeezing his eyes shut to banish the terrible sight. Rolling free of the dead body, he slumped into a patch of freezing cold rainwater, gasping as the liquid soaked into his skin. He found himself staring into the rippling surface of the puddle.

For once, there was no deception. Ven Brecht saw himself as he truly was, and it was crueller than any illusion. His face was torn and shredded, but it was his eyes that shocked him the most – they were bloodshot and crazed, like those of the wizened street preachers that the Lord-Veritant had once passed on the streets of Lethis without sparing a second thought. Ven Brecht almost laughed. It had been his life's task to separate lies from truth, to see through the mask of sorcery to reveal the essence beneath. Yet, exhausted, damaged and weakened as he was, the cruel wilds of Ulgu had worked their insidious magic upon even him.

This is how swiftly the realms can reduce one to madness. It is a lesson I should never have allowed myself to forget.



How he had ended up so far from Anvilgard and the sweltering coasts of Aqshy, Ven Brecht could not recall. His captivity in the hold of a Scourge ark was little more than a blur, but he knew that the sea-faring aelves knew many secret pathways between the realms.

The stabbing pain in his side worsened. Looking down, Ven Brecht saw that the corsair's blade had punctured his leather drapes, and penetrated his flesh to a finger's depth. Not a grievous wound, but another injury that would wear him down. The Shadow Queen's hunting dogs were as relentless as they were cunning; if he did not find sanctuary soon, his message would never reach the court of the God-King.

Ven Brecht had considered seeking out death, of course, for if he were to perish his spirit would return to Azyr on the celestial storm, and he could deliver his warning to the God-King himself. Yet already the Lord-Veritant had seen Stormcast warriors captured upon the point of death, their lightning essence seized by sorcery or devilish, arcane contraptions. Moreover, Ven Brecht knew better than most the dangers of Reforging, and the havoc it played upon one's memory; not long ago he had suffered the fires of rebirth, and upon awakening had awoken in blind confusion, with but a frail grasp upon his own psyche.

I cannot risk it. Morathi cannot be allowed to triumph. Not after all the death and suffering that she has wrought. Sigmar must be warned. If I do not prevail, then I will have truly failed Yuhlen, and all those who fell at Anvilgard.

That thought gave energy to the Lord-Veritant's aching body, and dragged him back to his feet. He forced himself to stare at the corsair he had slain. Once more he saw the narrow, cruel faces of Scourge sea-reavers. Knowing that more would be close behind, he forced himself to search the dead aelves' leather overcoats, searching for anything that might aid in his escape. He was rifling through a prodigious quantity of skinning blades, trophies and wizened slices of shark meat when the hairs on the back of his neck rose. Ven Brecht turned, scanning his surroundings.

Again he felt the familiar presence; a presence that had followed him ever since he had escaped from his imprisonment at the hands of the Scourge. Indeed, it had not been the Lord-Veritant that had torn open the door of his lightless cell, and ripped his tormentors to bloody shreds. He searched the Ulguan gloom for a glimpse of coal-red eyes, and strained to catch the sound of leathery wings in flight. The wind surged through the clearing, and for a moment it took on the sound of mocking laughter. Something was out there, watching him.

I am being toyed with. Is this Morathi's doing? Perhaps whatever follows me is some fresh Khainite terror, dispatched from Hagg Nar. Am I a pawn in the Shadow Queen's games even now?

The crack of a broken twig woke Ven Brecht from his musings. Instantly obeying instincts honed by his

desperate flight across the Shadowlands, Ven Brecht threw himself flat. Several bolts whipped overhead, some thudding haft-deep into the bark of the tree nearby. Another sank into his thigh, and he felt the woozy rush of poison seeping into his bloodstream. He dragged the barbed head of the bolt free, and sank to his haunches, his own lifeblood gushing through his fingers as he tried to staunch the wound.

'He's here!' came a cry in accented aelven. 'We have him.'

Of course. They spent the lives of their own kind simply to draw me out. I should have seen it.

Through the blurred haze of his vision, Ven Brecht saw the corsairs advance out of the darkness. At least a dozen of them, all wielding heavy repeaters or long skinning blades. Their weapons were levelled steadily at his chest, as they fanned out to cover all angles of retreat. One of the aelves walked up to the kneeling Stormcast. Ven Brecht reached out to seize his leg, but the corsair stepped aside easily and responded with a savage kick that rang Ven Brecht's jaw and knocked him to the ground.

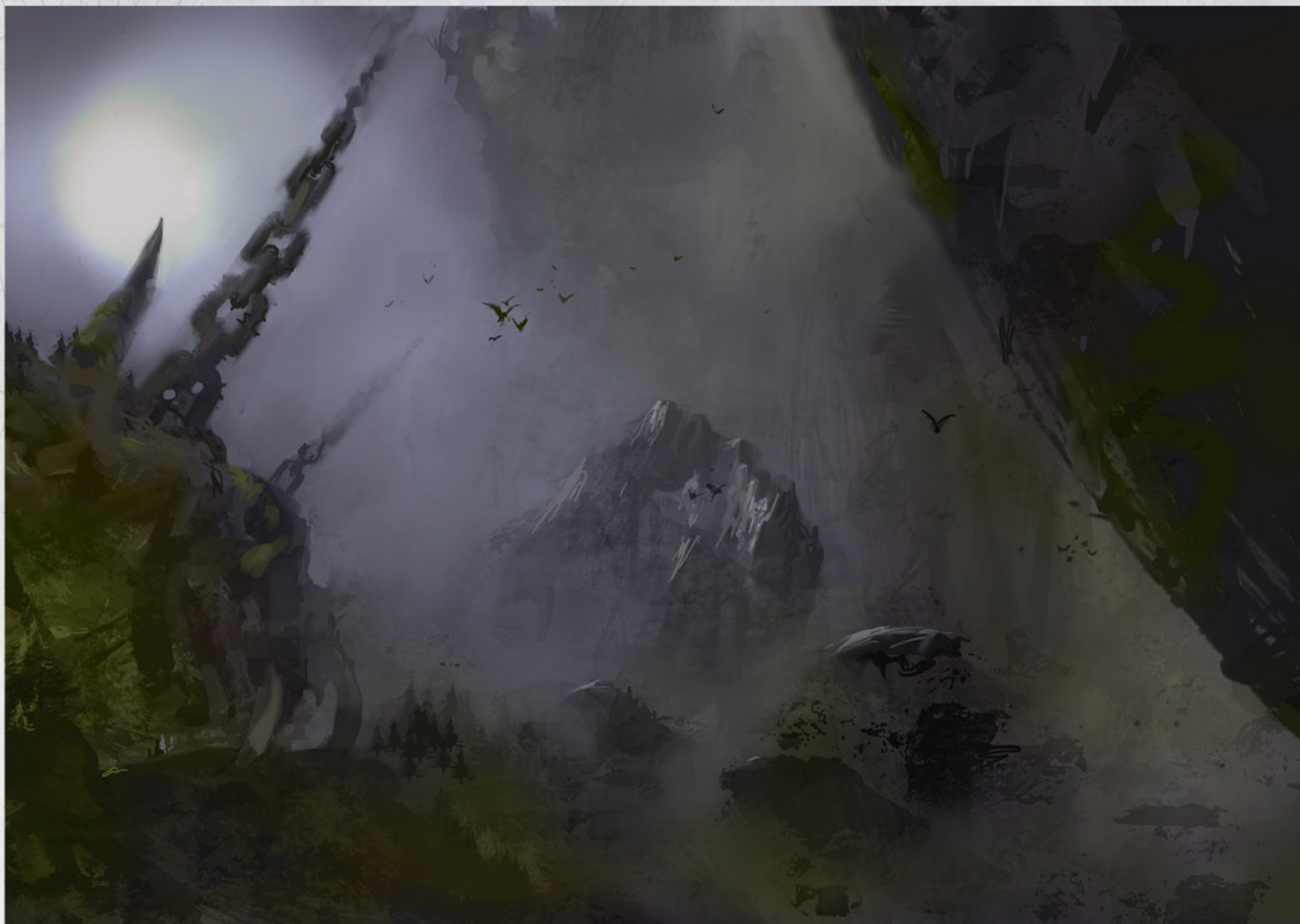
'You've killed a lot of my crew these past few days,' the leader snarled. 'And you've cost me dearly in both time and treasure. The Shadow Queen wants you alive, but she didn't say anything about keeping the skin on your bones. I will flay you slow for all the trouble you've caused me.'

The corsair leader's face was scarred and puckered by burns, his white hair swept up into a topknot. His eyes were as black and pitiless as any monster of the deep ocean. The Lord-Veritant fixed that cruel visage in his mind.

'I have both suffered and inflicted greater agonies than you could ever comprehend, traitor,' he said, his voice calm despite the agony of his injuries. 'And you should not have shown me your face. I will remember it, even beyond death.'

The aelf spat in his face and struck him a vicious blow with the butt of his repeater. Then he gestured his subordinates forward, and they began to roughly bind the Lord-Veritant's arms with lengths of spiked wire that gouged wounds in his wrists. The wind rose once more, howling and whistling through the clearing, shaking the spider-like canopies of the trees. Ven Brecht heard the distant chatter of laughter once more, and as the Scourge corsairs turned their eyes to the shrouded skies above, he realised they had heard it too. Immediately the aelves turned their weapons on the shadows.

Ven Brecht did not see the first corsair's demise. All he heard was a sudden, ragged scream and a flash of movement at the corner of his vision as the aelf was hauled bodily into the darkness. His companions immediately turned and unleashed a hail of bolts, but if they struck anything, the Lord-Veritant could not guess. Another corsair was snatched away; this one's cries continued, high-pitched and terrified, until a ragged, tearing sound abruptly cut them off. Something came tumbling out of the mists to lie



at the feet of the Scourge captain – the aelf's severed head, frozen in an expression of utmost horror.

The rest of the corsairs backed away from the gruesome sight, ignoring Ven Brecht now as they sought their mysterious attackers. Ven Brecht's hands were bound by the length of barbed cord, but he could still move despite his wounded leg. In one motion he rose and shoulder-barged the corsair captain, driving the aelf to the floor. The Scourge hunter reacted with startling grace, turning his fall into a roll and coming up with a cutlass in one hand and his hand-bow in the other. His dark eyes promised murder.

'Damn the witch-queen's desires,' the aelf snarled, levelling his sword at Ven Brecht and lunging forwards.

As the corsair darted back in, Ven Brecht kicked out. His foe danced away from the clumsy blow with contemptuous ease and carved a bloody furrow across his calf. Ven Brecht was staggering backwards, struggling desperately to keep his balance, when the corsair attacked again, cutlass leading and sure to drive straight through the Lord-Veritant's chest. Ven Brecht closed his eyes.

So be it.

The strike never landed. The shadows seized the aelf by the arms, swirling around him like a flock of ravenous corvids. With a sound like tearing cloth, bloody gouges appeared on the corsair's face, across his narrow chest.

The skin peeled from his sword-arm, and blood bubbled from his mouth as he struggled helplessly. Ven Brecht caught the impression of laughing, needle-toothed faces within the shadows, and sharp claws sinking into pale flesh. The corsair's terrified eyes met Ven Brecht's one last time, before he was dragged away by the half-glimpsed killers. As the rest of the Scourge hunters emptied their repeaters blindly into the night, the Lord-Veritant turned and staggered into the woods, each step sending a lance of agony through his pierced thigh.

The shadow-entities pursued, soaring above him on ragged wings. For how long Ven Brecht ran, he could not say, for time meant nothing under the eternal pall of Ulgu. He stumbled over narrow bridges of black stone, fashioned from the weeping faces of tormented souls. He crawled across deserts of misted glass, and waded through gushing rivers of smoke that whispered to him of tragedies yet to come. Always the land itself toyed with him, leading him on maddening circuitous routes, giving way suddenly to sucking pits of nothingness that threatened to swallow him whole. Only the horrors at his back drove him on; he could not evade the shadow-things that laughingly pursued him.

If they sought to kill me, they would have done so many days ago. They are hunting hounds, driving me into the clutches of their master. If not Morathi, then who commands them?

Eventually, Ven Brecht could stagger on no more.

Exhaustion, poison and injury finally overcame his superhuman constitution, and he slid to the floor. Gazing up, he could see nothing but a canvas of pure blackness. Even Sigendil could not penetrate the murk of the Shadow Realm. Ven Brecht could feel himself slipping in and out of consciousness, the world around him rippling and reforming like the broken surface of a lake. He dreamed again of the fall of Anvilgard, remembering the grasping coils of a great shadow-serpent as it closed about his body. Helpless, he watched his comrades cut down and seized one by one, dragged off to face some bloody fate in the dungeons of a Khainite temple.

Someone or something shook him roughly from his nightmares. He found himself staring up into the face of a Stormcast warrior – a dark-skinned woman, her greying hair shaved close to the scalp and her brow lined with arcane markings. Her armour was a rich burgundy, and she held a golden handaxe in one gauntleted fist. Glancing about, he saw that there were more: three of them, staring down at him with undisguised concern.

‘Lie still, brother,’ said the woman. ‘Your wounds are grave. It’s a wonder you’re still breathing. These injuries should have sent you back to Azyr days ago.’

Another lie. Another deception.

Keiser Ven Brecht’s frustrated rage gave him strength to overcome his exhaustion, and he launched himself at the false Stormcast, slamming his fist into its unarmoured head. The apparition groaned and slumped, and Ven Brecht ripped the axe from its hands. He turned and sent it spinning end over end at the second of the illusory warriors, who was rushing him from the side. It struck the figure in the knee with a sickening crunch, sending him sprawling.

The last of them stood her ground, for some reason refusing to fire even as Ven Brecht lowered his shoulder and charged at her, thinking to banish the haunting illusion with a single, mighty blow. At the last moment she lowered her weapon, and there was a sparkling flash, blinding in the darkness. A sudden, searing pain tore through Ven Brecht’s lower leg, but in his cold rage he ignored it. His shoulder struck the apparition’s chest, and the Lord-Veritant used his weight to bear her to the ground, his hands scrabbling for her throat.

‘Enough falsehoods,’ he growled, as she rained punches into the side of his skull with her free gauntlet. ‘Reveal yourself, spectre. Your deceptions haunt me no longer.’

His foe’s eyes bulged in her skull, and he heard the grinding of her teeth as she strained against his iron grip. But he had no intention of relenting. The Stormcast’s eyes stared into his own, and in them he saw both shock and sorrow. It was then he felt the muzzle of the boltstorm pistol against his temple; all it would take was a press of her finger, and she could have blasted a smoking hole through his skull. He took in her worn burgundy armour, and the ritual markings she proudly wore.

A Celestial Warbringer. Sigmar’s warrior-seers. Why should my delusions take such a form?

‘Let her go!’ came a voice at his back. The two Stormcasts had shaken off their initial shock and spread out to surround the Lord-Veritant, one of them dragging a bloodied leg.

‘Where am I?’ Ven Brecht growled. ‘Tell me now.’

‘On the shores of the Tenebrax Coast,’ gasped the warrior he held. ‘Three leagues from the free city of Misthåvn. You have reached the sanctuary of the God-King, brother. Do not make me shoot. Let us aid you.’

Even now, it could be an illusion. I no longer know if I can trust my own mind. But the shock in this warrior’s eyes, the pity and revulsion – I would swear upon Sigmar that those are all too real.

Ven Brecht released his grip on the Warbringer’s throat. She staggered upright, rubbing at her bruised flesh, pistol still levelled at his face.

‘What has happened to you, brother?’ she said, unable entirely to mask her pity and revulsion.

‘It matters not,’ Ven Brecht said. ‘I am Keiser Ven Brecht, Lord-Veritant of the Anvils of the Heldenhammer, and all that matters is the warning I bring: Sigmar’s empire is in great danger, and your city of Misthåvn above all. Morathi has betrayed us. Anvilgard has fallen.’

As shocked silence descended upon the clearing, Ven Brecht could once again hear the mocking hiss of laughter in the shadows. It carried with it the ring of triumph.



WAR OF FLESH AND BONE

Amidst the snow-capped mountains of the Vertiginous Peaks, the implacable legions of the Ossiararch Bonereapers do battle with their ostensible allies, the degenerate ghouls of the Flesh-eater Courts. But who will prevail in this gruesome civil war?



This month's Battle Report is unusual for two reasons. First, it's not one battle but three, the first and second engagements paving the way for a final showdown.

The second reason that it's unusual is because we're pitting the forces of Death against ... the forces of Death – Ossiarch Bonereapers versus the Flesh-eater Courts.

This Battle Report is inspired by the Charnel Kingdom content presented in the previous issue (*White Dwarf* 461), where we explored the invasion of Hysh by the forces of Death. Having fought his way into Ymetrica, Arkhan the Black found his armies drastically under-strength, so he sent the Mortisan Boneshaper Xaramos to 'recruit' new allies. Some joined the Ossiarch Bonereapers willingly – pawns to Nagash's supremacy over the undead. Others, however, were rather more reluctant, the Ghoul King Varshorn among them.

This series of battles represents Varshorn's last desperate stand against Xaramos and his Bonereaper host. If the Ghoul King defeats his former ally, perhaps he can escape into the wilds of Ymetrica to fight another day. On the other hand, if he loses, then all that will await him is a quick death before his bones are recycled into a new Ossiarch construct. Grim, right?

Fighting Varshorn's last stand are Age of Sigmar games developers Louis Aguilar and Sam Pearson, with Louis taking command of the Ossiarch Bonereapers and Sam leading the Flesh-eater Courts. To represent the two adversaries in the story – Xaramos and Varshorn – they have also created new characters using the Anvil of Death rules presented in the previous issue. You can see their home-made warscrolls and read about how they created them over the next few pages.

To add some extra excitement, there are also some rewards for the players if they win a game. The winner of *Caverns of Death* – the first battle – will receive five destiny points to spend on their general's warscroll. In addition, if they win a Major Victory, they also earn a Triumph to use in the next battle. The loser receives three destiny points to spend on their general's warscroll. The winner of the second battle – *A Race Against Oblivion* – receives one bonus command point to use in the final battle. In addition, if they win a Major Victory, they also earn a Triumph to use in the next battle. The loser gets nothing!

So the stage is set for a ruckus between the forces of Death. But who will prevail – Nagash's iron-disciplined legions of bone constructs or the deluded Flesh-eaters? Read on to find out!

CHARNEL KINGDOM

Issue 461 of *White Dwarf* includes the very first Flashpoint for Warhammer Age of Sigmar – Broken Realms. The first instalment focuses on the Charnel Kingdom and Arkhan the Black's invasion of Hysh. The articles also include the three battleplans that we are using in this issue's Battle Report and the Anvil of Death rules for creating your own undead heroes. If you're lucky, there may still be copies available at games-workshop.com.

It was not a matter of honour, thought Xaramos, but rather one of practicality. He moved his bone fingers almost absent-mindedly, stripping flesh from bone as he deconstructed another Crypt Ghoul. Gristle and muscle fell in wet strips to the ground, leaving the creature's glistening bones floating in mid-air before him like as osseous puppet.

The Mortisan Boneshaper's train of thought continued as he began to reshape the Ghoul's skeleton. Varshorn had been a useful ally for a time, but he was too wilful, too far removed from the glory of the Great Necromancer. He had refused to accept his place in the great plan and had become a liability.

The Ghoul's bones began to stretch and bend, twisting and reforming as Xaramos worked his unholy craft.

Perhaps liability was too strong a word, mused Xaramos. Perhaps he was trying to find justification for his own actions. For his betrayal. The bones before him began to fuse together once more, thicker and darker than before. A new skeletal form began to take shape, wrought by the Boneshaper's fell magic.

Xaramos disregarded that thought immediately. There was no betrayal. There was only duty. His duty. To the Mortarch of Sacrament and to the Great Necromancer. He had been asked to provide warriors for the ranks of the Mortis Praetorians, but the aelves were cremating their dead until they were nothing more than cinders. He had run out of raw materials. Varshorn and his deluded kin were a convenient solution. Practical. There was no honour to be had forming an alliance with such creatures. They could be put to better use.

Xaramos' empty eye sockets regarded his latest creation. A Mortek Guard stood before him, a leering grin splitting its hideous bone face. Much better, thought Xaramos. He moved on to the next corpse.





XARAMOS' TITHE HOST

Allegiance: Ossiararch Bonereapers
Legion: Mortis Praetorians

Battleplan 1: Caverns of Death

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 Xaramos: Mortisan Boneshaper | 150 Points |
| - Command Trait: Katakros' Chosen | |
| - Artefact: Artificer's Blade | |
| - Spell: Necrotic Leech | |
| - Spell: Protection of Nagash | |
| 2 10 Mortek Guard | 130 Points |
| - Hekatos Lorthis Xza, Necrophoros | |
| 3 3 Necropolis Stalkers | 180 Points |

Total Points: 460

Battleplan 2: A Race Against Oblivion

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 Gothizzar Harvester | 200 Points |
| 2 10 Mortek Guard | 130 Points |
| - Hekatos Lorthis Xza, Necrophoros | |
| 3 5 Kavalos Deathriders | 180 Points |

Total Points: 510

Battleplan 3: Tithe Immortis

- | | |
|--|------------------------|
| 1 Xaramos: Mortisan Boneshaper | 180/200 Points* |
| - Command Trait: Katakros' Chosen | |
| - Artefact: Artificer's Blade | |
| - Spell: Necrotic Leech | |
| - Spell: Protection of Nagash | |
| 2 10 Mortek Guard | 130 Points |
| - Hekatos Lorthis Xza, Necrophoros | |
| 3 10 Mortek Guard | 130 Points |
| - Hekatos Mordokar Salluk, Necrophoros | |
| 4 3 Necropolis Stalkers | 180 Points |
| 5 5 Kavalos Deathriders | 180 Points |

*pending the results of previous games
Total Points: 800/820



WARSCROLL

XARAMOS



The Mortisan Boneshaper known as Xaramos is particularly devious, even for one of his kind. He will go to any lengths to fulfill the wishes of his master, though he will prioritise his own survival if threatened.

MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Ossified Talons	2"	3	3+	3+	-3	2

DESCRIPTION

Xaramos is armed with Ossified Talons.

ABILITIES

Dark Acolyte: Add 1 to casting and unbinding rolls for this model.

MAGIC

This **HERO** is a **WIZARD**. They can attempt to cast 2 spells in your hero phase and attempt to unbind 2 spells in the enemy hero phase. They know the Arcane Bolt and Mystic Shield spells. In addition, they know any spells you have picked for them from the Spell Table.

Necrotic Leech: *Amethyst tendrils reach out from the caster, sapping the life force of the enemy before replenishing their allies with stolen vigour.*

Necrotic Leech has a casting value of 6. If successfully cast, pick 1 enemy unit within 12" of the caster that is visible to them and 1 friendly unit wholly within 12" of the caster that is visible to them. That enemy unit suffers D3 mortal wounds, then you can heal up to D3 wounds allocated to that friendly unit.

KEYWORDS DEATH, OSSIARCH BONEREAPERS, MORTISAN, HERO, WIZARD

THE TITHE HOST

Louis: Believe it or not, this is actually the first time I have fought with the Ossiarch Bonereapers. I'm really looking forward to it! They are an extremely strong force and excellent in defence, but they can also be really slow, particularly the infantry. These skeletal constructs do not like moving at pace, so I have a feeling I'll be using a lot of my relentless discipline points on the Unstoppable Advance command ability. This is particularly true in the first battleplan, in which units can't make run moves.

My plan for the first battle is to get stuck in fast and pin down Varshorn. The Flesh-eaters have the edge when it comes to movement, so the Ghoul King might be hard to catch. I might have to put Xaramos in danger and hope Sam takes the bait. In the second battle I've got to protect the Gothizzar Harvester with just two units – one fast, one slow. The Harvester should be able to take care of itself in combat, but I don't want it getting bogged down. I really have no idea what Sam's strategy will be. The last battle will be a pure war of attrition. Because slain units can return to the battlefield, I have a feeling it's going to be an uphill struggle for the Ossiarch Bonereapers. They'll kill plenty of stuff, but they might have to do it several times!

CREATING XARAMOS

Creating Xaramos has been a whole lot of fun for me. I love delving deep into the rules and optimising my characters, units and armies, so creating a character from scratch with loads of nasty abilities is right up my street. But I've also enjoyed basing my upgrade choices around Xaramos' story and background.

Xaramos is of the Mortisan order, so I knew he would be a spellcaster first and a fighter second. I've given him the Master of Dark Magics characteristic enhancement so that he can cast and unbind two spells, as well as the Dark Acolyte ability to make casting and unbinding those spells easier. Because I've chosen the Mortis Praetorians as my legion, I have to pick Katakros' Chosen as Xaramos' command trait – a very useful ability that gives me access to plenty of relentless discipline points during the battle. This also means that I have to pick the Artificer's Blade as Xaramos' artefact of power. The result is that he's actually got quite a decent combat weapon, so I've used two destiny points to increase his damage output to 2 with the Mighty Weapon upgrade. Xaramos isn't the most deadly fighter, but if I mentioned his 2 Damage and -3 Rend in passing conversation, then I might be able to convince Sam not to charge him ...



LOUIS AGUILAR

Louis is one of the games developers for the Age of Sigmar team. He loves nothing more than writing the ultimate army list and conquering all before him in matched play games. Until he started playing this mini-campaign, that is. Then his narrative streak took over!



THE ROYAL COURT OF STARFANG MONT

Allegiance: Flesh-eater Courts
Delusion: A Matter of Honour

Battleplan 1: Caverns of Death

- | | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 | Varshorn: Abhorrant Ghoul King | 150 Points |
| | - Command Trait: Bringer of Death | |
| | - Artefact: Blood-river Chalice | |
| | - Spell: Miasmal Shroud | |
| | - Spell: Ravenous Hunger | |
| 2 | 3 Crypt Horrors | 130 Points |
| | - Sergeant-at-arms Glabios | |
| 3 | 10 Crypt Ghouls | 100 Points |

Total Points: 380

Battleplan 2: A Race Against Oblivion

- | | | |
|---|------------------------|-------------------|
| 1 | 3 Crypt Flyers | 170 Points |
| | - Sir Pazzui | |
| 2 | 3 Crypt Horrors | 130 Points |
| 3 | 3 Crypt Horrors | 130 Points |

Total Points: 430

Battleplan 3: Tithe Immortis

- | | | |
|---|---------------------------------------|------------------------|
| 1 | Varshorn: Abhorrant Ghoul King | 180/200 Points* |
| | - Command Trait: Bringer of Death | |
| | - Artefact: Blood-river Chalice | |
| | - Spell: Miasmal Shroud | |
| | - Spell: Ravenous Hunger | |
| 2 | 3 Crypt Flyers | 170 Points |
| | - Sir Pazzui | |
| 3 | 6 Crypt Horrors | 260 Points |
| | - Sergeant-at-arms Glabios | |
| 4 | 10 Crypt Ghouls | 100 Points |

*pending the results of previous games
Total Points: 710/730



♦ WARSCROLL ♦

VARSHORN

The Abhorrant Ghoul King Varshorn rules over Starfang Mont with a bloodied fist (shining sword). Utterly delusional, Varshorn refuses to offer fealty to Nagash, despite knowing deep in his heart that none can refuse the will of the Great Necromancer.



MELEE WEAPONS	Range	Attacks	To Hit	To Wound	Rend	Damage
Bloodied Fangs	1"	1	4+	3+	-1	3
Filthy Talons	1"	4	4+	4+	-1	1

DESCRIPTION

Varshorn is armed with Bloodied Fangs and Filthy Talons.

ABILITIES

Insane Brilliance: Each time you spend a command point to allow this model to use a command ability, roll a dice. On a 5+, you receive 1 extra command point.

MAGIC

This **HERO** is a **WIZARD**. They can attempt to cast 1 spell in your hero phase and attempt to unbind 1 spell in the enemy hero phase. They know the Arcane Bolt and Mystic Shield spells. In addition, they know any spells you have picked for them from the Spell Table.

Ravenous Hunger: *The wizard invokes a relentless hunger for the flesh of the living, driving the warriors into a rabid frenzy.*

Ravenous Hunger has a casting value of 5. If successfully cast, pick 1 friendly unit wholly within 18" of the caster that is visible to them. Add 1 to the Attacks characteristic of melee weapons used by that unit until your next hero phase.

COMMAND ABILITIES

Summon Men-at-arms: You can use this command ability at the end of your movement phase. If you do so, pick 1 friendly model that has this command ability and has not used it before in the battle. That model summons 1 unit of up to 10 **SERFS** to the battlefield. The summoned unit is added to your army and must be set up wholly within 6" of the edge of the battlefield and more than 9" from any enemy units.

KEYWORDS

DEATH, VAMPIRE, FLESH-EATER COURTS, ABHORRANT, HERO, WIZARD

THE CANNIBAL HORDE

Sam: The Flesh-eater Courts are a wonderfully delusional army. We see blood-covered claws and stooped, scarred bodies, but in their heads, they are honourable knights and men-at-arms. You feel like you're commanding the good guys! And I guess in this series of scenarios, the Flesh-eater Courts kind of are the good guys. They're certainly the wronged party, in any case.

The Flesh-eater Courts excel at brutal, frenzied violence, so I'll be bringing a lot of that to the table over the course of the three battles. Ossiarch Bonereapers are especially tough, so I'll have to be clever with my charges and use of command abilities to get the most out of my force. In the first scenario, I'm going to hold back for a bit, then try and take out one of Louis's units in a concerted charge before outnumbering the survivors. In the second battle, I think a lot of running will be involved! If I can get ahead of the Harvester and block the escape route, Louis will have no choice but to fight. The last battle will be an interesting prospect. If I can damage Louis's units but not wipe them out, then he can't bring them back on as reinforcements. I can then move to outnumber his forces and take down Xaramos. All I need to do is keep Varshorn out of trouble for as long as possible.

CREATING VARSHORN

Varshorn has been really interesting to bring to life, and it's been great fun reading up on his character and creating a set of rules that fit his persona. I gave him bloodied fangs and filthy claws for weapons (no doubt a shiny blade in his mind). Then, I used another two destiny points to upgrade those claws with a Honed Edge for -1 Rend. It's not much, but it's better than nothing! I really wanted to improve Varshorn's To Hit rolls, too, but I was worried about his survivability. For this reason, I picked Dark Fortitude to give him an extra wound. It may not sound like much, but it may well foil the Damage 2 falchions of the Necropolis Stalkers or even a couple of lucky hits from a D3 Damage weapon, if Louis has any.

I've also used three destiny points to give Varshorn the Insane Brilliance ability. I'm going to be relying quite heavily on the Feeding Frenzy command ability in this series of games, so any chance I have of regaining some command points will be worth it. Combine this with the Ravenous Hunger spell, and I should be able to dish out some serious damage in the combat phase. All I need to do is keep Varshorn safely behind his knightly retainers and let them do all the hard work. He can then step in for an honourable duel with Xaramos when the time is right.



SAM PEARSON

Sam works alongside Louis as one of the Age of Sigmar games developers, though he is also responsible for writing the rules for the hugely popular Warcry. Sam loves a good narrative battle, though his competitive side does show up from time to time.

THE FIRST BATTLE: CAVERNS OF DEATH

Betrayed by the Mortisan Boneshaper Xaramos, the Ghoul King Varshorn tries to flee from his citadel on Starfang Mont. But the Bonereaper legions are hot on his heels ...

SCATTERED DEBRIS

In order to slow the progress of the Bonereapers' advance, Varshorn has ordered his serfs to tear down stone columns around the chamber. In this first battle, no units from either side may make run moves. They must also subtract 1 from any charge rolls. This could confound the already slow Morteck Guard ...

The Crypt Horrors smashed into the nearby pillars, bringing them crashing down in an avalanche of dust. The Ossiarch Bonereapers paused momentarily in their advance before clambering up and over the pillars, intent on their task.

Casting a wary eye over his foes, Xaramos weaved a spell around his outstretched fingers, surrounding himself with the Protection of Nagash. Varshorn was deluded but still incredibly dangerous, and his warriors were fearsome fighters. Xaramos was taking no chances with his own safety. With a thought, he urged his cohort onwards, the Morteck Guard moving with unnatural speed across the rubble in the wake of the towering Necropolis Stalkers.

Within seconds, the Bonereapers engaged the enemy. Caught off guard, the Crypt Ghouls at the front of Varshorn's lines were butchered by the Morteck Guard before the Necropolis Stalkers could even swing their blades.

Varshorn roared with fury at Xaramos' betrayal. He was left with little choice; he would have to fight back. His furious shouts summoned a new regiment of Ghouls from the depths of his mountain lair. Silently, they began sneaking up on the unprotected Xaramos.

But the real challenge was standing right before Xaramos. Varshorn's Crypt Horrors raced around one of the still-standing pillars and smashed into the Necropolis Stalkers. One of the bone





Xaramos (1) enters Starfang Mont accompanied by his retinue of Mortek Guard (2) and Necropolis Stalkers (3). Varshorn (4) and his loyal retainers – Crypt Ghouls (5) and Crypt Horrors (6) – lie in wait amidst the toppled pillars.

Louis uses the Bonereapers' Unstoppable Advance command ability to move his Mortek Guard swiftly into combat alongside his Necropolis Stalkers (7). Sam's plan to fight one unit at a time quickly falls apart!



The Ghouls are slaughtered by the Mortek Guard (8), while the Crypt Horrors struggle to bring down the Necropolis Stalkers. Xaramos and Varshorn watch on as their minions do their bidding.

Sam summons more Crypt Ghouls to ambush Xaramos, but the Boneshaper escapes thanks to the Protection of Nagash spell. Meanwhile, Varshorn is cornered by what Sam describes as 'the riff-raff' (9).



constructs was shattered into pieces, but the remaining two killed one of the Horrors in return.

With Varshorn unwilling to put himself in danger, Xaramos ordered the Mortek Guard to slaughter the Ghouls, but they faltered amidst the ruins, enabling the Flesh-eater to sprint across the battlefield and into combat with the Mortisan Boneshaper. Despite Xaramos' relentless discipline and Varshorn descending into a feeding frenzy, neither undead hero killed the other. Xaramos, however, was thrown across the cavern by the spell that protected him.

As the Necropolis Stalkers finished off the Crypt Horrors, the Mortek Guard cornered Varshorn and dragged the debased vampire kicking and screaming to the floor. Xaramos had secured his first victory beneath Starfang Mont.



THE SECOND BATTLE: A RACE AGAINST OBLIVION

As Xaramos' forces leave Starfang Mont with a bounty of body parts, the Flesh-eaters of the Deadwatch descend upon them. Without construction materials, the Bonereapers' advance will surely falter.

DAANGEROUS PASSAGE

In this battle, Louis must try to get his Gothizzar Harvester off the far end of the battlefield, which is a long 36" away!

Sam's faster units should be able to head the Ossiararch Bonereapers off at the pass, but the Dangerous Passage scenario rule means that some of his Crypt Flyers may not survive the difficult descent into the pass. Unfortunately for Sam, one of them doesn't ...

The Gothizzar Harvester lumbered along in the wake of the Kavalos Deathriders. For Hekatos Lorthis Xza, it was moving far too slowly. Even his MorteK Guard could march faster, given the right impetus. He knew the enemy were already encircling his forces, but there was little he could do if they refused to fight. He could see the Crypt Flyers high up on the rocks moving to block the pass, while close-by Crypt Horrors looked for an opening to strike. Even the ruins of nearby buildings harboured danger; Xza could see red-rimmed eyes watching the passage of his troops from the darkness.

Seeing the enemy outflanking his forces, Xza ordered the Kavalos Deathriders to protect their northern flank while his infantry protected the Gothizzar Harvester from the south. Despite his innate tactical knowledge, he did not bank on the

swiftness and ferocity of the Crypt Horrors. With a sudden burst of speed, they leapt over a mound of rocks and pounced on the Gothizzar Harvester. Their blood-caked talons tore into the bone construct, ripping off its limbs and scattering its cargo across the pass. The creature lashed out in return, clubbing one of the Crypt Horrors to death with its soulcrusher bludgeons, but it was barely able to stand. At the same time, a second pack of Crypt Horrors tore into the Deathriders in a desperate bid to reach the Harvester. The undead cavalry held their ground and defended themselves with calm discipline before trampling two of the mordant creatures to death.

Ordering his MorteK Guard to about-turn, Xza countercharged the Crypt Horrors who had almost destroyed the Gothizzar Harvester. With calm efficiency, they formed an impenetrable shieldwall and stabbed at the Crypt Horrors with

1



2



Led by Sir Pazzuli, the Deadwatch move to encircle their prey (1).

One unit of Crypt Horrors assaults the Kavalos Deathriders with little effect. The other strips eight strips off the Gothizzar Harvester, almost killing it (2)!

The Deathriders finish off the Crypt Horrors they are fighting and charge Sir Pazzuli in an effort to clear the way for the badly damaged Gothizzar Harvester (3).

3



their nadirite blades. Caught between the Harvester and the Morteck Guard, the Flesh-eaters soon fell.

Faced with the prospect of fighting an almost unscathed detachment of Bonereapers, Sir Pazzuli and his one remaining Crypt Player prepared to assault the crippled Gothizzar Harvester before their foes could move to protect it. Yet as they prepared to charge, doubt entered Pazzuli's mind. Was his sacrifice really worth it? That moment of hesitation was all the Kavalos Deathriders needed. As the Morteck Guard surrounded the Gothizzar Harvester with a wall of shields, the undead knights manoeuvred into a wedge, lowered their lances and charged into the Crypt Players. The combat was swift and brutal. The Bonereapers' consignment of bones had been protected, but only just!

THE THIRD BATTLE: TITHE IMMORTIS (DEPLOYMENT)

Having somehow escaped a painful demise at the hands of the Mortek Guard, the Ghoulish King Varshorn has summoned his last faithful warriors to fight alongside him. It will be a fight to the undeath.

DRAWN-OUT CONFLICT

Neither Xaramos or Varshorn is willing to surrender, for whoever loses this battle will be destroyed utterly. As a result, at the end of a player's movement phase, they may pick one friendly unit that has been destroyed and return it to their army using the reinforcement rules.

Cornered in his throne room, there was no escape for Varshorn. Xaramos had replenished the ranks of his tithe host using the bodies of fallen mordants and was even now advancing upon the pinnacle of Starfang Mont.

The Ghoulish King's retainers waited impatiently as the clack of boney feet got louder. Varshorn ordered some of his ghouls into the shadows, where they would wait for the right moment to strike. He sent his Crypt Players to the east, while his Crypt Horrors took up station around him – his favoured knights kept close to their king.

Xaramos regarded the macabre spectacle with disinterest. The Charnel Throne rose up before him, a monument to madness and cannibalism. It would yield much bone for the tithe.

The Mortek Guard moved silently to the front of the advance, their shields held out in front of them. The Necropolis Stalkers stood ready behind them, poised to strike. Behind the Mortisan Boneshaper, the Kavalos Deathriders waited patiently, ready to strike out toward the flanks or protect their leader if required. Xaramos raised a boney hand as if to salute the Ghoulish King and then ordered his warriors onwards.





Louis deploys Xaramos (1) in the centre of his army, with the Necropolis Stalkers (2) screening him from harm. He places the Kavalos Deathriders (his fastest unit) at the back of the army (3), where they can redeploy to the flank. Two units of Morteck Guard (4-5) form the vanguard of the Bonereapers' advance.

Sam places Varshorn on the Charnel Throne (6), with a unit of six Crypt Horrors in front of the Ghoul King (7) as bodyguards. He deploys a unit of Crypt Flayers to the east of the temple dais (8) and ten Crypt Ghouls on the stairs (9). Sam also has a unit of Crypt Ghouls kept to one side for when he uses the Summon Men-at-arms command ability.



BATTLE ROUND ONE: THE RELENTLESS ADVANCE

As Xaramos orders his Ossiarch warriors to attack the Flesh-eaters, Varshorn summons new warriors to the battlefield in a desperate bid to slow the enemy's inexorable advance.

Varshorn was trapped. In Xaramos' experience, this only made the Ghoul King even more deadly. He was ferocious at the best of times, but when his own life was in peril, he became a raging monster. Though Varshorn was still on the other side of the cavern, Xaramos wasn't taking any chances. He cast spells of protection over the Mortek Guard and himself.

The Ossiarch Bonereapers advanced upon the enemy with unwavering discipline, the Mortek Guard keeping their shields locked together in case the enemy tried to charge them. The Kavalos Deathriders brought up the rear of the advance, ready at a moment's notice to exploit a weakness in the enemy's ranks.

The mordants were not so disciplined in their advance, and they piled down from the dais around the Charnel Throne with savage intent. Varshorn's attempts at spellcasting were easily thwarted by Xaramos, but his bellows of rage drew yet more ghouls to the battlefield.

Though not a master tactician, Varshorn knew the enemy's weaknesses. If he could pin them down and overwhelm them, he might have a chance at survival. He ordered his Crypt Ghouls to attack the Mortek Guard, hoping they would hold the skeletal warriors up long enough for his mighty Crypt Horrors to pound them into dust. His hopes were crushed, much like the bodies of his ghouls as they were summarily hacked apart by the Bonereapers.



2



Louis takes the first turn of the first battle round and immediately sets about protecting his units. Xaramos casts Mystic Shield on the easternmost Mortek Guard and Protection of Nagash on himself. Louis then uses a couple of relentless discipline points to advance his Mortek Guard as quickly as possible towards the distant Charnel Throne (1).

With no shooting or combat taking place, Sam tries to get Varshorn to summon a Corpsemare Stampede, which Xaramos easily unbinds. He instead resorts to summoning a new unit of Crypt Ghouls to the battlefield, which arrives behind the Charnel Throne.

The Crypt Flyers, led by Sir Pazzuli, fly to the eastern edge of the board, ready to flank Louis's forces (2).

In the centre of the battlefield, the Crypt Ghouls and Crypt Horrors all move down from the dais ready to engage the enemy. Keen to cause some casualties as quickly as possible, Sam charges the Ghouls into the closest unit of Mortek Guard (3). He knows the fight is pretty one-sided, but if he can hold the Mortek Guard up for a turn, he can force Louis to change his strategy.

Sadly for Sam, the Ghouls kill three of the Mortek Guard (which was more than he was expecting) but are then wiped out in response (4), leaving Louis's forces free to continue their advance. If he gets the first turn next round, that is!

3



4



BATTLE ROUND TWO: BLOOD WILL FLOW

The Flesh-eaters descend upon the Ossiararch Bonereapers with savage ferocity and reckless abandon. The tithe host raise their shields and prepare to weather the storm.

MORE BODIES!

Having lost a unit of Crypt Ghouls in the first round, Sam was able to bring them on as reinforcements at the end of his movement phase in the second round. He placed them on the eastern edge of the table, ready to pile into the fight. They did so, too, with a mighty 11" charge into the Mortek Guard.

With a bestial roar, the Crypt Horrors leapt down the stairs that led to the Charnel Throne and smashed into the raised shields of the Mortek Guard. It was, as Varshorn had hoped, a suitable distraction, for he had sent Sir Pazzuli and his Crypt Flyers to outflank the enemy forces. Even now, they were manoeuvring into position. Varshorn watched with anticipation as they launched their ambush upon the treacherous Boneshaper.

And then everything descended into madness and carnage. Wings and talons raised and fell, blades slashed back and forth, cries rang out as grievous wounds were inflicted. Blood-caked

hands tore at skeletal frames, and nadirite blades struck back at heavily scarred flesh.

Yet Varshorn's hopes of an easy victory and a swift demise for his former ally were quickly left in tatters. The Mortek Guard barely flinched as the Crypt Horrors hit them, and they stuck back with consummate skill, killing several of Varshorn's best warriors. In the centre of the melee, the Necropolis Stalkers butchered his Crypt Flyers then turned to face the remaining Crypt Horrors. The bone constructs' four-faced heads revolved, changing from scowling visages to leering grins as they hacked apart Varshorn's bodyguard. Things were looking decidedly grim for the Ghoulish King.





Sam takes the first turn in the second battle round and once again fails to cast Corpsemare Stampede with Varshorn.

He flies the Crypt Flayers **(1)** into the ruins and charges them into Xaramos **(2)**, dragging the majority of Louis's army into the fight, too. Meanwhile, the Crypt Horrors **(3)** pile down the stairs and into the Mortek Guard **(4-5)**. They are joined by a new unit of Crypt Ghouls that arrive as reinforcements **(6)**.

As the combat phase begins, Louis uses his relentless discipline points to play Shieldwall (re-roll saves) on the Mortek Guard and the Counter-strike command ability (re-roll hit rolls) on the unit of three Necropolis Stalkers **(7)**.

Sam picks the Crypt Flayers to fight first, but only Sir Pazzuli can reach Xaramos. Despite being able to re-roll hit and wound rolls, he misses with every one of his attacks!

The rest of the fighting is equally poor for Sam, with the Crypt Horrors failing to kill a single Mortek Guard and losing half their number in return. The Necropolis Stalkers also wipe out the Crypt Flayers.

The violence continues in Louis's turn, with the Necropolis Stalkers adopting their Blade-strike Aspect and slaughtering the Crypt Horrors. Next to them, the Mortek Guard hack through most of the Crypt Ghouls.

To the west, the Kavalos Deathriders move to outflank the Flesh-eaters **(8)**.



BATTLE ROUNDS THREE & FOUR: REINFORCEMENTS AND REDOUBLED EFFORTS

As more Flesh-eaters are drawn by the scent of battle, Xaramos' forces attempt to corner the raging Ghoul King. But Varshorn still has a few tricks up his sleeves (metaphorically speaking).

ENDLESS SPELLS

Sam and Louis each have an endless spell at their disposal: the Corpsemare Stampede for Sam and the Bone-tithe Shrieker for Louis. Both are predatory spells, but while Louis can control his spell by soul-linking it to Xaramos, Sam's spell can potentially be controlled by either player ...

Xaramos surveyed the carnage. His tithe host had emerged from the mordant onslaught almost unscathed. True, he had lost a few MorteK Guard, but they were acceptable losses. Frustratingly, for every Flesh-eater his warriors dispatched, another filled its place. They seemed to be endless.

Nevertheless, Xaramos ordered his forces onwards. Varshorn was still lurking near his throne of bones, surrounded by his debased servants. If Xaramos' forces could reach him before any more arrived, they might have a chance of slaying the Ghoul King. The Boneshaper ordered the Kavalos Deathriders to flank the dais and mount the

stairs, but they were marginally too slow to catch Varshorn, who fled from his throne to hide behind the hulking Crypt Horrors that had just arrived to protect him.

It would have to be a frontal assault, then, thought Xaramos. With a flick of his hand, he ordered the attack, the Necropolis Stalkers smashing into the Crypt Horrors while the Deathriders and MorteK Guard took on the Crypt Ghouls. Xaramos felt a semblance of satisfaction course through his bones as the Ghouls were slaughtered in short order, but the Necropolis Stalkers appeared to be struggling with the Crypt Horrors. For the first time, Xaramos began to feel concern.

Sam takes the first turn in the third battle round and tries, once again, to cast Corpsemare Stampede. Louis unbinds it on a 13!

All Sam can do is surround Varshorn (1) with Crypt Ghouls (2) and bring on his destroyed Crypt Horrors as reinforcements (3).

In his turn, Louis uses Xaramos (4) to cast the Bone-tithe Shrieker, which Sam unbinds. He then casts Necrotic Leech on the Crypt Ghouls (5), killing one and healing a damaged Necropolis Stalker (6).

The Kavalos Deathriders, the full-strength unit of MorteK Guard (7) and the Stalkers then advance on the dais, but the Deathriders fail their charge on Varshorn. The other unit of MorteK Guard (8) finally kills the last Crypt Ghoul.





Sam takes the first turn in the fourth round. He moves his units forwards and brings a new unit of Crypt Flyers in from the east.

Louis summons the Bone-tithe Shrieker (9) where its +1 To Hit aura can reach all his units.

The Mortek Guard (10) charge the Crypt Ghouls (11) from the front, while the Deathriders (12) hit them in the rear. The Ghouls kill a couple of Mortek Guard and a rider but are slain in return.

The Necropolis Stalkers (13) charge the Crypt Horrors (14), killing just one of them. Sam responds by using the Feeding Frenzy ability, allowing the Horrors to fight twice. They kill one Stalker and badly wound a second.



BATTLE ROUND FIVE: SPILT BLOOD AND BROKEN BONES

As Xaramos' Bonereapers mount the steps up to the Charnel Throne, they find themselves facing increasingly determined resistance from the Flesh-eaters. But Varshorn is still far from safe.

WELL-STRUCK ANVILS

In this battle round, the choices that Sam and Louis made when creating their heroes using the Anvil of Death have significant importance. The extra wound that Sam gave Varshorn proves critical to his survival, as does the Blood-river Chalice artefact.

Meanwhile, Louis's choice of spells – namely Protection of Nagash – saves Xaramos from an untimely demise.

With the clatter of bones on stone, the Kavalos Deathriders charged past the Charnel Throne, spurred their skeletal mounts down from the steps of the dais and smashed into Varshorn. The impact would have killed a lesser being, but the Ghoulish King was descended from the most bloodthirsty line of vampires; he stood his ground.

Varshorn lashed out around him, striking ineffectively at the Deathriders as they hacked down at him with their nadirite blades. He was bleeding profusely, but he would not lie down and die. Not for Xaramos. Not for Nagash. Behind him, he heard the shattering of bones as the Crypt Horrors ripped the Necropolis Stalkers to pieces and then began chewing on the bones of the Morteck Guard. Perhaps there was hope yet, thought the Ghoulish King. He delved deep into his deluded soul for a last ounce of power ...

... and unleashed a ferociously powerful spell. The Corpsemare Stampede erupted from the earth beneath his feet and trampled the nearby Morteck Guard into the ground. The undead horses continued their rampage, smashing aside the survivors of the other unit of Morteck Guard before impacting with the Mortisan Boneshaper.

There was a sudden blinding flash, and Xaramos disappeared. Varshorn took the momentary distraction to scramble away from the Kavalos Deathriders – the Crypt Horrors could deal with them! He mounted the dais and drank deeply from a mangled chalice, the blood inside it revitalising him and lending him new strength. Now, all he had to do was find the Boneshaper.

A harsh laugh caught his attention. Xaramos stood next to Varshorn's throne, his face contorted in a permanent rictus. The undead lords charged.





Louis takes the first turn of the round and forms the Deathriders (1) into a Deathrider Wedge. They charge Varshorn (2) and take him down to a single wound!

The Mortek Guard (3) join the fight against the Crypt Horrors (4), but the Horrors fight first. They rip apart the Necropolis Stalkers (5) and, in a Feeding Frenzy, tear apart five of the Mortek Guard, too.



Sam uses the Blood-river Chalice to heal four wounds on Varshorn. He then casts a Corpsemare Stampede for the first time (6)! It tramples both units of Mortek Guard into dust and wounds Xaramos, forcing the Protection of Nagash spell to move him to safety next to the Charnel Throne.

Varshorn leaps out of combat with the Deathriders (7), leaving the Crypt Horrors to fight them (8). Neither unit causes much damage.



BATTLE ROUNDS SIX & SEVEN: ETERNAL DEATH

Surrounded by Flesh-eaters, Xaramos makes a final bid to slay his adversary. As the two undead lords clash beneath the Charnel Throne, their fates are decided.

Xaramos lashed out with a concealed blade even as Varshorn tried to tear his head off with his filth-encrusted talons. The two battered at each other in a ferocious whirlwind of claws, fangs and blades. Splinters of bone and splatters of blood were flung from the combat as the two duelled, Xaramos leaving deep wounds in the Ghoul King's flesh. Around them, the Crypt Horrors smashed the Kavalos Deathriders from their mounts as the Bone-tithe Shrieker and Corpsemare Stampede closed in around the fight, the two spells drawn to the concentration of magic at the top of the dais.

Yet Varshorn refused to die, and Xaramos was forced to protect himself with spells once more as Crypt Flyers and Crypt Horrors joined the fight. Everything became a blur, and Xaramos wasn't entirely sure what happened next. One moment he was surrounded by foes, the next he was trampled underfoot by a stampede of rotten horses. He watched as Varshorn and his minions were torn apart by the deathly spell as his own protective wards kicked in. As his osseous form coalesced a safe distance away, Xaramos understood what had taken place. Varshorn had been slain by his own spell! A fitting end, thought Xaramos.



Sam aims the Corpsemare Stampede at Xaramos as Louis charges the Boneshaper into Varshorn. He inflicts four wounds – one short of killing the Ghoul King. The nearby Crypt Horrors destroy the Deathriders.

The Crypt Flyers (1) and Crypt Horrors (2) charge Xaramos. They don't even scratch him!

Sam goes first in round seven, so Louis aims the Corpsemare Stampede at the melee (3). It hits both generals but only kills Varshorn. Xaramos is saved by the Protection of Nagash.



UNTIL DEATH DO THEY PART

With both armies utterly ruined by the fighting in the cavern, all that remained was for Xaramos to call in his Gothizzar Harvesters to clean up. Meanwhile, Louis and Sam discuss the events of the battle.

'The Anvil of Death was really exciting to use. I urge everyone to give it a go in their next game.' - Louis

'It was awesome how you took that gamble right at the end and smashed the Corpsemare Stampede into everyone.' - Sam



Sam: Well that was great fun. I may have lost all three games, but I had an absolute blast playing through them.

Louis: The first game I had you beat, but the second was almost in the bag for you, and that last battle really came down to the wire. All it would have taken was one dice roll in your favour, and you would have won it.

Sam: Perhaps if I'd managed to cast that spell earlier! But when the Corpsemare Stampede hit, it caused a lot of damage! Imagine if you'd had more units on the table. I tell you what, though – I'm so glad I upgraded Varshorn with an extra wound. That was a fortuitous choice.

Louis: I really thought I had him with the Deathriders, but it was that wound that saved him. Then it happened again when he fought Xaramos right at the end. You really made sure he was hard to kill.

Sam: I'm pretty pleased with that, but it was at the expense of making him any good in combat! He was very survivable but not very choppy. Then again, if he'd been better at fighting, I might have used him more aggressively and got him killed earlier. I think you actually got a really good balance with Xaramos.

Louis: I was kind of relying on his troops to do all the fighting for him and keep him out of trouble, but I did give him a couple of upgrades at the start of the campaign (plus a few more later on for winning the first game) that made him better in combat. They were more of a deterrent than anything, but they proved useful when fighting Varshorn at the end. Also, Protection of Nagash is

an amazing spell. It saved Xaramos several times across the two games he played in, and without it he would definitely have died in the last battle.

Sam: It is a really fun and characterful spell. I thought it was awesome how you took that gamble right at the end and smashed the Corpsemare Stampede into everyone including Xaramos. You could have killed him, but he somehow avoided death (undeath) once again!

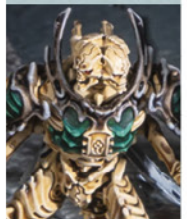
It's also worth saying how much fun adding those little bonuses to the campaign was. Getting a reward for winning a game is pretty cool, and the mechanic for that – Triumphs – has been in the Age of Sigmar rulebook since the first edition of the game. It's a really simple system that rewards a player but doesn't unbalance the game.

Louis: And the Anvil of Death was really exciting to use. I urge everyone to give it a go in their next game. I'm normally more of a matched play gamer, but I loved creating a character around those rules. It was fun reading up on Xaramos' background and trying to figure out what upgrades to give him that fitted his story.

Sam: We should talk about the scenery, too. We used a four-foot-square table and the same scenery in every scenario – we just moved it around to create different vistas. First it was a room full of tumbling columns, then a canyon and finally a throne room. It's really easy to set up games this way to theme your games. The second game in particular really benefitted from this and lent the whole story an air of realism. It really felt like the Gothizzar Harvester was in peril as it lumbered towards what felt like a very faraway exit while the Crypt Horrors closed in.

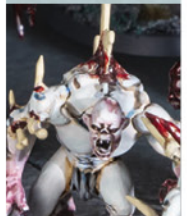
BONES OF THE MATCH

Louis: It has to be the Necropolis Stalkers. They're a really versatile unit, and they're especially nasty if you spend relentless discipline points on them to give them the Hunt and Kill ability. The Counter-strike ability also proved pretty handy.



MORDANT OF THE MATCH

Sam: The Crypt Horrors were probably my best unit, but I want to say the Corpsemare Stampede. When I finally got it to cast (after five turns of trying), it was devastating! Makes you wonder what it could have done earlier in the game.



RULES OF ENGAGEMENT



JERVIS JOHNSON

Jervis has been a staple part of the Warhammer Studio for many decades, and he's been instrumental in the design of many great games during that time. Having spent much of 2020 stuck in his house (Jervis denied this had anything to do with the electronic tag), he's had plenty of time to play some solo battles. Apparently he still lost every game.

As I write this column (*in autumn 2020 – Ed*), it looks like the UK may have a second lockdown to help combat Covid-19, which means that once again it will be hard to meet up with friends to play games. If you're anything like me, this enforced isolation means you've been looking into ways to play games online and also trying out ways of playing games solo. It's this second way of getting your gaming fix while in lockdown that I thought I would explore in this Rules of Engagement.

WHAT IS SOLO GAMING?

Solo gaming in this case is playing games in which you carry out the actions for both sides of a battle. You make all of the moves, resolve all of the attacks and carry out all of the actions like casting and unbinding spells, taking battleshock tests for units and so on. These days, the most common way to go about this is for the player (i.e. you!) to command one side, while a form of artificial intelligence (or AI) commands the other side. Warhammer Quest: Blackstone Fortress (and the forthcoming Warhammer Quest: Cursed City) uses this method to control the 'hostiles' encountered as the player's characters explore the deadly

spacecraft. When it is time for one of the hostiles to act, a dice is rolled and compared to a table on the hostile's reference card. Each table has a number of different columns, each of which corresponds to the situation the hostile finds itself in. This means that a hostile that is in cover and armed with a shooting weapon is likely to hunker down and fire, while if the same hostile is out in the open, they are more likely to head to cover before they start to shoot. On the other hand, a hostile armed with close combat weapons in these situations is more likely to dash forward to attack the player's character models in close combat.

Eagle-eyed readers may have spotted that I said that using a form of AI is popular 'these days'. That's because when I was young, we used quite a different method to play solo games, and it is this method that I'm going to explore in this issue's column. Now, you have to keep in mind that when I say 'when I was young', I'm talking about the 1970s, a time when the idea of even owning a computer was in the realm of science fiction, let alone playing games on the machine. Nowadays, the idea of AI is commonplace, and nowhere more so than when playing games on a computer. The Blackstone Fortress hostile card described above is nothing more than an analogue version of the code used in computer games to control the actions of the opponents not controlled by another 'real-life' player, and because computer games are now so ubiquitous, I think that players and game designers naturally turn to this method for board games and miniatures games.

BACK IN THE DAY

When I was young, however, I really didn't have any experience of this sort of thing. Instead, I turned to

The analogue AI of Warhammer Quest enables us to play against an unseen opponent without a computer in sight. Some might say you're fighting fate, luck or even the dice gods themselves.

The hostile player activates the Traitor Guardsman adjacent to Janus Draik. The hostile player rolls a 9 on the Blackstone dice, so the Guardsman takes an Onslaught action.

BEHAVIOUR TABLE					
ROLL	HIDDEN No line of sight to an explorer	ENGAGED Adjacent to a visible explorer	IN COVER Armed with Lasgun and in cover from all visible explorers	CLOSE Range to the closest visible explorer is 2 or 3 hexes	OTHER Any other situation
1-3	Hold	Fall Back	Aim	Fall Back	Advance
4-6	Sneak	Onsight	Aim	Onslaught	Advance
7-8	Advance	Onslaught	Aim	Onslaught	Aim
10-12	Advance	Onslaught	Onslaught	Charge	Aim
13-15	Charge	Onslaught	Onslaught	Charge	Onslaught
16-18	Charge	Onslaught	Onslaught	Charge	Onslaught
20	Rush	Fury	Fury	Fury	Rush

Rules of Engagement - curated by the Age of Sigmar games developers - focuses on the creation, design and evolution of the rules for Warhammer Age of Sigmar. This month, Jervis Johnson joins us to talk about playing solo.

something I did have experience of: role-playing games. One thing I loved about role-playing games (and still do, for that matter) is the idea that you should 'play in character', by which I mean that when deciding what your character does in the game, you should take into account the motivations of the character, rather than just trying to 'win' the game by picking the most optimal gaming actions. So if I were running a brave and noble fighter, I would fight to protect the rest of the party even if really I'd be better off running away as quickly as possible, while if I were playing a self-centered thief, I would run off even if it made more sense to fight. You get the idea, I'm sure!

Then, as now, I was designing rules for fantasy miniatures games, which I used to play out with my mainly scratch-built collection of miniatures, most of which were converted from toy soldiers. Then, however, there were very few other people around playing games like this, so for a lot of my games, I played solo and ran both sides. Inspired by role-playing games and a handful of wargaming books such as *How to Set up a Wargames Campaign* by the late, great Tony Bath, I plumped for what we'd now call a 'narrative' approach to these games. In a nutshell, before setting up my miniatures to fight the battle, I'd create a story and come up with the names and motivations of the leaders and some of the units, as well as a short history describing why, when and where the battle was happening. I'd write this all down in a journal, and then I'd fight the battle to see how things turned out. More often than not, after I'd fought the battle, I'd carry the story on, weaving the result of the game into an ongoing narrative. Apart from anything else, this made coming up with the motivations and characters for the next battle much easier, as I had already developed quite a few of them. I was always interested in seeing what happened next; the characters I created quickly developed a life of their own, and it often felt that they were making the decisions and deciding what was going to happen rather than me. I still have some of my journals for those games, and they still give me pleasure to this day. It's rare to really be able to remember the days of one's youth, but these hand-written notes really do remind me of how I was back then and how enthusiastic I was about the hobby. The child informs the man, as they say.

STARTING YOUR SOLO CAMPAIGN

If you're interested in giving this style of solo gaming a try, then you'll first need two armies. Don't worry if you only collect models from a single

faction; just split them into two forces and make the assumption that a civil war has broken out. You see, the backstory for your game is already starting to develop! Next, you will need to pick the units for the two sides. For your first game, I recommend picking two roughly even forces, either by using points values or your own knowledge of the strengths and weaknesses of the units in your collection. (As an aside, picking armies based on your own experience is far and away the best way to get a balanced game, because you can take into account things like the terrain over which the battle will be fought, how well different abilities of the units in an army combine together, and so on.) For your future games, you're likely to want to vary the strength of each side depending on the circumstances of the battle, and if you are linking your games together, you'll have a good idea of the forces involved based on earlier battles you have fought in the campaign.

As part of the process of picking the armies, you will need to choose a general. Once you've done so, give them a name and write down a sentence or two about their personality. If you get stuck at this stage, you can use the General's Personality Table that I've created to generate the personality for a model (see below). I always use random tables to start off with, and then I try to develop the background for the model in a bit more depth using the yes/no systems I'll describe later. You'll also need to generate the command trait for your general, as well as any other 'enhancements' like artefacts of power or mount traits. I highly recommend generating these randomly rather than picking them. The command trait, in particular, will

2D6	General's Personality
2	Disloyal Intriguer
3	Rash and Impetuous
4	Treacherous
5	Cowardly
6	Cunning
7	Bold
8	Devious
9	Unreliable
10	Arrogant and Proud
11	Merciless
12	Exceptional and Brilliant

help flesh out the personality of your general and what motivates them.

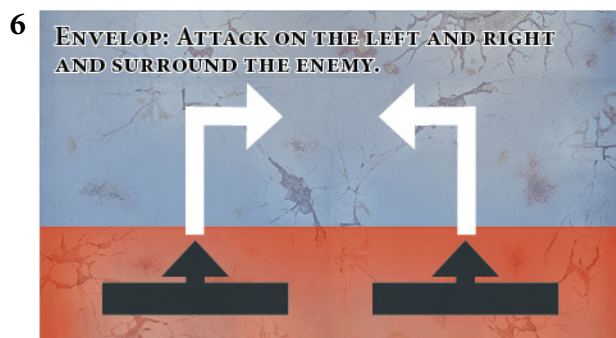
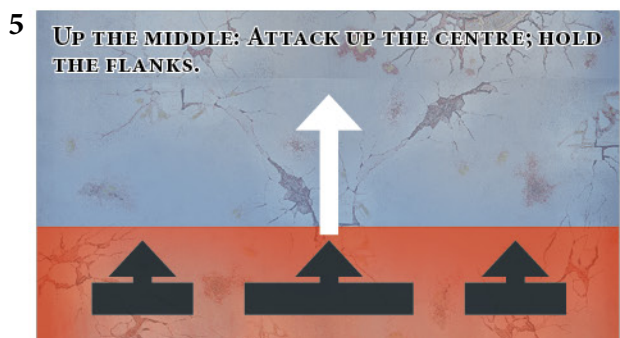
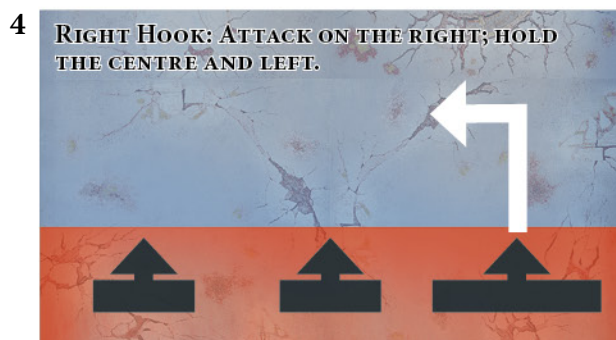
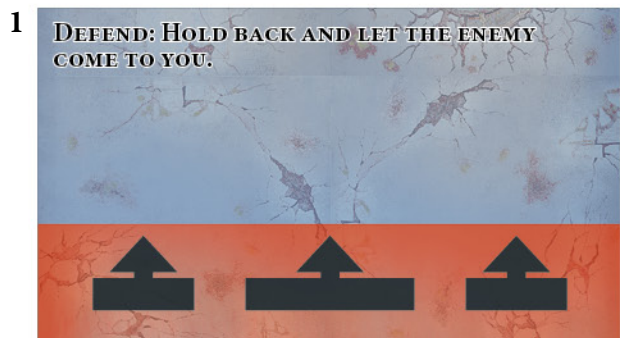
Next, you will need to either pick or create a battleplan for the game. For your first game, pick a battleplan you are familiar with and enjoy playing. After that, I recommend you pick battleplans completely randomly from amongst all of the ones you have in your collection, be they open, narrative or matched play. Then weave the background for the battleplan into your own ongoing story, changing any of the rules for the battleplan as you see fit to make it suit your story. Picking the battleplan randomly will force you to get creative about why it is being fought, and this will enhance your ongoing narrative by taking the story in unexpected directions.

With the battleplan chosen, set up the scenery for the battle. You can either set up the scenery to fit the battleplan you are using or generate the battlefield by randomly selecting D3 terrain features from your collection for each 2' x 2' square of the battlefield. You'll also need to decide which realm the battle is taking place in and which realm rules apply to the game (if any). For your first game, I recommend picking the realm and realm rules

randomly. In future games, base it on how your storyline is developing.

You will now (finally!) be ready to fight the battle. Your first step is to come up with a plan for each general. You can always decide this for yourself, but it is a lot more fun to come up with several different plans for each general (at least three) and then pick which they use randomly. To help you get started with this, I've included half a dozen plans that you can use for your first game. You can either roll a dice to pick the plan or (better) choose three plans for each general based on their personality, and then roll a D3 to decide which they use. Set up the armies and play the game, doing your best to execute the plan each general is using. You'll be playing both sides, as described above, and though it may seem a bit weird, I've found it helpful to swap sides at the table between turns. You will be surprised how often you make a move for one side and then see it has given a great opportunity for the other side that you just didn't see until you moved round the table.

As you play the game, you will find that while many decisions about what each army will do are easy and obvious, there will be some situations where





Mystic Shield or Arcane Bolt? Oh, such a tough choice. Perhaps a good old-fashioned fireball is the best solution. You can't go wrong with nice, warm, flaming death.

there are several things one side could do, and you need to pick which they choose. For example, does a **Wizard** cast Arcane Bolt on an enemy unit or Mystic Shield on a friendly unit, and so on. When these situations occur, just make a dice roll to pick which of the options are used. Alternatively, you can use the 'yes/no' system described next to come up with a more consistent strategy.

YES OR NO TO YES/NO?

I've mentioned the yes/no system a couple of times now. It is something I developed when I was playing solo games and creating adventures for role-playing games. Basically, when you are not sure about something during a game, rather than coming up with a solution yourself (or randomly picking between several choices you have made yourself), you start to ask questions that can be answered yes or no, beginning with a question about the most obvious course of action, and let the dice decide the answer. If the answer to the question is no, you must come up with a new question, and so on, until you get a yes. Usually I simply say that 1-3 is no and 4-6 is yes, but sometimes I'll modify the *first* roll if it seems to me that the answer would likely be a yes (either +1 or +2 to the roll) or a no (-1 or -2 to the roll).

As an example, consider our **Wizard** pondering whether to cast Arcane Bolt or Mystic Shield. Rather than picking randomly each time, I decide to use the yes/no method to decide. For this example, let's assume our **Wizard** is a Lord-Arcanum. In this case, my first question would be 'Will they always cast Mystic Shield?' (if they were a **Chaos** or **Destruction Wizard**, I'd start with Arcane Bolt instead). I roll the dice and get a 1, which is a no, so I next ask, 'Will they always cast Arcane Bolt?'. This time the roll is a 3, another no, so I ask, 'Will they decide randomly?'. The roll is another 3, and another no! After a bit of a ponder, I ask, 'Will they cast Mystic Shield if a friendly unit in range is within 3" of an enemy, and Arcane Bolt otherwise?'. This time the roll is a 6, a yes,

and I now know how my Lord-Arcanum will act in this situation. I decide to name the Lord-Arcanum and note down this behaviour for them.

As another example, let's assume that the battle has been raging for three battle rounds, and at the start of the fourth battle round, one side is clearly losing the battle. The question is if they will cut their losses and try to withdraw. This is up to their general to decide (rather than you!), and for the purposes of this example, let's assume that the roll on the personality table gave them a cowardly personality, and what's more, they are the general of a Gloomspite Gitz army. Considering these two things, I decide that it is very likely they will decide to cut and run, so I ask the question, 'Does the Gloomspite Gitz general want to withdraw?' and I decide I will add +2 to the roll. I roll a 2, which – with the modifier – gives me a 4, which is a yes. Now I need to start considering how best to extricate the Gloomspite Gitz army from this battle.

Once you have fought the battle to a conclusion, you can decide if you want the next battle to follow on from it or be the start of a new storyline. For example, you might fight a battle based on what happens to our Gloomspite Gitz general after he withdrew from the battle. Does he decide to head back to his underground lair? Or maybe lay an ambush for any pursuers? Or perhaps call on some allies to help him get his revenge? It will be up to you, and the dice gods, to decide ...

I hope that this column inspires some of you to try out this method of solo gaming, even if we are no longer in lockdown. It's not for everybody, but if you, like me, enjoy the narrative side of the hobby, it offers a great way to use the Warhammer Age of Sigmar rules to create compelling (and sometimes very unexpected!) stories that you will remember years, or even decades, after you actually played the game out on the tabletop.

If you've got any comments about this article or ideas for themes we could use in next year's General's Handbook, you can always email them to us at AOSFAQ@gwplc.com. We can't reply to the emails you send in, but we do read each and every one, and we value all of the feedback we receive.

URIEL VENTRIS REBORN

Captain Uriel Ventriss returns to the front line once more in *The Swords of Calth*, a new Ultramarines novel by author Graham McNeill. But that's not all - Uriel Ventriss has also been immortalised in miniature form! Read on to find out more about this legendary hero.



It's been almost ten years since the last Uriel Ventris novel – *The Chapter's Due* – graced the shelves of bookstores around the world. The rebellious captain has appeared in several short stories during his ten-year hiatus, including the provocatively titled 'The Death of Uriel Ventris', but now he is back with a brand-new story penned by series creator Graham McNeill. Not only that, but as part of the Black Library celebrations for 2021, Uriel has received his very own miniature sculpted by Olivier Bouchet. We caught up with Graham to find out more about Uriel's history and his heroic return before taking a look at the new model.

So where did Uriel Ventris come from, Graham?

It all started back in 2002 when I was working in the studio. I've always had a soft spot for the Ultramarines – I love the Greco-Roman feel to them and their central role as the archetypal Space Marines. They're out there on the Eastern Fringe holding back the alien hordes, and when the dam breaks, they'll be there to stem the tide. I felt there was a lot of untapped potential in them, which is why I asked to write their Index Astartes when the opportunity came up. It was great fun expanding on their background, writing about Guilliman and giving them a bit of grit. It was around this time that I wrote the short story 'Chains of Command', which features Uriel Ventris as a sergeant taking over command from the recently deceased Captain Idaeus. When the opportunity came up to write a Black Library novel about the Ultramarines, I jumped at the chance. At the time, I was working on *Codex: Necrons* with Andy Chambers and Phil Kelly, and I'd just started writing the bestiary entry for the *Nightbringer*. I thought it would make a great foil for the Ultramarines. They stand for honour, duty and courage, and the *Nightbringer* is the antithesis of those things. That's how the first story came about.

What was it like writing that first novel?

I needed a long lie down afterwards! I poured my heart and soul into it. I wanted to show people how incredible the Ultramarines are through the eyes of a newly promoted captain – a man who now has to lead the warriors he once fought alongside. *Nightbringer* was never intended as the start of a series, but it was well received – people wanted to read more about Uriel's adventures.

And that was *Warriors of Ultramar*.

It was. We were working on *Codex: Tyranids* at the time, and their style of warfare made me want to write a story about a siege. At the time, a lot of people saw Tyranids as a scuttling horde, but Andy got us to think about the wider picture – Gargoyles descending from the sky, Ravenors burrowing up from below, Lictors sneaking about eating people's brains. The whole spectacle of a planetary invasion really appealed to me. It also allowed me to take Uriel from what had been a personal story in the first novel and ramp it up into a full-blown action novel involving the whole company.

It was during *Warriors of Ultramar* that I began to develop Uriel's personality. I read a lot of military handbooks and real-world novels about war, and it's surprising the emphasis that's put on creativity and initiative. It's very unlike the *Codex Astartes*! The more I wrote about Uriel, the more I realised that the style of warfare adopted by the Ultramarines may not always work (especially against the Tyranids!) and that actually Uriel was the perfect character to critique it. He had his two metaphorical conscience characters, too. On one shoulder sat the codex-compliant Learchus, while on the other sat the more laid-back Pasanus. By the end of the novel, Uriel and his company had been put through the wringer, but they had achieved victory. However, Uriel broke the tenets of the codex to do so, and that had consequences.



GRAHAM MCNEILL

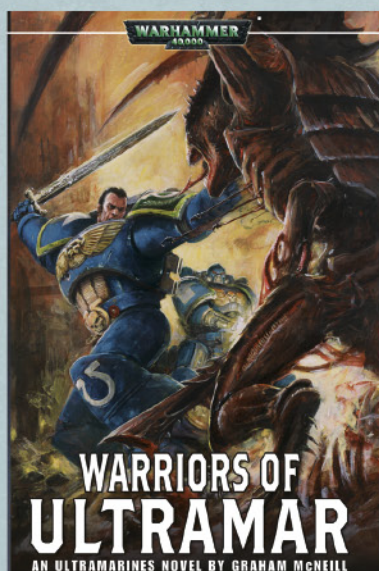
Graham is one of Black Library's most prolific writers, having started his novel-writing career back in 2002 with the first Uriel Ventris novel, *Nightbringer*. Nineteen years later, Graham is still putting pen to paper, most recently for the *Siege of Terra* series.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

'Uriel's name is actually a biblical reference,' says Graham. 'In the bible, the Archangel Uriel guards the gates of the Garden of Eden. He's also the angel of repentance (and, by coincidence, sometimes referred to as the fourth angel). It felt like a good name for a hero who stands guard over Ultramar – the ideal representation of what Humanity could aspire to if it were ever given the chance.'



1



2



3

THE FIRST TRILOGY

The first novel featuring Uriel Ventris – *Nightbringer* – was released back in 2002 (1).

Warriors of Ultramar came out almost two years later in 2004. By this point, Uriel was now shown wielding the Sword of Idaeus (2).

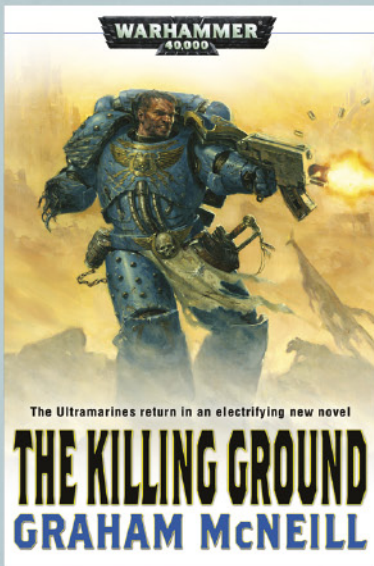
In *Dead Sky, Black Sun* – released in 2004 – Uriel was illustrated without Ultramarines markings or iconography to show his exile from the Chapter (3).

THE SECOND TRILOGY

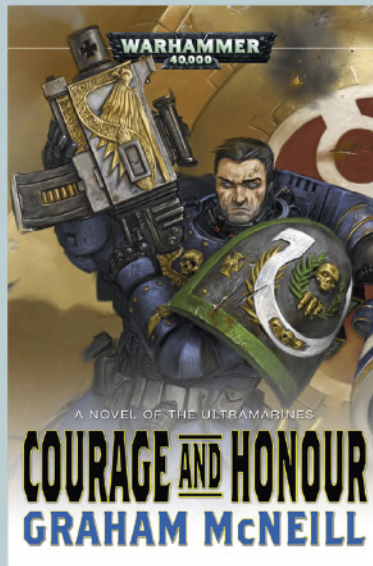
After a four-year hiatus, *The Killing Ground* was released in 2008. The cover features Pasanus Lysane, who spent the entire story missing an arm (1).

Uriel returned to the cover in the 2009 novel *Courage and Honour*. His boltgun, Invictus, is shown in its now recognisable guise, complete with aquila (2).

The Chapter's Due – released in 2010 – was the last Uriel Ventris novel for over a decade. (3).



1



2



3

STORM OF IRON

'I wrote *Storm of Iron* back in 2002 following the success of *Nightbringer*,' says Graham. 'Honsou had garnered quite a fan base, and I really liked him as a character. He seemed like the perfect adversary to Ventris, which is why he became the main villain in *Dead Sky*, *Black Sun* (and again in *The Chapter's Due*).

'Honsou is essentially what Uriel Ventris could become if he continues down his rebellious path. Each tiny transgression, each little evil is in and of itself inconsequential or excusable. But add them all up – scores, perhaps even hundreds of them – and you begin to realise how far you have fallen. Fortunately, Uriel realises this before it's too late.'



Which play out in *Dead Sky*, *Black Sun*.

Indeed they do. Uriel and Pasanus are sent on a death oath into the Eye of Terror. This novel indulged my desire to write a horror novel, and a daemon world was the perfect setting for that. You can paint a much bloodier, nastier, more extreme canvas. This was kind of Uriel's odyssey – *Dead Sky*, *Black Sun* is the journey out, while *The Killing Ground* is the voyage home. They're two parts of the same story. The cast is much smaller in these two novels, which enabled me to delve into Uriel and Pasanus' relationship. When everything is stripped away, everything they normally rely on gone – their battle-brothers and weapons, the starships and vehicles – all they have left is each other. They were childhood friends long before they became Space Marines, but that ascension changed the nature of their relationship – they became warriors. Their exile reverses that – they understand that being open with each other is what will keep them alive.

A bit of a contrast to the next two books!

Totally. My novels tend to follow a sine wave pattern, flowing from close, intimate stories to all-out war. *Courage and Honour* sees Uriel reunited with his company and back on Pavonis fighting against the T'au Empire. There's a bit more of an ensemble cast here, with Learchus in particular learning some valuable lessons about tactical flexibility. *The Chapter's Due* ramps the action up even further and features a full-scale attack on the Ultramar system. It's the metaphorical assault on the Garden of Eden by the forces of evil, and Uriel is there to protect his home world. I really made the cast of characters suffer in this one – chunked every emotional, physical and spiritual obstacle in their path. For me, the emotional arc of a story is just as important, if not more so, than the action scenes. A story means nothing without the characters we're invested in.

And now Uriel's back in *The Swords of Calth*.

This book marks the return of Uriel Ventris in all kinds of ways – his return to the readers, his return to his company, and, of course, his return to life after crossing the Rubicon Primaris in the short story 'The Death of Uriel Ventris'. The story is set during the early years of the Indomitus Crusade, and the 4th Company has been sent back to Sycorax – the planet mentioned in 'Codex' and 'Do Eagles Still Circle the Mountain?' – to battle a Necron uprising. Yet the Necrons they find there are like nothing the Ultramarines have fought before. They seem ... broken, somehow. Broken but still incredibly dangerous! I'm not going to give away too many secrets, but their storyline is a pretty tragic one that links right back to my first novel, *Nightbringer*. Meanwhile, Uriel has returned to his company a changed man. Crossing the Rubicon Primaris has changed him not just physically but mentally. Is he still the same Uriel we know? Is he still the same Uriel *he* knows? Will he be able to reintegrate with his warriors and his command squad, the Swords of Calth? This Uriel seems to have a much harder edge than before, and Pasanus in particular has a difficult time reconciling this Uriel with the one he knew.

Of course, while all this is going on, the Swords of Calth are caught up in a massive war with the Necrons. Trapped behind enemy lines, they – and the Astra Militarum fighting alongside them – must escape from a deranged Necron flesh cult. There's a whole lot of action interspersed with moments of introspection that become integral to the storyline, as well as car chases and vicious close-combat sequences punctuated with telling insights into Uriel's new, colder logic. There's a lot of conflict between heart and head. Tough decisions are made. I won't tell you the outcome, but let's just say that the composition of the Swords of Calth changes by the end of the novel.

READY FOR BATTLE

To celebrate the release of *The Swords of Calth*, Black Library commissioned the miniatures studio to make a model of Uriel Ventris. Miniatures designer Olivier Bouchet tells us all about his latest creation.

Olivier: This was a really exciting project for me, as it's not often we get to design a miniature based on a character from a Black Library novel. I researched Uriel Ventris in the Ultramarines codex supplement and gathered up all the artwork I could find of him. The piece at the bottom of the page was the one from which I drew the most inspiration, as the cover for *The Swords of Calth* hadn't been illustrated at that point. It was a real pleasure to sculpt a face that looked as much like the artwork as possible, while capturing all the tiny details such as the gold service studs on Uriel's forehead.

There were a few other important considerations. First, I had to redesign Uriel's power armour so he was wearing Mk X Primaris armour. His previous armour was pretty ornate, and I wanted to keep a lot of the details, including his pteruges, the trim around his greaves, his square-toed boots and the aquilas on his vambraces. I also tried to match the Sword of Idaeus and his boltgun, Invictus, as closely as I could to the artwork. Second, I wanted to include as many nods to his story as possible, such as the white rose that he received after the first battle for Pavonis and the Deathwatch icon on his greave.





PATH TO VICTORY

In this Path to Victory article, the venerable Dave Sanders - witness to a struggle for the very soul of Beastgrave - presents an in-depth tactical guide to the latest two warbands for Warhammer Underworlds: the Starblood Stalkers and Khagra's Ravagers.



Beastgrave's hunger grows, and as more and more victims fall prey to its maddening emotions, two warbands with very different agendas but some striking similarities descend into the depths of Direchasm. The Seraphon of the Starblood Stalkers mean to quell the mountain's rage once and for all, while the warriors of Khagra's Ravagers mean to harness it for the glory of Chaos. I'm going to take you through the fighters in each warband, the cards that will help them achieve their goals and some tips and tricks for getting the most out of them as they battle through Beastgrave.



STARBLOOD STALKERS

The Starblood Stalkers answer the cries of countless hobbyists – the most-requested warband, Seraphon, is here! They're entering Direchasm in style and in numbers, with six unique fighters to their name. Learning their individual strengths and weaknesses and their part in the schemes of the Slann is key to doing well with this warband. Let's take a look.

KIXI-TAKA, THE DIVINER

Kixi-Taka is a Skink Priest and the leader of the warband. It is he who has been entrusted with the will of the Slann, and he leads his warband on a mission to bring an end to Beastgrave's madness once and for all. Although he is not a wizard, he plays a similar role in this warband to wizard leaders of other warbands, being a capable fighter but not necessarily wanting to be on the front line and offering a great deal of utility.

First, he has some respectable Attack actions, with a Range 2, 2 ⚔, 2 Damage Star-stone Staff and a Range 3, 2 ⚔, 1 Damage Starbolt that gains an extra dice once he is Inspired. These attacks are backed up with a mid-line set of characteristics – Move 4, 2 🐢 and 3 Wounds – meaning he's quite quick and not exactly vulnerable but certainly not the toughest character around. Finally, he has a unique action granted by the artefact bestowed upon him by the Slann: as an action, he can flip a feature token within 3 hexes, or he can deal 1 damage to an enemy fighter within 1 hex of a feature token within 3 hexes. Kixi-Taka can only make this action once per round, but the potential to create a lethal hex just where you need it or deal a guaranteed point of damage gives you a lot of options.

Kixi-Taka's supporting role in the warband continues into the power cards. If you give him the Astrolith Igniter (1), he can make the rest of the warband's Attack actions more accurate when necessary, as long as you have the glory to use its ability. With Herald of the Old Ones (2), meanwhile, he becomes the linchpin of the skinks in the

warband, giving each of the diminutive Seraphon within 3 hexes a re-roll in their defence rolls. Because of the versatility that Kixi-Taka offers you, you'll be well rewarded for keeping him fighting. Formidable Defence (3) is a great upgrade that gives a fighter Quarry and +1 Defence but -1 Dice on their Attack actions. You might consider Kixi-Taka's Attack actions an acceptable loss for making him an almost untouchable 3 🐢.

KLAQ-TROK

Coming up next, and arguably the star of the show, is Klaq-Trok, the Saurus Oldblood assigned to Kixi-Taka to ensure the success of his mission. I can't resist chanting his name whenever he activates! While skinks are quick, cunning and slight, the Saurus Oldblood is the terrifying embodiment of an apex predator with a warrior's body and armaments. Klaq-Trok is not just the most capable fighter in the warband, he's arguably one of the most dangerous in all of Beastgrave.

Here are some numbers to go with that hype. Klaq-Trok begins the game with Move 3, 1 🐢 and 4 Wounds. He has two Attack actions: his Celestite Warmaul, a Range 1, 2 ⚔, 3 Damage Attack action, and his Powerful Jaws, a Range 1, 1 ⚔, 1 Damage Attack action that he can make as a reaction after his activation. When Klaq-Trok becomes Inspired, he gains a point of Move and Defence, and his Powerful Jaws gain an attack dice. All of this adds up to a fighter that wants to be on your front line, getting stuck in as soon as the dice are rolled. Klaq-Trok's ability to make two Attack actions with a single activation sets him apart from most other fighters, and it makes him a threat to be reckoned with.

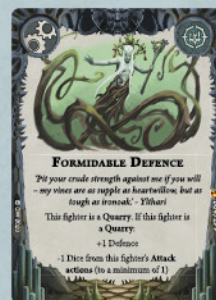
The Saurus Oldblood becomes Inspired once he makes a successful Attack action, encouraging you to act aggressively. A great upgrade to help you with this is Supreme Predator (4). This card makes Klaq-Trok a Hunter, prevents him being a Quarry, makes all enemy fighters Quarries, and allows you to re-roll one attack dice



1



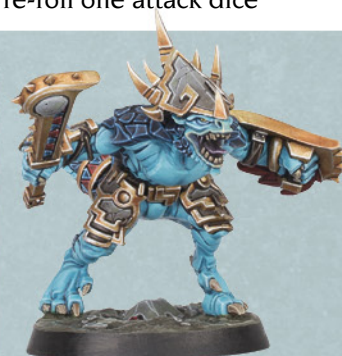
2



3



4





in his attack rolls for Attack actions that target a Quarry. That's a lot for one upgrade. Possibly Klaw-Trok's weakest point is the relatively low number of attack dice he gets, so it's a good idea to include cards that grant him additional dice and/or re-rolls to make the most of his warmaul.

HUACHI

The remainder of the warband is made up of skinks, led by the warlike Huachi. His martial expertise ensures that the other skinks know their role in each combat, and it leaves Kixi-Taka free to divine the will of the Slann. Huachi is a Hunter and a decent fighter, let down only by his Wounds characteristic of 2.

Setting that aside, he has a Range 1, 2 ⚔, 2 Damage Attack action in his meteoric javelin, which he can also throw for a Range 3, 2 ✂, 1 Damage Attack action. When he's Inspired (see below), his thrown javelin gains one attack dice and Knockback 1, giving it substantial impact and utility. Your opponents underestimate this skink at their peril – he fights just as well as some fighters with twice his number of Wounds. Huachi

has a Move of 4, which rises to 5 when Inspired, and a Defence characteristic of 1 ♣.

Finally, he has the Skittish ability, shared by the other skinks under his command, with the exception of Otapatl. The Skittish ability is extremely versatile, letting you push one skink at the end of each of your opponent's power steps. You can only do this if there is an enemy fighter within 2 hexes, and the push must take the skink away from that fighter, but don't underestimate this ability. You'll get to use it a lot, essentially getting a few 'free' Sidesteps (5) in each game. Spotting the opportunities for a timely Skittish push is something that distinguishes the best Starblood Stalkers players, and it's something to look out for before each of your activations.

TOK

Next up is Tok, another Hunter with two Attack actions. Tok is less dangerous than Huachi, it must be said, and so has more of a supporting role, capturing objectives or providing support for other fighters. Tok is armed with a Boltspitter – a Range 3, 2 ✂, 1 Damage

QUELL THE MOUNTAIN

With the exception of Klaw-Trok, each fighter in the Starblood Stalkers becomes Inspired at the same time – after an activation if you control three or more objectives. This creates a tension in the warband. They want to hold objectives, but you can only guarantee (more or less) that you will have two objectives in your territory, meaning that if you want your fighters Inspired, you're likely to need to be aggressive and claim at least one objective in enemy territory.

What this means is the warband has to strike a balance between controlling areas of the battlefield and taking the fight to the enemy. You can't neglect either of these, and it makes for a fun challenge.

There are a number of cards to make your job easier. Burst from the Shadows (6) lets you push up to two friendly Hunters up to two hexes, which is perfect for grabbing a couple of objectives or for setting up supporting fighters. Huanchi's Device (7) can at a minimum push an enemy fighter off an objective you need to capture but in a best case scenario can deny three objectives to your opponent. When you're given a clear shot at an objective in enemy territory, Lords of Space and Time (8) can let you capture that objective easily, as long as you have a fighter free that you don't mind getting a Move token. Just remember that you need to be holding three objectives at the end of an activation – not the end of a power step – for your fighters to Inspire.





12



13



14



15



blowpipe – and a Moonstone Club, which has Range 1, 2 ✕ (3 when Inspired) and 1 Damage. Like Huachi, Tok has Move 4 (5 when Inspired), 2 Wounds and the Skittish ability but begins the battle with only 1 ♣ for defence (2 when Inspired).

If you plan for a more aggressive role for Tok, it's worth trying to make the most of the synergies that Kixi-Taka's upgrades offer you, and you might also want to pack a bit of extra punch for the skink – a Soultooth Spear (9) can go a long way to increasing Tok's impact on the game, and it makes a versatile Attack action upgrade for most fighters in the warband.

XEPIC

Xepic is Tok's counterpart, another skink Hunter with a supporting role in the warband. Xepic does, however, have the potential for a 2 Damage Attack action once Inspired, which is never far off being an actual threat.

Xepic has a Move of 4 (5 when Inspired), Defence of 1 ♠ and 2 Wounds. Like those of the other skinks, these characteristics tell you that you want to try to avoid these fighters being the target of many Attack actions, as they won't last long under a concerted assault.

Xepic is armed with a Moonstone Club, which starts at Range 1, 2 ✕ and 1 Damage, but it becomes Range 1, 3 ✕ and 2 Damage when the skink is Inspired. This is a solid Attack action, and with a simple +1 Damage upgrade, it could spell the end of many a fighter in Beastgrave.

OTAPATL

Finally, there's Otapatl, a Chameleon Skink and the warband's secret weapon. Otapatl is a Hunter and a Quarry, with Move 4 (5 when Inspired), 2 ♣ (3 when Inspired) and 2 Wounds. He's not tough, but he's hard to hit, and he has a unique Attack action in his Dartpipe – a Range 3, 3 Dice, 1 Damage attack with Cleave and Ensnare. What sets this Attack action apart is it requires ♠ symbols, instead of ✕ or ♣, it doesn't drive the target back, and when it is successful, it gives the target a Move token. This unusual Attack action has a lot of hidden power and gets even more effective when Otapatl is Inspired, as it becomes 2 Damage. It's important to understand how support helps Otapatl – although you're usually going to be looking for ♠ symbols in

his attack rolls, if the Chameleon Skink has one or two supporting fighters, then the Attack action can succeed on ♣ and symbols as well, making success much more likely.

Otapatl plays the role of a scout and assassin in the warband, and there are a few cards to help him be extremely effective in these roles. Invisible Hunter (10) allows you to remove him from the battlefield, safe from harm, only to set him up later in any empty hex that is not adjacent to an enemy fighter – perfect for grabbing an objective or setting up a shot. There are a couple of ways to play with the timing of this card – normally Otapatl will reappear when the card is discarded at the end of the round, but you can hasten his return with cards like Mundane Razor (11) or Voidsphere (12).

Surviving in enemy territory can be tough for a skink, but Adaptive Camouflage (13) makes it more straightforward, giving fighters who attack Otapatl -1 Dice unless they are adjacent to him. This can make him nigh unkillable. Similarly, the universal Scavenged Armour (14) is a great upgrade for Otapatl once he is out of your territory, giving him +1 Wound and a Guard token, which makes him about as tough as an Inspired Stormcast Eternal.

WHAT'S THE PLAN?

As I mentioned earlier, the Starblood Stalkers need to adopt a blend of controlling areas of the battlefield and aggressive plays into enemy territory. Their objectives support this play style, with a balance of objectives that reward you for controlling the battlefield, such as Formidable Focus (15) and Seeking the Heart (16), and eliminating enemy fighters, such as Heralds of Annihilation (17) and Sotek's Hunters (18). Cards like Balance the Cosmic Equation (19) support both sides of this play style and make strong inclusions in a Starblood Stalkers deck.

While I would recommend maintaining this balanced play style, you can tweak it one way or the other depending on your preference. If you prefer a more aggressive play style, then in addition to the warband's Formidable Focus and Seeking the Heart, you could take The Hunt Advances (20) and Treasure Hunter (21). These are all cards that will reward you for striking into



22



23



24



25



26



27



28

enemy territory and taking objectives from your opponent. You'll need to be dealing with enemy fighters as you progress, and objectives like Perfect Warrior (22) and Vengeance of the Heavens (23) will reward you for doing so.

You're likely to find The Hunter's Steed (24) useful when playing for objectives in enemy territory. It's an Asterism, a special kind of gambit that only this warband can use. It persists until another Asterism is played, and it gives your fighters +1 Move. Similarly, Outrun Death (25) can give a fighter's Move characteristic a significant boost for a round, making it easier to reach those far-off objectives. Slickrock (26) can help you keep an objective clear of enemy fighters – simply use it after an enemy fighter moves onto an objective to have them slide off again. A somewhat chaotic upgrade is Labyrinth Boots (27), which under the right circumstances can make grabbing an objective and surprising your opponent a doddle.

If you want to be a bit more conservative, balancing a strong position in your territory with a spearhead of just a few fighters into enemy territory, then Will of the Slann (28) may be a better fit in your deck, and you might take Astromatrix Alignment (29). If you don't plan to take an opponent's objective, you might flip it instead with Kixi-Taka, denying your opponent an objective, creating a lethal hex in their territory and scoring this objective all at the same time. You can use the universal Living Land (30) in the same way. This can also help you score Dominant Position (31) for holding more objectives than any opponent. The Bulwark Celestial (32) is another Asterism that can help you when you're determined to hold your objectives; while it persists, friendly fighters cannot be driven back.

Then there are three more objectives that can fit into your deck whichever way you go. Children of Azyr (33) is a good fit. As your plan should include Inspiring your fighters, the objective's only other requirement is that your fighters have three or more upgrades between them. I've already mentioned some of the useful upgrades for particular fighters, but there are plenty of other great choices, including Unfeeling Resilience (34), which reduces the damage dealt to the upgraded fighter by 1, and Spawning Bond (35), which can let you react to your skink's Skittish push with another push, greatly increasing one fighter's mobility (it's great for Kixi-Taka). Spawning Bond also helps you to score the second of the objectives, which works well in any deck: Instinctive Tactics (36), which you score for making two or more reactions in the same phase. Finally, there's The Greater Hunt (37), which you score by having more surviving Hunters than there are surviving enemy Hunters. As you have four Hunters in your warband, and an upgrade to make Klaw-Trok a fifth, this is pretty reliable.

You can instead make a Primacy build for your Starblood Stalkers. It's a high-risk, high-reward strategy, as you have a number of fighters that are relatively easy to take out of action in a single Attack action, and when this happens you will lose the Primacy token. However, your skinks are more than capable of claiming four objectives (with a bit of trickery here and there), and Klaw-Trok is great at claiming Primacy for you with his mighty maul. If you go down this route, some of the best power card options are: Proud Runner (38), which will let your humble skinks gain the Primacy token for you by utilising their high Move characteristics; Master of Spoils (39) and Haughty Resistance (40) (for Klaw-Trok), one of which gains you the Primacy token when he takes an enemy fighter out of action, and the other of



36



37



38



39



40



41



42



which gains you the Primacy token when he survives an Attack action; and Dominant Defender (41) (for Otapatl), which puts him on Guard while he is holding an objective and gives

you another way to gain the Primacy token. It's fair to expect a bit of back-and-forth with the Primacy token, so you should include Wrested Dominance (42) in your objective deck.

WHERE TO START

If you get the choice, you should always set up three objective tokens. They're crucial for getting your fighters Inspired, and your job will be easier if you decide where your fighters have to get to. Bear in mind the potential pushes from Skittish, which may enable you to take objectives without even having to make a Move action.



When setting up fighters, I'd usually start with Xepic and Tok. These are your most expendable fighters, so

they could take positions towards the front and flanks of your territory. I'd set up Otapatl and Huachi next. I'll be trying to use tricks to get Otapatl into enemy territory, so he can go safely at the back, and Huachi can take one of the flanks, ready for an opportunistic charge or a hop onto an objective token. Then I'd put Klak-Trok front and centre, ready for a first-round charge into enemy territory. Finally, Kixi-Taka should go somewhere in the middle of my territory but hopefully out of charge range of enemy fighters.

KHAGRA'S RAVAGERS


Khagra the Usurper leads her warriors into the heart of Beastgrave on a quest utterly opposed to that of the Starblood Stalkers. While the Seraphon seek to quell the mountain's rage, Khagra's warband seek through dark rituals to stoke the mountain's emotions and bind it in the service of Chaos. They're an elite warband with a unique take on a flex play style (one which balances controlling objectives and aggressive plays). First, let's look at the fighters.

KHAGRA THE USURPER

The Ravagers are led by Khagra, a merciless Aspiring Champion. She has a fearsome set of characteristics, with Move 3 (4 when Inspired), 1  (2 when Inspired) and 4 Wounds along with a Range 1, 2  3 Damage Attack action with Knockback 1. When she hits something, it stays hit, and her role in the warband is very much that of a front-line fighter. Not for Khagra the skulking and sneaking of lesser leaders; she gets stuck in for the glory of Chaos.

However, while she goes about slaying her foes, she does so with a specific, grim purpose that is represented by the Sacrifice ability on her fighter card. After her Attack action takes an enemy fighter out of action, if she or her target is in the same hex as an objective token, she desecrates that objective. Desecration is a unique mechanic for Khagra's Ravagers. A desecrated objective

cannot be held (by any fighter, enemy or otherwise), and it stays desecrated even should Khagra move away. The only way to cleanse a desecrated objective is for an enemy fighter to end a power step on that objective, at which point it is no longer desecrated. Khagra's Ravagers mean to desecrate whole battlefields in this way, and their Inspire condition reflects this. The whole warband becomes Inspired once there are three or more Desecration tokens on the battlefield. Incidentally, this means a mirror match between Khagra's Ravagers warbands escalates quickly!

Khagra doesn't need a lot of help to shine in her role, but if you want to give her a little bit of an extra boost, +1 Move, +1 Dice and +1 Damage power cards are all helpful, as is the Hellfire Sword (1), a Range 3, 2  2 Damage Attack action that is unique to the warband.



1





2



3



4



5

ZARSHIA BITTERSOU

The second fighter in the warband is the recently displaced Zarshia Bittersoul, still seething at her sister's usurping of her rightful place at the head of the warband. Zarshia is a powerful wizard (level 2), and she has a particularly nasty spell Attack action in the shape of her Spite-tongue Curse. This spell Attack action is cast on rolls of ⚡ , making it very accurate, and it deals 2 Damage when Zarshia is Inspired, but there is a risk. If the Attack action fails, Zarshia suffers backlash. Zarshia also has another, less dangerous Attack action with her Range 2, 2 ⚡ , 1 Damage Sorcerer Staff, which gains Ensnare when she is Inspired.

In terms of her other characteristics, Zarshia is the weakest fighter in the warband. She has a Move of 3, Defence of 1 ⚡ and 3 Wounds – still respectable characteristics in most warbands. However, it's best to try to keep Zarshia safe when you can. She has a lot to offer the warband, and it's worth protecting her. Some good power cards to help you out are Gifted Sorcerer (2), which lets you re-roll one dice in her casting and spell Attack action attack rolls, and the Earthing Staff (3), which will protect Zarshia from the ill effects of backlash.

Like Khagra, Zarshia has the Sacrifice ability. It has extra utility on Zarshia, as she can use her Range 3 Attack action to desecrate objectives from a relatively safe distance. Should Khagra meet her end on her rampage through enemy territory, Zarshia can seize her moment. If you play Power Reclaimed (4) while Khagra is out of action, Zarshia becomes the warband's leader and gains

+1 Wounds and +1 wizard level, transforming into an all-powerful sorcerer. Not bad for a gambit!

DOUR CRAGAN

The two remaining fighters of the warband are Chaos Warriors. Dour Cragan is the more aggressive of the two, forgoing defence for offence and taking the fight to his enemies. Like Khagra, Cragan has Move 3 (4 when Inspired) and 4 Wounds but is stuck at 1 ⚡ for Defence. However, he has a Range 1, 3 ⚡ , 2 Damage Attack action that makes short work of weaker foes. When he is Inspired, this Attack action gains Cleave, letting him go toe to toe with Stormcast Eternals.

Cragan has the Despoil ability. This lets him desecrate an objective he is holding at the end of the action phase. This means that ideally you want to set up Cragan to charge onto an objective, ready to desecrate it at the end of the action phase while making an Attack action into the bargain. Gambits that push him or increase his Move characteristic will help a great deal here, and you could consider the Savage Speed (5) upgrade for Cragan if you have the glory points to spare.

RAZEK GODBLESSED

Razek Godblessed is the final member of the warband and similar to Dour Cragan, if somewhat more measured in his approach. His Move, Defence and Wounds characteristics match those of Khagra, and he has a solid Range 1, 2 ⚡ (3 when Inspired) 2 Damage Attack action that will see him reliably dispatching enemies in every game.



10



11



12



13



14



6



7



8



9



Like Cragan, Razek has the Despoil ability, which means his game plan is similar to that of Cragan. However, Razek can also wield the Hellfire Sword, mentioned earlier, which gives him the option of a ranged Attack action from a more secure position. Between them, Razek and Zarshia can form a formidable firebase supporting the advance of Khagra and Cragan.

OBJECTIVE: DESECRATION

It's not just the warband's Inspire condition that encourages you to desecrate as many objectives as your warriors can get their hands on. This theme continues in the warband's objectives. The most ambitious of these is Absolute Desecration (6), which you score if there are four or more desecration tokens on the battlefield. This is a hefty undertaking, as your opponent can remove your desecration tokens, so it has to go hand in hand with a strategy that will prevent enemy fighters from holding objectives (such as taking them all out of action). The payoff is huge though: four glory points. Brutal Desecration (7) is more modest but much more straightforward – you simply need to desecrate an objective to score this. Slightly harder but still entirely achievable are Razed Realm (8), which rewards you in the end phase if there are two or more desecrated objectives; Desolate Domain (9),

which requires you to desecrate all objectives in one player's territory, and Fierce Conquerors (10); which rewards you for two or more desecrated objectives and three or more fighters in enemy territory (best to leave Zarshia behind). Once you've desecrated three objectives, you'll also score Ravagers All (11), as each member of your warband will be Inspired.

Each of your fighters has a way to desecrate objectives, but there is also support in your warband's power cards. These range from the extremely direct – Ritual Desecration (12) and Wrack the Land (13) allow you to desecrate objectives in your power step – to cards that make getting your fighters (or their targets) onto objective tokens easier so that you might desecrate those objectives. Among these are Mask of Darkness (14), a gambit spell that lets you spirit a friendly fighter across the battlefield onto an objective in enemy territory; Ravaging Advance (15), which lets you push each friendly fighter one hex towards enemy territory (with a bit of planning this can take a couple of fighters onto objective tokens); and Spurred On (16), which allows you to move another friendly fighter in reaction to your leader's Move action – this can be used to slingshot Razek or Cragan across the battlefield far faster than your opponent might expect. Then there are the cards which let you push enemy fighters (ideally onto an objective to be slain, off an objective before they can remove a desecration token, or to within hitting distance of a friendly fighter holding an objective): Whispers of Chaos (17), Hypnotic Aspect (18) and Desecrator Gauntlets (19).



15



16



17



18



19



20



21



22



23



24

BLADES OF CHAOS

You'll find it much easier to desecrate objectives when you're able to reduce or eliminate the threat posed by enemy fighters (and with Khagra and Zarshia's Sacrifice ability, you can kill two birds with one stone). Khagra's Ravagers have a focus on objectives, but in a very aggro way, and they want to be taking the fight to their enemies.

This comes through in some of the warband's other objectives. Cards like Hurricane of Violence (20) and Glorious Slaughter (21) reward you for the number of enemy fighters taken out of action (the universal Absolute Dominance (22) can be taken alongside these). Dark Approval (23) and Power of Chaos (24) reward you for specific methods of eliminating your enemies – leader vs. leader for Dark Approval and with spells for Power of Chaos. There are universal cards that work well with these objectives – Unassailable (25) and Savage Exemplar (26) to reward your leader's brutal exploits, and Predatory Spell (27) and Winged Death (28) to reward Zarshia for picking off enemy fighters at range. If you do take the enemy leader out of action, you'll get the chance to play Eye of the Gods (29), a gambit that gives your leader your pick of a number of modifiers to their Range 1 and Range 2 Attack actions, ensuring you have whatever tool you need for the job at hand.

Khagra's Ravagers have a number of ways to help make scoring these objectives easier. First, there are cards to make their Attack actions more damaging. Ruinous Might (30) gives +1 Damage to a fighter's Range 1 and Range 2 Attack actions, bringing most enemy fighters within reach of a single Attack action from Razek or Cragan, or

boosting Khagra to terrifying levels. Flames of Spite (31) can give you an additional +1 Damage to an Attack action that results in a critical hit for a timely spike in damage. You can supplement these with Savage Strength (32), an upgrade that gives a fighter -1 Defence but +1 Damage on their Range 1 and Range 2 Attack actions. Unless you like to live dangerously, this is best for Cragan, as he won't suffer the penalty to his defence. Feral Symbiote (33) also works well, and the fact that it damages the upgraded fighter if they gain too many Hunger counters is unlikely to matter too much for fighters as tough as Khagra's Ravagers.

Then there are cards to improve the warband's accuracy. Eternal Vengeance (34) allows you to re-roll one attack dice for a crucial Attack action, Storm of Foreboding (35) is a spell that can give +1 Dice to friendly fighters' Attack actions for a round, and Unearthly Charisma (36) gives friendly fighters within 2 hexes of your leader +1 Dice on their Range 1 Attack actions. Between these accuracy boosts, the warband's already strong characteristics and the damage boosts listed earlier, you should find Khagra's Ravagers can go toe to toe with the most aggressive warbands.

WHAT'S THE PLAN?

When playing Khagra's Ravagers, you can choose to go all in on the desecration theme, building your decks around the cards that will reward you for desecrating as many objectives as you can. If you do this, it's better to concentrate on the cards that increase your fighters' manoeuvrability, that will help them get onto objectives and that will help you push enemy fighters onto or off objectives, depending on which is most beneficial for you at the time.



30



31



32



33



34



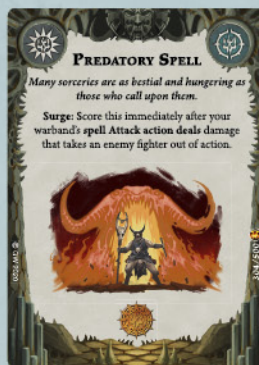
35



25



26



27



28



29

You can instead play them in a very straightforward, aggressive fashion, aiming at most to desecrate three objectives to get your warband Inspired. If you go this way, you might not include many of the cards that are designed to support your warband's desecration of the battlefield, instead relying for the most part on Cragan and RazeK to desecrate objectives on your way to taking as many enemy fighters out of action as possible.

Playing them this way means taking more cards that make your fighters' Attack actions more reliable and damaging – as you want to cause as much damage as possible with each activation – and more objectives that reward you for taking enemy fighters out of action rather than any other, less direct, routes to victory.

You could also aim for a point between these two styles, as the warband's starter decks do. All of these are valid options. This makes Khagra's Ravagers very flexible, even though the essence of their game plan is going to be broadly similar each time: denying objective tokens to their opponents while seeking to eliminate enemy fighters.

It's important to note that, on the whole, you're best off not including cards that want your fighters to hold objectives. You won't be able to use these with objectives that you've desecrated, so they don't work well with something that your warband wants to be doing each game. Khagra's Ravagers more than make up for this in their unique take on controlling objectives and their enviable efficiency when taking the fight to their foes.

WHERE TO START

When given the choice, whether you set up three objectives or the battlefield will probably be determined by the balance of your decks. If you've focused on desecration, getting to set up three objectives will help a great deal. You can position them so that your fighters can make advantageous Move or Charge actions onto them in round 1, getting you off to a great start. If you've focused on eliminating enemy fighters, setting up the battlefield is more useful, as it lets you strike at your opponent's weakest position, setting yourself up for devastating charges early in the game.

I often start by setting up Zarshia somewhere out of harm's way. I want her to survive to become Inspired, which means that I'll aim to end the first round with her

holding an objective in my territory, preferably having picked off a weakened enemy fighter at range (though not necessarily). I'll set up RazeK next, followed by Cragan. If I can place these fighters so that they could reach more than one objective and more than one of my opponent's starting hexes, I'll be happy. My opponent won't necessarily know which I care more about, which increases my chances of success. Finally, if possible, I'll set up Khagra in the best place for a Charge action that has a hope of eliminating an enemy fighter in my first activation of the game.

END PHASE

That brings us to the end of this article. I hope that you've found it helpful, and I'd love to know what you think. Do you have some favourite cards or tactics that you think I've missed? Is there a warband you'd like me to feature in a future article? Let me know at whunderworlds@gwplc.com, and you might see your suggestions appear in *White Dwarf*.



36



SLAYER OF GODS



The Collegia Titanica boasts some of the most powerful and destructive war machines in the galaxy – colossal god-engines that can obliterate entire battlegroups of infantry in a single salvo and annihilate armoured vehicles with impunity using their vast arsenal of earth-shattering weapons. These war machines are known as Titans, and they tower over the armies that fight alongside them – a terrifying sight to their foes and a portent of certain victory for their allies.

Yet during the dark days of the Horus Heresy, oaths were broken and allegiances betrayed. Entire Titan Legions turned upon each other to bring wrack and ruin to countless worlds. The darkest depths of the Legio vaults were opened and the deadliest and most destructive war engines deployed. Among their number was the Warmaster Heavy Battle Titan.

ADEPTUS TITANICUS

If you're new to Adeptus Titanicus, make sure you pick up a copy of the main rules, available from the Games Workshop website in English, German and Japanese. If you're into your narrative gaming, check out the campaign books *Titandeath* and *Doom of Molech*, both of which feature new rules and background and provide great inspiration for your games of Adeptus Titanicus.

RETURN OF THE WARMASTER

As many of you will be aware by now, there's a new Titan in town: the Warmaster. Looming over even a Warlord Titan, it is equipped with a pair of Suzerain-class plasma destructors that will turn anything they hit into molten slag, a revelator missile launcher and a pair of turbo laser destructors (or similarly destructive weapons of your choice) mounted under the carapace. Suffice it to say the Warmaster is not to be messed with.

But in this issue of *White Dwarf* you can do just that! This article features two narrative missions set during the Horus Heresy. The first pitches two forces against each other, both aided by a Warmaster Titan. The second – the Siege of Travo'anor – pits an entire maniple of Warmaster Titans against an army of smaller war machines. Yes, it will be utter carnage. Buckle up, Princesps – you're in for a bumpy ride!

The god-engines of the Collegia Titanica are arguably the most devastating war machines in the galaxy. Yet there is one among them that brings oblivion to all: the Warmaster. Here we provide two scenarios in which you can field this colossal new Titan.



SLAYER OF GODS

It took a conflict on the scale of the Horus Heresy – a war that resulted in the nascent Imperium being torn apart and the Space Marine Legions turning against one another – for the Mechanicum to unleash the Warmaster Heavy Battle Titan. With the virtue of hindsight, it is perhaps unsurprising that the Mechanicum kept knowledge of this mighty god-engine from Mankind, for ever was the Cult Mechanicus built upon a foundation of secrets.

Yet the Warmaster Titan was not a tool of political power nor a pillar of strength but a weapon of apocalyptic death and destruction, shrouded and slumbering until a Forge World stood at the precipice of extinction. On that day, the Warmaster Titan would stride to war, leaving naught but blood and ash in its wake. Its existence was a protected secret within the highest echelons of the Mechanicum, and it was never spoken of openly to peers nor to outsiders.



THE RED PLANET AFLAME

In the opening months of the Horus Heresy, the true depth of the Warmaster's treachery was revealed. Nine Space Marine Legions turned against the Emperor, and across the galaxy, innumerable worlds cast aside their oaths to the Imperium in favour of its once-favoured son. Even the leader of the Mechanicum – Fabricator-General Kelbor Hal – had been lured down treasonous paths, plunging the Red Planet into war after receiving promises of access to technologies the Emperor had long deemed forbidden.

Of those Titan Legions stationed on the Red Planet, of which nearly two dozen were present when conflict gripped Mars, the most prominent were those of the Triad Ferrum Morgulus, the first three Titan Legions. Rivalry between Legio Ignatum, Legio Tempestus and Legio Mortis was all too common and quickly escalated into bloodshed during the Horus Heresy. Indeed, Legio Mortis, ever-loyal enforcers of the Fabricator-General's will, proved eager to lay low their erstwhile allies. With brutal efficiency, battlegroups of the Death's Heads Titans fell upon those forge-fanes guarded by the Fire Wasps in an effort to exterminate all pockets of potential resistance on the Red Planet. At the forefront of the Legio Mortis forces strode newly awakened Warmaster Titans, their presence marking the new era of bloodshed that had fallen upon the galaxy. In its wake, the Red Planet plunged into civil war, the Traitor's victory so complete that word of a new god-engine would not reach Terra until the Warmaster directly threatened the cradle of humanity.

Battlegroups

One player controls the forces of Legio Ignatum while the other controls those of Legio Mortis. Both players select a battlegroup as described in the Adeptus Titanicus rulebook. Both players' forces should have a Battle Rating of up to 3,000 points. Each battlegroup must include one (and only one) Warmaster Heavy Battle Titan.

Battlefield

The battle is played on a 4'x4' board. The board should contain a moderate amount of natural terrain (such as rocky outcrops, etc.) with the occasional scattering of industrial buildings.

Stratagems

Both players have 3 Stratagem points that can only be spent on Legio-specific Stratagems.

Deployment

The winner of a roll-off chooses a board edge and deploys one of their units within 8" of that board edge. The opposing player then deploys one of their units within 8" of the opposite board edge. Players then take it in turns to place a unit within 8" of their board edge until all units have been placed.

The First Round

In the first round, both players roll off to see who takes the Opus Titanicus.

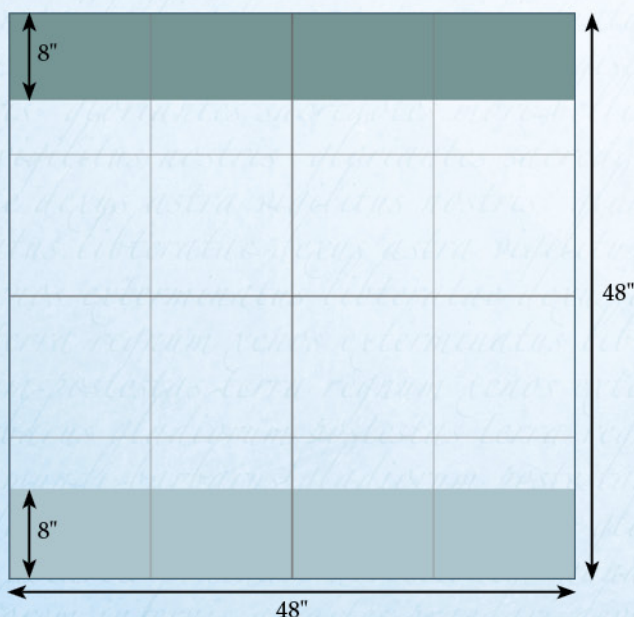
Battle Length

The battle lasts for 5 rounds, after which one side will emerge victorious. If all units controlled by either player are destroyed at any point before this, the battle ends immediately.

Victory

At the end of the battle, both players calculate their Victory points (VPs). Players score 10 VPs if the opposing player's Warmaster Titan has been destroyed and 5 VPs if their own Warmaster Titan has not been destroyed. In addition, a player earns 5 VPs if the total points value of enemy units that have been destroyed is greater than that of enemy units remaining on the battlefield and 5 VPs if the total points value of friendly units remaining on the battlefield is greater than the total points value of friendly units that have been destroyed.

The player with the most victory points is victorious. If both players have the same number of VPs, the battle is a draw.





THE SIEGE OF TRAVO'ANOR

Located in the northern reaches of the Segmentum Obscurus, Travo'anor was an oddity in terms of a Mechanicum holdings. An industrial world, Travo'anor was originally ruled by a conglomeration of techno-empires that laid claim to the mineral-rich planet and its seven moons. When Travo'anor was rediscovered during the Great Crusade, its people were eager to take their place in the burgeoning Imperium and to share their own knowledge with that of the Mechanicum. In time, the planet became a chief producer of armaments in the Segmentum Obscurus, serving as a vital resupply point for Expeditionary fleets moving to the war front.

By the time of the Horus Heresy, Travo'anor maintained ties with multiple Forge Worlds, from which its production capabilities vastly benefitted. Repeated attempts had been made, both by the Red Planet and numerous other prominent Forge Worlds, to bind the planet to a single Mechanicum enclave. This was ardently resisted by the people of Travo'anor, who favoured no one side over the others. To gain favour, many Forge Worlds were granted permission to build forge-fanes upon the planet and its moons, providing them with a base of operations. Many Forge Worlds took this as an opportunity to garrison demi-Legios and other military forces in preparation for forays into the Segmentum Obscurus. In turn, Travo'anor was well protected, with nearly a dozen Titan Legions having established a presence on the world during the later years of the Great Crusade.

The diplomatic efforts of Travo'anor proved problematic when the Warmaster's treachery was revealed, with the loyalties of its invited guardians split between the two sides. The most prominent of Loyalists stationed upon Travo'anor proved to be those of Legio Destructor, Legio Ignatum and Legio Crucius, three Titan Legions of much renown. These Titan Legion were noted for their forward planning and had long prepared for the escalation of tensions amongst rival Mechanicum factions both on Travo'anor and elsewhere. As such, their own forge-fanes were considerably reinforced, and the true extent of military forces deployed there was concealed from all but their

own. Though none could have predicted the scale of conflict unleashed by the Horus Heresy, their move towards increased security proved prudent, for many of the Warmaster's allies greatly desired the planet's resources.

The moons of Travo'anor soon saw open war as Titan Legions turned upon one another and Traitor forces moved to secure the industrial world. A significant battle during the opening days of the Siege of Travo'anor was centred around the forge-fane of Novavistra, capital of the planet. It was here that the leadership of Travo'anor sat, and thus it proved a priority target for the Traitor forces. When assault by more conventional ground forces failed, the Traitors moved their Titan Legions in, hoping to decapitate the leadership of Travo'anor before they could flee. In response, the Loyalists – who were hard pressed across multiple fronts – unveiled their masterstroke. As several maniples of Traitor Titans advanced on Novavistra, Titan Landers transported a handful of Warmaster Titans, drawn from four different Titan Legions, in their path. Sent to Travo'anor to serve should a dire need arise within the Segmentum Obscurus, the behemoth god-engines were all that stood before the advancing Traitors and the evacuating forge-fane. Though greatly outnumbered, the Warmaster Titans quickly proved they were far from outgunned.

Battlegroups

One player controls the Loyalist Warmaster Titans, while their opponent controls the Traitor forces. The Loyalist player's battlegroup should consist only of Warmaster Titans, ignoring the usual rules and restrictions for building a battlegroup and Auxiliary Titans; it can include as many Warmaster Titans as possible but only Warmaster Titans. The Traitor player should have a Battle Rating equal to the total points value of the Loyalist's battlegroup and must follow all normal restrictions for building a battlegroup with the exception that it may not include Warmaster Titans. Neither player can take Knight Banners as reinforcements, though the Traitor player can include Knight Banners as part of Titan maniples.



Battlefield

The battle is played on a 6'x4' board. The board should contain a moderate to dense amount of urban and industrial terrain, representing the outskirts of a forge-fane.

Stratagems

No players have Stratagems for this battle.

Mission Special Rules

War Everlasting: The battle around Novavistra was a brutal conflict fought between several maniples of Traitor god-engines against a handful of Warmaster Titans assembled from different Titan Legions and led by the Legio Destructor. Though vastly outnumbered, the overwhelming firepower of the Warmaster Titans did much to even the odds, stemming the tide of Traitors and allowing the complete evacuation of Loyalist personnel from the planet's principal forge-fane.

To represent this battle, the regular turn sequence for games of Adeptus Titanicus is modified slightly. Each round progresses as normal until the Combat phase. During the Combat phase, players take it in turns to activate a unit as normal. However, once all Loyalist units have been activated, if the Traitor player still has units to activate, then the next time the Loyalist player would get to activate a unit, they may activate one that has already completed its activation that phase. This repeats until both battlegroups have activated all eligible units at least once, at which point the phase ends.

A Titan activated in this way can only perform one of the following actions:

- **Fire:** The Titan can fire a single arm weapon and a single shoulder or carapace weapon.
- **Turn:** The Titan can turn up to 45° in any direction.

Once a Titan is activated in this way, it cannot be chosen to perform one of the above actions until another friendly Titan has performed one of those actions (i.e. a different unit has to be activated before the same Titan can be activated again).

Deployment

The Loyalist player chooses a long board edge and deploys all of their units within 8" of that edge. The Traitor player then deploys all of their units within 8" of the opposite board edge.

The First Round

In the first round, both players (or both sides if playing with more than two players) roll off to see who takes the Opus Titanicus.

Battle Length

The battle lasts for 4 rounds, after which either the Loyalist player has halted the tide of Traitors or enough Warmaster Titans have fallen for the Traitors to break through and seize the forge-fane. If all units controlled by either player are destroyed at any point before this, the battle ends immediately.

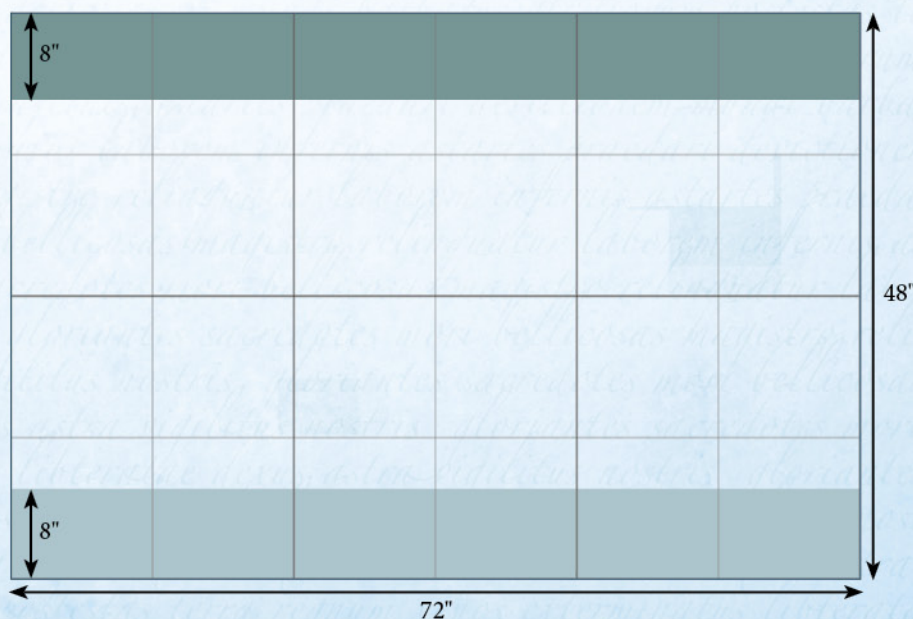
Victory

At the end of the battle, if less than half of the Loyalist's Warmaster Titans have been destroyed, then the Loyalist player is victorious. If over half of the Loyalist's Warmaster Titans have been destroyed, then the game is a draw. If all of the Loyalist's Warmaster Titans have been destroyed, then the Traitor player is victorious.

Three or more Players

The Siege of Travo'anor is a perfect mission for multiplayer games. Instead of one player controlling the Loyalist Warmaster Titans, multiple players can control one or more Warmaster Titans each, while several Traitor players combine their battlegroups together into a larger force.

When playing in this way, it is worth keeping track of secondary victory conditions for added fun and bragging rights. Loyalist players should keep a running total of engine kills each Warmaster Titan makes during the battle, while Traitor players should track how many Warmaster Titans each separate battlegroup destroys. The Loyalist winner is the player who controls the Warmaster Titan that scored the greatest number of engine kills, and the Traitor winner is the player who controls the battlegroup that felled the most Warmaster Titans.



THE MAKER'S MARK

By David Guymer

The duardin of the Ironweld Arsenal are famed for their forge-craft. Yet when engineer Rikkorn Mikazrin journeys to Hysh to participate in a craft fayre, he find his work critiqued not just by the Lumineth, but also by a mysterious duardin traveller ...

'One can hardly speak of the duardin without remarking on their tenacity and stubbornness, their reverence for past deeds or their love of gold. But to those with more than a passing familiarity with legend, and to any who have been blessed with cause to venture into the grand halls where they dwell, it is their skill at artifice that defines them. Masters of stone and metal and the makers of intricate machines are they. The Khazalid Empire of old was the home of a thousand wonders, with colonies in all eight Mortal Realms and untold sub-realms beyond, many of which were conjured by the realm-craft of the duardin themselves. Places where rare gems ran like water or where the clockwork of the Cosmos Arcane could be accessed and amended to their needs. Sigmar had little to teach the forefathers of the duardin when it came to the art of building. Indeed, had he half the wisdom back then that he has since been forced to acquire, perhaps he would have learned a thing or two from the duardin, and the sad history of that time would have been different.

'The passing of Myth and the touch of Chaos has left many races diminished in their crafts, but not so the duardin. Their skill is all that it once was and in many cases furthered by privation and need. It is only the means and the materials at their disposal that are lesser now than in the days of their glory...'

Rikkorn Mikazrin let the lead ball of the arcendulum drop from his fist, the chain-link arm snapping taut. After a few seconds, the lodestone began to drift.

The mountainous landscape before him was one of fractured geometries, an endless maze of conundrums long sundered from their solution. The duardin squinted in the direction that the instrument was being pulled. His eyes were furnished with goggles. His beard was wrapped around his face like a headscarf, for the light of Hysh burned as well as blinded. The beard's tawny ends flapped in the wind, shining like copper.

He made a minute adjustment to his goggles, narrowing the apertures of the lenses. Then he reeled in the arcendulum and stuffed it back into his pack. He scratched a note of the reading with a graver into his log, then stowed the string of copper plates and hoisted the heavy pack over his shoulders.

He took a deep breath

And then struck out into the maze.

The mountains of Syar, one of the Ten Paradises of Hysh,

were not like those of home. The great wars of the aelves that had precipitated the Age of Chaos in that realm had broken them, and had obfuscated by violence the symbolism of their placement and form. What remained of the range was a taunt, a fragment of something profound that could not and would never be pieced together again. Those peaks that still reached, unbroken, for the realm's zenith were possessed of a koanic beauty. They were rugged and yet delicate, sculpted like tohnasai trees. Realm ice shone from their high peaks, wreathed in arcanocirrus and the gemstone glitter of the multiple rainbows that sprang from great waterfalls. The wind crafted patterns in the clouds. The passage of time was a puzzle. The play of light on every rock and flower and flake of snow hinted at a deeper meaning. Mikazrin could have spent an eternity here without realising it, without putting one foot in front of the other. He grunted, narrowed his lenses further still, and turned to the old duardin exercise of counting gold in his head.

The sciences of navigation had always fascinated his ancestors. And him. He would defeat this maze. He pushed on.

Low clouds and deep snow blocked passes that from afar had seemed clear, while cliffs that had looked unassailable and sheer would, in moments of inspiration, present winding trails to the next summit or vale, bypassing the ancient rockfalls and the ruins of elder peaks whose symbolism led nowhere but deeper into the maze. There was no single way through the mountains. It had to be *felt*, and it differed for everyone who made the attempt. Kharadron pioneers from Xintil and even further afield would often attempt to overfly the ice-bound summits instead, but the spirits of Mountain and Zenith would invariably confound and deny them. And punish them if they persisted. Even Swifthawk princes, assuming an aelven heritage would grant them a freer passage to Ar-Ennascath, learned to swallow their pride and walk if they meant to cross at all. The ruins of several sky vessels formed a number of abstract symbols on the backs of distant peaks; cyphers in iron and gold.

Mikazrin took several readings over the course of several days. One day they had him scrambling through cloudbark cospes. The next might pull him in the opposite direction entirely, wading up to the roots of his beard in fast-running water with his pack and its precious wares on his head, skidding over loose scree or chasing after ever-

distant rainbows. There was no 'day' here. No 'night'. He walked on the source of all daylight in the Cosmos Arcane. Even that was a challenge, a test for the mind and the will and the worth of the individual to go on. It had defeated his ancestors, but Mikazrin had not come unprepared.

He diligently recorded the latest set of readings in his log, and went on.

There was, unsurprisingly, no shade to be had. Even amongst the mountains there were no shadows. Everything emitted light of some kind or degree, even if it was only the pale radiance of a grass-blade or a worm. Nor was there any shelter to be found from the elements, for if the realm sought to freeze or douse you then it would do so, for reasons that a traveller would be better off attempting to interpret than resisting. His log – the first few plates of which had been chiselled by his great grandfather, before being added to by closer ancestors – did, however, speak of predators. Mikazrin had already spotted a few that even they had failed to catalogue: ravenous promises, predatory hopes, creatures that wore light like a camouflage and hunted through time as well as physical space.

Only when doughty duardin endurance failed him did Mikazrin risk stopping to make a camp, and despite the lack of obvious shelter he nevertheless chose his ground with care.

Setting up on a rocky outcropping overlooking a green valley and surrounded by tall pines, he carefully unpackaged and laid out traps. Few of them looked like anything that an orruk or a Kurnothi would catch their foot in, but the arcanomechanical contraptions, the spools of silver wire and spinning discs of lead and mercury, were, according to his father's notes, quite lethal in their own way.

Taking a last reading with the arcendulum before allowing himself to rest, he looked up. The preternaturally blue sky winked occasionally. In any other realm he might have taken it for a comet shower or a shooting star from Azyr. But here it was the Hyshan realmstone, in its natural state as a form of magical light, shooting from one end of the realmsphere to the other, deflecting off the Perimeter Inimical as if from the surface of a mirror and firing back. Random and forever. Unless caught by the arts of the Lumineth.

As he laid out his bedroll for the 'night', Mikazrin found himself thinking long about what a master engineer of the Ironweld might accomplish with such lore. He smiled, like a bearding indulging a favourite fantasy, and set a small pewter ancestor figurine by his stony pillow. The ancestor was male but the features were too idealised and generic for him to say that they resembled anyone in particular. Nevertheless, when he touched its metal bust and gruffed his short, nightly prayer to Grungni the Maker, it was his father, grandfather, and the great-grandfather he had never met whose likenesses were in his mind.

'I'll see out the family dream,' he muttered to them all. 'I'll be the Mikazrin whose work sees the other side.'

Then, ensuring his volleypistol was fully loaded and underneath his pillow, he slotted the thickest and blackest lenses that Ironweld craft could cut into his goggles and fell straight to sleep.



In Hysh there was no such thing as a dreamless sleep and the nights there were seldom restful, except for the deeply contented and the very wise. Since Mikazrin was neither of those things his dreams were filled with strange imagery.

In them, the ancestor figurine beside him stirred and came alive and began to jabber riddles in ancient tongues, resorting to drawing increasingly obscure pictograms on the ground as its frustration with him grew. And all the while the spirit of the stone rumbled its displeasure. The mountain across the vale grew a full beard of gold-coloured leaves and white snow, the earth rising to hold the peak aloft as if on the back of a shield. His dreaming consciousness assumed the ancestor to be his father, white-bearded, disappointed and stern, but it spoke urgently in languages he could not comprehend.

The sky split as though enraged by his failure to understand.

'What are you doing here?' the mountains demanded.



Mikazrin sat bolt upright. The thunder from his dream continued to ring out through the copse of silently knowing trees. He swore under his breath and rolled onto his beard, reached under his pillow for the volleypistol and pulled it out. He aimed the compact four-barrelled gun into the woods.

The clash came again.

He swung his gun towards it. A shout this time, he was sure of it; then a strange growl and the *clang* of metal against stone.

Stuffing his pistol into his belt and unclicking the thick night lenses from his goggles, Mikazrin quickly set about disarming his traps and packing his gear. He had studied the notes left to him by his forebears and he knew that there could be absolutely no guarantee of his ever finding this campsite again if he left it in haste now. Without his gear he would be as good as dead. Or worse than dead.

Beaten.

The shout came again. The *clang*.

Mikazrin pulled the straps of his pack tight and drew the volleypistol from his belt. Last of all he snatched up the ancestor figurine, holding it out like a miner's lantern, and lumped into the woods towards the sounds of battle.

He would not walk on and leave a fellow traveller in danger. He'd been raised better than that. Honour wouldn't allow it.

He crashed through the thin copse and, after several minutes of running flat out, onto a high mead of waving grass.

A duardin in cunningly wrought armour, a mail coat made of interlocking gromril cogs rather than the usual rings, stood in the light of the clearing. He was laden with packs and baggage, and over it all he wore a red coat stuffed with pockets. His long white beard was girded in glimmering gromril plates with the golden stamp of the Ironweld on each one, though of which city's school Mikazrin could not make out over that distance. In his gauntleted hands was a large double-bladed axe. It was a simple weapon, ill-suited to an Ironweld forge master, but at the same time the most singularly beautiful piece that Mikazrin had ever seen. It was as though Hysh again spoke to him in riddles and double-meaning, but there was little about the axe that was not plain and deliberately made so. The blade was deeply incised with gold lettering, the intense and unforgiving light of Hysh finding in its metalwork no fault or flaw as it flashed and glittered, chopping deeply into obstinate stone.

The mountain aelementor bellowed and drew back.

Its form resembled that of a broken wall, given accidental animus by some kind of rogue spell. Its humanoid shape was cobbled together from loose rocks, two lumps of stone pressed together at the top of its brick-solid body made a head, and a beard of short grass and snowdrop flowers swayed from it as it moved. It was fifteen beards high, and furious.

With a ululating war cry, the duardin looped his axe overhead and brought it crashing down into the spirit's leg. The monster raised its chipped knee high and bellowed, though if and how it felt pain Mikazrin did not know. The foot came down to flatten the old master where he stood, but the duardin sprang back, light on his toes for one so lengthy of beard. The spirit's arm was already swinging like an aethervoid pendulum.

Solid Hyshian rock crunched into gromril scales.

The duardin flew through the air and landed like a felled tree. His packs tore open, shedding complicated looking gears and gizmos as he rolled through the long grass.

'Over here!' Mikazrin yelled, and raised his volleypistol. He aimed for the solid stone mass of chest as the aelementor turned towards his shout.

Just like he had been taught. Nothing fancy.

He squeezed the trigger.

A punishing few seconds of shot from all four barrels drilled a hole the size of a duardin's fist into the spirit's

chest. Its body swayed back under the deluge of honest Chamon lead and almost fell until a stone foot stamped into the ground like a foundation pile and steadied it.

It fixed its blank, solid gaze on Mikazrin. The assortment of anemometers and oscilloscopes strung about his person began variously to spin, whistle and chime in the build-up of elemental light magic. Mikazrin threw himself to one side as the ground beneath him crumpled. Grass and flowers sank underground while jagged blades of white stone thrust up to the surface like spears.

He heard a gruff-voiced roar as the old master ran back in. He looked up from the ground to see the duardin hacking and chipping away at the wild aelementor's turned back. Mikazrin quickly got himself back up and reloaded, the volleypistol making a complicated crunching and grinding noise as its inner workings drew more round shot from the storage drum under the barrel and into the cylinders. He was just swinging it up, sighting down the pin, when the old duardin delivered what turned out to be the telling blow.

His great-axe found a plane of weakness exposed by Mikazrin's shot and clove along it, its runes glowing like an impossible alloy of sunmetal and celestium as the duardin carved the giant stone spirit in two.

As Mikazrin ran towards him, the aelementor piled itself into a cairn of its constituent rocks as it died. The old duardin lowered his axe. When Mikazrin reached him, he brought his volleypistol around, fully intending to empty it into whatever spirit animus the creature had left. If his ancestors' logs had taught him one thing, it was never to underestimate the fauna of Syar.

'Don't, bearding.'

The grip that appeared around Mikazrin's wrist was unbelievably strong. Enough for Mikazrin to let the *bearding* slide. The old duardin forced his aim aside from the crumbling mound of stone.

'The Realm-lords prefer to let their predators be, as annoying as that might be for the rest of us. If you're looking to cross their mountains and earn their favour then honouring their ways is as good a place to start as any.'

Mikazrin nodded his thanks and holstered his pistol. While the old duardin watched in apparent bafflement, he took off his pack, pulled out the log and graver that he was always careful to pack last, and scratched the engineer's advice into the marginalia.

Only then did it occur to him what else the old master had said. His gaze shot up. The duardin was looking at him wryly from under prickly white brows.

'What makes you think I'm looking for the Realm-lords?'



The old duardin puffed on a long-stemmed pipe, the smoke curling into curious and meaningful shapes as it climbed. As with all things in that place it sought to draw the eye thither and make the mind wander, but never quite succeeded, not with that old duardin sat beneath it, eased back on the grass with a contented scowl and his pipe. Mikazrin had never seen anyone, in Hysh or elsewhere, so casually, obstinately *solid*. He was as potent a curative to the mysteries of the realm as any of the gold-counting exercises or repetitive games that Mikazrin had brought with him from Chamon. Mikazrin poured them both a small measure of ale from the flask in his pack. The old duardin took it gravely.

‘Thank you, lad.’

‘I haven’t much, but I’m happy to share it.’

The old duardin’s brow crinkled under a heavy smile. ‘It was *you* who ran to *my* aid, as I recall.’ He took a sip, made a face, but was evidently too honourable to say what he thought of Mikazrin’s well-travelled brew. ‘Not that I needed the help, mind. I think you’ll find I had that little beastie well in hand.’

‘I don’t doubt it,’ Mikazrin said, too polite himself to argue the point with an elder. If a duardin with a beard that long and white said he could battle the mountain alone, then battle the mountain alone he could.

‘But be that as it may,’ the old master went on, ‘it’s a rare duardin in this fallen age who’ll sup with a stranger in the wild lands of the Mortal Realms.’ He stuffed his pipe back into his mouth and raised his half-emptied cup. ‘And for that may you count Gormdal the Wanderer your honoured friend.’

Mikazrin raised his cup and they clanked vessels. Gormdal pulled the pipe from his mouth and slugged down what was left. He made another face.

‘You know... I could teach you how to make a barrel that’ll keep a beer fresh weeks after broaching, and keep it cool whether you’re traipsing through a Ghyranic jungle or the Flamescar Plateaux of Aqshy.’

‘Thank you, old master, but I think I’ll hold you in debt a little longer yet.’

The duardin laughed. ‘A wise lad. They still teach that in the schools of Chamon then, do they?’

Mikazrin emptied his own cup. It tasted perfectly fair to him. ‘I have a little food to share as well, if you’re hungry.’

Gormdal slapped his thigh and gestured expansively to the grass. ‘A veritable banquet it’ll seem to me after my own adventures, I’m sure.’

Mikazrin unpacked the few wax-wrapped parcels he kept in his pack amongst his tools and wares and set them on the grass. The old duardin smacked his lips happily, but his eyes glittered as he beheld the curious assortment of

instruments, and Mikazrin had to ply him with more ale – better on a second tasting, it seemed – before he would touch the spread.

‘How did you know I was seeking the Realm-lords?’ Mikazrin asked again, while the elder crunched on a salted cake.

‘It’s the time of the contest, unless my sense is way off, so it was no great guess on my part. You seem well prepared for the journey. Better than most who make it. Have you ventured to the Syari capital before?’

Mikazrin shook his head. ‘My great-grandfather was the first to attempt the journey, but he didn’t make it across the wastes. My grandfather made it to the mountains only to be bested by them.’ He pulled the logbook from his pack and opened it, simultaneously displaying it while holding the precious thing closer to his lap. ‘Whenever one of them made the attempt they took this with them, making particular note of what they learned of the journey and how they failed.’

Gormdal nodded sagely. ‘Good and methodical.’

‘My ancestors were well-known masters of the Greenfire Ironweld in their time. You could call it the family obsession. Plenty in the Arsenal do.’

‘Well you might just be the one to prove them wrong. You’re not far off the city now, and I judge the worst of the mountain’s trials to be behind you.’

‘You have been to Ar-Ennascath?’

‘Aye,’ said Gormdal, his heavy face deep with reverie. ‘Many times. The first time I beheld it was long ago, when the aelves in this realm were fewer and, may my own kin forgive me for uttering it, its beauty was the poorer for it. Nowadays it’s a true wonder of the Mortal Realms, and I say that not lightly, but as one who’s laid his eyes on the Forge Eternal of Sigmoron and even the great works of Elixia before Grungni’s city was lost to our kind.’

Mikazrin was no callow beardless, but his mouth had fallen wide.

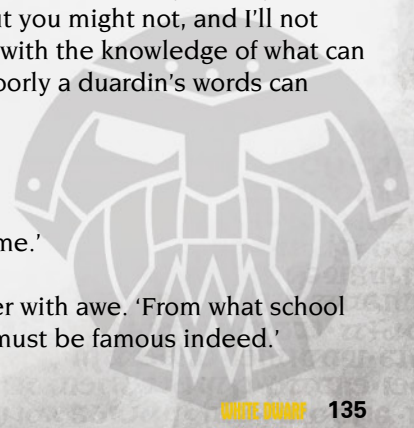
‘What was it like?’

‘That, lad, I’ll never say, and nor count it against the tally of favours I owe. One day, perhaps one day soon, you might see it for yourself, but you might not, and I’ll not haunt your remaining days with the knowledge of what can never be again, however poorly a duardin’s words can serve the Maker’s wonder.’

‘Is it so glorious?’

‘Aye. It is that, and then some.’

Mikazrin looked at the elder with awe. ‘From what school do you hail, longbeard? It must be famous indeed.’



'No school, lad.'

'You must have been trained somewhere.'

'I don't stick "the Wanderer" after my name for nothing, you know.'

'How is it that I've never heard of you? As journeyed a cogsmith as you claim to be must be renowned the realms over.'

'My claims, as you call them, are all true, if a trifle exaggerated in the telling, but even a duardin's legend can't endure the test of time.' He drew the pipe from his mouth and tapped the bowl on the axe resting on the grass by his side. 'But the work, now...' He gestured to the pack where Mikazrin had carefully put away his more delicate gear. 'That's what'll outlive us both, what your descendants will know when they speak your name. As duardin all over the realms do today when they invoke the names *Alaric*, *Bugman*, or *Makaïsson*, celebrating their works with daily use without ever knowing ought of who those duardin once were. That's what you'll be, lad, if you work hard and you're lucky, long after your deeds in life are dust.'

'This I know well enough. Even in my own lifetime, long enough as it's been, though short perhaps by your reckoning, I've seen my grandfather's work become forgotten. Particularly amongst my human apprentices.'

'Humans have shorter memories than most, though we duardin are not without our faults. Better hidden though they are.'

Mikazrin nodded. 'All in Greenfire will know my family's name when I reach Ar-Ennascath.'

Gormdal leant forward, a light in his eyes that was somehow all his own and owing nothing to that of Hysh. 'So... when do I get to see what's in the bag?'

Mikazrin hugged the book and pack in his lap aggressively.

'Come on, lad. You've been lugging your work all this way. You're going to have to show it to someone eventually.'

To Mikazrin's surprise, he did almost ease his grip on his pack and open it, allowing the old master a peek inside. Despite being nigh two hundred years old himself, and a recognised master of his forge for the past thirty, he felt a tingle in the roots of his beard at the thought of earning this duardin's approval. But the Ironweld had not been founded to share its knowledge: it had come together in the wake of the Age of Chaos, a reaction to all that had been destroyed and lost, in order to hoard that which remained. Secrets were passed, and even then often grudgingly, from master to apprentice and from the cold dead grip of father to son.

'You can see it along with everyone else when I present it at the festival at Ar-Ennascath.'

The old duardin chuckled. 'If that's your wish then I'll respect it. But another set of eyes seldom go amiss. And I'll warn you – the Syari aren't easily impressed by craft that's not their own.'

'That's because they've not yet seen Ironweld work.'

Gormdal raised his pipe in salute. 'All the best to you then, young master, and on that note I'll bid you good night and impose on your kind heart no more.' He spread out as if to lay himself out where he sat. 'I've a walk ahead of me yet, and battling that stone spirit didn't half take the breath out of me.'

'I've only just woken,' said Mikazrin, worried suddenly that he had offended the old white-beard. 'But I'll stay just the same and sit watch if you'll let me.'

'You're really banking these favours, aren't you, lad?'

Mikazrin smiled, relieved to see the irreverent gleam returned to the longbeard's eye. 'It'll be good to just sit and have somebody nearby while I rest.'



Six hours later, according to the timepiece he carried in his fob pocket, the sky still bright and preternaturally blue, Gormdal stirred from his deep, fretful slumber, and told Mikazrin to get some rest.

He did.

He was not at all surprised to find the old master gone by the time he awoke. There was no one way to Ar-Ennascath, and it had to be walked alone.



Ar-Ennascath.

At first, and for the longest while, Mikazrin thought that he was again dreaming. The golden city appeared so suddenly, and so miraculously, on the flank of the mountain overlooking the Luminaris Sea, and in no less spectacular a fashion than any of the sights that had descended on his imagination while dreaming in the Realm of Light. A road paved with glass and set at intervals with variously coloured gemstones appeared under his feet as though it had been with him every step of the way from Greenfire. It led towards a stupendously high gate that, as Mikazrin drew closer, he found to be made not of wood or stone, or even the precious metals of some strongholds of Chamon, but of gossamer-thin cloth picked out with auralan runes. It was the soaring confidence of the Syari, more than any particular artistry, that took Mikazrin's breath, that they could entrust themselves wholly to their craft and fear no adversary here at the centre of their own power.

Unchallenged by any of the glittering spear-wielding aelves that guarded passage through the gates, Mikazrin passed under the breeze-thin walls, stumbling out of a

dream and into a song. He fumbled with the leather straps of his goggles and pulled them from his face, leaving them to hang against his beard as he stared dumbly about him.

The city was set upon the shoulder of a great and beauteous mountain, overlooking the bright, sapphire blue vista of the Luminaris Sea that encircled the Ten Paradises of Hysh and bordered Syar to the north. Every building was its own singular marvel, elegant and plain, but also glorious, with its own enlightenment to share if one would only dwell long enough to puzzle on its promise. But while each structure was a work of high art, each masterpiece blended harmoniously into the symmetry of the greater whole, and in such a way as detracted nothing from the natural beauty and innate symbolism of the mountain itself.

The architecture of the Syari did not seek to impose on the landscape as did the structures of Chamon or Azyr. It complemented it.

From what he could see once he was able to tear his gaze away from the astounding beauty of a joiner's shop's front wall, the festival was already well under way. Aelves in luminous attire glided through the wide boulevards of their home city like winsome ghosts. In small groups they lingered around the countless stalls, chatting gaily over any small thing that delighted them, eviscerating with kind words and bright smiles the hopes of those whose works they deemed to have fallen short of the Syari ideal of perfection. Most of the craftsfolk were aelven, but Mikazrin could see a few other races represented amongst the stalls. A pair of Fyreslayers with bleached hair and white-gold runes stamped into their muscles stood with their arms crossed over a table laden with fyresteel axes. Elsewhere, a group of humans ran a demonstration of their exotic firearms for a party of smiling aelves who indulged their work as one might a picture drawn for them by a child.

Mikazrin barely even noticed them. Still less, their wares.

Like a thief who had set it upon himself to break into the Celestial Palaces of Sigmaron only to find himself unexpectedly in the Throne Room of the God-King himself, he clutched the arm straps of his pack, blinded and dizzied by the terrible wonders that surrounded him. Swords more perfect than anything he had ever seen on an Ironweld forge. Fine armours that looked as though they weighed nothing at all. And it was not just weaponry. All forms of craftsmanship were on display there, and the crowds of Ar-Ennascath seemed to take joy in it equally. There was jewellery such as would have shamed an empress; drinking cups, clothing, and many works of pure art as well, although the craft of the Syari seemed to effortlessly blur the lines between the functional and the merely beautiful.

'Are you in need of some direction, friend?'

An aelf in a shimmering gown of yellow suncloth embroidered with rows of white chequers approached from the crowd. He wore an elaborate fanlike headpiece adorned with jewels and glass and an aetherquartz splint

that made the whole ensemble glow. Mikazrin was attired in perfectly serviceable travelling gear and mail, and had never wanted for better, but he felt suddenly rough and unpolished in this aelf's company.

He smoothed out his beard and scowled. But he could not seem to think of anything to say.

The aelf smiled. On a face less surpassingly beautiful than his it might have been mistaken for a smirk.

'You are here for the craft fayre, I presume. Just looking at you I can tell that you must have travelled far, and endured great hardships, for the privilege of attending the fayre.' He gestured to himself with a jewelled fan that looked as though it could also function as a superlative blade should the need arise, in the unlikely event that the aelf had nothing better to hand. 'I am Anasrith Athaer, a simple metalsmith from the Ithalin Province on the southern coast. I too am arrived but recently after a long and arduous journey.' Mikazrin took in the aelf and his flawless attire. 'Perhaps we might find ourselves adjoining stalls and display our wares together?' He smiled again.

The aelf's companions, who seemed to have emerged from the delighted throngs behind, laughed. If there was a deeper meaning to their mirth then it was painfully obscured to Mikazrin.

'No,' he gruffed, clutching the packs of his straps tightly. 'No *thank you*,' he added, shocked by the crudity of his own words, and turned away, trying hard not to run as the light laughter of the aelves rang in his ears.



Mikazrin sat at an out-of-the-way table, under the corner vaults of the high-ceilinged drinking house. Light fell through windows of stained and brilliantly coloured glass. There was no speck of dust in the common lounge to dance in the rays, and instead the colours formed artful rainbows that wobbled into the likenesses of exalted beasts or great aelf heroes of myth as horse-drawn carriages and pedestrians passed across the window outside. There he sat, bent, burying his shame in scowls and glowers for the occasional aelf who would risk his temper to enquire as to whether he would inspect the menu, and engraved his latest, and last, entry into his log.

The trials of a craftsman's worth did not, it would seem, conclude at the city's gate.

He shook his head as the graver moved across the copper plate. How could he display such tawdry wares as he had borne with him from Chamon? The shame of it would surely surpass any that mere failure could have outdone, and better the sneers of the Arsenal masters of Greenfire than the gentle mockery of the Syari. That would be more disgrace than he could bear, and more by far than his forebears in the craft shops of the Ancestors' Hall deserved to witness.

A pair of aelves at the next table looked over, intrigued by the tapping and scratching of his letters. He discouraged their interest with a scowl and continued.

But maybe *his* son could still learn from his father's failure, and would know to craft something even finer. Of how the bearding, an apprentice still, six decades old and barely grown into his beard, would accomplish such a feat of craftsmanship Mikazrin had no guidance to write down. The work he had brought with him was already the finest he knew how to produce.

Nevertheless, his son would have to do better.

At the sound of footsteps approaching his corner table, he looked up.

'I'll look at the menu when I'm damn well good and ready to—'

The words dried up in his mouth. Gormdal, the old master from the mountains, stood across the table from him with his thumbs in his belt. His coat was open and his armour was shining in the varicoloured light. His head was shining white, in spite of the full colour spectrum falling across him from the windowpanes, as pure in its own straightforward way as the Lumineth themselves. But sturdier somehow. More *real*.

'Is this seat taken?'

'Old master,' said Mikazrin, standing, bowing his head and tugging lightly on his beard, just the slightest twitch of his jaw to suggest that company would be very much unwelcome.

'Good,' said Gormdal, and planted himself down in the chair opposite. Almost at once he began fishing in his various pockets, pulling out a tinderbox, pipe, and a small aromatic parcel of dried leaves, which he proceeded to remove a pinch of and tamp into the bowl of his pipe. 'Good to see a familiar face around here. The Lumineth are friendly enough, in the manner of aelves of course, but altogether too *tall* for my liking.'

He proffered the now-lit pipe across the table. Mikazrin waved it away.

'A duardin ought to smoke,' said Gormdal, puffing contentedly and ignoring the quizzical looks of the aelves at the neighbouring tables. 'It's good for the lungs. And the act of doing so of course makes him look older and more venerable than he truly is, even though he be more than adequately old and venerable enough.' As if to demonstrate the virtue, he took a long draw on the stem and blew out a smoke ring. It drifted teasingly into the form of one of the Lumineth's eight mandalic runes before a passing aelf pulled it apart.

The serving aelf returned. Gormdal ordered something incomprehensible but beautiful sounding for them both before Mikazrin could intervene. The aelf glimmered back to the kitchens.

Mikazrin chewed on his beard. Even the servants were dazzling.

'What are you doing here?' said Gormdal.

Mikazrin blinked. The question sounded like one he had heard before. In a dream, perhaps.

Yes, in a dream.

'Shouldn't you be out there?' The old master jerked a thumb towards the window.

Mikazrin shook his head to clear it of the eerie sensation of reprising a dream. He knew it would probably be best to say nothing, particularly to an itinerant stranger of no school, however learned and venerable he might seem, but come the moment he found his embarrassment was simply too great not to share. And better to share it with an elderly stranger, he supposed, than any of his own peers at the Greenfire Arsenal.

'I was so arrogant,' he muttered. 'I thought that all I had to do was get here and the Lumineth would fall over themselves in awe of Ironweld work. But you've seen what it's like out there. I can't show what I've brought here, against *that*. For as long as there are aelves still living in the Mortal Realms the Mikazrin name would be the laughing stock of Syar.'

Gormdal stroked his beard thoughtfully. 'It was arrogant, I'll grant you, though you're hardly alone in that.' He leant over the table and dropped his voice, gesturing furtively with his eyes as if at something over his shoulder that he would rather not alert with a more obvious gesture. 'Don't look now, lad, but you're in the capital of the *aelves*.'

Mikazrin fought with a smile, and Gormdal leant back again as the server returned.

The younger duardin watched, feeling faintly disoriented as if by a street magician's sleight-of-hand, as plates were laid out across the table, a symmetry of glistening seafood and colourful vegetables that would have been a work of art even if every dish that composed it had been less perfect.

'You see the jewels they all wear?' said Gormdal, watching him as the server departed. 'Aetherquartz. They all carry it. High and low, if there is such a thing as low amidst the Realm-lords. It lends inspiration and insight, and the Syari in particular use it in their crafting.' He picked up a lightly grilled piece of tentacle. 'All their crafting, in fact, because why make something excellent when you can make something unique and perfect every single time you pick up a hammer? Some of us might call that cheating, but it's a poor workman as blames his tools, as the old saying goes, so you can't well look in envy at the tools of a great one, can you?'

'There is nothing wrong with my tools.'

'I didn't say there was.'

'Then it's with my work.'

Chewing on his squid, Gormdal rapped his knuckles on the table. 'Get it out then, bearding, and let's have a look at it. You wouldn't show me before, but you may as well show me now.'

Nodding, resigned, Mikazrin turned to the chair beside him where he had sat his pack and delved inside. He withdrew a number of small pieces: the arcendulum, a hexant, a chamonite compass that floated on a small cushion of aethergold when unwrapped, and set them out on the table. He pulled the goggles from around his neck and set them down too. Last to emerge was a bundle of soft fleece which, when unfastened, revealed a brass cylinder about six inches long. He let it rest on his palm for a moment, the weight of it soaking into his hand, feeling the cool of the metal and the rivets in his skin, re-enacting in his mind the act of casting and setting each and every piece by hand. Then, and only then, he opened it, releasing silver clasps and unpackaging sliding segments to produce a tube closer to three feet in length.

'The other things are trinkets compared to this. The Ironweld is most famous for its war machines, of course, but my family's main concern has always been navigation. We have crafted the tools by which the armies of Sigmar march across the Spiral Crux for nigh on six hundred years.' With one large, calloused hand near to the eyepiece, he ran his fingers along the main tube in search of imperfections in the metal, and found none. 'Optics has always fascinated me. When I was an apprentice my father would tease me for playing with glass and lenses when I could have been working metal. And I even found myself in trouble once or twice, as respectable as I look now, for stealing time at the forge here and there to craft a fine piece like this for a rich noble or a scholar in between the spyglasses I would produce by the gross for the Arsenal's artillerists. See here.'

He lifted the ornate telescope and, with his hands, he described the piece.

'The casing is brass. It's more functional than gold, of course, and it's harder wearing. The rings are steel, for strength when extending or collapsing the tube. But the real wonder is inside.' He swivelled the instrument about to show Gormdal the eyepiece. 'The lenses aren't glass as you might find in common telescopes, but a crystal of quartz that can be quarried only from the Patina Peaks in Gazan Zhar, and from which chamonite has first been cut. There are a hundred of them inside the tube. Each one refines the light a little more and a little more before permitting the light to touch your eye.'

He tapped on the eyepiece, and then abruptly collapsed the tube.

He sighed. 'A duardin could glimpse the most distant constellations of Azyr and see the face of Celemnar in the Zenith of Hysh. A better telescope there never was in all of Chamon.'

'I don't doubt it,' said Gormdal quietly, his food entirely forgotten in favour of the instruments laid out across the table.

Mikazrin looked up. For a moment he had forgotten he was talking to anyone other than himself. He looked down to the newly truncated cylinder in his hand.

'Maybe if I were to rework the tube in gold after all, add some jewels or inlay, a carving perhaps.' He scowled, wrapping the instrument again in fleece and returning it to his pack. The rest he left strewn across the tabletop, shamed by the effortless dignity of the repast. 'No. Not even then. I can't compete with the artisanry of the Teclian aelves. Perhaps I'd be better off destroying my log when I return to Greenfire, and save my son and those who come after him this thankless task.' He sighed. 'If not for the hard work of my ancestors I'd toss it into the Luminaris Sea right here.'

'It's right that you honour the work of your ancestors,' said Gormdal, 'but if I might make a small suggestion?'

Mikazrin gave an impatient nod.

'You've focused so much on the task of just getting here, there's barely one thing here that you've made for the simple joy of just *making*.' He raised his hand as the engineer began to protest. 'The telescope is very fine, but you told me that this was your forefather's work. As was this notion of having your work shown at the annual festival at Ar-Ennascath. My suggestion, then, is this – that it's possible to venerate your ancestors without being forever beholden to their work.'

'What do you mean?'

Gormdal gestured to the dishes around him. 'First get something in your belly, for no masterwork was ever fashioned by a duardin on an empty stomach, and then you can come with me.' He grinned as he stuffed something gelatinous into his mouth and then spoke around it. 'I'm going to show you something.'



Gormdal led him down a flight of stairs that ran behind the back of a farrier's shop and towards a cellar. The sound of struck hammer and the blast of furnaces rang through the stones. It was a comforting and familiar din that, despite the Syari reputation and all the evidence of their craftsmanship, had been strangely absent from Ar-Ennascath until then. However they shaped the work of their hands and their hearts, it was in some other fashion to the heat and beating of the Ironweld. This, however, felt familiar. In spite of the light that, even as they ventured underground, beat from every surface, it felt like coming home.

They came to an iron-bound door. The air was warm. Gormdal pushed the door open and entered.

A huge golden forge spitting fire was set into the far wall.

Its bell-shaped central body was in the shape of an ancestor's head similar to that which Mikazrin carried with him, albeit on a much grander scale and with small differences in style. The beard was emblazoned with glowing runes and framed the furnace in the figure's mouth. Black smoke rose like a crest from the chimney in its crown.

A single well-muscled duardin, naked from the waist up, tended the flames. With a curt nod to Gormdal that looked almost like a bow, and a most curious look, he withdrew without a word.

'A magmic battleforge,' said Gormdal, sticking his thumbs under his belt and rocking back onto his heels. 'It belongs to the battlesmiths of the Thungur lodge. You may have seen them at the festival. The Lumineth do love Lunarest fyresteel. They think it quaint, but don't tell the Thungur I said so or they might not let us borrow their forge.'

'Borrow?' Mikazrin backed away from the fire-breathing idol, so different from the precision furnaces and kilns of the Ironweld Arsenal. 'Why would one of Grimnir's sons loan you a forge?'

'Because I asked.'

'And who are you to them?'

'Much as I am to you. No more and no less.' The old duardin gave a strange smile, all black teeth and orange shadows in the flickering light. It was the first time Mikazrin had seen shadows since he had left Chamon, and the sight of them startled him. 'Do you find that odd?'

'The Fyreslayers and the Ironweld may share an ancestor, but there's no kinship between us.' Mikazrin looked up at the glowering godhead. The heat of it, greater than any forge in his home city, made his eyeballs ache and the ends of his beard curl. 'We're cousins who seldom speak and have nothing left in common.'

'But we're all of us duardin. We've a way of remembering that when the moment is right.'

'And that moment is now?'

Gormdal laughed and clapped both hands on Mikazrin's back. 'To get one over on the elgi, it is always that moment.'

'I don't know that word. What does it mean?'

'It's very old. But don't think on that now.'

Gently but inexorably, both hands still on Mikazrin's shoulders, the old master guided the engineer towards the bright, hot mouth of the magmaforge.

'Take out your handicraft, beardling.'

As though hypnotised by the roaring flame and the old duardin's voice, Mikazrin unpacked his telescope. He looked down at it. Then up into the blistering heat of the forge.

'This is too delicate an instrument for such a workplace. It won't be bettered by the heat of a forge, nor by hammer and tongs.'

Gormdal smiled. His face shone red in the furnace heat and his eyes gleamed like precious metals. 'You spoke before of jewels, of gold and ornament. You'll not better this work with those either. There's beauty to be had in such things, but only in the proper place, and nothing conveys beauty to a duardin than a thing built to do a task and do it well. A shirt of mail that won't break under a blow. A perfectly cast cannon that will never mischarge in a thousand firings. Those things are beautiful, if you know your craft, and trust me, the Syari do know their craft. But they take their inspiration from their realmstone and from their light. We're duardin. The spirit of our craft comes from someplace much deeper.'

He tapped on his beard where it smothered his broad chest. 'It's in our blood and it's in our bones. The pure need to *make* things. It's in our soul. Isn't it? Go on, beardling, feel it. Don't look to imitate the aelves with their fancy stones and their pretty metals. *Better* them. Amaze them with something they've never seen before, and with all the aetherquartz of the Ten Paradises can scarce imagine. You're a duardin engineer. Impress the Syari with what that really means.'

As he spoke he turned fully to the forge.

'Think, beardling. Find the purpose in what you mean to create and bring it out. Forget what your ancestors did or what you think they might wish of you now, and feel what *you* would have the Maker fashion through your hands.'

Mikazrin looked down into his hands. The tube's brass casing rippled red in the flames. The outermost lenses in the aperture glinted.

He felt a stirring in his chest. Something almost spiritual. An enlightenment, but one that was all his own and beholden to no one else, captured not from light and realm magic but from some quintessence of his own heritage. His beard tingled as if with a divine charge as he looked up into the fire.

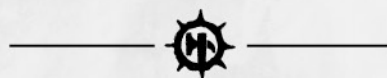
The fire of making.

'Yes. I think I see it.'

Gormdal clapped him on the back. Mikazrin barely felt it. He was too deep in thought.

The old duardin asked him a question.

'Not long,' he muttered, scarcely listening as he bent to work. 'This won't take long at all.'



Several dozen aelves crowded around the table. Those at the front leant forwards to examine the object more

closely, those at the back standing to their fullest height on tip-toes to see over their heads.

'What is it?' asked one. 'In its clarity and elegance it speaks to me of the Zenith.'

'But see,' argued his companion. 'See how the light moves through. It does not simply pass through unhindered but is borne and changed by its journey – plainly it is the very embodiment of the River.'

'Clearly it bears the character of both. An element of the Wind, then, is what it must be.'

'And yet it is solid,' a third aelf mused. 'A crystal offered up from the heart of the Mountain, although of a kind I have never before seen in Syar or heard of existing anywhere in the Ten Paradises. Please tell me, Master Mikazrin, from which exotic lands do you find your stone?'

Mikazrin stood with his arms folded over his beard, too proud to beam as broadly as he might have liked, but well pleased regardless as the Lumineth took their turns to *oooh* and *aaah* over the array of polished crystal lenses that he had set across his table.

'May I hold it, Master Mikazrin?' asked one.

Mikazrin nodded gravely.

The aelf picked up the lens with inordinate care, marvelling at the interplay of Hyshan light with worked Chamonian crystal. 'Is it jewel or instrument?' he wondered. 'Art or craft? I know not.'

Beside him, standing over an entirely neglected display of ornate metalwork and decorative blades, Anasrith of Ithalin crossed his arms over his gilded robes and glowered.

'It looks like a simple thing to me.'

'And therein lies its beauty,' said its admirer, turning the lens under the light, before a growing crowd of impatient onlookers forced him to surrender it back to the table.

Mikazrin turned to Anasrith and grinned. 'I should probably thank you for helping me secure this stall next to yours,' he said, unable to resist. 'You might learn something.'

The artisan bristled. 'Perhaps. If the odour of your soot and toil were not such a distraction to learning. But then, perhaps not, I say. There are not the words in your tongue to describe what aelven minds might think and their hands work. I could learn more of worth by waiting on the enlightenment of the Wind.'

'I hear a great number of fancy words, and naught in them but the soreness of a bad loser.'

'If there was less hair in your ears then perhaps you would understand simple speech better. But to look at the carpet growing from your face it is clearly too vain a hope.'

Mikazrin pulled the volleypistol from his belt and snarled. 'Leave the beard out of it.'

With a flick of the wrist, Anasrith snapped out his gold-leaf fan. The sharpened points of its sunmetal ribs glinted in the Hysh light.

The watching Lumineth murmured excitedly, as though this was a tremendous diversion to an otherwise tedious annual festival. From across the street, an incredibly muscular pair of Thungur Fyreslayers bellowed encouragements.

'Now, now,' said Gormdal, appearing from the crowd behind them both, putting one tanned, fatherly hand on Mikazrin's shoulder and the other on Anasrith's back. 'The aelves have quick hearts as are too readily aggrieved, unlike the duardin who will shrug off most any insult, unless they are determined to be affronted, and so are wont to speak idly in jest. Naught was meant by it, Master Athaer.'

The aelf hesitated, as though searching for the hidden slight or alternate meaning in the old duardin's words and appearing quite flummoxed at discovering none.

He snapped his fan blade closed. Mikazrin grumbled and holstered his pistol. Half the crowd muttered in disappointment. The other half whispered its approval.

'Good,' said Gormdal, and chuckled. 'Always have duardin and aelves found ways to make less of one another. Which is as it should be. Grungni and Teclis are as alike to one another as any good rival ought to be. Where would any of us, fighter or maker or thinker, be without someone to better?' He glanced up to the taller aelf. 'Without another rung on the Teclian Ladder to climb?'

'Who are you, duardin?' said Anasrith. 'So wise in the hearts of aelves?'

'Just a wanderer,' said Gormdal.

'In Ithalin I am considered a master of my art. But with you I almost feel the thrill of being a new apprentice, starting anew on my journey of enlightenment. There is so much I could learn from you.'

'Aye, I'd wager there is.' He picked up one of the lenses from Mikazrin's table and presented it to the artisan. His eyes twinkled with Hysh light, shone and infinitely refracted through Chamonian crystal. 'I'd wager you've a lot to learn from each other.'

INSIDE THE STUDIO

Somehow another month has gone by, and life is, hopefully, starting to return to normal. If not, then our prognosticators were terribly mistaken about 2021 ...

Regardless of what's going on in realspace right now, we have some good news. If you're stuck at home with little to do, have a read of the box just to the right. That should cheer you right up! Meanwhile, we in the studio have been beavering away at various painting projects. Some of us have continued work on Crusade armies to have ready for the time when we get to play with them. Others have been adding to their Age of Sigmar armies or painting up the latest new releases (turn the page to see something huge!). Read on to see what we've been up to.

FREE GAMES!

Now that we have your attention ... make sure you check out the card that came with this issue. It features a unique code that you can use on Steam to gain access to loads of Games Workshop computer games FOR FREE! This includes such classics as Vermintide II, Total War: Warhammer, Talisman and Space Marine. Go. Now! Quick-quick!



THE MOUNTAIN SPIRIT

Avalenor is the centrepiece of Photographer Erik Niemz's new Lumineth army. 'My force hails from the Great Nation of Syar,' says Erik. 'I decided to come up with my take on their colour scheme – they still wear purple robes but feature metallics on their armour as opposed to the usual cream. I found this colour scheme worked really well on Avalenor, as his armour features loads of texture that takes a Nuln Oil shade wonderfully. For anyone tackling this model, I highly recommend keeping the banners as sub-assemblies, as they can be hard to get to when glued onto the model. I've got a lot more Lumineth to paint, including Teclis and some Sentinels so that I can play larger games. I want to pit Teclis against Nagash to really put his spellcasting to the test.'



As we come to the end of the magazine, we take a look at the games people have been playing and the models they've been painting in the studio over the past month. This issue: Space Marines, a mega-massive Titan, a living mountain and a very exciting free gift!

HEROES AND VILLAINS

Translator Dirk Wehner is back with his latest creations: a kitbashed Chaplain for his Angels Vermillion army and a Chaos Sorcerer. The Chaplain is built from an Assault Terminator with the addition of Grey Knight bits and a Reiver head. Dirk painted the Chaos Sorcerer for a mixed force of Black Legion and Chaos Knights that he fielded at a recent tournament. He won the Best Painted Army award, too. Abaddon would be proud.



NEW RECRUIT

Photographer Harry Feeney-Barratt painted this Howling Griffons Apothecary as the start of a new army. He used Apothecary White, Iyanden Yellow and Blood Angels Red Contrast paints to achieve the vibrant colours.



DAEMONIC ALLIES

Dan has recently finished a Forgefiend for his Iron Warriors army – the first Daemon Engine he's painted. 'I think it's a cool model, so I painted it,' says Dan. 'I really like the ectoplasma cannon head, so I gave it one of those. I was going to give it plasma cannon arms, too, but I wanted to save those for another project, so I used the Hades autocannons instead. The silver is painted using Leadbelcher spray as a base with a 1:1 mix of Nuln Oil and Nuln Oil Gloss. I built the base using a few spare bits of Sector Mechanicus scenery. This helps it match the Sector Mechanicus bases of my other Iron Warriors. I'm going to paint a unit of Havocs for my army next.'



WARMASTER OF THE LEGIO IGNATUM

Matt's been at the Titans again, and this time he's painted a monster! Having already painted a fair number of Titans for his Legio Ignatum force, he decided that his force just wouldn't be complete without the biggest Titan available so far – the Warmaster.

'Well, it's pretty big,' says Matt. 'I decided to paint the Warmaster in quite a few sub-assemblies – legs, leg armour, body, body armour, head, arms and carapace weapons – to make getting to all the details and weapons

easier. I've painted all the weapon options so that I can swap them around, too – I've currently got the plasma blastguns attached.

'The Warmaster is painted to match my other Titans – the black and yellow stripes were achieved with masking tape, and I used the Legio Ignatum transfer sheet for all of the decals. It currently doesn't have a name, so if anyone has any ideas, then feel free to send them to our team email address: team@whitedwarf.co.uk.



NEXT ISSUE

BATTLE OF TEPOK'S EYE

NEXT ISSUE
ON SALE 16
APRIL

SUBSCRIBE TO WHITE DWARF

The **ULTIMATE WARHAMMER MAGAZINE**



- **NEVER MISS AN ISSUE!**
- **MAKE A SAVING ON THE COVER PRICE.**
- **GET WHITE DWARF DELIVERED TO YOUR DOOR EACH MONTH.**
- **SUBSCRIBER COPIES ARE MAILED OUT EARLY AND SHOULD BE WITH MOST SUBSCRIBERS BEFORE THEY ARRIVE IN STORES.**
- **EXCLUSIVE SUBSCRIBER COVERS!**

SUBSCRIBE ONLINE AT GAMES-WORKSHOP.COM/WHITEDWARF OR CALL THE NUMBERS BELOW

Customer Services contact details:



UK

subscriptions@warnersgroup.co.uk
+44 1778 392083



REST OF WORLD

uk.custserv@gwplc.com
+44 115 91 40000



ASIA-PACIFIC

au.hobbyservice@gwplc.com
+61 2 9829 6111



US

custserv@games-workshop.com
1-800-451-4511

